

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

Vol. 1. No. 16.]

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CONTENTS

Advertisements	- - - - -	121-126
Boston Notes and Notions	- - - - -	124
Coming Events	- - - - -	000
Correspondence	- - - - -	122
Editorial—The Wheel—Let us go slow.	- - - - -	124
Pickings and Stealings	- - - - -	121
Rates and Terms	- - - - -	126
The "Rudge" Bicycle	- - - - -	123
Trips around New York. I.—New York to New Rochelle	- - - - -	123

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

FRED JENKINS - - - - - Editor and Proprietor
JULIUS WILCOX Associate Editor.
Office of Publication, 75 Fulton Street.

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

"Another Wheel lie nailed."

We have a few interesting notes in preparation, in relation to the above, which will be of value to members of the League of American Wheelmen.

Mr. Connor, the courteous passenger agent of the Fall River Line, assures us that every attention will be paid to bicyclers using their line to go to the League Meet and that special rates may be had for parties of fifteen or more.—*Courier*.

Prof. F. S. Rollinson proposes to have a hundred mile race at the Polo Grounds, for the professional championship of America, on or about May 28th. We understand that the track has been improved since last season, and fast time will be expected. The scoring will probably be done by prominent members of the Metropolitan clubs.

Our New York men will find abundance of food for reflection in the offer of our correspondent "W. HEEL" of Albany, who will generously contribute an X towards defraying any expense in regard to *forcing* an entrance to the Park. We will also cover Mr. Heel's X, and would be pleased to hear from some of the other gentlemen. Who next?

We have just received an interesting publication by Henry Sturme, entitled "The Tricyclists' Indispensible Annual and Handbook," containing a complete description of upwards of 100 machines, analysis of the various parts of the tricycle, and is, as its name implies "indispensible" to those interested in tricycling. Published by Iliffe & Son, Coventry, Eng. Price 1s.

The Manhattan Athletic Club hold their opening handicap games at the Club Grounds, 56th street and 8th avenue, on Saturday, April 30th at 4 P. M. The events consist of one hundred yards run, one-half mile run, one mile run and one mile walk, all handicap contests. The club will probably give bicycle races at their games this season, which will be duly announced in our columns.

Messrs. Withers and Co., the well-known outfitters of 42, Cheapside, have at present on view one of the Pope Manufacturing Company's Columbia Bicycles, which has just arrived. We believe this to be the first bicycle of American manufacture which has ever been shown in London, although we think we are right in saying that Messrs. Baylis, Thomas & Co., of Excelsior fame, have before now had one at their works in Coventry.—*Bicycling Times*.

Mr. Gale Sherman, of Lima, O., proposes to start on the 10th of May to ride to the Boston Meet. He will ride a 50 inch Harvard, with cradle spring, Nash's rubber handles, and be amply provided with means for recording his trip. In response to his inquiry as regards the prospect of any company from this city, we will say that Mr. James Revell, of the *Courier*, proposes to repeat his attempt to reach Boston in three days. We hope he will encounter better weather and more congenial roads, than he experienced before.

JUST PUBLISHED!

THE

Wheelman's Log Book

FOR 1881.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The WHEELMAN'S LOG BOOK, and THE WHEEL for one year, will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$1.25.

FRED. JENKINS, Publisher,

75 Fulton Street, New York.

Mr. Fred. Jenkins, has issued a Wheelman's Log Book for 1881, which will supply a want long felt among tourists. It consists of 32 pages, ruled for names, distances, state of roads and general remarks. Our Bicycling friends, on turning over its pages at the end of the season, will thereby recall many pleasant events. The price, 25 cents, places it within the reach of all. We venture to predict for this little volume the success which it deserves.—*Courier*.

THE WHEEL will be sent for one year to members of the League of American Wheelmen for fifty cents.

R. H. Hodgson the well known bicycle manufacturer, late of Newton Falls, now with McKee & Harrington, has a son A. E. Hodgson, who rides without a doubt, the smallest bicycle in America, and also is the youngest rider, age 3 1-2 years. The bicycle is a fine piece of workmanship, with parallel bearings, socket dust proof-head, sliding spring, and all latest improvements, nickel plated with gilded felloes. The son and father purpose going to the League Meet, at Boston, and will create quite a sensation when put alongside a 60 inch; the size of this midget machine is 24 inch driving wheel, 8 inch rear. He will probably be on the racing track this season, scooping in all the slow races.

MULTUM-IN-PARVO.

THE HORSE AND THE BICYCLE.

BY JULIUS WILCOX.

From his window a horse thrust his head,
Catching sight of a flying biped—
Aliferous wheel just below,
And he called to the wheel—Here! hallo!
If you're not in *great* hurry to go,
Pray tie yourself up to that tree
And hold a brief converse with me.
Well, whence and what are you? the devil—
Excuse me, I mean to be civil—
Stands he to you *loco parentis*?
No? and you're not *non compos mentis*
That you go thus a-rolling along
Without thills, trace, buckle, or thong?
You're surely a comical creature,
No head, tail, flank—nary feature
Equine that is not unequine—
Why this thusness I cannot divine.
But, say, do you work without pay,
Or do you find life only play?
Eat you grass, oats, roots, or dry hay—
For you're starved—your ribs all show through,
And your legs are mere spindle-shanks too.
Of air did old Centaur beget you,
And a-racing with Pegasus set you?
You seem of the razor-backed breed—
Has your flesh all run off into speed?
And how do you go without sound?
I hear no hoofs beating the ground,
No "*quadrupedante pulvrem*"—
You know the rest, don't you—ahem!
At your ignorance dullards might ramp 'em—
"*Sonitu qualis ungula campum.*"
Come—speak! but, whatever your *usus*,
I'll swear you're a *Nature lusius*.

Quoth the Wheel: You seem a wise fellow—
Did ever you read of Othello,
The fighter, who slit people's bellows? he
Lost his biz', by reason of jealousy.
But, waiving all such suggestions,
Let me try to answer your questions.

Dug from earth, and then moulded by fire,
I came here—so the sun is my sire.
True, my ribs and my members are thin,
Not, like yours, thickly blanketed in;
That I'm fleshless I freely concede,
But flesh is just what I don't need.
Call it work, call it play, without feed
I travel, a courser indeed.
With the spirit of motion inspired,
I never, though always, am tired.
I glide, without fright, run, or sound;
I skim—I don't batter—the ground.
I'll race you, Sir Horse, with assurance
I'll beat you, in speed and endurance.

Then said Equus: Suppose this to be
As you say, what will happen to me?
If I can't serve to ride or to drive,
Will mankind care to keep me alive?
Will they free me from harness and rein
And restore me, a king, to the plain?
Now they starve, overdrive and maltreat me—
Will they then—will they, oh will they—*eat* me?

Said the Wheel: Don't you take it so hard—
Play your game, while your hand holds a card.
Drop your airs—stick to biz—and I'll bet
You have long years of usefulness yet.
Draw the timid, and aged, and slow;
'Fore the car and the omnibus go;
Be a draught beast, and, in some vocation,
You'll have time to work out your equation.
—But, hold! ere I give you my blessing—
To your work when you go addressing
Yourself, is it civil you'll be
As you meet those who ride me, and me?

Will you shy, back, and turn up your nose,
Go mincing along on the toes
Of your rear feet, and possible make it
For those quick to say "D—blank take it,"
And for others, too, Christian or not,
Whose motto is, "Keep all you've got,"—
The fogies, whose personal mode
Demands both the halves of the road—
To play the hog, and, in their usance
Of you, to pronounce me a "nuisance"?
In brief, will you hate, fear, or spurn me?
Will you keep up refusal to learn me?
That's all the case, Equus—now say,
Do you propose obstructing my way?

Said the horse to the bicycle: Nay!

[NOTE.—These verses were written for the annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club, February 2, 1880, and were read at that occasion. They were published in the *Bicycling World* at that time, but that was over a year ago, when our Boston cotemporary, like bicycling itself in this country, was of smaller proportions than now. Hence the verses were seen by a comparatively small constituency of readers, and it has been deemed worth while to reproduce them, especially in view of the fact that the "horse" difficulty is still as rampant as ever.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE

FARMDALE, Ky., April 20, 1881.

At last I think I can safely say the season has opened in earnest in this vicinity, although I have managed to put over sixty miles on my record up to this time. I have ridden every day since the 14th inst., and the prospect for a continuance of the present weather seems good.

If anyone has covered his machine with the mixture I have recommended for bronzing, some time ago, I should like to hear the result. I have completely covered mine, with the exception of the backbone and felloes, which are painted, and my machine presents a very beautiful appearance, several having asked me if I had not purchased a new machine. I believe lampblack and shellac varnish will give good results, for those who prefer that color. Have the parts to be coated as warm as you can; let the machine stand near the fire for awhile before applying; a soft brush or a piece of sponge answers very well to put it on with; it must be done rapidly if nice work is wanted, for it dries very fast. It will not flake off in patches, although continued rubbing will wear it off, as on the under side of the handle-bar, which is rubbed by the leg at every turn of the wheel.

The Louisville bicyclers are training now for a tournament to be held in May, I believe. It is to consist of drill, trick, and fancy riding; I hear they are at work in the armory nearly every night.

Is the "Arab Cradle Spring" patented in this country? Is it as good as some claim it is? If it is, and it is not patented, why don't some of our "sundries" manufacturers on this side of the water go to work and make and sell them at a reasonable price? Six dollars and a half for a few feet of spring wire is not only ridiculous but outrageous. I believe there is money in the bicycle business, and that, too, without charging such prices as some of our dealers do, in fact, all of them. Several English firms have offered a "friend of mine" from twenty-live to thirty-

three and one-third per cent discount on their machines, and they are among the best in England. Putting the price of a fifty-inch machine at £18, an *extravagant price* there, we have them selling the machine at £12 or about \$60, and we may be sure they do not *lose* money by the operation. Now our best machine in this country sells for \$110, leaving the neat little profit of \$50 on each one sold, *supposing* them to cost as much as the English sell their machines for to wholesale dealers; but they are not so generous as to let us have their machines at cost, so we must add more still to the amount above stated. Perhaps they will claim labor is higher here than there; but then they use machinery here to counterbalance the cheap labor of the English artisan. I do not intend these few rambling remarks to be directed against anyone in particular, but I think it is possible to make just as much money with less prices; for the cheaper they are the more people will use them. It would not take many thousands of dollars to substantiate my remarks, and if you know of anyone, Mr. Editor, that is over-loaded with the said thousands, that would like to try the new business; let me know. "There's millions in it!"

In one of my rides lately two men on horse-back tried to catch me; I left one of them rapidly, but the other fellow I could hear was gaining; just as he was about to pass me, I struck a good piece of road, slightly down grade, and putting on a full head of steam I fairly flew, and had the satisfaction of hearing him say, as his horse's footsteps grew fainter, "D— the thing; I can't ketch it!" and I went on my way rejoicing. The horses, I add, by way of explanation, were *not* Kentucky thoroughbreds, not by any manner of means; but then they did not walk.

What has become of "Juvenis" and "Cyclos?" "Le's shake, Cyclos.

Cyclos had a little bi,
Its spokes were strong as steel;
And everywhere that Cyclos went
He went upon his wheel.

How's that, Mr. Editor? P. G? I *have* some more, but then I thought I had better administer it in small doses, because I don't want to bankrupt you all at once. I think the effusion worthy of insertion in the second edition of the—L. B. (Log Book, not Lyra Bicyclica). If this issue of your paper is overstocked with copy you might omit this nonsense with profit.

CAPT. C. W. F.

P. S. In my last I made an error in speaking of the strength of the backbone: where I said "cube" it should be "square," and for "8x," "4x."

TRIPS AROUND NEW YORK. I.

NEW YORK TO NEW ROCHELLE.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and taking advantage of a "day off" I determined to investigate the roads in the vicinity of New Rochelle. Riding up Fifth avenue, which was in fair condition, I suddenly remembered that the Honorable (?) P. C.'s had forbidden us to ride above 90th street, which left me the alternative of walking a mile or a cut through the Park transverse at 85th street. Of course I chose the latter, as I never walk when there is a possible chance of riding. The sidewalk looking very inviting, I disregard Mr. Parson's advice and try it—"take care, my boy, you don't bump your head on one of the sharp projecting gas fixtures," is the warning of a passing pedestrian, who kindly gave me the necessary two feet of passage way. Thanking him for his advice and feeling of my head to see if a lump was still there, I sped on at a good ten mile gait until 8th avenue was reached, and after a friendly brush with a street car on the down grade, I reach the 110th street boulevard and bid good bye to the pavements. Arriving at the little road house on Sixth avenue, I initiate friend Case into the mysteries of compounding a glass of milk and soda, with fair success, for the day is hot, and the wind blowing in the wrong direction. McComb's Dam Bridge is soon reached and crossed, and at Judge Smith's a glance at my "Excelsior" showed that I had gone just 6 13-16 miles. From there to Jerome Park the road was fine, and everything went as "merry as a marriage bell," until a bad piece of sandy road compelled me to take to a rather stony foot path. Like "Kol Kron," I dismount frequently to take the distance, which I find at Woodlawn Cemetery to be exactly 11 miles. I still followed Central avenue, which winds through rows of ombstones, including a splendid coast of about 1-4 a mile which

brings you through the Cemetery and within a few hundred feet of the railroad station. Cross the track and push up the steep hill, and you will find a good macadamized road at the summit. Here a really fine view of the country can be obtained—but time presses and we remount, and turning to the left, bowl along towards Mount Vernon. On the right of the road stands a large grocery store, where the road divides. If one turns sharp to the left and crosses a bridge over the railroad track, he will find it a shorter route, but rather hilly, as I learned to my cost in making the return trip. I kept right on however, and soon reached the Mount Vernon depot (15 1-4 miles). By turning to the right I found myself in the main street, which I followed until the fourth cross street was reached, when I turned to the left and encountered a lonely sandy road, which after many dismounts, voluntary and otherwise, on account of hills, I reached the "old Boston road" which carried me into New Rochelle. Cyclometer at this point registering 21 miles. I can not recommend the trip as one of pleasure, as the last five miles were very tedious. The road from Mount Vernon being too dry and sandy to be ridden with any degree of comfort and safety. A good dinner at the New Rochelle House set me all right. The genial proprietor, Mr. Peter Yost, knows just how to take care of one, and I recommend him to all wheelmen going that way. The return trip was made by the shorter route that I mentioned, and as it was a repetition of what I have previously described, and devoid of any incident of interest, I will not go into particulars. My cyclometer registered 19 miles, making the round trip 40 miles, ten of which were the roughest I ever experienced. Next time I shall try the Southern Boulevard, which I understand is a little better road. My machine stood the strain well, and acted nobly under the circumstances.

SPECIAL C.

THE "RUDGE" BICYCLE.

For many years the excellence of the "Rudge" bicycle has been an established fact. In the first days of its manufacture indeed its renown was so great that did a competitor turn up at a race meeting in the Wolverhampton district, mounted upon one of these machines, he was immediately put back 20 yards in the mile. At that time and until recently the steed now under our notice was built by its original maker and namer, Dan Rudge, than whom no more careful a maker existed. He lived and manufactured at Wolverhampton, being the one bright spot in that chaos of manufacture, and had comparatively small facilities, but at his death a short time since, its habitat was moved from Wolverhampton to Coventry, and there placed in very extensive premises under the command of Mr. Harry Osborne, late manager for Keen, the facilities of manufacture being vastly increased. The machine is a model of elegance and lightness of outline, having the well-known "Stanley" head on the "Humber" principle, and the handles placed in a lug running along the front. These handles are set low and long, being some 24in. in length and tipped with horn. The forks and backbone are of weldless steel tube, the latter being 1 7-8in. in diameter, following the wheel closely, with very little taper to the rear, where it ends in semi-hollow steel back forks, holding a 17in. wheel. The front forks are bayonet shaped and graceful. The wheels are strong and light, having very deep and broad gunmetal hubs, deeply recessed to let in the bearings and narrow the tread, and have as a matter of course the universal crescent steel rims and red rubber tyres, with 80 fine direct spokes screwed up tight to a full tension. The cranks are fixed and so is the step, and the pedals are either rubber or rat-trap. The spring is flat and very neat, bolted to the front and sliding in a neat gunmetal carriage to the rear, holding one of Woolley's patent Duplex saddles. The chief features of the machine are the bearings, which for both front and back wheels and pedals are single balls, with an amount of adjustability sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious. The balls are steel and flint hard and work upon a grooved steel collar rigidly affixed to the axle, being contained in a steel-lined gunmetal case attached to the fork ends. This case is sawn in two upon one side and provided with projecting lugs, in which screws and nuts work and adjust as necessary circumferentially, whilst all lateral shake is taken out by a cap which screws up to the outside of the case by means of a small stud inserted in its face, thus providing adjustment both ways. Taken all in all the "Rudge" bicycle is a very handsome machine, and one to be recommended as a first-class light roadster, and a racer of the highest water.—*Cyclist*.

Vol. I.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 16

THE WHEEL.—It is the intention of the managers to make THE WHEEL a lively and interesting paper. To present to its readers all matters of interest in connection with bicycling. Accounts of Club meetings, races, tours, excursions and runs will find place in our columns, together with personal items, the latest inventions and improvements, and other subjects of interest to bicyclers and their friends. Correspondence is invited, and we will be pleased to acknowledge any news items, clippings or suggestions which will assist us to make our paper as attractive as possible. Contributors and correspondents are requested to send their favors to *The Editor of THE WHEEL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.* To give their full names and addresses, though not for publication unless desired. Also to notice that we go to press the Saturday preceeding the date of publication. We refer our readers to another column for our terms of subscription and rates of advertising.

LET US GO SLOW.

It will, I fear, become more evident, ere long, that the worst mistake made in the L. A. W. since its organization is the failure to have the Meet in New York. I believe I am the one member who did not express an opinion publicly on the subject before the directors' meeting, and now I regret that I did not waive this distinction; for had my advice been tendered, it would have been directed towards smoothing away the practical difficulties in the way here—to wit, stony streets and wooden-headed incumbents of public offices. I believe these difficulties could have been gotten over, but now I speak too late, having omitted to do so sooner, in a too easy faith that it was all right anyway.

Here, the Meet was needed—precisely that was needed; here it would have drawn the largest gathering and have worked best to further the interests of bicycling, and, therefore, of the L. A. W. In Boston, it will be pleasant, no doubt, an agreeable spectacle for the street, and an enjoyable gathering of wheelmen, not without effects of a useful and permanent nature; yet, after all, only an enlarged Saturday's club run, happening on a Monday. Here, it would have given bicycling the largest advance it had ever received, generally as well as locally.

But as the milk is spilled and the Meet has gone to decorate an already gilded hub, why dwell upon it?

Simply because to the negative injury this mistake has wrought—an injury not now under control in anyway, although lasting in the sense that we shall never catch up in the progress which might otherwise have been made—there must be added a positive one, which is within control. I have since been asked several times of what use membership in the L. A. W. is likely to be, and if my interpretation of the signs is correct, there is a simmering and growing jealousy or local feeling between New York and Boston. A fair paraphrase of this feeling may be: the L. A. W. is a bicycling branch of the long-ago incorporated Mutual Admiration Society of Boston; it is officered, inspired, run, and expressed there; the Meet, and all, are all for the glory of Boston; the hub is there, and the rest of the country is but the rim to revolve about it; what is the good of an organization to hold up a mirror before the graces and culture of Boston?

I take up the subject with a little hesitation, lest I be suspected of likeness to the peacemaker who cried out to the angry crowd that were debating over an obnoxious fellow just caught in some misconduct, "whatever you do with him, don't nail his ears to the pump." But if there is no disease in the bicycle system, my diagnosis can not make one. There seem to be signs of a jealousy in the two cities, although that word is per-

haps not quite an exact expression of the feeling. Being first to adopt the wheel from England, Boston seems—I will not say "seems, Madam, *is*"—disposed to dominate the wheel interest. Only out of Boston can any bicycles come, no good thing being expected from this Nazareth; Boston must lead, utter, inspire, and must sound the key-note. [Observe, however, that only this phraseology is mine; I only express the more or less—I hope less—current feeling.] One sign of it is the peculiar sort of newspaper amenities exhibited between this journal and the Boston one. Let be that the case is one of Newfoundland dog and whiffet, if you please; the whiffet has his right to be, and weeklies sometimes begin as fortnightlies. I am personally responsible for no sins of this journal, nor is it for mine, and I have contributed to the Boston one from almost its first number; but a rap for both your heads!

I would discourage all unfriendliness, and all rivalries beyond manly emulation. New York should slow down, and not care for any airs and graces which that little town down east chooses to give itself. Boston should roost lower, and give up the idea, however delicious, of being the positive hub of the bicycling world; it is quite too far to one side of the centre to be that, and can only an eccentric hub, about which there can be no evolution—or, if it will be pleasant to so have it, one of the foci of the American bicycling ellipse. But if Boston has any idea of domination per manifest destiny or original inheritance, drop it—it is too large, and too hot, and too heavy to hold, and, besides, is not worth holding. Let us not discuss which and where is the dog, and which the tail. Understand, bicycular brethren, that this is no case of tail-wagging. The tail can't wag the dog; and if there is to be any contest in the dog, about the wagging, there will in the end be no dog at all.

As for the L. A. W.—to carry on the same argument—if jealousies arise and continue, there may be a split. If a split, there may be only the split remaining, the pieces vanishing. I have—or shall have, when it comes—an L. A. W. badge, for which I have paid two dollars. A very nice badge, but it will neither keep off sickness nor deadhead the wearer, even in a street-car, nor make a wheel go easier over bad roads. What does it represent? If no thing, then—nothing. If a badge only, I can get a prettier ornament. If the L. A. W. is an ornament only, then it might as well belong to Boston bodily as belong anywhere else. But if it is everywhere; if it is to be the organized bicycling interest, effective because organized; if it is to stand for more than consulships, cabalistic initials, Meets for "runs" and parades, dinners, and the list of ornamental purposes; if it is to take hold of practical work and to do and be something, and not merely a name to live while being dead in all effectual senses—if this, then the badge means something. If not, my badge and membership will be at the League's disposal as soon as I am satisfied of the fact.

Even the baby Hercules staid a little while in the cradle before he tackled the serpents. The L. A. W. is young—give it time. I do not prejudge it. But the road is plain before it. The path of the bicycle is clogged with obstructive giants. The L. A. W. must stir itself and begin to *do* something, or it can not be something.

JULIUS WILCOX.

BOSTON NOTES AND NOTIONS.

The greater part of the present month so far, has been but little better than a continuation of windy March, and betwixt the two we got those three or four extra snow-falls, which could

have pleased only the dolorous person who predicts them. But the riding season is fairly under way in spite of all the notorious asperities of a New England Spring. Now, as the sap rises in the trees so does the gas in the heads of the bicycle poets (if there are any such poets), and the young jockeys of the wheel sally forth in bright attire from the confines of the city brick, etc. Our clubs are attending well to their weekly runs, and are generally bestirring themselves and coming out in their pretty dresses preparatory to meeting our visiting brethren about a month hence. In my last, giving a guess at the number of wheels that will be in line here at the League Meet, I carelessly made an 8 too much like a 3—850 is the number I expect to see, and that would be enough. Too many might alarm the conservatives and make it advisable to have the next Meet still further east, say on Cape Cod or Nantucket.

I have been using an Excelsior Cyclometer lately. It appears to be perfectly accurate, but I have had no chance yet to test it with precision on a measured course. There are no signs of any wild variations such as I hear as occurring with the ordinary kinds, and its construction must prevent any material error in the record.

According to a daily paper not long ago, the Marlboro Bicycle Club are to parade in "antique and horrible" style on the 4th of July. This may not be exactly conducive to maintaining the dignity of bicycling, and would hurt it in such a place as New York City, where a wheelman is regarded yet by many as a guy anyway.

There are a few very peculiar machines a-going in these parts, the like of which is not to be seen probably anywhere else. This make consists of three bicycle driving wheels of the same size framed together in triangular form, and ridden by three persons, all propelling and one steering. Thus it is the most *tri.* of all tricycles, and certainly has some advantages. To those who would like to go through the motions of bicycling without the trouble of learning, or of sharing in its charming viscidities, it is quite the thing. Three hearts that beat as one, and legs ditto, might travel very pleasantly on one of these machines. The framework has to be pretty heavy to give the necessary stiffness to the concern.

I wish to say a few words on one point of my experience as a bicycle rider, against the dictum that its effects upon the system are always beneficial as now constructed. When I began to ride my own bodily state was a generally run down and disordered one, with a tendency to dizziness as one symptom. For the first year and a half I rode "Ariel" machines, having the long spring recurved in front of the fork. Though I did a good deal of rough riding, attended with the inconveniences of a too heavy and high-built machine, I always had an easy, elastic seat. Afterward, for about two years past, I rode a first-class bicycle—or what was such at first—and only then began to suffer much discomfort from the jarring vibrations that come of, or in spite of the shorter spring which is now in common use in various forms. This I endured patiently in consideration of the great superiority in other respects of the last machine over those ridden before, not realising that the discomforts spoken of were causing any harm. The tendency to vertigo ceased at first in a general invigoration of the system caused by riding, but returned with greater force and frequency during the last two years, and especially last autumn, seldom occurring when in the open air or moving about, but often at other times. Suspecting sometimes the true cause of the trouble, I was not quite certain until its entire disappearance during the past winter convinced me that it was entirely owing to riding on a stiff spring. In the necessity for some relief I was led early in the present season to try the cradle spring. Upon it I have now done considerable rough riding with much comfort and no sign of any return of the former symptoms, and have come to thoroughly believe in it as superior to any other kind for road use, particularly for persons less hardy than the majority of wheelmen. Its elasticity in every direction seems to me a necessary quality in a spring.

I was wrong, in my last, supposing Mr. Sturme of *The Cyclist* to be otherwise disposed toward me than his very next issue showed, and I therefore apologize to him. I believe I should have been quite right in urging my complaint against the *Bicycling News* instead.

April 23, 1881.

JUVENIS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., April 18, 1881.

Editor of The Wheel. DEAR SIR: Referring to the letter of your correspondent "Mercury," permit me to state that the want of some means enabling a wheelman to use both a hub-lamp and a cyclometer, has been effectually met. The device is simple, easy of application to any bicycle, as easily removed, and requires no alteration in the "King of the road" or any other hub lamp. It will be ready for inspection at the League Meet. F. A. J.

ALBANY, April 16, 1881.

In about six weeks time it will be "all aboard for Boston," and I for one look forward to the Meet with a good deal of pleasure. New York would have been very handy for us Albanians, but we do not intend the Meet to take place without having some representatives from our city present; I pray that you New Yorkers will bury all feelings of disappointment and otherwise, and show up strong at the "Hub" on the 30th May.

I also look forward to meeting the level headed associate editor of THE WHEEL at that time, and wish him personally "God speed" in his earnest efforts to point out to the officers of the L. A. W. the duty of the organization. The article in your last issue from the pen of Mr. Wilcox has the true ring in it, and in one of my former letters I have advocated the measures he proposes. We have *begged* enough, now, I am in favor of *demanding* our rights.

The more timid, I am aware, will still counsel conciliatory measures and will urge that the League is yet too young and also too weak financially to tackle the city officials of New York, who compel us to fight and establish the fact that no legislation can *constitutionally* discriminate against Bicycles. Let us employ the best legal talent and if the financial backbone of the League cannot stand the racket, I have enough faith in the earnestness of wheelmen to believe that funds enough can be raised by subscription to put the thing through. This matter must be settled and people made to understand that the men who use the wheel are a power and a very respectable power too. I can scarce discuss the question with patience, it is so exceedingly exasperating when viewed from all points, and so I will drop it with the remark that Mr. Wilcox echo's my feelings on this subject, and further that in order to be practical, if some one will suggest a plan whereby money raised by subscription can be used to advantage in fighting the P. C's, I will start the list by an X; are there not 200 men in your city and Brooklyn who will duplicate that?

By the way "Capt. C. W. F.," I experimented with your paint or enamel and found it did not stand the racket, I tried it on a piece of polished steel, but I find it chips off very easily. I used the ordinary shellac and analine red as instructed, but it seems to lack wearing qualities, the color, however, was very beautiful. It was strange Capt. that the same number of the WHEEL, which gave the description of your ideal machine should also contain the letter from Mr. Sturme, giving the points on Mr. Salaman's "Matchless" Bi.; compare the two letters and you will find the "Matchless," strikes you pretty close. I received drawings of this machine from Mr. S., and as I was buying a new machine this Spring I was much tempted to invest, but knowing the roughness of the roads in this vicinity I was a little fearful of it being too light, and so I went in for a H. F. H. Have you tried long handles, say 26 inches, if you have I can add nothing, if not I cannot urge you too strongly to try them, I see you counsel 24 inches, I advise you to go *two* better, and I would also say that horn handles are obsolete, the horrid rough screw end has got to go and ebonite or rubber handles with smooth ends are here to take their place.

Captain, you cannot ride with comfort in trousers, never mind the looks but put on a pair of *tight-fitting* knee-breeches; once tried you will acknowledge that there is *much* more comfort in riding—ordinary trousers are too loose in the seat, for easy or comfortable riding. I think that every one who has had experience will bear me out in this statement, and as I believe you are a sensible man, a peg or two above minding supercilious or vulgar remarks, I shall expect to hear that you have adopted knee-breeches, and then I know you will stick to them.

W. HEEL.

Vol. 1.]

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[No. 16

RATES AND TERMS.

THE WHEEL is published regularly on alternate Wednesday mornings and will be forwarded, postage prepaid, to any address for one year on receipt of \$1.25, invariably in advance. European subscription 7s. Remittances should be by draft, Post Office money order or registered letter, directed to Fred. Jenkins, 75 Fulton Street, New York City, N. Y. Our rates for advertising, which are reasonable will be furnished upon application. Special rates made for continued insertions,

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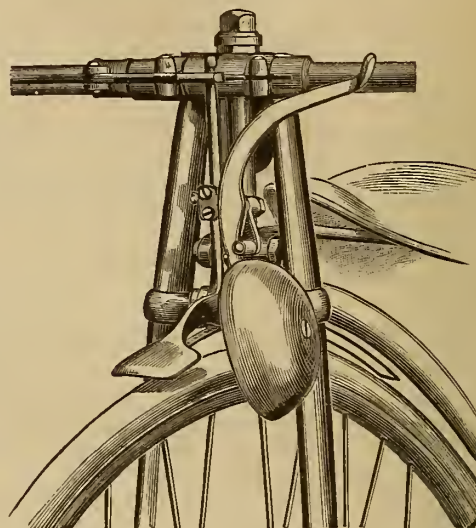
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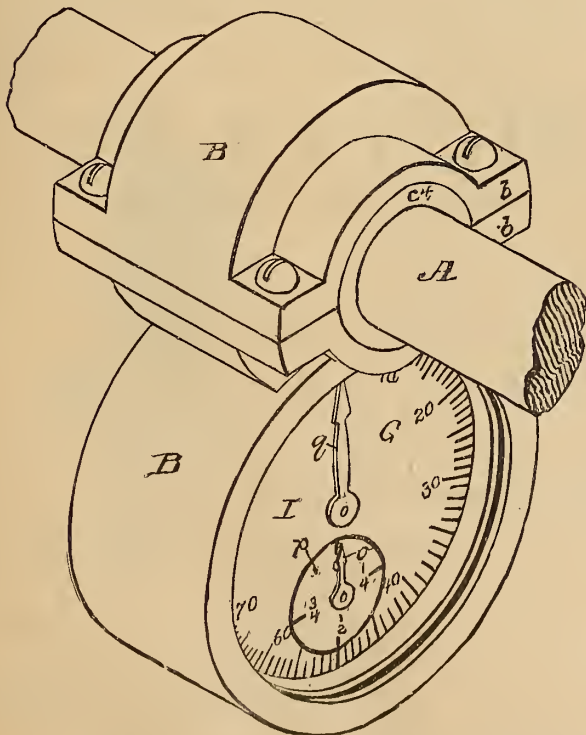
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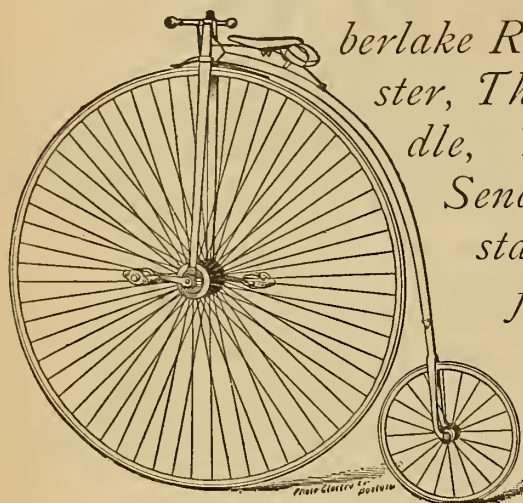
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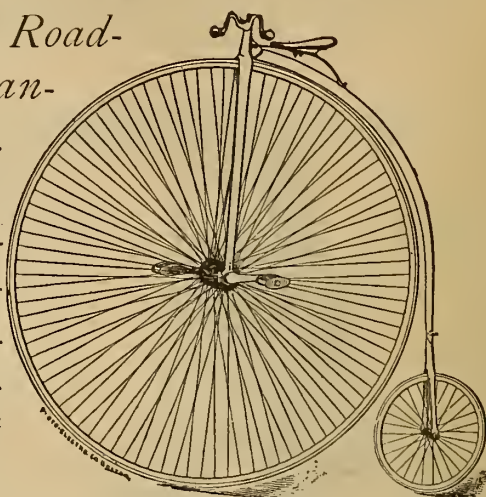
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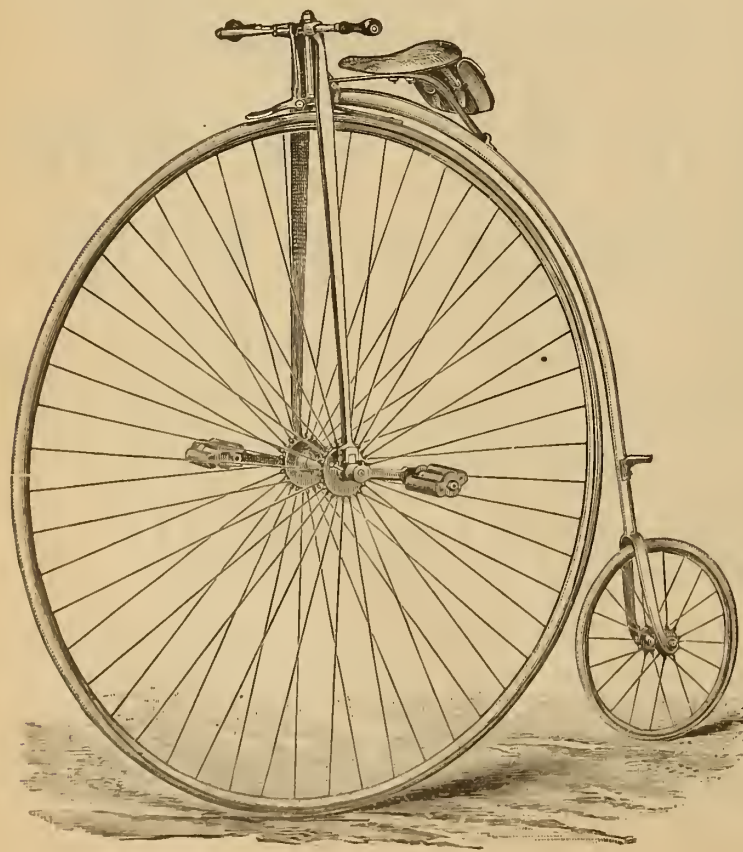
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ORANGE, N. J., April 18th, 1881.



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