



THE WHEEL

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Chicago tour now a thing of the past.

Boston extended a warm welcome to the party.

The Cunningham Co. and the U. S. Government are still at loggerheads. We regret to see the "pioneer firm" thus crippled.

A scrub vote on the St. Lawrence River, among the Chicago tourists, resulted as follows: Blaine, 36; Cleveland, 8.

The many friends of Vice-President Fred. G. Bourne, of the Citizens' Club, will regret to hear of the sudden death of his two eldest children at Cooperstown, N. Y., where they were spending the summer.

The Berkshire County Wheelmen, of Pittsfield, Mass., hold a race meeting on Thursday, August 14th, at 2 P. M. The events include races from a half-mile dash up to five miles.

President Beckwith leaves for Ohio this week on a month's vacation. He will doubtless be present at the State Division's meet.

The Missouri Wheel Company announce that their new Star saddles of the Duryea pattern are now ready for delivery. We used one part of the time in the Chicago tour and found it very satisfactory. Prices are: \$3.00, japanned; \$3.75, nickeled.

The first meet of the New York State Division, L. A. W., will be held at Albany next month. In connection with the same, the annual races of the Albany Bi. Club will be run. The races will also embrace the State championship.

The summer months are usually the duller of the year as far as news is concerned, and we trust our correspondents at a distance will hunt around and drive some into the editor's letter-box.

A couple of Philadelphia wheelmen are reported to have passed through New York on their way to New Haven, having made the run of ninety odd miles in one day.

The combined race meeting of the Philadelphia clubs, September 13, promises to be a success, and we hope the talk of building a track will result in something definite. There are enough riders in the Quaker City to sustain one, and it will doubtless tend to increase the racing interest there.

The Racing Board of the League have decided to accept the records made at Jumbo Park during the late three days' tournament. A new set of rules are in progress, and the question of what constitutes a "pole" will doubtless be settled beyond further dispute.

The second annual races of the Ohio Division, L. A. W., will be held under the auspices of the Cleveland Bicycle Club, at the Athletic Park, East Madison avenue, on the 18th and 19th of August. The programme is an attractive one and we note a half mile, L. A. W. championship, the first of its kind in America, which will doubtless fall to A. Dolph, of New London, if we are not very much mistaken.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of Secretary E. R. Shipton's picture. Long expected, but nevertheless appreciated.

Ira Perego, the popular athletic outfitter, has just received a fresh stock of English bicycle and lawn tennis shoes, which are pronounced by experts to be the finest ever introduced into this country.

It is certainly a pleasure to travel on the West Shore & Buffalo Railroad, with your wheel in the baggage car, and feel that it is not earning one half cent per mile for the railroad. The W. S. & B. is almost the only road out of New York that carries "wheels free," and should be patronized whenever possible.

The Pope Mfg Co. are experimenting with a new swinging spring for their popular Expert, which promises to be all that can be desired in order to make it a perfect mount.

The Chicago tourists will be notified through THE WHEEL in regard to the photographs taken by Mr. Taylor and the artist at Saratoga.

Mr. Chas. A. Caldwell died on the 24th inst., after a few days' illness, at Stittsville, N. Y., where he had gone on a short visit to his wife, who was temporarily staying with her family, and had but two weeks before given birth to a son. His death is a sad blow to his young widow, they having been married only about a year. Mr. Caldwell was a genial young man with brilliant prospects, a graduate of Cornell, and at the time of his death one of the most intelligent and capable of the Patent Office examining corps. Before entering the Patent Office he taught one of the public schools in this city. He was also Secretary of the Capital Bicycle Club, and his pleasant manly countenance and energetic business management will be greatly missed by the members of that association.—*Washington Star*.

Mr. Edward P. Burnham, the Newton racing man, writes to correct a recent statement regarding the value of prizes at Philadelphia, in which he is said to have advised Dolph to take a watch in preference to a bicycle, as the former would be easier to dispose of. Mr. Burnham denies having made any such statement.

A number of the Chicago tourists arrived here Wednesday and "did" the town pretty thoroughly under the leadership of Mr. M. E. Graves. They left for their various homes the same evening.

A large cabinet picture of Miss Annie Sylvester has been recently issued. Surrounding it are newspaper comments which speak of the young lady as an expert fancy rider. She is under the management of Mr. Frank E. Yates, of Chicago, Ill.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

HOW THE CHICAGO TOURISTS ENJOYED THEMSELVES AT THE HUB—THREE BICYCLISTS RISK THEIR NECKS FOR THE GLORY OF COASTING DOWN MOUNT WASHINGTON—THE POPE MFG. CO. VS. THE OVERMAN WHEEL CO.—NOTES AND GOSSIP.

BOSTON, JULY 29, 1884.—The Chicago tourists have made things lively for us here, during the past few days, and it proved a pleasant contrast to the dullness preceding their coming. They have been well entertained by each of our local clubs, and can have no cause to complain of the hospitality of Boston wheelmen. The Massachusetts Bicycle Club, with their customary enterprise where hospitality is concerned, entertained them the first day. I presume, however, that THE WHEEL will have a full report of the tour, so anything I might write regarding it would be merely a repetition. Suffice it for me to say that if the visitors enjoyed their entertainment as much as we enjoyed entertaining them, we are assured they will long pleasantly remember Boston, and its wheelmen.

The Chicago tourists were blessed with unusual good weather, but the Kennebec party, which started this morning, do not seem to be so fortunate, for all day it has been raining hard, and the probabilities are that it will continue doing so to-morrow. There were less than a dozen started from here, but I understand others are to join the party, sufficient to swell the total number to about 27.

Three St. Louis wheelmen, C. F. A. Beckers, John S. Rogers, and Arthur Young, accomplished last Tuesday the daring feat of coasting down Mount Washington on ordinary crank bicycles. They have been in Boston for the past few days, and have been quite lionized by the class of cyclists who admire such pluck. Pluck they certainly have, but I fear they have as much a lack of sound sense. Such foolhardy attempts can do neither cycling, nor the accomplishment of the feat, any possible good beyond perhaps a little notoriety. It is a useless risk of life, and any further attempts of the kind should be punished as are other rash or suicidal acts. The following account of their ride was furnished a reporter by one of the par-

ticipants. Starting from Boston last Tuesday, they took the train to Gorham, Me., from where they wheeled to the base of the mountain, and thence to the top by special conveyance to the summit. Each rider took with him an Expert Columbia Bicycle, the brake of each machine being furnished with two levers acting independent of the other, so that in case one should break, the machine could be still controlled with the other.

It rained hard all Tuesday night, and the next morning, although the weather was fair, the wind blew such a hurricane that twenty feet from where they started they were blown off their wheels. A second attempt met with no better success, so the wheelmen wisely concluded to defer another trial to the next day. It rained steadily during the afternoon and night, but cleared away the next morning. At about 9 o'clock they jumped on their wheels, and encouraged by assurances from the people who witnessed their start that they would never reach the bottom alive, started on their perilous ride. The roads, from the previous heavy rains, were very soft and wet. Less than a hundred yards from the start they struck an unusually soft place, resulting in a grand header for all three. They soon, however, regained their saddles by taking the "pedal mount." The pedal mount, and at the same time throwing one leg over the handle bars, is the only safe way to mount a machine on a steep down grade. They quickly got both legs over the handle bars, and, leaning far back, "let her go." The double brake levers were found to be of great service in resting the hands, for, being applied together, but little power was required to keep the brake pressed close to the tire.

For the first mile they kept well together, but then Beckers began to gain on the other, and in another mile was entirely lost sight of. A number of headers had by this time been taken by each of the riders, but none proved of consequence, except a fall received by Rogers, while trying to coast a foot deep washout across the road, when the wheel struck him on the head. The wheel also received some damage, so that quite a long stop was necessary to repair it. Young and Rogers did not mind this much, however, for they felt confident that Beckers would take good care of the record. Soon after they started again they began to find, strewn along the road, novels, combs and brushes, ties, scarfpins, mountain souvenirs, etc., and on the curve at the halfway house flew by the "M. I. P." bag belonging on Beckers' machine. They were of course very much frightened at this, for they thought that perhaps he had jumped off the cliff. It was found out afterwards, however, that Beckers'

bag had become open without his knowledge, and finally dropped down into the bicycle wheel, but with no more serious result than a header for the rider.

After leaving the halfway house the rest of the distance was accomplished with ease, as compared with the road they had to ride over for the first five or six miles. In many of the steepest places the road was very narrow, but more than eight feet in width, with a yawning chasm or ravine on one side to heighten the pleasure of the ride.

They, however, finally all arrived safely at the Glen House, where they found gathered a large crowd anxiously waiting for them. Betting had been heavy that they would not come down alive.

Beckers made the descent in exactly forty-nine minutes to the base and fifty-one minutes to the Glen House. The others did not hurry and came down in one hour fourteen minutes.

A count of the headers taken shows that Beckers received seven, Young ten, and Rogers fourteen.

In the equity session of the Supreme Court this morning before Judge Colburn, the hearing was begun in the case of the Pope Mfg. Co. against the Overman Wheel Co. and A. H. Overman. The plaintiff alleges that by a contract dated May 15, 1883, the defendants were granted the right to use certain patents belonging to the plaintiff corporation, in the manufacture of Victor tricycles, upon condition that they should pay a royalty of \$10 on each machine sold. May 9, 1884, the defendant corporation, as is alleged, threw up the contract and proceed to manufacture and sell the tricycles without paying any royalties. The plaintiff therefore prays the court to compel the defendant to certify as to the number of tricycles manufactured by them prior, and subsequent to, May 9, 1884, and to pay a license fee upon them, and also to restrain the defendant from further manufacture and sale of these tricycles, containing the patents claimed by the plaintiff corporation to belong to it. The court refused to grant the injunction asked for by the plaintiff. Messrs. Charles E. Pratt and Henry D. Hyde appeared for the plaintiff, and Charles Robinson for the defendant. The case is to be continued in the courts, and it is not unlikely that the decision will finally be different.

Judging from the accounts published in the Sunday Herald, our Boston ladies are taking a great deal of interest in tricycling. According to its accounts, the ladies are out riding on either single or sociable tricycles nearly every evening in goodly numbers, and that a club has recently been formed, whose members have a total number of miles ridden on the tricycle far into the thousands. The club is said to admit no gentleman to its ranks unless paired with a lady, so as to render it a certainty that the masculine voice shall never gain the ascendancy. This idea of excluding men out of a woman's cycling club may be all right, but I very strongly incline to the opinion that, as in the opera of the "Adamless Eden," the ladies will soon find that gentlemen are absolutely indispensable to make membership in the club at all enjoyable.

It is stated by Chief Consul Weston, of the C. T. C., that numerous applications are being received from persons wishing to participate in the proposed "Wheel Around the Hub" next October. He feels confident that the limit number (200) will be reached.

The trouble between the U.S. Custom House and the Cunningham Company has not yet been settled, but arrangements have been made so that the company are now able to continue their business.

Robert Neilson, the well known professional rider, published the following challenge in Sunday's Globe: "Of late there have been a great many challenges published by professional bicycle riders who are apparently anxious for a race until they find some one willing to accept their challenges, when they back down with some flimsy excuse. A lack of funds may be the trouble with some of them, for I have received a number of requests to race for gate receipts. This I will not do, for unless I can compete in a good square race, for a bona fide prize, I don't care to race at all. T. W. Eck has offered to ride me a race at Toronto, Ont., for \$100 a side and the championship of Canada. The amount is too small to pay me to go to Canada. If, however, Mr. Eck will make the stake \$200 a side I will accept his challenge, or I will ride him at Boston for the same amount and allow him expenses. I make the same offer to W. J. Morgan, who, I understand, also lays claim to the championship of Canada. Should any of our local riders desire a race with me, I should be pleased to hear from them, and will arrange to give them a handicap. In a five-mile race I will give either Young or Harrison a start of twenty seconds, or Faulkner, of Lynn, ten seconds' start in the same distance race."

On July 17, John A. Landers, of Lynn, accomplished 100 miles on the road in 10 hours 25 minutes.

The Boston Ramblers will have a musical entertainment at their rooms this evening. The entertainment was gotten up for the Chicago tourists, but as they have all gone home, the Ramblers will have to enjoy the musicale among themselves.

On the opening night of W. D. Wilmot's fancy riding exhibition, at Calais, Me., 2,275 persons visited the rink, or 500 more than were ever there before.

The Boston Club turned out an exceeding large number to meet the Chicago tourists, and decidedly contradicted the statements made by some, that they are no longer a road riding club.

WHAT OF COREY HILL?

Editor of The Wheel: Will some of your readers kindly give a brief description of "Corey Hill"—that wonderful terror of hill climbers? Aside from the fact that it is located in the suburbs of Boston, we backwoodsmen know nothing of it.

The description, if given in the columns of THE WHEEL, will doubtless interest many besides
Yours truly,

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA.

Editor of The Wheel: The full explanation which "Lewee" gives in your latest issue concerning the manner of his deception by a conscienceless joker, who represented himself with great elaboration and detail as "Karl Kron," is even more alarming to me than the original allusion to my assumed presence in Boston. I therefore again express the hope that the graceless pretender in question has not carried his impersonation of me to the extent of attempting to rob people, by collecting money in my behalf. If any reader of these lines has been swindled in that way, or has met upon the road since the 5th of June any cyclist assuming to be "Karl Kron," I wish he would at once detail to me, by private letter, an exact report of the circumstances. Let me proclaim once more that the real Karl Kron will not receive money from any one, in payment for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," except through the medium of the United States mail.

Whoever shall attempt the personal collection of cash, in the book's behalf, either before or after its publication, will, by the very act, brand himself as a swindler.

That inflexible rule is the best safeguard which I can offer against the perpetration of pecuniary fraud. But I may add for the benefit of "Lewee" and others, who might be disposed to enjoy a friendly chat with me upon the road, that the wheel now ridden by me is a 46-inch Expert Columbia, fully nicked, on the left side of whose fork is engraved "No. 234, Jr.," in rather ornamental fashion, beneath the numeral "46." On the left side of the backbone, near the saddle-spring attachment, may also be seen "Karl Kron," in German text, followed by "Washington Square, N.Y." in Roman capitals. A Butcher cyclometer swings on the axle, and I never carry—either a bell or a lantern. White flannel in hot weather, and dark green velvet in cold weather, is almost always the character of my riding costume, and I seldom keep on my jacket, when in actual motion, even in very cold weather. I am five feet and five inches high, weigh a little less than 140 pounds, and wear a full beard, trimmed short, of reddish brown.

These details, if remembered, will suffice to prevent any mistake about my identity; and it will, at least, be easy to remember that I am about the only man in existence who persists in riding a 46-inch Columbia, though possessed of legs long enough for the driving of a 52-inch. If the sinful stranger who imposed upon "Lewee" has an imagination brilliant enough to invent many such amusing lies as that concerning his "swimming across a bridgeless river, with his bicycle hanging at ease beneath his stomach," he ought to write them out and make publication of them in book form. I can assure him that such a collection would be far more entertaining to the general reader than my "X. M. Miles" seems ever likely to be, and that he could count on selling 5,000 copies without any such preliminary struggle as that which I am now engaged in. My own experiences on the road have all been commonplace and prosaic, and any printed description of them will be as matter-of-fact as possible. I never yet, as a wheelman, did anything in the nature of an exploit—anything which any other "average man" might not have done just as well, under the same circumstances—and a consciousness of this, a consciousness of the fact that my book is planned for the spreading of useful knowledge, and not for the "blowing of my own trumpet," is what helps reconcile me to the necessary awkwardness of my position in acting as its publisher. I found, indeed, in my May tour through Virginia, many "bridgeless streams" where I sometimes laboriously dragged my wheel across on slippery logs and rocks, and sometimes waded with it on my head, and sometimes was ferried across by farm wagons, and where I once floundered about in the pitchy darkness through a rod of red clay mud, which smeared my stockings almost to the knees, but failed in its nefarious attempt to disfigure my white breeches. These streams have I found, and my experiences with them will be detailed in full in the "Luray Cavern" chapter of my book; but the "swimming of bridgeless rivers, with a bicycle slung beneath my stomach," is a feat which will not be described there. I am a good enough swimmer, but an exploit of that sort implies the possession of a certain accomplishment which I am not gifted with—I mean the ability to "bend the long bow." My wheel has been stabled at Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J., since the night of June 5, when I finished my three weeks' tour, and I have little

hope of getting leisure to mount it again until the time comes for me to ride up to the September tournament at Springfield.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., June 28.

THE TWENTY MILES PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nearly 10,000 spectators were present at the Belgrave Road Grounds last Saturday evening to witness the decision of the second race for the above championship. The event is promoted by the Belgrave Ground Company, who offer a gold chronograph watch, value £25, for competition, together with valuable cash prizes. It will be remembered that the first race for this trophy was run off last month, resulting in a victory for Howell, who, however, only beat Wood by a foot. After his defeat, Wood immediately went into strict training again, and the improvement he has made was such as to make him an exceedingly popular favorite for the race under notice. The entries sent in for the contest were: R. Howell (holder), F. Wood, F. J. Lees, T. Battensby, E. Weston, A. Hawker, and F. Bone. For some few days prior to last Saturday, a rumor was freely circulated that the champion had "gone wrong," and would not take part in the race; but an hour after the time announced for the start (6 o'clock) Howell hurriedly made his appearance on the ground. The local pro., Hawker, was the only absentee, and a few minutes after 7 o'clock the six riders took up their positions at the starting place. Wood looked in excellent condition, but the same could not be said of the champion, who was wearing a thick wrapper round his neck, and who apparently did not at all relish the task before him. Battensby looked fit enough for a week's ride, and Lees, who had to lay up on Friday, also came to the mark in very fair trim. The heavy rain which fell at 5 o'clock cleared off, and an hour later the weather was bright, and there was scarcely a breath of wind blowing. Under these favorable circumstances a lot of speculation took place upon the distance being completed in the hour, and had it not have been for the wild scene which took place half a mile from the finish, doubtless the performance would have been accomplished. Result: F. Wood, Leicester (1); T. Battensby, Newcastle (2); F. Lees, Sheffield (3); R. Howell, Coventry (4); E. Weston, Wolverhampton (5); F. Bone, Sheffield (6). Upon the signal being given, Battensby was the first to show in front, and quickly settling down to a rattling pace, the North countryman was followed by Wood, Lees, Howell, Weston, and Bone, in the order named. The first mile was completed in 2m. 52s., and the same time was taken to account for the second mile, upon the completion of which Bone gave up. Still keeping up the pace, the five miles were recorded in 14m. 45s., and the sixth, seventh, and eighth mile only occupied an average time of just over 3m. Getting well into the ninth mile, Battensby put on a magnificent spurt, and while Wood and Lees easily followed, it seemed to take Howell all his time to hold his own. The mile was negotiated in 2m. 55s., and the half distance was reached in 10s. inside the half hour. At this stage the five competitors riding in the same order as at the start and entering upon the second stage of the journey, Battensby continued to take his opponents along at a right merry pace. In the eighteenth mile, Weston, who had rode remarkably well, was seized with a slight attack of cramp, which caused his retirement, and when the nineteenth mile was reached the pace was materially in-

creased. No change, however, occurred until just over half a mile from the finish, when Howell made an unsuccessful effort to obtain the lead. Immediately afterwards the crowd, who evidently thought the riders were in the last lap, swarmed the ground, and the scene of mad confusion all but prevented a finish being effected. By strenuous efforts, however, the track was kept clear, and when the last lap was entered upon, the Newcastle representative was still in front, Wood and Lees close up, and Howell two lengths in the rear. A hundred yards further on, Wood made a brilliant dash, and quickly obtaining the lead, he drew away and won by quite four yards, Battensby beating Lees for second place by two yards, whilst Howell, who was completely settled, finished four yards further in the rear. The winner was loudly applauded and warmly congratulated upon his once again gaining the much coveted title.

The table appended will show the time for each mile and duration of same, together with the name of the leading competitors:

MILES.	DURATION.		LEADER.
	H. M. S.	M. S.	
1	0 2 52	2 52	Battensby.
2	0 5 44	2 52	"
3	0 8 42	2 58	"
4	0 11 42	3 0	"
5	0 14 45	3 3	"
6	0 17 51	3 6	"
7	0 20 53	3 2	"
8	0 23 55	3 2	"
9	0 26 50	2 55	"
10	0 29 50	3 0	"
11	0 32 52	3 2	"
12	0 35 55	3 3	"
13	0 38 58	3 3	"
14	0 42 1	3 3	"
15	0 45 3	3 2	"
16	0 48 6	3 3	"
17	0 51 12	3 6	"
18	0 54 20	3 8	"
19	0 57 20	3 0	"
20	1 0 6	2 46	Wood.

The winner rode a 57-in. "Humber" racer. Mr. F. G. Walker was referee, Mr. A. Searson registered the times, and J. Tolerton was starter.—*Cyclist*.

IF PROSPECT PARK, WHY NOT CENTRAL?

Editor of The Wheel: The machine and man racking cobble stones, wooden payments in the last stages of decay, and rough dirt roads that the cyclists of our city have to struggle against, form such annoying obstacles to the enjoyment of the "king of sports," that we Elizabeth Wheelmen, on our regular Wednesday half day runs, are driven every direction through the surrounding fifty miles of radius from the home hub. In the course of our little tours this year we have devoured nearly all the roads within this circle. We hunger for more, and with you New Yorkers look with longing eyes on that dainty tit-bit, Central Park. Last Wednesday we made the Coney Island run from Fulton Ferry, passing through that bicyclist's oasis, Prospect Park. Now we understand that the main objection of the Commissioners to opening the gates of Central Park to wheelmen at all hours, and without restriction as to road, is the alleged danger of frightening horses. The steed terrifying baby carriage and the much beribboned French maid cross the roads at will under the protection of the law in the person of the gray-coated policeman, himself no small source of scare. Let a modestly attired bicyclist dare shove his wheel within this exclusive enclosure, and he too will be furnished with an escort to a place, if not of safety, at least of security. Well, let us admit that the horses of New York are of a peculiar genus, utterly different, beyond, above, and apart from the equine genera common to other regions of the world, and

that the former are susceptible to a certain kind of fear unknown to the others, who have at least the instinct to abandon fear when they become accustomed to the unreasonable cause, or rather learn that there is no cause. Even admitting this, I say, why should the gates be closed against the wheel? Are there not paths which rational animals exclusively frequent, to whom the bicycle is no demon spectre? Why not permit wheeling on the walks? We noticed on our run through Prospect Park that we were allowed on all the paths, and these too as fully crowded as Central Park ever is, and that there was not the slightest disposition on the part of any pedestrian to even frown when we asked for a couple of feet of passage way. We are informed that this good understanding between pedestrian and rider has always existed here. Open the Central Park walks to the L. A. W. members, and if any one of them abuses his privilege the League will surely see that he is effectively disciplined, on report being made to the officers, even if the authorities take no steps to inflict punishment for the violation of such rules as may be necessary to be established. If an opportunity be given for the display of common courtesy by authorities, public, and wheelmen, certainly naught can result that will not be to the credit, peace, and pleasure of the three. If the commissioners in their wisdom decide that pedestrians and bicyclists cannot occupy the same path at the same time, cannot from the hundreds of paths that cross the Park one be given for the enjoyment of what has become the most popular of American sports? JONAH.

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 25, 1884.

KRON'S APPEAL TO HOTELS.

Editor of The Wheel: The number of dollar subscriptions actually enrolled for "X. M. Miles on a Bi." during the seven days since I last reported to you is twenty, bringing the total to 1,507; but the real increase of the week was more than double that, for I received word from Smithville, N. J., that a dozen pledged names were awaiting me there, "if not too late for insertion," and I was notified by other subscribers of eight or ten pledges soon to be mailed to me. Coupling with these the additions secured by Secretaries of the Citizens and Meriden Clubs, but not yet reported for enrollment, the actual total of pledged subscriptions must now be very near 1,550.

The attainment of the 3,000 needed to sell a monumental edition of 5,000 copies is still a good ways in the future; but I am much more confident of getting them than I was of getting the preliminary 1,000 names, when THE WHEEL, of January 25, first put the ball in motion. I am still told by many good judges that the task is hopeless; but I remember that a very experienced judge told me at the outset that the American market would not "absorb" even as many as 300 copies of a one dollar book on bicycling, no matter how attractive its character. So I propose to keep up my courage and go ahead. An appreciation of the fact that the magnitude, if not the "hopelessness" of my project entitles it to more friendly treatment than can usually be given by editors to any enterprise whose ultimate aim is the making of private gain, explains why the cycling journals and writers all over the world have generally followed THE WHEEL's example in helping push it forward to success, and why its progress in that direction may now be fairly assumed to deserve treatment as a matter of general public interest throughout the fraternity of wheelmen.

On this assumption, and as a proof of the truth of this assumption, I venture to again

ask your attention to the fact that the Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette* will devote fully four pages of its August issue to articles of mine, on "The Costs of Book Making" and "The Hotel Question," though the avowed purpose of both of these is to hasten forward the canvass for my book. I endeavor in the former article to show that in the very act of refusing recognition to "the trade," and all private business interests, in rigidly insisting that my scheme shall differ from all other ventures in cycling literature by winning success independently of "advertising patronage," and solely through its ability to attract an unexampled multitude of readers, —I make it for the interest of every one who cares for cycling, either as a matter of sentiment or of trade, to help the scheme along to the highest possible success.

But of more importance than this is the purport of my second article, with its "Circular to Hotel Keepers," developing the plan by which a dollar subscription to the road book, though bringing profit to me, will bring far more profit to the hotel which makes it, and far more profit to the aggregate body of tourists, who will thus be put in possession of a "directory of hotels," which they can rely upon as being "the best," and as offering them a chance to consult the "guide to roads." My endeavor will be to have the book thus kept accessible in the highest priced hotel of each town and village, and to have its presence signify that the proprietor does not "reduce his rates" for bicyclists (and simultaneously reduce his scale of comforts several degrees lower than the rates!). I desire to declare once more that the function of League officers in this connection should be the securing for official recommendation those hotels which will offer an "increase of comforts" for touring wheelmen, and not a "reduction of rates," which are already too low. Bicyclists are not beggars; and every real traveler knows that a "forty-cent dinner," at a country tavern, is never half as good as the one which is served at the regulation rate of half a dollar, and that the opportunity of finding a hotel sufficiently well appointed to charge seventy-five cents for such a repast is one which he always loves to improve. The plan of persuading "the highest priced hotel" of as many towns as possible to subscribe for my book, and thereby announce its desire to attract the patronage of those tourists who wish to pay a fair rate for "the best" accommodations, is one whose success would be a genuine public benefit. It would bring about a state of affairs which the machinery of L. A. W. and C. T. C. has not yet availed to bring about, and which it assuredly never will bring about, so long as the mistaken ideal of a "reduction of rates" is adhered to by their official representatives. The editor of the *Gazette*, appreciating these things, has volunteered to send copies of his August issue, with my appeal to the hotel keeper, duly marked, to any 500 of the leading hotels of this country which I may take the trouble to name to him. The advantage to tourists of having my book publicly accessible in 500 different towns is too plain to need further argument.

The point I wish to urge is that subscribers who are willing to help along this result should endeavor to persuade their local landlords to actually read the article which I address to them through the *Gazette*.

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, N. Y., July 28.

THE LEAGUE ELECTIONS.

Editor of The Wheel: Your correspondent has purposely waited until this time, now remote from the past, as well as not near the future, annual elections of the L. A. W., so

that anything which may be said may not be misunderstood, as being a discussion precipitated by the defeat of any particular candidates, nor a selfish criticism of methods used in past campaigns to elect our officials; and that it may be apparent that the single object of this letter is the future welfare of the League, and that alone.

We are all satisfied with our present officers, and they are proving themselves to be capable gentlemen, perhaps the best that could have been chosen; but we are not at all certain that they were elected by the intelligent votes of the majority of actual members voting.

The fault lies not with our present officials, nor yet with those gentlemen who were shrewd enough to secure their election just as others have done at prior elections, and it is not my purpose to attempt to attach blame upon any one, though it is necessary to show how the last election was conducted, in order to make manifest the urgent need of reform, and a more perfect system of nominating and balloting for candidates. The membership of the L. A. W. numbers some thousands, scattered in almost every city and town of considerable size in the United States. Such being the case, it is not expected that more than a small proportion are sufficiently acquainted with men, prominent in the League, and eligible to serve as its officers. But such has been the growth of our organization, that in every community there are now intelligent and educated wheelmen, who have their local circles of friends among whom they are prominent. Here is an open field, so to speak, with possibilities, and I can almost say prospects, of an absurd number of candidates for all the League offices. There is no sufficient rule to prevent the development of such a state of affairs at any recurrence of our elections. It may be suggested that this alarm is false, and point to our recent election as a proof of a fallacy in this statement. There is no fallacy, and a brief review of some of the methods of the campaign will explain why there were not a thousand or more candidates, instead of a reasonable number, in the field, and it will also show why our present officers were elected in preference to their opponents.

In the first place a day was named, at which time ballots should be opened and counted, but no day was set when the actual voting should be done, the vote being taken by mail.

This fact afforded an excellent opportunity for a Philadelphia club, and one or two enterprising organizations in New England, which were not slow to take advantage of it, knowing that a vast number of members had no especial preference for anyone in particular, and would vote the first ticket placed in their hands. Tickets were sent out, headed in an imposing manner, with requests that the recipient should sign his name and number of his membership card, and mail at once to the proper authority. Arguments and guarantees in favor of particular candidates were not wanting. The result was that nine out of ten who voted at all voted the first ticket supplied to them, and many did not even suspect that other candidates might be in the field. Thus our League election became a race between United States mails, and in this way were our officers chosen. Mr. Editor, I will be brief. Is this as it should be? Why can there not be a day named upon which votes shall be mailed, as well as one on which they shall be counted? Why should not candidates be publicly announced in the cycling papers, and such announcement be made necessary for legal election?

By the time set for our next annual elections, let us have a perfected system for holding them, and a system which is compatible with the principles of the nationality of the League of American Wheelmen.

H. S. BRUNOT.
GREENSBURG, PA., July 28th, 1884.



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THE LEAGUE GAZETTE NOT A NEWSPAPER.

When the League of American Wheelmen held its fourth annual convention in this city, on the 28th of May, 1883, the proprietors of this paper submitted a proposition to furnish THE WHEEL to every member of the League at a stipulated price per annum, agreeing at the same time to publish all the official news of the day. After some debate, this was accepted, and THE WHEEL was made the "official organ" for the year ending May 30th, 1884. Its effect upon the immediate membership of the League was astonishing. Instead of the applications coming in at the rate of one hundred a month, they poured in at the rate of sometimes two hundred a week. It was, nevertheless, a somewhat fictitious constituency, containing many who, while not caring particularly for the League, joined it as an investment, securing a newspaper by so doing that would cost ordinarily one dollar and a half, while the dues to the organization were only one dollar. It had its good effects however, as, once connected with the organization, they could not but help as public spirited wheelmen to be interested, especially when every movement of the League was brought prominently before them.

THE WHEEL, in addition, furnished the current news of the day, although the amount of space was somewhat limited, and as a newspaper it was not up to its present standard. As the year was brought to a close, the necessity of some medium of communication between the officers and its members became more apparent, and at Washington formed almost the chief topic for discussion. The facts brought out by the debate are too well known to need enumeration here. There was a feeling of uneasiness at the meeting, which was somewhat ludicrous. Radical changes were demanded, without any well defined policy substituted. In the heat of the argument, the same feature that had made the "Official Organ" interesting—

its news department—was denounced, and the sentiment of the meeting was to have a publication simply devoted to the League business, and nothing more, and the matter was placed in the hands of the Board of Officers, to be carried out as the best interests of the League demanded.

The result is well known. The *Amateur Athlete* was selected by the committee as the League's exponent, and has since that time ably carried out exactly what the League members at Washington thought they wanted. It has given the dry official news each week with a degree of faith that should satisfy the most ardent reformer. It is not our purpose to complain at this. We are perfectly satisfied with the result, which has turned the course of those in search of current news in our direction. This is as it should be. The *League Gazette* should not be a competitor with a legitimate newspaper. Although there are hundreds of League members to-day who are grumbling at the lack of news in the Cyclist edition of the *Amateur Athlete*, they should remember that the policy is such as was mapped out at Washington, and instead of complaining, send in their subscription to THE WHEEL, or any other good bicycling paper.

The one mistake made, which must be apparent to all, is the publication of a weekly *Gazette*. Once a month would have been sufficient for the publication of such notices, and we do not hesitate to think for an instant that the spirit of that persistent imp, the "printer's devil," is constantly shadowing the overworked "official editor," with a demand for "copy." The entire amount of official news this month would not fill eight pages of THE WHEEL. This the League cannot fail to see, and at their next annual convention we trust that they will contract for a monthly publication similar to that of the Cyclist Touring Club, of England. The quicker the League loses its reputation as a local news bureau, the better it will be for all concerned. Let the field of supplying the current news of the day be confined to the legitimate journals, and not incorporate "journalism" as a clause in the Constitution, which is now an overburdened beast. The League has a broad field of usefulness before it, and it can better employ its time and money in work that comes within its sphere of usefulness as a national organization for the advancement of, cycling.

Let these members who wish to be well informed of the news of the day subscribe to THE WHEEL, and cease their foolish complaints to the official editor, who undoubtedly has a load on his shoulders which only those who have done similar work are able to appreciate.

OUR Boston correspondent reports the foolhardy attempt of three riders to ride down Mount Washington on crank machines. As far as the narrative relates, the attempt was successful. That is to say, the riders succeeded in bringing themselves and their bicycles from the summit of the mountain to the base without further accident than a number of headers, the average of which was at the rate of one every seven minutes. Beyond a fleeting local notoriety we fail to see what they have accomplished. Had they made the journey without an upset, it would have imparted a degree of safety to the ordinary bicycle, which even its most persistent admirers do not claim, and the result would have been beneficial; but to go tumbling down a mountain side with a wheel is of itself a feat of small magnitude. It shows a reckless disregard for life and limb, that merely heightens the impression among outsiders

that wheelmen are nothing more than a pack of boys, and we trust that future efforts of the kind will be discouraged. We believe the Star, Extraordinary, and Victor tricycle have successfully coasted Mount Washington, and it only remains for some crank to make the trip on a "Facile." Like the search after the North Pole, such results are productive of no good, either to wheelmen or the general public.

It is an indication that considerable persistent work is being done among the League missionaries, when the membership lists this year equal those of last. There is a mystery connected with the renewals of membership which we would like to have solved, and we throw out the hint that it would doubtless be of interest to have the renewals published. We do not mean by this the long tedious list of names, but the totals for each State to date would form a table of interest which we hope soon to see compiled.

CONCLUSION OF NIAGARA TO BOSTON TOUR.

Editor of The Wheel: At Saratoga we parted regretfully from Mr. Jenkins, whose company we had enjoyed so long; at 4 P. M. we filed out, our three convoys leading the way. About three miles out we encountered a very steep descent, which it was said no one could ride down, but we did it, our convoys walking, perhaps wisely. One of the tourists tried to mount on the hill, but fell, not hurting himself seriously, however. The road was fair, and the scenery delightful; all were in good spirits, and the run of twenty miles to Mechanicville was made in one hour and forty-five minutes.

After supper, about thirty-five Troy boys arrived in a coach, and the stock of tin horns and pans found in a hardware store was soon exhausted. The evening before at the dance at Caldwell, the boys reminded one of Mediæval courtiers in their elegance of manner, but at Mechanicville their demoniacal howls, combined with the crash of clinched fists against tin pans, the deafening bark of the horns and kazoos, rendered night hideous. The citizens became seized with the contagious enthusiasm and beat their sheets of tin with a will in spite of their Prince Albert coats and dude suits.

This ended about 11 o'clock, but at the hotel the earthquake continued, the cause thereof being that eight men were trying to use three pillows and five mattresses. Those accommodated at private houses slept well—but we all breakfasted at seven next morning, and took the 7.50 train for Gardner, via Hoosac Tunnel, refreshed rather than otherwise with the night's festivities.

We arrived at Gardner about 1 P. M., and were escorted to the Windsor House for dinner by our 62-in. convoy, Mr. Tolman, of Worcester. We passed through Westminster about 3.30 and arrived at Fitchburg at 4.45. Here a substantial surprise awaited us. In the public square the Fitchburg Club had erected a stand and loaded it with ginger ale, lemonade, watermelons, and bananas, to all of which we did ample justice. After three hearty cheers and a tiger for the club, we left at 5.15 and rolled along at twelve miles an hour to Leominster; there another crowd, band, and surprise awaited us, this time the ladies gaily dressed in white, and our club and division colors, met us in a large hall, and gave us lemonade, ginger ale, cake, etc., and their pleasant conversation. Again the welkin rang with cheers, and at 6.15 we left regretfully. Arriving at Lancaster about seven, we were met by the L. Bi. Club after a short stop we arrived at Clinton. The

Clinton House was especially opened for our reception, and the band and crowds again welcomed us. A large banner bearing the letter C, a wheel, and "Welcome," trimmed with division colors, was waving across the streets, a token we all appreciated. The evening was spent at the rink, where some fancy skating took place. Next day we started at nine, passing Northboro, where lemonade was served us by the local wheelmen, than through Southboro, Framingham, Natick, to Wellesley. The 32 miles being made in three hours and a half. Here we were dined by the Mass. Bi. Club. After dinner, through the kindness of Mr. E. O. Windsor, of the Mass. Bi. Club, we visited the Ridge Hill farms, and the grotto. At the "Pines" in Needham, the ladies had prepared a lemonade well of rocks and ferns. The ladies were dressed in Rebecca costumes and presented each wheelman with a bouquet. At Chestnut Hill reservoir cyclers representing the Mass., Boston, Ramblers, Cambridge, Waltham, and many other clubs met us, and we all wheeled to Boston nearly two hundred strong. We dismounted at 7 at the Vendome, and the Niagara to Boston tour was ended.

Sunday morning was spent in visiting the places of interest under the escort of the resident wheelmen. In the afternoon, the Ramblers invited us to Nantasket beach, and treated us to a clam bake at the Ocean House. Monday we continued to see the sights, the Charlestown Bi. Club taking us to Bunker Hill monument, etc. This evening Mr. B. B. Ayers was presented with a gold watch and chain in the parlors of the Vendome, Mr. Bull, of Buffalo, acting as spokesman. Mr. Ayers replied in a neat speech of few, but well chosen, words. The watch is an open face, stem winding Waltham; on the back is the monogram B. B. A., and on the inner cover is engraved "To B. B. Ayers, from the members of the Niagara to Boston Bicycle Tour, July, 1884." After the presentation the Boston Club entertained us at their rooms.

To-morrow some depart home by way of Newport to New York, and others start on the "Kennebec Tour." All have gained in weight and spirits, and are unanimous in their praises of the tour. Hoping all will participate in the next, I remain

Yours truly,

H. F. FULLER.

Boston, July 28, 1884.

A THOUSAND-MILE TOUR.

Editor of The Wheel: Readers of Mr. Hazlett's most interesting compilation on "Notable Runs and Excursions," in *Outing* for February, 1884, may perhaps remember that the "century run" accredited to Mr. W. W. Darnell, of Cumberland, Md., on the 25th of August, 1883 (page 372), was notable above the others as being the record of the final day of a thousand miles of touring. It was my good fortune to meet the gentleman, on the towpath of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, above Harper's Ferry, on the afternoon of May 30, and after I had demanded "Your subscription pledge or your life!" with the happy result of securing the former, I persuaded him to agree to copy off for me the memoranda of his tour, for use in compiling my book. These facts, roughly jotted down by him for that purpose, seem to me interesting enough to be worth giving in full to your readers, and I therefore put them at your disposal. Mr. Darnell rode a 50-inch Expert Columbia, and was accompanied by Mr. A. E. Miller, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., who rode a 48-inch Standard. No other pair of American bicyclers have

ever yet taken anything like as long a tour as this together.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 28.

Started July 12th, 1883, from Cumberland, Md.—Rode to Hancock, 61 miles, "C. & O." towpath; road very good; weather fine. (We were unavoidably delayed here until the 19th.)

19th.—Left Hancock after dinner; rode to Hagerstown, 32 miles (93); good towpath to Williamsport, Md., and six miles of fine pike to Hagerstown.

20th.—After dinner rode to Funkstown, Md., Martinsburg, and Darksville, W. Va., 32 miles (125); good pike.

21st.—Rode to country house, Clarke Co., Va., 46 miles (171); good pike all the way.

22d.—Sunday; no riding.

23d.—Rode to Winchester, Strasburg, and Woodstock, 46 miles (217); fine pike all the way.

24th.—Rode to New Market, to Luray, Va., 34 miles (251); reached Luray in time to escape a severe storm.

25th.—Spent the day visiting friends.

26th.—Rode to Woodstock, Va., 34 miles (285).

27th.—Rode to Winchester, Berryville, to Hamilton, Va., 60 miles (345); good road to Berryville; hilly from there to the Shenandoah River; crossed the "Blue Ridge Mountain" at "Snickers Gap"; very rough over the mountain, loose stone and sand; 10 miles of good dirt road into Hamilton.

28th.—Rode to Washington, D. C. Fair dirt road through Leesburg to "Whites Ferry," on the Potomac. At the latter place got on the "C. & O." Canal and rode on the towpath to Washington; towpath moderately fair riding, 46 miles (391); around the city 13 miles (404).

29th.—Sunday; no riding.

30th.—Sight seeing.

31st.—Sight seeing.

August 1st.—Rode to Baltimore, Md., 36 miles (440), via, Bladensburg—old post road; tough; sand from 4 inches to a hundred feet deep—the warmest day.

2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, was delayed waiting for baggage. Telegraph strike going on, so couldn't telegraph for it. Around the city 5 miles (445).

6th.—Rode to Elkton, Md., via Belair and Havre de Grace; road good and bad; bad, with much sand as we neared Elkton, 54 miles (499).

7th.—Rode to Philadelphia, 57 miles (556); via Wilmington, Del., Chester, Pa., and Leage Island; road good; poor in places. Four miles north of Chester crossed the ship canal, on to Leage Island, and had a splendid ride to Philadelphia.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, sight seeing and visiting.

13th.—Rode to Greenland, Pa., 68 miles (624); "Lancaster pike" for 16 miles out from Philadelphia splendid; from there to G. very rough; should have taken the dirt road via West Chester.

14th.—Rode to Steelton, Pa., 35 miles (659); via Lancaster and Marietta, Pa.; fair dirt roads.

15th.—Rode to Mexico, Pa., 50 miles (709); via Harrisburg, Pa., and Clarke's Ferry; was stopped several hours at Harrisburg by rain; roads hilly and poor.

16th.—Rode to McVeightown, 27 miles (736); via Mifflin and Lewistown, Pa. Rained nearly all night; roads very muddy. Had to take towpath of Pennsylvania Canal going through the "Lewistown Narrows"; 12 miles of the roughest road I ever crawled over with a bicycle.

17th.—Rode to "Coffee Run," 40 miles (776); via first part of road, rough; stony,

and sand; took towpath near Huntingdon, and had better riding.

18th.—Rode to "Trough Creek Valley" to see some friends.

19th.—Sunday; in the evening rode 9 miles further to visit friends, 9 miles (791); crossed stony mountains.

20th.—Rode to Bedford Springs, 28 miles (819); road rough, with much sand; from Everett to Bedford, Pa., 8 miles; fair riding.

21st.—Spent all day at Springs.

22d.—Rode to Somerset, Pa., on the Alleghany Mountains; road fair, in places, with frequent rough spots and much sand; very rough climbing the mountain, 40 miles (859).

23d.—Hard rain this morning. After dinner rode to Meyersdale, Pa., 19 miles (878); road sandy and muddy.

24th.—Rode to Cumberland, Md., 28 miles (906); road very rough to within six miles of C.; washed by the rains; crossed "Little Savage Mountain."

25th.—Rode to "Dam No. 6," and returned, 102 miles (1,008); went a little beyond Dam for dinner; road (C. & O. towpath) good; fine day; small breeze.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP RACES IN HEATS.

Editor of The Wheel: The Tribune of February 24th reports, of the meeting of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association held on February 23d, "to remedy the difficulties of former years," that it was decided to have the next inter-collegiate bicycle race in heats. I wish through your columns to protest, as far as my feeble argumentative powers will allow, against this most unwise decision.

In the first place, a single heat of a two-mile bicycle race is, when well contested, an extreme physical exertion not to be repeated in one day. At the end of the inter-collegiate bicycle race of 1881 one of the contestants, who considered himself in excellent condition, fell from his machine in a faint, was with extreme difficulty brought to, and was, two days later, unable to compete in a race for which he was entered. Two other contestants in that meeting were so thoroughly exhausted as to be unable to dress for half an hour after the race. At the inter-collegiate race of 1883, the winner, though he seemed to finish fresh at the end of the race, spent the night in agony-fighting for breath with the assistance of five mustard plasters. Another contestant in the same race dropped to his knees from exhaustion on dismounting. Other instances are not wanting, but as these occurred in inter-collegiate races, I think them the best to cite. The amateur champion of America (at five miles), who is also a mile runner of much better ability than many of those appearing in that event in the inter-collegiate programme, told me that while he could run a mile to the best of his ability without any serious inconvenience, he could ride himself to a faint in a two-mile bicycle race. Yet, if a mile run were placed in heats, I doubt if any runner who valued his health would attempt to compete in that branch of athletics.

In the next place a two-mile bicycle race in heats will not always be won by the fastest man; and when the race is so run the final heat will be an uninteresting procession. In my own experience, the best man has never won the final heat. A three-mile race which was held at Mott-Haven, September 17th, 1881, was run in heats. The first was a walkover for the two contestants who appeared, and who, to further their own interests, took more than twelve minutes for the three miles, much to the disgust of the spectators. The second heat was a race won in a little less than eleven minutes. It

is unnecessary to add that the final heat was won without trouble by one of the first heat-contestants from his tired competitors. At the same grounds, May, 1882, in a two-mile bicycle race in heats, the first heat was a genuine race won by a foot from the second man, who was only a foot ahead of the third; time, 7.14. The second heat was a virtual workover, as the third man seemed to know nothing at all about racing, and the time was worse than 8.30. The final heat was won by one of the second-heat men without any difficulty; time, 7.17. This needs no argument. These are two instances from a dozen. Doubting readers can be further supplied with names, dates, and exact figures.

But, it is asked, unless we run the bicycle race in heats, how are such accidents as occurred at the last inter-collegiate meeting to be avoided? In many ways; but let me say here that the accident referred to was a piece of gross carelessness, in fact, criminal carelessness, when one considers the risk of serious injury involved; but, though I know who was (or were) directly responsible for the whole affair, it is not my place to name him (or them) here. The best record in the world for two miles (5m. 36 2-5 sec.) was made by a competitor who started in the second of two rows of starters and on a four lap track. The Polo ground track is larger than this, and two rows of riders could, with an ordinary amount of care, have been started without mishap.

Shortly after last year's accident the the National Association of Amateur Athletes and the League of America Wheelmen ruled that in case of an accident within ten yards of the starting line, the contestants shall be recalled and started again. This rule was called for and applied in a race in the Springfield tournament. This is one way to avoid a repetition of last year's mishap without resorting to trial heats. There are two others. To avoid overcrowding the entries, two bicycle races of different distances could be put on the programme at the inter-collegiate meeting. There is certainly interest enough for two races, and another could be added without seriously affecting the question of who will take the championship. The last way is to abolish the bicycle race from the inter-collegiate programme, and let an Inter-collegiate Bicycle Association give a series of races at several distances. This last I think the best way of all. The organization of such an association would be of vast benefit to bicycling, both collegiate and in general.

Respectfully,

CHAS. A. REED.

OBSERVATION.

One occasionally hears non-riders remark on the solemnness of bicyclists (or, as one of our own writers has it, "habitual gloom") when riding. These terms, however, are too strong, except in case of fatigue or accident, and "soberness" would be more correct. And sober and careful a bicyclist need be, though by no means unhappy. He has to calculate the amount of power required uphill, and the amount of brake down hill. He is on a machine which depends entirely on him for its vertical position, and proceeds at a considerable rate of speed. Then are there not stones, some large and flat, sending the rider over the handles, and others small and round, producing a sudden swerve toward the roadside? Again, are there not holes, greater and lesser, in which the front wheel pauses, while the little one (and you) play leap-frog over it? Again, the little gutters across the road, with their distressing jar; loose patches in

which the wheel suddenly ploughs; new metalling which shakes after the same fashion as a threshing machine. All these, and more, require "observation." Mention might be made of the pedestrian, who walks on the level, and then blunders into the wheel; the horse, which suddenly whirls across the road in alarm. These and many other awkward situations have to be prepared for, and avoided, or contended with, sometimes at very short notice.

Need not a bicyclist be sober? But this is only half the defence, and the other half is this—his loneliness. Always an individual, a unit, the bicyclist is very often by himself, quite alone; or, if with a companion, riding a large portion of the way in Indian file, either for convenience or necessity. With no kindred soul at hand he drinks in the beauties of the scenes through which he passes, in silence, and, when opportunity offers or occasion demands, you find in him a dictionary of the practical and picturesque, road surfaces and landscapes, routes and distances, antiquities and curiosities, and a fund of reminiscences of notable places, and anecdotes, comic and tragic, connected with his wheelings. Yes, indeed, we may be sober, and to good purpose, as we wheel along, uphill and downhill, through the clear air of our old fatherland, laden with the scents of summer, cultivating prompt decision and self-reliance, bringing to us, with the exercise of all parts of our bodies, health and strength to both mind and body. Hurrah for wheeling! and let us use our powers of observation not only for the avoidance of accident, but so as to make our wheeling an intellectual as well as an athletic pastime.—*Wheeling.*

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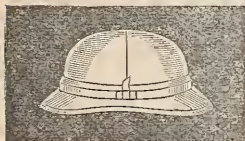


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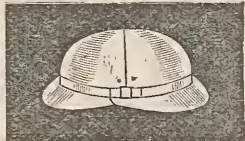
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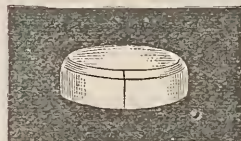
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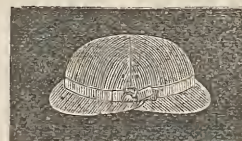
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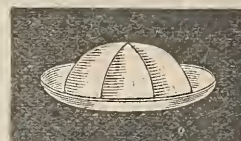
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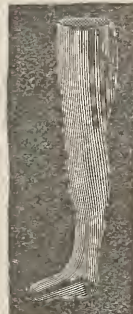
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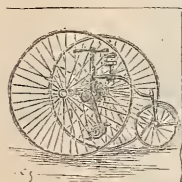


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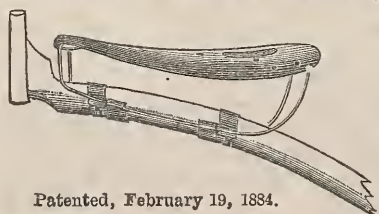
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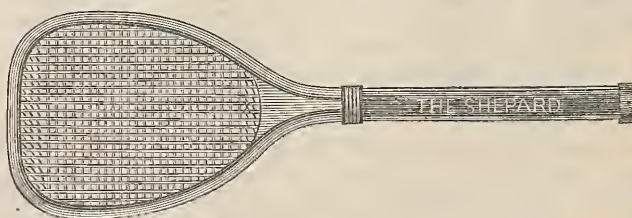
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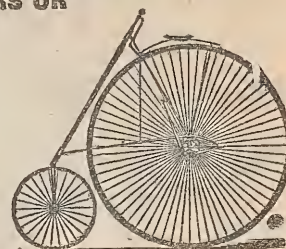
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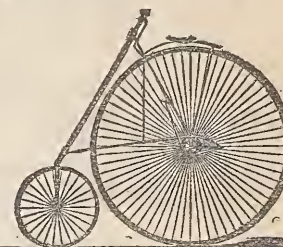
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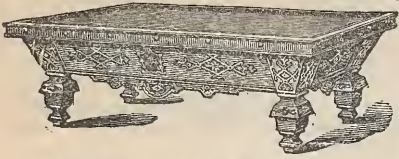
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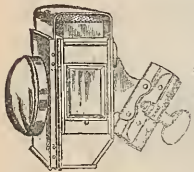
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