

# THE WHEEL

## A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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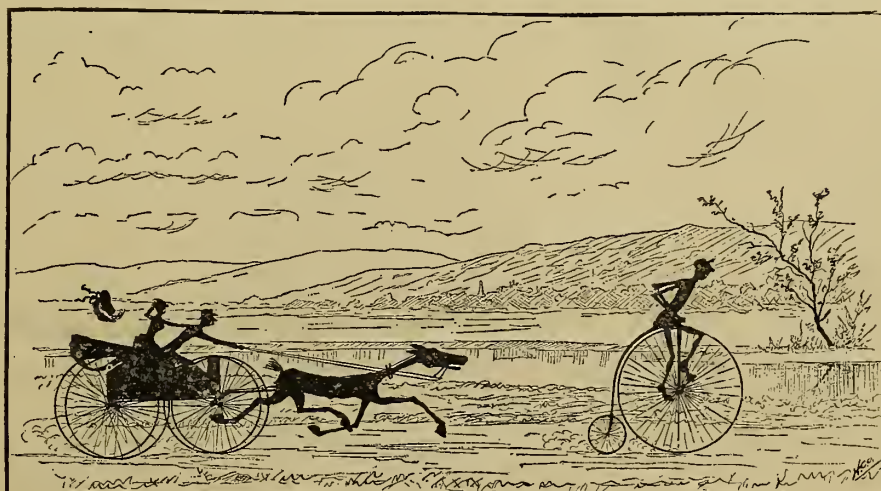
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### WHEEL GOSSIP.

There was considerable excitement at the Citizens club-rooms, last Tuesday, over a new pet that had been introduced to the club. Warned by a postal-card, the members turned out to receive their new friend, which was to be the theme of admiration for weeks to come. The card in question read something like this: "Machine will be shipped Saturday by freight. It is too large to get in the express car. Hope we will not have to put it on a platform car." Carefully was the huge crate unpacked, and gradually, through a mass of wrappings, the outlines of the largest bicycle in America came into sight. Reader, imagine a full nicked 62 in. "Expert" with dropped handle bar, new shape backbone, improved hubs and you have the machine that will head the League parade with 6-feet 2-inch Commander Beckwith, Citizens Bi. Club, L.A.W., C.T.C. &c. &c. Well, we gazed and admired and criticised. The conclusion arrived at was, that it was the finest piece of workmanship in a wheel line ever seen on either side of the water. The meeting then adjourned at the Doctor's expense.

Mr. E. M. Gilman, Rep., L.A.W., for New Hampshire, is *en route* for California, to return in June. A pleasant vacation trip.

The Committee appointed to work up the League Meet, are pushing hard in the right direction. A general plan has been laid out, but as yet nothing definite has been accomplished, except that the visitors will all be well taken care of. In the meantime, it will facilitate matters if clubs will determine as soon as possible the number of members that will participate in the parade, those who will attend the dinner, what time and on what day they will arrive, and by what route. It may seem rather early to suggest these points, but they are essential for a successful Meet. New York will do her duty nobly, and they look for a response from the wheelmen of America to accomplish these ends. What we want is num-



bers, and we see no reason why 1,000 wheelmen should not fall into line on May 28th.

### THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB.

The following is a copy of the circular which is now sent by the C.C., in acknowledgment of each application for membership which reaches him. The ten days' delay in sending forward the names has become a necessity, in view of the increase in the number of applications and the distances from whence they come. In fact, without some such precaution, it would be quite possible for a professional—say in San Francisco—to send on his application, and obtain his ticket of membership before the fraud could be exposed. This is now as impossible as it was before, perhaps, improbable, for in less than nine days from the date of issue THE WHEEL is in the hands of every C.T.C. man from Alaska to southern California, from New York to San Francisco, and from Canada to Mexico; and no member would hesitate, whether by mail or wire, to expose a fraudulent application.

In its general terms the circular will be found valuable in preliminary information to the new member, and will bridge over the time which must elapse before he can obtain his handbook.

Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your application for membership, together with the sum of Two <sup>50</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Dollars, fees for the current year ending 31st December next, before which date all subscriptions should be renewed.

ber of the American Branch of the C.T.C., and as such you will receive and be entitled to wear the silver badge of the club *so long as you remain a member*, but should you be notified that the Executive decline to confirm your provisional election, you will be expected to immediately return your badge to me, and to have your money refunded.

It may be stated, however, that as every care is taken that none but eligible names, properly introduced, are allowed to pass the American Chief Consulate, there is little doubt of your election being confirmed, in which case your ticket of membership will be mailed to you by our Secretary on or about the seventh day after the issue of the *C.T.C. Monthly Gazette* (a copy of which will be sent to you and in which your name will appear), so that you may expect to receive it on or about the 18th to the 26th day of the same month according to the distance of your residence from the Atlantic coast.

It may be desirable, though I trust not absolutely necessary, that I should here remind you that the privilege of membership in the C.T.C. is not without its accompanying duties. Of these, the most important should be the endeavor on the part of every member to increase the numerical strength of the Club, to advance its interests, and to extend its influence.

In its grand international character, the C.T.C. is as purely American as is any similar organization. It is not constituted, or or-

Your introduction being satisfactory, your name as a candidate will appear in the next issues of THE WHEEL (N. Y.) and the *Bicycling World* (Boston), and in ten days thereafter, if no reason to the contrary appears, it will be forwarded to the Executive in Great Britain for publication in the *Monthly Gazette*, and for election to membership in accordance with the rules.

The insertion of your name in THE WHEEL and *World* as above, will, if same is unchallenged, constitute you provisionally (after the ten days have expired) a mem-



ganized, or conducted, in opposition to, or competition with, any other club or 'cycling body, but is in fraternal sympathy with every effort, by whomever made, to encourage and promote the uses of the wheel. It is admittedly the parent of all 'cycling organizations which are not merely local, but it differs from them: in that it does not limit its beneficent endeavors to any one nation, but seeks to enlist the sympathies of the entire civilized world in its work, so that in every country *where the intelligence and energy of the people are evidenced by good roads, and the naturally accompanying popularity of 'cyclic locomotion*, the badge of the C.T.C. may be known and respected, and each wearer of the same be made to feel that at least his membership does not retard the coming of that good time, when, as many believe, all men are to be brothers.

It is eminently fitting that the executive centre of the C.T.C. should remain located in the mother country, but the rules which govern the club are so broadly and wisely framed, that each consular district is practically an independent constituency in a Federation of Districts, each with adequate representation, and all working in harmony together for the common good. On this, and other matters of interest, you will find full information in the "*C.T.C. Handbook and Guide*," which can be obtained by members only (30 cents post free) from me, or by application to the Secretary, accompanied with an International Post-Office order for one shilling and sixpence.

It will be patent to all that the United States, with its immense extent of territory, does, and will, require the fullest development of the consular system, and the most liberal construction of the rules thereto pertaining. I have therefore appointed, or intend to appoint, one Consul in each State, and to delegate to him the power to nominate Consuls under him, one in each town and city within his territory. The duties of these Consuls are defined in Rules 12-13, each working under the Consul for the State; while each State Consul will practically act as Chief Consul (Rule 8 as far as words "*pro tem.*") within his territory, under the Chief Consul who (Rule 31) is member of the council for the district at large.

Thus, the country at large having its Chief Consul, (Rule 31), each State in the Union should have its State Consul, and each town and city its Consul or Consul *pro tem.* (Handbook, page 23, "Consuls"). Each should also have its C.T.C. Hotel and its preferable and appointed place for repairs, and it is within the duty of each Consul to see that these requirements are met. Should there exist in your locality any lack of these essentials, you are asked to kindly report the same to your State Consul or to myself.

Trusting that you will, from time to time, favor me with any suggestion calculated to advance the prosperity of the C.T.C., and that I may long continue to find your name upon its roll.

I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,  
FRANK W. WESTON,  
Chief Consul for the U. S. A.

#### LEAGUE TICKETS ON A JOURNEY.

[While at Worcester, Treasurer Gilman handed us the following letter for publication as "too good to keep." He enjoys a joke so well that he would not have it all to himself, and knows that many others will appreciate this. Many comical occurrences take place in League work which repay, a thousand fold, our slight tax of membership, and make us wonder what sort of a man it is who asks, "Of what use is the League?" Why, my friend, the social

element alone we could not afford to be without. He must surely lack some characteristic of this nature who longer holds aloof. The circumstances under which this letter was written, can be easily discussed upon its perusal by any party familiar with League work:—Ed.]

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 23d, 1883.

W. V. GILMAN, Esq., Treasurer L.A.W.

Dear Sir: Your kind favor of 22d at hand, and it clears up the "mystery" in regard to our L.A.W. tickets entirely. I know now that they are on their way here via London, Paris, Rome, etc., a rather circuitous route to be sure, but, nevertheless, I have not the least doubt that they will come to hand in due season and we shall prize them the more for their trip "across the pond" when they do get back. 'Tis thusly, as you say there was no Secretary's address sent. Mr. W. N. Knapp, Secretary at that time and already an L.A.W. member, was out of town, and I was "Secretary *pro tem.*," when the balance of the club joined the L.A.W., and I sent the applications to Sholes, signing myself "*Secretary pro tem.*," and supposing, of course, the tickets would come to my address; but soon as I read your letter stating they were mailed to Low, I—well—I laughed.

Low went to Europe in February to be gone till June. Saw his people this p.m.; they received the letter and sent it on untampered to him in Paris or Rome, or somewhere across the sea, and no doubt he will laugh heartily and return them to me when he receives them. Sorry for all this "fuss," but it was not all mine either, for I merely mentioned to Sholes that we had not received tickets when corresponding with him in regard to other matters, and he kindly wrote me that names were properly forwarded, etc., and to write to you. He outdone himself in kindness in telling me to write and then writing himself, too. Jenkins—the good fellow he is—ditto. In acknowledging the receipt from him of a printed ticket to vote (for L.A.W. affairs), I happened to say that I did not know whether I had a right to vote or not, as we had not received L.A.W. tickets yet, whereupon he wrote me to write to Sholes and ask about them. At the same time writing, so it seems, to you himself.

This is "much ado about nothing" indeed. Can't help but laugh over it, and think I shall have to write friend Jenkins and Sholes tomorrow about the trip of our ticket to Europe. No doubt Foster received his ticket. He is in New York at present, and his people probably sent it on to him.

With many thanks for your kindness, I remain

Fraternally yours, H. C. OGDEN.

#### FROM THE CLUBS.

[Club secretaries and other wheelmen are requested to furnish for this department announcements of coming races, meets, runs, periodical business, social meetings, etc., etc.]

#### FIXTURES.

APRIL 18.—Annual Exhibition and Ball of the Meriden Wheel Club.

MAY 23.—Race Meeting of Harvard Bi. Club, at Beacon Park. For particulars, address, F. Winthrop White, 35 Holyoke Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

JUNE 2.—Championship of the League of American Wheelmen; distance, one mile.

JUNE 9.—Annual Encampment of Champion City Club.

JUNE 12.—Annual Meeting Citizens Bi. Club.

JUNE 30.—Fourth Annual Tour of the Milwaukee Bi. Club, starting from its headquarters, for a run through Waukesha County, extending to July 4th.

JULY 1.—Tour in Canada by the Chicago Bi. Club.

SEPTEMBER 18, 19 and 20.—Three days camp and tournament at Springfield, Mass.

#### CLOSING OF ENTRIES.

MAY 26.—Entries close for one mile bicycle race for championship of the League of American Wheelmen. Entrance fee, one dollar returnable to starter. To Fred. Jenkins, P. O. Box 444, N. Y. Championship Games, June 2d, open only to members.

MAY 26.—Entries close for two and five mile championships of America, open to all amateurs. Entrance fee, \$2.00, for each and every event, to GILBERT H. BADEAU, Secretary N.A.A.A.A., P. O. Box, 3478, N. Y. Games, June 2d, 1883. Gold, silver, and bronze medals.

SAN FRANCISCO.—One of those well-attended early runs of the season was called for last Sunday by Captain London of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, in which eighteen wheels were represented. The run extended through the suburbs into adjoining counties along the Southern Pacific railroad. After impatiently waiting for the heavy fog which prevailed, to disappear, a start was made from the corner of Fourteenth and Howard streets. The run to Sierra Point was, as it usually is in dry weather, rather dusty in some places. Shortly after leaving the point the riders were intercepted by an individual with an undue share of official bile, which he attempted to work off at the expense of the sportsmen by denying their right to move along the road to their proposed destination. His objections were promptly overruled by the cavalcade, which sped rapidly on its way. In passing San Bruno a round of cheers from the pigeon shooters there assembled was responded to with a wave of hats. After several stops on the road the party reached San Mateo. A light lunch was partaken of, and after wheeling in the vicinity, the bugle was sounded by Mr. Gibson for a remount. Belmont was passed and Redwood City reached at 1 o'clock. The early afternoon train was boarded by the 'cyclers, on the return trip, thus ending one of the most enjoyable runs which have taken place this year.—*Breeder and Sportsman.*

WATFORD, ONT.—On Monday evening last a number of gentlemen interested in bicycle riding, met in the sitting-room of the Baker House and organized a society to be known as the Watford Bicycle Club, with the following officers:—President, W. W. Buchanan; Sec.-Treas., J. T. Smith; Captain, A. A. Campbell; 1st Lieutenant, W. A. Moore; Executive Committee to act with officers, Messrs. Robt. McCormick, R. Dodds and T. Dodds. The next meeting will be held in the Royal Templars' hall on Tuesday evening next when a special committee will present constitution and by-laws for adoption. The annual fee has been placed at one dollar, and it is expected that a large number of citizens not directly interested in Bicycling, will encourage the club by becoming members. The society is certainly well calculated to exert good influence in developing a taste for manly and healthful recreation, and deserves recognition. The club meetings will possess social and literary features, which will make them interesting and attractive.—*Advocate.*

WHEELING WHEELMEN.—The Wheeling Wheelmen held their first meeting of this year on Monday, the 5th inst. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and was called for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and making all necessary arrangements preparatory to the opening of the riding season.

The election resulted as follows: Pres., T. A. Hoge, Capt., Robert Hazlett, Jr.; Sec'y and Treas., Chas. B. Ott. A club committee consisting of J. E. Hughes, J. W. Grubb and A. A. Wheat was appointed for the purpose of selecting a suitable room for the club headquarters. Our membership has fallen off some during the winter, but we hope with the return of spring that our numbers will be largely increased. Our wheelmen feel somewhat disappointed that Washington City was not selected as the



place for the League meet, though it would not do for us to enter any protest, as we have but one League member in our State. Though not members, we feel much interested in the League, and hope the meet will be a success, and make a lasting impression on those "terrible Park Commissioners."

Fraternally yours, R. H.

MISSOURI.—The annual election of the Missouri Bi. Club was held Tuesday evening, April 3d, at the offices of Capt. Julian J. Laughlin, with the following result:

Professor C. H. Stone, President.  
J. Frank Hackstaff, Vice "  
W. A. Gardner, Sec. and Treas.  
Fred. A. Beckers, Captain.  
Geo. C. Oeters, First Lieutenant.  
Cornelius Hatch, Second "  
H. W. Greenwood, Bugler.  
Cola E. Stone, Color-bearer.

We now have 35 members, and, with a handsome balance in the treasury, the coming year bids fair to become a very prosperous one. After the business of the evening, the club sat down to its customary oyster supper, which, with other refreshments and bike talk, serves to make our meetings enjoyable and well attended. Fraternally.

GEO. C. OETERS, First Lieut.

TROY.—The Troy Bicycle Club have elected the following officers: President, R. D. Cook; Vice-President, D. L. Hamill; Captain, W. T. Lynd; Lieutenant, J. B. DeGolyer; Secretary, W. M. Theissen; Treasurer, D. H. Holloway; Bugler, A. V. Howe.

MILWAUKEE.—The members of the Milwaukee Bicycle Club elected the following officers at their annual meeting, April 2d: President, F. R. Pingree; Secretary and Treasurer, A. W. Friesse; Captain, A. Meinecke, Jr.; Lieutenant, T. K. Birkhaenser; Club Committee, P. H. Sercombe, F. C. Bohn, E. C. Langlois, with the President and Secretary acting ex-officio. The Constitution was revised, and the retiring President, A. C. Jones, was formally thanked for the untiring energy displayed during his term of office. The next meeting occurs Monday evening, April 16th, at T. K. Birkhaenser's office, 88 Wisconsin St. As soon as the weather will permit, the clubs will hold a joint meeting. Local wheelmen are in hopes that John S. Prince will visit Milwaukee during his Western tour, and promise him good audiences.

A. W. FRIESE,  
Secretary.

Box 145.

ALBANY.—The Albany Bi Club elected five new members at their meeting last evening, two active and three associate. Total membership, 21 active and 9 associate. We will send about 20 men to the L. A. W. Meet. Our club property, stored at Mr. Cole's office, was badly damaged by water during the recent fire at the Leonard building here.

H. GALLIAN, JR., Sec.

BROOKLYN.—The fourth annual meeting of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club was held at Hubel's on the 3d inst., when a dinner was served to its members, which was thoroughly discussed and enjoyed, and the committee was congratulated on the success of the entertainment.

The President, Mr. Scott, on behalf of the club, presented Captain Gullen with a very handsome, solid gold badge, in imitation of the one in use by the club. Mr. Gullen, in suitable words, thanked the club for their kind remembrance.

Mr. Gullen will sail for Europe on the 5th inst., to be away about a month. Intention—matrimony.

After considerable toasting, the club proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, resulting in the selection of the following

gentlemen: President, W. F. Gullen; Captain, W. A. Carl; Lieutenant, W. T. Wintringham; and an Executive Committee composed of the President, Captain, Secretary and Treasurer, ex-officio, and Messrs. C. G. Koop and J. P. Wintringham. The election of Secretary, Treasurer and Bugler was postponed until next meeting, the present incumbents holding over until then.

Five new members were admitted, and a much larger increase is expected very soon.

A committee was empowered to procure club-rooms, in which we hope to hold our next regular meeting.

All the members of this club will vote for the gentlemen nominated for State Officers by THE WHEEL. At a late hour the meeting adjourned.

EDW. A. CANER, Sec.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 5th, 1883.

## BICYCLE RACING.

FROM AN "OLD UN'S" VIEWS.

I have heard expressed recently on the subject of bicycle racing, antagonistic opinions that do not meet the ideas of this deponent; therefore, permit me a word in your columns relative to the claim of many that the dangerous element of racing is all that fascinates in the sport. We can but admit it to be partially true—but only partial truth. To the general public, a race must be very close and hotly contested to render it interesting, with one or two falls. Contestants do not see it in that light, nor do such of the spectators as have ever raced. To these latter, the great *ultima* *thule* of the moment is the possibility of victory for their favorite, and the close the finish the better enjoyed is the conquest. Intra well-known fact, however, that a prompt is constituent of all athletic or other sport, is the element of danger connected therewith, trifling though it may be in most instances. A timid, nervous, or easily irritated man is never a successful racer—he is too heavily handicapped by his physique.

Then, too, we have the constant cry of "injury to health;" but I respectfully beg to claim that neither the training, hard work, or racing and consequent excitement is calculated to injure the racer. The greatest source of trouble is when the season is over and the races run, the cyclist lets himself loose on all manner of food, and in slight irregularities which would, had he not been in training, have been considered part of his regular daily routine, and which probably would not have affected him in the least. Having trained, however, he is a very different man. His stomach and entire system are accustomed to the plain, square, straight-and-narrow, three-meals-a-day-and-no-pie doctrine; and, in consequence, a merely ordinary lack of care is, comparatively, about as bad as a long debauch to one who has not trained.

Where will you find a better, jollier, happier fellow than one of "our's" properly prepared for a race? *His* head never aches, unless from a "spill," or a difficulty with a friend. *He* never gets up with a head proportioned like a water-bucket, and a general desire to interview the Boston's cabinet officer. Oh, no! He knows that such things must not be—for him. They're not conducive to success, and the racing man steers clear of them. He may not look particularly jolly, since he cannot afford to be fat, but who cares for beauty when a race is "sur le tapis?"

To your well-constituted racing "crack" every detail of preparation for a race is enticing—even the necessary hard work. His first care is the properly-fitted, light, easy-running racing wheel. How carefully he has each point tested before subjecting the machine to the strain of track-work. Well, he

knows that lax attention to his steed may easily lose him the race. Every nut, screw and bolt must be tight and firm; every bearing part well oiled and adjusted; pedals, the proper distance out on the cranks, best calculated to the kind of track and probable weather to be encountered, all in one harmonious whole, moving under him of its own volition. He rises early, has his cold bath, and a road spin in the best part of the day—early morning.

He attends to business with clear, cool brain, finding pleasure in the work that possibly was so irksome when out of condition. Enjoys his meals—three "square" ones each day. In his afternoon track-practice watching carefully every increase in speed and endurance; and when he finds that, in casual tussels with his not-trained confreres of the wheel, he can ride all around men who had heretofore been difficult to cope with, his confidence in his own ability is boundless and is apt to amuse his associates.

When the great day of the race arrives, the racist is probably a little nervous if he thinks of the "coming events"—so your old hand thinks of something else and keeps cool. On the grounds, and the time finally comes and the race is called, light and easily dressed, condition perfect, head cool and clear, muscles hard but flexible, our "crack" sits erect on his wheel, with firm, steady grip on the steering, his feet pressing the familiar pedals, and every nerve tense, awaiting the word to go.

"Are you ready?" strikes his ear like the notes of an old song, "Ready." Bang! and off he goes at last. Now for it! A ready spurt at once brings him up to the nearest man to scratch, but as he reaches him the "other fellow" from scratch goes by like the wind, and another spurt is necessary to keep him from getting away. Together they pass all front mark men but the one next to limit, whose allowance has evidently been liberal. Catching him, however, all three go whirling around the third lap so close that the oft-quoted blanket would cover them easily. The bell rings for the last lap; the "other fellow" pedals like mad for the lead, gets it, and tries to draw away—vain endeavor! First, the man-with-a-start holds him down to the back stretch, then *our* man—"Look at him, boys! Hurrah! How he's piling it on! What's that? Slipped his pedal? He's lost it. No, no! Look at him—ye gods! what a spurt!" Five yards back when he puts in every ounce, catches up, and passing, leads the trio in the grand final rush up the stretch and over the tape just half a yard to the good. Exciting? Well, no; but most interesting-like. With careful rubbing and protection our racer is out in ten minutes and ready for another. Feels good, is not tired, is hungry, and I wouldn't give up for the world to any one that rides wheels tandem. Sleeps like a top, and eats! Ummon!

Still the cry is, "Don't race; it hurts you." Not half so much, I say, as would the pastry and stuff that the average man eats, and the man in training goes without. T. OMA.

## A SEPTEMBER RUN.

On the morning of September 16th, 1882, three members of the Rutland Bicycle Club were assembled at headquarters ready for the signal to start; they were Captain Knapp, Geo. Tuttle and the writer, and were mounted respectively on a 52-inch Harvard, 48-inch Expert and a 50-inch Expert.

Promptly at seven o'clock a start was made: it was just after a hard rain, and the roads were hard and smooth with the exception of a few soft spots. We were scarcely out of the village when the first head—, I beg your pardon, dismount was taken by Knapp, much



the amusement and gratification of a party in a buggy who were following us; no damage being done, however, we started along again and were soon flying down a long hill "legs over." No sooner had we reached the bottom then we resumed the pedals for a short pull up another hill, and then down we went again into and through a lot of black mud at the bottom, and for about a mile further the road was quite muddy.

After wheeling through the mud, however, we had a short stretch of hard level road, over which we spun at a lively gait and into the village of West Rutland. We passed through without a dismount, and then down a long grade, which we coasted, and up again on the other side of the valley.

We glided along in this way for about nine miles, and then dismounted to refresh ourselves with a drink of spring water. (I should like to say, here, that this is one of our finest roads, and that we can leave Rutland and ride through to Hydeville, fourteen miles, without a necessary dismount, some of it is perfectly level and nearly all of it is of hard river gravel.)

Mounting again, we pedaled along until we reached Castleton, at 8.18 a. m., distant from our starting-point eleven miles; we stopped here a few minutes for some repairs to Knapp's bell, which had worked loose on the brake, and then on we rode again. Tuttle took the side-walk, and as he rode along saw a large yellow dog in advance, wagging his tail as if glad to see him. As he came nearer and saw that the dog was not going to stir, he tried to turn out, but the wheel struck the dog and he let out a howl and made for the back yard to think it over. Luckily, "Tut." did not get a spill, but let all riders beware of dogs. They never appear to see the machine at all, and will sometimes try to jump through the spokes in the large wheel.

We passed through Castleton, and into and through Hydeville; just out of Hydeville we were obliged to dismount and walk a sandy hill. Mounting again we rode along until we found some newly made road which is unridable, but we took the sidewalk here and rode without dismounting, keeping the sidewalk until we reached Fair Haven; here we stopped for more extensive repairs to Knapp's bell, which had again worked loose; but finding a screw this time which we made to answer the purpose of securing it, we again resumed our journey.

Between this and our next stop we found some very fine roads, hard and as free from ruts as a floor, with very few hills and those slight ones.

Our next stop was at West Poultney, where we arrived at 10 o'clock, the total distance from our starting-point being twenty-two miles, here we rested for a short time in a farm-yard, taking a little mild refreshment under the shade trees.

From here on to our next stopping-place we found some pretty steep and long hills. Knapp being the only one who successfully surmounted the entire series. Arrived at the top of the last one, we saw at the foot of the next down grade the place where we intended to dine, and down we went into the village and up to the hotel where we dismounted for dinner. Our "cyclos" showing twenty-nine miles since starting.

After dinner, and a little walk around the village, we mounted and resumed our journey. Our afternoon's ride, although somewhat the shortest, was much harder than that of the forenoon, most of the hills being so stony as to be unridable. We asked one farmer about the roads, and he informed us that there were "some hills and some stones." We can say that we found both the "hills" and the "stones," and generally they were combined. There were some stretches of good level road,

however; but all things considered the road was rather poor.

We were two and three-quarter hours doing the fourteen miles to Rupert, Vt. Here we took a rest of thirty minutes, and after a slight lunch felt better. We then started on to finish our day's trip, and the roads being very good for the rest of the way, we had no trouble in getting along all right. We had a little spurt with a locomotive, but it had a "cinder path" and distanced us.

As we were riding along, Knapp, who was rather in advance, appeared to have some trouble with a skittish horse; so 56 and 48, who were in the rear, thought it best to dismount. I dismounted first, but "Tut." was nearer than I supposed and could neither dismount nor turn out, and as his wheel struck my back over he came, throwing his arms around my neck, and thus supporting himself while his foot caught in the spokes of the wheel and held that up. The horse instead of getting more frightened at this demonstration, as one would suppose, walked right by us, the driver wearing a broad grin but not saying a word. I suppose he thought it was our regulation dismount. Mounting again we soon caught up with Knapp, to whom we had to explain matters a little. A few minutes longer ride brought us to Salem, N. Y., where we put up for the night. Salem is fifty-two miles from Rutland, and our running time was six hours forty-eight minutes.

The next day being Sunday we of course attended church in the forenoon, and as we had to wear our uniforms we excited some comment; but I expect as bicycles multiply, folks will get used to short clothes, and not have the impression that one who wears them is a professional sport or the like.

Leaving Salem at 2.15 p. m. we started on again. Just as we left the village a man drove out with a horse and buggy, ahead of us. We had agreed before starting that we were to have no racing on Sunday, so we made no attempt to get ahead of him, but rode along at an easy pace. By frequent use of his whip he kept ahead of us for about two miles, and then of his own accord turned out and let us pass him. We had just kept up a comfortable gait all the time, neither trying to pass him or let him get way ahead, and we were pretty sure his horse could not stand it long. During our afternoon's ride we passed a fine lake called Lauderdale, I believe, and just after leaving this lake we had to ascend a long, steep hill with quite an abrupt water bar at the top. Only one of us succeeded in getting over this without dismounting. We encountered here as fine roads as can be found anywhere; some of them running along for perhaps three-fourths of a mile, completely shaded by over-arching trees.

We passed through Cambridge, 12 miles from Salem, at 3.45, from here to Hoosick Falls (10 miles), where we put up for the night. We did not meet with any incident worthy of note.

The writer took one fall while coasting, and was thrown some twenty feet, but landed right side up, picked up the machine and mounted again. I can say that I had an Expert with at least one "cow-horn" handle.

We arrived at Hoosick Falls at 5.25, and went to the hotel. We retired shortly after supper in order to get a good rest for our next day's run.

The next morning we left Hoosick Falls at 9.10 a. m. Just out of the village we met a man driving a horse, who did not appear frightened until we were close to him; then he attempted to turn around, using one of the forward wheels as a pivot. We dismounted, and one of us grabbed the horse, while the others led the machines by, and listened to a lively debate between the man and his wife, he main-

taining that he wanted to come by the "other road," and she that they "always came by this road." They finally started off sputtering at each other.

We rode on for some time, the roads getting more and more sandy as we progressed. We passed through North Petersburg, and up and down hills more or less sandy until we arrived at North Pownal, where we had our lunch, and took a little rest.

As we left North Pownal, we had to ascend quite a grade, and Knapp and Tuttle became badly mixed in each other's machines. One of them had to dismount about half way up the grade, and the other, in trying to pass him, caught his pedal in the spokes of the other's wheel.

They were obliged to walk the remainder of the hill, but mounted again at the top. We rode rapidly down the other side, and into several inches of sand at the bottom; after ploughing through this for some distance, we came to a hill which we were obliged to walk, it was so sandy; arriving at the top, we found a little more rideable road until we reached the Massachusetts State line, where we rested again (if the reader thinks we rested considerably on this day's trip, he must lay it to the sand and the heat).

Leaving the State line, our next stop was at what was called Sand Spring, a summer resort and bath; we took a dip in the bath-house.

From here to a little village called Greylock, we were obliged to walk most of the way; our road passed near Williamstown where, I believe, there is a bicycle club, although we saw none of its riders.

From Greylock to North Adams we rode nearly all the way on the side-walk, the road being nearly, if not quite unridable.

Our cyclometers showed 22 miles from Hoosick Falls to North Adams, and when we arrived we were just about dripping.

We had intended, when we left Rutland, to ride clear through to Springfield, but could get nothing but discouraging reports of the roads for the next thirty miles beyond North Adams, so the next morning we took the train home.

If any of our fellow wheelmen come to Rutland, we will take them over the ride we made in the morning of the first day on this run, and we can assure them of A roads in good weather. NICK L.

FOR HONOR; OR, THE MAIDEN, THE BICYCLER AND THE GOAT.

The rain drove drearily down, the mud and slush deepened, and the wind whistled. The howl of the storm was only broken by the drear moan of the pines as they bent their heads to the blast. The storm clouds, driven by the piercing winds, swept across the sky, and the day grew dark. The steam rose in clouds from the nostrils of the struggling kine, and the sleet turned to hail, and swept down with cruel force. This is the kind of day it was.

Seated at a window in one of the lonely storm-swept towers of Castle O'Houllihan, Estelle, the only child of the last baron of this haughty race, was engaged in embroidering the heraldic device of her lover upon what, from its size, seemed at first sight to be a horse blanket, but which, upon close inspection, proved only intended for a slipper for that brave and bonny knight of the tape-counter, St. James Simpson, whose record of ninety-seven consecutive melodious calls of "Cash," in twenty-three consecutive minutes, has never been equalled in all the bright annals of a dry-goods clerk's achievements.

Ever and anon she paused in her endless task to gaze upon the rich paintings which lined the walls of her ancestral home, each one of which was a standing record of the purchase of a pound of tea, and beside which



Turner and Tintoretta would be pale and colorless. Among all these, her eyes most often rested upon one in which a blood-red sun, in a vermillion sky, cast a tone of underdone beef-steak upon a scene in which St. James Simpson was taking a header from a fifty-four into a pink lake, surrounded by mountains of a mashed-blueberry blue, to the intense admiration of a farmer's daughter, dressed in a Wat-teaux costume of malaria green. As she gazed in admiration at the romantic poize of one of St. James' feet, about to disappear beneath the rosy depths depicted, Estelle's heart was torn by the two contending emotions of love for him, and hate for the lone witness of this poetic exit. Forth from the dingy case mate of the tower watched she for the approach of her absent lover, whose promise had not been kept to greet her ere the tolling of the bell announced the ceasing toil of day.

As the dropping of the clinkers in the eight-day stove marked the passage of the moments and no St. James appeared, there gradually kindled in her eyes a look that augured ill for the comfort of that delinquent pedal-presser when he did arrive.

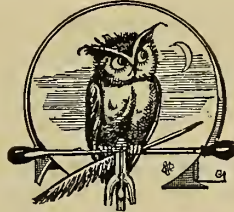
Slowly toiled a belated traveler through the gloom and darkness of the evening, the glittering of a B.T.C. badge upon his coat alone betraying the fact that he was St. James Simpson, for whose coming Estelle O'Houllihan was wearily waiting and storing up the vials of her wrath. To climb the rocky heights upon which was perched the Castle O'Houllihan required all the strength of limb and lung that St. James had acquired through cyclometric measurement of many a lonesome mile of Manhattan roads. The mild-eyed William goat looked at him with pity as he thought of the reception awaiting St. James Simpson, the aforesaid William having received a foretaste of it in the liberal application of a bald-headed broom upon portions of his anatomy less adapted for hitting than his head. But William goat as he was, he had grown wise and knew that better the pitiless pelting of the storm than a palace with an irate woman occupant. So drying his eyes with his flowing tail, he sadly laid himself to rest upon his couch of sealskin, and awaited events.

"So thou hast arrived at last," were the words of Estelle O'Houllihan, as St. James Simpson dropped exhausted upon the St. Petersburg tête-à-tête, which was a soap-box with coffee-bag upholstery, made by the Parisian house of Forgarty, Finnerty & Kelley. His arrival seemed to him so patent a fact that for a moment the originality of the inquiry rendered St. James speechless; but true to his training acquired through many a gallant sale to loquacious customers, who looked at \$400 sealskins, bought a yard of tape at his counter, he sprang to his feet, and with eyes flashing like the nickled spokes of his fifty-four, thus answered her:

"Askest thou me if I have arrived? Seest thou not that the majesty of my presence is before you? Too long have I bought for you the fascinating chewing-gum and the exhilarating clam-chowder, and from this day be we as strangers. I will seek the fair Brigetta Bologna, and at her feet lay the spargnetta of my affections."

The threat struck terror into the heart of Estelle as she thought of the long summer approaching, when the indulgence in the revelry of the festive ice-cream and the delusive soda-water made the company of St. James Simpson advisable, and now he had threatened to bestow all this upon the rivals of her house, the Bolognas; better anything than that this disgrace should happen the O'Houllihans. Softly she whispered to herself in the soft liquid vocabulary of her Italian rival, "you-can-betcher-life-I'll-down-the-dude," and crossing the

room to where St. James Simpson now sat, she threw her arms around his neck and whispered, "Would you then thus leave your girly-girly, to pine away and die? for what is all this world if you be not hers?" And thus for one mortal hour spoke the siren, and when at the end of that time a young man staggered into a Third Avenue restaurant and mildly asked the waiter for a plate of "fried potatoes and chork pops," he was not drunk; but Estelle O'Houllihan had kept her vow, and "you can betcher life the dude was downed," and the honor of the O'Houllihans saved. SELAH.



Sec. Sanford, of the Ixions, is in receipt of a letter from Sec. Fennessy, of the Springfields, asking for a pattern of the frescoes which he is informed decorates the Ixion Club-room walls. Sanford is in a quandary as to whether he had not better send a copy of the one which represents the lone damsel coming in on the top of a wave. I do not think this would be appropriate, since the fact, that she is represented as being on top the wave shows that you can not "duck her."

Harry Jones, now sings "The Merry, Merry Bicycler and the Car."

The Citizens have adopted old-gold and cardinal, and the Ixions maize-yellow, for their respective club colors.

Schawlbach says my name is Peoli. Reynolds declares it is Pitman, while "Chic" simply says he knows, but won't tell. My photo at the head of this column should convince all that they are wrong.

The season has arrived for the annual appearance of the "dude" as a bicyclist.

Frank Fullerton is now a roaring cow-boy of the plains, and I am daily expecting as a present for him some spring style scalps a-la-Sioux.

The wages of the laborers in the Central Park Menagerie have been raised. I wonder if this includes the laborers in the downtown menagerie, better known as the Commissioner's office.

There was plenty of enthuse, and plenty of wealth as well, at the meeting. The most laconic speech of the evening was, I think, made by Farquier, of the Mt. Vernon's. It was entirely pantomimic, and consisted simply in laying a small piece of paper on the Treasurer's desk, but the paper was a hundred dollar bill.

The Citizens, New Yorks and Ixions, all showed, by their hearty responses to the calls for the needful, that they were ready in deed, as well as word, to aid in making this Meet worthy of the Metropolis in which it is to be held.

#### THE DOCTOR OUT WEST.

The theatre was well filled with people last evening in attendance upon the entertainment given by the Amateur Dramatic Club of Santa Barbara. The acting of the majority of the participants was creditable, taking into consideration the circumstances. At the conclusion of the drama the floor was cleared, and Dr. Coleman and his nephew, Chester C. Hayes, the bicyclists of Canandaigua, N. Y.,

appeared with their wheels. Dr. Coleman made a few remarks concerning the wheel, and its uses and advantages. Then he appeared *en costume* as one who so often thinks bicycle riding is not difficult and boasts that "he can ride the thing." This furnished an unusual amount of amusement for the spectators, as his acting was very clever. Following this, Mr. Hayes gave some fancy riding. The club desires to express publicly its thanks to these gentlemen for their assistance in making the evening both enjoyable and pleasant. At the conclusion of this part of the programme, dancing commenced, and was kept up until about two o'clock.

#### OUR BOSTON LETTER.

*Editor of the Wheel:* Rain and mud have combined to make wheeling unpleasant with us this week. Fast day opened rainy, and effectually put a stop to all the club runs and races that were in order for the day. Towards noon, however, the Boston's turned out ten men, and ran to the Reservoir and returned. The Massachusetts Club men were not so bold-hearted; only four started for the Newtons, under Lieut. Chandler. The hare-and-hounds run of the Ramblers fell through completely, as only one hare and two hounds turned up at the rendezvous. Those who did go out, and I counted quite a number, succeeded in getting thoroughly soaked before they returned. At the Casino, Wilmot gave a fine exhibition during the afternoon, and again in the evening. Many bicyclists applauded his performance, and it seemed to be the general opinion among the men that it would be hard work for any rider to match with Wilmot in an exhibition, either at double or single riding. The Professor has been practicing all winter, and giving exhibitions in about all the principal towns of the State. Prince and Woodside have gone west on a racing trip, intending to take in Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, and other bicycling cities. Money is their main object, not glory, so the Western riders need not expect to see the records lowered. On their return they are to encounter Leroy, the horseman, in a six days' race of men vs. horses.

Boston wheelmen are very well satisfied with the location of the next League Meet, but are not so well pleased with the date.

All the clubs have begun their preparations to attend, and New York can expect to see at least two hundred men from this vicinity. The city clubs will vie with each other in sending the largest body of riders. The Massachusetts Club showed up forty-eight strong at the Meet here in '81, and are now bound that no other club shall show a larger following than they in New York, while the Bostons are intent on heading the line of march with a solid delegation that shall put all other clubs completely in the shade. The Ramblers will send a goodly number, but I question whether the Crescents appear in line at all, as since the meeting at Chicago they have withdrawn from the L.A.W. and feel a little disgusted with that organization.

It makes the Boston and Massachusetts clubs laugh to read Secretary Fennessy's article in the *World*, on the State election question. All our men have voted, and all the articles that the Springfield club or its Secretary can pour on us will have no effect now. PERCY.

Cambridge, April 7th, 1883.





The Official Organ of the Cyclists Touring Club in America.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

#### THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

The Springfield Bicycle Club, who are too well-known to need an introduction, have projected what will be one of the largest wheel gatherings ever witnessed.

The dates have been fixed for September 18th, 19th and 20th, 1883; and it is proposed to hold a three-day camp and race meeting at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass. The programme, from what we can learn, will be something as follows:

On September 18th, there will be professional races for valuable cash prizes, amounting to over \$1,500. In the evening, the camp will be illuminated.

On the 19th, a number of amateur races, open to college men, will be run, and a \$500 solid-silver cup will be offered as a championship prize, to promote competition between the colleges. In the evening, there will be a grand display of fire-works, with especial reference to bicycling and bicycling events.

On the last day, there will be a number of amateur races for handsome prizes, and a \$1,000 cup for the twenty-mile championship of America, will be competed for. The conditions of this race have not all been arranged, but it will probably receive the sanction of the Racing Board, and be recognized as the Amateur Championship of America for the year 1883. The Springfield Club are working on the project heart and soul, and the citizens of that city are seconding their efforts.

They propose to issue a journal every month containing full particulars of the Meet, and will send it regularly to any wheelman who

will send his name to the Secretary, Box 1019. The Springfield Club succeeded last fall in holding the largest and most successful bicycle race meeting that this country has ever seen, and their entertainment in February last has only added to their reputation. We hope all wheelmen will join with the club in making the affair a success, and show by their presence their hearty appreciation of the efforts of this plucky club, in undertaking such an enormous scheme, that will naturally advance the growing cause of bicycling.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### OUR CLEVELAND LETTER.

CLEVELAND, April 2, 1883.

*Editor of the Wheel:* We have been having a little bicycle boom here for the past few days, for a wonder the weather for about a week has had the appearance of being settled, a vigorous March wind and a clear sky having together dried the mud in our streets and made our hearts glad.

An addition of four active members to the club in two weeks has raised our membership to thirty, while we expect twenty or more applications before this month is over.

Our uniform for this season has been decided upon with only a few changes from last year, the principal one being the color of the stockings, which will conform to the rest of the uniform, a dark green.

The entertainment I spoke of in my last letter has been talked up for the last month and we are finally decided upon its general character, which will be part musical and the rest fancy riding with a drill by the club and eight; the date has not yet been decided upon, but will probably be in the last week of April.

Up to the present time we have had in our midst the happy possessors of three tricycles, two front-steering Royal Salvos and a rear-steering Cheylesmore. We have had another addition to the ranks lately, in the shape of a front-steering Challenge, all nickel and fitted up in great style, the property of the Excelsior Clothing House, and who, I understand, talk of putting the machine up as a prize or giving the members of the club a chance to draw lots for it. F. R. Bill is to have a 60 in. Harvard, T. S. Beckwith a 58 in. British Challenge, W. O. Beckwith a 57 in. British Challenge, Alfred Ely a 56 in. American Sanspareil, Harry Glidden a 55 in. Yale, W. H. Wetmore a 54 in. British Challenge and F. P. Root a 53 in. Yale as their new mounts for this year.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that for three years and over, the largest wheel we have been able to muster in the club, was a 55 inch, and in the city a 56 inch, but now we will break our record all up, and have lots of large wheels. It is sad to relate, yet, nevertheless true, the Cleveland Bicycle Club could not get up enough patriotism to turn out and parade on St. Patrick's Day, and forever silence their brick-bat, tin-can, and language-slitting friends (?) of the 5th and 8th wards and Lake Street.

What has become of the Excelsior Cyclo-meter? is a question that is frequently heard here, and never answered. Can't some of your correspondents tell us about it? for it seems a pity that such an accurate and reliable instrument should not be on the market.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club, at their meeting on March 21st, instructed Secretary Collister to notify the Citizens Club, of New York, of the preference in regard to New York City as the place for the L.A.W. Meet.

NAMALOS.

#### THE JERSEY ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1883.

*Editor of the Wheel:* Your criticisms in last two issues of the New Jersey *Chief* Consul have amused me all the more from the compliment paid him some time ago by a former editor of the *Bi. World*, viz.: "Bicyclers ought to be proud having such a gentleman to represent them as a champion." As this person was one of the 'fast and famous' talkers in the first days of the L.A.W., would not have been just as well for him to have shown in the past two years some life, energy and activity in building up the L.A.W., instead of riding his many hobbies, endeavoring to keep good bicyclers from joining? also, posing as a model for intended applicants to bicycle clubs, preferring charges which, when called upon to sustain, he had to retract, simply that *he might rule or run*? The writer has positive knowledge that Johnson told a willful falsehood to a racing committee to keep a contestant from entering and racing as was his right and privilege, the contestant being an amateur in good standing. The point the writer wishes to impress on L.A.W. men is they need a popular, live, pushing man, devoid of being considered the great *I Am*. The writer has conversed with a great many New Jersey men; they were unanimous that the time had come to be represented by some prominent bicyclist who is willing to sacrifice something for the promotion and management of the L.A.W., one who, when a mass meeting of bicyclers is called to arrange for a L.A.W. Meet, can find time to attend; also, to be interested enough to know when his dues ought to be paid; by his example encourage and stimulate others. Wake up, N. J.; seek out a good fellow made out of the right kind of stuff; you have plenty of material. Now find the *Oliver*. You have had a surfeit of a Row-land, who has been sucking his thumbs till the New York boys stirred him up. The N. J. Consul to the contrary, weather permitting, the L.A.W. Meet will be the grandest affair of its kind ever in this country, or to be for some time to come. Hoping to hear a good report from across the Hudson, I am, fraternally yours,

LEAGUE CONSUL.

NEW YORK, March 29th, 1883.

*Editor of the Wheel:* I thought some of the boys would like to hear about the Capital Club Soiree last Monday night, and as I am an unbiased outsider, and was there, and like to see myself in print, I thought I would tell.

In the first place, your humble servant got to Washington on Sunday morning, and was immediately on his arrival taken in hand by four of those jolly Capital Club boys and given a run around the city, an excellent machine being loaned him, and left at his disposal during his entire stay. The streets were as smooth as glass, and it was a most delightful little ride.

Then a kind gentleman found your correspondent a hotel, and the boys generally showed him great kindness and interest.

The dance came off Monday evening, and the hall was so prettily arranged! The immortal Klub Kat hung from the central chandelier; a full nickeled wheel hung at the entrance of the alcove, shining brightly with the club monogram inside the spokes. On each side of the alcove were plants artistically mixed up with machines, which glittered between the red pots and green leaves, and flags were draped all around the room.

The music was excellent, and such a jam of people, about five hundred of them; tall, short, slim, thick, black, white (I mean blonde and brunette).

Stalwart boys and dainty girls, bright colors moving to and fro on the floor. Indeed it was a



sight. And the refreshments, I can only say—'m! 'm!

Your correspondent has a game leg, and is an unsightly object at best, but the conscientious floor managers kept him well supplied with pretty partners, and enjoyment is not an adequate word to express his feelings.

The next day (Monday) Mr. Rex Smith kindly did some fancy riding for the writer, and, Mr. Editor, he positively did some impossible tricks and then apologized for being out of practice. He rode upside down, inside out, and tied up in a knot, and the general impression he gave was that it was easier to ride that way, than to ride ordinarily.

Later in the evening, your correspondent left, escorted to the depot by his kind friends.

We parted with great mutual regret on my part, and may I soon experience their cordial hospitality again.

Yours truly, SOLITAIRE.

#### THE FIFTY-MILE ILLINOIS AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

A few weeks ago L. W. Conkling, a member of the Chicago Bicycle Club, issued a challenge to any amateur in Illinois to ride a fifty-mile race; if not accepted he would claim the championship. The gauntlet was taken up by Henry Schempler and Mehring, and April 2 fixed upon for the contest. The race took place in the gallery of the Exposition Building (owing to repairs being done on the lower floor), and a comparatively small audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the same. Mehring failed to put in appearance, and the contest was between the challenger and Schempler. The latter appeared to good advantage in a handsome riding suit of light blue, and Conkling none the less attractive in a suit of bright cardinal. Mr. F. E. Yates filled the position of referee; T. W. Eck, timer; H. G. Thompson, of Louisville, scorer for Schempler, and E. Van Sicklin in like capacity for Conkling. At 28 minutes past 2 o'clock the boys started in good condition, and the indications were that it would be a close and interesting race. It required but three laps to the mile, and the score was easily kept. Schempler won the choice of toss, and took the inside track; he led his opponent for the first mile, when the latter made a spurt and, passing Schempler, gained a lap ere the termination of the third mile. Then he fell to the rear and followed close in the wake of his contestant. Evidently it was his purpose to use the tactics of Jenkins in his race with Crawford, and as he had the advantage of a lap, he need make no further effort than to hold his position as it was to win the race. This, however, he failed to do. The 15th lap was made in 20 minutes and 43 seconds. At the 60th lap the chronograph showed the time of 1 hour and 20 min. 30 sec. For some unexplainable reason Conkling then dismounted and remained off the track for 26 minutes, thereby giving Schempler a decided advantage. Again he resumed work, but it was only for a brief period, for when four laps more were completed he withdrew permanently, conceding the race to his clever opponent. What at one time appeared to be a fair opportunity of testing the abilities of two good amateurs, was now

virtually ended by Conkling's withdrawal; Schempler, however, did not propose to do things by halves, but continued the race and completed the 50 miles in 3 h. 28 min. and 4 sec. This beat Louise Armaindo's Coney Island record, and also that of Jenkins at Baltimore. Among the first to grasp the hand of the plucky rider—in congratulation for his successful effort—was the gentlemanly father of the defeated contestant.

Schempler certainly deserves great credit for accomplishing the programme under adverse circumstances, and his record, although not a great one, shows he is a fine rider, and by careful practice can not only retain the championship he so cleverly won, but likewise gain greater laurels on the lightning steed.

The fastest mile in the race was made by Conkling in the beginning, when he gained a lap on his competitor. The reason assigned by Conkling's friends for his withdrawal and defeat, was that he had partaken too freely of strong stimulants in the hope to sustain him in the long struggle; but it had quite a contrary effect, if such was the case. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that Conkling *cannot* favorably compete with Schempler in a 50-mile contest, and there are several other amateurs right here in Chicago that can down him in a similar race. Conkling is a genial, clever fellow, a good rider, and all that, but he has no business tackling a 50-mile race, and, we think, he will agree with us in this assertion. At all events, the majority of local wheelmen will.

In a 5 or 10-mile race, Conkling can do well, and stands a good show for taking first place, but 'tis no go in a long distance contest.

The following are the times for each five miles:

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
5.....		20	43
10.....		39	30
15.....		59	40
20.....	1	20	30
25.....	1	40	00
30.....	1	59	30
35.....	2	19	00
40.....	2	40	17
45.....	3	05	12
50.....	3	28	04

Each of the participants in the race contributed \$25 for the purchase of a handsome gold medal, which is now the property of Henry Schempler.—*Chicago Sporting Journal*.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

##### TEN MILES PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first race for the 10-mile professional championship of England was decided on the 26th of March.

The starters were as follows: R. Howell, F. DeCivry, F. Wood, R. W. Edlin, Geo. Edlin, H. O. Duncan, F. Lees, A. E. Derkinderin and R. James.

It began to snow before the start, but at the critical moment the sun shone out. Howell went away with the lead at the signal, being in fine form, but Wood soon collared him. The first mile was covered in 3.17 with James leading, Lees second, etc.

Suddenly the Frenchman went to the front

with a rush. He kept it up till about 3 miles, then Higham took a turn at the lead. Then Howell let out and with Wood and Lees, tore away from the others. The 5 miles was negotiated in 16.40; all but the leaders and Duncan quit, the latter seemed to only care for fourth prize, as he was lapped. On nearing the finish the excitement among the spectators was intense. On the last lap Howell and Lees were abreast, with Wood immediately in the rear. Lees drew slightly away, then Howell caught up again, Wood followed suit.

Finally Howell rushed to the front, having the advantage of the curve, and won a most desperate race by three yards in 33 min. 34½ sec., Wood second and Lees three yards in the rear. The referee was Mr. G. W. Atkinson.

#### THE ENGLISH PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The race for the 50-mile Professional Championship of the World came off at the Leicestershire Cricket Grounds, England, on March 24th.

The weather was very cold, still a large number of people assembled to see the race.

The starters were as follows: A. Bills, A. E. Derkinderen, F. Lees, J. F. Bone, F. DeCivry (the Frenchman), H. O. Duncan, R. James, J. Mac, F. Wood, R. W. Edlin, G. Edlin, H. Higham, E. Weston and D. Slater. The latter collided with Derkinderen's starter, but though he lost about 30 yards, he soon made it up. The time for the first mile was not fast, but Wood soon made things lively by spurting, which was kept up till five miles, when he dropped out a lap later. Then Lees, Derkinderen, DeCivry, G. and R. W. Edlin began to draw away from the others. James dropped out, then R. Edlin began to go slow. Bone suddenly fell and Mac fell on him, with but little damage resulting from the spill. Weston saw fit to stop, as he was nearly a lap behind the leaders at the twenty-first lap; Higham, Slater, and R. Edlin were now 60 yards in the rear. Bills was 100, Duncan 150, with Bone and Mac three quarters of a lap in the rear. The rain was now falling fast, and the cold was intense. At the tenth mile, time 35 min. 6 sec., DeCivry suddenly spurred, and soon had possession of a lead of twenty yards, Duncan having retired at nearly 11 miles. Derkinderen did likewise. Bone and Slater followed their example, and G. Edlin followed suit. Lees then made a determined effort to recover the lost ground, and succeeded in doing so at 20 miles; time 1 h. 12 min. 34 sec.

R. Edlin and Higham soon gave out, and on the 21st mile Mac fell again; but changing his bicycle, he remounted, 3 laps in the rear, with Bills one-half a lap ahead. At 25 miles, Lees and the Frenchman were fighting away on even terms; time, 1h. 31m. 13s. Mac began to limber up, and overhauled Bills, when the rain ceased and it began to hail. At 30 miles he succeeded in lapping him, but still 2 laps behind the leaders. Suddenly DeCivry



spurred, and keeping up the pace, had Lees a lap to the bad. Mac soon knocked off a lap from Lees. Then at 35 miles, the leader polished off another lap from Lees, and then Mac swung into second place.

De Civry refused to allow Mac to gain any more than 2 laps, and keeping on Mac had half a lap on Lees.

De Civry maintained his advantage to the finish, but Lees took it into his head to fight for second place, and finally succeeded taking the place and half a lap more. Under the circumstances, Mac's riding was excellent.

De Civry therefore won, with Lees 3 m. 30s. behind him, and Mac half a lap in the rear.

The leader's time was taken every 5 miles, and is appended:

5 miles.....	19.10	30 miles.....	1 50.53
10 ".....	35.05	35 ".....	2 09.44
15 ".....	54.13	40 ".....	2 30.37
20 ".....	1 12.34	45 ".....	2 51.37
25 ".....	1 31.13	50 ".....	3 13.14

Lees' time, 3 h. 16 m. 44 s.

The Referee was Mr. G. W. Atkinson, and the same gentleman acted as time-keeper. Mr. A. Searson scored.

#### CINCINNATI RACES.

The second heat of the tournament, given under the auspices of the Cincinnati Club last night at Power Hall, was largely attended and proved to be very entertaining, as the wheelmen got right down to hard work, and exerted themselves to win. At the conclusion of the club parade, the ten mile race was called and only two competitors answered, Messrs. W. H. Reed and J. V. Wright, whose records were: Wright, 38.16½; Reed, 38.17¾.

The next event was the race for the *Enquire* medal, which was won by Ed. Landy in 18.32.

Ira Taylor, G. Machey, E. Muhlhauser, F. Jennings and W. Glenn entered for the one mile race for boys, Muhlhauser winning in 3.47.

N. E. W. Pierson, C. J. Jennings, F. W. Scarborough, A. W. MacBriar and C. Townley entered a two-mile run, which ended in a fine victory for Townley, who covered the distance in 7.22.

J. K. Cady captured the mile race in 4.02, his competitors being C. H. Allen, W. E. H. Marsh and Joe Simmons.

E. Muhlhauser took the second race, and George B. Davis defeated W. A. Whiting, M. J. Norton and J. M. Dawson in the fat men's handicap for a mile. The struggle between Davis and Dawson, was especially exciting, as they ran head and head for the last three or four laps. Davis' time was 4.33.

#### THE CYCLISTS TOURING CLUB.

FOUNDED (AS THE B.T.C.) IN 1878.

Is an organization of wheelmen, not local or national merely, but broadly *International*, and having a membership some ten thousand strong, distributed over the entire civilized world. This membership it seeks to increase wherever the wheel rolls, and it cordially invites all amateur riders to join the ranks of the largest athletic club the world has ever seen. The dues are, for the first year, including the silver badge, \$2.50, afterwards, 85 cents per annum. Applications should be sent (preferably through a State or City Consul) to Frank W. Weston, Chief Consul, Savin Hill, Boston, Mass.

Blank form of application for membership forwarded to any address, on receipt of a stamped, directed envelope.

#### APPLICATIONS.

G. E. Chandler, 85 Devonshire Street, Boston; A. L. Atkins, 86 Appleton Street, Boston; F. C. Thomas, 15 Cortlandt Street, New York City; T. C. Smith, 40 Warren Street, New York City.

#### RENEWALS.

G. E. Geddard, 430 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
C. H. Jenkins, 422 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

Hotel at Club Tariff.—The City Hotel, Hartford, Conn.  
Consul for Newton, Mass.—Adams D. Claflin, of Newtonville.

#### THE NEW UNIFORM.

As the estimates for the supply of the above are not all in, the promised full particulars as to prices, etc., must be postponed until the next issue of this paper.

### League of American Wheelmen.



Applications for membership should be sent to Fred. T. Sholes, Secretary  
Box 93, Cleveland, Ohio. Member  
ship fee \$1.00 per annum.

#### BOARD OF OFFICERS.

President—W. H. MILLER, Box 245, Columbus, Ohio.  
Vice-President—A. S. PARSONS, Cambridgeport, Mass.  
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Rights and Privileges.—A. S. PARSONS, Cambridgeport, Mass.; F. T. SHOLE, Cleveland, O.; W. V. GILMAN, Nashua, N. H.

Membership.—E. K. HILL (Chairman), 424 Main St., Worcester, Mass.; HENRY W. WILLIAMS, 25 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; CHAS. P. SHILLABER, 124 State St., Boston, Mass.

Racing.—S. A. MARSDEN, New Haven (Chairman); F. JENKINS, Box 444, 22 New Church St., N. Y.; Secretary and Official Handicapper, GEO. D. GIDEON, 2023 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.; GEO. H. STROCK, 252 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.; FRANK E. YATES, 124 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.; ABBOTT BASSETT, 8 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

Railroads.—BURLY B. AYRES, 189 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Chairman); N. M. BECKWITH, 21 W. 37th St., New York; J. W. PERO, Freemont, Ohio.

#### AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

A. W. FRIESE, Milwaukee, Wis.; RICHARD GARVEY, St. Louis, Mo.; DR. G. L. HENDERSON, Kansas City, Mo.; W. H. MILLER, Columbus, O.; C. D. STANDISH, Detroit, Mich.; GEO. D. GIDEON, Phila., Pa.; JAMES DENISTON, Ellsworth Ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The following railroads have issued instructions to carry bicycles free, at owner's risks, in baggage-cars, when accompanied by owners and upon presentation of first-class tickets: Baltimore & Ohio; Grand Trunk; Chicago & Grand Trunk; Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific; Illinois Central; Chicago, Alton & St. Louis; Wheeling & Lake Erie; Cleveland & Marietta; Ohio & Central; New York, Chicago & St. Louis; New York, Lake Erie & Western; Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling; Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Chicago & Iowa; Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs; Flint & Pere Marquette.

Special permits over roads that have not yet issued general instructions can be secured by applying to the nearest member of the Committee or the Chairman.

#### TO LEAGUE MEMBERS:

At the meeting of the Board of Officers, held in Boston, October 20, it was voted that a "list of Candidates for membership and also special notices of League matters" be furnished THE WHEEL, at the same time as the official organ. Members will see that by subscribing to THE WHEEL they can obtain all the necessary information promptly and at a moderate expense.

#### TO THE WHEELMEN OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

League and Non-League Clubmen and Unattached: Having been appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee, I beg to impress upon the wheelmen of New York and vicinity (through your columns) the importance of a prompt response to the call made for funds to meet the expense to be incurred in the reception of the League of American Wheelmen, to be held in this city on the 28th of May next.

It is important that the various committees be enabled to take prompt action, hence this request.

Remittances may be sent to either of the committee.

Respectfully,

RICHARD NELSON, Chairman.  
87 Gold Street, N. Y.

EDWIN ADAMS, 114 Wall Street, N. Y.  
FRANK J. POOL, 3 Broad Street, N. Y.

*Editor of the Wheel.*—The following applications for Membership in the League of American Wheelmen have been received, and are sent to you for publication.

Yours very truly,

FRED. T. SHOLES, Cor. Sec., pro tem.

#### Cleveland Bi. Club.—Add.

3535.—Frank Bill..... 319 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.  
3536.—Fred. S. Borton..... 743 Euclid Ave., " "  
3537.—Everett Marshall..... 965 Euclid Ave., " "  
3538.—Ben. F. Wade..... 17 Cheshire St., " "

#### Elmira Bi. Club.—Add.

3539.—James Wise..... Elmira, N. Y.

#### New York Bi. Club.—Add.

3544.—Frank W. Kitching..... 94 Reade St., N. Y.  
3545.—J. Oswald Jimenis..... 114 Wall St., " "  
3546.—J. C. Mott..... 118 Warren St., " "

#### Unattached—

3540.—Harold W. Harford..... Watertown, N. Y.  
3541.—F. A. Sherman..... " "  
3542.—F. H. Muhlenberg..... Reading, Pa.  
3543.—Chas. G. Willson..... " "

#### Corrections.

3475.—Edward S. Walker..... 8 Vinton St., S. Boston, Mass.

#### Harlem Wheelmen.—Add.

3547.—Andrew A. Knowles..... Harlem, N. Y.

#### L.A.W. RENEWALS.

Week ending April 7, 1883.

1475.—A. G. Coleman, D.D.S., 1883-4... Canandaigua, New York.

828.—Charles S. Burnham..... Waltham, Mass.  
1483.—Geo. H. Johnson..... Bridgeport, Conn.  
875.—Dr. Hobard, Amory Hall..... Phila., Pa.  
875.—Dr. Hobard, Amory Hall, 1883-4... " "  
853.—Wm. Shakespeare..... Waltham, Mass.  
Yours fraternally, W. V. GILMAN, Treas.

## The WHEELMAN

FOR MAY.

A Summer Ramble Among the Black Hills..... W. O. Owen.

Six illustrations, drawn by F. Childe Hassan and A. B. Shute.

The Citizens' Trip to Boston... Edwin Oliver.

Eight illustrations, drawn by C. J. Howard

A Trio of Sonnets..... J. G. D.

The Political Power of L.A.W.

President Bates.

A Shadow Love. Chapters XII-XIII.

..... Charles Richards Dodge.

Rings..... Chic.

Winter Wheeling..... Karl K'on.

Welcome to May. A Poem.....

..... Charles Richards Dodge.

Night Thoughts..... Wm. V. Gilman.

The Choice of a Tricycle.....

..... B. W. Richardson in "Good Words."

The Bicycle Co-efficient of Safety, II.

..... F. J. Drake.

The Flying Dutchman, Concluded. . .

..... Minimum.

The True Story of Capt. Hardrider's

Five-Mile Run..... President Bates.

Songs of St. Louis Wheelmen..... "Eurota."

Contributor's Department: Electric

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Hernia—"Try Other Machines."

—Anglomania.—Speed With the

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'Cycling Sketches.

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Meet and Tournament, will be held  
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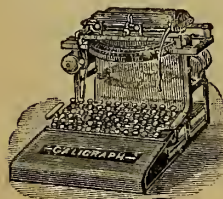
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## THIRD ANNUAL MEET —OF THE— League of American Wheelmen,

—AT—

New York, Monday, May 28th, 1883.

### PROGRAMME.

In the morning, the Business Meeting of the  
League will be held; in the afternoon, the  
Parade; and in the evening, the Banquet, to  
which the Mayor and officials of New York  
will be invited. Full particulars will be pub-  
lished from time to time in the wheel press.

### COMMITTEES OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Parade.—N. M. Beckwith, Chairman, 21 West  
37th Street, N. Y.

Storage.—T. C. Smith, Chairman, 40 Warren  
Street, N. Y.

Finance.—R. Nelson, Chairman, 87 Gold  
Street, N. Y.

Transportation.—Frank Egan, Chairman, 38  
Broad Street, N. Y.

Correspondence and Press.—Fred Jenkins, Chair-  
man, 22 New Church St. (Box 444) N. Y.

Reception.—Fred. G. Bourne, Chairman, 25  
West 23d Street, N. Y.

Hotel and Dinner.—W. A. Bryant, Chairman,  
12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

A hearty invitation is extended to all wheel-  
men, League Members, Clubs and Unattached.

### AMUSEMENTS.

#### COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE.

Broadway, 41st st.  
Monday, April 9, LAST WEEK of Bartley Campbell's  
great play,

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Rain Storm of Real Water. MATINEE SAT. at 2.  
April 16, Union Square Co., "The Parisian Romance."

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Every evening at 8 30. Saturday Matinee, at 2.  
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Over thirty auxiliaries, retainers, soldiers, ladies in  
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COTTE, last matinee of THEO in LA MASCOITTE.

To-morrow night, farewell night, by request and for

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Tuesday, April 17, the McCaull Comic Opera Com-  
pany in THE SORCERER.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE, 14th st. and 6th ave.

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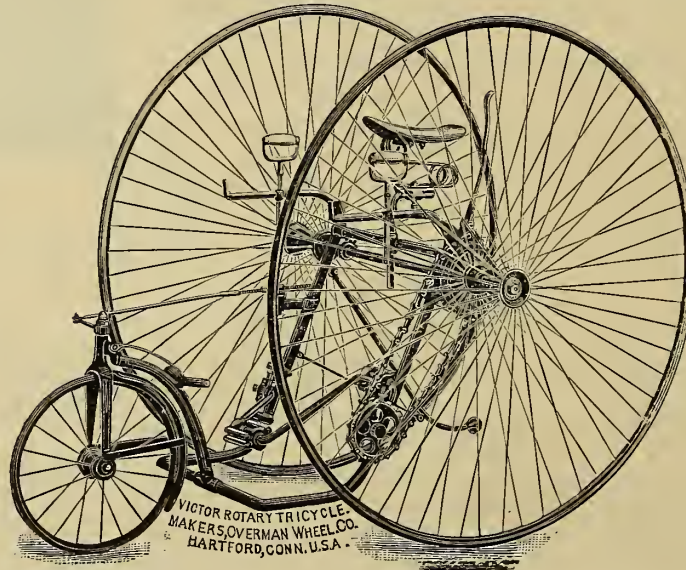
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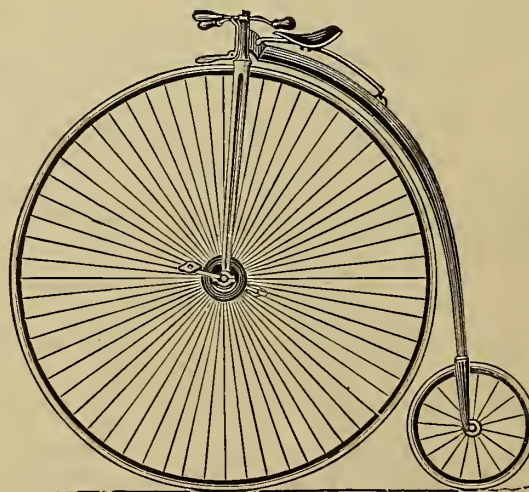
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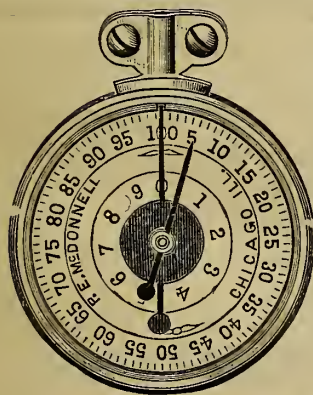
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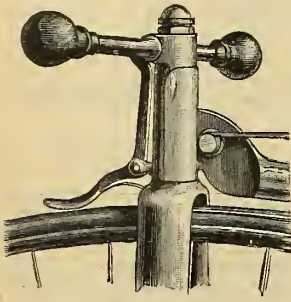
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An old Bicyclist, in a recent article in **THE WHEEL-MAN**, incidentally writes it down thus:

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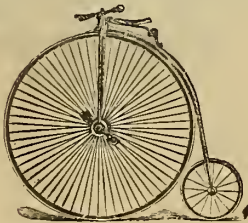
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