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WHEEL GOSSIP.

Our special number will be a daisy.

Wonder what scheme Brother Aaron has in his head for an o.g. for next year.

Was Pretty George the winner of the Consolation Race at the K. C. W. tournament?

The Harvard Bicycle Club, of Harvard College, (Mass.) gave a very successful dinner, Feb. 26.

The League took no particular stand in the polo business, and the Racing Board are clearing the decks for action.

The economical wheelman can by sending us \$2.00 receive the "Bicycling World" and THE WHEEL for one year.

The L. A. W. Membership Committee has accepted the resignation from the League, of Chas. M. Ostrander, of Chicago.

We will add a couple of columns of roller-skating gossip, as so many wheelmen are interested throughout the country.

Our printer was quite facetious last week when he made State division into a State dinner. He was probably thinking of an unusual luxury.

Mme. Louise Armaindo, (professional) is the only lady rider in the world, who holds a record. In Chicago 1883 she covered 843 4-13 miles in 72 hours.

The changes in the rules were a virtual rewriting of nearly all of them, hardly one escaping without some tinkering that improved them greatly.

Who was the winner of the Consolation Race at the King County Wheelmen's tournament? Look as though Referee George B. would have to decide.

We would be very much obliged if our readers would send us items on postal cards for our news columns. Short pithy paragraphs are of greater interest than a column article.

"Health upon Wheels," which we mentioned in our issue of Feb. 20, is published by Iliffe & Sons, Coventry, England. We have forwarded several letters of inquiry to them from subscribers.

Messrs. Clark and Atkinson, of Baltimore, were in town Friday. The latter gentleman will be remembered as the unfortunate possessor of very weak lungs, and who was so unceremoniously helped along at Washington.

After the many late expulsions and reinstatements to amateurism, of those persons who have been charged with the forfeiture of amateur status, we think a question would be in order. Here it is: What is professionalism?

The Cleveland Bicycle Club will hold their annual race meeting at the Cleveland athletic park grounds on Thursday and Friday, August 27 and 28, 1885.

Yours respectfully,

J. H. COLLISTER, Sec.

The Kings County Wheelmen very thoughtfully provided a "feed" for the visiting clubs after the races were over. Tickets admitting all to the Consolation Race were passed around during the events which admitted all to the serates.

Of the large number of wheelmen in Washington, only 192 belong to clubs. They are divided as follows: The Capital Club, 105 members; Washington Cycle Club, 43 members; District Wheelmen, 31 members, and the Star Club 13 members.

We are much interested in the continued correspondence of W. J. Morgan ("Spokes") to the cycling press. We always expect to find an article by that gentleman in every paper we look at, chronicling the doings of the professionals, Messrs. Morgan & Co.

Through the courtesy of the House Committee of the N. Y. A. C. the members of the Board of Officers who were in the city Sunday were taken on a tour of inspection, and expressed themselves delighted with the magnificence of the appointments of the club-house.

The Memphis Cycle Club proposes to hold a series of four days races in May. The club will hold State Championship and Southern Championship events. Valuable medals of the aggregate value of \$3,000 will be awarded, and it is hoped to attract Eastern men.

We have been asked by a correspondent, "Who is the best looking racing man you have ever seen?" We are hardly prepared to speak on that subject, as we have seen quite a number of handsome fellows; but judging from a lithograph which we have received from Wheeling, Cripps, eclipses them all.

Burley B. Ayers and H. F. Fuller arrived five minutes after the meeting of the league officers adjourned, having been on the road eighty-five hours. At an eating station the train ran away from them, and they chased it down the track for three miles, catching it finally in a snow bank.

The new club-house of the New Orleans Bicycle Club has lately been completed and is very attractively furnished. The building is one story high, the reception room being in the front. This room is carpeted, prettily papered and appropriately furnished. The wheel and locker rooms are directly in the rear.

Karl Kron reports to us that the number of his subscribers on Monday morning last was 2,505. He has received a second edition (2,000 copies) of his specimen chapter, "The Coral Reefs of Bermuda," and is prepared to mail it, gratis, to all who may send their postal card requests to him at the University building, New York.

The Wanderers, of Avondale, Ohio—Cincinnati's beautiful suburb—contemplate the erection of a four-room club-house on their lot next spring. The club is at present in a flourishing condition. The present board of officers are: President, Larz Anderson, Jr.; captain, F. W. Scarborough; secretary and treasurer, J. K. Scudder.

C. F. Lavender, the noted Canadian rider was born in Cardington, England, in 1856, and is therefore 29 years of age. He weighs 130 pounds, is 5 feet 7 inches in height, and rides a 54 inch "Invincible." Before leaving England, Mr. Lavender made a reputation for himself as a good man, but more fully established his racing qualities by breaking the Canadian record in 1883 to 3.05.

We will after this date publish once, for any subscriber, a four-line nonpareil advertisement in the "For Sale and

Exchange" column free of charge. Those who are not already on our books and wish to advertise, can, by sending us a dollar, secure THE WHEEL for a year, as well as a four-line advertisement, which must be limited to thirty words, including name and address.

At the social of the West Manchester Bicycle Club (England,) the following lines were rendered, as a refrain, after each song, by a few of the jolly ones: It's a jolly good song, and it's very well sung,
We're jolly companions every one;
Those who can mend it are welcome to try,
But always remember the singer is dry.

Over the shop of an agent for the sale of machines in England, is a sign which reads:

BI
CYCLES.
TRI

It is a matter of much discussion amongst the local cyclists as to whether it is intended to read, "Buy Tricycles," or "Try Bicycles." Perhaps the unconscious shopkeeper does not intend it for either.

The King of Siam has ordered a tricycle. There has lately been a remarkable royal run on cycles. Enterprising makers will see the advantage of shipping one of their machines to every ruler on the globe. Thus, if King Kalikua, of the Sandwich Islands, rides serenely through his domains mounted on an elegant tricycle, the maker will be immediately deluged with orders from affluent princes. Then there are numberless other Kings and Princes, and makers would have no trouble in getting rid of their machines.

The bicycle and tricycle interest in Colorado the coming season promises, from the present outlook, to be a real boom, especially in Denver. The Colorado Wheel Club is one of the permanent and substantial organizations of the city, their rooms in Opera House Block being elegantly furnished and contains a billiard table for evening amusement. The club has a large membership, and among them are some fast riders, two or three of whom will probably join the professional ranks next summer. The roads in the vicinity are the finest in the world for bicycling. It is estimated that there are over 200 bicyclists here now, and hundreds of young men in this city are banking part of their salaries for a bicycle in the spring.

A correspondent, from Pennsylvania writes as follows: "The article in your paper of Feb. 20, suggesting a tournament in New York city, to be carried on upon a large scale, is a rational and happy idea, and should be worked up into something practical. Because of New York's central location it would certainly be a success, equaling at all events, and undoubtedly surpassing, the Springfield meets, because of the fact that thousands of wheelmen could and would go to New York who would not go to the extra expense and trouble of getting to Springfield."

Best southern records: Five miles—T. L. Ingram, of Columbus, Ga., made at Macon, July 4, 1884, 21m. 26s. Two miles—J. H. Polhill, at Macon, Oct. 28, 1884, 7m. 20s. One mile—Frank X. Mudd, at Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 9, 1884, 3m. 31s. Half mile—Frank X. Mudd, at Montgomery, Ala., July 16, 1884, 1m. 35s. Quarter mile—T. L. Ingram, Columbus, Ga., 45s. Halfmile—(tricycles,) J. B. Burdette, at Nashville, Tenn., July 11, 1884, 2m. 34s. Quarter mile—(hands off,) J. H. Joseph, at Columbus, Ga., July 18, 1884, 1m. 34s.

We had always believed Mr. A. G. Coleman, of Canandaigua, to be possessed of a wise head, but it seems from a note which we received to have been a mistaken idea. The epistle itself will more fully show him as lacking in common sense than any remarks we could make:

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: You will discontinue sending me THE WHEEL. I never want to see another copy; the reason, forsooth, the last personal attack on my friend, Mr. Gilman. As far as being in bad odor with me and 99 out of every 100 L. A. W. members, it is a grand mistake. A. G. COLEMAN.

Active preparations are being made by the Northampton (Mass.) Bicycle Club for their ball, which will take place Wednesday, March 4. Mr. W. S. Maltby, the noted Boston fancy rider, will throw up his engagement with the Madison Square affair, to be present. A large delegation from the surrounding towns, including Springfield, is expected, and an extra train will be run to Springfield to accommodate the visitors. Following are the committees appointed: Reception committee, E. E. Davis, L. B. Graves and F. C. Shearn; floor director, Louis L. Campbell; aids, H. S. Campbell, J. Hayden, Jr., F. C. Shearn, A. P. Ripley, Daniel Pickard. Very pretty programmes are to be provided by the management.

The "Canadian Wheelman" is endeavoring to impress on its readers the conviction that the C. W. A. should not play second fiddle to the league, or any other organization, and advocates starting in opposition to the latter body. The editor of this enterprising sheet, should not hazard an opinion on the subject, when he has no sound views to back it. It is folly to suppose that an organization with a membership scarcely exceeding 500, could compete with one that numbers 5,000 on its roll, and plenty of capital to push things. The Board of Officers decided in New York that the meet should be held in Buffalo, and we predict that more Canadians will be present, than will attend the annual of the C. W. A.

"The latest news from Australia," as reported to us by Karl Kron, is the following: extract from a letter to him by James Copland, the long-distance tourist, dated at Sydney, New South Wales, Jan. 29. He adds to the local list of patrons for "X. M. Miles on a Bi.," the name of W. R. George, "who rides daily all the year round, and whose grown-up children are 'cyclers,'" and then says: "The Kangaroo, Rudge's, and Coventry Machinist Co.'s safety bicycles have reached here, and bid fair to entirely revolutionize the whole wheel trade. The popular verdict is that they are 'the machine of the future.' We hold a great tricycle meet here next Saturday, the last day of January, and hope to have a large gathering, including many ladies."

The Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, the makers of the Columbia bicycles and tricycles, have just opened a branch house at No. 179 Michigan avenue, Chicago. Major William N. Durrell, who will assume the management of this branch, is familiar with the bicycle trade, having had, for several years, the New York management of the Western Toy Company's business. The Major also has quite a military record. He entered the Confederate army when a lad, fought in the battle of Bull Run, and to the close of the war. He was in Gen. Ewell's staff, and lost an arm in the battle of Spottsylvania. The Chicago branch house will carry a large and full assortment of bicycles and tricycles, the machines manufactured by the Western Toy Company and R. P. Gormully, and a complete line of parts and sundries.

Among the attractions which the April number of "Outing," will present will be the first instalment of a novel by Julian Hawthorne, called "Love—or a Name," to run six months; the beginning of a brilliant story, in three parts, called "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones," by Goitfried Keller, the great Swiss novelist; a discussion of the question of the preservation of the Adirondack forests by a large group of eminent writers and public men; the first part of a picturesque account of an adventurous trip "Across America on a Bicycle," from San Francisco to Boston, by Thos. Stevens; and the beginning of "A Modern Tramp," an illustrated serial in six parts by E. C. Gardner, author of "Homes and How to make Them," "The House that Jill Built," etc.

There will also be several entertaining descriptive articles, two admirable short stories, two notable poems, and several important practical papers.

The "Bicyclette" is a new wheel lately brought out by Mr. T. Lawson, of London, England. It is in reality a safety bicycle. We append a brief description: "In outline this machine resembles a capital J lying upon its back. The head of the letter carries the handle-bars and the bottom portion of the head is attached to the steering wheel, which is only 20 inches in diameter. Both steering and driving wheels are attached to the right side of the frame. The driving wheel, which is only 30 inches in diameter, is worked by a chain, which runs round a cog-wheel between the pedals. Between the point of the saddle and the handle-bars is a clear space of 8 inches, giving the rider ample space to dismount, instead of going headlong over his handles. Just in the rear of the

pedals is a hinged iron stand, which can be raised or lowered by a simple turn of the handle-bar, thus enabling the rider at will to sit still upon his machine. The saddle is exactly 40 inches above the ground. This machine is capable of being converted into a tandem by adding a few pieces. The advantages claimed for the "bicyclette" are safety; no strain on steering handle; self-steering and self-balancing; standing by itself anywhere; extreme portability; one chain only; lightness and simplicity.

From New Orleans, under date of February 21, we have the following from John S. Prince: "In my races here on the 13, 14 and 15 insts., with Wm. M. Woodside, which were 25, 20 and 50 miles, best two in three. I had the misfortune to fall in the 25 and 50-mile contests, owing to the sharp corners of the track, and my trying to get round them fast. The 50-mile event was the deciding race, as we had both won one race each, and when I was on my 31 mile, my machine slipped and down I came, breaking my machine and hurting my arms very much. At this time I was leading Woodside by one lap, and I was riding very easy, and if I had not fallen I think I could have easily gained another lap on him before 50 miles were completed. The track was 9 laps to the mile. Now I see by the daily papers here that if Mr. Woodside claims he could have won the race anyhow. I would like to say through your bicycle column that if Mr. Woodside thinks he can defeat me in any kind of a race at any distance, he has only to name it, and put up his deposit, and I will promptly cover it and run him on any fair track in America, the "Turf, Field and Farm" to hold the stakes and name a referee. But I am inclined to think he won't run. If not, I will bet him \$200 that I can beat his said 50-mile record (2 hrs. 54 min.) which the papers won't credit him with.

JOHN S. PRINCE,
Champion of America and One-Mile
Champion of the World.

WHEELS OF ALL KINDS.

The new roller-skating rink situated on Eleventh street, near Madison, which has only been open a few weeks in this city, has been crowded nightly by our citizens, who seem to enjoy the pastime immensely, owing, no doubt, to the good management of its proprietors, Messrs. W. W. Beardsley and Kendig, who are constantly bringing before the public new attractions, as Bogert and Eno, the two acrobatic and skatorial artists, and other fancy skaters; also scrub races between the young men, and barrel races among the skate boys, which, of course, causes a good deal of amusement.

The attraction last Saturday afternoon and evening was the exhibitions given by Prof. J. Will Murray, the champion bicycle rider of Maryland, which were the finest ever given in this city, and notwithstanding the severe snow storm that prevailed during the evening and in fact all night, the rink was well attended, about 1,000 persons being present. The wonderful feats Mr. Murray performed were on a full nicked fifty-two inch Expert Columbia, one of which was in mounting the wheel while placed on two chairs. Among other things he did was to take the bicycle apart and ride on the large wheel alone. His first contest in fancy riding took place in

Baltimore, Md., after having ridden only nine months, and was against Mr. N. T. Lee, who had been riding several years. The contest was best two out of three, in which Mr. Murray carried off the first two. He has now been riding about two and one-half years. He is at present employed by the Olympian Club Rink Co., in giving exhibitions in theirs and other rinks about the country.

A BICYCLE RIDER.
WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 28.

A GLIMPSE OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

Simpkins is a personal friend of mine. By friend I mean that he generally wished to borrow a fiver, or loan my umbrella for a few days. He was an amateur wheelman, and could make a mile in 3.30. The cycling papers had mentioned him twice in flattering tones, such as "Our rising young racer," etc. Of course like all renowned amateur wheelmen, Simpkins had grown quite proud, and would look twice at a man, before he would finally say, "Ah, how do you do," and then adjusting the eyeglass, which had become an inseparable companion with him, would extend the first two fingers of his hands for a gentle shake. He carefully cultivated a just visible and no more mustache, and was trying hard to raise a little pair of sideboards, after the fashion of our English cousins. As I said before, Simpkins was growing proud, and it took him quite a while to recognize old friends. He threw up his employment, to live on his fame; but he found this to be a hard thing to do, and as he did not wish to work for a salary again, resolved to become a professional rider. He did so. Three weeks after this event, I received a note from him, saying that he was very sick, and wished that I would call and see him. As the missive was couched in humble language, I resolved to do so, and pulling my inside coat a little closer around me, I started for Simpkins's dwelling. That is what he designates it, though he occupies a bed on shares with a gentleman of Mott Street. I pulled the bell, and was admitted by the landlady, who told me that Simpkins owed her two weeks rent, and asked me to tell him he would have to pay up, or leave the house. I ascended to the garret, politely called the sixth floor, and knocked on Simpkins door. Immediately there came from the interior, a groan that would have chilled the bones of a dead man. I feared that Simpkins was having a hard time of it, so hurriedly opened the door, and rushed into his room. The instant he caught sight of me, he remarked, "Oh, is that you, I thought it was the landlady." A curious sight indeed was Simpkins. Two black eyes, bald head, broken nose, and a swollen ankle. "Say do you see these," said Simpkins, putting the injured members before my gaze. "Yes," I answered, "how did you get them, you don't seem to have much luck as a professional." "No," he answered, "and it took me two weeks to train down to 100 pounds. You see I was matched against a horse, in a town in Missouri. There was quite a crowd present, and the betting was all on me as I had ridden an exhibition mile in 3.50 before them, and the horse had never been known to do anything better than five minutes. All through the race everybody was hissing me, and calling "Go ahead, you dolt," and "Hey, if you don't worry that machine of yours

along a little faster, I'll pulverize you." Of course all that noise confused me, and I took three headers, and each time the horse gained ten or fifteen yards. During the race everything seemed to go wrong. I was so excited that I accidentally put my foot between two of the spokes, which necessitated a stop. The distance was for five miles. At three, the horse had a quarter of a mile start, so I got off and told the crowd, that I was exhausted, and that they must bring me a glass of brandy. But that crowd was a bad one, and the marshal of the town threatened to arrest me, if I did not ride on, at the same time, he whispered, he would give me six months if I did not win. You see he had a bet on me. By this time the horse was half a mile in the lead, and I thought those fools could all see that I couldn't catch up. But they didn't seem to think so. I was placed in the saddle, and commenced to ride crooked, just like a man who is about to faint; but the marshal gave me a look. Say, you just want to get a look from the marshal of a Missouri town, who wants you to do something for him. It's a wonderful thing, how it will cure you of the worst sickness going. It brought me right out of that spell, and the next moment I commenced to work the pedals faster than I ever did before. That marshal seemed to have mesmerism down fine. Of course I could not win the race, when the horse had half a mile start, and three miles were already run. Well, the horse won, and I got down on the track expecting to be congratulated for the pluck I had exhibited even while sick, but that won't work in Missouri. Instead of the warm shakes I was ready for, everybody commenced to call me names, such as "You duffer." I commenced to deliver an oration on the bad effects of dirty language, but the marshal cried "Let's kill him, boys." I did not stop to give them the speech, but made good time for the dressing-room. The "boys" started after me, and you can see the result. They said I had sold the race, "and why didn't I ride the first part of the race like the last." "Well, did you sell the race, Simpkins?" I inquired.

Through the gloom that had contracted on his brow, during the recitation of his wrongs a smile broke. He felt under his pillow, and taking out a roll of bills, said, "Say, you didn't think I was a sucker, did you?" And then he whispered confidentially, "But professionalism is a busted business."

A. WARD.

WHAT A LEAGUE MEMBER THINKS.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: Your issue of the 13 lies before me. I'm going to write you a letter whether I get the five cent prize or not. I get the "Cyclist" edition of the "Amateur Athlete," and I saw in a recent issue an adv. by Baird Bros., that "some of the members of the L. A. W. missed an issue and immediately we were deluged with inquiries about it, so valuable (?) has it become." Now to a member of the L. A. W. who lives "way back," it isn't worth a cent. If it wasn't for THE WHEEL and one or two other independent publications, a fellow that had a bicycle would not receive a suggestion in regard to matters outside of "The Racing Board," "Meets," and various other things which concerns only a few.

There are two pages of reading matter, and "some more" of advertisements. We don't arraign any one, but it seems as though there is something loose somewhere. The writer sent in his fee preparatory to admission to the L. A. W. early in December, 1884. On January 15 we received notice that our application had been received, and we commenced receiving the "official" organ. Up to this date, February 19, we have heard nothing from the "Board" and perhaps never will. Now, Mr. Editor, if I depended upon the "official organ" for information, I would be "mighty hard-up" for it. I bought a bicycle late last fall, intending to familiarize myself with it, and act upon what hints and suggestions the older members might offer through the "Gazette" of the league. I did see a piece about coasting but that's all. What will it amount to, to me if I do become a member of the L. A. W.?

I can't have a list of members because they haven't any, and I don't know whether there is a member within 10 or 150 miles of me. I would respectfully suggest that the "Board" issues a list of all members, and at the end of each month have the official "Gazette" print in their paper on a space that would correspond with the size of that already published, a list of members added, and one of those who had either been expelled or had withdrawn. To isolated members it would show who was their "nearest neighbor," and many a "meet" might be the offset. Respectfully yours,

MOUNTAINEER.

FROM THE CLUBS.

BUFFALO.—The B. B. C. was organized in 1879. Its charter members were H. T. Appelby, John T. Gard, George F. Chavel and G. R. Bidwell. Mr. Appelby was the first man to ride a two-wheeled velocipede in Buffalo. Two professionals gave an exhibition in the city, and Mr. Appelby took a pattern from their wooden concerns which are now called "bone-shakers," and had one built for himself. Mr. Bidwell now belongs to the Citizens Club of New York.

The active membership of the club is 84, of which 31 were added this year. Since organization the club has only lost 7 members, none of which were through death. A tournament was held every year. They have been the means of showing visiting clubs what Buffalo wheelmen could do. The club has the reputation of being the best entertainer in the country. The banquet last year surpassed even that of the League meet at Washington. The coming meet will probably be the largest ever held. It is expected that fully 1,500 wheelmen will participate. About \$1,500 have already been subscribed for the entertainment of the League. Nearly \$800 of this was raised in the club alone. Efforts are being made to secure Olympic park for a track. Now that the League has consented to come to Buffalo on July 2 and 3, the B. B. C. will hold its annual tournament on the 4th, which will then be one of the events in the celebration of the national holiday.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Falls City Bicycle Club, held their annual election of officers, February 11, with the following results: President, Owen Lawson; secretary and treasurer, A. L. Dietzman; captain, David Biggs; first lieutenant, Hugo Helbourne; bugler, Percy Bettison.

LOWELL (MASS.) BICYCLE CLUB.—This organization at their annual election of officers, February 18, appointed the following for the ensuing year: President, Joseph Pinder; secretary and treasurer, Harry Dunlap; captain, N. G. Norcross; first lieutenant, Harry H. Hull; second lieutenant, Frank E. Bramhall; color bearer, Charles E. Curtis; buglers, Fred A. Baker and Arthur Gage.

MEMBER.

RIVERSIDE WHEELMEN.—At the second annual election of the Riverside Wheelmen, on February 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President F. C. Stratton; vice president, A. H. Hall; secretary, A. J. Menge; treasurer, J. O. Nightingale; captain, J. B. Fisher; first lieutenant, H. Barnard; second lieutenant, W. A. Hall; color bearer, A. S. Stratton.

TORONTO (CANADA) BICYCLE CLUB.—At our annual election of officers, the following were selected to serve for the year. President, W. B. Murrick; vice president, C. E. Lalley; secretary, A. E. Blogg; treasurer, J. F. Lawson; captain A. F. Webster; first lieutenant, Charles. Langley; second lieutenant, M. H. Cox; third lieutenant, F. M. Knowles; bugler, W. H. Brown. The club is in a very flourishing condition at present, and intend to stir Canadian Cycling up a little during the coming season.

R. F. C.

WESTFIELD (N. J.) BICYCLE CLUB.—The following officers were elected to serve during the coming year. President, A. B. Howe; secretary, C. M. Goodnow; captain, J. T. Case; first lieutenant, C. F. Watson; second lieutenant, R. H. Blinn; bugler, A. W. Warren.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

Although there are at present few if any signs that the opening of the road riding season is near at hand, the enthusiastic wheelman is already laying his plans for the coming season, and gleefully recounts them to his friends. Tours, both long and short, are being projected, and numberless are the miles that the individual wheelman expects to roll over before the end of the year. I was told by a friend a few evenings since that last year he had covered 2,500 miles, and was determined that his record this year should reach 5,000 miles. I would suggest for the benefit of his reputation, and that of all other riders who have similar ambitions, that they provide their wheels with accurate cyclometers, and thus avoid having their truthfulness questioned. No matter how highly his veracity may be held on other subjects, a wheelman's report of a big road record is always received with suspicion. The saying that as soon as a man begins lying he thinks everybody else a liar, may apply to this case.

The prospects are that Boston will produce a number of flyers this season, and if we were fortunate enough to possess a respectable track many more would undoubtedly be brought out. It has been suggested that one of the clubs, or a combination of 'cyclists, secure the track on the Union grounds. This, however, would not be at all practical, for, as has been said many times, the track is a wretched one, and could not be put in even respectable condition without a very large expenditure, more than it would be worth, considering its small size. If a good four lap

cinder track was constructed here there is little doubt but what it could be made to pay, but a six lap track with acute angle corners will never be anything but a loss to its projectors.

Chief among the flyers likely to make their appearance with the opening of the riding season is Mr. H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Club. Mr. Corey's recent performances in England showed that he had lost none of his old form, and a little training would put him in a condition fit to compete against the best. Indeed there are many who think that with proper training Corey has not his equal in America. He certainly understands the "science" of racing as well as any man in the country, and physically he will compare favorably with them all. He has the further advantage of being able to properly take care of himself, both while in and out of training. This is an advantage because there are so few of our best riders who properly care for their bodies. They may do all right while in active training, but as soon as the race is over indulge in such excesses that their constitution is irreparably damaged. It is indeed to be greatly regretted that our racing men do not appreciate the importance of not suddenly discontinuing their training. When a man is thoroughly trained his muscles and nervous system are strained to the utmost, and while in this condition for him to suddenly dash into excesses, whether or eating, drinking or otherwise, has much the same effect on his system as has the throwing of ice water on a red-hot stove. Yet how often do we see our riders celebrate their victories on the path in just such excesses? It is this which makes so many persons opposed to all athletic competitions. Proper training will never injure a man, but will be of lasting benefit to him if he returns gradually to his normal condition.

Ralph Ahl, C. S. Whitney, H. M. Sabin, Graves, and a Dorchester rider by the name of Rhodes. The latter is as yet a novice on the path, but, according to Dr. A. G. Kendall, he has shown some wonderful speed on the road, and as soon as the season opens will begin his training. He is a young man of powerful physique and rides a 52 inch Expert. Ahl may appear on the track, but I don't think it likely, for his folks are very strongly opposed to his racing, and have prevented him from doing so for the past two years. His racing career was a brief but brilliant one. He appeared in only two events, but in each lowering the American records. Improper training, however, resulted in a severe sickness; and Ralph raced no more. Whitney did some good work in last season's local events, and he will probably do well this year, but I do not think that he is physically strong enough to ever make a successful racing man. In racing he appears to draw largely on his nervous system, which is sooner or later bound to take him down. Sabin earned an enviable reputation from the few events in which he appeared, and is likely to do well if he trains. Graves wore a brilliant reputation for lively speeding around Chestnut Hill reservoir, but lost it all in the first race he entered. He had several disadvantages to contend against, however, and this year will probably do much better. There are a number of other riders I might mention as aspiring

for racing honors during 1885, but for the present they wish to remain unknown.

For several days past the residents of the Back Bay have seen the novel sight of a young man going the rounds of their streets delivering goods and packages from a carrier tricycle. The machine resembles the ordinary tandem tricycle, with a large wicker basket suspended in front. The machine was recently imported by the Pope Manufacturing Company, and is the first ever seen in America. It is understood that an effort is to be made to introduce the machine into the postal service at Washington and other cities.

The house of the Boston Club was the scene of a brilliant gathering last Friday, the occasion being one of those ever-pleasant events in club life, a "ladies night." They are given several times during the season, and have come to be looked forward to by both the members and their lady friends with much pleasurable anticipation. There is likely to be little disappointment as long as the present energetic entertainment committee has charge of affairs. There was a goodly number of members and their lady friends present. Full dress was the rule with the gentlemen, while the costumes worn by the ladies were, many of them, noticeable for their beauty and elegance. The entire house was thrown open for inspection, and as no attempt was made at decoration, the ladies could see just what accommodations the Bostons were accustomed to. If there was any wheelman from another club present, he must indeed have felt jealous at their superior accommodations, for, until the completion of the Massachusetts Club house, the quarters of the Boston Club must be acknowledged as the most elegant and convenient of any 'cycling organization. The evening was passed in social intercourse, enjoying a bountiful collation by caterer Cook, and dancing until a late hour to the strains of the Cadet orchestra.

The third annual dinner of the Harvard Bicycle Club was held at Young's Hotel last Thursday evening. There was an attendance of about thirty, and the occasion was as select and heightened as the most exacting Harvard man could wish. There were present as guests President Thurber, of the Brown University Club (by the way, who ever heard of the Brown University Bicycle Club?) and ex-President Morrison, of the Harvard Bicycle Club. Mr. T. F. Baldwin, '86, was toast master. The toast were after the usual college style, and are said to have been very wittily responded to.

Consul Atkins is progressing famously with his road-book and expects to have it in the hands of the printer very shortly. The book will be much larger than was first intended, and consequently its value to wheelmen increased. If any wheelman knows of a particularly good route hereabouts, which is not generally known, it would be well if he would send it to Mr. Atkins, at 597 Washington street, Boston.

Mr. H. M. Sabin, of the Newton Club, is now connected with the 'cycle house of Stoddard, Lovering & Co. He takes the position formerly filled by Mr. Palmer, who has returned to New Haven, where he is to start a 'cycle agency. Sabin is very popular among local wheel-

men, and will likely be instrumental in disposing of many Ridges. It is understood that he is to be the next captain of the Newton Club.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Club to-morrow evening, a number of new members will be admitted. Among the applicants is President Ducker of the Springfield Club. Evidently the old difference between he and Col. Pope are all smoothed over. So many things of a like nature have recently happened, that it looks as though a new era of good feeling was about to be instituted, and one would not be surprised to hear that Presidents E. C. Hodges and A. H. Ove man had become candidates for admission to this all-absorbing organization, the Massachusetts Bicycle Club. The committee in charge of purchasing furniture for the new house have expended all the money appropriated them, \$1,500, I believe, but that is not enough, and they will ask for more to-morrow evening.

The Pope Manufacturing Co., having done away with their riding school, have fitted up a large salesroom on their upper floor, where are displayed to advantage a full line of their machines. Descriptions of their new light roadster, and two-track tricycle will soon be published.

BOSTON, March 2, 1885.

"OUTING" FOR MARCH.

The March issue of "Outing" closes the fifth volume and the present series. With the April issue the magazine is to be greatly strengthened in all its features. The March number is filled with entertaining and valuable matter, and, its illustrations are among the best it has ever published. The frontispiece is a breezy picture of a schooner engaged in sword-fishing, illustrating a paper by Alexander Young. It is drawn by M. J. Burns, the celebrated artist, and engraved by H. E. Silvester. The leading paper discourses alluringly of "A Winter in Sonora" setting forth the charms of a Mexican winter in sharp contrast to the chilling vagaries of our northern season. It is from the pen of Sylvester Baxter, and is illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. "Evolution of Canoeing," by Frederic G. Mather, is a thorough discussion of the modern canoe, and a comparison of various models, illustrated by diagrams and an engraving of the famous Snake. Another paper of special interest to canoeists is a vivid description of a cruise in "the Drowned Lands of New Jersey," by Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, commodore of the American Canoe Association. The new building of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club is the subject of a paper by Rev. S. H. Day, the newly elected captain of the club, and is richly illustrated by the half-dozen well-known artists which the club is proud to number among its members. The new club-house is situated in the aristocratic Back Bay region of Boston, immediately adjoining the Art Club building.

A vivacious story by Miss Sophie Sweet, the conclusion of Maurice Thompson's "Tangle-leaf Papers," a careful paper on the tricycle for woman, by Minna Caroline Smith, and several poems, are included in the table of contents. The leading editorial article is an earnest appeal to the New York Legislature in behalf of Niagara Falls.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CHICAGO.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: In your issue of Feb. 20, under the heading "From the Clubs," you give the names of gentlemen as officers of the Stamford Wheel Club that we never heard of before. At the annual meeting of the club held Jan. 13, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Walter J. Michels; vice-president, H. E. Mackee; secretary and treasurer, W. L. Baldwin; captain, Wm. A. Hurlbutt; lieutenant, C. W. Hendrie; color-bearer, Nelson Jessup. Yours fraternally, W. L. BALDWIN, Secretary S. W. C. STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 24, 1885.

WHAT WE ARE TO EXPECT NEXT JULY.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: The following verses, written by Mr. Louis Hohl, the club poet, were first read at a banquet given by the Buffalo Bi. Club, April 23, 1881, in honor of Mr. Jas. O. Monroe, L. A. W. 40, on the eve of his departure for Europe to take a well earned vacation:

DER BUFFALO PICYCLE KLUB.

Mine freunds I vant your addention,
Shoost for a leetle vwhile,
Dere is someding I vant to told you,
Put I hope you don't laugh oder schmile.

Now der vas a great pig country,
Mit cidys und downs great und schmall;
Und you dink, und I dink, 'we all dink,
Dot Buffalo vas der best blace ov all.

Der cidy vas growing like blazes,
Mit der times ve haf to keep up,
Der poys come to gedder und started
Der Buffalo Picycle Klub.

Vell, I joined mineself mit dot klub,
Und pooty soon gwick, I found oud
Dot der more I got me ackwanded,
Der better I like me dot krowd.

Dr. Appleby, he vas der bresident den;
Dake my advice if you ever got sick,
Go down by his blace, on Vest Eagle street,
Und he vill kill you ride away gwick.

Jim Munro he vas der sekretar,
Yah dots so, und der dresaurer, too,
He kceped all der books, und money for nod-
dings,
I dink dot vos goot, now dond you?

Georgie Bidwell he vas der captain,
Und he made Georgie Chavel his sub;
F. F. Hunt he vas der leffenant
Of dot Buffalo Picycle Klub.

Pooty soon Bidwell's Georgie resigned,
Und der poys all sorry did feel;
So dey elected George Howard for captain,
To ride on der front mit his vhwheel.

Den dere vas all der rest of der poys,
Deir names I vill now gwickly tell,
Dere vas Newman, two Tabers und Schmitty,
Gard Valker, two Villiams und Bell.

Dere vas Schladermundt, James, Hold, und
Otis,
Two Thorntons, two Dakins und Riggs,
Und Caulkins, Stone, Woodruff und Jaeger,
Greiner, Martin, George Taylor und Briggs.

'Twas early last year in der summer,
Der sekretar a meeting calls;
Vell, der poys vas all got togedder,
Und decide for a drip to Niagara Falls.

Vednesday, August der 25th, 1880,
Der poys by der circle did meet;
Der sky he vas kloudy, der morning vas kold,
Ved dey started down Richmond ave. street.

Vell, dey got along to der lunatik assylem,
Ven der rain he come down, you bet;
But didn't make us no difference,
Py shimmeny some one got wet.

Der poys got home, anodder meeting vas
kalled,
Und dey all resold in der mind,
Dot Niagara Falls dey vould see oder die,
On Dhursday, September der 9d.

Der morning kame, der vedder vas rise,
Und der poys vas all of good scheer;
Ekcept der Doctor, mit his little machine,
Who wanted a schooner of beer.

Der order vas given to mount,
Und der poys all got in deir seet,
Und everyding vent along niseley,
Dill dey got by Niagara street.

Ven der klub veeled on to dot bavement,
Py shimmeny dese stones dey vas rough;
Taber's vhwheel doubled ub like a hoobskirt,
I dote you dot machine it look dough.

Der poys soon got dot vhwheel straigdened,
Der captain's vhistle vas up by his mouth,
Und so gwick as he plowed und dot signal,
Dey vas wriding Niagara street out.

Ven dey kame by dot Schlounger houses,
Somboddy vas left in der rear;
Dey found out ride away 'twas der Doctor,
Whot got him dot shooner of beer.

Dey rode along down by dot river,
Und vas enjoying demselves, dey all said,
Ekcept Jaeger who dried some gymnastics,
Py standing on dop of his head.

Ven riding ub over a hill,
Donawanda, der picycle cried;
Und der Doctor he grinned all over,
Ven dot sign, beer brewery, he spied.

His eye he kept on dot blaces,
His vhwheel went round und round fast,
Ven he got dere he gwickly dismounted,
Und said, "Py Golly, I got here at last."

He wiped der sweat off mit his eyeprows,
Und der brewer he vinked mit his eye;
He looked at der Doctor all over,
Und said, "I dink you vas dry."

"I dink so mineself," he said gwickly,
Und der brewer he sooned filled him nb;
Den he jumped on his vhwheel und skedaddled,
Dill he found oud dot picycle klub.

Vell, der poys dey all had deir breakfast,
Und soon left behind dot hotel;
Put dey didn't make no more short stops,
Dill dey got by dot blace kalled La Salle.

Ven der straglers kome up pehind,
Anodder stard soon id vas made,
Und ven dey got by Niagara Falls,
Der klub vas about seven hours lade.

Dusty, dirty, und veary,
Mit a fearful appetite,
Dey reached deir destination,
Afider dot long und exciding ride.

Der dinner ve had vas a pully one,
Und der poys did all petter feel,
Und dey all kame home mit der picycle,
On dop of dot steam cars' vhwheel.

SUBBLEMENT.

Vell, poys, perfoe ve go away from der dable,
I dink 'twould be no more as right,
Dot a rezolution of danks be bassed,
For der vay ve vas used here do-night.

If ve effer again kome togedder,
For to give some one a farevell,
I hobe you vill go by George Rupp,
Who runs dot Gruener's Hotel.

THE K. C. W. RACES.

The most attractive and successful bicycle tourney ever held in Brooklyn, was given under the auspices of the Kings County Wheelmen last night, which drew together a fashionable assemblage of nearly 3,000 people to the Brooklyn Rink. The attractive and exciting character of the performances and the general excellence of the arrangements made the event one of exceptional interest. There was, in fact, but one drawback to the entire success of the tourney, and that was the lack of promptness in beginning each event. A little more system in preparing beforehand would have avoided the rather tedious delays which occurred. It was half past eight before the opening parade of machines took place, and, according to the programme, at least six of the events should have been completed by that

hour. The result was that it was nearly eleven o'clock before the tourney ended and the roller-skating began.

The attendance of wheelmen included sixty members of the Kings County Club, twenty-four of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club—the oldest organization on the island—twenty-four of the Long Island Wheelmen, seventeen of the Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York; sixteen of the Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City; fourteen of the Ixion Bicycle Club, of New York; with one member of the Smithville Bicycle Club of New Jersey.

The opening parade was a very attractive exhibition of wheels, the entries including several varieties of bicycles and tricycles, the latter being graced by the presence of lady riders on them. The veteran Brooklyn Club made a fine appearance under the lead of Captain H. R. Elliott, their secretary being the first club rider of a bicycle in Brooklyn. The Kings County Wheelmen, under Captain Edward Pettus, made a very attractive display, as did the Long Islanders, under Captain A. W. Guy. The Brooklyn Wanderers, though small in number, added to the attractions of the parade under Captain J. R. Rose. The first racing event of the tourney was the one mile contest between Captain Pettus on a kangaroo bicycle and J. B. Hegeman on roller skates, the former winning with ease in 4m. 29s. Then came fancy riding by W. D. Bloodgood, of the K. C. W., whose balancing feats on the wheel were specially noteworthy. A one mile tricycle race followed, in which A. C. D. Loucks defeated Captain Pettus in 4m. 54s. Then came the one mile bicycle race in which the entries were reduced to A. B. Rich, of the New York Bicycle Club, and Harry Hall, of the K. C. W. The former won in fine style after a close and exciting race, the time being 3m. 14 2-5s. The finest exhibition of bicycling riding yet seen in Brooklyn followed. It was a display of fancy riding by young Thos. R. Finley, the lone star from Smithville, N. J. He entirely outdid the Boston professional, Wilson, who recently exhibited at the rink, his feats of balancing on the machine being really wonderful. He was loudly applauded especially by the ladies.

The next event was the most attractive display of club riding yet seen at the rink. It was the Demon Drill of the Kings County Wheelmen's champion eight. The eight riders were attired in Mephistophelean dress, and the leaders started amid flashes of infernal fire and the lowering of the gas light adding to the picturesqueness of the seen. The drill itself was admirable. Twenty-two separate movements were gone through with, the most noteworthy being the "four cross in centre and stand still," and the "stand still by eight and wheel." Captain Pettus led the drill, and it was the event of the tourney. An attractive display of fancy skating by Miss Blanche Hayden varied the programme at this stage. The third feature was the game of polo on Star bicycles. The contestants were young Finley and Charles Frazier. Both used the forward wheels of their machines as bat s, with a degree of dexterity which made the contest exceedingly interesting. The ball, of course, had to be "dribbled" along the floor. The result of the contest was the success of young Finley, who won two goals to one.

The one mile tandem bicycle race was rendered a failure by the inability

GRAND INTERNATIONAL SIX DAYS' ROLLER-SKATING TOURNAMENT AND CARNIVAL, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N. Y., COMMENCING MARCH 2, 1885, SUNDAY NIGHT, 12:05 A. M., START SIX DAYS "GO-AS-YOU- PLEASE ON ROLLERS."

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GEORGE B. CLAXTON,	NAT. CLARK,
R. A. SKINNER.	

BICYCLISTS.

Prof. JOHN WILSON,	W. S. MALTBY.
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F. G. STUMCKE, Skater and Bicyclist.	JESSIE DECAMP, Fancy Skater.
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WM. F. STONE, Fast five mileskater.	ARTHUR MELVILLE, fancy and waltzer.
DANIEL SEXTON, fast two mile backward.	
MAMIE MADDEN, the renowned beauty and expert fancy skater.	
and many others. The whole making the most attractive collection of talent ever seen in any country.	

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of two of the riders to guide their machines. Messrs. Hall and T. H. Loucks won this race with ease, in over four minutes. The slow race was not the success anticipated, as only four competitors entered and two retired early from being obliged to dismount, young Finley winning, owing to his being the only one to keep his seat, as the goal was not reached. The one mile scratch proved to be one of mishaps. A. C. D. Loucks had the race in hand when he and Bloodgood took a tumble. The latter was first up and away, and he would have won but for a rather violent header which he took after his restart. This gave the lead again to Loucks, C. Otis being second. The last contest of the tourney took place at 10:45 P. M. It was a mile race on rollers, in which seven Kings County Wheelmen were the contestants. Of these C. W. Fuller took a winning lead at the start, and after that "he never spoke as he passed by" all the others, winning in 2-56 2-5. Roller-skating ended the evening's entertainment. The officers of the tourney were as follows:

Committee of arrangements—T. B. Hegeman, F. N. Fenstermaker, A. C. D. Loucks, M. L. Bridgman; Ed. F. Austin, chairman.

Field officers—George R. Bidwell, referee, Citizens Bicycle Club.

Judges—N. M. Beckwith, president, L. A. W.; A. W. Guy, captain L. I. W.; E. W. Johnson, captain K. Co. W.; H. R. Elliott, B. Bi. C.; Frank A. Egan, Ixion Bi. C.

Timekeepers—W. H. Robertson, S. R. Austin, Williamsburgh A. C.

Starter—Walter Hegeman, secretary W. A. C.

Scorers—F. E. Snider, W. A. C.; F. H. Douglas, K. C. W.

Clerks of the course—A. C. D. Loucks, K. C. W.; W. D. Bloodgood, K. C. W.; Robert F. Hibson, K. C. W.

Reception committee—The entire club members.

Club officers—Robert F. Hibson, president; Thomas B. Hegeman, vice-president; A. C. D. Loucks, secretary; Charles Schwalbach, treasurer; Edward Pettus, captain; Edward F. Fisk, first lieutenant; F. N. Fenstermaker, second lieutenant; J. H. Long, color-bearer; Ephraim Johnson, bugler.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once there was a traveler in the land of his majesty King Experience the First, who rules vast territories. This traveler had explored a goodly portion of these dominions, when he woke up one bright morning when the sun was a good ways up and was surprised to hear his favorite Thomas cat pouring forth the sweetest lays, upon the roof directly overhead. He was not only surprised, but pained. Surprised that the cat should sing in the daytime, instead of during moonlight, and pained because the faithful feline should go back on his teachings of many years, i. e., not under any circumstances do disturb his morning doze. But he did not want to chide the cat, inasmuch as his bootjack was out in the wood-shed and the weather rather cold, so he lay there and listened. Learned as he was he could not understand it. The poignancy of his vexation was great when he recalled the many idle hours wasted when he could have learned catalog as well as Latin and Greek. Summoning his servant to the bedside he asked:

"Pat do you know what that cat is talking about?"

Pat listened a moment and suddenly his face lit up with a smile.

"Faith sur, and an' it's me that understands it entirely."

"What is it?" was asked eagerly.

"Faith yer oner, that fool cat has heard of a country in the land of Experience where the traveling is pretty tough and bootjacks hit every time. He is giving thanks that he don't have to live there."

"Is that so; well I must see that land and pretty soon, too," quoth the traveler.

Eating a hasty breakfast he set out in the direction given by Pat, and before long came to a place where the roads became narrower and narrower by degrees. Strange insects and reptiles began to appear along the road and stare him in the face. It is true that the stare of the insects didn't make him blush, but they stared so I chronicle it. As things became more alarming he became uneasy, but being reassured by his vast knowledge of the world, pushed on with a vow that he would "get there," if it took a suspender button. But even a man of his nerve couldn't stand it much longer. He looked back for a means of escape, but, much to his astonishment, he found the road shaped somewhat like an ever-ready rat trap. You know a rat can crawl in, but can't get out till a woman with a club comes around, and, carefully aiming the club, opens the door and smashes the cage instead of the rat as it jumps out. Well, that's the position of my friend, so far as the comparison will go. Suddenly there appeared an ogre of hideous proportions.

"What! you here?" he said.

"Yes," the traveler faltered.

"You have no business in this part of Experience. Do you want to get out?"

"I do."

"Well, do you see that lion?"

"I do."

"He is asleep, you will observe," said the ogre, in a voice of thunder.

"I observe, but for God's sake don't articulate so loud or you will wake him, then—"

The ogre laughed hoarsely. "You wish to escape? Well, take this whip, that is made of rawhide, and strike the lion 3,000 times on the nose. If you do it without waking him you are safe, but if he opens his eyes you will be gobbled up like a Thanksgiving dinner," saying which he disappeared, and I will leave my traveler standing there meditating on his fix, and this is the end of my allegory. I hear some of you say, "what a Beelzebub of an allegory," but wait, I am not through.

Fellow wheelmen, our "Karl Kron" is a good sort of a fellow. He has done the cause of bicycling an immense amount of good. He has often for the love of it worked far into the night, laid foundations of dyspepsia for the good of others. He has had success as a writer, and I have no doubt received considerably more than \$1.50 for a single article. Looking into the dim vistas of a bicyclist's pocket-book he thought himself justified in pushing for publication "X. M. Miles on a Bi." He has gone so far that he cannot retreat except at a great loss, and like our friend the traveler he is in a "pretty kettle of fish." The 3,000 strokes on the lion's nose represent the 3,000 pledges of \$1 each. Now, brother wheelmen, he has got

over 2,300, and who will be so base as to stand by and let so worthy a man perish for want of 600 postal cards with these words thereon, "I hereby pledge you \$1 for your road book when issued." We can all afford the postal card, and most assuredly the \$1, considering the merits of the book, and I assure you it will be worthy of placing in any man's library. Now hunt up your postal card and send him your pledge at once, and you will feel like a man that has done good, and Karl will feel greatly relieved in more senses than one, and won't have to desperately keep on trying to talk the ears off a brass monkey in every issue of THE WHEEL. Now, I repeat, hunt up your postal card. PEDIBUS.

P.S.—In looking over the last WHEEL I see some one criticises one of my former articles about the "Star," and says if I will come to Washington he will show me thirteen-year-old boys mounting 54 "Stars" easily. Well, perhaps I can mount a 60 easily in Washington, but I wasn't speaking of fine asphalt roads, but Western horse paths. If there is a thirteen-year-old boy that can mount a 54 "Star" out here, without assistance, I will give him mine. PEDIBUS.

THREE KICKERS ABROAD.

Three 'cyclers, whose misfortunes dire with pity moved
Saint Peter's heart—three youths who each admittance ow'd
To fatal headers, ingrates, one and all, soon prov'd
To be, and thankless unappreciation show'd;
By finding grievous fault with their accorded means
Of locomotion. Wings from time's unmeasured dawn
By others praised, these youths regard with scornful mien;
And roaming 'mid celestial scenes at rosy morn,
Down alabaster boulevards and crystal roads
They think it pity great that graceful steel ribbed steed
For wings should not be substituted; and that modes
In vogue a million years ago—if not indeed
More ancient e'en than that—should discontinued be.
With great assurance, born of their unearned success
In entrance gaining, this ungrateful coterie
Of wheelmen, in unguarded moment did confess
Their disapproval to a cherub; who straightway
To Jove did fly, in horror, with the dreadful news
Of discontent within the realms of endless day.
But Jove, in pity smiling, let the 'cyclers choose
Whichever they would, 'tween wings and wheels. The culprits bow'd
And yielded up their wings, nor stopp'd to calculate;
And Vulcan forthwith forg'd them wheels, and each allow'd
To mount and ride around where fancy free dictate.
They roam'd the plains and vales, where bloom'd perpetual flowers
Nor envied swift wing'd throngs why soar'd in airy flight
From vale to mountain top; 'neath green ambrosial bowers
They oft reclin'd; and scraps gaz'd, and thought the sight
Full strange. They on a journey went to far off realms,
And found the roads perfection; mud nor rut nor sand
Abounds, and oft-repeated questions overwhelm
Them not at every halt, in this high-favor'd land.
Full charm'd with beauteous scenes, they merrily wheel
Away, nor care to turn; for endless pathways lead
Through lands of transcendental loveliness; the steel
Steeds glisten in th' eternal light; nor do they need

Care aught for time, where time's no more to be; and where
No clam'rous wants compel to have continuous care
For this and that. For years they roam'd, and each day's fare
Did happier seem than yesterday; which each did share.
At last they turned them round, and wheel'd them swiftly back
Toward Jove's throne; which seat of central glory's seen.
A glistening speck in far off east, by which to track
Their backward course; and in each ray of light did beam
As 'twere glad tidings. All went well, until of leagues
Two thousand were but left 'twixt them and their bright goal;
When one they had all learned to dread, by some intrigue,
They found, had entrance gained—admission doubtless stole.
Two thousand leagues of road unrideable now lay
Before them; headers now they'd take in many a hole;
An *Etat Unis* road o'erseer a-well a-day!
Had stolen in, and surreptitious gained control.
THOS. STEVENS.

THE NEED SUPPLIED.

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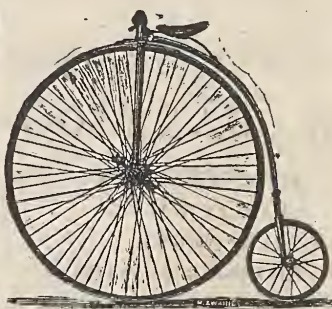
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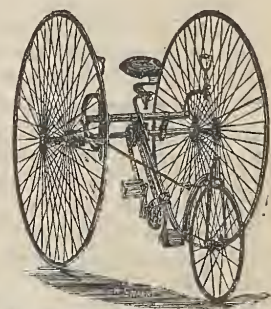
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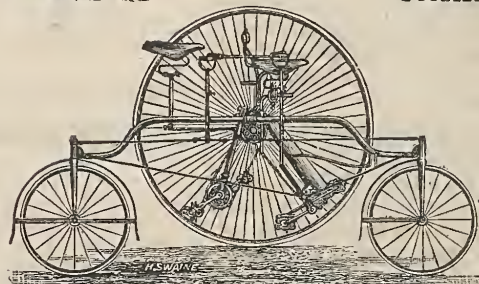
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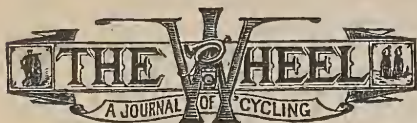
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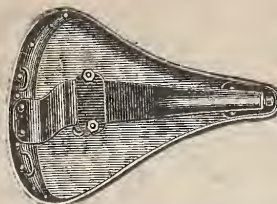
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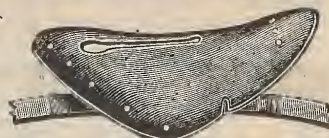
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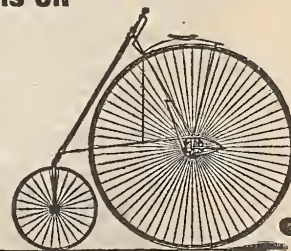
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FRED JENKINS,
Editor of The Wheel.

New York, Nov. 17, '83.

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I am carrying a policy of insurance in this company, and I highly recommend it to your consideration.

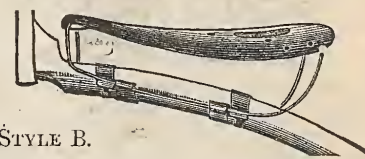
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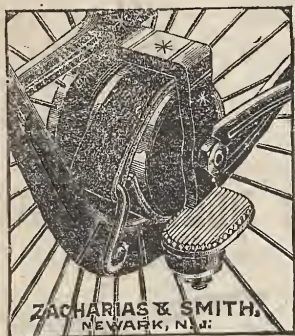
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The COLUMBIA POWER-GEAR is of simple construction; is applied to the crank-shaft; is operated by a handle, easily accessible, at the left hand of the rider as he sits on the tricycle; is certain and effective in its operation; reduces the speed, and so increases the power for hill climbing about one-third, and is made of the finest material and with the finest workmanship, and so as to avoid all unnecessary added friction by its use.

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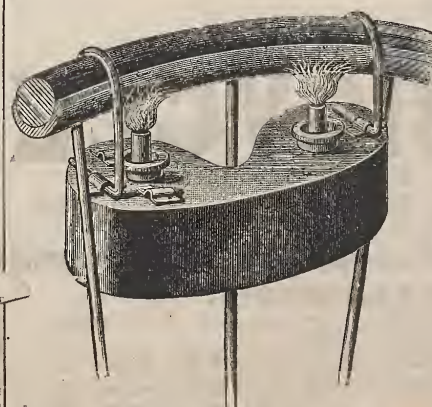
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