

THE WHEEL

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The "Cyclist & Athlete's" columns have greatly improved of late.

W. Prince Wells, of Louisville, has resigned from the L. A. W.

The "Wheelman" will add fifty pages and place the price at \$3 after March 15.

The Tandem Tricycle Race at the K. C. W. Tournament, promises to be of unusual interest.

Prince thinks that he can beat 2.39 this year, and wants to bet Mr. H. D. Corey to that effect.

2.39 Prince is a very strong card for the Duryea saddle, as his letter in another column will show.

The "Cycling Times," of London, has followed "Wheeling" and gives prizes each week for the best article sent in.

Judging from a photograph which we have received, the Spaulding Bicycle seems to be a very handsome and durable machine.

Asa Dolph, the New London flyer, who has a record of 2.40½, is about 31 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, and rides a 54-inch Rudge.

England, with 300,000 wheelmen, has eight papers devoted to cycling, while America has the same number of journals with but about 35,000 wheelmen.

Many interesting events at the Kings County Wheelmen's Tournament and Race Meeting, Wednesday evening February 25th, commencing at 8. P. M. sharp.

The Citizens Club will hold their race meeting at the Knickerbocker Roller Rink, American Institute, on the 17th of April. It will doubtless be a successful attraction.

Capt. Will R. Pitman leaves for Boston Wednesday, and will be married there on Monday, the 23d, while the Board of Officers are discussing the League meet question.

The New York Athletic Club will give their annual meeting at Tammany Hall to decide the amateur championships at boxing and wrestling, on Saturday, March 28, at 8 P. M.

W. L. Howe, Chief Consul L. A. W. for Iowa, has announced his intention of resigning that position, and recommends C. D. Howell, of Winterset, as competent to succeed him.

Mr. Adam Phool thinks that there is an axe to grind in the League meet being held in Buffalo next July, but he is evidently such a novice in bicycling matters that he forgot to sign his name.

The slow race at the K. C. W. Tournament has entries of the best slow racers of the country and will be of considerable interest, as a test of the merits of the Ordinary and Star bicycle for this style of racing.

No doubt if some prominent dealer who is known to the cycling fraternity were to advertise in the papers a salve, a sure remedy for cuts and falls liable to happen to a cyclist, he would work up a good trade.

In a recent number we stated that Pennsylvania had passed New York in the race for the greatest number of League members. It was an error which we are very glad to correct, as New York still holds the lead.

Messrs. A. G. Spaulding & Bro. have leased the elegant building at 241 Broadway, and will take possession about the 2d of March. It is well adapted for their purpose, and will serve to brighten up the trade in this vicinity.

"Wheel Life" is out with a good cartoon, in which Don Quixote on a bicycle, with his worthy squire, Sancho, on a tri. in the background, is charging the records made by Webb, Sutton, Adams, etc., in the guise of windmills.

Mr. Stevens recently whispered us that perhaps he would take a hack at New Zealand roads in his tour round the

world. Wonder if our friend is as tender as a missionary. Perhaps King Calico will take a liking to him.

Probably the biggest thing ever attempted in the skating line is the six days' tournament, to begin Monday, March 2, at Madison Square Garden. Fancy riding contests on wheels are freely interspersed with the other events.

A. L. Atkins, Consul for Boston, is preparing a map of that city and vicinity. It will give the best roads to surrounding towns, historical spots, best hotels, and as it is the only one of the kind published, it will probably be in great demand.

Probably the most sickly organization in existence is the American Division of the C. T. C. We have never heard of any benefits obtained for its members. Indeed, we would forget that it still lived, but for its column in the "Bicycling World," which is of great interest as reading matter.

It is said that the Pope Manufacturing Co. are negotiating with the committee of the Bartholdi statue to have a tricycle placed on top of the torch which is held in the hand, and on the wheels of the tricycle letters reading Columbia. Of course a good sum will be paid for the privilege if it is granted.

Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler, who has been identified with the bicycle business for the past five years, has decided to retire, as business in the West demands his undivided attention. He offers his stock of wheels at a bargain and immediate purchasers will find it to their interest to consult him before purchasing elsewhere.

"H." the Hartford, Conn., correspondent of the "Wheelman's Gazette," thinks that THE WHEEL is not worthy of criticism. "H." seems to be one of the numerous scribes who makes silly attacks on any whom their fancy dictates, to bring their name into prominence, either as a good writer or a malcontent.

A large rink is in course of preparation on the corner of 108th street and Lexington avenue. The manager intends making bicycling a strong feature of his entertainments. There is to be a field attached to the building, with a 13-lap track, suitable for running or wheel races. It will be rented out to clubs at reasonable rates.

According to Karl Kron's statement his book will not be issued till April at least. No doubt K. K. will secure his

3,000 subscribers some time, but when the book appears probably a good number will fail to send on the necessary dollar, both from death, inability, and the numerous circumstances which are apt to engulf a man at any time.

A drink of lemonade before a race helps a man wonderfully. It should be drank without sugar, and perfectly sour. —[Cyclist and Athlete.

The same paper advocated the use of cold tea for the bicycle rider, in its issue of Jan. 29. We fail to see how two extremes like tea and lemonade would tend to bring about the same effect.

W. D. Wilmot, the celebrated Boston fancy bicycle rider, who has for the past few months traveled through the Western States, has now reached San Francisco, where he is said to be meeting with great success. Since he separated from his partner, Pavilla, he has given exhibitions of single riding, and says that they take fully as well as do double exhibitions.

The sudden craze for Safety machines which reigned in this city, on the introduction of the Kangaroo and Rudge, seems to have abided somewhat. The rides are not full of Safeties, to the exclusion of other machines, as was ordained by the cycling press. But we have had several inquiries lately as to the Star, which seem to be more of a favorite now than ever before.

W. Gordon Stables, M. D., has published a very interesting book entitled "Health Upon Wheels." The author is an ardent tricyclist, and has had the experience necessary to issue such a volume. It treats of drunkenness, use of tobacco, diet, and riding, and gives some good advice regarding the purchasing or choice of a wheel, and some useful hints regarding training and racing.

There is a movement on foot to consolidate all the principal bicycle clubs in St. Louis into one large club. The object is to amalgamate the St. Louis Star Club and the St. Louis Ramblers, with the Missouri Bicycle Club, and thus make one large body of wheelmen, which it is thought will strengthen the cause and enable the wheelmen to work together for the common good of cycling.

Thus comments the "Cyclist and Athlete," of last week, on the loss of money (?) sustained by the Springfield Club in 1883: "Is it not odd that a race meeting, or rather a tournament at Boston, with all the big riders, would

lose money, and that one meet of the Springfield Club would do likewise, when the Citizens could pay about \$550 for the use of a rink one night, and with 3,000 people clear \$800."

The Springfield Bicycle Club have voted to hold their fourth annual tournament on September 8, 9, and 10. The track will be considerably improved by an outlay of over \$100, and this tournament is expected to eclipse all former efforts. President Ducker is still to continue at the helm, and as active preparations have already begun, we may look for something big in wheeling at Springfield in the coming fall.

Attend the Kings County Wheelmen's Tournament and Race Meeting at the Brooklyn R. S. Rink next Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., commencing at 8 P. M. sharp. Fulton Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry or Nostrand Avenue and Franklin Avenue cars from Grand and Roosevelt Street ferries run to the rink, and arrangements have been made with the Nostrand and Fulton Avenue lines to convey wheels from now until the 27th inst.

We dislike to become personal in our remarks, but while speaking of Washington, must record another little incident which came under our notice in the gallery. Mr. Egan, we believe, had just called for three cheers for the Capital Club, which were heartily given, when a young member of that club, who was lordly smoking a cigarette, unboomed his feelings by touching his nose with his thumb, while the fingers were elevated in the air.

The Ixion Club gave a social at their headquarters, 2 East 60th Street, on Thursday evening, Feb. 12th. About twenty members with their lady friends were present and passed a very enjoyable evening dancing. Later on a supper was served by a local caterer, and still later or earlier the remaining guests interspersed the dancing with vocal music. The Ixions show an energy worthy of imitation by some of our older organizations, and are to be congratulated upon the success of the occasion.

Robert James and Richard Howell, who finished second and third respectively to John S. Prince in the one mile championship of the world race at the international bicycle meeting at Springfield, Mass., in September last, will probably ride a mile race for the English championship. James has deposited \$25 at the London "Sporting Life" office and calls upon Howell to cover it. Prince won the world's championship in 2m. 39s., James' time being 2m. 39 2-5s., and Howell's 2m. 40s.

"Don't be afraid, Mamie, don't be afraid; it won't hurt you," said a lady to her little daughter, as a wreck of a former man approached, attired in court plaster, with bunged up eyes, broken nose, arm in sling, and general dilapidation. However, the little girl hid behind her mother when the hideous looking object passed. "What is it, mam-ma; what is it?" "Don't you remember," replied the lady, "the young, good-looking wheelman who used to call on your sister? Well, he tried to ride down Mount Washington."

While in Washington, at the meeting of the L. A. W., we were up in the gallery part of the time, and sat next to Mr. Foster, of Baltimore, who was ex-

pelled from the ranks prior to that event. He was with a friend, and, nudging the latter, directed his gaze to the 'cycling press reporters who reposed in the box below. He made remarks on their personal appearance, etc., which seemed to provoke a laugh from his companion; but all we could catch of the conversation was "the wolf and the lamb," and the "fox and the sour grapes" from Mr. Foster.

John S. Prince and W. J. Morgan, the professional bicyclists, were recently invited by the Memphis Medical College to visit the college, that their muscles and other parts brought into prominence by the sport might be examined. In the course of an address to the students, Prince said: "My training consists of plenty of hard work; my diet consists of mutton, beef, and other digestible meats, generally giving pork and veal the go by. In all my experience, I have yet to learn of bicycling being injurious or hurtful, to any one, except in the ordinary course of accidents, to which all are liable."

A correspondent writes: "I have seen trick riding by Canary and Tufts, but the most wonderful act I have ever witnessed in the fancy riding was performed by an amateur in this city (New York). He got up into the saddle, the machine being held the while, and crawled out toward the big wheel and sat on the handle bar. He then dropped from the handle bar of the machine, having one leg on each side, and keeping himself in a nearly vertical position. With his hands he then took hold of the spokes, changing them as they came around, and rode in a circle for about six minutes, or, as registered by the cyclometer, two-fifths of a mile.

In a recent comparison of English and American bicycle records an English writer attributed our superiority in short distances from the fact that our pushers off ran some distance after that machine. The writer cited an opinion to this effect, said to be fathered by L. E. Myers, our champion amateur runner. In conversation with Myers he denied that he had ever given such an opinion, that he had not bothered his head about the pushing off or timing of bicycle races, and furthermore that the article in question was a complete surprise to him, manufactured out of the whole cloth and entirely without foundation, as far as any statement concerning his opinions was concerned.—[Cyclist and Athlete.

Among the feats now performed by American trick riders, are evolutions which would very much astonish some of our English professionals, and greatly increase the gate money at our exhibitions and race meetings. The Speedwell Brothers execute inter alia, the astonishing feat of the "big brother," mounting, riding, and dismounting, with the two others on his shoulders. Some of Hutchinson's feats reads like the exploits of Baron Munchausen; while the following is one of the tricks indulged in under the style and title of "Upside-down tricycle mount." With the back bone removed, the wheel is placed upright, with the handle-bar lying on the ground. Hutchinson stands balanced between the pedals, and by aid of a string, draws up the bar, seizes the handles, and rides on one wheel.—[Cycling Times.

The following gentlemen will preside at the K. C. W. Tournament as officers: Geo. R. Bidwell, referee; N. M. Beckwith, president L. A. W.; A. W. Guy, captain L. I. W.; F. A. Egan, Elliott W. Johnson, captains H. C. W.; and H. R. Elliott, captain Brooklyn Bicycle Club, judges; W. H. Robertson and S. R. Austin, W. A. C. timers; F. E. Snider, W. A. C. and F. H. Douglass, K. C. W. scorers; Walter Hegeman, W. A. C. starter; A. C. D. Loucks and W. D. Bloodgood, K. C. W. clerks of course; Robert F. Hibson, president K. C. W. chairman reception committee; committee of arrangements, F. N. Fenstermaker, A. C. D. Loucks, M. L. Bridgman, T. B. Hegeman and E. K. Austin, P. O. Box 2414 New York Chairman.

The open scratch race one mile at the K. C. W. Tournament will be a test race between stars and cranks, fast riders of both are entered and we know of two crank riders who can and will push the stars in this race.

Strange to say the question of giving a tournament on a large scale in New York has never been discussed. We are inclined to think that with good management, plenty of advertising, capital, and energetic work, one would succeed. The most successful meeting the L. A. W. has ever given was held in New York city, owing the enthusiasm of the resident clubs, who, we think, would gladly do anything in their power to give New York the lead in racing circles. The public of this city appreciate and are interested in the sport, though they do not participate in its pleasures. They have patronized everything ever given by the wheelmen, and most markedly the race meeting of the Citizens Club, where 3,000 of the elite of the city were present, and applauded every event, though only local riders were entered for the races. We cannot think of a single instance in the line of race meetings, art exhibitions, or house warmings, that there was not a full attendance and money made. Thus far, Springfield has given the most successful tournaments, but we earnestly believe that if the clubs of New York would work together they could organize one that would equal if not outshine any ever given by the Springfield Club.

HUB NOTES.

The artistic little Columbia valentine is in great demand here.

The Cambridge Bicycle Club are said to have netted \$300 by their recent minstrel show.

The Thorndike Bicycle Club gave a very successful exhibition at Beverly last Monday evening.

State Consul F. A. Pratt is endeavoring to compile a list of C. T. C. members in Massachusetts, and requests that all members of that organization in the State send their names and addresses to him at 31 Chestnut street.

The De Corma brothers are here this week giving exhibitions of their skill at 'cycling on a tight rope. A former member of this troupe lost his life recently by fall from his machine while performing on the roof of a building at Pittsburgh. Wm. Maltby, the young New Hampshire trick rider, has been engaged to appear at the Madison Square Garden, New York, skating carnival next week. I understand that Maltby intends giving up two-wheel rid-

ing, and devoting his attention exclusively to the unicycle. He does some very wonderful tricks on one wheel, his latest being to dismount while at full speed, pick up a handkerchief, and remount without stopping the wheel.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

KEEN COMPETITION FOR THE FIVE-CENT STAMP—A BUSHEL OF RIVAL MANUSCRIPTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD—PUBLIC INTEREST SECOND ONLY TO THAT AWAKENED BY THE FAMOUS BRATTLEBORO STAMP—PRIZE FINALLY AWARDED FOR EARLIEST REPORT OF THE RETURNED BERMUDIANS—THE WINNER A NEW AND UNKNOWN WRITER—HIS NAME, "KAY KAY"—READ! READ! READ!

The success of our scheme for developing the latent literary energies of wheelmen, by the offer of extraordinary prizes, has been demonstrated with unexpected rapidity and impressiveness. Competitors for the five-cent stamp, mentioned in THE WHEEL of Feb. 13, have sprung up, as if by magic, from all over the world, and the labor of bringing their manuscripts from the post-office has sadly taxed the energies of our able-bodied office-boy. Australia, New Jersey, West Springfield, Japan, Skowhegan, and many other foreign regions have contributed to the bushel of rival essays, from which we have extracted the following, with a nickle-plated fishhook, as seeming to be most worthy of the prize. A United States "beer and spirits stamp," of the current issue, denomination five cents (thoroughly cancelled by a legally appointed revenue officer "as a guarantee of good faith") has been sent by special messenger to the lucky winner.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: I never saw or heard of your paper until this morning, when a friend of mine kindly sent in a copy of last Friday's issue, with a red pencil mark drawn around the following paragraph:

"We will give a five-cent stamp for the best article sent in to this office. We expect a spirited competition, so don't delay in forwarding your manuscript. Remember, you may be the lucky one."

Accompanying it was a message saying: "Here, now, is a chance to distinguish yourself. The editor has evidently got tired of filling up his columns with the lucubrations of 'Karl Kron' and such old stand-bys, and is adopting a liberal policy in order to 'draw out new talent' in support of his paper. Spite of your entire lack of experience as a penman, I urge you to try for this magnificent prize. 'It is the unexpected which happens,' as the French say. So don't let your youth and diffidence act as a barrier when Fortune points out a path leading to affluence. Throw modesty to the dogs. Assume a stiff upper lip, if you have it not. Be as cheeky as a book agent. And you will surely win."

Now, Mr. Editor, with the support of the foregoing certificate, and of the consciousness that I myself have often been made very tired by reading the remarks of Karl Kron (I read them in manuscript, before they appear in your paper, though I have no acquaintance whatever with that person), I make bold to put in a claim for that capital prize, so

generously offered by you for the free competition of the literary men of this country. Let me say plainly that in all my lie(f), I never before wrote a single lie(n) for the public prints. I now break over the rule simply because I'm in such desperate straits for money. The reason for this is that for about two years past I've been engaged upon a scheme for collecting and publishing "a directory of the 3,000 most active wheel men in America," who pledge their names to me in advance at a dollar each. I shall print a few road reports with the names, and I have just decided to call the whole business "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle." In thus giving you a chance to first announce this title to the public, I may as well add that though the entire scheme has thus far been kept by me in the closest secrecy. I intend to give it "a free advertisement" hereafter. In fact, that's the real reason for my writing to you now!

No doubt I've already said "more than enough" (for that's a way I often have) to ensure your awarding me the five-cent stamp. Not only do I stand in more urgent need of this, however, than any other one of your contributors can possibly stand, but I also deserve it by virtue of my former position as possessor (1870 to 1883) of "the most valuable five-cent stamp in the world." It was a square inch of paper which I bought for seventy-five cents and sold for a hundred dollars—thereby making a profit of 12,500 per cent. on the investment. This was a rather larger rate of compensation than I expect to receive on the money which I have risked on my book publishing scheme; but as the present holder of the stamp calls it "the eye of the peacock throne," and advertises it in the market as "on sale for \$10,000," I suppose I ought to believe that I was ruined when I parted with it. Perhaps the fact that this unique stamp dates, like myself, from the year 1846, accounts in some measure for its extraordinary value. I don't suppose that the five-cent stamp which you offer as a prize approximates very closely to it in market quotations, but, in case you award me the prize, I will offer to accept \$500 cash as a full equivalent for the stamp.

There still remains for me the duty of writing to you the story on which I have my hopes of securing the coveted trophy. The story simply is that I had an hour's call, last evening, from Messrs. Elwell, Joy, and Miller, of the Bermuda party, who landed at this port about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after a very slow and stormy passage, and who took the night express homeward for Boston. Six others of the party came with them, two returned a fortnight ago, and one still remains on the island. During the eighteen days of their stay there, only four days passed without bringing rain; but, in spite of this unusual frequency of showers, and in spite of the universal seasickness on the homeward voyage, every man in the crowd enjoyed himself thoroughly, and speaks in the highest terms of the success of the excursion. The only tricycle in use was disabled a few days before the return, and the "Kangaroos" suffered some mishaps, as well as the riders of them, but an injured arm and two sprained ankles do not make a very long accident list, when assigned to the fortnight's record of a dozen tourists. They report that the number of resident wheelmen on the islands has increased from two to

twenty during the year since my own visit there—"a full account of which, in the shape of a sixteen-page pamphlet, containing about 10,000 words, will be mailed free on application to my address, No. 56 University Building, Washington Square, N. Y." Reserving to the last the most important event of all, I am happy to proclaim that the Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda, has subscribed for a copy of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." thus increasing my present enrollment to 2,455 names.

As the "Bi. World" announces, on the authority of the Boston "Post," that "a hen in Corville, Penn., lately laid an egg marked 'K. K., 1885,'" even the most skeptical should be convinced that the "great American road book" will be issued before the year closes. I see now that my attempt to publish in "1884" was a hopeless fight against Fate. Even "Pedibus" will forgive delay in the face of an omen like that. However, I do not pretend to speak for "Karl Kron," but only for myself. And I am, simply, KAY KAY.
WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Feb. 16.

FROM THE CLUBS.

BROCKTON.—The City Bicycle Club has chosen the following officers: President, Wilbur M. Pratt; vice president, W. B. Briggs; secretary, O. P. Lovejoy; treasurer, H. E. Howland; captain, H. A. Carr; first lieutenant, A. M. Keith; second lieutenant, D. C. Pierce; bugler, F. W. F. Demuth; club committee, Messrs. W. M. Pratt, E. P. Marshall, W. B. Mason, R. E. Brayton, W. O. Raymond. The club now has a membership of about forty members and is in a flourishing condition. Its new rooms, already described in these columns, furnish a very pleasant home for the institution and will soon be further improved. The boys are waiting for the season to open with eager anticipation.

FORT SCHUYLER WHEELMEN.—At our annual election of officers Feb. 4, 1884, the following were chosen: President, E. M. Glenn; vice president, A. J. Lux; secretary, W. T. Damon; treasurer, George Bidwell; captain, W. W. Nicholson; 1st lieutenant, J. Fred Roberts; 2nd lieutenant, Allen Wood; bugler, F. E. Turner. We were organized last June and have now 30 members on our roll, and new names being added at each regular meeting. We are going to have a new fast track built early next season, and will hold a big tournament in June or July. D. T. W.

GREENFIELD.—At the semi-annual election of officers of the Greenfield Wheel Club, held February 5th, the following were elected: President H. O. Edgerton; captain F. R. Hollister; secretary, F. P. Forbes; first lieutenant, B. F. Butler; second lieutenant, C. H. Field; bugler, F. L. Gaines; standard bearer, George Wright; club committee, F. R. Hollister, A. M. Thayer, F. O. Gaines.

F. P. FORBES, Secretary.

LYNN 'CYCLE CLUB.—Upwards of 1,200 persons were in attendance at the colliseum Friday evening, Feb. 12th, on the occasion of the second grand carnival of the Lynn 'Cycle club. The first event of the evening was a one-mile race between R. J. Henderson on rollers and G. E. Cain on a bicycle, for a gold medal. Henderson, who had two laps start,

won in 4m. Following was a one-mile race on rollers between John B. Pearson and James Dwinnett for a silver medal; won by the latter in 3m. 54s. The third event was a polo match on Star bicycles by Charles A. Frazier and Thomas R. Finley. Finley was the winner. Obstacle racing and one or two minor events, followed by dancing, closed the entertainment.

LONG ISLAND WHEELMEN.—At the regular meeting of the Long Island Wheelmen held January 13th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William W. Share; secretary and treasurer, S. W. Baldwin; captain, A. W. Guy; 1st lieutenant, F. L. Donaldson; 2nd lieutenant, D. C. McEwen; bugler, A. W. Stanley; color-bearer, G. W. Mabie. Respectfully

S. W. BALDWIN,
Secretary Long Island Wheelmen.

NEW HAVEN.—At the fifth annual meeting of the New Haven Bicycle Club, held Saturday evening at its rooms, in Masonic building, William M. Frisbie was elected president. Other officers were chosen as follows: Secretary, J. De Selding Brown; treasurer, William A. Waterbury; captain, William H. Hale; first lieutenant, William H. Thomas; second lieutenant, William Wait; standard bearer, Elmer T. Schroder; bugler, George W. Gibson, club committee, J. H. Whiting.

PILOT WHEEL CLUB.—The Pilot Wheel Club of Lancaster, N. H. gave a bicycle exhibition and grand ball last night. Finley of Smithville and Frazier played polo and gave exhibitions of fancy riding, and the affair pleasantly ended in a supper.

Salem (N. J.) Bicycle Club, held their annual election February 3d, the following being the result: President, Dr. Henry Jackson; vice-president, C. V. Bitter; secretary and treasurer, Harry Dare; captain, H. T. Allen. All but two of the members were present.

KLUBBER.

SPRINGFIELD.—The \$21 assessment upon the clerks and other young men who form the Springfield Bicycle Club came pretty hard. Those who could paid; the others were turned out. The club has given the city a series of excellent summer entertainments, and if money was made every one will be glad. The officers say it is a matter which in no way concerns the "dear public." But they surely cannot say the financial state of the club does not concern the members. Many think Secretary Lawton carried coals to Newcastle when he published his letter in "The Globe" of Wednesday. The despatch in Sunday's "Globe" contained no reflection on Mr. Fennessy, and Secretary Lawton's boyish letter was the first intimation to "The Globe" readers that the club officers had considered an examination of the books necessary, or had made such an examination. If the officers will explain the financial condition of the club to its members, there will once more be order.—[Springfield Correspondence Boston Globe.

STAMFORD WHEEL CLUB.—We held our annual meeting on January 13th, 1885, and the following were unanimously elected to hold positions for the ensuing year in the club: President, T. S. Miller; vice-president, J. P. Maynard; secretary and treasurer, S. H. Vowell; captain, W. G. E. Pierce; Quartermaster, A. G. Bennett,

Trojan Wheelmen (Troy, N. Y.) held their second reception, at Harmony Hall, January 20th. The uniform showed off to perfection, in comparison with the much lighter dresses of the numerous ladies present. We all call it a great success. A. B. C.

Washington Cycle Club, D. C. gave a house warming, opening up their new rooms to the public, January 29th. About 40 couples were present, and all enjoyed themselves hugely. This affair adds much to the already high standing which they have scored, as a social organization. CYCLER.

ON A SOCIABLE.

Down the road we're dashing,
While the sun's bright rays are flashing,
And the bracing breeze is blowing through the
maiden's flying curl,
What a pleasure there's in riding,
Care and fear we're both deriding,
Riding on a social with a sweet, bewitching girl.

You may talk about your dancing
And the pleasure found in prancing
Round and 'round with partners who enjoy a
dizzy whirl,
But for happiness entrancing,
And enjoyment most enhancing,
There is nothing like a social with a sweet,
bewitching girl!

ADAPTED BY 4763.

THE NEWER EVANGELINE.

But, Billy—

"I'm no goat," he savagely retorted, as he tossed his head back and stroked his goatee.

It was a cold afternoon for the lovers, but don't get out your overcoat, dear reader, for I assure you its going to warm up 'siderable, powerful soon. The signal service had ordered up the cold wave signal and the thermometers had been "froze" out, and so had Bill. "Sweet William, then, if thou loveth a flowery name," she said, conciliatory.

He looked on her in bitter silence, but thought, six months ago the low rumble of the mosquitoes could be heard in Jersey, and the bright flash of the lightning-bugs over in Rhode Island compared favorably with the Aurora Borealis that followed in the month of November. Then I thought as I paid her fare to the fair, that she was fair. Then she grew weary of me and deserted me for another, and being deserted seeks to win me back. But I'll give her her deserts. "Woman," said he aloud, I have allowed myself to listen to you, and I must say you have gall. Why, no woman would act so."

"You seek to win back my love, but you cannot. You are false as, as—"

Here he stopped to think of something base enough to serve as a comparison, but not being up on my theology he could not think of the woman who played with the affections of the pipe-blowing shepherd of old.

In the stillness of the pause, the thermometer could be heard rising, also the sound of a footstep.

"What makes a footstep?" he asked in a hollow tone that had tin sides and a copper bottom. "It is papa," she replied, in a loud voice, that was dressed in bright yellow with red and black trimmings and a green overskirt.

"He carries a revolver. Fly, fly, before he wings you!" she gasped.

He sprang to the saddle and began to skedaddle down the street.

She recovered her composure, which she had dropped in the excitement, and swiftly followed him.

He had scarcely ridden a square when the machine suddenly stopped, and he pitched forward and fell heavily to the ground. An old tin can that had been buffeted about the streets for months had turned on the enemy, and had caught on to the big wheel and lodged against the forks.

His mutterings were low but intense, not past or future tense but present tense, and the thermometer gained five points.

Bursting the dust from his clothing he mounted and dusted again. And Evangeline who had nearly reached him, called on all the evangelists to aid her, as she pressed forward.

Five minutes of hard riding and then he heard an ominous click, click, click, and then came a sudden lunge sideways and once again he fell. By the time he arose the thermometer had risen ten points. A pedal had slipped off, and by the time he found it and had fixed it, the thermometer had risen six more points.

Evangeline turned the corner as he started. She threw her false braids away to lighten her burden, and up-braided herself for her conduct, as she followed.

Ten minutes more and a man dressed in a brownish ulster with white dots, a pair of English walking pantaloons of a dark gray substance, wearing a light hat, a pair of fur-lined dog skinned gloves, smoking a five cent cigar, stumped his toe going up a curb, and saw William reel and stagger in his saddle, then fall violently to the ground. The thermometer jumped twenty points. When William had exhausted his vocabulary, he went to the man who had stumped his toe, and learning a great many new expressions returned to his machine, and the thermometer climbed ten more points.

Standing his machine against the lamp-post, Bill proceeded to tighten the saddle. Giving it one last clinching turn he twisted one of the bolts off. The thermometer shot up fifty points. After again uttering his old and new list of exclamations, he walked down to a long board fence and stood on the corner. And whilst he waited he noticed there was not an advertisement pasted on it. His patience was soon rewarded, for an old tar came along and William engaged him to teach him all of his adjectives, adverbs and interjections.

In the midst of the lesson the policeman came up.

"What air yuse doin heah," said he.

"I'm informing William how to ejaculate," responded the tar, in a tartar emetic voice.

"Don't yuse know that again the law," enquired the officer.

"No, I don't and neither do you," said the sailor.

"Read that sign," replied the exponent of justice.

The sailor and William looked at the sign on the board fence and read, "Post no bills here."

Without a word they slunk away in different directions, whilst the protector of the weak clubbed a tree-box, butted his head against a brick wall and said he was the dude of the force.

When William reached his machine the thermometer had dropped back a few degrees, but he had scarcely caught hold of the handle bar, when it leaped fifteen points. And then it rose steadily as he repeated the words of the tar. Soon there was a smell of brimstone

and burning rubber, and the saddle-spring and ironwork of the saddle began to glow.

He talked on; there was a sulphurous glow around his lips. The thermometer rose higher. The spring and saddle are red hot, he is covered with perspiration. He makes one final effort, electric sparks dart from his mouth and singe his goatee. The spring and ironwork are at a white heat. There is a crack of glass and the mercury glides from the bursted thermometer, and he falls heavily on the machine in a profuse perspiration which rapidly cools the metals, and once more the saddle is secure.

As he mounts and resumes his flight, Evangeline, who lost five minutes seeking for her gum shoe, turns the corner. She hears the portcullis fall behind him, and not having any money to pay toll, knows that further pursuit is hopeless.

SECRETARY.

THE CITIZENS' ANNUAL DINNER.

Although the Citizens Club have dabbled in league meets, club houses, and race meetings with varying success, they have never, since their organization in June 1882, had an annual dinner. They are a progressive club it is said, and in the course of events as the club settlers were hovering around the stove in their snug quarters, the question of an annual dinner was agitated early in the season. At the meeting in December a committee was appointed consisting of Fred. G. Bourne, Simeon Ford and Knight L. Clapp, with power to make the necessary arrangements. The worthy æsthetic secretary is, we believe, responsible for the selection of the date, St. Valentine's Eve, and the Grand Union Hotel was unanimously chosen as the battle ground.

About half-past seven, in spite of a driving storm a number of athletic young men, whose immaculate shirt bosoms swelled with pride, assembled in parlor "A" preparatory to the feast. They numbered in all fifty odd, and included besides the members of the club, a few invited guests. Capt. Will. R. Pitman, Ixion Bi. Club; Capt. A. W. Guy, Long Island Wheelmen; and Capt. E. W. Johnson, Hudson County Wheelmen, ably represented the neighboring clubs. There were several notable absentees, which unfortunately included Mr. Fred. G. Bourne, Col. A. A. Pope, A. B. Johnson and John C. Gulick, all of whom were expected to join in the festivities that followed the active discussion of the following:

MENU.

Huitres.	Blue Points.
POTAGES.	
Consomme de Volaille.	Mock Turtle au Quenelle.
HORS D'OEUVRE.	
Croquettes de Homard a la Parisienne.	Radis.
Olives.	
POISSON.	
Saumon du Kennebec a la hollandaise.	Pommes de Bermude.
RELEVES.	
Filet de boeuf pique aux champignons.	Saddle of Southdown Mutton.
Petits Pois.	Haricots. Pommes Duchesse.
ENTREE.	
Supreme de Poulet nouveau a la Dauphine.	Croquettes de Pommes. Asperges.
ROTI.	
Quail sur Toast aux Cressons.	

DESSERT.

Glace a la Napolitaine.	
Biscuit aux confitures.	Gateaux au pouche.
Macarons.	Fruit.
Choux a la Creme.	Cafe.
Cigars.	

The menu was a beautiful specimen of high lithographic art, at the hands of Mr. E. N. Blue, a member of the club, whose reputation as an artist is second to none in New York. The tables were handsomely decorated with flowers and pieces emblematic of the wheelman's pleasures. The viands were served in the well-known Grand Union style, and were the finest the market could produce. It was fully eleven before the festive boards were cleared, and the toastmaster, Dr. Beckwith, arose to address the assemblage. In a few well chosen words he congratulated the club upon its prosperity and the high standing it had maintained in everything it had undertaken. He then passed on to the series of toasts as arranged by the committee about as follows:

TOASTS.

The Citizens Club—Rev. T. McK. Brown.

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught."
—Dryden.

"Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always (?) kept his flock awake."
—Peter Pindar.

Park Privileges—Hon. Egbert L. Viele.
"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written gentleman."—Don Juan.

Our Honorary Member—A. B. Johnson.
"Bid me discourse, I will exhaust thine ear."
—Venus and Adonis.

Our Bachelors—W. H. Book.
"This bold bad man."—Shakespeare.
"Oh! as the bee upon the flower I hang,
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue."
—Bulwer.

Our Married Men—W. A. Bryant.
"My dear, my better half."—Sidney.
"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
—Julius Caesar.

Our Legal Luminaries—J. C. Gulick.
"For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun."
—Dean Swift.

Our Medical Staff—Dr. J. S. Spencer.
"Sickness sits careened in his hollow eye."
—Byron.

The Club Setters—Simeon F.
"A hungry, lean-faced villian,
A mere anatomy."—Shakespeare.

The Press—Fred. Jenkins.
"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."
—Byron.

"A helpless look of blooming infancy."
L. A. W., Our Brother Wheelmen—
Dr. N. M. Beckwith.
"Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye."
—Shakespeare.
"Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant."
—Byron.

Rum, Rudge, and Riverside—Richard Nelson.
"Beppo! that beard of thine becomes thee not."
—Byron.

Is Profanity Contagious—W. H. McCormack (The Club Kid).
"A babe in the house is a well spring of pleasure."
—Tupper.
"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."
—Lee.

The Home Trainer—Geo. A. Wells.
"Onward he urged his mad career,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances."
—Shakespeare.

The Ladies—Knight L. Clapp.
"Speak low, if you speak love."
—Much Ado About Nothing.

Space only forbids our repeating the many good things that were said by the various speakers, each of which, as a rule, bubbled over with humorous anecdotes and incidents. After the list had been gone through, the visitors were called on, and it was at an early hour when the impromptu programme was finished. Votes of thanks were extended to the committee and to the members of the club who had rendered efficient service in the general arrangements.

"O'REILLY'S BILLY GOAT."

O'Reilly owned a billy goat,
And a great buck goat was he;
He would buck against anything
That he happened for to see.
And if at night he roamed the street
And a "drunk" he'd chance to meet,

This goat was known afar and near,
For at bucking he was great,
And people soon began to fear,
From off his horns to skate,
But every goat must have it's day,
And this goat's day did come
For what he done, he had to pay
The forfeit of his fun.

That day was hot, and in the shade,
Rests billy on his side;
For any sort of game he "laid,"
His optic open wide.
When something down the street did come,
Strange to the buck goat,
Which neither walked, nor slid, nor run,
'Twas queer he did not know it.

In fact, 'twas Jones on his big wheel,
Just learning how to ride,
And awkward on it he did feel,
As softly it did glide.
On came the wheel, the goat meantime
Against a fence was braced,
His head was down, his tail in line
And at the wheel he faced.

Jones spied the goat. Alas! too late,
For William on the run
Soon planted him over the gate
As through the wheel he spun.
Right through the wheel again his head
Often times this goat did poke,
Till true but strange did Bill drop dead,
Pierced by a treacherous spoke.

Not far from there in a vacant lot,
In a corner quite alone,
Is buried O'Reilly's billy goat,
And o'er him raised a stone.
And if you pass that way
You'll find on that stone wrote,
"Sacred to the memory of
O'Reilly's big buck goat."

GEORGIUS.

TORONTO, Feb. 12.

A FATAL COLLISION.

A WELL-KNOWN BICYCLIST KILLED IN A ROLLER RINK.

A sad accident, which caused the death of Chittenden Rogers, the bicyclist, occurred at the Pioneer Roller Rink, Binghamton, N. Y., January 31. A game of polo was being played between the Pioneer and Orient clubs, composed of the best polo players to be found, and among others of the Pioneer Club was Chittenden Rogers, a fine athlete, and one of Binghamton's best-known society men. In the heat of the game Rogers was going across the floor like a race horse, when he came in contact with a player named John Dimmick with such force that each was sent sprawling. Rogers struck on his head, but was on his feet again in an instant, while the hundreds who saw the accident laughed at what they supposed was a trivial mishap. Rogers attempted to resume the game, and did make a few passess at the flying ball, but without much effect. Some one, seeing his condition, assisted him to an

anteroom, and later to his home, where he died in convulsions before morning. Rogers was a foremost member of the bicycle club at Binghamton, and in this sport was considered one of the very best amateurs in the State. He was about to engage in the manufacture of paper pulp, having sold out another manufacturing industry some days ago, and by his attention to business in the past had amassed a snug sum, notwithstanding the fact that he was a rich man's son.

THE "GREENFIELDER'S" THIRD ANNUAL.

The prospects on the morning of February 10th, were certainly "very unpropitious" for the event that was to take place in the evening, viz: the Third Annual Concert and Ball of the Greenfield (Mass). Wheel Club.

But by afternoon, the clouds had vanished, and the spirits of the local wheelmen were restored to their usual level.

In the evening a special train brought members of the Springfield, Northampton and Holyoke Clubs; there had also arrived in the afternoon members of the Brattleboro and Fitchburg Clubs, which, with the local club, and numerous "unattached" made a very pleasant party.

The hall had been quite tastefully decorated, and a canvass placed upon the floor for dancing.

After a concert of eight selections, capitably rendered by Russell's orchestra, of Fitchburg, especially the piccolo solo, the Grand March, in which 72 couples participated, was lead by Pres. Edgerton and lady; after which the dancing continued until 2 o'clock.

The affair was one of the best of the kind that Greenfield has seen this winter, and the club are to be complimented for the manner in which everything passed off so pleasantly.

Financially, the club came out about even, and the one who made the most out of it was the caterer, I think, judging from some remarks overheard after the event.

Among the Springfielders were Capt. Winans, Sec. Lawton, and "Our George."

I was told that this was the first time he had ever danced in public; but no one would have thought so, for he was as graceful as many who have "known how" for some time.

The Northampton Club have their First Annual the 4th of March, of which we were reminded during the evening by the members of the club who were there.

I understand ex-Sec. Kaulback, of the G. W. C's is about to enter the connubial state, thus the reason of his resignation.

When the Fourth Annual takes place, may it be my pleasure to attend; such is the hope of

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

POINTS ON CHICAGO.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: In your issue of the 6th inst. your correspondent "Pedibus" cautions the Chicago wheelmen to go slow in boasting of having beaten Geo. Weber at their Christmas races. This is the first reference I have seen in your paper in regard to the inner history of the race, and have wondered that no one has given the facts. As a rider of the wheel and one interested in the sport, I am willing to give

GRAND INTERNATIONAL SIX DAYS' ROLLER-SKATING TOURNAMENT AND CARNIVAL, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N. Y.,

COMMENCING MARCH 2, 1885,

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KAUFMAN & BOYD,

F. G. STUMCKE, Skater and Bicyclist.

JESSIE DECAMP, Fancy Skater.

Pro. McCLELLAN, Fancy Skater.

JOHN ARGYLES, Boy Wonder.

MABEL HUGHES, Waltzer.

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WM. F. STONE, Fast five mile skater.

ARTHUR MELVILLE, fancy and waltzer.

DANIEL SEXTON, fast two mile backward.

MAMIE MADDEN, the renowned beauty and expert fancy skater.

and many others. The whole making the most attractive collection of talent ever seen in any country.

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The main Floor Reserved for Skaters.

Skates to hire at the Garden.

all credit due the winners, that was fairly earned, but you will see from a statement of the facts as they were that there was little ground for boasting. Mr. Van Sicklen, the champion of the Chicago club, who has won so many prizes that he was compelled to have rings added to his vest so he could wear them all at once, had practiced for hours at a time for days, following the lead of the great spurter Prince. He had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the track, which was a poor one, and moreover had become acclimated and inured to the atmosphere of the Exposition building, where the races were held, which was at least ten degrees colder than the air outside.

Weber arrived in the city from the East two days before the races. He had but small chance to practice, and no one to coach him. Still he bravely entered the race, appreciating the fact that everything was against him—the track, the weather, and lastly and by no means the least, the crowd. A poor start, and an effort to pass his second man, having already disposed of one, caused him to make a too short circle at the second turn of the track. The wrench peeled the entire tire from the rim, resulting in a severe and hazardous fall. With Weber out the race it was a walk-away for the champion. After some discussion as to using another and smaller wheel, it was decided to attempt some repairs. An old broom was found, and the wire unwound, which was used to refasten the tire. A mistake was made in using long pieces, and simply coiling the wire around the rim and tire, for if one end broke it would be apt to unwind—which was the final result.

With several sore spots and the memory of his first fall still vivid, Mr. Weber pluckily took his place for the five mile race. He got the lead and kept it easily until admonished by the broken and unwrapped end of the wire striking his legs that he was again in danger. At the same time he was cautioned by Mr. Van Sicklen, who was close behind, that the wire was loose. Considering the possible outcome of another fall, and the resultant danger to both riders, he wisely drew off to one side, allowing Mr. Van Sicklen to take the lead. Any one who was watching the race and saw the physical condition of the two men must confess there was no reason why the lead should have been abandoned, so far as condition and form were concerned. The Jerseyman was used to long distances, and had as yet hardly taken a long breath. The above is a slight detail of the facts concerning the race, which, I learn, is an extra bright colored feather in the victor's cap. As well might Woodside claim that he beat Hammill when he lowered the records. I most gladly reiterate the caution of Pedibus: "Wait until you meet Weber on a cinder track with a sound machine and fair favor." E. 1167 L. A. W.

"PEDIBUS" CORRECTED.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: Pedibus has asked pardon once. He should do so again, or learn to mount the Star properly before stating that it cannot be mounted in less than the absurd twelve feet. If he learns properly, he can I think, make it in nearly a six inch line; also a boy learning correctly does not need friendly fences, stumps, etc. If Pedibus goes to Washington City, he can see boys of 13 mount a 54 as gracefully as a 42. Respectfully. H.

TENNESSEE ROADS--II.

[REPORTED TO KARL KRON BY J. D. TALBOT, SECRETARY OF THE ROCK CITY BICYCLE CLUB.]

HARDING PIKE.

This is one of the best roads leading to Nashville. It is a broad, smooth gravel turnpike road, leaving Nashville from West-End Avenue and going in nearly a direct westerly course. The first few miles, as far as Bosley Springs, are rather hilly, and then for 17 miles it is level as could be wished. The surface is such as is not affected by rains, and is hardly ever muddy, even in fall and winter. There are many places of interest on this road, one being the celebrated stock-farm and deer park of Gen. Harding called "Bell Meade." The termination of this pike is in Williamson County, about 18 or 19 miles from Nashville, it leads to no town, but at the end of the pike is the county dirt road leading to Franklin and other county towns.

NASHVILLE TO MURFREESBORO.

From Nashville to Murfreesboro is 32 miles. The first 15 miles to Smyrna is rather hilly, but the remainder of the road is excellent. The surface is limestone, and is not very much affected by rains and freezes. In traveling over this road you pass through the memorial Stones river battle field and cross Stones river about three miles from Murfreesboro.

MURFREESBORO TO SHELBYVILLE.

The road from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville is 30 miles through a beautiful cedar glade country. The scenery is picturesque, and at times a wheelman finds himself beneath the shadow of a mountain on one side and a rolling stream below him on the other. Marshall Knob is crossed about 6 miles from Murfreesboro, and about 15 or 20 miles further on, other hills are encountered which are of no consequence.

MURFREESBORO TO WOODBURY.

This road is 19 miles long, passing through a cedar country. The first 12 miles excellent. Here you reach a little village called Readyville. After leaving Readyville you cross Stones river and take an up-stream course and traveling along through a fertile valley with high mountains on either side. In traveling the last 7 miles of this road Stones river is crossed 4 times. Although this road is low to the surrounding country, it is so well drained that it is always in excellent condition. The surface of the road is river gravel, well worn and smooth.

FROM NASHVILLE TO LEBANON.

The road from Nashville to Lebanon is 28 miles over a lime-stone road. The hills on this road are not steep, but long enough for excellent coasting. At one point there is a hill nearly three miles long, and coming towards Nashville it can be ridden the full distance with feet over handle bars; while going the opposite direction, the hill is hardly perceptible. The Tennessee and Pacific R. R. is in sight of this road nearly all the way; while on the other side not far off is the Cumberland river.

A BIG TOURNAMENT.

Madison Square Garden, N. Y., will on March 2nd, be the scene of the biggest roller skating tournament ever attempted. The immense structure will be temporarily converted into a roller

skating rink in the centre, with accommodations for 2,000 skaters, while outside of this will be two tracks, one for the six day go-as-you-please race on rollers, and an inner track for shorter races. There will be attractions every hour from 10 A. M. until midnight, and polo games, amateur races and exhibitions of fancy bicycle riding will serve to divert the public mind. We give a partial list of the celebrated skaters who are to participate, and expect to have the entire programme for publication in our next issue.

The management is in the hands of Wood and Garnett, the former the secretary and treasurer of the New York Athletic Club of this city, and every pains will be taken to provide an entertainment never before equalled in this or any other country.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"The Romany Rye" was produced at the People's Theatre Monday night. The audience was large and well pleased.

At the Star Theatre Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are convulsing large audiences with their new play entitled "Our Governor."

A large audience greeted Edwin Thorne in "The Black Flag" Monday night. The performance met with great applause.

This week is the last of "Apajune" at the Casino. The McCaull Opera Company will bring out "Patience" next week commencing with the Washington birthday matinee.

An audience that crowded the Fifth Avenue Theatre to the doors was kept steadily laughing for three hours last night by the humorous adventures and funny sayings of Samuel Plastrick in Mr. M. B. Curtis's new commercial drummer comedy, "Spot Cash."

The many humorous and musical attractions of Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrel entertainment, combined with the statuesque posing of wrestler William Muldoon, keep a large audience interested in Niblo's Garden.

Maggie Mitchell filled the Grand Opera House Monday night with the chirp of "The Cricket," and won a cordial welcome from an audience that was particularly delighted when she ingeniously kicked Fanchon's shoe among them.

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ROLLER AND ICE SKATES.
BARNEY & BERRY
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UNEQUALLED IN MERIT,
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Among the leading advantages of Nos. "M," "J," "O," and "P" of the Barney & Berry Roller Skates may be mentioned.

1st. The oil well, an opening in journal extending to axle, which supplies the axle, wheels and journal bearing with oil.

2d. The use of steel springs in place of rubber, as the latter, both from use and effects of oil, varies in its elasticity, and when one worn-out rubber is removed to secure perfect action it necessitates the renewal of all rubbers on both skates, while springs do not require this and retain the same amount of elasticity.

3rd. Owing to simplicity of construction these skates are the lightest, the lowest, and run the easiest of any roller skate in the market.

4th. The Barney & Berry roller skate is noiseless as compared with other skates.

5th. The centre of action coming on the axis and angle of trucks being slight, skating on the Barney & Berry Roller Skate is similar to ice skating and position or inclination of body the same, without the bending of ankle as attended with skates whose trucks have considerable angle and whose centre of action is on one side of the axis.

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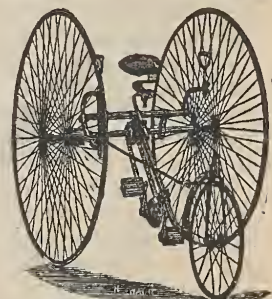
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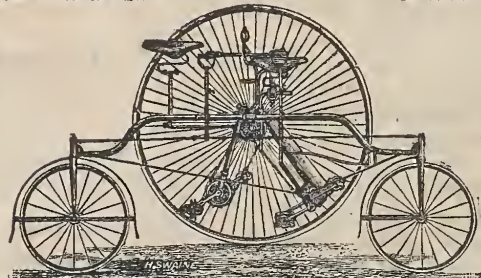
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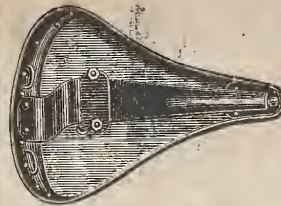
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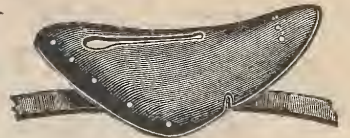


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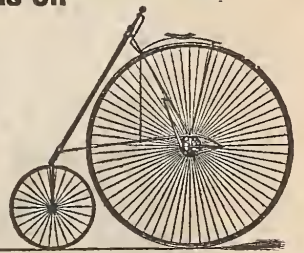
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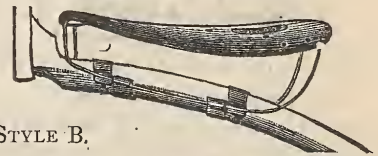
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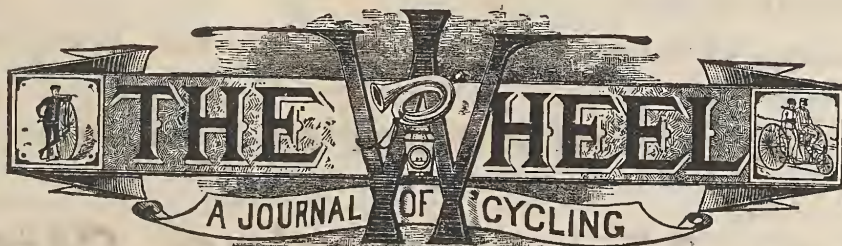
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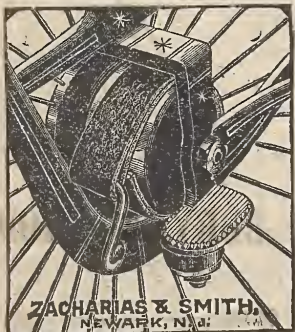
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