



Vol. II.—No 10.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1888.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 36.]

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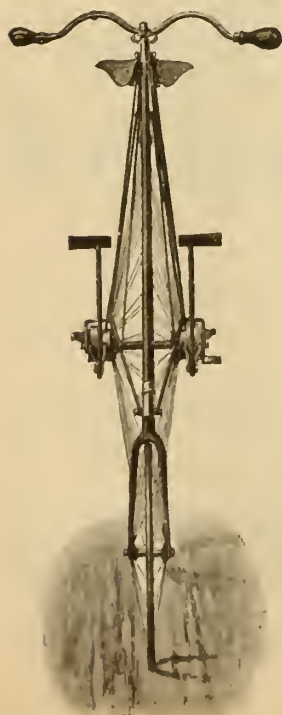
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54-inch Expert Columbia; nickeled.....	90 00
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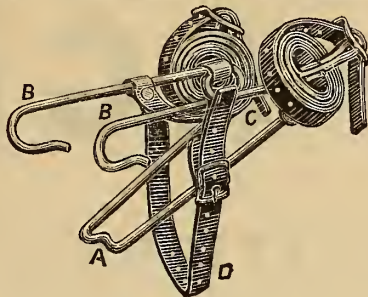
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The Most Durable and Comfortable Shoe Made.

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THE CITIZEN'S CUP,

At Baltimore, October 10, 1888, by the MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB (second time). Road Race of Ten Miles. Twenty starters. The first man in was H. L. KINGSLAND, riding the same

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On which he last year over the same course made

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THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,
Baltimore, Md.

THE WHEEL

— AND —

CYCLING TRADE REVIEW,

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F. P. PRIAL, Editor and Proprietor

23 Park Row,

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New York.

Persons receiving sample copies of this paper are respectfully requested to examine its contents and give us their patronage, and as far as is convenient, aid in circulating the journal, and extend its influence in the cause which it so faithfully serves. Subscription price, \$1 per year.

The tandem safety bicycle, which is so rapidly becoming popular, has received another shove forward by the efforts of two Englishmen, who, on this form of wheel, covered fifty miles on the road in 2h. 50m., and this though one of the riders had never ridden a safety and a delay of two minutes was caused by the passage of a long freight train. This time is considerably below the figures credited to any other form of cycle.

The resolution offered by Alderman Storm to pave the roadway of Madison Avenue from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth Street with Trinidad asphalt has passed the Board of Aldermen, but has not yet been signed by the Mayor. A resolution to continue this pavement up to Eighty-second Street is now a special order and will be called up at the next meeting of the Board.

We wish to felicitate Alderman Storm on the good work he is doing along the line of improving the pavements of New York City. The metropolis of the Western world, while it boasts of this, that and the other thing, has achieved the proud distinction of being among the worst paved cities in the world. The cobbles dominate every thing, and are a source of untold and untellable annoyances. They cause an enormous wear and tear on horseflesh and vehicles; they compel the use of several times more horse power than would be necessary if smoother pavements were in use; they cause the formation of stagnant pools of water, and are therefore prolific disease breeders. It is a matter of fact that freshly-arrived foreigners invariably reply that they like America very well, "But oh, your pavements are horrible!" We respectfully draw the attention of Mayor Hewitt and the Board of Aldermen to the disgraceful condition of the pavements, unworthy of a great city, and we hope the former will sign all bills for improved pavements which the latter may see fit to pass.

The Bath Road Club's road race, held on the Great North Road, October 13, attracted a large entry—thirty safeties, four ordinaries, two tricycles and a tandem tricycle. S. F. Edge, scratch, on a safety, finished fourth in 2h. 57m. 3s. G. P. Mills and M. A. Holbein, on a tandem tricycle, rode the distance in 2h. 57m. 4s.

STOP THIEF.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 26, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:

Last Monday evening a young man called at the club house of the Washington Cycle Club and introduced himself as a member of the Ramblers Club of Buffalo, stating that he had been the guest of the Ramblers Club of Baltimore, from which city he had just arrived. He gave his name as Crocker and claimed to be a League member. The usual courtesies were extended, and, as he said he expected to be in the city for a few days, he was invited to make the club his headquarters. He called at the club house several times during the week, and yesterday (Thursday) went to the wheel-room while no one else was present and stole a safety bicycle belonging to Mr. W. G. Kent, one of the club members. He also broke into several of the lockers and secured a number of articles, among them a valuable violin and cornet. Since then nothing has been seen of him. The machine stolen was a Psycho safety, nearly new, finished in black and striped in blue.

The following is a description of the thief: About five feet ten or eleven inches tall, heavy build, round smooth face, hair light color, short and kinky, eyes small and light blue or gray, weight about 180 pounds; he wore gray clothing, light flannel shirt, with blue crossed stripes, and a "cigarette" hat. He also gave the name of Mackie to his landlady. Wheelmen and dealers are requested to be on the lookout for the thief, and if anything is learned of his whereabouts to immediately communicate with the undersigned.

Yours truly,

GEORGE S. ATWATER, *Chief Consul,*

D. C. Division, L. A. W.

1206 Pennsylvania Avenue

A MAMMOTH THEATRE PARTY.

ELIZABETH, N. J., October 29, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:

Dear Sir—I noticed in your issue of October 26 an article stating that the Elizabeth Wheelmen were working up a theatre party, and proposed hiring a section of some New York or Newark theatre. This is a mistake which I hope you will correct in your next issue. The Hudson County Wheelmen were the originators of the idea, and to them belongs that credit, while the Elizabeth Wheelmen simply joined with them by invitation of the Hudson County Wheelmen. The idea is to have the members of the different cycling clubs in this part of the State join together and attend one of the theatres in either Newark, Elizabeth or Jersey City. An informal meeting was held at the club house of the Elizabeth Wheelmen on October 18, when Mr. Frederick Keer, of the Hudson County Wheelmen, was appointed chairman of the committee, and A. G. Brown, Elizabeth Wheelmen, secretary.

Yours very truly,

A. G. Brown, *Sec.,*
Elizabeth Wheelmen.

FIFTY-MILE TANDEM BICYCLE ROAD RECORD.

On October 9, Messrs. Albone and Tingey rode their Ivel tandem bicycle fifty miles in 2h. 59m. 38 3-5s.

Messrs. Dan Albone and E. E. Glover made an attempt to beat the above record on October 13, and succeeded in placing the figures at 2h. 50m., which beat the previous record 7m. 38s., and is the fastest time at the distance credited to any form of cycle. The pair covered eighteen miles in the first hour. Glover had never ridden a safety previous to this effort. The men finished fresh and well. The wheel was an Ivel tandem, 49 pounds, geared to 63 inches.

FIFTY-MILE TRICYCLE ROAD RECORD.

R. Tingey, North Road Cycling Club, rode fifty miles on the road, mounted on a tricycle, in 3h. 2m. 44s., beating Sydney Lee's record of 3h. 9m. 15s., made in 1886. Tingey covered the first seventeen miles in one hour. The time is but five minutes behind the safety record. The machine ridden was an Ivel, weighing 34 pounds, geared to 60 inches.

NEWS FROM CYCLING CENTRES.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The third and last race of the California Inter-Club Road Racing Association was run as per schedule on the afternoon of Saturday, October 20. The distance—ten miles—was run in the very fair time of 37m. 6 2-5s., and was won by W. C. Hammer, R. W. Turner second, and H. A. Pogue third, all of the Bay City Wheelmen.

This club has shown its superiority in road riding in all three events, and the handsome punch-bowl, the trophy of the Association for the winning team, now becomes their permanent property. Their record in these contests is one they may well be proud of, having won a total of 204 points out of a possible 207, as follows:

First race—Twenty-five miles; time, 1 hour, 37 minutes. F. D. Elwell, first, 24 points; C. E. Adcock, second, 23 points; Sanford Plummer, third, 22 points; total, 69 points.

Second race—Twenty-five miles; time, 1 hour, 33 minutes. F. D. Elwell, first, 24 points; C. E. Adcock, third, 22 points; R. W. Turner, fifth, 20 points; total, 66 points.

Third race—Ten miles; time, 37 minutes, 6 2-5 seconds. W. C. Hammer, first, 24 points; R. W. Turner, second, 23 points; H. A. Pogue, third, 22 points; total, 69 points.

The times for the second and third races are road records for the respective distances, and add another record to the long list owned by the members of this club.

F. D. Elwell was offered the place of honor on the team in the last race, as he had won the previous races for the club. He proposed the selection of three untried men, and his suggestion was carried out. Stockton's team were the only dangerous competitors the Bay City Wheelmen had, and as they were sure of second place they did not think it advisable to go to the expense of sending down a team when they could not displace the B. C. W. The above score may look as though the winning club did not have any contest in the first two races. This is far from the fact, as they had to beat the best riders in California in both cases. It is doubtful, though, if there are three men in any club in America to-day who could beat their team in the first race for any distance, on road or path. Elwell is looked upon as a world beater. Adcock, ditto, only a trifle smaller world, and Plummer is in the same boat, or rather wheel.

Although only one team started in the last race, it was a genuine contest right through. Pogue expected to win, Turner was determined that he should not, and Hammer was in to do his best. Hammer's win was a most popular one. He is one of the most promising of the Bay City Wheelmen's prospective champions.

Pogue did not ride up to his own expectations. He will have a try for track honors at the Stockton meet, on November 25, when he will undoubtedly do better.

I do not think there are many lady riders quite equal to the one W. K. Corey, in his article in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, of the 5th inst., would have us believe was the one he rode out to the Golden Gate Park on a tandem with. He says they gave one of the local flyers, who decided to tackle them, a rear view. Considering that our local flyers can about hold their own with any in the world, even though they be from the Hub of it, I have my doubts as to the tackling part. The tandem with lady riders that can give our local flyers the go-by, unless they choose to let it, must either carry a remarkable lady or the male rider must be a phenomenon.

Work has been commenced on a four-lap track at the ball grounds on the outskirts of the city. It is expected to be a fast and good one. I understand Ducker has given up the idea of having a tournament here in January. His present idea is of giving an out-door meeting in May. Morgan may come in January; he knows best whether such a venture will pay.

More anon from

CALIFORNIA.

OCTOBER 24, 1888.

W. H. Barber, the Rochester, N. Y., fancy rider is doing an act at Miners' Variety Theatre, Bowery and Broome Street, New York City. Barber is master of some difficult movements, and cyclists should call and see him. Incidentally they will witness a variety show which will be amusing if not instructive.

CHICAGO.

'Tis done. The great undertaking, conceived some months ago in the fertile brain of Burley Ayers and one other chap, has become an accomplished fact. The Fort Dearborns, *né* the Owls, and the Chicagos have actually and finally joined hands, and, under the colors of the "Chicago Cycling Club," will form one of the strongest and most powerful wheel organizations in the West. They enjoy a membership now of something like two hundred and fifty. Their quarters on the South Side are roomy, comfortable and well appointed, while the rooms in the heart of the city are admirably adapted to the noon-hour, and, if a restaurant is added—and I sincerely hope it will be—well, I was thinking of resigning, but I reckon I can't in that event. Conk, Thorne, Ayers, and a few other bulwarks and landmarks of the older institution, will occasionally drop a tear as they regret that even a portion of the original name had to be changed, and will likely insist that the old pennant, which so realistically brings to their memories the honorable doings and victories of the past, shall still float gracefully at the right of line. By this junction of forces the Fort Dearborns gain an old guard, so to speak, made up of the bone and sinew of Chicago cycling past and present, political brain and shrewd diplomacy, and ambition to promulgate liberality to the greatest good of the greatest number. The Chicagos gain a body of energetic youngsters, who have shown their ability to accomplish results in more ways than one, and who can point to their work of the past year with pride and honor. Long live the "Chicago Cycling Club," say I. May its future be even more bright than a horoscope or the past would indicate.

Our Humboldt Park friends, the *Æolus* Cycling Club, held their opening reception last night, and about seventy-five couples, I am told, gathered together to congratulate each other and trip the light fantastic. Dancing continued until a late hour.

The atmosphere teems with receptions and entertainments of every sort. Summed up, "This cycling life in Chicago is great, one continual round of pleasure and delectation!"

The record book has been twice disturbed this week. First by Frank Riggs, who wheeled 241 miles in twenty-four hours, robbing Spooner of his hard-earned marker with seeming ease, only to be followed by 277 miles in the same time by Johnny Mason. Both are members of the Illinois Cyclers. I asked Spooner whether he intended to again try for the long-distance laurels last night, but his admiration for Mason's remarkable performance was so sincere that I could get no definite reply. But I imagine that a week of pleasant weather will develop some "try-hard-for-its," anyway.

The *Spectator* has just come to hand, and I see "Recreation Notes" makes a few comments *re* the Wells-Greenwood affair in which he mixes up my personality in a not strictly newspaper way. The facts are that both Greenwood and Wells were guaranteed against loss in the first place, and all differences have been amicably settled by Mr. Beach and myself, as will be seen by the following letter to-day received:

"Your esteemed favor of the 10th inst. has been carefully noted. We take pleasure in stating that the medal was received by registered mail day before yesterday, and is without doubt a beauty. Greenwood feels well satisfied with the medal, and desires to thank both you and Wells for sending him such a handsome one.

"Hal agrees to waive his home expenses, but thinks he is entitled to the Newark expenses now in dispute.

"Trusting this will be satisfactory, I am, with best wishes,

"Yours truly,

"E. N. BEACH."

And it is, and a check to balance in full has been forwarded. In justice to Mr. Wells, I might remark that the "Newark expenses" were a portion only of the original item, which was objected to in the supposition that it covered Greenwood's assistant's expenses at the time. I advised Mr. Beach that his assurance to the contrary would be entirely satisfactory. Under the circumstances, I must needs stick to my original proposition, that St. Louis correspondents are prone to look at their own side of the case in an alarmingly partial manner.

Mr. E. M. Smiler, now of the N. Y. Citizens, but formerly a charter member and officer of the Lincolns, paid that club a visit last night.

Smiler is merrier than ever, and New York has increased his *avoirdupois* a good many pounds. J. Goodman, of Hartford, was also here a few days this week.

VERAX.

CHICAGO, October 27, 1888.

BROOKLYN.

On Wednesday evening, 24th inst., about thirty-five members of the Long Island Wheelmen responded to the invitation given by the Brooklyns to visit them at their club house, in return for the hospitalities extended to the latter on the occasion of their mid-summer night's call upon their brethren in gray. The Brooklyns set about in earnest to outdo, if possible, the cordiality which had marked this first "love feast"—we might call it—but honors are about even on that score, as this gathering was but a repetition or rather a continuation of the first, as to the pleasanter and more noticeable features. It becomes unnecessary to refer to the pleasing programme of the informal entertainment, provided as a sort of delicate seasoning to the more substantial enjoyments of the evening. The stirring remarks of some, the witty and pleasant remarks of others, the exhibitions of musical talent and rhetorical originality, all served to make easier the mutual transfusion of the spirit of fraternity and good fellowship between the blue and the gray. The spirit of a common brotherhood seemed to prevail, and before its genial rays melted away the unavoidable conventionalities of the meeting of many strangers into expressions of regret that such practical fraternity had by force of circumstances found voice only at this late day. These two meetings between the clubs have done more to transform a theoretical into a practical fellowship than all the past years of "distinctive club" ideas has accomplished with the necessary misunderstandings and petty grievances arising therefrom. Though banded under different titles, we all know that cyclists stand on the same footing, and it behooves us to recognize this, as far as it is practicable, to the development and maintenance of that harmony which in the end will redound to our material advantage, besides affording transient pleasures.

It seems strange to feel the approach of Election Day and miss the usual preparation for the road race. Nothing has been done in the matter since the official abandonment of the race, probably because of the recognized impossibility of convening a meeting during the heat of politics. But in the meantime remedial ideas have found their way into print, and by the time a meeting is called there will have been enough interest aroused to insure a good attendance and a live discussion of the issue.

The difference between continuing the Association on totally new lines and the formation of a new one on these same lines should not be lost sight of. The original formation was based on a certain class or style of competition between the members of the Association. A cup was purchased as a trophy to promote interest. Five races have been run and lack of entries prevents the sixth. This apparent lack of interest has been caused by the growing sentiment that the majority of the members of the Association have no chance of winning against the riding of the Kings County Wheelmen. The latter have won the cup on each occasion by superior work, and now when they enter the lists again and no club will meet them, is it not manifestly unfair and unsportsmanlike to propose to change the stipulations so as to induce the entrance of other clubs into competition? Does it not amount to saying to the K. C. W., "You have demonstrated your ability in road racing so handsomely that we cannot arouse further interest in the contests, but if we cannot beat you as the provisions of the Association's constitution require, we can so alter them as to do it." The present condition of affairs seems to demand either the disbandment of the Association and a proper disposal of the cup, or the indulgence in a "breathing spell" until next May, when new racing blood may come to the front to do battle. But to change the lines of racing by extending the membership to organizations in other parts of the country or by the introduction of more liberal racing conditions among the present members, would seem to be an unjust discrimination against the unchallenged holders of the cup, the Kings County Wheelmen. By all means let us

be sportsmanlike in dealing with this question. If the original idea of the Association cannot be carried out, the Association itself necessarily comes to an end. It was formed to have a certain class of races, not to provide an indefinite series of races to be run on indefinite conditions, and the latter interpretation of it would open the door to any number of changes in its future management until a gradual process of evolution would garb it in clothes totally unrecognizable to the "good men and true" who brought it into the world. Shall we have a disbandment, a postponement of action, or a new Association?

BROOKLYN, October 31, 1888.

H. G.

NEW ORLEANS.

The Division meeting on the 17th was attended by a bare quorum—the Chief Consul and thirteen members. Nothing startling was developed, and but for the "fiery impetuosity" and "pepperness" of one of the Division's oldest (both in point of years and membership) members, the meeting would have been positively "dry." But this gentleman's frequent objections and fiery rejoinders gave a spiciness to matters that were otherwise dull and uninteresting. The reports of the Secretary-Treasurer, the Racing Board and a supplementary one by the Chief Consul, concerning that portion of the race meet funds handled by him, clashed and gave rise to discussion No. 1, the peppery individual before mentioned riling the Secretary by the suggestion that he make an "intelligent report, so that people can understand it." The Secretary-Treasurer's report, however, was accepted and the other two went back to their makers. From the reports the Division is in pocket about eighty-eight dollars.

Chief Consul Hodgson next submitted his report. It commented on the membership of the Division being considerably less than last year; offered congratulations on the success of the race meet and also on the prospects of a number of roads and streets in the city being improved in the near future. The Racing Board was given a pat on the back and characterized as "the only Board that has ever done any genuine work during my administration." The report further stated that the matter of free transportation for bicycles had been taken up with the various railroads leading out of New Orleans. The Illinois Central, L. N. O. & T., N. O. & N. E. and So. Pac. Railroads were all on the right side of the question, the Texas Pacific alone showing an arbitrary disposition and exacting a charge. There were no objections and the report went through.

New business was the next order of things, and a motion to revise and modernize the present constitution was put and carried, and Messrs. R. G. Betts (Chairman), J. M. Gore and H. W. Fairfax appointed a committee to do the revising. During the discussion of this matter the gentleman with the peppery disposition was heard from frequently, and "couldn't see why a constitution was needed anyway—thought the League constitution and by-laws were enough." However, it was wind wasted.

A motion to contribute fifteen dollars to the parent body came next, and furnished the fun of the evening. The subject had been discussed at length and by all mouths; the gentleman from Pepperville being the leading speaker against the donation. See! he has arisen.

"Gentlemen, I again say I oppose giving away any of the Division's funds. I believe in keeping it right here at home, and I believe you, Mr. Chief Consul, know the officers of the League well enough to know that they would advise retaining our funds, help build up our own struggling (!) Division, and a paltry fifteen dollars is too insignificant to accomplish anything. No sir! I believe in the Division paying all of its lawful and honorable debts, and in letting the League take care of itself."

The gentleman sat down and the little curls of smoke arising from half a dozen cigarettes actually stood still in expectancy. But stay! Some one else has arisen in the opposite corner of the room.

"Every legal and honorable debt of the Division has been paid, and we owe no one a cent. It is, I believe, the proper caper when one is in a mire hole to lend a helping hand. The League is at present in a position of that sort and is asking for help, and I believe our \$15 would aid it in some way; but, even if it did not, it strikes me that it would be a graceful act on our part,

and show that we are taking an interest in League affairs. The amount may be small, but I believe it would be appreciated nevertheless; \$5 towards the yellow fever fund would not amount to much, but several \$5 would do considerable. We have no use for our money and it will only lie idle. In asking for this assistance Secretary Bassett, in one of his editorials a week or two ago, remarked that those who do the most talking and complaining—the 'kickers'—are the last ones to work or lend a helping hand, and I've come to the conclusion that he's about right, too. Mr. Chairman, I call for my motion."

There was a hubbub in the opposite corner. A shuffling of feet, an overturning of a chair, and, as the gentleman from Pepperville took the floor, his fists clenched and his face livid with rage, the tobacco smoke twisted and writhed in agony. A series of angry gesticulations preceded the explosion.

"I take exceptions to those remarks. They—they are personal. I—I'm a kicker. I'll sit right down on the young man. I've given \$5 where he's given fifty cents. I—I—"

"Mr. Chairman, I believe the gentleman is out of order. There was nothing personal said or intended, but, I—I can't help it if the cap fits, I—"

"I move that the matter be laid on the table," interrupted a voice.

"Second it," came from another.

The motion was put, the Chief Consul first calling for "yeas." About two voices answered. On the call for "noes" about the same number responded. "The 'yeas' have it," announced the C. C.

"Count 'em! I call for a rising vote."

"That's pure pig-headedness" put in Mr. Peppery.

"Pig-headed or not, I call for the vote."

The rising vote was taken, and, according to the Secretary's count, the motion to table was carried. At the time the men were being counted the Chief Consul was also standing, and no one observed that the Secretary counted him in as a "yea." When the announcement, "seven yeas," was made the "noes" gave in without rising, and the motion was declared carried and peace was once more restored. I have since gone over the vote and, with the Chief Consul out, find that the "noes" carried it by a majority of one vote—just the reverse of the announced result. It was an oversight all around, and there's little use crying over it now. This much was gleaned from the vote, however: That, without exception, the Division officials and a couple of ex-officials were dead set against the contribute. Mr. Bassett will please note and wonder no longer.

The agitation of a lantern parade during Mardi Gras wound up the evening's entertainment. The pepperish individual for once favored something and offered to chip in as much as \$5 towards the object in view. The enthusiasm being only lukewarm, however, and the talk all from one side of the house, it was decided to call another meeting October 27. The subject will be ventilated further.

Bi.

UNIVERSAL CYCLING CLUB NOTES.

The first annual 10-mile club handicap road race of the Universals will take place on the Milburn course on Election Day.

We are at present having our rooms renovated, and expect to give our first "smoker" in the early part of next month.

Messrs. Wickes and Masterson say that Sunday, October 21, will long live in their memory from the battle they had with the wind from Babylon to Jamaica.

Our new Vice-President, "Pop," is fast becoming familiar with the "ins and outs" of his new office, and it is quite surprising to see how the magnetism of his voice subdues the boys, and with what attention they listen to his objections to "this and that."

Captain Finn reports that he is rather sick of the position of handicapper, as he is bothered to death by the fellows who want more start.

It is rumored that Lieutenant Fred, will not compete in the coming road race, and the supposition is that he has not yet recovered from his Smithtown ride.

HUSLER.

NOTES FROM THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

"CHUMPS!"

Will some one please deliver a lecture on the above subject for the benefit of those foolish wheelmen who on Sunday, October 28, braved weather, wind and mud to witness the 10-mile road race between W. Chas. Furnelton and Harry Mayer? Let the lecturer be as severe as he pleases, as he cannot overdo the matter, and with all my kicking I cannot realize how big a chump I was on the day mentioned. Listen and judge for yourself.

Sunday morning, upon rousing myself from a good night's rest, a heavy sky greeted my sight, while mud some inches thick was spread over Philadelphia's cobbles—mud black, yellow and green, stirred up by three days' steady rain until it was enough to make even a street contractor think it was bad. I gazed intently upon the outlook for some minutes and wondered whether to go back for another nap or dress and try my luck; and here is where this bump of chumpishness first showed itself. For soon I was on my way to the club house, where I found Mayer already preparing for his race, which was set down for some five hours later. Besides Mayer, some dozen other wheelmen were gazing mournfully out the windows at the mud, here, there and everywhere, and none thinking of going out until the writer foolishly said he would tackle it if any one else would. Why foolish? Because ere long two others, anxious to be classified among the chumps, decided to accept, and soon we were off on our ploughing expedition. We reached Ardmore, were treated royally by our host Moss, and then, after an hour's delay, pushed on to Wayne, where we found both Mayer and Furnelton ready for the contest. As we were going to pace them in, we decided to rest a few moments before starting, when of a sudden down came the rain. We waited a full half hour, and then the chumpishness showed itself, for the riders made up their minds to start and their three followers agreed to accompany them.

So, at 3:22, the word was given and they were off, Mayer on his Veloce setting a rattling pace and closely followed by Furnelton on a Victor safety. Down the road they flew, through mud and water, with the rain coming down in torrents. At Villa Nova hill, Mayer turned to his competitor and said, "Come, Charlie, let's have it;" and they did have it, the only trouble in grabbing Mayer got left, as Furnelton rushed past and gained some 100 feet or more on this grade, closely followed by C. L. Leisen, who was acting as pacemaker for Furnelton, while Captain W. D. Supplee endeavored to urge Mayer on, but from here on Furnelton gradually drew away from Mayer and won in 39m. 20s.; Mayer second by two minutes. And oh! such objects as those four men were—mud from head to foot and literally soaked with the rain, which kept up steadily from the start to the finish, and this is why we call ourselves chumps.

The South End Wheelmen have adopted quite a neat badge in the way of a wheel with an arrow running through, and henceforth will wear the same in their cap in place of the letters S. E. W., and add South End Wheelmen in small letters on their coat collars.

This same club held their 10-mile road race on Saturday, over the 10-mile course on Lancaster Pike, E. G. Kolb finishing first in 42m.; G. A. Dimon, second. L. J. Kolb, of racing fame, set a rattling for about seven miles, when he was forced to retire. Justice to Mr. Kolb to add that he has not been on a wheel a dozen times this year, and found it was too long a scorch for him.

All cycling matters seem rather dull at present, everyone getting what riding can be obtained before the close of the season, while club entertainments are only waiting for a start.

The Philadelphia Driving Park Association have made overtures to the South End Wheelmen to entitle them to the use of their track and club house, the track for races or practice, and it is expected will have a couple of cycling events whenever they hold a race meet. This will certainly be a good thing for the club, and I sincerely hope the committees appointed by both organizations will come to some agreement.

Nothing has been heard of late regarding the new club house to be erected by the Century Wheelmen, although I understand they are still working on the matter—seeking subscriptions. No commandments broken here, as I don't envy them.

Now it is that our racers wrap their wheels in a covering of vaseline and talk over why they lost such and such a race, how so and so happened to win, and promise better work next year; but speaking of races,

"Did you never hear of Wilson (Charles, Junior)?"

WESTFIELD.

CYCLES FOR RANCHMEN.

The *Crosby County News*, of Estacado Staked Plains, Texas, publishes the following editorial advocating the use of cycles by ranchmen:

"New ideas are apt to meet with opposition, because, as a general thing, men are averse to innovation. Hence, when it is suggested that it is much more economical to use bicycles instead of horses in fence riding on the cow ranches, a great outcry is heard from all sides. If it saves several hundred or several thousand dollars annually by using bicycles instead of horses, why not do so? But is it really a saving? Let us see.

"Suppose a ranch keeps up nine fence riders on horseback. All ranchmen know the time consumed by the rider in taking care of his horses, hunting them, etc.; and also the expense of feeding them in winter. Now, suppose the manager changes to bicycles. Six men would do the work heretofore done by the nine men, because the rider would have nothing to do in the morning but mount and go, and when he returned at night nothing to do but dismount from his wheel and set it against the wall. A bicycle rider would also go further in a day and back than a horse rider, because he can go faster with much less fatigue. Thus the wages of three men and the feed and care of nine horses would be saved by changing to bicycles. But this is not all. Bicycles are made of the best material, in interchangeable parts, so that if one part wears out or breaks it can be replaced, and hence one set of bicycles would last always. Also, a bicycle cannot get sick, is not liable to any disease, cannot stray off, needs no feed, does not have to be shod, and hence exempts its owner from the many vexations, loss of time and expense the horse causes him to suffer. Hence, also, the ranch would save several hundred dollars annually heretofore spent in buying horses for the fence rider.

"That ranch manager who has the courage to disregard and despise ridicule, and who adopts bicycles where they can be used on ranches, will have the best cause for self-congratulation at the end of his fiscal year. Every owner will be gratified by the adoption of a plan by which a large annual saving is made.

"If any one desires further information touching the uses and cost of bicycles it can be had by calling on us."

"Senator" Morgan writes regarding our exposure of his letter to the *Cyclist*, recently republished and commented on in these columns, that he has in his possession a dozen or more letters from Mr. Ducker, received while abroad, which, if published, will everlastingly blast the Buffalo man's reputation. "Senator" Morgan wishes Mr. Ducker's permission to publish these letters. In our opinion, any letters Mr. Ducker may have written Mismanager Morgan were of a private nature, and with them the public can have nothing to do. We have no wish at the present time to give up our columns to any of these letters, however sensational they may be. With the "Woodside document," the publication of which is to forever crush the Irish-American, we also wish to have nothing to do. If we should attempt to publish all the details of these little personal quarrels, which have been the rule ever since professionalism was first introduced into this country, one might as well write a book—the columns of a newspaper would never suffice. Our duty was to convince the public that they are all of a piece, and we feel certain that our task is accomplished.

THE RACE PATH.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 6. Grand bicycle tournament, Berkeley Athletic Club, at Morris Dock, New York City.

PROGRAMME.

- One-mile bicycle novices, scratch.
One-mile bicycle interscholastic, scratch.
Two-mile bicycle intercollegiate, scratch.
One-mile bicycle, Rover type, scratch.
Half-mile bicycle, scratch.
One-mile bicycle, handicap.
Two-mile bicycle, handicap.
One-mile tricycle, handicap.
One-mile consolation, handicap.
- Nov. 6.—Rutherford Wheelmen's race meet, 1-mile open handicap. Entries close Oct 23, Box 82, Rutherford, N. J.
- Nov. 8.—Harvard College annual road race.
- Nov. 8.—Wakefield Bicycle Club's reception, Wakefield, Mass.
- Nov. 21-22-23.—Tournament at Columbus, Ga.
- Nov. 24.—One and two mile bicycle handicaps at 23d Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. Entries close November 17 with F. E. Steele, P. O. Box 1151, New York City.
- Nov. 28.—New Haven Bicycle Club's reception and entertainment, at Hew Haven Opera House.
- Nov. 29.—Races at Opelika, Ala.
- Nov. 29.—Prospect Harriers' 10-mile bicycle handicap. Entries close November 22 with G. E. Painter, 332 First Street, Brooklyn.
- Dec. 17.—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.
- Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second Street, New York. Two-mile handicap. Entries close December 8 with C. J. Leach, P. O. Box 3201, New York.
- Feb. 8, 1889.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

BERKELEY ATHLETIC CLUB TOURNAMENT.

MORRIS DOCK, NEW YORK CITY,
ELECTION DAY, NOV. 6, 1888.

ORDER OF PROGRAMME.

- One-mile Bicycle Handicap, first trial heats.
One-mile Bicycle Novices.
One-mile Bicycle Interscholastic.
Half-mile Bicycle Scratch.
One-mile Bicycle Rover type.
One-mile Bicycle Handicap, final heat.
Two-mile Bicycle Intercollegiate.
One-mile Tricycle Handicap.
Two-mile Bicycle Handicap.
One-mile Bicycle Consolation Handicap.

THE ENTRIES.

There are 116 entries, the largest field being in the mile handicap, in which there are thirty-three entries. Among the men who will ride are W. W. Windle, the invincible amateur, who is now in town and will positively ride; R. H. Davis, Harvard College, the safety champion and record holder; E. I. Halsted, New York's fastest man at the present time; Kenneth Brown and W. B. Greenleaf, the fast Harvard men; F. A. Clark, Yale's best man on the wheel; H. J. Hall, Jr., the K. C. W.'s fast man; W. H. Caldwell, Sid Bowman and Ed Baggot, the big three of the N. J. A. C., with Pendleton and Gubelman, of the same club; Messrs. Schoeffer, Murphy, Wise, Brown, Monell, Class, Coningsby, Borland, Alden, Jones, representing Brooklyn; J. W. Powers, Jr., and J. H. Hanson, representing the M. A. C.; Gloninger, of Pittsburgh; Samson, of Nyack; Van Benschooten, of Poughkeepsie; Van Sicklen and Burgess, of Rutherford, N. J.; Lockwood, of Yonkers; Browaski, of Newark; Swift, of Danbury, Conn., and a number of others.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

The races will be started promptly at 2:30 P. M. A special train will leave the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, at 2 o'clock, reaching the grounds at 2:17. A number of regular trains run from the Grand Central Depot during the afternoon. Admission to grounds, including excursion railroad fare, seventy cents.

Take Sixth or Ninth Avenue "L" train to 155th Street, from which point trains will leave on the New York and Northern Railroad at 2, 2:10 and 2:20 P. M.; six minutes to grounds. Tickets, including fare from 155th Street to the grounds and return, sixty cents. Tickets on sale at New York and Northern Railroad depot, at terminus of "L" road.

The grounds may also be reached a wheel as follows: Up Seventh Avenue to Macomb's Dam bridge, and directly up Central Avenue a short distance, when, on left side of road, a sign will be seen, reading: "Berkeley Oval, 5 minutes' drive." This road will bring direct to the grounds.

Brooklyn cyclists with wheels may reach the Grand Central Depot by ferry from Broadway, Brooklyn, to Twenty-third Street, New York City, thence across to Fourth Avenue and up Fourth Avenue to depot.

THE RICHMOND TOURNAMENT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29.

In connection with the Southern Exposition now being held at Richmond, Va., races were held on October 29 and 30. The track was used by trotters previous to the cycle events and was not in very good shape for fast riding. Below we give summary of first day's races:

One-half Mile Bicycle Novices.—C. W. O'Neill, Norfolk, 1m. 40¼s.; Willard E. Buell, Washington, second; Isaac Hinds, Baltimore, third; C. H. Lucy, Richmond, 0; Walter C. Mercer, Richmond, 0.

Two-mile Bicycle, Rover type wheels.—H. L. Kingsland, Baltimore, 7m. 18½s.; W. E. Crist, second.

One-mile Bicycle, Virginia L. A. W. Championship.—A. A. O'Neill, Norfolk, 3m. 17s.; J. A. Morris, Portsmouth, second.

One-mile Bicycle, Professional.—H. G. Crocker, 3m. 40s.; W. J. Morgan, second; W. M. Boyst, Greenville, S. C., 0.

One-mile Tandem Tricycle Handicap.—Crist and Kingsland, scratch, 3m. 42s.; F. R. Steele and A. A. O'Neill, Norfolk, 15 seconds, second; P. S. Brown and M. K. Crenshaw, Washington, scratch, third.

One-half Mile Bicycle Handicap, boys under eighteen.—C. E. McCluer, Richmond, scratch, 2m. 10s.; E. C. Valentine, Richmond, 20 seconds, second; S. J. Young, Manchester, scratch, third.

One-mile Bicycle, Old Dominion Wheelmen Championship.—W. G. Long, Richmond, 4m. 12s.; W. H. Bodeken, Richmond, second.

One-half Mile Bicycle, without hands.—P. S. Brown, 1m. 50s.; M. K. Crenshaw, second.

One-half Mile Bicycle Consolation.—Hinds, first; Lucy, second; Crenshaw, third; Wall, fourth.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

The races of the second day excited more enthusiasm and attracted a larger audience than was present on Monday. The following is a summary:

One-mile Bicycle Handicap.—P. S. Brown, scratch, 3m. 11s.; A. A. O'Neill, 10 seconds, second; Isaac Hinds, 20 seconds, third.

One-half Mile Bicycle Novices, Virginia L. A. W. State Division members.—John H. Downing, Portsmouth, 1m. 30s.; C. H. Lucy, Richmond, second; F. K. Wynecott, Portsmouth, third; C. L. Bowman, Richmond, 0.

One-half Mile Ride and Run.—W. G. Long, Richmond, 2m. 8¼s.; W. E. Buell, Washington, second.

Three-mile Bicycle Professional.—H. G. Crocker, 10m. 25s.; W. J. Morgan, second; William Boyst, third.

One-half Mile Steeplechase.—Long, 2m. 10s.; Kingsland, second; Crist, third.

One-half Mile Bicycle Scratch.—Kingsland, 1m. 25½s.; Crist, second; Brown, third.

One-mile Bicycle Team Race, Virginia Division, L. A. W.—Three teams started: Lucy, C. L. Bowman and A. K. Schapp, Old Dominion Club; I. B. White, A. A. and C. W. O'Neill, Norfolk Cycle Club; F. K. Wynecott, John H. Dickinson and John H. Downing, Portsmouth Wheel Club. A. A. O'Neill was the first man to come in, Downing second, C. W. O'Neill third. The result was a tie between Norfolk and Portsmouth, each having 17 points. Best time, 3m. 9s. The tie was afterward ridden in a half-mile, Norfolk winning by 11 to 10, A. A. O'Neill leading at the finish. Best time, 1m. 30s.

One-half Mile Bicycle Consolation.—McDaniel, 1m. 29s.; Crenshaw, second.

The field officers were: Referee, Samuel T. Clark, of Baltimore. Judges, H. Wilson, Richmond; E. V. Williams, Richmond; C. R. Eisenbrandt, of Baltimore. Timers, Daniel Lyons, Jr., and J. W. East, both of Richmond. Starter, J. C. V. Smith; Washington.

SAFETY TANDEM TRACK RECORDS.

At Paddington Recreation Grounds, on Monday, October 15, Dan Albone and E. E. Glover made a successful attempt to reduce the records up to twenty miles, on a tandem safety bicycle, the previous record being 1h. 5m. 55s., made by Albone and Mills on the same track last May. A cold wind somewhat impeded progress, and—the season being so late that most of their friends were out of training—but little assistance was obtained from pacemakers. Mr. A. J. Wilson was the timekeeper, and the machine ridden was the same light roadster Ivel upon which Albone and Glover had beaten the 50-mile road record the previous Saturday. In the result, the previous 20-mile record was lowered by 3m. 38 2-5s.; the mile times will all stand as records for tandem bicycles.

MILES.	H. M. S.	MILES.	H. M. S.
1.	0 2 58	11.	0 34 09
2.	0 5 56	12.	0 37 13
3.	0 9 00	13.	0 40 23
4.	0 12 03	14.	0 43 32
5.	0 15 12	15.	0 46 43
6.	0 18 19	16.	0 49 50
7.	0 21 25	17.	0 53 02
8.	0 24 44	18.	0 56 13
9.	0 27 53	19.	0 59 19
10.	0 30 58 4-5	20.	1 02 16 3-5

Last lap, 48 3-5s.

WHITTAKER CAPTURES THREE MORE RECORDS.

S. G. Whittaker, on October 15, made an attempt at Coventry to beat the safety records for fifty miles. Whittaker covered 20 miles 1,450 yards in the hour, made records at 26, 27 and 28 miles, and was forced to stop at 30 miles on account of cramp.

MILES.	H. M. S.	PREVIOUS RECORDS.	H. M. S.
5.	0 14 19	0 13 45
10.	0 28 46 1-5	0 27 44 3-5
20.	0 57 42 4-5	0 56 32
25.	1 12 20 3-5	1 11 5 1-5
26.	* 1 15 28 2-5	1 16 23
27.	* 1 18 58 1-5	1 19 27 3-5
28.	* 1 22 26 3-5	1 22 37
29.	1 26 07 2-5	1 25 40 2-5
30.	1 29 59	1 28 29

* World's records.

The Amateur Athletic Union will hold a meeting at Madison Square Garden, New York City, on November 21. There is, unfortunately, no bicycle event on the programme.

At the Columbia College games, held at the Manhattan A. C. grounds, New York, last Friday, W. H. Hall, '91, 60 yards, won the 2-mile bicycle handicap; G. A. Woodlan, '92, 100 yards, second.

W. B. Greenleaf, Harvard, '92, had a walk-over in the 2-mile bicycle race at the college Freshman games, held last Monday. Greenleaf, paced by Kenneth Brown, rode the two miles against a strong wind in 6m. 23s.

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN HANDICAPS.—H. J. Hall, Jr., scratch; T. J. Hall, Jr., 3 minutes; Beasley, 5; Marion, 7; Stevens, 10; Moorhouse, 11; W. Murphy, 14; Jones, 15; King, 18; Barnes, 20; Bensinger, 26; C. Murphy, 28; Wardell, 30. Handicapper, M. L. Bridgman.

TWO LOCAL HANDICAPS.—At the Twenty-third Regiment games, to be held at the Regimental Armory, Clermont near Myrtle Avenue, on Saturday evening, November 24, at 8 o'clock, two handicaps, one and two miles, will be decided. Entrance fee, fifty cents for each event; close November 17, with F. E. Steele, P. O. Box 1151, New York City.

A BUFFALO TOURNAMENT FOR 1889 ASSURED.

Mr. Ducker writes as follows: "With the aid of my cycling friends in Buffalo I am able to announce that I have made arrangements to remain in Buffalo, and to fill up my time I have accepted the general agency for western New York of the Union Central Life Insurance Co. of Cincinnati, O., and henceforth will be found at Room 48, Chapin Block. I will be pleased to meet all my old friends and to offer them the best investment out; one that will prove better than government bonds, paying five per cent. compound interest. You will observe that the above will allow me to give some time to cycling, and assures a tournament for Buffalo in the fall of 1889."

WHEEL GOSSIP.

W. F. G. Class, Brooklyn B. C., has just recovered from a severe illness.

The Manhattan Club had a smoker and refreshments at the club house on Hallowe'en.

Jack Lee has been presented with a testimonial fund of £20, raised by his admirers.

There is a village in England called Fakenham. Good place for Rowe, Temple and Morgan to retire to.

The rain has drowned out business to a certain extent, but New York agents look for a little more business before the winter closes in.

The Kings County Wheelmen will have a century run in the Oranges on November 18, and a paper chase on Long Island on the 26th.

The *Sewing Machine and Cycle News* reprints Free Lance's article entitled "A wheel Into Pickwick Land," which appeared in this paper some since.

W. F. Murphy, Kings County Wheelmen, rode about 1,725 miles during October. This is the largest month's mileage on record. We will publish details next week.

Two Harvard students have taken the Columbia agency for the college, and it is expected that their efforts will popularize the sport and more thoroughly introduce it to the 1,500 students.

The *New York Illustrated News* of November 3 contains a burlesque on the Eck-Carlisle romance—no, tragedy, we should say. It is well worth perusal, but is scarcely fit for reproduction in these columns.

We find ourselves envying our contemporary editor, Mr. Fourdrinier, of the *Bicycling World*, who spends all his spare time on a tandem bike in company with the fair and musical Miss Pauline Hall, of the Casino Company.

Isaac Knowlden, the popular machinist of the Pope Manufacturing Company's New York branch, has become a papa. The new arrival will no doubt employ much of "Ike's" spare time in adjusting the chain of the tricycle.

THE CYCLIST MILITARY CORPS.

"Steady! steady! the masses of men
Wheel, and fall in, and wheel again
Softly as circles drawn with pen."

—Leigh Hunt.

Rowe says he will retire and go into business in Lynn. Temple has gone to Chicago, where he also will engage in business. Both are tired of professional racing. There are also other people who are very tired of this kind of sport. Mr. Seymour, of Boston, for instance, or Mr. Fourdrinier.

We wonder if Purvis-Bruce's money has given out? Here is what a late *Wheeling* queries, though we believe the members of the London cycle press were wont to go on champagne bursts with "Gentleman John":

Is Synner as simple as Purvis-Bruce? We think not! Nottingham doesn't grow "mugs."

Treasurer Howard L. Perkins leads the record of the Rhode Island Wheelmen for the season's riding, and George L. Cooke the day's run record. Mr. Perkins is close up to his 4,000th mile, and Mr. Cooke has 113.5 miles to his credit for one day's trip. Both records are for good times and take-it-as-you-find-it road riding.

Messrs. Adams & Sons report a steadily increasing demand on the part of cyclists for their Tutti Frutti gums, of different flavors. This gum keeps the mouth moist, makes the rider comfortable, and prevents over-drinking. The gum is now used by many prominent road and path riders. Send for sample to Adams & Sons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There can be no question that Karl Kron is an indefatigable person. His enterprise is simply astounding. The mass of press notices here collected redound with praises of his great work; and there can be no doubt that it deserves all the praise that can be given to it. "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is full of information that will prove interesting to all who delight in the study of men and manners.—*Sewing Machine and Cycle News*, London, September 15.

A month ago John Mason, of the Illinois Cycle Club, who rides a Veloce Columbia, made a go at the 24-hour record and scored, without great effort, 218 miles. A week later, F. E. Spooner, of the Lincoln Cycle Club, on a Victor bicycle, raised the peg to 231 miles. On Wednesday, the 24th of October, Frank Riggs, of Chicago, on a 51-inch Columbia Light Roadster, finished with 240½ miles to his credit; and on the 25th inst. John Mason made the second attempt, covering 277 miles within 24 hours. The bicycle which was ridden by Mr. Mason at both attempts has been ridden by him over 6,500 miles, including nearly a dozen centuries.

With the close of October we are compelled to chronicle the withdrawal from the cycle trade of Messrs. Wetmore & Chester, who for the past two years have done business at 49 Cortlandt Street, under the style of the Manhattan Wheel Exchange. During their business career the firm made many friends, always dealing with their customers on a reasonable basis, and treating all with that courtesy so necessary to a business success. Messrs. Wetmore & Chester have arranged to embark in a promising enterprise on the return of Mr. Chester from Europe, where he now is on a wedding tour.

The latest English novelty is a juvenile road race, open to youths and girls under fifteen years of age. A race of this sort was recently decided at Leeds. The distance was 4½ miles. Nellie Maude and Charlie Maude, aged five and three respectively, allowed twenty minutes start, held the lead for three and a half miles, when they were passed by A. Aldred, fifteen years old, allowed two minutes start, who went on and won. The little Maudes rode a superbly made miniature Humber tandem tricycle. Among the entries was "Little Bobbie Chorley," aged five, who is "a marvel on a safety," but who was prevented by sickness from riding.

The Kings County Wheelmen have planned an enjoyable Election Day. In the morning, at 11 o'clock, the club will dine at the Mansion House, at Orange. At 1 o'clock the 25-mile road race will be started, and in the evening the members will see and hear "Adonis" Dixey at the Amphion, in Brooklyn, and will listen to the election returns. Already eighty-three men have booked seats for the theatre party. The entries for the road race are as follows: Bensing, Wardell, W. F. Murphy, Beasley, Stevens, King, H. J. Hall, Jr., Brown, Jones, T. J. Hall, Moorhouse, C. Murphy, Nellis and Stevens, fourteen entries. Harry Hall and T. J. Hall will go on after the 50-mile road record.

The Manhattan Club have called an Orange run for Sunday, and a run to Berkeley Oval on Election Day. The club will have its annual photograph taken on November 11. The club almanac has been written up thus far. November 16, first monthly reception for members and ladies, dancing and refreshments. November 18, run in the Brooklyn riding district. November 25, run to Tarrytown. November 29, Thanksgiving Day, 10-mile club championship over Irvington-Milburn course. A smoker will be held every Wednesday evening throughout the winter. The club will hold its dramatic entertainment and reception at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, February 8, 1889.

10,000 MILES ON A BICYCLE.

We have received from the indefatigable and irrepressible Karl Kron a pamphlet containing 75,000 words, which is designed as an advertisement of his now famous book, "10,000 Miles on a Bicycle." This second book—for such his advertisement is—contains the preface to and specimen chapters of his larger book, besides an immense number of newspaper criticisms upon it. Karl Kron has honestly included in his cuttings hostile as well as laudatory criticisms, and the whole pamphlet forms a book that is both interesting and instructive reading. We strongly advise our readers to send a postcard to Karl Kron at University Buildings, Washington Square, New York, when he will mail them a free copy of this unique advertisement. A perusal of it will, we are sure, lead to a purchase of the most extraordinary, amusing, and instructive book that has yet been issued in connection with our sport. It is not often that a man has the pluck and enterprise as well as the literary ability of Karl Kron, and it is a pity that it should go unrewarded, especially as purchasers will get more than full value for their money.—*Wheeling*.

AN AMERICAN CYCLIST IN ENGLAND.

I think I shall do a favor to all lovers of beautiful scenery if I advise them not to ride away from Liverpool to London without going up into the Welsh Mountains as far as Llangollen (pronounced Langollen). The way thither leads past three points of great interest—Chester, the old city, with its famous Roman walls and its cathedral; Gladstone's home at Hawarden, and the country seat of the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, said to be the finest dwelling place in the world. These three places ought to be enough to attract any tourist, but when to them is added the Welsh Mountains, the attractions become irresistible. I had all my plans laid on board steamer to go directly east from Liverpool to Sheffield; at Liverpool, of course, they were changed, as I talked with the English riders. Then I decided to see Chester, southwest of Liverpool, and not go near Sheffield. Taking a ferry-boat to Eastham, I escaped the paving of the city of Birkenhead, which "they" told me was very bad, but as I had found similarly described paving in Liverpool to be eminently satisfactory, I fear now that I missed a good view of the English Chicago (so they call Birkenhead). At Chester the usual sights are to be seen that the guide books describe. To the American cyclist who has traveled much in a level country, the first view of the Welsh Mountains as, he comes into sight of them and of Chester at the same time, is inspiring. Chester is only ten miles from Eastham, and I was pedaling hard to arrive in time for a warm supper, looking neither to right nor left, when my machine rose over the top of a little hill. Behold! before me was the old city of Chester, glistening in the setting sun, its cathedral first catching the eye, and to the right, through a purple haze, the outlines of the Welsh hills. I had been rather hungry a moment before, but I forgot it all now. Gradually the big wheel slowed up as I took in the revelation, slowly as the first kiss of love lingers on the lips. It was my first sight of a famous European cathedral, and to my eyes, which are now tired and wearied of the long series of aisles, transepts and naves I have come through since, it looked very grand. A pretty maid was going by carrying a pail of milk. "Are those the Welsh hills over there?" I asked. "I don't know, sir," was the artless reply. "Rats!" I muttered, and pumped on for supper.

The paving of Chester is bad, bad, bad. There's no dodging it. You must sight-see afoot in Chester. Hawarden being but six miles from Chester, up a side road into the Welsh mountains, I went up there the next afternoon, a beautiful day. The road leads through the most uninteresting of country till the gate of the Hawarden grounds is reached. One can ride through the grounds, Mr. Gladstone having no antipathy for the wheel, and so I rode about a mile through the beautiful park to the mansion of the Grand Old Man. If you are a wheelman, go up to Hawarden, if for nothing else than the fine coats on the main drive in the park. Don't go away without seeing the old castle against which the invaders from the surrounding country used to surge its armored waves, and the enchanting prospect that lies spread out for miles beneath the fast-fading top of the old ruins. But don't take a camera with you. The keeper is "loaded" for camera fiends, and "fires" them bodily.

Eaton Hall has nothing very interesting for the cyclist, as the grounds, of immense extent, stretching away for miles on every side, are flat in the extreme. The Hall itself is well worth an inspection. I left my bicycle in a stall in the magnificent stables. When I came out I found the master of the hounds, the groom of the back stairs, the valet of the first floor front, and several other Kokos curiously examining the machine. "Anything broken?" I asked in alarm. "Oh, no; we were just wondering how you get on the blasted thing." Thank heaven, I thought, there is a way of avoiding a fee for each one of these persons. So I did the vault mount and nearly went over the handles, but it entirely satisfied them, and I got a round of applause, in the midst of which I rode away, leaving behind nothing but some agitated air, perturbed by my numerous bows of modest acknowledgement.

Wrexham, a town of considerable importance in that locality, is twelve miles from Chester and halfway to Llangollen, on the river Dee.

No stream is more celebrated in England, probably, than this river. Every Englishman knows about the time when—

"There was a jolly miller dwelt by the river Dee."

Just beyond Wrexham you begin to get into the Welsh hills. From Chester you have been riding along the base of the big ascents, and as every bend of the road turns your course to the right, you begin to feel a little uneasy at the prospect of locking horns with those misty monsters that loom up ever nearer and nearer. It is your first touch of mountains, and you feel that much depends upon the success with which you grapple with them. Heavens, if I should have to walk my machine two or three miles up these hills, how all my enthusiasm will ooze out of me! Just in the beginning of my trip, too. So you think—ah, excuse me—that is, provided you are not Messrs. Greenwood, Wells or Shurman. Have I placed these champions right? I do not know who should be first. The last I heard of the American hill climbers, Greenwood and Wells had not settled their little matter, and Shurman had not yet climbed Corey a hundred times. Let those who are enjoying the latest information about these champions pardon me and place them right. As you look up the sides of the steep hills which you must pierce, before you get any supper, and see the white paths streaking the dark green slopes, you lessen your own feeling of inferiority by saying: "Like to see Hal get up that," or, "Shurman wouldn't be such a sure man after all, probably, on these grades." These self-satisfying reflections are disturbed by the blowing of a locomotive's whistle, and soon you are riding through Ruabon, a little town. Just beyond it is a short, rather steep, grade of an eighth of a mile, possibly. Without much effort you are at the top. A delightful coast down the other side, and then it dawns upon you that it is the first good coast of the day. You look around; the hills are no longer all on one side, they inclose you. A long level, a little climb, and then a coast of a mile, winding about through a village, the dirty faces in which suggest its mining character. As you near the end of the hill, and are getting ready to take your legs down, you are conscious that the air has suddenly grown chilly. You observe, too, that it has suddenly grown darker. The warm sunshine that a few moments before was bathing the landscape has disappeared. All you see of it is on the tops of the hills between which you are riding. Great shadows cover the road. You keep coasting down hill after hill until you come to a long level. The river Dee, which you left at Chester, is again in sight, and you ride by its side. All around you now are the great, grand Welsh hills. Stuck in their slopes, like eagle nests in rocky cliffs, are the white houses of the people, that, as the lights of early evening come out, seem to wink and blink a cosy welcome to you. The road is smooth, and you do not care if it does get dark. After a ride of about two miles over a comparatively smooth course you arrive at Llangollen—at your journey's end and no hills encountered, no mountains climbed, no heavy grades walked. How did it all happen? Why, you eat your supper feeling very happy; you even feel like pinching the rosy cheeks of the waitress. You had gradually ridden into the hills and didn't know it. You then begin to find out a fact that is subsequently of great satisfaction to you—namely, that the roads do not go over the hills. There is always a valley or opening somewhere, and you can depend upon it the road will find it and take you through easily. As I think now of the mountains I have passed over since in that way I smile at my initial fear.

Besides the wild Welsh scenery, there is little to see at Llangollen. What there is—the iron bridge, the horse-shoe falls and the salmon pools—you can see after supper or before starting out in the morning, provided you do not want to pull a few of the famous salmon out of the turbulent waters of the River Dee, that is here breaking out into all sorts of saucy cascades and noisy rapids.

To recapitulate: By going through Chester up to Llangollen, one goes a few miles out of a direct line to London, but, at the same time, within forty miles of his steamer's landing place; he has seen the home of the greatest statesman of English speaking countries; the most magnificent private dwelling in the world; one of England's famous cathedrals; a picturesque castle ruin (at Hawarden); some of the most picturesque mountain scenery in Great

Britain. All these will furnish you attractive themes for conversation on your ride down to London. So, within a day's easy ride of Liverpool, by properly selecting your course, one can see as much as if he had ridden two hundred miles in another direction. If these are not enough to satisfy the most exacting tourist, I plead guilty to being a deceiver in recommending this route.

It is about this time in his journey that the American tourist begins to notice the amazing smallness of the distances. People about him speak of London being so far away. How far? One hundred and eighty miles, he is told; and he meets many persons who have never been to London, and who are appalled at the very thought of going that far from home, and yet it is only two days' hard riding for him on his wheel. He smiles quietly to himself, and the magnitude of the task of touring Europe awheel begins to fade away.

One will naturally inquire if the ride into the Welsh Mountains was so easy, with its splendid coasts down into the valley of the River Dee, what must be the return to the main road to London? One steady climb back, probably.

TRAVELER.

"MEDDLESOME BUSYBODY."

"Men are born with two eyes but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say."—*Old Proverb.*

"Oh, that mine enemy should write a letter."—*Old Proverb, revised for this occasion.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Between the poles of human perfection and human meanness, between all that is best in humanity—represented by the ideal figures in sacred writ and knight errantry—and all that is worst, symbolized by a nature but little above that of the orang-outang, with its treachery and cruelty intensified but without the intelligence of the Simian, there are myriad degrees of character, many kinds of men, all players in "Life," a play whose phenomenal success in the past and promise of a long continued run are only explained by the fact that each spectator is also himself an actor. To an intelligent man who has passed a certain point in the game, a man who is fixed and has put behind him irritating ambition and narrow-minded prejudice, who regards with the clearness and penetration of a receptive mind the goings on of his co-actors on the Footstool, to such a man there is an unflinching source of humor, a continuous reason for mirth.

A man has gained an enviable knowledge when he has learned to discover sham, to penetrate pretence, to pity stupidity, to look kindly and benignly on "smartness," to regard with amusement the ups and downs, the goings and comings, the ungratified ambitions, the wire-pullings and heart-burnings of his fellows—in a word, to perceive men and facts unclothed, in the Carlylian sense.

The train of thought is suggested by an extravagant waste of ink, grey matter and digital muscularity on the part of Mr. Howard P. Merrill, who recently appeared in a star part at Buffalo as referee of the great bicycle tournament, and who, off the boards, is a very worthy member of the Springfield *Union's* reportorial staff. The burst of extravagance referred to is in the form of a letter, appended. We are aware that our readers can scarcely be interested in a private quarrel between Mr. Merrill and ourselves, but we fully believe that among our clientele there are some of the men of the world spoken of above, and these cannot fail to be amused.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

Wednesday, October 24, 1888.

F. P. PRIAL:

Dear Sir—I suppose I owe the repeated misstatements and misrepresentations regarding myself, which you publish weekly in *THE WHEEL*, to the fact that I requested you not to interfere with my assistants, especially the timekeepers, with whom you had no business to meddle, at the Buffalo tournament. As for your continual nagging, your widespread reputation as a meddling busybody is sufficient excuse.

I wish to set you right on one thing, however, though I don't suppose you will accord me the privileges of *THE WHEEL* for so doing; you haven't the right kind of make-up to guarantee

fair play, especially when your self-importance has been wounded.

The point on which I wish to set you right is this: That my decision, whereby I declared that Rowe had been fouled by Temple, was based on my own personal observation and knowledge of the circumstances. I saw the men when they were on the back-stretch and I followed them closely, my eyes never being taken from them until the finish. I also made a personal inspection of the wheel tracks. The hearing was granted for the purpose of giving Mr. Temple fair play, and at the time he expressed himself as satisfied with the idea. After hearing all the evidence, I discarded all that which conflicted with my personal observation as to actual occurrences, and gave my decision upon my own knowledge of the facts.

I care little as to the personal spite which you have vented upon me, but I do wish to impress upon you that you are willfully and maliciously lying when you publish statements to the effect that I had no personal knowledge of the facts and circumstances of the fouling of Rowe by Temple.

If your warped and distorted mind can conceive of the truth embodied in the above paragraph, I shall consider that I have not wholly wasted pen, ink and paper upon you.

Very sincerely,

HOWARD P. MERRILL.

THE LETTER.

It cannot be claimed by our bitterest enemy, not even by the snake in trousers who talked us down at the Hartford tournament—happily, to a friend—that we have ever used this paper to exploit ourselves personally, in the manner, let us say, of the *Hill-Climbers' Own* or the *Yankee-Phobian*.

In publishing Mr. Merrill's letter we run a great risk, for Mr. Merrill applies to us such epithets as "continual nagging," "meddling busybody," "self-importance," "personal spite," "willful and malicious lying," "warped and distorted mind," etc., etc. We claim it is a risk because we do not deny that we may not be all that Mr. Merrill claims, a cross between Caliban and Dickens' Mr. Quilp; for no man knows what he is, else Burns' lament, if we could "see ourselves as others see us," need never have been written.

A SUGAR-COATED PILL.

At the Buffalo tournament, Mr. Merrill did the turkey-cock act to perfection, his strut being particularly large and fine. The members of the press agreed that Mr. Merrill's appointment as referee had turned his head. In commenting on the tournament we penned this paragraph:

"Merrill, of the Springfield *Union*, makes a bad referee. A referee should be a combination of intelligence, firmness, energy, politeness, suavity. Merrill lacks the last two."

We admitted that Mr. Merrill was intelligent, firm and energetic, yet the coating did not prevent Mr. Merrill's palate from tasting the curative drug within the coat, and it doubtless tasted unpleasant.

On the first day of the meet, the timers did not send up to the press men the results of the first race. As we were the only cycling press man present, we went down to the timers, and finding that they had not arranged to send the times up to the reporters, it was agreed that we should get the results of every event, and during the day we took care of the local press men.

After the first race of the second day, presuming the same system would continue, we went to the timers, and then met Mr. Merrill for the first time. Mr. Merrill roughly ordered us out of the timers' stand, and gruffly told us to mind our own business, that they were capable of taking care of the times, etc., etc. We at once perceived that Mr. Merrill was suffering from a severe case of "big head," and notwithstanding his ungentlemanly actions, we insisted on explaining our position in the matter, obtained Mr. Merrill's promise to send up the results of each race, and retired to the press quarters.

We afterward met Mr. Merrill on the track, and as he had written us a few days previous that he should like to meet us, we introduced ourselves, much to Mr. Merrill's chagrin, who, recollecting his stupidity of the earlier part of the afternoon, would have sold himself out cheap just at that moment.

That our paragraph must have struck home is shown by the fact that Mr. Merrill returns to the charge at this late day.

That Mr. Merrill should decide on our make-up from a one-minute interview is amusing.

That we should waste so much space on the Springfield chanticleer is very funny.

SAFETY vs. ORDINARY.

With regard to this question, I do not think there are two opinions amongst those who really understand the "ordinary" as to which is the safest machine. In my opinion the "ordinary" is not only the safest bicycle, but safer than any other class of machine. It requires more pluck and skill to ride, and those who attempt to ride it without these qualifications lose their heads and inevitably come to grief, and then blame the machine. I quite agree with your correspondent, "F. J. B.," as to the mere fact of calling a machine a "safety." There is certainly a good deal in a name, and this very fact often frightens men from touching the "ordinary." The "ordinary," in the first place, is of so simple a construction that there is nothing to get out of order, and it is not nearly so liable as the safety to accidents arising from the machine itself breaking down. Then again, when accidents do happen, the rider falls clear of the machine, and nothing results so seriously as when the rider comes in contact with the machine. If Mr. Morris had been riding a higher cycle he would have had more chance of saving his face—he would, of course, have shot further ahead before he came in contact with the earth, would necessarily have lost momentum when he did strike the ground, and have had more time to put his hands out to save his head.

We know that many serious accidents happen to the ordinary rider, but analyze them, and nearly all of them will be found to result from inexperience, recklessness, or foolhardiness; but this has nothing to do with the class of machine, but the class of riders. A youth with any ambition and pluck of course chooses the ordinary. Why? Very often because he loves the very element of danger. He runs risks that an elder and more staid individual would never dream of, and comes to grief occasionally accordingly. But the ordinary, ridden with caution, and with no attempt to do impossibilities, is the safest of all machines. The very perfection to which one has to arrive at to ride it at all well ensures one's safety, and the skill required to master it thoroughly is an everlasting source of joy. The ease, however, with which a safety or a tricycle is mounted and ridden is a source of danger, not only to the rider, but to many other riders as well. Since the safety came into vogue there are more unskillful and inexperienced riders on the road than ever, and one has to ride very wary of them. The safety is more liable to accidents arising from its own inherent weakness. There are more parts to get out of order, and it is much more prone to slip. As regards comfort, again there is no comparison between the two machines. To be compelled to run viewless between the hedges, down amongst the dust and mud, your calves at the mercy of the dogs, and your hands in one continual vibration, in my opinion cannot be compared with the rider of the ordinary, who flies above everything, commanding a view of the surrounding country, free, comparatively, from dust and mud, and able at pleasure to ride with or without his hands. The safety has but one advantage over the ordinary—it is a quicker hill climber.

Only those who have really mastered the ordinary know what a wealth of pleasure can be derived from it, and what a safe and beautiful machine it is. It is without doubt

A thing of beauty and a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness.

Very few, again, know what can be done with it. It is the common notion, even among its own riders, that an ordinary-sized stone must throw the rider. This is a mistake. I myself never dismount for a *short* patch of newly-laid stones, and I have ridden up a curb four inches high unintentionally in the dark. When riding in the dark, instead of the greater part of my weight being on the saddle, it is down at the centre on the pedals, enabling me to drive over any obstacle likely to be met with on the road. Half the ordinary riders have their saddles too far back, throwing their weight on the hind wheel, which not only tends to creating a "bicycle back" and adds to the vibration, but con-

siderable power is lost. The "rational" bicycle, in my opinion, is a decided mistake. There is no necessity for any rake, which only detracts from the perfectness of the machine as a machine; a very large hind wheel detracts from its beauty, and has no compensating advantages, and long cranks cause greater friction to the joints of and fatigue to the legs, and give only the slight advantage of ascending hills a little quicker. An ordinary should have no brake; it is a delusion and a snare. No rider should ever require to stop quicker than back pedaling should enable him to. Then again, half the ordinary machines are too light for the road, and the rims of the driving wheel not being sufficiently wide to take a rubber tire thick enough to act as an anti-vibrator.

Whilst on the subject of cycling, let me call attention to the number of riders, and especially of the safety type of machine and of tricycles, who forego one of the first duties toward their brother cyclists, and omit to carry a light in the night time. This in the metropolitan area seems on the increase, and is a great source of danger to other riders, and especially to those who carry a light. A man who rides at night time without a light is not only a mean man, and in all probability a lazy man, but must be deficient in common sense. The ostrich puts its head in the sand, and fancies because it cannot see it is not seen, and the rider at night time without a light seems to be, very often, devoid of sufficient brains to believe that because he can see he can also be seen. He little thinks that he is running as great a risk as the cyclist whom he meets.—A. B. K. in *Bicycling News*.

"WHEELING" ON SAFETIES.

The essentially stupid question, "Are Safeties a Failure?" has drawn forth opinions from precisely the same class of people in cycling circles as that which delivered itself on the *Daily Telegraph's* late sensation. Personal experience is made to serve as a universal guide, and no two think alike. As a matter of fact, any reply to the question save in the negative would be worthy of a Bedlamite. The safety is a great institution, and it has come to stay. Its effect on the numbers of our craft, and therefore upon the trade, has been enormous. To ask if it is a failure betrays a vacuity of mind bordering upon the idiotic. When, however, the point is mooted as to whether the safety is superior to the ordinary, we get upon rational ground of a sort, though the reply must be obvious. To one man the ordinary is an impossibility. He has neither the nerve to learn nor the confidence to ride the large wheel with pleasure if he does learn. He may live in a particularly hilly district, with rough roads, and may need to put in a considerable amount of night work. To such a man the safety, of course, presents far more attractions, as of course it does to thousands of men who have passed the first blush of youth, or to whom a header over an errant brickbat presents no humorous side. The writer's father rode an ordinary up to the age of forty-six, and a fall through a frost-bound rut laid him up for four months. He used to say that he never rode down a stiff hill without thinking of his assurance policy. Until the advent of the safety, several years after his fall, he gave up cycling, but a week or two ago he was racing up the Red Hill on the Ripley Road on an Ivel safety in rare form. We must apologize for the personal bent of the incident, but the case is typical. Sooner or later men lose nerve from one cause or another, especially for night riding, and then the safety comes in. On the other hand, we think, as we have often said before, that hundreds of the young fellows who ride safeties now would be far better mounted on the ordinary, which as a means of locomotion whereby the finest air may reach the lungs, and the finest views strike on the eyes, is far and away preferable to the less elevated safety or tricycle. But the question, "Are Safeties a Failure?" is a mere catch-penny line, possibly damaging to those who make safeties a trade specialty, but to common-sense observers ridiculous in the extreme.

There are well-defined rumors of litigation between the Pope Manufacturing Company and the Overman Wheel Company, the former company appearing as complainant. The cause of this litigation is not quite clear to us at the present writing.

DICK HOWELL'S SONG.

[From *Bicycling News*.]

I'm never so happy as when on the "scratch"
I've my "field" in the front of my face,
And all of them making a pretty good batch,
And all of them "forcing the pace."
For nothing can equal the bicyclist's bliss,
When given a glorious track,
To speed down the "straight" while his spokes
seem to hiss,
With a breeze in the bend of his back!

There's Furnivall going the greatest of guns,
And Battensby shooting along;
But I'll lay ten to one I'm not out of the fun,
If we "fly" all the way or "ding-dong."

Terront and Dubois for the land of the frog
Are clinking along like a train;
But perhaps I can hold them as fast as they jog,
And Woodside will catch them again;
And Young isn't "done," though his face is
a-flush
And he's very low down on his wheel—
Ah! there goes the Yankee! My word, with a
rush,
Rowe gives us a taste of his steel!

Still Furnivall's going the greatest of guns,
And Osmond has crammed on the steam;
But I'll lay six to four, or a shade of odds
more,
I shall finish the first of the team!

Good-bye, little Terront, I'm past you at last!
Dubois, too, is left at the "tail";
The pace is a "cracker" and rather too fast,
For Woodside's beginning to fail;
A small sheet might cover Knapp, English and
Rowe,
While Temple is close in the rear;
So I think it is time I should let myself "go"
To "feel" if the Yankee is "queer!"

Still Furnivall's going the greatest of guns,
And leads by the length of the stand;
But I'm sure he will be neither one, two or
three,
For the "pros" have the places in hand!

First lap of half mile, and Furnivall's spent,
While Rowe is the pioneer now;
But I am the second, for all the rest went
Like a flash to the rear in a row!
The thunder of throats rumbles round as we
race,
And well may the Sheffielders shout,
For we're tearing along at a perilous pace,
Leaning over the handles, "all out!"

We're both of us going the greatest of guns,
I'm level—he's by me—I'm beat!
But coming again with a terrible strain,
I'm by him! He's level! Dead heat!
—AURA.

Messrs. Elliot Mason and A. B. Barkman have been nursing "biles" for the past few weeks.

The Chicago 24-hour road record is 277 miles, made by J. Mason, Illinois Cycling Club.

Messrs. Spalding & Bros. show a lady's Ivel safety at their New York store. The firm will handle Ivel ladies' safeties in future.

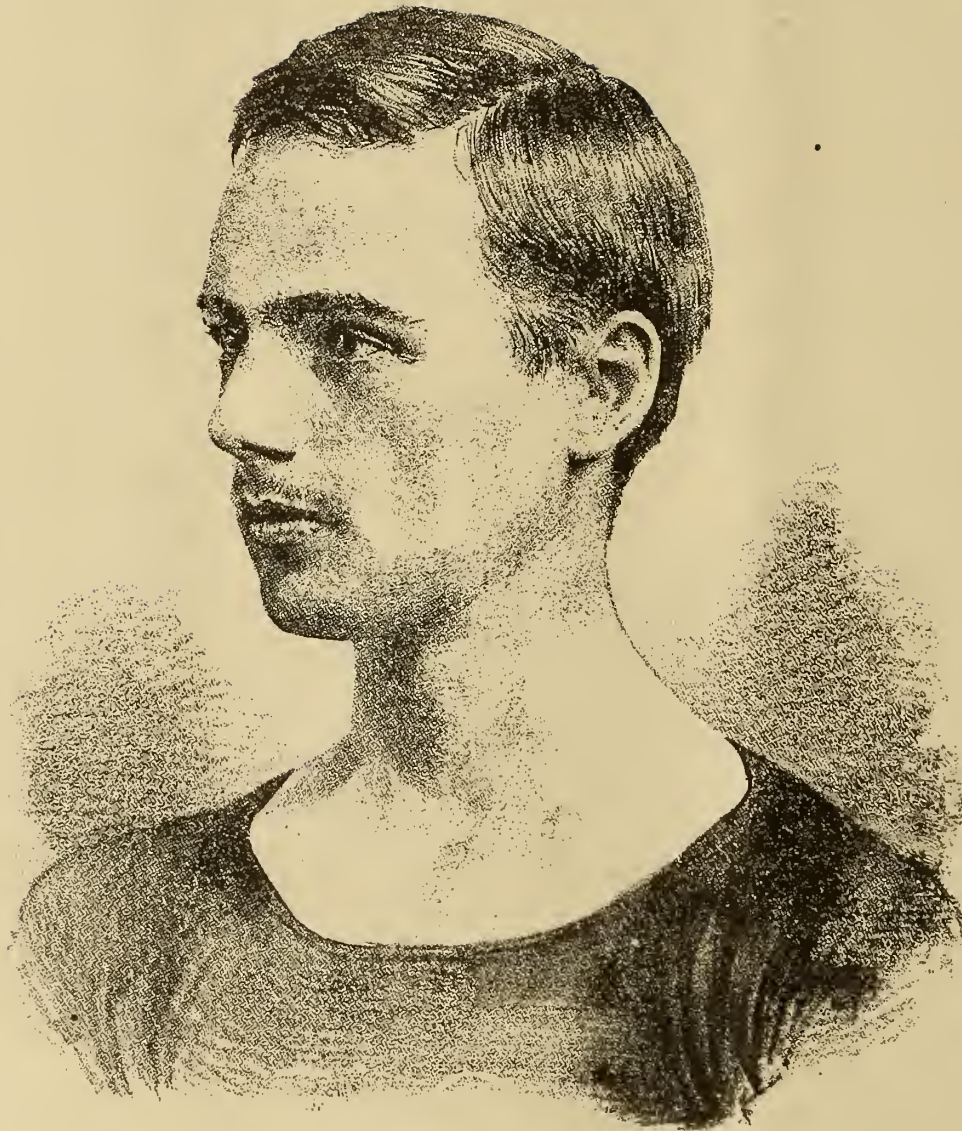
For winter riding, to guard against colds, and for use in the gymnasium, Holmes' varied stock of athletic goods will be found very suitable.

Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons report gratifying results with the Ivels, which we predicted would be a success in this country after they were seen at the Stanley show.

The Coventry Machinists' Co. turn out a superb ladies' safety, and a tandem safety, both of which will be pushed next spring by the company's American house.

Asphalt on Madison Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street, and possibly up to Eighty-second Street. This will prove a new and pleasant route for Brooklyn riders, and they will doubtless sample the New York riding district more frequently than in the past.

The New York Bicycle Co. are being congratulated on all sides on their purchase of the good will and property of the Manhattan Wheel Exchange. The New Yorks carry a very large stock of second-hand wheels and they are preparing to still further enlarge their specialty.



HERBERT LAURIE.

We are enabled to reproduce from the *Bicycling News* a speaking portrait of Herbert Laurie, the young English record breaker. We republish from last week's *WHEEL* a sketch of this phenomenal rider.

Laurie was seventeen years old in June, stands 5ft. 8½in., and weighs 142 lbs. in training. Laurie commenced racing in August, 1887, scoring seven firsts, one second and a third in nine races. In February, 1888, Laurie gave up his tricycle for a safety, on which he has won fourteen firsts, six seconds and three thirds. On August 8 Laurie won the mile safety handicap from scratch, riding in 2m. 44 4-5s., record for Aston track. On August 31 he beat all world's safety records from two to twenty-one miles, riding 21 miles 125 yards in the hour. The times from eleven to twenty-one miles beat all amateur records for any style of machine. Laurie tried for the mile safety record on September 5, and succeeded in doing 2m. 36 2-5s., a world's amateur record for safeties. Laurie rides a Beeston Humber safety geared to 63 inches, weighing 24 pounds, and a Humber tricycle geared to 63 inches, weighing 30 pounds. Laurie states that he has ridden a mile in 2m. 33s. on his safety, and next spring he expects to lower the safety record to 2m. 30s.

Dieter's *Table d'Hote*, 50 cents. Served 12 to 8 P. M. Fulton Street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn.

Dieter's Ice-Cream, Branch, 1150 Fulton Street, near Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn. Best Cream in the City. Fifty cents per quart, twenty-five cents per pint.

Messrs. S. & J. Davis, the caterers of Newark and Orange, are very popular with wheel clubs and wheelmen. Their large restaurant, café and ice-cream parlor on Main Street is a favorite resort with wheelmen in the Oranges. Dinner is served in the café, and special attention is paid to the comfort of wheelmen.

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CAMEL HAIR
HEALTH
UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Superior to Silk or Wool.
A Protection against Colds, Neuralgia and Rheumatism.
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We shall have demonstrated that
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HIGH GRADE BICYCLES,

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THE JOHN WILKINSON CO.
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GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

ARE THE MOST
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OFFICIAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS

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Which We are Now Introducing.

The high-class workmanship and finish which has
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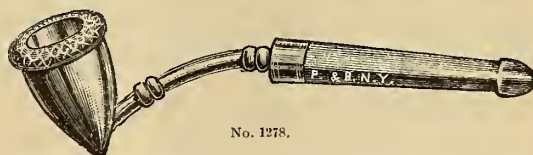
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Will be maintained in these Novelties.

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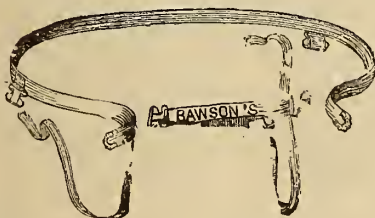
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Being mounted on **VICTOR LIGHT ROADSTERS**, Dampman and McDaniel HAD TO take first and second in the *Bi. World* 100-mile road race at Buffalo. Five men finished in this great race, and FOUR of these rode **VICTOR LIGHT ROADSTERS**. Why? Because they are the strongest, most reliable and fastest bicycles in the world.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY, Makers,

Catalogue free.

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25 Words.....15 Cents
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BIG BARGAIN.—\$125 cash, genuine Beeston Humber Tandem; specially built, 2-speed gear. This wheel holds the 24-hour American record for lady and gentleman. Wheel cost, new, \$300; is in good condition. Will sell or trade for good Safety Bicycle (lady's wheel preferred). Call or address L. I. W. Club House, 1281 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, where wheel may be seen. W. J. C. 11-23

FOR SALE.—50-inch Expert Columbia; full-nickel, A 1 order. Price, \$70. Address P. O. Box 2372, N. Y. City. 11-9

WANTED.—A second-hand bicycle lantern; a King of the Road preferred. Address A. H. Barbour, Lock Box 34, Tabor, Iowa. 11-2

WANTED.—A Home Trainer. Address R. W., care THE WHEEL, P. O. Box 444. 11-2

WANTED.—A good Boehm Piccolo in exchange for one of several desirable second-hand or new bicycles. Victor R. Pyle, Wilmington, Del. 11-2

STOLEN! From 935 Eighth Avenue, New York, about Wednesday, October 17, a 52-inch British Challenge, No. 31,249, enameled. Suitable reward for information leading to recovery. R. J. Dyatt. 11-2

\$65 buys 50-inch Special Facile; \$54 a 56-inch Ordinary. Good condition. Lamp, bell included. Must sell. Correspondence solicited. Don't wait. F. R. Huntington, Adams, N. Y. 11-2

TWO BICYCLES FOR TWO DOLLARS.—52-inch Victor Light Roadster, pattern '87, excellent order, not ridden over 300 miles; Victor Safety, '88 pattern, good order. 100 tickets to be sold at \$2 each; winner takes both, crated for delivery. Drawing when tickets are sold, which are now ready. Refer to 1st and 2d National Banks here. A. B. Reid (L. A. W. 3466), Clarion, Pa. 11-26

BICYCLES taken in exchange for Roll Curtain, Office Desks, Type Writers and Buggies. Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

\$2.50 for Spade Handle; seems small, but we have them just the same, and they are the best ones made Cycle Supply Co., 3 Berkeley Street, Boston.

YOU CAN get one-third more for that old wreck if you put on our Spade Handle. Sent for \$2.50. Cycle Supply Co., 3 Berkeley Street, Boston.

FURTHER REDUCTIONS IN BARGAIN LIST of New and Second-hand Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties and Tandems, which must be sold this spring. Victors and Columbias, 48 to 54 inch, fine condition, \$75 each. Taken in Exchange for New Wheels. We are selling at Less than Actual Cost. Every Machine offered Guaranteed Sound. No wrecks. Brand-new Beeston Humber Light Roadsters \$100, were \$150. Ditto Racers \$50, were \$140. Brand-new Beeston Humber Crippers \$160, were \$185. New and second-hand Experts, Victors, Rudges, Mails, Rover Safeties, Special Stars, from \$50 to \$100. Victor, Columbia, Singer, Marlborough and Beeston Humber Crippler Tricycles, from \$30 to \$125. Rudge Meteor and Beeston Humber Tandems, from \$65 to \$160. Discount to dealers. Write for New List, just out, and let us know what you need. Exchanges and Installments. Complete Stock of Repairs for all Beeston Humber. L. H. Johnson, 401 and 403 Main Street, Orange, N. J.

STARS.—Two Special Stars for sale cheap; almost new F. E. C., P. O. Box 444.

FOR SALE.—54-inch Columbia Expert; very little used; good as new in every way. \$90. N. M., 205 Macon Street, Brooklyn. 11-2

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SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.

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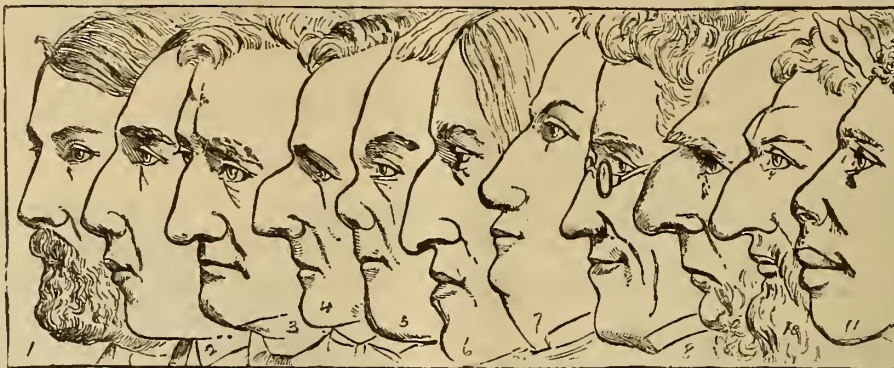
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N.B.—If you will mention THE WHEEL in ordering we will send—FREE—a copy of the "Phrenological Journal" (20c. a number, \$2 a year), a magazine of human nature.



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat.
For the SOHMER PIANO, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88!

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From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888

In the Midsummer number of Puck, a cut of which is published on the back cover, there is a handsome picture descriptive of the present condition of affairs in the political world, and also showing in the most striking manner that although the politicians are fighting amongst themselves, yet the winning ticket for 1888 in the musical world is the Sohmer piano.

In the front of the picture is Columbia being most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer, who desires to present to her the "Sohmer" piano. By the side of Mr. Sohmer in a group are Josef Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles Fahr in the centre and Mr. George Reichmann at the right, rejoicing over the recognition of the instrument's merits on the part of Columbia representing the people of the United States. Above this is a banner waving the words, "Sohmer & Co." In the background one sees the Capitol, with masses of struggling politicians surrounding Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison and Morton.

But in one thing they all agree, that is the high position and standing of the celebrated Sohmer piano.

KIMBALL'S STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.

Are exquisite in style.

Are dainty, and carefully made.

Are extremely mild and delicate.

Are always uniform and up to standard.

14 First Prize Medals.

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS.

Are put up in satin and elegant boxes.

Are unsurpassed for purity and excellence.

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Tennis Soling,
WHITE, BLACK,
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READY RELIEF.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the
Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or
any other External Pain, a few applications
rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing
the Pain to instantly stop.

For Congestions, Inflammations, Rheumatism,
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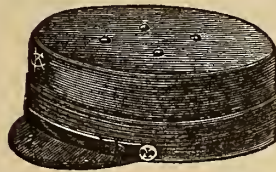
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PERFUMES AND TAKE NO OTHER.
Wenck's Opera Bouquet is the latest.



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LOWEST PRICES
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I carry and make up to order the finest line of goods in the country. Call or
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ride the Ladies' Bicycle. Private lessons given any time.

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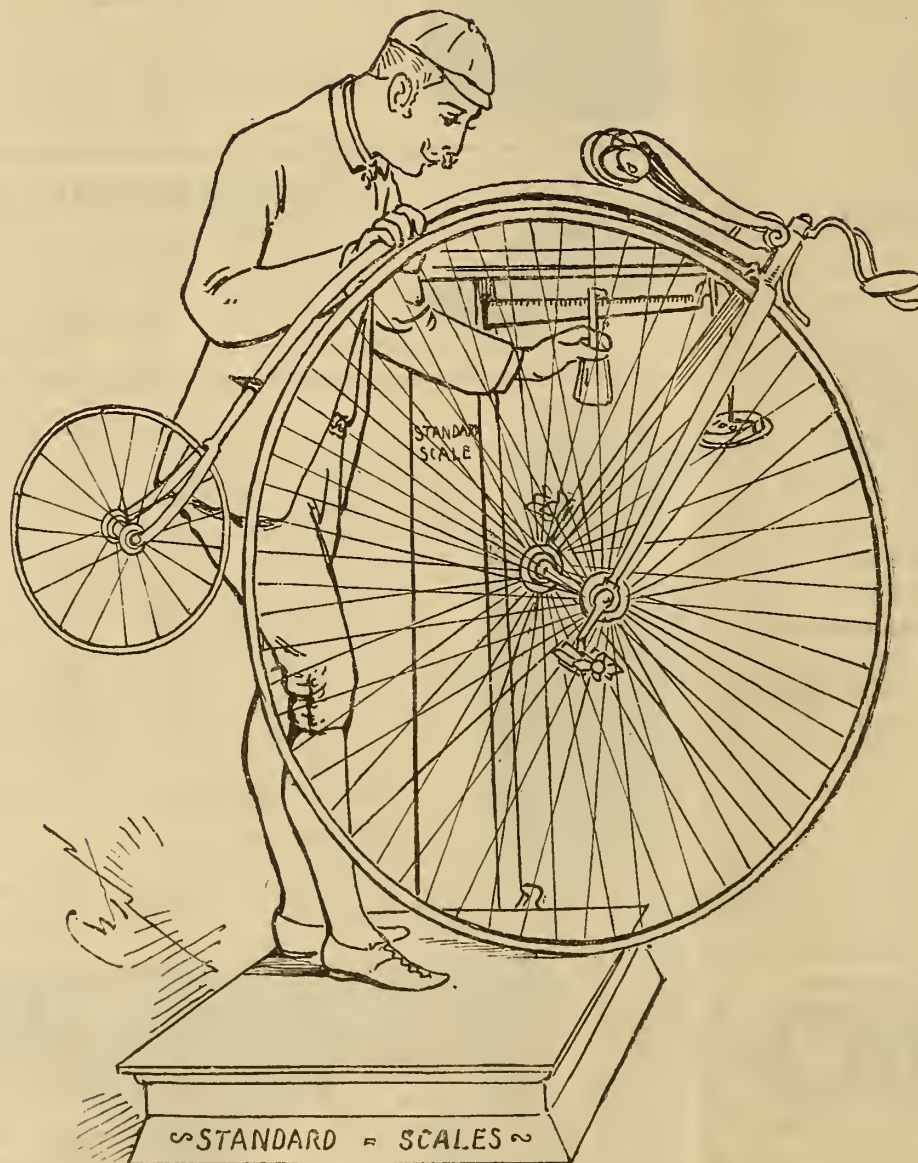
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increases the flow of saliva and aids digestion. The Gum is now used by touring as well as racing
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