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THE WHEEL

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AND RECREATION.

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VICTORY. THE QUADRANT VICTORY.

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MACHINE.	RIDER.	TIME.
1. Quadrant Tricycle.....	Frank Moore	1.27 $\frac{3}{4}$
2. " ".....	A. J. Wilson	1.30 $\frac{3}{4}$
3. Dromedary Safety Bicycle.....	J. Moore	1.36 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. Humber Cripper Tricycle.....	M. D. Rucker	1.42
5. " Safety Bicycle.....	W. Terry	1.42
6. Quadrant Tricycle.....	H. G. Priest	1.43
7. Humber Safety Bicycle.....	S. C. Stephenson	1.54 $\frac{1}{2}$
8. " " ".....	W. Allen	2.17 $\frac{1}{2}$

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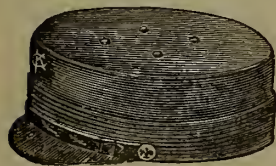
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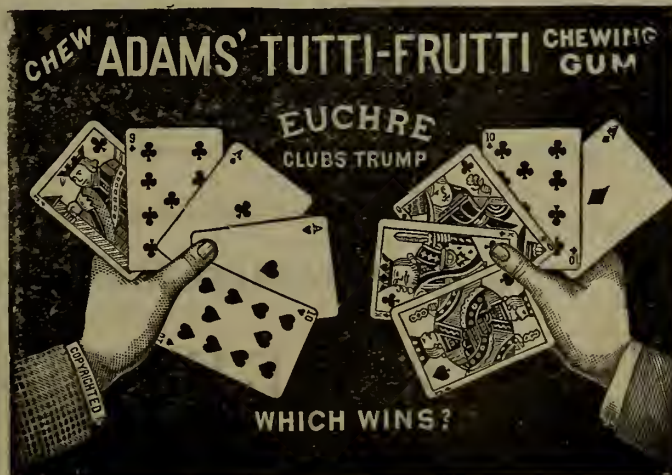
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *American Wheelman* has ventured to make a prediction, viz: that George R. Bidwell will be the next President of the League. Yet but a few months back, our farwestern contemporary contained as vulgar and unfounded and unjust a slating of Mr. Bidwell as was ever written. Now why, this change of spirit? What has come over the editor of our contemporary that he should commence to predict? He probably attended some of the political seances, which the members of the Board are wont to hold before League meetings. And this reminds us that there is more politics within the League than is absolutely necessary to its success. Its representatives have become more expert in wire manipulation than the saloon politician. It is nothing but caucuses and proxies, etc. etc., nowadays, until it is becoming disgusting. Here is a new President just elected, and before he has time to put a foot forward, his successor is nominated. Perhaps Mr. Kirkpatrick may make so good a man that it may not be necessary to look for his successor for a few years to come. Again, a new method of electing the President may be adopted, in which case it will be impossible to predict who will be elected. We sincerely hope every member of the League will be given a chance to cast his vote for the President and other officers. This would prevent a sectional clique from cutting and drying the whole affair long before the day of selection. Meanwhile we sympathize with Mr. Bidwell, as a Presidential candidate, in which unfortunate position the *A. W.* has placed him. What an unhappy lot is his. Not an unguarded word may be given nor an opinion formulated, for fear some section, party, club or man might take umbrage at it. Not a word may he say, nor a thing may he do, but will be carefully weighed by the press and the public, and whatever he does or says, be it good, bad or indifferent, it will all be laid at the door of his Presidential aspirations.

According to our friend NORB, the Kentucky boys have a high old time with the road hog. This week, Norb tells a sad tale of how a pusillanimous wretch named Drunkenburger ran down a wheelman, who was compelled to trudge home

with his bicycle in a sack. Delightful experience! We hope he will win his suit against the road hog.

From our Boston correspondent's letter—and by the way we commend this Athenian scribe to the kindness of our readers—we should judge that the collapse of the Massachusetts Club is discreditable not only to the few, whose careless bickerings and petty personal petulanties placed the club where it is to day, but also to the membership at large. It seems strange that among two hundred men, all of them matured and many of them wealthy, that less than a thousand dollars could not be raised. That they would not average a five-dollar contribution speaks poorly for their generosity and club feeling. We sincerely hope however, that the end has not yet come, and that the members will yet rally and save the day. And right here, let us commend the generous action of the Boston Club, who offered the use of their club-house to the disbanded club. This reminds us that perhaps if the Massachusetts Club had followed in the lines of the Boston Club, it might never have been necessary to "muster out."

ON ROADS.

WITH A SUGGESTION TO "KIRK."

One cannot say to much about roads. Good roads are as necessary to the complete enjoyment of cycling as are good wheels. Except in the Oranges, the Boston district, Washington and other favored places, "the pleasures of cycling," will less often express the feelings of the devotee of the sport than "the discomforts of cycling." It makes one's mouth water, or rather makes one sigh mentally, when we hear Englishmen or Americans who have visited England, talk of the roads across the Pond. To borrow an expression of Mr. Kirkpatrick's the League has been "hogswoggling" for the past four years, and the great and prime object of its inception, the comfort of its members, has been shelved in the throes of politics and the publishing business.

The English have set us a good example by establishing a Road's Improvement Society, and, if we are not mistaken, a Road Reserve Fund or a Road Repair Fund.

In the *Bulletin* of last week we read a paragraph, which we hope is the keynote, the opening blast of a Road Crusade. We reproduce it.

"On the way to St. Louis, Col. Pope gave to the wheelmen on the train some very good ideas regarding League work. He said that the improvement of the roads was the one thing more than another that the League should strive to bring about. Let the League hire a man whose sole duty it shall be to direct the attention of town and city authorities to the crying need for good roads. He must be well acquainted with the science of road building, must be a good talker, and must be fertile in resources for the bringing about of the objects he is aiming at. Let him show to the people what will come as the result of good roads, and he will have taken an important step in securing action on their part. Let him show to them that a good road to a town decreases the wear and tear on vehicles, makes the transportation of heavy roads a thing of easy accomplishment, and withal attracts trade that would avoid a place embargoed with bad roads. Such a man could do very much good. He would have to be paid well, and his expenses would be large; but the results would justify an increased assessment, or the manufacturers could be called upon to help pay the bills. In such a movement the League could look for the aid and cooperation of horse owners, for they would be benefited no less than the wheelmen. There is very much in the foregoing that is worth consideration."

The support of the trade, and judging from the remarks of Colonel Pope, it would be given, should be an incentive to further and immediate action. In the early days, when the Pope Mfg Company were the only manufacturers in this country, they spent many thousands of dollars in creating the demand for cycles by issuing educational pamphlets, etc., to educate people up to the sport. Money was also spent in litigation, when the right of wheelmen to the use of public highways, and the protection of the law, was in jeopardy. The League should now assume these functions, in practice, as well as in spirit.

From the *Bulletin* we extract another interesting paragraph:

"The improvement of American roads presents so huge a problem that it is almost disheartening to start out upon a crusade with this object in

view. And yet difficulties with more discouraging outlooks have been met and conquered. To know how to begin the good work is the first question at issue, for to make a mistake at the outset would be a misfortune. Our towns and cities are not overburdened with wealth, and where the roads are the poorest the material must be carried for long distances at great expense. It is very largely a question of money, and therefore it should be our duty to not only convince the authorities that good roads are essential to prosperity, but we must tell them how to make good roads at the least expense."

The editor of our contemporary is right in stating that no mistake must be made. But in the matter of educating and convincing town authorities on the value of good roads, something further might be said. There is road literature without end. The English Roads Improvement Society issued an admirable educational pamphlet last year, and a condensation of the same appeared in this paper.

We suggest to President Kirkpatrick that a Roads Improvement Committee be appointed, and that when the best method of attaining the object aimed at has been formulated, we suggest that a Roads Improvement Fund be established. The money so contributed might be used in various ways. The entire press of the country might be worked; money might also be used—legitimately, of course—to effect legislation in favor of better roads; road "tracts" should be used in large quantities where they would do most good. It is about time for us to stop asking of the League, "When shall we reach ten thousand?" and "When shall we reach fifteen thousand?" But what is the ten thousand good for? What have they done? What will fifteen thousand do? With the daisies nodding over the Aaron squabble, with Penny smoking the pipe of peace, with all the offices filled satisfactorily and everything harmonious for a year at least, now is the time to do something more than tinker with the amateur rule.

BEECHER AND TRICYCLING.

Says "*Harper's Weekly*" of May 7: "Though the successes of the late Henry Ward Beecher are now most remembered, it will not be doubted that he had his failures. There was one thing he tried and did not accomplish. The great preacher who could control thousands of men and guide them whither he would, succumbed to the silent steel and rubber of the tricycle in the quiet of his own grounds at Peekskill. Half pathetic and half comical was his description in an unpublished letter some three years ago of his effort at mastery of this wayward vehicle, its playfulness on the gravelled slopes, its sudden attractions to the hedges, and his mental curves towards the conclusion that velocipeding was not his forte, though it might be good for others. He had but to control himself, for the wheel listeth not wither it goeth, but is obedient to the hands and feet of the rider. It is not always easy for the powerful to handle themselves. Twenty years ago Beecher predicted that the coming man would ride a bicycle, and thus took a place among the minor prophets. One notes now with more interest how the success of the bicycle in its modern development has brought along the perfection of the tricycle, first as a companion vehicle, especially suited to timid and elderly men, to the use of which these latter were indeed much induced by the example of the younger, who took it as a variety mount. There are indications that as the 'bateau' became more common than the canoe on our rivers, so the tricycle will be accepted on our roads as preferable for its stability, carrying capacity and manageability with less requirement of skill. Not that bicycles will be disused, for the charm of their freer motion, higher seat, more responsive pedals, and greater responsibilities for the venturesome, will hold them in vogue. As there is nothing on the water so charming to the genuine waterman as a canoe, so there is nothing on the land so fascinating for a genuine wheelman as the bicycle. But the tricycle is now almost equally sensitive and fleet, and is less skittish. It is a sure-footed steed for the twilight and the evening run. It stands without hitching, and waits better upon the motions of its rider."

A novel contest has just been decided. A prize was offered to the person guessing nearest to the number of balls contained in a multim-in-parvo bag. The guesses ranged from twenty-three and one-half to 200,000, and the exact number was 13,219.

THE EASTERN ROAD CLUB'S RACE.

The first semi-annual race of the Eastern Road Racing Club was run over the Dorchester course of twenty-five miles yesterday afternoon. Before the race a half-hour was spent in disputing whether the entries should consist of two or three men from each club, the Dorchester being the only one mustering the latter number. The Massachusetts Club did not put in an appearance, and the same may be said of the Somerville club. The Suffolk entered Lock and Charnock, but these withdrew before the start. Only eight men remained in at the start, and of these Pratt of Chelsea took a header on River Street about a half-mile from the start, and came back to the Dorchester club-house. Where he was treated by the emergency corps, and, though out of the race, was able to take a spin. At the Hyde Park Bridge Woodman led, with Doane close after him and Corey third, as given by P. L. Coombs, the checker at this point. Bates took a header at Hyde Park, and injured his back and legs, but pluckily remounted and took another start. At East Dedham the men were in the following order, as reported by Checker Drummond: Corey first, with Doane, Woodman, Gaskell, Rothe, Henderson and Bates close to him. At Needham, Gaskell ran into Rothe and took a hard tumble, but got up and tried hard to gain a point for his side, which would have tied the race with the Dorchesters, but was unsuccessful. The race on the homestretch was without incident, and the following shows the result for individual prizes:

Club.	No.	Name.	Points.	H.	M.	S.
Chelsea.....	3	T. A. Woodman	8	1	35	30
Dorchester...	1	W. S. Doane	7	1	36	00
Newton.....	5	W. K. Corey	5	1	38	00
Boston.....	8	T. Rothe	5	1	46	30
Boston.....	7	H. W. Gaskell	4	1	46	30
Dorchester...	2	G. R. Bates	3	2	07	30
Newton.....	6	H. A. Henderson	2	2	14	00

The club trophy was won by Doane and Bates of the Dorchester Club, they securing ten points, to nine secured by Rothe and Gaskell of the Boston Club, their nearest competitor.

The race was for a club trophy—the style of which has not been decided upon—to be held subject to races which shall follow semi-annually, and three individual badges, the first to be of gold, the second to be of gold and silver, and the third to be of silver.

The officers of the day were: Referee, J. S. Dean of the Boston Club; Starter, John F. Williams of the Massachusetts Club; Clerk of Course, Charles I. Drake of the Dorchester Club; Judges, J. B. Cann of the Somerville Club and Dr. W. G. Kendall of the Boston Club; Timers, C. W. Fourdrinier of the Boston Club and H. L. Hiscock of the Massachusetts Club; Superintendent of Checkers, E. G. Whitney of the Boston Club.

BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB ROAD-RACES.

The first of a series of road-races given by the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, was run over a two-mile course at Bath Beach, L. I., on Saturday afternoon, June 11. There were two events, Novice and Championship. The Novices started at five o'clock, the entries being as follows:—W. J. Kenmore, Jr., E. Skinner, W. S. Mead, W. R. Snedeker, C. S. Harrison, L. Brunn, Geo. Bancroft, B. J. Kellum, A. S. Haviland.

Haviland took the lead at the start and held it for a half mile when he was passed by Mead who had the race until he fell at one mile and dropped out. Kellum took a bad fall near the start but he pluckily remounted, caught the field and landed a winner in 7m. 48s., with Kenmore second and Bancroft third, the rest close at their heels.

The Championship started at 5:30 with the following entries, G. E. D. Todd, E. D. Williams, F. B. Hawkins, W. H. Meeteer, W. S. Vail, and F. B. Jones. The entire field kept well together until the turn on the homestretch was reached, when Hawkins, who was leading, took a header which threw him out, and the race was won easily by Todd in 6m. 53s., with Meeteer second and Jones third.

Two more races are to be held at distances of five and ten miles. The men aggregating the greatest number of points in the three races will be awarded the trophy.

THE NEW ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The new bicycle club completed its organization Monday, June 6. The attendance surprised even the most sanguine and sustained the position so often taken by the *Post-Dispatch* that St. Louis is able to support two large cycling clubs. When temporary President Belden called the meeting to order there were forty-six cyclists present. The question of constitution was discussed at considerable length and finally the old Ramblers' constitution and by-laws were adopted, after being slightly revised. As in the Ramblers, the initiation fee in the new club is five dollars and the monthly dues fifty cents. The name adopted was "The St. Louis Cycle Club," under which the members expect to sweep on to various road victories. So much of the evening was taken up in discussing the constitution that only one office was permanently filled, that of President, to which Geo. H. Lucas was unanimously elected. Mr. Belden was put in nomination, but withdrew in favor of Mr. Lucas. The other officers will be chosen at a meeting to be held next week. President Lucas is a comparatively new rider, but showed such parliamentary knowledge and executive ability at the first meeting, that the boys took to him warmly.

WHEELING IN THE MUD.

MILLER WINS THE TWENTY-FIVE-MILE BICYCLE ROAD-RACE, AT HARTFORD.

HARTFORD, Ct., June 9, 1887. The starters in the twenty-five-mile bicycle road race, run here this afternoon, were William Harding, E. A. DeBlois and F. L. Damery of the Hartford Wheel Club, Lewis A. Miller of Meriden, Ludwig Foster of Elmwood and S. J. Mills of Bristol. The soft clay made a walk of half a mile necessary about four miles from the finish. Here Miller caught Harding, who had led all the way, and increased his lead to the finish. The finish was in the following order: Miller, 2h. 7m. 51s.; Harding, 2h. 12m. 9s.; DeBlois, 2h. 23m. 49s. Damery was a good fourth and Foster fifth. Mills broke his machine and did not finish. The time, considering the hilly road, the slippery track and the walk in the mud, is very good, Harding making the first fifteen miles in 1h. 5m. The prizes were a gold watch, diamond pin and revolver.—*Boston Herald*.

ENGLISH RACING NOTES.

While we have as yet had no race-meets of any importance on this side, yet the English racing tracks are in full swing. And, by the way, it does seem strange that American clubs should reserve their fixtures till the late Summer or early Fall. Here, up to date, there have been but three race-meets held. But to return to our Englishmen.

Some tricycle records were made at the Championship Meeting, held at Birmingham—"on Monday last"—our English contemporaries tell us, and by "figuring back" we get the date, May 30. The one-mile bicycle championship was won by W. A. Illston, whom Americans will remember as a pleasant-faced, determined sort of youth. The time was 2m. 45 4-5s.; and Synner, a new man, Osmond and Gatehouse were beaten by the boy. The twenty-five-mile tricycle brought out the best men of the country, including McCreedy, the Irish champion. The race was hotly contested throughout, and was won by F. J. Osmond in record time; Frank Moore, second; W. Terry, 0; Gatehouse, Miller, and other "good ones" ran unplaced. The new records are: twenty-one miles: McCreedy, 1h. 9m. 57 3-5s.; twenty-two miles: McCreedy, 1h. 13m. 22 4-5s.; twenty-three miles: McCreedy, 1h. 16m. 51 2-5s.; twenty-four miles: Osmond, 1h. 20m. 16s.; twenty-five miles: Osmond, 1h. 23m. 21 1-5s.; G. P. Mills rode eighteen miles, one-hundred and thirty-three yards in the first hour.

On the same day, Howell and Woodside fought for the mile championship at Wolverhampton. Nearing the finish, Howell crowded on all sail, and the American had not even the ghost of a chance, being beaten four lengths in 2m. 47s.

At the Norwich sports, J. H. Adams won three events out of four. At the Leighton Buzzard Sports, A. E. Langley won two events. At the Torbay meet, W. T. Ball rode twenty-five yards behind 8m. 32s.

At the Godiva Harrier's Sports, W. A. Illston won the half-mile handicap in 1m. 21s.

RACING AT MEMPHIS.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, MAY 26-27.

Several bicycle events were held May 26-27, at Memphis, Tenn., in connection with the Amateur Athletic Association's Spring meeting. The result of the first day's races was as follows:

One-mile bicycle: C. H. Maydwell, 3m. 43 1-5s.; S. W. Hampton, Jr., fell; T. W. Watkins, fell.

Three-laps bicycle race, three-fifths-mile: S. W. Hampton, Jr., 2m. 7s.

Two-mile bicycle: E. H. Wilcox, 7m. 49s.

SECOND DAY.—One-half-mile bicycle heats. First heat: S. W. Hampton, Jr., 1m. 42s.; John Scates, second; T. W. Watkins, third. Second heat: C. H. Maydwell, 1m. 43s.; F. Trapp, second; W. F. Yates, third. Third heat: Maydwell finished first and won the race; time, 1m. 47s. S. W. Hampton, Jr., fell on last lap when well up.

One-half-mile bicycle boys' race: H. Williams, 1m. 49 3-5s.

One-mile bicycle, consolation: F. Tripp, 4m. 56s.; J. R. Scates, second; W. F. Yates, 0.

DISTRIBUTION OF "X. M. MILES."

Editor of THE WHEEL:—I've managed to send off five hundred and eighty books, by five days' hard work; the first one hundred and thirty-five going to England and other foreign countries, and the next one hundred and twenty-eight to San Francisco, and fifty-three to Portland, Oregon. To-day, I've sent ninety each to St. Louis and Indianapolis,—including thirty copies for reshipment to smaller towns. I hope to get my New York copies delivered at 12 Warren street, and 313 West Fifty-eighth street by Saturday next,—but the task of getting all the "specially numbered and autographed labels" ready for the packers is so tiresome that I can't pretend to promise "for certain." I myself cannot get back to New York in less than a fortnight, I fear. KARL KRON.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 6th, 1887.

"X. M. MILES" IN NEW YORK.

Editor of THE WHEEL: I send with this an unobtrusive little advertisement of the fact that my book is finally on sale in the big city. On Friday last I despatched boxes of the precious volume to officers of the New York Bicycle Club, Citizens Bicycle Club, Harlem Wheelmen and the K. C. W. (two hundred and twelve books in all), and I hope many of those club men enjoyed its indexes as good Sunday reading. On Saturday I sent twenty copies to the Ixion Bicycle Club, and twenty-eight for uptown subscribers (above Forty-first street), to G. R. Bidwell's. To-day, I've despatched two hundred and fifty-six books to 12 Warren street, where the non-club men below Forty-second street, and all the Brooklyn subscribers outside of the K. C. W., will find their books, as also the Jersey City residents and many other Jerseymen.

I sent out 1074 books in the six days of last week, and four hundred and two during the first four days of June. So my total output is now 1732. San Francisco, Portland, Or., Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, Macon, Washington and Baltimore have been supplied, about in the order named,—with many of their tributary cities. To-morrow I send to Newark, Orange and Elizabeth, in N. J., and to Milwaukee and other towns in Wisconsin—two hundred and thirty-seven books,—and I hope to supply Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Springfield and Boston before the week closes. Next week I mean to wheel back to New York, as a rest from the weariness thus caused in getting my publishing scheme fairly started. KARL KRON.

West Springfield, Mass., June 13, 1887.

The Annual Meet of the Wisconsin Division was held on June 6, 7 and 8, at Sheboygan. A reception was given in Armory Hall on Monday, and a run was taken to Fon du Lac, where various entertainments were given under the auspices of the Fon du Lac Club. On Tuesday, the 7th, train was taken to Oshkosh. The Oshkosh Club, accompanied by a band, met the visitors at the station, and a grand parade was held on the principal streets at two P.M., the business meeting was held, after which were held various short runs. The last day, June 8, was devoted to touring.

Clarksville 100-Mile Road Race.

THE GREATEST BICYCLE RACE EVER RUN
SINCE CYCLING BEGAN.

THE RECORD:

	NAME.	MACHINE RIDDEN.	TIME.
1st.	Robert A. Neilson....	VICTOR.....	6 : 46 : 27.
2nd.	Wm. A. Rhodes.....	VICTOR.....	6 : 46 : 51.
3rd.	H. G. Crocker.....	Columbia	6 : 51 : 27.
4th.	S. Hollingsworth.....	Columbia	
5th.	S. G. Whittaker.....	Champion	
	C. W. Ashinger.....	Champion	Dropped out at 20 miles.
	Chas. Frazier.....	Star.....	Dropped out at 20 miles.
	John Brooks.....	Star.....	Dropped out at 40 miles.
	A. A. McCurdy.....	Star.....	Dropped out at 40 miles.

Two Victors entered, taking first and second places.

*Never was so much money spent in preparation for a race,
and never was so much interest shown in a wheel contest.*

Upwards of 20,000 spectators !

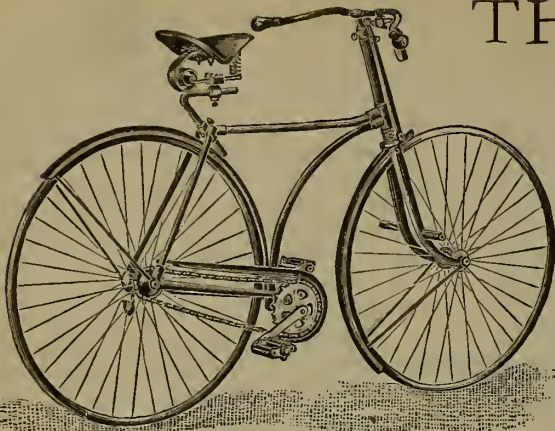
*The Victors ridden in this race never stopped and went
through without defect or attention of any kind.*

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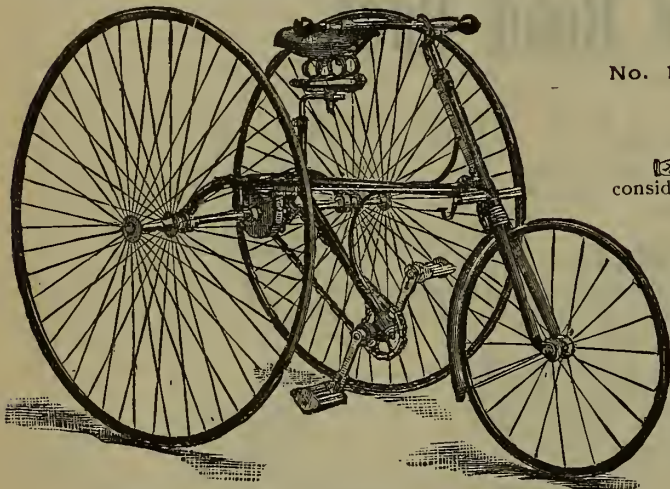
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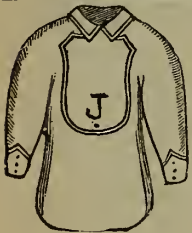
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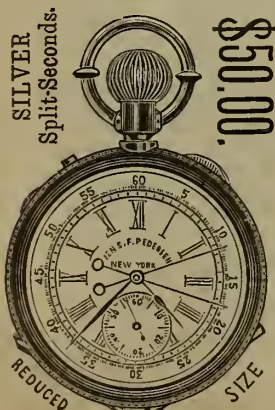


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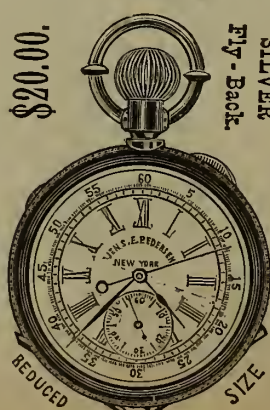
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ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., TO STURGIS, MICH.

Rain, rain, until it seemed the water tanks of heaven had sprung a leak, continued to pour in St. Thomas Wednesday morning, June 1. Breakfast over I decided to make the best of a bad bargain and so sauntered out to see the sights. A city of 17,000 inhabitants, located in the heart of a Canadian forest, ought to present some attractions, but there was some exception to the rule in this case. Muddy streets, sloppy sidewalks, dripping trees and dingy shops, wood colored horse cars, dilapidated buildings, homely girls, and worse looking men, all conspired to make my lonely lot a desert indeed, and there was not a single oasis—yes, only one, C. H. Hepinstill, a genial dealer in jewelry, was the only truly cheerful personage I met, and his good-nature, hearty welcome and generous bearing did much to alleviate my agony in this mud-sunken town till three P.M., when, with a cheerfulness born of long exile, I hailed the outer world with joy and sped forth through Fingal to Tyrcoville, Wallacetown, to Clearville, twenty-six miles away, in three and one-half hours. Supper over, I remounted and pushed on to Palmyra, Morbeth and Blenheim, twenty-one miles further, when darkness overtook me and I overtook a good bed and sound slumber.

A hard ground road had thus far made riding tolerable, but Thursday morning I struck mud in vast quantities. At 9:30, I set out and rode through Buckhorn and Deaktown to Romeny, twenty-four miles, when a farm house was resorted to for dinner, at three P.M. I rode into Wheatle, twelve miles farther, and was stopped by rain until after supper, when a seven-mile run brought me to Leamington, making but thirty-nine miles for the day, sixteen of these were made on foot, ten were fairly rideable, and the rest were good. Leamington is a sort of dull town, so I lay down for an evening nap. With a rub a de dub, de dub, de dub, a halla la loo and hack et a hoo, I am awakened and rush to the door in time to see go marching by what at first appear as a lunatic asylum. Mature thought contradicted that impression, and I next took them for patent medicine cranks. This too was erroneous, and but for the glaring letters of the flag of insignia the identity of all this hubbub would yet remain a mystery:

"Come all ye sinners poor and needy,
Come all ye wicked, sad and seedy,
Come and join our glorious throng,
And with the Saviour march along."

was the burden of their song, and involuntarily we started to go. Poor and needy, sad and seedy! That meant us of course, but fate wouldn't have it so. The devil always takes care of his own, and united with our better thoughts came a bid to irrigate; and we irrigated—to the health of the base (?) drummer in the Salvation Army.

"Is your place afflicted with this nuisance all the time?" we asked of the bartender.

"Yes, as wicked folks down here must suffer all the time, we get no peace, and so I joined the army."

"Ah, that dog behind was your proxy, eh?"

Friday morning rain again greeted me, but at 8:45 I pushed out in ankle mud and wheeled through Rutheven to Olinda, six and one-half miles, and coming in sight of Lake Erie stretching away for miles to the left as far as the eye could reach. The magnificent vision coupled with a stiff, cool breeze from the water accompanied me all the afternoon, until within a few miles of Maidstone Cross. At Essex Center I had dinner, and rode into Windsor at two P.M. If mortal man were ever glad to leave the prison walls which had bound him from earth for years, then I was overjoyed to emerge once more from the land of Canuck. Reader, when I tell you that within twenty miles of the city of Detroit my road passed through a forest as lonely as the shades of Erebus, as desolate as Cain, and wild as a Comanche, you will not wonder, when I tell you that within six miles of the city of Detroit there abounds nothing but log cabins and insurmountable roads—roads over which I walked to within two miles of the city, you may wonder. And this is not exaggerated, not a bit of it. Before leaving forever behind the mud-sunken, clay capped log cabin, decked, forest enshrined land of Canada, I said, the last man I saw in Windsor solemnly promises to knock me down, kick me to death and feed my corpse to the fishes, if he ever caught me in Canuck again. And he did.

"Farewell, dreary desolate land of Canuck—
Ye haven of mud, ye mountain of muck."
Taking passage on the steamer "Victoria," I

was soon gliding peacefully over to Detroit, that welcome port of a persecuted bicyclist. On landing, a big fellow waltzed me over to the custom house and went through a series of evolutions concerning my importation of a Columbia Expert Bicycle.

"Great Scott, man, what in the great name of Jehovah could attempt me to import a Canadian bicycle? Why we can make three American wheels for what it costs to get up one in your con-founded old Canada."

"Well, you must produce your credentials."

And I did. I hauled papers before that official's eyes by the score. I made his orbs scan over forty letters, delve into a dozen contracts, sweep over sixty patent rights, and talked bicycle till his hair stood on end.

"That's enough, git out o' this with your velocipede, you're all right."

Well, I guess I was. Passing through the smoke and turmoil of Detroit, I wheeled to Recreation Park and resolved to take in a ball game between the Chicagos and Detroit of the National League. My card was sufficient to gain admittance, and leaving wheel and baggage in charge of the gate keeper, I proceeded to the reserved grand stand, was ushered in gratis, as usual, and walking up the aisle, took a conspicuous seat amid great applause and clapping of hands. Modestly I arise to acknowledge the honor, when loud cries of "down in front" greeting injured vanity. Looking out, I observed a big fellow in center field making a brilliant catch, and this is the cause of all the racket. Oh, for Jonah's big whale to swallow me up! Oh, for a canal boat to hide my humiliation! But neither appeared, a pretty girl beside me, hides her face and giggles. I hide my face, but smileth not. The way Clarkson twirled the sphere for the next hour was a caution to stolid Detroiters, but they heeded it not and came out second best. Leaving the scenes of base glory I came in contact with Messrs. Irwin and Gage, of the Detroit Cyclists, and am shown through the halls of wheeling fame. Royal palaces of pleasure these genial boys possess, and with reluctance I wheel out after supper in company with a half dozen Detroiters to Dearborn, seven miles away. Next morning I attempt to liquidate my lodging with a five dollar Canadian bill—relic of unregenerate chaos—but it won't pass. Naught will tempt it to pass, though 'tis all the lure I have, still will it not pass, and scraping together fourteen cents from the various parts of my personage I gladly make it balance a score of fifty cents and ride away—thirty-four cents ahead. Inkstus is the first town, followed by Wayne, eight miles in one hour. Denton comes next, eight miles further, and Ypsilanti is reached at 10:30, in the midst of a succession of fine gravel paths. Nine miles further Saline appears to view, and a better road never existed. Here I stop for dinner at the Hannon House, and at two P.M. again ventured forth in a broiling hot sun. Sand, that foe of cycling, now appears in great quantities and renders riding a laborious task. Ten miles of this business brings me to the scene of a rural school picnic—a regular old-fashioned country festival, with its bevy of sheepish girls, its bashful boys, its columns of cake, its crowds of bucolics, and its oceans of lemonade. Speaking is just in order, and one by one, each immature youth and maiden arise and get off their silly say. Their sisters, and cousins, and aunts sit on impromptu benches and yawn and gap and brush away a sundry fly in the agony of heat and warm oppressiveness. We gently approach and take it all in. Our presence causes a flutter among the girls, a commotion among the actors, and looks of admiration from the fair schoolmarm, who sat there like a goddess in regalia and her blue-ribboned portfolio programme.

Speaking over, all with one accord hasten to the table loaded with good things. One good old granger approaches and asks us where we hailed from.

"Herkimer County."

"No, you don't say!"

"Yes—ever been in Herkimer?"

"No, how big a place is it? Where you goin'?"

"Going to Frisco, and Herkimer is the capital of New York State, quite a place."

"What is the business, what do they raise there?"

"Mostly the wind."

"What do they make?"

"Political bombs, campaign clubs and cheese."

"Yes, I've heard of Herkimer cheese. What else is there?"

"Oh, we generate Statesmen, produce Senators, Congressmen, Lawyers and great men generally. I came from Herkimer."

"How big a place is it?"

"It extends from Utica—that's a little suburb of Herkimer—to the Conybrook River. Say ain't you going to give me anything to eat?"

"Wal, I guess so. Come along."

And I went. Five minutes sufficed to make 'em sick and ten minutes that table in my vicinity looked barren, sort of deserted like. My company was growing irksome and they took no pains to conceal the fact. I took no pains to conceal those cakes, and pies and cookies and lemonade and candy and nuts and bananas and oranges—not then—but I felt pain thereafter.

Long about four P.M. I struck Macon, or the place where Macon ought to be, but it wasn't there. Look as I would no Macon was in sight. My road map called for Macon on this precise spot, but I called in vain. Macon wouldn't come. At last I repaired to a blacksmith shop and inquired for Macon.

"This is Macon," said the anvil annihilator.

"What's Macon?"

"This is right here, don't you see it?"

"No, darned if I do. What you giving us?"

"This is Macon, and if you don't skin out of here I'll bile you up into cabbage salad."

And I skipped in time to dodge a stray horse shoe. That's Macon is it? And here I've walked ten miles to reach Macon and find a lone solitary smithy, a mad smith and a still madder cyclist. Tecumseh is my next town on paper and six miles the book says lays between me and that. Still pondering over the crookedness of my chart or the maker of Michigan towns, I wander on—this sand and marsh and baking sun. Ah, glorious signal—I hear the whistle of a locomotive and presently cross the rails of a railroad and run smash into Tecumseh, a moderate sized town in Lenawee County. Here I manage to eat one-sixteenth of a square meal and at six-thirty set out for Adrian, twelve miles away. A run of one hour and fifteen minutes over some very fine roads, lands me in the beautiful little city of Adrian, sixty-eight miles from Detroit, on the right, as I ride into town appears a cluster of prison-like buildings which I afterwards learn is the Adrian Reform School for Girls. Here our wayward lasses of America are cloistered and taught to chew gum in the most approved fashion and free from the evils which surround the inmates of Vassar. A little inquiry and we are grasping the paw of that prince of good fellows, Irving H. Finch, and receiving a cordial welcome at the same time. Under his direction we are stalled at the Central Hotel, taking a good bath and soon afterward being introduced to the Adrian Bicycle Club *en masse*. Without exception these Adriance wheelmen are as genial and whole hearted a lot of cyclists as have yet been thrown in our way. They possess a club room replete with all modern appliances for comfort and enjoyment, elegant parlors, etc. A run is planned for Sunday afternoon, but rain comes down in torrents and puts a stop to cycling for that day. Various occupations conspires to pass the time however, and Monday morning we wheel out of Adrian at seven-thirty in company with several members of the club, and turn our backbones upon the scene of forty-eight hours of solid comfort. Five miles of tall pushing, walking and tearing through mud and sand brings us to a peremptory stop in front of a big shower and we halt with a near by farmer and his milk cans. Pretty much more with the latter than the former.

Resuming the path an hour later, it is simply horrible and riding is over for the day. Hudson is thirteen miles away, but we resolve to reach it or die. Six miles more are worried over, with an occasional ride of a few rods, and a constantly burdening wheel, when twelve o'clock arrives, and we tackle another farmer for dinner, as usual, our good looks carries the day and we sit down to a rural repast fit for the King of Tulu. Dinner over, rain again appears, and it is 2:30 before our journey is resumed. Seven miles of the worst roads imaginable are enough to disgust even a hog, and we were no exception to the rule. Talk about mud, why you couldn't see a bright spot on my whole Expert when at 4:30 I wheeled into Hudson, the laughing stock of all on-lookers. The Hudson House force pump is called into requisition and the way our machine is reclaimed to light and beauty is a caution. A good rubbing down and it glitters as of old and we rejoice once more. An early supper is secured, composed of steak, potatoes, coffee, bread, strawberries, cake, etc., and we are away to Pittsford, with promise of better going. We find it good wheeling over gravel roads, comparatively dry, and Osseo, eleven miles from Hudson, is reached at 6:30, Hillsdale comes in view seven miles further, at 7:45, and we push on

to Allens, with decidedly an improved path in one hour and a quarter, with a total mileage of forty-six miles. Tired and weary we at once seek repose and find a big fat landlord ready to meet our wishes, and our pocket book. At 7:30 Tuesday morning we are in the saddle and headed for Quincy seven miles away, and Coldwater next six miles further, this distance is mostly all made on foot and very laboriously. At Coldwater we met Conover, Starr and other genial cyclists who contribute materially to our entertainment, and help to pass several half hours away. Dinner is taken, and at 12:30 we pass on, through Matteson, thence to Bronson, over better roads. Here we find that our route has been made just four and a half miles too many by following the direction of the Michigan L. A. W. Road Book, and that, too, over roads not a whit better than a shorter straight course. We also learn that contrary to the teaching of that same so-called road book, we may save three miles by shunning the village of Burr Oaks, laid down in the chart, as a straight road again runs direct from Bronson to Sturgis and three miles shorter and equally as good as the L. A. W. road. This we take and reach Sturgis at 7:30 with forty-three miles to our credit for the day—a hard, good day's work. Sand, has formed our path for thirty miles, sandy gravel for ten, and clay for six so that no one will wonder at a forty-six mile a day pace. One word more about these L. A. W. road books, and we will close. Back in Canada we had a similar experience and but for a supervision of common sense would have been sent ten miles of superfluous running. From Clearville to Palmyra it is eight miles directly west and good roads. From Clearville to Ridgetown it is eight miles northwest, and back to Palmyra it is ten miles south. The book says go by way of Ridgetown. We didn't do it though and found on this eight miles of road shunned by the L. A. W. guide far better going than on any path yet tried bearing the official seal of the L. A. W. Truly there is great scope for revision in these so-called tourists' guides.

G. W. NELLIS, JR.

Sturgis, Mich., June 7.

ATHENIAN WHISPERINGS.

You are right, brother Prial, *THE WHEEL* ought to have a representative in modern Athens. Still, I have always been such a pure amateur, that when your suggestion was first received; several weeks ago, I took up my stylus, to sharpen it, with many misgivings. In matters of this kind a novice should always make his initial plunge with a big sensation if possible; but, alas, there was a sad dearth of news and I waited; then the League meet came on and of course that necessitated another wait; but now that the St. Louis jollification is over, though not forgotten—far from it—and we are all back in our places again, there seems to be no further excuse for hiding my rushlight under an inverted waste-basket, and here goes:

The Eastern Road Club ran its first race Saturday afternoon, June 11, over the course given in *THE WHEEL* of last week, which was the same as that used by the Dorchester Club in its races during the season past. The weather was pleasant and there was a big turn out of wheelmen, to see the fun. Not being much of a scorcher, I did not attempt to follow the starters, some did however, though a warm day and a warmer pace soon compelled them to return. Representative of four out of the six clubs enrolled in the association came to time, the Massachusetts and Suffolk Clubs not showing up. [A summary of this race appears in another column. Ed.]

It was a very pleasant thing for the Boston club to offer the use of its club house to the Massachusetts men. During the Summer, in the event of the Newbury Street quarters being given up; and I understand that Jo. Dean, as chairman of the Boston's committee, made a very neat speech when the tender was made, with feeling allusions to the old friendship which existed between the two clubs, when, in the early days, they were domiciled together in Park Square.

It is sad to think that the days of the stanch old Massachusetts Bicycle Club are almost numbered. But canker will eat, and when disease strikes the vital organs, the sick man must die. Perhaps, in this case, death will have resulted from too much greatness—and a club-house. Perhaps there may have been too many doctors and nurses—it certainly has suffered from a complication of internal disorders, and a not over strong constitution. Some insinuate that taking

in members by wholesale, after the new club-house was finished, to swell the revenues, was the first cause of weakness. It is whispered too that jealousies among some of the older members, at a later period, may have been a factor. Some charge an ex-President with having more recently assisted in the work of disruption, because things were not run altogether to please him; and some, too, charge another ex-President with having given the club a hard blow through his sudden demand of a former loan to the club, to the last cent, which followed the defeat of Arthur Pattison for the Presidency at the last election; then others have whispered that the gentleman who was elected should have resigned to please the small minority who didn't vote for him, and thus avert calamity, and the payment of a portion of the newly discovered debt of nearly \$2,000—though just how the thing was to work was not explained. Probably no one cause is responsible; the club-house was too big and too expensive, and the club didn't own it; while the association itself, with its two hundred and fifty members, was too unwieldly; perhaps the young men forming the "Jenks crowd" (we can't be personal), were too enthusiastic and too youthful to suit some of the old stagers; perchance the election differences of a year and a half ago, by which a few active ones were relegated to back seats, may have left a number of thorns in the flesh; perhaps the very mode of conducting elections, with the absurd official "slate," skillfully fixed up by one or two "prominent" members, to be swallowed or rejected like a pill by the club, may have proved a point of weakness; or, finally, the gradual falling off in the membership during the year past, owing to "internal dissensions" or otherwise, whereby lessened receipts became inadequate for running expenses, coupled with a steadily increasing debt, may have been the last straw. But how easy it is to speculate over causes, to diagnose, or to say, "I told you so," when the victim is past help.

There is one thing that must be said. It is passing strange that a club of two hundred members should be running behind for a year in money matters, notwithstanding monthly treasurer's reports, and nobody seem to know that an \$1,800 debt had accumulated until a demand was suddenly made for an amount equal to more than half that sum. The payment of over two hundred dollars, in League dues, at this time, no doubt bore heavily upon the club, in its straits, and helped to complicate matters; but the heavy arrears to the club-house corporation for rent must have been known to somebody for months. But a debt, even of two thousand dollars, is not insurmountable in a large club; and, doubtless, had no resignations been accepted, and had certain members, and some in official positions, faced the music manfully from the first, instead of bemoaning the discord and the result of the election, and gone to work to do the only thing there was left to do,—help to devise means to wipe out the debt, time would have been gained, and the club would have been found in far better condition to go on when the assessment and subscription were finally matters of record.

That April meeting gave the real friends of the club much hope; there was not a great show of enthusiasm, however, in the weeks following, though there was some display of rather faint-hearted energy in certain directions. More resignations followed; the President was in Europe, and a don't-care-a-bless-you feeling seemed to settle down upon the not a few of the members—though possibly it may have been disgust. Then it all culminated in the action at the June meeting. Here is a partial report of the meeting taken from one of the city papers:

There was a pretty good turnout of members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club at the meeting last night. There was important business on hand, as the financial condition of the club had reached a critical condition, and it was apparent that the club-house must be given up. In view of the announcement that the club would cease to occupy its present quarters after June 30, Mr. Myers moved that a committee, consisting of W. S. Slocum, Stewart C. Miller, and A. S. Parsons, be appointed with full powers to sell and dispose of property of the club, collect its accounts and sums due, and apply such property or its proceeds, and the sums received, to payment of the liabilities of the club, etc. The motion was carried. Vice-President Salkeld moved that when the club leaves its present building, it disband; and on a standing vote the motion was carried by a vote of twenty-four to twenty. It was voted that the club accept

the kind offer of the Boston Club, tendering the use of its house, and speeches appreciative of its kindness were made by several gentlemen. The financial status of the club was stated as follows: Liabilities, \$1,369.13; assets, \$419.32; total indebtedness, \$949.81.

What will be the final end? I am convinced from conversations had recently with club men that there is little need of disbanding; and that a fair majority of members still on the rolls would vote to continue as a club after paying off the debt and perhaps giving up the club house, if it could be definitely known just what this "feeling" and much talked of "discord" amounts to, and just where it exists. It has even been hinted to me that the idea of dissolution has been quietly "worked" by a small faction in the club for some time, to further their own or others schemes, and "get even" with somebody. I can hardly believe this, however, for he would be base indeed who would be willing to sacrifice such an old and important association as the Massachusetts club to gain personal ends or help a clique. Yet it may be so, in spite of the fact that many who voted to disband voted honestly because it seemed to be the shortest way out of the difficulty. In case a new club should be formed on this basis, it is easy to imagine the "ghoulish glee" with which the old roll would be scanned by the promoters and those members checked for invitations, who, for the sake of club house privileges or otherwise would be willing to go over to the minority, and no questions asked. It would be funny indeed. However, the old club is still breathing faintly, and such surmises are not respectful.

Apropos of the rumors, already in circulation, of another "and a stronger club" to take the place of the departing, it will be well to bear in mind that this can never be the renowned old "Massachusetts" even though the new organization shall snatch from its dead body the glorious name it has borne.

Barely a score of men, out of the seven or eight times that number, representing the present membership, voted to disband. It is true that they represented the majority of those present, but in so important an act as this, would it not have been better to have notified members that the question was coming up, that all might have had the opportunity to cast a vote in deciding the matter? And I am sure that such a vote would have been an emphatic "No."

What will become of the club-house? That is a question which concerns only the club-house corporation, the President of which, it is said, represents a controlling interest in the stock. There are as many rumors afloat regarding it as regarding the future of the club membership, though nothing is known definitely by the public. As time may develop some particularly large and somber-hued cats in this particular meal-bag, let us wait and see. And speaking of cats reminds me of a fiddle string. Was it not Paganini who could draw soulful music from a single string? I think my performance as your correspondent, so far, almost equals his, and I will therefore draw this gruesome measure to a close and throw away my—
STYLUS.

Cycle Notions.—"Perhaps the following few notions may be worth noting. I have had them in use with much benefit for some years:—1. *Rubber Handle Covers*.—These were made for me by Hancock, to slip over the horn handles. Once on—a job requiring some patience—and then covered with leather, they form, to my mind, or, rather, hand, the most comfortable out. They absorb vibration, and, in case of a fall, save the handle-bar and don't get slippery. 2. *Rubber on Step*.—This gives a better foothold than the ordinary step, and with no chance of barking the shin. *Rubber on Brake Spoon*.—This adds much to the effect of the brake and saves both tyre and spoon. I find, if well cemented on, it will last say 2,000 or 3,000 miles, and perhaps more. *To Renew Worn Treadle Rubbers*.—These can be renewed by cementing flat pieces of rubber on, filing down first to get an even surface, a much better foothold is thus obtained than with the round rubber, and I find that the wear is much less, and is, indeed, unappreciable, but then my treadles are made to fit the foot at the sides, so that the foot does not move about. I have used these grip treadles (Garrod's) for seven years, and would not be without them on any account. Makers could easily vulcanize the rubber on both spoon and step."—C. T. C. Gazette.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The New Haven Club has 103 members.

The Vermont Wheelmen are holding their annual meeting at Montpelier to-day.

The citizens of Springfield, O., gave Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick a banquet, on his return from St. Louis.

Percy Stone and Hal Greenwood are arranging a match road-race from St. Louis to DeSoto, and return.

G. Lacy Hillier announces his intention of coming to this country at the first opportunity that presents itself.

Fred Wood has been doing some fast work in Australia. At Adelaide, on April 16, Wood rode one mile in 2m. 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Fred Wood has captured a world's grass record in Australia, by riding a mile in 2m. 45 2-5s., retiring Hillier's 2:51.

Bicycling is rapidly coming to the front in Spain. In May, a two days' tournament was held in Madrid. Over 2,000 people were present.

An Englishman, Mr. R. E. Phillips, an authority on wheel mechanics, has at last perfected an electrical timing apparatus which has proved a success.

A Star rider writes that the best way of treating bellicose dogs is to get them into proper position and then sail calmly over them. This is said to effect a permanent cure.

The wheel columns are commencing to publish Rowe's fast practice spins. The fastest bit of work yet credited to him is 46 2-5s. for a lap, or 2m. 19. 1-5s. for a mile.

Leeming, the English professional, who visited America a year or two since, remarks to a reporter of the *Athletic News*, that there is not a track in England, judged from an American standpoint.

John S. Prince has arranged for a tournament to be held at Omaha on June 25 and 26. Several amateur and professional events will be decided. Entries close June 24 with J. S. Prince, Omaha, Nebraska.

There will be no professional bicycle races on Boston Common, July 4. The appropriation, \$275, will be distributed as follows: One-mile novice race, two-mile amateur, one-mile tricycle, two-mile lap, three miles.

Mr. W. McCandlish, co-editor of *Wheeling*, is being congratulated that he was the only man to give the finish of the first three horses in the Derby. A number of wheelmen got odds of fifty to one on the winner, Merry Hampton.

Ralph Temple, of the American team, met with a painful accident on June 7. While going at full speed on the Coventry track his machine broke under him, and he was thrown heavily to the ground. He was severely cut and bruised.

The Springfield Club talks of a tournament on July 4. It is said that the members favor a two days' tournament, to be held in the Fall. At a late club meeting it was decided to present a testimonial to Mr. Ducker before he leaves Springfield.

The Olympic Athletic Club will hold its annual games on Saturday afternoon, at the Manhattan Grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue. Besides a fine list of athletic events, a team bicycle race will be contested. Admission twenty-five and fifty cents.

Scorching after heavy meals—A gentleman fell dead off his tricycle, at Sidcup, Kent, England, recently, and the medical verdict was that the heart and other vital organs were perfectly healthy, and that death was caused by syncope, the result of over-exertion in riding after partaking of a heavy meal.

Two bicycle events were decided at Queens, Long Island, on Saturday last. Summary: One-mile bicycle race—J. W. Whitson, Mercury Wheel Club, 3m. 44s.; G. A. Wieners, 3m. 46 1-2s.; R. A. Kissam, Queens A. A. A., 3m. 49 3-4s. Two miles' bicycle race—J. W. Whitson, 7m. 53 1-2s.; C. A. Wieners, 7m. 53 5-8s.; R. A. Kissam, did not finish.

We have received the programme of the League of American Wheelmen's Meet, which took place at St. Louis on May 20 and 21. This is one of the best things that even America has produced in connection with cycling. The printing is superb,

and the illustrations are full of *grotesquerie*. Nothing like it has been seen in this country. Hail, Columbia!—*Wheeling*.

We are glad to note that Burley Ayers is again at the head of the Transportation Committee. Evidently there was a love feast at St. Louis. Mr. J. R. Dunn has been appointed Chairman of the Membership, a well-earned recognition, and Brooklyn will rejoice over the appointment of Mr. Luscomb to the Chairmanship of the Rights and Privileges Committee.

The L. A. W. Racing Board has decreed that as it claims no control of road racing, amateurs and professionals may ride together, and do what they like on the highway. There is a reason for this ruling, but we think it a mistake nevertheless, and that the English Union does far better to keep its eye on the crowd, though it does not encourage or sanction road racing.—*The Cyclist*.

Great interest is manifested by the members of the Lynn Cycle Club in the club road-race to be held June 17, the occasion of its anniversary. There will be about twelve prizes, and the prospect is that nearly one-half of the members will enter. Two courses, one twelve and the other fifteen miles, have been laid out, both being over Swampscott, Salem and Marblehead roads, and one of these will soon be decided upon.

A two-mile bicycle race was decided at the New York Athletic Club Games last Saturday afternoon. W. S. Gilson, New York City, 150 yards won by 100 yards in 6m. 35 2-5s. Gilson is a fast rider and should not have received more than sixty yards start. J. W. Powers, Harlem Wheelmen, rode second from scratch. H. L. Powers, 110 yards and W. I. Halsted, fifty yards, both of the H. W., had a nip and tuck race for third place, Powers winning by a nose.

An important suit has been brought in the New Jersey Court of Chancery by Benjamin B. Peale, a Camden lawyer, on behalf of George W. Pressy of Hammonton, Atlantic county, against Senator H. B. Smith of Smithville, Burlington county. Mr. Pressy, who claims to be the inventor and patentee of the American Star bicycle, sues for a royalty on every machine now in use. Senator Smith is the manufacturer of the Star bicycle, and his extensive works at Smithville furnish employment to several hundred hands. The result of the suit is of interest to every owner of a Star bicycle.—*Ex.*

Programme of races for the Meet of the California Division at Santa Cruz, July 2, 3, 4: One-mile, novice; one-mile, League of American Wheelmen, State championship; ten-mile League of American Wheelmen, State championship; two-mile, League of American Wheelmen, national championship; half-mile dash; one-mile handicap; three-mile handicap; five-mile handicap; one hundred-yard slow race and competitive exhibition of fancy riding. The location of the State championships have yet to be approved by the Racing Board. The ten-mile national has not yet been assigned to this Division, but it has been asked for, and it is not likely that it will be refused.

Up to May 31 the following have registered for F. A. Elwell's Canadian tour: H. D. Cahill, E. S. Kennard, F. A. Elwell, R. F. Sawyer, C. C. Tukesbury, F. E. Warren, J. B. Moore, all of Portland, Me.; E. G. Whitney and E. P. G. Morton, Boston, Mass.; G. G. Tyler, Baltimore, Md.; W. A. McLaughlan and George Robertson, St. John, N. B.; Junius E. Beal and friend, Ann Arbor, Mich.; F. W. Davis, Hartford, Ct.; W. S. Mills, Naugatuck, Ct.; F. H. Messer, Stoneham, Mass.; G. E. Cain, Franklin, Mass.; F. J. Arnold, Waterville, Mass.; Park G. Dingley, Lewiston, Me.; Marcus Moses, Talliposis, O.; F. H. Douglass, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. W. Flanders, Malden, Mass.

"We hear from those Transatlantic shores that Mrs. Goodsall, the lady superintendent of Vassar College, has taken to riding a tricycle in emulation of Dr. Hall, the principal. And 'THE WHEEL' relates how two 'girls undergraduates' from Wellesley College visited the Columbia Agency the other day and bought a tandem for the use of themselves and their sister students. If this sensible course of conduct is persevered in, the old well-known outcry will soon cease, that women are cultivating their brains to the injury of their bodily health, and that the coming type of womanhood is to be a thing learned in squaring the circle and digging up Sanscrit roots; but reduced, as to the means of active exertion, to a Bath chair and crutches!"—VIOLET LORNE.

The Lynn Cycle Track Association held a meeting Friday evening, and the committee reported the Memorial Day meeting to be a grand financial success, and that it far exceeded the anticipations of the association. There will be a meeting on the afternoon of July 4, and the following events have been arranged: One-mile novice, three-mile professional handicap; two-mile tandem tricycle, amateur; one-mile run and ride; two laps for boys, which will be especially for boys between nine and twelve years; two-mile professional handicap; three-mile amateur handicap. The above races will be run under L. A. W. rules. On Saturday afternoon, July 9, the association will hold a series of sports, such as running, walking, jumping, pole-vaulting, etc., and suitable prizes will be awarded. This will be the grand windup of Fourth of July week.

An agent of the Kempster Rowing Tricycle Company of Boston was in Springfield on Friday, engaging the bicycle track for a race or a series of races on his machines. He proposes to bring here Oarsmen Ten Eyck, Hosmer, Teemer, Wallace Ross, Bubeat, Hamm and McKay, equip them with machines and put them through a set of races on Hampden Park for money prizes. It will be a veritable dry land regatta. Hanlan and Gaudaur will also be produced, one as referee and one as starter, but it is impossible to get them to pull against each other. The oarsman sits on a sliding seat between the large wheels of the tricycle, his feet in the steering shoes, which act directly on the small front wheel. He grasps the oar handles on either side and pulls. The action is said to be an exact pattern of a shell, and the prominent oarsmen who have tried the machine are much pleased with it. A mile in 2m. 30s. is promised.—*Boston Herald*.

Poor Mr. Stevens.—The *Natal Mercury*, which is presumably an English journal, prints the following about Thomas Stevens: "However, he continued his bicycling round the world by going in a steamer to Japan, and thence by Pacific Mail steamer to San Francisco, no doubt keeping up the bicycling across the Pacific Ocean. Now, there is no reason why a person traveling for amusement round the world should not take with him a bicycle any more than why he should take a cake of Pears' soap; but the one feat is, about as good a subject of brag as the other. The whole thing is evidently only a piece of cheap notoriety, and it really seems a pity that the public should be so ridiculously misled. It is time that people became alive to the nature of mild sensations of this description, which consist for the most part of departures amid the cheers of the populace, and returns with the applause of the newspapers. What takes place in the *interim* depends very greatly upon the imagination of the traveller."

MOBILE (ALA.) MATTERS.

For a city of 30,000 inhabitants, Mobile has not cut much of a figure in the cycling world, but now the ball has been set agoing and she promises to be heard from in the future.

On the evening of the 6th inst. a club with thirteen members was organized and the following officers elected: J. W. Thorp, President; J. S. Barrett, Vice-President; J. A. Welsh, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. W. W. Crane of the New Orleans Bicycle Club was present and rendered valuable assistance. The club will join the League in a body.

The selection of Mr. Thorp for President was wise indeed. He is no novice, and, being on the staff of the *Register*, one of Mobile's dailies, and also correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, he is in a position to do the cause much good.

There is a shell road leading out of the city from which cyclers are barred, and it is the intention of the club to test the legality of this in the courts, as the road in question is one of the city's few really good highways. It is possible that an Alabama case, similar to the famous North Carolina case, will be the outcome.

A rider calling himself Victor Friend, and claiming to be the champion of New York and Pennsylvania, made his appearance in the city, and on the night of the 8th gave a very poor exhibition of trick and fancy riding at the Princess Theatre. The audience was thoroughly disgusted as the fellow's tricks were easily surpassed by many of the small boys on the streets. B.

MINNEAPOLIS ITEMS.

JUNE 7, 1887.

I have an unfortunate termination to the Minneapolis Bicycle Club's run of last Tuesday evening to chronicle. Near "Minnehaha," Mr. Leland, of Leland & Waring, took a bad header, breaking his arm. At first it was thought not serious, and he attempted to walk back, but fortunately was able to find a carriage going towards the city. This morning he is reported better and saying he is not cured of riding and hopes to be at it again in a few days. Any one at all prejudiced against bicycle riding would make the above occurrence a text for a lengthy sermon on the evils of bicycles, and discourse much after the manner of a certain doctor in this city.

"Those bicycles are dangerous things," said the doctor, "I know a young man that purchased a bottle of medicine and mounted his wheel to ride home. On the way he took a header and the bottle was broken. An artery was severed by the broken glass and he bled to death. Another rider ran into a lamp-post"—but at this point he was called away, and his hearers left to imagine for themselves all the sickening details of the encounter with the lamp-post.

Such birds of ill-omen, by their croakings, do much injury to a healthy sport, and in refreshing contrast to them stand out several of the dignified clergymen that have been attending the Baptist Convention in this city the past week. Several of them took long runs around the city, and are loud in praise of the wheel. Among them may be mentioned Rev. G. A. Pope, of Westerly, R. I., a brother of Col. A. Pope, Rev. A. J. Hovey, of Stoneham, Mass., Rev. G. H. Starzing, of Rossville, Iowa, and Rev. H. F. Titus, of Newton, Mass.

One of the delegates tells how he came out triumphantly when some members of his churches—he having charge of two—objected to the bicycle's use. "All right," said he, "buy me a horse and buggy and I'll give up the bicycle." After a consultation as to the cost of a horse and buggy and its keeping, they announced to him that they had given the matter earnest consideration, and found a bicycle full as holy as a horse and buggy. He still rides, and no one objects.

The State meet will be held in this city this year, and if anything is to be done about a track it is high time to commence. One member of the Minneapolis club offers to build the fence—not a small item—if ground for a track is secured. Long runs continue, and three of the Minneapolis Club rode to Farmington, Saturday evening, one of them making the distance, thirty-one miles, in 2h. 50m., best yet on that road by over half an hour. Three other members broke the road record from Excelsior yesterday, making twenty and a half miles in 1h. 40m., but the strong wind blowing at their backs must have greatly aided them.

The Winona Bicycle Club has elected W. D. Chandler, Captain; J. F. Masfield having resigned from that position.

Rainy weather to-day—Memorial Day—interferes with proposed runs, as wheelmen usually take advantage of the afternoons being a half-holiday.

A Columbia Lt. Roadster Tricycle and Tandem, have both made their appearance in the city, and are things of beauty. The steering with its link connection, is especially neat, and the mode of applying brakes both fore and aft. The whole machine looks immensely strong and up to any amount of work.

To-day I can speak with more reliability of the New Rapid's mounts, as yesterday, I put one through some thirteen miles work over roads of various sorts, and found it behaved admirably. I mounted at about three P.M., and went bowling down to Minnehaha over roads left muddy and rough by the morning's rain, and before a young cyclone that at times threatened to take rider, wheel and all, and land them in a heap at the roadside. Few wheelmen were out, as the prospects of facing such a wind back were not enticing. After viewing the fall—very beautiful at this time of the year, when a good deal of water is running over—two of us started back, taking a lower road, and at right angles, fortunately, to the wind, now at its height. Here the spade-handles and long cranks

came into full play, and for some five miles it was like climbing one steady grade. The wind blew so that one could lean against it as against a solid body, and with no let-up till I got where houses were thicker. It proved too much for the younger rider, who rode a machine not as easy to manage as my mount, and the last I saw of him he was about a mile in the rear, still pumping away. Well, I made as thorough a test of the wheel as one afternoon would allow of trying it in sand, across rough and rutty places, up-hill and down hill, with one fine coast—and have nothing but praise for it. There is an ease of running, and promptness in responding to every ounce of pressure that I have not yet noticed in other mounts I have tried. If this be advertising, why strike it out—but my experience may be of use to other riders not having a chance to test the '87 pattern.

Committees from the Mercury, Minneapolis, and Caledonian clubs have been appointed for some time to confer concerning a track, but they "make haste slowly," and I fear the coming season will find us trackless as ever.

Mr. Leland is riding again, nearly as well as ever, and the reported broken arm turns out to have been nothing but a severe sprain. He is lucky to get off as easily as that.

As the time for the tour approaches, wheelmen's thoughts eagerly turn in that direction, and those like myself, unable to attend, can only possess their souls in patience, putting in their little twelve hour's work per day, contented (?) with an occasional ride before breakfast or a Sunday morning run. Verily, virtue is its own reward, with a vengeance. This philosophic, not to say pessimistic view of things, is called forth by the sight of a procession of sixteen wheelmen sailing by the door, looking very cool and comfortable in their natty blue suits, while I am fated to work till too late for club runs. Needless to say I'm strongly in favor of the early-closing movement.

I was sorry this morning to notice in the advertising columns of a paper, that should be above admitting that sort of thing, a palpable fling at the machine "with the little wheel in front," presumably the Star. Although I don't ride a Star at present, and do not expect to change again in the natural course of events, yet my year's experience on that make of wheel has so many pleasant things about it to look back upon, that I retain a very kindly feeling toward the Star, and readily admit its many good points. Faulty as the first machines undoubtedly were, the makers deserve great credit for the plucky way they have expended time and money in perfecting the wheel, and giving wheelmen to-day a mount as far removed from the earlier patterns as any modern light roadster from the ancient bone-shaker. If the earlier makes had been equal to the present patterns, doubtless I should still be pumping away at a pair of levers, instead of progressing by rotating six-inch cranks.

How any man can let personal rancor and ill-feeling so far run away with him as to rush into print with the intention of getting even with manufacturers of a wheel he does not like, is beyond me to understand, but I may not be progressive enough for that.

A competitive maker that resorted to that style of advertising, would in the long run injure his own cause in the sight of fair-minded readers, and what is true of a corporation applies with equal force to an individual.

Let me give the devil his due, and for once speak favorably of the American Preparator's enterprise in clipping an account of the Clarksville Road Race, and getting it to this part of the country in advance of any competitors. It was the first extended account we had seen, though our little division did contain a considerably condensed summary of the order things went off in. I am moved to inquire where all the special St. Louis correspondents were? Did they visit the brewery once too often, or were the other duties of entertaining visitors too onerous to admit of taking notes? Rather than have an anxious world kept in suspense so long, and for a consideration, I would have sacrificed business and gone down and reported it myself. But this generous offer comes too late. Another year let us take warning, and be well provided. By the way, what has become of that small but promising child, the *Wheel News*? Did it die an early death, or have the duties of tour-master overpowered those of its editor? I had received two copies, and begun to eagerly look forward for its bi-weekly coming, but since those two I've looked in vain. Am I the only one forgotten, or one of a vast army of disappointed readers? Yours questioningly, L. B. G.

KENTUCKY KRONICLES.

A gentleman living in the suburbs, where high street-car rates prevail, says his wheel has saved its cost twice since he has been riding to business and he is worthy of belief, too.

The Safety cranks were all up at Hanauer's last week trying the new Victor Safety. They succeeded in banging it up considerably.

A reporter on the daily press of Cincinnati persists in alluding to wheelmen, everytime he writes up a prejudiced account of their numerous Kentucky difficulties with the the road hog, as the "fiends." The "fiends" will remember this reporter, and the paper he writes for, by declining to subscribe.

The pistol and the boycott seem to be the only things that a Kentucky milkman are afraid of. One is lawful and the other isn't. Both can be used. A word to the wise, etc.

Again the man from Kaintuck ambleth forth with a tale of blood and woe. This time it is a milkman of the aggressive sort who wishes to be the hero of a magistrate's court and the defendant in a civil suit for damages.

Last Saturday morning Mr. A. M. Watcher, of Covington, started for a trip down the old Lexington Pike with Mr. Chas. Croninger for a companion. All went well until the tourists got within half a mile of Erlanger, seven miles out, when a milkman named B. Drinkenber, who must for the nonce have changed his name to Drinkenbeer or Drinkenblood, came driving along the pike with a crowbait mare, dragging a wagon in which were planted some cans containing several gallons of chalk and water, to be dispensed in small doses to the suffering dyspeptics of Covington. Watcher and Croninger were on the right of the right hand wagon-track, and suspecting nothing, rode up to the rig, when the cowardly foreigner, therein seated, jerked his crowbait square over into the path of the wheelmen. There was a crash, a jump, and a horse was seen tangled up in the web-like spokes of a bicycle, while an irate wheelman danced around in anguish, and hunted for bricks and things to heave at the big drunkard in the wagon. He would have been soundly thrashed if he had not whipped up his horse and posted for town at a gallop. Mr. Watcher gathered up his wheel and carried it to the Southern Railway station at Erlanger, full half a mile, and deposited it in the baggage car, while Croninger bade him adieu and flew on towards Cynthiana.

Mr. Watcher returned to town, put his wheel in the hands of a repairer, and immediately proceeded to his lawyer's and had a warrant issued for the arrest of the dastard. Up to this writing Drinkenber had not been arrested, but the C. K. C. (Constable Kenton County) who has the warrant will have no doubt served it by Monday morning.

Watcher will prosecute Drinkenber to the last notch, as this thing is getting entirely too frequent.

Everyone says that Hand, the other coward, who pursues wheelmen with intent to demolish, was let off too easy the last time and so this man will not be dropped until he has been made to pay the penalty of a cowardly assault on an innocent passer-by.

It is time something was done in these matters. The League could show its usefulness very creditably here, but, though appealed to, nothing but long type written explanations of "how to proceed" have been received. The boys know how to proceed, but they want moral and substantial support from the parent body of wheelmen.

Nothing would make more members for the Kentucky Division right now than a successful civil damage suit against some of these hogs.

The same trouble is met with all over the State. The offending parties are assessed a small fine and that ends it. The broken wheels and spoiled clothes and ruined vacations and sore bones are still there.

The Kenton Wheel Club has retained Mr. W. McD. Shaw, a prominent young attorney of Covington, to prosecute this Drinkenber, and every effort will be made to stop the collisions now occurring almost daily.

Several members of the Kenton Wheel Club went down to Cynthiana last Saturday night, via the Kentucky Central Railway, and, the next day, took in Blue Lick Springs on their wheels in company with a number of Cynthiana boys, returning by rail Sunday night.

Some trouble was experienced in getting the baggage master to take the wheels aboard the train as the boys, one and all, forgot to bring along their League tickets.

Messrs. Hanauer, Willison, Parshall, and Ed. Croninger made up the party. NORR.

JONAH'S JERSEY JOTTINGS.

Now that Billy Chester and myself have put into execution our long cherished scheme and established the Manhattan Wheel Exchange at 49 Cortlandt Street, New York, for the sale of second hand cycles on commission, I suppose that you will expect that I will fill this column with "puffs" to the exclusion of legitimate cycling news. If you think so, you are dead wrong. I am a great believer in the efficacy of printer's ink and lots of it, but I believe in paying for it honestly, so that all I have to say to you on this subject, and I shall have a great deal, will be found in the advertising columns of THE WHEEL. Our friends have been very good to us, and our prospects for success are bright. We have an excellent location on a busy thoroughfare and plenty of room, as we have the whole second floor, embracing some 1,250 square feet. Our inquiries for wheels (thanks to advertising and our friends) have been numerous and all we want now are machines to supply them. And now if Brother Prial thinks that, under the false pretenses of denouncing free puffs, I have glaringly inserted one, he is welcome to mark this paragraph (*) and send me a bill for the space at our contract rates. And if I have got to pay for this I may as well add that we are also agent for the Humber and Sparkbrook bicycles, cripplers, and tandems and the Rover Safeties. [We will let this pass, Jonah. "First offence, yer know." Ed]

* *

In a postscript last week I told you of the completion of the preliminary arrangement for the tournament at Roseville on the Fourth of July in connection with the annual meet of the Jersey Division at Orange. The committee, of which Captain Porter of the Orange Wanderers is chairman, I understand, are hard at work. I have heard nothing of the programme, but with such men in charge everyone can rely on its being varied and comprehensive enough to suit all. The boys have been crying for a race meet and now that they are to have one let them bend their energies to making it a success. A good start off will be a big advertisement and will encourage the N. J. C. and A. A., and the clubs in this neighborhood to cater to the local craving for path honors.

As I was toiling up the long hill on the Irvington-Milburn road one day a tricycle coasted by me like the wind. In a little chair rigged in front, was strapped a youngster of three years. Parent and child seemed to be having a fine time and seemed oblivious of any possible danger. Speaking of strange "luggage" reminds me of Blake Bonnett's carryall tricycle. Now, Blake is a farmer, though his residence is in Elizabeth. A year or two ago the Elizabeth Wheelmen bought an old meteor sociable for the use of associate members. It was a clumsy heavy rattletrap, and soon ate its head off in repairs from the hard usage it received. Blake paid the balance on the bill and scooped it in. The boys waited. For several months a pair of farm "hayseeds" developed their calves by it enormously. Then it disappeared and the boys again waited. Next it became a single tricycle through Blake's tinkering. He uses it now for a produce cart between the farm and the house. The thing is festooned with baskets and tackle and to see Blake pound it along over the country road with a ton or so of produce aboard is a treat. I went down to the farm to see him one day. I rode Shanks' mare. When he started for home I started also in the old-fashioned way afoot. "Get in, Jonah," he said, "what's the use of walking when you can ride?" I looked at Blake, the big load of "sundries," and the "milk wagon," as we boys call it. I mounted the axle and held onto his shoulders. The distance to his house is a mile and a quarter and most of the road is bad. We arrived there in eight minutes, beating the best road time on record for this type of machine. There is undoubtedly, however, only one of the type.

I have a great deal to say about Blake in this column, I know. But he is a prominent figure in this locality. Once a rabid horseman, he was converted to cycling by a beating his son Louis gave his pet nag from Elizabeth to Orange. Now all the horses, save those required for farm use, have been sold. In his stable in their stead may now be seen a Humber crapper, a Royal Salvo sociable, a Victor three-track, the "milk wagon" trike, a Columbia Expert, and two special Stars, all but one of which are owned and ridden by the five riders in his family. He is an enthusiastic champion of the wheel as against the horse, and his earnest

"missionary work" has brought as many "converts" as any of the workers can boast of in Elizabeth.

That live little club, the Union County Wheelmen, have laid out a big programme for the Fourth. They will have a parade in Westfield in the morning, and will ride thence to the meet at Orange and the races at Roseville. At the latter they will decide their one-mile club championship, the prizes being a handsome medal for "keeps."

The Canadian tour of the Ilderans is exciting considerable interest in these parts. It will do much to enhance the reputation for enterprise already enjoyed by that club. Tommy Burnet and Al. Farrington, of the U. C. W., will probably be among the tourists.

The U. C. W. are preparing to furnish their club-house, now almost completed. By the way, they too have a "coming man" in Rhett, almost a novice. You may recollect my mentioning his juggling of 100 lb. dumb bells in speaking of the Elizabeth Athletic Club gymnastic exhibition some weeks ago. He is a powerfully made young man, weight, about one hundred and seventy, and height, say five feet ten inches. They say that the crack long distance runners of the club have failed to tire him or leave him behind in extended jaunts. He will probably be in the team next Fall.

In comparison with the elegant structures now completed and in course of erection for the big bicycle clubs of the country that of the Elizabeth Wheelmen, which was "warmed" on Tuesday night with appropriate exercises, is the veriest shanty. It has, however, a pretty little club room, and wheel locker, and wash rooms, and as the Elizabeth boys being poor very sensibly have no hankering after the earth, it will do very well until the sun of financial prosperity shines more brightly for them.

At eight o'clock every inch of space in the wheel and club rooms was occupied by pretty girls and enthusiastic wheelmen, staid mamas and dignified heads of families, ministers, lawyers, and doctors, even these, among whom even not a few devotees of the cycle. Many pictures in the club room and flags in the wheel room made sufficient decoration.

President Clapp welcomed the guests gracefully and with not a little oratorical success. Then the Amphion Instrumental Society's quartette served up a little symphony, or something or other, of Beethoven, after which the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, a local tricyclist, was introduced.

The reverend gentlemen told some of his cycling experiences, praised the wheel as an agent for moral and physical good, and described some of the delights of his trip with the clerical wheelmen last season.

After the Schubert Vocal Quartette had emitted some very choice melody, Around-the-World Stevens was introduced. He received a rousing welcome, and it was some minutes before he was allowed to proceed. I never heard Tom lecture, but if he can speak half as well from the platform, or create half the enthusiasm and laughter he did by his impromptu remarks, we can forgive the delivery, of which the hypercritics complain. His hits were brimful of wit, and were thoroughly enjoyed, even though many of them were at the expense of Jersey in general and Elizabeth in particular. His modesty and good taste impressed all, and if the sale of fifty copies of "Around the World on a Bicycle" does not reward him for the entertainment he gave, then his hearers have no gratitude in their hearts.

Chief Consul Cooley had something to say about the league in N. J., its size and work, and a few remarks about Ex-Chief Consul Brown's experiences with the St. Louis ladies, to the latter gentleman's great confusion. Later on, however, he recovered sufficiently to fire back a little and, incidentally, to speak of the boundless hospitality of St. Louis wheelmen.

After a beautiful flag, with the L. A. W. emblem and of the club colors, the gift and workmanship of Mrs. D. B. Bonnett, a very active member, had been gracefully presented and accepted, refreshments were served, and for an hour the guests lingered, while the boys got in their fine missionary work for the League, the club, and themselves.

Brunner, Moore, Pierson, Irving, Farrington and Burnet are the entries so far for the U. C. W. mile championship race at Roseville on the Fourth. The boys think that Pierson will win, with Burnet or Moore second, though Brunner is a dark horse.

JONAH.

THEY DID IT.

BROOKLYN TO PATCHOGUE AND RETURN ON A TANDEM.

Every member of the Ilderan Bicycle Club who asked Treasurer Miller what his plans were for Saturday afternoon, the 11th inst., looked incredulous, then smiled, as he cheerfully responded, "Going to 'float' to Patchogue, my dear boy, on the tandem." Some even boldly asserted that he was crazy and hinted at the delightful attractions which Hempstead offered for a night's sojourn. Having asked Lieutenant Hall, otherwise "Eddie," to be his companion in misery, the plucky adventurers were pleased to find six of their club mates, at one-thirty P. M., ready to make the journey with them. As they left the club-house we saw disappeared from view our "Royal Crescent" mounted heroes W. F. Miller and E. L. Hall, Captain W. J. Savoye, H. C. Mettler, J. W. Schoefer, J. F. Borland, N. Rogers and J. L. Warren. The scheduled gait of eight miles per hour brought them to Hempstead via the Eastern Boulevard, Jamaica Plank Road, and Hempstead Pike by half-past four o'clock. This portion of the trip was disastrous to the last named member, who broke the backbone of his wheel close to the head, while passing through East New York. Fortunately he could make a quick train connection to Brooklyn, which he took advantage of, and hiring a wheel, rejoined the party at Hempstead. At the latter point the vexed question arose as to the best route to the South Shore road. Yielding to the advice of one who had "gone over it before," (on a bicycle) the Merrick route was chosen. Hempstead, four-thirty!! Babylon, eight-thirty!! What language more eloquent? What words more vivid to picture the true force of the terrific struggle—a struggle alike with sand holes and empty stomachs. We have heard of racing men "eating" the track beneath their shimmering wheels, but when a struggling, panting pair of tourists would fain dismount and feast upon the beds of sand that endless seemed, then can we picture the nine o'clock dinner scene at the Babylon Hotel.

Remembering the doubting ones at home, probably at that moment discussing their fate in the comfortable club parlors, they started at 9:30 to pierce the nineteen miles of darkness between them and their destination. The quiet of the night was only broken by the shout of warning as the leader "bumped" over protruding roots, dodged unwelcome branches or struggled with the occasional patches of sand. Sunday morning was upon them before they climbed "Purgatory" Hill, and aroused the old gentleman after whom Roe's Hotel assumes its name, Patchogue, at last—but must they not apologize to their host for the untimely arrival. The neat little speech of explanation with which one of the party had loaded himself and was on the point of firing, was cut short by an unintelligible remark from the object of their solicitation. Although but a word of four letters it required the deepest research on the part of the Professor to trace its origin, but he informed the rest of the party the next day that it was, equivalent to the modern expression, "Nonsense!"

Thus ended the great trip of the day, and as far as could be learned the only record of a tandem having been ridden from Brooklyn to Patchogue. The return trip on Sunday, started at ten o'clock A. M. and ended at the Club House on Lincoln Place at eleven P. M. The northern route, i. e., via Jericho, was chosen, and was found better adapted for tricycle work. Many of the members awaited their arrival and heartily congratulated them on the successful termination of their determined ride. To some of the readers of THE WHEEL this brief summary of a one hundred and twenty-five miles journey may seem disjointed and lacking in detail, and to them we can only explain that the vast majority of the Long Island roads, though miserable in themselves, are bounded by narrow side paths splendidly adapted to bicycle riding. It therefore becomes simply a matter of hard work to push a tricycle over them, which accounts for the few records we have of such trips. Let not the description of this trip deter the bicyclist from a ride over the rolling Jericho Pike or the magnificent side paths of the South Shore Road, but lest some adventurous spirits should attempt the ride *a la tandem*, let me sound a note of warning by

quoting from our friend E. L. Hall: "if somebody were to lay a two hundred dollar bill before me I wouldn't do that again."

The Ilderan's Canadian tour is an assured success, and those who embrace the opportunity hereafter will simply serve to make a larger and jollier party. Manager Calkins has shown me a draft of his time card. It is in the shape of a pocket edition, and besides a complete synopsis of each day's work, will contain a map of the section travelled through and a full list of the tourists. It will also serve as a pleasing souvenir.

We hear on every side comments upon the large amount of tricycling indulged in by the women of Brooklyn in comparison with previous years. For the existence of this decidedly healthful sentiment we are truly indebted to the veteran wheelman, Charles Schwalback. His business enterprise has placed within the reach of Brooklyn's citizen the pleasures and advantages of this sport by having in stock for rental both single tricycles and tandems of the latest styles. That this is a boon to many who cannot afford the outlay necessary to buy one of these machines, is seen by a visit to his place on any pleasant Saturday afternoon or Sunday.

Harry Hall, they all call him that, is pushing with his accustomed enterprise the Spring Race Meet of the Kings County Wheelmen. The list of events is advertised elsewhere, but so famous have the recurring meets of this club become that one scarcely scans the list unless personally interested, knowing that anything under the auspices of the K. C. W. means success in the fullest sense of the word. The development of several "dark horses" is looked for on this occasion. The wheeling interests of Brooklyn demand that we should all attend. ALERT.

NEW YORK STATE DIVISION MEET.

The officers of this Division met in this city on Wednesday evening, June 15. The meeting lasted from 8:30 to 12 o'clock; much business was accomplished, an earnest spurt to advance and elevate cycling was evinced, and altogether the meeting may be considered the most important yet held.

Members present, Messrs. Bidwell, C. C., Austin, Secretary-Treasurers, De Graaf, Beckwith, Barkman, Greenman, Adams, Share, Reynolds, Adriance, Luscomb, Bingham, Egan and Schriver. Committees appointed by C. C.—Rules and Regulations: Luscomb, Clapp and Butler. Rights and Privileges: Potter, Share and Jones, Tanning, Barkman, Bull and DeGraaf. Finance and Auditing: Gulick, Loucks and Adriance.

The Roads and Improvements Committee did not report. The Rules and Regulations Committee, per Mr. Luscomb, reported a proposed amendment to the By-Laws, and on motion it was decided that a special committee be created to be present at the Court of the annual and decide which ballots shall be accepted and which rejected.

The State Camp Committee, per Mr. Bidwell, reported at length; all of which went to prove that a genuine camp was impossible, unless both camp and caterer were brought from New York, and in this case the Division would have to guarantee up to \$1,200. The members felt that the Division was in no condition to even risk the loss of so much money, and the matter of a camp was dropped, for this year. As a substitute, it was decided to hold the annual Fall meeting at some watering place, to extend over two or three days. The following committee was appointed: Messrs. Egan, Greenman and Reynolds. It is probable that the Meet will be held at the Cooper House, Cooperstown, N. Y., early in September.

The action of the C. C. in making an attempt through the legislature to open the Park and obtain legal recognition for wheelmen upon public highways was endorsed, and all expenses connected with the R. and P. bill were ordered to be paid.

The R. and P. committee were instructed to "look into" the ordinance just passed by the Board of Aldermen, compelling wheelmen to carry lamp and bell after dark.

It was decided, in view of the unusual expenses incurred by the Rights and Privileges bill and the publication of the road book, that the C. C. be empowered to issue a call for voluntary subscriptions. The meeting then adjourned.

CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.

The sixtieth monthly meeting will be held at the club-house, on Monday evening, June 20, at eight o'clock. Applications for active membership have been received from Messrs. Aquilla B. Rich, 106 and 108 Fulton street, N. Y., proposed by Elliott Mason; seconded by N. M. Beckwith, and Brooks H. Wells, M. D., 72 West 45th street, proposed by Elliott Mason; seconded by Thos. C. Smith.

A handsome prize billiard cue will be presented to Mr. Charles F. Terhune, the winner of the Club Pool Championship.

Five years ago, on the first day of this "leafy month of June" and roses, the Citizens Bicycle Club was organized by thirteen enthusiastic wheelmen, who builded better than they knew. At the close of the meeting to be held on the 20th inst., the occasion of this fifth anniversary of our birthday, will be appropriately celebrated by a combination "Smoker" and Strawberry Festival.

The number thirteen seems to be peculiarly associated with the "Citizens Bicycle Club," which contains thirteen letters. The thirteen charter members met to organize at No. 7 West 42d street, (7×4×2=13). The first club-house built was 313 West 58th street, (5×8=13), and our present quarters in West Sixtieth street, (No. 26), are a double thirteen and the house contains thirteen rooms, has thirteen windows in the rear, and had thirteen in the front till one in the basement was altered into a door-way. The total of members of all classes who had been elected by the club, up to the date of last meeting, was one hundred and sixty-nine (13×13), and the present membership of one hundred and thirty is composed of twenty-six (2×13) non-resident, and one hundred and four (8×13) active members, who entrust the management of affairs to thirteen officers.

KNIGHT L. CLAPP, Secretary.

THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES BILL.

HEARING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR.

About seventy-five wheelmen crowded the executive chamber at Albany, on Tuesday afternoon, to listen to the arguments for and against the Rights and Privileges bill. There were few very young wheelmen, and as a body, they must have impressed the Governor favorably. Between fifteen and twenty of the wheelmen present were from New York City. The hearing was set for four, but it did not commence till five, and lasted till after six o'clock.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Scott opened fire on the bill by saying that while affecting all the roads, highways and public thoroughfares in the State its main object was to deprive the Park Commissioners of New York of power to regulate the use of bicycles and tricycles in Central Park. It would compel them to admit bicycles in the Park just as carriages are admitted, and would be a serious attack upon the power of local officials. Mr. Scott, in a facetious strain, spoke of the danger an inexperienced wheelman would create in a crowded Park drive. The safety of other patrons of the Park demanded, he said, that the use of bicycles be regulated, and it was wrong to take away from the Commissioners all power to do so. The bill was crudely drawn. Under it no restraint could be put upon the use of junk carts, wheelbarrows and baby carriages, even in the streets.

"Can't baby carriages go in the street now?" asked the bachelor Governor in surprise.

"It is very doubtful," replied Mr. Scott, with a smile.

Park Commissioner Crimmins objected to the bill in a moderate way. He said the Board had given wheelmen extra privileges, and was willing to oblige them in every way consistent with public safety, but he did not propose that it should be made compulsory to do so without protest. Mr. Crimmins presented a petition against the bill containing the signatures of over 7,000 prominent citizens of New York. Among the signers were Chauncey M. Depew, Roscoe Conkling, August Belmont, Leonard Jerome, Lawrence Jerome, Addison Cammack, D. F. Appleton, Cornelius N. Bliss, Sidney Dillon, B. H. Bristow, Jordan L. Mott and D. B. St. John Roosa.

BACKING THE BILL.

Mr. J. B. Potter of New York, denied that the main object of the bill was to capture Central Park. It was to protect cyclists from the insults and assaults of brutal drivers, who often force them to the gutter and often strike them with their whips. Under the present law the wheelmen have no redress. The bicycle has no right on a public

thoroughfare, there having been passed years ago a statute forbidding the use of velocipedes on public thoroughfares. The present bill says that bicycles and tricycles shall be regarded as vehicles, and gives their riders the same rights and privileges and no more than are enjoyed by men sitting in vehicles drawn by horses. This act of justice was demanded by a hundred thousand young men. No accident had ever occurred through a bicycle in Central Park nor on Fifth avenue, where they are used a great deal. The commissioners of many other cities did not object to their free use in the parks.

"But the Central Park Commissioners have the right to keep out grocery carts and four-in-hands," said the Governor. "The simple question is, would you deprive them of that right?"

"Yes," was the answer, "if the people through its Legislature said it should be done."

THE PARK IS FOR ALL.

Mr. Charles D. Pratt, of Boston, also made an eloquent plea for the bill. Both he and Mr. C. N. Luscomb, of Brooklyn, laid great stress on the point that the park is paid for by the people and is not for the sole enjoyment of the rich or of those who can afford to ride in carriages.

Senator Parker, of Albany, presented a petition for the bill signed by thirty thousand citizens. Then Deputy Secretary of State Willers protested in the name of the patrons of husbandry of Seneca county and the hearing was closed.

The Governor readily conceded that bicycles were pleasures. The question at issue, it appeared to him, was whether he should deprive the Park Commissioners of their rights to make such laws as they saw fit, to govern the parks they controlled. Mr. Crimmins admitted that not one accident had been credited to the wheelmen since they had obtained entrance to the West Drive and Riverside. The arguments of the wheelmen were conclusive, and the opponents of the bill had little to offer in rebuttal. The Governor asked both sides to submit their arguments in writing, and promised a decision in a few days. It is simply impossible to say at this writing whether the bill will be signed or not.

RHODES IN FIRST.

WINNER OF THE HUNDRED-MILE BICYCLE ROAD-RACE AT CRAWFORDSVILLE.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald]
CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., June 13, 1887.—The contestants in the one hundred-mile road-race for the world's championship came to scratch at 9:47 A. M. They were W. A. Rhodes of Boston, H. G. Crocker of Newtown, Mass., and S. P. Hollingsworth of Russiaville, Ind. They started on the North fork, or new Richmond road, to the turning point, twenty-five miles out. They returned to the start at 1:21:55, completing the first fifty miles in 3h. 34m. They were all practically together, and riding easily. The last fifty miles were run over the Potatoe Creek road, which is much better than the first part. Rhodes finished in 6h. 57m., riding in good form. Crocker was sunstruck on the last quarter, and he and Hollingsworth were delayed, in consequence, not finishing till 5:39. Time—7h. 51m.

The fifty-mile race had a close and exciting finish, Crocker coming in first. Time, 3h. 34m. 55s. Rhodes was two seconds later, and Hollingsworth's time was 3h. 35s.

FIXTURES.

June 13—Hagerstown Bicycle Club Meet. E. J. McKee, Lock Box 215.
June 17-19—Vermont Division Meet, Montpelier, Vt.
June 20-21—Maryland Division Meet, Baltimore Race Meet. R. M. Lockwood, 408 Second street.
June 25—Kings County Wheelmen's Race Meet. W. I. Amerman, 159 Clymer street.
June 27-July 2—Annual Fair, Minnesota Division. C. H. Porter, Winona.
July 1-2—Canadian Wheelmen's Association Meet. Brantford, Ont.
July 2, 3, 4—Annual Tour, Illinois Division.
July 4—New Hampshire Division Meet, at Manchester, N. H.
July 4—Race Meet, Queens, L. I.
July 4—Lynn B. C. Race Meet.
July 4—Pennsylvania Division, Annual Meeting.
July 4—Brookline, Mass., Meet. E. W. Baker.
July 8-13—Indiana Division Meet.
July 9-22—Ilderan B. C. Canadian Tour. H. C. Mettler, 71 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn.
July 12-13—Terre Haute, Ind., Race Meet. Anton Hulman, Secretary.
July 17—Two Weeks' Canadian Tour. Start from Boston. F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me.
July 26-28—Ohio Division Meet. Mansfield, Marion, and Springfield.

Lawn Tennis.

TENNIS NOTES.

The tennis branch of the Philadelphia Club, will hold a tournament about the middle of June.

The Passaic and Montclair Lawn Tennis Club played an interclub match at Montclair, N. J., on June 11.

The Meadow Tennis Club, of Southampton, L. I., will hold an open tournament on July 26. The classes will consist of singles, doubles, and ladies' and gentlemen's doubles.

The new grounds of the Brooklyn Heights Lawn Tennis Club, at State and Smith streets, will be finished this week. Their first open tournament will be played on the 25th inst.

The Iriquois Lawn Tennis Club of Elizabeth, N. J., have grounds at Madison avenue and Julia street. The club has elected the following officers; President, E. Weeks; Secretary, E. Olmstead; Treasurer, P. Stillman.

The first regular tournament of the Prospect Park Lawn Tennis Association will be commenced on the 15th inst. The opening day will be next Wednesday, on the Long Meadow. There are now over eighty clubs in the association.

The Portland (Me.) Tennis Club have elected the following officers: President, Canon Sills; vice-president, Miss Prindle; secretary and treasurer, Herbert Payson; ground committee, Wentworth Kenney, Philip Hunt, Arthur Gould.

The principal entries for the United States National Lawn Tennis Tournament at Orange, in September next, will be Mr. Dwight and Mr. R. D. Sears. The other pairs are said to include Messrs. Beekman and Bumby, and Messrs. Taylor and Slocum.

A tournament will be held this season in which all the lawn tennis clubs in Essex County, New Jersey, will take part. Each club will be required to subscribe liberally for a handsome silver trophy. This to become the property of the winner of three tournaments, not necessarily consecutive.

The tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club is to be held at Toronto, July 26. A fund has been raised by the club with which to buy a cup to be the emblem of the championship of Canada, the winner of the trophy three years in succession to be entitled to complete ownership of it.

The Morristown, N. J., Lawn Tennis Club has elected the following officers: President, Dr. P. C. Barker; Vice-president, Mr. L. B. Walker; Secretary, Mr. W. Gedney Beatty; Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Vernon; Executive Committee, Messrs. Henry Shaw, Jr., Mr. R. M. Dalrymple and Mr. C. M. Dalrymple and the officers.

The Westchester Lawn Tennis Club will hold its tournament this month, when the Waterbury Cup will again be offered for competition. The cup is now held by Mr. Howard A. Taylor. The officers of the club are: President, Mr. W. H. Sands; Vice-president, Mr. R. L. Beekman, and Treasurer and Secretary, Mr. A. Wardner Harrington.

The Longwood Players, R. D. Sears and Fred Mansfield, resumed their practice competitions last week, Mr. Sears conceding fifteen. On Monday, Mr. Mansfield won, four sets to love; Tuesday they did not play; Wednesday Mr. Mansfield won, 3-1; Tuesday they stood set and set when play closed; Friday Sears beat Mansfield two sets to 1.

Woods, of the Somerville Tennis Club and Carter, of the Wedgemere Club having tied, May 30, in the singles for the first prize, a silver cup and the championship of the Middlesex County League, met June 4th on the Winchester grounds to settle the question of supremacy. They played until it was too dark to see the ball, and the result was four sets all. It will be finished Monday.

The increase of lawn tennis in Brooklyn is more remarkable than anywhere else. Where two years ago there were but a hundred players, now there are ten times that number and they seem to increase in like proportion every day. There have not been many players of especial merit developed as yet and perhaps Mr. Slocum stands at the head

of the tree in the City of Churches, but time will mend this and we will doubtless see some star of great magnitude appear.

The Scarsdale Lawn Tennis Club, at its annual election selected the following officers: President, Mr. A. M. Butler; Secretary, Mr. James Bleecker, Jr., and Treasurer, Mr. Thomas F. Burgess. It has been decided to have the club incorporated, and seven members have been appointed to act as trustees. The club has leased for five years a large piece of ground, and is having a number of courts laid out. The number of members has been increased and the club promises to have a most successful year. The formal opening was on Decoration Day.

The opening day of the Marine and Field Club at Bath Beach, L. I., was well attended. The single produced some fine play. G. Notman, of the Brooklyn Heights Club, managed to win the singles, while the doubles were won by the same gentleman and Mr. Campbell, who defeated C. Post and S. Battershall in the finals 6-5 and 6-2. The contest for the singles was a close call, as Notman won the first set 6-4, Raymond won the second 6-4, but Notman came again and won the third 6-5, Raymond won the fourth 6-5, and the final and last was won by Notman, 6-4, after some very pretty play. The tournament was a very decided success.

The opening of the Rye Tennis Club took place on Tuesday last with a flourish of trumpets, and the hoisting of the old gold and red pennant at the flag-pole showed that the season of 1887 had opened. The grounds are close to the railway depot and contain eight good courts. The stop nets of a new pattern and are expected to meet the demand very cleverly. The annual election of this club resulted in Jos. Stewart being elected to fill the presidency; Charles P. Cowles, vice-president; secretary, Howard B. Davis; treasurer, William Mathews; managers, Herbert A. Sherman, Frank H. Virgin and George H. Sackett.

The finals in ladies' and gentlemen's singles for the club championship of the Passaic Lawn Tennis Club that were not finished at the opening of the tournament were played off last Friday. In the final sets, gentlemen's singles, between Mr. F. A. Marcellus and Mr. C. F. Terhune, for the cup, the best tennis was played that has ever been seen on the grounds of the club. It resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-0. Mr. Marcellus therefore holds the championship he won last year.

In the ladies' singles a close and interesting struggle was witnessed between Miss Sengstack and Miss A. N. King for the ladies' championship, which was won by the former by a score of 2-6, 9-7, 1-6, 6-1, 6-2.

TENNIS AT NEW HAVEN.

THE NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The tournament for the New England championship, under the auspices of the New Haven Club, opened on Monday.

Playing began promptly at three. It was learned that Brinley was suffering from a sunstroke which will probably incapacitate him from playing for some time to come. This was greatly regretted, as at the last tournament he was a formidable opponent.

The first game in the singles was Luddington against Kellogg and was 4-6, 6-4, 6-3; Pratt against Beach, 6-2, 6-3; Slocum against Hurd, 6-4, 6-3; Thacher against Jenks, 6-0, 6-3; F. Beach against Hall, 6-5, 6-3.

The following players did not put in an appearance; Ball against Paddock, Harmer against Brinley, Notman against Gill. The following players are down for doubles Tuesday: Brinley and Paddock against Hurd and Luddington, Thacher and F. Beach against Porter and Thomas, Sears and Slocum against Kellogg and Gardner, Sherman and Williams against R. Beach and Pratt.

SECOND DAY.

The second day was largely attended. The day was very warm, but the players did their best and several surprises occurred. It was supposed that Sears and Slocum were almost invincible, but they were defeated in the doubles by F. G. Beach of this city, and Thacher, of Yale, '87. The following is the score of singles as played this morning: Slocum defeats F. G. Beach, 6-1, 6-4. Thacher beats Notman, 6-4, 6-2. Luddington, '87, Yale, beats Harmer, '87, Yale, 5-6, 6-4, 6-1.

The first round or the doubles resulted as fol-

lows:—Sears and Slocum vs. Thomas and Porter, 6-0, 6-0. This was a very one-sided game and the result was expected. Then Merriman and Jenks, both of Waterbury, defeated Gardiner and Kellogg by a score of 6-4, 6-4. The great surprise of the day was the third game. Phelps and R. V. Beach, two unpretending players of this city, beat Valentine B. Hall, of the New York Far and Near Club, and Notman, of the St. George Club, of New York, as follows:—6-5, 4-6, 6-2.

In the afternoon there was another surprise, when F. G. Beach, of this city, and Thacher, of Yale, '87, beat Sears and Slocum. It was thought that the latter would make short work of their opponents, but when the score showed that the two New Haveners had beaten them 6-4 6-4, there was much applause.

In the singles Slocum beat Ball by a score of 6-3, 6-2. Thacher, Yale, '87, beat Luddington, Yale, '87, by a score of 6-2, 6-2.

A feature of the afternoon playing was an exhibition game between Professor Ripley, of Yale, and R. D. Sears, the champion. The former beat his opponent by very close figures, the score being 6-5, 6-5, 6-4.

GOOD PLAY IN THE NEW YORK CLUB'S OPENING TOURNAMENT.

The picturesquely situated grounds of the New York Tennis Club, on Washington Heights at 147th street, were the scene of a large gathering June 4th, in the afternoon, when the club gave its opening tournament of the season.

The double team played as follows for two pair of fine pink enamel studs:—C. Hobart and W. N. Whitman against R. R. Hunting and R. B. Rugles, the former winning, score 6-0 and 6-4. E. P. MacMullen and W. D. Hobart against F. D. Scott and F. Griffen, the former winning, score 6-2, 6-3. The last bout, played by winners of the first contained five sets. C. Hobart and W. N. Whitman were the winners, score 5-6, 6-2, 6-1, 3-6, and 6-2.

The doubles for ladies and gentlemen were played by Mrs. Johnson and F. A. Hopkins against Miss Hobart and W. N. Whitman. The latter won, with a score of 6-3, 5-6 and 6-3. Then they played Miss I. Hobart and J. F. Hobart, and won again, with a score of 2-6, 6-2 and 6-4. The prizes were two silver-mounted riding whips.

The singles were not completed. The final round will be played next Saturday afternoon. The game so far stands:—E. R. MacMullen won against R. N. Kenyon, score, 6-3, 6-1; J. F. Hobart won against F. A. Hopkins, score, 4-6, 6-0, and 6-0; R. R. Hunting won against E. P. Whitman, score, 6-4, 6-3; C. Hobart won against I. F. Floyd, score, 6-0, 6-1; C. Hobart against R. R. Hunting, score, 6-1, 6-2. Mr. Hobart and Mr. MacMullen will play the final heat.

TENNIS AT ELIZABETH, N. J.

The first tournament of the Elizabeth Lawn Tennis Club was held on June 4, their grounds on North Broad Street. The singles began punctually at ten A. M., and the contest was one of the closest ever witnessed in this city. Owing to the lack of time and close playing it was impossible to finish the singles, and they will be played off at an early date.

At three P. M. the doubles were called. These games were looked forward to as the great events of the day. The grounds were crowded, and the players were enlivened by the strains of an orchestra.

Club tournament of E. L. T. C. eleven entries.

FIRST TRIAL.

Glazebrook, } 6-0, 6-1	S. W. Smith, } 6-5, 6-4.
R. Helfensen, }	E. Smith, }
Elliott, } 6-0, 6-4	J. Green, } 6-3, 6-1
Wm. Day, }	Morris, }
Brandagee, } 6-1, 6-5	J. Ranney, drew a
Cook, }	bye.

SECOND TRIAL.

S. W. Smith, } 6-2, 6-2	Elliott, } 6-2, 6-2
Brandagee, }	Ranney, }
Glazebrook, } 6-4	
J. Green, }	6-1, 6-2.

THIRD TRIAL.

Elliott, } 6-4	6-3
S. W. Smith, }	6-5.
	J. Green drew a bye.

Not having time to finish the contest for the first, second and third prizes in singles it was postponed until some future day.

DOUBLES—FIRST TRIAL.

W. Smith and Glazebrook, }	6-1, 6-1
W. Seaman and Gaston, }	

Elliott and E. Smith, } 6-1.6-0.
 Cook and R. Green, }
 R. Helfenstein and G. Thomas }
 J. Green and Brandagee, } 6-4.6-4
 J. Ranney and R. Thomas drew bye.

SECOND TRIAL.

Glazebrook and W. Smith, } 6 4.6-4
 J. Ranney and R. Thomas, }
 Elliott and E. Smith, } 6-2 6-5
 J. Green and Brandagee, } 6.4

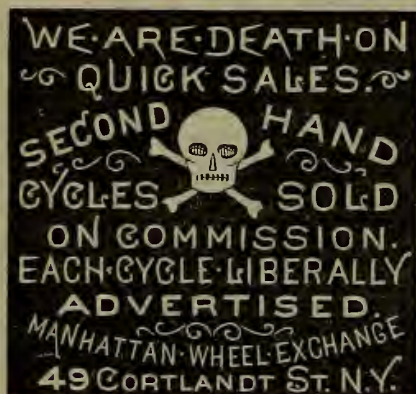
FINAL TRIAL.

Glazebrook and W. Smith, } 6-5.6-1
 C. Elliott and E. Smith, } 6-1

Don't be Alarmed!

WETMORE & CHESTER

have peaceful intentions and this cut only means that:



NEW YORK AGENTS FOR THE

**HUMBER LIGHT ROADSTER,
 HUMBER CRIPPER,
 HUMBER TANDEM,
 HUMBER TANDEM CRIPPER,
 SPARKBROOK BICYCLE,
 SPARKBROOK TRICYCLE,
 SPARKBROOK HUMBER TANDEM,
 ROVER SAFETY, Nos. 1 and 2.**

We have a large salesroom on a busy thoroughfare and advertise liberally, thus ensuring the quickest possible sales.

To buyers we offer a large stock at the lowest cash prices, as we urge sellers to make their figures low and do not attempt to make more than our mere commission.

Our demands for second-hand machines of all makes and sizes are now far greater than we can supply.

OUR RULES.

No machine placed on our list unless it is in our hands. Life is too short and the world too wicked to do business otherwise.

Our charge is ten per cent. commission, which is not to exceed \$10 nor be less than \$5.

A receipt is given for each machine, and we are responsible in case of loss for the net price charged. Our stock is fully insured.

Each machine is advertised in full in our descriptive list in THE WHEEL free of cost.

Our customers are not bound to leave their machines with us any longer than they may care, and can remove them by paying freight and other expenses.

In shipping to us freight must be prepaid. We are not responsible for breakage in transit.

Our terms to sellers are strictly cash. Charge for crating, \$2.

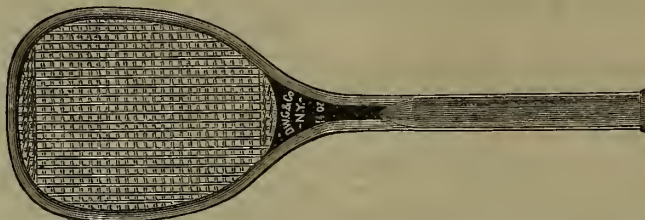
OUR LIST, June 15, 1887.

No. 1.—52-in. Am. Sans. Balls all around. Nickel, enam. spokes and rims. L'bridge saddle. Prime cond. Price \$67.

No. 2.—56-in. Harv. Polished. Plain bearings. Price \$45.

The best RACKET made is the "ASSOCIATION."

It is the most perfect in shape; it has the best stringing and is the finest in finish. Every one warranted. Price \$5.50.



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Send stamp for Catalogue, containing "an account of the game at Tennis," as played one hundred years ago

YOU KNOW!!!

THAT THE

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN

WILL HOLD THEIR

Sixth Annual Race Meeting

JUNE 25th, 1887,

AT THE GROUNDS OF THE B. A. A.

LIST OF EVENTS.

L. A. W. RULES TO GOVERN.

1. One (1) Mile Club Novice.
2. One (1) Mile Ilderan Bicycle Club Championship.
3. One (1) Mile Calumet Cycling Club Championship.
4. One (1) Mile Novice.
5. One (1) Mile Handicap, open.
6. Two (2) Miles Handicap, open.
7. Five (5) Miles L. A. W., N. Y. State Championship.
8. One and Four-fifths (1 4/5) Miles Relay Race, Teams of three men; each man to ride three laps.
9. Half (1/2) Mile Boys' Race. Open to boys of fifteen years or under.
10. One (1) Mile Ride and Run.
11. One (1) Mile Consolation.

IMPORTANT.—Entrance fee for Relay Race, \$3.00 per team (each team to consist of three men and two substitutes); for all other events 50 cents each. No entry received unaccompanied by fee. Entries close June 18, 1887, with

H. J. HALL, JR.,

159 CLYMER STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Valuable Prizes will be given the winners in each event, and will include Medals, Chronographs, Smokers' Sets, Tables, Lanterns, Parlor Lamps, Jewelry, etc., etc., etc.

No. 3.—50-in. Harv. Latest pattern. Ball wheels, plain pedals. Nickel, except rims. Good cond Price \$80.

No. 4.—52 in. Club. Nickel, except rims. Excelsior cycl. Fair cond. Price \$56.

No. 5.—53-in. Rudge L. R., '86. Balls all over. Nickel, except rims. Lakin cycl. Bt. last Aug. Prime cond. Bargain. Price \$100.

No. 6.—52-in. St. Col. Nickel except rims. K. of R. lamp. bell. Good cond. Price \$56.

No. 7.—Cunard con. tandem, with all the extras. Not ridden two weeks. Price \$200.

No. 8.—Cunard con. tandem new. Cost \$270. Price \$240.

No. 9.—52-in Exp. Col., balls all over. Wonder saddle, full nickel. Prime cond. Price \$95.

No. 10.—52-in. Am. Club, nickel, with enam. spokes and rims. Fair cond. \$70.

No. 11.—Quadrant Con. Tandem, No. 11. Balls all over. Not ridden 300 miles, bell, lamp. Price \$220.

No. 12.—54-in. Club, '86. Enam. with nickel trimmings. Balls all over. Prime cond. Price \$105.

No. 13.—52-in. Spalding, brand new. Balls all over. Price \$120.

No. 14.—52-in. Club. Fine nichel, ball wheels. Good cond. Price \$85.

No. 15.—54-in. Enam. Premier. Good cond. Price \$68.

No. 19.—52-in. St. Col., full nickel. Balls front wheel. Good cond. Price \$68.

No. 17.—54-in. G. & J. Challenge, plain bearings. Butcher spoke cycl., lamp. Price \$50.

No. 18.—54-in. Rudge L. R., '86. Enam. balls all over. Good cond. Price \$100.

For convenience of patrons, we are open from 8:40 A. M. to 6:15 P. M., half holidays included.

Saich, the best repairer in the country, does our work for us at his factory. Machines left with us will be sent him.

We have a fine lot of Second-Hand Wheels

MANY FULLY EQUAL TO NEW AT LOW PRICES.

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FOR NEW RAPIDS, NEW MAILS, QUADRANTS, SPARKBROOKS, STARS, VICTORS, OR ANY OTHER MAKE.

We are Sole Agents for New York of the New Rapids, Quadrants and Sparkbrooks.

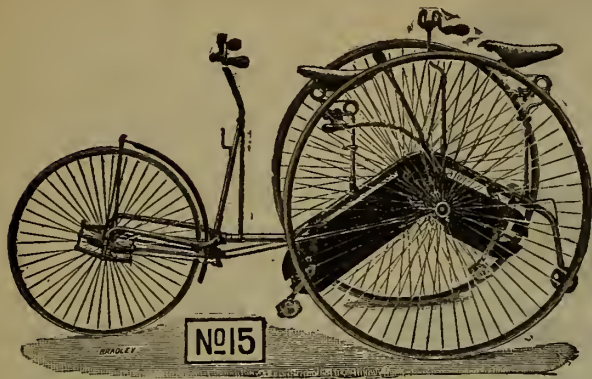
NEW YORK BICYCLE CO.,

HARLEM BRANCH—NOW OPEN

124th Street & 7th Avenue.

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RENTING, REPAIRING, STORING.



YOU CAN'T GET ONE UNLESS YOU CALL SOON!

As they are nearly all gone. Our special sale has almost cleaned out our stock. Wheelmen appreciate a good thing when they see it. We refer to the **SPALDING BICYCLE**, the special sale of which we advertised March 1st, making a great reduction in the price. We have only a few left, a full list and prices of which we give below:

1—50 inch Enamel, with Nickel Trimmings	-	-	-	-	-	-
2—52 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
3—54 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—56 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
2—58 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—60 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—52 inch Full Nickel Plated	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—54 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—56 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-
1—58 " " " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-

All Sizes \$100.00.

All Sizes \$115.00.



The SPALDING is a full ball bearing Wheel, Warwick hollow rims, hollow handle bars, and is one of the Finest Road Wheels made. You can't save $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. any easier than by purchasing a SPALDING.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
241 Broadway, New York City.

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN PLAYERS.

Mr. C. E. Farrer, a well-known English tennis player, arrived in this city a few days ago, and was an onlooker at the games in progress on the Longwood grounds Friday. He has not had a great deal of practice of late, and is not in the best of form. It was thought some days ago that when he reached here he would meet Champion Sears in singles on the Longwood courts, but in consequence of his present poor form he will not risk his reputation as a player against Mr. Sears' ability. Mr. S. D. Winkworth, another English player, is also in the city, and it is probable that as soon as he and Mr. Farrer have practised together a bit they will meet Messrs. Sears and Fred Mansfield in doubles. Mr. Winkworth played on the Longwood courts last Thursday, his opponent being Fred Mansfield. The Longwood player defeated him, however, by the score of 6-2, 6-3. Mr. R. D. Sears also engaged Mr. Winkworth in play, conceding him half thirty, and after a well contested match, the champion won the set, 7-5. On Friday the visitor engaged Fred Mansfield again and suffered defeat once more, 7-5, 6-3. Mr. Winkworth and Phil Sears next had an engagement, and this time the visitor was successful, defeating Mr. Sears by six to three. Mr. Farrer is considered a very good exponent of the game in the old country, and is rated about in the class with R. D.

Sears. He will give time to practice this week, and after five or six days of play may reach something like his English form.—*Boston Herald.*

FIXTURES.

Sept. 6-9—Orange, N. J., Lawn Tennis Tournament.

June 8, 9, 10—Brooklyn Hill Tennis Club Tournament.

June 13 and following days—New Haven Lawn Club, New England Championship Tournament.

June 1-4—Championship of Middle States, St. Georges Cricket Grounds, Hoboken.

June 13-16—New England Championship at New Haven Lawn Tennis Club Grounds.

June 22-24—Orange Lawn Tennis Open Tournament, Mountain Station, N. J.

July 1-4—Young America Cricket Club's Invitation Tournament, Stenton, Philadelphia.

July 4-7—Championship Tournament Western States, Scarlet Ribbon Lawn Tennis Grounds, Chicago, Ill.

July 11-15—Championship of Long Island, Meadow Club's Grounds, Southampton, L. I.

August 2-4—Open Tournament at Boston.

August 9-12—Open Tournament at Bar Harbor.

August 16-20—Invitation at Nahant.

August 22-25—United States National Association Championship.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

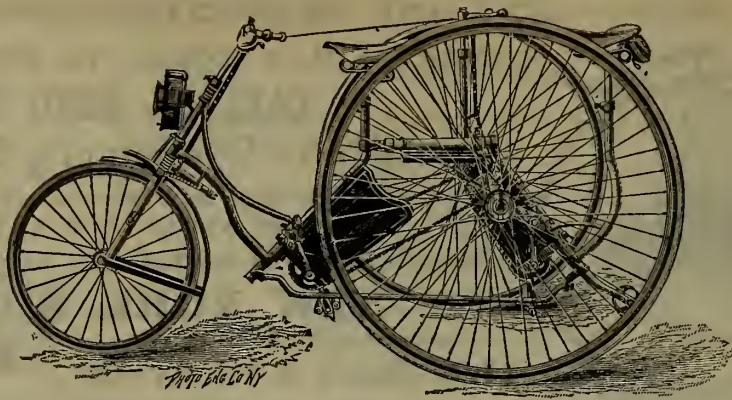
The "MARLBOROUGH" Racket, largest playing surface, octagon handle, best gut, excellent finish, \$5.00 each.



The "CLIMAX" Racket, used by expert players, best gut, beautifully finished, \$4.50 each.

DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

Goods sent by mail if desired.



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SOLE U. S. AGENTS FOR THE

"CUNARD" CYCLES,

Testimonial from T. J. Kirkpatrick, Vice-Pres. L. A. W.

D. ROGERS & Co.

SPRINGFIELD, O., January 11, 1887.

Gentlemen:—Respecting the "Cunard" Tandem, I have to say that it is, beyond all question, the *best tandem yet produced*. Its compactness, ease of handling, light running, safety, and the ease with which it may be mounted or dismounted, by either a lady or gentleman, leaves nothing to be desired. Its folding handle bar, and the fact that it can be quickly and readily taken through a common door, are features which make the machine *a pleasure*. I have owned other tandems, but this is *the only one that was worth house room as a convertible machine*. I find it a *perfect machine*, in perfect balance, either as a single or as a tandem. I have sought carefully for some three years now for the best tandem, and have given the matter a great deal of thought and attention and if asked to-day, to suggest an improvement in the design and arrangement of the "Cunard," I would be free to say that *as it is, it is as nearly perfect as I believe this type of machine ever will be*.

(Signed) T. J. KIRKPATRICK, Vice-President L. A. W.

NEW THIS YEAR

—THE—

Cunard No. 4 Roadster Bicycle

≡≡≡\$80.00≡≡≡

With ball bearings to both wheels, hollow forks, direct spokes and weldless tubular steel backbone. Every modern improvement, weight 45 pounds. Specially built to suit the requirements of wheelmen requiring a strictly, first-class imported wheel at a reasonable figure.

CHEAP IN PRICE ONLY.

SEND FOR 1887 CATALOGUE TO

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FOR SALE, EXCHANGE, WANTS.

WANTED.—A good second-hand Tandem Tricycle for lady and gentleman. State make and price, and time in use. B. E., 1037 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND-HAND WHEELS.—Where and how to sell and buy them. See advertisement of Manhattan Wheel Exchange in another column.

FOR SALE.—50-inch Rudge, cow-horn, bars, spade handles, Lillibridge saddle, used two weeks, good as new. Price \$85. Box 446. Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—Columbia three-track Tricycle of 1885 for \$80. Address "Frank," Box 2826, P. O.

WANTED.—An Expert Columbia Bicycle, 52-inch, half or full nickeled, cow-horn handle-bars; with outfit complete if possible. Address, with full particulars, Alfred T. Ives, 29 Park Row, Room 18, New York.

FOR SALE.—Cunard Tandem, brand new; or will exchange for land near Chicago. Address "L," Wheel Office.

DON'T MISS THIS.—One 50-in. Rudge Roadster, full enamel finish, ball to both wheels, cow-horn bars; good as new; only \$60. W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.

WANTED.—A good Bicycle, 50 or 52 in., in exchange for New "Winchester" Single Rifle, Semi-Hammerless Shot-Gun, with tools, &c. and cash in equity. Address W. M., P. O. Box 306, New York City.

FOR SALE.—A Convertible Quadrant Tandem. In fine condition; but little used. Can be converted to an excellent single in ten minutes. E. Bryant, Station B, Brooklyn.

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STARS.—We have a number of "Special Stars," sizes 42 to 51 inches; in excellent condition; full particulars on application. New York Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—Rudge Rotary Tandem. Good order. Price \$120.00, with lamp. Also 54 in. Expert, full nickeled; price \$80.00. Also 56 in. Royal Mail; good as new; price \$95.00. J. A. Loucks, 1070½ Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW YORK WHEELMEN can find good storage for machines and pleasant dressing-rooms, in immediate vicinity of Riverside and Central Parks and Boulevard, half a block from L station. Call or address, H. Wimmel, 138 West 104th street, New York.

SECOND HAND Bicycles, Tricycles and Tandems. Send for clearance list, containing many genuine bargains, to the Coventry Machinist Co., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

WANTED.—Second-hand Bicycles of all styles, also single and Tandem Tricycles for cash or on consignment. N. Y. Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place.

46 inch Cornell.....	\$ 65.00
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50 inch Standard Columbia.....	50.00
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54 inch.....	75.00
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All our wheels have been thoroughly overhauled by competent employees on our premises.

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FOR SALE.—Great bargain—1 Sparkbrook Humber Tandem convertible, balls all over; including pedals; enamel finish; good as new, perfect in every respect; ridden about 100 miles; cost \$260.00; if bought quick will deliver at cars crated for \$150.00; guaranteed as represented or money refunded. S. T. Clark & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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IS AN HONEST HAVANA FILLER, AND IS PRONOUNCED BY EVERYBODY
A 10 CENT CIGAR FOR 5 CENTS.

Ask for it, and don't smoke cigars that are full of artificial flavor.

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FOR WHEELMEN

FOR SALE BY

GEORGE CLEMENT,
33 East 22d Street, New York.

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Zylonite Collars and Cuffs

are as ECONOMICAL and DESIRABLE as represented, can always obtain the same,

FREE OF POSTAGE,

by addressing GEORGE CLEMENT & CO., 33 East 22d Street, New York, at the following prices:

Gents' Collars, 20c. 6 for	\$1.10—\$2.00 Doz.
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Ladies' Collars, 15c. 6 "	.85—1.50 "
" Cuffs, 30c. 6 "	1.70—3.00 "

REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER.

For half a century this country has been trying to invent collars and cuffs that would be an improvement on linen. It is accomplished at last. Zylonite collars and cuffs are superseding linen, because they are better and will last for months, and will always look clean.



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Second-Hand Bicycles, Tricycles and Tandems.

KEY TO DESCRIPTION.

FINISH.—"1" Full nickeled. "2" All nickeled except rims. "3" Wheels enameled, balance nickeled. "4" Enameled with nickel trimmings. "5" Enameled with polished parts. "6" Half bright and enameled or painted.

BEARINGS.—"1" Balls to both wheels and pedals. "2" Balls to both wheels and plain pedals. "3" Balls to front, cone to rear, plain pedals. "4" Plain to front, cone to rear, plain pedals.

CONDITION.—"1" Slightly used, good as brand new. "2" Tires show but slight wear, finish excellent. "3" Tires brand new, finish excellent. "4" Tires show a little wear, finish first class. "5" Tires some worn, finish somewhat marred. "6" Tires badly worn or cut, and new ones required, finish good.

No.	Size.	Name.	Cost.	Price.	Finish.	Bearings.	Condition.
2	54	Standard Columbia,	\$95.00	\$62.50	5	5	4
3	52	"	92.50	55.00	6	3	3
9	35	Invincible Safety,	135.00	75.00	4	2	2
10	36	Kangaroo Safety,	130.00	70.00	4	2	2
19	50	Standard Columbia,	90.00	55.00	5	4	3
27	55	Rudge L't Roadster,	156.50	95.00	4	1	4
47	54	Expert Columbia,	127.50	90.00	4	2	4
51	52	American Rudge,	112.50	80.00	4	1	4
57	56	American Club,	150.00	75.00	2	1	2
59	52	Standard Columbia,	92.50	50.00	4	3	5
68		Columbia Tricycle,	160.00	70.00	4	1	4
71	54	Columbia Expert,	127.00	80.00	Hlf.Nkl.	1	4
78	54	"	190.00	110.00	E	1	1
80	44	"Facile,"	130.00	70.00	4	1	5
81	52	Premier,	105.00	65.00	5	2	4
87	55	Spalding Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
90	52	Royal Mail,	137.50	85.00	3	1	4
91	50	English,	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
92	54	"	100.00	40.00	5	3	3
93		"Otto Tricycle,"	85.00	35.00			
94	32	"Bicycle,	30.00	10.00	5	4	4
95	55	Spalding Semi Racer,	140.00	60.00	4	1	4
96	55	"Racer,	140.00	55.00	4	1	4
97		Humber Tandem,	265.00	185.00	4	4	4
98		Sparkb'k Hum. Tdm,	265.00	200.00	4	1	2
99		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	1	2
106	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	50.00	5	3	4
112	50	Special Columbia,	120.00	65.00	4	2	4
113	52	Columbia Expert,	135.00	80.00	3	1	3
115	48	Columbia Expert,	135.00	80.00	1	1	1
116	48	Standard Columbia,	87.50	50.00	3	4	4
117	51	Special Star,	160.00	105.00	4	4	2
118	48	"	115.00	85.00	3	4	4
120	54	Imperial Challenge,	150.00	80.00	1	2	4
122	50	Sanspareil,	125.00	85.00	4	2	New
123	52	"	127.50	85.00	4	2	"
124	52	Sans. Light Roadster,	137.50	90.00	4	2	"
125	42	Special Star,	120.00	85.00	4	2	1
127	52	Columbia Expert,	130.00	80.00	4	2	3
130	51	Special Star,	125.00	95.00	3	3	3
131	51	"	120.00	90.00	4	4	4
132	54	Columbia Expert,	145.00	90.00	1	2	2
134	52	Standard Columbia,	92.50	50.00	4	4	4
135	56	Sanspareil,	130.00	75.00	4	1	2
136	51	Special Star,	130.00	100.00	1	1	1
137	42	Standard Columbia,	95.00	45.00	1	4	4
139		Quadrant Tandem,	275.00	225.00	4	1	1
140	54	Expert Columbia,	140.00	90.00	1	2	2
141	54	"	145.00	95.00	1	1	2
142		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	160.00	110.00	4	2	2
143	56	Humber L't Roadster,	140.00	55.00	5	2	4
145	44	Standard Columbia,	92.50	45.00	6	3	2
146	56	Columbia Expert,	140.00	85.00	4	1	1
148	50	Standard Columbia,	100.00	57.50	4	3	4
149	51	"Special Star,"	135.00	95.00	3	ball	2
151	46	Standard Columbia,	103.00	55.00	6	3	2
153	52	American Rudge,	112.50	80.00	4	2	2
154		Col. 2-track Tricycle,	165.00	110.00	4	2	1
156	56	Victor ('86 pat.),	132.50	110.00	4	1	1
157	46	Standard Columbia,	90.00	55.00	5	3	2
158	48	"American Star,"	100.00	55.00	5	good.	
159	54	Standard Columbia,	115.00	65.00	1	3	4
160	53	Royal Mail,	140.00	85.00	3	1	4
161	54	Rudge L't Roadster,	145.00	110.00	4	1	1



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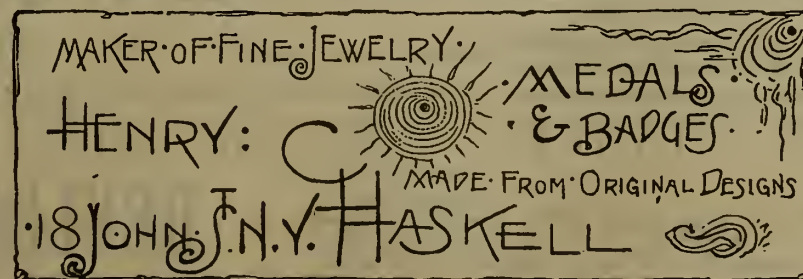
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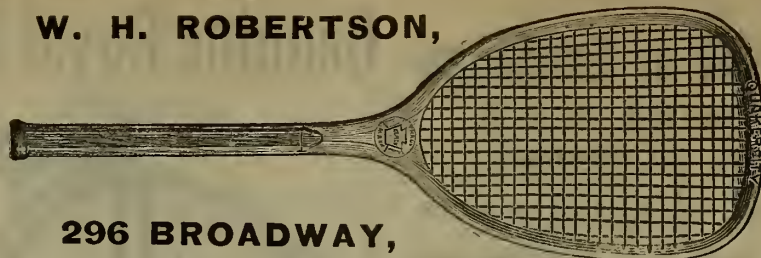
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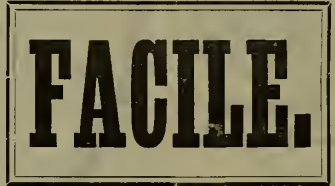


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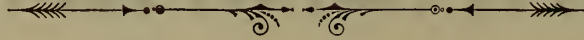
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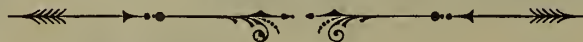
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