

THE WHEEL

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The advent of Christmas practically closes what has been a most prosperous year in the history of American wheeling. In spite of the proverbial "hard times" everything has progressed. The dealers are happy, clubs are in better condition, tournaments have been successful, and the wheel papers seem to boom.

It has been our usual custom at this time to extend to our patrons a few words of mention, and to thank them for the support they have so freely given. We predict that the season of 1885 will be a brilliant one. Our manufacturers and importers are laying in a stock of machines such as they would not dream of a few years ago.

The Pope Manufacturing Company still continue to head the list of manufacturers, and their sales are probably larger than all others combined. The old cry of "monopoly" has been deeply buried, and it is a difficult matter to find anyone who would not care to possess one. Their machines are all too well known to need special mention. Their sterling merit carries them through the fight on all occasions, and the makers can probably find a market for their Expert as long as they choose to manufacture and advertise it. We wish our biggest client a Merry Christmas and pass to one of the leading importers.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. have found the limits of 10 Milk street too small to contain their growing business, and have secured elegant quarters at 152, 154, 156, and 158 Congress street. Here they will be located during 1885, and we trust for years to come. They have earned a name for the Rudge machines which is hard to equal, and their other machines are all up to that high standard. The firm recently sent their representative, Mr. H. D. Corey, abroad, and while there he placed an order for one thousand machines. This we believe is the largest single order ever given by an importer, and proves pretty conclusively that Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. intend to fight pretty hard for the leading position in the trade. May success crown their efforts.

Another popular importer hangs out a sign at 2 and 4 Hanover street, Baltimore, Md. Everybody knows Sam. T. Clark, and those who do not should immediately form his acquaintance. Active in business, prominent in actual wheeling, and one of the oldest riders and League officers in this country, Mr. Clark has made a host of friends who are always glad to see him at the different meets and race meetings. Mr. Clark pushes the Sanspareil not only from the saddle but in the trade. For '85 he promises a machine second to none, and may success attend his efforts. We wish him a barrel full of good luck.

Smithville is located in New Jersey, and New Jersey is an important town in America. The H. B. Smith Machine Co. own the town of Smithville, and of course have a lien on New Jersey. New Jersey is the land of Stars, and they make 'em there. We understand that the coming year will show many improvements in this remarkable wheel. In fact, the concern have hardly begun to manufacture the Star in any quantity, preferring to make them in small lots, and improve each machine. We are very familiar with the Star, and so are the Canada tourists, and we trust to see the weight materially reduced, and the bearings and workmanship

improved. We think a thirty-five pound Star would be an excellent article, and trust that next year will produce it.

Thanksgiving Day found Geo. R. Bidwell & Co. in ruins, but Christmas sees them well established in even more comfortable quarters, with a new stock of everything necessary to a wheelman. The enterprise of this firm is too well known to need mention here. The Perfection Alarm is so well known that over 4,000 were sold last season, and now the "Heater" is pushing its way with rapidity. Messrs. Geo. R. Bidwell & Co. have in stock a full line of machines from a child's bicycle up. Their riding-hall is conveniently situated and their storage facilities excellent. A prosperous year is undoubtedly in store for them.

Number 17 Barclay is an attractive establishment, and the proprietor, Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler is always pleased to see wheelmen and show them the mysterious Kangaroo, the graceful Royal Mail, the staunch American Club, and any first-class mount required.

Of course in the matter of furnishings no one else can be mentioned in the same breath as Ira Perego, at 128 Fulton street, New York. Mr. Perego's excellent stock of fine imported goods is enough to make one sigh for a purse a mile long. His Christmas display is superb, and those who find the walking bad, should send for his illustrated price list and catalogue.

Buffalo is the land of good fellows, and Bull and Haynes are no exception to the rule. At present, besides doing a good agency business, they are pushing the American adjustable saddle with success, judging from all reports.

We cannot help saying a good word for our Philadelphia friend, Mr. H. B. Hart, who, although not making a great stir in the cycling papers, attends strictly to business, and has one of the largest agencies in the United States. Mr. Hart has brought out many novelties in the way of sundries, and we

trust that the season of '85 will be more than satisfactory.

Zacharias & Smith, of Newark, N. J., are celebrated for the completeness of their repair shop, which is one of the largest known outside of the factories at Hartford, and elsewhere. The specialties in the way of luggage, carriers lamps, steps, etc., have been explained in detail in these columns, and need no special mention at this time. We wish them a very merry Christmas.

Over 3,000 Duryea saddles were sold last year, and probably 6,000 wheelmen will want to purchase them this year. For ease and comfort they are unsurpassed, and they will doubtless retain the enormous lead they have over other competitors.

Remember the children around Christmas, and no better present can be made than a bicycle or tricycle. The Western Toy Company, of Chicago, and New York manufacture a machine that is both serviceable and at the same time reasonable. Their well-known manager, Mr. R. L. Coleman, is one of the most pushing men in the business, and is always pleased to see wheelmen at 47 Murray street, New York.

In conclusion, we have only to say that as far as THE WHEEL is concerned, we will do our best to make it interesting and worthy of the support of wheelmen. We prefer to let others speak for us, but can only say that the year 1885 will see some changes which we think will be for the better. We wish our readers a merry Christmas, and a very happy New Year, and trust that they may continue to live and retain their names on the books of THE WHEEL.

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

It seems rather a sarcasm to head this letter "Some Boston News," because it contains but little in the way of actual news.

This is the time of the year when cycling is about as dead as it well can be. The Charlestown Bicycle Club have had their annual election of offi-

cers with the following result: President, F. S. Nelsen; Sec'y-Treas, M. K. Kendall; Captain, J. W. Vivian; First Lieutenant, J. A. Corey; Second Lieutenant, Charles Gill; Bugler, F. Arthur Lane; Executive Committee, Messrs. Nelsen, Kendall, Vivian, Smith, and Webber. Mr. C. W. Howard was elected Secretary, but declined to serve. Vivian was one of the Chicago Tourists. The club has been howling for a captain to give them more runs. If Vivian rides as hard as he did in the tour they will get running enough.

The ball of the Charlestown Club next Monday (29th) will be quite a swell affair, and is looked forward to with many happy anticipations by the fair residents of the monument district. The invitations are quite unique, and I understand the orders will be something elegant.

George E. Hutchinson the new "fancy" man, gave an exhibition at the Institute Rink Saturday night.

His riding was something different from the general run, and in many points superior to anything I ever saw.

His feats of balancing are hard to excel. His act, with one foot on the pedal, and the other on the handle bar, as well as that of standing erect in the saddle, were heartily applauded. He mounted and rode backward, a feat not attempted by other riders, and finally gave an exposition of unicycle riding, closing with the upside down mount with the unicycle. The handle bars are placed on the floor while Hutchinson mounts the pedals, steadying himself by the wheel; he then pulls up the bar with a string, seizes it, and rides off on one wheel. He failed the first time, but on the second trip he rode off as easily on one wheel as an ordinary rider would on two, amidst enthusiastic applause from the few wheelmen present, the general public looking stolidly on, unaware of the great risk he incurred.

It is hard to make a comparison of the performance with that of Canary, as their tricks are so radically different, but in his way, Hutchinson has no superior. This ends the news, except that Frank G. Stumcke defeated Chas. O. Walton in a one mile race at the Institute Rink, Friday night; Stumcke rode one wheel, an expert; and Walton glided around the laps on eight wheels. The cycle downed the rollers in 3.26. As this is to be my last letter to THE WHEEL, Lewee being about to resume his pen, I shall take the opportunity to say a few words on a subject which will be under discussion in the near future, and as I shall not probably be at the next officers' meeting of the L. A. W. I venture to have my say a little in advance. The question to arise, or at least it ought to, before the board is, what shall be done to make the League of sufficient utility to convince its 5,000 members that they are receiving a benefit, or that the cause receives a benefit from their contributions. If the average wheelman could be convinced of a benefit to be derived either by themselves or others, instead of 5,000 we would have thrice that membership. We give our dollars on faith, a faith that the past year has not justified. I, myself, am convinced that the League will ultimately be a grand and powerful organization,

but to make it so, there are thousands of scoffers whom it is necessary to convert, and the only way to reach these men and gather them in, is to show them some solid and apparent results and benefits. The League is really losing ground among those who can push it, and make it the ideal organization which was the hope and ambition of its founders. The men who have filled the places of the workers who have left us are good men and true, but lack the experience of veterans.

If we are to lose a large number of our best men every year, the L. A. W. will soon lose whatever prestige it has, and will have as dismal an ending as the luckless Tricycle Union in England.

We want to get good men and keep them. I have no great scheme to accomplish the desired results, but at the proper time I hope to make some suggestions that may in some degree add to the probability of its accomplishment. The coming year will find the League in a fair way towards accumulating a fund, the judicious use of which may do much toward it. I have called attention to this matter that League members and officers may consider it, and try to find a way to carry it out. In conclusion, let me say that there is a widespread feeling that the power of the League would be greatly increased by more frequent gatherings of its officers.

I am told that League members are debarred the privileges of Central Park unless they are members of a club. And this without a protest from the principal officers of the League, whose headquarters are in New York State. I trust this is not true, and it behooves President Beckwith to explain the matter to those who intrusted him with the government of the League.

W. I. H.

DEC. 22, 1884.

A CORRECTION.

Editor of The Wheel: In your issue for December 18th, you make much ado over inaccuracies and mistakes appearing in the printed matter of your contemporaries the *Springfield Wheelman Gazette*, the *Bicycling World* and the *Amateur Athlete*. Now, while willing to allow your paper its full credit for wishing to point out in a considerate, kindly, and gentlemanly manner, mistakes which come under its notice, I still cannot but call to mind the old saying that "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," for in the very same issue of your paper I have been, if not maligned, at least very roughly handled. Your observing Boston correspondent has discovered, with an acuteness which even his remarkable letters hardly warranted me in supposing him to be gifted with—he has discovered that some where among my "cycling comments," published in the L. A. W. official gazette, I did, to put the matter in the sense if not in the words that he puts it, slander the Springfield Bicycle Club. If I have been guilty of such an act I am sorry for so doing, for I would not wilfully slander or promulgate a mistaken idea about any one or anything, even about the distinguished W. I. H. himself, who is so kind as to start this pretty story about Chris Wheeler. I deny

his statement flatly, and call upon him to produce the paragraph in question, and print it when and where he likes. I will even ask him to cull the comments from my columns which he says contain slurs upon the Springfield Bicycle Club, and I will match them if he can find them, with others of my comments, which are complimentary to the club, rather than anything else. If W. I. H. tries to crawl from the hole into which he has unfortunately stumbled by saying that the slurs, etc., which he refers to, in such a manner as to give nine out of every ten readers the idea that they were made in the Gazette, were made verbally, or in the columns of other journals. If he says this I would ask him to write more clearly in future. If he does make this argument, which I here forestall with an answer, because I hate a newspaper controversy. I will say that he enlightens me considerably, for I do not remember ever having had the pleasure of speaking two words to him, and I am very certain that Chris Wheeler never penned a slur on the Springfield Bicycle Club. It is small business to dub a plain critical comment a slur. If W. I. H. so wishes he can among my comments pick out ones which approach more to "slurs" on the "League organ" and on its editor, than any which cast reflections on the S. B. C. I am sorry for having to haul up your correspondent thus, and I hope that some day he will have a better knowledge of

CHRIS. WHEELER.

PHILA. Dec. 20, 1884.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

About the time this paper will be in the hands of your readers, the Christmas dinner will have disappeared before the attacks of the hungry wheelman, and while the smoke is still rising from the after dinner cigars, the mind of Gotham's wheelmen will be turned back a year. The snow was then piled up in huge drifts and riding had been abandoned for some time, but the spirit of wheeling was alive and showed itself in the action of the Citizens Club. To them the date is doubly significant. It carries them back to their old quarters at 60th street, and two days later, the 27th of December, the corner-stone of the building was laid amid ceremonies that were appropriate. I well remember the slush, fog, and rain, and the picture of the huddled cyclists in spite of all this, enthusiastic to the last degree, will long be remembered. How familiar the form of the "parson" appears as he read the three column history of the club. How we remember the jokes that Ford perpetrated upon the weather—and even he will be forced to smile. How familiar brother Bourne looked as he tapped the stone with the mallet and afterwards tapped something else. And all this was a year ago. What changes since then. The completion of the club house, the successful race meeting, the struggle with the League question and the subsequent vote to withdraw from the same. The meet at Washington, the numerous runs and quiet unchronicled good times. Trips to Milford and elsewhere, and finally the recent house warming. All rush through the mind in rapid succession. A record of a busy year of manly, healthful enjoyment, and yet it seems as if it were

but yesterday. To-day the members can congratulate themselves. With an active membership of eighty and a snug home, they can look out on the cold world and bid the elements defiance. Firmly organized, with a good bank account to their credit, at peace with everyone, they can point to their career with pride.

And now a word to the smaller clubs. Go ye and do likewise. Create for yourselves comfortable quarters. Develop a social feeling among your members. Make your rooms bright and home like, so that the members will be drawn towards them and not repelled. Set apart an evening a week and develop what talent exists among you, but which is not brought to light for want of proper encouragement. If your membership has reached thirty or forty, agitate the subject of owning your own house. Issue bonds bearing six per cent. interest, and try and place them among your friends. Give entertainments. Don't think that because you have bought a wheel that is to be the last of you. Become a worker, and if you have not time to take an active hand, lend your moral support. Don't accuse your active men of trying to "run things" unless they wilfully sacrifice the best interests of the club. Be a little charitable towards the enthusiasts, and do what you can to promote good feeling. There are always some workers in an organization, and there has to be. Now that your wheel is coated with vaseline as it should be, keep your brain going and not let the outside public think that it is altogether located in your calves. Stir up and work. You can do wonders if you only try. Such a thing as a club disbanding should be unknown in this country. The occasions should not exist, and the members are alone to blame.

The past week has failed to develop an item of news, but instead I have indited a little Christmas sermon, which I trust the editor can find room for instead of the weekly jottings of

X. Y. Z.

WHEELWOMEN.

Some three years ago, when I made my first delighted essay on wheels, a tricycling woman, in these parts, was regarded with somewhat the same feelings as a bicycling woman would be to-day; and I remember having a thrill of guilty apprehension, lest the vicar of the parish, whom I skillfully avoided, by means of a sudden friendly sharp corner, should request me to resign my Sunday-school class, as a person unfitted by such frivolous and indecorous pursuits, to be the guide of innocent youth. Nowadays, a lady on three wheels excites no more emotion in the village breast than a lady in a bath-chair would do; and even in the remotest rural districts one is no longer pointed out by gaping, but presumably honest, sons of toil; while the merry children hoot with derision, and fling clods of earth from a safe and respectful distance. I don't think other parts of the country are always as enlightened as mine own Southern county. Last year I was visiting in Yorkshire, and my casual and innocent mention of my tricycling habits produced a sudden shock of silence and horror in a certain pleasant drawing

STATISTICS OF THE NIAGARA TO BOSTON TOUR.

I thought it would be interesting to your readers to know some of the statistical facts of the great Niagara to Boston tour of the Chicago Bicycle Club. I have, therefore, as secretary of the tour, compiled the following tables, which I trust will be found substantially correct:

	Age.			Weight.					Gain.			Size of Wheel.		No. of Men.	
				Heaviest.	Lightest.	Average.	Greatest.	Total.	Average.	Largest.	Smallest.	Married.	Single.		
	Oldest.	Youngest.	Average.												
	yrs.	yrs.	yrs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.		
Staff.....	51	18	26	155	115	129	6	15	1½	62	42	53	2	8	10
After Tour.....				159	115	135½									
Eastern Div.....	25	21	23	158	125	136	5	13½	2½	58	48	53	1	4	5
After Tour.....				163	127	138½									
Middle Div.....	37	17	25	180	100	134	13	47	2	56	40	52	3	18	21
After Tour.....				180	106	136									
Western Div.....	29	16	22	182	126	144	15	39	3½	60	52	56		11	11
After Tour.....				182	130	147½									
Canadian Div.....	40	16	30	147	110	139	5	10	1	54	50	53	4	6	10
After Tour.....				150	110	140									
Totals.....	51	16	25	182	100	136	15		2½	62	40	53	10	47	57
After Tour.....				182	106	138½		124½							

(The averages in weight and age are made up from all the weights and ages.)

It appears from the above table that the Western men, although the youngest, were the heaviest, and rode the largest wheels; they must, therefore, have expended the most power, yet they gained the most. I think this is a pretty good answer to those who consider the wheel injurious.

The Canadians were the oldest.

There we represented 10 States and Canada, 24 cities of the U. S., 5 of Canada, 35 L. A. W., 16 C. T. C., 8 C. W. A., 27 clubs, 36 Republicans, 8 Democrats.

Date.	Time on the Road.		Rests.	Number of Rests.	Average.	Riding Time.		Number of Rides.	Average.	Miles.	Miles at a Time.	Miles per Hour.
	h.	m.			m.	h.	m.		m.			
July 15.....	2	30	2	2	15	1	30	3	30	9	3	6
July 16.....	10	10	4	20	15	20	5	45	14	25	4.5	8.2
July 17.....	10	10	4	10	9	28	6	10	36	45	4.5	7.5
July 18.....	9	40	5	15	63	4	25	6	44	46	7.7	10.4
July 19.....	2	50	30	2	15	2	20	3	47	25	8.3	10.7
July 22.....	10	7	7	3	140	3	4	4	45	21	5	7
July 24.....	2	40	55	3	18	1	45	4	26	20	5	11.4
July 25.....	4	35	1	30	4	23	2	55	5	35	5	8.9
July 26.....	10	4	6	6	17	6	7	7	51	51	7.3	8.5
Nine days.....	61	55	28	10	47	33	40	56	288
Per day.....	6	52	3	06	5	18	3	44	6	38	32	8.8

In the above table the times and speeds of the *slowest* men were taken.

For those planning tours this table contains much that may prove useful; for a large party of good and poor riders cannot do much more than this and be in as fine spirits all the time as were the "Canada Tourists."

H. F. FULLER.

CHICAGO, December 17, 1884.

room. After a very marked pause, conversation was resumed, but with an abrupt change of subject; and I felt myself regarded by the more benevolent of the company, with a certain wistful sadness, as who should say: "Poor wanderer from the paths of propriety and womanliness! can she really be sensible of the enormity of her transgressions?" Portions of Essex also seem still wrapped in benighted gloom. The lady-tricyclist is an unknown thing in Colchester; and I know a lady, who, while visiting friends in the neighborhood, used to terrify the whole country side, by her very gentle tri. trips.

Still, this sort of thing is now happily the exception. Tricycling for women is coming more actively into favor every day that passes, and the wheelwoman, instead of being the somewhat peculiar exception to her sex, is fast becoming as ordinary a thing as the fainting young lady who screamed at a spider, and went into hysterics over a black beetle, used to be. When one comes to think of it, what a splendid stride public opinion has taken! Fifty years ago, I suppose a woman who ventured to mount a tri.

would have been cut by all her acquaintances; and now the quietest, gentlest, most womanly of their sex may join the C. T. C. without even the elevation of an eyebrow from Mrs. Grundy. My own wonder is, not that so many women ride, but that every woman not absolutely a cripple or confined to her sofa does not take advantage of an invention which is certainly, as far as women are concerned, one of the grandest blessings of the age. I know, of course, some of the reasons that keep them from it. First of all, the average woman has not nearly as much money at her command as the average man, while the average girl, living at home, has usually an allowance which leaves no margin for expensive luxuries. Hence, few women, comparatively, can afford to possess tricycles, and no one who has undergone a long course of hiring a machine can wonder if tricycling, as seen solely through the medium of hired tricycles, should not hold out those bewildering allurements which might be expected. Then, again, women, as a class, are not used to the sort of active exercise associated with a tricycle.

They make a first attempt with a vigour which does more credit to their hearts than to their heads, and when exhaustion supervenes, they hastily conclude that they have no strength for such hard work, and throw it up in disgust. Now I am perfectly certain that nothing is more likely to do away with that physical torment which people have learnt to call "the little health of woman"—the combination of nerves, indigestion, and lack of interest in life—than judicious and habitual tricycling. There is nothing so calculated to afford moderate yet, sufficient exercise, fresh and sweet air, and that change of scene and surrounding which is the surest medicine for a sick heart and brain. Can any pleasure equal that ever fresh, ever pure delight of darting away with an ease and lightness beyond any motion one has ever known before, to find oneself in a new world, undreamt of hitherto, though close to one's own haunts; a world of life and beauty; of green lanes and tangled hedge-rows, of fair forests and clear running streams, and smiling meadows; a world that is the heritage of every one of us who has eyes to see, and a heart to enjoy? Life, when one tricycles becomes so much better and more delicious a thing, that I would every sister-woman of mine were a wheelwoman, even as I am. And from my two years of active experience, of constant, sometimes daily riding, perhaps I may be able to give some hints which may help those who aspire to be wheelwomen, too.

First of all I would beg them to discriminate in their choice of a machine. I have tried many, and can say without hesitation, that I have found the Royal Salvo fitted above all others for a lady's use. Of course, it is by no means the swiftest, but speed is not our main object, at least, till the time arrive—the which the fates forbid!—when women take to the racing path. My favorite tricycle, and the one I most frequently use, is one of this build, small wheels, geared down, and I believe it to be as near perfection as anything that has yet been patented. Rear-steerers I don't consider safe riding for women. The only tumble I have had in all my three years' tricycling was from one of these machines, a Coventry Triumph, I think. The break was a spoon one, acting on the rear wheel, and it acted with such effect that the machine executed a sort of polka in descending a very steep hill, and tossed me out upon the roadside bank as if I had been a ball. I wasn't seriously hurt, but my dignity and I was somewhat shaken, and then and there I registered a solemn vow that the rear-steerer and I should part company thenceforward for evermore. The next important item is the costume; and I think the defect of most proposed tricycling dresses is that, being planned by men, they are too thick and heavy for a lady's wear. In summer I find it utterly impossible to ride in cloth—cotton is as much as one can endure for a gown, and even in winter, unless it is unusually severe. I wear a light serge or woollen dress, and carry a small fur cape to put over my shoulders when I stop.

A cape of this kind is valuable even in hot weather, if one rides when the dew is falling, or when one shoots down a long hill, after being overheated. A straw sailor hat is very com-

fortable wear on hot days, and may be prettily adorned with a club ribbon—the C. T. C. for instance; and it is well to carry a cricketer's cap also, for wet or windy weather, if one is touring. The gown should be just long enough to touch the instep as the wearer sits on her saddle; and it should not exceed two yards in width. Here, let me say, that I believe the saddle to be infinitely better than a seat for ladies' riding, and if the front be rounded instead of pointed, it will be found far more satisfactory. There is so much to be said on the dress question that I cannot exhaust it here. A medical man of my acquaintance, not long since, wrote out his views as to a tri. costume for women, and brought them to me to correct. If any lady who may read this would like to have them, I am sure he will be glad to send them to her address.

Having secured her machine and her costume, let the would-be wheelwoman begin to ride. But this is the point where most judgment is required. Let her not ride too far nor too furiously; let her begin by gentle strolls on her tri., and increase the distance as she goes on. Let her never ride after she is tired; never start to ride unless she feels, as she herself would say, "up to it." Let her never attempt to ride up a hill after her breath fails, and her heart beats fast; let her never shoot a hill without a hand on her break; let her carry a tiny flask of *eau de Cologne*, in which she will find much refreshment. If she be thirsty by the way let her drink lemonade or ginger-beer, or, better still, soda and milk, and when she comes home let her have a cup of well-made tea, and a hot bath. So shall the wheelwoman ride, with pleasure and profit to her complexion, her health, her spirits, and her happiness. But let her only beware, lest, having once begun to taste the wild fierce joy of the tri., she doth fall its victim, body and soul, and—forgetting for its sake home and friends, lover or husband, house-keeping cares, and the laurels of the tennis-court—ride it by night and by day, in season and out of season, in the busy mart, and far from the haunts of men, till she take at last, oh picture of terror! to the racing path, and become that thing, pitied of gods, and derided of men, the racing-lady of the tri.—Miss DAVIDSON in *Wheeling Annual*.

THE ELIZABETH WHEELMEN'S EXHIBITION.

The E. W. helped along the Elizabeth wheel boom not a little last night by its first public cycle exhibition. The entertainment was given in the Temple Rink, a place by size and arrangement well suited for the purpose. The boys had worked like beavers, and by extensive and judicious advertising drew to the rink a large assemblage. The New Jersey Wheelmen, the Plainfield Bicycle Club, and the Hudson County Wheelmen were represented by large delegations in uniform. The throng of neatly costumed wheelmen on the floor during the intervals allowed for skating, made the sight a pretty one to the spectators. With the exhibition itself, there was unanimous satisfaction expressed, and it is safe to say, that the wheel boom in Elizabeth will receive considerable advancement from it. The idea was

to teach the uninitiated the beauties and pleasures of cycling, as much as it was to get our building fund started. Five thousand copies of an eight-page paper, *The Elizabeth Wheelman*, were published and distributed. This placed before the public as many facts about wheeling as could be crowded into the limited space. Many of these facts were stolen bodily, and, in most cases, without giving credit, from the cycling press. Thanks.

Of the performance itself, perhaps, I may be allowed to say a few words. When we started a few weeks ago to work up the exhibition, we hoped to be able to have the Kings County Wheelmen's drill squad as one of the chief attractions of the evening. Unfortunately for us, however, their many engagements would not permit their attendance at any of the few dates at our disposal. We were in a quandary how to supply this feature of the entertainment. We had never done any club drilling, not even so much as falling in by twos and fours at the signal of the whistle. Something had to be done, and the boys proceeded to do it. Chief Consul Brown was actually the only member who had ever witnessed a club drill, and he undertook, in conjunction with Captain Martin, to manufacture some evolutions for a squad of eight of the boys. The managers of the rink gave them the use of the floor for about ten drills of twenty minutes each. Four of the squad rode stars, and four, cranks. No evolutions of any great difficulty were attempted. They were satisfied to do the few simple movements that could be crowded into a space of twelve minutes. Be it said to their credit that they did it well, and they were loudly applauded by their friends for the very good attempt they made to fill the gap left by the Kings County Wheelmen. Some time in the near future we expect to have the K. C. W. out to show our citizens what drilling is, as they have kindly placed themselves at our disposal for some future date.

Next on the programme was a parade of the tricycles belonging to the club. Miss Vincent and L. B. Bonnett took the lead on a tandem, Miss Suydam and C. H. K. Halsey following on a Sociable. Then came three Victor singles ridden by Joseph Battin, H. T. Alexander, and Geo. M. Ross. We have recently elected three lady members, and the tricycle parade was given to encourage more to go and do likewise. The tricyclers made quite an imposing array of influential citizens, embracing in their small numbers the President, Secretary, Treasury, of the Water Company, the President of the Elizabeth Athletic Club, an organization of 300 members, the President of the Viking Rowing Association, a member of the Common Council, and a vestryman of one of the churches, all these titles of distinction being distributed between Messrs. Battin, Halsey, and Ross. Mr. Battin is a gentleman over eighty years of age, and is one of the most enthusiastic of the wheelmen. The young ladies, who had the courage to set such a good example of daring to do what they thought was right and proper despite foolish conventional prejudices, were loudly applauded and most respectfully treated, and no one has yet ventured to hint that they

lowered their dignity a particle, or violated a single proper rule of conduct of the high social circle in which they moved. They are grandchildren of one of Columbia's most noted Presidents, and great grandchildren of one of the most noted men in America's early history. Their birth and position added weight to the example of independence they set their sex.

Tommy Finley followed with his exhibition on the Star, and was received with the enthusiasm and applause his well known performance always calls forth. His graceful riding and neat execution of all his tricks made a complete crush of every girl in the building. He was voted the "masher" *par excellence* of the evening.

Harry Tufts completely paralyzed the spectators. His feats are incredible, and need an actual witnessing to believe possible. It seemed as though he only needed a suggestion of something wildly impossible to be able to accomplish it, so perfect was his control over his machine. One of his feats was this: Coming to a standstill by a sudden jerk he threw the head and saddle on the floor, so that the wheel stood upside down, as bicyclers place their machines to spin the wheels. All this time he had not left his wheel, but was standing on the pedals. After remaining in this position a short time by some peculiar twist he righted his wheel and rode off. It must be remembered that all this time he had not touched the floor. His unicycle riding over a beam was loudly applauded.

Finley then beat Morrell and Floy in a slow race.

The famous trick mule, old-fashioned hinge in the middle boneshaker, then entered on a career of destruction. The unsuccessful attempts of the most expert bikers to master the brute were received with roars of laughter.

Financially and otherwise our exhibition was a great success, and has helped wheeling along immensely in Elizabeth.

Perhaps I have taken up more space than the importance of the event called for, but long-windedness is the thorn that always goes with this rose.

JONAH.

KRON'S ARGUMENT TO HOTEL KEEPERS.

Editor of The Wheel: Sixty subscription pledges for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" have made memorable the forty-seventh week of the canvass, ending to-night, when my total enrollment is 2,233. Among the notable arrivals are a dozen from the Scranton Bicycle Club, half that number from Irwin, Pa., five from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., (paid in advance) and four from the Sydney Bicycle Club, of New South Wales, Australia,—raising the number of my patrons in that part of the planet to a round three dozen. Perhaps even more notable than these was the arrival of a pledge for fourteen subscriptions from the editor of the *League Gazette* (in addition to the original one given at the outset of the canvass), since that act places the gentleman at the head of my supporters, inasmuch as the largest single subscription previously recorded was for a dozen copies,

At the same time with this liberal investment, the editor returned the article on hotels (which my last Saturday's letter to *THE WHEEL* alluded to as having just been written by me for the *League Gazette*), accompanied by the remark that, "though he should personally very much like to publish it, he was not at liberty to do so, inasmuch as his acceptance of a previous article of mine, advertising the book, had drawn out protests from several members of the board against publishing notices of that sort for one who was not a League member." The implication of such protest is that if I were a League member the *Gazette* might properly join with all the other cycling papers in helping push my scheme to success. There seems an odd confusion of ideas in the theory that the fact of membership has anything to do with the case, or that I ask the help of the *Gazette*, or any other paper, as a matter of personal favoritism. My theory simply is that the papers will all have an increase of subscriptions and advertising as a result of the success of my book, and that such success will give a great boom to the League. In asking the officers of that organization to help the scheme along, I merely ask them to fulfill their official duties in the most effective manner. I am proud to help the League anyhow; but I should think its officers ought to help me in helping it. The rejected article was as follows:

As a dozen pledges have come to me by reason of the letter which I wrote three weeks ago to the *Gazette*, I again ask your permission to announce that intending purchasers of my \$1.50 road-book may secure it for two-thirds that price by promptly authorizing me to insert their names and residences, with League and club connections, in my "appendix of 3,000 subscribers." The chief object of my present note, however, is to urge the great encouragement which will be given to touring in case I am able to print a list of 250 or more towns whose leading hotel keeps my guide in its office for consultation. I have 88 such hotels now on my subscription list; but the difficulty of securing additions to their number, by appeals through the mail, will be evident from the following facts: Ten responses only have come to me from the ninety hotels to which I addressed, four weeks ago, sealed hectograph letters, reminding each proprietor of the exact date when I registered at his house, while touring on a bicycle, and asking him to read and fairly consider the argument in my "special circular to hotel keepers."

Nevertheless, I am confident that of these eighty landlords who thus neglect the best chance ever given them for attracting to their houses a new line of patrons, by the expenditure of a trivial sum, I could secure at least seventy-five for the scheme, if it were possible to have a few minutes' talk with them. The average hotel keeper simply will not try to understand any scheme of this sort which comes to him through the mail. He has been fooled by so many crazy projects for "advertising," that when a good one presents itself he refuses to recognize it.

My only hope of overcoming this

natural human prejudice against examining into the merits of a novelty, consists in my ability to persuade some wheelman in each town to verbally explain the matter to the keeper of its chief hotel. It is simply impossible that any house whose name is catalogued in the three special lists of my appendix can fail to attract more than a dollar's worth of patronage in consequence; because a large proportion of the 3,000 men whose names are printed there subscribe to the book on account of their interest in touring; and when they engage in a tour they will naturally visit the hotels which are named in the book.

I say to landlords that they need not pay me anything until they see with their own eyes that the names of 3,000 advance purchasers (including their own) are really printed in the appendix; and that, therefore, even though I fail to sell the remaining 2,000 copies of the promised edition, the pledge of a dollar will bring the name of each house to 15,000 readers (estimating five of these for each purchaser), to say nothing of securing a copy of a book whose retail price is \$1.50. I say to them that when a wheelman is debating which one of several possible tours he will start out upon, he will be likely to decide in favor of a section of the country where he sees the hotels are most numerous—named as owners of the road-book. I can present to them a dozen other arguments, any one of which would decide a man to pledge a dollar, if he really comprehended the present importance of the wheeling interest and its certainty of rapid growth.

I am afraid, however, that the hotel men generally look upon this sort of travel as of trivial importance, and regard the act of "official recommendation by the League" as little better than child's play. I recall the fact that when I stopped at the United States Hotel, in Easton, Penn., last June, I easily persuaded the proprietor to subscribe for the book, in spite of his assertion that he "made it a rule never to advertise, as he practically had a monopoly of all the first-class travel;" but when I suggested to him, as an argument, that his house had been "appointed a League hotel," he assured me that he had "never before heard of the fact."

Likewise, within the last week, having had occasion to patronize two of the "three dollar a day hotels,"—the Winthrop, at Meriden, Ct., and the Getty, at Yonkers,—I again had the truth impressed upon me that the landlords consider bicycle travel as of trivial consequence. The proprietors of these two houses I found to be intelligent and good natured—the former a man no older than myself, and the latter a landlord of twenty years' experience—and they both listened to me civilly, and finally agreed to take the book. But neither of them had paid any attention to my circular, and neither of them expressed any confidence that my book would bring a single additional patron to their houses. They subscribed chiefly on "general principles," and because the book seemed likely to "give them a dollar's worth of amusement, anyhow," rather than because they believed in it as a legitimate business investment.

I am certain that the investment

will ultimately yield to each of those men a return of from \$50 to \$100; yet I was powerless to make them even approximately comprehend the truth that cycling is "a great institution," whose 'hotel patronage is well worth making a bid for. They would not be convinced that bicycle travel amounts already to respectable proportions, and that my forthcoming exhibition of American roads must needs add greatly to the volume of it. If these men, therefore, possessing good sense and sagacity beyond the average of their class, hesitated so long about pledging a dollar for so tangible a thing as the insertion of their houses' names in 5,000 copies of a wheelmen's guide, what value would they be likely to put on so shadowy and remote a thing as "official recommendation by the L. A. W.?"

The implied answer to this question seems to me to show that whoever persuades the hotel keeper of his town to subscribe to my book not only confers a personal favor on all wheelmen who may tour through that town, but also does the best thing in his power to open that hotel keeper's eyes to the importance of the League itself. I appeal, then, to League officers and members to secure the local hotels for my list, without waiting for me to send them personal requests, accompanied by circulars,—though I shall be glad to supply my hotel circular to all who wish to arm themselves with its arguments. The pledge by a landlord of even so small a sum as a dollar is significant of his genuine desire to gain the patronage of wheelmen; while a refusal to make this guarantee of good faith by a man who consents to have his hotel "recommended" by the L. A. W. or C. T. C. is a certain sign that he looks with contempt upon the whole business.

The 125th page of the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* for December, which has just come to hand, is devoted to an article of mine called "A Pointer to the Trade," in the course of which I urge that every bicycle dealer would help his own business by persuading the chief hotel keeper in every town of his locality to subscribe for my book. Mr. J. V. Stevenson, of Greensburg, Pa., secured the hotels of six towns besides his own in the course of a short business trip, and Mr. C. R. Zacharias, of Newark, N. J., has pledged to me an even larger number. This shows that my book might be placed in 1,000 hotel offices if other dealers were equally energetic. As a matter of fact, my present number of pledged hotels is only ninety.

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING,
N. Y., Dec. 20, 1884.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

A merry Christmas to all our readers.

May the New Year bring increased prosperity to all our clubs, manufacturers, and dealers.

May the League feel the influence of the new year, with an increased membership roll; may all feelings of discontent and jealousy vanish; and may its "channels of usefulness" increase and its treasury wax fat.

May the League meet be at Buffalo, and be the event of the year, and may

our good friend Aaron be the next Ac-Secretary.

May the League publish once a month a Gazette of some typographical merit and accuracy, and may its editor think that some men are not as bad as they are painted.

May the March elections be marked by a clean sweep of those men who hold office for vanity's sake alone, and are merely drones in a busy hive of workers.

May the actual benefits of the League be shown in a clearer light than in the past, so that May 30th will see 7,000 names on the register.

May the good work of building special houses for our large clubs continue, and thus stamp bicycling as a permanent institution in the minds of an incredulous public.

May the 1001 club men that are content to read THE WHEEL without paying for it, send in their names with a dollar, and begin the new year well.

May the Big Four Tour be the social event of the year, as was its predecessor, the Canada jaunt.

Outing promises the first series of papers by Thomas Stevens, the great American tourist with its March number. It will be illustrated in *Outing's* best style, and as the ride is an event in American bicycle history the present is a good time to secure a year's subscription to that excellent journal.

Prince has lately figured as a rival to "Karl Kron," in his efforts to work the press, and our Western contemporaries are filled with columns each week, giving reasons why Prince failed to race Howell.

The Chicago Bi. Club smoked the pipe of peace on Tuesday evening, at their club house, 189 Michigan avenue. The "exercises" were no doubt conducted with the well known enthusiasm for which its members are noted.

John S. Prince, says: "I have just won the six-days' race in this city, covering 889 miles in six days of twelve hours' daily riding, and rode the entire distance on a Duryea Saddle, which saddle I recommend to all wheelmen who desire ease, comfort, and safety in riding. I shall use no other saddle in the future. Morgan, who came in second in above contest, (884 miles) also used a Duryea.

SOUTHERN VT. ITEMS.

We have had a long period of "the Indian Summer, with its bland south west and mitigated sunshine," but at last the riding season is practically over, and it has extended much beyond its usual limit this year.

Those interested in cycling have been favored with bicycle exhibitions lately, there having been four given at the rink, not a week apart.

Thanksgiving Day evening and also the one following were taken up by "Prof. John Wilson, Champion Trick Star Bicycle Rider of the World," who gave two very good exhibitions.

When he was here, he had just commenced (in private) on a new trick, and the same when mastered will be a novelty in the Star line, viz.: riding the large wheel with the backbone (or rather front-bar, as it is called) and little wheel detached.

During his exhibitions the "astronomer" was in his glory, and kept up a running fire of remarks, as "Look at him now," "I tell you what, that's the machine," etc., etc.

He now warbles "Some day, some day; some day I shall own one."

The little gent that plays bass in the "kazoo" trio has a touch of the astronomical fever also.

On the Monday and Thursday evenings of the week after Thanksgiving the celebrated "Speedwell Bros." gave exhibitions of their skill upon the wheel, which surpassed anything of the kind ever seen here before.

For the benefit of those who have never seen them, something about them and their exhibition may not be out of place. They are three in number, and ride a machine constructed for their especial use, judging from the appearance of the same. They ride upon the same machine in all conceivable positions, many of which are not easily described in writing. They in fact rode on all parts of the machine, and with an ease that was astonishing.

One quite difficult feat of balancing was the following: the machine was placed upon two pedestals about one and a half or two feet from the floor, and while one balanced it by standing on one of the pedals and the step, the others, one at a time, climbed up the opposite side to the saddle, from which they threw back somersaults to the floor.

The largest one of the three, with one of the others seated upon his shoulders, rode around once or twice, and then came to a standstill, dismounted, and mounted again, all the while with the one seated on his shoulders.

So I might go on, space permitting. I think one has to be a wheelman to fully appreciate the skill required to do most of their feats. Wheelmen in New England should not miss seeing them, and while they are in this part of the country, as they are as good as there is on the list of such "celebrities"

NOTES.

I have read the account of the Citizens' "house-warming," with the varied programme enjoyed by the audience, and when the B. C. C. have theirs, shall expect "Furgy" and "Billy" to make their debut in that great statue clog act. I think they might give quite a programme of "specialties" with the assistance of some others.

There is a story being circulated among the members of the club, to the effect that one hot day last summer, the "flier" rode so fast that he froze his ears. Too bad, was it not?

As wheel matters are usually so dull with us during the winter months, I shall, like the woodchucks, retire to my winter retreat, and wait for the balmy days of spring, when you may again hear from "THE TRAMP."

FROM THE CLUBS.

JUNIOR WHEELMEN.—At the annual meeting of the Junior Wheelmen, 353 Druid Hill Avenue, Baltimore Md., held November 4, 1884, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. C. Guggenheimer, President; C. B. Hight, Secretary and Treasurer; C. P. Brigham, Captain; L. W. Stork, Lieutenant; J. Hanway, Bugler.

C. B. HIGHT,
Secretary and Treasurer.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

Our great poet, "the bard of Avon," has affirmed that

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

Is it not as true as said? Alas! that too often in our playing, there is more tragedy than comedy. What terrible scenes of real drama have taken place on this earth of ours! What shocking murders, what awful suicides, what terrible wars, what sad insanities, what soul-revolting diseases, what calamitous famines, what ruinous conflagrations, what sweeping pestilences has this world seen! Reader of history, pause for a moment while you run over in your mind some of the terrible tragedies in which your brethren of the past have played a part.

Fortunately it does not fall to the lot of all to be mixed up, though in the smallest degree, with them in any shape or form. We are not all called upon to wrestle with a madman about to commit suicide, and at the risk of our own life, to snatch from him the sharpened razor which he menacingly holds in front of us. Such sad experiences nowadays are at least rare to most of us. How strange, too, that night should be chosen always by these temporary madmen to do their deeds of madness! And yet how fitting! But to commence my strange experience.

To begin with, I am a lawyer; my name, Andrew Stebson; my age, 27; my height, 5ft. 9in; my complexion, dark; my politics, Conservative. There, I hope that description will satisfy the most curious of my fair lady readers. Oh! yes, I had forgotten, clean shaved, except an apology for a moustache. There! Will that do?

Finally, I am a junior partner in the firm of Messrs. Dockett & Stebson, Derby.

One morning I felt unwell. The fact was, I had been confining myself too closely lately to my professional duties. Our firm had occasion to see personally an old farmer, living some six or seven miles away, at a village called Shettlestone. I determined to go myself. The walk would doubtless do me good. I could have driven certainly, or gone on my bi., but I preferred somehow this morning doing neither, so immediately after dinner I set out. It was a clear, frosty, December morning. It was farther round by the road, so I determined to go by the fields. In the course of a couple of hours I arrived at Shettlestone, transacted my business there, felt better for the walk, and decided to accept the pressing invitation of the farmer's old, homely wife to stop to tea. It was a very simple meal, but the walk and country air had created a keen appetite, and caused me to enjoy the humble fare.

It was towards seven before I left. I refused the farmer's courteous offer of driving me to town in his new market cart. I lit my pipe, bade the old people a hearty good night, paying no heed to their earnest advice to return by the road instead of the fields. It was a beautiful clear night. The sky was studded with stars. The field way was the nearer of the two. I should be all right. I had not walked through many fields before a sudden change took place. Clouds obscured

the sky, fogs and mists rose from the earth, and I was enveloped in perfect darkness, a darkness which could be actually felt. I wished now I had taken to the road as the old people had advised me. But regrets were useless. I walked on until I suddenly tripped over something. It turned out to be a horse asleep. The incident frightened me not a little. I then walked more slowly and cautiously, feeling with my stick after the fashion of a blind man. It was lucky I did so, for this saved me from running straight into a thorny hedge. I began at length to get despondent. I had lost the footpath, and perhaps kept describing a fruitless circle in the field. I struck a match, but the damp air immediately put it out. I was beginning seriously to think that I should be compelled, like Jacob of old, to have that night, a stone for my pillow. All I hoped was that, if such was the unfortunate case, my dreams might be as pleasant as those of the pilgrim patriarch.

By unremitting labor, however, I discovered, to my great pleasure, the stile, and, better still, a little later on I perceived the turnpike road. I struck a match, this time with better success, and a milestone against me fortunately revealed my whereabouts. I knew now where I was.

I was beginning now to laugh at all my past fears, treating my experience as a capital joke, and little thinking that real dangers were at hand. I relit my pipe, and buttoned my overcoat right to my neck, for the chill night air was beginning to tell upon me.

Presently, I saw a light a good distance from me in the centre of the road. It appeared to me like the light of a bicycle lamp. Perhaps it was my friend Fred Rivington, manager of a mine in the neighborhood, and who always returned home or nearly always, on his tricycle about this time. But then this light was coming in the opposite direction to his way. I stopped, thinking the wheelist, whoever he might be, would soon pass me; but strange to say the light seemed to remain stationary. Had some one met with an accident, or stopped to re-light their pipe? Or did my imagination deceive me, the light being merely an *ignis fatuus*, a deceptive Will-o'-the-wisp? To say the least of it, it was strange. I proceeded towards it. It was no good being frightened, for if I intended getting home that night, pass it I must. I may admit at once that I am by no means a nervous man, but as I approached that mysterious light, I must confess that I felt not a little bit timid. I walked on and on, until I was not more than two yards from it. I paused to think. In a moment some one struck a match, and as he held it to his pipe it lit up a dark, ugly, black-bearded face. Instantly I put my pipe out for fear that it should betray my presence, I climbed over a gate, and proceeded stealthily by the hedge-side, until I got parallel to the spot.

The sight that presented itself to my gaze appalled me. My heart throbbed against my trembling breast, and every limb in my body shook with fear.

The light was a horned lamp, containing a farthing dip. Three men were busily at work with spades and pickaxes, digging what appeared to

me a huge grave, right across the middle of the road. What did it all mean? Had they waylaid some poor traveler on the road and murdered him? My blood curdled within me at the thought. My imagination, strong at all times, especially when excited, pictured to me in awful vividness the poor victim with his skull battered in! At length, the men spoke in under tones. My heart quailed! What if they should discover me? My legs seemed rooted to the ground. Oh! how anxiously I listened to what they said.

"Bill, what's the time?"

"It's a few minutes past ten. We'd better hasten on."

"The young devil always goes by at half-past to the minute."

The truth instantly flashed across my terrified mind. It was a diabolical plot to bring about my friends' destruction.

I crept back again as noiselessly as I could, knowing only too well that my life would be the cost of the least indication of my presence. I regained the gate, walked slowly up the road, until I was out of hearing distance, and then ran as I had never ran before in my life. There was not a moment to be lost. If I did not stop my friend he would ride on to instantaneous destruction. Presently I espied his light turning a corner. He was riding as usual, furiously fast. I ran towards him. I shouted to him with all my might and main, "For heaven's sake, Rivington, stop. You are riding to your death."

Unfortunately, at the time he was descending a very steep hill. The machine whizzed past me like a flash of lightning. Had he heard me? Surely he must. Then why did he not stop? I redoubled my efforts, till the woods re-echoed with increased sound my excited words.

Presently he stopped. I went to meet him. A few hurried words explained all. He sprang into his machine, bade me jump on one step and hold tightly to him. Our enemies had heard us, and were pursuing with hurried steps and awful oaths. We had a steep hill before us. Should we manage it? It was an exciting race. The hill was so steep and rutty that every moment the men seemed to gain upon us. We won. We reached the top, and in a few seconds soon put a mile or so between us and them. Fortunately Fred had recognized the men's voices, and knew the meaning of it all.

They were three men whom he had dismissed from the works on account of daily drunkenness, and this was the manner the men wished to revenge themselves. The men were eventually captured, and imprisoned for several years, on the strength of our united evidence; and Katie Rivington, my friend's sister, is now (mainly through this) the loving little wife of Vincent St. George.—*Wheeling Annual*.

BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

The Memphis, Tenn., Bicycle Club propose to give two or three days' races during the spring, upon a fine half-mile track in the suburbs of Memphis, and if a sufficient number of wheelmen can be induced to participate, prizes amounting in value to

several hundred dollars will be offered. Hotel accommodations and railroad fares at reduced rates will be secured, and every possible inducement offered. Wheelmen everywhere in reach of Memphis should at once write to W. L. Surprise, the secretary of the Memphis Bicycle Club, and

give the movement their hearty support.

We heard an absent-minded 'cyclist the other day call out "Come in" as he heard himself knocking the ashes out of his pipe. And then he wondered what the joke was as soon as we all began to laugh

WHEELMEN ATTENTION!

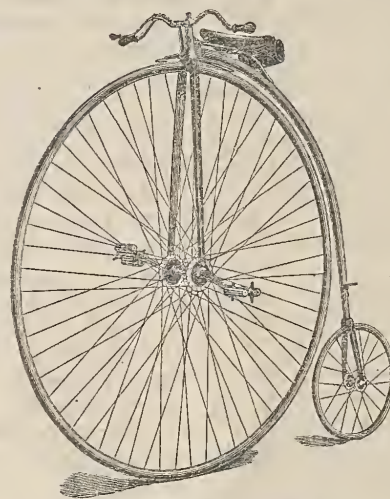
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THE AMERICAN STAR BICYCLE.

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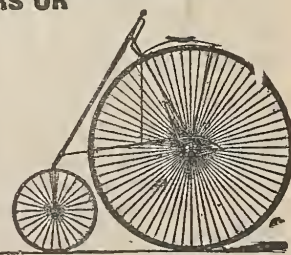
The new flat-seated tires are a great improvement, and the new square grooved rim forms a wheel that will not buckle.

A "Reformed Crank Rider" says:—"In strength, safety, control, driving leverage, ease of motion, and coasting, the Star leads all Bicycles; while its positive action, quickness in steering, and economy in pedaling are excluded from any other similar vehicle."

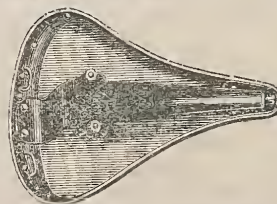
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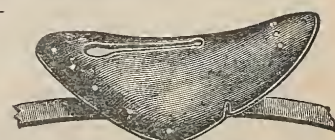
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As adapted to the STAR.

"It is the easiest saddle I ever rode." BURLEY B. AYERS, Chairman Trans. Comm., L. A. W.

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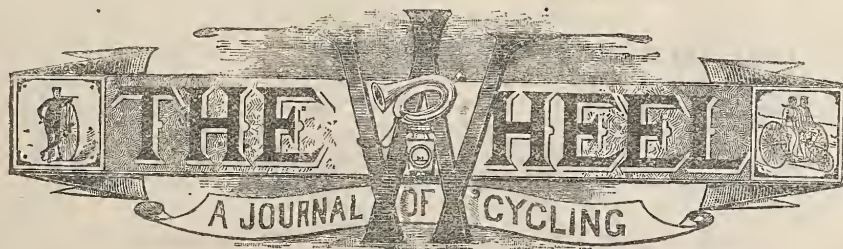
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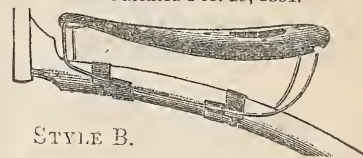
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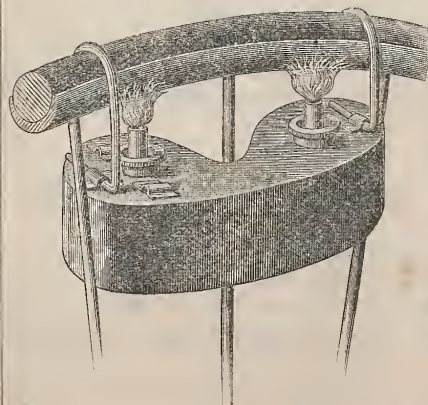
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