

# THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY

VOL. I.—NO. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., APRIL, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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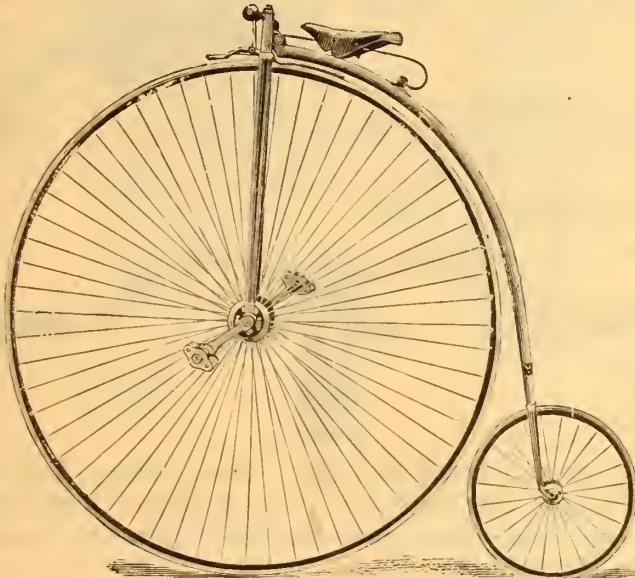
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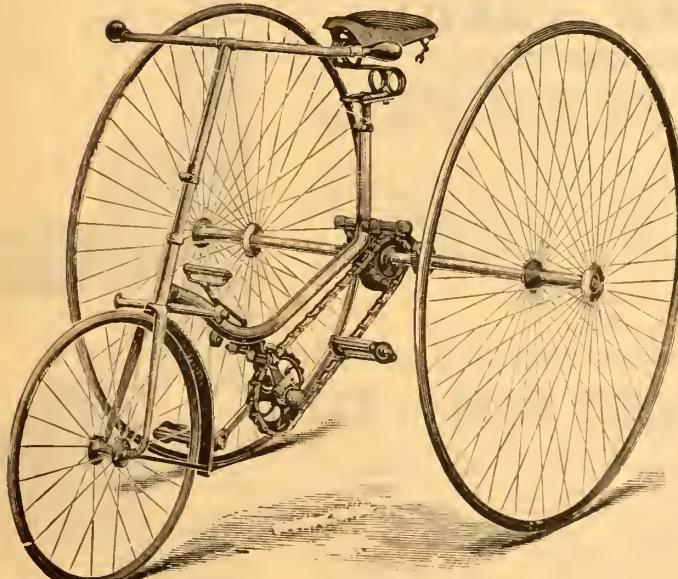
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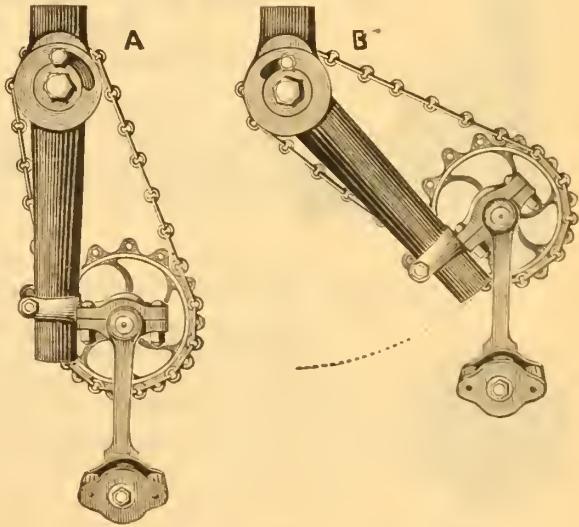
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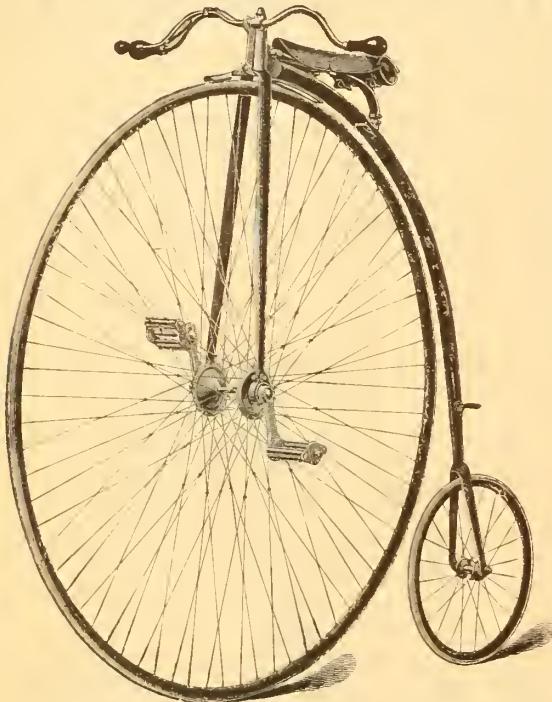
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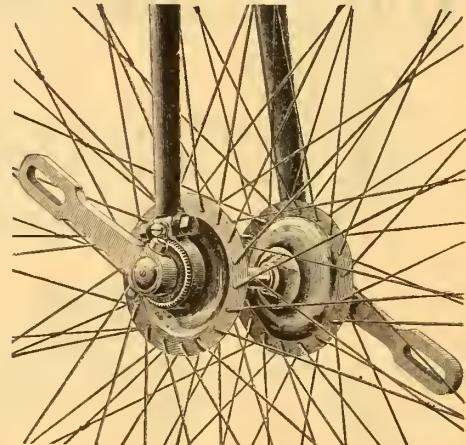
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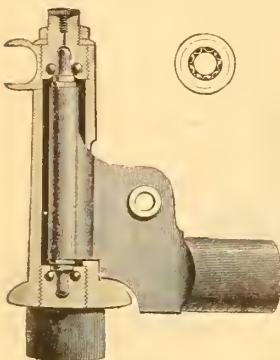


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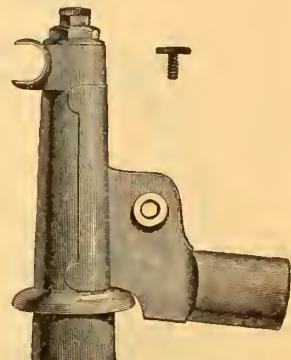
1000 MILES WITHOUT OILING OR ADJUSTMENT.

PERFECT RIGIDITY AND EASE OF STEERING.

IN USE OVER THREE YEARS WITH GREAT APPROVAL.

Wheelmen are aware that ordinarily constant watching and tightening up of the Head is necessary, owing to the wearing of the cones by friction. In this Ball Head the cones move on the balls smoothly, without wear, and one adjustment serves for a very long time,—for months, in fact,—and no loosening nor setting-up is necessary. There being no friction, oiling is rarely needed. These Heads are made by the finest machinery, all perfectly alike and beautifully finished, every part mathematically true, and

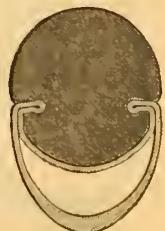
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## SEAMLESS GRIP-FAST RIM <sup>AND</sup> TIRE.

Impossible to work out or become loose. Holds Tire firmer than cement. Well tried and a great success. It is well known that all ordinary-shaped Rims have a thin edge which easily becomes dented and bruised by stones and road wear, and is really the weak part of the Rim; also that they have an outside seam which looks bad and sometimes opens. This new Rim has no outside seam, each side is perfectly smooth, and the edge being thick and protected there can be no denting; this thick edge also makes the entire Rim stronger and prevents buckling. The advantage of the Grip-Fast Rubber Tire also is very manifest. It has long been a study to obtain some different mode of fastening the Tire to the Rim than by cement, which every wheelman knows has never been satisfactory. The weakness and disadvantages of cemented Tires are now entirely overcome.



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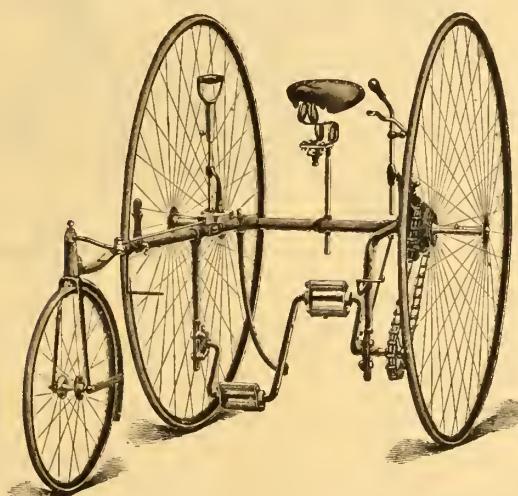
WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

# ROYAL MAIL TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE.

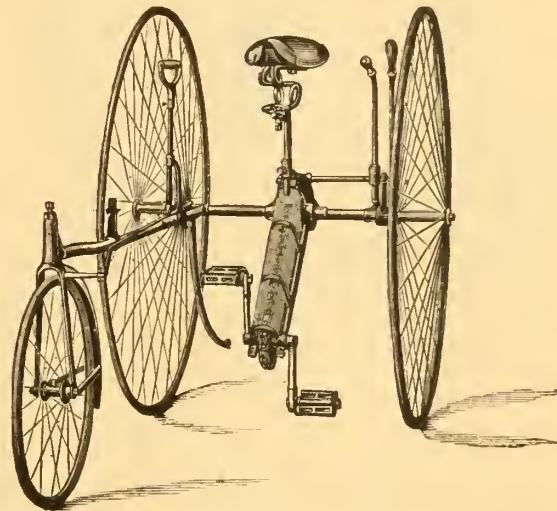
THE FAVORITE PATTERN, AND BEST ADAPTED TO AMERICAN ROADS.

In Great Demand in America, and we offer it as the most COMMON SENSE Tricycle made. Last season we could not get them out fast enough for the demand.

LIGHT AND EASY-RUNNING. FRICTION SAVED. NO FRONT FRAME TO TRIP OVER. DOUBLE-DRIVER AND FRONT-STEERER. ELEGANTLY MADE. LARGE FRONT WHEEL FOR EASY RUNNING. WELL CALLED THE HANDSOMEST TRICYCLE IN THE MARKET.



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CENTRAL-GEAR.

Note the advantages of the Two-Track Pattern. The rider sits in the exact center of the two large wheels, thus relieving the steering-wheel of any weight which would act as a drag. Friction is saved by the front wheel running in the same track as the large right-hand wheel, making only two tracks, thus being easy to pass over stones and obstacles. Wheelmen know that in all country lanes and roads the horse-path is rough and sandy, and in this the front small wheel of the Three-Track Tricycle runs and causes the whole machine to run hard. This Two-Track pattern passes over such path, the small wheel being on one side. In Three-Track machines one has to step over the front frame and wheel to mount, and also becomes entangled in such in case of accident. In this Two-Track pattern access is very easy, especially for ladies. One can get in and out without labor or difficulty; in fact, merely step down and out.

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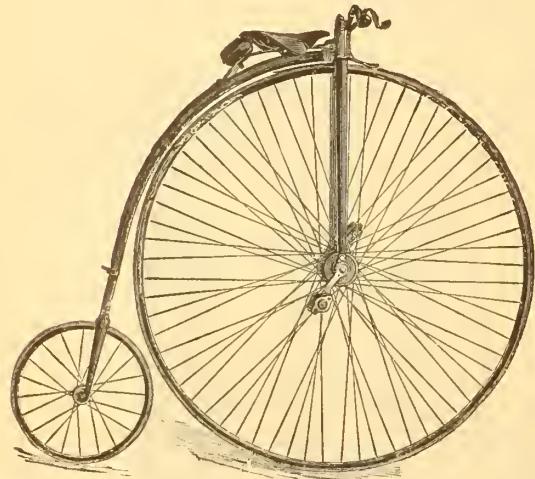
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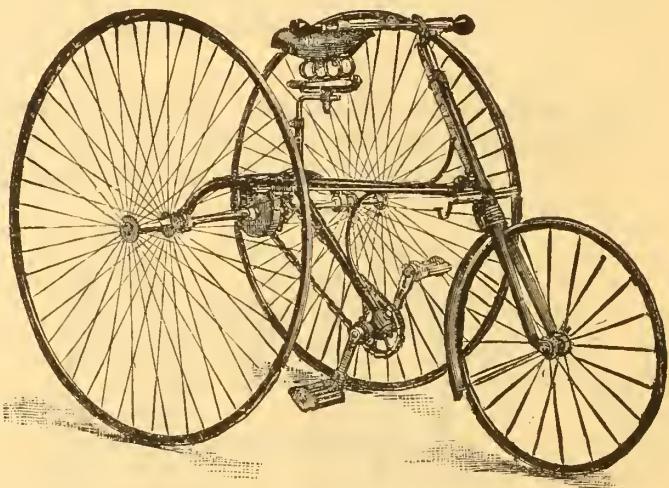
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Singer's Straight Steerer. In both ladies' and gentlemen's patterns. 40-inch drivers. Hand and foot brake-power. Rigid, light, durable. Four bearings on the axle. Best Tricycle made.

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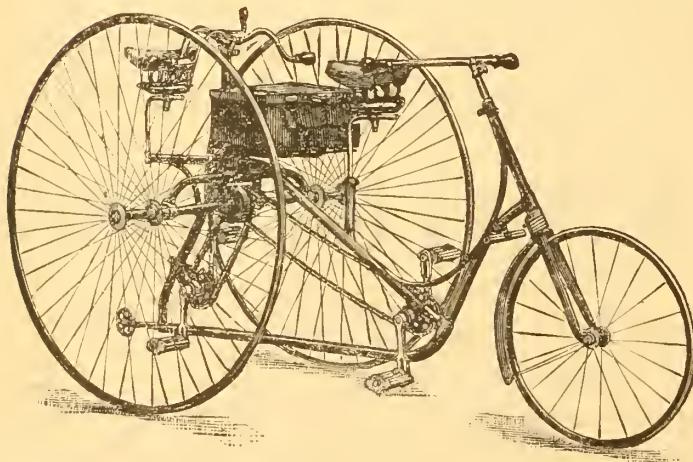
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'XTRAORDINARY,  
CHALLENGE SAFETY,  
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VELOCIMAN,  
ONLY PRACTICAL HAND-MOTOR TRICYCLE FOR CRIPPLES.

*SINGER'S CHALLENGE, improved for 1886. Detachable Cow-Horn Handle-Bars. Price of 50-inch, \$105.00.*

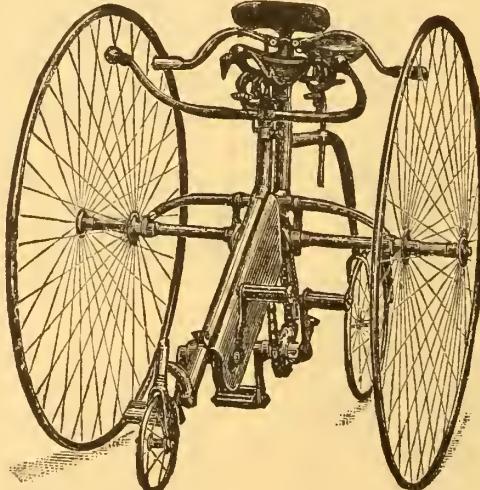
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# —THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., APRIL, 1886.

NO. 1.

## The Wheelmen's Gazette.

### Terms of Subscription.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	25 cents.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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

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

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

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

### A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE in making its entrance bow to the public begs leave to state the cause of its existence. First, as we are closely related, permit us to give a short biographical sketch of our predecessor. *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* was started in May, 1883, for the purpose of advertising the tournament of that year, with H. E. Ducker as editor and A. L. Fennessy as manager, and was owned and published by the Springfield Bicycle Club. After being issued six months (at a loss of nearly \$1,400) its mission having been accomplished, it ceased publication. After its discontinuance so many letters expressing regret and a desire that it should again be issued as a permanent journal were received, that a company was organized, consisting of A. L. Fennessy, Sanford Lawton, Charles T. Higginbotham, Charles A. Fisk, and Henry E. Ducker; Mr. Fisk being treasurer and Mr. Ducker editor and manager. In order to improve the typographical appearance of the journal it was decided to print only from electrotype plates and accordingly new type was purchased and the paper was again issued in May, 1884. The paper was warmly welcomed by the cycling world and immediately secured an extensive advertising patronage and a wide and increasing circulation. This success continued until just as the March, 1886, number was about to be sent out, when, owing to complications which had risen, by reason of a misunderstanding with the Overman Wheel Company in regard to advertising space, it was held back from the mails in order to avoid attachment and suit. Mr. Fisk purchased the *Gazette* and closed up the affairs of the Gazette Publishing Company, and as the paper would take more time than Mr. Fisk could well bestow, the *S. W. Gazette* ceased publication.

Believing that the *S. W. Gazette* filled an unoccupied field in cycling journalism THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE has been started, and will try to pick up the journalistic thread where the *S. W. Gazette* laid it down, and, while we make no further promises for the future, will guarantee that the new paper will fully sustain the reputation of the old. Thanking our numerous friends for kind words and patronage we leave ourselves in your hands for judgment.

### THE MAKERS' AMATEUR.

KO-KO OUTDONE BY THE RACING BOARD OF THE  
L. A. W. INSULT ADDED TO INJURY. WILL  
THE MEMBERS STAND IT?

The action of the racing board L. A. W., of a month ago, in announcing the suspension of certain racing men from the track pending investigation was, to say the least, a contemptible piece of business, unwarranted, uncalled for, and not demanded by the members of the League. Look at it as you may, the racing board exceeded its authority, and why? We will leave it to the West to answer. And now comes the announcement that the suspects who have not filled out these insulting circulars are hereby expelled from the League. This last manifesto is outrageous, and it adds insult to injury. Because a club has three or four valued members, young men who have a good social standing, gentlemen in all respects, men whom they are all proud to associate with, expelled from this association, the club composed of eighty or more members must withdraw from the League or cease fellowship with them, and all because a few men *think* they have authority, which the facts in the case will not warrant.

The League constitution which gives the racing board power, says:—

(1) It shall be their duty to make inquiry regarding any wheelman whose amateur status is questioned, and all protests or charges shall be entered with the chairman of that board, who will provide for an investigation by a member or members of that board. (2) Suspicious circumstances, which are, in the judgment of any member of the board, sufficient to make the status of any wheelman a matter of reasonable doubt, shall be the basis of an investigation in the absence of formal protests or charges. (3) The member or members to whom the work of investigation is assigned shall immediately communicate with the party under suspicion, either in person or by registered letter, lay all charges before him, or set forth the circumstances which lead to a reasonable doubt, and call for an answer to the charges or a removal of the reasonable doubt. (4) Silence and failure to reply to charges presented within thirty days will be considered an admission of guilt. (5) If the charges are proved, or the reasonable doubt is not removed, it shall be the duty of the chairman to report the findings in the official organ, declaring the party a professional, and warning all amateurs not to compete with him; and such official declaration shall carry with it expulsion from the League if the person concerned is a member thereof. (6) It shall also be within the province of the racing board to suspend from the race-track for such a time as they may deem proportionate to the offense any wheelman guilty of unfair dealing or ungentlemanly conduct on the track, or any wheelman who competes in a race not governed by the rules of the L. A. W., or those that may be approved by the racing board; and any wheelman who knowingly competes with one who has been suspended will render himself liable to a like penalty. (7) The racing board shall have the power to make such rules for its government and the government of race meetings as may be deemed expedient, and may appoint one or more official handicappers at their discretion.

The numbers and italics are ours for ease of reference. Having started at the foundation by showing the authority for the existence of said board, we will take up the various items as they appear. (1) "It shall be their duty to make inquiry regarding any wheelman whose amateur

status is questioned." Who has questioned the status of the suspended men? No one. It was assumption. "And all protests must be entered with the chairman of the board." And we here make the assertion that the chairman has not one protest that he can show. (2) "Suspicious circumstances shall be the basis of an investigation." We will allow the suspicious part of it, but where has the investigation been held, and who attended it? One thing certain, the accused parties were not present. (3) "The members shall lay all charges before him." That is plain English, and he that runs may read and understand, yet not one of the suspended men has had one charge laid at his door. Form A, which some one thought was a charge, says:—

It is charged that you have received for engaging in the sport of cycling, and more especially for riding a particular make of bicycle or tricycle, money gifts or benefits from the following persons or firms, or their agents—

and then filled out the name of the manufacturer who, it is supposed, paid the money for expenses. The above is no charge at all, and the man who pays any attention to it whatever has gone amiss. How long would a man brought into court for murder be held, if the only charge against him was that "he committed murder," without specifying date, time, and place? No, gentlemen of the board, the above is too thin, and you exceeded your authority when you offered the above insult to the gentlemen of the path. (4) There being no charge, no answer was needed. (5) "If the charges are proved—" not one of the flimsy charges has been proved, and we defy the board to show one, we know whereof we speak—"or the reasonable doubt is not removed,"—and not one racing man has had the chance to remove the doubt, for in the absence of specific charges there was no opportunity to remove the doubt which was supposed to exist,—"the chairman to report the findings in the official organ, declaring the party a professional, and warning all amateurs not to compete with him; and such official declaration shall carry with it expulsion from the League if the person concerned is a member thereof."

The chairman, not having obeyed the former part of the constitution, has no power to enforce the last clause, only that of assumption, and is it now time that the wheelmen of the L. A. W. call a meeting, protest against the action of the racing board, and hold a trial with a view to impeachment, for exceeding authority and libeling members of the League. (6) Power is given to suspend only for breaking the rules of the board—not of the League, but such as (7) the board might choose to make. Yet we find wheelmen expelled where only authority is given to suspend. Was the like ever known in society history?

The rules adopted by the racing board are the work of the board,—not necessarily a unanimous one at that,—and not of the L. A. W., as has been stated. All the talk of the members of the League demanding it is bosh, for the board has made its

rules, and can rescind or abolish them if it so chooses. Rule II, which is the obnoxious one, is as follows :

H. No competitor in amateur events shall accept from his own club, or from a club or any person promoting sports at which he competes, or from any cycle manufacturer, or from any such source, any payment for his expenses, under penalty of suspension from the track for a time at the discretion of the board.

Was there ever a more absurd rule adopted by a body of men elected to serve their constituents' interests? To say that a club shall not pay the expenses of a favored member, or any person,—which might mean a father who is paying his son's tuition at school,—under the penalty of suspension, is ridiculous.

An able writer, who is well posted, asks the following: "Is the racing board of the L. A. W. greater than the courts of law of the land, in which a man is never obliged to prove his innocence, but the accuser must prove his charge?" and then says: "It was far from the best way for the racing board to go to work, to force riders to substantiate their claims to the name of amateur. If it be necessary to have the position of the man who holds the world's amateur records defined, it would be a simple matter to protest his entry, and prove his professionalism." And there lies the cream of the whole matter, *i. e.*, the racing board cannot prove the charges against one man and so has attempted a bold game at bulldozing.

The records at the office of the League show that each and every one of the suspects has certified to being an amateur, and is vouched for by one or two members, and in case of Hendee, McGarrett, and Adams, of this city, by the Springfield Bicycle Club, composed of eighty members. There is proof of innocence. We now await the charge and testimony that our men are guilty; till then we shall use common sense and believe with the laws of the land, that "a man is innocent till proved guilty," the racing board to the contrary notwithstanding. We might give in to the U. S. Supreme Court, but to the racing board never.

#### RETURNING FASHION.

The demand of wheelmen, lawn-tennis players, and others for a return to the good, old-fashioned knickerbockers of our forefathers, does not seem at present likely to be satisfied. It is not on the score of comfort nor economy that we are compelled to wear the ungainly, uncomfortable, ill-fitting, and cumbrous trousers, but that we are compelled to wait for our French brethren to set the fashion, since no style of dress can attain any degree of popularity unless it is first decreed in Paris. The attempts of clubs, individuals, and many society men, the past year, to introduce knee-breeches, has demonstrated the truth of this, for they have proved almost total failures, notwithstanding they wore them during the entire summer season of 1885, and persistently at winter evening festivities. This was especially noticeable at Washington, but though universally commended they were not universally adopted. The tailors at their convention endeavored to bring about the change, but it was of no use.

Now there is nothing left for us but to call upon our friends across the water to set the ball rolling. Let the C. T. C. and its many friends try their persuasive powers upon their French cousins and induce them to give the present generation something sensible in the way of gentlemen's dress. The ladies have had a chance to attire themselves gracefully and artistically, but the gentlemen have

not. A return to knee-breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, silver buckles, etc., would be a pleasing change and certainly very comfortable, as those who wear them daily will testify. If this style of dress is once adopted it will probably be a long time before fashion again relegates it to oblivion. When wheeling becomes more popular in France we shall undoubtedly have it and we can perhaps hasten its adoption by a constant agitation of the subject, but meantime we await the edict from across the water with what patience we may.

#### OUR POSITION

On the amateur question is this: We believe in the League of American Wheelmen, its racing board, and all of its rules except Rule II. We have always contended that clubs should be allowed to pay the expenses of a favored member, but that this should be done openly and above board. Don't disguise the fact, it is no disgrace; clubs and individuals are glad to do so, and the men would race better for the honor of the men paying their expenses. We don't wish to make all our riders professionals. The professional must use his wits to make money just as any business man does; he must, so to speak, catch the ball on the bound, and if he can make more money by being a sure loser, that is a part of his business and we must expect it; while the amateur, be he makers' or not, has no concern about his living expenses, his only aim and object being to win, and win he must, or, like Othello, his occupation is gone. We believe that the racing board should enforce its rules but not in the way in which it is being done. Make a specific charge, investigate the case, and then allow the suspect to deny the charge; but to say a man is guilty and then make him prove his innocence is wrong and we don't propose to uphold any such action, even though it be that of the racing board of the League. Again, the board says it has "reasonable doubts," but if a man fills out the blank sent him that is all that is required. Is this right? No; a charge should be made, definitely stating when, where, and what amounts have been paid, and by whom, and the case should be decided upon its evidence.

If cycling is to take the place among popular sports that it is entitled to take, it must be under liberal and reasonable regulations as to the privileges of amateurs. Road riding, "Big Four" tours, street parades, etc., are well enough in their way, but it is to performances on the racing path that we must look for the chief means of exciting a general public interest in the wheel as an important aid to human locomotion as well as a means of furnishing sport to the masses. This can come only from actual results, and the results can only come from allowing amateurs to train and race under conditions most favorable for the development of speed and endurance. One of these conditions—perhaps the most important of all—is that the rider shall have some reward for the time and labor spent in getting himself in shape for fast work on the track; at least that he shall not be required to bear all the expense of this preparation for and participation in races, with no other tangible recompense than a medal or a bronze clock. The question will be greatly simplified if the L. A. W. will only make up its mind that it is now strong enough to be a law unto itself, and no longer needs to go along under the leading-strings of any amateur athletic organization whatsoever.—*Mirror of American Sports.*

The above is a sample of the way the leading sporting press of the country looks at the action of the racing board, and like most others suppose that it is a general matter for the League, whereas the racing board has the power to enforce, alter, or amend the rules as it sees fit. In this action it is a case of tit for tat, with more tit than tat.

The *Bicycling World*, determined to get the lead in cycling journalism, has now a staff of three able editors, but under its new management has drifted back into its old-time antagonism to the L. A. W. In fact, the *World* seems to have adopted a policy of opposition to three things, with a special editor for each. The chief editor has for his province the L. A. W., and it is his duty to ridicule everything connected with the League and its coming meeting at Boston in May. Since the *World* long ago lost all influence in League matters, we fear that the editor's labor will be spent in vain and that it will affect the League about as much as a bucket of water would affect the Atlantic ocean. Editor No. 2, commonly called "papa," must see that justice in no way, shape, nor manner is done the Pope Manufacturing Company. According to this editor the so-called monopoly must be crushed in the interest of—well, we will say English wheels. Editor No. 3 must attend to Ducker. Ducker is a bad man; he cannot be ruled so he must be put down; the idea of having a man with a mind of his own prominent in the League cannot for an instant be tolerated. Then, again, the *World* thinks this man Ducker has a noble ambition to be the next president of the League, and he must be shown that the *World's* will must be obeyed.

Now the *World* has set itself a herculean task which, notwithstanding its unrivaled staff of editors, it will fail to accomplish. First, the League is able to take care of itself, and petty bickerings do not annoy it. Second, the Pope Manufacturing Company will hoe its own row and will settle its affairs in the courts. Third, should Ducker decide to run for the presidency he would wish for nothing better than the opposition of the *Bicycling World*, for with it he would be sure to win, for as far as we have observed the *World* is always on the wrong side of the fence.

Mr. Abbot Bassett closed his connection with the *Bicycling World* on the 1st of April, and on the 2d of that month he issued the first number of a new cycling paper called *The Cycle*. Mr. Bassett entered the *World* office as business manager in 1881, and has always done more or less editorial work. For the last three years he has been editor, and he has given the paper a place at the head of the list of cycling periodicals. We understand that there is want of harmony between the proprietor of the paper and the editor, and for this reason Mr. Bassett withdraws. The new paper promises to be independent of all clubs and manufacturers, and it will be able to present the news from an unprejudiced stand-point. We predict for it an unqualified success, and we can advise all our readers to send in a subscription, which will be but \$1.50. The office will be at No. 22 School street, Boston.

Until this year the number of wheels in the Lone Star State might have been enumerated on the digits of the dexter hand. The year 1886, however, sees wheeling taking its place among legitimate pastimes, and in evidence we cite the formation of the Dallas Wheel Club, with a charter membership of twenty-three active wheelmen. The club was organized on April 10, and the following officers elected: President, C. J. Grant; secretary and treasurer, J. W. Cochran; captain, Will Knox; lieutenant, F. F. Bixby. The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE extends the right hand of fellowship to the pioneer wheelmen of Texas and wishes them many enjoyable runs and a minimum of headers.

# TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

*S.T.W.E.*

The mermaid is a curious thing,  
Tis said half fish, half lass;  
Of her do poets often sing  
Some pleasant hours to pass;  
But things there are known to be real,  
Not superstitious creatures,  
That are not what they seem from seal  
Likeless, class, or features \*\*\*

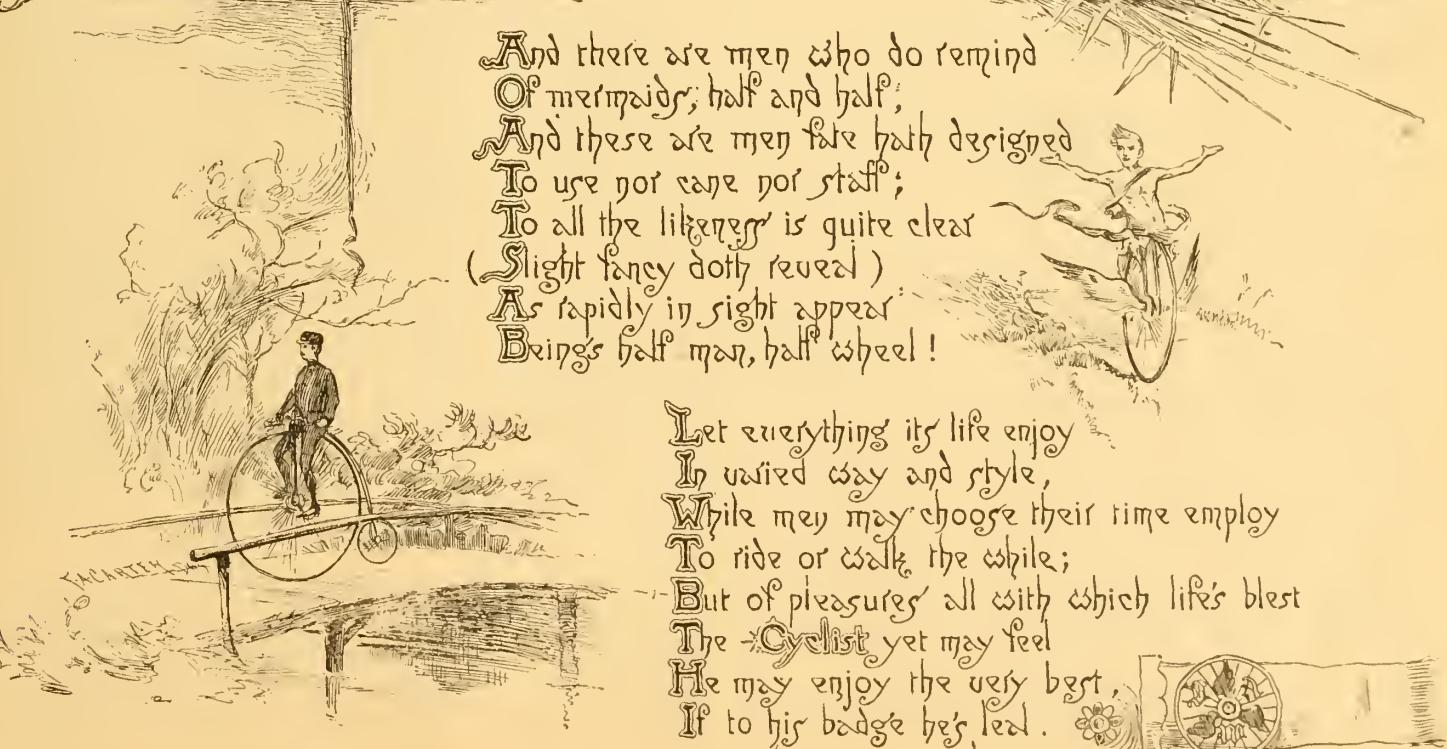
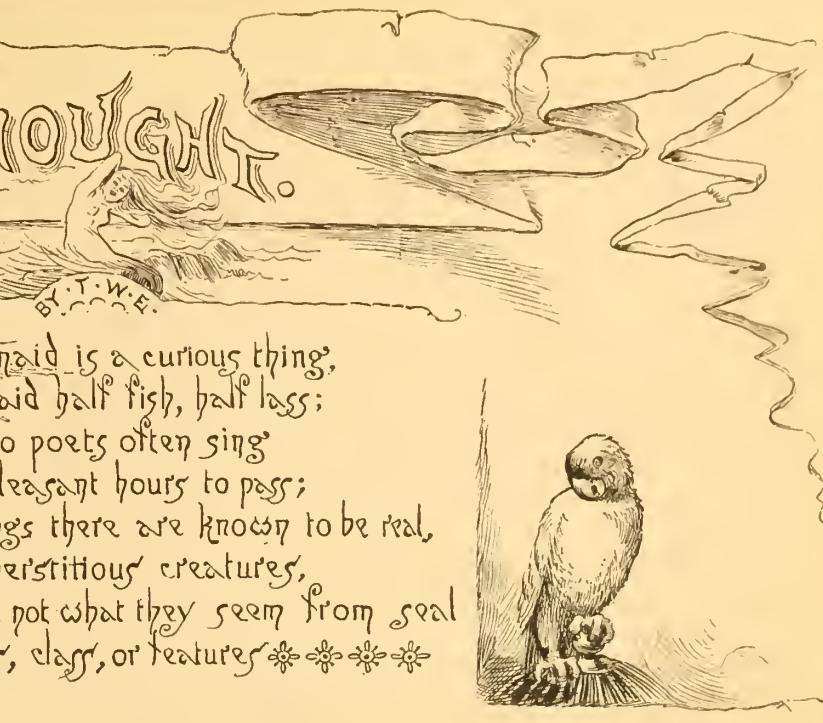
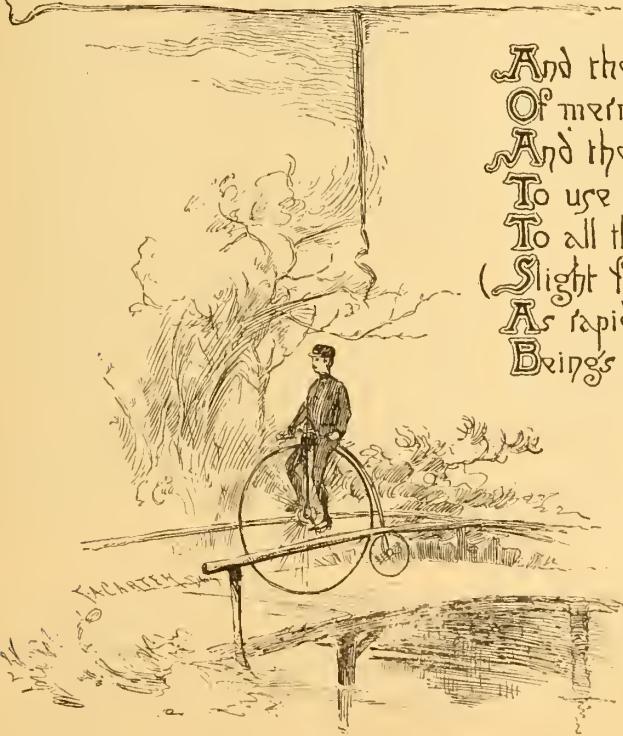


Squirrels there are that off take wing  
As to and fro they rove,  
As with their chattering the woods ring  
Identity to prove;  
And there are birds that fly not well,  
And therefore run or walk —  
Wings unto them must seem a "sell"  
Compared with rest of flock \*\*\*

And there are birds that cease to sing,  
That "talk" prefer to song,  
Nor birdlike instinct to them cling  
As to class they belong;  
And there are fish can live on land,  
And land tribes live in sea;  
Till puzzle 'tis to understand  
If in right place are we!

And there are men who do remind  
Of mermaids; half and half;  
And these are men fate hath designed  
To use nor cane nor staff;  
To all the likeness' is quite clear  
(Slight fancy doth reveal)  
As rapidly in sight appear  
Beings half man, half wheel!

Let everything its life enjoy  
In varied way and style,  
While men may choose their time employ  
To ride or walk the while;  
But of pleasures' all with which life's blest  
The Cyclist yet may feel  
He may enjoy the very best,  
If to his badge he's led.



## JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



ASTING my eyes round for signs of the times, these optical appendages of mine are pleased; and are not surprised to see bicycles and tricycles once more taking their place on the highways and by-ways of this vicinity. The writer has not had his "wheel" out of its winter home, or out of its winter coat of the stuff that is medicine for undue friction, and that is also the antidote to rust, but he has sufficient excuse for being dilatory, and mayhap may yet get out ahead of the army of the East and North, where anti-cycling weather is more of a staying visitor than it is round this region. Oh, will there not be a boom in tricycling this year! so nearly every one says, and if the efforts of our two rival houses engaged in the cycling business here count for anything, then there will be a further impetus given to the cause of the "three-wheeler." The new firm, or rather the medium new firm of George Gideon & Co., have launched into business in their new abode with apparently the firm determination to impress on Philadelphia's present or future tricyclers, the paramount excellence of the Invincible tricycle, and without doubt they have a handsome and good machine to solicit attention for. Coming down my own street yesterday afternoon, I saw in the distance the first tricycler I have had the satisfaction of meeting out this season. The bright little silver ornament in front of the cap, a key-stone, told me he belonged to the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, and when he came to close quarters I recognized an old friend, on a new machine, one of "Gid's" lauded "not to be beatens." Then, of course, I had to listen to a string of eulogies bearing reference to the machine from the satisfied owner, which I suppose I ought to have accepted as gospel, but some time ago I came to the conclusion never to accept the verdict of an owner of a machine as to its being the best in the market, without investing in a small barrel of salt, for I have got fooled by being too credulous as to the correct judgment of friends, so now I never say a machine is the best one on the market unless I own one of the pattern myself; good plan, is it not? whether other people get barrels of salt or not. I should not be at all surprised if this year the percentage of sales of tricycles as compared with that of bicycles will run far ahead of that of other years. The new Pope machine will soon be along in force, and will be handled by Mr. Hart, who has now an incentive more than ever to push home manufactured articles, and swear more earnestly than ever by the same, owing to the "not to be beatens" poking their noses round the wee town where America's legislature first held session in defiance of the Britisher; very well! as long as John Bull sends us fair, light cycles, instead of heavy cannon, and respectable racing men, in place of light dragoons, we shall no doubt be well satisfied to let them come and take their chance among us. Precedent shows, or, less legally speaking, history teaches, that we can hold our own sometimes. How time flies! soon one-third of 1886 will have lost itself, and we shall be looking for some of the wonderful events of last year to be taking their departure with the remaining portion of the year. The latest items of intelligence with respect to progression among the clubs here are

limited, perhaps, to two interesting ones. One of these I referred to in my last, viz., the amalgamation of two of our large clubs, the "Pennsylvania" and the "Penn City Wheelmen." This fusion of interests and identities has been successfully consummated, and I believe on last Saturday the committees of arrangements of both clubs fixed things up finally. The new, or rather the enlarged, organization still sails on, and we hope that it will sail on for a long time to come as "Pennsylvania." Mr. Isaac Elwell, president of the club when the change in its composition took place, retains his position, and will now have a much larger organization depending upon his presidential abilities. The secretaryship changes hands, the old secretary by agreement handing over his position and duties to the secretary of the incoming organization, Mr. Cookman, whose energy and attention to the interests of the Penn City Wheelmen, since their start, form the best guarantee that the enlarged interests which he will now have to look after will be attended to well and thoroughly. Prior to the junction of the Penn City with Pennsylvania, the former club, as I once before noted, had some idea of building a club-house; now the idea may be taken up practically by Pennsylvania, but if it is, still Pennsylvania will not be likely to hold the honor of being the first cycling club in the Quaker city to build its own shanty. And this brings me to the second item of interest which I previously referred to. We have a club, a cycling club I mean of course, which will shortly own a home in "the city of homes." The Philadelphia Bicycle Club has not been talking much outside of itself about the question of raising a structure which should rival the heap of stones at Broad and Market streets, but I believe that within the bosom of the club some serious discussion has been going on for a long time, and a vigorous overlooking of ways and means has resulted in the practical step, of the purchase by the club of a site for a club-house in the neighborhood of the Green street and Fairmount avenue entrance to the park, where they will be close neighbors to the Germantown Club. Not only has the ground been procured, but plans have been made for the proposed club-house, and now it will be a funny thing if here in this city of separate houses, and individual homes, a little bit of architectural nicety will not be turned out to the honor and credit of cycling, and serving as the domicile of Philadelphia's oldest cycling club. The scheme for a L. A. W. headquarters in Philadelphia has apparently been pushed to pretty nearly a successful conclusion. As far as I understand at present, a house has been procured in the most central spot in the city, close to the location of G. Gideon & Co., and division members have been invited to assist in forming a center point from which the good things that are the outcome of L. A. W. fellowship shall radiate. The headquarters are convenient to the best road to Fairmount Park now existing in the city. They are situated within two minutes' walk of the Pennsylvania railroad depot, which disgorges and receives the bulk of travelers coming to or going from Philadelphia, north, south, east, or west, and it has the advantage of having the best paved street in Philadelphia, extending along by its doors. All that is wanted, is a fair measure of support from L. A. W. members to keep the project going now that it has been started, for no doubt the place will be of immense convenience and benefit to members, especially, as I said before when speaking of this matter, to provincial

members. It appears to me that this present season is always the dullest one of the cycling year; nothing has been done yet as far as cycling proper is concerned, and the events and topics of the close of last season are so far removed and have been given so much attention that no one feels like hauling them up again, especially as we have learned to look confidently to the future to provide that which will completely overshadow the past. It is cause for congratulation all round, this onward and steady progress of the League; unquestionably with our national organization and its prosperity is bound up the success—I mean the success in its full completeness—of cycling in America. Co-operative energy is not so much the result of a unity of bodies, forces, or individuals, as it is the thoroughly sympathetic oneness and uniformity of the principle, basis of action, object, end, or aim, which is the origin of their life, be that life what it may. If the great muster of our present members do not recognize, or rather fail to comprehend, the full scope of the work which can be done and ought to be done by the League of American Wheelmen if it be but properly supported, it is but fair to assume, judging from what we have seen of their words and actions, that the present officers have recognized very fully what might be done, and have hit in most instances upon the best way of doing the work, and this, too, with more unanimity, at least it would appear so, than we were used to in former years. It is a bad thing, as the old saying has it, to "holler before you are out of the wood," but still it will hardly do much harm to say, that in the matter of official squabbles we have had very little indeed to bother us for some time past. The principle of representative government is the one which has now come to be acknowledged as better than any other ever evolved by the interested or disinterested brain of man, and the L. A. W. has now grown to such proportions, and the carrying on of its affairs and its government has become such a complicated duty, that the sooner members recognize in the fullest sense they can, the need for representative government pure and simple,—and into which form of running our organization we have been drifting ever since the Washington meet—why so much the better for themselves and for the body of which individually they now form so small a part. Annual business meetings for the purpose of transacting business like that which they did in the early days of the League, would now, and would more certainly in the future, hardly do as much work, or do it as effectually, as representative men entrusted by their constituents with interests which they could not properly look after themselves. We are gradually drifting into this method of working our organization, necessarily so, and it is the only one which will answer our needs fully and completely. The one thing that is a necessity, the one thing whereon the success of this method of government rests, is the selection of the right men for the right places. And to this, amen.

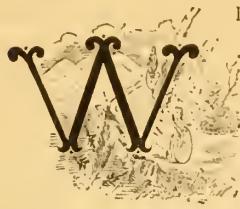
CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1886.

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A new thing in sociables is Warman's one-track, which has been exciting considerable attention lately, in England, one of the prevalent ideas being that the riders would have to be of equal weights to get the balance properly. At a recent test it was found the steering and running were perfectly satisfactory, the respective weights of the riders being 11 stone and 6 stone.

## FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



We are commencing another season; but the prevailing topic of conversation just now is the abominable state of the weather; and to-day's issue of *Bicycling News* contains a cartoon typical of the true state of affairs, the aspect of "The Opening Run of the Season" being truthfully limned by the artist representing a woe-begone wheelman sadly pushing his bicycle through the snow, while the bystanders, armed with skates, derisively point the finger of scorn at him.

March has, verily, come in like a lion, and at present it bids fair to substitute for its usual lamb-like exodus a blustering life of leonine wildness, greatly to the detriment of our pastime.

The off-season dies hard, not only as regards the weather, but in the inner life of our little world of wheels and wheelmen. Dances are still held by some clubs; I have three tickets for club dances in London for this evening, and the opening runs of the clubs are only just on time; a few clubs are still looking forward to their photographic displays, and but a few eager, early birds have yet taken to an occasional spin on the racing paths. Still, the season of 1886 is commencing; last Saturday saw several opening runs of the clubs, to-morrow witnesses still more, and by the first Saturday in April all the clubs will be fairly on the road.

One of our papers has already started prognosticating the most likely candidates for championship honors this season; but it is yet too early to form any but the vaguest guesses, especially in view of the probability of several subsidized amateur cracks being suspended or disqualified by the N. C. U. Furnivall and Gatehouse are almost the only names of known first-class ability, free from probability of suspension, and likely to maintain super-excellence on the path this season; but in a month or two we shall know who retires and who is intending to race, and thus have materials to work upon in anticipating the season's triumphs.

The Speedwell Club's exhibition is to open at Birmingham to-morrow, and bids fair to be tolerably successful. Kaufmann and McAnney have been engaged to give performances, as at the Stanley Show; but I do not hear of any startling novelties lying perdu, except the compressed-air motor tricycle which was to have been exhibited last month at the Aquarium.

There is little or no news to communicate, and I therefore will not attempt to make copy out of nothing as a reporter for some of our dailies has recently been doing. In a dearth of reportable incident, some knight of the flimsy concocted a yarn to the effect that Mr. So-and-so, a well-known occasional competitor in cycling contests, had with a friend been thrown out of a double tricycle in the city of London, and so on, and so on. This paragraph, duly exaggerated, has been going the round of the press, and will doubtless continue its travels so long as news is scarce.

A twenty-four hour road race will be promoted this year by the North Road Cycling Club, open to all amateurs, with distance prizes for all classes of bicycles and tricycles; and a 100-mile road race open to riders of all classes of cycles, with handicap allowances for the slower machines, will also be held by the same club.

A big thing in the way of paperchases on wheels is down for to-morrow, but the mail leaves to-day, and at the time of writing there is every prospect of the event being spoiled by another sharp snow-storm.

*The Cyclist and Wheel World Annual* is not to be issued this year, I am told. No reason is given, but it looks as though *Wheeling Annual* had filched the main features from the old established volume; and considering that the *clientèle* for a racing blue book, as *W. A.* has been termed, is necessarily limited, perhaps the proprietors of the *Cyclist's Annual* do well to suppress this year's edition. The rivalry between *Wheeling* and the Coventry papers is resumed with all its old intensity, the new conductors of Etherington's weekly having evidently completed the turning of their coats within a very few weeks of quitting the Coventry Ring. A writer in the current issue of the *Touring Club's Gazette* makes some very pointed remarks about the virulent nature of this newspaper enmity; and strangely enough both sides endorse his observations; yet neither essays to check the admitted abuse by ceasing to vilify its contemporary. A mad wheel world, my masters!

The annual meet of tricyclists, hitherto held at Barnes, is to take place this year at Hampton Court, where so many gigantic meets of bicyclists were held in the old days before bicycling clubs voted monster meets unnecessary. The date is fixed as May 29, one week after the international tournament at Alexandra Park.

"FAED."

LONDON, March 12, 1886.

## News Notes.

Maltby is in San Francisco.

The New Jersey Wheelmen now number 71.

The latest thing on rollers is a bicycle saddle.

Georgia is talking of a State division L. A. W. R. Howell and his wife will visit the States this fall.

The Lynn Bicycle Club expects great things of its new track.

W. J. Morgan has assumed his old place on the path once more.

At the recent Stanley show there were on exhibition 557 machines.

Howell, Wood, and Lees will be seen on the Springfield track this fall.

The Pope Manufacturing Company now uniform their office boy in a neat blue suit.

Bicycling must be booming down South, judging by the success of the *Bicycle South*.

The Invincible machines are being pushed very hard in Philadelphia by Gideon & Co.

The *Cyclist and Athlete* is out strong against the racing board for its recent suspensions.

The two-track Royal Mail tricycle has had a good demand in America, and is highly commended.

The Rudge cycles for this season retain all of their old and valued features with several new ones.

The machine rooms of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club now accommodate eighty machines, with some space still in reserve.

Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery received the first prize at the New Orleans Exposition for a collective display of bicycles.

The Big Four tourist for this year will have to provide himself with a swallow tail, or stay on the outside at receptions.

From Canada comes the well gotten-up catalogue of Charles Robinson & Co., announcing a full line of bicycles and sundries.

Gormully & Jeffery have several novelties in view, which they will bring out later in the season. Keep your eye upon them.

The Nonantum Cycling Club held its second annual dinner at the United States Hotel, Boston, Friday evening, March 12.

One wonders when looking at the Columbias for 1886 what possible improvement can be added on the next season's pattern.

A. P. Engleheart will again visit the States this fall, and looks forward to better results at the coming Springfield tournament.

The St. Louis *Critic* says: "We have so far failed to meet even one solitary wheelman who supports the L. A. W. racing rules."

F. Hromatka, of Nibeungengasse, is pushing the first international exhibition of cycles, to be held in Vienna the latter part of April.

*La Rivista Velocipedistica* is one of the most gorgeous cycling publications of to-day; it has a cover in colors, and is printed in Italy.

The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, since its acquisition of the members of the Penn City Wheelmen, numbers over one hundred active members.

The new model Royal Mail bicycle we hear of all over the country. It is a taking wheel certainly, and the improvements are much commended.

St. Johns, Mich., has a bicycle band of thirteen men who play while riding their wheels, and are anxious to lead the League parade at Boston.

R. G. Spier, of New Lebanon, N. H., is going in for the long distance bicycle road record in June, wheeling from Albany to San Francisco.

The Pope Manufacturing Company have now in their stock over twenty types of machines and will bring out additional types during the season.

Mr. Henry Irving has, according to the sporting papers, accepted the presidency of the London Cyclists Club, an offshoot of the London Wheelers.

The Gould cyclometer recently put out by the Pope Manufacturing Company is the simplest made and at its price, \$4.00, will find a ready market.

The Pope Manufacturing Company have settled that little bill of the Overman Wheel Company in full with interest, and thus one bicycle suit is avoided.

The litigation between the Pope Manufacturing Company and the Overman Wheel Company is exciting a good deal of attention from the wheeling public.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., in their new catalogue, give all the cycling publications a free advertisement with a view of increasing wheel knowledge.

The Royal Mail is to take the stand of not having any salaried riders in its employ, believing wheelmen know how to choose their mounts without being influenced.

President Bates thinks that a man can never apply his legs fast enough to run a mile in two minutes. How is it a mile is done on a home trainer in 1.35?

The Lock City Wheelmen and the Niagara Bicycle Club, of Lockport, N. Y., have consolidated, and will hereafter be known as the "Mercury, of Lockport."

It will be hard for the rider this year to think of anything in a cycle line, either machine or accessory, that cannot be found at the Pope Manufacturing Company's.

All those interested in developing the bicycle business we would recommend to send stamp to Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., Boston, Mass., for an Agents' Guide.

The Royal Mail two-track tricycle has been a favorite in American market for several years past, and is a finely made machine. It has had and is having a great demand.

The Rudge Humber tandem is destined to be one of the tandems the coming year. Its immense popularity in England has already foreshadowed its career in this country.

F. Lees is coming to America with the intention of riding 21 miles within the hour, as he thinks there is no track in England where the feat can be accomplished.

Howell's 59-inch Rudge Racer, on which he made the marvelous time of 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$  for one mile, is on exhibition at the warerooms of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., Boston.

An enthusiastic gentleman of 65 summers, residing in Christchurch, N. Z., has mastered the bicycle. There is nothing like the cycle, for a man is never too old to learn.

The wheels that carried Rowe, Neilson, Knapp, Woodside, Miller, Adams, and the balance of the Columbia riders to victory are now offered to the ambitious clerks at low prices.

Thomas Stevens, the around-the-world wheelman and traveler, left Teheran, Thursday, March 4, on his way to Calcutta. He was in good health and confident of penetrating China.

The Royal Mail wheel shows more valuable improvements than any other of this season's wheels. The ball-bearing head, and hold-fast rims and tires are features that commend themselves.

The Detroit Bicycle Track Association organized and incorporated February 24, 1886, with the same officers as Detroit Bicycle Club. The track now building promises to be a fast one.

Chief Consul Ducker has the same opinion regarding the makers' amateur question that he advocated in the Washington meeting in 1884, and is just what we are coming to in 1886.

The carnival of the Cleveland Bicycle Club at the Le Grand rink on the evening of March 31, was a grand success. Over 2,000 people crowded the rink and the club's profit was over \$300.

The first spring chicken in the cycling line is the capturing of the world's long distance record by the new American champion wheel, made by Gormully & Jeffery, of Chicago, and ridden by Schock.

A good opportunity is offered by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., Boston, Mass., to any one who wishes to purchase a second-hand or shop-worn bicycle or tricycle at a low figure. Write for list.

The Essex Bicycle Works, of Newark, N. J., are looking for your last season's wheels that need an overhauling, also renickeling. Now is the time to send them in and have them made good for the season.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it." The above, however, will not be the case if you have one of Geo. W. Rouse & Son's catalogues, for it contains all that is worthy of notice in the cycling line.

Genuine American is what Gormully & Jeffery's new catalogue may be termed; the allegorical cover is one of the best things in the cycling picture line yet issued. Send for one and you will agree with us.

Chief Consul Kirkpatrick, having found out that his strong views on the amateur question were likely to spoil his chances for the presidency of the League, announces that he has modified his views somewhat.

The action of the racing board in suspending all the prominent racing men is being severely criticised, and not without good cause. Few wheelmen are found who favor the suspension or the methods employed.

A sporting paper says that "cycling is thought to be the greatest rival to boating." We had come to the conclusion that cycling as a sport had no rival, that we had left all other sports so far behind that comparisons are odious.

The great subject of discussion among the members of the Germantown Club, as indeed among most L. A. W. cyclers in Philadelphia, is the unfortunate fracas between "Road-book Wood" and ex-champion Gideon, both members of Germantown.

It is a very difficult matter to make a cow-horn bar that shall be in one piece and yet shall be easily fixed in the head without being at all injured by heating in the fire, but the Columbias seem to have got over the difficulty with their usual ingenuity.

The Pope Manufacturing Company report that they have made larger sales in February and March of this season than ever before and that never yet has there been such an early demand for the new patterns as now. Other dealers report the same condition of business.

Wm. Read & Sons' spring catalogue is out and is a very handsomely gotten-up edition fully describing the Royal Mail late improvements which are exciting such a sensation. The ball head has a high testimonial from E. R. Shipton, editor of the *C. T. C. Gazette*, England.

Mr. George W. Rouse, Jr., of the firm of Geo. W. Rouse & Son, cycle agents at Peoria, Ill., died on February 22d, from injuries received from being thrown from his buggy on February 20. Mr. Rouse was well known in wheel circles and his loss will be deeply felt.

*Turf, Field, and Farm* says, "The makers' amateur's scare is dying out. The idea of expelling every member of the League who rides a *particular* machine is simply ridiculous. Why, the League would be a small affair if it wasn't for the boys who ride 'one particular wheel.'"

For the coming season Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. intend to make a specialty of bicycle and tricycle sundries, including the Buffer saddle, Ardill's enamel, cradle spring, ball pedals, King of the Road lamp, and other suitable articles necessary for the use of cyclers in general.

A better finished lot of machines has never been gathered together under one roof than those at the recent Stanley show, and from the splendid exhibits the makers are evidently trying to vie with each other in construction and workmanship, of which there was a marked improvement.

F. DeCivry, the French champion, has been matched to receive 125 meters' start over a distance of six thousand kilometers against the celebrated trotting horse belonging to Count de Lakens. The race comes off early in April, for a stake of 2,000 francs, and is attracting a deal of attention.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Bayliss, Thomas & Co., of Coventry, Eng., in this issue. Messrs. Bayliss, Thomas & Co. are the manufacturers of the famous Harvard, and other wheels, which had a very prosperous run under Messrs. Cunningham & Co., for a number of years.

The Harrogate Camp this year will, for the first time since its formation, have a rival, as a number of the men of "canny Newcastle" and riders of Scotland have arranged a seaside camp and race meeting at Berwick-on-Tweed for August. The finest sea air in the world blows between Bamborough and Berwick.

The Pope Manufacturing Company have made a great improvement in the Kirkpatrick saddle; the stiff edge of the leather objected to last season has given way to the soft, rounded edge so familiar to riders of high-grade saddles, and the fragile flat fronted spring has been superseded by the round, stout wire attachment.

The 50-mile road race of the Bay City Wheelmen, San Francisco, Cal., was won by F. D. Elwell. The time was three hours and thirty-one minutes, exactly. The road was reported very rough in some places. The riders had to ford a stream and climb two fences with their machines, besides crossing a trestle bridge.

Mr. R. P. Gormully on his Eastern trip recently took enough orders for the American cycles to test the capacity of the G. & J. factories for the next three months. He regards the outlook in the cycle business as excellent and predicts that the future of the sport will exceed in popularity the most sanguine of the expectations hitherto printed.

Karl Kron has consented to prepare a sketch of the L. A. W. for the "Wheelmen's Reference Book," about to be published at Hartford by Ducker & Goodman (price 50 cents). This sketch will afterwards form the introduction to Chapter XXXVI. of "X. M. Miles on a Bi," whose prospective appearance in June supplies the pretext for a "Song of Summer" in another part of this paper.

It is seldom that a new machine enters the market with the backing and records the Champion has already acquired. Gormully & Jeffery say they are themselves surprised at the way individual orders with cash enclosed are coming in. It is confidently predicted at Minneapolis, where the six-day record was broken recently on this machine, that few of other makes will find purchasers there this season.

The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, up to the present, was the only cycling club in the Quaker City none of whose members affected "Star" machines, tricycles, "Extraordinary," or any other form of safety bicycle. Some time ago Mr. E. M. Aaron, its ex-president, brought in a tricycle, and now there are several Star machines ridden by members, and one of the new "Rover" bicycles has also made its appearance.

As usual Springfield is to be nowhere this season, at least according to the papers. Every club of note will have a new fast track and hold a tour-

nement that will surpass even the famous Springfield meetings. All right, we welcome this competition, but, in the meanwhile, please remember that Springfield rises early and does not let the grass grow under its feet, or rather wheels, and will be heard from as usual in September.

Gormully & Jeffery are in the midst of papering, painting, and remodeling their offices generally. They have added considerable space to the main offices and have built a cosy private office for their correspondence and advertising. It is here that the modest newspaper man is received and although there is no sideboard there is always a box of cigars on the premises. The offices will remain as they now are until the new building is erected when they will be transferred to that.

"THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE's claim for a world's record in the non-decrease-of-paper-during-the-winter matter is not allowed. *The American Wheelman* ran it an easy dead heat." —Well, we guess not; all of the GAZETTE's advertisements and prospectuses called for a 16-page paper, and only once have we got out so small a paper, while in all of the past winter issues we gave 32 pages and cover, or over twice the amount agreed upon. Try again, Brother *Wheelman*.

Mr. Hillman, of the firm of Hillman, Herbert & Cooper, drives a carriage constructed mainly of steel tricycle tubing, and the wheels of which are made spider fashion, and tired with india rubber. Its weight is less than that of ordinary carriages and the horse labor is enormously reduced. Similar carriages have been made for Lord Granville and others, and the day will shortly come when the rush for similar vehicles on account of the ease and perfection of riding will outdo that of the common carriage for pleasure riding.

A case of absent-mindedness which is too good to keep occurred recently to Mr. A. E. Preece, of Auckland, N. Z., whose bicycle was stolen and all trace of it lost for two weeks, when he had occasion to go into Mr. Gough's repair shop, and there stood his machine. He did not swear out a warrant against Mr. Gough, as he found out that he had ridden it there himself to get it repaired. Mr. Preece is a teetotaler, and it is surmised that there must be a woman in it, whether a case of love at first sight or not is not reported.

A correspondent of the *Cyclist* suggests the following as an easy and satisfactory method of cleaning the chains of safeties and tricycles, viz., putting the chain in very hot water, which has been impregnated with plenty of soda, and is very soapy. Then with a hard brush (a nail-brush will do) rub the oil carefully from them, and remove them into another vessel of water prepared in the same manner. After leaving them soaking for five minutes take them out and dry them well with a soft leather. They are now even cleaner than when first put on the machine.

Editor Aaron has strong words in the *Bulletin* for those who don't agree with his views, gained by reason of the hearty support of his ideas by the board of officers, and we fear it will spoil his otherwise good intentions on the makers' amateur question and the suspensions. Our genial secretary must remember that there are a good many holes in the skimmer, and that the editorial in the April 2d issue can be easily upset, or, in other words, "it is not all gold that glitters,"—likewise it is not all gospel truth that appears in the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

In commenting on the doing away of the general business meeting of the League, the *Cycle* says: "We do not for a moment suppose that the business meeting will be given up. A larger vote for the measure was obtained in New York than will ever be seen again. The meeting is and should be a high court of appeal to which members can carry their grievances and where can be undone any unpopular action of any officer or committee. We do not believe it should be given up; we do not believe it will be. If the constitutional amendment now before the League looked to the abolishment of the meeting, it would have been noticed by the cycling press before it was too late to defeat it."

"Independent of all trade influences" is a pretty phrase which all publishers of cycling journals are fond of laying claim to. As an example of the sort of "influences" of which the GAZETTE did in fact prove independent, we may say that a certain manufacturer offered to pay for an extra page of advertising each month, if we would simply exclude from our columns the contributions and "free advertisements" of Karl Kron. We respectfully declined. Perhaps, however, the success elsewhere of this policy of "repression, subtraction, and silence," explains why the *Bicycling World*, in these latter days, makes so little mention, except sneeringly and depreciatingly, of its old-time contributor, the author of the "Great American Road Book."

The Facile catalogue is out, and as usual contains some choice items relating to the wheel interest. We clip the following as worthy of notice: "Whoever helps make a new rider not only does him a good turn but helps himself as well, by swelling the army of wheelmen; for through increase of numbers must come improvement of roads, the final extinguishment of public prejudice, a gradual reduction in the cost of machines, and the general advancement of bicycling interests. This suggestion has been carefully considered and is deliberately made, in the belief that the reasons given will be deemed sufficient motive for the kindly service asked. \* \* \* \* \* A hammer is an instrument with which a man can drive nails better than with his naked hand; a bicycle is an instrument with which a man can use his muscles to better advantage—it assists his power, but neither creates nor increases power. \* \* \* \* \* On a bicycle, a man sits, relieving his legs of the weight of his body. His feet escape entirely heat and fatigue; he makes gravity work for him as well as against him, and nearly as much; he uses more muscles, and more effectively, than he can in any other way. Ample experience has proved that bicycle riding is easier as well as faster than walking, and has settled finally that the bicycle is pleasurable, graceful, fascinating, natural, healthful, and useful—a practical road vehicle come to stay, not a toy nor a craze."

#### STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Sound Beach has another cycler in Mr. W. B. Lockwood.

Captain Hurlbutt is a much voted for man, for representative from this "destrict."

Assistant P. M. Nell Jessup puts off an old love and on a new one, in the Victor, this season.

The Solitary Club congratulates Lieutenant and Mrs. C. W. H. upon the advent of a daughter.

The snow-fall of April 4 was a sort of white flag

of truce that we may have better weather and roads soon.

The S. W. C. contemplates reduced rates of membership expenses to out-of-town members, or those who will be members.

Interest in the coming League meet is deepening, and we hear of many who expect to wheel all the way there, and will no doubt have company on the road.

The Consul will ride and sell the Star. The president of the Stamford Wheel Club is recovering from a spell of severe sickness. He is a Star man this year.

Several of our practical men will ride Faciles this season, who have been nervous on the ordinary, or could not drive tris, on our rough roads, or have gone afoot in "ye goode olde ways."

Doubtless our grief at losing THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE will be more than assuaged by the coming of the new GAZETTE, with such an able hand upon the "steering gear." Many hope it will come at some regular day each month.

We agree with "Cycle," and others in the March GAZETTE, regarding Sunday riding, provided they do not merge it into road racing, and get noisy in their exuberance of feeling. We are happily free from the confining desk or counter, and consequently ride less on Sundays, but many of our most delightful and conscience-free communings with, and admiration of, the Master's handiwork in Nature have been on quiet jaunts of from five to fifteen miles on a Sunday. Individually we prefer riding alone on Sunday.

"STAMSON."

#### Correspondence.

##### STARK COUNTY (O.) CLUB HISTORIES.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

It may be of interest to your readers to learn something of the wheelmen in this part of the country, and if you will kindly allow me a portion of your valuable space I will endeavor to tell you something of them.

This county (Stark) probably has as lively a set of wheelmen as any county in Ohio, and for genuine hospitality and good fellowship, her cyclists cannot be beaten anywhere. If you don't believe it come and see us.

The pioneer club in the county, and I think the fourth in the State, was organized in the spring of 1882 under the name of the Massillon Bicycle Club, and is still in existence. Its members are composed chiefly of manufacturers, professional and business men, and nearly all have been members since its formation. It has always been a League club, and is a staunch supporter of that organization. The social feature of the club has always been prominent, and therefore its membership has never been very large. At present, it numbers eleven, but they are a jolly set of fellows, and, while never attempting anything in the "record-smashing" line, are good, steady road riders.

The Canton Bi. Club, of Canton, was born in the summer of 1884, and is well known to Ohio cyclists as one of the largest clubs in the State. Its membership at present is about forty-five. It is a League club, and has a large number of hard road riders and several racing men. It gives a tournament annually in connection with the Stark County fair, and has always been

very successful. Messrs. Fyester and Smith, the well-known fancy Star riders, were members of this club until they joined the professional ranks.

The next club to organize was the Massillon Wheel Club, also a product of 1884. This club started in life with eight members, and has steadily grown until now the roll shows about thirty, and for push and energy it is entitled to the record. It has never joined the League in a body, but nearly all its members belong individually to that organization. It is the only club in the county which has established headquarters; its rooms in the Opera House block are as handsome and comfortable as one could wish to see. There is no club in Ohio that takes more interest in wheeling than it. It has a splendid drill-corps and a number of fast and fancy riders, but it is chiefly a road-riding club; there is hardly a day during the season that the blue uniform of the club cannot be seen on some of the country roads. If a record of its mileage had been kept it would undoubtedly be an enviable one.

The Alliance Bicycle Club, of Alliance, is a healthy and lively infant, organized last summer, and containing a lot of fellows who have already exhibited no little amount of enthusiasm for cycling. Its membership is about fifteen, and it bids fair to outrival the other clubs of the county in spirit and push.

A delegate meeting of these clubs will soon be held for the purpose of organizing a Stark County battalion. The Ohio division L. A. W., through its board of officers, has accepted an invitation from this battalion to hold its annual meet in this county next September. It is the purpose of the division to do away with racing at the meet this year and substitute a tour instead. Thus far no definite arrangements have been made, but when the programme is announced it will undoubtedly be a good one, for the Stark County boys do not intend to let any of their guests suffer for want of attention.

If some of you Eastern men will come "out West" next September, we will show you how we do it in the "country." All who were fortunate enough to be at Cleveland in '84, and Springfield in '85, well know that the Ohio division is a "daisy" and is fully capable of giving her members and visitors a jolly good time.

#### "FIFTY-THREE."

MASSILLON, O., April 5, 1886.

#### FROM OVER THE BORDER.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

Believing that a few notes from your Canadian cousins and neighboring knights of the wheel would be of interest to your thousands of readers, I for the first time set my pen afloat to record them to the best of my limited ability, and will hope to see these echoes from across the borders appear regularly, and why not? Woodstock, being the Springfield of Canada, has its claims and interests in all bicycling matters. It is a true saying, "What Springfield is to the United States, Woodstock is to Canada, in the bicycle world."

At this city resides the Canadian champion at all distances, from a quarter to fifty miles. Herbert W. Clarke, who will be nineteen years old in May next, has a record probably unsurpassed by any other rider of his age. His first win was at the tournament held in May, 1884, where he won two club races on roadster machines. His many friends were so much struck by his pluck and speed on this occasion, that he was shortly after presented with a racer. He made his first contest

for an open event in Toronto, in September, 1884 (being only seventeen years old), where he won easily the one and five mile races, lowering the Canadian one mile record of 3.05 to 2.59 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the five mile record of 17.14 to 16.00 $\frac{2}{5}$ . On May 24, 1885, he won several of the principal events; and on the 1st of July, at the annual meet of the C. W. A., he won easily the one and five mile championships of Canada. In September last, at Toronto, he won the Industrial Exposition championship, and a fifty mile race in 3h. 7m. 35s. Thus it will be seen that his short career as a racer has been very successful, and that at the age of eighteen years he holds the principal championships of our Dominion. His records made at Toronto in September, 1884, remained unbroken by any of our men; but in September last at a public trial made before the officers and officials of the C. W. A., he lowered his previous one mile record of 2.59 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2.58 $\frac{3}{4}$ . A very strong wind was blowing when this trial took place, or it would have been several seconds faster. Mr. Clarke had intended to retire from the path altogether this year, but after some reflection he has resolved to again enter the amateur racing ranks, and we have good reason to believe that the season of 1886 will see the champion at his best, and a general smashing of the Canadian records. He has gone into active training for the big tournament in Woodstock on the 24th of May, next, when we expect big things from him, and hope to see him (as he has done in the past) keep the colors of the W. A. A. A. at the pinnacle of the list of Canadian amateurs.

Besides Clarke we have two or three very promising young riders, prominent among whom are A. Parmenter and B. Revell. Either of these, though only seventeen years old, can show a 3.10 gait on roadster machines, and from what we hear they will no doubt make good men. Harry Biette, a once promising rider, has signified his intention of retiring from the path, feeling content with his past records and the hard-won laurels of which he is so proud. Taking our racers altogether, we shall have a hard field for Toronto or even Montreal to "walk over."

The annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen is this year to be held in Montreal, on July 1. We are happy to state that W. G. Ross, ex-champion, has returned to Montreal from South America, and has almost made up his mind to once again "warm the cinders." He is a good man, and we all hope to see him holding up the colors of the Montreal Bicycle Club at the annual meet. As fate has decreed, Ross and Clarke have never come together in a race, and if Ross should decide to again endeavor to win back his lost laurels, we may look for our Canadian records being lowered to a favorable showing with the American records. Already the query is heard going the rounds: "Are you going to Montreal on the 1st of July?" Although a little previous in signifying their intentions of where they will go on the 1st of July, the boys of Woodstock Bicycle Club and the W. A. A. A. may be depended on to make a showing creditable to the town and the club.

The annual meet under the auspices of the W. A. A. A. is to be held here on May 24. A professional race is to be added to the programme, and, if large enough inducement is offered, several of the American fliers have notified our secretary that they will be present. This will no doubt be the meet of the year, and we shall be happy to welcome to Woodstock any who can make it convenient to attend the 24th of May racing meeting.

The new club rooms of the W. A. A. A. and the Woodstock Bicycle Club will be opened on the 1st of April. They are furnished with billiard rooms, bowling alleys, reading rooms, gymnasium, etc., and will be second in Canada only to the club rooms of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association.

"PEDAL."

WOODSTOCK, ONT., March 16, 1886.

#### SONG OF SUMMER.

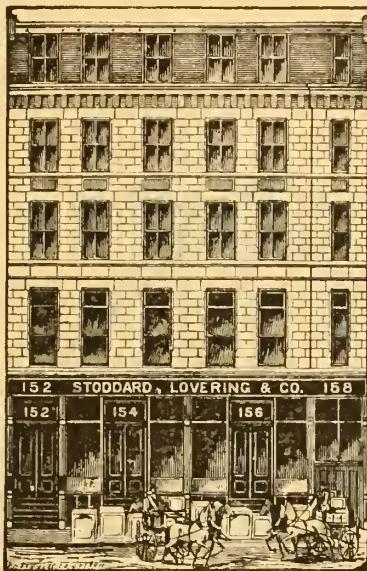
*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

In spite of all my "Owed to Spring" (written February 26, and printed on p. 192 of your last issue), I am obliged to announce that not a word of the "six lacking chapters" has yet been put on paper, and that there is no reasonable hope of my publishing "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" before the opening month of summer. "Not earlier than June," said my original form of subscription-pledge, referring to "1884"; and I now sadly repeat the phrase as applied to "1886." When, at the end of winter, I had succeeded in arranging the second appendix of my 3,000 subscribers' names,—"geographically by States and towns,"—I imagined that a single day's work would suffice for revising the manuscript (150 pp.); while, in fact, five weeks have been required for such revision and for correcting the proof-sheets. I have inserted each club's name and date of organization, and each club-office or League-office held by every subscriber,—so far as the facts could be discovered by diligent searching of my scrap-book "lists of club-elections." A single statement of this sort will give some idea of the painstaking way in which the whole volume has been put together; while a notion of the enormous amount of matter implied in its "450,000 words" may be given by a comparison with "Life of Gen. Grant," whose 582 pages (28 lines of about 9 words per line to the page) contain less than 146,000 words. If my book were sold at the same rate (\$3.50), it would cost \$11 per copy. If sold at the same rate as Burbank's "Wheelman's Annual for '82" (\$1 for 45,000 words), it would cost \$10 per copy.

I am about to issue a circular to the tradesmen who advertise in the cycling press, exhibiting to them specimen pages of my alphabetical and geographical rolls, with the remark that these lists (printed on one side of the paper, so as to be usable for mailing-labels) will be furnished separately at \$3 each, while the complete volume, of which they form only a twelfth part, will be supplied at half that rate. This may perhaps wake them up somewhat to the scope of the scheme whose accomplishment will have absorbed three very toilsome years of a busy life. I shall rely on their selling the book for me, without commission or brokerage, as a means of booming their own business; but those of them who authorize me to print their names in the "special trade-directory of places where this book may be bought" (by pledging for two or more copies before the end of May), will be enrolled at the original rate of \$1. The title-page, and also the cover of the book, will exhibit the regular price-mark (\$1.50); and subscribers outside "the trade" who pledge that amount before June 1 will be supplied with the specially numbered and autographed copies, and will have their names printed in the supplementary list. (More than 100 pledges have come to me since the alphabetical roll was electrotyped, so that to-night's total is 3489.)

# RUDGE CYCLES.

Manufactured by RUDGE & CO., Coventry, England,  
and sold by STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.,  
152 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.



Among the foremost manufacturers of bicycles and tricycles in England stands the great firm of Messrs. D. Rudge & Co., Limited, of Coventry, England, the center of the bicycle industry.

Their vast works cover over six acres of ground, give employment in the busy season to over seven hundred workmen, and Rudge & Co. rightly claim the title of being the largest manufacturers of bicycles and tricycles in the world. Every bicyclist in England and America is familiar with the name of the Rudge, and their machines are well and favorably known in all civilized parts of the globe. To give an idea of their annual turnout, it may be stated that during the last six years they have actually made and sold over fifteen thousand of ONE pattern tricycle alone, and their annual output is from eight to ten thousand machines.

Commencing a small manufacturer some ten years ago in Wolverhampton, the senior Mr. Rudge, having established a reputation as an extremely careful builder, both for workmanship and finish, to meet the increasing demand for his machines gradually enlarged his works, which are now established at Coventry, where they have attained their present extensive proportions.

One of the principal features of their machine is Rudge's unequalled ball-bearings, which, for simplicity of construction and remarkable ease of running, has given them a world-wide reputation. These bearings were invented by the senior Mr. Rudge some eight years ago, and no machine left his establishment until he had personally adjusted the bearings.

Many manufacturers and makers have tried to improve on them, but without success, and the Rudge bearings are to-day, as they were eight years ago, without a rival, and so great is their popularity that many of the makers of other machines are forced to use them.

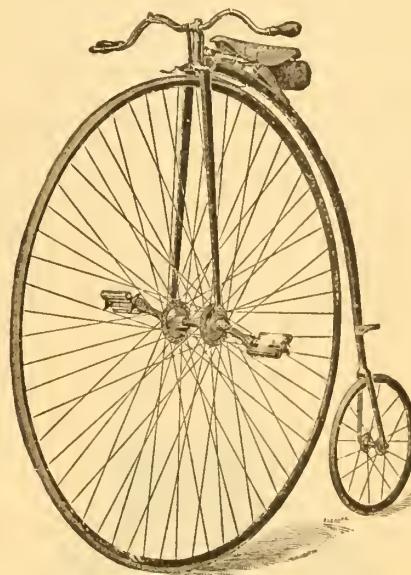
In point of manufacture and improvements, Messrs. Rudge & Co. have always been one of the most progressive and enterprising firms, and prefer to keep abreast of the times, instead of forcing a demand by the introduction of new inventions which have been untried. They fully believe in having the very latest, but do not consider a change is always an improvement, and prefer to adhere to what they know is thorough and reliable rather than to make any alterations which may or may not be found afterwards to be what is desired or could be called an improvement.

With a large corps of skilled draughtsmen and mechanics connected with

the works, improvements are constantly being made, and they fully realize the want of the riders in regard to weight, strength, and easy running, keeping in mind that the machine is destined to last a number of years, and that the riders wish a machine to use and not for looks. No pains are spared in making the machines as perfect as possible in regard to strength, lightness, and easy running.

Since the introduction of the Rudge in this country by its American agents, Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., of 152 Congress street, Boston, its career has been unequalled, it might be said almost unparalleled.

When the first invoice arrived, they were viewed by a great many riders, who all thought they were too light, but a number of severe tests, given by such men as Hendee, Midgley, Corey, Clafflin, Hitchcock, and other strong riders, soon convinced them that it would stand any test required, and it is safe to say that the Rudge cycles of to-day are purchased on their good reputation rather than by extensive advertising.



RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

Rudge's principal bicycle is called the Rudge Light Roadster, but it is really the solid Rudge roadster of England. It was called the Light Roadster to designate it from a number of very much heavier machines which were manufactured here or imported.

A glance at its construction for 1886 will show its specialties. The bearings are Rudge's unequalled ball-bearings to both wheels and pedals. These are perfectly adjustable and dust proof, and rest on a single row of case-hardened surfaces, which reduces the friction to a minimum.

The felloes are Warwick's hollow pattern, which consist of one piece of steel tubing rolled and pressed into proper shape, making them very strong, and doing away with the objectionable brazing at this point.

It is worthy to know that of the many thousand Rudges sent out, not one felloe has buckled that could be traced to the fault of the machine.

The strength of this felloe will be realized when it is said that it will bear a person's weight without yielding, even before a single spoke has been put in.

The spokes are of the single tangential pattern, and possess the following advantages:

*First.* The tendency of tangential spokes to snap at the rim is obviated by securing them by a concealed lock nut and washer, making them practically butt-ended, and doubly strong at this point.

*Second.* Instead of lacing back and forth from the rim to the hub in nearly parallel directions, they now end at the hub, and are firmly riveted on the inside after passing through it. The spoke is thus single, and by being made slightly heavier at the hub, the tendency of snapping is entirely done away with.

The system of crossing is also a new one and works to perfection, being accomplished by one spoke passing over and under another in such a way that each spoke holds its neighbor firmly in place; consequently a rattle is impossible, and wiring entirely unnecessary.

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Again, the spokes are placed at right angles to each other, which not only makes the wheel very much stronger and more rigid, but keeps it true, and prevents any possibility of buckling by ordinary use.

The forks are very full, elliptical in shape, being hollow to the front wheel, being immensely strong, combining great strength and lightness. The backbone is round, being fitted with a pair of very strong semi-tubular rear forks, and following the wheel in a very graceful manner.

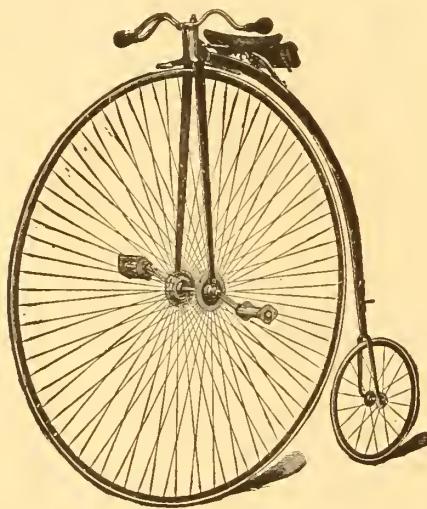
The handle-bars, one of the most important parts of a bicycle, of the curved pattern, slightly dropped at the ends.

Although its American agents, Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., have often been asked why they did not attach the detachable bar, they have always had the most satisfactory answer to give, viz., that during the three years they have handled the Rudge Light Roadster, they have never had to replace a single bar through breaking, and stand ready to do so when that time comes.

This is as much as to say that if a bar never broke, the detachable bar is useless, and is the best answer that can be given.

During the last three years, the records on the Rudge Light Roadster, both in England and America, on the road, on the hill, and on the path, have been unparalleled, and it is rare that any important meet or event occurs that the Rudge does not come to the front, to the glory of its rider.

Among the many achievements of the Rudge Light Roadster are the riding of Corey Hill, three times, by Mr. H. D. Corey, on a 32-pound machine, an event which was not accomplished until over two years after he had ridden it; the winning of the League championship by George Hendee, on a 34-pound machine; the winning of the Boston Bicycle Club road race by Midgley, on a 35-pound machine; the distance of two hundred and fifty-seven miles ridden by W. H. Huntley in twenty-four hours; and the unsolicited testimonials from the riders of the Canadian, Down East, and the Big Four tours, are ample proof that the Rudge is a thorough road machine, and one that will speak for itself.



AMERICAN RUDGE.

Besides handling the Rudge Light Roadster as a high-grade machine, Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. also make a specialty of Messrs. Rudge & Co.'s other goods.

One of their most important bicycles is the American Rudge, a machine built on the same lines as the Rudge Light Roadster, but fitted with direct spokes and solid rim. This sells at a much lower price; but the great popularity attained by this machine during the last two years, and the large number they have sold, have convinced them that the American Rudge has filled a long-felt want by the large class of American riders, viz:—

First-class, thoroughly reliable, easy-running machine, and carefully built, all-round roadster at a low price, and it can unhesitatingly be said for a low-priced machine, either on the English or American market, no other machine can compare with it in quality, workmanship, and finish.

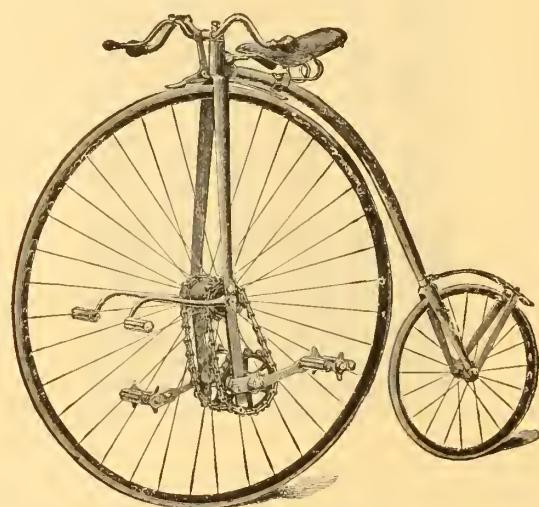
In 1885, Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. introduced the Rudge Safety,

a small, geared-up bicycle of the Kangaroo type. The Rudge Safety is, as its name implies, a bicycle combining the safety of a tricycle and the speed and ease of the bicycle.

In fact, it is a miniature Rudge, with a hollow square bar extending from each side of the driving wheel down in a direct line to the front fork eight inches.

To the lower end of these bars is attached a ball-bearing, through which passes a short axle. On the end nearest the driving wheel is keyed a gear wheel having fourteen teeth, and on the other end is a crank, having from five to six and a half throw.

The front wheel is fitted with a hollow rim, seven-eighths tire, and direct spokes. The hub is gun-metal, the power being transmitted from the larger gear wheel to the hub of the driving wheel by means of a Morgan's patent endless chain. The peculiar construction of the machine allows more freedom and ease of motion than any other machine of its kind.



RUDGE SAFETY.

It has Rudge's ball-bearings to all frictional parts, including pedals, the front-wheel bearing being of an especially constructed pattern of this machine. The front fork, head, handle-bar, brake, backbone, rear forks, etc., do not differ materially from the ordinary Rudge Light Roadster. The rake is about the same as the Rudge Light Roadster, the safety being derived from the large proportion of the weight of the machine being placed at the lower end of the fork extension, and acting as an anchor to keep the rear wheel on *terra firma*.

The steering differs in no way from the ordinary bicycle, and is not "sensitive," as in the case where the forks are geared back of the center of the wheel instead of through it. The rider is placed well over his work, his weight being directly over the large wheel, thereby doing away with much of the unpleasant jar incident to machines with a large amount of rake, where the weight is thrown almost entirely on the small wheel.

The principal improvements for 1886 are the improved method of attaching the front forks by two bolts to the lower extension fork, and the new double ball-bearing, which does away with all side shakes. The bottom ball-bearings have been greatly improved. Owing to the great cross strain at the bottom, it has been advisable to add a new and improved bearing of double rows of balls, which far supersedes all others for ease and durability. It is now perfection.

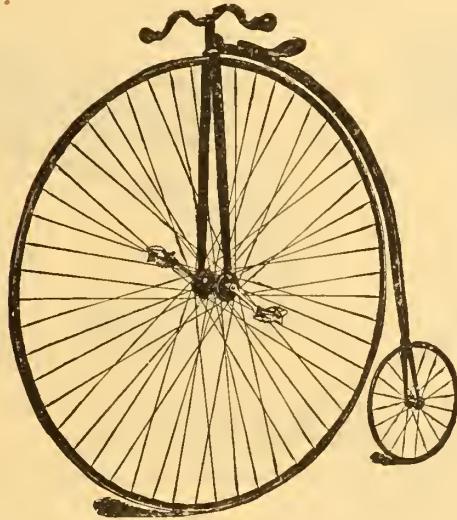
It can be safely said to be by far the most convenient machine on the market for storage or transportation purposes, and is certainly the easiest to mount and dismount; while in propelling and steering it equals the ordinary bicycle. It is certainly neat and attractive in appearance, and is well adapted to all kinds of road-riding, hill-climbing, or racing.

Its large sale is sufficient guarantee for its popularity, so much so that one of the American manufacturers has introduced a safety almost identical in appearance. "Comment is needless."

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

In the racing line, Rudge & Co. have always been pre-eminent, and the Rudge Racer is so well and favorably known among both English and American riders and racing men, that we need not dwell to any great length on its merits. It is sufficient to say that it unquestionably holds the premier position, not only in England, France, Germany, Spain, Australia, but in the United States as well. Its success for the past year in this country is unparalleled, and it will be a long time before the times, records, and distances made on the Rudge will be equaled.

We do not hesitate to say that the machine is the lightest, strongest, and most durable in the world, and the fact that its record is four and one-fifth seconds faster than that of any other bicycle, and that a twenty-two pound machine is ridden regularly by a man weighing one hundred and ninety-six pounds, is proof of this.



RUDGE RACER.

One mile on this celebrated machine has been accomplished in the marvelous time of two minutes, thirty-one and three-fifths seconds, at Springfield, Sept. 29, beating all the world's records by four seconds.

In tricycles, Rudge & Co. are even larger manufacturers than of the bicycle, and their specialties for this year are the Rudge Crippler and the Rudge Crescent. Both of these machines are new to the American market, and they will make their name before the season is over.

Last but not least comes a tricycle which can be safely said stands at the front of all tandem tricycles. The Rudge Humber Tandem is too well known to admit of description. Its popularity in England, coupled with its great use by persons of both sexes, has already foreshadowed its career for America, and there will be an active demand among the American cyclers for this machine. Its American agents have placed considerable orders with Rudge & Co., and intend placing it on the market in large numbers the coming season.

For comfort, we have the most convincing proofs that it has attained its object. Ladies in particular are loud in its praise on account of the small amount of labor required to propel the machine at a good pace, up steep hills even, and for the comfortable position they are enabled to take; while its peculiar construction entirely obviates the much complained-of displacement of the dress even when pedaling at a fast pace.

The delightfully easy and reliable steering of the Rudge Humber Tandem forms one of its great charms, and has done much towards making it the universal favorite it now undoubtedly is.

The rider sitting behind has the entire control of the steering, thus making the seat in front a luxury, especially when used by a lady (which is often the case), and requiring only a minimum of the labor and attention necessary in ordinary tricycle riding.

Probably no machine in England has acquired such a prestige, chiefly owing to the well-known practical and mechanical knowledge of its inventors; and we have every reason to believe that it will be as popular in

this country as it is in that. The Rudge Humber Tandem for 1886 will have several improvements, to which we would call your special attention.

*First.* Instead of having one single brake, a powerful double lever brake is attached to it, which is considered an advantage, as it does not throw the responsibility entirely upon one lever.

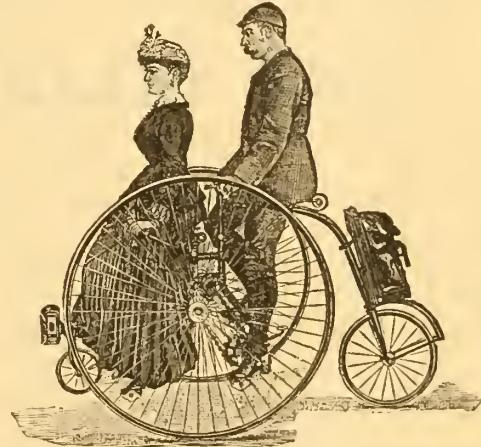
*Second.* The semi-circular handle-bar on the front part of the machine can be adjusted so as to make it practical for either lady or gentleman with short or long arms.

*Third.* Extending from the down tube, holding the forward pedals and rear tube, is a detachable brace, which effectually prevents any springing together or loosening up of the chains. The front chain is entirely covered by a guard, which protects a lady's dress from dust and dirt.

The wheels are forty-two inches in diameter, fitted with direct spokes and seven-eighths rubbers, making them very strong and extremely rigid. To those who doubt the ease of propulsion or the speed of the Rudge Humber Tandem, we simply say, try it and be convinced.

The policy of Messrs. Rudge & Co. has always been to give the best value for the money, and although in some cases their machines have been somewhat higher in price than others, they have always found that it paid to build the best; and as the American riders fully realize that a cheap machine is always dear at any price, they have had no hesitation in paying a trifle more, and getting the best thing that can be made.

The same high grade of workmanship which characterizes the Rudge, both in bicycles, tricycles, and safeties in England, is rigidly maintained in all machines sent to this country, they being carefully examined before shipment.



RUDGE HUMBER TANDEM.

A glance at the large warerooms of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. would convince riders that they are in the business to stay. Their bicycle department is in charge of Mr. Harold D. Corey, one of the best-known wheelmen in the United States. Associated with him here are a number of well-known riders, among them being Mr. H. M. Saben, Mr. H. L. Wilson, Mr. W. H. Huntley, Mr. Arthur Sidwell, and a number of others, all members of many of the various clubs around Boston.

Three floors, 80 x 40 feet, are devoted to this branch of the business, and from four to six hundred Rudes are constantly carried in stock; for, with over four hundred agents scattered all over the United States, a large stock of all sizes and kinds must be kept on hand to supply the ever-increasing demand. It has been the aim and intention of the above firm to place machines upon the American market that will stand and make a name for themselves.

So far, the Rudge bicycles and tricycles have exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and while several makers have copied a number of the principal features of their machines, the Rudge still maintains its enviable reputation, and its agents are to be congratulated on their increasing success and popularity.

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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The Rod and Gun

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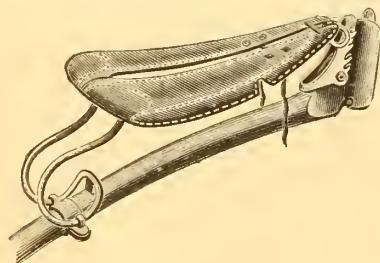
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*The American Sportsman* and THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE to one address for one year, \$2.00. Special rates to getters-up of clubs. Correspondence solicited.

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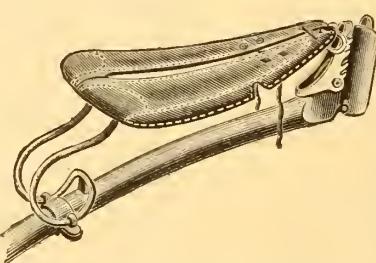
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232 Walnut Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



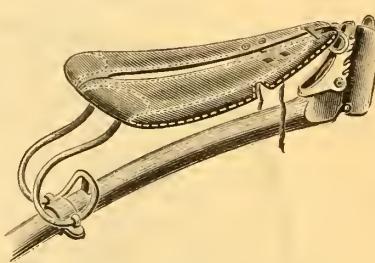
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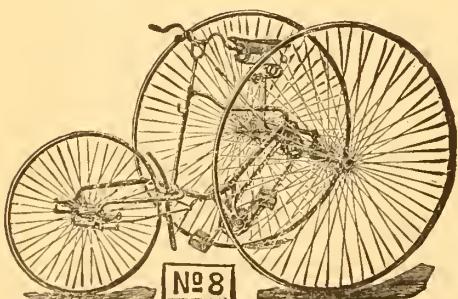
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ESSEX BICYCLE WORKS,

Agents for the Celebrated RUDGE Cycles.

Established 1884.

69 Roseville Avenue, NEWARK, N. J.

I hope to print in the May GAZETTE a list of such subscribers as shall have consented to receive from me all the copies which have been subscribed for in their respective towns, and to receive and remit the money which may be due therefor. I do not wish any man to feel under obligation to take the book, if, after seeing the bulldog's portrait which confronts the title-page, he thinks the 450,000 words are not likely to be worth a dollar to him. Such copies of the "autographed edition" as may not be called for at my various depositories within a month from publication-day, by the men to whom they are addressed, will be offered for sale to others at \$1.50 each.

Outside of New England and the Middle States, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, I shall not send the books by express, to be called for at designated depositories, but shall forward them by mail to individuals. Subscribers in other parts of the Union, therefore (and even in towns of the States named where only one book is to be sent), may remit to me as soon as they please *after June 1*. Receipts will be forwarded at once, and names will be entered on the mailing-list in the order of payment. Some 216 are on that list already, in spite of my expressed preference not to receive any cash before the approach of publication-day. The binders will turn out 200 books daily, as soon as the final sheets are printed; and, as none will be sold until the advance orders have been filled, a slight advantage in respect to time will still accrue to those who decide to pledge \$1.50 for a "numbered and autographed copy" even at the eleventh hour.

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING,  
WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., April 6, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

The season of '86 has opened in dead earnest by over one hundred enthusiastic wheelmen of California joining the L. A. W., which I consider a very good starter. On the 18th inst. a meeting was called and a State Division formed which the Bay City Wheelmen backed by the San Francisco Bicycle Club (which has been considerably enlivened by the coalescence of the California Cycle Club) intend to push with great vigor.

The Bay City Wheelmen have as usual set things moving by a 50-mile road race, which came off Feb. 22, and to which all clubs on the coast were invited to participate.

By way of prelude let me here state that there are about eight or ten clubs in California with memberships ranging from 6 to 60.

At a meeting of committees from various clubs it was decided to have the race between Gilroy and Menlo Park, Feb. 22, to be contested by teams of five men from each club, the first man in to count as many points as there were men in the race, less one, etc., the last man scoring nothing (except it be headers), and the club obtaining the highest number of points to be declared winner. The prize was a beautiful club bugle to the winner club, and a \$50 medal to the first man in.

On the 21st the Bay City Wheelmen had a club run to San Jose, and next day returned to Menlo to see the finish of the race. The contestants went on ahead, and rode together from San Jose to Gilroy, and had a very enjoyable trip, more enjoyable than the return, in the race. Feb. 22, at 7.25 A. M., the time set for the race, it was found that among all the clubs on the coast only one had grit enough to tackle the Bay City Wheel-

men, and that club has a membership of but six. It intended to put in the requisite number, five, but their best man was laid up by a bad header, and the other member who intended competing was too unwell to do so. So they sent three men, rather than back out, and the Highland Park Wheelmen deserve credit for it. The Bay City Wheelmen had their team on the ground bright and early, and anxious to begin the journey. The start was made at 7.25, all men mounting their machines from the ground. The six contestants were: Of the Highland Park Wheelmen, Bowman, Churchill, and Rosborough; Bay City Wheelmen, Elwell, Booth, and Tittle. The starter and timer, E. Mohrig, took the train for Menlo Park immediately after the start.

The race was led by Elwell and Booth, the others soon stringing out. Seven miles from Gilroy runs a creek, which had to be crossed. Rather than dash through it, Elwell and Booth crossed a fence, then up a bank fifteen feet, thence over a trestle-work sixty feet, down the opposite bank and over the fence again. It was wearisome work and worse than five miles of hard riding. Booth and Elwell were on the opposite side of the stream and mounted when the rest of the contestants arrived at the creek. The first ten miles was covered by Elwell and Booth in about 34 minutes, as timed by Elwell, who glanced quickly at his watch. At sixteen miles out from Gilroy a very rough piece of ground about two miles long was encountered, of a shelving nature, the upper and middle portion very rocky and rutting and the base very heavy with sand. Here Elwell's superior weight told and he drew away from Booth, who was left about a mile behind.

Twenty-two miles from Gilroy was another bad stretch of about a half mile, and here Elwell gained again. San Jose, thirty miles from Gilroy, was reached by Elwell at 9.25, just two hours from start, Booth 9.30, followed by Bowman, Rosborough, and Tittle, in the order named, and about five minutes between. Churchill took a header in the rough ground and broke his handle-bar. The men kept their relative places from thence to the finish, except that when Booth was on the forty-second mile Bowman overhauled him, and after a mile or two succeeded in shaking him, and left him behind with a cramp in the hip. At the finish Mr. Mohrig stood watch in hand anxiously watching the minutes slide by. As the hands passed over the twenty-ninth minute of the third hour, he said in mournful tones, "Boys, we don't beat the record." Hardly had the words escaped him, when a shout arose from a hundred wheelmen, as they espied the champion Elwell plowing along about a half mile in the distance. He finished in a grand burst of speed in 3.31 (the actual time was just one-fifth of a second less), amid a tremendous shout from the crowd. He was followed by Bowman, who finished in good style in 3.44. Booth came in in 3.55, having ridden the last two miles with one leg, the right one being cramped. His arrival, which was the signal of victory for the Bay City Wheelmen, was loudly cheered. Rosborough came in in 4.06 $\frac{1}{2}$ , followed by Tittle in 4.09. The Bay City Wheelmen thus secured nine points against six of the Highland Park Wheelmen. It was a singular fact that the Bay City Wheelmen rode Rudge light roadsters, while their opponents bestrode Victors. The time, considering the road and the obstacles to be overcome, was very good. The road from San

Jose (twenty miles) to Menlo was good with the exception of one or two soft stretches of about a half mile each.

I think, taking everything into consideration, that we will break the 50-mile record this year. A great many were surprised that Cook, of the Bay City Wheelmen, did not enter as a representative for his club. If he had it is safe to say that 3.29 would have gone under; he has, I am sorry to say, given up racing on account of interfering with business, but he is still an enthusiastic wheelman.

Several members of the Bay City Wheelmen have scored nearly 1,000 miles already this year. A party of three went calling New Year's day and rode nearly fifty miles on their calls.

The question of a championship meet of the California division of the L. A. W. is already under discussion, and when matters get a little more settled the question will be decided. The L. A. W. will, however, first have to get a track, as the park commissioners have gone back on us. I think it is about time that some good Samaritan came to the rescue and donated us some funds.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

Our fun in bicycling has just about begun with the fair weather and delightful spring. A meet of the New Orleans Bicycle Club a few days ago caused the organization of a drill squad which hereafter will meet weekly and indulge in a drill. Louisiana Day at the North Central and South American Exposition was celebrated by the presence of the New Orleans Bicycle Club; also L. D. Munger, of Detroit, and Stanley Heard, captain of Swansea (Eng.) Bicycle Club, and of course was a great time. Jay H. Hinman, of Oshkosh, Wis., has been with us a few days enjoying our carnival and general amusement, also a number of other L. A. W. members.

Shreveport, La., is about to organize a bicycle club under the supervision of Mr. Marbury, which is to be called the Caddo Bicycle Club.

As I approached Lee Circle on the morning of March 27, while taking my usual ride, I noticed a number of the New Orleans Bicycle Club boys—something unusual for them, for it was early in the morning. I stopped and asked what was going to take place, when I was told that the plucky young rider, L. D. Munger, was going to try to lower the twenty-five mile record. It was then 5.30 o'clock A. M., and I waited until about 6.00 A. M., when we noticed some riders approaching who proved to be L. D. Munger, accompanied by Stanley Heard. Munger nodded his head with a pleasant good morning, and said he thought he could lower the record by about ten minutes. A. M. Hill and W. L. Huger of the New Orleans Bicycle Club—the latter gentleman the secretary—acted as timers; A. W. Evans of New Brunswick, N. J., and R. J. Beltram of the New Orleans Bicycle Club, as judges; and Stanley Heard and S. M. Patton, as checkers. The ride was to be as follows: Starting from Calliope street, the beginning of our asphalt pavement to Carrollton, a distance there and return of 9 miles, twice around, making 18 miles; thence from Calliope to Exposition entrance and return, 7 miles,—completing 25 miles and a fraction. Checkers were stationed at Carrollton and Exposition, timers and judges at starting point. Mr. Munger made the different times, which, considering the disadvantages of a strong head-wind and bad crossings, were wonderful: from starting point to Carrollton and return,

9 miles, in 29m. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; starting point to Carrollton and return, 9 miles, 30m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; starting point to Exposition gate and return, 7 miles, 24m. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.;—total 25 miles and fraction in the elegant time of 1h. 24m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., lowering the record of A. H. McCurdy 9m. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Now, Northern and Eastern bicyclists, say New Orleans has not a track that records can't be smashed all to pieces on! Mr. Munger and the judges are of the opinion that if he had not so strong a wind and so many bad crossings he would have been able to lower it 13 minutes. The New Orleans men think the action of the L. A. W. racing board is damaging to bicycling and their sympathies are with the suspended members. We hope to have some L.A.W. races soon. Hoping things are lively,

"NEW ORLEANS."

NEW ORLEANS, March 28, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

At length the days are upon us when the wheel can be brought into regular service once more; and the cypher, weary with months of monotonous inactivity, brings forth his mount and prepares for the riding season. Hurrah for the trips a-wheel! Perhaps we appreciate it all the more from our enforced idleness. Who was it that said we never valued our enjoyments properly until about to lose them? What lucky fellows our Southern riders are, who never need to give up their healthful pleasures the year round. Every now and then, I note them crowding over us in the columns of paper and magazine. Wait until Congress adopts the plan broached in the *Scientific American* for damning (get this straight, please,) up Belle Isle straits and deflecting the great polar current. We'll have our turn then.

We really have been having delightful weather here for the past ten days. Faith, we deserved it; for if ever March came in like a lion, it was this year of our Lord '86. May the proverbial lamb-like ending wind-up the month. Our wheelmen have been having their wheels out in all directions, but we find the roads in extremely poor condition after the heavy winter storms, and needing thorough repairing badly—which don't we wish they may get? The chap in a late issue of the *Bulletin*, who laid a heavy portion of the blame on the present system of allowing the country people to work out their road taxes, had a pretty level head. His proposed remedy, however, won't take here. It will take lots of educating to bring our rural population's ideas up to the point of having them pay their taxes and having the work done properly. The old axiom, that properly constructed roads save their cost over and over again in decreased wear and tear of the vehicles, to say nothing of easier trackage, cannot be beaten into their heads. Nevertheless, we hope to see it some day—in the millennium, perhaps.

Haven't the racing board stirred up a pretty hornets' nest for themselves? Their manifesto on the makers' amateur question must have been a bomb-shell to the interested parties. I have a sort of vague notion that there are several of our racing luminaries who will quietly let their amateur status go by default; although—as Mr. Chairman Bassett, with a vein of fine irony, puts it—they have the right of appeal to the higher tribunal. Cold comfort, that; for the League appears to be thoroughly in earnest about this thing, and it is right and proper that it should. If a man wishes to make racing a profession, let him come out

openly as a professional. Of course it necessitates his expulsion from the League; but even that may be remedied in time.

"5678," in the *Bulletin* of March 12, makes a very good argument in favor of throwing open its columns to the discussion of the various makes of machines. It certainly would open a subject of very general interest to all riders, and could do no harm that I can see. Suppose an agent does sound the praises of a certain make beyond reason? Along comes t'other fellow, who quietly lays him out unless his claims are well founded. Take, for example, the novelties in manufacture this season. The Royal Mail seems to show the most decided departure in its ball-bearing head and the new patent rim, which is designed to hold the tires without cement. Now, this last feature is of especial interest to all cyclers, and I should like to see its merits or demerits fully discussed. Then there are the Columbia "double-grip" pedals, which were clearly induced by the Victor square pedal. The '86 Victor is a little late in getting on the market. Presume it has been delayed until the injunction suit of the Pope Manufacturing Company *vs.* the Overman Wheel Company was decided. I am glad to see that the injunction was refused, for it would be a direct blow to the American cycling public to have the O. W. Co.'s work interfered with.

The Pottstown Bicycle Club is talking of a meet this spring, and as it has a fine one-mile clay track, it ought to make a success of it. Nothing of interest in club life here worth mentioning.

"CYCLE."

READING, Pa., March 18, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

The regular meeting of the San Francisco Bicycle Club was held at its headquarters this evening and its routine business summarily disposed of. The club having recently consolidated with the California Cycling Club, a proposition was made to have an informal banquet (more properly a "cold lunch and strictly family affair,") for the purpose of celebrating the eighth anniversary of the club and at the same time to become more familiarly acquainted with the new "contingent." To effect this, the club run which was ordered for the 21st inst., to the pleasant little town of Belmont, some twenty-five miles down our county road, was postponed lest the cyclists should get too many good things aboard at the "lunch" the night preceding.

One of our members, Charles P. Fonda, who was called away to Portland, Or., by business, was granted an extended leave of absence and at the same time our best wishes for his future. Our prospective California division L. A. W. is coming along in great shape and under full sail, only awaiting instructions from headquarters. The club has placed in nomination the name of Harry A. Greene for chief consul. He has long been connected as an active rider in our ranks and we feel confident he is the right man in the right place.

Owing to the delightful (?) weather of California many of our club runs have had to be abandoned, but, in spite of "Mr. Clerk," a few brave boys took a run of about sixteen miles to Hayward's, where they were amply repaid for their pains (and mud) by a sumptuous repast.

At a regular meeting held January 1, 1886, the following were elected officers of the San Francisco Bicycle Club: President, Columbus Waterhouse; captain, Harry L. Miller; first lieutenant,

Charles A. McDonald; second lieutenant, Harrison Houseworth; secretary and treasurer, George J. Hobbs; bugler, John W. Gibson; club committee, Harry A. Greene, Oscar F. Giffin, Jr.

Yours in cycling,

HARRISON HOUSEWORTH,  
Second Lieutenant, San Francisco Bicycle Club.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

Wheelmen may learn with interest and pleasure of a new wheel, or more properly a "speeding gear," which has been devised, and which may be attached to almost any bicycle. It is a simple piece of mechanism acting on the axle between the spokes and controlled by a lever, which will be attached after the manner of the brake lever on a Columbia.

It has been the experience of wheelmen, or at least of the designer of this improvement, that when riding over a smooth, firm road, a speed could not be attained as was desired, notwithstanding the fact that he was "going as fast as he could turn a wheel," for he could not turn a wheel fast enough. And, *vice versa*, where a hard, sandy, or muddy road was encountered, it required all the power possessed to "turn a wheel" at all.

In order to supply what the wheel lacks, and anticipating the wants of wheelmen, I have devised this improvement, and I would ask the "boys" whether they have not experienced the same difficulty as myself, and whether they would not appreciate having a wheel under them with which on gaining a good bit of road they could by decreasing their power attain a correspondingly greater speed, when encountering a rough road increase the power at the expense of speed, or maintain a speed as with an ordinary bicycle, at pleasure, simply by the use of the gear lever.

I would like the opinion of wheelmen generally.

D. R. CHAMBERLAIN,

50 Harrison street.

CINCINNATI, March 15, 1886.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

At the regular monthly meeting of the Baltimore Cycle Club held on the 3d inst., a committee was appointed to wait upon the park commissioners in reference to having the restrictions on wheelmen now in force removed. From present indications we think our committee may meet with success, and that the same rules which govern in Philadelphia, New York, and Brooklyn parks will be adopted in Baltimore. Our club takes a lively interest in League affairs and hopes to swell the Boston meet in May by thirty or more of its men.

To excite emulation among our riders, giving a medal to the member riding the greatest number of miles between April 1 and December 1, and another to the member who rides at most club runs, is contemplated.

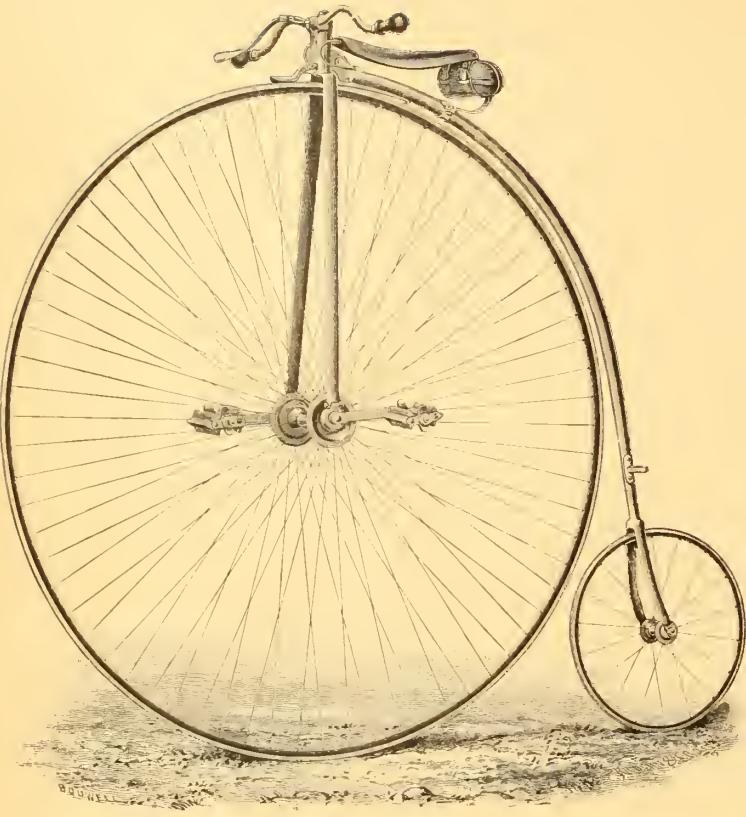
A report is out that the Bay Ridge Amusement Company contemplates building a bicycle track at a cost of about \$2,000. As this famous resort is so easy of access from both Washington and Baltimore, the rumor has created no little stir among the cyclists of these cities.

Our membership now reaches sixty-five, but we have a club-house of ample accommodation and visiting wheelmen will always meet with a hearty welcome at 727 Madison ave.

R. M. LOCKWOOD, JR.,  
Secretary Baltimore Cycle Club.  
BALTIMORE, MD., April 8, 1886.



THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE



EXPERT COLUMBIA.



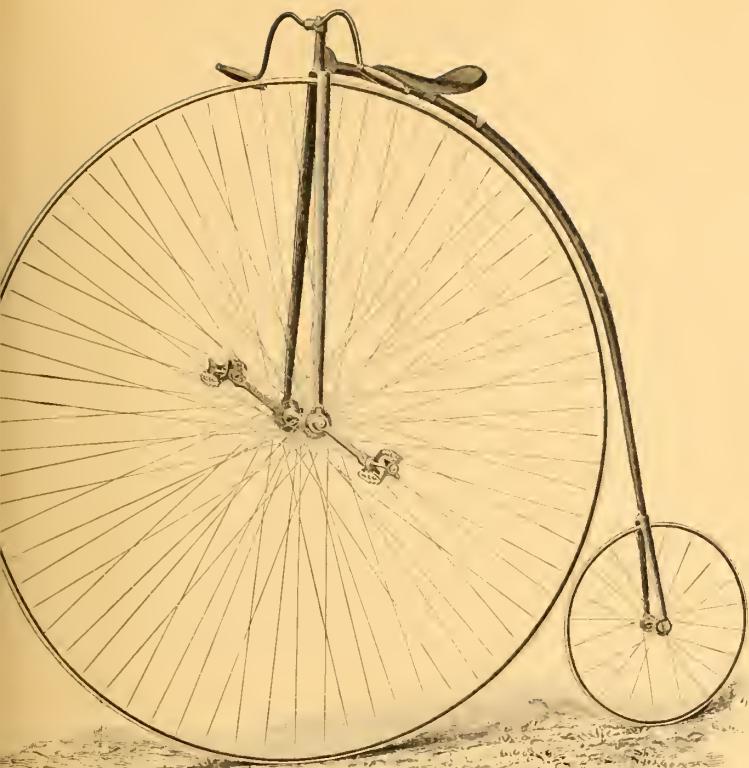
COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.



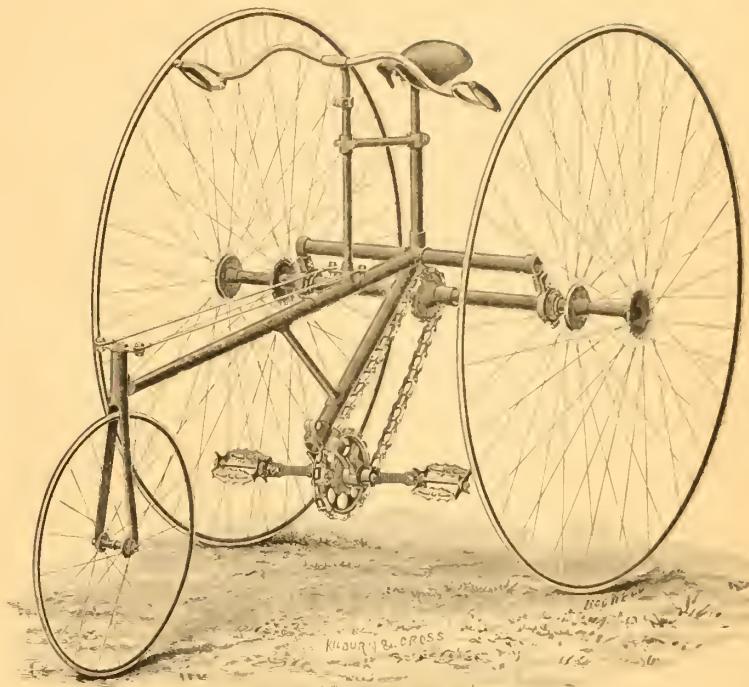
STANDARD COLUMBIA.



COLUMBIA SEMI-ROADSTER.



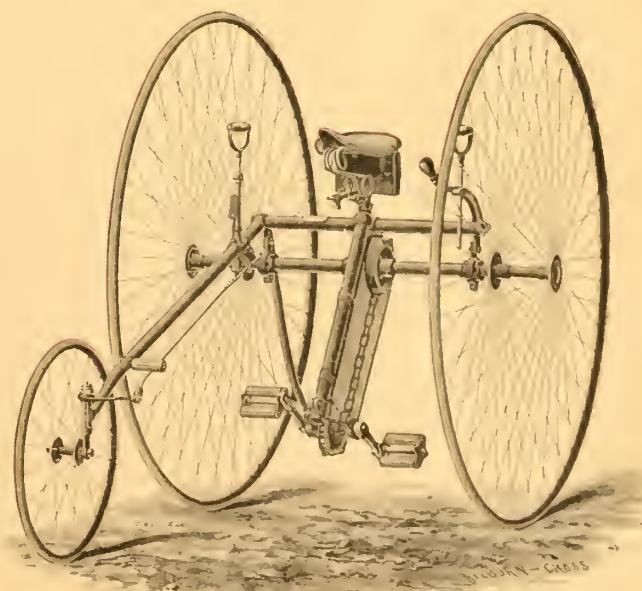
COLUMBIA RACER.



COLUMBIA RACING TRICYCLE.



COLUMBIA SAFETY.



COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE.



## AN AFFAIR IN KOORDISTAN.

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

## CHAPTER I.

Never quite satisfied with the published account of certain happenings in a camp of "black-tent Kurds," not very long ago, as related by that prince of tourists who is making twenty-five thousand miles on a bi., I have endeavored to clear up particular obscure portions of the story by direct correspondence with some of the parties concerned, and not altogether without success. It was more than half surmised, when the first account was published, and reference was made to hospitable treatment, old sheiks, wild-eyed enchantresses, bold, bad Circassians, and a flight behind the cover of a Smith & Wesson, 32-caliber, that there was an unwritten history of the affair which ought to be made public. I now present sundry statements regarding the case that no one, in this country at least, can gainsay; and I hope that some credence will be given the story even within a thousand miles of the Balkan Mountains, or Constantinople.

It appears that a circum-mundane traveler, Mr. Thomas by name, was rolling along the rough camel paths of the post route between Erzeroum and Khoi, when, halting to devour his noon-day lunch of wafer bread and spring water, he suddenly beheld a caravan approaching. The wheel had been left prone upon the ground, and not to excite undue curiosity in the minds of the approaching travelers, the wheelman had thrown himself beside it, assuming an easy, indolent, horizontal attitude, common to wheelmen in all parts of the world, and patiently awaited events.

It proved to be a band of Kurds returning from a sheep-stealing expedition to the westward, and among their number the indefatigable Thomas soon discovered a wild-eyed Circassian, of a type of beauty that he had never before seen. Or, perhaps, to state it more correctly, she discovered the bright nickeled wheel lying upon the ground, and desiring to know the use of the strange machine, or, it may be, to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who was able to travel with so much "silver" lying around loose, nodded to the wheelman to approach her camel.

It was clearly a case of love at first sight. For the moment the young man was a veritable doubting Thomas, and could hardly believe his senses, because Eastern women are not disposed to flirt in the broad sunlight without even the cover of a fan, though it has been hinted that some Turkish women will look love glances with one eye from behind their yashmaks, and break hearts every day in the year.

But the fair Zoelima nodded to the wheelman notwithstanding, and wholly regardless of the fact that she was noticed by several young bashibazouks with mustaches very much elevated at the corners.

"Bin! bin! chu! chu!" she said softly, as the bicycler recovered his wheel, which, like some of the seeds of the sower, had fallen among thorns by the wayside.

"I haven't a chew about me, 'pon honor," he said regretfully, as he touched the rim of his white helmet with a semi-military salute. "Won't a cigarette do just as well?"

A pained look came into the face of the pretty Zoelima; then, with a half beseeching glance into the young man's very eyes, she repeated more softly, "Bin! bin!" adding, "O Bizardan kayaore ghyuruldruzug."

"Yes, I know some *girls hug*," he said doubtfully, looking to the ground with unconscious naïveté, while trying to recall the sound of the last word:

By this time the old Sheik had both eyes open, and the curtain suddenly fell upon the pleasant little drama which was being enacted almost under his nose; and, beckoning to the bicycler, he proceeded to question him through an interpreter.

"From Frangistan?" he queried.

"Oui, monsieur. From San Francisco, overland. I go mit der veld around."

"Via Stamboul, Ferenghi?"

"Via Stamboul, Liverpool, Paree, and fifteen-ball pool; and speaking of pool, if you can direct me to a free lunch counter, within reasonable riding distance, I shall esteem it a high favor."

The interpreter vainly struggled with "free lunch" for several minutes, the pretty Zoelima meanwhile being an interested observer of Mr. Thomas's pantomime.

"Pillau!" she exclaimed at length, with a pleased look and a little hysterical laugh; and then the old Sheik took in the whole situation at a glance, and, to make a long story short, invited the wheelman to accompany the caravan to his camp, where he promised that the wants of the inner man should be abundantly satisfied. This is how Mr. Thomas, circum-mundane cyclic explorer, came to visit a camp of the ferocious, untaught black-tent Kurds.

The camp was reached about dusk, and the wheelman invited to make the most of the "poor hospitality" the establishment was able to offer—which, in short, amounted to almost princely treatment, with an attendant at each elbow to minister to his every want. The young man felt very comfortable over the *denouement*, and, besides, it gave him a rare opportunity to study up on Eastern customs and modes of life. But he was very curious to know the position held by the wild-eyed Zoelima in this barbaric establishment, and wondered if he should meet her again.

The tent was in the form of a parallelogram, somewhere near a hundred feet long, with apartments partitioned off by draperies of camel's hair fabric; and, as he imagined himself in a kind of a general reception-room, he early began to speculate upon the sleeping accommodations. But his mind was soon set at rest on this score, for, about 9 o'clock by his Waterbury, the old Sheik, Adelleh, withdrew, but not until he had impressed upon his visitor that he "owned the ranche" and everything in it. Two young barbarians were ordered to remain in the apartment to see that Ferenghi Sahib wanted for nothing, but after arranging his divan and bringing him a cup of coffee and a cigarette, he dismissed them for the night.

Then the tourist threw himself upon his rug, and for two full hours listened to the heavy snoring of the old Sheik in the adjoining apartment, and thought about Zoelima. Would he see her on the morrow? Would he ever see her again?

He arose and found his way into the open air—as the penniless small boy finds his way into the circus tent. The moon was just sinking behind the distant mountains of Kandilim, and with his thoughts for the moment far away in the Western world, before he knew it he had nearly stumbled over a human shape closely wrapped in a shawl of cashmere, just under the shadow of the tent. Started, he paused abruptly, and was about

to exclaim, when the figure suddenly placed a finger upon its lips, as though commanding silence.

"Ferenghi!" greeted his ears in a whisper.

It was Zoelima. His heart gave a great bound.

"Miss Zoelima!" he returned in astonishment, as the figure arose to its full height before him, and a hand was laid upon his arm.

It is not to be inferred in this truthful narrative that Thomas understood the language of Koordistan, or that Zoelima had mastered Boston English; how they conversed will never be explained, though they did converse long after the moon had disappeared in darkness, and millions of twinkling worlds had set their lamps in the firmament.

"Who are you?" the girl asked in a whisper.

"Fair daughter of the East, I am an humble citizen of the United States, and a member of the League of American Wheelmen."

"Are you traveling for the English government?"

"You do not understand," the young man said, with just a shade of annoyance in his tone; "I am traveling for—"

"Great Allah!" she said, in sudden alarm. "You, you are not a—maker's amateur?"

The wheelman smiled a kind of convertible sociable smile—neither one thing nor another—and then replied nonchalantly, "Oh, no; I am a journalist, special wheel correspondent of the—"

"I do not understand you," the girl interrupted with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Well, a journalist is a man who travels on a free pass, works for little or nothing and boards himself, and who writes up his impressions of the country from the most readily available sources of information."

Zoelima gave a momentary wondering glance into the wheelman's face, and then her lustrous, wild eyes were filled with a far away look as she gazed over the moonlit plain that stretched away to eastward. Mr. Thomas realized that as far as his personal identity was concerned he had not made a single point, and he appreciated the importance of being able to throw some light upon the mystery with which he seemed surrounded in the girl's mind. At length a happy thought struck him, and he took from his pocket an envelope filled with pictures that had been cut from the *Monthly Breeze*, illustrating his travels across the American continent.

"See!" he exclaimed with rapture,—but, alas! the wan moonlight was far better adapted for quiet converse than for viewing "process" reproductions of off-hand pen-and-ink drawings. Nothing daunted, however, he drew a cigarette from his case, and, lighting it, endeavored to illumine the picture which he held before him. The tiny mass of fire at the cigarette's end was less than a sixteenth-candle power, and bicycler and Circassian maid were soon bending over the scrap, their heads in dangerous juxtaposition. But it was no go, and the girl motioned that perhaps two cigarettes would be better than one. Accordingly another was lighted, and for a few moments they puffed in silence, gazing into each other's eyes. Then a second attempt was made to view the picture, but at this juncture they were startled by an explosion just inside the tent against which they were leaning in such blissful obliviousness to surroundings.

Zoelima threw away her cigarette in alarm, springing to her feet with a whispered exclamation and a half-spoken word :

"Adelleh!"

The truth was the old Sheik had sneezed.

Then it became apparent that the camp was aroused, and in another moment an excited Circassian gentleman in Kurdish dressing-gown and slippers,—and armed with a huge flint-lock pistol and military saber,—suddenly appeared around the corner of the tent.

"*Ghibi Ghito!*" he screamed, as the startled wheelman arose to his full height and put on his helmet.

Mr. Thomas's hand flew involuntarily to his hip-pocket.

"Spare him! Hassan-al-Nadir!" Zoelima cried in alarm, holding out her clasped hands imploringly; "he is—he is a—*missionary on wheels*."

"Yes," Thomas echoed with a deep-drawn sigh, as he saw a ray of hope in the suggestion, "the young woman is correct, I am distributing tracks, and if you will quietly let me out of this blood-Kurdling situation I will agree to make the straightest kind of tracks for the domain of the Shah, before your respected chief can sneeze again." Then he suddenly drew his hand from the region of his hip, and thrust it into the face of the astonished bashi-bazouk. It was his pocket flask.

## CHAPTER II.

When Mr. Thomas opened his eyes the next morning his first impression was that he had been bound hand and foot, gagged, robbed, murdered, and thrown down some lonely mountain ravine for Oriental crow's meat. Then he pinched himself and found that he was still in the land of the living; and a moment later the appearance of two young Bedouins at his elbow convinced him that he had overslept, and that it was time to be dressed for breakfast.

No allusion was made to the incidents of the previous night, and the wheelman half hoped that Hassan-al-Nadir had said nothing about it. At least old Adelleh was as smiling as a May morning, as he appeared at the *portiere* of Mr. Thomas's apartment, and, with a significant gesture with his thumb over his left shoulder, in the direction of an inner room, said quietly:—

"Sahib, vree loonch!"

We will pass over the breakfast of "*pillau*," with all the Kurdish fixings, and the *nargileh* that the wheelman was forced to smoke with the old Kurd. It was all very nice for an hour or two, and then when he began to hint that it was time to be on his way toward the Shah's country, he suddenly discovered that he was a prisoner.

Oh, for a single word with Zoelima! Even a pantomimic conversation with Hassan-al-Nadir would be better than nothing under the disagreeable circumstances, for he knew that the bold, bad barbarian had his price. The day wore on tediously enough. He tried writing up his notes, but somehow he was not in a mental condition to tell a connected story, and he gave it up. Then he had his wheel brought in, and gave the thing a thorough cleaning and oiling, after which he practiced some of Dan Canary's tricks for a couple of hours until, overcome with the exertion, he laid down for a little rest and reflection.

At length evening came. The twilight shadows crept stealthily forth from their hiding-places out of the garish light of day; the misty veil of night fell in soft folds o'er drowsy nature, and the moon and the twinkling stars again hung out their golden lamps. By 9 o'clock the entire camp was as silent

as a club pool-room on Sunday. Thomas had thrown himself upon his rug, and was wondering how the next chapter in this eventful story would begin, when the rustling of the heavy curtains that formed the entrance to his apartment, warned him that some one was stealthily approaching. In a moment he had noiselessly raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Ferenghi!" he heard in whispered accents.

"Zoelima?"—spoken doubtfully.

"Yes, Sahib, I must speak with you."

In a moment he was at the girl's side.

"Ferenghi, you are in danger," she whispered.

"And you have come to save me," he replied, pressing her hand to his lips in gratitude.

"Hassan-al-Nadir will kill you," she said, making a faint attempt to withdraw her hand. "You must get away!"

"But how?" the wheelman asked excitedly. "Hassan himself is watching outside the tent and the moon is yet in the heavens."

"Allah preserve us!" she sighed. "I know it. You are to be given your liberty to-morrow morning, and the plan, then, is to rob and murder you when you are well on your journey. Oh, we must devise some means of escape."

"Zoelima, we must!" the young man echoed in faltering accents. "Would that we might fly together—for you must be pretty tolerably well acquainted with all the roads in the neighborhood."

"Have you—have you much para, Sahib?"

"Alas, fair daughter of the plains, I can only count my wealth by buttons."

"And no millionaire relatives?" she pursued.

"None whatever."

"Then there is little chance of a ransom," she replied, reflectively.

"Not a relative; dead broke and no credit. But who is at the bottom of this charming little arrangement?" the cypher inquired.

"One whom I hate, Ferenghi," the girl replied with feeling,—"Hassan!"

"Hassan!" the young man repeated in a stage whisper; and then in a moment asked, "and why do you hate Hassan?"

"Because he loves me, or claims that he does, though I doubt it."

"Oh, ho! and Hassan-al-Nadir is going to throw a brick under my wheel, is he, because—because we were caught smoking cigarettes together, last evening, in the moonlight?"

"Yes, that is about the altitude of it," Zoelima responded sadly.

"And my twenty-five thousand miles on a bi. is to be ruthlessly nipped in the bud before I have hardly distanced Karl Kron," he groaned in anguish. "Oh, it is terrible!"

Involuntarily his head fell upon the girl's shoulder, while she, with her soft hand, brushed back a recrurent lock from his forehead, and endeavored to soothe his anguish. Both were silent a moment, and then the girl spoke.

"Join our band, Sahib, and marry me; then thrash Hassan and all will be well. Be a *Kurd* for my sake."

"Dear girl," the wheelman replied, speaking quite calmly now, "I couldn't be a *Kurd*, possibly, for to tell the truth I don't like your barbarous *wheres*."

"Then fly upon the machine horse, and take Zoelima with you."

"I have it," exclaimed Thomas, joyfully. "Can't we steal a camel when the moon goes down; hang the wheel on behind somewhere; attach the cy-

clometer to the animal's hind leg and make a dead break for Teheran?"

"But Hassan and the camp?"

"Hassan be hanged, and I'll fix the entire camp before breakfast to-morrow morning or I'm not a member of the League. Oh, Zoe, I've got a new idea—you will fly with me, won't you?"

"To Stamboul, or to Frangistan, if need be."

The wheelman clasped both little (?) hands in his own and pressed them warmly. "One kiss, then, and good night, for I have much to think about ere the morrow."

"Kees?" she repeated, doubtfully, "do you mean *vree loonch*, Sahib,—*pillau*?"

"No, no, pretty one," he answered, touching her forehead reverently with his mustache, "this Hassan business for once has quite taken away my appetite; yonder *pillow* is all that I will require. Good night."

For a brief instant there was a death stillness, broken only by the anvil chorus in his Waterbury watch; then a dual sigh swayed the curtains of the apartment and she was gone.

In the morning the old Sheik, Adelleh, was more gracious than ever, and breakfast proved to be a princely feast. Thomas kept his eyes well open, however, soon discovering that rather unusual preparations were quietly going forward. Hassan-al-Nadir was full of business, and seemed in command of some expedition,—a what-not,—for which several fierce looking Arabs were making ready, and about 9 o'clock, their horses having been brought out, the company appeared ready for departure.

"Will Sahib honor us by permitting these unworthy dogs to be his escort?" Adelleh asked, with a gracious salaam, and a covetous look at the bicycle.

"How are the roads?" the cypher inquired laconically.

"But wretched camel trails, Sahib," was the reply, with another salaam.

"Then I prefer to go it alone," the wheelman replied, with a furtive glance into the dark face of Hassan.

The Kurd turned to his chief with a side remark, and in a moment the proposed escort were preparing to mount and ride away. Zoelima stood a little in the background where she could be seen by the wheelman without being observed by her kinsmen, and as the young man gazed into her face he was startled at the look of despair so plainly written upon it. He felt that things were growing desperate, and to let this precious gang of cut-throats ride on ahead was simply inviting calamity. Then he put his scheme into execution. Recollecting the episode of the pocket flask, and remembering that Hassan had been careful to return the same, empty, he had bethought him of a sure release from his unfortunate dilemma, though at fearful cost.

To start upon a journey around the world without providing a base of supplies of a bibulous nature would have been a dangerous oversight, especially in the face of two ever-present evils—hunger and malaria. To be on the safe side, therefore, Mr. Thomas had wisely filled the backbone of his wheel with French brandy, and to this fact alone he owed his deliverance on the present occasion.

Hassan had just nodded to his company to mount, when Thomas, with a dexterous movement, reversed the wheel, dropping handle-bar and sad-

dle to the ground with the little wheel in air, after which he opened an ingeniously concealed tap, and, filling his drinking-cup to the brim, passed it to Adelleh. The story is a brief one. In just fifteen minutes the entire camp was so gloriously befuddled, including the old Sheik, that a battery of field-pieces or one of Stall's screamers would not have waked them.

Recovering the wheel, the cyclic explorer now prepared to make tracks without delay, when he suddenly paused. In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten Zoelima. Where was she?

"Zoe!" he called softly, and receiving no reply pushed into the tents, coming upon the prostrate forms of stalwart Kurds and languishing Kurdeses at every step; and, at last, upon entering one of the inner apartments,—the one where she had come to him with her warning words the night before,—a sight met his gaze that sent the cold chills down his vertebrae, Zoelima in the arms of Hassan-al-Nadir, and both terribly under the influence of the fatal draughts of French brandy. Then he knew the girl had sought to betray him into the hands of his enemies, and that her warning was only a part of the dark plot to steal his "silver" wheel.

Speeding away as fast as cycle could carry him, in a few hours he overtook a postal courier and sent the following dispatch to the Associated Press:—

Have just fought my way out of a camp of black-tent Kurds, and come off unscathed. After bribing women to obtain release, had a fearful encounter with the men, who fell, one by one, like sheep, under my murderous fire. Saved half of my ammunition uninjured, and am ready for another encounter.

But the pretty, wild-eyed Zoelima made a conquest notwithstanding.

## Items of Interest.

The first prize in the *American Wheelman's* road race will be a \$150 bicycle and a gold medal, the other awards consisting of five medals and various cycling sundries.

At the Big Four Tour Association meeting, held at Buffalo, N. Y., it was decided to disband the association, and have the annual tour this year under the auspices of the League of American Wheelmen. The programme is as follows: Leave Buffalo Sunday, Sept. 5, by rail to Canandaigua; Monday, by wheel to Geneva, and during the afternoon steam down Seneca Lake to Watkins Glen; Tuesday forenoon, visit the glens in the vicinity; afternoon, by wheel to Elmira. A Pullman train will be waiting to convey the party that night to the vicinity of New York City. Wednesday morning by wheel through New Jersey, via Orange, Riding District, and Newark to Jersey City, where wheels will be placed aboard the Old Dominion steamer, and the party will cross the ferry and stop at a hotel in New York. Thursday, remain in New York and vicinity until afternoon, when the party will take a steamer for Old Point Comfort, Va. Friday evening, arrive at the hotel, Old Point Comfort, when a grand hop will be given. Saturday, at hotel and vicinity; leave on evening train for Staunton, Va. Sunday arrive at Staunton. Wheel down the grand Shenandoah Valley next three days. Parties will be quartered in separate towns at night excepting at the Luray Cave. The tour will be finished at Harper's Ferry, from which railroads lead in all directions. Opportunity is offered for continuing

the tour individually or in small parties from Harper's Ferry to Hagerstown, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., and by Lancaster pike into Philadelphia. As the points *en route* north of Harper's Ferry are small, a large party will not be able to find proper accommodation. The change, however, from the big tour to small parties will be an agreeable variety. Arrangements with hotels *en route* will be such as to give each individual separate accommodations, and baggage details will be such as to always have clothing at hand when wanted. Movement on the road will be in eastern, middle, western, and southern divisions, with long distance between divisions. No more entries will be received than can be amply accommodated in comfortable shape.

## THE CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The time standard of the English championships this year is as follows:—

The One Mile Bicycle—Time standard, 2m. 48s., present holder, Sanders Sellers.

The Five Miles Bicycle—Time standard, 15m., present holder, M. V. J. Webber.

The Twenty-five Miles Bicycle—Time standard, 1h. 20m., present holder, R. H. English.

The Fifty Miles Bicycle—Time standard, 2h. 40m., present holder, R. H. English.

The One Mile Tricycle—Time standard, 3m. 5s., present holder, P. Furnivall.

The Five Miles Tricycle—Time standard, 17m., present holder, R. Cripps.

The Twenty-five Miles Tricycle—Time standard, 1h. 30m., present holder, G. Gatehouse.

The following are the dates and places for this year's championship races:—

May 22—Five Miles Tricycle Championship, at Queen's Park Ground, Glasgow.

June 14—One Mile Tricycle and Twenty-five Miles Bicycle Championship, at Weston-Super-Mare.

June 26—One Mile Bicycle Championship, at Jarrow, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

July 17—Twenty-five Miles Tricycle Championship, at Crystal Palace, London.

July 24—Five Miles Bicycle Championship, at Long Eaton.

August 14—Fifty Miles Bicycle Championship, at Crystal Palace, London.

## RACE MEETING.

### ANOTHER WONDERFUL RIDE BY THE PLUCKY AND UNTIRING DETROIT RIDER, L. D. MUNGER.

On the 31st of March Mr. Munger informed the "boys" that he would take his departure about April 2, and of course we could not think of letting him go without planting another great record on the beautiful "Southern soil," so he promised he would try to break the world's 50-mile road record. At 5:30 A. M. on April 2 we found Mr. Munger at the head of the asphalt pavement ready for the word go. Shortly they arranged the judges, checkers, and timers, who were as follows:—

*Timers*—A. M. Hill, New Orleans Bicycle Club, L. A. W., C. T. C.; E. H. Foote, Mass. Bicycle Club, L. A. W. *Checkers* (stationed at Carrollton and Exposition)—C. M. Fairchild and E. A. Shields, New Orleans Bicycle Club, L. A. W., C. T. C. *Judges*—W. L. Hughes, New Orleans Bicycle Club, L. A. W., C. T. C.; R. P. Randall, New Orleans Bicycle Club, L. A. W.

The run was to be the same as that upon which he broke the 25-mile record, only repeating it. He started at 5:40 A. M., making the various distances as follows:—

Calliope street to Carrollton and return, 9 miles,

30m. 15s.; Calliope street to Carrollton and return, 9 miles, 30m. 30s.; Calliope street to Exposition and return, 7 miles, 24m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Calliope street to Carrollton and return, 9 miles, 31m. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Calliope street to Carrollton and return, 9 miles, 35m. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; Calliope street to Exposition and return, 7 miles, 27m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Grand total, 3h. 2m. 34s.

I have no doubt but that a great many fast riders will think this road is very much better than if riding upon a common road, but Mr. Munger had a great many difficulties to contend with: first, there are seventy-two bad crossings, and before reaching these he had to slow up, otherwise he would take a header; secondly, Mr. Munger rode on an empty stomach and had to pause twice for refreshments, thereby losing valuable time. He was warmly congratulated on his success, and after having left his wheel at the club-room was apparently quite fresh.

Quite a crowd of people gathered to see Mr. Munger make his attempt, among whom were many men prominent in bicycle circles.

"NEW ORLEANS."

NEW ORLEANS, April 2, 1886.

## INDIANA DIVISION L. A. W.

The programme of the third annual tour of the Indiana division of the L. A. W. is as follows: Meet at the Windsor Hotel, Rushville, Ind., at 7 o'clock A. M., Friday, July 9, 1886; wheel to Lewisville, 18 miles, for dinner; afternoon, 10 miles to New Castle, stopping over night at the Bundy House. After supper there will be a seven-mile spin over some of the finest roads and coasts in the State. Saturday, July 10, wheel to Pendleton, 21 miles, for dinner; afternoon, 15 miles, to Noblesville, stopping over night at the Wainwright Hotel. Sunday, July 11, wheel to Tipton, 20 miles, for dinner at the Commercial Hotel; afternoon, 18 miles, to Kokomo, stopping over night at the Clinton House. Monday morning, July 12, 12 miles, to Russiaville for breakfast; thence to Lafayette during the remainder of the day, by the route that the weather makes the most desirable, stopping over night at the Lahr House. Tuesday morning, July 13, wheel to Crawfordsville, 28 miles, for dinner at the Robbins House; afternoon, 24 miles, to Lebanon, stopping over night at the Rose House. Wednesday, July 14, 30 miles, to Indianapolis, where, if the party so desire, the tour will end with a banquet at one of the best hotels. There will be a road race of 21 miles from New Castle to Pendleton, with \$10 and \$5 prizes to persons making 1st and 2d best time. Entrance fee, \$1. The riders will be started five minutes apart, unless too numerous, and the committee reserve the right to handicap riders according to their known abilities as road riders, so that all persons entering the race may have an equal chance of winning. Each member of the party will be required to pay \$1 towards defraying the expense incurred for badges, printing, etc. Arrangements have been made for reduced rates at all the hotels on the route, but reductions will be made only to persons holding L. A. W. tickets, or the certificate of the captain that they are under eighteen years of age. Riders who contemplate becoming members of the party should make haste to join the League that they may get their tickets in time. Captain Davis will have charge of the party on the road, and all persons will be expected to obey the commands of the captain. The pace will be such that any rider can keep up with the party. No rider will be left on the road un-

less it becomes absolutely necessary by reason of sickness or accident, and in that event a committee will be left to look after him. At no point is the route over ten or twelve miles from a railroad, as we have endeavored to select good roads handy to railway stations. Orders for the succeeding day will be posted in the hotel each evening. All persons will be expected to be in the saddle at Rushville, and make the whole trip. The route herein designated has been arranged with a view to the encouragement of wheeling in Indiana, and we hope to see every Indiana rider in the party, as well as many outsiders. All persons who expect to go on the tour should send their names to A. B. Irvin, Tourmaster Indiana division, Rushville, Ind., by July 1, so that all the arrangements may be as complete as possible.

## Among the Clubs.

### THE ALBANY WHEELMEN.

#### A NEW CLUB FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CYCLING ONLY.

The new bicycle club known as the Albany Wheelmen is neither a split nor a secession from the Albany Bicycle Club, as has been erroneously stated in the papers. It is an entirely distinct organization, and some of its members still retain membership in the older club. The only difference between the two clubs is that the object of the new is the advancement of bicycling only and the old one combines the same object with that social element that appertains to a regular club.

#### THE PLAN OF THE NEW CLUB.

The plan of the new club comprehends no aggressive campaign against the old, and simply aims to perfect an organization that shall offer inducements to cyclers only. The statement that this action was the outgrowth of internal dissensions seems to be without any foundation, and from all that can be learned it is an entirely distinct body and with no conflicting interests.

#### THE OFFICERS.

The following is the result of the official election: President, Wm. C. Hickox; vice-president, A. J. Gallien; secretary and treasurer, Henry Gallien; captain, H. E. Hawley; lieutenant, Frank Munsell; color bearer, E. F. Brainard; board of trustees, the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and Robert C. Folger, Wm. Honig, J. H. Groat, and E. D. Mix. The club now numbers thirty-six members and rooms will soon be secured for their accommodation. Many applications are now under consideration.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY TEAM ROAD ASSOCIATION.—Delegates from sixteen bicycle clubs in New York and vicinity met at the Citizens' Bicycle Club rooms, West Fifty-eighth street, March 27, and organized the New York and New Jersey Team Road Association. The charter members include the following clubs: Harlem Wheelmen, Brooklyn Bicycle Club, Long Island Wheelmen, Citizens' Bicycle Club, Pegasus Bicycle Club, Hudson County Wheelmen, Orange Wanderers, New Jersey Wheelmen, New York Bicycle Club, Elizabeth Wheelmen, Ilderman Bicycle Club, Kings County Wheelmen, Bellerophon Wheelmen, Rutherford Wheelmen, Mount Vernon Bicycle Club, and Morrisania Wheelmen, representing upward of five hundred wheelmen. Two race meetings will be held each year—one on

Decoration Day and the other on Election Day. The initiation fee is \$15 and the annual dues \$5. A trophy to cost \$250 will be competed for at twenty-five miles by teams of four men selected from each club. It must be won three times before becoming the property of the holders. The following officers have been elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, E. J. Schriver, New York Bicycle Club; vice-president, C. Lee Meyers, Hudson County Wheelmen; secretary-treasurer, M. L. Bridgeman, Kings County Wheelmen; executive committee, C. R. Zacharias, Newark; C. L. Luscomb, Brooklyn; and F. L. Bingham, New York.

THE TROY BICYCLE CLUB has just completed the purchase of a building worth \$18,000, which was formerly a skating rink, and when remodeled it will make the finest bicycle club-house in the State. The club numbers 76 members and 50 wheels. It gave a tournament which was a grand success, the past winter, before an audience of over one thousand spectators. The club holds the five-mile county championship and the half-mile championship. The coming season will be an active one, as there is good stock and lots of enthusiasm among the boys. The club holds a tournament each year, which has always been well attended and good time has been made in the races. Visiting wheelmen are always welcomed at the Troy Bicycle Club Hall.

THE LYNN CYCLE CLUB has leased for five years the lot of land on Chatham street, belonging to Isaiah Graves, and as soon as the frost leaves the ground work will be commenced for the laying out of a racing track, which promises to be one of the best in the country, as nothing but the best of screened blue gravel will be used to constitute it. This work, with that of erecting grand stands, judges' stand, sheds for machines, and a building for wheelmen to make their change of clothing in, will cost the club from \$1,800 to \$2,000. During the winter ten members have been added to the club.

THE FLORENCE CYCLE CLUB has 28 L. A. W. members and every one a live, active man. It expects to send more men to the League meet than any other club around here, other reports notwithstanding. It can muster more live members by four to one than some older clubs. The last of the series of social dances has just been held; these invitation parties have been well attended and have been enjoyed by a good class of people, and financially each party has been a success. It is expected that the new club-house will be ready for occupancy at an early date.

#### CLUB ELECTIONS.

ATLANTA WHEELMEN (Newark, N. J.)—President, W. S. Gregory; vice-president, C. A. Woodruff; secretary-treasurer, W. F. Coddington; captain, A. W. Snow; first lieutenant, C. G. Halsey.

BINGHAMTON (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, M. C. Craven; vice-president, Austin S. Bump; treasurer, W. F. Sherwood; secretary, M. J. Corbett; captain, Gerry Jones; lieutenant, C. M. Bloomer.

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) CLUB—President, H. W. Hayes; secretary, E. B. Coleman; treasurer, A. L. Bowker; captain, C. L. Smith; first lieutenant, J. H. Grimes; second lieutenant, C. O. Danforth; bugler, R. S. Ray; standard bearer, George B.

Adams; executive committee, H. W. Hayes, E. B. Coleman, A. L. Bowker, C. L. Smith, John Amee, George A. Nash.

CORTLANDT WHEELMEN (Peekskill, N. Y.)—Captain, E. A. Hodgkins; lieutenant, S. A. Meade; secretary-treasurer, A. D. Dunbar; bugler, W. Flockton; executive committee, E. A. Hodgkins, S. A. Meade, A. D. Dunbar, S. Wessells, and D. C. Hasbrouck.

DETROIT (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, B. J. Holcombe; vice-president, C. D. Hastings; secretary-treasurer, A. F. Peck; captain, H. M. Snow; first lieutenant, J. H. Ames; second lieutenant, A. D. Boweby; bugler, W. E. Knapman; color bearer, B. F. Noyes; club committee, B. J. Holcombe, A. F. Peck, H. M. Snow, P. N. Jacobson, C. E. Alvord.

FLORENCE (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB—President, A. G. Hill; vice-president, O. M. Smith; secretary and treasurer, W. H. Wyman; directors, C. J. Brown, W. Twigg; captain, A. E. Friedrich; first lieutenant, Harry Haven; second lieutenant, N. Howard.

FORT WAYNE (Ind.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Dr. George A. Ross; captain, Charles J. McLain; lieutenant, Louis Ohhouse.

HARLEM (N. Y.) WHEELMEN—President, W. H. DeGraaf; vice-president, Wm. Dutcher; secretary, F. A. Ryer; treasurer, E. C. Parker; captain, W. D. Edwards; first lieutenant, E. I. Halsted; second lieutenant, C. M. Phelps; bugler, H. D. Cochrane; color bearer, A. Rauchfuss; board of managers, the president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, C. H. Leggett, and G. S. Curtis.

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HUMBOLDT (Iowa) BICYCLE CLUB—President, N. H. Knowles; secretary, O. A. Ward; treasurer, H. H. Perkins; captain, S. A. Taft.

KANSAS CITY WHEELMEN (Kansas City, Mo.)—President, Dr. G. L. Henderson; secretary-treasurer, Frank W. Boyd; captain, Henry Ashcroft; first lieutenant, Harry G. Stuart.

KEystone CLUB (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—President, C. M. Clarke; secretary and treasurer, S. C. Bidwell; captain, H. A. Bidwell; first lieutenant, J. B. Kancher; color bearer, A. P. Murdock.

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MACON (Ga.) CLUB—President, Dr. N. G. Gewiner; captain, John C. Flynn; lieutenant, J. E.

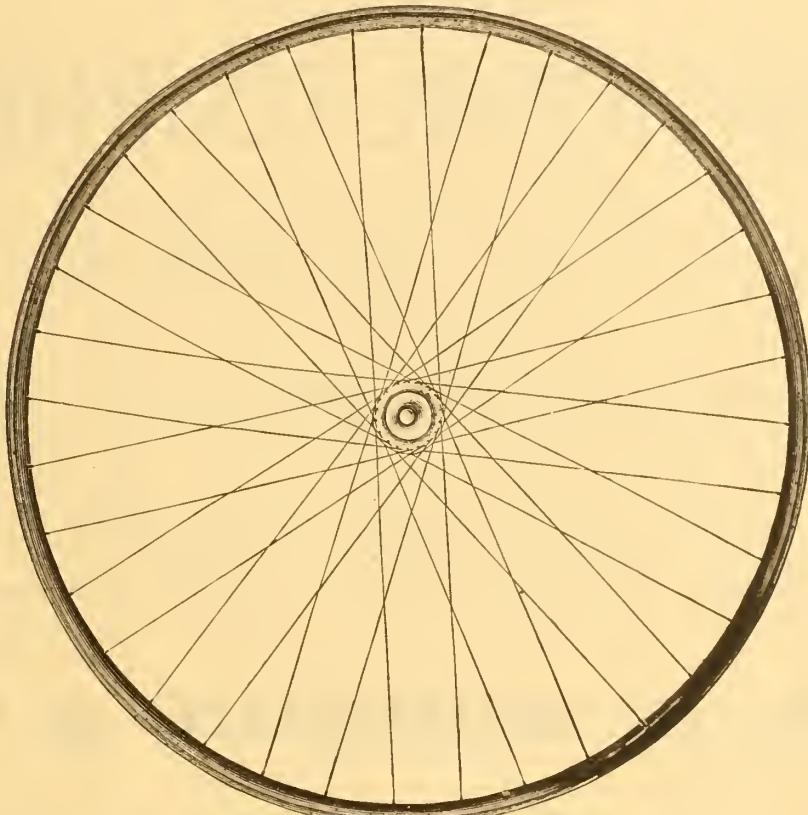
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# INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT

AT NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND,

ABOUT THE END OF JUNE OR THE BEGINNING OF JULY, 1886.

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Further particulars will be given in later issues of this paper, and in the mean time information will be given to all inquirers by

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TUFTS COLLEGE BICYCLERS (Somerville, Mass.)—President, H. L. Canfield, '86, divinity school; vice-president, C. F. Dow, '87; secretary and treasurer, J. F. Galletty, '87; captain, F. N. Simmons, '88. Messrs. Dow, Galletty, and Simmons form the committee on suits, and the president, with one other member, the committee on constitution.

WOODSTOCK (Can.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, A. M. Scott; vice-president, Jos. Codville; secretary-treasurer, S. Woodroffe; captain, W. A. Karn; first lieutenant, W. H. Martin; second lieutenant, Segar McKay; third lieutenant, H. Williams; standard bearer, Jas. Scofield; bugler, W. S. Hurst; committee, Messrs. Scott, Woodroffe, Karn, E. Merner, and J. G. Hay.

YORK COUNTY WHEELMEN (Biddeford, Me.)—President, R. A. Fairfield; vice-president, H. L. T. Cummings; secretary-treasurer, J. Edward Etchells; captain, Walter T. Bowers; lieutenant, Walter L. Ayer; bugler, Elie Girouard; color bearer, James W. Dennett.

## The Trade.

We have received a copy of the 1886 Rudge catalogue issued by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., of Boston, Mass. Probably no line of wheels are more popular in this country than the Rudge, and to those who contemplate purchasing a new mount for 1886, we should recommend sending to the above firm for a copy.

The April edition of the Pope Manufacturing Company's catalogue of Columbia bicycles and tricycles is just issued. In it can be found illustrated descriptions of the nine makes of Columbia cycles, put out by this house for the season of 1886, including the new Columbia Safety bicycle, the new Columbia semi-roadster, and the new ladies' Columbia two-track tricycle. The catalogue contains 52 pages and 51 engravings, the mechanical drawings being remarkable for artistic distinctness. The book will be mailed free upon application.

We clip from the *Mirror of American Sports* part of an interview with T. B. Jeffery, of the firm of Gorham & Jeffery, and he tells

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW "CHAMPION" MACHINE.

The reporter remarked that the Sunday papers were no doubt interesting reading to him. Mr. Jeffery said, "Yes, of course, the news regarding the creditable performance of the first Champion we shipped, could not well be otherwise than pleasant. You see there is always more or less chance of mishap to the first wheel of a new line that is put together, though the manufacturer be as careful as possible, and I should not have been surprised had the wheel that Schock rode given him a little trouble during the first few days of the race, as he had no chance to try it before the race began, but our Minneapolis agents have written us that not a screw turned, and that no attention whatever was necessary."

The reporter asked what Mr. Jeffery regarded as the strong and essentially unique points of the Champion, he said: "Perhaps the most important feature of the machine for long-distance riding is the means we have for holding the bearing in the fork. You will notice the fork end is cup shaped and surrounds the spherical case which contains the balls. This construction permits the spherical case to automatically assume the direction or line required by the shaft to enable it to turn very freely. This will be understood by wheelmen who have observed the different forms of bearing fastening employed on all other makes of bicycles, which, although stationary, may perhaps with great care be made true when no weight is on the machine, but the weight of the rider and the pull on the handles will certainly tend to change the direction of the fork ends, which are

the bearing cases in other makes, and so, by twisting ever so slightly, cause unnecessary friction where there should be the least possible. This is perhaps the greatest point in favor of the Champion as a long-distancer. But you will also notice that the neck has a very long and rigid fitting, stronger and in a shorter space than in any other; so, while being exceedingly free to turn, it can be firmly held without swaying or wobbling, and the rider is able to keep a uniform distance from the pole, and I really think that Schock, though he undoubtedly rode all the miles of the record, on another machine would have actually ridden more miles to have measured the same distance. Chief Consul Blake has a Champion; in fact, he was the first person who rode the Champion on the road, and he remarked the other day it was the most rigid machine he had ever mounted, and I think it is mainly due to this point. We have several other patents which we use on the Champion, but these two I have spoken of are the most important."

#### PATENTS.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Mar. 16, 1886, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Shipley Brashers, patent law-office, No. 607 7th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 336,543, Feb. 23, George Banister, of Warren, Vt., spring for vehicles.

No. 336,544, Feb. 23, Michael Barry, of Valparaiso, Ind., vehicle spring.

No. 336,588, Feb. 23, David Hall Price, of Brookline, Mass., clutch for tricycles.

No. 336,968, March 2, Frederick White, of Westboro, Mass., assignor to the Boston Wheel Co., of Bangor, Me., tricycle.

No. 337,171, March 2, Freeman Lillibridge, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, saddle for tricycles.

No. 337,183, March 2, Anson P. Merrill, of Fall River, Mass., lock for bicycles.

No. 337,271, March 9, Emmit G. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to Adrian C. Latta, of same place, velocipede.

No. 337,460, March 9, M. Tompkins, of Attica, Ohio, wheel.

No. 337,774, March 9, George S. Long, of Hartford, Ct., assignor to G. W. Williams, of same place, bicycle.

No. 337,975, March 16, S. W. Morgan, of East Concord, N. H., velocipede.

No. 338,151, March 16, J. A. Griffiths, of Coventry, England, velocipede.

No. 338,168, March 16, Walter Eyre, of Sheffield, County of York, England, method of making wheels.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### A SPRING OPENING IN NORTHERN OHIO.

April 1 inaugurates a change in the Touring Club. As others turn their leaves on New Year's Day so we turn ours on All Fools Day. The club proceeds to forswear midnight banquets and all the dissipations to which winter is heir. Why the club should swear off on April 1 is reasoned in various ways, the most obvious of which is that swearing off on this day means about as much as crooking one's finger when making a positive promise.

The month of April brings the opening of the riding season in this section. Those who go into

training begin to pedestrianize the country. The home trainer in the club room is oiled up; machines are brought forth, cleaned, and repaired; maps are taken down, routes laid out, and plans drawn up for the spring and summer excursions. Every one is feverishly awaiting the day that will call us to mount.

Now comes the first morn's excursion with its eight-inch track, its ruts, its headers, bent handle-bars, and broken commandments! To the right of us lies the North ridge with its pleasant six miles of light gravel track, past comfortable country houses, school-houses, and the old white church on the hill—stately edifice, towering belfry, and aged bell "slightly disfigured and still in the ring." Beyond the hill one gazes upon rutty roads and dreary prospects; three miles of what would otherwise be a model track is impassable. While gazing on this stretch the imaginative conceptions and passionate longings give way to the practical realization that the club must content itself with the six miles traversed for several weeks to come. The club's power so to do has been sometime established and it is generally conceded that its abilities for making itself at home are largely developed.

The six miles of ridable road are used for all they are worth and scarcely a day passes but what a wheel is glistening on its route.

Sunday morn a party of wheelmen leave the square and quietly glide through the suburbs out to the ridge. Oh! the balmy freshness of that morning breeze; how it thrills one through and through! Quickly the blood courses through our veins, the eyes sparkle, and the cheeks grow red. Can aught on earth surpass the beauty and the pleasure of a spring morning a-wheel? the green verdure sparkling with dew, the notes of the meadow lark as it flies overhead, the babbling brook,—the voice of Nature,—calling earth to Nature's God!

Here and there a farmer, going to the city to church, turns out to let us by and we tip our caps and return our thanks while the new rider feels like throwing his arms about the dear old gentleman's neck, for a dismount at this spot means a walk for a quarter of a mile to him. A little farther on we pass the farmer's daughter and a smile and blush answers the impudent doffing of caps. A barn-yard fowl spreads its wings and goes flying across the road, whereupon the "club purp" immediately gives chase and returns with a mouthful of feathers. That club dog is a darling. It is his nature to fancy anything that wears feathers. He "tackled" a turkey gobbler one day, but on the return he went out of his way a quarter of a mile to avoid a second encounter.

Six miles in the country is but a short journey, and we turn in the lane and dismount at the old white church. We shake hands with friends loitering on the steps, brush the dust from our clothes and then—yes,—go in! It is seldom the club attends church in a body, but when it does it is invariably in the country.

Have you ever attended a country church? Well, you know, then, that it is their custom to seat the ladies on one side of the house, and the gentlemen on the other. We are not expected to know which side is which, and it is nothing strange then, that we should wander in on the wrong side and seat ourselves in the class having the largest number of grown-up young ladies. I must acknowledge, however, that it is peculiar that the club always makes this mistake! The lesson is

about Saul. One of the club accidentally heard a sermon on Saul a week previous and he accordingly takes the cue for our body and proceeds to tell the class teacher more about Saul than he or any one else ever heard. The club hands in some additional Bible teachings and the collection is taken up. When the report is read, it is found that the amount accredited the club is larger than that of the entire school aggregated. Whether this or the surpassing biblical ability displayed by the club be the cause, one thing is certain, on leaving we are cordially invited to return as well as to take dinner with the superintendent at our convenience. It is very evident that he has never heard of our cadaverous appetites or he would never insist so strongly on our accepting his invitation.

"I say," said the bad boy, as we sped down the road, "has it ever occurred to you why old Boggs refuses to spill anything into the contribution box when it is passed? Well, twenty years ago he put a cent into the box of 'Foreign Missions.' The other day he read of a penny of that date being worth eleven dollars and he has been kicking himself ever since for his extravagance."

It is near the dinner hour when the club separates in the public square and we go to our separate homes to be told of a sermon that our beloved city pastor respectfully dedicated to the young men who broke their necks and the Sabbath on wheels.

We retire to the cooling depths of the bathroom happy in our own knowledge that there is one pastor and one congregation who have a better opinion of us, and happy indeed that we prefer a healthy spin in the country, an interesting hour of Bible teaching, and woolen shirts and knickerbockers to a cushioned seat in the tabernacle, immaculate shirt bosom, collar, and cuffs and a drowsy congregation.

PRESIDENT MERG.

FOSTORIA, O., April 8, 1886.

#### KATIE PAGE.

More like the fragrance of rare flowers, or a pleasant dream, is the memory of a little divinity out toward the setting sun, after the changing scenes of a flight of years.

Her features, if we remember rightly, could not have been called regular, for her nose turned slightly up, but her otherwise fair face and form more than made up for the contrary tendency of the organ aforesaid, so at least thought the young painter whose fortune it was to do some work in her luxurious home. Do not, dear reader, imagine anything connected with a long-haired portrait artist, of ripe and mischievous years, working up a romantic attachment, and finally dying for a tender young girl, for the cold facts found him a journeyman house painter, who was at his age painfully timid and reserved in the company of young ladies, however brave and gallant he may have been with matrons of sober years.

Katie was Bunker Page's only daughter, and he, the painter, scarcely dared look at her, although it must be confessed that she had seen several more summers than he had, but from the first he somehow received an impression that she was attracted to him, why, he could not say; at any rate he soon became bold enough to express—faintly though it was—his love—for music, and even amidst the odor of paint, such floods of melody as the charmer evoked from the grand piano and her sweet voice, enraptured him, and at such times work was necessarily retarded, in fact he "soldiered," and could not be blamed for it either.

Added to that, the girl seemed determined to have the whole house repainted, instead of the room or two first talked of, which only prolonged the joy of the victim.

Katie's frank, unconscious ways and manner put the bashful fellow more at ease than he thought he could ever be in the presence of a lady, for that part of the house seemed given up to them, and she was apparently sole proprietor and *charge d'affaires*, a trust which she proved entirely capable of fulfilling.

Their chats were now quite frequent, and oftener touched upon congenial and even personal topics than upon the more commonplace one of house decoration and kindred arts.

It was some time before it dawned upon this nameless painter's mind what it was that made Katie's entering the room, her voice, or the sight of her lithe and graceful figure in another room of such absorbing interest to him, and withal so pleasurable.

He had of course read of the tender passion, but never thought it could or would be applied to his own case.

Katie had doubtless given the subject more thought, as ladies are credited with doing, for, in the most lady-like ways, she bestowed upon him little attentions, among others, in the way of dainty refreshments from her well supplied larder, and learning that sweet milk and cream were antidotes for the poisonous effects of paint upon the human system, there was no lack of that healthful beverage, and she seemed to place herself on an equality with the young man who had awakened in her such regard.

As has been said, the painter was young, so young as to scarcely know what a measure of happiness was evidently in store for him, and that he was drifting, and being borne along with that tide that overtakes almost all humanity, sooner or later, and when once in and under way, one is about powerless to help himself out of.

Katie Page was sweetness personified, and her girlish-womanly ways charmed and puzzled him alike, for he began to get his eyes open and be convinced that whatever this new experience might result in, it surely had delightful phases, which were so far most marked and prominent.

\* \* \* \* \*

At this stage of affairs, truth compels the writer to mention the completion of the decorative work in the Page mansion, and the departure for the East, of the painter, without so much as a word of farewell to Miss Page; his sojourn in the South, where, in riper years, he married happily, and occasionally looks back over the years to that Western home, and wonders what the Fates brought to Katie Page.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Stanson, who looks over our shoulder, says she is glad that such b'yishness transpired before bicycles came, so that they could not be disgraced by any part in it, and thinks with us that it is time for this "boy-ography" to end.

"STANSON."

St. Louis papers are giving us rare specimens of Western journalism in commenting upon the action of the racing board. The *Wheelman* has little in its columns outside of denunciations of the course pursued, and with rare inconsistency it booms Kirkpatrick for president of the League. There is an old saw about consistency and precious stones. We have forgotten it.—*The Cycle*.

### TO T. W. E.

*Being an answer to "A Peace Offering" in February GAZETTE.*

BY "FIFTY-THREE."

Here's many thanks, my friend, to thee,  
For thy kind words to "Nell" and me ;  
Thou art by this, I plainly see,  
    A brother of the wheel.  
Yet thou mistook this friend of mine,—  
Look this world o'er one cannot find  
A girl so true, more good and kind,  
    Who loves the steed of steel.

The tilt is scarce a tilt at all,  
It was a joke about a fall,  
She saw him limp and had the call  
    On that lame "Fifty-three."  
To better understand this verse,  
'Tis well to say how we converse  
On cycling topics, and how terse  
    She gives reply to me :

"Look there ! fair maiden, up the street  
A wheelman comes in suit so neat—  
How quickly fly his nimble feet  
    While he swiftly glides.  
See his resplendent mount so bright,  
With every part and joint just right,  
Is it not a glorious sight,  
    This wheel, and he who rides ?  
"Out on the road he pedals fleet,  
There's not a horse he cannot beat,  
By all he passes like a streak  
    Of vivid lightning's flash."  
Now, cycling friend, be not surprised  
When with a twinkle in her eyes,  
Sweet to me she thus replies  
    With teasing way and dash :

"Oh yes, my 'crank,' I well did note  
The greasy pants and dusty coat,  
Last year 'twas said his nose he broke  
    When on a run one day.  
You men on wheels do toil and blow  
When mounting hills or spurring go,  
And suffer thirst and hunger's thro'e,  
    Yet all is joy you say.

"You smash machines, meet disaster,  
Spend for repairs, lotions, plaster,  
And of the sport you are not master,  
    Else why these falls with random ?"  
Still for the wheel she has a passion  
And wishes oft it were the fashion  
For womankind to ride and dash on  
    "Singles" or on "tandem."

Now, if this lass I win and wed,  
And when to altar she is led,  
The cake I'll send, as thou hast said,  
    Made by her own fair hand.  
But, better still, to marriage come,  
And join us on our wedding run ;  
We'll tour 'neath Southern morning sun  
    Throughout this lovely land.

### UNFOUNDED RUMORS :

That the L. A. W. is an Eastern League.

That the West has no voice in the government of the League.

That the racing board will not rescind the present suspensions.

"That all is not gold that glitters," says a makers' amateur.

That Kirkpatrick still believes in the strict enforcement of Rule H.

That the *Bicycling World* is to lead the monkey brigade with a pipe organ.

That the *Bicycling World* is not the strongest League paper in the United States.

That St. Louis wants the sun to rise and set in St. Louis; whereas, according to *The American Wheelman*, it rises in Boston and sets in Springfield.

### SIGNS OF SPRING

BY T. W. E.

When robins are a common sight,  
And crows appear with "caws";  
And life upsprings with new delight  
As winter hides its flaws;  
The river claims its right of way  
Unfettered and unbound,  
And dews turned into snowy spray  
No more shall garb the ground.

When gloves are not worn on the ears  
And scarcely on the hands,  
And Nature weeps reviving tears  
For grandeur now less grand;  
When from this subtle sympathy  
The grass and leaflet grow—  
Smiles then on tiny blade and tree  
And turns to us aglow.

When clothes and customs meet with change  
And fashions new appear,  
While than the newness that is strange  
The old ones seem more queer;  
With other things we're quite content,  
Then Pastime to us steals  
And whispers that 'tis time were rent  
The bonds from frozen wheels.

Then far and long is swept the chord  
To throb the wheelman's heart;  
"Spring" to him is the magic word  
To pleasure's pulses start;  
The wheel is taken from its rest  
Of many a day and night,  
And "Richard is himself," full dressed,  
And whirling out of sight.

### WAYS OLD AND NEW.

BY T. W. E.

The knight of old his charger rode  
In time of peace and war,  
Nor dreamed might be another mode  
Of reaching points afar,  
Into the thickest of the fray  
Oft bore a victor's lance;  
Till final contest yields the day,  
In safety borne perchance.

Under the smiling sky of peace,  
No war-clouds dark between,  
From sterner duties finds release  
And turns to love, I ween.  
Yet not so bravely now doth ride,  
Feels not so sure to win,  
As heart-quest doth his courser guide  
Not sound of battle's dim.

Across some centuries we reach  
The dawn of cycling time,  
And learn the things it has to teach  
In the new knighthood's prime.  
Surpassing poet's dreams of old  
The vision it unveils,  
And scenes by sages wise foretold  
In travel's new light pale.

Not as the Spanish lover woos  
With song and sweet guitar,  
Doth woo the hero of my muse—  
Behind the handle-bar  
He sits while fields go flashing by,  
Till fair one's home is near,  
Dismounts, invites her with her "tril."  
His onward ride to cheer.

And then beside some charming spring  
They halt awhile to rest,  
O'er sheltered by sly Cupid's wing  
After the morning's zest.  
This sylvan spot's inclined to pair—  
Together 'cycles places,  
Charms Love to make its pledges there  
Heart-stirred 'mid Nature's mazes !

## THE N. BI. C.

BY "FIFTY-THREE."

Every bi. club has its "fliers,"  
Has its "dudes," and has its "liars,"  
Yet what has the great N. Bi. C.?  
We have grit, push, and go,  
(But have no man like William Rowe,)  
And all solid business men, we.

Their names and stations I might name,  
Yet from this task I must refrain,  
As this short rhyme would grow apace;  
And the editor, friend Ducker,  
Might say, in angry mutter,  
"Your verses must consume less space."

Now, one word more, and I am through,  
If you seek health and pleasure too,  
Go buy a "bike," don't wait a day;  
Then join our club, and with us run—  
Wheel for business, wheel for fun—  
'Twill make you hale and strong alway.

## CHESTNUTS.

Makers' amateurs.

Springfield for records.

All of the most noted fliers will be present.

Reduced rates on all railroads entering the city  
(in the ad. only).The \*\*\* Club is to build a new track—the  
fastest in the world.Not the action of the racing board. But the  
talk only, of amateurism.Our club-rooms are always open and visiting  
wheelmen are cordially invited.Our club intends to subscribe for your paper.  
(This is just before its meeting there.)No pains or expense will be spared to make  
this the greatest event in the history of cycling.THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for this month  
has been received, and as usual it is an excellent  
number.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is the successor of  
THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, the  
latter having suspended publication. Henry E.  
Ducker is now the editor and proprietor of the GA-  
ZETTE, and is making it handsome as to appearance,  
readable as to contents, and successful as to pa-  
tronage.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

Col. Witherspoon used to be very rich, but of  
late he has met with financial reverses. He has  
even been compelled to sell his riding horse. His  
old servant, nevertheless, remains faithful. The  
Colonel uses a bicycle. When he returns home  
on his bicycle, the faithful servant walks it up and  
down in the yard for ten or fifteen minutes to  
cool it off before putting it in the stable.—*Texas Siftings*.

For a summer trip, "a bicycle tramp" gives  
more real, solid pleasure to the square inch than  
any other recreation. One depends on neither cars  
nor carriages. He is his own horse as he wheels  
over hill and valley in a grand go-as-you-please—  
stop-when-you-want-to-and-come-back-when-you-  
feel-like-it vacation; and then to come home feel-  
ing good all over, mind clear, body vigorous,  
ready for business, and able to work.—*Fort Wayne World*.

If the amateur rules of the L. A. W. are not re-  
modeled into something approximating common  
sense a Western League will not be organized, but  
a new National League will be. With the fastest

men in the country as a nucleus, it will be only a  
question of a short time before "the tail will be  
wagging the dog." However, we have no doubt  
but what the rules will be suitably adjusted, the sus-  
pended men taken back to the fold, and all arranged  
serenely.—*St. Louis Critic*.

The methods employed by some wheel manu-  
facturers in the advertising of their machines  
seem hardly to bear the shadow of truth. It is  
indeed a pity that the means of so much out-of-  
door enjoyment should be somewhat handicapped  
by untrue statements. It is to the credit of Pur-  
itanical Boston that not only does she possess the  
largest wheel house in the world, but that that  
house is conscientiously honest in its advertising  
statements.—*Boston Courier* (Jan. 31, 1886).

Fred R. Cook informed a representative of the  
*Ingleside* that he had finally concluded to give up  
racing. We sincerely hope that Mr. Cook will be  
persuaded to reconsider his decision, especially as  
so many are anxious to see all our speediest men  
meet on the racing path this season. Everybody  
desires to see a new list of coast records established  
worthy of our racing men. The present list is a  
disgrace to California, particularly when it is re-  
membered that we have so many men capable of  
lowering them very considerably.—*Ingleside*.

The "Oregon" carried down to the bottom of the  
sea a number of cases of machines consigned to A.  
G. Spalding & Bros., of this city and Chicago. The  
lot included the new "Spalding," "Humber," and  
"Premier" machines, all sold to deliver April 1. The  
loss to Messrs. Spalding, while covered by  
insurance, is, nevertheless, a serious one in point  
of delay. We are glad to learn that the cable was  
called into use, and a duplicate shipment left Liver-  
pool on the "Gallia" Saturday, the 20th inst. It  
might be well to notify denizens of Long Island  
that if any mermaids are discovered riding bicycles  
along shore, the "silent steeds" belong to Spald-  
ing.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

## MAKER'S AMATEURISM. ITS PROS AND CONS.

Prosaic by reason of its "ahem-nable iteration"  
as this subject must necessarily be, it is one which  
has now arrived at a crisis, the outcome of which  
will be regarded with more than ordinary interest  
by the whole wheeling world. It is an open secret  
that nearly a score of prominent racing men have  
been called upon by the Executive of the National  
Cyclists' Union to remove certain suspicions which,  
rightly or wrongly, have attributed to them the  
stain—such as it is—of promateurism. It would  
be exceeding the necessities of the case and indeed  
would smack somewhat of satire to congratulate  
the Executive upon the rapidity with which they  
have acted in this matter. In fact, we are some-  
what inclined to the opinion that had they not been  
hounded on by a section of the Press and one or  
two ardent spirits among themselves and on the  
Council, the Executive would still be blandly crack-  
ing the filbert of petty legislation, while the coco-  
nut of serious politics rolled unheeded before their  
eyes. How many furlongs of copy we have our-  
selves written on the subject, we should hardly like  
to reckon up, but, in common with most people,  
we are glad to see some definite step taken at last.

And now let us regard this question, vital to the  
future of wheel racing, from as practical and com-  
mon-sense a stand-point as we can, and with an eye  
to its latest developments, which last have, in

some measure, altered the complexion of affairs.  
Sentiment and cycle racing are not closely con-  
nected. They ought to be, perhaps, but then so  
ought a number of other good things to be, which  
never within the bounds of human possibility will  
be. In the first place, let us see what are the  
arguments which the maker's amateur may fairly  
advance; for the purpose of clearness, conjure we  
up from abysmal depths or out of a manufacturer's  
shop, which you will, an amateur wheelman who has  
broken the *Union definition* by accepting remuneration  
from a maker and let us listen to what he says in  
reply to an Executive which we will also take the  
liberty of pressing into our service.

"You suspect me of being a maker's amateur  
and you ask me to prove that I am not what you  
call me. Well, suppose I say to you frankly and  
honestly that if, by your term, you mean that to  
earn my bread and my wife's bread and the  
children's bread, I take the money of a wheel man-  
ufacturer for riding his bicycles and tricycles, then  
I am a maker's amateur. What then? You will  
suspend me—make me a professional—drive me  
from the amateur ranks and force me to race for  
cash instead of the rubbish I race for now? Well  
and good! but first let me ask you a question or  
two. This is my only chance, remember! I have  
remained quiet while Councils have stormed,  
papers have raved, and after-dinner orators have  
satirized me. What is the difference between my  
position—granting that I have plenty of time to  
train and practice—and that of, say, Mr. C. Liles, if  
he will pardon my using his name, whose possession  
of the world's favors enables him to devote as  
much time to training as I do? Frankly, wherein,  
as applied to the ordinary amateur, lies the differ-  
ence? Special advantages in both cases, admitted;  
but I am suspended while the man of leisure  
remains an honored unit of amateurism! Again,  
let me ask whether you ever heard of a maker's  
amateur who did not ride an honest race to win a  
prize for himself and advertisement for his em-  
ployer simultaneously? Is not the vital principle  
of this promateurism the grand one of 'Excelsior'!?  
Look round you, Messieurs, my judges! observe  
your own metropolitan tracks, ask your Local  
Centers to watch the racing upon their paths, and  
say who is the honest racing man who rides ever  
to win, and never to lose, who scorns the book-  
maker and troubles not to deceive the handicapper  
whose aim is to get to the scratch mark and when  
there to win with extended starts to his field? Who  
is the darling of the populace? The maker's  
amateur, of course! It is impossible to gainsay  
the fact. Your *bona fide* amateurs, what are they?  
With a few honorable exceptions whose comforta-  
ble positions in life enable them to realize the truth  
of Becky Sharp's famous assertion, where are the  
men you can place alongside of me and ask if they  
are guiltless of dishonesty in racing to throw the  
first stone at me? Remember I know the talk of  
dressing-rooms, and training tracks as well as, or  
better than, you, and I know how the men you  
would in your philanthropy protect from me, arrange  
their races, rope, throw dust in the eyes of handi-  
cappers, and ride to orders of their backers or  
layers. None of these things can you lay at my  
door. I ride to win always. My worst enemies  
cannot deny that.

"Now, let me ask, where the glorious records  
of the wheeling sport would be, save for the enter-  
prise of the manufacturers and the prowess of  
the men whom they sent out to battle for Eng-  
land's honor; and, let us be frank, their own ad-

vertisement in the famous Springfield tournament? Where in the future, when you have suspended me and others like me, will you find men to stir the pulse of the nation as we did last September? Perhaps some of your rich amateurs will go out? Perhaps some of your pressmen, who will make enough money by writing of machines they ride to cover their expenses, will go out? But not the men whose deeds the world of wheels rang with five months ago!

"What is your amateur law? A phantom of middle-class creation—an artificial distinction dividing classes which ought not to be divided—an unrealizable craving after Utopia, which the peer with his race-horse and the peasant with his village sports unite in a common contempt for. What is it? A thing redolent of impracticability, ignoring the first principles of human nature and so desperately absurd that when a sensible, hard-headed man came up from the North, and moved for its abolition, your orators, your satirists, your sophists, your specialists, your high-falutin purists were so overwhelmed by the cogency of the common sense arguments advanced, that with one accord they took refuge in a complete side issue and threw out the motion, not because it was not in consonance with every dictate of reason, but because other sports equally foolishly conducted, would be closed to wheelmen sensible enough to throw off the yoke of amateurism. Was ever satire greater? You will suspend me for breaking a law which you would abolish if you dared! So be it—at all events, I have done something for England's honor, and earned my living in defiance of your absurdities. Suspend away!"

It does not require a very vivid imagination to fancy these arguments in the mouth of a promateur on his trial and having conjured them up, we must admit our belief—a belief which has gradually grown upon us with the march of events, while waiting for something to be done—that a reply to them worthy of the name will be difficult to find. The contentions of Mr. J. R. Hogg were such as no reasoning man could, with any regard for his own intellect, refuse to recognize as sound—and these coupled with a knowledge of the rotteness underlying many of the grand professions of purity which we hear nowadays, have very nearly, if not entirely, converted us to the opinion that if the distinction between amateurs and professionals stands its ground the suspension of nearly all our best men will pave the way for a state of things which can do the sport no good—in that racing will be given over to a few well-off, *bona fide* amateurs, and the brigade who, without the quality of either the *bona fide* amateurs or the promateurs, arrange their races, bully handicappers, and work up their starts.

Of course, there is no getting over the fact that each time a maker's amateur signs an Union entry form, he commits a moral offense. In fact, herein lies the whole sin of the promateur. He signs his name to an untruth. Otherwise, as Mr. Hogg pointed out, there is no infraction of the moral code, in the action of a man who defies the National Cyclists' Union. When we consider that the last named body has only just discovered, after years of press criticism, that its rules were not sufficient to meet the requirements of the situation—we might almost say, has only now discovered that it had not got rules to break which was an act worthy of suspension—we can sympathize with the man who, at the outset of his career in life,

with the world before him and his own fortune to carve, seeing on one side the purse and employment of a maker, and on the other the fractionally understood rules of a self-constituted athletic association unable to interpret its own laws, chose the matter-of-fact path of self-advancement, and threw down the gauntlet of defiance to that body.

This seems to us an intelligible view. We have not arrived at it suddenly, though, perhaps, we have been finally influenced by the want of backbone displayed at the last council meeting, when an effort of our own to force on the Union a bold stride towards amateurism as we understand the term, was frustrated by various members of the executive, whose cry of "Festina Lente," was accompanied by the usual fiddling with "recommendations," and other rubbishy triflings with the question which served to distract attention from the real point at issue. If the maker's amateur is to be suppressed, so should be the start-finishing pot-hunter, and we happen to know that some of the principal members of the A. A. A. were in hopes that the five-guinea prize limit would have been accepted by the N. C. U., in order to provide the A. A. A. with a precedent for doing likewise. What we object to, and what a great many men apart from the genus cycling celebrity object to, is the tinkering with these questions which is exemplified by the dilatoriness of the executive over makers' amateurism, and the half-heartedness which declines to strike at pot-hunting at the same time the minor *moral* offense of promateurism is grappled with.—*Wheeling.*

#### INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.●

The time has now come, we think, when the question of international championships should be fairly looked at and considered. In years gone by, when Englishmen and English times had never been approached upon the wheel, the question of world's supremacy in cycle racing was open to no doubt, and the English championships were, to all intents and purposes, the championships of the world. Of late years, however, cyclists in other countries have been making rapid progress, and although our American cousins were defeated at Springfield in the greater number of events, their prowess upon that occasion, and the subsequent beating of many of our best times when running against the watch, prove that although we do not acknowledge ourselves beaten, we cannot help acknowledging the fact that we have no longer the right to practically claim the title of the world's champion for any of our riders without a contest for the same, as the issue would now be by no means a foregone conclusion. Not only have riders in the States made good progress, but our cousins in Australia are fast approaching English times, and the German riders also are not by any means so far behind as some of us would imagine, whilst among the riders of France, although they are at present debarred by the amateur definition from competing with our amateurs, there are several whom it would take the best of our men to shake off. This state of things considered, it appears to us that it is high time systematic arrangements were made for the regulation and holding of world's championships at truly international meetings. In professional circles, where, despite the advocacy of a strong minority for the past two years or more, the Union has taken no decided line with regard to the championships, nearly every rider is a champion at some distance or other, and when the question is tackled, as we have no doubt

it will be eventually, stronger measures will have to be pursued than would have been the case had the matter been attended to earlier. If nothing be done with regard to the subject of which we now write, it is very probable that as years roll by we shall see the same thing occurring in amateur circles, and shall have the champions of each country claiming the titles of "world's champions," and the cyclists of every nationality each claiming for their country the supremacy among the nations of the earth. As we have before said, until now the supremacy of British limbs and wheels has been undoubted, but as nation after nation increases in proficiency on the cycle, that position must be each year more open to doubt, and we contend that an early attention to the question is needed in the cause of sport, to avoid complications in other countries, and that the present and no other time is the best, and the right time to commence operations with the subject. What we would propose, therefore, is briefly as follows:—Each country in the world where cycling is at all followed up with any degree of enthusiasm or proficiency now has its recognized governing body. Let the governing bodies of the world—say, for example, the N. C. U., the I. A. W., the I. C. A., the Dutch Cyclists' Union, the Australian Cyclists' Unions, and any others that may from time to time join in—at once confer and form a federation for the arrangement of annual series of international contests for the supremacy of the world of wheels. These contests should be held in no one country, but should year by year be held in a different one, each country belonging to the federation taking the events in turn, thus, for example, if America held the contests in 1886, England might have them in 1887, Germany in 1888, Australia in 1889, and America again in 1890, and so on, as may be arranged by the powers. For this purpose, specified distances should be drawn up, at which international or world's championships should be recognized, and no country should recognize any championship as a world's championship at any other distance than those recognized by the federation. The expenses of the meetings might either be divided amongst the federation, and the profits likewise shared, or—which we think would be the better plan—the country whose turn it would be to have the conduct of the contests should defray all expenses, and reap all benefits, in so far as the "gates" would be concerned, likewise undertaking the entire management of the meetings in question upon recognized universal lines, though, of course, the other governing bodies should, if possible, send a representative or representatives to assist therat. In such an important event as this, the expenses of the riders could well be paid, either by the Union of their own country, by their clubs, by special funds collected for the purpose, or by any other means available; for it would be important that the best, and the best only, of the riders of each country should compete in such contests, and it would be, of course, a highly desirable thing for the champions of the year of each respective country to compete in the international events. At present international contests are in a half and half sort of way, being promoted by individual race meeting managers, and unless something is done to place the matter upon definitely recognized lines, chaos will ensue before we know where we are. Thus, the Springfield and Hartford tournaments are privately organized affairs, and although we are apt to look upon the successful riders there as to all intents and purposes world's champions at

their respective distances, the titles have legally no *locus standi*, and are merely those of courtesy. Likewise, in this country, Mr. Cathcart is promoting an international meeting at the Alexandra Palace, whilst another is also announced by the management of the North Shields grounds, and if these are successful, it is only in reason to suppose that half-a-dozen others will quickly spring up, and then, as they will most probably each include, say, for example, a one-mile event, it will be as open a question as ever as to who is and who is not the one-mile champion of the world—that is to say, if these meetings are recognized as international meetings proper, or meetings at which one may expect to see the best men of the world competing for the honor of their respective countries. We commend this suggestion to the careful consideration of the powers at large, and should like to see our own Union taking the initiative in opening the negotiations with other countries. It will doubtless mean some little amount of correspondence to those who undertake it, but we cannot see that the difficulties are in any way insurmountable, or even more difficult than many others which the Union has successfully mastered. The point is, that what is done in the matter should be done at once. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and whilst the makers' amateur abuse, which has now grown almost beyond the power of control, would never have existed had it been checked in the bud, so with the present matter—if attended to at once it will be productive of the finest cycling sport the world has ever seen, yet, if left untouched for long, it will form the nucleus of a grave abuse, which will require an immensity of action and influence to overcome. Since writing the above we have received the report of the last Executive meeting, and note with pleasure that negotiations have, in a way, been opened with the L. A. W. We trust the matter will not be allowed to drop.—*Cyclist.*

#### RACES AGAINST TIME.

The hardest thing in the world to beat, when held by honest and capable men, is the watch. It is never out of condition, and it does not wait upon a horse which swerves, tumbles, or breaks. It goes steadily forward, indifferent to excuses, and without a grain of charity in its action. Just think of the courage required of Maud S. in her struggle against the watch at Cleveland! The first quarter was trotted in  $32\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, and the second quarter in  $31\frac{3}{4}$  seconds—a 2.07 gait—making the time at the half-mile  $1.04\frac{1}{2}$ . Had she been competing with another horse, the bruising 2.07 clip would have told upon him, and he would have been eased a little to recover his wind, thus allowing the great mare to slacken her stride also. But the long hand of the watch was not tired in the least. It did not hesitate, and Maud S. actually increased the pace, trotting the third quarter in 31 seconds, a 2.04 gait. Down the homestretch she had to persevere, because there was no evidence of faint heart on the part of the watch. She crossed the score in  $2.08\frac{1}{2}$ , and thus beat time a full half-second. The second half-mile was trotted faster than the first half. This effort required the utmost poise on the part of her driver, and it imposed a far greater strain upon the chestnut queen than would have been done by a contest with the fleetest horses that the world has ever seen. In a race, horses are eased after a very sharp brush, and not much attention is paid

to time. But when the watch is chosen for an antagonist, lagging is out of the question. It is a desperate drive from start to finish, calling for every ounce of force held in reserve. The powers of endurance are thoroughly tested in flights like the 2.14 of Goldsmith's Maid, the  $2.13\frac{1}{2}$  of Karus, the  $2.11\frac{1}{2}$  of St. Julien, and the 2.10 of Jay Eye-see.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

#### SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

We published last week some particulars of the Springfield programme for 1886, and have since heard from Mr. Ducker. Springfield this year will be a meeting the like of which the world has not yet seen, and will set the whole of civilization talking of wheel racing—if—if the legislative bodies of the sport in Britain and America will sink prejudices and accept the suggestions which we are about to throw out. In the first place we may say that the Springfield club is prepared to spend no less a sum than

#### ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

in two prizes for the one-mile amateur bicycle championship of the world, and to pay the expenses—from the moment they land in New York till they leave the States—of the competitors, provided England sends, say, six, Scotland two, Ireland two, France two, and Germany two champions to battle. This proposal is one which, regarded in a broad and practical way, is a most generous offer of international hospitality, and we can only hope that the spirit of amateurism, which is apt to convert sportsmanlike feeling into a very amateur sentiment, may not step in to prevent its acceptance.

It seems to us that the Springfield tournament is an event which warrants a temporary—if we had our way we should make it permanent—suspension of those Draconian amateur laws of ours, which have never done any good and never will. Springfield is the center of the racing of the world. Its name, we are confident, is destined to bring the sport of cycle racing into world-wide recognition, as its path reveals the powers of men and machines. From every point of view, *floreat* Springfield should be a wheelman's wish. The cheap cynic may say—he has said it before—Springfield is merely a business meeting, a money-making speculation. Why not? Sandown Park is engineered by a company which makes money, and the company gives £10,000 to the winner of the Eclipse Stakes. What difference will that make to the great struggle when St. Gatien, Bendigo, and Minting meet? We are all trying to make money, and those who protest the most about their disinterestedness in this respect should be regarded with proportionate suspicion.

Taking it, then, as desirable that Britain should be well to the fore when the pistol cracks at Springfield next autumn, we are left face to face with the problem of how to send the men. The action of the League of American Wheelmen racing board, to which we allude in the "Social" columns, closes the racing path of America to all the English racing men who have as yet competed in the States until such time as they can show to the racing board that they are prepared to compete without violating the letter or the spirit of the amateur law, etc. This departure, coupled with the action of the N. C. U. at home, means one of two things—the annihilation of the champion racing of the world or the initiation of a new and broad-minded order of things which will enable our amateurs to be amateurs indeed.

We would propose, then, to the Union that it should give its sanction to the payment of the expenses of the amateurs going from the mother country to Springfield. The generous offer of the Springfield club we have already alluded to, and in continuation of that programme we would boldly tabulate the proposal that if certain manufacturers desire to aid in the good work of sending out the men, they should be allowed to do so. With the Union's cognizance and sanction, there could not be the least objection to Messrs. Humber & Co. spending a little money in assisting, say, Messrs. Furnivall and G. L. Hillier to go, or Messrs. Rudge & Co. doing a like good office for other competitors. With the sun shining in on the transaction its objectionable features would disappear. If Furnivall and Hillier go, they will advertise the machines they use, whatever those machines may be, and the action of the makers in openly assisting the general good of cycling, and ministering to the best interests of international sport, in return for the advertisement their machines must necessarily receive, seems to our finite understanding in no way an infringement of the amateur law, always provided that the Union gives its sanction, and the proceedings are open and above board. A public subscription among the clubs, with a grant from the N. C. U. and Touring Club, might obviate the necessity for the introduction of the manufacturer element. In any case it may be taken for granted that the sporting wheelmen of the L. A. W. will accept the Union's programme if the latter body decides to act in the spirit we have indicated.—*Wheeling.*

#### CIRCLING THE WORLD.

Thomas Stevens, the special correspondent of *Outing*, is on his way around the world on a bicycle. He writes as follows from Ismidt, Asia Minor:

"A foretaste of what awaits me farther in the interior is obtained even within the first few hours of the morning, when a couple of horsemen canter at my heels for miles; they seem delighted beyond measure, and their solicitude for my health and general welfare is quite affecting. When I halt to pluck some blackberries, they solemnly pat their stomachs and shake their heads in chorus, to make me understand that blackberries are not good things to eat, and by gestures they notify me of bad places in the road which are yet out of sight ahead. Rude *mehanas*, now called *khans*, occupy little clearings by the road-side at intervals of a few miles; and among the *habitues* congregated there I notice several of the Circassian refugees on whose account friends at Ismidt and Constantinople have shown themselves so concerned for my safety.

"They are dressed in the long Cossack coats of dark cloth peculiar to the inhabitants of the Caucasus; two rows of bone or metal cartridge cases adorn their breast, being fitted into flutes or pockets made for them; they wear either top-boots, or top-boot legs, and the counterpart of my own moccasins, and their head-dress is a tall black lamb's-wool turban similar to the national head-gear of the Persians. They are by far the best dressed and most respectable looking men one sees among these groups, for while the majority of the natives are both *agged* and barefooted, I don't remember ever seeing Circassians either. To all outward appearances they are the most trustworthy men of them all; but there is really more deviltry concealed beneath the smiling exterior of one of these homeless mountaineers from Circassia than in a whole village of the less likely-looking

natives here, whose general cut-throat appearance—an effect produced more than anything else by the universal custom of wearing all the old swords, knives, and pistols they can get hold of—really counts for nothing. In picturesqueness of attire some of these *khan* loafers leave nothing to be desired; and although I am this morning wearing Igalis cerlean scarf as a sash, the tri-colored penal string of Servia around my neck, and a handsome pair of Circassian moccasins, I am absolutely nowhere by the side of many a native here, whose entire wardrobe wouldn't fetch half a *medjedie* in a Gefata auction-room.

"The great light of Central Asian hospitality casts a glimmer even up into this out-of-the-way northwestern corner of the continent, though it seems to partake more of the Nevada interpretation of the word than farther in the interior. Thrice during the forenoon I am accosted with the invitation, 'mastic? cogniac? coffee?' by roadside *khan-jees* or their customers who wish me to stop and let them satisfy their consuming curiosity at my novel *bagar* (horse), as many of them jokingly allude to it. Beyond these three beverages and the inevitable *nargilch*, these wayside *khans* provide nothing; vishner syrup (a pleasant extract of the vishner cherry; a spoonful in a tumbler of water makes a most agreeable and refreshing sherbet), which is my favorite beverage on the road, being an inoffensive, non-intoxicating drink, is not in sufficient demand among the patrons of the *khans* to justify keeping it in stock."

THOMAS STEVENS, in *Outing* for April.

#### TO RIDE THREE DAYS.

#### THE SUFFOLK WHEEL CLUB PLANNING FOR A TOUR ALONG THE SHORE.

The Suffolk Wheel Club, of South Boston, is planning for a three days' tour along the North Shore for the coming summer, which promises to prove very enjoyable. The Boston Ramblers Club promoted several tours of this nature, and they always proved successful, but since the decease of that organization nothing of this nature has been held. It is the intention of the Suffolk club riders to invite all the other clubs about the city to join them, and a large turnout is thus probable. The dates selected for the tour are July 3, 4, and 5. The run will be under the command of Captain Gideon Haynes, and the route, as laid out by him, is as follows: —

First day.—Start from the corner of Berkeley street and Warren avenue at 9 A. M. and ride *via* Beacon street to Allston, to Cambridge, to Medford, to Malden, to Saugus, to Lynn, where a stop will be made and dinner served at the Boscobel Hotel at 1 o'clock. Distance for the first half-day's riding twenty-one miles. Starting again at 2.30 P. M., ride to Salem, Beverly, Beverly Farms, Manchester, and Magnolia to Gloucester, where the night will be passed at the Pavilion Hotel. Distance of day's riding forty-two miles.

Second day,—Leave hotel at 9 A. M. for a ride around Cape Ann, visiting Rockport, Pigeon Cove, Bay View, and Annisquam, returning to hotel in time for dinner. Distance sixteen miles. Starting again from the hotel, riding to Newburyport by way of Essex, Ipswich, and Rowley. The night will be passed at the Merrimac House. Distance about twenty miles, for the day thirty-six miles, or seventy-eight miles from Boston.

Third day.—Returning, start from Newburyport at 9 A. M., and ride through Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Hamilton, Wenham, Putnamvale, Dan-

vers Plain, and Peabody to Salem, stopping at the Essex House for dinner. Distance twenty-two miles. Starting at 2.30 P. M. for Boston, riding through Lynn, Saugus, Malden, Medford, Cambridge, Allston, and Beacon street to point of starting. Distance for the day forty-five miles, or a total for the tour of one hundred and thirteen miles.—*Boston Globe*.

#### THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The suspension of the makers' amateurs, both in this country and in America, is causing an immense amount of excitement amongst all classes of cycling society. So far as we can gather the great mass of the riders of the wheel are fully in accord with the L. A. W. and the N. C. U., and applaud the action taken by them, only expressing regret that that action was not taken earlier. Of course, some are up in arms about it. The suspended men themselves and their friends are naturally so. Self-interest is strong, and it is only reasonable to expect that some of those clubs which, by the suspensions, lose a good man, as well as, perhaps, two or three of the makers, for similar reasons, would object. We have, however, no hesitation whatever in saying that the objectors to the present policy of the governing bodies of the cycling world are in a very small minority. In America, objectors have been quickly found to the L. A. W. move in the Nonantum Bicycle Club, of Newton, Mass., two of whose members—Burnham and Huntley—figure on the list of suspends, whilst the Springfield Bicycle Club is undecided, but fears if all the suspensions hold good full teams of fliers will not be forthcoming for its annual tournament, and in this it is backed up by its president, Mr. Henry E. Ducker, who unconsciously verifies the truth of the assertion made in these columns some months since that the tournament was a "purely business meeting," his action being reported by the Springfield *Republican* as follows: "Henry E. Ducker finds that a conflict of opinion is likely between the racing board, of which he is a member, and the club of which he is president. Not being a halter between two opinions, nor on the fence, he has sent in his resignation from the racing board, and will stick where his first interests lie. He backs up his position by saying that the money interest in racing, that is, in tracks, in racing wheels, and in manufacturers' plants, is too great to be dealt a severe blow such as he thinks this may be." This means, to our way of reading, that the Springfield club will see the purity of the sport to Jericho if it interferes with the prospects of a big "gate" at its meeting. As we stated in our last issue, the American suspends have been given thirty days in which to clear themselves. Of course, it remains to be seen what those thirty days will bring forth in the way of re-instatements, but if none of the men whose names we printed last week succeed in satisfying the racing board of the L. A. W., America will not be able to put even a decent team on the amateur path this year, whilst, so far as England is concerned, even if Furnivall and Webber's re-instatements are not accepted by the League, we have nearly as good a team as sent over last year, with a number of comparatively "dark horses" steadily "training on." Doubtless, in this latter respect, America is in a similar position, and, remembering that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," we are not one with those who cry out that the suspension of the paid riders will only leave down-right second-raters on the path, and even if we

were, we should not expect that state of things to remain longer than a single season, for the past history of the racing-path shows us that the scratch men of each year have been augmented annually from the middle and even long marks of former seasons, and the hidden talent is not to be despised; whilst, so far as the N. C. U. is concerned, it intends, we are certain, to mingle clemency with justice, and will not be hard on slight offenders, nor even on those who have been more largely in the wrong, provided the breach of the law is acknowledged and the system stopped. The object of the present action by the governing body of cycling sport is not to crush the racing man, but to put a stop to that system which is an open infraction of its laws, and, that assured, it may be taken for granted that it will be merciful in its decisions, and, we hope, prompt in its action, in the future. So far as the Springfield or any other privately-promoted "international" meeting is concerned, we trust the L. A. W. and the N. C. U., with the European bodies, will speedily arrive at some definite scheme for the arrangement of authoritative and fully recognized international meetings as suggested in these columns a few weeks since. The necessity for such a co-operation of the powers is daily more apparent, for whilst we are to have two "international" meetings in England alone, we notice the powers that be in Springfield, U. S., in their eagerness to attract a good field, are not only offering prizes of the value of £200 for one race, but also offer to defray the expenses of any first-class amateurs who will go there and compete in it. Verily, when it comes to such a pass as this something must be done. We have no desire to injure the Springfield meeting. Far from it. It is a gigantic affair, and conducted, as Mr. Ducker himself says it is, on business principles, deserves to succeed, but when amateurs can no longer be induced to compete without prizes of larger value than would be offered to the best professionals on the face of the earth, it is time to raise a protest, and we think if any consideration whatever of the purity of the sport enters into the Springfield club's calculations at all, it will, on maturer consideration, see that the suspended men—who are professedly those whose presence is so desired—would draw just as big gates were they riding as professionals or openly in a distinct class race—which Mr. Ducker may create, if he so pleases—as "makers' amateurs," and will, instead of creating such a scandal on "amateurism," offer the big prizes and the expenses either for professional events, or, as we have suggested above, for the makers' amateurs themselves as a distinct class, and specially invite the attendance of each of the coveted riders. We can assure it that such a course would not only bring the club as big a "gate" as ever, but Mr. Ducker, as its president, could then justify the position he has held as a member of the racing board of the L. A. W. as well as study his own and his club's pocket interests.—*Cyclist*.

#### LOGORIFO A PREMIO.

Diedi i natali a nobile tragedo;  
Senza di me non potrai dir "ti vedo."  
S'io mai ti colgo non sarai più sano,  
E sperrai di prolungarmi invano.  
Gorgogliando scendiam tra l'erbe e i fiori,  
Ci si speechiam di giovani pastori.  
Son nome di vezzosa montanina,  
Ma senza noi fa nulla, e volpe fina.  
} Se scoprirmi il tuo desio non passa.  
} ti bandolo hai tra man della matassa  
—La Rivista Velocepedistica

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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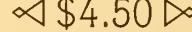
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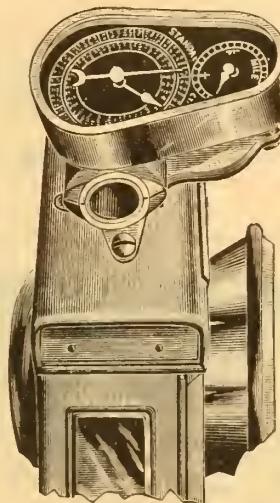
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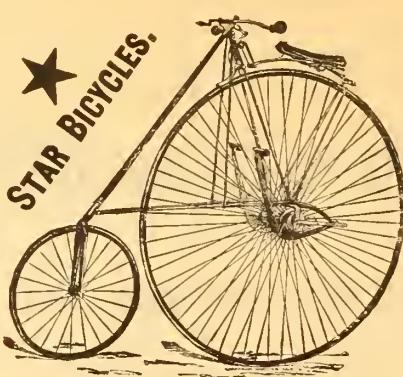
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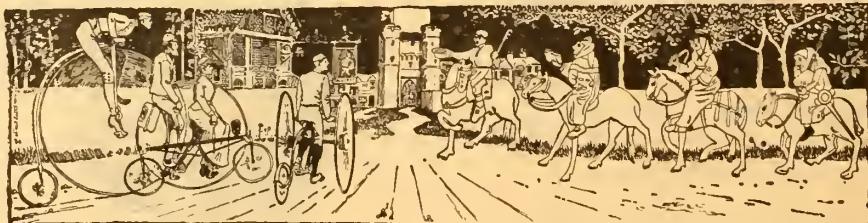
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 16, 1886.  
Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago.  
Permit me to express my appreciation of the CHAMPION bicycle I used in my recent long-distance race in this city. The machine stood the 100½ miles without turning a screw, and the only tool used by my tanners was an oil-can occasionally. The machine is exceedingly easy running and steering, and the most rigid of any I ever mounted; and being very firm and solid it did not tire me nearly so much as might have been expected. I understand it is a roadster, such being the case I shall be careful to ride a roadster in any races I may in future enter which require endurance. Yours, ALBERT SCHOCK.

TESTIMONIALS

CHICAGO, ILL., March 22, 1886.  
Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago.

After giving the CHAMPION several exhaustive trials on the road, I cannot refrain from saying that it is the most rigid, easy running and steering bicycle that I have ever ridden. Its high grade and very reasonable price will doubtless make a large sale for it the coming season.

This is the first testimonial I have ever written.

Yours very truly, JOHN O. BLAKE,  
Chief Consul L.A.W., State of Illinois.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 15, 1886.

Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago.

We wish to congratulate you on the great success of your AMERICAN CHAMPION bicycle in its first race (the great six-day, 12-hours-per-day race, just finished in this city). With Albert Schock its rider, it covered 1009 miles, winning the world's long-distance record. The machine came through in grand shape, not the slightest thing going wrong; requiring throughout the race but the care of an occasional oiling. One of the results of the contest is a lively demand for the new wheel in this city.

Yours very truly,

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