

# The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 7.

BOSTON, MASS., 12 NOVEMBER, 1886.

FIVE 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.

# WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why records made on a 22-pound Racing Wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface— we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

## THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

to-day holds every World's Record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **STILLMAN C. WHITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 18th and 19th. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the times:—

		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>5</sub>
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record.)	6	1	15
150	.	10	28	52
200	.	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>5</sub>

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the **WORLD**, you must come to us.

## GORMULLY & JEFFERY

*Manufacturers of the AMERICAN CYCLES,*

**CHICAGO, ILL.**



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

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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*New York*, ELLIOTT MASON, 12 Warren Street.

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*Washington*, H. S. OWEN, Capital Cycle Co.

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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 are having a repetition of last year's proceedings on the part of the English wheelmen. They come over here to win prizes and take nearly all the best ones. They then ask to have their expenses paid, and when they find that this little scheme will not work, they come out with letters accusing Americans of shameful treatment. The English papers are publishing letters from James and Wood which go to show that the American clubs did not allow themselves to be bled this year.

THE record season has closed. There are many figures this year but few records. The makers of quick time have run regardless of rules, and no records will go upon the books. Of standard League records there have been none in the bicycle column, and but one in the tricycle. The moral of this is that racers do not run for records in competition, and amateurs cannot afford to run against time. There is one other thing to be looked at in the lists of fast times. All of the American records are held by Americans and by American wheels. Truly, the world do move.

THOMAS STEVENS' trip around the world is about concluded. The bicycle could n't remove the prejudice of the Afghans, and he

had to go by steamer to Hong Kong. Nevertheless, he has done a very plucky feat, and has accomplished what few men would have successfully gone through. He has done one thing that is not generally set down to his credit. He has won the respect of English wheelmen for his heroic achievements. They saw him, and imbibed no end of prejudices. They have seen what he could do, and they now give him all honor.

## OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. MCILWRAITH.

(From *Cyclists' Year Book*.)

From *James Penner*, Glasgow, to *Robert Lithgow*, Dumfries.

"LAST Saturday I was at work upon Herodotus, but after translating mechanically a few paragraphs, I found that I could not fix my attention sufficiently to do anything like satisfactory work, so I gave up studying for the day. I was in need of a little relaxation, and, induced by certain flaming posters which were prominent in the streets, I proceeded Partick-wards to the West of Scotland Cricket Grounds. At these grounds bicycle races were to be held, and as I had seen a goodly number of those machines spinning swiftly over the roads in the neighborhood, and had heard that great speed could be obtained by their use, I determined to spend the afternoon in enjoying the sport and in gratifying my curiosity at the same time. The fact, also, that you are a devotee of the 'wheel' gave me an interest in these matters which perhaps I should not otherwise have felt.

"On getting inside, I took up my position at the 'scratch.' The scene was bright and exhilarating, the sky clear and blue,—which, as you know, is a noteworthy event in Glasgow,—and the cool, crisp October weather made everything seem brisk and sparkling, showing off to the best advantage the flashing of the polished wheels, the gay racing costumes of the riders, the eager faces of the encircling on-lookers, and the uniforms of the band, which, stationed in the centre, discoursed music of an inspiring and enlivening character.

"As the races went on my interest in the sport increased. The placing of the riders, the cry of the starter, 'Are you ready?' the crack of the pistol, followed by the whirling of the wheels under the strong impulsive rush with which the 'cracks' passed the less speedy competitors, amid the shouts of the spectators, and the stirring airs of the band, combined to produce upon me a most inspiring and unexpected effect.

"My interest culminated when the five-mile championship of Scotland was run. In the final heat, when all the best men were matched, the excitement of the spectators was intense. The riders passed and re-passed each other, the crowd shouting out the names of the favorites as each went to the front. One of them stopped, owing to an accident to his pedal, and the race was seen to lie between a member of the Lanarkshire Club and one of the Star. After a close and most exciting race the 'Star' won by six inches, amid the plaudits of the on-lookers. I caught myself yelling and gesticulating like an insane Home Ruler,—a thing at which nobody could be more astonished than was I myself. Nor did it end there, for from that hour I determined to become a bicyclist. Yes, my dear Bob, I am going in for a machine, and mean to become one of the cycling brotherhood. I shall let you know soon how I get along. . . ."

From the same to the same.

" . . . I have at last begun the noble art of self-propulsion. I went to a local agent, who advertises himself as giving lessons in the art, and after the usual preliminaries I was asked to step down-stairs and begin. The practising hall was of rather limited dimensions, and the walls were covered with machines of all sizes and sorts, making me feel that some awkward plunge on my part would be attended with the smashing of no small number of spokes. However, under the guidance of my tutor, I managed to keep clear, and wobbled in a beautifully irregular manner round and round the hall.

"It is a curious feeling one has when, for the first time, he is perched aloft on the top of a thing that has only a thin edge to stand upon, and which is continually falling to one side or the other. I can only compare it to the sensation experienced when you are upon skates for the first time. You know you are going to fall, and all your energies are directed toward providing that you shall fall with the least amount of momentum and consequent discomfort.

"My first lesson lasted for an hour, and during that time I may say that I was chiefly engaged in getting mixed up with the machine, in keeping my tutor shoving and balancing and hauling and struggling to prevent a capsize, in remembering one suggestion and forgetting another, in sliding gracefully over the handles and standing on my hands or head, whichever happened to reach Mother Earth first; so that I ascended into the shop at the hour's end more like a dusty miller than a sleek student of Greek. Whilst being brushed, I made arrangements to meet my tutor in a quiet thoroughfare at an early hour in the morning, so that as few people as possible should witness my astonishing gyrations. . . ."



Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

" . . . I cannot thank you too much, dear Bessie, for the warm-hearted, sympathetic letter you sent in answer to my last. You are a dear, good soul to take such an interest in my poor little troubles, but I assure you that I feel very comfortable indeed in my new sphere, and am as happy as it is possible in the circumstances for me to be.

"Now, my dear Bess, my last letter was of such a lugubrious tone that I must try to make you amends in this one; so I shall actually endeavor to be funny. I have a subject, fortunately, which to me, at least, has been the cause of considerable amusement. The subject is — what do you think? — a young man.

"Punctually every morning, at half-past six there come into our quiet, out-of-the-way street a young gentleman and a bicycle, — the former looking very sleepy, and the latter very unstable. At the same time, from the other direction, comes another person who acts as tutor, and the lesson generally lasts about an hour. Beginners in every subject always appear awkward, — as in skating, in learning the piano, in dancing, and in flirting, but I think learning the bicycle bears off the palm for *gaucherie*.

"How I wish you could be with me these mornings to share my amusement; it would do you good, and would save me the trouble of describing it to you; but I will do my best to give you some idea of it.

"After the usual salutations they set to work. The young gentleman (rather good-looking than otherwise) takes a hasty view of the windows to see whether he is being 'assisted' by any spectators. I always take good care he does n't see me. He then buttons his coat firmly, pushes his hat well down upon his head, and gives himself a general 'pull together,' as I suppose he would say, evidently thinking 'Now for it! faint heart never learned to ride a steel seted.' Placing his left foot on a little projection above the hind wheel, he raises himself gradually and deposits his right leg in the saddle in an exceedingly gentle and persuasive manner, as if he were afraid that his steed was in a resistive mood and inclined to kick. Having got into the saddle, the fun commences. He evidently feels himself at a tremendous and unwonted height above the ground. The expression of his countenance tells you that. The machine seems tipsy. It wobbles to the one side and then to the other, despite the unceasing and frantic efforts of the man to keep it balanced. The rate of speed is that of a funeral procession; the course described is a complicated zigzag. At times the rider seems in a very affectionate mood, for he leans close down upon his supporter and guide, and the latter staggers under the burden. The feet of the rider stop now and then very suddenly; there is a complicated stagger of the whole company; the rider pulls in a Herculean but useless manner at the handles; the teacher's arms and legs are spread out like a frog's, and then comes a crash, and the two men and the machine are sprawling on the ground. The learner picks up his hat, replaces it on his head, and after a laughing remark, mounts once more, and so the pantomime proceeds.

This has gone on for three successive

mornings, and the young gentleman can now totter about after getting fairly started. To-day's lesson was evidently his last. The window being raised to let in the fresh morning air, I overheard the following: —

"Well, so far so good. I can manage now to keep the machine going, and if I could only mount and dismount, I should be all right."

"Yes, you're deen' vera weel. There's no mony o' them learns as quick as you've done."

"I suppose it is n't very difficult to learn to mount."

"Oh, no! ye juist need a little mair practice, an' you'll be a' richt."

"Very well. I think I shall practice by myself now. Meanwhile —"

"Here the operation known amongst men as 'tipping' was gone through, and the two separated. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I am progressing slowly in my efforts to become a bicycler. This morning I took my last lesson, and intend to go it *solus* after this. I have not yet tried the mounting without help; as for the dismounting, I have been practising it most industriously, my average number of dismounts being three or four every five minutes. Mounting is a matter in which, I suppose, no one can assist you. There is nothing for it but pluck and perseverance.

"I have changed this week to new quarters, my friends with whom I have hitherto been living, having gone off to Manchester, where they intend to reside permanently. So, my dear fellow, I am at present a stranger in a strange city, with not a single relative within a hundred miles of me. Sad, is n't it? But, as poor Artemus says, 'Sich is life.' . . ."

Agnes Lester, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

" . . . My handwriting will show you, my dear Bessie, that at the present moment I am in a somewhat excited condition. Such a dreadful thing has happened, and though I am now aware that it is n't so bad as I thought it was at first, still I am shaking all over like an aspen. And it all happened so quickly, and I had to act so much on the spur of the moment, that the thought of ulterior consequences never came into my head, and now I have acted, I am afraid some people would say that I have been a little indiscreet.

"This morning, on looking out at half-past six, I found the young gentleman of whom I wrote to you lately was hard at work as usual. He was entirely alone, — the street was perfectly quiet and deserted. He seemed a little flurried and nettled, and I soon discovered the reason. He could n't get into the saddle. Every time he made the attempt, he either fell or had to jump off. After watching his awkward efforts for a minute or two, I retired, and did not look out again for half an hour afterwards.

"When I did look, my heart gave a bound, and I almost screamed, as I saw that an accident had befallen him. The machine lay on its side near the pavement, and beside it, stretched out at full length, lay the rider, lying perfectly motionless and giving

no sign of life. Not a soul was stirring in the street, not a window-blind was drawn up — evidently I was the only one who saw this frightful thing. In a moment I was in the kitchen, telling Margaret what had happened, and in two minutes we were standing beside the poor young man. I felt sick and squeamish as I saw blood on the pavement, but I summoned all my courage, and bending down, turned his head round and saw that the blood came from a wound on the temple. He was breathing very heavily, and was quite unconscious. With a great deal of trouble we managed to lift him and carry him into the house, depositing him carefully on the couch in the parlor. The young gentleman moaned once or twice, but gave no signs that he was conscious of his surroundings. We stood for several minutes looking alternately at him and at each other, not knowing exactly what to do, when Margaret suggested that a doctor be brought. This restored me to my senses, and I requested her to procure the nearest, and while gone I occupied myself in placing the patient in an easy position, putting a towel underneath his head, to keep the blood off the couch. In a few minutes Margaret returned with the doctor.

He examined our patient carefully, and looked anything but satisfied with the result. He then asked if we knew him, or where he lived, but of this we were totally ignorant. For a minute or two there was silence. The doctor then said the only thing we could do was to send for a policeman, acquaint him with the circumstances, and get the young man removed to the police office and attended by the district surgeon until his friends could be discovered and communicated with. Somehow or other I detested the idea of such a thing being done, and asked if nothing else could be thought of. He considered a minute and then said, —

"Perhaps there is some letter or paper in his pockets which could furnish us with his address. In that case his friends could be acquainted with what has happened."

"After a moment's consultation, the doctor examined the pockets of our patient, but found nothing that could afford any clue as to the whereabouts of his friends. The doctor then returned to his first suggestion, but the sight of the poor fellow's pale suffering face and helpless condition decided me, and I said, not without some inward misgivings, which I could not stop to analyze, that if he would come and attend to him, I would be responsible for everything, and keep him under our roof until he regained consciousness, then we could know for a certainty how to act.

"The doctor agreed to this, and Mrs. Binnie and Margaret set about removing him to one of the bedrooms; and everything being done that could be done for him, the doctor took his departure, but returned to say that the bicycle had better be taken indoors, and not left lying on the pavement.

"Margaret went out to fetch it in, and in a few minutes, hearing a crash, I ran to the door and found her and the machine extended full length upon the gravel path . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I write this with my left hand. There is nothing else left for me to do, as my right is n't right and cannot write.



(Pray forgive this atrocity, but to an invalid who lies most of his time on a sofa, any little pleasantry serves to lighten the monotony of his existence.) I am in a strange house, and attended by people who are perfectly unknown to me. My head is not very clear, and consequently I cannot recall very well the sequence of events during the last three days, but this I know, that the kindness and sympathy of the people in whose house I am, are overpowering.

"Three days ago, I have been informed, I met with a tremendous 'cropper.' I remember that in practising mounting I came violently against the curbstone and went right over the handles. Thereafter all was a blank. I returned to consciousness, or rather semi-consciousness, that afternoon, and found myself here. I wanted to make inquiries, but my hostess insisted on my remaining perfectly quiet, saying I should know all when once I was a little better. She has since told me all. She had accidentally looked out, and seeing me lying unconscious on the pavement, had me removed in-doors and sent for the doctor, and is at this moment sitting at the window looking like — I won't say an angel in disguise, for it is perfectly plain she is one without any disguise.

"And now let me mention the damage sustained, — a dislocated wrist and a smash on the right temple which very nearly produced concussion of the brain. As it is, my head seems to be some detached portion of my body, and appears every now and then to take a tremendous giddy whirl into some unknown region, running off with everything in the shape of thought or memory, and leaving me only with the consciousness of seeing a pretty young face and a kindly old one looking down at me with much visible sympathy.

"As I do not wish to burden these worthy people with my troublesome presence any longer than is necessary, I have made arrangements to be removed to my lodgings just as soon as it will be safe for me to do so. I have sent word to the folks at home, and expect Tom to put in an appearance this evening. When I tell you, dear Bob, that I have taken nearly an hour to complete this scrawl, you will, I know, excuse my writing any more. Besides, Miss Lester (my hostess) peremptorily commands a cessation of my literary labor, and enforces her command by telling Margaret to remove the writing materials and substitute a tray covered with various tempting delicacies. . . ."

(To be Continued.)

## CYCLETs.

"OLD PROBABILITIES" has lost his cunning. He who now places any dependence on him gets wet.

WE had to ride eighteen miles in a hard rain last Saturday because we took Old Prob's word for it that it was to be a fair day.

It was a club run, for all the machines were Clubs.

WE saw a wheelman racing with a club the other day. It belonged to a policeman who carried it in a very threatening way.

ATTENTION is called to the special sale of H. A. Smith & Co., advertised in another column. They will make it an object for any one to buy now.

GREAT BRITAIN is said to have 315,000 cyclists.

THERE will be races at Philadelphia Thanksgiving day.

NEW YORK State has over 1,800 members of the L. A. W.

FRED FOSTER, of Canada, recently came in second in a five-mile handicap, when the winner had a mile start, and on a rough track. He was beaten one hundred yards.

THE Columbia team has closed its season and gone into winter quarters.

THE A. C. U. has accepted all of Whitaker's records.

VIRGINIA has organized a League Division.

PLANS are being made for the erection of the tobogganing slide and enclosure of the grand stand at the Roseville bicycle track.

THE Massachusetts Club will entertain the ladies on Saturday evening, 20 Nov.

THE health of Mr. A. L. Atkins is so impaired that he will be compelled to leave this climate. He will probably winter in southern California.

A LITERARY entertainment will be given at the Massachusetts Clubhouse on Saturday evening.

THE League membership is now 10,200.

J. F. LANG, S. L. Truesdale, and F. S. Hitchcock have been reinstated by the L. A. W. Racing Board.

MCCURDY has got to the head once more, and on a fifty-mile course, too. Ives may now come back from Indiana.

A RACE between Hanlan, Hosmer, Gaudaur and Lee on rowing tricycles is talked of for the coming winter.

A WHEELMAN was complaining that he often slipped his pedal, and asked the dealer if he had n't a pair of grip-pedals that his toe would fit into. "We had them once," said the dealer, "but it did n't pay to keep them, for wheelmen would rather see such things in *toe fit* than on their wheels.

A MAN has left \$10,000 to Harvard College for a gate. Such a gate as that would bring joy to the heart of a tournament manager.

"I DON'T like to see the cycling press washing its dirty linen in public," said Growzer. "Oh, never mind," said Bangs; "it's only a little paper choler."

"TAKING a morning roll" is what a friend of ours calls his morning run. We notice that if he does n't take a rub down when he returns, that he is a little coughy.

THE *Cyclist* Christmas number for 1886, will be entirely different from its immediate predecessors, for it will contain a large lot of miscellaneous matter, and be a reliable reference book besides. It will contain a very large number of illustrations.

HARRY CORNISH (Hendee's trainer) has advertised for a partner to do a sparring act with him at variety theatres, the coming winter. He was in the business last season, and is said to have made big hits.

THE *News* recommends the addition of a teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup of tea, to get a first class drink.

THE Victorian Cyclists' Union has drawn up a list of over 2,000 distinctive colors and designs for use at race meetings, and each competitor must register one of these as the color he always intends to run in. The racing costume consists of plain white knickerbockers, black socks, and a colored silk jockey cap, sash, hoops or spots, and a sleeved vest or jacket. The fines for not appearing in proper costume are very heavy.

SCENE: Blacksmith's shop. Enter cyclist. C.: "Can you straighten my crank? It won't pass the fork." B.: "Yes, sir." Fetches large screw hammer, fixes it on crank, and commences by violent jerks to remedy the defect. C. (agitated): "You're not injuring the bearings, I hope?" "Never mind the bearings, sir, so long as the crank is straightened!" Cyclist leaves shop with doubts as to blacksmith's knowledge of things cyclical. — *Wheeling*.

DR. FURNIVALL, father of Percy, is eighty-one years old, but he has won three prizes in rowing races the present season.

It was race or pay a fine for members of the Jamaica Plain Club, last Tuesday, in their club races. This is a new way to raise money for the prizes.

THE Somerville Cycle Club held a social assembly at Odd Fellows Hall on Tuesday evening last.

THE Stanley Show will be held the last week in January.

CON DWYER, the Australian champion, has had a serious fall, and his racing days are over for the present.

THOMAS STEVENS reached Hong Kong 4 October, having taken steamer from Calcutta. He was refused permission to cross Afghanistan, and had to reach Hong Kong in this way. He will ride to Canton and to Shanghai, and from the latter place will take the steamer to Japan.

ALBERT KENNEDY CHILD will fill the place of Mr. Robert Garden at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company. Mr. Garden succeeds Major Durell at Chicago.

THE *Irish Cyclist* sees in the safety machine with equal size wheels the machine of the future. It is easier to mount and dismount, and one escapes the excessive vibration of the small wheel.

A NEWARK mechanic has been experimenting for several months on a sectional rubber tire for bicycle wheels. He claims that it will outlast a dozen ordinary rubber tires, and will be superior in every way.

SAYS the CYCLE: "We think Massachusetts could send out a team that would beat the world — Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Rhodes, Gaskell, Hunter, Adams. Match them." We will. What say you to Howell, Wood, Furnivall, Gatehouse, Speechly, Illston, Allard? — *Cyclist*.



# WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why Records made on a 38-pound road Racing Wheel, and on an exceedingly smooth racing surface—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a real Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

## THE AMERICAN STAR

to-day holds the World's Record on the road above 100 miles to 305 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **ALFRED A. McCURDY**, near Boston, Nov. 5 and 6. The run was made on a 50-mile surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the Times:

Miles.								Hours.	Min.	Sec.
50	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	04	00
100	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6	28	25
150	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	24	30
200	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	14	35	00
250	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18	58	00
300	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23	38	00
305	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23	57	45

The latter magnificent record is about 46 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. Record by Munger; about 24 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 18 miles better than McCurdy's own record, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however; and 5 miles better than Whittaker's record, made on straightaway sandpapered roads.

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**FASTEST** { **ON THE ROAD.**  
**UP THE HILL.**  
**DOWN THE HILL.**

**H. B. Smith Machine Co.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE AMERICAN STAR CYCLES,

SMITHVILLE, N. J.

**W. W. STALL - - 509 Tremont Street, Boston,**

AGENT FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.



A QUEER lawsuit was recently tried before an English judge. A cyclist who was stopping at a hotel overnight, was referred to the stable-keeper for accommodations for his bicycle. The next morning, on preparing to start, he found that his machine had been stolen. Unable to obtain satisfaction from the landlord, he carried his case into court, where the defendant claimed that he was not responsible, as the stables were owned and conducted by another party. The judge, however, ruled that the stables were used in connection with the hotel, and awarded to the plaintiff damages to the amount of £15.

BROOKLYN wheelmen are asking for additional privileges on the drives in Prospect Park. They should have them. At present they are only allowed on the west drive. Bicycles and tricycles are essentially vehicles, and their place is where other vehicles go. The objection that some horses may be frightened by the glittering wheels is groundless. No horse that shies at a bicycle should be driven in the parks. Let the drives be thrown open to men and women who ride wheels. This is asked as a privilege now. It will be demanded as a right by-and-by. — *Tribune*.

THE outcome of the exhibition race at Madison Square Garden, New York, some months ago, in which C. M. Anderson was to do the lightning change act on horses, while William M. Woodside and John Brooks alternated on bicycles, has been the entering by the cyclists, of a suit in the city court of Brooklyn, against Charles Z. Pund, who, it is alleged, became responsible for the payment to each of them of the sum of \$500, which was to be their certain reward for the labor performed in the so-called match.

THE arguments against the abolition of the amateur rule will, of course, be numerous, but on careful consideration I can think of but one which will have any weight. That one is, the trouble likely to result from the opposition of other athletic bodies — and a very serious trouble, too. Hundreds of members of the L. A. W. are also members of other bodies, and there are many of them who, rather than be placed on the same footing with men who have ridden for cash, would withdraw from the League, and nestling under the wing of the other body, — say the N. A. A. A., for instance, — would still lay claim to amateurism. There would inevitably be a split in the ranks, and the side which opposed the abolition of the rule, would be liable to form an association of their own, and attempt to legislate for the cycling community. — *Kennington, in Journal*.

THE following advertisement appeared in an English paper: "To the Lord's Stewards. On account of the great distress and poverty in the North of England, we are compelled to appeal for a tricycle, that we may save railway expenses. If any of our friends have one that they would like to devote to the service of God, they may now do so, and the gift would be gratefully received. If unable to give a tricycle, any amount towards helping to purchase one may be contributed. A good one would take us twenty miles per day, without making us too tired for the meetings. Help may be sent to Major Rapkin, District Headquarters, 10, Millbank street, Stockton-on-Tees."

LATE cycling patents reported by N. I. Collamer, Attorney in Patent Causes, Washington, D. C.: J. D. Gibbons and C. D. Meneely, West Troy, N. Y., bicycle; J. Henry, Louisville, Ky., tricycle; G. P. Hiler, Grand Haven, Mich., ice velocipede; Thomas Humber, Beeston, Eng., velocipede; H. W. Libbey, Boston, Mass., velocipede; C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, Southwark, Eng., speed and power gearing for velocipedes; N. Merrill, New York, velocipede pedal; W. M. Smith, Bad Axe, Mich., tricycle; J. C. Zimmerman, Elmira, N. Y., tricycle seat.

AT the council meeting of the N. C. U. on the 14th, a printed list of riders under suspension for various causes was handed round. This list is as follows: Under rule 65 (makers' amateurism), F. W. Allard, A. P. Engleheart, R. H. English, J. E. Fenlon, E. Hale, J. Lee, E. Oxborrow; rule 67 (competing with suspended men), F. S. Buckingham, H. Inskip, W. Powell, A. Spiers; rule 73 (competing at a meeting not under N. C. U.), E. S. Adams, W. Broad, T. H. Cuff, J. J. Dence, R. Elliott, C. J. Greenstrut, F. Greenstrut, R. Harvey, F. W. J. Johnson, J. Lawson, H. Masters, C. Page, E. Philpot, J. Pringle, A. E. Rigden, W. Rye, W. Solly, F. Thomas, J. Webber, E. Wood, S. Wraight, W. Wright; rule 79 (non-payment of entrance fee), R. V. Asbury, H. Roberts, F. Starr, F. R. Wakely; rule 80 (false information on entry form), H. Hudson, H. H. Sansom, and H. Taylor.

THE writer who stated that the skill of a rider has little to do with the ease with which a bicycle "coasts" downhill, shows a woful lack of knowledge regarding the matter. The skill of a rider has a great deal to do with it, — how he sits upon the saddle, whether he leans backward or forward, the position of his legs, the steadiness with which the machine is guided by the handle-bar, — all these little matters count. Indeed, barring the matter of simple strength in coasting, the skilful rider has as much advantage over the unskilful rider as he does in climbing a hill. — *Globe*.

WE know we come back to old ideas after a time, and have to acknowledge occasionally that old-fashioned plans have a good deal more in them than new-fangled people have an idea of, but we were hardly prepared to go back quite as far as the dark ages of cycling to find a new material for a wheel. We have only recently harked back to the old boneshaker pattern bicycle in the Rover, with the difference of driving the rear wheel; but whoever would have believed that wood once again would be advocated for the construction of wheels? But it has, and by an American firm, too, — the Sterling Cycle Company. This wood is second-growth hickory, flexible, but unbreakable, and a wheel made of this material, with steel and leather tires, weighs but five and a quarter pounds as against eleven and a half pounds for a wheel of the same size made of steel and rubber. Such a wheel is pronounced capable of standing ten times the strain the wire one would. We are hardly prepared to welcome such innovations just yet as wooden wheels and leather tires, but it is as well to warn our readers of the latest stride we have made towards gaining that perfection which must come in time. — *News*.

ON Sunday last, Gideon Haynes was at his home in South Boston, when he received a telegram stating that his child was very sick in Hingham, where the boy was visiting with his mother. It being Sunday there was very few trains on the railway, and none that would leave for several hours. Had there been a train Haynes would have spent half an hour in the horse-cars to the depot, an hour on the train, and half an hour to walk to the house, or two hours in all. As it was, he mounted his bicycle and started for Hingham, fifteen miles, arriving at his destination in just fifty-five minutes from the time he started. Another case of the bicycle beating steam. The baby was found to be much better, and is now doing well.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS will publish in a few days a book of interest to all cyclers, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. The title is so quaint that we copy it in full: "Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome. Delivered under the Similitude of a Ride, wherein is discovered, the Manner of their Setting Out, Their Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired City." The book is embellished with twenty full-page illustrations, and readers who followed the authors on their pilgrimage from London to Canterbury will be eager to continue the journey.

CHATTING one day with the pensioned-off stud-groom of Lord Palmerston, at Broadlands, who was lamenting the absence of horseflesh from the place during the reign of the old lord's pious successor, we pleaded the latter's possession of at least one very pretty bay hack. "Yes," said the old trainer, "she's got a good top, but no legs." Alas! the mare was rather groggy. Now, with cyclists, just the opposite fault is to be found. As a rule they've got good legs but no top. Their loins and legs are splendidly developed, but their chests and arms are not. The way in which racing men, and all fast riders lean over their handles, as we admit they are right in doing, cramps their chests, confines their bone-case within its narrowest limits, and gives no fair chance to their heart and lungs to work freely. Just look at a lot of cyclists alongside of a set of scullers, cricketers, or boxers, and notice the striking difference in the development of the upper part of the bodies of each. There are, of course, exceptions to the general rule, for some cyclists are good all-round athletes, but most of them are sadly lacking in their top. And yet they ought to be as good above as they are below, for in cycling, as in all other sports, it is wind and heart that fail first. We speak of racing. It is plain, then, that cycling needs some other sport to complement it, and the one we urge on cyclists is sculling, wherever it is possible. Rowing will not do; it develops the two sides of the body unequally. Gymnastics and boxing should, of course, be practised in the evening in towns; but wherever a river is within outing distance, thither on half and whole day holiday should cyclists resort, and, pulling a long sweeping stroke, develop their chest and arms with a pair of sculls, equally and equably, in single or double sculling boats, and sculling fours and eights, if they can but get them. — *Cyclist*.



MR. WALTER PHILLIPS last week showed us a new adjustable bicycle handle he has patented. It is of the spade variety, and fastens with a split lug to the end of the handle-bar, also working on a swivel bolt sideways, the tightening screw which locks the lug on the handle-bar also securing the bolt in its place. By loosening this screw the handle can be turned right round in any direction and set at any angle and position desired, so that the rider can not only experiment in handle positions, but when he has found the best place for his own particular taste, lock it in that position and keep it there. — *Cyclist*.

#### FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THE glow of a golden Autumn  
Has faded to ashen-gray ;  
The sheaves of a plenteous harvest  
Are gathered and stored away ;  
The song of the reaper is ended,  
The meadows are cold and chill,  
While a haze, as of Indian Summer,  
Hangs over the vale and hill.

NOVEMBER is now full upon us. It is of all the months most fickle from a cyclist's point of view. Every other month has had its crown and its poet, from maiden May, to hoary December, but only Hood has dared to woo the muse in the interest of November, and his wooing was such that the month is not looked forward to with any degree of satisfaction.

You go out dressed in thin clothing to suit the morning sunshine, and come back drenched with a cold rain. You wrap yourself in flannels and furs to brave the nipping wintry wind, and in an hour find a blazing

sun overhead and the perspiration streaming from every pore.

THE wild ivy that draped your neighbor's house through the fall with royal crimson, on the first day of November turns into a web of dry sticks, through which the red bricks glare tediously at you.

To the cyclist the month is especially fickle. He may be able to wheel under perfect skies till December days, or his riding may come to an abrupt close per force of a snow storm early in the month. It was only a few years ago that a heavy snow storm closed the roads on the 17th of November. True, the month gives us good riding weather if it lets us go out-doors at all, but there is an uncertainty about the season that makes us hurry to get in all the fun we can before the doors of nature are closed to us.

I AM saying "good-by" to all the old familiar spots that summer has endeared to me. There is Castle Rock, whose summit I have climbed to many a time during the warm summer months to woo the grateful breezes that cross it. Now the gentle breezes are changed to cold chilly winds that we had best not encounter. The beaches, Winthrop, Sale's, Crescent, Revere, and Chelsea, are now all desolate, and we go to them only under great difficulties and then only to get a sight of the surf that the heavy gales throw upon the shores.

THE rain of last week interfered seriously with the plans of those who were thinking of a short tour supplementary to the North

Shore run. I hear of several projected excursions, though none have as yet taken definite form. I sincerely hope that the snow will not find us with the record of no more outings.

MERRIE WHEELER told us an interesting tale, but I think all will not agree with her that those of the party who did not go to Newburyport made a mistake. The tale of the journey of the six hardy riders who carried out the whole programme is one of great hardship and little pleasure. It is no doubt a thing to be proud of that they conquered the elements and went the whole trip, but to do it they had much hard riding under adverse circumstances. While they were standing on their pedals to push against a heavy wind, the homeward-bound party were going before the wind and having a very jolly time. In fact they enjoyed the run so much that they made a detour from the straight road and added three miles to their journey. I think we had the better time, and for this we are willing to forego the better record.

VIOLET LORNE of the *News* has fairly lost her temper at the idea of American women attaching a bow of ribbon to the head of the little wheel of their tricycles. I mentioned in a recent number that the Chelsea ladies placed a simple bow upon their wheels to match the trimming of their suits, and this is what has come of it from the pen of the *News* correspondent.

"AMERICAN ladies have adopted a fashion of decorating the front of their tricycles with

# SINGER'S CYCLES.

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

## APOLLO

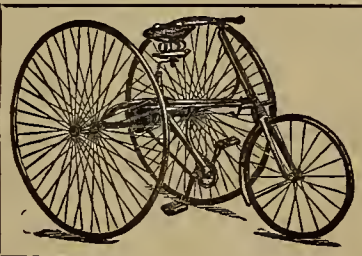
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.  
To say that I am pleased  
with the Apollo is very mildly  
putting it. I can find only two  
words that can express my  
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."  
Yours, etc.,  
FRED. BRIGHAM.

## 20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.  
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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bows of bright-colored ribbon. The taste of so much ornamentation is worse than questionable. There are certain things in this world which, as Mr. Ruskin says of railway stations, have no business to be adorned. Their simplicity and utility are their claims to beauty, and inappropriate decorations merely vulgarize them. Certainly, the cycle is one of these things. Any ornament, apart from the shape and construction, is altogether at variance with the character of the iron steed, and a mere purposeless bit of dainty embellishment has a vulgar appearance."

"THERE is something characteristic of the feminine American mind in the very idea. Transatlantic women have a passion for incongruous decoration; a devotion to flying ends and wild bits of adornment in their very costume, which offends an Englishwoman's ideal of neatness and simplicity. The mind of the average American wheelwoman would totally fail to grasp the reasons why ribbon bows on a tricycle should be a breach of every canon of good taste; and if this sort of thing goes on, we may expect to see tricycles painted Nile-green, picked out with silver or cardinal, striped with old gold, while the wheels may be elegantly covered with lace frills and feather *aigrettes*."

"THEN there are flowers. It's a wonder American women haven't yet had the inspiration of providing floral decorations for their new toys since they play so important a part in their own toilettes. Last spring, New York belles were wearing a choice selection of from twenty to twenty-five roses (leaves and stalks largely displayed) upon the front of their gowns; hot-house roses, and at a cost of something extensive each rose. And it is by no means an unusual thing for an American woman of fashion to spend from £50 to £100 per annum on cut flowers for her own person. No doubt her cycle will soon have its bouquet of Cape jasmine, or its trail of water-lily blossom to match her own."

I THINK I need say nothing in answer to all this. The writer is so violent in her denunciation that she defeats her own end. The American ladies have not approached vulgarity in what they have done. There is in every feminine mind a love for the beautiful, and this will assert itself. There is a point beyond which the decoration of one's wheel or the ornamentation of one's costume will appear vulgar, but a single bright bow does not reach that point.

I HAVE a great respect for the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, and am willing to accept his views on many points, but I think I could take him to some of the pretty railway stations in the vicinity of Boston, and convince him that even these may be made beautiful under the skilful hands of the architect and the horticulturist, and that being beautiful they are by no means vulgarized.

DAISIE.

#### TEAM ROAD RACING ASSOCIATION.

A SPECIAL meeting of the association was held on Friday, 29 Oct., to consider the protests entered by the Elizabeth Wheel-

men and the Orange Wanderers, against allowing the Hudson County Wheelmen to compete.

The Hudson County team included Joseph Powell and W. I. Wilhelm. These men were objected to as not being local riders. The constitution of the association provides that all clubs joining it must be located within thirty miles of New York City. This provision, of course, means that all members of clubs in it must reside within the same limits. Powell and Wilhelm live at a much greater distance, and it was claimed that they ought not to be allowed to compete.

Eight clubs were represented at the special meeting. Six voted to sustain the protest, and two against it. The two voting against it said that they were opposed to allowing the men to ride; but that they thought that they ought not to be ruled out without definite statement in the constitution that club members must reside within the limits prescribed for the clubs themselves. As a result of the action taken, the Hudson County Wheelmen entered no team.

The race came off on election day on the Milburn Irvington course, five miles repeated five times. The macadam was in unusually good condition, owing to the recent rains, and the weather very fine. The start was made one hour and three quarters behind time. Five clubs started,—Brooklyn, Harlem, Ilderan, Elizabeth, and Kings County.

Hall (K. C. W.) finished first, 1.37.12; Valentine (K. C. W.) second, 1.38.57; Greeman (I. B. C.) third; Halstead (H. W.) fourth; Hawkins (B. B. C.) fifth; Bridgman (K. C. W.) sixth; L. B. Bonnett (E. W.) seventh; Bradley (I. B. C.) eighth; Weber (K. C. W.) ninth; Richardson (I. B. C.) tenth.

Kings County scored eighty-six points out of a possible ninety-four, and so holds the cup for another six months. Their team rode well, and won easily. The time is over four minutes better than that made last June, but the difference in the condition of the road will account for at least two minutes of it.



THE SPECIAL DIAMOND WRENCH.

MANUFACTURED BY C. H. LAMSON, PORTLAND, ME.

WE have received from Mr. Lamson, a very convenient and a very pretty wrench, of which the above cut gives a good idea. The wrench is quickly adjusted to any size of nut, the movable jaw being pushed along by the fingers and the large thumb nut tightened against it, giving a vise grip. There are two sets of jaws, the one being plain and the other containing a V in each jaw so that a square nut can be taken in and gripped. The jaws open one and an eighth inches, and the whole wrench is five and a half inches long. The wrench will be a very popular one with wheelmen, for it is easily manipulated and works very effectively. It is sold for seventy-five cents, bright, or \$1.00 when nickeled.

MANY wheelmen and tennis players experience great vexation in keeping their stockings in position. The "Z & S" supporter does this effectually and with comfort to the wearer. The price is but 65 cents per pair. Get them of your dealer, or of Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J.

#### DOWN SOUTH.

I HAVE just been reading your lessons on the Springfield tournament. Your lessons are good, and if all your scholars are as apt as I, they will at once see the force of your remarks, and it will not take them long to take it in and indorse it. Class races are no doubt the best way to satisfy all parties concerned, and give each man a fair show.

DR. BLACKHAM is a plain, outspoken man, has his own way of thinking, and speaks it out. In reading the report of the Board of Officers meeting, I was amused at the discussion brought about by this same Dr. B. He upholds his side of the case in a strong way, but he speaks, in the latter part of his letter to you, as though these organizations could take a man's amateur status away from him on any plea and with no evidence.

I SEE from the *Bulletin* that Dr. Blackham has requested the president and secretary of the League to send out a mail vote on his resolution. I don't know, but I am of the opinion that they will fare no better than they did at the meeting at Buffalo. Mail votes don't seem to be very acceptable, taking, for instance, the last batch that was sent out.

So an American on an American-made wheel has gone and done it; that is, put the record down in the twenties. I predicted in the early fall that it would go down to 2.25, but I fear now that it will not be. 2.29½ is pretty good; we should n't be so hard to satisfy.

I SEE from the English papers that the N. C. U. has thrown out Furnivall's record of 2.30, on account of incompetent timers. When one goes for a record, they should look well to this one point, as they may do all their work for nothing, except that the manufacturers may have the benefit of putting in flaring letters, "Record.—Mr. Fastman rode a Faster bicycle, and did a mile in 2.20," or something of the kind. One thing it does do, it helps the paper, ink, type, and newspaper man.

AT last the two principal promateurs have come out on the professional side. This is commendable to both Rowe and Hendee, although the latter did it with reluctance, as he can now no longer be called "our champion" by the Springfield Club. I would like very much to see a match between the two for a good round sum, a *bona fide* race from start to finish, and some good time made.

WHITTAKER's record of three hundred miles for twenty-four hours is truly a wonderful feat. It is a strong point for the makers of the American Champion. From what I have seen of Whittaker, he is a strong, tough



# CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

*Size, 6 x 8 and 8 x 10, Maroon Mount, with Bevelled Gilt Edges.*

We will mail any one of the following Photographs, post-paid, on receipt of price. We have the pictures in full length, in bust, and with machine.

## SINGLES.

WM. A. ROWE.....12 Views.	H. W. GASKELL.....1 View.	CHAS. FRAZIER.....3 Views
GEO. M. HENDEE.....5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE.....1 "	ROBT. JAMES .....2 "
E. P. BURNHAM.....4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN .....2 "
C. P. ADAMS.....4 "	T. W. ECK.....2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES.....3 "	W. E. CRIST.....2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES.....3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE.....1 View .	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH .....3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER.....3 "	FRED WOOD.....2 "	

## GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.  
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.  
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.  
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, RHODES, WILLIAMS,  
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.  
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.  
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.  
STARTS AT LYNN.

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POPE TENT AT SPRINGFIELD; Interior and Exterior.  
LYNN TRACK.

OVERMAN TENT AT SPRINGFIELD.  
COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and  
SPRINGFIELD.

## WM. A. ROWE.

We have pictures of Wm. A. Rowe in Citizen's Dress and in Racing Costume. These are full length, bust or three quarter size, at fifty cents each. We have a large panel picture, half length, 7 x 14, suitable for Club Rooms. Price, \$2.00.

ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.



rider, too. He is about as reckless a rider as I ever saw on a wheel. Well I remember him pushing his light racer over our soggy, soft track at our races last year. He would push the little, light, narrow-tired wheel when some others would pause ere pushing their roadster through. CYC.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 4 Nov. 1886.

### UNION COUNTY WHEELMEN (WEST-FIELD, N. J.) RECORDS.

#### SIX-MONTHS LONG DISTANCE.

- 1 Frank S. Miller, 2,555½ miles.
- 2 Frank E. Reese, 2,055 miles.
- 3 John Z. Hatfield 1,829 miles.

#### 24-HOUR LONG DISTANCE.

- 1 A. N. Pierson, 119¾ and 190½ miles.
- 2 J. Z. Hatfield, 103½, 128½, and 177½ miles.
- 3 F. S. Miller, 110¼ and 152½ miles.
- 4 C. D. Reese, 109½ miles.
- 5 F. E. Reese, 101 miles.

### THE PATH.

JAMAICA PLAIN, 9 Nov. — Road race of Jamaica Club. *Ten miles*, — F. C. Wellington (1), 38.55; C. A. Underwood (2), 39.42. *Five miles*, — E. S. Woodworth (1), 20.30; C. A. Underwood (2), 22m.; Waldo Cushing (3), 22.15.

RICHMOND, VA., 21 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Virginia Division L. A. W.

*One Mile Novice*. — F. Lyon (1).

*Half Mile Open*. — Ribble (1); A. K. Schaak (2).

*Two Mile Open*. — F. Lyon (1); O'Neil (2).

RACES under the auspices of Georgia L. A. W. Division: —

*Three Mile Handicap*. — R. A. Brantley (1), 10.45; H. Reid (2).

*Quarter Mile Dash*. — C. H. Dillingham (1), 45; C. W. Smith (2).

*Two Mile Georgia State Championship*. — C. H. Dillingham (1), 6.45.

*Ten Miles Open*. — C. H. Dillingham (1); R. A. Brantley (2).

*Ten Miles Handicap*. — E. W. Durant (1); H. Reid (2).

*Two Miles Lap*. — C. H. Dillingham (1); Brantley (2).

*Twenty Miles Georgia State Championship*. — R. A. Brantley (1), 1.19.53; Dillingham (2).

*One Mile Run and Ride*. — E. M. Durant (1), 4.59.

*Quarter Mile Hands Off*. — C. H. Smith (1); Dillingham (2).

### A. A. M'CURDY'S RUN.

MCCURDY has again pushed the Star to the front, and covered a few more miles in twenty-four hours than any other cyclist has ever succeeded in doing. He rode a 48-inch Star machine.

The start was made at 9 A. M. Friday, and the rider went six times around the Boston Club's fifty-mile course, then made two short circuits, a total of 304¾ miles, and the trips to and from his hotel to the point of starting carries the record up to fully 305 miles.

Following is the official time both for the long and short circuits: —

Start.	Finish.	Time.	Distance.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	Miles.
9.00.00 A. M.	12.04.00 P. M.	3.04.00	50
12.06.25 P. M.	3.28.25 P. M.	6.28.25	100
3.49.30 P. M.	7.24.30 P. M.	10.24.30	150
7.51.10 P. M.	11.35.00 P. M.	14.35.00	200
12.00.40 A. M.	3.58.00 A. M.	18.58.00	250
4.24.45 A. M.	8.38.00 A. M.	23.38.00	300
8.38.00 A. M.	8.48.50 A. M.	23.48.50	302 3.16
8.48.50 A. M.	8.57.45 A. M.	23.57.45	304 3.8

McCurdy traversed the distance between his hotel and the starting-point four times, and this gave him five eighths of a mile additional, or a grand total of 305 miles. The total time consumed in rests, was 1.44.50. Actual riding time, 22.15.10.

The pacemakers worked as follows: —

J. Cole.....	6 miles.		
R. Henderson.....	19 "		
A. E. Wiswall.....	25 "		
		50 miles.	
C. H. Annis.....	33 "		
Cole.....	17 "		
		50 "	
Wiswell.....	33 "		
Cole.....	17 "		
		50 "	
Henderson.....	33 "		
Cole ...	17 "		
		50 "	
Wiswell.....	33 "		
Annis .....	17 "		
		50 "	
Henderson .....	33 "		
Wiswell.....	17 "		
		50 "	
Wiswell.....	2 ¾ "		
Henderson.....	2 ¾ "		
Annis.....	2 ¾ "		
Chamberlain.....	2 ¾ "		
		4 ¾ "	
		304 ¾ "	

McCurdy was in charge of Dr. Jordan, of Waltham, during the run, and was kept on a diet of concentrated beef. His only fall occurred at the finish. He put on a good spurt, and was unable to get around the corner owing to the presence of a large crowd, and seeing that his wheel must strike the opposite curb, he slid off behind, coming down without harm, while his machine ran into the curbing, breaking the felloe and buckling the wheel. Owing to the intricacy of the course, and the impossibility to use a checker at every point, it was decided to have a pacemaker with him at all times, and except during the first fifty miles, when McCurdy ran ahead of his pacemaker, he was led over the course by one of four men, each of whom was familiar with the course, and each of whom checked every point in the ride. No pains were spared to have things as straight as possible in every way.

THE records made by McCurdy are as follows: —

Distance.	H.	M.	S.
20 miles.....	1	10	17
25 miles.....	1	27	
50 miles.....	3	04	
100 miles.....	6	28	25
150 miles.....	10	24	30
200 miles.....	14	35	
250 miles.....	18	58	
300 miles.....	23	38	
302 ¾ miles.....	23	48	50
304 ¾ miles (305).....	23	57	45

The extra five eighths of a mile is included

in the total time, for the short stretches from the hotel to the starting-point were covered in the time set down as resting time.

### WHITTAKER'S ROAD RECORD.

SECRETARY MCGARRETT of the A. C. U. has received the following official communications from John S. Rogers, chairman of the central district racing board of the A. C. U.

ST. LOUIS, 30 October, 1886.

A. O. MCGARRETT, Esq., Secretary A. C. U.

Dear Sir, — From the evidence in my possession I am convinced beyond a doubt of the correctness of the road records claimed by S. G. Whittaker, as made by him in Montgomery County, Indiana, 18 and 19 October, 1886, and I have, therefore, this day officially accepted the same, and notified said Whittaker of their acceptance. The records claimed are as follows: —

Miles.	H.	M.	S.
100.....	6	01	15
125.....	8	23	35
150.....	10	28	52
175.....	12	59	20
200.....	15	13	34½
225.....	17	18	06
250.....	19	20	50
275.....	21	37	27
300.....	23	46	16½

Yours very truly,

JOHN S. ROGERS, Racing Board A. C. U.

ST. LOUIS, 2 November, 1886.

A. O. MCGARRETT, Esq., Secretary A. C. U.

Dear Sir, — In writing you 30 October, I find I omitted to state that I also had accepted as correct the times claimed by Whittaker for his run of 24 Sept., 1886, viz.: —

Miles.	H.	M.	S.
25.....	1	31	00
50.....	2	55	46½
75.....	4	41	30
100.....	6	43	59

The evidence furnished for both runs was entirely satisfactory. He furnished affidavits (sworn) from the surveyor who measured the course, and from the full list of officials, including referee, judges, timers, scorer, starter, and checkers. Mr. Pontious, the referee, assures me that there was no possible chance for a short cut, which was somewhat unnecessary, as from my knowledge of the roads of that section, I was pretty sure of that myself. The absence of the pacemakers required by the rules, was the only delinquency, and this was hardly avoidable, as there are no men of Whittaker's class (promateur) in the West. I considered the records reliable, and consequently accepted them.

Yours truly,

JOHN S. ROGERS, Racing Board A. C. U.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY**, customer for Wright & Ditson bicycle, 46-inch, nearly new, \$15; also Victor tricycle, good condition, \$55; correspondence solicited. Address, COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.



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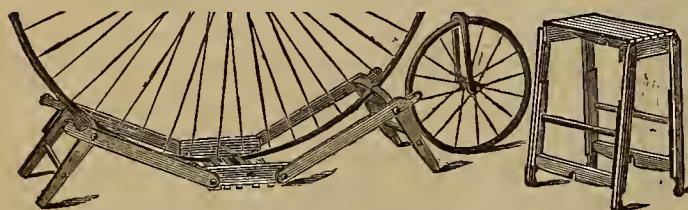
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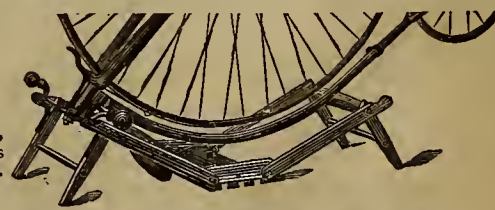


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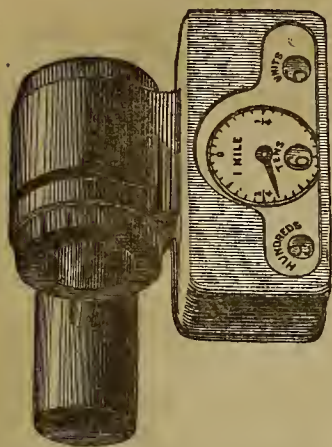
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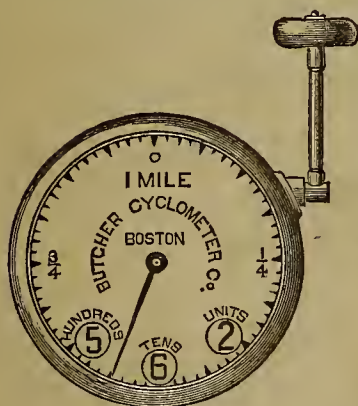
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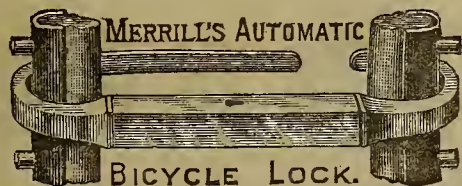


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## THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

### THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOHN HAY.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

### THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gilmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc. etc., will appear.

### NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger," etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

### SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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## ST. NICHOLAS

For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton,—several by each author.

A Short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

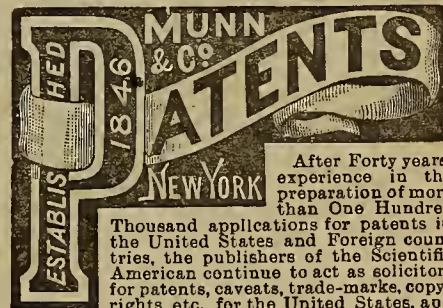
War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil" and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc. etc.

The subscription price of ST. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by book-sellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free) containing full prospectus, etc. etc.

THE CENTURY, New York.



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