

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

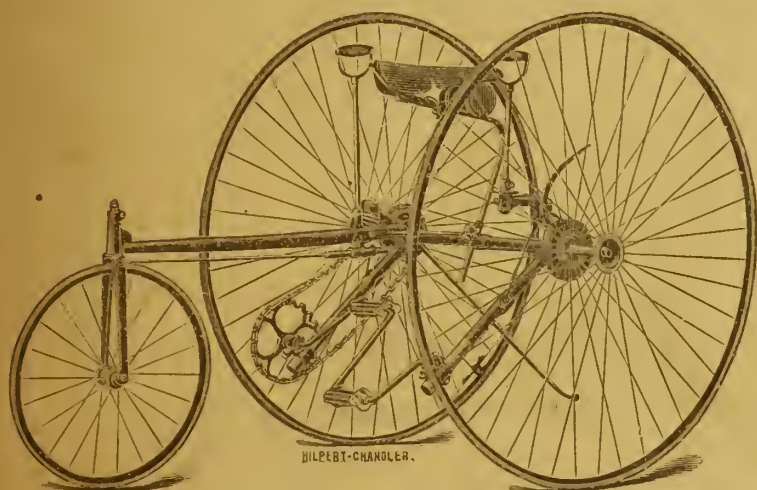
A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 4.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1889

50 cents per Annum.

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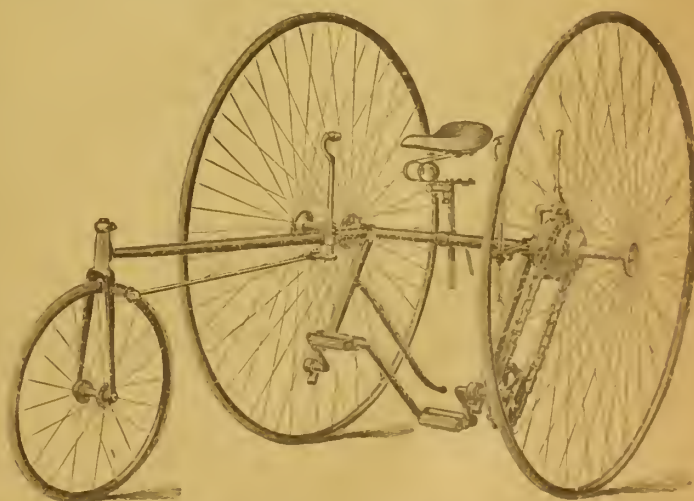
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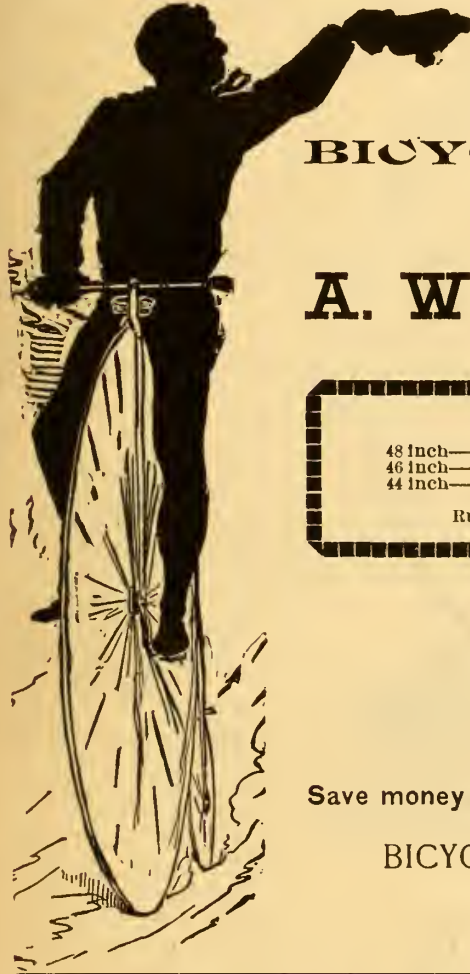
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Stamford, Conn.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1889.

No. 4.

WIP VAN RIMPLE.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS.

Complete in One Part.



IN THE days and weeks and months of the years that were numbered between eighteen hundred and eighty, and eighteen hundred and eighty eight A. D., there lived in a city in the central part of the state of Georgia, one Wip Van Rimple, who was a shiftless young fellow, with neither money, good looks, or aim in life, and very few friends. Even these few were of the same type, and some even more indolent and shiftless than their comrade.

Almost any time of the day Wip could be seen on the streets with a yellow cur following at his heels, who through his long connection with that part of the country was about as well known as he with whom he was always to be seen. This canine also appeared to have no special object in living, and seemed to be satisfied to follow at his masters heels, never displaying enough energy to growl or jump at the cats that sometimes crossed his path, unalarmed.

Some years before our story opens, there was living out in the suburbs of the city, a rather comely young girl of eighteen, who was known by the name of Molly Owens.

She was the only heir to her old father's property, which consisted of a three room house, set well to the front of a rather large lot. Across the back of this, there was stretched numerous white ropes, running in nearly every direction. Among the first days of the week, as sure as the weather was clear, on these were spread various garments of many shapes and sizes, fluttering in the winds that sometimes blew her well, but oftener it was an ill one that brought no good. And it must have been one of the latter that was blowing almost a gale, that suddenly found Wip as he came shambling in through the back gate, touched the brim of his tattered

hat, mumbled out "Good mornin'," and took a seat on an empty barrel, while his dog, Shucks, curled up in a pile of clothes, awaiting their turn at the tub. Molly answered Wip's salutation in a way civil enough, but cast a glance at the dog that meant no good for him.

Wip made some commonplace remarks about the weather, and on other timely topics, but presently the conversation began to lag; when he drew an old, cracked and rusted harmonica from some place of concealment, and struck up what he thought a tune. Molly moved around to the other side of the tub, while Shucks gave a howl of discontent, and was about to depart for new and more peaceful pastures, but the girl, noticing the move, pounced upon him, and wrapping the innocent cur up in the garments, whose names remain untold, pitched him in the tub of water. By the time he managed to get untangled and away, he had taken in enough soap suds

to cause him to cough and sneeze until it seemed as if the basement of his head would be torn from its fastenings, while Molly laughed long and loud. Wip was compelled to join in, though he was by no means pleased at the treatment his friend had received.

Presently Wip took his departure, but not before assuring her that he would be around again before long. He kept his word, too, and it grew to be not an unfrequent thing for him to drop in—say—four or five mornings out of the week. Shucks always came too, and took his seat just outside the gate. And even if he occasionally did come inside, he was very particular

to keep as far away from any loose clothes, or the tubs as circumstances would permit.

But these visits were temporarily suspended when Molly's father was taken suddenly and seriously ill, compelling her to devote the greater part of her time to him. In a few days the old fellow died, and the day after the burial Wip went around to see if he could not comfort the grief stricken one in some way. He seemed more kind and thoughtful than Molly had ever known him, and her heart warmed toward the poor forsaken fellow and his lean yellow dog, in



Wip plays, what he thinks, a tune.

a way strange to relate. And when Wip suddenly suggested that now as the old man was gone, she would need another protector, and suggested that he should be the one, she was not greatly surprised. A few mornings later the ceremony was preformed by a cheap, "one-horse" preacher, with Shucks as the only witness.

We will not dwell on the weeks that followed this young couple's venture, or the spits and spats that they began to have. Or, for fear it might make you sad, tell you how Wip grew more shiftless, indolent, and good-for-nothing than Molly had ever dreamed it possible for him to be. How she grew to hate the dog on account of his resemblance to his owner; or how one Friday afternoon Wip made the rounds of all his wife's customers in the city, told a tale of hunger and misery, and at each place received a few dollars advance on the month's washing, and then invested the proceeds of the enterprise in an old loose-jointed, God-forsaken looking bicycle, which, in general appearance, so closely resembled Wip, that at the sight of them, some people remarked—"How appropriate. It really must be kin to Wip and Shucks."

Wip soon learned to ride the machine. With saddle way down

bed, where he had been but a short time before.

Suddenly the voice of Molly floated, in a grating tone out on the crisp morning air. Shucks, who a moment before was looking very well contented, now put his tail between his hindmost limbs, and crawled under the house. Wip wished he could follow, but as the hole had been a close fit for the dog, he was casting about for some other means of safe retreat, when the voice was suddenly heard again calling—"You Wip," then a pause, followed by, "You Wip,"—a moment later—"You Shucks," all of which ended in a more contented voice, "Well, I guess they're gone. All 'round it's a good riddance, and maybe I'll have a day in peace," and as she went back in the house to prepare the morning meal, Wip whistled softly to Shucks, and they pulled out, not wishing to be in the vicinity when the cyclone broke forth, as it surely would, when Molly discovered the larders deficiencies.

Wip rode at a verp good pace until out of the neighborhood, and then settled down to a five mile gait, with Shucks following at the little wheel.

Wip was riding slowly along, when he looked around and remar-



The Two Runaways.

on the backbone, and heels on the pedals, he would go wabbling down the street, with Shucks following at the little wheel, ambling along in a half-trot, half "crows-hop" that often provoked smiles from passers by.

Things began to grow so very unpleasant at home that almost any place was more agreeable. As he had no others, his old wheel, and the wide, wide world was his only haven of refuge. He would mount his wheel, call Shucks, and hie himself away to the peace and quiet of the suburbs and roads leading away from the city, not to return until meal time.

But one night after Molly had retired, Wip slipped out in the kitchen, relieved the larder of all its portable contents, and otherwise made preparations for a rather lengthy journey.

He arose next morning by day-light and after giving Shucks a shove, rolled his wheel around the corner of the house and began oiling and cleaning it.

When his better half awoke, she reached over for a dipper of water, as was her wont, with which to assist Wip in waking, but there in the dim light of the doubtful day, was the hollow sink in the

bed; "Well Shucks! I guess we fooled Mrs. Van Rimple pretty well that time, don't you?" And then added, "But my! wont there be a storm when she goes to get breakfast, and finds those things gone!" and he nudged the well fillen sack under his arm. Shucks thought the idea a good one, and wagged his tail accordingly, but at the mention of affairs as they were at home then, his tail became limp; the expression died out of his face, and his head hung low, as he changed his position from the one by the wheel, to the other side, farthest from town.

On they went, over hill and through valley, occasionally pausing at some blacksmith shop or small store, with which the road was profusely decorated, where they rested a little, and drank some water, and at each place sampling the contents of the bag. After journeying until early in the afternoon, Wip began wondering what was to be the end of such a trip, and by the questioning glances Shucks occasionally threw up to him there was evidently more than one mind upon this problem.

Presidently he noticed a hard smooth road, which was running through the cool woods near by. Into this they turned, wondering

to where such a fine pike could lead. After riding about a mile, Wip heard voices in the woods, and turning his wheel, started in the direction from whence the sounds came. Shucks seemed doubtful as to the venture, and was inclined to hold back, but a word from his master brought him trotting on again.

Around a little clump of pines they went, when there, sitting around a large cloth spread on the pine straw, were a score or more of young ladies and gentlemen, gaily clad in knickerbockers and fancy dresses, with great silver buckles on their slippers, broad brim hats, and many other things that went to tell of old fashioned finery and costumes. On the cloth there were delicacies of every kind in such profusion that Wip's mouth began to water immediately. The spread was also ornamented with large bottles of various shapes and colors, while just in the background were a number of two seated cycles, such as he had never seen before. All this was taken in at a

"busy thyself with yonder wheels. See'st that they are well rubbed and oiled, for the run home will be a sore one."

Mystified beyond imagination, Wip set to work on the wheels, and when the diners were through, his work was completed.

The dinner dishes were packed in the baskets and strapped on the machines, and the party was ready to depart, when one of them said, "And now my good fellow, help well thyself to what thou seest here, and eat thy fill. Drink deep from yonder bottles, for what they contain is rich and fine. And forget not thy dorg, for forsooth it would appear that he needed something," and the merry makers mounted and rode away.

Wip's last recollections were the uncorking of the bottles, after which all became a blank, and he knew no more. The world seemed turning over and over, he knew not how. There was a great buzzing sound going on in his ears, which grew fainter and fainter, until at



Wip falls asleep.

glance, and as he dismounted they greeted him.

"Ho, my good fellow, And so thou art a cyeler too. And pray, from whence cometh thee, and whither dost thou journey this sunny day."

"Ho Ho, Ha Ha. Yes. From whence cometh thou, and whither dost thou journey. pray tell."

"Success to thee, on thy way," added another.

And, as the glasses clinked, and the merry diners drank to Wip's health, he replied, "Much obleeged. I cum from Mayslick, back er piece," and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "but, for a fac', I don't know where I'm goin'."

"Poor fellow," said one of the ladies, "Canst it be possible that 'tis the lost Knight of the Golden Wheel?"

"Ha Ha, no indeed, not he," was the reply.

"But pray, young fellow," said the one who had first spoken,

last, it ceased altogether.

* * * * *

When he awoke and started homeward things seemed changed in some unexplainable way from when he had made the trip the afternoon before. There was no doubt but that the road was the same. He continued noticing many things that he did not remember seeing the day before. He watched and inquired for the places on the route where he had stopped on the outward trip, but none of them were to be found. By the roadside in many places there were fine residences, great factories, and even more than one rail-road track, all of which amazed Wip in a way that will never be known.

And yet he was sure he was on the right road, for one or two blacksmith's shops were recognized, though their proprietors seemed many years older than when he had seen them last.

At one of these Wip stopped leaned his old wheel beside the trunk

of a chinaberry tree that shaded the front, and sat down to meditate on these many changes. There were several things that he could not fathom. To begin with; he had never known Shucks to desert him before. They had always stuck together, and now that Shucks had left him, he was worried beyond measure. And then his beard was long and rather gray, while the night before it had been only a stiff, stubborn affair. And then some small boys in the road had jeered him as he passed, one of them remarking, "I wonder what that old fellow wants to ride that thing for, anyhow. His bike looks about sa old ashe does."

Wip was quite used to criticisms, but this one seemed so queer that it bothered him not a little. So, after thinking a while, he walked over to where the blacksmith was at work, and said to him, "My

reply.

"Well, I'll swan," was the only thing the boy heard, and that mystified him some, as his questioner rode away.

As the distance between him and the city diminished, so many changes were to be seen that Wip continued to notice them no longer, but decided to wait and ask Molly, did she know of all these great buildings and railroads and scores of other things he had never seen before. When going the suburbs, he nearly fell off his wheel with fear, when a long car, attached neither to locomotive nor dummy, nor having any visible motive power, came by like a flash. It remained for him to learn in the days to come, of the electric motor, which had been introduced.

Further on he found the asphalt pavements, stretching away for



Inquiring for Mrs. Van Rimple.

friend can you tell me what's the day of the week?"

"Well, let me see," was the reply, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,—yes its Thursday, I know."

"That's right, sho," said Wip mentally, and then added aloud, "An' the month?"

"Why, hits June, of course."

"Much obleeged, but som'ers I never could keep dates in my head," replied Wip, feeling greatly relieved.

In a few moments he again started on his way, and two hours riding, brought him in sight of the town, "where wife lived," as he always spoke of it. As he neared the city, the new things that he had never before see became more numerous. When the sight of a great factory came to his astonished vision, he dismounted, and asked a boy how long it had been there. "Oh, about four years," was the

miles, the long, clean streets looking as smooth as glass, and as he silently rolled over them, even as old as he was, he almost forgot the greeting that he thought was sure to be awaiting him when he reached home.

Old landmarks, there were some, but these few now looked dim and distant in the brighter lights of the more modern structures that were on every side. There was one place above all others that Wip was nor likely to forget, and that was the grog shop where he made his headquarters. If any of the boys were there, they would not hesitate to tell him about these changes that he could not understand. But where the old wooden building, with its slanting sheds and empty kegs used to stand, there was now a brown stone front, with a figured tile floor, great panes of plate glass in the rich swinging

Continued on Page 61.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Receipts. The fact that you receive your paper is proof that we have received your remittance. Your subscription expires at the date on the wrapper.

Errors. We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

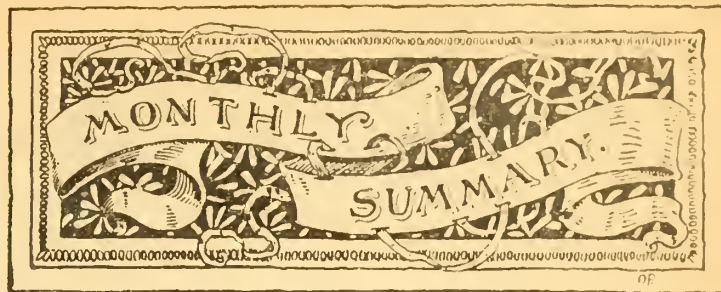
The **UNCLE KERLUMBIA** articles, which were commenced in the last number of the **GAZETTE**, and which have already become so popular, will be continued every month and we feel confident they will be welcomed by every wheelman for their originality and humor.

The first of the series of articles on the Chicago Bicycle Clubs, by **VERAX** will be given in the May **GAZETTE** and will be entitled **HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY ORGANIZE AND CARRY ON A BICYCLE CLUB, AS INSTANCED BY THE LINCOLN CYCLING CLUB, OF CHICAGO**. It will be illustrated with several views of the club house and portraits of the most prominent members.

The Chicago tournament, to be held May 13-18 is now an assured fact, and from present indications will be a great success. The exact number and order of races has not, as yet, been determined and will depend largely on the number of starters. A number of wheelmen from outside points have already signified their intentions of taking part in the races and Chicago wheelmen will, of course, be well represented. As this will probably be the largest tournament of the season the **GAZETTE** will get out an especially large May edition and distribute them thoroughly to the visiting cyclers.

Wherein lies the hidden charm of a ride on a genuine spring day? There is something indescribably exhilarating about it which makes one view in roseate hues every little incident of the way, and begets a spirit of joyousness which is contagious and irresistible. Can it be the effect of the casting off of winter's thralldom and the bright anticipation of the glorious rides and pleasant days to come, of which the first dawn of spring is only a forerunner? Whatever it is, it is real and tangible, and appears to affect all with its mystical influence, in striking contrast to the sluggish aspect of the average wheelman during the sultry summer.

Some of our leading cycle manufacturers are again disputing the question of infringement of patents. Rumor has it that the Pope and Overman Cos., have issued circular letters in which they claim that the cycles manufactured or sold by the Warwick Cycle Co., Clark Cycle Co., Capital Cycle Co., L. H. Johnson, and the Strong & Green Cycle Co., are infringements on their patents. The Warwick Co., have issued a letter to the cycling public offering to protect them in any suit brought about from this source. To this the Pope Co., replies with a letter denying that they have made any threats in the matter and stating that should they find that the machines manufactured by the Warwick Co., are infringements they will prosecute according to the usual customs of law and business courtesy. The matter has not, as yet, reached the courts.



FROM MARCH 15 TO APRIL 15.

Massachusetts. The Maverick Club, of East Boston, held its fifth annual supper March 15. Cambridge Cycle Club's fancy dress ball March 27. Malden Bicycle Club held its first annual entertainment March 21. Annual dinner of the Cambridge Bicycle Club, Boston, April 3.

Missouri. The Missouri Club took the following runs during last month: March 17, to Bartold's and return for dinner; March 24, to Point Breese and return for dinner; March 31, to Webster and return for dinner.

New York. New York Bicycle Club smoker, March 25. Brooklyn Cycle Club's theatre party, March 29. Hudson County Wheelmen, second race for the Benedict medal April 1. Harlem Wheelmen, of New York, held a reception March 15.

Tennessee. Spring meeting of the State Board of Officers of the Tennessee division L. A. W., was held at Clarksville, March 12.

COMING EVENTS.

April 17.—Annual ball of the Roxbury (Mass.) Bicycle Club.

April 25.—Ball of the South End Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, Pa.

April 25.—Cambridge Bicycle Club's last ladies' night of the season.

April 27.—Manhattan Bicycle Club's reception.

May 6.—Race meet at Woodstock, Ont.

May 11.—Harvard (Mass.) Bicycle Club will celebrate its tenth anniversary by holding a tournament.

May 13-18.—Cycling tournament at Exposition Building, Chicago.

May 18.—Frank A. Elwell's European party sails from New York.

May 18.—Stone-Lumsden 1 mile match race at Chicago, Ill.

May 24.—Tournament at Woodstock, Ont., Canada.

May 25.—Stone-Lumsden 3 mile match race at St. Louis, Mo.

May 27.—Stone-Lumsden 25 mile match race at Crawfordsville Ind.

May 30.—Race meet of Saco Wheelmen, of Biddiford, Me.

May 30.—Annual meet of the California Division of the L. A. W. at Los Angeles.

May 30.—Annual meet of the Maine Division of the L. A. W. at Biddeford.

June 8.—Century run from Orange N. J. to Philadelphia, Pa.

June 18.—Third annual meeting of the Tennessee Division of the L. A. W.

July 2, 3, 4.—Race meet at Hagerstown, Md.

July 4.—Illinois Division meet at Ottata.

July 4.—Tournament of the Lancaster (Pa.) Bicycle Club.

Oct. 23, 24, 28, 29.—Tournament at Macon, Ga.

A PROFESSIONAL CYCLER.

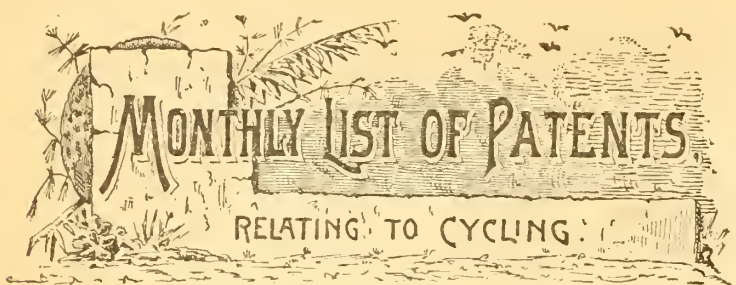
To draw this cyclist's portrait true,
The sun's too just; a photograph won't do;
It should be etched—no point too sharp, alas!—
With caustic acid, on a sheet of brass.

A schemer?—His one rule, his course to guide
Is: shun the losing, serve the winning side.
His every thought is wasted on himself;

All useful laws he lays upon the shelf;
The race track buys his absence—and his ease;
He soothes his conscience with the "fees."

Gifted with gab and with a cunning leer,
He hates the very name of amateur.

'Tis his delight to sneer in lofty prose,
And bitter jibe and biting jeer, at those,
Who hold their heads above the swollen throng
Which thinks to win is right, to lose is wrong.



NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

A selected list of patents reported especially for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

- 397,188. Feb. 5. Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede pedal.
 397,189. Feb. 5. Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Forming wheels.
 397,348. Feb. 5. Winslow L. Fay, Elyria, O. Tricycle.
 397,405. Feb. 5. George T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass. Backbone for bicycles.
 397,638. Feb. 12. Patrick Gallagher, New York, N. Y. Tricycle.
 398,005. Feb. 19. William E. Smith, near May, Ark. Tricycle.
 398,158 and 398,159. Feb. 19. Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede.
 398,195. Feb. 19. Edward Thuemler, Chicago, Ill. Bicycle.
 398,228. Feb. 19. Larus F. Garstensen, Bridgeport, Conn. Bicycle.
 398,455. Feb. 26. Gustav A. Schubert, Berlin, Germany. Driving mechanism for velocipedes.
 398,465. Feb. 26. Charles Sprake, Detroit, Mich. Ice velocipede.
 398,533. Feb. 26. Albert H. Overman, Newton, Mass. Velocipede.
 398,548. Feb. 26. Hezekiah B. Smith, Smithville, N. J. Steam tricycle.
 398,745. Feb. 26. Herbert S. Owen, Washington, D. C. Bicycle.
 398,945. March 5. H. S. Credlebaugh, New Carlisle, O. Luggage carrier for bicycles.
 399,190. March 5. W. C. Foster, Somerville, Mass. Tricycle.
 399,003. March 5. C. E. Bentley, New York, N. Y. Velocipede.
 399,285. March 12. Aaron G. Rose, Greencastle, Ind. Bicycle.
 399,454. March 12. Geo. T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass. Bicycle.
 399,455. March 12. Geo. T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass. Safety bicycle.
 399,456. March 12. Geo. T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass. Ball bearing for velocipedes.
 399,774. March 19. Thos. O'Brien, New York, N. Y. Bicycle.
 400,074. March 26. Peter Gendron, Toledo, O. Velocipede.
 400,204. March 26. Wm. Golding, Moss Side, Lancaster Co., England. Velocipede.
 400,075. March 26. Wm. Goulden, Clapton, Middlesex Co., England. Velocipede.
 400,343. March 26. Thos. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede brake.
 400,091. March 26. Frederick E. Kohler, Canton, O. Tricycle.
 400,090. March 26. Joseph Knapp, Buffalo, N. Y. Velocipede.
 400,098. March 26. John M. Marlin, New Haven, Conn. Velocipede.
 399,453. George T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass. Vehicle wheel.

- 299,362. Amos W. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. Vehicle wheel.
 399,359. Amos W. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. Rim and Tire.
 399,360. Amos W. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. Wheel tire and felly.
 399,361. Amos W. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. Wheel tire and felly.
 399,354 to 398,358 inclusive. Amos W. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. Wheel tire.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 2,258. Feb. 8. E. J. Bird, Quarry Bank. An anti-vibrating cycle frame with adjustable parallel swing bracket and cone brake.
 2,278. Feb. 8. P. Haden, London. Improvements in safety bicycles and tricycles.
 2,357. Feb. 9. W. T. Shaw and A. Sydenham, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
 2,363. Feb. 9. W. Blakley, London. Improvements in elastic-tired wheels.
 2,833. Feb. 18. W. P. Thompson, Liverpool. Improvements in and appertaining to velocipedes. W. Lampe & S. Frank, Germany.
 2,840. G. Singer, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
 2,894. Feb. 19. W. P. W. Weatherill, Manchester. Improvements in velocipedes or carriages, with or without an artificial horse or other animal, being so arranged that a rocking motion is given to the artificial horse or other animal, or the carriage body as it is forced onwards.
 2,928. Feb. 19. E. K. Hanley, London. Improvements in the locks for bicycles.
 2,995. Feb. 20. G. Crowe, Cheshire. Improvements in bicycles, tricycles or other cycles.
 3,056. Feb. 20. C. S. Lovelace, London. Improvements in bicycles.
 3,120. Feb. 21. Arthur Joseph Mason and Alfred Moore Mason. Improvements in bicycles.
 3,238. Feb. 23. Alexander Langland. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
 3,368. Feb. 25. J. Keen, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
 3,370. Feb. 25. A. Lehmann, Chiswick. Improvements in adjustable wrenches for bicycles and other purposes.
 3,451. Feb. 26. J. H. Kutschke, London. Improvements in the driving mechanism of velocipeds.
 3,454. Feb. 26. F. Edwards, London. Improvements in velocipedes for facilitating the conversion thereof into bicycles or tricycles.
 3,457. Feb. 25. Albert Jelly. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
 3,476. Feb. 27. Jesse Forster. An improved adjustable flexible saddle for bicycles and other velocipedes.
 3,520. Feb. 27. Jean Bonicard and Edouard Joseph Jean Baptiste Cenoit. Improvements in and appertaining to tricycles, bicycles or other velocipedes.
 3,634. March 1. John Howes and George Neville Howes. An improved method of fastening tires on velocipede and other wheels.
 3,775. March 4. Charles James Reynolds. Improvements in wheels for velocipedes and other vehicles.
 3,794. Feb. 4. Walter Phillips and Robert Walker Smith. Improvements in velocipedes.
 3,845. March 5. Alfred Julius Boulton. Improvements in adjustable cranks for velocipedes and the like.
 3,861. March 5. John Harrington. Improvements in saddles for velocipedes.
 3,890. March 6. John Stevenson. Improvements in speed gear for bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes; also applicable for other machines.
 3,968. March 5. William Patmore. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
 4,051. March 8. Arthur Appleby. Improvements in safety bicycles and other velocipedes.

The League will, in the future, have seven handicappers in place of one. Does this mean that the opportunity for growling is to be increased seven-fold?

WHEELS--THEIR SIZES AND GEARS.

THE following table and rules for calculating, furnished by Mr. C. D. Buckwell in the *Cyclist*, will prove of value and interest to our readers.

"A table showing the circumference of different sized wheels, and the number of revolutions each makes in a mile; also the most ready method to determine if a driving wheel is geared level, or how much up or down:

Diameter of wheel in inches.	Circumference in inches and 7th.	Number of revolutions per mile.
30 - - - - -	94 2 - - - -	672 00
32 - - - - -	100 4 - - - -	630 00
34 - - - - -	106 6 - - - -	592 95
36 - - - - -	113 1 - - - -	560 00
38 - - - - -	119 3 - - - -	530 52
40 - - - - -	125 5 - - - -	504 00
42 - - - - -	132 0 - - - -	480 00
44 - - - - -	138 2 - - - -	458 18
46 - - - - -	144 4 - - - -	438 25
48 - - - - -	150 6 - - - -	420 00
50 - - - - -	157 1 - - - -	403 20
52 - - - - -	163 3 - - - -	387 69
54 - - - - -	169 5 - - - -	373 33
56 - - - - -	179 0 - - - -	360 00
58 - - - - -	182 2 - - - -	347 68
60 - - - - -	188 4 - - - -	336 00

To find the circumference of a circle, multiply the diameter by 3.1416, or $3\frac{1}{2}$. Example, a driving wheel 48 inches in diameter—Multiply 48 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ =150 $\frac{1}{2}$, or say 151.

To find the number of revolutions a wheel 150 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference makes in a mile, reduce the mile to sevenths of an inch, thus—1,760 yards=5,280 feet=63,360 inches=443,520 sevenths of an inch. Divide this by the circumference 150 $\frac{1}{2}$ of the wheel as above, reduced to sevenths of an inch. Example—150 $\frac{1}{2}$ multiplied by 7=1056; then 443,520 divided by 1056=420. Answer, 420 revolutions to the mile.

A driving wheel of tricycle or safety bicycle is geared level when the number of cogs is the same on both chain wheels. If geared up, the cogs of chain wheel on driving axle are less in number than chain wheel on crank axle. If geared down the cogs of chain wheel on driving axle are more in number than chain wheel on crank axle. To find how much a driving wheel is geared up or down, multiply the diameter of wheel by the number of cogs on crank axle, and divide the product by the number of cogs on driving axle. Example—Driving wheel, 30 inches diameter; chain wheel of ditto, 10 cogs; crank chain wheel, 16 cogs—Multiply 16 by 30=480; then divide 480 by 10=48. Answer, gear to 48 inches.

The number of revolutions made by the crank, which is the actual number of times the foot has to move round in going a mile, must be taken on the size the wheel is geared to; thus a 30-inch wheel makes 672 revolutions of the crank in a mile, but if geared to 48 inches the crank only makes 420 revolutions to propel the machine the same distance as the 672 revolutions would if geared level.

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

There's a turned-down page, some writer says,
In every human life—

A hidden story of happier days
Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world knows not—
A love dream, rudely crushed,
The sight of a foe that is not forgot,
Altho' the voice be hushed.

The far-distant sound of a harp's soft strings,
An echo on the air,
The hidden page may be full of such things,
Of things that once were fair.

There's a hidden page in each life, and mine
A story might unfold;
But the end was sad of the dream divine,
It better rests untold.

In the May GAZETTE will appear an illustrated story by CHAS. A. PERSONS, entitled JACK THE RIPPER.

ROUTES FOR TOURISTS.

IT is now, that the wheelman who wishes to start on a tour in a few weeks, and knowing no route suitable, writes to the the cycling editor to choose one for him.

If the unthinking writer would pause for a few moments to reflect he would see the impossibility of all these queries receiving careful consideration at the editor's hands, and he would, if possible, make the selection himself.

Very few riders, however, are familiar with the roads outside of their immediate vicinity, and to such we know of nothing better than Karl Kron's "XM Miles on a Bicycle" to aid them in making their selection.

Until the prospective tourist has consulted the indexes of this elaborate cycling cyclopedia, and assured himself that the routes he wants to know about are not mentioned in it, he ought not to ask others to wearily compile the facts for nothing, nor ask us to print them to the exclusion of matters that are more timely and more readable.

Kron has worked hard on his book and deserves to receive more substantial aid than he has in disposing of them. Any one writing him will receive full particulars in regard to his book free.

A. W. Gump & Co,

ONE OF the most successful bicycle houses in this country is that of A. W. Gump & Co., of Dayton, Ohio. Starting with a few wheels in 1879 their trade not only now extends to every corner of the United States, but has reached Bermuda, Mexico and South America.

A peculiar feature of their business is that they take bicycles, guns and type-writers in exchange and guarantee their customers the lowest price on any new bicycle.

We copy the following from *The Dayton Board of Trade Journal*:
"The bicycle house of A. W. Gump & Co., presents an unpretentious



A. W. GUMP.

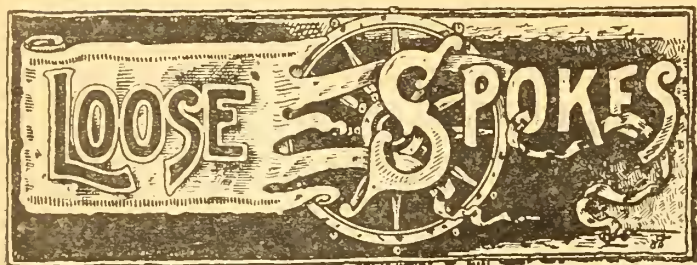
front on Second street, but the ramifications rearward and upward are quite extensive. A three-story building, 200 feet deep, is devoted primarily to bicycles, and incidentally to guns, boats, and other sporting goods. Back of the store room, on the first floor, are two commodious offices, and here the clerks, stenographers, and type-writers indicate an extensive business and an extended correspondence. Beyond the office, a ten horse power Otto Gas Engine furnishes power for the machine shop, where expert mechanics, with special

tools are ready to do anything for a bicycle that can be done—turning out the old machine as good as new.

Making a specialty of difficult repairing, the firm is naturely familiar with all the wheels on the market, and their house has grown to be a great wheel exchange, familiar as a household word to riders of the steel steed all over the country.

They carry over 500 wheels, new and old, the largest stock in the United States outside of the manufacturers' warehouses, and the descriptive list of second hand wheels they publish occasionally, in addition to the standard catalogs, shows over 300 machines of all makes, in all conditions of usefulness and of equal variety of price. Their variation in the latter regard is surprising, but the particularity of description shows an honest purpose on the part of the firm to post the purchaser, and sell him what he is willing to pay for, whether it is a "worn wheel that will do for a learner," or one of the best grade, worth \$125 or \$135.

The Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, the largest manufacturers of bicycles in the country, are special partners with Mr. A. W. Gump."



Lehr, the German champion, is training to spurt two laps, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

At Leipzig, in the Crystal Palace, a cycle exhibit was held during February and March. Many English manufacturers were represented.

There is a Vegetarian Cycle Club in London, with over one hundred members pledged to strict abstinence from fish, flesh or fowl as food.

S. T. Clark of the Clark Cycle Co., sailed for England on the steamship *Trave*. His main object in going is to hurry the delivery of New Rapid Safeties, on which his firm is having a very large run.

Up to the present there is no definite information as to where the League meet will be held this year. Year by year the interest in this matter seems to be falling off.

"He fell, and as he fell the earth and heavens shook." This line, slightly altered from Milton fully illustrates what took place the other day when the heavy weight bicyclist took a header.

There is nothing that a father or mother can do that will do more to save a weak and sickly boy than to put him on a bicycle, and let him ride whenever he can get spare time. The exercise will not only be a benefit to him from a physical standpoint but it will do him good morally.

The Idea, a new illustrated paper has already given space to cycling. A small, but splendidly drawn sketch entitled "A Spirit of Philanthropy," depicts a bicyclist riding along a country road, and followed with some difficulty by a broken-down old cart-horse, on whose back a couple of urchins are perched, one of whom remarks to the other, "I say, Ike, don't we pity them fellers as can't afford to ride a real hoss."

According to Dr. Kunze, of Halle, cycling is a health stimulating exercise, which ought to be commended by medical men. It is a powerful means of strengthening the human body, and man even be considered an exercise acting as a preventive and curative, of no mean order, of certain bodily ailments. Looked upon in the latter light, cycling is a kind of gymnastic exercise possessing specific effects which are absent in ordinary gymnastics.—*Scientific American*.

"What do you call your new play, Jackson?"

"Haven't named it yet, but it takes up the bicycling fad."

"Do you think you can get it on the road?"

"I'm sure of it. It has merits that will instantly recommend it to every actor in the country. I've made a study of the needs of the drama and I've struck a great idea. The company you see, will be mounted on bicycles. No railroad fares and no walking back home. I tell you, Sammy, the managers will grab at it."—*Chicago Herald*.

Don't my budding cyclist, says a writer in one of our exchanges be tempted with descriptions of wonderfully cheap and light machines. Buy, or if necessary, steal the best machine from the best makers. The big houses have generally built up their reputation by aiming at perfection during many years of honest and intelligent toil. Remember also that it requires an expert to buy a second hand wheel, and that even experts are sometimes stuck. Polonius's advice to his son is very applicable to cycling, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." Just change habit to cycle, and follow the tip.

From the *Stamford Record* we learn that the hill which has become

historical from the famous descent of Gen. Putnam during the Revolutionary war and which is commonly known as Put's hill was climbed by Wm. A. Clarke on an ordinary Eagle bicycle, March 23. That this is a remarkable performance can be readily seen, as the grade of the hill at the bottom is one foot in nine, increasing to one in seven or eight at the top, and is a hundred yards or more in length, the surface the entire distance is covered with loose stones, and we think it has never been ridden up before.

Mr. Gayler, Vice President of the Eagle Bicycle Mfg. Co., informs us that they will attempt to climb Eagle Rock hill in the course of a few weeks and we await the result with interest.

From the *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver, Col., we reprint the following:—A large and enthusiastic meeting of wheelmen was held last night in the rooms of the Ramblers, to organize an association entirely distinct from the L. A. W., which at present controls the whole country. After a full discussion it was resolved that such a body is urgently required and that it would quickly draw in a large number of members from all of the Western cities. W. L. Van Horn was elected president; Robert Gerwing, secretary, and W. E. Perkins treasurer. These officers will hold only for three months, the intention being to give all the new comers a voice in the election of a regular board. The rules of the L. A. W. will probably be adapted in their entirety, with the exception of two. The first point of difference will be that the new league will admit professionals as well as amateurs, and the other is that there will be an iron-clad law against the reinstatement of any one who has been expelled for cause.

The great objection raised by many young men who are disposed to take up cycling is its apparent expensiveness. To those who are thus agreeably inclined, a few words on the subject will not come amiss. A certain wheelman in this city gives us the following history of his investments in cycling, which goes to show that he is ahead instead of out, so far as the "filthy lucre" is concerned. His experience is: "I bought my first wheel, a second hand one to learn on for \$40, and sold it for a trifle less than the original cost after having some \$32 which would otherwise have been spent in car fares. I then bought a finer wheel, and have saved almost enough to pay for it alone and still have the wheel, which will at any time bring half of its cost."

The foregoing is given to show that many a clerk on a small salary can enjoy the exhilarating benefits of cycling; while its health giving qualities cannot be overestimated. Young man, get a wheel.—*The Critic*.

A man who has followed a sedentary occupation begins to experience increasing disinclination to exertion, chronic constipation, with some stiffness, and it may be, flying pains in the joints; for such a man a tricycle is capable of accomplishing a great deal; exercise ceases to be a trouble, the bowels become more regular, and the joint trouble, which may be at first a little aggravated, disappear. Dr. Jennings believes that chronic gout and rheumatic gout may thus be cured, or, at least, kept at bay, even when the patient has been seriously crippled by several attacks. He also speaks very confidently as to the cure of obesity, if the patient will refrain from gratifying the thirst, which is first very trying. He even finds some reason to believe that his favorite exercise may be a useful adjuvant in the treatment of early phthisis. There are certain warnings, continues the writer, which ought to be given when recommending cycling. In the first place the cyclist ought to be suitably dressed in all-wool clothing from head to foot, special directions being given to the tailor to make no use of cotton linings, stiffening or padding; secondly, his motto should be *festina lente*, he should not attempt long journeys or fast journeys until he has thoroughly gauged his own strength; thirdly, he should not force himself to ride up long hills; fourthly, he must, as far as possible, abstain from alcoholic beverages while on a journey. With all these remarks and warnings I heartily agree. Cycling has become too much of a 'break-record sport,' and is in danger of coming into disrepute as a health measure. To amble at one's ease on a tricycle along a pleasant country road is the height of enjoyment; but I will not go so far as to assert that the glass of beer in which many cyclists indulge at the end of their outward journey and before setting out home is a thing either to do harm or to be despised as a 'refresher.'—*Health*.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

Albany Bicycle Club, of Albany, N. Y.—President, John S. Patterson; Vice-president, Robert P. Folgar; Secretary, G. Wm. Harrison; Treasurer, E. V. Denison; Captain, Harry Simmon; Lieutenant, F. T. Snyder; Bugler, W. F. Kiernan; Standard-bearer, A. E. Brainard; Trustees, Wm. McArdle, A. E. Brainard, A. H. Scattergood and Jas. Bradford.

Albany Wheelmen, of Albany, N. Y.—President, Joseph C. McClelland; Vice-president, Frank A. Treadwell; Secretary and Treasurer, Benjamin I. Carhart; Captain, Frank A. Shields; First Lieutenant, Herman DeRouville; Second Lieutenant, William B. Phipps; Color-bearer, Thomas H. Clemshire; Bugler, Jay S. McCoy; Members of Board of Trustees, J. Harper Groat, Clement V. Palmer and Clifford E. White.

Alcazar Bicycle Club, of St. Augustine, Fla.—President, L. Brinkerhoffe; Captein, E. K. Knowlton; Secretary-Treasurer, L. J. Howatt.

Atlanta Wheelmen, of Newark, N. J.—President, George H. Miller; Vice-president, Allen N. Terbell; Secretary-Treasurer, Clint G. Hasley; Captain, Will A. Drabble; First Lieutenant, Lewis A. Edwards; Second Lieutenant, Alfred P. Rummell; Color-bearer, John H. Crane.

Belleville Ramblers' Wheel Club, of Belleville, Can.—President, H. Corby, M. P.; First Vice-president, Thos. Ritchie; Second Vice-president, T. S. Clark; Secretary-Treasurer, Fred E. Foster; Captain, W. A. Lingham; Bugler, M. Roy, jr.; Standard-bearer, J. Bonar; First Lieutenant, G. H. Howe.

Brantford Bicycle Club, of Brantford, Can.—Hon. President, Hon. A. S. Hardy; President, W. J. Knowles; Vice-president, Wm. Buck, jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, George Heyd; Captain, Charles Duncan, jr.; First Lieutenant, W. G. Kilmaster; Second Lieutenant, Harry E. Howell; Standard-bearer, the Captain; Bugler, W. A. Hossie.

Brooklyn Bicycle Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—President, Jas. Fox; Vice-president, Herman H. Koop; Secretary, Bert M. Cole; Treasurer, H. E. Raymond; Captain, W. H. H. Meeter; First Lieutenant, H. G. Fay; Second Lieutenant, F. L. Hebert; Buglers, P. Seixas and W. E. Fuller; Color-bearer, J. F. Borland.

Cambridge Bicycle Club, of Cambridge, Mass.—President, George A. Perkins; Vice-president and Captain, W. J. Newman; Treasurer, Mr. Ginty; Secretary, F. E. Sands; Executive Committee, the foregoing and Messrs. C. S. Clark, E. H. Norris, W. C. Curtis; First Lieutenant, A. J. Smith; Second Lieutenant, C. E. Haley.

Citizens' Bicycle Club, of New York, N. Y.—President, John C. Gulick; Vice-president, Knight L. Clapp; Secretary, J. T. Francis; Treasurer, A. E. Pallard; Captain, William B. Krug; First Lieutenant, William G. Conklin; Second Lieutenant, Henry W. Mooney; Lieutenant of Tricycles, George M. Huss.

Forest City Bicycle Club, of London, Ont.—President, W. H. Wigmore; Vice-president, E. A. Fitzgerald; Secretary and Treasurer, W. K. Evans; Captain, W. Richardson; First Lieutenant, Joseph Knowles; Second Lieutenant, A. Morphy.

Flint Bicycle Club, of Flint, Mich.—President, J. B. E. Castue; Vice-president, H. W. Ober; Secretary, B. McDonald; Treasurer, Geo. T. Smith; Captain, B. E. Kellerman; First Lieutenant, R. W. Selleck; Second Lieutenant, Eli S. Jeffers; Color-bearer, Albert Luty.

Flower City Wheelmen, of Rochester, N. Y.—President, F. B. Weeks; Vice-president, F. W. Maxson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. H. Brown.

Harlem Wheelmen, of New York, N. Y.—President, L. I. Haben; Vice-president, Judge L. A. Newsome; Secretary, C. E. Fraser; Treasurer, W. H. DeGraaf; Captain, F. Lord; First Lieutenant, W. W. Braden; Second Lieutenant, O. N. Emanuel; Color-bearer, F. A. Ridabock; Bugler, G. Schrader; Executive Committee, T. H. Raisbeck, Jos. B. Halsey.

Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—President, M. L. Bridgman; Vice-president, T. Snyder; Secretary, W. C. Nellis; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. Courtney; Treasurer, J. H. Long; Assistant Treasurer, A. P. Stevens; Captain, W. C. Marion, Jr.; First Lieutenant, T. C. Crichton; Second Lieutenant, R. W. Staves; Color-bearers, J. F. Storm and D. Morehouse; Buglers, C. Hartman and H. S. Wiegand.

Keystone Bicycle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa.—President, F. F. Sneathen; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. McGowan; Captain, J. H. Glongonger; Lieutenants, F. B. Lee and C. A. Lmith.

Manhattan Bicycle Club, of New York, N. Y.—President, John M. Warwick; Vice-president, J. A. Clairmont; Secretary, Charles A. Sheehan; Treasurer, D. H. Thistle; Trustees, D. C. Newton and Dr. G. R. Bird; Captain, J. W. Sheehan; First Lieutenant, P. G. Keane; Second Lieutenant, V. F. Pelin; Surgeon, J. I. Metzger, M. D.; Color-bearer, Ethan Allen; Bugler, C. E. Clemens.

Missouri Bicycle Club, of St. Louis, Mo.—President, Geo. K. Andrews; Vice-president, Russell Blossom; Secretary, S. C. Newman; Treasurer, E. B. Kidson; Captain, C. E. Hildebrand; First Lieutenant, Aleck M. Lewis; Second Lieutenant, George F. Peckham; Bugler, J. R. S. Lynch; Color-bearer, E. F. Woestman; Librarian, J. H. Taylor.

Mt. Vernon Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, Pa.—President, Roland Evans; Vice-president, Mr. Devoe; Secretary, Mr. Woods; Captain, James Scott; First Lieutenant, Mr. Hines; Second Lieutenant, Mr. French.

New Bedford Cycle Club, of New Bedford, Mass.—President, Dr. J. A. Pease; Vice-president, Augustus Mendall; Secretary, Fred W. Smith; Treasurer, Arthur L. Blackmer.

Pamrapo Athletic Club Wheelmen, of Greenville, N. J.—Secretary, Henry Burke; Captain, Charles R. Nogel; Lieutenant, Edward Al-laire.

Plainfield Bicycle Club, of Plainfield, N. Y.—President, Townsend Rushmore; Vice-president, Thos. S. Burr; Secretary, Robinson Pound; Treasurer, Harold Serrell; Trustees, J. H. Cooley, M. D., J. H. Hallock, J. A. Worth, H. J. Runyon and John M. Crane; Captain, Frank L. C. Martin; First Lieutenant, M. S. Ackerman; Second Lieutenant, David H. Lenox; Color-bearer, Geo. C. Martin; Bugler, E. Sidney Dorman.

Pueblo Wheel Club, of Pueblo, Col.—President, Will Pochon; Treasurer, J. M. Killen; Secretary, W. T. Strait; Captain, Will Daily.

Rochester Bicycle Club, of Rochester, N. Y.—President, W. F. Brinsmaid; Treasurer, L. F. Featherly; Captain, A. L. Genther; Lieutenant, J. M. French; Drill-master, A. L. Punnett.

Seranton Wheelmen, of Scranton, Pa.—President, George A. Jessup; Vice-president, John J. Van Nort; Secretary, J. A. Spencer; Treasurer, F. D. Watts; Captain, H. C. Wallace.

The Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, Pa.—President, Thomas Hare; Vice-president, C. A. Snyder; Secretary, R. C. Swayze; Treasurer, Dr. Fruhe; Captain, Mr. Carter.

The Dorchester Bicycle Club, of Dorchester, Mass.—President, W. F. Schallenberg; Vice-president, J. W. Light; Secretary, W. A. Clapp; Treasurer, W. F. L. Bailey; Captain, A. B. Benson; First Lieutenant, J. P. Clarke; Second Lieutenant, W. F. Farrington.

The Dubuque Wheelmen, of Dubuque, Ia.—President, Rod G. Guyette; Vice-president, A. S. Zinn; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles A. Upton; Captain, F. O. Farewell; First Lieutenant, Al Blocklinger.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club, of Toronto, Ont.—President, G. H. Orr; Vice-president, F. H. Walsh; Secretary, A. Taylor; Treasurer, W. A. Hunter; Captain, C. A. Shaw; First Lieutenant, G. B. Toye; Second Lieutenant, W. G. Mitchell; Third Lieutenant, Bert Brown.

Troy Bicycle Club, of Troy, N. Y.—President, R. D. Cork; Vice-president, W. E. Seeley; Treasurer, J. R. Mulliken; Financial Secretary, C. E. Wilson; Recording Secretary, C. E. Salisbury; Corresponding Secretary, G. B. Fales; Trustees, B. Herman, W. M. Hogen, J. G. Zimmerman, Jr., J. M. Van Arnam, T. W. Hislop; Captain, P. F. Hawley. First Lieutenant, E. S. Homer; Second Lieutenant, H. M. Hudson; Color-bearer, R. C. Frings; First Bugler, G. W. Allen; Second Bugler, F. A. Uldrich; Surgeon, E. L. Grandall.

Wanderers' Bicycle Club, of Toronto, Can.—President, G. H. Orr; Vice-president, E. Havelock Walsh; Captain, W. A. Shaw; Standard-bearer, Alf. Thompson; First Lieutenant, Geo. B. Toye.

Prospect Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—President, Fred J. Bosse; Secretary, Chas. Newbourg; Captain, Harry Newman; Lieutenant, Wm. Shannon.

To be re-tired—wornout bicycles.

OUR CLUB ROOM.

"Gentlemen, you will please be seated. The Secretary will call the roll," rang out the senatorian yet dulcet tones of the President, as the gavel fell.

You city chaps, who luxuriate in ten thousand dollar club houses, with facades of granite, rear of pressed brick and interior of mortgages and upholstered furniture, may enjoy life in your poor, feeble way. You may enter your magnificent drawing rooms through an antique doorway and the permission of the janitor, and you can fling yourself in a lounging posture on some article of furniture, your feet on the mantle and your chin in the middle of your stomach with a cigarette and that negligee that painters get up in the early hours and go forth on the cold damp earth and hunt for. You may indulge yourself in conversation, or any other vile habit of life, but you are far removed from the endearing pleasures that thrill the pulse of a cycle club in embryo.

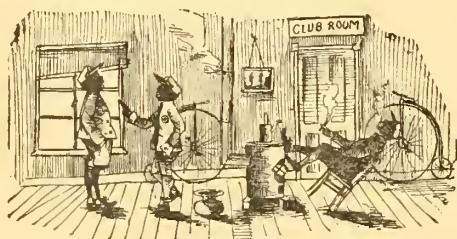
Ladies in full dress may glide about your parlors, intoxicating your senses with perfume and Rechemier complexions. But as you look on this fair thing in décolleté costume, roughly peeping over her fan, can you help but think that this was the same modest damsel who sat beside you at the club races and was so horribly shocked because the racers appeared with bare ankles?

A Mr. William Nye, who is at present "passing" through the country with a Mr. James Riley, who, by the way, does not keep a hotel, once said that a man, who wishes to become great must first select a proper place for his birth. As Mr. Nye has said some things that have led people not only to follow him in his habits, but also half across a continent, our club has decided to be very particular in the selection of its first club room.

Besides its veneration for this good man, who has so much in his head and so little on top of it, the Club has been driven, in the selection of its primitive club room, by a stricture in the money market.

Furthermore, were this contraction but monetary, there are no large blocks, such as would be worthy of its august assemblages, in the city, but what are wholly or partially occupied. Finally, when the Club has established its glory throughout this great and glorious country and relic hunters buzz about with knife and pick, it would be the ruin of the edifice.

Therefore, in view of the reasons above assigned, the Club has decided, for the present, to meet in the loft.



OUR CLUB ROOM.

To describe the loft, I will begin by saying that the Club desires to be above everything mean and lowly. The man who runs the saloon below is considered by temperance people, both mean and lowly. If the Club aspires to still higher things, it can go out on the roof. It has been asserted by some jealous individuals, who occupy apartments opposite and hang out a mystical sign labeled Y. M. C. A. that the Club has sometimes 'raised the roof'. I hasten to deny such a vile calumny. Had such a thing ever occurred it must have been during the absence of the President.

Besides the Club, the loft has been occupied by druggists' sundries. Druggists' sundries may mean a world of things. In this case the term is no exception. The club room contains 'a world of things.' If you want to repair a bicycle or read the First Corinthians, you will find all the parts somewhere in the neighborhood.

Directly behind the President is a cask. Strictly speaking it is not a cask but a barrel. A good solid substantially built barrel. Not long ago, or to be more definite, at our first club meeting, that barrel had a small rubber tube from its interior, down a considerable part of its exterior. At this time Dave, the Mammoth Cave tourist, was seated on the barrel, being tried for a misdemeanor. The violation of the By-Laws in question rendered him liable to suspension. The Bugler, who had interpreted this clause to mean

hanging was arguing the necessity of a prompt fulfilment of the By-Laws as a warning to any future culprit and a blessing to the citizens generally, when a change in the position of the occupant drew all eyes his way. The rubber tube which had been lying carelessly dangling out of the barrel, was tightly clinched between his teeth and he had been busy for some time transferring the interior of the barrel to the interior of his stomach. First he dropped upon one elbow, and then fell limp across the end of the barrel, head and shoulders on one side and a well filled pair of riding stockings on the other. The meeting hastily broke up, and the boys carried him to an adjoining vacant room. Here the Club Artist drew in phosphorescent lines pictures of skeletons and long tailed devils on the walls, along with good temperance advice and we returned to the club room leaving him in darkness.

I won't describe his waking but he was a sorry looking specimen next morning. He almost went into spasms, when the Club Liar remarked that he heard the President say that the barrel contained all the arms and legs of the persons killed in the last railway wreck, which the druggist was preserving for some purpose or other.

The art decorations of the club room are not extensive. On the beams on one side, has been carefully nailed up a theatrical lithograph of the Two Johns mounted on mammoth bicycles and on the other a charcoal sketch of John S. Prince, his teeth embedded in a large sized watermelon.

Talking of Jack Prince, it is said that he ate his first watermelon with the Washington City club. I can't say as to this but I can tell you a little incident concerning Jack that hasn't been published as yet. When Asa Dolph broke the world's record at New London, Ohio, Prince was at his best, and on the ground. Asa was an amateur then and Prince a professional. It was not many minutes before the latter fell into a five mile race with a pacing horse. The judges gave the word, and away went Jack and the pacer. At the end of three miles Jack found time hanging heavily on his hands and asked for a piece of melon. The horseman smiled confidently. It was his intention to win the race on the last quarter. It was also evident that he had never met Prince before. No sooner was the quarter neared than Jack shied his melon off the track and dug his feet into the pedals in earnest. The jockey plied his whip in vain and Prince passed the tape a good wheel length in advance, a careless smile beaming back over his shoulder.

As the President opened the meeting a curious crowd sitting upon two boards lying lengthwise of the room was before him. There was the racing man, nervously fingering his stop watch. Besides him was the tourist, with a McDonnell cyclometer, its thousand and one parts spread out before him, vainly endeavoring to see why the last eighty miles had not registered. Then the Bugler, carefully shining up the pride of his heart, and Dave on the end, dressed in his best clothes. His jewelry was freshly washed, his cuffs turned and his pantaloons the very embodiment of the latest agony.

The meeting hummed along in its usual harmonious manner until nearly to its end, when the President noticed that Dave had a distracted manner. He would look frantically at one end of the room, then down at his feet, drawing them in, as he did so. Others noticed it, and finally business was breathlessly suspended. The President thought he saw a mouse emerge from the wood box in the corner, run towards Dave and disappear down a hole near his feet. The mouse reappeared and ran over to the box, only to appear again. Repeatedly did he make these maneuvers. The President felt that he really saw the mouse. He looked at the members. The members scratched their heads, felt their pulses and looked at the President. It was an awful moment!

The President feeling that it could not be a hallucination leaned forward and a stage whisper addressed the meeting: "Gentlemen, the business of this meeting is being seriously affected by a very small matter. When the mouse, which I believe all of you have noticed, runs to the box again, we will take a recess. Dave will stand with his feet over the hole in the floor, and the members will arm themselves with any murderous tool within their reach."

With twelve brave, determined cyclers drawn up in line it was impossible for that mouse to escape. The longed for moment came. A little head peeped up, his body was drawn into view and with speedy caution the mouse reached the box. Dave stepped upon the hole and the Bugler shook the box. Out ran the mouse. Through

the very heart of the croud he ran. Whack!—thump!!—bang!!!—went the clubs upon the floor, but when the dust settled, the mouse was gone. The members sullenly re-seated themselves. Looks of withering scorn were cast at Dave. To think that he should lose his presence of mind and forget his duty was disgusting, to say the least.

The business of the meeting was about to continue, when all eyes turned toward Dave. There he stood in the center of the floor. His fingers extended, his hair on end and a ghastly fixed look on his countenance that was appalling. Not a muscle moved. Suddenly he made a frantic movement. He jerked upon his pantaloons and thrust his hand down his trouser leg. The next instant it reappeared, was waved aloft and brought down toward the floor with a muscular contraction that was fearful to behold. "There is your d—mouse!" he fairly shrieked.

The President apologizes for this expression but thinks that under the circumstances the gentlemen's expression was pardonable. He has simply given the exact words in order that the article may be a truthful chronicle of the event. The mouse lay lifeless on the floor.

A shout of laughter went up that fairly shook the building. The President pounded his gavel in vain. A motion to adjourn prevailed and the club adjourned for refreshments, at Dave's expense.

PRES. MERG.

VIBRATION IN CYCLING.

BY DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, F. R. S.

I AM of the opinion from all I have ever seen since I became practically acquainted with the art of cycling, and with those who practice it either for competition, pleasure, or business, that nothing produces so much injurious fatigue, or so much of bad effect on the health in cycling as vibration. I write also from personal experience on the matter. I was once more wearied by a short ride on a tricycle which vibrated intensely than by any other ride I ever took on a machine at any other time, short or long. Moreover the effect, which lasted several days, was something more than mere fatigue. It was like shock to the nervous system, caused by a continued feeling of vibration through the body, a sense of nausea, and a degree of nervous prostration, accompanied with a reduced power of the lower limbs which, to say the least of it, was very inconvenient, and which in a feeble person might be attended with actual risk.

The cause of this mischief lies in the infliction on the body of what we medical men call "spinal shock." It is very much like, and in essence is the same, as that kind of shock which is met with sometimes, in railroad accidents; the only difference, probably, being that in the railway accident the injury is inflicted by one or two concussions, violent enough to cause the shock, while on the cycle the mischief is brought about by an immense number of minor shocks which produce the injurious effect from an accumulative action upon the spinal cord and through it, to some extent on the brain. I am supported in this view by another experience which places the fact in a most conclusive way. I was travelling one morning on a train and from some peculiarity of the carriage or of the line, the floor and seat of the carriage began to vibrate in the most uncomfortable manner. At first we, who were occupants of the carriage, took little notice of the inconvenience; but, by-and-by, as the nuisance continued, we began to look at each other and then to express ourselves as people do when they are under a common grievance. After a time some of the passengers stood up, and all tried that resource but did not find the relief they expected; and, in the end, one of the passengers became so agitated that we were on the point of stopping the carriage, when, fortunately, it came to a stop by circumstance of our arrival at a station, where we all got out. In this instance the vibration was the sole cause of the discomfort; there was connected with the effect no muscular work like that which is carried on in cycling, but, to my sensation, the results were precisely the same; I was rendered so wearied that I did not get over the sense of fatigue for 24 hours, and I felt just the same painful reduction of muscular power in the lower limbs, extending even to the muscles of the back as was indicated when the vibration affected me from the tricycle.

I recall also in the early days of cycling, when the old so-called

"boneshaker" was the order of the day, one rider at least, a young and strong fellow, came to me complaining of the very serious sensations from a few rides which he had made. The distances were so short that, at the time, it seemed difficult to believe the injury had been produced by mere muscular exertion, although it was put down to that, and the machine was thrown aside in consequence. Now, we know better, and the truth should duly impress us with the necessity of insisting on our ingenious mechanical constructors stopping at nothing less than the perfection of a machine which shall be absolutely free from vibration, or, at least, so free of it that no serious discomfort shall arise from it, and so little fatigue that, in a competition of either speed or endurance, the maximum of vibration shall cause the minimum of interference. If this be done, a time will come when it will be possible to register, in relation to any machine on the market, what amount of vibratory labor it saves, in the same way we calculate for weight of a machine or reduction of friction.

This will be a vital advance in the art of cycling by human effort, because in cycling we must work, but we need not vibrate. In other words, vibration is so much imperceptible work thrown away.

From time to time attempts have been made to overcome the loss of power incident to cycling from vibration, but not until lately with much success. The omission is quite pardonable for two reasons:—First, because an immense deal had to be done in the way of lessening weight, improving bearings, and the like; and secondly, because the full importance of the subject had to be detected before sufficient attention could be paid to it as a new line of progress towards the perfected machine.

The first methods for overcoming vibration were made with the saddle and seats, in the way of springs and different kinds of suspensions, and here, for a long time the matter rested. Then it was found that vibration was communicated through the handles, as well as through the saddle, and at a very early stage I endeavored to meet this on my machine by having thick india rubber handles both for steering and for the resting or rigid handle. Another advanced step was taken in the construction of a machine in which india rubber cased in metal was used to take off vibration from both wheels. This, if my memory serves me rightly, was only applied to the bicycle. A further advance was next carried out in the introduction of thicker tires, these, in some cases, running to an inch in thickness, and with decisively good results. In my own riding, I am greatly indebted for this improvement. During the last two or three years very great improvements have also been made in the springs on which the saddles are mounted.

In one machine the principal aimed at is to let the whole of the weight of the rider be suspended on springs which, taking their base from the frame, are so placed that there is no loss of power through the use of the springs, the pedals and the saddle remaining at a fixed distance. This attempt is not only very ingenious, but seems to me in the right direction. The objections to it, as far as they may go, are that it is not yet quite perfect, and that it is as yet somewhat heavy, and some think, clumsy in its action. Connected with this plan I must also name a most ingenious contrivance for lateral movement by which vibration on either side is prevented. In a second class of attempted non-vibratory machines the object is sought to be attained by the employment of springs placed on the forks. By this means much vibration is saved without serious addition of weight or complication, but with the advantage of giving to the wheel most extensive play in meeting obstacles that may lie in the path of the rider. It is unnecessary to devote any time to pointing out what an immense advantage this is to those who are cycling on rough roads, where it often happens that a constant vibration is, every now and then, raised to an actual concussion by some sudden irregularity or by contact with a large and firmly resistant substance.

The objection to the class of design now under consideration is the loss that may occur through the springs, which loss is taken from the propulsion. The objection is not without its weight; but, admitting so much, there is undoubted gain in the long run. I have practically tested the principle in one machine in which it forms a part, and I confess to have been agreeably surprised with the result. In short, I would prefer to lose more power than is lost in order to save what would otherwise be lost by the interference from vibration.

Over and above the methods named there is another principal at

work in some of the non-vibratory machines which promises well, and which, adapting the language of the electricians, may be called break or disconnection of vibration in circuit. By this means that which would become a vibratory surface, if it remained in direct connection with the prime vibrating surface, is cut off from the primary by a series of connecting links placed in chain, and which cause break of circuit. This excellent principle, as applied to the handles of a machine, is, I can say from practical trial, extremely effective, and I believe it is equally good in another machine where it is applied to the driving wheels. In another class of machines the attempt to save vibration to the rider is performed by introducing the spring action into the wheels. As there is no necessity of adding weight, or causing any complication or any weakness in this method I should not be surprised to see it become widely adopted. The adoption would not be free of the charge that with the resiliency obtained there would be some loss of propulsive power, regarding which the same rule would apply as to the value of one saving against another. But there is no reason why resilient wheels might not be used in combination with the other methods until such a perfect machine is invented that a thoroughly rigid frame shall sustain a set of bearings for the rider that shall cut off vibration from every point of his body that comes in contact with them, and yet interrupt in no way the complete application of propelling power.

NOT ALL DEAD YET.

SUPPOSE while riding you meet an ill tempered fellow who has a larger vehicle than yours, and who persists in taking up the whole of the road, when he could as easily turn out and give you half; he looks so many double edged daggers at you that you are obliged to dismount to save being overturned in the ditch, or on ground too rough to ride on safely; his satanic majesty swears the air blue because his vicious and half broken horses are frightened at the glimmer of sunlight on the nicker of your wheel, and delivers a running fire of sarcastic remarks upon your whole outfit, until out of hearing, and distance not only lends enchantment but brings you relief, and thankfulness that you escaped with only abuse and the trouble of walking around the enemy, on a public road.

Again, you see approaching a couple of travelers whose silvered hair proclaims them well along in life's journey, in the evening of their earthly pilgrimage; you venerate grey hairs having been taught to from childhood, and now with feelings of respect for the supposed gentle and courteous couple, you, on nearing them turn to the right, giving them two-thirds of the road expecting, of course, as you can get no farther away, that they will turn out a little, but no, they hold to the center of the road, and with crossest looks, mutter anything but blessings upon your head. Would not your veneration for aged people receive a check after that, and would you not at least select carefully the subjects you venerate, in the future?

A third case that has come to our notice on these roads and that revealed the fact that some females who wear fine linen and soft raiment are as devoid of politeness and decency in turning out on the highway, as the most bristly road hog, was where a young woman was driving a carriage load of presumably ladies and one party who should have been a gentleman; they too kept the center of the road and exchanged funny remarks about us as our vehicle came near and upset on the rough ground by the side of the road.

We are glad to note though that these beastly persons are exceptions, and that they are growing fewer and fewer every year, and that we meet thousands who seem to have consideration for the feelings and safety of fellow travelers on the highway, and show it by turning out.

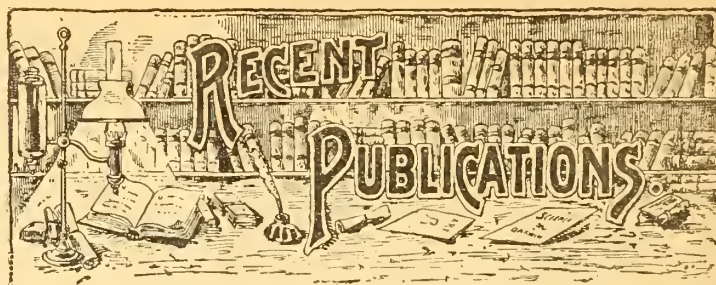
People can in no surer way evidence their gentlemanliness or gentlewomanliness than in observing the common courtesies of the road.

The cases cited above have been among our experiences on the roads in the environs of Stamford, but we hope that they will trouble us no more.

The recent publications of "the rights of wheelmen on the highways," in a local paper here may have helped somewhat in converting "the bristly critter."

STAMSON.

Short distance riders—fat men.



Our Australian contemporary, the *Cycling News*, has ceased to exist.

JO AND NAT, a serial by Dr. Willard Mackenzie, was commenced in No. 17 of *Golden Days*.

The first of Thomas Stevens' letters to the *New York World* was dated Aden, Arabia, Feb. 5, and was published March 10.

We are pleased to note the change of dress *America* has made on entering its second volume. This paper is worthy of the support of every true American, and is, we are glad to say, prospering.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CYCLING?

I rode from Macon to Atlanta on my wheel last Monday and Tuesday, 103 miles. Paid for everything I got, lived high and the outlay was \$1.40, and the railroad fare would have been \$3.09. Who says bicycle touring is not cheapest?

And then I had a big time—was the wonder and admiration of the natives, and stole a pointer dog on the way, and if the owner don't find me, I can sell him for enough to pay for a dozen more such trips, and can steal a dozen more pointer dogs. The bicycle pays.

C. A. P.

SOME REMARKABLE OLD MEN.

DEACON Phineas R. Shinbone, is said to be one hundred and thirty years old. He is still hale and hearty, and recently rode to the nearest grocery on his daughters tricycle, and bought a quart of kerosine to aid in lighting the fire. His demise may be expected at any time.

Jasper Sorethumb, of Jo Davies County, Illinois will be one hundred and five years old, thirty years from next Fourth of July. He is still almost as strong as in the prime of manhood, and he sat on a fence a few days ago and watched his youngest son ride to town on his bicycle to get him a plug of tobacco. Old Jasper afterwards said that he felt no fatigue whatever.

The Kingston Knitting Company.

THERE is a growing interest and attention to physical culture now engaging the attention of many of the young and middle aged men everywhere.

The gymnasium for indoor and bicycle riding, boating, baseball, lawn tennis, and other sports for out door exercise.

The dress and material for these athletes is somewhat peculiar in its weaving and fabric and especially in the style, elasticity, of the garments required.

There is no establishment more deservedly popular and more successful in meeting this need than the Kingston Knitting Company, whose office is at 27 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

The proprietors, Messrs. J. A. Hatch & Co., are among the first to introduce polo worsted suits in the market, and every one is ready to concede that their knowledge of the wants of clubs, and the trade in these goods, with their reputation for honorable dealing inspires the confidence of every one doing business with them, consequently they are decidedly popular.

In addition to almost every style of garment used by athletes and sportsmen, they are the manufacturers of the celebrated NANTIC worsted bicycle stockings in light and heavy weights, which has no superior in the market.

The varied styles and make up of their suits for athletes and their growing interest in their business in getting up the latest novelties and best goods used we commend to every one interested in this popular exercise, either by correspondence or a visit to their establishment.

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Continued from Page 52.

doors, while inside, the bar of carved cherry, the polished mirrors, glittering bottles of many colors, and the priceless paintings of various mermaids and such, that adorned the walls, dazzled Wip so much that he was compelled to sink into one of the plush chairs that he found in the back part of the room. Before he could gather his much scattered wits, he was seized by the shoulder, while a big English looking fellow demanded of him: "Hey, you bum' what do you mean by occupying the chairs that are intended for the gents. And yer aint no guest of the 'ouse, either," and with this the man walked him to the door and gave him a shove and a toss that landed him in the gutter beyond.

He then climbed on his wheel, that was now looking as though it would fall to pieces every moment, and turned in the direction of his old home, sore at heart, and the place where he had hit the stones, after he left the saloon. Out through the business part of the city, toward Sandy Bottom he went, intent only on finding Molly and getting her to tell him of those incomprehensible things. But when he reached the ward where he used to live, there was no little house that looked like the one he wanted, with familiar garments stretched across the yard, fluttering this way and that, as the wind willed. Only the long streets, running here and there, in a way that sent a chill to Wip's heart.

Some way beyond the site of the old homestead, a little grocery, with a bar in the rear, attracted his attention, and there he stopped. Once dismounted and on the sidewalk, a crowd quickly gathered to see who the old fellow was, while a clerk came from within the store to see what he could do for his customer. "Can you tell me where Molly Van Rimple lives," was the query with which he was greeted.

"I don't recon she hangs around these parts, or I'd know her, and that's something I don't," was all the satisfaction he received from him.

"Who am dat yer ar' enquiren atter," asked an old negro man, as he came limping across the street.

"Say Uncle 'Liger," put in an urchin in the crowd, without being asked, "can you tell him where a woman named Molly Van Rimple lives?"

"She show don't live 'round here nowheres, caze I been liven in dat house yonder, off an' on for thirty-nine year, an' I aint heard tell uv 'er. But say, mister," he continued, "seems ter me dat name is sorter familiar like. Don't you know where the used to lib?"

"Yes," said Wip, "it was on the corner, only a few blocks down, I left there yesterday morning, and when I came back this evening, every thing seems changed and turned around, and I can't get heads or tails of things ter save myself."

"Well dat am strange, fur er fac', but I spec yer mus' be wrong erbout dem streets, fur dare am a big store on each corner now."

Some of the bystanders who had thus far taken an interest in the conversation, arrived at the conclusion that Wip was simply a harmless old humbug, or a tramp or even less, if that is possible, and moved away, but Uncle 'Liger still seemed perfectly willing to impart any information that might be in his keeping, which consisted mostly of the events hapening in that vicinity for the part half century. So after some deliberation Wip decided to make a confidant of him, and get his advice. He began his story at the first, and when he mentioned his name, and said something about Shucks, and in answer to the question of, "Who's dat?" told him of the dog, the old man's face lit up with as bright a light as its dark complexion would permit, and broke forth.

"Why yer don't mean dat young Wip Van Rimple, whut used ter ride dat ole velocipede 'round here, does yer, wid dat yaller cur whut used to foller him; why day boof done bin dead and gone dees past gone forty years."

"Dead and gone these past gone forty years?" shrieked Wip, "what dc you mean, you old fool. I'm Wip Van Rimple, and don't you dare say I aint," and in a rage, such as he had never before knew, Wip sprang at the innocent old man, and with a grip like a vice was bearing him to the earth, when a couple of policemen grab him from the rear, and soon placed him boyond resistance, and started at a brisk pace for the city prison.

"My wheel! my wheel! don't leave it," yelled Wip.

One of the policemen went back for it, and after several of the crowd, who had reassembled, testified that he had ridden on it, grasp-

ed the backbone under the saddle, and took the head of the procession which had formed to accompany the trio to the barracks.

There a charge of "assault with intent to batter" was entered against the unfortunate, and he was given lodging for the night, which was now rapidly drawing on.

Next morning there was quite an assembly of evil doers before the city Recorder, ready to receive the punishment and be relieved of the amount of the fines which Justice saw fit to impose on them. A wheelman had been fined a capital V for riding his wheel on the sidewalk; and a couple of coons for drawing razors and otherwise preparing for a carving match, before Wip's case was reached.

"Wip Van Rimple," called the judge, in a voice stern enough for the occasion. The owner of that name stood up, while the judge continued: "you are here, charged with 'assault with intent to batter,' are you ready to be tried?"

"Yesser—I sponse so. That is as ready as I ever will be."

"Are you innocent or guilty of the charge against you?"

"I aint done nothin', yer honor!"

"Then I'm to understand that you are innocent, am I?"

"Yesser, I sponse so," was the reply, as Wip's knees began shaking as if he had a chill.

The oath was administered to the old negro man, and the two officers, who swore they would tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, with the help of the almighty.

Uncle 'Liger then told his part of the tale in a very straight way, but when he finished, and began telling what Wip was going to do, the Recorder shut him up with instructions not to draw on his imagination. Then followed the officers recital, when the Recorder asked Wip what he meant by attacking the old man.

"Well sir, I don't think I done half as bad as they all said, but that man there whut they calls 'Uncle 'Liger' said I had been dead these past gone forty years."

"Is you Wip Van Rimple?" interrupted Uncle 'Liger, "when they called out that name, I thought you mite be er son er hisen."

"Silence in court," ordered the judge, and continuing, "well, and what of that?"

"Why, I only left town day before yesterday mornen early, me ar' Shucks, and here that ole fool there says we've been gone forty years."

"And who is Shucks, please tell us?"

"Who—Shucks? He's that yellor dorg of mine. Don't you know him?"

"Can't say I have that honor," said the judge.

One or two police reporters now began to prick up their ears, as the queer features of the case had attracted their attention.

The colored witness now threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Whut! Does you mean to tell me that that yaller cur is still liben? Why its impossibel."

"Now tell me just when you left here," said the judge.

"Day before yisterday mornen, erbout day break," replied Wip.

"No, that's not just what I mean," returned the judge, "tell us the day' month and year, as near as you can remember it."

"Well, let me see," mused Wip, counting up on his fingers. It was the fourteenth day of June, eighteen eighty-eight."

"Then you've been gone just forty years, and three days, for this is nineteen hundred, twenty-eight. Now what excuse have you to make for the charges, of which you are undoubtedly guilty?"

But there was no answer. The strain had been too great, and Wip had fallen down in a dead faint. He was removed to a side room, while the court went on with the discharge of its duties. In a little while Wip came back to his senses, or *vice versa*, as you like it. He looked up at the attendant who was with him, and asked in a weak voice: "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" was the reply.

"That I've been gone forty years? They say I have."

"Well, there's no doubt but that it's 1928, as the judge told you."

"Then where've I been all this time? Why! great Heavens, that makes me sixty-six years old." He paused a moment, then raised himself up on the pallet, while a wild glassy look played in his eyes, and he screamed in a shrieking voice: "It aint so—it's a lie—I aint been dead no forty years, and Shucks aint dead neither! It was just yesterday, and you can't prove it wasn't. Let me up from here you ole villans," he hollowed as the policeman siezed him, when he at-

tempted to rise.

He struggled, and fumed, and bit, but all of no use, and presently fell back exhausted from his efforts. Then after a while it was noticed that a change was coming over his face and features. His form seemed to be drawing up, before their very eyes; his shoulders became rounded, his body bent, and dozens of wrinkles to vividly line themselves upon his face and hands. His beard became longer and whiter, while his eyes grew dim.

Presently he sat up again, and suddenly asked in a cracked, hollow voice, full of anguish: "What is it? Is it nearly night again? I can't see. And he made a motion as if to brush away some mist or veil, that seemed to blur his sight. "Why, I feel just like I did after drinkin that stuff those folks gave me out in the woods, day before yesterday. But my! it seems like a century ago now."

As he had no money, no way to support himself, or no one to care for him he was given a place in the poor house just out of town. There he would ride his wheel around the clean walks of the spacious grounds in which the building was situated. On sunny days he was always to be seen riding hither and thither, with no more object or aim than he was ever known to display in the days of his youth.

One bright morning he was riding about, when suddenly his wheel collapsed under him, broken into a score of pieces. Wip worked the rest of the day, trying to mend it, but the attempt was a useless one, and when night drew on, it was in a worse condition than before.

Next morning when Wip was called, there was no answer, and upon investigation, he was found dead in bed. He and the remains of his wheel were buried together, and only Shucks was needed to make the trio complete.

HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

A COMPLETE article on the above topic, one fully covering the subject would not only include mention of the many causes leading to such a rash act, but the effects resulting, and this treatise might be subdivided under headings like these; "Why I Continue a Wheelman," "Whether Cycling Pays Financially," and so on, but not wishing the GAZETTE's readers to inquire as one man, "Why he came to write?" I will spare you the subdivisions, and treat the subject briefly as may be, and do it justice. Presumably the world at large is not standing anxiously expectant to know why any particular wheelman entered on his cycular career, but this short sketch may do missionary work in influencing some reader now in the debatable land where the inhabitants "would like to learn to ride those things if they thought they could without breaking their necks," to come outside the boundaries of that vast domain and join the men that dared—"What man has done, man may do," is in old and tried truth, but very applicable to stimulating my first ambition towards controlling a bicycle.

No doubt the levers had been working for some time—possibly unknown to me—but I think the final cause that roused me to active effect in that line was meeting a friend one moonlight evening about seven years ago, as he was endeavoring to guide the course of his fiery untamed *Star*, on a conveniently smooth piece of sidewalk, (Sidewalk laws were then unknown and our own sweet wills the only restraint for the protection of predestians.) He was decidedly a novice, and his courses had a way of suddenly plunging down the land that made my hair rise in pure sympathy, but finding he met with no serious mishaps, I grew envious, and said to myself, that settles it. If he can manage that machine, I certainly can. An order for a 54 inch *Star*, with such improvements as hollow rims, tangent spokes, ten inch handle bars, and a suspension saddle like a board for smoothness and comfort, was promptly sent in, and filled when the over-driven manufacturers got around to it. Then came the tug of war. Two of us repaired to a secluded part of the town, and on a road that would tax the ability even of an old hand at the sport, took turns in propping up machine and rider, while the unlucky individual in the saddle endeavored to propel the wheel.

When left to go it alone, the performance was a short but brilliant one, for it never entered our heads to steer by aid of the little wheel. Dismounting was managed by plunging off at one side and letting the wheel fall, and it generally was quick enough to catch me a whack just above the heel. After a few days of this sort of thing, I courted more publicity and submitting myself to the guidance of

a more experienced rider, one afternoon was enough to get some idea of guiding the machine when once under way.

At this point no boulevard was quite wide enough for me, side-walks were dangers to be carefully avoided, and I always smile when I think how I walked over a bridge across the Connecticut river, rather than dare attempt guiding my wheels erratic track across it.

Mounting in the orthodox way was beyond me, and for a month I climbed on with the friendly aid of stone-walls, fences, lamp-posts, or anything that was stationary and handy. Every wheelman who reads this knows the joy finally felt when management of the bicycle is fully attained, and the rider begins to explore old and familiar paths with a new zest, and to look on road surfaces and grades with a more critical eye, and from an entirely new point of view. The quality of every road in rideable distance, and the exact whereabouts of every stretch of sand and boulders are to him as the alphabet.

Learning to ride gives him many new sensations, not always pleasant ones, but those are overlooked and anything made to serve as an excuse for a tour. What wheelman does not know the delight of discovering a new and attractive road, and feel almost a sense of proprietorship in virtue of such discovery? Be more lenient to the new rider. If he seems to think and say: "The road is mine!", it is merely the new feeling of bestriding and propelling the king of vehicles. All that sort of thing evaporates in time, but I confess that I feel the same old thrill of delight when a new and pleasant path, perhaps winding through some shady wood, suddenly opens out before me.

My experience with *Stars* was varied. They came and went, varying from 54 to 57 inches in size (this latter weighing some 75 lbs., on a smooth road and about 2,000 lbs., when walking up hill) All of them, except the last one, a Light Roadster weighing 56 lbs., had a habit of shedding spokes that made one think of nothing so much as the fretful porcupine and his quills. From that particular make I finally turned in despair (remember that was before the days of the *Rover* and *Special Stars*) and tempted fate on a 52 inch *Sanspareil*. This, always too small for me, had also a habit of breaking in out-of-the-way, and expensive places that caused strong language and depletion of pocket-book. After selling this, I thought an imported wheel, built to order, would be the proper thing, and after much weary waiting a 54 inch *Rucker* finally landed at my door, after passing the Custom House and its croud of extortioners. This wheel was both easy and fast, but it time developed a weakness in that vital part, the neck, which led to two fractures, hard and expensive to repair, and latter to my parting with it, in consideration of a much smaller amount than the first cost. Let me add that that particular wheel is still in rideable condition, though looking rather the worse for numerous tumbles that its slight rake made common occurrences. It's last owner used to count a run taken without a header or two from the *Rucker* as an event to be remembered. A new crack in the neck makes it look all the more familiar to me and I always feel like patting it on the back-bone, and saying: "How are you, old fellow?"

A 54 inch *Yale* succeeded the *Rucker*, and was a vast improvement in all ways, save breakage. To fully detail them all would be to rival Karl Kron in "Columbia No. 234", and take more space than this article can ask for. To quote from another and earlier article, "Fate not only pursued this wheel, but caught it, climbed into the saddle, and sat immovably there for some two years." One axle broken twice, involving rebuilding the wheel, the same number of steering heads, two or three new brake levers, and finally the elliptical back-bone, partially catalogs them—and the last disaster was the straw that nearly "broke" me, and snapped the last bit of affection remaining for such a frail thing. What luck the next owner, who bought it at a price about equal to the cost of repairs, has since had, I know not, but when I saw the wheel some two years ago, it looked in good shape, and fit to stand most anything.

A 54 inch *Sanspareil Light Roadster* then carried me over a few months of wheeling, but on the principle of speaking well of the bridge that carried you over, I will merely say it proved too light for western roads, and too hard running to be a good hill-climber.

When I finally traded that for a *Columbia Light Roadster*, two years ago, I began to take comfort, and make fewer entries in my cash book under the head of repairs. This article is not intended to advertise any make of wheels, but I can testify, without suspicion of personal interest, that no wheel I have owned in seven years time

has cost so little for repairs, or is in so good a condition to day after running over 3,000 miles.

For night riding and over all sorts of roads, I should be in favor of owning a Safety but one never feels the same satisfaction on the lowly "goat", so popular at present, as from the lofty perch of his taller brother, the Ordinary. Given fair roads, ordinary bicycles are good enough for me, is what most riders, entitled to rank as veterans will say.

"But what of all this catalog of changes and brackages," some one will say, "why weary us with it?" Well the moral, if any there be, is this: If I, with all my unlucky experiences in such matters, am still a wheelman, enthusiastic as ever, and taking even more pleasure in the sport, the average man should not be deterred from entering the charmed circle in full faith that his experience can not be so expensive as mine.

Whether the amount of money invested has brought good interest in the shape of improved health, always best at the riding season, extended knowledge of the country's typography, pleasant acquaintances made, and an introduction to the pleasantest sport known, is a point for every one to decide for himself.

Let me close by quoting a few lines from the pen of an enthusiastic and prominent rider, that first were published in the *Minnesota L. A. W. Cycler*, a journal whose life was short, and circulation not extensive.

"To any and all who would like to learn I would say: Banish all fear of broken necks or other casualties and learn. I think I may safely say that beginners never get hurt. The bicycle seems to have an affection for them. To fall from any stationary object of equal height might result in severe injury, but the bicycle clings to its rider until his weight is too much for it, and then lets him down gently, almost tenderly, as if loth to part with him. It is only when the rider gets too smart and feels his importance too much that the bicycle changes it's mood, and proceeds to take the conceit out of him.

At such times it looses all its gentle and clinging qualities and shoots him from the saddle like a catapult, to land in a heap, bleeding and torn. We've all been there. To avoid that be not puffed up, be not rash—do unto the bicycle as you would the bicycle should do unto you."

Brethern, them's my sentiments.

L. B. G.

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THE WARWICK CYCLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

GEORGE T. WARWICK, PRESIDENT.

Springfield, Mass., April 15, 1889.

UNCLE KERLUMBIA'S PHILOSOPHY.

ONE evening there were several visitors in the club rooms, looking over our new quarters, and being entertained by the boys, when Uncle Kerlumbia came staggering up the steps, and exclaimed: "Luck out, dar, everybody," and came across the room with a big pile of wood on his shoulder, which he deposited in the heavy box by the fire-place with a jar and a crash that shook the house. He let out a long breath, and took in another, and said: "Dat am mos' as hard wuck as some ub you young mens trien ter clim' Johnsing's Hill ober here on Georgi' Abanue. But den—you alls don't alluz git up. Dat is, unles' yer walk like I does."

"There, now! He's got you!" exclaimed one of our guests.

"Oh, pshaw! He don't know anything about riding a bicycle," remarked one of the fellows who always took a particular delight in aggravating the old man.

"Who—me?"—was the inquiry, as he looked up from the box where he was arranging the wood. "You dunner whut yer talken erbout. I'ze been a tenden ter 'em gwien on sixty year; long fo' you's born." A look of wounded pride plainly showed itself, and the one who had just spoken hastened to add:

"Now Uncle Kerlumbia, you know I was only joking; but can't you tell us how to learn a new rider to balance himself?"

The old fellow tried to appear deeply offended, but when appealed to thus the compliment was more than he was able to stand, and his mountain of haughtiness vanished immediately.

"Why, Laws-a-mussy! I kin tell yer all erbout hit in lessen no time. Hit am de princepel ob de thing whut yer wan'er go by, not de way yer am gwinter git up dar an' try an' do hit. By way ob picteraten hit, one ob you len' me er silber ha'f-er-doller." This was handed him by the one who had started him to talking. As he took it he continued, "I'ze hyeared dese new beginners axen yer ole riders, ahow mus' I keep my ballence?" Hit am all in not trien ter. Take dis piece ob silber for instance. Now yer see hyere!" and he gave it a toss that sent it rolling across the room. "As long as hit keeps er moben, hit ain't er gwinter fall down."

"But suppose it runs into something?" asked one.

"Well, dat ain't nuffen mo' dan you does sometimes, is hit?" was the quick reply. "But it didn't," he added a moment later. "Now, I s'pose yer see de 'zemblance 'tween de two. Ef dat money wuz goen down hill, and steered clar ob ebery fing, hit never would stop; and hit don't hab ter bother 'bout no ballence, neither. Now, de nex' time er new beginner ax yer 'bout keepen his ballence, tell 'im dar ain't no such fing, ter jus' keep his whcel er moben by shoben de pedals, an' he'll be all right."

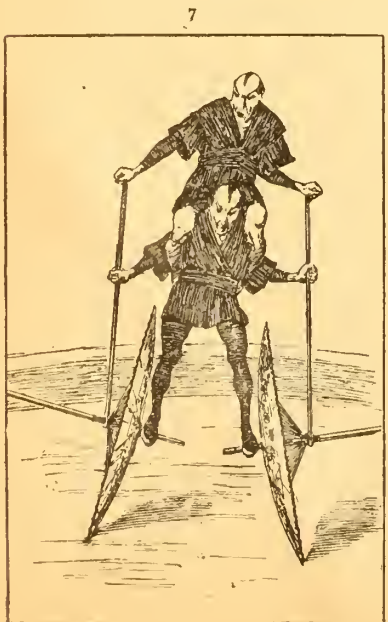
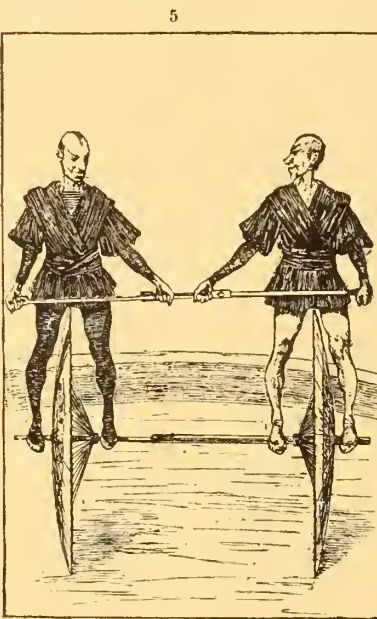
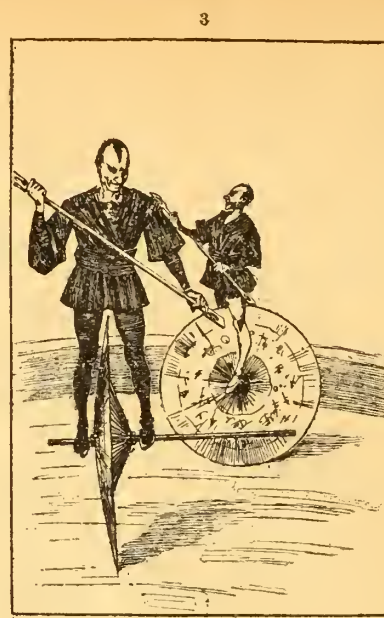
The old man threw on several big logs that made the blazes dance high from the hearth, pulled his old woolen hat down over his ears, strolled over in the corner, picked up the money and put it in his pocket, and as he closed the door behind him, remarked that he guessed he had better go and see how his ole 'oman wuz getten erlong, while we who remained enjoyed the cigars of him who was already out fifty cents through Uncle Kerlumbia, and by such was compelled to stand treat to the crowd.

C. A. P.

QUOTATIONS FROM PROMINENT AUTHORS.

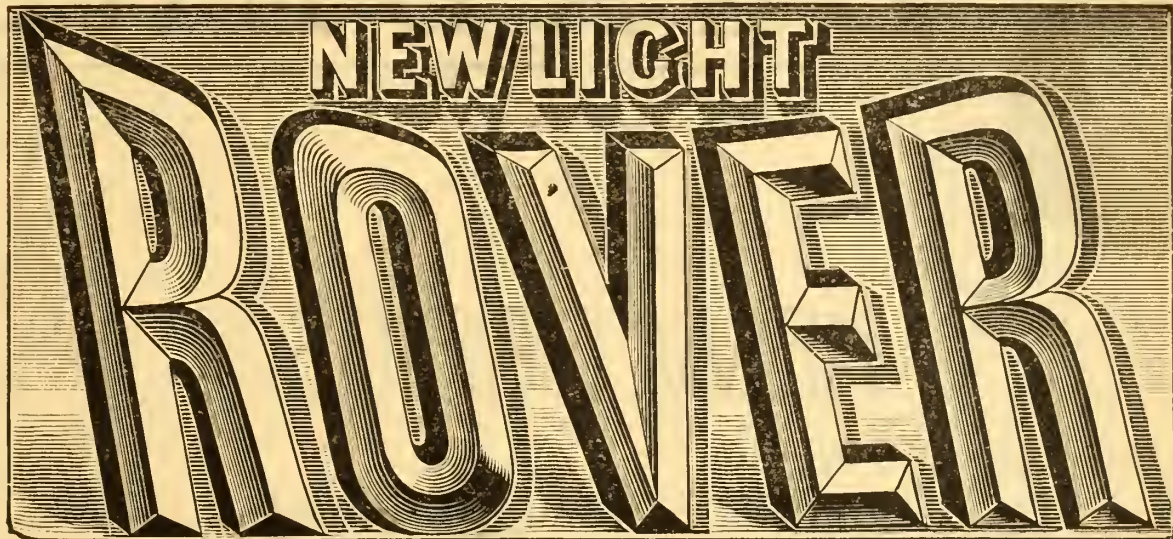


"I'll fetch a turn about the garden."—Shakespeare.



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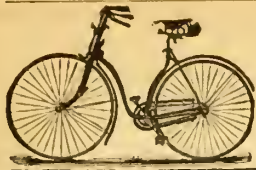
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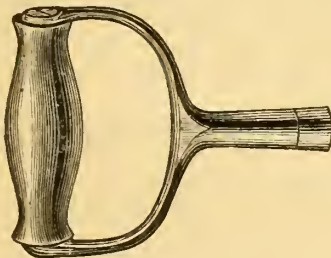
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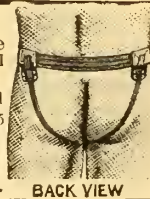
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pace from the top to the extreme bottom he
turned and rode straight to the summit again
without a waver or hardly slacking his pace.

No time was taken as the object of the
trial was to test the climbing qualities of the
machine and not the endurance or speed of
the rider.

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L. B. Gaylor, I. F. Wardwell, C. S. Wardwell,
and C. E. Gaylor from Stamford, A. P. Folk,
of Brooklyn, Mr. Pierson from Howard A.
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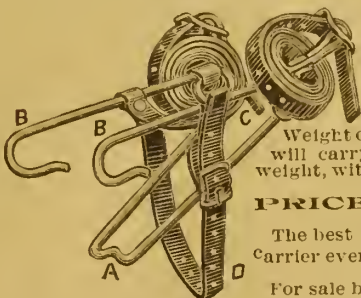
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