

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. II.—NO. 3.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JUNE, 1887.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of taking a header, and the fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

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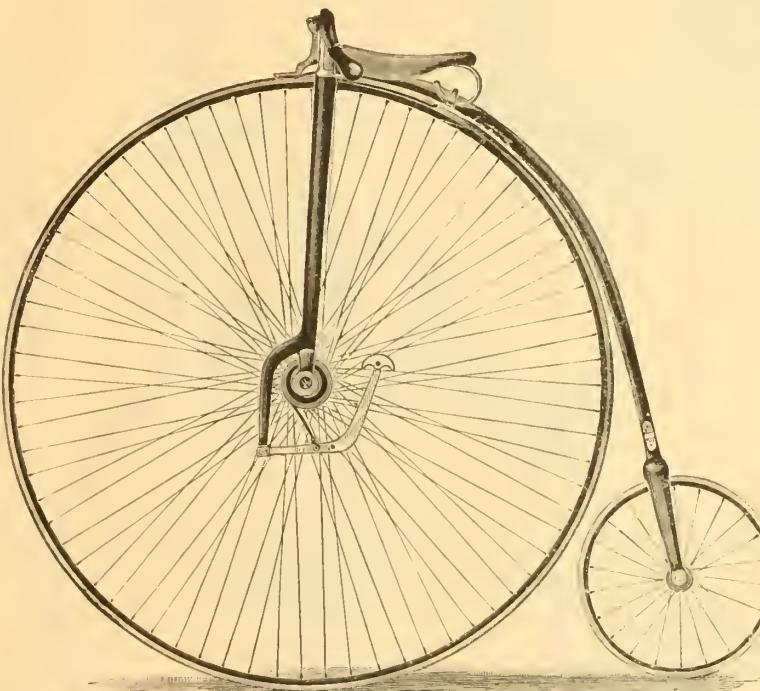
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Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing, or racing speed.

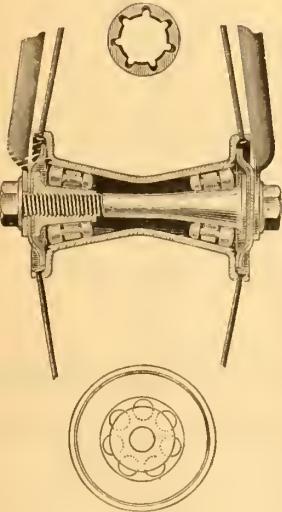
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Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the drive-wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

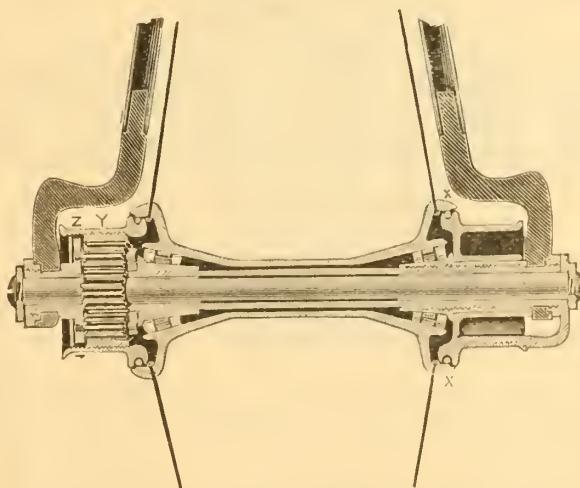
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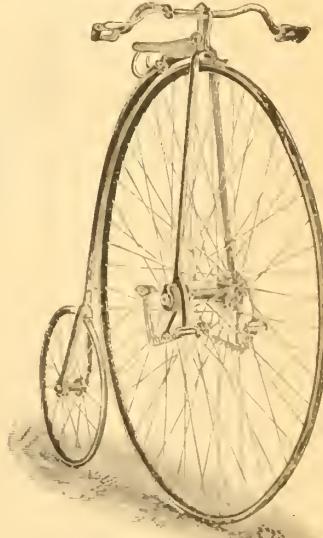
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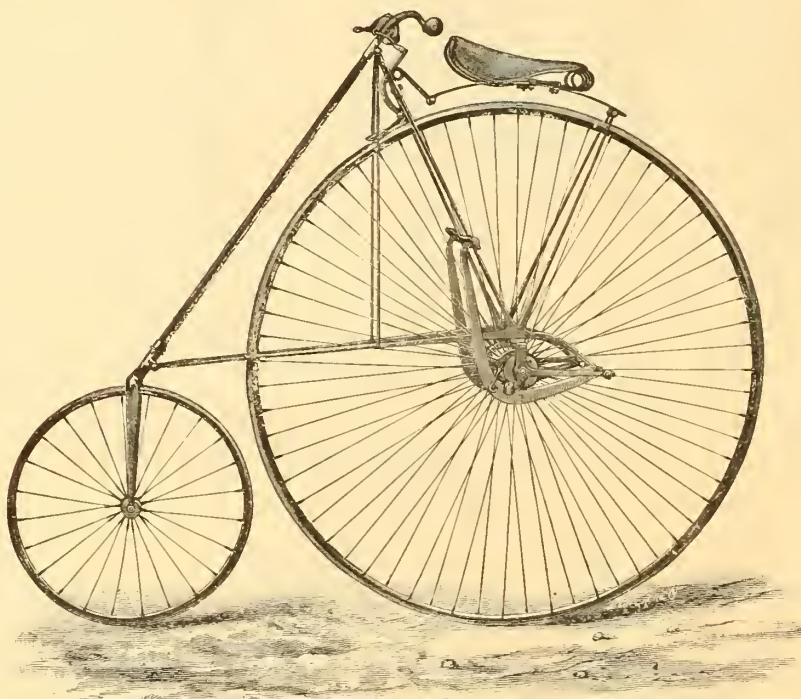
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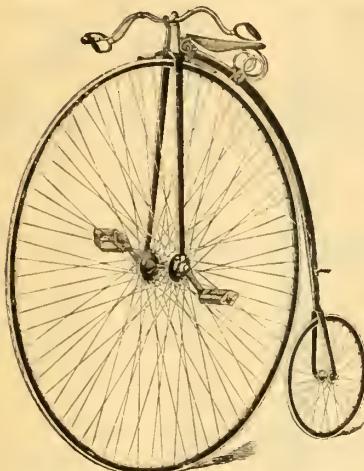
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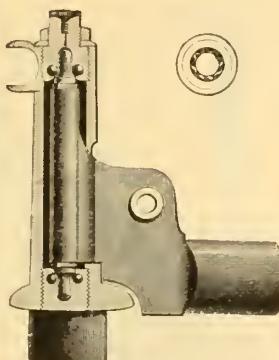
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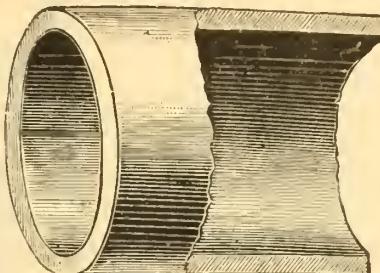


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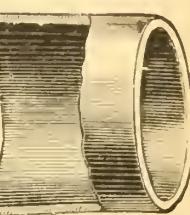


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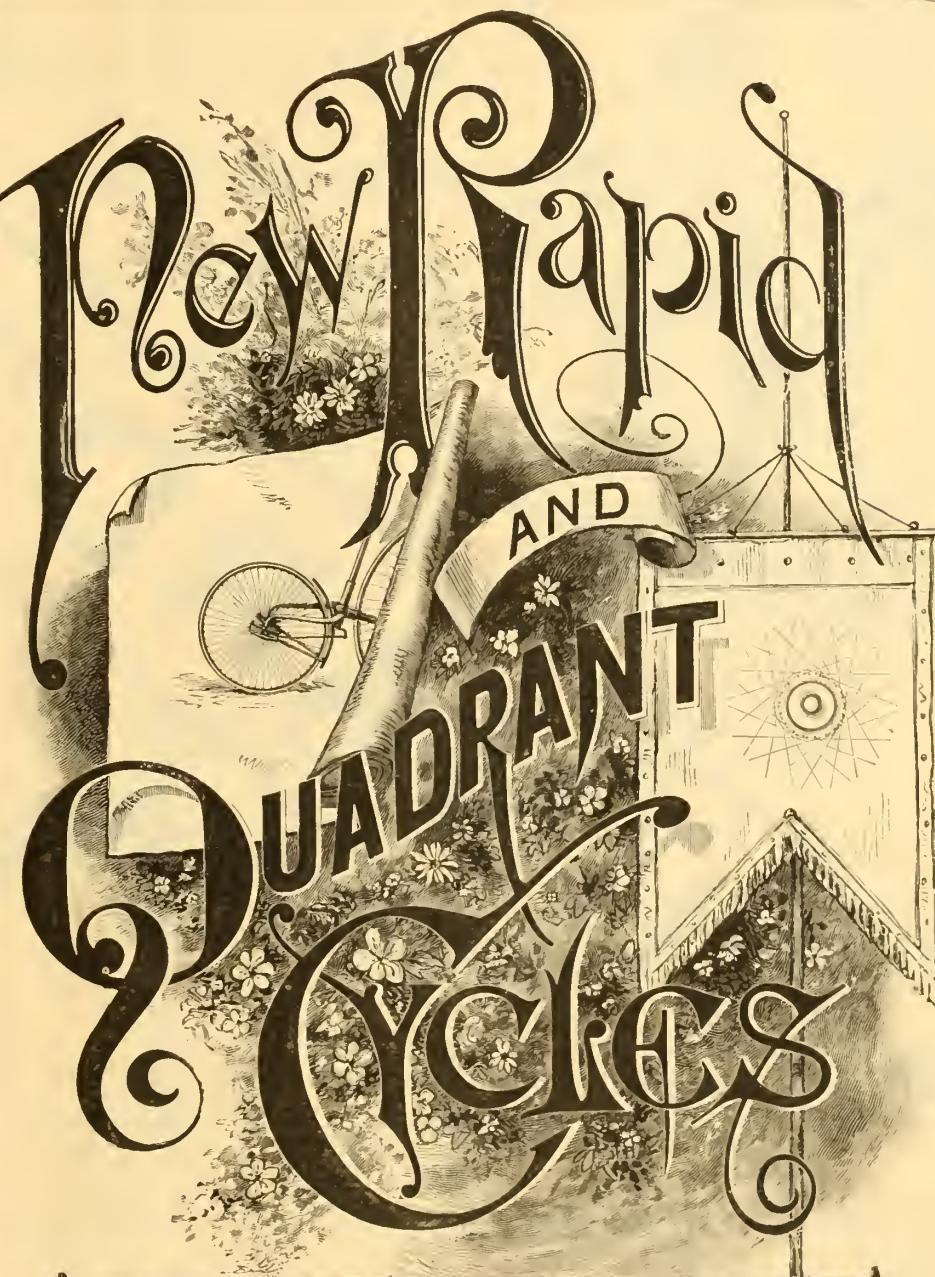
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AND SEE WHICH
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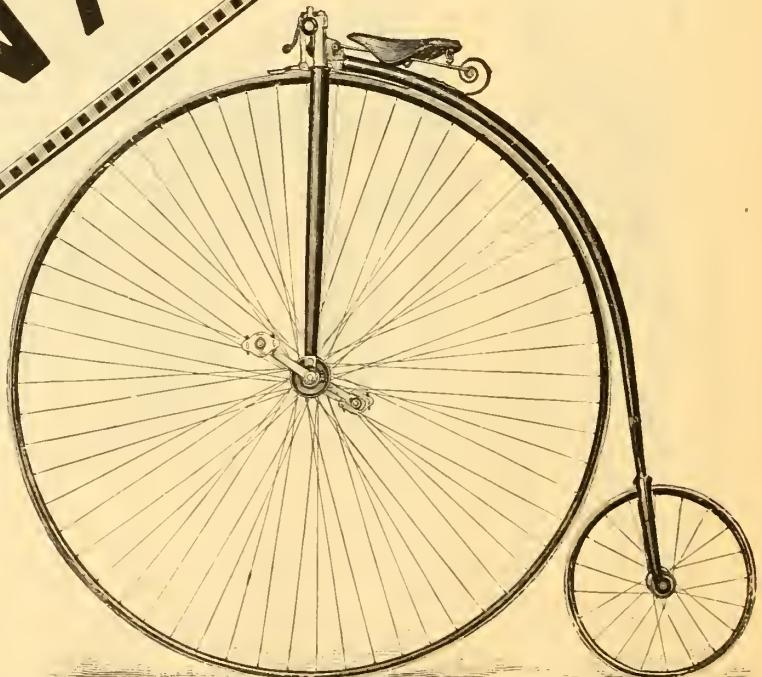
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No. 4 BICYCLE @ \$80!

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3.—**THE STANDARD FACILE**, a good plain pattern, with weldless steel hollow backbone and front forks, and balls to front wheel; plain enamel finish. The best low-priced machine offered in the market.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JUNE, 1887.

NO. 3.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - -	25 cents.
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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - Editor and Manager.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEET.

UNIQUE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GRAND OLD TIME.

BY PHOENIX.

Most of you have doubtless become well informed in regard to the eighth annual meet. There have been accounts and accounts of it. Yet do not cast this feeble effort aside—for I will endeavor to drag it from the now well-worn rut, and make it simply a recollection, by following the general course of events which occurred, picking out of memory's casket a few trinkets pertaining to those events and presenting them for your inspection.

As is already known, the last and greatest meet really extended over a period of five days, commencing with the morning of Thursday, May 19, and ending on the morning of Tuesday, May 24. On the Thursday mentioned many of our local wheelmen had already donned their cycling uniforms, and in common with the delegates who arrived on that day from all parts of the country—particularly from the East—they did not remove those same uniforms for much longer than three hours out of each twenty-four, during the following five days.

On Thursday little was done, comparatively. There was a deal of political chatter going the rounds at hotel headquarters, and some of the chatter had a decided effect in the meeting of the following day. Aside from politics, the delegates amused themselves in various ways about town, and one amusing thing I recollect was the sight of two visitors, whom, I know not, passing through the streets leading their machines, the forks and backbones of which were carefully enveloped in manila paper. Another little matter which seemed to attract the public eye was a young man—Kennedy-Child by name—who wore, in the first place, a very stalwart pair of legs; these were covered by stockings of shaggy wool and pants which were evidently "sawed off"; but the feature which was most calculated to catch the optic was a very voluminous and very brightly red sash, which was wrapped in several picturesque folds about the young man's body. I will forget the other little things I noticed and stroll with the reader through the day to eight o'clock p.m., when we find our-

selves at the hospitable door of the Missouri Club house. There is, or will be, a reception here. Let's sit and wait. In the interim we find time to note that the club-house never looked so pretty before. Its exterior is neat, but the interior is magnificent. There are pictures on the walls which are strange to the eye—expensive works of art set among the club's own fine pictures, which are evidently there "for this occasion only." There is one new frame which contains an old—a dear and familiar face, that of Cola Stone. On the tables, in the corners, everywhere, are masses of roses, and other flowers, whose sweet aroma is borne on the fragrant air.

While we have been lolling, a change has taken place—the rooms are now filled with club members and the guests of the evening. Ladies there are in plenty—and pretty, too, every one of them. I might be more truthful and say that the older ladies were *pretty in their way*. There stands the gallant Col. Pope, and here are Mr. Overman, the elder Herbert Hayes, Mr. Jessup, Tom Stevens, and a host of other men whom we have often thought and dreamed about. We have often wished to see them, and forthwith proceed to stare them out of countenance. By mere mention we will now dally with the kind manner in which President Stewart and his estimable wife received and welcomed the guests; the "hand-shake" which poor Tom Stevens was subjected to in the club parlor; the cool promenade through the aisles of the illuminated tennis park (which the eastern boys—and perhaps our girls—enjoyed *so* much) and the agony we all endured while Messrs. Aiken, Oliver, and Overman made worthy effort to convince us that they were operatic stars and tragedians, respectively. Note the fact that Mayor Ewing and other municipal dignitaries felt it an honor to "come in and look out" for a little while. And now that we come to the delicious lunch, accept a kind friend's advice and never try to feed Secretary Bassett. Next—the dance—avoid Harry Corey on these occasions, for you will know no rest until you have ushered him into the acquaintance of the very prettiest girl present—and he is a fastidious judge of beauty, too—none but the handsomest will do. After the dance, I believe the next order of business was to adjourn, which all were very loth to do, and I believe Mr. Overman truthfully said it was the finest thing in receptions he had ever attended.

On Friday morning our already tired reception committee were fairly overwhelmed by the throngs of merry beings who came from all parts. Nearly every visitor dropped into town by way of the Union Depot, and this made the work of caring for them all the harder, arriving almost in a body as they did, though the actual number of visitors would not compare with last year's gathering.

Hal Greenwood, with his long levered Star and green "runs committee" badge, was on hand at the depot and secured a moderate number of victims for his De Soto-to-Montesano run. He

placed them aboard a south-bound train after breakfast and hustled them out of town again ere they had a chance to get the cinders of travel from their ears. Hildebrand likewise took a party of visitors from the hotels to the rustic scenes of Forest Park, and at one o'clock, Alex Lewis started south with six others, over the De Soto road to Montesano Springs.

The proceedings of the board and general meetings are by this time a trifle moss-grown, so I will not disturb them. Suffice it to say that the pretty interior of Entertainment Hall lent an increased air of dignity to the deliberations; that the Pennsylvanians had the satisfaction of seeing the position of their division correctly understood, through the peace-offering read by Mr. Luscomb; that the board meeting was harmonious and that the amateur law will probably have to die a sure but a lingering death; and that the general meeting was devoid of useless oratory and was the shortest on record—15 minutes.

Little time intervened between the close of the general meeting and the excursion down the broad Mississippi to Montesano Springs. There was something peculiarly enjoyable about that memorable trip, something that impressed itself upon the mind so deeply as to remain in one's memory a lifetime. I do not know where the secret lay, whether it was the novelty of a cyclists' gathering or the happy state of that gathering. It may have been the pretty maidens, or perhaps it was the delicious music, of which one might well ask:—

"Is a spirit concealed in the song from afar?
Is some mighty magician at work, that we hear
In its pure undulations the tones that unbar
The gates of the soul?"

But I guess it was a harmonious combination of all, that makes of it such a pleasurable reminiscence.

There were between five and six hundred happy souls on board the Chas. P. Chouteau, as she steamed majestically and silently past the busy scenes of the St. Louis levee, the southern suburbs and manufactories, and lower river bluffs. The festivities of the preceding night and present day had made them weary, and they chatted dreamily as they sat and watched the passing scenes, whilst merry breezes cooled the sunburned faces of the cyclists, who in turn cast sidelong glances of admiration at the waving curls of their fair companions. Occasionally, several couples would descend to the rink floor on the boiler deck and spin gayly around the smooth course on the six-in-hand, and now and then a north-bound steamer or passenger train, passing swiftly under the bluffs overhanging the muddy Mississippi, would attract a moment's lively—very lively—attention. Soon Chouteau Mansion hove in sight and was greeted by the steamer's demoniacal shriek as we sailed by and out of sight. The mansion mentioned is quite a large, strongly constructed edifice, and is occupied by the family from which the steamer takes its name. The history of this well-known

French family dates back into the early days, when St. Louis was a mere settlement. Pierre Chouteau acquired a great deal of land, and when St. Louis became a metropolis he disposed of most of it and retired to the quietude of this romantic home, which is built on the very edge of a precipitous cliff, down the face of which a "back-and-forth" stair leads to a miniature depot on the Iron Mountain Railway.

Ere we knew it, Montesano was in sight—or rather wasn't, for the familiar hotel on the height was burned away, and the little town of Kimmswick is almost hidden by foliage. The steamer hove to, and a landing was made about seven o'clock, a number of strollers going ashore and visiting the hotel ruins and the nasty-tasting springs, of which there are fifteen—in the park. While the boat was still headed down stream, Hal Greenwood, and his Star, shot suddenly down an invisible path and stopped abruptly on the very edge, over the water. The effect was pretty.

Greenwood was followed by seven others, including Bowbeer, of Chicago; Probst and Hulman, of Indiana, riding Star and crank respectively; Monaghan, of Dallas, Texas, crank; W. J. Hill, Terre Haute, Star; Bert Hill, Peoria; and Charlie McDonald, St. Louis. After their rough jaunt, all the boys were hard looking characters. They had left De Soto at 11.10 A. M. and sallied forth into the tough's paradise. Rogers's hill seemed to have no ending and Hulman surprised them by pedaling down this side. At Bulltown each placed his name in the "Dead men's register" and partook of that pork, "fried so beautifully brown," which Arthur Young has immortalized in his poems. Again they set out, and now encountered some new flint road and a tremendous heat. On Frisco's immaculate white top they threw themselves on the mossy roadside and feasted their eyes upon the beautiful valley, with its woods just budded into full summer glory. They gazed at the seemingly perpendicular streak of white road on the other side, and wondered how they had ever coasted it. In the saddle again, around the famous but treacherous curve, followed by a succession of short, swift coasts. A short respite now from the strain of constant breaking. Then a long up grade, down the other side, over the ticklish knob of H. and D. and they find themselves at the long looked for Montesano cross-road. The party leaving St. Louis at the north end of the De Soto road had agreed with the first party to meet at this point, either party to wait half an hour for t'other. The time expired, but no second crowd hove in sight; so they placed a row of boulders across the entrance of the cross-road and proceeded on their way till we saw them at the river, at seven o'clock.

The south bound party arrived a half hour later, having left the Missouri club-house at two o'clock, and oh, how tired they looked! There were but seven—Alex Lewis, in charge; merry Pallister, of Ottumwa, Ia.; McGill, of Chicago; Norton, of Champaign, Ill.; Jaccard and others, of St. Louis. The strangers were full of praise until they had rolled over the swaying Meramec bridge and into the land of hills. From this point on, their eyes forced eloquence from their tongues, but the eloquence did not all refer to the scenery. One foolish man tried to pedal down Kimmswick. A water-bar caused him to ease the brake. Once through the sandy mass, the wheel knew no controlling power. The rider looked down the steep descent, through the overhanging trees. Too

much for him! Another minute meant a runaway. He slipped backward from the saddle and promptly found himself sitting on the hard road, watching abstractedly his flying wheel as it tumbled and bounded down the grade. They saw the boulders at the cross-road and set out for the last five mile pull, finishing but a short time behind the others.

At last our so called brag regarding this famous road has been verified. None of the participants of to-day will ever forget their experience. Said one visitor: "The views are grand, without a doubt; but with thanks to the Omnipotent for bringing me safely through this time, I promise faithfully never to tackle those hills and coasts again." Hill, of Boston, had conspicuously announced that he would take the De Soto run, and "down" Greenwood. I found him on the steamer, and he gave as his reason for not doing so, the cruel newspaper notoriety his announcement had been given.

The park strollers were recalled by the steamer's blast. Genelli took a large photo of the boat and its passengers, and when he had done, the return trip was commenced and supper was announced. The meal, which was served under the eye of one of Faust's ablest caterers, seemed to fill a gratified void, and after it was over and dusk was succeeded by black darkness—for there was no moon—every one's face seemed to say, "I feel much better now." The story of the dance on the boiler deck and the negro jubilee artists is already old. The excursionists, now full of glee and—supper, scampered fore and aft and up and down, now joining involuntarily with one of the Ethiopian warblers in his unique laughing song, and again whirling over the floor of the dancing pavilion below, to the entrancing strains of melody produced by the orchestra. Love-smitten couples—and a very few quite the contrary, judging by their faces (*vide* Tom Stevens for one miserable half-hour)—promenaded up and down the rink floor running from end to end of the steamer, while the road men told of their exploits and John Stout, the deaf-mute, exerted his powers of pantomime to an apparently painful extent. He tried hard to speak at times, but only succeeded in calling the listener a "dodo"—all he could say. Stout gave a short exhibition on the dancing floor on his Star.

At the Chouteau bluff, above mentioned, a display of fireworks was expected, but nobody looked for the surprise which came. The attention of those on board was suddenly attracted by a blaze of red light which illuminated the cliff, the mansion and surroundings, in lurid beauty. This was heightened a moment later by the contrast of a blue light! Then came long-winded rockets, which spurted into pitchy space like Hendee and Rowe after a mile record. Monster nigger chasers went tearing through the climbing plants, out over the river and into the water with a hiss. The beautiful sight beggars description and was deeply impressed upon the passengers.

As the steamer slowly drew away the house on the heights was warmly saluted by the lusty lungs of the people and steamer. Ere long smoke and leaping flames were seen in the distance, casting a bright reflection on the river's dismal waters, and now we were feasting eyes and ears on the curious sights and sounds which emanated from the Vulcan Forge and Zinc works, in lower Carondelet. The dancing lights on the levee were passed, and after another look about the busy boat we were again at home.

Saturday morning dawned bright and hot. It also witnessed the arrival in town of the father of touring, Burley Ayers, with jolly Buckley and other Chicagoans. I do not recollect much concerning the official parade. I do remember that on the main thoroughfares it was alternately a race and funeral procession, with occasional accompaniments of street slime and blockades, to add to the general enjoyment. No blame, however, attaches to the wheelmen in charge. The start was made on a favorable down grade on the asphalt. All morning little squads straggled out to Twenty-second and Locust streets, where they sat under the shady trees and guzzled "Phosferrone," which was distributed gratis by a prominent druggist. I think he found advertising expensive, from the way the cooling fluid disappeared under the wheelmen's vests.

The Wisconsin delegation, led on by George Peck, of *Peck's Sun*, had raided a Japanese notion shop and now appeared on the scene literally covered with flags, fans, and fantasies of every size and color. They created a large and audible smile, as did the little color-bearer of the Missouri Club, who rode decorously up to a line of wheelmen, stopped too suddenly, and measured his length in the dust of Twenty-second street.

The start was made nearly on time, and the parade was carried successfully through, as far as the asphalt and Olive street road were concerned. There were not more than 300 in line, by an approximate count. Colonel Pope and George H. Day sallied forth on a tandem and did noble battle on the granite for a little while; but the colonel wilted and made a short cut to Forest Park by carriage. Messrs. Bassett, Everett, Hayes, Hill, and Lawton of Massachusetts, and Smith of Indiana, made an imposing array on the six-in-hand. They were spilled from their seats at one point but no harm resulted. Tom Stevens was in the parade at the start, but in a carriage at the finish. It may not be amiss here to state that the absence of Henry Ducker was regretted in the parade as a celebrity, and as a comrade during the meet.

A. K. Stewart, "peacemaker," led the paraders a merry chase about Forest Park, where no particular order of riding was observed. Stewart disappeared down a cinder path, hidden by lilacs and low trees, and was followed in single file along the pretty dale in which it had been the intention to spread the picnic lunch. A stroll over a rustic bridge and to the breezy top of a wooded hill brought the cyclers to an oasis of lemonade, ices and solids, and cooling shade.

That was an interesting little encampment, under the forest trees. Secretary Bassett, clad in simple brown shirt and long trousers, with his own patent laced leggings, luggered his rotund form good-naturedly about. Colonel Pope was evidently weary, judging by the way he held up a forest tree with his broad back. Frank Ray ("Adolescens") amused himself most of the time tearing about after a large canine which carried away his cap and its costly monogram. The scribes were on the jump continuously and John Stont took a header from his Star in a post-hole.

The taking of the photograph was followed by a general scattering through the park to the club, art museum, base-ball game, and last, but not least, to the Anheuser-Busch brewery. Here it was that Burley Ayers tracked down the secretary-editor and bulldozed the poor gentleman until the latter had absorbed several glasses of some brown liquid they make down there. The office

force very generously informed the visitors on the workings of the machinery and the proper manner of absorbing the aforesaid liquid, and when the few miles lying betwixt this interesting spot and the Lindell Hotel had been traversed, by just what route some memories do not say, each man found himself the possessor of a handsome match-safe and folding screw-driver.

Lindell Hotel, at seven o'clock Saturday evening, presented a novel spectacle. Everywhere, in office, hallways, parlor, corridor, in the veranda up stairs, and on the pavement below, were seen men in short pants. How cool—and hungry—the boys looked, after having removed the grime and dust of the day from their happy faces and uniforms. In the corridor there was an immense throng, chatting pleasantly and awaiting the signal to file up the broad staircase to the banquet hall. A 64-inch Victor, mounted on its Acme stand, was surrounded by gossips, and over there in the corner Edward Stettinius and the *Post-Dispatch* man were having a war of words over the non-appearance of the Eurota Club in the parade. In parlor 22 there was a busy scene—the banquet committee with its register, and Burley Ayers signing delegates' credentials.

"How muchy?" queried Ayers as they handed him a banquet ticket. His hand was grabbed as it went into his pocket, and five men prepared to sit on him.

"Why—you—you are darned—you're crazy!" he said dazedly, when they broke the sad news. He didn't mean what he said, I know. His mind had evidently only wandered back to the Chicago Track Association and its ledger account. But they wouldn't let him pay. A good story, now well known, went the rounds next morning, at the expense of those who were "really too fatigued to take in the banquet, you know," but who kicked themselves with horrible inhumanity when they awoke and learned that it hadn't been a great, big \$2.50 banquet after all—just a little free spread that would have agreed with the most delicate stomach.

Space will not permit me to wade again through the rivers of fun which flowed in irresistible torrents that night. In this connection, just jot down the fact that never, at a St. Louis wheelmen's banquet, has the use of wine been found a necessity; and at this, the king of all its predecessors, I believe the red fluid would actually have marred the smoothness and clogged the wit of the occasion. I was one of those who, in their desire to make the event a rousing one, one to be long remembered, advocated the use of champagne for the well-meaning purpose of "steaming" up the speakers of the evening. The necessity was *nil*, for a brighter selection of orators nor a wittier toastmaster never graced banquet board.

The service, too, was complete. There were about two hundred and twenty-five gentlemen seated in the banquet hall, and Spiehring, with his small but skillful string orchestra, was concealed in a foliage-covered corner, whence he came Spiehring for our heart-strings with soft, delightful music. At the tap of a bell ninety well-trained waiters came and went with martial tread. The saddle-bag menus were quite a surprise, as was the sudden disappearance of several of them. Some of the waiters might have thrown some light on the latter mystery.

There were some amusing occurrences. Ned Oliver was taken sick and missed it all, though he mustered strength enough to mention to your cor-

respondent with a wink, that the florally-decorated bicycle at the head of the fork-shaped tables was a native of Chicago. Kennedy-Child brought down with a crash his reputation as a *beau ideal*, by overturning a bottle of sauce on his pretty menu. One cycer had evidently never attended a banquet before. All the evening he sat as though frozen to his chair, looking not to the right or left. In that respect he was much like the granger who sat down to a game of poker, and spat tobacco juice on his shirt-front rather than turn his head and lose sight of the "lay-out" before him. So this wheelman sat, eating all that came within range of his rigid, straightforward stare. A waiter came at the tap of the bell. A second tap, and down before our feaster went a large platter of asparagus—three dozen shoots, I think. A staggered look, changing instanter to painful resolution, and he "yanked" the platter under his nose from the middle of the table and sailed in, finishing the last bite with a look of subdued agony that caused a hasty spread of his watchers' napkins over their faces.

Dinner over, the toastmaster, Gus Thomas, arose, and as he arose, we smiled, nor could we divest ourselves of that smile till all was o'er and we were scattered our various ways. Thomas is a man of magnetic presence, who never fails to make his audience laugh or cry, as he wills. This time we laughed. Said he, slowly: "I suppose that some of you have gravely apprehended that the really serious part of the evening is to come. The refreshments simply precede it, and place you in a humor to tolerate what may, in a general way, follow—just as soup is generally brought in first. It is to the dinner what this dinner is to the serious business on hand—in other words, the soup is 'starred'—no, not the supe in a dramatic company." And thus he went on, putting every one into smiles in a moment. At his suggestion that the chairs be drawn nearer the speakers, there was a shuffling and thumping for a few moments. Then we settled back for a fragrant smoke, while we listened to as fine a series of after-dinner speeches as could have been selected. Following are the toasts:—

Address of Welcome, HON. JACOB FURTH.

Response, COLONEL POPE.

Our Guests, THOS. STEVENS.

St. Louis and her Merchants, A. MOORE BERRY.

The L. A. IV., T. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Ladies, REV. DR. JOHN SNYDER.

Cycling and its Relation to Literature, PROFESSOR HOSMER.

The welcoming address of the Hon. Mr. Furth, the rich, sympathetic voice of the Rev. Dr. Snyder, and the clear ring of Mr. Kirkpatrick's magnificent effort were particularly to be remembered, and not a speaker arose but he was cheered to the echo every time, while our witty toastmaster sent the entire assembly into rapturous laughter in each interim.

Sunday morning was an hour and a half old when the banquet became a memory, to reappear only in such effusions as this—good meat reduced to hash. I was lucky enough to secure the front seat on the six-in-hand and being the only native "on board," piloted George Hill and his party over the granite to Washington Avenue Hill, which leads abruptly to the levee below. Here, to my horror, I was ordered to refrain from steering or even back-pedaling. With the application of but two brakes the party of six crept safely to the bottom. All was excitement on the steamer

Hudson, there being about 200 aboard. At two o'clock we were away and *en route* to Clarksville, many remaining behind to join us again at the race course when another midnight came. The night was comfortably cool, and in staterooms and on cots we wooed the sleepy goddess during the now customary three hours, though a few exceptions slumbered on through a large portion of the quiet Sabbath, while others didn't sleep at all.

Soon after six o'clock Sunday morning the boys—for with the exception of three ladies this was decidedly a stag party—showed their brown, cheerful faces in the boat's guards, sitting about in groups until the breakfast hour. That was a pleasant, long to be remembered ride. The day had dawned cool and clear, and time flitted so deliciously as we sat and watched the shores—now low and level, revealing occasionally a startled shoal of turtles, disturbed in their Sunday morning sun-bath, and again cliff-like and rugged. There were poor fellows whose weak stomachs had made them, for a time, invalids, and to these the passing scenes, not to mention the services of that Good Samaritan, Dr. Emery of Boston, were especially gratifying. The steamer made a few stops, and our passengers never missed a chance to impress in as demoniacal a manner as possible the inhabitants of the little hamlets where landings were made—small towns knowing no communication but the steamer with the outside world, and whose people had never seen wheelmen or cycles in their lives. Had our wheelmen known it, they might have strolled ashore at Hamburg, and, by climbing to the top of the bluff which shelters the little spot from the cold winter winds of the north, could have spied the white homes of Clarksville, over twenty miles away. Hamburg, by the way, has a cycling connection which is dear to many of us in St. Louis. For here it was that our old friend Cola Stone first saw the light of day. In that wild, woodland grove he had undergone the early hardships which taught him the valuable lesson of endurance and bravery. Long ere he ever saw or heard of a bicycle, he had time and time again leaped headlong from the bluff above-mentioned, into the cool Mississippi, a hundred feet below. A little away from the edge of this bluff, and right on its top, are seen the first white stones of the village cemetery, which extends back out of view, and I sometimes wonder if ever the poor fellow's love for St. Louis cycledom was not at times overcome by a wish that this might be his last resting place.

At 11.30 A. M. a solitary duck sped swiftly by the steamer, sailing with outstretched neck and rapidly undulating wings, a few inches over the surface of the water. He was going brakes-off and didn't seem to mind the curves. "St. Paul by midnight," said the boat's mate, tersely, as he watched the flying fowl. St. Paul was about a thousand miles away.

There was a sudden racket upon the hurricane deck. "Hurrah—Clarksville," somebody shouted, and in a moment the entire boat was in a stir. Yes, there lay the pretty town, on the west side of the river. We saw it but for a moment, between the islands and headlands, and it was gone, not to be seen for another hour; for it was still seven miles away.

The sky now began to take on a threatening aspect, and Old Sol hid his face behind a bank of black clouds. A party of road toughs, ex-Ram-

blers, lay on their backs on one of the swinging stages, and for a few moments it looked as though their frolics and songs would be seriously interrupted. They held the fort, however, and after a few big drops of rain had fallen, the sun came out and all was again serene.

"We-want-some-DINNER" was sung in lusty chorus by a crowd on the front guard, about noon. The cry was taken up all over the boat, and the poor cooks and "coons" hustled about as they had probably never hustled before—for the boys meant business, and like as not would have stormed the pantry, had they been reduced to the customary delay which is so noticeable in the river trade.

Dinner was still in progress when the boat's sharp bow went swishing around the last bend and the Clarksville levee hove in sight, now close at hand, and in a few moments we were ashore. Climbing up the levee, a memory of yesterday's visit to the brewery came up from the boat with the refrain, "Keep the train a-movein'," etc. The band also bade Clarksville a musical good afternoon as the inhabitants approached *en masse* to greet the boys who would henceforth make Rome howl in their little town.

"Didn't bring up my arm, eh?" queried Whitaker, as he sidled up to Ladish and exhibited a rather damaged member—a usual thing with Whit. Ladish, by the by, can do more actual hard work and show less worry and wear than any fellow I ever ran across.

Despite the clouds, a great many mounted their bikes and trikes, and made a tour of the famous Belt road. A party of ex-Ramblers sallied forth on the six-in-hand, while dapper little Overman took a carriage in his. Greenwood tackled Crank hill, defeating Corey, and many went to the wheelmen's services which were held in the churches, or joined the multitude in having a good time about town.

Jack Prince wasn't going into the road-race. Not much. "They told me," he said, "that the blamed road was a bit wavy—little hills, a-rollin' hup and down, but h'll be blowed if I ever saw hanything like 'em. And to be sure, I managed to get hup all right—it was the pedalin' down that got me, an' I wasn't goin' to break my bally neck a-coastin' down at hany two-minute gait, heither." Jack, by his happy way of telling a thing, always had a laughing crowd about him.

Night came on, and with it came the worst looking lot of water-soaked tourists I ever laid eyes on. A thunder-storm had caught them ere they had half finished the Belt course, and they entered town weary and with their backs and necks covered with a ridge of wet sand. On the steamer, times were particularly lively that night. A party composed of Charlie Howard, George Octers, Jack Rogers, Fred Beckers, Jerry Davis and yours truly gathered on the guard at bed-time. Jerry brought forth his guitar, which he had just finished punishing for the benefit of Van Horne's Chinese song, and striking up a lively tune he led away and was followed with a vigor which awoke, among *all the other occupants of the boat*, the Wheelmen's special artist, who revenged himself by sketching us by light of a match.

"Stop that stamping!" greeted our startled ears from the stairway. The music had gotten into our feet. "I am captain of this yere schooner, and when I am sad, everybody else must be sad." Great guns! what was the matter with the captain? "Oh, chestnuts, it's 'Kansas,'" as Joe Henley, of Wichita, Kas., stepped up from the stair.

Shortly after midnight the shriek of the St. Louis express silenced the now large and noisy gathering, who scampered away to the depot to meet the friends who had spent the day in down town. Then all tumbled into bed.

THE ROAD RACE.

From the moment our heads were raised from the pillow, soon after six A. M., on Monday, until away after midnight the next night, we were in one continual bubble of excitement. The first feeling, as one looked at the heavens, was one of disappointment, for it threatened the success of the race.

Shortly after eight o'clock a long concourse of people, of every worldly vocation, of all sizes and in all conceivable manner of vehicles, moved southwest out of Clarksville, two miles and a half to the starting point. The racers went with the crowd, and at the starting point were told to take matters easy, as by postponing the opening of the race until nine o'clock, a drier condition of the graveled course would favor speed.

There was a great hubbub among the half dozen or so amateur camera fiends who had set their hearts on "shooting" the start, and what with these, the reporters, race officials, and excited crowd of spectators who gathered at the crest of the hill, it was a sight to see.

At 9.14 the following named contestants mounted their machines and awaited the pistol-shot:—

H. G. Crocker, Boston, 53-inch Columbia; A. A. McCurdy, Lynn, Mass., 55-inch Star; Samuel Hollinsworth, Rushville, Ind., 53-inch Columbia; Robert Neilson, Boston, 52-inch Victor; S. G. Whittaker, Chicago, 52-inch Champion; John Brooks, Blossburg, Pa., 54-inch Star; Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N. J., 54-inch Star; Chas. Ashinger, Omaha, 52-inch Champion; Wm. A. Rhodes, Boston, 59-inch Victor; L. D. Munger, Detroit, Quadrant tricycle.

At exactly 9.16 $\frac{2}{3}$ they were sent on their way with a spurt, Captain Brewster firing the shot. They were seen but a moment, as they scuttled over the wooded crest and around a corner, with a reporter after them.

Back to town went the crowd, and many proceeded direct to the finishing point, where the racers would appear for the first time. At 10.20 o'clock Neilson, Crocker, Whittaker, McCurdy, Hollinsworth, and Rhodes came flying down the stretch prettily, in the order named. Rhodes seemed master of the situation at the very start. He was riding behind, simply letting his men work off their enthusiasm; and from the moment he first passed until the race was over, not a soul in the multitude of watchers doubted that the race was his—though he lost it, to be sure. Ashinger and Brooks soon followed. Frazier was still out, but shortly came in with Brooks's broken wheel, he having given the latter his own, as his winning chances had been crushed by a sore knee, acquired while training. Munger, on his trike, came in at 10.40 for the first time and stopped to ease his monstrous appetite.

In town a new interest was given the race by the opening of pools on the event by Donovan, a St. Louis sporting man. Odds of three to one on Rhodes soon dropped to even bets, and after the second lap his name was off the board, while Munger bets went in an opposite direction until the figures read \$500 to \$1 against him. Munger, of course, was only after a record and did not pose as a contestant.

A joke on the Clarksville officials lay in the

fact that up to the finish of the race they had openly abetted the pool-selling by indulging quite deeply themselves, betting on Rhodes, of course; but the result so piqued them that they were determined on revenge of some sort. I overheard the magistrate questioning Harry Cake as to Donovan's identity, in the store-room which the latter had rented for the occasion. In a moment Donovan was disturbed, while arranging his paraphernalia, by the officer, who informed him sadly—for good financial reason, no doubt—that he would have to submit to arrest. "Why, cert," replied the wily sport, "but could you excuse me just a moment? I would like to speak to a friend on the boat." All willing, and Donovan went to the boat and conversed quickly with Castlemann Webb, a St. Louis wheelman who is also a lawyer. Within five minutes the sport, now arrayed in one of Webb's extra uniforms, was complacently smoking a cigar on the guard, while the majesty of the law searched for him in vain, not dreaming that he was within easy reach. I don't know what the loan of that uniform, and an accompanying bit of legal advice, cost Donovan, but it was cheaper than the ignominy of arrest.

This is a pretty way of wandering from the subject in hand, but the details of the race itself are already familiar to every one.

At 11.40 the racers went by for the second time, having covered the lap of 20 3-5 miles in the fast time of 1h. 15m. They now rode in this order: Rhodes, Neilson, Crocker, together; Hollinsworth, Whittaker, McCurdy. McCurdy was 4½ minutes behind the leaders and sick. Ashinger and Brooks, very late, retired from the race. Whittaker had broken one wheel and was using another, a 42 pounder.

Between the laps all sorts of amusements and incidents attracted the crowd's attention. Charlie Howard sauntered about with apparent nonchalance, and every little while he would pay a visit to the telegraph office and make his pencil fly through an associated press dispatch, to the evident despair of the force of female operators who had been sent up from the city. Hicks hustled about and Ladish "observed." The Missouri Club's special car "Circassia" was a cool resort during these waits.

The third lap ended at 1.04 P. M., Rhodes, Neilson, and Crocker still riding close and making the lap in 1.24. Hollinsworth followed with Whittaker hotly after him. Neilson had a black eye, the result of a flying pebble caught in Rhodes's spokes, and Crocker had taken a header over Neilson's little wheel. The leaders were now inside the record.

"What's that under your arm?" I asked George Darrow, who ambled quietly about, but saw everything. "Loose spokes," he replied.

While the crowd waited for the close of the fourth lap, Harry Corey mounted a Humber safety, quietly remarking that he intended climbing Crank hill, and there was something in his eye which seemed to say he meant it, though with true Boston loyalty, he said, "It is not near as long as Corey hill." No, Harry, it is not as long, but I hope you found it steep enough. The Boston boy started slowly at the bottom, seemingly determined to do his work at once thoroughly and easily. He "sculled" from side to side, moving steadily over the first big rise, and at the second he is ten feet from the top. He turns across the road, and in making the last effort drops off. Down and at it again, and the second time he got up in great shape.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

CLARKSVILLE 100-MILE ROAD RACE!

THE GREATEST BICYCLE RACE EVER RUN SINCE CYCLING BEGAN!

THE RECORD.

	RIDER.	MACHINE RIDDEN.	TIME.
1	ROBT. A. NEILSON	VICTOR	6 h. 46 m. 27 s.
2	WM. A. RHODES	VICTOR	6 h. 46 m. 51 s.
3	H. G. CROCKER	COLUMBIA	6 h. 51 m. 27 s.
4	S. HOLLINSWORTH	COLUMBIA	
5	S. G. WHITTAKER	CHAMPION	
	C. W. ASHINGER	CHAMPION	Drop'd out at 20 miles.
	CHAS. FRAZIER	STAR	Drop'd out at 20 miles.
	JOHN BROOKS	STAR	Drop'd out at 40 miles.
	A. A. McCURDY	STAR	Drop'd out at 40 miles.

♦ TWO VICTORS ENTERED, TAKING FIRST AND SECOND PLACE! ♦

Never was so much money spent in preparation for a race, and never was so much interest shown in a wheel contest.

Upwards of 20,000 spectators!

The VICTORS ridden in this race never stopped, and went through without defect or attention of any kind.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOG OF FAST ROAD MACHINES.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
BOSTON,

MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, AND SAFETIES.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

THE VICTOR

— IS —

INVINCIBLE !

On Monday, June 13, THE VICTOR BICYCLE gave new assurance of the fact that it is without doubt the BEST and FASTEST BICYCLE made.

In the great 100-mile Road Race at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the above date, W. A. RHODES, riding the only VICTOR BICYCLE in the race, took FIRST PLACE, distancing all competitors.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,

182-188 Columbus Avenue, Boston,

MAKERS OF THE VICTOR BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, AND SAFETIES.

McCurdy came in for the third time and was obliged to drop out by his sickness, and about this time some one raised the hue and cry that Clarksville's road-racing days were over, though nothing but the fact that the course was hilly seemed to justify the claim. No falls had been taken that could be attributed to the road.

A cycler wearing an umbrella hat caused quite a commotion, and the boys guyed unmercifully the unique, if not efficient, special police force which was supposed to be guarding the race course. Looking down from the hotel veranda, I spied Secretary Bassett and Jack Prince together, comparing circumferences. Catch on? A small boy, mounted on a strange looking bicycle, rolled around the corner and down the street. The wheel's chief component seemed to be pine board, which formed backbone, forks, handle-bar, and even a large part of the wheels. The boy had built it himself, with the simplest carpenter's tools.

Rhodes and Neilson, brown as Arabs, passed into the last eventful lap at 2.26 p. m., having covered the fourth lap in 1.22 by my time. Crocker followed in four minutes, Whittaker spurting by some eight minutes later, this time with Hollinsworth at his wheel. Munger finished his third lap and ate his twentieth meal about the same time.

A report had come to town, just before the men passed, that Rhodes had broken his collar bone out on the Belt. He had taken a bad fall by dropping a dipper into his wheel. Several train loads of people had dropped into town at intervals, and now that the finish of the great race was approaching, excitement ran high. Meantime the cyclers were having a high old time, especially those afflicted with a love for photography. Amusing subjects were plentiful, and John Scholten, with his detective camera, took advantage of some of them, the innocent looking leather box taking the pictures of unsuspecting lovers, etc., in some very laughable positions.

The crowd which surged to the finish was an interesting, and likewise a deeply interested one. I refer to those who had their ducats staked on the result, particularly. All in all, a road race at Clarksville is incomparable with a race over an ordinary course, however well suited; for Clarksville offers other charms and opportunities for rare enjoyment, which fully equal the road race, which is the primary object of our coming.

3.15 p. m. A cool breeze stirs the leaves at the top of the familiar little knoll, which is to the Clarksville course what the judges' stand is to a race course. Aside from the lulling music of inanimate nature, all else is quiet with suspense. The men must finish inside of three minutes to break record. The time flies by disappointingly, and it is 4.05 p. m. ere the long suspense is eased by the sudden appearance of the racers down the road.

The manner in which that race was won is well known. Neilson's well-timed spurt—and I must say it was a most terrific one—carried him away from poor Rhodes, for the last few yards, as though the latter were standing still. The face of the watching multitude was a picture of mixed astonishment at the fearful speed, and disappointment that Rhodes, after his own confidence and noble pace-making, had lost.

Crocker came over the tape at 4.10, paced by Kennedy-Child. I have stated elsewhere that Kennedy-Child doused Crocker in a creek. That

was the report, but it transpired that Crocker had been upset by a farmer who, in throwing a bucketful of water over him, as per instructions, had let fly bucket and all.

Whittaker and Sam Hollinsworth had a race all to themselves. The latter beat by a very short space, and riding into town ran up stairs, two at a jump, though in a wobbly manner. In their rooms, Whit claimed that he had lost his pedal in the final spurt, and pleaded also the weight of his wheel and his own lack of the same commodity. Sam, on the other hand, claimed that Whittaker had been trying to make him believe there was another lap to be run. Hollinsworth alone rode the entire distance without a single dismount, and he also showed the effects in a less degree than the rest.

As a matter of form I append the following table:—

	50 Miles.		100 Miles.	
	Time.	Position.	Time.	Position.
Neilson,	3.14.00	1	6.40.27	1
Rhodes,	3.14.12	2	6.40.51	2
Crocker,	3.14.12	3	6.51.27	3
Hollinsworth,	3.21.24	4	7.12.39	4
Whittaker,	3.25.48	5	7.12.45	5
McCurdy,	3.33.12	6		
Frazier,		stopped.		
Brooks,		stopped.		
Ashinger,		stopped.		
Munger (tricycle),	4.36.48		10.04.00	Am. Rec.

The officials were: W. M. Brewster, starter; Reynolds, Gordon, Glover, timers; Ray, Rouse, Bernays, scorers; C. F. A. Beckers, referee; Kirkpatrick, Darrow, Brewster, judges.

The road race was over, and as the reader must wish that this "recollection" were the same, I will make short work of the balance of my story.

After supper a party of twenty-five, headed by jolly Dr. Norton of Fort Leavenworth, clambered up the grassy slope of the Pinnacle, and while the western sun was yet above the horizon, they gazed on the glory of the scene below, spreading out for scores of miles. They say that in winter time thirteen villages can be seen with the naked eye from the Pinnacle. A streak of white smoke, away up the river, attracted our attention. It was a railway train passing over the long bridge at Louisiana, twelve miles distant. At 7.20 o'clock while we were shouting and listening to the echoes returned from the eastern shore, a miniature squad of cyclists, dashing along the white road, far below, were recognized as Munger and a party of narrow-gaugers who were helping him along with a friendly spurt on the last few rods of his fine performance on the Quadrant. He had broken both fifty and one hundred mile records—not much, but very well done, considering the heavy roads of the morning and his own food-laden body.

Dr. Norton stowed away his field glass and the descent began. We took a route leading through secluded nooks and rustic lanes with paralyzing grades, pilfering white roses as we went, down to the top of Crank hill, which seemed a pigmy by comparison, to its bottom, and we were again in midst of busy scenes.

Then followed an hour or so of dancing—and here I will say that Clarksville girls, though fresh and pretty, shun the mazy waltz as would an awkward spinster.

And now the parting! Though our weary bodies and minds have actually yearned for this moment, now that it is come we are sorry. There was a vein of pathos in the bells' melancholy toll, and when at last the plank was raised—Kirkpatrick stood at the end—and the halser was cast away,

there were tears in the eyes that withstood the strong glare of the electric light. Now the focus-light is substituted and shows in a perfect circle, the town, the levee and its mass of humanity—10,000 there were, not 100, as stated—with the majestic, jagged face of the Pinnacle in the background, towering over all. And what a cheer went up from the shore as the boat backed away. It was as the voice of a big dear friend with whom we were parting—perhaps forever. Just one big cry, and then a lull —.

"Let them have it, boys!" And let them have it we did, yelling as we never yelled before.

The band broke away into "Dixie" in a wild cantering manner, and the boys chimed in with a vim; and the reader can imagine the effect of "Chippie get your hair cut," coming spontaneously from two hundred pair of healthy lungs.

We were tired, yes, but there was little rest that night. Rest came only the next day—on the train—at the hotel and in our own sweet homes.

ARIEL A-WHEEL.

"All things comes to him who waits," and I am no exception to the rule. During three seasons' riding I have been longing for the sight of a "header," but in vain. On all the runs we have taken, if there happened to be a "spill" amongst the party, I was sure to be somewhere else. Now the fast man of the club, away off in the van, would go to grass, but I would be in the rear "whipping in" the laggards. Anon some greenhorn—whom I had taken along out of the kindness of my heart—would spread himself all over the road; but—disregarding all obligations to me—it would be while I was at the front, trying to hold in the scorcher. Nay, even mine own familiar friend, in whom I had the utmost confidence, would basely wait until he got himself and his wheel safely out of my sight around the corner before proceeding to do his ground and lofty tumbling. So that I began to think I should never have the desire of my heart gratified. A fellow can't be said to witness his own headers. He is usually on the spot at the time, being generally the most interested person, but circumstances over which he has no control prevent his seeing the performance. I have been there, alas! and can speak from experience. Only one experience, thank Providence! and I never want another. I am speaking now, remember, of severe falls. Of side falls, tumbles, and gentle drops half forward and half sideways, I have seen plenty and even taken a few myself. But it remained for one memorable day last summer to induct me into the mysteries of a genuine header. My aforesaid familiar friend suddenly stopped and got off his wheel directly in front of me as we were coming down hill at a lively pace. I turned my wheel sharply, struck a stone, and found myself all abroad in the road, laboring under the impression that there had been a most tremendous upheaval of the earth's crust. There was an upheaval—but not of the earth. Now this was most satisfactory, so far as it went. I was able to discourse learnedly about headers from my own experience but, unfortunately, I hadn't *seen* the thing. In vain I was assured that as a header it had been quite up to the mark; that it had been a great and instantaneous success; that they really envied me my feat; and so forth, and so on. All would not do, and I began to despair; for what wheelman is there in the country who can say he has ridden three seasons

and never yet beheld this, the most familiar sight wherever the "silent steed" is known and talked of? But it came—it came.

The "Great American Header" has been frequently analyzed, but seldom has had full justice done it. Briefly described it may be said to consist of a series of gyrations in which the large wheel, the trailer, and the rider are beautifully blended in a sort of nebulous haze, which, as it gradually resolves itself into greater distinctness, presents a picture of the little wheel crawling up and down the spinal column of the victim in a manner highly edifying to the spectators but hardly appreciated by the principal actor. But a moment before he was in full flight, gliding along the highway, a modern Mercury; then came a change,—the earth seemed to yawn before his startled gaze, while with an awful feeling as though all the space usually occupied by his interior economy had suddenly become a tangible vacuum he plunged into the nether depths; and now he awakes to the consciousness that his trusty wheel has not only failed him at his utmost need, but has added insult to injury by careering up and down his prostrate form as though possessed by a spirit of deviltry incarnate. All this it was my good—and 't other fellow's ill—fortune to witness at the last club run. The Ariel Wheel Club had left Reading, for a run to Gibraltar and Birdsboro' along the river road on the west bank of the Schuylkill, and almost before we were fairly out of the city limits the chapter of accidents began. The Star man opened the ball, and disproved most emphatically the advertised formula, "safe from headers or other dangerous falls."

Honors were easy, however. It was the crank wheel's turn next. Riding by twos along the country road I was bewildered by my companion, without any seeming cause, taking the most deliberate tumble from his saddle. Down rolled wheel and wheelman, and, as the fates would have it, his wheel fell right in my way. A moment of suspense—will I clear that little wheel? and then another inglorious flight to Mother Earth. But oh, the value of true friendship! who shall estimate its worth in the time of need? Sir Walter Raleigh indeed spread his cloak before the feet of his royal mistress, but it was with a due sense of queenly favors: but *my* friend, with generosity unparalleled, offered his body a willing (?) barrier to break the fall of mine. I shall ever feel a haunting regret that I did not at the time appreciate his self-abnegation at its true worth. Only when I came to reflect coolly upon the affair did I realize what he had done for me. I rather think, however, that *he* realized it fully about the time that I landed all over him. From this on, fall followed fall with alarming frequency, and we began to think that our wheels were bewitched. I have never taken part in a run during which more tumbling around was done, and still I had not been favored with a sight of what I was longing for. Two headers were taken directly behind me, while every half-mile our Star friend would sit in his wheel. At length however we struck a short stretch of sand about eight inches deep, loose as dry snow. Big "Fifty-eight" was a dozen feet ahead and I had just raised my eyes for a moment, when—oh, for a dry plate and an instantaneous photo! The big man went down, the little wheel shot up, taking him neatly back of the neck, and as the entire machine turned a complete somersault, our worthy friend in some surprising manner managed to evolve himself out of the mess, to find himself standing right-side up, grasp-

ing his bicycle, also right side up. I never saw anything so neatly done. It was over in an instant. A whirling wheel, a chaos of wildly waving arms, legs and spokes, and behold him ready for a mount. Time, two seconds by the watch. Coming in to Reading from Birdsboro' we struck a tremendous northwest gale—so strong that it was almost necessary to pedal down the hills. As it is almost one continuous ascent to Reading, we were thoroughly fagged out by the time we reached the city, and the moral which we took to heart, and which all cyclers would do well to heed, was—don't go too far from home when you have to beat back against a head wind.

READING, PA., May 28, 1887.

"ARIEL."

Correspondence.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:—

According to the Pennsylvania road-book, the highways of this corner of the State are rough and but little adapted to pleasurable wheeling. Well, our roads are a little rough, and it requires a good wheel to successfully get through the seasons. It is a fact, however, that this neck of the woods is developing wonderfully from a cycling point of view. Clubs are being formed, meets arranged, and, in fact, a general interest is being created.

Two years ago our people looked upon the bicycle as some sort of an infernal machine, created expressly to break bones and frighten horses. However, they've gotten over that, and to-day one may see editors, ministers, and merchants wheeling about our little city.

Last winter a riding school was established and stocked with a complete line of Gormully & Jeffery cycles. Beginners were instructed in the use and care of machines, and were shown the many points of difference between the various styles now on the market. Many were the discussions relative to the merits of the Champion, Expert, Star, and other wheels, and the matter was not finally settled until spring, when the majority expressed their preference by placing orders for G. & J. wheels. The manner in which their mounts are "standing the racket" justifies them in their assertion that the American cycles beat the world.

The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is decidedly the favorite journal here, and a club subscription list will probably be sent in soon.

Our members have just received their new uniforms, and will make a breaking-in run this week, in a road race closely following.

"B. I. CYCLE."

UNION CITY, PA., June 1, 1887.

IN FAVOR OF BALL HEADS.

Messrs. William Read & Sons, Boston.

DEAR SIRS—In 1876, while at the Centennial Exposition, I saw the first English bicycles. I was so much pleased with their appearance that the spring following I bought one of the best. Since then I have ridden many thousand miles on different machines. I considered my last mount as good a wheel as could be bought and was perfectly satisfied with it. But this spring I was induced to buy one of your New Mails,—and I have ridden it far enough now to know that after all these years of experience I never knew what it was to be on a perfect machine before. It is as firm under me as a horse car,—as easy as the neatest landau and as free from jar.

The combinations are perfect and I consider the

Trigwell ball bearing head one of the greatest improvements ever attached to a bicycle. The hills I used to walk are now mounted with ease, and the machine is run as straight as a die with scarcely any effort.

I am more than pleased,—I am *delighted* with it.

This testimonial is entirely unasked, and I only write to encourage you in your good work, and to advise any one in want of a first class mount to take the New Mail without a question.

Respectfully,

J. L. BLACKMER.

BOSTON, June 1, 1887.

THE WHEEL.

I sat on my wheel at twilight,
As the clocks were striking the hour:
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the flitting spokes below,
Like fairy shuttles weaving
Their jewels to and fro.

And, far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Along the dewy greensward,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current of air from my motion
Seemed to lift and bear me away,

As whirling silently onward,
Here, under the shade of a wood,
There, glinting into the moonlight,
The cycle its path pursued.

And like that circle rolling
Along the highway-side,
A train of thoughts came o'er me
That brought a sad, sweet pride.

How often! oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had walked to my home in the twilight
And gazed on that earth and sky!

How often! oh! how often,
I had wished that the time might come
When a graceful wheel would support me,
And carry me to my home!

For my feet were hot and weary,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear:

But now it has fallen from me;
I have left it far behind,
And only the toil of my fellows
Casts its gloom upon my mind.

Yet, whenever I pass a brother
Faring homeward his weary way,
Like a nightmare gladly forgotton,
Comes the thought of that long-gone day:

And I think how many thousands
Of toil-exhausted men,
Each longing to reach his cottage,
Have plodded along since then.

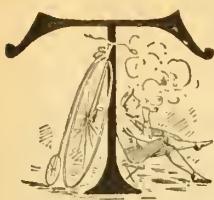
I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young step, quick and restless,
The old, subdued and slow.

And truly, oh! how truly!
As long as men toil for bread,
As long as the frame grows weary,
And throbs the aching head,

The wheel with its shimmering surface
And its graceful form shall be
As the symbol of rest for the body
And a balm for the brain to me.

W. H. K.

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



The weather has remained unsatisfactory up to the present, and save for a few fine and warm days cycling has been scarcely enjoyable. Cold winds and heavy showers have been the rule; but we have the consolation of knowing that the winter carpeting of stones which has been unusually heavy this year on our best roads, has been smoothed down somewhat by reason of the softened ground.

On all hands the most satisfactory reports are heard of the increase in cycling, makers of and agents for bicycles and tricycles being unanimous in declaring that the demand for new machines exceeds previous seasons. The rage for dwarf bicycles of the rear-driving type is extraordinary, and nearly every firm in the country is turning out this class of safety, the ordinary pattern of tall bicycle, as well as the tricycle, being quite put out of fashion by the popular craze for geared-up dwarf wheels.

The success of the experiment which was tried by the military authorities at Easter, when a catch band of seventy cyclists did valuable scouting and dispatch service at the volunteer review at Dover, has led to a permanent corps of "cyclist guides" being floated. The idea seems to be that the military enthusiasm of "our citizen soldiers" will be shared by an appreciable section of cyclists, who will pay a subscription annually to defray corps expenses, and be provided with Government uniform, arms, and accoutrements; their duties being to accompany the usual corps of infantry volunteer regiments to act as flying scouts, the cyclist being infinitely faster for such service, on our good English roads, than the lightest of cavalry.

The first open road-race of the season took place last Saturday, under the auspices of the Catford Cycling Club—a young body of men in the South of London. It was really a combination of a handicap open to all classes of machines, and three separate scratch races, rolled into one, as there were three prizes for the first three men finishing the handicap *per se*, and prizes for the fastest actual times accomplished on bicycles, tricycles and safeties, separately. The distance was fifty miles, and the route a very hilly one in Surrey. No less than eighty-four entries were received, and the handicapper was exceedingly liberal in his allotment of the starts. G. P. Mills was the scratch man on a safety, and next him were Travers (10 minutes start) and Golder (12), also on safeties. E. E. Bernhard was considered the best entrant on a tall bicycle, and he had 35 minutes start, the scratch tricyclist, A. J. Wilson, having 45 minutes. The day turned out very windy, and there were a lot of absenteers, the race resulting—J. S. Smith (tricycle) 75 minutes start, first; A. F. Thompson (tricycle) 90 minutes start, second; J. E. Berkeley (safety) 65 minutes, third; H. Crooke (bicycle) 50 minutes start, fourth. Crooke took the bicycle time medal, in 3 hours 12 minutes 18 seconds; Smith took the tricycle time medal, 3 hours 30 minutes; and the safety time medal, was won by G. P. Mills, in the extraordinary time of 2 hours 54 minutes 15 seconds.

One of our largest sporting weekly papers, *Land and Water*, contained an article on the Springfield controversy, a fortnight ago; to which the *Cycling Journal* issued an effective rejoinder which you will doubtless have seen.

Woodside, Temple, and Morgan seem destined

to have a pleasant time of it during their stay in England. In Scotland they have been doing a little racing, chiefly on an enclosed board track, and last Saturday Woodside ran the first of a series of five matches which he has signed for, with R. Howell, and had to lower his colors to the Englishman.

Next Saturday the team will appear in London, in an open professional handicap at the Alexandra Park; and they are also announced to run at Cathcart's tournament in June.

The National Cyclists' Union has reconstructed its financial basis, the system of subscription in vogue now being that every club affiliating to the Union pays half a guinea per annum; and every individual member of the Union (whether club-man or not) pays a subscription of five shillings.

The mile bicycle championship and the twenty-five miles tricycle championship, at Whitsuntide, are the next events of moment. The first is expected to fall to Furnivall, who won the Surrey cup on Saturday; and Mecredy is confidently expected to again place the long-distance tricycle event to his credit.

"FAED."

BIGGLESWADE, May 16, 1887.

♦♦♦

"EDITING" IN INDIANAPOLIS.

[The humorist of the *Wheelmen's Record* prints the following imaginary interview, June 2, as evidence of how "the great event of the month" has been received in Indiana:]

"I suppose the inventor of the bicycle has died so often that you can't work that snap any longer?" the visitor suggested.

"Not by a good deal; he died a short time ago in San Francisco. We have just written to our Kalamazoo correspondent to kill him off again next week. He has never yet died in Michigan, and of late we have received a great many complaining letters from wheelmen in that State who feel that they have been slighted. It was an oversight. But there is one old familiar story that we shall lose very soon now, we fear."

"Can it be that Karl——?" gasped the startled stranger.

"Yes," we answered huskily: "you have divined the truth. Karl Kron is about to publish his book, for a fact. It will seem strange to us not to make the frequent announcement that 'X. M. Miles' will positively be published next week. It will seem strange, but we will have to get used to it."

"Yes," assented our visitor, "and how odd it will seem to read the cycling papers, week after week, and see no statement of how many thousand words have been put in type up to date. Your subscribers will miss it too; but you still have the story about the boy who won the two mile novice race on a wooden wheel made by himself, with no other tools than an ax and a cork screw, have you not?"

"Yes, that is still young and vigorous, time does not seem to tell upon it. We are working that boy and his wooden wheel into hill climbing contests and State championships this season."

"Well, then, you don't need to feel blue about losing the Karl Kron item, because I've brought you a little lie of my own that can be worked for a few years without hurting it. Here it is, all written out. It's about a man who invented a steam tricycle. He took a——"

There was a slight rattle, accompanied by the squeak of moving mechanism; a moment later a dull thud was heard coming up from the coal cellar. The mild-eyed liar had gone. We had pressed the spiral spring that works our automatic bore bouncer, and he was no more

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN



The event of the past month was the house-warming of the Ilderan Bicycle Club. All of the clubs in the city were invited to attend, and a full brass band engaged for the occasion. The Brooklyn Bicycle Club was the best represented. They came down in uniform on their wheels, Captain Barkman leading the line. After a general hand-shake refreshments were served, and the visitors were shown around. They expressed admiration at the comfortable manner in which the new club-house was fitted up, and appeared to be very much pleased with the Ilderans' cosy retreat. At 11.30 the gathering broke up; the visiting wheelmen gave three cheers for the Ilderans, who returned the compliment with a will, which showed force and vigor and made the night air ring.

The Long Island Wheelmen expect to have their club-house finished by the middle of July. They are now temporarily occupying two stores on Bedford avenue near Fulton street.

The King's County Wheelmen will hold a race-meeting on Saturday afternoon, June 25. The event is looked forward to with interest, and although it is a simon-pure amateur meeting nevertheless the boys enjoy themselves and we would miss it very much were it not to come off as usual every year.

As the roads become better long runs are again coming into favor. Jericho, Roslyn, Babylon, and other towns have already been "done" and a party of Ilderans will attempt to ride to Pachogue and back in fourteen hours, about the end of June. The distance is 125 miles with some very poor stretches of road.

The annual parade of Brooklyn wheelmen under the auspices of the King's County Wheelmen will be held on June 23. It is expected that there will be three hundred wheelmen in line. After the parade the riders will be entertained by the K. C. W. at their club rooms in Clymer street.

Brooklyn has the road-racing fever, and has "got it bad," too. Most of the clubs will hold road-races this year for which valuable gold medals will be awarded. In my opinion road-racing is a good thing; it stimulates touring and brings many out on the road, who never do anything in the line of riding except wheeling around the park.

The L. A. W. party have returned and report having a good time. They were very much impressed with the scenery and delighted with the hospitality of the wheelmen out West.

The Rich brothers will be heard from again this year. It was rumored at one time that A. B. Rich had retired from the track "for good," which is not so. He will not rush into racing as heavily as last year, but nevertheless he will take a good share of the medals and prizes offered this season. Schwalbach & Willdigg's business is increasing rapidly. They do considerable in hiring out machines and especially tandems. Any fine evening young ladies and their escorts may be seen starting out for a refreshing ride through the park on tandems. This should have the effect of increasing the popularity of tricycles among ladies, and I believe it has, for the number of lady riders has increased greatly since last season, and it is only a matter of time when the timidity of the ladies appearing on the streets on a "trike" will die out.

J. W. S.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

N commencing my series of letters on Continental sport for the season of 1887, it is with pleasure that I remark the fact that the winter has been profitably spent by wheelmen of all grades in France in advancing the general interests of cycling by promoting the adoption of the military velocipede by the authorities. Early in the year important experiments were conducted at the military school of Joinville-Pont in the presence of the Minister of War and his staff, with results which have led to the formation of a cycling school in connection with this establishment. For years Joinville has turned out some of the smartest fencers and the most nimble gymnasts in the French army. For this reason the selection of this school as the home of military cycledom is especially satisfactory, and we may be certain that the experiment will not fail for want of the right stamp of men. In connection with these arrangements elaborate inquiries were necessary as to the best machine for adoption. I believe that none but French made cycles were tried, and although there has been a considerable flutter amongst our fabricants, I have it on good authority that the government will undertake the manufacture of the favored machine in the military arsenals. The bicyclette bids fair to bear off the palm; indeed, several of this build of machine are in regular use by the messengers attached to the Ministry of War.

While upon this subject I cannot refrain from reproducing an extract from an article penned by Jean d'Arieste in the *Vélo Sport & Véloceman*. Under the title, "The Influence of the Military Velocipede upon the Progress of Sport," he writes: "Although the organization of the service of military cyclists is not yet complete the experiments and arrangements in that direction are being actively pursued. We are already able to see advantages that have resulted from this great step in the history of cycling; at Bordeaux, General Cornat, the commander of the corps d'armée to which the cycling detachment was attached last fall, has accepted the honorary presidency of the local club, and it was under his patronage and in his presence that the opening races of this season were held on the first of May. Another piece of good news reaches us from Lyons. For years the clubs have vainly endeavored to secure the use of the magnificent place Bellecour for race meetings, but it is only recently that the military authorities have accorded that permission for the international races of the 12th of June."

In Paris, Messrs. Rudge have opened a splendid establishment in the Rue Fralévy, which I believe is under the personal direction of Mr. DeCivry; near the avenue de la Grande Armée bicycle-letting stores are springing up as thick as pease.

My friend Mr. Treffault, the inventor of the Sphinx bicyclette, has turned out a tricycle in the rough fitted with his patent, and promises that I shall try it for him as soon as he gets it into a shape that will bear the inspection of the critics who are now to be found in the Bois.

An apple of discord has fallen amongst the members of the Club de Cyclists, a jolly little Parisian touring club, but as the main difficulty appears to be the admission by the committee of too many new members, the dispute now threatening the existence of the club ought not to be difficult of adjustment.

ERNEST W. SMITH.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



CYLING still holds on to the even tenor of its way in the Quaker City, and the one great feature of its steady growth and development here, viz., healthy progress, is still as characteristic of it as ever. If, however, the growth and success of cycling in Philadelphia depended on the number of wheelmen the city sent to the League meet at St. Louis, then indeed would the recreation be in a sad state of anything but healthy activity, for, as near as I can find out, one wheelman from this city was the sum total of our delegation to the League meet of 1887. Mr. Isaac Elwell, president of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, had the distinguished honor of being the Robinson Crusoe delegate, and he had not even a "man Friday" to help him make head against the terrible savages and "toughs" whom he might strike, or who might strike him in the wild and uncanny regions of the Far West. Somehow or other he appears none the worse for his trip, and certainly he does not seem to have fallen into the clutches of any of those friends of "the Owl" who make the Occident a region of terror to all civilized Americans. St. Louis seems to have driven one more nail into the coffin that holds the parade idea. The work of the annual L. A. W. parade was finished at Washington in 1884, and unless the signs of the times since then are misleading, the day for the usefulness of wheelmen parades is past, and all level headed and sensible cyclers allow that such is the case. But to return to matters local. The League meet for 1887 is a thing of the mighty past. That was a fine resolution the great ones passed at St. Louis relative to the wounded feelings of certain divisions of the League. The explanation, apology, *amende honorable*, sop, or whatever the individual fancy of numerous critics has been pleased to call it, was unnecessary. Every tub stands, or ought to stand, on its own bottom, and League members were supposed to understand all along, that what this resolution set forth was true, and this being the case events past, present, and to come, should have been allowed to vindicate past actions which so many did not understand, and no doubt do not understand, and which were criticised so severely, and in many cases carelessly. As far as I know the results of the St. Louis meet have been accepted here in a kind of let-well-alone spirit. Nobody is hurt or very much exercised by the change of administration, the idea seeming to be prevalent, that a change meant a bettering of the existing state of things. The next thing to interest members will be the watching of what the new president will do, and the noting as to whether a man who can boast of some individuality can run the membership of the L. A. W. by the end of 1887 up to 15,000.

I see in the last number of the *Wheel* just to hand, that "Dixey," whoever he is, is not altogether pleased with the sketch of cycling club life in Philadelphia which Chris has had the assurance to undertake to write for the *GAZETTE*. Well, I cannot help it if "Dixey" says that said sketch "is not altogether as fair as some of us are accustomed to expect from the wily Chris." I do not know who "Dixey" is; but I am sure he will bear with me for saying that he has shown more unfairness in his criticising than this same Chris has in

his chronicling. Why he should dub the compiler of the, as I have already allowed it to be, superficial sketch "wily Chris" I don't know and care less, but it is hardly fair for him to say that the history "is calculated to give outsiders an erroneous impression of the feelings in the Philadelphia and Germantown clubs in early cycling days." It is hardly fair for him to twist round my statement that there was a "healthy rivalry" between the two clubs, and insinuate that I would lead outsiders to believe that there was not fraternal feelings between the two organizations. And to prove that "Dixey" was in want of something to write about, or else that he is a very superficial reader, or else that he is fond of straining at a gnat, I will go a little further and prove him to be inaccurate as well as unfair in his writing, for he says,—and Chris altogether omits in his chronicle of the efforts made to get into our Fairmount Park the two men to whom above all others the most credit is due,—W. R. Tucker of the Philadelphias, and Joseph Pennell of the Germantowns. Mention might also be made of Dilwyn Wistar, the first treasurer of the League, but Chris seems to have forgotten him also. Of course it may be that Chris means to make mention of these parties in a later paper, but Mr. Hart and Mr. Blair are both given prominent places in the art gallery."

Now, the reason why I say that "Dixey" is inaccurate is simply because I have looked over the history as far as it has gone, and I do find Mr. W. R. Tucker's name mentioned in connection with the work of getting Fairmount Park opened, and I do not find Mr. Blair's name mentioned in that connection. How does this fit in with "Dixey's" statement? And then again "Dixey" should not cavil at Mr. Blair being given some notice in the article, for was he not one of the most popular of "Philadelphia's" presidents? As for the rest of the funny criticism of "Dixey," Joe Pennell and his work fit in more appropriately to a sketch of the Germantown Cycling Club. Perhaps Mr. Wistar's name would also be more happily placed in connection with this same club. So there, now, I hope "Dixey" will see that in his zeal to help Chris do the thing up right, he has done a little injustice to his friend. In connection with this I would say that if "Dixey" can enlighten me on anything that will help make the "chronicle" accurate or interesting, I shall feel myself indebted to him, will acknowledge the obligation, and not give away his identity. Now is not that fair, Mr. D.?

The Decoration Day trip of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club to the Oranges, N. J., was a most successful affair. About thirty-five members and friends participated in the two days' run, which may be counted the most successful and enjoyable one among the many pleasant runs "Pennsy's" members have taken together. In the racing line there is fair promise for local sport this season. The racers of last season will nearly all be in harness this year, and Kolb has already broken a record. Louis Kolb, inter-collegiate cycling champion for this year, Whittaker, Keen, Schaeffer, Richwine, Louis Hill, Bailey, and a number of others will give Philadelphia a taste of path pleasures during 1887.

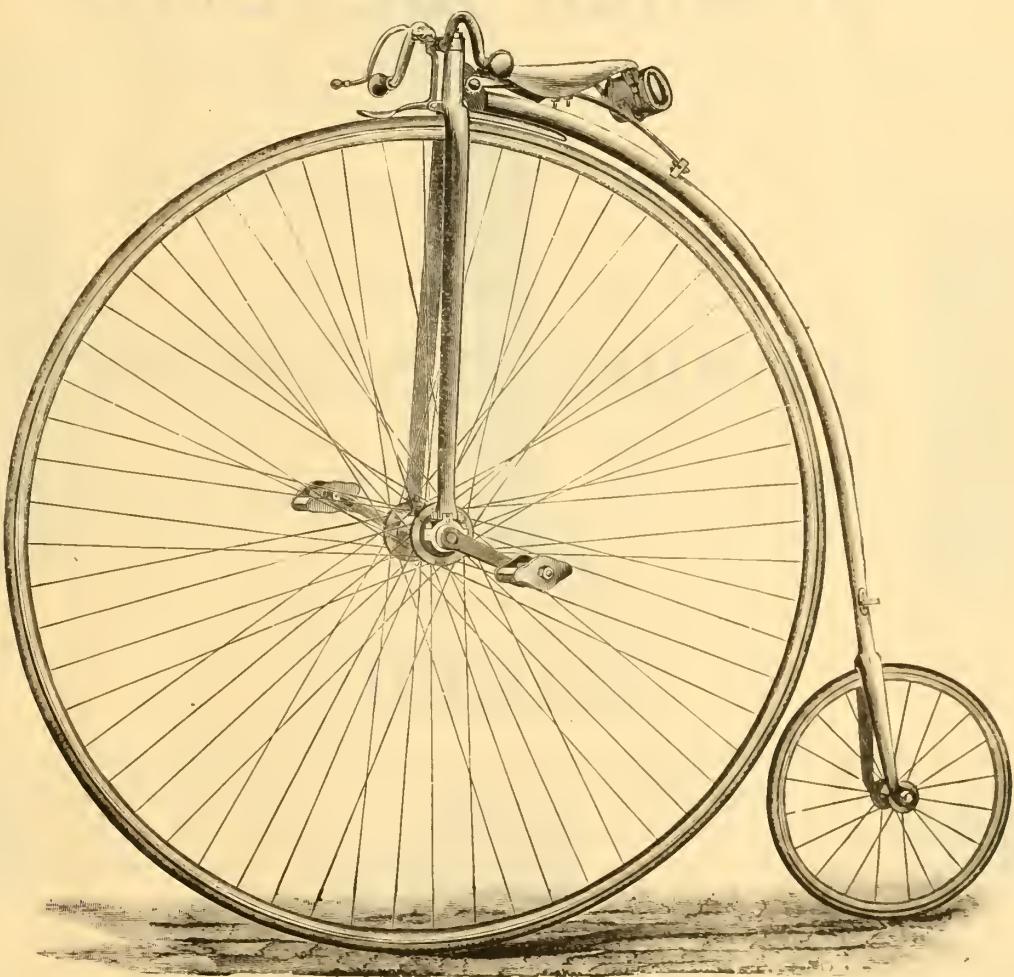
The new club-house of the Pennsylvania Club is nearing completion, and when it is finished will present a very handsome appearance. The Century Wheelmen have grown so rapidly within the past six months that they have had to clear out of the Park avenue premises, and they are now domiciled at 1807 North Broad street, where they are

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Special Sale of Bicycles and Tricycles.

We have decided to discontinue further importation of Bicycles and confine ourselves entirely to a high-grade wheel of domestic manufacture. Our reason for this is that, being so far removed from the base of supplies, even with the largest stock and the most careful forethought, we were more or less unable to fill our orders promptly, resulting in great annoyance both to ourselves and our customers. Furthermore, the very heavy expenses attached to the importation of wheels leaves far from a reasonable or satisfactory profit; and any change in construction, if ever so slight, requires such a length of time that the season is practically over before the customer gets the benefit of it. We have explained thus fully in order that the wheelmen may understand our reasons for this great reduction in the prices of our wheels.



THE SPALDING.

A splendid road wheel; ball-bearings to front and rear wheels, Warwick hollow rims, full inch tire, finished in enamel and nickel. No better wheel made. We have the following in stock:—

No.	Description.	Price.	No.	Description.	Price.
01	52-inch, nickel-plated,	\$115 00	012	52-inch, enameled,	\$100 00
04	56-inch, nickel-plated,	115 00	013	54-inch, enameled,	100 00
05	58-inch, nickel-plated,	115 00	014	54-inch, enameled,	100 00
010	48-inch, enameled,	100 00	027	58-inch, enameled,	100 00
011	50-inch, enameled,	100 00	028	60-inch, enameled,	100 00

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

KANGAROO SAFETIES.

This original Safety has held its own against all comers, and to-day is the best known and most popular and desirable Safety in the market. It has elements of safety and ease of running not yet attained or approached on other Safeties, and if you try it you will like it. A good hill-climber and an excellent coaster.

No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.	No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.
060	36-inch (geared to 54), enameled, new, . . .	\$130	\$100	065	38-inch (geared to 57), enameled, new, . . .	\$130	\$100
062	36-inch (geared to 52), enameled, new, . . .	130	100	067	38-inch (geared to 57), enameled, new, . . .	130	100
063	35-inch (geared to 52), enameled, new, . . .	130	100	069	38-inch (geared to 57), enameled, new, . . .	130	100

HUMBER BICYCLES.

The Humber wheels, both Bicycles and Tricycles, are recognized everywhere as the very highest grade of goods. They need no extended description. There are but few in this list, and this is a rare chance to get one.

No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.	No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.
0102	50-inch, enameled, new,	\$150	\$125	0104	50-inch, enameled, new,	\$150	\$125
0103	50-inch, enameled, new,	150	125	0105	54-inch, enameled, new,	155	125

HUMBER TANDEMS.

No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.	No.	Description.	Old Price.	Price Now.
0110	Entirely new, latest pattern,	\$260	\$240	0114	Latest pattern, used once,	\$260	\$225
0111	Entirely new, latest pattern,	260	240	0115	Latest pattern, used as sample,	260	225
0112	Latest pattern, slightly scratched,	260	225	57	Entirely new, latest pattern,	260	240

RACERS.

There are many who, for their own pleasure, would occasionally like to "speed themselves" on the track, but the heavy expense of having to pay a high price for a racing wheel deters many from entering into the sport. Here is a chance to get a \$140 wheel for \$90. Woodside's magnificent riding during the last season was done on a SPALDING RACER, when he won more first prizes than any other professional rider. Any one desiring a fine racing wheel should get it now.

No.	Description.	List Price.	Price Now.	No.	Description.	Last Price	Price Now.
0201	52-inch, enameled, used once,	\$140	\$85	0207	57-inch Humber, new,	\$150	\$100
0202	54-inch, enameled, used once,	140	90	0208	55-inch Humber, used once,	145	95
0203	56-inch, enameled, used three times, . . .	145	90	0217	58-inch Humber, new,	150	100
0206	58-inch, enameled, new,	150	100	58	54-inch Spalding, ridden twenty miles, . . .	140	85
0204	57-inch, enameled, new,	150	100	59	56-inch Spalding, ridden fifty miles, . . .	140	80
0214	55-inch, enameled, good as new,	145	90				

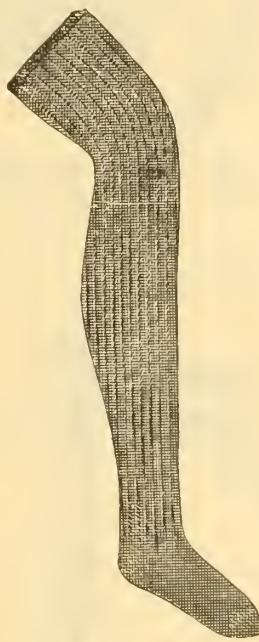
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

UNIFORM DEPARTMENT.

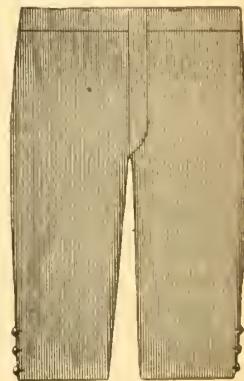
We are now making a specialty of Bicycle Uniforms, and have employed in our New York and Chicago houses experienced tailors thoroughly acquainted with the work. We are especially well prepared to furnish complete outfits,—coats, pants, caps, shirts, stockings, shoes, etc.



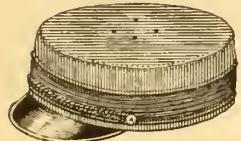
BICYCLE COAT,
\$9.50.



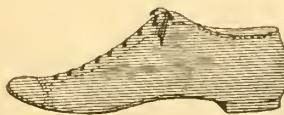
BICYCLE STOCKINGS,
\$1.50.



BICYCLE PANTS,
\$6.00.



BICYCLE CAP,
\$1.50.



KANGAROO-SKIN BICYCLE SHOE, FLANNEL TOURING CAP,
\$5.00. \$1.00.



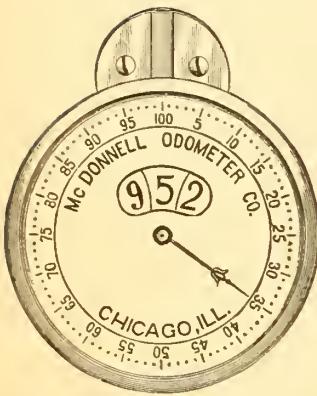
Mailed post-paid on receipt of price. Send for measurement blanks

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

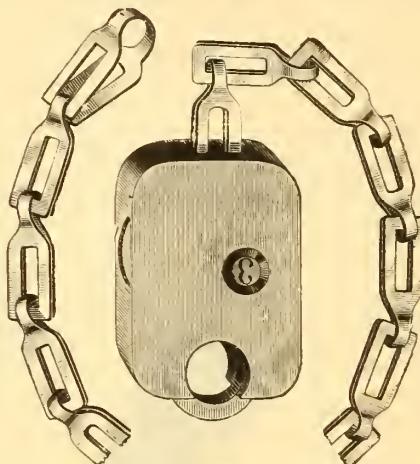
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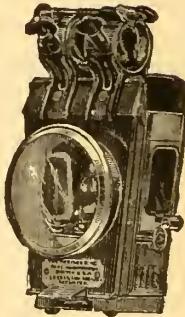
BICYCLE SUNDRIES.



THE NEW McDONNELL CYCLOMETER,
\$5.00.



THE CONKLING COMBINATION LOCK,
\$1.25.



THE SPALDING LAMP,
Japanned, \$3.50. Nickeled, \$4.50.

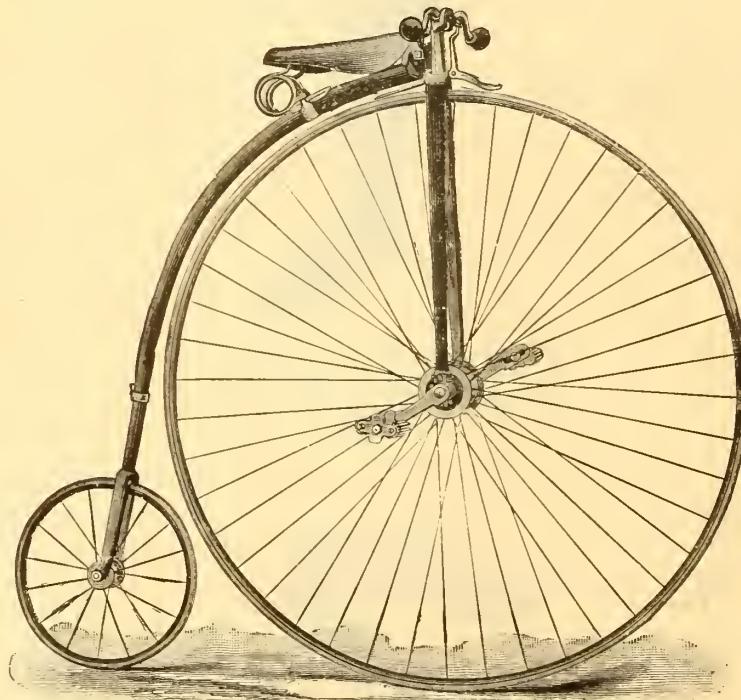
THE NEW SPALDING LUGGAGE CARRIER, can be attached or detached in five seconds. Price \$1.00

THE NEW PREMIER

Cow-Horn Handle-Bars.

Tangent Spokes.

Finished in Enamel and
Nickel.



YOUTHS' BICYCLE.

Suspension Saddle.

We warrant every Bicycle
to be free from imper-
fections and flaws
of all kinds.

Diameter of Front Wheel.	Length of Leg, Inside Measure to Sole of Foot.	Price, Standard Finish, per Specification.	Price, all parts Nickled except Wheels.	Price, Full Nickled, including Wheels.	Weight.
34 inches.	24 inches.	\$30 00	\$34 00	\$38 00	26 pounds.
38 inches.	27 inches.	35 00	39 00	43 00	31 pounds.
42 inches.	29 inches.	40 00	44 00	48 00	34 pounds.
44 inches.	30 inches.	45 00	49 00	53 00	35½ pounds.
46 inches.	31 inches.	50 00	54 00	58 00	37 pounds.
48 inches.	32 inches.	55 00	59 00	63 00	42 pounds.
50 inches.	33 inches.	60 00	64 00	68 00	43½ pounds.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

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241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

always glad to see their friends. Their annual banquet which came off last month was the biggest thing of the kind ever given in Philadelphia. About one hundred members and friends sat down and the eating and oratory were first class.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club gave a run last Saturday week which was participated in by over twenty members. There were seven tandems in the party. This club takes in lady members now, and finds the scheme works well. Its late captain, Mr. Harold Lewis, and wife, left for a tandem trip through a portion of Europe a few days ago.

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31, 1887.

For the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

ADVENTURES OF US FOUR, ON BI'S.

Have you ever heard of Herkimer, N. Y.? No? Well, on this historic spot General Dayton once won renown among the bullet battered walls of the fort which now bears his name. Fort Dayton was the primeval name of the place, and a prominent part it played in Revolutionary times. When General Herkimer laid down his life on the bloody battlefield of Oriskany, his name was given to this honored town, and under that insignia it has since come down to posterity. As the scene of the recent notorious Druse tragedy its name has also been heralded far and near in the columns of the national press, and few there are who have not heard of Herkimer, N. Y. In addition to all these famous possessions, it is the center of a fine a-line of bicyclists as can be scared up in any town of its size in the country, and of these latter hereby hangs a tale.

On Sunday morning, May 15th, four wheelmen of the Fort Dayton Club might have been seen sailing out of town for Richfield Springs, the famous central New York summer resort. The party consisted of J. E. Searles, Chas. Stacy, Ed. Walrath, and myself, commonly known as Jim, Mose, Ned, and—well they dubbed me most anything. Jim rode a Champion, Ned had a Standard, I pushed an Expert, and Mose possessed a curiosity in the shape of an English machine of ancient date. It was numbered 59, and evidently was born in the time of Richard III.

Leaving Herkimer, we passed through Mohawk and reached Ilion, three miles away, in about fifteen minutes. Here the road takes a circuitous, picturesque path up through the winding avenues of a wood crested, rocky, romantic gulf. On one side, dashing from crag to crag in a constantly lashed fury, rushes on a rugged mountain torrent, while on the other rises for perhaps a hundred feet the perpendicular side of the gulf. Through the mass of foliage above Old Sol seldom penetrates, consequently no more delightful, enchanting ride can be conceived. Despite the gradually rising grade, we pulled up at Columbian Springs, three miles from Ilion, at 7.30, having been about one hour on the road. We were now sixteen miles from Richfield, and counted upon making the distance by nine o'clock. After regaling ourselves with as fine a potion of sulphur decoction as anywhere abounds, we sprang into the saddle, and once more began the toilsome ascent.

Mose, with his wonderful antiquated machine of feather-weight proportions, took the lead and was soon out of sight. With an admonition to notify inquisitive Richfielders of our approach, Mose disappeared around a bend with something like this:—

"T-t-this is a d-d-dandy machine—it r-ru-runs

like a-a-a f-feather." Yes, with all Mose's natural accomplishments, for he is an artist of acknowledged skill, he had a very bad lisp. Something like half an hour glided silently by, together with divers rocks, tree trunks, landmarks, etc., when all at once we espied Mose sitting on a rock. He was the picture of despair. Hopeless despondency was delineated in every curve and feature of that classic moulded face. Longingly, sorrowfully, he was looking at a pile of stones in the road, and following the line of gaze, we were not long in divining the cause of our unhappy friend's mournful aspect. There, intermingled with dirt and stones in one confused mass, lay his splendid machine, a hopeless wreck of buckled, bent, and mud bedraggled steel.

"I got in a r-r-rut, and t-t-took a t-t-t-terrib-b-ble header. Can you fi-fi-fix it?"

These were the first words which awakened the death-like stillness of that calm sequestered scene. With one accord we dismounted and soon had the disjointed wheel in shape. Three spokes were collapsed in the transaction, and the wheel presented a sorry appearance. Mose resolved to do or die, however, and once more we set out for Richfield. It was now nearly 8.30, and we had accomplished no time to speak of. We, however, generously allowed ten o'clock as the probable hour of entering the sulphur city, and so quieted our consciences. With some parting admonitions to the unlucky Mose that he should not attempt to ride any more stone piles, we relapsed into silence and the weary task of pushing a cycle up a twenty-nine foot grade to the mile.

We had got within a mile of Cedarville, eleven miles from home, when suddenly, from the rear, came the unmistakable sign of distress. Hastily jumping off, Jim, Ned, and I ran back, and, notwithstanding the solemn aspect which met our vision, all with one accord burst into a laugh which startled half a dozen boozy owls from their silent perch, and evoked from Mose, the unhappy son of misfortune, a tirade of uncomplimentary words upon us, the machine, road, and all combined.

"I w-wouldn't give th-th-three cents f-for all the b-b-bicycles in Utica. These s-s-s-t-stinkin' roads ought to b-b-be shot. W-wh-why don't you h-b-he-help a feller?" Poor Mose, there he lay, sprawled out to the four corners of the globe. Eyes, mouth, pockets, and ears full of dirt and sand, hat banged in, and a general knocked-out-in-three-minutes look upon his dejected countenance. The festive wheel which was the cause of all his troubles was doing its best to hold him down, and it looked as if the operation was successful.

Poor Mose deserved and had our pity. So did his wheel. It required considerable effort to get it back to the normal shape, but at last with a zip back it flew; and, barring the loss of three spokes, was as good as new. In fifteen minutes we reached Cedarville, and repaired to a blacksmith shop for succor. The smithy looked mighty knowing, and he tackled the wheel as if he had dined on cycles and slept on steel all his life. After a light lunch and some "sandy gaff," as Jim called it, we proceeded to Richfield. It was now 10.30, and we had counted on eating dinner at the Springs. If nothing happened we could be there by one o'clock. About half a mile out of Cedarville we reached a slight hill and essayed to coast. Mose could not check his wheel as he had no brake. We were going at a terrific gait, Ned in the lead, Mose next, I following, and Jim in the rear. All

at once Mose struck a stone, and he thought he was on a snake. The way that wheel buckled was a caution. It doubled right up like a boy outside of a green apple, and no formalities allowed. Mose immediately made a tremendous courtesy, and lay humbled in the dust like a devout Mohammedan—less time than it takes to tell it. With a crash I banged into the wreck, and from there into the bushes, which saved me from injury. Mose was not so fortunate, however. His wheel was the most unlucky of all,—six spokes out, and handle-bar broken off short at the head. With more prudence than patience we sought that Cedarville smithy for repairs. It took just two hours to put in a new bar and "set" the spokes, consequently we would be in Richfield by 2 p. m., we argued, by making tremendous tracks meanwhile. Well, we would, had not fate intended otherwise. Not more than two miles were passed over when that old machine of Mose had another fit. It spread itself all over the road, and it took us fifteen minutes to find all the parts. Spokes, pieces, and handle-bars were lying around in confusion.

"That s-s-settles it. You d-d-d-don't catch me riding th-th-that ma-machine again," said Mose as he sat on a near-by rock and gazed awe-struck and dejectedly at the remnants of his bike.

We couldn't get to Richfield, that was certain, so we resolved to pull on to West Winfield, seven miles away, and for that place we started. Mose resolved to walk, and he walked. We all reached Winfield in as good shape as possible, and had dinner at 2.30 p. m. From here Mose chartered a hack, and shipping his machine by express to Utica, went back to Herkimer in style. Ned and Jim wheeled back, while I kept on to Richfield Springs, which I reached at 6.30, and Schuyler Lake at 7 o'clock, having made thirty-eight miles in the day. Next morning at 8 o'clock I set out for Oneonta, thirty miles south. The roads are simply great, and I went seventeen miles without a compulsory dismount. This brought me to Milburn, a busy little town on the Albany and Susquehanna branch of the D. & H. road. Leaving Milburn I pedaled out in fine spirits, and had gone about a mile when I came to cross-roads and tackled a native for the right way.

"Where does this road lead to?" pointing out the one I was on.

"Well, to Oneonta, if you keeps on it."

"Where does that one go?"

"Oneonta, too."

"Where does t'other one go?"

"You follow that and it will take you to Oneonta."

"Sav, where is Oneonta, anyway?"

"It lays in that direction, and is about twenty miles away."

"All right, good-bye," and examining my cyclometer, I skipped along. About one and one-half miles farther I met another granger, and asked him how far it was to Oneonta.

"I call it twenty miles; why?"

"Oh, nothin'; I thought if the roads kept good I could get there by to-day week."

"No! say, how far 'd you—"

But I didn't wait for more. I left some tracks and some three miles behind, when I came across an old fellow sowing plaster.

"How far is it to Oneonta?"

"Wall, boy, it's nigh on to twenty mile by this road."

"Eh, what you givin' us!"

"Yes, it's twenty-two mile sure. I knew it 'cause I measured it." Talk about your magnificent distances. The longitudinal highways of that little place down South known as Washington can't hold a feather to the distances I struck in Otsego county. I had begun to lose faith in the veracity of Otsegoans, and they were evidently quaffing from the overflowing bowl of chaff at my expense. Thereafter I paid no attention to native stock and information, but stuck to my cyclometer and Expert, and we all pulled into Oneonta at 12:20. Good fortune took me to the Central Hotel, and I ate a dinner fit for gods. Oneonta is a town of some 6,000 souls; has a daily and four weekly papers, the D. & H. car shops, and a host of pretty girls. I tarried there till 4 P. M., and set out for home. Going by way of Cooperstown, I arrived at Schuyler Lake at 9:15 P. M., having covered thirty-two miles in the day. At 8:30 A. M., Tuesday morning, I left the lake and reached Herkimer at 12:30 A. M., coming through Richfield and Cedarville, and registering twenty-nine miles.

G. W. N., JR.

HERKIMER, May 19.

[Continued.]

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CYCLING CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY CHRIS WHEELER.

During 1884 and 1885 the Philadelphia Bicycle Club maintained almost the one standing; it did not grow at a very rapid rate, and occupied as it always did, and does still, an eminently conservative position in the wheel world of the Quaker City. The club headquarters continued at St. George's Hall on Thirteenth street, but during 1885-6 an annex room was procured in the Park Rink, West Philadelphia, and also machine space was rented in the same building. The Park Rink being situated on the verge of Fairmount Park, and almost at the commencement of the celebrated Lancaster turnpike, offered many facilities for riding not to be found at the down town regular quarters of the club, and it was doubtless the experience gained at the Park Rink, of how handy it was to have a rendezvous contiguous to "old Fairmount," that helped the club to decide upon building the splendid club-house which it now owns, and which is situated on the immediate confines of Philadelphia's magnificent public demesne.

Mr. Henry C. Blair retired from the president's chair in 1884, and his place was filled by Mr. George E. Bartol whom the club has had no more popular or successful presiding officer. The year 1885 was an uneventful one taken as a whole, with one exception. Toward the close of the year several members made a decided and a successful effort to have the organization incorporated. Several times a move had been made towards having this done, but each time the project was ventilated by some means or other, action was put off. But in November, 1885, the interest in the scheme seemed to take a decided jump, owing perhaps to the agitation respecting the building of a club-house, and by the exertions of several of the active members the Philadelphia Bicycle Club became a corporate body, and thus found itself in a position to build a house of its own, or do many other things which before it could not have attempted. Perhaps, too, the example of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club had something to do with deciding the members of "Philadelphia" to incorporate their club. The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, though a younger organization, had become incorporated, and "Phil-

adelphia" no doubt saw the benefit which it could receive by following in the footsteps of its sister organization. So the end of 1885 saw Philadelphia's premier cycling association a corporate body, and the beginning of 1886 saw the first steps taken towards arranging for the building of a club-house. Of course the inception of such plans in such organizations is always attended with more or less commotion, and in the membership of "Philadelphia" there were to be found, of course, the conventional kickers against anything that savored of progress. These opponents of ad-

be built, and within a few months of the assured success of its undertaking, the best tribute that could be paid to the wisdom of its action was offered by the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club following the example so well set by its older sister, and starting in to erect another handsome cyclers' home in the great "City of Homes."

Comfort and a certain amount of style are the characteristics of the club-house of "Philadelphia." The edifice stands on a corner lot, and it has a length of 85 feet and a breadth of 26. The materials used in the construction as appearing to the eye are red brick and brown stone, and the structure presents a solid, comfortable and, as compared with surrounding buildings, an imposing appearance. The interior arrangements are simple in the extreme. The basement serves for a machine room and is entered directly from the foot pavement. The second story, the door of which is reached by a flight of steps, is devoted to the meeting room, at the end of which is placed the ladies' dressing room. The third story is given up to closet room and dressing rooms, while the fourth floor is used altogether as a gymnasium. The principle of the house is just this: one large room for wheel room, one large room over this for meeting room, one large room over this for dressing room, and the topmost room for gymnasium. The size of these rooms may be judged from that of the entire building. One ladies' dressing room and three small rooms for use of janitor, taken off the end of the building, leave the four magnificent apartments which are used by the club. The building of this house gave an immense boom to the membership, which has of late run up from about fifty to nearly one hundred. There are active and associate members, and by a recent decision ladies are eligible for membership. Up to the present time eight lady members have been elected, and the experiment of having members of the fair sex in the organization has resulted much to its benefit as well as helped the general social atmosphere among members.

[To be continued.]



GEORGE E. BARTOL.

vanced ideas, so to speak, might not in themselves have possessed the elements of much strength, but as is also generally the case, they had along with them several good solid hard-headed men who, unwilling to take risks, were content to see things remain *in statu quo* and follow out the teachings which would "let well alone." No one would venture to deny the value of Mr. W. R. Tucker as a member, his worth had been proven in many places and under many circumstances, whether it was in representing the club at wheel gatherings, or in contending for cycling rights before municipal and other functionaries, and when he and other men like him seemed doubtful as to the advisability of the club biting off perhaps more than it could chew in the matter of erecting a club-house, why, timid members felt rather undecided about embarking in a scheme which might be bounded by the comprehensive little word "bust." But if conservative Tucker stuck out for being on the safe side, irrepressible Harold Lewis battled for a liberal policy, which while shouldering some risk would bring large returns, and from the mixing and mingling, and rubbing and chafing of opposite ideas, hopes, and fears, was evolved the plan, whereby on stock issued, under the control and guidance of a body of directors chosen from the staunchest of the membership, the handsome edifice on the corner of Twenty-fifth and Perot streets was reared during 1886 to the honor and credit of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club and of cycling in the Quaker City. With the work of pushing the project for a club-house to a successful conclusion the name of Mr. Harold Lewis, who was for a long time captain of the club, will be always connected. The completion of the club-house in 1886 brings us almost up to date with the history of "Philadelphia." The first cycling club to be organized in the "City of Penn," it was the first club to undertake the task of showing its sister local cycling organizations how a club-house might

LITTLE DUDE, BIG BICYCLE.

Now vas der merry mont' of May,
Ven all der bull-frogs sing so gay,
Und Vinter's cold vas shased away
Und melted vas der icicle.

Now comes der leedle dandy dood,
Resplendent in his nobby suit,
Und mit his mustache curled so cute,
A-riding on his bicycle.

Und in her "bloomer" by his side
Der shweet doodine does swiftly glide,
A-vishing do she vas his bride,
Opon a brand-new tricycle.

Und he vish too dot very same;
So riding oop to her he came
Und tried a radher risky game—
To kiss her on dot tricycle.

Youst den von leetle shtone he shtruck,
Und mit his vheel von heddar took,
Und pitched head first, gonfound der luck!
Opon her mid his bicycle.

Dot settled him youst like a book :
Der doodine gwick dot fresh dood shook,
Und gave him youst von icy look
Dot freeze him like an icicle.

—Boston Globe.

News Notes.

At 5:15 P. M.

Of Tuesday, May the 24th, 1887,

Karl Kron's 908th and latest page

Plunged into the electrotyper's copper-bath,

And all the devils of the Springfield Printing Company danced with joy to know that "X. M. Miles" had really reached the finish in less than the predicted limit of "ten thousand years"!

The old timers were missed at the League meet.

No handsomer wheel has ever appeared than the New Mail.

The St. Louis meet had no charms for our ex-president, Dr. Beckwith.

Foster of Baltimore still wears a League pin and swears by the League.

Rev. Sylvanus Stall has postponed his projected European cycle tour until 1888.

E. F. Landy will represent Yale College on a 53-inch Rudge racer during '87.

Woodside rode 20 miles 202 yards within the hour, April 16, at Ball's Bridge.

T. S. Miller is out with a third edition of "Bicycle Tactics," it also contains the bugle calls.

The first day of the League meet was the 44th anniversary of the birth of Col. A. A. Pope.

One of the most noted divines in Buffalo, N. Y., uses a Rudge bicyclette in his pastoral duties.

Balbo, the noted Cuban pool player, has become interested in bicycling, and has purchased a wheel.

F. F. Ives has retired from the track and may be seen at work daily in the shop. We shall miss him.

Rowe is riding faster than ever this year and is willing to meet the champion Howell on most any terms.

There is a first time for everything and ours came when we did not attend the St. Louis League meeting.

The New Mail has an unprecedented rush of orders, selling very largely through the West especially.

Neilson is home again, and is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon his success at Clarksville.

Baltimore is no place to hold a League meeting unless we leave our wheels at home. In that case it is all right.

Arthur Munson, of Stamford, Ct., will tour this summer through England on his well-known Facile bicycle.

We called on George Dakin when in Buffalo and was glad to find him as well as ever and suffering no ill effects from his bad fall.

The Star Bicycle Club, of Detroit, has issued a neat circular to wheelmen, extending a cordial welcome to visit them when in the city.

At New Orleans, May 16, Prince Wells established a unicycle record for ten miles. He accomplished the distance in th. 24m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Martha's Vineyard residents have appropriated \$500 for the entertainment of the Massachusetts division L. A. W., who will meet there in August.

A 52-inch Victor Light roadster, '87 pattern, No. 5058, handle-bar slightly bent, was stolen from George W. Brett, at Lynn track on Decoration day.

At the Spring races of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, held at Lynn, May 1, '87, C. H. Warner of '89 won all three bicycle races on a 57-inch Rudge racer.

The Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York, has a Rudge Crescent Tandem which is let to different members at a nominal charge per day. So far it has been a very good investment.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Lewis, of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, sailed on Tuesday last for Europe, and will make an extended tour through England and France on a tandem.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Division L. A. W. will be held at Montpelier, June 17. The programme will include a hill-climbing contest, a ride to Barre, a road race, parade, and banquet.

The Michigan division L. A. W. has issued a road book which is sent to all the division members free; to members of other divisions \$1.00, and none will be sold to others than League members.

Karl Kron has followed the long list of cycling quill-drivers and has got a type-writer, with which he will endeavor to sell his thirty thousand books, and from past experience, we have every reason to believe he will succeed.

Capt. Thomas Lakey, of the Providence, R. I., Bicycle Club, has succeeded in climbing College hill, which is to Providence what Corey hill is to Boston. He was accompanied by F. B. Brigham, of the North Attleboro Club.

When it comes to two soldiers on a tandem, the rear rider doing the steering and the man in front holding a rifle for any emergency, we have the old chariot warrior and his charioteer with all the nineteenth century improvements.

J. E. Pratt of Flint, Mich., is now on his way East a-wheel, going by way of Detroit, through Canada to Buffalo, thence to Albany, and down the Hudson to New York, and on to Philadelphia, from whence he will take the train home.

Wanted, thirty thousand wheelmen to send two dollars to Karl Kron, and in return receive a copy of "X. M. Miles on a Bicycle." The sooner sent the better, for it is an assured fact that the energetic K. K. will have the required number before he dies.

Eastern wheelmen in want of second-hand wheels cannot do better than write A. W. Gump for list No. 48. Western wheelmen all know who keeps the largest line of wheels, both new and old. Hence the prosperity of A. W. Gump, of Dayton, Ohio.

Julesburg, Colorado, is experiencing a cycling boom. Already this season, a large number of new machines have appeared on the streets, and a larger number will be bought by her young men as the season advances. The bicycle craze is there to stay.

No bicycle has ever had such an advance sale as the Springfield Roadster. We have not tested it as yet, but hope to do so soon. If its merits are half what are claimed, it is the coming wheel. They are now being delivered at the rate of three hundred per week.

T. A. Smily, the cycling instructor, gave points to several hundred persons last season, including W. H. Gillette, representatives of New York *Herald*, *Mail & Express*, *Tribune*, *Commercial Advertiser*, etc. He was successful in making good riders of a larger number than in any other season for the last twelve years.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, wrote to Gov. Hill asking him to veto the bill giving wheelmen the right to ride through any part of Central Park at all hours. The argument he advances is the old one of making the driveways dangerous for the use of carriages.

Another inventor of "the bicycle," and maker of "the first bicycle," has appeared in Biggleswade, England. His name is Maurice Phillips, and his experiences are detailed in the *Cycling Journal*, May 20. Mr. Phillips made a form of bone-shaker in 1865.

The *Sporting and Theatrical Journal* says: "Some interesting changes in cycling legislation may come with the new administration. The men who worked so hard for Kirkpatrick had an axe to grind, and will commence to grind it shortly. Keep your eyes on the amateur rule."

A. P. Engleheart broke several safety records at Coventry, May 24, making best times from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 miles. Times as follows: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 15m. 31 2-5s.; six, 17m. 46 2-5s.; seven, 20m. 49 3-5s.; eight, 23m. 46s.; nine, 26m. 43s.; ten, 29m. 34 3-5s. Allard, Buckingham, and Oxborrow were the pace makers.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club will occupy its present quarters until June 30. In response to the circulars sent out by the secretary, sixteen agreed to pay the assessment of \$50 for a year and twenty-four agreed to remain if the club went into smaller quarters. The club will disband July 1.

"There is no use talking," says the *Bicycle World*, "there will be an aching void, caused by the Springfield Club not having a race meeting this year. Perhaps the dear public will appreciate the loss, and clamor for a tournament in so loud a voice next season, as to encourage the club to try again."

The Kings County Wheelmen won the 20-mile race of the New York and New Jersey Team Road Race Association on Decoration day, scoring 77 points to 70 for the Ildernans, 69 for the Elizabeths, 65 for the Hudson County men. Stenken of the Hudson County Club led throughout, winning in th. 13m. 46s.

Fred Wood won the bicycle championship of Australia at both one and three miles on the Melbourne Cricket Club grounds April 9. He took the mile race in 2m. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., with G. Wybord second and S. Clarke third. The three-mile event was won in 10m. 10s., S. Clarke getting second place and Wybord third.

"The knee-breeches boom in Chicago has burst. The young men had the courage, but they didn't have the legs."—*Call*. "The Philadelphia boys have the legs, but they lack the courage."—*Ex. If*. If Philadelphia and Chicago will waive the clause in relation to competitors being "boys," I'll back Vassar College to fill the other requirements of the "boom."—*Owl*.

The price of the New York road-book will be \$1.50 to League members in states other than New York. The book is well worth this amount, and is simply invaluable; all wheelmen east of Chicago should have one. Beyond the mere fact of the value of the book, wheelmen will be helping the New York division to pay for its production. Address, A. B. Barkman, 608 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Boston *Herald* takes this view of the League's action in relation to racing: "The action of the League in regard to racing is simply

ridiculous in the extreme. A body that cannot legislate better than this organization had better let the whole matter of racing alone. To take no notice of an amateur's riding on the road, and to stigmatize him when he rides on the track against a professional, is very funny."

According to the Australian *Cycling News* there seems to be trouble brewing between the Victorian and New South Wales Unions anent the Dwyer business. It appears that before he competed against Wood, the Victorian champion joined the New South Wales Union, and as the race was sanctioned by that body, he contends that both himself and C. W. Bennett, who made the pace for him, have been suspended illegally.

The first volume of Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle, from San Francisco to Teheran," is dedicated to Colonel Pope in these appropriate words: "To Colonel Albert A. Pope of Boston, Mass., whose liberal spirit of enterprise and generous confidence in the integrity and ability of the author made the tour around the world on a bicycle possible, by unstinted financial patronage, is this volume respectfully dedicated."

There is nothing new under the sun! In the city archives of Nuremberg is kept a velocipede of the year 1683, and in an old book, dated 1703, entitled "Historical Accounts of the Nuremberg Mathematical Artists," occurs the following passage: "Stephen Farflers, of Altdorf, went to work and constructed a little wagon on three wheels, in which, by means of an artistic arrangement, he managed to drive to church without any assistance." Hence the tricycle is only the revival of an old invention.

Singer's Victoria six-in-hand created a sensation at St. Louis. It was ridden by scores of people in and about St. Louis, and on the steamboat there was a track which afforded good riding, and gave many people a chance to try it. Again at Clarksville it was in use on the belt road, and carried many riders over the course. No better machine for a club can be found. It runs easily, and six riders can get a great deal of speed out of it. W. B. Everett was in charge of the machine, and placed it at the disposal of all who wished to try it.

"The members of the racing board," says the *Bicycling World*, "may all wear diamonds and possess other precious stones of great value, but that jewel known as 'Consistency' evidently is not numbered among the specimens. The position taken by the board that an amateur may race a professional on the road and retain his status, so far as they are concerned, but cannot compete with a fellow of the ostracized class without becoming a pro. on the path, is a ruling that 'Solomon in all his glory' could never have evolved. This is proving, with a vengeance, that there is a vast difference between 'tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum,' and that black becomes undoubtedly white under certain circumstances."

Mr. Howland, in the *Scientific American*, claims that the tricycle is mechanically adapted to afford the best possible exercise at the smallest expense of fatigue and nervous energy. The whole body is thoroughly exercised, and yet so perfectly adapted to human needs is this exercise, that the fatigue of a ten mile ride is less than is experienced in walking one-tenth of the distance. The practicability of the tricycle as a vehicle for the daily use of women is, in Mr. Howland's opinion, undoubted. He says: "There is scarcely a large

town in the land where there are not some ladies who use the tricycle as others do their horse and carriage. It is always ready at the door for an errand to the market, a call on a friend, a spin for pleasure, or a journey to the next town."

An interesting match between three bicycles and a Russian trotter took place on Monday at the international bicycle races at the old exhibition building in the Prater at Vienna. The prize was 2,000 francs, and the distance 10,000 meters, being forty times round the course. H. O. Duncan (London), M. Jules Dubois (Paris), and M. Paul Medinger (Bordeaux), on bicycles, against the Russian trotter, a handsome gray, belonging to Herr Stefan Tupan, of Vienna. After the second round the bicyclists took the lead, and finally, after a nineteen minutes' race, the horse was easily beaten, the result being a dead-heat between the two Frenchmen. The second race, in which the three competitors ran again, was won by Duncan, who covered a distance of 1,000 meters in 1m. 52s.

N. C. Fowler, the well-known advertising agent of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston, for ingenious advertising devices ranks with the best. Not content with publishing a fine lithograph of bicycular design, suitable to display in door, window, or office announcing that "this store closes on Saturday at —" (the hour desired is provided for by variously numbered stickers), his latest scheme is the issuing of card counters, which of course contain a recommendation of Columbia bicycles (in this instance by Thomas Stevens), but which, nevertheless, will prove convenient for whist, euchre, or any other card players who wish to keep track of the game. The requisite amount of postage stamps will insure the gift of either of the above conveniences to any person who makes application for them.

The 57th and final "form" of the great American road-book was printed May 25 (which is announced as the historic "date of publication," at the top of monster placards posted at all the cross-roads); and the first fifty copies were bound by Saturday night; but, as two holidays followed, they were not taken from the binder's press until Tuesday, the 31st. At noon of that day, the "author, publisher, proprietor, and advertiser" of the enterprise presented the very earliest complete copy to the editor of the *Gazette*. "This is a proper and pleasant act," he said, "and is easy enough. But what I now most want to know is the name of the man who is destined to have the 30,000th book. You'd better offer another 'bicycle-rifle prize' for the guess which comes nearest to the year of my capturing this man,—whether it be '1891' or '1917'."

"Five days to labor, one day for recreation, one day for God," is an ancient Scottish maxim. The modern business world is hardly ready to accept the full measure of this saying, but it began long ago to split the difference, until to-day the greater part of business stands still from about Saturday noon until Monday morning, and the professional, business, and working man or woman enjoys a week day half-holiday. That the privilege of weekly opportunity for recreation with friend and family, during at least a quarter of the year, is a benefit to every working man or woman, has passed from a question to an axiom, and trade, in losing a few hours, gains the strengthened, vigorous work of its workers, who, after relaxation, are able to give more and better results. With this end in view, the Pope Manufacturing Company, of

Boston, Mass., maker of Columbia bicycles and tricycles, has published a beautiful lithograph of unique and artistic design, suitable to display in door, window, or office, announcing that this store closes on Saturday at such an hour. By an arrangement of stickers, any hour can be given. The company will send, free, upon receipt of twenty-cent stamp to pay postage, one of these cards, securely packed, to any one who desires to display it for the purpose named.

WILMINGTON (DEL.) NOTES.

Hot weather is now upon us, and jerseys and thin suits are in order with those that possess them; a great advantage of this season of year is, that we now have longer days, and those who are so inclined can ride as early as 4 A. M., or as late as 8.30 P. M., and have daylight; there are not a few of the members of our club whose business hours are from 7 to 6, hence we readily take advantage of the time in the early morning and evening.

B. Frank McDaniel, of the Wilmington Wheel Club, heads the list as regards mileage, with twelve hundred miles to his credit, from the first of the year to date. Mr. McDaniel has also the honor of having made the first century run in Delaware. This would seem almost incredible, as none of our roads are what might be termed excellent. He selected May 15 as his day, and made the trip from here to Dover and return, ninety-five miles, which with eight miles about Dover, and the Causeway, near Wilmington, makes one hundred and three miles. The following account is clipped from *Every Evening*, of this place, descriptive of the trip:—

"B. Frank McDaniel, of the Wilmington Wheelmen's Club, made the unprecedented run, as regards Delaware, of one hundred miles. He started at 6.30 o'clock yesterday morning, wheeled to Dover and got back, reaching Market street bridge at 8 P. M., showing an actual run of one hundred miles in 11 hours and 50 minutes, including all rests on the way but two hours at Dover.

"The road from here to Middletown is reported good. That from Middletown to Dover is poor, with sandy patches that make uncomfortable riding. There is a five mile stretch, however, just outside Dover, of good gravel-bed road, making an excellent pike, where Mr. McDaniel took the middle of the road and 'went along whizzing.' The cyclist was somewhat tired at the end of the journey. He used a new machine for the first time, the 'New Rapid,' which was never tried before on a long run. Mr. McDaniel thinks he could not have accomplished the journey so easily on the machine he had used hitherto.

"How about spills!" he was asked. "Oh, I had only two regular 'headers,' that was between Dover and Middletown, where I got caught in some sandy ruts. But I was not hurt at all."

"Just outside Dover a large farm dog followed the bicyclist for one and a half miles, barking and making ferocious attempts to pull the cyclist down. This accounted for the quick spin made on the last five miles going into the capital.

"Following is the road record of yesterday: Started at Market street bridge at 6.10 A. M.; Kirkwood 7.40, sixteen miles; reached Middletown 8.20, completing twenty-five miles. After resting ten minutes the journey was resumed, when Dover was reached at 11.30 A. M. After two hours' rest at the Bayard House the return journey was commenced. At Smyrna there was a rest of ten minutes. Middletown was reached at 4.45 P. M. After

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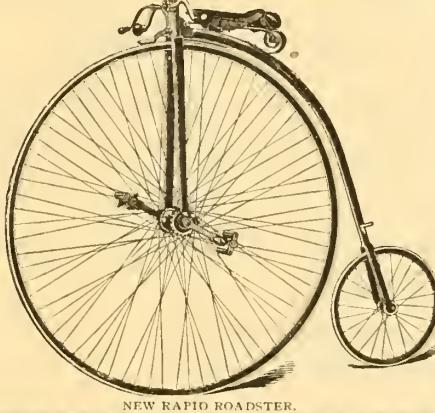
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Other wheels have from 1-4 inch to 1 inch only.
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a short rest there Kirkwood was gained at 6 p. m., where lunch and a rest of twenty minutes were taken. Market street bridge was reached at 8 p. m.

"Mr. McDaniel went back two miles over the Causeway in order to 'square up' upon any disputed mileage; this together with a mile's ride around Dover and the distance back and forth ridden between the rider's home and Market street bridge will afford a generous one hundred miles as the first long distance run in Delaware, or by a Delawarean. It is said that Mr. McDaniel is trying to make a 'road record.' He has already accomplished eleven hundred miles since the beginning of the year."

On Sunday May 8, by invitation of Pennsylvania Club, Chief Consul Palmer, with Captain Merrihew and Messrs. Shakespeare, Bye, and McDaniel, of the Wilmington Wheel Club, went to Philadelphia *via* B. & O. R. R. and were received at the former's headquarters, and with them took a run through Fairmount Park and along the beautiful Wissahickon creek to Fort Washington, a distance of fifteen miles, where the visitors were splendidly entertained. The return trip was made *via* Conshohocken and the famous Lancaster Pike, twenty miles. By invitation some members of the Pennsy will visit us and our city within a short time, and we will show them some of our best roads, and a good time.

At our last club meeting a committee was appointed to look into the question of a club uniform, and procure samples and prices, and to report at next meeting. Another committee was appointed to wait upon our street commissioners and see what we, as part of the tax paying portion of the community, can do toward frightening or coaxing them into the notion of improving our city roadways. As our membership increases we naturally feel our growing importance, and are determined to do what we can toward improving our highways, succeed or no succeed.

All local agents say business is good, except the agent of the much promised Springfield Roadster, who is still exercising a degree of patience that Job himself might well envy. But he still lives in hopes, and if the thing comes within any reasonable time from this date (May 24), it will hold its own with the other makes here.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

That interest in cycling lags, hereabouts, is painfully evident, but we hasten to add that it is mostly due to the condition of the streets and roads.

Sections of country roads, having become too near impassable, have recently been "fixed,"—that is, made worse by putting on the softest dust and gutter *débris*, well seasoned with cobbles in size from a walnut to a [road] hog's head.

Rev. A. C. Wheaton, a Facile cycler, of Little Falls, N. Y., preached at the First Baptist church, Stamford, May 22. Mr. W. and the Scribe intend sailing from New York about the first of July, for a couple months' vacation, and expect to wear out some oil on European roads. No one can be blamed for shaking off, temporarily, a country with such roads as this section is bl—cursed with.

Now Captain Will Hurlbut, of the Stamford Wheel Club, is considering a tour in Europe, for his summer vacation. We hope this may be brought about and with our party, as no better man could be found, on a long jaunt, than genial Captain Will! His club would be creditably represented.

We begin to look for the tandem and tandemness who were to tour through this region, this season.

A general scramble over the hills and sandy-gravel roads of this vicinity is booked for Decoration day. Some threaten to see the Oranges, others Tarrytown, etc.

Several Faciles and ordinaries have been sold here, quiet as cycling has been, and the beginners get in about the same gyrations as did their predecessors.

The fact is, business has been so "pressive" this season that we have neglected not only wheel-writing but wheel-riding, but hope to make up for both ere the frosted leaves appear.

There is a likelihood of a note book's overflowing in such a field as we hope to see this summer, and the GAZETTE may print sundry impressions of American cyclers a-wheel in Europe.

Rev. A. W. Lightbourn has lately become a Facile rider, and is charmed with its easy going and safety, over the wheer he broke his arm by falling from, last fall.

One of our leading cyclers had the tandem fever, lately, but will stave it off and take a tour the yon side the water, instead.

Mr. Stanley Ferris is a delighted rider of "one of that Wilcox's wheels."

"STAMSON."

Among the Clubs.

THE ELIZABETH WHEELMEN'S club-house, for the past two months considered a possibility verging on to a probability, is now an assured fact. A very eligible plot of ground has been secured on East Broad street near the depot, and a lease obtained for a number of years. The necessary funds for the erection of the building have been subscribed, and plans for the house adopted. Almost the entire amount of the loan has been taken by the members of the club. The house will be a one-story structure with unique and pretty balcony arrangement in front, giving it a distinctive appearance, and will embrace a meeting room, or parlor, a large wheel room with racks for the storage of bicycles, a dressing room, with lockers, wash room, etc. The whole will form convenient and comfortable but not expensive quarters, putting upon the club a pecuniary load which it will readily be able to carry.

THE PLAINFIELD (N. J.) BICYCLE CLUB tendered a reception at the Park House to the young ladies who assisted at the fair given some weeks ago at the new club-house on Sycamore street. Despite the forbidding weather, the hotel parlors were filled with the fashion and beauty of the place. The dancing commenced about 9.30 o'clock and continued uninterruptedly during the evening, with the exception of the intermission for supper, which was served in the hotel dining-room at midnight.

THE BUFFALO BICYCLE CLUB has resolved to proceed at once to erect a club-house commensurate with the standing of the club in the community. A fund of \$1,700 has already been secured for the purpose, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Churchill, Hauenstein, Jackson, and Bull was last week appointed to raise \$700 more by subscription. It is thought that \$2,500 will be sufficient to secure a suitable lot. Messrs. Churchill, Dakin, and Butler were appointed a committee to select a site.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

ALLEGHANY COUNTY WHEELMEN (Friendship, N. Y.)—President, E. S. Latta; vice-president, Irving Saunders; secretary, F. G. Mortimer; treasurer, F. H. Rice; captain, W. T. Lane.

BAY CITY (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, J. E. Pratt; vice-president, H. W. Miller; secretary and treasurer, George Babcock; captain, D. G. Jackson; first lieutenant and bugler, W. P. Walter; color bearer, Charles Cottrell.

BRUNSWICK (Boston, Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, D. H. Merrit; secretary, William H. Waldron; captain, J. L. Merritt; treasurer, Howard C. Rule; sub-captain, I. Killbourne.

CALUMET CYCLING CLUB (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—President, Robert Mabie; vice-president, C. J. Hauck, Jr.; secretary, J. W. B. Quail; treasurer, L. G. Davis; captain, N. L. Wills.

CANTON (O.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Frank L. Casselberry; vice-president, C. W. Keplinger; secretary-treasurer, Will G. Saxton; captain, Wm. A. Bell; first lieutenant, W. H. Deuble; second lieutenant, Norm. Krause; first bugler, Frank W. Joy; second bugler, Chas. A. Vignos; color bearer, Norm. L. Deuble.

CENTRAL WHEELMEN (Cincinnati, O.)—President, Charles H. Schatzman; vice-president, C. E. Hampson; secretary, A. G. Race; treasurer, R. J. Kroeger; captain, W. H. Milholland; first lieutenant, W. C. H. Vogel; second lieutenant, T. F. Smith; bugler, D. L. Senee.

CHEYENNE (Wyo.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, J. D. Corey; vice-president, M. M. Mason; secretary, Fred Bond; treasurer, J. J. Nairn; captain, Frank Gillespie.

COLUMBIA (Pa.) WHEELMEN—President, H. F. Verzey; vice-president, William Bailey; secretary, Enos S. Mann; treasurer, F. G. Johns; captain, J. S. Musser.

COLUMBIA WHEELMEN (Stockport, N. Y.)—President, R. Burns Reynolds; secretary-treasurer and captain, Joshua Reynolds.

CRESCENT BICYCLE CLUB (Great Falls, N. H.)—President, Geo. H. Pierce; secretary-treasurer, Geo. F. Hill; captain, C. E. Benson.

CRESCENT BICYCLE CLUB (Lynn, Mass.)—President and captain, Cecil Carleton; first lieutenant, Sidney Macfarlane; secretary, Wilbur F. Wood; treasurer, Robert H. Chandler.

EAST SAGINAW (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, N. W. Ely; vice-president, Ralph Corbyn; secretary, George W. Smith; treasurer, D. E. Prall; captain, Peter F. Trainor; first lieutenant, Fred T. Richardson; second lieutenant, Harry C. Andrews.

EXETER (N. H.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Albert N. Dow; secretary-treasurer, Fred. S. Fellowes; captain, A. H. Giddings.

GRAND RAPIDS (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, A. B. Richmond; vice-president, Will S. Turner; secretary, O. L. Palmer; treasurer, W. H. Bennett; captain, W. S. Turner.

HARRISON WHEEL CLUB (Cynthiana, Ky.)—President, T. V. Cooper; secretary-treasurer, J. L. Shanhan; captain, J. M. Cronwell.

HOMESTEAD (Pa.) WHEEL CLUB—President, F. T. Alter; captain, J. A. Doyle; secretary-treasurer, H. W. Fairfield; first-lieutenant, James Bryce; directors, C. H. Alter and Robert Nicholson.

HUMBOLDT (Iowa) BICYCLE CLUB—President, S. A. Taft; vice-president, T. W. Rogers; secretary, E. D. Harvey; treasurer, H. H. Perkins; captain, O. A. Ward.

KITTANNING (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, J. D. Reynolds; secretary-treasurer, J. D. Daugherty; captain, Alex. Reynolds.

LANCASTER (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Jno. A. Berger; vice-president, Geo. F. Kahler; secretary-treasurer, C. H. Obreiter; captain, S. B. Donney.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN—President, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; vice-president, H. B. Hayes, Massachusetts; treasurer, W. M. Brewster, Missouri; third member of the executive committee, Geo. R. Bidwell, New York.

LOCKPORT (N. Y.) WHEELMEN—President, R. Bruce Oliver; vice-president, W. R. W. Pound; secretary-treasurer, C. A. Wood; captain, C. T. Raymond; first lieutenant, A. L. Davidson; second lieutenant, E. E. Pool; third lieutenant, A. M. Montgomery; color bearer, Hiram Pound; bugler, James F. Broadbent; club committee, president, secretary, captain, W. L. Beck, Jno. Outwater; financial committee, C. E. Folger, Walter Scott, E. E. Pool.

MARION (O.) BICYCLE CLUB—Captain, H. B. Ham; lieutenant, F. A. Huber; secretary, V. E. Domburg; treasurer, G. B. Schofield.

MATTEAWAN (N. Y.) WHEELMEN—President, B. F. Green; vice-president, B. F. Carson; secretary-treasurer, C. B. Van Slyck; captain, D. J. Corwin.

MIDDLETOWN (Ct.) WHEEL CLUB—President, E. G. Camp; vice-president, H. B. Starr; secretary, C. L. Brockway; treasurer, E. B. Stevens; captain, S. V. Coffin; first lieutenant, E. J. Clark; second lieutenant, F. E. Singleton; directors, H. C. Ward, J. Spear, E. J. Clark, and S. P. Calef; auditor, A. L. Allin.

MONTCLAIR (N. J.) WHEELMEN—Captain, Joseph M. McFadden; lieutenant, William Felsing; secretary-treasurer, William J. Hare.

MT. KILBURN WHEEL CLUB (Bellows Falls, Vt.)—President, H. D. Ryder; vice-president, W. T. Russell; secretary-treasurer, C. W. Black; captain, E. L. Howard.

NEW BRITAIN (Ct.) WHEEL CLUB—President, James W. Williams; secretary, A. W. Abbe; treasurer, F. C. Porter; captain, H. B. Arnold.

PAINESVILLE (O.) WHEEL CLUB—President, F. W. Temple; vice-president, A. W. Forsey; treasurer, Harry Jackson; captain, E. M. Forsey.

PENFUCKET (Haverhill, Mass.) WHEEL CLUB—President, Herbert A. Chase; vice-president, Amos M. Spurr; secretary-treasurer, Arthur E. Leach; captain, H. E. Guptil.

PEQUONNOCK WHEEL CLUB (Bridgeport, Ct.)—President, Geo. H. Johnson; vice-president, E. Stewart Sumner; secretary, W. M. Richardson; treasurer, J. H. Smith; captain, Calhoun Latham.

SHREVEPORT (La.) WHEELMEN—President, J. B. Walters; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Hill.

STAR WHEEL CLUB (Cleveland, O.)—President, A. R. Scott; secretary-treasurer, Charles Fogelberg; captain, H. E. Chubb; first lieutenant, W. H. Chubb; second lieutenant, Robert Ruck.

ST. JOHN (N. B.) BICYCLING CLUB—President, D. C. Robertson; captain, C. Coster; first lieutenant, H. C. Page; second lieutenant, G. M. Robertson; secretary-treasurer, W. C. Fairweather;

managing committee, W. A. Maclauchlan, J. M. Barnes, G. W. Merritt.

THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, L. W. Slocum; vice-president, Dr. A. C. Brush; secretary, H. H. Koop, Jr.; treasurer, H. E. Raymond; captain, A. B. Barkman; lieutenants, W. H. Meeteer and W. S. Vail; surgeon, Dr. A. C. Brush; color bearer, E. Williams; bugler, W. E. Fuller; trustees, I. B. Potter and W. F. Homan.

THE DETROIT (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—Captain, A. F. Peck; first lieutenant, A. D. Bowlby; second lieutenant, Geo. E. Lane; bugler, J. H. Ames; standard bearer, Chas. Jacobsen.

THE EFFINGHAM (Ill.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, J. B. Walker; vice-president, Wm. A. Sarrells; secretary-treasurer, A. Fitch; captain, J. B. Hogan; first lieutenant, E. A. Flock; bugler, John Reeds.

THE LAWRENCE (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Dr. C. W. Partridge; vice-president, John Walworth; treasurer, Francis Cogswell; secretary, William L. Reed; captain, Alonzo Tacy; club committee, J. Ed Aldred, Fred Leighton, and A. H. Robinson.

THE WYOMING (O.) WHEELMEN—Captain, Frank S. Cowing; first lieutenant, Jas. J. Archibald; bugler, A. Melville Ritchie; club attorney, Edwards Ritchie.

TROJAN WHEELMEN (Troy, N. Y.)—President, C. E. Betts; vice-president, Fred E. Oothout; secretary, Theodore T. Chase; financial secretary, Charles N. Seymour; treasurer, E. Russell Stephens; captain, George S. Contie; first lieutenant, Walter T. Lynd; second lieutenant, Rutgers Vandenburg; surgeon, George W. Harder; bugler, C. K. B. Aumock; trustees, Charles E. Wilson and George Lobdell.

WARREN (Roxbury, Mass.) WHEEL CLUB—President, H. L. Hiscock; vice-president and captain, J. E. Savell; secretary, H. C. Anderson; treasurer, A. Wiggin; first lieutenant, J. McCormick; second lieutenant, L. Noble.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) CYCLING CLUB—President, E. T. Pettingill; vice-president, Charles E. Burden; secretary, J. H. Fishback; treasurer, J. H. De Merritt, M. D.; captain, J. C. V. Smith.

WICHITA (Kan.) WHEELMEN—President, Oscar DeLong; vice-president, Edward Wilcox; secretary, L. Charles Miller; treasurer, Jas. L. Mead; captain, Frank S. Van Tuyl.

YORK COUNTY WHEELMEN (Saco and Biddeford, Me.)—President, Walter T. Bowers; vice-president, A. L. T. Cummings; secretary and treasurer, Edward J. Dearborn; captain, J. Edward Etchells; lieutenant, George M. Leavitt; bugler, Fred M. Sawyer; club committee, Walter T. Bowers, A. L. T. Cummings, Edward J. Dearborn, Joseph H. Marston, R. W. E. Milliken.

THE INTER-CLUB ROAD RACE.

THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN WIN AGAIN.

Decoration day turned out to be rather cloudy in the morning and it was thought that rain would set in before noon. This however did not dampen the ardor of the crowds of wheelmen who traveled over to Jersey to witness one of the greatest events of the year. Almost every club within a hundred miles held runs through the Oranges and by one p. m. the starting point at Hilton was a scene of confusion and hurry and bustle. The various teams left their respective hotels and rode

down to toe the mark. A little after two p. m. the word was given to start and twenty-eight men shot down the road and were out of sight in a twinkling. The friends of the racers then spread along the road with water and sponges to give whatever encouragement they could, while the majority of the wheelmen remained at the starting point to await the return of the riders. The course was in prime condition and although a very strong wind prevailed, some very fast time was made, as will be seen below. The start was made at Hilton, the riders going two and a half miles to the east and return and then two and a half miles west of the start. The times were as follows:

	H	M	S	POINTS.
H. J. Hall, Jr., K. C. W.	1	33	53	28
C. A. Stenken, H. C. W.	1	33	57	27
E. Valentine, K. C. W.	1	34	48	26
H. L. Bradley, I. B. C.	1	34	49	25
C. W. Caldwell, E. W.	1	37	02	24
J. H. Knox, K. C. W.	1	38	17	23
E. P. Baggot, H. C. W.	1	40	02	22
S. B. Bowman, E. W.	1	40	20	21
H. Greenman, I. B. C.	1	43	36	20
A. N. Pierson, U. C. W.	1	43	43	19
T. H. Burnet, U. C. W.	1	44	26	18
E. C. Parker, H. W.	1	46	05	17
E. M. Smith, H. C. W.	1	46	56	16
L. B. Bonnett, E. W.	1	47	29	15
W. L. Richardson, I. B. C.	1	48	38	14
A. Farrington, U. C. W.	1	49	00	13
E. B. Moore, U. C. W.	1	52	14	12
J. W. Schaefer, I. B. C.	1	53	04	11
W. C. Ivison, R. W.	1	54	27	10
D. B. Bonnett, E. W.	1	58	05	9
E. W. Dean, Jr., R. W.	1	58	50	8
A. P. Jackson, R. W.	2	01	45	7
E. I. Halstead, H. W. Stopped.				
E. C. Locke, H. W. Stopped.				
L. P. Weber, K. C. W. Fell.				
R. A. Burgess, R. W. Stopped.				
C. W. Griffith, H. W. Stopped.				
H. A. McAra, H. C. W. Stopped.				

The positions of the clubs at the finish were as follows:

	POINTS.
King's County Wheelmen,	77
Ilderman Bicycle Club,	70
Elizabeth Wheelmen,	69
Hudson County Wheelmen,	65
Union County Wheelmen,	62
Rutherford Wheelmen,	25
Harlem Wheelmen,	17

The next race over the course takes place on Election day. Till then the K. C. W. hold the cup.

J. W. S.

COMING EVENTS.

JUNE.

- 23, 24, 25, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—International tournament, at Alexandra Palace, London.
27, Monday—Second annual tour of the Minnesota Division L. A. W., from St. Paul.

JULY.

- 1, Friday—Canadian Wheelmen's Association's annual meet, at Brantford.
2, Saturday—N. C. U. five miles tricycle championship, at Aston, England.
2, 3, 4, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Annual tour of the Illinois Division L. A. W.
2-6, Saturday to Wednesday—Meeting of the California Division L. A. W., at Santa Cruz.
4, Monday—Annual meeting of the New Hampshire Division L. A. W., at Manchester.
4, Monday—Race meeting of the Somerset (N. J.) Wheelmen.
4, Monday—Annual meeting Pennsylvania Division L. A. W., at Wilkesbarre.
4, Monday—Races of the Athletic Park Company, Cleveland, Ohio.
4, Monday—N. C. U. championships, at Aston—One-mile tricycle, twenty-five miles bicycle.
23, Saturday—N. C. U. championship, at Aston, five-mile bicycle.

JUST BEFORE THE STORM.

BY KARL KRON.

"The storm" I refer to is the epistolary avalanche which must soon break loose above my head, with its accompanying whirlwind of printed "opinions of the press," as a necessary result of my sending forth, to every part of the world, during this first summer month of 1887, the 3,600 subscribers' copies of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." Having been invited to record the salient features of this coming storm, in the columns of the GAZETTE, I improve the lull which precedes its outburst, by presenting a summary of various utterances which have resulted from an inspection of isolated chapters and unbound sheets.

The introductory essay, on its first appearance in *Lippincott's Magazine*, was greeted as follows: "Well written and readable beyond the common" (*N. Y. Times*, May 22, '82). "An entertaining paper, which speaks with authority about 'the wheel'" (*N. Y. Eve. Post*, May 22, '82). "It almost persuades one that the life of a man who does not see the world 'a-wheelback' is not worth living" (*N. Y. World*, May 21, '82). "It dwells especially on the opportunities afforded for the study of life and character in the rural districts" (*N. Y. Chr. Advocate*, June 1, '82). "Enthusiastic praise of his favorite mode of locomotion, and racy narrative of his experiences" (*N. Y. Illust. Chr. Weekly*, June 1, '82). "An article well worth reading, by one of the most painstaking and accurate of our younger newspaper writers" (*Phila. S. S. Times*, June 10, '82). "It indicates the best route for tours, and gives an amusing description of experiences" (*Chicago Advance*, June 1, '82).

BOSTON PROPHESIES.—"I have been selling bicycling literature for nearly three years, and I know a little about the market. Let me say, then, frankly, that you cannot sell 1,000 copies of a bicycling work at \$1 each, no matter how good it is, nor how much it commends itself. The market will not absorb that quantity of books. I place the outside limit of your sales at 300 copies, and I can't believe you will sell that number. * * * Experience will show you that, no matter how much the bicyclers may howl for a thing, they fail to come to time when asked to pay for it" (A. Bassett, ed. of *Bi. World*, Jan. 23, '84). "It has taken so long to get the book out, and you have made it so large and the type so small, that I think it has detracted largely from the interest it otherwise would have had, and from the benefit that we would have received. We appreciate your hard work, but we are sure we could never sell 1,000 copies of your book, on which you think we could make \$500. Even if we sold 1,000, it would cost a great deal to make the sale. The book is just at hand, and I have put on my strongest glasses, and then find it difficult to wade through a single page, without my eyes watering and my nerves getting out of order. The book, it seems to me, will only be used as a matter of reference. If you had made it into about six volumes, with larger print, I should have enjoyed it better; and still better if you had boiled the whole thing down into one volume of coarse print" (A. A. Pope, pres. of Pope Mfg. Co., June 5, '86). "We have not had time to peruse these first 544 pp. of the long-delayed book, sufficiently to intelligently review it. It contains much that is interesting, more that is valuable,—to the tourist,—some that is tedious in its detail, and a great deal that makes one laugh. * * * We hope to read the work through and review it as it deserves.

Although we as well as many others have chaffed K. K. a good deal, we must admit that 'Ten Thousand Miles' is well worth the money asked for it, and should be owned by every wheelman" (J. S. Dean, ed. of *Bi. World*, Apr. 23, '86, p. 466). "As it is a notable book in so many ways, why not give the bibliopolists a chance, by having 200 or less copies made on large paper, uncut, with portrait and autograph of author, rubricated title (and an extra one for binding in 2 vols. with some interleaves), numbered, at \$5 each? I should be glad to get one or two copies, that way, and I think there are other wheelmen who would,—as well as some of the clubs which have libraries, and some collectors not wheelmen" (C. E. Pratt, ex-ed. of *Bi. World*, May 26, '87). "I wish we had a Karl Kron in Boston, for he could ferret out and publish the data about the many local clubs whose histories remain unrevealed. This might make an interesting addition for his great road-book. As there seems small probability of this book ever being published, it makes little difference how many additional chapters it contains" (C. S. Howard, in *L. A. W. Bulletin*, Sept. 24, '86, p. 339).

NEW YORK NOTIONS.—"The 'X. M. M. on a Bi.' is all right, and perhaps would benefit the sport if issued; but Karl Kron is the only author who ever attempted to talk his customers out of it before publishing his book. * * * America is a free country, and a man can write what he pleases; but, by saying so much which no one cares to read, he is doing his book an injury, as readers who have lost all patience with him are not likely to patronize him" ("Pedibus" in *Wheel*, Feb. 6, '85, p. 4). "After all, our 'K. K.' is a good sort of a fellow, and has done the cause of bicycling an immense amount of good. He has had success as a writer, and I have no doubt has received considerably more than \$1.50 for a single article. The merits of his book will make it worthy of placing in any man's library, and he has gone so far along with it that he cannot retreat except at a great loss. So send him your pledges at once, and relieve him of the need of talking so desperately in every issue of this paper" ("Pedibus," in *Wheel*, Mar. 6, '85, p. 5). "It seems a foolish move to postpone the publication of his book until April. Then it will be more than a year since he put his boom in progression; and he will probably lose half of his subscribers from their moving, death, and other causes" (*Amateur Athlete*, Jan. 29, '85, p. 9). "I candidly think that if he would 'let her go' as it is, the subscribers would find enough to amuse themselves in the 600 pp. of nonpareil and brevier now in type. I can really see no advantage in sacrificing health and happiness for the sake of spinning out a tremendous ball of yarn. Let us have the work now, for winter amusement, and our grandchildren can enjoy the subsequent enlarged editions" (F. Jenkins, in *Bulletin*, Sept. 3, '86, p. 235). "His perseverance is of the heroic order, and it should certainly meet with ample reward. So we say to every wheelman, Do all you can to help the visionary enthusiast who has lost two good years working out an idea, which was solely based on 'love of sport' at the outset, but on the financial success of which now depends a wheelman's future welfare" (F. P. Prial, ed. of *Wheel*, Sept. 3, '86, p. 3). "All of this and more has he borne without flinching or halting in his determination to present to the world a book, not the product of a callow brain, rushed through printers' and binders' hands, just to oblige us scribblers of the press, but a work of such a kind as the world has never seen,

and will not soon, if ever, again see duplicated, being, as it is, the result of years of constant thought and labor of a trained and scholarly mind, and written by a pen that is no prentice one. Long after the writer of these notes shall have passed away and been forgotten, the name and book of Karl Kron will remain as a work and author the like of which in their peculiar way do not elsewhere exist" (F. A. Egan, in *L. A. W. Bulletin*, Dec. 31, '86, p. 634). "Whatever may be said of Karl Kron's intelligence and personal peculiarities, his business-faculty is abnormally small, as it quite often is with literary men. His book will be a failure unless every wheelman in the land subscribes for it" (N. Y. cor., Feb. 26, of *American Wheelman*, Mar., '87, p. 13). "The book will be one of the curiosities of literature, for besides its elaborate record of bicycle tours, its description of roads, etc., it will contain some unique philosophical reflections and many queer autobiographical details illustrating the peculiarities of an original mind that ought to make it of interest to the student of psychology" (*Buffalo Courier*, Dec. 13, '86). "It will no doubt be of rare interest to all devotees of cycling" (*N. Y. Publishers' Weekly*, Aug. 27, '85, p. 248).

WESTERN WELCOME.—"In the course of our journalistic experience we have met with all kinds of free advertising fiends, but must admit that for consummate gall Karl Kron can give them all a handicap and still come in winner. The combination of gigantic gall and refreshing *naïveté* which prompts Karl to write that 'it costs us nothing' [to print the names and prices of all cycling books in the market] is indeed amusing" (*American Wheelman*, St. Louis, Jan., '86). In the same paper of a year later the editor, in explaining his failure to see K. K. during a recent visit at N. Y., said: "He's dead! Poor fellow, he died of enlargement of the heart,—trying to give wheelmen too much for a dollar" (Mar., '87, p. 16). "It is a book every rider should possess, as shown by the following clippings" (*L. A. W. Pointer*, Oshkosh, Wis., Apr., '87). "It is so seldom nowadays that we find manifestations of over-conscientiousness, that we are apt to misconstrue their outward symptoms. But it is developed in a limited few, nevertheless. This commendable fault, as it might be termed, is the one striking characteristic of Karl Kron. He is over-conscientious. If, when he completed his asked-for list of 3,000 subscribers to his forthcoming book, a year and a half ago, he had rushed a hastily and ill-prepared work on to the market, it would have been taken as a matter of course. He would only have been following the example of nine-tenths of contemporary publishers. As it was, he did nothing by halves. He investigated the most insignificant facts, and went into the minutest details of everything he touched upon (and he touches on about every subject in the past and present history of American bicycling). This he did at an endless expenditure of time and labor, which we know will not be appreciated by one-fourth of those who read the book. But the result is a book that will live and continue to be standard authority on such matter as it treats of, for a long time to come; for it will be many years before another work that even approximates 'X. M. M.' in value will ever be produced. In some future issue, we contemplate giving an exhaustive review of it" (*Wheelmen's Record*, Indianapolis, Jan. 13, '87, p. 10).

COMFORT FROM CANADA AND THE "STARS."— "The chief characteristic of the volume is its comprehensiveness. Every step of the road over

which the author has ridden is described with almost painful particularity. Nothing seems to have been too minute to escape his observation, or too insignificant to be undeserving of record. To Canadians, the most interesting portion will be the description of his experience in Canada, which he gives at great length. On the whole he speaks flatteringly of our country, and describes our roads as being on the average better than the main roads of the United States. The book is thoroughly practical, is well written, and must be of great value to all wheeling tourists. Its ponderosity is its chief defect, but we trust that that drawback will not interfere with the industrious editor meeting with a pecuniary return sufficient to fully reward him for his many years of laborious work" (*Canadian Wheelman*, London, Ont., June, '86, p. 87). "We are much pleased with these 544 pp., and are confident that the book when completed will be a most valuable one, that should be in the hands of every cycloper, to say the least. Its 'directory of wheelmen' alone is worth more than double the price of the whole, to dealers, tourists, and all interested in cycling" (*Star Advocate*, East Rochester, N. H., May, '86, p. 36).

"Hail to the long-expected book
Which seeks t' o'er-top them all!
Its fame shall live while rolls the wheel
Upon this mundane ball!
O'er hills and plains and level way,
Beside old ocean's marge,
Through Northern snows and Southern suns
His wheel rolls on at large.
Canadian roads have known his wheel,
Bermuda's Island too;
Our Western plains he wheeled along;
And all there is to view
Of nature's charms or history's claims
Are here depicted light.
Hail to the book delayed so long!
Delay has made it bright."

(J. D. Dowling, in *American Athlete*, Philadelphia, May 28, '87, p. 137).

ENGLISH EXCERPTS.—"It is to take a line very different to anything yet published. From all accounts, it will be well worth the money" (*Cyclist*, Coventry, Mar. 26, June 4, '84, pp. 353, 575). "If ever any man deserved to reap the reward of perseverance, it is the publisher of 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,' which is to be a readable book, while at the same time giving an account of the condition of U. S. roads; and its appendix of 3,000 subscribers' names will form the largest, or, at any rate, most varied, directory of wheelmen in the world" (*Id.*, Feb., '85). "Growing as time went on, it has assumed the proportions of over 800 pp. of closely printed matter, and, although somewhat tedious in places, will evidently be the largest and most complete work on cycling ever published" (*Id.*, Jan. 5, '87, p. 294). "As regards his assertion that the Sec.-Ed. of C. T. C. 'effectually muzzles the Cyclist and Bi. News, we will content ourselves by giving this veracious gentleman the lie direct" (*Id.*, May 11, '87, p. 739). "The undying pertinacity of the author of the American roadbook is responsible for the appearance in our pages of a further reference to a work we at one time thought would never be completed, and which even now will, we fear, never be conscientiously read. An imperfect and unbound advance copy has reached us at the hands of the author—whose determination we are inclined to admire far more than his judgment—and upon it we hope to comment in a later issue" (*C. T. C. Gazette*, May, '86, p. 176). "We have not studied the nature of the enterprise closely, but judging

from the specimen chapter on 'Bermuda,' which he is scattering broadcast throughout the land, the money pledged in support of his book will be well laid out" (*Wheel Life*, London, Feb. 27, '85, p. 228). "I am afraid he will be sadly disappointed when he finds the 41 Englishmen on his books not greatly increased by this last bold advertisement; yet he deserves to get on, for he has pertinacity enough for twenty men. He is, I should say, a firm believer in the freemasonry of the wheel: it is a pity to cure him of his belief" ("Comus," in *Wheel Life*, Feb. 27, '85, p. 233). "We feel confident that the work when published will justify our encomiums. It promises to be at once unique, useful and interesting" (*Tricycling Journal*, London, Dec. 23, '85). "It is not our intention to formally review the book from these 544 pp., but we may say that we have perused three or four of its chapters with the greatest pleasure,—being particularly impressed with the one which contains the biography of 'Curl,' a pet bull-dog to whom the book is dedicated and whose heliotype forms its frontispiece. We are convinced that the volume, when completed, will be one of the very most reliable and most readable books of travel that has ever been issued in connection with the sport" (*Tri. Four.*, Apr. 28, '86, p. 322). "My thanks to you, K. K., for advance copy of your bull-dog's biography, which has proved interesting,—though its 12,000 words of course render it far too long to reprint in these columns" ("Ubique," in *Wheeling*, London, Aug. 12, '85, p. 243). "That book seems as far off as ever. Men may come and go; championships be won; reputations made and shattered; but still Karl Kron worries on. Britannia mourns, and from her sea-girt shores looks longingly o'er Father Ocean for the lingering work. 'It cometh not,' she says, and, sighing, hies her to her task again" (*Wheeling*, Aug. 25, '86, p. 310). "Since writing last week, with a qualified amount of despair, we have received a number of advance sheets which go far to convince us that the book, when it does come, will be a *sine qua non* in the wheelman's library, possessing intrinsic interest of no mean order. But it's weary waiting!" (*Id.*, Sept. 1, '86, p. 326). "He hopes to conclude his great book by May 4; and, look you! it will indeed be a great book when it comes" (*Id.*, Apr. 20, '87, p. 17). "Doubtless the manual will be greatly sought after, not only by American wheelmen but by all 'foreigners' bent on a tour in the States. It is certainly one of the biggest things on wheels ever attempted" (*Sporting Life*, London, Mar. 20, '85). "I have casually glanced through the first portions of your book, and I much fear that, at any rate on this side of the water, its contents will be voted dull and uninteresting. This of course in confidence" (An English subscriber's verdict on the first 544 pp.). "It really forms the Doomsday Book of Cycling, and will rank as a genuine classic" (*Wayfarer*, London, Apr., '87; quarterly organ of the British "Society of Cyclists").

"The peer and the commoner, who collaborated to produce 'Cycling,' in the Badminton Library Series, have this week received such a terrible castigation from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that few words of ours are necessary to emphasize the unpleasantness of their position. We are bound to say that a more unfair book as a work of reference we have never read. To compare it with the really wonderful work of Karl Kron, now on its way, we hope, to thousands of readers, would be a journalistic sacrilege. * * * We have received loose sheets of this famous 'Ten Thousand Miles

on a Bicycle' which we have no hesitation in saying will be the greatest work on cycling the world has seen. Beside its far-reaching interest, literary style and completeness of detail, the English work to which we have referred above sinks into insignificance; and in recommending our readers to buy the book, we suggest it not only to men who buy cycling literature as a matter of course, but also to the large division which reads no more than it can avoid. This is a good book, written and compiled by a clever man, and we hope it will be blessed with a very large circulation" (*Wheeling*, May 25, '87, p. 104). "This work of years has at last assumed enormous dimensions of closely printed matter. Not only is the book interesting for its own sake, but we really consider the wonderful perseverance and tenacity of purpose displayed by the author deserve rewarding" (*Irish Cyclist & Athlete*, May 25, '87, p. 2757).

AUSTRALASIAN ANSWERS.—"An experience of some three years in Southern wheel life has permitted me to form, with tolerable certainty, an estimate of the mind of the average colonial cyclist. Consequently I can say: Be not sanguine of disposing of many copies of your book in this part of the hemisphere. If you obtain 12 subscribers I shall be most agreeably surprised. However, I shall do my level best to procure you what you desire" (T. A. Edwards, ex-ed. of the *Bicycle*, the earliest cycling paper of Melbourne, in letter of Mar. 12, '84). "As we have read many articles from the pen of Mr. Kron, all possessing considerable descriptive merit, we have no hesitation in stating that, from a literary point of view, his book is certain to prove both readable and a success" ("Ollapod," in *Melbourne Bulletin*, Mar. 28, '84). "It threatens to be the most interesting volume of touring ever published" (*Id.*, Aug. 1, '84). "As regards this specimen chapter on Bermuda, the reading matter is very interesting, and should give a few hints to touring cyclists and others. Mr. Kron is now exercising all that perseverance and enterprise so peculiar to Americans in canvassing for the last 600 of the expected 3,000 subscribers" (*New Zealand Referee*, Christchurch, N. Z., June 12, '85). "I might liken Karl Kron unto an auctioneer standing on the Rocky Mountains, with the stars and stripes fluttering behind him. He shouts out to the world, '3230 almighty dollars I'm offered for this book: is there any advance on 3230 subscribers?' After a long pause, a faint response comes from the Cannibal Islands, advancing to '3231,' and so on, until the reserve is reached. But when will it be?" ("Scrooge," in *Australian Cycling News*, Jan. 16, '86, p. 168). "A hasty glance through these 544 pp. of advance-sheets tells us that the three years of solid work which have occupied Karl Kron to complete the volume have been well spent. The pages bear the impress of a clever pen, and speak volumes for the untiring energy and intellectual capacity of the author" (W. H. Lewis, ed. of *Australian Cycling News*, June 19, '86, p. 244).

The most flattering recognition of the usefulness of the wheel came from a most prominent business house of this city, which last week raised the salary of an employé \$5 a month. He had considerable outdoor work to do for the firm, and did it on his wheel, which his employers told him made him that more valuable to them in the saving of car fare, the economizing of time, etc.—*Spectator*.

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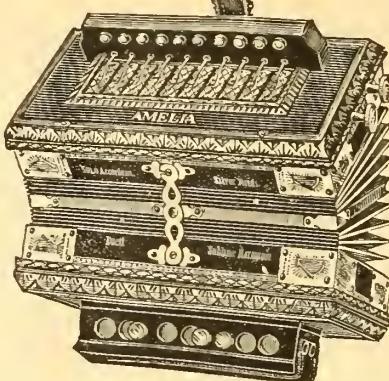
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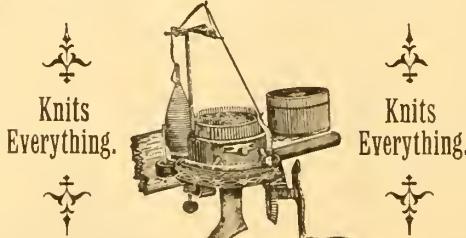
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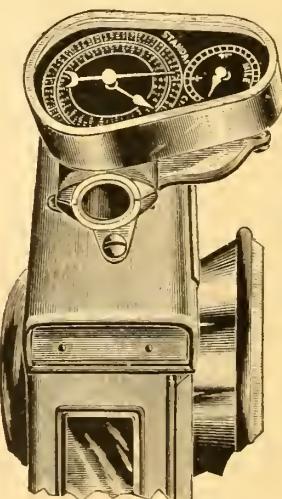
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CAN BE READ FROM THE SADDLE, AND
USED WITH OR WITHOUT
HUB LANTERN.



REGISTERS 2500 MILES.

We have given the manufacture of the Cycloometer careful investigation and study, with a resolute determination to remedy all defects, and at last we place upon the market an instrument that seems absolutely perfect in all its workings. We furnish a certificate of accuracy with all instruments. In ordering give size and make of wheel, also size of axle, and length of axle between the hub shoulders inside. Price, with balance weight and lantern attachment, \$10.00.

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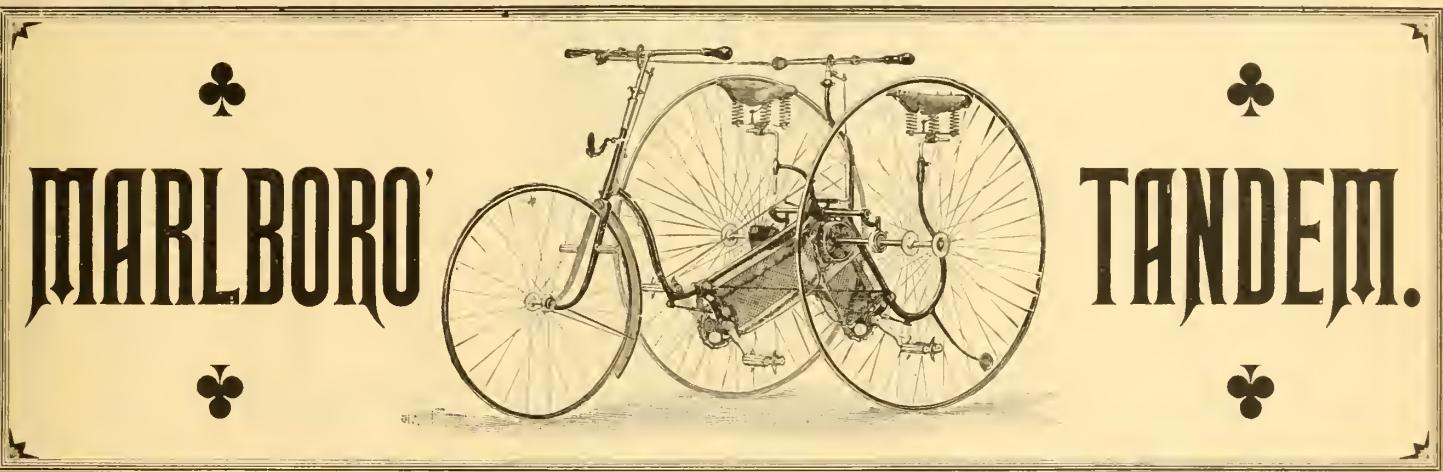
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A POSITIVE AND CONTINUOUS ACTION,
MAKING IT RELIABLE IN
EVERY RESPECT.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY'S
NEW



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MARLBORO'

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TANDEM.

New Method of Converting, Very Simple and Expeditions. 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.



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Have Many Improvements.



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

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

FIRST ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

OF THE

CLASSIC CITY WHEELMEN,

ATHENS, GEORGIA,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, ^{AND} SATURDAY, JULY 7, 8, ^{AND} 9, 1887.

LIST OF RACES AND PRIZES.

FIRST DAY—THURSDAY, JULY 7.

1—ONE-MILE NOVICE BICYCLE RACE.....
2—HALF-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, best two in three, First Heat.
3—ONE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, best two in three, First Heat.....
4—HALF-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, Second Heat.....
5—ONE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Second Heat

6—QUARTER-MILE BOYS' BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
7—HALF-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, Third Heat, if necessary ...
8—THREE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Handicap

9—ONE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Third Heat, if necessary

10—HUNDRED-YARD AMATEUR FOOT RACE, Southern Championship.....

1st Prize, Silver Medal, \$10.
Cash, \$10.
Gold Medal, \$20.

2d Prize, Gold Pencil, \$5.
Cash, \$6.
Gold-Headed Cane, \$12.

3d Prize, Silver Cup, \$4.
Cash, \$4.
Silver Medal, \$7.

Prizes stated in First Heat.
Prizes stated in First Heat.

Watch, \$6.
Silver Cup, \$4.
Gold Medal for Fastest Heat.

Silver Napkin Ring, \$2.50.
Silver Cup, \$4.
Silver Piece, \$7.

Gold-Headed Cane, \$10.
Box of Cigars to Rider making Fastest Half.

Gold Medal, \$10.
Box of Cigars, \$3.50.

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY, JULY 8.

1—TWO-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Open.....
2—ONE-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, best two in three, First Heat.
3—FIVE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
4—ONE-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, Second Heat.....
5—ONE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Open

6—ONE-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, Third Heat, if necessary.....
7—THREE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Lap.....
8—FIVE-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, Lap.....
9—HALF-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
10—HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-YARD AMATEUR FOOT RACE.....

1st Prize, Gold Cuff Buttons, \$10.
Cash, \$12.50.
Gold Medal, \$15.

2d Prize, Silver Medal, \$6.
Cash, \$7.
Gold Medal, \$7.

3d Prize, Walking Cane, \$4.
Cash, \$4.
Silver Medal, \$4.

Prizes stated in First Heat.
Seal Ring, \$8.

Silver Cup, \$5.
Gold-Headed Walking Cane for Fastest Heat.

Indian Clubs, \$3.
Gold Pen, \$5.
Cash, \$5.

Gold Medal, \$10.
Cash, \$12.50.
Gold Pen, \$5.
Gold-Headed Cane, \$7.

Gold-Headed Cane, \$7.
Cash, \$7.
Gold Pencil, \$4.
Silver Medal, \$4.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, JULY 9.

1—HALF-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, best two in three, First Heat...
2—HALF-MILE BOYS' BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
3—TEN-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
4—ONE-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, State Championship.....
5—HALF-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Second Heat.....
6—ONE-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.....
7—TEN-MILE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RACE, State Championship.....
8—HALF-MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE, Third Heat, if necessary.....
9—ONE-MILE CONSOLATION BICYCLE RACE.....
10—HUNDRED-YARD FOOT RACE, Championship of State University

1st Prize, Gold Medal, \$7.
Gold Medal, \$5.
Silver Tilting Pitcher and Goblet, \$25.
Cash, \$8.50.

2d Prize, Walking Cane, \$4.
Gold Watch Charm, \$3.
Gold Medal, \$12.

3d Prize, Silver Cup, \$2.50.
Foot Ball, \$2.
Gold-Headed Cane, \$7.
Cash, \$3.50.

Prizes stated in First Heat.
Seal Ring, \$10.

Prizes stated in First Heat.
Steel Engraving, \$6.
Special Race for State Championship Medal, \$50. Entrance Fee, \$25, to winner.

Gold Pencil, \$4.
Tin Medal, \$2.
Leather Medal, \$2.

Silver Medal, \$5.
Gold Medal, \$10.

Watch Charm, \$3.
Box of Cigarettes, \$3.

ODDS AND ENDS.

— Reduced Hotel Rates.
— A. C. U. Rules to govern Races.
— Entrance Fee to each Event, 50 cents.
— Address all communications to J. H. POLHILL.
— It is the duty of every wheelmen who can to be present at this meet.
— Do not stay away because you are not a racing man; you will always regret it if you do.

— Efforts are being made to secure reduced rates on all the railroads for visiting wheelmen.

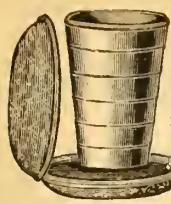
— We advise racing men to enter each event and select the races they wish to start in after their arrival. If you don't you will wish you had after seeing the prizes.

— Send in your entries at once.
— Grand Parade each morning at 9.30.
— You are cordially invited to attend this meet.
— Rule 4, to fine riders for loafing in races, will be enforced.
— Athens Brass Band has been engaged to play for the boys each day.
— The managers reserve the right to refuse entry to all objectionable characters.

— Parties refusing to take part in the Parade each morning, without sufficient excuse, will be barred from the races.

— The University Commencement Sermon will be preached on Sunday, the 10th. We advise wheelmen to come prepared to take in the Commencement.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.



SPORTSMAN'S Pocket Drinking-Cup.

In nickel-plated case. Improved for 1887, and price reduced to 35 cents, or four for \$1.

GREGHILL MFG. CO.
MERIDEN, CT.

THE RUDGE BICYCLETTE

Seems to be in great demand. Messrs. STODDARD, LOVERING & CO. have been compelled to cable three times to duplicate their stock order.

•Wheelman's Song•

Words and Music by CHAS. B. HOLCOMB, Tariffville, Ct.

A spirited, rousing air. Just the thing for wheelmen to sing at their club rooms and at their homes. Full four-part song, with piano accompaniment and chorus. Single copy, 10 cents. Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

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If you have not already sent your name for the UNITED STATES WHEELMEN'S DIRECTORY, you should do so at once. Send for blanks or fill out the one below.

Name

Town or City

State

Name of Wheel used

And send to U. S. WHEELMEN'S PUBLISHING CO., Lock Box 595, Westfield, Mass. Blanks and advertising rates sent free on application.

EUREKA HOME TRAINER AND BICYCLE STAND.
New, novel, durable, and adjustable for different sizes and styles of cycles and riders' strength. Invaluable for exercising, training, and teaching beginners; also for cleaning, holding, exhibiting, and saving bicycles from injury, and for benefits derived from cycling the whole year. Dealers will find them of great service in selling and exhibiting cycles. Sent C. O. D. where they cannot be got of local agents. Price \$7.50. Agents wanted. M. A. WOODBURY, 43 Mechanic St., Bradford, Pa.

BIKE DRY POLISHER.

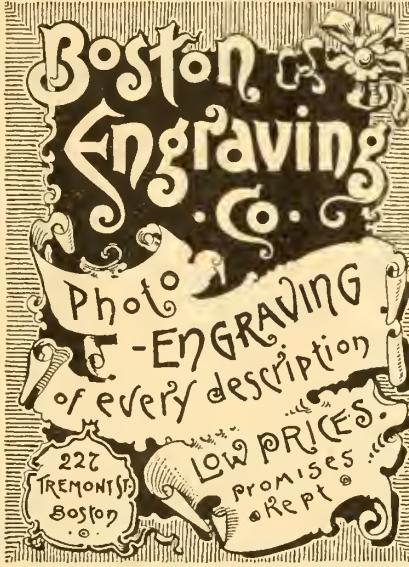
The plated parts of any machine kept polished like new with little time or trouble. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price \$1 by mail. Circular free. E. TAYLOR & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices!

PUNNETT'S Celebrated Jersey Cloth Knee-Breeches, only \$4 a pair. Knee-Breeches out of Cassimere, Cordury, Flannel, Cheviot, etc., same price. Best Long Bicycle Stockings, \$1 a pair. Improved Acme Belt Hose Supporter, 25c. a pair. Send for samples and measure blanks.

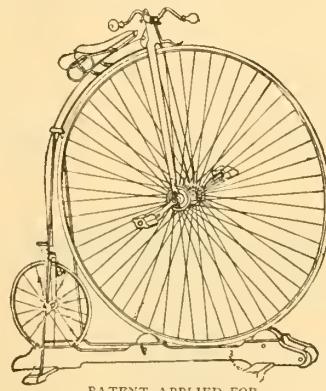
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MERCHANT TAILOR.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A GREAT BARGAIN!
\$50 GRAB IT QUICK! \$50
54-INCH ROYAL MAIL RACER.
55-INCH RUDGE RACER.
In first-class condition, and worth \$100. Send for description.
AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



THE MANY ADVANTAGES

Of the RUDGE HUMBER TANDEM in point of ease of running strongly recommend it to intending purchasers of a double Tricycle.



PATENT APPLIED FOR.



BEST IN THE WORLD!



THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.

Made of kangaroo or dongola, 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

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Which is one of the specialties of the year, only differs from the RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER in the matter of wheels and pedals. At the price (\$105 for a 50-inch) it should recommend itself to the eye of all intending purchasers of a good, reliable wheel.

E. H. WILCOX.

W. L. SURPRISE.

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Second-Hand Wheels Bought, Sold,
and Exchanged.

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.

STOLEN!

By a man giving the name and address of F. A. CHASE, 48 Pinckney Street, Boston,

40-inch Marlboro' Club Tricycle, No. 5617.

Number stamped on front tube and on cover of automatic steering. Machine has 22-inch steering-wheel, with coil-spring fork. Steering-fork has been painted, rest of machine having original enamel. Telegraph any tidings at our expense. Information leading to capture of thief will be liberally paid for. COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO., 239 Columbus Av., Boston.

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The AMERICAN WHEELMAN'S League Meet and World's Championship Road Race Number, published promptly June 1, will mark a new era in Cycling Literature. Among other things, it will be:—

- 1.—*The Largest Wheel Paper Published.*
- 2.—*Illustrated by one of the best pen-and-ink artists in the country.*
- 3.—*Its humorous cartoons will be real cartoons, and no diagrams will be needed.*
- 4.—*It will contain more illustrations than any two cycling papers ever published at one time before.*
- 5.—*Its League Meet account will be full, true, and graphic.*
- 6.—*Its Road Race account will transport the reader to Clarksville, unchecked by interstate commerce laws.*
- 7.—*More money will be spent on this number than has ever been expended on any two wheel papers before.*
- 8.—*More copies of this number will be printed and circulated than have ever been circulated of one issue of a cycling paper before.*

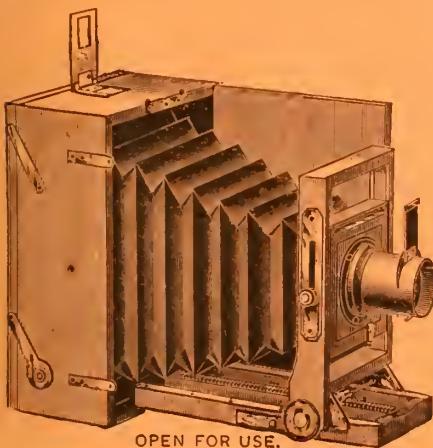
We might make a few more pertinent statements, but these are enough for the present. Watch for the June number; and, to be sure of getting it, send in 50 cents now for a year's subscription. If our statements are not all fulfilled we will cheerfully refund the money. Address the

AMERICAN WHEELMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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In this instrument are combined all desirable qualities and movements; improved double-swing rising and falling front, our patent attachment for the ground-glass frame, reversible for horizontal or vertical views. Made of best quality mahogany, highly polished. The lens is a single achromatic of superior quality, fitted with revolving diaphragms and instantaneous shutter; most admirable instantaneous pictures have been made with this lens. The tripod is best quality feather-weight. When folded, everything except the tripod is enclosed in the case, the plate-holder being left beneath the ground glass. The 5x8 size measures 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; smaller sizes in proportion. To sum up, this instrument is the product of the best skill and workmanship of our factory, and our large and fine facilities have enabled us to fix the price low, believing that in the end our profits will be equally large and our usefulness greater. Prices given include everything requisite for work in the field, extra plate and plate-holders excepted. Especially designed for out-door work.

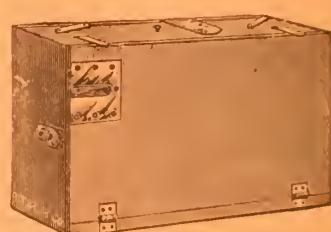


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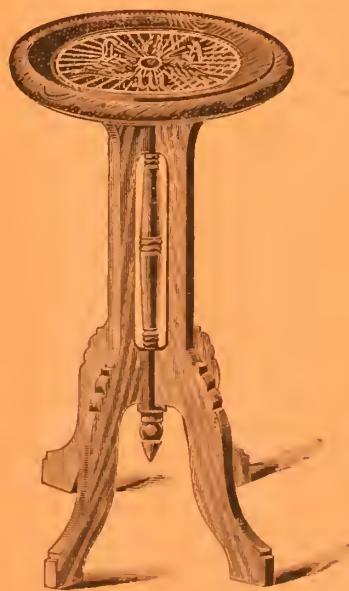
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A very handsome little stand or table, round top, 15 inches in diameter, and turned out to about the depth of a soup-plate, having the L.A.W. Badge in the center about 10 inches in diameter.



Sold as a Card Receiver, with initials instead of the badge. It is pronounced by the leading papers of the South to be the most complete and handsome Card Receiver ever offered. No parlor should be without one.

PRICES.

Georgia Mahogany, Wheel in Black, - - -	\$2.50	Walnut, Wheel in Gilt, - - - - -	\$4.00
Imitation Walnut or Cherry, Wheel in Gilt, - - -	2.75	Curled Pine and Walnut, inlaid, Wheel in Gilt, - - -	5.00
Pine and Cherry, inlaid, Wheel in Black, - - -	\$4.50		

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How is This for a Line of Wheels?

WE THINK IT ABOUT FILLS THE BILL, GENTLEMEN, AND OUR PRICES, MIND YOU, ARE REASONABLE.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

With many improvements, such as a superior crank fastening which dispenses with the use of a hammer, new bearings that are adjustable without loosening a screw even, etc. Price, 48-inch, \$100.

THE AMERICAN LIGHT CHAMPION.

A light roadster of highest possible grade, with ball-bearing head and true tangent wheels, embodying many novel and peculiarly useful inventions. Price, 48-inch, \$115.

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE.

Much improved, and fitted with cow-horn bars; as formerly, the best machine on the market for the money. Price, 48-inch, \$70.

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Sold last year under our positive guarantee that it was the easiest-running bicycle in the world. Improved wherever possible. Price, 40-inch, \$74.

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After the lines of the regular Safety, but made hollow wherever possible, and will be sold under a guarantee as to its superiority over all other bicycles in ease of running. Price, 40-inch, \$115.

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As heretofore, the only high-grade and honestly-constructed boy's bicycle in the world. Finished in black, with artistic real gold stripes. Price from \$25 to \$60.

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The young ladies' companion to the bicycle of the same name. A really beautiful little three-wheeler, in two sizes, 30-inch and 34-inch. Price \$40 and \$45.

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A high-grade and honestly-constructed three-wheeler, in two sizes, 42-inch and 44-inch. Price \$80 and \$95.

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A convertible two-track for boys and girls, in two sizes, 30-inch and 34-incl'. Price \$60 and \$75.

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A convertible two-track for ladies and gentlemen, in two sizes, 42-inch and 46-inch. Price \$120 and \$135.

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