

# THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

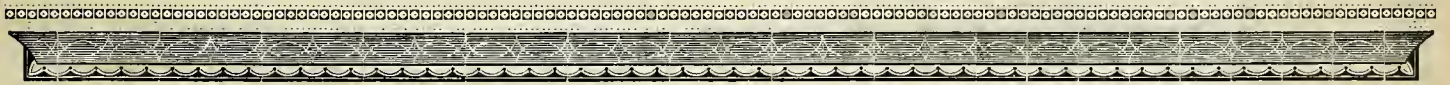
VOL. II.—No. 8.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1884.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



## RISK ONE EYE ON THE BACK PAGE.



ON THE ROAD.

WE PUBLISH THIS YEAR

## TWO CATALOGUES,

One describing our Bicycles, the other our Tricycles, and both profusely illustrated. Inform us which Catalogue you desire, enclose a two-cent stamp with the information, and we will send you either Catalogue by return mail.

## THE CUNNINGHAM COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED 1877.

Importing Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles,

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A 40-in. " " " " 57-in. to 60-in. "

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The justly celebrated rifles manufactured by J. Stevens & Co., and offered as prizes at a number of the tournaments this fall, having won a host of admirers in the cycling fraternity, has induced the Gazette to offer these rifles as a premium, as follows:—for 30 subscribers, at 50 cents each, we will send to the person getting up the club one 10 in. barrel, (retail price, \$12.25,) free; for a club of 40 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, a 12 in. barrel, (price \$13.25,) free; for a club of 50 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, a 15 in. barrel, (price \$15.00,) free; for a club of 60 subscribers, at 50 cts. each, an 18 in. barrel, (price \$16.50,) free.

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# The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

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# ROYAL MAIL

*S. G. WHITAKER, of the Cambridge Club, on his 52-inch ROYAL MAIL, October 15, rode 100 miles in 9 hours; actual riding time, 8 hours 6 minutes, thus gaining the FASTEST AMERICAN RECORD for this distance.*

## "ROYAL MAIL" Summary for 1884.

*Fastest One-Mile Record, 2.39, by John S. Prince; Second Fastest Mile, 2.39 2-5, by R. James.*

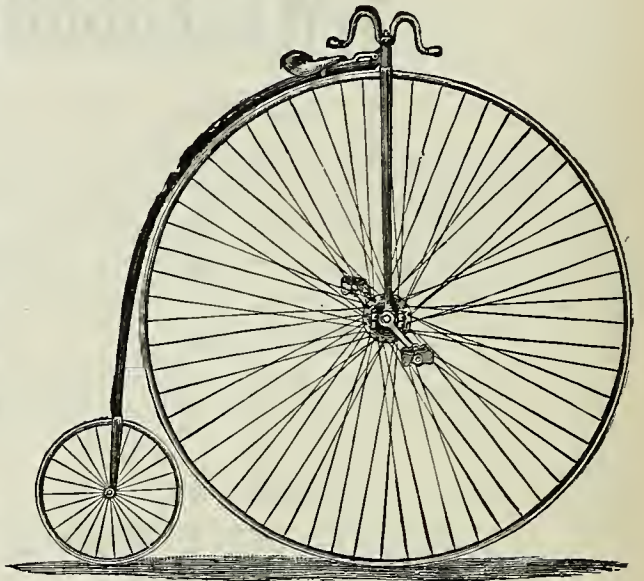
*Fastest 100 miles, 9 hours, by S. G. Whitaker.*

*Many of the principal Amateur Races have been won by ROYAL MAILS.*

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*ROYAL MAIL also the Leading Tricycle, having won the Fastest Records for 1-4, 1-2, 3-4, 1, 3, 4, and 5 miles.*

*Just Received, First Lot of "KANGAROOS," and a Large Lot of ROYAL MAILS. Parties whom we have disappointed by not being able to fill their orders for ROYAL MAILS on time can now find all sizes.*



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Six Months " " " "	- - -	25 "
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HENRY E. DUCKER,	- - -	Editor and Manager.
CHAS. A. FISK,	- - -	Treasurer.

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**CIRCULATION 13,912.**

## IS BETTING ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS?

The failure of a few tournaments this fall has led to considerable newspaper discussion as to the probable cause, and, like the defeat of the Republican party, in the November election, each paper has its own ideas as to the probable cause; all of them agree that it was lack of enthusiasm, but do not agree which is the best course to pursue in order to create the enthusiasm necessary to warrant a club in holding a tournament. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Bicycling World*, has fallen into error when it remarks that,—

As much as many will regret that it is so, it is an admitted fact among our best posted wheelmen that bicycle racing will never appeal to the general public until there is more betting. We know enough of the world and of sporting matters to recognize that there is too much truth in this commonly expressed opinion. It is a serious question, which is to be the most deplored, the common staking of wagers on the result of our cycle races, or their practical abandonment. . . . Betting is the natural result of public interest in racing, and public interest is stimulated by betting.

To the assertion as set forth, we cannot agree with our friend, the *World*, for as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," so is the success of the Springfield Club's tournaments a positive proof that *betting* is not essential to *success*. In fact, the reverse. The managers of the tournaments held at Springfield, from the first, have done all in their power to discourage betting, and have endeavored to place the race meeting before the public in such a way that all, *father, mother, sister, and brother*, could go to the meeting, and there find nothing objectionable to mar their feelings or pleasure. The result has more than met the anticipations of the officers of the club, and everybody, including the ministers, deacons, and doctors, attends, as Barnum would say, "the great moral show."

Betting, the selling of pools, and laying of wagers have ruined many a sport. Horse racing has held out longer under their baneful influences than bicycling can or could be expected to, and now we see the favorite sport of horse racing going into decline for the very reason urged upon bicycling as essential to success. Nearly every meeting of the circuit this year was a failure, and why? We take the voice of the sporting press, and the echo is, "*too much gambling*."

Springfield, whose horse shows used to lead the world, and have an attendance of 20,000 people, to-day is hardly able to get an attendance of 3,000. Our sisters and mothers stay at home, while the out-of-town sports, who follow up the circuit meetings, entice our young men to the meeting; they get infatuated with betting, lose their money, and let their morals down a peg. The corrupting influences of betting are bad, and if the *sport* of cycle racing cannot be carried on without its influence, the sooner we lay our wheels aside the better. Brethren of the wheel, let us, one and all, do all we can to discourage betting; conduct our meetings so as to be above reproach; and should the meeting fail from any cause, we can then look back upon an *honorable* record. It is far better that cycling should die young in a good cause, than live and prosper under the corrupt influence of *betting*.

## WHAT THE GAZETTE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

If Sellers can make 2.39 on English tracks.

The number of members in the L. A. W.

How many members of the L. A. W. failed to renew.

If Prince can do the 20 miles in the hour.

How long the war of words will continue in the *Bicycling World*.

If we are to have an epidemic every fall, starting from New York.

What time George M. Hendee could make under favorable circumstances.

And who could beat him.

If we shall ever have good roads in the country.

If the L. A. W. officials are striving to make a good financial showing instead of catering to the needs of wheelmen in general.

## WHAT THE GAZETTE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

A mile in 2.32.

On Hampden Park, Springfield.

Howell, James, and Prince once more for a mile.

10,000 members in the L. A. W.

Hendee at his best.

20,000 subscribers to the GAZETTE.

Peace and good-will among all wheelmen.

Karl Kron with his 3,000 subscribers.

A good road from Maine to California.

Wheelmen united and voting in a body for those men who will better the condition of our roads.

Some active work in the L. A. W.

A. G. Coleman's letter on slander read once a week to a certain editor.

The annual meeting of the L. A. W. at Buffalo, N. Y., May, 1885.

## BRITISH CYCLING IN 1884.

The season of 1884 is practically over with us. For seven months of the year, our wheelmen surpass the exponents of every other form of sport or pastime in the heartiness with which they pursue cycling; but with November the dead season sets in, and does not fairly disappear until All-Fools-Day ushers in the traditionally showery, but of late years usually fine, month of April. True, a minority of our enthusiasts disregard all considerations of season, and keep up their wheeling with as much unconcern as though the mud of November, the storms and occasional snows of December, the rain and cold of January, the general mugginess of February, and the fierce winds of March, were of no more account than the dusty state of the roads and the height of the thermometer during "the season"; but, notwithstanding these noteworthy exceptions to the rule, it has become a firmly settled conviction in the average British mind that "the off season" begins when October ends; and that consequently we shall have no more cycling adventures or feats to look forward to during the remainder of this year of grace, 1884.

An exceedingly gracious year it has been, withal. Commencing with the tag-end of a very mild winter, January and February drew their allotted spans to the accompaniment of an almost incessant series of balls, dinners, and smoking-concerts, promoted by the various bicycle clubs, tricycle clubs, and mixed clubs, and the month of March inaugurated a phenomenally fine season, this usually unpleasant month affording us a delightfully fine spell of weather, so that even the "butterfly" contingent, which usually orders its goings-in and its comings-out by the almanac solely, was tempted abroad earlier in the year than usual. Then April and May were very fine spring months, and June a hot and bright summer month, but July became unseasonably cold and windy; August resumed its traditionally torrid aspect, and September and October were both very fine months, so that our roads became unusually dusty, but a few sharp showers soon put them to rights, and then clear away into November we enjoyed magnificently smooth and dry surfaces, until, on the evening of the second of this month, a steady downpour of rain—since succeeded by a few intermittent showers—made our roads sodden; and now we have nothing but muddy and heavy surfaces for the winter.

Our Saturdays—*par excellence* the days for cycling in this country, and especially in London—afford a very fair evidence that we have not been troubled by quite so much wet weather as our climate is traditionally credited with. Up to date, there have been thirty-two fine, and only thirteen wet, Saturdays, this year. But, notwithstanding this favorable state of the elements, our "club runs" have shown more and more signs of falling off. Here, matters are managed differently to your American style. We hold "club runs" regu-



larly every Saturday afternoon, the clubs usually starting from their respective headquarters—generally one of the more respectable public-houses in the suburbs—at 3, or 3.30, or 4 P. M., riding in company over more or less hackneyed routes some ten to twenty miles out—seldom more—having a heavy meal consisting of tea with meat or eggs and preserves, spending an hour or so in strolling around the adjacent village, sometimes improvising a smoking-concert, and then, having lighted their lamps, returning home to their residences by 11 or 12, midnight. This is the stereotyped “club run,” and some years ago it was very popular; but nowadays only a tithe of our club-men attend the runs with any degree of regularity, most preferring to carry out private arrangements for independent spins, so that persevering club officers seldom boast of a following of more than ten or a dozen, thinking themselves fortunate to get that, indeed.

In some of the larger provincial cities, clubdom is on all-fours with the metropolitan custom; but in the smaller towns the Saturday half-holiday is not so general, and the local clubs are not at all active, many of them only springing into life at holiday times when some unusual event—such as a club-tour or a run to attend some monster meet in the district—galvanizes the members out of their apathy.

Our championship races this year have resulted in honors being divided between no less than five men. When H. A. Speechley won the mile, after a waiting race, in the slow time of three minutes and a half, everybody declared that it was a fluke, and that Speechley was no more the best man at a mile, than the Man in the Moon was, as until then it had been thought that twenty-five yards was Speechley's mark from scratch men. But in his club's races the following week he made such fast time from scratch, in the open handicap, as to convince us that, after all, he was probably the fastest rider at a mile, just at the time. The race for the five-mile championship, again, was voted a fluke, the track being a peculiar one, “far, far away,” which so disgusted Liles—the only London rider who went down to Cardiff to see it—that he at once returned home, leaving Reuben Chambers, a Midland crack, to luxuriate in a practical walk-over. The twenty-five-mile race, on the other hand, brought out some unsuspected talent, and introduced a rider who was destined to out-Cortis Cortis at long-distance racing; being run on a North Country track with the left hand inside, it placed the London sprinters at a disadvantage, and both they and the Scottish and provincial competitors were simply made a show of by R. H. English, a muscular young giant who went clear away from start to finish, never giving the other starters a ghost of a look-in. Fifty miles produced the closest contest of all (English not competing), F. R. Fry, of Clifton, winning on the post. So that only one of the bicycle championships is held by a London man, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Bristol—three of our greatest cities—sharing the honors with the Metropolis.

At tricycling, matters are otherwise, the honors at all three of the distances decided this year being secured by one man, viz.: C. E. Liles; one mile, five, and twenty-five miles were the measurements, and in each case the London Athletic Club crack proved his superiority alike for spurting and staying.

Apart from the championships, our racing season has been very successful from a sporting standpoint. We have not any one “bright particular

star” club to hold an exceptionally noteworthy racing tournament; the Springfield Bicycle Club has no *replica* this side of the pond; but we have a large number of first-class clubs which hold an afternoon meeting—on Saturday, as a matter of course,—annually; and it is a rather peculiar thing that there appears to be an invincible objection to depart from the beaten track, one mile being the distance at which well-nigh all the open handicaps are decided. True, the Surrey Bicycle Club holds two meetings annually, but these are on Saturday afternoons, and owe their success principally to the convenient accessibility of Kennington Oval, which ground is the property of the Surrey Cricket Club, and is never let to any bicycle club except the Surrey. The ten-mile races for the Surrey Bicycle Club challenge-cup always produce absorbingly interesting contests; as also do those for the Kildare Bicycle Club cup, competed for at five miles; and in the Midlands, the Speedwell and Birchfield Clubs are the most enterprising of the race-givers. With the exceptions mentioned, I cannot recall a single open handicap in the London district this year which has ever been contested at a longer distance than one mile, excepting the Whitsuntide sports at Alexandra Park.

Tricycle racing has received great encouragement at Alexandra Park, a series of tandem-tricycle races being run on various dates, as well as the orthodox single-tricycle handicaps; but our sprinters seem shy of racing at the North of London ground, on account of its surface being gravel—no great drawback—and not quite level, so that riders who habitually practice there gain the advantage up the hill over those whose training is done on a dead-level cinder-path. The prizes offered by the promoters, too, are not very valuable, which affords us convincing proof of the hollowness of the vaunted assertion that amateurs do not race for the sake of valuable prizes.

Among more noteworthy events on the racing-path, foremost stands English's splendid performance of twenty miles “and a bittock,” within the hour; a feat which has only been approached by the Leicester professionals. Professional racing, by the way, is entirely confined to the Leicester and Newcastle districts, amateurism holding sole sway elsewhere. Next in merit, undoubtedly, comes the tricycle ride, performed by Major Knox Holmes—nearly an octogenarian—of 115 miles in ten hours, during which period Hillier, on a bicycle, covered 146 miles. Corsellis lowered the tricycle mile record a peg, and Webb did ditto at two miles, also making various records up to 100 miles; but to detail all the records which have been lowered on the path this year would be a tedious task.

On the road, the record-breaking craze has been raging during the summer and autumn. Commencing with the 100-mile tricycle record, which has since been lowered thrice—now standing at 7 1-2 hours, credited to Webb—we have seen the 260-mile bicycle record for 24 hours eclipsed by an alleged journey of 266 1-2 miles, and the tricycle record for the same period has been raised to 230 miles; but at present neither of these are established beyond dispute, the distances having been questioned. The John O'Groat's journey has been quickened on all kinds of velocipedes. Then various other riders have been employing their bicycles and tricycles over the favorite 24-hours journey, some for medals offered by their clubs, others for honor and glory alone. Finally,

the season closed to the tune of record-making in a series of matches against time, at the Crystal Palace track, both bicycle and tandem times being broken repeatedly, although nobody has tried to beat Sellers's record of 2.39; which, by the way, does not find any place in the Union Timekeeper's recently-compiled list of “bests,” presumably because he has received no “official” information on the matter.

After all is said and done, perhaps the one “record” which has occasioned the most widespread astonishment has been the time made in the 100-mile road race on Kangaroo safety bicycles. Even allowing for the favorable state of the weather and wind, it was certainly a staggerer to read that a man had ridden a 36-inch wheeled bicycle 100 miles on the road in faster time than any other velocipede—not excepting the 60-inch racing bicycle—had ever covered the distance.

With the exception of the Kangaroo race, there have been no public races on the road this year. The Facile 24-hours race has been dropped; the 50-mile tricycle championship has failed to secure a single club's support, so that it is dead, and the London T. C. lost too much money last year to care about repeating their 24-hours open road-race, on tricycles. The last-named event, perhaps, is the only one about the decadence of which regret need be expressed, as it certainly did reveal a great deal of development in machines in 1883.

Developments in machines have been many and praiseworthy. The ordinary bicycle remains *in statu quo*, not a single improvement having been adopted this year; even the detachable handle-bars, elaborate luggage-carriers, and peculiar cyclometers, which I see advertised in your American journals, find no acceptance here. But the so-called “safety bicycle,” whose safety is usually restricted to its small size, making a header less probable or less severe, has gained considerable headway, and since the Kangaroo race we hear of quite a number of new machines forth-coming on similar plans. In tricycles, the season has produced some valuable novelties. To begin with, the discovery made last autumn, that Humber's tricycle was no longer protected by patent, led to a horde of copyists producing machines on similar lines, and these have lessened the output from Humber's own works, and made the “genuine Humber tricycle” a drug in the market, stocks remaining on hand at all the principal agents. Humber, however, has brought out another pattern of machine, being an adaptation of the American Star bicycle steering to a pair of tricycle wheels with ordinary rotary motion; the absence of any baptismal appellation for this machine led to the speedy adoption by the public of a nickname, taking its source from R. Cripps, the amateur who first rode the machine in public, “the Crippler” being the name which has fastened upon the new make, whether Humber likes it or not. Several partial copies of the Crippler are already getting about, and central-geared front steering tricycles are decidedly popular; but it is in tandem tricycles that the most striking developments have taken place, and the extraordinary speed attained upon these machines bids fair to make them *the* cycle for 1885, some sanguine riders even going so far as to prognosticate that the tandem tricycle will, ere long, surpass in speed the bicycle on the road, if not also on the path.

The tandem bicycle, *au contraire*, has not met with so much favor, *in proportion*, as it seems to have done in America.



Our great institutions have done good work and received valuable accessions to their ranks. The National Cyclists' Union, with Viscount Bury as active president, and with a major-general on its executive, is making its way among the aristocracy in a manner which it could never have done without those distinguished aids; and the Cyclists' Touring Club, despite a good deal of carping criticism in some quarters, has increased its muster-roll to near upon 17,000 members.

The so-called Tricycle Union, as such, is dead! True, it still drags on a moribund existence, but not as "The Tricycle Union" was ever meant to be. A conspicuous and unpitied failure, it has finally thrown off all pretense to be a legislative body, and is going to entirely reform its constitution. *What* it is going to do—or aim at doing—is not as yet at all clear; but indisputably the T. U., as a legislative body, is dead.

Our press is increasing! 1884 commenced with five weekly newspapers devoted entirely to cycling, but during the year there have been two additions to the list, and the wheelman who wants to be thoroughly *au fait* on every passing event and controversy has to expend just tenpence per week in the purchase of the following journals, named in order of seniority:—*Bicycling News*, Thursday, 2d.; *Cycling Times*, Tuesday, 2d.; *Cyclist*, Wednesday, 1d.; *Tricycling Journal*, Wednesday, 1d.; *Tricyclist*, Friday, 2d.; *Wheeling*, Wednesday, 1d.; and *Wheel Life*, Friday, 1d. With the exception of *The Cyclist*, all these papers circulate principally in London; *The Cyclist* circulates in London as much as—or more than—any of the others, but I believe its circulation is even greater in the provinces and abroad. Monthly, we are regaled with *The Wheel World* magazine (sixpence); and also an English edition of *Outing* and *The Wheelman*, now reduced in price to sevenpence.

This year we are promised two Christmas numbers, *Wheeling* having decided to compete against *The Cyclist* for annual honors. These publications are expected from the press very shortly, and will be issued at a shilling each, *Wheeling* containing 120 pages—not illustrated—and *The Cyclist* producing a book of an entirely novel description, profusely illustrated by a first-rate draughtsman.

You will acknowledge that British wheelmen have no occasion to complain of a paucity of technical literature. Truth to tell, it is being overdone, and the summary collapse of one or two weeklies would not be at all regretted by riders.

In future issues of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE, I hope to "boil down" all the current news and topics in our little island, thus saving your readers the necessity of hunting through newspapers to find the modicum of milk contained in the huge quantity of water usually apportioned to it. Meantime, the compliments of the coming season to your Springfield boys and American cyclists generally, from

WAVERLEY.

LONDON, ENG., NOV. 11, 1884.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., occupies a prominent place in the front rank of cycling journals in this or any other country. The GAZETTE is printed on the finest paper, and is a model in typographical appearance. It is ably edited by Mr. Henry E. Ducker, and thoroughly covers the field to which it is devoted in the matter of news and items of interest to wheelmen.—*Lynn Reporter*.

## A MARYLAND DARKY MISTAKES BICYCLES FOR BAYONETS.

From the Washington Star.

A number of bicyclists from the Capital Club took a long run yesterday morning, over the Maryland roads. They dismounted at the top of a hill in the vicinity of Oxen Hill P. O. and, stacking their machines, took easy positions at the side of the road. Soon one of the party noticed a couple of objects moving mysteriously among the trees and brush alongside the road some distance off. Judging from their movements they did not wish to be seen, but as they drew nearer they were recognized as colored men. Just before reaching the reclining wheelmen they emerged upon the road and were passing with an air of confidence, when one of the party sung out: "What was the matter with the road, uncle?" The man addressed was bent with age, and his hair and beard perfectly white, contrasting strongly with his black skin. He stopped short, and, respectfully touching the remains of his hat, he replied, rather hesitatingly: "Well, 'fore God, boss, to tell the trufe, hit looked like old wah times was come ag'in, and me and my boy des nat'lly slinked off in de bresh to see how de land laid. While we was way off yander de sun struck dese heah contoglements," pointing to the nickeled machines, "and made 'em look des like guns piled up de way I used ter see 'em in wah times, and den we see de shinin' buttons on you all, and den we went slow."

"What would soldiers be doing here?" asked one of the party.

"Dey say de democrats is 'lected, and lots o' niggahs b'lieve dey is goin' back to slaves, and all dis kind o' made me skeery."

"You don't believe such stuff?"

"No, indeedy, I don't Zackly b'lieve hit, but you know dey is lots o' people who doan b'lieve in gosts, but w'en dey see sumpin' white skimmin' long de road in de dark dey git skeered a little bit; dey can't help hit. Dat's de way wid me."

Upon talking further with the old man it was learned that among the lower classes of colored people there is a very general belief that the victory of the democrats means a return to slavery.

## THE CHURCH ON WHEELS.

[From "A Family Affair" in the English Illustrated Magazine.]

Sylvanus, on his tricycle, was a lovely sight, but one which, upon its first introduction, filled Oakbury with consternation. To see a clergyman, in a long black coat and broad-rimmed hat, working vigorously with muscular legs, and sending himself along at the rate of ten miles an hour, was an upheaval of all traditions. Only his popularity saved him. Indeed, old Mrs. Pierrepont, a parishioner in a chronic state of aggrievedness, wrote to the bishop on the subject. She called it a "bicycle machine," not exaggerating, but diminishing, so far as wheels went. The bishop was startled. A curate careering about the country on a couple of wheels did seem out of place. So his lordship wrote to the rector of Oakbury on the subject, and the rector handed the letter to Sylvanus. So far as he, the rector, was concerned, his curate might have flown about on a broomstick if by so doing he kept the bother of the parish off his superior's hands.

Mr. Mordle, who was unable to see that his ordination vows debarred him from using such a convenient vehicle for getting from one end of the parish to another, did a bold thing. Knowing

that the bishop was staying at a country house some twenty-five miles away, he threw himself early one morning into the saddle or seat, and used his nether limbs to such a purpose that just before lunch time his card was sent in to his lordship, and in ten minutes the bishop was gravely inspecting what Mrs. Pierrepont, when speaking to her friends, called a diabolical machine.

For some minutes the bishop stood on the doorsteps, weighing the innocence or guilt of the inanimate creature at his feet, Sylvanus the while pleading its cause with his usual brisk vehemence and jerky dexterity. He expatiated on the size of his parish and on the wonderful assistance he derived from this modern invention for getting quickly over the ground. He showed his lordship the convenient little bag attached to the back, in which he carried his books of devotion, or, when occasion needed, some small creature comfort for the aged sick. He explained the action of the machine, and so raised the episcopal curiosity that an unheard of thing occurred. His lordship, gaiters and all, gravely installed himself in the seat, and, to the unutterable delight of several ladies and gentlemen who were gazing through the drawing-room windows, in a quiet, dignified, leisurely way, as behoves a bishop, actually propelled his sacred self down the gravel path and up again, with no further damage than cutting up the edges of his host's lawn and knocking a couple of stones out of a rockery. The tricycle triumphed! Although the bishop did not embody an eulogistic notice of it in his next charge to his clergy, he has been known on several occasions to recommend its use in outlying districts.

## THE GUILLESS RUSTICS BEAT HIM.

From the English Bicycling News.

Give ear, please, while I tell a pleasant, instructive, and perfectly true story. A gentleman who is a demon at winning prizes, and whose private sitting room is decorated with pots and plates, and resembles nothing so much as a pawnbroker's strong room, recently went down to a country meeting where there were one or two apparently good things to be picked up by the industrious visitor. He won his heat in easy fashion and in such good time that the final seemed absolutely at his mercy. He went away and drank his own health in honor of the good time coming. Alas! there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. The guileless rustics smelt a rat, and with a cunning worthy of the "Heathen Chinee," took measures accordingly. The final heat duly commenced and all went swimmingly. The visitor, secure in his power, was taking things easily, when he suddenly saw two or three competitors shoot past him and begin to pedal away as though the arch fiend was behind them. He could not understand this until some one in the crowd shouted out, "Go on, go on, it is the last lap!" Then he, too, put in a vigorous spurt, and made his wheel travel like an express train, but it was no good. He was beaten. The explanation is sweet and simple. In all the previous heats the final heat had been announced by the ringing of a great bell—it was the town-crier's instrument in fact—and the sound could be heard a mile away. In the final, however, a local "Ah Sin" had quietly changed the implement of the campanologist for a tiny tinkling bell slightly smaller than that carried by the muffin man. Who shall say that innocence is confined to the city after this?



## SANDERS SELLERS.

The hero of a mile in 2.39, whose wondrous speed during the past few months has electrified and astonished the wheel world, was born at Preston, Eng., on April 21, 1863. Mr. Sellers received his education at the Preston grammar school, going thence to Chemnitz, Saxony, where he remained a year or more, and first became acquainted with the wheel, the old "bone-shaker." Mr. Sellers is 5 feet, 11 1-2 inches high, and weighs 172 pounds, is a strongly built, fine, athletic looking fellow, possessing good judgment. His racing has, as a rule, been most interesting. Mr. Sellers is a member of the Preston Bicycle Club, whose members have showered honors upon him since his return to his home. He has been feasted, dined, etc., all of which Mr. Sellers has accepted with becoming modesty, as a mark of esteem and true appreciation of his worth. The Rudge Company has presented him with a valuable gold watch for his record of 2.39 on their wheel.

Mr. Sellers commenced racing in 1881, winning in a few local handicaps and unimportant events. His first racing of any importance was in 1883, when he mounted his first racing machine, winning thirteen first and one second prize out of fifteen races, nearly all being handicaps; he was not considered a scratch man till August of the present year, when he won the two-mile handicap, and the one-mile scratch race for the fifty-guinea cup, beating several good men. He won the one and five-mile championship of the North at Huddersfield, on a grass track, August 2. August 5, at Harrogate, he was beaten in the five-mile race by D. H. Hune, the Scotch champion, by half a length, but on August 6, at Stoke-on-Trent, he beat all the noted amateurs of England, except Liles and English, in one and five-mile scratch races on a soft track. In the latter race he came in forty yards ahead of the field, among whom was Gaskell. On the 10th he out-raced Hune in a two-mile dash, and won a one-mile handicap. His last race before coming over was at Liverpool, where he won the North of England thirty-guinea cup, in a two-mile race, beating Cripps. His best time for one mile before coming to America was 2.51.

Upon his arrival at New York, Mr. H. Leeming began a systematic course of training Mr. Sellers, and under his able management he gradually improved, developing the wonderful form that has since astonished the world. Mr. Sellers and his party immediately went to Hartford to participate in the races there, September 9; it was here that Mr. Sellers received his first surprise, and in turn surprised the world with his wonderful powers. It was here that, upon seeing Frazier and his Star bicycle, he exclaimed, "If I don't beat that fellow I'll eat my machine and go home to England." "And after you've eaten the machine I'll eat you," replied Leeming, his trainer.

Mr. Sellers's first race at Hartford was in the one-mile open, in competition with Frazier, Brooks, Dolph, Norton, (but not Hendee, as he was laid up with injuries received at New Haven while training,) winning in the unprecedented time of 2m. 39s.; the next was the five-mile open, winning first in 15m. 48s. Mr. Sellers then went to Albany, N. Y., winning the half-mile dash in 1m. 23s.; he then came to Springfield, where he was expecting to

meet his match, and for the first time to cope with our champion, George M. Hendee. Mr. Sellers competed in five races here, winning first prize in each event as follows:—

September 16, ten-mile open,	Time, 31.04 2-5
September 17, two-mile open,	" 6.03
September 17, half-mile dash,	" 1.18 1-5
September 18, one-mile open,	" 2.45 2-5
September 19, five-mile open,	" 16.06 2-5

in the two-mile open, and one-mile open, beating our champion, G. M. Hendee. September 23 and 24, Mr. Sellers was at New Haven, racing in three events, winning one first and two second prizes as follows: September 23, one-mile open, Hendee 1st; Sellers 2d; ten-mile open, winning first, beating Gaskell and Hamilton. On September 24 he was again defeated by Hendee in the five-mile race, time 16.54 1-4.

He then went to Boston, but the track being poor, decided not to race any more, and prepared to leave for home. Mr. Sellers is better at short



SANDERS SELLERS.

distances than long, being more of a goer than a stayer; his best distances being one and two miles.

The *Wheel World* says: "We are informed upon good authority that Mr. Sellers, having secured an almost unthought-of record, and beaten the best men on the path, has decided to retire upon his laurels," a statement which will be received with regret by wheelmen on both sides of the Atlantic. He should give us one year more, when we can see him at his best. We know of no wheelman in England who would be more welcome to the land of stars and stripes in 1885 than Sanders Sellers, of Preston Bicycle Club.

## A NEW MOTOR.

[From the *New York Times*.]

There is a farmer in Vermont who has invented a new motor that is destined to accomplish results at least as vast as those accomplished by the steam engine. The invention is a combination of the small boy and the bicycle, and by its aid an immense amount of work which has hitherto

been done by hand can henceforth be done at an enormous saving of time and expense. Last year Deacon Smedley, the farmer in question, entertained among his summer boarders a young man with a bicycle. The young man wore gray knickerbockers and red stockings, and as he generally fell off his machine two or three times a day in the village street, he naturally attracted a good deal of attention. It is needless to say that Deacon Smedley's small boy—aged 14—took a great deal of interest in the bicycle, and felt that could he possess such a wonderful machine, life would have nothing more to offer him. The general verdict of the village, however, in regard to bicycles was that they were ridiculous affairs, wholly unworthy of the attention of an intelligent countryman, and several local citizens of much influence in the community went so far as to say that bicycles ought to be put down by the selectmen, by gosh!

Curiously enough, Deacon Smedley approved of the bicycle, and openly said that he wished he could afford to give one to his small boy. This was the more remarkable, since the deacon had never been known as a liberal man, and had never given his small boy anything excepting board and lodging. Not content with wishing to give his small boy a bicycle, the deacon actually opened negotiations with the bicyclist with a view to buying his machine, and one day, when the young man was under the doctor's care in consequence of a severe contusion of the skull, the deacon extorted from the bicyclist an agreement to sell his bicycle at half price.

The next step taken by this admirable father was to advise his son to hire out to a neighboring farmer, and so earn money enough to buy the bicycle. Deacon Smedley agreed to advance the purchase money, buy the machine, and hold it in trust until his small boy could repay him. Arrangements were soon made by which the small boy was to "do chores" for Squire Bartlett, and was to receive in the course of the winter the aggregate sum of thirty-five dollars. This he was to pay to his father, who had agreed to purchase the bicycle for thirty dollars, thus giving the deacon a profit of only five dollars on the transaction.

Spring came, and Deacon Smedley's small boy paid his father thirty-five dollars on the 1st day of May, and the two proceeded to the barn, where possession of the bicycle was to be formally given to the small boy. The latter was somewhat surprised when he saw the bicycle. It was suspended from the rafters of the barn at a height of about three yards from the floor. The rubber tire of the driving wheel had been removed, and a leather belt had been placed around the wheel, and connected with the crank of a feed chopping machine. With the assistance of his affectionate parent, the small boy climbed to the saddle and began to work the pedals. The revolution of the big driving wheel set the feed chopping machine in motion, and the deacon immediately proceeded to chop feed enough to last his live stock for a week. The excellent old man found that he could chop twice as much feed in a given time by bicycle power as he could in the usual way, and that instead of turning a crank, all he had to do was to feed the machine. Once or twice the machine abruptly stopped in consequence of the alleged weariness of the small boy's legs, but the deacon



# THE RUDGE RACER

**SELLERS AT HARTFORD, CONN., SEPT. 9, 1884,**

Rode a mile in **2 MIN. 39 SEC.**, beating the World's record.

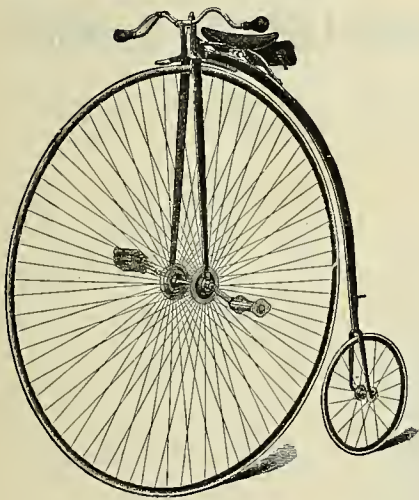
The following noted flyers also ride the RUDGE RACER:—

R. HOWELL,  
S. SELLERS,  
ELIOT NORTON,  
WM. WAITE,  
JOHN BROOKS,

ASA DOLPH,  
LEWIS HAMILTON,  
F. WESTERVELT,  
C. H. PARSONS,  
W. M. WOODSIDE,

G. M. HENDEE,  
E. F. TRACY,  
WM. MAXWELL,  
J. H. LEWIS,  
G. D. GIDEON.

The CHAMPIONSHIPS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AMERICA, and SPAIN have all been won on the RUDGE RACER.



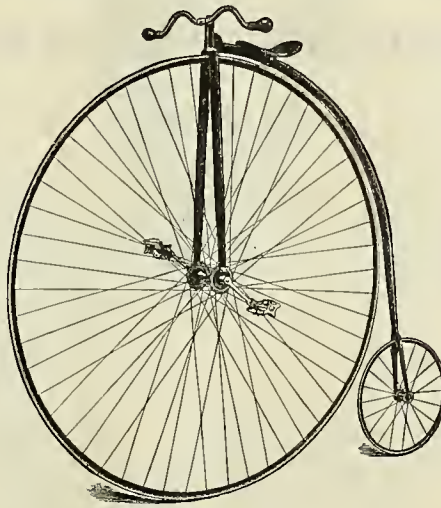
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FIRST-CLASS ROADSTER  
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Rudge's Unequaled Ball Bearings to both wheels.  
Hollow Forks and Backbone.  
Direct Spokes (eighty to front wheel).  
Curved Handle-Bars.  
Parallel Pedals, nickeled.

Weight, 44 pounds.

Price, 50-in., Painted and Nickeled, \$105.

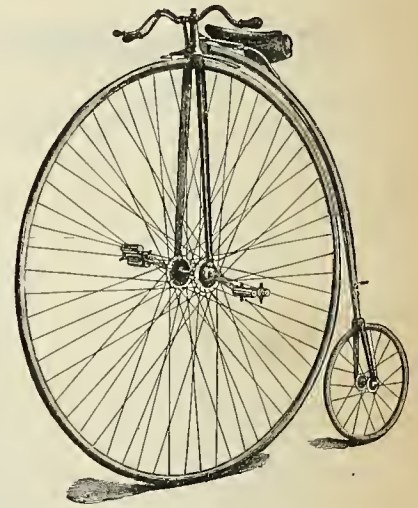


## RUDGE RACER.

One Mile Record of the World,  
**2 Min., 39 Sec.**

Net Weight 53-in. Rudge Racer,  
**23 Pounds.**

Price, 50-in., Enameled and Nickeled, \$140.



## RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

STRENGTH, LIGHTNESS, SPEED.  
The first Bicycle ever ridden up  
Corey Hill.

Hollow Rims, Tangent Spokes, crossing twice  
and covered at rim, Hollow Front Forks, Semi-  
Tubular Rear, Hollow Handle-Bar, Harwood  
Step, BALL PEDALS.

Weight, 36 pounds.

Price, 50-in., Enameled and Nickeled, \$140.

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STATES.	NUMBER POST OFFICES.	NUMBER WHEELMEN.	STATES.	NUMBER POST OFFICES.	NUMBER WHEELMEN.
MAINE, - - - - -	24	173	MISSOURI, - - - - -	14	120
NEW HAMPSHIRE, - - - - -	47	294	LOUISIANA, - - - - -	2	30
VERMONT, - - - - -	23	126	ARKANSAS, - - - - -	1	1
MASSACHUSETTS, - - - - -	205	2354	KANSAS, - - - - -	19	65
RHODE ISLAND, - - - - -	8	136	TEXAS, - - - - -	6	34
CONNECTICUT, - - - - -	67	883	ARIZONA, - - - - -	3	33
NEW YORK, - - - - -	246	2291	COLORADO, - - - - -	3	50
NEW JERSEY, - - - - -	87	684	UTAH, - - - - -	3	27
DELAWARE, - - - - -	2	4	MONTANA, - - - - -	4	7
PENNSYLVANIA, - - - - -	173	1356	OREGON, - - - - -	6	24
MARYLAND, - - - - -	11	240	WYOMING, - - - - -	5	51
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, - - - - -	4	159	DAKOTA, - - - - -	10	20
VIRGINIA, - - - - -	5	16	NEBRASKA, - - - - -	7	23
WEST VIRGINIA, - - - - -	2	17	CALIFORNIA, - - - - -	15	171
NORTH CAROLINA, - - - - -	10	38			
SOUTH CAROLINA, - - - - -	5	43	CANADA, - - - - -	54	824
GEORGIA, - - - - -	11	50	ENGLAND, - - - - -	28	197
ALABAMA, - - - - -	5	29	NEW ZEALAND, - - - - -	7	34
TENNESSEE, - - - - -	10	109	GERMANY, - - - - -	4	7
KENTUCKY, - - - - -	20	152	NEW MEXICO, - - - - -	2	2
OHIO, - - - - -	165	1104	SCOTLAND, - - - - -	1	1
ILLINOIS, - - - - -	56	461	WEST INDIES, - - - - -	1	1
INDIANA, - - - - -	50	233	CUBA, - - - - -	1	1
MINNESOTA, - - - - -	17	118	AUSTRALIA, - - - - -	1	1
MICHIGAN, - - - - -	47	302	JAPAN, - - - - -	1	2
WISCONSIN, - - - - -	20	145	NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS, - - - - -		445
IOWA, - - - - -	39	224	Total Number, - - - - -	1,557	13,912

### MORAL:

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### MORAL the 2d:

Wheelmen Know a Good Paper when they See it, and therefore Cannot Resist the Temptation to Subscribe.

**ONLY 50 CENTS A YEAR.**

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.



instantly stirred up his offspring with a pitchfork, and pointed out to him the folly of growing tired of a bicycle within the first hour or two of its possession.

Since that day the bicycle has been in constant use, and the ingenious deacon has managed to utilize its power so as to churn milk and pump water with it. The small boy does not seem to retain his original enthusiasm for the bicycle, and it is suspected that he would prefer to ride it through the streets rather than to put it to a really beneficent use in the barn. Fortunately, the deacon, though he was so indulgent as to buy his small boy a bicycle, will not permit him to abuse the gift. "No, my son," he is said to have remarked—"we won't have no such nonsense as falling off bicycles in the street. You just enjoy your machine in the barn where you can't get hurt, and can do some good; and I expect you to enjoy it three or four hours a day, or else you'll hear from me." The small boy evidently obeys his parent, and though he is growing rather thin, there is no immediate danger that he will injure his health or fracture his limbs by too excessive indulgence in athletic sports.

The discovery that the bicycle can be used as a motor for driving machinery opens a grand future to our bicyclists. The thousands of melancholy young men who are now aimlessly falling off bicycles in the street, and earning nothing except bruises, can hire themselves out to farmers, and make an easy and comfortable living. It may be less exciting to ride a bicycle suspended permanently from the rafters of a barn than it would be to ride the same machine over a smooth pavement, but it is much safer and also far more profitable.

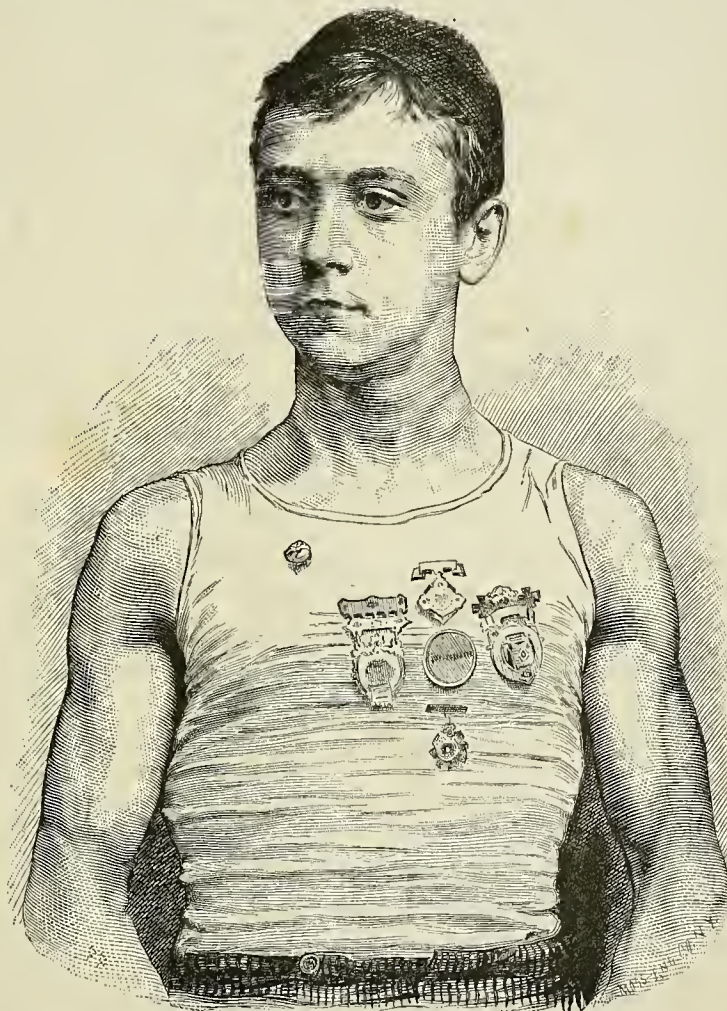
We may expect soon to see the day when nearly all kinds of domestic machinery, including sewing machines, churns, and orchestrions, will be driven by bicycle power, and young American bicyclists, instead of uselessly squandering their time, and spending their money on surgeons and arnica, will lead lives of productive industry and utility, and thus become useful and even happy men.

No one who saw the mere handful of men that witnessed the interesting contest last week between these two professionals (Nelson and Young) would believe that Boston is the center of cycling.—*Bicycling World*. And as long as this state of things continues, not one dollar will be expended on the Union track for improvement.—*Boston Herald*. Gentlemen, you are both wrong. Boston has long since ceased to be the "hub" of cycling; the hub was moved west just 98 miles, two years ago. What Boston wants is a live cyclist who is not afraid of work.

#### EDWIN FORREST LANDY.

In conformity with her established reputation for renowned human productions, Ohio, recognizing the necessity, and at the same time her ability, to have ample representatives in the cycling field, has not by any manner of means permitted herself to be totally eclipsed by the outside wheeling fraternity, without an effort on her part for a due share of honor.

A brief review of tournament names presents quite a commendable array of Ohio wheeling talent. At least the competitors of Asa Dolph from New London, Ohio, and C. W. Ashinger from Eaton, Ohio, were most decidedly impressed with that conviction at the recent Eastern meets.



EDWIN FORREST LANDY.

Edwin Forrest Landy, of Cincinnati, Ohio, although only seventeen years of age, is an excellent example of the physical benefits accruing from an athletic training, temperance principles and good habits.

Ned, as he is familiarly called, inherits from his worthy sire an ardent admiration for athletic sports in general. He is an active member of the Cincinnati gymnasium, and enjoys the distinguished honor of being the champion of the Cincinnati Bicycle Club, an enterprising and substantial organization of some thirty-five members, who are all seniors in age to Mr. Landy.

A modest appreciation of his own abilities has caused his cycling career to be mostly of a local

character. In all his ventures he has been uniformly successful.

On the 17th of May, Ned entered the two open events of the Capital Club, at Washington, D. C., a one and three-mile handicap, and succeeded in beating all his competitors with ease, from the scratch. As an evidence of his pluck, it is but necessary to state that he has twice terribly fractured his left arm, the results of unfortunate headers, besides being the recipient of innumerable sprains and bruises, which were borne with fortitude and which the ardor of cycling alone made endurable.

The convalescent condition of an injured arm debarred Mr. Landy from the privilege of entering any races last season. It gives us pleasure to state, however, that he is now in an excellent condition to compete—successfully we hope—with riders who may lay claim to a fame that is national.

A pleasant address and agreeable manner win for Mr. Landy the high esteem and admiration of his many friends and acquaintances, who cheerfully agree in predicting for the Buckeye boy a glorious future, and in hoping that his wheel may prove to him a wheel of fortune,—striking the winning card every time,—and that the race course of his life be one smooth cinder track, clear thro'.

WILLHELM.

Those who made the bicycle, on its first appearance, an object for sarcastic and humorous comment, setting it down as a kind of vehicle only made to enable effeminate youths to disport themselves, were mistaken. The "wheel," as its devotees term it, has steadily grown in favor, both on account of its sportive and its useful character. They are now manufactured by the thousand. Bicycle clubs flourish everywhere. It has survived the "craze" epoch and has become as much of a staple, almost, as a shotgun or a fishing rod. It has also given rise to a very excellent and attractive literature, and it is, altogether, doing an admirable work. The movement of a bicycle, when directed by a skillful rider, is about as near the perfect poetry of motion as one can

conceive, its flight being on curves of beauty. The rider appears to better advantage than a skater, whose grace of action is somewhat marred by a certain awkwardness of effort with arm and leg. But the bicyclist moves by almost the same muscular play as when walking, and has, therefore, that advantage of appearance. The confidence of entire control gives the rider a special pleasure, for his wheel responds to him as though it were a part of his own physical person. The ease with which obstacles are avoided, the speed with which he flies, the sense of distance rapidly covered by personal effort, the trifle of risk from a "header," the enforced alertness—all these contribute to the rider's elation and pleasure.—*Chicago Current*.



## Correspondence.

## OUR SISTER CITY.

HARTFORD, November 18, 1884.

*Editor Springfield Wheelman's Gazette:—*

Among the recent doings of our cycling community may be mentioned the change in the presidency of the Connecticut Club. Its former president since its organization in 1879, Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, somewhat unexpectedly resigned a fortnight since, and Mr. Stephen Terry, well-known to cyclists throughout the country as treasurer of the L. A. W., was unanimously chosen his successor. Mr. Terry, having long been prominently connected with the League, and formerly its chief consul for Connecticut, is regarded in these parts as one having high authority in matters relating to the wheel; he has taken great interest in the club's welfare, and, as its president, will have the cordial support of every member in his future endeavors to promote its prosperity, which already owes much to his valuable counsels.

It is evident that whatever actual move the club shall finally make in the matter of a new club house will at least have the benefit of much deliberation and forethought. It can afford, and needs, more convenient quarters than those now occupied, which are particularly deficient in point of accessibility; but ample discussion has as yet failed to result in a satisfactory plan for a change of location. During the coming winter the club does not propose to lapse into idleness, but will endeavor to conduct its winter campaign in a manner properly becoming its high standing socially. A club road race to New Britain, if the roads remain good, will probably be the last out-of-door jollification of the season. Roberts' opera house has been engaged for the evening of December 10, when a musical and elocutionary entertainment will be given under the club's auspices. The college glee club which is to sing, and the young lady who is to read, have each previously been separately welcomed by enthusiastic Hartford audiences, which argues well for the probability of the belief that their combined efforts will prove a great attraction.

Although the "melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," up to the time of this writing the spirits of our cyclers do not appear to be seriously affected by the notion of sadness which the poet found suggested by the shortening days of autumn. "Wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere" are natural manifestations of the season's decline which don't particularly interfere with the wheelman; head winds of course excepted. The adaptation of the temperature to out-of-door sports, together with the general excellence of the roads in autumn, renders it of all the seasons the best for road riding, and fortunate indeed is the cyclist who recalls any portion of his wheeling experience which afforded him greater opportunities for real enjoyment than has the autumn of 1884. The roads hereabouts are now in excellent trim, and those of our wheelmen who foolishly deplored the unusually vigorous road-mending policy pursued by neighboring boards of selectmen, which caused numerous dismounts during the summer months, now realize that their former maledictory allusions to the "road-making-fiend" were inexcusably slanderous.

Three of us indulged in a run to New Britain last Sunday forenoon, and were surprised to find

that enterprising town to be on that day the Mecca, so to speak, of cycling pilgrimages from several localities, including Meriden, Middletown, Berlin, and Cromwell; the Strickland House being the common caravansary. Of the twenty jovially hungry wheelmen who dined together it would be difficult to designate the one to be credited with the most effective work over the *menu*, though suspicion points to an honored representative of Connecticut's civil service, recently the victim of grossly exaggerated newspaper reports concerning the result of a broken handle-bar header. We all were enabled to realize the partial truth of what Dr. Johnson wrote a century ago: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." (Possibly I do Dr. J. injustice by alluding to the "partial truth" of his statement, but it should be remembered that he was a notorious glutton.) After dinner the whole company formed by twos and enjoyed a quiet run about town, finishing at the summit of the beautiful Walnut Hill reservoir, an elevation of 150 feet, reached by a road sufficiently winding to be easily mounted. Here the wheels were stacked, and, as the cyclists disposed themselves to enjoy the extended view, about the only obstacle in the way of a genuine "meet" was the absence of the conventional photographer. The Hartford delegation reached home that evening with exalted ideas of the good physical results of cycling.

A word about Sunday riding, concerning which I suppose a thousand articles have already been written. Our generally accepted solution of the problem supposes the cyclist ordinarily to devote his attention to church matters in the early part of the day, and to do his riding in the afternoon. Exceptions to this rule are, of course, sometimes taken, but whenever a Connecticut Club man is seen riding on the first day of the week, it is observable that he rides decently; he does not emulate the example of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, by going furiously, neither are his journeyings accompanied by the sound of patent alarm bells and double-barreled whistles, and in no way does he betray the slightest indication of whatever paint-the-town-red order of talent he may be capable of exercising at such times and places as may properly call for its use; and he is careful to do nothing whatever which may break in upon the Sabbath peace of those who wish to spend the day in quiet.

A good deal of interest has lately been manifested concerning the respective merits of heavy and light bicycles, and it is pleasing to note what appears to be a general movement in favor of the latter. Light roadsters have advanced rapidly in popularity during the present season, and in addition to those now on the market I learn that the Columbia people have in preparation a light road machine to be equipped with detachable hollow handle-bars, tangent spokes, and hollow rims of an entirely new pattern. It so happens that your correspondent has owned and ridden five bicycles of different manufacture, ranging in weight from fifty down to thirty-seven pounds, and he has stopped experimenting, with a firm conviction that thirty-seven pounds is good enough for him, and that the best mount for any active wheelman is the lightest machine he can find of requisite strength, carrying a not less than seven-eighths inch tire. The advantages claimed by the heavy-weight theorists in their statements about strength,

rigidity, and vibration, seem to me very doubtful. Light roadsters are now all provided with hollow handle-bars and rims which are certainly stronger than the solid variety of these parts, found in most of the heavy machines; and in case of falls it should be remembered that the heavy weight has to resist the extra momentum caused by its additional avoirdupois; as to rigidity I have found my light machine amply rigid for any use that I can conceive a bicycle to be intended for, and a carefully adjusted spring and saddle render whatever extra vibration may be caused by the reduction of one-eighth inch in the size of the tire scarcely noticeable. My experience with the four heavy wheels resulted in each case in a considerable outlay for repairs, while the Rudge light roadster hasn't called for a cent in that direction yet, and it has seen some fairly rough usage; but lest you should construe this into a gratuitous advertisement of that excellent variety of wheel, let me suggest that the favoritism of a man who owns a good bicycle may in all probability be founded on much the same principle as the rustic's whose violin is always the best in the county, or the mother's whose child is invariably the finest in the world; indeed, I do not doubt the existence of several other excellent forms of light roadsters. But I would earnestly advise such active bicyclers as may now be handicapping themselves with ten or twelve pounds of useless metal to sell out, and provide themselves with good light machines for next season. They will be enabled to realize something of the sensations described by good John Bunyan after the burden dropped. H.

MACON, GA., Oct. 31, 1884.

*Editor Springfield Wheelman's Gazette:—*

The Georgia State Fair has closed, and with it has passed away the first attempt at racing of the Macon Bicycle Club. The races were held on October 28 and 29, and were as follows:—

First day, first event, five-mile race, prize \$100, or its equivalent; second event, slow race, 200 yards, prize \$25, or its equivalent; third event, one-mile race, prize \$25, or its equivalent; fourth event, two-mile race, prize \$50, or its equivalent.

Second day, first event, time race, one-mile; prize, entrance fees to previous races; second event, ten-mile race, open only to members of Macon Bicycle Club; prizes, club championship medal, value \$30, for first, and \$15 medal for second.

The entrees in the five-mile race were: J. H. Polhill, Macon; J. H. Freyer, Atlanta; J. Slocumb, Macon; and J. C. Flynn, Macon. Polhill won in twenty-two minutes.

Slow race contestants were: J. H. Freyer, Atlanta; and J. M. Horton, J. C. Flynn, J. H. Polhill, Tex. Gamble, Charles Guernsey, and Joseph Wilbourne, of Macon. Wilbourne won in 9.40.

One-mile race contestants were: J. M. Horton, J. H. Polhill, J. Slocumb, of Macon, and J. H. Freyer, of Atlanta. Polhill won in 4.11.

Two-mile race contestants were: J. H. Polhill, Macon; Abbot Thomas, Savannah; J. H. Freyer, Atlanta. Polhill won in eight minutes.

Time race entries: Charles Guernsey, J. Slocumb, J. M. Horton, Conrad Winberg, Tex. Gamble, and J. H. Polhill, of Macon, and J. H. Freyer, Atlanta. Guernsey won, time being 7.03.

Ten-mile club race entries: J. Slocumb, C. Winberg, Charles Guernsey, Tex. Gamble. Slocumb won in fifty minutes.

The track used was one lately constructed by



the Macon Bicycle Club, and, owing to the short time in which they had to get it ready, it proved a perfect failure for racing purposes. Several racing machines were on hand, but could not be used to any advantage on the track, and the boys had to resort to their regular road machines, contenting themselves with winning the prizes without making a record. The prizes were offered by the Fair Association, and presented in cash, or its equivalent, at the option of the winner.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have a question to ask you concerning the ten-mile club race. In running the race Slocumb gained one lap (one-quarter mile) on the other contestants, and when he had finished his ten miles, winning the first prize, Messrs. Guernsey and Winberg, following in the order named, crossed the nine and three-quarter mile scratch. Guernsey, thinking that as Slocumb had completed the ten miles, the race was over, stopped, while Winberg completed his tenth mile.

The judges ruled that the race was over when Slocumb completed the tenth mile, and as Guernsey crossed the scratch first afterwards, awarded him the second prize. Their ruling is disputed, it being claimed by some that Winberg is entitled to the second prize. Now what do you say about it?

Our club continues to improve, and we have now, without a doubt, the strongest club in the State. Light road machines are taking the places of the old heavy machines, and with its present record in races, the Macon Bicycle Club bids fair to outrival any of its sister clubs. Our captain, J. H. Polhill, now holds the championship of Georgia and Alabama.

REB.

[The judges ruled wrongly.—Ed.]

## Among the Clubs.

THE WASHINGTON CYCLE CLUB has lately leased for a term of years the spacious building, No. 1023 Twelfth street northwest, and has refitted and refurnished it at great expense for the use of its members. The building, which is two stories in height with a basement, was formerly used as a young ladies' academy by Mme. Buscher, and the ample school rooms are fully adapted to the uses of the members of the club. On the first floor is a reception room, which has been handsomely furnished with red and gold curtains for portieres, with chairs and tables and conveniences for writing sufficient for all the present or any additional members. Handsome Japanese screen ornaments are hung on the walls and fine rugs scattered about on the painted and waxed floor, while strewn about are all the cosy and comfortable appliances for the enjoyment of a veritable bachelor's hall. The basement is for the storage of the machines, and an easy entrance is effected thereto by a folding door on an alley within a few feet of Twelfth street. The halls and stairways are completed nicely, and on the upper floor in one room, known as the club room, is a pool table of the best make. Maps of the country adjacent are hung on the walls, with the best routes picked out for projected excursions. In another room is a rowing machine for exercise (for many of the members are also members of the boat clubs).

Take it all in all, the Washington Cycle Club has splendid headquarters fitted up, and it has not gone in debt to any great extent to provide these excellent accommodations.

The club was established on March 13, 1883, with a baker's dozen of members, but it now

numbers about forty-five members. This club is composed of professional men—lawyers, doctors, and prominent merchants, etc.—and great care is exercised in the admission of new members, as the object of the association is to gather together those only who will be in agreeable and harmonious companionship. No one is admitted who is not over 21 years of age, and thus the entrance of youths which has sometimes embarrassed the other cycle clubs has been avoided. The officers of the club are: President, Dr. E. T. Pettingill; vice-president, H. H. Bliss; treasurer, Dr. W. T. Fizer; secretary, J. H. Hawley; captain, L. M. Kruger; lieutenant, A. P. Crenshaw; second lieutenant, Lewis Flemer.—*National Republican*.

THE MANCHESTER BICYCLE CLUB has been making the most of its time before putting up its wheels for winter quarters. October 18, a very interesting series of races were run at the driving park. The races were close and held the attention of the spectators throughout. Frank Moulton took first prize in the one-half-mile race, time, 1.49 and 1.59 1-2; Ed. Sturgis, second prize, and J. N. Pearsons, third prize. Eight-mile handicap: first prize, Natt K. Noyes, time, 36m. 40 1-2s., start, 1 1-2m.; second prize, Moses Sheriff, time, 35m. 11 1-2s. scratch; third prize, J. N. Pearsons, time, 35m. 12 1-2s. scratch. The one-mile consolation race was won by S. C. Kennard in 4m. 35s. Mr. Kennard was leading in the eight-mile race when he took a bad header and withdrew, but had pluck enough left to take in the one-mile race, in which he rode the last one-eighth mile with one handlebar, having pulled off the other side, it being cracked by his fall in the eight-mile race. Saturday, November 15, the annual hill climbing contest was run for a silver medal, presented to the club by Mr. C. H. Wilkins (who was the winner last year). The place selected was one-quarter mile on the Park-street hill, one of the steepest hills out of the city. Lieutenant Moses Sheriff was the winner in 1m. 25s. There were six entries and but two finished, owing partially to the rough condition of the hill.

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

THE CHICAGO BICYCLE CLUBS will give an exhibition at the Le Grand skating rink, November 25, consisting of the following: 1. Grand march, participated in by members from all of the bicycle clubs in Chicago; 2. An exhibition of skill by Mr. M. P. Warner, Chicago Bicycle Club; 3. First heat of a one-mile bicycle race; 4. Club drill, Hermes Bicycle Club; 5. Fancy bicycle riding by Mr. Ed. F. Brown, Chicago Bicycle Club; 6. Second heat of one-mile bicycle race; 7. Club drill, Chicago Bicycle Club; 8. Fancy bicycle riding by Mr. A. G. Bennett, Chicago Bicycle Club; 9. Final heat of one-mile bicycle race; 10. Club drill, Æolus Bicycle Club; 11. Two-mile bicycle

dash; 12. Fifty-yard slow race; 13. One-mile time race.

THE ROTA CLUB, of Holyoke, made its first public appearance in the recent bicycle tournament, and showed conclusively that "tall oaks, etc.,"—as the club was projected by "two or three gathered together," and now has a membership of twelve, all uniformed, wheeled, and equipped. They received many deserved compliments for their neat appearance in the recent parade.

THE PLAINFIELD (N. J.) BICYCLE CLUB's six months and twenty-four hours road records, as contested for during the past season by the members, were won by the following: Six months: first, D. M. Runyon, 3,006 miles; second, R. Pound, 1,650 miles. Twenty-four hours: first, A. L. C. Marsh, 150 1-2 miles; second, Dr. J. H. Cooley, 140 1-2 miles.

THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB, at its regular meeting, Thursday evening, November 20, voted to have none but active members in the club. The club also appointed a committee to secure plans and lot for a club house. The house will be especially adapted to the wants of the club, and the handling of large tournaments.

THE BUCKEYE BICYCLE CLUB (Columbus, O.) held a successful smoker on Wednesday evening, November 19. Our inability to wheel the distance in twenty-four hours prevented our appearance.

THE PORTLAND WHEEL CLUB will give a ball in the city hall, December 18. The affair will include a parade by the club, a drill by a picked squad of eight, and fancy and trick riding.

THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB will hold its fourth annual concert, exhibition, and ball, Monday evening, February 23, 1885. Look out for something far in advance of former occasions.

THE BRATTLEBORO BICYCLE CLUB has obtained club rooms in Crosby's block, where visiting wheelmen will always be welcome.

THE CHICAGO BICYCLE CLUB leads the world on touring as the Springfield boys do at racing.

THE OAKLAND CLUB is one of the things that were. An effort is being made to resurrect it.

THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN, of Brooklyn, are to erect a club house.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB has nearly completed its club house.

## CLUB ELECTIONS.

JAMESTOWN BICYCLE CLUB (N. Y.)—President, Charles E. Gates; vice-president, Burt Hazzard; secretary, Edward Dempsey; treasurer, Charles A. Price; captain, J. Peterson.

KENTON WHEEL CLUB (Covington, Ky.)—President, Henry Pepper; captain, Robson C. Greer; secretary and treasurer, Thomas J. Willison; bugler, H. S. Rodgers.

LOUISVILLE WHEEL CLUB (Ky.)—President, C. F. Johnston; secretary and treasurer, Charles Van Overbeke; captain, Prince Wells.

NASHVILLE BICYCLE CLUB (Tenn.)—President, A. J. Dyas, Jr.; vice-president, J. R. Douth; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Burdett; captain, J. Gibson; first lieutenant, E. A. Cole; second lieutenant, V. L. Cunningham; standard bearer, J. V. Polk.

PENNSYLVANIA BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Frederick McOwen; vice-president, Edgar C. Howell; recording secretary, Arthur H. McOwen; corresponding secretary, Isaac Elwell; treasurer, Frederick Brown; captain, C. Arthur Roberts.



## COMPARATIVE CYCLING RECORDS.

## AMATEUR BICYCLE.

AMERICAN.			ENGLISH.			
HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	HOLDER.
George M. Hendee	Oct. 16, 1884	.38 1-5	1-4	.39	Aug. 23, 1884	H. A. Speechley
Sanders Sellers	Sept. 9, 1884	1.18 1-5	1-2	1.19 3-5	July 3, 1884	A. Thompson
George M. Hendee	Oct. 16, 1884	1.59	3-4	2.01 3-5	June 7, 1882	H. L. Cortis
Sanders Sellers	Sept. 9, 1884	2.39	1	2.41 1-5	June 7, 1882	H. L. Cortis
H. W. Gaskell	Sept. 17, 1884	5.42 3-5	2	5.33 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
George Webber	Sept. 17, 1884	8.36 2-5	3	8.32	Sept. 25, 1884	G. L. Hillier
Lewis B. Hamilton	Sept. 17, 1884	12.11 3-5	4	11.24	Sept. 25, 1884	G. L. Hillier
H. W. Gaskell	Sept. 17, 1884	15.02 2-5	5	14.18	Sept. 25, 1884	G. L. Hillier
Lewis B. Hamilton	Sept. 18, 1884	18.24 4-5	6	17.33 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
John Brooks	Sept. 18, 1884	21.17 2-5	7	20.30	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
John Brooks	Sept. 18, 1884	24.21 3-5	8	23.28 4-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
Sanders Sellers	Sept. 16, 1884	27.21 3-5	9	26.22 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
T. W. Midgley	Sept. 20, 1883	30.07 1-5	10	29.19 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1883	35.44	11	32.19 2-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1883	38.55	12	35.15	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. D. Vesey	Sept. 20, 1883	42.09	13	38.16	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. D. Vesey	Sept. 20, 1883	45.34 3-5	14	41.26	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1883	48.55	15	44.29 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. D. Vesey	Sept. 20, 1883	52.11 3-5	16	47.26	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. D. Vesey	Sept. 20, 1883	55.27 3-5	17	50.22	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1883	58.54 3-5	18	53.20	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. Frazier	Sept. 20, 1884	1.02.25 3-5	19	56.15	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
C. D. Vesey	Sept. 20, 1884	1.05.46 1-5	20	59.06 3-5	Sept. 11, 1884	R. H. English
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1884	1.09.15 2-5	21	1.03.45 2-5	Sept. 22, 1880	H. L. Cortis
E. Pettus	Sept. 20, 1884	1.12.51	22	1.06.51 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	H. L. Cortis
H. J. Hall, Jr.	Sept. 20, 1884	1.16.25 3-5	23	1.10.09 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	H. L. Cortis
C. Frazier	Sept. 20, 1884	1.20.05 1-5	24	1.13.26 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	H. L. Cortis
W. S. Clark	Sept. 20, 1884	1.23.10	25	1.16.41 3-5	Sept. 22, 1880	H. L. Cortis
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.37.16 1-2	26	1.22.06	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.41.27	27	1.25.48	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.44.50	28	1.29.18	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.48.26	29	1.32.40	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.52.29	30	1.35.55 1-2	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	1.56.38 1-2	31	1.39.08	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	2.39.00 1-2	32	1.42.33	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	2.04.41	33	1.46.03	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	2.08.47	34	1.49.31	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
W. S. Clark	Feb. 14, 1880	2.12.34	35	1.52.58	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.17.08	36	1.56.27	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.20.58	37	2.00.00	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.24.06	38	2.03.27 1-2	Aug. 25, 1883	H. F. Wilson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.28.40	39	2.06.49 1-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.32.45	40	2.10.05 4-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.36.41	41	2.13.31 3-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.40.31	42	2.16.51 2-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.43.47	43	2.20.18 4-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.47.25	44	2.23.42 1-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.51.07	45	2.27.05 4-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.54.50	46	2.30.33 2-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	2.58.34	47	2.34.04 3-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	3.02.23 1-2	48	2.37.43 1-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	3.06.09	49	2.41.08 2-5	July 29, 1882	M. H. Jephson
L. H. Johnson	Feb. 21, 1880	3.09.45 1-4	50	2.43.58 3-5	July 29, 1882	Hon. I. K. Falconer

## PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE.

AMERICAN.			ENGLISH.			
HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	HOLDER.
R. A. Neilson	Sept. 17, 1884	.40 2-5	1-4	.41	July 31, 1880	W. Phillips
R. Howell	Sept. 17, 1884	1.21	1-2	1.20	Aug. 18, 1883	R. Howell
R. Howell	Sept. 17, 1884	1.59 2-5	3-4	1.59 4-5	Aug. 18, 1883	R. Howell
J. S. Prince	Sept. 17, 1884	2.39	1	2.40 3-5	Aug. 18, 1883	R. Howell
W. M. Woodside	Sept. 17, 1884	5.45 3-5	2	5.36 4-5	May 28, 1880	F. Cooper
R. Howell	Sept. 16, 1884	8.36 2-5	3	8.45	Sept. 15, 1883	R. Howell
R. Howell	Sept. 19, 1884	12.11 3-5	4	11.43	Sept. 15, 1883	R. Howell
R. Howell	Sept. 19, 1884	15.02 2-5	5	14.28	Oct. 8, 1883	R. Howell
W. M. Woodside	Sept. 17, 1884	18.24 4-5	6	17.44	Sept. 15, 1883	R. Howell
W. M. Woodside	Sept. 17, 1884	21.27 2-5	7	20.36	Sept. 15, 1883	R. Howell
W. M. Woodside	Sept. 17, 1884	24.21	8	23.32	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
W. M. Woodside	Sept. 17, 1884	27.21 3-5	9	26.34	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. Howell	Sept. 17, 1884	29.20	10	29.22	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. James	Sept. 20, 1883	35.25 1-5	11	32.17	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
J. Keen	Sept. 20, 1883	38.52 2-5	12	35.19	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. James	Sept. 20, 1883	42.19 2-5	13	38.14	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
W. J. Morgan	Sept. 20, 1883	45.49 3-5	14	41.16	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
W. J. Morgan	Sept. 20, 1883	49.15	15	44.12	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
J. S. Prince	Sept. 20, 1883	52.43 1-5	16	47.10	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. James	Sept. 20, 1883	56.12	17	50.06	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. James	Sept. 20, 1883	59.45 1-5	18	52.56	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
R. James	Sept. 20, 1883	1.03.26	19	55.47	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
H. W. Higham	Sept. 20, 1883	1.06.30	20	58.34	Aug. 18, 1883	F. Lees
J. S. Prince	May 25, 1882	1.11.45 1-4	21	1.04.45 4-5	Aug. 2, 1883	T. Battensby
J. S. Prince	May 25, 1882	1.14.55 1-4	22	1.07.58 2-5	Aug. 2, 1883	T. Battensby
J. S. Prince	May 25, 1882	1.18.36	23	1.11.12	Aug. 2, 1883	T. Battensby
J. S. Prince	May 25, 1882	1.22.36 1-4	24	1.14.31 2-5	Aug. 2, 1883	T. Battensby
W. M. Woodside	Dec. 15, 1883	1.26.07	25	1.17.20 4-5	Aug. 2, 1883	T. Battensby
W. M. Woodside	Dec. 15, 1883	1.43.43 1-2	30	1.31.30	July 5, 1884	F. Lees
W. M. Woodside	Dec. 15, 1883	2.02.56	35	1.50.24	July 5, 1884	F. Lees
D. Stanton	Feb. 14, 1880	2.24.38 1-4	40	2.10.14	July 5, 1884	T. Battensby
D. Belard	Feb. 14, 1880	2.43.55 1-2	45	2.28.58	July 5, 1884	T. Battensby
J. S. Prince	June 9, 1882	2.59.15	50	2.47.20	July 5, 1884	F. Wood

## AMATEUR TRICYCLE.

AMERICAN.			ENGLISH.			
HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MILES.	TIME.	DATE.	HOLDER.
R. Chambers	Sept. 18, 1884	.48 2-5	1-4	.47	July 12, 1884	H. J. Webb
R. Chambers	Sept. 18, 1884	1.35	1-2	1.32 1-5	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
R. Chambers	Sept. 18, 1884	2.21 1-5	3-4	2.18	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
R. Chambers	Sept. 18, 1884	3.13 1-5	1	3.03 2-5	June 21, 1883	H. N. Correllis
E. P. Burnham	Sept. 16, 1884	6.27	2	6.26 3-5	Sept. 25, 1884	H. J. Webb
R. Chambers	Sept. 19, 1884	10.07	3	9.45	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
R. Chambers	Sept. 17, 1884	14.08	4	13.03	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
R. Chambers	Sept. 17, 1884	17.14 2-5	5	16.19	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
			6	19.35	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
			7	22.54	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
			8	26.09	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
			9	29.23	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes
			10	32.33 3-5	June 21, 1883	M. J. Lowndes

AMATEUR TRICYCLE—English.  
10 to 100 Miles.

HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MLS.
M. J. Lowndes	June 21, 1883	32.33 3-5	10
C. E. Liles	June 21, 1884	52.53	15
C. E. Liles	June 21, 1884	1.10.50	20
C. E. Liles	June 21, 1884	1.28.58	25
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	1.50.43 1-2	30
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	2.13.07 1-4	35
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	2.31.57 1-2	40
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	2.52.35 1-4	45
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	3.11.15	50
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	3.25.25 1-2	55
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	3.56.38	60
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	4.20.14	65
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	4.43.16 1-4	70
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	5.06.17	75
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	5.26.21 2-4	80
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	5.47.14	85
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	6.06.07	90
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	6.25.17 1-2	95
H. J. Webb	Aug. 7, 1884	6.43.32 1-2	100

AMATEUR TANDEM BICYCLE—  
American.

HOLDERS.	DATE.	TIME.	MLS.
R. F. and W. C. Stahl	Sept. 18, 1884	.46	1-4
R. F. and W. C. Stahl	Sept. 18, 1884	1.32 3-5	1-2
R. F. and W. C. Stahl	Sept. 18, 1884	3.13 3-5	1
C. H. Miller and F. Brown	Sept. 17, 1884	6.55 2-5	2
C. H. Miller and F. Brown	Sept. 16, 1884	10.14 1-5	3

AMATEUR TANDEM TRICYCLE—  
English.

HOLDERS.	DATE.	TIME.	MLS.
W. Brown and J. S. Smith	Oct. 18, 1884	.44	1-4
H. F. Wilson and R. Cripps	Oct. 23, 1884	1.26	1-2
H. F. Wilson and R. Cripps	Oct. 23, 1884	2.10	3-4
H. F. Wilson and R. Cripps	Oct. 23, 1884	2.54	1
H. F. Wilson and R. Cripps	Oct. 23, 1884	5.54	2
W. Brown and J. S. Smith	Oct. 18, 1884	9.17	3
W. Brown and J. S. Smith	Oct. 18, 1884	12.27	4
W. Brown and J. S. Smith	Oct. 18, 1884	15.33 3-5	5

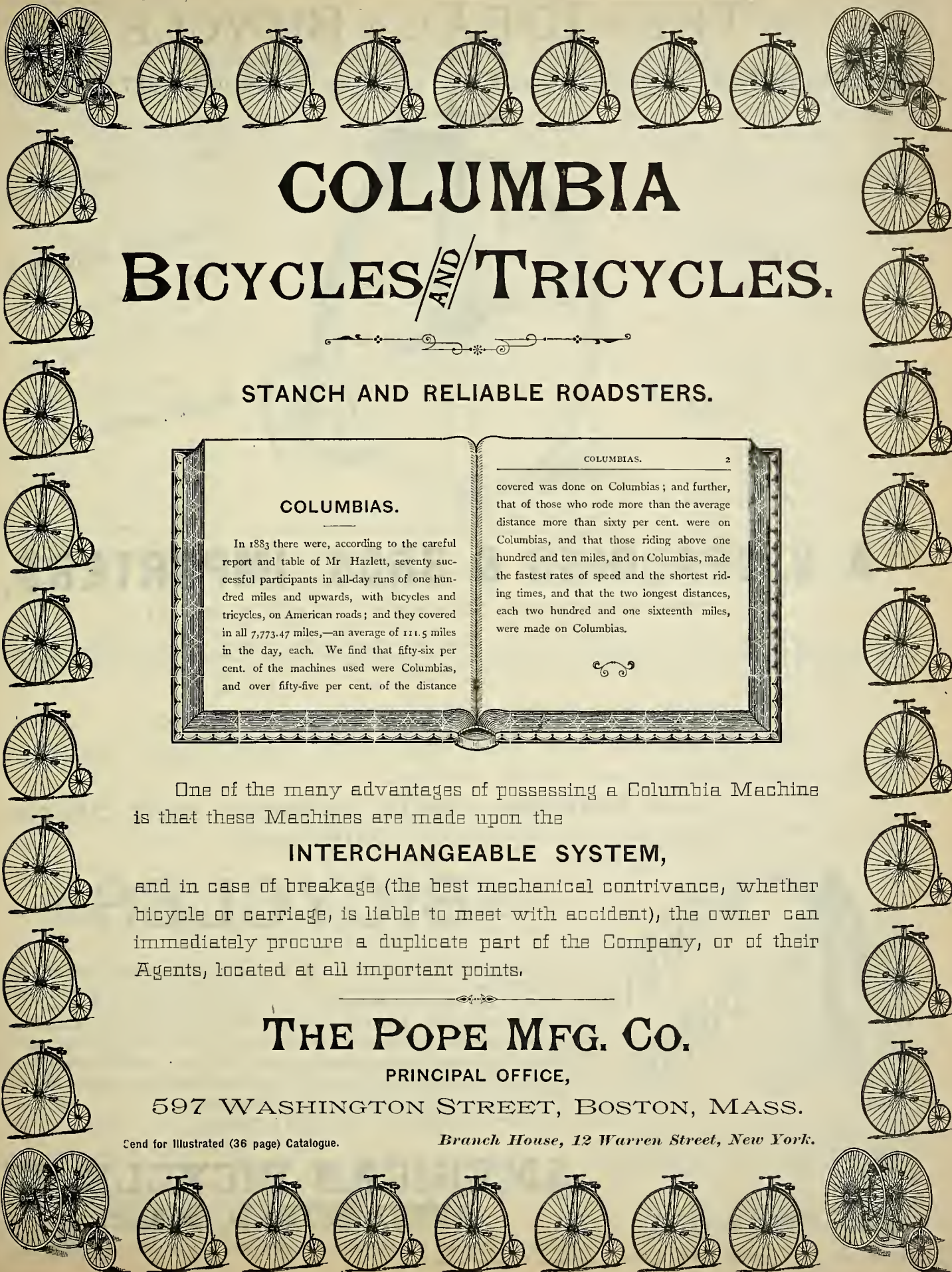
AMATEUR BICYCLE WITHOUT  
HANDS—American.

HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MLS.
C. H. Chickering	Sept. 17, 1884	.46 2-5	1-4
C. H. Chickering	Sept. 17, 1884	1.28 3-5	1-2
C. H. Chickering	Sept. 17, 1884	2.14	3-4
H. S. Wollison	Sept. 17, 1884	3.00 2-5	1

## AMATEUR BICYCLE—Australian.

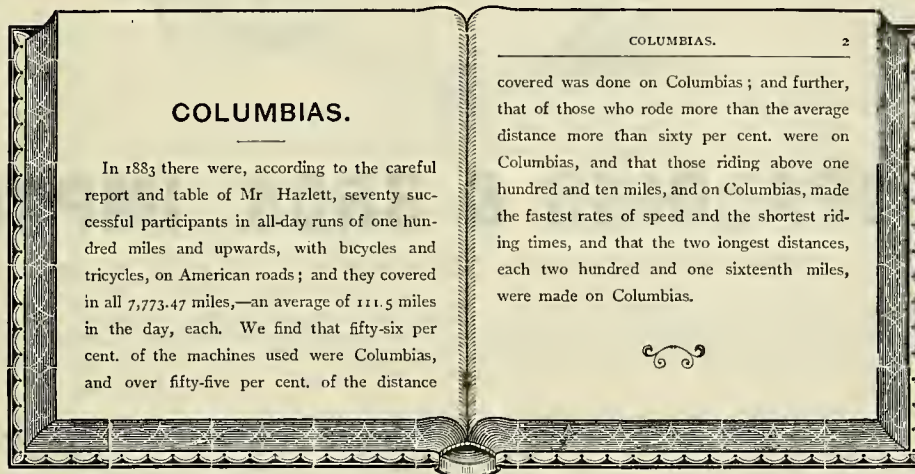
HOLDER.	DATE.	TIME.	MLS.
W. S. Hazelton	Nov. 9, 1882	.46	1-4
W. S. Hazelton	Nov. 9, 1882	1.31	1-2
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 17, 1883	2.43 4-5	1
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	6.14	2
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	9.25	3
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	12.38	4
W. Tyler		15.47	5
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	19.10	6
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	22.30	7
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	25.48	8
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	29.14	9
W. S. Hazelton	Mar. 25, 1881	32.32	10
F. Lester	May 24, 1881	1.24.41 1-5	25
H. Stokes	Oct. 27, 1883	3.12.00	50
E. White	Nov. 9, 1883	6.17.43	75
F. W. Briggs	Jan. 31, 1884	9.11.00	100





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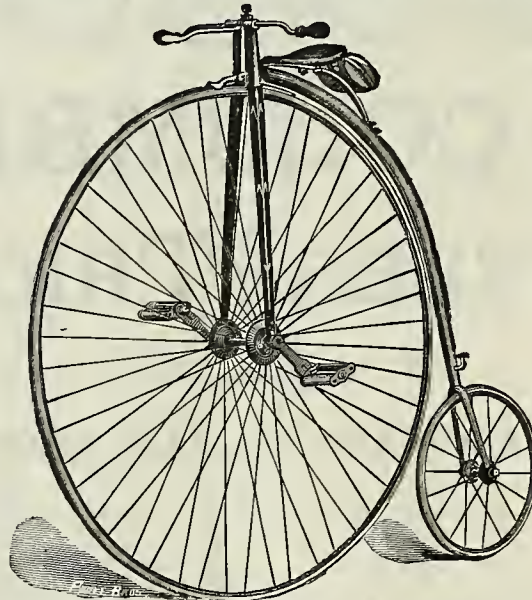


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FLAGS,  
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Patent RUBBER STEPS, Etc.

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## NEW YORK GLEANINGS.

Mr. Edwin Oliver has again returned to New York.

Our new young racer, Mr. Searls, in a trial mile at the Seventh Regiment grounds, last week, accomplished the distance in 2.53.

Mr. Wm. H. Book thinks of retiring from the wheeling ranks. Everybody has heard of it. We sincerely hope Mr. Book won't leave us.

The New York Toy Co., of which R. L. Coleman is manager, signify their intention of taking a lot of Rudges at the outset of next year.

R. V. R. Schuyler has the handling of the new safety wheel, the Kangaroo, and predicts that in two years they will entirely have superseded other makes of machines.

Elliott Mason, agent of the Pope Manufacturing Company, intends taking larger quarters soon. He reports trade rather dull at present, but picking up.

Mr. Frank Egan, president of the Ixion Bicycle Club, of New York, has left for New Orleans. Before leaving he sold his machine, and said that he intended to give up riding.

In the person of Mr. Frank G. Du Bois, Mr. Bidwell has taken into partnership a cyclist of undoubted integrity and capacity, and, above all, is also in the possession of quite a sum of the needful.

Messrs. Jenkins, Beckwith, and Nelson have almost entirely recovered from the effects of their late falls. The last named, who hit his head in falling, "is a little off at present," but promises to come around in a short period.

The Ladies' Tricycling Club holds another run, on December 8. Miss Huss has resigned the secretaryship of the organization. Miss Farley, the newly appointed scribe, rides a sociable, and invites all newspaper men to take a ride with her some future day.

The *Amateur Athlete* proprietors now sign themselves, Wm. T., Geo. D., and E. P. Baird. Who runs the machine, anyway? The general *Athlete* I think has improved in appearance, but the *organ* does not reflect much credit on the cranky wheelist who edits it.

At the games of the Seventh Regiment on the 23d, the one-mile was won by A. B. Rich, 25 yards, in 3.12 2-5. The three-mile was won by same man, in 10.52 2-5. Mr. Rich is a member of Company A., and lives on Staten Island. Soon he will astonish the bicycling world with some fast time, if appearances are not deceitful.

It is said that *Wheeling* intends to have a New York edition issued, to be printed in this city. No doubt exists as to the success of the plan. America's wheel papers are all run on the "long winded" plan, and with hardly any fun. The success of *Wheeling* in England predicts its future greatness on this continent.

The Citizens Club now has eighty-four members, and two honorary. The names of the latter are Egbert E. Viele (park commissioner), and Dr. J. S. Spencer, Jr. Among its ranks are five lawyers, three journalists, three dealers in bicycles and tricycles, two physicians, one Catholic priest, one dentist, three leather merchants, and three soldiers.

The park commissioners have at last granted to the Citizens, the privilege for all cyclists to ride in different parts of the Central Park all day.

The Citizens Club is held accountable for all accidents, etc. "The privilege was secured alone by the influence of F. G. Bourne, and but for this gentleman the cyclers of New York would even now be looking wistfully at the Park, but from outside the walls.

The club house of the New York Club consists of one room, and is located in a very undesirable part of the city. The club as a body is never heard of, and, as yet, I have not seen a club run of theirs. 'Tis indeed true that "but for the president, Mr. Adams, the club would have reposed in the silent grave long ago." However, it is not much of an organization, anyhow, and who would sing the requiem in case it were to die? Who?

The Citizens Club will hold a house warming at its club house, on the evening of December 3. The programme includes a general musical entertainment by the members, sparring between Professor Watson of England, and Fred Munro. Burdette will help with some witticisms, and to wind up there will be a grand feast. Messrs. Wells & Clapp have the matter in charge, and promise to make it the most successful affair of the kind ever given in wheeling history.

AWARD.

## News Notes.

Prince means to try twenty miles in the hour.

The C. T. C. had 16,409 members up to October 1.

The wheeling season opens in New Zealand when ours is closing.

William McWilliam retires from wheeling, much to the regret of many.

G. W. Marble, of Chicago, has obtained a patent on a bicycle saddle.

The roads about Denver, Col., are said to be fine for cycling purposes.

The presidential tricycle beat the two-horse shay in the late election.

This is the time of year when the Australian wheelman's heart leaps for joy.

There are three agencies in San Francisco, now, for the sale of first-class wheels.

The bicycle clubs in New York and vicinity devoted election day to road riding.

Prince settles in Washington this winter, and will open a bicycle school and agency.

John S. Prince says if he had been pushed at Springfield he could have made the mile in 2.37.

Captain Pitman is enthusiastic over the value of the Columbia power gear, in a tricycle road race.

Zacharias & Smith are now applying ball bearings to the Star machine at their shops in Newark.

"For rough roads give me the tricycle and then I can get there every time," says Grover Cleveland.

Prince's victory at Springfield, with his 2.39, has placed our Jack out of the reach of ordinary mortals.

On a number of the English paths the riders have the pole on the right hand and ride to the right.

Congress must pass an appropriation for a cycle house for the next president, in fact for all future ones.

The hollow vulcanite handles supplied on this year's Columbias are appreciated by hundreds of riders.

A new chapter for Karl Kron's book: "From Buffalo to the White House, on a tricycle, March 4, 1885."

The Jamestown Bicycle Club, Jamestown, N. Y., will build a bicycle track on the fair grounds next year.

Prince made his 2.39 on a Duryea saddle.—*Western Cyclist*. Eye witnesses declare it was a Royal Mail bicycle.

The N. C. U. have erected over 500 of their dangerous hill sign-boards in England, France, Halifax, and Jersey.

A handsome medal is being made for John S. Prince, to be presented to him commemorative of his 2.39 at Springfield, Mass.

It is demonstrated every day that for a hard journey the tricycle leads. As for instance Grover Cleveland's run on November 4.

The Washington monument has reached a height attained by no other monument in the world. Likewise John S. Prince.

The Rovers, of Delaware, O., claimed the state record for 24 hours, 125 miles. The Cleveland Club comes next, with 112 5-8 miles.

The tubular rear-fork now fitted on the Expert Columbia is a model of strength, combined with lightness and handsome appearance.

Forty members of the Ladies' Tricycle Club, of New York, recently responded to a call for a club run. The club numbers fifty members.

A writer in *Wheeling* gives his version of a flat as follows: "The flattest of flats is Yankee Doodle on a wheel making pace for Howell."

Stephen Terry, L. A. W. treasurer, has been elected president of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, of Hartford, *vice* T. Sedgwick Steele resigned.

Osborn & Alexander, San Francisco, finding their sale of bicycles so large, have opened a bicycle wareroom to supply the increasing demand.

Leopold Wallau, of New York, has presented to Henry E. Ducker a beautiful miniature gold bicycle, perfect in all of its details and make-up.

Sanders Sellers was presented with a valuable gold watch by D. Rudge & Co., in recognition of his successful wheeling career while in America.

The annual road race of the Ixion Bicycle Club, from New York city to Yonkers, was run November 5, and was won by P. M. Harris in 1h. and 10m.

W. J. Johnson and Fred Westbrook should both be ruled off bicycle tracks in the future; their proceedings in Kansas City are a disgrace to bicycling.

The Digestine Company, of Lynn, has conferred another boon upon cyclers in putting out a driving map of Worcester county, which shows all the roads.

"If I had the villain here I'd make him eat his bicycle, wheel and all," says Pauline Clark's father in speaking of the elopement of Harry Tufts with the fair Pauline.

Our English cousins say it is a moral impossibility for Hendee to beat their records, for every one knows that American time is at least six hours behind their time.

The *Wheel World* for November contains a portrait of Sanders Sellers, an account of three weeks' tour through Germany, a sociable tour, the lady racing question, etc.

Politicians, take heed, the excellent run and



final success of Grover Cleveland for the presidency of the United States was due to the fact of his excellency's being a cyclist.

The Bay City Wheelmen, San Francisco, propose to hold a bicycle meet of their own, and the racers will ride for their friends' amusement and their own glory. (No prizes.)

Brooks and Woodside are now practicing daily on Star machines, at Blossburg, Pa., and are loud in their praises of them. They intend to do some long distance riding on them before long.

The *Bicycling World* offers the following advice to a novice: "Eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, rest when you are tired. Be courteous to all men, and kind to yourself."

The Perfection Heater for cementing rubber tires on wheels is a joy forever; the one thing needful to complete the cyclist's outfit. It is manufactured by G. R. Bidwell & Co., New York.

The nicked backbone and forks, with enameled wheels, seems to be a taking finish with old riders. The Pope Manufacturing Company is finishing a goodly number of the Experts in this style.

A wheelman who recently joined the church was heard to mutter, as he picked himself up out of a mud heap: "Wouldn't there be some tall swearing if I hadn't been converted last week."

*Wheel Life* is the title of a new cycling society paper published by Iliffe & Son, London. The first number has come to hand. It is edited and conducted with ability; its news columns cover a broad field of cycling.

The *Spirit of the Times*, supposed to be infallible in matters pertaining to bicycling, publishes the following under date of November 8: "A bicycling tournament was held July 17 and 18, 1884, at Jumbo Park, Philadelphia, Pa."

At the Olympic Club's meeting on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Cook will attempt to place the Pacific coast record for the mile under 3 minutes; he can easily beat the present record (3:15 1-4), but wants to give the boys something hard to lower.

There is a rider on the Pacific coast who has with a standing start made 1-5 of a mile in 31 seconds and can do the remaining 90 yards in 9 seconds, so when he is in good condition and everything favorable he ought to cover the quarter in about 40 seconds.

The Boston *Globe*, which is good authority on bicycling matters and one of the leading papers of Boston, says, and with a good deal of truth, that: "THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE bids fair to occupy in the field of journalism the position the club occupies on the track."

Zacharias & Smith are now building for the patentee, Mr Leddell, two different styles of bicycles which will be placed upon exhibition in due time. The repair shop of Zacharias & Smith is supplied with the necessary tools and appliances for doing all kinds of difficult bicycle repairing.

All the trick and fancy riders in this country seem to have fallen back on the Columbia as the machine best adapted to the severe trials of exhibitions. Canary, Wilnot, Pavilla, Hutchinson, Robinson, Porter, Nash, Tufts, Smith, and a host of others, are nightly exhibiting their skill on these excellent machines.

We are glad to notice the improvements in the cycling press of to-day. The fine appearance of the GAZETTE is having its effect. The *Western Cyclist* is the latest to brace up with clean type,

good paper, and first-class press work. The *Wheel* has come out in a new dress and we still look for further improvements.

The *Amateur Athlete* is mistaken about the starting and finish of bicycle races. True, they start with the bottom of the wheel on the scratch, but the same is also true as regards the finish; they have to finish where the start is taken from, which in all of the late tournaments was the scratch line on the track, and is in accord with the English custom.

A recent issue of the Preston (Eng.) *Chronicle* and Lancashire *Advertiser* contains a long and interesting article on the wood turning and shuttle manufacturing establishment of Irwin & Sellers, the junior member of the firm being the father of Sanders Sellers, who made things so lively for the American wheelmen at the recent bicycle tournament in this city.

On Sunday, November 2, there were two bicycle accidents in the park at San Francisco. One was caused by the brake bracket loosening and in some way stopping the wheel; the rider was thrown on his face and escaped with a few bruises. The other accident was caused by a collision with the rear wheel of a buggy; the wheelman was rendered insensible by the fall, but fortunately he was not seriously hurt.

The farmers of America treat wheelmen fairly when on the road, and wheelmen have no cause to complain. In England things are different, if a recent statement in a leading wheel paper may be taken as a sample. Two noted wheelmen called at a farm-house one day and inquired for the customary glass of milk, no one being in but the trusty servant, who eyed them very closely, and having satisfied herself with their appearance very generously handed them their fill. The ever generous wheelmen insisted upon paying the fair maiden but she steadfastly refused, saying that her mistress's instructions were: "If any tramps applied for milk to give them all they want, as the milk was not very good, two rats having been found dead in it." Exit wheelmen for pastures new.

The English cycling press is prone to speak ill of the treatment of the visiting wheelmen by the American public, but all agree that our prizes were worth coming over for. In speaking of the exhibition of Gaskell's prizes the *Cyclist* says: "There was quite a crowd collected last Saturday evening, as we passed over the Holborn Viaduct, outside the premises of the Coventry Machinists' Co., inspecting the splendid array of prizes which Gaskell has brought home from America, the result of his various races there on the company's cycles. The huge trophy cup formed a center, around which were grouped the tea and coffee pots, the inlaid pistols, and other handsome mementos of his visit, which he secured across the 'herrin' pond.' The shop being lighted brilliantly, everything was seen to the best advantage, and no doubt the mouths of many of the onlookers watered at the sight of the substantial rewards of Gaskell's prowess. They are worth a walk down Holborn to see."

The *Amateur Athlete* will change the name of its regular edition to the *Cyclist and Athlete*, commencing this month, retaining the old name for the L. A. W. organ. The *Athlete* is well conducted and ably edited, appreciating enterprising clubs and successful meetings, giving the news of the athletic world in a brief and newsy manner. In

speaking of the GAZETTE, the *Athlete* says: "The November number of THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE has arrived. It is, as usual, stocked with matters of interest to cyclists all over the country. Typographically it is as perfect as human endeavors can make it." The above is from the editors and proprietors of the *Athlete*, who have no control over what appears in the official organ; that is edited by one who is very jealous of the success of the Springfield Club, the GAZETTE, and, above all, the editor of this paper. It was ever thus with small men; they must be the biggest toad in the puddle or they won't play. A man who has no regard for his word can't have any respect for his fellow-men.

## RACE MEETINGS.

### MINNESOTA STATE MEET.

The state meet was held on the fair grounds at Minneapolis, Saturday, September 25. A stiff wind was blowing, rendering fast riding impossible.

#### Two-Mile State Championship.

John Nicholson, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 6.40
C. L. Sawyer, Faribault, second.	
Grant Bell, Minneapolis, third.	

#### Half-Mile State Championship.

D. M. McCoid, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 1.38
S. A. Miller, Minneapolis, second.	
J. H. Hirsh, St. Paul, third.	

#### Five-Mile State Championship.

John Nicholson, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 18.04
J. N. Snyder, Faribault, second.	
Grant Bell, Minneapolis, third.	

#### One-Quarter Mile, No Hands.

Louis Fleckenstein, Faribault, first,	Time, 0.50
J. H. Hirsh, St. Paul, second.	
D. M. McCoid, Minneapolis, third.	

#### One-Mile Open.

Grant Bell, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 3.34
Louis Fleckenstein, Faribault, second.	
S. A. Newton, Red Wing, third.	

### KANSAS CITY TOURNAMENT.

The first annual tournament of the Kansas City Wheelmen was held at Kansas City, Mo., November 8, 9, and 10, and proved successful beyond expectations. The races were well contested. The attendance was large, and the programme was carried out to the satisfaction of all, and was as follows:—

#### Saturday, November 8.

##### One-Mile Novice.

G. W. Baker, Kansas, first,	Time, 4.11
F. S. Ray, Kansas, second.	

##### Two-Mile Professional.

Fred Westbrook, Canada, first,	Time, 6.29 4-5
T. M. Hardwick, Galena, second,	" 6.30

##### Five-Mile State Championship.

E. E. Stone, St. Louis, first,	Time, 18.03 1-5
C. B. Ellis, Kansas City, second.	

##### Half-Mile Professional.

W. J. Morgan, Chicago, first,	Time, 1.40
T. W. Eck, Chicago, second.	

##### Half-Mile Tricycle.

D. Henderson, Kansas City, first,	Time, 2.30 2-5
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##### Three-Mile Open.

E. E. Stone, St. Louis, first,	Time, 10.27
Fred Shaw, Glenwood, Ia., second.	

#### Sunday, November 9.

##### Three-Mile Club.

Charles Ellis, Kansas City, first,	Time, 11.47
H. Norton, Kansas City, second.	

##### Three-Mile Professional.

Fred Westbrook, Canada, first,	Time, 10.30
W. J. Morgan, Chicago, second.	



*Half-Mile.*

E. E. Stone, St. Louis, first, Time, 1.29  
M. T. Haynes, Kansas City, second.

*One-Mile Professional Handicap.*

Louis Armaindo, 200 yards, first, Time, 3.08 1-2  
Fred Westbrook, scratch, second.

*Ten-Mile.*

F. M. Shaw, Glenwood, Ia., first, Time, 38.41 1-2  
J. T. Orr, Emporia, Kan., second.

*Monday, November 10.**One-Mile.*

C. B. Ellis, Kansas City, first, Time, 3.44 3-4  
H. B. Norton, Kansas City, second.

*Five-Mile Professional.*

T. M. Hardwick, Galena, first, Time, 17.48 1-2  
Fred Westbrook, Canada, second.

*Half-Mile Tricycle.*

G. L. Henderson, Kansas City, first, Time, 2.28  
Thomas J. Ellis, Kansas City, second.

*One-Mile State Championship.*

E. E. Stone, St. Louis, first, Time, 3.34  
H. B. Norton, Kansas City, second.

*Three-Mile.*

J. T. Orr, Emporia, Kan., first, Time, 10.44  
J. Hitchcock, second.

## Items of Interest.

Prince Abbas-Halim rides a Kangaroo.

Miss Florence Fuller, of the Dearborn Cycling Club, Chicago, has a record of over 1,000 miles of riding.

At the intercolonial race meeting held at Melbourne, August 7, upwards of 12,000 spectators were present.

F. Turrey, of the Sunderland Wanderers, England, recently rode 212 miles in twenty-three and a half hours on a Kangaroo machine.

S. G. Whittaker, of the Cambridge Bicycle Club, broke the hundred-mile road record, October 19, covering the distance in 9h. (8h. 6m. actual riding time).

A foreign paper says that the largest order ever received by any firm of bicycle manufacturers was that of the Rudge Company, from Stoddard, Lovering & Company, of Boston, for 1,000 machines.

A leading English racing man who was viewing Gaskell's prizes on exhibition at the Coventry Machinists Company's rooms was heard to remark that if he had only known that such stuff was to have been given away in the States, he would have had some of it.

At the Birmingham, England, County court recently, a decision was rendered by which a bicycle was declared to be a "necessary." The action was brought against a professional bicyclist, named Herbert Duncan, by a firm of bicycle manufacturers for the value of a machine supplied, and the claim was met by a defense of "infancy." The jury, however, considered the defendant to be in a good position, and that the article in question must be considered a "necessary."

## OFFICIAL?

Our worthy brother, the editor of the official organ, speaks of the THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE as the "Duckerian Oracle." Well, brother, it is a pretty good one; if you don't believe it, read our full page advertisement, and then exercise your active brain to beat us.

The barks of small dogs are harmless. Likewise the insinuations of the editor of the official organ, who is simply carrying out his intentions so fully exposed by the writer at the informal meet-

ing of the board of officers at Washington, last May.

The sense of the meeting was to have an able editor who would not use the official organ to further his own private ends, or to vent his personal spite, both of which have failed.

In six months there have been from his pen, or printed with his sanction, some thirteen misstatements concerning the Springfield Club, or the GAZETTE.

We knew when we exposed him at the informal meeting last May, in Washington, that we should be a target for one year at least.

Well, we can stand it; our tournament was a success; the GAZETTE is ditto, and that is where the shoe pinches.

## GO AS YOU PLEASE.

The bicycle stands fourth as regards the time taken to cover a mile, which speaks well for the wheel. The following table gives the various ways of going a mile, and the time required:—

	MIN.	SEC.
Locomotive,	50	1-4
Running horse,	1	39 3-4
Trotting horse,	2	09 3-4
Bicycle,	2	39
Skating,	3	00
Tricycle,	3	03 2-5
Running man,	4	16 1-5
Rowing,	5	02 3-4
Snow-shoes,	5	39 3-4
Walking,	6	23
Swimming,	12	42 1-4

## SQUIBS FROM "WHEELING."

We fancy Gaskell and Chambers have each left a good name behind them in America.

If Gaskell had not fallen at Boston, he would have gone for Hendee, previous to his departure.

American ladies are said to be sadly in need of a healthful out-door exercise. Why, oh why, don't they wheel?

Individually and collectively, the Springfield Club extended every courtesy to its guests, and much pleasure resulted from its hospitality.

Mr. Bale had difficulty in finding a steamer large enough to bring Gaskell and Gaskell's prizes back to England. This comes of being so big, don't you know.

## NO PLACE FOR BICYCLISTS.

Even in some parts of Europe it would be hardly safe for Mr. Stevens to pursue his adventurous tour. He does not include Russia in his programme, and he does well, if we may judge from the sensation the first bicycle made the other day on a community of Russian villagers. They had come out in the cool of the evening for their usual chat in the market-place, and were so startled at the sight of the noiseless approach of a wheeled steed, mounted by a youth from St. Petersburg, that in the wildest panic they all rushed into their cottages, barricaded doors and windows, and tremblingly told their friends that the Evil One had visited the district of Vologda. The innocent cause of such disturbance soon found out that, although in the Nevski Prospect the road is smooth enough for bicyclists, this is by no means the case among the country folks, and that he must either leave his "self-runner" at St. Petersburg or take his board and lodging with him when making excursions into the country.—*London World.*

## A TRIO OF TRIOLETS.

## I.

He skims on his wheel,  
In the bright autumn morning.  
What joy does he feel!  
He skims on his wheel—  
Will that stone his fate seal?  
Or his eyes give him warning?  
He skims on his wheel,  
In the bright autumn morning.

## II.

Ah, prone on the ground,  
Full his length he has measured.  
He went with a bound—  
Ah, prone on the ground!  
Hearken not to the sound  
Of his curses untreaured!  
Ah, prone on the ground,  
Full his length he has measured.

## III.

No more does he skim,  
In the bright autumn morning.  
His hopes are now dim—  
No more does he skim:  
For a sprained nether limb  
Now his spirits is thorning.  
No more does he skim,  
In the bright autumn morning.

GEESER.

## THE PHILOSOPEDE.

Herr Schnitzerl made a philosopepe,  
Von of the pullyest kind;  
It vent mitout a wheel in front,  
And hadn't none behind.  
Von wheel vas in te mittel, dough,  
And it vent as sure ash ecks,  
For he straddled on de axel dree,  
Mit der wheel between his locks.

Und when he vphant to shtart it off  
He paddlet mit his feet,  
Und soon he got to go so vast,  
Dat efery dings he peat.  
He run her out on Broader shtreed,  
He shkeeted like der vind,  
Hei! how he bassed der vancy crabs,  
And lef dem all behind.

De vellers mit de trotting nags  
Pooled oop to see him bass;  
De Deutschers all erstainished, saidt,  
"Potstausend! Was ist das?"  
Boot vaster shtill, der Schnitzerl flewed  
On mit—a ghastly shmile;  
He tidn't touch de dirt, py shings!  
Boot vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?  
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?  
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?  
Und vot ish hobbiness?

Ve find a pank node in der shtreedt,  
Next dings der pank ish break;  
Ve falls, und knocks our outsides in,  
When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein  
On his philosopepe.  
His feet both slipped outsideward shoost  
Vhen at his extra shpeed.  
He felled oopon der wheel of coorse;  
De wheel like blizen flew;  
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,  
For id shlished him grod in two.

Riding Rhymes.

A tricyclist had his intended out on a sociable the other evening; presently it ran away down hill. In turning a corner the affair was overturned, and the young lady was pinned to the earth, one of the wheels lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous position she slowly opened her eyes as consciousness returned, and faintly gasped: "Don't squeeze—me—quite—so hard—next—time—John."—*Cycling Times.*



## BICYCLED BOBBIES.

Some prints have been lately revealing  
That the gallant police of our streets  
May shortly take lessons in "wheeling,"  
And bicycles use on their "beats."  
If they do, they'll at first find their "bikers"  
Rather awkward to manage, of course;  
And they even may suffer from "mikers,"  
Like the urchin who's mocking the force!  
With patience and practice, however,  
The police will not only ride well,  
But 'en guardsmen (who think they're so clever),  
They'll out-"mash" with the area belle!  
These machines will thus aid them in wooing  
The housemaids and cooks in our squares,  
And also for burglar-pursuing  
They'll prove very useful affairs.

—London Fun.

## TRICYCLING AS A HEALTH RESTORER AND ASSISTANCE IN BUSINESS.

By H. J. WEBB, L. T. C.

Without a stomach what were a good name.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Health of mind and body has been to most men the highest pinnacle of human happiness, and without it all the honors of an appreciating world are valueless; and life without wheels were just as flat, stale, and unprofitable as life without health.

In some far-away corners of the earth the means of progression provided by Nature are deemed sufficient for man's necessities, but what a different race are those human vegetables who never go farther than their legs can carry them. They are apart from civilization, narrow-minded and ignorant; their world is bounded by a little circle, and the spheres of usefulness and intelligence in which others move are undreamed of.

But nations have in all ages recognized the necessity of extended journeyings, and with one consent elected the wheel as the best suited to supplement man's weakness, and in all the world's progress in civilization it has held an important position. It has been driven by water and steam, electricity and air. It has been dragged by quadruped, and impelled by biped. It has been fashioned from wood, and manufactured from iron. The spokes have been of heavy wood, clumsy iron or delicate wire; its tires have been fixed by the blacksmith or sunk into hollow rims, and made of unwearable, noiseless, yielding india-rubber. It has gripped the iron rails on which it was made to run, or revolved in the huge billows of the ocean. It drives the loom and carries the infant, and has in all conditions been the agent in locomotion.

The wheel has been used, too, as an engine of warfare, torture, and death. The ancients fixed instruments to their chariot wheels which, in their revolutions, cut down their foes, and they bound the conquered victims to the wheels of their victorious cars. Fanatics suffered themselves to be crushed by the cruel weight of their idols' wheels, and criminals were broken on them.

But it was reserved for the nineteenth century to perfect an invention that would give man health, safety and speed, a value to muscles sadly deteriorating for the want of use, and a means of locomotion everyone could enjoy. Man had learned to forget he had within himself the means of progression. The fashion of always using a carriage, a railway car, or even the humble cart to convey him more quickly than he could walk, became more prevalent every day. Hurry is the order of the day in this go-ahead age of ours, and many a man of

business, otherwise well and strong, is only up to a walk within the limits of a suburban villa's garden, or a languid stroll down Regent street.

But, *Nous avons changé tout cela*, the bicycle and the tricycle have filled in a need always felt, but never supplied.

The elephant and the ox, the camel and the horse, require food and rest, sleep and care; steam a special roadway to itself; a water-wheel an ocean or a stream—but the wheel of modern history triumphs over every difficulty, and wants neither water nor fire, neither food nor rest.

Man is deficient in speed to many of the lower animals, but Nature benevolently gave him a brain capable of improving her handiwork.

It invented telescopes and microscopes to increase his seeing powers, telephones for his ears, all kinds of machines to assist his hands, and, finally, the cycle to aid his legs in conveying him more speedily from place to place. The driving power, too, is always at hand, it never wears out by use, but, on the contrary, gains strength by the strain put upon it. It is only necessary to compare the biceps of the athlete and the drawing-room loungee to see how luxury enervates and labor develops.

All the world knew that healthful exercise was above all conducive to "a sound mind in a sound body," but comparatively very few were able to indulge in it. The rich man could have his horses trained to carry him through the country air, and keep his dogs to create an interest in the sport, but he never thought of the agony of the wretched little animal he was pursuing. The fox-hunter urged his steed beyond the limit of its strength that he might be in at the death. It was manly sport, they said, and they were stronger and more muscular for it. The dash over hill and dale gave an added flavor to their meats and wines, a keener enjoyment of life than the city-bred exquisite ever felt. It strengthened the lungs, developed the muscles, improved the appetite and temper, and should have been altogether enjoyable if no wretched creature, fashioned by the same Creator, had been done to death in the amusement. But no living thing flies for its life before the iron wheel of the cyclist. It is surely a nobler sport, for no jaded, quivering, foam-bedecked flanks are ridden to death by the wheelman. He may, if he likes, fly with lightning speed to the goal, and if he falls exhausted by the swift passage, it is for his own pleasure that he suffers. The machine which carried him over the course stands unhurt, neither elated nor subdued, neither bleeding nor exhausted. His rider may urge it on by muscle and strength, guide it to the winning post by pluck and cunning, and by superior skill and endurance, but he cannot torture the thing that carries him. Though he may ride 50, 100—nay, 1,000 miles, the cycle is in no pain. Though the rider may be a little stiff and want rest, his mount is ready to go on again without any, and be none the worse either. As to its master, his muscles will develop, fill out, and harden; he will eat with a prodigious appetite and perfect digestion; his lungs will grow stronger, freer, and lighter, and he will view life with a kinder appreciation of its joys and its sorrows. No sport or athletic exercise can so well expand the mind as well as the body. Contrast the contortions of the gymnasium, the danger of football and cricket, with the glory of a dash-away ride of 50 or 100 miles after the confinement of study or the hurry of business, the stupidity of kicking and tearing a ball from each other within the narrow limits of a

field, to a spin over the green hills, the deep valleys, the winding rivers. The cyclist's views are no longer bounded by the garden wall or the palisades of the park. He scales the mountains, descends into valleys, and finds the prettiest spots, the freshest breezes, and the purest air. Neither does he always enjoy all this alone. Some companion, perhaps of the fair sex, admires and enjoys with him, and as they see better how lovely God's earth is, they become less arrogant of themselves. Half the diseases to which man is subject may be ameliorated, checked, or thoroughly uprooted by the liberal inhalation of pure oxygen and moderate exercise, and in no way can he possibly obtain it so well as by cycling, for he can get so far away in a little time from smoke and foul smells, from tainted air and unwholesome vapors.

Tricycling, too, may be used in business with infinite benefit. A messenger can fetch and carry light goods from one warehouse to another without the delay of carrier or train. Travelers can use the tricycle instead of the expensive horse and trap, which is frequently injured by carelessness, or the waiting horse takes cold and dies. In outlying villages the tricyclist can book orders and exhibit patterns, and wake up the sleepy inhabitants of places where the rail has not yet ventured to more active business and commercial ventures. The country doctor, in his widely-scattered practice, will hail with thankfulness this boon to weary feet; for country doctors have fewer patients, and their fees will not often support the proverbial doctor's carriage. The postman, doomed to tread for weary miles along dusty, hot, or frozen paths, with a house perhaps in a quarter of a mile, can rejoice in spare time and untired limbs when he has a tricycle to help him over his task. The city tradesman, bound like Ixion to the wheel of duty, must now either neglect late and important orders because he must catch the last train, or sleep in some unhealthy corner devoted to other purposes; but when he has a tricycle he can quietly bowl home to his suburban villa, lighted by the moon or a King of the Road lamp, and his nerves will be braced and his temper improved for the next day's toil, and he can do this, too, at a rate of speed that would dispirit the horse did he not see what a boon his iron brother is likely to be to him. Mavor says, "The horse is an intelligent animal," and perhaps he sees in the near future the end of his labors in the cab rank, and rows of tandems with their drivers, badges and all, standing where he now droops in tired wretchedness. In his prophetic eye, retributive justice overtakes the London cab-driver, who will have to use *his* legs to propel his fare instead of, as now, his much-abused victims; for the city man will then hail a tandem, and be whisked away to his waiting family, just quietly amusing himself with a little playful use of his lower extremities to assist his driver. It will be perfectly familiar work; for if his parents are wise he will have been early brought to use his legs to propel himself instead of being coddled in a perambulator.

The future cyclist, indeed, may almost emulate Dædalus, without his ignominious defeat, just keeping near enough to the earth, his native element, to steady the wheels of *his* flying machine (the wheeled, not the winged one), skimming, as it were, the surface noiselessly, swiftly, and lightly, while he is safely enclosed in a network of revolving wire, and courting the breezes or emulating the speed of the lapwing on the greatest and most beneficent invention of the age.—*The Wheel World*.



## A POINTER FOR "THE TRADE."

BY KARL KRON.

"Come yer, son, whar dey ain't no folks, and lemme drap some Jawjy 'intment in dem years er yone."—*Uncle Remus.*

Yes, indeed, Mr. Trade! Now that your busy season is over, I want you to sit right down here on this bench, warmed by the winter sunshine, in the seclusion of Washington Square, and apply your ears attentively to the sermon concerning "intelligent selfishness" which I propose to preach to you. When I say "you," Mr. Trade, I mean every man in America who is in a position to make any money from the spread of cycling,—whether he be a manufacturer of cycles, or an independent dealer in them, or an agent for the sale of them, or a professional rider of them, or a publisher of cycling literature, or a manager of a rink, or a dealer in supplies (saddles, bells, luggage-carriers, lamps, cyclometers, springs, tool-bags, and riding costumes), or a hotel-keeper on any of the numerous routes that are attractive to wheelmen.

Whichever one of these positions may belong to you individually, Mr. Trade, I want to stir you up to a realization of the truth that I have been hard at work for nearly a year on a scheme to increase the profits of your business. I want you to make a desperate effort to look an inch or two beyond your own nose. If, haply, you are able to accomplish this unwonted feat of farsightedness, I think you will discover the propriety of putting in a little personal work to hasten the success of the scheme just mentioned.

It is a scheme for convincing the people of North America that the bicycle is something more than a pretty toy for children, and a wonderful racing-instrument for athletes; that it is really a practicable vehicle on which men of average physique may journey, with pleasure and comfort, from one end of this continent to the other. There are two distinct ways in which my forthcoming volume, "Ten thousand Miles on a Bicycle," will tend to bring about this conviction. The more evident way is by its exhibition of road-reports from every State in the Union, in addition to the 6,000 miles of roadway over which I have personally pushed the wheel. The second and less evident way by which the book will help dispel popular doubt and ignorance as to the practical and permanent character of bicycling, is by exhibiting the names of 3,000 people, representing every section of the Union, and many localities outside of it, who have pledged their dollars in advance to ensure the publication of the volume. The exclusion of all advertisements, in favor of this imposing appendix of subscribers' names, will convince everyone who opens the book that its publication is not a mere "trick of the trade," but that it represents a genuine demand of a vast multitude of intelligent and well-to-do readers for trustworthy information concerning the roads which are most suitable for cycling.

Let me urge you, Mr. Trade, to wrench your mind out of its ordinary groove, in order that it may have a chance to grasp the novel idea that my very act of refusal to disfigure my book, by printing your direct and individual advertisements, ensures to you an advertisement of an indirect and general sort which will ultimately prove ten times as valuable. I'm so certain that you will realize this when the book is actually in the market, that I shall count on your making sales for me without commission. It will be perfectly clear, then, that your own probable gain will be much greater than mine, from the circulation of each additional copy

in your neighborhood; and so you will hardly wish me to pay for the privilege of helping increase your business!

It ought to be equally clear, now, that your interest is really as great as mine in having the book brought out as soon as possible, in order that its appearance may give a great boom to all branches of your business at the opening of spring. Yet if every man whom I am now addressing as "you, Mr. Trade," would simply subscribe for two copies of the book, to-day (with a fair prospect of selling them for a dollar more than they cost him), the 900 vacant spaces in my list would be immediately filled; the needed guarantee of \$3,000 would be complete; and I could at once devote my energies to the proper work of publication, with a fair prospect of having the volume ready for delivery by the final day of winter.

"Intelligent selfishness" ought to have prompted you, Mr. Trade, to have given a hearty support to this thing at the outset, in the dark days when I was told by a friendly adviser of wide experience that it "would be impossible to find a market in America for as many as 300 copies of a one-dollar book on cycling, no matter what its merits might be." I will not quarrel with you, however, for failing to see your own interest at that time when I stood in the greatest need of your encouragement. I only allude to your former shortsightedness for the sake of emphasizing the fact that at the present time, when my plan of compiling "an *elite* directory of 3,000 wheelmen" is an assured success, "intelligent selfishness" ought to prompt you, still more forcibly, to help hasten the day of such success. In order, however, to overcome the natural sluggishness which restrains you, Mr. Trade, from working in your own interest when the promised rewards are at all intangible or remote, I have decided to stimulate your avarice by provisionally offering to print a special "trade list of subscribers from whom copies of this book may be bought," alphabetized by towns.

Each firm or individual, belonging to any branch of the trade, whom it may be desired to name in this list, must subscribe for not less than two copies of the book at a dollar each. Such subscribers will also be listed twice with the others, in the regular alphabetical and geographical appendix, and will perhaps be given typographical prominence there. As I shall designate the exact business address of each subscriber to the special list, and also indicate the character of his business (by the use of such words as "manfr.," "importer," "agt.," "prof. rider," "repairer," "publisher," "rink," "saddles," "bells," "cyclom.," "lamps," "shoes," "hose," "uniforms," "furnishing goods," "specialties," and the like), the list will form a condensed directory of the trade. It ought to form a complete one, also, so far as concerns the people who have any mercantile interest in keeping their names prominently connected with the progress of cycling. Every such person will secure, by insertion in such classified trade-list, a permanent business-card of more practical value than ten or twenty or thirty dollars' worth of "advertising" would secure to him elsewhere; and the act need not only cost him nothing at all, but it may be the means of immediately putting money in his pocket!

Please remember, Mr. Trade, that the selling price of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is to be \$1.50, and that I expect you will find yourself so much benefited by increasing its circulation in your neighborhood that you will be glad to sell

it for me without commission. I do not expect to use the bookstores at all in disposing of it; but, if I do, I shall not allow them more than a quarter-dollar discount. You secure a half-dollar reduction on each copy only because you subscribe for the same in advance; and by the sale of the two, which will entitle you to mention in the trade-directory, you can make a dollar's direct profit on the transaction. I do not believe, however, that you will sell both books, if you subscribe for only two;—because you will need to keep one of them constantly by you for purposes of reference. Even if you improve the chance to order ten or a dozen copies at the subscription-price, I am not sure that you will care to retail them at \$1.50. You may very likely find greater profit in giving each of them away as "boot," to decide the hesitating opinion of a possible purchaser of bicycle or tricycle.

In speaking somewhat reproachfully, Mr. Trade, of your general failure, thus far, to recognize the profit to yourself of helping along my scheme to early success,—I do not wish to ignore the assistance which some of your representatives have most enthusiastically given it. For example, that part of yourself which is known as "the Press," has promptly printed all the "free advertisements" which I have had time to write concerning the matter. It is likely enough, even, that the editor of the GAZETTE may assume the expense of mailing marked copies of this present sermon to you, at each of your numerous addresses, in the same spirit that prompted him to gratuitously distribute among 600 hotels the August GAZETTE, containing my "circular to hotel-keepers."

I wish, by the way, Mr. Trade, that you would show this same hotel-circular to the keeper of the leading public-house in each town of your neighborhood; for, just as fast as I can persuade such people to really read my argument, just so fast can I secure their houses for my list of hotels where this book may be found. Your interest is quite as great as mine, Mr. Trade, in having that list made as complete as possible, especially in your own immediate locality; and your power of persuading the hotel-men to improve the offered chance is greater than mine. I never yet met with one of them who was not quick to support the scheme when explained to him verbally; though their attention is not easily commanded by long-range appeals through the mail.

But I must stop my sermon, here, Mr. Trade; for the sun of this short day is sinking so low that a bench in the park no longer supplies a comfortable seat. I must climb up to my chambers in the University Building, to count the number of subscription-pledges which may have accumulated there while I have been preaching. I shall expect yours to be despatched thither, to-morrow, after you have "slept upon" the argument just addressed to you. And so, good night!

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1884.

## BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE RIDING.

A paper has been prepared by Dr. B. U. Piper, of Chicago, for the Chicago Bicycle Club upon "Bicycle and Tricycle Riding, and the Effect of this Method of Exercise Upon Those Engaged in It." The doctor has tested the matter by riding some 1,200 miles in the last twelvemonth. He found the effects beneficial in a great degree. "In walking," says Dr. Piper, "the legs carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is a certain vibration or



shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing is also carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm, or great respiratory muscle, is not able to act in walking with the steadiness, and, it may be said, purchase, as when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart is toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first part of the great blood vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the upper and lower parts of the body." The doctor cites many medical authorities to back his opinion, and he says: "To shop and office people, to hard working men of business, but more particularly to brain workers, the possession of good tricycles would, if judiciously used, indeed prove a blessing."

#### THE SANITARY BENEFITS OF BICYCLING.

The question whether bicycling is healthful or the reverse appears to be a question, and it is certainly agitating England. The London *Lancet* has been carrying on the discussion with odds slightly in favor of the instrument. The latest contributor to the discussion is the well known editor and naturalist, W. B. Tegetmeier, who says he is a member of the oldest tricycling club in England, is acquainted with many riders of mature age, as well as with younger ones, and never heard of any of the ill effects asserted of bicycle riding. "I am within a few days of my seventieth year," says Mr. Tegetmeier, "and have been for some years in the habit of doing all my journeys under 50 or 60 miles on a machine of some kind or other, in preference to traveling by railway. The evils prognosticated by Drs. Strahan and Herschell are quite unknown to me, and the only effect of my long rides is an amount of rejuvenescence which has surprised my friends and gratified myself. I am practically ten years younger than I was a decade ago. The more I ride the more vigorous and elastic I feel, not only in bodily, but also in mental, powers; and I can assure my readers that I have never suffered, at least to my knowledge, from 'hypochondria, hysteria, gastralgia, agoraphobia, or claustrophobia,' and that even 'neurasthenic dyspepsia' is practically unknown to me. \*\*\* I believe it would not be possible to indicate any other popular athletic exercise in which a greater number of advantages are conjoined with so few evils as in cycling." This man's wife and daughter ride the tricycle, while his son it was who last year rode the unparalleled distance of ten thousand and fifty miles. The wheel is still ahead.

#### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

England may have English, Hillier, Sellers, but we have Hendee, Hamilton, Frazier, Dolph, Brooks, Norton, Webber, Burnham; all of which are good for two miles inside of 5.45. What our men can do in races where the pace is forced is dazzling to contemplate.—*Amateur Athlete*.

The London Cyclist Accident Company, organized some time since with a considerable flourish, is being wound up in the best shape possible. Better stick to the old established companies, boys. It is easier to ride a velocipede through the eye of a needle, than for cyclists to successfully enter a new arena of insurance.—*Travelers' Record*.

The Maryland Bicycle Club, of Baltimore, laid the corner-stone of its new club house, corner Mt. Royal avenue and Reservoir street, on Thanksgiving Day. The day was celebrated by a general turnout of the clubs and a parade, too wheelmen participating. The men broke ranks in front of the new club house about 11 o'clock. Prayer was offered, after which an address was made by Mr. Samuel T. Clark, the president of the club, in the absence of Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe, who had been expected to deliver the address, but was detained at home by indisposition. Each club then deposited in the corner-stone a club badge. Copies of the daily papers, the roll of the League in that State, and other articles, were also deposited there. After these ceremonies the Druid Cyclists held a race around Druid Lake for a gold medal. There were five starters, and the race was won by Mr. J. Kemp Bartlett in 5.18. The distance was about a mile and a half. The comparatively slow time made was accounted for by the high wind prevailing. When the races were over the Maryland Club went out to Towson, where they held their annual dinner at the Smedley House. The Lafayette Wheelmen went out on the Pimlico road, where some of their best riders rode against their own time. No record was made of their time. The new club house of the Maryland Club will be, it is said, when finished, the most complete bicycle club house in the world. Its dimensions are 20x80 feet. It is now completed up to the second story. There will be three stories and a basement. In the basement will be the wheel-room and bowling alley. The reception-room, reading-room and library will occupy the first floor. On the second floor will be the pool and billiard room, lockers and bath-rooms. The third story will contain a gymnasium.—*Boston Herald*.

#### A NEW FLIER FOR NEW ENGLANDERS.

The bicycle has been to New England what the elevated road has been to New York city. It has worked a startling change within two years. From the slowest moving person on the continent, it has transformed the New Englander into a fast and daring man as regards moving about the country. The change is absolutely startling. Westerners who long cherished dreams of their staid old grandfathers serenely bobbing along the quiet country road behind old Dobbin hitched to the traditional one-horse chaise, need not be surprised when they return to visit the old homestead to find the old gentleman skimming along on a bicycle. The old gentleman will wear knee breeches, a dress which is dear to the New England heart by reason of the good old revolutionary times it recalls. He will also be attired in a short jacket and a jaunty little cap with a visor to it. His attire will strike the visitor at once as grotesque, and will arouse the grave fears in his mind that he is to find grandma arrayed in short dresses and clocked stockings.—*Boston Cor. Chicago News*.

#### THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB'S MODEL CLUB HOUSE.

In about two months the doors of the handsomest, most expensive and conveniently arranged, bicycle club house in America, and in the world, will be thrown open for the inspection of the cycling public generally, and the members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club especially. About the middle of last August the ground was broken for the erection of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club

house, a building which, with the land, will cost \$30,000. The location of this magnificent structure, dedicated to cycling and indoor social recreation, is on the Back Bay, fronting on Newbury street, near Dartmouth street, and adjoining the building of the Boston Art Club. The building sets 22 feet back from the inside edge of the sidewalk, has a frontage of 24 feet, a depth of 90 feet, is of 3 stories and basement, and is constructed of brick, handsomely trimmed, with light shades of Nova Scotia stone and terra cotta. In the front of the building, from the second story, projects a roomy bay window with oriel. At the top of the building, in the center, is a slab bearing this inscription: "Massachusetts Bicycle Club, 1884." A concrete incline takes the place of steps leading to the front door, which is wide enough to admit the widest "sociable" tricycle; the incline enabling cyclists to easily wheel their machines from the street into the building. The basement will be finished in ash sheathing, with a floor of hard pine. A small place is set apart for the furnace, which will heat the entire building. There will be a bowling alley in the basement, ample space for three billiard tables, and bath and toilet rooms. The main or street floor has no partitions, the entire floor being used for a "wheel" room. In the rear part of this room is a convenient place for washing the machines. The finish of this story is to be in ash sheathing, and the floor of hard pine. The next floor, or second story proper, will be devoted to the social interests of the club. The reception room, or parlor, occupies the front portion, and is 24x30 feet. It is to have a floor of polished oak, will be finished in cherry, will have a large open fire-place, big enough to devour the whole of several logs at one filling, and will probably be embellished with handsome gas fixtures of special and appropriate designs. In the rear part of this floor will be a good-sized room, with dressing-rooms attached, tastily furnished, which will be known as the ladies' parlor. In the space between these two parlors, which will measure about 24x40 feet, will be over one hundred lockers. The lockers will be so arranged that every six or eight lockers, will, with the addition of a curtain, make separate dressing-rooms. On this floor are bath and toilet rooms. The upper story is in no way an attic, for it has walls, eighteen feet high. A space 24x45 feet, will be fitted up as a gymnasium, and will be used also for special club meetings. In the rear will be a committee room, a room for the janitor, and bath and toilet rooms. The architect is Mr. George F. Meacham, and the contractors, Messrs. Vinal & Dodge. As a whole, the outside of the building is by no means unimposing; it is substantial and handsome; the interior is convenient and tasty in all the arrangements and appointments; the finish is neat, attractive, and appropriate; there is everything that the most exacting club member could desire; nothing will run to waste; and when everything is in place for the house-warming, one may expect to find in the Massachusetts Bicycle Club house a model which has not yet been duplicated on either side of the Atlantic. The idea of, and the responsibility incurred in the carrying out of, this unprecedented event in bicycle club life, is largely attached to one man, Col. Albert A. Pope, whose public spirit and energy have enabled the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, of which he is an honored member, to possess a club headquarters which must soon be the envy of the entire "wheel" world.—*Boston Herald*.



## Sale and Exchange.

We have opened a department of sale and exchange for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a new-comer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words. Remember, it will only cost you 32 cents for 32 words, and such an announcement will be read by 10,000 wheelmen.

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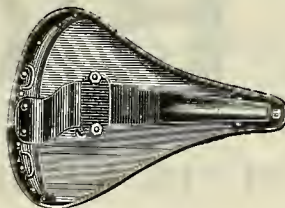
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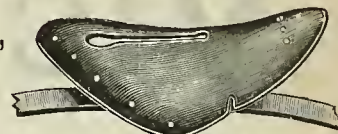
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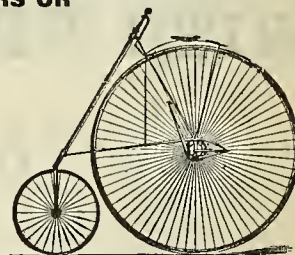
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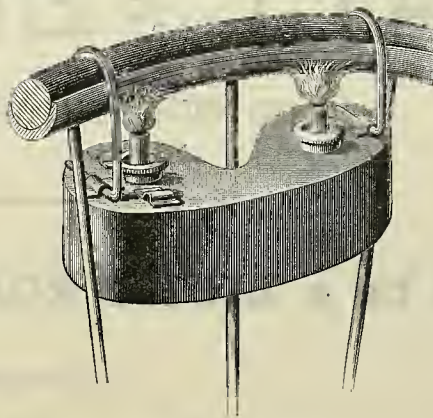


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