

# THE WHEEL

## A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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### THE FALL MEETING OF THE HARVARD A. A.

The raw wind that swept across Holmes Field Saturday, October 25, promised anything but good sport in the events to be contested, and kept the 200 spectators, among whom were a few ladies, in anything but a comfortable condition. At 2.45 the first event was called.

**TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.**—This was the last event of the meeting, and the most exciting. The contestants were F. F. Deane, '88, and J. A. Bailey, '88. The latter received a handicap of 350 yards, but was beaten by two feet, in 7 minutes 7½ seconds. The gentlemen in charge of the meeting were the following: Referee, Mr. H. B. Cabot; Judges, Messrs. W. M. Burr, A. C. Denniston, H. W. Preble.—*Daily Crimson.*

### RECORDS.

A correspondent in the London *Cyclist* speaks upon the question of "records." We consider the remarks well timed and sensible. They are as follows:

"I read in the cycling papers the other day that a brace of 'tandemons' had ridden their machine 'geared up to 60in.' up Muswell Hill, but 'did not claim record for the gearing' until the performance could be repeated before witnesses. I have watched the ever-increasing number and variety of 'records' during the present summer, wondering where it would all end, but surely this absurdity is the climax. I take it that the man who makes a record is of no ordinary calibre, but is far and away above the average cyclist—such men are Cortis, English, Sutton, Lennox, Webb, &c.; but if we are to have records for various gearings, up various hills, on various machines, and in various times, 'record' and 'rot' will be nearly synonymous. In the particular instance to which I allude, the riders undoubtedly are good men, as they have proved in other ways, but if we are going to have these sorts of performances dignified with the name of 'record,' we shall have mediocrities claiming all sorts of records. The only remedy is the wheel press refusing to print these performances as records. I am not one of those troubled with *cacoethes scribendi*, but the publication this week of further records which are far from extraordinary has made me write on the subject."

### IXION BICYCLE CLUB.

Dear Sir: The third annual road race of this club will take place on November 4th (election day), same being for the bicycle and tricycle championship of the club, the course being one of 15 miles, from the city proper to Yonkers.

The record for the distance at the last year's race was 1 hour 4 minutes, made by Roland G. Rood. It is confidently expected that it will be lowered this year. The medal for the championship is one of elegant design and workmanship, and is arranged so that a cross-bar is added to it each year

with the name and time of the winner. When won three times by the same man it becomes his property.

After the race a dinner will be served (according to previous custom) at the Mansion House in Yonkers.

A cordial invitation is extended to yourself or representative to be present.

BENJ. G. SANFORD,  
Secretary.

No. 2 East Sixtieth street, New York,  
October 27, 1884.

**Committee on Arrangements**—WILL R. PITMAN, Captain; GEO. B. PEARSON, 1st Lieut.; GEO. C. SAFFER, 2d Lieut.; P. M. HARRIS.

### MEET OF THE PINE TREE WHEEL CLUB.

On October 22d was held the meet of the Pine Tree Wheel Club, Bangor, Me. The officers of the day were: Referee, Mr. F. H. Elwell; starter, Mr. G. O. Hall; and Messrs. C. C. Skinner and G. O. Hall, timekeepers.

The first race on the programme was the half-mile, best two in three heats. First heat was won by C. S. Maynard; time, 1.52. Second heat fell to F. B. Cutler in 1.48. The third heat and the race was captured by C. S. Maynard in 1.47; Cutler second.

The second race was to see which rider could go a half-mile in time nearest to 3 minutes. C. H. Crosby crossed the line to the time of exactly 3 minutes.

The one-mile race was won by F. L. Goodwin in 3.45; Herrick second.

The 100-yard slow race fell to O. B. Humphrey, there being four other starters; time, 2.52.

Half-mile boys' race was won by Holt in 2.46, with French second.

After the races the club and their visitors assembled at the rooms and listened to the prayer by Rev. H. N. Harriman; music by the Pine Tree Wheel Club Octet; remarks by the President, C. S. Maynard; song by Miss Leavitt; cornet solo by Mr. Edward Adams; address by J. L. Crosby, Esq.; duet by Miss Ross and Mr. Boyd.

All the races were won by Bangor (Me.) wheelmen.

### CYCLING AT THE ANTIPODES.

TWO TOURS IN NEW ZEALAND, AS DESCRIBED BY A CORRESPONDENT OF KARL KRON—THE BICYCLE CLUBS OF CHRISTCHURCH.

[The following letter from one of the twenty New Zealanders who have pledged their dollars in support of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" has been kindly presented to THE WHEEL for publication. The Mr. Norris who is referred to is the treasurer of the New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance; and his April

letter to Karl Kron, together with some interesting statistics from two of the Australian subscribers to "X. M. Miles," may be found in the July issue of the Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette*, pages 34, 42.]

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND,  
CHRISTCHURCH, August 14, 1884.

Dear Sir: I have just been shown a letter from yourself to Mr. J. F. Norris, of this city, in which you ask for some further information regarding the long-distance ride which myself and Mr. F. W. Painter accomplished in February last. As Mr. Norris has not sufficient time, he has asked me to reply to your inquiry myself.

I assure you I have much pleasure in doing so, as I consider that the work in which you are engaged is one which deserves the aid of every true cyclist. I have obtained five subscribers for you to-day, but expect to augment the number to-morrow before the mail closes.

If I am right, I believe you say in your circular that you require some accounts of long rides for a chapter in your book; on this point, as far as myself and Painter are concerned, you are quite welcome to make any use you may choose of the account which I give. If it is too long, you must cut it shorter; if not of any use whatever to you for your chapter, you must pass it by and let it give way to something else.

The ride in question (which is only one of many myself and Painter have taken together) was from Christchurch to the river and township of Waiau. Waiau lies about due north from Christchurch eighty-five miles. Of course you will be surprised when you read the time we take to do a distance in New Zealand; but you must understand that our "roads" are not roads really. In many instances they exist only on the maps of the country. Well, on February 3d, I and F. W. Painter left Christchurch at 4 A. M., reaching Karapoi, 12 miles, just under the hour, the road being fair for the season of the year. From Karapoi we rode steadily on till we reached Luthfield, on the river Kowai, 26 miles, at 6.40 A. M., the road being a decided improvement on the first 12 miles, which was loose and broken up.

Here the first dismount took place. The river Kowai is a peculiar river, and in this respect is a good deal like all the New Zealand rivers. Being fed by the snow in the back ranges they are for long periods almost dry, and at other times they are boiling and rushing between two high banks, perhaps a mile and a half apart. At this time it is impossible to ford, as there are trees, bowlders, and every description of debris coming down. However, on this particular occasion the river was very low, so that we had no difficulty in fording its treacherous stream. About three miles further on we came to Amberley, a real Canterbury township, scat-

tered over about two miles square. It stands near the first range of hills which are encountered on the journey, and looking at it in the purple light of early morning it has a very pretty appearance. Leaving Amberley, after leaving some of our apparel, we rode eight miles further on to the river Waipara. This river is a repetition of the Kowai on a much larger scale, the water being much swifter and taking us up to the waist in the ford. Of course, we ford the rivers just as we ride, in shoes, stockings, etc., and dry as we whirl along.

After leaving the Waipara behind we came to our first hills, the far-famed (in Canterbury) Weka Pass. Some, or rather the majority, of the hills here are just about as stiff as I care to ride, and I don't remember "coming across" any one who desired anything steeper. The hills are very short and steep, being caused by the road running up and down a multitude of spurs, and in some parts it is not more than 20 feet wide, with a wall of stone on one side and a fall of about 70 or 80 feet sheer down into a rocky creek on the other. After crossing the hills we reached Waikari, a comparatively new township on the river road 48 miles from Christchurch. We rode straight through this place and made our first real stoppage at Hurunui, 57 miles from Christchurch, at a few minutes to 11 A. M., so just averaging eight miles an hour from start. Our stoppage was limited to half an hour, but we managed to make a good breakfast at the hotel, which is one of about seven other "buildings" at this back station (there are a police station and school included in the number). At Hurunui the road is virtually at an end; the continuation is really nothing but what might be called the "riddlings of creation." From Hurunui there was no house or even a wire fence to be seen till we came to Rotherham. This is not a large "town" by any means, merely consisting of a school, public house, three private houses, and a place on the map. Waiau is ten miles further on the road, so we just "bucked in," and after doing some of the roughest riding I have ever done in my life we reached the long-looked-for goal of our hopes. About a mile from the grand new bridge over the river we were met by a cavalcade of nearly all the inhabitants of the place. It appears that, unknown to us, the people at Hurunui had telegraphed, saying we had started, hence our triumphal entry into the place. The people were much surprised to learn that we had ridden from Christchurch and that we intended getting home again that day. Our machines were objects of curiosity and wonder to the natives, and it was amusing to watch the people handling them in the usual awkward manner of a novice. Their chief



wonder was how a man could balance himself on the "Iron Horse."

After a stay of forty minutes for refreshments, lunch, etc., which were supplied gratis here, as, in fact, at every hotel where we stopped, we started for home again at 3.40 P. M. and reached Hurunui at 7 P. M., just after sundown. Here we had another short spell again for tea, and, giving the "steeds" their heads down the first hill, we soon warmed into work again. The Weka Pass was ridden in the dark, the moon just rising as we came out on the flat. From the last hill we had a good run down for 2 or 3 miles to the Waipara, which we had to cross in utter darkness, and emerging on to flat country again Amberly was reached again at 11.15 P. M.; Kowai, 11.30 P. M.; Karapoi at 1.30 A. M.; and Christchurch at a few minutes to 3 A. M., thus having been 22½ hours on the road, the distance being 170 miles, or some 46 miles further than the previous longest record. 170 miles now is the longest ride for one day in New Zealand.

Since starting this very long letter I have great pleasure in telling you that I have increased the number of subscribers by two, so that I am sending you eight names from Christchurch. Some of these say they think the book will be more interesting to New Zealand readers if you can find room for some New Zealand tours; so I am going to write an account of one or two more trips for your perusal and hope you will oblige us here in "far away N. Z." by inserting, if you can find room.

In your letter to Mr. Norris you ask for statistics of the Christchurch clubs, etc., and as Mr. Norris is unable to reply at length to your letter, he has set me to the task instead.

In Christchurch there are two clubs—the Pioneer (of which "yours truly" is a member) and the Christchurch B. C., of which Mr. Painter is a member.

The Pioneers number about 45 in membership, and Christchurch about 10 less. Of course you must understand that this does not represent the whole of the 'cycling fraternity of Christchurch, as there are members who are unattached. Taking them roughly, I dare say we could muster about 200 cyclists in and around Christchurch, and I might say an increase of some 15 or 20 this season. During the season, which opens on September 1st in N. Z., we have morning and evening runs, sometimes going out 40 miles in the evening and returning before business next morning. Saturday afternoon is the great week day for cyclists. No doubt Canterbury possesses great advantages over the neighboring provinces on account of the great stretch of flat country, there being some 250 miles contained on the plain; but, unfortunately, there are at present no good roads for more than one-half the distance.

At Timaru (S. Canterbury) there is another B. C., but not being in communication with any one there, I cannot find out their numerical strength. The two clubs at Christchurch held a race meeting here last year, which was very successful both in the monetary sense and in the quality of the racing which took place. I had the pleasure of winning the 5 mile, and also of obtaining a second place in both the 3 mile and also the 10 mile. My friend F. W. Painter won the steeplechase and the 10 mile.

Our best men here at present are W. A. Langdown and D. R. Dunsford. Of course I mean on the racing track.

I am afraid you will think I am a "stayer" if I go on like this; but, as you may not hear from us again for some time, I will just give you an account of our Easter tour to Akaroa this year.

Three was the number of our party this time, consisting of myself and F. Cooper, of Pioneer B. C., and W. Skinner, of Christchurch B. C. We left Christchurch at 8 A. M. on Good Friday morning, and after a ride of some 28 or 30 miles we came to "Birdling Flat." Here was pitched the camp of the Canterbury Volunteers, the tents pitched close under some steep cliffs and close to Lake Forsyth, making a very pretty sight after the monotonous journey we had just come, with nothing but tussocks to be seen for miles.

After a short stay at the camp we once more mounted our wiry steeds and recommenced our journey. Six miles further on we came to Little River, a small township in an immense valley, or rather valleys, as there are four. Here the work of the trip begins; the bush grows right into the township, and the road is cut right through it. In places the bush met overhead across the road, forming as pretty a sight and as cool a retreat from a hot scorching sun as you would wish to see. There are seven miles of stiff road to the top of the first hill, and then a run down of six miles to the bottom on the other side in another deep valley, which runs down to the sea in Akaroa Harbor. This was the most enjoyable trip we ever had together, for although it is a pretty stiff journey, we had grand scenery and weather, which was considered a fair recompense. On the road over the hill are many pretty waterfalls splashing and tumbling in their musical course down hill. Who could resist the temptation to get off his wheel to sit and admire such enchanting scenes and listen to the different tones of our native birds? No; if a person has any music in his body or soul, such a scene is the most likely to bring it forth. Well, after many such stoppages, we at length reached Akaroa, and going to our hotel (this is not our first trip here) we made ourselves at home as only cyclists can. We had done 60 miles in the day, and crossed a hill (on a bush road) about 900 feet high. Akaroa is not so unknown to cyclists as it was last year. There have been three parties over there this past season.

When we got up next morning I went down for a short spin to take the stiffness out of my legs, when (imagine my horror!) I had not gone 100 yards when I found my front fork spreading forward. At first I could not think what was up; but, on dismounting, I soon saw that the head of my "British Challenge" had cracked nearly through. This I put down to having carried about 25 pounds of luggage on the backbone coming over. Of course in a small place like that I could not get it repaired, so I had to come back across the harbor in a boat, and walk 14 miles to Little River, where I picked up a carrier who took my wheels and me down to town, where I arrived on Sunday night, my friends arriving just before me.

And now, sir, to conclude (I suppose you think it is about time), I can only wish you every success in your venture, and I am only sorry that I am not sending you more subscriptions than the eight on the inclosed slip.

I remain, yours faithfully,

H. J. JENKINS.

To MR. KARL KRON, Washington Square, N. Y.

We congratulate the *Western Cyclist* on the amount and variety of news it presents, but we would give a friendly caution in regard to make up and general typographical appearance. A bad reader can easily spoil sublime poetry. A bad printer can easily cause an excellent sheet to look wretched.

## ART AND THE BICYCLE.

One remarkable feature of the career of the bicycle is the prominent place it has taken in connection with art. Illustrations of this are found in two interesting paintings in the fine exhibition of American art at this year's fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association. One of these paintings is by Mr. Henry Sandham, who is known to our readers as one of the most startling of our artist contributors, and the other is by Mr. Roger Donahoe. Mr. Sandham's picture shows a merry party of cyclists speeding down the slope of a picturesque New England road. It is most effective in grouping, and illustrates a delightful phase of the pleasures of the wheel. Mr. Donahoe's picture is called "The Start." It represents a street in what appears to be a small European town, probably French, with two bicyclers setting out on their day's journey. One is just under way and the other is mounting. This, too, is an excellent painting, both in subject and in treatment.

The bicycle was the occasion for the establishment of the first artistic magazine devoted to outdoor recreation, and our own pages testify to endless opportunities which it offers for illustrations of the most attractive kind. One is disposed to ask how it is that a mere machine should be honored with such artistic favor. The contrary has hitherto been the case with most mechanical inventions, and the bicycle, in itself, varies so little in form that the fact seems doubly remarkable.

No artist would think, for instance, of a threshing machine or a telephone as a subject for picturesque treatment. But a little reflection will show good reason why the cycle should be an exception. In the first place the bicycle has added a new grace to human movement. The action of a rider of the wheel is so aerial, his flight so birdlike, that, although the bicycle is now as common upon our highways as carriages are, people almost almost invariably turn to enjoy the sight. The highest form of depictive art consists of the representation of the human figure. And the bicyclist, in the exercise of his sport, has largely enriched the field of study in this respect. His costume displays the figure to the best advantage, and affords a welcome relief to the prosaic character of modern everyday male attire. The well-trained wheelman in action cannot fail to please the artist eye. His poise is admirable, and his motion brings all the muscles gently into play. While the general effect of his movements varies little, there is, however, a constant change which affords a highly interesting study for those who, like artists, have trained themselves to observe subtle gradations of action. The environment, too, of life on the wheel is rich in variety, taking one at will among strong contrasts of life and scenery, spreading unceasing feasts of picturesque pleasures, food for fancy and thought, before the rider of the silent steed. For these reasons artists themselves have been attracted to the pleasures of the bicycle and the tricycle as to no other form of outdoor recreation. By no other means are picturesque subjects so readily attainable, and therefore numbers of the best artists are enrolled among the wheelmen's fraternity.—*Outing*.

## WHEEL GOSSIP.

Asa Dolph says: "I use the Duryea saddle only."

The Trojan Wheelmen will parade on wheels with the Republicans next week. It will be the first political parade that wheelmen have participated in.—*Roller*.

It is said that Sewell does a back somersault from the saddle, and catches the bicycle before it falls, and also stands on his hands on the handle bars.

The *Western Cyclist* is responsible for the following: The Montreal Bicycle Club occupies a house that cost \$28,000, has a membership of 103 active members and 50 associates. This club, it is claimed, is the oldest and largest in America.

The champion professional long distance rider of America says: "I bought a Duryea of the John Wilkinson Company in Chicago last fall, and have used it ever since in all my races. It is the best saddle I ever rode and I shall ride no other."

"H. W. HIGHAM"

The *Cycling Times* publishes a report of the "Cyclists' Union" meeting, from which we cull the following: "The Executive are pleased to state that a profit has been made on every championship, and that the total profits amount to about £140. The approximate profits are Lilliebridge, £20; Cardiff, £1 10s.; Crystal Palace, £22; Newcastle, £95."

Scene: Country lane; bicyclist mounted, meeting farmer, leading a fine horse from a field where cattle were grazing, says:

"Your horse looks in good condition—fatter than mine, sir!"

Facious farmer, critically surveying the bold bicyclist's extremities: "Ah, and my calves would beat your'n holler!"

Collapse of bicyclist.—*West. Cyclist*.

When a bicyclist gets restless during the winter time he should find a suitable flight of stairs—two, straight away and bare if possible—and run up two steps at a time, as fast as possible. Then turn around and run down, single steps, as fast as he can make his feet fly. The result will be that the upstairs work will keep his calves strong, if not help to develop them. The down-stairs work will give him that rapid motion that a fast bicyclist so much desires. Try it; we have found it beneficial.—*Amateur Athlete*.

Difficulties having repeatedly arisen as to the exact meaning to be attached to the word "novice," the Executive have published the following definition, which they trust will be accepted as the N. C. U. definition of a novice: "A novice, or person eligible to compete in a 'novices' or 'maiden' race, is a rider who has never up to the time of starting in such race won any prize in any cycling race other than a race confined to members of his club. In any qualified novices' race, such as a race open to those who have not won a first prize, the definition of novice as contained in the foregoing definition shall still be held to apply so far as circumstances admit."—*Cycling Times*.

The Polus Bicycle Club, of Chicago, at its monthly business meeting, made the following officers for the ensuing year: W. G. Wanzer, President; W. T. Jefferson, Vice-President; E. N. Camp, Secretary and Treasurer; P. H. S. Reed, Captain; G. T. Burroughs, First-Lieutenant. On Saturday afternoon, October 18, the club indulged in a "hare and hound" chase on wheels, Union Park acting as headquarters, of a distance of 10 miles. The hares were not overtaken, and covered the distance in the shortest time, E. N. Camp crossing the line in 36 minutes and 25 seconds, and J. A. Burt just a second behind. The hounds came in so far apart that the time of only two will be sufficient to state. W. G. Wanzer was ahead in 38 minutes, 21 seconds; W. T. Jefferson in 39 minutes, 24 seconds. The affair was witnessed by over five hundred (500) people and was considered satisfactory.



An English physician thinks that bicycling may prove injurious if the fashion of small saddles and large wheels, involving so much pressure on the perineum, be persisted in.—*Sporting Life*.

A foreign paper remarks: "A well-known Coventry firm have introduced an invalid chair worked by an attendant rider, and one of the latest additions to the cycling stud is a milk carrier hailing from Reading."

"A small wheel well geared up seems to be the coming favorite both in bicycles and and tricycles. The old objection that you are down where the dogs can reach you is balanced by the fact that you can more easily kick the canine."

A comparison of the half-mile record made by Sellers at Springfield this year with the Canadian record of Clarke shows how little we are behind the Englishers. Sellers' time in a half-mile dash was 1:18.5, while Clarke's time for a half-mile in a five mile dash was 1:26.45.—*Can. Wheelman*.

The New Orleans (La.) Bicycle Club has elected the following officers: President, E. W. Hunter; Vice President, F. M. Ziegler, Jr.; Secretary, G. McD. Nathan; Treasurer, L. E. Tyler; Captain, Wm. W. Crane; First Lieutenant, A. P. Keaghey; Second Lieutenant, G. B. Lusk; Guide, C. M. Fairchild.

A Hartford jewelry firm has just finished a beautiful trophy of gold, valued at about \$50, to be presented to Mr. Sellers, the English bicyclist, who beat the bicycle record of the world at Charter Oak Park at the September tournament. It will be sent to Mr. Sellers by express to England.—*Ex.*

The bicycle records of the Pacific coast are as follows: One-half mile—1m. 29 1/4 s., F. R. Cook, O. A. C. games, Oakland grounds, May 30, 1884. One mile—3m. 15 1/4 s., H. E. Eggers, Garfield Monument Sports, Bay District Race Track, Nov. 30, 1884. Five miles—17m., H. C. Finkler, O. A. C. games, Oakland grounds, May 30, 1884.

Clarke, the Woodstock flyer, who is now justly claimed to be the fastest rider in Canada, is but seventeen years of age. He was born near Woodstock, but his home is in Seaforth, where his parents reside. Clarke is in the drug business in Woodstock, where he has done all his training, having mounted a bicycle for the first time last season. When in racing trim his weight is 148 lbs., and he is 5ft. 9 1/2 in. in height.—*Can. Wheelman*.

Surely one has to go from home to learn the news. *Wheeling* remarks: A smart trick was played on Sellers at New Haven. He would not allow himself to be photographed at Springfield without being paid \$500 for the privilege. The photographer laughed at him and would not even give him a paltry \$100. But the shrewd artist located his instrument in the grand stand, and while the men were at the mark secured an admirable likeness.

The evening reception of the Ixion Club on the 23d is perhaps one of the first of social entertainments among the bicycle clubs of this city. The affair was of course eminently successful. A very fine collection of water colors was hung for inspection, interspersed with music and recitations by the well known humorist Mr. J. S. Burdett, of whom the club is justly proud. It is said that the Citizens' Club will soon open the doors of their cozy house and entertain their gentlemen friends, but nothing is definitely known. These affairs seem to keep the ball rolling, and the interest in the sport alive through the winter months, and should be encouraged by a good attendance when the opportunity offers.

*Wheeling* (England) remarks—we know not whether it is sarcasm or otherwise: "Gaskell brings home with him only £250 worth of prizes."

The American Athletic Club will hold games in Madison Square Garden on December 6th. Among the many features will be a two-mile bicycle handicap.

He had entered a bicycle match,  
And was mounting his wheel at the scratch,  
When a dog caught the slack,  
Of his breeches, alack!

And he now goes about with a patch.

—*West. Cyclist*.

Mr. James G. Lathrop, whose name was mentioned in that connection a few days ago, has received an appointment to take charge of the college athletics.—*Harvard Crimson*.

[We are glad to hear this, as Norton and others will now be well taken care of during the next racing season.—*Ed.*]

*Wheeling* comments rather severely, but nevertheless good-naturedly: "It is suggested out West that a fund be raised in order to send two or three of the best American amateurs over to England next year—in fact to beard the lion in his den. Come over, Hendee, and take a taste of English and others; it will do you good and straighten your curly hair some."

M. Rousset, a well-known French bicyclist, has just performed an extraordinary feat. In twenty-four hours, comprising time for rest, he made the distance from Pau to Aire and back on a tricycle, accompanied by Prince Solaykoff. The double journey represents a ride of 340 kilometres (211 miles), and is said to be the longest distance ever effected with a tricycle of the pattern used by the travelers. Mr. Rousset is over fifty years of age.—*London Echo*.

While Thos. Ellis, the Kansas City Club's secretary, was in St. Louis, he was persuaded to try tricycling. *Wheeling* is something new to Thomas, but, like a secretary worthy of his club, he stuck to his machine, until at last his sticking to it became a necessity. It is rumored that he had to be lifted off, and, when stood upon his feet by friendly hands, manifested a strong inclination to assume a prayerful attitude. The tongue of envy has it that his pants' knees have since been remodeled.—*Reflector*.

At the Birmingham County Court, England, the other day, a decision was given by which a bicycle was declared to be a necessary. The action was brought against a professional bicyclist named Herbert Duncan by a firm of bicycle manufacturers for the value of a machine supplied, and the claim was met by a defence of infancy. The jury, however, considered the defendant to be in a good position, and that the article in question must be considered a necessary.—*Clipper*.

It's no secret that the championship times of the past season were simply awful. Yet to win is to win, and there the matter must end. The proposal, owes its birth to Mr. Irons, aimed at fixing maximum time in all championship contests. Mr. Letchford endeavored to bring proof against this proposal by illustrating a recent waiting race between Corsellis and Webb. Letchford said that it was a moral certainty for the man behind the leader when near home! As a matter of fact, it was just the other way about. Corsellis took the lead half-way round the last lap, and won easily! Now then, Letchford, go into study during the winter months so as to be better versed in facts and a little less confused when next you speak at a meeting.—*Wheeling* (Eng.).

Many riders have found that the leather of the long-distance saddles, after stretching by continued use, eventually lets the rider down on the hard iron of the saddle frame. To remedy this, cut a strip about one and a half inches wide out of the saddle crossways, and, after punching holes in both sides of the cut, lace the whole together again with a bootlace.—*Reflector*.

*Wheeling* (England) says: "Men will now go out of training and get on the ramp at socials, smokers, etc." If they do, so in England, it does not follow that we should do likewise. Keep your habits the when out of training as when in the same, and you will feel better and "enjoy life" with a far clearer conscience and gratification to your better nature than when indulging in late nights, unwholesome diet, and avoiding your regular refreshing and stimulating exercise.

Cripps is probably the handsomest prominent rider of the wheel in this country, though, judging by a portrait of Hendee, the latter would run him very close in a prize competition. Both are young. Cripps is remarkable for the youthful frankness of his countenance, a ready and spontaneous smile being its natural expression, and when racing on his "Cripper," he is the very picture and embodiment of robust health, joviality, and speed. It would not be a great stretch of imagination to portray and describe him as a young god of the wheel.—*Tricycling Journal* (Eng.).

A notable fact in the progress of tricycling is the adoption by the General Post Office, after long and severe trials, of the Singer's Carrier Tricycle for the Parcels Post. Two of these machines, each capable of carrying 200 pounds, between Waterloo and Croydon, about twelve miles; and between London Bridge and Woolwich, about the same distance. Two journeys are performed by each rider in the day; and this work was previously carried out by a van and two horses. The saving is therefore very considerable, and the service answers satisfactorily. The Post Office Carrier consists of three parts: a semi-circular dome for umbrellas and long parcels; a body for heavier goods; and a well for bottles and lighter parcels. Each portion is separately locked. The whole is painted red, and bears V. R. on the front end. The weight carried (200 pounds) has been fixed to accommodate the rider; the machine itself being capable of carrying a much greater weight.—*Land and Water*.

It is not always possible to arrange the details of checking, owing to doubt as to time of starting, etc. Where runners up and companions cannot be obtained, the rider might, like Webb, carry a book and get the signatures of persons on the way. The more doubt is thrown on great performances, the more frequent will these checks have to be. It will not only be necessary to show where the rider started and finished for the day, but where he stopped and called, at such intervals as to preclude the possibility of his "railway training." A record with plenty of checks of this kind might even be preferable to being accompanied by one man, with whom there might be collusion. Of course the best way—the only satisfactory way—of proving long rides and placing them beyond dispute is to be accompanied throughout in the same way as Mr. Adams in his latest achievement of 266 1/4 miles in 24 hours. Such a great ride, which partakes of the nature of the wonderful, must be accepted as gospel, always supposing, of course, that the other riders answering for the road traversed are not confederates.—*Tri. Journal* (Eng.).

Mr. T. S. Miller, President of the Chicago Bicycle Club, will soon issue the second edition of his complete manual for drilling bicycle clubs entitled *Bicycle Tactics*. The book should be in the hands of every cyclist who participates in club drills.—*West. Cyclist*.

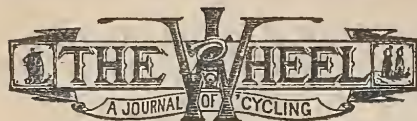
Our lady tricyclists may take a hint from the English women who substitute knickerbockers for multitudinous skirts in tricycling costumes, wearing only the one skirt of tweed or flannel which forms the dress proper. One cannot exactly call the costume after Lady Halliburton's name, but it comes near enough to the "divided skirt" for comfort and health, and yet preserves the more graceful appearance of the ordinary dress.—*Exchange*.

The Connecticut Bicycle Club will forward to Sanders Sellers in England a valuable gold emblem, which is thus described: "The club badge is at the top, at the centre of a gold bar, bearing the inscription 'C. B. C., organized October 20, 1879, Hartford.' In the centre of the wheel is a single wing. Hanging from this bar by a gold chain on each side is the large badge. It is circular, and is inscribed: 'To S. Sellers, Charter Oak Park, Sept. 9, 1884. One mile, 2.39, lowering the bicycle record.' Three wings are in the bicycle wheel, and at the hub is a solitary diamond. At the bottom of the entire emblem is a laurel wreath of green gold, tied by a gold ribbon."—*Clipper*.

The *Canadian Wheelman* in its New York Notes says: Last week, while walking along one of the rideable streets of this city, I saw a large-sized crowd in front of me, and walked up to see the cause. It was this: A bicyclist of about 19 had taken a header, though sustaining no injuries, and a nut had come off from some portion of his wheel. He evidently was a late convert to the cycling cause, for he seemed not to know how to mend his machine. A man in the crowd, seeing his predicament, and whom I took to be a mechanic, immediately fixed the machine, when the young cyclist at once departed, without a word of thanks. All present noticed this; and one spectator called after him in the distance, "Young man, you don't seem to be very grateful!" The mechanic took the answer on himself and said, "O, they're only children, anyway." This, as an instance, is the opinion of the public in New York of wheelmen: not very commendable, but brought on by the cyclers themselves.

A minister in Cleveland rode to church last Sabbath on a bicycle. As he swept up to the sacred edifice a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the senior deacon, came lumbering out to greet the pastor. The bicycle struck the canine head on, under a full head of steam, and ran him down with a shock that could be plainly felt with the naked eye. The reverend took a header, and jammed his high silk hat down over his ears so tight that he had to crawl through it to get out of it. The scattered leaves of a seven head sermon flew around the avenue like a theological snow-storm. The dog made Rome howl with his wails, and attracted a crowd of 300 people. The parson's coat was split down the back, and his trousers ripped across the knees. He pinned up the knees, and he had to wear a pepper-and-salt sack coat the sexton loaned him. When he appeared in the pulpit in this garb the congregation smiled, and when he announced his text—2 Kings xii. 6, "But it is so \* \* \* the priests had not repaired the breaches"—there wasn't a dry eye in the conventicle.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.





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All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

#### AN APOLOGY.

We owe an apology to our readers for the appearance of the last WHEEL. Our managing editor, Mr. Fred. Jenkins, had the misfortune to dislocate his knee on October 20th, and although the injury is not so serious as last year, he will necessarily be confined to the house a few weeks.

In the mean time we have made arrangements with other parties, which we trust will be satisfactory, and we hope that any little omissions will be overlooked.

THE CYCLING PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31, 1884.

#### GREAT RIDERS.

Americans as well as Englishmen will watch with interest the results of races between Sellers and English, the greatest amateur wheelmen the world ever saw, for the championships next year. As English always forces the pace (and wins too) the races, if run on a fine track, would be worth crossing the Atlantic to see. Those that have seen both men perform say that without a doubt Sellers is the better man on a spurt and could beat the other at a mile, or possibly two; on the contrary, English would be the better at five miles. Therefore it is conjectured that three miles would be the undecided distance, embodying Sellers' marvelous speed and English's wonderful stamina. Give them suitable circumstances when they meet at this distance, and we would rather be excused from giving our opinion who the winner would be.

English, it seems, has a wise head; so has Sellers. The former is conscious of his tremendous speed, but he is doubly conscious of his stamina. Not caring to run the risk of getting beaten, he sets a pace which that great spurter, Speechly, can only stand for a mile or so and then is paralyzed, run to a standstill. Sellers, on the contrary, has little faith in his strength, but any amount of confidence in his speed. He therefore

waits until the finish, when he draws himself together, pulls the throttle-valve open wide, throws the lever forward to the last nick, and sails away from his stronger but less speedy antagonists as a corvette leaves a treble-decker. We have scarcely any doubt that Frazier or Brooks could have broken up the "splinter of lightning" for ten miles had they set a steady, grinding pace; they are strong enough, but the idea never seems to dawn upon them. Their friends try to dawn it into them, but for one reason or another the dawning has no effect.

English and Sellers have their own natural way of running races; both are smart enough to know that if they should adopt a reverse plan they would probably be numbered among the defeated. English has not enough speed to cope with Speechly on the spurt, or if he has enough he does not risk it. Sellers *vice versa*. A rider should have his own patented, persona', individual, copyrighted way of riding; and when our would-be sprint riders, who have been beaten again and again by the same way of riding, wake up to the error they have committed over and again—stumbling over the same stone numberless, and more, times—and resolve to copy the example of the greatest amateur rider for a distance that the world has ever known, then some men who have known only defeat this past fall will find victory suddenly perch on their banners.

We are exceedingly pleased that Hendee has wound up the season with a fine record. Had he retired without the credit of an actual performance his friends could only say "he could do 2.42 if he wanted to," but that would not answer; an actual record of 2.45 $\frac{1}{4}$  is worth more than a "could do it" claim of 2.42. Now that he has really done it he can rest satisfied. Frazier, Brooks, Hamilton and Weber can do 2.42-3 or thereabouts, but they have not done it. A first class, *bona fide* record of close to 2.40 is not to be sneered at, and we feel disturbed when we hear a champion remark: "What's the difference? I won the prize, I beat my men, and I can do so and so; I'm all right." When that man retires from the path and takes his prizes with him in retirement, the following generation of enthusiasts will forget all about him, and when he is mentioned in conversation or argument matter-of-fact people will say: "Show us his record. He beat a great many men, he won a large number of prizes, but he never made any time; we want records, actual authenticated times if you want to prove if he was a fast man; anybody can figure that a man could do so and so; this man never did; your 'coulds' have very little weight; 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

It has been said from time to time that THE WHEEL was not particularly active in its support of the League of American Wheelmen, but this is not exactly true. There are a class of men who think that any honest criticism of their official action is intended as a personal affront, and act accordingly. They regard anything published in THE WHEEL as the personal opinion of one man. This is not just or right. This paper is made up of the ideas of many people, and as such is responsible; but as to ascribing such and such a paragraph or article to so and so is simply ridiculous, as in nine cases out of ten the responsibility is put on the wrong shoulders.

We believe in the League as a large, powerful organization, necessary for the promotion of cycling, and capable of accomplishing much good. We sustain its principles, and as a rule its officials. We are not

in accord with all its actions, and hold ourselves as an independent journal of cycling privileged to criticize the actions of its committees of officers. We think at the present moment that the Racing Board are in error. We are not in sympathy with their treatment of the National Association, and we do not hesitate to say so, as we believe the Board is in the wrong.

We do not object to their principles, which are right, but the mode of enforcing them is undignified and unbecoming the League that they represent. It is well and good to be perfectly independent, but when all other qualities are sacrificed what has been gained? The great trouble with the League is that it is a very large wheel, to which are attached a number of cranks.

Speaking of Hendee's late attempt at the record, our friend the *Bicycling World* says: "Let the good work go on." We are glad to have our contemporary change its opinion, as some months ago it published a letter from that unfathomable myth known as "Cyclos," in which that person affirmed that "racing was sure to bring on heart disease." Then the editor remarked in another column, "We commend Cyclos' remarks to our racing men." However, we are pleased to see the *World* make a firm stand.

The question of dress guards is again attracting attention, and after a number of accidents happening, both trifling and serious, a number of inventions are being brought to light to render the risk less heavy and reduce accidents to a minimum. As fashion and custom refuse to allow ladies to change their habits, why then necessity becomes the grand father of invention, and we learn from an exchange that President Bates, of Detroit, has made a dress-guard, costing one dollar, and claimed to be an infallible protection. We are glad to hear it. Too much cannot be done to make tricycling congenial to the women folks.

Geo. R. Bidwell & Co. is now the sign. The last two words mean an addition of capital and more enterprise, if the latter were possible. Mr. Bidwell is one of our very oldest wheelmen, and is too well known to require a very extended notice. We congratulate Mr. Bidwell upon securing such an excellent partner as Mr. Frank G. Du Bois, and we are sure the 'cycling' public will congratulate Mr. Du Bois upon becoming attached to such a good fellow as Mr. Bidwell. No cards.

#### RACING AT LYNN.

A confederation of Lynn (Mass.) bicycle clubs held a tournament at Franklin Trotting Park, Sangers, on Saturday, Oct. 25th. Attendance large, especially a large number of wheelmen being present.

One mile race (Lynn clubs): Charles Whitten, 3m. 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.; F. F. Richards, second.

One mile race (without hands): E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., 3m. 36s.; C. Whitter, Lynn.

Five mile race (record): E. P. Burnham, 17m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; F. P. Ignals, Salem, 0; C. Whitney, 0; Wm. Rowe, Beverly, 0.

Two mile race (handicap): G. Whittacker (scratch), 6m. 30s.; W. Marshall (250 yards), second; G. Butler, Lynn (250 yards), third; Edw. Bailey (250 yards), 0.

One mile race (3.20 race, heats), first heat: S. G. Whitten, Cambridge, 3m. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Second heat: Wm. Rowe, Beverly, 3m. 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Third heat: Rowe, 3.15. Whittacker obtained second. Frank Foster, Beverly; C. E. Whitten, Lynn; W. W. Marshall, Beverly and F. F. Richards, Lynn, also competed.

#### CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB.

The third annual fall races of the Cleveland Club were held at the Athletic Park on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 25th, before an audience of some four or five hundred. The day was quite cold and windy, but the events were all well contested and resulted as follows:

One mile club championship: George Collister, walk over in 3.18 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Half mile open—First heat: F. P. Root, 1st, 1.30 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; W. F. Knapp, 2d, 1.31 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; J. Grove, 3d, 0. This was very close, Root treading at the quarter in 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Knapp being unable to pass him on the homestretch.

Second trial: G. E. Thackray, 1st, 1.38 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Karl Pardee, 2d. Final: F. P. Root, 1st, 1.36 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; W. F. Knapp, 2d, 1.37 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; G. E. Thackray, 3d. Knapp led at the quarter in 51, but on the backstretch Root passed him.

Five mile club championship: J. D. Pugh, Jr., 1st, 18.29 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; A. E. Sprackling, 2d.

Quarter mile open, first trial: F. P. Root, 1st, 43; W. F. Knapp, 2d, 43 1-5; G. E. Thackray, 3d. A splendid race. Root got away first but was closely pushed on the homestretch, breaking the State record. Second trial: Karl Pardee, 1st, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; J. H. Boggis, 2d, 49 4-5. Final: W. F. Knapp, 1st, 44; F. P. Root, 2d, 44 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Karl Pardee, 3d.

One mile time, time set at 3.45: H. E. Rose finished nearest the time, making 3.59 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

One mile, open: W. F. Knapp, 1st, 3.27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; F. P. Root, 2d, 3.27 3-5; G. F. Snyder, 3d. This was a waiting race, Root trailing at the half in 1.36, and was beaten in on the final spurt by Knapp, by 2 ft.

Two mile quarter race: George Collister, 1st, 6.54 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; A. E. Sprackling, 2d, 7.01; C. Howland, 3d, 7.54 4-5. Collister won easily, leading at each quarter.

One hundred yards run: F. W. Douglass, 1st, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; E. Henderson, 2d, 12s. A grand race; the men (6) all got off well together, at 50 yards they were all bunched, when Douglass pulled out, winning by two feet. Henderson barely getting second place.

One mile consolation club: M. M. Jones, 1st, 3.32 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Alfred Ely, 2d; C. E. Dennison, 3d; F. T. Sholes, 4th.

As the team race did not fill, an impromptu affair was gotten up after the races were over, and a team composed of Pugh, Sprackling and Beckwith won. Pugh making the fastest mile of the day, 5.14 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

#### THE INDEXES OF "X. M. MILES."

Editor of *The Wheel*: As you were good enough to print my original prospectus in full, on the 25th of January, and thereby give my canvass such a start among the League men as immediately convinced me that it might be pushed to final success, I can fairly assume that you will not now object to reproducing a few extracts from the revised prospectus, whereof I have lately printed 2,000 copies, which I shall be glad to distribute among all applicants.

Let me say, then, of the indexing, that the chief local index will exhibit an alphabetical list of all towns mentioned—"money-order" towns being marked by full-faced type, and "court house" towns by the initials "c. h.," after the pattern of the Postal Guide. My original plan of "repeating all these names under an alphabetical arrangement of States and counties" may perhaps be abandoned, if I am hard-pressed for space. There will be special lists of all persons mentioned, of desirable routes for tours of rivers, valleys, lakes, mountains, waterfalls, battle-fields, monuments, colleges, and places rendered notable for historic or sentimental reasons.



In the "appendix of subscribers" the whole 3,000 names will first be presented in a single alphabetical list, each one accompanied by the town of residence, and a numeral showing the order of enrollment. The names will then be repeated under a geographical arrangement, beginning with an alphabetical list of the towns in Maine, where subscribers of the book reside, and presenting the lists of the other States in succession, until the end is reached at California. It is my wish to show the exact residence or address of each subscriber, and the fact of membership or office-holding (past as well as present) in local wheel club or general association, like L. A. W., C. T. C., or C. W. A. Such officers and members of any given club as are on my subscription list will be grouped together beneath the name of their town. Thus under "New York City" I shall show special groups of subscribers who belong to the "New York," "Citizens," and "Ixion" Bicycle Clubs (with the address of each club), and a fourth group of the unattached. Non-wheelmen among my subscribers will be designated as such. Hotels and libraries on the list will be made prominent by italics.

In naming "a dollar" as the subscription price of so elaborately planned a book, I "took a leap in the dark," for I never made any attempt to estimate the amount of material which I had promised to put into it until the need arose to prepare this present description. I see now that a summary of the estimated matter in the nineteen chapters which are already in existence amounts to about 103,000 words; and I fear that the sixteen chapters yet to be written, with the indexes, introduction, and contents-table, will require as many more. It does not appear to me, therefore, that I can possibly carry out my plan by printing less than 200,000 words. The expense of impressing that amount of type "in handsome style, on fine paper, and securely binding the same in cloth, with gilt top and side-stamp," is a thing which I can only guess at, in advance of taking a definite estimate from a printer. I remember that Mr. Burbank's "Wheelmen's Annual for 1882," whose price was a dollar, contained only 45,000 words. My present doubt, therefore, concerns not so much my ability to pledge 3,000 advance subscribers, as my ability to make any profit in supplying them so expensive a book at the specified rate. An increase of the price to \$1.50, for all those who delay their patronage until after publication day, has therefore been decided upon by me, as my only chance of securing a satisfactory financial result. My hope is that the advance sale of 3,000 books for \$3,000 will make such an impression upon the public as to insure the subsequent sale of the remaining 2,000 books for \$3,000. In other words, the receipt of \$6,000 for the entire edition of 5,000 books will be needed to make my scheme a financial success. Once again, therefore, do I invite those who wish to hasten such success to send me their postal-card pledges: "I agree to send a dollar for your book when published."

It is exactly nine months ago to-day since I began my canvass; and the growth of my subscription list, reckoned by calendar months from then, may be shown by the following numerals: First month, ending 25th February, 533; second month, 272 (305); third, 332 (1137); fourth 143 (1280); fifth, 141 (1421); sixth, 81 (1502); seventh, 259 (1761); eighth, 179 (1940); ninth, 67 (2007). I therefore now lack just 993 one-dollar pledges of the whole number needed as a "guarantee of good faith" before I make my bargain with the printer.

KARL KRON.

Washington Square, N. Y., Oct. 25.

## TWO CHAPTERS IN KARL KRON'S ROAD-BOOK.

THE TEN-THOUSAND-MILES MEN.—Under this caption I desire to present a summary of the records of all Americans who have wheeled that distance. Messrs. H. W. Williams, A. S. Parsons, W. Farrington, J. G. Dalton, G. F. Fiske, and Elliott Mason have already reported to me, and I have the promise of reports from E. R. Drew, C. A. Hazlett, and Perry Doolittle. Contributions have also come to me from leading English riders, such as E. Tegetmeier, H. R. Reynolds, Jr., A. J. Wilson ("Faed"), H. Sturmeier, and Alfred Hayes, while I expect soon to hear from H. Etherington, E. R. Shipton, A. Nixon, J. G. King, E. J. Sherriff, and others. The reports of the two first-named which I printed in August *Outing* (pp. 394, 395) are models which I wish other long-distance men would pattern after. All English wheelmen who have "measured the circumference of this planet," 25,000 miles (as I think every one of the above-named has done), will be welcome to a place in this part of the book. I shall also make room here for notable annual records, like that of 5,000 miles ridden by Frank E. Yates, of Chicago, in 1883.

ROUTES OF LONG-DISTANCE RIDERS.—This title is intended to cover a summary of all important reports of American roads, not traversed by myself, which other tourists have published in the 'cycling press, or have privately prepared for me. In the former case, exact references will be given to the journals where the full accounts may be found. I desire to give here "some account of all Americans who have ridden as much as 100 miles straightaway in a day; or as much as 25 miles straightaway without dismount; or as much as 1,000 miles of roadway (that is, 'separate miles of road'—not simply 'miles of riding'); or as much as 500 miles of roadway at a single excursion; or as much as 250 miles of continuous roadway, either straightaway or in a circuit; or who have engaged in tours remarkable for any other reason." I invite such men to describe to me as exactly as possible the character of the roads explored, with distances by cyclometer, times, dates, and condition of weather. The transcontinental ride and tramp (about 3,700 miles) of Thomas Stevens, and the thousand mile tour of W. W. Darnell (reported in *THE WHEEL* of Aug. 1, 1884), are examples of what this chapter will contain. It might easily be extended so as to cover the 400 pages promised for the entire book; and the limits to which I shall feel obliged to restrict it will depend somewhat upon the size of my subscription list. Though my book is not designed to encourage racing, I shall, for the sake of completeness, append to this chapter, or to some other, "a table of best times, amateur and professional, on bicycle and tricycle, in America and England."—From Karl Kron's revised prospectus of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle."

Defeat of the odious waiting tactics of London riders has pursued one of its chief exponents—Corsellis. He was co-marksman with Webb in the mile handicap, but while Webb got first position at the finish, Corsellis lost his heat by waiting, and was beaten by a country rider, who was as cunning as he was, and ran away from him at the finish.—*Tri. Journal (Eng.)*.

An Oregon bicyclist has two wooden legs, and he hasn't had his bicycle much over six months, either. This is unusually quick work.—*Reflector*.

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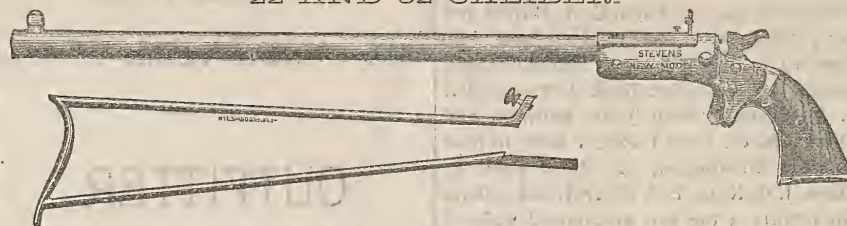
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LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.



OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT, W. H. MILLER, COLUMBUS, OHIO, FEBRUARY 12, 1884.

I think that the STEVENS RIFLE is an A 1 SHOOTING ARM. Made some REMARKABLE LONG shots with it at Nantasket Beach last fall. Will send some of my targets, as soon as I get in practice. Have not shot either of my rifles for some two months, consequently am out of practice.

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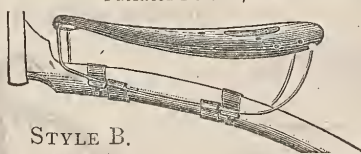
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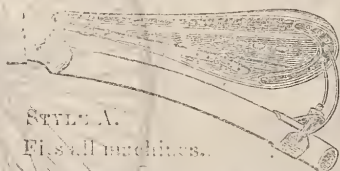
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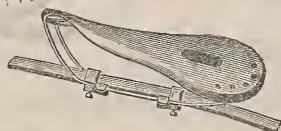
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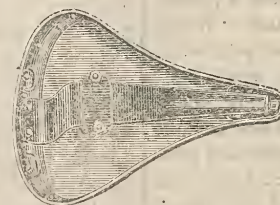
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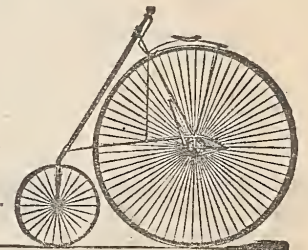
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