

THE WHEEL

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

Don't put your wheel away until snow covers the ground.

Just between the racing and dancing season things are rather dull.

Tours are pretty well nigh over, but as yet no very extensive ones have been presented for publication. Perhaps we shall hear of some at an early date.

As the promised time for publication of Karl Kron's road book draws near, the interest in the subject revives. Karl has been a hard worker in the interest of the presidential-elect Cleveland, and now that things have settled down into their accustomed rut, will doubtless devote his entire energies to its completion.

The *Amateur Athlete* announces a change of title to the '*Cyclist and Athlete*' on or about the 4th of December. The proprietors have doubtless found that the field of bicycling is more remunerative than that of general athletics.

Speaking of journals, the *Southern Cyclist* is a general "surprise." It starts modestly but in becoming shape, our chief criticism being that the matter presented as news is of rather an ancient order. Doubtless this will be corrected as time progresses. It is published monthly at Memphis, Tenn., at the popular subscription price of 50c. a year.

The Pawtucket (R. I.) Club is in a flourishing condition, writes Mr. Geo. C. Newell, its secretary. Its membership is now thirty-five, and it has secured headquarters at the skating rink where a drill squad and polo club hold forth at regular intervals.

The New York Athletic Club have decided to appropriate the bicycle and tricycle store-room for an electric light plant in their magnificent building, recently described in *Outing*. It is said that a meeting of wheelmen interested will shortly be held to try and have the decision of the Executive Committee reversed.

Louise Armiando, Champion Bicyclist of the world: "I have used the Duryea Saddle exclusively in all my long distance riding and racing for the past twelve months, and will say for it that it is the best I have ever used, and would not be without one for its weight

in gold. It does not chafe, and giving a close reach, enables me to ride a wheel two sizes larger than I formerly rode."

Mr. Frank A. Elwell, of Portland, Me., is hard at work on his Bermuda tour which is now assuming tangible shape. A tour in the midst of winter possesses attractions not to be ignored, and many names will doubtless be added to the list by the twenty-third of January.

The *Bicycling World*, after dragging to light an old matter that the public were heartily tired of, virtuously says that "this correspondence must now cease" after exhausting its copy hook, and not finding any immediate prospect of filling it up. How much wiser for the best interests of 'cycling, would it have been to have let the matter sink into oblivion. We have no sympathy with either of the parties who helped to stir the matter up, and congratulate the *World* on its late but wise decision. We regret to see that the *Official Gazette* cannot refrain from dipping its pen into the mire.

Among the many good things introduced for the convenience of riders, the "Perfection Heater" claims its share of patronage. It consists of a small lamp arranged to hook on the tire of a bicycle or tricycle that needs cementing, and as a "stitch in time" saves many a tumble, its advantages must be apparent at a glance. It can be carried in a tool bag, and is invaluable to the tourist.

ACROSS A CONTINENT—The most notable exploit in the line of long-distance rides is undoubtedly that of Thomas Stevens, from 'Frisco to New York. The trip was completed August 4th, having occupied three-and-a-half months; but, as may be supposed, these were not three-and-a-half months of eventful grind, for strange adventure and humorous incident met this modern knight-errant in quick succession. As yet, only brief notes have been published of the events of this long ride, but our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Stevens has written a complete narrative of the journey, which will shortly be published. It has been written for the managers of "*Outing*," and will appear exclusive in that magazine, in four papers of ten pages each. Numerous engravings in the style for which the magazine is famous will illustrate it, and there is no doubt it

will make one of the most important and interesting series of articles, from the wheelman's standpoint, that has yet appeared. Seeing that "*Outing*" is now published at 7d., and that there is only one other magazine in the world which can at all touch it for quality and price, it is no wonder that an English review says, "Cyclists may be proud of a literature such as this"—*Cyclist*.

And now carries the news that still another bicycle journal is to roll to the front. The *Bicycle South* is the title of the latest comer from New Orleans and will be published on or about the 1st of December. It will have a large gratuitous circulation during the exposition.

The Kangaroo can be seen, and tried at the riding school of Geo. R. Bidwell & Co., 4 East 60th street. The policy of this concern is to sell everything in the 'cycling line that is required, and any novelty is promptly snapped up and placed on sale at their warerooms.

"The week ending with November 11," writes Karl Kron, "has brought in a dozen subscribers to 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,' raising the total to 2038. Three of the twelve are from Australia. My six weeks' desperate struggle to secure justice for an honest tricyclist having now been crowned with victory, and the danger which overhung my subscription list, in the threatened adoption of the rule that 'truth telling is played out in America,' having been thereby put to flight, I hope soon to report favorable results from the resumption of my own private work." One result will appear next week in the shape of a long article called "A Free Advertisement."

TANDEM TRICYCLE RECORDS BEATEN IN ENGLAND.

Friday, October 17th, was the day appointed by J. S. Smith (S. L. T. C.) and W. Brown (B. R. C.) for their attempt to cut the two-mile tricycle tandem record (6m. 12s.), made at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., Sept. 25 last, when everything turned out as well as could be expected. A gentle wind was blowing from the southwest, and the track was in capital condition. Smith and Brown started at 4h. 45m., and the two-mile record was cut, "6m. 6s.," being called by the duly appointed

time-keeper. The following are the times for each quarter: Quarter mile, 45 1-5s.; half mile, 1m. 29s.; three-quarter mile, 2m. 14 3-5s.; mile, 3m.; mile and a quarter, 3m. 46s.; mile and a half, 4m. 33s.; mile and three-quarters, 5m. 20 2-5s.; two miles, 6m. 6s. The previous best for one mile was 2m. 59 3-5s., and for two miles 6m. 12s. So soon as the above named couple had completed the two miles, R. Cripps (Notts) and H. F. Wilson (Surrey B. C.) started, and cut both the one and two mile records. Pembroke Coleman was appointed official time-keeper, the judges' duties being looked after by A. Nixon. Two other watches were on as well, and all agreed within a fraction of a second. Appended are the times for each quarter:

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1/4.....	0 45	1 1/4.....	3 45
1/2.....	1 27 3-5*	1 1/2.....	4 32
3/4.....	2 12*	1 3/4.....	5 19
1.....	2 56*	2.....	6 4

* Denotes fastest time on record.

Brown and Smith, finding their laurels taken from them, decided to have another try on the Crystal Palace track next day, and being favored by fine weather succeeded in making several new records, as the following table shows. G. P. Coleman was time-keeper:

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1/4.....	0 44*	2 3/4.....	8 20*
1/2.....	1 27 1/2	3.....	9 17*
3/4.....	2 12 2-5	3 1/4.....	10 5*
1.....	2 56 3-5	3 1/2.....	10 51*
1 1/4.....	3 43 3-5*	3 3/4.....	11 38*
1 1/2.....	4 31*	4.....	12 27*
1 3/4.....	5 18*	4 1/4.....	13 14*
2.....	6 3*	4 1/2.....	14 1*
2 1/4.....	6 52*	4 3/4.....	14 48*
2 1/2.....	7 41*	5.....	15 33 2-5*

* Record time.

The above record was expected to remain good till next year, but Cripps and Wilson, not to be outdone, determined to beat it; so, all arrangements 'being made with the proper officials, the trial came off Sept. 23d, on the Crystal Palace track, with as satisfactory a result as could be wished for. The track was a treat to see, let alone ride upon. G. Lacy Hillier made the pace, which was decidedly warm, as both the one and the two mile records were put a long way in the shade. The times were taken officially by Pembroke Coleman:

1/4 mile...om.	44 3-5s	1 1/4 mile...3m.	39s*
1/2 mile...1	26*	1 1/2 mile...4	24*
3/4 mile...2	10*	1 3/4 mile...5	10*
1 mile...2	54*	2 mile...5	54*

* Denotes fastest time on record.

BEST ENGLISH BICYCLE AMATEUR RECORDS.

Compiled for *Wheeling* by Pembroke Coleman, Official Handicapper and Timer, N. C. H., October 29, 1884.

Miles.	TIME.	MADE BY	DATE.	TRACK.
	H. M. S.			
1/4	0 39	H. A. Speechly.....	Aug. 23, 1884	Crystal Palace
1/2	1 19 3-5	A. Thompson.....	July 3, 1884	do
3/4	2 1 3-5	H. L. Cortis.....	June 7, 1882	Surbiton
1	2 41 1-5	ditto	do	Crystal Palace
2	5 33 2-5	R. H. English.....	Sept. 11, 1884	do
3	8 32	G. L. Hillier.....	Sept. 25, 1884	do
4	12 15	ditto	do	do
5	14 18	ditto	do	do
6	17 33 3-5	R. H. English.....	Sept. 11, 1884	do
7	20 30	ditto	do	do
8	23 28 4-5	ditto	do	do
9	26 22 2-5	ditto	do	do
10	29 19 2-5	ditto	do	do
11	32 19 2-5	ditto	do	do
12	35 15	ditto	do	do
13	38 16	ditto	do	do
14	41 26	ditto	do	do
15	44 29 3-5	ditto	do	do
16	47 26	ditto	do	do
17	50 22	ditto	do	do
18	53 20	ditto	do	do
19	56 15	ditto	do	do
20	59 6 3-5	ditto	do	do
21	1 3 45 2-5	H. L. Cortis.....	Sept. 22, 1880	Surbiton
22	1 6 51 3-5	ditto	do	do
23	1 10 9 3-5	ditto	do	do
24	1 13 26 3-5	ditto	do	do
25	1 16 41 3-5	ditto	do	do
26	1 22 6	H. F. Willson.....	Aug. 25, 1882	do
27	1 25 48	ditto	do	do
28	1 29 18	ditto	do	do
29	1 32 40	ditto	do	do
30	1 35 5 1-2	ditto	do	do
31	1 39 8	ditto	do	do
32	1 42 33	ditto	do	do
33	1 46 3	ditto	do	do
34	1 49 31	ditto	do	do
35	1 52 58	ditto	do	do
36	1 56 27	ditto	do	do
37	2 0 0	ditto	do	do
38	2 3 27 1-2	ditto	do	do
39	2 6 49 1-5	M. H. Jephson.....	July 29, 1882	Crystal Palace
40	2 10 5 4-5	ditto	do	do
41	2 13 31 3-5	ditto	do	do
42	2 16 51 2-5	ditto	do	do
43	2 20 18 4-5	W. K. Adam.....	do	do
44	2 23 42 1-5	C. D. Vesey.....	do	do
45	2 27 5 4-5	M. H. Jephson.....	do	do
46	2 30 33 2-5	Hon. I. Keith-Falconer.....	do	do
47	2 34 4 3-5	M. H. Jephson.....	do	do
48	2 37 43 1-5	ditto	do	do
49	2 41 8 2-5	ditto	do	do
50	2 43 58 3-5	Hon. I. Keith-Falconer.....	do	do

ALL ABOARD FOR BERMUDA!

The hearty response made to my call for companions on a trip to Bermuda is extremely gratifying, and indicates that the party will be composed of representative wheelmen, and that the tour will be a success socially as well as in other particulars. Among others in the party will be Joking Joy, of the Old Massachusetts Bicycle Club, the genial Dr. Coleman, from that beautiful town with the horrible name in New York, Mr. Geo. R. Bidwell, the well-known member from Gotham, while Nova Scotia will be represented by Mr. Clarence H. Dimmock, of whom the "down east" party have such pleasant recollections. President Williams, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is on the fence. He would like to wheel on the Bermuda roads, but is not so anxious to make the acquaintance of the Gulf stream. Yet, as J. J. has kindly volunteered to "throw" for the entire party, he should not let that deter him.

These, and many others, have Bermuda on their minds, and the 22d of January, may expect to see an exodus of cyclists from the States to that land where snow, mud, and dust are unknown, where sand-papered roads are the rule and not the exception, where the wind is warm, and the tropic moon sheds her soft lustre over island and sea. Here the band plays, and the

colored boy who drives the baker's cart announces his approach by manipulating the bugle in a style that would make a bicycle club bugler turn green with envy. Here, in fact, is a beautiful island park, provided with everything to make the heart of the cyclist rejoice, basking in the summer sun, and extending a warm invitation to come and partake of her manifold pleasures. Who does not want to go and take it all in? Come now, all aboard for Bermuda!

FRANK A. ELWELL.
BOX 2,014, PORTLAND, ME.

THE ROCHESTER CLUB'S RACES.

Editor of The Wheel: The fifth annual tournament of the Rochester Bicycle Club was held October 15th, on their eight-lap track, on which 3.20 is called fast time. The contestants were from various parts of the State and the contests exciting.

The novice race won by Albert Greiner, 3.49 1/2. The half-mile open, won by Al Scherick, 1.42. Hedge, of Buffalo, sec. 1.43. The 3.40 time race, won by Nelson Smith in just 3.40. The one-mile open for Coleman medal was won by Charles Smith for the third time and last. The 100 yards slow race, won by R. A. Punnett.

The one-mile 4 min. class, won by Geo. Maier, 3.35. The two-mile open for Curtis medal, won by Chas. Smith, 7.11, who also won three-mile club race for the fifth time in 11.23. One noticeable fact was that out of the thirteen prizes eleven were won by Star riders.

ANON.

RACING IN MUD AND RAIN.

Editor of The Wheel: Though the afternoon of election day was very bleak and the clouds promised a momentary deluge, fifteen of the rain or shine riders of the Elizabeth wheelmen assembled at headquarters at 1.30 o'clock for a run to Irvington, from which place a club road race was to be run to Milburn and return, a total distance of something over eight miles. The stretch between these towns forms a very beau ideal of a course for a road race. In dry weather the macadam forms a splendid riding ground with a surface of just enough dirt to make it pleasantly soft. Four long hills are to be climbed and coasted, and there are several level stretches just right for speed. Arrived at the starting point it was found that the road was in prime condition with a strong wind blowing from Irvington toward Milburn. President Hastings acted as starter and timer. Messrs. D. B. Bonnett and Wetmore went ahead on a tandem trike to act as timer and judge at the turns, which was fixed at a point in front of the Milburn tavern. Before they reached this point the clouds burst, and the rain came down in torrents.

Just as A. S. Roorback, A. S. Brown, A. C. Ridley, and G. Carleton Brown, on their Stars, and L. B. Bonnett, and W. C. Fink on their cranks drew up for the start it began to rain. Not being fair weather riders they had no idea of giving up a chance for a race just on account of such a little thing as a rain storm, and off they started. Roorback took the lead and made the pace lively, the others following bunched. Before they had gone two miles the soft top dressing of dirt was converted into a sticky, pasty mud, which dragged on their wheels and made hill climbing no easy task. When the long down hill this side of Milburn, well known to all wheelmen of this section, was reached, Roorback, who had quite a lead, put on extra steam and rode down the hill working his levers the whole way. This bold piece of riding gave him a long lead, as the others lacked the nerve to do anything more than to coast, and two of the men confessed to a little brake business. Holding his lead up the next long hill he came down to the turning point in 16m. 6sec., the others following, the two Browns in 17m. 6sec., Bonnett in 17m. 16sec., Ridley a minute behind, Bonnett and Fink two minutes behind Ridley. The run home was great sport, and no little work, as they had to plough through mud against a driving wind and rain storm. Bonnett caught the Browns at the foot of the above mentioned long hill, and climbing through the mud at a good rate passed them. A mile further on A. S. Brown got by his brother, the chief consul. Roorback, was not to be caught, being at his best with the rough work, and crossed the line a winner of the first prize in 40m. 16sec., Bonnett taking the second

prize in 41.31, and A. S. Brown the third in 43.21. G. C. Brown finishing fourth in 44.46. Fink and Ridley found the work on the home stretch too rough and gave up. Though the storm made the time slow the boys enjoyed it just as much and rode home through mud and rain with the light hearts enthusiastic wheelmen are bound to have under all circumstances.

The E. W. is getting along nicely, and has run its membership up from ten in April to forty-three at present. Some of our rotten wooden pavements are being torn up and macadam is being laid. This will help the wheel boom along immensely. We have had every discouragement in the way of bad roads, but that has not prevented our fighting hard for the good cause. A plot of ground has been given to us free of rent, and we have had a sixth-mile track laid out and ploughed ready to be put into order in the spring for the boys' amusement. Sorry to hear of the editorial staff's second accident.

JONAH.

ELIZABETH, NOV. 7, 1884.

A TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' RIDE.

262 MILES BY MR. F. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Mr. F. S. Buckingham, the sturdy Brixton Rambler, who has recently been of so much service to Adams in record-breaking, essayed, last Saturday, the 25th instant, a twenty-four hours' ride himself, and came very near beating the famous performance of the long Facilit, doing in fact no less than 262 miles. Indeed, but for some incautious and unnecessary loitering during the last two or three hours of the journey, and a miscalculation at Biggleswade as to the actual distance he had covered at a certain critical period, Buckingham is quite confident that he would have put in a record of over 270 miles. As it is, the performance is really a grand one, and we congratulate F. S. B., who rode a heavy 50-in. roadster, on his success. By it he may rest confident winning the long-distance gold medal of his club, having beaten the erst best score, viz., that by P. A. Nix, of 235 miles, as the weather is too bad now to think of any more long rides. To get down to the details of the ride, we find that Buckingham started from the Mansion House at 6.15 P. M. on the 24th instant, F. Timme, a fellow club man, witnessing the departure. Proceeding to Hyde Park Corner, the Bath Road through Hammersmith, Hounslow, Slough, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, Marlboro' was taken (flying the hill, the machine being brakeless), and thence to Devizes, which was made at 1.10 A. M. on the 25th. Here the rider turned and proceeded back over the same route (riding up Marlboro' hill) to Slough. Mr. Morgan, a fellow clubman, met Buckingham at Reading, and now rode with him. At Slough a stop of three-quarters of an hour was made, and here a little checking served to show up the first 150 miles as being done in 11 hrs. 49 min.

Leaving Slough, the Kangaroo route was followed (with the exception of a detour between St. Albans and Welwyn through Harpenden and Wheathampstead) to Biggleswade. The ever-obliging Dan Albone having everything ready, Buckingham

was soon made comfortable, and refreshed with a warm bath, rode from Biggleswade to Buckden and back, finally putting on an additional four miles W. of the town before the call of time. The proofs of this ride, consisting of post-cards, signatures, and statements of his pacemakers, of whom there were, at different times, no less than six, are all in the hands of Mr. Giblett, the hon. sec. of the Brixton Ramblers.—*Bi. News.*

TOURING CLUB REFORM.—A MATTER-OF-FACT VIEW.

BY "NEUTRAL."

In serious politics, the man who is open to conviction plays a very important part. It is not your rabid radical or crabbed Conservative who decide the fate of elections. They vote solid for their man whatever be his programme or the programme of the Minister he follows. It suffices that he is a Rad or a Tory. Were constituencies composed entirely of such voters no liberal stronghold would ever fall before a conservative attack, and the true blue would still wave repellently against the Radical billows at many a Tory masthead. It is the third class, composed of men who value their own opinions, and respect their own conscientious principles of consistency more than the traditions of party, which overturns the nominee of a Bible and bullet Radicalism or a narrow-minded ostrich-like Conservatism.

In like manner there is, in cycling politics, a very large class of men who, from various reasons, and actuated by diverse motives, regard with an equanimity almost amounting to contemptuous indifference, the storms in teacups which ever and anon ruffle the surface of the cycling deep. How large a class this is, may not be easily demonstrable for obvious reasons, but that it is a potent factor in cycling politics admits of no question. It is not hundred-tongued, but its mouthpieces contrive to give a very fair idea of the latent force behind them, and to obtain a respect which, if reluctant, is at least sincere.

The C. T. C. agitation, which is at present threatening to assume proportions which may be either formidable or contemptible accordingly as the general body of members may espouse one side or another, is one of those teacuppy tempests which serve to amuse the cycling reader, excite the cycling legislator, and fill the columns of the cycling editor. It is on such a question as this that the third class to whom we have referred really wields the power, for, when everything has been said, the listener votes, and the agitator may either find that public opinion has reckoned him up and found him wanting, or has endorsed his agitation with its suffrages.

It may be interesting to give the opinion of a Touring Club member of this third class, as communicated to us—the opinion of a man who never held any cycling office, or wrote in a cycling paper, or did anything in the cycling line except cycle. Quoth he:

"You fellows with your clubs and unions and papers full of cycling cackle seem to me, after all, a poor lot. Look here! I belong to this Touring Club, and I get a *Gazette* from them every

month. What do I find in that cheerful magazine? A lot of confounded letters from all sorts and conditions of men, who write the most preposterous and monumental rot. Fellows who, upon my soul, seem to think that when they paid their half-crowns to the C. T. C. Emancipation Day dawned! What do I mean by that? Why, these Johnnies all write as if with their bicycles and tricycles they had acquired a new social status, and that, by payment of half-a-crown, they had become knit in the bonds of unity with every one of their 16,000 fellow-clubmen! The thing's absurd! Because Lord Nosoo is a member, am I to smack his lordship cheerily on the shoulder-blades and claim him as a brother! Certainly not. He'd think me a bump-tious snob. Just as I do these confounded men who knock on to me because I wear the same cloth they do. A man won't be able to wear C. T. C. cloth soon.

"The nearest approach to the C. T. C. *Gazette* that I know of is the *War Cry*; sort of *dernier ressort* for all the bleaters who can't get their absurd letters inserted in the ordinary press. Why should the members be sociable? What the deuce sociability do you expect to get out of a half-crown club? I joined as a purely business affair, to save money and obtain comfort touring. So have scores of men, hundreds. Not to chum with all the other Johnnies! I've got my own friends, and don't want Tom, Dick, and Henrique of the C. T. C. If I'm riding alone, and feel inclined for company, I'd just as lief ride alongside a tinker as a Touring Clubman. Likely to be more amusing. But, great Scot! to go out on one's machine and think that there are sixteen thousand bounders who all think themselves friends of yours, also humming about, is a fearful idea.

"What about the other side? Well, really, I am not in the least interested. I don't care what they do. Then, as to the Executive—I don't know the men, but I reckon the complaints against them would have to come from a sounder quarter than that old sportsman who doddered over the Alps to influence me. Don't believe in old men at athletics, bar Knox-Holmes. As you asked me, I've read the letters, and, from a calmly judicial point of view, should say they were the best support the Executive could receive. Man with such a shocking animus bound to overreach himself—waving observer says, 'If this old boy had a decent case, he needn't get so nasty.' W. O. votes against genial letter-writer.

"Awful humbug, all this, don't you know? Why don't they work? Hate work in the cycling line myself, but don't 'hate them as likes it.' Why all this cackle? Why don't they put up boards, pull down tariffs, clothe the naked, direct the ignorant, and stop drivelling? Suppose they do make money out of it, some of 'em! Why, in the name of all that's sensible, shouldn't they? No one with any sense believes in a Johnny who spends his valuable time at cycling work getting nothing for it, unless he's a flat or can afford it as an amusement. And those who do make money out of it I reckon to be the best men, or they wouldn't make it. Good of the sport. Rot, (excuse me)! Whenever a man trots that out; look out. He's on some

other lay. Perhaps he's fool enough to feel his vanity tickled by being a captain of a club or a member of an executive; or, perhaps, he shuts his eyes and thinks he's a Cabinet Minister, or some other fad may fill his deceased cerebral arrangements. But, you bet, a sensible man, with his way to make in the world, who devotes his whole time to cycling, makes money out of it, and small blame to him. Personally, I am like the majority of the members of this Touring Club, a member for my own good, and there the matter ends. I don't care a button for all the bleather of 'Anti-Humbug.' My panacea is this—'Shut 'em up in a room together and let them fight it out. Embalm the corpse and make the survivor carry it out with him as a continual reminder of the awful results of drivel.'"

The foregoing will no doubt be regarded as an extravaganza in slang, but the fact is that the opinions therein expressed are the opinions held by an immense majority of ordinary men, who look with contempt and loathing on C. T. C., N. C. U., and T. U. agitations. Fellows have so many real troubles in life that the grievances of a man who worries about the action of a very sound all-round Executive like that of the C. T. C. bore them; and when excessive spleen is so evident a factor in the agitation, contempt is likely to blossom into a more active feeling.

Destruction is undoubtedly a far easier game to play at than construction, and before the existing constitution of the Touring Club is swept away, we want to know something of the programme which is to succeed it. We want to know, in fact, the alternative policy apart from the mouthings of pronounced failures, who play at legislating for tricyclists and would star as statesmen (save the mark)! The private animosities caused by hard hitting in the press, and respective failures and successes in wheel life, don't matter to us of the rank and file. We want the Touring Club to be managed as best it can be, and if the agitator can show himself a reformer, honor to him. If he can't—well, we can do without him, as we have always done before.

Whether, as is asserted in some quarters, the great question of the hotels throughout the country is being neglected, whether, in fact, everything save the trading side of the C. T. C. is going to the dogs, we are not prepared either to admit or deny. We don't know enough about it, and, unlike a certain "blind mouth," we prefer proofs to assertions. At the same time, the pabulum on which the agitator, with any claim to the title of "smart," is sure to be batten is supplied by the weaknesses of the C. T. C., as pointed out in the remarks we have quoted. The *Gazette* is capable of improvement or worthy of annihilation. The general good done by the Club compares most unfavorably with the result of the unpaid exertions of the N. C. U. The attendance at general meetings is a satire upon the windy orations which are continually appearing about enthusiasm for the Club, etc.

The improvement in hotel accommodation, we think, has scarcely kept pace with the increasing number of members. We are none of those who

who would have some starveling scribe the secretary of so numerically great a body. On the contrary, we believe in having a presentable gentleman to look out after our accounts, our wants and our interests generally. A man in his position has a difficult game to play, and discretion is an invaluable card in his hand.

Still, when all is said and done, the Touring Club, under his secretarial guidance, supported by the band of workers whose mental abilities "Auntie Humbug" thinks so little of, has made great advances, and without giving the present executive too much credit for these, it is only fair to give them that much fair play which consists in meeting the admittedly venomous charges of an, as yet, untried legislator with the good old Scotch verdict, "Not proven." — *Wheel World.*

THE UNFORTUNATE SUICIDIST.

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath."—*Hood.*

I'd oft observed his batter'd form,
And visage seam'd and scarr'd,
Like some old hulk that with the storm
For many days hath warr'd;
And gazing on him I was moved
To learn what cruel fate
Could so disastrous quite have proved
To this unfortunate.

Each day I still more curious grew
And felt a strange unrest,—
At length I sought an interview,
And him I thus address'd.
"O pray you, tell me, mangled man,
Have you war's horrors seen?
Or have you wrestled with a can
Of nitro-glycerine?"

He gazed at me and shook his head,
Then hove a mournful sigh.
"The reason why I'm thus," he said,
"Is 'cause I tried to die.
You see, Life held for me no charm—
Naught could my hopes revive—
I've woo'd grim Death in every form,
And yet I am alive.

"The times I've shot myself I know
Would number several score,
And if to drown myself I go
I'm always dragged ashore.
I've hung myself till I am tired;
In that I've lost all hope;—
Full fifty times I've near expired,
When—some one cuts the rope.

"Of poison, I've absorbed, I swear,
Enough to float a ship—
Each time the stomach-pump was there
And saved the funeral trip.
I cut my jugular vein in two;
They brought the doctor in;
He sewed it up as good as new,
And I was foiled again.

"It seems as if I cannot die;
All ways in vain I've tried—"
"My friend," said I, "did e'er ye try
A bicycle to ride?
Didst not? Then haste thee—purchase now
A "bike" without delay,
For if ye'd leave this world I vow
This is the surest way.

Get thee a 'bike' and hie thee to
Some high mount's misty tip,
Then loose the brake, bid earth adieu
And let the old thing 'rip.'
Do this, and truly I can say
Your earthly cares will cease,
And you a golden harp may play
Upon those shores of peace."

TOM MERRIE.

The Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette* claims that "the Springfield track holds more records than any other track in the world." Gently, *Gazette!* Gently! Don't draw the long bow to quite such an extreme tension, lest it break. Did you never hear of such a track as the Crystal Palace, or Leicester?—*Ex.*



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Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the Editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address, with *nom de plume*, as no attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Write only on one side of the sheet, and have all communications sent in by Monday morning at the latest.

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

ANOTHER BIG TOUR.

Hardly has the remembrance of the big Chicago tour faded from the minds of the general public, although there is little doubt but that it will ever remain a bright spot in the memory of the participants, but another project is brought to light by that indefatigable wheelman, Burley B. Ayers, that promises to eclipse all records in the matter of enjoyment, good roads and comfort.

The latest project is to unite the wheelmen of New York, Chicago Buffalo and Boston in one grand party, selecting a partial route from the past Canada tour of the most picturesque localities. The plan contemplates the holding of a League Meet at Buffalo about the 1st of July, but this is of course impracticable, as the By-laws of the League provide that the meet each year shall be held on or before the 30th of May, at which date the new year begins. Buffalo seems to be the favorite spot for the meet, however, and it is not unlikely that that spot will again be selected as a rendezvous. From this point the wheels will be mounted with Rochester as the destination. From there to Coburg, Ont. is but a sail of a few hours, and the old participants will remember with joy the excellent roads between that point and Kingston, by way of Belleville. It was into this last named city that the wheelmen were able to cover fourteen miles in the excellent time of one hour and ten minutes, and their reception will undoubtedly be none the less hearty on this occasion. The Thousand Islands are well remembered as offering all that

the wheelmen could desire in the way of pleasurable amusements, and we trust that at least a day will be retained in the programme for the enjoyment of this beautiful spot. A railroad trip to Utica next claims attention, and a wheel down the Mohawk valley is not without pleasant anticipations. Reaching Albany the proposed party will find abundant means of enjoyment, and a wheel down the "Rhine of America" will well repay the needed exertion. A visit to New York, while not so much of a novelty, will be attended with pleasure and the many enjoyable runs in its vicinity, together with "doing the town" will serve as a grand finale to what promises to be a most enjoyable trip.

Of the officers selected, they are all too well-known to need special mention. With Mr. Fred. G. Bourne as Commander, there is little doubt but that the pace will be all to be desired. As the gentleman combines fine musical talent with other good qualities he will undoubtedly be a valuable acquisition.

The Division Commanders have all been there before, and it is only necessary to mention the names of Bidwell, Whitney, Bull and Pierce to insure unlimited mirth and an abundance of fun along the route.

Mr. Ayers, as a successful manager, has a reputation second to none, and his third attempt will with the added experience of past years, be a sufficient guarantee that the most elaborate arrangements for the care and convenience of the party, not only in transportation but hotel accommodations, will not be wanting. We trust that the date will coincide with the one selected for the annual meet, as it will guarantee a much larger attendance than otherwise.

While wheelmen outside of the four cities mentioned will be cordially invited, it is expected that any who do participate will connect themselves with any of the four great divisions mentioned, in order to avoid confusion in making all the necessary arrangements.

THE LADY-RACING QUESTION.

BY A LADY.

So much has been said lately both for and against the lady-racing question, that the subject would seem to be pretty well exhausted, but if any one has a right to the last word it certainly ought to be one of the sex most interested in the affair, and as a cycling woman myself I venture to speak on the matter from a point of view which, I am fully certain, represents the feelings of the majority of my sisters of the wheel.

There have been various ingenious quibbles as to "riding on the path" and "grass racing," as if the sub-

stance ridden over, or the place where a race took place, entirely altered the propriety or impropriety of an act. This is mere childish hair-splitting. The real point under debate, as I understand it, is not where a woman races, nor even how she races, but whether racing, in itself, is a proper and fitting pastime for women. I am well aware that to the woman who is blessed with beauty much is forgiven by the other sex, and that while a pretty woman may steal a horse, her hard-featured sister may not look over a wall; let us, therefore, to be perfectly fair, endow the typical racing lady with every charm that may give her a good chance in the eyes of the world. Let us suppose her young, lovely, womanly—at least in appearance; let us credit her with being able to come in at the end of a race as fresh and fair and tidy, as to dress and hair, as when she started; let us place her on a course, whether turf or cinder, where she will have no spectators but gentle people, whose criticisms and praise may be presumed to be tempered with some amount of decency and good taste. This, as any unbiased creature will allow, is a purely fancy sketch—the racing-lady being far more probably neither young nor beautiful; that course, where the cad entereth not, being a wild Arcadian dream; and the woman who could ride a race unruffled and "unuglified" (if one may borrow an adjective from the classic pages of "Alice in Wonderland") being a *rara avis* which has never yet been found *in terra*, whatever its local habitat may be. However, let us grant the ideal for the sake of argument; the real question is: "What does a woman gain in racing, and what does she lose, and on which side does the balance weigh?"

She gains—well, she may or may not gain a cup, or a prize in money. No doubt that is something to have lived for, even though the cup be stolen by the enterprising burglar tomorrow; or the prize money be spent in useless shopping. She gains more, certainly some, amount of endurance, strength of muscle, tricycling skill, and a courage of the sort that does not shrink from facing a shouting crowd—the sort of thing that would have been invaluable in the hustings in the old election days. She gains the high joy of feeling she can beat a man on his own ground, and in his own pastime. She gains some amount of fame, if it is a sort she cares about, and a roar of applause from 'Arry and his brethren if she makes a successful finish. She gains a smile and a shrug from men of the better sort, and much criticism of a broadly personal sort from the general public. Truly gratifying! No doubt, for such noble inducements my cycling sisters will swell the lists on every racing path. But there is one other side to the account—the loss side.

The racing-lading losses perforce that high position of respectful homage which is a woman's birthright among men. She must put all that by when she competes with men at their own sports; there is no room for courtesy or deference to womanhood on the race course. If she tries to make herself the fellow, and the competitor of men, she must be content with the good comradeship, which is the utmost she can expect. Respect,

chivalry, protection—is not the loss of those highest tributes to womanhood a high price to pay for a moment's applause and the excitement of being in first in a race? She loses her gentleness, her delicacy, her softness—the feeling which makes her by nature shrink from publicity and the attention of crowds—in one word, her womanliness, without which she is "not herself at all" (like the Irish gentleman in the ballad), but a queer, gaunt, unsexed thing, neither flesh nor fish, noor good red-herring. No truly womanly woman will voluntarily place herself in a position of public notice and attention, unless at the call of duty, or for the sake of doing good to others; and what benefit to the mass of humanity can accrue from a lady racing in public has yet to be discovered.

I use the word "lady" advisedly. That poor, abused term has been so degraded from its first meaning that it may well be used in this matter. We hear now-a-days of "young ladies" seeking situations at refreshment bars, and such positions where a certain amount of womanliness must needs go to the wall; and their are "ladies" of the ballet—racing ladies may take their place beside them. It is as a tricycling woman that I prefer to speak, feeling certain that the day will be long in coming before the women of England, who are day by day more gladly and generally accepting the delightful recreation and exercise offered them by the most enjoyable invention of the age, will need any one either to condemn or champion the cause of women as competitors of men in the field of tricycle-racing.—*Wheel World*.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Editor of The Wheel.—In making a circle of the three prominent clubs, the Citizens, New York, and Ixions, one can hardly gather a stickful of news. While all are doing more or less riding, nothing beyond the every day routine seems to break the monotony of well regulated club life.

At the Citizens there is a little bustle over the proposed addition to the house, the tricycling element I hear almost compelling the addition of a second story as a parlor. I also understand that a "Stag Racket" is down for December 3d, and will consist of music, sparring, recitations, etc., with a bounteous feed by a well known caterer. This is really a long delayed house warming, and invitations will be extended to all the neighboring clubs. I understand the club will give another race meeting during the winter, and the well known success of the last is a good sample of what the club can accomplish when it has a mind to.

Although the building, corner of 57th street and Broadway, bears the legend "New York Bicycle Club," I have rarely been able to find it open. No less than seven times have I peered through the half drawn curtains for a glimpse of the well known uniform, with the intention of paying my respects, but beyond meeting an occasional rider on the road, little is seen of them. Mr. Adams, the well known secretary, is perhaps the most constant rider, together with Mr. Kitching. I trust they will make themselves better known.

The Ixions are cosily located at 2 East 60th street, and their rooms are handsomely furnished. They are well satisfied with their latest effort, the Election Day Road Race, and Harris can well be proud of the handsome medal with the addition of a gold bar on which is inscribed his name and the time.

Plenty of unattached riders throng the boulevards and the Riverside Dive, and "Bidwell's Brigade," is almost a recognized institution among the clubs, consisting as it does of thirty or forty wheelmen who have learned to ride at his school, have ended in purchasing machines and storing them there in preference to joining a club.

Among the trade, matters are very quiet. The Kangaroo has evidently come to stay as I am informed that several well known riders are to take it up in the spring.

The "invalid corps" are all doing well. Beckwith has entirely recovered, while Nelson and Jenkins were seen taking a stroll together. The pace was not rapid, but both seemed pleased at the idea of being around once more. Pitman mourns the loss of the road championship of the club, as he is confident he could have won it with his handicap allowance. He will probably not try to "make an impression" while coasting, but attend strictly to business.

The Ixions lose their valued president Mr. Frank Egan, who I understand spends the winter in New Orleans. The readers of THE WHEEL will doubtless miss the witty paragraphs of the Owl, as that bird's wise sayings will undoubtedly cease with its emigration. More anon.

X. Y. Z.

BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a bookseller to a provincial cyclist with thin legs, who had been whiling away the time looking over some books. "Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves.'" "That," said the cyclist, as he turned to leave the shop, "you had better present to your mother." It was rough, but we think the thin-legged scored.

An agent was trying hard to sell a tricycle to a spinster of uncertain age, and on her once more regaining *terra firma* remarked on the grace of her carriage and the elegance of descent. "I pride myself on my descent," said the spinster, simpering, "one of my ancestors came over with the Pilgrims." Then someboy standing by, who had no interest in the sale, cruelly asked, "Which one was it, your father or your mother!" The agent tittered and the sale didn't come off.

The annual meeting of the Overman Wheel Company was held in Hartford, November 5th. Rodney Dennis, James L. Howard, John S. Gray, and E. S. White, of Hartford, A. C. Woodworth, Luther White, and A. H. Overman, of Chicopee, Mass., were elected the board of directors for the ensuing year. Mr. Overman was chosen President, Major E. V. Preston, Vice-President, G. F. Davis, Treasurer, and E. S. White, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Stall recently preached in bicycle costume at the Methodist Church at Mt. Hermon, Pa. He is probably the first man who has preached in knee breeches since they went out of fashion.

Messrs. Zacharias & Smith, of Newark, New Jersey, have invented a very simple form of luggage carrier for the backbone of either a bicycle or a tricycle where a backbone exists; and which enables any kind of parcel to be carried with ease. It consists of a strip of metal about a foot long, which is securely clamped around the backbone of the machine. Near each end of the main strip is another short strip with swivel, so as to be turned at right angles with the backbone when in use, and parallel with it when not. It can be placed so as not to interfere with mounting, and for heavy weights is in a better position than those that require the bundle to be carried on or in front of the handle-bar.

The Western Union Telegraph office, at Washington, D. C., is utilizing the bicycle in the delivery of messages very successfully. It has four bicycles which the messenger boys keep in motion all day and night. A messenger on one of these machines goes from the office of the telegraph company, opposite the Treasury, to the boundary of the city, perhaps a mile and a half away and back inside a dozen minutes.

The New Jersey Wheelmen entertained the Staten Island Wheelmen, the Hudson County Wheelmen, and other guests on November 4th, and started upon a thirty-mile run. They assembled fifty-two bicycles at Newark, and ran to Caldwell, where a short stop was taken. Returning, they stopped at Orange, where a fine dinner was served. They contemplated a visit to the "Giant's Causeway," on Orange Mountain, and a run to Eagle Rock after dinner, but the rain put an end to their proposition.

One of the important features claimed for the new American saddle of Messrs. Bull & Haynes is that they adjust themselves to the rider in going down hill by throwing the weight of the rider back; in going up hill the reverse is claimed.

Already the question of "where shall the League Meet of 1885 be held," commences to invade the columns of the cycling press. Within the past few weeks a number of illusions to a prospective place have been made in several journals, and the place which appears to have the chief attractions for drawing together America's next convention of cyclists is Buffalo. Perhaps the tendency among the L. A. W. members to look towards the "Queen City of the Lakes" for their next meeting place, may be ascribed to their remembrance of our worthy corresponding secretary's remarks at the last annual meet relative to the gathering place for the sixth annual.

Tommy Finley, the celebrated and favorite fancy Star bicycle rider, will perform his extraordinary feats at the American A. C. games at the Madison Square Garden, on December 6th. A more pleasant evening cannot be enjoyed than three weeks from next Saturday night.

An English wheelman who had lost his way drove up to a Scotch farmhouse, and knocked at the door. A thin visaged woman put her head half way out and seeing the wheel said: "We hae nae shears to grind th' day," and slammed the door in the cyclist's face. He persisted in his attempt to get information but she only replied, "No th' day, no th' day." It is not singular that the fellows pestered the wheelman thereafter by calling him "scissors-grinder."

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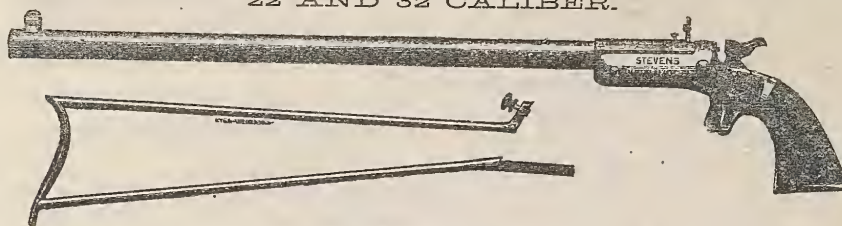
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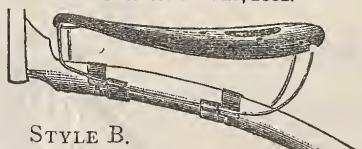
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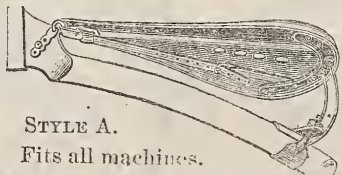
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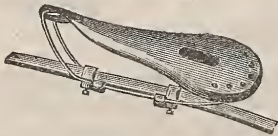
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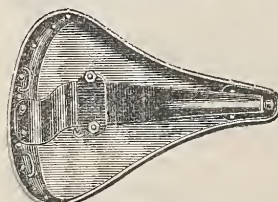
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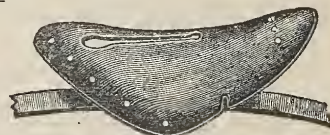
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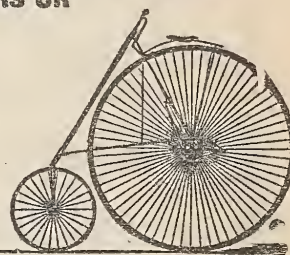
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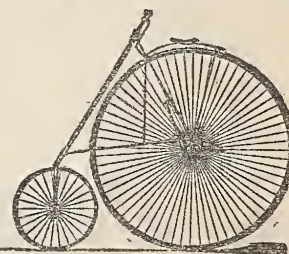
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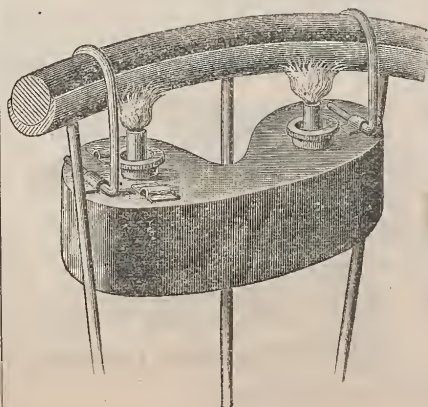
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