

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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Our worthy friend, the editor of the official *Gazette*, has seen fit to write us at length in regard to the "consolidated office." We are inclined to think that Mr. Aaron has misunderstood us. The point we wished to make was that a monthly *Gazette* was all that the League should have. That a weekly bulletin such as is now sent to members is a costly affair and uncalled for. That the C. T. C. gets along very well with a monthly publication and the League can do the same. We meant to say that any bright newspaper man could take care of such a publication and do his daily work on the newspapers. In the case of Mr. Jenkins, we would merely state from an intimate knowledge of his affairs, that although he devoted four days a week to League work, he also found time to edit two weekly newspapers, and do occasional work on the daily newspapers. It is only a matter of how many hours constitute a day's work.

As far as any particular knowledge of bicycling to fill the position of secretary is concerned, we have not much more to say. We publish a *fac simile* of one of the numerous letters on grave "important matters that are constantly springing up for the consideration of the secretary, and the

"Any man, however intelligent, who was not a practical cyclist, actively identified with wheeling matters, would frequently fail to display that broad grasp of the situation which we believe will be necessary to the officer in question."—*Official Gazette*.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT "SITUATIONS."

Baltimore December 9th 84
Editor of L A W Gazette
Dear Sir
please change my address
from herryville Va to

Lewis Ave
16 Cor Bank & Bond St
Baltimore

Ed
League No 4105
I haven't saw a paper
for three weeks

editor as well, and in many of these the exigencies of the case are such, and the time so limited, that he must perforce act as a court of last resort."

We submit these facts without further comment. We will be delighted to see brother Aaron elected to this combined office at a good salary, but when he surrounds the same with a halo of mystery, we cannot refrain from having a quiet laugh to ourselves—at our own expense.

Journalistic enterprise is in most cases commendable, and we would with pleasure speak of the very complete page of American records published in the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* for the current month. Unfortunately again for Springfield, the figures lie, and the records are woefully inaccurate, both in the amateur

and professional tables and are consequently valueless.

We would overlook the efforts of an inexperienced editor like Mr. Ducker, but when our monthly contemporary, the *Amateur Athlete*, whose editor is the official handicapper of the league, and supposed to have the times of every one at his fingers' ends, promptly borrows and republishes the identical plate without correction, we can only hold up our hands in holy horror.

Without going into particulars we would say that the times from the third to the tenth mile in the amateur records are badly mixed, and also the sixth, seventh, eighth, and tenth, in the professional list are inaccurate. The whole table should be revised and republished, as it will only cause confusion in its present unreliable form.

Karl Kron's plan of compiling a "condensed directory of the trade," for insertion in the appendix of his forthcoming road book, is described by him in the December issue of the *Springfield Wheelmen Gazette*, and it seems to the editor so valuable that he will endeavor to help it by sending marked copies of the *Gazette* to every firm and individual known to him as identified in a business way with the spread of cycling. Most of the leading wheel clubs, as a matter of pride and sentiment, have insured perpetuation for their names in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," by pledging their active riders in its support, and if the representatives of the various branches of "the trade" will now do as well, as a mere matter of selfish business interest, the subscription list of 3,000 may be at once completed, and the road-book be issued in February, in good season to give a boom to the spring trade.

Apropos of the statement made in another column of the advantage which hotel keepers may secure in subscribing for "X. M. Miles on a Bi" (thus introducing the names of their houses to 25,000 readers, through the "list of hotels where this book may be found"), we note the fact that two or three agents for the sale of bicycles have personally subscribed in behalf of their local hotels, in the belief that the presence of the book in the reading rooms of the same will attract business to themselves. Tradesman, hotel-keeper, tourist, and publisher, all have a common interest in making this hotel list represent as many towns as possible, and whoever wishes to encourage bicycle touring in this country can render good service to the cause by persuading his local landlord to subscribe for the forthcoming road-book.

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

Friday evening, December 12th, the Somerville Bicycle Club gave their first dance of the season. About 90 couple

participated. The affair proved so successful, both socially and financially, that the club have almost decided to give a ball before the season is over. The orders were very neat, having appropriate bicycle emblems on each. Captain Frank Norwood was Floor Director, and George Shaw and Eugene Sanger acted as aids. The reception committee were Messrs. W. R. Maxwell, and Harry S. Worthen. Among the guests were President Hayes, of the Cambridge Club, and Captain Nelson, of the Charlestown Bicycle Club. For a new club, formed at the end of the season, the Somerville boys are doing well. Their membership is about 25. As a rule of the constitution gives the board of officers the right to name the date of the annual meeting of the L. A. W. hope that body will decide on some day in July arranging it so as to allow those wishing to join the "Big Four" party, to take in both meeting and tour.

Boston Wheelmen are much interested in Elwell's Bermuda Tour, and every one wants to go. C. F. Joy is to be one of the fortunate tourists, and possibly Stewart C. Miller, the tricyclist both of the Massachusetts Club. The rest of us are looking with longing eyes toward the "land of the white wash and onions." Most of us will continue to look and long and linger o'er our labor, longing still.

I hear from Portland that Elwell is to organize another Maine Tour next year, taking in Mt. Desert and Moosehead Lake, also, that Portland is to have a great tournament. Wonder if they are going to build a track?

The Portland Wheel Club are to give a ball, December 18th, and some Boston men are going down to take it in. Boston is to lose another wheelman. This time it is Mr. Frank Stinson, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who goes to Chicago, January 1st, as Resident Manager of the Ashton Valve Co. Stinson is only a this season's cyclist, but is well known, and very popular with all the boys. He was a prominent member of the club committee of the deceased Ramblers, and the Massachusetts Club will lose a hard worker when he leaves. If the Chicago boys want a certificate of good fellowship before they receive him, we can furnish one a yard long. This notice will cost Stinson a ticket to the opera, and cigars *ad lib*.

There seems to be a mistaken idea going the rounds in regard to the attitude of the Springfield Club toward the League, started by a paragraph in the *Official Gazette*, said to be "cullied," wherefrom, unless from the vivid imagination of the "culler," no one knows. This party, by the way, seems to have a grudge against the S. B. C., having indulged in several slurs against that organization. The fact is, that though the S. B. C. naturally felt a little sore over some of the treatment they received, they are to-day a League Club, and will take as much interest in, and do as much for, the League as formerly. They have not now 130 members, because there was a reorganization of the Club, which much reduced its membership. The League have many worse friends than the Springfield Bicycle Club.

The Cambridge Club give their first German to-night.

The Newton Bicycle Club will give a dramatic entertainment, followed by dancing, in January. The Committee of Arrangements are J. C. Elms, H. M. Sabin, and H. L. Wilson. George E. Hutchinson, late instructor of the Pope Mfg. Co., will give an exhibition of fancy riding at the Institute Skating Rink, Saturday evening. Hutchinson has made no little stir with his riding. He is the only man who rides backward, and who does the "upside down mount" with one wheel. Harvard College will be represented in the Cycling contest at the New York intercollegiate games next spring, by Eliot Norton and Frank L. Dean. They will be trained by J. G. Lathrop, well known as the best timer in Boston, who has lately been appointed as director of athletics at Harvard.

We have had snow and rain for several days, and no riding is the word. From this out, road news will be rare. The Dorchester Club seem to be alive, having taken in four new members. Every member of this organization belongs to the League. The efficient Secretary, J. T. Greene, is an enthusiastic Leaguer. The Committee of the late Ramblers Club will soon declare a small dividend, and draw lots for the club trophies which were not disposed of at the late auction. There would have been a larger dividend but for the fact, that Fred. E. Bryant, a member, collected for the Club sundry advertising bills, aggregating about \$50. This money Bryant refused to turn over to the committee, saying he had as much right to it as anybody, and getting a lawyer's opinion that nothing could be done with him for so doing, he saluted the committee with Tweed's phrase of "What are you going to do about it," when they demanded payment. And yet this man calls himself a gentleman. It seems the committee has no legal redress, and the only thing they "can do about it," is to expose his rascality, and hold him up to the contempt of all honest cyclists. W. I. H.

Boston, Dec. 5, 1884.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

A dull week, and little doing, is the almost universal cry. Sunday morning brought forth a number of wheelmen, with silver dollars pinned on the left breast, and the favored army rolled through the Park and on the Drive in merry single file. The wail of the mugs was unabated, and one C. T. C. member is endeavoring to force his way on the Drive by claiming that the club is uniformed, and regularly organized. The committee sat down on him, as also on League members. The result is that nearly all the regular clubs are recruiting, and if I am not much mistaken, new clubs will spring up like mushrooms. The movement is a healthy one, and it tends to fix the responsibility of the riders. I understand the privilege has been extended to neighboring clubs, and badges will be issued upon application through the club captain.

Although New York city does not support the League as extensively as last year, the wheelmen are somewhat interested in its affairs. I endeavored to ascertain the feeling in regard to the meet, but as all are anxious to go on the big Four Tour, they naturally

want the meet at Buffalo, about the 1st of July. I presume the place for the spring meeting will greatly influence the selection. Confidentially, the wheelmen are tired of meets, and I doubt if many will be held after next year. Perhaps Chicago and Detroit will be in shape to handle it in '86 and '87, but I do not care to spend \$75.00 for a few days' fun, when I can make the same amount run over two weeks' vacation, and have a much better time.

We are much interested in the friendly duel *in re* paid secretary, between the *Official Gazette* and *THE WHEEL*, and are glad to see that perfect friendliness exists. Those who ever doubted that Mr. Ducker was the actual editor of the *Springfield Gazette* had their illusion dispelled by reading some of the notes. The New York news is particularly unreliable, and several paragraphs are uncalled for, as well as inaccurate. Still one can hardly expect otherwise, considering the source.

The Citizens having recovered from the effects of the house-warming, are turning their attention to their Second Annual Race Meeting. The remembrance of last year is sufficient to guarantee a success, and I trust they will again meet with the success they deserve. X. Y. Z.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, '84.

THE BEST KIND OF RIDING.

From Truth for the People.

Riding on a bicycle may be all very nice;
Riding on a tricycle may pay for once or twice;
Riding on a steamboat is purely, simply sweet;
But for a quiet, calm enjoyment, buggy riding can't be beat.
Riding in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,
What means of locomotion with a buggy can compare?
Riding on a bicycle you're not allowed a whip,
And except you're on a sociable you cannot use your lip.
Then riding on a steamboat, there's a crowd on every hand,
While you needn't have but two within a buggy on the land.
Riding in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,
What means of locomotion with a buggy can compare?

Riding on a bicycle's a sort of Jersey treat;
A sociable is better, for she may be very sweet.
True, a shady nook or corner on a steamboat you may find,
But there's no telling beats the buggy when no bicyclist's behind.
Riding in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,
The devil take the bicycle that can with that compare. ZACHARY Y.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Elizabeth Wheelmen want a club house, and gave an entertainment last Tuesday in order to raise funds for that purpose.

The four-cornered race between Wordside, Brooks, Morgan, and Armaindo, is "off," as Morgan sprained his ankle, and was unable to find a substitute.

The success of some papers seems to consist in borrowing the greatest amount of news with the least credit. We think our Philadelphia friend, the *Sporting Life*, excels in this particular.

Our 'steemed contemporary, the *Bicycling World*, also prints a table of records. We note that Hendee's quarter mile is down as 38s, while the *Springfield Gazette* gives it as 38 1-5. We should like to know what figure the Racing Board accepted. Also, if 18.33 4-5 and 21.44 2-5 are not the correct times for six and seven miles, instead of the figures given. Also, Clark's and Johnson's records above twenty-five miles were made on the same date, February 21, 1880, and not a week apart.

While we are always ready for subscriptions, we must ask our friends to refrain from sending us 10 and 15-cent postage stamps. They are as bad as an extra boiler, as far as *THE WHEEL* is concerned. One and two-cent is the limit.

Mr. H. S. Ward, the long distance rider, of Philadelphia, writes concerning the Duryea Saddle, as follows: "I have ridden 3,100 miles since Feb. 1, '84, on a "Style A" Duryea. For the first time I have been free from chafing, and have, with the utmost comfort, made several century runs. With a block of soft rubber to hold the clevis at the proper elevation, your saddle is perfect."

The Citizens Club are talking of changing the evening for their monthly meeting, and a mail vote is being taken as a guide in preparing an amendment to be acted upon at their next regular meeting.

Messrs. Geo. R. Bidwell & Co. have almost entirely recovered from the effects of their fire, and the salesrooms have been altered for the better, the partitions dividing up the premises having been dispensed with.

Mr. Harold R. Lewis, of the Philadelphia Club, writes the New York Toy Co., as follows: "I have used your Duryea Saddle, style A, since February, 1884, and find it to be the best in the market. Before I got your saddle, I never could ride more than 20 miles without soreness, but since I have had it, I have ridden 70 miles at a 9-hour pace without being at all chafed. I would never take a long trip on any other saddle."

THE LEAGUE MEET.

Editor of The Wheel: In your issue of Nov. 14th, descriptive of "Another Big Tour," you write that "the plan contemplates the holding of a League Meet at Buffalo, about the 1st of July," than which is no better time as our weather is simply perfect, there is frost every evening to lay the dust and make sleeping enjoyable, not a mosquito nearer than Cleveland, where they have hot nights and hotter days; "but this is of course impracticable, as the by-laws of the League provide that the meet each year shall be held on or before the 30th of May." As I read the by-laws the time and place of the meeting are entirely at the discretion of the Board of Officers.

The by-laws as published in the L. A. W. Gazette, Aug. 28th, read "There shall be an annual meeting of the League at such time and place as the Board of Officers may determine at a meeting to be held at least two months previous to the 15th day of May, and of which general meeting at least one month's public notice shall be given."

As it has been decided to have "Another Big Tour" this year, and to have it start from Buffalo in the early part of July, would it not be well to have both the cycling events of the year at the same time and place?

The tour under the auspices proposed would prove a grand finale to the L. A. W. Meet. A great many enthusiastic wheelmen, who would otherwise be debarred from one event or the other, would be able to take in both. The tour already promises to excell all previous efforts. Long Lon, with his little fat friend have promised to attend and bring along the rest of that bad Boston gang. The dude from Chicago will be on deck, and says he wont let the secretary carry the colors more than two-thirds the way. Pierce says he will see if he "can't catch up" in time to captain the cowboys from Leadville, Fairbault, Beloit, Chicago, etc.

Maynard, the ideal quartermaster, will look after our creature comforts, and sweep the road with his Star. The bugler, who I see has been doing himself proud with his drill corps in Chicago, will have his lip in subjection, and will bugle all the way barring New Castle. Beck will be along with that bouquet.

Van Schaack and Parsons do not regret their visit to Boston, and are getting in trim for the grand tour.

Dr. Wassall insists that the tour will be a failure unless the route takes in Lake George. Tender recollections of that hop I suppose.

Our Georgius, the modest man from Toronto will lead the Kagoo band. Speaking of Georgius reminds me that I am in receipt of a letter from him saying that he is making a collection of group bicycle photographs, and asking where he can get copies of the L. A. W. meets and others. Perhaps some of your many readers will kindly enlighten him. I am under obligations to him for a copy of the large crayon of the Wanderers Bicycle Club of Toronto, with Georgius to the fore. Georgius is not often left. There will be many wheelmen badly left if they fail to take in the tour next summer. They will miss two weeks of unalloyed pleasure in company with some of the finest fellows that ever buckled a wheel. Among others Geo. Bidwell and Burley Ayers.

Yours fraternally,

WHERE IS B?

BUFFALO, N. Y. DEC. 10, 1884.

SOUTHERN BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.

The growing favor with which the useful and beautiful exercise of bicycling is being received in the South, has led the Memphis Bicycle Club, an organization composed of a number of enterprising young men in that city, to conceive the idea of a Southern Bicycle Tournament. The success which has attended similar affairs wherever they have been given in the North and East, and the belief that if properly managed, such an event would materially aid the cause of wheeling in the South, they have determined to move in that direction at once. It is proposed to give two or three days' races during the spring, upon a fine half-mile track in the suburbs of Memphis, and if a suffi-

cient number of wheelmen can be induced to participate, prizes amounting in value to several hundred dollars will be offered. Hotel accommodations and railroad fares at reduced rates will be secured, and every possible inducement offered. Wheelmen everywhere in reach of Memphis should at once write to W. L. Surprise, the secretary of the Memphis Bicycle Club, and give the movement their hearty support.

DARN-ATION.

'Smyantha, she is very fair,
Sitting in her wicker chair;
With her knitting in her lap
And occasionally a slap
At a fly, that to her nose
Lightly comes and lightly goes.
Ah! the mem'ry of her sitting
On the old porch knitting, knitting,
Rocking, knitting, rocking;
Darning up her brother's stocking,
Is very sweet to Tertius Rows
As the garden weeds he hoes.
"If they were only mine she's mending."

Is the thought that's thro' him sending
Thrills ecstatic, never ending.
Hope and fear—blending, blending.

Round the pillars, all entwining,
Grow the roses and the vining.
In the fields the cattle lowing,
In the yards the chickens crowing,
At the spring house, hah! the splutter
As her mother churns for butter,
And the milk pots on the pailing,
And her little brother waiting.
At the back door crying, knocking,
"Sister, have you darned my stocking?"
Over all the sunshine streaming,
And the bees and birds a-dreaming;
As a picture, Tertius weeding,
Is with furtive glances heeding.
"Ah! If 'twere only mine she's mending."
Is the thought that's thro' him sending
Thrills ecstatic, never ending.
Hope and fear—blending, blending.

Ah! she is a dainty miss
Whom the south wind loves to kiss,
And around it leaps and blows
Like her lover, Tertius Rows,
Who has given up his hoeing.
Bo't a byke and gone to blowing.
Ah! he is a mighty rider
As he sitteth there beside her
Spinning yarns unto his glory
Weaving strong the old, old story,
Ah! she was so proud to know him,
That to her father, off to show him.
Said she: "Oh! most mighty rider,"
As he lingered there beside her,
"Ride over yonder," and she smileth
Dimpling smiles that did beguileth,
And she pointed to a guily,
A deep and wide and stony gully,
Back he limps with bleeding nose,
Holding forth his tattered hose,
And the old man laughs and chuckles
As he rubs his bony knuckles.
On the porch she sitteth rocking
As she darneth up his stocking.
"Ah! 'tis mine that she is mending,"
Is the thought that's thro' him sending
Thrills ecstatic, never ending.
Hope and joy, blending, blending.

SECRETARY.

FROM THE CLUBS.

INDIANAPOLIS.—The Indianapolis Bi. Club have perfected arrangements for a trip to New Orleans, Jan. 24th, and extend a cordial invitation to all wheelmen and their friends to join them. An extra car for wheels and other extra accommodations will be furnished. For further information address C. F. Smith, (Manager), Indianapolis, Ind.

ELIZABETH.—Although there were some five or six bicycles in Elizabeth as early as 1880, organized cycling dates its birth in this city on June 7th, 1883, when an enthusiastic quartette of cyclers met and organized the

"Elizabeth Wheelmen." The quartette elected W. H. Hastings, Captain, G. J. Martin, Lieutenants, M. W. Hasley, Secretary and Treasurer, and V. R. Value Member-at-Large. During last season their ranks were swollen to eleven by the accession of seven members. Among these latter, though all worked with a will, two especially proved most valuable in booming the wheel in this city, and these were Dr. G. Carleton Brown and A. S. Roorbach, the artist. Dr. Brown was elected Chief Consul of the New Jersey Division, League of American Wheelmen. He started to work with the intention of being no figure-head, and under the seven months of his administration the division has doubled in numbers. His earnestness, and the enthusiasm of such men as Martin and Roorbach, and all the rest of the original eleven, were soon felt, and steadily, by twos, and threes, and fives, and twelves, the club grew until it has now reached forty-eight active members. Every new member seemed to catch the enthusiasm, and working all together, they made the club what it is to-day as far as membership is concerned, the second league club in the State, the Essex Bicycle Club standing first.

DEAD!—The Tricycle Union is dead; dead as any Egyptian mummy. There is no gainsaying the fact, no beating about the bush over the question; the mammoth association which has so long been the laughing stock of wheelmen is really defunct, and what is more, has, so to speak, signed its own death warrant. At a meeting of the T. U. Executive, held last Thursday at the Palsgrave restaurant, at which Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson occupied the chair, Mr. F. S. Cobb, the honorable secretary of that body, proposed, "That the election of officers for 1885 be postponed *sine die*." This was carried without dissent, and thus the Tricycle Union fades out of the cycling world in a legislative sense. From its ashes is to be formed, in fact is already formed, "The Society of Cyclists," which, as our readers are aware, has very high aims in connection with cycling and general science. But, to revert to the defunct association, it is customary in writing an autobiography to enumerate and set in as favorable and rosy a light as possible, the virtues the good deeds, and the general excellence of the deceased. Now, with every desire under the circumstances to tone down the faults and follies of the T. U., and to expose only the benefits it has conferred on its appreciative clients, we are met from the first by the difficulty that, after intense thought and the most careful scrutiny, we are unable to find that in even one solitary instance it has justified its existence, and been of the slightest benefit to wheelmen at large. For an institution, which was started with such a flourish of trumpets, of which so much was expected by a certain select *coterie*, and whose "clean sheet" was blazoned so gaily in the face of all who cared to inspect it, this is truly a lamentable admission. None the less it is one which any man not steeped in prejudice of the most pig-headed order must admit is correct. The Tricycle Union goes down to its grave in the limbo of the forgotten "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Whether its bantling, the outcome of Dr. Rich-

ardson's scientific and earnest, if somewhat visionary enthusiasm, will survive "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," remains to be proved. A body such as that the worthy Doctor hopes some day to see in full swing, with a large club-house, museum, library, monthly magazine, etc., would certainly be something which the founders might point to with pride; but even, as "Rome was not built in a day," we opine that many years have yet to pass before the apostle of Hygeia can see his schemes, fair and sweet-smelling as they are, approach perfect fruition. In the meantime we shall watch "The Society of Cyclists" anxiously; it may, in the course of time, become what its promoters wish it to be; on the other hand, it may share a no better fate than that abortive butt of wheel world, erst known as the Tricycle Union.—*News.*

THE LEAGUE GAZETTE.

Editor of the Wheel: Your brief reply to a recent editor in the *Official Gazette*, in THE WHEEL of December 5th, calls, I think, to an answer from me. This answer I send to you so that all who read the article in your paper may see this as well.

I am at a loss to know whether you are ignorant of the duties that would fall to the lot of the Secretary-Editor of the L. A. W. if the offices were amalgamated, or whether you unwittingly misrepresent the position that I took in my editorial. Unfortunately, your paper is now edited anonymously, and, therefore, I cannot form any idea of the league experience of the editor, and am consequently unable to judge whether he *don't* or *won't* know.

Your one time editor, Mr. Fred Jenkins, admitted to me, at a time when the League possessed less than one-half of the membership that it does at present, that League work took four days of his time. Now, if you know anything whatever of League business you must know that the Secretary, under the new regime, will have nearly or quite double the work to do that was required at the time that Mr. Jenkins filled the restricted office, and that is the best possible answer to your argument that there are plenty of right (non-League) newspaper men who could discharge these duties, and at the same time "do their daily work on other newspapers."

Your statement that "the work on a small monthly would be mere child's play," has no bearing on the subject whatever; and that for two reasons:

First, The League news could not be circulated with sufficient promptness by a *monthly* journal, as that journal must in a great measure serve as a medium of intercommunication between officers and League members and divisions and their members, and on many occasions spread news in much less than the time possible with a monthly.

Second, The editing of the League's organ is not one-tenth the work that will fall to the lot of the new Secretary, and the argument that he can be a journalist (or any other manner of man) in the daily pursuit of his calling while discharging his duties as this League officer is most readily met by referring you to your editorial of two weeks since, when you admitted that he

could and should be paid about \$1,000 per annum for his services. Of course you can hardly reconcile these statements, they will not harmonize; and you have failed to indicate the reasons that have led you to change your mind in two short weeks. In this light your assertion that your "views are too well known to need any further explanation" is exceedingly amusing, to put it mildly.

Now, my dear sir, I write this only to correct a false impression likely to grow out of the perusal of your editorial, and not from any desire to enter into controversy for controversy's sake. I believe I see in you a true friend of the L. A. W., who can be relied on in time of need, and with that belief I come to you with the request that you will kindly point out to us all just where, in your opinion, the weak points in League management lie, and by all means do not forget to tell us *how we may remedy these evils*.

Sincerely yours,
E. M. AARON,
Editor L. A. W. Gazette.

PROGRESS OF KRON'S CAN- VASS.

Editor of the Wheel: The forty-sixth week of my canvass, ending to-day, has brought in 26 names, just half of which came in a bunch from the Rutland Bicycle Club, of Vermont. The previous week brought 51 names, whereof 13 were forwarded by Captain C. F. Smith, of the Indianapolis Bicycle Club, 8 belonging to that club and 5 to Columbus, Ind.

I devoted one day of this week to impressing upon the blank side of 200 of my circulars a special hectograph letter to the bicycle manufacturers and tradesmen of England, calling attention to my article, "A Pointer to the Trade," which fills the 125th page of this month's *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*. The editor thereof has enclosed my circular in the specimen copies of his paper mailed to the 200 names upon his English trade-list. This is the first systematic attempt which I have yet made to win English support for my scheme, but its effect cannot be reported in less than five or six weeks. If tradesmen were able to see their own interests, when presented to them in a novel way, I should be certain that the first return mail would bring me at least 500 English subscriptions. As a matter of fact, however, I shall be agreeably surprised if I receive as many as 50 from this particular effort.

Having driven my bicycle up to Springfield at the time of the September tournament, I drove it back again during the first three days of last week, riding 46 miles, on Thursday, to Meriden; 40 miles, on Friday, to Bridgeport; and 56, on Saturday, to Harlem Bridge. My ride ended at 7 P. M. on this last day, when I had been on the road for 12 hours, the first half of the time in a dense fog, the last half in a driving rain storm. The way in which my velveteen jacket withstood the weather proved anew to me my wisdom in selecting that particular material when I had the jacket made in 1879, and I see no reason why it should not render me good service for five years to come. I experienced no fall during this tour, nor yet in the five days' tour by which I went up to Springfield, over a differ-

ent and more circuitous route in September. I tried a Duryea saddle for the first time, on the recent journey, and the fact that no soreness resulted from so long a ride, after a ten weeks' abstinence from wheeling, is probably a fact in favor of the saddle. I liked it "well enough," but I shall need to make a more extended trial of it before I am ready to speak with the enthusiastic praise which many have accorded it.

I have just sent a letter to the *Official Gazette* describing some experiences which I had on this tour in verbally converting certain hotel men to a partial realization of the benefit to them of attracting wheelmen's patronage by subscribing to my book. They subscribed (though they had paid no notice to my appeals to them through the mail), but they were inclined to think wheelmen's patronage of very little account. The actual placing of my book in the hands of such doubters, by showing them the names of 3,000 wheelmen accredited to towns all over the Union, will do much to enlighten their ignorance as to the value of their patronage. Whoever secures a hotel keeper for my list, therefore, will render a service to "the cause" as well as to myself.

In spite of my persistent proclamation of the fact that the geographically classified appendix of 3,000 subscribers' names is to be one of the distinctive features of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," I am all the while hearing of men who "intend to buy the book as soon as published," but who are entirely ignorant of this plan of mine about securing their names as well as their dollars. Let me announce once more, therefore, that I shall not publish the book until I secure the one-dollar pledges of 827 additional subscribers, as I now have only 2,173 on my list; and that the price of the book will be \$1.50, except for those who pledge their support to it in advance. A complete contents, table, and a variety of other circulars concerning the scheme will be mailed free by me to all who may apply for them. At present rate of progress, the best I can hope for is to issue the book about the close of the winter from the top floor of the University Building.

KARL KRON.
Washington Square, N. Y., Dec. 13.

RECORD BEATING BY WOOD- SIDE.

On Monday afternoon W. M. Woodside made a very successful attempt to lower some of the professional records. The track used was the gallery of the Exposition Building, Chicago, and great care was taken to have arrangements complete in every particular, and thus avoid the existence of any doubt regarding the genuine nature of the records. The track was carefully measured by members of the Chicago Bicycle Club, but contrary to L. A. W. rules, the curves were merely marked on the floor, instead of being solid. As Woodside rode at least three feet out, however, no question can be raised on this account, and the rider is fully entitled to the records made. The times were taken by George E. Lloyd and Sam Vowell, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, and two score sheets were kept to guard against any possible errors. A large number

of wheeling celebrities were present, among whom were, Louise Armaindo, Phil Hammel, and N. H. Van Sicklen. Woodside started promptly at one o'clock, and set out at a rattling pace, finishing 5 miles in 15m. 53s., and 10 miles in 32m. 83/4s. From this on the records were cut down at every mile, except the thirteenth and fourteenth. He undoubtedly led the records at these distances, but the times were taken a lap too late. Woodside was accompanied during the last ten miles by Hammel. Following is a list of the new records.

Miles.	Times.	Miles.	Times.
11.....	35m. 203/4s.	32.....	1h. 48m. 263/4s.
12.....	38m. 403/4s.	33.....	1h. 52m. 113/4s.
13.....	48m. 41 s.	34.....	1h. 55m. 533/4s.
16.....	51m. 593/4s.	35.....	1h. 59m. 403/4s.
17.....	55m. 213/4s.	36.....	2h. 3m. 5 s.
18.....	58m. 48 s.	37.....	2h. 6m. 333/4s.
19.....	1h. 2m. 9 s.	38.....	2h. 10m. 63/4s.
20.....	1h. 3m. 313/4s.	39.....	2h. 13m. 42 s.
21.....	1h. 9m. 113/4s.	40.....	2h. 17m. 183/4s.
22.....	1h. 12m. 363/4s.	41.....	2h. 20m. 543/4s.
23.....	1h. 16m. 14 s.	42.....	2h. 24m. 34 s.
24.....	1h. 19m. 363/4s.	43.....	2h. 28m. 123/4s.
25.....	1h. 23m. 593/4s.	44.....	2h. 31m. 513/4s.
26.....	1h. 26m. 38 s.	45.....	2h. 35m. 333/4s.
27.....	1h. 30m. 143/4s.	46.....	2h. 39m. 21 s.
28.....	1h. 33m. 483/4s.	47.....	2h. 43m. 8 s.
29.....	1h. 37m. 273/4s.	48.....	2h. 46m. 553/4s.
30.....	1h. 41m. 83/4s.	49.....	2h. 50m. 433/4s.
31.....	1h. 44m. 523/4s.	50.....	2h. 54m. 133/4s.

The previous records from 11 to 24 miles were held by Prince; Woodside had the 25th; Prince, the 26th to 29th; Woodside came in on the 30th mile, and then Belard from the 31st to the 34th, while Woodside had the 35th. From the 36th to the 39th are credited to Belard, and the 40th and 41st to Stanton. Belard then carried them up to the 48th; Stanton had the 49th, and Prince the full distance in 2h. 59m. 15s. Stanton and Belard's records were made as far back as Feb. 14, 1880.—*Sporting Journal*.

[We must decline to accept these records under the above condition, and trust that wheelmen will sometime have it drummed through their heads that a solid curb is necessary for accurate records as far as THE WHEEL is concerned.—ED.]

BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

While many of the papers give Hendee the credit for breaking the quarter-mile record of the world, none of them seem to be aware of the fact that he also took the three-quarter mile record. The English papers have not mentioned this, though they have published the time—1:50—and commented upon the quarter record.

It has been stated in print that the smallest tricycle in the world has been supplied to the Midgets by a firm of Coventry manufacturers. We doubt it. The Midgets are very small people, but we have in our possession a front-steering tricycle, the diameter of the driving wheels being four inches. It is only a toy, of course, but it is a perfect three-wheeler. It could easily be made to run a race round a small circular table by mechanism, if not by animal propulsion.

A story is going the rounds that Armaindo and Morgan rode against horses in a small town in Missouri. The "Only Eck," who was with them, arranged a scheme to fill the general purse. Arriving in town, the machines were conveyed quickly to a hotel and locked up away from the gaze of curious sight-seers. To the hotel proprietor, a fat, good-natured but very curious fellow, they "only" vouchsafed

the information, as a great secret, that the machines were geared, so that one revolution of the pedal caused two of the wheels, and by that means the horses would easily be defeated. Ten minutes later, the proprietor, boiling over with importance, imparted the valuable information to a friend, who told another friend, and so on, in the old-fashioned way, until every one in town knew all about it. Great anxiety to back the bicycles was shown on the track next day, and Eck "scooped" in what little was to be had.

If America is successful in raising a fund to send over representative amateurs, England will welcome them and give to them a hearty reception. They will receive fair treatment from the public and the press; they will not be bullied by betting men who have bet on any race; and the winners will be allowed to win, without patriotic but unfair and unsportsmanlike decisions by referees, and we were going to say landlords will not charge them twenty dollars for knocking a few pillow cases loose—but we won't prophecy for the landlords. If our best amateurs are well beaten, they will take their beating like men, and they will have no "Ring" to support them.

One thing is evident—post-card records must no longer be accepted. A memorandum-book, signed by publicans, policemen, and other people encountered at the various points on a journey, is vastly more reliable than any quantity of post-cards; and in future, wherever the records are broken, public suspicion will always be aroused unless proof is produced beyond doubt. Perhaps a satisfactory means of inspiring confidence would be for the record-breaker to make a statutory declaration to the truthfulness of his statement as to having performed the journey in the manner and time alleged.

We wonder why so many makers insist on fitting plain standards for saddles? Only the other day we found one of these standards *would not* stay up; however hard we screwed it, it sooner or later slipped down. The slightest roughening or corrugation would make it a rigid fixture, though for our own part we prefer the standards with sunken holes in them to take the end of the adjusting screw. In the meantime we hear of many makers who are laying themselves out to make their machines *as complete* in the minor parts as they are in the more important features of their construction—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A varied entertainment will be given by the Chicago and Hermes Bicycle Club, at the Exposition building, on Christmas day, to which all wheelmen and their friends are cordially invited. The official programme has not been issued yet, but will include many interesting features, including exhibitions of speed by Van Sicklen, Hammel, and others; fancy riding by Bennett, Brown, and Warner, club drills and races. It is quite possible Crawford will be present, who, as he is getting into fine condition, may show a mile or two which will surprise a good many.

The little people known as the Royal American Midgets are about to become tricyclists. During the present week they have been holding receptions at Coventry, and one of the local manufacturers has presented them with a machine specially constructed and adapted to their requirements. The machine is said to be the smallest of its kind in the world.

Charles B. Keefer, aged 6 years and 7 months, residing at Washington, D. C., is probably the youngest amateur bicyclist in the United States, performing various feats on the wheel with the utmost confidence, will coast long hill with feet over handle-bars.

Gaskell, who visited the Springfield meet, has won prizes valued at \$4,500. His eighteen American prizes aggregated \$1,500. Speaking of this gentleman calls to mind a very sad occurrence. He was entered in a race at Leeds, and Mr. Gaskell, Sr., decided, unknown to his son, to see the sport. The poor old gentleman was troubled with heart disease, and during the race became so excited that he dropped dead at the moment his son rushed first past the post.

CHICAGO, December 13th.—The proposed bicycle team race between Woodside and Brooks, and Morgan and Louise Armaindo, which was to have begun December 22d, at Battery D Armory, and last six days, twelve hours daily, for \$250 a side, has fallen through. A forfeit of \$50 each had been put up in the hands of T. Z. Cowles, editor of *The Mirror of American Sports*, with the agreement to put up the remaining \$200 a side in installments of \$100, December 11th and 16th. Tom Eck, who was to back Morgan and Armaindo, paid forfeit, and the match is off. Eck was depending on John S. Prince to take the place of Morgan, who is disabled in one of his feet, but Prince refused to go in, saying he didn't want to take part in a six-day race at present. So the money was taken down by Woodside on the 11th inst.

The series of weekly bicycle races, under cover, inaugurated by the Reading, Pa., Bicycle Club, was continued last Thursday at the Keystone Skating Rink, in Reading. In the slow race, the second of the series, Mr. Henritzy won in three-quarters of a minute, the remaining entries having been George W. Miller and W. Irving Wilhelm. The first 1½-mile race, in which George W. Miller and Fred W. Krueger engaged, was declared in favor of Krueger because of a foul by Miller, the foul being a run-in on Krueger's wheel. The second 1½-mile race was won by Mr. J. Arthur Curtis over Mr. Henritzy, Curtis coming along in splendid form in 5m. 40s. The third 1½-mile race was won by W. Irving Wilhelm in 6m. 9s. over Mr. Kline's 6m. 11½s, this being the closest race of the lot. The result of the races was very satisfactory, and next Thursday they draw to a close, when the prizes will be awarded.—*Ex.*

MEMORIES OF THE KENNEBEC TOUR

Editor of the Wheel: As the first account of the "Kennebec Trip," taken last summer, originally appeared

in THE WHEEL, I have thought that the inclosed poem might be of interest to your readers. The poem was read at the banquet given to the "Tourists" at Skowhegan, on evening of July 31st, and was written by Mr. Edward Fuller, one of the principal movers in the reception given us at that time. Though not a judge of such matters, it appears to me to have many good points, and as read by the author, was certainly very interesting.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS B. GRAVES.

A LEGEND OF THE KENNEBEC

(Composed and read by Mr. Edward Fuller, of Skowhegan, Me., at the banquet given to the "Kennebec Tourists," July 31, 1884.)

Far upward in the Northlands your thoughts I wish to take
Where, nestling 'mid the mountains, there lies a peaceful lake,
Her waters seldom wrathful like the mighty deep,
For the mountains guard this jewel which on their breast they keep.
The children of the forest have dwelt upon the shore
And caught the trout and shot the deer for countless years before.
They have a legend, sweet in its simplicity and truth,
Which ancient chieftains used to tell to dusky maid and youth:
A thousand thousand moons ago when Manitou, the Just,
Had raised the mountains clothed with woods and left them in our trust,
He said unto our fathers: "My children, we must part,
But I shall ever keep for you a warm and loving heart.
Be just and good and trust in me, a friend unseen but near,"
And as he hid his face and wept, he dropped a shining tear,
Which, falling downward through the skies, became this liquid gem,
This lake amid the forest broad to please the eyes of men.
The waves, the children of the lake, played up and down the shore;
They tossed the pebbles to and fro and cared for nothing more;
But one bright wavelet, resting 'neath the pines one summer day,
Heard the mountains whisper something of an ocean far away,
Of a broad and mighty ocean, whose waves were mountain high,
Whose breathings rose in gorgeous arcs between the earth and sky;
And the youth set forth with gladness to seek the mighty deep
And left the lovely lake behind to mourn for him and weep.
She sobbed upon her shores all night and through the cheerless day;
The heart was filled with sorrow that once was light and gay.
He tumbled over ledges, but laughed and sang with glee:
"I'm off to seek the waters of the great and mighty sea!"
He heard the tiny brooks go singing through the forest aisles
And called them forth to take his hand with winning words and smiles.
As larger streams came dancing down the rugged mountain-side
He took them to his bosom as a bridegroom takes his bride.
And, then grown strong and lusty, a river deep and grand,
He dashed in torrents, whirled in pools, or slept on shining sand.
The mountains chanted sad farewells and waved their verdant plumes;
The hill-sides echoed back his laugh in swiftly changing tunes.
At length he reached a pleasant vale with hills encircled round
And here a shining jewel, a worthy prize, was found:
A lovely, dark-green island now rests within those arms
Which guard it from all danger and turbulent alarms,
But up again and onward he reached his goal at last
And mingled with the waters of the ocean, deep and vast,

A. H. Robinson, better known as "Doodle," has quitted England; in fact he has sailed for America, not, however, to return "that medal," but goes farther south; his destination is the Panama Canal.

CANADIAN TOURING.

MONTREAL TO SOREL.—QUEBEC TO MATANE.

[Reported to Karl Kron by the Captain of the Ottawa Bicycle Club. His description of the route from Ottawa to Montreal was printed in THE WHEEL of last week.]

The trip from Montreal to Quebec has not yet been done. As I had heard that the road along the North shore of the river was rough and sandy, I chose the unknown South shore one, crossing by ferry to Longneuil. From Longneuil to Boucherville, five miles, the road is a rough macadam, which it is a relief to exchange for the very fair clay one which extends from Boucherville, through Varennes, to Vercheres, 16 miles distant. A good French hotel here, with the unusual luxury of a bath-room. From Vercheres a market steamer runs daily to Montreal.

After passing Vercheres, the road is difficult, and soon unridable, being hopelessly sandy. At Sorel, 25 miles further, a party of surveyors told me that the road continued sandy for at least 90 miles—as far as they had been. So sandy, indeed, that it is difficult with horse and carriage. Of course, there are always foot path and grass chances, and a wheelman, with plenty of time on his hands, might do the trip very well. As I was impatient by looking forward to Lower St. Lawrence wheeling, and was restricted as to time, I took the boat at Sorel for Quebec.

The ride from Quebec to Cacouna, 131 miles, is a fine one. Beautiful scenery, bracing air, and a road that makes 60 or 70 miles a day easy. Is not this heaven? It reads like it. And indeed, amid such happy surroundings, it is not difficult to lap care, and hold one's lead—until dinner time. That pressing need, and the inadequate means at hand for satisfying it, brings swift realization of the fact that one is still of earth and of that particular French-Canadian portion of it, where fresh meat and angels' visits are of like rarity. Salt pork abounds, and fish can be procured, but this diet won't give a wheelman wings. It is not a record-breaking diet. I have, however, discovered possibilities of beefsteak in the following villages, which the tourist will do well to note and arrange his wheeling hours accordingly:—Montmagny, L'Islet, Riviere Ouelle, Kamouraska, Notre Dame du Portage, and, of course, Riviere du Loup. For details of the road, see C. W. A. Guide Book.

Of the road from Cacouna to Trois Pistoles, 30 miles, I cannot speak experimentally. I have been several miles below Cacouna, and found it passable for a bicycle, and the inhabitants assured me it preserved the same character the rest of the way. It is, however, quite impassible for a tri cycle, owing to high grass ridges between the wheel tracks. As I had been joined by a tricyclist at Riviere du Loup, I submitted to the indignity of a 30-mile skip by rail here.

Trois Pistoles is a refreshment station on the Intercolonial Railway, and

excellent accommodation can be found at the restaurant. There is a good beach for bathing near by.

From Trois Pistoles to "Bic," 31 miles, the road is a fair clay one, 20 miles through St. Simon to St. Fabian, after which it changes to gravel, and improves with every mile, until at Bic, it is nearly perfect. The scenery on this last ten miles is very attractive. From Trois Pistoles the road, which has clung to the shore up to this point, takes a more inland course. After leaving St. Fabian, it descends into a beautiful valley, walled in on either side by lofty mountains. The only outlet is found by following a secretive little river to where it joins Bic Bay, and this the road does to good purpose, revealing a widening prospect with every pedal-push, until the Bay itself, sentinelled by woody islands, with Bic village stretching along its curving shores, and beyond the almost limitless water-reach of old St. Lawrence, presents a scene that commands the attention of the most prosaic.

Bic is a popular sea-side resort, and there is fair hotel accommodation. There is no hotel at either St. Simon or St. Fabian.

From Bic to Rimouski, 12 miles, the road is a little soft for 2 miles, to where Hatte Bay, a popular bathing beach, is passed, after which it hardens and affords most satisfactory wheeling. At Rimouski there are two hotels and a barber's shop. From Rimouski the road is a fine gravel one, and runs along the beach. There are no mills worth mentioning, and the wheelman can "rush" with impunity for 26 miles. Four miles from Rimouski, Father Point is passed. In summer this is the point of reception and dispatch for the Canadian Trans-Atlantic mail service. Mails are conveyed thus far by rail, and are here shipped by "tender" to passing steamers. The wharf is of extraordinary length and rideable from end to end.

St. Luce (no hotel) is 6 miles further, and St. Flavie, with one poor hotel, 10 miles beyond St. Luce. At St. Flavie the old government "Metapedia" road is found running inland to New Brunswick with tempting directness, the direction board reading 110 miles to Campbellton, N. B. Leaving St. Flavie, the road continues unchanged in character for 6 miles, when it leaves the beach for higher ground, and is hilly for 4 miles to Grand Metis. There are 2 hotels here, and the Metis river affords good fishing. The "Falls," about 1½ miles up the river, are well worth a visit.

From Grand Metis to Little Metis, 7 miles, is principally beach road again, and affords delightful wheeling. Little Metis is a popular summer resort and either one of the two large hotels, "Tariff Hall" and "Astor House," will be found satisfactory.

From Little Metis to Matane, 26 miles, the road continues a beach one of excellent quality, 2 hours 10 minutes being my time over it. The villages en route offer but scant accommodation and it is better not to depend on them. Two little rivers, the "Tantijoux" and "Blanche," are crossed. The latter has an attractive "fall" a short distance from the road.

At Matane, the hotel kept by Mr. Fraser, the Norwegian vice-consul, will be found satisfactory. Matane is literally the "get off" place on this

Lower St. Lawrence route. Consequently, I got off here, and made it the "terminus" of my tour. The road is said to struggle on for a few parishes further, and is then lost in the mountains. There is no railway connection within thirty miles, and a city man feels a refreshing sense of isolation that he can never experience, while within daily ear-shot of a locomotive's bell and whistle. Salmon and trout fishing and good bathing facilities are the recreative inducements the village offers.

From Trois Pistoles to Matane would make a fine straightaway century. Bic, Rumouski and Little Metis, can be depended on for good hearty fare, and the road affords seventy miles of beautiful wheeling, while the remaining thirty is not by any means bad. There are four or five hills that cannot be ridden, but they are steep rather than long, and will not cause much loss of time.

To a man looking for recreation this Lower St. Lawrence route cannot be too highly recommended, for besides its attractive scenery, which I have but touched on, and its sea bathing advantages, I have but hinted at in the above report, the route possesses social interest of a peculiar nature, inasmuch as it introduces him to a country where the old Feudal system still exists. True, it is now modified into some semblance of consistency with

modern ideas of equity, but this change is a recent one, and has really been effected on paper only, the original customs still obtaining to a degree that gives a distinct character to these people. Distances are reckoned in leagues, half leagues, and acres; superstitions of a past age are cherished, and quaint little customs of the "long ago" surprise one at every turn; in short, the trip is like a dive into a past century, from which a man comes back refreshed, and capable for the requirements of this exacting nineteenth one. F. M. S. JENKINS.
OTTAWA, Nov. 22, 1884.

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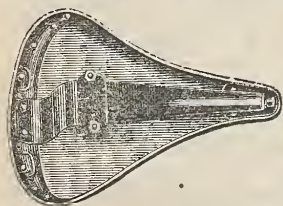
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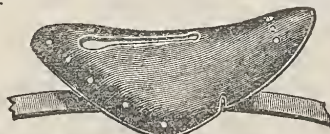
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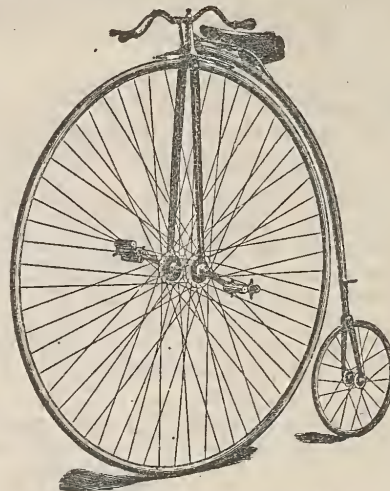
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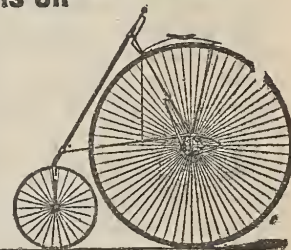
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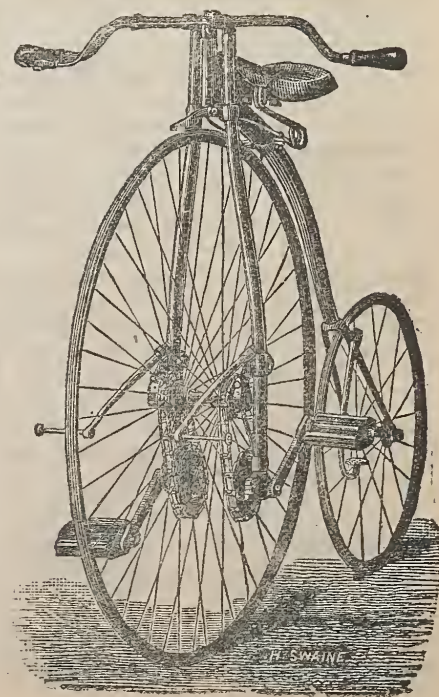
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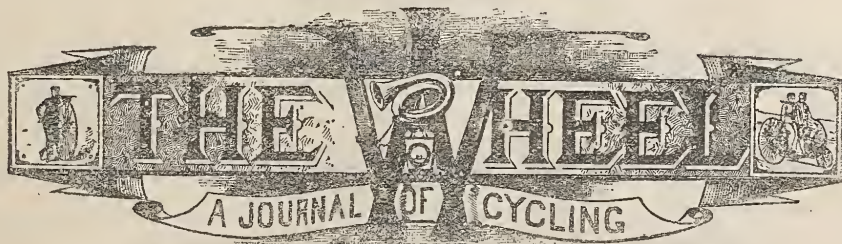
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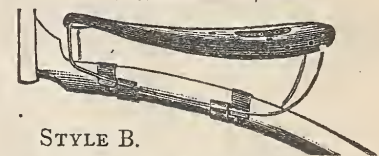
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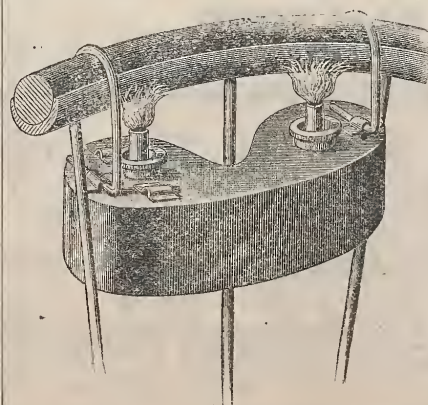
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