

1209

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 6.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Price 10 cents.

OFFICE OF

THE BOSTON HERALD,

Boston, Mass., June 21, 1887.

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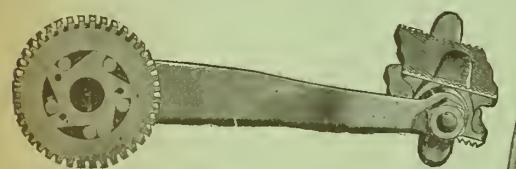
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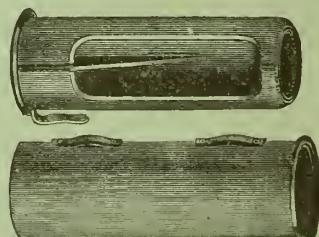
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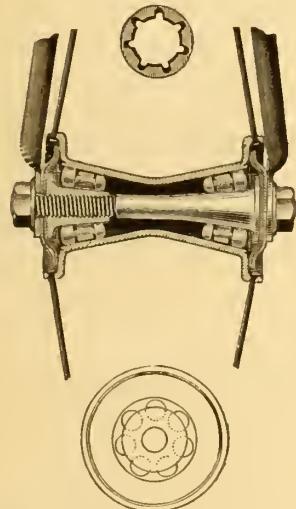
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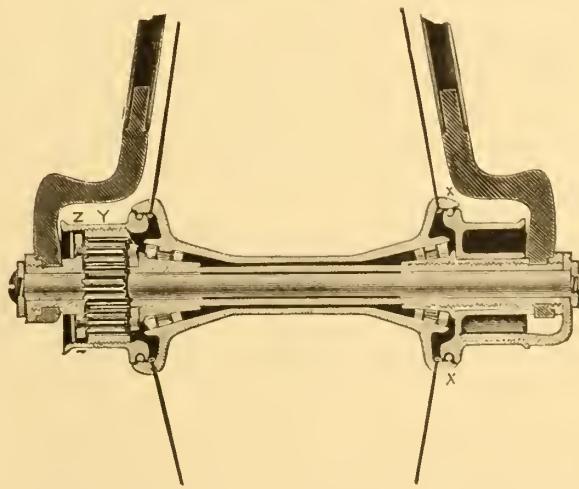
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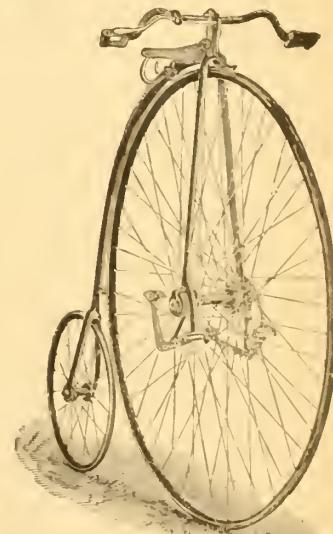
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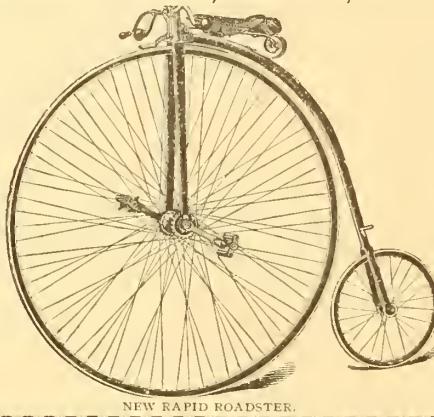
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Summary of Events.

FROM AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 10.

THE most notable feature of the past month is the general revival of interest in path and road racing, and the interest promises to hold out until the end of the season. The L. A. W. is assuming a threatening attitude toward road racing, and it is rumored that it will soon be prohibited under the penalty of expulsion from the League. Being in the nature of forbidden fruit it is but natural that road racing should be very popular at present. A thousand mile race from Boston to Chicago is being arranged and will take place some time during the ensuing month.

California. The Division gains another representative, Benj. H. Patrick, of San Francisco. At Willows the wheelmen have been "boycotted" which is the first instance of such tactics being adopted by the road hog. Aug. 21, League run to Hayward, where prizes won at Santa Cruz races are awarded.

Connecticut. Sept. 3, tournament of the Meriden Wheel Club. Sept. 7, races at Charter Oak Park, Hartford. Sept. 9 and 10, fall tournament of the East Hartford Wheel Club.

Georgia. Aug. 26, road race from Atlanta to Fairburn.

Illinoia. H. W. Warner, of Centralia, appointed representative for district number 12; T. F. Sheridan, of Springfield, representative for district number 7; F. C. White, of Quincy, for district number 11. Greenleaf and Brown of the Owl Club tour to Buffalo and New York. The Aeolus Bi. Club is organized with fifteen charter members.

Indiana. Sept. 3, Greensburg races. Sept. 7, 8 and 9 Crawfordsville races.

Kentucky. Aug. 23 and 27, Covington races; Sept. 3, tour of the Louisville Wheel Club to Wyandotte Cave.

Louisiana. Aug. 14, R. G. Betts raises the local twenty-four hour record to 166½ mi. S. M. Patton appointed representative.

Massachusetts. The Boston Club remits entrance fee until April, 1888. E. H. Meader, of Holyoke appointed representative. Aug. 25 and 26, races at Worcester. Sept. 5, Lynn races. Sept. 5, Maverick Wheelmen of East Boston, road race at Winthrop.

Michigan. Racing Board sustains the judges and referee in declaring the state championship races "off." J. Elmer Pratt, of Detroit returned from an eastern trip of over 2,000 miles. E. C. Adams, of Battle Creek, reaches Boston after a tour of sixteen days of riding time.

Minnesota. Aug. 18, twenty-five mile road race, run around Lake Harriet.

Missouri. F. J. Suda, appointed representative. Secretary-Treasurer Lewis returns from England. Fleming and Gould, the Philadelphia tourists, start from southwestern Missouri on their return trip. Kansas City track is put in condition for racing. Races at Sedalia, Mo. resulting in a protest against the amateur standing of Harry Gordon. Aug. 16, Ruralists Bi. Club of St. Joseph have a lantern parade.

New Jersey. Dr. J. D. Throckmorton appointed representative. Aug. 20, tournament at Roseville. Aug. 30, tournament at Millville.

New York. Chief Consul Bidwell begins to raise money by subscription to defray the expenses incident to the passage of the Liberty Bill. *Outing* announces an English edition. New York Bicycle Co. passes into the hands of Irving Bros. Aug. 11, races at Richfield Springs. Aug. 14, Alfonse King crosses Niagara river on a water bicycle. Thomas Lloyd offers a gold medal to the amateur making the fastest mile on the Queen's track, between Aug. 13 and Sept. 17.

Ohio. Pres. Kirkpatrick issues a circular to Chief Consuls calling for information in regard to the road laws in the different states, to the end that the L. A. W. may bring its influence to bear for the repeal of obnoxious measures. Aug. 11 and 12 great Cleveland tournament. Sept. 10, Central Wheelmen's anniversary celebration at Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania. Inter-club road race for Tryon cup falls through because the authorities demand heavy bond from the race promoters. Aug. 27, Williamsport races; Philadelphia races.

Karl Kron's Book.

A GREAT many criticisms have been published on Karl Kron's "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," still in the minds of many wheelmen the question "what kind of a book is it?" remains unanswered. Most of the criticisms are valueless, in determining whether the book is good or bad because the reviewer as a rule does not say from what standpoint his views are taken. If we expect a story book we will be disappointed. It will be remembered that Bill Nye was disappointed in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, because it was too wordy and lacked plot.

The best way to judge this, and in fact any book, is to see what the author has given us a right to expect. In the preface, Karl Kron says: "This is a book of American roads, for men who travel on the bicycle. Its idea is that of a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopaedia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts." A little further on he says it will be "the plain story of an average man." The author then devotes eight hundred pages to his attempt to meet the expectation which he has lead us to form. Is he successful in this? Let us see.

The book contains portions of a narrative nature and portions intended solely for reference. As a matter of convenience then let us arbitrarily divide the book into reading chapters and reference chapters.

The front piece picture of the bulldog Curl, (which we will consider among the reading pages) will strike the reader as being an inappropriate introduction to "a book of American roads for men who travel on the bicycle." Among the reading chapters we will include these: The Preface gives the reader a clear idea of the author's aims and intentions. The Addenda gives a clear impartial statement of the late difficulties in the League resulting in the removal of Secretary Aaron; the particulars of Shipton's forgery and the theft of the L. A. W., design by the C. T. C.; interesting statements about Thos. Stevens and other long distance tourists; and the history of cycling journalism up to date of the publication of the book.

Immediately following the addenda comes Ten Thousand Miles, proper. The author at once enlists the interest and sympathy of the reader by his charming style, and we are given to understand that he can be entertaining when he desires. He continues in a narrative style through this chapter, "On the Wheel," "White Flannel and Nickel Plate," "Four Seasons on a Forty-Six" and "Columbia, No. 234," then follows

several chapters, valuable as reference, but too minute in detail to be interesting, still very appropriate in "a dictionary, a cyclopaedia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts."

Turning to the chapter entitled "Straight-away for Forty Days," we find more good reading, and in the next chapter, "A Fortnight in Ontario," we find an account of the original Big Four road race, in which the late Cola Stone and George Webber were the first and second successful contestants. A most interesting account this is.

The next reading chapter we find is "The Coral Reefs of Bermuda," followed with but slight interruptions by "Bone-Shaker Days," "Curl," and "Castle Solitude in the Metropolis." The latter two are well worth reading, but of doubtful appropriateness in "a book of American roads, for men who travel on the bicycle."

Last of all that may be read with interest is the chapter "This Book of Mine and the Next," in which the writer tells how his book grew from three hundred to eight hundred pages, and what he hopes to do in his second volume, that he has planned for the future.

Such chapters as these throw a great deal of light onto the inside of cycling subjects, for the author is so frank and open in his style that he shows us everything.

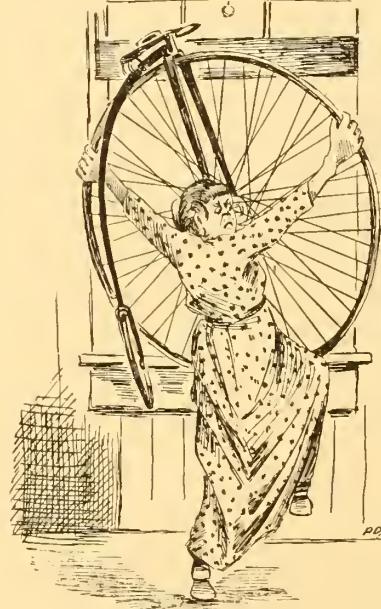
Summing the matter up we find two hundred and forty-four pages devoted to narrative, according to our arbitrary division of the contents. This in itself is a good sized book, but it must not be supposed that the rest of the book is unreadable. It must be read with an index to be read with interest or profit.

If the reader is interested in any particular subject, he has only to look at the index, find his subject and reference, and proceed to enlighten himself. So wide is the scope of the work, we doubt if it be possible for the wheelman to select any cycling subject that he will not find properly indexed with several references. Thus by reading according to subjects, the reader who uses his index, will find a great deal to interest and instruct him in the chapters that have been frequently pronounced the most dry and tedious. There is a vast fund of information within some of these closely printed statistical pages, and no one can expect to get it out by the same methods that he would use in extracting the few sparse ideas from a French novel.

We have all been told a great many things about this book; let us see what there is in some of the statements: "There is too much fine type," it has been said. Let us see about this. Here are one hundred and seventy-three pages of index, etc., which surely ought to be in fine type, leaving three hundred and seventy-three pages in coarse and three hundred and sixty-two pages, or less than half of the entire reading matter in fine type. Thus we have more coarse type alone than the writer promised to give us, and it would seem that we might accept the fine print, especially as it is given gratis.

The author is criticised for his egotism. One who does not understand the mechanical construction of literary work, may accept this statement; others will see that Karl Kron throws his own personality into the work, for the evident purpose of animating the otherwise cold and sluggish details, much as an artist enlivens a landscape by working into it some animal life. Taking himself as a typical example of "an average man," he becomes nothing more than a standard measure by which the events he relates may be gauged. Instead of egotism ruling throughout the work, we read between all the lines "you could have done this as well as I did." If this is egotism, we are sadly muddled on the meaning of that word.

Taking all things into consideration, strong and weak points alike, we believe that the author has most faithfully kept his promise and that "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" will always hold the undisputed place of the first great work on the subject of cycling, bearing to all wheelmen that relation that Isaac Walton's Complete Angler, bears to fishermen the world over.



"Ach, the stoopidness ar some folks is perfectly amazin'. The idee ar misses buyin' a round fly scrane an' expectin' it to fit a square windy."

A friend of ours is a martyr to rheumatism, and has been almost completely crippled for some time, and could hardly walk or move about at all. About three weeks ago we lent him our "Marlboro' Club," and although he had never cycled before, he tackled it most pluckily, and, in spite of a fall sustained at the commencement, preserved. Last week he rode ten miles on a hilly road into Dublin, and informed us that it tired him less than walking the few perches which separates his residence from the nearest railway station. He also stated that his legs had become straighter, that he could walk better than before, and that he felt growing rapidly stronger. If anyone had told his friends a month ago that he would be able

to ride even two miles on a tricycle they would have laughed at the idea.—*Cyclist and Athlete.*

The Hack-Driver's Lament.



LAS, what sad and melancholy changes time does bring! Look upon me, look! The time was once when tribute on the world I laid, or on such parts thereof as came to look upon Niagara's vast expanse of H₂O. The porter on the Woodruff sleeping car, the waiter at the high priced French *Cafe* was naught compared to me. But look upon me now, *sans* wealth, *sans* prestige and *sans* pride!

What prince or potentate, who in the times now past has raised aloft his hands and yielded up his purse for the poor pleasure of a ride from the bridge to the Cave of the Winds, would recognize me at my daily task in hauling whole family loads out to Wolf's monument for a quarter. And yet this is not all. My grief is based on something more robust than this.

As long as quarters came in undiminished flood from all the eager crowd, I murmured not, but smothered up my grief in a large red bordered horse blanket, but just the other day there came a crowd of pleasure seekers, whom I waited for in longing expectation. By chance I learned their coming. They were twenty strong, and I did estimate my revenue therefrom. (For I alone of all the drivers here had tumbled to the snap.) And then they came. I saw them from afar and knew the jig was up. Mounted on bicycles! Mounted to a man! And every nother's son of them rode past me here, and not a quarter in the whole blamed crowd! I never saw the like before! It broke my heart!

A CYCLING PARADOX—July 4th. Non-cycling skeptic meets a wheelman on his wheel:

Non-Cycler—(Mopping his forehead with a handkerchief) "Hello there! Don't the heat pretty nearly kill you up there on these hot days?"

Wheelman—(Slowing up and smiling) "No! Not at all. Riding rapidly along keeps one cool. It is cooler than sitting in the shade."

The following Christmas the same non-cycler and wheelman met again.

Non-Cycler—(In fur-lined overcoat and ear muffs) "Great guns! Aren't you pretty near frozen stiff?"

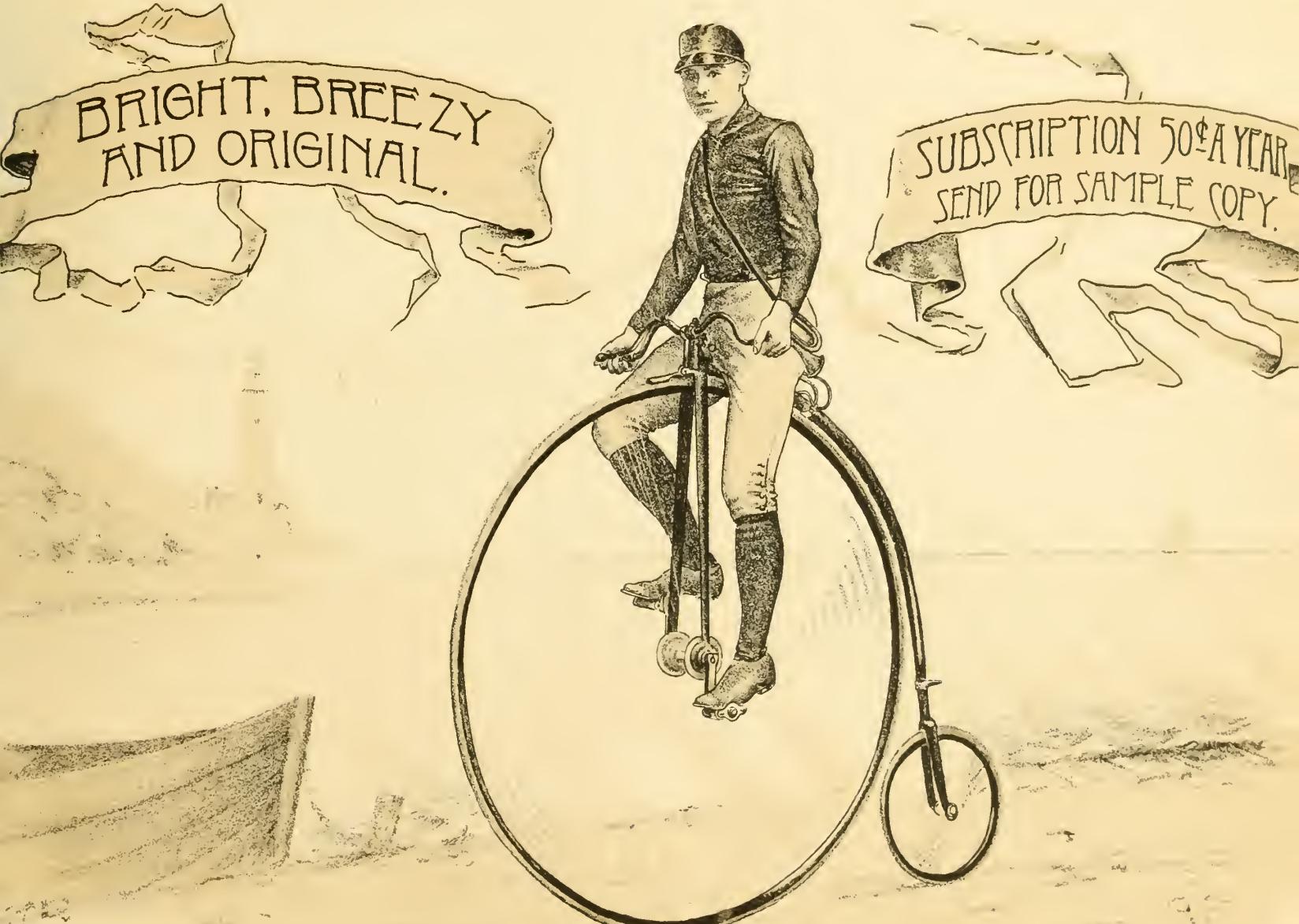
Wheelman—(All in a glow) "Well I should say not! Riding rapidly along keeps one warm. It is warmer than sitting by the fire."

Non-Cycler—(Turning up his coat collar and continuing his way—meditatively) "Bicycles are either a wonderful invention or the men who ride them are blank-ety-blank liars.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*

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As the Wheelmen's Gazette has a larger and more general circulation than any other cycling publication in the country, advertisers will do well to bear it in mind in placing their contracts.

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A Literary Gem.

THE other day when we were very busy writing editorials for the RECORD with one hand, compiling "Observations by We" with the other, and dictating business letters between scratches, there came a light tap at the sanctum door, and as the office boy subsequently responded to the knock, a young lady tripped in with a roll of manuscript in her hand. The paper was tied with a blue ribbon, so we knew what to expect. Years of experience have taught us that blue ribbon means romance; and pink ribbon, poetry.

Of course we entertained the young lady for a few moments, in our easy, graceful way, acquired by a long and brilliant social career. We assured her that her story would be printed with pleasure. When she left we found that we had no time to look over the copy, so we handed it out to the foreman, with instructions to make any corrections he might see fit. The foreman did what he could, but he was busy making up a form, so he handed the matter over to one of our intelligent compositors and told him to fix anything that did not look right. And the intelligent comp. fixed it.

IRENE.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

The August day was slowly fading¹ to a delicate roseate glow,² like the peachy pinkness of a sea shell thrown upon the beach.

Irene DeLacey, seated upon the front stoop, watched anxiously for the first glint of the gloaming. Hers was a peculiar face³; pale, yet rich in piquant beauty; rather of a classic contour on the whole, with a nose slightly aquiline and large, soulful blue eyes, encircled by delicate gold band eye glasses. Across her delicate intellectual forehead, floated a few stray auburn tresses, a pleasing contrast to her rich olive complexion.⁴

At length the gloaming⁵ began to steal over the scene, and with it the dim dreamy outlines of a young man mounted on his tall, graceful wheel, might have been seen approaching the DeLacey villa.⁶ Irene knew in an instant that it was Charley⁷; the blood mounted to her face, her cheeks flush, a sigh escapes her lips, and she awaits in tremulous anticipation the approach of the wheelman.

Since they had quarreled, about the correct way of serving a tennis ball,⁸ just a

1 If the August days were in the habit of fading as the author implies, she should have re-let the contract, just as the League did with the old uniform.—Foreman.

2 Brick color would be better, in case the gloaming does fade like the old uniform. "Roseate glow" is too delicate.—Foreman.

3 I should say it was peculiar. If three distinct colors of eyes, both light and dark complexions, and two kinds of hair—false and natural we suppose—don't make a face look peculiar, what does?—Intelligent Compositor.

4 I'll have to leave out about two pages of description here. A stick full of such business is all we can stand.—Foreman.

5 What is "gloaming" any way?—I. C.

6 What's the matter with plain, ordinary house?—I. C.

7 To obtain correct effect, pronounce this "Choly."—Foreman.

8 Just think of it. Flush, ace high. No wonder she was rattled.—I. C.

9 Three inches of tennis technique are here omitted. We have no tennis department in the GAZETTE.—Foreman.

single short week¹⁰ ago, Charley had ridden past the beautiful DeLacey villa, upon his silent steed,¹¹ with head erect, and his broad manly chest expanded with the fresh salt air,¹² and his well formed limbs¹³ working the pedals with a graceful ankle motion,¹⁴ but his proud, patrician spirit would not let him stop or even cast one look aside.¹⁵ And so, every evening Irene sat alone and sighed.¹⁶

But now he came again and faint hope with buoyant step¹⁷ mounted once more in her breast, and as she looked upon her new and beautifully laundered white summer gown, she felt that his proud spirit would surely yield. But no, he came on swiftly with his proud aquiline nose¹⁸ elevated in the summer breeze, and just as he passed the door yard his wheel struck a large cruel boulder,¹⁹ there was a terrible struggle for supremacy and the boulder triumphed, while the noble form of Charley St. Clair fell with a dull sickening thud²⁰ upon the ground, and Irene fainted dead away.²¹

When she came to, again, McManus the coachman, and patrolman Flynn were carrying the limp insensible²² form of Charley St. Clair into the spare room under the stairs. "Take him, take him to my own boudoir!"²³ she gasped, and fainted away again.

* * * * *

10 Wonder what she means by "short week?" It's always a long time till Saturday night.—I. C.

11 We ought to keep them words standing. Always can depend on using 'em.—I. C.

12 I was under the impression that this particular phrase was copyrighted by the *Spectator*, but we'll use it this time anyway.—Foreman.

13 Well padded, I'll bet a dollar.—I. C.

14 The author tries to work in something here about learning the ankle motion from Prof. Smiley, the wonderful bicycle instructor, but it won't go. We've been in the business too long to have free advs. run in on us in that shape.—Foreman.

15 I think the author may be mistaken here. I know sometimes when I'm riding I can't look aside either, and my proud patrician spirit hasn't anything to do with it. It's the beastly rough road.—I. C.

16 This is the other side to the question. Ha! Ha! Can't I be funny when I try?—I. C.

17 Just a trifle mixed up. Would straighten it out, but this is my busy day.—Foreman.

18 Hasn't this aquiline nose business been worked about enough?—I. C.

19 I knew it was coming. I've been there.—I. C.

20 Another burst of originality. The newspaper world has for years been in need of just such an expression as this. Eureka.—Foreman.

21 We have noticed that when an author gets to a point where he cannot handle his descriptions very well, it is quite convenient to have somebody faint away, so that enough time may elapse to straighten things out. It's an old trick.—Foreman.

22 If I'd set this up unsensible, they'd raise a row, and yet it would be nearer right. I'll bet.—I. C.

23 *Boudoir* is not all the French the author knows, by any means. She can say *en regale*, *tout ensemble*, *ich dien*, *chor de ballet*, *zwei bier*, and many other choice French expressions, but they happen to occur in those sections that are omitted.—I. C.

24 About enough matter to fill three numbers of the GAZETTE has been cut out at this point. Any one madly interested in this story, and wanting to get at this particular part of it, can dip into the middle of almost any society novel and read about six chapters.—Foreman.

25 Just my luck again. There goes the blue pencil through a lot of poetry. Seems like if there ever is any fat I always miss it.—I. C.

It was late in the summer when Irene DeLacey had nursed Charley back to life and health.²⁶ The gloaming²⁷ once more begins to gather, and the DeLacey mansion twinkles from turret to attic with myriad lights, like a fairy castle; shimmering in its golden sheeny²⁸ wealth of light. And why should it not glisten?²⁹ This is the wedding night of Irene DeLacey and Charley St. Clair. All the wealth and beauty of the metropolis³⁰ will be assembled here tonight. Already has Mr. and Mrs. Navy-Inspector Hoyt arrived, and Mrs. ex-Civil Service Commissioner Parkingham is just alighting from her rich coupe, drawn by a pair of prancing greys.³¹ * * * * *

A handsome tandem³² is standing at the door, and as the happy couple descend the steps, they mount the wheel, and plowing through the oceans of rice³³ and old slippers that surround them, they glide out through the broad carriage gate and down the road together.³⁴

26 We were under the impression that this story started off in August, but maybe we are mistaken. Again, maybe the scene is laid in Australia where late in the summer means the latter part of February. Who knows, alas, who knows?—Foreman.

27 Take a long look at this nursed-back-to-life-and-health racket. This is positively its last appearance before the cycling public, after a successful career of one thousand performances.—Foreman.

28 Here's some more of that gloaming biz. It makes me tired.—I. C.

29 Don't exactly understand what the author means by "sheeny wealth," but if she is trying to work a jew pawnbroker into this story, she is making a bad break.—Foreman.

30 No reason at all if the old man can stand up to the gas bill.—I. C.

31 If this is a reference to the collection of wedding presents, the author is drawing it too strong. Ninety-nine cent store silverware presents, prevalent at present, and it will take a slicker person than the author to make the public forget this fact.—Foreman.

32 See report of swell wedding in society column of any city daily for completion of this description. Space is too valuable for this kind of business.—Foreman.

33 We were afraid the author had forgotten to work the tandem into this story, but she gets there at the eleventh hour.—Foreman.

34 Not half as bad as sand, I'll bet a dollar.—I. C.

35 Of course they rode together if they were on a tandem. Don't see how they could do different. Say, I think stories like this are bound to kill the trade in anti-header attachments. Don't you? I was goin' to get me one, but not now. Not much.—I. C.

The following is clipped from a leading Toronto paper and speaks for itself: "The best wheel is that which is ridden by the best riders. Take Toronto for instance. In the Wanderers' Club, the largest in Canada, Capt. George Chaplain Orr, the most expert wheelman in Camickdons, rides a 56-inch Rudge; Sec-Treas., Frederico Josephus Murphy has gone and done likewise; ditto the Capt. and Lieutenant of the Safety division, Messrs. T. Lalor and Chas. P. Sparling. Mr. McBrien, another representative Wanderer, also belongs to the most exalted and noble order of Rudge riders, and these gentlemen are sure to have the best which are made, viz. the Rudge."

Stamsonian Notes.

ENGLISH ROADS.

HAVING "just landed," and not yet got in fair working order, nor over the shock that the news of the good old GAZETTE's change of base gave us, we do not feel in a mood to converse on roads or anything else, for a while, but will hasten to say that if anyone thinks he will find good roads all over England, he will be badly—that is—"not taken."

Their main thoroughfares are, of course, fair specimens of macadam, but in dry weather are very dusty, and must be sprinkled, which is usually done with the muddy lavishness of the average sprinkler fiend the world over. Then in wet weather the thin mud flies all over your machine, and without a mud guard, it gets down the back o' your neck like a small land slide. This is not half of the faults of macadam, which wears in holes, and is patched generally with a cart load of flint cubes two to four inches square, that are left to straggle about on the road's surface at their own will, but we must put the brake on here for if we get wound up too high, the end might never come.

One word, though, a section of new macadam, "simon pure," is joy to the cycler who has been used to loose gravel and sand roads, and we saw specimens of the right article while over the other side; some at Biggleswade, Ripley, and various places, but the great majority of their highways are quite ordinary as to smoothness and ecstasy—begetting qualities, too much like our own common roads in this dreadfully wild west.

Most of their cross country roads are simply horrible. We rode for miles in the wheel tracks of wagons, for the rest of the surface was a mass of loose cobbles the size of goose and hens' eggs, mixed with broken flint, which was evidently put in to increase the sale of rubber tires, for those on our new Facile were cut more in the thirty days tour than if they had been used on American roads for six months. This is a fact, indeed, and another time we shall borrow some other fellow's wheel, or shun English cross roads.

While on sprinkling we forgot to say that it is never done any farther out of the towns than the law allows and you often suddenly plunge out of the mud into the deep dust, which in so dry a season as the present one has been over there, is something to see. The hedges that line the roads nearly every where, there, were gray with the dust, as were the trees and all the foliage, and in the lime stone sections the fine white dust penetrated the houses, and was the bane of the neat housewives you see nearly all through England.

Several times the road passed through chalk hills, where about thirty feet above on either side you see the thin strip of soil and grass; all below a solid mass of pure chalk. It looked like snow, too much, and being in a "c-hilly" section, we involuntarily buttoned up our coat and hastened on. The chalk mine was doubtless owned by the farmers.

Here, were it not for drifting from the subject of roads, we "might well-pump in a few lines descriptive of the landscape whereon meek and lowing kine grazed," but the brilliant whiteness of those chalk hills under the noonday sun was dazzling, and will be long remembered.

To see a country as it is, one must go out of the beaten paths, as we did in many places, and were well paid for so doing, for the charming rural scenes that these crooked English lanes flashed upon us at every turn were really entrancing, and were what we went over there for, largely. Many have shown surprise that we ha'l not seen Lord so-an-so's palatial country seat, or such and such a cathedral, and climbed the hundred stairs into the usual beheading chamber, or such like hall of death, but the exterior of such gasty places were enough for us.

Taking into account the unusual drouth, and the midsummer season, we still came away with a feeling that the roads were not up to what we expected, and think that Mr. Jo Pennel was not so far out of the way in his remarks on English roads, in the *Bulletin* last winter.

STAMSON.

Recollections of Verax.

THE VARIOUS OLD TIME NEW YORK CLUBS.
THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CITIZENS' CLUB.

AH, but they were good times to be sure. Ask any of the old timers and they will tell you with tears in their eyes that things are not as they were when a dozen fellows went out for a spin with as many differently colored uniforms on, and when Papa Weston's shandigaff was relished for its novelty if for nothing else!

New York became interested in bicycling almost as early as did Boston, and the first riders who clustered around the fold at 791 Fifth Ave., were a peculiarly cosmopolitan lot of chaps who knew how to appreciate the good things offered by living and too how to get them without ceremony or great personal inconvenience. Wentworth Rollins was the first dealer to embark on the troublesome sea of New York cycle selling, but he did not make any great or lasting impression from a financial standpoint. I was not yet out of college when the lamented Billy Dinell opened a school on the corner of Fifth Ave. and Fourteenth Street, with a stock of old fashioned Standard Columbias, and a limited vacation made it impossible for me to have more than a try or two at the seemingly refractory two wheeler. Then came Willie Wright, who married the then celebrated Ida May, (This lady it was who figured in the James Gordon Bennett breach of promise suit.) and it was not until this gentleman had enough of the business that I came actively upon the scene as an enthusiastic devotee of the sport.

I had long been a gymnasium member of the New York Y. M. C. A., (don't smile) and when the Pope Mfg. Co., opened a riding school on East 34th street, it was soon whispered about among the aspirants to horizontal bar fame that such an institution

was already in active operation. Of course a great many of us made an early call upon Elliot Mason, the manager. Monthly tickets including instructions, represented a five dollar note, that is if one did not purchase a machine, in which latter case the amount was remitted. There was a jolly lot of us who learned at the same time. Let's see, there was the Rev. T. McKee Brown, pastor of the church of St. Mary, the Virgin, and for a number of years the President of the Citizens' Club; W. H. Book, of the Worth St. Commission firm of W. C. Langworthy & Co., and a queer Book he was. He had a hard struggle with the wheel before he mastered it. One leg was shorter than the other, and he had an equally eccentric mind, of which I will doubtless tell you more at some future time. Then there was the long legged Ex-President Dr. N. M. Beckwith, who occasioned a smile from the on lookers, every time he mounted the historical 42-inch Mary Ann, the school machine. Stocky E. N. Blue, one of *Puck's* cleverest caricaturists, plump Billy Briant, a jeweler of Maiden Lane; Bunner, the editor of *Puck*; A. E. Paillard, the music box importer; Tommie Smith, at present Captain of the Cits; Phillip Fontaine, designer of the Cits' badge; Jno. C. Gulick, ex-member of the L. A. W. Executive Committee and a great many others who have since became more or less prominent. I suppose the story of the many mishaps of the foregoing in their struggles to acquire the art is too similar to the many times told tale to be of interest, so I will skip this part of our history and really commence with a period shortly prior to the formation of the Citizen's Club.

The trade consisted of E. I. Horsman, at 80 William St., who handled the Columbia and Ideal bicycles. R. V. R. Schuyler, at 184 B'way, with the Coventry Machinists Company's wheels. The New York branch of the Cunningham Company at 791 Fifth Ave., in charge of Fred Jenkins, Carter & Steny, 4 East 59 St. (These boys bought out the effects of Willie Wright.) and the Columbia School. I mention this because the clubs were more or less dependent upon the trade for wheel storage.

Well, the Columbia gang, as our lot of fellows were frequently dubbed, began to look about for a suitable club just as soon as ever we could do a ten mile road run without completely wrecking ourselves. You see we had all of us read with implicit faith, the teachings of Charlie Pratt in his American Bicycler, one of the strictest injunctions of which was to at once either join or form a club. The New Yorks were the oldest of any of the clubs, but were not particularly active. They were what you might call a tony set of fellows rather inclined to be exclusive, and did not show themselves on the road very often. That there was something, however, sufficiently vital to insure permanency, is evidenced by the fact that they have hung together, and are to-day the oldest League Club. Their uniform was the same as they now use, a cadet gray with red trimmings. We were not moved to send in our applications, perhaps on account of

the foregoing reasons. The Manhattans died a listless death about that time, though I have understood there were a number of internal causes which lead up to the final dissolution, said causes having never been given to the public. The members were a fine looking lot, and made a manly show on parade under command of Fred Brume. Their uniform was a dark brown corduroy. We seriously considered the idea of entering this club in a body, but after all there was a certain boyish element then too spiteful to be congenial to our gray hairs. The Lennox Club was composed of a crowd of 16 and 17 year olders, from Lennox Hill. They were active during vacations, but the fall was bound to find most of them at College, so they did not enter into our deliberations.

A short time before, the Ixion Club was organized, and at once sprang into prominence chiefly through the indefatigable push and advertising abilities of my old friend and well wisher, Frank Egan, the Owl. There were only seven members, but they were hustlers from the word go, and they just could ride. Frank Egan was their President and Bank, and exercised a sort of wise and paternal control over his flock, for they were mostly youngsters and needed just the care that Egan was admirably fitted to bestow. The Ixions were our choice and had their metal been a little more mature, perhaps the Citizens would never have been organized. This completes the list of clubs that quartered at 791 Fifth Ave. Around the corner on 59th St., the remains of the once splendidly attired and fantastic Mercury Club had a room in the second floor of the building occupied by Carter & Sterry. What a uniform they wore! It was no wonder that cyclers were supposed to be dudes and ignoramuses. Imagine a white helmet with the wings of Mercury posing thereon, a gaudy blue silk jersey with equally brilliant silk tights, and the picture is not an exaggerated illustration of the Mercury uniform. Willie Wright and the now celebrated S. Conant Foster, who late became our most successful wheel poet, were the leaders. A club founded in so flimsy a plank as the gaudy uniform indicated could not live, hence their speedy downfall was not unexpected nor a disappointment. I have now described the field that was open to us, thinking that the subject, though prosy, might be interesting. The Editor has requested me to write a number of letters about old times, and I have naturally begun with the period in which I first became enamored of the wheel. If these details seem dry, I must be pardoned. Should the *Ego* appear too frequently, the reader must remember that it is hard to narrate at best and particularly so when one is not permitted to express himself from a personal point of view. I have thought also that our sport has grown and spread out nowadays to a proportion that will make the formation of clubs of the calibre of the Citizens, a not unusual occurrence, so that the causes and details which gave rise to this organization may perchance be of some use.

Well, I have given you a very good idea of what New York had to offer and likely it is surprising that we didn't see anything that would exactly suit our rather fastidious taste. After all, though, there was a reason. You see we were more or less at sea as regards a general knowledge of the character of cycle riders, and paramount was the thought that we needed a man's club, that we were all voters and while many of us had sons who could mount a good sized wheel, we didn't exactly think that any association where a boy could monopolize the floor could be congenial. We had many a talk on this point at the 34th St. school which finally resulted in a call for a meeting of interested parties at Dr. Beckwith's dental parlors on 42nd St. That old superstition about thirteen didn't hold good in this case, as that was the number exactly who proceeded to count each others' noses on the evening agreed upon. But we meant business. I was the baby, although a voter with a side whisker that most people, in my opinion, were inclined to admire. I suppose this was the initial gathering in this country where every one present was a full grown, able bodied man. I shall never forget it myself. There was Superintendent Dunlap of the N. Y. orphan asylum, whose hair was just as white as snow. Next to him sat Prof. Miller, who was and is now the head of Packard's Business College. A handsome man over six feet in height, with a long flowing iron gray beard. Adding to these the gentlemen I have before mentioned, I think will satisfy almost anyone that the unspoken desire to be fastidious was justifiable. There was no time wasted in wrangling. That important point, the name, was at once adopted on the suggestion of Prof. Miller, "Citizens," which being interpreted, meant that a candidate to be eligible must have attained his majority. The election of officers was gotten over with equal dispatch. A committee on constitution and quarters having been elected, we adjourned, and so ended the first meeting of the Citizen's Club. If the editor's scissors do not need oiling by the time he gets this ready for the press, I will continue my story in my next letter, and try and recall some of the good times we had as well.

VERAX.

The Lamp Ordinance in Jersey.



Desperate Wheelman: I am a peaceable, law abiding citizen, but if these pests don't quit following me, I'll put out the light and defy the law.

In and Around Newark.

"SEND us a letter covering everything in your reach and be quick about it." What an easy matter for an editor to order out his team of thoroughbreds, (all editors are supplied with them in the east) drive to the telegraph office and wire the above to a poor luckless devil of a scribe, who, perchance, has been haunting soup-houses for a month with the hope that he may be blessed with even a piece of mouldy bread. But the editor, rolling as he does in the lap of luxury, (all editors roll thusly in the east,) keeps right on wiring, "Why're you keeping back that letter?"

Were it allowable, I might fill up the best part of the GAZETTE in expressing my views on road racing, but as I've pretty thoroughly ventilated the matter in the past few weeks, I shall use but little space for it here. There is one thing which I don't propose to let go by, however, and that is *in re* the following, which has gone the rounds of the local papers, and was copied by the *American Wheelman*: "Road racing has its firmest hold in New Jersey, and yet it is a notable fact that the prominent officers of the New Jersey clubs, members of the Road Racing Association, are opposed to the continuance of the sport."

I would like to impress the fact upon the minds of every rider of the whirling wheel, who chances to run his eye over this page that the above assertion is *an unqualified falsehood*, and whoever the author may be, he is either unacquainted with our New Jersey riders and their views, or else to *answer some purpose of his own*, has willfully misrepresented them. The fact is that *only one* New Jersey club has taken official action in regard to road racing. I have inquired here and there among members of different clubs, and nowhere can I find any one who agrees with Mr. Luscomb's or Dr. Blackham's views.

One prominent wheelman, whom I approached on the subject, thus expressed himself: "As long as we meet with no opposition from the local authorities, we propose to run off our semi-annual road races, and, if a few 'sore heads' disapprove of the sport, let them remain away. I claim to be as loyal to the League as any man on the roll, but I do not propose to allow them to tell me that I can't take a brush on the road when the local authorities say I can."

This is substantially the opinion of all with whom I have talked. A few days ago I strolled out to the Irvington-Milburn course for the purpose of interviewing some of the people living along the road. I approached a dozen or more, some of them old gray haired farmers, and one and all expressed the wish that "the boys could only arrange to come around oftener than twice a year, for," said one gentleman, a farmer, "this place is entirely devoid of excitement of any kind, and I tell you it does us good to see the boys enjoying themselves on their iron horses once in a while."

Any person has the right to turn his back upon that of which he disapproves, but

when it comes to two or three men endeavoring to win 11,000 over to their way of thinking, they'll find they've a "hard road to travel."

The following circular dated Sept. 9, '87, is self-explanatory: "The New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association not being able by reason of lack of funds, to conduct a race meeting of any magnitude this season, an effort is being made by the wheelmen of the vicinity interested in racing to collect by subscription an amount (estimated at \$800) large enough to warrant them in undertaking to get up a two days' meeting, to be held at the earliest practicable date. It is proposed to issue shares in the enterprise at \$1 each, to the amount of \$800, the shareholders to elect from their number a Board of Management, and to receive four tickets of admission for each share held, as well as a certificate entitling them to a pro rata share of the profits. This is virtually only a guarantee of the sale of 3,200 tickets, and as every subscriber will receive his proportion of any profits that may accrue, this scheme should enlist the support of every wheelman within twenty miles of the track. Should we fail to receive subscriptions to the amount specified, all subscriptions advanced will be returned."

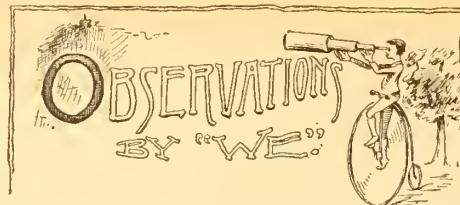
During the late race meet of the Cycling Association at Roseville, an incident occurred which reflects anything but credit upon one of the professionals. When the race was called for which he was entered, he said, when asked if he was going to start: "Yes, for ten dollars I'll start." "Well, that's a funny piece of business," said his interrogator. "You came here to ride and take your chances with the rest." "That's all right, as far as it goes," he said, "but unless I'm guaranteed ten dollars, I will not start."

As he did not start it may be taken for granted that no "guarantee" was forthcoming. What he did get however, was a first-class tongue lashing from one of our local dealers, and I am rather inclined to think that the Roseville track will know him no more.

The first issue of the GAZETTE from its new home has met with a royal reception in this part of the world. Cyclers seem to all be with you in thinking that a monthly is "no good" as a dispenser of news, which must necessarily be thread bare before it reaches them from such a source. The tone of the paper kept up to its old standard with the added feature of illustration of a high order should combine to give you a grand circulation in a very short time.

EAGLE ROCK.

Howell is coming to race Rowe. The last advices say Howell is going to Germany. Howell will not come over to race Rowe. Harry Corey says Howell is coming. Daniels has direct advices that Howell is coming over. Howell says he won't come this year. Morgan says Howell declines to come. Kennedy-Child has a special cablegram from Howell saying he is on the way. There they are. Take your choice.—*Bulletin*.



JUST after the Crawfordsville road race, the boys who had done much scientific loafing on the course come down to Indianapolis to enjoy a social loaf at the RECORD office.

Bob Neilson was laying stretched out on the lounge, (poor Bob had been working terribly hard,) Billy Rhodes and George Hill were swaping snake stories in the sanctum, and Daniels was out in the composing room trying to learn the case, when the mail carrier brought in a large official looking envelope addressed to W. A. Rhodes.

Billy studied over the post mark for a long time, wondering which one of the girls could have written to him. We suggested that he might receive some light on the subject by opening the envelope. He opened it and found a request for his signature and that of any other cycling celebrities who might be with him. "Here, Hill," he said, "you're at the desk, just put down your own name and mine and Bob's and Charley's," and George swung his pen around and turned out four of the prettiest signatures you ever saw.

Davis of Crawfordsville surprised all of us when he jumped onto the track with a three minute gate, early this season, without giving any one the slightest warning; still we doubt if he surprised us much more than he recently did a certain bull dog which holds forth along the Richmond road. Davis was bowling along at a brisk gait when the dog jumped at him, coming in front, the rider quickly slipped off his saddle and down the back bone, and the next instant his machine skipped over the brute and left an impression on the dog's ribs and memory that will last for years.

We have often wondered why some maker of cycling sundries does not get up a rubber squirt that will hold about half a pint of chyenne pepper water for use upon vicious dogs. Such an instrument would be a weapon of defense and quite a source of satisfaction to the wheelmen. In severe cases it could be used on the road hog with salutary effect.

Speaking of racing we would like to call your attention to the eminent appropriateness of accepting the shot cat as the typical embodiment of speed. A cat can, with the greatest ease, lap milk or any thing else that runs.

We have no desire to return to old times with its rude cycling contrivances, but we would be willing to throw away our easy hammock saddles and return to the old time pig skin saddle if we could be assured that it was made from the skin of a road hog.

Speaking of saddles we observe that there

is a young man over in Ohio who is trying to win the championship away from the Club Liar. He says, that a few weeks ago on a long tour he sat on his saddle so long that it hatched out little tool bags.

If nobody will laugh, we would like to observe that the old maids belong to "the great army of the unattached."

Rural Directions to Strangers.

Don't know; ask next man.

Second house after you pass the cabin with a big black dog.

It's the second house beyond the one that has a red barn with a big door chalked up. That's Bob Smith's account of his chicken crop.

Take the fork of the road on your left hand, then go on till you come to the big elm. When you get there, if anybody comes along ask them.

It's just three miles and an eighth. There are seven houses on the left and six on the right. That makes it the fourteenth. Go straight ahead.

It is about two looks from here. Go to the top of that hill and take a look. Then go as far as you saw; take another look. When you get there, you'll see it.

Turn round the little church to the right. Keep the ridge on your left. Go half a mile, three-quarters, perhaps a mile. If you know the man you're after, you'll find him along there.

Take your second right hand road; cross two left hand roads and take your third. Don't go up the first right hand road, but take the second. There's a well-sweep in the front yard, and a wheel pump in the barnyard.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BICYCLE.—You might think that only the legs would be exercised by riding a wheel, but it is a fact that a beginner feels the effects first in his shoulders and back. The muscles of the trunk, particularly above the sides and abdomen, are also used a great deal. Although the action of the legs appear to be similiar to their action in walking it is found that six muscles in the calf not used at all in walking are brought into play. You can work those muscles by rising on your toes, but in walking they are not exercised. The speed attainable on ordinary roads in a ride of four or five hours taking in comfortably and not trying to make a record, will average about eight miles an hour. It is a good horse that will keep up that gait. Expert riders can out-travel any horse that ever wore shoes in a twenty-four hour journey, but that, of course, is a feat of endurance. For practical, reasonable travel, the bicycle is superior to a horse on good roads, and is by no means a plaything or an athlete's apparatus. It is a business and pleasure vehicle, and ought to be so considered in the road laws.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Kenneth Brown, of Chicago recently toured from that city to New York.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story."—O. W. Co. Catalog.

♦ AMONG THE MANY BATTLES ♦

WHICH GRACE THE SHIELD OF THE VICTOR ARE THE NAMES OF

CLARKSVILLE,
"BIG 4" 100 MILES,

♦ "4 BIG 4" ♦

CRAWFORDSVILLE,
BOSTON 100 MILES,

ALL 100-MILE EVENTS, OPEN TO THE WORLD.

MANY RACES,

Including such as "The Eastern Club Race," "The Wanderers' Road Race," etc., have been won on VICTORS, but we mention only the fields which have been open to all comers. THE VICTOR FEARS NO COMPETITION, and glories in no race where any rider is barred.

In several instances, where a choice of different bicycles was given the winner as a prize, the VICTOR has been chosen.

♦
OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE. - BOSTON.

ALL FORGED STEEL!

ALL INTERCHANGEABLE!

ALL GUARANTEED!

ALL RIGHT!

ALL VICTOR!

VICTOR

• **VICTOR** •

IT WILL OUT-COAST
“OLD COASTER” HIMSELF,
AND THEY DO SAY
THE TIRES STAY IN.

BETTER SEE IT.

CATALOG FREE.

OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE. - BOSTON.

"The Machine Has Come to Stay."

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH

—BY—

DR. J. B. HELWIG AT THE BANQUET OF THE OHIO DIVISION AT SPRINGFIELD.

The topic or the sentiment upon which I am to speak—"The Machine Has Come to Stay"—and which I think ought to stay—and which I think will stay—especially if it provides occasions like this. This topic or sentiment, however, is a subject which also possesses more than the ordinary degree of gravity. In fact, it involves the very center of gravity, as those frequently discover who have anything to do with it—especially the first time.

The modern vehicle which you now handle with such facility and which also serves you with such excellence and perfection has, however, like all great institutions or inventions, come up to you somewhat slowly, but not unusually so. The progress of great reforms is frequently measured by centuries. So also this great reform in traveling.

* * * * *

The first machine in the evolution of the bicycle was called the Draisine. We are told that in 1816 a gentleman who called himself Baron von Drais—a Frenchman, or Hollander, judging from the middle guide wheel in his name (a sort of tricycle trying to invent a bicycle)—constructed a machine consisting of two wheels, one before the other, connected by a bar.

And that the rider sat astride of the bar, and propelled the contrivance by striking his feet on the ground, and directed it by means of handles that guided the forewheel. In 1818 this machine, with some improvements, was introduced into England, and the next year, into New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other places in this country, and for a time it was very popular. Then we are told that in 1863 a Frenchman applied cranks to the fore wheel of the Draisine or the Celerifere—or the velocipede, as it was then also called—having previously observed that at a certain rate of speed equilibrium could be maintained with it by deflecting its course according to its inclination. These are terms, gentlemen, which you fully understand; I am not so sure whether I do or not. But you will observe that what the machine wanted before there could be any reasonable hope of its success was a crank or two. And these, you notice, were on the fore wheel of the machine. That fact is also significant. A crank or two on the fore wheel of the coming machine and also on a machine, remember, that has come to stay. You will not fail to remember that. Then we are still informed that in 1866 another Frenchman came to America, and in partnership with an American, took out a patent for this improved velocipede, but that for several years this machine was chiefly employed in illustrating patent office reports.

But in 1868 it suddenly became popular. Merchants, mechanics, students, lawyers, ministers and ladies, all classes of people, then began to use it. Riding schools and depots of supply were opened in all the large

towns. And so the furor continued until it culminated in 1869. But two years later the "bone shaker," as that machine was popularly called, was a thing of past. But the bone shaker was nevertheless, the parent of the modern bicycle.

It had two wheels of nearly equal size made of wood, and with iron tires, the handles being placed midway between the wheels. An Englishman enlarged the size of the fore wheel and brought the saddle more directly over it, and decreased the size of the rear wheel proportionately. Another Englishman invented the suspension wheel, and an American suggested the rubber tire: All of which improvements were made in 1868. The first bicycle was imported from England into this country in 1876, and was exhibited at the centennial exposition. And further, in 1877, the first company for importing bicycles was established; and in 1878, the first American company for their manufacture was organized. Now there is an annual sale of from 6,000 to 10,000 machines. The number in use in the United States, not including boys' machines, is over 30,000, and the number in use in Great Britain is between 200,000 and 300,000.

And so the evolution of the machine that has come to stay, is about this: The brain of Baron von Drais begot the draisine, the draisine begot the velocipede, the velocipede begot the "bone shaker," and the bone shaker begot the bicycle, and the bicycle begot the tricycle and the quadricycle, with still other nondescript cycles besides those.

* * * * *

Then notice the difference in health and risk in favor of the bicycle. You don't need to take out an accident policy for the bicycle or have its life insured. It never gets the glanders, or the heaves, or the spavin, or the scratches, or the poll evil. The rider sometimes gets these, but the bicycle never does. It is subject to none of the ills to which horse flesh is heir.

There are also decided moral considerations in favor of the bicycle. For instance, you begin to talk about a horse, you will find that it is sometimes a difficult thing to stick to facts, and especially to all the facts, in talking about a horse, and more especially, also, if you are dealing in horses. There is no other animal about which one may make so many misleading remarks as about a horse.

Josh Billings has said: "I don't know what is that a man can trade cows and be pious, or swap oxen, and be a good deacon, or even negotiate dogs and be looked upon favorably, but when he goes into the hoss trading enterprise, if he can't cheat he ain't happy." There is nothing of that in the bicycle business, in any way. Of course there may be a reason for this misconception about a horse as compared with a bicycle. You can't see a horse like you can see a bicycle. In order that I might have something to say on this subject this evening, Bro. Olds a few days ago took one of his bicycles all apart for my benefit, and explained every thing about it, then he put it together again. It was as good as it had been before. But that can't be done with a horse, if you want to use him afterwards as a horse.

One more reason why the bicycle has come to stay, and why it ought to stay, and why we also think that it will stay, is because it takes a sober man to ride it. It requires a steady nerve, and properly used it will also give steady nerves. A reeling habit will not do for a bicycle rider. And it punishes everyone that tries to ride it when he is not sober.

Sooner or later it will unceremoniously unload him and then also try to fall on top of him besides. We don't know what we would give if every man in Springfield was always in a condition to ride a bicycle. That would help the years of true progress to roll on amazingly.

And so we then say in conclusion, let this gift of the century come to all countries; let it go along quietly, as if conscious of its power and its usefulness and its permanence; let it assert its supremacy soberly and then everywhere will it go to stay.

Questions to the Editor.

ED. GAZETTE:

I would like to ask you a few questions in regard to touring. What is the best route from Oskosh to Kokomo? In touring do you consider a portable cook stove or a rubber coat essential to comfort? Do you not think that the bicycle used for touring purposes will ultimately wipe out the great railroad monopolies that are sapping the vitality of our fair land? Do you consider touring a good way to acquire prominence in cycling circles and get your name put in the papers?

Fraternally yours,

ARCHIBALD.

DEAR ARCHIBALD:

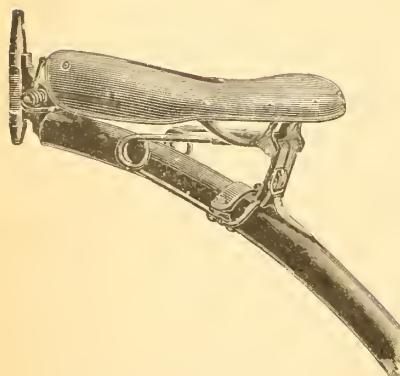
In coming to us for information on various topics, you have displayed an amount of astuteness that will no doubt be a pleasant surprise to your large circle of relatives. We are head quarters for information and those desiring anything in our line, should not fail to give us a call, as we manufacture all our own information and save you one profit.

To go from Oskosh to Kokomo, start south from Oskosh on the old Sandheap road, and proceed for some distance. When you come to a place where a spotted cow is laying by the side of the road, turn to your right. If the cow does not happen to be laying there yet, you had better ask some one in the neighborhood to point out the locality where a white cow with large bilious spots reclined on the morning of June 15th, 1885. In case the party does not seem to recollect the occurrence, you might freshen his memory by alluding to the fact that an eminent looking gentleman was passing on a bicycle at the time.

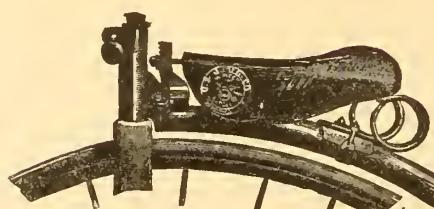
Turning to the right, as we said before, go several miles of sandy road until you come to a plain whitewashed building used as a livery stable. The livery stable and two or three houses that cluster around it are geographically known as Skin City. Old man Skinner who runs the stable, will be better able than I, to tell you the rest of the way to Kokomo, for he did most of the driving.

The prudent bicycle tourist will not carry

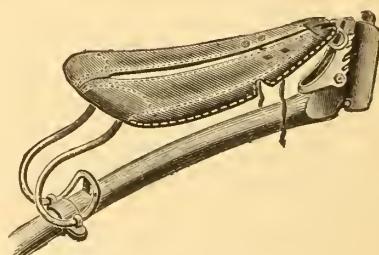
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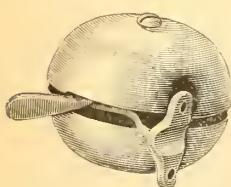


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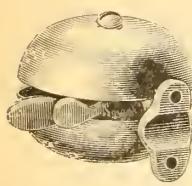


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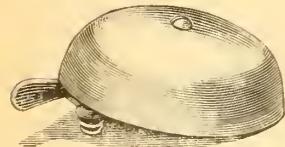
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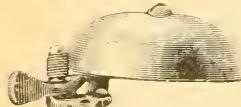
The Superb, Price, \$2.00.



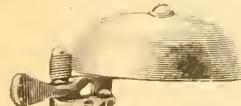
The Chiming. Price, \$1.50.



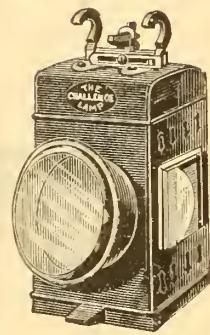
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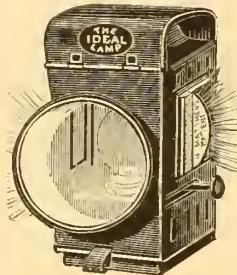
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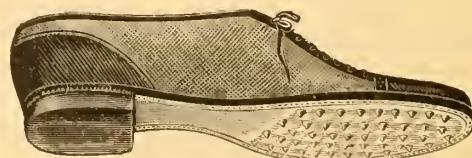
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as much baggage as if he were going to Saratoga to join in the mad whirl of summer society. We have found that the wheelman can indulge in enough mad whirls when dressed in an ordinary brown uniform.

We do not believe that a portable cook stove is absolutely essential to a successful tour, however we may be in error. A rubber coat will be found a very useful thing to have along; it will keep you cold in cool weather and hot in warm weather.

Personally, we are not as much down on the great railroad monopolies as we used to be in years past when we went to school and spent our spare moments in figuring out the great problems of State. We used to lay awake at night, trying to devise means to thwart these giant monopolies in their base schemes to undermine our developing civilization. At that time we might have grasped eagerly at the bicycle as a means of rescuing the government from the iron clasp of monopoly. Several times later in life we have found ourself and bicycle stuck on a soft, sandy road, and were rather glad to learn that a great railroad monopoly was existing about a mile ahead of us. I do not think it would be well for wheelmen to make any organized attempt to crush out the railroad monopoly so long as it is willing to monop at L. A. W., rates, with bicycles taken as baggage.

Touring is a very good way of getting your name in the cycling papers, there are also other ways that require less physical effort. You might invent a steam tricycle, or you could accomplish the desired result by permitting yourself to be run down by a street car. In case any of these ways of getting your name prominently before the cycling public do not suit, we will insert your name in four line pica antique caps, in the GAZETTE next to reading matter, at regular page rates.

EDITOR.

The Question.

WE were riding a tandem, she and I,
Down o'er the lane, by the grass grown lea,
And the great full moon in the fleecy sky
Was clouded anon, conveniently.

I thought, what more favorable time could be
To speak of my love, while the moon is masked:
Here in the shadow, surely she
Will answer me "yes", were the question asked.

So we wheeled along while I framed my vow.
Then this thought seized me: 'twill be no use,
Can I expect her to smile on me now.
When this tandem is jolting her back teeth loose?

ENVY.

When next the bold attempt I make
O, will she listen to my prayers?
Or will she even up affairs
By giving me the glorious shake?

Very many clubs encourage riding by offering medals for the best mileage of the year and for the longest run. Would it not be a good idea for the League to offer a few medals for riding records. A medal awarded for the best American mileage would be a valuable possession, and would be worked for. This hint is for the benefit of officials.—*Bulletin.*

Our Australian Correspondence.



THE "Jubilee Sporting Carnival," the opening of which took place the day prior to last mailing day, and to which I then made reference, has not resulted in a financial success to the promoters, who certainly produced the biggest thing in the way of carnivals yet seen in Australia. The weather continued unfavorable throughout, and marred what otherwise might have turned out a bonanza.

The cycle races were deferred to the fourth day in consequence of the unrideable state of the racing path, being then continued on the succeeding days Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The most interesting races were the "Invitation Amateur Scratch" event of five distances, one, three, five, ten and twenty miles, which brought out a strong field of Melbourne riders. An accident to his knee, deterred J. Busst from starting. The erstwhile Amateur Champion, F. A. Shackelford, who has ridden many a hard race for the title he held for many a day, came to the front in the five and ten mile events, and second in the longest distance, but W. G. C. Elliot secured three firsts, the twenty-mile, one-mile and three-mile, and took the trophy, with Shackelford second.

In the professional section, S. Clark, (Scotch champion) gained first place in a "Three Mile Handicap" race, with a start of forty yards from scratch. G. Wyburd, who pushed F. Wood so hard in the six days' race, taking second place. Events of local interest only, were also contested in a spirited manner. The details of the first event are as under:

"Invitation Scratch Race"—

First event—three miles: W. J. Elliot, 1st; A. McIvor, 2nd; F. Shackelford, 3rd. Time, 9 min. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Second event—five miles: F. H. Shackelford, 1st; McIvor, 2nd. Time, 16 min. 23 sec.

Third event—twenty miles: W. J. Elliot, 1st; Shackelford, 2nd; McIvor, 3rd.

Fourth event—one mile: W. J. Elliot, 1st; A. McIvor, 2nd; A. E. Browne, 3rd.

Fifth event—(final) ten miles: Shackelford, 1st; McIvor, 2nd; A. E. Browne, 3rd.

The new cycling institution, "The Victorian Wheelmen's Association," has held a first meeting and elected officers. Mr. H. S. Bole, who was interested in Con Dwyer when his case was being dealt with by the Victorian Cyclists Union, is credited with being the chief promoter of the new association and subsequent events certainly color that view, as he now stands as "President of the V. W. A." and Judge Casey, as one of the "Vice-Presidents;" Mr. Carithers as "Chairman," and Mr. G. A. Ward as hon. sec.

A month ago, the Colonial Wheeling Kingdom were on the tiptoe of expectation,

regarding threatened legal proceedings aenent the relegation of Mr. Con Dwyer to the professional ranks, but up to the present however, the matter has not concentrated into the form of an action-at-law, and apparently, not likely to.

F. Wood, has issued a challenge to Con Dwyer, the now professional champion of Australia, to race a series of events, one, three, five, ten and twenty-five miles, for the championship of the world, and £100 a side, the winner to score three events. 'Tis needless to say here, such an event would be a source of the greatest interest to Australians and would draw immensely, as Con is a favorite racer.

G. Wyburd, the New South Wales professional, has sent out a challenge to J. Rolf, of the same colony, to race a match for the professional championship of Australia. Wyburd states his willingness to meet Rolfe in a series of matches, or in a one distance match, of from 1 to 100 miles. Failing acceptance of this challenge, Wyburd will assume the title of champion of Australia.

The pioneer wheel club of Victoria, the Melbourne B. C., will hold their tenth annual Ball on the 19th of July, and at present the festive occasion is looked forward to as being one more of the many enjoyable annals of this club.

The match, for the amateur championship of Australia, which took place between Con Dwyer, of Victoria, and C. W. Bennett, of New South Wales, has been the means of the New South Wales Cyclists' Union, passing some stringent rules, such that will deter a repetition of the *fiasco*, Dwyer vs. Bennett, again, as the following rules show:

1. The sanction of the N. S. W. C. U., shall not, under any circumstances whatever, be given to a race, or race meeting held by any private person or persons.

2. That no amateur cycle race, or cycle race meetings shall be described or advertised as "intercolonial," "international," "champion" or "championship," (excepting club championship) without the express sanction of the council of the Union.

On the 27th of June last, a "special" meeting was held and a motion carried to the following effect: "that the Council is dissatisfied with the recent actions, decisions and general harmony of the Executives, and as it considers a re-construction desirable, request the Executives to tender their resignations to facilitate the carrying out of their object." This course of action has arisen owing to dissatisfaction among N. S. W. wheelmen over the Dwyer affair, referred to in my previous letter.

That portion of the winter season, which we have experienced up to the present, has proved unusually wet and cold, quite un-Australian-like, a fact borne out by comparison with previous years, which goes to show that Jubilee year, that much of it which we have had, at any rate, has been uncommonly wet and has not been equalled or exceeded for something like forty years or more, in rainfall. This, in some measures, must account for the sort of depression in cycling experience that we are undergoing

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In Sandhurst, the busiest inland city of Victoria, that is notably apparent and the necessity of laying by the cycle in storage, is almost forced upon the most ardent of votaries of the wheel, yet, notwithstanding the additional labor entailed in forcing one's way through the mud and rain, there are many who do so, and plod away in preference to adopting other and cleaner means of coming to and from their respective callings in the city.

The Jubilee bicycle race of five miles, which was to have been held on the local race course in connection with the Jubilee horse race meeting on the 21st of June last, was abandoned owing to the unfit state of the surface for cycle racing.

The Sandhurst C. C., the strongest of the clubs, held its fifth half yearly meeting on Friday (8th) evening last, at the club rooms, Shamrock Hotel, a goodly attendance of members being present. The financial position of the club was shown by the balance sheet to be very satisfactory. Following the election of officers, the members joined in drinking toasts to the retiring officers, newly elected ones, and the future welfare of the club, in a hearty manner. At intervals, several vocal numbers were effectively rendered by members, and quite a pleasant time was spent. The Annual Club Ball and Supper has been fixed for the 3rd of August in one of the best halls in the city, and promises to be unusually enjoyable.

An adrt. in the *Bendigo Independent* of a few days back appeared, drawing the attention of Sandhurst wheelmen to the expected early arrival of K. K's., doomsday book, "XM Miles on a Bicycile," some thirty-five of whom are interested. In the same paper an editorial appeared, giving the book a short but favorable notice, judged from advance sheets in the hands of Mr. Parry, who is the Australian agent for the volume.

The ten miles V. C. U., champion has been brought to book for an apparent infringement of the amateur definition to wit, in accepting a check for the value of his trophy, won at a meeting not held under the V. C. U., sanction, the rules of which states that trophies must consist of plate or such like. I understand that the matter is under consideration, and a decision will be arrived at shortly.

The Sydney sporting paper, *The Referee*, in a recent issue, gave a full length cut of C. W. Bennett (and machine) the Amateur Champion Cyclist of Australia. Accompanying it with a sketch of his racing career from 1883 to 1887.

Sandhurst will shortly be able to record the possession of a second cycle track, which it is confidently expected will thoroughly fit for use for the ensuing Christmas and New Year sports. An application, at

this early date, has already been made by a prominent and influential society, for the use of the grounds and track at Christmas and New Year, for the sports purposes, including amateur and professional wheel races.

Skating rinks have grown popular in Victoria this winter, and the amusement seems to have boomed in the metropolis and the more important country cities and towns.

A company is in course of formation in Sydney, N. S. W., for the purpose of purchasing one of Singer's "Victorias" ten in hand.

OLEVYN.

in him if he only knew how to develope it. He works hard, and I believe he would do some good on the track if he would stick to one wheel long enough, but he is always changing his mount. The first part of last season he was riding an Ordinary, the latter part, a Star; now he is on a Rover. He expects to do great things with his new machine, and he is training on it all the time, in fact we boys think he runs training in the ground.

"We were talking about this matter the other day and I said to the other boys, that if they would help me a little I would break

him of the training habit. The captain wanted to know what I was going to do, but I said 'Cap, you just rely on my superior judgement in this matter. All I want you and the rest to do is to fall in and follow me whenever I give the wink. I'll set the pace for this little run.'

"So we all went out to the track that afternoon. We were there early and the racing man had not come yet. I hung around the gate waiting for him, and when he came up the street and swung from his wheel, I turned toward him with an anxious look that I had prepared for the occasion and said, 'Careful, old boy; you hadn't ought to jump that way, what have you been doing to yourself anyhow?' He looked as though he didn't know what to make of me, and I kept on, 'what's the matter with you, anyhow; have you been over-training?' Then he laughed and answered, 'I'm all right, what's the matter with you, crazy again?'

I let him pass, for I saw that the Captain was standing near the dressing tent waiting for him. 'Why, what's the matter?' asked Cap, 'you're looking pale, did you strain yourself yesterday?' The Racing Man seemed a little worried at this, he thought a moment and then said, 'no, I didn't hurt myself that I know of, and I feel all right, only just a little bit off.' As he disappeared inside the tent, the Captain winked at the Secretary who came to his post.

"Presently he came out again, dressed for training. The Secretary gave him one steady sweeping glance and then began gravely, 'My dear boy, you're not going to train to-day, why you'll injure yourself. Did you notice how pale he looks, fellows. The boys all nodded solemnly, and the Racing Man admitted that although he was feeling a little sick, he was not so badly off as that.

"While the boys were gravely protesting with him, the Club Poet came onto the grounds, he approached the group, looked over his spectacles with grave concern and asked: 'what's the matter with you, had a chill?' 'No,' said the Racing Man, 'it's just a sick feeling that came on me suddenly; it will pass off as soon as I get to riding.'

"At the suggestion of riding we all raised



Touring Wheelman, (with pronounced English accent.) "Aw, me good fellah, can you tell me if there is a cyclist in the neighborhood."

Citizen of Jay County. "Sicklist, I should remark they was! The Browns is all shakin' with the ager, an old Squire Barks is down agin with the rhumatiz, an Bud Weanslow got his arm broke over at the brick-yard, an' the preachers' folks is all broke out with the measles. Reckon it's about the biggest sick list we've had fer more'n a year.



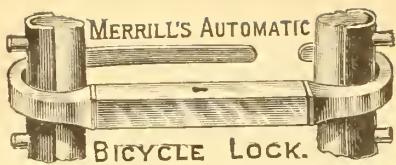
NEARLY all the members were at the club room, entertaining a tourist from Peoria, when the Racing Man entered, cast a gloomy, dark blue look about him, and went out again without saying a word to any one.

"What's the matter with that chap?" asked the tourist from Peoria.

"Oh, he's our racer," the Club Liar answered, "he's mad at me and the rest of the boys; gets that way every time we try to have a little fun with him."

"So?" said the tourist, and the Club Liar went on to explain the situation.

"You see, the Racing Man has been doing considerable training for a tournament we're going to hold next week. He has some speed



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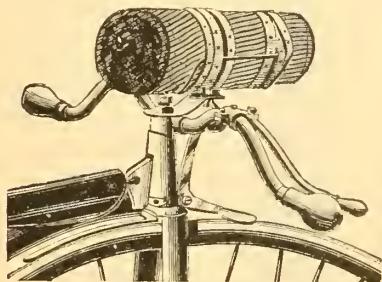
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Made of kangaroo or dongoa, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$4. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured by

W. H. KELLOGG & CO., Palmer, Mass.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS!

USE HANCOCK'S LIQUID ENAMEL. BECAUSE

It has no superior for Bicycles and Tricycles. Every bottle is full size and warranted to give satisfaction. A fine brush is given with every bottle. It is only 50 cents per bottle.

I can fit ANY BICYCLE with COW-HORN
HANDLE-BARS for \$4.50 per pair.

SIDNEY J. FRANCIS,
Special Terms to Dealers. FITCHBURG, MASS.

IT WILL CERTAINLY PAY YOU

TO SEND TO

HOWARD A. SMITH
& CO.

Newark, N. J.

FOR ANYTHING YOU MAY WANT
IN THE CYCLE LINE.



See their NEW CATALOGUE.

MURRAY'S.

100 Sudbury Street, Boston,

Is the place to have your repairs done, as he keeps a large stock of parts for repairing all kinds. Prices low. Second-hand machines wanted. Send 2-cent stamp for catalogue of American wheels.



a howl of protest, but we finally compromised on allowing him to go around the track a few times with pace makers, if he would promise not to try to run away from them. 'We will set a slow pace the Captain said, and if you will just stay with us and not try to get ahead, you won't hurt yourself—much.'

"We helped him on his wheel and gave him a shove off, while the Captain started to make pace. The Racing Man worked hard, but moved along slowly while the Captain shot ahead a few rods, then moved onto the middle of the track and stood still until the Racing Man caught up with him. All of us were looking our solemnest, and the Secretary remarked to me loud enough to be heard some distance that the Racing Man's weakness and general prostration was pitiable to see.

"When he caught up with the Captain, he kept right along at a snail's pace, working to the full limit of his strength, while the Captain put on a spurt and coasted around to the quarter pole where he waited for the Racing Man and made him dismount and rest. The Poet very thoughtfully took him a bottle of jamaica ginger which he urged him to partake of freely.

"After a while we permitted him to start again, he pegged along in the same style until within about twenty rods of the stand. Then he dismounted again, but not at the suggestion of his pacemaker, for the Captain had been in several minutes. He dismounted and examined his wheel. I didn't wait till he finished, but left right away, so I didn't see him come in, but the other boys tell me that he walked the wheel up the track, and there was a wicked fire in his eye, and no indications of sickness about him as he yelled, 'Just point out the miserable, low-lived promature, who set up this job on me and reversed these gearing wheels, and I'll just break him open and rip the gearing clear out of him!'

"They explained to him that I had been called away on important business; some of the boys tried to explain the joke to him, but he was so thick headed that he couldn't see it. That's what he was so glum about. I don't like a fellow who can't take a joke now and then, especially when it is carefully explained to him afterwards."

A half hour thereafter as the Club Liar arose to go, he left a large section of his pants in the possession of a chunk of tire cement that had previously been placed on the seat of his chair, and although the boys tried to point out the joke and make it all perfectly clear to him, he refused to see it, but left the club room after making a standing challenge to whip the best man in the club with one hand tied behind him.

THEY KNEW HIM.—Applicant: "Are you in need of a collector? I have good references here from Blank & Son, my late employers."

Bicycle Agent: "Why did you leave them?"

Applicant: "Well, you see, their customers got so they all knew me and could dodge me, which necessitated a change."—*Cycling.*

Bicycling in Wild Countries.

THOMAS STEVENS IN *Harper's Young People.*

Many are the adventures I had by "field and flood" as well as from coming in contact with semi-civilized peoples.

When I arrived at the Sierra Nevada Mountains I found the roads buried beneath ten feet of snow, and the mountains utterly impassable for a wheelman. Through this snowy region, however, the Central Pacific Railroad Company has built a snow-shed forty miles long over their track, so that the road may not be blockaded in the winter.

The only way to cross the mountains was to take the train, or to trundle my bicycle through the long gloomy snow-sheds for forty miles, in which I might well expect to find no rideable ground the whole way. As I had set out with the determination to use no other mode of travelling than the bicycle, except, of course, when crossing the oceans, I concluded to wheel my own way through the snow-sheds.

At the eastern end of the long tunnel-like shed is a real tunnel burrowing through a rocky mountain, a dark and dismal place at the best, for the smoke from passing trains lingers there long after the train had passed by. As I wheeled through this tunnel, proceeding with great caution to avoid stepping into the culverts and water ways, the darkness was so dense that it was impossible to see anything. In the pitchy darkness I never could tell whether, in case a train should come thundering along, there would be room for me to get out of the way or not.

As if in reply to my own imaginations concerning the matter, when about in the middle of the tunnel and in its most gloomy depths, I heard the rumbling roar of an approaching train. The clatter and din of the train made it difficult to judge how far it might be away, as it filled the whole tunnel with a deafening rumble, and more than Egyptian darkness reigned about me.

Feeling the way with my foot, I gained the outer edge of the tunnel on the right, but the space between the rocky side and the rail seemed too small to stand in without being struck by the train. Crossing over to the other side, as near as I could tell in the dark, the same state of affairs seemed to exist there also. Nearer and nearer came the rushing train, and it seemed as if I were doomed to be caught and mangled. Fearing to make matters worse by moving about in the uncertainty of affairs about me, I flattened myself against the rocks as well as possible, and awaited the result with what composure was possible under the circumstances.

The fitful glow of the engines' fires (for it was a long, heavy freight train with three engines) revealed to my eager vision a somewhat wider space a few yards further along. Springing thither with the eagerness of a person escaping from the jaws of death, I reached the place but a moment before the cow-catcher of the leading engine swept past.

The smoke of the three engines was nearly suffocating, and if the tunnel was pitchy dark before, no word can properly describe

the dense, palpable character of the darkness after the three puffing engines had filled it with sulphurous smoke. I did not linger to find out whether my apprehensions about my first place of refuge were well grounded or not, but I started at once to grope my way through the awful darkness and dense smoke toward the end of the tunnel, which I reached an hour later without further adventure, except stumbling into a culvert or two.

One day I found myself on the banks of the Humboldt River at a point where there was no bridge or boat or no other means of crossing, and where it was too deep to ford and carry the bicycle over. This was in the earlier stages of the journey, when I had not yet learned by experience the things which were most likely to be needed for assisting me to overcome such obstacles as bridgeless streams.

It would have been a very easy matter to swim the river and carry my clothes tied in a compact bundle; but to swim and carry a bicycle is an impossible feat. While searching up and down the stream for some shallower spot to ford, I fortunately found two fence posts that had floated down from some ranch and lodged in a bend of the river. By lashing these to the bicycle to keep it from sinking, I was now able to swim across and push the floating wheel ahead, gaining the opposite bank with very little trouble.

Several months later, reflecting that I should most likely find a good many streams without bridges or ferry-boats in Asia, I equipped myself for that portion of the journey with a small strong rope, which I wound around the axle of the large wheel as the most convenient place to carry it. I found this very handy one day when crossing a wild stretch of country on the boundary line between Persia and Afghanistan, known among the natives as the *Dasht-i-na-oomid*, or Desert of Despair.

There had been a heavy rain-storm the previous night, and the water had come down from the mountains on the edge of the desert and filled up a deep gully that was usually dry. The stream was over a man's head, and the current was swift enough to take one fairly off his feet; but it was not very wide, and a good swimmer would have no difficulty in crossing with a small bundle. There were no fence posts or anything of the kind here, however, and I had reason to thank my good fortune for having the rope. First taking over the saddle and everything the water would be likely to injure, I fastened one end of the rope securely to the head of the bicycle, and swam across with the other end. It was now a very easy matter to pull the bicycle through the water, wash the mud off, replace the saddle, and resume my journey.

On one particular occasion, however, I remember, the rope was of no avail, being too short for so wide a stream as I unexpectedly found myself called upon to cross without assistance. This was in Khorassan, a province in the northeast of Persia.

Owing to the difficulty of keeping in the proper course in a country where the only roads are the trails worn across the plains

and mountains by horses and camels, I had taken the wrong trail. The dim track that I had been following for more than thirty miles across an uninhabited region I found out to be an old caravan route that had been abandoned for years. The reason it had been abandoned was because of the treacherous nature of the Goonabad River, which the trail crossed in a desolate piece of country where no assistance could be obtained.

Reaching the banks of this river near sunset, I found it to be a broad, muddy stream, flowing silently along between wall-like banks of red clay twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the plain. The banks were very steep and difficult to climb up or down. The bed of the stream seemed more like a huge crack or fissure in the upper crust of the earth than anything else.

I saw at a glance that my rope was too short to be of much use here, and I stood for a minute or so on the bank wondering whether by taking the bicycle to pieces I should be able to swim across with it piece by piece. No time was to be lost in idle speculation, for night was coming on apace, and no sign of human habitation was anywhere visible. Clambering down the steep bank with a good deal of difficulty, I undressed and waded in to try the depth. To my great relief I found it shallow enough to ford, and without more ado tied my clothes in a bundle and started to carry them across.

Walking confidently along, I was more than half way across, when the ground suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and in a moment I was completely engulfed beneath the yellow flood. Below the thin crust that had broken through with my weight there seemed to be no bottom. Fearful lest I should be drawn by the undercurrent into the watery cavern that seemed to exist below the bed of the river, I let go my clothes and regained the surface. The clothes were wrapped tightly in my rubber coat, so that they didn't get very wet, and I had little difficulty in recovering them and swimming ashore.

Myself and my clothes, money and revolver we now safely over the stream. So far so good; but the bicycle was still on the other side, and with the bicycle for a burden it would be a serious misadventure to break through as I had done with the clothes. I should probably get tangled up in the wheel and be unable to rise to the surface. To attempt to swim with the large wheel seemed also to invite disaster.

Going further down-stream I found that the river there was too deep to ford at all. Coming back again, I forded it a little to one side of where I had broken through, and testing the bottom thoroughly by jumping up and down, finally found a spot where it bade fair to hold me and the bicycle up.

It was very difficult to follow precisely the same track, owing to the muddy nature of the water, and it can well be believed that, with the bicycle on my head, I moved forward with extreme caution, feeling well every step ahead before taking it. Once the crust gave way again, letting me down several inches, but at this place the second bot-

tom was but a little below the first, and I quickly recovered my footing. By this time it was getting almost dark; but I succeeded in reaching the opposite bank safely with the bicycle after all.

Not many days after this adventure I found my rope even more handy than usual. The Ameer of Kain had sent three horsemen to guide and escort me over a wild stretch of country on the Afghan frontier. The first stream we came to was too deep for their horses, and so these worthies, instead of helping me across, wanted to go back and tell the Ameer that the way was impassable. This I absolutely refused to listen to, and swimming over, I pulled the bicycle across as usual with the rope. Seeing me on the other side, and afraid to try and swim their horses, my bold escort were in a sad way, as they were afraid to return without me to their chieftain. As they were also afraid to risk crossing the stream alone, I swam back, tied the rope to their horses' bridles, one at a time, and pulled them across, making the gallant *sowars* cling to their horses' tails for dear life.



Mr. Hasbeen Plays Lawn-Tennis.

"MAY I ASK," said old Mr. Hasbeen, as he leaned on the fence and gazed benignly at the young people playing lawn-tennis: "what you call that game you are playing?"

He was respectfully informed, by a fair young High School graduate, who supplemented a few interesting historical facts regarding the game as played by the ancient Romans, how it had fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude and been revived, revised, enlarged and improved within the past few years.

Being invited to come in and witness the game, Mr. Hasbeen accepted, and climbing the fence with that courtly grace for which he is so noted among his friends, he took a seat on the rustic bench by the fair girl graduate, for whom there was no room in the court; and after watching the play for a few minutes in silence, proceeded to make himself entertaining after his usual fashion.

"Yes; that looks as though it might be a pretty good game; but, after all, I don't suppose they'll ever study up any out-door amusements that'll come up to what we used to have when I was young. I don't know of anything that makes me think what a 'tarnal number of years I've lived on this earth, like the way young peoples' games has changed. Did you ever play 'Pull Away Fetch,' or 'Duck on the Rock?' No? I thought not; but boys and girls used to play 'em when I was young—but then they was strong o' limb and fleet o' foot in those days, and had to have something sort of exhilarating. Oh, no; I don't want to run down your game; but they'd 'a' laughed to see four great big healthy-looking folks trying to bound a ball

over a fish-net, and swipe it with a bat as big as a straw hat. They seem to be making pretty hard work of it, too, 'ithout accomplishing much. Now, when I was a youngster, there wa'n't a game I couldn't master right from the start. Take ball now, I—"

Just at this momont one of the players dropped out, and, after much solicitation, Mr. Hasbeen consented to take his place.

"Now, don't be at all backward 'cause I haven't played this game much," he remarked: "go right in on your mettle, and see how quick I'll catch on to the idea."

"Play!" cried the server on the other side, and the ball came sailing gracefully over the net. Mr. Hasbeen had struck a position, with the racket grasped firmly in both hands, his hat off, and his spectacles shoved away up into his hair, and when the ball bounded he struck at it with a mighty effort.

"How's that?" he shouted as soon as he had stopped turning around: "Did any of your out-fielders capture that? Whare did she strike?"

"Over by the woods somewhere, I guess," answered his pretty partner: "you mustn't hit quite so hard, Mr. Hasbeen; the game isn't to see how far you can knock the ball; but to keep it inside the white lines."

"All right; I'll soon get down to fine work; how does the count stand now?"

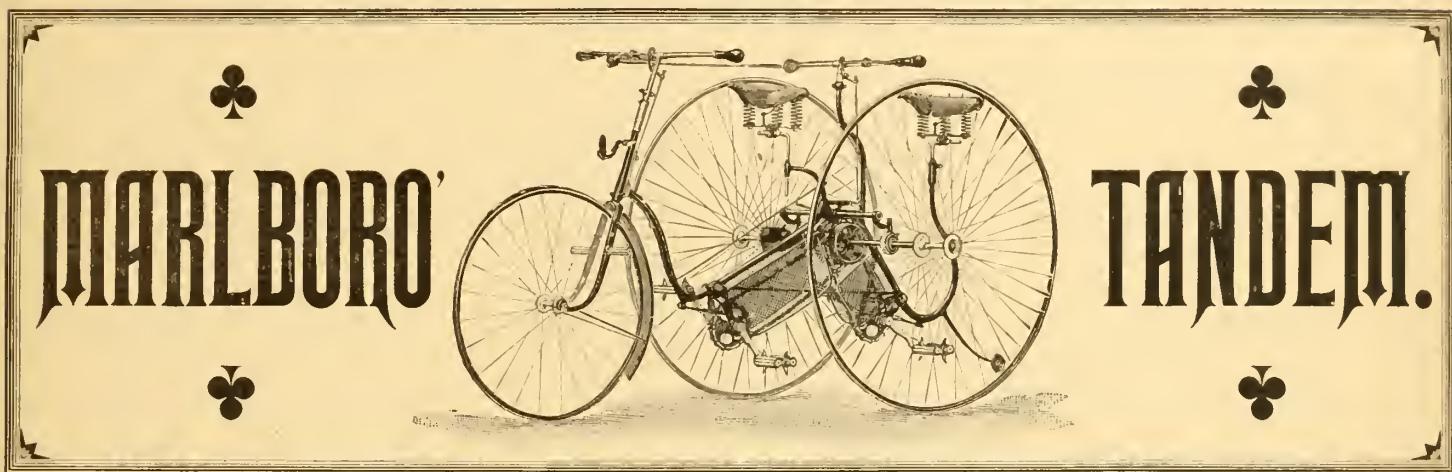
"Fifteen—Love."

Old Mr. Hasbeen blushed away up to the little bald spot on the top of his head, and he looked woefully confused and scared. The game went on; but Mr. Hasbeen stole quietly to the spectators' bench, gave up his racket to the High School graduate, pleaded an important engagement, picked up his hat, and, as he walked hurriedly away, the dutiful old man might have been heard to remark to himself, that while he knew he was fascinating, he never was no hand to flirt; and, any way, a married man had no business, when his wife was not present, to remain in the company of a beautiful young lady, who became smitten at first sight.

And, as the old man walked slowly home-ward, smoothing the nap on his hat with his coat-sleeve, some way he felt he had acted nobly.—C. N. Hood in *Puck*.

We often hear the remarks "Bicycles like sewing machines will be cheaper after a while. The patents keep the price up etc." If we can judge the future by the past, there is little if any grounds, for these statements. We are reliably informed that the royalty on a complete bicycle required by the patent owners has been reduced to five dollars on each machine; while the actual figures show, that the average price paid for high grade bicycles from 1880 to 1887 has increased from \$90 to \$125 each. A duty of fifty per cent. is exacted by the United States on a large portion of the raw material which goes into the bicycle and which as yet has to be imported. This and the immense expense of the first cost and maintainance of the manufacturing plant, and the exacting demands of the experienced wheelman for perfect machines, is what makes them come high.

—THE—
**COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY'S
 NEW**



New Method of Converting, Very Simple and Expedient. Can be Ridden by Two Ladies. Double Steering. Admitted by both Riders and the Press to be the Best Tandem for All-Round Road Work in the Market.



THE MARLBORO' CLUB TRICYCLE

For 1887 is fitted with 26-inch Steering-Wheel and Extended Bearings. It is the Strongest, Simplest, and Handsomest Single Tricycle made.



THE CLUB AND UNIVERSAL CLUB BICYCLES

Have Many Improvements.



Catalogues sent free on application.



**THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY,
 239 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.**

New English Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by MESSRS. HUGHES, ELI & HUGHES, Patent Agents and Engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

9144. E. Lambert, of London, for improved construction of bicycles.

9216. T. R. Marriott and F. Cooper, of London, for improvements in driving gear for bicycles.

9248. C. Innwood, of Kent, for improvements in wheels for bicycles, etc.

9251. A. Burdess, of London, for improvements in rubber tyred tension wheels.

9254. J. Ashbury, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

9272. T. N. Aston, of Birmingham, for improvements in steering joints for velocipedes.

9282. M. Woodhead and G. Angois, of Nottingham, for improvements in velocipedes.

9356. F. I. Nibbs, of London, for improved mechanism for velocipedes.

9420. J. J. Bolt, of Hampshire, for improvements in mud guards, for bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, and other wheeled vehicles.

9477. J. G. Booth, T. Thornton and F. Booth, of Lancashire, for an automatic brake holder and lock for cycles.

9480. J. S. Garsed, of Halifax, for improvements in driving-gear of bicycles and tricycles.

9510. J. J. Statham, of London, for improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

9588. C. Pitt Byrm, of London, for improvements in velocipede.

9599. J. Wharton and E. W. H. Abrahall, of London, for automatic driving-gear for tricycles, bath-chairs and such like vehicles.

9608. J. Lavery, of Hammorsmith, W., for a twin crank bicycle.

9794. J. K. Starley, of London, for improvements in springs for supporting the seats or saddles of velocipedes, seats of chairs, coaches and the like.

9821. W. Andrews, of Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

9863. T. Redman, of Bradford, for improvements in velocipedes.

9891. W. Clegg, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

9912. T. R. Marriott and F. Cooper, of London, for improvements in driving gear for bicycles.

9934. C. T. Austin, of London, for improvements in mounting the seats or saddles of velocipedes.

10021. E. Wawrick, of Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

10057. N. M. Marham and G. Thann, of London, for improvements in bicycles.

7160A. W. Wright, of Manchester, for improvements in velocipedes.

10186. T. J. Rose, of Oxfordshire, for a new pattern device for safety bicycles, of the class known as rear drivers.

10228. W. Rosell, of London, for improvements in brake holding devices for velocipedes.

New American Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

367,293. July 26, 1887. Otto Hanser, Rockville, Conn., driving gear for bicycles.

367,049. July 26, 1887. Chas. S. Leddell, Mendham, N. J., steering device for bicycles.

367,025. July 26, 1887. Daniel Crowley, Boston, Mass., velocipede.

367,115. July 26, 1887. Chas. A. E. T. Palmer, Birmingham, England, assignor to John Cornforth, same place, detachable handle-bar.

367,721. Aug. 2, 1887, Wm. A. McCool, Perrysville, Ohio, bicycle-tire machine.

367,368. Aug. 2, 1887. James S. Copeland, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope M'f'g. Co., non-vibrating handle-bar.

367,883. Aug. 9, 1887. Joseph L. Yost and Joseph B. McCune, Worcester, Mass., assignors to the Springfield Bicycle Co., bicycle.

368,167. Aug. 9, 1887. James C. Powell, Danville, Va., velocipede.

368,360. Aug. 16, 1887. James R. Trigwell, London, assignor to Geo. Watson, London, Eng., ball-bearing head.

368,355. Aug. 16, 1887. Einar Rasmussen, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope M'f'g. Co., lamp for velocipedes.

369,017. Aug. 30, 1887. Otto Ludwigs, Salzwedel, Prussia Germany, velocipede.

369,224. Aug. 30, 1887. Edwin F. Batchelder, Concord, N. H., ice velocipede.

10,864. (re-issued) Sept. 6, 1878. Joseph L. Yost, Chicopee, Mass., assignor to the Springfield Bicycle Co.

369,494. Sept. 6, 1887. Gilbert L. Bailey, Portland, Me., bicycle holder.

369,540 and 369,541. Sept. 6, 1887. John M. Marlin, New Haven, Conn., tricycle.

367,049. July 26, 1887. Charles S. Leddell, Mendham, N. J., steering device for bicycles.

368,607. Aug. 23, 1887. Benjamin M. Pearne, Oxford, New York, tricycle.

369,202. Aug. 30, 1887. John E. Nice, Flora, Indiana, vehicle wheel.

369,860. Sep. 13, 1887. Daniel E. Kempster, Boston, Mass., assignor to the Kempster Rowing Tricycle Co., of Kittery, Maine, velocipede.

369,702. Sept. 13, 1887. John Foley, Jr., New York, N. Y., watch bracket for velocipedes.

369,864. Sept. 13, 1887. Geo. W. W. Malotte, Trenton, N. J., velocipede.

In this age of progress, girls, as well as boys, have the opportunity of developing their muscular as well as their mental faculties. The following athletic sports for ladies could hardly offend even Mrs. Grundy:

Jumping at conclusions.

Walking round a subject.

Running through a novel.

Skipping dull descriptions.

Throwing the hatchet; and, during the holidays,

Boxing the ears of troublesome younger brothers.—*Irish Cyclist.*



The other day the Club Liar rented a tandem to take his sister(!) out riding. "Be particularly careful of that machine, I wouldn't have it broken for any money." This was the parting injunction that he heard as he turned the corner. All other wheelmen have heard the same remark under similar circumstances, for, behold, the tandem is the pride and joy of the dealer's heart.

A few hours later the C. L. stepped into the bicycle establishment to report the return of the machine. "Your machine is out here on the side-walk he said," with much hesitation. "Is it damaged, anything smashed?" gasped the startled proprietor.

The Club Liar made his best attempt to look embarrassed as he answered. "There are two breaks on it, but I am sure that they were there when I started."

The bicycle dealer swooned away and when he was revived the C. L. lead him out and pointed to the two handle bars, "here they are," he said, "and they are a couple of first-rate brakes for coasting". The cycle dealer forgave the C. L. and went away weeping tears of joy.

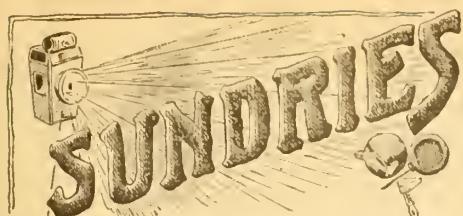
"There's one thing I don't like about my New '87 pattern Light Roadster," remarked Gus DeSmythe, who is something of a dude, the other day. "What's that? Anything breaking about it?" We asked.

"No, its this blue rubber tire, here, I don't like," replied Gus. "You see I wear one of last year's League uniforms and it and the red rubber tire harmonized so nicely together, I shall have to either get my suit dyed or my tire changed."

Book Notices.

A VERY convenient, if not essential book for the Bicycle Club library is "The Road and Roadside," the second edition of which has just been published. It is the work of Burton W. Potter, and is devoted to the highway laws of Massachusetts, which seem to be essentially the same as those of the other states of the Union. The chapters on sidewalks and cycles will be of especial interest to wheelmen. The book is carefully indexed, and will be found handy for reference by those who wish to know just what are their rights and responsibilities upon the road. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston.

We have to thank Chris Wheeler for the elegant edition of his "Rhymes of Road and River" received from him. It is a handsome volume of tuneful lyrics of the wheel. If it is not in bad taste to give too much prominence to the mechanical construction of a book of poetry, we would like to say that this is certainly as handsome a book as one could wish to see; a very acceptable gift book for any wheelman. Price, \$2.00. E. Stanley Hart & Co., Philadelphia.



The Springfield Roadster has a record of 2:44.

The Victoria four-in-hand holds a record of 2:43½.

The Salem Oregon cyclers held a race meeting on the 12 inst.

Col. Pope has been west through the Yellowstone region.

The L. A. W. board of officers will meet at New York on Oct. 17.

St. Louis is fixing for another illuminated parade during the Exposition.

Hicks and Greenwood of St. Louis spent their vacation touring through Wisconsin.

Harry Gordon of St. Louis has been protested for alleged racing for money prize at the Sedalia fair.

W. M. Brewster, of St. Louis, attended the Central Wheelmen's celebration at Cincinnati on the 10 inst.

The Eagle is the name of a new club on the north side Chicago. Ned Oliver is the president.

The Columbia Calendar for 1888 promises to be a very elaborate affair. N. C. Fowler has been at work upon it for some time.

A German paper computes that that country annually imports 10,000 cycles from England and manufacturers 7,000 itself.

Munger has resigned his newly acquired amateur status and re-joined the professionals.

Wm. Harradon, of Springfield, Mass., has been re-admitted into the League, as has Chas. H. Smith, Detroit.

The Dakota Wheelmen celebrate their second annual meet at Mitchell, on the 28, 29, and 30 inst.

M. O. Dole, representative for the Paris district of Illinois, will soon go to California for his health.

Thomas Stevens has revised his lecture and improved his delivery wonderfully during the summer. He will soon go upon the platform to begin his engagements for the season.

A Terre Haute wheelman recently rode 884½ miles in twenty-four hours, that is his cyclometer registered that distance, and as it is warranted reliable he has no reason to doubt it.

A firm in England makes a bicycle of the Rover type for ladies' use. It can be easily changed into a tricycle.

A good wheelman in France is not subject to ordinary military duty, but when he goes into camp to serve his beloved country, he is taken into the messengers corps where he enjoys quite a soft snap as we say in French.

The wheelmen of Germany are not as a rule graceful riders, most of them holding the pedal in the hollow of the foot, which gives them that ungainly, awkward motion peculiar to plantigrade animals.

The annual mile race for the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club's Challenge Cup will take place on Sept. 24. Probable winner T. A. Schaffer, who has won the cup twice already.

Robt. E. Nevins passed through Indianapolis on the 13th, on his way to St. Louis. Starting from Connorsville he had made the distance to this city (64 miles) in six hours and forty-five minutes.

W. Fleming, of the Century and Pennsylvania Bicycle Clubs, has returned to the Quaker City from Nebraska. It will be remembered that Mr. Fleming lately rode from Philadelphia to Omaha.

The Minnesota Division has suspended publication, and formally declared itself busted. It was an innoxious little sheet and no one begrudged it the room it occupied, but somehow or other it didn't seem to prosper.

The New South Wales Cyclists' Union has disqualified Dwyer for one year "because he was a maker's amateur when he rode in the test races, and because his conduct was discreditable in the team race in May, last." So says the investigating committee.

The tricycle or rather the Austrian tricycle has proved a failure, as far the Austrian mail service is concerned. None of the home manufacturers were able to build a machine both light and strong enough to serve the purpose, and the government is not liberal enough in its policy to import tricycles from America or England.

Did you ever hear of a weekly paper at \$1.00 a year, publishing colored lithographed cartoons twice a month? Well THE WHEELMEN'S RECORD is doing it and the way their subscription list is swelling shows that wheelmen appreciate their enterprise. A postal to this office will get you a sample copy.

We intend making the GAZETTE the organ of the better literature of cycling and to this end we will run during the coming fall and winter a series of interesting cycle stories. Next month we will publish "A Fortunate Folly" a story of the natural gas region of Indiana, by Geo. S. Darrow to be followed by "Steel Wings" by Chris. Wheeler. Others are in preparation.

The Orange Wanderers have withdrawn from the road racing association.

New Orleans holds its first big tournament on the 15th inst.

An ingenious New Jersey wheelman has rigged a Star bicycle with sails.

The Cunard Cycle Co., of England will quit the business this season.

Geo. W. Nellis, Jr. arrived safely in San Francisco on Aug. 3rd., completing 3369 miles in 54½ days which is claimed to be the best time on record for across continent tour.

A thousand mile road race will be started Oct. 3, from Chicago to finish at Boston. The route will lay through Kankakee, Lafayette, Indianapolis, Richmond, Springfield, Columbus, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Auburn, along the Erie Canal to Albany, through Fitchburg and North Adams, Mass. to Boston. The route will be carefully checked and contestants will only be allowed to ride from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. with thirty minutes limit in either direction. Thus if by riding till 9:30 a rider can reach a place of shelter he may do so, but he cannot start till 6:30 the following morning.

The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE comes to us from its Western home. We do not like to do injustice to the past management by being too fulsome in our praise of this issue of the monthly. It is enough to say that the September number is sufficient proof that Darrow Bros. have kept their word as made in the announcement of sale and transfer, and that the GAZETTE is first-class and bright.—*Bi. World.*

The Darrow Bros. have issued the first number of the transformed WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. The policy which they have adopted has a good deal of robust common sense. It is idle to think of making a monthly periodical a vehicle of news and this will not be attempted. There is room for a paper devoted to the polite literature of the wheel and in this vein will the GAZETTE be run. The paper starts out well and we wish it every success.—*Bulletin.*

One point should be urged with great force to the makers. Don't put new riders, I refer to ladies especially, on machines that are geared up. It means hard work, and in many cases discouragement. Let the beginner have a wheel well geared down. She will get along slowly, but she will not have to work hard, and very soon she will be in condition to take a higher gear that will give her speed. I have seen many a lady get upon a machine loaned her by a gentleman friend, and complain of the great labor involved. And with very good reason. She is riding a wheel geared to suit the well-trained muscles and giant strength of her friend, and altogether unsuited for her—*Daisie in Bulletin.*

THE NEW MAIL

Special Offer.

OUR NEW MAIL, though its first year, has been a perfect success, and has had an extraordinary demand. We have been behind orders since the opening of this season till hot weather set in. Now, as the most active bicycle season is past, though the best riding weather is the autumn, we have decided to offer for a short time only a few of these **SUPERB NEW MAIIS** in exchange for others. This we have persistently refused to do heretofore, as the demand was so great. Wheelmen desiring to exchange their present old mounts for a

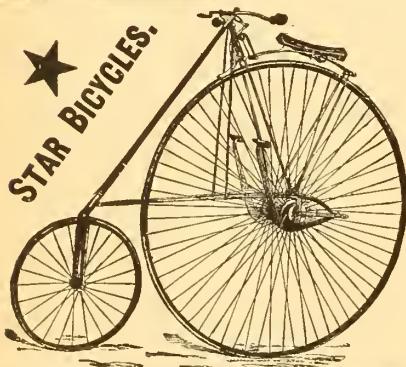
New Mail with Trigwell Ball Head and Perfection Back Bone, will please give us a description of the old wheel and their estimate of value.

THIS OFFER IS FOR NO LENGTH OF TIME, AS WE DO NOT CARE TO DISPOSE OF MANY IN THIS WAY.

WM. READ & SONS,

107 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON.



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles. World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade. Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,
Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.



Eureka Home Trainer
And Bicycle Stand.

A well made practical machine that no rider can afford to be without. Develop your muscles and keep in condition.

For Sale by Cycle Manufacturers and Dealers.

Price \$7.50

M. A. WOODBURY, Mfgr.,
Bradford, Pa.



In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.



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HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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The A. C. U. PIN, the most unique emblematical Bicycle Pin made; patent pending; cut shows exact size. Prices: Made of solid Roman gold, raised polished letters, garnet stone in diamond setting, \$3.50; oxidized silver wings or wheel, rest gold, \$3.50; enamel around letters, 50c. extra; two or three garnet stones set on top of crown, \$1 extra for each; diamond in crown, from \$10 to \$25. Send cash, check, or money-order. W. H. WARNER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Touring Chat.

[Address all communications to A. B. Barkman, Chairman L. A. W. Bureau of Information, No. 608 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

TOURING.*

THERE is little doubt that by far the largest number of active cyclers find their pleasure in touring. The pottering cycler, who never ventures far from home, has no idea of the enjoyments to be found in country rambles on the wheel. The touring field is practically open to any rider who has time to devote to it, and the number of cyclers who thus spend their Summer holiday is yearly increasing. These holiday tourists, guided by past experience, or by the advice of their more practical fellows, plan their trips with an eye to personal comfort, and after a few days of enjoyable riding, return home invigorated and instructed.

The first step a prospective tourist should take after he has acquired a sufficient knowledge of his wheel and confidence in himself, is to join the League of American Wheelmen, an association formed to promote the interests of cyclers in general and tourists in particular. The initiation fee is one dollar, and the annual dues a like amount, and the writer having filled up the necessary application blank will have to wait a longer or shorter time for his ticket, usually about three weeks.

This matter having been duly arranged, the next thing is to plan the tour and select the route, which can best be done with the aid of the various road books and maps issued by the State Divisions or recommended by the Touring Department.

It then becomes necessary to decide as to the average day's journey, and on this point it is necessary to utter a very emphatic warning against the error into which so many tourists fall, of fixing a ridiculously high standard which they find it practically impossible to carry out. A large number of beginners fancy they can ride with ease from sixty to one hundred miles daily for a week or so at a stretch, and on this basis plan their tours, with the result that they either break down utterly and are compelled to take the train home, or else they spend a miserable "holiday" riding hard against time during the whole trip thus converting what should have been a pleasant outing into a period of incessant hard labor and discomfort.

The experienced tourist on the other hand, rather shortens the day's journey, being satisfied with from forty to fifty miles, and generally allows a spare day in the middle of the week, in case of delay by rain or other causes, or a desire to take in some pleasant side trip or object of interest, thus letting himself off as easily as possible with a view to the more complete enjoyment of the tour as a whole.

For a beginner even shorter distances are advisable at first; for a man who can ride his sixty or seventy miles right off, will find forty miles a day for a week quite a different matter and considerable of a task, until he has learned by experience how to economize and save his physical powers.

Except in the cases of some peculiarly constituted individuals, a solitary trip is a very slow performance, and the presence of at least one companion brightens things up materially; yet, the rider had better go alone than journey with a disagreeable companion, or one very much slower than himself. Two fairly equal riders greatly assist each other in maintaining a good rate of progression, as when one lags, the other brings him along, and when this man tires the other has perhaps recovered his pace. Large parties are scarcely so satisfactory, especially if club rules are rigidly enforced, as this course means that the whole party shall proceed at the pace of the slowest rider, which soon becomes very irksome to the faster men of the party, causing grumbling and discontent. Under such circumstances, loose riding should always be permitted, and, if possible, the slower men should be started somewhat earlier than their more speedy companions. Again, in large parties, in order to be sure of good accomodations, it is necessary that arrangements be made ahead for meals and lodging. This entails a considerable amount of care and labor upon the promoter or manager of the tour, and renders each day's journey inflexible, which often times results in considerable discomfort to the entire party, as circumstances frequently arise which make delays advisable or render progress inconvenient. My personal experience has been that two are a good number, four are better, and six the maximum for comfort and enjoyment.

The intending tourist should not start out without some sort of training and preparation for the work before him, as this course often produces most unfortunate results. The mere task of sitting in the saddle for several hours daily, is painful to one who has not taken the precaution of undergoing previous practice and seasoning, and for this reason, if no other, it is advisable that for some time before the day of departure a regular course of riding should be followed at least three times weekly, and this riding should occupy an hour or more, and should include a little practice at hill work as well as some sharp dashes along the level. Nothing like high training is required, but something more than the easy dawdling which so many riders are fond of indulging in is necessary. It is a good plan to fix upon a stated route, say twelve or fifteen miles, and to ride over it three or four times a week, the trip being carefully timed, and the rider trying to do better on each occasion. This will seem to many somewhat of a task, but it will vastly develope the muscles, improve the wind, and increase the rider's powers for average work. If this course be carefully followed out for a fortnight or three weeks before the tour, it will not only increase the rider's capabilities, but as a natural result, add decidedly to his personal comfort. It is scarcely necessary to remark that when touring, the highest possible pace should not be attempted, but a fair, steady and regular pace adhered to throughout; and this steady and regular pace will be the easier to maintain if the rider has learned the knack of going a great deal faster. This

is the theory of training, and it applies to the tourist as well as to the racing man.

The rider having developed his powers by careful practice, it will next be for him to consider what are the necessaries to be carried for his comfort or sent to various places where he may stop *en route*, and here again great latitude must be allowed, as tastes differ most notably, one rider regarding a tooth-brush and a piece of soap ample equipment for a week's journey, whilst another will be loaded down with packages and needless impedimenta, which contain necessities from his standing. In the matter of carrying luggage the bicyclist is obviously less favored than the tricyclist, though he has the great advantage in traveling over the generality of our country highways. But to return to the question of luggage, the rider of a bicycle will learn with experience how to carry sufficient for comfort, which is a happy medium, consisting of not too much, nor yet too little, but just enough for all reasonable requirements; and such an equipment can readily be carried on a bicycle, and renders the tourist independent of the troubles and annoyances always incidental to the sending of clothing by express, owing to frequent mistakes, delay, or miscarriage, most vexatious drawbacks, which every tourist has experienced.

Some bicyclists fly light in the matter of luggage, trusting to chance for such changes as may be necessary, whilst they have always the option of going to bed if unable to obtain dry garments in which to sit up. But the prudent rider, or one who has once suffered from inconvenience and discomfort of being without, will take care to provide himself with at least one complete change of undergarments; one of the best and most convenient forms of which will be found in full jersey suits, of not too thin texture, sold by all dealers in cycling and athletic goods or those manufactured by Messrs. Holmes & Co., No. 17 Kingston St., Boston, which have proved to be serviceable as well as reasonable in price.

A jersey suit will roll up into a very small compass, and when put on it completely clothes the body from neck to feet in dry woolen attire, which may be worn alone if necessary, and is by all odds, when so worn, the most comfortable and serviceable riding suit, and over which damp outer garments may be put on again without danger from cold, if not without some little discomfort. It can also be used to sleep in at night, instead of using an ordinary night-shirt, always a bulky matter when space is limited, and the fact that woolen underclothing in a protection in case of damp sheets is another argument recommending its adoption by the tourist. The kit is thus reduced by making one garment serve the place of two or more, and at the same time the weight to be carried is lessened, an important factor to be considered in studying the convenience of the rider, for even the strongest and most sturdy of cyclers will do well not to overweight himself in the direction.

From my experience the following is ample for a tour of two weeks or even longer, and can be readily carried on a bicycle: The

*Parts of this article have been adapted from that excellent work, "Cycling" of the Badminton Library of Sports, a copy of which should be in the possession of every true lover of the sport.

rider, when in the saddle, should wear a thin or medium weight merino undershirt without sleeves, a pair of thin cotton socks, which not only keep the feet clean but also prevent chafing and soreness; a complete jersey suit, consisting of a high neck long sleeve jersey, and a pair of full tights; low shoes with stout soles and a cap or other suitable head-gear at the option of the wearer. For riding, the jersey suit has many advantages and no equal for comfort, being easy, giving full and unrestricted freedom to all the limbs and muscles, warm in cool weather, cool in hot weather, and drying very quickly if the wearer chances to be caught in rain. I have seen fellow tourists on a warm summer day, plunge into a cooling stream, jersey suit and all, and dry quickly after resuming the saddle. This practice is not to be recommended for while it may be extremely convenient and refreshing for the time being, it is conducive to colds and rheumatism. Stont soles to a tourist's shoes are essential to comfort when an occasional bit of walking is necessary, thin soles not only hurting the feet, but occasionally producing such soreness as will temporarily lame the wearer.

In addition to what the tourist has on when clothed as above, he should also carry the following outfit: Uniform or cycling coat and pants; extra jersey suit; two pair of socks; one undershirt; from three to six handkerchiefs; one neck handkerchief or scarf; comb; tooth-brush; razor etc. if necessary; a small sponge and a small chamois or soft leather bag with a stout drawing string made like a tobacco pouch.

If preferred, the extra jersey suit may be omitted and a flannel riding shirt and a pair of long woolen stockings substituted, in which case attention is called to the new self-supporting stocking now generally sold by dealers and which are most comfortable, answering the purpose of drawers as well and doing away with any garter encumbrances.

Having purchased two pieces of rubber cloth, of the quality known as Derby Cloth, each about one yard square, proceed to roll the things up tightly in two packages, each about twenty inches long and as small in circumference as it is possible to get them; placing the coat and pants in one and the extra jersey suit and underclothing in the other, the other articles being conveniently divided between the two. Roll as tightly as possible, they cannot be too tight or snug, and wrap up securely, each in a piece of the rubber cloth, commencing at one corner that the ends may be more firmly tucked in and made water tight, and two sausage shaped parcels is the result which should be fastened with stout rubber bands or straps to prevent unrolling. The tourist thus equipped, if overtaken by rain may regard a wetting as a matter of no serious consequence, he being clad in woolen garments and his luggage protected by its rubber coverings. But, to proceed; one of these packages, and it should be that which contains the coat and pants, is attached in front of the handle bar by means of the ordinary Lamson luggage carrier, which is the best made, care being taken that

the action of the brake is not interfered with. Arriving at the noon-day resting place, if it is necessary or desireable to appear in full regalia, the coat and pants are easily got at and slipped on over the jersey riding suit, the neck handkerchief which should be in the same package being neatly adjusted, the tourist is presentable to appear in any dining room. The other package, which should contain such things as will not be required until the day's journey is finished, is attached to the back bone of the machine, not too far below the saddle, by means of a Z. & S. luggage carrier, and this method will be found to be far superior to the old and clumsy M. I. P. bag, which is not only more awkward to get over in mounting the machine, but more unhandy to pack, unpack, or get at its contents while *en-route*.

The chamois bag before mentioned is to contain smoking materials, odds and ends, not forgetting a needle and thread, frequently most useful; and such an amount of ready change as the tourist requires for incidentals during the day, the bulk of his finances being securely fastened in the pocket of his coat and wrapped with it in the bundle. This bag safely fastened at the end of one of the handles of the machine, preferably the left, as most riders dismount and stand on that side; it is handily gotten at and is most useful in many ways. To the other handle many fasten a handkerchief, but if a loop of twine be fixed to the sponge, just large enough to easily pass over the handle, and the sponge be kept clean and moist by frequent washings at the springs and wells *enroute*, this will be found most refreshing and more satisfactory on a hot day, besides being a great economy in hankerchiefs.

There is considerable knack, if not skill, in doing up the parcels nicely, which can only be acquired by experience or by being taught by the experienced. An old hand will put a great deal into a very small compass, but the novice will generally make a great deal, in the way of a package, out of a very little, and the reason usually is that the articles are not folded properly before rolling.

For those who when touring will insist upon carrying an immense amount of luggage, there is no excuse, as baggage can be sent to the various points through the usual channels if one will insist in having an elaborate wardrobe. A rider is not supposed, even by the most punctilious host to carry a wardrobe of this description, and if the host really does expect this, the guest had better go himself by train, or forward his portmanteau on before him. On the other hand, it is not necessary for the cycling tourist to be always in *deshabille*; a very small amount of care and forethought will enable him to appear carefully and appropriately dressed if nothing more.

The tourist before he gets away from home will do well to look over his machine, which should be done a sufficient time before the day of departure to allow for the repair of any break or damage which may be discovered. Every part should be carefully and thoroughly overhauled, the head adjusted, each nut and spoke critically examined,

ined, the brake particularly being looked to and strict search made for any flaw or crack or unexpected wear, as the slightest weakness in this important point may endanger the life or limb of the rider. The bearings should be carefully adjusted if any looseness is apparent, but they should never be screwed up so that there is no side shake at all, as the balls are thus liable to be broken. If the bearings are dirty or gritty they should be dosed with kerosene, which should be put in with an ordinary oil can and the wheels rotated rapidly, when the coagulated oil will be liquified and the grit be brought out with it. After the exudations from the bearings have been wiped off, they should be carefully oiled up anew with good oil and all the kerosene worked out. The tool bag should be looked over and contain, an adjustable wrench, an oil can carefully filled with good oil, a piece of adhesive tire tape, a yard or two of sout string and some cloth in which to wrap tools to prevent their rattling. If the machine be one of the kind that require constant attention with a spoketightener, it would be well to dispose of it at the first opportunity or give it away and get another.

Last but not least, the tires should be examined all around, and should any portion no matter how small, be loose, it should be at once attended to and made sound to undergo with safety the work before it. A. B. B.

From our British Correspondent.



ENGLISHMEN are traditionally noted for an ineradicable tendency to grumble at the weather, and meteorological prospects are notoriously the never-failing topic upon which British conversation hinges when all other

subjects are drawn blank. But however absurd this may be as a general rule, I think that we may be pardoned for harping upon the threadbare subject just at present, as the year of grace 1887 has been without doubt a worse one than has been known for upwards of a decade. As late as the beginning of June, wintry winds and rains predominated to a distressing extent, and then a sudden change came, and the heat has since been tropical, causing a rapid and sustained drought which is drying up the reservoirs of our water supply and totally unfitting our roads for pleasurable cycling. Macadam roads are therefore very rough and covered with white dust; gravel roads are transformed into sandy tracks the like of which Britishers have seldom seen before. Our most celebrated smooth highways are transformed into abominable stretches of loose metal, and cyclists are fain to seek the river and the lawn for recreation, to go touring on the continent for their holidays, and to scan the barometer with feelings the reverse of what the wheelman usually experiences, hoping for rain and lots of it, as the only means whereby any appreciable amount of pleasant cycling can be indulged in ere another winter descends upon us. Not-

withstanding these unfavorable circumstances, the demand for bicycles and tricycles continues to be very active, the frequent favorable allusions to our pastime, which have appeared in the public press, having undoubtedly exercised a very considerable effect in proselytizing amongst the middle and upper classes.

The amateur championship races are now concluded, and the results are, W. A. Illston, of Birmingham, is bicycle champion at one mile, five miles, and twenty-five miles; J. H. Adams, of London, is bicycle champion at fifty miles; P. E. Kiderlin, of Delft, (Holland) is tricycle champion at one mile; R. J. Meeredy, of Dublin, is tricycle champion at five miles; and F. J. Osmond, of London, is tricycle champion at twenty-five miles. These conclusions are free from any dubiety upon the point of "true form," the men being thoroughly entitled to the honors they have gained, no "flukes" having occurred to prevent the best man winning in each case. The only victory which can be described as a surprise was that of Osmond, who had never shown as a tricyclist before winning his title, nor had he been looked upon as a long-distance man, being until the time of the 25-mile tricycle race, essentially a sprinter on the bicycle and a good short-distance rider on tandem tricycles. Furnivall is not on the path for the season, having only raced, successfully at the commencement. Several of last year's most promising riders have fallen off lamentably, and the class of our path racers this year is not of much all-round excellence as it was last season.

Road racing has not been very successful, although a great number of small local clubs have brought off events restricted to their own members. The fifty-mile open handicap race promoted by the Catford C. C. was almost the only road event worth notice, and that has already been described in your columns.

C. W. Brown has obtained a record for 100 miles on a tricycle, but the crack road-riders as a rule do not care to attempt the heart-breaking task of fast riding while the surfaces are in their present condition, even G. P. Mills failed to do anything noticeable, although his fifty miles on a tricycle was announced as being ridden in two minutes less time than the record, but it has not passed the Records Committee yet. Almost equal in importance to an open race was the fifty-mile handicap for members of the North Road Club, for which twenty riders started; the winner was Godfrey White, who had long been known as a second-class handicap man on the path, and a first-class sterling good rider of the tall bicycle on the road; on this occasion he rode a geared-up dwarf safety bicycle, and was not only successful in winning the handicap but made faster time than the scratch man, G. P. Mills himself, although the actual time was—on account of the loose state of the roads—a long way off record.

On September 3 and 17 respectively, the two great road-races of the year will take place, twenty-four hours being the extent on the former, and 100 miles on the latter

of these dates. The North Road Club promotes them, and separate prizes are offered for every class of cycle, viz: Bicycles, tricycles, and tandem-tricycles. Unless we have a few days' steady rain very soon the records will not go in either of these competitions, and it will even be doubtful whether performances will be accomplished to entitle the riders to "standard" medals.

The Cyclists Touring Club is at last commencing to carry out its legitimate function of tour-promoting. Even since it was first started, this mammoth organization has been apparently indifferent to, or incompetent to organize touring parties among its members, being content to leave them to go touring alone or with personal acquaintances, and only facilitating the arrangement of tours to the extent of allowing individual members to insert paragraphs in the monthly GAZETTE of the club announcing their desire to meet with companions for stipulated journeys. The success of American parties, made up of people who were mostly strangers to each other ere meeting for an organized tour, led to the editor of the *Irish Cyclist*, getting up a big party of men for a tour from Dublin to Killarney and back, last August, and another from Dublin to Connewara and back, this present month, and the C. T. C. appointed a committee which has evolved a system, whereby "tour-masters" will be appointed from time to time, apparently at their own instigation, armed with the club's authority to organize parties of ladies and gentlemen desirous of touring in company. The first trip of this kind is to be to the Ardennes (Belgium), and a shorter tour is contemplated to extend over five days only, in the home counties around London.

But although organized open tours have hitherto been unknown in England, we hold a unique reputation for the success of our cyclists' camps, and the progress of the North of England camp at Harrogate has been eclipsed by the success of the southern counties camp which was this year again held at Guildford. Three hundred wheelmen sleeping under canvas for several days at a stretch,—a week being the full extent of the camping organization—is a circumstance which speaks eloquently the pleasurable nature of these social gatherings which annually take place between friends, acquaintances and strangers. From the primitive beginning of a collection of plain bell-tents, destitute of any but the most rough and tumble appliances, the cyclists' camps have developed into most attractive arrangements of tents and marquees in all manner of shapes and sizes, elaborately decorated by profuse displays of bunting, Chinese lanterns and growing flowers outside, and luxuriously furnished with boarded floors, carpets, curtains, upholstery, pianos etc. inside; so that the canvas villages are the scenes of refined reunions and hospitable entertainments by day and night.

The doings of the "American Team of Professional Bicyclists" now in this country have been watched with great interest, and their visit has, in fact, formed the chief fea-

ture of the year's cycling. Before they came, Woodside was regarded as merely a second-class rider, given to an overweening conceit of his own powers, as is the usual habit of professionals. Temple was not expected to make such an impression as Canary and Kaufmann had done at trick riding, and Morgan we all knew was more of a business manager than a personally good rider. It was fortunate for the team that Woodside's family connections led them to start operations in Ireland, as the Dublin cyclists are a very hearty and enthusiastic set of men, and lost no time in heroizing the members of the team. Although he did a fair performance or two in Dublin, Woodside failed to maintain the reputation that had been advertised as his due, and the boom of Morgan's party would soon have collapsed, but for the sudden and unexpected development of crack racing form on the part of Ralph Temple, or Friedburg, who has saved the reputation of the team and earned golden opinions for himself by his victory over Howell, unquestionably our very best professional bicyclist, at the sprinting games, and although Howell has since reversed the tables and decisively beaten Temple, the latter's good form has since been proven to be no fluke, by his defeating all the others of our best professionals (bar Fred Wood, who is still in Australia) in handicaps. Woodside has shown such singularly in-and-out riding as to justify the conclusion that the change of climate has quite upset him, and although he occasionally does a good bit of riding, he cannot be depended upon from one day to another. Something has been said about Woodside and Morgan going for the one hundred miles road-record, for a prize offered by the "Premier" bicycle makers, but Morgan tells me that he is doubtful whether time will permit of this, so many path engagements being made for the team.

A cloud seems to be hovering over these three riders in consequence of the reported shabby way in which they have obtained bicycles from the Pope Manufacturing Co., before leaving the States, and arranging to ride them and no other except for the "Premier Records." Nothing definite seems to be known as to the precise nature of this agreement or understanding, and in the absence of any positive information our wheelmen have had to be content to swallow the report which was disseminated here to the effect that Morgan and his companions made no such terms with the American firm. It seems unquestionable that as soon as they landed in Dublin (if not before) they were prevailed upon to ride Premier cycles, and it was even announced in one paper that Woodside had always ridden "Premiers" in America, and that all his performances were accomplished on that make of machine. I do not know whether this statement was authorized by Woodside, but it has certainly gone uncontradicted, and as I am credibly informed that it was false, I can only put it down as another of the discreditable advertising tactics for which the "Premier" makers have achieved such an unenviable notoriety.

LONDON, Aug. 13, 1887.

FAED.



'Twas Ever Thus.

When 'cross the continent he toured,
He had his life and health insured,
So Fate was kind and smiled on him.

She busted neither neck nor limb;
And past each river, road and hill
He wheeled and never took a spill,
But seemed to take deep rooted joy

In scorching over corduroy;
Along rough roads he safely knocks,
Regardless of obtruding rocks;
And finite minds can't understand
The way he hustled through the sand;
I can't express in this brief "pome,"
The way he rushed along toward home.
When home was but ten miles away,
His policy expired that day;
And 'ere he reached his family hearth,
He caught a rut, and wiped the earth
For miles around the spot he struck.
And now he mourns his lack of luck.



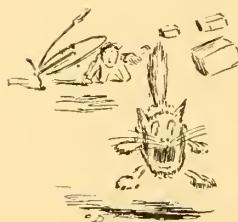
Valuable Experience.

The cat must fear
The atmosphere,
For it is full of bricks;
The ancient shoe
And boulder too,
Fly moderately thick.
The old feline
For a long, long time,
Will remember how it feels,
To make a dash,
In a moment rash,
Right between a cyclist's wheels.



Remorse.

Oh, to be last in the half-mile race!
Yet, I could not follow the red-hot pace
So I fell behind;— it was no disgrace,—
So it's not for that I'm complaining,
Nor yet for the prize— two dollars it cost—
But I mourn for the good old grub I lost,
The month I was in training.



New Fangles.

Oh, Hanner Mariar,
Come one minute, jist,
An' squint thro' your speeks
At this premium list!

The blamdest arrangement
You most ever seen—
They don't seem to be
Nothin' here but "machine."

Machines of all kinds
From a straw-stacker, up;
They're as thick as the fleas
On our yaller bull-pup.

There's a ten dollar prize
Fur the best patent hullers
But only a mettal
Fur sweet cakes an' crullers.

An' the prizes fur poultry
Has growed mighty thin,
Since they built that machine
That they hatch chickens in.

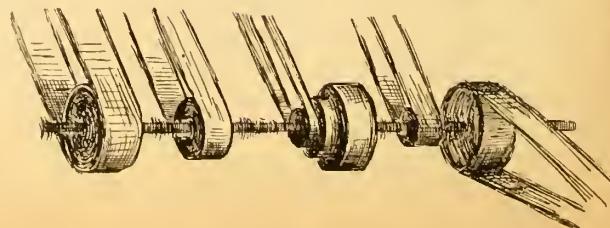
Them new patent churns
Gits a prize, I observe,
But where's the patched quilts,
An' the jam an' preserve.

I don't see no mention
Of home-colored jeans,
Nur knittin', nur sewin'—
Machines, jist machines!

Termater sweet-pickles
I don't see no place,
But they've got a big prize
Fur a bisickle race.

I think old time racin'
Is loosin' its pith,
When we're got to come down
To machines to race with.

Well, let 'em trot out
Their machines, I don't care—
But I'd give a good deal
Fur a real old time fair!



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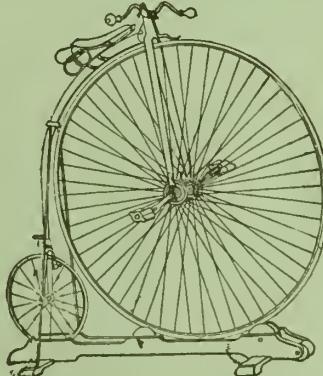
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WELL!!

☞ READ THIS! ☚

ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 4, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—Wheel came this afternoon all right. The agent thinks it the finest wheel he was ever on. Handles just the thing for hill-climbing. From what I have seen of it it is more than satisfactory. Knocks the—out two times. The girls yelled out to me that it was "the schon," and so we will call it O. K. Will write later concerning its health.

Truly yours, FRED. R. ROMER.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 11, 1887.

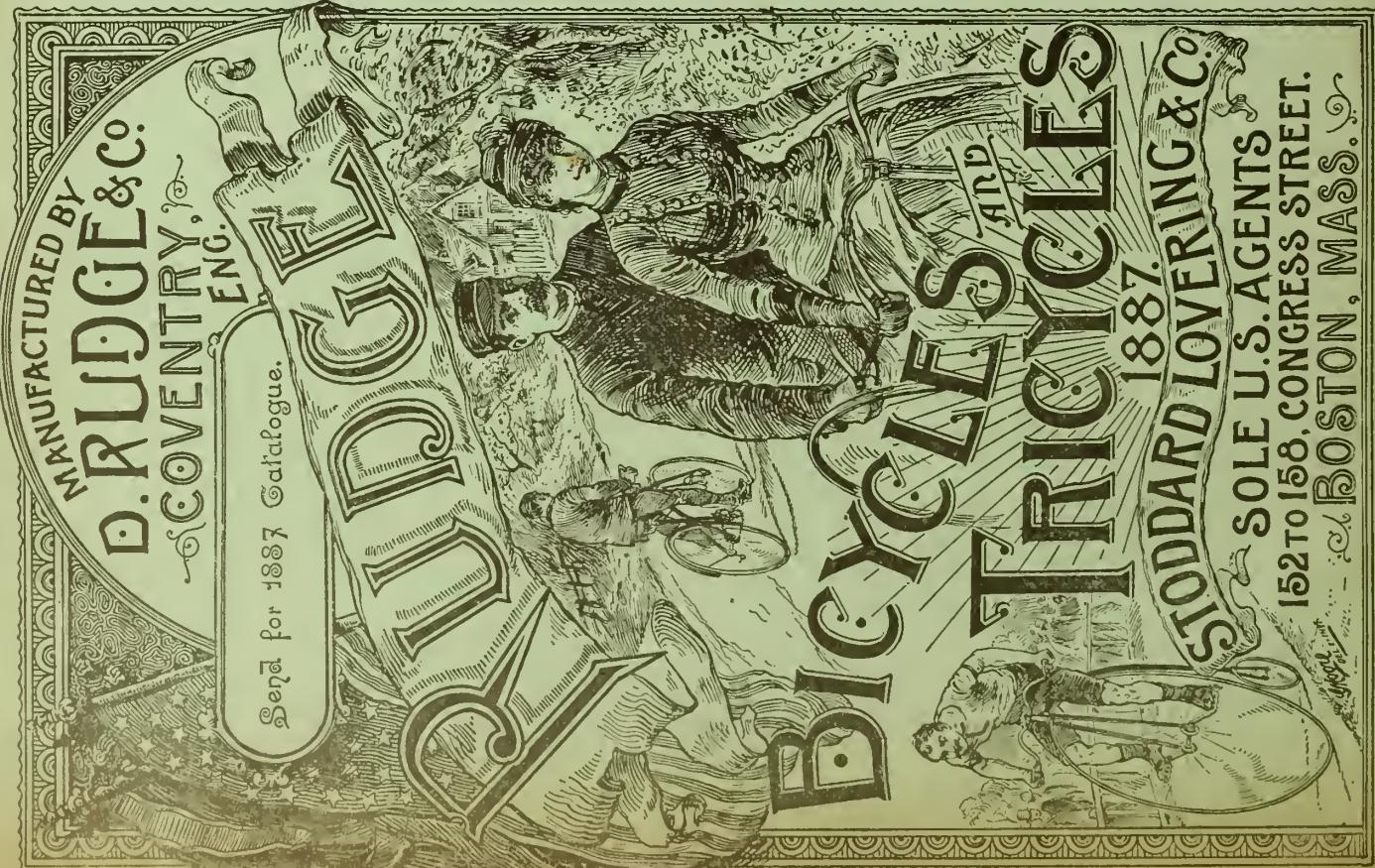
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—I received my CHAMPION wheel some three weeks ago, and am highly pleased with it. The members of our club have examined it and pronounced it excellent, equaling and surpassing in many respects any wheel in the market. Four of our club now own this make of wheel, and before July 1 three-fourths of the club will ride it. As our riders are all old wheelmen, this fact speaks loudly in favor of the CHAMPION.

Yours truly, E. P. BLAKE.

And they are coming in every mail. See the other Cycle Papers for plenty more of the same sort. Catalog on application.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CYCLES AND SUNDRIES IN AMERICA.



☞ AND THIS! ☚

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., May 17, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—The LIGHT CHAMPION is a "dandy." Have ridden nearly 200 miles already, and only had it one week Sunday. How's that? I am giving it one of the best tests in the world, as I live at Herkimer and work for Burrell & Whitman at Little Falls; I ride down over the toughest roads in Herkimer county in the morning and back at night, every pleasant day with good roads,—sixteen miles sure,—besides what running around I do. I think I will cover quite a number of miles this year; will keep track and see.

Yours respectfully, J. E. SEARLES.

☞ AND THIS! ☚

JACKSON, MICH., May 12, 1887.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Gentlemen—The AMERICAN LIGHT CHAMPION received all right. It is the easiest-riding wheel I ever mounted, and also the prettiest wheel in Jackson. Mr. Pratt, the purchaser, is very much pleased with it.

Yours truly, M. JAY MOORE.