

# THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. I.—NO. 5.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST, 1886.

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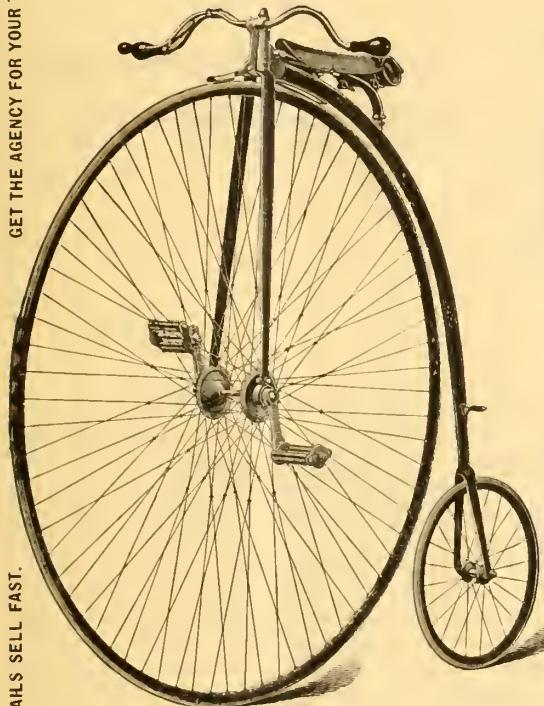
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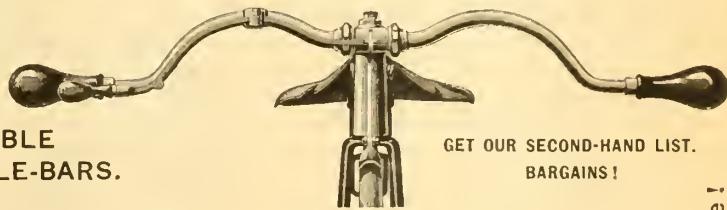
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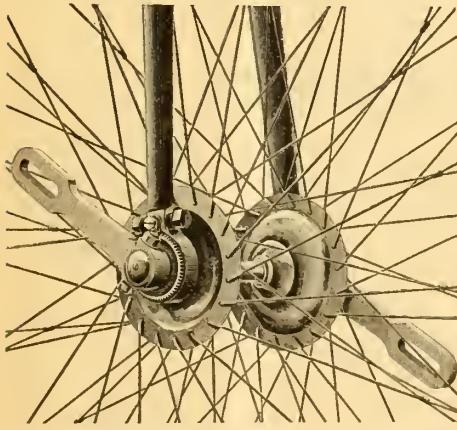
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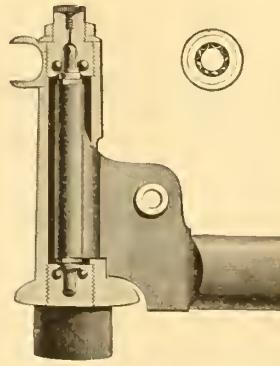


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Note this Tying.



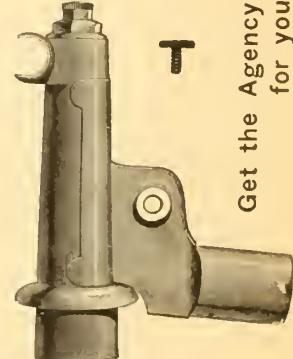
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"Ever since the introduction of the india-rubber tire it has proved itself, like many other things, not altogether an unmixed blessing; for the difficulty to keep it on has ever been a great one, and many and various have been the devices adopted by ingenious makers to make its fastening to the rim secure. A year ago, at the Speedwell Exhibition, a rim and tire had just been patented, and our opinion was asked upon it. This rim was an ordinary crescent steel felloe, with the edges turned in so as to fit into a couple of longitudinal grooves cut in the rubber tire, and thus without the aid of cement holding the rubber firmly in its place. We at once spotted the idea as a good thing. As will be seen by the sketch, the tires are held firm in the rims without the use of cement, and are therefore cleaner in application than a cemented tire. Not caring to speak of such an important matter without practically testing the idea, we have ridden it in town riding, and the tires appear, if anything, more firmly seated than ever, despite the fact that our last experiment with them was to run our steering-wheel in the tram grooves and repeatedly twist it out again suddenly, a proof which satisfies us that the invention is a success. As we have said, the tires have not yet come out with us; when they do—if they do—we shall let our readers know."

—HENRY STURMEY, in *The Cyclist*, April 14, 1886.

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# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

## THE RUDGE HUMBER TANDEM.



Probably the most popular Tandem in use in England to-day is the well-known and popular Humber, which enjoys an enviable reputation for its many excellent qualities not only in Great Britain, but in France, Germany, Italy, and America as well.

This machine was invented some years ago by Mr. Thomas Humber of the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper, and although other Tandems similar to it have appeared on the market from time to time, some of them having points which at first sight appear to the casual observer to be superior, still it is noticeable that, in spite of great competition, the Humber still leads, and no machine in the country where it is used stands higher in the opinion of the cycling public.

It was on this form of Tandem that Mr. Joseph Pennell and wife rode during their trip through Italy, a description of which appeared in *The Century Magazine* a short time ago under the title of "Italy from a Tricycle."

In 1885 the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper dissolved, Mr. Humber still keeping on the original works at Beeston, Nottingham, while Messrs. Marriott & Cooper removed to Coventry.

It was chiefly under the guidance of Messrs. Marriott & Cooper that the Humber Tandem was brought into such prominence; they were two of the most popular riders in England, and the names of Marriott & Cooper will be remembered for years to come. Upon the dissolution of the firm of Messrs. Humber, Marriott & Cooper, each retained the right to manufacture the original Humber Tandem, together with the trademark of "Humber," under which it was so well known.

After the dissolution, Messrs. Marriott & Cooper perfected a number of improvements over the original machine. In order to meet the increasing demand they deemed it advisable to procure the aid of a large manufacturer, and after a careful consideration of all the cycling manufacturers in England, they selected Messrs. Rudge & Co. of Coventry, whose world-wide reputation for the Rudge machines, together with their immense plant and factories (covering nearly six acres), would enable them to fill all orders promptly.

The name of Rudge & Co. is a sufficient guarantee for workmanship and material; but in spite of the capacity of their works the demand for these machines has been so great that at times they have been compelled to work night and day to fill orders.

To distinguish the Tandem made by Messrs. Rudge & Co. from that of Humber & Co. of Beeston, it is necessary to state that one is called the Rudge Humber and the other the Beeston Humber, although in form and outward appearance they are practically the same machine except in details.

The Rudge Humber Tandem (Convertible) offers advantages which are found combined in no other form of machine. The speed is such that bicyclists have great difficulty in keeping up with two moderate riders on the Tandem. It can be ridden in its double form by one rider only, as easily as most Tricycles in their single form. It can be converted into an ordinary Genuine Humber Tricycle with far less trouble than most of the so-called convertibles. Its width is only 40 inches, making it easy of storage and transit by rail. The weight complete is not more than 100 pounds actual.

For comfort we have the most convincing proofs that it has attained its object. Ladies in particular are loud in its praise on account of the small amount of labor required to propel the machine at a good pace, up steep hills even, and for the comfortable position they are enabled to take; while its peculiar construction entirely obviates the much-complained-of displacement of the dress, even when pedaling at a fast pace.

The delightfully easy and reliable steering of the Rudge Humber Tandem forms one of its great charms, and has done much towards making it the universal favorite it now undoubtedly is.

The rider sitting behind has the entire control of the steering, thus making the seat in front a luxury, especially when used by a lady (which is often the case), and requiring only a minimum of the labor and attention necessary in ordinary tricycle riding.

Probably no machine in England has acquired such a prestige, chiefly owing to the well-known practical and mechanical knowledge of its inventors; and we have every reason to believe it will be as fully popular in this country as it is in that.

The Rudge Humber Tandem for 1886 will have several improvements, to which we would call your special attention.

1st. Instead of having one single brake, a powerful double-lever brake is attached to it, which is considered a great advantage, as it does not throw the responsibility entirely upon one lever.

2d. The semi-circular handle-bar on the front part of the machine can be adjusted so as to make it practicable for either a lady or a gentleman, with short or long arms.

3d. Extending from the drop tube holding the forward pedals and rear tube, is a detachable brace, which effectually prevents any springing together or loosening up of the chains. The front chain is entirely covered by a guard, which protects a lady's dress from dust or dirt.

The wheels are 42 inches in diameter, fitted with direct spokes and rubber, making them very strong and extremely rigid.

To those who doubt the ease of propulsion or the speed of the Rudge Genuine Humber Tandem, we simply say, try it and be convinced.

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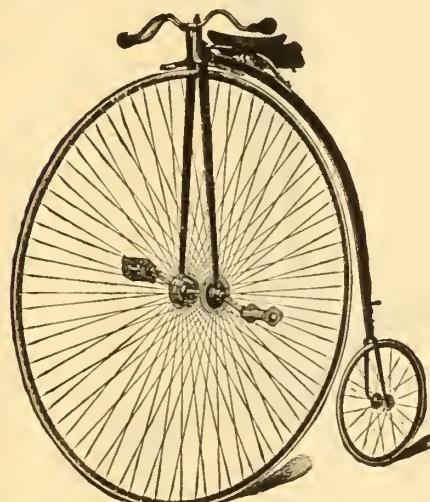
THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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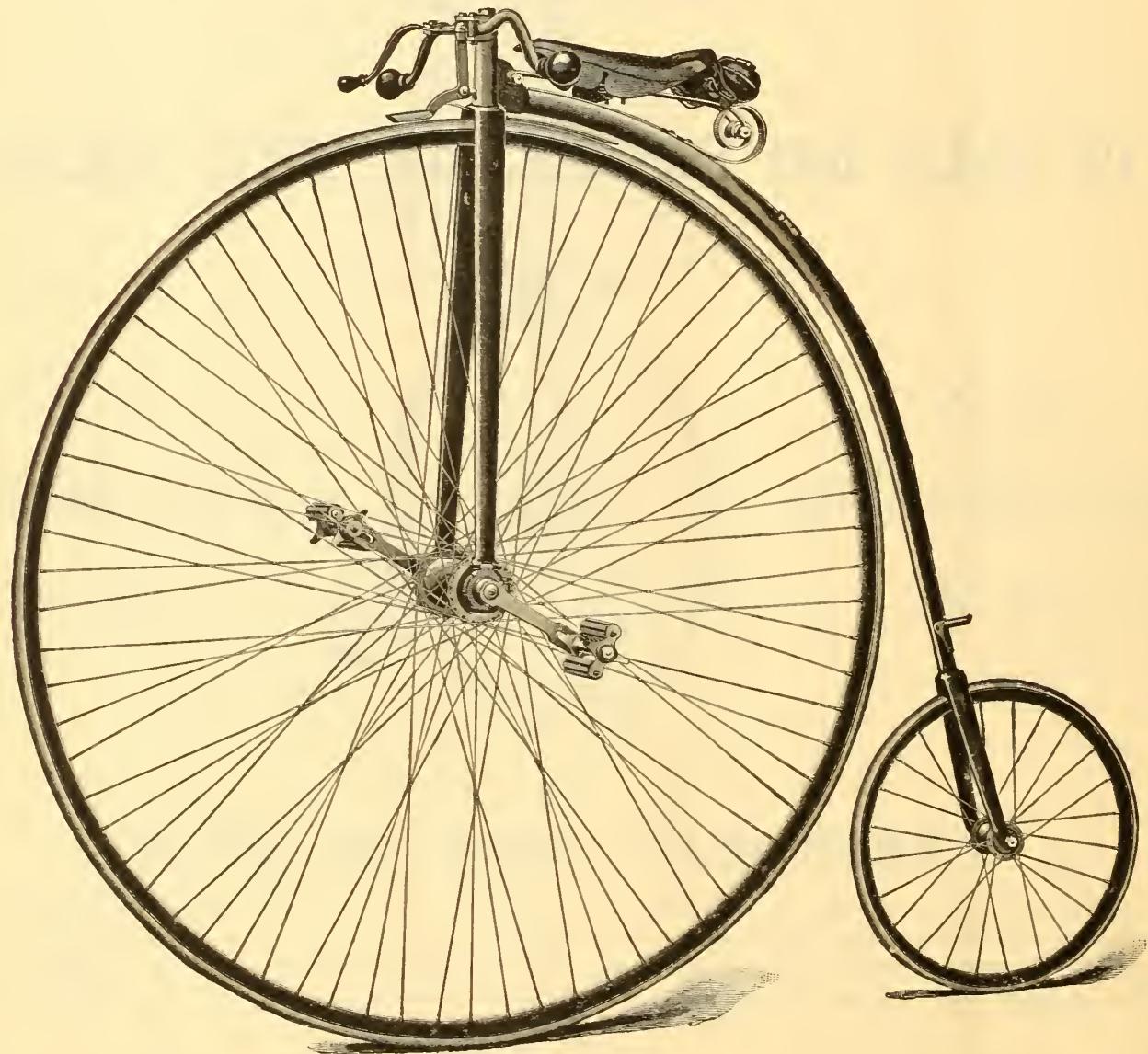
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## The Wheelmen's Gazette.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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### SPRINGFIELD'S TOURNAMENT.

SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, 17, 1886.

BY T. W. E.

I fancy a tower on Hampden Park,  
It is built of hopes and invitations  
For the bell at top to sound—and, hark!  
These are a few of its deep vibrations :  
"To the north, the south, the east, and west,  
Echo the message here out-pealing,  
Sent by the spirit of honest zest  
Unto those governed by like feeling.

"Wheelmen, arouse !"—to you it's speaking—  
"Come"—is the word it most often repeats—  
"Pleasure and profit worth while seeking  
Wait hand in hand at our cycling fêtes.  
So come, all that ride; come, all that race;  
Friends of the many and friends of the few;  
The time is set and this is the place"—  
Thus rings the bell's message now unto you.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

### THE CONNECTICUT'S "1,400."

Brother Aaron's bit of sarcasm concerning the Connecticut Club's withdrawal of 1,400 members from the League seems to have been extremely premature as well as painfully ridiculous. Everybody in the wheel world, save Brother A., knew at a glance that the "1,400" meant nothing but one of those frequent and absurd blunders made by the Associated Press in telegraphing figures. The Connecticut Club inclines towards being brainy. Its membership contains, besides doctors and lawyers, very few who are not prominently connected with the best banking, insurance, and manufacturing interests of the rich city of Hartford, and for the editor of the *Bulletin* to assume that a club of this sort in making a public announcement of its League membership would deliberately multiply its whole active and associate membership by ten in order to "seek notoriety," is quite too funny. We hope the secretary-editor is not wet-nursing any spitefulness *in re* any late unpleasantness between the Connecticut Division and himself, and trying to make the Connecticut Club suffer for the acts of the Division. As for the Division, the chief consul lately said in his report that the State organization was standing by the L. A. W. in a most commendable way, its percentage of increase of membership having during the past year been greater than that of any other division save our own, of Massa-

chussets. As for the club, serenity appears to attend all its doings, and just now its members are very cheerfully looking forward to the brief season of jollity and good fellowship with the wheelmen from far and near who will attend its forthcoming two days' tournament. We trust no one will forget the dates—September 8, 9.

### GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

We had occasion in the last number of the GAZETTE to make some comments on a certain person whose name is G. Lacy Hillier. We thought we should have no further occasion to refer to him, but the latest freak of this singularly erratic individual is really so ridiculous that we cannot refrain from again granting him gratuitous advertising by referring to his latest idiosyncrasy. As is well known by this time, the person now under discussion is very much prejudiced against Springfield, the mention of that name having the same effect upon him as that of a red rag upon a bull; and, in fact, it is our opinion the bovine specimen is the more sensible of the two animals, as he is not endowed with reasoning powers; while it is charitable to suppose that our dear G. Lacy has a slight modicum of brain matter. But we diverge. As above stated, the antipathy of Sirrah Hillier is so great that he apparently lies awake nights that he may devise ways and means whereby to crush Springfield and its tournament out of existence. Of course we know not his motives for such proceedings, but probably it has nothing to do with a refusal to grant him \$100 for expenses in order that the Springfield tournament might be honored by his gracious presence. And again, his anger was, of course, not due to a polite refusal to advertise the aforesaid tournament in his "Week End," in return for which he would most graciously condescend to boom us with as much vigor as he now opposes us. We say, of course, that person Hillier's enmity could not have been excited by either of these trifling circumstances. We leave people to draw their own inferences as to what has turned his vials of wrath upon Springfield and its tournament.

We have been rather long-winded in getting at the subject matter of this article, but really it is so ridiculous—this latest freak of our British weakling—that the more we think of it the less worthy of mention it seems. Well, here it is in all the startling effect that type can give to it. The issue of *Bicycling News*, July 23, contains these head-lines : "Strange Revelation! The Real Value of the Springfield Prizes! An Expert's Opinion." Then follows a long and wordy article in which a correspondent (probably a jealous pot maker—we beg pardon, cup maker) goes on with a thrilling yarn that the prize cups won by Furnivall last year were of base Britannia metal and therefore practically valueless. The alleged correspondent who is alleged to have talked with an alleged expert, says that the latter individual admitted that the designs were worth something, but that they

could be reproduced at a very much cheaper rate. The correspondent, or the expert (it matters not which), forgot to state that the first cost of a special design is what puts up the price; of course *faç-similes* can be very easily produced, but the original design is what has to be paid for. And that all the Springfield cups were of original design can be fully proven. But enough of this line of argument. We simply wish to ask G. Lacy Hillier a straightforward question. If (as he certainly loses no opportunity of proclaiming on any and every occasion) he is in favor of the purest of pure amateurism, what matters it to him of what value the prizes are? Does he not claim that the pure amateur should only race for sport and not for what he may gain in the way of prizes? Has he not called Springfield the fomentor of professionalism by offering big prizes? If so, what consistency is there in attempting to decry the value of prizes offered at any tournament when, as he has always maintained, the prizes should be the least inducement for winning a race? The true inwardness of the attack of the *Bicycling News* upon Springfield is owing to our disinclination to look upon its chief editorial writer as the one supreme cyclist of the world whose word is law, and hence it is that he uses the columns of the above-named publication to vent his personal spite.

One word in closing. G. Lacy Hillier is not deserving our contempt; rather our pity that there is no one to guide him and prevent his recent reckless exhibitions of inexperience and lack of judgment. As it is now, he is not only a laughing stock among his own countrymen, but is fast bidding for the same position in this country. A trip to America is the only effectual cure, and it is hoped that the remedy will be applied this fall. Vale, dear George.

### CONCERNING TWO SUCCESSFUL CLUBS.

The Connecticut and Springfield Clubs are occasionally accused of being "sporting" and money-making organizations. Well, the Connecticut and Springfield boys seem to take the accusation very philosophically. If there are other clubs in existence whose members get more practical enjoyment out of using their wheels, and club room sociability, we would like to hear of them. No doubt it is perfectly natural for wheel clubs not given to enterprise and hard work to be a little envious of the success of these two clubs, whose exertions for bettering themselves and pleasing the public have resulted in their replete treasures and world-wide prominence. It is scarcely necessary to say that a complete consideration of the subject would reveal that the great indirect influence of the Hartford and Springfield tournaments has been in the past vastly beneficial to American cycling at large. These clubs have succeeded in benefiting themselves, but in so doing have they not simultaneously benefited the public and the general "cause of the wheel"? We think they have.

## HARTFORD LETTER.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

Your correspondent is again determined to send unto you a short epistle, but he knows not quite where to begin, for the time which has elapsed since the appearance of your last "Hartford Letter" has been marked by several distinct chronological epochs in the cycling history of the goodly city of Hartford.

Briefly, without attention to detail, the most important happenings have been, perhaps, as follows: First, The second annual tournament of the Connecticut Bicycle Club at Charter Oak Park, last September, where Columbia was downed by Britannia, the local public was vastly entertained, and the wheelmen gathered from far and near had no end of a jolly time. Second, The springing up within our midst of the Hartford Wheel Club, a body of thorough riders, ably officered, and pleasantly and conveniently located in the *Times* Building parlors. Third, The great local interest taken in the spring election of the L. A. W. this year, when the greatest economic blunder of all League history caused Hartford men to lose their votes. Fourth, The tandem fever. Everybody has it, and is going to ride double as soon as he can afford it. Fifth, The annual meeting of the Connecticut Division, held June 29 last, especially noticeable for the little flurry of excitement over the election of secretary-treasurer, and the virtuous zeal manifested to help along the effort to get "Rule II" buried forever from human sight; and it may be remarked that the attendance at this meeting was more than three times as large as at any previous annual meeting in Connecticut. Sixth, Explosion of the short crank heresy. This may seem a small matter, but it is fast revolutionizing road riding. Seventh, Renovation and re-pavement of Hartford's principal streets. Bless that old tricycliform steam roller! And so on.

Now, it goes without saying, that all, wheelmen and public, are awaiting with expectant attention the Connecticut Club's annual tournament, to be held September 8-9. Being a member of the aforesaid most excellent club, you must allow me to expatiate a little over this coming event. The Connecticut Club has had the benefit of thorough experience in handling race-meetings. Heretofore it has succeeded in conducting things in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the racing men who have entered the Hartford lists, and so thoroughly interested the public in this comparatively new and very agreeable style of out-of-door entertainment, that the '86 meeting is being gotten up as much in obedience to the popular demand for it as for anything else.

The club proposes this year to make the best possible use of what its former efforts have taught it, and it feels perfectly confident that the coming tournament will result even more profitably to the competitors, the public, and itself, than did its affair of '85. Call this club a "show" club if you will. No one can say that it does not give good shows, well worthy the generous patronage they receive. What is a cycle club for, if not to secure to itself all possible benefits to be derived from cycling, and promoting general interest and enthusiasm for cycling? This club is no money-making coalition of individuals. Not one cent of outside capital has it ever, or will it ever invest in its tournaments. Whatever money it has made heretofore by judicious investment of its funds and its own brain work, has been carefully used for the better comfort and convenience of its

members and such guests as they may from time to time be privileged to entertain. Who calls this way of doing club business mercenary? My opinion may not count, being prejudiced, but I own to believing that the Connecticut Bicycle Club of Hartford, Ct., U. S. A., is just about the kind of a wheel club that every wheel club ought to strive to become. Blowing? Perhaps so. I'll blow further. I affirm that the great tournaments constitute a particularly important branch of the whole wheel interest so important that every available means should be used to further their continuance and success. Cycle racing is an excellent sport. Properly indulged it is healthful to the racer, and attractive to the spectator. The general advancement of cycling owes more to the racing wheel than to the roadster. Don't believe it? I think it does. Whatever turns general attention to cycling serves indirectly to remove prejudice, create new riders, boom the trade, and advance the "cause." Where is the roadster compared with the racer when the subject is thus considered? The "quiet tour" is another matter. Give me the tour personally in preference to the race every time, but let the tourist not forget what "the noise and stir made in the world by the racing man and his works" has indirectly done for touring. Why, I would wager you that three out of every five wheel papers published in the United States to-day would never have been born were it not for cycle racing. The wheel editor who belittles the path evidently don't know what he is doing. The entertainment furnished the public by these races is another thing not to be overlooked. In fact, it would be useless for me to attempt to here relate the infinite variety of things not to be overlooked in considering the general advantages of cycle racing.

Now the Connecticut Club has done a good deal for the cyclist at large with its race meetings. I do not say but that the Springfield Club has done more, but we have done much. We have furnished the racing man opportunities to exhibit his prowess in the stimulating presence of the most formidable of his brotherhood from all over the world, and before thousands of spectators; and we have afforded the Connecticut public proper and pleasurable entertainment with the pool-box and entire gambling element detached. We have made a little money; enough to comfortably furnish some very pleasant rooms. If we succeed in making a little more, we shall, doubtless, find it convenient to still further increase our comforts.

It certainly looks as though this year's meet would be very successful. The entries are coming in rapidly. Already the list includes all of the best known American "fliers," and some foreigners of particular note.

The club will deal honestly with racing men and public alike. The prizes offered are valuable, and the valuation is strictly their market price, the figures indicating precisely what a winner would have to pay for a duplicate article. If any of our English friends succeed in carrying home any of our "metal," they will find, if they choose to melt it, that it will be as good as anything found in Her Majesty's sovereigns and shillings. The club intends also to insist upon being honestly dealt with by whoever races under its auspices. A glance at the programme will show that it will be convenient for whoever expects a place or prize to "go." Great confidence is placed in the general integrity of the racing man, but it is vitally important that the sport be kept clean, and any detected trickery at

Hartford will not go unpunished. A strict application of the penalties imposed by the new and excellent A. C. U. rules would be very troublesome to a trickster.

The Connecticut Club adopts the A. C. U. rules, believing them in many ways superior to those of the L. A. W. The institution of the third class impresses it very favorably, as being perhaps the best way of disposing of the vexing "makers" question. It may be noted that the Hartford meet amply provides for each of the three classes, and in such manner that all representatives of either, will, during the tournament, have a *fair* chance for winning a prize.

Not the least pleasurable feature of the Hartford meetings is always the presence of friends from a distance. All of the old timers thus far heard from will be with us again this year, and we shall be prepared to welcome them most cordially. Hartford, you know, comes first after the summer's rest, and here friend and foe meet together, shake and make merry, and go away without a "foe" in the crowd. It was most beautiful to see, last year, how certain brethren of the cycling quill, who, during the preceding season had vituperated each other with extreme viciousness, became chatty, confidential, and friends forever after. Here old sores heal. Have any of late felt the mighty smite of Aaron's rod? If they can catch him at Hartford they will speedily resolve that the chastening was merited, and the blows governed by a wise hand and discerning spirit; or, they will never believe that they were smitten at all. Let all come!

## NOTES.

Who will be the one-mile A. C. U. man? The Elkington shield is a beauty.

Reform never did originate in popular sentiment. The A. C. U. has started with the derision of the multitude. It looks, though, as if it were on a fair road towards reforming cycle racing.

But hurrah for the old L. A. W.! Long may it wave.

America has just now an elegant sufficiency of cycling literature. Where can you find a more crisp and breezy cycling weekly than the *Cycling World* of the present? The *Cycle* is a good paper, and the *Wheel* better than ever before. The *Bulletin* is a most excellent organ of the great organization it represents, and it cannot be denied that its influence as a general cycling newspaper is very valuable. True, it gets a little mixed occasionally, and sometimes explodes prematurely, but all good papers do likewise. For a monthly it is observable that the *GAZETTE* continues to beat the world.

The Connecticut Club is still L. A. W., and undoubtedly will long continue in the fold.

Charter Oak Park is now in good trim for wheeling, and local celebrities there take their daily practice spins.

Over the river in East Hartford they have a lively little club which controls a quarter-mile track, and includes a number of riders who give promise of becoming well known before this season's tournaments are ended.

Shall the expelled men be re-instated? It hardly seems necessary, considering the new phase of affairs.

"All this notoriety (referring to the Conn. Bi. C.) hardly seems to recompense them for the loss of an efficient and prominent president."—*Bulletin*.

Is'h dot so?

HARTFORD, Ct., Aug. 1, 1886.

II.

## FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.



SINCE my last letter several evidences have been given of the progress cyclism is making in France this summer as compared with previous years. We are still, however, a long way behind Germany, where the pastime, although more recently introduced, has secured a thoroughly good hold, and what is more they have good fast tracks in the principal towns. For a month our three cracks, De Civry, Duncan, and Dubois, made an exhibition tour through that country; in fact, they stayed until it became downright monotonous to read Duncan, De Civry, Dubois; De Civry, Duncan, Dubois; and occasionally Dubois, etc., etc. How long they would have kept the game up it is impossible to say, but, as all the world knows, the "mad king" of Bavaria drowned himself and all sporting and other amusements were knocked on the head for several weeks, and the redoubtable three returned to France. During their absence the second-rate men had high times and the big fields that contested many of the races last month surprised the wheelmen themselves. At a little meeting near Paris, one Sunday, about sixty riders competed in the several races, while on the same day a like number of men were found at a gathering further south. Most of the English firms have agents in France for the sale of their machines, and until a few years since very few home-manufactured bicycles were seen on the road. Now, two or three French firms turn out bicycles and tricycles that meet with much favor among Frenchmen, and, as in other matters, the supply follows the demand, so several large workshops have sprung up of late. Perhaps the only house known to racing men abroad is that carried on under the style of Clément & Cie, noted for the very light machines they turn out. If French racing men like one thing more than another it is a light machine, and, regardless of the risk of "buckling," they mount bicycles so tender that elsewhere people would say they were absolutely dangerous. Clément & Cie's light machines seem to stand the strain of a hard ridden race on the road very well, and the firm have found their business growing to such an extent as to induce them to enlarge their workshops, which are now about the finest in France.

A French tourist from Nevers was in Paris a fortnight ago, and reported a meeting on the Yonne with an American gentleman. Both wheelmen sought shelter from a heavy shower and in conversation he informed my French friend that he came from Chicago, had done England, the North of France, and Paris, and was following the banks of the Yonne *en route* for Geneva.

There has been a lot of racing during the last few weeks, and, as I hear that Duncan has won the championship of France, this country will be very well represented at Springfield in the autumn. On the 20th of June at Bergerac the 10,000 mètres international bicycles was won by Charles Terront, an old six days go-as-you-please man of Agricultural Hall celebrity, in 23m. 49s.; Vidal, of Bordeaux, also of Molyneux Grounds renown, pulled off the international tricycles, completing the 2,500 mètres in 5m. 58s., or ten seconds worse than the time for the local men's race over the same course. On the same day a grand meeting was held at Narbonne. Herc Chaudin, a local man, won the bicycle and tricycle championships

of Aude; but the event of the day was the defeat of the tricycle champion of France by Médinger, of Paris. It was the first defeat Eole has experienced this year,—half a wheel in a 3,600 mètres race that was won in 9m. 30s. Médinger also won the international bicycle race over the same course in 7m. 05s. A three days race gathering at Agen passed off brilliantly; De Civry and Duncan scored several successes, but our records, bad as they are, have not been affected by recent events.

A question that has been agitating French cyclists for the past few months is the employment of velocipedes in time of war. It has been announced that a squad of cyclists were attached to one of the German army corps, and, under the aegis of the Union Vélocipédique de France, a request was addressed to the Minister of War for permission to organize a squad of cyclists to operate with the troops in the autumn maneuvers. The cyclists offered to place themselves for the time under military regulations, pay, food, accommodation, and discipline, believing that their services would be found welcome for the conveyance of orders, dispatches, etc. Some delay occurred in the receipt of a response, but at last the answer arrived with the permission of the Minister of War for two cyclists to follow the operations under the direction of the brigadier, and for their services, a sum of 2fr., 50c. (half a dollar), a day was offered. The cyclists had no mercenary ideas and it's a pity so ridiculously small a recompense was suggested.

A novel safety has been turned out in Paris this spring by M. Truffault, of 277 Boulevard Perrière. It is unique in its way and the opinion formed of it by those who were among its earliest riders has been in large measure realized. He has discarded the usual chain gearing of safeties and in its place mechanism securing two turns of the wheel to each revolution of the pedals, is inclosed in an enlarged hub. A 35-inch wheel in one turn of the pedal makes the circuit of an ordinary 70 inch, and a racing machine of this size passed the post first four times on one day, ridden by a second-rate man against ordinary racing machines. The multiplying mechanism being in the center of the wheel, the weight is not appreciable, and altogether is far lighter than ordinary chain gearing. Handles and saddle are adjustable, the steering is steady for a safety, and from personal experience the writer is able to speak in favorable terms of Truffault's "Sphinx" roadster, while as to his racer multiplied to 90 inches—we shall see what we shall see.

On the point of dispatching this letter a *compte-rendu* of the race for the championship of France came to hand. Over a course of 10,000 mètres (6 miles 350 yards) nineteen competitors, including De Civry, last year's champion, took part. Eole, the bicycle champion, made the pace for the first eight or ten laps and was closely attended by Duncan, De Civry, and Terront, Médinger leading the second division. At half distance the field was reduced to eight men, of whom Terront and Boyer were allowed to keep the lead and when the bell rang for the last lap, these men were running neck and neck, with Charron in waiting and Duncan and De Civry well up. A splendid finish resulted.

- |                                   |               |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. H. O. Duncan (of Montpellier), | zom. 48 2-58. |
| 2. C. Terront (of Bayonne),       | 20m. 48 3-58. |
| 3. Charron (of Angers),           | 20m. 48 4-58. |
| 4. De Civry (of Paris),           | 20m. 49 1-58. |
| 5. Boyer (of Bayonne),            | 20m. 49 2-58. |

These times were, however, worse than those of the juniors over the same course, but it appears to have been to some extent a waiting race.

PARIS, July 12, 1886.

## FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



ICYCLING matters have been pretty lively since the date of my last letter; and both on the path and on the road some tall performances have been accomplished, the road holding pride of place. To begin with, there was the open 50-miles road race, promoted by the North Road Cycling Club, on June 19; this produced 47 starters, although the weather was most unfavorable, a northeast gale of wind blowing, and, occasionally, showers of rain enlivening the prospect up to the time of starting. With such a big field, it became necessary to divide the men, so the race was run in three sections, single tricycles starting first, then tandem tricycles, and lastly bicycles, intervals of five minutes dividing the classes.

In the result, considerably to everybody's surprise, the bicycles utterly failed to catch the tandems, but all lost ground, the tandems going throughout at a faster pace than the bicycles. The route was unevenly out-and-home, the first 28½ miles being against the wind and the remaining 21½ miles with it. Two tandems, ridden respectively by C. E. Liles and A. J. Wilson, G. Gatehouse and J. Lee, reached the turning-point together, but on the return journey the London pair drew away from the provincial crew in the last four miles, and won by a long street. One of the leading bicyclists was upset from his "ordinary," so that a "safety" came in first of the two-wheelers. The single tricycles made a poor show, the best rider in the class breaking his crank-bracket soon after the start. The time accomplished by Wilson and Liles was 3h. 16m. 58s. (best on record), which is regarded as very fast, considering the circumstances. The first bicyclist—E. Hale, holder of the 100 miles record—occupied 13 minutes longer over the distance; and the first rider of a single tricycle—C. W. Brown—took four hours. Only 25 men finished the distance, so severe was the wind. The result is looked upon as very satisfactory, proving—what has long been contended by the *cognoscenti*—that the tandem tricycle is the fastest machine on the road. All previous races have afforded no criterion for comparison, by reason of the different circumstances of wind, weather, and roads under which each performance was accomplished; but here we see that under equal conditions the tandem tricycle beats every other kind of velocipede, and the "safety" is practically beaten by the ordinary (inasmuch as the riders of ordinary bicycles made a vastly better show—taken all round—than the numerous riders of "safeties" who started). This result will be, I expect, still further demonstrated on the occasions of the open 100 miles and 24 hours races, to be promoted by the same club on August 28 and September 4, respectively.

As a sequel to this great road-contest, we have been treated to a disgraceful specimen of advertising dodgery, the makers of the "Premier" tandem having advertised for several weeks in the press saying that their tandem, ridden by Golder and Buckingham, finished first in the race. The truth was that Golder and Buckingham were beaten into a cocked hat long before the half-

distance; they turned short of the proper turning-point, and so came in at the finish first, but having only ridden 43 miles! So slavishly servile to the advertisers are some of our journals, that they allowed this bare-faced lie to be inserted in their advertising pages week after week, and repeatedly suppressed letters from competitors and officers of the club pointing out and protesting against the fraud. *Wheeling* is the only paper to take the honorable and fearless course of editorially pointing out the deception. The Coventry papers have often enough assumed a virtuously indignant air at hearing of American records; but in this matter the proprietor of the Coventry Ring has evidently allowed Golder (who is a clerk in his printing office) to influence him for evil, and *Wheeling* scores heavily.

Two days after the race above referred to, Alfred H. Fletcher, of the Anfield B. C. (Liverpool) raised the mileage for an all-day tricycle ride, by accomplishing 251 miles in the 24 hours. This was a genuine road journey, over measured highways, and covering no piece of ground more than twice, in accordance with our N. C. U. rules.

Another Liverpool Anfielder—G. P. Mills—has eclipsed James Lennox's latest John O'Groats' feat, by riding an ordinary bicycle from end to end of Great Britain (861 miles) in 5 days, 1 hour, 45 minutes. It seems a miraculous performance, but there is no doubt about its genuineness. He rode 215 miles the first day; the first 500 miles in 2 days 13 3-4 hours (*with only three-quarters of an hour's sleep in all that time!*), and notwithstanding the dreadful stretches of unridable road met with in several places, and an intensely cold gale of wind against him for the last 200 miles, he reached John O'Groats' house exactly 5 days 1 hour 45 minutes after having started from Land's End, beating the best previous performance by 1 day 6 hours 45 minutes. The marvel about it all is that he is so little distressed by his exertions as to be resolved to repeat the ride next month, on a tricycle.

A fatal accident occurred to a bicyclist on the Ripley road, yesterday. Particulars are not yet to hand, but it appears that Mr. Paussey—a bicycle and tricycle maker in a small way of business, but turning out machines of excellent quality—was riding fast down the hill by the Fair Mile, and by some means took a header from his bicycle. Being alone, he was picked up by some neighboring cottagers, and expired half a minute afterwards. The event quite upset the usual crowd of Ripley road riders when they reached the spot, and the gloom occasioned by the occurrence will not pass away for some time.

The majority of the amateur championship races promoted by the National Cyclists' Union have now been decided. The one-mile bicycle and one-mile tricycle fell to P. Furnivall, who won them in his usual wait-for-the-last-run-in style. The five-miles tricycle race, run at Glasgow, resulted in Furnivall being nicely beaten at his own game, for after a funeral race he was fairly caught napping in the last lap by W. Allard, of Coventry, who put on a fine spurt and won by six yards. The five-miles and the 50-miles bicycle races have yet to be run, but both the 25-miles races have been ridden; on the bicycle, J. E. Fenlon, of London, was victor, Furnivall not competing; and on the tricycle, R. J. McCredy, of Dublin, beat all comers, after a stubborn race with Gatehouse, by 4 yards. In no case have any phenomenal times been accomplished, the weather being unfavorable on the

occasions of the 1 and 25 miles bicycle, and the 25 miles tricycle, races, and the waiting tactics adopted in the other events rendering the times slow.

There has been a peculiar show of amateur racing at North Shields, where a "seven hours" race—one hour each night, Monday to Friday, and two hours on Saturday—resulted in W. Wood riding 130 miles 1 lap, beating J. Fleetwood by a yard only. Five others covered upwards of 120 miles in the seven aggregate hours.

P. T. Letchford beat the two-miles tricycle record, bringing it 1 1-5 seconds under 6 minutes, at Cambridge, on June 17, but this time was surpassed by G. Gatehouse, at Alexandra Park, on July 15, the latter's time being 5m. 57 4-5s.

At the Crystal Palace, July 3, H. A. Speechley "had a day out" and made a couple of records look silly. The C. P. track has been much improved by a series of experiments culminating in a beautiful surface, and with a fine, clear, and calm day in his favor, Speechley rode one mile in 2.34 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and three miles in 8.20 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Five watches were set on the move, and although neither was a "Kew Tested" watch, and neither watch-holder was an N. C. U. official, I am glad to hear that the records committee will probably pass the records, as we had too much humbug last year about no record being accepted unless guaranteed by the N. C. U. red-tape, hall-marked-official time-keeper and official watch; and so long as the watches are good ones, and the men holding them are experienced and reliable time-keepers, lack of officialism seems to be no reasonable bar to a record's acceptance.

Another claim to a record, which will not be granted without some more evidence than we at present have seen, is that of F. W. Berridge, a second or third rate rider, who claims to have ridden a Rover safety bicycle 20 miles under the hour at Lillie Bridge.

The Catford Cycling Club promoted an open road race of 25 miles, on July 10; but it was a handicap, framed by two gentlemen whose qualifications for the task were obscure, and in the result four members of the North Road Club won the first four places. No fast times were made.

In the immediate future, we have a cluster of interesting fixtures, including the Harrogate camp (which is to be more than ever a social success), the Southern Counties camp (this year to be held at Guildford, and promising to far surpass its predecessors), and a grand tour to Killarney by some forty Irish and English cyclists. On the latter trip will be found

"FAED."

LONDON, July 19, 1886.

We again ask the League to remodel the amateur rule so as to make it read: "An amateur is one who has never raced for a money prize, or stakes, or for gate receipts." Such a rule would effectually separate the professional from the amateur, while it would keep that useful and desirable class, the makers' amateurs, within the League fold. We will not dilate on this subject, however. Its pros and cons have already been so thoroughly discussed that the sentiment of the rank and file is known to every one, and that sentiment is unequivocally in favor of less stringent rules and the re-instatement of the suspended men. Don't let us act hastily in this matter. Don't let mistaken ideas of a "codfish" nature warp our intelligence. The m. a.'s are men like ourselves, and most of them fine fellows.—*American Wheelman.*

#### FROM THE HUB TO HOOSIERDOM.



CYLING is a pastime that I would never recommend to a lazy man, nor to one of those unfortunate mortals afflicted with constitutional inertia, unless satisfied of a sincere desire on his part to reform and lead a different and a better life. To such an one the feelings that prompt a bicycler to mount his wheel and ride ten or fifteen miles before breakfast, or fifty or sixty miles for a day's run, are utterly inconceivable.

But to a person who delights in the fresh and invigorating breezes of an early summer morning, in the healthful but more fervid glow of the midday sun, and in the cooling, peaceful calm of a summer evening; or, best of all, a good refreshing sleep to end the day—to him I would say, "Ride a bicycle." If you have already learned to ride the graceful steed and tamed his fiery, restless nature, to a certain extent—to you, I would say, take a tour no matter where, but take a trip awheel for a week at least and you will find new joy in bicycling that you never before dreamed of and which cannot be realized by one who never goes beyond fifteen or twenty miles from his native town.

Ever since I had learned to ride—a wheelman dates all things from that event, even as the Mussulman figures from the Hegira—I had wanted to take an extended cycling tour of several hundred miles, and the League meet at Boston offered the desired opportunity.

From a certain stand-point a bicycle tour from Boston to Indianapolis looked like a rather large undertaking, but such things had been accomplished before and could be again. The distance is the easiest thing to realize in such a case. That is largely a matter of figures, but the condition of the roads is a matter that cannot be estimated before hand. Probably it is just as well that the Western tourist does not bother his head about such small matters till after it is too late to turn back, or there might be less touring in certain sections of the country.

Western cyclers have an idea that the East,—the rosy-tinted, vague, indefinite "East,"—is crossed and recrossed from one end to another with smooth, hard, sand-papered roads,—cleaned with a carpet-sweeper and sprinkled with Florida water every morning.



But this is not the case.

It was in ignorance of the actual state of affairs that I laid out a course homeward, through Providence, Hartford, New Haven, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Fort Wayne to Indianapolis.

At Boston I fell in with a Baltimore wheelman, who said he was going to ride home and wanted me to accompany him as far as New York, and I had about half concluded to do so, when in a burst of enthusiastic confidence, one evening, he began recapitulating his stopping places on the way home, and I soon discovered that either his road record or his self-confidence was something remarkable. According to the schedule marked out, he "allowed" to reach New York the second day and Baltimore in three more. I wouldn't have cared had he taken a run from New York to Baltimore in twenty-four hours, as I would not

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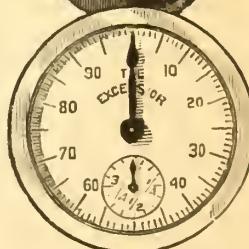
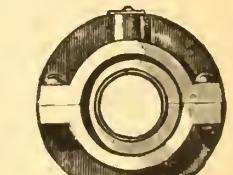
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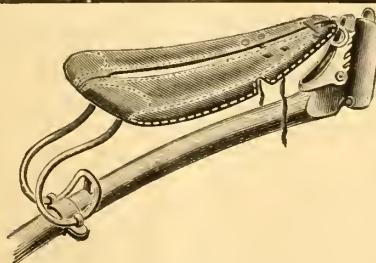
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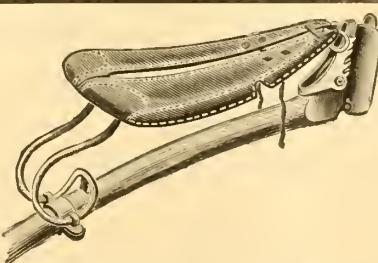


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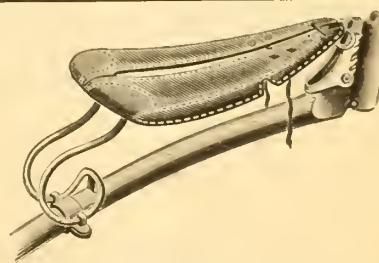
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- 1-MILE AMATEUR, 3.10 CLASS—First, Gold Medal; Second, Gold and Silver Medal; Third, Silver Medal.
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- 1-MILE PROMATEUR TRICYCLE—First, Spider Scarf Pin, Diamond and Sapphire; Second, Pearl-Handled Revolver.
- 3-MILE AMATEUR OPEN—First, Diamond Ring; Second, Solid Silver Shoe Set in Handsome Plush Case.
- 10-MILE PROMATEUR, LAP RACE—First, Diamond Ring; Second, Hall Mirror of Elegant Design.
- 1-MILE AMATEUR, TEAM RACE—First, Handsome Engraving; Second, Handsome Engraving.

### SECOND DAY.

- 1-MILE PROMATEUR, OPEN—First, Diamond Stud; Second, Gold Watch-Chain with Charm.
  - 1-MILE PROFESSIONAL, HANDICAP—First, \$100 Cash; Second, \$50; Third, \$25.
  - 3-MILE PROMATEUR TRICYCLE—First, Fine Alligator Traveling-Bag, completely furnished; Second, Alligator Traveling-Bag.
  - 1-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE—First, Shot-Gun; Second, Pearl-Handled Revolver.
  - 5-MILE PROFESSIONAL, LAP—First, \$100 Cash; Second, \$50; Third, \$25.
  - 2-MILE AMATEUR, TANDEM TRICYCLE—First, Two Gold-Headed Canes; Second, Two Silver-Headed Canes.
  - FIVE-MILE PROMATEUR BICYCLE, OPEN—First, Shot-Gun; Second, Fishing Set, Rod, Basket, etc.
  - 5-MILE AMATEUR, STATE CHAMPIONSHIP—First, Gold Medal; Second, Silver Medal.
- In the CONSOLATION RACE there will be Three Prizes in keeping with the above List.
- 1-MILE AMATEUR, HARTFORD WHEEL CLUB—First, Gold Medal; Second, Silver Medal.

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take that part of the trip; but as for two days from Boston to New York! not even after I had felt the mellowing influence of the punch so liberally dispensed at the banquet, had I dared to imagine such a performance. Any one in such a feverish hurry as that ought to travel by rail or, better yet, in a pneumatic tube.

So afterwards I quietly informed my wild-eyed Southern friend that I was rather afraid his pace was a trifle faster than I could keep, and that rather than hinder his progress by lagging behind, I would take a route of my own.

And so I left him, to ride at my own sweet will across the hills and dales of New England. Whether he made the trip laid out that evening or not, I never knew, but not hearing of any one from Baltimore breaking the road record, I presume that the plan fell through. One can more easily imagine him lounging on the shady side of one of the shore line steamers headed for Baltimore.

But I was not sorry to leave him for he smoked a villainously strong pipe and had a way of calling the Vendôme Vendoom that was really blood-curdling.

Knowing nothing whatever of the country over which my route lay, it became necessary to seek information. It may be that I did not seek hard enough, I certainly found none. Here and there a cycloper was to be found who knew one or two roads for about twenty-five miles out of Boston. I have stopped pedestrians out on the roads of Indiana and inquired the way, with little hope of gaining any intelligence, but from a Boston wheelman one has certainly the right to expect something different. Just the same, he doesn't get it.

Western wheelmen have an idea that every cycloper in the Hub has wheeled as far as New York at least once. This is not the case, however. Upon close inquiry and special cross-questioning, a certain prominent member of the Boston club said he *did* know of some one who had once made the trip, but could not recall his name or address, and so with this most satisfactory piece of information and a road-book giving a route as far as Providence, I had to rest satisfied.

After all, Boston wheelmen are not to be blamed for never venturing off their delightful sand-papered roads. He who would leave such roads as lie about Boston, for the sand heaps of Connecticut would certainly display rank ill taste,—and ill taste is the last offense one would ever lay at the door of a Bostonite. But they are all good fellows, these wheelmen of Boston, and if they are ignorant of some things, what they don't know about entertaining their friends wouldn't fill half one side of a postal card.

I had determined to start Tuesday, the morning after the Lynn races; so on Monday morning, having some spare time on hand, I wandered forth to make some purchases, when I became strongly impressed with another Boston characteristic—that is their regard for Decoration or Memorial day. There is only one day more universally observed there, and that is Bunker Hill day, which follows in a few weeks. As it was I found all the stores and work-shops closed. Even a few pieces of soiled linen that I wanted to have cleaned before starting, I was obliged to send home as they were. On asking one laundry man whose office I chanced to find open, if I could get some washing done by evening, he exclaimed in undisguised astonishment, "What! you don't expect us to work on Memorial day, do you?" He evidently thought

he had fallen in with a foreigner, who, as the stump speakers tell us, "has no sympathy with American institutions."

I was about to write down, "Bright and early Tuesday morning I left Boston behind me," but I will have to spoil the phrase and write it, "Bright, but not early," for I was determined not to start for home on an empty stomach, and having accepted an invitation of a friend in Roxbury to stay all night, so as to get an "early" start, I yielded to the invitation to stay to breakfast, which at his generous "hashery" was not served till 8 or thereabouts.

But we are finally off, and my friend sees me as far as Dedham, from where I strike out for myself. The way I became acquainted with my friend is singular and probably worth relating. We often speak of "falling in" with an acquaintance, and this is a case in which the much used figure was rendered literally. We, that is the cycling population of Boston, had been out to the Reservoir and after a late start were scorching down Beacon street as only a crowd of hungry bicyclists can go, when suddenly I heard behind me some sort of commotion, and glancing back be-

held two clowns on Star machines, while high in the air, on a pole which connected the two, another clown gyrated round and round in a hazardous and grotesque fashion. After looking back once, I looked again and again, and finally once too often, for coming to a turn in the street, and being closer on to my neighbor in front than I supposed, I ran over his little wheel and as a natural consequence we both landed in the dust. Of course I apologized for my carelessness and brushed him off, and then he apologized, though what for I can't imagine, and likewise brushed me off.

By this time the crowd had gone far ahead, and my companion, seeing that I was a stranger, after satisfying himself of the peacefulness of my intentions and my harmlessness of character, invited me to dinner, and to be brief took me under his wing and acted as a generous Bostonian should toward a denizen of the Wild Howling West.

From the pump in the public square in Dedham we drink each other's health and with a hearty hand shake we part company. A lively kick and a rather high jump, takes me over the bundle of luggage on behind, and as I roll away, I give a hurried glance behind and mentally say good-by to the many bicycle friends and acquaintances I have made in the hospitable Hub.

About twenty miles out of Dedham while rolling merrily along cogitating the question ever uppermost in a cycloper's mind, where am I to get my next meal, I am rudely awakened by what the reporters call a "dull thud," and, looking around, see the road for one hundred yards back strewn with various articles of wearing apparel, from a celluloid collar to a change of hose.

Upon dismounting inspection showed that my new luggage carrier which had cost me \$2.00 good and lawful money, the day before, had suddenly struck on being jolted along in such unceremonious fashion, and releasing its hold had let down my baggage with the aforementioned "dull thud." Right here began a struggle between me and my baggage that kept up as far as Hartford, when I acknowledged myself beaten, and, even at the risk of running short of clean underwear, pruned my

baggage down to the lowest possible limit, and shipped the rejected articles home. Whatever the bicycle is as a pleasant and rapid means of locomotion, it will never be put before the public on its merits as a carrier of freight and miscellaneous baggage, and my advice to tourists is, take as little luggage as you possibly can do with, even at the risk of traveling somewhat tramp fashion.

About five miles from Wrentham I strike my first sand, and the little walking I now do gives me a taste of what is before me, though blissfully unconscious of that fact. I had been previously overtaken by a Philadelphia party of three on their way homewards, but as their pace is faster than I care to keep, we part along here. I dislike to be the tail end of a party on the road, for all the small boys run out to the fences as you go by and yell, "Keep on, keep on, you'll ketch 'em," and other encouraging remarks, some of them not quite complimentary to the abilities of the hindmost rider. Neither is it pleasant every time on coming up to where the party is evidently resting to hear how long they have been waiting for you to catch up. These things wound one's sensitive spirit, and when I fall in with a crowd whose pace is faster than mine, I lag behind and ride as I please and give the others a chance to do the same.

I am bound to North Attleboro for dinner, and at one place inaccurately inquiring for Attleboro, learn there are as many as half a dozen Attleboros scattered over this region. A sign-board tells me North Attleboro is two and a half miles, and after going three miles further, by cyclometer, I come to a town where my first inquiry for a hotel elicits the fact that the only hostelry in town is a boarding house, where I find dinner is over.

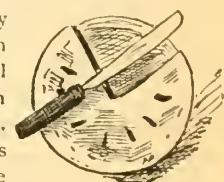
Boarding house—hungry cycloper—dinner over—an unhappy combination! There was a prune pie on the premises, however, Had there not been, this article might never have been written.

On getting ready to start and inquiring the next town down the road, I am astonished by hearing, "North Attleboro, two and a half miles," and I wonder why some one don't go back three miles and bring up that misleading sign-post to where it belongs.

After that, however foolish it might seem to the inhabitants, I always inquired the name of the town as I entered, sometimes with a feeling of "Ha, ha, I've run you down at last," as the detective stories say; at other times with an air of "Well, if it suits me, I'll buy it."

A little ways out of North Attleboro I come to South Attleboro, and all the rest of the afternoon ride from one Attleboro to another. It grows quite hilly along here, near Attleboro No. 27, and some of the hills are enough to frighten a native Hoosier, but I manage to mount the most and walk the rest, still undismayed. If a bicycler wants practice in rough and tumble hill climbing, let him take a tour through New England. By the by, if he wants excellent practice in slow riding, with frequent stand-stills, let him join the next L. A. W. parade.

Running through a lonesome stretch of woods, I hear ahead the unwelcome sound of a bicycle calliope, and naturally look out expectantly for some stray wheelman, though none is in sight, either ahead or behind. Soon a bend in the road



discloses a school-house, with three small boys on the front fence, each tooting as hard as he can on a "screecher," and each apparently enjoying himself as only a small boy can when he is making an unlimited amount of unearthly noise.

Providence is not an easy town for a stray bicycler to find his way into. Through Pawtucket up to within three miles of town the road is straight as a die, after which, if you turn once you turn a dozen times from main to branch roads and back to main road again. Stopping, I asked some men working on the road the way into town.

"Do you want to go by the red bridge?" said one. Now, the fact of the matter is I didn't care two cents about the color of the bridge, so that it was moderately substantial, so I told him I didn't care much; a white-washed bridge would do just as well if it would be any more convenient.

He studied over the matter a moment, then—"Well, ye have ter go over the red bridge."

There was only one road into town and I took it! It was used by its present owner only for a short time and will be sold cheap for cash or cycling sundries.

After supper I wheel about three miles out of town to a farm house, so as to make possible an early morning start.

Daylight finds me up and ready to start, but early as it is the family are all astir. As I left them awake last evening, I naturally wonder if they have not sat up all night discussing their strange guest and his wonderful horse. The road starts off pretty good, but every one I ask says there is trouble ahead. While stopping at a tavern for lunch, the landlord says, "You've got some mighty hard roads ahead of you, mister." I tell him I am glad of that, for I had been informed that they were very soft and sandy. The road, which has been running southerly, soon turns west, and then the interest of the rider appears to center on the road directly in front of his wheel, and the process of keeping on the upper side of the saddle begins to grow more and more a matter worthy of deep and careful consideration. The roads here are nothing but sand-papered, with the single omission of the papered part, and what further adds to their wild, picturesque beauty is the total absence of side paths, or, as we Westerners call them, pig-paths, so I draw an inference that the festive porker does not haunt these sandy wilds. It is all up hill and down hill, without any level stretches, and by walking the hill and carefully riding the down grades, I manage to get along for a while, till finally the sand is so thick that I have to dismount and push the wheel down hill. Think of that, ye Western cyclers! pushing—actually pushing—a bicycle down a steep grade.

By persevering I manage to get along slowly, riding occasionally, though sometimes a dismount has to be made in a good deal shorter order than common to avoid a header. But headers are frequent and I get most of them by riding on the grass by the side of the road—which is the only rideable place—and having the bank suddenly give way, letting the wheel down in the sand. Once this happens on a rather steep grade and I take the best header of the day, bending the handle nearly down to the fork. This I straighten somewhat, but it, together with the luggage on



the backbone, makes mounting along here a risky if not dangerous operation. Rather than get another fall, I conclude to walk till the roads get better, and the next five or six miles are traveled in that way.

I have been followed all morning by a baker's wagon, which has overtaken me eight or ten times, I passing it at its stops. Likely the driver thinks I will weaken after a while and offer him a dollar to carry me out. The farm houses begin to get scarcer, and on stopping at one I ask the native in charge how long these kind of roads last. "O, not very long," says he.

My hopes go up.

"Not very long," he continued, mournfully, "they git a derned sight worse as ye git inter the country a bit."

My hopes fall again, but that settles it. If they call these good roads and worse are to be expected ahead, I am ready to back out. Walking is very good in its way, but when one starts out on a bicycle tour and has to walk and push the machine that ought to carry him, and all this without any prospect of relief ahead, it is time to call a halt and surrender at discretion. There is a railroad in the vicinity, for I have heard the whistles at various times during the morning, and so I inquire the nearest way to it, where even if I have to walk it will be walking on a level, and there will be the further satisfaction of knowing I am coming out somewhere: whereas, on the sand hill road, it is getting to be a matter of conjecture if I ever come out anywhere. I find by going back nearly a mile there is a cross-road which leads to the railroad three miles south, so I turn back and walk the whole four miles to the station.

Bicycle riders all look alike to the natives along here, presumably because they see them so seldom. One old farmer hails me with the greeting:

"Howerye? Ain't ye the young feller that went by here two or three years ago on one of them things?"

When I answer in the negative he avows, "Well, he looked jest like yer," and further, as a clincher, "he rid the same identical machine as that ther."

As my wheel is of the '86 pattern, I am disposed to doubt this part of the assertion, but at any rate I know I am not the only bicycler who has wandered thus far from rideable roads.

After a while I came out at Coventry. The whole town is merely a big factory with a cluster of dwellings around it. From what I see of the population I should judge it is almost wholly female. From every window in the factory—four hundred, more or less—protrude the heads of some three or four factory girls, each one bent on watching a forlorn bicycler walk up the main street to the railroad station. The two men at the station are the only specimens of the "lords of creation" that are visible, and they seem not to be lording it very much this season, either.

It is somewhat discouraging to learn that the next train does not stop here, but at Summit, four miles further on, and for the next hour and a half I get all the bumping I want as I count the ties between stations. Every once in a while the road between rails looks rideable, but a little experience and a few hair-breadth escapes demon-

strate the fact that walking is the only safe way of making progress. When a wheelman takes a header from a 54-inch wheel and strikes on a T rail, he is liable to land on the evergreen shore at one and the same time. I pass several gangs of workmen fixing the road. They all seem to take a kindly interest in me and permit themselves to become very much worried because I don't ride. On telling one man that it is too rough, I get a particularly valuable suggestion: "Mister, if ye will jist turn that ere leetle wheel around and let her run in front, ye can ride over enythin' from a cobble-stone to a stump, for I seed a feller do it."

At Summit there is nothing but a primitive station and a store where a boy who keeps up a continual whistle of "The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la," is the only sign of modern civilization observable. I manage to make a dinner off cheese and crackers and a vile concoction called root beer, brewed on the premises, and calculated in that benighted region to take the place of the old reliable "cool and foaming." Helping myself to as much of the cheese and crackers as I want, I hand the store-keeper a dime. He takes the crackers from my hand, carefully weighs them, tells me to take two more from the barrel, and then carefully weighing the cheese, hands me back two cents.

Another example of Rhode Island economy I now call to mind, is a sign over a bridge, which reads: "Any one riding or driving over this bridge faster than a walk, will be fined \$2." Out our way we never think of mentioning a less sum than \$10, and often bluff slow riding out of drivers by a \$50 warning. Perhaps, however, the man who framed the law drove a fast horse and wanted to run as small a risk as possible of losing his hard-earned cash.

Four hours' loaf in a little way station up in the sand hills of Rhode Island is not the most pleasant diversion in the world, but it soon comes to an end, and I am finally landed in Hartford about supper time.

Max Adeler's hired man, who began work by taking a vacation, was no fool if he has been laughed at by everybody, and a wheelman starting westward from Providence could not do better than to follow his example and travel by rail or boat for a hundred miles or so.

[To be continued.]

P. C. DARROW.



One of the most healthy exercises for the mind and body, barring headers, etc., is bicycling. Treading the wheel is about the best way to clear the cobwebs from a man's brain, to fill his lungs with air, rejoice his eyes, broaden his understanding and increase his knowledge of his own beautiful land. The sooner our girls learn to exercise their limbs by tricycling, the sooner will they acquire that physical development and that purity of complexion which seaside lounging and cosmetics can never provide. As for the danger of the sport, it is practically nil. The number of serious accidents from bicycling and tricycling is very small, and we venture to assert far smaller than those incident to buggy riding. In the matter of health there can be no comparison of buggy riding and cycling, the cramped up position of the one and free motion of the limbs in the other need no comment as to which is the most desirable.—*San Francisco Sunday World.*

## JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



UTTING records is now the avocation of those wheelmen who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to be cunning with their feet. What are we coming to anyhow? The significant figures 2.34, in the last number of the GAZETTE, while not coming unexpectedly to many sanguine wheelmen, still were sufficient of a surprise to the bulk of riders here to give rise to a great deal of comment, and to many auguries of what was to come in the near future. It is almost an assumed fact by the majority of those wheelmen of this region who are votaries or patrons of the path that 2.30 is bound to come this season, and when 2.30 does come, why, judging from all precedent, something else must necessarily come after it—something more wonderful still—though as yet no one, as far as I am aware, has had the hardihood to say exactly what it will be. A well-known English flier, however, is credited with having said that if the Yankees could get down to 2.35 he judged the Britons could go one or two better into the near proximity of the two and a half. It is a wonder that when this sanguine islander was on this theme—and off his machine—he did not put in for two and a quarter.

Of course the recent doings on East, to which the A. C. U. owes its existence, and the formation and action of the new association, have excited a good deal of attention and comment around this region. The disposition among local wheelmen has been in the main to criticise the late happenings in a very quiet and conservative manner. Philadelphians are noted for being conservative, and as we have no very great racing interests here, and as there are few makers' amateurs, semi-professionals, amateur professionals, or ice cold or red hot "half-and-halves" round these diggings, we may be excused from being over-interested in the question as to whether the A. C. U. partakes of the nature of a filibustering expedition into the territory of the L. A. W., or whether it is a lawful and praiseworthy attempt to grapple with and cope with a problem which a great many thinking cyclers would wish to see solved, but which it would appear, that, think as much, and talk as much, and write as much as they will, they are unable to successfully deal with. However, time will decide what is for the best; the old law of the survival of the fittest will have to receive at the hands of wheelmen another indorsement as to its eternal verity, and then no one will dare to question its abiding truth.

Who is coming over from the "tight little island" this year to scoop in the "pots" which the cycling natives of that favored spot of the earth's surface are so fond of monopolizing? Will Furnivall—Percy Furnivall, the Hotspur of last fall—find his way again to the field where he won as great a fame last year by showing his rear to the enemy, as did that other Percy, who, in the olden days, was so exceedingly fond of showing his front to the foe? And if the favorite of last fall does drop over, just for fun, you know, is it likely that he will beat—say, the 2.30 to be made by Hendee? Surely never was such a programme offered to the cycling world in America, at least to the American racing cycling world, as that put forward by the district wherein are situated the three cities of

Lynn, Hartford, and Springfield. As the GAZETTE said in its last issue, they make a wholly unprecedented offer to the cycling world, both to racers and to those who like to look at racing.

Distance may lend enchantment to the view, as the poet sings; and perhaps from the position which I occupy, writing to you from beyond the three rivers which we Philadelphians have to ride or paddle over to get from "we unto thee," people and things may appear more wonderful than they would on a closer relationship, still, for all that, a big time is undoubtedly in store for those who may be fortunate enough to find themselves in a position this fall to take in what is offered by the great New England trinity. I have no doubt that this racing feast which September will place on the cycling board will have a far more potent influence in drawing a big crowd to the cities of the meets than even had the meeting of the L. A. W. at Boston this year. Anyhow, it appears to me that unless some new method of organizing or running an annual meet of the L. A. W. is hit upon, the future gatherings of the National association will not be of the enthusiastic and, even with its increased membership, thoroughly representative character for which they were noted in past years. It would be a pity, as I have said often and often when speaking on this subject, that our annual League gatherings should cease, for, as those who have been fortunate enough to have had experience of them know, they have been the sources of much pleasure, and leave naught else but pleasant memories behind them; at least they do to the majority of wheelmen attending them; of course we cannot speak for the politicians and wire-pullers who get on the wrong side of the hedge occasionally. If the annual meet goes West next year, and some new and enthusiastic blood gets hold of the arrangements for it, and (now that the organization is able so well to run its business, etc., by its own weight,) gives very little attention to politics and gerrymandering, a very successful reunion in 1887 might be the result.

The association for the advancement of cycling whose birth and whose existence in this city I have referred to in previous letters has just issued a very neat circular and card of application for membership. The circular was mailed to-day to the wheelmen of the city and surrounding districts, and an increase of membership may be the result of its mission. The back of the application blank bears the following selection from the rules and by-laws: "Members of the L. A. W. who are also members of a L. A. W. club (having at least ten members) shall be eligible to either active or life membership in the Association." The dues for such members are fixed at five dollars per annum. Members of the L. A. W. who are not members of any L. A. W. club are eligible for membership also, but have to pay in addition to dues an entrance fee of five dollars. Associate members are admitted for ten dollars per annum. The circular itself sets for the ends and aims of the association, which are mainly, as I before stated, the furthering of efforts to improve our public roads and highways. The circular is signed by three names well known to Philadelphia's cyclers, and indeed well known to the cycling world at large, E. M. Aaron, H. B. Hart, and Geo. D. Gideon.

Speaking of the secretary-editor, he is hard at work at his post once more, as was evidenced some little time since by the departure taken by the *Bulletin* in coming out on time. This is a move

in the right direction even if readers have to forego the very latest little bit of news. The only time when we may expect a delay in future will be very likely somewhere round the time when Furnivall may be expected to make 2.30 and Hendee 2.29, then there will be some reason for holding on a bit.

There is not an extraordinary amount of riding being done in this vicinity just at present. The Pennsylvania Club's Lake George party, however, had quite an extended and very pleasant trip, and returned from their two weeks' sojourn at the famous summering place well pleased with their riding, boating, and fishing experiences. A small party of the Pennsylvania Club took a run to Luray Cave in Virginia, and reported a pleasant trip over roads fairly good. Last week I took a run down to the great and only Atlantic City and while there noted numerous very business-like youngsters speeding along on bicycles throughout the place over the really splendidly macadamized streets. On inquiring who these sedate cyclers were I was told that they were the telegraph messengers, who now did their errands mounted on cycles. This is rather suggestive of how the bicycle and tricycle could be put to very practical use where the state of the highways warranted at least partial exemption from the risk of broken bones. No such exemption have we in Philadelphia. Our world of cobble stones prohibits us putting cycles to many uses, which under more favorable circumstances they would most assuredly attain to. The association for the advancement of cycling has a big field of work laid out for it, and we wish it every success in its endeavor to be equal to the call. Very likely a break will very shortly be made by the new association in conjunction with the city clubs in the matter of testing whether wheelmen should be compelled to pay toll over a road that while being nominally a pike, yet is not a pike, that is unless ruts and rocks constitute what is supposed to be a turnpike in good repair. A stretch of Lancaster Pike over which toll is charged, and over which a goodly number of cyclers would undoubtedly pass if it were not for present disabilities, is in exceedingly bad repair. Repeated requests have been sent in to the company to have this portion of the pike looked after or else to have the toll removed, but no notice has up to the present been taken by the pike fathers. Tiring of waiting, legal advice has been obtained by the wheelmen, and, if there is any show of succeeding, an effort will very shortly be made to compel the pike company to do what is right in the matter of shoveling more stone or else charging less toll.

One of our city newspapers has been devoting considerable space of late to cycling intelligence, and it is only a matter of time, no doubt, when most of the journals daily and weekly which now devote columns of their space to the ball field, will be glad to give some attention to things cycling. The *Philadelphia Press* some little time since printed the following, and as this journal holds a front position among the dailies that give sport a large share of attention, I bring the matter to your notice: "It is with great satisfaction that the more sober thinking members of the fraternity have read the telling pronunciamento of the racing board against road racing. Wheelmen have for years been fighting to obtain their rights and now that they are beginning to obtain them a craze for road racing has arisen that bids fair to undo all the work accomplished and create a

feeling of disfavor that must act to its disadvantage." Of course there is a great deal of truth in the foregoing, but road racing is one of those questions akin to the question of Sunday riding, the rightfulness or wrongfulness of which will not receive universal support, or be allowed generally either way.

The Pennsylvania Division L. A. W. holds its annual reunion this year at Williamsport. The Williamsport Wheel Club is one of the most active cycling organizations in this now active cycling State and the meet will doubtless be a very pleasant affair. Of course you are aware of the fact that we have lost the secretary-editor L. A. W. for our chief consul. His place is worthily filled however by Mr. J. A. Wells of this city who has been the coadjutor of the ex-chief consul for some time past in the editing and printing of the *Bulletin*. I suppose by the time my next reaches you you will be well on the way towards success with the big tournament. Wish Springfield the success she deserves.

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 2, 1886.

#### A BACK-SEAT VIEW.

I take a back-seat view of the amateur question. This view has, very naturally, not been presented to the public. It is rarely that anybody on the back seats has the temerity to rise and state his opinions. We are only spectators, and our chief utility is supposed to be to applaud the performers, pay our money for the performances, and listen to the orchestra without unseemly interruption. We do not race: we merely help make up the crowds which attend the races. As wheelmen, we are, of course, a little more interested than the general public; but, as non-racers and back-seaters, we are, after all, only a part of the general public, with whom we are mingled in the grand stand and about the track. The breath of our approval and theirs is fame and success; our disapproval is failure; but we are not expected to take any part in the discussions, the management, or the framing of the rules. Our opinions are parts of that shadowy and uncertain something called public sentiment. Nobody knows exactly what that is, though it finally controls everything.

Being wheelmen, we desire as heartily as anybody the success of wheeling. We wish the number of wheelmen to greatly increase. We wish the manufacturers to greatly and rapidly enlarge their sales. We want the sport to flourish, and become the leading sport of the country and the world. Together with the non-wheeling spectators, we want to see the very fastest time made that is possible. We want the number of renowned "fliers" to be multiplied. We want as many racers as possible carefully trained to the highest attainable speed and endurance, to give interest to the races at which we are spectators, and also to enhance the fame and sale of wheels, and to glorify our favorite sport.

Perhaps, being non-racers, and therefore not personally interested, the framing of the rules is none of our business—at least not our immediate business. But we have the same interest in them that an audience has in a play. If it fails to produce results which please the public greatly, the play is a failure, and so with the bicycle races. To please the public means great gatherings of spectators, a popularization of the sport, a paying business for the racers and the getters-up of races, and fortunes for the manufacturers.

Now, to please the back seats and the public there must be plenty of "fliers," fast ones—the

very best that careful selection and costly and long-protracted training can produce.

We back-seaters and the public do not care much how these trained athletes on the wheel are selected, trained, and brought forward, only so that they ride honestly, ride their best, keep lowering the records, show us a splendid and exciting struggle, and are under such rules that we can be reasonably sure that they are not "professionals" of the sort whom we are, perhaps, too apt to suspect of not always riding honestly and as fast as they possibly can.

Somebody has evidently got to pay the expense of this training and incessant devotion to racing, which alone can produce "fliers" such as will attract people in thousands to the bicycle track. Hence there are "makers' amateurs," "dealers' amateurs," "club amateurs," and a few amateurs who are able and willing to pay their own training expenses, and devote their time to the business. So far, the best results—that is, the most famous fliers, the best records, and the men we turn out *en masse* and are ready to pay liberally to see race—have been produced by the "makers' amateurs." Leave these out and where would be the tens of thousands of spectators who thronged the track at Springfield? Leave these out, and who could really expect to attract a great crowd to attend a bicycle race anywhere? One might as well hope to fill the theaters without stars, as to succeed in having a grand bicycle racing meet with Hendee, Rowe, Weber, Dolph, all the English fliers who have visited this country, and a long list of others of note, including Munger, of Detroit, and Van Sicklen, of Chicago, all left out. Any rule which would not only exclude these, but would certainly result in bringing forward men less thoroughly trained, and incapable of equaling the records made by these makers', dealers', and club amateurs, would inevitably be an invitation to the public to stay away from bicycle races. The public wants the very best that can be produced for its money and its time. The public will not turn out largely to see either second-class horses or second-class men race. The public don't care a brass farthing who owns the horse that can beat the record, or who pays the expenses of the man who can beat the record—the public simply aches to be there and see the record beaten.

I am the public. All we back-seaters are the public. These are our sentiments.

We are ready to pay a thousand dollars to see William A. Rowe ride 20 1-2 miles in one hour, sooner than pay five dollars to see the best simon-pure, unadulterated, strictly holy, none-genuine-unless-branded—"Approved-Racing-Board"-on-the-left-leg amateur that ever straddled a wheel, who can only cover 17 miles in an hour. We will turn out ten thousand strong, at half a dollar a head, to see Weber, Hendee, and Rowe race a mile in less than 2:30, sooner than turn out three hundred strong, at a quarter of a dollar a head, to see the best strictly racing-board-rule amateurs in the world who can't race a mile inside of three minutes. The manufacturer whose amateur can ride a mile in 2:25 (which will yet be done) can sell us one hundred machines (provided they are first-class), where the manufacturer whose amateur can only go a mile in 2:40 can sell us ten (his machines being no better). The men who break the records, and bring renown upon the sport, will create a thousand new riders where the feebler racers create ten. They are famous advertise-

ments of the wheel, equally with—perhaps more than—great parades, grand tours, and the like. They help largely to make it the fashionable sport of the times. That is to say, they excite the admiration, awaken the interest, and stimulate the emulation of the public and us back-seaters in wheeling.

PRESIDENT BATES.

#### AROUND ORANGE.

According to the comments of some of the cycling journals, *Outing's* Russian correspondent, Mr. James Ricalton, will be unable to complete his tour for the stipulated sum, two hundred dollars. The gentleman will do it, if he has agreed to; he has had considerable experience as a traveler and it has always been his endeavor to see how cheaply a trip can be taken. He resides in Maplewood, N. J. He has traveled through Iceland and is the first white man who is known to have reached the geysers without the aid of a guide. The cost of that tour was \$200. For eighteen hundred miles he has followed the Amazon river through Brazil in the search after knowledge, being accompanied by a friend from Maplewood who wanted to secure specimens of birds from foreign countries. They were successful in securing valuable ones, some of which are now on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. One is of a variety unknown to naturalists. Mr. Ricalton captured a jaguar which he sold to the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, for \$100, thus reducing the cost of his Brazil trip to \$125. Considering these facts he will surely succeed through Russia and his articles will prove an addition to *Outing*. I may give a description of his outfit later. He does not ride a tricycle.

The ten-mile road race of the Orange Wanderers for the championship of Hudson, Essex, and Union counties, held on the Central avenue course Saturday, July 10, was witnessed by about five hundred people. The start was made at 4:30 P. M. The starters were: E. P. Baird, Orange Wanderers; F. B. Hallett, C. R. Hoag, and T. D. Palmer, New Jersey Wheelmen; C. Lee Meyers, C. A. Stenken, and Willard P. Smith, Hudson County Wheelmen; E. B. Moore, Elizabeth; T. H. Burnett, Roselle Ramblers. Palmer fouled Stenken, who fell, throwing Meyers. This put three good men out of the race. The tire of Hoag's little wheel came off and this left but five men in the race, which was a close and exciting one between Smith and Baird. The order of finish and time was: Baird, 36.51½; Smith, 37.24; Burnett, 38.51; with Hallett a few feet in the rear.

It is hard to please all, 'tis useless to try; some criticism on the ordinance compelling all wheelmen to carry lighted lanterns at night and bell or whistle at all times are very unfavorable toward the bicycle club through whose influence the ordinance was passed.

About three years since a friend broke his pedal pin and rode about ten miles with one pedal; he vowed he'd never do it again, so at once purchased an extra pin and carried it carefully in his tool bag, for three long years. Yesterday he took a header and broke one pedal-pin; with one eye closed with an I've-got-you-this-time expression he brought forth his reserve pin and proceeded to fit it; it wouldn't fit! To see the expression on that man's face was enough to cause a deacon to smile. With tears in our eyes we laughed till our sides ached as he lectured himself; the air was blue.

The Atalanta Wheelmen, of Newark, have resigned from the L. A. W. and intend joining the A. C. U.

**SPRINGFIELD,**

SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, AND 17, 1886.

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**GRAND**

**ONE-MILE RACE**

FOR THE

**Bicycle Championship of the World !**

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❖ SPECIAL CONDITIONS ❖

(ADDITIONAL TO A. C. U. RULES).

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Contestants must have a Record of 2.45.

The Race to be run in heats of two men each, the winners of each heat to run to a final heat.

First Prize to the winner of the final heat, who shall be declared the Champion of the World. Second Prize to the winner of the fastest heat. Both Prizes of equal value.

Only two men in each heat, and three heats each day.

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For particulars, address SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

# \* SPRINGFIELD ! \*

FIFTH GRAND

# INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT

OF THE

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

ON THE FAMOUS

Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., September 14, 15, 16, <sup>AND</sup> 17, 1886.

## GRAND RACE FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP!

### LIST OF RACES.

#### First Day—Tuesday, September 14.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—1st heat.
1-mile		Bicycle	Novice.
10-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	A. C. U. Championship.
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	World's Championship—2d heat.
5-mile		Bicycle	16.30 Class.
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.
3-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Open.
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Open.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—3d heat.
1-mile	Amateur	Tandem	A. C. U. Championship.

#### Second Day—Wednesday, September 15.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—4th heat.
5-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Lap.
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Handicap.
3-mile	Professional	Tricycle	Open.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—5th heat.
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Lap.
5-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.
3-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Handicap.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—6th heat.
3-mile	Amateur	Tricycle	Open.

#### Third Day—Thursday, September 16.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—7th heat.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.
10-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Lap.
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Open.
5-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—8th heat.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Open.
1-mile	Promateur	Tricycle	Open.
1-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Handicap.
3-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—9th heat.
	Professional	Tricycle	Handicap.

#### Fourth Day—Friday, September 17.

EVENTS.	CLASSES.	WHEELS.	CONDITIONS.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—10th heat.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	9.45 Class.
3-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	Open.
10-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Lap.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—11th heat.
3-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Handicap.
1-mile	Promateur	Bicycle	2.40 Class.
5-mile	Professional	Bicycle	Open.
1-mile		Bicycle	World's Championship—final heat.
1-mile	Amateur	Bicycle	Consolation.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 7, 1886. All Events have three Prizes, where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., will be furnished upon application to SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

# \* SPRINGFIELD ! \*

# HELLO, THERE !

ARE YOU GOING TO THE LYNN RACES ?

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## THE \* FIRST \* GRAND \* FALL \* TOURNAMENT

OF THE

LYNN CYCLE CLUB TRACK ASSOCIATION

AT

Lynn, Mass., September 23, 24, <sup>and</sup> 25, 1886.

### A. C. U. RULES TO GOVERN.

\$5000 in Prizes! Races for Amateurs, Promateurs, Professionals. \$5000 in Prizes!

### BEHOLD THE GRAND LIST OF RACES AND PRIZES.

#### FIRST DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

1-mile Novice Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Gold Medal.	2d, Gold and Silver Medal.	3d, Silver Medal.
2-mile Amateur Bicycle, 5.45 Class.....	1st, Fruit and Flower Stand.	2d, Silver Revolving Butter Dish.	3d, Silver Bell Spoon Holder, gold lined.
1-mile Promateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Snowflake Silver Embossed Tea Set.	2d, Silver Engraved Ice-Water Set.	3d, Cake Basket, hammered, Venetian chased, (gold lined).
3-mile Professional Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, \$60 Cash.	2d, \$40 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash.
2-mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap.....	1st, Base Parlor Lamp, gold and oxidized.	2d, Silver Vase, gold inlaid and oxidized.	3d, Russia Leather Satchel.
10-mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Fine Gold Watch, stem-winder.	2d, Silver Festoon Chased Tea Set.	3d, Gold Watch Chain.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Silver Water Set, snowflake chased.	2d, Silver Vase, gold and oxidized.	3d, Gold Watch Chain.
5-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$75 Cash.	2d, \$50 Cash. [Plaque.	3d, \$25 Cash.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Silver Tilting Water Set, gold ornamentation.	2d, Clock, Persian chased, appliqué, candelabra,	3d, Pair Pearl Opera Glasses.

#### SECOND DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

1-mile Professional Bicycle, Open.....	1st, \$50 Cash.	2d, \$30 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash.
1-mile Promateur Tricycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 3m.5s.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
10-mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Lynn Prize Cup.	2d, Dessert Set, coral rose, glass and silver.	3d, Nut Bowl, gold lined, oxidized finish.
5-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Gentleman's Fine Gold Watch.	2d, Épergne, engraved, oxidized, gold finish.	3d, Snowflake Chased Tilting Ice-Water Set.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, 3.05 Class.....	1st, Fishing Set.	2d, Cake Basket, gold lined, oxidized finish.	3d, Fine Russia Leather Satchel. (gold lined).
5-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$75 Cash.	2d, \$50 Cash.	3d, \$25 Cash.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship (time limit, 2m.50s.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Silver Medal.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Double Walled Silver Ice-Water Urn.	2d, Shot Gun, double-barreled, breech-loader.	3d, Silver Watch.
3-mile Amateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Center Piece and Fruit Dish, Crystal Dishes.	2d, Flower Stand, cut glass, gold, oxidized finish.	3d, French Pearl Opera Glasses.

#### THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

1-mile Promateur Bicycle, Open.....	1st, Lynn Prize Cup. (Special Prize for Record.)	2d, Base Lamp, gold inlaid and oxidized finish.	3d, Diamond Breast Pin.
3-mile Amateur Bicycle, 9.10 Class.....	1st, Base Lamp, old silver and hammered.	2d, Vase, gold finish.	3d, Gentleman's Gold Ring.
2-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$50 Cash.	2d, \$30 Cash.	3d, \$20 Cash.
3-mile Amateur Tricycle, Lap.....	1st, Photographer's Outfit.	2d, Silver Watch.	3d, Fishing Set.
5-mile Promateur Bicycle, A. C. U. Championship, (time limit, 15m.)	1st, A. C. U. Gold Medal, diamond setting.	2d, A. C. U. Gold Medal.	3d, A. C. U. Gold and Silver Medal.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, Fruit Dish, rich cut glass, gold, oxidized.	2d, Cigar Box, oxidized.	3d, Gentleman's Gold Chain.
10-mile Professional Bicycle, Lap.....	1st, \$100 Cash. (\$50 extra for Record.)	2d, \$50 Cash.	3d, \$25 Cash.
3-mile Promateur Bicycle, Handicap.....	1st, Handsome Oil Painting.	2d, Silver Cashmere Band Tea Set.	3d, Dessert Set, coral rose and glass.
1-mile Amateur Bicycle, Consolation.....	1st, Half dozen Napkin Rings, gold ground, satin case.	2d, Silver Watch.	3d, Russia Leather Satchel.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 16.

All Events have Three Prizes where there are four or more starters. Entry Forms, Blanks, List of Prizes, etc., furnished upon application to E. M. BAILEY, Secretary Lynn Cycle Track Association, LYNN, MASS.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

SEPTEMBER 30. OCTOBER 1 AND 2,

ARE THE DATES FOR THE

FIRST ANNUAL

# CYCLING TOURNAMENT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

NEW JERSEY CYCLING AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,

MAGNIFICENT THIRD-OFF-A-MILE TRACK AT

**Roseville Station, Newark, N. J.**

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RACES FOR AMATEURS!

RACES FOR PROMATEURS!

RACES FOR PROFESSIONALS!

RACES FOR BICYCLES!

RACES FOR TRICYCLES!

RACES FOR TANDEMS!

---

**A. C. U. RULES TO GOVERN!**

---

Plan your vacation so as to take in this event. It will conclude the circuit of big Tournaments, and you can enjoy the fine riding in the celebrated Orange District and the pleasures of the metropolis. Only 30 minutes from City Hall, New York, by the D. L. & W. R. R.; Ferries at Barclay and Christopher Streets.

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**\$2000 IN PRIZES.**

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Address all communications to FREDERICK JENKINS, Manager, Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

## NEWS NOTES.

All

Aboard!

Hartford, Ct., Sept. 8, 9.

Springfield, Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17.

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 23, 24, 25.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.

It is now Frederick Jenkins, manager.

The big three—Hartford, Springfield, Lynn.

Racing for fun and glory at the fall tournaments.

“Psychelist” is the way a Princeton wheelman signs himself.

The Boston Club has voted to join the American Cyclists’ Union.

Have you the “Wheelmen’s Reference Book?” If not, why not?

The lantern parade of the Lockport wheelmen was a grand success.

President Bates will hereafter be a regular contributor to the GAZETTE.

“Jack” Rogers has joined the editorial staff of the *American Wheelman*.

Where are those croakers who said there would never be a cycling circuit?

If road commissioners were only bicyclists what ideal roads we should have!

Wheelmen who use it speak in the highest terms of adhesive tire tape.

It looks as if Ducker had the best of President Beckwith on the open letter question.

The Connecticut Club’s active membership contains a number of excellent chess players.

The many admirers of Harry Corey would be glad to see him on the path again this fall.

G. Lacy Hillier has had another fit of jimmies, and his mutterings are over the Springfield prizes.

Hitchcock, of the Lynn Cycle Club, will probably go into training very soon for the September races.

The Nonantum Cycling Club, of Newton, without a dissenting voice, has voted to leave the L. A. W.

Now comes the Newark Athletic Association with a monster tournament, and all under the A. C. U. rules.

At the close of the year 1886, we shall have to offer a load of postal cards containing guesses on K. K.’s book.

Seven men meet in a New York hotel and pass a unanimous vote of the entire New York division. Talk about ring rule!

The Springfield Bicycle Club will repeat their excellent minstrel entertainment two evenings during the tournament.

The A. C. U. is a child of quick conception, rapid growth, healthy, vigorous, with promise of a long and prosperous life.

The “Wheelmen’s Reference Book” is for sale everywhere, only 50 cents, or sent for two subscribers to the GAZETTE.

Fred Wood is reported as riding faster this year than ever before. He expects to arrive in America some time during August.

We welcome Fred Jenkins to the cycling arena; as manager of a first-class tournament, we predict for him a successful career.

Compare the first three months of the L. A. W. with those of the A. C. U., and you get a faint idea of what the A. C. U. is to be.

The *Bicycling World* thinks that this doubling and twisting over a ten-mile route for twenty-four hours is not fair road record breaking.

If the Connecticut division parades at Hartford again this year, the recent great improvement of the principal streets will be well appreciated.

The Wheeling, W. Va., cyclists’ thirty-mile road race was run by W. Bunker, in 2h. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ m., the fifteen mile by Shoup, of Alleghany, in 1h. 29m.

F. W. Berridge claims to have ridden twenty miles and thirty yards within the hour, at Lillie Bridge, London. He did it on a Rover safety.

The Star machines are to be fitted with a coasting step. It is fastened on each side of the steering rod and affords a comfortable rest for the feet.

How to make a tournament pay? Why, my son, Hartford, Springfield, and *go to work*. That’s about the way the money has been made thus far.

The Lynn Bee gets in some pretty severe stings in its cycling column.—The *Union*. It is the nature of bees to sting, and Lynn’s is no exception.

Wasn’t President Terry’s little when-the-cat-is-away-the-mice-will-play letter to the *Bicycling World* about the Connecticut Club just a bit hasty?

W. H. Warner, of this city, has been appointed official manufacturer of the new A. C. U. pin. The pin is greatly admired and is the work of Mr. Warner.

Twenty-five cents will buy a package of adhesive tire tape that is always ready for business and will hold a loose tire in place until it can be cemented.

A picture of Prince and Neilson, taken at the start of their five-mile race on May 31, has been presented to the Lynn Cycle Club, by Dr. Kendall, of Boston.

It’s a bad case of family pride: the recent vote of the New York division officers sustaining the action of President Beckwith in removing Mr. Ducker from office.

The Hartford hackman who ran down Mr. E. Y. Judd, of the Connecticut Club, paid ten dollars fine and costs of arrest and conviction of assault for his carelessness.

Wilford H. Barber is said to have beaten the world’s unicycle record at Rochester, N. Y., July 22, by making a mile in 3m. 51s., which is 10s. better than any previous time.

How about that promise of President Beckwith at the Boston meeting, that in two weeks we should have a new secretary-editor? Well, it is like all of his promises, easily broken.

A Northampton man has invented a new cyclists’ whistle, which he guarantees will produce a more fiendish noise than anything of the kind yet placed upon the market.

Sanders Sellers, of Preston, Eng., the well-known amateur, who was the first in the world to make the mile inside of 2m. 40s., will participate in the American tournaments.

No bare legs at any race meeting held under L. A. W. rules. Next thing in order will be that all contestants must wear cut-away coats, silk stockings, and stove-pipe hats.

In our next issue President Bates commences a cycling yarn, written in his characteristic style, entitled “The Sadiron Ghosts,” and which will well be worth a year’s subscription.

Mr. A. Kennedy-Child will personally attend the Hartford and Springfield tournaments this year, and can form his future opinion of “American time” by actual observation.

Three Irish championships were decided at Dublin on July 3; R. J. McCredy winning the one-mile tricycle in 3.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the mile bicycle in 2.47 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the four-miles bicycle in 11.45 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Hartford, Springfield, Lynn, Newark! What will the new records be? Will any of our English friends again get away with America’s muscle and wind? We shall see what we shall see.

Mr. Ducker evidently believes in the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, judging by the way in which he is following up Dr. Beckwith’s statements concerning the removal of Mr. Ducker.

John S. Prince was defeated at Akron, O., July 20, in a five-mile race for \$100 by W. W. Richardson’s trotting mare, Eva R. The mare won by half a second. Time, 16.09 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The track was sandy.

The Connecticut Club’s racing committee this year is, R. F. Way, chairman; G. H. Burt, club secretary; J. G. Calhoun, chief consul Huntington, and the new division secretary-treasurer, David J. Post.

A man making a statement about Mr. Ducker must be prepared to substantiate the same every time, for he is not the man to allow a misstatement to appear in print without following it up to the end.

A Simon pure amateur bicycle meeting will be the Cleveland meeting, Aug. 26, 27, and 28. But we notice that the managers are as eager to make money as are those of any of the so-called business meetings.

Up to the end of June Van Sicklen led the members of the Chicago Bicycle Club in riding distance, having covered 1,562 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. W. O. Munford came next with 1,362 miles, and F. A. Ingalls third, with 1,283 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

The *Wheel World* is the only English paper printing the GAZETTE’s excellent stories that gives credit where credit is due. The “Affair in Koordistan” is reprinted in nearly all the English and Irish cycling papers.

Any one desirous of seeing what a tricycle can do under full pressure should observe city editor and L. A. W. representative Ayres, of the *Hartford Courant*, respond to a fire alarm with his Columbia two-track.

The board of officers of Pennsylvania division has decided, by mail vote, to accept the invitation of the Williamsport Wheel Club to hold the annual meet of the division at Williamsport, on Thursday, August 19.

Tandem tricycling has become very popular in Hartford this season, and on any pleasant evening one may see ladies and gentlemen enjoying the exhilarating sport on the beautifully paved outside streets of the capital city.

The “Wheelmen’s Reference Book” is one of those excellent publications that should be in every wheelman’s hands. Price 50 cents, or with the GAZETTE, 75 cents. Sent free to any one sending us two subscribers for the GAZETTE.

Whatever the individual opinion regarding the

respective merits of the L. A. W. or A. C. U., the general sentiment as voiced is: "It's no use bucking against the Springfield tournament."—Respectfully dedicated to G. Lacy Hillier.

S. A. Mills, of Chicago, and editor of the *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, is fast pushing that paper to the front. Its bicycle pages are of the very best, and its editorial opinions of the leading cycling topics are widely copied.

Small boy examining a cyclometer on a bicycle: "Say, cully, dat's one of them things dat tells yer how fast yer goin'." Second urchin, evidently mistaking it for a compass: "No 'tain't neither. It tells yer where yer are when yer lost."

"There is ample presumptive evidence," says the *Lynn Bee*, "that all the members of the L. A. W. will soon be required to part their hair in the middle under penalty of expulsion for non-conformity to the prevailing official tastes."

One of the finest photographs of a bicycle meet ever taken is that of the Hagerstown, Md., meeting. The photo was taken by B. W. S. Phreaney, and it would have given us pleasure to reproduce it, but it was out of the question to do it justice.

The A. C. U. has push and vim. For push see 2,34, and Wm. Rowe's world's records. For vim see the complete and much admired constitution, by-laws, and rules. Copies mailed free upon application to A. O. McGarrett, Springfield, Mass.

THE BIG FOUR this year are Hartford, Springfield, Lynn, and Newark; for managers, Burt, Ducker, Carroll, and Jenkins; the dates, Sept 8 and 9 for Hartford; 14, 15, 16, and 17, Springfield; 23, 24, and 25, Lynn; Sept. 30, Oct. 1, and 2 for Newark.

G. Lacy Hillier publishes a *fac-simile* of a forged letter containing his signature. We know of a letter written by this illustrious individual, which is not a forged one, asking that his expenses be paid to attend a certain meeting, which was refused.

"Papa, why does that man pluck his hair and talk fast?" asked a little boy of his father, as they saw a wheelman in a race get off his wheel and examine his tire. "He is calling himself a fool, my son, because he did not get a package of Adhesive Tire Tape."

At Atlantic City the district messenger boys are becoming expert wheelmen, and now glide over the streets on the bicycle. They have got something to amuse them at last and do not stop to play marbles or ball, and the consequence is that messages are delivered in half the usual time.

The road record of the Star Club, of Cleveland, for six months, ending July 1, is as follows: Number of runs, 17; total mileage, 835; longest run, 152 miles; average, 49 miles; attendance, 125; average, 7. The largest individual records are: R. W. Wright, 2,030 miles, and H. E. Chubb, 1,850 miles.

Chief Consul Huntington thinks it very probable that a parade of the Connecticut division may be held at Hartford on the first day of the tournament. The parade last year was a complete success, and several prominent state clubs have signified their willingness to participate in a general turn-out again.

It is said that no suggestion made to the N. C. U., of England, is recognized, unless made by one of the executive. We can sympathize with them, as a similar state of affairs exists in this country.—*The Wheel*. But then they are ahead of us, as

their executive committee is larger than that of our pet organization.

We think the Star men will do some remarkably fast work at the fall tournaments. Weber will rest to the beginning of August, and Kluge's enforced retirement will do him good.—*The Wheel*. Don't you know that had the editor of the *Wheel* attended the fall tournaments in the past, he would have no occasion to think of them otherwise than fast?

The glass manufacturing firm of Whitall, Tatum, & Co., whose factory is at Millville, New Jersey, at the request of its employes, has built a shed where the bicycles may be safely stowed during working hours. The members of the firm say that bicycles are useful to them for bringing their help promptly to their work at the appointed hour.

Jenkins says in the *Sporting Life*, in speaking of Dr. Beckwith: "He is likely to resign, as his professional duties do not admit of the unpleasant notoriety that recent events have given him. He goes west for a month's vacation and carries with him the best wishes of his large circle of friends." When it comes to business the doctor is lacking, and his friends cannot always carry him along.

At Tynemouth, England, Wesleyan chapel on the 2d inst., by the Rev. I. T. Marquand, J. R. Hogg, honorary treasurer North Shields Amateur Bicycle Club, trustee to the North Shields Cycling grounds, representative councilor to the Northern English Division of the Cycling Touring Club, to Margaret, fifth daughter of Mr. Ralph Walton, both of North Shields.

The Chicago Bicycle Club tried to get up a race meeting recently at which no prizes should be given other than decorated ribbons. As the day of the races drew near, not a single entry had been received, and the management had to scurry around for some valuable prizes to prevent the races from falling through. Even Chicago wheelmen refuse to ride for glory only.

The St. John *Sun* says that Elwell's bicycling party, had a Springfield contingent. That it is not generally known that Adam Forepaugh, Jr., was with the party and enjoyed the trip very much. In fact he was the jolliest man in the lot. All are enthusiastic in their admiration of the country and praise the selection of the route and urbane guidance of their *cicerone*, William McLaughlan, of St. John.

The Victor team is getting in trim to down the Columbia team. When the battle gets too hot there will probably be a compromise. Perhaps it will be known as the "treaty of Lynn."—*Boston Globe*. As both teams are now in town it is more liable to be the treaty of Springfield. Nothing like Springfield for either records or treaties.—*Springfield Union*. On what basis, please, shall the races be decided?

The elaborate silver shield made by Elkington & Co., London, given by the Connecticut Club for the A. C. U. one-mile championship to be run at Hartford, is one of the most elegant and appropriate trophies ever offered at a race meeting. He who shall be fortunate enough to have his name inscribed thereon as winner will indeed have an elegant thing to place upon an easel and be proud of forever after.

Ducker, as usual, has the best of his argument with the L. A. W.—*Sporting Journal*. That is what comes of being in the right. The same paper says: "Aaron shows no sign of resigning."

He, like Ducker, doesn't care to be driven." So it seems there is more than one stubborn man in the League, or rather there are two men who know what their rights are, and have the courage to stand up and defend them.

The track at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, is in beautiful shape this season. The Connecticut Club has made arrangements whereby it is to control it for a much longer period previous to the tournament than last year, when it was obliged to put on the finishing touches rather hurriedly. Racing men going to Hartford this year will be sure of finding the track in perfect order, and the finest home stretch in the world.

The Orange Wanderers have issued a neat circular letter, and mailed a copy to many out-of-town wheelmen, notifying them of the ordinance recently passed in West Orange, that all cyclists must carry a bell or whistle at all times, and that after dark a lighted lantern must be attached to all cycles. This club displays much consideration in thus warning their brother wheelmen, who, by heeding this notice, may be saved trouble and annoyance.

The tricycle is now considered about the most popular outdoor amusement in England. People on tricycles throng the parks, and encumber the suburban roads, and mingle with the gay carriages on the promenade at Brighton. The ladies who ride wear as natty habits as though they were in the saddle on the finest horseflesh. They evince no shyness, but flash along like meteors on wheels, making everybody desirous of emulating their skill and independence.

After three years of active service as president of the L. A. W., President Beckwith has the following great and noble deeds to point to with pride: 1st. He has succeeded nobly in advertising a certain New York clothing house. 2d. He has got himself in hot water by taking the advice of a certain New York wheelman in expelling Mr. Ducker from the chief consulship of Massachusetts. Truly great is the reward of a man who is capable of riding a 62-inch wheel.

President Beckwith, of the L. A. W., positively states that Mr. Ducker's statement that he (Beckwith) dickered with him for the presidency of the L. A. W. is entirely without foundation. Mr. Beckwith says that he can prove by a dozen witnesses that he did not want the office.—*Boston Herald*. How about that banquet speech, doctor, wherein you spoke of an agreement with Mr. Ducker about bringing the meet to Boston. Please say what your understanding of it was.

The *Post Dispatch* says: "When the cycling king makes up his jewels a bright place ought to be occupied by the Missouri Club, which is doing so much to get non-riders on the wheel. Other clubs may labor to make riders expert and all that, but the Missouri is working a good vein in spreading the cycling fever, which, unlike other febrile affections, delights and invigorates. Some of the most incorrigible opponents of the bi. and tri. have fallen under the Missouri's influence and have succumbed to short pants and a flannel shirt."

Says the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*: "Aaron shows no signs of resigning. He, like Ducker, doesn't care to be driven." I brought this item to the secretary-editor's notice, and he replied about as follows: "While I am getting dozens of letters begging me to stick to League work, I shall not let my rivals in cycling journalism talk me into re-

signing. While prominent League leaders tell me that it is my duty to the League and to myself to stay in the office, I'll do it if I die in the attempt."

In another column we publish an open letter from Mr. Ducker. It is to be regretted that a man of Mr. Ducker's position should display such an utter lack of good form as to circulate such a document, the style of which has hitherto been monopolized by fifth-rate prize fighters. We hope Mr. Bassett will enjoy his position as referee.—*The Wheel*. Evidently the *Wheel* does not call for truth. The fact is, we know the doctor has made a statement without foundation, and Mr. Ducker does not propose to let it pass unnoticed.

Says "Daisy" in the *Cycle*: "I am a convert to the handle-bar steering tricycle and hope to ride nothing else in the future. I find that I can do more with a machine thus equipped than I was ever able to do with the side steerers. The mounting and dismounting was a little awkward at first, but it is soon mastered, and is, after all, no great objection. I was told that the vibration would be hard on the hands, but the makers have corrected this evil by the use of a spring, which destroys all vibration, and nothing of the kind is experienced."

We are informed on good authority that the recent terrible earthquakes at the antipodes swallowed up none of the two dozen New Zealanders who, in the early months of '84, subscribed all trustfully for "the great American road-book—to be published not later than December." Some of the superstitious natives are indeed reported to say that the wheelmen themselves produced the convulsion with dynamite in order that the bookless condition of their island might thereby be forcibly called to the attention of the weary worker on Washington Square.

The Boston *Globe* says: "Most absurd and unreasonable are the insinuations which have been cast by certain parties, to the effect that the course which President Ducker, of the Springfield club, is at present pursuing, is antagonistic to the League, and that as such he should resign his official position in that organization. No one is more loyal to the League than is Mr. Ducker, and what he has thus far done is in nowise antagonistic to the League; in fact, quite the contrary, for if he is able to induce the League to abandon racing, he will have done it a valuable service."

The editor of the *Bicycling News* wrote a letter to the president of the Springfield Bicycle Club soliciting an advertisement, and as an inducement to advertise offered to give the club favorable notices of the forthcoming tournament. Believing that the best way to get a good advertisement in the *News* was to withhold the advertisement, we acted accordingly. It has worked to a charm, and as the result we have been favored with page after page of abuse, and all free. Hillier's abuse is worth its weight in gold for Springfield. Thanks, Brother Hillier; give us some more.

Richard Howell, the professional champion, fell from his machine on July 21, while taking a practice spin, and received injuries of a serious character. In addition to being severely cut and bruised, his collar bone was broken. After his injuries had been attended to, the champion, for some considerable time, was in a very prostrate and feverish condition, and it is feared that, so far as the present season is concerned, his brilliant career has been brought to a termination. Prior to the accident, Howell was never moving better,

and his friends were sanguine of his taking everything before him, both in England and America.

A lady friend sends me a new idea for a tricycle costume. It is a new pattern just on the market and especially designed for hill climbing. The skirt is a double-driver with V-hems and differential plaits. Seams are tangential and warranted not to buckle. Drapery pinned back with a Rudge pedal pin and securely fastened by a Morgan chain. The basque is geared down to 48½ inches and has a cone-bearing box-plait on the backbone, a detachable collar of black velvet, fitted closely and keyed in. "bearing hat, trimmed with ribbon steering.—*St. Louis Spectator*. To which should be added a hygienic bustle, suspension saddle, and rubber corsets.

George Chinn, of the Beverly *Citizen*, has just issued the third edition of his handbook of Essex county. The book has been thoroughly revised, the greater part of it having been rewritten and enlarged to nearly double the former number of pages. It contains all information essential to the wheelman or general tourist, concerning every town and city in the county, with mention of their objects of interest, hotels, cycling clubs, etc., and road routes to every place, with distances and condition of roads. There is also a sketch of the League of Essex County Wheelmen, and a chapter on the literature of the "wheel," which is the only complete review of the subject extant. The price of the book is 20 cents. Published at Beverly, Mass. Every wheelman should provide himself with a copy.

Miss Emma L. Waldo of Hartford, was the heroine of quite an adventure at Oak Bluffs recently. A pair of horses attached to a hack, becoming frightened at a steamer's whistle, started at a breakneck speed. When just turning into Lake avenue, headed for Oak Bluffs, it was noticed that Miss Waldo with her tricycle had just come upon the narrow avenue, only a little in advance of the running team. With almost super-human effort, she kept ahead until reaching a narrow passageway, when she turned suddenly to the waters of the lake. A few seconds later the hack crashed against the electric light pole. The breathless crowd, who were held in that dreadful suspense, rent the air with cheers, and voted Miss Waldo, not only the best, but the fleetest tricycle rider on the island.

F. R. Cook has been re-instated as an amateur by a unanimous vote of the L. A. W. racing board. Chairman Bassett, in making this announcement, expresses the hope that this action of the board will afford the members of the California division as much pleasure as it does him. We can assure Mr. Bassett that it affords us unqualified pleasure to have justice done Mr. Cook. He had been proceeded against with severity, inasmuch as he had never been guilty at any time of more than a violation of Rule II, the penalty of which is merely suspension, not expulsion, from the amateur ranks. The makers' amateur question now no longer interests California except as an abstract proposition.—*Ingleside*. The thanks of the California division are now due the A. C. U. for the above action of the L. A. W.

As Parson Beecher was passing down Market street, Elmira, recently, on his tricycle, and while opposite Farr's laundry, in the *Advertiser* building the delivery wagon belonging to that institution was suddenly backed into his machine, crushing it between two telegraph poles. It was

completely wrecked, but Mr. Beecher escaped w/out further injury than having his clothing soiled considerably in trying to extricate himself from the wreck. He took the mishap calmly, saying that "accidents are always likely to happen," and the worst of it all would be that he would have to walk home. The debris of his machine was taken into the Market street entrance to the Masonic Temple and locked up. The driver of the laundry wagon said he tried to whip his horse forward, but it backed up in spite of all he could do.



THE NEW PARK BADGES OF BROOKLYN.

The New Orleans tourists, A. M. Hill, C. M. Fairchild, and H. W. Fairfax, have published a letter of thanks to the members of the League of American Wheelmen for the kindness and courtesy shown them during their trip, and especially, among others, to Capt. Peck, of the Massachusetts Club; Messrs. Hodges, Hopkins, Whitney, and Webber, of the Boston Club; F. F. Ives, of Meriden, and Capt. White, of Waterbury, Ct., and also the members of the following bicycle clubs: Springfield, Mass.; Massachusetts Club, of Boston, Mass.; Hartford, Ct.; Boston Club, and to Col. Pope, Harry Corey, and C. W. Fourdrinier, who did much to make their stay in Boston pleasant. The letter concludes as follows: "To all of these clubs and gentlemen we tender our heartfelt thanks. They made our tour pleasant and enjoyable when otherwise it would have been most tedious."

W. J. C. Elliott, a member of the Victorian Cyclists' Union, has an action pending against the council of the Union to recover £500 damages for having declared him a professional, and thus prohibiting him from taking part in the recent competitions for valuable prizes held on the M. C. C. ground. On May 8, Mr. Justice Cope was applied to, on behalf of plaintiff, for an interlocutory injunction to restrain the defendants from continuing the resolution on the books. It was contended on behalf of plaintiff that he was going to Sidney to take part in the intercolonial championship meeting this month, and if the resolution naming him a professional was not rescinded he would probably be prevented from entering. On behalf of defendants it was argued that the court had no jurisdiction, and the plaintiff should enter for the races, and if he were disqualified wrongly he had his action against the club. The injunction was granted.

The most prominent chief consul in the League has written to Mr. Ducker as follows: "I think

that Dr. Beckwith's action in your case is extremely arbitrary and a most dangerous precedent. If the president can at his own sweet will remove a unanimously elected officer, the right of ballot might as well be taken from the members at once and the appointing power vested in the executive. I am not at this writing aware of the action of the meeting called for the 17th, but if at that meeting, whether legal or otherwise, the action is favorable to your remaining in office I do not see how the president can with any show of being guided by the sentiments of the constituents, refuse to reinstate you. Dr. Beckwith, I do not doubt, was guided by what he deemed the interests of the League, but his action establishes a precedent most dangerous to the rights of the members and the divisions. If you can serve yourself in any way by using the above you are at liberty to do so. The question in my mind is less a matter of men than principle."

The Boston *Herald* says: "The exciting tilt between President Beckwith and ex-Chief Consul Ducker is making the campaign, ordinarily very dull, extremely lively, coming so very soon after Mr. Bassett's vigorous warfare upon the amateur professionals. Though strong efforts have been made to place Mr. Bassett in a wrong light, they have been signally unsuccessful, and he has kept on the even tenor of his way, unruffled and undisturbed. Rightfully, the National Cyclists' Union of England should recognize the American Cyclists' Union and not the L. A. W. The former protects and harbors the makers' amateur; so does the A. C. U. The former made an attempt to oust the men of this class, and it proved a signal failure. The L. A. W. made the attempt and it was successful. Yet the American maker must suffer, while his English rival thrives and laughs. Hendee's mile in 2m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. is in every way as worthy a place on the amateur records as Speeckly's mile in 2m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The distinction will not affect racing in this country, though it will detract greatly from the interest taken in it."



*Police*:—"Git along there or I'll take yer's up!"

*Bicycle Rider*, who has had too much:—"This blamed machine has a wonderful attraction for lamp-posts, and is bound to bring me to the next."

Wheelmen who will visit St. Louis, October 1, 2, 3, will be well repaid for their visit. Taking the Boston illuminated parade as a cue, a similar affair of much greater magnitude will be arranged, preparations for which have been going on for months. The programme will be as follows, subject, of course, to later modifications: Friday night, grand illuminated parade; Saturday morning, road race from Manchester to the city, 18 miles, and a hill-climbing contest at Son-of-a-Gun; afternoon, races at Union Park, with some Eastern fliers entered; evening, sociable, with music and light refreshments at some large hall; Sunday, run to De Soto over the famous air line route, the party to be divided into several sections, under competent tournasters. This will afford visiting wheelmen a round of fun and amusement that is strictly in line with their sport. Beside this, there will be the magnificent exposition, the Gilmore band concerts, the parade of the secret societies, and scores of other entertainments that week, while the following week will come the grand St. Louis fair and Veiled Prophet's procession and ball. Prizes are to be offered for the best decorated machines of the various styles.

In voting on the amendments which will shortly come before the board, we commend the action of the New York board to other State divisions. True, we are awfully conservative in Gotham, having but one or two fast men to look after, but State divisions will remember that this whole trouble is local with Massachusetts and Connecticut.—*The Wheel*. And the wheelmen of Gotham are likely to remain conservative just as long as their tainted racing men are retained in membership by the L. A. W. Had the suspension of Rich not been promptly withdrawn, the probability is that the New Yorkers would have created as big a furor over his case as would any of the other States over a regiment of racing men. New York has but one or two fast men, to be sure, but what there are of them they propose to retain, and the action of the racing board indicates that they made their intentions known in no uncertain tones. Might does not make right and the L. A. W. should not have made fish of one and fowl of another. The case of Fred Russ Cook, of San Francisco, was parallel to that of Rich, the Pacific slope standing by him solidly. Had the Massachusetts and Connecticut divisions supported the cause of their suspended and expelled members in like manner, that virtuous (?) spasm of the L. A. W. would not have given birth to the A. C. U. The whole trouble is not local with Massachusetts and Connecticut, however, but permeates the League in spots all through the country, and pretty big spots some of them are, too. Notwithstanding all the hypocrisy and inconsistency that has marked the movements of the L. A. W., in its stupendous effort to squelch all opposition however honorable, it discovered at last that the A. C. U. was no chicken. The *Wheel's* advice is bad.—*Lynn Bee*. Had the League followed up its course the A. C. U. would have nearly every State division now in its ranks.

#### STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Architect De Ved is the latest to give up walking, and enjoy the king of pastimes.

We have taken Jersey,—or rather Jersey has taken us,—in and done the agreeable.

Artist Roorbach, a Star rider of Elizabeth, N. J., is expected up here on a sketching tour, this month.

It's pleasanter now to wheel either at early morning, or "when the blazing sun has set," even if the nickel with dew is wet.

The Brothers Phillips, of Washington, have been summering at Sound Beach; one rides a 60 Expert, the other a 54 Star, and "draw," whenever they ride together.

May be it was well we went before that Lampbell-whistle manifesto came out, which, as Kron says, ought to "ease up a little for tourists," and not show the black flag in every case.

Faciles to the number of thirteen, now gladden as many riders here, and the number is increasing. As coasters, they equal the famous-in-that-line Star, and are used nearly the year round.

Messrs. Howard A. Smith & Co. and *Recreation*, of Newark, held out friendly hands to the Solitary Club, in its late run that way; as also did Artist Roorbach, the road-rider of the Elizabeth Wheelmen.

Now go boating, get becalmed at low tide, suffer untold miseries; your girls ditto; get home away into the night, sunburned, moon-struck, water-logged, and mad. Next day sell boat and bi-cycle.

It has come to such a pass that our Cap'n cannot ride "hands off," any more, for fear his wheel will run away, and he find himself coasting backwards down the wheel's backbone, while the consul says that his saddle is so easy that he is lulled to sleep, on the road, and is frequently carried beyond his destination. In such cases he should arrange to have a yaller dog run out and yelp, at regular intervals and distances, to avoid accidents.

"STAMSON."

#### THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

Most of our local wheelmen have left the city. The extremely warm weather has made them seek the various cool and secluded summer resorts, and everything seems almost at a stand-still. Of course, there are many who do not go away at all, but even their enthusiasm is checked by the burning sun and dusty roads. However, some races have been held, and a few tours have come off.

Bedford avenue, Henry, Union, and nearly all the asphalt paved streets, which were formerly in deplorable condition, have been repaired. Bedford avenue looks like itself again and many are the riders that one encounters on a fine night, wheeling over its fine surface. The repairing of Union and Henry streets was also a blessing as they are the principal thoroughfares to Prospect Park.

The west drive of Prospect Park is anridable in several places. The park authorities should see that it is well rolled every day. Instead of that they roll it a few times, and after a few carriage wheels sink in it, it is just as bad as ever. However, all repairing, etc., done by our "excellent" park commissioners is very "long winded," and all we can do is to endure it good-naturedly.

A new club called the Prospect B. C. has been formed. Its members have a very neat uniform with "P. B. C." in gilt letters on the collar of the coat. The club starts with twelve members.

The "Great Race," between horses and bicycles at the Nassau Athletic Club's grounds, ended like the one in Madison Square Garden, New York, namely in a miserable farce. It was advertised very extensively, but it did not "take worth a cent." Prince and Eck were to have raced against a "Mexican cowboy," but Prince being

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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10 MILES, 29m.      30½ MILES, 1h. 41m.

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Messrs. STARLEY & SUTTON:—

Gentlemen.—After giving the ROVER SAFETY a thorough trial, extending over several months, I feel bound to testify my entire satisfaction with the machine. Although geared to 60 inches, I find that it not only equals but excels every other machine for hill-climbing, while coasting is a perfect luxury unattainable on any other one-track cycle that I know of; and its ample brake power enables one to bring the ROVER almost to a standstill on the steepest decline without the certainty of a nasty header, as would be the case on any ordinary bicycle or on most of the so-called safeties. Previously to this season I had always pinned my faith to the ordinary bicycle; but my experience of the ROVER has led me to the conclusion that it is not only the safest but also the swiftest cycle on the road, and I can safely say that my mounts in future will always be of the ROVER type. Yours faithfully,

CHAS. P. SISLEY, Catford C.C., C.T.C., and N.C.U.



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Two 58-inch Apollos at \$135.00 each; former price \$150.00.

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A few 1885 British Challenges, with cow-horn bars and ball-pedals, at \$15 reduction; 50-inch \$120, formerly \$135.

### SINGER CHALLENGES.

48, 50, 52, 54, 56, and 58-inch Singer Challenges, from \$87.50 up; former prices \$102.50 up.

### CHALLENGE SAFETIES.

36 and 40-inch Challenge Safeties at \$125, formerly \$140.

The above are all first-class machines, left over from last season. Sent C.O.D., with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$10 to cover transportation.

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CHARLES WARE of Marblehead has lately been covering himself with glory. He won four first prizes at the Montreal races, and two first and one second on Boston Common the Fifth of July. He rode a 55-inch RUDGE RACER.



Fifty L. A. W. fine gold beveled edge Cards, in handsome case, with your name, address, and emblem (in gold) neatly printed on all, by mail post-paid for 50 cents. Sure to please. An agent wanted in every club to take orders. Send stamp for terms and samples.

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THE RUDGE took four prizes at the Montreal Races, and three on Boston Common, July 5.

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Regular Rates, \$3.50 @ \$4.00.  
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C. H. GOODMAN, PROPRIETOR.

out of condition, Woodside took his place. Woodside made a splendid showing, but the small attendance on the first day, and the still smaller audience on the second day, was so discouraging, that the race ended on the second day with the bicycles several miles ahead. The receipts did not half cover expenses and the "Great Race" was nothing but a big fizz.

The team road race between the Kings County Wheelmen of this city and the Elizabeth Wheelmen of New Jersey, has been declared off. On account of the Elizabeth Wheelmen's team having lost several of their best men through various causes, they could not come up to their challenge and the K. C. W. generously called the race off.

Now that Rich, of the K. C. W., has no Kluge or Weber to compete against, he is having everything to himself. Look at the fine style in which he spurted over at the Staten A. C. grounds, winning the four-mile championship of America by about 25 yards, in 13m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. He seems to be in better form than ever and has won almost every race he entered this year.

Two members of the Independent Wheelmen made a century run on June 28. They left Brooklyn at 5.30 A. M. and arrived at Islip (50 miles distant) at 10.25 A. M., making the fifty miles in 4 hours and 55 minutes, which was very good time considering the sandy state of our Long Island roads. The return trip took 7 hours, on account of a head wind which they had to work against, and then they took their ease on the last 20 miles.

The three-mile bicycle race held in connection with the Nassau Athletic Club's games, resulted in a victory for Burnett. C. L. Myers fell heavily on the last lap and was carried off by three men. Burnett was so overcome by his final spurt, that while crossing the tape his wheel staggered, and he fell back into the arms of several of his friends, who had gone to assist him when they saw him stagger. It was a terrifically warm day.

Captain Savage, of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, has purchased a new Rudge. He seems to like it very well and says he can get more power over it than on his Expert, on account of its being lighter.

Harry Farr, the plucky little racer of the Ilderans, had another mishap some time ago. This time he was run into by a grocery wagon and knocked senseless, his wheel getting sadly demolished. However, he is now out again riding as if nothing ever happened.

A petition has been started at one of the best hotels on the ocean parkway for electric lights on this road. Every wheelman stopping in has signed it, for it would be a great thing for Brooklyn's cycling fraternity, and I hope they will succeed in accomplishing their purpose.

J. W. S.

## Items of Interest.

Rowe's present weight is 180 lbs.

Vick will be heard of later in the season at Springfield.

At the Cleveland meet the two-mile L. A. W. championship was won by V. C. Place.

On July 4, H. O. Duncan won the championship of France against all comers on a 56-inch Rudge racer.

Chas. Ware, of Marblehead, has lately been covering himself with glory. He won four first prizes at Montreal races, and two first and one second on Boston Common the 5th of July.

The very latest news from England conveys the information that Howell's trainer hopes to get his man sufficiently well to visit Springfield next month. Howell is making splendid progress.

Kirk Corey pushed the Rudge to the front in the one-mile bicycle race held at the 5th of July celebration at Brookline, Mass. It was on the same track that his brother Harry won his maiden race five years ago.

Captain Peck, of the Massachusetts Club, is not only one of the most popular captains that the club has had but is the champion road rider. Since April he has covered over 2,000 miles on his 55-inch Rudge light roadster.

The following new records have been made in England recently: Sharp, quarter-mile tricycle, 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Langley, one-mile tricycle, 2m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Inglis, half-mile tricycle, 1m. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Langley, three-quarter mile tricycle, 2m. 13s.

How many more victories? The one-mile bicycle championship of the world (first prize £50), open to all comers, was won on a Rudge. Besides this over one hundred prizes have already been won this year on Rudge Roadsters, Racers, Royal Crescents, Rotaries, and Bicyclets.

The editor of *Outing* has received the following dispatch from Meshed *via* Teheran, giving the latest information in regard to Thomas Stevens and his globe-girdling bicycle:—

TEHERAN, May 24, 1886.

Stevens went from Meshed to Birjand with intention of reaching India *via* Siestan and Beluchistan, but after talking with the Heshmet-i-Molk, governor of Ghain and Siestan, concluded this route was impracticable. He then struck across the desert, forded the Harud river and reached Farrar, about midway between Herat and Kandahar, or 10 days' journey from Quetta. Here the Afghans arrested him and brought him back to Herat, and finally back over the Persian frontier to Kariez, from whence he returned to Meshed. He was under arrest 19 days, but was well treated. The Afghans by accident slightly damaged the bicycle, but not sufficiently to render it unridable. He will now wheel back to Astrabad, and proceed to India *via* Constantinople. He will resume his journey from the nearest point possible to that at which he turned back.

**THE WORLD'S TEN-MILE TRICYCLE RECORD BEATEN.**—For some time past T. Battensby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been training on the Coventry track, and when he announced his intention of going for M. J. Lowndes's long-standing ten miles record of 32m. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., every one who had watched him at work knew that he had set himself an easy task. The evening of Monday last was fixed for the attempt, and the track was in grand order, although a strong wind made riding anything but easy. Punctually to time Battensby, on his "Crescent" racing tricycle, by Rudge & Co., weighing 42 lbs. and geared to 64 in., came up to scratch, accompanied by Hawker. At the word "go" he was quickly under way, and finished his first quarter in 47s., his second quarter taking 44s. only. Riding wonderfully easy and carefully coached by Hawker and Farndon, Battensby reeled off the miles as follows:—

MILE.	M. S.	MILE.	M. S.
1	3 3	6	18 35 $\frac{1}{2}$
2	6 9	7	21 41
3	9 12	8	24 48 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	12 18	9	27 59
5	15 25	10	31 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Record was beaten from the third mile, and the full distance was 1m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. faster than the previous best. Battensby finished up wonderfully fresh, and could with a fine day, we think, easily cover the distance inside the half hour. Mr. W. W. Alexander (*Cyclist*), official timekeeper to the N.

C. U., clocked the race, and Mr. S. Golder (*Cyclist*) scored the laps, while M. J. Lowndes looked on and "watched" with a very serious face, his records going one by one. He may console himself that he still holds the amateur record.—*Cyclist*.

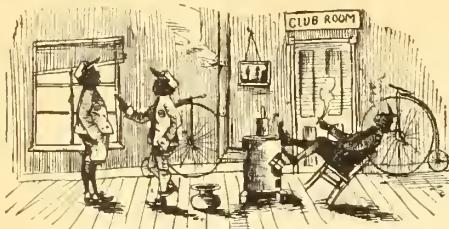
## SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO THE CHAMPION

R. Howell, the professional champion, met with a serious accident while training on the Belgrave Road Grounds last Wednesday, an account of which was supplied to our representative by Howell's trainer, Jemmy Brooks. It was about twelve o'clock when we reached the ground, where Robb, of Birmingham, and Pettitt, of Northampton, were also training. After riding a couple of miles at a moderate pace Howell wound himself up for a flying spurt, Robb at this time being a hundred yards ahead. At once doubling, the champion was soon going at top speed, when, suddenly raising his head, he found Robb easing. Then Howell, in order to avoid a collision with the Birmingham pro., turned his machine sharply, and immediately came down. In the fall Howell's head came in contact with one of the boundary posts, from which it received rough treatment. In addition to being much cut and bruised in different parts of the body, Howell's collar-bone was broken, and, in fact, the champion presented a complete wreck, whilst his splendid "Rudge" racer was twisted into all shapes. After medical aid had been obtained, the unfortunate rider was conveyed to his residence on the Melton Road, and on Thursday morning the doctor enjoined perfect quietude, inasmuch as there were symptoms of concussion of the brain. At the time of writing, however, we are pleased to learn that the champion is making slow but satisfactory progress.

Regarding last Saturday's race, the trophy (silver belt value £40) for which has to be won three times in succession, Howell had obtained a brace of wins, and had therefore only to secure another victory in order to become absolute possessor of the trophy. Had it not been for Wednesday's spill, Howell would have certainly landed the prize, as he was never moving better. Still, under the circumstances, it is hardly supposed that the directors of the Belgrave Ground Company will require Howell to accomplish another trio of consecutive wins in order to obtain the belt, as such a course would be exceptionally hard lines for the champion. As a matter of course, all Howell's immediate engagements have been abandoned, but his trainer informed our representative that he hoped to get him sufficiently well to visit Springfield.—*Cyclist*.

An Expert Columbia recently collided in this city with a carriage, and after the carriage had finished with it the machine was apparently a total wreck. The spokes were twisted and bent out of all resemblance to any shape, and a person who saw it afterwards lying in a repair shop said he wouldn't give \$5 for the whole affair. The repairer, however, thought something could be done with the remnants, and went to work on it. With the exception of procuring a new rim he succeeded in restoring the machine to as good condition as when first made, out of the wreck that was brought him, and that, too, at an expense of only \$14. That wheelman now swears by the Expert, and thinks it capable of enduring anything.—*Springfield Union*.

## Among the Clubs.



DARKTOWN BICYCLE CLUB ROOM.

THE BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN, will hold their fourth annual tournament at Pittsfield, September 10th and 11th. First day: 1-mile novice; 3-mile Berkshire County championship; 1-mile invitation; 5-mile professional record; 1-mile open; 2-mile invitation; 3-mile Berkshire County Wheelmen; 5-mile handicap, open. Second day: 1/2-mile invitation; 3-mile professional; 2-mile open; 5-mile handicap invitation; 1-mile 3 min. class, open; 1-mile professional; 3-mile record invitation; 5-mile open; 1-mile consolation. The prizes will be of the usual quality and value given by this club. This is their first experience with a two days' meet, but, judging from our past record, it will be successful. It is intended to make it the best meet of the season outside of Springfield; coming as it does in the interval between Hartford and Springfield, they expect to draw all the racing men who attend those meets.

## THE ROSEVILLE TOURNAMENT.

The New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association is a corporation with a capital of ten thousand dollars. The stock is taken by wheelmen who belong to the various clubs in New Jersey, and especially at Newark is the greatest interest taken. Ample and spacious grounds have been leased near Roseville station, a suburb of Newark, and on the line of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Early this spring the ground was broken for a three lap track, modeled after Springfield. It is dead level with raised corners, twenty feet wide except at the home stretch, where it is twenty-five. Composed of clay with a top dressing of fine gravel it presents a smooth surface that delights the eye and is indicative of fast time. The center has been leveled so that the spectators from the stands have an almost uninterrupted view of the entire course. The center has been laid out for base ball, and tennis courts will be added. The first tournament will be held on the 30th of September, October 1st and 2d. Great preparations have been made to prepare an attractive programme and the prizes offered will be well worthy of competition.

The attention of racing men is directed to this event, as being within 30 minutes of New York it forms a convenient stopping-place on the way home from the Springfield and Lynn meets. The races will be run under A. C. U. rules, and there will be races for amateurs, promateurs and professionals. The grounds will be open for training purposes and the manager will be pleased to hear from parties wishing the privileges of the grounds.

Those who are fond of good riding will find the roads in the vicinity the best the country affords. It is within the easy reach of the celebrated Orange district, and pilgrimages to these grounds of recreation will become immensely popular. Further details will be published in the cycling

papers, and those desiring information may address the manager, Frederick Jenkins, Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

## THE LYNN TOURNAMENT, SEPT. 23, 24, 25.

It is a well-known fact that Hartford, Springfield, and Lynn, intend to offer to the public three of the grandest cycling events the world ever saw. Although Hartford and Springfield have the call for public patronage which they have well earned by past events, the Lynn Cycle Track Association intend to show the world that they are capable of conducting race meetings second to none, and with this aim in view, the management will strain every nerve to make the Lynn race-meeting such a grand success that the public who attend the races will be well satisfied with the result. The association, not yet a year old, have, at this early day, established a world-wide reputation by the pluck and enterprise which they have shown in the contest between the L. A. W. and the A. C. U., starting in as they did, when the L. A. W. racing board were warning the racing men not to take part in the Lynn races. However, the Lynn Association pulled through, and although the action of the L. A. W. racing board had a bad effect on the races, on May 31st, the races of June 17th and July 5th were all that could be wished for. In fact they were the best races that were ever run in the world. This may be a broad statement, but it is a fact, however, and the time that was made on July 5th, when Wm. A. Rowe lowered the world's 10-mile record, is positive proof of the same. The Lynn track, which is a third of a mile long, has already won for itself a reputation that it may well be proud of; the surface is composed of the best blue gravel, which gives it a smooth, hard finish; the turns, which were considered good, have been improved and raised so that now it is safe to say that the records which may be made at Springfield will be lowered at Lynn. The list of races which the association offers is as good a list as could well be gotten up, and the prizes offered are second to none. It is the aim of the management to make every one satisfied, and visitors and wheelmen from abroad need have no doubt on this point, for Lynn is a grand old city of hospitality, and in Lynn you will find as many points of interest and renown, as in any city in the Union; old Dungeon Rock, a historical cave, where parties have been digging for years, hoping to find the treasure Captain Kidd is supposed to have buried there; the house of old Moll Pitcher, situated at the foot of High Rock, and many other points of interest; the fine sea shore and beach of Lynn is second to none on the North Shore; the pleasant roads for wheelmen, along the shore, extending to Swampscott, Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, and Manchester-by-the-Sea, on the left—and the pleasant summer resort Nahant, on the right; moreover, the city is easily accessible by good roads from all the surrounding towns, and it is a very pleasant ride from Boston for wheelmen over the roads. There are two railroads, which run into Lynn—the Boston & Maine (Eastern Division), and the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn railroads, the running time between Boston and Lynn is 30 minutes; and it is a pleasant ride on the Revere Beach road, the only road that carries wheels free of charge. The hotel accommodations are good; the Boscobel is the L. A. W. hotel, and is first-class in every respect. Wheelmen and others will do well to plan their vacation so as to be present at Hartford, Springfield,

and Lynn, and they will be well repaid for so doing. It is an assured fact, that Hartford, Springfield, and Lynn will do all that lies within their power, to make it pleasant for all visiting wheelmen, and a grand good time will be the result.

## SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Although the Springfield Bicycle Club has occupied its new rooms in Parsons block for some time it is not until within a few days that the fittings and furnishings have been entirely completed. The rooms, as is well known, were formerly the headquarters of the Winthrop Club, but since its removal there has been such a thorough overhauling and renovation that its recent occupants would be unable to find a vestige of its former appearance. Under the hands of the frescoer, the decorator, and draper such an effect has been produced as may well pardon a feeling of pride with which members speak of their new home. And what progress these elegant rooms show when we look back five short years when the club had literally no place in which to meet. The organization of the Springfield Club was the outcome of a street corner "confab" in 1880, which conference was interrupted by the vigilant policeman, necessitating an adjournment to the janitor's room of the Bridge street skating rink, now the Musée. The parties to this conference were five young men, and as a result of continued conversations a formal organization was effected May 6, 1881, at the Peabody Guard armory, with these officers: President, S. J. Billings; secretary and treasurer, Charles K. Ferry; captain, Linwood Morgan. The first year of existence was marked by no special event and the club met at various places, sometimes at the rink, sometimes at the members' houses, and in fact "all over the lot." The second year Mr. Ducker was elected president and many of the meetings were held at his house. Finally the club obtained quarters in the basement of M. D. Gillett's store and there the meetings were held, hat boxes and packing boxes serving as desks and seats. In truth the club had to "rough it" the first year, but their first tournament, held in the fall of 1882, put them on their feet, and in January, 1883, the club opened its first, and recently vacated rooms in the Massachusetts Life Insurance Company's building. Owing to the desire of the company to use these rooms for their own purposes, the club early this year were forced to seek for a new home; the present quarters were secured and the club occupied them for the first time, July 6, of the present year.

The apartments now occupied by the club consist of a suite of three rooms with several small side rooms. The front room, or that overlooking Main street, is used as a parlor and reception room; the next or intermediate room is for the business meetings, and the rear room of the suite is a billiard and card room with smoking privileges. Over the stairway leading to the rooms is a small room which is called the directors' room, and will be devoted exclusively to their use. The billiard room has a coat closet and wash room. As the visitor enters the apartments he is struck with the richness and elegance of their appearance. The prevailing colors are old gold and blue, and the hangings, wall decorations, and carpeting have been made to harmonize so exquisitely that the effect upon the eye is that of a complete and artistic whole. The frescoer, C. J. Halm, has wrought wonderfully and well, and in conjunction

with the wall furnishings, from the house of Whitney & Adams, most excellent results have been produced. The parlor and reception room has been finished in old gold and blue ingrain paper, the side walls having a pressed leather frieze in red bronze. On the ceiling Mr. Halm has artistically produced a summer sky effect, with gold lines and delicate vines. Glancing into the directors' room it is found to be ornamented with odd patterns of rich, gold ground paper. Passing back through the parlor and into the assembly room its light terra cotta papering with dark blue frieze excites favorable comment, while the frescoer's art is again noticeable on the ceiling which is finished in delicate fine figures, the coloring being the same as on the side walls. But the decorators have been at work in yet another room. The billiard room has a mustard colored ingrain paper on the sides with a bold ent frieze in poppy designs in strong colors of reds and olives, which is divided from the wall paper with a heavy black molding. The ceiling is frescoed in three panels of stencil designs in colors to harmonize with the side walls.

Notwithstanding the artistic efforts of the decorators there was yet something needed to round out and complete the picture of comfort and elegance. For this purpose the assistance of Meekins, Packard & Co. was asked, and under the supervision of James H. Ripley the rooms have been draped with the richest and most elegant hangings that could be obtained, and which were selected with an especial view to harmonizing with the prevailing colors employed by the decorators. Mr. Ripley's good taste and judgment have called forth many exclamations of admiration and approval. The window of the directors' room has been furnished with a heavy Turcoman drapery which, including even the loops, harmonizes and blends with the general coloring of the room. The parlor windows are draped with a rich and elegant wool damask, the sash curtains being of silk, and the draperies being finished with old gold and blue trimmings. Between the parlor and assembly room hangs a blue *portiere*, provided with a very convenient appliance for drawing together or separating its folds. A door leading from the parlor to the hallway is draped with a very neat design in silk, which tends to soften the unimpressionable appearance which ordinary doors generally have. The carpeting of the rooms, also from Meekins, Packard & Co.'s, is of Brussels and the colors are of the prevailing old gold and blue. Between the assembly and billiard room hangs one of the *portieres* used in the former club room; the chandeliers are also from the old rooms. The furniture is of cherry, with the exception of a heavy polished oak table in the parlor, and was bought of Charles E. Maxfield. From the walls of each room are suspended various pictures and a few engravings (the latter from James D. Gill's and E. A. Booth's), the tendency of the pictures, of course, running to bicycling subjects and celebrities. A large table in the assembly room furnishes space for various club trophies and bicycle literature. The billiard room is equipped with a pool, billiard, and two cherry whist tables with chairs to match. Ash billiard racks hang upon the walls. The billiard room has a hard maple floor, and all the rooms are finished with hard ash wainscoting, and are heated by steam.

The club has been at an expense of over \$1,000 in fitting up its new rooms, and, best of all, occupies them with the knowledge that there is no debt incumbrance to detract from their enjoy-

ment. It was planned at one time to have a formal opening of the rooms for public inspection, but as there was so much delay in getting them fully fitted it has been thought better to wait until some time in September, and throw them open to the public some one night in that month. The members of the Springfield club have certainly reason to be proud of their new home, and they are deserving of the heartiest congratulations. May their career be a long and prosperous one.

#### CLUB ELECTIONS.

BAY CITY (Mich.) WHEELMEN—President, Edwin Mohrig; vice-president, R. M. Welch; secretary, E. Fahrbach; treasurer, C. J. Schuster; captain, D. O'Callaghan; first lieutenant, W. M. Meeker; second lieutenant, F. James; buglers, R. Tittle and C. C. Moore; drill master, R. Tittle.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN (Pittsfield, Mass.)—President, E. H. Kenney; vice-president, J. N. Robbins; secretary, W. S. Kells; treasurer, H. G. West; captain, C. C. Kennedy; first lieutenant, W. H. Sheridan; second lieutenant, H. J. Grant.

CRESCENT CITY CYCLING CLUB (Evansville, Ind.)—President, J. N. Jorgenson; vice-president, A. M. Schneider; secretary and treasurer, T. L. Kerth; captain, F. R. Richardson; lieutenant, Louis Metzner.

DISTRICT WHEELMEN (Washington, D. C.)—President, Ballard Morris; captain, S. O. Edmonds; lieutenant, Geo. A. H. Mills; secretary, N. L. Collamer.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) WHEELMEN—President, G. A. Van Brandis; vice-president, J. P. Pereival; secretary-treasurer, R. Woodworth; captain, N. White; lieutenant, O. C. Smith; bugler, R. J. Cope.

MASSILLON (O.) WHEEL CLUB—President, C. M. Whitman; vice-president, Karl Hellenthal; secretary and treasurer, Felix R. Shepley; captain, Geo. S. Atwater; first lieutenant, Charles M. Atwater; second lieutenant, Frank E. Hess; color bearer, Frank H. Snyder; bugler, Jno. Walker; standing committee, Frank E. Hess, Wm. F. Breed.

MERIDEN (Conn.) WHEEL CLUB—President, Dr. Rust; treasurer, Ed. Brainard; secretary, Horace Miller; captain, Will Collins; first lieutenant, Lew Miller; second lieutenant, Frank Stevens; bugler, W. L. Loomis; color bearer, Dwight Sanford.

NEW SOUTH WHEEL CLUB (Birmingham, Ala.)—President, L. D. Aylett; secretary and treasurer, E. L. Rowley; captain, J. W. Lutz.

RACINE (Wis.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, H. G. Mitchell; vice-president, W. C. Quarles; secretary and treasurer, Walter Driver; captain, F. L. Mitchell; lieutenant, F. K. Bull; quartermaster, W. J. Hopkins.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, L. F. Featherly; secretary, R. A. Punnett; treasurer, Wm. Craib; captain, Charles Ford; lieutenant, Albert Scherek; first guide, H. A. Zimmer; second guide, W. P. Sweeny; bugler, B. L. Gentner; executive committee, Messrs. Lennox, Stinson, Klein, Featherly, Punnett, and Craib.

WINONA (Minn.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, C. H. Porter; vice-president and captain, W. H. Elmer; secretary, A. W. Laird; treasurer, John I. Willson; first lieutenant, H. S. Bolcom; sec-

ond lieutenant, J. R. Marfield; executive committee, L. W. Worthington, R. E. Tearse, H. H. Norton.

WOBURN (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Joseph C. Larock; vice-president, E. I. Brackett; secretary, F. H. Read; treasurer, W. H. Sherburne; captain, H. W. Mann; first lieutenant, E. E. Murphy.

#### RACE MEETINGS.

##### DETROIT (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB.

*Date of Meeting*, June 24, 1886. *Track*, gravel and clay, 15 ft. wide—20 ft. wide home stretch, 4 laps to a mile. *Weather*, fair, except last race—run in rain. *Wind*, slight.

*Officers*—*Referee*, J. H. Johnson of Detroit; *Judges*, Theo. Huss, East Saginaw, Mich., F. A. Verner, Kalamazoo, Mich., J. E. Bear, Ann Arbor, Mich.; *Timers*, D. J. Campau and R. H. Weeks of Detroit, and W. H. Burnham, Adrian, Mich.; *Starter*, H. M. Snow of Detroit; *Clerk of Course*, C. E. Alvord of Detroit; *Secretary*, A. F. Peck of Detroit; *Attendance*, 1,000.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24.

*One-Mile Novice.* Time, 3:20 1-2  
P. E. Park, Detroit, " 3:28 4-5  
G. E. Lane, Detroit,  
J. H. Ames, Detroit.

*Two-Mile Amateur, Open.* Time, 7:12  
Taylor Boggis, Cleveland, O., " 7:12 2-5  
N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Ill., " 7:12 2-5  
Geo. T. Snyder, Cleveland, O.

*Half-Mile Michigan Division L. A. W. Championship.* Time, 1:34  
M. D. Hubbard, St. Johns, Mich., " 1:37  
Geo. F. Keck, Ann Arbor, Mich., " 1:37  
F. T. Spranger, Jr., Detroit.

*Half-Mile, Boys, Under 16 yrs.* Time, 1:47 1-4  
M. A. Biglow, Birmingham, Mich., " 1:50 1-4  
V. S. Ives, Detroit,

*One-Mile Michigan Division L. A. W. Championship.* Time, 3:11  
Chas. J. Keyes, Farmington, Mich., " 3:11  
Geo. F. Keck, distanced.

*Half-Mile Amateur, Open.* Time, 1:29 1-2  
Taylor Boggis, Cleveland, O., " 1:29 3-4  
Karl Pardue, Akron, O., " 1:29 3-4

*100 Yards Slow Race.* Time, 3:42  
Merton Terry, Battle Creek, Mich., " 3:18  
H. C. Nickels, Ann Arbor, Mich., " 3:18

*Five-Mile Michigan Division Championship.* Time, 18:34 1-2  
Chas. J. Keyes, Farmington, Mich., " 18:45  
A. F. Peck, Detroit,

*Three-Mile Detroit Club Championship.* Time, 11:12  
F. T. Spranger, Jr., Detroit, " 11:16 1-4  
P. E. Park, Detroit,

*Ten-Mile L. A. W. Championship.* Time, 36:21 1-2  
N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Ill., " 36:21 1-2  
Geo. T. Snyder, Cleveland, O.  
Chas. J. Keyes, Farmington, Mich.

#### COMING EVENTS.

##### AUGUST.

19 Thursday—Weedsport, N. Y. Bicycle Club's tournament.  
19 Thursday—Pennsylvania Division annual meet and races, at Williamsport.

24 Tuesday—Fifth annual tournament of the Scranton (Pa.) Club.

26 Thursday, first day; 27 Friday second day; 28 Saturday, third day—Race meeting of the Cleveland Bicycle Club.

28 Saturday—Annual meet and races of the New Jersey Division, at Millville, N. J.

##### SEPTEMBER.

1 Wednesday—Race meeting of the Troy (N. Y.) Club, nine open races.

3, 4 Friday, Saturday—New York Division meet and races, at Buffalo, N. Y. Five-mile L. A. W. championship.

6 Monday—Grand tour of the L. A. W. from Niagara Falls and Buffalo, through Central and Southern New York, Virginia, and the Shenandoah Valley, winding up at Harper's Ferry, September 18.

6, 7, 8 Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—Annual meet Ohio Division, at Massillon, Ohio.

8, 9 Wednesday, Thursday—Annual race meeting of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn.

- 9, 10 Thursday, Friday—Races at Crawfordsville, Ind., of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society.  
 10, 11 Friday, Saturday—Annual tournament Berkshire County Wheelmen, at Pittsfield, Mass.  
 11 Saturday—Races of Harlem Wheelmen, at Manhattan Grounds, New York.  
**14 to 17, Tuesday to Friday—Springfield Bi. Club's Fifth International tournament at Hampden Park, Springfield Mass. Race for the championship of the world.**  
 18 Saturday—Races of the associated clubs at Allegheny City, Pa.  
 21, 22, 23 Tuesday to Thursday—Bicycle races at Junction City, Kausas.  
**23, 24, 25 Thursday to Saturday—Fall tournament of Lynn Track Association, at Glenmere Park, Lynn, Mass.**  
 27 Monday—Annual 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club.  
**30 Thursday—First day of tournament of New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association, at Roseville Station, Newark, N. J.**
- OCTOBER.
- 1, 2 Friday, Saturday—Second and third days of tournament at Newark.**  
 1 Friday—Illuminated parade of wheelmen, at St. Louis, Mo. J. S. Rogers, care of *American Wheelman*, St. Louis.  
 1, 2 Friday, Saturday—Interstate meet at St. Louis, Mo.

#### SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT AND THE A.C.U.

##### AS VIEWED THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.

*Wheeling*, of July 28, contains the following editorial:

"The time is fast approaching when British racing men will have to decide whether they will visit the States this autumn or not. When we write that racing men will have to decide the point we are perhaps scarcely correct, for we are aware that several men are willing to go if the N. C. U. will give its consent to their competing under the rules of the American Cyclists' Union. And here we come to the point which it is the object of this article to elucidate. What will be the attitude of the N. C. U. towards this tournament? We may state positively from reliable information received that the power of the League of American Wheelmen is so completely shattered in its relation to racing that an understanding with the newly-formed A. C. U. which shall hand over the control of racing to the latter body is a certainty, and therefore our Union will have to face the question as to whether or no it will recognize the principle that American wheelmen have a right to govern themselves as they please. For, after all, that is what it comes to. If America decides as we have no doubt it will, that the "promateur" has a status, which, while not approaching to the sublimity of amateurism, is yet very different from that of professionalism, it will be for us to say whether we will refuse to endorse that decision, or whether we will proclaim to the sporting world that British cycling will have nothing to do with its Transatlantic brother."

"Let us reflect for one moment what the N. C. U. will be doing if it stands on its dignity—a most precarious foothold at any time—and waives aside the claim of America for recognition. In England to-day, after a wearisome discussion—so wearisome that no one dares to revive the nauseating topic—common consent has relegated to the limbo of forbidden subjects, the makers' amateur. We do not legislate for him, we treat him as the respectable family treats the lost sheep who has dishonored its name, we "never mention him now." But, good gentlemen of England! do not hug yourselves in the belief that he is not with you. He is as much in evidence as ever he was. If the executive of the N. C. U. cannot see him, we of the wheel press

can. And we say, and saying defy contradiction, that it is impossible with any regard for the fitness of things, for the British association, whose rules are broadly violated every day by makers' amateurs riding as pure amateurs, to Puritanically abjure the A. C. U., which honestly divides its clients into three distinct bodies. Whether the plan will work on the other side remains to be seen. At all events it is a bold attempt to deal with the question.

"Racing men who may think of going to Springfield, will be interested to know that there are three meetings following one upon the other, Hartford, Lynn, and Springfield, the prizes at which will total up to some thousands of pounds in value, and it is to be hoped that the Union will make some announcement ere long for the enlightenment of the public as to their intentions with regard to amateurs competing at Springfield. We do not, for reasons of our own, suggest that the Union should do so—we only humbly trust that they will speak in fairness to the various interests involved as soon as it is possible for them to come to a definite conclusion. There can be no question which way the interests of international sport point. They point to Springfield, where, when all the flimsy filmy figments of amateurism are swept from the mind, the prospect of world-famous sport remains gloriously tempting.

"The cheap sneer which is directed against Springfield as a gate-money meeting is so terribly open to the crushing retort that the N. C. U. hunts "gate" with an avidity to which the enterprise of a Ducker, a Cathcart, or a Finn can in nowise compare—that we need take no further notice of it than to say that the man who is led away by its apparent truthfulness into imagining that there is any disgrace in a business man conducting a business enterprise, which, while furthering his own and his club's interests adds immensely to the traditions of international sport—such a man is to be commiserated with on his bell-wether-following disposition.

"Finally we hope that the executive of the Union will treat the question in a broad and sportsmanlike manner, having full regard to all the points involved and remembering that there is a wheel world worthy consideration right outside the inner circle of officialism, a world which thinks more of a grand race between international champions than of all the farcical tenets of amateurism."

#### The Trade.

Much praise we hear of the Royal Mail latest two-track tricycle with the newly patented self-adjusting brake—a splendid brake for hill work.

The Royal Mail is still having a great run. Certainly a most popular wheel! It shows what appreciation is given to strictly high grade work if kept, as this wheel is, up to the standard.

Indeed fortunate is the house which has little of a previous season's stock on hand, and few houses are ever in that prosperous condition. The Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, notwithstanding that it is the largest cycle house in the world and consequently must carry an immense stock, has always been fortunate in not being obliged to carry over an abundance of any previous year's stock, and on the first of July of the present season there were not any Expert Columbias, Columbia light roadsters, nor Columbia Racers, of the pattern of 1885, in stock, the highest compliment which the wheelmen of America could pay these popular machines.

Mr. R. P. Gormully of Gormully & Jeffery, sailed for Europe, accompanied by his brother, the eminent Canadian harvester, on the "Etruria," last Saturday, from New York. The large and rapidly growing business of this enterprising firm has demanded the arduous attention of its business head, so that Mr. Gormully was pretty well worn out and compelled to take a vacation. He will be absent in the neighborhood of six weeks, most of which time will be spent in England. It would seem that most of our American manufacturers were in Europe this season. Mr. Gormully, however, will not spend any time among the English manufacturers as the G. & J. wheels are entirely manufactured and designed in this country.



WILLIAM H. LANGDOWN.

William H. Langdown, the Australian bicycle rider, who is making a journey of 16,000 miles to participate in the Springfield tournament this fall, is a resident of Christchurch, New Zealand, and captain of the Pioneer Bicycle Club of Christchurch. He is the amateur champion of New Zealand. He is also considerable of a long distance rider. One of the longest tours yet accomplished in Australasia was that of Mr. Langdown, who, in the early part of the season, started from Wellington, proceeded through the Manawatu gorge and through some very rough country to Napier, on the east coast, thence crossing the ranges to Wangani on the west coast. It was his intention to continue his journey by the west coast until reaching Wellington again, but, owing to his bicycle breaking down at New Plymouth, he had to abandon the intention. The time spent up to this point was about six weeks and the distance covered about 600 miles.—*Springfield Daily Union*.

• • •

A young lady, not a hundred miles from Newark, often dons her brother's uniform, when he is away from home, and mounting his bicycle takes a spin on the back roads. A few evenings ago he happened to take a back road home, and was thunderstruck to meet his sister in full uniform, bowling over the dirt at a three minute rate. Tablau and explanations. She now has a brand new tricycle.—*Cyclist and Athlete*.

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

## Sale and Exchange.

This department is for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a new-comer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel: here are offered the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

BICYCLES.—Fair prices and spot cash paid for desirable 2nd-hand wheels. BUTMAN & CO., 89 Court St., BOSTON.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—Specialty in furnishing new wheels for exchange. BUTMAN & CO., Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—Bargains for cash; B wheels not sold on installments nor rented. BUTMAN & CO., 89 Court Street, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES received on consignment; no charges made when goods are furnished in exchange. BUTMAN & CO., Oriental Building, 89 Court St., BOSTON.

BARGAINS—We have a number of second-hand wheels, all in excellent condition, which we offer cheap; full description on application by mentioning this paper. Address STODDARD, LOVERING & CO., 152 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—125 shop-worn and 2nd-hand wheels now on exhibition. Stock constantly changing; no price-list; correspondence and inspection invited; open Saturday evenings. BUTMAN & CO., Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SALE—A receipt for 50 cents, entitling the holder to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for one year.

FOR SALE—48-inch Star bicycle, new this spring; \$65. G. MILLER, 39 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Standard Columbia, parallel bearings, excellent order; \$45. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—55-inch second-hand Royal Mail Racer, in excellent order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch Expert Columbia bicycle, with ball-pedals; looks like and is as good as new; \$100. Address J. T. ROBERTS, DECATUR, ILL.

FOR SALE—55-inch Columbia Light Roadster, new this season and only a little used, \$115. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—English double Children's Tricycle, just about as good as new; cost new \$65; price \$25. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One No. 5 Royal Mail Racing Tricycle, cost new \$175; been used only a little; \$70. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Star bicycle, power traps, bag and tools, all bright except rims; \$55; cost new \$110. Letters answered. SAMUEL SHARP, CHESTER, N.J.

FOR SALE—54-inch Sanspareil, nickelized and enameled, just about as good as new; a bargain; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—New 54-inch Rudge Racer, nickelized and enameled, with cow-horn handle-bars; \$90. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Heavy all-wool ribbed Bicycle Hose, blue, black, or L. A. W. color, sent by mail on receipt of \$1. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Rudge Light Roadster, nickelized and enameled; new last season, and in fine order; \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Lithographs of George M. Hendee, 14x17; sent by mail to any address on receipt of 15 cts. in stamps. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Any Premium named in our list at retail price, and a copy of THE GAZETTE for one year free. THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Regular \$2.00 Facile Bicycle Bells; can be used on any machine; sent by mail on receipt of 75cts. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Royal Challenge, ball-bearings, hollow fork, and in fine order; the best offer over \$67.50 will be accepted. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch British Challenge, full-nickelized, with dropped handle-bars; in excellent order, the nickelizing as good as when it left the factory; only \$85. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—54-inch English Bicycle, enamel, almost like new, \$50. A. W. GUMP, DAYTON, OHIO.

FOR SALE—54-inch Expert, full-nickelized, very latest ('86) pattern; has not been run 15 miles, and is exactly as good as new; \$120. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Rudge Light Roadster, enameled, balls all around; Tolman's bell, tools, bag, etc.; in perfect order—in fact, never been ridden 150 miles; cost \$153.50; will sell for \$100. Address M. W. H., Box 625, NORWALK, CT.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A St. Paul model canoe, F with paddle and sails, made by Kane, Chicago; and a good single shell with oars. Will sell cheap for cash, or exchange either for a good 52-inch bicycle. S. B. NEWMAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

FOR SALE—New Colt hammerless, finest Damascus barrels, pistol stock, 12 bore, \$100 grade; best offer over \$60 takes it. Also, Waltham Chronograph (stop watch), nickel movement, stop, start, fly-back, in patent gold case; absolutely new; \$50. Will exchange both for full-nickel 1886 Star Light Roadster. BURLINGTON (Vt.) BICYCLE AGENCY.

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ITALIAN BEES, in new hives, for Star Bicycle. Address C. H. SMITH, Box 908, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

RUDGE RACERS. ATTENTION, RACING MEN. One 53-inch Rudge Racer, used twice,..... \$90. One 54-inch Rudge Racer, used three times,..... 90. One 55-inch Rudge Racer, never ridden,..... 90. One 57-inch Rudge Racer, never ridden,..... 90. Saddle on backbone, and all latest improvements. Apply early. STODDARD, LOVERING & CO., 152 to 158 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SEND 35 cents in stamps and receive a pair of Crescent Bicycle Hose Supporters. Thousands of them in use. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE WARWICK SELF-ADJUSTING STAR SADDLE is the one for comfort and durability; price \$2.75. On receipt of \$5.50 we will prepay express and forward two of them anywhere in the United States. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WANTED—50-inch Bicycle for a 52-inch; too large for owner. For description, address E. C. SPENCER, Corner 48th and Butler Streets, PITTSBURG, PA.

48-INCH E EXPERT, 1886 pattern, good as new; \$100. G. S. FITCH, WALTON, N.Y.

48-INCH STAR BICYCLE FOR SALE, good as new, cost \$84, for \$60. Correspondence solicited. Address FRED. S. LYKE, COLDWATER, MICH.

53-INCH COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER, latest model, enameled; not run 150 miles; want to exchange for 48-inch Special Star. GRANT BELL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

56-INCH RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER, balls all around; run only one month; best offer over \$60 takes it. Address BOX 1703, FITCHBURG, MASS.

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E. P. BAIRD won the Orange Wanderers' 10-mile Open Road Race, held Saturday, July 10, on a 53-inch RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.—time, 36.51½.

## THE A.C.U. PIN.

THE MOST UNIQUE EMBLEMATIC BICYCLE PIN MADE!



The above cut represents the new Pin adopted by the Executive Committee of the American Cyclists' Union. It presents the wheel "head on," is of a suitable size for the vest or scarf, and is strong and durable.

The Regulation Pin is made of solid gold, Roman color, raised polished letters, garnet stone in diamond setting. Price \$3.50. Oxidized silver wings or wheel, rest gold, \$3.50. Enamel around letters, 50c extra. Two or three garnet stones set on top of crown, \$1 extra for each. Diamond in crown, from \$10 to \$25.

All orders sent to me will be filled promptly, and must be accompanied by cash, check, or money-order.

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Badge Manufacturer, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

KIRK COREY pushed his RUDGE to the front in the 1-mile Bicycle Race held at the Fifth of July Celebration in Brookline, Mass. It was on the same track on which his brother Harry won his maiden race five years ago.

## A CARD

We wish to thank our friends and customers for their patience in waiting for our HUMMER TANDEMS, and we are pleased to say that we have received a full supply and can now ship orders promptly.

Regretting the delay, which has been unavoidable, we remain,

Yours very truly,

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

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WILL BE APPRECIATED BY ALL

With any of the leading Saddles.

**AS A ROADSTER,**

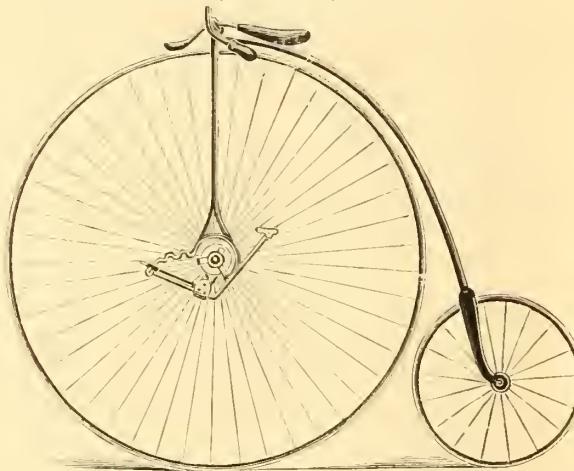
Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

**FOR SAFETY,**

Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of "taking a header."

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Because the levers can be adjusted so that a 50-inch wheel can be set to suit a rider of almost any stature.

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Because the rider, without dismounting, can set a 50-inch wheel to run with the same foot-stroke speed as a 40, 50, 60, or 70-inch crank bicycle.

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Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together.

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The new hollow-felloe rim being very rigid, and when the bicycle is made without steering-head the braces prevent the usual strain on the backbone.

**FOR POWER AND VELOCITY,**

Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals.

*Secured by United States Patents and Pending United States and Foreign Applications  
by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.*

**PRICE LIST.**

	Parallel Bearings.	Adjustable Anti-Friction Bearings to front wheel.	Adjustable Anti-Friction Bearings to both wheels.
THE KING BICYCLE, Enamel Finish,	\$80	\$95	\$110
THE KING BICYCLE, Half Nickel,	90	105	120
THE KING BICYCLE, Full Nickel,	95	110	125
THE KING LIGHT ROADSTER, Hollow Frame. Enamel Finish.	115	Half Nickel, 130	Full Nickel, 145

**SPECIAL OFFER.**

*Clergyman's Discount of one-tenth allowed to any First Purchaser in any Town or ward in any City.*

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## NEW POCKET DRINKING CUP.

Folds together and goes in a hand-some nickel-plate watch-case. Weighs only one ounce. Price 40 cents each, or three for \$1, post-paid.

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THE ONLY  
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L. A. W. REGULATION CAP, . . .	\$1.75
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All orders must be accompanied by money-order for the amount, also name and League number.

English C. T. C. Cloth, double width, \$4 per yard.

How many more victories? The 1-mile Bicycle Championship of the World (first prize \$50), open to all comers, was won on a RUDGE. Besides this, over one hundred prizes have been won already this year on RUDGE ROADSTERS, RACERS, ROYAL CRESCENTS, ROTARIES, and BICYCLES.—[The Cyclist.]

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Handsomest, Strongest, and Best Bars in Market.

COMPLETE, WITH BRAKE-LEVER AND BRACKET,  
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These Bars have the most graceful curves of any in the market, and are made of the best of steel. We lead; let others imitate and claim the same;—but wheelmen should see to it that they get the Bar which has the best of material, the best of workmanship, and is the latest in style. Remember, we make these Bars to fit any cycle made. Agents wanted. Liberal discount to the trade.

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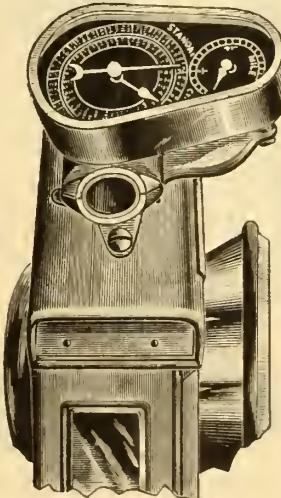
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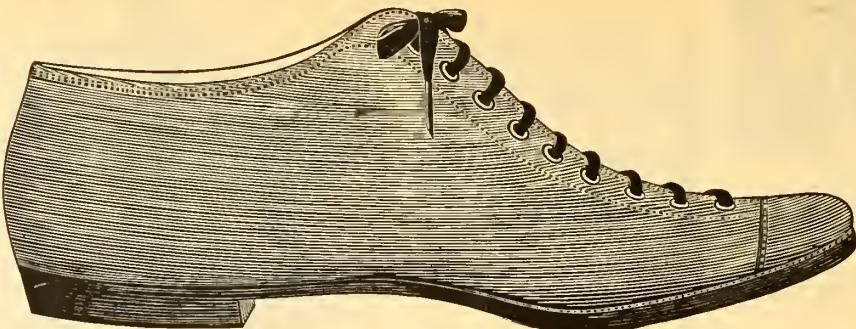
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Our LADIES' TRICYCLE SHOE is laced low, high-cut, kangaroo, light, flexible, and comfortable.

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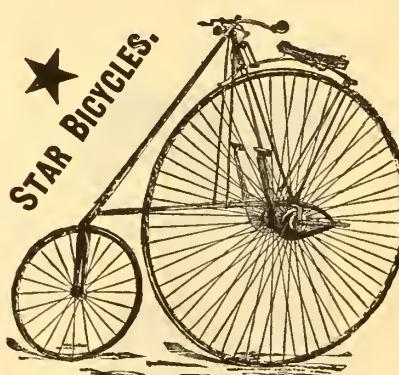
Gentlemen's Bicycle Shoe, Kangaroo, \$4.00. Ladies' Tricycle Shoe, Kangaroo, \$6.00.

Every order must be accompanied by the cash, either by check, post-office order, or registered letter. In sending your order, state the size you wear, and give measurement of heel, instep, ball, and ankle, just as you want them to fit, as in all cases we shall make according to the measurement sent us.

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**280 $\frac{1}{2}$  MILES,**  
Was made on the STAR.

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For Large Illustrated Price List of New  
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Bicycles repaired and nickel-plated. Cash  
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Stock of Second-hand Wheels in America.

## \* Bargains This Month.\*

52-inch ENGLISH BICYCLE, enameled, ball bearings.	\$50
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VICTOR TRICYCLE, in good order, . . . . .	80
SOCIABLE TRICYCLE, in good order, . . . . .	85

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**A. W. GUMP,**  
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TERMS, \$2.00 PER DAY.



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STOP CHRONOGRAPHS, in Silver and Nickel Cases, \$7, \$15, \$24, \$30, to \$300.

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# The American Cycles.

*The American Champion. The American Safety. The American Challenge.  
The American Ideal Bicycle. The American Ideal Tricycle.*

No purchaser can afford to miss applying for the last edition of our 50-page Catalogue, printed in July, which contains many recent testimonials regarding the above Cycles manufactured by us, all of which are thoroughly reliable and high-grade machines and have no superiors for use on American roads.

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