

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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To Subscribers and Correspondents.

Subscribers must be particular to notify the Publishers promptly of any change in their address. If they do not receive their paper regularly it is on this account.

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.

All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

WHEEL GOSSIP.

Central Park.

Open all day to club members in uniform.

On the West Drive between 59th and 72d streets.

Riverside Drive.

For bicyclers and tricyclers at all hours.

Under the same restrictions.

Badges will be controlled by N. M. Beckwith.

Specifications of machines must be filed with the special commissioners.

Each wheelman must provide himself with a club and be sworn in as a deputy sheriff.

He must also promise to arrest any one found in the park without a badge.

No offensive colors are to be worn.

Wheelmen carrying club colors to be suspended for thirty days.

No dudes allowed without being attached to a string at least four feet in length.

What next?

The Hudson County Wheelmen's Entertainment was a great success.

We begin in this issue a series of Boston letters.

If it were practical we would cancel every club subscription.

The thought of from ten to one hundred men using the same copy, is flattering to the editor, but not the publishers.

If wheelmen would stop and consider that upwards of \$10,000 a year is expended by the bicycling journals of this country, they would be more willing to contribute to their support.

The Citizens Bicycle Club will give a house warming to the neighboring clubs and their friends, at their new club house, 313 West 58th street, on Wednesday evening, December 3d. The programme consists of a varied musical entertainment by the club members, humorous selections by Mr. Robert J. Burdette, a brief lecture by Mr. Thomas Stevens, who recently rode from San Francisco to Boston on his bicycle, and amateur sparring. The arrangements are in the hands of a competent committee, and promises to be the most successful affair ever given in bicycling circles. A well known caterer has been engaged to supply the wants of the inner man, and already the cards of admission are eagerly sought for.

Over 3,000 Duryea saddles have been sold in the U. S. during the past year. The patents just granted on this saddle for Great Britain are offered for sale in our advertising columns, and we feel safe in recommending it as a valuable property in the hands of an active business man up in the wheel.

Dr. G. L. Henderson is now wearing a diamond cluster ring about the size of a half-dollar. Until the late tournament it adorned the hand of a lady well known among wheelmen. The doctor is said to be acting in the place of the lady's father's brother.—*Ex.*

We have a few tickets on sale for the games of the American Athletic Club on Saturday, December 6th. There will be bicycle races, fancy riding by Finley and others, and other races well worth seeing.

The 'Cyclist' of November 12th, contains a lithograph supplement of the Starley monument, which was formally unveiled by the Mayor of Coventry, November 8th. It is a very handsome piece of work, judging from the illustration.

I use the Duryea saddle in all my road rides; also in racing prefer it to all others, and feel confident I can make better time on it than with any saddle made. E. F. Landy, Cincinnati Bicycle Club.—*Ex.*

The Secretary of the Kings County Wheelmen has just sent in ten additional names to Karl Kron, making a total of thirty-five representatives of that club whose names will be printed among the 3,000 supporters of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle." The Springfield and the Citizens are the only two clubs now outranking it on the list, whose total was reported to us last Tuesday night as 2,064.

The games of the Seventh Regiment occurred at the Armory last Saturday, and were enjoyed by over 3,000 people. The mile and three mile races were easily won by A. B. Rich, in 3m. 12 2-5sec., and 10m. 52 2-5sec. The handicapping was atrocious. John L. Stearns was at scratch, while Rich had starts from 25 to 75 yards. Rich's records are some 20 seconds faster than Stearns', and the moral is obvious. The time was good for a nine-lap board track with sharp corners.

Mark Twain uses the Duryea saddle on his bicycle.—*Ex.*

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

The first intimation of the close of the riding season is the initial snow-storm, and ours came upon us Thursday last; it was a very feeble one, and there are few traces of it now visible in the city, outside, however; the roads are still very muddy and will continue so for several days, after which it is probable we shall have a good many opportunities to ride before snow flies again and winter comes to stay.

It is remarkable, considering the unusual amount of good riding weather for this season of the year, that so small a number of 'cyclers are to be met with on the road; perhaps it may not be politic to assign a cause for this, but it seems to me that a correspondent should give things as he finds them. Either I have wheeled over obscure roads, and at odd times, or Boston wheelmen are losing interest in the sport.

I am inclined to think that the latter is the correct solution, for during the past six weeks I have covered close on to 450 miles, riding through the most frequented highways; in these trips of the comparatively few men

encountered three-fifths of them were members of the "grand army" and self convicted, by raiment and awkwardness, as being the veriest tyros.

When I say, Boston wheelmen, I mean the club men who have, so to speak, set the fashion and contributed so much to the popularity of 'cycling in this vicinity.

Boston is fast losing the prestige it has held for so many years, and will have to part with it altogether, unless the clubs make an earnest and combined effort to restore it to its former greatness. I venture to say that both the city clubs together have not called six runs since Sept. 1st. What we want is, more club runs, and a big tournament next year worthy of Boston and Bostonians. I understand, that a movement is on foot to have such a meeting. If this be so, and I sincerely hope it is, its projectors should be given every encouragement to carry out their plans.

The Roxbury Club has at last been permanently gathered to its fathers, and the Crescent Club is practically dead, at least so far as wheeling is concerned. This, with the disbandment of the Ramblers, leaves the Massachusetts and Bostons in possession of the field, and they will, no doubt, continue to hold it without being molested for some time to come. The consolidation of the Ramblers netted the Massachusetts Club 19 members.

While road riding has languished, the social features of cycling continue to hold their own, as witness the first "Ladies' Night" of the season, which was given by the Boston Club Friday, Nov. 21st, at their elegantly appointed club house on Boylston street.

Naturally a club with a membership of over 300 might be expected to gather in force on such an occasion, and they did, completely filling every part of the house open to them.

With the exception of a few flowers nothing in the way of decoration was attempted. The evening's programme was principally a musical one, and plenty of it. The Germania band was present and discoursed their sweetest airs during the interludes in the regular programme, which opened with a vocal solo by Buck entitled "In the Dreams," which was given by Mrs. B. L. Beal who did full justice to the song, as was evidenced by the favor with which it was received. The second number was a violin solo by Ernst, "Souvenir de Bal," given by Miss Alice A. Lathrop, who handled

the bow with skill of an artiste. Mr. Herman P. Chelius then delighted every one with instrumental selections, giving Rhapsodie No. 6 and parts of Rigoletto, by Liszt. Mr. W. N. Dunham then rendered in exquisite style two tenor songs by Rubenstein. The features of the evening was reserved for the last and consisted of recitations by Mr. Leland T. Powers who was obliged to give three of them before his enthusiastic audience were satisfied. His selections were, "The Dinner Scene from David Garrick," "John James Godfrey," by Mark Twain, and "Uriah Heep."

A splendid collation was then served in the billiard room, after which there was dancing for those who cared to participate.

The affair taken altogether was a most successful one, and speaks well for the taste of the entertainment committee, which this year consists of Lowell T. Field, chairman, Charles Pfaff, E. C. Hodges, A. L. Bond, H. P. Chelius, W. N. and L. R. Dunham. There is a rumor that the Boston Club are seriously considering a proposition to build a club house, to be ready when their present lease runs out, but I have not been able to find any one who knows anything definite about it. The new quarters of the Massachusetts Club are fast approaching completion and the contractors expect to be able to deliver possession by the specified time, which is I think January 1st. It is said that the Massachusetts Club intend to signalize their occupancy by a Red-Letter night that will make all past bicycle social events appear insignificant, if they do, they will have to move expeditiously, and in slang parlance, "get up early in the morning." The opening will undoubtedly be a brilliant one, and largely attended. When finished their house will be, with the possible exception of the Albany Club, the finest extant, for cycling purposes. Some of the dealers here are about to make a change in their location. Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. will move inside of a month to 152, 154, and 156 Congress street, and the Cunningham Co., who are still in the clutches of the government, take up their quarters in the Institute Fair building, at the further end of Huntington avenue, sometime within the same period. Apropos of the Cunningham Co., I am told that the man formerly in their employ, who set the Custom House upon them, expecting to receive a moiety as an informer, will get badly left, even should the government make good their claim against this unfortunate firm, as Congress repealed the lawgiving moieties in such cases some time ago. This scoundrel ought to be hunted out of town. The company have the sympathy of wheelmen in their difficulties with the Custom House officers, which no one believes were incurred knowingly by them. It looks very much now as if the government intended to strip them of almost all they have. The firm will probably make arrangements with their creditors to enable them to continue in business.

The latest novelty in machines is the Rudge Safety, "of which there is but one at present in this country." I send you a cut and description of it by this mail. The wheel has several apparent advantages over the "Kangaroo" which seem to me to be practical, but

I do not like to give an opinion until I have tried it on the road, which I expect to do shortly.

The Pope Manufacturing Co. have made the plans for a new tricycle to be brought out next season. It is said that it will differ materially from and be a vast improvement over this year's machine. Let us hope that they will leave off a few pounds from its present weight.

The membership of the League in Massachusetts is, to date, 640. This is larger than last year, yet the defections from the roster of 1883-4 is fully 40 per cent. Of this number, about one-third have given up riding, leaving the actual loss in the State of last year's members, say, 35 per cent., which, I understand, is about the average.

Mr. H. D. Corey, who has been abroad for S. L. & Co., was tendered a banquet at Coventry, Eng., on the 1st inst. Mr. Corey sailed for home November 22, in the "Servia." While at Coventry he was presented by the Rudge people with a 53-inch racer in recognition of the fact that he was the first man to climb Corey Hill.

The Charlestown Bicycle Club are having quite a boom in membership; taking into consideration the condition of the roads in that district, a roll of twenty is doing well. The Secretary of the club, Mr. Charles W. Howard, has a good record this year, he has taken thirty-five rides since March 23d, the last one November 9th; between these dates he covered 1,408 miles, an average of 40¼ miles per ride.

Speaking of Howard, reminds me of the cycle editor of the *Globe*, Charles S., who has been laid up for several weeks with typhoid fever; at last accounts he was convalescent, and his friends expect him to be out in a week or two.

There was a sensation on the Brighton road and the Reservoir several days ago. It was created by the appearance of four cyclers with a new head gear. Each mansported a tall hat, veritable old-time plugs, and riding four abreast, they presented an odd sight. The effect produced was peculiar; an unusual number of teams were out, and progress was necessarily slow, therefore the adventurous wheelmen were the "observed of all observers." About one half the people who saw them imagined it was "the latest," the rest took in the true state of affairs and seemed to appreciate the joke, so did the small boys along the route, and one of the party who had on a regular "St. Patrick," was saluted time and again with cries of "Whiskers," "Chestnuts," etc. It is safe to say the experiment stands alone, and will have no second performance.

W. I. H.

Boston, Nov. 24th, 1884.

OUTING FOR DECEMBER.

Outing for December brings the breath of summer and her out-of-door delights into the atmosphere of our artificially-warmed rooms and in-door occupations. The first of the series called "Tangle-Leaf Papers," by Mr. Maurice Thompson, appears in this number, and is so alive with the real spirit of nature that even the lay reader catches the enthusiasm of her devotee. "I have often thought," says Mr.

Thompson, "that even criticism in our country would have more virility in it if the critics had more time and more inclination to study nature outside of cities and greenhouses. * * * How tasteless become the polished bits of conventional art when we attempt to enjoy them in the open air, where the violets grow and the wild vine hangs its festoons!" One is tempted to quote liberally from this Tangle-Leaf Paper, for every one of its sentences is a rich and succulent morsel. "A Canoe Camp 'mid Hudson Highlands" is the leading article, from the pen of Mr. Kirk Munroe. It is profusely illustrated, and is a graphic account of the last annual meet of Hudson-river canoeists, with descriptions of Hudson scenery and interesting bits of incident and anecdote. "A-Wheel in Three Continents" is an entertaining account of the writer's wheeling experiences in India, England, Nova Scotia, and Canada. It is by Mr. C. M. Douglass. "Good Common Roads and How to Make Them" is a sound and practical article by President Bates, which ought to be read by every wheelman, every farmer, and every county and suburban resident of the United States. It discusses the highways of the United States, points out their merits and their defects, especially the latter, and strongly advocates a sweeping reform in the manner of levying and collecting road taxes and performing the work of road-making and repairing. Yachtsmen will be interested in the "Yawl-Rig," by Mr. David Hall Rice and the "Yacht Race off City Point," by Mr. Peleg Aborn. "A Romance of a Ride" is an illustrated poem by Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, and is, in the happiest vein of this clever young writer of *vers de societe*. The novelette, "A Quaint Little Maid," by Mr. Charles Richards Dodge, is brought to a fortunate *finale* in this number. The other contributions fill out a quota of good things. The "Amenities" department is unusually laughable. The editorial and record departments are strong and full, and make up a good number of this bright and growing magazine.

THE BROOKLYN HEIGHTS BICYCLE RINK.

Mr. T. Hunt Sterry, formerly of E. 59th street, New York, has recently opened at the corner of Fulton avenue and Orange street, in Brooklyn, by far the best riding school that city has ever seen. It is very large, 120x65, and commodious, and gives the beginner ample room to tumble to his heart's content. The floor is of unusually good quality there being no loose planks or holes. There are no posts at all. Connected with the main hall is a locker room arranged to accommodate 100, and as good riding is only a block distant many unattached wheelmen avail themselves of this opportunity of storing their wheels. The office also connects with the main hall, and in it besides the ordinary desks, etc., are a complete stock of sundries and parts. Up one flight of stairs is the machine shop. A competent machinist has been engaged, who with a lathe and all tools necessary justifies Mr. Sterry's claim that he can do as good work as anybody in the business. Mr. Sterry has pro-

cured the agency of the Columbia, Rudge, Brit. Challenge and all other makes of high-class bicycles and tricycles. Roller skating is permitted every afternoon. Brooklyn has long needed a first-class place of this sort, and now that Mr. Sterry has had sufficient enterprise to fit up this hall we trust our sister city will patronize him sufficiently to make the venture a success in every way. The hall is reached by all surface cars running to the Brooklyn bridge and ferries, from which it is only a short walk.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

While the tail end of my letters will remain the same, I have after several weeks of mature deliberation concluded that the above caption will better fill the bill. Modesty alone prevents my real signature, which some of these days I may reveal, but at present I prefer to remain incog.

There is joy in the camp of the club men, and weeping and gnashing of teeth among the mugwumps, for once, has the superiority of the former been shown with telling effect, although in this free and enlightened country it causes a blush of shame to mantle many a cheek.

The Park Commissioners at a recent meeting declared all bets off, or rather they revoked all passes and privileges of the Central Park and Riverside Drive ever granted to wheelmen, and have thrown open the gates of Central Park, or rather the West Drive, between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-second streets, to *uninformed members of clubs only*. The Riverside Drive has been opened to bicyclers and tricyclers at all hours. This is indeed a worthy concession, and one that will no doubt be appreciated by the three wheelers.

The old pass privileges were, I understand, rather abused, or rather the policemen never took pains to ask riders to produce them, and consequently at times the drive was free to all, and some very narrow escapes have been had by novices who used the smooth roads for the purpose of learning to ride. The last order provides that numbered badges are to be given out to members of clubs, and these must be worn on every occasion, the loaning of a badge to terminate his privileges. As in the case of the Park, the privilege is only extended to members of clubs, and I am consequently left out in the cold. I know that there are many unattached riders who can maintain their equilibrium as well as the best club man afloat; but this is not the point. The privileges have been obtained through the influence of club men, and as they are to be held responsible, I don't blame them for enjoying their privileges.

Yes, brother mugwumps, let us apply at once to these clubs, and get inside the charmed circle, or else form new clubs of our own. There is plenty of raw material afloat, and I am not so old but what I can remember the early struggles of the thirteen Citizens and Ixions.

The arrangements for the "stag racket" of the Citizens, December 3d, are now nearly all completed. I have seen the neat invitations and longed to possess one, but not being a club man, I will probably have to linger around the door and catch a chance

strain of music as it is wafted through the stilly night. A fine musical performance has been laid out, so I understand, together with a little boxing by some well known amateurs. Jim Burdette is to be on hand and will doubtless amuse and entertain to the best of his ability, and that is apparently unlimited. Nearly all the clubs have responded to the invitations, and it would not surprise me if five hundred people should be present. Large delegations are expected from out of town, and the affair will no doubt add another plume to the cap of the Citizens.

The Ixions are still alive, and the Owl continues to grace the club room on rare occasions, his predicted flight to the South not having yet become an actual fact.

The "Kangaroo" has captured the hearts of tricyclers and bicyclers, and already several have been purchased. By next spring I have no doubt that they will become a familiar sight in the Park and on the roads. A Hummer Tandem stored at Bidwell's attracts considerable attention, and the discussions are many and varied regarding its efficiency. It looks extremely light for our roads, but I have no doubt it will stand the test, as the workmanship is excellent. X. Y. Z.

"MISS CAROLINE SUSAN SARAH JANE WHITE."

Miss Caroline Susan Sarah Jane White
Lived out on her father's farm,
She was blessed with an excellent appetite;
Three meals a day, and a lunch at night,
She would take with a gusto, and feel all right;

The amount seemed to do her no harm.

For she grew up lazy, and sturdy, and strong;
And could skip and jump like a colt,
And all the good "vittals" they'd bring along

She would straight polish off, and as for Soochong,
Bohea, Young Hyson, Japan, or Oolong,
She, cup after cup would bolt.

At last the young lady got rather too fat,
Too rounded and full for her age,
She scarcely had room on the chair she sat,
Each lounge in the house was rendered quite flat,

And her bed was compressed to the depth of a mat,
And her parents flew into a rage.

"This is getting to thin," the old man roared,

"Too thin?" said the old woman "No."
"She's getting too stout and we can't afford
To feed her so highly, we'll send her to board,"

To the city where her appetite will be ignored.
So to a city "hash house" she did go.

Alas for Miss C. S. S. J. White,
What a great falling off in her food!
Thin porridge for breakfast; for supper at night.

She had thin bread and butter, and tea very light,
And the dinner! 't would hardly furnish a bite,
But she swallowed it not to be rude.

Now at this dwelling of soup and such like,
Lived Mr. Augustus Cyrus James Leather,
Who rode around town on a nickel plate bike,

And who on Miss White made a decided strike,

By showing her what wheeling was like,
As they spent the long evenings together.

So when the old man came and brought her home,

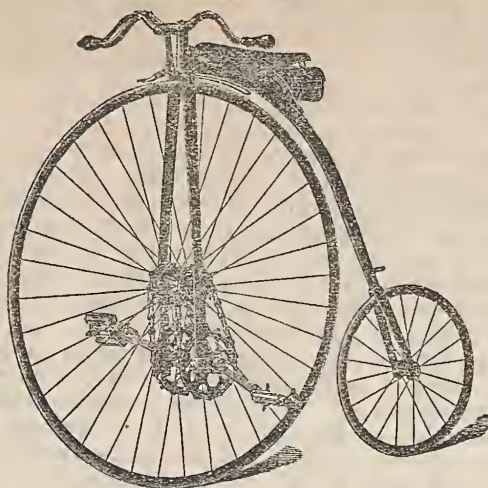
She jumped with joy on the heather,
For though she was nothing but skin and bone,

She knew she weighed something over a stone,

And the rider soon came to call her his own
Mrs. Caroline Susan Sarah Jane Leather.

"GEORGIUS,"

THE RUDGE SAFETY BICYCLE.



"The Rudge Safety" is, as its name implies, a bicycle combining the safety of a tricycle with the speed and ease of a bicycle. It is, in fact, a miniature Rudge with a hollow square bar extending from each side of the axle of the driving wheel down in a direct line with the front fork eight inches; to the lower end of these bars is attached a ball bearing through which passes a short axle; on the end nearest the driving wheel is keyed a gear wheel having 15 teeth, and on the other end is a crank having from five to six and one-half inches throw. The front wheel is fitted with a hollow rim, seven-eighths-inch tire, and direct spokes. The hub is gun metal, and the flanges are 3 inches in diameter; the distance between the inner side of the flanges is 3 inches. The flanges are extended out three-quarters of an inch on each side of the wheel, and have a row of teeth, nine in number, extending around them, the power being transmitted from the larger gear wheel, before mentioned, to the hub of the driving wheel by means of a Morgan's patent endless chain, which, from its peculiar construction, allows much less friction than any other kind. It has Rudge's ball bearings to all frictional parts, including pedals, the front wheel bearing being of a specially constructed pattern for this wheel. The front forks, head, handle bar, brake, backbone, spring, rear fork, etc., do not differ materially from the ordinary Rudge light roadster's. The rear wheel is 16 inches in diameter, fitted with a three-quarter inch hollow rim, three-quarter round tire and direct spokes, as well as with the Rudge ball bearings. The brake is about the same as the light roadster, the safety being derived from the large proportion of the weight of the machine being placed at the lower end of the fork extension, which acts as an anchor to keep the rear wheel on terra firma. The steering differs in no way from the ordinary bicycle, and is not "sensitive," as is the case when the forks are carried back of the centre of the wheel, instead of through it. The rider is placed well over his work, his weight being directly away with much of the unpleasant jar incident to machines with a larger amount of rake, where the weight is thrown almost entirely on the small wheel. The weight of the machine complete, including saddle and pedals, is but 37 pounds. The extreme height is 42 inches, and the length 54 inches. It is by far the most convenient machine on the market for storage or transportation

purposes, and is certainly the easiest to mount and dismount, while in propelling and steering it equals the ordinary. It is extremely neat and graceful in appearance, and is well adapted to all kinds of road work, hill climbing, and racing.—*Ex.*

STRANGER THAN TRUTH.

Tertius, my dear boy, my delay in acknowledging the correctness of the official returns, so far as stated, as published by you, relative to our trip, was occasioned not by any coward's desire to wither your facile imagination, smirch your splattered escutcheon, or spot your polka-dotted guerdon, by refusing to endorse your statements, but from the fact that I have been busy accepting good cheer from sundry gloomy Republicans. Now that I have waxed fat and the gander "honks" high, I can and am disposed to think well of my fellow men, and deal charitably towards them and particularly to you.

I felt the joy the hard-pressed fox experiences when he dashes in the safe confines of his den, the ecstatic bliss of the half-starved screech owl when he becomes aware that his left claw holds tight a fat field mouse, the rapturous turbulency you exhibited when you discovered that nickle in your last year's ulster. But alas! I did not reach that height of serene æsthetic contentment that I did when I alighted on that car and waved you adieu, dear boy, when I read your remarks. But I was happy, and I cried aloud. Behold! my reputation has been established. Tertius has said I am a truthful girl, and Tertius is an honorable man. In fact all bicyclers are honorable men. There is Capt. J. of our club, for instance, the mighty man who writes a circular "unsurpassed by none." He is an honorable man, though he spent several years in China (store), and others whom it is too risky to mention.

But, dear boy, whilst it gives me pleasure to read your recital, it grieves me deeply, though it does not surprise me, that one who possesses such a phenomenal extent the faculty of promulgating the Gospel truth, should be too lazy to tell all, but leaving to me the unpleasant task of publishing the parts that you so carelessly left out. I believe, Terty, that it was carelessness on your part, 'fore God I do, thus creating in the minds of all fair minded readers that you are not altogether quite just too honorable. Don't you know an honest

byker is the noblest work of the L. A. W.? Looking back on the events of that day, I must repeat that I had reasons for thinking your *genre* a strange one. Dear reader, hair grew profusely over head, face, neck, and hands, long, unkempt, tangled with burrs, and speckled here and there by feathers, suggesting clandestine proximity to hen roosts. He rode a Kangaroo. Was it not excusable, my mistaking him for an Australian bushman? I assuredly was astonished when he completed his ablutions. His toilet articles were a wash of equal parts of concentrated lye, silver sand, a wisp of straw, a fine tooth comb, and a lump of beeswax.

When he used the wash and wiped his face and hands on the wisp of straw, I confess I watched him with interest. When he, with the manner of an expert, performed with the fine tooth comb, why, putting it as delicately as possible, I used sulphur soap for a week, and the landlord had to fumigate his hotel.

I must admit when he picked up the lump of beeswax and placing it between his teeth, closed his mouth, then slowly opened it and repeated the operation, my curiosity overcame my breeding, and I gasped, "What's that thing?" "A tooth-brush we mudsills call it," he answered.

He then explained the *modus operandi*, i. e.: "The adhesiveness of the wax caused it to stick tightly to the teeth, thus when they were withdrawn it retained a certain proportion of their 'foreignites'."

The idea was so novel that I borrowed a small piece from him which adhered to my teeth.

I then shew him a genuine tooth-brush, and told him if he would accompany me to the next town I would certainly present one to him. He agreed to go after dinner. I might casually insert here that I paid for the dinner. After which I persuaded him to visit a barber, and as it was his first visit in such a place, he evinced but little fear. The conclusion of the tousorial operations exhibited a very handsome, intelligent American citizen. I congratulated him on the improvement, paid the barber I might add, and we started on our journey.

I acknowledge that I am a very hearty diner, and that Tertius is an extraordinary road rider. I have never met his superior.

The times he gives I am sure are correct. And he made such a pace that I was glad enough to reach that long coast, and was also, owing to a few peculiarities he shew, anxious to part company.

When the railroad came in sight and the train obstructed the road, I saw my opportunity. The trick of standing on the rear wheel and bounding over obstructions was not new to me. In fact, it is as common as coasting down our way. As he flew over the car, I quietly manipulated my brake and alighted on top of one.

The pantomime I indulged in, whilst doing the stand-still act, was not an effort to pick the beeswax from my teeth; it was that little act of holding one's thumb to his nose, and wagging the four fingers that expresses so much.

Several days afterwards I was slowly riding along a road that ran between a broad river and a perpen-

dicular cliff, at least three thousand feet high, as smooth as a sheet of glass. I reached a spot of enchanting loveliness, and was enacting the stand-still whilst viewing it, when to my astonishment I slowly lifted off the ground and began ascending through the air, still seated on my byke. Up I arose until I grew dizzy, and the river seemed a thread of white silk. Higher, higher. An arm grasped me, and pulled me over the edge of the cliff, and I heard a familiar chuckle. My heart grew faint. Again I was in his clutches. I turned and looked on him. The chuckle expanded in a mellow laugh. I cried, Tertius, you snoozer!

SECRETARY.

A CENTURY RUN.

Editor of The Wheel: Possibly a short account of a 105 mile run taken November 13th, may be of interest to your many readers, as giving some information regarding roads, etc., at that time of year.

Four or five of our club, the "Northampton," had decided to start on the run, but at 4 A. M. no one having appeared but the writer, he started alone on the trip. Roads from this place to Amherst, 7 miles, were much as usual, fair in the first half, sandy and poor the last part. Reached Amherst about 5.15, in good shape. Was out of Amherst and well on the Belchertown road by daylight. Reached Belchertown at 7.15 A. M., some 17½ miles from home. One hour stop for breakfast and cleaning of little wheels' bearings, which having become gritty, had squeaked and moaned plaintively for several miles. Roads from Amherst to Belchertown are not bad, though the grade is steadily upward. From Belchertown to Ware, 10 miles, was the hardest part of the day's work; plenty of long hills to be walked up, and where the grade admitted of riding, the roads were rough and sandy, riding down hills being scarcely safe. Although there are some 12 wheelmen in Ware, it would seem that they don't do much touring, as one venerable farmer stopped me to inquire "what that was that I had there?" and on being informed that it was a bicycle, and that I purposed riding on it to Boston, he seemed much astonished and very incredulous.

Reached Ware at 10.15, after some three quarters of an hour's stop I was joined by Mr. S. W. Coe, one of the "Kennebec tourists" of last summer, and a wheelman devoted to touring. We left at about 11, and commenced the ascent of the long hill, or mountain, leading out of Ware. From the top of this mountain, the roads are very fair through West Brookfield and Brookfield to Spencer. The latter place we reached a little after 1 P. M., and had dinner and an hour's rest at the Massasoit House, a hotel that I can recommend to wheelmen. From here to Worcester through Leicester, and New Village, the roads are rather rough and hilly. The long hill leading out of Leicester was coasted at full speed by my companion, but I preferred riding part way on the step, and riding the rest of the way very slowly and carefully. We reached Worcester at 4 P. M. The steering-head to my machine having been broken a few days before, and repaired temporarily, now began to

show the effects of the rough roads it had been over, and was fast becoming unmanageable. Luckily, Hill and Tolman's was near, and we hastened there. Putting it in ridable shape took two hours, however, and it was 6 o'clock by the time we left Worcester. This part of the ride was made entirely by lamplight, one light sufficing for both of us. Fortunately, the roads were in very good shape, or we should have never reached Boston with whole machines and sound limbs. Rushing down hills by the faint light of one small lamp, makes one feel that they would be a little easier in mind if the nature of the road at the bottom of the hill was only known. The only "header" was caused by my companion's trying to ride up a high curbstone in the uncertain light. We made no stops to speak of, and were in Brighton at 12 o'clock. Here we took the wrong road in some way, and instead of going down the mill-dam, and so into Columbus avenue through Chester Pk., wandered off through Washington street to Roxbury station. There we took Tremont street, and jounced and rattled over cobble-stones until Chester Pk. was reached that way. We were not long in getting to the New Marlboro Hotel from that point, and reached it at 12.50 M. A hasty midnight supper, and we felt much more like ourselves again. I think the whole performance very creditable, considering that it was a straight away run, no good roads being picked out, and that over seven hours of the whole distance was ridden by lamp-light. Neither of us had ridden much for several days previously, and both felt in good condition the following day.

Time consumed in the trip, was 20 hours, 50 minutes. Time taken up in rests, 4 hours, 50 minutes, leaving 16 hours as riding time from Northampton.

I had previously measured the distance through from Boston by Butcher Cyclometer, and made it 104 miles, and am confident that we went more than one mile out of our way in riding in from Brighton. Machine ridden by Mr. Coe was a 50-inch Expert, mine, a 54-inch Yale.

Yours, very truly,

L. B. GRAVES.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., NOV. 20, '84.

BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

A sign of the progressiveness of the times is the fact that recently some German journeymen artisans, a class of workmen who, from time immemorial, have trudged on foot the highways and by ways of the Fatherland, as well as of the neighboring countries, were seen riding on bicycles, their slim bundles strapped behind them.

While no one denies the right of the trade to conduct their business in the way which seems best to them, there is an undoubted feeling of regret amongst Metropolitan cyclists that the Stanley Show is to be this year robbed of its main attraction, viz., the direct exhibits of the first-class makers. That the Stanleyites will have a show, however—and a good one to boot—no one who knows the personnel of the club doubts. One agent has already expressed his intention of exhibiting

machines of every popular make, even if he has to buy them for cash out of hand, so that there will be a show of wheels in London in 1885 after all.

Some people make a practice of paying nobody. This is bad. Others are too ready to inquire if there is any charge. This lays them open to extortion. Two riders recently arrived at the Bramber toll-gate, Sussex, and, finding it shut, asked first that it should be opened, and secondly if there was anything to pay. "Two-pence each," said the pikeman, but on being asked to show the word "tricycle" or "velocipede" on his board he caved in, said there was no charge, and the wheelmen rode on, learning the lesson that it is best never to pay until asked.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., Boston, Massachusetts, are amongst the oldest importing firms in the States. They are now going full swing into the business, and intend pushing trade more than ever, and have, with this view, taken up the sole agencies for several good cycling specialties. Thus, besides being sole U. S. agents for Messrs. Singer & Co., and Messrs. D. Rudge & Co., they have also acquired the sole agency for Messrs. Lumplugh & Brown's and J. B. Brooks & Co.'s saddles, and other cycling leather goods, as well as of Ardill's celebrated enamels. Mr. H. D. Corey, the manager of their bicycling department, is now in England, and will make his head-quarters at the King's Head Hotel, Coventry, during his stay. We may here remark that Mr. Corey is considered the best hill rider in the States, and was the first cyclist to ascend Corey Hill, at Brooklyn, Mass., in recognition of which Messrs. Rudge & Co. have presented him with a very fine 53in. bicycle, the performance having been accomplished on one of their machines.

Cyclers are good fellows as a rule with hearts as big as haystacks. We have recently had a circumstance brought under our notice which forcibly illustrates this. A few evenings since an old member of one of the Surrey clubs whom many riders will recognize in the initials C. W. C., happening to be in Chester, went in the evening to the theatre to see the piece "Called Back." So engrossed was the cyclist with the plot that he quite forgot that he was in a theatre at all, and his enthusiasm got the better of his judgment. In one of the scenes, Pauline is somewhat roughly handled, which proceedings so outraged his feelings that he roared out at the top of his voice, "D—— it man, leave the girl alone, can't you." The effect in the house was electrical, and loud laughter brought our hero to his senses. The local papers took it up, and some lively correspondence has since taken place.

TOURING IN CALIFORNIA.

[REPORT OF H. C. FINKLER TO KARL KRON.]

After remaining a day at home so as to allow the showers to pass, the boat to Petaluma was taken. The proposed run through Marin county from San Rafael had to be abandoned, owing to the rain which had fallen during the 22d and 23d, which made the roads entirely too muddy for the

beginning of a second week's riding after having ridden over such beautiful roads as are to be found in the Santa Clara Valley. Finding that 2¼ miles had been covered in going to the boat and thence to the hotel, the log-book was once more brought forward. Departed from Petaluma, June 24th, at 6 A. M., for the northern part of the 'cycle tour against a strong head wind blowing from the north, which continued all day. The morning in this city was very pleasant after the two days' rain, and the roads passably fair, but the gale made the immediate surroundings for which this locality is famous, more than dismal. The inequalities of the road between Petaluma and Santa Rosa, coupled with the wind, caused much inconvenience, and I was often brought to a stand-still. 16¼ miles before breakfast, much of which was walked, was the means of furnishing an appetite that would do to sample any Santa Rosa cooking, without much fastidiousness. From here to Healdsburg, where the Odometer registered 416¼ miles, the roads showed that a north wind was improving them rapidly; on going further on the riding became better, the roads being of a gravelly substance. Had it not rained the two days previous, the roads to Cloverdale would surely have been at their best, and could be fairly compared with any of the finest in the State. From Santa Rosa to Cloverdale roads very fair, with gentle but numerous grades, making it fine for "coasting" every little while, with the exception of those roads bordering the "Italian Swiss colony," property, which were horrid, caused probably by the wood hauling constantly kept up by them in clearing their land. A notable feature of the Italian in this valley is that he wants more of the highway than the county has provided and the statute allows, never pulling out an inch and always crying out for more.

After going 50¾ miles Cloverdale was reached in the early part of the afternoon, thus showing 434¼ miles up to Tuesday evening, here the hotel keeper was so desirous of disappointing the small boy of the opportunity of handling the "fiery and untamed steel" in every conceivable point that, for safety sake, he placed it in the parlor, considering it an ornament which afterwards proved to be greatly admired and much commented upon. Next morning a start to Hoptown (450½ miles), a distance of 16¼ miles was made, much of the distance was walked, the adobe being hard and bumpy, with steep hills that it was more comfortable to ease off occasionally to insure the certainty of one's spine remaining intact.

When about 3 miles out from Hoptown a Digger Indian was met who was fast asleep. At first the conclusion arrived at was that it was a dummy which had been stuffed and strapped to a horse by some mischievous youngsters, but no, he was alive, and very much so as was shown upon sounding the alarm which was for the purpose of notifying him of his close proximity to the wiry steed. Upon awaking he began howling as though being murdered—probably it may have been intended for the war-whoop of his ancestors—but upon being convinced that his horse did not notice it in the least, and that the "bike"

would not bite, he immediately resumed his nap, leaving the horse to move on as fast as it desired, and not caring in the least whether anybody else got any of the highway or not. On approaching Ukiah the Russian river was forded, and after looking about in a sharp bend where a large and deep body of water had collected a swim was indulged in, which being a treat not bargained for, it was more pleasant than a casual dip. Finding nothing particularly attractive at Ukiah, 468 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles, and it still being early the ride was continued, and when 8 miles out from here, Cleveland's Grist mill, which is run by the power obtained from the East prong of the Russian River, was inspected. The beautiful surrounding scenery being so attractive that to conclude the survey a stay for the evening at a house in the immediate vicinity was made.

The roads to this point from Hoptown were very good, though for the first six miles from Ukiah, heavy, thick dust made it slow going. 42 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles for the day, and in all 476 $\frac{1}{2}$ before retiring. A good night's rest, and country breakfast, and the invigorating mountain air give one a feeling that is not obtainable every day, so after winding my way about the many turns, and passing an exodus of Digger Indians carrying a bountiful supply of dried fish, which impregnating the atmosphere for a long distance, a toll-gate leading to the lakes was reached, where, after chatting with the tall youth who was in charge of this road, a slow start was made, the grandeur of the scenery when renching the cliffs which surround the Blue Lakes, after having wheeled 488 $\frac{5}{8}$ miles, is sight that can only be appreciated by one who gently glides over a smooth road without the least exertion, feeling as though one was being carried about the beauties of nature in a balloon; finding that a gentle decline led to the hotel at the shore of the lakes, a "coast" was prepared for, and upon arriving in this attitude quite a happy gathering heartily cheered the approach. Of course, a stop had to be made, and immediately becoming acquainted with quite a bevy of interesting young ladies a survey of the immediate surroundings was made: our legal friend, Mr. Jacobs, who was so pleased to meet a lone bicyclist, acting as friend, philosopher, and guide.

Although strongly prevailed upon to remain all day, the information that three wheelmen had departed at early morn gave me the longing to meet them at the earliest moment, thus with many tender wishes for my safety and enjoyment the departure was soon taken. The grandeur of Clear Lake suddenly met my gaze, and many moments passed ere the fact could be realized that such a vast body of water was so close at hand; the mountains and surrounding shore from the altitude from which it was observed keeping me as though spiritually rooted to the spot. With fair roads and a down grade, Lake Port (502 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles) was reached at midday.

After being refreshed, the host of the hotel soon made things lively, and before much time had passed, the pleasure of being introduced to a large majority of the inhabitants, including numerous young ladies, was gone through. At this place was a yacht, which was captained by the gallant

Mr. W. H. Southerland, who was untiring in his desires to make things pleasant; after sailing a short while, a dive off the stern convinced me that it was delightful to swim about for a while after cycling in the mountains of Lake county. Donning the riding suit, our readiness to be taken to any point of interest on the lake was upon enquiry readily expressed, and with a good breeze a start for Soda Bay, which is at the base of Uncle Sam Mountain, was made. When under way two young ladies rowing about in a small duck boat were espied, their flirting propensities convincing our modesty that a fair pilotess would lend enchantment to the situation, which was surrounded by the beauties as are only to be found in this locality, thereby greatly enhancing the novelty of the situation. With expressed willingness to fill the proffered office, we soon learned that the lake was 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and in the vicinity of Lake Port its width is eleven miles. With sorrow that a landing had to be made so as to be sure and not find ourselves becalmed, this delightful locality was finally departed from late in the afternoon.

Kelseyville, 511 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, was soon passed.

From here the scenery was sublime, simply indescribable. The lake always being in sight whenever a turn was made and the setting sun giving an effect to the surroundings that was perfectly enchanting. Winding, mountainous roads, steep bluffs, and deep canons that would make one dizzy to look down into, but it all passed for the moment when noticing the three vacant chairs at Cool Creek Farm where strawberries and cream had been disposed of, told the tale of what had vanished. After some pretty tall walking, while descending a mountain, I narrowly escaped from running over a steep embankment. Glenbrook was reached on Thursday night in darkness, showing 46 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles for the day and 522 $\frac{5}{8}$ in all, or 139 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles from Petaluma. Here Mr. A. H. Cowen of Petaluma and Geo. and Ernest Rideout, of San Francisco, who had started out from Petaluma on Sunday morning were met. Their surprise in being overtaken was only overcome by the brotherly welcome which was extended. The numerous adventures en route were related and log-books exchanged.

Their showing that a jolly good time on the boat from this city to Petaluma had been had, where they passed away the time in dancing and listening to some singing by a few of the numerous young ladies they were so fortunate to meet, but, upon disembarking, the weather was found to have been cloudy. At 7.30 next morning a start was made, George rode one block, took a header, thereby cracking the head of his machine where it had formerly been brazed, and after riding about ten miles it nearly came assunder, causing him a couple more headers. One-half mile further on a party of campers were met, who were dumped out on the road on account of a broken axle of one of their wagons, and after stopping about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in helping them to remove their provisions to an adjoining field, where they were compelled to camp, in place of Eel River for where they were bound. The broken bicycle

and its rider with the axle were placed in another wagon, and headed by the other two 'cyclers, Santa Rosa was reached at 10.40 A. M. After cleaning up at Mr. Cowen's branch store, the blacksmith was visited whom they found very busy fixing the broken axle, the camper having rustled him out of church. Upon finishing the camper's business his distinguished services were immediately engaged in George's behalf. This little repairing causing a delay of four hours. So after some refreshments a start for Healdsburg was made at 2.30 P. M. When Mark West's Creek bridge was reached the 'cyclers' suction filterer was brought into action. This novel little instrument worked to perfection, purifying the water which refreshed the boys so much, and after imbibing a sufficiency of Adam's ale from the clear flowing creek the journey was resumed.

The entire disappearance of the sun soon made them feel that a shower was approaching, a few drops occasionally falling against their already sun-burnt faces, and a heavy mist tried their patience for some twenty minutes. When within six miles of Healdsburg they found that the mist became thicker the longer they waited, so promptly decided to push on, but soon it began to rain heavily, and after riding over roads which had in a very short time become rather heavy, they arrived at Healdsburg between 5 and 6 o'clock in good spirits and with a vigorous appetite, but looking like drowned rats. Finding next morning that it was too muddy to ride the start was delayed until 2 o'clock, the roads

having by this time become pretty fair. Cloverdale was reached before dark where a stop was made until 9 o'clock next morning. From here to Hoptown they considered the roads horrible, though Ukiah was eventually reached before dark. Next morning a start for the Blue Lakes was made; after climbing some hills which were almost perpendicular, leading them to believe the skies would almost be reached, they caught a glimpse of the lakes, and by the hearty manner in which they cheered it would be safe to presume that they were fully well contented with the termination of the height at this point.

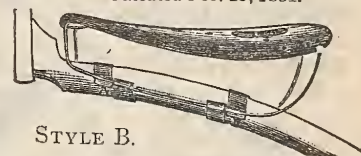
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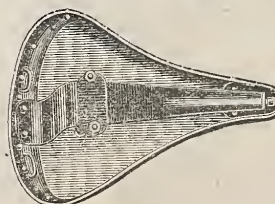
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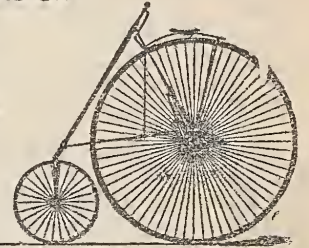
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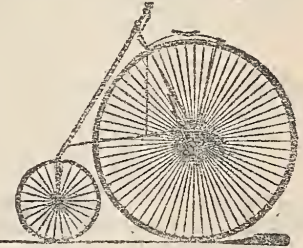


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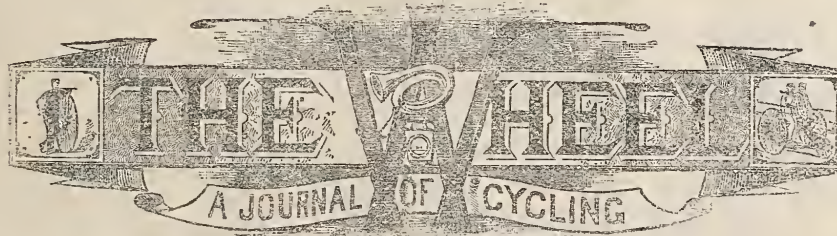
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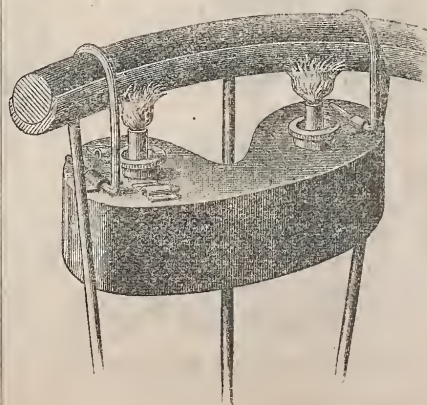
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