

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

VOL. VI.—No 17.—WHOLE NUMBER 147.]

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1884.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year.
Single Copies, 5 cents.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

On the road.

President Bates is there,

And plays a good game of billiards, also.

Chipper Burley B. Ayres is everywhere, especially in the right place.

Pretty George Bidwell and his shape are conspicuous at the hotels.

Neil Campbell proved himself an excellent Consul in every particular. With many like him, the League would certainly boom.

Librarian Fuller, the Secretary of the tour, evidently intends to start a matrimonial bureau, as each man was registered as to age, weight, married or single, etc., etc.

Division Treasurer Wright of Pennsylvania, has been prominent for the size of his stockings. It is rumored he intends to smuggle a *mulum in parvo* over the line in each one.

Masher Beck, of the same club, was the centre of admiration, especially after the receipt of the beautiful bouquet at Coburg.

The Reed birds of Clarion were as cordial as they make them.

Bull, of the Buffalos, was a man of many horns, especially a shoe horn. A more jovial fellow it was hard to find.

We are indebted to Miss Jennie Bush for the name of "Spuds." Perhaps "Maud" will find that the unsophisticated reporter is acquainted with an *alias* for potatoes.

Parsons, of the Buffalos, is asked by his friends "If the Captain is around."

The feather weight King managed to make as much fun for the party as any one.

All the Boston men rode Royal Mail machines, and they seemed to stand the test remarkably well.

"Lonnie" Peck and his tea-pot will long be remembered. Peck is too big a fellow to say much about him.

Much of the success of the tour is due to M. E. Graves, who had charge of the hotel and railroad accommodations from Montreal to Boston.

Dr. Wassall, of Chicago, was said to be the best looking man in the party, but Sawyer was the greatest masher. His persuasive smile being irresistible.

Geo. H. Orr, the Canadian Convoy, was at the head of the fun if anything was going on.

Valentine, the gallant, reminds one of the "poet wheelman." It had to be a rare pace if he could not keep up with the procession.

E. G. Whitney is a ball player of no mean ability, as was shown at the impromptu game at the Ausable Chasm. Ask him how much handkerchiefs are in Montreal.

Perry E. Doolittle charmed everyone by his unassuming ways and pleasant manners. Perry is a good photographer, and took many views on the road.

According to the *Albany Evening Journal* of July 21, there arrived in that city the previous evening, about eight o'clock, "two by-cyclers, from Frankfort, Herkimer county, J. L. Sager and Frank Salbott, who wheeled down from there on the Erie canal towpath, a distance of 101 miles, in ten hours." In sending in this item, Karl Kron remarks: "When I rode up the Erie canal path, in September, 1880, I occupied there days in covering the 110 miles from Schenectady to Oneida; and I therefore consider this event a very good one, unless the path has wonderfully improved since my trial of it."

The first number of the *Bicycle*, edited by F. X. Mudd and J. C. McKenzie, has just been issued, and presents a very neat appearance.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

HOT WEATHER WHERE BEANS ARE BAKED—HOW LEWEE WAS VICTIMIZED—KARL KRON EXONERATED FROM TELLING WONDERFUL STORIES—THE CHICAGO TOURISTS TO BE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED IN BOSTON—NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

BOSTON, JULY 22, 1884.—Dull and quiet is everything here in the cycling line, and is likely to remain so until after the first of September. During July and August it is nearly as dull here as during any two other months of the year. Many of our most active riders are away on their vacation, and their absence is decidedly felt. The club rooms have a deserted appearance. The Massachusetts rooms would scarcely ever be even opened were it not for their oldest member, who would not consider he had completed his day's work without going down to the rooms and enjoying his evening smoke there. The Bostons' and Ramblers' headquarters are more frequently visited, but the members who do go there are usually so hot and lazy that they have no desire to do anything more exerting than to smoke or to sip cooling beverages. At least such is the case at the former place. When the Ramblers want anything more cooling than ice water, they have to go outside to get it, for as yet the Ramblers have never failed to enforce the rule prohibiting liquors being brought into their rooms. The only time that we can ride with comfort is after dark, and then it is perfectly glorious. Why more riders do not appreciate the delights of night riding I do not understand. Probably the principal reason is that they are afraid of falling, but that is all nonsense, for by using a little caution there is no more danger rid-

ing at night than during the day. In fact, I think there is less, for during daylight one is oftentimes apt to be a little reckless or careless, and thus receive falls that he would not otherwise. For myself, I am exceedingly fond of night riding, and I don't think there have been a dozen pleasant evenings this season that I have not been out for a ride on my Columbia tricycle, and I can assure you I have enjoyed myself thoroughly, whether alone or in company with others. By the way, that new power gear on the Columbia tricycle works perfectly. It is so simple in construction that it cannot get out of order, and it is so effective in its work that I can now surmount, with but little exertion, hills that before I had the gearing on my machine I should not even have thought of riding up. It makes the machine run very slow, it is true, but that is of no consequence when the difference in the ease of running is considered.

I heard a pretty good story a few days ago about this power gear. Two tricyclists were out at Chestnut Hill reservoir and discussing the merits of the different makes of machines and the time it was possible to make on a tricycle, when one of the riders remarked that he had been around the reservoir in —, which was about as fast as he could go. A bicyclist of some note in racing circles, hearing this, said that if he couldn't do better than that he wouldn't ride one at all. The tricyclist doubted the other's ability to make any faster time, and to settle the matter a wager of soda (?) for the crowd was made, that he could not ride around the reservoir any faster than the stated time. Accordingly the bicyclist mounted the tricycle and was about to start, when the owner slyly put on the power gear, making the machine run at the rate of but 36 inches for each revolution of the pedals. It is needless to say that the rider could not get over the course at any very fast rate of speed, notwithstanding his tremendous struggles, and that when he finished was too tired to reply to the congratulations of his friends that he had made the slowest time on record. Whether or not he was ever informed of the joke played on him I am unable to say.

I was greatly astonished to read in last week's *WHEEL* that Karl Kron had not recently been in Boston, and that I had been the victim of some shameless deceiver. Never having had the pleasure of personally meeting Mr. K. K., it was of course not difficult to deceive me. I met the person while riding on Brighton avenue. He was mounted, I remember correctly, on a fifty inch Columbia bicycle, and was dressed in a suit of dark gray, made after the ordinary pattern worn by cyclists, and appeared to be a very gentlemanly sort of a fellow. As

cyclists are wont to, we struck up a conversation, and I was soon informed that my companion was none other than the world wide famous Karl Kron. I was, of course, exceedingly pleased to meet him, and during our ride of a couple of miles together, learned from him many strange and wondrous things regarding his tours in the uncivilized (as far as bicycles, are concerned) sections of our country. I must admit that some of the stories he related savored somewhat of exaggeration, especially one about how he once swam across a bridgeless river, taking his bicycle with him by attaching it to his waist with a Lamson luggage carrier, the bicycle hanging underneath his stomach, and he swimming at ease above; but if I had my doubts about the gentleman being otherwise than what he represented himself, they were quickly dispelled by the voluminous and five column way in which he set forth the innumerable advantages to be derived from the possession of his road look, and urging me to turn myself into a canvassing agent for the good of the cause. What object the fellow could have had in behaving thus, I cannot understand; but probably he did it for sport only, and selected me as a good subject to have his fun with. If I ever chance to meet him again an explanation will be the first thing in order. It is evident that I was not the only person he fooled, for I remember reading in one of the daily papers that Karl Kron was in town.

Active preparations are being made for the entertainment of the Chicago tourists on their arrival here next Saturday. The Massachusetts Bicycle Club will, as usual, be the first of the city clubs to extend its hospitality. They will ride the day before to Clinton, and the next day escort the party to Boston, entertaining them at Wellesley to dinner, and in the evening their club house will be open. The Bostons and the Ramblers, also, each has plans for their entertainment, so the three days the tourists are to pass in Boston will not likely drag for want of something to do.

The Bijou Bicycle Club, of South Framingham, recently made a three day's tour to Rockland and return, and according to all accounts of the affair, enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and are anxious to go on another.

A two-mile and a one mile bicycle race with hands off will be run at the Union Grounds to-morrow evening, in connection with a series of professional foot races. I hope that be a good number of wheelmen will attend, for the sake of giving encouragement to the management; but I don't think there will be a great many go, for bicycle races when held in connection with

other sports have never yet proved much of a success.

The Waltham Bicycle Club have secured new club rooms, and are shortly to occupy them. They will be situated in Shepard's Block, Waltham, and visiting wheelmen are cordially invited to stop there when passing through the town.

Several Lowell wheelmen were entertained last week by members of the Boston Ramblers Club.

The Charleston Club are to meet the Chicago tourists at Wellesley, and act as a portion of their escort to this city.

The Ramblers are to have a musical entertainment at their rooms this evening, under the direction of Mr. Frank Stinson.

W. B. Youngman, of the Waltham Bicycle Club, started last Saturday to cycle from here to Philadelphia.

Last Monday evening at Winter Hill, Somerville, a new bicycle club was formed, which is to be known as the Somerville Cycle Club. Some twenty-five wheelmen signed the membership role; and the following board of officers were elected: Herbert E. Foot, President; E. A. Bickford, Captain; M. Steel, Secretary and Treasurer; Ellsworth Fisk, First Lieutenant; E. W. Bailey, Second Lieutenant; W. C. Hill, Bugler.

The Boston *Sunday Globe* is responsible for the following:

Arlington Heights were surmounted last week by Harry B. Marie, of the Tremont Bicycle Club.

Chief Consul Weston expresses great regret that his business affairs will not permit his attending the Harrogate meet this year, but he says that "if not in body he shall certainly be in spirit with the many friends and acquaintances he values so highly."

Mr. W. W. Stall is on a two weeks' vacation trip in Vermont and Maine.

H. M. Sabin is said to have recently purchased a racer and will at once begin training for future events.

Howell, the English champion professional, is expected to soon arrive in this country. Prince will then have to look to his laurels.

Mr. Arthur Patterson, the traveling salesman of the Pope Manufacturing Company, returned last Wednesday from an extended Western trip. He reports that everything out there is on the boom, and predicts that before long the number of riders out there will exceed that of the East.

W. O. Faulkner, the Lynn professional, is, according to one of the local papers, anxious for a race with John S. Prince. The desire to say the least is ambitious.

C. J. Young, the professional, was defeated in a five-mile race at Wakefield last Saturday night by E. L. Maddok, a roller skater. The track was thirteen laps to the mile, and the time so slow none was taken.

John S. Prince arrived here last Friday, and announces his intention of getting up a twenty-mile race between himself and four others, he to ride the whole distance, while the others relieve each other every five miles. The Union Grounds will probably be where the event will occur. Prince looks none the worse from his recent fall, and says that he has learned the lesson that it is not best to ride a too light machine.

A FALSE ALARM.

Editor of The Wheel: Your Boston correspondent must have been misinformed when he states, as in your last issue, that I had met with a fall from my tricycle. My father-in-law was riding the machine at the time of the accident, and he remained on the machine till it came to a stop, receiving no injury. Condolences are not in order.

Resp. yours, W. B. EVERETT.
BOSTON, MASS., July 16, 1884.

THE CHICAGO TOUR.

The following facts relative to the members of the Chicago tour have been carefully compiled by Librarian Fuller, and now that distance has rendered the life of our representative comparatively safe, are presented for public inspection:

STAFF OFFICERS.

B. B. Ayers, Commander, Chicago, 54-in. Premier; age, 25; weight, 130.
H. D. Higinbotham, Bugler, Chicago, 54-in. Expert; age, 18; weight, 115.
John Valentine, Colors, Chicago, 52-in. Yale; age, 20; weight, 115.
J. P. Maynard, Quartermaster, Chicago, 54-in. Star; age, 25; weight, 137.
H. F. Fuller, Secretary, Chicago, 52-in. Expert; age, 24; weight, 122.
Geo. H. Orr, Canadian Convoy, Toronto, 56-in. Rudge; age, 21; weight, 155.
M. E. Graves, Gen. Agent, New York, 52-in. Club; age, 27; weight, 130.
*L. J. Bates, Press, Detroit, 50-in. Expert; age, 51; weight, 132.
Fred Jenkins, Press, New York, 42-in. Star; age, 25; weight, 115.

Average size machine, 51 7-9.

" age, 26 2-9.

" weight, 127 8-9.

EASTERN DIVISION.

E. G. Whitney, Capt., Boston, 48-in. Royal Mail; age, 23; weight, 125.
A. D. Peck, Jr., Boston, 58-in. Royal Mail; age, 25; weight, 158.
C. W. Howard, Boston, 52-in. Royal Mail; age, 24; weight, 125.
J. W. Vivian, Boston, 54-in. Royal Mail; age, 22; weight, 146.
*G. Haynes, Jr., Boston, 52-in. Royal Mail; age, 21; weight, 127.

Average size machine, 52 4-5.

" age, 23.

" weight, 136 1-5.

MIDDLE DIVISION.

Geo. R. Bidwell, Capt., New York, 56-in. Expert; age, 24; weight, 180.
S. W. Stickney, Buffalo, 54-in. Bts. Chal.; age, 26; weight, 140.
Fred W. Parsons, Buffalo, 54-in. Rudge; age, 22; weight, 150.
H. L. Drullard, Buffalo, 54-in. Rudge; age, 17; weight, 120.
*W. S. Bull, Buffalo, 50-in. Extra Chal.; age, 31; weight, 125.
J. H. Addington, Buffalo, 52-in. Rudge; age, 23; weight, 120.
T. Houard Wright, Phila., 50-in. Rudge; age, 24; weight, 135.
John A. Beck, Phila., 53-in. Rudge; age, 21; weight, 135.
Geo. E. Voorhees, Morristown, 52-in. Club; age, 19; weight, 125.
F. T. Browning, Orange, 55-in. Rudge; age, 26; weight, 138.
Elmer Skinner, Brooklyn, 48-in. Club; age, 17; weight, 128.
A. B. Reid, Clarion, Pa., 52-in. Expert; age, 27; weight, 138.
C. V. Reid, Clarion, Pa., 52-in. Expert; age, 25; weight, 137.
J. P. Miller, Oswego, 55-in. Rudge; age, 23; weight, 150.
*H. Allerton, Pittsburg, 40-in. Facile; age, 32; weight, 153.
Fred G. King, Corry, Pa., 50-in. Expert; age, 21; weight, 100.
H. D. W. English, Arcade, N. Y., 52-in. Expert; age, 22; weight, 118.
W. H. Middleton, Harrisburg, 52-in. Expert; age, 23; weight, 141.
W. H. Stone, Binghamton, 50-in. Expert; age, 24; weight, 125.
F. A. Dixon, Oswego, 53-in. Harvard; age, 34; weight, 136.
*J. W. Clute, Schenectady, 50-in. Expert; age, 37; weight, 127.

Average size machine, 51 13-21.

" age, 24 14-21.

" weight, 134 1-3.

WESTERN STATES.

W. G. E. Peirce, Captain, Chicago, 60-in. Expert; age, 26; weight, 149.
Dr. J. W. Wassall, Chicago, 56-in. Yale; age, 28; weight, 131.
C. P. Van Schaack, Chicago, 56-in. Expert; age, 21; weight, 141.
E. L. Sawyer, Faribault, 54-in. Expert; age, 21; weight, 146.
R. B. Clarke, Beloit, Wis., 56-in. Expert; age, 21; weight, 152.
R. E. Hall, Beloit, Wis., 52-in. Expert; age, 24; weight, 140.
Geo. E. Bittinger, Leadville, Col., 52-in. Expert; age, 19, weight, 125.
H. N. Burpee, Rockford, Ill., 52-in. Expert; age, 20; weight, 130.
C. F. Vail, Peoria, Ill., 56-in. Expert; age, 29; weight, 182.
W. L. Armstrong, Cleveland, 54-in. Sp. B. Chal.; age, 16; weight 140.
Fred P. Root, Cleveland, 53-in. Yale; age, 18; weight, 130.

Average size machine, 54 9-11.

" age, 22 1-11.

" weight, 150 7-11.

CANADIAN DIVISION.

Perry E. Doolittle, Captain, Toronto, 54-in. Invincible; age, 24; weight 130.
W. J. McIntosh, London, 50-in. Sp. Bts. Chal.; age, 37; weight, 147.
S. H. Lee, Toronto, 54-in. Rudge; age, 21; weight, 140.
*A. F. Webster, Toronto, 52-in. Sp. Bts. Chal.; age, 27; weight, 136.
*R. H. McBride, Toronto, 52-in. Sp. Bts. Chal.; age, 40, weight, 140.
*E. E. Horton, Toronto, 54-in. Imp. Chal.; age, 37; weight, 155.
R. W. Hamlin, Oshawa, 52-in. Sp. Bts. Chal.; age, 16; weight, 146.
Jas. Brydon, Woodstock, 52-in. Sp. Bts. Chal.; age, 28; weight, 146.
*A. M. Scott, Woodstock, 50-in. D. H. F. Premier; age, 30, weight 145.

Average size machine. 52 2-9.

" age, 31 1-9.

" weight, 142 7-9.

* Married.

AVERAGES OF THE PARTY.

Average size machine, 52 27-55.

" age, 25 17-55.

" weight, 138 1-11.

Oldest member, President Bates.

Youngest member, W. L. Armstrong.

Heaviest weight, C. F. Vail.

Lightest weight, Fred G. King.

Largest machine, 60-in. Expert.

Smallest machine, 40-in. Facile.

MACHINES RIDDEN.

19 Expert,	10 Rudge,	5 Royal Mail,
2 Club,	9 Challenge,	3 Yale,
1 Harvard,	2 Premier,	1 Invincible,
2 Star,	1 Facile,	

On Wednesday morning, July 16th, the streets in front of the Rossin House, at Toronto, were well filled with people who had assembled to see the start. The line was promptly formed into Divisions in the following order:

Commander, B. B. Ayres; Canadian Convoy, Geo. H. Orr, with the rest of the staff. Eastern States Division, under command of E. G. Whitney. Middle States Division, Capt. Geo. R. Bidwell. Western States Division was headed by Capt. W. G. E. Peirce, while the Canadian Division had Perry E. Doolittle for its leader. As close behind as the pace and circumstances would permit, came the ambulance, which was a long, low canvas covered wagon, with seats running the entire length on both sides. Along the walls hooks were arranged for the coats, and during the day the valises and baggage of the party were conveyed from point to

point. In this general order the run was made, although occasionally a break would be made. There was not much formality observed, although at times the riding would be done in pairs with the regularity of clock work.

The roads for the first few miles were none too good, and a long plank sidewalk occasionally engrossed the attention of the party. At eight miles out, the half-way house was encountered, and the stock of light liquors on hand, consisting of some 4 dozen bottles of ginger beer, etc., disappeared with a rapidity that fairly paralyzed the aged attendant. The roads from this point on were somewhat of an improvement, but it was fully two o'clock before the Royal Hotel, 28 miles out, was reached. Unfortunately, the name was all that was in its favor, as a more poorly served meal it would be hard to find. In fact all the small hotels in Canada are second rate, and an abomination.

After dinner several photographs were taken by Perry Doolittle, and the famous "Kazoo band" was organized. The "Kazoo" is a harmless looking wooden instrument about four inches in length, and containing a reed. The claims that it can produce any sound in imitation of bird, beast, or man were verified on short acquaintance, and to the members of the Chicago tour the memory of the "Kazoo" will always be prominent. A late start was made, and as it was the first day on the road the pace was not hurried in the least. The route lead through Oshawa, Bowmanville to Newcastle, the cyclometers registering in all 48 miles for the day's journey, over roads none the best.

At Oshawa the party were met by Dr. Rae, the Mayor, who extended a hearty welcome to them. The Royal Hotel at Newcastle was the headquarters, and the wheelmen were packed in the smallest available space. The Newcastle club, who met and escorted them into town, provided a band of music, which was utilized later at a promenade concert and ice cream festival. The tourists, after marching around in lock step movement, were presented with a tastefully illuminated address of welcome. Dancing was indulged in to a late hour, and at the close the band were escorted to the hotel where they managed to awake the tired wheelmen with "Yankee Doodle."

The next morning they left Newcastle about half past nine and rode to Coburg, a distance of 24 miles, where an excellent dinner was served at the Arlington House. The roads were an improvement over the experience of the previous day, and good time was made. After dinner the wheelmen were introduced to the guests of the house, and dancing and songs followed until the bugle call was sounded at 4 P. M. The wheelmen were presented with flowers by the village belles along the route, and in the struggle to obtain them on the fly, a number of comical headers occurred. The route took the tourists through Wicklow and Colborne, at which place refreshments had been prepared for the visitors, but owing to some misunderstanding it was not generally known; no halt was made, and Brighton reached in time for supper. The Clark House being very small, the party were divided into small lots, and boarded round with the different families, who had kindly come forward and offered the use of their rooms. At one place a hop was given to a small party of wheelmen, and dancing kept up until three in the morning. The forty-five miles recorded for the day's run were made in six hours actual riding time.

On Friday, the 18th, the party mounted their wheels about 9.30, leaving behind five

to take the train to Belleville, where dinner was to be served. It is unnecessary to state that the five consisted of a portion of the "hop" party the night previous. The roads continued to improve each day, and the run through to Belleville was made in two hours, a distance of twenty-two miles, the last twelve miles being covered within an hour. Considering the size of the party, which numbered sixty, this was a most creditable performance. The pace was set by Mr. Geo. R. Bidwell, who was made commander the previous day, owing to the indisposition of Burley B. Ayers. A few miles out from Belleville the local club, under command of Capt. S. G. Retallack, were met, and the riders escorted to the Defoe House, where dinner was served. All along the route the people turned out en masse, and in several places flags were displayed. At Trenton, an arch of evergreens was erected by the residents.

In the afternoon, at the invitation of the Belleville Yacht Club, a short cruise was taken down the bay, and liquid refreshments served on board. Perry Doolittle took the group in different positions, and a vote of thanks was extended to the Belleville Yacht Club and the citizens of the place for their generous hospitality.

At four o'clock the party bade their new made friends good-by, and wheeled towards Napanee, over excellent roads, the run of 48 miles being made in 4 hours and 30 minutes. About three miles out the tourists were met by the Napanee Bicycle Club, and escorted into town to the Cornell House, where a good supper was served. In the evening the entire party were invited to witness a performance of "Led Astray," by the Pauline Markham Company. It was an open question as to who were the most entertaining, the actors or the visitors. The former received liberal applause at the right time, but were the butt of many a clever joke. It was quite a free and easy time, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. After the performance the usual illumination of the town was dispensed with, through the interposition of the majesty of the law.

Saturday was the last day of wheeling in Canada, and consisted of a short run of 22 miles from Napanee to Kingston. The run was made in about three hours, the roads proving excellent. At Kingston the home club met and escorted the visitors to the British American Hotel, the accompanying band arriving about ten minutes late. This finished the wheeling in Canada, which was almost universally good. Fine weather was the rule and not the exception, and the wind was at nearly all times on the quarter, and helped rather than retarded the progress of the tour. The trip throughout was enjoyable, and the people along the route tried to outdo each other in kind attentions. After a fair meal, the party boarded the steamer Maud, which had been especially chartered for the occasion, and made the delightful run to the Thousand Islands, arriving at the Round Island House at a quarter to five. After registering, the whole party were photographed in divisions by Mr. Doolittle. A visit was then paid to the cottage of Mr. Frank Taylor, the artistic manager of Leve & Alden's publication department, New York. Mr. Taylor is a member of the Germantown Cycling Club, and welcomed the tourists most heartily. Light refreshments were partaken of, and after a few more photographs of the party, they dispersed for supper. In the evening the Maud was boarded by a party from the Islands, and a delightful sail had to the Thousand Island House where a hop was in progress. The iron clad rule of "dress suits only allowed on the

floor" was dispensed with, and the boys were soon enjoying themselves dancing to the music of Thomas' orchestra, which was imported for the occasion from New York. At ten o'clock the return journey was made, and as soon as the Island was reached, five sharp whistles were given, which were answered by a glare of red fire and sky-rockets from the "Taylor mansion." A few minutes later the party were gathered around a large camp fire, where songs were sung to their hearts' content, and the hands of the clock pointed to 12 before the last one was in the land of nod.

The next morning was cold and drizzly, and a shivering multitude were seen on their way to the wharf at seven o'clock, where the steamer Corsican was taken for Prescott. Arriving there, the wheels and baggage were transferred. The Richelieu and Ontario Company's steamer Cultivateur was taken and the run of the rapids made. The dinner served was poor in the extreme, and made half the party sick. The table was crowded to an uncomfortable extent, and it was necessary to set the table three times before all could be waited upon. In the midst of a drizzling rain the boat landed at Montreal, and the machines were mounted and ridden to the Montreal Bi. Club's headquarters, which are situated within a few blocks of the Windsor Hotel. After an excellent supper, the tourists sought an early bed, and prayed for clear weather.

The next morning found the roads in such a muddy condition that the proposed run to Lachine with a picnic lunch accompaniment had to be abandoned. A few of the party walked up the Cote des Neiges Hill, and coasted down the mountain side, a distance of three miles, over a beautiful hard macadamized road. After dinner, small squads were formed for the purpose of sight seeing, and the Notre Dame Cathedral and other points of interest visited.

At six o'clock the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s train was taken for Plattsburg. A special baggage car for the machines had been provided, which was side-tracked upon its arrival. Dinner was served at the Fouquet House, after which the Lake Champlain steamer was boarded and staterooms assigned. For a long time sleep was out of the question. The "Kazoo" band was let loose, with the desired effect of keeping every one awake, but finally quiet prevailed and order was restored.

Breakfast was served the next morning about seven o'clock, and half an hour later Port Kent was reached. A ride of three miles over a plank road brought the wheelmen to the Lake View House, where, after a visit to the beautiful Au Sable Chasm, the morning was spent playing ball. The billiard room and bowling alleys were also well patronized. In the afternoon about fifteen of the venturesome started to ride back to Plattsburg, over a horrible road, while the balance took the steamer, after paying a visit to a neighboring horseshoe nail factory. In the evening the local roller skating rink was well patronized, C. F. Vail, Peoria, Ill., one of the party, being considered the finest skater in the room.

Wednesday, July 23d, was a cloudy day, but the wheelmen were nevertheless in good spirits. Having almost absolute possession of the boat, it is no wonder that they enjoyed themselves. The journey down Lake Champlain was thoroughly enjoyed, and the fine views appreciated. Arriving at Fort Ticonderoga, the branch road of the D. & H. C. Co. was taken to Baldwin, connecting with the steamer in Lake George. The bicycles, which were in a special car, ran through to Caldwell and then on to Saratoga,

avoiding the bother of any change. Although it rained incessantly while on Lake George, the boys managed to make plenty of fun at the landings, saluting the crowd with the chorus of "ladies how'de" and throwing water lilies on the wharf. In the midst of a pouring rain a landing was made at the Fort William Henry Hotel, which has a wide reputation as a first class house. It is delightfully situated at the foot of the lake, surrounded by mountains, and is a favorite summer resort. The proprietors also own the Arlington, at Washington, and the Delevan House, at Albany, N. Y. After an excellent dinner some impromptu races on the lake were run, and later on dancing was in order. The boys by this time having been introduced to the ladies of the house, through some mutual friends.

Thursday was the last day of railroad travel, and at half past ten the crowd, whose numbers were gradually diminishing, boarded the train for Saratoga, arriving at the United States Hotel by twelve o'clock. Here they found Mr. Gage, one of the proprietors, who is a wheelman, ready for them, and an excellent dinner was served to the ever hungry wheelmen. A brief run was made around town, and a photograph of the tourists taken in a group upon the front piazza, by a local photographer. At 4 o'clock the wheelmen drew up in line, and at the sound of the bugle mounted en route for Mechanicville. At this point of the journey we were compelled to leave for home, and now resign the pen to Librarian Fuller, of the Chicago Club, who has kindly undertaken to tell the readers of THE WHEEL what the tourists saw and did while on the balance of the journey. The tour was a great success from any and every point of view, and the arrangements were complete in every detail. Never before has such an expedition been planned and successfully carried out, and the members who participated in the tour will carry the memory of the many incidents and good times which may have perhaps escaped the attention of the chronicler, to the end of their lives, and can look back with a feeling of pleasure when reminiscences are brought to mind, and say to themselves, "I was there."

THE "USE" OF THE BICYCLE.

Editor of The Wheel: Such readers of your issue of June 21 as were interested in the brief note which I supplied then concerning the road records of two Londoners, Mr. E. Tegetmeier (42,577 miles in ten years, including 10,053 miles in 1883), and Mr. H. R. Reynolds, Jr. (48,250 miles in seven years, including 8,380 miles in 1883), will doubtless be pleased to read their complete letter to me, as printed in the August issue of *Outing* (pp. 394, 395), preliminary to insertion in my book. At first view, it would appear as if such a tremendous amount of wheeling must absorb a good deal more than half the time and energy of those who indulge in it, and I am therefore happy to prove that the reverse is really the case by sending you some extracts from a second letter which I have just received from Mr. Reynolds, dated at London, July 9:

"I am glad if my record be of any service to you, but I must request you in printing it to lay much stress upon the fact that nearly all my bicycling is done as a means of locomotion, simply to avoid walking, or to save cab or railway fares. This is of importance to me, as I have my living to earn (I am a solicitor), and I do not at all wish to appear as one whose sole occupation is riding a bicycle. So far is this from being the truth, that out of 600 miles which I rode last month,

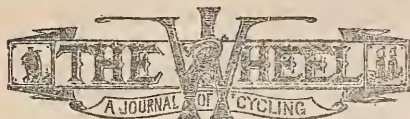
not 50 miles were ridden merely for the sake of amusement, and the whole of the riding was done out of office hours, which are from 10 to 5 o'clock. Besides, I am by no means a man with one hobby, for I have taken three or four times as many prizes for examination in classics, history, etc., etc., at school and college, as I have ever taken for athletics. I have also won prizes at ice skating, lawn tennis, and running. I often ride my bicycle merely to get to the lawn tennis grounds. My age, which you ask about, is now 27 years, and I took my M. A. degree at Oxford this season. I hope your book will help teach the public to appreciate bicycles and tricycles as means of saving time and trouble—as useful instruments rather than toys. At present they are still too apt to regard them in this latter light."

I am reminded in this connection to proclaim an absolutely unique use of the bicycle, whereof I have as yet seen no public mention made, not even by the newspaper of New Haven which gave long columns of graphic and enthusiastic reports of the manner in which that city was "painted red" on the night of June 26. The occasion was the unexpected triumph of Yale over Harvard, in the annual eight-oared boat race, which was rowed that afternoon on the Thames, at New London, and which "beat the best time on record." On the arrival of the night train, which brought home the victorious crew, it seemed almost as if the whole 65,000 inhabitants of the city rushed into the streets, in a serried mass to do them honor. The banging of cannon, the ringing of bells, the blare of brass bands, the tooting of the horns, the discharge of rockets and Roman candles, the burning of red fire on the curb-stones in a continuous blaze, for the entire mile of the line of march from the railroad station to the college yard, all combined to make a monumental racket, far surpassing in magnitude the largest one known to the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In comparison with this universal outbreak of genuine local enthusiasm, the "centennial celebration" of the city's incorporation, which was formally held a few days later, on the Fourth, seemed a very tame and spiritless affair.

Now, when this remarkable throng of uproarious collegians and citizens had surrounded the bonfire of tar barrels, which was blazing up to the branches of the elm trees in the college yard, a mighty cry arose from the multitude, demanding that the captain and each member of the crew should be successively "shouldered," or lifted up where they could be seen and tumultuously cheered for their prowess. The process of "hoisting" such "heavy weights" in this way, though usually resorted to by excited undergraduates as a demonstration of their joy over a great "victory" at rowing or ball playing, is not very comfortable either to the carriers or the carried. Hence, when some hoarse enthusiast shouted "Put 'em up on bicycles!" his advice was at once accepted, as a happy stroke of genius, and the heroes of the hour were successively "put up" and trundled around the blazing bonfire, while the vast gathering frantically greeted the appearance of each by tumults of applause and innumerable thunderous responses to proposals for "three-times, three-times, three-times three!" Not many "first appearances on the bicycle" have ever been greeted in such a soul stirring manner, and the unique experience, however fondly it may be treasured among the "pleasures of memory," ought surely to tempt the lucky oarsmen to make active trial of the pleasures of wheeling.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 22.



Subscription Price - - - One Dollar A Year
Clubs of Six - - - - - Five Dollars
European Subscriptions, - - - 5 Shillings

Published every Friday Morning, by
THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Box 444, 21 Park Row, N. Y.,
and entered at the Post Office at second-class rates.

New York, July 25, 1884.

To Subscribers and Correspondents.

Subscribers must be particular to notify the Publishers promptly of any change in their address. If they do not receive their paper regularly it is on this account.

Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the Editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address, with *nom de plume*, as no attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Write only on one side of the sheet, and have all communications sent in by Monday morning at the latest.

All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive. Those who have returned the printed subscription blank will please remit as early as possible.

CYCLING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is in every way probable that the practice of bicycling, which has so enormously grown of late, has added many recruits to the amateur photographic ranks. Only those who have stridden the iron steed and felt its charm—which no other means of locomotion can rival—can have any conception of the enhanced beauties with which every passing scene is imbued. In the saddle, with the physical frame all aglow with an exercise which invigorates rather than fatigues, the rider is in the very pink of condition for the full appreciation of those delights in which nature abounds. Artistic feelings, hitherto latent, become developed, and in the more keenly susceptible a strong desire begins to grow for mementos of landscapes that have particularly charmed the eye.

Fresh excursions reveal fresh beauties, the fleeting glimpses of which tempt a farther pursuit away from the regular beaten track, where even more picturesque "bits" are discovered, which fully repay the trouble of the divergence.

Again, in the saddle a few miles of dreary highway are soon slipped over; and when the pedestrian would be weary and ill-disposed to explore the windings of the promising scene opened to view, the newly awakened artistic bicyclist hails it as a pleasant change, rambles through its mazes, and more and more determines to be able to secure a few photographs, if for nothing more than to recall, at some future time, the many interesting incidents with which his excursions abound; indeed, the pursuit of photography under such circumstances must be specially interesting. The artistic and scientific hobby is also a good parry to the oft-expressed thrust respecting "always gadding about on that machine." The pictures produced prove his "gaddings" to be worth something, after all. Others became envious, and would like to join; *paterfamilias*, formerly "death on them," exhibits now some interest; even speculates on the possibility

of excelling the young men; reads up bicycling intricacies, and, finally, "goes in" for a superior "rotary" motive, steady three wheeler, and heads the ranks.

The tricycle is, of course, most useful as a camera carrier, and is commonly used for the purpose, no great ingenuity being required to carry with ease a small outfit. An amateur acquaintance of mine, with a superabundance of energy, is continually tricycling across country with one of the lightest of half-plate cameras, a few pasteboard dark slides answering his purpose admirably; but, as the construction of the camera will only allow of a lens of one particular focus, it will be of limited use. A large apparatus is easily attached, and no doubt does able duty for many.

With the bicycle the case is different. Every little increase of weight is of moment; and the very lightest of materials, which also possess the most technical capabilities, should be selected. These are nowadays readily obtainable; indeed, they are special studies with manufacturers, and there need be little difficulty in procuring the right articles. Apparatus most wonderful in simplicity, plates miraculously responsive to almost every wish (so we are told), virtually flood the market; but it is a great mistake for the beginner to imagine, as a good many do, that the necessary taste, judgment, and skill are included in the purchase. The capabilities of our art have been so noised abroad of late that one is getting quite reconciled to the technical phrases and ostentatious familiarity of detail displayed by men who really have no more than a passing acquaintance with the subject. The tyro, lacking the necessary qualifications, however, very soon falls behind; but his short practical experience, at any rate, enables him to see beauties in photographs formerly unobserved; so his time is not altogether lost.

But to return to the equipment of a bicyclist. I have frequently carried a quarter-plate outfit with little or no inconvenience. In a leather case, strapped to the back as a knapsack, were closely fitted a bellows, camera, three double dark slides, focusing cloth, etc., and two or three pieces of turkey red cloth, used when changing plates in strange places. One or two symmetrical lenses, which fit the same flange, are exceedingly convenient. Being very small, they can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Many do not approve of a knapsack, and prefer a "*multum in parvo*" bag attached behind the saddle. The former is considered heating, although I have not found it so—indeed, with custom it is never felt—while with the latter, from its position behind the rider, the weight is intensified; and, further, the knapsack, being on the person, is always handy.

The tripod has ever been a great nuisance with travelers; indeed, I saw in these pages, at the recent meeting of the Manchester Photographic Society a member advocated its disuse altogether, and, for instantaneous exposures, found holding the camera under the arm answer his purpose.

In general practice, though, drop-shutter exposures are not the rule; so we are compelled to retain the tripod. The bicycle itself has been recommended as a substitute, and many ingenious methods of balancing have been contrived; but it is simplest, in the end, to carry the right appliance. Mine was made of metal tubes, each leg in two parts, one sliding within the other when packed. It suited very well except for the vibration, which, when used its full length, was fearful; but used half length it was rigid enough. When folded the whole would be about two inches diameter, and very light. It was firmly secured to the backbone, and almost

looked part of the machine. A leather socket fastened behind the saddle, another on the fork of the hind wheel, and a strap near the step kept it in position; and, with some tiny India rubber bands round each tube, not a rattle betrayed its presence. I believe there are many better to be had, combining lightness with rigidity.

A limited supply of plates can be strapped on the bicycle head, where a little weight is not so objectionable. Further supplies—if on a long tour—can, by prearrangement, be forwarded by rail. Exposed plates can also be got rid of in a similar manner. At a hotel a cigar-box is always obtainable, and with plenty of meal, bran, sawdust, or such like, there need be no great trouble in packing safe against breakage. The plates can be changed in absolute darkness with practice, or the turkey-red cloth, before mentioned, can be employed. The necessary change of linen can be stowed in a satchel or "*multum*" behind the saddle.

Mr. L. Warnerke's famous roller dark slide, with endless band of tissue, is a marvel of ingenuity, and would save a world of trouble by the ease with which a large number of negatives can be taken, by simply turning a screw unrolling the sensitive material ready for consecutive exposure. With reliable films the extent of its utility would be unquestionably great, not only to bicyclists, but to all travelers wishing to bring home *souvenirs* of their tours.—*The British Journal of Photography*.

RECORDS BEATEN IN ENGLAND.

Another race for the silver cup emblematic of the fifty-mile professional championship and cash prizes took place on the Aylestone Grounds, Leicester, Eng., July 5. The competitors were F. Wood, T. Battensby, F. Lees, A. Hawker, R. James, J. Weston, F. Bone, and J. Mac. That portion of the race during which previous records were beaten is thus described in the *Sporting Life*:

"The order at twenty miles (done in the capital time of 1h. 1m. 27s.) was Battensby, Lees, Wood, and Hawker. During the next five miles Battensby continued to make the running, and a splendid race up to the half-distance post was witnessed. Wood beating Battensby by scarcely a yard, with Lees close up. Time, 1h. 17m. 25s. Directly afterwards Battensby spurred ahead again. Nearing the thirty-mile post Lees spurred to the front, and completed this distance in 1h. 33m. 20s., or 6m. 15s. better than the previous best of the same rider. A lap later Battensby was in front again. Wood second, Lees third, and so they ran until just prior to passing the thirty-five miles post, when Lees adopted the same tactics as before. Time, 1h. 50m. 24s., or 7m. 10s. quicker than De Civy's record. For several miles the pace was very slow. The big advantage obtained over time at thirty-five miles enabled the three riders to destroy all previous records without any apparent effort. No change in pace or position took place until the last lap. Going up the hill, Battensby quickened to top speed, hotly pursued by Wood and Lees. Half a lap from the goal Lees, amid tremendous cheering, passed his opponents, and soon obtained a length's advantage. Directly afterwards Wood made his effort, and passing his opponents with a brilliant spurt, the ex-champion was soon in possession of a clear advantage. The issue, however, was by no means over, as Battensby passed Lees with a magnificent effort, and gaining every inch upon Wood along the straight, was only defeated by barely a yard, with Lees a yard and a half in the rear for third position. Time, 2h. 47m. 20s., or 50s. bet-

ter than the previous best, by Wood, in August last. Tremendous excitement prevailed at the finish, and the winner was carried shoulder high to the pavilion. Battensby and Lees also came in for a grand reception upon retiring. The times for each five miles were:

Mls.	Leader.	H. M. S.
5	Battensby	0 14 57
10	James	0 30 11
15	Lees and Wood	0 45 45
20	Battensby	1 1 27
25	Wood	* 1 17 25
30	Lees	* 1 33 20
35	Lees	* 1 50 24
40	Battensby	* 2 10 14
45	Battensby	* 2 28 20
50	Wood	* 2 47 20

* Records beaten.

"A Searson officiated as referee and time-keeper."

ROUTE TO NEW ROCHELLE.

Editor of The Wheel: In answer to the inquiry in THE WHEEL, I give the following of the road between New York and New Rochelle, not only for 1242, but that other cyclists may be tempted hitherward. I saw Karl Kron's directions, and they were of much service to me on a short run last week. (By the way, if K. K. will send me a subscription blank I will fill it out.) I wish to particularize a little more of the section over which I rode. Leaving New Rochelle at 9.30 A. M., I reached New York at 12 M. On leaving the city I crossed down 59th street, followed the Boulevard to 72d, where I decided to strike into the Riverside, as I never had ridden there before, except in anticipation, crossed over to 5th avenue, by 110th street. After crossing Harlem River the road is nicely macadamized for the first three miles to the railroad track, whence to West Chester the macadam is not so good, so many small stones being scattered over the road. Soon after leaving West Chester you run into two or three miles of sand, which can be ridden over by following the foot paths. After you reach the first bridge, the road is as nice as any I ever rode on all the way to New Rochelle, with the exception of about two hundred yards of sand. Along this stretch are many beautiful summer residences, among which standing back about 200 feet from the road is the Country Club house, and directly across the road their fine grounds for different sports and games. Just before entering New Rochelle a fine view of Glen Island opens before your vision, lying quietly across a narrow strip of water. * * * On examining my cyclometer at evening, I found the whole distance for the day 38 miles, therefore I judge it to be about 14 miles from 59th st. to New Rochelle.

G. P. MACGOWAN.

DAVIDS ISLAND, N. Y. H., July 23, 1884.

BERKSHIRE WHEELMEN.

The Berkshire County Wheelmen, of Pittsfield, Mass., have decided to hold a large tournament in their city August 14. The programme will be as follows: Half-mile dash for bicycles, open to all; half-mile bicycle race, novelty event, one pedal only being used; five-mile club race, for an elegant silver cup; one-mile bicycle race, with hands off the bars, open to all; five-mile bicycle race, open to all; one-mile bicycle race for boys under 17 years of age who have never won a prize; half-mile consolation bicycle race; 100 yards dash, and half-mile foot races; hose race, for teams of eight to fourteen men, running sixty yards and laying 200 feet of hose. Music will be furnished by the Germania band. The principal prize is an elegant silver cup, which is to be awarded in the five-mile club race. The

five-mile open to all bicycle race was introduced more especially for Hendee and Frazier, whom the club hope to be able to secure. There will be two prizes in the event, valued at \$50 and \$25 respectively. The total value of the prizes will exceed \$600, which amount the club feel confident will be sufficient to bring together a field of the fastest riders. The entries close August 11, and should be made with Secretary Wolliston, Pittsfield, Mass. The entrance fees for the bicycle and foot races are \$1 for each event, and \$5 for the race. Following is the committee having the tournament in charge: L. L. Atwood, E. P. Stevenson, W. L. Bourne, Will R. Wilder, H. S. Wolliston, and John P. Merrill.

KRON'S FOREIGN FRIENDS.

Editor of The Wheel: The arrival today, July 21, of a dozen subscriptions from the Elgin (Ill.) Bicycle Club (secured for me by Messrs. Gibson and Hart, of Rockford, who have been from the outset my most efficient supporters in that State), brings my total enrollment up to 1,487. As the Secretary of the Citizens Bi. Club, however, reports the pledge of fourteen additional names, "which he will send me as soon as he has gained a few more," my real number is now in excess of 1,500, and the "last half" of the canvass for the needed 3,000 is to-day fairly begun. I intend to celebrate the fact by sending a hectograph announcement of it to 100 of the prominent tourists of Great Britain, reminding them that not quite six months have elapsed since THE WHEEL, of January 25, introduced my scheme to the American public, and that as the ultimate success of it is now fairly well assured, they ought to hasten the day of such success, and increase the monumental character of it, by promptly forwarding their names for enrollment among my 3,000 "immortals."

Ten of the fifteen subscriptions, which represent the support I have thus far received from the half-million riders of Great Britain, belong in London, and are accredited as follows: The Librarian of the British Museum; Alfred M. Bolton, of the Crideton B. C., author of "Over the Pyrenees" and other touring sketches (Penge Lane, Sydenham, N.); Charles Cordingley, Pres. of West Kensington Tricycle Club, editor of the *Tricycling Journal* (The Grove, Hammer-smith); Harry Etherington, editor of *Wheeling* (52 Fleet st., E. C., two copies); Alfred Nixon, Capt. of London Tricycle Club, the first man to ride from Land's End to John O'Groat's by tricycle (Rockmont Road, Central Hill, Upper Norwood, S. E.); H. R. Reynolds, Jr., solicitor, graduate of Oxford, a road rider of upwards of 48,000 miles in seven years, mostly on business (101 Leadenhall st., E. C.); E. R. Shipton, Sec. of C. T. C., and editor of its *Monthly Gazette* (139-140 Fleet st., E. C.); E. Tegetmeier, of Belsize, B. C., a road rider of 10,053 miles in 1883 (*Field* office, 346 Strand); A. J. Wilson, "Faed," a rider of the tricycle, for business purposes, every day of 1883, making a record of 6,023 miles. I have two subscribers at Coventry: Stephen Golder (65 Butts), a member of the Coventry Cycling Club, Moseley Harriers, and Blockbeath Harriers, and Henry Sturme (12 Smithford-st.), editor of the *Cyclist*. The three other towns represented are North Shields, by Thomas Robinson (36 Waterloo place); Redditch, by F. Howard Warner, Capt. of the R. B. C. (Laburnan Villa); and Aberdeen, Scotland, by W. Kendall Burnett, an attorney (123½ Union st.). The four last named gentlemen are Chief Consuls of the C. T. C., as are also the three

following, who respectively represent Holland, Germany, and France upon my subscription list: C. H. Bingham, of Utrecht, Pres. of N. V. B.; T. H. S. Walker, of Berlin (18 Krausen str., W.), editor of *Das Velociped*; A. D. Baroncelli, of Paris (18 Rue Roquepine), editor of "Annuaire de la Vélocipède Pratique." To these I may add an American subscriber, Dr. Geo. F. Fiske, residing at Göttingen, Hanover (Ritterplan 3), to rank as my nineteenth supporter in Europe. My patrons in Australia are four members of the Melbourne B. C.: Geo. W. Burston (Capt.), E. C. Carter, F. J. Empson, and G. S. Gedder,—and Thos. A. Edwards, editor of the cycling column in the *Melbourne Bulletin*: In New Zealand I have the support of two members of the Pioneer B. C., of Christ Church, and of the Captain of the Auckland B. C., of Auckland. The latter is Will Besnick; the two former are A. Lowry, Secretary of the club, and J. Foxley Norris, its ex-Secretary, now Treasurer of the "N. Z. Cyclists' Alliance." Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to bring responses to the circular of May 15, which I dispatched to those distant regions, as also to Hindustan, South Africa, and Japan; but I expect ultimately to secure supporters from all those places. The three which I have at Bermuda, thirty-one in Nova Scotia, and fifty-three in Canada, may be named as bringing to 114 my present total of patrons outside of the United States.

The names and addresses given have a certain interest on their own account, and they serve to show the great value which would attach to the presence in my "appendix of subscribers" of a representative foreign list ten times as large. Contributions of facts made by them to my roadbook have been given by me to the American public through THE WHEEL, *Outing*, *Bi. World*, and *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*. I allowed the July issue of the latter to make advance publication of articles on "Australian Wheel Literature," as well as racing tables and road reports from both Victoria and New Zealand. For the August number of the same paper I myself have just prepared two long articles, one of which, on "The Hotel Question," aims to show both the foolishness of asking hotel keepers to grant "reduced rates" to wheelmen (instead of granting them "increased comforts") and also the wisdom of persuading the chief hotel of each town and village to get its name printed in my subscription list, as a convenience for tourists as well as a valuable advertisement of itself. The second piece describes "The Cost of Book Publishing"; but, as it doesn't contain all I had in mind to say on the subject, I intend, with your permission, to supplement it by an article of similar title in the columns of THE WHEEL. Meanwhile I venture to suggest (even at the risk of shocking timid people by the novelty of the remark) that any reader of these lines who may design to help defray the cost of publishing the particular book called "X. M. Miles on a Bi." should immediately send his postal card pledge for a dollar into the yawning portals of the University Building.

KARL KRON.
WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 21.

FROM THE CLUBS.

RIVERSIDE.—The Riverside Wheelmen, of New York, organized July 17, 1884, with twelve members. President, T. C. Stratton; Vice-President, J. B. Fischer; Captain, J. Nightengale; First Lieutenant, Wm. Valteau; Second Lieutenant, F. Menge; Sect. and Treas., W. A. Potter.

Resp. yours,
W. A. POTTER, Sect.

JEALOUSY.

Daisy, love, golden hair, no kiss to-night,
Ere I ride away in the pale moonlight?
No kiss to tell me you love me still—
What have I done that you treat me so ill?

I "love another?" That cannot be true—
Daisy, I never have loved aught but you!
You're jealous! of whom pray? tell me the rest

Ere I grow fainter—I? "Love the wheel best!"

Daisy, Love, raise your eyes—look into mine;
Brighter than nickel plate, dearest, they shine—
Let the wheel go if it won't stand alone—
There! just one more, darling, Daisy, my own.

CHARLES RICHARD DODGE.

STAMFORD NOTES.

Editor of The Wheel: I am very glad to be able to report that the owner of the wagon which recently ran down one of our wheelmen has settled for all the damages. At first he felt inclined to fight, but after consulting counsel he concluded the cheapest thing to do was to settle. The matter was amicably adjusted for about fifty dollars. The wheelmen around here are very much pleased with the result, as it established a precedent for any future cases in our vicinity. On Wednesday, July 16th, the "racer" and myself left Stamford at five A. M. for New York, via Tarrytown. We breakfasted at White Plains, and after an hour's rest started for Tarrytown. Having viewed the city from various points, we had a delightful ride, over as fine a road as any wheelman could wish for, all the way to Kings Bridge. As you wheel through Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, and Yonkers, with their magnificent residences, now and then catching a glimpse of the beautiful Hudson, it seems as though you were riding through the shady avenues of one of England's grand old parks. I am sure it would be hard to find a pleasanter ride in all our broad land. Of the road from Kings Bridge to the Grand Central Depot I can not say so much. We arrived there at 1.30, and after a hasty dinner took the 2.19 train for Greenwich. Here we took to our wheels again, and reached home about five o'clock, having covered about seventy miles since morning. On Sunday eight of us left Stamford at ten A. M. for Glen Island. We had a pleasant, although rather hard, ride with a few headers thrown in, but we all turned up at the clam bake and kept the waiters busy for an hour. After walking around the island and enjoying the sights we started for home, where we arrived in good season, with fifty good miles behind us.

CONSUL.

STAMFORD, CONN., July 22, 1884.

PENNSYLVANIA MEET.

The annual meet of the Pennsylvania division of the "League of American Wheelmen" will be held in this city early in September, and the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania Bicycle Clubs expect to hold their joint race meeting at the same time. The League parade will doubtless be held in the morning, and the races in the afternoon. If such a combination can be effected it would serve to enhance the interest of both, and bring quite a number of wheelmen from other points here for the occasion. A large committee, with Mr. Eugene M. Aaron as chairman and Mr. Charles M. Miller as secretary and treasurer, have the matter in charge, and active measures are being taken to perfect the arrangements and make it a successful and interesting event in

the history of bicycling in Philadelphia, which has always stood in the front ranks in the wheeling interests. Bicycle, tricycle, sociable, and tandem races are to be arranged, and perhaps the old time "boneshaker" will be pressed into service for the sake of comparison. Philadelphia and vicinity has about 800 riders.

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

[Advertisements inserted under this heading, not exceeding four lines nonpareil, for one dollar.]

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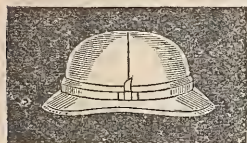
New York.

Ira Perego

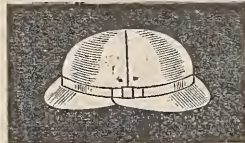
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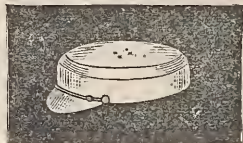
In finely woven worsted, without collar, all shades.....	\$4.00
" " " striped, without collar, all shades.....	4.25
" " " striped, with collar.....	6.50
" " " solid color, with collar, striped.....	6.50
" " " solid colors, with club initials woven, to order.....	
" " " silk, solid colors.....	21.00
" " " with club initials woven in, to order.....	
Heavy ribbed Jerseys, sometimes called Guernseys, in blue woolen.....	2.50
" " " in white woolen.....	5.00



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Ventilated Duck Bicycle Helmets
1st qual. white or drab, \$1.50 each,
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Ventilated Duck Bicycle Helmets,
2d quality, white or drab,
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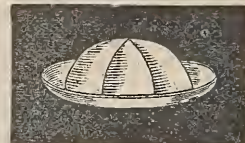
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Bicycle Caps.
1st quality \$1.75, \$18 per
dozen; 2d, \$1.50, \$15.



No. 5.
Blue Cheviot English Polo Caps.
Extra quality \$1.50 each,
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No. 3.
Ventilated Corduroy Bicycle Helmets.
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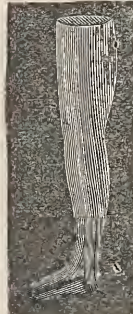
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Duck Tennis Caps.
White or drab, 40 cts., \$4.50
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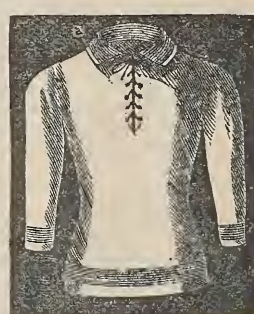
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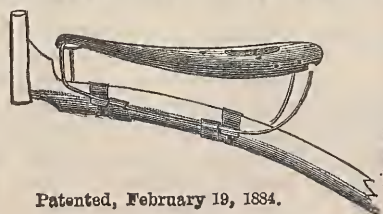
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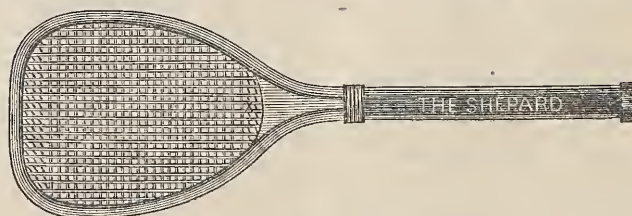
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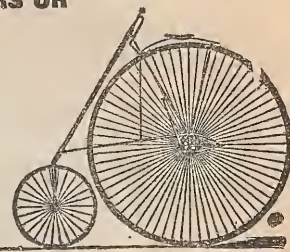
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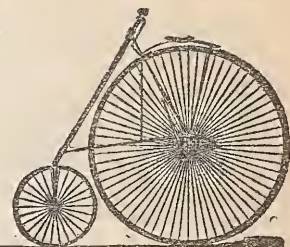
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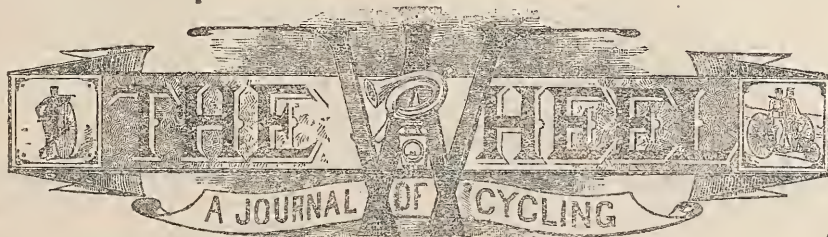
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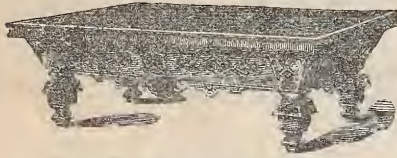
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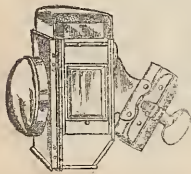
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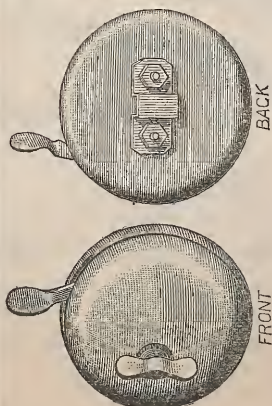
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