

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

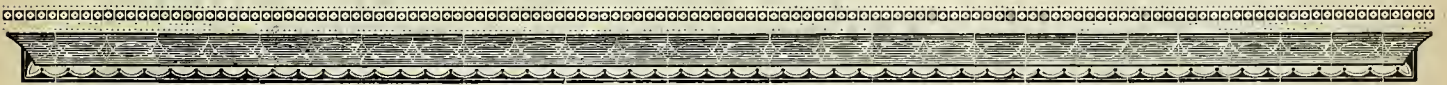
Vol. II.—No. 9.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JANUARY, 1885.

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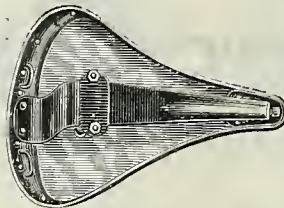
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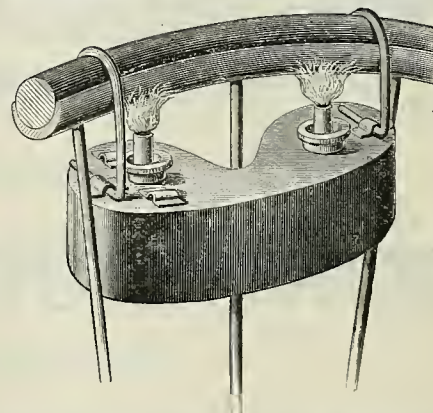


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CHAS. A. FISK,	- - - -	Treasurer.

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PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

The correspondence of Dr. Strahan in the *London Lancet*, relative to the physical aspects of cycle riding, has called forth the following valuable and interesting article from Dr. Frank W. Reilly, of Chicago. The *Lancet* does not indorse the theory advanced by Dr. Strahan, but distinctly declares that "such results are exceedingly rare." The testimony of a prominent wheelman at the "banquet" of the L. A. W. at Washington, last May, was to the credit of cycling as a restorative of lost manhood. A statement was made that a Massachusetts wheelman had lived thirteen years of happy married life, but had never realized the scriptural passage, "His children shall rise up and call him blessed." Eighteen months after taking to the wheel, his wife presented him with twins. What more could we ask? It may be that the wheelman did not ride up hills, or use a small saddle, but at all events, the wheel is ahead so far. Dr. Reilly's letter on the subject is as follows:—

The article in question is based entirely upon a paper contributed to the *Lancet* by Dr. S. A. K. Strahan—a paper which is purely theoretical, not to say sensational, and the positions of which have been successfully attacked by such eminent medical and surgical authorities and practical "cyclists" as Allbut, Boothroyd, Batten, Batterham, and others. It goes without saying that the *Lancet* is no more responsible for Dr. Strahan's views than it is for those of any other of its correspondents; and that the mere fact of their publication in its pages by no means carries with it the indorsement of the journal. On the contrary, in its first and only editorial utterance on the subject, the *Lancet*, after considering the arguments on both sides in the thoroughly judicial spirit which is one of its leading characteristics, sums up in the following language (omitting some of the strictly technical terms): "Violent exercise, or strain, is undesirable whatever form it may assume, but in no other case is it of such moment as when it threatens the integrity of structure and the regularity of function of organs necessary to the maintenance of life. * * * With regard to the injurious effects of cycling upon certain organs, much may be said on both sides. It seems reasonable to suppose that long-continued pressure or frequent impact against the pommel or horn of the saddle might end in local thickening, to say nothing of ulterior evils; but our investigations lead us to conclude that, to say the least, such results are exceedingly rare." Other points are considered in the same spirit of moderation and fairness, and the verdict is substantially that no valid argument can be raised against the proper use of a well-constructed machine suitably adapted to the individual rider.

Just what the English machine is I have had no opportunity of learning; but I have examined several of American manu-

facture and find it difficult to comprehend the basis for some of Dr. Strahan's statements and strictures and those of his only supporter, Dr. George Herschell. There is considerably over an inch of space between the saddle and any structures of the rider likely to be injured by impact thereon on the American machines which have come under my notice. The weight of the person rests on the tuberosities of the haunch bones, and not upon any soft or delicate muscles or tissues. Possibly Strahan and Herschell and the imaginary subjects whom they would save from the fate of the Scythians and Tartars fundamentally differ in their anatomical structure from the average of mankind. It is noteworthy, by the way, that Dr. Strahan has failed to respond to the request, made in the *Lancet* of September 27, to state whether in the past ten years he has met with a single case of the evils he so graphically depicts as the result of bicycle riding; and equally so, that Dr. Herschell, who "quite agrees with everything Dr. Strahan has said," has recently had his name put up as a candidate for admission to the Cyclist Touring Club. Having fully expressed his opinion on the subject, he now proposes to learn something about it. Or it may be that he sets this example *pour encourager les autres*, with an eye to future professional employment.

WHO IS HE?

Dr. S. A. K. Strahan who has gained so much notoriety of late by his onslaught on bicycle riding? He is an assistant medical superintendent at a country asylum in Northampton, England; a position usually occupied by young college graduates of limited experience. He is not a practical rider, and his article is not so much on the ill-effects of riding as it is on the use of small saddles, and excessive riding. The doctor has made a good point in commenting upon the fact that wheelmen are apt to ride wheels too large for them. The riding of large wheels is the cause of half the injuries now received by wheelmen from headers, etc. To get the full enjoyment of the wheel it must be just the right size, a fact that wheelmen are fast coming to realize.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

That bright and attractive journal, THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, for December, is before us. As usual, its clean pages (typographically) and artistic make-up are just cause for pride on the part of the American wheelmen. The general tone and quality of its contributed articles are also up to its usual high standard of excellence. The cyclist who fails to enroll himself as one of its subscribers makes a very great mistake, and thereby deprives himself of an undoubted treat, and that, too, when the price is exceedingly low; the clearly printed and admirably arranged tables of records in the last number alone, being worth the price of a year's subscription.

In this last number are propounded a few questions which we will try to answer, only asking that a few questions of our own propounding be answered as directly.

1st. "The numbers in the L. A. W.?"

Ans. Approximately, 5,000; or nearly double the number in the League this time last year.

2d. "How many members of the L. A. W. failed to renew?"

Ans. About 1,000; a smaller proportion than ever before.

3d. "If the L. A. W. officials are striving to make a good financial showing instead of catering to the needs of wheelmen in general?"

Ans. Yes and no.

The officers are extremely anxious to make a good showing financially, as well as in every other way, but they do not intend to neglect "the needs of wheelmen in general."

They hope to be able to have a fair balance on June 1, 1885, in place of the deficit of last June, and they know that the League work is being carried on at proportionately less ex-

pense than ever before. With this knowledge goes the consciousness that more work of lasting benefit has been already accomplished in the first six months of this League year than during any entire year heretofore.

In return for these answers will THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE please answer the following questions?

1st. Is the Springfield Club a League club?

2d. If so, how many members has it?

3d. If not, how many League members does it contain?

4th. When THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE states that it would like to see "some active work in the L. A. W.," what does it mean? What kind of work?—*Amateur Athlete, Official Gazette L. A. W.*

It is with pleasure that we answer the questions of the official editor and recording secretary L. A. W., although of the first three questions asked he is in full possession of the facts, which we suppose he wants to be made public, to gratify somebody's curiosity.

To the first question we reply *yes*.

2d. Seventy active members.*

3d. All are members of the League.

4th. If, as the editor states, "more work of a lasting benefit has been already accomplished in the first six months of this League year than during any entire year heretofore," we would suggest that, with the official organ at his elbow, we be kept posted as to the doings of the L. A. W. officials. We will then be better able to state what we mean.

*The reduction of the number of members in the Springfield Club is accounted for as follows: The club has dropped all members who were in arrears for dues, or did not own a wheel and uniform.

BETTING AND POOL-SELLING.

Our friends of the *Bicycling World* seem to be for once on the wrong side of the fence, and in the issue of December 19, take sides against us, still claiming that "betting and pool-selling" was a potent factor in the success of the Springfield tournament. The *World* says:—

It is very true that there was no public pool-selling on the grounds, but the air of Springfield was full of it, and the standing of the men in the pool-rooms was the talk of the day. Several syndicates were formed among the young men of Springfield to back Hendee, and a great deal of money was taken out of the place. These things drew the crowd to the games, and the crowds made success possible. We do not hold the Springfield Club responsible for this state of things, but we do claim that the success of the tournament was guaranteed by the interest of the betting class, and it is idle to say otherwise.

Supposing we allow for the sake of argument that the *World* is right in the above statement, would the *World* have us believe that there were 500 sporting and betting men that came to the city? We think we hear them say no. Even if that number came to town the gate money would only amount to \$1,000, or about one-twentieth of the expense. Would our friends pretend to say that the laying of a wager on the one-mile open professional race would have increased the interest and enthusiasm? O no, you are wrong. Betting is wrong and will sooner or later ruin any sport that encourages it. Even in horse-racing pool-selling is finally in disrepute and disfavor.

Alden Goldsmith says it is destroying the whole business and fairness of horse-racing, and ruining hundreds of clerks and other young men. "Stopping pool-selling," said Mr. Goldsmith, "would break up combinations and give the best horse a fair chance to win." Mr. McFerran thanked Mr. Goldsmith for his bold denunciation of pool-selling. A resolution was adopted at the annual meeting of the National Trotting Association at New York that a committee of three be appointed to go before the Legislature of the State and request that the present pool-bill be retained.

At the annual exhibition and ball of the Springfield Club, the audience has always been limited only by the size of the hall. We have had an attendance of 2,100 people paying at the rate of seventy-five cents per head (and no chance of betting). How do our friends account for this? The *Springfield Republican* says:—

The *World's* premises are mainly correct, but its inferences are exaggerated. The intense interest in Hendee's fortunes was a most potent factor, and it was as strong with people who disdain to bet as with the other class. The club's profit, \$6,500, over heavy expenses, is a pretty big sum to attribute to the gambling mania, which hardly suffices to keep the managers of horse-races from loss.

Bicycling is a gentlemanly sport, and it is our aim to keep it so. We do not wish to see it degraded and dragged into the pool-rooms, and we dislike to see the cycling press make a statement that pool-selling and betting are the only means of making our popular sport remunerative.

WHOLESOME TRUTH.

There seems to be a mistaken idea going the rounds in regard to the attitude of the Springfield Club toward the League, started by a paragraph in the official gazette, said to be "culled"; wherefrom, unless from the vivid imagination of the "culler," no one knows. This party, by the way, seems to have a grudge against the Springfield Bicycle Club, having indulged in several slurs against that organization. The fact is, that, though the Springfield Bicycle Club naturally felt a little sore over some of the treatment they received, they are to-day a League club, intend to remain a League club, and will take as much interest in, and do as much for, the League as formerly. They have not now 130 members, because there was a re-organization of the club, which much reduced its membership. The League has many worse friends than the Springfield Bicycle Club.—W. I. H. in the *Wheel*.

We cheerfully publish the above from the Boston correspondent of the *Wheel*, and will state, or rather, confirm, what is said, that the Springfield Bicycle Club is a strong League club, willing to assist and bear its part of the duties of the League. But we have been accused, on account of the active interest taken the last year in L. A. W. matters, of wanting all there was of the League, offices, gazette and what not, a statement which did injustice to the active workers of the Springfield Bicycle Club, and, rather than enter into any controversy with our accusers, have concluded to let them have their own way, and they are welcome to the comfort they derive from the cowardly attacks.

IT IS A FACT:

That we have a friend at court.

That cycling, as a sport, is on the decline in Boston.

That the *GAZETTE* leads all other wheel papers in circulation.

That Springfield has the best track in the United States.

That professional bicycle riders have too much newspaper talk.

That Doodle Robinson rather stretches the truth on the medal question.

That the Springfield medal is the property of the L. A. W., and not the Springfield Club.

That Prince thinks he can beat the world on wheels.

That the new club house of the Springfielders will beat them all for convenience.

That the Waterbury watch will keep correct time, and is given as a premium to subscribers to the *GAZETTE*.

That the Stevens rifle is taking with wheelmen, judging from the repeated inquiries.

That the *Wheel* publications do not, and dare not, publish their circulation as the *GAZETTE* does.

That our lists are open to any of our advertisers, whom we should be pleased to see at our office.

That our picture of Sellers in the December issue was the most life-like of any published.

That "All is well that ends well" was the case with our tournament. The ending brought solid comfort (to our treasury).

That in the pages of published records we made a few errors.

That we closed the only pool-room we knew of that was running during our tournament.

That we are not responsible for the bets of outsiders; it does not affect our argument.

That the Rudge holds sixty-four American records.

It is said: that Chris Wheeler and Eugene M. Aaron have a strong family resemblance.

That the Memphis wheelmen will have a big tournament in the early spring.

That D. J. Canary does not sleep on his wheel, but expects to in the sweet by and by.

That George Nash rides up and down stairs on one wheel.

That we have got the lead and mean to keep it,—if we can.

That there are not enough days in the month (even if we had the time) to attend the hops, balls, smokes, dedications, etc., to which our kind friends have extended us an invitation, to all of whom we wish to extend our hearty thanks.

THE ENGLISH WHEEL ANNUALS.

THE CHRISTMAS "CYCLIST."

The Christmas number of the London *Cyclist* is a plethoric magazine of eighty-two pages, not counting the advertising department, with a handsome lithographed cover upon which the American and British flags are displayed in friendly conjunction. This annual is entitled "Our Camp," and the literary matter is brought in under a full report of the cyclers' camp of the future, pretty close on to the millennium. The various chapters describe the supposed campers, the races, the lawn tennis tournament, the literary competition, the dramatic tent, the concert tent, the legislative tent, the sartorial tent, the exhibition tent, etc. This method has afforded the editor and compiler a wide range to display the versatility of his contributors, and very happily has he patched his crazy quilt together. The "camp" was devised to bring together the cyclists of the world in fraternal intercourse, and, among the precedents for it, is mentioned the camp on Hampden Park, in 1883, which had some drawbacks to be avoided. These drawbacks are thus noted:—

Springfield failed. The genus *Cyclist Americanus* did not take kindly to canvas, but preferred the local hotels, where the landlords were presumably sane, or the furniture was too strong to be wrecked. Come to think of it, perhaps, there are

no natural springs there for the supply of ready-made whisk—that is, chalybeate waters—so that possibly the American wheelmen were not dominated by a spirit of destruction, their own animal spirits being unaffected by ardent—at least by tonic waters—so the hotels took them in (of course they did!) rejoicing, and the bosts thereof sent not away the strangers that essayed to tarry within their four-posters. So the Springfield camp failed, affording a melancholy instance of the impotence of camping attractions unalloyed by the proximity of a well—a natural medicine fountain.

We confess to a little obfuscation here, but it always was hard for us to see through a real frisky British joke, unless the working plans accompany it. Perhaps it isn't a witticism, but we shouldn't wonder if it were. If we were in the way of criticism, we should say that most of the descriptive portion of "Our Camp" is too local in character to be very interesting or amusing to any but English readers. There is a good deal of wheeling slang that is comprehensible where it is used, but does not bear exporting, and, of course, we cannot be blamed if we fail to appreciate the local hits that may be very meaty and edifying at home. Leaving out those disabilities there is much that outsiders can enjoy. The British wheelmen's brain turns readily to rhythm and rhyme, and we have a very fair assortment of poetry, some of which is excellent. "The Model Road Surveyor," for instance, we have enjoyed much more than anything Tennyson has given us since he got to be a lord. Some of the things produced in the "literary competition" are good. Barring the spelling, which is atrocious and painful, the adventures of "Blojers" and "Porkin," are very laughable, but our compositors would get "all broke up" if we should attempt to reproduce the article. We must copy one of the songs, to give a little flavor of the repast, and because it will be appreciated in Springfield, especially:—

Cockney Doodle went out West,
The Yankees to canoodle;
He stuck his medals on his breast,
And called out, "Cock-a-doodle!"
The Springfield Club had offered him
A cheque for his expenses;
But Hendee licked him out of band,
And Hendee'd his pretenses.

Cockney doodle-doodle-doo,
Cockily Doodle bore him;
Yankee Doodle stepped right through
And carried all before him.

Sandy Sellers then went out
(Sandy's not a noodle),
He put Hendee's meerschaum out,
Busted Yankee Doodle.
Herbert, Bob, and Reuben took
The starch from Yankee collars;
Herb and Ru. brought value home,
Howell fetched the dollars.

Yankee Doodle-doodle-doo,
To beat John Bull inclined him;
Sandy Sellers toddled through
And left 'em all behind him.

The Christmas *Cyclist* is well illustrated, and contains some full-paged pictures that are not explainable on this side of the water. We see no reason why English wheelmen should not like it well, and if it were just the kind of magazine that we like, we should like it too. The price is a shilling, and there is no doubt about the money's worth.

THE CHRISTMAS "WHEELING."

Here is another big thing in cycling literature,—a number of the London *Wheeling* comprising ninety-six pages of reading matter and about fifty pages of advertisements. It is edited by Harry Etherington, and we judge from the contents that

he had an easy time of it. He had no lack of matter, such as it was, and seems to have aimed to make the magazine "fillin'" if not satisfying. Perhaps English wheelmen are so hungry for a special literature of their own that they will eagerly absorb anything that is placed before them, but, for our taste, the *Annual* would have been much more acceptable if it had been run through a winnowing machine.

The editor, however, is not altogether at fault, if he has incorporated a good deal of chaff with a fair proportion of wheat. Some time ago he offered 200 prizes, amounting to \$400, to be distributed in part among the contributors to the *Wheeling Annual*, under a sort of lottery system. This spurred the British genius to a lively exhilaration, amounting in some cases to the veritable jim-jams, and the result is, stories and sketches to almost no end, poetry by the yard, alleged jokes by the column, and a variety of indescribable miscellany, which is a good deal "fatter" for the compositors than for the readers. Accompanying each *Annual* is a certificate with a numbered coupon, entitling the holder to a chance in one of the numerous prizes.

The magazine opens with a pleasant *resume* of wheeling events during 1884, confined mostly to England of course, but mentioning under date of September, the Springfield meet, which, for good reasons, is pleasantly recognized by English wheelmen, as one of the great occasions of the year. Here is what we find:—

We started this month with the assertion that it was the champion among months, and we feel now it could beat any of them at weight for age. Here's the Springfield tournament to go in now. Great Scott! What a month, my masters! The worthies of England, who sailed for the land of the stars and stripes, of freedom and political purity, pretty well made up for the performances of Myers & Company here. Seldom, we think, has an alien band swept so clean a board, and the "durned Britisher" returns home laden with the spoils of Jonathan.

All right, brother, it does us good to hear you crow. But you haven't got all our spoils. Come and try again for some more.

The *Annual* contains a useful table of records which are mainly correct. This we shall be glad to preserve, as it has been difficult here to collect the English records satisfactorily.

The editor has drawn liberally from American sources for good reading matter. His taste in copying largely from the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and his honesty in giving due credit, merit our warmest approbation. Many of the contributed articles, as we have intimated, are excellent reading, and if these could have been sifted out from the trash, the magazine would have been vastly improved. We will close this notice with a specimen of the poetry, the tender sentiment of which is warmly appreciated despite some little zigzaggedness in the versification.

TO SPRINGFIELD.

Springfield, dear Springfield, our heart is with thee;
Springfield, sweet Springfield, the home of the wheel;
As its days glide by, let them with laurels bedeck thee,
And stamp thy meet as the wheelman's ideal.

Then Springfield, our Springfield, here's a handshake towards thee,

Long may you reign on the water as queen;
May you gain all success is our deepest wish for thee,
And may each passing meet be better than its forerunner's been.

O Springfield, sweet Springfield,
May good luck attend thee;
We are all going to Springfield
Thy beauties to see.

OUR ERROR.

In compiling the table of records published in the December issue we unfortunately made a few errors which our brethren of the quill were not slow in picking out, some in a kindly manner and some otherwise. There is one unfortunate thing connected with the editors east, *i. e.*, they are not infallible. We shall revise the tables and give them again in the most complete and condensed form possible in a subsequent issue. We quote from our contemporaries as follows:—

Journalistic enterprise is in most cases commendable, and we would with pleasure speak of the very complete page of American records published in the SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for the current month. Unfortunately again for Springfield, the figures lie, and the records are woefully inaccurate, both in the amateur and professional tables and are consequently valueless. * * * The whole table should be revised and republished, as it will only cause confusion in its present unreliable form.—*The Wheel*.

[In our attempt to return good for evil by saying something complimentary of the *S. W. G.*, last week, we were led into the error of praising these tables of records. We wish, now, to withdraw the statement then made, and refer our readers to the table in *Bicycling World* for December 12. Coming from the chairman of the racing board, they must be correct.—ED. OFFICIAL GAZETTE.]

Again wrong, for the *World* the same week makes corrections in six of the records which the official editor endorses as correct.

To those wheelmen and L. A. W. members who doubted the wisdom of the League in expelling the ex-corresponding secretary and editor of the *Wheel* from L. A. W. membership, we would respectfully refer them to the issue of the *Wheel* for December 19, and we think the illusion will gradually disappear, for it is seldom that an editor so far loses his self-respect as to condescend to risk the reputation of his paper, by such a mean, contemptible piece of business as is indulged in by the editor of the *Wheel*.

Our recording secretary and official editor of the L. A. W. gazette, Eugene M. Aaron, resents the insult to the party and League members, in the issue of the L. A. W. gazette for Jan. 3, in an able and masterly manner, and leaves no room for a doubt that the League was wise in its action as regards the expulsion. Mr. Aaron is entitled to a hearty vote of thanks, for the prompt and efficacious way in which the insult was resented, and must certainly meet with the approval of all fair-minded wheelmen.

Chris Wheeler, one of the brightest of correspondents for the cycling press, says he "is pleased to chronicle the success of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and will allow, with the critic of the *Cyclist and Athlete*, as also with the opinions of the *S. W. G.* itself, that 'typographically' it is a success, and a good one. But why utilize clear and open type to express muddy and covert aspersions? Now Chris did a little howling himself at the last L. A. W. meet, for a League organ pure and simple; but because his exact ideas were not gratified, he does not feel extra bad, but lends a hand towards the safe sailing of the ship as she stands."

We quote the above as showing that correspondents are not, as a rule, infallible; and Chris has fallen into the lamentable error of letting his imagination get the best of him. We should like to call Chris's attention to the fact that until the issue of the L. A. W. gazette of December 18, in which he speaks pleasantly of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, that some of his statements concerning the Springfield Bicycle Club or

the GAZETTE, for the past six months, have been without the shadow of truth. We were charitable enough to believe that the items were not born of malice, and forgave him. We (of course) agree with Chris as to what he says in the first part of his article relating to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and in answer to his question, "Why utilize clear and open type to express muddy and covert aspersions," we can only quote him the old motto, "It must be cruel to be kind," and state that there was a necessity for a sharp rebuke. As to being the League organ, why, bless you, that is the least of our troubles; we are infinitely better off without it; we did not want, and never sought it, and it was only after repeated requests that we made any offer whatever. We circulate to-day over two copies to every one of the L. A. W. organ, and are content.

Mr. John Brooks holds possession of the trophy representing the ten-mile amateur championship. He does so without right or title. It is understood that he will travel about the country and advertise himself as ten-mile champion. Wheelmen are notified that he has no claim to the title, and that the medal he displays does not belong to him. The League is amply secured in the matter by a pledge demanded of Brooks before the medal was delivered.—*Chairman of Racing Board in the L. A. W. Organ (Official)*.

Why this slur on John Brooks? He honestly won the medal and according to usages is entitled to hold the same till the next meeting of the L. A. W., or for one year. The fact of Mr. Brooks turning professional does not debar him from claiming what he has fairly won, and holding the medal till the time called for the next championship, when Mr. Brooks will, like a true gentleman, hand over the same to the L. A. W.

Will the *Spirit of the Times* kindly point out where THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE ever offered even a feeble attempt to bolster up the Jumbo Park records? or where we have upheld the racing board in accepting the same? The article in the December GAZETTE was not intended to stir up the controversy again, for we fully agreed with the *Spirit* on the Jumbo Park records, our only objection to the *Spirit* was on the ground of the tone of its article, which, to say the least, might have been drawn a little milder. We therefore fail to see where or how the *Spirit* expects to apply the article, "Crawling Through a Knot-hole," published in the January 3d issue, to the SPRINGFIELD GAZETTE.

Our genial recording secretary, and editor of the official gazette, L. A. W., has kindly answered all of our questions propounded in the December issue, and in return has asked of us a few, which we cheerfully answer in another column. As Mr. Aaron has shown so kindly a spirit in his replies, coupled with the request that we offer some suggestions relative to League work, we cannot do otherwise than respond, and will in some future number illustrate in a practical way how we think 10,000 wheelmen could be induced to join the L. A. W. the coming year.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the able and interesting article in another column from our Hartford correspondent, on the L. A. W. To our mind it is the most practical and business view yet taken of the League management. Our correspondent handles the subject in a masterly way, and in such a manner as to command the respect of all. We should like to see the article placed in every L. A. W. member's hands.

DANIEL JAMES CANARY,

THE CHAMPION PROFESSIONAL TRICK AND FANCY BICYCLE RIDER,

Was born in New Haven, Ct., December 22, 1863. Shortly after his birth his family removed to Meriden, Ct., where they have resided ever since. While a telegraph operator in the latter city, in the spring of 1880, a bicycle school was opened. It was there he first saw a bicycle, and soon he became greatly interested in the sport. In the fall of the same year, at the Connecticut State Fair, held at Meriden, he made his *debut* as a racer, defeating all the local riders. In the spring and fall of 1881 he won several medals in New Haven and Meriden, Ct. It was about this time he conceived the idea of becoming a fancy and trick rider, making his *debut* as an amateur trick rider in the skating rink at Meriden, Ct., February 12, 1882, and afterwards giving exhibitions throughout the State. In September of the same year he won the Rollinson amateur championship medal of the United States at the American Institute, New York city. In July, 1883, he accepted an engagement with F. E. Winslow, of Cottage City, Mass., to give exhibitions throughout the States, thereby becoming a professional rider; and up to the present time has been giving exhibitions about every night. While at Bar Harbor, in September, W. D. Wilmot raced him five miles for a silver cup offered by the management of the rink. The track was eighteen laps to the mile, and in the second lap he fell off in attempting to pass his opponent and bent a pedal. Straightening it, he remounted, and, although Wilmot had gained two and a half laps, he succeeded in landing a winner by half a lap. In the first part of October he broke his contract with Winslow, as the latter desired him to do other work than bicycle-riding. Since the middle of October he has been his own manager, traveling through New York.

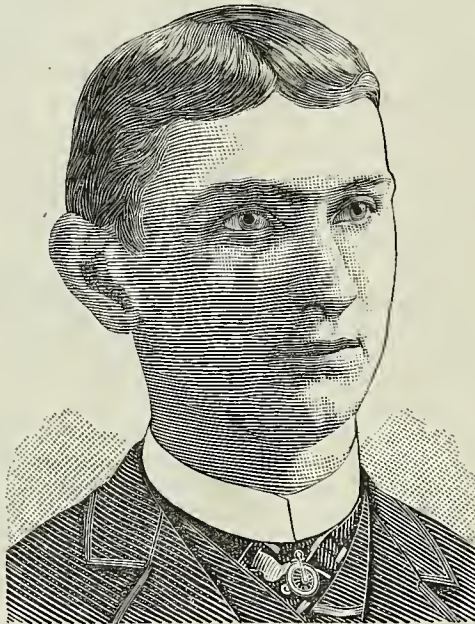
February 22, 1884, at the annual exhibition and ball of the Springfield Bicycle Club, he defeated Harry W. Tufts for the professional championship medal of the United States, given by the Springfield Bicycle Club. At Chicago, Ill., June 14, 1884, he defeated Warren Wood, of Chicago, for a purse of \$500, and the championship of America.

Mr. Canary easily excels his competitors in the number and variety of his tricks, and the ease and grace with which all of his performances are executed, creating great enthusiasm wherever he exhibits. He was the first one to perform the wonderful feat of mounting in the saddle and, without touching the ground, turning his bicycle a complete somersault. The upside down trick, and the spider act, while balancing his wheel upon two step ladders, always bring forth merited applause. Mr. Canary is now traveling with the Canary, Livesy, and Gilmore combination, and playing to crowded houses throughout the Eastern States.

The New York *Clipper* is the authority for the following: "A Brooklyn bicyclist is mad with Charley Perry, the night clerk at Hudnuts, because when the wheeling dude asked for something to bang his hair, Perry told him they didn't keep curry-combs."

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

"Who wants to take a spin?" were the words uttered by Captain Polhill, of the Macon Bicycle Club, a few nights since, of a decided moonlight tendency. "I do!" was heard on all sides. Five members besides the captain, however, were the only ones that showed up on the road. For a moonlight stroll? Oh, no! For a moonlight ride? Oh, no. Well, what? Well, you can bet your life we were out for fun and we had it too. Just wait until I can get time to breathe. You see it was this way: We had lit our lamps in the city and were moving out on the road when some one proposed that we either extinguish our lamps or the moon. A vote was taken and by a majority of six it was decided to put out our lamps, which we accordingly did. The next thing in order was to run the gantlet of the toll-keeper that keeps an eye open for any of us that might pass. We always had the money to pay our toll in case he caught up with us. But it always did us good to tease



DANIEL JAMES CANARY.

the old man by slipping by him and having a ride on the fine hard road that was our paradise on a bright moonlight night. We were nearing the gate by this time, and when within about one hundred yards of the gate the captain commanded a halt and deputized one of our number, Horton by name, to about face and proceed to inspect the premises and report back immediately. Horton then left us, to carry out his instructions, but he could have done but very little inspecting before we heard a yell that sent cold blood rushing through our veins. "Sic him! sic him! begorra! Befaieth an it's me that's the boiy that'll show ye dirty blackguards how to be after chating a poor old man an a few cints." Poor Horton! he had got the first glass of fun that was in store for us that night. Horton, being a slim fellow and a good runner, managed to get to where we were and yelled at the top of his voice, "Go through the gate while the old man's out here." We pitched out and soon left the dogs and their owner behind, he no doubt gnashing his teeth and swearing to get even with us if we ever passed again. We halted a safe distance from the gate for a

smoke and to hear Horton recount the story of his miraculous escape.

"How's my pants behind?" began Horton.

"What pants behind?" we asked; "we think you're doing all your panting in front."

"That's enough," put in Horton. "I want to know if the seat of my pants are in a fit state of preservation to warrant my commingling, without a sense of impropriety, with any 'ladies' of the opposite sex."

An examination revealed the fact that it would be unwise to attempt to fully restore the pants to their accustomed position. But as a great many of us had gone through the same thing before, we had a needle on hand and we soon applied it to the wounded pants. With a "that'll do till I get back to home and mother," we seated ourselves to listen to Horton's tale. After leaving us he crept around the house very silently and was looking in through the window to see if he could catch a glimpse of the old man. He had just spied him

enjoying a pleasant smoke, when he heard a mighty rumbling from behind that seemed like unto a mighty pack of wolves on a hunt for blood, and the next thing he knew he felt himself whirled through the air, the slack of his pants catching the air and acting as a pivot. The old man appeared on the scene and recognizing the slim calves of the intruder decided that he would put a stop to his moonlight frolic. But Horton didn't take to that idea so well and besides he didn't have those slim calves for no purpose, and he immediately brought them into use by regaining his machine after the manner described.

Forward! was announced and we were soon bearing down upon a small store owned by a German who didn't regard us as very worthy followers of that Good Book, owing to a little misunderstanding that had arisen between us last summer in regard to the rightful ownership of some watermelons. We pulled up at the store, however, and ordered "plain sodas for six." "Vas you not minors, mine friends?" "Nein," we replied, "we vas 'wheelers.'" "Och! Allus recht, mine friends," said he, producing

the desired liquid.

Once more we started out and we determined to have some fun this time sure.

"Hello! who goes there?"

"Only a 'wheeler boy,' only a man on a wheel."

"Yes, sir, but hold right up, young chaps. On these premises you can't steal."

There, "busted" again and badly too!

You boys up north don't know how nice it is to sit in a big "cane patch" on a bright moonlight night, and enjoy one's self by chewing the very essence of the syrup-making weed. How often we have contrasted the difference between our balmy climate with its seasons all the year round for fine tours and midnight raids on the farmers' watermelons, cane, and orchards, against your cold and winty seasons, where we imagine to attempt to ride on a December day would be looked upon as the freak of a madman. We were just in the midst of such a discussion when our ears overheard the above stern remark and— Well! you've never experienced it, we know. That is, to have a double barrel shot gun placed at such an angle towards you that one can complacently view the

RECORDS ON THE RUDGE

At Chicago, December 8, 1884.

WILLIAM M. WOODSIDE

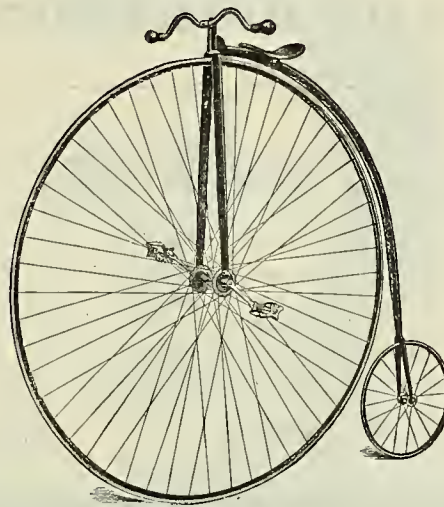
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FOR 50 MILES,

2 h. 54 min. 1½ sec.

BEST PREVIOUS TIME,

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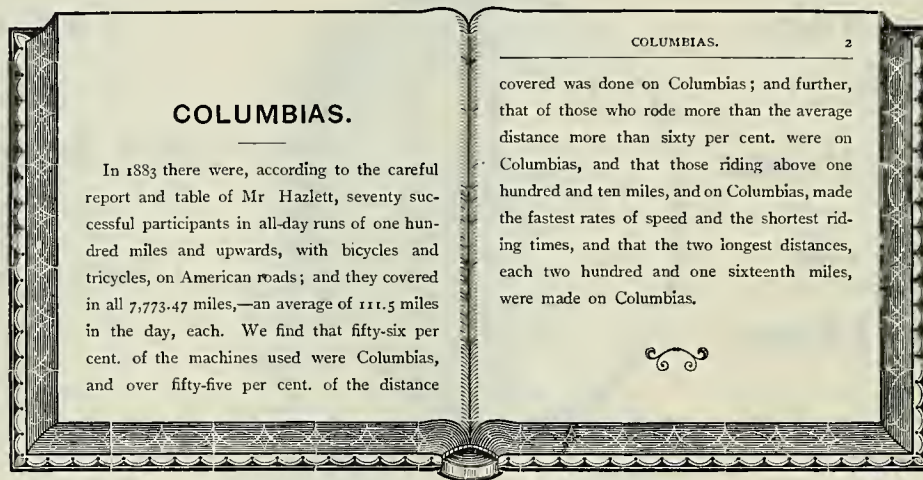
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wad covering the shot; it ain't so nice, I assure you, but nevertheless it was the case with us just then. Time was precious, too, and as for words we couldn't find one in all the English language that would satisfactorily explain our presence in that exact locality at that moment. Our captain began to open negotiations for a cessation of hostilities with a view to a treaty of peace, and we in the meantime were engaged in hiding the pile of sugar cane that we had congregated around. Our offer to pay whatever indemnity was asked by the farmer and to depart never to show up in that region again had the wished-for effect, and we were allowed to depart without further molestation. What time is it? Twenty minutes past twelve, and nine miles from home and mother. It was our intention to bring home as trophies to show the boys that were too lazy to come, a stalk of cane each, but, owing to the shape that matters had taken, we decided that we were too late to bother with it, and we resumed our journey homeward. The road was fine, and feeling in good spirits it didn't take us long to reach the scene of our first excitement. The gate was closed and we were sure that the keeper's eyes were ditto, so we dismounted and commenced to put our machines over the gate. "Hould on, ye blackguards, and av twenty cints don't be forthcoming from ach av ye I'll brake ivery bone in ye bloody bodies." "Fork it over, boys, and let's get home," and each of us with a trembling hand gave the old man his money. The captain handed him an extra quarter for his trouble in keeping awake until we came back, to open the gate. In shorter time than it takes to walk it we were at home, and each nestled in his bed thought of (at least the writer did) times when the shot gun on occasions of a social gathering would be dispensed with. REB.

Fears of "a bicycle ministry" were expressed by Rev. F. M. Zabriskie in an address at the centennial of the "Dutch Reformed" theological seminary at New Brunswick. He did not "mean to disparage that ingenious invention, nor forbid its use to the weary student of any kind," but neither did he regard it "as the realization of the wheels in Ezekiel's vision." He could not conceive of a Dr. Livingston, Frelinghuysen, or Kuypers, looming up before his astonished parishioners on one of them. "It is easy," suggests the *Christian Register*, "to amuse ourselves by taking people out of one age and set of associations, and setting them in another. The old-fashioned minister used 'the one-horse shay,' a vehicle far more grotesque and less dignified than the modern bicycle. It is quite as easy to imagine Paul doing his missionary work on a bicycle, as to imagine him driving around among his parishioners in a 'one-horse shay.' Dr. Holmes has written the epitaph of that institution."

FRED RUSS COOK,

THE CHAMPION OF THE PACIFIC COAST,

Was born in San Francisco, Cal., November 9, 1861. Is five feet, nine inches high, weighs 176 pounds; racing weight, 168 pounds; 23 1-2 inches thigh measure; 16 1-2 inches calf; chest expanded 41 inches. Habits are strictly temperate, never having touched a drop of strong drink; also never uses tobacco in any form. As to athletics, he has always shown himself to be superior, especially in swimming and bicycling. First learned to ride in March, 1884; used a 54-inch Special Harvard. Entered his first race at the Olympic Club's games, May 30, 1884. This race was a one-mile maiden, which he won in 3.17 1-2. Also on the same day he won the half-mile scratch, in which all the noted

cap; Tenney had thirty yards. The time was slow, as it was on a horse track, and very hot.

He next ran at the Merion Cricket Club's games in San Francisco, September 9, 1884. This was also on a horse track; he easily won the half-mile, and might have won the two-mile, but for an unfortunate accident, which made him be content with second place. The accident, about fifty yards from the finish, was caused by his slipping a pedal, he was thrown to the ground, but luckily escaped uninjured.

His last race was at the Olympic Club's races, November 27, 1884, distance one mile; won this race in 3.04 3-4, thus beating Captain Egger's (of the San Francisco Bicycle Club) record of 3.15 1-4. The time would have been much better had the track been in good condition.

Has won seven prizes; six first and one second.

Holds the mile and half-mile records for the coast. Has run on the road 103 miles in ten hours, twenty minutes.

Is the captain and one of the best workers in the foremost club in the State, the Bay City Wheelmen.

He is their hope and pride, and the club rightly feels proud of his achievements.

CYCLOMANIA.

"Yes'm, it's a bicycle, Mrs. Eurydice, and I am going to become a rider, ma'am; that's what I bought it for, and that's what I shall do with it, ma'am," and Mr. Eurydice savagely jerked off his coat, accompanied by a glare that said plainly, "I'm not to be bothered, ma'am."

"What's that—better bought frocks for the children with the money?—Fie, woman, fie, look thou upon this emaciated frame, shattered and wrecked by the hopeless task of attempting to satiate the vain desires of Mrs. Ophelia Eurydice. Look, woman, then say no more;" whereupon the frame proceeded to divest itself of a waistcoat and suspender, preparatory to mounting the bicycle.

"Shall I steady it for you, dear?" asked Mrs. Eurydice, after

her liege lord had vainly endeavored to mount it free and unaided, on the inclined surface presented by the back yard cellar door. "Can a new born babe walk?" demanded the frame. "No, nor an embryo rider ride; therefore I will kindly condescend to accept your assistance;" and, righting the bicycle, Mr. Eurydice knowingly ordered his wife to place herself at the right of the machine with her hand pressing the brake, while he mounted from the rear, and on the word being given she was to let go. This programme was faithfully carried out, but, alas for human expectations! the shock occasioned by the wheel leaving the inclined cellar door and coming in contact with the smooth level lawn, unceremoniously sent Mr. Eurydice sprawling into the midst of a blooming flower bed. To add to the discomfiture of a bleed-



FRED RUSS COOK.

coast flyers were entered. It was the winning of this race which made him famous; in the final heat Cook, Tenney, and Finkler came to the scratch; they got off well together, Cook, on the inside, lapped by Tenney, and Finkler trailing. It was the most exciting race ever witnessed on the coast; several times Tenney brought his wheel even with Cook's, but could not pass. Cook crossed the line in 1.29, 1-4, just far enough ahead to show the race was his. Tenney second, and Finkler about two open lengths in back. This lowered the record, which was 1.31 1-4, held by Tenney.

The next time he appeared on the track was at the Merion Cricket Club's games at Stockton, July 4, 1884. Here he defeated Tenney in two races, one-half-mile scratch, and one-mile handi-

ing nose and bruised shins, he was greeted, on rising, with a sympathetic laugh from his wife, while she cheerily remarked, "Try it on the level ground, darling, perhaps you can ride it then."

"Fiend!" shrieked Mr. Eurydice, "in the hour of my distress you taunt me, you glory in my sufferings," and he performed an impromptu war dance on his overturned wheel.

"Oh yes! try it on level ground, did you say, Mrs. Eurydice? Wonderful, wonderful the suggestive faculty of mind you possess! if I only had a tithe of it, I would box it, frame it, tie it with a rope around my neck, and then go forth with an auction bell, and dispose of it to the highest bidder. You think I can ride it on the level ground, do you? Of course I can, madam; all that is necessary is to straighten up the measly thing, mount it, then away on the wings of eagle flight.

'As if he knew the terrible need—
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.'

Wonderful, wonderful the sagacity of your irascible temper, Mrs. Eurydice."

"Mary!" he yelled to the cook, "give that beastly machine to the first starving tramp that applies."

WILHELM.

Correspondence.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

[The SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE wishes to call attention to an erroneous statement, published in the December issue, under the caption, "New York Notes," written by our correspondent, "Award," in which "Award" utters a malicious falsehood and slander about our friends of the New York Bicycle Club; a statement which did not attract the notice of the editor at the time, and for which we apologize to the offended parties. That the article was a malicious slander we have not the least doubt. It was unkind and uncalled for, and we regret that such an item should have crept into the columns of the GAZETTE. The action of the New York Club in this matter is an example worthy to be followed by wheelmen, for, instead of rushing into print, as others have done, we have received several communications on the subject, all in a kind and friendly manner, a couple of which we cheerfully publish. Unfortunately we sent to all League members in New York State, not subscribers to the GAZETTE, a sample copy, and, in order to repair the damage as far as possible, we shall send to these parties a copy of this issue.]

NEW YORK, December 15, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

I have just finished a pleasant hour with your very readable issue for December, and was much amused at the gratuitous notice of the New York Club, given by your correspondent, "Award," in his New York notes.

I have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance, but will be glad, as I am sure will other members of the club, to see him at our quarters, and try to make him comfortable in the "one room in a very undesirable portion of the city."

The New York Club enjoys bicycling as a pastime, without making it a business; and rides to suit its own pleasure and convenience. It, nevertheless, regrets that the management of its own affairs is distasteful, as it appears to be, to so

critical and well-posted a wheelman as "Award." Though in his opinion "it is not much of an organization," it has, nevertheless, come to stay, and our carping friend may better devote his time and attention to matters nearer at hand, than is the requiem of the second oldest club in the country. "Never say die" is a maxim of the New York Club, and of

Yours fraternally,

NEW YORKER.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Your New York correspondent in the September number indulges in some ungentlemanly attacks, which I hardly think could have passed under your eye before printing, but which are gross enough to suggest that he be not allowed to insult wheelmen any longer in your columns. His statements in regard to my own club, the New York, are not only so discourteous, but so incorrect, that I feel compelled to reply to them, and trust you will give the reply the same circulation as the attack. He says, "The club house of the New York Club consists of one room, and is located in a very undesirable part of the city. The club as a body is never heard of, and, as yet, I have not seen a club run of theirs." 'Tis, indeed, true that 'but for the president, Mr. Adams, the club would have reposed in the silent grave long ago.' However, it is not much of an organization, anyhow, and who would sing the requiem in case it were to die? Who?"

In reality the New York Club occupies a three-story building, containing wheelroom, parlor, locker-room, bathroom, and janitor's quarters; and is situated on Broadway, at the corner of 57th street, where Broadway—leading into the west drive of Central Park—is a favorite route for carriages and horsemen; and directly opposite the Rutland, one of the finest new apartment houses in New York. Within a radius of three blocks are ten more apartment houses, including the famous Navarro houses; and two short blocks away the Citizens' Bicycle Club has built its house; having wisely followed us to this part of the town, away from the cheap booths and low drinking saloons of upper Fifth avenue. Judging from the tone of his letter, your correspondent is hardly likely to know our members personally, and as Mr. Rich, the five-mile state champion, and Mr. Davidson are our only racing men, and as we do not indulge in tea-fights, he may not have heard much of the club "as a body." Nor may he have seen a club run of ours, for these are not confined to the smooth surface of Riverside Drive, but are always a matter of twenty or thirty miles. Much of our riding is done, I confess, in twos and threes, for business men here are too busy to do more than snatch the odd minutes for recreation, but we manage among us to cover never less than 25,000 miles in a season. We have a strictly bicycle club, there being plenty of social clubs in New York to belong to, but the *esprit du corps* is strong amongst our members, and any one of our neighbors hoping for our speedy demise is apt to become gray while waiting.

Yours truly,

EDWARD J. SHRIVER.

OTTUMWA, December 15, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

I noticed in your "Official Returns" in the December number that Iowa has two hundred and twenty-four subscribers to the GAZETTE, and as that journal is an earnest devotee of the L. A. W.

I know this bit of correspondence will be acceptable. The two hundred and twenty-four subscribers represent thirty-nine towns and cities; and the number of L. A. W. members is sixty-three, representing twenty-one towns and cities. It does seem to me that a wheelman who takes enough interest in the wheel to take the best bicycle paper published, ought certainly to afford to join the L. A. W. To some, at first sight, this may seem a slur on the GAZETTE, and to others on the L. A. W., but it is not intended for either. We need more members to make our meets and races interesting, and I earnestly hope that by the beginning of the new League year our membership will be increased to two hundred and twenty-four.

ROTA.

[We are of the opinion that the Springfield GAZETTE's circulation in each State exceeds the L. A. W. members by about two to one, although we have not the figures at hand. Send in your communications, brother, and we will do what lies in our power to help you catch us in numbers.—Ed.]

AMERICAN RECORDS.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

We find by late English papers that our friends over there won't believe in the records made by George M. Hendee, on October 16, 17, in his attempt to lower the world records for one and five miles; but we know they were true records, and he holds to-day the world record for 1-4 and 3-4 mile.

First, let us see under what circumstances he rode; as for the track, nothing need be said to those who have seen it, but the weather was not as favorable, for it was one of those raw and windy days when we prefer to be indoors; as for racing, it seemed impossible to make fast time, but we had underrated our man. Our English cousins draw too strongly on their imagination when they say the record cannot hold, for of course the wind must have been at his back to make such time, which was not the case, but on the contrary blew up the home stretch (the only straight part of the track), and must have made a difference of three seconds to the mile.

I cannot see how they can take Mr. Myers for authority on starting bicycle races; he may be on running, but on cycling he can't occupy that position, for his own words show he is not up on the rules; or why should he have preference over some of our cyclist friends who have witnessed all the important races, and helped frame the racing rules? Such men we had at Springfield in September, and, as they held watch over the timers, they know how true our reports were, and can give their word as to our system and accuracy in starting.

Never have I seen (and I have been present at nearly all the races held in the past three years) a racer start before the pistol without being called back, though Mr. Myers holds to the contrary.

Again, we find Mr. Myers in error when he says the timers take the start from the flash. We start our watches from the report the same as the racer; and if we did as he says, will he be kind enough to compute the fraction of a second's difference between the flash and report to a person ten feet from the pistol, for the racer, timer, and pistol are all within that distance of one another? And when he says he is ready to bet that Hendee's attendant was not cautioned as to having both feet back of the line, and also we have nothing to show how far over the line he went when he pushed

him off, does he suppose we would allow such a thing?

Of the gentlemen who have timed at the Springfield races for the last three years, I would only say that one of them is and has been the leading watch-maker in the city for fifteen or twenty years.

I am very sorry to find they cannot believe our word of honor as to these times; but if they won't, they won't believe their own fellow-countrymen, for Mr. Thomas Warwick and Mr. Reuben Chambers were judge and referee on that occasion, and each held a watch independent of the timers, and agreed to a dot with our time. They know what George M. Hendee is made of, and acknowledged to me on that day who was the better man, Sellers or Hendee. (Can you guess?)

Now what I want to see is, when a man makes such a record, the cycling papers acknowledge it, and give the man his due; for surely he cannot be praised too highly for his performance on that day.

The official time was as follows: One mile—1-4m., 38 1-5; 1-2m., 1.20; 3-4m., 1.59; 1m., 2.42 4-5. Five miles—1m., 2.51; 2m., 5.51 3-5; 3m., 8.55; 4m., 12.02; 5m., 15.03.

TIMER.

HOWELL vs. PRINCE.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

In justice to Mr. Howell I wish you would kindly insert the following letter in the columns of your paper. It is from the *Sporting Life*, under the date of November 26, 1884. I wish to say further on my behalf, that after Mr. Howell's defeat at Springfield, Mr. Prince stated that he would be only too glad to race him, and he had no doubt but they could arrange terms. On behalf of Mr. Howell I stated to Mr. Prince the following conditions: First, that Mr. Howell would race Mr. Prince, even, for one mile, for \$100 a side, the money to be given by the Springfield Club. This race was to have taken place at the opening of the fourth day. Mr. Prince refused to race, on the ground that it was not enough money, and I would have Mr. Howell race him for \$1,000 a side, the money to be posted that night if necessary. For reasons of his own he also declined to accept this proposition. Failing to bring Prince to terms, and knowing that Mr. Howell would soon leave this country, and fearing that Mr. Prince would have some excuse for not meeting Howell, I told him that Mr. Howell wished me to say that he would give Prince five seconds start in one mile and race him for nothing. Mr. Ducker and a number of members of the Springfield Club were present, and if Mr. Prince had had any great desire to meet Howell, he certainly could have accepted one of the propositions. I only wish to add that Mr. Prince's character for truthfulness is better known in England than in this country, and as Howell, Wood, Lees, Keen, and DeCivry will be over here next year, he will have an opportunity to prove some of the statements he has recently made.

H. D. COREY.

Editor of the Sporting Life:—

In answer to John S. Prince, I beg to say Prince was afraid to ride me again, as he well knew I should beat him. He states that when he beat me a certain party lost a lot of money; I can assure his friends it was not any of our party, as we could not find any one in America who would back Prince after I beat him the first day, giving him five seconds start. He goes on to say that the same party offered \$60 for him and myself to ride. I must remind him that the Springfield Club offered the \$60 and the ground free, but he declined to meet me, and when I asked him his reasons for not meeting me, he made all manner of excuses. Prince never chal-

lenged me while I was in America, but so soon as I leave that country he begins to make a big talk. In the Warwick Hotel, Springfield, Mass., Mr. Corey (on my behalf) wished to stake and draw up articles on the spot, but he (Prince) declined on the ground that he had no backers present. He cannot deny this, as he went all over Springfield looking for Tom Early, of Boston, and wanted him to find the cash. He also says his reputation is as good as mine, and he came to Boston to make a match. When he was in England, he was reckoned a good second-class man. I was only in Boston one day, and met Prince in Mr. T. Early's, but he did not mention that he wanted a match, that is, a match for money, but he wanted to run me a "barney." He never won a championship in his life. I am open to run Prince from one mile up to twenty-five miles, for \$2,500 a side, and will go to Springfield at my own expense, or I will allow him \$250 for his expenses, if he will come to England. Rather than Prince should try to get out of a match (which I am certain he will do), I will give him the following starts, viz.: 25 yards in one mile, 50 yards in two miles, 75 yards in three miles, 100 yards in four miles, 125 yards in five miles, 150 yards in six miles, 175 yards in seven miles, 200 yards in eight miles, 225 yards in nine miles, 250 yards in ten miles. Surely this is enough for a man who claims to be a champion. I will make either of the above matches for \$2,500 a side. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

R. HOWELL,
Champion Cyclist of the World.

BLOSSBURG, December 22, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Will you please insert the following in your valuable paper? I would like to say a few words to the American bicycle riders in regard to the best bicycle to ride. In my experience, the celebrated Rudge wheel stands ahead of all others. I have had a good deal of experience. I have ridden on all the fastest wheels in England and also in America, but have never found one to equal the Rudge, either for strength, speed, or neat fittings. Probably this will be of some benefit to beginners who want to purchase a stanch and reliable wheel. I have received several letters from wheelmen asking for a little advice in regard to which is the best bicycle for a new rider to purchase, so I think it my duty to advise them as far as my experience extends, therefore I say to all wheelmen, if you want to get a stanch and reliable wheel, either for strength, speed, neatness or lightness, the celebrated Rudge cannot be excelled.

I remain, yours very truly,

JOHN BROOKS,
Champion of Pennsylvania.

HARTFORD MATTERS, AND OUR CORRESPONDENT'S VIEW OF THE L. A. W.

HARTFORD, Dec. 18, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

It was with great reluctance that Hartford cyclists finally housed their wheels at the close of the notable riding season of 1884; but although the out-of-door use of the wheel is necessarily suspended for a time, it appears that our interest in cycling is not at all amenable to the rules and regulations of the almanac, and there seems to be a tendency to talk "wheel" all the year round. The season of 1885 is already anticipated with great interest. Mr. Goodman's riding-school, run in connection with his Rudge agency, is liberally patronized, and will graduate a goodly number of new riders, well prepared for the road, in the spring. Of course Mr. Goodman intends to have them mounted on "Rudges." Messrs. Storrs & Candee, who do a large bicycle business in connection with their hardware establishment, have taken the agency for the "Royal Mail" and "Victor" machines, and are anticipating large sales. Great activity is manifested at the Pope Company's factory on Capitol avenue, where the "Columbias" are

are rapidly turned out, and daily shipped to all parts of the country, indicating that the cycling fever is a widely-spread contagion, fast becoming epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, which all able-bodied people are certain to catch sometime.

It may be said that the Connecticut Bicycle Club, by virtue of its splendid record for 1884, has become *par excellence* the nucleus of our local interest in cycling. It will not, I think, rest contentedly upon its present laurels, but will surely be heard from again another year. Springfield, Hartford, and—New Haven? Yes, why should not New Haven, with the proposed new track and a little less "vigorous foreign policy," be one of the big three of '85? The Connecticut Club has finally succeeded in obtaining new rooms, pleasant, commodious, and conveniently situated on Central row, just around the corner from Main street. They are now being elegantly fitted up for the club's use, and will be ready for occupancy soon after January 1. By the way, while I think of it, I would like to say for the benefit of the editor of the *Amateur Athlete*, that the Connecticut Bicycle Club disclaims all knowledge of the origin and authorship of that exceedingly overdone "Jewelry firm, Seller's trophy, \$50," paragraph, which he read for the 365th time, and then devoutly wished that it might be allowed to R. I. P. We have taken no interest whatever in that paragraph, except to deplore the author's poor ability for judging values. When we get up a costly and elegant diamond trophy, and send it abroad to become the property of the amateur recordist of the world, we hate to see its value limited to \$50.

In the absence of material to enable me to devote this "Hartford letter" to a column or two of strictly Hartford cyclings sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of the GAZETTE'S readers, I hope you will allow me space for a few comments on some of the recent criticisms of the management of the League of American Wheelmen. It is very apparent that the League ought to do more than it has done, or is now doing, in the fulfillment of its avowed mission "to promote the general interest of cycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen; and to encourage and facilitate touring," but I think that few fair minded wheelmen can be found, who, after full and impartial consideration, would not decide that the organization has been directly and indirectly greatly beneficial to cycling in this country, and that its maintenance merits the hearty co-operation and support of every cyclist in the land. A fair view of what it has already accomplished, discovers no exception to the general rule that the united action of the advocates of a cause should be more conducive to its success than the greatest possible individual efforts of a far greater number of defenders. It isn't necessary to cite in detail what has been accomplished by the League's direct action in the way of securing favorable decisions at law, thereby establishing healthy precedents; valuable concessions from railroads and hotels; opening of parks; uniformity in the government of races; and other results equally beneficial. We all know that it has done much; we heartily wish it were more. Indirectly it has perhaps done more than directly. The League meets have been invariably followed by widely extended and favorable expressions of popular approval which must have acted specifically on existing prejudice, and the very fact that it is generally known that American wheelmen are prepared to defend their rights unitedly has doubtless prevented certain

city and town officials from manufacturing laws which would render the use of the wheel impossible in many localities. Now if the League, with a membership which as yet barely exceeds 5,000, has accomplished so much that is good, it seems that its possibilities would be almost unlimited with an active, harmonious membership of, say, 20,000.

Let us admit that the growth and prosperity of the League is in every way desirable. How can it best be effected? I fear that none of the proposed changes in the constitution, or greater activity on the part of the officers, or any amount of stronger defined purpose and increased consistency in action generally, can avail much unless first and foremost we have a determination all round to work together fraternally, in harmony, and good fellowship for the success of the common cause. Of late petty jealousies and personal trivialities have nearly superseded everything else in the discussion of the League's affairs, and most of the suggestions which have been made ostensibly with a view to improving the organization have, when sifted, been found of no practical use, and apparently made solely in the spirit of cavil and senseless fault finding. Where could one find a better field for seeking out analogies, and making comparisons between different degrees of inconsistency, than in the matter relating to the League which has appeared in some of our cycling publications during the past month? What fearful and wonderful shafts of sarcasm have been fired from all points of the compass at that modest, and it appears to me worthy publication, the L. A. W. gazette. At the last annual meeting it was very sensibly decided that it would be better for the encouragement of cycling to have wheelmen get the benefit of expressions of opinion relating thereto from different sources; from Boston, Springfield, New York, or any locality from which such opinions might emanate. To admit of this the cycling press must be encouraged and sustained; so it was decided to reserve the gazette entirely for official notices, and such other matter as might relate solely to the League's affairs, and to make it in no sense a cycling newspaper, in order that its publication might in no way interfere with the circulation of the regular wheel papers. In return for this compliment we now observe some of our foremost cycling publications editorially backing correspondents who rave and roar because the gazette is not a full-fledged, interesting newspaper! Quite extraordinary in view of the fact that if the gazette were such a paper it would certainly tend to greatly diminish the dissemination of their editorial intelligence. The editor of the *Bicycling World* openly avows that he pitches his gazettes into his waste basket without unwrapping. Pity that he should wave this fact before the rank and file of the League. Its faith in his superior wisdom might result in a general following of his example, which would be bad. Every member should read his gazette out of compliment to his part ownership therein, if for nothing else. If it contains official notices he ought to read them, and he should scan the list of applicants for membership, and be prepared to protest the admission of any candidate he considers objectionable.

A correspondent in the *Bicycling World* is disgusted at seeing the League expend its money "to bolster up athletic journals." If he were to look into the case fairly he might observe that the athletic journal in question is just now possibly bolstering up the League a trifle. It acts up

to all the requirements of its contract with the League in a fair and honest manner. Whenever we have exceeded our space allowed by the contract, it has made no charge for the excess; for the benefit of those who howl for "news" it, at its own expense, inserts Chris Wheeler's paragraphs in the gazette; and it confesses that the grinding of its own axe has thus far been attended with more loss than gain. Our friend might also find in the regular edition of the *Amateur Athlete*, or *Cyclist and Athlete* as it is to be called hereafter, a very ably conducted and readable cycling department, and in its other parts occasional useful hints on training, etc., as valuable to wheelmen as to others.

Another critic wants the League to publish its gazette itself on the ground of economy! At present the cost of publishing and mailing the gazette to 5,000 members averages less than \$1.50 monthly, or \$1,800 yearly. If the League conducted the whole business of issuing the gazette weekly, the annual expense for postage alone would be \$700 over and above the present total cost of publication. Probably this critic forgot to investigate the postal laws. Another wants the gazette monthly instead of weekly. A good idea if practicable, but would not official announcements in the riding season, possible decisions concerning the eligibility of racing men, appointments of officials to fill vacancies, etc., be often too long delayed to be of use unless they were inserted in outside publications, which would hardly be consistent with the dignity of an organization having a sheet of its own for this special purpose? Somebody else takes editor Aaron to task for careless proof reading. Fact is he has no more to do with the correcting of his proof than has the man in the moon. His office is in Philadelphia, and the publishers' in New York, and as he is obliged necessarily to hold his matter till the last possible moment, there is no time for transmission of proof. At present there is small reason to complain of bad typography at all, the gazette's former poor appearance in this respect having been largely corrected.

In one of the spasms or crises of its solicitude for the League's welfare to which that noble mind from which is evolved the *Wheel* is subject, we find it exceedingly depressed because the occupant of the gazette's editorial chair is not a practical wheelman. This is indeed rich. To my knowledge our editor owned, not long since, both bicycle and tricycle, and was capable of excellent work on either. For aught I know he owns them still, but supposing he has sold them, or may not have found time to ride of late, may he not still be considered a practical wheelman? This same intelligence finds the new racing rules to be worthless trash. Well, we had some right good races under them last fall, and the records stand. Yet another adviser wants the League notices distributed impartially to all the cycling publications, and the bother and expense of an official gazette done away with. Doubtless had he first gotten estimates from the different papers for, say, from twenty to forty inches of space in the weeklies (we now pay for forty-five inches) and proportionate accommodations in the monthlies, and compared the total with the present expense incurred, he wouldn't have ventured his suggestion.

I have no personal interest whatever as to who edits and publishes the L. A. W. gazette, but consider it a necessary institution, and one that should be maintained. It is one thing which all

League members have in common, and an important link in the chain which binds the fraternity together. Without the weekly reminder many inactive members would be in danger of often forgetting that the League existed at all. It isn't a newspaper and isn't designed to be "interesting" any more than are certain necessary publications devoted entirely to stock quotations and fluctuations in finance. As it is now conducted it accomplishes its purpose admirably, and I wouldn't consider it necessary to point out some of the inconsistencies of those who find fault with it, did it not serve excellently to illustrate the "carping criticism" pure and simple which meets almost everything that is done in the administration of the League's affairs.

If this hypercritical spirit were not encouraged by prominent cycling papers it would work little harm. Just now it is the worst obstacle in the way of the League's progress. The rapid increase of cycling is surely what our editorial friends are striving for. If they aren't it is their funeral, so to speak. The union of all American wheelmen in the cause of the wheel would give the greatest possible stimulus to rapid advancement. Such an union the L. A. W. ought to become, and to this end our brethren of the press have it in their power to contribute far more than other wheelmen. By cordial support of whatever is commendable, and honest disapproval of unwise action with unprejudiced suggestions for improvement, they can work wonders. By devoting their columns to useless animadversion, and petulantly holding the League up to the ridicule of its own members out of revenge for not having been invested with the "organship" or other trivial reasons, they may destroy the confidence of the present membership, retard the much desired increase in numbers, and cripple things generally. At present there is a certain aspect to the attitude of certain members of the press towards the League which is almost as comical as it is deplorable. They are striving vigorously for the same ultimate results to which the League's work is pledged, and at the same time doing all in their power to ridicule and weaken its efforts.

"Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

H.

Among the Clubs.

THE INDIANAPOLIS BICYCLE CLUB has made arrangements for a trip to the World's Fair at New Orleans, over the Big 4 & Cincinnati Southern roads. A special baggage car will be provided for wheels. Will leave Indianapolis, Saturday, January 24, arriving at New Orleans, Monday morning. The party will leave there on the following Saturday. Those desiring to stay longer can do so, as tickets will be good for thirty days. The club extends an invitation to all wheelmen and their friends to join it. For further information address C. F. Smith, captain Indianapolis Bicycle Club.

THE GOLDEN CITY BICYCLE CLUB (professional), San Francisco, Cal., was organized Sunday evening, Nov. 30, 1884, with the following officers: Captain, Chas. A. Biederman; first lieutenant, Ed. S. Holland; bugler, secretary and treasurer, A. J. Luckhardt; president, Fred Backus. After the meeting the members were invited to partake of a banquet, which was tendered them by Mr. Luckhardt, the bugler of the club. After discuss-

THE ROYAL MAIL

HOLDS THE

Two Fastest World's Records!

FASTEST MILE, by JOHN S. PRINCE, **2.39**

Second FASTEST MILE, by R. JAMES, **2.39²/₅**

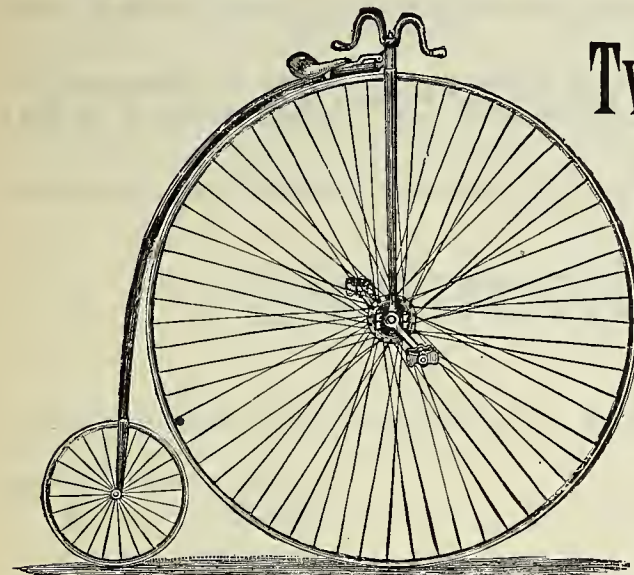
Both Gained at Springfield in 1884.

NO OTHER WHEEL IN THE WORLD

Has TWO as Fast Records to its Credit.

Also holds the **FASTEST HUNDRED-MILE RECORD**, by
S. G. WHITTAKER, in 9 Hours.

Thus THE LEADING BICYCLE!



Though only introduced to America last season, when considering the comparatively few in use, the many racing records broken, the number of races won, and the rapidity with which it met with the popular favor of wheelmen from the very first importations to the States, its progress has been truly

REMARKABLE!

Although new to this country last year, the ROYAL MAIL has for years been a Leading Favorite in England, and its high quality and reputation are proved. We present a few opinions of English bicycling authorities:—

"Make a note of the superb workmanship. No glittering display about it."—*Athlete*, January 31, 1883.

"One of our largest and most progressive cycle establishments is the Royal Machine Manufacturing Co., Limited, who make the ROYAL MAIL bicycles and tricycles, which have a great name, not only in the Midlands but in all parts of the country and the colonies."—*Ironmonger*, March 24, 1883.

"This famous firm fairly eclipse themselves; the machines are beautifully made and finished at all points. The new racers are superb in every respect, being in our opinion one of the few really good light racers in the market. In tricycles certainly a very novel and good machine is their two-track front-steering double driver, which meets a long-felt want."—*Bicycling News*, February, 1883.

"The ROYAL MAIL Tricycle, No. 4, is a new introduction of very considerable merit. It will sell well this season."—*Cyclist*, February 7, 1883.

"This new two-track ROYAL MAIL, No. 4, will without doubt be a favorite in the coming season. It is very light and decidedly neat."—*Bazaar*, February 2, 1883.

"The single and double drivers are high-class specimens of mechanical skill. The ROYAL MAIL Sociable is a double driver, a strong yet light machine. The style of enameling adopted by this firm is a specialty, giving the machine a charming appearance. Lightness of construction has been closely studied, without impairing the strength and rigidity of the machines."—*Supplement Tricycling Journal*, January 31, 1883.

"The ROYAL MAIL Racer Bicycle is constructed in the most elegant style. It is so well known that further confirmation on our part of its strength and durability is not required."—*Supplement Midland Athletic Star*, February 6, 1883.

"Examine as critically as one may, it is impossible to pick a hole in the workmanship or find a flaw in the material. The ROYAL MAIL bicycle is one of the soundest roadsters made, whilst on the path it has scored several grand successes. The tricycles are neat and serviceable looking machines, and the ROYAL MAIL Sociable is a splendid double driver, and looks as easy as a gig. The firm, we are glad to hear, are doing a very large and increasing trade in all classes of machines. They deserve their success."—*Bicycling Times* (Special Number), February 6, 1883.

ORIGINAL PERFECT SAFETY BICYCLE!

THE KANGAROO,

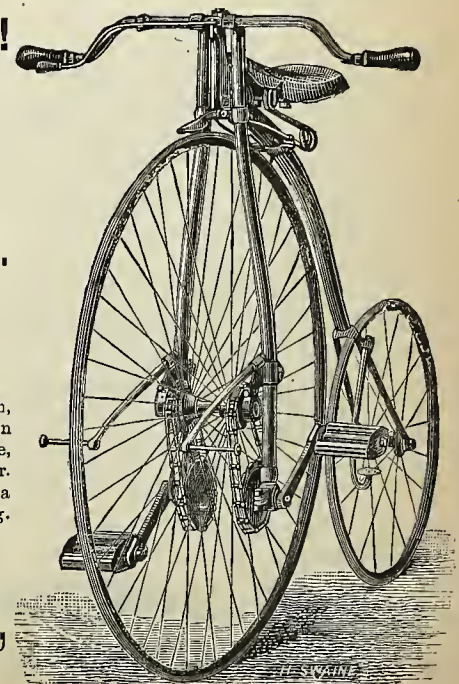
Which Machine Mr. GEORGE SMITH rode

100 MILES On the Road, September 27, 1884, in the marvelous and altogether unprecedented time of **7h. 11m. 10s.**

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS for Every Kind of Machine WERE COMPLETELY ECLIPSED!

Thus the KANGAROO Leads in Speed!

THE KANGAROO is without a rival in Absolute Safety, which was, in fact, the sole aim in their invention, and is the desideratum of timid riders. To attain this, and an impossibility of "headers," which can be taken from small machines as well as large built in the ordinary way, the KANGAROO has its forks in rear of axle, the ONLY ONE so constructed, and also its seat farther back than any other, with pedals well under the rider. These two points constitute the safety, and not the mere size of wheel, and are all-important. It also has a 22-inch rear wheel, larger than any other, running easier; and a pair of comfortable Foot Rests for coasting. Commended by "The London Field." Send stamp for full description, or examine at our warerooms.



WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, BOSTON,

AMERICAN AGENTS for ROYAL MAIL and KANGAROO.

WANTED!

An Agent in Every City and Town in the United States to Canvass for Subscribers to the

SPRINGFIELD * WHEELMEN'S * GAZETTE,

TO WHOM WE OFFER

VALUABLE * PREMIUMS

The Premiums named below will be given to any one sending us the required number of subscribers at 50 cents each for one year.

	Value of Premium.	Number of Subscribers.
VEST-POCKET PISTOL, - - - - -	\$1.00	3
GEM PISTOL, - - - - -	2.00	5
SINGLE-SHOT PISTOL, - - - - -	2.50	6
WATERBURY WATCH, - - - - -	3.50	12
8-Inch Barrel OLD MODEL RIFLE, PLATED REST,	10.00	25
10-Inch Barrel OLD MODEL RIFLE, PLATED REST,	11.00	30
10-Inch Barrel NEW MODEL BICYCLE RIFLE, -	12.25	35
12-Inch Barrel NEW MODEL BICYCLE RIFLE, -	13.25	40
15-Inch Barrel NEW MODEL BICYCLE RIFLE, -	15.00	50
18-Inch Barrel NEW MODEL BICYCLE RIFLE, -	16.50	60

The above Rifles are manufactured by J. STEVENS & CO., and for excellent workmanship and accuracy in shooting cannot be excelled.

A * BICYCLE * FREE!

To the person sending us the largest list of subscribers (not less than 200 names) at 50 cents each, we will present free any standard finish Bicycle advertised in THE GAZETTE.

This Offer will close May 1, 1885.

To those who prefer, we will pay a Cash Commission. Terms made known upon application.

Any wheelman can readily secure one of the above Premiums. A few evenings will suffice to secure twenty-five or fifty subscribers. Nearly a whole Club have been secured in one evening.

We want, we must have, and we are going to get 20,000 wheelmen on our lists before next Spring. We ask your aid, and you shall be liberally paid.

ONLY 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

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

ing the excellent viands, a beautiful, red silk flag, trimmed with gold fringe, with the club's monogram, was presented by Miss Gussie Luckhardt and others. The uniform consists of knickerbockers, coat, vest and cap of brown beaver, brown silk stockings, and patent-leather, low-cut shoes. The club, which is the only professional bicycle club in the United States, is composed of the following gentlemen: C. A. Biederman, F. Backus, F. W. Gibson, E. S. Holland, A. J. Luckhardt, and G. W. Tubbs. J. S. Prince, R. Howell, and W. M. Woodside were elected honorary members.

THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will soon erect a building on Division avenue nearer the Bedford avenue fountain than their present quarters. The structure will be of brick, and two stories high. The ground floor will be taken up with a billiard parlor, wheel room, bath, lockers, etc., while upstairs the members will ride in a room 60x40. This room is eventually intended for a gymnasium. The new departure will cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

THE GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB, of Philadelphia, boasts of a road rider who will have one of the best records in the State and country for 1884. It tally over 3,000 miles. He has made the trip to New York several times, as well as tours all over the State.

THE BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY WHEELMEN, of Columbus, Ind., have begun already to make arrangements for a race meet, July 3 and 4, 1885. They have a fine track, and good working material in the club, and are determined to make it a grand affair.

THE NEW ORLEANS BICYCLE CLUB used the first floor of the Exposition building for riding, containing over a million square feet of clear surface. This is the largest floor ever used by a bicycle club.

THE ORANGE (N. J.) WANDERERS have ten lady members, who ride regularly and take great interest in the wheel and wheel affairs.

THE COLORADO WHEEL CLUB, of Denver, gave a very satisfactory entertainment at the rink recently to 1,500 spectators.

THE LOUISVILLE WHEEL CLUB will give its first annual hop, Wednesday, January 14, 1885.

THE SALT LAKE CITY BICYCLE CLUB will give a grand exhibition and ball this month.

THE BLUE JAY BICYCLE CLUB (Santa Cruz, Cal.) has a membership of fifteen.

THE HUDSON COUNTY WHEELMEN's exhibition was a grand success.

THE ROTA CLUB is a new wheeling organization in Toronto, Ont.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

ÆOLUS WHEELMEN (Worcester).—President, F. W. Blacker; secretary and treasurer, Lincoln Holland; captain, E. F. Tolman; first lieutenant, W. W. Hobbs; second lieutenant, J. C. Spiers; buglers, G. H. Bocker, G. W. Peel; club committee, E. F. Bisco, H. P. Murray.

CHARLESTOWN (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB.—President, F. S. Nelson; secretary and treasurer, M. K. Kendall; captain, J. W. Vivian; first lieutenant, J. A. Corey; second lieutenant, Charles Gill; bugler, F. Arthur Lane; executive committee, F. S. Nelson, M. K. Kendall, J. W. Vivian, A. R. Smith, and J. Webber.

CHEMEKETA BICYCLE CLUB (Salem, Or.).—President, W. W. Martin; secretary and treasurer,

George Herren; captain, H. L. Hatch; lieutenant, Charles M. Cox.

JUNIOR WHEELMEN (Baltimore).—President, J. C. Guggenheimer; secretary and treasurer, C. B. Hight; captain, C. P. Brigham; lieutenant, L. W. Stork; bugler, J. Hanway.

OREGON WHEEL CLUB (Portland, Or.).—President, H. W. Nickerson; secretary and treasurer, Dr. C. C. Newcastle; captain, F. T. Merrill; sub-captain, E. J. Partridge; bugler, C. W. Scott.

ROCKLAND COUNTY WHEELMEN (Nyack, N. Y.).—Captain, Bayard Hawthorn; secretary and treasurer, William Gray, Jr.

ST. LOUIS STAR BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Newton Crane; vice-president, Edward Sells; secretary and treasurer, Elliott B. Page; captain, Hal W. Greenwood; lieutenant, H. E. Belcour; bugler, Charles Stanbrook.

WATERBURY (Ct.) BICYCLE CLUB.—President, J. H. Hurlburt; secretary and treasurer, Nelson C. Oviatt; captain, F. M. Upsen; first lieutenant, C. E. Turner.

THE FACILE CLUB'S OUTING.

RANDOM RAMBLES A-WHEEL.

While forming the line and sizing up, as it were, for the start, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day, some one mentioned "the Orange (N. J.) Wanderers," when the club infant's inquisitiveness got the best of him and he "wondered if they were all Orangemen, and what their club colors were, and did they have any 'Rye-out' there?" but his intended funny remarks were suddenly cut short by the cap'n's signal to mount, and we were away countryward, where brown and dun colors prevail since the frost came, and the first touches of winter are so manifest on every side. It seemed quite like a farewell visit to old friends, as familiar objects of summer time runs came into view, for there was in the air and dull gray clouds strong hints of the snow that is so sure to come, and that goes so far towards making a cyclist's winter of discontent.

Little of the year's foliage remains, excepting that of the evergreens, which seem trying to deck the hills in colors appropriate to the holiday season. The few farmers' teams we meet or overtake, are hauling belated apples to the cider mills, four of which we passed during the run, and at one of them the funny man was moved to say that he "in early life used to look upon the bright cider mills, and things, but since joining the league of Benedicts, and wheelmen, all is changed—er—for the better!"

Over Hubbard's and Palmer's hills we went, and coasted a very steep and crooked one leading to the Dumping pond, and Steep Hollow region; up the rock strewn hill road past the ruins of the old Sackett house, a relic of Revolutionary days, whose great stone chimneys and fire-places yet stand as rude mementos of the past. They are on a hill overlooking the winding Mianus river, on its way to Long Island Sound, a mile or two away. What changes the face of nature has undergone here since the Indian hunters camped at the foot of the hill along the river bank, or captured game among these hills! What depths of snow have whitened this scene in the hundred and more winters gone, and what wild flowers have grown uncultivated and unnoticed when each returning springtime came!

Here our reverie ends as the stragglers come up, and, after giving them scant time to blow, we push

the pedals on again to Mianus, one of those ripened—in other words, gone to seed—places, noted for their piles of ashes, old tin cans, rickety barrels and boxes, that litter the streets, and, as you might know, dogs unnumbered. Ditto can be said of Bayport, a little further on, but here we have pretty glimpses of the Sound and shipping, and far Long Island, across twelve miles of sparkling blue-green water. Our wheels are about here so frequently that they have ceased to attract wonder of the open-mouthed sort, as they did a year ago, and we hope that the people in general will soon come to think more of the use of bicycles for business purposes, and not look upon them as for racing, or pleasure only, as many do. Need we so much as intimate that our run was a pleasant one, passing at an easy pace and with frequent stops through such a variety of picturesque scenery?

STAMSON.

News Notes.

"My wheel for a ride."

Oregon has fifty riders.

Chicago is to have a cycle paper.

The latest safety wheel is the Club.

The bicycle will now go into winter quarters.

Bermuda tourists leave New York, January 22.

Cycling has been introduced at St. John's, N. F.

The Maryland Club kept open house on Christmas day.

England has 150 manufactories of bicycles and tricycles.

The wheel comes to a standstill when the pool balls are rolling.

Jack Keen is trying to get up a sensation on his new water bicycle.

It is a cold month that don't give birth to a new cycling publication.

It is but a step from the sublime (saddle) to the ridiculous (road bed).

An agency for the American Star is being negotiated in England.

We may expect some new wrinkles in saddles on next year's Columbias.

Wheeling is giving weekly a lithograph of prominent racing men in England.

Oregon wheelmen say their roads compare favorably with those of California.

Wheeling speaks of H. D. Corey as a "hill reducer" to a science of America.

The *Canadian Wheelman* starts off promisingly, giving credit where credit is due.

Topeka, Kansas, has organized a bicycle club with Charles Frampton as captain.

How is it that all of the professional races are always styled championship races?

A prominent cyclist is suffering from a severe case of tumor. It is two more—twins.

It is a wise child who knows his father—will buy him a bicycle,—and a wiser father.

We missed the ball of the Portland Wheel Club, December 18, much to our regret.

The cyclist most eager to break the road record is often the first to fracture his "wheel."

The Kansas City Club grounds are to have a track built for the benefit of local riders.

Zacharias & Smith keep the wheels a-moving, having opened a commodious skating rink.

William Maltby, of Shelton, Ct., claims the fancy bicycling championship of the State.

J. S. Dean, editor of the *Bicycling World*, has just been examined for admission to the bar.

"The Knights of the Wheel" is the latest phrase applied to wheelmen by the daily press.

Woodside's records are in doubt, owing to the fact of the track not having a solid curb or pole.

Louise Armaindo is the happy possessor of a 22-pound Royal Mail, full nickeled, racing wheel.

Cyclists visiting the New Orleans Exhibition will find the "Columbias" in Connecticut's exhibit.

Now it is the Philadelphia cyclers that are accused of taking no interest whatever in cycling.

Oregon wheelmen propose to send a Western flier to compete in the Eastern tournaments next year.

The Louisville Bicycle Club is trying to arrange a team race, 50 miles, with the Chicago Bicycle Club.

The chief engineer of the Bristol, Eng., fire brigade rides a tricycle, and is usually first on the spot.

One swallow never made a summer, but one swallow—too many—may make a wheelman "fall."

Mr. Frank E. Drullard, one of Buffalo's most prominent wheelmen, has removed to Glendive, Montana.

A woman whose husband owns a bicycle is happy because she knows he can't take any one else to ride.

The Big Three: New Haven, Hartford, Springfield. The Three Midgets: Boston, New York, Philadelphia.

Chris Wheeler calls the *Wheel's* attention to the fact that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

The *Velociman* is a new monthly journal devoted to cycling in France. Mr. H. O. Duncan will be the editor-in-chief.

The latest novelty of the variety stage is an elephant that rides a tricycle. He is now doing the act in Boston.

Owing to the unceasing efforts of B. B. Ayers, the Erie Railroad Company has consented to carry bicycles free.

Some of the Coventry districts in England are agitating a law prohibiting riding bicycles faster than six miles an hour.

The *Bicycling World* says: "When you go to Springfield, don't bet." We will venture to say that the editor did not.

The Pope Manufacturing Company are working on a new model of Light Roadster, which will appear early in the spring.

A. G. Spaulding & Bro. will next season introduce two new wheels to the American public in addition to the Kangaroo.

Moses Gunn, one of Chicago's greatest surgeons, uses the bicycle as a means of conveyance to and from the medical college.

Our English cousins, please take notice that on December 2, Springfield voted for license. No more prescriptions needed.

The L. A. W. and THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE seem to be fruitful topics during the present winter months.

It is expected that the season of 1885 will wit-

ness more record breaking on the road and path than any one that preceded it.

The wheel teaches a man to love the country. If you hanker for the streets of the city, buy a wheel and you will soon be cured.

The Pressey and Lester Star combination has been organized for exhibition purposes with these well known fancy riders at its head.

"The apathy of Boston wheelmen on the track and road is greatly to be deplored." So says the *Boston Globe*, and why is this thus?

The Pope Manufacturing Company have presented the Buffalo gentlemen with \$100, to be used in entertaining the League on May 30.

Remember the wheel is always in motion, and the spoke which is uppermost will soon be under; therefore mix trembling with all your joy.

It is a fact pretty generally known, that Zacharias & Smith, Newark, N. J., have one of the most complete bicycle repair shops in the country.

Eliot Norton and Frank L. Dean will be Harvard's representatives in the bicycle races at the New York intercollegiate games next spring.

The Columbia tricycle for '85 promises to meet the call for a high grade, speedy three-wheeler, light but stiff, and many new points will be brought out on it.

Kansas City wheelmen are blessed with a 55-mile stretch of road without a grade. Here is the place above all others for an attempt to defeat the road record.

Previous to sailing for Boston, Howell and Corey rode from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of eight miles, under 27m., both riding Rudge racers.

The *Canadian Wheelman* says: "If the L. A. W. meet for '85 is held in Buffalo, there is no doubt but that a large number of Canadians would be in attendance."

The pleasures of wheeling are greatly enhanced by having a reliable cyclometer, such as the Butcher. Read what they have to say in our advertising columns.

Bicycle riders delight in enjoying themselves on wheels of some kind. If the weather doesn't permit them to ride on their bicycles, they enjoy themselves on roller skates.

A smart policeman on being asked why he had prevented a young man on a bicycle from entering a public park, pointed to the sign, "No Peddlers Allowed in This Park."

At one time the importation of Harrington cradle springs by our leading cycle house was very large; now these have been almost wholly superseded by the popular Columbia swing spring.

R. H. Lea, of Coventry, Eng., who has been making the tour of the world in wheeling interests, reports bicycling matters booming in Australia, India, New Zealand, and Tasmania.

The Pope Manufacturing Company have received a large assortment of the Brooks lever tension saddles, so well known in England, and will put them upon the market next season.

The amount of experimenting and testing that is going on at the Weed Company's works in Hartford, should satisfy our wheelmen that all Columbias for '85 will be stanch in every point.

The Overman Wheel Company will send thirty tricycles to the New Orleans exhibition. Three of them will be for the prize awards and the bal-

ance will be leased for use about the exhibition grounds.

The Connecticut bicyclist, when he rides abroad on the first day of the week, is said to feel the spirit of the "blue laws" so plainly in the atmosphere, that he quiets his bell; neither does he toot his whistle.

The Louisville Skating Rink Company will offer a handsome gold medal for the best fancy and trick bicycle rider of the South. The medal will be for the championship, the contest to take place this month.

A cyclist tried to open his front door with his spoke wrench on arriving home in the wee, small hours, the other morning. When his wife opened the door she "spoke" and he got "wrenched" with a vengeance.

Our Ohio correspondent has been shown an elegantly carved black walnut cabinet, which is to be presented to the Kenton Wheel Club, of Covington, Ky., by Mr. Thomas Willison, an earnest supporter of cycling.

For enjoyable riding at this season of the year cyclists are recommended to visit Tucson, Arizona. The roads are superb, weather delightful, neither too warm nor too cool, but just right for the pleasures of cycling.

"Will you have salt on your eggs?" asked the hotel-waiter of the guest, a cyclist. "Oh, no, thanks; they are not at all fresh." Then the waiter went out to consult the landlord to see if the hotel had been insulted.

Springfield talks of a club house. Springfield is noted for her bests on record. Will she maintain her reputation?—*Bicycling World*. Well! that is our intention; at our next meet you will be able to judge for yourself.

Turf, Field, and Farm says: "Athletes, professional trainers, hunters, mountaineers, all physically strong and perfect men, habitually breathe through the nostrils. This is claimed to be the reason for their freedom from colds."

H. D. Corey, of Boston, who has recently visited the chief racing tracks in England, considers the one-third mile course at the Crystal Palace the best, but says he is satisfied that it is not as fast "as our Springfield and Hartford tracks."

The *Sporting and Theatrical Journal* recommends that "the very first thing the L. A. W. should do, is to reconstruct their racing rules. They cannot afford to ignore the just criticism of the leading papers of the country regarding this matter."

A five-mile race at the Denver, Col., rink, between Mr. H. G. Kennedy, Colorado's champion bicyclist, and Mr. J. W. Phillips, champion fast skater, was won by Mr. Kennedy, having made his five miles in 18.50. Mr. Phillips's time was 19.53.

Turf, Field, and Farm finds fault with one of our contemporaries copying our record table (giving us due credit), and then turns around and copies our table of the time taken to cover a mile in various ways, but forgets to mention the GAZETTE.

New Orleans is spoken of for the next L. A. W. meet. But for the great distance this might be a wise selection, as it would enable wheelmen to see the great World's Fair. The only question is, whether enough cyclers could be drawn there to insure success.

A prominent maker of saddles received the following testimonial: "I rode one of your saddles

the other day, and have never ridden anything since." They printed and distributed the testimonial broadcast, and wonder why they don't receive more orders.

The *Wheel* says that THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is conducted by an "inexperienced editor." Even so, brother, but we have a faint idea that the editor of the *Wheel* can learn a few points in journalism from the GAZETTE, both in editorial work and business tact.

The abuses of betting are attracting the attention of the French authorities. The minister of agriculture has recently appointed a commission to study the abuses of betting and horse-racing. Betting must be stopped or we shall soon see our noble sport go into decline.

If it were practical we would cancel every club subscription.—*Wheel*. So say we all of us.—*Amateur Athlete*. Please don't count us. The more the merrier. Print a paper, brothers, so valuable that every member of the club will be obliged to subscribe. That is the way we do it.

The breech-loading lantern that attracted such favorable comment at our last meet will be in the future controlled by the Pope Manufacturing Company. By the breech-loading arrangement the cyclist can, by a turn of the wrist, light and extinguish his lamp eleven times without opening it.

Some idea of the amount of bicycling expected to be done in the year may be judged from the following: The three largest dealers in the United States will put on the market, next year, over 4,000 wheels, representing an outlay on the part of the purchasing public of upwards of half a million dollars.

What handier thing in the cycling trade will one find than the list of parts issued by the Columbia people? There you can find the photograph of each part of the machines with a number appended, and from it you can at once recognize and order anything you please, knowing it will fit on arrival.

The *Amateur Athlete*, of December 25, contains a very able retrospect of our racing rules, with some able and sensible suggestions to the racing board. Having had a little to do with racing ourselves, we fully agree with the *Athlete*, that "our racing rules need a thorough revision," and the sooner done the better.

The New York *Clipper* falls into line (and error) with the sporting press in announcing that the medal Doodle Robinson has is the property of the Springfield Club. The club has no claim whatever on the medal. It is the property of the L. A. W., and was presented to that body by the Springfield Club.

The phenomenal success of *Wheeling*, the English cycling paper, whose advertisement appears in our advertising columns, has led the GAZETTE to offer the paper at publishers' rates, with the GAZETTE thrown in. Send for a sample copy, costing you nothing. Address Harry Etherington, 152 Fleet street, London, E. C.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., finding their present location insufficient for their rapidly increasing bicycle business, have moved from 10 Milk street, to more commodious quarters at Nos. 152, 154, 156, and 158 Congress street, Boston, Mass., where they will be pleased to see their numerous customers and friends.

Those who think bicycling fatiguing must have the illusion dispelled when told that one bottle of

ginger ale furnished to W. M. Woodside, the bicyclist, was all the nourishment and stimulant required by him throughout his fifty-mile journey, in which he administered a Waterloo to all American records from eleven up to fifty.

The Pittsburgh *Sportsman* rises to remark, "Athletics are coming up in America. Reports from almost every city are convincing on this point. How many years, we wonder, will elapse ere we shall be on a par with England in the truly great respect of outdoor sports?" None on bicycling, for we have already passed our cousins for short distances.

The Canadian *Sportsman* thinks that horsemen have got left, but will in the dim future catch up. It says: "Twelve good men and true in England have decided that a bicycle is a necessity. We shall next be told that a man cannot exist without a fast horse." We think not. The bicycle is the coming mode of travel. The horse will do as a beast of burden.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington, "Jake tells me that a friend of his has been hurt by a sickle. I wonder if he cut himself bad? Jake says he fell off it—don't understand that. Jake once fell on a sickle, chasin' a cat, and the doctor said he nearly cut his 'humorous' in two; must have grown together again, for Jake plays all kinds o' jokes on me; but his friend—how could he fall off a sickle?"

The English Virginia creeper beats the American cucumber for growth if the following, taken from the *Cycling Times*, can be relied on: "A Newmarket jockey rode over to Cambridge on a bicycle and called in to see a lady. As he was about to remount his bicycle he was astonished to find that a Virginia creeper had climbed all over the spokes, and had used the wheels as a regular trellis."

Arthur Gilman, in *Outing* for January: "For many years it has been my pleasure to practice horseback riding as much as possible, and I have traveled several hundred miles at a time in that agreeable manner, so that the exercise is probably as little to me as to any one; yet it is my conviction that one gets over the ground on a tricycle with rather less expenditure of strength than on a horse."

The Boston *Herald* says: "Springfield can with right claim to be the cycling center of the country. It gives the finest tournaments, has the fastest wheelmen, a fancy rider with no equal at his age, and scarcely a superior in the country, the finest cycling paper, and the most enthusiastic wheelmen." That settles it. The *Herald* being a Boston paper of undoubted integrity, the fact cannot be disputed.

The latest novelty for clipping any amount of good material from your neighbors without giving them any credit, is the *Wheel's* plan of massing them under the very comprehensive title, "Borrowed From Our Neighbors." This, however, is very unsatisfactory to "Your Neighbors."—*Amateur Athlete*. It is only inexperienced editors, like those of our great leading dailies, who edit the *Tribune*, *Times*, etc., that give credit.

T. S. Ormiston, a member of the C. T. C., living in New York, has been refused the privileges of Central Park. The park commissioners held that the Cyclists' Touring Club was a foreign organization, having no elective or responsible officer in this country, and also that it was not a regularly organized and uniformed club. Ormis-

ton takes exception to this ruling, and is making a vigorous fight in the interests of the C. T. C.

H. W. Gaskell has won prizes valued at \$4,500. His eighteen American prizes aggregated \$1,500. Speaking of this gentleman, calls to mind a very sad occurrence. He was entered in a race at Leeds, and Mr. Gaskell, Sr., decided, unknown to his son, to see the sport. The poor old gentleman was troubled with heart disease, and during the race became so excited that he dropped dead at the moment his son rushed first past the post.

There seems to be a lack of interest or enthusiasm on the part of Boston wheelmen as regards race meetings, but when a club house is wanted Boston steps to the front with \$30,000 to build one. The base ball enthusiasts can lay a ball ground at an expenditure of upwards of \$100,000, when the wheelmen cannot enjoy the luxury of a \$3,000 race track for their favorite pastime. Truly Boston has lost its prestige as a cycling center.

On the other side of the herring pond they are waking up to the fact that others beside the racing men contribute to the success of a club. *Wheeling* says when a man goes in for racing he gets prizes, etc., unlimited, but one who works hard for his club too often gets a mere perfunctory vote of thanks at the close of the season; fortunately it is becoming fashionable to accompany these votes with something a little more tangible.

Thus the London *Cyclist* on Hendee: The *Bicycling World* states that Hendee was to have attempted beating the one-mile record on Thursday and the five-mile record on Friday of last week. We hope he may succeed, but if he does he will prove himself a better man than we take him to be, for, although undoubtedly one of the finest riders in the world, we do not think he is equal to beating 2m. 39s. for the mile, whatever he may do with the five-mile time.

A correspondent in the *Bicycling World* has this bit of news of interest to Springfielders. In speaking of our track, he says: "The editor of the Boston *Herald* seems to think that the Springfield Bicycle Club built a track, whereas it only fixed the surface of a track already in existence." As this is news to the Springfield Club, we would like to ask the correspondent the following conundrum: If the resurfacing of a half-mile track cost \$2,850, what would it cost to build a new one?

A tribute to the memory of the late James Starley, called the father of the cycle industry, was unveiled at Coventry, Eng., November 8. The memorial stands twenty feet in height. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion portrait of the great manufacturer; on the sides are illustrations of the inventions which he introduced, the whole being surmounted by a figure of "Fame" executed in marble. The mayor of Coventry removed the covering of the memorial in the presence of 8,000 spectators.

After much controversy, which, luckily for all interested, did not run through the bicycling press, the "Willard Hotel Cup," placed, through the Washington Cycle Club, as an independent prize on the three-mile event, L. A. W. races, May 20, 1884, has at last been presented to its rightful owner, Mr. B. W. Hanna, the winner of that race. Last Wednesday, December 3, a select party of friends met at Mr. Hanna's residence for that purpose, Mr. Pelouse (President W. C. C., during League meet,) making the presentation speech, which was happily responded to by Mr. Hanna.

Later on a very bountiful collation was the order of the hour to which all seemed to do justice.

As John Kauffman, a farmer living near Louisville, Ky., was driving home one afternoon recently, his horse became frightened at two bicyclists, and ran away, throwing Mr. Kauffman out and breaking the vehicle badly. His son, who occupied the buggy with him, shared his father's fall, but was comparatively uninjured, while the former was knocked senseless. He was removed to his home, when it was discovered that, in addition to severe cuts about the head, he had suffered serious internal injuries.

Belva Lockwood called upon the president recently, leaving her faithful tricycle standing in the drive-way in front of the White House. A coupé suddenly turned the corner, and before the horse could be checked, the wheels of the carriage became badly tangled in the tricycle. Fortunately the horse was easy to manage, and the tricycle was rescued with but little damage. It was a narrow escape for the wheel, and hereafter the women's candidate will leave her machine around the corner when she visits the Executive Mansion.

At Washington the Western Union Telegraph office is utilizing the bicycle in the delivery of messages very successfully. It has four bicycles, which the messenger boys keep in motion all day and night. You never see more than two in the office at one time. The managers are delighted with them. They save boys, time, and money. The Springfield office has used the bicycle for delivering messages at a distance. The Springfield Union also used them during important local events for the rapid delivery of messages with good success.

Why not?—Our Springfield contemporary remarks: "There is no reason in the world why American mechanics cannot make as good bicycles as the English, and they will beat them only give them time enough. Rome wasn't built in a day." The fact remains, however, they don't as yet, and as far as we can judge, it will be a long time ere they approach us in cycle making, either for value or finish.—*Cycling Times*. Well, after we have been making wheels ten years, we will so far surpass you that your present wheels will be compared with the old time bone shakers.

The Boston Herald is trying to induce the sleepy Boston wheelmen to wake up and let the world know that they are not all dead. It gives them a little plain truth or frozen facts as follows: "If Springfield, with one club and its 35,000 inhabitants, can arrange the grandest bicycle track in the world and the best races, should not a Boston wheelman, and a club member at that, be ashamed to inquire where Boston can find a track suitable for a tournament which can compete with those of other cities? The fact is, that there is not the requisite push and go-ahead spirit in the Hub."

The Hermes Bicycle Club gave a series of amateur races in the Exposition building at Chicago, Christmas afternoon. The track was seven laps to the mile, and the racing was the best yet seen there. The principal feature of the day's sport was the race for the professional championship of the United States, fifteen miles, \$100 a side, between J. S. Prince, champion of America, and W. M. Woodside, champion of Ireland. The race was closely contested, but on the last lap Prince took the lead, and won by six feet; time, 53m. 9 1-2s. Woodside's time was a quarter of a second slower.

John S. Prince, champion bicyclist, served his apprenticeship to a brass founder in England, and afterward became a professional bowler for a cricket club. He began bicycling seven years ago. At first he was an amateur and only became a professional shortly before coming to this country five years ago. He says he was a fourth-class man at home and owes his improvement to the climate. His height is 5 feet 9 1-2 inches, his weight 168 pounds. His calf measures 15 inches, his thigh 23 1-2, and his chest 35, expanding to 43. He says that he is ready to meet Howell early next spring on either side of the water for any amount.

The Spirit of the Times' Christmas issue is a daisy, and without a doubt the finest sporting paper ever published. The *Spirit* is after the skating records, and offers numerous prizes, one of which is the following: "There is also some difference of opinion as to the comparative speed of skaters and bicyclists, and, to test this matter, *The Spirit* will give a prize of \$250 to any skater who will beat the bicycle record for any distance from 1 to 1,000 miles. Any one who wishes to try this can obtain the bicycle records by application at our office. The same rules and privileges will be in force in these as in the skating races announced."

Dr. Fanny F. Miller, an English lady physician, says in *Belgravia*: "There is no reason to believe that tricycling is in any way injurious to even delicate persons. Middle-aged men, with that tendency to degeneration of the muscles into fat, which is one of the dangers of their period of life, will find tricycling to assist the heart's action rather than strain its powers. Nearly all chronic complaints will be benefited by this form of exercise. For ladies I believe it to be especially suitable." Further it is added: "Several lady members of the royal family ride the tricycle, and many hundreds of others outside of the palace have followed their example."

On Wednesday, December 10, 1884, at Manchester, N. H., Mr. Charles A. Hazlett was united in marriage with Miss Josie H. Richardson, daughter of Edwin P. Richardson, Esq., of that city. Mr. Hazlett is cashier of the First National bank of Portsmouth, N. H., and is well known in bicycle circles, he having contributed several articles to *Outing* and *the Wheelman*, and to other bicycling publications. Mr. Hazlett is the pioneer wheelman of N. H., has been chief consul of the State, and is now president of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, which club he organized. His many friends wish him and his chosen companion for life many years of happiness.

Correspondents in writing yarns to the cycling press sometimes find it necessary to have unheard of things handy in order to complete the story. The following, from the *Cycling Times*, would have the semblance of truth were it not for the fact of the wheelman finding the poker red hot upon his arrival home. "A correspondent writes that a few weeks since a bicyclist was riding from Thorpe to Kingston, when nearing Walton he was suddenly attacked by a mad dog and thrown from his machine; when on the ground the dog flew at him and bit him in the leg. Without the slightest hesitation he threw the dog from him, and remounting his machine, which was fortunately not much the worse for the spill, he rode back as fast as he could to Thorpe, and rushing into the kitchen, he seized the poker, which was nearly red hot between the bars, and with consummate

courage burned the skin and bite, suffering excruciating pain, but never flinching. The doctor after seeing him, told him that his presence of mind had undoubtedly saved his life."

Who is the professional champion? The American papers persist in dubbing Howell the English champion. This must certainly be very galling to Fred Wood, who has beaten Howell times out of number at every distance; and it is, we think, high time that the claim to the title should be definitely settled, more especially as the Americans boast that their Anglo-American rider, Prince, has beaten our champion. If, as is stated, Prince pays this country a visit next season, we are confident he will discover very soon that he has yet a very much harder nut to crack in the form of the Leicester flier.—*Cycling Times*. We give it up. We notice the above question is being constantly asked by the English press since Prince's victory, while one and all gave Howell the title of the champion previous to his defeat. How is it?

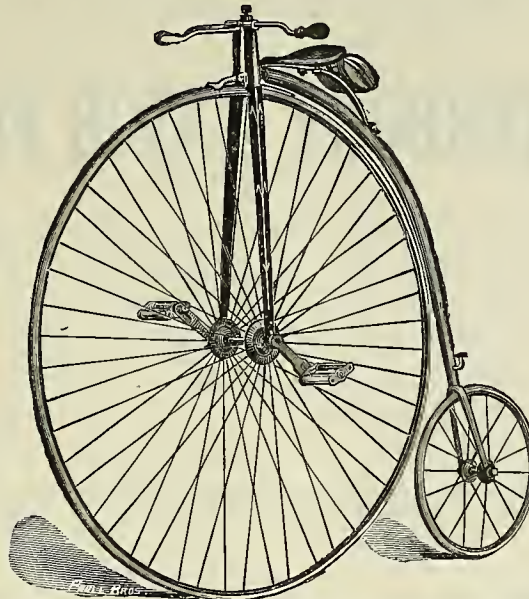
We regretfully announce that the Cincinnati Bicycle Club resolved to abandon its former plan of leasing that part of Music Hall, which for the past three or four winters has served the double purpose of a fair practice track, and for occasional entertainments, besides allowing the opportunity for a slight reimbursement which the renting of hired wheels to would-be riders offered. We fear, however, that the scheme was not a success financially, which is the more to be regretted when the increased interest in cycling matters occasioned thereby is taken into consideration. The smooth turnpikes and beautiful suburbs of Cincinnati present to wheelmen as fine road riding as may be found in the whole west, excepting, probably, Chicago. The numerous bicycle organizations in and about Cincinnati establish this beyond a doubt. Measures should be brought about whereby a consolidation of the various clubs would be secured, then, by a proper course of management, such an organization could be placed on a basis rendering the erection of a permanent building in a suitable locality a possibility, and the combined influence of its many members would secure for the one club, the patronage and support of a necessarily broader acquaintanceship.

A correspondent of the *Mirror of American Sports*, in speaking of the Kansas City tournament, gives the following jokes on two of the racing men: "Mr. Shaw, who came a week in advance of the races to train and fix up generally, thinking he would benefit himself by availing himself of the professional knowledge in training, he sought and found Eck, Morgan, and Armaido, and, on pitching his tent in Morgan and Eck's rooms, he received the necessary useful tips on training. One evening, after being out practicing, Shaw went up to their rooms, and having no matches to illuminate, he proceeded to rub himself down after the exercise. Morgan had a bottle of blue dye in the room which had been used in renovating the latter's tights, Shaw having a similar bottle on the same bureau, the contents being alcohol, and in the dark, without referring to his nasal detective, he hastily collared the wrong bottle, and when Morgan later on reached the scene and lit the gas, he beheld—well, let me see: the upper part was white, but the lower decidedly blue! He had painted his extremities a beautiful blue." In speaking of the renowned Eck he says: "While in St. Joe recently, the great and only T. W.

THE IDEAL BICYCLE


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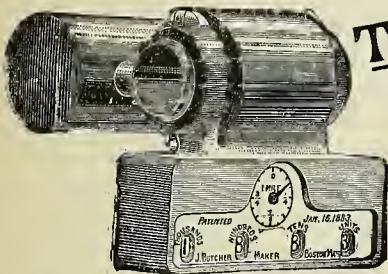
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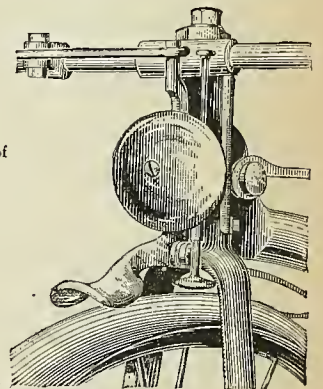
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The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette has made arrangements with the Waterbury Watch Co. by which we are enabled to offer the Waterbury Watch (which every wheelman needs,) as an inducement to canvassers to solicit subscribers for the Gazette. We will send to any wheelman, post-paid, the Gazette for one year and the Waterbury Watch upon receipt of the retail price of the watch, \$3.50, or to any person sending us 12 subscribers, at 50 cents each, we will send a watch free.

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The justly celebrated rifles manufactured by J. Stevens & Co., and offered as prizes at a number of the tournaments this fall, having won a host of admirers in the cycling fraternity, has induced the Gazette to offer these rifles as a premium, as follows:—for 30 subscribers, at 50 cents each, we will send to the person getting up the club one 10 in. barrel, (retail price, \$12.25,) free; for a club of 40 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, a 12 in. barrel, (price \$13.25,) free; for a club of 50 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, a 15 in. barrel, (price \$15.00,) free; for a club of 60 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, an 18 in. barrel, (price \$16.50,) free.

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To the successful person sending us the largest list of subscribers, not less than 200 names, at 50 cents each, we will present any standard finish

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advertised in the Gazette.

Remember that this is a bona fide offer, a chance to get a first-class wheel free. The Gazette goes like hot cakes, and it is no trouble to get subscribers.

This offer will close March 1, 1886.

WE WANT, we must have, and we are going to get 20,000 wheelmen on our lists before next Spring. We ask your aid, and you shall be liberally paid.

ONLY 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

Eck arrived at a conclusion that he wanted a bath, so I volunteered to assist him. After going through various stages of the bath, Tom said, "Now, all great athletes have a cold shower to wind up with." So he proceeded to arrange a hand shower rubber arrangement, and handing it to me, he said, "Now, you shower me over when I turn the cold on." "All right," says I, and suiting the word to the action, held it over the "only's" back. "Are you ready?" he asked. "All right," says I; and with a yell that would have done justice to a Comanche chief, he leaped into the air, knocked me and two chairs over, and commenced to dance the Highland fling in the most approved and latest style. The reason, you ask? Well, he had turned on the hot water instead of the cold. Eck's back is now a rosy red.

SAN FRANCISCO NOTES.

Oregon has about fifty riders; very good for the "Web-foot State."

The Bay City Wheelmen have secured the Mechanics' Pavilion to practice in.

The grasshopper race to take place at the Bay City Wheelmen's meet is the first of its kind on the coast.

Cook now holds both the mile and half-mile records of the Pacific coast, at 3.04 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1.29 $\frac{1}{2}$, respectively.

San Jose seems to have a lot of long-legged riders; ten 58-inch Expert Columbias have been shipped there.

California can boast of three hundred and fifty to four hundred bicyclers, and more are joining the ranks all the time.

Osborn and Alexander, bicycle dealers, will give as prizes to the winners of the five and ten-mile races, a \$25 and a \$50 medal, respectively.

The wheelmen are soon to have a half or quarter mile track in Golden Gate Park, on which they hope to make records that will compare favorably with those made on eastern tracks.

At the annual election of the Oregon Bicycle Club, of Portland, on Friday evening, November 21, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. W. Nickerson, president; Dr. C. C. Newcastle, secretary and treasurer; F. T. Merrill, captain; E. J. Partridge, sub-captain; C. W. Scott, bugler.

Seven of the Santa Cruz riders took a trip to Watsonville, a distance of twenty miles. The only disagreeable part of the journey was a two mile stretch of sand, over which they had to tramp, and the teams bantered them for a race. But they had their revenge when they reached hard ground by leaving the teams far in the rear.

At the Olympic Club's meeting, November 27, there were three entries in the mile scratch: F. R. Cook, E. Mohrig and H. Tenney. Cook won easily in 3.04 $\frac{3}{4}$, Mohrig second. In the five-mile handicap, the starters were S. F. Booth and H. Tenney, scratch, with E. Slack and F. E. Johnson at the 150 yard mark. Johnson won in 17.22 $\frac{3}{4}$, Booth second. Tenney left the track soon after the third mile.

The Bay City Wheelmen's meeting takes place Saturday night, January 10, 1885. It will be the first of its kind ever given here. The events are to be as follows: 1-mile maiden; 1-mile time race (the time to be announced a few minutes before starting); 5-mile scratch; 10-mile handicap;

75-yards slow-race; 1-mile roller skating race; 1-mile handicap, for boys under sixteen years of age; 2-mile grasshopper race; 2-mile scratch; $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile scratch, to be run in single heats, and time to count; drill by the drill corps; and fancy, trick, and burlesque riding. The events are open to all amateur bicyclers. A full brass band will be in attendance, and a good time for all is expected. It will take place in the Mechanics' Pavilion.

* * *

MEMPHIS (TENN.) NOTES.

A six-days professional bicycle contest will commence in the Exposition building here, at 2 P. M., January 5. The contest will be a forty-eight hour one—eight hours per day for six days. The race is under the auspices and management of the Memphis Bicycle Club, which will appoint scorers, judges, referees, etc. The winner will receive forty per cent. of net receipts; the second man, thirty per cent.; the third man, twenty; and the fourth, ten. If there be no fourth competitor, the ten per cent. will revert to the first man in the race. The citizens of Memphis are already excited over the coming event. The papers are doing all in their power to make the race a memorable one. The entries, up to date, as positive starters, include the champion Prince, who is already on his way here; W. M. Woodside, the Irish champion; Mlle. Armaindo, the champion lady racer of the world, whose racing wheel—22 pounds—is already on exhibition, the lady herself being slightly indisposed, through a severe cold. The other positive starters are T. W. Eck and W. J. Morgan, and probably Albert Schock, the Chicago man. There is now a field of five good starters, and the race should, and no doubt will, be a hot one, as great rivalry exists between three, at least, of these men.

W. L. Surprise, the secretary and treasurer of the Memphis Bicycle Club, and also editor of the *Southern Cycler*, and one of the liveliest of southern wheelists, said in a chat which your correspondent had with him this morning, "I wanted to find out the secret of Mr. Ducker's success with his annual tourney, which attracts the attention of the world, so I wrote him, asking for some points. Well, look here," said Mr. Surprise, "here are some of them," and he pointed to about one hundred pounds of printing and lithographic matter lying on the floor. "This," said Mr. Surprise, "coupled with hard work, unbounded energy and enthusiasm, and the risk of sufficient cash, is the real secret of the Springfielder's success."

The Memphis Club is an organization of seventeen young men and one woman, and last June was the date when the fever struck this city, on the banks of the old Mississippi. At that time there was only one gay and festive "bike" rider here, but now the club makes a good showing on parade. The lady in question is Miss Ida Zeiler, who propels a Victor tricycle with much gracefulness.

The three professionals, Mlle. Armaindo, T. W. Eck and W. J. Morgan, arrived here on Sunday. John S. Prince and W. M. Woodside are expected here the latter part of next week. The track in the Exposition building is an eleven-lap one. With five people on it, it will be very lively. Being on my way to the World's Fair, I shall take pleasure in giving the GAZETTE readers anything interesting in cycling during my stay there.

"SPOKES."

THE CORAL REEFS OF BERMUDA.*

BY KARL KRON.

"There are islands in the ocean
Where the wild and restless motion
Of the heart that beats and surges with its passion and its pain,
May be stilled to quiet dreaming
Till all pain is but a seeming
Of a world long left behind us that we ne'er shall see again."

"The Bermudas" had been present to my mind for more than a dozen years, as a spot of the earth's surface which I definitely desired to visit, when there came to me, at the opening of the year 1884, a letter which I felt myself quite competent to answer by an emphatic No, without even troubling myself to break the seal of it. I recognized the superscription as that of the genial enthusiast who had persuaded me to be one of the three dozen "participants" in a week's wheeling "amid the down east fogs," of the previous June; and I felt assured that he was now trying to persuade me to participate in a similar excursion "along the Kennebec," which I knew that he was organizing for the following June. Considering that he understood perfectly well my settled objection to the personal discomforts necessarily connected with "touring in a crowd," and my expressed belief that one experience of the same would last me for a life-time, I felt mildly exasperated at his temerity in thus attempting to overcome my old-time prejudices. Taking up my pen to give written expression of this feeling, it occurred to me that civility demanded my first taking a glance at his letter; and, when I opened it, I found that it invited me to join—not a crowd of summer saunterers a-wheelback amid the woods of Maine, but his own solitary self on a winter's voyage to the Bermudas! Somehow, it had been his luck to strike the one weak joint in my harness,—to make an irresistible appeal to me,—to compel my unconditional surrender. Temptation, in behalf of any other locality, would have been resisted by me; since duty demanded that I should work "twenty-five hours a day for eight days in the week," in order to give a successful start to my canvass for subscriptions to "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle"; and since prudence assured me that I could spare neither the time nor the money for any such mid-winter outing. But this temptation was not "in behalf of any other locality"—it was in behalf of "the Bermudas,"—in behalf of the very scenes which I for a decade had been vaguely yearning to set my eyes upon,—in behalf of the very place to which I had insensibly attached the quoted bit of newspaper verse as a true description; a place where

"There are little shady harbors,
There are cool and quiet arbors,
'Neath the trees upon the islands that are brightly resting there."

In the face of this extreme temptation, presented so unexpectedly, and in such glowing colors, I hesitated—and was lost. Duty and prudence ceased to have compelling power. To me, as to the mariner in the old story, Bermuda had sud-

* This is to be reprinted as the twenty-fifth chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (12mo, 400 pages, price \$1.50), to be published in March, by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, N. Y. The appendix of the book will contain the names of 3,000 subscribers, whereof all but 700 have now been enrolled. Subscribers' copies are supplied for a dollar only. The March issue of *Outing* will present the same writer's description of "getting through the Custom House," on the return to New York, and the resulting "test case," which caused the Secretary of the Treasury to order passengers' bicycles to be classed as "personal" and admitted free of duty.

deuly become a veritable Loadstone Rock. "It was drawing me to itself, and I must go." At first, of course, I quieted my conscience with a few weak struggles against the inevitable; but after the man of Maine had made plausible answers to the various practical difficulties which I urged against accepting his proposal, I, "saying I would ne'er consent, consented." Then, having named the day, I hurled at him still another stanza from the song already quoted. "Yes!" I cried,

"Yes, away we'll go a-boating,
And to other islands floating,
Other skics and other idling seeking, with our careless song;
Now in bright lagoons be sailing
Where our heavy keel goes trailing,
From beyond the reef of coral, all its listless wake along."

The steamship "Orinoco" took us away from New York on a Thursday afternoon, the 6th of March, just as the sunshine had begun to dispel the wintry gloom in which a raging snow-storm had for twenty-four hours enshrouded the great city; and daybreak of Sunday disclosed to us the longed-for outlines of the blessed islands, whose verdure was suggestive of perpetual summer, though there were spots of limestone glistening through the green, as a sort of reminder of the snows which we had so recently fled from. The literature of the locality had been well-studied during the voyage; and I may properly quote from it, at this point, enough preliminary facts to render intelligible the record of my own personal explorations. Wrote a Philadelphia visitor*:-

These islands, now converted into one by permanent and solid causeways, constitute the summit of a great submarine mountain, somewhat higher than Mont Blanc, and some 600 miles distant from any other land. The land area is about nineteen and one-fourth square miles, or about 12,378 acres, of which 2,300 acres are under tillage. The construction of its rocks, and the derivation of its vegetation, birds, and insects, afford some interesting and suggestive illustrations of modern views on those entertaining subjects. Its settlement was nearly coincident with that of Virginia, although its population of 761 per square mile far exceeds that of Virginia, or of any other rural part of the adjacent continent. The aggregate population (exclusive of sailors and soldiers) is 14,650, of which 60 per cent. is colored, but, owing to a £60 freehold qualification, the whole number of legal voters is 854. Hence the representative body, as well as all administrative functions, is in the hands of the most respected, tax-paying citizens. The general revenue is about £30,000, derived entirely from a specific duty on spirits and tobacco, and a trifling ad-valorem duty of 5 per cent. on all other importations. From this revenue is maintained the entire legislative and judicial, and a fair proportion of the executive machinery, excellent municipal conveniences in the two towns of Hamilton and St. George's, a general island police, and the efficient maintenance of over ninety-five miles of roads and streets, exclusive of the sixteen miles of military roads, which are also open to public use, but maintained by the Imperial military authorities. It is these streets and roads, and their economic construction, which are especially interesting to Americans, who have only got a step beyond savage tribes in the making and maintenance of public highways, although we spend somewhat more upon them than the richest and most perfectly supplied European nations. The Bermuda roads, though penetrating a very uneven and undulating surface, are graded almost to the capacity of railroads, shrinking from no "rock cuts" or expensive "fills," or solid causeways, to obtain this result. Most of the heaviest work of grading, draining and metaling (they are all metaled) was done by borrowing long-term convicts from the mother-country. The heavy fortifications belonging to the Imperial Government were mainly constructed in the same manner—that is to say, at no expense except transportation, since the convicts had to be subsisted somewhere.

The situation of the islands (latitude, 32° 20' N.; longitude, 64° 41' W.) is "as far south as Charleston and as far east as Nova Scotia; and there is said to be no habitable land so isolated on the

face of the round globe, unless it may possibly be St. Helena." Tropical plants flourish, not because the summer heat greatly exceeds that of the main land, but because they are not winter-killed. A mild form of slavery existed from 1618 to 1834, when the English Government abolished it by paying about \$35 each for the 4,200 blacks then in servitude. According to Godet ("History of Bermuda," London, 1860), "Bermuda, conjointly with Halifax, holds in check the whole Atlantic coast of the United States, upon which nature has bestowed no equivalent for naval purposes; and it also controls the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the southern coasts of the United States." A well-known guide-book,* after remarking that "the soil is very thin, and of a red color; that it is already overworked, and constantly demands fertilizers; and that it is but a sparse stratum, deposited in the course of long ages on a limestone basis," adds:-

The most noteworthy characteristic of the Bermudas, in the opinion of the scientist, is their formation. Originally they were nothing but reefs of coral. Gradually the central portions arose above the sea, and then the surf, beating on their outer coral ledges, wore them into sand, which was washed up on the higher parts. Exposure to the weather of an ocean celebrated for the inhospitable treatment it extends to those who court its acquaintance, had a hardening tendency, and these heaps of loose sand became indurated into limestone. Nor is the process yet complete; it is still going on along the southern coast, where limestone in the various stages of formation may be seen, from hard rock to softer masses like cheese, and mere shifting hills composed of the disintegrated coral washed up by the latest storm. These islets number one hundred, with a large flock of nameless rocks. The main group forms a chain shaped like a fish-hook, from St. George's Island to Ireland Island, and connected by causeways. On the northern side they are hedged in by a remarkable coralline reef extending in a semi-circle completely across, subtending the arc of the bay lying between these two islands, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is worthy of remark that the Bermudas are in the highest latitude in which coral insects build in the form of rocks. In heavy weather this immense barrier is cruelly terrible, beaten by an unbroken mass of raging breakers. As there is but one passage by which it can be entered, it serves as an impenetrable *cheval-de-frise* against all ships of the enemy. The islands, in a direct line, are but fifteen miles in length, and never over two miles broad, and generally very much narrower, and excessively cut up with creeks and bays; and yet they give an impression of a much larger area—to such a degree as almost to come within the definition of an illusion. The surface, nowhere over 250 feet high, is always undulating; and thus one will often find himself in a little sylvan hollow surrounded by hills so steep as to give the impression of considerable elevation; they are clothed with cedar groves. On the intervening meadow-lands lies, perchance, a little pool surrounded by attractive farm-houses and gardens, and a church-spire. One could easily imagine himself in some New England vale, hundreds of miles from the sea, when a turn in the road reveals the ocean only a few score yards away; and the illusion is heightened by the numerous admirable roads running in every direction. A penal settlement existed until recently in Bermuda, and the convicts were employed to hew out of the rocks 120 miles of carriage-roads. The question is, "If these men had not sinned, would these roads have been constructed? and what would these islands be without these roads?"

What the islands are *with* them was pleasantly told in a series of letters to the New York Times, during the first two months of 1883, by W. Drysdale, whose most precious bit of testimony for wheelmen was as follows: "It would be hard to equal the Bermuda roads, and utterly impossible to excel them. They are smooth, hard and clean. When there are hills, they are not steep hills. When it is dry, there is no dust. When it is rainy, there is no mud. These roads run all over the island in every direction. The road-bed is solid rock, planed down as smooth as a floor."

* "The Atlantic Islands," by S. G. W. Benjamin, 8vo, pp. 274 (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878), devotes twenty pages to Bermuda.

Such ideal conditions for wheeling are due to the singular fact, which gives distinctiveness to so many other conditions of existence in Bermuda, that the coral or limestone can be cut and worked almost as easily as if it were cheese. "The limestone quarries, whence are taken the great blocks of which all the buildings in Bermuda are composed, may be seen everywhere; but the chisel and hand-saw take the place of blast and drill." Mark Twain's "Notes of an Idle Excursion,"* present the case quite clearly, thus:-

Bermuda is a coral island, with a six inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut out of the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls, unmarred by crack or crevice; and perhaps you imagine that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mould. If you do, you err; but the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth which is convenient,—ten to twenty feet—and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel, which has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is this stone. Then, with a common hand-saw, they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks, that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks, and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground floor veranda is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks,—built in massive panels, with broad capstones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb-nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys and all. Cased thus in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. I know of no other country that has chimneys—too pure and white for this world—worthy to be gazed at and gloated over. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato-farms and patches, or extensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallow, neglect, disorder or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes,—their neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too.

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral—or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself—and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. These country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: pillowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the somber twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers, pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea, caught for a moment through open head-lands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails. Take any road you please, you may depend upon it, you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest

* I. J. W., in *Nation*, March 27, 1884, p. 275.

* Reprinted as the second chapter (pp. 36 to 105) of "The Stolen White Elephant" (Boston: Osgood & Co., 1883).

and peaceablest and most homelike of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also, and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turns out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick-grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut, shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high; and by and by your way is along the sea-edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent waters and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it,—if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

The general character of the place having been impressed upon the reader's mind by this graphic and appreciative description, he will be enabled to grasp with intelligence, and I hope with sympathetic interest, the statistical details of my own matter-of-fact report concerning the dear, delightful paths of this "ocean paradise for wheelmen." Fort St. George, overlooking the town of that name, which was formerly the capital of the province, stands at the most northeasterly part of the Bermuda "fish-hook," or at the top of the "letter J," which slopes thence in a southwesterly direction for a dozen miles, and then curves to the west and north for six miles, ending at Somerset. The point of the "fish-hook" extends two miles northeasterly from here, and consists of Ireland Island (reached by a horse-ferry), on which is situated the Royal dockyard. Less than a mile and a half across the water from this is Spanish Point, a headland projecting from where the curve begins in the "J"; and two miles behind this headland stands "Hamilton, on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture which exists in the world." The relative situation of things may perhaps be suggested more clearly by considering Spanish Point as the end of the left thumb, Ireland Point as the end of the forefinger, which is crooked towards it, and Hamilton Harbor as lying at the junction of the thumb and finger. In entering this harbor, "we steamed between two island points, whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body,"—and it is only for a few hours of each day, when the tide is high, that they allow even this. Hence, though we were in sight of land at daybreak on Sunday, and though we soon came up within hailing distance of Fort St. George, and then steamed along the coast for ten miles, to the anchorage in Grassy Bay, off the dockyard, the "Orinoco" did not reach the dock in Hamilton until late in the afternoon. Most of her passengers went ashore six hours earlier, however, in a steam-launch which came alongside for that purpose; but, as the customs regulations forbade the taking of anything with them except hand-baggage, I preferred to stick by the ship, and devote the time to getting my bicycle in trim for immediate service, after I had superintended the hoisting of it from the hold, and had convinced the custom-house officer that he might properly grant me the privilege of riding it directly away from the dock, instead of delaying it there until Monday morning, for tedious official formalities.

Early in the day, my companion became so ex-

hilarated at the sight of the cedar-covered shores (the smoothness of whose roads seemed to his mind's eye doubly attractive, in contrast to the roughness of the sea, which had given him two days of wretchedness), that he was almost ready to lay violent hands on one of the under-officers of the ship for declaring, peremptorily, that, as the disembarkation of the bicycles on Sunday was quite out of the question, all thoughts of indulgence in wheeling must be postponed until the morrow. His indignant sorrow over this prospective calamity was assuaged somewhat by my quiet assertion that I would guarantee the prompt putting ashore of the wheels, all under-officers to the contrary notwithstanding; and, as the hours wore on, the increasing warmth of the atmosphere soothed his excitement into sleepiness and languor, so that, when the time for disembarking really came, he decided that it was the part of prudence to devote a solid night's rest to overcoming the effects of sea-sickness, before venturing to entrust his weary frame to the saddle at all. Alone, therefore, at a quarter-past five o'clock, I pushed my wheel down the gangway and through the admiring throng of two hundred well-dressed Bermudians, white and black, and forthwith started off for a ride of a dozen miles to St. George's, in front of whose hotel I dismounted at half-past seven o'clock.

No inns or public houses are to be found between these two main towns, though there are several little post-office groceries where the traveler may refresh himself with fruits, confectionery, crackers and cheese, and bottled sarsaparilla. I believe, however, that a regular "American hotel" is soon to be erected at the Flatts, which is the first objective point on the route, being a little collection of houses at the little bridge (four miles from Hamilton) that crosses the inlet into Harrington Sound. This is described as "a charming inland sea, bordered by high cliffs, alternated by smooth beaches and tables of coral rock," and its dimensions may be generally indicated as those of an irregular oval, fully a mile broad and nearly two miles long. The second objective point is the Causeway, which is a mile long,—or, rather, nearly two miles long, if it be considered as extending to the Causeway Cottage, beyond the iron swing-bridge, which is six miles from the Flatts, and a mile-and-a-half from St. George's. Three main roads from Hamilton—called the North, the Middle, and the South—converge at the Flatts; and two of them continue thence on opposite sides of the Sound and meet at the Causeway, whence a single road runs to St. George's. The North road, which a local guide calls "the most airy and easy of the three," was the one which I first made trial of, when I wheeled away from the ship, that Sunday afternoon. Facing the west, I turned up hill to the right, and again to the right, passing on my left the terraces in front of the Hamilton Hotel; then turning left and climbing Mount Langton through a deep cut, whence I descended through an avenue of cedars to the north shore, one mile from the dock. Thence, for three miles to the Flatts, I gayly glided along the shore, looking out all the while over the intensely blue ocean, which shone with unwonted brilliancy beneath the rays of the setting sun. The North road, which turns to the left across the bridge at the Flatts, continues to overlook the ocean, for two miles farther; but I preferred to keep directly on by what from that point is called the South road, which skirts Harrington Sound for a similar distance,

and then, making two successive turns to the right, extends to the Causeway. The left-hand road at both of these turns leads over to the north shore, but the second is much the better one to travel. There is also a more direct road, of rougher surface, leading from the Sound to the Causeway. The ride across this—with green waters upon one side, and blue waters upon the other, and the hues of both varying in intensity according to the tides and the position of the coral reefs—is always a very pleasant one; but my first ride there, in the brilliantly moonlit solitude of my first night ashore, seemed particularly strange and exhilarating. The twelve-mile course, which I traversed that first night, may be wheeled without dismount, in both directions. I think the same may be said of the north route around the Sound; but, though I rode over it in both directions, I cannot remember whether I conquered all the hills or not.

The South road is reached at a mile from the dock in Hamilton, by going southeasterly to the head of the harbor and then curving south. Meanwhile the celebrated row of five cabbage-palm trees, whose stately trunks look like chiseled columns of stone, have been passed on the right. Along the south shore, though not in sight of the water, one goes in an easterly direction, through a marshy and wooded country, for nearly two miles, and then turns left at the fork in the road by the Wesleyan chapel, climbing up a long, rough hill, and then making a sharp descent to the Flatts; or he may keep straight on at the fork and turn off for the Flatts at St. Mark's church; or he may continue past the church up Knapton Hill, and descend to the main road at a point near the Devil's Hole, at the southeast corner of Harrington Sound,—the distance to here from the fork being two miles, much of which is sandy and unridable. Just beyond here a road branches off to the right directly for Tuckertown; but I, in seeking that place, kept to the main road for a mile-and-a-quarter beyond the Devil's Hole (this is a walled enclosure on the right, guarded by broken bottles, where a shilling fee is extracted from each visitor who wishes to gaze on the great fish, swimming lazily in the transparent depths of the hole); and then, at the top of an incline, I turned to the right, and went a half-mile to meet the direct road before mentioned, on which I then wheeled a mile, or till I reached its terminus, at the wharf in Tuckertown. As there was nothing to the town except this little wooden wharf, I soon turned about, and walked up to the signal station, whence some interesting views were to be had. Rejoining my wheel at the foot of this hill, I drove it westward for a mile over a neglected military road, which would have brought me into the South road again, near St. Mark's church, if I had been willing to plod about two miles farther, over its rough stones. I preferred, however, to go back to St. George's, for my dinner, by the route already described, a distance of eight miles. The process of exploring Fort Albert, in the last-named town, the public garden (where flourishes a date-palm 130 years old) and "the point," required me to test two miles more of excellent roadway; but when I turned up hill to the right, just before reaching the Causeway Cottage, and explored a half-mile of rough, sandy, and hilly road, leading towards the north shore, I felt satisfied that a return to Hamilton by that route would hardly be worth while, even if the old ferry were in operation, of which I did not feel confident.

The Middle road from Hamilton to the Flatts

is a half-mile shorter than either of the other two; and, though more hilly than either, it is attractive because of the smoothness of its surface, while the overhanging cedars give it a specially secluded character, and supply a grateful shade from the glare of the sun. Near the east end of Hamilton harbor, just before reaching the line of five, tall palm-trees, the wheelman must turn left and ride up a half-mile hill, from whose summit there is a descent of three-quarters of a mile to Christ church, whence he must go up hill again, to the northeastward, for a mile and a quarter, to the little triangle where a junction is made with the road leading from the south shore down to the Flatts. Christ church is connected to the north shore by a direct road a mile long; and from the top of the hill that overlooks the five palm-trees there is a rather sandy cross-road, three-quarters of a mile long, which passes through the military barracks at Prospect, and descends to the north shore at a point a half-mile east of where the road from Mount Langton reaches the shore. From this latter junction, the shore road may be ridden westward for two miles to its terminus at Spanish Point, whence a return course of about that distance may be laid out, without much repetition of roadway, to the dock at Hamilton. When about half-way between the point and the dock, a detour, which requires about a mile of wheeling, may be made to the place called Fairlyland.

The first mile of the route to Somerset is identical with that gone over in reaching the South road, but a backward (westerly) course is then taken along the south side of the harbor, so that the second mile ends about opposite the starting point. At the crest of a hill, a little beyond here, the best route makes an angle to the left, and in a few rods brings the tourist to the main road, by which he can go towards Somerset (right), or turn back towards Hamilton (left). A narrower, rougher, and hillier road, two miles long, whose additional picturesqueness partly atones for its difficulties, descends from the crest of hill just mentioned, and follows the shore until it finally turns off and joins the main road,—its appearance at the point of junction being that of a private lane. A mile beyond here is Gibbs's Hill, 245 feet in height, from the top of whose lighthouse (362 feet above high water), a wonderfully attractive panoramic view may be had of the entire region. The bicyclist, instead of attempting to traverse the road leading up the hill itself, should leave his wheel on the main road, at the point where the telegraph wires cross it, and climb thence by a foot-path directly to the summit. Four miles beyond this is Scour Hill, surmounted by a private boarding-house, where we secured a good dinner, as a result of a friendly warning that better fare was obtainable there than at the hotel in Somerset. From Scour Hill, which I managed to ride up in both directions, though the effort made me groan, I had a fine spin northward to the public wharf and thence along the shore, past the Somerset House and police station to the horse-ferry, a distance of two-and-a-half miles. There is a road extending along the outside shore of the island, for about ten miles, from Somerset Bridge to a point opposite Hamilton, and it is very nearly parallel, at a distance of a quarter or a third of a mile, to the highway which we traversed; but it was said to be generally sandy and impracticable for a bicycle, and so we made no attempt to explore it. In the wooded heights of Fairmount, opposite Hamilton, is quite a network of ridable

roads, of whose intricacies I will say nothing more than that the bicyclist may find much pleasure in disporting himself at hap-hazard among them.

My cyclometer registered 142 miles in Bermuda, distributed as follows: Sunday, 12; Monday, 33; Tuesday, 36; Wednesday, 38; Thursday, 23. I covered 56 miles of roadway which was new to me, and 34 miles of the same in an opposite or new direction, leaving a remainder of 52 miles to represent the absolute repetitions. On the forenoon of the second day, while I rode down to Hamilton, to seek my companion, he rode up to St. George's by another route, in search of me; and, as we each of us reversed the operation in the afternoon, we slept in separate towns on the second night as well as the first. On the third night, I rejoined him at his hotel,—the day having been spent by us in separately exploring opposite ends of the island,—so that the fourth day was the only one when we did any wheeling in company. Early in the morning of the fifth and final day, he saw his bicycle safely crated and stowed in the hold of the "Orinoco," on which he embarked at nine o'clock, while I continued to wheel for four hours later than that, or till the very moment when the steam-launch started off with the mails, to meet the ship at her anchorage beyond the reef in Grassy Bay. In apprehension of possible accident during those final hours, I warned my companion that, in case I should fail to catch the mail-boat, it would be his duty to send back my baggage, and as much cash as he could spare, in order to keep me comfortable during the fortnight which would elapse before the sailing of the next homeward steamer.

The narrowness with which I escaped such accident formed the most exciting incident of my entire visit; for, by some miscalculation of distances, I found myself on the North shore road, at the foot of Prospect Hill, within less than a quarter-hour of the time announced for the steamer's departure. The route which I took from there to the dock was measured by my cyclometer as two miles; but I am confident it was longer, for I went around by the Admiral's corner, whereas the direct route across the hill called Mount Langton (which I somehow failed to prefer) was known as a good mile-and-a-half. Whatever the actual distance might prove to be when calmly measured in a less desperate crisis, that final spin of mine, "along the coral reefs of Bermuda," seemed the longest two miles of the entire 10,000 over which my "No. 234" had carried me. For the first time in my experience, I rode "as fast as I could." I devoted my entire force and energy to the one endeavor of speedily "getting there." My mind dwelt angrily upon the various troubles and perplexities which would result from suddenly "getting left" for a fortnight upon an island having no connection with the world that I belonged to, until it really seemed that I was "riding for my life." In the midst of this exciting chase, before I had turned away from the shore, or got within a mile of the dock, a sand-rut gave me a violent header,—the first and last fall which I had during the visit. I picked up my venerable wheel with profound trepidation, for, if the accident had disabled it at all, my last hope of sailing for New York, that day, would have disappeared. Fortune favors the foolish, sometimes, however, as well as the brave; and my own folly, in taking so needless a risk, was not fated to be properly punished. "No. 234" came up smiling from the sand; and I, without stopping to brush the white coral dust

from my white flannel riding costume, was soon pushing its pedals harder than ever, in my despairing drive for the dock. I suppose that all touring wheelmen have occasionally, like myself, been oppressed with remorseful exasperation over their own mistaken choices among possible alternatives while on the road; but I don't think I ever had a more contemptuous opinion of my own discretion and sagacity as a traveler than during those last bitter moments of that "bad quarter-hour" when the tattered tires of my bicycle were pounding along, with every atom of speed which I could impart to them, through the glistening streets of "the whitest city in the world." All's well that ends well, however; and though I reached the dock two minutes before the appointed time, the mail-boat didn't really push off till twenty minutes afterwards. Life in Bermuda is a matter of such infinite leisure that even the post-office people seem to resent the tyranny of clocks and schedules!

I was accompanied on that final spin by a young man from Massachusetts, a fellow-voyager on the outward passage, who intended to remain upon the island for several weeks. I presume that he would have proved a much faster rider than myself on any ordinary occasion, and perhaps he did not now exert himself to keep up with me. At all events, he was considerably in the rear as we approached the dock, and, whether he thought my pace a swift one or not, I can assure him that he is the only cyclist who ever competed with my swiftest pace, or ever saw me doing my very best to fly over the ground.

Ideally pleasant weather favored the five days of my first visit there; for a sudden shower of a few hours' duration, which worked no injury to the roads, could hardly be called an exception to it. The mildness of the air tempted me to sleep on deck in the moonlight, during the first night of the return voyage,—though my slumber was not profound after a rat had once interrupted it by running across my face. A bench in the smoking-room supplied my couch on the second night, which was a stormy one; while the bitter cold of the third night drove me to my own proper stateroom, and made its air endurable in spite of the "inside" position. This room was an exceptionally large one, but, for a man who values "outer ventilation" as much as I do, it was the very "last choice" in the ship. My misfortune in getting assigned to it resulted from this: that when I bought a round-trip ticket, two months in advance, and selected a most comfortable upper-deck room, I assumed that the same was assured to me for the return voyage also. A knowledge of my mistake may give friendly warning to other tourists that they should write to the Bermuda agents of the line, to secure choice of rooms, just as early as the exact date of the return voyage is decided upon. The steamship company's service is fortnightly (weekly in April, May, and June), and its charge for round-trip tickets is fifty dollars. Such tickets are not limited as to time; but, if the traveler returns by the same boat which takes him out, he need spend no more than ten dollars upon the island, and can thus restrict to sixty dollars the cost of his ten days' absence from New York. I know of no other way in which the expenditure of so little time and money can "give to the inhabitants of that city so genuine a taste of 'a foreign atmosphere,' or so good a view of the contrasts which English colonial life and habits present to their own." I adapt thus a previous remark of mine as to the advantages which a Bostonian may

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gain by a visit to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, which is more readily accessible.

The relative inaccessibility of Bermuda—the penalty which most good Americans must pay to Neptune, when the steamer plunges through the sea-sickening surges of the Gulf Stream, on the way thither—is the one circumstance which has kept it from being overrun and spoiled by them. This natural barrier against the excursionist and the pleasure-seeker is an everlasting one, and though its power to “keep out the crowd” will diminish, as the knowledge of Bermuda’s special attractions spreads more generally over the continent, its power will never wholly disappear. There will always be a large body of American travelers whom no possible picture of the beauties of this ocean paradise will ever tempt into exposing their stomachs to the wrenching commonly produced by the cross-currents and choppy seas of the Gulf Stream. Nevertheless, the man who wishes to enjoy the pristine simplicity of the Somers Islands, should visit them right speedily, and take no trust in the theory that the discomforts of sea-sickness will long prevent the tide of American travel from rolling in with sufficient volume to obliterate that simplicity. Even while I write, I feel there is a possibility that our Yankee “rage for improvement” may have put an end to that delightfully stupid and admirably exasperating old custom of *building* a gangway out to the steamer, every time it arrives, and of taking it to pieces every time it departs (ensuring a long delay, on each occasion), instead of keeping the same in condition for immediate use.

The black people deserve a word of commendation for the contrast which their thrifty appearance and self-respecting politeness presents to the looks and manner of their race upon the main-land. I am afraid they regard with disdain these less fortunate ones, because of their slow improvement under the adverse social conditions inherited from times of slavery; conditions which almost necessarily render them cringing and servile when poor, and insolent and obtrusive when they chance to obtain wealth. The Bermuda blacks, on the other hand, were the first ones I ever saw who seemed sincerely to hold themselves “just as good as white folks,” without making any fuss about it. It was a thing simply taken for granted; an entire matter of course. I recall, as a pleasantly novel civility, their salutation of “good night!” (just as we say “good morning!”) when I sped past them, in the dusk or the moonlight, on that first Sunday evening ashore. I recall, too, the picturesque appearance of a group of colored school-children, ranged along the glistening road in the order of their size, who gazed with admiring silence upon the white-clad white man from America, silently sliding past them on his silver wheel. I remember, too, the impression of age and solidity and perfection and permanence given to my mind by the deep-cut roads through the rocks. It seemed as if the work had been done centuries ago, for no scars of it remained, and the weather-darkened surfaces of these soft coral cliffs, overhung with cedars and vines and oleanders, suggested a flint-like hardness of structure which idealized the road-builders into very heroes of perseverance. But most of all I remember the loquat!

Be it known, then, that the loquat is a pear-shaped fruit, growing in yellow clusters, which make the tree extremely attractive to the eye, and that its delicacy of structure is such that it begins to decay within less than a dozen hours from the

time of plucking. Hence, though the best of all the other innumerable fruits and vegetables which Bermuda produces are marketed in New York, and should be sought there rather than on the islands, the loquat cannot be exported! No Yankee can hope to delight his palate with its matchless flavor unless he first crosses the Gulf Stream! Perhaps it is because of my own superiority to sea-sickness that I extol the loquat as supplying in itself full compensation for a three days’ voyage. But certainly I liked the loquat. I *had* to like it. There is a sort of subtle tooth-someness, or fineness of flavor, about the fruit, which is indescribably delicious. “They’re good, the loquots are,” as my companion said, with a tone of heartfelt emphasis, not indicated by the simple words, when he sadly threw into Grassy Bay the pits of the last handful which I had brought out to him in the mail-boat; “there’s no sort of doubt about the loquots!” There may well be a doubt, however, as to the accuracy of my careless suggestion about their growth being confined to Bermuda; for that was intended to signify nothing more than my own ignorance of their existence elsewhere. Very likely they may flourish in other islands farther south; like Jamaica, whither Bermudians have a chance to go, once a month, by Cunard steamer, which also, in the other direction, gives them a monthly mail to Halifax. That city, which I have elsewhere characterized as seeming to me like a sort of little London,—as the most English-like place on the North American continent,—is just about as near to them in distance as is the city of New York; while, as regards customs and tastes and sympathies, it is much nearer to them. In Bermuda, as in Nova Scotia, “take the left” is the rule of the road. There is nothing really extraordinary, therefore, in the seemingly odd fact that the bishop of Newfoundland should embrace Bermuda in his diocese, making biennial visitations to the milder island. So, too, it would be quite in keeping with the geography of the case to recommend that a September wheeling tourist through Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, should thence prolong his travels by taking steamer direct for the coral reefs of Bermuda. A monthly line of steamers from Baltimore to Bermuda was also advertised, last April and May, and, I presume, is still in operation. Whichever route the traveler may choose, let me advise him to equip himself not only with an abundance of clothing suitable for summer and winter, but also with all the attainable literature relating to the scene of his visit. The standard guide is the “Bermuda Pocket Almanac” (issued annually from the office of the *Royal Gazette*, and costing half a dollar), which contains tables of roads and distances, amid numerous other statistics, and which renders them all intelligible by exhibiting on its cover a map of the islands, drawn upon a scale of three miles to the inch. A much larger and more clearly drawn map, printed in colors, is appended to Mrs. Dorr’s recently issued volume,* which every visitor to the islands should have in his pocket; though the littler map of the “Almanac” gives to the wheelman a completer showing of the roads. “We have not been quite everywhere, yet. But one thing we are all agreed upon: nowhere have we found within the compass of nineteen square miles so much that was novel,

beautiful, and interesting, with such air and such sunshine, and such peace, as we have found just here.” Such was the testimony of some widely-traveled acquaintances which Mrs. Dorr presents as best reflecting the personal impressions which she has endeavored to embody in her “book of Bermudian days”; and such shall be my testimony, also, as I recommend her pleasantly written little volume to those who seek the islands. I mildly suggest to them, however, that the dreamy poetry of the place may have led the lady to idealize beyond the recognizable point some of the prosaic discomforts of existence there; just as it led certain masculine witnesses, whom I have quoted, to report that *all* the roads are perfectly hard and smooth of surface, and perfectly gentle as regards their slopes. There are fleas in Bermuda, let me sadly say, and they bite as remorselessly as if dwelling in less poetic climes. I do not like the fleas; but the loquots I do like. And it is as the Land of the Incomparable Loquat that I shall always cherish the Bermudas in my dreams!

“So, in this wintry weather,
Were we rich, we’d go together,
Sailing far o’er distant oceans, and among the dreamy isles;
But those queer, outlandish places
Will find, this year, no traces
Of the white-clad cyclist, Karl Kron, where he wheeled those
happy miles.”

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1885.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 12, 1884.

I would say that I have examined my Record of Repairs, done in the months of April, May and June, current year, which I tabulate as follows:—

	English.	Expert Columbia.	Special Columbia.	Standard Columbia.
No. of machines repaired,	80	42	17	40
Average cost of repairs, per machine,	\$ 4 20	\$ 1 30	\$ 2 00	\$ 1 60
Total cost of repairs,	335 60	54 69	33 12	64 42

the cost of repairing ninety-nine Columbia machines being less than one-half the cost of repairs on eighty of English make.

The breakage was distributed as follows:—

	English Machines.	Old Style Standard Columbia.	New Style Standard Columbia.	Old Style Expert.	New Style Expert.	Special Columbia.
Axles,	5					
Backbones,	4	4	1	2		
Rear Rims,	3		1		1	
Fork Heads,	3					
Front Forks,	6					
Necks,	3				1	
Handle-bars,	12		1	3		2

The nature of the breakage on English machines renders the repairs difficult and expensive, and the delay in procuring parts causes annoyance to both repairer and customer. We not infrequently make the parts ourselves. When we consider that there are many more Columbias than English machines in use, and but *few* more are brought in for repairs, the record is certainly held by the Columbia, with a long lead, which will be difficult to overcome.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) CHAS. WRIGHT,
Supt. of Repairs for H. B. Hart.

Wheeling, the leading cycle paper of England, says of us: “THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN’S GAZETTE leads the way.”

* “Bermuda, an Idyl of the Summer Islands,” by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, 12mo, pp. 150 (New York: Scribner’s Sons, 1884).

ONLY A GIRL.

I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray,
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm—only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead;
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl;
And—yes! I may look for his coming back,
For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty plaything's glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel.
Then I shall see the eyes o' my lad,
And he a cheek and a drooping curl;
And—well, yes—perhaps—I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.

—RUTH HALL, in *Outing* for January.

Items of Interest.

Rudge & Co. make 10,000 wheels a year.

On October 1, the membership of the C. T. C. was 16,409.

The Racing Board has accepted Hendee's times made at Springfield.

Dr. W. G. Kendall, of the Boston Bicycle Club, has made the excellent record of 2,300 miles since June 1.

Bettison, of the Falls City Club, at Louisville, has ridden 4,000 miles on a bicycle since the 1st of last March.

Colonel Newton, the American biologist, while riding a tricycle, in London, Eng., December 15, came into violent collision with a cab, and was thrown to the ground, striking on his head. He died two hours afterwards.

Edward P. Burnham, of Newton, gives as his road record for the year, 3,000 miles, of which 940 were made since November 1. Of the total distance 1,140 were made on a tricycle. Burnham's '83 record was 3,045 miles.

A final decree was entered by Judge Blodgett on the 15th of December, in the equity suit of the Pope Manufacturing Company *vs.* J. M. Fairfield. The court found that the defendant had violated a license granted by the company, and ordered the payment of damages and costs, and a perpetual injunction restraining him from violating in future any of the agreements in his license.

The following cyclists have signified their intention of taking part in the Bermuda tour: George R. Bidwell, W. H. De Graf, F. G. Dubois, and F. H. McCormack, of New York; C. F. Joy and S. C. Miller, of Boston; L. J. Carney and F. A. Elwell, of Portland; A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua; Dr. Will Budington, Brooklyn; W. H. Middleton, Harrisburg; Fred G. King, Corry, Pa.; George W. Houk, Wellesboro, Pa.; and Francis Cushing, Montreal.

The time set for the "big four" tour is July 3 to 15, 1885. The start will be made from Buffalo, July 3, the tourists wheeling to Rochester, N. Y., thence across Lake Ontario, by steamer, to Cobourg, where an entertainment will be held at the Arlington Hotel; thence by wheel to Belleville, with entertainment at the Defoe House; thence

to Thousand Islands, with ball at Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay; thence by steamer to Clayton, and by rail to Utica, N. Y.; thence by wheel down the Mohawk valley to Albany, where an entertainment will be given; thence by wheel down the Hudson river roads to New York city, reaching there July 15.

NEW PROFESSIONAL RECORDS.

The American records from eleven to fifty miles were all broken by William M. Woodside, at Chicago, December 8, at the Exposition building. The track on which he performed the feat is 1,564 1-2 feet to the lap, requiring 3 3-8 laps to the mile. The measurements of the track and the times made are certified to, and there can be no doubt about the accuracy. For thirty-three miles Woodside made his own pace, but on the thirty-fourth mile he was joined by Phil Hammill, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, who set the running at a rattling pace. On the forty-ninth lap Woodside was taken with slight cramps, caused by the cold; but, bracing up on the last lap, he shot ahead of Hammill and made the circuit in 54 seconds, it being the fastest lap of the race. The times which are appended stand as records above eleven miles. The fifty miles were made in 5 minutes, 13 1-2 seconds inside of Prince's time, heretofore the best.

MILES.	H.	M.	S.	MILES.	H.	M.	S.
1	0	03	06 3-4	26	1	26	38
2	0	06	15 1-2	27	1	30	14 3-4
3	0	09	28 1-2	28	1	33	48 1-4
4	0	12	40 1-2	29	1	37	27 1-4
5	0	15	53	30	1	41	08 3-4
6	0	19	07	31	1	44	52 1-4
7	0	22	22 1-2	32	1	48	26 3-4
8	0	25	40	33	1	52	11 3-4
9	0	28	55	34	1	55	53 3-4
10	0	32	08 3-4	35	1	59	40 3-4
11	0	35	26 3-4	36	2	03	05
12	0	38	40 1-2	37	2	06	33 1-4
13	0	41	51	38	2	10	06 1-2
14	0	45	18	39	2	13	42
15	0	48	41	40	2	17	18 1-4
16	0	51	59 1-4	41	2	20	54 1-4
17	0	55	21 1-2	42	2	24	34
18	0	58	48	43	2	28	12 1-2
19	1	02	09	44	2	31	51 1-2
20	1	05	38 1-4	45	2	35	33 1-2
21	1	09	11 1-2	46	2	39	21
22	1	12	36 1-4	47	2	43	08
23	1	16	14	48	2	46	55 1-4
24	1	19	36 1-2	49	2	50	43 1-2
25	1	23	05 3-4	50	2	54	01 1-2

CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

In response to an invitation from the Nashville Bicycle Club, the Lotus Circle, a musical and literary association, met on Monday evening, December 15, at the club rooms of the former. The meeting was pronounced by all to have been one of the most brilliant that has ever taken place in the history of the circle. The large parlors of the wheelmen were furnished with an amount of elegance, comfort and taste that far exceeded the ideas generally prevalent of gentlemen's club rooms, and were thrown open to the brilliant company that had been invited. The members of the Lotus Circle, anticipating the excellence of the hospitality that was to be extended, had prepared one of their most select programmes, and rendered it in a captivating manner throughout. The circle was presided over by Miss Anna Hall Frizzell, the president of the organization, who was assisted by Mr. J. R. Banks in discharging the duties of the chair.

The following was the programme:—

Instrumental solo—H. A. French, Nashville Bicycle Club.

Reading—"Darius Green and His Flying Machine," E. A. Price.

Song—"I Love My Love," J. H. Zarecor. Encore—"Moreen Mareen."

Reading—Miss Mamie Adams.

Song—"When 'tis Moonlight," Miss Susie Houston. Encore—"Marguerite."

Reading—Mark Twain's "Good Little Boy," J. R. Banks.

Music—"Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me," J. Burrus Burdett, accompanied by Mr. H. A. French on the piano, and Mr. E. Fisher on the flute. These three gentlemen are members of the Nashville Bicycle Club.

Violin solo—"Le Desir," A. E. Howell, president Nashville Bicycle Club. Encore—"Traumerei."

Song—"In the Golden Eventide," Miss Emma Johnson. Encore—"Annie Laurie."

The rest of the evening was devoted to social conversation and promenades.

Miss Jessie Houston, a member of the Lotus Circle, and Mr. Alfred E. Howell, president of the Nashville Club, did the social honors of the evening, on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for their untiring efforts in making the meeting such a success.

THAT DOINS.

OTTUMWA, December 28, 1884.

Mornin, Mr. Editur, how de dew, 'd I tell yew bout what I seed at the skatin rink tother nite? Dident well Jakie an I, Jake's my boy, we heered as how ther wer goin tew be a dewins at the skate rink. so we thort we ud go and see it. We made it all rite got in an got fixed an begun tew skin our peelers round on the things, the skatcin looked mity fine. I axed a feller ef he thort it wuz safe and he sed nobody hed fell in yit. I seed A shelf way down et the tother eend an purty quick there was mewsic comin from it. Jakie lowed as how they hed wound up thare mewsic box an one feller's horn sounded as how he hed let a pine board fall. Well purty quick they commenced skatin an by gol twuz fine, here come one gal mincin along like she wuz barefut, an walkin on hickry nut shucks, nuther gal sailed by an winked much ez tew say yew cudent kich me in week. Wun feller seemed loose in his hips like an oid pair uv fire tongs, gosh but he was graceful. I wanted to try my luck mity bad, but A feller lowed as how it tuck the rocks tew skate thare an we hed left all our stun at the door. Well after they hed skated and skated till Jake an I wuz gitin mity tired, the ring master cum out an cracked his whip an sed Gentlemen and Ladies I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the Ottumwa Wheelmen, then out they cum on their high hosses an by gol weren't they nice. One feller fixed up mity fine with A pair uv earrings on his breast sed tention Wheelmen Single file and away they went cutin great snakes all over the pond, then they sashayed up the middle an down the outside an all ballanced but one feller he unballanced. they failed tew set the switch fur one feller an he crashed rite in tow nother feller but the track wuz soon cleared an trains runnin ez usual. then they all got off an the feller sed tention Wheelmen all mount an then they all begun tew play hop toad but nun of them jumped over an then the ringmaster cum out an cracked his whip an sed Gentlemen and ladies the wheelmen will now run fer A gold medal an one feller cum out an the ringmaster sed go an yew ort tew see the fur fly. Snakes but didnt he git roun thair an run rite in tew A feller's shadder an over he went an made ez ef he wuz going in swimmin great guns but didn't the ice crack the feller hurried up got on that hoss an flew round thare like

mad. A feller sed he was runnin agin time but I lowed he was runnin agin luck his hoss limped A little but mity quick got down to biz an went purty kerect till the last end when up his heels went and away went the rider clear into the second row of seats. Goll but didn't they yell I thort some un hed stuck a pin into em. well after that nother feller tried it an made it all rite I guess his hoss was a little older an not so skerry like. Wal I swan I wish I could ride like them fellers but sech hosses aint fer the likes uv me an I'll hev tew ride the old mare an crowd her long with a swich nsted uv my fut. Well good bye, Mr. Editur, fer its purty near time I wuz gitin hum an dewin the chores.

OTTUMWA.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The December issue of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is a beautiful number.—*Pittsburgh Sportsman*.

A St. Louis man declined to buy an encyclopedia, with the remark: "I know I could never learn to ride one."—*Phoenix*.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is what you might call a "bright, sparkling gem" in the circle of cycling literature.—*Southern Cyclist*.

Great strides have been made in wheeling this season; next year will eclipse this by long odds. All indications point that way.—*Sporting Life*.

It is said that English racing men will not be allowed to land next season, on the ground that they are assisted emigrants.—*Bicycling World*.

The October number of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE contains the finest account of a race meeting ever given in any cycling paper.—*Canadian Wheelman*.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is certainly a beautiful and valuable journal, and we do not blame bicyclists for being proud of it.—*Pittsburgh Sportsman*.

What a pity it is that some of the English clubs don't take a lesson out of the Springfield book, and pay up their race meeting accounts sharp on the nail!—*Cycling Times*.

Karl Kron is his own press agent. He is a success in this department, and has got more free advertising than any rider before the public. It will be so nice when his book does come out.—*Boston Globe*.

A great effort will be made at the next general meeting of the League to pass a resolution calling for the publication of a semi-monthly or monthly gazette, instead of the weekly one now furnished League members.—*Boston Globe*.

We heard an absent-minded cyclist the other day call out, "Come in," as he heard himself knocking the ashes out of his pipe. And then he wondered what the joke was as soon as we all began to laugh.—*Cycling Times*.

The bicycle experts seem to have a hard time of it making matches. Unless there is a reasonable possibility of a large attendance the stake money is not placed with that avidity which betokens business.—*Sporting and Theatrical Journal*.

The bicycle dude is dying out. The animated hairpins who part their hair in the middle and squint through a single eye-glass are now termed "Sooners," because they would sooner be what they are not than what they are—idiots.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

The *Wheel* shows very poor taste by refusing to accept the records made by Woodside after they had been accepted by the chairman of the racing board of the Illinois division L. A. W., and all the reliable newspapers of the country.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

"The Chicago bi. boys are very selfish," and the Louisville wheelmen feel slightly offended at not being invited to come up and get a piece of their Christmas pudding. The Falls City lads seem very anxious to have a set-to with the Lake City swells.—*Sunday Argus*.

The editorial in the December number of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE on betting is most excellent. If allowed to gain a foothold on our race tracks, betting would soon lower the standard of our audiences, and rob the races of their amateur spirit.—*Amateur Athlete*.

A cyclist coasted down the asphalt, and a specimen of the genus "small boy" ran out waving his arms and frantically yelling, "Shoo! shoo!" "What are you trying to do?" said the cyclist. "Scare it up so I can have a shot at it," said the small boy. Exit cyclist in disgust.—*Southern Cyclist*.

The December number of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is one of the best yet issued. It has fourteen pages of reading matter, varied and interesting, and its illustrated articles on Sellers, and Landy the Cincinnati champion, are alone worth the price of the paper.—*Boston Herald*.

One of the female fancy riders of the West was performing in a hall, and an admiring by-stander, leaning over the rail, remarked, at the conclusion of a creditable act: "Big feat." Glancing quickly at her pedal extremities and around to see if the crowd had stumbled over the remark, she struck him a severe blow with the tale of her woe.—*Western Cyclist*.

A "Club Member," in a letter to the *World*, intimates that no successful race meeting could be held here because there is no track. It has been well shown, however, that under the best possible circumstances the apathy of Boston wheelmen would make the undertaking extremely hazardous. It is ridiculous to talk of getting up a tournament in Boston that could vie with Springfield, New Haven, or Hartford.—*Boston Globe*.

Again that interesting paper, THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE, is on our table, and we are glad to see the carefully-selected matter that is enclosed between the first and last pages. Absolutely, there is not a dry line in the whole paper, and we even go so far as to read the advertisements. "And more and more the wonder grew" how so much interesting wheeling matter can be furnished for fifty cents a year.—*Lynn Union*.

He was the bugler of the club, a fact which could easily be noticed, as his bugle hung carelessly by his side. He was gliding smoothly and noiselessly along, and, having forgotten everything, his thoughts went back to that charming girl in the central telephone office, when accidentally his automatic bell rang, and on the spur of the moment he placed the bugle to his ear and shouted, "Hullo, there!"—*Canadian Wheelman*.

Again we affirm that John S. Prince is the one-mile professional champion bicyclist of the world. When Mr. Howell or Mr. James covers a mile in 2.39, they will be entitled to the distinction of elassing with the champion. Both Howell and

James talk as fast as 2.38, but if they will only stop the watch at 2.39 we will recognize their right to contest championship honors at a mile with the Prince of American wheelmen.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

WHAT NEXT?—We understand that Mr. Douglas, the spirited proprietor of the Standard Theater, has purchased a sociable tricycle from Messrs. Hudson & Co., for use in the coming pantomime "Cinderella," that is to be produced at that theater. Instead of the gorgeous carriage so familiar to the small folks, Cinderella will be conveyed to the ball on this sociable tricycle. The clown and pantaloons will also, we hear, make their appearance in the "funny business" on the same machine, and we can imagine that some eccentricity will naturally be indulged in.—*Cycling Times*.

The recent fast times made in the New World have aroused the ingenuity of some wondrous arguers, who think the times were made to appear faster by reason of the timekeepers starting their watches by the flash of the pistol instead of by the report. Seeing that the flash precedes the report—light traveling faster than sound—the ordinary mortal mind seems incapable of understanding how such a proceeding could make the time seem faster. If the watch starts before the rider, the watch must surely make the time longer than if both start together. Don't you think so?—*Wheel World*.

An important demonstration of the value of the bicycle for long distances was given a short time ago at the Exposition building, in Chicago, where W. M. Woodside, a professional wheelman, rode fifty miles in 2 hours, 54 minutes, and 1½ seconds. Beginning with the eleventh mile Woodside lowered all previous records up to fifty miles. Evidently the time is not far distant when a cyclist on a smooth road will cover fifty or a hundred miles as rapidly as the average railway passenger train. But we must first have the smooth country roads, and at the rate the cycling interest is now developing the demand for better roads will soon have to be met and satisfied.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

Washington is the heaven of bicycles. There are 1,200 of them there, weaving merrily to and fro over the forty miles of asphalted pavements. You take a stroll down the sidewalk, and every moment in the moonlight a man with a gleaming wheel screwed to him glides by like a phantom. There are probably twice as many wheelmen there as in any other city in the world. Surgeons will testify to it. You meet three ladies and inquire after their families, and the chances are that one of them will tell you that Henry is confined to his bed—a cab ran over him; the second will inform you that her husband "lighted on his hands and bent 'em over so that he can't write any more at the department"; and the third will reveal the family calamity in "Johnny took a header and broke out three of his front teeth."—*Pittsburgh Sportsman*.

TWO KINDS OF ATHLETES.

In any athletic sport in which professionals are engaged there is as a rule unlimited hippodroming. With very few exceptions, men who pursue any class of athletic exercises for a livelihood quickly degenerate, and as a rule will, without compunction, "throw" a race, if they can thereby make a few more dollars than by winning. But, in strictly amateur sport, it is entirely different,

for in this case the contestant's sole desire is to prove himself superior to his competitors, and to win the coveted prize, not so much for its intrinsic value, but as a trophy of a victory, to win which, he probably went through a long course of faithful training. Again, the class of young men interested in amateur athletic pastimes is socially very good; therefore, especially among the bicycle fraternity and at race meetings, they draw large audiences of their personal friends, the large attendance of ladies being a marked feature; for, next to the winning of the prize, the one thing dearest to the heart of an aspiring athlete is to have his prowess witnessed by admiring lady friends.—*Amateur Athlete.*

SOUTHERN BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.

The growing favor with which the useful and beautiful exercise of bicycling is being received in the South, has led the Memphis Bicycle Club, an organization composed of a number of enterprising young men in that city, to conceive the idea of a Southern bicycle tournament. The success which has attended similar affairs wherever they have been given in the North and East, and the belief that if properly managed, such an event would materially aid the cause of wheeling in the South, they have determined to move in that direction at once. It is proposed to give two or three days races during the spring, upon a fine half-mile track in the suburbs of Memphis, and if a sufficient number of wheelmen can be induced to participate, prizes amounting in value to several hundred dollars will be offered. Hotel accommodations and railroad fares at reduced rates will be secured, and every possible inducement offered. Wheelmen everywhere in reach of Memphis should at once write to W. L. Surprise, the secretary of the Memphis Bicycle Club, and give the movement their hearty support.

In returning the corrected proofs of his Bermuda article, January 7, Karl Kron reported to us that the number of dollar subscriptions pledged for "X. M. Miles on a Bi" was 2293. London supplies twenty-five of these, other towns of England supply ten, Scotland sends two, and Ireland one. As Australia and New Zealand have already pledged a round three dozen names for "the great road-book," Oceania is still "just one ahead" of Great Britain, on the immortal list of 3,000.

Supposing, just for the fun of it, that the 400 or 500 Americans who make money by the spread of cycling, had each put up a two-dollar pledge on the very day in December when the GAZETTE asked them thus to bring Karl Kron's canvass to a close; supposing that this not very expensive joke had been indulged in, and that "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" were thus ensured for appearance in January instead of in April or a later month,—would "the prospects of the trade" be any poorer than now?

Apropos of the New Year's gift which we make to our readers, in the shape of a four-page story (a thing unprecedented in the history of the GAZETTE), the following note, written on the 5th of January by Mr. F. A. Elwell, of Portland, to Karl Kron, may be worth a moment's notice: "I expect to sail from New York, on the 22d, for Bermuda, with a party of fifteen, to each one of whom I've ordered the GAZETTE to send the January issue of its paper, containing your account of our last winter's fun on the islands. I

only wish you had published it a month ago, as it might have 'boomed' my party some. However, as I this morning received letters from a dozen new men, all anxious to go, it is likely enough to exceed fifteen. I expect that a still larger party will go next winter, and each succeeding one, as the special attractions for this particular scheme for winter-wheeling in mid-ocean become more generally understood among cyclers. I am astonished and disgusted, nevertheless, at their slowness in pledging the needed \$3,000 for your book."

Karl Kron's "Pointer to the Trade," in last month's GAZETTE (demonstrating that if the dealers would each promptly subscribe for two copies of his book, they would not only make a dollar directly by the operation but would enable him to publish in season to give a boom to their spring trade), has had so little effect that he has about given up the hope of completing the list of 3,000 before the close of March. Those who saw the point of last month's "pointer" were the following: Bull & Haynes, of Buffalo (ten copies); H. B. Hart, of Philadelphia (six); Probst & Fisbeck, of Terre Haute (four); Gormully & Jeffery, of Chicago (two); Zacharias & Smith, of Newark (two). The latter firm, however, had previously sent in eighty-five subscribers, and express the intention of "winning the championship" by running the number up to one hundred. The GAZETTE's "pointer" also inspired J. E. Harder, a dealer in hunting and fishing goods at Clearfield, Pa., who has recently been promoting a boom for cycling in Clearfield county, to pledge ten individual supporters for Kron's book, including the proprietors of two hotels. Three dozen subscriptions were therefore scared up by the GAZETTE's appeal to the dealers, even though most of them failed to notice it. Several, of course, had previously given their support, including S. T. Clarke & Company, of Baltimore (ten copies); the Cunningham Company, of Boston (eight); the New York Toy Company (three); W. C. Scribner, of Washington (six); and the H. B. Smith Company, of Smithville, N. J.

Boston will have another cycle house the coming season.

Riders will be glad to see a bicycle with compressed tires.

Martin Rudge's failure at Lancaster, Pa., was a disreputable affair.

William Read & Sons already are supplying many Kangaroos.

The Berkshire County Wheelmen are planning for next summer's tournaments.

We are promised, for next issue, full particulars, with price, of the Victor bicycle.

The Royal Mail made wonderful progress last year, and is in favor with many wheelmen.

The *Southern Cycler* of Memphis, Tenn., is one of the latest additions to the wheeling literature.

Among the innumerable presents that President-elect Cleveland has received there is a full-nickel bicycle.

Louise Armaindo has an eye on next year's Springfield tournament, especially the professional handicaps.

Notwithstanding wheeling is at a stand-still, the cycling papers were never so interesting as at the present time.

W. J. Morgan, the professional bicyclist, says that the Springfield Club has the internal

spring, as it were; has more go ahead than any club on earth.

It is said that a stock company will be organized at Indianapolis to build a track and arrange a bicycle meet next June.

The Victor bicycle will have, among other new features, a saddle and spring which is expected to revolutionize bicycle saddles.

W. M. Woodside scouts the idea of his being under any one's management, and expresses himself as capable of pedaling his own wheel.

The suit in Boston, between the Wheelman Company and the Overman Wheel Company, was decided in favor of the Overman Company.

A Scotch divine was recently brought before a magistrate charged with trespassing on the foot-path with his tricycle. In answer to a question—why he had gone on the path—the reverend gentleman replied, "I am paid, your honor, for trying to persuade others to shun the broad road, and why not practice what I preach?"

NOTICE!

IN THE LATE COMPETITION AT THE LONDON AQUARIUM BY OTHER MAKES OF SMALL WHEELS, (THE KANGAROO NOT TAKING PART,) THE BEST TIME FOR 100 MILES,—AND THIS, TOO, ON A BOARDED, PREPARED TRACK,—WAS 7 HOURS 25 MINUTES; THUS NOT EQUALING THE KANGAROO'S RECORD ON A TURNPIKE ROAD (7 HOURS, 11 MIN. 10 SEC.)!

WILLIAM READ & SONS,

SOLE BOSTON AGENTS,

107 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Sale and Exchange.

We have opened a department of sale and exchange for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words. Remember, it will only cost you 32 cents for 32 words, and such an announcement will be read by 10,000 wheelmen.

WANTED—A second-hand 52-inch Expert Columbia. F. R. SAMMIS, BRIDGEPORT, CT.

FOR SALE—54-inch Expert; full nickeled; new. Bargain. DUSENBURY, 20 Murray st., N. Y. CITY.

52-INCH SPECIAL SANSAPAREIL BICYCLE for sale. Cash or easy terms. Full nickeled, ball pedals, 1885 pattern. THE WHEEL, Box 444, NEW YORK.

WANTED—The Business Card of every Agent or Dealer in Bicycles and Sundries in America.

BULL & HAYNES, 587 and 589 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BICYCLES FOR SALE CHEAP.—50-inch and 52-inch British Challenge, with all latest improvements of 1884; backbone, forks and felloes Harrington enameled, other parts nickeled; Jeolus ball pedals; Hancock non-slipping tires; used but one month; A 1 condition. Price, \$115 each, f.o.b. (dealer's price, \$153). Also, M. I. P. Bags, King of the Road Lamps, Bells, etc., at 25 per cent. off list prices. ARTHUR GIFFORD, HUDSON, N. Y.

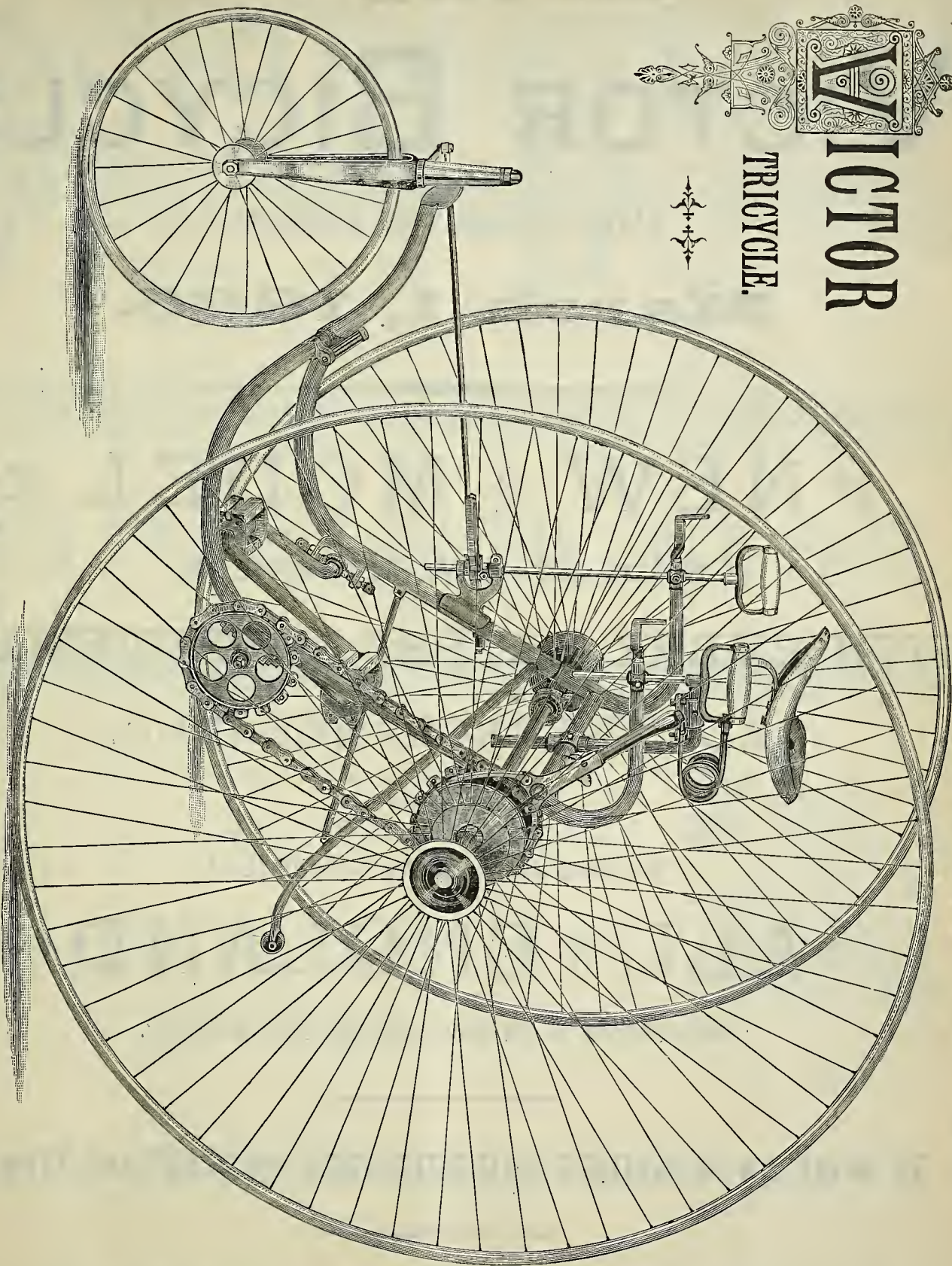
STAUNCH AND SPEEDY.

WON ALL RACES IN '83, '84.



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"Regarding this tricycle, if you should try one,
I'll wager a new string of fancies you'll buy one."

LARGEST TRICYCLE MAKERS IN AMERICA.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

THE ONLY AMERICAN WHEEL HOLDING A WORLD RECORD!
The Two-Mile Tricycle Race at the Springfield Tournament was won by E. P. Burnham on a VICTOR TRICYCLE (Light Roadster) in competition with Chambers, Gaskell, and Weston, of England, riding three of the lightest and fastest of all Racing Tricycles made in England. Winner's Time, 6 min. 27 sec., which is the record for the world.

— THE —
VICTOR BICYCLE

WILL BE ON THE MARKET

March 1, 1885.

— NEW * MODEL —

MADE BY NEW MACHINERY

**WITH EVERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT,
ALL INTERCHANGEABLE.**

We have gathered the experience of

— * ALL * ENGLAND * —

FOR THIS BICYCLE, AND CAN PROMISE SOMETHING WORTH WAITING FOR.

It will be a LIGHT ROADSTER of Highest Grade.

**OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
CHICOPEE, MASS.**