

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Organ of the Bicycle Touring Club in America.

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OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 22 NEW CHURCH STREET.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

The Eolus still top the heap.

* * *

We ought to hear from Phila., with its miles of good roads in the Park. A long record could easily be run up.

* * *

Perhaps the fever has confined itself to the Eastern portion of the country, or perhaps it has reached a point where to surpass it becomes a rather too irksome task, requiring considerable endurance, as well as speed.

* * *

The rapidly shortening days herald the close of the riding season, and now is the time for the busy wheelman to pursue his pastime on paper, and gladden the editor's heart with learned articles on the "best" bicycle, if such a thing exists, as well as the relative merits of single w. double bearings, and other improvements the season has brought forward.

* * *

This season especially has marked the advancement into popular favor of the dropped handle bar. That a bar should be at least twenty-five inches has become an almost acknowledged fact, and that its ends should be dropped an inch, or even two, has been proven a decided advantage, especially in "long-centre" bicycles.

* * *

Especially in hill work does one appreciate the advantage over the narrow straight bar, which we so well remember on the first bicycles. The wide bar is a friend to the rider of rough

roads that is not easily forgotten. The improvement in handles is also decided, and the large horn or rubber handles are in demand.

* * *

Pedals have also received their share of attention and the cone has been almost universally discarded on all first-class makes. The plain or parallel is the most popular for general road use, as being less troublesome and almost as easy running as their popular rival the ball. Of these, Bown's latest seem to be all that a man could desire. The latest racing pedal by that celebrated maker is a marvel of lightness and strength.

* * *

A point of some value to bicyclers is the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad have a ferry line to West Thirty-fourth street, and wheelmen can save considerable of the long and tedious ride hitherto encountered in traveling on the belt line cars, by taking that route.

* * *

The *Wheelman* for November has just come to hand, and although we have hardly had time to look through it, its contents seem even brighter and more interesting than its excellent predecessor. The illustrations are all original and very taking, and we hope our co-workers are reaping the benefit of the hard work apparently bestowed upon the finest exponent of bicycling extant.

* * *

Captain C. A. Hazlett and President F. J. Philbrick, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N. H., made a run from Newburyport, on October 29th, of 126 miles, 75 of which were run before 12 o'clock o'clock at noon, and many more would have been ridden in the afternoon but for strong head winds and rain.

* * *

On Wednesday, November 1st, a 54-inch Royal Challenge bicycle was stolen from Dr. H. M. Schooley, of Washington, D. C. When stolen, it was full-nickeled except rims, which were painted. It had Eolus ball bearings to front wheel and cones to rear, with Eolus ball pedals. One of the front bearings was not nickeled. The spring clip is of peculiar pattern,

and consists of a steel bar about 4 inches long running in two brass boxes on rawhide bearings. The number 11452, is stamped on the neck and flange of hubs. A liberal reward will be given to any one for information that will lead to detection of the hief. Wheelmen are warned against the thief and requested to report any trace of it to Wm. E. Scribner, 1108 E street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

We have received from the Overman Wheel Co., of Hartford, Conn., another one of those valuable works by Henry Sturmey, the well-known author of "The Indispensable." "The Complete Guide to Bicycling" is another valuable addition to the wheelman's library, and should be in the hands of the rider or non-rider who has the necessary 43 cents capital to secure the same. As its name implies, it contains everything of value to the beginner and many useful "tips" to the advanced rider.

* * *

The morning papers announce the appointment of a new Park Commissioner in place of Chas. F. MacLean, who was one of the two members of the Board opposing the passage of bicycles in Central Park. This is a change that has been looked forward to by wheelmen ever since the case first came into public notice. Would it not be a good plan for the New York wheelmen to get up another petition and secure the new man's favor?

* * *

The other Sunday the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, said in the course of a sermon on "Progress and Poverty": "If a man has a monopoly it is simply because he has a monopoly of brains and practical ability." Now, Colonel, that is going too far! Buy up papers, magazines, clubs, wheelmen and leagues, but do let the ministers alone!

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL TIMES.

Those who have hitherto been accustomed to regard the amateur bicyclist as far speedier than his professional brother must have had their faith somewhat shaken if they carefully perused the description of the 20 miles championship as pub-

lished in the leading sporting journal decided last Saturday week at the Belgrave-road grounds, Liecester. Although the official time 1h. 2m. 55sec. is more than three minutes slower than that done by Cortis on the second of August last at Surbiton a careful study of the surroundings of the first named affair will show under what circumstances it was achieved. Firstly we are told that rain fell heavily during the morning, a circumstance which would not improve the condition of the track, and secondly with the exception of the 12th (when John Keen made the pace very warm) in the last mile, the average was but 3m. 10 2-5secs. per mile all the while, whilst the leaders took no less than 3mins. 4secs to cover the last mile but one, a plain proof that the winner did not bestir himself. The truth is that these long distance competitions are virtually little less than dashes for the last two or three laps all being apparently afraid to force the pace, consequently the times come out very poor as compared with those done by amateurs who will peg away from end to end for the honor of making a fast time. Look again at the best mile done by Howell at Wolverhampton, only 2 mins. 52 secs. (we believe), but the believers in amateurs never dream that the pro's have to start from stools and are not allowed the services of a "pusher off." What can be gained by this. The ex-amateur champion could best tell, but he has repeatedly stated that he owed many of his victories to the able assistance of Mr. Soper. We have consulted an eminent authority on this subject, and he considers that there is a difference of at least four seconds in favor of our amateur method of starting and this exactly tallies with our own opinion on the subject. Thus it will be seen that the professional is not so far behind the amateurs as many suppose, and the latter class must not forget that times are quite a secondary consideration with the pros. all he wants to do is to win, and that too by as short a distance as possible otherwise he will find himself called upon to do an almost impossible performance in his next essay, perhaps be virtually shut out of every handicap for some time to come. As yet the pro has had really no chance of showing of what metal he is really made of, but next season, it is too late to depend upon the weather now,

LOST.

A 52-in. Standard Columbia Bicycle

WITH PARALLEL BEARINGS,

Numbered 4483.

Loaned, October 27th, to a man giving his name as W. E. Nickles, of West Medford, Mass.

Any one giving information that will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

The Pope Mfg. Co.,
597 WASHINGTON ST.,
Boston, Mass.

let the Crystal Palace authorities offer sufficient inducements to gain a representative entry of leading cracks, and put up something worth trying for if the amateur record for 20 miles is lowered, and let the men have every assistance they may require during the contest; and there seems to me but little doubt but what we shall then see of what first-class men such as Howell, Garrad, and others are really capable of doing; and at the same time, we are fully positive that the spec. would prove remunerative. We can also commend the above idea to the sport promoting Surrey Club, who, out of the large funds at its command, could well afford to give something substantial in the interests of sport; and should it be known that say two of our best pros were going for the record and really meant business, there would be as large a crowd journey down to Surbiton as was the case when Cortis did his memorable record.—*Bicycling Times*.

FROM THE CLUBS.

WORCESTER—ÆOLUS.—On Friday evening, Nov. 10, occurred in our city one of the pleasantest events of the year in bicycling circles; the occasion being the consolidation of the Worcester Bicycle Club (one of the oldest organizations in the country and numbering 8th in the L. A. W.) with the Æolus Wheel Club, a younger club (organized in Feb'y. 1881), composed of very enthusiastic wheelmen, and well known throughout our State.

Our object in consolidating to promote the cause of bicycling generally, and by bringing together our wheelmen in a social manner, to bind closer the ties of friendship already existing between most of the members of the two clubs.

Our expectations may be lofty, but we hope ere long to have a club second to none in the State.

The name of our new organization is the Worcester-Æolus Wheelmen, and is officered as follows:

President—Fred. S. Pratt, Chief Consul L. A. W. for Mass.

Secy. & Treas.—Geo. W. Brooks.

Captain—Edw. F. Tolman.

First Lieut.—Charles H. Banister.

Second Lieut.—Frank E. Higgins.

Buglers—E. K. Hill; Lincoln Holland.

Club Com.—The Prest., Secy. and Capt.. Ex-Officio—Waldo Lincoln; Stephen E. Green.

The club uniform being navy-blue coat, cap, breeches and stockings, and white shirt; club color—cardinal.

We commence with a membership of forty, of which fourteen are from the Worcester Bicycle Club, and the balance from the Æolus Wheel Club.

Our captain rides a 60 inch Expert, and is too well known to need any introduction.

Our president is the chief consul L. A. W. for Massachusetts division L. A. W.

We are to celebrate our consolidation with a twenty-mile club run on Tuesday, p.m., Nov. 14, through the suburbs of the city, and terminate our festivities with a supper in the evening at the Lincoln House.

Our club rooms are at No. 377 Main street, opp. Elm street, room No. 5, where we shall always be ready and glad to welcome any visiting wheelmen.

PIERSON.

Worcester, Mass.,
Nov. 13. 1882,

L. A. W.

L. A. W. BADGES.

At the fall meeting of the Board of Officers of the League held in Boston, October 20, 1882, the Treasurer was instructed to dispose of all the silver badges of the old pattern in his possession to the best advantage. Bids are in from all sources, and they will soon be sold. They will always be recognized as the League badge, although there is no probability that others of this pattern will ever be made. Parties desirous of purchasing them for use or as reminders of the early days of the League should make haste to do so.

Price, solid silver, \$2.00, post paid; plated, \$1.00.

W. V. GILMAN, Treasurer,
Nashua, N. H.,
November 13, 1882.

TRICYCLING.

THE LONGEST RECORDED DOUBLE TRICYCLE TOUR IN ENGLAND.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., Messrs. W. Bourdon and J. Snow both of the Bromley Bicycle Club, arrived home from a tour on a double tricycle to Land's End and back. Mr. Bourdon left Bromley on the 23rd September, accompanied by Mr. H. Martin, also of the Bromley Club, both riding one machine, viz., a 40 inch Meteor Sociable Tricycle, and carrying 55lbs. weight of luggage. After a pleasant tour through the southern counties and the north coasts of Devon and Cornwall, they ultimately reached Land's End on the 4th inst., having ridden a distance of 365 miles.

Returning as far as Penzance, they there met Mr. J. Snow, who had gone down per rail, when the then members of the B.B.C., received a cordial welcome from the members of the First and Last B.C. of Penzance. After spending a few days in the neighborhood, Mr. Martin was obliged by business consideration to return home by train, leaving Mr. Snow to take his place on the 'bus with Mr. Bourdon. The journey was then resumed to the Lizard, where two days were very enjoyably spent on this part of the wild Cornish coast. No double tricycle had ever been seen before in most of the places visited, much surprise being created by the appearance of so unusual a vehicle. The return home was made via Truro, Bodmin, Exeter, Taunton, Bath, Reading, Windsor, &c., reaching Bromley about seven p.m. on the 14th inst. The travelers went direct to the Bell, being enthusiastically received by a good contingent of the Brixton Ramblers

B.C., who were assembled there at tea, and of which club Mr. Bourdon is a member. Great pleasure was expressed by all present at the successful termination by "one of theirs" of this, the longest recorded double tricycle tour in England, the distance covered being 719 miles. — *Tricycling Journal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, 11th November, 1882.

W. H. MILLER, Esq., Pres. L. A. W.

DEAR SIR :

At the regular monthly meeting of the Montreal Bi. Club held Thursday evg., 9th Nov., it was unanimously *resolved* that, "We strongly protest against abolishing the rule governing the eligibility of wheelmen to membership in the L. A. W., and that a copy of this protest be sent to the "*Bicycling World*," and "*WHEEL*."

Yours fraternally,

J. D. MILLER,

Hon. Sec. M. Bi. C.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS, Nov. 13, 1882.

Editor of the Wheel:—The wheelmen of this vicinity have taken advantage of the glorious weather of the past few weeks, and have had many an enjoyable run.

Hendee, our fancy rider and L. A. W. champion, has made several trips between this city and New Haven and return. His best time from New Haven to this city (about 65 miles), is six hours and a quarter.

The new suit that the Springfield Bi. Club has adopted is of plain cloth, and is black throughout. The coat is cut the same as the ordinary sack coat; a single band of fine gold cord circle each cuff, and the buttons are small brass ones in the shape of a wheel; the breeches are close-fitting ones, up the outside seam of which is a stripe of fine gold cord; buttons same as on coat; cap is a low crowned one with vizor, and on the front the letters S. Bi. C. are worked in gold; black stockings and low shoes, also of black, complete the suit. Worn with the ordinary white shirt, collar and cuffs, we think this about as neat a suit as can be found. It is a little different from anything we have ever seen, but none the less desirable on that account.

S. P. G.

Editor of The Wheel: The Ixion Club road-race came off on time set, Election Day, Nov. 7th, and the participants were duly started on their journey at the Fifty-ninth street end of the Eighth avenue boulevard, at 10.30 A. M., the starter being Mr. Jenkins, of THE WHEEL, whose watch was set with that of Mr. Egan, president of the Ixion, who awaited them at the Yonkers' end, with Mr. Hall of the Lenox. Six men toed the mark as follows: Messrs. Pitman, Harris, Howard, Sanford, Peoli and Reed. The start was well effected, and to the front imme-

diately dashed Pitman and Howard, and in order named, closely followed by Sanford, Peoli, Reed and Harris; this order of rank and file was adhered to almost all through the race, which was divided into two divisions, the first consisting of Pitman and Howard, who kept up with a steady grind all through the race, the fast pace at which they started alternating now and then the lead, which playful exhibition told at the last upon Pitman, and as he approached Valentine's lane (he being deceived by Hall, who was waiting their advent there, and whom he took for Howard) he sapiently undertook to follow Hall's little wheel through that delectable road, but when he got through and raised his head, lo! it was Hall, and far in the distance he saw Howard's little wheel just disappearing around the curve in the road leading through Yonkers. That settled it, and with a smothered prayer to Hall, by him he sped, and pedaling fast and furious, came to the rock at Peabody House $2\frac{1}{4}$ minutes behind Howard. The second division, led by Peoli and followed by Reed and Harris, had to tug and tug from the word "go." Their pace was not as swift, however, as the first division, but it was sufficiently so to break the heart of a New York man who entered into competition with their rank about Seventy-second street; he barely kept by their side until he reached One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; then, with a sigh, he began to study the movement of the bearing in their little wheels, and on they passed, and came to the judges' rock at Peabody Hill in the order in which they started.

Sanford, from first to last, constituted himself an intermediary division of one, and fluctuated between the two divisions with strict impartiality, sometimes coming up close to the leaders, then dropping back to converse with the heelers. He kept this up till the New York man above mentioned tackled him, and then with a persistent spurt he consigned him and the back division to the tender mercies of oblivion, and sped to the front and came to the top of the hill near Valentine's lane in time to see Pitman disappear around the bushes. That settled it, and knowing that the rear division was a mile and a half in the rear, he lay on his oars and rode at ease through the lane, along the Yonkers road, passing the compliments of the day with Consul Weston, of the B. T. C., who met him at the entrance of Yonkers, and gravely inquired if there were many more behind. Six or seven, he said, and passed, and pushing on he rode up to the Peabody Hill to the judges' stand $13\frac{3}{4}$ minutes behind Pitman.

The club dinner followed, being assisted by five of the Mount Vernon club, one of the Lenox club, and Consul Weston as guests. The occasion was a memorable one, and so the first club road race in New York terminated auspiciously, the only regrets expressed being that the number present was not larger, both of the B. T. C. and other resident clubs.

The falling behind of such a fine road rider as Harris to the rear was due to his being in very poor form, sick and scarcely able to be out of

bed, which was to be regretted, as he would otherwise have, in all probability, made a much better showing, although the event has shown that they were all fine road riders, and the time made fine, considering the strong head wind against which they had to contend all the way, and the roads, which were very poor.

The time official is as follows (except for Harris, whose time was not taken, as he did not get in until about an hour after the leader):

	H.	M.	
Distance—	Howard...I	18	Gold medal.
	Pitman...I	$20\frac{1}{4}$	Silver medal.
15 miles.	Sanford...I	$33\frac{3}{4}$	Leather "
	Peoli...I	$45\frac{3}{4}$	Not placed.
	Reed...I	$47\frac{1}{2}$	" "

The medals represent the club road-championship, and are to be contested for every year.

BEN. G. SANFORD,
Secretary Ixion Bicycle Club.

NOTES OF THE PHILADELPHIA MEET.

Kol Kron was there.

So was R. V. S. Schuyler, with the handsomest machine of the lot.

His "American Club" towered over a number of the largest.

The "Sanspareils" attracted considerable attention, as every new article should, and were much admired.

The Capitals had the largest out-of-town delegation. The Germantown club had the largest number in line.

Place seemed as happy and joyous as ever, and won his races handily.

He looked fat, and in fact told the writer that he weighed twenty pounds more than at the Waverly races two weeks previous.

Next year he will go into training and try and cut some of the records. He will probably have a try at the championships.

Gideon looked as if he would like to be on the track again, but can't.

Frank Weston looked happy, but forgot to look after the B. T. C. meet.

Jo. Pennell looked immense and was glad when it was all over.

The "red man" looked unhappy.

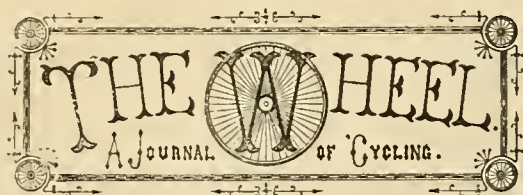
The Boston delegation looked as if they enjoyed themselves.

The New York men looked drawn through a knot-hole the next morning.

The grass-hoppers from Washington looked unique.

The park looked lovely, and every one looked forward to the dinner while climbing the jumbo hill, and looked for the reed birds on toast when at the table. We all look forward to the meet at Washington.

PARIS G



The Official Organ of the Bicycle Touring Club in America.

FRED. JENKINS, - - - Editor.

CHAS. E. PRATT, - Editorial Contributor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address with *non 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. Address THE WHEEL, Box 444, New York.

THE CHOICE OF WHEELS.

It is the fate of the editor to constantly be the recipient of letters from subscribers, but more often from outsiders to whom he does not feel himself indebted, asking his opinion as to the "best bicycle" for them to purchase, and it is equally noticeable that the majority of outsiders rarely enclose a stamp for reply.

While we are supposed to be good-natured, though a small portion of the bicycling press would have it thought otherwise, the general tone of the inquirers are of the impression that we have nothing better to do than to respond promptly and at length to their queries, and then, if we fail in our attempts to satisfy the thirst for knowledge, the result is usually a second letter abusing us roundly. In fact the practice has become so general that we feel constrained to openly state that we decline to recommend any machine in the American market as the "best bicycle," because, in our humble opinion, no such machines exist, and secondly, we have not had an opportunity to practically test all the various makes now offered to the American rider, and to whom we submit our advertising columns for further reference.

When we say that the "best bicycle" does not exist, it is because it is impossible for any maker on this side of the water or the other, to construct a bicycle that will be found to meet with universal favor; one that is not open to criticism on some of the important points that go to make up the bicycle as now offered.

The writer has had over three years experience as a practical rider, and in that period of time has possessed four mounts representing the productions of three dealers.

It was in the early fall of 1879 that he first

saw a bicycle in motion, at the first school ever opened in this city, on Twenty-fourth street, now occupied as a gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club, and now, singularly enough, used by him during the non-riding season. It was there that the first acquaintance was made with the Standard Columbia of that date, with its cone bearings now replaced by the easier parallel. We well remember the two evenings spent in watching the headers and wobbles of the beginners, and experiencing the longing desire to try it, but it was not until the third evening that we mustered up courage to mount a 46-inch wheel. How large it seemed, and how far removed from the floor we felt, can no doubt be appreciated by many of our readers who have not forgotten their first ride. Our progress was rapid, as we had served an apprenticeship on the bone-shaker. For a year the Standard to us was all that a man could desire, but finding it growing small, we selected a Pacer for our next mount, which, in turn, was displaced by the Special Club, which we are glad to say has been much improved, until its immediate successor, known as the "American Club," has many friends among riders, and ranks among the best machines now in the market.

But our jump from the Pacer to the Club was a step actuated by a fever common to many riders, of "riding as large a wheel as possible," and being about to undertake a very rough trip in the mountains, a smaller wheel became a necessity; and our fourth choice was the "Harvard," which we have enjoyed to the present time. Our reason for a change of mount is actuated by a desire to test one of the latest machines introduced in the market, and not from any fault of the present bicycle used by the writer, which, in our opinion, also ranks among the first.

We have said the "best bicycle" does not exist, and we believe it to be so. Let us mention the five principal machines now manufactured or imported in this country by firms who are in active competition to place the best article in the market, and who are ever ready to receive hints or suggestions as to improvements. These are (alphabetically arranged) the American Club, Expert Columbia, Harvard, Sanspareil and Vale. Each has its warm admirers and active partisans; each permits a choice of different bearings; each its peculiar form of forks, of backbone or head; each its particular claims of adaptability to the roads on which it is to be used; each a choice as to weight and shape; and can any rider in this country, or the other, base his assertion on anything beyond personal preference that one make of machine is superior to any other of the five mentioned. We think not. We say again, in conclusion, that no bicycle is the best, and that while we are always ready to receive and answer letters of inquiry, we must positively decline to favor any particular pattern. We have friends among all the dealers, our advertising space is open to all who care to employ it, and we strive to assist them all equally. It has been hinted, and even openly expressed, that we favored a particular con-

cern, but any careful reader who follows our course can not accuse us, truthfully, of being other than an independent journal of bicycling.

WHEEL RACES.

An audience numbering all the way from two to four thousand gathered at the Polo grounds last Saturday, the occasion being the second race between the two champions, George and Myers. There was a mile bicycle race, handicap, for which five entries had been received, but only three starters. These were F. W. Hunter, Columbia Athletic Club, with 20 seconds start. F. Jenkins, 15 seconds, and F. E. Davidson five seconds. Hunter obtained a good lead which he was able to partially retain, and won both heats in 3m. 37s. and 3m. 39 2-5s. F. E. Davidson second in both heats. Pitman arrived too late to compete in the first heat, but rode in the second. This closes the racing season in the neighborhood of New York, with the exception of perhaps a two-mile race at the 7th Regiment games on the 25th November, which is only open to members of that organization.

THE American makers seem to be taking up the manufacture of tricycles with considerable energy. Already two or three patterns are being shown, and rumors of several new double drivers are afloat. The prices quoted are all below those of English manufacture, and consequently they will stand a better chance of being sold. The Americans never do things by halves, but throw their whole energy into a thing, and therefore we may reasonably expect to see the tricycling industry become a big biz. on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Tri. Journal*.

ÆOLUS TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

The record once more broken—One hundred and seventy-nine miles in 23h. and 54m.—The captain of the Æolus Wheel Club of Worcester, having called for a long distance run for Friday, 3d November, at 5 P. M., two members of the club, Messrs. Midgley and Arnold, put in an appearance at the Union station at 4 P. M. and proceeded by cars to South Framingham. At 5.02 wheels were mounted, and the run was made to Saxonville and back to South Framingham; thence via Natick and the Newtons to Brighton, which was reached at 7.38, where supper was taken at the Cattle Fair Hotel. Leaving Brighton at 8.14. they passed through Cambridge, Arlington, Medford, Malden, East Malden, to Franklin Park, in Saugus, and returned to Brighton via Malden, Medford, Somerville and Cambridge, arriving at the Cattle Fair Hotel at 12.10. Leaving Brighton at 12.25, they rode back to Natick, 2.22, thence back through Brighton to Cambridgeport, and back to Brighton; arriving at 5.22. At this point Mr. Arnold was obliged to take the cars for home, he having got a severe fall in Malden the evening previous, on the way back

to Brighton, resulting in a bad bruise over the right eye, cutting one hand, and hurting his right knee. He showed remarkable pluck in riding the night out after the accident, and would have finished the run but for his lame knee. At six o'clock Midgley left Brighton alone and rode to Saxonville *via* South Framingham, and back to South Framingham again, arriving there at 8.13, where he was met by three of the club. At 9, wheels were again mounted, and the run was made through Newton Lower Falls and Beacon street to Walnut street, thence to West Newton, Waltham, Watertown, Brighton, Chestnut Hill, once around the reservoir, and back to the Cattle Fair Hotel, arriving at 12.09. Dinner was taken here, and at 1.05, accompanied by a fresh *Eolus* man, they proceeded *via* Chestnut Hill, Beacon street, Hammond street, Newton and Pond streets and Jamaica Plain to Lower Mills, 2.10, and back over the same route to Beacon street, and then direct to South Framingham, then to Framingham Centre and back to South Framingham, arriving at 4.56. Total time on road, 23h. 54m. Halts, 4h. 42m. Riding time, 19h. 12m. Distance by cyclometer and well known distances, one hundred and seventy-nine miles.

Brace up, ye long distance riders, as winter cometh on apace, when no man (except Wilmot) can ride.—*Bicycling World*.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN 'CYCLIST AT NIAGARA.

The Falls of Niagara, after being looked at from all points above, below, on both sides, in front, and in the rear, present to the mind a most stupendous picture of the wondrous power of nature. Millions of tons of water, which has scurried through the rapids above at a measured speed of twenty-seven miles an hour, suddenly fall over a precipice 165 feet high in a tumultuous, hissing, seething mass of foam; albeit it is green water, twenty feet deep, falling over the verge of the precipice, which is thus churned into bubbling froth. The thunder of the mighty falls shake the ground, which here is solid rock, until the beds in the "Prospect House" hotel on the Canadian side, some 200 or 300 yards from the water, actually oscillate as though in an ocean steamer. Clouds of spray, some 200 feet high, ascend from the seething chaldron into which the vast mass of water precipitates itself, and when the sun shines, segments of the most vivid rainbow present themselves in various places.

The sensation is one of the most awe-inspiring, almost appalling, and it alone is worth going to America to see. Awe-inspiring as it was, nothing would content me but to venture to actually go behind in the space left by the curve described by the falling water and the perpendicular rock. I had heard it was the proper thing to do, and I listened to the voice of a charmer in the shape of a guide and the instigation of certain deluded persons like myself, planked down my dollar, and went in. We first descended a short railway, worked by water power by means of an endless chain, and rapidly descended, I might

almost say "dropped" to the level of the water. Here we found an edifice like a bathing pavilion, and being supplied with the orthodox bathing costume *a la* sea-side, we entered each a den, doffed our ordinary garb, and donned the thing of stripes. On emerging, we found it cold, and began to shiver in anticipation, just as a careful man does when he dips his big toe in a swimming bath. All being assembled, our guide marched on in front over the damp rocks until we came to the outer fringe of the falling water, and here the noise was stunning in its volume. Our guide promptly disappeared in rear of the vast sheet of water, and with inward trepidation I followed, trying to look as bold as the proverbial lion. All trace of the lion, however, disappeared as soon as I got well inside, and all I wanted then was to get out again, but being hemmed in by others of the party I could not retreat, although it seemed to me that there must be something radically wrong with the place. I have been blown about by tempests such as that on the 29th of March at Richmond and Barnes Common; I have been run away with on a bicycle down Muswell Hill; I have had a mad career on a runaway horse; I have fallen off the top of a tall elm tree on a branch that broke while I was just grasping the eggs out of a crow's nest; I have bathed in the open sea from a boat which drifted from me with the wind when I wanted to get into it; I have been driven away in a storm in a fishing smack for some days; I have been shot at with a pistol ten yards off, the bullet just whistling past my ear; I've been caught when wrenching off knockers (years ago); I have had a fierce encounter with a savage dog that I thought was mad; I have been chased across a twenty-acre field by an infuriated bull of baleful aspect; I have paid away a twenty-dollar greenback for a one-dollar ditto; I have dreamt I was buried alive; I once kept twelve bull dogs; I have had a good time with a Sheffield militiaman in a mutual endeavor to make each other difficult to identify, and I have had my toe nipped by an energetic crab, besides other similarly delirious joys but of a milder nature, not to mention the being assured that my "wheel's going around," which is so pleasing to cyclists; each one of these incidents had a charm of its own while it lasted, but they must all pale before the experience gained when veiled from all mortal eye (for no one could open his eyes there) behind the falling curtain of Niagara.

It was bitter cold, the hissing spray blinded us, the fall of the water created furious blasts of wind that banged us about as though mere feathers, the thunder of the falls shook us with a vibration as of an earthquake, the hissing of the fretting mass of water close by was like scores of engines blowing off steam together in an underground station, and during all this hub-bub, tumult, and hurly-burly, hurry-scurry, a poor little blindly-groping tricyclist, shivering with cold, soaking wet, bewildered with the buffeting he was getting, was wishing he had not been able to afford to plank down a dollar for this particular treat.—"*Sigma*" in the *Tricyclist*.

KRON'S TARRYTOWN TRIUMPH.

I used to hear admiringly of the men who had kept in their saddles from the Vincent House in Tarrytown, to the lower boundary of Central Park in New York, a distance of twenty-five miles, according to common report, and I used to wonder if I should ever succeed in doing as well. Now, therefore, that I have actually taken that ride, I feel impelled to sound the hewgag, and summon the world to congratulate me on the unexpected triumph.

Metropolitan riders may, from aught I know to the contrary, consider this too small and too common an exploit to be worth bragging about; but those of them who haven't been up the river lately, will at least be ready to thank me for assuring them of *this* fact, on which they can congratulate themselves: namely, that at no time, in the past four seasons, during which I have made about a dozen trips to Tarrytown and back, that the track as a whole, has been in such admirable condition as I found it to-day. On occasions in former years, when I had been told of other riders doing the distance without a single dismount, there were certain sections of the road which I could not possibly have pushed my wheel over. Hence, it may fairly be pleaded that the present report is designed to proclaim the increased smoothness of the roadway, rather than my own increased prowess as a rider.

It is one of the peculiar charms of bicycling, as a pastime, that the man devoted to it is constantly improving, learning something, overcoming difficulties, "beating the record" of his own former rides, if not of other people's. Thus, while so great a proportion of my own riding is of a solitary sort, that I hardly know whether it would seem good or bad riding when compared to "the average." I take pleasure in noticing from time to time that I am accomplishing things which once seemed to me impossible exploits. The proverb that "no one knows what he can do until he tries," seems especially true on the wheel.

Previous to to-day there had only been three occasions on which I had stayed long in the saddle. The first was on the 16th of September, 1880, when I surprised myself by staying there a little more than two and one-half hours, going against the wind on a rather rough road of red clay, from a point near Niagara to Black Rock, in the outskirts of Buffalo. The distance was sixteen and a half miles, and, except for a mistaken choice of the sidewalk just a single block above the entrance to the macadamized parkway, I should have ridden straight through to the City Hall, an even twenty miles. Before this, I doubt if I had ever made as much as eight miles at a single mount. On the 22d of November, 1880, while trying the excellent roads in the region of Orange and Newark, I kept the saddle two hours and twenty minutes, and accomplished just twenty miles. In the afternoon of the same day, I rode twenty-five miles more, though not at a single mount. My third long ride was taken last Thursday, in the same region, when I went three hours and a quarter without stop, and rode

twenty-nine miles—to which I added sixteen more before sundown.

Each one of my dozen Tarrytown trips has varied in some respects from all the others; for on a road like this the wheelman, as before remarked, has the peculiarly happy faculty of finding something new, and accomplishing something new, no matter how often he goes over it. The short but steep incline beyond the school house at Inwood, and the long Riverdale hill were both conquered by me on the 17th of May, 1881, though the former I had many times vainly fought against, and the latter I had despaired even of attempting. That pitch at Inwood, I may remark, is now much smoother than in the old days, but a good deal of effort is still needed in climbing it. On the 29th of September, 1881, after twenty-six miles of poor riding and walking down the river from Garrisons, I surprised myself by wheeling up every hill, or coasting down every hill from Tarrytown to the city, except that a stop was caused by loose macadam on the little hill south of the blacksmith's shop in Hastings. I had "done" every hill coming south at one time or another previously, but never all of them at a single time. On the 10th of May, 1882, I made my first ride without stop from New York to Yonkers, thirteen miles, in an hour and forty minutes. The route was from Fifty-ninth street up Fifth avenue to One Hundred and Tenth, to Sixth avenue, to One Hundred and Forty-fifth, to Kingsbridge road, to Riverdale avenue, to Valentine's lane, to Broadway, and the hill beyond the Getty House, where I was stopped by the extreme steepness of the first ascent.

My initial triumph of to-day consisted in overcoming that most difficult pitch of the entire journey northward; and perhaps the encouraging shouts of the crowd at the polling booths near by put the necessary vigor into my legs. It was a hard struggle, however, and as it had to be followed by a mile or more of up-grade work, I think that when I really reached the top of the hill and prepared myself to take a coast down on the other side, I was almost as thoroughly "blown" and tired as I ever have been when on a bicycle. My start had been made at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street at 9.20 A. M., and my first stop had been caused by some loose macadam at the critical point on the Riverdale hill. I got through Valentine's lane safely, however, and my second stop made to accommodate a horse, while I was descending the last hill before turning into the dirt road, leading along the river's brink opposite the Palisades. This was just an hour's ride of six miles, including the long Yonkers hill. My third stop was at the Vincent House, Tarrytown, at the stroke of noon. Distance, by Pope's cyclometer, a quarter less than nineteen miles. The same track measured southward, May 10, was eighteen miles and one-sixteenth, and the time spent, including three brief dismounts, was from 5 to 7.55 P. M. On the 29th of September, 1881, the time was from 2.30 to 5.30 P. M., including a half hour's stop in Yonkers, and the distance was eighteen miles and an eighth.

Having succeeded so well to-day in my up-trip, with something of a breeze against me, I decided to try riding homeward without a stop; but before going in to dinner, I circled around the village sufficiently to bring my record up to twenty-two miles. Mounting at 2.45 P. M., with a light wind at my back, I passed Hastings, by the direct road, at 3.20; the Getty House in Yonkers at 3.55; Fort Washington at 4.55; One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street at 5.03; then down St. Nicholas avenue to One Hundred and Tenth, to the Boulevard, and to Fifty-ninth street at 5.50 o'clock.

It was now quite dark, and occasional sprinkles of rain were falling, and I had accomplished my ambition of going over the track without a stop. But, though somewhat tired by my three hours in the saddle, I thought I might as well improve the only chance I should probably ever have of "beating my record" of the previous Thursday (when I stuck to it for three hours and a quarter); so I turned about and wheeled up the Boulevard to the starting point at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, dismounting there at 6.38 P. M. The cyclometer called the distance of this "longest ride of my life," twenty-nine miles and a quarter; but this should be increased a little if the registry of the forenoon be called correct, for the ride down to Fifty-ninth street and back must be equal to about a dozen miles.

The same rough, macadamized hill, where I stopped in the forenoon while descending, almost brought me to a halt while making the afternoon's ascent; but the dirt road through the woods along the river brink adjacent I rode over, both ways, without much trouble, though it has always before been too soft for me to survive. Valentine's lane, also, was another difficult stretch which I pulled through safely, both morning and afternoon, though it almost always stops me. That and the quarter mile on Tenth avenue below the Kingsbridge road supplied the poorest and softest sections of the entire track. The steep incline at the foot of the Yonkers hill was exceedingly smooth and hard. Those who are ambitious to wheel up it will never find it easier than now.

When I had finally weathered Valentine's lane, I felt pretty confident of keeping my wheel whirling for the next dozen miles down to Fifty-ninth street; but near one of the "churches in the wildwood," I saw a badly buckled bicycle, and heard its owner give me warning against the newly covered trench which had brought him to disaster. I pushed through it safely, however, in the track which he had made for me; and I paid no attention to his polite entreaty for the loan of my wrench. I was thus shamefully uncivil; partly because "engaged in the longest straight ride of my life," which I couldn't afford to spoil; partly because his wheel seemed too badly hurt to be cured by any number of wrenches; partly because I didn't comprehend his request, until I had got far beyond him; and partly because I didn't have any wrench. If haply these words reach his eye, they may assure him that I am not so bad a fellow as I seemed.

Above Yonkers, in the forenoon, I met a half dozen wheelmen who enquired of me the concerning of the best road thither; and when I passed the Peabody House there in the afternoon, a small boy assured me "a party of about twenty" had just started home for New York a few minutes before." I failed to overhaul any of them, however; and when I made enquiries further down the road, I was assured that only a pair of riders had gone southward ahead of me. I wonder, if, perchance, "the twenty" were lingering in the direct road while I was ploughing through Valentine's lane? But, perhaps, the small boy lied!

The roads from Newark to Orange are now in excellent trim, particularly Central and Park avenues, and I urge New Yorkers, after taking the Tarrytown trip, to try them before the bad weather comes on. On the 28th of October, I rode without stop from the end of the macadam in Franklin to its other end on Bloomfield avenue in Newark, a distance of nine and a half miles by the cyclometer, in just an hour. This is, for me, very fast riding; and I wheeled up the big hill in Caldwell for the first time in my life. I have more than once covered the distance in the other direction without stopping, including the long hill at Montclair, but this does not seem to me quite so difficult.

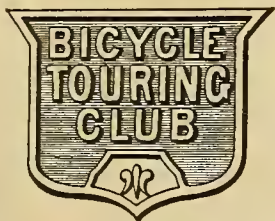
I recently rode without stop from Macomb's Dam Bridge up Central avenue and the Kingsbridge road, through Fordham and to the crest of the hill overlooking the Southern Boulevard. The upper three miles of this are now too rough for pleasant riding; the lower three miles, which end at Harlem Bridge, are excellent. Westchester avenue branches off Eastward at about the middle point of this Boulevard, and I lately followed it out six miles and a half to Pelham Bridge, and also wheeled down to Fort Schuyler and Throg's Neck. All these roads are ridable, and some of them supply stretches of very smooth and pleasant riding. Central avenue is not to be recommended just now, however.

Though I had often been over the Southern Boulevard, and had made explorations of many of its branches, until I found them ending in rough places, I had somehow overlooked this Westchester avenue until now, though this is really the best branch of all. I was led to explore it because of my plan to start on a ride to New Haven and Springfield, weather permitting, on or about the 21st of November. My ride from New Haven in November, 1879, ended in the rain and darkness at the railroad station, about half a mile beyond Pelham Bridge.

In a note to the editor of the *Wheelman*, accompanying the report of my autumn tour of four hundred miles, which I believe is to be printed in his December number, I have explained how the "o" in my front name got knocked into "AR" during my absence from the city. Let it suffice now to say, therefore, that my acquaintances must not accuse the printer of wrong doing when they see my name thus revised.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Tuesday, Nov. 7th, 1882.



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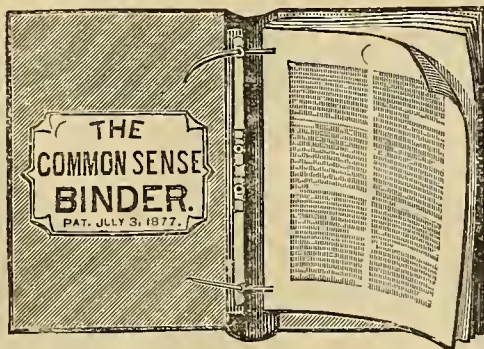
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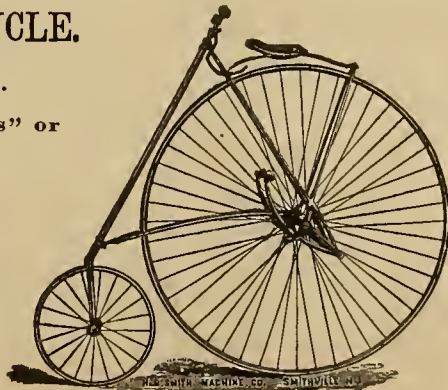
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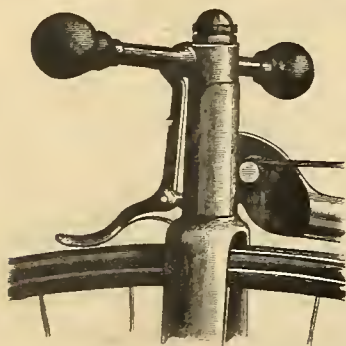
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