

185

# THE WHEEL.

*A Journal of Bicycling.*

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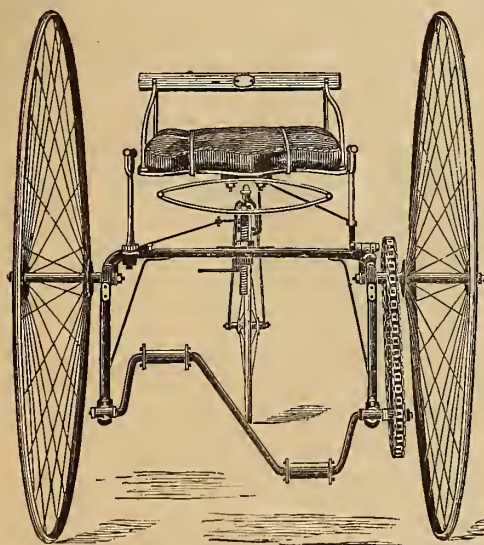
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## CONTENTS

Advertisements.....	191-192
An Editor's Novel Tour.....	188
Boston Notes and Notions.....	179
By Bicycle to Boston, IV.....	189
Coming Events.....	189
Correspondence.....	187
Editorial—The Wheel—Dues Jumper.....	188
From the Clubs.....	186
Horse against Bicycle.....	189
Pickings and Stealings.....	186
Personals.....	186
Rates and Terms.....	190
Some Boston Beans.....	187

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

FRED JENKINS - - - - - Editor and Proprietor  
 JULIUS WILCOX . . . . . Associate Editor.  
 Office of Publication, 75 Fulton Street.

## PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

The "Graces" in the vicinity of the Boulevard and Riverside Drive notwithstanding their many "graces" did not seem to take "graciously" the remark with which they were "graced" in one of the editions of THE WHEEL. There was considerable woe about it and we think it time to say "whoa" to similar remarks of *The Wheel's* Pickings and Stealings.

The field officers for the games at Waverly have all been appointed. Mr. W. B. Curtis, the popular athletic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, has kindly consented to act as Referee and Starter. The other officers have been selected from the various bicycle clubs.

Our racing men will have their hands full this season. Our column of coming events is slowly swelling, and presents opportunities for trials of speed at all distances.

With increased interest in wheel races, come the demand for good tracks. The average cinder path of the athletic club is generally too soft for very light machines, and wheels with less than three-quarter inch tyres are at a discount. The cinder path in Mott Haven, where the championship games are to be held is probably one of the fastest in the country. As the new track at Waverly is being constructed exclusively for bicycle races, we look forward to some fast time.

The tournament mentioned by some of the daily papers at Albany, for the "Championship of the State of New York," and pronounced an "advertising hoax" by our contemporary the *Bicycling World*, resulted in a one-sided show of fancy riding. F. S. Rollinson, a professional was allowed to compete with the amateurs and was awarded a handsome gold medal in spite of the protests of the others. As the arrangements were in the hands of the League Consul at Albany, the affair should be ventilated. The line is clearly drawn between professionals and amateurs, and any attempt to over-step it on the part of the former should receive a prompt check.

The Central Park test case still "drags its slow length along," and after three or four brief hearings before the referee (the last one on the 9th inst.), continues "to be continued." So far, little has been done since the arrest, 2 July, beyond the taking of testimony from horse fanciers and livery-stable men, the burden of which has been the inevitable scare the sight of a bicycle inspires in the animal, and which it is not worth while to reproduce in our columns, there being no new phase developed. Messrs. Wright, Foster, and Walker, the voluntary victims (?), have the entire metropolitan press and general popular opinion on their side, and it is doubtful that either the common-sense of the court or the obtuseness of the commissioners can withstand the pressure of these potent influences in favor of the wheelmen. It is rumored that testimony of horsemen in Boston and vicinity, generally favorable to bicycling, is to be obtained before the hearing is closed.—*Bi. World*,

Juvenis wishes us to state that the repetition of the word "that" before "Cousin Bates" in our last issue was an error of the compositor, and was not intended as a slur on that person.

## PERSONALS.

Capt. A. M. Hill, Secretary R. P. Randall and Lieu. C. H. Genslinger of the New Orleans Club are in town, and will remain for two or three weeks. They report an increase of membership to seventy odd members. Although not all owners of wheels, the club provides machines and instructs its members in the art of riding. A six lap track is being constructed under the supervision of a committee of which Mr. Genslinger is chairman.

Messrs. C. J. Howard and Fred. Jenkins, Manhattan Bi. Club, are rustication on Long Island for a week.

## FROM THE CLUBS

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

GERMANTOWN.—All the Gt'n Club members, pretty much, are rustic c(o)ating. Capt. Pennell is in Virginia working up a number of sketches for the magazines. A rumor has reached me, that Messrs. F. W. Corse and John Thomas, of our club, collided at Newport last week, resulting in the demolition of Mr. Corse's machine and a *rib or so* belonging to Mr. Thomas. I suppose you are aware that Messrs. Hansmann and Lewis, of the Washington "*Caps*," are about starting on their tour to Lake George. They expect to reach here about August 2d, and we shall have a club run to meet them and give them a "send off." They go direct from here to your city and perhaps some of our men may accompany them. I want to get to N. Y. next week some time to see if I can find a machine to suit me. Am going to get a new 57 inch and hesitate between the "Yale," and "Rudge." My 56 inch special Columbia has carried me some 1300 odd miles since February and shows no signs of "dissolution" yet.

Messrs. Powell and Tatum, with yours truly, had a twenty-eight mile run to Westtown on Saturday last and back Sunday, A. M. Roads frightful—stony and hilly—RATHER. This trip is usually considered a sort of "trial" trip for new members of the "Gt'n"—any bicyclist making said run in one day being generally a fit candidate for the club or the insane asylum. A "Friend's Boarding School" is located there and many of our boys used to go there. Also girls. Yours truly, GID.

MARLBORO'.—At the annual meeting held Monday, 1 August, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: Arthur P. Curtis, captain; Frank A. Leland, secretary and treasurer; George E. Frye, bugler. It was voted to hold a club race every two weeks for the club championship badge which was to be the property of the person winning it three times.—*Bi. World*.

MOUNT VERNON.—At a meeting held Aug. 6, 1881 the Mount Vernon Bicycle Club was organized with the following officers: Wm Gilbert Clark, president and captain; Charles E. Lanten, lieutenant and bugler; Philip H. Lucas, secretary and treasurer. The remaining members are, Frank T. Davis, and Frank W. White. Although very small at present we expect several additional members very soon.

Yours etc., PHILIP H. LUCAS, Sec.

ROCHESTER.—At the regular Semi-Annual Election of the above club, the following officers were elected: H. G. Danfort, President; F. F. Chase, Captain; R. A. Punnett, 1st Lieutenant; C. A. Smith, 1st Guide; John Kondolf, 2d Guide; S. H. Pool, Secretary and Treasurer, (care of) Bank of Monroe, Rochester, N. Y. Club Committee: H. G. Danforth, President; F. F. Chase, Captain; S. H. Pool, Secretary and Treasurer; W. H. Reid, W. H. Learned, Chas. T. DePuy, Warham Whitney.

Yours truly, S. H. POOL, Sec'y and Treas.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco Bicycle Club is making steady advances. The regular meeting was held on the 14th of July, when the following members were elected: James W. Kerr, Morris Feintuch, Eugene E. Sykes and Harrison A. Jones. These gentlemen are all active riders, and will doubtless gladden the heart of Captain Eggers by their presence whenever he calls for a "meet" or a "run." The future business meetings of the Club will be held at the Winsor House, where Mr. J. Warshauer has kindly tendered the use of a parlor. There is a



prospect of the Club appearing at the State Fair in Sacramento, which opens on the 19th of September. Should terms be agreed upon between the Directors of the Fair and the officers of the Club the presence of our wheelmen would be a great attraction to the meeting.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE BICYCLE IN ORANGE.

NEW YORK, August 13th, 1881.

It is safe to say that no part of the United States is more favorable to the enjoyable use of the bicycle than the city of Orange, and its immediate vicinity. While many cities and towns contain thoroughfares passable to the bicycle, very few indeed can boast of such an extensive and perfect system of macadam road-bed as that possessed by Orange. While the wheel can be ridden with both pleasure and profit on ordinarily good roads, it is only upon surfaces perfectly hard and smooth, that the highest enjoyment may be obtained. Upon the broad avenues of Orange the "rubber-shod steed" rolls as softly as a canoe in still water; the slightest effort on the rider's part sends him flying along. While the use of the bicycle has not as yet become very general among the gentleman of Orange, the first machine appearing a little over two years ago, there are several who own and ride bicycles. The majority of those are members of the Essex Bi. Club, which is composed principally of Newark bicyclers, the number of Orange riders not being sufficient to warrant the formation of a separate club. The "Essex" has enjoyed several years of very prosperous existence. It has about forty-five members. Many very enjoyable runs have been taken, usually through Orange, Milburn, Elizabeth and Montclair. There have been a number of friendly races run on the grounds of the State Agricultural Society at Waverly, in which the "Essex" bicyclers held their own with the best riders in the country.

The healthfulness and the excitement of this exercise will in the end make it very popular, and there is every prospect of a large increase in the bicycling interest both in Orange and all over the world. We should very much like to see a race between the "Essex," of Newark, and the Manhattan Bi. Clubs of New York, if the Central Park roads are awarded to this favorite pastime.

S. S. AND L. C. P.

### SOME BOSTON BEANS.

Verily the actions and antics of those most honorable ancients, the New York Park C's in bringing up a host of horsey-men, to testify as to the affright of their tender quadrupeds at the approach of an innocent bike, has as much bearing on the case, under trial, as the memorable battle of the wine skins waged by that great and valorous knight of the sorrowful figure did to the slaying of the supposed giant "Pandafileando."

How, proving by a few (or many) horsey-men that their horses are more or less excited at the sight of a wheel, is going to establish the legality of their excluding bicycles from the Park. is too much for my logical powers. That such testimony would form a constituent in their case I can readily appreciate; but they have rung the chances so many times on the scaring of certain unreasonable horses and men, that one would intimate that this was to be the pith and bulk of their agreement. Time however, will develop the drift of their tactics, and I must say that I fear that their case will not be allowed to rest on such a very flimsy basis as that at present indicated. In the mean time all I can say is, have at them Messieurs the Park commissions; 'tis a pity to spill such good wine; but so long as the supposed giant "Pandafileando" remains undisturbed and keeps an intact skin, we can afford to grow merry over the dementia which causes you to mistake wine skins for giants.

By the way, I would respectfully correct the New York Herald in a late issue of that valuable paper, alluding to the present "unpleasantness," the phraseology was such as would lead outsiders to suppose that the valiant Signiors the P. C's. were the ones anxious for the legal test, whereas, in reality, the wheelmen are the ones who are forcing the matter; *N'importe*, save I like to see the honor and merit placed where it belongs.

Localgrams are due and can be almost summed up by saying that all the world and his wheel have gone away to the resorts it enjoys a respite from toil in the heated (?) city; yet we stay-at-homes are by no means dead and there is much talk of tours and races for the fall season.

The Boston men seem to be restive under the obloquy of defeat their team suffered at the hands of the Massachusetts men in June last. That eleven seconds, they say, don't digest well and they swear to have the pennant this coming fall or bust; well maybe they will, but if the Massachusetts men can back up little Alden better than they did last time 't will be a hard team to beat. Alden's performance in June astonished the knowing ones of both clubs, and his claims to fast and staying qualities and graceful riding, with all, are established.

Considering the soft condition of the track and the prevalence of a high wind, the time (41, 18 1-4), for the ten miles was not slow, and the general feeling was, that his limit was by no means reached.

The Bostons are talking seriously of branching out independently in the matter of having more commodious and convenient rooms. The idea is to associate with themselves one hundred members who are non-bicyclists, for the purpose of making the club financially stronger and introducing more of the social element therein; thus they claim they will be able to pass the weary winter months more pleasantly. Captain Hodges is an ardent supporter of the scheme and all those who know the zealous Cap. will perceive the project stands a good chance of success.

The daily attendance of members at Massachusetts headquarters has grown very slim of late, owing of course to the afore mentioned absence of men from the city. Even the genial face of Doctor Baker will be invisible there for some time to come, as he has flown to the Conn. Mountains with his beloved bike and a sett of lawn tennis, wherewith to enjoy himself for a month or so.

"Billy" Everett's late tour to Lake George was as he says on the whole pretty tough wheeling, nevertheless he managed to knock lots of sport out of it; the principal trouble was the absence of a congenial spirit over the entire route, to sympathize with him in disaster and appreciate the funny part. He returns to the *busum* of his family and club a rejuvenated and, if possible, a more jovial fellow than ever.

Brother Colby of Waltham, is slowly recovering from the effects of his bad throw last spring; cause, a "bloody" dog; he (Colby, not the dog) is now getting up muscle in his well leg by pushing a tri over the fine streets of Waltham; he longs for the time to come when he will again have the use of his injured member, (and we too) as the forced banishment from the pig skin has but enhanced his love for our sport, and we are impatient under the protracted loss of his jolly companionship.

Pres. Pratt and Capt. Pope have been riding the tri over the roads of the Newtons, which none better exist; being old bicyclists they pronounce in favor of the wheel.

This will of necessity be the almost universal verdict of riders in the country, for on long tours over all kinds of roads one can find plenty of first-class wheeling for a bike, where for a tri it would be very poor going, if not impossible.

The *Bicycling World* nicely abandoned the horse accident record; certainly I am not anxious to read ten or twelve pages of casualties, for were a careful and complete chronicle kept of this class of smashups which are occurring daily all over this broad land, it would more than fill the pages of *The World* with very dry reading to the bicyclist, though to a statician or the surgical fraternity it might have some value and curiosity.

Your local literati and artists want to brace up and make lively tracks for those prizes offered by the Popes; for the literary prize, we have some bright and shining lights who do not intend to let that "special" leave town if they can help it, I can assure you that if it is scooped in by an outsider, he will have to arise very early in the A. M. to come in ahead of our own worthy "Juvenis."

As for our artists I have not the same personal means of judging of their ability, but undoubtedly they will be heard from and not in a whisper either.

HANDY ANDY.



Vol. I.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 24

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

### DUES-JUMPERS.

Mr. So-and-so (perhaps as well to let the name pass unstated) has been expelled from the Boston club for non-payment of dues, and the fact is duly announced in the *World*, his name being given in full. The by-law according to which this vote was taken and published must be of recent date, or else there has been no occasion to act upon it, for this is the first instance of such a publication we have noticed. The propriety of the vote, the rule and the publication will not be questioned by thoughtful wheelmen. If clubs have any reason for existing at all they have the same reason for being maintained. They cannot be maintained without money; donations and legacies will hardly come to them yet awhile, and so their members must pay the scot themselves; those who do not or will not pay must be made to pay, but inasmuch as a club has no means of compulsion, the only thing within its power is to set the delinquent outside. Human nature is a compound of queernesses. An instance occurs to us of a man who, without or in anticipation of election to a certain club, placidly donned and wore the club uniform, which is too peculiar not to be distinguishable from an ordinary riding suit. In another case, a rider whose dishonorable conduct in certain respects had justly incurred displeasure, was privately and unofficially informed that his resignation would not displease the majority of his club, but he flatly refused to go, and the extreme means not being resorted to, staid. Persistence in remaining, under such circumstances, and persistence in using a uniform which one has no special title to and could not have adopted ignorantly, are equivalent to insisting upon forcing one's company on those who do not desire it. No man who is worth the respect of others and has real and intelligent respect for himself will do either, nor persist in sticking to a club whose pecuniary claims he dishonors.

The only question as to the dues-jumpers can be, how shall they be deposited outside? Whether they are said to have been expelled, or merely to have been dropped, for non-payment, is only a not very important difference in a word, the reason for the club action being stated in each case. Formal expulsion, being the highest penalty in reach, has always been reserved for the gravest offenses, but the grade in the punishment, as a little reflection will show, consists in recognition and publication of the particular offense. It should be the accepted rule that withdrawal from a club can be honorable only when the retiring member owes his club nothing; persistent delinquency should be deemed an offense, and the Boston rule is one entirely to be commended.

It is a rule which can work neither injustice nor hardship.

Club dues are not burdensome. They are assumed voluntarily and membership is terminable at pleasure. A man's reasons for retiring are his own affair; he can resign as soon as he is tired of paying dues, and hence he has no excuse for letting them accumulate. Let him pay while he stays, and pay up when he goes. Tardy payment is objectionable enough, and (as those treasurers know who have experienced it) makes the work of the treasurer hard and thankless, for no gentleman likes to dun for what no gentleman should be slack in tendering unasked. And if any man is dishonest enough to shirk his dues—for neglect to pay is refusal—it is not unjust to him, and no more than just to the rest, to expel him as unworthy.

If the expulsion is just, the publication is. Merely that a statement is true does not make publication of it justifiable, but such a publication of fact without comment is privileged and justifiable, or ought to be. We recall the case of a man who sought and obtained election to a certain club, which, after vainly trying to collect his initiation fee and first dues, had to drop him; whereupon he transferred his undesirable company to another club not far distant, and this club—unless he mends his ways—will have to shake him, sooner or later, for the same fault. Publication of the fact would have named this club, and will warn other clubs, of such hangers-on. By all means let men have the reputation they earn, as an inducement to earn the right kind and a means by which others can recognize them. When the dues-jumper is detached, and returned to the ranks of the unattached, let him be published accordingly.

J. W.

### AN EDITOR'S NOVEL TOUR.

Among the large list of first-cabin passengers on the steamer *State of Nebraska* last Thursday, June 23, was Arthur Edwards, Editor of the *North-western Christian Advocate*, and his son, Arthur Robin, who is aged almost fourteen. Dr. Edwards is a member of the London Methodist Ecumenical Conference, Sept. 7, and one of the speakers on the 8th. Like many others, he will run about in England and France, and perhaps farther, before the Conference. His method of travel on land is as novel to most as it will be interesting to all. He proposes to run all over southern Scotland, England, and parts of France, with son, on bicycles. The father is an expert road-rider, while the boy rides very finely indeed. They will be met at Glasgow by the two new machines built specially for them by the Messrs. Singer, of Coventry, England, which are specially of the kind called the "Extraordinary Challenge." The route of this well-agreed family group will be marked at its angles by historic points. They will see Lochs Lomond, Katrine, and Long, Stirling, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Roslyn Castle, Melrose, Abbotsford, Coldstream, Berwick-on-Tweed, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the English lakes, Manchester, York, Durham, Leeds, Sheffield, Coventry, Kenilworth Castle, Stratford, Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Hastings, and so on. After a sojourn in England the two will ride south to Southampton or Brighton, and cross the English Channel to Havre or Dieppe, and thence ride to Rouen and Paris. After looking about the French metropolis, they will go north through Strasburg, Metz, Brussels, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and so on to, say Bremen, whence they will sail for London. If the roads are pronounced safe, they will, when leaving Paris, go south through north-west France, and possibly into Oporto, Portugal, and thence by steamer to London. Dr. Edwards attributes his present firm health and his Robin's healthy growth to the Bicycle on which they have made twenty miles before breakfast—an average ride of fourteen miles a day, and several after-dinner runs of thirty to thirty-five miles. They will travel abroad fifteen, thirty, or even fifty or sixty miles in a day. Distances between objects of interest will determine this more than the desire to make long runs each day. They will be modified and somewhat accelerated pedestrians, who will see and enjoy what is denied to almost all who ride in a close compartment car.



Their expenses will be rather less than those of the railway tourist.

Both father and son are members of the "League of American Wheelmen," which comprises about two thousand of the eight thousand American bicyclers. This membership will accredit them among all foreign bicyclers in Scotland, England, and France. At the same time they are members of the "Bicycling Touring Club," composed of five thousand of the bicycling fraternity, whose entire brotherhood includes about 300,000 men. This club issues hand books containing the names of about 800 towns in each of which is a hotel pledged not to charge to the Touring Club beyond a specified price; the name and address of a bicycling consul, who gives all information to tourists, and that of an expert bicycle repairer. The club also prints specific route and road books, giving distances and comments on the quality of alternative routes. The bicycle maps specially reduced from the Government surveys are beautiful and accurate. This club is specifically pledged to defend all its tourists against insult, outrage, and injury to body or wheel at the hand of boorish teamsters, who violate the rules of the road, or from the genteel boor who dreams that the roads were made for horses exclusively. As wheel-literature or a chat with Dr. Edwards will soon convince a man, the bicycle has ceased to be a mere toy, and has become an actual, practical vehicle. Boys ride them, but so do they ride ponies. Jockeys of all classes use the two wheels for sport, yet so do they also use the noble horse, and the two or four wheel gig or skeleton wagon. Both father and son have hard muscle and firm nerves, and they expect to (as we hope they will,) return in October strong and elastic as the steel that composes their silent, wonderful, and rapid steeds. The *North-Western*, we suspect, will tell part of even this particular, of the Editor's experience. Over twenty grave and several "reverend" seniors have applied to become traveling companions of our two Chicago friends. Two distinct couples have offered to pay the Edwards' expenses entire if they might mount at Glasgow and join the steel and rubber cavalcade. On those fine English and the superb French highways twelve miles an hour is not a high rate. By a simple movement of the foot around each circle, whose radius is but five and a half inches, the large wheel of, say fifty-two inches in diameter, is revolved along a line of sixteen and just about one third feet. If the reader will divide one mile by these named feet he will see how easily the simple (and very slow) motion of the limbs will measure off a mile. Indeed, a new rider can scarcely go slow enough to talk much with a fast walker.

The Edwards' ride will begin about July 5 or 6, and they will see all they care to, and arrive at London about July 20. Their address in that city is care of American Exchange, 449 Strand, where friends may, on application, find the locality of their lodgings.—*Christian Advocate*.

## COMING EVENTS

AUGUST 20. Entries close for Morris County Agricultural Society, Morristown, N. J. Amateur bicycle races. First day: one-half mile dash (scratch). Prizes—Winner's choice, value of \$25; second man, \$15. Second day: One-quarter mile race (scratch) best two in three heats. Prizes—Winner's choice, value of \$20; second man, \$15. Third day: Two-mile race (handicap). Prizes—Winner's choice, value of \$20; second man, \$10. Races will be called at 4 P. M., each day. C. H. Knight, Secretary, Mansion House, Morristown, N. J.

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

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

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

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

Entries Free, and should be made with Edward F. Tolman, 424 Main street, Worcester, Mass., by 5 September. The track will be in good or-

der, and ample provision made for the convenience of wheelmen. S. Salisbury, Jr., J. L. Ellsworth, G. C. Rice, New England Fair Committee.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Entries close for three mile bicycle race at joint meeting of New York and Manhattan Athletic Club, Mott-Haven, N. Y., 17 September, at 3.30 P. M. Fee, 50 cents to Secretary of Games, box 3, 101, New York.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## HORSE AGAINST BICYCLE.

The case of Weygant against Joslin came to trial last week, before Justice Bushfield, of the Town of Newburgh, and was of unusual interest, determining as far as this court can, the right of the bicycle on the highway.

The plaintiff proved that the horse was frightened by the bicycle and ran away and did him much damage. The defendant proved that he was riding on the right side of the road. The court held that there was no cause of action; that the defendant Joslin on his bicycle had as good a right to the road as plaintiff with his horse. This view of the case has been universally held by the highest courts of England and the United States. The action was brought by the plaintiff before a court of his own selection, in the country where naturally the greatest prejudice exists against the new method of traveling, and will probable determine as far this locality is concerned the rights of the bicyclist. Mr. Joslin having successfully defended his case, will sue for damages received by himself through the alleged fault of Weygant.—*Daily Journal*.

## BY BICYCLE TO BOSTON

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

### IV.

[Continued from page 182.]

They were never content to look simply, but each individual of the fifty who could crowd within arm's length, must verify the impressions of sight with the sense of feeling, and no one of the number were ever satisfied until they had handled that bicycle from top to bottom; tried the quality of the metal with their teeth; sliced the tire to see if I hadn't lied when I had said it was rubber; peeped in the "M. I. P. bag," tested the spring, lifted the machine, opened the oil-cups, worked the brake, tried to climb on to it, kicked it, rolled it, shaken it—turned it wrong side out and upside down—and one fellow, once, even wanted to get a hatchet and pry open the cyclometer to see how it worked inside, generously offering to pay if he did any damage. And then the questions. I am firmly convinced that it is a characteristic trait of half the Americans to ask senseless ques-



tions. It may be a pretty good trait, too, a sort of safety-valve through which the surplus Yankee curiosity "blows off." We would ride into a town and dismount, a crowd would gather, and someone would ask, with a great deal of quiet dignity, "Do you *ride* that?" We would affirm that we did, and explain where and when we had started, where we were going; how many miles we had ridden, the route we had traveled and other particulars. Then somebody else would demand in a loud, officious tone, that smacked of an anxiety to make itself heard, "How do you cross the streams?" We would inform him that we usually crossed on the bridges; and this would be supplemented with, "Do you ride at night?" "Can you ride over common roads?" "What do you do when you fall?" "Why ain't them spokes made heavier?" "Why didn't you start to Washington instead of Boston?" "How much do you weigh?" "What do you eat?" "Are you a Hancock man?" "How's the election goin' over in your State?" et cetera, ad libitum, according to the various shades and degrees with which the particular questioner was blessed.

I was now in Pennsylvania and passing through Girard at five o'clock in the evening I rode into Fairview and sought hotel and supper. I left Fairview the following morning at seven o'clock, for Erie, twelve miles distant. A long hill so steep that riding was somewhat risky, and I was in Elk Creek Valley. When I reached the bank of the creek, I found the bridge demolished, I sounded the stream, but was not encouraged by the result; sat down to wait for some wagon to come along in which I could ford the stream, but after waiting awhile, I concluded that if I wanted to cross the creek at that point, I would wait until the new bridge was built. Climbing up the long hill was not as exciting as riding down it had been, meanwhile also, it had begun raining. At last, after a few miles extra traveling, a crossing was effected over the creek on a railroad bridge, and about nine o'clock I entered Erie. The only thing remarkably interesting I saw in Erie was a restaurant. The "Weather" cleared out, and I left Erie, and after various adventures, reached Westfield, N. Y., opposite Lake Chautauqua, about four o'clock. Lake Chautauqua lies seven miles back of Westfield and over seven hundred feet above Lake Erie. Consequently there must be a hill somewhere between the two,—and a hill it was. In six miles, the land rises to an elevation of eight hundred and fifty feet above Lake Erie, then falls over one hundred feet to the Chautauqua Shore. I started to climb this hill about four o'clock and reached Mayville about eight o'clock. To me the top of this hill was the best part of Chautauqua. The view was grand. The whole of Lake Chautauqua, thirty miles in length, and the eastern half of Lake Erie were in sight,—a most magnificent panorama.

I had just registered at the hotel in Mayville, when some one slapped me on the back, with "Hello, Blaine!" It was Bob, just on the point of leaving for Westfield, where he had left his bicycle before his coming to Chautauqua. Before Bob left, we made arrangements to meet next day at Dunkirk. The following day I "did" Chautauqua paying 25 cents for a round trip on the lake (a distance of 60 miles) by steamer,—a pleasant and altogether the cheapest excursion I ever made,—at intervals exploring the camp-meeting grounds at Fairpoint, and the resorts at Lake View, Point Chautauqua and Jamestown. At five o'clock, P. M., I left this beautiful lake for Brocton, seventeen miles distant. Now, the road was all down hill, coming from Westfield it had been all up hill, and the bicycle rolled along faster than schedule time for the New York Fast Mail. This route is another fine pleasure drive, from which magnificent views of both Lake Chautauqua and Erie can be obtained. About seven o'clock I stopped in Brocton, not reaching Dunkirk, where Bob was expecting me.

At 5.30 the next morning, I dashed off over a fine road, in pursuit of Bob. Riding into Irving about 10 o'clock, I overtook him riding slowly along, waiting for me to come up. Without further adventure we accomplished the remaining twenty-nine miles, and entered South Buffalo about six o'clock. We worked our way up among the railroads and factories to the more frequented part of the city, where we dismounted and took to the sidewalk. At once we found ourselves at the head of an imposing retinue of "Street Arabs," all indulging in flattering remarks in regard to ourselves and our outfits. Our admirers held their

places for several blocks, but as we began to get into the better parts of town, it became annoying. Bob turned around, finally, and suggested to the crowd that they follow a milk wagon, going the other way, but the suggestion didn't seem to meet their approval. Neither threats nor persuasion had any effect, so picking up a couple of loose fence pales we resorted to force and at the first onslaught the ragamuffins fled. In Buffalo we met a number of Buffalo bicyclers and were directed by them as to the best route out of the city, which, the next morning we proceeded to take advantage of. Outside the city limits, the road runs along the banks of the Niagara river, and parallel with Erie canal. We had often congratulated ourselves, before reaching Buffalo, on the fine riding the Erie tow-path would afford us, but one trial was enough. We found the tow-path so cut up with the hoofs of the horses as to make riding an unpleasantly continuous jolt. Afterwards, however, below Rochester we found it much better, and often rode along it.

In Tonawanda, eleven miles from Buffalo, we met a gentlemanly bicyclist from Utica, Mr. Jas. Lansing, and finding we were bound to Niagara, he mounted his wheel and started with us. Mr. Lansing was a travelling man, but from a devotion to the invigorating exercise of bicycle riding, he carried his wheel with him, along with his sample trunks. Two miles above Niagara Falls, we came upon a large peach orchard, no one waited for an order to break ranks,—it was who could get among the peaches first. The peach crop was considerably diminished. As we rode down one of the streets of the town of Niagara Falls, we encountered a string of omnibusses, belonging to the Canada hotels, returning from the N.Y. Central depot. On one side of the street was a well-beaten track, along which the omnibuses, some eight of the "n" were driving. We consequently kept to the other side of the street, when as the last omnibus—the Clifton House 'bus,—approached, the driver crossed over the street exactly in front of us, expecting no doubt that we would turn out. Instead of doing that, however, as I was leading, I dismounted and prepared to dispute the road by flourishing a stick, which if the driver did not fear, his horses did. At this juncture, being well supported by Mr. Lansing and Bob, the 'bus driver came to the wise conclusion that the rights of three bicyclers were to be respected, and sulkily drove away.

We saw the sights at Niagara in a most satisfactory manner. We were troubled neither by the insultingly officious hotel runner, the aboriginal Indian bead vender, nor the curiosity peddlars, and as for the renowned Niagara hackmen, one of them loquaciously delivered himself as follows: "O we fellehs aint goin' to tackle you. We know who you are—you're fellehs that's got your own conveyances." The day we spend at Niagara, there happened to be a large excursion party also "doing" the Falls, and out of this circumstance we contrived considerable amusement. Goat Island, every one knows, is heavily wooded, and one has only to follow one of the numerous winding paths into the interior of the island to imagine himself in undisturbed solitude. This was all that was necessary to convince the granger gallants and "their girls," that the place was decidedly romantic.

[To be Continued.]

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[No. 24

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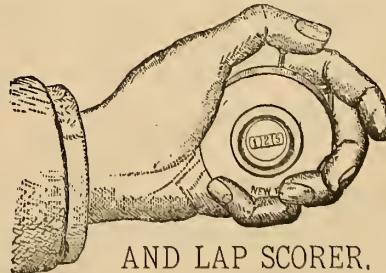
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