

THE WHEEL

—AND—

CYCLING TRADE REVIEW,

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F. P. PRIAL, Editor and Proprietor

23 Park Row,

P. O. Box 444,

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.

I made up my mind some time ago that I would not take your paper any longer; but I know of no other paper where you can get so much for the money and which will keep one so well posted. Inclosed please find my subscription for another year.

Respectfully,
 ANDREW A. PEABODY,
 Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

"WHEELING" meanders into a high-sounding and meaningless tirade against "loafing" and "headwork" in races, pointing out the recent one-mile championship race as an example of the fallacy of the headwork system. *Wheeling* thinks that the German's win in the mile should "bring the flush of shame to the cheek of all those who have the honor of British athletics." This is all poppycock, and the great class of British sportsmen alluded to may spare their blushes. Osmond and Synyer used no brains whatever in the mile championship. Had they done any real "headwork," the German would not have won. They stupidly watched each other; the German used his head and backed it with his legs, pedaling the last quarter in 34 1-5s. On the day of the championship event Lehr was the best combination of brain and muscle competing, and therefore won. The "headwork" system is not wrong, good *Wheeling*. Osmond and Synyer are simply poor exponents of that system. *Wheeling's* cry is sent up to gain the favor of English cycling dealers, who should readily see through the game. *Wheeling* states that the English trade on the Continent has received a heavy blow because of Lehr's win on a German machine. *Wheeling* takes such pains to tell us how poor Lehr's wheel was that it quite forgot that his victory on such an old creak is proof positive that the rider had something to do with a victory; that it is not the machine, but the man.

THE advertising patrons of the *Bicycling News* are indeed dull-witted or lacking in self-respect if they do not take as a personal insult that paper's recent reference to Mr. James Purvis-Bruce as "a person who is peddling wheels in America"—accent on the "person" and "peddling." This is a direct slur upon every person engaged in selling bicycles, and the people who advertise in the *Bicycling News* must realize that if it were

not for the good pounds, shillings and pence they pay into the *Bicycling News's* coffers, they would be jeered and jibed in the same manner. The man Hillier is vituperative, and should be shut off. Among the last things that Purvis-Bruce ever set eyes on was the *Bicycling News's* snobbish paragraph, and we know that it wounded him deeply.

IT is pleasing to note that the ladies who attended the League meet have repudiated the *Bicycling World's* charge that they were subject to insult and enforced spectators of loaferish conduct at Hagerstown. They are all ladies of social standing, and it must have been some sacrifice to them to invite the publicity their resolution will call forth; but their testimony is the more valuable. Chief Consul Mott also sends a pertinent communication, inviting investigation and calling for proofs which the *Bicycling World* claims to possess.

THE LADIES' OPINIONS OF THE LEAGUE MEET.

MARYLAND COURTS INVESTIGATION.

AUGUST 6, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHEEL:

It would be gratifying to Maryland if you would kindly publish the following document, "contradicting" the unsavory story published by the *Bi. World*. From the editorial in the *Bi. World* of August 2, the following juicy morsel is extracted: "When the League's 'officials, acting within the scope of their 'authority, calls us to account there will be 'time enough to prove our report to be correct 'or otherwise.' The League's officials have already done this very thing, and the Maryland Division, in addition, now accepts the gage of battle thrown down and calls upon the *Bi. World* to 'prove the report correct or otherwise.' The Maryland Division will energetically and thoroughly attend to the 'otherwise.'—Allow, please, the correction of the *Bi. World* in another assumption in the same editorial. 'Marylanders' have sufficient 'discern'-ment to comprehend all the praise as well as the abuse the Division has received at the hands of the *Bi. World*. Our hospitality has been praised surely, but one of the first duties of a host is to defend the guests that are untruthfully assailed because of the acceptance of an invitation. But the *Bi. World* untruthfully attacked host and guests. It set up a straw man full of "booze" to enable itself to hold up its hands in assumed virtue and holy horror, and then knock it down. Our guests were extremely considerate and were very far from abusing our hospitality. We enjoyed their merriment and were pleased that they were unrestrainedly happy.

Maryland is now prepared to meet the issue and courts the "proof" insinuated by the *Bi. World*. It must be fair and ungarbled evidence, and by responsible parties whose names should be given. All "reformers" will no doubt be justly proud of the opportunity, and Maryland and its guests are quite ready to be reformed.

This "proof or otherwise" is demanded in the interest of the L. A. W. Maryland is hampered, as no doubt other divisions are, by the charge in the "official organ," that the membership at large, who were fairly represented at Hagerstown, were susceptible of engaging in a "three days' bacchanalian orgy." Naturally, respectable cyclists, if they believe the charge has the least foundation in truth, would not join an organization of such decidedly brutal instincts, and the growth of the body is retarded. Therefore, in the name of fairness, equity, and all the many virtues possessed by the *Bi. World*, submit the "proof" insinuated and allow wheelmen and others to judge of its merits and the character of the men who furnish the evidence, and we will see whether their own personal habits are such as to admit of their casting the first stone and to admit of their being credible witnesses.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT MOTT.

To PRESIDENT LUSCOMB, L. A. W.:
 We, the undersigned ladies who attended the Tenth Annual Meet of the L. A. W. at Hagerstown, Md., hereby

tender our thanks for the many courtesies there proffered by the wheelmen and received by us, and for the consideration with which we were at all times treated. Recognizing the fact that in an assembly of perhaps a thousand cyclists, or any other gentlemen, there is a certain freedom from the restraints of drawing-room manners, we were prepared to look with leniency upon effervescences which were innocent in themselves, but which are usually warped by morbid imaginations. It is with real pleasure, then, that we use the privilege of our sex and "contradict" the statement of the *Bi. World*, that "Never have we had such a hideous nightmare, such a bacchanalian orgy, than we have had for the last three days" . . . and "We mourn for the tender feelings of the ladies present." We recognize the fact that in a large assembly of the most refined gentlemen who should be so unfortunate as to be cooped (excuse the expressive word) up from the rain, and dependent upon themselves for amusement, that there might be much to condemn; but these cyclists were gentlemen, and we saw nothing of impropriety, if any was committed, which we doubt very much. It pains us to read that the "official organ" of the League should deal the organization such an unmerited death-blow, and send forth the false impression to the fourteen thousand members that were not present that the ladies who were had cause to blush. Such was not the case, but, on the other hand, a most enjoyable time was had, which we would gladly see repeated.

(Signed)

MRS. CLARENCE H. PLUMB.

" FRANK MCGILGATHERY.

" N. E. SMITH.

" CHAS. T. STRAN.

" ALBERT MOTT.

" S. T. CLARK.

" E. P. HAYDEN.

" VICTOR EMMERSON.

MISS LIBBIE THOMAS MENTZEL.

Copies are in hands of the other ladies, after assurances that they will gladly thank us for the privilege of protesting.

THE STUPIDITY OF SOME CYCLISTS.

TWO INDIANA JUDGES RUN DOWN.

The Supreme Court of Indiana was recently called upon to review a non-suit in an action to recover damages for being struck down on the sidewalk by a bicycle rider. The trial court had held that bicycling was a form of pedestrianism, and that the bicyclers had as much right on the sidewalk as any pedestrian. The appeal from the non-suit was argued in the forenoon. When the court adjourned for dinner Judges Coffey and Berkshire started to walk to their hotel, and as they were passing out of the capitol grounds a clumsy bicycle rider ran into them, knocking both down, and badly bruising the former. This practical argument had such a convincing effect on the minds of the learned judges that they immediately overruled their unrendered decision, and filed an opinion setting forth that a person who "rudely and recklessly" rides a bicycle against a man standing on a sidewalk is responsible for damages for assault and battery.

After quoting an Indiana law forbidding persons from riding or driving on the sidewalks, the court says: "If sidewalks are exclusively for the use of footmen, then bicycles, if they are vehicles, must not be ridden along them, since to affirm that sidewalks are exclusively for the use of footmen necessarily implies that they cannot be traveled by bicycles. It would be a palpable contradiction to affirm that footmen have the exclusive right to use the sidewalks and yet concede that persons not traveling as pedestrians may also rightfully use them. We think, however, that a bicycle must be regarded as a vehicle within the meaning of the law."—Exchange.

[Cyclists have, of course, no right to the use of sidewalks. They are there on sufferance, and should not abuse the privilege.—Ed.]

CHICAGO HAS ANOTHER CLUB.

A number of young wheelmen on the West Side have formed an organization known as the Washington Cycling Club of Chicago. It is the intention to make the club one that shall be strictly first-class in every particular, and handsome quarters have been secured at 653 West Adams Street, corner of Wood, which are now being elegantly fitted up, and will be thrown open about August 15. The club has been organized for the benefit of cyclists in particular, and for the promotion in general of social intercourse between the members, and it is confidently expected that the Washington Club will afford thorough enjoyment to its members and their friends through both the summer and the winter months. Although particular care is being exercised in the personnel of the club, the membership is rapidly increasing, and the outlook is particularly favorable. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, George D. Chisholm; Vice-President, W. M. Davidson; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Barrow; Captain, B. F. White; Lieutenant, W. L. Whitson; Color-Bearer, E. A. Chisholm, Jr.; Bugler, H. N. White. Any information can be obtained of the Secretary and Treasurer, at 848 Fulton Street.

THE ADAMS MEDALS FOR HIGHEST MONTH'S MILEAGE.

A number of men who have started in for the Adams medals have written us, inquiring the conditions, and we republish them below.

"Messrs. Adams & Sons offer two gold medals, valued at \$100 and \$50, the first of which will be presented to the American wheelman who reports the highest one month's record between the first day of May, 1889, and the first day of November, 1889. The fifty-dollar medal will be presented to the wheelman making the second highest record. The first medal will be more costly and valuable than the first prize presented at the Pullman Road Race of last May. The conditions are as follows: All records must be submitted to C. W. Fournier, of the *Bicycling World*, or F. P. Prial, of THE WHEEL. Records must be accompanied by sworn affidavits of the rider and Captain of the club to which he belongs. The affidavit must state distance ridden each day and cyclistometer must be inspected before and after the trial. The cyclistometer used must be tested before final awards are made."

THE ELWELL TOURISTS IN SWITZERLAND.

It is with vigorous grunts of discontent that the party are spending their last day in Switzerland. Our sister republic has a thousand charms, for which the bolognas and beer of Germany will be small compensation. In their letters home the boys have quite exhausted their descriptive powers, and first on the list of tabooed chestnuts are the seven adjectives—"beautiful," "charming," "superb," "wonderful," "grand," "magnificent" and "picturesque." From the beginning of the trip each country we have entered has been more and more interesting, and each large city more fascinating than the last, until Switzerland was reached, when all agreed that this little paradise is a fitting climax of the whole—the very pinnacle of perfection in roads, scenery and hospitality, and it only remains for us to make our descent to the base with what grace we may. We would be very grateful to Dame Nature, however, if she would let us down easy. The Valley of Hell (Black Forest) through which we ride to-morrow (our first day in Germany) will do very well for a starter.

IT IS COMING DOWN THAT KILLS.

The constituents of what I heard Cooper call "Elwell's European Road Race" may be in good condition for riding bicycles, but as mountain climbers they would be a complete failure. They kicked vigorously at climbing up to Mürren a week ago to-day, but they lived long enough to discover that it is coming down that kills. An hour and a half of slipping and sliding and continual what, on a bicycle, would be back-pedaling, landed us, with trembling knees and sore heels, at Lauterbrunnen in a state bordering upon nervous prostration. The gingerly leg-movements and looks of anguish on the faces of the party for the next three or four days proclaimed louder than words that the "Charley-horse" had seized one and all for its victims.

At Lauterbrunnen, where our wheels had remained during the sojourn on the mountain, we made the interesting discovery that the guests of the hotel had been so pleased with the idea of traveling about on cycles that they had evidently borrowed the machines and gone on a little excursion of their own. Various broken luggage-racks and bent pedal-pins gave evidence that there must have been quite a circus while it lasted. An indignant protest to the hotel proprietor only produced the non-committal reply, "Eet was not my employees."

Leaving here we were at Interlaken and seated at dinner at the Jungfrau in an hour. It was here that we began to get beyond the reach of the French dinners. The two heartiest meals of the French people are the breakfast, or "dejeuner" at midday, and the "diner" at six or seven in the evening. These two meals are exactly alike, with the exception of the fact that soup is not served at the former. The menu, in plain English, reads:

Fish.
Beef and Potatoes.
String-beans.
Mutton and Peas.
Chicken-wings and Salad.
Dessert.
Cheese and Butter.

There is no fault to be found with this until you have had it served up twice each day for four weeks. Then the monotony of the same old dishes begins to wear upon you, till one of J. Fennimore Cooper's "frugal repasts" would be a most welcome sight. The fish is usually eels; the rest is good until you come to "poulet," or chicken, the only part of which skinny fowl is served is a muscular, sinewy wing. A platter full of wings is presented before you, and your eyes wander about in vain for a wishbone or drumstick. It is "wing or nothing." What becomes of the rest of the bird is a deep, dark mystery. It is never served or seen in any form, and the question arises in your mind: Whence come the myriads of fowl necessary to produce all these wings on every table d'hôte twice each day? The question is never answered, but crows are awful thick in France.

From Interlaken the party rode (?) to the top of the Brunig Pass, where they spent the night, and by half-past ten on Tuesday were in Lucerne.

AT LUCERNE.

Lucerne is almost as gay as Interlaken, and, like it, is kept alive by tourists. Its Schweizerhof is the largest hotel we have seen since leaving Paris. It is full of old, quaint, Swiss architecture and interesting sights, and marks the centre of a most important district in the history of the republic. The principal point of interest is the famous "Lion of Lake Lucerne," by Thorwaldsen. We had imagined it as being sculptured out of some wild, barren cliff arising abruptly from the lake, and surmounted at the top by trees and brushwood, and at some distance from the haunts of civilization. Imagine then, our surprise on turning a corner in the heart of the city to find it staring us in the face! Cut out of the cliff, to be sure, but hardly within half a mile of the lake, and surrounded, instead of by wild scenery and beetling cliffs, by beer gardens, art galleries, knick-knack shops and panoramas. The lion itself, however, is grand and awe-inspiring enough to put to shame its tame and backeyed surroundings. It is twenty-eight feet long, and being situated not more than twenty feet from the ground, its grand proportions strike the beholder with great force. It was some time before we could make up our minds to leave this celebrated monument to courage and bravery.

Another interesting sight in Lucerne is the old wooden bridge of the fifteenth century, which so inspired the poet Longfellow. It is a covered bridge, in the top of which, and supported by its roof-beams, are a series of flat triangular blocks of wood, on which are painted different scenes, biblical, historical, etc. They are fifteenth century art, and are very curious.

THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI-KULM.

At two in the afternoon we took steamer for a sail on the placid Lake Lucerne to Vitznau, from which point the party made the much-looked-forward-to ascent of the Rigi-Kulm. The lake, with its twists and turns, long arms and islands, is the most picturesque in Switzerland, and the sail along the base of the Rigi is enchanting.

If you close your eyes to the surroundings of Vitznau, it is very easy to imagine yourself in some small seaside resort in the vicinity of New York or Boston. Crowds of gayly dressed English, Americans, and a few people of other nationalities are hustling up and down the pier to the boat, and crowding each other for a place at railroad ticket office, hurrying, shouting and laughing. The cars are crowded, and you are uncomfortably jammed into a corner in true American style. The whistle whistles, the locomotive locomotes,

and off you go at an angle of forty-five degrees, the engine puffing and the cog-wheels clicking. "It's the first time I have ascended the Rigi with a bicycle without uncomfortable exertion," says Beal. This is true, for his machine and "Bob" White's are in the baggage compartment, they having decided to stay at the top over night in order to witness the sunrise in the morning. They were obliged to take their machines along, as they are to make the descent on a different railroad on the following day, getting off at Arth, and overtaking us on the road to Zurich. Theirs are the first bicycles of any description which have been to the Rigi-Kulm.

The ascent of 5,905 feet occupied an hour and ten minutes, including stops at several stations by the way. Arriving at the top, we found two grand hotels and plenty of "brass band, peanuts and lemonade." The view looking down justifies all that has ever been said about it, but around us on all sides were clouds and vapor. We were unfortunate in not having a clear day at the summit. It was windy, cloudy, cold and dismal. Not a man in our party, however, is disposed to kick at any sort of weather, owing to past favors in this direction. Our view, although not the best, was a grand one, and well worth the ascent. We learned a lesson in regard to mountain tops, and in the hereafter when we ascend, each will be accompanied by a heavy ulster.

While descending, an unfortunate young party, the brilliancy of whose diamonds was only equaled by the dirtiness of his nails, fell fast asleep. A number of our party in his immediate vicinity regarded him longingly for some time. Finally they could endure the temptation no longer, and leaning toward him they yelled in unison, "Great Scott!!!" The companion of Morpheus awoke with a leap that nearly took him out of the car, only to find his neighbors on either side gazing intently out at the land scape.

We arrived at Vitznau blue with cold. The ride to Gersau was only "a little one for a centime," and we put it through lively. There is nothing like a five-mile spurt to improve the circulation. On Wednesday we rode to Zurich, stopping for dinner at Zug, where Beal and White overtook us. They pronounced the sunrise from Rigi-Kulm wonderful. Zug is celebrated for its antiquity and the fact that, periodically, half of the town falls into the lake. The water undermines the buildings, and without warning they simply "slump"! We saw the place where a large slice fell in last year. It was once the residence of the versatile Goethe, and in the hotel where we dined the landlord (whose ancestors have been proprietors of the place for 400 years) pointed out with pride the bed-chamber formerly occupied by the poet philosopher.

A ONE-DAY STAND AT ZURICH.

Arriving at the Bellevue in Zurich, we unstrapped our luggage for a "one-day stand." Zurich is in every sense an elegant city. Its broad, well-shaded streets and bridges, its magnificent buildings, and the snap and "hustle" of its inhabitants make the place just what it should be—a model city under a republican government. No traveler in Switzerland should miss Zurich.

Two of the party got into a rather peculiar situation here. Their machines having got slightly out of repair, they hunted up a cycle agency to have the matter righted. The proprietor, it seems, is in the habit of sending his repairing to the prison to be done, as there are some skillful mechanics there. Being unable to go over with the boys, he sent his youngster to tell the workmen in the prison what was to be done. After the youngster had started back, our "Dave" and "Wilkie" (the long and short of the party) strolled leisurely out, looking about them as they went. Finally they wandered up a corridor, and found themselves securely locked in, with no possible means of exit, and no knowledge of the language. Dave, it is true, knows a few words, but the situation frightened him to such an extent that he forgot them all, and a lot more besides. In spite of their expostulations, these two "bold bicyclers" were obliged to languish for over an hour in "durance vile," pondering on their past sins. The return of the infant cycle tinker brought them a chance to break jail, but they did not draw a comfortable breath until safely back at the hotel. Mr. Catlin, the U. S. Consul at Zurich, was kindness personified, and took a great interest in the party during our stay there. Through his influence some of the city fathers, when we departed on Friday, tendered us a dinner at the "Wald," a hotel some three or four miles out of town.

Not at all the smallest feature of the meal was the fact that it was eaten on a terrace from which we had an unequalled view of Zurich and its surroundings. Here over the well-spread board the two republics—"the small one over here and the great one over there"—toasted each other and clasped hands for freedom and friendship. Dinner over and our hosts bidden farewell, we started, with three of the Bicycle Club Zurich on a Rudge triplet to guide us, for Neuhausen, thirty miles away. The Swiss boys are all right on a wheel, and if our intentions were to bury them they were not in it. At Neuhausen we sat down to dine in what is called the finest hotel in Switzerland, the Schweizerhof. This, by-the-way, is the national name for a hotel, corresponding to the "de la Postes" of France, and "Golden Lions" of England. Here we again dined on a terrace, this time facing the beautiful milk-white falls of the Rhine. 'Tis here that in times long gone the bewitching Lorelei charmed on to their destruction, with her songs, the boatmen of the Rhine. The rock on which she used to sit still projects skyward from the centre of the falls, but the Lorelei, fickle female that she is, has decamped. The boatmen, too, have grown more skillful, and for "zwei franc" will row you up to the enchanted spot, and you may sit on her very seat and watch the spray dash about you. With our legs stretched under the mahogany we listened in vain for the silvery voice so laden with death. The Lorelei evidently has no use for American cyclists. The view, however, fully atones for the absence of the phantom. As Pedals says, we had "a panorama of Zurich for dinner and the Falls of the Rhine for supper." To-morrow we cross the line and get back the twenty francs we had to give up for our machines on entering Switzerland.

TAM O'SHANTER.

RECKLESS PROVIDENCE CYCLISTS.

The reckless riding of certain bicycle riders in the thickly settled portions of the city has occasioned many complaints of late, and it is understood that, if these riders do not conduct themselves in a better manner, they will be cared for by the police. A night or two since two of them dashed down Mill Street and across Thames at so high a rate of speed, that they would have been unable to stop if there had been anyone in the way, and they would have surely run them down. Then, in the quiet hours of night, Thames Street is sometimes used as a race track.—*Providence Journal.*

CUFF MEMS. AT THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Mem. the First.—Good lot of people here. Find it rather awkward to write, even on a cuff, when one has a wooden bar across his stomach and twenty people pressing in the rear. Judge, conspicuous in white hat, starts the heats on one side of the track, then rushes across to the finishing post on the other, followed by small crowd of satellites. This periodical stampede of officials much enjoyed by the crowd. A hush comes over the people, the band is silent; up by the competitors' room a group of young athletes look fixedly at the starting post, or talk in almost breathless tones one to another. Edge comes up, and with a most unusually serious face, remarks: "How on earth you can stand there, Free Lance, in that cold-blooded way, talking when a race like this is just off, I cannot think." Then bang goes the pistol, and the final start for the one-mile championship has been made.

The cry is for Osmond and Synner. Not much thought is given to the young-looking German—he is but eighteen—on the small machine, but early in the last lap he shoots away, and Synner and Osmond, busy watching each other, seem slow in grasping the situation. But anon they go for him, and in the home straight Osmond, riding like a demon, pluckily attempts the seeming hopeless task of overhauling him. Lehr is a good man, however, and the one-mile championship goes to Germany, lost by a yard.

There are some long faces now in the crowd, not the least so being that of the gentleman who declared that he did not care who won, as they were all riding their machines (Humber), except the German fellow, and of course he was out of it. But soon the boys recover efficiently from the awful shock to give the "sausage," as they familiarly name the winner, a hearty reception.

We find that to obtain any refreshment at this Paddington grounds two virtues are necessary: patience and perseverance. You first, by a considerable exercise of both these, reach near enough to the counter to shout your order, when you are immediately borne away by the crush. Having been brought up to the scratch again by the kind attention of friends outside, you venture once more into the fray, and this time manage to throw the money at the eye of one of the distracted-looking females behind the counter. This helps to fix you in her mind, and when once more you are whirled past in the resistless stream of humanity you seize something from her hand, and retire limp, exhausted, but victorious.

Another German, Louis Stein, won a heat of the five-mile tricycle championship in such good style that some trembled at the possibility of yet another championship going out of the country. The day was full of surprises, but nothing was more astonishing than the way elderly-looking Dr. Turner in another heat of the tricycle event romped away from the favorite, S. F. Edge, after having made a good warm pace nearly all the way. Sansom had quite enough to do to throw the tough Doctor off his wheel in the final, and the German was not in it.

Seldom is such enthusiasm extracted from an English crowd as was called forth by the popular Dr. Turner on his winning his heat. They cheered him again and again. If he had won the final, I believe they would have all danced a breakdown or stood on their heads, or done something very much out of the way to relieve their feelings.

As the day grew older, the wind blowing against the riders down the finishing straight increased in force. Two or three times it made a dash on the reporters' table. Away went the telegraph papers down the track, with Percy Low, the massive, and Larrette, the wiry, in hot pursuit.

The twenty-five mile ordinary championship was a most monotonous affair till near the finish, although the pace was decidedly brisk. Osmond rode the last lap grandly; he led all the way up the finishing straight, and landed home first by yards, a most popular winner.

During the last lap an elderly gentleman, tall and thin, was observed in the inclosure standing alone and rubbing his hands together in a highly nervous manner. As the winner passed him he clapped vigorously, and beamed such a look of pleasure it was really quite contagious. It was Osmond's father.

The twenty-five-mile safety afforded much more sport to the onlookers. On the opposite straight to the finishing one the men had the strong wind with them, and here positions changed nearly every lap, men sprinting up from the rear to gain the position they fancied in front, generally to lose it again before another lap was ridden. W. C. Jones was particularly fond of sprinting with the wind. He certainly did it in fine style; he seemed to drop behind for the mere pleasure of coming to the front again with a big rush. Burns, the new safety wonder, was another rider with a strong tendency to bolt away from the field. He indulged in some rare spurts, quite leaving his men at times, but they a ways closed up again sooner or later. It was a pretty sight to see some fourteen first-class riders come round the corner in a bunch and dive into the wind at a rare pace, which they well sustained throughout, for when it is remembered that the evening was cold, the wind strong and that they finished almost in the dark, all will admit that rh. 16m. 34.2 ss. for twenty-five miles is a good bit of work.

Toward the end of the race things freshened up a bit. No: that it ever lacked interest, but new life was put into the men by the magic word "records." "Go for the records!" shrieked Nix, as the men flew past. "Go for the records!" was passed along the line, and go they did, treating the spectators to one of the finest races ever seen, and perhaps never again will so many first-class men be found racing together for records and a championship. Records were established for the latter miles, and F. T. Fletcher won the championship.

FREE LANCE.

A series of races will be run at the Minneapolis Driving Park on September 11, 12 and 13.

The Passaic County Bicycling and Athletic Association of Passaic, N. J., will give a grand bicycle and athletic tournament at the Clifton (N. J.) race track, on Saturday, August 31. Beside a number of athletic events, there will be a 1-mile bicycle race for novices, 3/4-mile bicycle handicap, 1-mile safety bicycle handicap, and a 2-mile team race, teams of three men. Prizes, gold medal to first, silver medal to second in each event, cup medal to team race, in which each man in winning team receives a medal besides the team trophy. Entry fee, 50 cents for each event; team race, \$1 per man. Entries close August 20, with Chas. Blizard, 318 Gregory Avenue, Passaic, N. J. Prizes on exhibition at Peck & Snyder's, 126 Nassau Street, New York City.



Believe me to be
ever faithfully
Jack

JAMES CUNNINGHAM PURVIS-BRUCE.

DIED AT WESTBORO, MASS., AUGUST 4, 1889.

JAMES CUNNINGHAM PURVIS-BRUCE.

DIED AT WESTBORO, MASS., AUGUST 4, 1889

In the pretty little cemetery at Westboro lies and will forever lie the body of "Jack." The good heart will never beat again; we shall hear the soft Scotch-English accent never more; the fluent tongue will never again voice the workings of a fine nature; he is still frozen, mute, useless. Humanity has lost a friend and helplessness a champion. The bright receptive eyes will never again rest on lake or valley or hill. On a beautiful August sabbath he grappled with the grim monster and was conquered. Into the bosom of the calm lake he sank, with no human hand stretched forth to save him, no voice of kith or kin to nerve him for the final plunge into utter darkness. The world he loved so well noted not his going. One last agonized cry and the waters closed over him, pellucid and implacable as ever. A tragedy had been enacted and the victim was a worthy sacrifice.

Would that the agony of those last few seconds had been spared him. He saw Juggernaut face to face. The boy knew his race was run, that Purvis-Bruce was already a memory. No doubt confused thoughts of father and sister, the Ripley Road and Old England flashed through the tortured brain, and as the gurgling water drowned out consciousness he breathed a prayer to the Inscrutable One, and with arms stretched out in utter helplessness to the mother who had gone before, a poet, a philosopher and a man passed.

The daily papers of Monday last contained an Associated Press dispatch announcing the death of Purvis-Bruce. He had been training for the past week; for what purpose it is not known. On Sunday he had been exercising all day, having run and walked nearly twenty miles. He ate a very hearty dinner and shortly after started to run to Chamcey Pond, about one and a half miles distant from his residence in Westboro. He took his boat, and, rowing out into the pond, kept swimming and diving about it for twenty minutes. A Mr. Dean was watching him from the bank, and he states that at about 3:30 he gave a cry and disappeared. He rose to the surface three times, but long before aid could reach him he was beyond human help. The alarm was at once given, but the most persistent efforts failed to discover the body. Mr. Reed, of the White Cycle Co., wired the Boston Chief of Police for a diver, who arrived at 6 A. M. Monday, and recovered the body at 10:30 A. M. Mr. Reed cabled "Jack's" father for instructions, offering to send the body to the other side or to have "Jack" buried in his family plot in Westboro. Mr. Bruce decided on the latter course, and the funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. The services were simple and impressive, as the final parting with a good man always is. There was a simple prayer, the reading of a beautiful poem and "Jack" was laid at rest.

James Cunningham Purvis-Bruce was born at sea near Cape Horn, about twenty-four years ago, on board the ship *Victoria*, en route from New Zealand to England. Although of Scotch parentage, he was declared a British subject. At the age of 16 he was taken to Calcutta, but remained there but a short time. He went back to Scotland and was then sent to his father, who had left his native land and become a planter in Mississippi. The uncle referred to was James Purvis, and from him "Jack" took part of his name. His mother, who was a gentle-faced woman, died when "Jack" was a child. Her maiden name was Cunningham.

In Mississippi "Jack's" father had a large cotton plantation near Vicksburg, probably near Purvis, for there is a town of that name in Mississippi. For five years "Jack" led an out-door life and was a sort of supervisor over his father's hands, assisting an elder brother. From there he drifted into Minneapolis, being anxious to gain more experience than could be found on his father's plantation. His subsequent history is written above. He adopted the *nom de plume* of "Gentleman John," and subsequently changed it to "Jack." His father resembles the late William Cullen Bryant in appearance, having a massive head, piercing eyes and enormous perceptive. He recently rented his Southern estate and has been living in Scotland. He is an out-door man, is nearly 60, but ruddy and active. Jack's sister is a sweet-faced girl of 20, high-browed and intelligent. She recently graduated from a famous European school and has been recruiting in Switzerland. At the present time she is somewhere on the Continent.

The brother I have alluded to above was accidentally shot on the Mississippi estate. I believe another brother was accidentally drowned. I know that when Jack told me of these accidents I told him to beware; that it seemed a fatality.

To the thinking man, Purvis-Bruce was the most unique figure in the American cycling world. In this little world of our own, he would have gone down in history as "queer," "clever," "odd" and "eccentric." But he was more than that, and I conceive it to be my duty to reproduce the man as he was; to portray his character, not transfigured by our mutual friendship, but as I knew it to be.

I first heard from Purvis-Bruce nearly three years ago. I had written some sharp paragraphs about him, a thing to which I was probably too much given at that time. I quickly heard from him in the form of an angry letter, with an invitation to duel. Accompanying the letter was a tin-type photo, showing Bruce with a belt full of pistols and bowie knives slung round his waist. I, of course, decided not to run up against a human arsenal, so I simply endorsed his letter with four words in blue pencil and returned it to him. A month ago, when I accompanied him South, he told me that my indorsement had cut deep, and that he had resolved never to again address a man as he had me. Knowing him so well, as I afterwards did, the motives that actuated the letter are clear to me. At that time Purvis-Bruce's writings did not reveal the deeper streams of kindness and thoughtfulness that ran in his nature. I had read him through his contributions to *Recreation* as a shallow man, and his sensitive nature recoiled at my mistaken impression. To his last day even,

Purvis-Bruce's heart was not worn on his sleeve. It was too true and good to be kept on dress parade, and casual acquaintanceship would often cause misunderstanding.

To return to the tin-type. At the time Bruce was unmistakably a jay. He had come into Minneapolis dressed as a cow-boy, with long hair, leggings, sombrero and pistol belt. To obtain a position on the staff of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, he was forced to abandon the garb of the cattle-herder and don the garments of civilization.

Bruce was then about twenty-one years of age. He did society work for the *Tribune* and afterwards reported cycling and other sports for the same paper. As a society reporter, he did not shine. He was not a Peeping-Tom sort of man in ever so slight a degree. He had no talent for complicated designs in feminine gownery and couldn't tell machine lace from the priceless films woven in the middle ages. He suddenly determined to abandon his career as a society reporter, for one day the paper came out with the startling announcement that at the opera on the evening previous, Governor So-and-So's wife wore a shirt slit up the back. Bruce had described the lady's divided overskirt, but the com-positor had bungled. Bruce told me he almost fainted when he saw it and humorously described how the Governor and editor "saw" each other.

During that year, 1887, Bruce kept up his work for the *Tribune* and contributed to *Recreation*, slowly making a name for himself in the literature of the cycling world. He had no maturity of either style or matter at the time, but here and there a bright thought, a clever idea or a particularly felicitous bit of word painting told of latent ability.

I think it must have been very early in 1888, that Bruce came into my office one day. We had previously "explained" and were not unfriendly, but had no particular love for each other. He was dressed jay fashion and attracted some attention as we passed along Park Row. He was conscious of the impression he made, for he asked me if I thought he looked a bit "jayish" and I candidly assented.

He told me he inherited a fortune, which I afterwards learned amounted to about thirty thousand dollars. He was on his way to Scotland to claim this fortune and he left New York in a few days.

At this point of his career Bruce's life broadened, and he made a distinct advance in knowledge of men and things. He spent some time in Scotland, and later in England. In Scotland he rode and fished and wrote letters, principally to *Wheeling* and the *Bicycling World*, with an occasional contribution to *THE WHEEL*. His literary work showed a decided improvement. Bruce lived like a prince and had plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and it toned him up, as prosperity and good living will improve any man.

In England he made many friends. He became intimate with McCandlish, editor of *Wheeling*, and moved in the Ripley Road "crowd," drifting between London and the Anchor at Ripley. At this time he went the pace, like many a good man has done before him.

In the height of his prosperity he received a heavy blow, which drove him from London back to Scotland, where he remained until last April, when he returned to this country. During the few months that Bruce spent in Scotland, he spent many a sad hour in bitter reflection, and he came through his ordeal a better man. Adversity and opportunity often make men; men of the right composition.

He spent a few weeks in New York and at this time our acquaintance was renewed. I have to thank "Fenton," who was largely the cause of our coming together again. While in England an impertinent reference to me was made in *Wheeling*. Upon inquiry as to its source *Wheeling's* editor shouldered it upon Bruce, who sent me a denial, or, at least, claimed to be misunderstood. He afterwards tried to induce *Wheeling* to apologize, but it was never done. While he was living in New York, "Fenton," in his column of "Fancies," made some reference to one of his *Bicycling World* articles and he wrote me a reply for publication. I asked him to call and see me and mutual explanations founded a friendship which had strengthened every day. Bruce finally settled down at Westboro, Mass., with the White Cycle Company as their manager and advertising agent. His recent history is familiar to the cycling public.

I had the pleasure of having him with me as a companion at the Hagerstown meet, and being constantly in his company I was able to accurately gauge the impression he had made through his letters to the *Bicycling World* and *THE WHEEL*. On the train at Philadelphia the Pennsylvania boys gave him a rousing cheer, while the boy beamed with pleasure at this unexpected token of appreciation and good fellowship. I am forced to confess that when he was fully dressed to go down to breakfast at the Hotel Hamilton I was surprised at the ludicrous figure he cut. His cycling suit was of light gray Scotch home-spun. His stockings contrasted unpleasantly with the shade of the coat and trousers. The head of curly hair was surmounted by a Scotch cap the like of which could only be bought in Scotland. On its side he had pinned a solid silver circlet nearly two inches in diameter on which stood in bold, raised letters the motto of his family, "Do Well, Doubt Naught." I candidly believed that no other man in Hagerstown could have worn that suit and lived. But his independence and his nature neutralized its effect. No one, cyclists or non-cyclists, ever spoke harshly of him in my hearing. Before himself the subject was never mentioned. Those who met him liked him notwithstanding his much-abused card.

At the meet he did but little work, being sick most of the time. Beyond the little run to Williamsport, in which he got the boys scorching and finished third, we had but little time for enjoyment. In the evening, when hard at work, the curly head often looked up from his work with many a funny comment on some incident of the day. Very often he would troll a bit of Scotch ditty, the words and air fairly odorous of the Scotch hills and folk-lore, and of the heart entanglements of Jack and Jean. I found that his judgment of men was very accurate; that his character-reading corresponded with estimates which I had been able to form from long personal acquaintance.

At the general meeting held in Hagerstown Bruce was called to the platform. He was haggard with sickness, and he walked heavily to the centre of the stage. His Byronic look was most marked. Here are a few last glimpses I had of him. On the last night of the meet we were hard at work in the room, when in came Harry Hodgson, Samuel Goodman and Charley Howard. The company was too good for Jack to neglect, and he threw up his work while the party talked until nearly twelve.

About midnight, one of the newspaper men who had occupied a cot in our room came home in a very bad way. He had sent the best report of the meet to his paper, and the week of hard work so wrecked his nervous system that he had determined to woo the beery god. He went out at

eleven, with malice aforethought, and had made a clean job of it by twelve. In the semi-darkness of the room he staggered here and there, delivering one of the greatest speeches on the tariff it has ever been my misfortune to hear. Bruce and I, lying on our respective cots, had a great, good time, and were convulsed for an hour, a ter which the poor devil succumbed and rolled over on his cot.

I shall ever carry the following picture as a dear memory. At Washington I succumbed to the water, as I always do. We were at the Saint James. Bruce was engaged with a number of cyclists, one of whom, a modest country boy, took his card with a devoted "I'm glad I got that card," spoken in a whisper. Feeling very unwell, I left the party, went to my room, and was soon in a feverish sleep. I was awakened by a heavy voice, which I recognized as that of Mr. De Graaf's, saying "This is your room, Jack." Jack came and stood looking at me through the filmy curtains. The gas was turned low, and I shall never forget the pained look of his face, nor the deep distress with which he learned of my collapse. The thing seems to me now like a scene from a play—so indistinct and half real.

In Washington, next day, we visited Bert Owen's cycleries, and after spending a few hours there were whirled in Bert's cycling barouche to the train. The motive power was a young colored boy, and the novel turnout attracted much attention.

On the following Monday, July 10, he dined with Mr. Shaaf, Mr. Whittaker and myself, and when he left for the Fall River Line boat it was the last I ever saw of him. I learned of his death in an out-of-the-way town on Long Island. Had it been possible, I should have joined the sorrowing throng that followed his body to Westboro Cemetery. But I was there in thought.

I have for some time thought that it was not the absence of bad traits, but the overshadowing of bad qualities by good ones. Sometimes a man has but one redeeming trait, and this is so strongly manifest that he is not harshly judged. On the other hand, many men have a number of good qualities, which neutralize the bad ones and produce a good general average, making the character acceptable. In estimating men, one should always be humble and never forget that, after all, much of our make-up is due to things beyond our control.

It is from this standpoint that we analyze the character of James Purvis-Bruce. We find that the dominant and dominating element in his nature is love of originality. With him this was a passion, so great that he did things that most men could neither understand nor accept as the act of a shrewd man. His personal card used at Hagerstown is a sample of this. His clothes are another. He would be queer. The same trait extended to externals, and he loved "queer" looking houses, old ruins, old cups and odd club badges. It might be said that he loved all "old" things. The Scotch tweed he wore at Hagerstown, the old pipe and the old pewter tankard were his friends. He had had many a good time with them and he loved them.

Next to his oddity, and almost as powerful, was his kindness of heart. He once told me that he had never denied a beggar, and I had opportunity to see him prove his creed, for the South is noted for its colored mendicants, and they always sent Jack's hands into his pocket. This kindness is shown in the last *Bicycling World*, in which "Jack" vowed he would never bet on the accomplishment of any feat which might endanger the happiness of any human being. With kindness you will find generosity. He simply didn't care for money, and any true friend of his in need could control his purse-strings.

His hobbies were nature and manhood. He loved a woodland path better than the drawing-room. He hated the theatre and the opera. He frowned at society and would be no witness of its pranks and goings on. He liked men and was ever on the alert to discover a good trait in those he met. He had set up a gentlemanly code which few humans ever attain to. He wanted to be one of nature's noblemen, and after brief wanderings in by-paths he would have realized his ambition.

Among the minor faults of his nature was his lack of perseverance. I believe he would have drifted into literature in the end. He had no talent for trade, and I know that he did not like business. He had all the elements of an attractive writer, and with years of practice and cultivation, might have become an essayist of no mean order. He was already getting out of shallow water, and the literary world would have heard of him. To prove that this estimate is not extravagant, I have but to note that in two years he developed from the backwoodsman into a cosmopolite, a man of letters, with rare insight and a relishable style, fresh, crisp and individual.

When he liked a man he said he had the proper "earmarks." He liked labor and respected the humblest deliver as much as he did a prime minister. He hated insincerity and shallowness; pretentiousness grated on him. He was decidedly not egotistical. He had a deep love for the sport which should endear his memory to all cyclists.

He was highly sensitive, and a mean action caused him real sorrow. To those who came near him, especially those who might be considered inferior to himself, he was deference itself. I have seen waiters instinctively interest themselves, and his "That's a good fellow" assured them of his sympathy.

Jack was a trim, medium-sized figure, of about five foot six, and weighing nearly 140 pounds. The frank, boyish face shown on the preceding page was gone. Experience had entirely changed it, marked it. It was dark, well-shaped, with the features harmonious. The hair thick and curly, was brown-blackish; the forehead full, and more thoughtful than practical; the eyebrows dark, shaggy and pronounced. The eyes were bright, incisive, reading eyes, yet not curious or repellent. They reflected a fine imagination and a kind heart. The lips were full and prominent. The nose and lips were not strong, and it was here that the lack of perseverance lay. The whole face was not blemished by that peevish, self-satisfied or dominant look found in most bright men.

"Jack" would have gone to England on September 2. He had the ambition to make a competency, that he might one day live the life of a gentleman of leisure on the shores of the Devonshire coast. He had described its lonely grandeur, the swishing sound of the impatient waves and the strange noises of the wind-swept forest. He had planned it all, and I was one day to visit him there, but—it will be otherwise.

In regard to the curious coincidence which has been harped upon so much, it has been passed over to the Society of Psychological Research, of Boston. This society was organized for the purpose of advancing psychology and its object

is to collect accurate data for the purpose of determining whether there are such things as premonitions, transference of thought, etc. All we know is that it was reported in Minneapolis that Purvis-Bruce was dead. That he, characteristically, turned the thing into an advertisement. It seems like the vengeance of Fate that "Jack's" death should have followed so closely upon this incident. It is not generally known that he wrote his own obituary, which we shall attempt to discover and publish. Below is a letter which reached us on Monday morning, and which was among the last things that Jack ever wrote.

WESTBORO, MASS., August 2, 1889.
DEAR FRIAL—Probably you have not heard that it was reported all over the West that I was dead. A newspaper man by the name of Bruce perished in some cañon in Canada, and some Minneapolis paper commented and said that there could be no doubt but that the luckless newspaper wight was Purvis-Bruce, who was once a *Tribune*. I use facsimile of telegram in an advertisement, and work it into a means of enlightening the public. A copy of the offending paper will be sent to me. I sent them a funeral notice for the *Tribune*, this afternoon, and wonder if they will be e.

Ever faithfully yours,

JACK.

We publish below the last tribute to "Jack" which will appear in the *Bicycling World* of this week. Mr. Fourdrier, who was a close friend of "Jack's," kindly places the matter in our hands, and we thank him for his graceful and courteous act. We wish to call special attention to the beautiful poem written by Doctor Corey.

"All evidence points to the theory that the cause of drowning was undoubtedly cramps. Beneath a thin crust of eccentricity glowed a heart as true and pure as gold, and that heart is now forever stilled and a life of bright promise has been brought to an untimely end. We have only personally known Mr. Bruce for about four months, but during that time we have had opportunities to know him as he was. We had grown to regard him for his real worth; we had been permitted to see him below the surface, and we saw revealed a character which was an honor to mankind. His enemies admired him, and his friends loved him; some of his acquaintances laughed at him. True, original, eccentric and frank. None can accuse Jack of insincerity. He was outspoken to all alike—he kept nothing back; perhaps too outspoken sometimes for policy's sake, but he hated duplicity. He despised 'Uriah-Heepishness.' His greatest fault was his loyalty to his own ideas and principles, which were honorable, to a degree eccentric.

"Personally we shall miss him as though he were a brother, the press will miss him as a fearless writer who was full of vigor and wrote in vigorous language. He was not afraid to write or talk as he analyzed and saw matters; he was a character, not a colorless specimen of humanity. There were some who failed to delve below the outer crust and find the real man; they simply saw his oddities, but it was our privilege to discern beneath the cloak a germ of value, the thoughts and character of a true man. A most curious and painful incident is that of the telegram in last week's *World* from Minneapolis in which it is stated 'Jack's' death was rumored. The fact of Jack's death will reach Mr. Stockdale before the fac-simile which appears in the *World* reaches him.

"THE FUNERAL."

"Sitting here at 'Jack's' desk, on 'Jack's' chair, and looking out of the window in full view of his final resting place, we pen the last sad facts of this painful catastrophe.

"Mr. W. A. Reed, on Monday, cabled Jack's father for instructions, saying that the body would be preserved in such a way as to be capable of transporting across the water if wished, but, on the other hand, if Mr. Bruce preferred that Jack's body be buried in America, the use of Mr. Reed's family lot in the cemetery at Westboro being generously tendered. Mr. Bruce chose the latter course, and so at 4.30, August 6, surrounded by nearly a hundred sympathizing friends, Jack's body was laid at rest forever.

"All services were conducted at the graveside by the Rev. D. Augustine Newton, who used the Church of England burial service, read from a book of common prayer owned by Jack. A quartette, composed of the following men in the employ of the White Cycle Co., rendered a couple of beautiful selections: Geo. W. Toney, first tenor; H. W. Butler, second tenor; H. G. Barr, first bass; R. T. Vinal, second bass. The bearers were Allen W. Acorn, A. L. Whitney, J. S. Brady and Harry Morgan.

"All the men in the employ of the White Cycle Co. were present at the services, as also were President White, Secretary Peck and all the directors except Dr. Corey, who was confined to his house by sickness.

"The casket was inclosed in a heavy pine box lined with zinc and hermetically sealed, in anticipation that the body would be sent abroad. The box itself was covered with flowers and ferns, which he loved so well.

"The services were simple and impressive, and there was scarcely a dry eye to be seen. It was an ideal summer day, just such a day as dear old Jack loved, and so amid the tears of those who had learned to love him, even though friends of recent date, the coffin was lowered and the solemn words, 'ashes to ashes,' closed the services. After securing a rose from a wreath and a pebble from the graveside, we sadly and silently turned away.

"During the services the Rev. Mr. Newton read the following beautiful poem, written by Dr. Corey, one of the directors of the company:

"Far from his native land—the mighty deep,
A thousand leagues, its restless billows sweep
Betwixt his kindred, who in vain must wait
His form appearing at the homestead gate.
Loving to roam his daring spirit found
All men his kindred and with friendship bound,
The recent stranger by that chain unseen,
Which made all feel the friendship long had been.
He came among us as the opening flowers
Break from the bondage of grim winter's powers
And like a vine with many tendrils set,
Made fast some clinger to each man he met.
Now cold he lies each generous impulse hushed;
Each springing hope by death's creased pressure crushed;
Life hence has fled, this bruised and shattered bowl
Has lost its tenant, an IMMORTAL SOUL.
Upon this grave will fall no parent's tear,
The earth must close without a loved one near;
No brother's fondness, nor a sister's care
To the sad spot at evening shall repair;

He sleeps alone—yes so we all must sleep,
Though scores of mourners at our grave-side weep.
To-day is ours, we mingle with our kind,
And pressing duties in our pathway find;
Defer them not, for ere to-morrow's sun
His circuit makes, our journey may be done.
It matters not to us when comes that time,
If it be remote or in our native clime!
Each for himself the gloomy path must tread—
All men are strangers 'mong the silent dead

"BORN ON THE WATER, DIED IN THE WATER."

"The subject of this brief sketch, and whose sad death we announce editorially, familiarly known by readers of the cycling press as 'Gentleman John,' and later as 'Jack,' was born at sea off Cape Horn, about twenty-five years ago, on board the British ship *Great Victoria en route* from New Zealand to England. Of Scotch parentage, it was held that he was a British subject, and his loyalty to his mother country is well known to his friends. At the age of 16 he was taken by an uncle to Calcutta, where he staid for a short time; then back to Scotland, and from there he was sent by his Scotch guardian to his father, who was at that time a planter in Mississippi. From this point he wandered West for a few months, and then back to Edinburgh, where he staid a short time, and then off to Egypt; back to the United States from Egypt, and out to Montana and Dakota, then to Japan and back to Minnesota. At this time Mr. Bruce was about 21 years of age. The past four years have been spent in Minneapolis, Scotland, and lately in Westboro, Mass., in which place he was in the employ of the White Cycle Co. at the time of his untimely death.

"In appearance 'Jack' was about the medium height. His head was a mass of dark brown curls, the complexion dark. His eyes were wonderfully expressive, steel gray in color, full and piercing; eyes that looked into you, not at you. His hobby was 'Nature,' and he was never so happy as when, with rod or gun, he was sauntering along the bank of a stream suggestive of trout, or walking over moor and through woods with eve and ear alert for game. He had no love for the crowded city streets, and he disliked show and glitter with an honest dislike."—*Bicycling World*.

CHICAGO.

As the writer has been absent from the city for the past few days, the Chicago notes from a novice's standpoint will have to be few and far between this week. I can imagine I hear Bob Garden thank heaven for being spared at least a little bit, as I understand from 'Black Venus' that he says the sooner the 'Novice' throws up the sponge the better. I was not aware of having hit Bob on any soft spot, but if I have done anything I am sorry for I am glad of it.

It is, however, reported, and on good authority, that Garden was the only one so far approached who refused to sign Berdie Munger's petition for reinstatement. While it is doubtful as to the result of such a petition to the Racing Board, Munger will at least know that he has the good will of a large majority of Chicago wheelmen.

If all reports are to be believed, Mr. Temple was not received in Eng and with brass bands and open arms. We all have to smile when we think of the stories of banquets, etc., we shall hear of on his return, while we ruin our eyesight gazing at the diamond rings and other bric-a-brac presented to him by the Prince of Wales and others of the Royal family.

Official acceptance has at last been received from the Illinois Cycling Club to Capt. Van Sicken's challenge in behalf of the Chicagoans, calling for five men and the Oak Park course. It seems to the writer that the Illinois exhibit almost as much nerve in naming that course as the Chicagoans did in suggesting the Cheltenham track. They also say: "Of course we will pay \$25 toward the purchase of a \$50 cup." Van will without doubt, however, accept the terms, except that he will say that the C. C. C. will not put up \$25 to help buy a cup for themselves, but they will 'invest \$50 in one for the West-Siders if they can win it.

Burley Ayres (he of the fine Italian hand) will be with us again for good in the course of the next month or six weeks. He has already very strongly identified himself with the new Washington Club, lately organized very close to the Illinois territory. To a blind man, it looks like cloudy weather on the West Side.

John Cory has returned from a two-weeks' "think" in Michigan, and says that he will hereafter eat crackers and cheese, wear a patch on his blazer, and be a millionaire. We wonder if his good intentions will last as long as they did after the last Presidential election, when Jack, if rumor is true, struck the ceiling with a dull, sickening thud.

Four of the Chicagoans—Van Sicken, Roe, Ingalls and Bogue—at last, after many trials, reached Blue Island Sunday, returning via Pullman for dinner. The roads to that point had been fairly good, though all the party had at some point of interest made very rapid dismounts. At Pullman they picked up four tenderfeet (three on safeties) who wished to be shown the way home by way of the celebrated Stony Island road. They were taken in tow by the ever-accommodating Van, and gently drawn on to Stony Island road, which for exactly three-quarters of a mile was covered with from ten to sixteen inches of very wet water. On arriving at Seventy-ninth Street one of the safety riders thanked Van very kindly for his attention, and remarked that he would like to see Van Wagoner ride that in three minutes with his hands tied behind him; also, that while a safety was a pretty good thing to have in the family, he should surely provide himself with a life-preserver and an ordinary the next time he sailed with any of the Chicago Blazers.

My remarks as to the return we were getting for our one-fifty per month seems to have struck the right chord with many of the boys, and if the management do not get on a three-minute gait pretty soon something is liable to drop, as there is a rumor afloat as to the formation of a new club in which there will be no occasion to "suspend the rules."

Already there has been much figuring as to my identity, Sieg, Randall, Roe and others being among the accused. Sieg, when interviewed, said if he could not write a better letter than the "Novice" he would throw up his job as correspondent for the *Bicycling World*. If the editor is of the same opinion kindly consign this epistle to the W. B., and I will be heard of no more.

NOVICE.

[Dear Novice: We know you not, but we want you, very much.—Ed.]

SAN FRANCISCO.

IMPROVED STREETS.

At last the daily papers have commenced a crusade against our abominable pavements. Editorials on the subject appear in the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* nearly every morning, and they agree that the street covering this city reeds is bituminous rock. This material laid on a concrete foundation is a clean, noiseless and lasting pavement. The basalt blocks and cobblestones now in use on most of our streets are noisy, disagreeable to travel over, and the wear and tear on vehicles and horses is an item of cost which would not exist with a smooth surfaced street, such as is now being advocated. May we soon see our streets in such a condition that San Francisco may be proud of them, as is Buffalo and many other Eastern cities.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Your St. Louis correspondent evidently knows whereof he speaks, when he says that associate members, with the power of voting, will change the complexion of a bicycle club to that of a social club, and in a very short time it will be a cycling club in name only. In my opinion a cycling club has no use for associate members. Take the two clubs of this city, for example. In one you must own a wheel and accompany your application for membership with the amount of the initiation fee. The result is that this club is an unqualified success. The members all being interested in the same subject, work together harmoniously and have no internal dissensions as to whom shall be on the top of the heap, the wheelmen or non-wheelmen. Turn to the other club, study the condition of their affairs; they have an associate membership. A member who does use the wheel calls at the club-rooms and the chances are he will find some of the social element playing billiards or cards, and talking on a lot of subjects but those most interesting to a cyclist. The cyclist naturally loses interest in the club and in the course of time resigns. That is what some of the members of this club are doing now. I understand that three resigned at the last meeting, and that more will follow in the near future. The dues have also been raised to meet the requirements of those members whose sole object in joining a club is to have a place to lounge in, instead of meeting there and enjoying each other's company and talking over trips in the country, welfare of the club and members, and other kindred subjects which will occur to a wheelman and in which only a wheelman cares anything for.

Members of clubs, think well on this subject; associate members without the power of voting are no useful addition to a bicycle club, but an associate membership with the same rights as the active members is a danger to element and a menace to the success of the organization.

RACE-PROMOTING CLUBS.

"The Kings County Wheelmen are beyond doubt the greatest racing wheel club in this or any other country." So says "Hawshaw," the lynx-eyed correspondent of the *Bicycling World*. Don't doubt it in the least; but that item reminded me that, as an enterprising club in the racing line, the Bay City Wheelmen are not far from the head of the procession. Look at their record for 1889 (that is up to date). Two races were held in San Francisco—one January 1 and another April 30; then they go to Stockton, a hundred miles away, and in conjunction with the Oak Leaf Wheelmen of that city, give a race meet and tournament on July 4. The three events were all successes from a racing point of view, and the balance on their race meet account is on the right side of the ledger, too. Strange—ain't it?

The prizes given at these tournaments were the most valuable given at any meeting held in this country this year (my authorities on prizes are the wheel papers). That is not a bad showing for what the Bay City's rivals (?) are pleased to term a lot of "kids." Pretty good business heads on those youngsters, anyhow.

SHOCKLEY'S RIDING.

At Stockton, July 4, W. A. Shockley won the safety championship in 2m. 59½s. On April 30 he was badly beaten, coming in a poor third or fourth in a race which was won in 3m. 14s. He met his defeat cheerfully and said: "Better luck next time." So he trained faithfully for the July races, and the improvement was astonishing. He not only won the one-mile, but got first place in the two-mile handicap, starting scratch with Lakenau (he was allowed 150 yards handicap, but went back to scratch). I am pleased to note these successes, as he is a perfect gentleman, and well liked by the boys. He was formerly a member of the Massachusetts Bi Club, but has settled here now. When he came here he looked around and joined the *Live* club, and what was the Massachusetts Club's loss was the Bay City Wheelmen's gain.

A "water-melon" run to Lodi by the Oak Leaf Wheelmen, of Stockton, is the fixture for August 11. An invitation has been extended to the Bay City Wheelmen to attend, and no doubt many will accept. At any affair in which the Stockton boys have a hand a good time is assured. (Say, if the overland train can get here in time, come and get the cholera morbus with us.)

"HEADERS."

NEWARK.

The heavy rainfall of the past two weeks has made sad havoc of Essex County's Macadam roads. Several Atlanta Wheelmen have been out to see the damage done, and have returned in disgust. "What did you see?" was asked them. "Nothing but floods, or mud where floods had been," was the only answer.

It is gratifying to know that the mud-hole on Broad Street, from Belleville Avenue to Gouverneur Street, is to be paved with Telford. More of the streets are in need of some kind of repair, and now that the great water contract is settled why not give us a much-needed improvement in street pavements?

Frank Brock, of the Atalantas, made the attempt last Sunday to climb "Eagle Rock." He succeeded in going up twice. Time for first round trip, 13½m; second, 14½m. Several communications have been received regarding the A. W.'s proposed race meet. We are always willing to receive suggestions, and the undersigned would be glad to hear from anyone. Address care of THE WHEEL.

The Atalantas would be pleased to hear from any local club in regard to a team race of, say, five or ten miles. Newark, N. J., August 7, 1889. SPARK.

NEW ORLEANS.

The Louisiana Cycling Club now has its building scheme well advanced, and before this will have seen the light the purchase of the ground will have been effected. The site selected is a convenient one, on Octavia Street, half a square from the St. Charles Avenue (asp't'd), and something less than half a mile from Audubon Park. It consists of two lots, 30x135 each, and is in the most pleasant part of the city, in the midst of handsome, tree-embowered, large-lawned residences. The purchase price, \$900, is a bargain, and no mistake, and the club will certainly be a gainer by the transaction, as the property will double its present value (which is really worth \$1,200) inside two years, or I miss my guess pretty badly. The plans of the house, too, have been received from the architect, and met the approval of the club, and bids are now coming in. The building will have a frontage of 28 feet and depth of 84 feet, and consists of one story and a basement. In the latter will be located the wheel, locker, bath and janitor's rooms, while upstairs are the parlor and the reception, reading and pool rooms. The parlor is a fine, large affair, 20x40 feet, and with the sliding doors between the reception room thrown open, a dancing space of 20x58 feet can be secured. A roomy, 8-foot gallery extends half way around the house, and with a well-kept lawn or tennis court taking up the other lot, and a garden and walk the 20-foot space between the house and the sidewalk, this big gallery will add mightily to its occupants' comfort, especially during the warmer months. The house will cost something under \$1,000, and, while neither grand or pretentious, it will present a neat and comfortable appearance, and when completed will be an immense feather for cycling and the club. Give the boys a pat on the back, dear Wheel. They are working hard and altogether, and deserve every encouragement. This less-than-\$3,000 house may not seem much away from here, but to us it is something big. Whoop'er up, boys. 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! Siss! Boom! Ta-raa-ra! Bully for you!

The Louisianians, at their last meeting (3d), elected five new members, bringing the roll up to the half-hundred mark, and postponed the adoption of a uniform until a Baltimore blunder could be heard from further.

At the same meeting the resignation of R. G. Betts as captain was accepted, and Lieut. L. J. Frederic unanimously, and with a rush, promoted to that office. Betts, who leaves on the 15th to take a position in New York City, was elected Honorary Captain.

For the vacant lieutenantancy W. C. Grivot, one of the hardest workers in the club, was deservedly selected over two competitors.

Things around the New Orleans B. C. Club are quite quiet. An impromptu sparring matinee between the members enlisted matters very considerably one evening last week, and what the bouts lacked in science was made up in spiritedness. One of the boxers, so I'm told, stopped a sock-dodger with his proboscis that caused him to dance a h-y, and made his head swim so badly that gloves went off and he wanted a *go a la Sullivan-Kilrain*—bare fist—before he could be calmed down.

The second of the Hill medal five-mile races takes place on the 4th. On the same date a one-mile match race between two glimmering glims of the Louisiana Club, A. B. Harris and C. M. Shute, will be decided. It has been brewing for some time, and a medal hung up by partisans of both riders hastened matters. There is just enough of delicious uncertainty as to the respective merits of the two as to make the match of interest and speculation.

Bi.

ST. LOUIS.

Last Monday's issue of the *Globe-Democrat* contained an article detailing the alleged antics of some wheelmen in Forest Park the day before. They were represented as snatching hats from the heads of pedestrians and riding off with them; riding alongside carriages and striking the horses with whips, and a lot of other stuff. Of course, the article was pure fiction from beginning to end, without the slightest basis in fact. It all originated in the diseased imagination of an unprincipled reporter. Publications of this nature, when read by persons unfamiliar with the facts and by others who have a prejudice against bicycles, are calculated to do great harm to the cause, and steps should be taken to secure their prompt denial. The *Republic*, of the week previous, printed a telegram from Manchester giving an account of the accident to the "Manchester to Barrett's" stage on Sunday afternoon, alleging that the horses were run into by a man on a bicycle, thus causing them to frighten. The facts are that the stage was drawn up on the edge of the road and the driver was assisting some passengers to alight. The wheelman came along and passed on the proper side, as far away from the horses as the width of the road would allow. The horses whirled suddenly and tipped the stage over the bank, wrecking the vehicle and injuring, more or less, the fifteen passengers. They all exonerated the rider from any blame, and seemed to think that the fault lay with the driver in leaving his team. Accidents on the road are always to be regretted, especially when, as in this case, they happen in a locality where there is so much animosity to bicycles. But the newspapers should not encourage this feeling by printing garbled or unfair accounts of them.

Wheelmen throughout the country will be surprised to learn that cycling is no longer to be considered as a sport, recreation, means of exercise or health restorer. It is simply an improved means of walking!!! This remarkable declaration is made in the circular issued to the members of the Missouri Bicycle Club advocating the abolition of the active list and the transfer of the club to the associate or non-riding members. It is one of the arguments (?) advanced, and the others are quite as brilliant. It is not offered as an opinion or a suggestion—it is put to us as a matter of fact. The man who wrote that circular has missed his calling; he ought to set himself up as a professional humorist and get the ebullitions of his mighty intellect syndicated *a la Bill Nye*, and when he dies he ought to have a "monument of jackasses' skulls" as high as the court-house. The club will be remiss in its duty if it does not attend to this.

The committees are hard at work on the race meeting, and the programme will be duly announced in a few days. The list of prizes will be given at the same time, and the necessary information relative to entries, etc. Chairman Davol has not been heard from in the matter of the League championship, but if there are any left we are pretty sure to get one. The local men have already begun training, and the track is in fine condition.

ITHURIEL.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

The boys repeated last Sunday's run yesterday, and again went to the Woolen Mills, on Stellacoom Creek. The day could not have improved upon, although several portions of the road were quite sandy, and caused much anxiety to arise in the minds of the several novices who accompanied us. As before, the boys took ample luncheon, and had no reason to complain of bad appetites. After the noonday repast, some of the boys tried their luck at fishing for brook trout, with varying success; Prince Wells, however, showed his superiority (?) as a scientific fly-caster, and landed the majority of the speckled beauties.

Halsted and Prince Wells will make a three weeks' trip through Oregon, Washington and part of British Columbia, to start in about two weeks. Prince will give exhibitions of fancy riding in all the towns along their route, and will also make a match with any owner of a trotting horse for any distance over five miles. Halsted will ride in all amateur races and in a few instances, has arranged to ride five mile races against three men—who can relieve each other at the end of every mile. At Portland, Oregon, and Victoria, British Columbia, special arrangements are being made to have a Japanese lantern parade, club drill and a few other attractions, in addition to races and the fancy riding of Wells.

While in Victoria on the Queen's recent birthday (May 24) Wells made many friends, one and all of whom want him to repeat his performance in their city as soon as he can conveniently go up there. On the 24th of May he gave his exhibition on the grass, and was much hampered by the very uneven condition of the turf. The next time his performance will be given in the Assembly Hall, where he will surely paralyze the people of that sleepy town—for the last time they plainly showed their utter amazement. Some of the Eastern boys will recall one of the first Springfield meets when Dan Canary opened the eyes of the visiting English racing men and their attendants, by his many tricks on one and two wheels. At that time, our cousins from across the great pond would not believe what they had read of American fancy riders, and even after seeing Dan ride they entertained serious doubts as to their mental conditions. Many of our British friends across the line had to see Wells ride to be fully convinced.

The Victoria boys are becoming greatly enthused over the idea of Halsted's proposition to ride five miles against three of their men—allowing them to relieve each other as before stated. Halsted will surely have his hands full to cross the tape first; but as the races are to be in the hall, the track will measure about fourteen laps to the mile, and as Halsted claims that he used to know how to climb around the corners, he stands a good chance of winning.

I hear with regret that Harley Hays and Bert Manning will leave Tacoma about the first of September to finish their college days. While sorry to lose them, even for a year, still the knowledge that they will return, having grown in both wisdom and physique—is sufficient to warrant our wishing them God speed and a quick return.

SNOHOMISH.

July 20, 1889.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

It has been widely reported that all the athletic clubs will have a bicycle team to represent them next season, which means that bicycle clubs in this vicinity must give up all their aspirations to shine upon the race path, save in the rare instance where the love of the sport prevents a man from identifying himself with these "semi-professionals," as it is an admitted fact that the ranks of the athletic clubs are recruited first amongst the fast riders of bicycle clubs, who have fostered the sport. Note that as soon as a man has become fast, and his club-mates have sung his praises, how the athletic club bobs up serenely, and by an offer of expenses paid scoops him in. Ah! what a multitude of things are covered by—"expenses paid." The young and enthusiastic racer who trains himself stands no chance with the skillfully trained representative of an athletic club. It is an unfair battle, and can only be equalized by classifying the racers of the future.

What a disappointment last week was to the eager seekers after club mileage medals. July rained itself out, leaving a large number many miles short of their expectations.

Captain Powers, of the Riverside Wheelmen, and a number of his club-mates, were met on Sunday last by Messrs. Hebert, Star, Moore and Raymond, of the B. B. C., and escorted to Bath, where a swim and dinner was had. Afterward the party, which had been increased by other members of the B. B. C., rode to the Brooklyn's clubhouse, and the visitors were entertained there until it was time to leave for home.

Mr. Frank Demarest, an ex-member of the B. B. C., has organized a club at Englewood, N. J., at which place he now resides. The name is to be the Englewood Bicycle Club. May they prosper beyond their most sanguine expectations.

ATOL.

BUFFALO.

Two of the Crescent Wheelmen, of Cincinnati, Messrs. Fred. Allsup and George Bauers, were in town Saturday. They started for home Sunday morning.

There have been but few tourists through Buffalo this year compared with the number who have visited here in years past. Perhaps many are holding back for the purpose of taking in the city during the International Fair. They may rest assured that they will be well provided for, though there will be no tournament this year. But just wait for next year! and Buffalo will show something unequalled in the history of the past.

The "illustrations" of the *Wheelmen's Gazette* for July have been the cause of many smiles. Perhaps the Star Company does not patronize the Indianapolis pamphlet as it should. The best Star rider on a crank, and with a mouse's ache! It caused some of Wilhelm's old Buffalo friends to question the whyfore, but the next issue of THE WHEEL enlightened them.

Seventy starters are expected to commence the second century run of the Ramblers this year. It will occur on the 18th inst.

The Zigzags and Buffalos also have century runs announced for this month. The Buffalo-Erie course is an excellent one.

The Lockport Wheelmen have arranged an attractive programme for their fourth annual meet, which occurs on August 15. Many local men will compete and a large delegation will attend.

Zo.

MINNEAPOLIS.

The 25-mile State championship race, which was postponed July 25, occurred on Wednesday July 31st, on the boulevard around Lake Harriet. The distance around the lake is a little less than three miles, and nine laps were required to make twenty-five miles. The entries were as follows: J. L. Bird and E. F. Hertz, of St. Paul; W. L. Dav. P. A. Meyers, E. J. H. J., Colie Bell, J. R. Stockdale, E. B. Tunstead, James Gray, Alex. Graham, F. E. Stockdale and P. Walsh. E. F. Hertz did not start owing to illness. The start was made at 3:30 o'clock, Bird taking the lead, followed closely by Hale, Bell and Stockdale. About a quarter of a mile from the tape Graham and Gray collided, breaking some spokes from Graham's wheel. Graham walked back to scratch intending to give up the race, but was induced to take another wheel and go on. He lost six minutes in making the change of mind and wheel, but, encouraged by some of his friends, rode hard and gained fourth place, making the best time of any. During the first lap the riders were well bunched, but in the second began to scatter out, Bird and James Stockdale taking a lead of about a quarter of a mile, and remaining there until the sixth, when Bell began to close up on them and in the eighth lap gained the lead, Bird second, Stockdale third, Hale fourth, the others scattered around the course.

In the ninth lap Bell held the lead, Bird and Stockdale striving for second place. On the home stretch Bell was thirty feet in the lead of Bird, Stockdale ten feet behind Bird. When Bell crossed the tape Bird and Stockdale were even, when Stockdale spurred and crossed the tape five or six feet ahead of Bird, who, not knowing "Jimmy" was quite so near, had not put in his final spurt.

Bell's time was 1h. 38m. 45s.; Stockdale, 1h. 38m. 50s.; Bird, 1h. 38m. 50½s.; Graham, 1h. 4m. 16s., including six minutes lost.

The time was not remarkable, but considering the state of the road and a strong wind was very good. I have been over the course since the race, and am surprised that the time was as good.

There are some whisperings that Bird will challenge Bell to ride the same distance again.

I hear that Bell is going to Oregon to engage in business. If he does it will give some of the other boys an opportunity to win a race, Bell having heretofore proved a little too much for any of them.

DORSON.

August 5.

HARRISBURG.

PARADE AND BANQUET.

The Harrisburg Wheel Club celebrated its third anniversary Monday evening, August 5, in a most auspicious manner. A parade was the first feature of the programme, in which nearly all the members participated, making a grand success of it. It being the evening for our regular monthly meeting, we returned to the club-rooms and transacted the necessary business.

After adjournment we proceeded to the Bolton House, where an elegant banquet awaited us.

After the banquet cigars were passed around and the toasts began. The L. A. W. was responded to by Dr. G. N. Gorgas, who referred to the influence exerted and how much was gained by the concerted action of the League. "Our Highways" was responded to by H. B. Gerhart, who spoke of the bad condition of the majority of our highways, and closed with an original poem "The Star" was responded to by H. W. Stone, who regretted that there were not more in use in our city. "The Safety" was responded to by J. C. Duke, who claimed that there never was a wheel put on the market that has won such universal popularity as this machine. "The Wheelmen's Wives and Wheelmen's Sweethearts" was responded to by Thos. S. Peters, who advised all wheelmen to join the benedictines. Chas. R. Keet answered to "Father Time," and rejoiced that none of our members had yet been run down by this ancient old man. "Our Associate Members" was responded to by H. A. Chayne in an appropriate style. President Lusk closed with a brief history of the club from its organization to the present time.

A more delightful occasion cannot be imagined, and at 2 o'clock A. M., after giving the "club yell" with great emphasis, we retired to our homes as happy a set of wheelmen as you ever saw.

N. O. REMARKS.

August 6, 1889.

ELIZABETH.

The regular monthly meeting of the E. W. was held at the club-house on Tuesday evening last, and a number of important subjects were discussed and disposed of. The committee appointed to find a suitable building lot reported progress. The President appointed the entertainment committee for the winter, and the road officers were authorized to get up a lantern parade to be held in the latter part of October.

Several bonds were drawn, paid and canceled, and the Treasurer reported a good balance.

Messrs. N. H. White and A. N. Calkens made a run to Long Branch on Sunday last, visiting Red Bank, Ocean Beach, etc. Dinner was taken at the Branch, and the return was made to Elizabeth via the 10:30 P. M. train. They enjoyed the trip thoroughly, but reported plenty of road hogs.

If the ticket which is before the Division at present is elected, it is the general opinion here that L. A. W. affairs in New Jersey will be boomed as they have never been boomed before.

The prospect of soon having our new roads is very encouraging. The contract for the new turnpike between Elizabeth and Rahway has been awarded, and the work will be finished by October. The contracts for the Plainfield and Morris Avenue turnpikes are still open for bids. With the increased facilities for wheeling that Elizabeth will have in the near future, it ought to become one of the cycling centres in the Union, and we believe that it will.

The sidewalk fiend has been getting in his baneful work in our fair city, and, as usual, the club gets the blame. The club has actually forbidden sidewalk riding in certain districts, and will aid in the arrest of any wheelman caught there.

"TANGLEFOOT."

Mr. Stevenson Towle, a member of Tammany, has been appointed consulting engineer to the Public Works Department, having special charge of street pavements. Mr. Towle was at one time a Park Commissioner.

FIXTURES.

- August 5, 1889.—At Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J.: 2-mile Bicycle Handicap and 2-mile Bicycle New Jersey State Championship. Entries close July 29th, with W. V. Blake, 146 Monmouth Street, Trenton, N. J. Entry fee, 50 cents.
- August 8, 9, 10, 1889.—Annual Meet of Massachusetts Division L. A. W., at Cottage City.
- August 10, 1889.—Races at Cottage City. Entries close August 8, with C. S. Davol, Hotel Naumkeag, Cottage City.
- August 10, 1889.—Bicycle Races of Massachusetts Division L. A. W. at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard.
- August 10, 1889.—Mercury Wheel Club's Outing, at Flushing, L. I.
- August 14, 1889.—Queens Athletic Club Grounds, at 4:30 P. M., 1-mile Handicap. Entries close, Aug. 17, with Thos. Lloyd, Queens, N. Y.
- August 14, 1889.—Waiontha Wheelmen's Race Meet and Road Race, at Richfield Springs, N. Y. Entries close with Fred. Bronner.
- August 15, 1889.—Race Meet of Lockport, N. Y., Wheelmen.
- August 17, 1889.—At Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. Prospect Harriers Games. One and two mile Bicycle Handicap and Triangular Race.
- August 17, 1889.—South End Wheelmen's, of Philadelphia, 10-mile Road Race over the Montgomery Course.
- August 18, 1889.—Second Century Run of the Buffalo Ramblers, from Erie to Buffalo.
- August 22, 1889.—East Greenwich, Conn., Handicap Road Race.
- August 24, 1889.—Montreal Bicycle Club's Annual Race Meet on the M. A. A.'s new grounds.
- August 24, 1889.—Fifty-mile Bicycle and 1-mile Dwarf N. C. U. Championships at Paddington, Eng.
- August, 1889.—Scranton Club's Tour, Scranton, Pa., to Utica, Springfield, New York, Catskills, Delaware Water Gap. Address, B. P. Connolly, Secretary.
- August 31, 1889.—Brooklyn Bicycle Club and Kings County Wheelmen's combined run to Massapequa, L. I.
- August 31, 1889.—Monster Run of Brooklyn Wheelmen to Hotel Massapequa.
- August 31, 1889.—Missouri Bicycle Club's Races, at St. Louis, Mo.
- August 31, 1889.—Albany Wheelmen's Tournament. Entries close August 24, with W. B. Phipps, 51 Howard Street, Albany, N. Y.
- August 31, 1889.—Passaic County Athletic Association's Bicycling Tournament at Clifton, N. J., Race Track. Entries close August 20, with Charles Blizard, 318 Gregory Street, Passaic, N. J.
- September 2, 1889.—Pennsylvania State Division L. A. W. Meet at York, Pa.
- September 2, 1889.—Pennsylvania Division Meet at Reading, Pa.
- September 2-3, 1889.—Amateur Race Meet of the Hartford Wheel Club, at Hartford, Conn. Entries to be made with W. M. Francis, Secretary, P. O. Box 745.
- September 3, 1889.—Hartford Wheel Club's 20-mile Road Race.
- September 7, 1889.—Berkeley Athletic Club's Race Meet at Berkeley Oval, Morris Dock, New York City.
- September 7, 1889.—A. A. U. Games at Brooklyn A. A. grounds; 1-mile Handicap. Entries close August 20, with James E. Sullivan, P. O. Box 611, New York City. Fee, 50 cents.
- September 7, 1889.—One-mile Bicycle A. A. U. Championship at Brooklyn Athletic Association Grounds. Entries close September 1 with J. E. Sullivan, P. O. Box 611, New York City.
- September 10-11, 1889.—Binghamton Race Meet. Address E. H. Towle, Binghamton, N. Y.
- September 13, 1889.—Springfield Bicycle Club's 50-mile Local Road Race and 50-mile Open Road Race, over the Springfield-Hartford course.
- September 13, 1889.—At Springfield, 50-mile Road Race, open to local riders only, and 50-mile Road Race, open. Entry fee, \$5, returnable to first, second and third men. Entries close September 1.
- September 13-14, 1889.—New York State Division Meet at New York and Brooklyn.
- September 14, 1889.—Y. M. C. A. Games; 3-mile Handicap. Fee, 50 cents. Entries close September 7, with George Pool, 150th Street, Harlem River.
- September 20, 1889.—Michigan Division L. A. W. Meet at Ypsilanti, Mich.
- September 21, 1889.—Michigan Division Meet races at Detroit, Mich.
- September 24-27, 1889.—Hudson County Wheelmen's Races at Spring Valley Fair.
- October 4-5, 1889.—Pennsylvania Bicycle Club's Tournament.
- October 4-5, 1889.—Peoria Bicycle Club's Tournament, Peoria, Ills.
- October 8-9, 1889.—Races at Carlisle, Pa. Address John E. Steel, Carlisle, Pa.
- October 23-29, 1889.—Race Meet at Macon, Ga.

EUROPEAN CYCLING FIXTURES.

Germany.—September 15; Hanover, September 8; Cologne, August 12; Chemnitz, September 8; Frankfurt-on-the-Main, September 1; Mannheim, September 8; Crefeld, September 8. Hamburg.—Altona, September 22; Bochum, August 25; Maderburg, September 8. Denmark.—Copenhagen International Meeting, August 18.

Chicago, August 7.—At 7 o'clock this morning, F. W. Van Sicklen, a bicyclist of Chicago, left this city on his wheel for Kansas City, which he expects to reach by Friday night. To do that he will have to ride 123 miles each day. Mr. Van Sicklen hopes to do this by steady, hard work.

SCRANTON BICYCLE CLUB.

ANNUAL TOUR, 1889.

Saturday, August 10.—Leave Scranton 6 A. M. (club-house). Waverly, Harford, New Milford, 40 miles, dinner (Jay House). Great Bend, Kirkwood, Binghamton, 22 miles, night (Hotel Bennett).

Sunday, August 11.—Leave Binghamton 6 A. M. Chenango Forks, Greene, 20 miles, dinner (Chenango House). Norwich, 22 miles, night (American Hotel).

Monday, August 12.—Leave Norwich 6 A. M. Sherburne, Earlville, Hamilton, 27 miles, dinner (Park Hotel). Utica, 29 miles, night (St. James Hotel).

Tuesday, August 13.—Leave Utica, train, 6:35 A. M. Trenton Falls, breakfast (Moore's Hotel). Utica, 17 miles, dinner (St. James Hotel). Richfield Springs, 36 miles (Darrow House).

Wednesday, August 14.—Leave Richfield Springs 9 A. M. Cooperstown, 13 miles, dinner (Hotel Fennimore). Stamford, 40 miles, night (Delaware House).

Thursday, August 15.—Leave Stamford 6 A. M. Prattsburg, Hunters, Tannersville, 31 miles, dinner (Hotel Haines' Falls, Kaaterskill Falls, night (Hotel Kaaterskill).

Friday, August 16.—Leave Kaaterskill Falls 6 A. M. Catskills, Hudson, 10 miles, dinner (Worth Hotel). Hillsdale, Great Barrington, 30 miles, night (Miller House).

Saturday, August 17.—Leave Great Barrington 6 A. M. Stockbridge, Lennox, Pittsfield, 25 miles, dinner (Berkshire House). Lebanon Springs, 10 miles, night (Field's Hotel).

Sunday, August 18.—Leave Lebanon Springs 9 A. M. Kinderhook, 20 miles, dinner (Kinderhook Hotel). Hudson, 15 miles, night (Worth Hotel).

Monday, August 19.—Leave Hudson 6 A. M. Rhinebeck, 26 miles, dinner (Rhinebeck House). Hyde Park, Poughkeepsie, 17 miles, night (Morgan House).

Tuesday, August 20.—Leave Poughkeepsie 6 A. M. Newburgh, West Point, 27 miles, dinner (West Point Hotel). Train to Tarrytown, Yonkers, Kings Bridge, New York, 25 miles, night (Grand Union Hotel).

Wednesday, August 21.—Leave New York 6 A. M. Brooklyn Riding District and Coney Island. Train to Newark, night (Continental Hotel).

Thursday, August 22.—Leave Newark 6 A. M. Orange, Milburn, Morristown, 20 miles, dinner (Park House). Dover, 12 miles, night (House).

Friday, August 23.—Leave Dover 6 A. M. Hopatcong, Dingmans, 34 miles, dinner (Hotel). Milford, 8 miles, night (Cressman House).

Saturday, August 24.—Leave Milford 6 A. M. Dingmans, Bushkill, Water Gap, 32 miles, dinner (Kittatiny House). Train to Scranton.

* While the start is made Saturday, some will join by train, Monday, at Norwich; Tuesday, at Utica, via D. L. & W.; Wednesday, at Cooperstown, via D. & H.

† Those who rest on Sunday, August 11, at Binghamton, leave Binghamton, D. L. & W. R. R., Monday, 4:30 A. M., overtaking party at Norwich. Those resting Sunday, August 18, at either Pittsfield or Lebanon Springs, take Boston & Albany Railroad and overtake party at Hudson or Rhinebeck.

THE HARTFORD TOURNAMENT.

The Wheel Club men have been very busy the last few weeks getting things in shape for the September races, and have already got a great amount of the detail work out of the way. Entry blanks have been in great demand among the racing men, and a host of new riders have been heard from, indicating that a larger field will strive for the honors. However, the local flyers don't intend to get left, and Wm. J. Corcoran, the crack Yale trainer, has been engaged for the Wheel Club team, and has already taken charge of his men. The Charter Oak Park track, a noted fast one, will be better than ever this year, and no pains will be spared to make its condition perfect.

The railroad facilities are excellent, and excursion rates from Meriden, New Haven, Springfield and other places will be very reasonable.

The meet of the Connecticut Division, L. A. W., to be held in Hartford at the time of the tournament, will add greatly to the wheelmen's enjoyment. On the morning of the first day, Monday, September 2, a parade will be given, in which four or five hundred men will appear. Three prizes, the first presented by the Hartford Wheel Club, and the others by the Connecticut Division, will be offered visiting clubs for largest number of men and for best appearance.

In the evening an elaborate entertainment will be given at Germania Hall, under the auspices of the Division. This will consist of refreshments, peculiar to the cyclists' taste and fancy, supplemented by a concert of Weed's full military band, exhibition of boxing, club swinging, Glee Club songs and other attractions.

On Tuesday morning a run will be made to Wethersfield, where a lunch will be served at the residence of the Division's Secretary-Treasurer.

CYCLISTS' MEET AT READING, PA.

READING, August 3, 1889.

The bicycle meet at the Yellow House to-day was attended by a large number of wheelmen and admirers of the sport, and a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested which was dampened, however, by the heavy rains, which compelled the postponement of some of the most interesting events.

The first race, novice, half-mile, was won by Dundore, of Reading, in 1m. 38 1/4s. The 1-mile, three minute class, by Z. H. Miller, of Lancaster, with Kilmer, of Reading, a close second. Time, 3m. 23 1/4s. The 1-mile safety race came next, but just as the start was about to be made it began to rain hard. After the shower was over the race was run, and was won by Taxis, of Philadelphia, in 3m. 55s. The 2-mile handicap was a very interesting event, Taxis, who started from scratch, winning in 3m. 21s. At this point the rain again began to pour, compelling a postponement of the other events.

Detroit A. A. games, held at Detroit August 3.—One-mile handicap: G. O. Lane, 100 yards, 3m. 27s.; G. W. Jones, scratch, second, by two lengths.

ENGLISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

A GERMAN WINS THE ENGLISH BLUE RIBBON—RECORDS IN THE SAFETY RACE.

The one-mile bicycle and twenty-five mile safety English amateur championships were decided at Paddington Recreation Grounds on July 20. The German, Lehr, furnished a complete surprise by winning the one-mile event—the first time it has ever gone out of the country—beating Osmond, Synner and other first-class men. The details of the race are as follows: Heat 1: H. Synner, 2m. 48 1/2s.; F. J. Archer, 2d. Heat 2: F. J. Osmond, 2m. 51 2/5s.; S. E. Williams, 2d. Heat 3: A. Lehr, Frankfurt, Germany, 2m. 48 1/2s.; E. Osmond, 2d. Heat 4: W. A. Illston, 2m. 44s.; B. Hinchliffe, 2d. Final Heat: Lehr, 1st; F. J. Osmond, 2d, by five yards; Synner, 3d, by six yards; Illston, by twenty yards. Time, 3m. 09 4/5s.

The start was very slow, Synner leading. When the bell rang Lehr rushed into the inside berth, and quickening his pace wonderfully, had a fifteen-yard lead entering the straight. Osmond made a great rush, passing Illston and challenging Synner. Both traveled faster than Lehr, but he had had too much advantage, and they were unable to reach him, Osmond riding second by about five yards. Lehr's last quarter occupied 34 1/2s., and Osmond, with the wind against him, rode in about 35s. for that distance. Osmond and Synner were intently watching each other, or they would not have allowed the German to get so far away. The English papers report that Lehr rode an inferior-looking German-made wheel, with the saddle far back and with 4 1/2-inch crank throw.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.—PLACE.

1878. Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, Stamford Bridge.
1879. H. L. Cortis, Stamford Bridge.
1880. C. E. Liles, Stamford Bridge.
1881. G. L. Hillier, Belgrave Grounds.
1882. F. Moore, Aston Lower Grounds.
1883. H. W. Gaskell, Crystal Palace.
1884. H. A. Speechly, Lillie Bridge.
1885. S. Sellers, Aston Lower Grounds.
1886. P. Furnivall, Jarrold Track.
1887. W. A. Illston, Aston Lower Grounds.
1888. H. Synner, Coventry Track.

OTHER CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

Five-mile tricycle championship.—H. H. Sansom, Nottingham, 17m. 15 3/5s.; E. B. Turner, Ripley Road Club, and Scheltema, Beduin, dead heat for second place; Louis Stein, Frankfurt, Germany, 4th. Last quarter, 37 1/2s. Two of the trial heats were run in 15m. 40 3/5s. and 15m. 24 3/5s.

Twenty-five mile bicycle championship.—F. J. Osmond, 1st; F. P. Wood, 2d; D. McRae, 3d; J. H. Adams, 4th. Time, 1h. 18m. 27 2/5s.

Twenty-five mile safety amateur championship.—F. J. Fletcher, 1st; Louis Shute, 2d; W. C. Jones, 3d. Time, 1h. 16m. 34 2/5s. Records made: 22 miles, C. W. Nettleton, 1h. 07m. 38 3/5s.; 23 miles, W. C. Jones, 1h. 10m. 33 2/5s.; 24 miles, R. Burns, 1h. 13m. 41 3/5s.; 25 miles, F. J. Fletcher, 1h. 16m. 34 2/5s.

EAST GREENWICH WHEELMEN'S HANDICAP ROAD RACE.

A meeting of East Greenwich bicyclists was held at the Updike House, last Monday evening, to consider the advisability of holding a handicap road race from Candall's drug store, on Main Street, that village, to the blacksmith shop, near Silver Hook, and return. There was no adverse opinion advanced, and the meeting was called to order and Charles H. Weld elected Chairman. Other officers were chosen as follows: Secretary, V. J. Briggs; Treasurer, Thomas B. Boardman; Committee to appoint starter, timer, judges, etc., and to fix rules for the race, James E. McKenna, V. J. Briggs, Sindy Powers. The race will be ridden on Thursday, August 22, starting at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. There will be two prizes, the first of which will be valued at twice the second. It is not yet decided what the prizes will be. The Secretary received the names of nine riders who wish to enter the race, and of this number Charles H. Weld, Walter S. Weedon and Thomas B. Boardman were elected to choose a committee of three from the local riders to arrange the handicap. The next meeting will be held at 8:30 P. M., August 7, in Firemen's Hall.

RACES AT TRENTON, N. J., AUGUST 6.

Two events were decided at the Sir Charles Napie Lodge picnic August 6. Summary:

TWO-MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP, OPEN.—L. L. Clarke, B. A. C., 30 yards, time, 7m. 10s.; J. R. Hazleton, Smithville, 125 yards, second; J. R. Sutterley, Trenton, 100 yards, third. The other starters were: A. H. Rogers, Trenton, 125 yards; W. H. Ash, Ballwin, 125 yards; C. H. Rogers, Trenton, 125 yards; George A. Rogers, Trenton, 125 yards; A. A. Zimmerman, Freehold Cyclers, 25 yards; Z. R. Hinkle, 125 yards; A. W. Shinn, Mount Holly, 125 yards.

TWO-MILE HANDICAP, OPEN TO NEW JERSEY CYCLISTS.—The entries were: William Lamb, Mount Holly, 35 yards; Z. R. Hinkle, Smithville, 125 yards; L. L. Clarke, N. J. S. L., 30 yards; A. A. Zimmerman, Freehold, 25 yards; J. R. Hazleton, Smithville, 125 yards; Job R. Sutterley, Trenton, 100 yards; C. H. Rogers, Trenton, 122 yards; A. W. Shinn, Mount Holly, 125 yards. Won by Hazleton in 7m. 22 4/5s.

BICYCLE RACE AT QUEENS.

Mr. Lloyd is indefatigable in his efforts to help wheeling. At his grounds on Saturday last a 1-mile handicap was run. Of twenty-two entries but nine starters appeared. Three showers in the early part of the day spoiled the track. Summary: First heat—C. M. Murphy, C. C. W., 30 yards, time, 3m. 07 1/2s.; A. A. Zimmerman, F. C., 45 yards, time, 3m. 07 4/5s.; R. A. Kissam, Q. B. C., 90 yards; G. W. Doner, Q. C. W., 100 yards. Second heat—L. L. Clarke, B. A. C., 40 yards, time, 3m. 07s.; N. F. Waters, B. B. C., 60 yards, time, 3m. 07 1/2s.; G. Boyce, Q. B. C., 100 yards; T. J. Hall, K. C. W., 60 yards; Lew. R. Doughty, Jr., Q. B. C., 125 yards. Final Heat—C. M. Murphy, 30 yards, first, time, 3m. 11s.; L. L. Clarke, 40 yards, second, time, 3m. 11 3/5s.; N. F. Waters, 60 yards, third; A. A. Zimmerman, 45 yards, fourth.

A 3-mile ordinary and a 2-mile safety handicap will be held at Oak Island Grove, Revere, Mass., August 13.

New York State Division L.A.W.

OFFICIAL ORGAN.



OFFICERS FOR 1889.

Chief Consul, W. S. BULL, 754 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Vice-Consul, M. L. BRIDGMAN, 1255 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. M. NISBETT, 50 Wall Street, New York City.
Executive and Finance Committee, W. S. BULL, M. H. BRIDGMAN, DR. GEORGE E. BLACKHAM, Dunkirk N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE DIVISION FALL MEET.

SEPTEMBER 13 AND 14, NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

M. L. Bridgman, 1255 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, Chairman.
W. H. DeGraaf, 47 West Fourteenth Street, Treasurer.
J. M. Shaw, 19 West Fifty-third Street, New York City, Secretary.
A. B. Barkman, 241 Broadway, New York City.
J. C. Gulick, 28 West Sixtieth Street, New York City.

SUB-COMMITTEE CHOSEN.

Entertainment, W. H. DeGraaf, 47 West Fourteenth Street.
Transportation, G. R. Bidwell, 313 West Fifty-eighth Street.
Programme, C. A. Sheehan, 5 Vanderbilt Avenue.
Press, F. P. Prial, P. O. Box 444.
Reception, L. A. Clarke, 25 Broad Street.
Tours and Runs, A. B. Barkman, 241 Broadway.
Theatre Party, W. H. DeGraaf, 47 West Fourteenth Street; Bert Cole, 62 Hanson Place, Brooklyn.

PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

Morning—Reception of visitors.
Afternoon—Runs, Park, Yorkers, etc.
Night—Theatre Party, New York City.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Morning—Parade in Central Park.
Afternoon—Run to Brooklyn and Prospect Park.
" —Run to Coney Island.
" —Supper at Coney Island.
" —Concert at Gilmore's Amphitheatre.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Informal runs to Yonkers, Tarrytown, The Oranges and points on Long Island.

The General Committee report that all arrangements are being perfected and that a first-class meet is assured. Wheelmen from all over the country are invited to attend.

BOARD OF OFFICERS' MEET.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 10, 1889.
Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Board of Officers, New York State Division, will be held at the Grand Union Hotel, Friday, September 13, 1889, 6:30 P. M. This notice is given pursuant to Article 2, Section 1, of the Constitution.

M. L. BRIDGMAN, Vice-Consul.

To the Members of the New York State Division and to Proprietors of League Hotels:

At a considerable outlay of time and labor I have succeeded in securing an advantageous contract with the official hotels in this Division. Some complaints have been made that L. A. W. members have not, in some cases, been accorded that treatment at certain of such hotels to which they are entitled. I am in readiness at all times to investigate all such complaints, and do my best to remedy them.

On the other hand, complaints have also been made that L. A. W. members did not, in some cases, always conduct themselves with proper decorum. I am informed by a League member that recently, at Van Buren Point, one of the pleasantest and most popular summer resorts in Western New York, and one largely patronized by wheelmen, the conduct of some wheelmen was such that the proprietor took down his League certificate in disgust. On account of the conduct of some wheelmen at this same resort last year, it was with a good deal of hesitation, and only after considerable persuasion, that the proprietor of this place signed the contract for this year.

The large majority of our members are gentlemen who know how to conduct themselves, and have a proper regard for the rights of others; but, as in all other large organizations, there will occasionally creep in disturbing and

Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J., report an unprecedented demand for their safety bundle carriers, both for handle bar and mud guard. **

undesirable elements. One rowdy can do more to injure the good name of the organization than a score of gentlemen can do to build it up, and it is certainly unjust that the conduct of the few should be taken as indicating the character of the majority of those composing the organization. In justice to the vast majority of the League members of this Division, I shall endeavor to take steps to avoid any such result, and, if necessary, shall take steps to secure the expulsion from the L. A. W. of members who, by their conduct at League hotels, disgrace themselves and bring reproach upon the organization.

I urgently request all proprietors of League hotels, and all members of the League who have the best interests of the organization at heart, to immediately report all such cases to me.

Very respectfully,

W. S. BULL,
Chief Consul.

THE ANNUAL STATE MEET.

To the Members of the New York State Division:

Pursuant to Section 1 of Article 2, New York State Division By-laws, the Executive Committee have decided to hold the annual meetings of the Division and of the Board of Officers in New York City and Brooklyn, Friday and Saturday, September 13 and 14, 1889.

Cordial invitations to entertain the Division were also received from Binghamton, Richfield Springs and Niagara Falls.

An efficient committee have the matter in charge and are preparing an enjoyable programme.

It is desired that every member that can do so will attend the meet, as matters of great importance will be considered at the meetings.

THE DIVISION HAND-BOOK BOOM—THE MEMBERSHIP.

I have caused to be mailed to 6,000 wheelmen in this State "The Hand-book of the New York State Division," enclosing with each book an application blank and an addressed envelope to the Secretary of the League.

Having placed in the hands of these wheelmen this book, showing the objects and advantages of the organization, I call upon all officers and members to use a little personal effort to induce non-league wheelmen to join the L. A. W. The membership roll of the Division shows the renewals this year to be 212 less than last year. In the Second District the loss was 233. It will be seen from this showing that while we have gained in other sections the loss in Brooklyn more than overbalanced the gains.

The officers and League workers in Brooklyn are urgently requested to put forth every effort to make up this loss.

CHIEF CONSUL'S CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

As I will be absent from Buffalo between the following dates, viz., August 8 to 25, all communications between those dates requiring immediate attention should be addressed to W. S. Bull, care of P. O. Box 353, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIVE-MILE BICYCLE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The five-mile bicycle New York State Division championship is hereby assigned to the Waiontha Bicycle Club, of Richfield Springs, to be competed for at their race meet, August 14, 1889.

Yours fraternally,

W. S. BULL, Chief Consul.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Australian 100-mile bicycle road record has been lowered to 7h. 53m.

The Toronto Bicycle Club will hold its race meet at Rosedale on Friday next.

The Rambler Bicycle Club, of Buffalo, had a great lantern parade on Wednesday night.

Furnival, Gatehouse and Webber were interested spectators of the English championship races.

Buffalo will have another fine road out of the city on Seneca Street, which is being asphalted.

The New York Bicycle Co.'s "General Information" pamphlet is unique and of much value to wheelmen.

W. Price, fifty yards start, won a mile bicycle handicap at the Paddington track on July 18; time, 2m. 31 2-5s.

The Berkeley Club are making great efforts for the success of their tournament, to be held at Berkeley Oval on September 7.

The hotel at Freeport, L. I., is "Scott's," right near the shore. The landlady is polite, the dinner excellent, the price fifty cents.

The combined run of the K. C. W. and B. B. C. to the Massapequa on August 31 will be one of the pleasantest cycling events of the season.

The Press Cycling Club, of Boston, rode to Great Head, Winthrop, on Sunday, Edward F. Draper, of the Boston Herald, entertained the party at Ocean Spray.

W. I. Harris and Mrs. Harris and Dr. Wells, of the Citizens' Club, started on Sunday last for a trip to Williams-town, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are on a tandem.

Ralph Temple made his first appearance on the English path at Leicester, on August 3. Temple rode ten miles in 32m. 14s., beating Howell and others. The race was probably a "fake."

The entries for the Prospect Harriers' 2-mile handicap close August 10, with F. G. Webb, 736a Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The race will be run at Washington Park on August 17.

The White Cycle Company no doubt found that "Jack" had endeared himself to them. Their conduct of the last rites was extremely creditable. They showed their kindness throughout.

Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J., are teaching more persons how to ride the bicycle at Oraton Hall than ever before at this season of the year. Hall open evenings. **

Lehr, the English one-mile bicycle champion, is a pale, slight, stoop-shouldered fellow, about nineteen years of age. The wheel he rides is a combination of the Royal Mail, Club and Rudge.

Had "Jack" returned home on Sunday night, he would have written us an article advocating Chief Consul Mott for the Presidency of the L. A. W. He was enthusiastic over the little Field Marshal. He had the "ear-marks."

Among the wheelmen who were at the Casino in the Park on Sunday last was a thing in a tight-fitting jersey suit and blue plush trunks; no coat, no knee-pants. Such things should be shot on sight. Wheelmen should hoot jays of that sort.

BICYCLE STOLEN.

H. J. Paine, 327 Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., reports the loss of a Victor Safety, No. 2269, style, 1889. The wheel disappeared August 5, at 8:30, from Jennings's Resort on the Whitefish Bay Road.

W. D. Supplee, ex-Captain of the Pennsylvania Club, has become a prominent member of the Supplee Hardware Company, a large Philadelphia concern. This engrossment in business was the principal cause of Mr. Supplee's retirement as Captain of the Pennsylvania Club.

In our advertising pages Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons announce that they will accept high grade wheels in exchange for new mail safeties, and that they have for sale a few second-hand safeties in good condition. A list of second-hand wheels wanted and for sale will be sent upon application.

A Hagerstown cyclist, riding on the sidewalk, run into a citizen. The citizen believed that the accident was unintentional and refused to prosecute. There is no reason why any cyclist should ride on the Hagerstown sidewalks when the roads are so good. The cyclist should have been arrested.

LONG ISLAND WHEELMEN NOTES.

The club meet was held Tuesday night. All was harmony. C. C. Alden has gone to Bangor, Me., for a short vacation. The highest one day's record for July is 130 miles, credited to W. Schmid. The total mileage reported for June is 11 652 miles.

The invitation to hold the New York State Division Meet at New York and Brooklyn this fall has shut out the Niagara Falls B. C. The wheelmen at the Falls were determined to have the meet, and had enough money pledged to make it a success, but the New York and Brooklyn people got their invitation in first.

You will find a complete list of names of the club members here, and I trust you will be able to send each one a copy of your paper. It is certainly the best paper of its kind that has ever found its way into Erie, and I think if the boys can only get acquainted with it, its popularity will increase rapidly. Very truly, Nette A. Preston, Erie, Pa.

Fred and Robert Coningsby leave Saturday evening on the Albany boat for a tour to the Thousand Islands. Their route lies from Albany to Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Watertown and Cape Vincent, N. Y. From Cape Vincent they take Boat to Kingston and to the Thousand Islands. They will return by the same route, and will be gone two weeks.

The following club runs have been called by the road officers of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club for the balance of the month: August 4, King of Prussia via Gulf Mills, distance 28 miles; leave 10 o'clock. August 8, ladies' moonlight run out pike; leave 7:30 P. M. August 10 and 11, with Hudson County Wheelmen. August 18, Willow Grove; leave 9:30; distance 32 miles. August 25, Chester, leave 9:30; distance 28 miles.

TOURING COMPANION WANTED.

A. Nichols writes that he will tour in the Berkshire Hills and Vermont during the third or last week in August, and desires to hear from any wheelmen who would like to join him. The route will be from New York City to Hudson by steamer Saturday night, Aug. 17 or 24, as convenient, thence by wheel to Berkshire Hills and Vermont. Address 64 John Street, New York City.

The Pennsylvania Clubs' 5-mile road race for a challenge cup was run on the Lancaster pike last Saturday afternoon. The course was from General Wayne Hotel, on Bryn Mawr Avenue, to Ardmore, finishing at Overbrook. Messrs. Hill and Fuller objected to the course chosen and did not ride. S. Wallis Merrihew finished first in 16m. 30s.; B. Clarke, two minutes start, second; time, 18m. 45s.; B. F. McDaniels, scratch, 18m. 40s. Merrihew rode a light roadster, and McDaniels a safety.

George B. Hulberd, of the New York Social Club, and John B. Miley, of the Lambs' Club, on their way home from a spin up Riverside Drive Tuesday afternoon, ran into two bicycles and demolished them. The bicyclists were Isidore Lowenstein, of 122 East Fifty-ninth Street, and a young lady whose name could not be learned. Lowenstein's knee was slightly injured. The two club men were taken to the Arsenal, where Acting Captain Flock discharged them, as they promised to pay all the damages, and the bicyclists would make no charge.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Officers of the Massachusetts Division League of American Wheelmen was held August 3, at the Clarendon Hotel, Boston. Chief Consul Emery presided, and C. S. Howard served as Secretary pro tem. Among the representatives present were J. S. Dean, W. G. Kendall, C. G. Whitney and G. A. Perkins. The Chief Consul reported that the Division had a larger membership now than ever before. The nearest approach to the present membership was at the time of the L. A. W. meet in Boston, May, 1886. Messrs. Emery and Howard were appointed a committee to consider the advisability of publishing a hand book of the Division, which should include the constitution, by-laws, etc.—Globe.

WAIONTHAS BICYCLE CLUB'S RACE MEET.

The meet of this club will be held at Richfield Springs, N. Y., August 14. The following are the events: Fifty-mile road race, half-mile club novice, one-mile novice, three-mile lap race, fancy riding, five-mile L. A. W. State championship, one-mile tandem safety bicycle, one-mile team, one-mile safety, one-mile dash (ordinaries), one hundred yards slow race, one-mile Herkimer and Otsego Counties championship, two-mile open, half-mile obstruction race, consolation race.

Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J., have improved their Graphite for lubricating chains and bearings of bicycles, and safeties, until it seems to be perfect. All riders should have a bottle. **

W. G. Schack, of Buffalo, has an '89 mileage of 3,204.

The Pennsylvania State Division meet will be held September 2 at York, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Harris and Dr. Wells passed through Poughkeepsie on August 4.

The Binghamton Club will hold a meet September 10 and 11. Twelve events will be run each day.

Don't forget Schwalbach's entertainment at the Casino, 214 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Raymond and Potter, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, leave to-morrow for a tour in the Adirondacks.

John Van Benschoten, of Poughkeepsie, recently rode sixteen miles in 1h. 2m. 11s. Van Benschoten rides a 58-in. Expert.

There is talk at Poughkeepsie of holding a race meet this year, but there is so much moisture in the air that the chances are small.

Colie Bell, the Minneapolis racing man, has retired from the path, and has accepted a position with the Western Union Telegraph Co. at Olympia, Minn.

Your issue of June 28 was a great one. Let the good work go on! [Yes! Yes!—Ed.]

TAM O'SHANER.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales report a continued demand for New Mail safeties. There are nine New Mail rear-drivers in the King's County Wheelmen's club-house.

The following members of the L. I. W. have made century runs during the year: Messrs. G. S. Teller, Wise, Alden, Parker, Schumacher, Schmid, Beecher, Ballard, Topping, Isaacs and Camonini.

W. J. Newman, Captain of the Cambridge Club, secured a cottage for the club's use at Cottage City. Captain Newman has called the following runs: August 18, Marblehead and Neck; August 25, Great Head.

Messrs. William Halpin & Co. are now promptly filling orders for Warwick safeties and ordinaries. The Warwick Cycle Co. have two gangs of men working day and night, and are rapidly catching up with orders.

The Coventry Machinists' Co., Limited, write: "Orders are away ahead of us on Swift safeties and Ladies' Swits. There is an unusual demand for Marlboro tricycles this season. The demand for the best never ceases."

Mr. Frank Eveland and wife, of the Hudson County Wheelman, have been spending a short vacation at Hyde Park, N. Y. Both ride safeties, and are enthusiastic over the good roads about Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie.

The Montreal Bicycle Club will hold their annual race meet on Saturday, August 24, at the new Montreal A. A. grounds. The track is a third of a mile, and protected from the wind. Races can be held on it rain or shine.

I am sorry to see the announcement in to-day's paper of the drowning of J. Purvis-Bruce. The wheeling world loses an enthusiastic rider and writer, and literature a promising devotee.

THEODORE W. ROBERTS.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Bros. have just delivered to Mr. J. D. Bell, of the Long Island Wheelmen, as fine a tricycle as we ever laid eyes on. It was built to Mr. Bell's order by the Overman Wheel Co. It is a three-track, with a special Victor spring-fork, 30-inch wheels, geared to 42, and built very narrow. The wheel weighs but 56 pounds, and will be used by Mrs. Bell.

Messrs. Powell and Beasley, K. C. W., spent Sunday and Monday at Patchogue. Beasley fished all day Monday and caught a lone sea robin. While out boating with a party of young ladies, one of them upset the boat for pastime—to hear the others scream. Mr. Beasley saved the lives of all the girls, and proved himself an expert and courageous swimmer. The water where the upset occurred was fully three feet, six inches deep.

G. M. Nisbett was elected captain of the New York Club on Wednesday evening, in place of J. M. McFadden, resigned. A new feature of the club-house is a choice collection of magazines, illustrated papers, etc. The club will turn out in force on Saturday afternoon to witness the race between W. C. Heydecker, N. Y. B. C., and Francis Thayer, Citizens' B. C. The start will be made from Tarrytown at 4 P. M., and the race will finish at 60th Street and Boulevard.

MR. VAN WAGONER'S CHALLENGE.

Messrs. Charles S. Davol of Warren, R. I., and Howard L. Perkins, of Providence, have made objections to the paragraph in last week's WHEEL, which characterized Van Wagoner's challenge as blatant, etc. They consider the paragraph in bad taste. We have again read Van Wagoner's challenge, and must reiterate that it is "blatant" and crude and reflects a boasting spirit. We are glad to publish Mr. Davol's and Mr. Perkins' statements that this is not true. Mr. Perkins states: "Van Wagoner is highly esteemed by all who know him in this vicinity. Mr. Van Wagoner had cause for wording his challenge as he did and as for his records they were made on the Providence track, and cannot be classed as backwoods records." Mr. Davol writes: "You will find Van a quiet, pleasant chap, with nothing to do but race. He wants to meet them all. There is not a brag in him that I ever noticed. I feel convinced that he could not have been in condition at the time of the Irvington-Wilburn road race. He recently went with a party to Westboro, Mass., to see 'Jack.' At two minutes of three he started from Boston, 31 miles, and kept an engagement at 5 o'clock, as the hotel clerk will testify; no sand-papered roads, but up hill and down. He has ridden twenty-five miles in better than 1h. 22m. over the Ocean Drive at Newport."

WANTED—Safety, any standard make, in first-class condition; will pay cash or exchange for 48-in ch Special Star of latest design, or will sell latter. Address, Finkel, 2497 8th Av.

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\$175 BUYS A PREMIER TANDEM SAFETY, ridden only a few times, acknowledged to be the best Tandem made. \$105 buys the latest Safety imported; diamond frame; ball bearing all round; all steel; no casting; and if you are ready to pay \$135 for a Safety, don't put it out for 50 to 58 lbs. of material, even if it is steel. Steel is cheap, but pay it for less weight, more skill, finer workmanship, less noise, less talk, and a machine, the moment you see it, you will join others, who know, in saying, well, we have struck perfection; and the machine is the "Catford Premier Safety, weighs 38 lbs., stronger than your 58 lb. machine and runs as easy again. Just call and see it. The Premier Cycles are sold by

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Plenty of new and second-hand Safeties, Ordinaries and Tandems in stock. Call. Open evenings.

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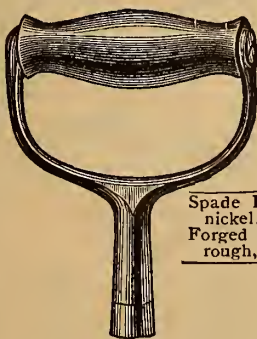
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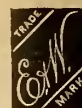
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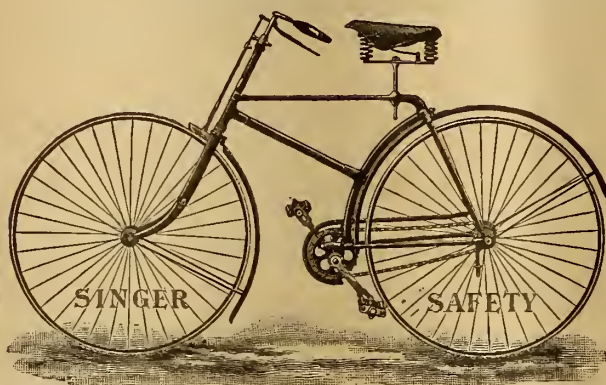
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Price, \$135.00.

W. S. Doane climbed Corey Hill, the 19th inst., three times in succession without a dismount, on a "Singer" Safety, geared to 57 inches, regular stock machine, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inch cranks, thus beating his own performance of last week. W. W. Stall, G. M. Worden and Asa Windle, witnessed the feat. A strong head wind was blowing at the time of the ascent.—*From Bi. W. & L. A. W. Bulletin, May 24, 1889.*

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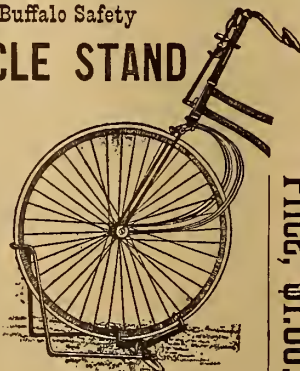
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