

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

Vol. I. No. 13.]

MARCH 12 1881.

[Price, Five Cents.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

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

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

Only three more snow-storms.

Moonlight spins are now in order.

The League Meet will undoubtedly be held in New York.

If it isn't, it ought to be.

"We may sometime take a little of its pudding (and give credit, too)." Extract from the *Bicycling World*. And yet the editor calmly takes his scissors and hashes up the article of Mr. Julius Wilcox, without crediting that gentleman, or the paper from which it was taken.

Very few subjects connected with athletics are so well worn as training, but most of the books published go into the matter far too deeply, and frighten any man who wants to get himself "fit" in the ordinary course of events, and without incurring great expense. My object in writing this short article on Bicycle Training is to show how very little a rider has to go out of his way to get himself into a condition such as would allow him a fair "look in" with men who almost make a business—really a pleasure—of keeping themselves in racing form all through the season, and so stand a chance of walking away with some of the very valuable prizes we so often see given at the annual meetings of clubs throughout England.

I shall presume that our man is in business, and some special event is coming off—a club championship or such like—for which he has entered, and which he wishes to make every endeavor to win. I may say by the way that the great difference between our roadsters and racers now, the grand tracks we are getting almost everywhere, and the many matured riders, compel a man to go in for an out and out racer; but to start on our subject:—Care must be taken how a rider commences training, especially a man who has led a life of "as one likes it." No one can safely dash into hard work at once; the thing must be done by degrees; and firstly the very important item of tobacco must be abandoned, as I am convinced from various sources that it in-

jures the wind. A little medicine to get one's blood into order is not out of place, and all spirits, etc., must be "knocked off." Rising about seven in the morning, let the tyro go for a short stroll, say to fetch a morning paper or the letters for the office, thus securing an appetite for the first meal in the day. If (as most of our racing men are) our friend is in "diggings," the principal part of the breakfast can be purchased while out, and should consist of fish, steak, chop, or eggs, with as little coffee as possible, since it is a great stimulant and can very seldom be bought good; and stale bread, or better still, a little dry toast. Meals should never be "scamped," and a little rest after each is desirable. Dinner, the repast of the day, is generally taken at one, and should consist of plain fare; water should be drunk and a few vegetables taken to aid digestion. If our man is fond of sweets; rice, tapioca, sago, or such like puddings are by far the best. I always take my daily practice from 5 to 6 o'clock; the distance ridden varying according to the race for which one is preparing. A fast man is generally to be preferred to a six days rider, so spurring and riding say two or three miles sharply should be the extent of the exercise. If a long distance has to be trained for—say twenty miles—do five, ten, twelve, and once before the day; a trial of twenty, but don't allow yourself to get fagged. After practice is over get a good rub down, finishing up with the gloves; it makes one feel twenty per cent. better, and very often avoids a chill.—*Wheelman's Year Book*.

CYCLUS PRO ME PREPARATUS.

BY AUGUSTUS MOUNTAGEN TOPWHEELY.

Wheel of England, sent for me,
Let me ride myself on thee;
Let the young bicycling blood,
Who the driven sides hath trod
Of the crackly double goer,
Teach me too its speed and power.

Labors of my head and hands,
Not fulfill my law's demands:
Could my toil no respite know,
And my coffers overflow,
For ill-health would not atone—
One must save, can't stand alone.

Rein nor whip in hand I bring,
Simply to the rod I cling;
Cap and breeches have for dress,
And the coat of wheeliness.
Fowl, and time, and riches fly;
Dash me, Cycle, so can I!

While I drive this fleeting wheel,
Oft my lever brake I feel;
When I go down hills unknown,
S'pose I do get sometimes thrown?
Wheel of England, sent for me,
Let me ride myself on thee!

THE LEAGUE MEET.

At the meeting of the various metropolitan clubs last Monday, a committee of three from each club were appointed to make

arrangements for the reception of the League, as there was little doubt but what the meeting would be held in New York.

Messrs. Putnam, Vaux, and Watson, represented the New York Club; Messrs. Brown, Neergaard, and Olmstead, the Mercury; and Messrs. Timpson, Walker, and Minor, the Manhattan.

Mr. Putnam took the chair, and Mr. Minor was appointed secretary. The question of securing the Park for that day was discussed, and Walker, Watson and Foster were directed to devote their energies in that direction. The following petition was accordingly drafted, and presented in person by the committee.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: We represent the Bicyclers of this city, and come before you to ask so small a favor we feel you cannot hesitate to grant it.

The "League of American Wheelmen," at present numbering over 1,000 members, desires to hold the annual meeting of the organization in New York, on May 30th next.

After finishing the business of the convention, it has been our custom to take a short run on our wheels, and we request, on this occasion, the privilege of passing through the Central Park on our way to the suburbs, and again through the Park on our return.

If it please you to give it and is not inconsistent, we should like our answer now, as it only hinges upon your decision whether the Directors of the League appoint New York or Washington; as a meeting place.

The management of the Elevated Roads has given us permission to carry our bicycles upon the trains on that date, and we have had many other courtesies of a like nature extended to us.

Trusting your answer will be favorable, we are sirs,

Most respectfully,

H. H. WALKER,
J. WATSON, JR.,
S. CONANT FOSTER.

Mr. Benjamin of the *Courrier* greatly assisted the committee, by calling the Commissioners attention to the petition. After considerable discussion, the privilege was granted for that day only. Mr. Wales said that he would be very much pleased to witness the parade, and hoped that his colleagues would share his feelings in the matter.

The committee on hotels have not yet reported, but will no doubt make some satisfactory arrangement for the accommodation of League members at a reasonable rate.

Messrs. Minor and Timpson were to make arrangements for the storing of the bicycles, and were to secure a large hall in the vicinity of 59th street, if possible. The proprietor of the roller skating rink at 59th street and Madison avenue was interviewed on the subject, but could not give a satisfactory answer until the 25th of the month. There is no doubt whatever but what satisfactory arrangements will be made for the comfort of the visiting wheelmen.

FROM OXFORD TO LONDON ON CYCLES, BY TWO AMERICANS.

"Hie!" said I one day, Thursday, I think, to my old friend Bill, "the Varsity boat race is on Saturday next; let us go and see it." "All right Geo. my boy, I'm with you there, how do we go?" "Why, wheel up, to be sure, the race is at eight in the morning; we must start at half-past two in the night, and we can punish forty-five miles by that time, I guess that is about the distance to Putney." And we looked over our maps, and sealed the contract with a bet of a bottle of champagne on the issue of the race.

On Friday afternoon we had a little run of about twelve miles up to Abingdon and back, and then set to work polishing our machines and cleaning out the bearings, oiling up, setting our lamps and our gongs, etc. I rode a sturdy little Timberlake, by Hickling & Co., of Maidenhead, Berks, and Bill an Acme, by Newton, Wilson & Co., of London, a pretty high-built 52-inch, I had got mine in Oxford, but Bill had traveled half over Germany with his machine.

Our plans were to go to Putney, see the race, then wheel up to London, to visit Goy of Leadenhall street, make a few purchases there, then to visit three or four bicycle makers. The Surry Machinists, makers of the celebrated Invincible, and Har-

ington, maker of the Arab; and John Keen's Eclipse, were the principal ones we wanted to see. Then we meant to ride about London a little, and see the finish of the sixdays contest which Charles Terront eventually won. We were to go by High-Wycombe, and Uxbridge, coming back by Maidenhead and Henley, fifty-six miles one way, and sixty the other, as near as I can remember.

On the morning of Saturday, 20th of March, 1880, I woke at two o'clock, my old alarm making a frightful din. I got a few things on, and woke Bill, who was snoring as if he never wanted to wake; we dressed quickly and went down stairs, lit the gas stove and began cooking some eggs, we ate a little bread with them, and had a very discreet pull at the brandy bottle, to knock the cold on the head, as Bill said. We put our mufflers 'round our throats, lit our lamps, found ourselves in a raw and chilly atmosphere, with a few stars shining above our heads. we mounted and were off, the road being rather rough warmed us up, and after getting up a huge hill and going a couple of miles we set to our work, and went on at about eight or nine miles an hour, as fast as the darkness would allow. In an hour and a half we got to Tetsworth, and made for High-Wycombe. An awful fog came on, and we only reached it at about a quarter to six, meeting only with one or two solitary game-keepers, and a few loads of chairs, made at High-Wycombe; we passed Beaconsfield, hardly seeing it and went on to Uxbridge, a mile before that a nut on Bill's front wheel bearings got loose and was lost, that caused a further delay, and we reached Uxbridge at half-past seven. We found, luckily, that there was a bicycle manufactory there, that of Messrs. Garrard & Mortimer, makers of the Alliance, a very good machine indeed. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Garrard, Jr., a well known racer. We were already late for the race, when we learned by telegram that the race was put off until Monday, on account of the fog, that was a sell, however, we went on to London. There we saw lots of bicycles, visited the Agricultural Hall, saw the race, had lunch and dinner, and then slept well at Callaub's Hotel, near Oxford street. We rose at nine, had breakfast, and started, Sunday morning, on our home journey. We went down Kensington, Brentford, Hammersmith, Windsor, and Ebon, Maidenhead and Henley, had lunch there and went on pretty quietly to Oxford, in time for dinner, not very tired and having enjoyed ourselves immensely.

This little journey, I hope to repeat at some future day, we have no sixty mile stretches of velvety roads here, but we are in position to take pretty long rides, and I wish for all my cycling brethren the pleasure, health and good humor derived from good long club rides.

G. V. S. 51-in.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

DEAR EDITOR.—Noticing that all the clubs were to hold their meetings on the first Monday of the month (a good idea by the way), I thought I would stroll up to the now familiar land-mark at 791, and look around a bit. On entering I found quite a number of the boys discussing Mr. Pennell's letter, and the League Meet in general. Jo's letter has created considerable merriement, but some of his ideas are ridiculous, and convey the idea that New York is a very dangerous place for a man to visit, especially if he has a wheel, and I cannot resist the temptation to say a few words in reply to some of his arguments. His ideas of the proportions of the city must be rather limited. Now Jo, if we have a race, we are not going to be selfish and have it all to ourselves, but we want our "sisters and cou—" etc., etc., and perhaps some other fellow's sister to come and see us, therefore, they will have to take the *surface and elevated railroads*, as tricycles are not as fashionable as they might be. Anyone who knows anything about New York is aware that the Polo grounds are easily reached on the wheel. Again, don't be anxious about your name being in the paper. If you behave yourself, it won't get in. You won't be bothered carting your machine around, as ample provision will be made at 791 Fifth Avenue, for all the bicycles of visiting members of the league. You make a great mistake, certainly, in regard to the Park question. We want the Park, not merely for the pleasure to be derived from riding *in it*, but it is the only *direct route* to our boulevards and the country beyond. At present we are obliged to ride on Fifth avenue, and above 90th street we take the sidewalks. This we do not wish the League to undertake. Conse-

quently we want the Park. And once satisfy the Park Commissioners and the people, that bicycles are *not* dangerous, and thereby secure the privileges of the Park for wheelmen, and you would be doing more good to bicycling in general, than any trip to Washington for the sake of a good time. I don't know your ideas about the objects of the League, but we wheelmen here think it is intended for better purposes than taking a ride together once a year, and wearing a little tin—I beg pardon—silver badge the rest of the time. We New York men paid our share of the little bill incurred in the Haddonfield Turnpike case, and we want the League to come here and help us settle this Park question, and I guarantee it will not only increase the interest in the sport here, but will serve as a worthy example for other large cities, where wheelmen are restrained from the use of the public parks and highways. We do not lack “limpness of spine,” as one person expresses it, but we want the public, the press, and last but not least, the Park Commissioners, to see and feel the strength of a League organization. This cannot be demonstrated except by their actual presence in this city. Should the League decide to hold their meeting here, I warrant the opposition hitherto encountered, will be in a measure done away with, and if we have to fight for our rights in future as a last resort, we can command the respect, if not the assistance of many, who were not favorably inclined towards us in the past. * * * * *

A glance at the clubs revealed a general waking up in wheel matters. The New York Club are very comfortably situated, and justly claim the handsomest room in the building. The Mercury Club have built handsome lockers, and in many ways improved their quarters. Considerable noise and confusion emanated from the Manhattan Club room, and we learned that the annual election was in progress. The following board of officers were announced for the coming year. N. Hobart, president; F. G. Bourne, vice-president; J. F. Burrill, secretary; Chas. W. Minor, treasurer; P. Fred. Bruner, captain; P. D. Johnston, first lieutenant; R. Underhill, second lieutenant; Louis Sledge, first guide, and P. Timpson, second guide. The club are unfortunately handicapped by possessing a few men as members, who are neither particularly useful or ornamental. There is some talk of a change in headquarters, as their present room is rather small and cramped. The Lenox Club have come out strongly, and with a membership of twenty-three active (in all senses of the word) members, intend to work their way to the front this season. Their colors have been changed to black and blue. The officers are: H. J. S. Hall, president; G. Bartlett, secretary; F. F. Ames, treasurer; E. Y. Webber, captain; E. Richard, sub-captain, and W. Brokaw, color bearer. Webber is reported to have caused a depression in real estate in his vicinity by the purchase of a bugle.

A visit to the stable revealed a splendid collection of Harvards, Humber's, Special Columbia's, Challenge's, Special Clubs, and others, from the 42 inch Singer to the 60 inch Special Columbia, a variety sufficient to suit the taste and proportions of the most fastidious rider. The demand for nickel-plated machines is on the increase. Everything now depends on good roads and weather, and a boom is plainly visible in the horizon.

Hoping to be able to give you some accounts of club runs in my next, I remain, fraternally yours,
MERCURY.

FARMDALE, KY., March 4, 1881.

To look out of my window to-day one would not think I had four days of fine riding, beginning on the 23d of February. The first day I rode 1½ miles; the second, 3 miles; the third, 4½ miles, and the fourth, 7 miles. Maybe I was not glad to get out. The doctors had told me that I must stop using so much *sugar* if I wanted to get well again: one of them, however, said all I needed was exercise, and I agreed with him. I accepted the advice of both sides, and began by using but one spoonful of sugar to the cup of coffee, and by taking a walk every day. I only walked two days when the state of the weather permitted me to mount my wheel. By the end of the week I was in fine spirits, and each physician thinks he was right as to the cause of my disorder. I side with the exercise man. It has snowed and rained both since my ride, and it is snowing now; I don't look for another ride for at least a week.

And now for “Cyclos;” but first, I am perfectly willing to bear the burden of my indiscretion, or ignorance, whichever “Cyclos” may call it; therefore, don't, “Cyclos,” run down the institution with which I am connected, just because my views do not agree with yours. And pardon the digression, but his insinuation necessitates it. “Cyclos,” my child, if the institution that claims you among the alumni taught logic, you surely were not a member of the class, or at best an inattentive one, for one of the very first laws of logic tells us we must never reason from a particular to a general. Granted that I am not very well grounded “in the doctrine of conclamation and conservation of forces,” does it follow that it is the fault of the Ky. Mil. Inst.?

“Cyclos,” my boy, your use of words leads me to believe that your learning is superficial; that you are a theorist; you may be firm in the classics, and be able to give a very high-sounding lecture on “the doctrine of conclamation and conservation of forces,” and yet not be able to distinguish between a wheelbarrow and a crowbar. Theory is a good thing when sustained by practice, but by itself, it counts as little with practical men. When I wrote the article I had no idea of the particulars at all, except what were mentioned. I thought it was new, at least, if not useful, and that it might be interesting to some of the readers of THE WHEEL. At the same time I made a mental calculation of the amount of power it would call for, and saw that it would amount to very little. I have mislaid the paper that gave the account of the practical workings of one of our most successful electric lights, but I have since found another account that will do as well. I think the first paper referred to was the *Scientific American*, the second is the *Boston Weekly Transcript*, of February 22. With the Weston light, experiment showed that 4 7-10 horse power is required to run five lamps of 2,000 candle power each. For safety, and for fear we shall show our ignorance of the “conclamation and” etc., we shall say it requires five horse power to obtain the above result. Five horse power producing a 10,000 candle light, is equivalent to 2,000 candles per horse power. But I stated, I believe, that ten candle power would be sufficient for our purposes; therefore, it will only require one two-hundredth (1-200) of a horse power to produce the desired light. A man's power is variously estimated at from one-sixth to one-seventh of a horse power, so that the amount of extra work put on the bicyclist would make no more, if as much, difference than that between cone and ball bearings to the front wheel. And any bicyclist that is enthusiastic enough to ride at night would not begrudge the extra amount of muscular force necessary to give him such a fine “luminous force.” “Cyclos,” my son, I am afraid the college at which you graduated did not ground you thoroughly “in the conclamation” but then, poor boy, I shan't say it again. “Cyclos,” you are one-sided; you argue as if it took all a man's power to propel his machine, and hence “he cannot utilize his muscular power to drive a bicycle and to produce illumination, too.” The only real, sensible, practical argument “Cyclos” produces is one that any man of the commonest intelligence could foresee: it is regarding the fact that it would be no account on a rough road, when you had to slow up. I should like to be informed how many bicyclists generally choose rough roads for night riding. In conclusion, since writing my former article, I see that the idea has been adopted for locomotives, and to overcome the objection, “no speed, no light,” they have a separate, small engine. Of course I do not mean to say my idea was adopted, for in all probability the said locomotives were in operation at the time I wrote. Discussion is a good thing this kind of weather, isn't it, Cyclos. Our Washington brethren might adopt the idea with success, if their streets are what I understand they are.

That “Birmingham Traveler” was ridiculous, wasn't he? Why even here in Kentucky, which is several miles from New York, I have ridden over 150 miles of different roads, and never walked a mile. Besides, two of our riders, rode from Louisville to Lexington, 81 miles, in eight hours, running time. I hope those English bicyclists will come and see for themselves. We may not have as many fine roads as they have in England, but by selecting their route beforehand, they can get the best, and need have no fear of extensive repairs, light bread, fuses, or fusilades. I should not be surprised if that same “Traveler” thought we Kentuckians still used the flint and steel to light our pipes with.
CAPT. C. W. F.

Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 13]

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

The two and five-mile handicap bicycle races at the Spring games of the New York Athletic Club, announced for Monday and Tuesday evenings, open a season, which promises to give many and varied opportunities for a display of muscle and skill.

Bicycle races are now a recognized feature in our athletic games, and attract as much interest and attention as other events, provided the handicaps are well arranged. Much dissatisfaction was expressed during the last season at the manner in which the handicaps were bestowed. We once asked a gentleman connected with the athletic press, who did the handicapping for an athletic club meeting, where bicycle races were among the events, how he arranged the handicaps. He replied: "I always get the size machines they ride, and previous record if possible, and arrange them accordingly." It was apparently true, judging from the result of the race. One of the closest and best arranged handicap races we ever witnessed, was when the handicapping was done by a committee composed of representatives from each bicycle club having members entered. This cannot always be accomplished, but is much preferable to the usual method of placing it in the hands of one man, whose knowledge of bicycling is necessarily limited.

It is our intention during the coming season to keep a record of every race that comes to our notice, together with the names of contestants, distance, handicap allowed and other items which will tend to simplify matters.

Our riders throughout the country will greatly oblige us by sending a brief account of any races, which they may witness or engage in. By this means we will be able to furnish persons entrusted with the thankless duty of handicapping, complete records of all the known racing men, and serve to increase the interest in bicycle races by closer contests in future.

BOSTON NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Continuing from my last, the choice extracts from the *Scientific American* in 1869, I would add that at the time of examining its pages I had the use also of an album containing a large collection of matter relating to the velocipeding of that year.

There were numerous cuttings from the daily and weekly papers of New York and Boston, and from another mechanical journal of the day, together with several numbers of *The Velocipedist*, the first of wheel papers, at least in this country. Thus I had a pretty broad view, and it showed the *Scientific American* leading all in enthusiasm, even the own organ of the wooden wheels. March 27th, it had an article on the mechanics of walking, discussing particularly the comparative gain by riding wheels. With the aid of ciphering and Silliman, some very extraordinary conclusions are reached; one is that the walking legs "have an advantage over the velocipede in ascending grades of considerably less than one inch to the foot; our opinion is, they would be found by experiment to be about on an equality in ascending gradients of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch to the foot." This being a rise of only 1 in 36 is practically level ground, and the statement is a libel on the boneshaker, and directly opposed to all these florid eulogies of it. Such were some of its self-contradictions. Same date, is described another admirable tricycle, patented through their agency—the last ever heard of it. April 3d, there is an article on a wholly novel bicycle; and the cut is interesting now as showing two wheels of exactly the same relative size, and nearly the same position, as in the bicycle of to-day. In those respects the inventor anticipated by several years, and at one stroke, what foreign mechanics reached by slow degrees afterward; and if he had realized the peculiar value of his idea, the true bicycle might have been of American origin. This patent was that of a Mr. Soule, then or shortly after of Albany. A cut of the same machine may be seen in Knight's Mechanical Dictionary. Same date, was a column more on the subject generally. April 17th, it says, "For our part we simply endeavor to keep our readers posted upon its progress;" still the next issue has a most enthusiastic editorial of a column and a half. Then appears another pattern of a two-wheeler; and May 1st a new brake is shown, and comes a long editorial again. In this the suggestion is made, in view of the many new and curious words which had been coined for the new era, that "some publisher should print a velocipede dictionary to contain them." This is a "stale joke"—twelve years old now. In short, every week until the end of May new machines are puffed or confident editorials appear. June and July saw but one article each; and, I think, there was nothing more till October 30th, when they allow that an epidemic had been raging, but had succumbed to the warm season, so that "by the end of July a velocipede was rarely seen." Nevertheless, "we are more in love with it than ever," they say. That was about the last that was ever heard of the velocipede as a phenomenon in their columns. It quickly faded from public view in 1870, and its warmest advocate seems to have been among the first to abandon it.

In regard to the bicycle proper, the course of the *Scientific American* has been as far in the other extreme. I believe that paper has never had a hearty good word for it; certainly not until compelled to recognize it by the voice of public opinion, or to admit it into its pages in the way of business. In 1878, though the bicycle had then been a wonderful success in England for several years, and was fast getting famous here, that journal either affected to ignore it entirely, or allowed singularly fatuous opinions of it to prevail whenever the subject came up. The remarkable point is, not so much that some, or many mistakes should have been made, but that the leading journal of mechanical science in the country, perhaps in the world, should have been less sagacious than the daily press, or the average of less sensible people on a comparatively simple matter within its own province of expert knowledge.

When a certain inveterate "joker of jokes," after amusing often very many readers by writing in that vein, then gives them "half a column of unrelieved"—well, what he calls statistics, complaints are natural. The use of a severe term lately by so unimportant a scribe as myself in regard to a letter by the Detroit humorist has led that gentleman to write two columns, in No. 17 of the *Bicycling World*, in his usual style. For my part, I accept at once his apology, so practical, and so ample, and without any denial of the fact. He intimates that I am a dealer in trash myself, but thinks it not unrelieved by some unintentionally amusing traits, and says he admires it. I can't deny the fact; and must remain jealous of his invasion of my field, who has a better one of his own.

I see that "Capt. C. W. F." in a late issue of THE WHEEL, calls for an "exercising machine," and suggests how he would have it. Such an one has been for some months in use in England. I mail to him to-day a paper that advertises it. One of the machines may be seen at the rooms of the Pope Manufacturing Company, in this city.

I get a rumor of a new cycling journal to be started soon, but think we hardly need another.

A friend remarks to me: "Enough has been said about the League *Meat* to do the whole thing up brown, yet it still remains a raw and bloody subject." It might be added that there is some lively snarling and snapping over it by the expectant ones.

Most of the broader roads here are now become rideable, and the prospect is good for a while, at least. Ten weeks have passed since there was any riding, which is by much the longest interval since the bicycle came.

The lines on Spring, by the *Calamo* bard, though bee-ootiful, and almost worth opening another bottle on, are still rather premature for these parts. One weather prophet predicts another Winter yet, before we get a Summer. If that man be not a liar, anyone may have my remains and cremate them.

My "Bi." is having a cradle spring put on. JUVENIS.
MARCH 7, '81.

ALBANY, Feb. 28, 1881.

DEAR WHEEL:—I wish one of our inventors would devise some kind of a "creeper" to be attached to the tire of a wheel, so that icecycling would be made safe and practicable. We want something that can be readily attached and detached, and will prevent the machine from slipping from under you sideways. It seems to me that an invention of this kind would greatly enhance the pleasures of bicycling, and lengthen the time of riding clear through the winter, when it is difficult and dangerous.

The other day I rode on the ice from this city to Castleton, a distance of 8 miles down the Hudson. For the first 7½ miles all went as "merry as a marriage bell," and I was beginning to laugh at the heard of terrors of icecycling, when my hilarity received a sudden check, and I found myself very flat indeed on the cold, cold ice. Nothing daunted I mounted again, but the wheel had not made many more revolutions before I was once more deposited very unceremoniously on my back; the result of this fall was a bent crank, and a few casual and forcible remarks on things in general, and rough, slippery ice in particular. Again and again I essayed to ride the thing, and again and again fate attempted many and very vigorous applications of ice to cool my determination. But my mad was up, and as often as I was thrown, so often I mounted again, and finally succeeded in reaching my destination, with a crooked temper and two crooked cranks. After I had coolly "diagnosed" the case, I was ready to give to the world at large (synonymous with writing THE WHEEL), my ideas of icecycling and they are, that so long as there is a thin crust of snow covering the ice you can ride with great ease and pleasure, but as soon as you essay to ride over smooth ice, especially if it is lumpy, then you had better make arrangements beforehand to repair your temper, your machine, and maybe your neck. I pray that the many inventive geniuses who read THE WHEEL will cudgel their brains and produce a practical, simple, and cheap creeper, which will make icecycling safe, and consequently as enjoyable as road riding. Let such as these devote a few of the coming dog-days to perfecting some such invention; the idea will be a cooling one, and if successful, I, for one, will rise up and call them blessed.

I wonder how my fellow-Englishmen will enjoy riding on American roads in the month of April? Methinks they had best postpone their visit one month later. "A word to the wise" gentlemen. If they pass through Albany, as they undoubtedly will, they will find a hearty welcome with us. I am a trifle sorry that Saratoga was not favorably reported on as the next place of meeting of the L. A. W. Washington is certainly not the center of bicycling interests, though undoubtedly it can hold forth advantages otherwise, that no northern city in the country can—broad and elegantly paved streets, and the good-will of enlightened authorities. Fraternally yours, W. WHEEL.

AMUSEMENTS

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MONDAY, March 14, LA SONNAMBULA.
AMINA, Mme. ETELKA GERSTER.
WEDNESDAY, March 16, IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA.
ROSINA, Mme. ETELKA GERSTER.
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Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL.

[No. 13

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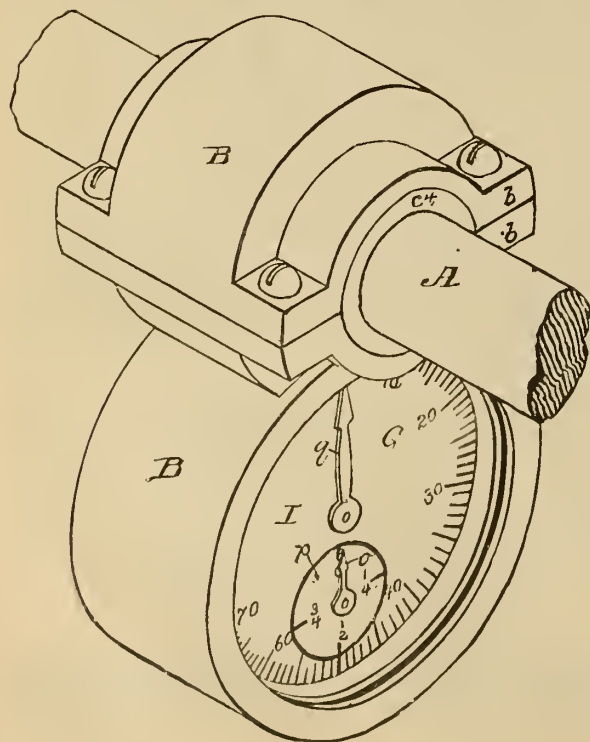
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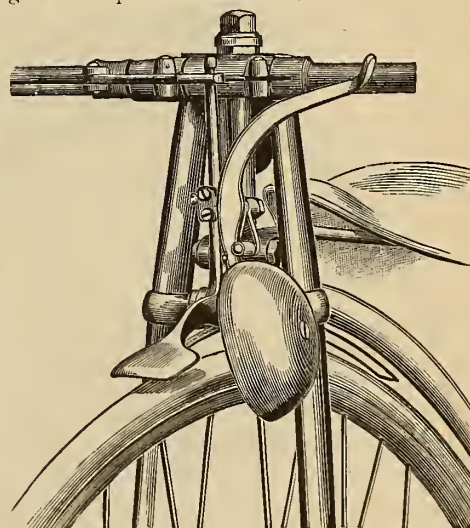
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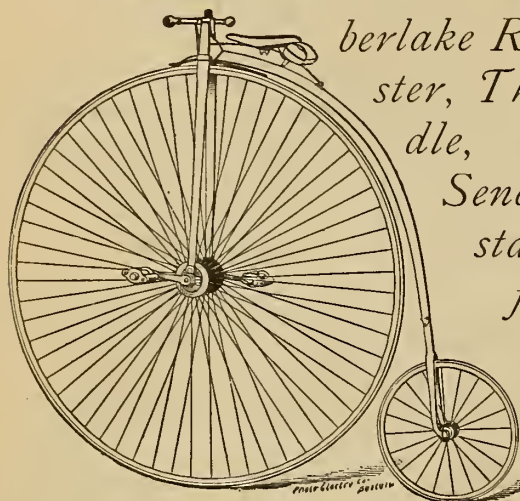
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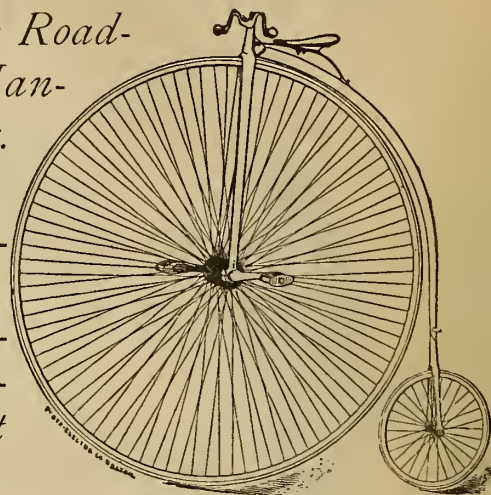
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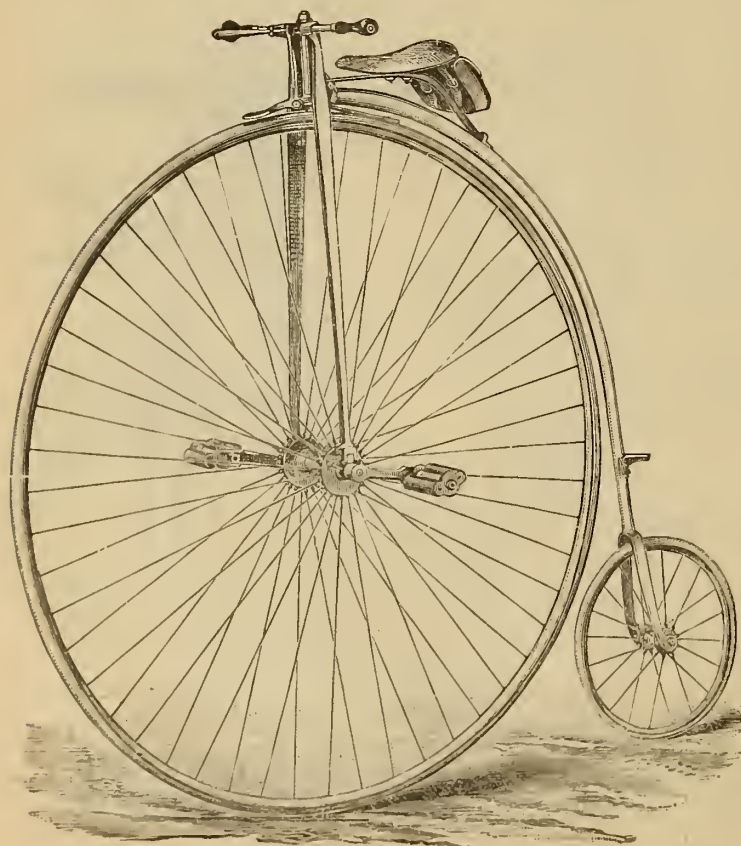
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