

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

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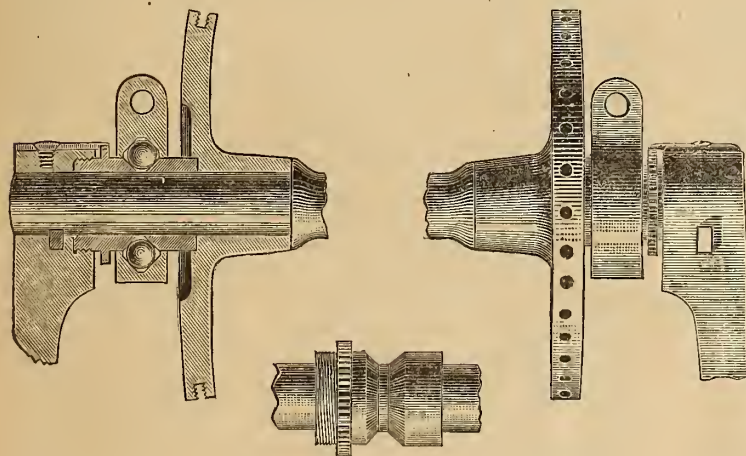
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THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
MAKERS OF COLUMBIA BICYCLES,

And Dealers in Tricycles and Bicyclers' Supplies,

597 Washington Street,

Boston, Mass.

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PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

The Park case comes up for trial this month.

As the argument will be interesting, we advise all wheelmen to attend.

At the races in Boston, the ten mile records were lowered by both amateurs and professionals.

While at the Hub, we had the pleasure of inspecting the headquarters of the Boston B. Club, and were much pleased with the air of comfort and ease that prevailed. The Bostons have set a good example, which we hope to see soon followed by the leading clubs throughout the country.

One of the arguments against the use of English machines, is the difficulty of repairing broken parts. As will be seen by the announcement on the last page, Mr. Charles R. Percival carries a large stock of the various parts of all the prominent English makes, and can furnish the same without delay. From what we have seen of his new catalogue, it will be a valuable pamphlet for the wheelman to possess.

Under the name of the "Expert Columbia," the well known Pope Manufacturing Company will bring out their long promised machine about the middle of February. A glance at some of their drawings showed that they had improved every vital part, and its arrival will be awaited with interest.

The chances are that there will be a decided improvement in the wheel interest in this city, and the decision of the Park case will doubtless cause a great improvement in individual riding. In our next we shall publish the report of Commissioner Wales, and commend it to the attention of the thinking wheelman. Should we secure what will be to us a great privilege, we should use it with care, and also prevent its abuse by others.

Interesting as the races of last Saturday were, they promise to be eclipsed by the programme for Thursday, when the victors in each race will give his opponent a lap start. The track is very fast and we expect to see the records again lowered.

SOME EXTRA BEANS.

Mr. Vesey and "Jack" Keen ride 56 inch machines of the latter's make.

Frye rides a 58 inch light Harvard, and Cory a 53½ inch Yale. Vesey names Cory as the coming amateur.

On the other hand, Jack points to Frye as his choice.

Vesey is delighted! at the record of his fastest mile, which some of the Boston dailies gave as 6.45!!

He thinks that this record should entitle him to championship of the world as a slow man.

Jack says he finds Prince a tougher man than he anticipated. But he declines to be pleased with the statement, that Prince ever beat him in a race, it was a *heat*, and the race was won by Jack.

Keen was "wound up" in that ten mile race, and if you don't believe it, look at the time made by miles.

Vesey promised to come back to Boston in August, and sample our roads as well as our flyers.

He will be cordially welcomed.

Jack says he is coming too.

"We shall be happy to see you Jack."

About 1200 people witnessed the races.

And they hollered themselves hoarse.

Vesey don't like to be yelled at.

Jack don't care.

Don't holler next time.

HANDY ANDY.

SPOKES FROM GOTHAM.

January 15, 1882.

The clerk of the weather, has not been more considerate since my last, and our roads are in no better condition than when I contributed my mite. Last Monday being "meeting night," I found the representatives of the larger clubs on hand at 791, and it seemed like old times. I am glad to hear that the project of hiring the hall is gaining ground, and I noticed about eighteen names signed to the call. The Central Park case was somewhat discussed, and there was a little talk of appointing a committee to find out what had become of the case, but I understand that nothing was done.

I learn from private sources, that the testimony has been closed and not taken on the road as was suggested in THE WHEEL. It forms an interesting volume of over three hundred pages, and some of the testimony of the "other side" is as ridiculous as it is amusing. I also understand that the case will be tried the latter part of this month or the first of the next. In the meantime the roads in the park look inviting in spite of the gloomy weather.

That was an interesting letter from Commander Munroe in your last number. I notice he says, he hopes "to accompany the New York Club to the League Meet, *wherever it may be held*." I am glad he has broached the subject, as it is appropriate to the present time, when riding is scarce, to begin a discussion on this subject of the League Meet. I am afraid I may be accused of "counting my chickens before they are hatched," should I say I think the park case will be decided in our favor; but I have such strong hopes that it will be, that I cannot refrain from suggesting New York as the proper and only place for that meeting. If we gain the park, we will probably be restricted in a measure, and a gathering of 1200 wheelmen would go a great ways towards removing the same.

Philadelphia, whose claims last year were vigorously urged at the eleventh hour, is *not* the place for the National Meeting. Their clubs do not pull together in the least, and could not even agree on a local meet, much less manage a great one; while Washington's chances are as remote as ever.

Any western city is rather too far away to suit the *majority* of members, for a glance at the Hand-book indicates that they are east of the Hudson River. Therefore, we take the liberty of presenting the claims of New York to the honorable directors of the L. A. W., who will read these lines. I hope in case a special meeting is called to decide on the place, it will be held in Philadelphia, and not in New York, or as last year, Boston. We all remember the little feeling occasioned by holding the special meeting in that city last year, where a jury of Eastern Directors rendered a verdict for Boston. Now if the claims of our Western men are to be considered, let us have the meeting in Philadelphia, and if New York is chosen, there will be no talk of having it all "fixed."

Perhaps I have no business to speak thus, but as the question is now an open one, I thought I would have a finger in the pie. As I am an extremely modest man and anxious to hide my light under a bushel, I will sign myself as usual

A. G. ROWLER.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The Hague's British Operatic Minstrels Company continue to give their excellent performance at the Casino. Their voices are for the most part sweet, and blend finely. The programme presented consists of ballads and operatic selections, with a mixture of the comic element. The absence of the well-worn jokes between the end men is appreciable.

MY CHRISTMAS, 1880.

(Concluded.)

My amazement had absolutely tongue-tied me and I was unable to ask her anything. I stood thus spell-bound for a moment, and my heart was thumping away like a steam piston. What was to be done? The thought brought back my senses. A dozen ideas rushed through my mind, but each was quickly dismissed. As matters stood it was one to three or *more*, but I felt equal to the emergency in that respect, especially if I found Jack's revolver in his miltum, as I hoped it was. Crossing the hall I knocked on the door and asked to see Mrs. Joyce immediately. Something in my voice must have accelerated her motion, for the door was opened instantly, and that lady invited my entrance. I had come to the conclusion it was folly to beat round the bush, and so I at once repeated the story of Juno's warning. I had not reckoned without my host, and I found Miss Harland and Mrs. Joyce *nerve* to the core. We came to the following understanding: Before going to supper we distributed the valuables among us and left the empty box behind, in hopes the attempt would be made during our absence. If this ruse failed then I was to act as their guard and protect them to the best of my ability. To give the villains all the chance we left the door of the room open and then started for the living room. Our hilarity, though assumed, I think was *well* assumed. Apparently we were very merry, though really we were heavy at heart. We sat up long and late in the two-fold hope that Jack would turn up, or that the men would make their raid now. Jack did not come, nor did the men make any move, so at length we separated. The plan was for me to hurry to my room, secure the revolvers and return by an outside way, with which I was familiar, to the hall. The signal of three whistles and four taps on the door was to be the "open sesame." I lingered a few moments after Miss Harland and her aunt had disappeared, and then bidding the men good-night with perfect nonchalance, I sauntered out toward my lodging. No sooner, however, did I deem myself out of sight and hearing than my leisurely movements changed to those of the greatest rapidity. As good luck would have it, I found Jack's pistol as well as my own, and as I was about to leave the room on my return my eye caught sight of the hugh halberd—"a nasty weapon, thought I, and worth securing, if possible." Jumping on to a bench, I managed with the aid of the bar of the door, to wrench it away. I was fully alive to the great risk I ran of being seen on my return to the ladies' room, but by using every point of concealment that I knew of, I succeeded in running the gauntlet in safety. A scramble over some fallen masonry, a climb through a window, the delivery of the concerted signal, and I was in the room. I found the ladies evidently under strong excitement, though calm outwardly; the tightly drawn lip and slight paleness was all the proof of the real workings of their feelings.

The defences were the first thing to be seen to, and the strong door was securely barred and bolted. The windows were too narrow to admit the bodies of men, and so all we did was to drape them, and thus prevent them being used as points of observation. These preparations were quickly and silently made, and then we sat down to *wail*.

Miss Harland, on finding I had the revolvers, insisted on taking one, and she and her aunt assured me that she was an accomplished shot. It was with feelings of the most ardent admiration that I finally acceded to this demand—feelings that my eyes must have revealed, for the tell-tale blood rushed hot to her face.

To wail! Reader, were you ever in a similar predicament? knowing that danger is approaching, and that it cannot be averted but only *met*? The uncertainty of the time, and from which point the attack would be made, caused the minutes to be as hours, and the hours as ages. Eleven, twelve, one had passed slowly and not a sound had disturbed us. The room was dimly but warmly lighted by the red embers of the dying fire. I had just looked at my watch for the hundredth time, and noted the hands marked a quarter to two, when a slight grating noise struck my ear. Looking in the direction from whence it came we saw one of the oak panels slowly swinging out into the room; then followed the head, shoulders and

body of the elder brother. We were in shadow, and behind the large bed, and so were well hidden. Stopping on the threshold, and cautiously surveying the room, he turned about and made a signal of caution to his confederates, and then beckoned them on. Soon the second brother came into view, and as sure as death the third man was the miserable little courier. Now was the time for action. Raising myself carefully I took deliberate aim at the larger of the brothers, and pulled the trigger. The hammer came down with a dull click, the weapon had missed fire! The noise of the descending hammer startled the men, so that a slight movement by one of them closed the secret door with a snap. Retreat was thus cut off, and as they would have to pass us in order to reach the regular door, the case looked desperate. Scarcely had I time to cock my revolver a second time before Miss Harland had fired with more effect, and the courier was badly hit.

With a cry of rage the other two men rushed on toward us. They had no pistols but were armed with knives.

Again my revolver failed me, and with an answering curse I flung the useless weapon in the face of the nearest assailant.

Once more Miss Harland fired, and this time apparently without result.

Grasping the halberd, now my only means of defence, I made a rapid pass, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of the men go down. I was not quite quick enough for the other, who closed with me, and a sharp, burning pain in the arm told me I was cut. My blood was up now, and I could have fought a regiment. Three times had I dashed first one and then another of the men to the ground, and, instead of being the attacked, I became the attacking party.

I knew I was severely cut, as the warm blood was trickling down several parts of my body, but I was crazed with rage.

How I became possessed of a knife I know not, but suppose I must have wrenched it from one of the men in the melee. How I did it I cannot tell, but I was conscious that I had placed both the villains *hors de combat* and then all was blank.

My faint was not of long duration, and when I came to I found Jack had returned just too late to be of assistance.

Thank God that I was the only one of our party hurt, and my wounds were only slight flesh ones.

The treacherous little courier died before morning from his injury. The other men lived, were secured and handed over to the authorities. Juno disappeared and was not found. I was glad of it as she had done us a good-turn.

We descended the pass next morning, and as the story of our adventure had preceded us, we were quite lions. I did not go on to Como, as intended, but returned to Paris with Miss Harland and Mrs. Joyce.

Need I add that the admiration for Sophy, born on that eventful night, ripened into a warmer feeling, which was reciprocated? If God is good to us, and spares our lives, Sophy and I will take each other for better or worse next month, and Jack will be best man.

THE END.

FROM THE CLUBS.

[Secretaries of clubs are invited to contribute to this column any items of general information and interest, and to send in their reports as early as possible, to insure proper classification.]

NEW ORLEANS.—At the annual meeting of the New Orleans Bicycle Club, held at the hall, corner of St. Charles and Common streets, on Friday night, a new constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following officers elected:

Honorary President, Col. W. S. Vaudry; Honorary Vice-President, Gideon Townsend; President, Theo. S. Weber; Vice-President, Chas. H. Adams; Recording Secretary, Jas. Papillon; Financial Secretary, G. Shepard; Treasurer, John F. Mintken; Captain, A. M. Hill; First Lieutenant, John P. Roche; Second Lieutenant, G. W. McKnight; Bugler, J. D. Patterson; Guide, B. F. Markey. Club Committee—Theo. S. Weber, Jas. Papillon, A. M. Hill, Jno. E. Taylor, E. W. Hunter, Geo. W. Booth, Louis J. Mestier. This election has been a very satisfactory one, and the club is now on a solid basis with ninety members on the roll.

THE WHEEL.

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SUBSCRIPTION - - - - - ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTION - - - - - SIX SHILLINGS.

FRED JENKINS - - - - - *Editor and Publisher*
JULIUS WILCOX *Associate Editor.*

187 Broadway, Room 12, New York.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

NEW YORK, January 18, 1882.

PROGRESS OVER THERE.

A correspondent signing himself "An Enthusiast who is not ashamed of it," falls afoul, in the *Bi. World* of January 6th, of an article in the last previous WHEEL, averring that "there has been too much discussion lately in the bicycling press and otherwise, whether our sport is really progressing." Has there really? Let us first assure "Enthusiast," and any who think with him, that (unless the writer of that article was very unfortunate in his mode of expression) they have misread, if they have interpreted it as lacking in willingness to applaud all Boston has done or may do, wheelwise; or as having the slightest taint of jealousy or of bitterness; or as failing to recognize—what is probably to be confessed—that in this city of New York bicyclic enthusiasm, even among wheelmen, is *not* what their number and riding facilities justify. We cannot holloa here as Boston can, too true; but then we might squeak rather louder, and get up rather more heat than we do. But if "there has been too much discussion lately," etc., how does that appear? Certainly discussion and inquiry that are intended to bring out the facts, and do bring them out, must have a wholesome effect. He would be a very silly person who would keep the doctor away lest he should find out that he was sick. Enthusiasm is fine and desirable in bicycling, as in any other good thing—but it may be misdirected and may slop over. Let "Enthusiast" and his co-thinkers take friendly note of two suggestions: one, that the wheel will probably make all the better progress if it is not so commonly spoken of as "our sport," but the idea of utility and practical service is more put into view; the other, that they would be more usefully employed in furnishing the information asked for by the WHEEL, whereby the progress of bicycling may be put beyond conjecture, than in criticising the mere raising of that question, as if the question were likely to hurt the wheel cause, or as if those who raised it have torpid livers.

However, let us turn the leaf upon that—hoping that 1882 will see as many new machines brought into use, in this country, as there are spokes in the wheels now here—and take a look at a country where the progress of bicycling and tricycling is as well ascertained and permanent a fact as is that of increase of population. That the English youth would take the wheel rather than the English girl, if he could have only one, we do not say; but as he can have both, he takes both, like a sensible fellow;

and as for the little tot, the adult and paternal man, the English matron, and the "girl" herself as well, they are all taking to the wheel. We have taken the trouble, for one evidence, to count up the number of manufacturers and styles of machines there, as given in Sturmey's "Indispensable," with the following result, the number of machines produced being only conjectural.

	1879		1880		1881	
	Makers.	Machines.	Makers.	Machines.	Makers.	Machines.
Birmingham..	6	18	10	21	15	30
Coventry . . .	12	56	11	54	12	48
London	37	65	39	73	44	63
Manchester . .	1	2	7	16	5	15
Mansfield . . .	2	12	2	15	1	3
Nottingham . .	4	9	5	9	5	10
Sheffield . . .	4	13	4	10	8	19
Wolverham'p'n	26	58	23	66	23	71
Other Places.	38	101	36	85	36	86
Total . . .	130	334	137	349	149	345

Number of places reported: 30 in 1879, 35 in 1880, 36 in 1881. Of course it is not to be understood that these several hundred styles are all materially different, for between parallel machines by not a few makers, there is really only a toss-up for choice; on the other hand, the smaller shops where machines are produced, (in most cases by fitting and assembling parts bought from larger works, which make them for sale to the trade), are by no means all represented in these figures. Nobody who has not the opportunity of seeing with his own eyes, nor is—which is the next best thing to being a tourist in England—a careful reader of the cycling journals, *including the advertisements*, mind you, for those are by no means the least interesting and suggestive portion, can have an adequate idea of the permanence and prevalence of wheeling in England. For example, take up the *Bicycling Times*, and note the following at random, in a column of closely printed announcements of wheel literature to be had at the office of that journal:

THE R. R. R., or, Riders' Rules for Road Riding.—A most complete and useful little pocketbook of reference for country by-laws, etc., etc. Price 6d; post free, 7d.

COUNTY MAPS.—We are in a position to supply some of the finest county maps ever issued, shewing every road and village, being absolutely correct in every detail. It is with very great pleasure that we make this announcement, as the county maps we now offer are certainly among the best ever issued. Any county supplied per return of post in neat, handsomely coloured wrapper, price 6d; post free, 7d.

THE CLUB ROOM VISITORS' BOOK.—Cream-laid ruled paper, handsomely bound with gilt lettering. Price 7s., post free.

THE HOTEL VISITOR'S BOOK.—Good paper, strongly bound, with gilt lettering. Price 6s., post free.

THE HOTEL CHARGES DIRECTORY.—Compiled specially for bicyclists, tricyclists, and other tourists; compiled by the Hotel Charges Committee. No rider should be without a copy—its possession will ensure the saving of many pounds. Price 1s.; post free, 15 stamps.

THE TOURISTS' ROUTE MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, mounted on cloth to fold in case. Invaluable to all who use the roads. 1s.; post free, 15 stamps.

BRITISH HIGH-ROADS, arranged for the use of tourists. Illustrated by 41 splendid maps on a scale of three-eighths of a mile to an inch. Part I, handsomely bound in crimson cloth, price 3s. 6d.; post free, 3s. 9d.

THE TOURISTS' GUIDE FOR BICYCLISTS, TRICYCLISTS AND PEDESTRIANS. By "Mesja," B. T. C. New and enlarged edition, full of useful information. Eighth thousand. Price 1d; post free, 2d.

If the fact were published, and accepted as true, that there are, say, 300 large bicycle factories in this country, a large wheel interest would be inferred; so when special country maps showing every road and village, and maps drawn on a scale of *three-eighths of a mile to the inch*, are furnished specially, it proves

that there must be a large constituency interested, and the B. T. C. appears to be more than a badge.

The past season, from all indications, has seen still greater progress since the last "Indispensable" was made up. New firms keep entering the trade; the cycling journals grow fatter with "ads"; and the conclusion is that all England is still far from supplied with "mounts." Of the growth of tricycling we have already written. This has come about in a most compact country, possessing admirable roads, by a process of natural development; that this is so is the encouraging fact which we wish to urge. That this country, very far from possessing those two conditions, yet, should do in two years anything like what England has done in a dozen, would be unnatural; if progress is shown, that is enough—yet it is most desirable to have the facts about our roads discovered, for reasons heretofore set forth. The most encouraging fact is just this—the wheel is not new in England. Here it has not yet been fully tested; but there, it has been. England has experimented for us; the stage of "craze" has long ago passed there, and the prominence of the steel wheel there—and it is no more likely to fall out of use there than the wagon, which is a proof of its substantial value. So we may be sure we are not working to learn the beginnings in something which will be nothing beyond beginnings; *this* wheel is no mistake, and no fizzle. Do we sufficiently realise this ourselves? Hardly. Do we sufficiently impress it upon others? Assuredly not—but how can we, unless we are first convinced of it ourselves? The hog on his hind legs—the crab-apple, puckery-persimmon-tree type of crabbed, cross-grained humanity—the embodiment of old-foozle-dom—there are specimens of these in England, as here, and there will be until the last man of mankind takes his final header into his permanent hole; but it is not to be doubted that most of the opposition here, active or silent, above the level of the thoroughly selfish resistance, exists *because* the wheel is regarded as a mere toy for children, and a craze of youth. "Came over from England, did it?" is the unspoken thought; "well, give it its time, and this last copy of a passing fashion from Europe will run itself out in a year or two." How can the public help thinking so—how can they know any better? Outside of the ranks of wheelmen, there is not one person in a thousand in this country, who knows anything about the position of the wheel in England, except that there are "a good many" of them there just now; put the inquiry closer, and how many wheelmen are there that know much more than this about the matter?

But who shall justify the wheel, spread knowledge about it, proselyte to it, and push it generally, if wheelmen don't?

J. W.

THE RACES AT THE HUB.

KEEN DEFEATS PRINCE—VESEY BEATEN BY FRYE—EXCITING RACES—RECORDS LOWERED.

About one thousand spectators endeavored to keep warm in the great Manufacturers' Institute in Boston last Saturday, the occasion being the long-talked-of match between Keen and Prince, Frye and Vesey, with an interesting sandwich in the shape of a five-mile inter-club race. The building was lighted with electric lights. The track had been carefully marked out on the board floor, and a wooden rail, three inches high, placed close to the line to prevent any cutting of corners. Its shape is slightly elliptical, almost round, and its size, five laps to the mile, made the turns long and easy. The course was well roped in, and, although Mr. General Nuisance was present and occasionally persisted in crossing the track, the efforts of the efficient management prevailed, and a clear course was the result.

The prize competed for in both the amateur races was described as a "trophy suitably inscribed." The professionals ran for a purse of \$200.

The field officers were—Referee: Percy A. Legge, Bradford (Eng.) Bi. Club. Judges: E. C. Hodges, Boston Bi. Club; E. W. Pope, Mass. Bi. Club. Mr. Frank Weston, of the Boston Club, officiated as starter, while Mr. J. S. Dean, *Bicycling World*, was the efficient clerk of the course. The scoring and time keeping was done by Fred. Jenkins, editor of *THE WHEEL*, ably assisted by Messrs. Percy A. Legge, the Referee, and C. A. Walker, Jr., an expert from the Auburndale Watch Co.

The first events were the trial mile heats to decide who should compete in the five mile inter-club race. Out of an entry of nine, five put in appearance, and at the report of the pistol, C. T. Carpenter, Columbia Bi. Club; W. O. Faulkner, Star Bi. Club; and J. E. Goldthwait, were sent on their journey. Faulkner set a very hot pace throughout, and although Carpenter was on his wheel most of the time, he could not pass him. Goldthwait was soon dropped behind, and gave out on the last lap. Faulkner retained his lead and crossed the line in 3 m. 12 1-4 sec., with Carpenter about one half second later.

In the second heat, Geo. E. Frye, Marlboro' Bi. Club, and H. D. Corey, of the Meteor Bi. Club, started. Frye took the lead and held it for three laps, Corey keeping him easily in sight. On the fourth lap Corey spurted past him, and won as he pleased in 3 m. 25 1-8 sec. Frye stopped on the last lap.

The winners of each heat then prepared for the final contest, and an interesting race was anticipated. Faulkner led all the time, Corey merely running a trailing race until the last lap, when he spurted and won by about three feet. The following table shows the time for each mile:

NAME.	TIME.				
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Faulkner	3.56	3.48½	3.45	3.45¼	3.36
Corey	3.56¾	3.49½	3.45¾	3.43¾	3.34½

We also give the total time at the end of each mile:

NAME.	TIME.				
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Faulkner	3.56	7.44½	11.29½	15.14¾	18.50¾
Corey	3.56¾	7.46¾	11.32¼	15.15	18.49½

Mr. Cuthbert D. Vesey, of the Surrey, England Bi. Club, then tried conclusions with Mr. Lewis T. Frye, of the Boston Bi. Club, in a ten mile race. Although Vesey claims that a long distance race is most suited to him, yet we expected to see him do better than at the American Institute, as the track is much larger and approaching more what he has been accustomed to. As Frye had never before entered a ten mile race, the doubtful character as to the positions of the men at the finish, tended to make this a race of more than ordinary interest. Vesey having been beaten at his own distance, fifty miles, by two Americans, the result of the shorter race was anxiously awaited.

Contrary to expectations, Frye took the lead until deprived of it by Vesey in the fourth lap of the first mile, which position he maintained until the commencement of the third lap of the second mile, when the Boston man showed to the front. From there on to the fifth mile it was anybody's race, each man leading for two laps only to lose his place at the next crossing of the line. The pace still was rather irregular, running from 3.44 1-2 in the first mile to 3.33 in the second, and back to 3.41 in the third. At the end of the fourth mile Frye had the lead, but Vesey again went to the front until the fourth lap, when they changed places, Frye finishing five miles in 18.18 3-4. From that time on, the pace was quickened and he held the lead through the sixth, seventh, eighth and the third lap of the ninth, when the Englishman again showed to the front amid tremendous excitement. His triumph was short-lived, as in entering the tenth and last mile, when the real racing began, Frye, putting on a tremendous spurt, passed him on the third lap. When the bell rang for the last lap Frye responded, and gradually began to draw away from his opponent, who was

plainly a badly beaten man. Frye accomplished the last mile in 3 m. 10 1-2 sec., and the total distance in 35 m. 44 1-2 sec., thus lowering the American record of 36 m. 10 secs. made by Vesey at the American Institute in the fifty mile race.

We give a summary of the race as follows:

FRYE.			VESEY.		
Miles.	Each Mile.	Total Time.	Miles.	Each Mile.	Total Time.
1.....	3.44 $\frac{1}{2}$		1.....	3.44 $\frac{1}{2}$	
2.....	3.33	7.17 $\frac{3}{4}$	2.....	3.33 $\frac{1}{2}$	7.18
3.....	3.42 $\frac{1}{4}$	11.....	3.....	3.41	10.59
4.....	3.38	14.38	4.....	3.39 $\frac{1}{2}$	14.38 $\frac{1}{4}$
5.....	3.40 $\frac{3}{4}$	18.18 $\frac{3}{4}$	5.....	3.40 $\frac{3}{4}$	18.19
6.....	3.28 $\frac{1}{4}$	21.47	6.....	3.28 $\frac{1}{4}$	21.47 $\frac{1}{4}$
7.....	3.35 $\frac{3}{4}$	25.22 $\frac{3}{4}$	7.....	3.35 $\frac{3}{4}$	25.22 $\frac{3}{4}$
8.....	3.36	28.58 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.....	3.36 $\frac{1}{4}$	28.59
9.....	3.35 $\frac{1}{2}$	32.34	9.....	3.34	32.33
10.....	3.10 $\frac{1}{2}$	35.44 $\frac{1}{2}$	10.....	3.37	36.10

Mr. W. H. Tufts, of the Columbia Bicycle Club of Attleboro' gave a pleasing exhibition of fancy riding, and introduced many novelties which we will not attempt to describe, but which were all, as they should be, generously applauded.

Interesting as the ten mile amateur race was, it became a thing of the past in comparison with the enthusiasm that greeted the two professionals, John Keen and John S. Prince. Keen, who had the pole, started out at a fine pace, which is remarkable for its evenness—the difference in the miles in some cases is hardly half a second. Prince kept very close to the leader, and held the pole closer by fully fifteen inches. The excitement was now at its height, and as the contestants finished each lap they were greeted with a storm of applause. As the men entered the tenth mile every one felt that the tug of war had come, and when Prince spurted on the second lap, and passed Keen, the audience went wild. But the veteran had plenty of speed left and allowed him to lead until the next to last lap, when he put on one of his celebrated spurts, and again showed to the front. Prince had made his effort a little too soon, and, when the bell sounded for the last lap, was just one second behind Keen, who still continued his spurt and gained another second, crossing the line a winner in 33 m. 3 sec. Prince's time was 33 m. 5 sec. The following is the score:

KEEN.			PRINCE.		
Miles.	Time per mile.	Total Time.	Miles.	Time per mile.	Total Time.
1.....	3.21 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	1.....	3.22	—
2.....	3.18 $\frac{1}{2}$	6.40	2.....	3.18 $\frac{1}{4}$	6.40 $\frac{1}{4}$
3.....	3.19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9.59 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.....	3.19 $\frac{1}{2}$	10.....
4.....	3.19 $\frac{1}{4}$	13.18 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.....	3.19	13.19
5.....	3.20 $\frac{1}{4}$	16.39 $\frac{1}{2}$	5.....	3.21 $\frac{1}{4}$	16.40 $\frac{1}{4}$
6.....	3.20 $\frac{1}{2}$	20.00	6.....	3.20 $\frac{1}{4}$	20.00 $\frac{1}{4}$
7.....	3.19 $\frac{1}{4}$	23.19 $\frac{1}{4}$	7.....	3.19 $\frac{1}{4}$	23.19 $\frac{1}{4}$
8.....	3.20 $\frac{1}{4}$	26.39 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.....	3.20 $\frac{1}{4}$	26.39 $\frac{1}{4}$
9.....	3.18 $\frac{1}{2}$	29.58	9.....	3.18 $\frac{1}{4}$	29.58 $\frac{1}{4}$
10.....	3.05	33.03	10.....	3.06 $\frac{1}{4}$	33.05

Keen's fastest mile was the tenth in 3 m. 5 sec., while Prince covered the same distance in 3 m. 6 3-4 secs.

In regard to form of riding, Keen "manipulates the bakery," although Prince rides very finely. A comparison between the two men may be of interest. John Keen was born in Worcestershire, England, is 32 years of age, and weighs 163 pounds. His height is 5 feet 8 inch. Keen rides a 56 inch racing machine of his own make, but on the roads prefers a 52 inch wheel. On the other hand, John S. Prince, born in Langley Green, England, is 23 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, and weighs 170 pounds. His mount is a 53 inch "Yale" racer. Prince has usually had a handicap in his contests on the other side, and has a record of 2 m. 54 sec. from scratch. As he is a young man he has a brilliant future before him. An excellent feature introduced by Mr. Weston was the English custom of ringing a bell at the commencement of the last lap, which worthy example it would be well to imitate in future contests.

SOME BOSTON BEANS.

The coming races are the subjects now uppermost in the minds of most of our wheelmen, and until proven otherwise, we Hubbits believe that we shall sweep the board on the evening of the 14th.

Mr. Vesey shows decided pluck in agreeing to meet our short distance men, yet I cannot but feel that he will be a much more dangerous competitor to meet for ten miles, than he admits. Should he beat our men, I can assure him that none will be quicker or more sincere in their congratulations than Boston wheelmen.

As for the professional event we feel pretty certain on that, for the reason that Mr. Keen, if he has not absolutely retrograded, does not seem to have improved of late, while Prince has made rapid improvement since he came here.*

As a man of wonderful pluck and endurance he gave himself away, in the event of last fall at Hingham; in fact he gave himself so much away, that I honestly believe the American professionals would stand no show on any distance they chose to name with him.

Prof. Rollinson writhes under the repeated claim of Prince to the title of "Champion of America," and technically not without cause; so Prince and he had best meet as soon as they can and settle the mooted question beyond a peradventure. In the race at Hingham when these two men met for the first and last time, Rollinson undoubtedly was physically under the weather; yet allowing things to be equal, and the men came together, I think Prince would have the call on the betting, and I further think that the preference would not prove inimical to the preference's pocket-book; if you know what that means.

Whether my forecast of Boston's double victory will prove correct or otherwise, I shall forward you an account of the race, provided you, Mr. Editor, are not on hand to see and report for yourself; but as we expect to see you *sure*, I shall be happy to have you "Carry the News to Mary" yourself.

By the way, brother Wilcox, I propose to make amends honorable, for giving you that fearful attack of indigestion by my description of 53 Union Park, which appeared in no 33 of THE WHEEL. In serving you up what I supposed, a very palatable morsel of information, I did not suppose I was furnishing you with spectacles, the glasses of which were of a cerulean hue. Brace up, brother, and believe me, when I say that there is too much positive good in our sport for it ever to take a backward movement in the aggregate, while Boston acknowledges the compliment implied in your article, yet we cannot believe that bicycling in New York is on the decline, that is not the usual style of your city to go backward. I predict that bicycling has a future in the United States, the present status of which is trivial in comparison.

And now I wish to turn my attention to *you*, Mr. Editor, and request the amende honorable in return for inserting "*Iverses*" unauthorized over my signature in my last batch of beans, the perusal of which brought a very hornets' nest about my ears; I had to protest and lie about it till I felt as mean as one (or all) of the venerable commissioners of your horse-garden; don't do it any more, and come down on your marrow bones like a little man. "London W." seems to be somewhat exercised over the stand taken by a certain Champion City Bi. Club and "Cyclos" vs. racing. That racing will always be an interesting and valuable factor in our sport, is as sure as that it will *not* be discontinued, and that is *very* sure. The same correspondent takes exception to the fault finding made by sundry writers in THE WHEEL and *The World* against the League, and says, that though they find fault, they don't devise means to correct mistakes; now while not desiring to enter into the discussion at all, I must say, that in reading the numerous letters criticising the management of the L. A. W., the impression was distinctly left on my mind that the majority of growers *did* suggest remedies, absolutely, in some, and *strongly implied* in others; with what wisdom I leave for those who are already in the controversy to decide.

By the way, the New Year's reception given by the Bostons to their friends was a grand success in every way; during the day they had nearly 300 callers in all, and during the evening there were nearly 200 guests present at one time. It was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, to say nothing about the oysters cooked and raw, the salads and coffee, and the—the, well lemonade.

* Since writing the above, I am informed that Mr. Keen has just now barely recovered from the effects of a broken arm. This fact accounts in a great measure for the easy victories of De Civy over Mr. Keen lately, and hence also my impression that the latter was not what he used to be.

"Entre nous" I was informed by the Secretary of the Bostons, Mr. Dean, that he had sent invitations to nearly every club in the United States, and the mail service of the U. S. is so very inefficient that they only returned one or two acknowledgements of the Boston's courtesy; to lay the failure of receiving them to *any other cause*, would be impossible, and a very poor comment on the *bienveillance* of the clubs not heard from, and so we lay it all to Uncle Sam.

Mr. Hazlett, of Portsmouth, will come up smiling next season with his marine bicycle in which he has become pecuniarily interested lately. He promises a lighter and more rapid machine than the initial one. The possibilities of this comparatively new comer, so far as sociability is concerned, are pleasant to contemplate. The accommodations, at a pinch, for some other fellow's sister (Hazlett says, so long as she is nice it don't make any difference whose sister it is, *barring your own*) can be provided and nicely provided too.

Ta ta till Saturday,

HANDY ANDY.

P. S.—Bring all the boys you can with you and don't write any more doggerel and ascribe it to my classic pen.

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THE FIRST EVENT will start at EIGHT p.m. sharp, and will be

A TEN MILES RACE between

MR. C. D. VESEY, of THE SURREY (ENG.) BICYCLE CLUB,

AND
MR. LEWIS T. FRYE, of THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

In this Race Mr. Frye gives Mr. Vesey a start of one-fifth of a mile.

THE SECOND EVENT will be

An Exhibition of FANCY RIDING,

IN WHICH

MR. H. W. TUFTS, COLUMBIA (ATTLEBORO) BICYCLE CLUB,

Will be invited to repeat his Marvellous Performances of Saturday last.

THE THIRD EVENT will start at NINE p.m. sharp, and will be

A TEN MILES RACE between

JOHN KEEN, Champion of England,

AND
JOHN S. PRINCE, Champion of America.

In this race Keen gives Prince a start of one-fifth of a mile, and will probably be compelled to beat the record in order to win the race. The endeavor to do this must.

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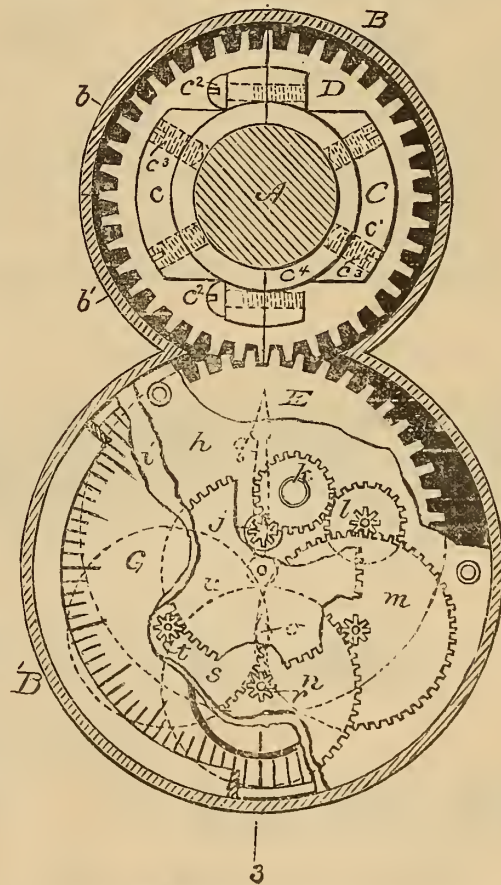
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