

# THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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## AND RECREATION.

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[WHOLE NUMBER, 275.]

### S. G. WHITTAKER.

We have all manner of bicycling track champions; track champions amateur, track champions promateur and track champions professional, but the road championship is the sole and undivided property of Mr. S. G. Whittaker, who is fairly well represented in cut, leaning on his favorite American Champion. Whittaker's recent road performances—twenty miles within one, and 300 miles within twenty-four hours—stamp him as the best public performer of last year; a man of superior stamina, speed and pluck, and worthy of rating with "Drayho re" Mills, the almost phenomenal Land's End—John 'O Groatist record shatterer.

Whittaker was born in England in 1862, but was brought to this country when but a year and a-half old. His parents settled at Medford, Mass., in which place he resided till last year. In 1884 he caught the fever, and immediately commenced to astonish his club-mates and intimates, with feats which proved him no ordinary rider. In August, 1884, when he had been riding but nine months, he entered the Boston Club's hundred mile race, which he won in the then remarkable record time of nine hours. In the fall of this year, Whittaker went into business on his own account, but meeting with unfortunate reverses, lost a small fortune. In 1885 he entered the employ of Wm. Read & Sons. At this time he appeared in local path events, very often with success, and also proved himself a road scorcher, both on bicycle and tricycle. Whittaker left William Read & Son's, and was employed by the Simmons Hardware Co. of St. Louis. In his new home, "Whit" made many friends, competing at all the

road and race meets within a fair journey of St. Louis. The season of 1886 he spent in Chicago, being employed by Messrs. Gornully & Jeffery in their office. Through the generosity of his employers he was allowed to enjoy his racing hobby to the full, and was given every opportunity to prepare for the more important events. He was "first favorite" at home, for the Clarksville road

experts. The times recorded from twenty to 300 miles would not have been thought possible a year ago. A 20 mile straight-a-way course on the Clarksville road was ridden in 59m. 35 4-5s. In a 100 mile trial, the fifty was ridden in 2h. 54m. 46½s., and the full distance in 6h. 1½m. But his twenty-four hour trial capped the climax and put him fields ahead of Kluge, McCurdy, Hollingsworth, Ives, Rhodes, Munger and other aspirants for road honors. The times were: 50 miles, 2h. 59m. 50 2-5s.; 100 miles, 6h. 1m. 15s.; 150 miles, 10h. 28m. 52s.; 200 miles, 15h. 13m. 30s.; 300 miles, 23 h. 46 m. 13 3-5s. This performance was 41 miles better than Munger's record, 19 ahead of Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 better than McCurdy's, neither of which two have been accepted by the powers that be. Whittaker has also a path record of about 2.43. The machine used in the performances recorded above—an American Champion—is certainly worthy of note. It was an ordinary light roadster, and was not built for record breaking purposes. If you ask Whittaker the secret of his wonderful success, he will smile and say: "It's the bearings, which make it the easiest running machine in the world."

Whittaker's 100 mile road record—6h. 1m.—and his records made in the twenty-four hour trial are better than the track records. He seemingly suffered no bad effects from his terrible struggle with the scythe bearer, being about town as usual, the very next day. "Whit" is at present employed as a clerk with Messrs. Gornully & Jeffery. We forgot to mention that, like most men of marked stamina, he is rather short, being but 5 ft. 5 in. in height.



race, but a severe header in the early part of the race effectually shut him out. After a long rest and a thorough recovery from the effects of his header, he went down to Clarksville, and carefully prepared himself to prove his superiority. His attempts to defeat the scythe-bearer were engineered in an admirable manner, the course being accurately surveyed, and the times carefully taken by



**IT WOULD SEEM TO BE FATE.**



**IT IS, HOWEVER, A FACT**



**THAT THE RIDERS OF**



**THE \* AMERICAN \* CHAMPION**



**Have made the most Phenomenal Long-Distance and Road Times  
OF THE SEASON.**

Here is another marvelous record, made by John S. Prince, at Omaha, on a carefully surveyed indoor and ten-lap track, in 48 hours,

**767 AND 9-10 MILES.**

**A WORLD'S RECORD BY 27 MILES.**

They all say the same thing, viz: "the easy running qualities of the G. & J. Bearings." Then there is the

<b>10 MILES,</b>	<b>29 min., 1<math>\frac{3}{4}</math> sec.</b>
<b>20 MILES,</b>	<b>59 min., 35<math>\frac{4}{5}</math> sec.</b>
<b>50 MILES,</b>	<b>2 hrs., 55 min., 46<math>\frac{1}{2}</math> sec.</b>
<b>100 MILES,</b>	<b>6 hrs., 1<math>\frac{1}{2}</math> min.</b>

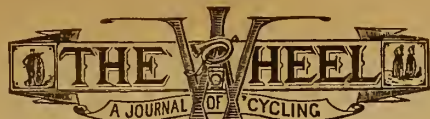
All of them World's Records made by a roadster on a country road. Facts of this sort talk.

By the way, gentlemen, if you want your machines overhauled or repaired, don't wait until the busy Spring, and then expect the work to be promptly done. Send your mount to us now, and have it ready for the first bit of good riding weather. It stands to reason that it will be more thoroughly done, and at a much more reasonable price. Since we have completed our new factory, we can devote a good deal more space to this branch of the business. Respectfully submitted.

**GORMULLY & JEFFERY,**

Manufacturers of American Cycles,

**CHICAGO, ILLS.**



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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR.—We "intu-  
tish" that the approaching season will  
be the "biggest" yet known in the his-  
tory of the sport. Never before have the  
lay papers given so much space to cycling  
as at present; the public at large is forced  
to admit that not only has cycling come to  
stay, but that it must be a delightful sport,  
and one they would very much like to try.  
The manufacturers are keeping very dark,  
each afraid of the other, but doubtless they  
will spring a number of good things on a  
waiting world. The first blow will be struck  
when the Stanley show opens, January 27.  
This is a month earlier than usual, and,  
judging from the early winter we have had,  
we anticipate an early season. The list of  
American manufacturers will probably be  
increased from four to seven, and of im-  
porters and agents, there will be an elegant  
sufficiency, perhaps superfluity. According  
to those who should know, the country is  
just now entering on a long run of "un-  
paralleled prosperity," which will help bicy-  
cling indirectly. Altogether the out-look for  
the season is very encouraging, and we can  
only hope that everybody in the trade will  
find these promises realized.

### WHAT OF THE AMATEUR QUESTION?

There has of late been an ominous, perhaps  
a welcome lull in the discussion of the class  
distinction imbroglio. This seems to us a  
mistake. Now is the time of the year to  
formulate some definite plan for the proper  
legislation and conduction of racing. Since  
the foundation of the sport, we have been  
doddering along under an antiquated, un-  
suitable, unpracticable and unsatisfactory  
definition. Some want it abolished; others  
are content to part with a portion of it, and  
still others have amended, condensed or  
revised it. Yet nothing definite has been

accomplished, and still the farce goes on.  
Now, why can't the powers that be, A. C. U.,  
L. A. W., N. C. U., and every other alpha-  
betical association on the globe, combine  
on some one of the so-called solutions  
which have been presented, and spend next  
year experimenting? Surely, anything is  
better than the policy that is being pursued  
at present.

"STOP MY PAPER.—Because you have  
penned an uncalled-for attack on the League."  
This astonishing legend stared at us from a  
postal card. In a spirit of philanthropy we  
have written the gentleman a long letter, ex-  
plaining that the League belongs to us as  
much as to him; that we have as much  
right to criticize its management, as we have  
to disagree with President Cleveland's policy,  
or maintain that Tennyson's latest infliction  
is not the product of genius. We have also  
told him that it is only by well meant and  
well directed criticism that a higher state of  
perfection and activity is reached. A full  
page has also been placed at his disposal,  
wherein he may answer the questions we  
propounded some few weeks. The gentle-  
man is behind the age. Why, at the late  
Executive Committee meeting, much dis-  
satisfaction was expressed with the general  
state of affairs. When the League officers  
may express their dissatisfaction, surely one  
humble member may say his say. We have  
further told our vanishing subscriber that  
our ed. could no more be called an  
"attack," than could the effort of a preacher  
to point out the foibles and backslidings of  
his congregation, and, finally, we have  
written that his mandate contained no more  
terror for us, than might have been felt by  
Mr. Jay Gould, had he told that gentleman  
that he no longer intended to ride on the  
elevated roads. He has given up THE  
WHEEL. We predict his early demise.

### THE NEW YORK PARK BOARD.

According to the newspapers, a thorough  
revision of the Park Board seems imminent.  
Mr. Beekman has been elected President of  
the Board of Alderman, which leaves a va-  
cancy, and Messrs. Crimmins and Borden  
both threaten to resign, because: firstly, the  
annual appropriation has been cut down;  
secondly, because there has been much dis-  
satisfaction with their management, and  
thirdly, for other important reasons that  
have not been made public. Messrs. Borden  
and Crimmins objected to giving wheelmen  
increased privileges. Mr. Powers has always  
favored the cause of the wheelmen, and, if  
Messrs. Borden and Crimmins retire, he, as  
the remaining member of the present board,  
will probably be elected president. It is  
rumored that General Viele is a candidate  
for reappointment. His appointment would  
give the wheelmen two votes out of four on  
any question concerning them, with a chance  
of the appointment of two other Commis-  
sioners who may be open to conviction.

At their last meeting, the Board passed a  
motion demanding that the Museums be  
opened to the public on Sundays. In order  
to put the rule into practice, Mr. Commis-  
sioner Crimmins, with a party of his friends,  
entered the Museum one Sunday morning,  
but were promptly ejected. And yet this  
same gentleman has refused wheelmen their  
rights. There is something amusing in the  
idea of Mr. Crimmins being forced to take  
his own medicine.

### NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION MEETING.

An "ordinary" meeting of the N. C. U.  
Executive was held on Dec. 9, in London.  
The meeting lasted five hours, during which  
considerable business was done.

A committee, composed of the editors of  
*Wheeling* and *The Cyclist*, was appointed to  
investigate the question of professional rac-  
ing. A motion was carried that all prizes  
given in amateur events do not exceed £5  
in net value. This motion was founded on  
the "laurel wreath" principle; that is, gen-  
uine amateurs are supposed not to take the  
value of prizes into consideration, and will  
therefore race just as honestly and just as  
often for a £5 as they would for a £25  
prize. A motion to increase the yearly  
membership subscription was laid on the  
table till the next meeting.

Mr. H. Roberts moved that "In future,  
the railway fares of members of the Execu-  
tive to the championship meetings be not paid  
by the Union," and that "In view of the  
loss on the 1886 meeting—£142—that those  
members whose railway fares were paid, re-  
turn the money, amounting to £32." After  
a long discussion, both motions were lost by  
a heavy majority. A motion "disapproving  
of road racing," was put and carried.

### NEW YORK B. C.'S YEARLY MILEAGE.

Below I give summary of riding for 1886  
by the New York Bicycle Club, as far as  
reported; and totals of the same members  
for 1885, in reference to which it is only fair  
to say that Mr. Kitching was disabled from  
riding for the best part of 1886, and Mr.  
Jimenis was also ill for several months in  
the spring and early summer. The routes  
traversed included eleven countries in New  
York State, four in Massachusetts, one in  
Vermont, one in Connecticut, four in New  
Jersey, two in Pennsylvania and one in  
Colorado, besides the Island of Bermuda.  
Of the 3,418 miles covered by Messrs Roy,  
Jimenis and Shriver, 1,878 were outside of  
the New York City riding district; i. e.,  
Manhattan Island and Westchester County  
within a radius of twenty-five miles from  
our club house. Every month in the year  
is represented, the best month's record being  
1,657½ miles in October, and the lowest,  
96½ miles in December. The first ride  
began with the birth of the New Year but  
our courage failed us on the night of  
December 31st, and the last ride was taken  
on the 26th.

MEMBERS.	Days	Best in one day	Total 1886	Total 1885
F. M. Daniels.....	112	71½	2063	1484
E. J. Shriver.....	50	74	1454	763
G. S. Daniels.....	55	61	1169	755
J. B. Roy.....	38	104½	1008	574
J. O. Jimenis.....	33	113½	956	663
F. W. Kitching.....	51	47	777	1466
H. S. Raven.....	43	38	634	1158
M. L. King.....	33	50	521	....
E. W. Adams.....	25	32	343	400
J. C. Mott.....	20	32	282	119
L. O. Macdaniel.....	20	30	244	214
C. L. Childs.....	10	25	160	96
R. R. Haydock.....	7	30	138	127
W. A. Whiting.....	13	22	131	377
H. Conkling.....	5	30	74	83
E. L. Gridley.....	6	20	51	229

10,016 8,481

EDW. J. SHRIVER,

Sec'y N. Y. Bicycle Club.



## THE BLEEDHOUND AND THE BLOATER.

A MIXED ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER I.—THE BLOATER ONLY.

The time was between the years 1066 and 1886, the scene the castle of the Baron Von Friedfisch, situate on the left of the road leading from John O'Groats to Land's End. Tall and stately rises the rugged old pile, reaching, it seemed, almost to the skies. It was a wierd spot. At her casement the lovely Lady Geraldine, the Baron's niece, sat gazing afar down the road.

"Her sunny locks  
Hung on her temples like a golden fleece."  
(*Shakespeare, warranted.*)

Her blue eyes were filled with tears; one big drop had strayed down her cheek, leaving a long trace behind, where it had swept the powder away.

"He kummeth not," she said (Early English.)

Suddenly she started and uttered an exclamation of joy; far down the road she espied the twinkling light of the bicycle of her lover, the gallant Launcelot de Mandolini.

"Lie still, thou fluttering heart" (more early English.)

Launcelot was a fine noble young fellow, with a marble brow and a nose of his own. He had no fortune, but possessed a good true heart, and as the poet says: "Kind hearts are more than cocoanuts." He deeply loved the lady Geraldine, and was in return beloved by her. But he had a r-r-ival, a desperate, horful man, by the name of Don Stephano Hidalgo Silvary Larranagas. He was a dangerous man to have for a rival, a regular P'leece-Newser Alsatian swash-buckler, with a dash of Sweeney Todd; but he was rich. The Baron favoured neither the one nor the other. He was an easy going old man, inclined to let things slide, and didn't trouble much about anything in particular. To resume. The young man approached, arrived at the castle, and blew his nose twice under the very ramparts. A door opened, and he was admitted by an old duenna, who though in the service of the Baron, was greatly attached to Launcelot. She would duenna thing for him.

"Let cautiousness mark thy footsteps, my son," said she, as she softly closed the heavy oaken door.

"Never fear, auntie," said the brave young man, "I will be careful," and he removed his patent shoes and went up the cold stone stairs, regardless of the fact that three toes of one foot and six of the other peeped through his richly embroidered hose.

As he arrived at the top of the stairs, the Lady Geraldine appeared at the other end of the long corridor, and with outstretched arms they ran at one another, and met with a loud bang in the middle. He kissed her rapturously, but not carefully.

"Keep your nose out of my eye, dear," she said.

After the first excitement of meeting was over, she laid her lovely head on his shoulder, and printed an impression of her cheek upon the dark cloth of his doublet.

"What shall we do," she said; "Don Stephano swears I shall be his bride."

"Nevah," cried Launcelot, and as he started up, a red herring, a simple lowly bloater, fell from the breast pocket of his toga on to the tessellated floor. He had

purchased it on his way down, 'twas for his evening meal. Confusion covered him, but his ladylove made no remark, she would not hurt his feelings. No word did she spake, but she thought unto herself: "What the — does he want to carry bloaters about for?"

And when she had seen her lover out of the back door, and heard him hopping across the drawbridge, as he mounted his steel steed, she waited till he was lost to sight, and then went back to the bloater.

It was only an ordinary bloater, perchance it may have even been a commissionaire—I mean old soldier, but to the fond girl 'twas a priceless treasure. Had it not been his? and she thought of the haughty spirit that would not bend to pick up the fallen delicacy, e'en though his pride cost him his supper. She stooped and raised it up, and securing a thin gold chain of intricate design and costly workmanship to its tail, placed the chain around her lovely neck, and wore the appendage next her beating heart. And when she went down to supper, and sat next to the Baron, the old man gave three or four sniffs, and remarked.—

"Geraldine, my dear, what curious scent you do use, to be sure."

But that bloater was destined to —A

(*To be continued in our next.*)

### CHAPTER II.—THE BLEEDHOUND AND THE BLOATER.

'Twas a dense, dark night, towards the fag end of the year; a cold wind blew in fitful gusts across the bleak bare moor, and dismally rattled the rusty chains of the murderer swinging from the ponderous gibbet. The light from the door of the "Spotted Donkey" streamed in a cheery streak across the road, but only served to make the surrounding darkness more visible. Suddenly a tandem tricycle shot out of the gloom and drew up opposite the door of the hostelry. The front rider, who was indeed Don Stephano, dismounted.

"What ho, mine host!" he roared in stentorian tones; "a large soda and milk, a stoup of sack, and half an ounce of shag for my trusty follower."

"Coming, sir," called the cheery landlord, and in a thrice he had executed their orders.

Don Stephano seized the soda and milk and tossed the fiery liquid off at one gulp; then, mightily refreshed, he paid the reckoning, and they departed.

They sped silently along the road and stopped outside the castle of the Baron Von Friedfisch. Both dismounted and they lay in ambush and wet grass in the deep ditch. A footstep approached.

"Ah, ah! he comes!" whispered Don Stephano.

They started to their feet and threw themselves upon the come-ist (very early English) and, felling him to the ground, with a piece of strong cotton—No. 60, black—they bound him hand and foot. Then, dismissing his assistant, Don Stephano took up his position 'neath the window of the Lady Geraldine and blew his nose two times.

The casement opened, and the Lady Geraldine, having first taken a large piece of toffy from her mouth, called in silver accents,—

"Launcelot, I come."

"Success at last," thought the Don, hugging himself. "Once on board the tandem, and over goes the show."

He hurried round to the side door. It opened, and the Lady Geraldine peeped out. "Launcelot, are you there?" she whispered.

Don Stephano rushed forward, and before she could cry out, had seized her. The door slammed to, and all was dark save where the bright eyes of the fair damsel shone like a couple of six hour nightlights o'er the scene. She was, to say the least of it, surprised, as the Don lifted her in his arms.

"Don't snap the steels, Don Stephano," she said.

He placed her tenderly upon the front seat of the tandem.

"Now for Gretna Green," he cried. "Keep quiet, Lady Geraldine. Do not attempt to call out; squeal at your peril. I am a desperate man."

He leaped upon the rear seat of the machine, and they started.

Launcelot de Mandolini, lying by the roadside among the stinging nettles, heard it all, but could do naught to save his love. However, by perseveringly working his feet against the back of his head, he, just as day was breaking, broke the cotton with which his limbs were bound, and rushing into the castle, bore the startling news to the Baron that his niece had been stolen away. The Baron, mad with grief and rage combined, placed a packet of Soap Extract in the hands of each of his servitors and retainers, and ordered them to immediately scour the country round; and Launcelot, having swallowed a mystic philtre to counteract the stinging nettles, went out to help in the search.

What's this? He picked up a slip of paper. 'Twas a free pass for the Alhambra, and on the back was written in Geraldine's well-known hand: "Put Rimmel on the track." Rimmel was the bloodhound to the establishment; they called him that because he did everything by scent. Launcelot unchained the dog, but not without some doubts as to the efficacy of so doing, for what had the hound to go by?—he couldn't hunt rubber tires. But no sooner was the dog placed on the trail than with a loud baying bark he started off at full speed. Launcelot leaped lightly upon his bicycle and immediately went smack over the front. He was, however, soon up again, and off after the hound. Onward they dashed, not stopping for an instant. The hound was getting bald from the friction of the wind, and Launcelot's ears were forced completely behind his head.

At last, after following the trail for thirteen hours, they saw standing outside a roadside inn the tandem tricycle. Found at last. While the faithful hound went into the bar to have a drink of Scotch hot and a chat with the young lady, while his dinner was being got ready, Launcelot went for Don Stephano.

There was a party on in the back part of the inn, and here he discovered the Don and Lady Geraldine playing blind man's buff. As luck would have it, the villain himself was the blind man. Launcelot took off his helmet, and putting it down outside the door entered and slipped the handkerchief which was round Don Stephano's eyes, down round his neck and then pulled it tight and tied the ends in a bow. So died Don Stephano the Wicked.



The company were at first somewhat inclined to resent this rough treatment of one of their number, but when Launcelot had told them, in the pleasant manner for which he was so famous, the tale of his stolen love, they were soon pacified and consented that he should stand drinks all around. The meeting between Launcelot de Mandolini and the Lady Geraldine need not be described.

"What made you write that note to me, my pet?" asked he.

The Lady Geraldine did not reply; she smiled, and taking his hand—he took "eight and a half's in his party white kids—led him outside. She pointed to the rear framework of the tricycle, and there he saw a thin gold chain hanging, secured to the end of which was—a bloater's tail, the rest of the fish had been worn away by dragging along the roads.

"What does it mean?" cried the mystified Launcelot.

The Lady Geraldine blushed rosy red.

"One night, when in my uncle's castle, you happened to drop a silvery denizen of the deep."

"I did," said Launcelot; "I used to carry it to keep moths out of my clothes."

"That fish I secured after you had left, and fastening it to the chain you see before you, wore it next my heart."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the enraptured Launcelot.

"And," continued the fair girl with a shudder, "when Don Stephano behaved so very abruptly, I threw the chain over the back of the tricycle so that the fish should drag in the road, as I knew hounds would follow a herring, and while the Don was getting ready to start I managed to scribble the note which you fortunately lit upon. Had you not come across it, nothing could have stopped our getting to Gretna Green. It's only a mile further on. Do you feel tired, dear?"

Launcelot didn't, and they at once journeyed on to the smithy and were united with due ceremony. Little more is there to tell. Arrived back at the castle, the Baron almost beside himself with joy at the recovery of his niece, gave them both his blessing and a suite of sweet apartments in the castle, and issued a proclamation that every one was at liberty to go to the public-house which he owned, near the castle, and stand himself drinks. The wicked Don Stephano was buried in a quiet, retired spot in the White-chapel road, just where the strong language is thickest on Saturday nights. Launcelot de Mandolini and his Lady Geraldine are the idols of the people in the old Baron's parish; and a noble pair they look when distributing cork soles, cough lozenges and other numerous luxuries to the poor and needy about the premises. The Lady Geraldine still wears the tail of the bloater next her heart, and often gazes with feelings too deep for sounding, upon it. And the same old-wood, violety odour clings about the interesting relic yet.

NOTE.—The above simple but touching legend has, we believe, never been presented to the public before, and, as it has been thought that something besides the ordinary erection of public buildings, founding of charitable institutions, &c. &c., is required to mark the Jubilee year of Her Most Gracious Majesty, we have decided to print it here at once, instead of issuing it in book form, to subscribers only, at the price of 3s.

6d. per copy. This generosity on our part will, we believe, be fully appreciated by the reading public in general, and we trust that the low price at which it is issued will enable every man, woman and child in the British Isles and the Colonies to become conversant with this masterpiece of the great writer. We may mention that the songs, "Herring on the Rhine," and "Come back to Herring," are founded upon this pathetic legend.—*Tricycling Journal*.

BEN HAYWARD.

#### HARTFORD ECHOES.

Now that the Connecticut River is safe for skating, there is considerable talk about "skate sails" and "skate sailing," which carries me back to the winter of '82 and '83. Up to that time, there had been a few ice sails used in this city, but they were all of the small "two diamond" style and of very little use. One day I read of a sail called the "Cape Vincent," of a triangular shape, and at once made one 15 feet by 5, the greatest width being in the center of the length, and carrying 37½ square feet of duck. Then it was that skate sailing became popular here, and soon there were always sails to be seen on the river in good weather mostly of the Cape Vincent variety, which I consider not only as the best, but the pioneer sail of the Connecticut.

Mr. E. Y. Judd, one of the first century riders of the Connecticut Club, has devised a very simple way of using his bicycle, instead of a home trainer, to keep in condition during the unridable winter months. Two oak planks are set on edge on the floor and bolted about six inches apart. About thirty inches apart, between the planks, are two small wooden rollers grooved to fit the tire of the bicycle wheel fore and aft. At the back of the frame, an oak standard holds the backbone and so keeps the bicycle in a steady position, the rear wheel being pinned to the floor. Thus the rider can pedal just as on the road, the little wheel remains stationary and the large wheel turns on the rollers. The weight of man and wheel makes the work like riding on a level road, but it can be easily changed to make the work as hard as hill climbing. Mr. Judd does not wish to patent this device, but hopes it will be of benefit to cyclers, who are unable to procure a home trainer, as it is a very cheap thing to build, and answers the purpose.

The toboggan slide is a success, (when we happen to have pleasant weather) and is now solid ice. The run has been extended to 1,600 or 1,700 feet.

Several experiments have been made with runners, and have proved very successful. The fastest toboggan is one I built with two half-inch half round steel runners, raised seven-eighths of an inch. A very fast toboggan can be made of a "Star" by bolting three strips of thin rounded steel on to the three thick bottom boards, viz: each side and in the middle. This toboggan will go five or six seconds faster to the quarter mile than without the runners.

A party of "Hartford Wheelmen" are going to visit the Meriden slide to-morrow, Tuesday, night, and will probably take in the Springfield and New Haven slides, in the course of a week.

F. F.

#### BROOKLYNETTES.

Cycling has seen another successful year in the City of Churches. This year will undoubtedly witness a still greater increase of wheelmen in this city and the acknowledgement of their rights to the drives of Prospect Park. Let us hope that Brooklyn wheelmen will in future be better protected from the onslaughts of roughs and drunken drivers, than they were in 1886.

We fully agree with Mr. Jenkins' views on winter riding. Great care must be exercised in clothing the body properly, and in not overheating ones self.

The members of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, seem to be prominent in winter sports. They have but lately organized a toboggan club. They now appear in full uniform when skating on Prospect Park Lake. We saw several of them; the uniforms are not only attractive, but are very practical, since they leave the calves unencumbered.

Sunday, January 2, was a bitter cold day. Nevertheless there was one pneumonia-seeking tricyclist in the park, who amused himself by riding over the ice and the ice-covered paths.

"Titnam" wrote a New Year's story in last week's *Wheel*, wherein he stated that he was put into "a state of fizzle" by the Ilderan Bicycle Club's humorous lecture. He had better make himself exceedingly scarce at the club-rooms, especially if Miller is perambulating through their spacious quarters.

There were many wheelmen on the ice last Sunday, January 2, Farr, Miller, Furst and others were conspicuous.

The Ilderan Bicycle Club's much-talked-of literary and musical entertainment, was held last Wednesday evening. It is unnecessary to state that the affair was a success. There was a large audience present and all the seats were occupied. The following programme was gone through with:

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

Piano Selection,	-	-	W. F. Miller.
Glee	-	-	Hatton Quartet Club
"Bright Sword of Liberty."— <i>Weber</i> .			
Recitation,	-	-	W. P. Oliver.
Banjo Selection,	-	-	G. Brower.
"Invincible Guard March."			
Recitation,	-	-	W. P. Oliver.
Banjo Selection,	-	-	G. Brower.
"British Patrol."			
Glee,	-	-	Hatton Quartet Club.
"The Letter" (by request),— <i>Hatton</i> .			

##### PART II.

#### A HUMOROUS LECTURE,

##### ENTITLED

#### "VIEWS FROM A TRICYCLE."

##### BY

MR. W. F. MILLER,

##### ILLUSTRATED WITH

Over Fifty Original Views.

Nearly every feature was encored. The recitations by Mr. W. P. Oliver, were simply excellent, especially the one entitled "A Dude's Experience in a Horse car." All



his recitations were warmly applauded. The Hatton Quartet Club's glees were well appreciated. Mr. Miller had taken much time and trouble in the preparation of his lecture and magic-lantern slides. But it is deeply to be regretted that the lantern manipulators knew about as much of their assigned business as the writer. They made a woe-ful muss of the pictures, so that Mr. Miller had to interrupt himself several times while delivering his excellent lecture, and finally was compelled to break off altogether, when he had still thirty of his best pictures to show. It must have been provoking for Mr. Miller. The audience was well satisfied and took the affair good naturedly.

This club intends to give another entertainment and dance at Rivers' Academy in Court and State streets, so rumor reports. We will try to glean particulars later on. We know that the affair will be of some account.

INDEPENDENT.

#### A BRAND NEW ITEM.

We learn from *Wheeling*, that an American rider, while making a tour of 4,000 miles across the country, rode for 200 feet through the rotten trunk of a sequoia tree. These trees are thirty feet in diameter, 300 feet high, and about 4,000 years old.

This is what we call a brand new stock item. We have never before seen it, but are willing to bet a peanut or a pagoda that thirty-nine American editors will copy it wholesale. We defy anyone and everyone to produce the wheelman who is credited with this remarkable feat.

By watching this item, we shall behold the process of evolution. It will be enlarged and published in various new and improved forms, such as the following:

An American wheelman, while on a journey of 8,000 miles, came across a sequoia tree reclining on the green sward. The trunk was hollow and the wheelman started to ride through it, but before he had reached the other end, he had almost died of starvation. These trees are fifty feet in diameter, are 355 feet high, and 4,000 years old. They have never been known to vote.

An American wheelman while riding through the Sandwich Islands, securing subscriptions to "Cetewayo's Cook Book, or. Missionary Served in One Hundred Different Styles," was chased by a tribe, who might easily have been taken for a *corps de ballet* out on a lark. The poor fellow pedaled along, meanwhile he calculated whether he would be more toothsome as a ragout or as boned book-canvasser. Suddenly he espied the yawning mouth of a rotten sequoia tree. To rush into it was but the work of a moment. Along the vegetable tunnel he pedaled, stopping for refreshments, and then wheeling on again with renewed effort. When he reached the other end imagine his surprise at running out into a city square, occupied by a church, a jail, a saloon and a base ball diamond. The country had merely become gradually civilized while he was riding through the tree, and the daughters of those who had chased him for his scalp no longer wore abbreviated costumes, except when they occupied their opera boxes. The narrow escape of this touring book agent should be a lesson to all his ilk. Never tour in primitive countries without carrying a rotten sequoia tree in your M. I. P. TITNAM.



THE LATEST "INVINCIBLE" TRICYCLE.

Imported by KIRK BROWN, 6 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Of all imitations of the popular "Cripper" tricycle, none has been improved so radically as that of which we present a plate, called the "Invincible Direct-steering Tricycle." A very few years ago, we were agitating for the enlargement of front steering wheels, and it was regarded as a very decisive gain when the makers of a sociable tricycle increased the size of their steerers to twenty inches; but as it is true that all things come to the man who can wait, so it is also evident that all things come even sooner to the man who can agitate, provided he has reason to back up his demands for improvement. So we see, in this year now closing, twenty-inch wheels regarded as very small, even for single tricycles, and not only has the twenty-six inch steerer appeared on many three-wheelers, but some makers have gone even beyond that limit, and given us steerers of twenty-eight and even thirty inches diameter.

In the tricycle under notice, the Surrey Machinists' Company have adopted a steering-wheel twenty-eight inches high, in conjunction with driving-wheels thirty-six inches in diameter, and with a simple form of tubular frame they have built a roadster tricycle of a surpassingly light and strong nature, looking even more elegant with a rider aboard it than it does in the illustration. The details of "Invincible" construction are carried out according to their traditional beauty and quality; large rubbers in wide hollow rims protecting the light spokes and tubing. A very neat break on the front-wheel, of the "spoon" pattern, is self-adjustable, having no screws and slots to be loosened and tightened, but extending and reducing itself automatically whenever the handle-bar is raised and lowered; the friction surface of the spoon is no less than three and a half inches long. The balance-gear in the centre of the axle is extremely neat and compact; and the chain is of a narrow make with smooth sides, well hardened. A mud-guard over the front wheel, and (for ladies) a dress-guard, are fitted, although not shown in the illustration; and purchasers can take their choice between the ordinary front-fork and a single tube going down one side of the front wheel only. The axle is supported by four ball bearings, and the wheels can be quickly detached from its ends for easy carriage and stowage purposes.

On the same lines as the roadster, a "semi-racer" weighing 40 pounds, and a "full-racer" weighing 28 to 30 pounds are made.—*Cyclist*.

#### AN IMPROVED CENTRAL-GEAR TANDEM.

CONVERTIBLE IN THIRTY SECONDS.

The Centaur Cycle Company, of West Orchard, Coventry, have the well-earned reputation of being frequently in the field with original and important improvements in cycles, and their latest novelty, the central-gear F. S. tandem (Townsend's patent), appears to be no exception to the rule. It is a well known fact that the original F. S. tandem is being adopted by numerous other makers, but with their experience as inventors of this type of machine, the Centaur Cycle Company have been able to further improve on the original invention. The essential point wherein this type of machine differs from all others, is the distribution of weight. They place the rear rider at a convenient distance behind the shaft and the front one sufficiently forward to balance him, plus enough weight upon the front wheel for steering. This is the most perfect form of wheel loading that can be obtained, and, without doubt, herein lies the superiority of this type of machine above all others.

The object in introducing a central-gear tandem, built upon the same lines, was not with the view of superseding the side-gear F. S.—which they have spent four years in perfecting, and which has proved itself to be all that could be desired for road and touring purposes—but to make a machine more completely convertible, for which purpose they found central gearing better adapted. In this new tandem, the whole of the rear portion can be removed *en masse*—without removing a single bolt or nut—in twenty-five seconds, which makes it without doubt the most complete convertible tandem in the market.

There are also alternate sets of handles for the rear rider. When the steering is under the control of the front rider, a cranked bicycle handle is used. When it is desirable that the rear rider should take the control of the steering, this is unshipped, and two side handles inserted in sockets prepared to receive them, one of which is a steering handle with the part of rod to make the connection attached. The front steering handle can be instantly thrown out of gear by a couple of turns of a thumb-screw. This second process takes about the same time as the first, and is also done *without removing a bolt or nut*, everything being done by set pins. Double band brakes are also fitted, which are worked by separate drums, upon each

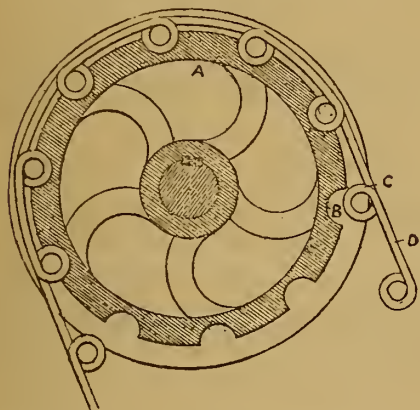


side of the chains: these are applied by a hand lever by the front rider.

The weight as a tandem is 110 pounds, as a single 85 pounds. In comparing the weight of this machine with that of others, the convenience of the extra appliances should, of course, be taken into consideration.

To meet the objection of those who think that weight is *everything*, the company make another form of this tandem, with automatic steering, 10 pounds less, which they call the "Centaur" automatic tandem. When the patent is so applied, the duplicate parts are dispensed with, and the frame, not having to carry the corresponding handles in front, is lightened and simplified. Both these machines are well adapted for carrying a considerable quantity of luggage, although not the amount that can be packed upon their side-gear tandem, but when converted to a single the convenience is, perhaps, a greater; the space behind is also well adapted for carrying a child's seat. There is no doubt that the new machines of the Centaur Company will meet with very general approval.—*Invention.*

#### A NEW TRICYCLE CHAIN



Under the title of "Improved Means for Transmitting Motion between Pulleys or Drums," Mr. J. K. Starley, of Coventry, has recently obtained a patent for driving "bands" made of steel wire with coils. This invention is designed to provide a substitute for the usual pitch chain (which, from the frictional parts contained therein, is liable to elongate in the pitch and so get out of truth with the wheel) or for the ordinary metallic bands, which are liable to break. The steel or other suitable wires or strips are coiled in one or more coils at intervals, and arranged to enter corresponding recesses in the pulleys or drums. The wire can be continuous or made in sections for the purpose of hardening the coils, such sections being coupled by suitable connections—such, for instance, as pieces of sheet metal gripping the ends of each opposite coil or pair of coils, and riveted together. To assist in driving, pegs or studs may pass through the coils, or through the couplings uniting them. Suitable recesses are made on the peripheries of the pulleys or drums for the coils and the wire to enter, and where pegs or studs are used, transverse recesses may be made across or between the wire and coil recesses, according to the position of the pegs or studs. The coils are made for the purpose of allowing the wires or strips to twist or untwist without breaking as the pulleys or drums revolve, so that they may spring to the form of the pulleys or drums. By this arrangement the wire or strip can adapt itself when passing from the

curve or form of the pulleys or drums to the straight again, and so relieve the strain. Such improved means of transmission is specially applicable for driving velocipedes or like machinery. In the figure, which represents one pattern of the new device, A is a pulley or drum, say, for driving a cycle, and B represents a simple shape of recess; C shows the spring coils formed at suitable intervals in the wire D. The ends of the wires can be coupled by, e. g., two solid pieces partaking of the shape of the coils, which are screwed on to the ends and held together by a pin; but the device lends itself readily to many modifications, as will be understood.—*Tricycling Journal.*

#### WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Lynn Cycle Club will hold an apron and necktie party in the Exchange Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 3, 1887.

The thermometer is "thirty below" in Minneapolis. Our correspondent advises us that there is not much riding being done.

The wealthy residents of New Orleans are organizing to build a shell road three miles long. Of course the wheelmen are happy.

The Century Wheelmen, 1612 Park Ave. Philadelphia, sent out an antique-artistic card announcing an "at home" on New Year's day.

The *Irish Cyclist*, the *Sport Velocipedique*, of Rouen, and the *Radfahrer*, of Berlin, have all issued "year-books" of more or less value.

We have been promised an excruciatingly funny article entitled: "The Canal Mule and the Limit Man, or, A Race for Life." Look out for it.

A. L. Atkins is at Passadena, Cal. He rides a young "broncho" that can kick in sixteen different directions at once. He is slowly regaining his health.

The *Wheel World*, an English cycling monthly, will henceforth be known as *Olympia*. In future it will not be devoted alone to cycling, but to all out-door sports.

A wheelman has sent to the Messrs Bown, a pair of their single *Æolus* ball-bearings, which have been used for 19,360 miles. They will be exhibited at the Stanley Show.

All letters for Thomas Stevens should be addressed, care of San Francisco B. C., 1428 Market Street, San Francisco, where he is expected to arrive about the middle of January.

We are informed that the tobogganists at Tuexedo Park do the slide in thirty seconds, at a pace of two miles a minute. This about realizes that old bicyclic romance: "Seven miles down a mountain's forehead in two-thirty."

An effort is being made in the English cycling world to get up a subscription fund of £2,000, to be donated to the Royal National Life Saving Association to purchase a "life boat," and maintain a life saving station.

We have just added to the art collection in our sanctum a superb calendar, sent us by the Boston Sunday *Herald* proprietors. This newspaper is a weekly magazine of news, literature and other valuable matter, and we invariably take it home for careful perusal.

The officers of the Massachusetts Division, L. A. W., will have a dinner and a business meeting at the Quincy House, Boston, on January 8. The dinners will be \$2 per plate. It may be that all the officers of the Massachusetts Division have a superfluity of cash, but it is more probable that there are a few impecunious members, not without ability, whom the two dollar dinner will debar from attending the meeting, thus losing the division just so much brains, talent, energy and experience.

During the wind storm of last Monday morning, a particularly heavy gust brought us a pleasant surprise, in the person of Mr. Fourdrinier, co-editor of the *Bicycling World*. Mr. F. had been spending the holidays in Albany, and was on his way to the hub. He took a run up to the Citizens' Club house, rushed around to Mr. Bidwell's model wheel emporium, buzzed the Chief Consul of the banner division for a few moments, scurried around to the Ixion's house and rapped up THE OWL out of his post—New Year's nap; then away to the Grand Central depot and home.

THAT "BIGGEST" WHEEL.—"The *Wheel* says: 'The record for the biggest wheel now stands at 66 in. We should be pleased to hear from anyone who has even heard of, or seen, a larger machine.' If it is of any interest to our contemporary we may say that Mr. Potts, of the Edinburgh Amateurs, has, and occasionally rides, an 84 in. wheel. This is geared down to 50 in. by chain wheels on the forks in the same manner as the 'Kangaroo' is geared up, and was built several years since by the Centaur Cycle Co. for an Edinburgh professional trick-rider, who performed with it in the Waverley Market, and at whose failure Mr. Potts bought it for a mere song."—*The Cyclist*.

"It is said that a Newark mechanic has invented a cycle twenty-six feet high, which can be ridden out into the sea, and used for life-saving." This, gentle reader, is what is known as a stock item. It is the kind of an item which sixty-one editors will seize upon, and use without compunction or credit. Like the problem of life, one can say of it: "whence, whither, where?" for no one can tell where it originated, why it exists, or whither it will go, before it is finally retired. It is like the public treasury, because everyone can use it, and it is like a bankrupt concern, because we need not give credit. There was no especial need for reprinting the item, beyond the general hustle for copy, but we merely wanted to send this Newark mechanic thundering down the ages.

THE ENGLISH WAY.—From the *Cyclist's* social reports for a week we reprint the following titles: "The Minervan Revel;" "The Ivy Twinings and Turnings;" "Irish Cyclist Association's Concert;" "Tunbridge Wells C. C. Dinner;" "London B. C. Smoking Concert;" "The Second Holborn 'Cinder';" "P. C. Club Ball;" "Surrey B. C. Second Cinderella;" "The Oxonians Socialize;" "With the Blayden Bricks." This is a high development of the art of giving the same thing a different name, and reminds us of that humorist whose repertory consisted of a single lecture, which he always renamed to suit his locality; thus in Boston it was "Beans;" in Orange County "Milk;" in St. Louis "Snap;" in Denver "Pugilism, Then and Now;" in New York "Money and its Rapid Acquirement."







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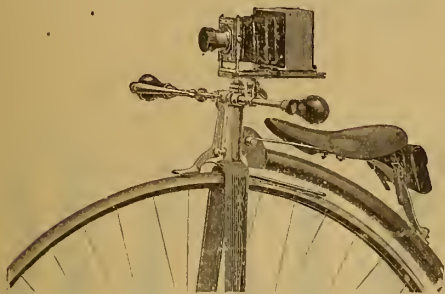
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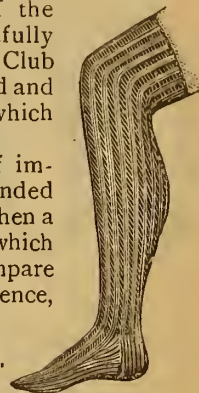
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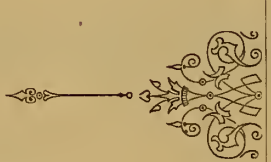


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