THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 2. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., FEBRUARY, 1888. 50 cents per Annum.

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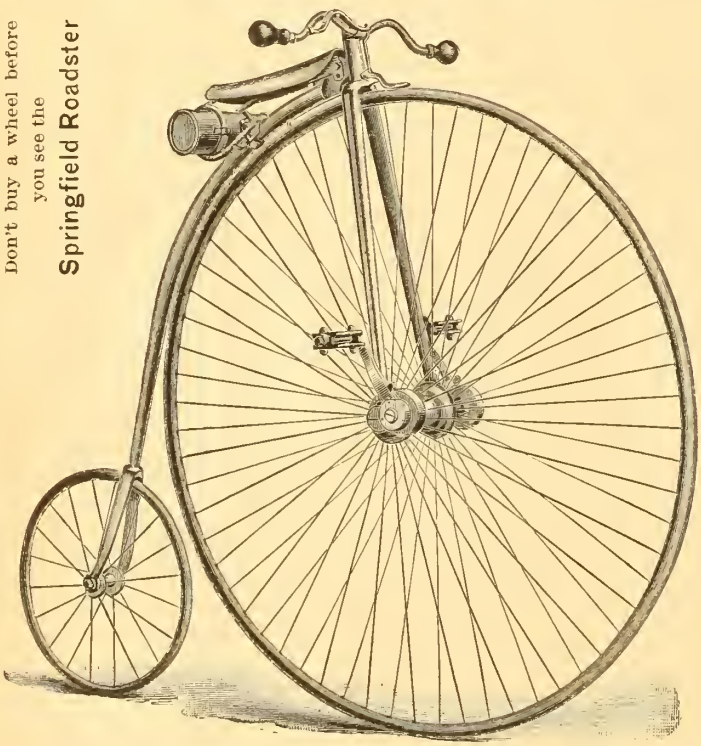
Don't buy a wheel before you see the Springfield Roadster



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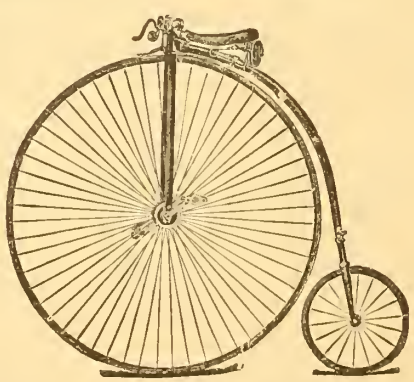

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—THE—

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.

THE boys were all gathered as usual in the club room. From the unanimous subject of the conversation going on, the casual listener might have taken it for a meeting of some sewing society instead of a bicycle club. Every one was earnestly discussing the subject of dress; what he should wear for the coming season and where he should get it.

The racing man had declared himself in favor of a full suit of black Jersey tights. "That 's all right for you fellows, who want to show off your forms to good advantage," put in the Captain, "but how would we poor, ordinarily constructed mortals look in full tights? I am in favor of the regulation League suit by all means."

"I would be in favor of the League uniform too, "remarked the new member, "but you never can depend on getting a fit."

"'Pears to me you boys are awfully particular," put in the Club Liar, "the worst possible fit you can get now-a-days don't begin to compare with the bum cuts we boys used to wear in the pioneer days. And then the cloth, too. I hear every body kicking about the cloth in the League uniform. Why gentlemen that cloth is no more to be compared with some we used to have shoved on us than I am to— to— well, no matter."

"Did I ever tell you about a suit I got 'long back in '81? 'T was when I lived in Kokomo, and our home facilities in the way of getting bicycle clothes made were mighty limited, I tell you. Such a thing as sending away to a regulation tailor was never dreamed of in those days. You fellows don't begin to appreciate your own fortunes, in living in such an advanced age.

"This was back in '81, mind you, and a country town with less than a score of wheelmen. The suit I had been wearing, suited me exactly, and I suppose I would have got my next one made by the same old tailor, who had a shop over pop's store; but about that time a new firm struck town and opened up what they called the Manhattan Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and Hat and Cap Co. Rosswinkle & Co., were the proprietors. The way they advertised in the *Kokomo Kicker* for the first few weeks was the talk of the town.

"A new bicycle rider struck town about the same time. His name was Levi Cohentritz, as I recollect it. One of the first things Levi would do on meeting a brother wheelman would be to present one of Rosswinkle & Co.'s cards, announce himself as one of the proprietors, and before he let up on his flow of gab he had his new acquaintance pledged heart and soul to buy his next suit of clothes at the M. C., G. F., H. & C. Co.

"The boys liked the little 'sheeney', for all he was so persistent and as Cohentritz was too long a name to waste wind over, they called him Co., which agreed very well with the name on his card.

"One day early in the spring Co. met me walking down street near his store and of course nothing would do but what I should go in and see his stock of bicycle pants. 'Shust vat you want,' remarked Co., 'and the completest line you most ever saw.'

"'But I don't want any pants,' I protested.

"'Vell you come in any vay, I shust vant you to look at him,' insisted Co.

"So I went in.

"We went by long tables piled with clothing of all colors and shades, way to the back part of the store. There Co. grabbed at a pile of something and pulled out what looked like a pair of pants for a four-year-old kid, only they were a sort of a sky blue color.

"He held them up while a proud smile passed over his face. He appeared to want me to say something.

"'Pretty, I remarked. 'But don't you think they are a little light colored for young children?'

"'Young shildren!' he gasped, 'vy Holy Moses, man. Dose vas bicycle pants for men like you vas.'

"I said I was glad he told me but that I did n't believe he would sell any pants of that color around Kokomo.

"He smiled a sardonic smile and said, 'maybe you like something with a pattern?' and without waiting to secure my acquiescence in the matter, hauled out something from another pile.

"'Well?' said I.

"'Vell!' said he.

"'What are those?'

"'Those?' he gasped, 'those are the latest thing in bicycle pants. Dey vas shust your size. Von't you try 'em on?'

"'Not by a jug full,' I replied, 'you don't suppose I 'm going to wear a pair of pants like those? They 're too loud. I don't want people to think there 's a brass band a-coming when they see me riding along. Besides you don't suppose I 'm going to run around here looking like a Highlander without any stockings, just for the sake of trying on one of your unreasonably loud pair of pants?'

"'Loud?' he cried, 'they vas not loud. They vas quiet und modest und so very English.'

"'That may be so,' I replied, 'but when I get any, I want a pair of regular American pants. I was born in Montgomery county.'

"'I tell you vat,' he remarked confidentially, as he drew near and whispered in my ear, 'I give him to you shust at cost to start the style.'

"I told him I appreciated the compliment he paid to my popularity, but I was not actively engaged in starting styles that season and did not care to start in on so large a job as introducing his checkerboard bicycle pants.

"'Vell,' he said, not to be put off, 've can send to the factory and make you up a pair shust like vat you got on. Let me take your measure.'

"And before I could open my mouth he had whiped out his tape line and had me measured down to the inch, so he said.

"'Now you vant a shacket,' he said authoritatively. 'Vat shall it be something light or something with a modest pattern?'

"I told him if it had to be anything, a plain, dark one was what I wanted.

"'All right, here you vas,' and he produced something from under another pile. 'Shust your size. Try him on.'

"I saw it was useless to resist, so I peeled off my old coat and put on his. The arms fitted me all right but I could 'nt button it up any more than I could put on an umbrella cover. The edges would 'nt come within six inches of each other.

"'That 's shust right,' exclaimed Co., as he caught hold of the sides and pulled them as near together as he could.

"I held my breath until I felt myself grow dizzy. I told him it was no use, but he did n't see it.

"'Nonsense,' he said as he stepped off to view the effect. 'Fits shust like it was made for you.'

"I told him it might fit me all right if I did n't have anything to but to stand and hold my hands by my sides, but that in riding a bicycle, he must surely know that it was sometimes necessary to reach forward, and that, I was sure was an ordeal his jacket was ill-prepared to undergo.

"So Co. relented.

"'I 'll bring you one,' he said, 'that will fit you better.'

"He yanked out another coat from the same pile and I tried that on. It fitted me around the waist better but the sleeves were fully six inches too long and the back of the jacket trailed down somewhere near the ground.

"'Ve can take 'em up,' he said, as he saw me glance with dismay at the sleeves.

"'Yes', I said, looking down at the bottom of the garment. 'But I want a bicycle jacket, not a full-dress coat.'

"'Shust the style,' he insisted, 'and it fits you *per*-fectly.'

"Just then I happened to look in a glass and caught a glimse of a side elevation of the affair. 'What is that big swelling between the shoulder blades?' I asked, 'I have n't a hump on my back.'

"'That is nothing,' expostulated Co., 'that will all come out in a-while. Besides, you see, it gives you a chance to breath.'

"'I can't wear anything like that,' I said, 'I can't go out on the streets dressed this way, and I can't afford to give up my position and go into the dime museum freak business.'

"'Nonsense,' said Co. cheerfully, 'you 'll get used to it in a short while. You can never get a better fit.'

"I mildly but firmly told Co. that I could never be satisfied with the coat and he went over to the side of the store to look for another, and while he was gone I nosed around and just as luck would have it I found a jacket on the table that suited me exactly. I put it on. It fitted to a T. In a few moments Co. came back.

"'Put up your coats,' I said, 'I 've found one here that fits me exactly, and I won't look at any more. How much is it?'

"Co. grabbed me by the neck as though to look for the price mark. 'Seven dollars and a hallf,' he said, 'but you can have it for six and a quarter.'

"I knew the price was too high, for the coat was rather shabby looking, but there was no way out of it, so I paid him the money, took my old coat that he had carefully wrapped up for me, and left.

"I walked hurriedly to the office, and went to work. I had fairly forgotten all about my purchase when one of the bicycle boys came in for a chat

"'By the way,' I said as he was leaving, 'I bought a new bicycle jacket down at Co.'s this morning. There it hangs over on the hook.'

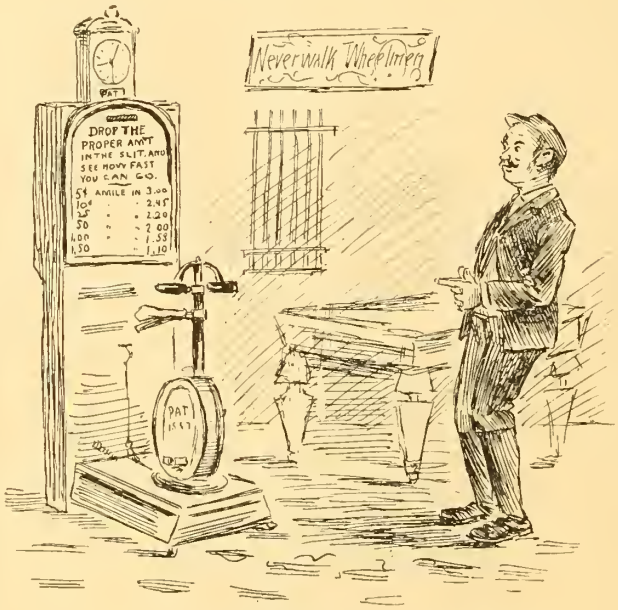
"'Don't see any new jacket,' my visitor said as he edged over towards the coat rack.

"'There it is right in front of you. Are you blind?' I ripped out.

"'That?' he said nodding toward it, 'Why that 's the same old jacket you wore all last season.'

"I jumped as though I had been shot. There, sure enough, hung my old jacket. I reached for the package Co. had done up for me, and nervously unwrapped it; and I 'll be hanged if there was n't the pair of sky-blue pants and the hump-backed coat."

Now Fill Up The Club Treasury.



CAPTAIN: "If this don't ketch the boys who want to run up a record before the next season opens, I give it up"

McCurdy Pays Forfeit.

A DISPATCH from Minneapolis, Minn., dated Jan. 13, gives the following particulars of the unsatisfactory ending, and the reasons therefor, of the match between the bicyclers, S. G. Whittaker and A. A. McCurdy: "The bicycle race which was to have taken place last night between Whittaker and McCurdy developed into quite a sensation. It was arranged for $2,000 a side, with a side bet of $200. Yesterday $6,000 in two bets was put up with J. S. Woods by Thomas T. Roe of Chicage and W. A. Tanner, the backers of McCurdy and Whittaker, respectively, Steve Carlisle as the referee. McCurdy declined to race with Carlisle as referee. The latter at once declared Whittaker the winner of the race. McCurdy objected, and said he knew he would lose the race on a foul, so he did not go into it. Whittaker claimed that his wheel was pluged with emery and was fixed for him to lose. Less than two weeks ago McCurdy dropped back into town, accompanied by Roe and a gentleman named Davis, of Chicago. Then came Whittaker of Omaha. The race was set to be run on Jan. 9. At the time $500 a side had been posted, and the same day $1,500 additional was posted. The Chicago men made a written agreement with Whittaker to throw the race in consideration of $2,500. Yesterday the stakes were increased to $6,000 a side. This was at 3 o'clock. An hour afterward Roe and Davis made another big bluff at Tanner. He called again. This made the stakes $8,400 a side. Still Col. Tanner, Whittaker's backer, smiled. They began to fear that Whittaker had been given more to win than they had offered him to lose. Then they took another tack. They rented the rink for the night, so that, as a last resort, they could prevent the race. Whittaker was on hand last night, notwithstanding that his wheel had been plugged during the afternoon. McCurdy finally refused to ride. Suddenly the big rink was in Egyptian darkness. The lights had been turned out. The referee decided Whittaker the winner. Then came a wrangle over the stake-money. Finally Mr. Woods, who held the stakes, turned the money over to Tanner."—*Clipper.*

Rudge & Co. are making the Kempster rowing tricycle. The English patents have been purchased by a syndicate, that will introduce the machine to Englishmen. Wallace Ross is over there and will demonstrate the capabilities of the machine.

The Hudson County Wheelmen, (N. Y.,) will give a thousand-mile medal to each member who rides one thousand miles, beginning Jan. 1, 1888, and an extra bar for each successive thousand miles.

It is seldom one gets off anything new, but we noticed a green rider get off a new bicycle the other day.

Twenty years ago Beecher predicted that the coming man would ride a bicycle.

A Modern Mazeppa.

BY HARRY ESTEY.

A dozen of our boys were gathered around the fire in the club-room one evening, smoking and waiting for enough to come to hold a meeting and make arrangements for a run Thanksgiving Day.

Some one had just gotten off an ancient chestnut and was being severely roasted, when Joe Grant asked if we remembered Ed. Hall, who left town so suddenly about three months before.

"Well, you bet!" "I should shout!" "If ever a mean fellow straddled a wheel, his name was Ed. Hall!" "He was n't a rich haul for us anyway!" These and other similar remarks were the answers.

"Well," continued Joe, "I have just learned the reasons for his leaving town and will tell you about it if you care to listen."

There was not a fellow in the club who would not leave his dinner, his glass of diluted water, or even his best girl, to listen to Joe Grant's lively stories. So in an incredibly short time our little company had gathered around him, and were urging him as one man to tell us about it.

Joe lighted a fresh cigar, coaxed it into burning to suit his taste, and then proceeded with the story.

"Hall came here about a year ago, and as our club was small he easily became a member, few questions being asked. But, as you all know, he was the meanest fellow in the club, and I suppose his going away saved us the trouble of expelling him. But to tell you about his going:

"You see, one Sunday, the first of this season, I was out riding alone. I had got several miles from town when Hall overtook me. He too, was riding alone, so I could do no better than to accept his invitation to ride in company.

"He was a good rider and we ran along at a lively pace for a mile or two, when we came to a farm house. Nothing wonderful about that, but just beyond the house was a little grove in the edge of which was a very pretty girl swinging in a hammock. I raised my cap to her as we passed, I scarcely know why, for you all know I seldom do such a thing."

"Oh yes, we all know," we answered in chorus, with a wink to each other.

"Well, I happened to that day and Hall did the same, he also turned as we were going out of sight and threw a kiss back to her. I should have never thought of the incident again but Hall spoke of it several times and remarked how pretty she was. I laughed at him a little and asked if it was a case of love at first sight.

"We parted soon after and I thought no more about it till the other day when I heard the rest of the story.

"It seems he remembered and rode that way the next Sunday. When he reached the grove there was the girl in the hammock again. He managed to take an easy fall just as he was raising his cap to her. She gave a little scream and was just going to faint when he picked himself up, begging her pardon, and assuring here that there was no cause for alarm. He quietly sat down on the wall beside her and easily led her into conversation. She was a trifle vain and something of a flirt, so when he told her he was in business here and gave her a false name she readily believed him and felt quite flattered. He stayed there chatting with her until he had only time to reach town before dark, then, telling her he would come again the next Sunday, he said farewell, mounted his wheel and rode home.

"The next Sunday was bright, so he was out in good time to keep his appointment. He found her as before and spent the afternoon in a lively flirtation with her.

"As there would be a good moon after eight o'clock, he decided to spend the evening with her and ride home by moonlight. After a while a stout, robust looking fellow came sauntering up the road and joined them. The girl introduced the newcomer as Mr. Bond. It appears that she was engaged to Bond and, as he was inclined to be jealous, he eyed Hall as much as to ask, well, what are you here for any way? Hall paid no attention to him, and continued his small talk with the girl. After a while Bond asked her to go with him for a walk. She told him she did not care to walk.

"Then when he asked her if she was going into the house with him, she quietly informed him that she was not.

"He had been growing angry all the while and now he burst out asking: 'Who is that little snipper-snapper scamp, and what is he doing here, any way?'

"She rose in all her small majesty and told him if he had nothing to do but insult her friends he had better go home and stay there. He promised her she should be sorry for all of this and left them.

"A little later she and Hall went into the house but the old folks did not take kindly to him and the girl seemed more quiet and thoughtful, probably regreting the quarrel with her lover. Hall stayed till ten o'clock, then mounted his wheel and started for home, laughing to himself to think how easily he had worsted the farmer. When he had gone about half a mile he suddenly heard a sharp ping like a stout cord quickly straightened, at the same moment he felt himself experiencing one of the peculiar joys of cycling,—taking a header. He was riding slowly, so the fall did not hurt him, but before he could rise some one was upon him and held him down.

"It was Bond, who with a friend to assist him, had stretched a cord across the road, each having hold of one end. When Hall rode over it they brought it up with a yank between the wheels of his bicycle giving him the header.

"Bond picked him up in his arms as if he had been a child and set him on his wheel, his friend holding the wheel up. Hall was a great coward and begged piteously that they should not hurt him.

"Bond told him, oh, no, they only wanted to show him a new way to ride that confounded thing.

"They tied his hands fast to the handle bars, then his feet to the pedals, then they turned him around and gave him a little start back the way he had come. Bond gave him a push and sarcastically advised him not to come that way again till he got turned around.

"He rode for a few minutes thinking only of getting away from his tormentors, their shouts and laughter following him. As soon as he thought himself a safe distance from Bond he began trying to devise some plan to get out of the scrape. So long as he kept going he was all right but if he stopped he would take a bad fall and be as bad, or worse off than he was while moving. He tugged at his hands but the were well tied and they only cut and lacerated the flesh.

"When he got back to the farm house where he had spent the evening he thought of shouting for help, but he disliked meeting them in his present situation, then, he thought by the time they could get out he would be half a mile away. So he rode on keeping a lookout for a chance to turn around. After riding about a mile he came to a crossing of the roads and succeeded in getting safely turned towards home. When he got started towards home, however, he felt no more comfortable. It seemed quite probable that Bond would be watching for him and perhaps use him worse than before. Even if he was let alone, he was a good dozen miles from home securely fastened to his wheel.

"When he reached the scene of his recent adventure, his heart, if he had such a thing, was in his mouth, but all was quiet and he rode along unmolested. But the next farm house he passed he heard that mocking laugh come floating out from among the barns in anything but re-assuring accents. It caused him to increase his speed so he was soon out of hearing. He slowly slackened his pace and again began to reflect upon his situation and the chance of being able to exchange his bicycle for his bed upon reaching home.

"He remembered a farm house a short distance ahead of him and thought if he could only call some one out there they could catch him and cut his bonds, then he could ride home in comfort. He thought he had rather explain to some one out there than in town. He could see no better way, so when he got within a short distance of the house he shouted for help. A moment later he wished he had n't.

"His call was promptly answered by the deep, powerful voice of a dog. In his present situation, Hall had less desire than cyclers ordinarily have to form an acquaintance with the gentle guardian of the night, so he spurted for all that he was worth. He had only passed the house a few rods when he heard the dog rush out and after him. A moment later a man ordered him to halt.

"He would have only been too happy to have obeyed if he had seen any way of so doing without serious consequences. The dog was too near, and his howling too suggestive to induce him to risk taking a fall, so he only redoubled his efforts. A moment later a bullet went whistling merrily past his head. Before the farmer

could reload, Hall had placed a safe distance between himself and his pursuers.

"If you will go out to that neighborhood now you can hear a weird story of how farmer Jones was aroused at midnight one night by an unearthly yelling and when he came out to see what the trouble was, the devil was just flying away, but dogs and lead had no effect upon him.

"Hall again reduced his speed as soon as he dared, and resolved to seek assistance from no more farmers.

"His constant fear was a header, but fortune favored him and he reached the town without further mishap. Now the question which he had been studying for a dozen miles was, how to free himself from his steed. At last he decided to try and ride up beside some building and stop, leaning against the building for support. He got up on the side walk and rode slowly along till he came to a building he thought would answer. He rode along beside it as close as he could and allowed himself to fall over towards the building, but he had got a trifle too near, or was going too fast, and a moment later he felt himself falling away from the wall. He jerked at his hand and foot to put them out and save himself but the cords reminded him that he was still fastened to the machine and he fell to the ground a mixed heap of man and bicycle. His shouting soon aroused some of the neighbors who came out to see if a murder was being committed. Among them was one of Hall's fellow clerks who cut his bands and assisted him to his home. He was not much hurt and explained his situation by saying that he had been riding that way on a bet.

"His companions, however, doubted his story, and in some way learned the truth of the affair. He was disliked by all of the clerks where he worked and they lost no opportunity to laugh at him and torment him. Their jokes became, as he thought, unbearable so he gave up his situation and left town somewhat suddenly."

Improved Methods of War.

An old story of the East tells us that a magician once devised a method of warfare for a king who was a particular friend and protegy of his, by which he could array, on a sort of chess board, his own and any army of hostile troops, and by a touch of a spear-point kill as many of the enemy as he chose, and by reversing the weapon and using the shaft he could cripple or disorder them. Some of the recent inventions or improvements of military means and methods suggest a decided tendency toward mechanical, if not magical, warfare. A reduction of the necessity of employing and exposing men by substituting machines or mechanical processes, would certainly be a great alleviation of the horrors, if not the expenses, of war. The machines and their uses are undeniable. How far they may enable belligerent powers to dispense with men and peril of life or limb is not so clear.

Here, for one change toward mechanical warfare, we have Mr. Drawbaugh's electric microphone, just perfected, or at least made practicable, which is intended to be not only a substitute but an improvement of picket service. It will detect the movement of a hostile force at least as promptly as the most vigilant advance guard, and report it more speedily. Besides it will never sleep on its post or get tired out by protracted service or exposure. Of all the warlike inventions ever imagined a substitute for a picket service strikes us as being the most improbable and visionary. Yet it is seriously reported among the ordinary news of the day as a fact.

The Gatling gun and its congeners is a less startling change from manful to mechanical fighting, and besides the world has got used to it. But in its inception it was hardly less an improbable substitute for the fire of a battle line than the Drawbaugh microphone for the vigilance of a picket line. Wholly unlike in form but closely akin in purpose and method is the gun that can be hid in a hole and loaded, raised by electric force and fired and dropped out of sight and danger with the few men who are needed to manage it. Either of these weapons can be made to replace a considerable body of men and do better service.

Still another change in the same direction, but not going the same length by any means, is the use of bicycles for such forms of field service as have hitherto had to use horses or rely on the slower and less effective movements of human legs. This change does not visibly spare the exposure or efforts of men, but one may readily conceive that the greater rapidity of motion it secures may diminish the danger of the service it is employed in. And, oddest of all changes—yet one can't see why it should not be one of the most obvious—is the employment of dogs on advance duty. Fifty years ago Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War under President Van Buren, in his report on the war in Florida with the Seminoles, suggested the employment of Cuban bloodhounds to hunt out the fugitive Indians in the swamps and everglades, or, as he expressed it in language that Whig ridicule made familiar as "household words" all over the land "not to worry them but discover where they are." So far as we can recall, this was the first time that dogs were ever proposed for warfare in any civilized land And the use then suggested was very different from that reported from some of the military frontier services in Europe.

There is something grotesque as well as terrible in the changes of old-time, formal, iron-backed military service proposed or effected by these processes. Dogs and electric machines on the picket line; a crank grinding out a death grist of a thousand shots a minute under a little steel shed; a gun rising mysteriously out of a hole in the ground to throw a dynamite shell at a huge steel ship two or three miles away, blowing it into a million fragments, and sinking mysteriously into the ground again; a battle line advancing at racing speed on bicycles, all done with a show of few men, some with none, like the magical warfare of the oriental wizard. It looks queer. But it is all a hard, positive reality, except the bicycles and the hidden gun, and there is no reason in any practical obstruction why they may not be obvious and operative facts, too. All the same, the powers of the earth go on adding regiments and corps to their myriads of men, and what mechanism can do to alleviate the evils of war it is not given a chance to prove.—*Indianapolis News.*

Woodside has decided not to abandon racing at present.

It's all very well to manufacture a tricycle called a sociable. What the great world is sighing for, is one that will do for a church sociable.

The *Times-Democrat*, New Orleans, for Jan. 1, has sketches and pictures of New Orleans wheelmen, including, Ed. Shields, President of the N. O. Club; Benjamin C. Rea, the Captain; Frank Fenner, and Harry W. Fairfax.

We are glad to note the stand taken by the Overman Wheel Co. for the coming season. They say they will employ no paid riders to ride their bicycles, but will put the money this item formerly cost into bettering in every way their machines. Records by paid riders are something that the general rider cares very little about, and if the expense of such has to be added on to the cost of the wheel the result is bound to be re-active. The move of the Overman Co. is a sensible one.

Apropos of recent swindles in bicycle racing, the following letter of introduction to a sporting man named Tanner, of Minneapolis, was given by one Bob Ehlert, of Chicago, to McCurdy, of Lynn, not long ago, and by McCurdy presented to Tanner:

This will introduce to you A. A. McCurdy, of Lynn, Mass., undoubtedly the fastest Star rider in the world. He has run several hippodromes with me, and is as square as they make them. He has a backer he wants to "work," and I have recommended him to you, and have written McCurdy to call and see you. He is training at the rink in your city.—*Lynn Item.*

The Columbia Bicycle Catalog for 1888 has just been published by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, New York, and Chicago. It is a handsomely printed book of sixty pages, illustrated with forty fine wood engravings. In it appear descriptions of their Light Roadster, Expert, Volunteer, (new), Veloce, (new), Safety, Semi-Roadster, Standard, and Racer Columbia bicycles, and the Light Roadster, Ladies' Two Track, Surprise, (new), Tandem, and Racer Columbia tricycles. This catalog, which is one of the most comprehensive of its class published, will be sent free by mail upon application.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, **THE VICTOR** has been found at the front to tell its own story."-O. W. Co.'s Catalog.

NOW!

Send us your name, address and League Number, if a member on a postal card, and we will add you to our

PERMANENT MAILING LIST.

During the coming year we expect to circulate a great deal of

IMPORTANT -:- INFORMATION

Through the mails, and you can get it for the trouble of writing a postal card.

Very soon we will have something to say to you about

1888. VICTOR CYCLES FOR 1888.

And it will be worth your while to read it.

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OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 *different* wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

"Give 'Em a Trial."

A VOICE comes from the vicinity of Buffalo that says: "Let the professionals in for *one* year. Give them a fair show, and if, at the end of a year, the League is not satisfied that they have helped the sport, turn them out."

How sweet it is to think that we are thus permitted to take into our family circle the poor, hard working professional, who for years and years has been devoting his whole attention to promoting our interests and boosting along the cause of cycling in the intervals between fixing bets with his backer and selling him out to some other fellow's backer.

We would in all probability never have known anything about these modest, but energetic friends of ours who all along have been covering up their good deeds, from the eyes of the sorrid world. We have often in a sort of vague, indefinite way, suspected that the professional racer was too good for this world, but we never knew we were entertaining angels unawares, till Mr. Henry E. Ducker or some other discerning individual comes along and shows us just where and how the professional has helped us to enjoy the blessings of free roads and half-price hotels.

And to think that all along we have known nothing at all about all this.

And, so we are to be permitted to enjoy the professional racer for the space of one year and at the expiration of that time if we fail to become stuck on him, he will go. If at the end of the year our hearts still resist the entrancing charms of the fixed race, and the seductive sound of the pool seller's melodious voice and our fancy turns again toward the destructive club run, or the enervating tour; then he will leave us. It may be sadly and with tear stained eyes, but rather than remain in uncongenial company the poor, down-trodden racing man will retire.

Dear children, did you ever hear of Æsop? Well, Æsop lived many years ago, and in his time achieved considerable prominence as a manufacturer of high-grade fables, in which he did a rushing business. There is not much doing in the fable line at present, consequently there are very few new fables on the market. But there are many of Æsop's that are still in good running order and occasionally we find one that fills the bill just as well as though it were made to order for the occasion. Such is the story of

THE ARAB AND THE CAMEL.

An Arab was sitting one evening in the peaceful quiet of his tent, cogitating to himself and turning over in his mind the latest phaze of the tariff question, when he was interrupted by a camel sticking his head through the flap of his doorway. He looked around for a brick to throw at the intruder, for he was a very dirty camel and besides his breath smelled bad. The visitor, however, forestalled him by making some remark about the weather and saying that he was n't partial to the cold, himself.

At this time in the world's history the gift of speech was not confined to mankind alone, but was indulged in by book agents, candidates, camels and some other members of the animal kingdom, so this camel's speech attracted no unusual comment.

The Arab puffed out a cloud of smoke as a sort of deodorizer and replied that he was sorry to hear that it was growing colder.

The camel took this remark as a slight encouragement and begged to be allowed to keep his head under cover till the cold wave flag was lowered. The Arab could hardly refuse so modest a request so he moved to the further corner of the tent where the mild aroma of the camel was least noticeable and continued his cogitations.

Presently the camel remarked that he was subject to rheumatism in the knee-joints of his fore legs; and suggested that he be allowed to put *them* under the tent flap, too. To this the owner consented.

THE SITUATION 1888.

In about fifteen minutes the camel broke out again. He said he did n't like to hear the tent flap going swish-swash against his hump; it made him nervous, besides he was subject to boils on his hump, and he was certain that unless he could get his hump under cover, a crop would come on sure. This time he did not wait for the Arab's consent but raised up the tent flap and pulled his hump inside. This satisfied him for about ten minutes, when he said that after revolving in his mind the arguments on both sides of the case, the committee on ways and means had decided that inasmuch as the tent had belonged to the plaintiff in the first place, there was no

THE SITUATION 1889.

reason why he should further delay taking posession of it. So saying he humped himself, so to speak, and drew his hind quarters under the shelter.

"But there is no room for me and you both," the Arab expostulated, "what are we to do?"

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied the camel. "But come to think of it, maybe I would have a little more elbow room if you were not here. Perhaps you had better sit outside a while and cool off."

The present application is self evident.

Tit for Tat.

SOMEBODY among the English cycling pressmen is trying hard to bring on a newspaper war. This is a sample, as near as we can remember, of some touching paragraphs from two of their prominent papers:

46753

One day last week the Hon. Secy of the Ipswich Harriers had his wheel stolen from the Club House on Newbury Street.—*W——ling.*

We would like to call our esteemed (?) cotemporary's attention to the above clipping and desire to ask if it means to insinuate that the Hon. Secy. was instrumental in having his own wheel stolen? Are we to let this incendary remark go unchallenged? Shall the Ipswich Harriers rest under the imputation that their highest officer arranged for the purloining of his own wheel? Was it to throw the crime on to some unguilty member of the club that the Hon. Secy. had his wheel stolen. If not, why does the insinuating sheet above alluded to say that the Hon. Secy. of the Ipswich Harriers had his wheel stolen? Some explanation is necessary.

The above or something on the same style of literature we find scattered through the columns of the *B——g N——s* week after week.

Here is another from the other side:

On the 15th inst. S. C. Orcher succeeded in lowering the 13 and 14-mile indoor safety record.—*B——g N——s.* (of the 19th.)

As usual, the bigoted sheet, into whose insipid columns we stick our shears for the above item is about six months behind the times. Our readers surely remember that way last summer we said that before another season opened Mr. Orcher would be the proud holder of some of the worlds' records. The above only proves what we then said. That our esteemed (?) cotemporary who travels under the misleading cognomen of *News*, is just getting on to the fact is another evidence of its decaying faculties.

Another from the same source:

The *C——ist* of last week devotes 19 3-10 lines to a description of a new process of sugar curing the hams of road hogs, and yet this sheet pretends to be a cycling trade journal. Heaven save the mark!

All of which to a man up a tree on this side of the pond is exceedingly amusing.

Buzzings From New Jersey.

ALTHOUGH for the past few weeks the mercury has been making frantic efforts to force its way through the bottom of the thermo., and has frozen the very marrow in our bones, we are still on deck, and, like healthy mules, able to kick our little kick. Despite the cold a few of the rough and ready riders, of whom we have a large number in this State, have managed to get in a jaunt now and then. Dr. Fred Knich, of Westfield, lets neither ice nor snow interfere with him making professionals a-wheel, and a few days ago the "old vet.," D. B. Bohnett, of the Elizabeth Wheelmen, was seen pedaling up High Street as though he enjoyed winter riding. And so he does; in fact he likes any kind of riding in any kind of weather.

Business is beginning to freshen up and the dealers report that everything points to a great boom during the coming season. No changes of any account will take place in this part of the State that I know of. It was reported a couple of months ago that an English firm intended to establish an agency in this city with the intention of sweeping everything, but the agent has failed to materialize. Howard A. Smith will again try the experiment of running a branch store in Orange, and this will serve to make things lively for L. H. Johnson, who had the field to himself last season. It is not likely that any thing like a cut-rate competition will result, however as the two are the best of friends.

The latter part of this month the Hudson County Wheelmen will give a monster cycling entertainment in Panorama Rink, Jersey City, and expect to make Rome 'owl. The program will consist of fancy riding, slow races, polo on Stars, a one mile race, and last but not least, a lecture by Thomas Stevens. When Hudson County makes up its mind to spread, it makes the splinters fly.

Mr. Editor, why, oh why, don't you squelch that funny man of the *American Wheelman*? His hits about taking Christmas cards in payment for advertising space are enough to make one weary—awfully. Now just ask the funny man (?) how much cash—cash is king—he receives, ever has received, or ever expects to receive in payment for the upper half of the second page of cover in his December issue. What 's the difference Mr. *Am. W.*, between taking a machine which you propose to sell, or taking Christmas cards which you intend to give away? "None of your business whether we take a machine or cash." Of course not Mr. *Am. W.* Then why concern yourself about the Christmas cards? But they must have something to fill up space, so let 'er go.

Before your next issue I hope to be able to record the fact of some of our local cyclers having ridden their wheels to the ice coated surface of

EAGLE ROCK.

Monthly Summary.

FROM JANUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 15.

California. The Bay City Wheelmen intend forming an inter-club road racing association, provided they secure the co-operation of the other clubs. Bay City Wheelmen elected the following officers for 1888: President, E. Farbaugh; Vice-President, J. R. Hopkins; Secretary, H. C. Cummins; Treasurer, C. A. Elliott; Captain, P. A. Libby.

Colorado. W. L. Van Horn marries Miss Alice Knapp. Denver Ramblers elected the following officers for 1888: President, J. F. Allers; Captain, R. Gerwing; Secretary, W. E. Perkins; Treasurer, W. L. Van Horn.

Connecticut. New Haven Club celebrates its anniversary Jan. 24. New Haven Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, W. W. Frisbie; Secretary, S. C. Sperry; Treasurer, A. W. Welton; Captain, C. E. Laron.

Illinois. Lincoln Cycle Club, of Chicago, give a minstrel performance at the Madison Street Theater, Feb. 15, to raise funds for a gymnasium. Kankakee Ramblers organized and the following officers elected for 1888: President, G. F. Crawford; Vice President, W. S. Halsey; Secretary-Treasurer, A. L. Hatch; Captain, C. F. Dickey. Chicago Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, W. C. Thorne; Vice-President, L. W. Conkling; Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. Schmidt; Captain, F. A. Ingalls.

Indiana. Indianapolis Wheelmen organized Feb. 3.

Kentucky. Horace Beddo is succeeded in business by his former partners, and hereafter the firm will be known as Kroft & Adams. Newport Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Van Dusen; Secretary-Treasurer, L. L. Buchanan; Captain, George Van Dusen.

Maryland. A. E. Mealy, C. C., appoints J. K. Bartlett, Jr. representative to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. W. Abbott. Rambler Cycle Club, of Baltimore, held a meeting Jan. 14 and elected the following officers for 1888: President, A. A. Barrington; Vice-President, W. E. Swindle; Secretary, F. H. Hoover; Treasurer, H. Diggs; Captain, F. M. Clotworthy. Sam'l. Clark, of Baltimore, is succeeded in business by the Clark Cycle Co.

Massachusetts. Malden Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, E. E. Foye; Vice-President, F. M. Sherburn; Secretary-Treasurer, A. N. Foque. The Springfield Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: Secretary, E. E. Williams; Treasurer, W. Burns. Hyde Park Ramblers elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. E. Walters; Secretary-Treasurer, J. P. Boyden; Captain, F. G. Hall. Sommerville Cycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. B. Cann; Vice-President, J. H. Woodbury; Secretaries, H. L. Billings and W. B. Nelson; Treasurer, E. Sanger; Captain, F. B. Kimball. Springfield Club give a minstrel performance at Chicopee Falls Jan. 15. Roxbury Bicycle Club give a grand ball Jan. 18. Warren Wheel Club, of Roxbury, held a dance at Fontleroy Hall, Feb. 10. Dorchester Bicycle Club give a whist party Jan. 17, and a dance Feb. 3. The club at North Attleboro elected O. W. Clifford, President; W. E. Luce, Vice-President; T. E. Bell, Secretary; C. F. Kurtz, Treasurer, and F. C. Groton, Captain for the ensuing year. Annual dinner of the Massachusetts Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Friday evening, Jan. 27. Jamaica Plain Bi. Club give a complimentary dinner to E. J. Woodworth at Tremont House, Boston, Jan. 13. Jamaica Plain Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Underwood; Vice-President, W. A. Mossman; Secretary and Treasurer, F. P. Walker; Captain, E. C. Chase. The Brookline Bi. Club held its second annual ball at the town hall Jan. 25. The Jamaica Cycle Club, of Jamaica Plain, gave its second entertainment Feb. 2, at Elliot hall. The Sommerville Club had a ladies' night Jan. 30. Roxbury Bicycle Club gave its first annual ball at Oriental hall Jan. 18. Warren Wheel Club held its annual reception Feb. 10. Cambridge Club give a dance Jan. 20.

Michigan. Star Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, F. C. Blodgett; Secretary-Treasurer, R. F. Medbury; Captain, W. E. Metzger.

Minnesota. The proposed race between McCurdy and Whittaker falls through on account of alledged crookedness on both sides.

Missouri. W. M. Brewster, C. C., appoints L. H. Parsons Local

Council at Edina; A. C. Miller at Hannibal, and J. B. Jennings at Moberly.

Pennsylvania. Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, elect the following officers for 1888: President, F. Read; Vice-President, T. Hare; Secretary, P. S. Collins; Captain, W. T. Fleming. Frankfort Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, R. Crackshaw; Vice-President, R. Dean; Treasurer, C. Denn; Secretary, G. Hare; Captain, J. Dyson. Germantown Cycling Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, F. Reed; Vice-President, Dr. C. B. Knerr; Secretary, H. T. Rogers; Captain, G. F. Cravens. South End Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, elect the following officers for 1888: President, W. W. Roberts; Vice-President, L. Kolb; Secretary-Treasurer, J. A. Lehman; Captain, J. J. Bradley.

New Hampshire. Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Hazlett; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Walton; Captain, G. E. Philbrick.

New Jersey. Union County Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. F. A. Kinch; Secretary, F. E. Reese; Captain, A. N. Pearson. Elizabeth Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, G. C. Pennell; Vice-President, W. Chandler; Secretary, A. N. Lukens; Captain, S. J. Berry, Jr. The Owl Bicycle Club, of Bordentown, elect the following officers for 1888: President, Prof. C. P. Hoffman; Vice-President, J. Matthews; Secretary, C. E. Burr; Captain, F. G. Wilse. Orange Athletic Club give a ball Feb. 10. Bloomfield Cyclers elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. V. L. Pierson; Vice-President, T. Palmer; Secretary, P. Graham; Treasurer, F. Van Aucken; Captain, T. D. Palmer.

New York. Manhattan Bi. Club held its first reception at the Lexington opera house, New York, Feb. 3. Long Island Wheelmen give a ladies' reception Jan. 30. Ariel Wheel Club of Poughkeepsie, disband. Walter Bonner wins the long distance medal offered by the Calumet Cycling Club, of Brooklyn, riding 6,374 miles. Long Island Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. D. Huggins; Vice-President, F. J. Warburton; Treasurer, M. Furst; Secretaries, C. C. Allen and E. A. Caner. Kings County Wheelmen give a grand opening at their club house Feb. 1. A club is organized in Wappinger's Falls with the following officers: President, A. M. Roy; Secretary, J. Punter; Treasurer, F. Warhurst; Captain, H. H. Brown. The Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, elect the following officers for 1888: President, B. Woodhull; Vice-President, B. A. Pratt; Secretary, C. H. Doud; Treasurer, F. H. Cross; Captain, M. Schaffer. Manhattan Athletic Club holds its annual games in Madison Square Gardens Jan. 28. *Outing* changes hands.

Vermont. Vermont Wheelmen at Brattleboro give a dance Jan. 17.

West Virginia. H. P. Wilconson, C. C., appoints C. R. Goetz, of Wheeling, to be Secretary-Treasurer, and C. C. Byers, of Parkersburg, as Representative.

Wisconsin. Milwaukee Wheelmen, at their annual meeting Jan. 19, elected the following officers for 1888: President, H. R. Miller; Vice-President, T. J. Mayer; Secretary, H. P. Andræ; Captain, T. J. Schroeder.

FOREIGN.

England. Second race between cow-boys and cyclists, held at Bingley hall, Birmingham, Dec. 26 to 31, resulting in favor of the cyclists, they winning by over nine miles. Maltby leaves England for America on the steamer Chicago, Jan. 24. Jules Terront wins the 100-mile professional race at Birmingham, Dec. 24, in 5 hrs., 58 min., 40 sec. The Stanley Show, the eleventh annual exhibition of bicycles, tricycles and accesories was held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London, from Jan. 28 to Feb. 4. Total number of exhibitors, 124.

Australia. Fred Wood beats Rolfe in a three mile championship race, Nov. 24. In the five mile championship test race given by the Pioneer Bicycle Club Fred Wood comes in first in 16 min., 52⅔ sec.

The March number of the *Gazette* will contain, besides its regular departments, a well-written article on "Mid-winter Cycling in California," by J. J. Bliss; "A Stroll A-wheel in England," by Stamson, and a short cycle story by the editor; each of which will be illustrated. Considerable space will be given to an interesting table of diagrams of the various hills known to cycledom. Mr. Harry Corey also contributes an instructive article on "The Rover Type of Safeties."

Our Chicago Correspondent.

JAN. 26, the Lincoln Cycling Club gave their first dancing party. The Lincoln Park Refectory had been engaged for the occasion luckily, and as a natural consequence nearly two hundred stalwart and otherwise young society gentlemen and their ladies followed Capt. C. C. Pierce and lady through the grand march. Frieberg's orchestra furnished the music, and Caterer Rodley the refreshments. A more thoroughly enjoyable affair than this party, would be difficult to find.

Chicago wheelmen mourn the loss of the bright little RECORD. It was indeed phenominal how soon it flew into popular favor here. The RECORD used to be due in Chicago Friday evening, and should it fail to reach a Chicago subscriber on that day, he would invariably ask some other fellow: "Has yours arrived? Let me see it."

If the various city clubs are as active in wheel matters the coming season as they are at present in social affairs a most successful season will be the result.

The Illinois Cycling Club gave their third dancing party at Martine's west side academy, Jan. 20. Fully one hundred athletic young gentlemen, each one having a double grip on a charming "Daisie" glided over the slippery floors keeping perfect t me to a dreamy waltz-song. This affair as is usual with the west siders, was a success as far as pleasure and social ability was concerned. Lovely women, beautifully attired knickerbockered young men, their muscular calves encased in black silk stockings, a great profusion of flowers and a splendid orchestra, served to render a scene of festivities that will linger for some time in our memories. Especially of the poor young men's.

The Owls were delightfully entertained at the residence of a young lady admirer of the club—especially of the treasurer. Some forty couples danced the "German," which was ably led by Treasurer Cory.

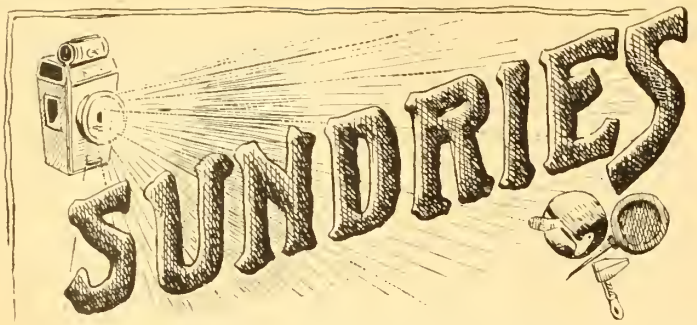
F. Ed. Spooner, Secy. of the Lincoln Cycling Club has accepted a position in the cycle department of A. G. Spaulding & Bro's Chicago house.

Come boys! Who shall we nominate for chief consul? Who for secy.-treas.? We must have a road book for '89.

R. H. Ehlert, captain of the Illinois Cycle Club has handed in his resignation. A new captain will be elected at their next meeting. Will Davis or Frank Riggs are both made of the proper "stuff," and the choice of the club will undoubtedly center upon one of them.

Is it a wonder that the L. A. W. have such bitter fights in protecting the rights of wheelmen? In Minneapolis last week we were treated to as severe a set back as we well could have. A crowd of "fakers" and beats crowd around a pile of greenbacks and each stuff as many into his pockets as he possibly can. The McCurdy-Whittaker race turned out to be as rank a hippodrome as we have heard of for a long time. When McCurdy reached Minneapolis some five weeks ago he was accompanied by a letter addressed to Colonel Tanner, a "sure thing" sport, and it was written by a prominent amateur, Bob Ehlert, of Chicago, stating among other things that "McCurdy was undoubtedly the fastest Star rider in America, and that he had a wealthy backer (Tom Roe) in Chicago whom he wanted to work." McCurdy and Tanner evidently came to an understanding. Whittaker was there backed by the latter "sport." Now it seems that Roe went to Minneapolis determined to get Tanner's money; he accordingly offered Whittaker $4,000 to allow McCurdy to win. The $4,000 turned Whit.'s fevered brain, he accepted and signed an agreement to that effect. Whit. did not get a chance to make his money, however, for McCurdy who had an "idea" that the referee was in with the Tanner gang, flatly refused to run. The stakes, nearly $17,000 in all, were given to Tanner, and McCurdy turned the gas out to hide his blushes. When the "fakers" that crowd the professional ranks finish plucking golden geese and retire from the track, cycling will be vastly benefited and have good reason to rejoice. A well-known Chicago wheelman sorrowfully remarked to me: "Poor Tom Roe, duped, betrayed and swindled at his own game, by tricksters infinitely more cunning and unprincipled than himself. I should think he would awake to the fact that professional bicyclers on general principles are not to be trusted, but like all 'good' democrats they have their price and it matters little how vile the means are, providiug they get their share of the 'swag.'"

GIES.



Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

* * *

Indianapolis has a bicycle club at last.

* * *

The Chelsea Club is talking up a club-house scheme.

* * *

Philadelphia cyclers have had a jolly time on the ice this year.

* * *

A European cycling tour will leave Philadelphia this summer.

* * *

When did you examine your wheel last to see what condition it was in?

* * *

The Milwaukee Wheelmen tripled their membership during the last season.

* * *

Now is a good time to touch up the enamel on your wheel with liquid enamel,

* * *

The Pope Manufacturing Co. have an exhibit at the Stanley Show, in England.

* * *

Pem. Coleman, official handicapper of the N. C. U. for the last six years has resigned.

* * *

Outing, was sold last month. The new management as usual promises great things for the future.

* * *

Pennsylvania members of the L. A. W. seem determined to have John A. Wells for representative.

* * *

No Julius, you 're wrong. Of course a road is so much ground; but a road hog is not a ground hog.

* * *

Mr. Wm. L. Ross is superintendent of the branch house of Singer & Co., at 6 Berkeley Street, New York.

* * *

Munich, Germany, has the largest number of cyclers of any city in the Empire. It boasts of 1,500 riders.

* * *

Three Philadelphia cycling clubs have an aggregate membership of 350. The Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Century.

* * *

For damages sustained for false arrest the Circuit court, of Newark, N. J., decided L. S. Haskell, a wheelman, entitled to $25.

* * *

W. B. Everett is lost to the trade, though he leaves his name behind. It will be a good many years before he is lost to wheeling, though.

* * *

Wheeling calls the *Cyclist's* life-boat "the bum boat" and then editorially calls attention to its coarse humor as being "distinctively funny."

* * *

The wheelman in the winter
Likes to loaf about the stove,
In the spring he will begin ter
Rove.

* * *

The C. T. C. is now incorporated and under a law that makes every member of it liable to a limited amount in case of its bankruptcy.

The H. B. Smith Machine Co. are experimenting with a Rover-type Safety, driven by Star mechanism, which will be ready for the market late in the season.

* * *

If our E. C., the *Canadian Wheelman* will only give us credit for what it clips from our columns we will be satisfied, otherwise we wish to enter a large sized kick.

* * *

The league tickets this year are even cheaper looking and flimzier than those of last year. A raffle ticket is a permanent piece of stationary along side of one of them.

* * *

In order to increase their business the coming season the firm of Sam'l T. Clark & Co. has been merged into a stock company under the name of The Clark Cycle Co.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Lewis, wife of ex-Captain Lewis, of the Philadelphia Bi. Club, covered more ground on her tricycle in 1887 than any member of that club, excepting two or three.

* * *

Horace Beddo, of Louisville, Ky., has been succeeded in business by his former partners and hereafter the firm will be known as Kroft & Adams. We wish the new firm every success.

* * *

Captain Schroeder, of the Milwaukee Wheelmen offers a gold medal to the member riding the largest number of miles, and President Miller, of the same club, offers a silver medal to the second best.

* * *

Mr. Sam'l T. Clark sailed for England on the steamship Ems to visit the Stanley Show, now in progress in that country, and to look after business interests in general. He will return in about four weeks.

* * *

The Springfield Roadster Co. will have their western headquarters at C. F. Stokes, 292 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Stokes will have an assistant, W. S. Doane, formerly with Stoddard, Lovering & Co.

* * *

The Stanley Show, England's great yearly exhibition of cycles, is now opened in London. Some idea of the extent of the bicycle business in England may be gained from the fact that 124 makers exhibit goods at the Stanley show.

* * *

Henry Murphy, the new proprietor of the Lynn Bicycle Park proposes to put the park in thorough condition for cycle races and is in conference with William F. Allen with a view to engaging him to manage the bicycle races this season.

* * *

A St. Louis wheelman had a twelve mile race with a greyhound. Before half the distance was run the dog showed signs of giving out and had to be watered and sponged. At the finish he was completely used up. Twelve miles is a short run for a bicycle rider, and is frequently taken before breakfast, just for an appetiser.

* * *

Our German cotemporary *Der Radfahrer* for Jan. 1, contains illustrations of a new adjustable crank for cycles, in which a secondary crank carries the pedal and slides over the face of the crank proper in a groove cut thereon, being held in one of several positions by a spring catch. It is the invention of Herr Rodel.

* * *

O frozen roads of winter-time!
I 'd sing thy praise in words sublime,
For that 's just in my line.
But my attention now is drawn
To steering,—steering hard and strong,
I cannot stop to frame a song.

* * *

Under the rules of the new Philadelphia association a member of any club belonging to the association will receive its aid in any dispute or lawsuit relating to cycling in which he may become engaged. In case of such dispute or lawsuit arising, each club of less than fifty members will be assessed a sum not exceeding a sum which is yet to be decided upon, while any club of over fifty members will be assessed a sum not exceeding double that amount, for use in defraying the expenses arising therefrom. This looks like business. It takes money to go to law, and you can't get a great deal of law for a very little money.

New English Patents.

14,698. October 28, 1887. Charles Kingston Welch and Francis Boyle Bale, improvements in velocipedes.

14,730. October 9, 1887. John Edington Park, improvements in and relating to lamp attachments for cycles.

14,748. October 29, 1887. James Logan Watkins, improved attachments for fixing or regulating the position of bicycle and tricycle lamps.

14,765. October 31, 1887. John Boultbee Brooks and William Fisher, a new or improved apparatus for holding, securing, and locking the brakes of velocipedes.

14,867. November 1, 1887. John Keen, improvements in connecting pedals to velocipedes.

16,844. December 7, 1887. David Reginald Ashton (trading as Ashton Brothers), 13 and 15 London Road, Clapton, E., Middlesex, for improved bicycle and tricycle wheels.

17,034. December 10, 1887. William Fisher and Edward Redman, 50, St Lawrence Road, Brixton, S. W., for improvements in mounting velocipede saddles.

17,352. December 17, 1887. George Patrick, improvements in bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.

17,499. December 20, 1887. Albert Slim, an apparatus to aid cyclists to impel their machines.

17,505. December 20, 1887. Thomas Charles Pullinger, improvements in dust-proof ball bearings for velocipedes and other purposes.

17,517. December 20, 1887. Joseph Estner, an improved velocipede or carriage.

17,557. December 21, 1887. John Starley, an improved method of padding trusses, saddles for horses and other animals, or velocipedes.

17,571. December 21, 1887. Henry Francis Tyler, improvements in saddles as used for bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles.

17,600. December 22, 1887. John Harrison, improvements in spring brackets for bicycle and tricycle lamps.

17,680. December 23, 1887. George Townsend, for improvements in luggage carriers for velocipedes.

17,724. December 24, 1887. Victor Polydore Fevez, 186 Fleet Street, London, E. C., for improvements in velocipedes.

17,745. December 24, 1887. Percy David Hedderwick, for improvements in brakes for velocipedes and other vehicles.

17,753. December 24, 1887. Joseph Johnson and Albert Robert Wickens, 191 Fleet Street, London, E. C., for improvements in convertible tricycles.

17,774. December 27, 1887. George Salter (of the firm of George Salter & Co.), and Charles John Holdship, 6 Livery Street, Birmingham, for improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.

17,780. December 27. 1887. John Howes and George Neville Howes, 13 Regent Street, Cambridge, for an improved arrangement of driving gear for bicycles.

17,881. December 29, 1887. William Andrews (of the firm of Wm. Andrews, Limited), for improvements in velocipedes.

17,882. December 29, 1887. Henry Osborne, for improved means of attaching india-rubber tyres to metal wheels.

17,928. December 30, 1887. George James Chapman, 32 Pembury Avenue, Tottenham, for improvements in cycles.

17,991. December 31, 1887. John R. Tuff, 2 Clyde Terrace, Southampton, for improvements in differential gearing for velocipedes.

1. January 2, 1888. James Carver, Eskell Chambers, Market Place, Nottingham, for improvements in the arrangement and application of a spiral spring to be applied to the saddle or saddles of tricycles and other velocipedes for the purpose of reducing vibration.

8. January 2, 1888. H. Lucas (Tom Bowling) Lamp Works, Birmingham, and W. Prestleton, 19 Church Vale, Handsworth, for improvements in lamps for velocipedes and other purposes, their attachments and burners.

23. January 2, 1888. John Sherrin and John Vaughan Sherrin, Codrington Road, Ramsgate, Kent, for the entire or partial propulsion of bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes by means of electro-motors worked by primary batteries. (Complete Specification.)

46. January 2, 1888. William Cook, 21 Cockspur Street, London, S. W., for improvements in pedals for bicycles, tricycles, or other apparatus operated by foot power.

73. January 4, 1888. William Wilson, for improvements in or relating to perambulators, tricycles, go-carts and bath chairs.

134. January 4, 1888. William Henry Beal, Town Hall Buildings, Halifax, for improvements in appliances for driving sewing machines and cycles, also applicable to the driving of rotary pumps.

180. January 5, 1888. Edward Mushing, 68 Smithford Street, Coventry, for improvements in bicycle and tricycle seat springs.

184. January 5, 1888. Arthur H. Lee, 49 Victoria Buildings, Manchester, for improvements in gearing for velocipedes.

209. January 5, 1888. Francis J. Nibbs, 277 Albany Road, Camberwell, S. E., for improved driving gear for velocipedes or tricycles.

Quaker City Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, February 1, 1888.

THOSE who imagine bicycling is on the wane are not bicyclers or readers of bicycling gossip. Things are booming. A dozen new Pennsylvania clubs are talked of. Clubs are increasing in membership. Long southern and northern rides are talked of for next summer to last from three to six weeks. Several improvements are talked of. What? Improvements on bicycles? Yes, fact.

We are pleased to know that bicycle matters are booming elsewhere. Notwithstanding the weather is cold, there is a good deal of out-door work, but it is confined to the few who take a pride in showing a good record month in and month out. Our local clubs are becoming quite interesting social centers, and as a consequence more attention is being given as to who shall be admitted. There is a good deal of club aristocracy developing itself, but when we come to understand the motives and reasons it is all right. There is a greater necessity of caution in this regard in all large cities than in smaller cities, where a man is known and cannot be a snide unless he is found out.

We have had a glorious winter so far. To one who knows what a Dakota blizzard is, it is like living in a band box to live in Philadelphia.

Cycling interests are on the boom all through eastern Pennsylvania. W. J. Wilhelm, of Reading, will stay with us. Keen has a non-slipping pedal to show, which is well spoken of. Things at Harrisburg are all right. Clubs are talked of in smaller towns. Salesmen and some mechanics and draughtsmen are coming in. Bank and store clerks are taking to the pastime.

Yes. "Monotony thy name is sculling," as the *Bi. World* says. We agree all over. Sculling is good but bicycling is better and what is the doctor's name that will deny it.

Our Owl Bicycle Club of Bordentown, a short run up the river, elected the following officers: President, Prof. C. P. Hoffman; Vice-President, John Matthews; Secretary, Charles E. Burr; Captain, F. G. Wilse; First Lieutenant, Charles R. Garwood; Second Lieutenant, Howard Newell; Standard Bearer, Paul O. Hudson; Bugler, Lewis W. Wilse.

Philadelphia will soon have a central cycle club of its own. The matter is now up for voting One of its objects, and a good one is to defend the legal rights of wheelmen.

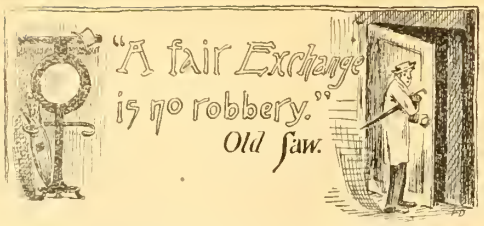
The South End Wheelmen's Club are about to put in a piano. The club is steadily growing in membership.

So far as elections have gone this season a generally excellent set of fellows have been elected as officers for the various clubs. In some clubs there is quite a scramble for the offices.

Terront, the English bicycler, won the recent race for 100 miles at Birmingham, England, in 5 hrs., 53 min. and 40 sec. Good Time.

The Springfield and Alden, Mass. clubs have elected new officers.

QUAKER.



Adam was the first man to sell a race.—*Texas Siftings.*

It 's five cents to go down the toboggan. Going up is a-scent.—*New York Journal.*

When ice is thick and deep 's the snow,
And winter days are drear O!
Man wants but little here below
Zero. —*Boston Courier.*

The tricycle is taking the place of the bicycle, largely because of the less demands which it makes on the skill of the rider. It is even asserted that smiling is possible on a three wheeler.—*Boston Transcript.*

Volapuk, the new language, contains only one swear word. It will never be adopted by the cyclists. There are occasions when he yearns for a language that contains nothing but swear words. —*Norristown Herald.*

"They don't die in the house," was called after a Boston cyclist by an urchin. He did n't know what the young fellow meant until he read this morning's paper, and ascertained the fate of poisoned "Rats." *Bulletin.*

No 'lociped peddlers need n't 'ply at dis cabin. When I straddle a saddle it ain't wif de 'spectation ob makin' my ole legs do de canterin'. " Ef I ebber take a fool notion ter ride an' walk at de same time, yer 'll see me harness up a bean pole and play circus wif de chilun.—*Texas Siftings.*

The tricycle is always ready at the door for an errand to the market, a call on a friend, a spin for pleasure, or a journey to the next town. And where is the horse that, driven by his mistress, can be counted for a uniform speed of eight miles an hour, with a possibility of ten or twelve miles on fine roads?—*Scientific American.*

But the bicycle and tricycle are not only enjoyable modes of locomotion; they are also without a peer in their hygienic capacity. —*S. M. Woodburn, M. D.*

Neither extreme youth nor advancing age would seem to be any bar against the enjoyment of tricycle riding.—"*A Family Doctor*" *in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Ethel—"Which toboggan slide do you like best, Corey's hill or Wright's hill?" Mabel—"Oh! Corey's hill, don't you? It 's so much steeper that the men have to hold on to—er—the toboggan ever so much tighter."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I want a surgeon at once," he said, as he hastily entered a hospital; "I 've just shot three of my fingers off!" "I 'm sorry, my friend," replied the Superintendent, "but you 'll have to grin and bear it for a while. The surgeons are all over to the toboggan slide.—*Texas Siftings.*

Not one minister in a hundred takes a sufficiency of the physical exercise needed for the healthy preservation of the body. * * * Buy a bicycle; learn to ride it, and henceforth additional pleasure, health, recreation and means of education are placed in your hands. —*Rev. George W. James in San Franscisco Christian Advocate.*

Said Congressman Sam Randall to an acquaintance, on a Baltimore & Ohio train, the other day: "Why is this administration like a bicycle?" Not waiting for his companion to reply, he answered his own conundrum by saying: "Because the little wheel is in front." Samuel must have read his answer in the "Stars."—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, "God bless the wheel!"
—*Will Carleton.*

So long as it is a novelty anywhere, there it implies a little publicity, but not more than riding on horseback, nor, indeed, so much. A woman on horseback is always stared at, and must expect it; she is raised high from the ground, and is in full view from both sidewalks, whereas if she rides a tricycle she is lower and less noticeable. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

They speak of the dangers of cycling; what sport is there that has not dangers? In foot-ball you are liable to get your bones broken or your shins barked; in cricket you get your head cracked with the ball, and other petty injuries; and I think it would be found the same with every sport under the sun. Danger,—it is the danger in our sports that makes us the bold and fearless Englishmen that we are.—*Wheeling.*

To distinguish steel from iron, scrape off the nickel or enamel and pour on the object to be tested a drop of nitric acid of one-half specific gravity. Let it act for a moment and then rince with water. On iron the acid will cause a whitish gray stain and on steel a black stain.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*

THE "AMERICAN RAMBLER."

Friend—"Why, Wheeler, what a state you 're in! Had an accident?" Bicycler—"Yes, slightly. In that race against time, yesterday, I broke my machine, my head, two fingers, a rib—" Friend—Hold on, for heaven's sake? Was there anything you did n't break?" Bicycler (sadly)—"Yes, the record!"—*Tid-Bits.*

The number of serious accidents from bicycling and tricycling is very small, and we venture to assert far smaller than those incident to buggy riding. In the matter of health there can be no comparison of buggy riding and cycling. The cramped-up position of the one and free motion of the limbs in the other need no comment as to which is the most desirable.—*San Franscisco World.*

The "American Rambler."

THE above cut represents the "American Rambler," the new safety bicycle which is made by the Gormully & Jeffery M'f'g Co., of Chicago. Ill.

It is the lightest machine of its kind made; weighing with all parts on, only forty-four pounds. It sells for $120 in standard finish and the manufacturers claim it to be the easiest running, neatest and most simple rear driving safety on the market.

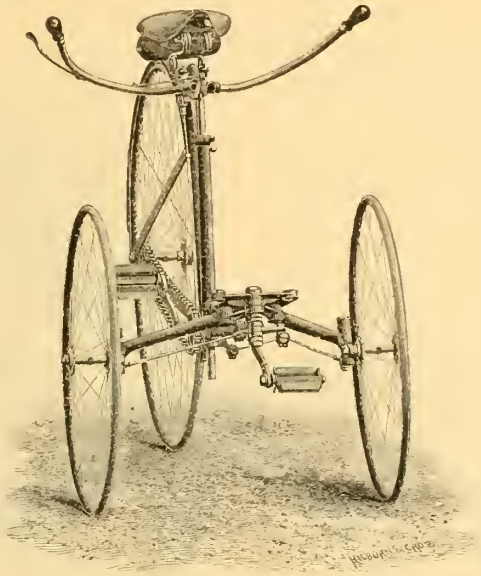
Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club.

UNDER date of Jan. 20, the *L. A. W. Bulletin* publishes the fact of the disbanding of the Ariel Wheel Club, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which would to the casual reader, convey the impression that no other club existed in that city, and their disbanding was due to the fact that many of its members had given up riding or disposed of their wheels. To wheelmen visiting Poughkeepsie and all who have enjoyed the hospitalities of the Ariel Wheel Club, they will find the latch-string on the outside of the club-room doors of the Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club, where they will meet a majority of the former members of the Ariel Wheel Club.

The Surprise Columbia Tricycle.

MANUFACTURED BY THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company presents an entirely new form of tricycle for the coming season, and puts it on the market at a price very much lower than the standard machine, though it is as carefully made and the material is none the less worthy. The cut gives one a good idea of the form and details of the machine, and the brief which we publish below will supply all that is lacking to a comprehension of the wheel. The open front will commend itself to the ladies. The folding arrangement allows the wheel to be compressed to a width over all of twenty-nine inches, and this will enable the owner to take it through an ordinary doorway. The running track may he varied in width from thirty-four inches to thirty inches. The form of the machine renders a balance gear unnecessary, and thus one complication of the ordinary double driver is done away with.



THE SURPRISE COLUMBIA TRICYCLE.

BRIEF.—32-inch driving wheel, 26-inch front steering wheels. Endless moulded rubber tires, 1 inch to driver, ¾ inch to steerers. Crescent felloes. 44 and 24 direct spokes. No. 11½ wire, with both ends enlarged. Copeland folding frame of seamless tubular steel. Tubular driving-wheel forks. Wallace dwarf steering-heads. Adjustable handle-bar steering. Hollow curved handle bars, adjustable for height. Vulcanite handles. Adjustable plunger brake. Adjustable crank-and-chain driving gear. Wallace sprocket wheels. Ewart forged steel, detachable link chain. Detachable Knous cranks. Columbia "double-grip" rubber ball pedals. Columbia adjustable ball-bearings all around. Adjustable L seat-rod. Harrington cradle-spring. Knous adjustable saddle. Dust shield. Width over all, open, 39 inches; folded, 29 inches. Gear, 48½. Weight on all, 73 pounds. Finish, enamel and nickel tips. Price with ball pedals, $150; with parallel pedals, $145, making it about $15 cheaper than the average high grade American tricycle and about $25 cheaper than those of English manufacturers.

THE VELOCE COLUMBIA.

The Veloce Columbia.

THE following is a brief of the Veloce Columbia, the new safety, which the Pope Manufacturing Company have put on the market for this year.

BRIEF.—31-inch rear (driving) wheel, 30-inch front wheel. Endless moulded ⅞-inch rubber tires. Crescent felloes. 40 and 36 direct spokes, No. 11½ guage with both ends enlarged. Columbia adjustable ball-bearings, all around. Seamless-steel, tubular front and rear forks and perch. Adjustable crank-and-chain driving gear. Ewart forged-steel, detachable-link chain. Detachable Knous cranks, 5, 5½ and 6 inch throw. Columbia "double grip" rubber ball pedals. 4½-inch cone steering-centers. 28-inch hollow, continuous steel curved handle-bar, adjustable for height. Vulcanite handles. Adjustable plunger brake. Adjustable L seat-rod. Harrington cradle-spring. Knous adjustable saddle. Lantern bracket. Footrests. Steering-wheel shield. Gear 55. Weight 51 pounds. Price, with "double-grip" ball pedals, $135; with "double-grip" parallel pedals, $130.

Captain's Report of Star Wheel Club.

Club runs, 29. Miles in club runs, 1,303. Average, 45.

Centuries, 12: A. R. Scott, 4; 100, 100, 103, 175. Robert Ruck 4; 100, 100, 103, 175. H. E. Chubb: 1; 103. Vincent Matthews, 1; 103. Walter Collins, 1; 101. Wm. Taylor, 1, 100.

Mileage record for first six members: H. E. Chubb, 4,749; A. R. Scott, 4,363; Robert Ruck, 4,240; Wm. N. Taylor, 3,775; R. W. Wright, 2,400; Chas. Fogelberg, 2,116. Total, 21,640.

Mileage for the club (40 members), over 50,000 miles. H. E. CHUBB, Capt.

The New York *Clipper Annual* for 1888 has been received. The *Annual* contains an account of the earlier days of the American stage, theatrical, musical and sporting chronologies for 1887, aquatic and athletic performances, billiard, racing and trotting records, baseball and cricket data, with a table of records of all kinds in all departments of sport.

The Massachusetts Road Book will be sent out March 1. It will be ready before that time, but it has been thought best to wait until the close of the renewal season before delivering them to members.

It is said that Jack Keen will astonish the world at the Stanley Show with a new pedal, which renders slipping impossible, and yet does not hold or confine the foot in any way.

An English writer, starting with the assumption that all cyclers have inbent knees, recommends occasional horseback riding to correct the evil.

Sporting Life, of London, holds $125 which Harry Etherington has deposited with them, backing Nick Kaufman against the world as the champion trick bicycle rider, as yet it has not been covered.

A Valentine.

A Wheelman to his Love.

You are so fair;
In every line and every part
Perfection dwells. My eager heart
Discerns in you but perfect grace;
And there 's an air
Of freedom in your open face.
You are so fair.

You are so true.
When troubled and with care oppressed
You call me forth and give me rest.
You lead me, too, in merry mood;
Most surely you
Will not prove fickle. You are good
And kind and true.

You are my own.
No other with you can compare;
To me you always hold that rare
Place in my heart, where love doth kneel,
And I have grown
Happy in your good grace, my wheel.
You are my own.

From Nashville to Niagara by Wheel.

DURING the winter months when it was more comfortable to sit around the club room stove and discuss the pleasures of last season's runs and tours, or to listen to the many hair-breadth escapes and extraordinary performances of the ever present club fabricator than it was to wheel, it was suggested by a member of the Nashville Bi. Club that they tour to Niagara Falls sometime during the summer. The proposition struck all of us favorably and seven or eight at once agreed to start; others joined the ranks until finally twelve had agreed to make the start if they could make arrangements to get off for a month's vacation. One of the projectors was commissioned to select the route. After searching many maps and corresponding with several consuls and other wheelmen, a route was decided upon that lead through Louisville, Cincinnati, Hamilton, Dayton, Springfield, Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo. The time agreed upon for starting, was Monday, July 4—the glorious Fourth. The distance computed was eight hundred and sixty miles, and it was agreed that the actual riding time should be thirteen full days, with five or six full day stops at the principal cities; altogether not over three weeks, which would make a fraction over sixty-six miles a day while riding.

As the time for starting drew near, the number of starters began to dwindle down; some of the twelve were sick, some out of the city, while others could not leave their business, until only four could be found who were ready to go, not a very big four either. Perhaps a slight personel of each of the four would not be out of place: First, as he is the largest, comes Joe Gibson, Jr., height 6 feet; weight before starting, 158½ pounds; mounted on a 58-inch Expert Columbia, which had been ridden by him about nine thousand miles in the last five years. Thomas C. Petri, age 30 years; height, 5 feet, 11¾ inches; weight, 135 pounds; mounted on a 54-inch Victor light roadster, nearly new. Ed. D. Fisher, height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 135 pounds; age, 37 years; mounted on a 53-inch New Mail, nearly new. Joseph C. Combs was the pony of the party, age 29 years; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; weight 118 pounds; mounted on a 48-inch Victor full roadster, which had been ridden one year. Each had a M. I. P. bag or back-bone luggage carrier, which when packed with changes of underwear, medicine, tools, etc., added twelve or fifteen pounds to the weight of each wheel. We had valices which we expressed ahead to cities where we made full day stops.

So we started on the glorious Fourth early in the morning before the small boy with his pockets full of punk and shooting crackers appeared upon the scene—and you know how early that is. Messrs. Rhodes and Murdock were there to escort us out of town.

Out of the city across the steel bridge to East Nashville, the streets were very muddy, but when about a mile out the old Louisville and Dickerson pike was reached the road was in fine condition. To Goodlettsville, twelve and a half miles without dismounting, we arrived at 6:40 A. M. We were met by J. R. Cole, a citizen of the town and a friend to all wheelmen, and invited to breakfast, which invitation was accepted without much ceremony. The way fried spring chicken, biscuits and other good things disappeared was a caution. Here our escort shook hands all around and returned to the city. We continued on to the top of Blue Ridge ninteen miles from Nashville. Here the gravel pike gave out and we had a fair dirt road for seven miles, when the rain caught us and we took refuge in a barn near the roadside. The owner of the barn came down from his house, a few rods off, and invited us to come in.

The rain stopped early in the afternoon and we started out, but the road which would have been very fair in dry weather was now, almost unridable, so we walked and rode as circumstances required and reached Franklin before dark.

We made an early start the next morning. Before breakfast time we were on the road to Bowling Green. Now if there is any time in a wheelman's career when he really feels the necessity of getting over the ground rapidly, it is when he is headed for a breakfast that is waiting for him in a town about ten miles ahead. But nine times out of ten he has to proceed slowly. We did not happen to strike the tenth case. The road was a rough, worn out macadam, and running along parallel with it was a delapidated mud road. This gave us an assortment, and when we got tired of bumping over the macadam we would try jolting over the mud.

Presently we stopped at a well along the roadside, and from a little shanty near by ran out a pack of negroes of all ages and sizes. It hardly seemed possible that so many could crowd themselves into such a little box, but they must have done it for they could n't have come from any other place.

Headed by old aunty they came flocking about us and looking with wide open mouth and eyes. "Is you-all gemmen goin' to buil' a railroad?" asked the leader. Just what gave her the idea that we were connected with railroading would be hard to say, but a little thing like that did n't bother Gibson, and he answered promptly:

"We did intend to keep the matter secret but since you are on to our little scheme we will own up, we are going to build a railroad. Mr. Gould, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Ives," said he, indicating his three companions, "these gentlemen and myse f are going to build it. It will run right across your land and through that house. Now if you could just pick that house up and set it over that way about ten feet you would accommodate us greatly. You don't need to do it r ght away, but any time when you are not too busy."

So we mounted again and rode solemnly away, but the railroad that they longed for never came. Finally we reached Bowling Green and chased the wolf from the door with corn cakes and ham and eggs. Then we started again on a good, hard road and wheeled along at a brisk pace until early in the afternoon when we were again caught by a rain. This little entertainment lasted about three hours, but when it was over we started out again and reached Glasgow Junction where we stopped for the day. This gave us 91½ miles for the two days.

When we started out next morning we were not in such a hurry as we were the day before, for profiting by experience, we breakfasted before starting. So we jogged along at an easy gait and reached Cave City in about an hour. Already the citizens had entered upon their daily tasks of loafing in front of the store. They stopped whittling and dropped their running discussion of affairs in general as we came in sight and welcomed us. They brought out chairs in front of the store and passed around the cigars and we told them about our ride, that which we had accomplished, and that which we expected to accomplish. They took great interest in the matter and in all probability "them bisickel fellers" still form the subject of occasional discussion at Cave City.

From here a mud road leads to a place that enjoys the picturesque name of Bear Wallow. We started on this road, but found the mud too bad to pull through. Gibson was digging bravely along when snap went one of his handle-bars, pulled off close to the head, and there we were. Repairs in that part of the country was out of the question so there was nothing for Gibson to do but to trundle back to Cave City and take the train for Louisville where a new bar could be attached to the machine.

The rest of us watched the unfortunate rider start back, then we mounted and rode away toward Bear Wallow. We pitied Gibson considerably because the dirt road was improving and he was missing a good little run, but after we left the Wallow on what a native assured us was a pike, we changed our minds and came to the conclusion that Gibson was the fortunate one of the four, after all. Away back in the time of Daniel Boon that path might have been entitled to the name of pike, but it evidently had not seen any repairs for the past quarter of a century, and it was about as tough as one could imagine, but as it could not get any worse it began to improve and gradually we began to note the work of the road carpenter. We began to feel sorry for Gibson again. The road kept getting smoother and smoother and we kept pitying him more and more; and at last when we came to a long two mile coast, as smooth as a cellar door, we got off our wheels and wept for him. No we didn't, that is a cold-blooded untruth, but we ought to have done it.

Away we went legs over handles, down, down, down; while a beautiful panorama rolled past us, it was the beautiful scene that by a happy arrangement of nature seems to accompany every long, smooth coast, and we watched it too for the smooth road beneath us demanded but little attention. But the show was over at last and we found that we had to pay for it. Free shows always do turn out that way. A long hill stretched for two miles ahead of us and it was a corker! We went up a little way and then concluded to give it up and walk, and as we walked we talked about the gloriously easy time Gibson was having on the luxurious railroad.

After we got up the hill we continued to envy Gibson, for five miles of loose sand, deep as Emerson's philosophy lay before us. We kept right on walking and tried to remember little newspaper extracts that we had seen at various times about the value of walking

as an exercise. Any one disposed to try this healthy recreation would do well to pick out a road that is not sandy, and a day that is some cooler than one hundred in the shade. As for myself, I shall continue to prefer bicycle riding.

Thus, we entered Magnolia, and now that it is all over, I can scarcely wonder that the hatchet faced mistress of the hotel brought her jaw down firmly and insisted that she did not accommodate tramps. We felt hot about it at the time and appealed our case to the man of the house, but the old woman came along and tried to forestall us. After more or less talking on both sides,—more on the old woman's and less on our's,—the landlord said :

"Hanner, you go in an' shet your mouth."

"Well, I won't."

"Well, you will."

"You dasse n't put 'em in the front room with the carpet on it, I don't 'low no tramps in my best room."

"I just will put 'em there if I please."

And he pleased, too. It is so seldom that the man carries his point under such circumstances that the incident impressed itself upon our memories as something strikingly unique.

We had no grudge against the old man but it is better that ten innocent persons be punished than one guilty wretch escape, so we waked the old man and his wife before daybreak, paid our bills, and went five miles to the next village for breakfast.

What is that about the guilty conscience needing no accuser? I forget the authorized wording of the remark, but for all that I am quite sure that there is something the matter with the conscience of the woman who runs the hotel at Buffalo. She thought that we were policemen come to arrest her, but we assured her that we were peaceable civilians and I punched Petri in the ribs to show how absolutely harmless he and the rest of us were.

After breakfast we found Mr. Goodin, one of the most whole-souled wheelmen in Kentucky. He assured us we would have good roads on to Louisville, and when we started out he accompanied us as far as New Haven. The road was graveled and it gradually improved and as we neared New Haven we came to the largest coast we had yet seen. It was Muldrough's Ridge, and for four miles we whirled away without touching a pedal. Four solid miles! And when we reached the bottom we had got enough coasting for once.

At New Haven, Mr. Goodin turned back, and as we shook hands all around we wished him much joy in climbing the four miles toward home. It was tough luck for such a good fellow.

At Bardstown, where we stopped at noon, our cyclometers showed that we were 163¼ miles from Nashville, and 34¾ miles from our morning's starting place.

Mt. Washington was the next point ahead of us and there was a fine, undulating road all the way; just enough coasting and climbing to keep up interest when we were tired of looking at grand scenery. When we reached the little town everybody turned out to see us, and from the amount of interest we attracted, we judged that this was the first high-toned, moral entertainment they had had in the place for a long time.

They had a wheelman in the place, one real, live wheelman, and although we did not happen to see him, we heard much of his skill and daring.

"He comes down this here road," said an enthusiastic citizen, "lickety-klip at about a mile a minute as far as you can see him. He went to Bardstown and back the other day, and I reckon he was n't gone more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at most, oh, he can ride, he can."

In a friendly way, I would like to caution Billy Rowe, Whit., Neilson and these other youug men that have an idea that they know how to make speed on a bicycle, that they had better keep away from Mt. Washington, Ky., if they don't want to lose their scalps.

Starting again, we were on the direct road to Louisville and a fine road it was, too ; but as we came to within seven miles of Louisville we found the roads rough and dusty. This is the state of roads in the vicinity of most large cities, owing to the heavy travel and we soon learned to look for it. At the outskirts of the city we found Gibson and Horace Beddo, the veteran wheelman of Louisville, waiting for us. It was about half past six when our guide towed us up to the Alexander Hotel and a look at our cyclometers showed that we had traveled 74¾ miles that day.

We spent the next day driving about the city and the Kentucky boys made our short stay a pleasant one, and when we started out next morning, Mr. Beddo accompanied us about ten miles. Here is a little advice based on experience : The tourist that expects to wheel through Louisville, Ky., would do well to cut out the name and address of this Mr. Beddo, and paste it in his hat.

The road leading out of Louisville continued good through Shelbyville and other small towns, on to Frankfort, where we arrived about noon. All along the road we had found grand scenery, but we also found the worst and the most road hogs we had ever met, and that prevented our enjoying the scenery as much as we might otherwise have done. The road hog that thrives on this particular highway has no equal in the land. Well dressed and apparently intelligent men will demand that you get off "them things" while they passed. In making this gentle request they would use a variety of expressions that would make a sailor or a steamboat captain sick. We generally dismounted on such occasions because we considered that the easiest way out of it. One time when we dismounted, the party in the wagon demanded that we bring one of the wheels up and let his horse get used to it, but we told him that our time was pretty well occupied and we did not care to go into horse training.

Late in the afternoon we arrived in Georgetown, so we stopped there for the night. A look at our cyclometers showed that we had made 70¾ miles that day and were 274 miles from Nashville.

July 10th after an early breakfast, we mounted and wheeled out on the old Lexington pike which started off fair, but three or four miles out the road was very rough. Combs had eaten more honey for breakfast than was good for him and as a natural consequence, became very sick and had to stop and rest often during the day. We passed Corinth and arrived at Williamstown for dinner. The last twelve or fifteen miles ran parallel with the Cincinnati Southern railroad and was terrible. We were told that the railroad company was the cause of it ; the railroad crossed the pike so often that the company obtained permission to close the pike and build a new one all on one side of the railroad and keep it up, they made a few cuts and fills and left it to take care of itself and the result is the road is so bad that an ox team can hardly traverse it. We arrived at Florence at dark only eleven miles from Cincinnati, we had intended making Cincinnati by night, but on account of Combs' sickness, which lasted all day, we concluded to stop here all night and run into Cincinnati in the morning for breakfast. Total day's run, 74⅝ miles ; from Nashville, 338½ miles ; to Cincinnati, 350 miles. Out seven days, six on the road and one in Louisville. Total expense for each man for the seven days, $13.15.

Tuesday, July 12, after breakfast, we treadled our wheels around to Mr. Chas. Hanauer's on Race street, mounted with Mr. H. for an escort, out Race street to the incline, (we left at 9 o'clock,) through Clifton, Burnett Woods, by Springrove Cemetery and through Chester Park, whence Mr. Hanauer returned. The roads through these places are magnificent. We are now on the old Dayton and Springfield pike and a good one it is, too. We were feeling good all around and only made one or two stops between Cincinnati and Hamilton, (which is twenty-five miles from Cincinnati,) where we took dinner. After dinner we passed through Trenton, Middletown, Franklin, and Miamiasburg to Dayton and stopped at the Phillips, one of the League hotels. Total run for the day, or from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., 64⅜ miles.

Just before getting to Franklin, Combs in trying to ride over a railroad track that ran obliquely across the pike, let his large wheel slip between one of the rails and the board inside of the rail, down about six inches and fell over to one side bending about twenty inches or two feet of the rim and several of the spokes almost at right angles. Here was a pretty howdy do. Fisher suggested that we go on the old principle of finding your money where you lost it; that we put the wheel in the same place and bend it back as nothing was broken. We did so and in a moment we had it straight enough to pass the forks and away we went. From Miamiasburg to Dayton the road is very rutty, so much so in places that all you had to do was to pick you out a nice rut and stay in it for a mile at a time. The day was extremely hot; the reader will notice that we have had no rain on us since the 5th, consequently we had dust all the time.

Wednesday, July 13, we walked all around the beautiful city of Dayton in the forenoon, and after dinner took a horse car for the

dummy at the city limits which we boarded to go out to the Soldiers' Home. About half-way out our train colided with a down train which smashed up one of the engines and scared the female passengers, but no one was hurt and we continued on to the Home, and returned to the city in time to mount at 4 P. M., and run over to Springfield 26¼ miles to supper. We are now 439 miles from Nashville. The road is fine from Dayton to Springfield. At the Arcade Hotel we met two touring wheelmen, Mr. J. E. Gould and Mr. W. T. Fleming, of Philadelphia, on their way to St. Louis and other western cities. We also met Mr. Kirkpatrick, our President; Messrs. Price, Olds, Maxwell, Burnett and other prominent Springfield wheelmen.

Thursday, July 14, after breakfast we were entertained with carriage rides around the city the guests of Messrs. Baker and Pierce, accompanied by Mr. Hollenbeck, of N. Y. and Mr. John Butman, of Boston. We left Springfield at 3 P. M. accompanied by Mr. Burnett as far as Urbana, fourteen miles, road very fine; in one hour and thirty minutes, and continued on to Magnetic Springs, Fountain Park, a summer resort, where we arrived in time for supper. Fifteen miles from Urbana, twenty-nine from Springfield in about three hours; distance from Nashville 467¾ miles.

Friday, July 15, we left here early and ran through Woodstock and Maryville, where we stopped for breakfast, twelve miles from the springs. We passed on rapidly to Richwood and Prospect over very fine gravel pikes. We are now in Union county and can see fine smooth roads branching off in every direction, with sign posts at nearly every corner directing the way. We were informed that there was six hundred miles of these fine roads in this county alone. What a paradise for wheelmen. We met two wheelmen about five miles out from Maryville, from Chicago to Cincinnati. All dismounted and had a pleasant chat for a few moments. Between Maryville and Richwood we made nine miles in forty-five minutes. We arrived at Marion for dinner, forty-four miles for the morning. Called on Mr. H. B. Hane at the First National bank and received valuable information about the route to Galion, two miles out from Marion the good pike stopped short, and the dirt road to Galion was very bad and it took until night to make the twenty-six miles from Marion. Run for the day seventy miles, from Nashville we are 538 miles. We met Mr. Chas. H. Snyder, Consul at Galion, who entertained us royally. Do not fail to call and see him if you are touring through Galion.

Saturday, July 16, left Galion at 7 A. M., on dirt road passed through Leesville, West Liberty, Shelby and Plymouth where we took dinner and continued through Greenwich and new London. Two miles out of New London it had been raining and the road was unrideable, so we took to the railroad track and walked six miles to Rochester where we took supper and lodged for the night. We found that we had made fifty-one miles for the day.

July 17, left here at 7 A. M., arriving at Cleveland in time for supper.

Monday, July 18, we concluded to stop one day in Cleveland. The forenoon was passed in sight-seeing over the city generally. In the afternoon Mr. Wright and Mr. Chubb escorted the party around the city on wheel and out Euclid Avenue about six miles long, said by many to be the most beautiful resident street in America, and it can not be discounted much. We had dinner at the Union Club, thanks to the kindness of Mr. McAbee, and taken all together, we were royally entertained while in the beautiful city by the lake.

Tuesday, July 19, this is the day that we had selected to make the century run of the tour. So we were up early and after a light lunch, mounted at 4:50 A. M., out Euclid Avenue to terminus, turned to left on sand and plank road to Willoughby, twenty miles to breakfast at 6:50, left at 7:45. Mentor was soon reached and as we passed rapidly by, we viewed the house of Garfield, here the pike was loose and sandy but the side paths were excellent. Paynesville was passed at 9 A. M., Geneva at 11:35; the wind had now changed and was directly in our faces, and the road in places badly covered with sand. The South Ridge road to Saybrook was fair riding; then we took the North Ridge road to Ashtabula which was poor and sandy. We took dinner here at 1:45 and found that we had made sixty miles so far. One hour was taken for dinner and rest. We left at 2:45 and rode rapidly over fair roads, through Connant and Girard, Pa., where we arrived at nearly dark. Here we met two wheelmen *en route* from Pittsburgh to Niagara; they had stopped here for the night so as to make a century to Buffalo the following day. After light refreshments, we mounted and rode as rapidly as possible, but darkness soon caught us, and, as we had no lanterns in the party we had to ride by guess work. It was so dark that we could not see the road, we were guided principally by the trees on each side of it. We would ride along until we fell off and mount and try it again, but luckily we met with no serious accidents. Fisher took a header and bent one of his handle bars almost double and as we were then only a mile or two from Erie, we all concluded to walk in, reaching there at 10 P. M.; distance for the day 104 5-8 miles, and 743 3-8 miles from Nashville. The century had been made. There were two conventions in session and every room at all the hotels were full. What a dilema! Covered with dust from head to foot, tired and no place to sleep. Two of us occupied large settees, with pillows and quilts, in the office of the hotel, while the other two concluded to try the nice, soft floor of the writing room, where there was no danger of falling off, and soon we were sweetly slumbering as only a wheelman can. Expenses from Nashville to Erie, sixteen days, $32.30 for each man.

Wednesday, July 20. Did not get out until after 8 o'clock; remained in the city until 3 P. M., and was escorted out to the city limits by Mr. Wood who rides a pony Star, and put on the right road. We arrived at the town of North-East where we concluded to stop for the night and run into Buffalo the following day. The road from Erie to North-East was very sandy on account of having no rain on it for a long time, but ordinarily it is said to be very fine. Distance from Erie, 16 miles.

Thursday, July 21. Left North-East at 6:30 A. M. on very fine gravel road, passed through Westfield, Brockton and Silver Creek, the run from Freedonia to Silver Creek, twelve miles, was made in fifty minutes, here we took dinner. About one hour was taken for dinner. When we mounted and soon passed Irvine, three-quarter mile, where we had ordinary road composed of clay and ruts to Evans Centre, 7½ miles from Irvine. Here we find the road to Eighteen Mile Creek, six miles, very fine blue gravel. The day was so fine, with fresh breezes from the lake, whose border we had been skirting all day, that if it were not for the numerous stops to view the fine scenery, we could easily make twelve miles an hour. From Eighteen Mile Creek to Bay View, 7¾ miles, the road is elegant, but between there and Hunters Rest it is somewhat rutty. At West Seneca we again strike the plank road running into Buffalo, six miles, where we arrived about 6 P. M., having made 77½ miles for the days run; so good had been the roads that we felt as fresh as when we started in the morning. Distance from Nashville 836½ miles.

Friday, July 22 was passed in this beautiful and business like city where we were nicely entertained by the local wheelmen in various ways that will not soon be forgotten by the 1887 Niagara tourists.

Saturday, July 23. Left Buffalo for the Falls, taking the river road, which was a poor dirt one. Just out of town we were the innocent cause of the first and only serious accident on the road. A market wagon driven by a German woman, accompanied by her two sons, to which was attached a horse or mule, I have forgotten which. Before we could dismount and get off of the road, as we always did when we met women driving, the mule shied, ran off the road, turned the wagon up side down, he then became detached from the wagon and ran a short distance where he was caught, the wagon was smashed up and the woman bruised up some, but not seriously. We stopped about an hour to help them get fixed up and continued on our way. We passed Tonawanda, 13 miles, and road to the Falls as fast as the rutty, dirt road would allow, where we arrived at 11:30 A. M. Twenty-five miles from Buffalo; from Nashville straighway to Niagara Falls, 862½ miles, not counting the runs in and around the cities on the way. The days out foot up 19½; actual riding time on the wheel 12¼ days or an average of 70 miles a day.

We had accomplished what we originally proposed, that was to make the entire trip on wheel on a regular schedule; the route as selected was in the main followed all the way. Here the tour is at an end. On account of business engagements, Messrs. Fisher and Petri returned home by rail and Gibson and Combs continued to Hamilton, Ont., to visit friends by wheel and returned a few days later via. Detroit and Chicago. Total necessary expenses for each man from Nashville to Niagara, 19½ days, $42:30.

J. C. COMBS,
C. C. Tenn. Div. L. A. W.

The "Prof's" Defiance.

I'm a rattling record smasher—
Hear me toot.
I'm a lardy-dardy dasher,
Bet yer boot.
I knock all other riders sway back;
You never see me lay back,—
I'm a scorcher from away-back.
Hear me hoot.

Those who love me call me "Howling Blizzard;"
I'm a pet.
I've pulled many a good man's gizzard,
You can bet.
When I mount my racer slender,
And get down on my bender
I can "get."

When e'er I strike a race-meet,
It is said
All other racers know it means defeat,
They are dead.
You should see me as I make
A mile without a break,—
I fairly take the cake.
I paint things red.

There 's not a man on earth I can not beat
On a trial.
I'm a stranger to defeat,
I should smile.
If you want to meet me, sonny,
Plank up the ready money,
You 'll not feel so awful funny
After while.

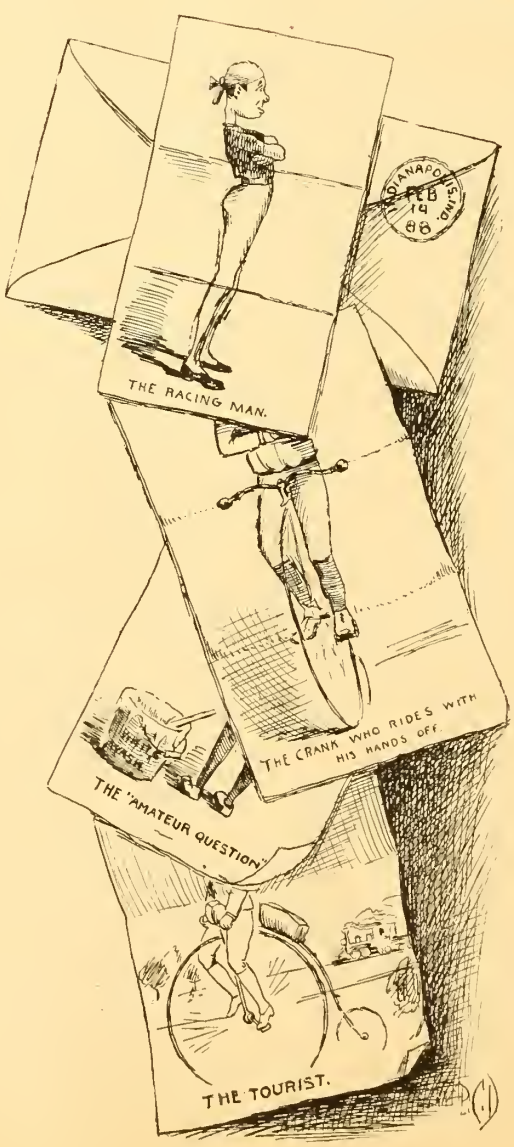
O, I ride the best wheel out,
That is so.
If the whyfore of this shout
You would know,—
Why the riding season 's nighing
And to earn my pay I'm trying.
So that is why I'm crying
"Let 'er go."

February.

Oh February, February,
Listen to my vague vagary,
Months of months extraordinary,
Shortest of the months you are a
Chestnut old, and ripe, and hairy;
You fit my muse so mercinary,
You are short and I am very
Much the same, my huckleberry.

Now it is the young man, merry
Cuts down on his commissary
Dept. Forswears e'en Tom and Jerry,
While he saves from his salary,
Funds to buy a fringed card, very
Neat, esthetic, light and airy,
('T is for his bright luminary,
Fresh from ladies' seminary,)
To her all thoughts are tributary,
Other girls but secondary.
Thinks this young man sedentary,
How he 'd take his little fairy,
Had he the cash, to Elten Terry.
He 's short like you old February,
And short like me, so very, very
Short of funds and dictionary
Words to rhyme with February.

Some Valentines.



THE RACING MAN.

O, every day or two
The valentine would be due,
If the years ran by
On the red-hot fly,
The way you racers do.

But as it is, we 're time
To jerk an annual rhyme,—
And we wish no luck
Of luck to the track,
With this, our valentine.

THE CRANK WHO RIDES WITH HIS HANDS OFF.

O, some day when you break your neck,
In your wonderful hands-off ride;
Some medical student, then will take
And tan, and stuff your hide.
He will set you up in some museum, then
Where the crowd will stare and scoff;
And then, without thinking nine chances in ten;
He will stick up this sign; "HANDS OFF."

TO THE "AMATEUR QUESTION."

Of all the chestnuts old and wormy,
You are the worst.
We 'll leave to Ducker or to Sturmey
You subject cursed.
When e'er you raise that voice of yours
And prate of "profs" and promateurs,
You make us editors feel squirmy
For gore we thirst.

THE TOURIST.

You tour from Oshkosh to Quebec
And make seventy miles a day,
When the roads are good
Be it understood,—
For you don't like to walk all the way.

When the roads are muddy and wet
And you try to ride in vain,
Why then, you bet,
You hurry and get
Aboard a passing train.

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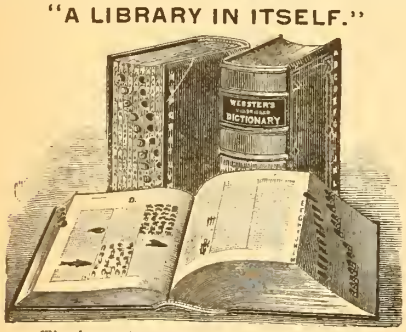

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The Tide of Travel.

It is a fact that the tide of travel between the South and Northwest is steadily increasing, and it is just as true that emigration and tourist travel, is gradually setting towards the Northwest.

It is being understood that the Northwest is a country of wonderful resources—that something besides Ice Palaces and Tobboggan Slides exist; and so it happens that the people of each section are traveling more than formerly and are from personal intercourse becoming better acquainted.

Travel now-a-days means a journey by rail—the old stage coach is obsolete—the whistle of the locomotive echoes our arrival and sounds our departure; and we speed away behind the iron steed which never tires so long as he is fed plenty of fuel and is given copious draughts of water. Among the important arteries of travel along which course the modern activities of trade and fellowship, there is no one that surpasses the Monon Route, officially known as the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, and which with bands of steel unites the South with the North and Northwest.

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The road-bed is smooth and well ballasted; the track is steel and the bridges solid structures built to carry heavy burdens and withstand the ravages of time.

The rolling-stock consists of admirably constructed and artistically furnished day, parlor and Pullman, buffet, sleeping cars, to travel in which is somewhat of a luxury, divesting a journey of all the anticipated tiresomeness travelers usually endure up to make a dread of leaving home.

The management of the "Monon Route," encouraged by the fact that their travel is steadily increasing; and that their effort to please the public by running a very fast train daily between terminal points has been appreciated, will continue the "Fast Mail" service.

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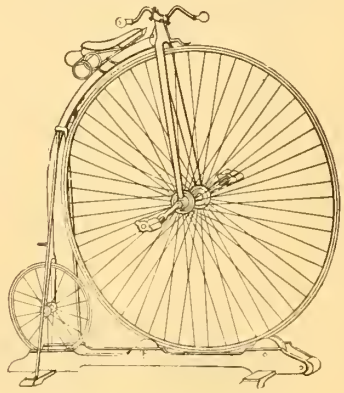

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