

# THE WHEEL

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### LEWEE'S LETTER.

THE BOSTON TRACK NOT A SUCCESS FINANCIALLY—DEAD-BEATISM AMONG RESPECTABLE WHEELMEN—UNCLE SAM AND THE CUNNINGHAM COMPANY STILL UNRECONCILED—THE BOSTON CLUB'S TRICYCLE ROAD RACE—NOTES AND GOSSIP.

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1884.—The bicycle track on the Union Base Ball Grounds is not receiving the support from local wheelmen that it should, and it would not be at all surprising if the track was soon closed up. The track is an excellent one, and it would be too bad to lose it, for it is what we have long needed. A few days since I met a gentleman connected with the grounds, and in conversing with me on the subject he talked about as follows: "We have spent several thousand dollars in laying out this track and fixing up the grounds for bicyclists and haven't received as many cents in return." I told him that there had been but two race meetings held on the track and both had great disadvantages to contend against. "I know that," he replied, "but there should have been a larger crowd than there was. Why, I don't believe there were a hundred wheelmen at the last races. If I had my way about it I would tear the track up and run in hippodrome races of horses, ponies, dogs, cattle, etc. The grounds are open every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday night, well lighted with electric lights, but there are very few wheelmen avail themselves of the privilege to ride there, although we charge them nothing for admission to the grounds. I don't think much of bicyclists anyway. I never saw such a set of fellows for wanting to get in everywhere for nothing. They think because they ride a bicycle every place should be thrown open to them; indeed, some act as though they thought they were doing you a great favor to be present at all. As for professional riders, I have had 'all I want to do with them. A poorer crowd I have never met; they'll do anything for a dollar."

The gentleman may have been rather strong in his remarks, but in the main what he said is only too true. Why a bicyclist should consider he had any more right to enter a place without paying than has any other citizen, I do not understand. It is true all wheelmen do not do this, but the majority do; they want to be admitted free to race meetings, agricultural fairs, etc. When bicycles were first introduced into this country, there were such a few in use that from their attractive novelty, it was an advantage for the management of such events to have wheelmen present, but now that they have come so universally into use, it, of course, is not, and it is the height of absurdity for bicyclists to expect the privileges they then received. In fact, bicyclists in

this respect resemble a pampered and spoiled child, who when he first comes in contact with the outside world expects that his every whim will still continue to be indulged.

The trouble between the United States Custom House officials and the Cunningham Company has not come to as satisfactory a settlement as it was hoped it would, and the firm is now in the hands of a keeper.

Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, the United States officials, detained at the Custom House several hundred machines belonging to them on the ground that the royalty paid for the exclusive right to control the manufactures of Baylis, Thomas, & Co., was a part of the cost of the several machines, and as such was subject to duty. After considerable annoyance, the Cunningham Company succeeded in obtaining the release of their goods by giving heavy bonds. On the 9th of this month matters were still further complicated by the placing in their store of a keeper. This second United States seizure of the goods of the Cunningham Company for alleged unpaid duties is provoking much comment and no little indignation among wheelmen. The members of the company are very reticent in the matter, but the facts appear to be that the government has assessed all the importations of this house for several years back at an arbitrary rate, and imposed an additional fine equaling in amount the value of the assessment. The sum total amounts to between \$20,000 and \$30,000. This, the company, acting under advice, refuse to pay, and the government has attached their store, sales-room, and factories, both in and out of the city. This action practically stops the entire business of the company, and the result is not only that customers who have ordered machines are put to inconvenience and disappointment in the delivery of their requests, but those who have machines in their repair shops are unable to obtain possession of their property without the inconvenience of obtaining an order from the court for their delivery. Wheelmen are naturally much interested in the result, not only because of the inconvenience to which they are put, but also, generally, that this firm which was the first to introduce bicycling into this country, should be thus hampered in their business.

The tricycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club last year was quite an event in the tricycling history of this city, and the one planned by them for this season promises to be an event of still more importance. As it will probably be remembered by most cyclists, the route was then from Cobbs' Tavern, Sharon, to Boston, a distance of about 19 miles. The roads for a portion of the distance were quite rough and hilly. W. W.

Stall made the best time then—1 hour 27 minutes 45 seconds. This year the route will be from Bailey's Hotel, South Natick, to Boston, finishing opposite the club house on Boylston street. The distance is about the same, but as the roads are smoother, and for the most of the distance down hill, it is quite probable that much faster time than that of last year will be made. The start will be from Bailey's Hotel at 5.30 A. M., August 11, the contestants starting in the order drawn, and three minutes will be allowed between each to avoid confusion along the road. The route will be the main road to the Great Sign Boards in Newton, thence along Beacon street to the Chestnut Hill reservoir, between the two basins and out by the big gate on to Chestnut Hill avenue, turning to the left and continuing to Brighton, thence over Cambridge street, Brighton avenue, and the Milldam to West Chester Park; thence through Commonwealth avenue to Arlington street to Boylston street, and finishing in front of the Boston Club house. A gold medal will be awarded to the winner, and in addition a silver one, if he beats Mr. Stall's time of last year. A silver medal will also be given to each of the three fastest losers, provided, that they complete the distance inside of 1 hour 40 minutes. It is expected that there will be a large field of starters, and that the contest will be a close and interesting one. Burnham, Haven, Norton, Edmunds, Morris, and others will probably enter, in which case a tight race may result for second place, but I doubt if any one could be found to push Burnham for premier position. An entrance fee of \$1 is charged, and the entries close August 9, with Captain L. R. Harrison, Hotel Boylston, Boston.

A mania for fame in hill climbing seems to have struck our wheelmen, and it is rumored that one of the clubs is making arrangements for shortly having a contest on Corey Hill.

I understand that Charles Jenkins, the Louisville flier, who since last fall has been training on the Star, in hopes of making the best on record, entered the July 4 race at Columbus avenue on a Columbia racer. He won the quarter, the three, and twenty-five mile races, and says the crank machine is good enough for him.

Prof. Emi, a one legged roller skater of some note, has recently taken up fancy bicycle riding. I saw him give an exhibition a few days since, and for a man minus one leg he certainly did some remarkable feats.

The Ramblers are to hold a meeting in a few days, for the purpose of considering the advisability of renting a whole house for their future headquarters. I am told that nearly \$1,000 has already been pledged by the

members towards furnishing and running the house for the first year. I wish them every success in this their greatest undertaking.

The Cambridge Bicycle Club have adopted the plan of having their associate members participate on the club runs, and have, I believe, found it to prove very successful. Last Friday evening, some thirty of them rode to Lynn, the associates being in barges, and taking supper at Hotel Bascobel.

The *Boston Globe* states that Col. Albert A. Pope, President of the Pope Mfg. Co., has been suggested as a candidate for the Independents to run for Governor of the State next fall, and furthermore states that he would be a most desirable person to fill that office. When a publication so thoroughly democratic as is the *Globe* makes this statement, it looks as though the Colonel would be pretty sure of election, should he consent to have his name used as a candidate.

The semi-annual meeting of the Wakefield Bicycle Club was held July 7, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, B. A. Parker, Vice-President, W. E. Eaton; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Albee; Captain, F. H. Burrill; Lieutenant, E. A. Wilkins; Bugler, J. Muse; Club Committee, B. A. Parker, E. D. Albee, and F. Nicholas.

Wheelmen here are wondering who that professional out in Chicago is that goes under the name of McKee, and claims to be a Boston rider with a record of 2 minutes 50 seconds. Whoever he is, it is not likely he amounts to anything, and if he has courage enough to ride against any of the fliers out there, will probably be so badly beaten that in the future he will do a little less blowing.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club Corporation paid, last Friday, the entire price, \$10,000, of the land on which their new club house is to be erected. Everything now points favorably towards the building being ready for occupancy before the close of the riding season.

D. J. Canary, the champion fancy bicyclist, passed through Boston last week, on his way to his home in Meriden, Ct., where he is to take a vacation until September. His Western engagements proved very profitable, and in consequence Dan feels justified in taking a much needed rest.

Wilmot, an other most successful fancy rider, is giving exhibitions, of his skill in different skating rinks in Vermont, and is of course, meeting with his usual success.

At the meeting of the Newton Bicycle Club held last Tuesday evening, it was voted to change the by-laws of the club so that hereafter no one under 18 years of age will be eligible to membership. A racing com-



mittee was appointed to draw up a code of racing rules. The club intend shortly to hold a race meeting on rather an extensive scale. Mr. J. C. Elms resigned the position of Captain, but action towards the election of his successor was deferred until the next meeting.

A new club was organized at Winter Hill, Somerville, last evening. The club starts with twenty members.

Brookline young ladies are taking great interest in tricycling, and it is reported that a club is in process of formation there.

The participants in the Chicago tour, who left here Sunday night to join the main party at Niagara Falls, were as follows: E. G. Whitney, of the Kidder Press Company; A. D. Peck, Jr., of A. D. Peck & Sons, both of the Boston Ramblers Club; John W. Vivian, of Pulsifer; Jordan and Wilson; Charles W. Howard, of the Dennison Manufacturing Company; and Gideon Haynes, Jr., of Wm. Read & Sons; all of the Charlestown Bicycle Club.

The Roxbury Bicycle Club say they are to reorganize themselves as a club in a few days. They certainly need to have something done that will brace them up.

#### THE RUTLAND SKATING RINK.

In company with Fred G. Tuttle a reporter of the *Herald* yesterday visited the new skating rink, and many particulars concerning the building were pointed out, a brief description of which is here given. The skating rink is one of the buildings in Rutland certain to attract attention in the future. It is one of the largest rinks in New England, as well as one of the most substantially constructed, and will, when completed, compare favorably with those in the larger cities in point of finish. The size of the entire building is 174x97 feet, and, in addition to the foundations on which the sills rest, is supported by 117 brick piers. The principal entrance to the building is at the southwest corner on the west side. This entrance opens into the vestibule, leading from which is the entrance to the main room, which, of course, is the important section of the rink. The total measurement of this room is 145x96 feet, with a skating surface 140x77 feet. In this room a double floor is laid, the first of pine, which is covered with flooring felt, over which is laid a floor of matched hard maple. On three sides of this room are to be arranged the seats, each side having ample room for three rows of seats, and together having a seating capacity of 800. At the northwest corner, and also on the west side, is a double door which is to be used solely for a place of exit. The approach to the balcony is at the southeast corner of the main room. It is from this position that the best view of the interior of the building can be obtained. It will have a seating capacity of four hundred and is to be so arranged that all can obtain a view of all that is transpiring below. The balcony extends across the entire width of the building and is 25 feet deep. Directly beneath this are the reception room of the club, which is 29x25, the wheel room, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet room, cloak room, locker, skate room, and ticket office. The reception room is to be elegantly furnished and will be one of the most attractive features of the building. The building is to be heated by steam, with the pipes for conducting the steam passing around the main room. The boilers for generating the steam are to be located in the basement of the building. Ample light will be furnished by several chandeliers each having thirty gas jets.

The contract for performing the carpenter

work was taken by Whittemore & Houston, the plumbing by Edward Valiquette, and tinning the roof by Dunn & Crampton. The contract for placing the heating apparatus has not yet been taken. It is but justice to say that all branches of the work have been performed in a most skillful, workmanlike manner, as may be proven by a visit to the rink.

The total cost of the building will be about \$15,000, the single item of tinning the roof amounting to \$1,000.

The project of erecting this building originated with the bicycle club, and has been carried forward to the present time, when it nears completion, solely by the energy and business talent of that club. It is an enterprise worthy of the support of every citizen of Rutland, and will undoubtedly receive it.

#### KRON UTTERS WARNING.

*Editor of The Wheel:* As I have not been in Boston since the 11th of last September, and as I never knowingly spoke to "Lewee," I am a little puzzled by the paragraph in his letter dated at Boston, July 8, and published in your paper of July 11, which says: "I had a pleasant chat with Karl Kron, a few days since, when he was here on a short visit."

The bold, bad man who thus ventured to take my name in vain appears to have contented himself with the perverse pleasure of simply fooling "Lewee" as to my personality; but the incident suggests to me the possible danger that some other bolder and more sinful specimen of the human family may attempt to carry the game still farther, by playing deceitful tricks with my subscription blanks. It would not be difficult for a swindler (by getting possession of a good supply of my various circulars, prospectuses, sub-blanks, postal cards, envelopes, and other printed matter relating to my book) to represent himself as the publisher thereof, and to capture some of the cash of the unwary by persuading them to "pay their subscriptions in advance."

I therefore wish to declare that any one who may attempt the collection of money by announcing himself as "Karl Kron," or as the agent of that person, will by that act brand himself as a rascal. The real Karl Kron will not consent to receive any money for the book except by due course of mail at his permanent residence and address; and he does not care to receive it even in that way until the book is actually published. Of course, if subscribers wish to save themselves the trouble of writing two letters, by mailing the money at the outset, as 23 have in fact done, I am willing to send receipts ensuring the return of the same by my executor, in case I fail to live long enough to publish the book; but I do not solicit such advance payments, and I will not receive them at all except by mail. This rule caused me to refuse the cash of two or three of my earliest subscribers, who chanced to meet me on the road during my recent tour to Virginia, and who wanted me to pocket their respective dollars. In their cases, no reasonable doubt could exist as to my identity; but I was surprised at the freshness of some of the landlords, who, in subscribing for the book, offered to forthwith pay for it, though they had never heard of me before, and had no proof that I was the person whom I professed to be, or that the projected book would be likely ever to come into existence at all. "The thing which I want in advance," I said to them, as I say to every one, "is not your money, but the authority to print your name in the book as having pledged to pay a dollar for it when pub-

lished; and any departure from that straightforward rule would rightly subject me to suspicion as a visionary or a swindler." So I say again, to all who may read these words: The only authorized conduit to the cash box of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" leads through my massive doorway (designated by the numeral "56") in the University Building; and any one who pretends he has a right to collect money for me, outside of there, is necessarily a cheat and a knave. I am sorry to say that, during the month since I last reported the case to THE WHEEL, the number of enrolled subscriptions has only increased from 1,369 to 1,450, and that the last week has brought me only seven names, as compared with the 238 that arrived during the first week after your paper put my preliminary canvass in motion. When I issued my revised prospectus, on the 8th of May, announcing that the 1,200 names then enrolled were accepted by me as an assurance that I could secure the 3,000 needed for the success of the enterprise, and that I hoped to publish the book in October. I expressed the belief that the announcement of its certain publication would stimulate many hesitating ones to send in their names. It seems to have produced the opposite effect, however, and to have led many possible patrons to decide that, "as the book is bound to be issued anyhow," they may as well wait until after publication day before they purchase their copies. I think I could convert the needed 1,500 of them from the error of that belief, if I were able to devote the next three months entirely to the work of showering them with letters and circulars; but as I am bound to give most of the time to preparing the book itself, I shall have to postpone their personal canvass.

Unless, therefore, the patrons already secured shall promptly rally to the rescue of the scheme, and persuade its more sluggish and dilatory supporters to order the enrollment of their names, I fear that my plan of publishing "on elite directory of 3,000 wheelmen, classified both alphabetically and geographically," cannot be carried out until December. The additional expense incurred by their delay, and by the increase in the amount of material which I have decided to include in the book, will probably force me to raise its price to at least \$1.25, except to those who pledge their names in advance. It seems hard to wake men up to the fact that, as regards the amount and character of its typography, the volume which I have pledged myself to produce for a dollar, will rank incomparably above anything yet issued on the subject of cycling. It will, for instance, contain ten times as much matter as the new road book of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, which sells for half a dollar (and is worth the money). Refusing, as I do, to accept the help of "advertising patronage," the only thing which can justify the risk I have incurred in this ambitious attempt to "set the world on wheels" is the sale of a large edition, like 5,000 copies; and nothing less than my ability to print the name of 3,000 advance purchasers will be a sufficient assurance of such sale.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 12.

#### MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION, L. A. W.

The Massachusetts Division of the League have issued the following circular with their handbook:-

*Dear Sir:* We send herewith a copy of the first handbook issued by the Massachusetts Division.

This book represents the beginning of a

work that is to be systematically carried out by the Division, and we believe it is the best answer to the question, "What is the League doing?" that we can give.

The handbook is furnished in paper covers free to League members, and may be obtained bound in cloth by returning the paper covered copy to the Secretary, with ten cents to pay the additional cost of binding.

Non-League members may obtain the handbook of the Chief Consul or Secretary, at the following prices: In paper covers, 25 cents; in cloth covers, 35 cents.

We take this opportunity to call your attention to the work of the Division, and to urge the necessity of the active co-operation of the entire membership to successfully carry it on. The Massachusetts Division has a grand possibility before it. Our State has always held the lead in bicycling interests, contains more wheelmen than any other State in the Union, and has been closely identified with the work of the League from its foundation. The League has not yet reached perfection, but contains elements of strength that cannot be ignored. Let us weed out its faults and develop its resources.

The Massachusetts Division should take the lead among the cycling organizations of the country. Let every member be brought to a realization of the fact that he is personally responsible in a measure for its welfare, and a prosperous future is assured. Its present working condition is well set forth in the handbook. Let the wheelmen of Massachusetts work together *unitedly and fraternally*, with the determination to build up its representative cycling organization to that plane of strength and usefulness that every Massachusetts cyclist should desire.

If you have not already renewed membership, please send one dollar, *at once*, to F. P. KENDALL, Treasurer, Post Office Box 555, Worcester, and thus encourage the board of officers to more effective work, by the assurance of a substantial backing.

Fraternally,

MAHLON D. CURRIER, *Chief Consul.*

W. I. HARRIS, *Secretary.* LAWRENCE.  
104 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

#### CHICAGO GOSSIP.

*Editor of The Wheel:* The Lincoln Park authorities have seen fit to curtail our enjoyment, and by establishing the rule that not more than three cycles shall wheel in a squad while in the park, and that none shall be admitted after 8 p. m. But we hope this rule will be modified; it certainly will have a good effect upon those reckless wheelmen who abuse their privileges.

On the 1st July the Chicago B. Club held their annual races at the West Side Driving Park, but owing to the heat and heaviness of the track few entered. Capt. E. F. Brown was chosen referee, with Messrs. J. V. Calkins and H. F. Fuller judges. The time keepers were Messrs. S. H. Vowell and J. Sargent. The quarter mile dash was called first, two entries, won by L. W. Conkling, in 51 1/4 s.; N. H. Van Sicklen, second. The following entered the 100 yd. slow race; Messrs. Brown, Carter, Ruhling, Burt, Camp, Hammel, Lloyd. Won by Brown in 3.56 1/4; Carter, of the Armory B. Club, second. The One Mile Club Championship was entered by N. H. Van Sicklen and L. W. Conkling. Won by Van Sicklen, time by quarters as follows:

First quarter.	1.03	
Second "	1.03	2.06
Third "	1.04	3.10
Fourth "	.48	3.58

Conkling refused to race the second heat, so Van Sicklen was declared winner upon his



riding around the track, there being no other entries. C. C. Philbrick and Van Sicklen rode the three-mile race, Van Sicklen winning in 15.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ . The other races were postponed.

A few days ago, Miss Fuller, Dr. Warsall, and Messrs. Cady and Fuller took a trip to Pullman, preparatory to wheeling to Geneva lake, the distance, 42 miles, there and back, was made in six hours. Miss Fuller has been riding but a short time, and as this was her first ride on the road, which was not altogether good, we consider she did remarkably well. It was a surprise to her friends, few of whom thought she would do it.

July 3d a party of C. Bi. C. boys and friends took the noon train for Aurora. In spite of the many dinners eaten on the dining car, the hospitality of the Aurora boys was accepted most cordially. After wheeling through the town, the tourists were escorted out, and merrily rolled toward Elgin along the beautiful road bordering the Fox River. After supper at Elgin, the evening was spent as usual, eating ice cream, drinking lemonade, and singing songs. The next day sixteen started for Chicago, but the roads were so bad, owing to recent rain, that only twelve arrived at Chicago, eight only having done both days' riding. There were no accidents. The distance from Aurora to Elgin is twenty miles, and from Elgin to Chicago forty, but a very hard and long forty.

The C. Bi. C. is improving its drilling wonderfully, the flank moments being especially worthy of mention. The "Canada Tour's" close at hand, the city is full of those about to leave with us to-morrow, and all are eager for its pleasures.

H. F. FULLER.

CHICAGO, July 12, 1884.

#### N. J. DIVISION MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Division of the League of American Wheelmen was held on Saturday, July 5th, at Red Bank.

The morning opened with rain and prospects of a bad day, so that the officers hardly expected a quorum would be present, but they had not calculated on the enthusiasm of the wheelmen throughout the State, for when the meeting was called to order it was found that about forty were present, and if it had been a pleasant day it is probable that in the neighborhood of two hundred would have been in line.

When the 9 A. M. train left Newark it was raining hard, so that only a few members of the two large clubs of that city were brave enough to face the music. The Elizabeth Wheelmen put seven men on the train, and before Red Bank was reached the car was quite respectably crowded.

At 12.45 P. M. the meeting was called to order by Chief Consul Dr. G. Carleton Brown, of Elizabeth. After the report of the Committee on Credentials was made, the election of a Secretary-Treasurer was held, which resulted in the election of Mr. Wm. J. Morrison, of Moorestown.

The Secretary's report showed a large increase in the membership, so much so in fact that the Division was entitled to two new Representatives, and the prospects are that the number will be nearly doubled during the year.

The Treasurer's report showed the Division to be on a firm financial basis, and everything working in good order.

The Chief Consul, in his remarks, explained a directory of L. A. W. hotels that he proposed publishing, and also a road map of the State, which, by different colors, will

explain the condition of the roads throughout the State, thus enabling tourists to travel without trouble. By a unanimous vote he was instructed to get them out as soon as possible.

At 2.15 P. M. the members proceeded to the Globe Hotel, where the inner man was attended to, and all hands were ready for the parade, which took place at 3.30 o'clock. The riders found the roads in a very muddy condition, so that fine riding was impossible. The order was as follows:

Two pace setters from the Monmouth Wheelmen; Commander, Dr. G. Carleton Brown; Adjutant, Dr. Edwin Field.

First Division—Plainfield Bicycle Club, Monmouth Wheelmen, Elizabeth Wheelmen, Owl Bicycle Club of Bordentown, N. J. Wheelmen of Newark.

Second Division—R. C. Clarkson in command. Essex County Wheelmen and Hudson County Wheelmen; Unattached.

Owing to the condition of the roads, the moonlight run to Matawan was abandoned, but a few riders decided to make an effort to ride it in the afternoon. Only seven made the start, making the distance to Middletown (five miles) in forty-five minutes. Here all but three riders dropped out, but Messrs. Harris, of the Essex, and Brown and Roorbach, of the Elizabeth Club, decided to make a record if possible. They left Middletown at 5.40 and arrived at Matawan at 6.20, doing the distance (8 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles) in forty minutes, or at the rate of 13 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles an hour, which, over heavy roads with a head wind against them, was considered by their friends quite a performance.

The train arrived five minutes later than the riders, they having undertaken to meet the train which left Red Bank at 6.06.

Mr. Harris rode a crank machine, and Brown and Roorbach Stars.

The meet was, in spite of the rain, voted a success, and the prospects are encouraging for the next year's work.

#### THE SECOND CLUB HOUSE IN AMERICA.

The Buckeye Bicycle Club, always in the highest degree successful in their festal occasions, eclipsed all previous efforts last evening at the formal opening of the new club house on East Gay street. The superior enjoyment of the evening was largely due to the presence of ladies, who have heretofore been uninvited when banquets were spread, and the neat and cosy apartments of the building, with their gay decorations, presented a charming scene. The ornamentation of the walls was performed under the supervision of Mr. W. B. Waggoner, and the arrangement was most artistic. The club divinity, a grotesque ape made of sponge, was enthroned in the meeting room, and attracted much attention, and the snowy walls were adorned with Japanese fans, and many photos of wheels, wheeling, and wheelmen, a number being taken by Mr. W. H. Miller, who is an expert photographer. A prelude of social intercourse was followed by a club run to a delectable banquet in the upper hall, where covers were laid for seventy guests by the caterers, Gumble & Harmon. The tempting outlay encountered no hesitancy on the part of the bicyclers or their friends.

The new club headquarters, dedicated to the pleasure of the organization under circumstances so auspicious, was built especially for the purpose by President Miller and Luther Donaldson, at a cost of \$2,000. The club has recently been reinforced by the acquisition of new members, and now has a numerical force of thirty-seven. It was or-

ganized October 13, 1880, and three of the charter members still retain their places—W. H. Miller, H. B. Hutchinson, and W. B. Waggoner. The roster of members is subjoined: W. H. Miller, President; Charles J. Krag, Secretary; Fred W. Flowers, Treasurer; John P. McCune, Captain; W. T. Eldridge, First Lieutenant; Hugh Hardy, Second Lieutenant; Club Committee, W. H. Miller, John Siebert, W. R. Kinnear; E. W. Abrams, H. B. Hutchinson, W. B. Waggoner, J. W. Wray, C. E. Freeman, D. T. Fisher, E. W. McColm, L. B. Lindenburg, John Eldridge, W. A. Knoderer, Will Neil, Daniel Krumm, W. L. Peters, H. C. Crippen, William Young, Charles N. Adams, H. T. Irvin, E. B. Champion, Fred W. Hughes, Will Chandler, George A. Whitehurst, E. C. Cheney, Charles G. Irwin. Tricyclers—Rev. C. H. Babcock, Dr. J. F. Baldwin, Messrs. Henry Lindenberg, Philip Lindenberg, and Louis Siebert.

The possession of a place of meeting so attractive will strengthen the bond of union between the members, and the future outlook of the club is most auspicious. The club house is the only one built especially for the purpose west of New York.

#### JUST AS WE SAID.

[From the stenographic report of the Officers' meeting, L. A. W.]

Mr. Ducker.—My reasons for favoring that change are that it seems hard to expect a man to keep in training for three, or even two, seasons before he can possibly earn a medal to call it his own. Take Mr. Hendee for instance; now keeping in training and attending all the League meets for three seasons is a great deal too much to expect of a young man in his circumstances, which are very limited. In fact, his machines are owned by another person and all of his expenses are paid by that person as well. If this were not the case, Mr. Hendee would lose the medals for which he has worked so hard, and which he values so very highly. On this account I hope this amendment will be lost, for it is an unjust rule.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Ducker.—What is the cause of amateur professionalism? Why, just the very thing of expecting our racing men to always keep in training. As I have said, I pay all of Mr. Hendee's bills, and if I did not, some one else would have to do it, or Mr. Hendee would have to retire from the track.

#### ROUTES FROM NEW YORK TO BRIDGEPORT.

Editor of *The Wheel*: In reply to the inquiry raised in this week's paper by "L. A. W. 1242," I refer him to *Wheelman* of May, 1883, pp. 114, 115, for report of my day's ride of 55 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, from Harlem Bridge to Bridgeport, on the 21st Nov., 1882. If he has access to a file of *Bi. World* he will find in the issues of 17 April and 12 Nov., 1880, reports of the same track, supplied respectively by myself and by James Revel; and in the issue of 18 May, 1883, (p. 18), an account of my ride the previous month, from Bridgeport to New York, by way of White Plains and Tarrytown—the two routes joining at Port Chester. In April of the present year I rode from Harlem Bridge to Hartford and back, by the usual shore route. This implies turning to the right from the Boulevard into Westchester avenue, three miles from the start, climbing the hill to the right after crossing the bridge at Westchester, and then, after perhaps another mile of macadam, turning left, and again left, on the sidewalk of the broad, sandy Boulevard which leads to Pelham Bridge. The section of road between

there and New Rochelle, which used to be desperately bad, was being macadamized in April, and I've no doubt is in perfect order by this time. At the flag pole in Rye, the uphill road to the right must be taken, and at the next fork the downhill road to the right. The hill beyond the bridge at Norwalk may be ridden up, by taking to the concrete sidewalk on the right, and care should then be taken to go to the east side of the green before turning left, and then to take the road to the right of the church. On reaching the post office in Fairfield a sharp turn should be taken to the right, and then a fine spin may be had on the left hand sidewalk leading through the finely shaded main street of that quiet village. At the fork beyond it, the tourist should keep the main road to the right, and never leave it until he reaches the railroad station in Bridgeport.

There are the facts for you, Mr. "1242," and I wish you joy on your journey. But if you knew the sacrifice which I have made, in thus giving a weary hour for your enlightenment, your conscience would never allow you to start upon the tour until you had secured a half dozen subscribers for my road book, at the very least! KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, N. Y., 12th July.

#### CLEVELAND RACES.

Third annual races Cleveland Bicycle Club at the Athletic Park, July 10th. About 1,000 spectators and over 100 wheelmen witnessed the following races:

Quarter-Mile Dash.—W. H. Wetmore, Cleveland, 1st, 43 $\frac{1}{8}$ s.

One-Mile Dash.—A. Dolph, New London, run over in 3.01 4-5, quarters as follows: 44 $\frac{1}{8}$ s., 1.27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ., 2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ., 3.01 4-5.

One-Mile Club Championship.—Geo. Colister run over in 3.13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

One-half-Mile Dash.—W. F. Knapp 1st, 1.31 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Five-Mile Club Championship.—J. H. Colister 1st, 19.59 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Two-Mile Open.—W. H. Wetmore 1st, 6.56 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Track good; weather fine.

#### FROM THE CLUBS.

SALT LAKE.—At the regular semi-annual meeting of the Salt Lake Bicycle Club held at the office of Messrs. Barnes & Davis, Salt City, July 7th, 1884, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: Geo. J. Taylor, President; Heber S. Cutler, Vice-President; D. L. Davis, Captain; Wm. Wood, Jr., Sub-Captain; Walter Jennings, Secretary and Treasurer.

JULY 8, 1884. W. JENNINGS,  
Sec. Salt Lake Bi. Club.

#### SALT LAKE CITY.

On July 4th, 1884, the following races were held by the Salt Lake Bicycle Club: Best two in three one mile heats for championship and gold and silver medals. The gold medal and championship, was won by Wm. Wood, Silver medal won by Mr. W. Jennings.

Best two in three  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile handicap races. Mr. Jennings scratch. J. Silver, 15 feet ahead; J. Woods, 30 feet; H. Cartright, 78 feet. Won by Mr. Cartright, silver goblet as prize.

W. JENNINGS,  
Sec. Salt Lake Bi. Club.

#### FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

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#### To Subscribers and Correspondents.

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

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. Those who have returned the printed subscription blank will please remit as early as possible.

#### THE CHICAGO TOUR.

As stated in our last issue, we most apologize for any short comings in this issue of THE WHEEL. As one cannot be in two places at the same time, the difficulty of successfully preparing a paper and simultaneously taking a vacation, must be obvious. We know of perhaps no more interesting subject than that of the Niagara to Boston Tour, which for the past year has from time to time been brought into public notice through the columns of this paper, and which is now being successfully accomplished.

It needed the inventive genius of Mr. Burley B. Ayers, of the Chicago Club, to project some novel excursion, and when last year it was proposed to tour from Detroit to Buffalo, not much was thought about it, except as to remark upon the novelty of the same, and the pleasures to be derived from such an excursion. The excellent account of the trip which was published last winter in *The Wheelmen*, accompanied by numerous illustrations, served to heighten the desire of many to pass through the same experiences, and when the second annual tour was announced, embracing such points as Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga, and Boston, it was not to be wondered that many immediately pledged their names.

The party now on the road well represent the wheeling centres commencing with the East, we see the neat uniforms of the Ramblers and Massachusetts Clubs. New York sends delegates from Buffalo, Oswego, Brooklyn, and Citizens Clubs. New Jersey has her contingent from the Morris and Orange Wanderers. Pennsylvania is represented by the Germantown and Clarion Clubs, while the West looms up with wheelmen from Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Fairbault, Minn., and Leadville, Col. Numbering in all sixty; it is needless to say that general good times are the rule, and not the exception.

Every well known variety of machine is to be seen, from a Pony Star to a 60-in. Expert, with a scattering of Rudges, Royal Mails, and Clubs. This is a sufficient variety to afford instructive comparisons, and the trip will probably result in some useful points being developed. All along the route the visitors are kindly received, the resident wheelmen doing all in their power to make the visit interesting, turning out in numbers, and acting as escorts when necessary.

The general health of the party is excellent, and bronzed faces greet one at every turn. We cannot help thinking that touring is, after all, the most enjoyable part of bicycling, and cannot but repeat in conclusion our advice to the general reader to go and do likewise.

#### A BICYCLING IDYL.

What a glorious morning it was. The air cool and fragrant, while the golden ball of the sun could be seen just appearing over the distant hills. A light rain the night before had been sufficient to lay the dust and make the roads of that velvety softness so dear to a bicyclist's heart. I started early. The sunset of the preceding evening had given promise of magnificent weather, and though it showed the fallacious nature of its prophecies by the rain which had fallen, still, after all, no pleasanter or more delightful morning was ever ushered in by the beautiful Aurora. My steed, which I had carefully rubbed down the night before, glistened and sparkled in the rising sunlight, casting a bright reflection on the path beside me. I was eager to mount and be off, so making sure that I had everything necessary, I slowly rolled my wheel to the road and at a moderate speed whirled down the quiet street. The town was like a grave, though here and there I could see the early farmer's boy watering his cows or driving them down to the meadows to pasture. Almost the only noise to break the stillness was the unceasing crowing of the cocks, as they seemed to carry on their strife in a language intelligible only to themselves. I could almost imagine myself a being of another world as I flew out of that deserted and death-like stillness. Like the Centaur of old, I was so wedded to my wheel as to seem but another part joined to it and inseparable. My path lay in the way of the river, which like a huge serpent wound and coiled itself among the hills, and seemed to be seeking to crush them in its cold and clammy embrace. For two miles I sped along the smooth road at a rapid rate. The cool and bracing air gave a feeling of freedom and I longed for new adventures. I looked toward the mountain. A hill considered by bicyclers as almost inaccessible attracted my attention and seemed to fascinate me, as it were an evil eye. I drew towards it and looked up at it with an ambitious feeling of power to grapple with and overcome this mocking giant. It seemed to say "try me, I defy you." Thoroughly determined I started rapidly up the gradual incline, which extending a few rods led the way into the wood. Now came the tug-of-war. I whispered to wheel, as though it had power to aid me, words of encouragement, and then bent to the task. Three steep slopes, each with a level space of ten or a dozen feet at the top, formed the contour of the hill, and the last was the hardest of all. Full of courage and at a moderate rate I began to push my way up the first. With nerves and muscles well tensioned I rode with considerable ease, though I knew my power must be carefully husbanded. As the incline became steeper, so my own strength seemed to grow weaker. I shuddered as I

came to each succeeding slope and forced myself for a new effort. At the top of each a corresponding sense of relief swept over me. At length I came to the last of the inclines, and at the sight of it, felt almost tempted to give up. It did not seem as if my strength would allow it. I was wet with perspiration though the air in the woods was cool and delightful. As I struck the ascent my courage almost failed me. So near the summit! With fixed determination I gripped the handles firmer than before and began to push my way up. Slowly, laboriously, every sweep of the pedals seemed to draw all the vital force from my body. My hands began to slip on the polished handles. I shifted them and took another grip. Each moment was torture, and I was but half way up. Foot by foot, inch by inch, my eyes fairly stood out from their sockets in protestation. I leaned farther forward and moved a little in my seat. The slightest slip, the slightest false move, even a little stone, would be enough to dash my nearly won triumph. At last I could see the distant hills over the brow of the mountain. Only ten feet between me and victory. Ten feet! They seemed rods. My veins seemed bursting and my action became purely mechanical. I no longer seemed to be human. I was Bucephalus on the flying Pegasus. I was a winged dragon, a feeling of lightness came over me and I thought I swept through a burning atmosphere to the depths of the bottomless pit. And all was dark. When I came to, I felt a soft hand bathing my temples with water and a tender touch smoothing my hair. I opened my eyes to find myself resting upon a bed of leaves while at my side sat a young girl whose charming face and ease of manner were utterly inconsistent with her calico dress.

"You have had a severe fall from your bicycle, and I am afraid lest you may have hurt yourself seriously," she said, as she perceived I had returned to consciousness; "won't you please see if any bones are broken?"

I nervously kicked my legs, moved my arms, and shook my head. This latter she evidently took as an answer to her question, though I intended thereby to find out were my spinal cord still entire.

"Then won't you please try and rise?"

This was said with some hesitation, though whether from shyness or coyness I could not quite tell. Essaying to follow her command, I raised myself and sat upright.

"To what good fortune do I owe your presence?" I asked "and why—"

"Oh, I just came out for a walk, but don't talk and I will help you to get up."

With her aid and perhaps with a little less of my own than might have been expected, I raised myself to my feet and stood breathless against the fence. Not till then did I realize how completely tired I was. My kind rescuer picked up her shawl and after rolling my shattered machine behind some brush, came to me and said:

"Now you must try and walk over to the farm house, where I am staying. You cannot do otherwise, you are so weak, and your bicycle is broken. I will help you; come try and walk."

Slowly we walked along the ridge, she with her arm linked in mine and every now and then stopping to wipe off a few drops of blood which oozed from a severe cut on my forehead. The arrangement was very satisfactory, in fact almost too satisfactory; for a suspicious contentment in my face, which was not quite consistent with the supposed pain which I was enduring, caused her to become distrustful and her suspicion found vent in "I believe you are shamming." On my reiterated assertions that I was suffer-

ing intensely, she took back my arm which she had dropped and we twain resumed our walk. And such a walk. She told all the circumstances of her finding me. How she had risen very early to breathe the fresh mountain air, and how on returning from her walk, she had watched my climb up the hill, and had seen me fall from my machine in a faint. Then she told me of herself, of her home, of her friends and relatives. She had been banished from the city to recruit her poor health by homely mountain life. Early and long walks, good healthy diet, and real mountain climate had wrought a wonderful change, and she was quite ready to withdraw from her retreat and appear again in the world. To be her devoted knight became my ambition and that I succeeded was well attested by the envies and jealousies of the other fellows, who didn't see how I knew that handsome Miss—so well. For no other introduction could have made of us the friends we ultimately became and which was brought about in such a novel and romantic way.

MALC.

#### THE CHICAGO TOUR.

It was about half past seven when the writer boarded a Belt Line car, en route for the depot of the West Shore & Buffalo Railroad, at West 42d street. The sun was gradually sinking to rest among the classic hills of Weehawken as we swung into the Eleventh avenue with a rush. The driver, a good natured Irishman, wound the brake up, and let her go again at regular intervals, and between the whirrs propounded the usual formula of questions. Forty-second street was soon reached, and here our trials commenced. This thoroughfare is the greatest producer of children of any that a life long residence in a great city has brought to our notice. We will guarantee that there are more children to the square foot in Forty-second street than any other locality; at least, it seemed so that night. Perhaps if we had been attired in the ordinary costume of the day, we would have passed by unnoticed, but as we perferred the dress of our forefathers, we were the subject of general remark. "Get onto his shape." "look at the Canary Bird Dude," etc., greeted us on every side. We confess we are not a Hercules. Our best friends say that when we approach them, our head and body appear to move in the air without any visible means of support. Perhaps this is so, but we soon found relief at the ferry house, and were soon braving the briny waters of the Hudson. Half way across, a drenching rain storm drove us to the cabin, but it was soon over, and the elegant depot of the West Shore & Buffalo Railroad hove in sight. We were just on time, and soon had our machines safely stored in the baggage car, where we found several others whose owners proved to be Howard Bissell, New York, E. Skinner, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the smiling F. T. Browning, of Orange, N. J. Further investigation revealed the existence of "Pretty" Geo. Bidwell, who was bound for Buffalo. The comfortable berths in the Wagner sleeper were soon occupied, and the perfect roadbed of the West Shore road made sleep a possibility.

At Syracuse the next morning twenty minutes was allowed for breakfast, and the party was still further increased by J. P. Miller, who had come from Oswego the night before. Buffalo was reached on time, and at six minutes past one the party landed at Niagara Falls. Here they were met by Neil Campbell, the C. T. C. and League Consul for the place, and T. Howard Wright, and John R. Beck, of the Germantown Club.



Without any unnecessary delay the party repaired to the International Hotel, which has an excellent reputation for taking care of the tourist. Here A. B. and C. V. Reed, of Clarion, Pa., were found registered, and the "Middle States" party reached the respectable number of ten. After an enjoyable dinner the excursionists started out on a round of sight seeing, under the direction of Mr. Campbell. As it costs fifty cents to turn around at Niagara, our resident friend had carefully made rates, and each one received a slip of tickets admitting him to the different points of interest at a greatly reduced rate.

The American Falls were first visited and duly admired. So much has been said and written of the beauties of Niagara that it is hardly worth while to recapitulate them here. A store of Indian curiosities was next captured, and in spite of the entreaties of persistent young damsels, a retreat was made in good order without a break in the ranks. The wheelmen were next slid down an incline plane that led apparently into the bottom of the earth, and instead of encountering the pitch fork fiend, they found themselves in a rotunda, that was pierced with many windows, from which a fine view of the falls from below was obtained. The enormous height of the waterfall was forced upon one with startling distinctness. Some of the venturesome concluded to go under the falls, but were not very successful, as the spray drove them out in short order.

Retracing their steps, a visit was made to that modern piece of architecture, the Cantilever Bridge, which was partially crossed, and from which a fine view of the American and Canadian Falls was obtained. A general looseness of the belts reminded one of supper, and a break made for the hotel, where the hungry were made happy. In the evening a short run was made over poor roads, along the river above the rapids, returning in time to witness the illuminating of the falls by the electric light. Beautiful as they were by daylight, the spectacle at night, with nature and art combined, was truly magnificent. Under the powerful light the falls resembled a mass of molten silver, and by the clever interposition of colored glass, all the colors of the rainbow were reproduced.

The next morning, bright and early, the "middle division" reassembled, and after a hearty breakfast repaired to Goat Island, from which a fine view of the Canadian Falls was to be obtained. Not satisfied with the view alone, the tourists determined to conquer the falls again and visit the Cave of the Winds. The costumes were extremely varied, and resembled a cross between a whaler and a bather. Down the rocks the noble eight paddled in charge of a veteran guide, who, fifty years ago to-day, made the current before any bridges were built (at least, so a certificate signed by a number of reputable and respectable citizens says). The place is rightly named, and a more turbulent and bubbling spot it would be hard to find. The circuit was successfully made, and the three sister islands visited, from which the rapids were inspected. The wheels were then mounted and a run made to the Canada shore, and down the river to the Whirlpool Rapids, where the swimmer Webb lost his life.

To reach the edge of the rapids the visitor has the choice of an inclined railway or a spiral stairway and winding paths. The inclined elevator, for it can better be called an elevator than a railroad, is worked upon an exceedingly safe and simple principle. There are two cars connected by two endless steel wire cables, and are run by the weight of water. This weight takes the car

to the bottom and brings the one already there to the top. The cables connecting the cars work around two heavy iron grooved wheels and a drum, so set as to make an accident impossible. Attached to the two upper wheels are powerful brakes, an additional one being automatically applied by a governor which regulates the speed of the cars, and causes them to occupy fully a minute and a half in making the journey from the top to the bottom of the cliff.

Having reached the edge of the rapids by the means described, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a scene of wild grandeur, which is almost indescribable. For nearly 400 feet the cliffs rise in a nearly perpendicular line. Above them and across the gorge stretches the mighty Suspension Bridge, the passing trains looking like playthings in the distance. Beyond and through the framework of dark green formed by the overhanging trees, Niagara rushes ceaselessly, obscured at times by the clouds of white mist that ascend to the sky, and for the very obscurity, all the more grandly beautiful. Dashing, roaring, whirling on through the narrow passes, beating its way against the rocks that for ages have borne up against the shock, comes the accumulation of waters. Rising higher and higher as they flow onward, crying out almost in agony for more room to move, they are still hemmed in by the silent, awful cliffs. Dashing onward, driven forward by the never-ending flow from behind, they reach the most contracted part of the channel. Here for a moment it seems as if the mighty volume paused, unable to struggle further, and then with renewed effort, impelled by some all-powerful but invisible force, it dashes up in one great column, 20, 30, and 35 feet, into the air, and with a noise of thunder, bursts the iron rocks that seek to confine it, and boiling, swirling, bubbling into crystal foam, at last finds its way into the calm green channel beyond the gorge.

When it is remembered that the river at the foot of the inclined plane is only 300 feet wide, that the Falls of Niagara present a front of one and a quarter miles, and that the flow of water over them averages four feet deep, it will be seen that the channel of the Whirlpool Rapids sinks to a depth of at least 200 feet.

Returning, the wheels were mounted and a run of about six miles taken to the celebrated burning spring, which is an old landmark among the curiosities of Niagara. It is caused by a subterranean flow of gas through a bed of coal, iron ore, and sulphur. The route is a pretty one, leading along the Canada shore, from which excellent views can be obtained of both the falls. After witnessing the stereotyped experiments of the exhibition, the return run was rapidly made by the now hungry wheelmen. Arriving at the hotel as the doors of the dining room were closing, a number of new wheels were found leaning against posts and trees. Investigation revealed the fact that the Eastern delegation had arrived, consisting of E. G. Whitney, A. D. Peck, Jr., C. W. Howard, J. W. Vivian, and G. Haynes, Jr., of Boston. Mr. Frank E. Drullard's name (of Buffalo) appeared on the blotter, together with J. S. Vorhees, Jr., of Morristown, N. J.

At 3.30 the Chicago men were in sight in solid array, headed by Burley B. Ayres, who immediately established himself in the reading room and proceeded to issue the tickets for the tour to the members at large. The afternoon was quietly spent by the wheelmen in visiting the various places of interest around the falls. In the evening a promenade concert was given at the hotel, which was duly appreciated. The next morning, bright and early, all were astir, packing up

their baggage preparatory to the start. At nine the line was formed in front of the hotel, and at the bugle call mounted and rode off in single file. The objective point was Lewiston, seven miles distant, over a rutty and stony road. The peculiarity of the roads around Niagara seems to be the ruts which are seldom less than six in number, and laid with persistent irregularity over the entire road. The run was made in 55 minutes, ending in an abrupt hill, which was walked by the entire party. The steamer Chicora, was held in waiting, although behind time, through the efforts of Mr. Neil Campbell, the genial Consul, who rode ahead of the column and detained it. The sail across the lake, a distance of forty-seven miles, was made in about four hours, arriving at Toronto in time for dinner, which was served at the Rossin House. The afternoon was quietly spent by the party in running about town sight seeing, and in the evening, at 7.30, a run was made in company with the local club, nearly one hundred wheels being in line. The route lay through the principal streets of the city, returning to the hotel about half past eight. This ended the first day of the tour, and which thus far has proved a success, no accidents of any description having occurred to mar the pleasure of the journey.

#### RACING IN CANADA.

The Toronto (Ont.) Lacrosse Club offered prizes for a couple of races on July 3, the result being as follows: One-mile race—C. F. Lavender, T. B. C., first; W. G. Ross, M. B. C., second; F. J. Campbell, T. B. C., o; H. P. Davies, W. B. C., o; C. Smith, Rochester, o. Lavender made a desperate spurt at the last, caught Ross about ten yards from the tape, and shoved his machine in first by about a foot. The Canadian record of 3m. 9½s., made two days before, was again broken, the time for this race being 3m. 6s. Three-mile race—F. J. Campbell, T. B. C., first; G. S. Low, M. B. C., second; M. F. Johnson, T. B. B., o; C. Smith, Rochester, o. Time, 10m. 9s., forming another Canadian record.

#### COMING EVENTS.

July—Two weeks' Camp of Boston and Providence Bicycle Clubs, at Sharon.  
July 28—Annual games of Sons of St. George.  
Aug. 18-19—Annual meet of Ohio Division L. A. W., Cleveland, O.  
Sept. 16-19—Annual tournament of the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Association.  
Sept. 23, 24—New Haven (Ct.) Bicycle Club Fall races.

#### NOTES.

Mlle. Armaido and Fred Sewell have been delighting audiences in Springfield, Ill., for two weeks with their fancy and trick riding; also at Quincy, Ill., one week. Armaido is to ride another long distance race soon.

In New York city there are five clubs, viz: Citizens, Ixion, New Yorks, Mercury, Ladies Tricycle Club. The Citizens have 77 members, the Ixion 25, the New Yorks 36, the Mercury 9, the Ladies Club 11; total 158. As there are over 500 cyclers in New York, the reader can see that the average man prefers being unattached.

Robert O'Manigan, of Portchester, N. Y., made a wager with James Costigan, of 138th street and Third avenue, that he could ride his bicycle from Harlem Bridge to Yonkers and return, a distance of 24 miles, in two hours. The stakes were \$100, and on July 11, O'Manigan started. He took the Albany

post road, and at Kings Bridge branched off into Broadway. He arrived at the Getty House, Yonkers, in 1 hour and ten minutes, and made the return trip in 56 minutes. He lost his bet by just 6 minutes.

Mr. George W. Tyner of the Boston Ramblers, Boston, who is spending the summer at Marblehead, entered the Fourth of July races given by the town. He was peculiarly unfortunate. In the mile race with a good lead at the finish he fell, and thus lost the race. Later on, in the five-mile race, he took another tumble, and though he pluckily mounted and continued the race with a damaged wheel, he was only enabled to tie for third place. There is no doubt but for his unlucky falls he would have won both races.

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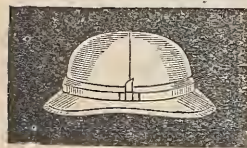


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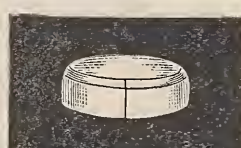
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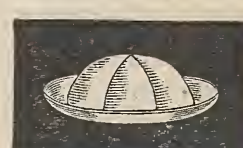
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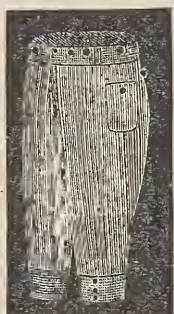
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per dozen.



### "THE CYCLE,"

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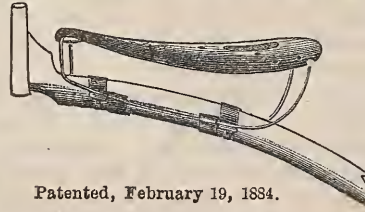
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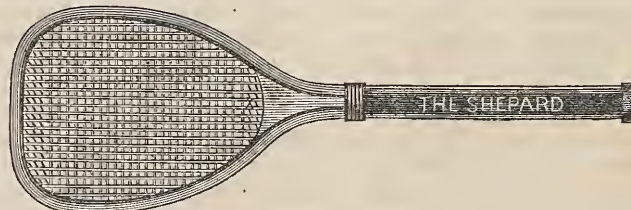
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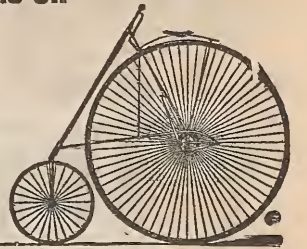
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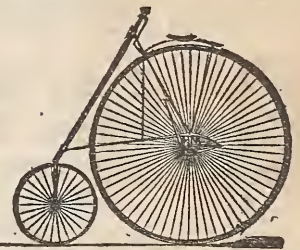
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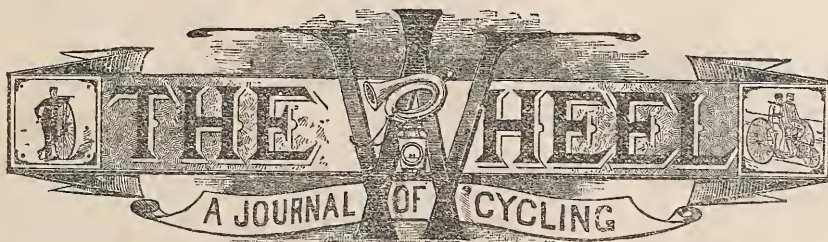
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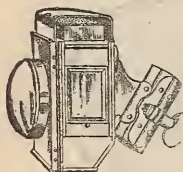
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