

The Cycle.

VOL. II, No. 10.

BOSTON, MASS., 3 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CENTS

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* **MARLBORO'** * **TANDEM** *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE

AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF

59 MINUTES 35 $\frac{4}{5}$ SECONDS.

A WORLD'S RECORD,

50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

AND

100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

All the above by S.^{rs}G. WHITTAKER on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road.

If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

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GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

CHICAGO - - - - ILL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

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WE wonder if he of School street will reproduce the table of comparison we print this week? We have not the least hesitancy in saying he will, as he seems fond of statistics. — *World*.

WHY certainly we will, and we will give it the same amount of thought and study that we always give to such things. Here it is:

The CYCLE very foolishly reproduces a table of comparison of the size of cycling papers published, and the amount of reading matter in same. We won't enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of the *World* and the CYCLE, we are content to let the papers rest on their respective merits, but we want to give a few cold statistics for that honest editor to digest with his Thanksgiving turkey. The figures given are for all issues of each paper from 2 April to 12 Nov., inclusive:—

Paper.	Price.	No. Pages Reading.
<i>World</i> .	1.00.	277.
CYCLE.	1.50.	241.

The above figures are page for page, but it should be remembered that a large number of pages of the *World* have been in nonpareil, which if they had been in type the same as the CYCLE would have made at least six to ten pages more, so we can claim forty-six more pages than the CYCLE, to say nothing of the price and the few extras we have thrown in. We find also, that we have given some thirty pages more reading matter than the *Bulletin* outside the official notices and reports.

THE table is very interesting. It looks as if we were not giving as much to our readers for the same money as the *World* is giving. We are glad that our contemporary did not enter into a discussion of the merits of the two papers, for perhaps he might fail to show why wheelmen have paid us \$1.50 for a paper that has fewer pages than one that sells for \$1.00.

BUT we are very much disturbed to feel that perhaps some one will think that we are doing less for our patrons than our older neighbor is. We shall not be able to sleep nights till this thing is righted.

ON and after this date the price of the CYCLE will be

75 CENTS A YEAR.

It's worth more than that, but we do not aspire to be a millionaire. We are laboring for the good of wheelmen. Our friends who are now with us shall have their subscriptions extended far enough to reap the benefit of this reduction. We do not intend to give to new subscribers any favor that we do not extend to the old.

Mr. J. R. Hogg's articles on the amateur question in *Wheeling* have nearly drawn to a close, and it is unlikely that any reply will be forthcoming worthy of the name. *Logic is so entirely on the side of those who would abolish the amateur definition that it is impossible for the most ingenious to grapple with the reductions ad absurdum* which Mr. Hogg has launched at the head of his opponents, and the hope of those who would retain the definition was simply in the influence of carefully timed threats to break up the union if the abolitionist policy prevails. It is estimated by the leaders of the reform party that if all the promises of support given are carried out at the council meeting, at least fifty votes will be recorded in favor of Mr. Hogg's motion, which is a significant advance upon the solitary vote registered last year. — *English Correspondent of Bulletin*.

WE submit that the *League Bulletin* should not be prostituted to the purposes of the little faction on the other side of the water which is endeavoring to break down the amateur law. The English correspondent of the *Bulletin* is one of this faction, and he is using the League's paper to create the impression that the sentiment against the amateur law in England is very strong. The League, rank and file, is very firmly committed to the amateur rule. Every vote shows that, and those who would break down the rule will find a hard task before them. In this connection we submit an extract from a private letter received by us a few days ago from a very prominent English wheelman who is well calculated to judge of the sentiments held by English cyclers:—

"In *Bicycling World* and *Bulletin* I notice very incorrect ideas of cycling opinion in this country. Do not be led away by this clap-trap. The best proof of the correctness of these opinions or otherwise is this: *Wheeling* here has been howling for abolition of amateurism, and shouting down the N. C. U. executive on the suspensions. At the last meeting of council, despite the loud assertions that these sentiments were echoed all over the country, only twelve out of nearly one hundred voted against the executive, and this dozen consisted of McCandlish, Low, Lloyd, Etherington, and Blackman (all in *Wheeling* office), Craig ("Thames Troutlet" in *Wheeling*), Nicholas (a particular pal of McC.), Nairn and Swindley (Ripley Road Club), Letchford and Irons (who objected because more have n't been suspended), and Larrette. Judge for yourself whether or no it

is n't a case of 'the three tailors of Tooley street' once more."

The *Bulletin* is unfortunate in its correspondents. It allows a New York writer to malign the oldest club in the League, and now it is playing into the hands of a few men in England, who are trying to break down the amateur law; men who are antagonistic to ideas held by a very large majority of League members, and men who will find no great following on the other side of the water. We protest against this thing.

REGULARLY made or not, the records from a quarter to twenty-two miles made by Rowe will be generally alluded to in conversation as best on record, and in most cases it will make but little difference whether the L. A. W. and A. C. U. adopt them or not. It would seem as if these organizations should liberalize their rules so that records, which will be generally accepted by the public, may appear on their tables, or else their tables will be of but little value or interest to general readers. — *Bulletin*.

We beg leave to remind the *Bulletin* that the League does not accept professional records, nor can it do so until it takes jurisdiction over professional cycling. The League is an association of amateur wheelmen. Professionals are not admitted to its ranks nor recognized in any way. The *Bulletin* says in effect that professionals should be admitted to the League and their records accepted. It has been stated that the Executive Committee approves all that goes into the *Bulletin*. If this is so, the above extract means much.

AN evidence of the inferior road-riding abilities of the Eastern wheelmen was furnished me in a rather unexpected way, the other day, when a well-known member of the Missouri was telling of a visit of a Boston lady at his house this summer. As she is reported young and pretty, I can go on with my story without any fear that I will be contradicted in New England. Well, she was out viewing the city one day, and returning, remarked: "How well your wheelmen all ride here; they never get off when they come to street-car tracks." And she might have added also, "nor when they come to nine-inch curbs, either." — *Spectator*.

THE effect of climate is remarkable. We can believe that the young lady while in Boston, was a model for truth and veracity, but one summer in St. Louis has been too much for her. Probably she got too much soft soap from the St. Louis wheelmen and became permeated with lye.

A PECULIAR STORY.

BY MINIMUM.

I WAS walking with my friend Volney a few days ago, through a secluded way in the Middlesex Fells, when he asked me if I believed much in modern supernaturalism. I am something of a student of men, as a suburban rector may be in a quiet way, and I asked him a pair of questions for his one, knowing very well that Volney had something on his mind which he wished to tell me.

"Why? Do you?" I asked.

At this moment we emerged from our hidden pathway through the pines, and came out suddenly upon the Ravine Road in its most picturesque part, where the shade of the large trees is densest upon the ground.

I have forgotten to say that it was election day, and that Volney had therefore taken a half-holiday to come out from Boston to vote in our home precinct, and that we had improved this rare opportunity for a leisurely walk together. I am very fond of walking in the Fells, but it is not often that I have the pleasure of an invitation to walk with Volney, and he is, I think, the most appreciative of the visible world among my parishioners. As we came out upon the Ravine Road I felt the beauty and peace of the lovely November afternoon with a keener delight, as I thought of the crowd of half-contented people we had left behind us at the voting place in the village. I should have spoken of this, but I was expecting Volney's supernatural confidence, and listened instead of speaking.

"Yes, I do believe a good deal in these things. I have had some strange experiences, and I believe we are entering upon an era of discovery in these matters," Volney began; then stopped short, looking up the road with those peculiar drawn lines about the lips and chin, that mark a man's face with a sort of terror in surprise. I looked too, but saw nothing except a half-grown boy coming slowly around a bend in the road on a bicycle, with a very small boy standing up on the step behind him and holding fast to the elder one's coat. They came on very cautiously, and passed us without looking at us, proceeding on their way absorbed in their risky ride.

"That little fellow is having a good time," I said, affecting not to see the melodramatic way in which Volney turned and stared after them. He drew a long breath as they passed safely out of sight, but looked again up the road with an immediate resumption of his expression of interest.

"Let us stand here for five minutes," he said; "within that time a very pretty woman will come by riding on a tandem with an elderly man."

"Are you a clairvoyant?" I said laughing, "or did you try some Hallowe'en spell the other night in the rain? No? Ah, I have it? You've been bewitched by that dainty little poem of Richards Dodge's, 'Sweet Jenny on a tandem.'"

"Chaff away, old fellow," returned my friend. "You'll see the pretty woman directly. She isn't a girl either; she's a lovely young woman, with a woman's grace instead of a girl's."

"Is she a widow? Did her spookily spouse reveal this meeting to you? You seem a little nervous, Volney."

"I am. I'm not ashamed to confess it. Only a few days ago——. See! there she comes."

I was almost as much excited at this moment as Volney himself, for it was certainly a very pretty woman who came whirling rapidly down the road, steering the machine whose brake was in the hand of the elderly gentleman Volney had predicted. As they passed us, I was amazed to see Volney lift his hat with slow, unwilling recognition, and still more amazed to see the lady glance at him and away from him quickly, in a way that showed she knew him, though she cut him very pointedly. I had lifted my hat, following my friend's courtesy, and I received a cordial and hearty bow and smile from the fair apparition, whose companion nodded indiscriminately to both Volney and me. A moment later and they were out of sight. I turned upon Volney with a laugh.

"This is quite an adventure," I said.

"I don't enjoy it," he returned. He was actually pale.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Why did you bow?"

"Because I met this astral young person a few days ago, and she made this appointment to see me."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I have been dabbling in the science of that sort of materialization which has to do with the appearance of people in the body in different parts of the world."

"Without reference to trains and steamboats? I advise you not to meddle with the black art, my friend," I said.

"When you put on that ecclesiastical air, I declare I should like to cuff you, as Meredith says before Lemuel Barker," returned Volney.

"Consider me a seeker, then. I certainly want to know what you know about this interesting creature."

"Well, I met her over near Maplewood on a single machine not long ago," said Volney. "I was on a bicycle, and had to get off to help her. Her gown was chewed up in her machine."

"She will ride without a dress shield, then, at times, just like a charming mortal woman," I said.

"Oh, she is mortal, but she lives in India," said Volney. "She told me that she is English, and materializes here to enjoy the good roads about Boston. Her father is Lord Somebody in government employ. She told me she would ask him to materialize with her on a tandem over here to-day if I cared to be on the Ravine Road at three o'clock. She said her coming would be preceded by two boys on one bicycle. We saw the feat accomplished—and she came."

Volney's breath came rather quickly, and I noticed, as I slipped my hand through his arm, that he was trembling. But I did not spare him.

"Why did she bow to me and neglect you?" I asked.

Volney sighed.

"It's fate, I suppose. Astral people are privileged to do as they like, and you are a rector, good enough for any nobleman's daughter, and I am only an ignominious banker."

"You are too old for this sort of folly," I said. "You are nearly forty years old, Volney."

"She is not young," he returned.

"She is twenty-nine," I said. "I'll take you over and introduce you regularly any time you say so. She lives about three miles from here with her father. She is a charming young woman, and you are a fool."

"The devil," said Volney, cheerfully, "What is her name? How long have you known her? What made her tell me all that nonsense?"

"Because you are such a fool," I returned, affectionately. "You could not expect a well-bred young woman to get up an acquaintance even with a handsome man like you out on the wheel."

"But the apparition of the two boys on the one bicycle," urged Volney.

"That's beyond me. I can't pretend to explain everything," I said. "Something must be left mysterious. It's always so in real life."

THE NEW MEMBER'S STORY.

BY SECRETARY BEE.

"Go on, George; it's your turn now."

"But I——"

"No excuse, Mr. Fairley, it's your turn; so you might as well go ahead with your story."

"But really, gentlemen, I don't know anything worth telling. Why, I've only been riding two months, and could hardly have had any sort of an adventure in so short a time."

"We can't take any such excuse as that. Why make up something, if you can't do any better."

This conversation took place not long since, in our club parlor. There were six in our party, including George Fairley, a new member. We were all gathered around the fireplace recounting personal adventures a-wheel, as men will do when they get together with an abundance of time to spare. Fairley, having met several of the boys for the first time that evening, was naturally a little backward, and had very little to say; but, as one after another we exhausted our stock of anecdotes, we finally brought our persuasive powers to bear on him. Part of the conversation is recorded above; and Fairley, seeing that there was no other way out of it, began.

"Well, boys, as you seem determined not to let me off, I'll make an attempt to interest you, though I cannot say that my story is strictly a wheeling adventure; still it happened right here in the clubhouse."

"Let me see! I think it was the third or fourth night after I had joined the club, that I was around here playing billiards with Fred Gordon. We finished about ten o'clock, and being the last ones to leave, closed the windows and put out the light. I left Fred at the corner and reached home about ten minutes later. I had hardly gotten in doors, when I remembered having left a couple of opened letters, which had fallen out of my pocket, on the billiard-room mantel, and as I did not care about having them read, determined to go back and get them. I reached here very quickly, opened the hall-door, and in the darkness fell over a chair. I believe I uttered a very forcible exclamation, but recovering in a few moments I struck a light and turned on the gas, but just

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➡ 75 ➡

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Single Copies, THREE Cents.

as I was about to apply it the confounded thing went out. I was n't disturbed in the least, but felt in my pocket, where I usually carried matches, only to find none there. A search of all my pockets proved likewise fruitless. Having no matches, I determined to try to reach the parlor mantel, where I supposed there would be some. I had n't quite got the location of each article of furniture in my mind, just yet, so feeling rather timid I entered the parlor, and after falling over one chair only, I found the mantel, but nary a match. With a feeling of disgust at my own stupidity, I turned and groped my way in the direction of the door, intending to go home and return early in the morning for the letters. My right arm was extended in front of me to guard against any more bruised shins or damaged furniture. In this way I groped around for perhaps a minute, when — great Scott! my outstretched hand came in contact with something that made my head swim, the blood rushed through my veins, and I grew hot, then cold; but I paused, but for a second, undecided whether to strike, or to cry aloud. It was an awful moment, I tell you, but I did not lose my wits, and with a determination to do or die, I struck, and — ”

Here our new member paused to clear his throat. So far, his story had been told in a manner that interested and excited us all, and this pause, right in the midst of the most thrilling part, made us impatient to hear the rest. Fairley paused so long, that one of us reminded him impatiently, —

“Go on, Fairley; we're waiting.”

This was just what he was waiting for, as, after scanning our interested and suspicious-looking countenances for a moment, he smiled a knowing smile, and in the most provoking manner possible, remarked, —

“Yes, boys, I struck viciously, and the match *actually burned*”

The new member stopped again to see the effect of his remark.

We all looked at each other, then seeing that we were sold, burst into a laugh that

made the walls resound, and brought several of the boys from the adjoining rooms (where they were playing billiards) to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

The new member chuckled contentedly, as, amid the hubbub, he attempted to explain to us how, in the dark, his hand had run against the match-case containing a solitary lucifer, which hangs on the wall, just inside the parlor door, and of which he knew nothing.

We heard enough to satisfy us and adjourned, all voting the new member a veteran in the art of story telling, or otherwise.

CYCLES.

Fly Leaves from the Visitors' Book.

[THE Visitors' Book at English inns is very often used by touring wheelmen to write down the impressions of the moment. A wheelman sends the following excerpts to “Wheeling Annual.”]

I LIKE this house, I must declare,
I've all I really need,
The fare is very fairly fare,
The waitress fair indeed;
The longer I prolong my stay,
More pleasant 't is, I find,
And when I tear myself away,
I leave my heart behind.

FROM John o' Groat's to the Land's End,
I'm on the scorch and I intend
To beat all previous records hollow,
And make it hot for all who follow.

I MET a very funny boy —
Such funny boys abound,
They mostly grin like Cheshire cats,
But he looked quite profound;
He hailed me in a squeaky voice,
I wondered what he'd found,
And when I turned he squeaked again —
“I say, your wheel 's going round.”

HERE 's a visitor's book
And a bottle of ink;
All around me I look,
And what do you think
Snakes alive! not a pen,
Or even a holder!

So I rang for Jane, then,
Intending to scold her.
“If you please, sir, ahem!
Master blusters and curses
If I gives pens to them
As writes these here verses.”

•THIS is not my first visit here;
I like the house and like the beer,
And like its good and homely cheer,
And like its whiskey too, I fear;
And some one I am often near,
Whose merry voice is very dear;
No music is so sweet and clear,
But like on like my note enlarges.
P. S. — I like the modest charges.

LOST my way coming over,
And after much plodding,
By a big stack of clover,
I got a night's lodging.
With the lark rose to ponder,
Had breakfast with Hodge in
That old cottage out yonder,
So ended my dodging.

BOUND to Bournemouth, but the wind
Rages fiercely as Old Harry;
Downhill stiffish work I find,
Uphill my machine I carry;
On the level, too, I tramp it.
Might be worse? — not much —

I JAMMED down ten pieces of new bread and butter,
And drank enough tea to float a small cutter,
Since which I have had a hot supper, old chappie;
Can't eat any more, and still “I'm not happy.”

BANSTEAD Downs is worse than awful,
The Epsom road is just as bad;
Riding on the path 's unlawful,
Enough to drive a wheelist mad.

I CAME here on a new Humber tri.,
And here I am like to remain.
There 's a head wind outrageously high,
And twice I've put back with the rain;
But I cannot stick here till I die,
And must I suppose tri. again.

I RODE down from town without a dismount,
Past thirty-two pubs — I kept an account;
But if I return the same way to town,
I'll drink at them all, or my name is not Brown

RODE sixteen miles within the hour,
Ploughed up Clayhill after a shower,
And now I'll bet a champion medal,
To ride ten miles with but one treadle.

BEAUTIFUL roads and beautiful air,
Beautiful scenery everywhere.
Beautiful breezes blow you along
Joyously as a beautiful song.
Beautiful beer at this hotel,
And Phœbe is a beautiful belle.

CAME to dine here last year;—
Had the same leg of mutton,
It would not shed a tear,
'T was as hard as a button,
A tinned leg of the ram
That came out of the ark.
Once again here I am,
But I can't make a mark,
A case-hardened fossil
And as tough as a Turk;
Make an anvil to jostle
With heavy steel work.
Many years have rolled by
Since its fleece was last clipt,
Many ages will fly
Ere its surface gets chipped.
The *pièce de résistance*
It serves year after year,
With the assistance
Of potatoes and beer.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

FOR fifty-two numbers.

THAT'S what we will do for you!

AND we don't intend to cut down in
the quality either.

THE CYCLE proposes to give a man just
as much for his money as any other paper
does.

WE think we have done that in the past.
In the future we will do even more.

THE man who does n't subscribe with us
now must have very strange notions of the
value of money.

THANKSGIVING was disappointing. The
rain kept many within doors who would other-
wise have gone out upon the road.

Two rainy Thanksgiving Days in suc-
cession tend to cool our ardor for the day.

Now comes December, when we ride sel-
dom, if at all.

CAPT. A. D. PECK started a subscription
paper among local wheelman and raised
\$26, which sum was presented to the lady
upon whose grounds the old well is located
at the reservoir. Cyclers have received
many favors at her hands, and the subscrib-
ers were very glad to show their apprecia-
tion in this substantial way.

THE West Roxbury Club will take its
Jamaica plain after this. We are told that
the West Roxbury Club and the Jamaica
Plain Club will consolidate.

HON. ION KEITH FALCONER, one of Eng-
land's most prominent amateur cyclists, is
about to depart for China to engage in mis-
sionary work.

IN the Superior Criminal Court, Friday, at
East Cambridge, Clarence G. Cobb, found
guilty upon an indictment for stealing a

bicycle at Melrose, was sentenced to the
house of correction for six months.

THE picture of Senator Morgan looks out
from the pages of last week's *Sporting
Journal*.

THE *Tri Journal* is down on lotteries, and
condemns the Boulogne "draw" in the
strongest terms.

DAVE STANTON wants to race Rowe. He
will be accommodated.

A FRIEND of mine recently invited Burley
Ayers and Abbot Bassett to dine with him,
and asked me to propose something for the
menu that would prove complimentary and
suggestive of the cities of Chicago and Bos-
ton. I made a suggestion, and he accepted
it; and, in consequence thereof, the most
prominent dish at the dinner was pork and
beans. — *Egan, in Bulletin*.

THE suggestion was a most excellent one,
but we regret that Burley has been once
more imposed upon, and that some fellow
got a dinner intended for us.

THE Minnesota Division, L. A. W., has
issued the first number of a monthly paper,
which will be conducted under the super-
vision of the division executive committee.
E. C. Smith, of Winona, Minn., is editor
and manager. The paper starts off well,
and promises to be an important adjunct in
the work of the division.

"OLD FILE" is again sending his filings
to the *Tricycling Journal*. "Give the drum
a one-r!" is again brought out. Faed and
Morrison will give us a good paper.

M. F. B. HAWKINS, of the Brooklyn Bi.
Club, has been making a twenty-four-hour
record. He left the clubroom at 6.17 P. M.,
15 Nov., and rode 207½ miles in 23.52.00.
Hawkins made a record of 201 miles, 11
Sept., and A. B. Barkman topped it with
205¼ miles, 11 Oct., and now Hawkins takes
it again.

HILLIER has given us a new word. He
speaks of "injurious" letters. It is n't in the
dictionary. "It's English, you know."

WHEELMEN don't like December. It's
snow kind of a month.

THANKSGIVING has gone, but no book has
come from Karl Kron. Now wait till
Christmas.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents a year for the CYCLE
and all that it contains.

BOSTON is enforcing the Sunday law, but
it has n't touched the beans yet. When
they shut down on Boston beans, look out
for a jolly row.

THE Boscobel has closed its doors.

ROWE will race Howell if Howell will
come to America. So Rowe says.

SOME one asked Lacy Hillier if it would
imperil a man's status to waltz with a pro-
fessional, and Lacy has n't finished his laugh
yet.

THE N. C. U. says that it makes no dif-
ference if it be on road or path that a rider
makes pace for a professional. He will be
disqualified just the same.

FRIDAY evening, 3 Dec., the Philadelphia
Bicycle Club will warm its new house,

and particularly warm seats at the fireside
will be reserved for friends. We have to
acknowledge an invitation to be present, but
shall be obliged to remain outside in the
cold.

FIFTEEN members of the Ramblers' Club,
of St. Louis, made a one-hundred-mile run
Sunday in 11.34, actual riding time. The
course was over three different roads, each
seventeen miles long.

THE Michigan division has issued a hand-
book.

CAPTAIN F. A. CLOUDMAN, of Rondout,
N. Y., started from Savannah 28 Nov., in
the twenty-four-foot sloop yacht "Outing"
on a trip around the world. Before going
ten miles he ran aground and did not get off
until midnight. He goes in the interest of
Outing and as its special correspondent.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY have sent us a vest
pocket card case in alligator leather, which
they supply with cards, the top one of which
is exposed to view. These cards contain
important information which are ready for
instant reference. It will prove serviceable
as well as ornamental.

THE New York Division talks of a camp
next summer at Cooperstown. They'll have
barrels of fun.

AND now the professionals say they will
sail for England 13 January. Woodside
offers to meet Howell at any distance.

WHILE out riding on Newton street last
Friday, W. W. Stall was attacked by several
dogs. In endeavoring to ward off a large
Newfoundland, he fell from his machine and
tore his clothing. A visit was made to the
owner of the animal, and pecuniary damages
were satisfactorily negotiated.

A NEW pony Star will be put on the
market next year, with enlarged small
wheel.

W. B. EVERETT & Co. have an Apollo
Safety on view.

CHARLES R. ZACHARIAS, formerly of the
firm of Zacharias & Smith, has gone to
Birmingham, Ala., where he has engaged to
take the management of one of the Western
Union telegraph offices.

C. E. DAVIS, JR., of the Massachusetts
Bicycle Club, has covered over 5,000 miles
this season.

MCCURDY has entered the employ of
the H. B. Machine Company, Smithville,
N. J.

IT is stated on good authority that a
well-known gentleman will take with him to
England in the spring, W. A. Rowe, George
M. Hendee, William M. Woodside, and
Horace G. Crocker. They will leave in
time for the Easter handicaps. — *Herald*.

"I WISH you would take me up," said a
wheelman to a policeman. They were
going up a steep hill, the one on a wheel,
the other on foot. This illustrates the fact
that words have more than one meaning.

THE CYCLE goes for a year to any wheel-
man for 75 cents.

THE Jamaica Bicycle Club postponed its
morning hare-and-hounds chase on Thanks-

giving on account of the inclement weather, and the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was compelled to abandon its afternoon run for the same reason.

A CORRESPONDENT from Halifax advocates the addition of a small screw-plug at the bottom of the bearing-cases of tricycles, to admit the escape of accumulated dirt when a current of oil or paraffin is forced into the bearings with the object of cleaning them. This is an admirable suggestion, which could be adopted with very little trouble. We believe Messrs. Rucker and Co. used to drill just such a hole in the bottom of their bicycle bearings, with a screw-plug to close it when the oil was wanted in the bearing. Such outlets for superfluous oil would be doubly beneficial, enabling the rider to relieve his bearings of the fluid when—as frequently happens—they are flooded with more oil than is required for lubrication.—*Tri. Journal*.

THERE are fast bicycles and there are slow bicycles. Any amount of evidence can be brought forward to prove this. And they are as freaky as an unbroken colt. One racing man tells us that his machine is very fast for a mile, but beyond that it slows down; another tells us that his wheel always goes fast in the direction of his home, especially when it is near to the dinner hour; still another has told us that his bicycle never goes so fast at other times as it does when he rides in the direction of the home of his best girl, and he says that from her house it always goes slowly. Truly our wheels are full of whims.

"K. B.," of Chicago, thus delivered himself: "There is at present a fat stock show here in the Exposition Building, and the granger aboundeth in the land. He bringeth his fast nag with him, and taketh on the wheelman on the boulevards. And the wheelman humoreth him and increaseth his speed. And the country nag humpeth itself. Likewise the wheelman hustleth. But the hustle of the wheelman surpasseth the hump of the country nag by twenty-and-one times. Then the granger sadly betaketh himself unto his rural abode, and thereafter, when the humble bicyclist cometh his way, he looketh not toward him, but softly muttereth to himself, 'Them 's the gol darndest things!' and passeth by on the other side."

THE Secretary of the San Francisco Bicycle Club writes to the editor of *Outing* that his club has appointed a committee to receive Thomas Stevens on his arrival from Yokohama, which committee is instructed to see that his visit is made generally pleasant. *Outing* is offering a whole set of bound volumes as a prize to any one guessing the date of Stevens' arrival in Yokohama. Here is a chance to pick up some books without much trouble.

THE last letter received at the office of *Outing* from Stevens is dated on board the steamer "Wing Sang," 4 October, in which the famous wheelman says in regard to the last stretch of his journey: "I will not be able to find out anything definite as to my journey through China until I meet the consul at Canton, so cannot tell you anything now. I will, however, send full particulars to *Outing* from Canton as to the result of my interview with the consul. I

am led to expect considerable difficulties about getting through China. Japan will, no doubt, be very delightful and interesting, providing I reach there before the winter makes it disagreeable travelling. This will, of course, depend upon my experiences in China. My next articles to you will be written whilst crossing the Pacific."

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to 'cycling to whom Letters Patent were granted: 23 Nov., 1886. Burbank, E. S., Dow City, Iowa, velocipede; Ingraham, A. W., Sherman, N. Y., railway velocipede; King, H. A., Springfield, Mass., velocipede for railways; McCarty, R. J., Kansas City, Mo., velocimeter. Reported by N. L. Collamer, attorney in patent causes, Washington, D. C.

AN English magazine proposes that instead of giving a name to every child it shall be given a number. Directories would, it thinks, be simplified, if, instead of being filled with endless duplications of the same name on the same page, they simply presented a catalogue of numbered citizens. Our letters, it argues, would not miscarry so often if addressed to "No. 9,243,769, Esq.," or whatever other number the person written to chanced to bear. That's it. England wants to steal another idea from the League.

THE Massachusetts Club had a hare and hounds run on Thanksgiving. W. S. Doane, of Dorchester, and J. C. Robinson, of the Massachusetts Club, were selected as the hares, and there were some dozen hounds, including members of the club and visiting wheelmen. The route lay through the Newtons and measured thirty miles. The hares started at 10.54 A. M., and finished at 12.58. The first hound to finish was H. H. Porter, who arrived at 1.6.20. He was immediately followed by Mr. B. W. Gould, and at intervals by Messrs. Sheen, Shockley, Lewis, and Williams, all of whom appeared to have accurately followed the trail.

THE theory is advanced that recent records from the States *must* be correct because no representative of a rival firm questions them. This is by no means a sound argument, for the rival firms, seeing how the thing is done, simply bide their time to play the same game themselves; and, be it noted, it is a lot easier to "make a record" of twenty-two miles in the hour than to ride the same on a track. R. Howell is out with a challenge to race Rowe, and we hope, if the latter's racing times are correct, that that challenge will be accepted, and when the race comes off we shall stand Richard Howell, of Coventry, to win, even if Rowe rides twenty-five miles in the hour before the race comes off, which, at the present rate of developments, seems not unlikely to be soon.—*Land and Water* (Eng.).

The gymnasium of the Massachusetts Club was well filled last Saturday evening, the occasion being the first athletic night of the season. The exercises consisted of club swinging by E. J. Ethier; dumb-bell drill by a squad from the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, consisting of L. F. Small, Edward Drew, J. B. Fitzgerald, J. J. Johnson, A. A. Weaver, J. F. Fallon, Charles

Rathbege, and Montgomery Parks. Then followed sparring, three bouts of two minutes each, with one minute intermission. The first pair were the Ethier brothers, and they gave a most enjoyable exhibition. The men were well matched, and their work was very scientific and graceful, and greeted with rounds of applause. The second bout was between N. True and N. Ethier. W. A. Shockley and John T. Williams, both members of the club, then waltzed around the boards in lively style for three rounds. They were well mated in size, skill, and strength. Williams' masterly guard was an equivalent for Shockley's great strength, and was the finest piece of work that this favorite amateur ever showed. Messrs. Danielson and Pomeroy gave the closing bout, both being lightweights.

THE *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* says: "On the Saturday before last M. S. M'Kay rode west on a two-track tricycle, and returning late on Sunday night, he found himself a victim to that bugbear of cyclists, a loosened rubber. Of cord he had none, so he utilized his pocket-handkerchief, and having cut it in slips, tied on the tire. Ten miles farther the rubber on the other wheel loosened, and as he had no second pocket-handkerchief he was preparing to take a slice or so off his shirt, when he descried in the moonlight two damsels ahead. Riding alongside them he pulled up, but with a becoming bashfulness, they screeched and ran away up a side lane. M. S. M'Kay, however, could run a bit too, so in pursuit he went, and overtaking them, implored of them to be quiet, and he proceeded to explain his difficulty, and to inquire from them, could they do anything for him? "Do for you? what is it you want?" they muttered nervously. "Only a pocket-handkerchief," M. S. replied, and the words were scarce spoken when the same was forthcoming. With this he secured the damaged wheel, and town was reached without further incident."

A NEW KIND OF MAP.—The "Anglo-Dutchman" writes: "Most of our readers will remember the discussion as to the scale our map should be when it comes out. Most of those who wrote on the subject objected to the inch-per-mile ordnance, because of its dimensions and unhandiness. The other day I learnt a wrinkle from a gentleman I met at Beaconsfield, who, with a friend of mine, was taking a walk round the neighborhood. The map he was using was, I should think, about three feet square, and yet any portion of it could be consulted by merely laying open a portion of not more than nine inches. The plan is one which was much in use among the officers in the German army during the Franco-German war. I will endeavor to describe it. Take an ordinary shilling ordnance map (unmounted), cut off the margin, and fold it lengthwise in three equal portions, face inwards. Again fold the upper and lower thirds in half, face in; ditto the middle portion. Cut it straight through from top to bottom, *except the upper and lower folds*, into four equal parts with a sharp knife, using a metal rule to guide the instrument. Fold the top and bottom portions, leaving the middle two open; then turn back to back by the middle cut, and bring the end flaps to face those in the middle, thus forming a sort of book. By this

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SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.

means it will be only necessary to expose a surface of four inches by four inches at one time. Those who have struggled with a map of the smallest dimensions in a high wind or soaking rain will appreciate this plan considerably." — *News*.

"A LONDON Physician" forcibly points out there should be little or no riding under the age of fifteen. Before that age the joints of the body are not properly formed, and the bones are weak and liable to bend out of shape by continued strain. Deformities of the spine and of the feet are among some of the cheerful results likely to follow in the path of the little girl who is often in the saddle, and even those disastrous consequences are less terrible than the undermining of health and strength which may not improbably accompany them. Girls with weak hearts or chests should never be allowed to ride at all. They may outgrow any such weakness with proper care, but over-exertion would, in all likelihood, develop any tendency to disease in a manner which would be really serious. In these days of precocious juvenility people seem disposed to think that children may, with profit to themselves, join in all the occupations and employments of adults, and they are too apt altogether to lose sight of the fact that such a thing as a physical unfitness may exist. A friend of mine, a doctor, and a most ardent advocate of cycling for women, refuses to let any one of his large family of girls really take to constant riding till after they have reached the age of seventeen. Then he encourages them to take to cycling with an earnestness which bids fair to see them in the saddle every day of their lives. — *Violet Lorne in News*.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

NOT A PROFESSIONAL.

Editor Cycle: We note a misconception going the rounds by which McCurdy is accused of being a professional on account of being paced by young Wiswell, on his last twenty-four-hour ride. Now, McCurdy does n't care a rap whether he is a promateur or a professional, but we dislike to see assertions of this kind made without foundation.

The inference is that Wiswell was Hendee's trainer in the Columbia team, but we fear that Cornish, who trained and cared for Hendee during the season of '86, would take exceptions to the same. We might as well say that Atkins was trainer for somebody in the team, simply because he was with them during the year. Wiswell acted in an inferior capacity, and we fail to see why he should be called trainer, and dubbed professional under the rules. VET.

"VET" need not be disturbed. There was no gate money nor prize dependent upon the result of McCurdy's ride, and therefore it does n't matter who made the pace. We have an official decision from the A. C. U. Racing Board to this effect. — ED.]

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THANKSGIVING over, we look forward to Christmas; but alas! there is little that is attractive to a wheelman for wheelman's purposes in the mid-winter holiday. We rest

idly upon our wheels at that time, and our only delight is in the anticipation of the next season.

I WAS puzzling my brain for a subject to write about this week when there came to me a letter in response to my call for assistance in the last paper. It came from one who is an ardent cyclist, and one who thoroughly believes that there is much pleasure in "mixed" runs. He was with us on many of our trips, and he has done much to interest ladies in cycling. I will give you what he says just as he set it down.

Dear Daisie: Your invitation to lady riders to become lady writers in the last number makes me wish I was a woman. Alas I am not, and, therefore, must take a back seat (on a tandem). But I have an itching to write, even if I write for the waste basket, — not being a woman, — particularly as I want to tell you something about feminine tricycling in the city of Washington. First let me state two self-evident truths, — that Washington city is a veritable wheel-woman's paradise, and that the Nation's capital possesses more pretty girls to the square rod than any city in the country, Boston excepted, *of course*. Now, the inference would suggest itself that the magnificent streets of Washington must be dazzling panoramas of feminine loveliness on wheels at any hour of the day or evening. But alack and alas! the ladies of Washington are just about two years behind the times. They ride chiefly in the evening, because they are so precious afraid of incurring the displeasure of dyspeptic Mrs. Grundy. They ride in bad form, — those that I noticed, — partly because they know little of modern high grade machines, and partly because they do not ride enough in company to get "points" from each other. The advantage of distinctive wheel costumes — skirts and headwear — has never, apparently, presented itself. One used to touring with the strong lady riders of Eastern Massachusetts misses sadly the picturesqueness, beauty, and fitness of Eastern costumes. Then, too, lady and gentlemen tandem riders, at least as far as my observation went, do not seem to regard a correspondence in attire at all necessary, and there was such a riding-home-from-business air about the whole proceeding that I felt I had found the *prose* of feminine tricycling, after spending a blissful summer and autumn amid its poetry nearer the shores of old Massachusetts Bay. Likewise it seemed to me that it was an amusement for very young girls rather than for women, as the first-named class were in the ascendancy decidedly. Far be it from me to unjustly criticise in the premises, but I do think it a vast field for missionary labor, and I wish you would describe some actual wheel costumes that you and I have seen in some future issue, and, at the same time, encourage our pretty sisters in the District of Columbia to come out boldly on the wheeling question, and, if necessary, ride Mrs. Grundy down.

The Capital Club has lately built one of the most homelike and comfortable clubhouses that I have ever seen. The members are enthusiastic road riders, and, at the same time, are whole-souled, chivalrous fellows

who appreciate woman's society. Won't you just give them a hint, Daisie, regarding the advisability of booming feminine tricycling in the Capital next spring that their reward may be great. I think the girls only need encouragement, good wheels, and good teachers to enable them to lead the whole country in this form of healthful sport. Tell them to study upon the tricycle question, and discard the cumbersome old wheels of three or four years ago (even if the lighter, more modern affairs do cost a little more), when purchasing mounts for their ladies. Tell them that the girls should not ride *a la Belva Lockwood*, but should *stand over their work* with cranks just long enough for power, and without suspicion of a lack of grace in knee action. Tell them how *we* ride, and what rare good times *we* have, and how pretty *we* look when a dozen or more of us get out upon the road together bent upon health and recreation. But for heaven's sake don't tell them the name of your

CORRESPONDENT.

My correspondent has given me a text which I may talk to in another letter. Our friends the G—s who were with us on the North Shore trip are now located in Washington, and I believe no better missionaries could be found, if missionaries are wanted in the Capital. Mrs. G. is a strong rider, and she dresses in a way at once attractive and inconspicuous, if you will allow this seeming paradox.

DAISIE.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

THE weather and roads for the past two months have been all that a cyclist could wish for, and the boys have not been slow to take advantage of this fact, and, as a consequence, rides to the adjacent towns have been much more frequent than usual. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are many of our riders whose runs have been confined entirely to the six or eight miles of shell road and five or six miles of asphalt immediately in or around the city. This, however, may be due to the character of the country roads, which are, as is the system throughout the South, "worked" but once a year, and then left pretty much to themselves, so you can judge of their character; but, as I have said, this year genuine road rides have been much more frequent than is customary, and several runs of forty or fifty miles have been made, which, roads considered, are equal to sixty or seventy mile runs on good roads, such as are plentiful in the north and east.

C. M. FAIRCHILD, of the N. O. B. C., has probably done more actual road work than any other local rider. He is endeavoring to compile a road book for this State, and has explored a number of new roads since undertaking the task.

FAIRCHILD will in all probability capture the club medal for the member rolling up the greatest mileage during the year. Since his return he has done a great deal more riding than either of his companions on the late New Orleans to Boston tour, which ride placed them well ahead of almost all of our local wheelmen.

IT does seem as if fate has ordained that the Hill fifty-mile medal is never to be contested for. There has been a number of false alarms, and that is all. The latest, that one of the Crescent wheelmen was to accept Mr. Hill's challenge, also seems likely to come to naught, the fall rains having commenced, and the gentleman who was said to be about to accept the challenge unwell. And so it goes; but then we have learned to labor and to wait, so we will wait.

MR. FRANKLIN, I learn, is thinking of putting the Southern twenty-four-hour record up a notch or two. At present it is but 102 miles (really a twelve hours' ride), so it will not prove a very difficult task.

MR. R. LEE COONEY, a member of the Atlanta Wheelmen, and formerly of the N. O. B. C., "committed matrimony" in this city a week or two since. Suppose a tandem is now in order.

ONE thing more, Mr. Editor, and then I am done. What has become of your Memphis (Tenn.) correspondent? More than a month has passed since he has been last heard from, and then he promised to write at least once a month.

DI.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., 23 Nov. 1886.

PENCILLED JOTTINGS.

THE Everett Club held their first ball, Friday evening (19 Nov.), at Library Hall, and their efforts were attended with success.

REPRESENTATIVES from many local clubs attended, a very good supper was served, and the committee's hand-painted badges showed up to advantage.

A RECENT paragraph in the *Globe* remarking on the great number of dances or Cinderellas a prominent English wheelman would feel obliged to attend said, that around Boston, a person might enjoy a season's entertainments in a week, including a couple of days to recuperate.

NOW, I think the writer of that note a little absent-minded, for so far, we have had dances by the Melrose, Cambridge, Ramblers, Everett, and Somerville Clubs, not to mention the athletic entertainments held by the Massachusetts Club, and sociables and card parties held by the various clubs.

THE *Bi. World* wants some manufacturer to put on the market a bicycle with a larger rear wheel, to satisfy their curiosity as to whether such a machine would not be more comfortable, as well as safer than the present style.

THERE is little doubt but that such a machine would be an improvement, as far as comfort and safety goes, for, of course, the larger the rear wheel, the less the vibration, but it also hurts the graceful lines of a bicycle, and that has already proved to be so great an objection that the manufacturers will run no risks.

LEAGUE officers are requested to send a stamp to Frank Egan, New York, for particulars regarding how to get rich.

CHARLEY HOWARD, the Boston *Globe* bicycle editor, left last week per steamer, for Baltimore, where he will spend a few weeks vacation.

By official count, I am informed that a prominent cyclist in Boston wears a different pair of trowsers each day. Prizes offered as to his identity.

THE Bubones Rotandes, that club of the secret order, held an anniversary dinner last week, but the returns fail to state where.

CAN there be found, outside of those peculiarly interested in the business, a cyclist who, when the subject of large profits to the manufacturer and dealer is discussed, is not apt to expatiate on the gains?

PURCHASING of cycles has now practically stopped for the season, and a visit to the warerooms would show employees busy only on odds and ends which bring the concern no income. Yet the expenses are just as heavy as if they were doing a rushing business.

A RETROSPECT for the last five years might give an insight to the successful mode of conducting a cycle business in the future.

WHERE are the old familiar names once so prominent in the trade? The Cunningham Co., Chas. R. Percival, Wm. M. Wright, R. V. R. Schuyler, Richard Garvey, and others. Why, without enough capital, they depended on the large profits made in summer and used up in winter.

NOW notice Wm. Read & Sons, and Stoddard, Lovering & Co. Their bicycle department is run in connection with their regular business, and therein lies their success.

I WILL prophesy that in no long time, with the coming reduction of prices, all the dealers will, for the winter, branch out in a new line.

How funny it would sound to read in a report of a dance, by some local bicycle club, that the first part of the evening was taken up by a conjurer, and that eight waltzes out of seventeen dances were altogether too few. Yet, "that's English, yer know."

CHARLEY HOWARD of the *Globe* is spending a few weeks' vacation in Baltimore.

AND he evidently failed to make up his Sunday column before he left.

THE Bubones Rotandes, that club of the mystic order, celebrated its anniversary last week, and during the winter will form a toboggan club.

HALLOA! everybody. Harry Corey has returned from England with his usual batch of reminiscences for the newspapers.

HE says that the Rudge bicyclette, patented in 1878, was, strange to say, the greatest novelty he saw, Mills on one of these machines doing 294½ miles in twenty-four hours.

IT is exceedingly strange to say that Mills rode a Rudge bicyclette, for the English papers unanimously agree that it was an Ivel safety.

NOTHING of importance was done at the last meeting of the Somerville Club with regard to a new clubhouse. Probably nothing will be done until spring.

I HEAR that Pierre Lallement has entered the employ of the Overman Wheel Co., and will go to Chicopee.

IN regard to the opinions of the four champion shooters of Wm. B. Everett & Co., the employees of the Pope Manufacturing Company say, that men with records of twelve bull's eyes, out of a possible ten, are scarce around their concern, but as they are organizing a foot-ball team, perhaps they can do something for them in that line. Address Chas. E. Walker.

IN Herring's solution of the amateur difficulty, he says, providing the amateur wins in a contest with a professional, let a trophy of a fixed, limited value, be purchased with the money prize.

NOW, a pure amateur, one of the real pure kind, who races for ribbons, could never think of accepting a trophy of the value of the whole money prize. Who takes the remainder?

FOR the benefit of public curiosity, I will say, that, provided sufficient inducements are held out to him, Billy Rowe will still continue to break records next year.

PENNSYLA.

A BANQUET TO THOMAS STEVENS.

Mr. Knight L. Clapp, the secretary of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, has written a letter to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the editor of *Outing*, tendering, on the part of his club, a complimentary banquet to the great wheelman, in the following words:—

"Recognizing the enterprise, ability, and courage of Mr. Stevens, whose trip 'Round the World on a Bicycle,' is worthy to rank among the most remarkable feats of modern or even more ancient times, the Citizens' Bicycle Club desires to express its appreciation of those manly qualities, and to congratulate this daring traveler, who has in so unique a manner shown the possibilities of the wheel, on the safe and successful completion of his arduous labors.

"We therefore tender to Mr. Stevens, through you, his metropolitan representative, a complimentary banquet, to be given upon his shortly anticipated arrival in this city."

THE CLUB.

THE new Brookline Cycle Club has the following executive officers: G. M. Stearns, president; H. A. Cushman, vice-president; F. M. Seamans, secretary; F. A. Singleton, treasurer. W. K. Corey, Esq., is road captain.

THE PATH.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 25 Nov.; Road race under auspices of the Memphis Cycle Club; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and return over a hilly macadam road; R. W. Slossen (1), 32.32; Wade Hampton (2), 32.32 $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE first bicycle race of wheelmen in New Bedford came off Thanksgiving morning, over the course around the Point road, for two prizes, — a silver medal and a tool box. The distance covered was four and a third miles, and the contestants finished as follows: Kempton Tripp, 19.10; Henry Ellison, 19.28; Walter Wade, 20.10; Albert Sazard, 20.20; Edgar Lincoln, time not taken.

MORGAN and Woodside have been matched to ride one hundred miles, at a dollar a mile. Fifty dollars a side are already up.

JACK PRINCE and Fred Shaw are to ride twenty-five miles, at Omaha, the latter receiving one quarter of a mile start.

MORGAN and Schock will start on a six-day race 10 Dec.

ALL sorts of races for all sorts of distances and all sorts of prizes may now be expected at Minneapolis.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILES ON THE ROAD. — Who made it? Read the answer in the Stars, and then say, if you can, that the Star is not a good long-distance machine. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nicked or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 598, Fall River, Mass.

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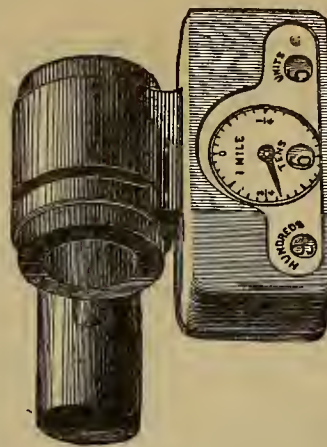
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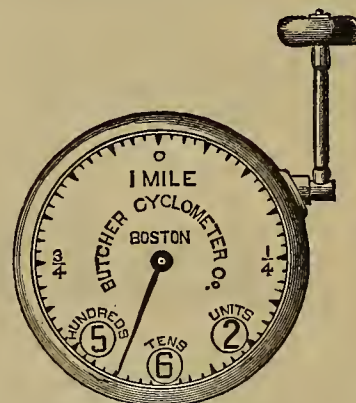
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I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.

To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."

Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

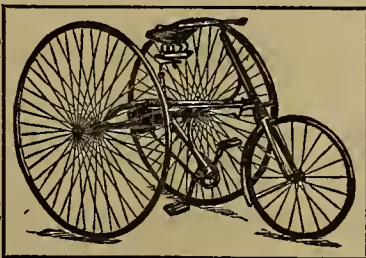
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