



Vol. II.—No 14.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 40.]

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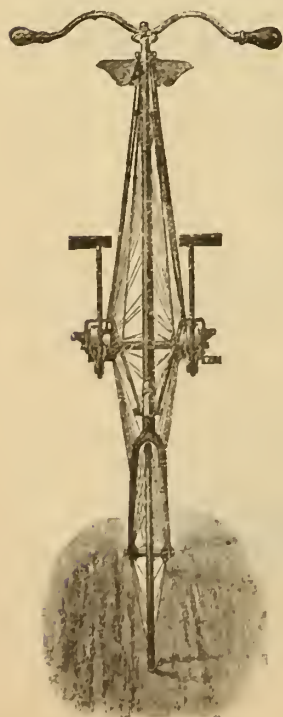
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54-inch Humber Racer; new.....	75 00
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54-inch Expert Columbia.....	75 00
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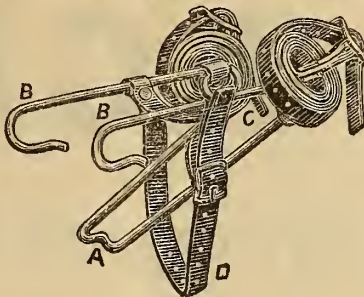
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THE WHEEL

—AND—

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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 Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," by John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, litterateur, Irishologist and editor, makes a valuable contribution to what might be called fresh-air literature.

Mr. O'Reilly, who is a worshipper of physical and mental wholesomeness, sends up a great wail over the American people; over its grand rush toward physical nonentity. The increase in dyspepsia affects him strongly; the army of stoop-shouldered, half-sighted children startles him; the prevalence of nervous exhaustion, mental distraction and the onward march of apoplexy, heart-failure and early physical decline affrights him. Like a good shepherd, like a teacher who has a great truth to instill, and with the conviction and determination of a prophet, O'Reilly rises to his greatest height and cries: "Halt!"

"What are we coming to?" queries Mr. O'Reilly, and as his foresight suggests the sad spectacle of an effeminate and devitalized race, he exploits himself on the theme in breezy and forceful English.

The brain is crammed at high pressure from childhood to maturity; the body is not merely left to take care of itself, but nature's recuperative efforts are paralyzed and silenced by artificial methods of existence, by over-eating, by lack of exercise, recreation and fresh air, and we find a half-developed physique, unable to withstand the drafts imposed upon it in the struggle for existence.

For several decades past, Americans have been engaged in a hot chase for wealth; everything is subordinated to the great craze for accumulation. They have been going the pace too fast to last. Even now they slow up and will shortly stagger over the tape exhausted—Unless!

Unless the "Halt" of O'Reilly, Blaikie, Oswald and the rest of the apostles of physical recreation and culture is obeyed, and at once.

"But we are becoming a great sporting people," says one.

Very true! Very true! Twenty thousand people assemble to witness a baseball match; to see eighteen—no nineteen, we almost forgot the umpire—men exercise. One hundred thousand

will throng the river banks to see the boat race. But how many of the multitude play ball? How many row? To be sure, we are getting to be a great grand-stand sporting people.

The great value of Mr. O'Reilly's book is that it makes one pause and ponder and wonder; and perhaps may drive not a few to beneficent fresh air, water and exercise.

In detail, the book gives us as correct an idea as may be obtained of the old Greek and Roman games, of the sports of ancient Irish festivals, and engravings of trophies won before the time of Christ are exhibited for the benefit of modern athletes. From various sources the author has culled valuable essays and hints on hygiene, condition, diet, bathing and exercise. He devotes several chapters to boxing, which is his favorite sport. He is a devout worshipper at the altar of Sullivan, whom he regards as the greatest physical man of the age. He is up in under-cuts, round-blows, counter and encounter, and is familiar with the history of fisticuffs from the date of its introduction.

Passing on to canoeing, he gives us enthusiastic sketches of paddlings on the Connecticut, the Susquehanna and the Delaware. He is redolent with leaping waterfalls, with musical rivulets and summer sunsets. We find ourselves preferring his coffee and cigars on the river bank to a Savarin course dinner.

He is very simple, and gets so very close to nature. The drone of insectiana lulling him to sleep, blanket-wrapped and 'neath a June moon, finds a sweeter place in his memory than the calmest organ prelude ever keyed by Bach or Gounod. The tuning up of the feathered orchestra, which wakes him to greet the face of the rising King of Day, gladdens him more than the most exquisite and complicated pirouettings of a prima donna. He wants to be a part of nature, and one cannot fail to catch a glint of his enthusiasm for the natural, the aboriginal and the romantic.

To return to the practical, the poet author asserts that every man who is actively engaged in business should break away from the grindstone for a short holiday every summer. He insists that frequent bathing and plenty of fresh air and exercise are the salvation of the race.

The book should be in the library of every cycle club. The publishers are Ticknor & Co., Boston.

From time to time, friends of the sport of cycling mail us copies of papers containing editorials on road improvement, of the same general style, for instance, as the article reprinted in another column from the Elizabeth *Daily Journal*. The knowledge of the advantages, indeed the necessity of good roads is rapidly increasing, and it is an encouraging sign that the members of the press are becoming interested in the subject, for they can do most valuable missionary work.

MISMANAGEMENT AT THE BERKELEY ATHLETIC CLUB ELECTION DAY RACES.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1888.
EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:

I notice in your issue of last week that you are rather inclined to smooth over the gross mismanagement of the Berkeley Athletic Club at their race meet on Election Day. I have felt rather sore over the affair, but managed to keep my mouth shut until I read your article.

You state that the "dark glances and baleful glares directed toward the Clerk of the Course were entirely unmerited." Well, now, I for one do not think so, and I have yet to meet the person that does.

It is certainly the height of folly to start twenty

men at once on a 20-foot track. The fact that it was a handicap race is no excuse whatever, for if handicapping is done well, and I believe it was in this case, the men will all be bunched near the end of the race, which makes it, you see, just as dangerous as though the men were all started at once. Who ever heard of starting twenty men at once from scratch on the track?

In this race it was even more than probable that the men would be bunched, as they were all known, and their ability well sized up. There were no sleepers or stuffs entered.

I know the "unskillful" competitor is usually present at all races, but that is all the more reason why twenty men should not be started at once. However, on that day I failed to notice the "unskillful" competitor. Can some "skillful" observer name him?

In addition to the above, the race was advertised on the programme to be run in three heats, and there were thirty-three men entered. If only two-thirds started, why did they not start it in two heats, according to programme?

I remember well looking ahead of me just before the crash, and my heart came up in my throat as I saw the riders all closely packed across the track. A second more and down we all went. Whose fault was it; the "unskillful" competitor's or manager's? In all reason and common sense, was it not the manager's? The management also practically acknowledged their mistake by starting the men in the next few races only three or four at a time.

Furthermore, the races were not started promptly. Men were allowed to run all over the track during races and at all other times, and I have even been told that a large valise was left standing on the track at the finish of the last race when Caldwell struck Edwards, who, by the way, had no business to be out on the track, especially at the finish of a race when the first man had already crossed the tape.

Certainly, Mr. Editor, you must acknowledge that the management were very much to blame for the bruises, sprains and expenses of that meeting.

I am, however, not making an attempt to blackguard the B. A. C. My main idea in writing this letter is the hope of impressing them with the importance of good management. I know that they are a new club, and some allowance must be made, but I do not like to hear anybody say that the management are not to blame.

Yours very truly,

SIDNEY B. BOWMAN.

[We are glad to give Mr. Bowman's letter space, as it voices a silent sentiment of mammoth, if of slumbrous, proportions and gives us an opportunity to explain the "glossing" referred to by our correspondent. It was patent to us, as it must have been to any person present, that the Berkeley games were badly managed, and for these reasons: First, the track was new and not properly protected. The half score of policemen promised by the police department dwindled down to four blue coats on account of the elections. The preliminaries of the tournament were in the hands of Messrs. George R. Bidwell and F. P. Prial, and these gentlemen, while they were virtual managers of the meet, as a matter of right and courtesy had nothing to do or to say on the day of the meet. The management lay entirely in the hands of the Berkeley Athletic Club people, and these gentlemen, not wishing to give offence to what was to them a body of new people, refrained from enforcing orders and having the grounds as clear as they should have been. We have not made this statement before—hence our correspondent's impression that we were attempting to misplace the blame—because we felt the Berkeley Club had done and was ready to do a great deal for cycling, and that private advice and the lesson of the first experience would work more improvement than public and perhaps misunderstood criticism. Coming back to first principles, we still believe that had not some unskillful rider started in the race it would have been finished without accident, and the Clerk of Course's action in starting so many

men would have been quite forgotten; and, by the way, how many men advised that official to start the men in one heat to save time? As for Mr. Edward's position on the track at the time of Mr. Caldwell's accident, it may be said to his credit that it was his anxiety to keep back the crowd which led him to step into a position of danger. We also distinctly observed that almost every contestant swerved out near the rails when riding the home-stretch.—ED.]

PITTSBURG'S SIX-DAY RACE MEET.

The six-day ladies' bicycle race was started at the Grand Central Rink, Pittsburg, on Monday, at 2:45 P. M. The ladies will race eight hours each day.

There are eight entries. Hilda Snallor, one of the contestants, is 20 years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds. That she is plucky is evident from the fact that although she sprained her ankle and fractured her arm while practising, she persisted until she had mastered the wobbly thing.

The most graceful rider is Jessie Woods. Jessie is but seventeen, stands 5 feet 3½ inches high, and weighs 120 pounds. She is in first-class condition, and is the favorite.

Kitty Brown is described as of the quiet, determined sort of girls, who get there without any frills or bangles. Kitty is full of grit; not because she has bitten the dust, either. "Gritty Kitty" carries around with her a superb voice, which she will some day take on the stage and exhibit. She is a blonde, and only nineteen.

Hattie Lewis, surnamed the "Unfortunate," on account of repeated attempts to caress the rink surface, is the tallest as well as one of the strongest riders. She uses a 52-inch wheel.

May Allen, a "decided brunette" of seventeen, is the speediest rider of the lot, and has ridden 60 miles in 4h. 43m. Bar accident, she is expected to be near the tape at the finish.

Lulu Hart, a tall, masculine sort of girl, is as well developed as a professional athlete. She prides herself that she is a stayer. She has been training five weeks.

From the Pittsburg *Leader* we publish an amusing sketch of a pious reporter's visit to the rink:

The *Leader's* young man, who does Sunday school events, was detailed to investigate the mysteries guarded so jealously by the good-looking manager. He found half a dozen modest young women, as comely and fair to look upon as one would meet in a day's journey, grouped about a red-hot stove in the little room adjoining the dressing-rooms. They were wholesome-looking girls, who wore quiet costumes and deported themselves as ladies.

"Some visitors?" inquired the reporter, referring to the girls.

"Not much," returned the manager, "these are our riders. Here come a couple more."

The "couple more" referred to looked like boys. They tripped in from the gloom of the dressing-room oblivious of the presence of the reporter, and as soon as they discovered the presence of a visitor sat right down on the floor and tried to hide their feet. It was their first contact with any one more terrible than the fatherly manager and his near-sighted young man, who helps to mount and dismount the fair riders. The sudden dropping to the floor was accompanied by two little screams. The other girls laughed.

"Oh, come, come, ladies," chirped the manager, breezily. "You must get used to appearing in your brother's clothes some time, you know, and now is as good a time as any. Come here, Birdie, and tell the gentleman how it feels to be a boy."

After a moment's hesitation the girl came forward, and with more frankness and self-possession than would have been expected under the circumstances, submitted to an introduction.

"You see," said the manager, patting "his boy" good-humoredly upon the shoulder, "we had to hit upon an appropriate costume for the ladies. We examined a large number of fancy pictures for ideas, and rejected them all. To ride in skirts would be impossible. The side saddle don't work on a cycle, and the girls declared they would not ride any other way. It was a tough nut to crack, but we had made up our minds to have a bicycle race for ladies, and we were determined to overcome the opposition

of the girls. We considered that the only really modest thing to do was to discard skirts altogether and put our girls into knee breeches, stockings and short jackets. We had some made, and induced a brave little woman to try them on. The other girls inspected her, and declared they 'couldn't, wouldn't and shouldn't.' We waited a day or two and then communicated with the girls. One or two had tried the suits on, and finally, to make my story short, they consented to wear the togs just for practice and training, but not in public.

"Then we had to teach them to ride. They say it is more difficult to teach women athletics than men. I don't believe it. I could not tell the difference between a boy and a girl in the matter of teaching them to ride. Of course, they were timid until they took their first header. After that they developed nerve enough to tackle anything. The only trouble with girls is that they think they know it all as soon as they learn a little bit. They couldn't forget that they had left their skirts in the dressing-room, and kept standing 'pigeon-toed.' We broke them of that. Then they developed a tendency to squeal when their wheels got too close together; we put our foot on that. Just you wait a few minutes, and I will show you what they have achieved. We have as graceful, nervy females and dexterous a lot of riders as you ever looked at."

And the manager looked approvingly at "his boys." "One thing I want to impress upon you," he continued, "and that is that our girls are hard-working, honest, good girls. They all live at home, and have the best of characters. We picked them for their beauty, modesty and character out of a large number who answered our advertisements. Not one of them ever attempted to ride a machine until five weeks ago, and I am positive that this is the first time that any of them have appeared in such a costume."

The manager went off to attend to some business that would not wait, and left the reporter to be entertained by the girls. One after another retired and returned in riding costume, and eight as pretty boys as ever stepped in shoe leather were crowded about the stove.

"The only hard thing about this business is the clothes we have to wear," said Birdie. "When we are on the machines we don't mind, for they are certainly the most appropriate that we could have, and we forget all about our appearance. But when we try to walk about in these—these—things, we don't know what to do with our feet. Is it hard work to ride man-fashion and drive a wheel? Not at all. It's poetry. I had rather ride in that way than eat. We have been having jolly times. We race and get mad with one another, and the one that gets beaten don't speak, maybe for all day. But then that is because we are in earnest. We know that we have a chance to make money at this business if we behave ourselves. We have had to work hard and train faithfully, but then Manager Troy is kind and considerate, and won't let us ride a minute after we are fatigued, or if we feel ill."

"Don't you get tumbles?" "Tumbles? Don't we? One of the girls, Hilda, broke her arm, and Josie Woods took a header right off the raised track and came near going through the side of the building. They picked her up for dead, but she came around all right, and all she has to show for her trouble now is a black patch of court-plaster over her eye. Aggie Harvey ran up against the side of the building yesterday and was knocked senseless, but she is all right to-day. We try to be careful, but eight girls on the track at one time kind of crowd up at the turns when they get to racing."

The word to mount and renew the training came just then, and the girls trooped out upon the track and were tenderly lifted upon their wheels by the attendant. "They can mount and dismount," explained the manager, "but we don't permit them to for fear they may injure their ankles, so we almost lift them on and off. A machine is pretty heavy for a girl unless moving."

The girls dashed around the empty rink, making the wheels whiz. Their turns have a paralyzing effect upon the spectator. Two or three are very dare-devils, and stick at nothing. They take headers as naturally as a duck takes to water, and seem to glory in getting bunged up. "Clarkie," which is the nickname Miss Lottie Stanley has drawn at the hands of her companions, is noted for her mischief and her utter disregard for consequences. The manager has to watch her continually to prevent her from

breaking her own or some of her companions' necks. She has developed a wonderful speed on spurts, and for a short distance can pass all the others. But "Birdie," May Allan, the Allegheny City girl, is looked upon as the winner of the coming race. She is a very pretty, black-eyed girl, and has an inexhaustible supply of nervous force. Once she obtains the lead she maintains it against the spurters. The victory is thought to lie between "Birdie" and "Clarkie." But Aggie Harvey, a dimpled, fair-haired girl, with an exquisite form and considerable nerve, is regarded as formidable. She is the winner of the six days' walking match, and has confidence enough in her own powers to fit out half a dozen champions; Hilda Snallor, a stocky German girl; Hattie Lewis, tall and dark; Lulu Hart; little Helen Baldwin, who raised a riot when they tried to make her don her costume; Kittie Brown, who is developing a famous "bicycle back," and Kitty Lewis, fair-haired and earnest, sum up the contestants. They are going to go for one another Monday morning, and keep the big wheels turning through eight hours daily for six days. They may rest ten minutes in each hour if they wish. Five hundred dollars is to be divided among the four leaders in the race, and the tail ends are to get \$25 each. Nearly all are to go to New York to compete in a six days' tournament at Madison Square Garden, and then to other cities.

THE RECORD OF AN ORDINARY ROAD RIDER.

Doctor Griffin, a New York rider, and not a member of any club, is a man to delight Karl Kron's heart. He sneers at mile makers, record chasers and habitual scorchers; yet in his rides for pleasure the Doctor has footed up the very respectable mileage of 6,004. To a correspondent of THE WHEEL the doctor writes as follows:

"According to promise, I enclose you a summary of my wheeling for the year. I first became owner of a wheel during the middle of November, 1887, and rode but little, as weather was very adverse, until the spring of 1888. So this is my first season's riding. Because I have such a large mileage many might imagine that I am trying to be a record fiend, as they are termed, but such is not the case. I have nothing at stake, no medal to win, nor an opponent whom I am trying to surpass. I ride because I find very great pleasure in doing so. I look forward from one ride to another and anticipate the great pleasure which wheeling gives me. Being in perfect health, of robust physique, I was soon able to take long rides without feeling the slightest fatigue. I do not think that there is any single form of exercise, or even several combined, that can give as thoroughly a general exercise as wheeling, especially as with it are combined two of the most potent factors of good health—fresh air and sunshine."

1888.	Monthly Total.	No. Rides per Month.	Total.	Average No. Miles to Each Ride.
January...	41	1	41	41.00
February..
March....	111	5	152	22.20
April... ..	508	19	660	26.73
May.....	668	22	1,328	30.36
June.....	754	23	2,082	32.78
July.....	752	23	2,834	32.69
August....	1,050	28	3,884	37.53
September.	856	24	4,740	35.66
October...	754	21	5,494	35.90
November.	510	15	6,004	34.00

Record includes November 24. Average ride, 33.17. Longest ride, May 28, 101 miles.

The *Wheelmen's Gazette* for November has a number of quotations from the poets applied to prominent wheelmen. They are very aptly applied, and to those who know the men referred to, are very amusing. We say they are aptly applied, but not because we lead off the list.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chester, who are honeymooning abroad, have been at Glasgow. W. W. writes: "The roads here are of gravel and very hard. The authorities of our Western cities might get a pointer from the car tracks, which are flush with the pavement, preventing the jar and jostle felt in crossing car tracks in American cities."

JESSUP FOR 1889.

The departure of Chief Consul Hayes for Brazil simplifies the Presidential problem for 1889. We believe that Mr. Luscomb, noting the opposition to his candidacy, has given up the notion of even making a fight for the Presidency of the L. A. W., and matters thus shape themselves to George A. Jessup, of Scranton, Pa. As we recently stated, Mr. Jessup will fill the executive chair admirably, being a man of clear sense and dignified presence. He will undoubtedly get the support of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, and many other Western and Southern States, and it is rumored that Chief Consul Bidwell will use all his influence to elect him. What's the matter with Jessup?

NEW HAVEN CLUB'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The New Haven Club gave a wheeling and variety entertainment at the New Haven Opera House on Wednesday evening, November 28.

The entertainment opened with a farce, entitled "A Club Run," followed by vocal and instrumental music, and an exhibition of fancy riding by W. S. Maltby. The following was the programme of the evening's entertainment:

PART I.

ORCHESTRA { March, Dorscht No. 2..... Wiegand
Overture, Orlandi..... Schleppegrell

"A CLUB RUN."

By the New Haven Bicycle Club.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Hotel Proprietor..... J. H. Pomroy
First Waiter..... E. T. White
Second Waiter..... C. E. Larom
First Wheelman..... E. C. Bennett
Second Wheelman..... Dr. Kellogg
Third Wheelman..... F. R. Langdale
Fourth Wheelman..... G. P. Smith
And other members of the N. H. B. C.

During the First Part the following songs will be rendered:

"Comrades In Arms"..... Adam
ABT QUARTETTE.
Comic Song..... E. T. WHITE.
'The Fog Bell'..... Pontet
E. C. BENNETT.
'Hear Dat Old Church Bell'.....
C. E. LAROM.
'My Queen'..... Blumenthal
F. R. LANGDALE.

PART II.

MR. JAMES BOWMAN,

The Lancashire Lad, in Unexcelled Clog Dancing.

HARRY W. DURAND,

In his Musical Specialties.

(a) "In Absence"..... Buck
(b) "The Peach"..... College Song

ABT QUARTETTE.

C. E. LAROM,
Character Song (by request), "Poor Old Uncle Pete."

NEW HAVEN BANJO CLUB.

Medley Bouquet, Solo for the Bandonian,

PROFESSOR SOLTAU,

MR. W. S. MALTBY,

The All Around the World Scientific and Artistic Cyclist.

PATENTS.

[Reported especially for THE WHEEL AND CYCLING TRADE REVIEW by C. A. SNOW & Co., patent attorneys, Washington, D. C.]

Otto Unzicker, Chicago, Ill. Velocipede.
Percy D. Hedderwick, Acton, Middlesex County, England. Brake for velocipedes.
Chas. M. Kiihr, Buckmann, Minn. Snow Velocipede.

D. A. B. Bailey, Potsdam, N. Y. Wrench.
Wm. E. Smith, Washington, D. C. Bicycle Frame. Design patent.

All bearing date of November 20.

Harvey Browne, Brandt, Ohio. Bicycle.
Andrew J. Cogley and J. S. Kendig, Lancaster, Pa. Lantern.

Malcom A. Norton, Hartford, Conn. Velocipede.

All bearing date of November 27.

In the society notes of the New York Herald of Sunday last the following paragraph appeared:

"Mrs. L. H. Johnson, of Orange, is earning a decided reputation as a cyclist. During the past season she has covered over a thousand miles, most of it on one of the season's novelties—a lady's bicycle. A short time ago, with her husband, on a tandem tricycle, she rode 150½ miles in twenty-four hours."

NOTES FROM THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

All is quiet along the Potomac, although we are not on the river mentioned. Everything is quiet with us, and as the question arises in my mind as what to say, I wish for a few copies of the *Norristown Herald*, *Texas Siftings*, and the *Detroit Free Press*, which, with a pair of shears, would make my task easier, although I fear my work would far from resemble cycling notes.

What do you think? Halsted advises me he will not race next year. I have wagered him that only a Sunday girl will keep him off the track. If he settled down to that end, well and good enough; if not, mark my words, you will see Irving cross the tape a winner once more.

The Associated Cycling Club held their regular meeting on Tuesday evening, 20th inst., at the South End Wheelmen's house. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President occupied the chair. About the only business of importance transacted was the election of the Mount Vernon Wheelmen to active membership and the appointment of a committee to take some action on the repaving of certain streets now in abominable shape. The question of an inter-club run was raised, but considering the lateness of the season it was deemed advisable to postpone same until the spring.

I had the pleasure of a call from our worthy Chief Consul, Mr. Jessup, recently, who was in the city transacting some private business. He is considering the advisability of calling a special meeting of the Pennsylvania Division, and endeavoring to have the State divided up into divisions—a worthy scheme and one that would be well to test. By the way, what is the matter with Jessup for President? "He's all right."

Chas. C. Candy, representing the Overman Wheel Company, has been spending a week or ten days in Philadelphia, looking after the interests of the Overman Company. Mr. Candy, unfortunately, had bad weather to test our roads with, but succeeded in running over some of the more prominent ones. This gentleman still sticks to his 60-inch ordinary, notwithstanding the fact that all his long-legged friends have given up style and tackled the unassuming goat.

On Wednesday, November 21, a young man representing himself to be a certain Rogers from Bradford, visited the Philadelphia Bicycle Club house and asked for some of the members. Being informed that none were on hand at that time of day, he requested permission to see the rooms. The janitor kindly showed him around and extended all courtesies in his power, when Mr. Rogers asked permission to glance over the papers. While doing so, the janitor was called up stairs; hurrying back he found the man from Bradford just about making his departure with one of the member's wheels, but upon seeing the janitor, he immediately dropped the wheel and fled. He is described as being about medium height, light mustache and pleasant appearing. Watch out for him.

On Thursday evening, 22d, the lucky Republicans enjoyed a magnificent dinner at the expense of the Democratic adherents of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club. The dinner was served for thirty-eight at the Colonnade Hotel. The address of welcome was delivered by Mr. Alf. F. Bracher, and responded to very fittingly by President Lang, after which several toasts were responded to by Mr. McKinstrey, Mr. L. J. McCloskey, Mr. Randall, Dallet and Furlerton on the Democratic side, and by Messrs. Mayer, F. W. Kohler, Hunter A. Kohler and others in behalf of the Republican party. Mr. Bretz also favored the party with one or two fine vocal selections.

On Sunday last, five of the members of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club braved wind and weather and went to Norristown for dinner, and had the pleasure of returning in a blinding snow storm. Still, they seemed to enjoy it, and I don't believe they kicked themselves half as bad as some of the stay-at-homes did.

WESTFIELD.

Mrs. Haweis, wife of the talented English author and churchman, is a cyclist and a member of the Society of Cyclists.

SAFETY vs. ORDINARY.

EDITOR THE WHEEL:

The article on "Safety vs. Ordinary," in your issue of November 16, leads me to think that I can throw some light on the vexed question from my experience. I have been riding for four years, and have used almost every type of machine now made, and my personal choice, after 9,000 miles, is an ordinary. I have ridden the ordinary 7,000 miles; safety, 1,200; and other kinds, 800.

To ride the ordinary one must have a fair amount of grit and pluck. He must not be afraid of a few hard knocks and he must have unbounded faith in his ability to master the machine. Given these qualities and a reasonable amount of caution, and the ordinary is safe enough. It is not as safe as the safety or Star; it will not climb hills as they will, or coast where they will, but it will climb any hill or negotiate any bad road in the hands of a skillful rider that can be ridden by a person of reasonable desires on either of the other types.

I have ridden bigger hills and more of them on the safety than on the ordinary, but I can drive my ordinary up any hill that it is worth trying to ride, and I can ride any road that can be ridden in comfort on any style of machine. For record breaking on anything but a first-class road, I'll take the safety. I have made forty miles over a poor road half an hour faster than I could do it on the ordinary. I do not say the ordinary is as safe as the safety.

I have had my share of headers, and take them yet, occasionally, but I have no difficulty in getting all the speed I want and going anywhere I wish on my ordinary. I am counted, too, one of the hardest riders in a town which is full of hard riders and outrageous roads.

It takes a year to learn to ride the ordinary, but it is well spent. There is a freedom, a go, a life in the ordinary that the safety man can never experience. It is the spirited horse against the plodder, although the plodder may have more speed in certain cases.

I have had headers on the ordinary too numerous to mention, all due to carelessness. I have seen men go over the handles of the Star, but I never saw or heard of a header off of a safety. I have perfect confidence in my ability to get along for years without headers on the ordinary. It is not the safest machine, but for the man who is willing to take the troubles and tumbles incident to learning to ride it, I say the ordinary is safe enough and the pleasure of riding it is vastly superior to riding any other type. It doesn't give as much satisfaction to a hill-climbing crank as the safety. I am a little of the crank myself, and my safety has seen the top of more of our tough hills than any other machine hereabouts, many of them never ridden on any other type; many of them it is useless for me to attempt on the ordinary. H. D. F.'s talk about an ordinary being safe only on smooth macadamized roads is folly. I know good roads, I've been in Boston, and our roads are mud holes and sand holes; our favorite hill climb is equal to Corey Hill, and I say the ordinary is the thing for anything except the wildest scorching, even here.

The safety is all right for old men who are too cautious or don't care to spend any time in learning, but for a young man full of life and liking excitement the ordinary is the thing.

Yours truly,

G. C. MCNEIL.

AKRON, O., November 21, 1888.

FIXTURES.

- 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.
- Nov. 31—Harvard B. C. and Inst. of Tech. B. C. road race.
- Dec. 13—Riverside Wheelmen's reception at West End Hall, 125th Street, New York City.
- Dec. 13—Somerville, Mass., Cycle Club's annual reception.
- Dec. 17—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.
- Dec. 17—Long Island Cyclists' Union's musical and literary entertainment at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Brooklyn.
- 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.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

E. P. Burnham, of Newton, Mass., has been reinstated as an amateur.

The Mount Vernon Club has joined the Associated Cycling Club of Philadelphia.

The Wilksbarre (Pa.) Bicycle Club had an entertainment on Thanksgiving Eve.

In our interview with the Vet, we should have written Porter B. Brown instead of David B. Porter.

The Manhattan Club postponed its Thanksgiving Day road races on account of cold and wet weather.

The Kings County Wheelmen decided to withdraw from the League as a club by a vote of forty-one to three.

A number of cyclists have been proposed for membership in the Berkeley Athletic Club by Chief Consul Bidwell.

The Cycle Club, of St. Louis, held a *musical* on the evening of November 24 and a race meet on Thanksgiving Day.

The Albany Wheelmen will give a mammoth indoor tournament and entertainment some time during the winter.

Pauline Hall is at present in Chicago, where she has sampled the boulevards quite extensively on her safety bicycle.

It is reported that Bert Meyers, of Peoria, Ill., recently made a twenty-four hour run of 289 miles over the Chicago boulevards.

Charley Schwalbach has engaged as his repairer, E. E. Hedger, a brother of Harry Hedger, the famous Boston repairer.

We have carefully investigated the times credited to W. Van Wagoner, on his recent trial on Eagle Rock, and we consider him entitled to the records claimed.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Johnson left this week for a few weeks' trip to England. During his visit abroad "L. H." will doubtless make valuable studies of new English wheels for 1889.

The annual winter games of the Seventh A. A. will take place at the regimental armory to-morrow evening. There are twenty-three events on the programme, including two bicycle events.

The *Sporting Life* of November 21 publishes a summary of the Poughkeepsie race meet, which was held September 21, 22. *Sporting Death* were a better name for our Philadelphia contemporary.

About forty Hudson County boys assembled at the house of Mr. T. F. Merseles, to welcome him home from his wedding tour, and to present him with a solid silver ice-water set as a mark of their esteem.

An Englishman—R. P. Milburn, 52 Percy Street, Newcastle—has invented a portable electric lamp, of use to miners and engineers. It can also be applied to cycles, the cost of charging it for eight hours being but a cent.

The Executive Committee of the League have investigated the action of Charles H. Luscomb in circulating a political letter advocating wheelmen to support Governor Hill. The result of the Committee's work will appear in the *Bulletin* of this week.

AN ENGRAVED CYCLE CALENDAR.

Messrs. Lincoln Holland & Co., Worcester, Mass., have gotten up an artistic engraved cycle calendar, which can be used with good effect by agents, to whom they are sold in quantities at a reduced figure. Single copies mailed on receipt of ten cents. Every cyclist should have one.

Mr. A. Kennedy-Child has secured a position with the Warwick Cycle Manufacturing Co., and will manage the agency business of the firm. Mr. Child is well known in cycle centres and is well acquainted with the trade, his position as traveler for the Pope Manufacturing Co. having given him an excellent opportunity to pick up pointers.

The next meeting of the Team Road Racing Association will be held at the Harlem Wheelmen's Club rooms, 104 West Fifty-fifth Street,

on Monday evening, December 3, at eight P. M. We hope that all representatives of clubs will do their duty by the organizations they represent, and be present; that the Inter-Club Association may be remodeled on a living basis, or be wound up in an intelligent and satisfactory fashion.

The Century Wheelmen held a grand hare and hounds chase on Thanksgiving Day, leaving the club house at 9:30 A. M., the objective point being Chestnut Hill. The hares, who were Kirk Brown and another member, on the former's tandem bicycle, were given several minutes' start. All assembled at Chestnut Hill at 12 o'clock, noon, when the run in to Philadelphia was made in time to reach home for dinner.

The Riverside Wheelmen held a successful smoker on Friday evening, November 23. There were thirty men present. The club held a hare and hounds chase on Thanksgiving Day. Messrs. Miller and Menge were the hares. Owing to a rapidly increasing membership, the club is looking for a larger club house than it at present occupies. The annual reception, to be held at West End Hall, December 13, promises to be a success. The Manhattan Club will attend in a body.

In the *Wheel* just to hand we read a generous tribute to the records of H. E. Laurie. In an English contemporary we read, at the same time, a sneering, carping attack upon Windle, the American amateur champion. The want of international generosity and even good manners in such criticisms is lamentable, but fortunately the Americans regard them as the outpourings of a monomaniac and acquit the general body of English pressmen of such nastiness. The only American our contemporary can praise, apparently, is Ralph Temple, and the alliance is truly a holy one.—*Wheeling*.

There is one cycle thief whose hands will be tied for three years, at least. The party's name is W. L. Mason, aged twenty-eight. Mason was sentenced to two years' imprisonment from a Worcester firm, and an additional year for attempting to steal a tricycle, the property of the late Fred. Midgley, from Lincoln Holland & Co., of Worcester, Mass. Mason hired a tricycle to go to Oakdale for a two days' run, but suspecting something amiss, Mr. Holland went to the express office and found that the wheel was marked for expressage to W. E. Lawrence, Troy, N. Y. The police were put on his track and the thief arrested at Albany, N. Y.

THE PITTSBURG SIX-DAY RACE.—The race started at 3 P. M. Monday. There were some 1,500 people present. The contestants, in their pretty costumes and ribbon-bedecked wheels, made a pretty sight. The score of the leaders for the first two days is as follows:

NAME.	FIRST DAY.	SECOND DAY.	TOTAL.
Lottie Stanley.....	93	93	186
May Allen.....	93	88	181
Helen Baldwin.....	88	96	184
Lulu Hart.....	82	76	158
Hattie Lewis.....	75	77	152
Jessie Woods.....	68	75	143

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN'S RECEPTION.

The following programme was rendered at the K. C. W. ladies' reception, held at the club house on November 22:

Medley Overture.....	Waddy Googan
Mr. C. F. Hartman's Orchestra.	
Banjo Selections.....	Ilderan Quartette
Original Poem.....	Mr. Sam Torrey
Medley Overture.....	Odds and Ends
Mr. Hartman's Orchestra.	
Harmonica Solo.....	
Just To Fill Up.....	Mr. W. C. Marion, Jr.
Banjo Selections.....	Ilderan Quartette
Medley Overture—"Leather Patch".....	Hartman
Harmonica Solo.....	
Another Interruption.....	Mr. Marion
Finis—"Elk" Frolics.....	Hartman

The King's County Wheelmen's Entertainment Committee have made elaborate plans to keep the ball rolling during the off season. Four or five ladies' *musicales* will be given on the plan of the one which proved so successful last Thursday evening. Several "stag" rackets will be given at the club house, and theatre and card parties will be organized. A gymnasium night will also be on the programme, the feature of which will be boxing and sparring. A minstrel show, two straw rides, two receptions for the

B. B. C. and L. I. W., bowling matches, a "Christmas tree" and an annual reception will keep club interest at the burning point throughout the winter.

The League loses a good worker and an enthusiastic and loyal cyclist in Mr. Herbert W. Hayes, of Boston, First Vice-President of the L. A. W., and Chief Consul of Massachusetts, who leaves for South America January 1, 1889, for a five years' residence there. Mr. Hayes is bright, energetic and courteous itself, and we feel certain he will make hosts of new friends in the torrid zone. His mantle easily and gracefully falls on our old friend, Dr. Wm. H. Emery, of Dorchester, Mass., one of the readiest and most incisive speakers in the League; a man of solid parts, well set off by a genial nature. We feel certain that President Kirkpatrick can make no better appointment to the Chief Consulship of Massachusetts.

The League of American Wheelmen has printed, under the supervision of Secretary-Editor Bassett, a pamphlet on Roads and Roads Improvement, with a supplementary chapter on Macadam Roads, How to Make and Mind Them. The pamphlet contains an argument on the advantages of good roads, hints on road building, hints on repairs, and Mr. L. H. Porter's valuable contribution on the construction and repair of macadam roads. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained upon application to Secretary Bassett. The publication of the pamphlet is the first step toward the practical work of roads improvement. We should think that the Roads Improvement Committee would scatter the pamphlet broadcast on the newspaper world and attempt to create some interest in the subject by a circular letter to newspaper editors.

The Coventry Machinists' Company, Limited, has just added to their old factory a two-story wing, 200 by 35 feet, giving them additional accommodation for 300 hands. The company now employs 1,000 people at its works at Coventry. The new building was house-warmed by a supper, to which 600 people sat down. The concern was floated in 1863 for the benevolent purpose of providing employment for the operatives of Coventry thrown out of employment by the failure of the ribbon trade, once the city's boast. In the first instance, the principal product was sewing machines, but the company, being the first firm in England to build bicycles, rapidly increased this branch of their business until they entirely abandoned the manufacture of sewing machines. The capital of the company at the start was £5,000; it now stands at £100,000.

GREAT CYCLE SHOW AT LEIPSI, GERMANY.

Referring to the cycle show to be held at Leipzig, a German writer, apparently well informed, sends the following to the *Cyclist*: "Possibly, through this exhibition, the import of English cycles may be somewhat diminished, and English makers will advertise largely now, fearing that they will be forgotten by the German buyers. But without that, the English will be allowed to compare their machines with the German ones at Leipzig, and it depends upon the German manufacturers whether this comparison shall be to the advantage of himself or the foreigner. I am acquainted with the English and German makers, and may say that it is true Germany endeavors to be independent of the English manufacturers by making it a patriotic duty of every German to purchase machines made in his own country. The German makers of sewing machines have laid down plant for the manufacture of cycles, and essay to copy English patterns, while some makers with a little capital manufacture cycles only, but the machines of the latter are far inferior to the former. The best German machine is not equal to an English one. The makers buy the fittings, stampings, tubes, bearings, tires, spokes, chains, balls, etc., from England, and it is not possible to buy a ball or weldless tube made in Germany. The strong machines made in Germany are not bad, but a light roadster or racing machine cannot be built in this country. All first-class German racing men ride English machines. Original ideas and inventions have not been attempted in Germany. The English makers are always a season ahead of them. I believe it will be a long time before the English manufacturers need fear their German rivals."

AN AMERICAN CYCLIST IN WALES

I believe I was last at Llangollen, in Wales, wondering whether I should have to climb all the way back to the main road to London. I firmly thought so, for the hotel clerk said there was no way to avoid it. So I went out to the stable for my bike in a rather disgusted frame of mind, already condemning my judgment for having led me so far astray. But at the stable there was a rich Englishman's coachman who had driven much about the vicinity. He directed me to take the road on the south side of the river. Above it hung the great hills. As I looked across at them, I said: "Here I am, just trading one bad job for another, it seems to me. How am I to get through those fearful hills?"

"Never you mind," said he. "Do as I tell you, and you will be all right."

So, somewhat lighter in spirit, and also in purse, for "Coachy's" information had to be properly paid for, I took the south road, and, as I traveled for several miles, could see on the other side of the river the road I had come the night before, and as I saw the hills I had missed, I didn't regret at all my trip to the coachman.

About two miles from Llangollen I first met English cycling tourists. They were a father and son from Wolverhampton, who had been up into the Welsh country for an outing. They were plain people; the father, about fifty-five, being a machinist, and the son, nearly twenty, being an apprentice. Both were riding ordinaries, the father having two of his children with him—his bicycle and his son. Although I was in much of a hurry, I staid in their company to learn something of their cycling ways. I was with them most of the day. They both had bells on their machines, more for signalling each other than warning the public. When they became separated on the road they would signal by a code of bell sounds. The father could not mount alone, but had to be put on by his son. They believed in taking things easy, and whenever a pleasant stream was reached father and son took off their shoes and hose, and dabbled in the water like coy nymphs, stopping at one place sometimes an hour. Anon they would lie in the shade for half an hour after riding a few miles.

The father was a practical chap, and I have used some of his schemes with success. He carried a small sponge in his pocket, which he used to bathe his face and head. I have found it a good thing to carry, as it gives one an opportunity to enjoy a sponge bath, no matter at how humble a hotel he may put up for the night. Then I was much taken with the way the father had of keeping the bugs and flies out of his eyes. He had sewed upon the inside of his cap, around the visor, a piece of mosquito netting, which fell over half of his face, being kept close against the skin by the pressure of the air when going forward. But the thing that struck me as being immensely practical was the pocket flask, from which the two frequently regaled themselves. It was a pint flask, and was easily carried in the pocket. They loaded it with tea, the genuine article, none of your "cold tea," at the little towns in which there is always a coffee and tea "shop." With a good supply of tea leaves in the bottom to start with, they could have cold tea at 'most at any stage of the journey by filling the empty flask with water from the pumps along the road. I have found the flask to be a very handy thing. By filling it with tea, coffee or milk, and putting a few cakes in the pocket, one can often, by the wayside when he is, at the eating hour, some distance from a town, brace up on a "stayer," until a restaurant is reached. When passing through a country where the water is uninviting, if not positively bad, as, for instance, in the "Black Country," the flask filled with an agreeable liquid comes in very acceptably. I found it so before I stopped riding that night.

It was not long before we had left the Welsh mountains behind us, but so easily had we come through them that we did not notice that we had been climbing. I had expected to make Birmingham, seventy miles, before night, but the delays with my companions had kept me back so that I had to bid them good-bye at Shrewsbury, and put on a lively spurt. But it was no use, for I soon found that it was not only late, but that I was very tired. This latter condition I could not understand until I reached the top of one of the meanest, most tiresome grades I ever pumped up. Arrived at the top I entered

an inn to refill my flask. "Have you any more hills like this around here?" I asked. "Which way are you going?" was asked. "Wolverhampton, Birmingham and Coventry." "And you have come from the Welsh Mountains? Why, don't you know you have been steadily coming up-hill for thirty miles, and that when you reach Coventry you will be on one of the highest spots in England?" I didn't doubt it; I wouldn't if he had said it was the highest spot in the world. It seemed to me as if I had been climbing a week.

At Shrewsbury, the famous town, I had an experience with the obliging English tradesman. Near there one gets his first view of the Severn River, and I was feeling pretty well disposed toward Shrewsbury in general, after the influence of the beautiful scenery, when I entered a confectioner's for a glass of water. I had had no water for some miles back and was painfully thirsty. The girl attending the shop, after flirting sometime with a young man, came over to me. I asked her for a glass of water. She was gone about two minutes when she returned, saying there was none in the shop, but that the boy would return in a few minutes and draw some. I didn't wait. I next went into a cafe, thirsty, and by this time mad also. There was one table in the place, and two broad ladies were about to sit down at it. I said to the attendant: "Can't you make place for me? I want something to eat." She looked at me calmly for a minute, and then, pointing out of the window, said: "There's another shop just down there; maybe they have room." My determination not to swear never received such a strain as when those calm words fell upon my ears. Coming to a hotel at last I entered it and got what I wanted, and then I was glad to get out of that town. For six miles out of Shrewsbury the road is good, and then the Black Country begins to be entered upon. This section is not where the negroes live. It is the district where the collieries are very numerous and where the coal smoke hangs dark and stifling all day long. You can soon tell when you enter it by the sickly character of the herbage, the deteriorated quality of the houses, the slouchy appearance of the people, and all those nameless signs that are eloquent of the hopeless struggle against dirt. The beautiful hedges have disappeared before you know it—the long lanes, the avenues leading up to stately mansions, the ponds with stately swans—all these have suddenly been taken out of your surroundings, and in their place have come troops of dirty children, slimy pools with squawking ducks, and a fine dust that now and then in little whirlwinds is caught up and blown into your face. So you enter the Black Country, that part of England where so much is produced by toil and where, despite it all, life has so little that is inviting. It is a disagreeable place to ride through at the best, and when you are very tired and "cuss" the people because of the hills, you do not care to look about you much. Then it was that my flask came "like the benediction." You cannot blame a person for cussing the hills, for they are the most aggravating in the world. They do not lead you up, and then throw you down the other side, nor do they illustrate the beauty of that beatitude: "Blessed are they who go up a hill, for they will have the pleasure of going down the other side." You never see the other side. It is one long climb after another, mile after mile, with never a chance to throw the legs over. Your back aches with the bending over, and your hands pain with the tugging at the handle-bars. Oh, for a coast! you are ready to say, even though it may be as steep as the back side of Corey Hill.

Nearing Wolverhampton you come to some pretty open country, with the old lanes and hedges and diversified prospects that charmed the eye in the early morning. But the last three miles is steady up-hill work. When I arrived at Wolverhampton, which is a great military centre, a soldiers' drill, or display of some kind, had just taken place, and the redcoats were streaming out of the gates, which opened upon the road I was entering by. They mingled with the crowd, which, thus enlivened with the martial color, streamed off down the diverging streets in groups of various hues. The love of the British soldier for the girl he left behind him is proverbial, but his love for the girl in sight was well exemplified by the various military Romeos, who, passing their red

arms about the waists of their willing partners, went strolling homeward, oblivious to the presence of the crowd. I must have seen half a dozen couples thus lovingly linked in the distance of half a mile. I didn't care, as I was looking only for a hotel. I wouldn't have dismounted if Cleopatra or Mrs. L— had stood on the sidewalk and stretched her white arms toward me. The smoke and dust I passed through and the steady climbing had taken all the poetry and sentiment out of me and left a great big aching void that would have been satisfied only with Cleopatra on toast. I did reach a hotel at last, but on nearing it I met with an experience that gave me my first insight into the beauties of the English road laws. The day closed with my mind filled with thoughts about the English roads and how they compare with those of America. My mileage for the day had been but fifty-five miles—thirty miles from Llangollen to Shrewsbury, and twenty-five miles from Shrewsbury to Wolverhampton. If you have a map of England handy when you read this trace the course I have mentioned.

TRAVELER.

BAD ROADS.

Another winter season is upon us, and with it another six months of bad roads. From now until next May or June the majority of all the roads in Union County will, for the most of the time, be in that plastic condition known as "unfit to drive over." Unless the snow shall come and shall remain of sufficient thickness and for a sufficient length of time to give a good sleighing season, there will be little comfort in riding over Union County roads till kindly nature shall again send warm breezes and a hot sun to dry up the mud and give us the pleasant dirt road of summer, with a little dust thrown in. Taking the whole year round the Union County roads are poor a greater part of the time. There are exceptional localities in which this general condemnation does not apply, localities where cracked stone has been applied liberally and with splendid results, but as a rule the main thoroughfares across the county are in wretched condition. It will take a good deal of money to put them in proper condition, but that money has got to come sooner or later. Good roads are what Union County must have. The law of self-preservation demands it. Union County is losing every year that her roads continue impassable at any time of the year. But so long as the present inadequate road system is in operation the county will never have roads that are good except in spots. One wealthy district, like Westfield, may have public pride and spirit and foresight enough to macadamize its main thoroughfares from one end of the district to the other, but the next district being without wealth or enterprise will have a public bog instead of a public road. The whole matter must be taken out of the district system and given to the county, and the Board of Freeholders must, sooner or later, build and pay for by a general tax the proper kind of public roads. It has got to come to this in some shape or other. The people in the cities and towns will not much longer submit to being shut off from the rest of the county by reason of mud holes in the public highways; and the farmers and truck raisers will not much longer submit to being sent all the way to Newark with their products because they are not provided with passable roads to the nearer towns and markets in their own county. It is hoped that the condition of the roads this winter will not be unusually bad, but if they are it will serve to emphasize a much needed lesson, which is that the county must have good roads, and the sooner the county—not the road districts—takes active measures to make and keep them good the better it will be for everybody.—*Elizabeth Daily Journal.*

The authorities of Elizabeth, N. J., have just finished macadamizing Orchard Street, and will continue the improvement of the roads. The quality of the pavement put down in Orchard Street is due entirely to the efforts of Dr. G. Carleton Brown, who has called on the Road Commissioners and furnished them with pamphlets on the proper construction of macadam roads. This is the kind of work we want, and if other cyclists will take the same interest in the roads improvement, a general wave of improvement will sweep over this country.

FOR THE LADIES.

THE ART OF LEARNING TO RIDE THE SAFETY. THE ADVANTAGES OF THE WHEEL.

In order to acquire the art of safety-riding let not the lady novice scorn masculine aid. To be sure, it is by no means impossible for her to master, unassisted, the two-wheeled machine; but it is a matter of such difficulty, time and risk, that the game is hardly worth the candle, where the assistance of the stronger sex can be called in.

One of my lady correspondents advocates still more precautionary measures, and suggests the employment of two masculine helpers, but I am inclined to believe that there is considerable truth in the proverb concerning too many cooks, and if one man cannot teach a woman to achieve the art of balance, it is open to question whether two would be any more fortunate.

A certain degree of confidence in one's teacher is undoubtedly necessary, as well as a considerable steadiness of nerve at first, starting, when one appears about to entrust one's life and limbs to the mercy of two revolving knife-blades, which have had a difference of opinion and agreed to part company. There is an awful sense of helplessness, combined with an altogether novel and overwhelming respect for the most insignificant and unworthy youth who flies gaily past on a bicycle, and fills one with an envy one had never believed him capable of inspiring.

By way of beginning to ride, you must ignore for a time the processes of mounting and dismounting (the latter requires very little practice, be it remarked). The masculine assistant will hold the machine upright, and you must attain to the saddle by the best means that you can, stepping over the U frame on to the further pedal, holding the handle-bar with both hands, and reaching the saddle by a backward movement, similar to that used in the old open-fronted type of machines.

Your assistant now moves the bicycle slowly forward, walking by your side and keeping it erect. You have nothing to do at first but to let your feet revolve with the pedals and hold on to the handles with the grasp of the drowning mariner at his straw.

This goes on till, by-and-bye, after a longer or shorter period of time, it suddenly dawns upon you that that mysterious thing you have heard spoken of as *balance* has become your own, and that your natural tendency to illustrate the law of gravitation may be counteracted by a crafty manipulation of your steering wheel. Then you are aware, all at once, that your assistant is no longer holding you up, but that you are sole mistress of your fate. And then, if the pride and joy of the discovery does not hurl you altogether from your high position, you realize that you have achieved what so lately seemed a hopeless impossibility, and that that envied youth upon his bicycle was but an ordinary and very insignificant mortal after all.

Don't expect this delightful point to be reached at the first attempt. True, you may learn to bicycle in one lesson, but it is much more likely that it will require several attempts before success rewards you; and there is not the slightest reason for discouragement in this fact. Your lessons should not be long ones; half an hour at a time is quite enough. Longer than that will only fatigue, without doing any real good.

Once the balance is acquired, the art of bicycling may be said to be mastered. The greatest difficulties which remain in the way of riding are the ascending and descending of hills and the turning of corners. These are, however, only matters of practice, and must be taken with care and caution.

Mounting is the next thing to learn, and is a simple enough affair, after all, when one knows the way to set about it. You must take up your position on the left side of your machine, close in to the U frame. Take hold firmly of the handles, and, the right pedal being near its lowest point, step across the frame with your right foot onto the pedal, and giving a little spring at the same moment, and standing upon the descending pedal, slip back into the saddle. After a few attempts, this should be managed easily and gracefully, the only risk being that of catching the other pedal in the hem of one's gown, and a little practice will teach one how to avoid this.

To dismount, you must wait till the pedal at the side from which you wish to leave your machine has reached the dead point (nearest the ground). Now rest your weight upon this pedal, and step over the frame with your other foot to the ground. This movement can be made very swiftly and gracefully, and is about the easiest part of the whole performance.

I have never heard any women who have once mastered the safety say that she dislikes it. In point of fact the motion is delightful, and the excitement of managing the steering is very exhilarating.

The one defect at present observable in the ladies' safety is the same that so long attached itself to the three-wheeled machine. I mean the imperfect arrangement of dress-guards. The chain is by no means secured from the intrusion of drapery blown by the wind; while there is a tendency on many of the machines to catch the gown in the spokes of one wheel or the other. The remedy will have to be found in light, but secure guards of patent leather, completely shutting in the driving chain, and covering half of each wheel. The effect might be less graceful than at present, but it would certainly be far safer.

The wheel-guards would also, in a great measure, prevent what many of my lady correspondents complain of with considerable bitterness. I mean the soiling of the riding gown, which is certainly a far greater fault of the safety than of the ladies' tricycle. I have heard it claimed for the two-wheeler that it is far cleaner riding than its three-wheeled relation in muddy weather. This, however, is so little borne out by the experience of most of my cycling sisters that I can hardly understand the reason for the claim. The bicycle and the tricycle have each their own good points and advantages, and neither usurps them all.

Among the advantages of the former may be reckoned its speed, lightness, and ease in driving—the sense of pleasure in the balance and steering, and its superior possibility of use on bad roads. It is also valuable from the small space it occupies in storing, which makes it peculiarly easy to accommodate in town houses, where a tricycle could not obtain a lodging.

On the other hand, however, there is, of course, more fatigue in riding, less chance of enjoying the surrounding scenery, an impossibility of resting on one's saddle when one stands still, and a difficulty in carrying luggage when touring. Each class of machine has, therefore, its own claim to popularity, and there is no reason why one should clash with the other.

One word of warning to the intending safety rider. It is best not to attempt riding in public till one has thoroughly conquered one's machine, and crowded thoroughfares should be avoided till there is an absolute perfection in management. Also, be it remarked, that though it is quite possible for a lady to ride as gracefully and look as well upon two wheels as upon three, that result is not, unfortunately, always achieved, and an effect may be produced which is far from inspiring the beholder with that sensation of admiration, which is so conspicuous in theory.

As with tricycling, the popularity of bicycling for women will a good deal rest with those first exponents of the art who represent its grace and elegance—or the reverse—to their non-riding sisters. It would be well if they were to recognize this important fact—at least, to the extent of allowing it to be the guide of their own individual appearance and conduct when on their machines.—*Lillias Campbell Davidson, in the Cyclist.*

INEXPENSIVE TOURING.

Mr. George B. Thayer, the well-known cycle enthusiast of Hartford, Conn., has contributed to the *Post*, of that city, an excellent paper on the cheapness of wheeling on the continent. He states that to one who has been through the Trossachs of Scotland and the cathedral towns of England, who has ridden up the Rhine and climbed half a dozen or more of the Alpine passes of Switzerland, and has spent nearly a month each in the cities of London and Paris, the cost is found to have been little more than it would have been to have continued in the dull routine of home life. His expenses in England, though the hotel life is more costly

than on the continent, did not average over \$2 a day.

Through Belgium and Germany they were but \$1 a day. A wheelman travels so independently that he is not always obliged to stop over night at the larger cities, and I often could avoid them by riding eight or ten miles farther to some small inn. I found plenty of good food and a comfortable bed for half the money. Such a mode of traveling does not allow of the putting on of any great amount of style, but my chief ambition was to see rather than to be seen of men. In London there are plenty of good, respectable, private boarding places to be found for \$1 or \$1.25 per day. To find them one needs only to inquire of some friend who has made an extended stay in London, or to apply to some American living there. In Paris I found better accommodations, if anything, than in London. Many of the English and German wheelmen use little sleigh bells fastened to the handle bars as warnings to pedestrians, but in Switzerland, where the noise of running water drowns all other ordinary sounds in so many localities, I found that my shrill whistle even was insufficient, and nothing but the most throat-splitting yell would clear the road of the numerous pedestrians. In Paris, the wheelmen have adopted the tram-car horn, an instrument with a rubber bulb for forcing the air through, and really one blast from these pneumatic levers is enough to lift a whole regiment out of the road.

A. L. Anderson, of Denver, Col., advises us that on November 13 an Expert Columbia, No. 8855, was stolen from him. Suitable reward paid to finder. Address, A. L. Anderson, Denver, Col.

The Kings County Wheelmen had a successful *musical* at their club house Thursday evening.

Humber & Co.'s latest rear-driving safeties have a double diamond frame of round tubing, stayed with two stout vertical stays. With this frame, lateral twisting and strains appear impossible.

In France they are wrangling over amateur and professional distinctions. A writer to the *Veloce-Sport* states that the two classes should be separate; that prizes of medals and articles of art should be awarded amateurs, and money paid to professionals.

The present Racing Board is an example of unprecedented activity in League Committee affairs. A number of questions are being considered by the Board, and all business that comes up before it is at once transacted.

At the Twenty-third Regiment games, held at their Armory in Brooklyn on Saturday last, J. F. Borland, 135 yards start, won the mile handicap; J. W. Schoefer, 40 yards, second. Borland also won the 2-mile handicap, with Schoefer second. The track is fourteen laps to the mile, and is dangerous for cycle races. We hope the managers will note the poor show made by the bicycle races, and that they will be dropped from their programme at subsequent meetings. Borland, who had the curves down fine, romped away with the mile, and in the 2-mile Schoefer was unable to pass him, even after he had caught up with him, on account of his inability to master the curves. The feature of the meet was the large number of Brooklyn, K. C. W. and L. I. W. men present, a goodly gathering of cyclists. Why should not K. C. W., L. I. W. and Brooklyn hold a grand combined indoor meet some time this winter?

The Nautilus Boat Club will hold its annual games at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, on the eve of Washington's Birthday. This rink is well adapted for cycling, and we hope the Games Committee will see the advantage of adding one or more cycling events to the programme.

The entries for the Twelfth Regiment 2-mile bicycle handicap close December 8, with C. J. Leach, P. O. box 3201, New York City.

The Prospect Harriers' 2-mile bicycle handicap, decided at Washington Park, Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving Day, resulted as follows: H. C. King, K. C. W., 75 yards, 8m.; J. W. Bate, P. H., 20 yards; second; J. W. Schoefer, B. B. C., scratch, third.

THE BICYCLE LOCOMOTIVE.

A MACHINE WHICH IS EXPECTED TO TRAVEL 200 MILES AN HOUR—IT IS BUILT ON THE BICYCLE PRINCIPLE.

(Special Despatch to the Commercial Advertiser.)

PORTLAND, November 27.—The Portland company has had men actively at work on a novel invention, called the bicycle locomotive, for some three weeks now, and although it is fast nearing completion considerable yet remains to be done upon it. Its boiler is shaped about the same as the common locomotive boiler, not differing much in length, but rather smaller in diameter than that of a railroad locomotive. Its fire-box is deeper, and the cab will be two stories high, the fireman occupying the lower and the engineer the upper story. It has two cylinders of the same shape, but a little smaller than the ordinary locomotive cylinders, located quite close together under the part of the boiler farthest from the cab. Then under the middle of the boiler is one giant, steel-tired driving wheel. It is eight feet in diameter, and was cast at the Portland company's foundry last summer. The tire is deeply grooved, and on either side of the great driving wheel is a crank to take the place of the treadles of a common bicycle. The pistons of the cylinders are attached by means of a driving rod to these cranks, and by the power of steam the novel railroad bicycle will be propelled, it is claimed, anywhere from one to two hundred miles an hour. It will cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, perhaps more, and will weigh say twenty-five tons.

The inventor is E. Moody Bovnton, and he is very enthusiastic over it, and seems to have plenty of money with which to carry out his ideas. The cars will also be made to run on the rail and will be two stories high to correspond with the cab of the bicycle locomotive, which will be some sixteen feet high.

To prevent the whole thing from toppling over the track will be built with a rail above as well as under the train. The upper rail will be supported by strong iron columns planted on either side of the lower rail at a sufficient distance apart to allow the train space to pass between them. Grooved wheels of a small size as compared with the driving wheel, will be fixed to the top of the cars and locomotives will be run on the upper rail. In this way the train will be prevented from toppling over. Now, it is claimed that by this arrangement the friction will be much less and, therefore, the train can be propelled faster and with less power; the expense of constructing the roadbed will be much less than the cost of the roadbed of the railroads of the existing system, a very narrow roadbed being all that is required. In this age of hurry and restlessness nothing moves too quickly, and who can say that the next generation will not go whizzing over steel roads at the rate of 200 miles per hour, passing from ocean to ocean in a couple of days? A semi-annihilation of space, so to speak.

WILMINGTON WHEEL CLUB'S TOUR-NAMENT.

WILMINGTON, November 29, 1888.—The annual meet of the Wilmington Wheel Club was held here to-day and was largely attended. The summary of events follows:

ONE-MILE ROVER.—B. F. McDaniel, Wilmington W. C., first; T. Jefferis, same club, second. Time, 4m. 20s.

ONE-MILE (4m. Class).—G. M. Gregg, first; T. Jefferis, second. Time, 4m. 32s.

HALF-MILE DASH.—S. W. Merrihew, Wilmington W. C., first; W. W. Taxis, Philadelphia, second. Time, 1m. 47 2-5s.

ONE-MILE (3m. Class).—S. W. Merrihew, Wilmington W. C., first; B. F. McDaniel second. Time 2m. 53s.

ONE-MILE NOVICE.—M. R. Pyle, Wilmington W. C., first; T. Jefferis, second. Time, 4m. 21 2-5s.

HALF-MILE DASH (4m. Class).—G. M. Gregg, Wilmington W. C., first; W. H. Sheward, Wilmington W. C., second. Time, 1m. 58s.

ONE-MILE HANDICAP.—G. M. Gregg, Wilmington W. C., first; A. Jefferis, second. Time, 3m. 54 1/2s.

HALF-MILE RIDE AND RUN.—W. W. Taxis, Philadelphia, first; C. Guldin, Reading, Pa., second. Time, 2m. 24s.

THREE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP OF DELAWARE.—B. F. McDaniel, Wilmington W. C., first; S. W. Merrihew, second. Time, 13m. 49s.

ONE MILE (3 1/2 m. Class).—A. Jefferis, Wilmington W. C., first; C. A. Elliott, Wilmington W. C., second. Time, 4m. 7s.

TWO-MILE HANDICAP.—W. W. Taxis, Philadelphia, first; B. F. McDaniel, second. Time, 8m. 28s.

The track was very slow, but the time in some instances was fairly good.

THE PRINCE AND THE CYCLIST.

On the 21st October, H. H. the Prince Max of Ysenberg, Bridingen, a great patron of sport, had a private match with Mr. August Lehr, Prince Max on a splendid trotter and Mr. Lehr on a 54-inch Club racer. The distance was 1,500 metres, or 1,641 yards 5 inches. Mr. Lehr was first and won in 2m. 24 1-5s. Prince Max was second in 2m. 27s. The race was run on the road.

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.

FOR SALE, EXCHANGE, WANTS.

25 Words.....15 Cents

Two Insertions25 "

EUREKA HOME TRAINER AND BICYCLE STAND is adjustable for all kinds of Bicycles. Riders, agents, schools and clubs should have them. Write for particulars. M. A. Woodbury, Manufacturer, Bradford, Pa. 11-28

FOR SALE.—52-inch full nicked Expert in fine order. Cheap. W. L. Cort, 220 Water Street, New York City. 11-27

SPECIAL SALE of Youths' Bicycles, 38, 42 and 44-inch, \$30 each, and 46-inch, \$35, ALL NEW. A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway, New York City.

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.

CORTLANDT EXCHANGE. Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and Safeties, sold for owners, at the lowest possible rates. No storage charges for first month, and nominal charges thereafter. Wheels handled on business principles. Write for explanatory circular for terms, etc., to

CORTLANDT EXCHANGE.

No. 88 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

Post Office Box 1187.

BARGAIN.—A 52-inch American Champion Bicycle, 1888 pattern, used but little and shows no wear. Cost \$105. Will sell for \$75. Address C. L. Rider, Kirksville, Mo. 11-30

MARLBORO TANDEM, \$125.—Rudge Tandem, \$100. Both wheels in splendid order. Chas. Schwalbach, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn. 11-30

52-INCH NEW MAIL, \$90.—Almost new. Victor Safety, \$100, 1888 pattern, used but three times, new last August. Chas. Schwalbach, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn.

A FEW good Columbia Tricycles and Tandems for sale dirt cheap. Chas. Schwalbach, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn. 11-30

ENGRAVED CYCLING CALENDAR FOR 1889.

THE ONLY ONE ON THE MARKET.

Size 7 x 9. No advertisements, elegant engraved cycle scene. Price by mail 10 cents. Dealers supplied in lots of 500 or 1000 or more with advertisement. Address Lincoln Holland & Co., Worcester, Mass.

WANTED.—

A PARTNER.

An English amateur, with ten years' experience in the cycle trade, wants a partner with \$2,000 capital; has a good thing. No experiments or humbug. Address

J. M., 1037 SCOTT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SPECIAL STAR

FOR SALE.

For particulars address F. E. C., P. O. Box 444, New York City.

Now is your time to have your Wheel Overhauled.

Send it to SCHWALBACH, and Have it Done Well.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PARTS. SKILLFUL WORKMEN.

Wheels Stored during the Winter at Reduced Rates.

New Mail, Columbia and Club Wheels Always in Stock.

PARTIES GOING TO BERMUDA AND OTHER PLACES SHOULD WRITE FOR PARTICULARS REGARDING HIRING RATES FOR BICYCLES, TRICYCLES AND TANDEMS.

WHEELS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

CHAS. SCHWALBACH,

TELEPHONE 125 SOUTH.

Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn.



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.

4 First Prize Medals.

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS.

Are put up in satin and elegant boxes.

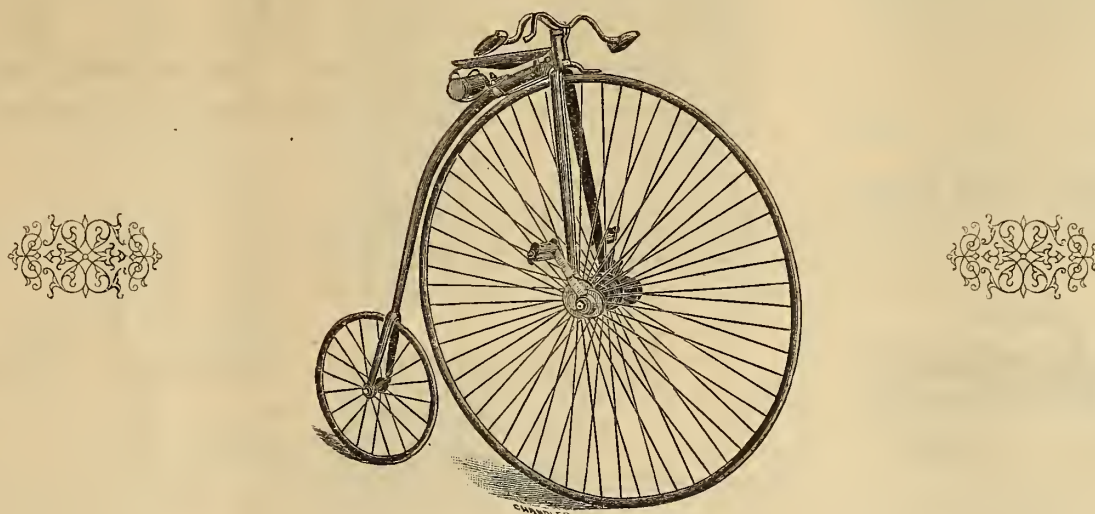
Are unsurpassed for purity and excellence.

Are specially adapted to people of refined taste.

Are composed of only the finest Virginia and Turkish leaf.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.



We Do Not Need to Blush at the Following Records ; Neither Do We Want the Earth,

— BUT —

WE DO WANT THE HILL-CLIMBING RECORDS.

Read the following and then draw your own inference as to where the records are held ; also jot down in your diary where these practical hill-climbers and speedy Wheels can be purchased :

EAGLE ROCK HILL, Newark, N. J., November 19, 1888, by J. Harry Shurman on a Springfield Roadster, **24 times** without a dismount, breaking all former records for speed for **13 times** and placing **11 times** additional to our credit, and for our competitors to practise on.

CORY HILL, Boston, **11 times** without a dismount, by Samuel Sterling, of Bridgeport, Conn. (age forty-five years) ; STICKNEY HILL, Lynn, Mass., **4 times** without a dismount.

These hill records, together with the fastest quarter mile ever ridden and the fastest half mile in competition, by J. Fred. Midgley, at Rochester, N. Y., August 30, 1888, we think should convince the most sceptical regarding the qualities of the Springfield Roadster on the track, road and hill. We solicit the investigation of those who anticipate purchasing ; and to those who are not pleased with their present mounts, we would say,

TRY THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER.

Watch for 1889 Catalogue, January 15. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MANUFACTURING CO.,

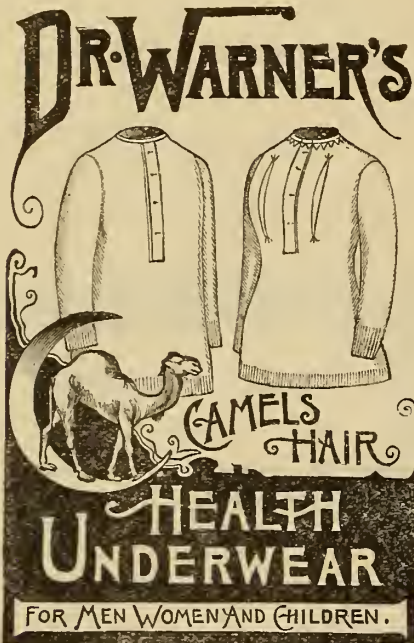
No. 178 COLUMBUS AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Weldless Steel Tubes, COLD DRAWN, SMOOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE, FOR CYCLES.

Imported and kept in stock by

JOHN S. LENG'S SON & CO.,
4 Fletcher Street, NEW YORK.



Superior to Silk or Wool.
A Protection against Colds, Neu-
ralgia and Rheumatism.
SOLD BY LEADING MERCHANTS.
WARNER BROS., 359 Broadway, New York.



When the Robins Nest Again,
We shall have demonstrated that
we have sold more

HIGH GRADE BICYCLES,

for less money, during the season
of 1888 than any other dealer
in America.

Send for the most complete Wheel
Catalogue ever printed.

THE JOHN WILKINSON CO.
55 State St., Chicago, Ill.

GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

ARE THE MOST
PERFECT.

OFFICIAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS

Ilderan Bi-Club.
Citizens Club.
Long Island Wheelmen.
Hudson County Wheel-
men.
Harlem Wheelmen.

DEVLIN & CO.,

New Jersey Wheelmen
Roselle Ramblers.
Huntington Bi-Club.
Ilderan Bi-Club of Ber-
gen Point.
Yonkers B.C., and others.

Broadway and Warren Street,

NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bicycle, Tennis, Yachting and Tourist Suits,
Caps, Stockings, Etc.

WE WISH TO CALL ATTENTION TO OUR

NEW LINE OF

NOVELTIES,

Which We are Now Introducing.

The high-class workmanship and finish which has
gained for us an enviable reputation in our

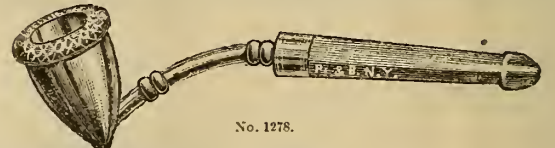
Medal and Badge Manufacturing Department

Will be maintained in these Novelties.

PEDERSEN & BUCKINGHAM,

(Successors to Jens F. Pedersen)

Manufacturing and Importing Jewelers,
1½ Maiden Lane, N. Y.



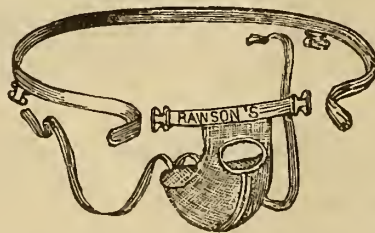
No. 1278.

Solid Silver Cigarette-holders, with Real AMBER Mouthpiece, . . . \$3.50
Solid Gold Cigarette-holders, with Real AMBER Mouthpiece, . . . 8.00



No. 1388.

Solid Silver Cigarette-holders, with Real AMBER Mouthpiece, . . . \$3.50
Solid Gold Cigarette-holders, with Real AMBER Mouthpiece, . . . 9.50
WILL BE SENT POST PAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
Displacement Impossible.

No Wheelman, Equestrian or Athlete
should be without THE RAWSON U. S.
ARMY PATENT ELASTIC SELF-AD-
JUSTING SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.
They are a safeguard from Accident or injury.

N. B.—“We fill special orders without
extra charge.”

Send for Circular and Lecture on Nervous
Tension. (Mailed free.)

S. E. G. RAWSON,

SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mention this advertisement when you order

IT IS A SIGNIFICANT FACT

That VICTORS win more road races than any other machines.

What does it mean? Why, it means that the VICTORS are
of the proper stuff, properly put together, strong, light running and
thoroughly reliable in every respect. A VICTOR will give you
better service than any other wheel.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers,

CATALOGUE FREE.

BOSTON, MASS.

LOOK AROUND BEFORE BUYING.
SEE OUR LISTS.
→ **HART CYCLE CO.**, ←
No. 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



RUBBER
Tennis Soling,
WHITE, BLACK,
OR RED,
Corrugated or Diamond Pat-
tern for
TENNIS SHOES.

NEW YORK BELTING & PACKING CO.
15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Branch House, Chicago: W. D. ALLEN & Co., 151 Lake St.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC * * *
INSTRUMENTS,



Apparatus and Supplies,
591 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole proprietors of the
Patent Satchel Detect-
ive, Schmid Detective,
Fairy, Novel, and Bi-
cycle Cameras, and sole
agents for the Celebrated
Dallmeyer Lenses.
Amateur Outfits in
great variety from \$9.00 up-
ward. Send for Catalogue or
call and examine.

More than Forty Years
Established in this line
of business.

RADWAY'S
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,
Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the
Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer
continued and repeated applications are neces-
sary to effect a cure.

50 cents per bottle.

Sold by Druggists.

ASK FOR THE



PERFUMES AND TAKE NO OTHER.
Wenck's Opera Bouquet is the latest.



RUBBER HANDLES.

PEDAL RUBBERS, ETC.



SMITH'S

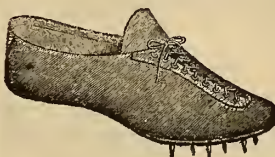


Sporting Goods,

LOWEST PRICES

121 FULTON ST

Send for Catalogue.



GYMNASIUM OUTFITS.

My Glove Fitting Gymnasium Shoe. The Finest in the World

I carry and make up to order the finest line of goods in the country. Call or
send for price list.

W. H. ROBERTSON,
296 Broadway, New York.



We are giving special attention to instructing Ladies to
ride the Ladies' Bicycle. Private lessons given any time.

Gentlemen who want to learn to ride any kind of bicycle
and cannot come in the day-time will find that in our hall,
lighted by the electric light, they can ride as well as during
the day. Competent instructor always in attendance.

OUR SUNDRIES

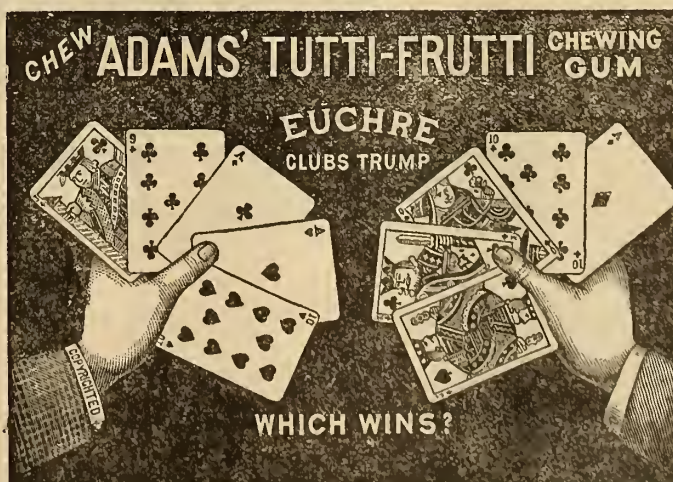
have a world-wide reputation, and we can supply all your
wants for Fall and Winter riding, Jerseys, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
Shoes, etc. Lubricating and Lighting Oils, and everything
a cyclist needs. Send for catalogue.

HOWARD A. SMITH & CO.,

ORATON HALL, NEWARK, N. J.

Sold Everywhere. Five Cents Per Bar.

USED BY ALL ATHLETES
AND WHEELMEN



ON THE ROAD,

ON THE PATH.

ADAMS & SON'S TUTTI-FRUTTI CHEWING GUM

increases the flow of saliva and aids digestion. The Gum is now used by touring as well as racing
wheelmen, and it keeps the mouth moist, thus preventing excessive thirst.

PURE. PLEASANT. ALL FLAVORS.

Should be on sale at all Wheelmen's Headquarters.



MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

JIM THE PENMAN.

November 26 to December 1.

MONTE CRISTO.

December 3 to 9.

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

Reasonable Prices.

ABRAHAM & GRUNAUER,

Custom Tailors,

451 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK.

A large stock of specially selected foreign and
domestic goods always on hand.

THE SAFETY RECORD.

277 Miles

In 24 Hours,

ON A

Veloce Columbia,

BY

John Mason,

OF THE

Illinois Cycling Club.

6,300 Miles

This Season,

RIDDEN ON

Same Machine,

BY

Same Man.

Machine all Right.

Moral—Buy the “Veloce.”