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Western clubs are beginning to talk road-race.

The Kansas City B. C. will shortly open its new club house.

Memphis, with her usual "grit" will hold a race meet this fall. Brave Memphians. Consider yourself patted on the back.

George W. Baker, whose tour from St. Louis to Boston we recently chronicled in these columns, has arrived at his home in good health.

The St. Johns, Mich., B. C. has arranged a programme for a week's tour, beginning August 24th. The average distance per day will be forty-five miles.

Several East Hartford, Conn. riders have formed an Association for the purpose of building a track.

At the present rate, American will soon be known as the "Land of tracks."

We have all heard of enthusiasts wanting to trade a rifle or a row-boat for a bicycle, but a Kentucky man takes the "belt" by offering a game-cock to a local dealer in exchange for a machine.

The wheel championships of Scotland were decided near Glasgow on Thursday, July 30th. The one mile bicycle was won by D. W. Laing in 3.03 1-5, and the one mile tricycle was won by J. M. Inglis in 3.18.

Our Boston contemporary is becoming more inaccurate each week. The last issue contains a report of a three miles English *tricycle* race won by P. Furnival in 8.34. A detailed account of this *bicycle* race appeared in the WHEEL two weeks ago.

It is almost certain that Philip Furnival, the English amateur one mile champion, will come over for the Springfield meet. Furnival is the fastest short distance tricyclist living and on the bicycle, from two to five miles he ranks second to none.

A battered specimen of humanity called on the John Wilkinson Company the other day, and said he was a bicyclist. His two arms were in slings, and his nose safely secured in plaster of Paris. He told Mr. Richardson, the bicycle salesman, that he had been "spurting" with a dog in Lincoln Park. —S. and T. Journal.

It seems that Philadelphia wheelmen are allowing the chance to obtain a first class racing track slip through their hands. The Gentlemen's Driving Park Association offers to build a track if 100 men will pay \$10 per annum. Thus far but twenty men have signified their intention of supporting the project. Come frere Aaron stir up your constituency.

Hartford Tournament—The full programme of this tournament will be found in another column. Already have entries been received from many of the fastest American amateurs and professionals, and from advices received from England a large delegation of her fastest men will make their first appearance at the Hartford meet. This is a good opportunity for racing men to bring along their friends to see what real bicycle racing is.

The annual meeting of the Minnesota Division L. A. W. will be held at Minneapolis, Minn., September 22d, under the auspices of the Mercury Bicycle Club. The business meeting will be held at Armory Hall at 9 A. M., the parade at ten and the races at 1.30 P. M. The following events will be decided: One mile open, One-half mile L. A. W. State championship, Five miles championship of the North West, Three miles tug-of-war, One mile novices, one-quarter mile boys under fifteen, Twenty miles Pope cup and one mile consolation. Entry fee, fifty cents for each event. Address H. M. Brownell, 412 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

S. G. Whittaker of St Louis, announces his intention of attempting to lower the fifty miles and twenty four hours bicycling road records. Munger's, Corey's, and Huntley's performances seem to have inspired our "scorchers," and announcements such as the above will be plentiful. As these records stand to-day, it is not difficult to raise them, and every strong road rider should make an attempt to better them, if only for the honor of his country.

About fifty wheelmen turned out on August 8th, in honor of Fred. Russ Cook, the California flyer, and a short run was indulged in, after which the cyclers sat down to an elegant banquet at Delmonico's. The affair was eminently successful, and considerable speechifying followed. An impromptu speech, made by Mr. Hicks of the *Post-Dispatch* was one of the most unique features of the evening. The way he handled "harps" and "angels," and "cloud-clothed summits," led to many conflicting opinions as to whether Mr. Hicks was originally built by Dame Nature for a poet or evangelist. In future it is long odds that Mr. H. will frequently be heard from.—St. Louis Critic.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has lately been turning out some Columbia racing machines. These famous manufacturers have made their reputation on the road, but we may shortly expect to see the Columbia racer often show the way over the tape this fall. The following is the spontaneous complimentary letter written them by N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago's pet rider.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3, 1885.

CHICAGO BRANCH HOUSE,
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.:

Gentlemen,—I consider the Columbia Racer to be the best machine I have ever owned. I have given it a most severe trial—in fact other machines receiving the same use, have broken, spoke after spoke, while not one has been broken or even loosened in mine, and my racer is from two to seven pounds lighter than any other machine used on our track.

It was upon this machine that I won our club championship, 25th July.

Last Saturday afternoon, while spurling at full speed, I slipped my pedal and took a terrible header, but the machine did not receive the slightest injury.

I believe it is the strongest and easiest running machine built.

Respectfully,

(Signed) N. H. VAN SICKLEN.

The number of cycling publications is altogether too many, and it is an outrage on the cycle dealers to have to support them, and in order to reduce the number, the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* offers to buy, at a reasonable price any paper that wishes to close up its business.—S. W. Gazette.

At this rate we shall shortly have the S. W. G. making a bid for the Solar system.

Messrs. Zacharias and Smith who are always launching some practical cycling novelty, have invented an adhesive tire tape. Very often, while riding over a country road, away from a repair shop, the tire becomes loose and the wire or twine used to fasten it are dangerous and useless, the latter snapping asunder and the former wearing through the tire. The adhesive tire tape is just the thing for this purpose. It is conveniently carried and costs very little, being sold at twenty-five cents per packet.

HISTORY OF THE BICYCLE.—Mr. T. G. Holland, of Messrs. Singer and Co., the English bicycle manufacturers read a paper on the introduction of the bicycle into England, and the improvements made on it. A Frenchman named Pierre Lallement is generally credited with the invention of the crank and pedal method of propulsion. The first machine was brought to England in 1869, and was placed with a Coventry firm for manufacture. It was a wooden machine, with iron tyres, about 36 or 40 inches in diameter. The affair was noisy, and the rattling and vibration were so great that it was called a "Boneshaker." Mr. James Starley, lately deceased, made the first improvements, constructing an entirely metal machine, light spider spokes, iron felloes, hubs, etc. No great improvement in weight was gained by this step, but the objectionable rattle and vibration were overcome, and the new machine had a more graceful and taking appearance. There was at this time probably fifty men engaged in the manufacture of the bicycle, but as the demand increased, others embarked in the business, and the competition resulted in constantly improving machines. The further history of improvements are contained in the yearly announcements of makers, as each season witnessed the application of some idea that lightened without weakening, such as hollow back bones, rims, etc.

HUB HAPPENINGS.

Tourists from a distance continue to roll into Boston, their number only being exceeded by the quantity of road races that we have of late been enjoying. Among those to arrive last week was a party of Washington wheelmen members of the Capital Bicycle Club, who are making a six weeks tour of New England. They arrived here last Sunday night, and have since been in care of the Massachusetts Club. The Massachusetts Club had made extensive preparations for receiving them Sunday afternoon, but owing to a more than ordinarily heavy collection of barnacles and other sea animals having attached themselves to the bottom of the vessel she was several hours late, and it was near 11 o'clock when they finally did arrive, and the proposed plans for an entertainment were necessarily abandoned. Two members of the appointed entertainment committee, Messrs. Dodge and Pattison, lingered on the wharf until the steamer arrived, when they boarded her, and after giving the visitors a cordial welcome, bid them good night, they deciding to remain on the vessel till next morning.

About twenty one were expected, but only fourteen could be found on board the steamer. They were as follows: Captain L. W. Seeley, H. S. Owen, J. M. Borden, F. M. Boteler, Chas. A. Burnett, Fred. T. Church, N. F. Crossman, P. T. Dodge, W. B. Hibbs, Rudolph Kauffman, John M. Killits, J. R. Littell, J. F. Loomis, and C. C. Tyler. Six more are to join the party at Martha's Vineyard, where they are to remain for the next two weeks. The party would have been much larger, but a majority of the Capital cyclists are clerks in the government departments, and owing to the upheavals now going on in that vicinity under the auspices of the new administration, some of the intending tourists decided that it would not be advisable for them to be away from their posts just at this time.

The tour was planned a long time ago at the suggestion of Mr. Oliver, who invited them to visit his cottage at Martha's Vineyard. As first arranged, they were to spend all their time at the Vineyard, but the plans were afterwards changed, so as to include a visit to Boston, Springfield, and other New England cities. Last Thursday they took the train from Washington for Baltimore, where they boarded the steamer "D. H. Miller," and sailed away for Boston. Arriving at Norfolk the next morning the steamer remained there all day, loading with watermelons and peaches. The Seaside Bicycle Club, the only cycle organization that Norfolk can boast of, came on board, and took them ashore. After seeing what little there is in that quiet old darkey city, they went to Virginia Beach, where they passed the day very pleasantly. That night they sailed away again, and the next morning some of them set about collecting from sad-eyed cyclists, who manifested a desire to look over the rail, sundry bets which they had rashly made, to the effect that Father Neptune could exact no contributions from them. The weather was, however, delightful, and they soon all had their sea legs on sufficiently to enjoy themselves, and all were in excellent health and spirits when they finally reached Boston.

Yesterday morning they were shown all the tame lions of our good city, and after a dinner at the Providence Depot Cafe, the Massachusetts Club's feed headquarters, President Williams, Mr. C. R. Dodge and other members of the Massachusetts Club took them to see Harvard College and other sights in wise old Cambridge. Then they sampled our much prized roads about Chestnut Hill reservoir, and from there rode to Quincy, where they had supper. After supper they rode to Nantasket Beach, and then returned to Quincy for the night. This morning they took the train for New Bedford, from whence they were to go by boat to Martha's Vineyard.

They are to remain at the Vineyard until September 3, endeavoring to exhaust the amusement of this popular summer resort. Then they take the steamer for Portland, from where they will try to wheel to Boston. Several days will be passed here making excursions to various places of interest, and then they will attempt to ride to Springfield. After Springfield they go to New York and thence direct home.

I stated in my last letter that the recent performances of H. D. Corey, on a Rudge Safety, could not be accepted until further proofs of the correctness of the measurement of the distance covered had been furnished. I have since seen Mr. Corey, and he has explained to me what before appeared a very muddled up affair. He says that the omissions were due to the hasty preparation of a newspaper report, and regrets greatly that any one should have the slightest doubt of his riding 203 1-8 miles in 24 hours. My doubts were caused by the fact that after riding a few miles his cyclometer broke, and according to the published reports of his ride, the measurements were after that all guessed at. But he now tells me that at Salem he was met by McCurdy, who accompanied him for the rest of his run, and that it was from a cyclometer attached to his wheel that the measurements were made. He further says that he has since been over the course, and found the distance to be much more than 203 1-8 miles, but that he will only put in his claim for a record of that distance. There still remains the objection to his so frequently riding over the same roads, but as there is no rules in this country regarding the establishment of road records, I can see nothing to prevent his record being accepted.

Now that road racing and record making has reached such proportions in this country, we should certainly have some rules for their government. As it stands now anybody can go out some night, and without letting anyone know what he is about, return in a couple of days with the announcement that he has gobbled a record. If he can prevail upon the local press to believe his statements the record stands. What we want is a board or committee, who shall have the power to investigate all claimed records, and either accept or reject them as they may deem best. The matter certainly comes under the jurisdiction of the League racing board, and it is surprising that they have not yet taken it in hand. I had a talk with Chairman Bassett about it yesterday, and he tells me that the board already has just as much as it can attend to, and does not care to

shoulder any more responsibilities. If that is so there should be a supplementary board immediately appointed.

Mr. James Gilligan of the Massachusetts Club, while riding his bicycle last Saturday evening, came in contact with a stray hearse, which resulted disastrously to himself. He was riding on the slippery cobble stones of Boylston street, when he met the hearse as it dashed around the corner. He tried to turn out but his wheel slipped from under him, and before the driver could stop his horses they were upon him. As a result Mr. Gilligan now wears an ugly scar on his forehead, just above his eyes, a bruised and battered thigh and breast, and miscellaneous sore spots all over him. He is however, now able to limp about, and feels thankful that he escaped with his life.

I understood that some time way last Spring, a League touring board was appointed. Does anybody know whether they have as yet made any attempt to fulfill the promises made for them, when our worthy President made the appointment.

Both the Charlestown and the Somerville Clubs are planing road races.

Of the seven open events at the Pittsfield tournament last week, five were won by Burnham and one by Rowe, so you see most all the prizes came this way. Rowe did some splendid riding, and when he gets more familiar with the tricks of racing he is likely to do something astonishing. Gaskell was no good. He entered in all the races but failed to win a place. It is hard to say what the matter with him was. He says that he was feeling splendidly, but "couldn't make the pedals go, you know." Certainly there was something the matter with him, for he has been doing excellent work in training, and every one thought that most of the first prizes at Springfield would belong to him. But fate decided otherwise. It was expected that Hunter would be at the meet, but he is laying off for the Cleveland races, from where he expects to bring home the two mile L. A. W. championship.

A. H. Overman returned from England Sunday, much improved in health, and also bringing with him many new ideas in the manufacture of cycles.

Bob Neilson left for Springfield yesterday, to begin his training for the fall tournaments.

Secretary C. N. Pope, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, sailed from England for home, August 12.

The Racing Committee of the Mass. Club is looking up entries for the proposed race meeting. A club which numbers so many fast men should have no difficulty in securing entries for its races.

It is rumored that one of the English racers, coming over here this fall, will make an attempt to place the American safety bicycle record on a par with that of England. C. S. H.

Boston, Aug. 18, 1885.

The Bellows Falls wheelmen have organized under the name of the Mt. Kilburn Bi Club, with a membership of about 15. The Victor seems quite a popular mount among them.

Their uniform is about as practical for road riding as any we have seen, except perhaps the L. A. W. uniform which it somewhat resembles, being a little lighter in color.

OUR ROAD RACE.

I have intended, ever since the event occurred, three weeks ago to-morrow, writing you a description of our Road Race.

With a mild sort of interest we read of the race events North, particularly of the road races: in the mile dashes and two mile flashes; the ten mile fizzes and twenty-five mile drizzles, we take scarcely any interest, as we are not goers, but we do in the road races because we are stayers. The race was declared fine, and I think it would have been a success if I had won it. And I would have won it if it had not been for woman. Ah! Woman, lovely, lovely woman.

When the event was decided on two days before it transpired, I determined if human ingenuity, assisted by a powerful and subtle intellect, could gather in the laurel twigs, they would receive irre- descendent glory from my brow, I increased my cigars seven aday and my morning imbibations to five, as I believe in odd numbers, and resolutely stopped attending church as religious exercises always weaken me. The route was from clubhouse, Pimlico, via Park and Halsteads, Mt. Washington, Govanstown, back to start. Distance about twelve miles. Each starter was allowed ten dollars from the treasury to pay his expenses.

Two hours after the appointed time we drew up in line. The timer wound up and started the eight day clock, and we took our positions. There was the President, Treasurer, Harry, Asa Yates, John, Terry, Tom, Ned, the Captain, Howard and myself. Before the word was given, Tom, Howard and I promised to stick together. There was some delay in starting, as the Captain for awhile insisted that his office entitled him to ride at the head of the line. About 4.20 P. M. the word go was uttered, and away we went, keeping well together until we reached the path at the tower, where about half dismounted and pushed their wheels up to the lake, the rest preferring to ride around. This gave the walkers a pretty fair start and we did not catch them until we reached Silver Spring where they had stopped for John to tighten a loose pedal. We all dismounted and went down to the spring and got a drink, and watched a Sunday School pic-nic until the capain's whistle called us to our machines, and we took a fresh start. The pace grew pretty hot going up Robin hill, and suddenly Tom "flumped" off of his wheel and said he wouldn't go any further.

As Howard and I, had promised to stick by him, of course we "flumped." I whistled for the treasurer, he came back with several others, whilst the rest rode to the top of the hill and waited there. We were fully fifteen minutes persuading Tom to continue, and then agreed to walk to the top of the hill where the rest were, and take a fair start. We kept bunched until we sighted Halstead's when Ned made a spurt, and as he had the fastest coaster reached the bottom or the hill first. The President and Terry let out for him, whilst the rest of us made private bets on the result. They got there so close together, that we had to send back to the club for another machine, whilst waiting for which, we decided to have supper.

The machine arriving by the time we finished smoking, we got Halstead to start us and once more the race began.

It was here that my first plan was to be tried. I had hired two game roosters, to be sent to Hammet's and instructed a negro boy to start the fight, when we came in sight. He did it promptly and the president, Tom, and Harry deflected and witnessed it. The Captain and John and Terry had forged away ahead, and the rest followed them. Rounding Pimlico bend, we beheld a riderless horse dashing wildly across the field, and further saw the captain and a dust-covered man in an earnest conversation. We rescued our gallant leader and told the man to try raw beef and we went on. I had invited several ladies out to a cottage near Mt. Washington, and as we rode by, the gleam of their white dresses, their smiles and allurements were too much for the treasurer, Yates and Ned. My plans were working admirably. Tho' I was beginning to get uneasy concerning John and Jerry. I had had a wide trench dug across the road going down Mt. Washington bend. It was six feet wide and four feet deep, covered with a thin skim of earth. It extended from one side to within six inches of the other, I was afraid John and Jerry would show up there and warn the rest, but as we rounded the curve, there was no evidences of the trap having been disturbed. I slowed up and had the satisfaction of seeing the captain drop his handle bars clutch wildly at the air, and then disappear, fast followed by Howard and Ira. It was dead silence as I went safely by, pulled up the rise and then settled myself to coast Mt. Washington hill, wondering how John and Jerry got by the pit-fall.

Mt. Washington hill is a very steep stony, ugly coast, and three-quarters way down makes a right-angled bend, where it is the steepest and stoniest, and if you are not thoroughly careful to hold your machine, the chances are you will run against the post and rail fence of Mr. —'s yard.

As I was nearing the curve, I heard the rap, rap, rap, of nails being driven, and looking up saw Jerry busily nailing boards on the fence, whilst Mr. —, shotgun in hand, was sitting nearby. I heard him say as I passed, that he was tired of having cyclers busting thro' the fence and he was going to make an example of Jerry. His mishap left John alone ahead of me, and the distance but half covered. With renewed energy I sped on and presently saw John sitting on the fence. He waited until I reached him, and then mounted saying he got lonesome riding alone. We rode along together until the twilight embraced the day, and night threw her mantle around both and rocked them to sleep, and the moon came up to light the way to bed. Then said I to John, "Old boy it is between us, let's take it slow and toss up for it." He replied "No."

Then said I, "Come on." And away we, that is he sped, for I soon slowed up, and when he was well out of sight, I gave a peculiar whistle as villains in all the novels do, and a light wagon, drawn by my big bay trotter, driven by my faithful dead and dumb, negro, "Mum," came out of the woods. Machine and I were soon in and away. We flew down the road, and I reached

the toll-gate at least half an hour ahead of John, as I had taken a short cut. The moon was shining brightly and every thing seemed to be illuminated in my special honor.

A peculiar flutter of my heart, made known to me that I was near a certain rose embowered cottage. I heard the soft tinkle of a guitar.

I stopped. I was the last one to get in. John claimed to have been first, but as no one saw him arrive, and the janitor saw Jerry in the wheel room half an hour before he saw John in the bath room, the judge refused to decide. So ended the race. Ah! Woman, lovely, lovely woman. SECRETARY.

THE CLERICAL WHEELMEN'S TOUR.

Never perhaps has any cycling event, either race meet or tour, attracted as much attention as has the Clerical Wheelmen's Tour. As is well known, it was projected and arranged by the energetic Rev. Sylvanus Stall of Lancaster, Pa. The trip, a full prospectus of which was published in these columns, was arranged to cover 621 miles in twenty-one days, commencing Aug 5th.

Soon after the 1st inst., the clergymen began to gather at Niagara Falls. The most prominent men were, Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, D. K. Beecher, George F. Penticost, L. H. Schneider, of Washington, Prof. Brown of Boston University and others. It may be interesting to give a few statistics just here. Massachusetts furnishes eight,

New York five, Pennsylvania six, Rhode Island two, Ohio five, and one each from Vermont, Maine, New Jersey, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Ohio.

The machines ridden are Columbia's nineteen, Stars two, one Victor, three Faciles, three British Challenges, two Ridges and one Humber. There are also five tricycles, three of them tandems. The outfit consists of a tourists suit of dark blue, with pleated Norfolk jacket, to which are attached Celluloid collars and cuffs; knee-pants; long hose, flannel riding shirts, and low-cut black shoes.

The start was made from the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, on Wednesday, August 5th. The rain fell in torrents and less than half the number expected started. After wheeling across the Suspension bridge, they went to St. Catharines where they were detained by the customs authorities until a bond could be obtained that the wheels would be taken out of the country. The next day the tourists who had been detained by the rain arrived and the entire party proceeded by the Grand Trunk railroad to Hamilton where the real riding of the tour began.

From this point on they were received by fellow members of the cloth at nearly every town through which they passed. A full account of these receptions have appeared in nearly all the regular newspapers and a repetition of them here would be uninteresting so we leave Clerical Wheelmen to tour away, painting towns and doing other irregular things without too close a scrutiny.

NOTE THE PRICES

At which we offer the following SECOND HAND and SHOP WORN
BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

BICYCLES.

One 56-inch Full Nickered Expert Columbia. Swing Spring. Cow-horn Bars, Ball Pedals. Excellent condition,	\$110.00
One 54-inch Full Nickered Expert Columbia. Swing Spring. Cow-horn Bars, Ball Pedals. Excellent condition.	\$110.00
One 54-inch Full Nickered (except felloes) Expert Columbia. Straight or Dropped Bars, Plain Pedals. Excellent condition,	\$95.00
One 54-inch American Rudge. Enameled; good as new,	\$75.00
One 52-inch Rudge Light Roadster. 1884 pattern; Backbone and Fork Nickered. Ball Pedals. Good as New,	\$110.00
One 54-inch Rudge Light Roadster, 1884 pattern. Enameled. Excellent condition,	\$90.00
One 48-inch Expert Columbia, Nickered except wheels, Good condition,	\$70.00
One 54-inch American Club. Nickered, Fair condition,	\$50.00
One 56-inch Sanspareil, Nickered, Good condition,	\$50.00
One 50-inch British Challenge, Nickered except felloes, Good as new,	\$110.00

BICYCLES.—Continued.

One 48-inch Standard Columbia. Full nickered except felloes. Good as new,	\$90.00
One 50-inch English. Painted. Excellent condition,	\$50.00
One 54-inch American Challenge. New. Never been used,	\$65.00
One 36-54 Kangaroo. Enameled. Good condition,	\$70.00
One 36-54 Kangaroo. Enameled. Ball pedals. Good as new,	\$100.00
One 36-54 Kangaroo. Enameled. Ball pedals. New, never been used,	\$110.00

TRICYCLES.

One Two-track Columbia Tricycle. Good as new,	\$150.00
One Three-track Columbia Tricycle. Power Gear. Good condition,	\$70.00
One Three-track Columbia Tricycle. Power Gear. Excellent condition,	\$75.00
One Three-track Columbia Tricycle. Power Gear. Excellent condition,	\$75.00
One Three-track Columbia Tricycle. Power Gear. New, never used,	\$125.00

READ THIS AND NOTE WHAT WE SAY:

We offer the above wheels at these low prices to close them out. They are not old worn out bicycles, but are in better condition than our description would indicate.

A full written description will be forwarded if desired, but we prefer that customers will make a personal examination. We guarantee every wheel we sell.

It will pay to examine our line of *new* BRITISH CHALLENGE BICYCLES, which we are selling at *greatly reduced prices*.

GEO. R. BIDWELL & CO.,

N.Y. Agents Rudge and Columbia Bicycles and Tricycles.

2 & 4 East 60th St., near 5th Ave., NEW YORK.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN'S TOURNAMENT.

The Third Annual Tournament of the Berkshire County Wheelmen was held on Thursday, August 13th, at Pittsfield, Mass. An energetic committee had prepared an attractive programme and the result was a number of first-class entries. The weather was unfavorable and but a tithe of the expected crowds appeared, and even these were subjected to much disappointment, the rain beginning to fall soon after the races commenced, and becoming so violent during the afternoon that a postponement of the last three races was necessary. Though the races were hotly contested and some very good form was shown, the financial results were anything but rosy and the treasurer will probably have to record a slight loss. The track was a credit to the club, being in excellent condition, but jealous Jupiter P. soon dissipated all hopes of record performances.

One-half mile scratch, flying start—George Weber, Smitville, N. J. 1.17½; H. E. Bidwell, Hartford, 1.17 7 8; Charles P. Adams, Springfield, 1.20, third. There is record for a flying start half-mile, but as it is slower than Hendee's 1.16 1-5, it is not worthy of being taken account of. These times are really surprising, and Weber's 1.17½ would be regarded as marvellous but a year ago.

Five miles bicycle, Auchmuty challenge cup, for club members only—H. S. Wollison, Pittsfield, first; W. H. Sheridan, Pittsfield, second. The cup had to be won twice in succession to become the property of the holder, and as Wollison won it last year, this victory gave him a permanent title to it.

Two miles bicycle—E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., 5.55½; George Weber second, 5.56; H. E. Bidwell third, 5.57. This race was hotly contested from the start to finish. Three others started.

One mile bicycle, boys under eighteen—Charles P. Adams, Springfield, Mass., first, Robert Dewey, Pittsfield, Mass. by a half second.

Three miles bicycle—E. P. Burnham, 9.15½; Wm. Rowe, Lynn, 9.16. Three others started.

At this point the rain caused a postponement of the remainder of the programme until the following day. In the evening, the visiting wheelmen and their hosts had a grand time at the rink, the programme including fire-works, dancing, etc. The following day August 14th, the races were finished. The rain had softened the track and made it very slow, yet some really excellent performances were shown over it. The attendance was very large.

Five miles bicycle—E. P. Burnham, 15.35½; W. A. Rowe, 15.36½; George Weber, 15.38.

One mile bicycle—W. A. Rowe, 2.57 3-4; O. A. McGarrett, Springfield, 2.58½; Joseph Powell, Smithville, 2.59

One mile tricycle—E. P. Burnham, 3.45¼; William N. Winans, Springfield, 3.46.

Gaskill, who was beaten in all the races in which he started was out of form, the result of overtraining. Burnham showed himself to be in fine fettle and Rowe of Lynn, proved himself a good man.

HEALTH ON WHEELS.

The following extract is from Dr. W. Gordon Stable's Health on Wheels.

"If a man wishes to retain health and to enjoy life he cannot be too particular in keeping his whole system in a state of perfect freedom, if I may so phrase it. The liver ought to be free to act, so should the kidneys, spleen, etc., and each and all of these important organs are bound to be hampered in their actions if *digestion* is not carried regularly on from first to last. If the great internal glands of the body, of which the liver is the largest, do not perform their duties easily, the lungs have no fair play and no full play, nor has the heart. It becomes functionally deranged, and in like manner, as part of the sequence, follows debility of the nervous system.

Dyspepsia, no matter how produced, is the curse of the age in which we live. It kills, directly or indirectly, ten times more human beings than consumption itself does in our country. If this be so, it is surely of the utmost importance to each and all of us to so regulate our diet, that we may be able to say truly we eat to live. Slow digestion is only the forerunner of dyspepsia, and this is usually accompanied with constipation, costiveness, and a dry state of the whole mucous membrane of the digestive canal. A sedentary life and the consequent want of sufficient exercise in the open air are two of the commonest causes of slow digestion. Cycling is, of all kinds of exercises that I know, far and away the best suited for the removal of slow digestion, but even cycling will not effect a cure unless attention be paid to diet and judicious living. Nor can a man cycle with any degree of comfort who neglects the first requirements of a healthful existence, viz., well chosen food and drink.

In the hope that it may be of interest and of use to my readers, I will now give a few hints on diet and digestion, not so much in relation to actual cycle riding as to the every-day health and comfort of the individual. Food and drink for the cyclist while touring will form another branch of my subject, to be considered further on. On the subject of Dietetics more books have been written than would fill an ordinary lending library from bottom shelf to top. If one had to read all these in order to know how and what to eat, he might well cry, "Save me from my friends."

"Man!" an old Scotchman said to me once, "I dinna need ony book learnin' to tell me how to manage my stammach, I just eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry." There is a good deal of sense in what Sandie says, and with a fine-pointed pen, I believe I could write all a healthy man needs to know about diet on a bit of paper no bigger than a fourpenny-piece. But errors in diet are very common nevertheless, and indigestion is rife. One very common cause of dyspepsia is hurry at meals. This should be avoided whatever happens. If food is swallowed, such as meat of any kind, without being sufficiently triturated by the teeth, it is not only unmixed with a sufficient quantity of this dissolvent saliva, but it enters the stomach in a condition that renders it impossible for that organ to act on it. One is more apt to swallow quickly that which has been mashed or reduced to pulp in the kitchen. Though I quite hold with the

custom of mashing vegetables, still they ought to be eaten quite as slowly as if they required lengthened mastication. The same may be said about minced meats of all kinds, and made dishes. Even soups should not be bolted, as they often are, but sipped very slowly. The habit of dining *solus* is not a good one. If an individual has no other companion he should have a book or a newspaper, he will thus run less risk of hurrying his food down, and of eating to excess. Tough meats of all kinds are to be avoided, and cooking should have for its main object the rendering of meat tender and toothsome without over-doing it.

The saliva is secreted from glands situated in the region of the jaws, and their ducts open directly into the mouth, discharging their contents more freely under the stimulus of food and movements caused in masticating. This secretion, saliva, turns the starchy portion of vegetable food into sugar, a most important article of nutrition, and a good deal of this sugar is almost immediately absorbed into the blood, even before it reaches the stomach. The juices of the mouth then are really of vital moment, and if through any cause, such as worry of mind, great fatigue, etc., they are for a time very limited in quantity, digestion is sure to be retarded or but imperfectly performed. But fatigue, the injudicious use of alcohol, or anything that heats the blood, renders the mucous membrane of the mouth incapable for a time of absorbing, and thus useful digestion is hindered. One should never, therefore, sit down to table, either when heated from riding, or when tired. A rest, and a refreshing wash, should be taken before meals. Excess in eating is to be avoided. That this is true, everyone admits, and yet nine-tenths of those who sit down to dinner do over-eat.

Taking plenty of time to eat, and being content with but a few well-cooked and simple dishes, are the best precautions against excess, but the more neatly and pleasantly a dinner-table is laid, the more refined the surroundings, the more delightful and suggestive the conversation, the better will be the digestion that waits upon our appetites. It is the fashion to have soup at dinner, it is a good thing that it is also the fashion to eat but little of it. Healthy people do not want it. The plainer the food and the better the cooking, the more nutritious will the meal be. Regularity in meals should be insisted on. Daily change of diet is essential to health, and where this cannot always be obtained, varieties in the method of cooking the same joint should be studied. It is impossible, in a small work like the present, to lay down rules as to the best kinds of food or dishes for different idiosyncrasies, but our tastes and appetites were given us for the purpose of guiding us in the selection of that most suitable. That which does not seem to agree with us we ought to avoid as we would poison.

As a rule, gross fat meats, pork, pastry rich sauces, made dishes, and cheese are difficult of digestion. So are nuts, or anything that needs the stimulus of wine to make it accord. *Aprépos* of the subject of diet and digestion, I give an extract from a pleasant little paper that appeared in that excellent periodical, "Health," a journal that ought to find its way into every household in the land. An imaginary conversation

might take place between let us say, the Stomach and the Man, and making an attack of gout the subject of their recriminations. The man might accuse the Stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk or rest. The stomach might plead justification, and say that she had lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable taskmaster. Again, the Man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression, which rendered life an insupportable burden. The Stomach, having listened to all this (delivered in a tone of angry accusation), would reply:—"My case is just as bad as your own. Before I had well digested your breakfast you gave me a meat luncheon to see to, and before I had got that out of the way, you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee rum, more wine and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house and was going to carry you off, I said to myself, 'Serve him right if it did.' And in this way you went on year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headache; I tried to recall you to reason with half-a-dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a bilious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till you roared. But all to no purpose. You went on making me digest till the work broke my back, and now I can digest no longer." This reproach might be made even pathetic by a description of the Stomach watching its hard tasks come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry: "and that," adds the stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me. Then comes beef, or mutton, or both and stout; then game and sherry; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the stomach; "it gives me more trouble than anything else; but if the master will on stop here, I think, if I put all my powers, I can get even this rubbish out of the way." But she has hardly taken a hopeful view of the case, when down come cheese, celery, apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Hollands-and-water. "Good gracious, was their ever such a mess!" exclaims the Stomach; what can the man mean? Does he think one pair of hands can manage all this?" Still the willing slave goes to work, when presently their is a rush of hot tea from above, with a thin slice of bread-and-butter. And when the stomach, with infinite labor, has got the hodge-podge into some sort of homogeneous shape, and is preparing to take a nap after her exhaustion, lo! a devilled drum-stick rushes into its laboratory, two devilled kidneys, a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy-and-water.

After dinner some repose should be

taken. I do not mean sleep, but rest for, say, half an hour, or the most gentle of sauntering exercises in open air. Sleeping after a full meal congests the head. Exercise after a full meal is generally supposed to do harm by detracting the blood from the organs of digestion, but it is the detraction of nervous force and consequent weakening of the muscular action of the stomach that does the real mischief, and this should be borne in mind by cyclists.

The value of solid food is apt to be underrated. I am convinced that many cases of dyspepsia are caused by the use of what the Scotch call "splashy" food and doctors call "slops." How can the stomach do justice to a mixture, for example, of solid meat floating about in a sea of soup or beer. It is impossible that the gastric juices can act upon a meal like this until the fluid portion of it passes away.

The stomach needs rest as much as any other organ of the body, and if it has not at least one idle hour before each meal it must come to grief.

The supper ought to be a more solid I do not say substantial, meal than it generally is. Soups and slops ought to be avoided, as they are likely to cause acidity. If a late dinner has been taken, supper is not required. The meal should be taken about two hours before retiring, and excitement of any kind after it ought to be avoided if healthful sleep is to be expected. Going to bed without supper at all is nearly as bad as over-eating. A man who eats what is called a hearty supper generally awakes next morning with a white tongue and is unable to do justice to his breakfast. In fact, a portion of the supper is very likely still in the stomach in an undigested form, and nothing could be worse.

TIMING AT RACE MEETS.

Editor of THE WHEEL:—The time of the Autumn bicycles races is very near, and possibly the persons who are to act as judges and time-keepers may learn a little from some of the errors and incorrect statements made at former races, a few of which I now write about. At the Springfield races of 1883 there was allowed a claim of foul by Robinson (an Englishman who had no business to race for an L. A. W. medal), although he had done the same thing in this race, for which he claimed a foul on Frazier; when they wished to get this medal for the next year's race, found it had been pawned and could not be recovered, and that Frazier's record for twenty-five miles, made on this track, has stood for nearly two years, the Springfield people have repented somewhat of that incorrect decision, have ordered a special medal to be made, and presented it to C. Frazier for his record breaking. At the races of September 16, 19, 1884, the judges and timekeepers made several misstatements of the times of the second, third and fourth men, one instance of which I will give. The second day, Sept. 17, there was a two mile open race, the times of the three first men are given as 6.03, 6.04, 6.04 2-5. No. 3 rode a Star, and reliable persons who were opposite the "judge's stand," one of whom has seen many bicycle races in England and America, declare that both small and driving wheel of the Star was ahead of the large wheel of No. 2; no one who witnessed that race would deny the fact that the small wheel of

the Star was in front of the other, but the wise and sapient judges have declared with their superior knowledge, that No. 3 was thirteen to fourteen feet, or over two bicycle lengths behind, for at a 2.40 gait a bicycle travels 6.6 feet, and at a 2.30 gait, 7.0 feet in one-fifth of a second.

This shows the absurdity of giving the time of any racer except the first man, instead of giving the distance that one wheelman leads the next one behind, and this occurs at every bicycle race under the present system.

Yours truly, A WHEELMAN.

[We publish this letter in the hope that care may be taken to prevent the recurrence this year of such inaccuracies as our correspondent has pointed out. We disagree with him as to the discontinuance of timing second and third men, for there is no reason why they should not be timed accurately, whether they are beaten an inch or 100 yards. If the timers are experienced they will act as a check on the verdict of the judges in giving the distance of the beaten men. Thus, if A finishes first in 2.45, and B rides second in 2.45 1 8, we can judge exactly how much he was beaten, and are not compelled to rely entirely on the verdict of the judges who may give the distance as one or ten yards, according to their experience and the degree of excitement under which they are laboring.—Ed.]

SPRINGFIELD NOTES.

The Springfield track is in good condition and as the club has extended to intending competitors the privilege of practicing on it, a number of flyers may be seen on it every afternoon about four. The most prominent figure of all, is of course, Geo. M. Hendee, who practices alone, never allowing any-one to accompany him for even a short distance. Fred. R. Cook, the San Francisco crack, John Hitchcock of Omaha, Neb., McGarrett of Springfield, and W. A. Rowe, the Lynn road racer, are all putting in good work. Rich of New York, and Weber of Smithville, are expected in a few days. The following account of the path and the method of preparing it, is taken from the *Boston Herald*:

The Hampden Park bicycle track is half a mile in circumference, and has been put into condition at an expense of \$3,000.

The track is surveyed 18 inches from the pole, which is a solid wood curb six inches in height, making it impossible for a rider to ride over the curb. Two feet inside the curb is a solid and substantial fence, as is also on the outside, which incloses the track the entire distance, while on the homestretch for 650 feet is a picket fence five feet high. The track is constructed as follows: After being laid out by a civil engineer, the first thing is to decide of what material it shall be built; experience has taught that a smooth, hard track, with a rough or sand paper surface is required, to accomplish which was used the finest clay available, to which was added thoroughly screened gravel in equal parts, well mixed, and about eight inches deep; then the whole well rolled, raked and brushed. The finishing touches, which are made previous to a race meeting, are as follows: In the night time the track is well watered, and after the sun has been up long enough to dry the surface, commence rolling, using a medium

roller, drawn by men, not horses; repeat nightly till the track is in condition. The park is easy of access, being less than 10 minutes' walk from the depot and business part of the city. The track is therefore as much a clay track as it is gravel.

The following editorial on the Clerical Wheelmen's Tour is taken from the *New York Sun*. It is but a sample of dozens that have appeared on the subject in the daily papers. Such rosy views of the sport cannot fail to add hundreds to the thousands who now use the wheel for health, sport and business purposes.

"What a popular sport 'wheeling' has become of late years. A few years ago the appearance of a man astride a bicycle was as rare as the sight of a swallow in winter. But now how changed! When once introduced the sport sprang into popular favor, and to-day numbers more votaries than other branch of athletics. It matters not in what direction a man may travel hereabouts, he is sure to come upon a troupe of gay bicyclers scudding along the highway for dear life, and apparently enjoying themselves to heart's content. I have often met members of the club as far as ten, fifteen and twenty miles from Albany, and the ease with which they propel their frail machines over every kind of roadway, the utter absence of wearying strain or effort, the bright glow visible upon the faces of the riders, convince me that wheeling is a healthful, as well as very interesting recreation. Many affect to deride and sneer at the sport as being too puerile for men of mature years; and others again object to it upon the ground that it is an annoyance to pedestrians, and often a cause of disaster to people enjoying the luxury of a drive, inasmuch as the dainty vehicles glide along so noiselessly that they startle nervous equines and frequently cause runaways. The latter objection only, would appear to me to possess some force, as anything that would conduce to public danger is of course reprehensible. But I do not really believe that any of the lads who rejoice in the sport ever occasioned a disaster hereabouts, for the reason that they sedulously avoid the business portions of the town, and for the most part seek country roads where they can disport themselves freely and without fear of frightening quadrupeds or bipeds. As to the point raised that men should not indulge in so boyish a recreation, it would be well to observe that the old saying 'men are but children overgrown' will fittingly apply here; and that it detracts in no measure from one's manhood any more than boating, base ball, cricket or other kindred games. And if, as has been sneeringly observed, many of our bicyclists are pale, sickly and effeminate looking lads, the more fortunate is it that there is a sport in which the weakly can indulge, and by an outlay of energy commensurate with strength, obtain a modicum of enjoyment denied them in other fields. Any sport which will cause the hue of health to mount the cheek, sharpen the appetite, fill out attenuated calves and contribute to physical development generally, is in my opinion a commendable one."

The "Barnum" has an editorial on the amateur question in the last issue of his paper. It is in the nature of a reply to a paragraph which appeared not long since in our Boston contemporary, and which took the Springfield B. C. to task for offering such valuable prizes to amateurs. The "Barnum" states facts, which alas, though partly true look unpleasant in black and white, and the publishing of them cannot be ascribed to a desire to purify or remedy, for the writer thereof simply tells "how it is" and not how it should be.

The "Barnum" says: "To the true amateur a ribbon is prize enough is, to say the least, not business. To contend for honor alone is nothing. It is calculated to please dudes and silly girls. Springfield has always acted on the motto, 'To the victor belongs the spoils.'" This, gentlemen, is oracular, being written by the Great Panjandrum of American cycling. In our mind it excites a feeling of simple and unadulterated disgust for the writer. Here are our League-al lights, representatives and chief counsels doing their all to teach the racing idea how to shoot in true amateur fashion, but this outre iconoclast must throw down all the ideal statues which they have set up and urged our racing men to imitate. And he is a Chief Counsel of the league and the self-styled great and only Projector of grand race meets and he exclaims aloud to his constituency, "Oh ye pot-hunters. You clamor that you race for honor only; that a ribbon would suffice to represent your victories; that you care not for silver-ware but simply wish your fame to go thundering down the ages, but you know, oh ye hippocrites, there is no such thing as honor."

We no longer wonder that our road riders look with contempt on the racing fraternity, when their Apostle writes of his votaries in this strain. We can imagine the feelings of every honorable gentlemen in the land, when he reads this latest manifesto of the "Oracle." "Honor," says the "Barnum," "is only calculated to please dudes and silly young girls." We always labored under the impression that these two classes but little appreciated this quality and the "Oracle" will have to produce proof of this assertion, for even his parasites will not believe this idiotic statement. Some poet has sung of "a good time coming." We will wait patiently for that good time, and hope that one of its "good" elements will be the everlasting suppression of those whose brass and luck have enabled them to attain positions that they are not entitled to fill by reason of a sad superfluity of egotism.

A Western cycling paper says of L. D. Munger, who now holds the twenty-four hours bicycle road record of 211 1/2 miles: He is now the champion of the world having beaten the "California Wonder" (this does not refer to some dime museum freak but simply to Fred. Russ Cook, who previously held the record) four miles. This might be called "gassy." Mr. Munger is not the champion of the globe and F. R. Cook is anything but a wonder. They are both neither more nor less than sterling good riders. Munger's record is but 211 1/2 while the English figures are 266 1/4 miles, and when the American does 266 1/2, it will be time for our western friend to mount his barn-yard knoll and crow loud and furiously.

SOUTHERN VT. ITEMS.

The Second Annual meeting of the Vt. Div. L. A. W. was held at the headquarters of the Brattleboro 'Cycle Club on Thursday, July 30. The meeting was called to order by C. C., C. G. Ross, and in the absence of Sec-Treas., DuBois, Mr. C. R. Crosby was chosen pro tem.; after listening to the minutes of the last meeting, the Chief Consul read a very interesting report; on account of absence, the Secretary and Treasurer's reports were omitted. F. E. DuBois was re-elected Sec.-Treas. for the coming year and N. R. Bardy, President of Rutland Club, was re-elected to complete the Finance Committee; after a hour's discussion of League matters in the State, among which was the recommendation of Bellows Falls as the place for the next meeting, the meeting adjourned.

The visiting members were given a dinner at the Brooks House, the League hotel.

At the second race for the Club medal, C. S. Sherman won in 11.30 for the three miles; should he win it again, it becomes his property.

If the Brattleboros continue much longer in the way they are going, it will soon be known as the Brattleboro Cripple Club. Take caution from those with the crooked left arm.

Nearly every week the blue suit of the B. C. C's is seen in some surrounding town within a radius of 20 or 30 miles, and one of the wearers of the same may be better known as "THE TRAMP."

THIRD ANNUAL MEET OF THE N. Y. STATE DIVISION L. A. W.

The New York State Division of the L. A. W. should feel elated over the fact that the King's County Wheelmen will engineer its Third Annual Meet, knowing full well that the affair could not be placed in better hands. September 12, 1885, is the date fixed upon for this meet, which promises to be one of the grandest events which has ever taken place in the history of the division. The committee of the K. C. W. are hard at work perfecting details for the different events of the day and evening, which include a Grand Parade at 9 A.M., and a run through Prospect Park to Coney Island, where luncheon will be served at the Brighton Beach Hotel. The men will return to Brooklyn in time for the races, which commence promptly at 3.45 P.M., on the grounds of the Williamsburg A. C., and include a one-half and a five mile N.Y. State championship, one mile tricycle State championship, one mile scratch, one mile record, one mile, novices; and a two and a three mile handicap. The business meeting of the Division will be held in Knickerbocker Hall at 8 P.M. and at its conclusion the banquet will be served. With these and many more attractions we predict a great success for this, one of the chief cycling events of the Fall.

On Wednesday the Clerical Tourists had arrived at Kingston. In the 100 miles run from Cobourg to Kingston, Mr. Holcombe arrived first.

FROM THE CLUBS.

FIXTURES.
Aug 27, 28.—Annual Race Meet Cleveland B. Club, at Athletic Park.
Sept. 2, 3.—Connecticut B. C. Race Meet at Hartford.
Sept. 3.—Troy B. C.; fourth annual race meet at Island Park.
Sept. 8, 9, 10.—Annual Tournament of Springfield, Mass. B. Club.
Sept. 12.—Genesee B. C.; third annual race meet at Rochester Driving Park.
Sept. 12.—Third Annual meet and races of N.Y. State Division L.A.W., at Brooklyn, under auspices of Kings County Wheelmen.
Sept. 12.—Annual race meet of Keystone B. C. at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 15.—Binghamton B. C.; annual race meet at Riverside Park.
Sept. 22.—Race Meet at Minneapolis, Minn.
Sept. 22.—Providence B. C. Tournament at Narragansett Park.
Oct. 3.—Olympic A.C. games and cycle races at New York City.
Oct. 9-10.—Omaha, Neb. Wheel Club; second annual tournament.

CLOSING OF ENTRIES.
Aug. 25.—Entries close for the Hartford meet. For full particulars address Robert F. Way, P. O. Box 1025, Hartford, Conn.
Aug. 29.—Entries close for the Troy bicycle races. Address L. J. Thiessen, 280 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

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1 Mile Novice.	1 Mile Class 3.00.
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Fancy Riding.	3 do Tricycle.
5 Mile Conn. State Championship	3 do Conn. State Championship.
1 Mile Ride and Run.	1 do Safety.
10 do Amateur Open	1 do Professional.
3 do Class 9.45	5 do Amateur Open.
1 do Tug of War	1 do Consolation.

Entries close Aug. 27th and should be addressed to

ROBERT F. WAY,
P.O. BOX 1025, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE RUDGE

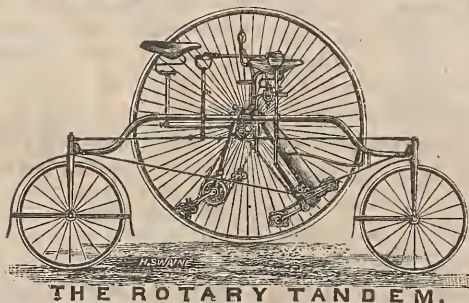
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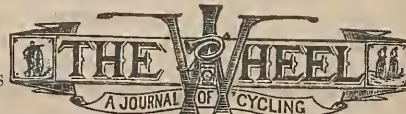
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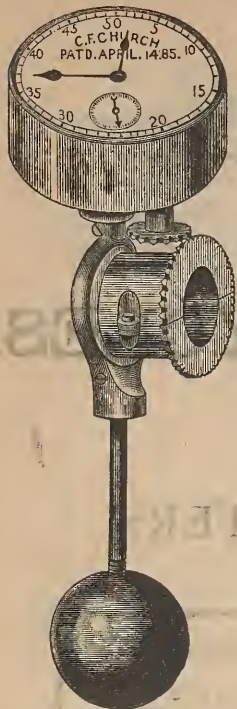
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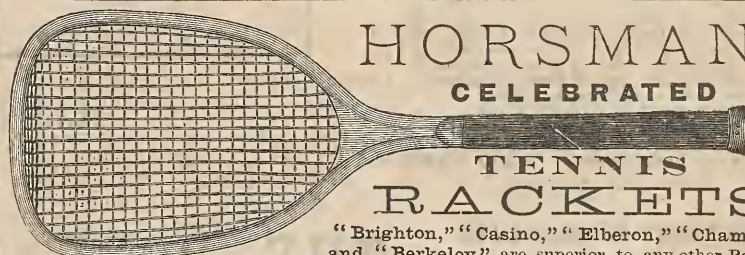
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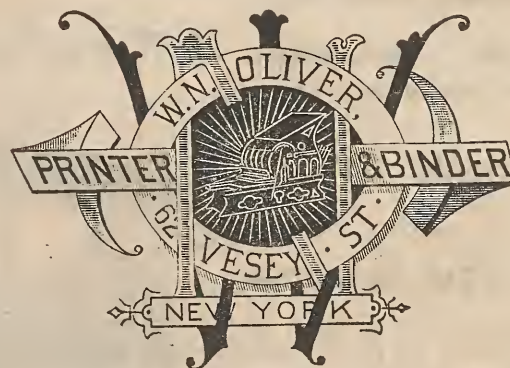
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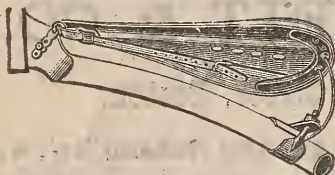
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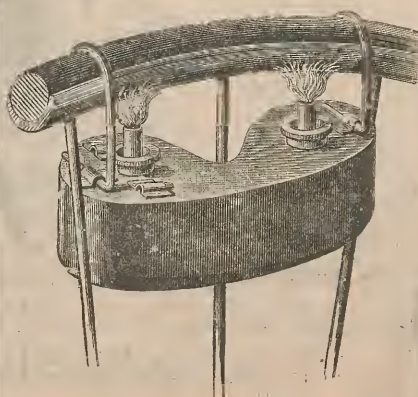
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