

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

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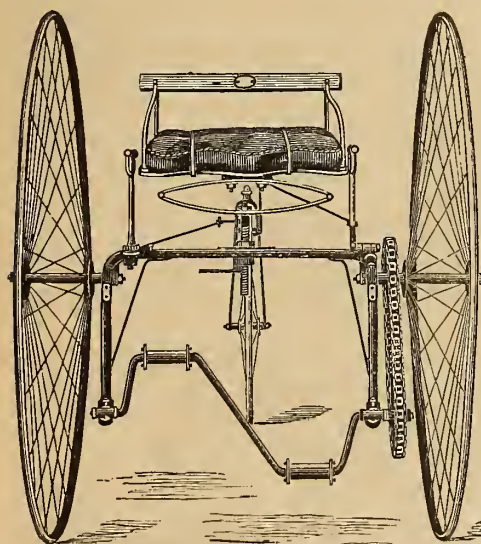
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FRED JENKINS - - - - - *Editor and Proprietor*
 JULIUS WILCOX *Associate Editor.*

Office of Publication, 75 Fulton Street.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Persons subscribing now will have their bills dated from the first number of Volume II., which will be issued September 28th, together with a four-page supplement, containing list of League officers, directors and consuls to date.

The subscription price for Volume II. will be \$1.00. Subscribe now.

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

The Peabody House on North Broadway, Yonkers, is the only League hotel in this vicinity. Not only does the proprietor furnish an excellent dinner at a reasonable figure, but extends a cordial welcome to visiting wheelmen.

Volume I. is gradually drawing to a close and another number will complete it. Although we cannot promise to enlarge the size or shape of our next volume, we aim to make each number better than the last. With this end in view, we ask the substantial co-operation of all wheelmen who have the interest of the sport at heart.

We hope to publish soon a revised list of officers, directors and consuls in the League. This plan we adopted some time ago, issuing a supplement once a month, but finding so few additions to the list, that we abandoned it temporarily. Many new names have been added lately, and no League member can afford to be without it.

September first opens the fall season for bicycling. The club meetings suspended during the summer months will be renewed, numerous races will be given, and with the return of the wheelmen to town, who have been spreading the knowledge of the wheel in quiet nooks and corners during the hot spell, comes renewed life in the shape of club runs and excursions.

The New Jersey State Agricultural Society, in addition to the Bicycling Tournament, previously announced in these columns, have arranged the following programme: On Tuesday, Sept. 20th, Lawn Tennis matches will be played, commencing at 10 o'clock A.M. On Wednesday, the 21st, match games of La Crosse between College Clubs will occupy the morning, and the afternoon will be devoted to matches between other clubs. The bicycling tournament will also take place at 3 P.M. Friday will be devoted to Archery, and an elaborate programme has been arranged. Circulars of which may be obtained of Benj. Haines, 1259 Waverley Place, Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. Haines has also made arrangements with the Pennsylvania R. R. to transport bicycles free on that day. Wheelmen who participate in the parade will also be admitted free to the grounds. As a number of the fastest men in the country have signified their intention of participating in races, the occasion is looked forward to, as one of considerable interest.

FROM THE CLUBS

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

FRANKFORD.—Although rather late in the season, the riders in this section have eventually organized The Frankford Bicycle Club. It has been a long and somewhat tedious task for a few of the enthusiasts to stir up interest enough among the Frankford bicyclers to come together and close up in the rear of the already comparatively long line as a bicycle club. The object of the members is to make it, a truly bicycle as well as a social club. At the first meeting of the organization, August 11th, the following officers and members joined hands as The Frankford Bicycle Club: Joseph Dyson, President; W. J. Owrid, Vice-president; John Croakshaw, Secretary and Treasurer; Daniel Lees, Captain; Chas. M. Miller, Sub-Captain; H. Q. Mills, S. Smith, E. Hamilton, W. Lunn, Jno. Ward, Jno. Banister, S. Ford, R. B. Swanson, members. Our club room, which is the largest part of a club, is not yet secured, but a committee having been appointed to ferret out desirable localities for such a purpose, have already several in view, among which is a room adjoining a fine 16-lap rink, which, if decided upon, will be utilized for winter riding. Next spring we are in hopes of turning out in full force among the foremost clubs of Philadelphia and vicinity, and have no doubt you will hear from us then.

HONESDALE.—A bicycle club was formed at Honesdale, Pa., last week, on which occasion the following officers were elected: S. L. G. Atkinson, President; E. P. Chambers, Secretary and Treasurer; W. D. Wood, Captain; F. Ham, Guide; F. Dalmeitch, bugler. F. C. H.

MARLBORO'.—The semi-annual business meeting was held on August 2d. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing six months: Arthur Curtis, Captain; Lemuel Hitchcock, sub-captain; Frank A. Leland, Secretary and Treasurer; Ed. Fryre, bugler. Two new members were admitted. We have club races once each week. The wheel is gaining in favor here—our club starting with four members only, and now we have fifteen. F. W. ELLIS.

ROCHESTER.—A regular meeting of the Rochester Bicycle Club was held last evening, and the business transacted was of unusual importance and interest. John E. Kelly and Charles T. Chapin were elected members, and then the floor was cleared for the election of officers. The contest was spirited and finally resulted as follows: H. G. Danforth, President; Sidney Pool, Secretary and Treasurer; F. F. Chase, Captain; R. A. Punnett, Lieutenant; C. A. Smith, First Guide; Mr. Kondolph, Second Guide. Executive Committee—President, Secretary and Captain *ex-officio*, and W. H. Reid, Warham Whitney, C. T. Depew and W. H. Learned. These gentlemen will hold office six months, but an amendment was made to the constitution to the effect that hereafter the election of officers will be made annually. Another change was made in the constitution making the time of meeting every two weeks instead of monthly as heretofore. During the evening the feasibility of holding a grand tournament in this city some time in September was freely discussed and the general sentiment was strongly in favor of such an exhibition. Finally the following named gentlemen were appointed a committee to investigate the matter and report at a special meeting to be held the 15th instant: Williams, Curtis and Pedrich. The club now has a membership of more than forty and is daily growing in strength and popularity. It has been judiciously managed from the first and there is every indication that its success will be uninterrupted.

MISSOURI.—For a long time a number of St. Louis gentlemen have watched with interest the success attending the organization and progress of the bicycle clubs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, and determined finally upon a similar association for this city. The idea was taken hold with vim and spirit, and the result was the speedy formation of a club, which holds in its ranks some of the best known and most popular of our young men. The first meeting was held at the St. Louis Swimming School on July 24th, in response to a call published in the *Globe Democrat*. The following gentlemen were

present: Thos. J. L. Meier, Arthur Young, T. H. Drew, Geo. G. Bain, Fred. Backus, Geo. Oeters and Richard Garvey. The name of the club was decided upon, temporary officers were chosen, and a committee on constitution and by-laws was appointed. It was resolved that the club join the League of American Wheelmen. The uniform selected could hardly be improved upon for beauty, utility and service, consisting of blue shirt, blue knickerbockers, blue stockings and white polo caps. This will be the costume in use during the summer, and in the autumn, English corduroys will be adopted. After this the meeting adjourned to meet July 26. The club is now thriving magnificently; it is already on a most substantial basis, and its club roll embraces the names of a number of the most active, enterprising and energetic young men in St. Louis. The roster is as follows: Richard Garvey, President; Geo. G. Bain, Captain; Thos. H. Drew, Secretary and Treasurer; Thos. J. L. Meier, Arthur Young, Fred. Backus, George Oeters, E. H. Gregory, J. Gazzam, Louis Kempff, E. M. Senseney, Lewis Lueders, John W. Stein, Thomas A. Allen, T. M. Gifford, James A. St. John, John M. Donaghue, H. B. Bringhurst of Litchfield, Ill., and Henry Talbot of Waterloo, Ill. The club holds its regular monthly meeting on the first Tuesday of every month. Due notice will be given of the next run, and also of several very pleasant excursions in preparation for the fall campaign.

CORRESPONDENCE

YANKTON AGENCY, DAKOTA.

As I was obliged to come west this summer and as I was unable to return to Philadelphia with the rest of my club after the League meeting I concluded that I might as well bring my "steely steed." I therefore stowed my Bi. in the baggage car on the Providence and Worcester Road. Now let me give my fellow wheelmen a small hint by which they may be able to save somewhat. Arriving at the P. and W. depot in Providence, do not stop anywhere short of the baggage car, for if you do you will probably be "stuck." I innocently stopped, whereupon I was saluted with "Yow've got to express that thing," but the minute he went off to get a tag, I, thinking that the motto "There is nothing like cheek" might apply here went on to the car. After getting my machine fixed I espied a 54 Standard Columbia with an express tag on it. Ha! Ha! I thought to myself there is one fellow nailed. The owner of the machine I did not have the pleasure of meeting, but I did have the pain of seeing it ruthlessly carried off by the spokes (as usual.) My sole troubles consisted pretty much all the way in preventing the baggage masters from turning my machine over to the Express department and I had to fix them with pretty large fees. I have a dread of sending a "Bi." unboxed by express for several reasons; the 1st reason is, that unintentionally it is badly handled, and the 2d reason is, that once bill it to a place and you can't get it out or attend to it till it reaches there. I found too that feeding the B's was cheaper than expressage, and they took better care of it. I must not forget to say that after I had left Worcester, I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Mr. Tolman of the Worcester Club, until he reached his destination, a few miles away from Worcester. Going back to my birth in the sleeper I found to my delight that part of my section was occupied by a member of Mass. Bi. Club. Arrived in Chicago, I took my machine to Mr. Fairfield's, who was kind enough to give me some very good information concerning R. R.'s running west from Chicago. By-the-by, let me record that the Chicago and Northwestern Road is the only west bound road from Chicago which charges for Bi's. All other lines pass them free. I was detained at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by wash-outs, but was glad to find about ten wheelmen there. I was sorry to find that none of them were L. A. W.'s, their excuse being that they were not organized yet." I told them to join us unattached and after showing them the advantages, I got them quite interested. When I reached the railroad terminus at Yankton Dakota, I still had some forty miles to ride, so starting about 4 a.m., next day I sped out on to the prairie. As I passed each settler's claim shanty I could tell by their expressions from what part of the world they came. It would be "Och! Pat. list at that! Or,

mine grachous phwat ist dot;" pretty much the whole way. In concluding, let me advise all men who intend taking machines in cars for a distance, to smear them well with tallow and it will both give a handler a good lesson, and also prevent men's perspiration from rusting everything. My machine was nearly ruined by rust from perspiration which the curious applied while feeling the rubber or testing the spokes. H. A. H.

Editor of THE WHEEL:

I am inclined both to swear and to blush, in seeing that the correspondent from this city in your last issue mentions me in so absurdly flattering terms, and wish emphatically to contradict his speaking as if he knew me to be an aspirant for the prize lately offered for a popular essay on the bicycle. No one has had any such intimation, and my attempts in writing hitherto have been of a kind so different, and so fragmentary, as to fully show my unfitness to produce anything practical and comprehensive enough for the purpose. It is quite out of my line. I must also say that I think he is as much without reason in adopting the objectionable and useless monosyllables in "ike,"—I refuse to write them—which he is the first to import. We have an abundance of synonyms and abbreviations that are in good taste. Yet you have, I am glad to see, a better epistolary man in this quarter than before.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that a story signed "Ixion," and published in the August number of *Cycling*, as if original, may be found *verbatim* in No. 7 of the *American Bi. Journal*, where it has another title and is credited at second hand to Cassell's Magazine in 1869. It would seem to be one of the functions of our journals to keep a look out for, and expose such gross thieving. I have observed, in English papers chiefly, quite a number of such instances, small or larger, of plundering from old numbers of our first paper.

The *Bicycling World* recently directed its readers to *Zion's Herald* of July 14th, and without comment, recommended to all an article on the bicycle for clergymen, by Rev. Mr. Weston. I read it and found that it condemned in round terms a letter by Mr. Bates, in the *B. W.* of June 24th, for indecent irreverence and disregard of sacred things, etc. Very meek and sweet that on the part of the *B. W.*, especially as the wickedness consisted only in a jovial preference for God's open-air on a Sunday, over that of a church interior.

The "Lydia P." in said journal honors me with a high strain of poetry in an unfeminine vein, declining to unmask or unfrock; but, though she has confessed to forty years, says that bicycling down hill is the only way fast enough for her. This reminds me of a song I used to hear sung in camp in North Carolina to uproarious applause. The burden of it, which is all I recollect was,—

Her hair was red, and her name was Meg,
And she went great lengths on her gay old leg.

I will pay \$5 to Lydia or anyone who will furnish me the whole text of that production, or a part in proportion.

BOSTON, August 28th, '81.

JUVENIS.

[The "Ixion" referred to is probably the English writer of that name and not the well known American contributor.—Ed.]



SPECIAL NOTICE.

Gentlemen who have duly forwarded their applications for Membership, and who have not yet received their Membership Tickets and Badges are requested to communicate at once with the Chief Consul, U. S. A., giving the date when their application was made.

The non-arrival of a number of tickets and badges now over due, seems to indicate a mis-carriage in the mail.

SAVIN HILL,

Dorchester, Boston.

FRANK W. WESTON.

Chief Consul, U. S. A.

Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 25]

THE WHEEL.—It is the intention of the managers to make THE WHEEL a lively and interesting paper. To present to its readers all matters of interest in connection with bicycling. Accounts of Club meetings, races, tours, excursions and runs will find place in our columns, together with personal items, the latest inventions and improvements, and other subjects of interest to bicyclers and their friends. Correspondence is invited, and we will be pleased to acknowledge any news items, clippings or suggestions which will assist us to make our paper as attractive as possible. Contributors and correspondents are requested to send their favors to *The Editor of THE WHEEL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.* To give their full names and addresses, though not for publication unless desired. Also to notice that we go to press the Saturday preceding the date of publication. We refer our readers to another column for our terms of subscription and rates of advertising.

DO YOU PAY YOUR DEBT?

There is now and then a little defiant cry from the "unattached," in assertion of their right to exist as wheelmen and to be and do as they please, in response to what they consider a little attempt to put on airs on part of the clubmen as being the only elect, to whom the wheel world belongs by right of discovery. The club is the only true wheel church; those who ride outside are sinners, and only those who wear its badge are to be accepted as "representative," and as fitly to be counted among the first. This is the half-feeling among the unattached which now and then elicits an indignant guess—I'm-as-good-as-you rejoinder.

They are partly right—a very little so. Once in a great while some club man lets out an injudicious expression of superiority. We don't excuse it, or justify it, or palliate it; and yet, is it so entirely without shadow of excuse?

May we tell our unattached friends a little story? Once upon a time, in a colored church of the most devout habits—the attendants of the church were colored, but the church was Zion's church—there was a brunette lady who always joined in the singing of the hymn during the passing of the hat, with such unction, eyes shut and head thrown back, that she not infrequently failed to get her eyes open until the hat had gone by. Old Cudjo, the hat bearer, noticed this and drew his conclusions. When he could stand it no longer, he one day nudged the zealous worshipper until she opened her eyes, and then said he—*"Look a'heah, Dinah, wha's de use o' singin' 'Fly abroad dou mighty Gospel' if you doan' nebber give nothin' to make it fly?"*

Do our friends of the unattached realize that there is a debt and a duty owed by them in respect to the wheel? If they did, it is to be assumed, of course, that, being honest men and gentlemen, they would not withhold payment. Let us see whether it can be shown that such a debt exists.

It is well known that the wheel has attained its present stage (not the final attainment, by any means) of perfection through a long process of evolution; carry it back to the boneshaker of 1869, and not one of us would touch it. It has been developed by expending skill, labor, and capital—not for benevolence, of course, yet the result of all this is enjoyed by every rider to-day. Is it a far-fetched and unreasonable deduction that every rider owes some effort in the direction of wheel progression, in recognition of and return for what has been done in creating the wheel?

In keeping with the open-air freedom and breadth of the use of the wheel, there ought to be something of a broad and generous spirit regarding it bred in all its users. Is there one of them who would like to "pig it"—to be the only one who has the ability to

ride, or to have the only wheel in the world? Is there one, on the contrary, who does not derive satisfaction from the knowledge that others share the wheel with him and who would not desire to see its use increase? Far distant from us should be anything resembling the feeling which would not take the trouble to plant trees, because they will not bear fruit until we are gone! The man who does not have some response in him to this spirit, of sharing or who dissents from it, ought not to touch the wheel at all—he is too narrow and too small.

There is therefore some sort of obligation of the sort which is so instantly recognized that it is not felt as a burden—to do some little something in the spread of this gospel of the wheel, because 1st, something is due, as above remarked, to those who have made the wheel what it is, and, 2d, because generosity bids us want others to know and share so good a thing. We conceive that much weight ought to be given to this view of the case, but it is by no means all. To buy a machine and use it privately is all very well, *but where would the wheel be now if everybody had done so?* Had it not been for the clubs, the meetings, the social element, the press, and for all the ways of pushing the knowledge of it, how much longer would it have taken to make such a wheel as our unattached prefers to enjoy and keep all by himself?

The wheel is not like a hat or a pair of boots—an article of prime necessity. It needs to be made known and commended. It needs union, for strength and defense. It needs to maintain its rights on the roads, and it needs roads on which to maintain them. It needs this emphatically in the United States, and whoever cannot see this ought not to ride a wheel—his sight is too defective to make it safe for him. How is this work, or any part of this work, to be effected except by the power of numbers, and union for common ends? Putting aside all those who have any direct pecuniary concern, is it doubtful that the position of American wheelmen would be materially and noticeably improved if there were a hundred, or fifty, or ten, or five, of them where there is now one? Would they not have better roads, better treatment, better machines, and better everything in the capacity of wheelmen, than they have now?

Is it necessary to take a header in order to see this? Is it not perfectly plain? And if it is so, we have proved the proposition that our unattached friends owe a duty in the matter. They may reply that the attached also owe a duty, but here is the difference, unattached friend: the club-man, as a class, is paying his debt, and you are not. That is—for perhaps this is too broad a way of stating it—club membership is of itself *some* assistance in the duty of pushing on the wheel, and those who are in clubs generally have more of the disposition than the unattached to push it. If they haven't got it already they are likely to "catch" it, for it is contagious in a high degree.

Another matter, as to which we speak as much to attached as to unattached. Is there not a little bit of duty, and of self interest, owed to the wheel press? It is so easy and human to criticise. The paper is flat and flabby; all run down; nothing in it; all "ads," though this is not one of the faults in America; it is "run" in somebody's interest or to favor somebody's private feelings. O yes, O yes—criticism is very helpful to journalism, but better is that which comes *after* the critic has had his name put on the mail list, "invariably in advance." Readers are most desirable, but *the readers who do nothing to support a paper are the least so*, and they are apt to be the most ready to find fault. Another drag on publishers is *the common copy*

—so much so that it is doubtful whether the copies taken in clubs and reading rooms are not more hurtful than helpful to any journal; they may make a paper known, but they make it so easy and convenient for many to "get along" without supporting the paper by their own subscriptions.

It is not alone greediness which makes editors and publishers work and appeal for longer lists—they want these as the indispensable means for making a better journal. The interest which the reader has in increasing circulation is equal to that he has in having the paper better. Help the editor, by all means, for he wants it; but the best way is to hold up his hands by kindly words, by friendly criticism, by sending him something to print (and not getting offended if he does not print it), and most of all, by being a PAYING "constant reader."

The wheel press needs support especially, because the wheel itself does, and what has been said of one will apply almost as well to the other. The matter is trivial in cost to the individual reader—there is not a wheel publication in this country or in England that costs materially or that is not worth its cost to every intelligent wheelman. And every publication in the number has the possibility and the desire of being better than it now is. If the wheel gospel is to fly abroad, brethren give us something to help make it fly.

J. W.

COMING EVENTS

SEPTEMBER 3.—Entries close for two mile bicycle race at games of Staten Island Athletic Club at West New Brighton, Sept. 10, 3 P. M. Fee 50 cents to R. P. G. Burklin, P. O. Box 169, New Brighton, Richmond County, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 5.—New England Fair.—Bicycle races at 2:30 P. M. open to amateurs only, at Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, 6 September, 1881. The committee offer the following prizes:

First Race.—Distance two miles. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$50; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$20; third prize, bronze.

Second Race.—Distance one mile. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$40; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$15; third prize bronze.

Third Race.—Distance one half mile. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$30; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$10; third prize bronze. Best two in three heats.

Entries Free, and should be made with Edward F. Tolman, 424 Main street, Worcester, Mass., by 5 September. The track will be in good order, and ample provision made for the convenience of wheelmen. S. Salisbury, Jr., J. L. Ellsworth, G. C. Rice, New England Fair Committee.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Entries close for three mile bicycle race at joint meeting of New York and Manhattan Athletic Club, Mott-Haven, N. Y., 17 September, at 3:30 P. M. Fee, 50 cents to Secretary of Games, box 3, 101, New York.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Baltimore County Agricultural Society's Annual Fair, at Timonium, Md., Northern Central Railway, Bicycle races: Open to all amateurs (as per L. A. W. rule.) Half-mile dirt track, to be used for trotting later in the day. Standing start from scratch. First race half mile—First prize, a piece of plate, valued at \$30; second prize, a medal, valued at \$10. Second race, two miles—First prize, a piece of plate, valued at \$50; second prize, a medal, valued at \$10. Entries close noon 5 September, 1881, and are to be made in writing, accompanied by entrance fee of fifty cents for each event, to C. Whyte, Post-Office Box 835, or 12 Donnell Building, Baltimore. Rider's colors, size and make of bicycles to be named in entry. Arrangement for transporting bicycles to the track will be made by captain of Baltimore Bicycle Club as soon as probable number of visitors is known to Mr. Whyte, from whom further information may be obtained upon application. All bicycle clubs and L. A. W. members are invited to attend with wheels. After the races the Baltimore Bicycle Club propose to ride back to town, twelve miles, over fair country roads.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Entries close for one mile, best two in three, and two mile races for championship of Canada. First prize, value \$50; second prize, value, \$25. Two prizes, value, \$30 and \$20, respectively will also be presented for the two best exhibitions of Fancy Riding. Entries with full name, Club if attached, Colors, and, when possible, size and make of wheel, with fee 50cts. for each event, should be sent in to Horace S. Tibbs, Secretary, Box 1733, Montreal, Canada. Games Sept. 21st, on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds.

SEPTEMBER 14.—New Jersey State Fair.—Bicycle races at 3 P. M., at Waverly, N. J., Wednesday, 21 September, 1881. The following events are on the programme:

First Race.—One mile. Championship of New Jersey. Open to residents of New Jersey only. First prize, gold medal; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Second Race.—Two miles. First prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Third Race.—One mile, (handicap), 100 yards, limit. First prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Fourth Race.—One-half mile dash, best two in three heats, distance post at 50 yards. First prize, value \$25; second prize, value \$15; third prize, \$10.

A silk banner value at \$25 will be given to the club presenting the best general appearance and most proficient in road drill. Open to all. Not less than nine men in full uniform allowed to compete.

These races, with exception of the first, are open to all amateurs. The committee reserve the right to reject any entries. Fee \$1.00 for each event. Entries close 14 September, and should be sent to Fred. Jenkins, secretary 75 Fulton street, New York.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Entries close for two mile bicycle race at the grounds of the New York Athletic Club (championship games) September 24th, at 10 A. M. and 1:10 P. M. Fee \$20, to Secretary National Association of Amateur Athletes, P. O. box 3,478, New York.

WHEEL RACES

At bicycle races held at Avon Springs on the 20th instant, Williams & Punnett of Roch. Bi. Club carried off the prizes, the former in $\frac{1}{2}$ mile race, time 1:55; the latter in both fancy and slow race. The race was immediately after a heavy rain which was the cause of not making better time.

At Geneso tournament held on the 28th inst., mile heats, best two in three—Barross of Attica took first prize; Smith of Roch. Bi. Club, second prize; Booth of Geneso, third prize. In the contest of fancy and slow riding, Punnett of Roch. Bi. Club was awarded both prizes. In the champion race of Livingstone Co., Booth of Geneso came in first; Grant of Dansville, second.

BY BICYCLE TO BOSTON

A TRIP OF 1,030 MILES, FROM LIMA, OHIO, TO BOSTON, MASS.

ON BICYCLES.

V.

[Continued from page 190.]

When Bob and I began strolling through the less frequented of the aforesaid paths, in every enticing nook we would blunder into some couple who would be making use of all the romance the spot contained. We really pitied some of these couples; their faces would be so red with the exertion and the heat, and their heads so weighed down with fatigue, as to strike even a casual observer, that they were in danger of heart disease. We thought this alone was enough to condemn these excursions. The time to see anything is so limited, that the unfortunate excursionists, in order to get their money's worth out of the Falls, are compelled to run the gauntlet of a disease, the results of which might cling to them for a lifetime. Niagara Falls have been described in all the varied styles of English composition and really great minds, now-a-days, never under take a repetition of it, hence we pass it by.

We left Niagara without Mr. Lansing, who was detained by business, but who agreed to meet us again in Rochester. We stopped for dinner in Lockport and at the hotel, met several members of the Lockport Bi. Club, some of whom, with their wheels, led us out of the city, on our departure. Saturday afternoon, at a small place, eighteen miles from Rochester, we found the authorities, on inquiry, to differ as to the respective quality of two roads leading into the city. Bob inclined to one opinion and I to the other, so we agreed to separate and see who first reached Rochester. Away we went. I had splendid roads, and at six o'clock reached Rochester, and registered at the Whitcomb House. In about an hour, Bob came in convinced that his road was the worst. Sunday, we spent in seeing Rochester, in company with Mr. Lansing and his brother, visiting the cemetery, Genesee Falls, and other places of more or less note. Genesee river runs right through the heart of the business portion of

Rochester, yet in passing along the streets one would see nothing of it. Streets and business houses continue without a break and nothing would indicate that a river flowed under them at any place. The river is spanned by a broad—almost continuous—bridge of masonry, upon which foundation rests the buildings and streets. Seen from the aqueduct by which Erie Canal crosses the Genesee, the river seems to disappear in a tunnel under the houses, rather than under the arches of a bridge.

We met several of the Rochester Bi. Club while in the city, and Monday morning, one of its members, Mr. Punnett, who rode a 44 inch wheel, led us to the city suburbs. Between Rochester and Palmyra, we for the first time strayed off our route, and that came by attempting to follow six or seven different roads at once. One "old resident" would tell us to go one way and we would go,—meet another who "had travelled the road many a time," he would start us some other way and we would start,—run against a third "whose great grand-father laid out the road" he would tell us we were on the road to Alaska, instead of Palmyra, and so on; the result being we arrived at Palmyra, only after ten or twelve miles extra riding. We reached Clyde, that evening.

After leaving Rochester, we had travelled considerably on the Erie canal tow-path, and our appearance had excited a good deal of curiosity among the canal boatmen. In the whole length of this famous water-way, we never rode a half-mile without passing one or more boats, and often—in fact, as a rule—we would find a "block" at the locks, sometimes a mile or two in length, of boats lying by waiting to go through. The skippers of these craft generally had their families aboard, and for us to ride on the towpath, was running the gauntlet,—what one did not think to question us another did.

We left Clyde in the early morning. A dense fog made our riding for a time disagreeable, but later in the day we had occasion to regret its disappearance. The road was formed of that article which all bicyclers dread—sand. In many places it was so deep and loose as to stop our riding. In the forenoon, we came out on a wide creek "bottom," in which riding would have been impossible but for a hard trodden foot-path along the road-side. Across this valley, the road bed was banked up about eight feet above the surrounding level, and in the broad ditch on either side, grew a large crop of large prickly thistles. I was ahead, taking advantage of the hard foot-path to ride with considerable speed. Just as I reached the part of the road that was raised the highest, where the ditch was the deepest and the thistles thickest, the sand gave way beneath me, and the momentum of my rapid riding hurled me in a terrible header, over the bank, head first, plump, into those thistles. My bicycle following, came tumbling down on top of me, the little wheel hitting me a sledge hammer whack on the back of the head, while one handle of the tiller went scraping its way down inside one of my leggins. That wasn't the worst of it. The day being somewhat hot, I had reduced my costume in an inverse ratio to the increase of temperature which now rated somewhere around 110°. In this exposed condition, I was plunged into that bed of thistles—none of your common thistles, but a patent variety armed with cambric needles and carpet tacks. Then at the slightest move I made, these thistles set to work. In the back of my neck, in my ears, my face—in all the undefinable spots of my body, the thistle stings operated like an Edison galvanic battery and I felt like the boy that had been vaccinated by the bumble bees. To get up was impossible,—the bicycle was on top and fast in my leggins. So I shouted for Bob, and was as motionless as a young lady sitting for a photograph. When Bob did come up, he just stood on top of the bank and looted with maniacal laughter, instead of helping me out of my torment. When I finally got out of that, I felt like shoving Bob in, and for once give him an understanding of what was ludicrous and what was not. If I would find a mule that would dine out of that thistle patch, I'd buy him as a good investment, and feed him on dried blackberry bushes.

It was eight o'clock at night when we reached the Temperance Hotel in Syracuse. In the morning Bob complained of sickness, so we decided to delay a day to recuperate and see the city. The following morning Bob was still on the sick list, and as he

advised me going on, I left the city in company with two pleasant Syracuse wheelmen, for Oneida, distant twenty-eight miles. One of these gentlemen who sported a 56 inch Columbia, was a most indefatigable rider, and under his guidance we reached Oneida before noon. I bid these gentlemen farewell and pushed on for Utica, which was reached without further adventure, at six o'clock, after a ride of over sixty miles, from Syracuse, over indifferent roads. From Utica the route lay along the banks of the Mohawk. The Mohawk valley presents some splendid scenery, and is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful valleys of the U. S. At Ilion, I visited the famous manufacturing establishment of E. Remington & Sons, inspecting more especially the firearms departments, from which I obtained some idea of the multiplicity of processes in the making of one of their rifles and shot guns. At five o'clock, I reached Little Falls. Opposite this picturesque city are the falls of the Mohawk. The mountains, on both sides of the river, jut abruptly almost to the river's edge, narrowing the valley until it approaches the dark grandeur of a gorge. In the bed of the river, hundreds of gigantic boulders and masses of detached rock obstruct the rapid current, forming innumerable small cascades, with here and there the black ragged head of a stone jutting upward. For more than a mile these rocks break the comparatively smooth surface of the Mohawk into a rampant rapid, affording to the city of Little Falls, one of the finest of water-powers.

[To be Continued.]

Answers to Correspondents

D. B. LANDIS.—Q. Would you kindly give what you think of bicycles having the small wheel in front. If they are as easy running as a Standard Columbia? A. We have never used the "Star" bicycle and can give you no practical information. Perhaps some of our readers, who have tried both styles can give you some points.

H. F. H.—A. We use pure "Signal oil," and find that it gives a brilliant and effective light, and never shakes out.

C. M. M.—Thanks for your notes. Too late for last issue, but appear now.

PERSONAL

Treasurer Minor and Captain F. Bruner are back from Watch Hill, and the treasurer is making his presence known by tender epistles to the other members.

Mr. J. Frank Burrill has intimated to the Essex Bi. Club that if Mr. L. H. Johnson will agree to compete he will give two medals, value \$50 and \$20 respectively, for a race of 25, 50, or 100 miles, Mr. Johnson to fix his own distance. We should like to see Mr. Johnson emerge from his racing retirement.—*Courier*.

Messrs. M. C. Smith, W. Cunningham and Geo. F. Brown of the Yonkers Bi. Club are now touring on the wheel in England, and will not return until October.

Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL.

[No. 25]

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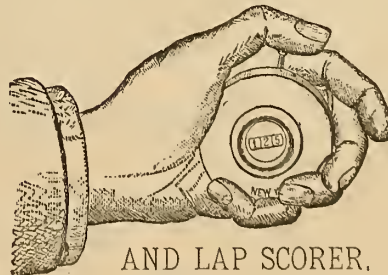
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