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EDITED BY F. G. CRAMER.

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THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 1.

HIS RETRIBUTION.

BY CHARLIE WOOD, IN THE AUSTRALIAN CYCLIST.

ONCE looked upon this world in a prosaic light. Matters supernatural I scoffed at. They were to me mere hallucinations of a weak mind. Yet, now, I am a sceptic no longer, I seem to realize that there are strange, unaccountable events transpiring in this world that are ordained by higher, mysterious powers—unseen powers, that destine our lives from the cradle to the grave. From scepticism I have become a fatalist. As I write this weird—almost unnatural—story, and my thoughts wander back to that eventful day of my meeting with D'Arcy, something whispers inwardly to me that we were united in friendship again by the invisible power that was to influence his fate. Why should I have gone there? I had no inclination to witness my fellow creatures vainly to pass one another on wheels. Yet there I had drifted and was gazing on the multitude of excited faces—a sea of human beings, listening to the hoarse murmuring arising from the mass. As I gazed vaguely around me, the mention of the great ride of that day suddenly awakened a strange

thoughts within me. "This great D'Arcy they talk about," I murmured inwardly. "Was he the same D'Arcy I had known in the years gone by?" The name was uncommon, and he, I knew of old, was the *beau ideal* of a sporting enthusiast. Acting on an impulse, I made my way to the dressing room. I would satisfy my curiosity regarding him, I thought.

What a crowd I beheld there! A confused mass of assorted colors. The features of the riders were lit up by anticipation and rays of hope. I requested some one to point me out the great rider, whom the public regarded as their hero of the day. Then the next minute two old friends were shaking hands cordially. I was gazing into D'Arcy's face with the admiration I had always felt for his strength—his perfect command over any sport. In the days gone by he had been the leader in everything. It seemed quite natural to me now he should have reached the pinnacle of fame. "Wait for me after it is all over," he whispered as he prepared to leave me for the time, "we must have a talk over old days." What a roar went up from

the populace as he sped gracefully around, bowing to the tempest of acclamation. They all felt assured that the strong, stalwart form would uphold the honor of his country. His confident expression gave weight to these anticipations. Here every continent was represented. To please this living mass he had to achieve a veritable triumph over the riders of other nations. An ordeal they all thought he was quite capable of accomplishing. When they were all drawn up in position a great stillness prevailed; then as they started a hoarse murmur announced that the great race of the day had commenced. They went off slowly at first, all maneuvering being combined with strategy. These tactics did not please the mass. In obedience to their cries, a rider suddenly shot forward and was followed by the remainder. Then they literally flew around. I had never cared for such pastimes, yet as I gazed on this bright concourse of colors—this revolving mass of wheels—a natural feeling of excitement arose within me. On, on, they sped, swiftly and silently. As the conclusion drew nigh, I watched D'Arcy intently. He maneuvered skillfully and ran through an opening that placed him in the foremost rank. And, as the final bell rang out on the air, he sped onward with a speed that was superhuman, followed closely by others. But he was leading strongly. Then suddenly that strange happening which I will remember all the days of my life transpired. As I gazed on him excitedly, a strange unearthly expression lit up his features. He was glaring frenziedly at nothing. A wild look of uncontrollable terror was in his eyes. Such an expression of fear-horror I hope never to see in a human being again. The riders flew past him, leaving him pedalling mechanically, gazing awfully at something none but he beheld. The crowd of human beings broke forth into roars of rage. They hooted, they yelled derisively. He did not seem to hear them; his

face had grown deathly pale. He would have fallen had not somebody rushed forward and supported him. Amidst the jeers of the disbelieving crowd, he was led to the dressing-room. "D'Arcy," I exclaimed, running forward, "are you ill?" He looked up at me with that awful glare in his eyes.

"My God," he whispered, so low that none but myself heard it, "*I have ridden with the dead.*"

It was in my lodgings that night I waited anxiously for D'Arcy's coming, a conflict of thoughts disturbing my mind at the strange words he had whispered. Words which he said he would explain; and in me he knew he could confide any trouble. I looked up at the clock as I heard him climbing up the old staircase. It was 8 o'clock. In the old days he had been the essence of punctuality; the habit still clung to him, I surmised. He came in with free and easy manner of old. Friendship such as ours did not produce a restraint, even though years had passed since we met.

"What a staircase for one to climb," he exclaimed, seating himself leisurely.

"Why do you tolerate it, Ben? Is this what a poor struggling journalist has to put up with?"

He looked around the shabby room with a grimace. We talk over old times. How we had drifted apart in the tide of life, and then to meet thus strangely. This led up to the explanation he seemed desirous of confiding me with. He puffed a cigar silently before he commenced.

"You always were one of those sort, Ben," he said slowly, "that one could confide in. Don't you remember, any little secret trouble in our old school days I used to go to you for sympathy."

I nodded an acquiescence. He smiled queerly.

"And now, after all these years, Ben, I'm going to act as of old; confide in you a terrible secret."

He looked up at me strangely. Perhaps he felt doubtful for the

moment. Time might have changed me. "Are my words startling?" he questioned.

"They are startling and romantic, Phil," I replied.

"Wait until I have concluded," he said, with a reckless laugh. "You will mentally exclaim that the Phil of old is a fool."

He paused abruptly. . . . "I was always ambitious," he commenced, "always eager to overcome others, and appear before the world as a conqueror. Today I reap the reward of my ambition. The jeers and hoots of the world greet me." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is a just retribution you will exclaim in the end, Ben, and perhaps a greater retribution is to follow."

He gazed into my face meditatively. "I can recall that day so vividly, Ben. Memory grimly reminds me that it is just one year ago today when I allowed the whisperings of an evil spirit to influence me, and sent a being to his death.

I had begun to make headway in the sporting world, and was competing in a race that would be my stepping stone to fame. I had set my heart on winning. Yet amongst my opponents was one I knew would thwart me. His name was Danville; a young handsome fellow, whom the world idolized. We were friends in a way. That is why the despicableness of my crime is tenfold. As we tore along madly, the world of faces gazing excitedly upon us, I realized that with him in the race my chances of winning were lost. I could have beaten the others. But he was invincible. Then a fiend from hell entered my soul. 'Here is your opportunity,' the fiend urged. 'He is in a position for you to bring him to the ground without harm to yourself. The world will regard it as an accident. You will have all the laurels of a well won victory bestowed upon you.' Ah, Ben, I was not myself then. My soul was contaminated with this envoy from hell. I obeyed these hellish thoughts. He came down, Ben, with such a sickening

thud. Oh, my God, I hear that sound still! I heard it as the mighty crowd were cheering me hoarsely. Cheering a murderer! Yes! my God, that is what I am! At his dying bedside I begged for his forgiveness. There was no one to hear us, and I told him my secret. He did not answer me, Ben, but gazed at me reproachfully as his soul soared to that great unknown."

"There is a confession from your noble Phil, Ben. The Phil you used to admire," he said recklessly.

"I cannot believe it, Phil," I exclaimed; "it must have been an accident!"

"My God, it was not!" he ejaculated, "yet I did not realize what were the consequences, Ben. Had I known I was sending him to his death, far sooner would I have ended my own miserable life instead. For today my retribution has been great. You witnessed my strange behavior, heard my startling words. Do you know, Ben, that as I was nearing my goal today, and the hoarse murmurs of approval were ringing in my ears, I beheld the spirit of poor Danville riding grimly before me, as he had one year ago. He was looking at me reproachfully. You will not believe me. You think I am suffering from some mad delusion. But, my God, I can recall it all so vividly. I saw the form from the depths of my soul. I had entered the spirit world for the time. He was but visible to me, riding silently and awfully with that reproach in his eyes that almost drove me mad. And when he vanished, and I came from the world of spirits. I heard the hoarse derisive cry of the disappointed throng."

He looked up at me with a despairing look on his face. "What do you say to that confession, Ben?"

"You should see a doctor immediately, old man," I replied.

He laughed hard. "I thought you would say that. But I have not concluded yet. I will tell you why I came here to confide in you. It is because something seemed to whisper to me that had I not done so I

could not have merited poor Danville's forgiveness when we meet in another world."

He looked up at the clock in silence.

"It was just twelve months ago when this happened, Ben, and just 10 o'clock when the spirit of Danville passed away with that look of reproach in his eyes."

I looked up at the clock instinctively. His words and their weird significance, startled me. It was just five minutes to 10.

"You must come with me tomorrow, Phil," I exclaimed, "and see a doctor."

"Yes, Ben," he replied strangely and slowly, "I will go with you tomorrow."

He arose to leave me. "Look anxiously forward for the morrow, Ben," he murmured, with a touch of recklessness in his voice, as we

shook hands. "I have a foreboding that there will be no morrow for me."

"Nonsense," I ejaculated, "if you give way to such thoughts you will be ill." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Good night, Ben," he murmured. "Shall I show you a light down the stairs, Phil," I asked as he descended.

"It is all right," he called out. For a moment there was silence. Then suddenly I heard the ominous crash of a body falling downwards.

"I have always said, sir, that this dilapidated staircase would be the death of somebody," the watchman exclaimed sadly, as he turned the flickering light of the lantern on the lifeless features of the form before us.

LOCHINVAR ON A WHEEL.

BY "THE PORT SCOUT."

Oh, give me a wheel, with sinews of steel,

And I'll bound as light as the air,
Through street and through grove with
the girl I love

A half of my tandem to share.
And then farewell, ho, for wood and
dell,

Farewell to the crowded street.
For oh, there's bliss in the light'ning
kiss,

And our words of love are sweet.

Young man, get a wheel and a girl
that's "real,"

And just as I did--do you.
A fig for the rumors--insist on the
bloomers,

And then, if she does--she'll do;
For bloomers are cute, and none will
dispute

How comfortable they feel,
For I will agree, 'twas the bloomers
caught me,

When Mollie got onto her wheel.

Three years have passed and I'm holding fast
To the sweet bloomer girl in blue.
Her dad made war, so I played Lochinvar
On a bicycle built for two.
Then he stamped and he swore, and his hair he tore;
But yesterday just before tea
He came strolling along with a jest and a song,
With a wheel for our baby Marie.



Cycling Cogitation of Cody.



THERE'S an old curiosity shop situated on the main street of Milwaukee, the proprietor of which is the Hon. A. F. Bingenheimer, racer, jeweler, manufacturer and menagerie keeper. It is a curiosity shop in more ways than one and the proprietor is unknowingly displaying to the public the evils of scorching. During the summer months a number of racing men and noted scorchers had acquired the habit of making this curiosity shop their rendezvous. These racing men and noted scorchers would lounge about the entrance showing off their "humps" and executing pranks, to the delight or disgust, as the case might be, of the passers-by. In the course of a short time they became known as a lot of scorchers and were put down as such by the people who daily passed the curiosity shop. Since that time the proprietor has added to his menagerie a number of monkeys, which jump and cut up capers in a cage provided for them in the show window. And since that time the scorchers have located another rendezvous. They made their exodus shortly before the arrival of the monkeys. But the people passing down the main thoroughfare of Milwaukee are not aware of the change. They merely remark, "Ah, Bingenheimer showed good sense when he provided a place in the show window for those scorchers, who were in the habit of lounging about the entrance."

These are hard lines, the hardest, I hope, the poor, innocent little monkeys in Bingenheimer's show window will ever have to put up with.

An interesting bull story comes from England in which a girl, a bicycle, a bull and a judge perform the important parts. It appears that a young lady cyclist had left

her wheel for a short period against a hedge and during her absence a bull came out of an adjoining field, noticed the machine and tossed it many times high into the atmosphere. It is not stated that the wheel was enameled crimson, but the bull kept up his antics until the machine was a total wreck, when he quietly adjourned to his pasture. Shortly after the incident the bull was made a defendant in a law suit and was represented in court by his owner, a farmer. The young lady appeared in court with several spokes and part of a handle-bar and asked that the defendant pay damages for the balance of her bicycle. The judge, a queer old duffer with a blooming amount of blooming common sense could not see why the defendant (the bull) was to blame for the damage and held that "if cyclists would leave their bicycles upon the highway they must be prepared to accept the consequences." I understand that during the argument this wise judge asked the farmer how often he milked the bull.

A day or so before the indoor meet recently held at the Exposition building, Milwaukee, the manager of the track was looking high and low for a megaphone. As a rule, megaphones are very scarce, but not as scarce as people who know how to use them. There is Howard Tuttle and Foghorn Terry Andrae and—but this is getting away from the story of the megaphone, which the manager of the Exposition track was looking for. He had almost given up all hope of securing one on such short notice, when some one advised him that Mr. Otto Dorner had furnished a megaphone for the Racine meet. Without a moment's delay a note was sent to the famous highway-

man and the following was his reply: "The only megaphone we ever had was ruined at the Racine meet. A hoodlum put a firecracker in it and blew off the mouth-piece."

This calls to mind the incident in which the hoodlum and the firecracker took part. A few seconds after the start of the mile open in which were Bald, Cooper, Mertens, Gardiner and several other speedy ones, the hoodlum, who, by the way, was Francis R. J. Summerson (now of Chicago), put a large size firecracker in the megaphone and ignited the fuse. Slowly but surely the fire crawled along the fuse, drawing nearer and nearer to the loaded cracker. Just as the riders on the track had crossed the tape for the second last lap there was a loud report and the megaphone was blown to pieces. The riders, however, were under the impression that the report was a signal for the last lap and a lively sprint followed. When they came around the turn they were greeted with cries of "another lap," and the poor fellows were compelled to sprint, as they best knew how, almost two laps on a quarter mile track. Summerson, guided by common instinct, mysteriously disappeared.

It's queer how a man will require many years to build up a reputation but will be thoroughly competent to lose it in less time than it takes to tell about it. It is not a very uncommon occurrence either, and I am not surprised that it happened in the career of Mr. Albert Mott, chairman of the national L. A. W. Racing Board. Mr. Mott had gathered about himself an excellent reputation as far as racing board matters were concerned. In fact, he had almost demonstrated to the satisfaction of the critics that Gid's shoes were not a bit too large for his feet. And Mott was happy. Happy until four venerable New York gentlemen conducted a six-day race on a track which was short enough for riders to break all kinds of records on. Of course, the four v. N. Y. g. didn't object to the record breaking. In fact, it increased the gate receipts to the

extent of a dollar or two. But people don't like to be deceived, and an investigation was made. It was proven that the four v. N. Y. g. knew all about the shortage of the track, and the general sentiment was that they ought to be given a severe calling down. It was left to Mott to do the calling down. He did, and at the same time showed himself equal to the task of losing the reputation it had taken a year to acquire. He merely said: "Please don't do it again, gentlemen, and I'll let you off." What do you think of Mott?

CENTURY ROAD CLUB.

Official Organ Wisconsin Division.

H. L. MARSHALL, State Centurion.
490 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE committee whose duty it was to arrange the list of prizes and medals to be awarded by the Wisconsin Division of the C. R. C. of A. at the close of the year, 1898, has made a report through its chairman, C. L. Eline of Milwaukee. I thoroughly approve of the report and hereby officially announce the same, as follows:

PRIZES.

1st Prize—A high grade bicycle, the choice of any bicycle made in the world, will be given to the member of the Wisconsin Division who shall, between Jan. 1, 1898 and Dec. 31, 1898, procure the greatest number of new members.

2d Prize—A pair of tires, the choice of any in the market, will be given to the member who shall be the second best in the above competition.

3d Prize—A cyclometer, the choice of any in the market, will be given to the member who is third best in the above competition.

The only stipulation made is that the winners of the above prizes must secure ten or more new members.

MEDALS.

A gold medal will be awarded at the end of the season to the member of this Division who makes the greatest mileage during the calendar year.

A gold medal will be awarded at the end of the season to the member who shall make the best sixty-day century record of the year.

Members are requested to send me their mileage reports at the end of each month. Same must be accompanied with checking book for the month.

H. L. MARSHALL,
State Centurion.



Our Busy Cycledom.



VIENNA boasts of 400 cycle clubs or societies at the present time.

A measure has recently been passed by the Massachusetts legislature providing a penalty of five years imprisonment for the stealing of a bicycle. This is a severe penalty, but in view of the fact that the theft of a bicycle is so easily accomplished and the opportunity presents itself so often, the theft is made very tempting to the miscreant. Five years, however, will overbalance the temptation.

E. S. Edwards is a member of the Century Wheelmen of New York and holder of the American 24-hour road record. This year he will endeavor to secure another record. On the first day of January he rode a century and according to his schedule will ride a century every day of the year, making a total of 365 centuries or 36,500 miles. Edwards is more ambitious than either Hunter of Ohio or Harper of Wisconsin.

American bicycles exported to Germany are classified under the category of "fine ironware," and thereby escape the heavy duty were they classified as "vehicles." German manufacturers are endeavoring to effect the change and should they succeed, Germans will be compelled to pay a higher price than heretofore for American bicycles. This will not affect the sale of our wheels as they are far superior in every way to the German make.

Albert H. Postel, F. B. Turner and Walter B. Young departed from New York January 4th, to undertake one of the most novel and remarkable bicycle tours of the times. They expect to be away five years, by which time they will have followed the

Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of North and South America from Georgia to Alaska. From the latter point their route will lie through Asia and Europe. Although their baggage did not weigh more than fifty pounds, it included a tent, three changes of underclothing, cooking utensils, side arms, extra tires, etc.

The dark cloud which hung over the head of the professional for a number of years has passed away. He is no longer an outcast, at least not with the Century Road Club. Some time ago the executive committee of the C. R. C. ordered a mail vote by the national board on the question of admitting the professional to membership, and out of a total of sixty-nine votes cast, sixty-four were in favor of the amendment. It is predicted that a similar action will be taken by the L. A. W.

Without a shadow of doubt Colorado is the home of lady century riders. Last year the state boasted of Mrs. Rhinehart; this year of Miss Katherine Wamsor. Thirty-three centuries under all conditions of weather and roads has entitled Miss Wamsor to the '97 century record for ladies.

Bicycle riders in Washington, D. C., shall not have handle bars which cause them to stoop when riding. Such is the handle bar law of the district, and in a recent test case Judge Scott, of the police court, handed down a decision sustaining the law.

During the last season touring cyclists of many nationalities forfeited \$14,000 in cash to the Italian frontier. Arrangements have been made with the Italian government whereby L. A. W. members will not be compelled to make a deposit hereafter, and it is expected that the \$14,000 will diminish next year.

MADISON SPOKES.

Nay, Jasper, that indecorous smell you have observed does not emanate from a glue factory nor the police force of Chicago. It simply is the L. A. W. political pot being stirred.

Contrary to a report that appeared in the last issue, J. E. Moseley & Son will not handle bicycles again this season. Lack of time to devote to a side line is the reason given, and it seems a good one, as a bicycle certainly is as much out of place in a book store as an ice cream parlor is in an undertaker's shop.

What a difference there is in traveling men, anyway. I have in mind two specimens of this interesting class, who struck this burg recently. One of them canvassed this town pretty thoroughly, as he thought, in about an hour. Of course he placed no agency. The other fellow went into camp, got 'round with the boys, got a beautiful and impressive "jag on," was jailed and borrowed money with which to pay his fine. He sold four sample wheels and will sell more wheels in a week than the other fellow will in a year. The traveling man that starts out with the idea that he has something that dealers are going to fall over each other to get has something in his head besides ideas.

There is a man in, not of, our town and he is wondrous wise. Also his name is Kellogg. Besides these things he is a genius, though he is scarcely to blame for that. He has invented all kinds of devices to do away with the chain and its frightful disadvantages that some manufacturers have recently discovered. Bevel gears, spur gears, spiral gears, worm gears and all kinds of gears are on the list of drawings, together with steel bands and wire cables working on a ratchet and pawl, and a few ideas in the lever class. Seriously, however, some of his ideas possess considerable merit

and are quite practical. Letters sent to him in care of the Badger Cycle Company, Madison, Wis., will reach him.

I can look calmly on and watch a man stone a dog. Sometimes it does not arouse my ire to see a man twist the tail of a balky mule. On rare occasions, when the provocation is great, I do not object to a man clubbing his wife. But if there is a thing that sets my dander up and makes me fighting mad it is to see a \$50 man allowing mud and rust and grease to collect on a \$100 wheel without bestowing the slightest care upon it. And very often it is a wheel bought on the installment plan and on which about \$10 has been paid. All this because I love the wheel and consider it, next to eating, the greatest of man's inventions.

A young man from Marshall, near here, has invented and is trying to patent a two-speed device for use on bevel gear wheels. It was my painful pleasure to see his model, and it was fearfully and wonderfully made. The idea evidently originated with him while studying out some repair on a corn cutter.

I started out to canvass the L. A. W. vote in this city to find out the political complexion of the members, but after interviewing about fifteen people I gave it up in disgust. Seven did not know that there was to be an election of officers. A large number did not know the name of the present president, and one man actually did not know he belonged to the organization till I told him. Nearly all considered themselves a dollar out, and all had vague ideas of the purpose of the L. A. W.

It is rumored, but I will not vouch for the truth of it, that Ben W. Park has invented a washing machine.

BEN F. OAKBY.

FROM LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The cycling season in Southern California is now supposed to be fairly advanced. The apparent inactivity, however, noticed by the Easterner is due to the fact that the dealers, save those who have '97 stock left on their hands, are awaiting the arrival of the new models. None of the '98 machines have yet been placed on sale, and such as are here are merely samples. The "season" is considered to open here in November or thereabouts, according to weather conditions, it being stated that the later mid-summer and autumn months are the dullest of the year because of the heat.

In conjunction with Y. M. C. A. and the annual Carnival of Roses at Pasadena, Cal., on New Year's Day, the adherents of the L. A. W. held the first races they have had for nearly a year. The day was perfect and the one-third mile bicycle track at Pasadena was in fair condition. There were about thirty-five L. A. W. entered in the events. Considering that it was a fete day and that there were thousands of visitors in the city of Pasadena, the attendance at the races was small and the gross gate receipts were about \$115. Summaries:

One mile, novice—First, Ray Rollock; second, A. Smithéran. Time, 2:24.

One mile open, amateur—W. G. Furman, first; A. L. Tabor, second; Dean Cromwell, third. Time, 2:19.

Two-mile handicap, amateur—First, W. G. Furman; second, Allan Nye, 50 yards; third, D. M. Cromwell, 50 yards. Time, 4:44 4-5.

Bicyclists trotting around the globe across the continent or around it, are always seen in Los Angeles, their traveling outfits and sturdy bearing showing the strain to which they have been subjected. Two late arrivals are A. F. Stumpf and Joseph E. Moffette, both of Boston. They left the city of brown bread and

baked beans on Aug. 9 and arrived at Los Angeles on Dec. 17, and with the usual adventures and breakdowns on the road. Another arrival is Joe Sierer of New York City. Sierer's ride is something more novel. Instead of merely trying to cross the country, he is going around the outer edge of the United States in an effort to break the mileage record of twelve months. He went up the Atlantic coast through the state of Maine, along the Canadian border, through Chicago and West Superior and struck the Pacific coast at Seattle, from where he rode down to Los Angeles. He left New York on June 22 and was at Seattle Nov. 11 and Los Angeles on Jan. 8. His cyclometer at Los Angeles says 8,993 miles. Mr. Sierer's route is now to Jacksonville, Fla., and thence to New York, where he is due June 22.

Jack Holt, of Milwaukee, who started to ride to San Francisco, reached the coast at Portland and took a steamboat down to the Golden Gate. It is said that his first act on arriving at San Francisco was to telegraph for a return ticket and go home on the cars.

The C. A. C. C., California's league to oppose the L. A. W., is not dead. Here in Los Angeles and in Southern California the mainstay of the organization is the East Side Cycling Club, a flourishing club of about 128 members, having a fine club house and appurtenances. The riders state positively that if any action is taken by the L. A. W. towards reinstating the men now suspended for life it must be an unconditional pardon for all. But, contrary to the perhaps general impression in the East, there is no impatience or desire shown by the riders here in Los Angeles at least, to get back into the L. A. W. They have told me that if the L. A. W. shall grant Sunday sanctions they will agree to return to the fold, but there is certainly no evidence of a scramble in that direction. R. S.



J. ROLAND JONES, JR., Chairman of the Wisconsin State Racing Board, announces that he is ready to receive applications from race meet promoters for dates. Mr. Jones predicts that the coming season will be a great year for the sport.

Chivers, looking round, fined 5s.; Jackson, cautioned for erratic riding; Ireland, cautioned for looking round and calling out.

Robert Protin, the champion sprinter of Belgium will not retire from the track, as has been reported. He has been engaged by a firm at Liege at a salary of 25,000f.

On January 18th, Jay Eaton, the indoor champion issued the following challenge:

"I am ready to ride against any bicyclist in the world. I will put up \$500, and whoever accepts can put up another \$500. Then, I understand, the Indoor Cycling Club is willing to add any amount to this main stake that will prove satisfactory to both parties. My challenge includes all the world's champions. I am willing to meet Lehr, Sanger, Cooper, Bald, Taylore, Michael, or any of them on these terms. The racing to be one, two and three-mile heats, best two in three, or one, three and five-mile heats, best two in three, or all one-mile heats, best two in three, unpaced, single or tandem paced. This challenge will remain open until further notice. I would like to see some of the European riders accept my challenge. Lehr, the German champion, preferred."

If measures governing racing similar to those in Australia were adopted in this country better sport would be the rule. At a recent race meet held in Australia the list of fines imposed on the competitors for various offenses was as follows:

Lindgren, cautioned for erratic riding; Payne, throwing off his cap in a race; Conduit, Barker and W. S. Taylor, for breach of color regulations; Miller, disqualified until Nov. 30 for erratic riding; Scott, delaying start, fined 5s.; Moss and Jinks, insulting words; Mutton, fined 2s. 6d. for wrong colors; Farrell and

It is announced that the Jallu Brothers will visit America in the spring. They will bring with them an electric tandem, which they claim can run at fifty miles in the hour. Thirty-five miles would be fast enough to break all existing records, but it is a question whether this kind of pacing will be allowed.

Conceding that Mr. Albert Mott, chairman of the National Racing Board, L. A. W., is one of the best posted men in the country on cycle racing, his views on the subject will undoubtedly prove interesting to lovers of the sport. In a recent interview he referred to the future prospect of cycle racing as follows:

Cycle racing is not only more popular now than ever before, but I believe it has not yet by any means reached the zenith of its popularity. Middle distance racing, with its attendant multicyle pacing and kaleidoscopic features, has greatly stimulated the public interest in the sport. Middle distance racing is just beginning, and besides the elaboration of that kind of racing, I believe that we shall soon see teams representing the various cities contending in pursuit races. When the element of local pride is enlisted, cycle racing may become the rival of base ball as a great popular sport.



EDWARD ALDRIDGE.

BY riding $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles in an hour and 25 miles in 1:01:32, Edward Aldridge established two new unpaced world's records as well as a reputation which will place him in the front rank of the unpaced middle distance men of this country. The records were made on the Exposition indoor track, Milwaukee, on the first of January, but owing to the L. A. W. racing rule whereby records made between the first day of January and the first day of March are not accepted by the Racing Board no claim for the record was made. Aldridge is one of the new generation of Wisconsin's rac-

ingmen and not until recently did he show any signs of speed. He had gained a local reputation as a fast road rider, but his recent performances demonstrate that his place is on the track. In a recent unpaced twenty-five mile match race with Herman Kohl of Chicago, Aldridge showed his wonderful riding powers. The riders started from opposite sides of the track, but Aldridge made up the difference in the first four miles. He will keep in shape during the spring months and when the record season opens, will endeavor to secure a string of unpaced records to his credit.



The Gospel of Good Roads.



A SHORT time before the death of ex-Senator Thurman, several prominent members of the L. A. W. were conversing with him on the subject of good roads. The "Old Roman" or "the noblest Roman of them all," as he was known about the White House, was intensely interested in the subject and addressed his younger companions as follows:

"I have been in public life for nearly a half century and have taken part in the discussions of many great questions and have helped to solve many vexed problems. Were I a young man again and in public life, the matter which I would give my most earnest and constant attention would be the securing to this country, to the farmers, the cities, people of all classes, the best possible system of good roads. There is an opening in this line for the right kind of a man to make himself a great name, if, indeed, not president of the United States. I both congratulate and thank you young gentlemen for the part you are taking in sentiment building in behalf of good roads. The country needs them; the city needs them; everybody needs them."

Although a combination of iron or steel with concrete has often been successfully used by builders for structural purposes, it was not until recently that these materials have been used together as a basis for pavements. The combination has been given a trial in San Francisco in the following manner: A very thin sheet is slit perpendicular in about three-inch lengths, which run in a straight line clear down the sheet, each new one beginning about half an inch from the point where the preceding one ended. The lines are about half an inch apart, leaving the sheet of steel cut into long strips of half an inch width, but connected together every three inches. The sheet is now grasped by the same machine on two opposite sides and pulled apart or expanded so that the openings appear in diamond shape, the sheet really looking like a wire grating

and ready for use. The sheet is placed on the graded street and over this is then laid a layer of concrete, which is then tamped into the meshes of the metal so as to form a perfect bond. Upon this foundation can be laid asphalt, bituminous rock, brick or any kind of surface pavement desired. While the first cost of this method would undoubtedly be very large, it is one of the many things which pay better in the long run.

In order to save the roads of Massachusetts from destruction by the use of narrow tires, Chief Consul Sterling Elliott is leading a movement to secure the enactment of a wide tire law. He has started the agitation by issuing the following circular:

This state spends larger sums of money for first-class permanent roads than does any other state in the Union, and the result more than justifies the expenditure. Having built these roads, however, we allow them to be abused by any form or size of vehicle wheel that the ignorance of man can devise.

"The owner of a billiard table makes rules to prevent shots that are liable to injure its surface; the proprietor of a skating rink refuses to allow the use of objectionable skates; the cities prevent heavy teaming on certain driveways, and the state prohibits horses and their vehicles from using the sidewalks, but says in effect, that anything in the way of a vehicle, having any kind of tires and carrying any amount of load, may use any of the roads without restraint.

"Many attempts at legislation have been made to prevent the destructive practice of using narrow tires, but to date nothing of practical consequence has been done. If good highways are desirable, the protection of their surfaces from unnecessary destruction is equally important. I believe the time is ripe for a good, practical wide-tire law. I believe further that the Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen can be depended upon to do its part toward the accomplishment of such a law.

"I most earnestly ask all who are interested in this subject to communicate with me at once, with a view of holding

a meeting at which we may discuss the matter and agree upon the form of a bill to be presented."

There is probably no one more interested than the farmer in the annual report of the road commissioner of New Jersey. The report includes a comparison between the cost of transporting farm products on good roads and upon poor roads. It shows how the farmer derives a benefit and why he should be the leader in good roads movement. State aid is employed in New Jersey and for this reason the roads are in better condition than the roads of almost any other state in the Union. The comparison made by New Jersey's road commissioner in his annual report is as follows:

It costs 9½ cents per bushel to ship wheat from Chicago to New York, a distance of 900 miles; it costs 8 cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and on a sandy road it would cost 9 cents per mile to haul it. The saving on a bushel of wheat with good roads for a distance of five miles would be equivalent to that of 800 miles of transportation by steamer or canal boat, or 375 miles by railroad. One mile of good roads would make a saving equal to seventy-five miles of railroad transportation. Thus every mile of good roads places the producer seventy-five miles nearer to the market. It is estimated that the cost of hauling 800,000,000 tons of farm produce to market is \$2 per ton, or just about \$1,000,000,000; it is also estimated that about 60 per cent. of this last amount, or \$600,000,000, would be saved each year if farmers were able to do this hauling over good roads.

The bicycle is to be thanked for bringing our people to a realizing sense of the advantages of good roads, whatever its condemners may say in its dispraise, says the *Boston Transcript*. Among the propositions for roadway improvement which are to come before the New York legislature is a bill known as the League of American Wheelmen bill, which provides for the establishment of a State highway commission similar to the Massachusetts board, whose good work is recognized by visitors from outside the state as well as by our own people.

Other bills proposed are Senator Gay's bill, which provides for the improvement of highways under the supervision of the state engineer and surveyor; Senator Higbie's bill, providing for the substitution of a money highway commensurate with the present labor highway tax, the state assuming one-half the expense with the counties in the building of good roads; Senator Wray's bill, providing for a set of post roads to be built by the state and national governments, and a bill which the wheelmen are favoring for the improvement of roads by compelling the building of side paths, the money for the construction to come from a county tax levied upon bicyclists.

In our own state, the improvement of our highways is going on expeditiously and satisfactorily, as far as has been heard. It is plain enough that the time will come when we shall have good roads in all parts of the commonwealth, as we already have them in very many portions of it. But after obtaining good roads comes the important consideration of keeping them good. Now there is nothing which so quickly cuts a road to pieces as heavy vehicles with narrow tires, and although there has from time to time been an effort made to procure the passage of a law regulating the width of tires on draught vehicles, nothing has yet been accomplished beyond the hardly-better-than-nothing act of 1895, to authorize cities and towns to make by-laws to regulate the width of tires used on highways within their vicinity.

What is wanted is a statute which shall be general in its application and which shall protect the roads of the state from the destroying tire not within the limits of a city or town here and there, but which shall protect a highway from one end to the other. The commonwealth is spending a good deal of money upon its highways. Unless these highways are properly protected by legislation regulating the width of tires, very much of this money will have been thrown away.



Editorial Comment.



Middle Distance Races.

If it is oftentimes true that history repeats itself, it must also be true that history shall at times introduce a new epoch or establish innovations to be repeated in the future. In the history of bicycle racing in America, middle distances mark a new epoch and certainly are innovations which are sure to be repeated in the future. The past season has really been the first year which offered the American public an opportunity to witness this class of racing and the enthusiasm shown on the part of the people unanimously stamps middle distance racing as a grand success and as worthy of a more thorough trial and universal patronage the coming year. With the exception of one event held in Chicago, middle distance races have been held, to any extent, in only three cities, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, nevertheless its popularity can be gauged by the events held in these cities, and it is safe to assume that it would meet with proportionate success in almost any city of the country. A careful review of all the bicycle meets held in these cities will show that the dates on which a middle-distance race occurred were the most successful.

While it is true that the appearance of Jimmie Michael in a majority of the middle distance races held the past year was an incentive attraction, it is not unlikely that had other riders of established reputation been prepared for middle distance work their appearance would have made the success of such events possible. At any rate such is the opinion of a great number of prominent riders, many of whom, including John S. Johnson and Arthur Gardiner, have already signified their intention of preparing for middle distance work in 1898. Amateur races of this class will also be held and new material will rapidly

develop, placing on the market a large number of good riders who will be able to shine only in middle distance races. Considering this possibility, race meet promoters in 1898 will hardly be able to omit a twenty-five mile race from their program. In view of the fact that such a race affords the most attractive feature of the sport from the spectator's point of view, it is well that in the future the promoter cannot ignore this class of racing. Only those who have witnessed a middle distance event with the multicyle pacing and pretty "pick-ups" appreciate its attractiveness and realize how essential it is to promote a feeling of enthusiasm toward cycle racing in the heart of the general public.

o o o

A Good Amendment.

There is danger that the National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen to be held in St. Louis this month, will take a great deal of power out of the hands of a few and transfer it into the hands of the many. It is danger only for a few who have used and who wish to continue to use the League for selfish gain. To the one hundred thousand odd members it will be as welcome as anything the members of the Assembly will be able to give. The danger is in the form of an amendment to the constitution, proposed by Geo. L. Cooke, chief consul of the Rhode Island division and reads as follows:

The President and First and Second Vice Presidents shall hold office for two years and shall be elected by a mail vote of the members of the Divisions between the fifteenth day of October and the fifteenth day of November in alternate years beginning in the year 1898.

It can hardly be expected that the amendment will be adopted. It can hardly be expected that those who are anxious to hold high office in

the League will vote for the adoption of an amendment which is sure to lessen their chances of securing such office. It would be a suicidal act on their part and that they will vote it down is a safe prediction. They cannot, however, ignore it entirely. The amendment has been proposed and must be voted upon. This will give the members at large an opportunity to distinguish the faithful workers from those who pretend to work but in fact merely hold office to advance interests of their own. The vote will undoubtedly show a few of the former and a great many of the latter.

Whether or not the amendment will be adopted, it carries with it a great deal of significance. Its proposal goes to show that there is an increasing tendency to give the members at large a voice in national affairs; to give them something more for their dollar than road books and reduced hotel rates. Something that they will appreciate more than road books, etc.

While it would be inextinguishably comic to predict that the amendment will be adopted it is to be hoped that the members of the Assembly will realize that its adoption will greatly increase the enthusiasm in League affairs and that if they are really working for the good of the L. A. W., they will vote on the amendment as the one hundred thousand members would have them vote.

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From a Business
Point of View.

It is not at all surprising that men representing the business interests of Milwaukee have stepped forward and offered their assistance in securing for the city a bicycle race track. The reason is not far to seek. These citizens are men of sound judgment, who easily recognize an existing detriment to the advancement of the business interests of their city. It is also obvious to them that many conventions and gatherings are held during the year to which a bicycle race track or a

general athletic grounds is a necessary adjunct. While Milwaukee offers all the advantages of an ideal convention city this one little detail is lacking and for this simple reason a bid for any of the large wheeling or athletic conventions would be entirely ignored. It is conservatively estimated that the national meeting of the League of American Wheelmen would alone bring between twenty thousand and forty thousand strangers to the city, not saying anything about the numbers the state meeting of the wheelmen and college foot ball and base ball contests would bring. There is no reason to doubt that as an investment on the part of these citizens who derive any benefit from well-attended conventions, the building of a bicycle track has many advantageous features.

The agitation for a bicycle track in Milwaukee has been going on in convulsions ever since the organization of the Associated Cycling Clubs. Attempts have been made to induce the owners of local parks to build a track on their grounds but without result. This year the cyclists of the city are more determined than ever to secure a track and the business men who have stepped forward to take a hand in the venture will find the wheelmen anxious to accomplish their share of the work.

It will be strange, now, that such favorable symptoms are apparent, if Milwaukee will not have a bicycle track before the racing season commences; stranger still, if it will not be one of the finest tracks in the country.

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Just a Few Lines. The change in the form of THE PNEUMATIC to a magazine will not be a surprise to those of our readers who remember the announcement which appeared in several numbers of *The Cycling Review* during the past year. We have no apology to offer for making the change, but will briefly assure our readers that the future policy of THE PNEUMATIC will be to treat of matters which engage the attention and affect the interests of wheelmen in a manner which will be entertaining and instructive.



C. R. C. Mileage Records.



The Road Records Committee of the Century Road Club of America hereby announce the mileage for 1897, as reported by the members and accepted by this committee.

Mileage in competition is counted only while a member. The three leading members and winners of the prizes given by the club have been members all the year, and so the whole mileage as reported by them is in competition.

The mileage of Irving Harrison, number 4 on the list, is not counted in competition, as he joined the club very late in the year.

As certificates are granted only to those who ride 5,000 miles during the year, the list will include only those who are entitled to certificates:

The list is as follows:

	Miles.
1. John H. George, Philadelphia.....	32,479
2. John Nobre, Philadelphia.....	28,718
3. Milton M. Keim, Philadelphia.....	28,517
4. Irving Harrison, Jersey City.....	26,252
5. Chas. Parkins, Jersey City.....	24,600
6. Frank R. Lang, Portland.....	21,250
7. Mrs. A. M. C. Allen, Worcester.....	21,026
8. W. H. Kneek, Colorado Springs.....	20,215
9. John H. Hunter, Toledo.....	19,400
10. Louis Rippertoe, Terre Haute.....	18,117
11. G. Fred. Pond, Jr., Auburndale, Mass.....	15,802
12. W. E. Harvey, Beverly, N. J.....	14,903
13. Chas. L. Achard, Cleveland.....	14,177
14. E. E. Fricke, Chicago.....	13,780
15. Don McKeehan, Colorado Springs.....	11,891
16. Roy M. Davis, Cleveland.....	11,805
17. Mrs. Geo. Bunker, Chicago.....	11,000
18. P. Carlton Wright, Colorado Springs.....	10,850
19. Thos. W. Davis, (70 years), Peoria, Ill.....	10,518
20. Grant Green, Jr., Louisville.....	10,329
21. Bert Holland, Terre Haute.....	10,082
22. Samuel Wama, Baltimore.....	10,001
23. Geo. R. Durand, Buffalo.....	9,506
24. W. F. Fleming, Philadelphia.....	9,410
25. W. D. Harper, Jr., Milwaukee.....	9,382
26. Warren F. Taylor, Norwood, Mass.....	9,314
27. C. O. Lasley, Toledo.....	8,604
28. Will G. Howe, Chicago.....	8,188
29. N. G. Crawford, Louisville.....	8,168
30. Geo. G. Webber, Toledo.....	8,168
31. H. E. Brayton, Pueblo, Col.....	8,094
32. Otto Frischkorn, Chicago.....	8,032

33. Julia A. Bartley, Toledo.....	7,936
34. E. J. Sturznickie, Erie.....	7,800
35. M. S. Allen, Worcester.....	7,758
36. C. H. Bartlett, St. Louis.....	7,607
37. W. A. Hilliard, Colorado Springs.....	7,180
38. Harry Early, Jersey City.....	7,118
39. W. T. Nettleton, Toledo.....	7,021
40. A. E. Abram, Chicago.....	7,001
41. W. H. Powell, Baltimore.....	6,873
42. Mrs. L. W. Stibgen, Chicago.....	6,583
43. H. F. Marshall, Nashua.....	6,214
44. A. L. Mace, St. Paul.....	6,117
45. Emil Decker, Baltimore.....	6,092
46. Chas. E. Hill, Chicago.....	6,048
47. Geo. A. Holly, Cleveland.....	5,868
48. W. J. Harris, Philadelphia.....	5,844
49. T. H. Parrish, Philadelphia.....	5,733
50. H. C. Colburn, Chicago.....	5,600
51. Hovendon Smith, Jr., Philadelphia.....	5,582
52. Conrad Kluske, Chicago.....	5,565
53. Mrs. H. E. McCleary, Philadelphia.....	5,563
54. S. E. Uhler, Philadelphia.....	5,545
55. R. A. McCleary, Philadelphia.....	5,532
56. W. F. Schadewald, Philadelphia.....	5,462
57. Robert C. Warren, Terre Haute.....	5,420
58. Will H. Wittig, (14 years), Terre Haute.....	5,403
59. Robert Epperson, Colorado Springs.....	5,368
60. L. L. Buchanan, Chicago.....	5,324
61. W. B. Handy, Boston.....	5,293
62. Frank G. Clark, Chicago.....	5,268
63. Wm. Heinzen, Milwaukee.....	5,206
64. A. A. Gracey, Philadelphia.....	5,155
65. C. S. Wells, Colorado Springs.....	5,155
66. C. R. Howard, Brookline, Mass.....	5,120
67. C. H. Beebe, Philadelphia.....	5,050
68. A. D. Rice, Wintthrop, Mass.....	5,029
69. L. T. Hrodstone, Superior, Neb.....	5,026
70. A. E. Elliott, Chicago.....	5,006
71. L. H. Thorpe, Allegheny, Pa.....	5,004
72. F. H. Burrell, Philadelphia.....	5,000

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VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 2.

UNSEEN AID.

A CENTURY RIDER'S WEIRD ADVENTURE.

BY CHARLES F. WELLS.



DO you ever ride a bicycle that was spinning along a country road at a rate of forty miles an hour? You never did. Let me tell you how I did it one memorable night not many months ago.

I had never troubled myself about racing honors up to the time I joined the Mercurys, my hobby being the piling up of mileage.

The Mercury Club had but few members, for our town of Crookston was a small place, but they were a fine lot of track boys and possessed nearly all the trophies awarded for fast riding at the various meets held in our portion of the state, until the Clippers were organized at Clarke Landing. A fellow named Stone, of the latter club, had developed rapidly in such a phenomenal way that he lowered all the records our boys had boasted of. When I joined the Mercurys its one-time champions had not succeeded in breaking any of Stone's records and as a consequence there was not so much boasting on their part as of yore.

The racing portion of the club trained down hard and struggled nobly to cut off enough seconds of their time to enable them to regain their lost laurels.

But all in vain. Stone's records were not equalled.

I had never a thought that I would be of any aid to the club in helping it to regain its lost prestige, but I did assist it amazingly much to my astonishment and that of everybody else.

The club had the exclusive use (for bicycles) of the half mile track at the county fair grounds and it was while watching the boys spin around this course that I was seized with a desire to compete.

My long runs had trained me for a racing man better than I knew and I soon proved that I had no rivals among the club members in heats of one mile and upwards.

Kirby, our captain, was delighted at the showing I made. So were all my defeated opponents, for they voiced the sentiments of Kirby when he said:

"See here, old man, if you will just keep on working you can break that Clipper man's time all to pieces and put our club's standing back where it belongs. You are our only hope and you have got to do it."

I was willing, nay, more than willing. I was eager, for the racing fever had full possession of me.

Kirby was a good trainer and I put myself entirely in his hands.

Every day almost for several months I worked to lower my time. By continued effort and taking the best of care of myself I brought it steadily down until one day when I came in at the finish after a mile spin Kirby swung his cap in glee as he informed me that I had broken the Clipper man's record for that distance.

This was encouraging and a few days afterward I had the satisfaction of lowering Stone's record for two miles, three miles and five miles.

I kept right on, training myself into better trim and doing a little better right along.

I was preparing for the race meet at Clarks Landing. Our boys were hoping great things of me.

I was formally entered as a competitor being the only representative of the Mercurys. I saw some of the Clipper fellows laughing when they heard of this.

That was a great and glorious day for the Mercury Club and its lone representative in particular, for he ran away from Stone, leaving him nothing but the quarter-mile championship to boast of. I had the honor of capturing the mile, half-mile, two-mile and five-mile races.

Kirby, our captain, was beside himself with joy and the rest of our boys were jubilant. As for myself I was modestly proud.

My best time was made on the heats of one and two miles, and my poorest that on the one of five miles, which race I took from Stone by only a few seconds.

This being so close he seemed to think that a longer one would be more favorable to him, and about a month after this, our club, received a challenge from the Clippers to a road race between Clarks Landing and our town, a distance of about a hundred miles.

The conditions were that each club was to select its own man or men who were to start from their respective towns at the same time, the time-keepers to be chosen from both clubs.

"Will you try for it?" asked Kirby. "You are the hardest rider around here."

Of course I would try, and we promptly notified them accordingly.

As I expected, Stone was to be my op-

ponent, we being the only contestants.

One odd point, regarding the conditions, was that the race was to be run at night. I had no objection to offer to this, especially when on looking into the almanac, I learned that the moon was booked to rise early that night. I had made a good many moonlight centuries.

Still I had never been over the route between our town and Clarks Landing, notwithstanding that the road was an excellent one, better in fact than any other around there, so the club boys said.

I felt a strong aversion to the road. I blush when I mention the reason. It was owing to nothing but a superstitious dread—a silly fear of things supernatural, which my reason battled in vain to conquer.

In the early days when my grandfather came to this section of the state there was a good deal of lawlessness. Robberies on the highway were not uncommon and though they became less and less after a time there remained a stretch of road between Crookston and Clarks Landing where a solitary highwayman obtained tribute for years from lone travelers. It was on a portion of the road some three or four miles in length where he plied his calling. Dense woods on each side of this strip offered him a good concealment, so much so that all attempts to capture him had been futile.

But as such fellows always meet with their deserts some time this one was no exception. His time came the day he attempted to make my grandfather pay toll. My grandfather was a proud and belligerent individual and objected so strenuously to the attempted outrage that the highwayman lost his life in the argument. That's the way my grandfather related it. He never seemed to like to speak of it.

Well, the highwayman was gone, but his spirit remained. At least that is what people said. There was not a year of the forty or more which had passed since the date of the tragedy but that somebody had claimed to have been pursued by the phantom highwayman. I had heard these stories in my childhood and such a strong impression they made upon me that even after I grew up

I had not outlived my childish fears entirely. Reason as I would, there still remained in me a deep-seated repugnance toward that strip of road to be haunted by the phantom highwayman.

It was all very foolish of me of course, and I was wise enough to keep it a secret.

The time came for the starting of the race.

Two of the Clipper boys had arrived during the day. They were to time my start, while two of our boys were at the other end of the line to time the start of my opponent, all in order that there might be no dissatisfaction or charges of unfairness.

There was quite a delegation to see me off.

I left about eight o'clock in the evening. There was a moon somewhere but it was so hidden behind clouds that I could not locate it.

But I did not care so much. I knew the road pretty well for the first twenty-five miles and settled down into a good hot pace.

About midway of the distance between the two towns the road divided, each branch being several miles in length. It had been decided that each of us was to take the road branching to the right. In this way we would not pass each other on the same road.

I knocked off the miles quickly as I sped over the first twenty-five miles of highway which my previous rides had made me familiar with.

Beyond that I knew very little about it, but I pushed along as hard as ever.

Another twenty-five miles was rolled off. I came to the fork in the road and turned off to the right. My opponent was probably tearing along in the opposite direction on the other road, not so very far away.

There was not a sound to be heard. There had not been since I had started, except the buzzing of the chain and the occasional creak of the saddle.

I came to the further junction of the forks at last. I rode on for several miles and not meeting my rival knew that he had passed me, as I had supposed he would.

As I rode on I began to feel decidedly nervous. Only a few miles ahead lay

that dread strip which the ghostly highwayman had for years claimed as his own.

The country had been tolerably open so far and when I pedaled into the dismal darkness between the lines of dense forest which lay along that haunted strip a chill crept over me.

If there had been a sound, even the hooting of an owl, to break the awful silence, I would have felt better. But there was nothing except the barely audible noise of my wheel.

I rode on with my heart beating wildly (I could not help it), and wishing I was out of this dismal spot.

Still I dared not ride at the speed I had been heretofore as I could not see ten feet ahead.

I had seen nor heard nothing of the ghostly highwayman on whose domain I was intruding, but suddenly I did hear a queer sound, a sound which made my heart give a great bound.

It was a pattering in the road behind me, as though some person was pursuing.

I increased my speed. Still I heard it. It was no delusion. I could hear it more plainly each moment. It was gaining on me.

I was thoroughly frightened and drove my machine ahead with more vim than ever.

I was sure I was going at a rate which would leave any human being on foot behind and to my great relief the noise grew less and less and finally died away.

What it could have been I was not able to say. I was certain it was no animal.

That this strip was really haunted I was now ready to believe and so anxious was I to leave it behind me that I did not slacken my pace, though it was the height of recklessness to forge ahead in that fashion in the dense darkness.

As I was rushing along as fast as I could I was horrified to again hear that pattering behind me.

In spite of my efforts it grew louder, telling that it was gaining upon me. I leaned forward fearful of feeling those ghostly fingers upon me.

It was right at my side. Patter, patter, patter. What was it? What could it be?

I looked with all my eyes but could see nothing in the dense darkness, yet I

could hear that noise distinctly. For several moments it was close by my side. Then it drew ahead. It came nearer once more, now on the left side; always that continual pattering but nothing to be seen.

It was dreadful. A cold perspiration stood out upon me.

Patter, patter, patter. It was behind me again.

It gained on me as though my speed was nothing to it, and as I was doing my best in a determined effort to flee from it something struck me a severe blow on the back. The pattering drew away behind again. This blow from an unseen hand made me desperate and rushed my wheel along as fast as I could pedal.

But it was no use to try to escape that phantom pursuer, and, though I put forth my best efforts to keep that pattering to the rear, it drew in on me and once more I received a smart blow, this time on the shoulder. Patter, patter, patter. It was ahead of me now, grew less and less audible and I heard it no more. The speed of the bicycle was nothing to the spectre who haunted the road.

The moon had risen but its light did not fall on the strip through the woods.

I could hardly restrain a cry of delight when I plunged out of that dreadful place of darkness and things uncanny and whirled on to the moonlit road. There were broad fields on either side now. To be sure there were stretches of woodland ahead, but—they were not haunted.

I could not but feel that my scare, though it had nearly demoralized me, had increased my chances for winning the race for it had forced speed out of me which I should not have thought of attempting otherwise.

But I had counted too soon on being rid of that unseen presence.

I had not ridden more than a quarter mile when I again heard the pattering behind me. As before, it gained rapidly and was soon alongside.

Things were visible for quite a distance in the bright moonlight but though that sound was close by me and I looked with all my eyes, still nothing could I see as to what caused it. Now behind me, now ahead; first on one side and then the other, that continual pat-

tering sounded, and every now and then I received a sharp rap from that unseen club in the phantom hands of my invisible tormentor.

I was utterly at his mercy. If this kept up I felt that I would go crazy.

At last the thumping noise started off ahead and died out. An hour passed and I had heard nothing of it and I heartily hoped I had heard the last of it.

As I had been pedaling so hard I thought a few minutes rest would be to my advantage.

I had heard of a spring a short distance from the road and being quite thirsty I dismounted and leaving my wheel standing against a rock I moved off through the woods in search of the spring.

When I returned my wheel was gone.

But it had not gone far. I noticed a bright streak about fifty feet away and hurrying in that direction discovered my bicycle lying against another rock.

I rubbed my head as I looked at it. There was no other person around there. I was miles from any habitation. The hour was midnight. Who had moved my wheel? There was something queer about all this.

I seized my wheel, anxious for more than one reason, to reach Clarke Landing without loss of time. I began to think that the whole length of the road was haunted.

I was convinced of it the instant I touched my wheel.

No sooner had I lifted it from the rock against which it reposed, than it commenced to jerk and struggle like a thing possessed. It jumped up and down and kicked about as though determined to get away from me.

It is not surprising that I let go of it.

As I did so it plunged in a crazy fashion into a clump of bushes.

There it stopped and immediately became quiet. The moment it did so I heard that patter, patter, patter, on the road again.

I wiped the perspiration from my face once more.

Then I gingerly touched my bewitched wheel and trundled it out on the road. It behaved very well, making no attempt to get away from me. I looked it over closely. There was not a mark upon it and no sign that anything had been at-

tached. I heaved a great sigh that such things should be and mounting rode on once more, wondering why that spectre whom I knew was playing all these pranks, could not remain back on the stretch of road through the timber where he belonged.

No road racer ever had a more powerful stimulant to urge him to the goal than that phantom proved to me. I believe it was more on his account than the glory of winning the race which made me put forth my utmost efforts to cover the most miles in the least time.

I had ridden so hard that I was glad when I spied a long hill ahead down which I could coast. My limbs needed a short rest.

The hill was not very steep but was fully a half-mile long and pushing my heels down on the fork crowns I leaned back to enjoy the ride.

Faster and faster went the wheel and I enjoyed the ride more and more until—well, until I heard that dreadful pattering again. It was coming up from behind.

Glancing back I saw little puffs of dust in the road but as my wheel left a small trail of dust after it my eyes must have been deceived. But it seemed to me as if little fountains of dust were jumping up all along the road.

But I did not dare to look back more than once or twice for the speed of my wheel was constantly increasing. I was conscious during my downward flight that my invisible pursuer had aimed another vicious blow at me. It missed me but I heard it strike the saddle behind.

The bottom of the hill was reached but the bicycle was going at a wild rate which would carry it some little distance up the incline of the hill ahead. So I determined not to pedal until its speed slackened.

Up the hill went the wheel. Its speed lessened somewhat. I would wait until it decreased more before I put foot to the pedals.

The bicycle went on up the hill.

It did not take more than a half minute for the amazing fact to burst upon me that the speed of the bicycle was not decreasing a particle, so far as I could judge.

But this was incredible. Of course, I

was mistaken. The wheel would slow up in a moment or two.

But the bicycle rolled merrily up the hill and—a shivering feeling of horror passed over me—its speed was not lessening one iota!

The wheel was under the spell of that accursed spectre, I knew it.

A terrible weakness came upon me. I trembled in every limb and with staring eyes watched that front wheel whirling round and round, half dazed at the way it climbed the hill, propelled by an unseen power.

Steadily, and apparently irresistibly, it traveled up the incline. It was nearly to the top of the slope.

Up, up it went.

The top was reached. And no foot had touched those pedals.

And now what?

The wheel went on. Not only that but its speed began to increase perceptibly.

It had climbed the hill at about a six-mile an hour rate. Now it was traveling at a ten-mile clip at least. And every minute its speed seemed to increase.

And it kept on increasing.

The pedals were like two solid steel wheels and a loud humming music rose from them. The moonlit road was rushing by me as though it was a broad belt on a high speed pulley.

And the bicycle went faster and faster. I had been alarmed when I had discovered that my wheel was propelled by an unseen power; alarmed because I felt that it was the work of the supernatural. But dread of the ghastly gave way in part to fears for my personal safety. I was traveling at a speed which was dangerous to life and limb.

Had I dared I would have sprung from the wheel and left it to the fiend who controlled it. But I dared not make the attempt. I gripped the handle bars like a vise and awaited the inevitable.

What the end would be I could only surmise, and that surmise was not a pleasant one. I fully believed that a horrible death awaited me.

The speed now was terrific. The road, the fences alongside, the clumps of trees, rushed by as though it were all an avalanche.

How fast I was going I could not guess, but I knew that human limbs never had

and never would carry a wheel along at the rate mine was flying.

Though pretty badly dazed I had sense enough to get my bearings.

I had never been over this road before, (and never would again I solemnly promised myself) but my club friends had posted me pretty well regarding landmarks, and when I came in sight of the railroad track, running parallel to the road, I knew that Clarke Landing was not more than thirty miles away.

I heard the hoarse whistle of a locomotive and looking ahead saw the red lights of a train.

It was a fast train, due at Clarke Landing at one a. m.

I assumed from this that it was about midnight. I had a watch but dared not try to look at it.

The lights of the train became larger to my sight and each of the frequent whistles became louder and louder to my ears. I was overtaking the train.

This startling fact made my heart beat more wildly than ever. I knew I was flying along at a terrific pace but never dreamed that the speed of my bicycle was rivaling that of an express train.

But there was no mistake about it. Slowly but surely I gained on the train.

At the end of a half hour I was abreast of it.

Streams of sparks were trailing away from stack and fire box, the driving rod was bobbing up and down beautifully. The engine was pounding out the miles nobly, but that little bicycle of mine was steadily forging ahead.

I could not look at it after I passed it; my bewitched wheel needed all my attention; I could tell by the lessening sounds of the whistle that the train was constantly losing.

Something else soon absorbed me. I could see the lights of Clarke Landing ahead.

This worried me. There would undoubtedly be a good many people who would remain up to see me finish. If there happened to be many in the streets when I tore into town they would have to trust to Providence if they got in my way.

But it was not yet one o'clock and I could not be expected to arrive a minute before two.

I knew I would reach there several min-

utes before one. The express was due at that time and the train was two or three miles behind me.

I heartily hoped I would be seen. What a furor would be created over my arrival an hour or more ahead of my expected time! And, happy thought, what a beautiful exhibition of speed to give them!

The Landing was but a small place. No electric lights illuminated its streets. But the Clipper boys had offset this drawback by building a huge bonfire for this special occasion. By the light of this fire which glared redly on the store fronts I saw that quite a crowd had gathered there at one side of the street.

I was glad they were not in the middle of the street. I wanted that part all to myself.

My nerves were on edge and fearing a possible casualty I began to shout: "Keep out of the way ahead there. I'm Stark of the Mercurys and I'm coming at a forty mile gait. Watch out sharp there!"

They both heard and saw me. They told me afterward they would not have known what it was had they not heard my voice.

I was awfully excited for fear something would happen, and kept yelling like an Indian as I buzzed by that amazed group. I was through that town and out into the country again so quickly that I hardly knew it. I had no doubts but that I was a winner.

Now that I had reached my goal I wanted to stop. But I could not. At least not without the risk of breaking my neck. But surely this spell could not continue forever. There must be an end to it some time.

And at last the time came. Came after I had been whirled a hundred miles beyond the Landing.

And I could not have been more than three hours making that hundred miles either, for day was just beginning to break when my fearful ride came to an end.

As darkness gave way to faint daylight I saw something far away and up in the air ahead of me which seemed to be in motion.

The beams of the rising sun shot up from the hills to the east and bathed in warm colors a huge kite, soaring grandly

high above the earth. The kite was a beautiful one, a brilliant red which turned to flame the bright sunlight that fell upon it.

And the cord which held that kite seemed to extend right down to me. It was directly over my head, so close that reaching up I took hold of it.

I glanced behind me.

The secret was out.

Wedge between the back of the saddle and a brace between the rear tubing, just below it was an iron rod about three feet long to which the cord was attached.

And this was the dread spectre who had rushed me through the night at thirty-five or forty miles per hour? And that pattering of ghostly feet and those blows from an unseen hand? Just the playful raps from a piece of iron at the end of a string of a runaway kite. Mere

chance was the imp or spectre who had tangled it up with my wheel.

You may think it all very delightful but I did not, for that wretched kite had carried me a hundred miles further than I wanted to go, and it was with a good deal of savageness that I fished out my knife and cut that cord, and I did not feel a bit sorry to see the kite, big and beautiful though it was, plunging downward.

It had about ruined my nerves and I was half surprised when I reached the depot at the nearest town, to learn that my hair had not turned white. I bought a ticket straight through to Crookston. I was not in the mood to stop at Clarke's Landing. Explanations would do later. They were made in due time and my friends insisted on another trial, but I would have nothing of it. I had had enough of road racing to satisfy me.

CARE OF A BICYCLE.

BY D. F. FELLO.

EVERY part of the mechanism of a bicycle should receive a periodic examination. The chain and gear should have every part looked entirely over, and any indication of cutting promptly stopped. Every bolt and nut in all the mechanism should be examined for soundness, lubrication and general condition. All lost motion to be promptly removed and anything out of perfect order to be repaired forthwith, or put in the way of renewal, as may be found necessary. The fastenings of the frame and the condition of the adjusting parts are vital points. They must be kept in perfect alignment and condition. See that the bearings are in good condition and tight. Look the cones over and see if there is even a possibility of one of them failing. If there is, have the same renewed.

LUBRICATION.

If a bicycle is kept in perfect order, it is astonishing how little oil will suffice for its wants. Curiously enough, bear-

ings of bicycles seem to possess the power of acclimatizing themselves to almost any condition of lubrication. Thus, for example, if a bicycle has once become habituated to the use of much oil, time and patience will be needed to reduce the quantity found necessary to avoid heating and grinding. This is due to the fact that a lavish use of oil will suffice to hide defects that ought not to exist. Thus, for instance, guide rings in bearings become badly scored from some cause. They ought to be taken out and refaced or substituted with new. Instead they are kept cool and noiseless with oil. The crank shaft of a bicycle is sometimes kept cool and free from grating until wear has taken place, by pouring on oil as though it were water. Unless looked after closely, they will, in too many cases waste oil.

THE OILS USED.

In regard to the oil used by different cyclists, we mention lard oil, cotton seed oil, linseed and red oil, besides the min-

eral oils. It is wisdom to buy only the best oils for lubricating purposes. Mineral oils are considered desirable on account of possessing great diffusive power and not liable to thicken or gum. Animal and vegetable oils are more liable to become gummy upon the bearings, but they are of less cost and are extensively used in some form with the exception of olive oil, which is excellent to use in many respects, but its high cost is detrimental to its common use. For cleaning dust and grit from bearings, these oils can be used as an emulsion, combined with water by means of borax, soda or ammonia to make it more readily unite.

OIL VALVES.

Some of the latest makes of bicycles are fitted with self-feeding oil valves on important bearings. We have not the slightest intention of recommending any one of these things as better than any other, but there are certain obvious qualifications which they should possess. For example, they ought not to blow oil as some seem inclined to do. There should be no possibility of becoming clogged up. They ought not to contain delicate mechanism. They ought to be so made that they can be used with oils of different kinds. They ought to be strong and quite free from the chance of leaking. The cocks should be so made that they will not jam. The screw threads of removable caps ought to be of such a kind that the caps will not stick or jam the threads. The price ought to be reasonable.

SHINING WOOD FRAMES.

If beeswax is mixed with potash it makes a far nicer finish for polishing wood cycle frames than if mixed with turpentine and there will be no objectionable smell while using it. The formula is as follows: Make a hot saturated solution of potash in rain water, keep it near the boiling point and drop into it small pieces of beeswax until it is of the consistency of soft soap. Use in the ordinary manner with plenty of elbow grease—that is, rubbing.

HOME-MADE TIGHTENER FOR HOME TRAINER.

The most trouble with home trainers is to thoroughly control them. We do so, although our mode of doing it may seem primitive, but it answers well. Within a foot of the top of the uprights, we nail an inch board across, leaving an eight-inch projection on the floor side. On this board we run a board lengthwise of the machine made stationary at each end. In this board, over the projection, I bore a number of three-quarter-inch holes, one-half an inch apart, zig-zag style, so as not to weaken the board. In two of these holes I put three-quarter inch iron bolts long enough to come down four inches on the cross-piece and with these I control the drum of the trainer. I nail the opposite upright solid, put one end of one of the bottom pieces against the frame, and that will make the tightener come in the right place and with this I can govern the friction of the trainer drum to suit.

A MAID OF THE WHEEL.

BY JOHN TRACY JONES.

As fair as foam her silken tresses
That ripple down her slender form,
And which the wooing wind caresses
And seems to shield from shrieking
storm ;
A gaze that shames the starry splendor
When Orion swings his shining blade,
And Aldebaran beams pure and tender
Thro' purple gloom or violet shade.

The sunshine in her veins is flowing,
And summer lingers in her face,
With radiance like an angel glowing,
She wheels from place to place.
To gaze on her is deemed a pleasure;
The cynic drops his jibes and
jeers ;
The miser fails to hoard his treasure,
To sadly muse on by-gone years.



Our Busy Cycledom.



The authorities of Malines in Belgium, are about to spend \$35,000 on improving their highways.

The latest addition to the list of titled wheelmen is His Majesty Thank-Thai, king of Annam.

An English idea is to coat a bicycle with luminous paint. It is said that an exposure of a bicycle so treated renders it at night one glare of light.

The international championship races will be held at Vienna, Austria on September 4, 8 and 11. On these dates the Olympic games will also be held at Vienna.

H. R. H. Prince Albert of Belgium, is shortly to visit America on a tour of investigation of our industries. He is an ardent cyclist and will bring his bicycle with him.

Although cycling is very popular with the women of Japan it can only be enjoyed while the sun shines. A woman who rides her wheel after sunset in the mikado's domain is acting in opposition to the law.

Harry Elkes, Eddie McDuffee and Tom Linton, the English middle-distance star, are in training at Charles River Park, Boston. A match race between Linton and Michaels is expected to take place early in the season.

There are streets in Berlin, Germany, on which single mounted wheels only are allowed. A wheelman riding a tandem on one of these streets recently was fined \$1.50. As he was alone on the tandem he appealed, but the original decision was confirmed.

E. E. Seymore of New York, will endeavor to accomplish a feat almost as great as that undertaken by Teddy Edwards. Seymore has made up his mind to ride fifty double centuries during '03, and if the conditions are favorable, will increase the number. He is 38 years of age.

The 82 men who constitute the famous

cycle police squad of New York are doing excellent work. During the last six months 1,867 arrests were made, netting the city \$6,117 in fines. They recovered stolen wheels the aggregate valuation of which was \$3,633.62. Of the total arrests made 1,127 were for reckless driving.

There are 3,000 names of professional racing men on the books of Chairman Mott of the L. A. W. Racing Board. During the coming season a professional will be compelled to pay a registration fee of \$2, providing he intends to race. It is expected that about 2,000 will register. This will give the board an income of \$4,000, which, together with the income from sanction fees, etc., will defray all of its expenses.

Scorching is not unknown in India. In fact, it has recently become a very common offense and the authorities have found it necessary to publish the following, which is an extract of the Indian penal code of 1860:

Whoever drives any vehicle or rides in any public way in a manner so rash or negligent as to endanger human life, or to be likely to cause hurt or injury to any other person, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to six months, or with a fine which may extend to 1,000 rupees, or with both.

An elevated cycle path is being built between Pasadena and Los Angeles, Cal. The path will run 9 miles through a picturesque country and at some places will be elevated 50 feet. Every 100 feet will be an electric light. The path is to be constructed of wood. In the center of the track, which will be of a dull gray color, to be restful to the eyes, there will be a 3-inch separator to prevent collisions of cyclists going in opposite directions. The entrance and exit will be controlled by toll-gates, and there will be places where cyclists may enter upon the path. Midway in the picturesque hills, 200 feet above the river bed, will be erected a travelers' pavilion and cyclists' club house, where open-air concerts will be given. The path will also accommodate electric vehicles and horseless carriages.

Teddy Edwards, the plucky little Welshman, who started out on the first of the year to see how many consecutive centuries he could ride has already covered more than 6,000 miles. The press throughout the country has intimated that Edwards started out with the idea of undertaking the seemingly impossible task of riding a hundred miles every day in the year. Such, however, was not the intention of the rider, who has thus far covered a century each day from Jan. 1, through the most rigorous winter weather, and undaunted by the blizzards and bad times generally that have prevailed. To ride thirty consecutive centuries at this season is enough, but to keep on riding a hundred miles a day during the kind of weather that '98 has ushered in is considered by the strongest of riders a herculean task, and to those who spin over the asphalt roads of summer-time for a few miles each day, it seems beyond the bounds of possibility. Like his fellow-countryman, Michael, Edwards is a determined, snappy rider, fully alive to the herculean task ahead of him, but not a bit daunted by a rainy day or a bad road. The other night, after he had finished his ride, been massaged, changed his clothes, ate his supper and was lounging around, he looked out of the window, and seeing the snow and blustering rain, said, "I hope it will be a good storm. I like rough weather." "Teddy" is a native of Anglesea, Wales, but a naturalized citizen of this country. Before coming to the United States, five years ago, Edwards was a noted annihilator of distance in England. At one time he held the Liverpool and London record. Since coming here he has given some notable exhibitions. One in particular is the 24-hour road record. He is slight of build and weighs in his underwear 120 pounds. Edwards started at midnight New Year's night to ride a century every day for one year. The start is made from the Metropolitan Academy, 60th street and boulevard, every morning. Finding his way down Fifth avenue to 28th street, he crosses the 23d street ferry to Brooklyn. Here is the first checking place. From thence he rides out Bedford avenue to Eastern Parkway and on to the Merrick turnpike. Going as far

as Wantagh, he returns to Valley Stream and out again until enough miles have been ridden to make the required distance. On his return to the Metropolitan he is taken in charge by John Freeman, the veteran handler of riders, who gives him a good rub-down, bath and dry clothes. When this is completed, usually requiring an hour, Edwards is ready for a half-hour walk and then a good supper. After this he reads, smokes a good cigar and turns in to rest contentedly until morning, when he goes through the same programme again. For breakfast his diet is a little porridge, boiled eggs and cocoa. On the road a glass or two of ginger ale or milk, or perhaps a milk punch and e.g. During the afternoon a light meal is partaken of on the homeward trip.

RANDOM SHOTS.

THE man who has waited since '91 for the price of wheels to come down, before he bought one, is at last satisfied, for wheels are to be had at any price now, but the fellow who waited is too old to ride. Some men are born fools, while others acquire that honor only after years of slow and laborious diligence and painstaking attention to the goal before them. But it would seem to an experienced eye that all men, rich and poor, old or young, educated or ignorant, were and still are fools on the subject of the close relationship of price and quality in bicycles. You never did, do not now, and never will get something for nothing, except, perhaps, a thrashing. No man will sell for one dollar that which has cost him two, and if he is compelled to sell a wheel for fifty dollars people may rest assured that it cost him less than that. Men do not engage in the manufacture of wheels for their health any more than other men in any other business. Yet an examination of the records for the past two years will show that over half the makers, large and small, got nothing for their labor and capital invested other than a good healthy hustle. Yet a large majority of peo-

ple groan and sweat under the fancied exorbitant profit that bicycle makers were wringing from them, while every day factories are being closed up and wheels are being sold under the assignee's hammer at half the actual cost of production. Less than two months ago one of the oldest, strongest and certainly most conservative firms in the country was forced to the wall. Yet their wheels were held uniformly at one hundred dollars. Here, in our own city, a firm has recently been forced under, losing thousands of dollars for the investors.

The price of sewing machines has been used as evidence mostly by those who were loudest in their denunciation of the bicycle highwayman who was growing rich at the expense of the public. Since sewing machines came into fairly common use the best could be had at from fifty to seventy-five dollars. I can buy a sewing machine today, freight prepaid, for \$3.80 with all attachments, including chattel mortgage. It will run till it gets tired. Then it lays down, and that's the end of it. Go into a Singer agency and ask the price of their most highly finished product, and unless your breath is strong, it will be taken away, even as mine was, when they tell you "only ninety dollars." An ordinary Singer costs forty. Not much of a come-down in twenty years, considering the cheapening in the cost of production. A Singer machine costs forty. I can get a machine for less than six. Both are machines, but no one other than a free born ass would think of comparing them together.

Go to a merchant tailor's and price a suit of clothes. He sizes you up and tells you anywhere from twenty-five to forty dollars, as he thinks you will stand. Go to Hockenstein & Cohen's and you can get a suit of clothes for \$4.40. Both are suits of clothes and both will cover you up and keep you warm, for a time. But are they the same? So it is with a bicycle. Quality, which means good material and workmanship, costs. A wheel can be bought as low as \$20 and it will carry you for a time. But it is sheer nonsense to compare it with a high grade wheel with its splendid material, beautiful workmanship and elegant finish, or to think

that the latter can be made or sold at the price of the former. Good wheels have been sold under the auctioneer's hammer at less than their value, but the mere fact of their being in such hands proves that money was lost, not made in their manufacture. Experience, that expensive teacher of all of their class, will in time put some new ideas into the heads of our bowlers. A man once stood on London bridge for a day and offered genuine sovereigns for a penny apiece. People laughed at him and he sold none. Today he could stand in this country and offer the same bargain with the same success, but for a different reason. The public is too wise. They would listen to some one who told them that sovereigns could be produced for half a penny, and would believe it, too. So they would wait for sovereigns to come down in price.

■

It has been said that fashions make a complete revolution once every seven years, and bring you back to where you started from. This truth is being exemplified in cycle construction in a remarkable manner, as a comparison of a '98 model with its progenitor of '91 will show. Of course, in the matter of weight and small details the '98 wheel is far ahead of the older models, but in some of their salient features they are not so very dissimilar. Almost all makers this year are giving a big drop to the crank hangers, forgetting that some of the people who buy wheels live in the country, and with the long cranks that are in favor, are very apt to have trouble from their pedals striking stones and ruts. Makers did the same in '91. Of course, with a big drop in the hanger the head must be correspondingly short. Look at a '91 wheel and notice the short head. Handle bars in '91 hardly allowed two people to pass on the same street. Some of the new ones for '98 are wider still. Thirty-inch wheels were the regular thing in '91. Some makers are again listing that size. Length of seat posts are more nearer the same than they have been for years, as makers are coming back to the low frame. Tires are made heavier this year for another thing, as well as the complete wheel itself. And as for simplicity, why, some of the old

wheels are 'way ahead of some of the latest productions with their wonderful and soul-perplexing contrivances in the way of hubs and crank-shaft mechanism. The man who has an old ice wagon stored away in his coal bin may yet brush the cobwebs and dust from it and ride it gaily down the boulevard, the object of envy to hundreds of wheelmen who have to content themselves with a last year's wheel.

The king still lives. Potter has been re-elected—the East has triumphed over the South and West and the country is saved. That pretty thoroughly sums up the result of the L. A. W. convention at St. Louis, last month. By the way, in the light of the League's recent action, isn't its name somewhat of a misnomer? It is called League of American Wheelmen, yet it refuses to about one-sixth of the male adults of this country that which our Constitution entitles them to. Professional racers will pay "zwei case" for the privilege of having some one keep tabs on them so that they may the more conveniently be harrassed. (Ask Art Weilup about it.) And what an awful lot of mud-slinging was indulged in, and what an unusual amount of hard feeling was engendered between the different factions. Methods were used that would put the lowest ward politician to shame or turn him green with envy. To outsiders, as myself, these things bring simply disgust, and no respect for an organization that has wandered far from the path laid out for it by its founders. If control of racing is all that the L. A. W. exists for, it had much better cease to be. Born of necessity, like all great movements, it came into being at an opportune time and nobly has it carried out some of the intuitions of its formers. The very opposition with which it strove and mastered, gave it a hardy growth, else the actions of some of its leaders would have sent it out of existence long before this. Numbers do not always mean strength, and, perhaps, the L. A. W. was never as weak as it is today. All organizations and parties sooner or later outlive their usefulness. How about the L. A. W.?

Ben F. Oakley.

... BICYCLE LAW. ...

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

When is a Minor Liable for the Price of a Bicycle?

1. A young man, representing himself to be 21 years of age, recently bought a \$75 wheel from me on installments, paying only the first installment of \$10. He now claims that he is not liable for the unpaid balance because he was only 20 years and 10 months old at the time of the purchase. Can I legally compel him to pay?
CYCLE DEALER.

It is a general rule that a minor is not liable for his contracts, except for necessities. If the purchaser in this case, for example, bought the wheel under the direction of a physician, for the benefit of his health, it would doubtless be considered as a "necessity," and he could be compelled to pay for it. If purchased only for pleasure riding, a suit on the contract of sale would be unavailing, notwithstanding his statement that he was of age. A minor is, however, liable for his torts, that is, for wrongs committed by him not depending on contract, and, if you sold the wheel relying upon the false statement, and can prove this in court, he can be compelled to pay the value of the same, inasmuch as it was obtained by false pretenses. In addition to this, you could hold him criminally liable as well, if you choose to prosecute.

NOTE.—The question of "Cycle Dealer" is one that might arise in any business. This department is not intended for the answering of questions as to business or commercial law in general, but, as the case submitted is one that is likely to arise frequently in the cycle business, we have thought it best to answer the question for the benefit of the trade at large.

As to Scorching.

2. There is no ordinance in this town limiting the speed at which bicycles may be ridden, but the town officers have threatened to prosecute scorchers under an ordinance prohibiting "furious driving of a carriage or other vehicle." Our local riders are anxious to know whether they can be arrested and fined under this ordinance. Please advise us.

W. H. ERLMEN.

This depends upon whether a bicycle is a "carriage" and whether the rider "drives" it. Both of these questions must be answered yes. In 1877, in the

early days of the "good old ordinary," Mr. A. D. Chandler, of Brookline, Mass., imported a bicycle from England, and the customs officers attempted to collect a 45% duty on the same as "machinery." Mr. Chandler protested that it was a "carriage" and hence liable only to a 35% tax and, on appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury his contention was sustained. Webster's Dictionary defines carriage "that which carries or conveys on wheels; a vehicle," and the Century Dictionary, "a wheeled vehicle for the conveyance of persons."

A bicycle then is clearly a carriage. The precise question you ask came before one of the English courts as far back as 1870, in the case of Taylor v. Goodwin, 42 B. Div., 228 in which a rider was held liable to a fine under an old law, passed before there was a bicycle in existence, making the "furious driving of a carriage" an offense. The court, in deciding the case, said in substance that the bicycle was a carriage and the rider might properly be said to drive it. This case is interesting as being one of the first, if not the first, in which the legal status of the bicycle was decided and the courts have almost unanimously followed it and *a fortiori* have given to bicycle riders all the rights, so far as the use of the highway is concerned, possessed by drivers of other vehicles. It follows that "scorchers" are guilty of violating the ordinance mentioned, even though bicycles are not mentioned by name.

Duty to Carry Brakes.

3. Late last season, going down a very steep hill, my bicycle "ran away" with me, notwithstanding my utmost efforts to control it, and collided with a pedestrian at the foot of the hill. He now threatens to sue me for damages. I had no brake on my wheel, but there is no law or ordinance requiring one. Am I liable?
L. A. W., 77,309.

We are sorry to be obliged to say, in reply to your question that if the facts are as stated you are liable for damages. So far as the absence of a statute requiring the use of brakes is concerned, that means only that you cannot be arrested and fined for not having a brake on your wheel. But if, through your omission to provide yourself with an appliance which would have prevented an accident, another person is injured (assuming, of course, that he is not him-

self negligent), you could doubtless be compelled to pay a judgment for damages. A somewhat similar case arose lately in one of the western states. A rider on a dark country road at night collided with a pedestrian. The wheelman had no lamp on his wheel. There was no law requiring him to carry a lamp, but it was decided that, inasmuch as a lamp would probably have averted the collision, he was guilty of negligence. Suppose, in your case, there had been a railway track at the foot of the hill and you had been injured by a train coming along, which the impact of your wheel failed to demolish, as would probably be the case. Could you recover damages from the railway company? No, for you would be held guilty of what the law calls contributory negligence, that is, your own negligence in failing either to control your speed by a brake or walk down the hill, contributed to the injury. The rule, of course, works both ways.

A POINT OF VIEW.

The
Contract Labor
Law and Foreign
Racing Men.

During the past two years quite a number of foreign racing men signed contracts with American promoters to race in this country, and it is generally known that in several instances the contracts were signed on the other side of the water. If such is the case and if the Contract Labor Law, an act of 1887, can be construed to cover racing men a liability has been incurred by the American promoters.

Although the law was established in 1887, a good number of years before the importation of racing men was thought of, it cannot be denied that its provisions cover foreign racing men, the only persons exempt being professors of colleges, members of any recognized profession and ministers. At the same time it is evident that the act was not designed to cover racing men but we could only abide by its cold provisions should the question of legality in importing racing men be brought up. The clause which might be construed to cover racing men is plain and reads as follows:

It shall be unlawful for any person, company, partnership or corporation, in any manner whatsoever, to prepare the transportation, or in any way assist or encourage the importation or migration of any alien or aliens, any foreigner or foreigners, into the United States, its Territories or the District of Columbia, under contract or agreement, parole or special, express or implied, made previous to the importation or migration of such alien or aliens, foreigner or foreigners, to perform labor or service of any kind in the United States, its Territories, or the District of Columbia.

It is to be hoped that the promised investigation, by the Government officials at the Barge Office, New York, of recent cases will be thorough and set an authoritative precedent by which Tom Eck and others now booking foreign talent can be guided. There would be disappointment on every hand if after importing the best riders of the foreign countries we would be compelled to send them back, as provided for by Rule 7, of the Treasury Department which says:

Any alien emigrant who shall come into the United States in violation of law may be returned, as by law provided, at any time within one year from the date of his arrival at the expense of the person or persons, vessel, transportation company or corporation bringing such alien.

While under the provisions of the above rule American promoters could keep the foreigners in this country for one year, the fines and penalties provided for those violating the Labor Contract Law would be bobbing up at all times and a decision on this question cannot be rendered too soon for the benefit of all concerned.

o o o

The L. A. W. The last National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen goes down in history among the former assemblies which were noted for their insignificance. If it was conspicuous at all it was conspicuous insofar as ignoring, in several instances, the demands of the members at large. In estimating its importance we must bear in mind the fact that the delegates had every opportunity to improve upon the legislation of former assemblies. It had been clearly demonstrated during the past year that several mistakes were made at Albany. The last assembly was given an opportunity to correct the mistakes, but contrary to expectations, it com-

mitted them a second time. The standing opinion on various matters of the delegates from several divisions is remarkable. The change in opinion of some of the delegates is also remarkable.

A great deal of work was accomplished of course, by the assembly, but, with the exception of limiting long distance races to 72 hours, thereby calling a halt to the brutal six-day events, the work was of a routine nature and will show no material change for the better in the usefulness of the League.

The Sunday racing question proved a very delicate one for the assembly to handle and consequently it was not handled right. While Sunday racing has no charms with which to enhance the importance of the League and ought to be discouraged whenever possible, there is a right and a wrong way in which to discourage it. The assembly chose the wrong way. Had it adopted the plan submitted by one of the delegates giving each division an opportunity to decide whether or not Sunday racing was desirable within its precincts the question would have been settled, and it is safe to assume that it would have been given a death-blow.

The greatest mistake made by the delegates was to refuse professional bicycle riders admission to membership. It is not necessary to state here the many reasons why he ought to be admitted. Suffice to say that a mistake was made and that the public will always hold the professional bicyclist in as high esteem as the professional prize fighter, notwithstanding the fact that the L. A. W. shuts out the former and welcomes the latter.

As was predicted in these columns, the amendment to the constitution providing that the national officers should be elected by the members, was completely snuffed under and the poor member will not have the least say as to who may receive the greatest part of his dollar.

This is not looking backward at the assembly in a pessimistic view, as every clear-minded wheelman will realize, and it is safe to assume that many days before the next assembly convenes, the mistakes of the last assembly will be manifest.

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VOL. I.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

No. 1.

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THE PNEUMATIC.

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APRIL, 1898.

No. 3

THE FATE OF THE SLOBURG ANT-WHEELERS.

BY M. S. PADEN.

SLOBURG bore it calmly when bicycles were added to the youngsters' hoops and toys; but, when elder brethern and sisters took to spinning along with streaming locks and coat-tails, wild, unseemly eleted countenances and agile limbs, in shockingly attenuated and abbreviated garments, Sloburg began to listen for Gabriel's horn.

They could not reconcile this invention of the devil of frivolity with their own accustomed jog-trot along daily ways or with their slow memories of stately be-wigged ancestors, moving with safe dignity in ponderous family chaises.

«And yit, Gran'ther Stoughton wore knee-breeches,» extenuated little Miss Susan, at a weekly tea, where indignation over late-innovations fumed and sizzled in harmony with the kettle. She was the village dressmaker; her left shoulder was apologetically lower than her right. «So did Washington.»

Miss Mahaly snorted. «They wore 'em as gentlemen did, high boots or fine pumps with diamond buckles not yeller shoes like ham bags. Decent full-skirted coats, too, not—» sniffing with maiden disgust—«sweaters or boy's pea-jackets. And, Marthy did not wear bloomers!»

«There's Widder Gullers, goin' about in skirts to her knees like her darter Nelly,» and Mrs. Tompkins folded her fat hands across her rotund front. «I heard Gus Peters say there wa'n't no chance fer Nelly till her Ma got old enough fer long dresses.»

It's gittin' into the church, that's the worst of it,» said Sister Brown, whose hard-lined face,

quiet dress and views of life harmonized with her name. «I see Elder Pincher learnin' an' it was dretful for a man of his years and standin'.»

She had long worried over the Elder's tendency to unorthodox lapses and the chaos prevailin' in his widowed home. It was Sloburg gossip that, if Sister Brown had less money, the Elder would have invited her to rectify things there, but, his boyish ways withal, he was proudly sensitive.

«That scamp of an Eph wuz a-watchin' him; he thought nobuddy sees him; I was a-berryin' and set down on the hill to rest. Eph must have followed Elder to plague him fer you know he hed a boy's spite agin the Elder if he is his father and too good to him, fer muskin' him learn so many bible verses when Eph was catched fishin' Sundays.»

«They do say,» interrupted Mrs. Tompkins, «Elder set out to catch Eph last time and come up just as Eph got a bite. Eph hollered not to let it git away; Elder got excited and he's that obligin' he run and catched the line, seem' Eph most pulled into the river by the beft of the fish, which it wa'n't no fish but a trick of Eph's and Sammy Tope. Sammy he kin dive; they tied the line to a sunk snag and Sam he dove and grabbed the line. Eph he got Elder on a slippery place, Sammy he jerked and in went Elder. He came out pretty wet!»

Eph drew a solum countenance an' said he better not go to town that way, it wouldnt look well. They wuz a cabin where the boys had corn-meal an' bacon an' coffee an' ef Elder wa'n't obleeged to camp out with them till his clothes

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

EARL W. PEABODY.

Starting out at the beginning of the 1897 racing season with the avowed purpose of surpassing the wonderful record of 101 firsts made by A. A. Zimmerman in 1893, Earl W. Peabody undertook what was considered at the time an impossible task. When the season closed he demonstrated his ability to successfully accomplish the undertaking and with 111 firsts to his credit was universally recognized as the amateur champion of America. Whether or not his wonderful record will be surpassed within the next five years is a matter of conjecture and taking into consideration the fact that each succeeding year increases the number of competitors it is safe to give the negative assumption the benefit of the doubt.

Peabody is a graduate of the University of Chicago and before taking to cycle racing was for several years the champion long distance sprinter of the University, holding the half mile and mile championships for two or three seasons in succession. Although slender and light in body his clear head won for him the captaincy of the second eleven foot ball team which he carried to numerous victories.

His first bicycle race was a five-mile road event around Washington Park, Chicago, in which he rode his ordinary road machine and finished third. In 1891, he won the first track race he ever competed in, beating a prominent Chicago rider named Bachello, and drawing considerable notice. He was a member of the U. of C. track team in 1896, and won fifty-one firsts and twenty-seven seconds, the most important victories being the half, two and five mile championships of the Illinois division of the League of American Wheelmen, the other championships going, one to C. C. Ingraham and the other to A. A. McLain, both professionals now. Later in the season, Peabody beat Mc-

Lain in his own home, Aurora, Ill.

During 1897 Peabody won all of the Illinois state championships, the New Brunswick Tire Company's silver cup trophy for the five-mile club championship of Chicago, in which thirty-two clubs competed on the Garfield Park track, the Orient silver cup club trophy offered at the Morgan & Wright meet at Garfield Park, the third-mile national championship at Newark, two seconds in national championships, and in addition lowered the Illinois state amateur mile record to 1:54 4-5 (which he broke at Garfield

Park, October 2, for the first time it had been lowered since 1894, when Gus Steele placed figures at 1:55). He established a new half-mile world's competition record of 1:00 1-5 in a race at Kalamazoo on the Michigan circuit, and broke the amateur world's mile competition record, placing the figures at 2:08 1-5, at Charlotte, N. C., June 8.

A great majority of Peabody's firsts were won on the national circuit, and when competing against the best riders of the country.

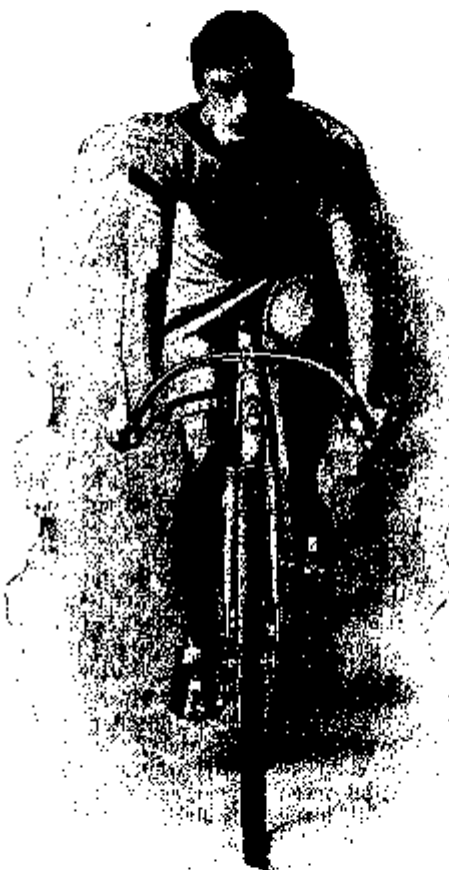
Peabody is one of the cleanest riders on the track and his pretty finishes are always sure to elicit unusual praise from the spectators.

Shortly after the 1897 racing season closed he entered upon a business life and it is probable that very little will be seen of him the coming year in racing circles. He can well

afford to rest on his laurels as they are such that will not easily be won by another rider for years to come. During his year of victories Peabody rode an Adlake fitted with Palmer tires.

EDWARD S. EDWARDS.

In Mr. E. S. Edwards, more familiarly known as "Teddy," of the New York Century Wheelmen, we see another world's champion. On April 9, Mr. Edwards completed his hundredth



EARL W. PEABODY.

consecutive century, and ending his day's work in the fast time of eight hours. The best previous record was sixty-five consecutive centuries.

For several years the knowing ones have been keeping an eye on the riding of young Edwards and last fall Mr. M. L. Bridgeman, a prominent New York bicycle man, mounted Edwards on a Columbia chainless, and gave him some hard tasks to accomplish in order to thoroughly test and demonstrate the practicability of the bevel gear in transmitting power. Edwards so thoroughly, conscientiously and easily covered the ground laid out for him, that on January 1, 1898, he was permitted to attempt

the record breaking performance now in progress. He started his first century in very adverse circumstances, the weather being bitterly cold, and the roads in bad condition, and before the ride was half finished, both knees were frost bitten. This unfortunate experience at the very beginning almost upset all his plans, and it was only by the great good care of his trainer, the veteran John Freeman, that he was able to continue riding at all; and as it was, he suffered knee trouble for ten days, which required the most indomitable spirit of perseverance and pluck to conquer. Next came the well-remembered blizzard of the season, which stopped trains right and left, but could not stop Edwards. Although the snow fell faster than horses and snow plows could scrape it away, in a path just wide enough to ride in, he went on undaunted, in a blinding, pelting snow and wind, until two o'clock in the morning. At last finishing his famous century behind the fast horse and sleigh of a lady who watched his daily performance on the Merriek road and

showed her admiration for the plucky little rider by pacing him the last eighteen miles, which he acknowledged would not have been accomplished had it not been for the urging of his friends. After the trials of such a day, Edwards was that night taken to Lakewood, where it was reported there was a very fair riding path free from snow. On arriving there, however, and starting his next day's ride, he found the condition of affairs almost as bad as he had left behind, and after three days of the hardest kind of work, he was transferred to Washington.

One of the greatest trials he encountered in deep snow riding was in getting on his wheel after having to dismount. As may well be imagined it is extremely hard to get a start in the soft snow, for instantly, almost upon getting on the wheel it will stop on account of the weight. "Many a time," said Edwards, "I thought I



EDWARD S. (TEDDY) EDWARDS.

should have to give up trying to get started again."

The first record broken was that of forty-eight consecutive centuries on a chain wheel, and made by Anderson, of New York. Next came the breaking of the famous record made by "Jack" Knowles, on a League chainless, in 1894, and which was sixty consecutive centuries, and now he has well earned the title of "World's champion" by breaking the record of all records, sixty-five consecutive centuries, made by Grace, of the Philadelphia Century Wheelmen.

Sixty-six hundred miles in sixty-six days—that's a feat that no other man but Edwards has accomplished, a feat that it is almost safe to say no other rider of to-day can accomplish, but Edwards isn't even satisfied with this. He proposes to undertake and successfully finish a task that no other man will be able to equal—the feat of riding three hundred and sixty-five consecutive centuries—in other words, to ride one hundred miles every day in the year.

Here is something for every one to wonder at, to marvel at, and watch with keen interest. The cycles will have a chance to air their ideas, and express their opinions; physicians may well marvel, and become interested in the "sort of stuff" that such a man is made of, and wheelmen the world over may doff their hats to the new phenomenon.

Edwards weighed one hundred and twenty pounds when he began his record breaking performance, and has gained four pounds up to date. He is in the finest possible physical condition, lively as a cricket, and brown as a berry. After his daily performances, he has a good dinner, smokes a cigar, and plays a game of billiards before turning in, and occasionally goes to the theatre. He is a very quiet and modest man, altogether unassuming and seemingly treating his tremendous task as nothing more than child's play. The Washington celebrities have one and all fallen victims to his endurance, and he is now riding alone. His riding from now on will be looked forward to with interest by wheelmen and general public all over the world.

FRANK J. EDWARDS.

People who admire the prosperous, progressive

young man may well look to Mr. Frank J. Edwards, of Milwaukee, Wis., as deserving of their admiration. Although only twenty-one years of age he occupies as responsible a position as is apt to be entrusted to any man, that of conducting the sales department of one of Milwaukee's largest bicycle houses, the Cream City Cycle Co. This concern, besides dealing extensively in bicycles, conducts an exceedingly large business in sundries and cyclists' clothing and in the capacity of manager of the sales department Mr. Edwards has more than a meager portion of the firm's business to look after. However, great as the duties may appear, they are in capable hands. In his former position with the League Cycle Mfg. Co. of Milwaukee, as superintendent of agencies, he acquired the business acumen which is of such a vital necessity to discharge the duties which are now intrusted to him.



FRANK J. EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards is also one of the most prominent of the younger men who figure in club circles. He is a member of several of the largest bicycle clubs of Milwaukee. With a host of friends he enjoys a popularity which not only makes life pleasant for him but is of an unestimable value to the firm in whose employ he has recently entered.

IN CASE OF WAR.

President Potter of the L. A. W. has assured Uncle Sam of the services of at least 90,000 wheelmen in case of hostilities.

However, there is some doubt whether the entire

90,000 would answer the roll call after reading the following observations by a naval officer who returned recently from Havana:

"I saw but two bicycles on the streets," he said, "and those were on the outskirts of the city, where there was a little patch of concrete pavement. There are very few streets in Havana where it would be a pleasure to ride a wheel. The business portion is paved with block granite in very good condition. The roads in the suburbs are execrable."

The favorite drive is on the beach road, but there is very little pleasure in driving—the road is so full of ruts and depressions that carriage springs are severely tested. The condition of the streets and the almost entire absence of country roads is probably the excuse for not indulging in bicycling."

Cuba wants good roads first, war second.

BICYCLES AS BAGGAGE.

BY THE LEGAL EDITOR.

On the merits of the case can a transportation company charge excess baggage on a bicycle and its equipment where one is using the same on a tour, the total weight not exceeding forty-five pounds?

ST. PAUL READER.

The writer of the above asks "can a transportation company charge excess baggage on a bicycle." A man who had been arrested once told his counsel his story. "They can't put you in jail for that," said the lawyer. "But they have put me in jail," was the reply. So the transportation companies do charge for the carriage of bicycles whether they "can" do so or not.

In order to determine whether a railroad or steamship company is legally obliged to carry bicycles as baggage free of charge, we must define the term baggage, and then see whether a bicycle properly comes within the scope of our definition.

Baggage has been defined to include "whatever the passenger takes with him for his own personal use and convenience, according to the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to his immediate wants or to the ultimate purpose of his journey."

In the case of *Macrow v. Great Western Railway Company*, Law Reports, 6 Queen's Bench Division, 612, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, after citing the above definition with approval, goes on to say: "This would include not only all articles of apparel, whether for use or ornament * * * but also the gun case or the fishing apparatus of the sportsman; the easel of the artist on a sketching tour or the books of the student, and other articles of an analogous character, the use of which is personal to the traveler, AND THE TAKING OF WHICH HAS ARISEN FROM THE FACT OF HIS JOURNEYING."

To quote the language of a recognized authority, "it is always impliedly a part of the contract between the carrier and the passenger that the former shall carry for the latter his personal baggage; the price paid for the ticket or for transportation embraces compensation for the carriage of the baggage, and no special consideration can be demanded by the carrier or need be paid."

This being the law, and it is so well settled that the citation of authority is unnecessary, it remains to be seen whether the bicycle of a tourist is baggage, as above defined, but, when we turn to the reported decisions, we find that no American court of more than local authority has passed upon the exact question. In the case of *State ex rel. Bettie v. Missouri Pacific Railway Company*, decided in October, 1896, the Circuit Court of St. Louis held that a bi-

cycle was baggage, and that the railway company was under a legal duty to carry it for the passenger without exacting any fee in addition to the fare paid. This decision, however, was reversed by the St. Louis Court of Appeals. In England it has been decided that a bicycle need not be carried free of charge for a passenger. The question has not yet come before the Supreme Court of any State or before any of the Federal Courts, so that, in our investigation we must be guided by general principles.

Our readers are aware of the fact that in the State of New York railway companies are required by statute (the so-called Armstrong law) to transport bicycles as baggage without charge. Upon the passage of that act, the *Railway Age*, in its issue of April 11, 1896 (Vol. 21, page 189), said: "If the railways may be compelled to carry one kind of vehicle free, then why not all kinds—wheel-barrows, carts, carriages, boats, etc.?" And again, on April 18, 1896 (Vol. 21, page 201), the same journal remarked: "There is more analogy between trunk and a bicycle than there is between a trunk and any other vehicle." The *Railway Age*, of course, did not look into the subject from a legal standpoint. Had it done so, and considered the meaning of the term baggage, as the same has been decided in a multitude of cases, it would hardly have failed to notice that the test is not whether a bicycle is a vehicle, but whether, in any given case, to again quote Lord Cockburn, it is an article "the use of which is personal to the traveler, and the taking of which has arisen from the fact of his journeying." And that the taking of the bicycle by a wheelman on a railway trip "has arisen from the fact of his journeying" is too well-known to require argument. As a matter of fact, the writer is of the opinion that, if wheel-barrows, carriages and boats were taken by railway travelers under the same circumstances as bicycles are, ordinarily, the railway companies would be under a legal liability to carry the same, subject, of course, to such reasonable regulation as they might make as to bulk and weight, and that they could only be relieved of this duty by legislation. It is not for the courts to make the law, but only to construe and apply it, and we believe, therefore, that when the question at issue comes before one of the State Supreme courts, or before one of the Federal courts, as doubtless it will, sooner or later, it will be held that a bicycle is baggage, that it must be carried without charge, and that its character as a vehicle is not incompatible with the fact that it is also baggage within the definition above quoted.

Before concluding, we wish to make another citation for the *Railway Age*. In its issue of

October 16, 1896 (Vol. 22, page 299), in an article commenting on the decision of the lower court in the Missouri case above mentioned, we read: "It is difficult to see the equity of a ruling that compels railways to furnish to one class of travelers a special service not given to others and to assume a special risk without compensation. Certainly no reason can establish any analogy between a vehicle for transportation and a box containing a traveler's wearing apparel." The fallacy of this is self-evident. There are say three passengers on a train. Jones buys a ticket. He delivers a trunk to the baggageman, which is checked. Brown buys a ticket. He delivers a bicycle which is likewise checked. Has the railway company furnished a "special service" for Brown because it has checked his bicycle, when it has not checked any bicycle for Jones? If Jones had also presented a bicycle for carriage, he would have been entitled to the same privilege. As well might it be said that the company performs a "special service" or assumes a "special risk" for Jones, the man with a trunk, because Robinson, the third traveler, chose to go empty-handed to his destination.

The "analogy between a vehicle for transportation and a box containing a traveler's wearing apparel" is simply that both are, or may be, what "the passenger takes with him

for his personal use and convenience, according to the particular class to which he belongs" (the particular class to which a bicycle tourist belongs being bicycle tourists), "either with reference to his immediate wants or the ultimate purpose of his journey." A trunk, of course, is baggage, but it is not the only thing which may bear that character, as the distinguished president of the New York Central, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, appears to have thought when he made his famous remark, on the occasion of the passage of the Armstrong law, that while the courts had declared the bicycle to be a vehicle, the legislature of the sovereign State of New York, in its omnipotence, had made it a trunk. However desirable it may be, therefore, to have a bicycle given, by legislative act, the status of baggage, we believe such act is not in any way a modification of the existing law, but only, in effect, declaratory thereof.

The foregoing is, of course, the personal opinion of the writer, there being, as explained, no express adjudication by any court of final jurisdiction in the United States, but we submit the same with confidence that when the matter is settled, it will be judicially declared that bicycles are baggage, and that transportation companies must make no charge for their carriage, in addition to the passenger's fare.

THE RACING RULES FOR 1898.

ALTHOUGH the rules and regulations governing racing during 1897 held the sport within the bounds of fairness, it was found that several changes would be beneficial, and accordingly the National Racing Board of the L. A. W. has been giving its attention to the rules. The revision has been completed, and copies of the new rules are printed and ready for distribution. Those who are interested in the sport should give the changes, a synopsis of which follows, careful study:

REGISTRATION OF PROFESSIONALS.

This rule is covered by a provision incorporated in the League by-laws and provides for the payment of a fee not to exceed \$2.00 for the registration of professional racing men. Each member of the National Board represents and acts for the board in his district; under the direction of the chairman. The general rules provide that in case of promoters, track owners and professional riders, fines may be collected in lieu of suspension. An entry which complies with the racing rules, and is accompanied by the fee required for all entries for that meet is a legal entry, and cannot be rejected by the promoter.

PROFESSIONAL PRIVILEGES.

The following clause is an addition to the racing rules, and will undoubtedly meet with great favor among the bicycle and tire manufacturers employing riders to advertise their goods. It was adopted at the suggestion of Chairman Mott, and provides, as follows:

When a professional makes an entry on the regular blank seven days prior to date of contest, and thus enables the promoter to advertise his attractions, the professional may insert in the entry blank the name of the wheel or tires he rides, and the promoter must then insert the same, opposite his name, on the score-card or programme. Promoters are prohibited from inserting name of wheel or tires of amateurs, or of late entries.

NUMBER OF STARTERS.

Unless stipulated to the contrary on the entry blank, each race scheduled must be run regardless of the number of starters, as provided for in the following rule:

Promoters may make it a condition that a certain number must start to make a race; but in that case, to make it a contract, the entry blank must contain a clause similar to the following: "In scratch races there must be four starters or they will not be run,

and in handicaps there must be six starters or they will not be run.

RELATING TO SANCTIONS.

League clubs applying for sanctions must present applications properly signed by the president and secretary of the club, certifying that the club itself is to conduct the meet and receive all the profits. A fee of \$5.00 will be charged promoters for permission to exceed the regular prize limit.

Applications for National Circuit meets must contain a statement that at least one professional National Championship race will be run, in which the first prize will not be less than \$150.00. A sanction for a National Circuit meet will carry with it authority to exceed the prize limit in professional events, and authority to run match races, exhibitions, and those other special events for which a permit is necessary at an open meet, except multicourse racing. The racing rules recommend that at least one class race be run at National Circuit meets.

Applications for sanctions must name the track on which the meet is to be held. The Board reserves the right to revoke any sanction where trickery, subterfuge or evasions are attempted, or sufficient reason exists in the judgment of the chairman or member who issued the sanction.

Racing men will have no opportunity to plead ignorance for starting in unsanctioned races, or for starting or exhibiting in an event for which a special permit is required but not obtained. Sanctions and special permits will be issued in duplicate, and promoters will be required to post one copy near the tape in convenient view of the starters when lined up.

Promoters who fail to provide proper accommodations for racing men, trainers and managers, both in training quarters and a convenient place to witness the races will be refused sanctions.

A copy of the entry blank must be sent immediately upon its being printed to the member of the Board granting the sanction.

REFEREES AND HANDICAPPERS.

An additional clause relating to the duties of the referee requires him to render a report on the meets direct to the member granting the sanction, all protests, foul riding, false entries, attempts of unregistered men to ride or unexcused non-starters. He must also report the number of points won by each contestant in championship races run at National Circuit meets. An unregistered rider is permitted to start providing he deposits the fee of \$2.00 with the referee. This fee is to be sent direct to the member of the district, together with full name and address of rider.

After completing handicaps a complete list of same, containing name and address of all en-

tries, must be sent by the handicapper to the member of the Racing Board granting the sanction for the meet for which the handicaps are made.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Although National Championships have been competed for during the past several years, it was tedious to determine who the champions really were. Under the new rules the National Championships will be conducted under an entirely new system by which it will be easy to determine the champions. The new rules are, as follows:

The professional National Championship shall be determined by points won in the National Championship races run on the National Circuit. At least one National Championship race (subject to the approval of the Chairman) shall be run on each day of a National Circuit meet (and as many others as desired by the promoter) at any of the distances named in paragraph 1. The first prize must not be less than \$150. Not more than one dollar entry fee shall be charged (or nothing at the discretion of the promoter), and no one shall be allowed to start whose regular entry, made out on the proper blank, has not been filed with the promoter, in compliance with the rules. When there are more than 5 entries, trial heats shall be run until the contestants are reduced to not more than the final. The first to finish in the final shall count six in the championship table, the next four, the next three, the next two and the next one; except at the National meet, when the first to finish shall count sixty, the next forty, the next thirty, the next twenty, and the next ten. Should any of the championship races for any of the distances be omitted at the National meet, the omitted races will be assigned to the National Circuit and the count will be scored as if they were run at the National Meet. The points to the credit of each contestant shall be published in the bulletin of the Chairman, and the contestant having the greatest number of distances at the end of the National Circuit shall be declared the champion. No excessive time limits shall be placed on these races, and they shall be open to the world. In the trial heats of these races pacemakers shall not qualify for the final, and no one shall be allowed to compete in the final for any other reason than winning one of the qualifying positions. If there is a dead heat between any two or more, those making the dead heat may run it over, or decide by lot at the discretion of the referee.

The amateur National Championship races shall be run at the National Meet. The winners of first and second positions in the finals of the quarter, third, half, two mile and five mile (or any of them) shall qualify for the one mile, and the winner of the one mile shall be declared the champion. The trophies for amateur National Championships shall be medals, to cost in no case more than \$60 per set of three, gold, silver and bronze, respectively, to be struck from dies owned by the League.

RECORD RULES.

The new rules provide that a list of handicap records shall be kept, and that when a record is broken from scratch in a handicap race it shall be published as a record together with the name of the handicapper assigning the work. Records made with the assistance of any other than recognized cycling machines will be recorded sep-

acutely.

Tracks which are ineligible for racing or training purposes are those in which unsanctioned races are held or which are responsible for the non-delivery of prizes.

SPECIAL RACES.

Only winners of positions in trial heats may compete in the final, and no competitor shall be allowed in the final because of a foul or accident in a trial heat.

In heat races, providing it is necessary for the rider to win two heats in order to win the race, heat two out of three will count. The other prizes shall be decided by points, the winner of a heat to be placed before those having won lesser positions. The final heat shall decide in case of a tie for any place. A rider who

fails to win one heat in three is out of the race and a distance limit is fixed at 150 yards.

The conditions of pursuit races and middle-distance races must be printed on the programs, on which must also appear the handicaps of the riders.

Except at National Circuit meets, no match or special race may be run and no prize can exceed \$100.00 without special permit.

CONTRACTS.

The start of a man in any event of a sanctioned meet, shall constitute a contract, by all parties concerned, that the event and meet is under the jurisdiction of the Racing Board, and that all disputes, prizes, jurisdiction of officials, and every question whatever connected with the event or meet, is subject to the decision of the Board.



HOW PACING AFFECTS THE RIDER.

Experts on the wheel have long ago recognized the advantage of pacing in increasing the speed of racing bicycle riders. Numerous theories have been advanced with a view of explaining the reason of the advantage but one by one they have evaporated, as it were, leaving the actual cause a matter of doubt in the mind of the average man who has witnessed a paced event. That it is possible to ride much faster behind a racing outfit capable of much speed than alone has been amply demonstrated by such men as Michael, Stocks, Walters, Chase, Starbuck and Cordang. The most wonderful records, insofar as time distance are concerned, where made behind pacing machines and up to the present time the limit of possibilities in this line has not been reached.

The above illustration verifies the following explanation given by a prominent racing man, who has made the art of pace making a special study:

The bicycle rider, going unpaced, must himself make his way against the resistance of the atmosphere. The paced rider, for the first advantage, has this resistance broken for him by his pacers, if he rides close enough behind the leaders to reap the advantage. In addition to this the paced rider is further aided by the suction as the displaced air, driven aside by the pacers, rushes back into place as the pacers

pass on. The greater the size of the pacing outfit the greater the displacement of air, which correspondingly increases the suction. Speed is necessary to produce these effects, and here comes another aid. As the speed increases, so does the rush of air following the pacers take on greater force, and the rider following, if carried fast enough by his leaders, races on carried by a miniature cyclone. A sextet, bigger and faster than a tandem, naturally assists the paced rider following it to go faster behind the machine than behind the smaller one.

This has been proved by experiment, a bicycle rider having in America followed a railroad locomotive that ran at a rate of nearly a mile a minute, and by keeping close in the wake of the engine, where suction helped to pull him along, the man rode a mile in one minute one second. In the case of Michael it is believed the little Welshman is further aided by his small size, which fits more snugly in the whirl of the air behind the pacers than the greater bulk of the other riders. Michael too, rides with his front wheel almost on the driving wheel of his pacers and gets the full benefit of the air displacement.

Experience has proven that pacing is a positive disadvantage when the paced rider drops far enough behind to get out of the air current that whirls after the leading machine.

THE WHEELWOMAN.

EDITED BY ACORN.

The bicycle season is rapidly approaching, and "Old Sol" will soon be in a position to do a little scorching himself.

The latest cycle costume importations from Paris show but little change in the cut of the skirt, save that it clings to the hips more closely than it did last season. Six inches from the ground is the proper length, the edge of the skirt being banded with rows of stitching. The material is light weight, it being a great mistake to use heavy fabrics for this purpose.

The coat is cut in an Eton jacket with a perfectly fitting back, and the opening blowing into the belt in front. A stiff-bosomed shirt is worn, the stripes running crosswise. A high collar, four-in-hand scarf, with stick-pin, lends a jaunty air.

The bicycle hat in vogue this Spring is quite the prettiest one that has ever fallen to the lot of the wheelwoman. It is a round affair, with upward rolling rim, and a crown which curves outward in a saucy fashion. A twist of maline is about the crown, catching a bunch of curled quills on the side. Gauntlets of dogskin are the correct gloves, insuring ample protection to the wrists.

Oxford ties are the favorite shoe for the wheeling season, while the ordinary stockings in hile or silk are the proper things to wear with them. Golf stockings being no longer considered comfortable or hygienic they are sharing the fate of the high boot.

Here are three hints to lady riders: (1) Never be without a safety pin; (2) Never wear a skirt with braid around the bottom; (3) Never wear hat-pins, they are very dangerous in case of accident.

The average woman rider always dismounts by the left pedal, and is very much put out when prevented

by stress of circumstances from dismounting on the right, which, in her case is very much the wrong side.

Every rider should be able both to mount and dismount on either side without difficulty. It will probably require much practice for it is not easy for the average person to reverse even a simple movement involving the use of the right leg in place of the left for the first time; but when you reflect that the ability to dismount on either side will at times prevent accidents, you will see that it is worth practising a little to obtain that ability.

Young French ladies, attended by their maids, are frequently in the quieter bicycle ways and through the Bois to St. Cloud. The maids in this case are dressed in black, with a close black hat, and white turnover cuffs and collars. They ride about a yard behind their young mistresses, which serves as a barrier against the Frenchman, who thinks all unattended women are especially intended for him to address.

A new women's club has been formed at Berlin. It is called the Damselle Cycling Club. Its members belong to the high society, and the objects are to encourage the cycle spirit, and get up excursions. The club is also said to contemplate holding races.

In France the lady occupies the rear seat of a tandem.

The new women of Paris are very aggressive individuals. They are at the present time forming a syndicate of lady riders, the object of which is to defend their interests and to obtain from the Valedrome directors favorable conditions for training.

Chas. B. Harris, of Williamsport, Pa., has invented some improvements in ladies' wheels, the objects being to provide an improved crank-axle and bearings, and means for securely tightening the lacing of the skirt guard by a single operation, and to prevent the spattering of mud.

COME, FLY WITH ME.

BY I. F. LAYTON.

Come, fly with me—my own art thou—
With thee no care I know,
No will hast thou but mine, and now
With me I know thou'lt go.

To thee, whate'er beside, I'll stick;
To me thou'rt true as steel,
I'll go with thee through thin and thick—
Of mud—for thou'rt my wheel.

BICYCLE LAW.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

FAILURE TO USE A LAMP OR BRAKE.

In answering the inquiry of L. A. W., 77,109, in the March issue, relative to liability for accident occasioned by failure to use a brake, reference was made to a decision that the failure to use a lamp at night was negligence. This decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of Iowa, in the case of Cook v. Fogarty, and is reported in Vol. 72, Northwestern Reporter, page 677, a part of the syllabus is as follows: "One who rides a bicycle without a light or other signal of warning, in a public thoroughfare, when he is liable to meet moving vehicles or pedestrians, at a time when objects can be discerned readily only a few feet distant, is guilty of negligence." In that case the bicyclist was the plaintiff, having been injured by collision with a wagon driven by the defendant. Conversely, if he had been sued, instead of suing, the same negligence which defeated him would have rendered him liable to the party injured.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Last summer I went on a bicycle trip to Canada, and, upon arriving there, proceeded on the highway traveling on the right side of the road. Another wheelman collided with me (he coming toward me, and traveling, in accordance with the Canadian rule, which is the same as in England, on the left side of the road) the result being that he was slightly injured and possessed a broken bike. He called upon me to pay for the damages. We agreed to lay our case before a squire and abide by his decision. The squire decided that I should pay \$2 damages, which, under the agreement, I did. Are green American travelers bound to recognize the Canadian law of the road?

TOURIST.

On general principles, we should say that anyone—and especially a bicyclist—who uses such a monstrosity in writing as "bike" deserves all the penalties that may be inflicted upon him. Irrespective of this, however, the squire was right. Ignorance of the law excuses no one, and in using the highway of a foreign country, one must conform to the local rule of the road. Otherwise there would be two rules in force at the same place, one for residents and another for foreigners, and this would cause intolerable confusion. A foreign wheelman touring in the United States would under no circumstances be permitted to plead ignorance of our practice.

In this case, the Canadian rider violated no rule; you did, whether intentionally or not. Why then should he suffer from your ignorance of the Canadian rule, and you escape?

EXCLUDING BICYCLES FROM OFFICE BUILDINGS.

I own a large office building. One of my tenants insists upon taking his bicycle to his office, notwithstanding a provision in the lease, which he has signed, that bicycles shall be excluded from the building. He claims that he has the same right to take his bicycle to his office as his overcoat. What shall I do?

L. A. W. MEMBER.

There is no difficulty whatever in answering this question. However, it might be if the lease contained no such provision, the prohibitory clause is as binding as any other. You have the right, therefore, to exclude his bicycle from the building. A tenant in the Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, who was prevented by the owners of the building from taking his wheel to his office, brought suit for injunction to restrain interference with his alleged right. Judge John Barton Payne, before whom the matter came for disposition, although himself a wheelman (and who, by the way, has recently joined the League of American Wheelmen—see L. A. W. Bulletin, March 11), decided that the owner had the right to exclude bicycles from the building and dismissed the bill. We believe the case has been taken to the Appellate Court, but no decision has as yet been rendered on the appeal.

In the case submitted, it seems that no question can arise, unless the tenant is allowed to nullify a provision over his own signature. This the law does not allow, where the contract is not in itself illegal. A landlord has the right to contract with the tenant on what terms and with what limitations the latter shall occupy the premises leased.

But wouldn't it be better not to insist upon a literal compliance with such an unreasonable provision as the one noted by you? It has become a common practice, in erecting large buildings, to set aside a room in the basement or on the main floor for the storage of bicycles, and we respectfully recommend that you do the same, believing that you will find this of personal advantage to yourself and a means of earning the esteem and good will of your cycling tenants.

BY WAY OF REASON.

It ought to be apparent to every intelligent wheelwoman that 100 miles is more than she should travel on a bicycle during one day. The reasons why women should not undertake to ride a century are

WOMEN AND
CENTURY RUNS.

many, foremost of which is the possibility of injuring the health beyond restoration. There are, of course, exceptions, but they form such a small minority that it is out of the question to take them into consideration when judging the physical power of lady riders. Very few women possess the requisite physique to successfully combat with the prolonged nervous and physical strain caused by the century run. It is doubtful whether a majority of the men who ride bicycles to-day can ride a hundred miles without more exertion than the rules of health allow.

At a recent meeting of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York the question was thoroughly discussed and the result was the introduction of the following resolution which will undoubtedly be adopted at their next meeting:

Whereas, distinguished medical authorities pronounce the task of covering so great a distance as one hundred miles in a day a wheel very harmful to the female sex, on account of the prolonged nervous and physical strain involved, for which women rarely possess the requisite physique, and because of other reasons which physicians only can appreciate properly, and,

Whereas, the example of women attending the ordinary open century run, in which the proportion of participants is rarely less than fifty men to one woman, who rides generally without escort from early morning to late at night in the common rack, so to speak, is not calculated to do other than degrade cycling (particularly for women) in the eyes of the general public, be it

Resolved, That the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York, as a body, place themselves on record as opposed to the practice of encouraging and permitting women to attend organized century runs generally, and

Resolved, That the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York, as a body, request all clubs affiliated to place themselves on record to this effect, and that they do not permit women to enter any single or other century run that they may promote; and

Resolved, That the secretary of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York be, and is hereby, instructed to convey the substance of these resolutions to each club affiliated, and to the Associated Cycling Clubs of Long Island and New Jersey, and the Westchester Cycling League, requesting co-operation in the direction of the reform these resolutions are designed to bring about for the benefit of women and the good of cycling.

It seems strange that the Century Road Club has not already taken action to subdue the woman, who

for the sake of a little notoriety will court illness. But let us look at circumstances. The C. R. C. invites the wheelwoman to membership and the greatest inducement to have her join is a century bar, which she receives upon completing 100 miles within fourteen hours. The first bar is but the commencing link of a long string of bars, and on every possible occasion the poor woman is taxing her physical strength to secure a longer string than another rider possesses. She becomes in reality a century fiend; in the eyes of the public a degraded wheelwoman. However, were the Century Road Club to discourage century riding among women the club would show a deep vein of inconsistency, but nevertheless it would be inconsistency of a worthy nature. The danger to which a wheelwoman makes herself liable by joining the club could be easily averted were the club to encourage shorter tours for women, or, if the club must have lady members offer other inducements than the opportunity to compete for bars and medals.

The membership of the League of American Wheelmen includes hundreds of lady riders. This organization controls track racing and one of its most stringent regulations is that forbidding its lady members to compete in races. Where is the self-respecting woman who would don a racing costume and compete for money or prizes? Where is the clear-minded citizen who would not regard a bicycle race for prizes or money between women as the lowest depth of degradation that cycling could possibly reach. It is mainly for this reason that the L. A. W. forbids its lady members to race.

If century rides, run under certain restrictions and stipulations, are not races, then what are they? It is certain that they are not tours or pleasure rides. And if they are races the public will recognize them as such, and then the Century Road Club will be held responsible for encouraging women to lower the standard of the sport.

Let the C. R. C. weigh this fact and the question of woman's health against the benefits derived and if the club will not adopt measures to discourage the uncivilized practice it will be because the male members are morally weaker than the women who torture themselves in the endeavor to cover 100 miles in one day.

It will always be our aim, in conducting this magazine, to make the same not merely entertaining, but useful and instructive as well, to its readers. In pursuance of this policy, a new department has been established, namely, the "Bicycle Law" column, the March number being the first one to contain this feature, which we hope will command the interest of our readers. So far as we are

OUR LEGAL
DEPARTMENT.

aware, no cycling journal has ever had a department devoted to the legal questions in which wheelmen, as such, would be specially interested, although it is true that single articles have appeared touching upon certain legal aspects of cycling.

It might seem, at first glance, that the scope of such a department is a narrow one and that the field would be quickly exhausted, but when it is considered that the wheelman is a user of the highway, and a pretty numerous one, that wheelmen are subject to injury by negligence of others (they never happen to pedestrians or fellow-wheelmen by their own negligence no bicyclist need be told that), that the bicycle is an important factor in commercial and social life, and that the use of the wheel is everywhere subject to state or municipal regulation, or both, it will be seen that "Bicycle Laws" is a topic with many ramifications.

This department we have arranged to have conducted by a member of the bar who is not only well qualified by his legal education and experience for this work but who has for many years been an enthusiastic rider,

and has given the subjects treated by him careful and thorough consideration.

Our readers will, we believe, be particularly well repaid by a perusal of the article which we publish this month, in which the important and timely subject of "Bicycles as Baggage" is considered with reference to the legal questions involved. We would not insinuate that you, dear reader, ever make use of the facilities afforded by the railways to help you finish a century run (the article is meant for our OTHER readers, but you may glance over it, if you choose.) This article will be followed by one in which the releases of liability on account of injury to or loss of wheels when carried as baggage, so frequently demanded by transportation companies, are discussed. Other special articles on kindred topics will be published from time to time.

Subscribers may consider themselves free, at any time, to raise such questions as may occur within their own wheeling experience. The answers will be useful to others as well as the questioner.

HOW "TEDDY" EDWARDS RIDES AND TRAINS.

BY HIMSELF.

So many inquiries have come to me from riders and people from all parts of the country in regard to the condition of myself and bevel chainless since starting on January 1, to break all previous consecutive century records, that I cannot but feel the necessity of making briefly known my manner of training riding and feeling in accomplishing my daily task, which I now propose to continue during the entire year of 1898. Since starting, I have broken the records of Anderson, "Jack" Knowles, and finally that made by George, of Philadelphia, this latter having been the world's records of sixtyfive consecutive centuries, which I passed on March 7.

My first century, on January 1, I thought would be my last, the inner sinews of both knees being frost bitten and which took two weeks to wear out. Since then my condition has improved steadily. Now and again, I may feel a little stale, but a few miles of easy riding brings me back to my normal condition. The stale feeling usually occurs after the continued strain occasioned by a long spree of bad weather. The greatest hardship in connection with my daily task is its monotonousness. This I try to overcome as much as possible by continually changing my route so that the new scenery and the road, however good or bad it may be, draws my attention from my feet. With the exception of the last day in January and the first in February, I have had nothing very serious to complain of as regards weather, and consider myself lucky

in this respect, as this Winter has been the mildest of many years and seems to have been made to order for my special benefit. I may be crying before I am out of the woods, however, or they say that "a mild Winter makes a hard Summer," and I am hoping that for once this saying will prove to be at fault and that in the Fall pessimists will say, "You had a fine Summer, look out for the Winter."

I have been lucky in other respects. I have had no trouble with my wheel or my tires except a few punctures, which have always occurred when near home and allowed me to finish on the rim.

My daily runs are now averaging nine hours and I am feeling A1, mentally and physically. People ask me what I eat? I say everything. "What do I drink?" Nothing intoxicating, everything temperate. "Do I smoke?" Yes, (not cigarettes). Under the good care and management of John Freeman, the veteran bicycle trainer, I see no reason why I should not finish the year without impairing my health, strength, or undergoing any of the unpleasant experiences sometimes felt by long long-distance riders who do not live a steady, sedentary, systematic and temperate life. I expect soon to return to Philadelphia and New York, where I will meet many of my old friends of the League Cycle Club, Keystone Wheelmen and New York Century Wheelmen, who will away with monotony by accompanying me on many of my daily pilgrimages.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

No. 2

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LAND AND WATER for April is just out, having fine-ly illustrated articles on the New England Sportsmen's Show; the Chicago Athletic Club; «Training for College Athletic Teams,» by WALTER CHRIST, «Sparring,» by GEORGE TUOHET; «Chess,» by FRANK K. YOUNG; «Philadelphia Horse Show,» by «BITTERHOUSE.» Since the March issue LAND AND WATER has doubled its circulation by the purchase of GAMBELAND of New York City, which has been merged into LAND AND WATER, giving the magazine additional prestige in the sporting world.

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Edited by
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THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1898.

No. 4

THE CENTURY ROAD CLUB OF AMERICA.

To ride 100 miles on a bicycle was considered a notable feat seven years ago, and to those who were able to accomplish the feat, and to Mr. F.

in the country—The Century Road Club of America. Its birth dates back to April, 1891, when Mr. Spooner conceived the idea of bringing



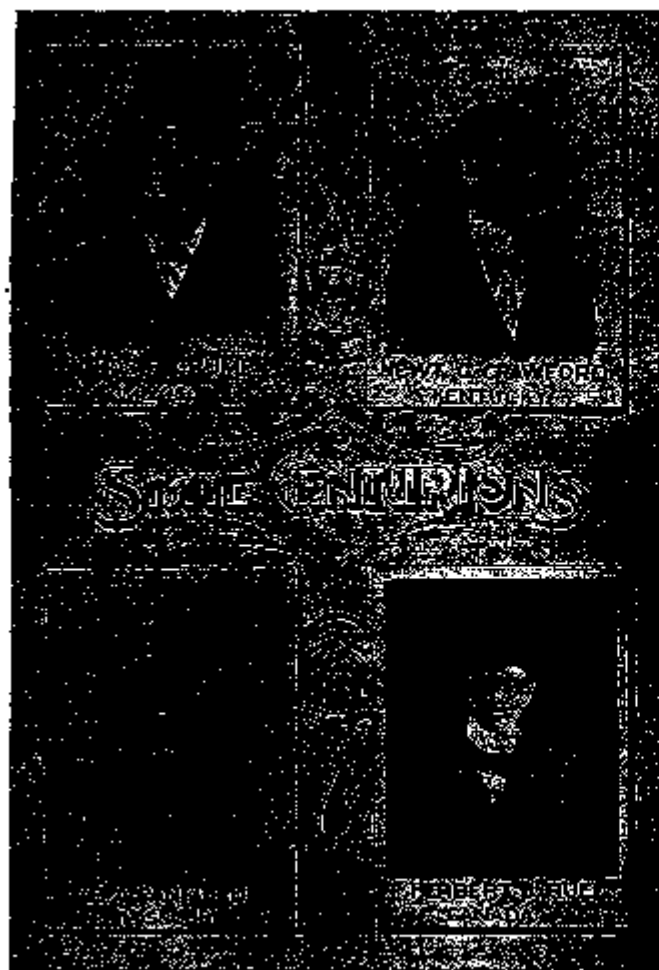
WILL L. ERESTONSTEIN.
PRESIDENT C. R. C., 1892.



W. HERRICK.
CHIEF CENTURION C. R. C.

E. Spooner, of Chicago, in particular, belong the credit of forming what is to-day one of the strongest and most influential wheeling bodies

into closer relationship those sturdy wheelmen who could ride a «century» by organizing what was styled the Century Road Club of Chicago.



The names of fourteen charter members were obtained and then, owing to the serious illness of Mr. Spooner, the further management and control of the matter passed into the hands of Mr. William Herrick, of Chicago, who had the club incorporated on August 12, 1891, under the laws of Illinois. From this date until November, 1892, Mr. Herrick gave nearly his entire time to working up the membership of the club, and before January, 1893, had secured, through his personal efforts, about 650 members.

The objects of the Century Road Club of Chicago, primarily, were vastly different than the principles of the club to-day. It recognized in the horizon the bright star opportunity—a star of which it has taken advantage according to the members lasting and beneficial results. It further realized that it was in itself a universal organization and in order to broaden out its title was changed to the Century Road Club of America. The gradual growth of membership caused a gradual growth of principles which to-day have a telling effect on the community.

The essential objects of the Century Road Club of America are to promote active road riding and general interest in cycling, to secure improvement in the condition of



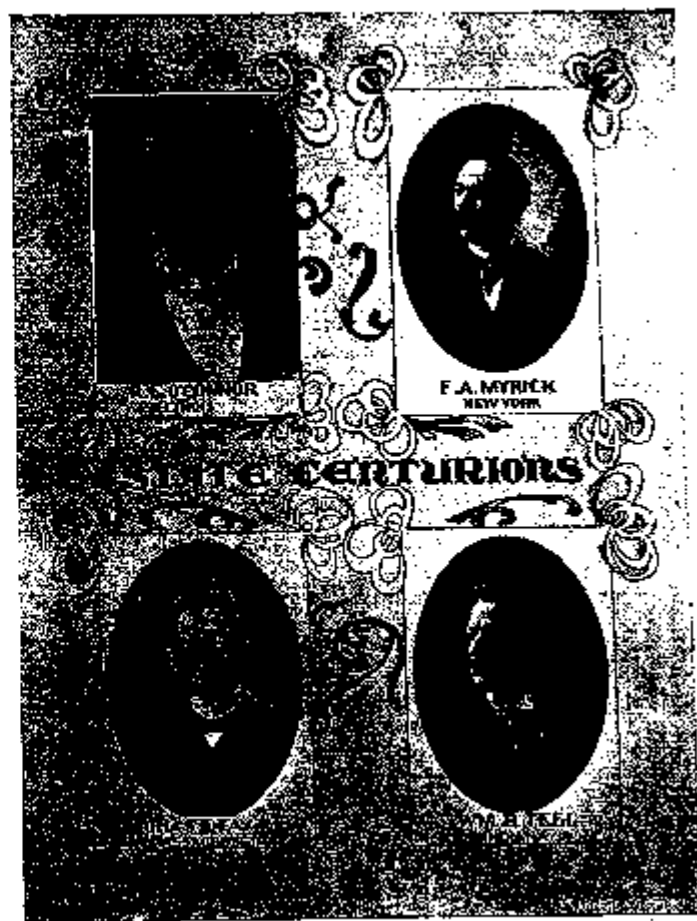
JOHN H. GEORGE.
AMERICA'S MILEAGE CHAMPION.

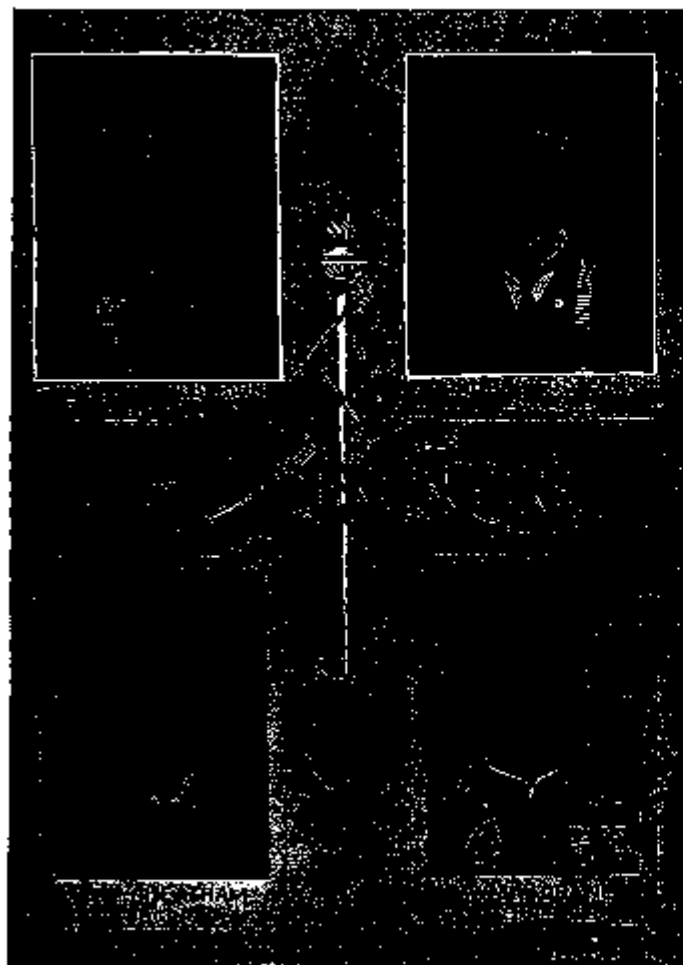


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State Medal for 1897.



MRS. ARCHIE MATHES.

Winner of the Minnesota "Special Meritorious Medal,"
1897 Competition.



CHARLES W. MEERG.
SECRETARY C. R. C.



THOMAS C. FRY.
TREASURER C. R. C.

public roads and highways, and to act as a repository for road records. In order to attain what it was grasping for during its early life perfect organization was necessary and with this object in view a meeting was held in Chicago on November 3, 1892, to adopt a constitution and by-laws and to nominate national officers. At this meeting an election committee consisting of Messrs. Wm. Herrick, T. L. Sloan, Geo. K. Barrett, C. E. Salter and J. D. Guinea, was appointed, and it sent out ballots the 24th of December, 1892, to all members, to be marked and returned before February 24, 1893. The officers elected were Wm. A. Skinkle, Cleveland, Ohio, president; F. W. Gerould, Chicago, first vice-president; Joe D. Guinea, Chicago, secretary; Wm. C. Thorne, Chicago, treasurer.

These officers entered upon their duties in March, 1893, and to them Mr. Herrick turned over a membership of 632, of whom 631 were active, one honorary (Mr. William McKinley, then Governor of Ohio, and now president of the United States) and one associate, (Mr. D. J. Canary, then a professional, and not at that time eligible to membership). Mr. Herrick also turned over to the new officers seven new club badges and \$536.81. The



JOHN W. NOBBE.
AMERICA'S CENTURY CHAMPION.



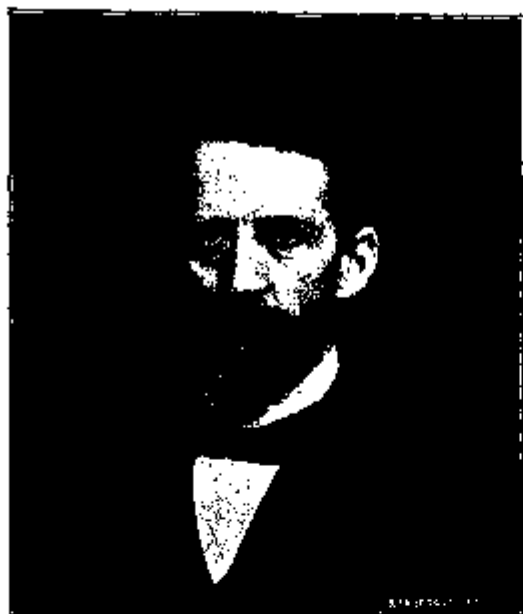
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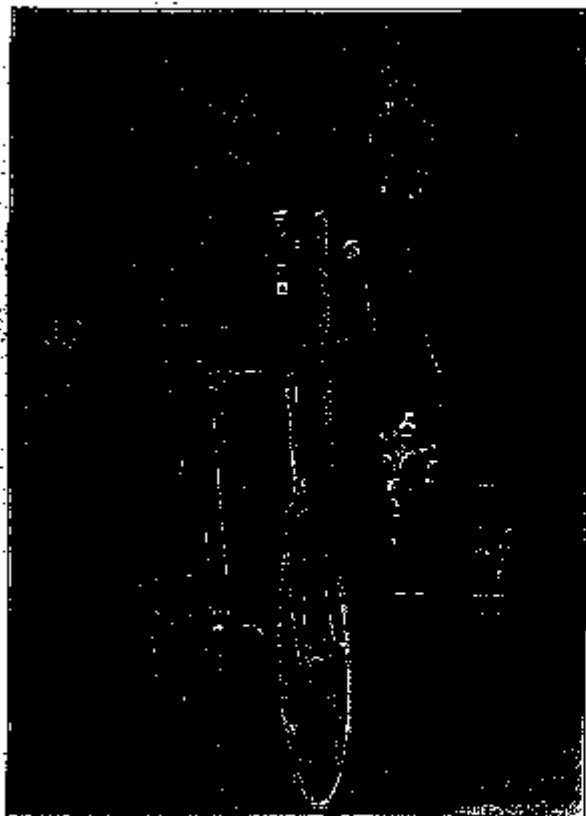
H. L. MARSHALL.
STATE CENTURION, WISCONSIN DIVISION.

club seemed to be very popular and it was thought that the membership would increase rapidly. Owing, however, to the fact that its principal working office (the Secretary's) was in Chicago, where in 1893, the World's Fair overshadowed everything else, and the annual meeting of the L. A. W. took the entire time and taxed the energies of all the local wheelmen, the affairs of the Century Road Club suffered greatly from neglect, resulting in considerable loss rather than a gain in membership. The reaction which Chicago felt so strongly after the World's Fair seemed to affect everything centered in that city, and the Club went through a period of depression which lasted until the latter part of 1894, when Mr. C. M. Fairchild was appointed to the Secretaryship.

The Secretary's office is the most vital part of the Club, for if that office is well handled the Club will grow and prosper, but if it is neglected all the efforts of all the other officers will be of no avail. Mr. Fairchild's energy, zeal and tact soon began to produce results of a most gratifying character, and since the day he took up the Secretary's work there has been a solid,



A. E. SMITH. Holder of the Chicago-New York Road Record.



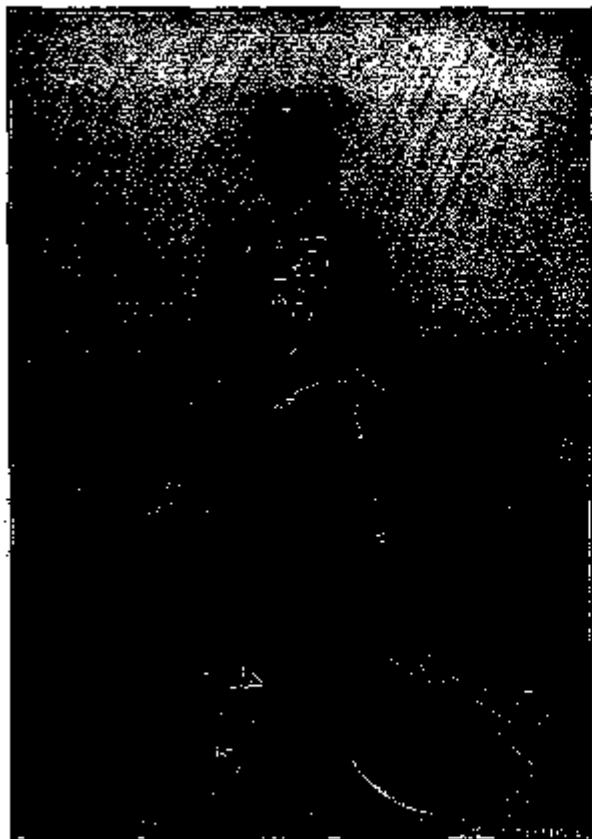
R. E. O'CONNOR.

Winner of the Illinois State Medal, 1897 Competition.



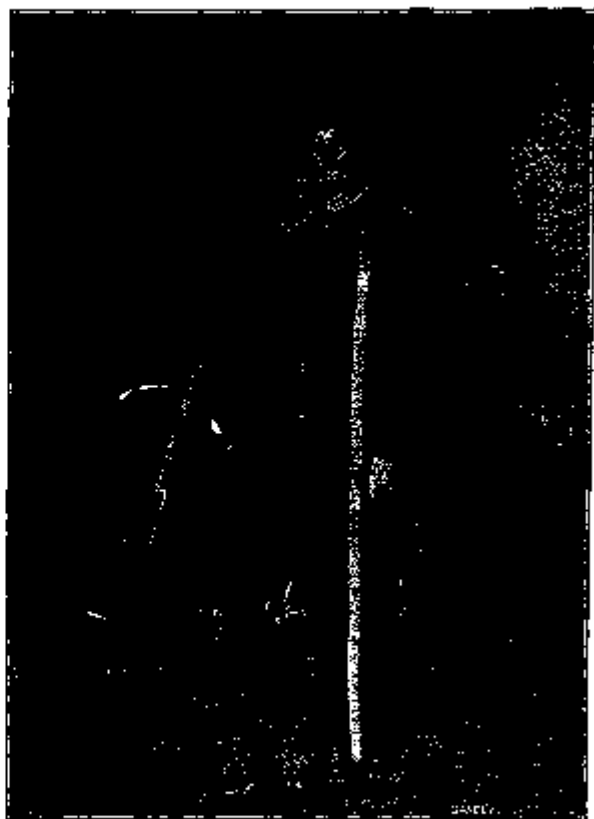
DR. JOHN T. SIBLEY.

Winner of the Missouri State Medal, 1897 Competition.



FRANK R. LANG.

Winner of the Maine State Medal, 1897 Competition.



W. H. KUSCH.

Winner of the Colorado State Medal, 1897 Competition.



W. E. ANDERSON.

Winner of the New York State Medal, 1897 Competition.



W. W. CLAYTON.

Winner of the Maryland State Medal, 1897 Competition.

substantial and continuous growth in the membership until we now have well organized Divisions in nearly every state in the country as well as in Canada and Mexico.

The Club has on its roll a great many active wheelman and hard road-riders throughout the country and it has done much to foster the growth of road-riding. It appeals more strongly to the active cyclists than any other similar organization. The recognition of road records by the Century Road Club of America is held in high esteem by the entire cycling world, which seems to indicate that the Century Road Club is a power in wheel circles. Prior to the installation of the Road Records Committee of the Century Road Club records were accepted, or rejected, by the cycling press as they saw fit. If a man making a record claim was well known, his performance stood a better show of securing recognition than if he was an unknown rider. The Road Records Committee of the Century Road Club gives every performance an absolutely rigid and impartial investigation and it is accepted or rejected simply on its merits. It is the purpose of the Club to take up the work of good roads with renewed energy. It is only a question of time when the wheelman's vote will be the control-



D. M. ADLER.

VICE-PRESIDENT C. R. C., 1896-97.



ORVILLE W. LAWSON.

TREASURER C. R. C. 1896-97.

ling one in the Legislative bodies, and as soon as this result is brought about, then, and not until then will the wheelman's needs and rights be properly cared for.

Slowly but surely the C. R. C. is working its way to the front. Its influence is felt in every state in the Union, its records are held in high esteem by the entire cycling public. The yearly announcement of awards is always awaited with eagerness by all cyclists. The necessity of an organization to look after the awarding of century bars and road records is apparently visible to everyone and as long as the sport exists, century riding will continue to be popular. The system observed by the officials of the C. R. C. in the conduct of its business affairs is not characterized with a hurrah and showy pomp. Such is absent, but the business is carefully and quietly performed and official dignity is never required.

The C. R. C. has just recently voted to admit professionals to membership, and it extends the hand of fellowship to each and every one of them. The professionals now have as much of a voice in the affairs of the organization as their amateur brethren. The Club works hand in hand with the League of American Wheelmen for the betterment of good roads. The

among its members, for National competitions as well as for competitions in every state. Members riding 5,000 miles or more during the calendar year receive a meritorious record certificate. It takes cognizance of meritorious performances and awards suitable medals accordingly. The various contests are confined not only to the sterner sex but the gentler sex have proven themselves equal to the task in many instances.

Covering so wide a scope and under which so many details obtain it will be readily seen that the club has a great many things to look after and therefore due care must be taken in the selection of officials and the appointment of committees. While club politics are in evidence it was clearly demonstrated at the last annual election that politics are not a bugbear to the welfare of the club but on the other hand resulted in creating an enthusiasm which in turn resulted in the election of a magnificent set of officers. The annual meeting was held in April and officers were elected as follows: Will L. Kreitenstein, Terre Haute, president; Charles W. Fourdriner, Boston, first vice-presi-



C. M. FAIRCHILD.

SECRETARY C. R. O. 1894-97.

dent; Arthur L. Mace, St. Paul, second vice-president; Thomas C. Fry, Rochester, Pa., treasurer; Charles W. Meares, Cleveland secretary.

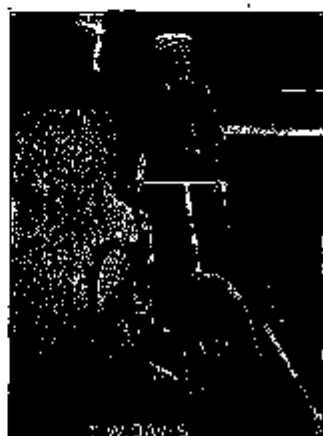
The president of the club, Mr. Will L. Kreitenstein is a thorough wheelman if that term applies to one who devotes a greater portion of his time to cycling and cycling matters. He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., and is a graduate of Baldwin University. Shortly after he joined the club his executive ability was recognized by President Skinkle who appointed him state centurion for Indiana. Although cycling affairs were at that time in a lethargic condition Mr. Kreitenstein conducted a number of very successful tours and conditions in his district rapidly improved. He

was appointed chairman of the road records committee in June, 1896, which office he filled until last September. Mr. Kreitenstein is one of the most popular wheelman of the country and probably the most energetic worker in the club.

The first vice-president, Charles W. Fourdriner, is the editor of *Bicycling World* and a pioneer wheelman. In New England his name



The youngest contestant in the 1897 Mileage Competition was Mr. Will H. Wittig of Terre Haute, Ind., who is only 14 years of age. He rode 5,402 miles during 1897.



The oldest contestant in the 1897 Mileage Competition was Mr. T. W. Davis of Peoria, Ill., who is 70 years of age. He rode 10,618 miles during 1897.

is connected with every cycling movement of any importance and he has accomplished a great deal for the advancement of cycling.

The second vice-president, Arthur L. Mace, has served the club in the capacity of State Centurion for Minnesota, and if his past record may be taken as a criterion no more able man could have been selected for the position.

The secretary, Charles W. Mears, is probably the best posted man on cycling affairs in America. As editor of the *Cycling Gazette*, the official organ of the Century Road Club, he occupies an

advantageous position to bring the club into great prominence and that he will discharge the duties of his office in an admirable manner is a foregone conclusion.

A future filled with great possibilities is in store for the Century Road Club. By virtue of its principles good roads must be made an object for which to work and as good roads are a type of civilization the club has a justifiable cause for existence and growth and deserves the hearty support of the entire community.

THE WELL DRESSED WHEELMAN.

Greater attention than heretofore will be given this year to bicycle suits as wheelmen are becoming as natty and discriminating in the selection of the bicycle attire as they are with their garments for everyday wear. The result is pleasing to the eye and complimentary to the riders. There is no reason why the men who ride bicycles should be any less careful of their personal appearance than the women, and their tendency to relinquish the camping out style of dress while on the wheel is one of the most satisfying features in the development of the sport.

Sweaters have always been in bad taste, except for training purposes, and it is not surprising that they have been discarded almost entirely. For early spring or late fall riding the well dressed rider wears a paper vest, or some similar garment, in place of the displeasing sweater. During the coming summer season the vogue in men's bicycle attire will be contrasts of a decided nature. Entire suits of the same material and pattern will, of course, be worn, but not to as great an extent as formerly. The correct combination will be dark coats and stockings, with cap and trousers of light mixed effects.

Dark blue, or black serge, or flannel will be the popular material for coats. These are cut fairly short, but otherwise like the regulation sack pattern, with either patch pockets on the outside or plain pockets inside. The collar has a high roll, and three or four buttons are used, according to individual fancy. One great advantage of a coat of this description is that it may be worn with trousers of almost any kind, whether they be wool, buck or crash.

In the selection of waistcoats the cyclist has wide latitude. A great variety will be shown by the fashionable shopkeepers, any of which will be acceptable. Present indications show a preference for a medium brown or gray effect with narrow longitudinal stripes, or small figured effects. In real summer weather this garment will naturally be used only by very few riders.

For trousers the selection in best taste is a shepherd's plaid, or small check in black and white, or strongly contrasting colors. Some large checks will be shown, but they will find less favor among the knowing ones. Big, baggy knees have been discarded by the swell cutters and the knickerbockers are now made quite narrow around the knees. Room for knee action is allowed by giving ample length to the trousers. The effect is much better than was the case with the old style. Cuffs are no longer made of tan or brown colored smooth cloth. They are made of the same material as the trousers and should be covered by the stocking tops. White duck trousers will be in good form during the heated term.

The fancy in stockings is solid colors, preferably black, with fancy tops of harmonize in color and effect with the trousers. The newest styles are made in silk, lisle thread or light wool. Economical buyers like the footless variety, although these have their drawbacks as well as merits.

Caps should, generally speaking, be made of the same material as is used for the trousers. The effect of the whole costume is always improved by following that rule. Shoes being essentially a matter of individual taste and preference, no particular variety can be recommended. Black will, however, be more in vogue than the tan colored, because of the tendencies to black or dark colors in the costume. Ankle-high shoes are advised by those who have made a study of the subject, because they lend support to the rider without hampering him.

In the matter of linen, stock hid fair to become more popular than stiff collars. But fancy shirtings with starched collars and cuffs will by no means be discarded. The usual variety in this line will be in evidence. There are novelties in cuffs as well as in neckwear for the cyclist to choose from. All things considered, the cyclist will be better dressed this summer than ever before and no hotel proprietor will be constrained to deny him accommodation.

THE BELGIAN RACING WORLD.

BY ARTHUR Y. ROTSAERT.

SECRETARY RACING BOARD LIGNE VELOCEPEDIQUE BELGE.

Belgium, or rather the Ligue Velocipedique Belge is without doubt one of the most powerful and principal cycling unions. Although its 18,000 members cannot be compared with the 100,000 of the League of American Wheelmen, its racing influence and the value of its riders as well as the perfect organization of the sport make of it a body of first rank.

The L. V. B. is composed of affiliated clubs and individual members. Twice a year a general assembly is held at Brussels, Belgium's capital. At the spring meeting are chosen the members of the four central committees, in which the Racing Board and Executive Board are not included. The present chairman of the Ligue Velocipedique Belge is Mr. Chome of Brussels, general military auditor at the High Court at Brussels. Being a very influential personage and an active president he has done a lot of good to Belgian cycling, both in touring and racing. The Racing Board is composed of five members, a chairman, a vice-president, a secretary-treasurer, and two members selected by the general meeting of delegates. All these positions are honorary. A delegate of the racers and a delegate of the tracks is heard whenever a question is treated which interests one of these two classes. The present Racing Board officials are Mr. de Bentkelaar of Antwerp, chairman; Mr. Arthur Y. Rotsaert, secretary-treasurer; Count F. de Villegas and Mr. Sauverre. Mr. Sannes, president of the syndicate of the Antwerp track racers represents the licensed riders and Mr. Moller, chief manager of the Velodrome du Longchamps, Brussels, the track directions.

This Racing Board has autocratic and absolute power on every question which interests cycle racing. It controls the application of penalties as well as the distribution of licenses both to amateur and professional riders. All races must be sanctioned by the board and every program must be approved. It represents the L. V. B. in every intercourse with foreign bodies and at the International Cyclists Association. The amateur and professional championship races of Belgium are held yearly under the direction of the Board. The races are run on the road at various distances and a final match race between the champions of each class, decides who shall be given the title of Champions of Belgium. Every one of the nine subdivisions of the Ligue Velocipedique Belge adopts similar methods which are submitted directly to the Central Racing Board and which manages the local races and division championships.

Every track in Belgium is under the control

of the L. V. B. Racing Board. The most important tracks, the Zurenberg Summer ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile) at Antwerp; the Southern Winter Velodrome ($\frac{1}{2}$ of kilometer) at Brussels; Velodrome du Longchamps ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile), Velodrome de la Cambre ($\frac{1}{2}$ kilometer), Velodrome de Caroveren ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile) at Liege; Velodrome de la Boverie ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile), Velodrome du Bois ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a kilometer), at Ostend. Other tracks are located at Namur, Mons, Charleroy, Haine, St. Pierre, La Bouviere, Blankenberghe, Ghent and Verviers.

A majority of the riders, organized in three syndicates are training at Antwerp, Brussels and Liege. Looking from a general point of view we find that there are no true professional riders in Belgium, and although a number ride in that class it is made up mostly of youths of very good families, students, clerks and business men, who ride purely for pleasure. A strong amateur movement is going on at the present time and although the Racing Board approves of it, professionals could only be given an amateur status under the rules of the L. C. A. and the principles of the L. V. B. by giving the cash prizes won by them to charitable institutions.

The principal sprinters are Proten, Fisher, Houben, Impens, Vanden Born, Caholet, de Becker, Delen, Delolienne, Emir, Estur, Grogna, Paton, Charley, Hargot, Hoffmann, Poderyn, Depage and Duchesne. The foremost among the long distance riders are de Saint-Hubert, Loyten, Lura, Van Olen, Bovy and Berckmans. As good road racers may be mentioned Bertrand (100 kilometer road champion 1897), Loyten, Willems (50 and 100 kilometer road record holder), Bovy, Van Olen, Van der Gucht, Loris, Delaet, Commeyne Naert and Van den Dries. The amateur class boasts of Van Vichelen, Pieber, Restor, Yusta, Jansen Brothers, Silt, Felt, Drijarden, Richard, de Carpentarie and Cognioul. Belgium has produced a certain number of good tandem teams including Fisher-Proten, Emir-Estur, the now disbanded Huret-Buehner team, Depage-Delen, Hargot-Missi, Charley-Duchesne, Grogna-Darcy, Delolienne Brothers and many others. This year, however, a great number of these teams have changed. Emir having abandoned racing his team mate Estur will ride with Bertrand. Proten says that tandem racing weakens his sprinting ability and has given over his place with Fisher to Impens. Other new teams are Grogna-Charley, Houben-Delen, Depage-Rasseneur, Poderyn-Chomas and Van Olen-Duchesne.

High gears are in favor with the Belgian sprinters. Impens uses 90x7, 120 inches; Fisher, de Becker, Delen and many others push 30x8

105 inches; Proten uses 24x7, 98 inches, which does not impede him from being one of the fastest jumpers of the European racing world. Very rare are the riders who have a gear smaller than 88 and none use less than 84 inches.

R. T. C. Protin, born at Liege in 1872 began his racing career late in 1890. In 1891 and 1892, on the ordinary bicycle, he won most of the Belgium races, including the National Championships, and the King's and Queen's prizes. During 1893 he won outright the famous cup of Arnhem and the championship of the continent, defeating Omond, Jaap Eden, Good, Merry and Konning and winning thereby the Belgian blue ribbon. He continued on his wonderful career of victories during 1894 defeating every competitor. In 1895, after winning all the French amateur championships, he joined the professional class. Protin is not, however, a professional by necessity, being the only son of the wealthiest printer and paper manufacturer of Liege. After winning at Dyon the championship of Europe and after defeating his rival Huben in two celebrated match races, he went to Italy, winning every race in which he competed and repeatedly defeating Pontecchi and the pick of Italian riders. He then went to England where he won the English professional championships. His only serious defeat was given him by George Banker at Paris in the famous handicap race in which Protin broke the 500 meters world's record and which he still holds. At the international championship races held at Cologne (Germany) he defeated Banker by a wheel's length but was disqualified for riding in the final without permission. Nevertheless the International Cyclist's Association confirmed the victory in proclaiming him world's champion for 1895. Having defeated Lebr, the 1894 world's champion he gave up racing for the year. In 1896 Protin was continually ill and in consequence could not get into his usual condition.

Last year (1897) the celebrated Belgian again was at the head, commencing by defeating Jaap Eden in two match races and Bourillon in one. Houben also was again defeated. His most important victories of the year were the Grand Prizes of Mont Fermeuil, Antwerp, Osten, La Harge, Amsterdam (where Jaap Eden and Morin were defeated), the famous Derby of Vienna, the golden ring race at Brussels, and the grand national prize at Belgium. As Protin rides for glory only he has well earned a rest, having won titles of champion of Belgium, champion of France, champion of England, champion of the continent, champion of Europe and champion of the world, but he is not satisfied and will ride another year, having been engaged by an American-Belgian bicycle concern at the enormous

salary of 25,000 francs per annum.

* * *

Next to Protin comes Hubert Houben, of Brussels. Houben is a nervous, thin man who pays no attention to his mode of living, training very irregularly, smoking like a factory chimney and, in fact, indulging in all the pleasures of a dissipated life. Even in the full glory of his famous 1894-1895 series of victories he made no endeavor to keep in good condition. And while his rival was steadily climbing the ladder of glory and reputation, the only man in the world who could boast of a victory taken from the never to be forgotten Zimmerman, was rapidly declining. Occasionally, when moved by the prayers of his friends, he would keep himself in good trim, and then his riding was of the phenomenal order as was shown in the 1897 Grand Prix of Brussels, where leading the last quarter of a mile in 27 seconds he rode a dead heat with Bourillon, a dead heat which seemed to everybody a victory for the Brussels boy. What Houben will do during 1898 is quite a mystery. The rumor goes that he is training very seriously and that he has given up all the bad habits of former days. He works regularly on a tandem with Delen (a new-comer who promises to do wonders), and if he is really backing up with active work the pleasing rumormore afloat, sad is the news to every racing man on the continent as the young rider is still able to again defeat all who may oppose him. At any rate that is the grace we wish him

* * *

By merit of his very regular races and many victories, Fisher deserves to be placed immediately after Protin. Yules Fisher was born at Antwerp in 1875 and has been riding ever since 1890. During the first three years of his racing career he gained a great reputation as a road rider, winning the Belgian 100 kilometer road championships several times and lowering the record for the distance. In 1893 he began to ride on the track, progressing slowly to the first rank which he obtained after having adopted his 105 inch gear. Once more winning the national road championship, Fisher, more and more victorious, went abroad riding principally in Holland, Germany and Italy. While he is well known in England through his numerous first prizes at the Olympia indoor track, he is exceedingly popular in Paris, where he rode with Houben during the 1896-97 winter season almost equalling the records of Morin and Bourillon. Fisher's victories are numberless and were secured in almost every country of Europe. Although Fisher is a sprinter he has been very successful at long distances having defeated such very good stayers as Arthur Linton (at Amsterdam) and Luyten (at Antwerp). Since

the beginning of the 1898 season this popular Antwerp racer added more victories to his already long list at the opening meets of the Antwerp Zurenberg and the Brussels La Cambre track. He has also broken the Belgian, short distance tricycle record.

* * *

Ormond Impens of Brussels, the sturdy Belgian, as he was called in England during his 1896-97 winter season at the Olympia track, rode in the amateur class from 1892 to 1895 and figured in some hard fought finishes both on road and track. He joined the professional ranks while Huret was riding in Germany and Protin was touring foreign countries, and defeated all of the Belgian sprinters. By continually improving his condition the foreign riders (including Piette, Durand, Ascanio, Boulay and Ruinat) were forced to lay down their colors before him. His first magnificent victory was the Derby of Osten in which he defeated Huret, Fisher, Lahr, Piette and Gourbe d'Outreloin. At Roubaix he won his principle victory defeating Banker in one of the semi-finals but owing to a fall was unable to ride in final. In 1896 he adopted the Fisher high gear system and rode still faster than before, securing numerous fine victories at Antwerp, Liège, Roubaix and Berlin. He gave his country the victory in the France-Belgian team race and in a magnificent match race won the title of Belgian champion

for 1896. After a brilliant winter season in Italy and France, Impens went to the Olympia track at London and defeated Barden, Chinn, Walters, Osborn and Camp, making him a great favorite with the public. After a victorious result in a match race with Barden, Impens returned home and continued to win in a wonderful manner and on several occasions running close to Protin. After winning the Dutch Brassard and defeating the best Italian sprinters he was obliged to give up racing on account of a severe spill. Impens, who uses a 120 inch gear began his 1898 racing season in Italy but owing to the climate, which retarded him from training into fine condition, competed in a small number of events and recently returned to Belgium. Since his return he has been defeated at Antwerp and Brussels by Fisher.

* * *

Luyten, of Antwerp, took up Fisher's inheritance when the latter left the camp of the stayers. Since 1896 Luyten has been the 100 kilometer track and road champion and holds the record for the distance. He has defeated a great number of international stayers, including Bonhours, Cordang, Cissac and Champion. He had to give way, however, to a very young Brussels rider, de Saint Hubert, who deprived him of the 10 and 100 kilometer track records and at the first meet of this year his colors were lowered by Fisher in a pursuit race.

BICYCLE LAW.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

OVER TAKING A VEHICLE. THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

A somewhat peculiar accident has occurred to me, in which my bicycle was injured. While riding north on a narrow country road a wagon came south, and, in order to pass it, I turned to the right. The wagon was not transparent, and prevented my seeing anything behind it. While I was at the side of the wagon, a bicyclist came scorching at a three minute pace from the north, and, turning to the left, collided with me. I, of course, could not see him in time to avert the collision. Have I a legal claim against him for the cost of repairs?

LYNN C. DOYLE.

An answer to this question involves a consideration of the general rule of the road. In Great Britain, and in several European countries, the rule of the road in meeting a vehicle is to

turn to the left; in the United States, turn to the right. The law does not yet, however it may be in 1898, require a wheelman to equip his wheel with an X-ray apparatus, and thus observe whatever may be beyond an approaching wagon or carriage—consequently there was no negligence on your part.

As to the rule in overtaking and passing a vehicle, there appears to be some confusion in the public mind. We have seen it stated time and time again in the columns of the cycling press and elsewhere that one should pass a vehicle which he has overtaken on the left. There is no such rule. It should be remembered that one's actions must be with reference to the legal rights of others as well as his own. Therefore, even if it be conceded that the other wheelman was not violating any law in turning to the left, it was his duty to take into consid-

eration the fact that what was the left side as to him was the right side as to you. When he, travelling south, passed to the left, he did so subject to the risk that you, travelling north, might lawfully pass to the right. He must therefore be deemed to have violated a legal duty, and, independently of his proceeding at an immoderate rate of speed, which is a circumstance to be taken into consideration, he can be held liable.

The safest practice, in the writer's opinion, is always to keep to the right, whenever passing a vehicle from behind or in front. In that case it is certain that one will not collide with another who is not himself in the wrong, and whose negligence, in case of injury, either to or by him, can be easily established.

IS A BICYCLE A NECESSITY?

Although it seems like presumptuous to make the statement at this end of the century, it is nevertheless a fact that a bicycle is not always an article of necessity. Mary Rice, nearly 2 years ago, she being then 17 years old and employed as a servant in a family in Syracuse, purchased a bicycle from William A. Butler for \$45, of which she paid \$15 down and agreed to pay the remainder in weekly installments of \$1.25, the title of the wheel to remain in the vendor until the purchase price should be fully paid, with the right to take and sell the machine in case it was not kept in good repair, or in case the stipulated weekly payments were not made. After having had the wheel three months the girl returned it, asserting that she had been defrauded, and demanded the repayment of \$26.25, the total aggregate of her payments. Mr. Butler took the wheel, but refused to return the money, asserting that the use of the wheel was worth more than the sum paid and that it had been damaged by use to the extent of \$15. The girl's suit, by guardian, against Butler in the municipal court of Syracuse to recover the money was dismissed and the judgment was affirmed by the county court, but the fourth appellate division directed a reversal. Justice Follett, giving the opinion, held that a bicycle was not an article of necessity for a girl of that age, who was working as a servant and living with her employer, and she might rescind the conditional executory contract for its sale and recover the payments she had made without any deduction being made for the use of the machine or for damages which had been occasioned to it by such use. Justice Adams gave a dissenting opinion, in which Justice Ward concurred, saying the real question was whether the plaintiff could avail herself of her infancy to perpetrate a wrong upon the defendant. "There is one principle," Justice Adams said, "especially applicable to the facts of this case, which has received

very general recognition, and which, as stated by so eminent an authority as Chancellor Kent, is this; (if an infant pays money on his contract and enjoys the benefit of it, and then avoids it when he comes of age, he cannot recover back the consideration paid.)"

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES BY CITIES.

The City Council of Erie, Pa., passed an ordinance in July, 1896, requiring all owners of bicycles to pay an annual tax of \$1.00, and to display upon their wheels a registry tag, evidencing such payment. It was claimed that the tax was not an unjust discrimination, but simply a police regulation. The officers of the Pennsylvania Division of the L. A. W. brought suit to test the validity of the ordinance. In one case they were defeated, but upon a reopening of the question, Judge Morrow, who had declared the ordinance valid, has reversed his own decision. In summing up the case he presented in substance the following conclusions: (1) that bicycles are vehicles, and are entitled to the same rights and subject to the same reasonable restrictions as carriages drawn by horses; (2) that all bicycle riders have an inherent and indefeasible right to use the public streets, subject only to such reasonable and uniform restrictions and regulations as can be imposed as a police regulation for the safety and comfort of the public; (3) that the ordinance in question is not a uniform police regulation, and in no sense tends to insure the comfort and safety of the public; (4) that under pretense of being a police regulation it is in legal effect an ordinance taxing bicycles for revenue. For these reasons, the ordinance was declared illegal and void, and the enforcement thereof enjoined.

We consider this decision eminently proper and just and based upon sound legal principles. One of the lower courts in Pennsylvania has held that municipal corporations may lawfully impose a license tax upon all bicycle riders, but this ruling will doubtless be set aside if the case is appealed.

It will be remembered that the City Council of Chicago last year passed an ordinance imposing a license tax upon all vehicles, the payment thereof to be shown by a tag to be attached to the vehicles. Notwithstanding the fact that no class of vehicles was exempted from the operation of the ordinance, Judge Tuley, in a lucid and well reasoned opinion, held the same void and enjoined the city and its officials from attempting to collect the tax. An appeal from this decision has been taken, and the result will be awaited with interest, but there is not the slightest doubt that the decree will be affirmed, and that a quietus will be put to the numerous efforts to levy unjust taxes on wheelmen under the name of "regulation."

THE WHEELWOMAN.

EDITED BY AGORN.

I count not lovers by bruised hearts—
That is not my plan at all—
I score them up by the wheels that stand,
In the rack out in the hall.

That tired feeling after a cycling run may be avoided by a judicious oiling of your wheel. Or perhaps your wheel is geared too high.

Cycling in moderation not only strengthens and improves the voice but increases one's breathing capacity as well. However, in breathing care must be taken to breathe through the nose to warm the air slightly and to prevent particles of dust from entering the lungs.

Wheeling has come as a boon to the health and spirits of indoor women. That the rising generation will show the good results of it we cannot doubt. A species of freedom, a sense of exultation, a triumph of mind over matters are amongst the happy results of this splendid exercise. One becomes intoxicated with delight at the swift rush through the open air, and forgets convention. To a certain extent that is good. Too long have we been mere slaves to petty rules of etiquette. Too much do we judge by trifles. But for all that, it is needless to go to the other extreme and throw to the winds refinement and good breeding simply because one is on a wheel. Careless negligence in dress and loud talking or laughing a wheel certainly indicates bad taste. No woman of good sense will practice scorching. Neither will she offend the law by riding on the sidewalk, donning an immodest costume, or forming new acquaintances while on her wheel. Objectionable intimacies have been formed between riders whose acquaintance began in the street. A woman whose wheel needs attention that she cannot give it may thankfully accept assistance from any fellow wayfarer. And she can do it with a charming frank courtesy that has nothing to warrant a continuance of the acquaintance.

A police justice of Cincinnati has given instructions to the police of that city to arrest any woman, not possessing the best of reputations, who dares to ride a wheel upon the public streets. She may ride in a carriage or walk, but no matter how proper her conduct or dress a taste of the workhouse is the result of her first venture wheel. This is an appreciated and valued protection for wheelwomen and might well be enforced in other cities.

A unique bit of jewelry affected by the up-to-date wheelwoman is a tiny golden or silver and enamel key which she has dangling from her watch chain. This key fastens the lock of the chain that holds her wheel secure. And while wearing it she not only possesses a dainty little trinket for her personal adornment but has the satisfaction of knowing that

her chain-key is at hand, with little danger of its being missing when most needed.

Many girls find that their mouths soon become dry and parched when they go out for a long spin on their wheels. Try chewing gum, or better still, keep a smooth, pearl button in your mouth to promote the secretion of the saliva.

The new reversible skirts made in the popular circular fashion and of two-tone goods are so finished that they may be worn either side out. One side is for golfing and is in tiny checks, the other side is plain for wheeling.

Chamois skin gloves are the only practical ones for any outdoor sport. That is, the real chamois skin. The genuine skins are tanned with fish oil and have a decidedly fishy odor. They are easily washed in warm soap-suds and the oftener they are washed the softer they become. White and yellow are the favorite shades, the former being considered the smarter. A small opening is left at the base of each finger for ventilation and some persons who have their gloves made to order have them lined with very thin oiled silk to make them perspiration proof.

The latest extravagance of Parisian belles is lace with a cycling pattern woven into it.

The lady cyclists of St. Petersburg have their cycle dress designed by the authorities. They must be clothed with an English jacket and either wear rational dress as far as the lower parts of the body are concerned or don the Reform costume, the robe or gown being of such a nature that it can be hooked together in order to form a kind of trousers.

Ladies should be very chary this season against cycling alone and unprotected in the lonely parts of the country says Wheeling. They will thus keep temptation out of the way of originally inclined tramps. Whatever the dangers which threaten females riding alone in the country districts of England may be, however, they are considerably better off, we read in an Indian contemporary, than some of their American cousins. It is stated that Chicago ladies, when going for a cycle ride, take care to leave all their valuables at home, as the roads are infested with cycling highwaymen on the look-out for a good thing. Their procedure is to ride swiftly and quietly up from the rear, empty the pocket of the unsuspecting cyclist, and then ride away like a flash. One cyclist, the wife of a millionaire, who was taking her baby out for an airing, had it snatched up by one of these desperadoes who asked and obtained \$5,000 ransom. Good yarn, isn't it?

FREAKS OF NATURE ENJOY BICYCLING.

«Uncle Tody» Hamilton, press agent for Barnum & Bailey's Circus is very proud of his congregation of freaks who ride bicycles and recently provided an opportunity for a representative of an English journal to see them mounted on their bicycles. While the representative was taking their pictures Mr. Hamilton discoursed upon the whims of Nature as displayed by the strangest of cyclists. «The resources of the language,» said Mr. Hamilton, «are insufficient for the adequate description of Laloo. This human paradox, a young Hindoo, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only mortal ever born with a twin sister, forming an inseparable but distinct part of himself, causing wonder, amazement and surprise, and forming a notable addition to the crowning wonders we offer to our astounded millions of patrons.»

Smiling benignly, Mr. Hamilton next turned

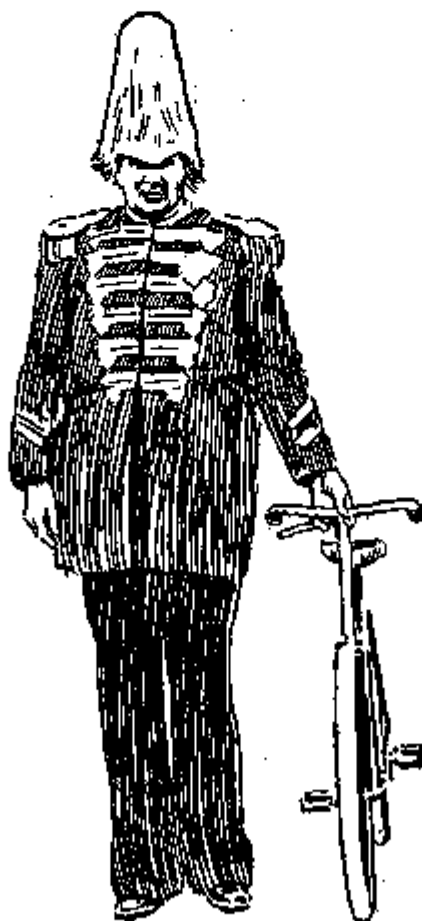
to the dog-faced boy saying:

«Jo-Jo is the very masterpiece of nature's wildest whims. In him reality outstrips exaggerations. This very remarkable young Russian is truly the most wonderful and inexplicable mystery of life. A bright mind is masked behind the visage of a dog, and four European languages issue from canine lips. He is known as the Dog-Faced Boy from the wonderful growth of long silky hair which depends from every part of his face in such marvelous profusion as to completely obscure the human aspect of his features, and to earn for him the sobriquet of the Human Skye Terrier from his extraordinary resemblance to that breed of canines.»

«And while on the subject of hirsute abnormality, I should like to mention Joy Howard, the Moss-Haired Girl, so called because of her wealth



THE BEARDED LADY.



THE GIANT.



THE DOG-FACE BOY.



THE SWORD SWALLOWER.



THE MOSS HAired GIRL.



THE INSEPARABLE TWINE.

of luxuriant moss-like hair, which renders her a pleasing addition to the unimaginable array of living curiosities. But even yet the boundless resources of this mammoth combination are not exhausted.

"Annie Jones, the Bearded Lady is truly a most wonderful curiosity to all, and a most rare and interesting subject for scientific study. She is gifted with a full beard that puts to the blush the hirsute appendages of our most prominent legislative patriarchs, in addition to which she has a most wonderful growth of hair on the head, which when uncoiled, measures 8 feet in length, transcending by many inches anything in the annals of the human race from the earliest ages."

Without pausing for breath the publicity man for the big circus resumed with Captain Murphy as his subject. "He is the Colossus of fable presented in living fact. He is the Jumbo of living humanity, nature's most stupendous exaggeration, a veritable human church steeple, a towering specimen of humanity, enormous in

height, broodingnagian in weight, and inexpressibly, titanicly tremendous in girth.

"Leah May, America's greatest giantess, transcends the possibilities of measurement. She is a monument of towering greatness, upon whose fingers bracelets serve only for rings, and beside whom the tallest warriors seem to shrink into dwarfed insignificance.

"And side by side with these two overwhelming phenomena you see the American midget. The infinitely great and the infinitely little brought into one focus. She is an almost imperceptible little mite, the smallest human being alive, the very epitome of humanity, the synopsis of woman-kind."

This much and more did Mr. Hamilton say during which he fully impressed his listener with the fact that the freaks form the most remarkable aggregation of cyclists in existence today. The accompanying drawings picture the human curiosities as they appear on or with their wheels.

IS BICYCLE RACING A CRIME?

BY THE LEGAL EDITOR.

It is one of the boasts of bicycle racers that their sport is almost alone in not being contaminated by the element of gambling. Baseball, football, and horse-racing have much to recommend them to their votaries, yet in the case of each of these the shadow of gambling overhangs it. In horse-racing, particularly, though it is so often called "sport of Kings," it is a matter of common knowledge that, without pool-selling and private betting, the sport could not long survive. Whenever an attempt has been made to prohibit gambling on the results of contests of speed between horses, the experiment has come to a speedy end. In this country, at least, it may well be a source of pride to us that bicycle racing has been participated in by the riders, and attended by the public, purely for its own sake, and that the interest of the public has not been sustained merely by the aid of the betting ring. With what surprise, then, did we learn that a Pennsylvania judge had declared that bicycle racing was gambling.

G. W. Miller, the well known long distance racer, who is perhaps better known as "the flying dutchman," rode in a six-day race at Pittsburgh last year, but the promoters failed to pay him the amount due him for his appearance. Miller brought an action on the contract between him and the promoters, but the court advised the litigants to settle the matter out of court, saying, "Well, gentlemen, there is said to be honor among thieves, and it seems there should be honor among gamblers."

"Among gamblers!" Are bicycle racers deserving of the stigma of this epithet, which places them on a level with the card sharp, the shell-game operator and pool-seller? We think not. It is not quite clear, from the published reports, whether Miller's suit was for a prize won by him, or merely for a stipulated sum to be paid for his appearance in competition with other riders, although the latter appears to have been the case.

Gambling is practically synonymous with betting upon an uncertain contingency. In the case we are now considering, and which we deem of sufficient interest to racing men and bicycle riders generally to be discussed in these pages, the agreement was not that, if Miller won the race, he should be paid, and if he did not win, that he should pay. That would be gambling beyond a doubt. The actual agreement seems to have been that Miller should be paid for appearing and riding for the amusement of such as might choose to pay an admission fee to see him and his competitors ride. Such an agreement is perfectly legitimate and proper, and there is no reason, in the law or public policy, for holding it invalid. Miller was to receive

remuneration, then, for exactly the same reason, and no other, that a noted pianist or tragedian is paid for his appearance before the public.

But, as we have stated, it is not quite clear that such a contract was the basis of the action. Even if it was a prize won by him that Miller was suing for, he was still entitled, in our opinion, to bring suit. The result of the throwing of dice, or the distribution of the cards in a pack, is purely a matter of chance, barring the contingency of unfair dealing. The result of a bicycle race, on the other hand, where it is fairly conducted, as we have no doubt the Pittsburgh race was, is simply a question of skill, cool-headedness, training and experience. It is perfectly proper, therefore, to reward the winner of first, second and third places in such a contest, and this may be done without violating any rule of law, or any other principle of morality.

It is not our purpose to enter into an extended discussion of the decisions of the courts as to what constitutes gambling. Doubtless everyone who reads this article is aware that a gambling contract will not be enforced, the same being considered absolutely void. In a case that came before the Supreme Court of Illinois many years ago, it appeared that a man had subscribed, with others, towards a purse to be paid to the owner of such horse as might win a certain race. He refused to pay, on the ground that the agreement was in the nature of a gambling transaction, and therefore illegal. But the court said, and we think properly, that the man had not made a bet on the result of the race. He had simply bound himself to pay a certain sum in any event and this was not in violation of the law. It is not difficult to see that this ruling applies with equal force to bicycle racers and race promoters.

If the Pittsburgh judge is correct in holding that bicycle racing is gambling, the next step for him to take is to decide that pupils in public schools and colleges who compete for class honors are gamblers, and that he who competes with another in any field of endeavor, in literature, politics, commerce, or elsewhere, is a criminal, whose imprisonment is necessary to violate the majesty of the law. We are confident that the decision, if appealed from, will be reversed, and that racing men need not consider themselves as branded criminals. It would, indeed, be a pity to have this ruling upheld by a higher court.

We feel that, notwithstanding the dictum of the Pittsburgh judge, the question standing as the title of this article must be answered in the negative.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

ROBERT WALTHOUR.

Robert Walthour, the southern professional champion, although only twenty years of age, is magnificently developed. He has been riding since 1894, but did not gain distinction as a racing man until the fall of 1895. From this time until August, 1896, he won every amateur event in which he rode. In the fall of 1896 he was transferred to the professional class and rode his first professional race on the indoor track at Nashville. He won the indoor championship from Woodward and has on numerous occasions defeated Eaton, the indoor king. On the Michigan circuit last spring he won five one-mile handicaps from scratch, the time in each being better than 2:08.

Walthour's most notable win was at Bellair, Fla., last fall, where he captured the one-mile open from Bald, Cooper, Brown and all the national circuit riders. He is a member of the Monarch team.

«Senator» Morgan has added three Frenchmen and one Italian to his already long string of foreign riders. The Frenchmen are Cavally, Boulay and Bourette and the Italian Tomaselli.

RENE CAVALLY.

E. Rene Cavally has been riding in the professional class during the past four years previous to which time he held the amateur championship of France. In 1896 he won the German Derby at Achen and during the same year in a tandem race at the Velodrome Seine riding with Pomain, he defeated Morin and Jacquelin and the Verhayen brothers. In 1895, with Anthony and Gras, he won the triplet Grand Prix of Paris. In the championship races held at Bilbao he defeated Lamberjack and Besson and won the championship of Spain.

LEON BOULAY.

Leon Boulay commenced his racing career in 1893 riding as an amateur until 1895 when he rode in a professional scratch invitation

race defeating Muringer, Farman and Verheyen. During 1896 he made a wonderful record, defeating Piette in a two mile match race and winning the big handicap at the Buffalo track, Paris, from scratch. At the Velodrome Seine he won the mile open defeating Dary, Farman, Pexrau and Pomain. Later in the season at Bordeaux, in a scratch race, he defeated Desprat and Fouaneax and also won races from Protin, Grandjean, Pomain, Lesna and Fisher. In 1897 he won the Grand Prix and championship for one kilometre of Russia and has now in his possession the grand cup presented by the Czar of that country. He opened this seasons racing on a triplet with Pomain and Prevost winning a two

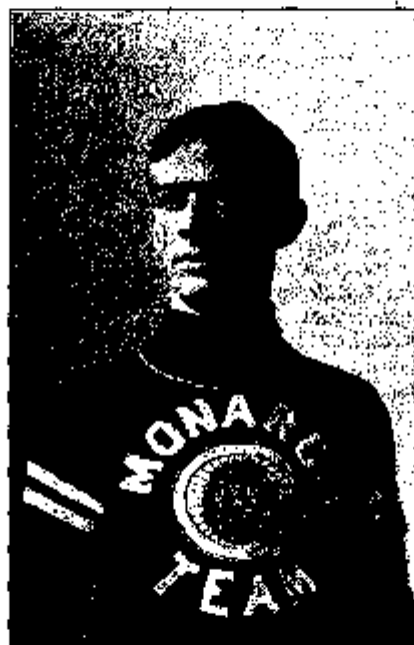
mile race by 20 metres from best triplet team in France. Boulay is training at Chester Park and is rapidly rounding into fine condition.

CYPRIEN PAUL BOURETTE.

C. P. Bourette is one of the younger French riders. He is twenty-two years of age and has made cycle racing his profession during the past two years. He is known in France as the «Frog» owing to his position while riding. Although he has not ridden in a great many events he made several very creditable showings last year, one of especial merit, being his ride in the 100 kilometres championship race in which he defeated Edward Taylore.

ANTONIO TOMASELLI.

Antonio Tomaselli, the famous Italian is but twenty-one years of age, weighs 160 pounds, and is the champion of Milan and of his home city. Last year he won the grand prize at Alexandria, Egypt and won the great road races from Milan to Monaco, a distance of 325 miles. Besides riding in middle distance races in this country he will ride a tandem with Ernie de Martini as his mate.



ROBERT WALTHOUR.

The bicycle is very popular in Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga. It is used in delivering mail and many of the officers ride during their spare moments.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Although milk is a most satisfying and sustaining drink for thirsty cyclists a great many claim that it will not agree with them. This is due in most instances, to the fact that people drink it too hastily which causes it to curdle in stomach and form a solid mass, difficult of digestion. Milk should be slowly sipped so that on reaching the stomach will be divided giving the gastric juice an opportunity to assist in the circulation, and form the functions of digestion. At least three minutes should be occupied in drinking an ordinary glass full of milk.

Do not ride tires inflated or too loose; if you do it will cause the tire to cut on the rim in such a way that it cannot be fixed, and no tire manufacturer will replace a tire injured in this way.

In selecting the size of a tire, care should be taken not to get one too large for the rim, otherwise it will not give as good service as it should.

Always be sure that the cap of your valve is screwed on tightly. It is part of the valve, and without being tightly screwed on the valve is very liable to leak.

After inflating a tire which has been deflated for some time, it may appear to leak slightly at or near the valve stem. This, however, will not necessarily be from the air tube, as there will be some air retained in the fabric which will work out through the fabric around the stem, after the tire is inflated.

A tire should be properly put on and firmly cemented to the rim. This may seem a superfluous statement, but the fact remains that a majority of them are not.

In putting on a tire, first see that the valve stem goes through the hole in the rim so that the tire will fit snugly on the rim. If it does not, the hole can be slightly enlarged on the edge with a knife. See that the rim is perfectly clean.

Unless the tire is properly cemented on, it is sure to creep, and the result is the cutting of the valve-stem, either completely off, or enough to cause a leak. Apply a good, thick coating of cement over the rim from edge to edge, then fit the tire on the rim, the valve going in first, and making sure that it fits evenly all around; then inflate the tire hard, still seeing that it fits perfectly, and is true, and set away until perfectly dry.

So-called porous tires are usually caused by something being wrong with the air tube, or a loosening of the valve-stem, which permits the air to get into the fabric. It then works along through the fabric and comes out through the outer covering of rubber at the place nearest of access. This may be near or quite a distance from the natural leak in the air-tube, and appear to come from almost any number of small holes. In this case it is almost absolutely necessary to return the tire, as no one but an expert can tell where the actual trouble is. This apparent porosity is also caused in some cases by what is known as antonabruise. A stone-bruise is caused by riding over a sharp stone in such a way as to break the inner layer of rubber and possibly the fabric, without breaking or cutting the outside layer of rubber. This lets air into the fabric in the same manner and with the same results as above. It is almost impossible for anyone but an expert to lo-

cate the trouble.

The interest shown in acetylene gas as an illuminating power for bicycle lamps has led it through a considerable number of tests.

An admixture of one-third air or carbonic acid to one of acetylene is said to improve the illuminating power of the gas. It is not explosive unless it is two parts air and one of gas. A mixture of equal parts of acetylene and air is non-explosive. Experiments have been made by measuring the mixtures into a receptacle and firing them with a spark from a coil, and it has been found that under two atmospheres of pressure acetylene differs in no way from any other gas.

Every cyclist knows the ordinary running sound of a wheel and when any other noise is heard should give some immediate attention.

Spokes may be loose, or the fastening where they cross may be broken; pedals may be loose and need adjusting; a crank may have loosened and requires tightening; the sprocket may be loose and need keying and brazing; or perhaps a broken ball; tools may rattle in the tool bag; the bearings; particularly the pedals, may be dry and squeak; wheels may be out of true, and the tires rub against the frame; mud and chain grease may rattle, and the chain strike them, or, what is most probable, the chain is dry and sadly needs lubrication. If a wheel is properly adjusted and cared for, none of these things can occur.

Never wear pointed or tight-fitting shoes when riding. The toes are forced down to the point of the shoe when pedaling and if pointed shoes are worn a corn or two is very apt to be the result.

Although your bicycle may appear to be in perfect condition it is a wise precaution to have it thoroughly overhauled by a practical mechanic before starting it on a seasons work.

Always protect your saddle from the rain. A wet saddle becomes hard and unshapely and consequently very uncomfortable.

A very secure fixture for loose handle bar grips is to melt some alum and apply it to the ends in contact with the tube.

To remove old enamel from a frame use a blunt knife held obliquely and run along the tube. If correctly done the enamel will chip off very easily.

A chain should never be so slack as to cause it to mount the cogs.

Thick or gummy oil can be cleared by heating it in a vessel containing some short or broken scraps of metal.

Hill climbing can be easily accomplished by beginning by proper pace and pedaling. Spasmodic efforts as well as riding too slowly are not advised. Commenced with a moderate, steady pace and the strain of balancing will be reduced allowing more power for pedaling.

Mud which has hardened on the frame of your bicycle should be moistened with water before being removed. Breaking or picking it off in a dried condition will surely carry with it part of the enamel.

If the heart seems to beat the least little bit more rapidly than usual when going up hill it is advisable to dismount.

Lubrication once a year is all that is necessary for the steering head if same is properly adjusted. Nevertheless the bearings in the head should be frequently examined and not allowed to run dry which causes wear on the balls and ball races.

When riding, the legs should do the necessary work. Severe exhaustion is the result of working the arms, body and head.

The wick of a cycle lamp when not in use should be turned down to a level with the burner.

The valve cap of a tire should never be tightened with a wrench.

A home-made crate which it is said, will remedy the inconvenience caused by injury to bicycles in transportation is described as follows: It is made of light strips or battens of wood, so enlarged in the centre that the pedals are free to revolve. This enables the bicycle to be wheeled along—an important consideration—instead of being dragged and tossed about in the efforts to carry it. There is a block of wood fixed under the frame on either side, so that the machine can be left anywhere resting in a nearly vertical position. The frame is hinged at one end, and is thus readily removed, and is supported on the bicycle by a couple of straps. For protection from the weather a waterproof cover, can also be used.

Severe giddiness and exhaustion is very sure to be caused by an early morning spin unless you partake of breakfast and half an hour's rest before starting.

Two pounds of good flake shellac, dissolved in one quart of common wood alcohol will make an excellent cement for cementing tires on rims. It should be about the consistency of molasses.

In selecting oil as a lubricant due care should be taken to secure either mineral or vegetable oils and not animal oil. The latter is very injurious to rubber and as bicyclists, as a rule, often pour excessive quantities of oil into bearings a certain amount flows on the tires and causes them to rot. The preference should be given to vegetable oils as they are in a measure helpful to rubber. It is not necessary however, to pour more than five or six drops of oil into bearings at one time.

To remove rust coat the metal well with grease, let it stand for a day or so, then rub briskly with a cloth moistened with ammonia. If this does not quite remove the rust, wash carefully with a weak solution of hydrochloric acid, dry thoroughly with a cloth, and polish with a piece of soft leather, being careful to remove all traces from the metal.

The difficulty which is experienced in using vaseline in its usual consistency as a lubricant for bearings can be easily overcome by melting it into a fluid and then injecting it into the bearings with the ordinary oil can. Vaseline has the peculiar property of furnishing as good lubrication as oil, will stay in the cups indefinitely, and keep the balls bright and clean. It forms a film around the crevices and makes the bearings almost dust proof. Only the purest kind, however, should be used for bicycle bearings.

The following is recommended as a strong and lasting cement for rubber, either on metal or wood, and will serve for cementing bicycle tires: Put one part of shellac, broken into small pieces, into ten parts of ammonia water (strongest), and set aside for three or four weeks, or until the mass becomes entirely fluid. In use the liquid is applied to the India rubber surface, and the latter is applied to the metal or wood, and firmly whirled or corded thereto. On the evaporation of the ammonia a most complete joint is formed between the two surfaces.

OUR BUSY CYCLEDOM.

An Australian lad fourteen years of age, has amply demonstrated that necessity is the mother of invention. Feeling the need of a bicycle he built one on the old style, with a high front wheel, which is three feet eight inches in diameter, and is made solid from boards of an old washing machine, and the back wheel is from a small wheelbarrow. Both wheels are ingeniously fitted with bark, with a strip of linoleum over all. The backbone and hind fork are a bough from the gum tree in its natural state, bent to the required position very accurately. The front fork is another gum bough, also in its natural state except that the parts forming the fork are bent together parallel. This works through an old wheel-box taken from a light cart, and which is fixed on the thick part of the first branch which forms the backbone. An iron rod passed through near the top serves as handles, and the pedals are some old iron articles skilfully brought into use. Quoting a familiar phrase of the day it seems that "any old thing" was used in its construction.

Earl W. Peabody has one great ambition and that

is to meet and defeat A. A. Zimmerman. In order to satisfy his ambition he is willing to turn professional for one race depending upon the national assembly to return his amateur status. The only thing which causes Peabody serious trouble is the possibility of being defeated by good old Zim.

It is said that one of the greatest races to be run this season will be a 15-mile match race between Eddie McDuffee and his old-time rival, Jimmy Michael. In match races between these two men each has won a contest, although Michael has defeated McDuffee twice,—once in a two-man match race, and again in a three-man match race. This will be the race of a life-time.

The 24 members of the pacing team of the National Cycle Track Association have all been insured against accident. Manager Henry E. Duckar, who is ever thoughtful for the welfare of the boys, has made arrangements with one of the largest accident insurance companies in the country, and has presented the boys with their policies.

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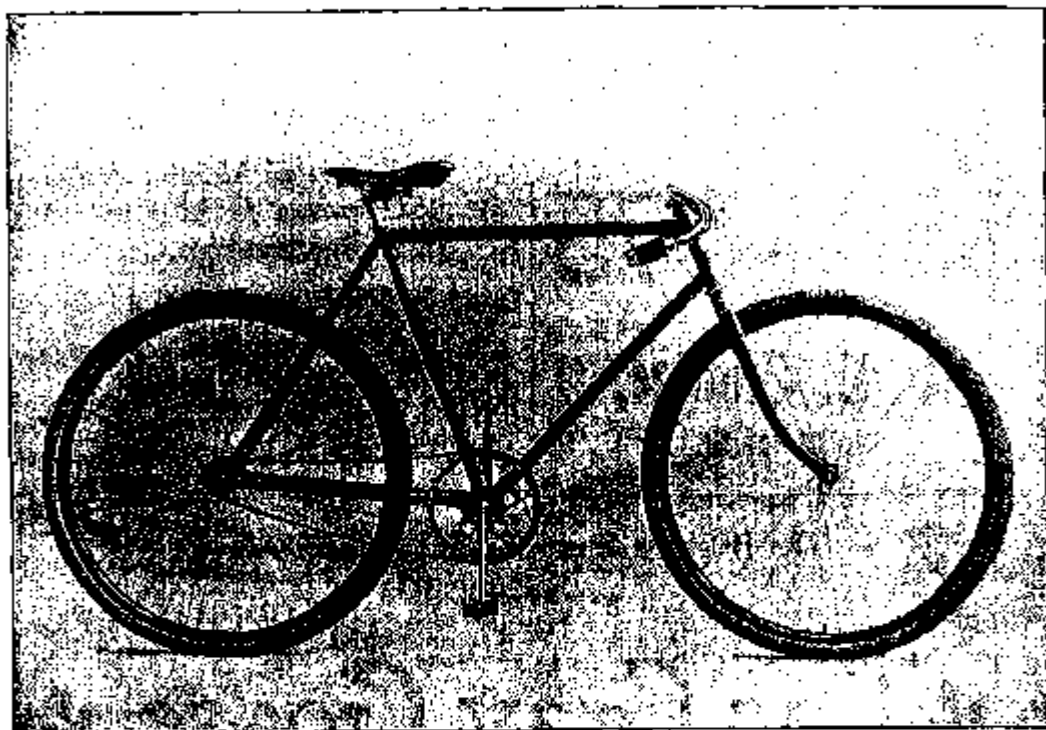
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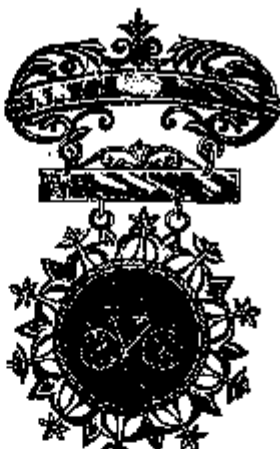


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THROUGH WALES AWHHEL.

BY MORGAN P. JONES.

FROM CHESTER TO RUDDLAN.

There were two of us, a minister and a minister's son, each intent upon viewing the antiquities and enjoying the beauties of brave little Cambria. Leaving «rare old Chester» with its Roman remains, its strange streets and overhanging gables, its encircling wall and ancient gates and towers, and last but not least its interesting cathedral, «gray with the memories of two thousand years,» we sped along a westerly road which was in excellent condition, crossing the Welsh border soon after we started, confident that we should lose neither our noses nor our ears as a punishment for our tamerity, as many a Saxon was compelled to do when Offa's Dyke marked the limits of forbearance. Upon reaching Hawarden we entered the beautiful park in which stands what little remains of the ancient castle so intimately associated with the thrilling events which marked the history of the Welsh Marches, and also the palatial residence of «the Grand Old Man.» As the president of the United States had neglected giving us a letter of introduction to the ex-premier we did not do him the honor of calling upon him, but took a snap shot of every thing in sight instead, and resumed our journey.

A short run brought us to the ancient town of Mold, where we spent some time admiring its

exceptionally fine church with its handsome steeple, and hunting for curious epitaphs on the tombstones in the graveyard surrounding it. Like many other towns on the Welsh border Mold had its castle of which no vestige now remains, and during the Middle Ages was the scene of many a bloody strife between Welsh and Saxons. In one of these frays in which not a few men were slain on both sides, the Welsh came off victorious and their leader to cap the climax had a lynching party in his own tower in which the mayor of Chester, whom he had taken prisoner, played the most prominent part. The staple from which the mayor dangled is still seen in the great hall, but the old tower looked peaceable enough as we rode within hailing distance of it after leaving the town.

Following a narrow but good country road from Mold, instead of the main road we made a detour in order to reach a point of interest at Llanarmon. The country was beautiful, but as it was past noon and we were as hungry as wolves we were more interested in finding something to eat than viewing the scenery. Consequently we halted at a small farm house by the wayside and partook of genuine Welsh hospitality. For three pence apiece we had all the thin

bread and butter and fruit cake we could eat. It was astonishing how quickly the two heaps of food disappeared. For once also I had all the buttermilk I could drink and my companion all the sweet milk he desired. After our simple but highly enjoyed repast we plied our kind hostess, a charming Welsh maiden who had excellent command of both Welsh and English, with questions about matters of mutual interest, learning among other things that but little grain, except rye, was raised in that section, sheep raising being their chief dependence. Every thing both inside and outside the small white-washed house was scrupulously clean, and there was an air of comfort and respectability about the small parlor, on the wall of which were displayed the portraits of Dr. Livingstone and H. M. Stanley. Pleased as we were with our surroundings we found it necessary after

that often sheltered robbers in past ages.

We were still off the main road, though the one we rode over was hard and smooth. A long gradual ascent which at times had the appearance of a descent deceived me into believing that something was certainly wrong with me or my bicycle. To ascertain what the matter was I dismounted and subjected my "tired" horse to the closest scrutiny in vain. It was only when I glanced behind me that I was able to solve the mystery: After remounting we soon found ourselves on the main traveled road between Mold and Ruthin, and to our joy began to descend a gentle grade which lasted for miles. To increase our delight also the far-famed Vale of Clwyd presently appeared in all its grandeur on our left, and its transcendent beauty enraptured our souls. I have seen other beautiful valleys, but none that would compare with this.



CONWAY CASTLE.

a brief rest to continue our journey, which we did greatly refreshed.

As we sped along cheered by the most delightful scenery we were delighted more than once by the sight of rabbits and hares sporting in the woods and fields, guarded no doubt by the watchful eye of a game-keeper. Had it not been a crime to kill them we would not have molested them as we were intent on "other game". It was hay-making time and we passed by several groups of healthy, merry-looking swains and lassies at work in the fields. We also doubtless passed by the spot where St. Germanus at the head of a hastily gathered army of Britons completely routed the Picts and Saxons more than a thousand years ago, but there was no one to point out the place to us. We saw the church which had been dedicated to him, however, together with a cave

It was like catching a glimpse of paradise. About twenty-two miles long and from five to seven miles wide, with lofty hills for walls and enchanting groves for sentinels it cherished its loveliness and bountiful harvest as a bewitching queen might cherish her jewels without fear of molestation. Truly did the poet exclaim,

"There's not in all Britain such beautiful vale,"

"So dear to my heart as thou sweet Dyffryn Clwyd."

Dotted with palatial homes and picturesque ruins in the midst of the most charming scenery it presents a picture which neither pen nor tongue can accurately describe, but which once seen can never be forgotten. It was truly worth going across the Atlantic to see.

Of the three towns which nestle in this lovely valley Ruthin is the most southerly, being situated on an eminence, overlooking the river

Clwyd about three miles from where the vale begins. It is a quaint old town of about three thousand inhabitants, where no particular trade or manufacture is carried on. The chief attraction for the tourists is the castle, and to this we directed our steps soon after entering the town, our landlady having informed us that as the castle was being set in readiness for the coming of the owner we would be allowed to see it. As we neared the outer lodge it happened that two others were waiting to enter the park, and when the gate was opened to admit them we followed unchallenged right at their heels. Then leaving our unknown friends we presently came to the inner lodge and passed through the open gate into the castle court. The castle, an immense structure partly ancient and partly modern was now before us, and seeing no one of whom we might ask permission to enter we ventured into the interior through a long narrow passage. Near the end of the passage on the left we glanced into a spacious hall in whose grate an inviting fire was burning and on whose walls a few suits of armor and weapons were hung. Away on the right the sound of a carpenter's hammer could be heard, and hurried footsteps somewhere in the towers above caused the echoes to chase each other through the halls and passages. Then suddenly as we wandered cautiously through the castle we were confronted by an indignant female, who sternly demanded who had given us permission to enter. Finding that we had unwittingly committed a moral offense and wishing to return alive to the United States we began to apologize profusely. Our eloquence together with the prospect of a liberal tip had the desired effect of converting our female bear into a lamb, or rather a sheep as she had reached an uncertain age. She told us that the castle with the estate belonged to Col. Cornwallis West, who resides there three months out of every year. She also conducted us through the drawing room, the dining hall, the library, the picture gallery and other spacious halls, together with the vast number of sleeping apartments in the upper stories. In most of the halls the carpets were up preparatory to house cleaning; but we made ample allowance for the confused state of things, having long been initiated to the ordeal of house cleaning at home. In our hurried inspection of the castle we saw a great many things of interest to us, and among them a large collection of portraits of past generations of Wests; suits of armor, spears, swords, battle-axes, halberds, etc.; curiously carved furniture on which was the mark of centuries; and books enough to supply a public library. We saw nothing to the discredit of the wealthy and cultured owner, and the housekeeper, who lives in the castle all alone most of the time, more than redeemed herself in our eyes by her courteous bearing. On our way out, however, we had another dose of female displeasure which

was not redeemed by kindness. The lodge keeper seeing us approaching the unrestored remnants of the old castle hinted that our absence was more desirable than our presence, and we meekly took the hint.

At the time of Owen Glendower the castle was in possession of Lord Gray, whose bitter enmity was the principal cause of Glendower's rebellion. It is not surprising therefore that the Welsh chief should strike his first blow for national freedom at Ruthin, and that the struggle here commenced should convulse Wales and shake England to the center.

A run of eight miles amidst the most charming scenery brought us to Denbigh, an ancient town of little more than a thousand inhabitants at the foot of whose long steep principal street we found a lodging place for the night. We saw the ruins of its once famous castle crowning a hill above us and overlooking the Vale of Clwyd, but as we were very tired we did not visit it, either that night or next morning, a fact that we still regret, both on its own account and that of the fine view to be had from it. Still pursuing our course through the picturesque vale we next arrived at St. Asaph, and visited the cathedral, which though the smallest in the United Kingdom has a history of which to be proud. It is one of the four cathedrals of Wales, the others being those of Bangor, Landaff, and St. David's. It is nearly as old as the advent of Christianity in Great Britain, and has passed through many vicissitudes, not the least of which was its own demolition by Owen Glendower. Mrs. Hemans attended divine service here for years when residing in the vicinity, and there are tablets to her memory and to that of other members of the family in the wall. There was a memorial window also in which her name had a prominent place showing that she is still lovingly remembered in the land of which she pathetically sang,

«The sound of thy streams in my spirit I hear—
Farewell I and a blessing be with thee, green
land!
On thy hearths and thy halls, on thy pure
mountain air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's
free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
«As I leave thee, green land of my home and
my dead.»

We had an excellent view of the surrounding country from the tower, and as we passed out of the cathedral grounds we saw a fine monument to Bishop Morgan, the translator of the Welsh Bible.

About three miles from St. Asaph are some interesting caves which we visited, returning to the town in time for dinner of which Welsh mutton formed a part. Holywell was reached in the afternoon and we paid two pence apiece

for seeing St. Winifred's well, which the Catholics make a great source of revenue. We saw a number of pilgrims there in quest of health, and drank about a pint of water from the deep, clear well, to try its curative qualities. Centuries ago a small chapel was built over the well, and in the midst of this chapel we saw an image of St. Asaph Winifred, while a half dozen girls who were screened from our view made very uncatholic noises in a bathing tank near by.

Not being especially charmed by the well and its surroundings we soon left the place and fol-

lowed a very hilly road in to Dyserth, a small town about nine miles west of Holywell. Our ride though rather laborious was not without compensation, for we had a splendid view of the river Dee in the distance for some time. Nor was Dyserth without interest to us, for we spent two or three hours among the ruins of an old fortress on a hill overlooking the town, and among the tombstones in the church yard. Some curious tombstones erected in the 17th century and a beautiful church window of much greater antiquity claimed our attention, as did also the scenery on our way to Rhuddlan.

(To be continued.)

THE SENSATION AT DOREVILLE.

BY CHARLES S. REID.

Doreville was a quite little town; situated nine miles from the nearest railway station, it was never even disturbed by the shrill shriek of a locomotive whistle. Its merchants did business in a leisurely style, and did not object to closing up at any time in order to attend a Sunday school picnic or a church benefit festival. The city fathers had very little to do in order to preserve the peace and dignity of the town; and the good matrons looked to it that no improper thing should be done by any of the young people within its limits. None of the fads ever reached Doreville, for they, almost without an exception, were condemned as soon as heard of by the committee of the whole representing the social critics of the town. Even the "wheels" had been placed on the black list — there was no bicycle in the village.

But Doreville had one lion — the young minister to whom several of the matrons, who had marriageable daughters, made themselves especially agreeable. But Mr. Dawson, though quite a young man, was quite an old lion since he had been for two years pastor of the flock at Doreville, and had as yet shown no signs of a preference for any particular young lady of his congregation. The village could boast of quite a number of beautiful young ladies who could be seen any Sunday morning at Sabbath school and preaching.

But to the admirer of the beautiful the reigning queen of the town was Miss Beatrice Loraine, the only daughter of a fairly well-to-do old widower who scapely bestirred himself from the house or yard. Beatrice was the old gentleman's house keeper and nurse; she was also a

teacher in the Sabbath school, and president of a reading circle which had for its object the literary development of its members. Miss Loraine was also to be found an active member of all charitable or beneficent organizations; and thus, while she did not often uplift her sweet voice in discussion, she was one, the influence of whose personality was felt. Perhaps this introduction, with special mention, to the inhabitants of Doreville, is sufficient.

Quiet and proper as was Doreville, it was destined to have a sensation, and one from the least expected source. One day the dray which was employed by the merchants to transport their goods from the neighboring town, brought over a tall, thin crate, and in that crate was a bicycle. As the dray rolled down the street with the crate conspicuously placed, it became an object of interest. From windows and doors and front yard gates it was gazed after as it slowly continued its way down the street. A bicycle had come to town — for whom was it? When the dray stopped at its first delivery point, curious eyes peered between the bars of the crate and discovered a lady's wheel while other curious eyes examined the markings of the package. And that evening at the tea table husbands told their wives and daughters that Miss Beatrice Loraine had purchased a bicycle. Beatrice Loraine? The tea in the cups grew cold while matrons sat horrified. What in the world did the girl mean? Would she dare appear on the streets of Doreville riding a wheel? What an awful example for the other girls of the village.

For days the streets were watched almost

breathlessly for the appearance of this new woman. At last she appeared. Horrors! she had, no doubt, only been teaching herself in the back yard, for now she rode gracefully down the whole length of the main street of the village. Was anything so audacious? Mothers forthwith instructed their daughters not to return Miss Loraine's calls, nor associate themselves with her in anything in the future, at least until she had seen the enormity of her sin against decorum, and had amended her ways. But, notwithstanding the fact that she was denied the courtesy of even common politeness among her former female friends, Miss Loraine continued to be seen any and every where, gliding gracefully along on her "bike," enjoying the breeze and the sunshine.

At last the society of the town grew impatient over its failure, in the ostracism of Miss Loraine, to correct her erratic ways, and resolved that the pastor should preach a sermon on the subject. It was too much that the young girls of Doreville should have this example every day before their eyes. Mr. Dawson was accordingly visited, and the whole matter was brought to his notice with the not-to-be-misunderstood suggestion that he prepare a sermon along that line without delay, as the credit of the town's propriety was at stake.

When this important committee had acquitted itself of the duty assigned it, it took its departure, leaving the parson in a reflective mood. What was to be done? The town demanded that he should preach a sermon in denunciation of the fads such as bicycle riding among the women, and Miss Loraine was the only offender in the town of Doreville. To Mr. Dawson matters seemed to have reached a crisis; for, to tell the truth, he often thought of heaven only as in the depths of Miss Loraine's soft blue eyes.

So matters stood until the climax was reached, which was on the afternoon following that on which the committee had visited the pastor. And the climax was no more nor less than a rather serious accident in which Miss Loraine and her bicycle played leading parts.

Mr. Dawson had just started out from the little cottage parsonage where he and his mother resided, for a little stroll in order to refresh his mind that he might find some way to creditably extricate himself from the difficulty in which circumstances had placed him. Not far from the cottage the little cross street intersected the main thoroughfare of the village, and at the corner stood a large warehouse which abutted the pavement both side and front. Mr. Dawson had almost reached the point where he would turn into Main street, when, suddenly, from around the corner, dashed

Miss Loraine on her wheel. The minister had just time to see the rich glow of the young lady's cheeks suddenly disappear from fright, before the collision occurred. He made an effort to spring aside, but was too late; and a moment later Mr. Dawson, Miss Loraine and the wheel came down together. Miss Loraine was unburt, but the pastor suffered a severely sprained ankle, and was unable to walk when he arose from the ground.

Beatrice saw the white lines gather about the young minister's mouth when he placed the injured foot to the ground, and knew he would be unable to hobble back to the cottage alone, although it was not more than thirty steps distant. Instantly she sprang forward and grasped his arm, placing his elbow upon her shoulder; and thus she assisted him in making his way back to the house. No one had seen the accident; but just before Mr. Dawson and Miss Loraine reached the gate a phaeton whirled by, and in it were seated two of the ladies who had gone, as members of the committee, to the pastor the afternoon before. Of course they saw the shocking sight—Mr. Dawson leaning upon the shoulder of Miss Loraine. A moment later they saw the overturned wheel at the corner, and the whole affair was at once clear to them. Awful! Well, the pastor would no doubt express his views very clearly, especially now since he had been made a sufferer by the detestable machine.

Mr. Dawson's sermon was looked forward to with interest, but the young minister's ankle improved but slowly. No doubt, however, his thoughts were busy accumulating force for the looked-for pulpit denunciation.

At last he was able to go to the church. It was a bright Sunday morning, and the villagers turned out in full force. Miss Loraine rode right up to the church door on her wheel, and dismounting, entered the building, and went to her pew. The sermon was short, but, contrary to the expectations of the congregation, it was an eloquent appeal for the bicycle, Mr. Dawson saying: "It is gratifying to know that once in awhile, among our noble women, we find one who dares to throw off the yoke, and exercise a will mind of her own."

The villagers turned away from the church with horror. Such an awful, unpardonable, liberal sermon. It was too much. Mr. Dawson had disappointed their hopes, and endangered the salvation of the town's record of propriety. But, as the congregation had arisen to go, the pastor and Miss Loraine had exchanged smiles.

Another minister now occupies the pulpit of the Doreville church; and Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Beatrice Loraine Dawson are away enjoying a happy honeymoon.

THE WHEELWOMAN.

EDITED BY AGORN.

To the ease and freedom and healthfulness of the bicycle dress, women owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude. To no other one or two improvements in living do we owe so much. The loose, uncorseted waist; the abbreviated skirt are such a relief to us. They open a new outlook by the energy and vigor fostered by their use.

Many of the ladies who have given the full divided skirt a fair trial, claim that in many ways it is more modest as well as more convenient than the usual short skirt. When properly fitted and full enough it scarcely shows that it is divided. When on the wheel the rider's form is far more strongly outlined in the single skirt than in the divided, and against the wind the former is ugly enough, for it shows the motion of the limbs altogether too palpably. The objection to the divided skirt comes merely from habit. And habit makes the more immodest seem right in other instances than this. But the day will come when the cycling woman will wear the divided skirt as a matter of fashion. It will be full, prettily made, comfortable and becoming, and will also be used in country jaunts and for mountain climbing. For these things it will be quite as appropriate as trains are for full dress and a skirt clearing the ground is for street wear.

'Tis an ill wind that blows out of a puncture.

The variety of new bicycle hats is so great that every girl who goes a-wheeling may wear a hat suitable for that purpose which is also pretty and becoming. A bonnet is entirely out of place on the rider's head, and so is a much-trimmed hat or anything that flutters and catches the wind. The entire dress should be trim and taut, with but little ornamentation or brilliant coloring.

Among the new hats is an Alpine that is as artistic as it is stylish. It is made of silver gray French chip, faced with white chip. Black and white gauze ribbon is twisted around the crown, which has a deep dent in the center. At the side of the hat is a group of curled white quills, tipped with black.

The following advertisement in a local paper

tells its own expressive story: "Wanted: To sell cheap for cash or exchange for twin baby carriage in first-class condition, a '97 combination tandem used but little and in excellent order." Verily there come times in the affairs of men (and women) when the luxuries of life disappear before its necessities!

The arrival of the sultry weather creates a desire for a glove which will be more comfortable than the dressy but warm chamois skin. White cotton gloves look neat and cool, and as they can easily be washed, one need wear them but once and so insure their being always fresh and clean. Some women buy them by the dozen pairs. These cotton gloves are elastic, and give the hands full play, yet when one is off the wheel they cling to the hands and do not appear large.

"Bicycles interfere with the shoe business in more ways than one," explained a well known cycle rider. "It is proved beyond all doubt that riding a wheel will in one season cause the foot to grow one to one and a half inches larger. Hundreds of bicycle riders have ascertained this. With men it does not make any difference; for, except in very rare cases, men do not care as much for the size of their feet as they do for comfort. With the ladies, however, it is quite another thing. They wear bicycle shoes for riding, but find to their sorrow that in a season or so they cannot wear the size shoe that they wore before they developed their feet. "Cl"ing not only tends to lengthen the foot, but also to widen it. The shoe manufacturers, as a result, turn out many shoes for ladies of larger sizes than formerly. It is the old story coming true in another way: Those who dance must pay the fiddler. I don't know that it does a nice-looking girl any harm to widen or lengthen her foot a little, but they think it does. Still there's no getting away from it, and they have to grin and stand the consequences, or at least stand on the consequences."

There was a picnic on cycles held near Melbourne, Australia, recently, and a few days afterwards no fewer than fifteen engagements were announced. Anybody who has seen a bunch of our marriageable Milwaukee lady cyclists will be willing to wager that we may beat that record this summer.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Benzine should always be used in removing valve stems, plugs or tire caps.

* *

It is a wise precaution to examine all the nuts and bolts on your bicycle about once a week.

* *

Never allow water to dry on the nicked parts of a bicycle as it will cause the nickel to rust.

* *

In polishing the enamel always rub the tubes lengthwise. Rubbing around the tube will show scratches.

* *

In order to keep the nicked parts of a bicycle bright polish daily with soft cloths and keep the wheel out of damp places.

* *

Riding with the hands in the center of the handlebars should be avoided as it contracts the chest and prevents free respiration.

* *

It frequently occurs that there is a squeak in the bearings which cannot be located. In this case the best plan is to oil all the bearings.

* *

Many bicyclists overdo amateur repairs. Cements and solutions too profusely slathered on are liable to practically ruin the thing mended.

* *

Look at your pedals. One may be slightly bent and you may not be aware of the fact. A bent pedal is liable to injure the ankle by deformation.

* *

For general road riding a good firm soled shoe will give the greatest satisfaction and may be used as well for walking. For racing a flexible shoe is the best.

* *

Don't ride a wheel with loose spokes as a broken rim is very apt to be the result. A wheel cannot be rigid and true unless every spoke is properly tightened.

* *

The dust which accumulates in a pump should be blown out before inflating the tire. If forced into the valve the plunger may not close tightly and the result will be a small leak.

* *

To loosen a cone which has bound up hold a screw-driver against the milled edge, just below the top and tap it several times with a light hammer. The cone can then be adjusted with the hand.

* *

To make a lamp wick burn clear and strong it should be taken out and soaked in salt water after which let it dry out thoroughly and then give it another bath in salt water mixed with oil.

Extreme care should be taken in making turns on wet asphalt pavements. The steering wheel has a tendency to slip on the greasy surface regardless of how slight the change in direction may be.

* *

Because the bearings of most pedals are more difficult to reach than other parts of the bicycle they very seldom come in contact with oil and as a result the pedals wear out quickly and cause the wheel to run hard.

* *

The foot should rest squarely on the pedals. It is not only the novice who rubs his heels against the crank shaft ends on the forward stroke and against the rear forks as the foot is returned. Many otherwise good riders thus handle their feet carelessly.

* *

An old bicycle should be used very carefully as it is liable to break any moment. The continual vibration to which it has been subject acts on the particles composing the metal and causes it to crystallize. The metal becomes more brittle and the machine weaker each succeeding year.

* *

A chain can be made to run with the least possible noise by first cleaning it with benzine or kerosene, then heat it sufficiently to melt the grease in stick graphite which should be thoroughly rubbed on both sides of the chain. In this manner the lubricant will work into the joints of the chain.

* *

Every purchaser of a bicycle should make himself sufficiently familiar with the announcements or catalogues of the manufacturer to make sure that the wheel, as delivered, is fully equipped in accordance with the maker's intention. Unscrupulous dealers and agents have been known to strip high-grade machines of saddle and tires and replace them with inferior substitutes.

* *

Leverage in pedaling is obtained in two ways, from the rider's weight offsetting the muscular effort put into the downward thrust of the pedals, and by pulling up the handle bars. Theories omitted about leverage gained by pushing backward against the saddle must be regarded as of small consequence. Even riders who sit in the ultra scorching position make small use of the saddle as a backer.

* *

The very chilly weather of the early spring and fall months usually causes the wheelmen who deny themselves the use of gloves to be troubled with chapped hands. By wearing gloves this may be avoided. However the hands may be made soft and white by applying lemon juice to remove the roughness and then, after having the hands in hot soap suds, rubbing them with a piece of lemon, which will prevent them from chapping. Powdered starch is an excellent preventative for chapping, when rubbed over the hands after they are washed and dried thoroughly.

OBSERVATIONS

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

In all my experiences a wheel, which even pre-
cede the modern safety, I have witnessed many
casualties and trying incidents which are bound
to occur be the rider an expert or not. With
dogs, cows and the ferocious bull many such en-
counters could be related to the amusement of
the listeners or readers and at the expense of
yourself. The vicious dog is quite as bad as the
bull, but even outside of their viciousness it is
with the utmost caution that I approach a dog
whatever may be his size. Many a tumble have
I had and in witnessing such encounters among
other wheelmen and women a certain nervous
sensation is bound to possess me. I have seen
many bad falls and have myself been a victim
of bruised knees, battered hands and torn trousers
from contact with mother earth. I once had
a miraculous escape from certain destruction
of my wheel and possibly serious personal in-
jury by a cow refusing to kick when I had run
my wheel into her haunches, virtually wedging
the front wheel between her legs. My escape
was providential and in reflecting thank my
stars that she did not raise a hoof, for aside of
being injured my pleasures for that week of
jollity, being one of the party of tourists, would
have ended then and there.

Loud talking while on a bicycle should not be
carried on. It is mainly with the newly fledged
or the inexperienced wheel-rider that discouraging
in a higher pitch of voice is indulged in. It is
not so noticeable when riding and is but natural
that the tone of speech is raised for circum-
stances such as; distance from your companion
and rate of speed together with the air currents
and noise created from your machine, are
directly responsible for the habit, if I may call
it such. Always converse together in a low
voice and when riding alongside. Pedestrians
are not apt to hear you a block away and
comments will be less frequent against the
boisterous wheelmen and women for I have
found a number of the latter unconsciously
practicing it. With men it is bad enough, but
for ladies it often creates wrong impressions
that are liable to give repute of a color detri-
mental to cycling by wheelwomen. This sub-
ject has been little discussed but is one of vast
importance to the laws of etiquette and good
breeding. This applies mainly to riding in cities
but can be practiced on country roads with
like effect and with much more convenience to
the rider.

Eventually the good old L. A. W. will give up
its department of racing and assign it to some
other organization yet to be formed. The move
will be inaugurated at the National Meet at
Indianapolis where representatives from some
of the five Associated Cycling organizations in
the larger cities will assemble. Word comes
from Chicago to this effect and it is hoped that
by 1899 the new regime will be in thorough
working order. This question has been up
quite frequently and in several localities the
control of racing was actually undertaken by
individual organizations only to be unsucces-
ful on account of the League's opposition. The
west has looked to Sunday racing with a longing
eye and rightfully so. There are very few
cities in that part of the country that could
conduct a meet with success financially on a
week day. The Sabbath is the day of recreation
and enjoyment in which the rich and poor alike
partake. The latter class will thereby be in a
position, should Sunday racing be decided upon,
to enjoy the sport of Kings. Cycling is the
cleanest of sports, professional as well as amateur
and with an influential and sound body to con-
trol affairs I see no reason why this should
should not be undertaken.

Next month's National Educational Associa-
tion Convention to be held at Washington, D. C.,
recalls to my mind last year's assemblage
and the part the cyclists took in the matter of
entertaining the visiting teachers. In a big
hall provided for the seven days conclave one
portion was set aside for the checking and re-
pair of bicycles and a local club had made
provision of a series of entertaining runs. The
Pope Mfg. Co. had provided the club with a
neatly printed programme of runs and a com-
plete corps of guides for service throughout the
week was also provided for. The undertaking
was a decided success but it had not been
broached early enough become thoroughly known
to the visitors.

Associated Justice White of the united States
Supreme Court at Washington is the only mem-
ber of that body that rides a bicycle. He goes
out every afternoon, after adjournment of court,
for a long spin.

Kaiser William II rides a wheel and encourages
the kaiserine in riding, but yet he has no tender
spot for his subjects who are given to cycling.

BICYCLE LAW.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal question concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF RAILWAY COMPANIES FOR BICYCLES CARRIED AS BAGGAGE.

The April number of THE PNEUMATIC contained an article in which the question was considered whether a bicyclist was entitled to the free carriage of his bicycle when traveling by railway. The conclusion was therein reached that bicycles are in law baggage, and therefore entitled to free transportation. There is, however, another phase of the question which well deserves consideration, and that is, how far are the so-called "releases," exacted by the railway companies valid? As everyone knows who has had occasion to have his bicycle checked as baggage, either with or without a charge in addition to his fare, transportation companies frequently issue a check or receipt reciting on its face in substance that "in consideration of the free carriage" of a certain bicycle or baby-carriage—just think of classing bicycles and baby carriages together!—"the company is released of all liability on account of the loss of or any injury to the same." The passenger, is required, by some companies, to sign a written agreement embodying similar terms. In the case of at least one railway company to whose trains the writer has been compelled, by stress of weather, to resort, he was required, in addition to paying twenty-five cents, to sign this remarkable document: "In consideration of the transportation of a certain bike" (it was written that way) "at the NOMINAL RATE of twenty five cents, the— R. R. Co. is hereby released of and from all liability on account of any injury to, or the loss or destruction of the same."

How far have common carriers the right thus to limit their own liability, either by notice on checks or tickets, or by specific agreement with passengers? This is an important question. We have come to the conclusion, for the reasons stated in our previous article, that bicycles are baggage, and if the companies may lawfully exact such conditions as to bicycles, they may do likewise in the case of trunks of clothing or any other articles whose legal status as baggage is not capable of dispute.

The general rule of law is that the carrier in the absence of any agreement to the contrary is liable absolutely to the passenger if his baggage is lost, injured or destroyed where the loss, injury or destruction is not due to the passenger's own fault, or the "act of God or the public enemy." ("Act of God" in the legal sense, signifies any unavoidable natural event which

would cause injury, as for instance, a flood or an earthquake. By "public enemy" is meant any nation or country with whom a war is in progress.) With these exceptions, the carrier is an insurer of the safe delivery of the goods at the passenger's destination. Therefore, when a bicyclist places his wheel aboard a train or boat without any limitation as to the company's liability, and it is injured or lost in transit, there is no question that the company is in law responsible and that the passenger is entitled to recover the value thereof, even though the company is not at fault.

On consideration and investigation we have become satisfied that the releases, so-called, are void, except where some special inducement is offered to the passenger. It must be borne in mind that the companies are obliged by law—always assuming that the conclusions reached in our former articles are correct—to carry the bicycles free, and the policy of the law does not favor any limitation of liability. The railroads have the right in most, if not all the states, to charge certain rates of fare and freight, which they are not allowed to exceed. It has been decided in the case of shipments of freight that a contract limiting the liability of the carrier is not valid where a full freight charge is paid, but if the company says to the shipper, "we will charge you \$10. if you wish us to assume all risk, but if you are willing to take the chances yourself, we will carry your freight for \$8," and the shipper voluntarily agrees to accept the latter conditions, he can not hold the company liable for any loss that may occur. So, if a passenger, desiring to travel with his bicycle, is obliged to pay full fare, and the bicycle is lost or injured, he need not be deterred from making a claim against the company because he has signed an agreement purporting to waive his rights in the premises, and certainly not where, as in the case of the writer, as above mentioned, he is compelled to pay not only the full fare, but an additional charge. Nor need he feel that he is under any moral obligation not to enforce his legal rights. The company and the passenger do not stand on an equal footing. It is far more important to the latter to reach his destination promptly than for the former to transport any particular person twenty-five or fifty miles, and the company is in a position to dictate terms, which the rider certainly is not.

On the other hand, if the company's regular fare is, say seventy-five cents for a distance of twenty-five miles, but the company offers to carry the passenger and bicycle for fifty cents

if he will personally assume the risk, there is no reason why the passenger should not be allowed to determine for himself whether he will pay the larger or smaller rate. But no case has yet been called to our attention where the railroad or steamship companies offer passengers any such option. At the same time there is no doubt of the fact that the agreements commonly entered into would not be considered by a court of law worth the paper on which they are printed, even though they may have had the effect of deterring some wheelmen from pressing claims against the companies.

IS AN ANTI-RAMSHORN-BAR ORDINANCE LEGAL ?

An ordinance was passed some time last year prohibiting the use of low-dropped handle bars on bicycles in the City of Washington. A wheelman was fined for violating the provisions of this ordinance, the court holding the same valid and refusing to consider evidence tending to show the unfairness of the ordinance. The court of appeals of the District of Columbia has reversed this decision, and has remanded the case to the court below to enable the defendant to introduce evidence showing that the ordinance is in fact unreasonable in its operation. Chief Justice Olvey says that, while there is no ground for holding the ordinance unconstitutional, the point whether the regulation is unreasonable and oppressive is a question of fact.

The court says in part: "It [the bicycle] is a vehicle of comparatively recent use, and is of various construction. Its safe use may depend greatly upon the expertness of the rider, as well as upon the construction of the vehicle.

If a vehicle, such as that which the defendant is accused of riding, is ordinarily safe to persons traveling when used by persons of ordinary care and skill in riding, then there would seem to be no necessity for excluding the use of such vehicles, and the regulation by which they are excluded may be said to be unreasonable, and to operate to deprive the defendant of the lawful use of his property."

We think there will be little difficulty on the part of the rider in showing that the ordinance in question is in fact unreasonable. Every rider who uses low-dropped or ramshorn handle-bars knows that they do not prevent his looking far enough ahead to avert collision or other accident. The theory on which the Washington ordinance was based was that the opposite of this was the fact. Another fact which might well be used on the re-trial of the case is the increased steadiness and more perfect control of the wheel when the handles are low dropped. Riders using ramshorn bars frequently take hold of the middle thereof, so as to ride in an erect position, but have not all observant wheelmen noticed that when they are compelled to ride slowly and carefully, as on very rutty roads or streets crowded with vehicles, they instinctively change their position to that of the derided "scorcher"? They know that the upright position, however it may appeal to the aesthetic sense, is not one in which the wheel can be as easily steadied and controlled.

This is not intended, of course, as a conclusive argument in favor of dropped bars as against raised ones, as this would be outside of the scope of this department, and each rider must determine for himself what bar he will use, but we think that it may well be taken into consideration when the justice and reasonableness of an ordinance prohibiting their use are in question.

SUGGESTIONS TO CYCLISTS IN CAMP.

BY KACK.

As the touring and annual outing season usually begins with the month of June, camps will soon be erected, and, in as much as more or less isolated places near lakes and rivers are usually selected for this purpose, the following paragraphs may be found worthy of remembrance, when considering the accidents incident to camp life, and the delay in securing competent professional assistance.

In case of serious accident keep cool, and use your common sense to immediate action. Above all do not allow injured person to become excited. Do not leave patient alone, for in case of accident, unnecessary

and careless handling of broken bones may cause more serious results.

A broken arm should be pulled to the length of the sound one, and two splints placed, one on the outside and one on the inside of arm being bound on firmly with pocket-handkerchief or other pieces of cloth. The best improvised splints are made by folding newspapers to the necessary length and binding them above and below the fractured part. Pastebord, leather,

wood, twigs, in fact anything hard, light and thin will act equally as well.

As in a case of a broken arm, pull a broken leg steadily and firmly until it is the same length as the sound member. Roll up a coat, heavy blanket or empty sack into the form of a cushion so as to make an even and level resting place; carefully place leg upon it and bind the two together with scarfs or handkerchiefs. Do not lift the patient from the ground until suitable stretcher is near at hand. Great pains should be taken in lifting to prevent ends of broken bone from separating and breaking through skin.

Band arm over chest in event of a broken collar bone, place it in sling, and bind in that position by scarf extending around chest outside of sling. A broken rib, causes intense pain when breathing, when a roller or long towel should be bound firmly around chest and fastened by pins or sewing.

Cholera morbus usually due to unaccustomed diet or wall water, eating of unripe fruit, and generally prevailing in hot weather, is characterized by vomiting and purging, with griping pain and cramps in the stomach and bowels. Owing to great irritability of the stomach, everything swallowed is generally vomited until the stomach has been placed into a more normal condition. A teaspoonful of ground black pepper, as much table salt, stirred in a mixture of a half each of warm water and good cider vinegar, given to the patient (adult) a teaspoonful every minute or two, stirring mixture each time until the whole is taken, will settle stomach and check the purging in this. Repeat the dose if the first tumblerful is vomited. A poisoned stomach must be treated immediately. Excite vomiting by tickling throat with finger and an emetic given patient. Mustard and warm water is effective. Dishwater, if handy, will usually turn the stomach. Send for a doctor and a stomach pump. Keep the patient awake.

A burn or scald is always very painful, but pain can be instantly relieved by applying a linen cloth which has been dipped in a solution of two table-spoonfuls of ordinary saleratus (baking soda) in half a cup of water. To heal burns or scalds apply lint, cotton, wool or waste soaked in oil, or oil and lime water, and bind same on to affected part.

Tie a handkerchief or cord above and below a wound caused by a dog bite, snake the wound. In case animal is mad burn with white hot iron. Wash out ordinary flesh wounds in clean water, wring out clean cloth in cold water and lay over wound after which bind in position.

The blood vessels which expand upon the internal surface or lining membrane of the nose are very easily ruptured; hence an unusual determination of blood to the head will often produce bleeding at the nose. Some persons are much more liable to the complaint than others; and males are more subject to it than females. Usually the blood only flows from one side of the nose, but sometimes it is discharged from both, in which case it becomes more alarming. **TREATMENT:** In all ordinary or slight cases, cold water freely applied to the back of the neck, the face, and snuffed up

the bleeding nostrils, will soon check it. Pressing externally on the side of the nose that is bleeding, with the thumb or finger, so as to compress the ruptured vessels, and continuing it for a quarter of an hour or so will often stop it. If these measures fail, take a piece of very dry and hard salt beef, that which has been smoked in heat, and grate it into a powder, and push this up the nostril, as far as possible, until it is filled, and let it remain. This never fails. In habitual or frequent bleeding at the nose, it will be necessary to give a brisk purgative, repeated occasionally, and make use of measures to equalize the circulation. Keep the feet warm and the head cool.

If blood spurts from wound, an artery is divided; bind limb tightly above wound with India rubber tubing, strap, handkerchief, or scarf, or band the limb forcibly at next joint above wound; or press flat hand or stone where blood is flowing. If blood flows freely, but does not spurt, a vein is divided; then apply same measures as in case of wounded artery, but below the wound. If scalp is wounded, make a pad of cloth or waste, and bandage very tightly over wound with folded pocket-handkerchief.

After rescuing a drowning person from water send for doctor, blankets and dry clothing. Take off wet clothes from upper part of body. Lay patient on his back, with his head on a folded coat for a cushion. Draw tongue out of mouth and hold it there. A second person kneels at patient's head and takes hold of both his arms just below the elbows. He then draws them upward over the patient's head, and holds them in that position until he counts two; this draws air into the lungs. He then lowers arms to sides again and presses them firmly inwards, holding them there until he has again counted two; this forces air out of the lungs. Go on doing this until doctor arrives, or until patient breathes naturally. As soon as he does so, rub the limbs in an upward direction with the dry hands, or better still with hot flannel. Put patient to bed between blankets, surrounded with hot water bottles. May give him wine or brandy when quite sensible. Don't give up.

TREATMENT FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DEAD FROM DROWNING.—Seize him by the legs and suspend head down, and at the same time introduce fingers into his mouth, pressing tongue forwards and downwards, blocking the throat with the finger and removing water, mucus, etc., from entrance to windpipe. Suspend for eight seconds, then having him quickly laid upon his back, press air out of the lungs by pressure of the breast-bones for two seconds; again quickly suspend for seven seconds, and so continued alternately, dropping one second to four seconds. To assist circulation and warmth, transfer to a warm room, wipe dry and wrap in a woollen blanket. Place on a lounge near the stove, and rub the limbs upward with whiskey under the cover; apply hot flannels and hot bricks, and give a hot drink of whiskey. **SYMPTOMS.**—Those denoting death; no breathing; no heart action; the eyelids half closed; pupils dilated; jaws clenched; tongue appearing between the teeth, and coldness of surface.

A test of death is to hold a mirror to mouth. If living, moisture will gather. Push pin into flesh. If dead the hole will remain and if alive it will close up.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD ROADS.

BY OTTO DORNER.

LOADS AND ROADS, HERE AND ABROAD.

An American farmer visiting France and Germany will certainly be interested, and perhaps somewhat amazed, to see the average country highways as there existing—broad, smooth roadways, splendidly surfaced with stone, suitable for heavy traffic in all kinds of weather, and generally lined on both sides with tall, stately trees, shading the highway like a park driveway. He would wonder at the money which had been spent upon them. With a solid stone roadway, on which an ordinary wagon tire would make no impression, it is not to be wondered at that three and four tons of produce should be loaded upon an ordinary farm wagon, which is there built with tires four or six inches wide. A French load of hay, approaching our American farmer from a distance, would bring to his mind a vision as of a moving hay stack—such a great difference is there between the ordinary load of hay as there hauled to market and the load he is accustomed to see among his American neighbors.

Contrast such a system of roads with those of our country, with which all of us dwelling in a rural community are so familiar. The law lays out a highway sixty-six feet wide, but it is rare that more than twenty feet of this ground are appropriated for highway purposes proper. The "highway," such as it is, is rough and uneven, and the ordinary wagon passing over it travels through an inch or two inches of dust in dry weather and through three or four inches of bog, very frequently, after a rain of no unusual severity. This is the road on the level. Where a hill exists conditions are even worse, for the action of rain and snow washes away the soil at the top of the hill, leaving the surface covered with the roughest of gravel, and transforming the "road" at the foot of the hill into what, after a shower, is a veritable quagmire.

What wonder, then, that the average wagon load as we see it in the United States is so entirely different a thing from that seen abroad! Travel over a road of this kind is necessarily slow with any kind of a load and, as the distance from the farm to the market is greater by far than in France and Germany, the farmer reduces the weight of his load, that his team may make some respectable progress without being worn out during the first few miles of the trip. Reducing his loads, the farmer's trips are multiplied in number, and the result of it is that it requires three or four times as long to market his crop as would be consumed on Euro-

pean highways.

The movement for good roads is continually and rapidly growing. Every thinking farmer who has become familiar with the publication of the Department of Agriculture becomes at once an advocate of better highways and an advocate of better methods in building them. The American people have brought their system of water transportation to a high state of perfection and we are the possessors of a system of railroads which is unequalled by that of any other nation in the world. It now looks as if the American people were seriously turning their attention to the common country road, and it is safe to assume that, once the movement for better highways is led along definite lines, we shall, before many years, have a system of country roads equal in every way to our water and railway transportation facilities.

THE OLD EDITOR'S TALK.

"At last," said the old editor, who has been in the harness for nearly forty years, "I see signs which indicate the certain approach of an era of good road building; and I look upon it as one of the best signs of the times."

"I infer that you think it high time for such an era," remarked a farmer subscriber who had dropped in for a little financial transaction.

"I surely do. In fact, I can't find even the shadow of an excuse for any more delay in its journey our way. I only wonder why, when advances are being made in so many other respects, some of which are of little importance compared with the roads over which many millions must pass each year, that the day of practical planning for better roads did not begin several decades ago."

"May I ask what it is that gives you encouragement that there is approaching a revolution in the matter of roads," asked the farmer, adding that he was aware that good roads mean more to me and my brother farmers than to any other class, and that he was anxious to see the work go on.

"Agitation, sir, agitation—the practical agitation that is going on in every direction. Why, the ministers are preaching about it, educators are lecturing on the subject, the farmers, at least all who are organized, and they are organized in nearly all of the states, are awakening to its importance to them, personally—to their purses and comfort. Few, if any, of the

farmers' institutes have passed without more time being given to good roads agitation than to almost any other one question. The question has been taken up, in one way or another, in twenty different legislatures, and the discussion on the various measures touching better roads has been far reaching, the papers quoting more or less from the bills and the speeches. Debating societies in thousands of schools have discussed the good roads question. Hundreds of thousands of men and women who ride wheels have talked more or less on the same question, and the great national organization of wheelmen, known as the L. A. W.—League of American Wheelmen—whose membership, I understand, is fast climbing to the 100,000 mark, have done a vast amount of work in making right public sentiment. We must not forget that among these wheelmen are thousands of farmers and their sons, statesmen, diplomats, merchants, lawyers, doctors, manufacturers, capitalists, mechanics, workmen—men from all walks of life—as good people as we have, patriotic, public-spirited, pushing citizens, whose power is being felt more and more in many laudable directions. I used to look with suspicion upon their efforts. I do so no longer, for I have never known them to take up any work that did not mean more for others than it did for themselves.

«I must not forget my own profession. Why,

I can hardly pick up an exchange in which there is not a reference to the good roads subject. Look at this, just clipped from a widely circulated publication. The editor was talking about a proposed piece of good road between two Western cities. His closing paragraph is worthy of close study, and is as follows:

«But these roads cannot all be built in one year. The county board should lay out a plan for road improvement covering a number of years. A given number of miles might be allotted to be completed each year. All parts of the county might be included, and in time a system of roads would be built that would be a credit to the county and a saving to the farmers. Perhaps if the sessions of the county board were to be held in the early spring months, instead of in the fall when we nearly always have good roads, we might see something substantial accomplished.»

«Here is a paragraph from a Minnesota paper that attributes the failure of four merchants, in March, to bad roads. The roads were so bad that collections could not be made. Oh, yes, my profession is doing its parts in hastening the good roads era.»

The conversation was encouraging, very, and indeed rather inspiring, for what the old editor said is true. The agitation is indeed widespread. It must result in the upbuilding of the required good roads sentiment.

CROSSING THE CANADIAN BOUNDARY.

On December 10, 1897, the treasury Department made a ruling to the effect that the privileges accorded by the Canadian authorities of free entry of bicycles in use by transit visitors from the United States should be reciprocally extended to bicycles in use by cyclists coming into this country from Canada and returning to Canada within three days. It having been demonstrated to the Canadian authorities that the time limitation of three days was productive of much inconvenience, and as no abuses of the privilege of free entry have occurred, the acting commissioner of customs of Canada has issued a circular extending the time limit. The circular reads as follows:

Tourists, bona fide members of the League of American Wheelmen, who come into Canada with their bicycles (not new), may be entitled to delivery thereof without making the deposit referred to in Memo. No. 812 B, if they will produce and leave with the collector or other officer of customs at the place and time of entrance, the certificate or ticket of membership for the present year, in said League, and shall fill up and sign in triplicate a collector's permission (Form C 6) on the face of which shall be written a full description of the bicycle, stating the maker's name, the name or style and number of the bicycle, and whether it is a man's, woman's, or boy's; the retail value of the bicycle, the full name and address of the tourist, with the number of the certificate or ticket of membership, the date within which and the port where the bicycle will be exported.

One copy of the collector's permission shall be given to the tourist, so that in case the bicycle is ex-

ported at a port other than the port of entry, such copy shall be delivered up to the collector or other officer of customs at the port of exit, who shall endorse thereon a certificate that such a bicycle has been delivered to him to be remanifested out of Canada, or that the same has been actually exported therefrom, and then forward said permission and certificate to the collector of customs at the port where the same was issued.

In case said bicycle is exported within the specified time and the evidence thereof is furnished in manner aforesaid, to the collector of customs at the port of entrance, he shall transmit to the tourist's address, by mail, the certificate or ticket of membership so lodged with him; but in case such bicycle is not exported within the specified time or the evidence of such exportation is not furnished to the collector of customs at the port of entrance within fifteen days thereafter, the collector shall forward, without delay, to this department, one copy of the collector's permission, together with the certificate or ticket of membership of the tourist, lodged with him. Wheels may be sent through by express in bond, provided they be entered by the tourist in Canadian customs.

Appreciating the liberal action of the Canadian authorities, Secretary of the Treasury Gage has concluded that he may with safety to the revenue, adopt a similar rule regarding bicycles in use by transit visitors from Canada coming across the border. Collectors of customs along the Canadian border have been furnished with copies of the regulations, which are very similar to those issued by the Canadian customs authorities.

Taken From Contemporaries

HUMOROUS INCIDENTS ON ENGLAND'S CYCLE TRACKS.

(The Hub.)

The racing path, besides being an arena wherein exciting wheeling contests are fought out, not infrequently furnishes impromptu side-shows that are scarcely less interesting.

Years ago, a big gravel track, banked probably about eighteen inches, very much uphill along the home-straight and correspondingly down-hill in the back stretch, was located in the grounds of the still-existing Alexandra Palace. The 1886 twenty-five miles championship was run off on this path, and won by R. J. Mccredy.

In the enclosure of this track betting was at one time extremely prevalent; and, on every Saturday afternoon that racing was held, "the old firm" was very much in evidence. On one such occasion, when there was no horse-racing anywhere adjacent to the metropolitan arena, a very mixed lot of "hookies" put in an appearance; and to the initiated it soon appeared that there would be at least one case of "levanting." Sure enough, just as the men got up for the final of an exciting mile handicap, the feverish cry of "Welskar!" was raised. The hookmaker who was making off, hearing the alarm sounded, dodged under the rails, and, taking to the track, proceeded to try and beat the 300yds record of Harry Hutebens, round to the Hornsey Gate of Alexandra Park. But though he was a bit of a mover, the handful of athletes who started after him soon pegged back their limit man. Gently, but with decided firmness, he was conducted to the long-dissed, but still full, open-air swimming bath, near Wood Green Station, wherein at that time the elephants of the circus were wont to wash, and into the duckweed-covered water the fugitive was hurled, head-first. Bedraggled, gasping for breath, and covered from head to foot with a coating of green weeds, a more miserable human being was never seen than that "sportsman" as he clambered from the other side of the bath and escaped on to the Great Northern Railway track.

In those days of the "good old ordinary" croppers and spills were very much more frequent than at the present time. Some racing machines were fitted with steps, and a very frequent cause of accident was provided by the wheel of a rider who was closely following another competitor touching the step of his machine, with the result that one, or perhaps two or three, of the second man's spokes would be cut out. Pacing and hanging on were of course then unknown; and, going all the way, men frequently rode themselves right out, with

the result that they very often fell exhausted from their machines on passing the tape. Many a time has the writer seen a rider turn on to the grass and fall headlong from his saddle, "knocked to the world," as say the racers of to-day. "Going over the handles," was a happening that occurred at least once at nearly every meeting. Curiously enough, when the machine had unseated its rider and turned completely head over heels, it sometimes righted itself and ran wobbling along the track till its impetus was exhausted, a terror to all riders near it. More than once has the present deponent seen a rider who had suffered a spill, pick himself up and, running after his machine, mount it ere it fell. Riders, who, to save weight, had no step to their machines, were obliged, when they fell, to run along the track pushing their cycles until they were met by a friend to mount them, unless they were master of the rather difficult art of mounting by the pedal. This latter trick on, say, a 56in wheel was by no means an easy one. In one heat on the now almost forgotten Lillie Bridge track, all the five competitors, having fallen separately, were at the same time running. The winner of this heat afterwards slipped his pedal about twenty yards from home, and actually crossed the tape running on foot with his machine. It may be remembered by some old stagers that on the path last mentioned H. A. Speechly won the 1884 one-mile championship, and C. E. Liles the twenty-five miles tricycle ditto; whilst, in 1886, J. E. Fenton won there the fifty-miles bicycle championship.

Coming to more modern times, who can forget the merriment that greeted the appearance of the Rover safety at a Surrey meeting at the Oval? The rider—was it Oxborrow?—did not then make an over-brilliant show, and the crowd laughed itself hoarse at the odd-looking innovation. No one then imagined that in a season or two that machine, slightly altered as to steering arrangement, would wipe the high bicycle off the face of the earth, and popularise the sport of cycling all over the world.

About this date there was racing a certain rider who often adopted a most effective trick to improve his position in a race. Whenever the men got in a bunch and there was some difficulty in avoiding getting shut in, this individual, in agonised tones, would cry, "Keep out! For heaven's sake, keep out!" This appeal was always made in such thrilling style that the riders usually parted on all sides, enabling Mr. Plotter to get through with ease.

On a certain track, not long ago, an artful dodge of an exceedingly tricky rider ended in disaster. It was in the final of a handicap and the man in question was virtual scratch.

About thirty yards away was another man, and some way on in front four other riders, pretty well together, were on limit. The race started, and having a rare good head on him, the scratch man went all he knew to get up to the next man, whom he intended should pace him up to the crowd. He caught his man, and hung on. The latter, however, at once saw that, if, riding all out to catch the others, he, at the same time, paced the scratch man up, he would most certainly be beaten in the run home. "Take turns in pacing," he suggested; only to elicit from the artful one making use of him, a frantic shout of "Go on! go on! Ride faster." This very cool demand the man in front naturally refused to comply with. "Go on, or I shall run into you!" announced the man behind. This was rather too much for the man threatened, so he suddenly sat up. The wheels touched, and over came the rear man on to the grass. The judge, who had seen what had taken place, winked his eye at it.

To the writer's knowledge there is at present on the racing path a certain rider who has a perfect horror of being placed on scratch. Did he but always ride in his true form, he would long since have been pulled back to the post of honor; but, preferring easy wins, he never does his very best. He likes to ride in things that are "soft" for him, not believing that a man should work hard to win his paltry prizes.

It is not often that the field of riders in a long race paces home two others, who are really a lap in advance of the rest. This curious phenomenon was witnessed one Saturday last year on the Catford track. Going for the lap prize, that sterling rider A. H. Harris, gradually got farther and farther away from the crowd, taking another competitor with him—Lee, if we remember rightly. "Take it in turns to pace," cried someone, and so the two riders did, with the result that very soon they almost lapped the field, and went over the tape behind the others, but in reality a lap ahead. This, however, took place in one of the two heats necessitated by the large number of starters. In the final the riders keep a keen eye upon the two who had succeeded so well in the first heat, and, never letting them get away, they were swamped in the burst for home. At the lap prize game A. H. Harris is a past master. Probably no other rider works harder for his prizes, and the sport would be greatly enriched if there were more men like him.

In a certain hundred miles' contest, one rider, plugging steadily away, with his eye on the track, failed to hear the cry of an official, "You've finished!" as he completed the last lap of his century. Again and again he was called to without taking any notice. "Oh, confound him!" at last cried the man wearing the rosette; "if he's so fond of it, let him go on." It so happened that soon after, when he passed the line, a rider who had nearly finished was

hanging on to him. "Two to go," called an official. The hard-working one took this to relate to him. The second man cried "How many me?" "Two," repeated the official. Hearing this, the first man, imagining they were really together, started a most frantic effort to reach the tape, which he crossed well in front, having raced home with a man who was in reality some two miles behind him.

PASS TO THE RIGHT.

(*Wheeling Gazette*)

The rapidly increasing number of accidents, some of them of a very serious nature, that are constantly occurring through the supposed rule of the road, that in overtaking and passing a vehicle or wheelman going your direction you must pass to the left, renders it absolutely necessary that the whole question should receive the most careful consideration. Although it has been frequently stated that such is the rule of the road, after careful and diligent investigation, so far as we can ascertain there does not appear to be any such rule, nor has there ever been. Those who have repeated the assertion have done so because somebody else has said so, neither having any real knowledge on the subject.

A moment's careful consideration of the results of such a rule reveals not only its absurdity, but its danger. It is necessary that under every such condition there should be a well understood rule for the safety of riders. Assuming such to be the rule, what are some of the conditions that will be found to exist? In overtaking and passing a vehicle or wheelman on the left you are at once face to face with very grave dangers; now it is with other bicyclists, who have right of way and with whom you may be in collision before you know of existing danger. Should you escape accident or a "close call" in that case, it is only to engage in the game of "escape me if you can" with other vehicles, many of whose drivers take a quiet, sometimes a savage, delight in running wheelmen down or giving them a "bit of a scare." If Providence has thus far been kind to you, or you are lucky enough to have any unbroken limbs or a sound neck left, they only await complete immolation before the on-rushing wheelman's juggernaut, the lightning trolley, whose right-of-way none will dispute, and whose fatal swiftness and well-known death-dealing propensities are sufficient to unnerve even the expert and cool-headed wheelman, much more the easily rattled novice or the nervous wheelwoman. The cyclist who on a busy thoroughfare succeeds in eluding all these and innumerable other death-traps and hidden

dangers into which such a rule would force the unwary rider, is indeed the fortunate of the fortunate.

The only danger in passing on the right is the possibility of a wheelman or vehicle turning out at the same moment, but the danger thus caused is so infinitesimally small when compared with the opposite course that it presents no argument against it.

There is no such rule, or if there is, there should be no such rule. Therefore, in the interests and for the safety of all the reverse must be made the rule, viz., **PASS TO THE RIGHT.**

Let every cyclist proclaim it to his or her fellow cyclist, until everybody shall **PASS TO THE RIGHT.**

STRAWS IN THE RACING BREEZE.

(The Bicycling World)

Now that the racing season has fairly opened it is possible to gauge its tendencies with more accuracy than before it began. Things sometimes look very different on paper and in reality, a statement which has much application in the racing game at present and which will gain in force as the season progresses. Time works great changes, and the best-laid plans often fail to materialize. Circumstance numbers many victims, and nowhere does chance cut a greater figure than in cycle racing sport.

From the stand-point of the promoter, the rider and the public the season of 1898 promised—and still promises—great things. Years of practice caused short-distance racing to begin to pall on the public taste, but middle-distance sport stepped in and saved the day. Infinitely more exciting than sprint racing, and productive of an interest constant and intense, paced contests of from fifteen to fifty miles, with all their spectacular concomitants, caught public interest on the ebb and rolled it back over into 1898 in a flood tide. Promoters and racing men saw the signs of the inundation and prepared to profit by it. The result was the prospect of the greatest season in the history of the sport in America, a prospect which may yet be realized, in spite of weather, mistakes in management and other obstacles.

But young as it is, the season has already taught a few lessons. It has shown the promoter that he cannot with safety or success imitate the methods of the immortal Colonel Mulberry Sellers. He may think he has a "good thing," but other people know it also. He may succeed in possessing himself of the earth, but he can scarcely expect to erect a fence around it and derive pecuniary profit from the advertising privileges thereon. In view of the rush from all sides to make fortunes out of the game this year, it behooves the wise promoter to sow only that which he is prepared to reap. Middle-distance racing is expensive—ex-

ceedingly so, as some have already found—and as the public demands it the promoter's task is not made the easier. It will take wise and careful management to yield a profit at the end of the season—and the life of the sport depends on the profits.

The racing manager who is new at the middle-distance game is finding that it is no child's play to win paced contests, and the manager with experience has already discovered that he does not know it all, by any means. There is considerable difference in the methods of short and middle-distance racing, and excellence in one does not predicate superiority in the other, either on the part of rider or manager. There are several elements in the middle-distance race problem besides the rider, and the handling of these elements in a paced race requires more than the mere ability to train and mount a principal and his team of pace-makers. The race is not always to the swift or the strong, and a careful observer will discover, as some promoters have already found out, that it is more important to have a race properly handled than to have a world's champion to ride it.

Candidates for middle-distance honors are themselves realizing more clearly than ever how powerless they are without proper pacing and skilful handling, and it is by no means certain that the man who can maintain the greatest speed will come out at the end of the season with the championship. Chance, or what the riders term "luck," cuts almost as large a figure as management, and the racing man who has good fortune in both is pretty sure to come out ahead, regardless to a certain extent of his own individual merits. The weather also adds to the element of chance, and it has cut quite a figure so far this season. But the gambling instinct is strong in man, and the public likes the sport all the better because of the uncertainties which surround it.

But while the public likes to gamble, and does not object to be occasionally fooled, there are also limits to its credulity and its good nature. It wants reasonable return for its money, and it refuses to keep one eye shut all the time. Cycle racing has lost both its genuineness and its profit on the Continent of Europe because of the methods which have been employed there, and racing men, however illustrious, who are seeking greener fields on this side of the pond, will not be permitted to practice such tactics here with impunity. The cycle racing government in this country has enough irregularities of native breeding to look after without being compelled to correct those of visitors.

So it is that the season, though it has only fairly opened, has already developed a good many pointers by which those engaged in the game should not hesitate to profit if they desire a successful year for themselves and the sport.

KEEPING TALLY ON THEM.

(The Wheel)

An express wagon backed up to the door of the dealer's, and a badly broken machine was taken out and carried into the store. The front forks were bent back until they over-lapped the

sprocket, front rim split and the frame looked as though it had been through the war.

When the man who owned it had paid the expressman he came over to where the dealer was carefully studying the figures 18,347 on a large blackboard behind the counter. When the dealer ceased his contemplation the wheel owner said:

"I was riding along over a nice smooth road and it went down under me."

Without a word the agent sadly turned to the blackboard, rubbed out the final 7 thereon and replaced it with an 8.

Even as he did so there came another wheelman with the remains of a machine on his shoulder and in a small valise the fragments of the rear wheel. The frame was bent and broken,

the saddle was smashed, the tire was out, the chain was split apart and the rear rim crushed. Then the fragment bearer quietly said, "I was riding slowly along a road as smooth as asphalt."

Carefully changing the only recently made 8 for a 9, the agent remarked in a mild way: "Young man, when this wheel is fixed take it and go to ride. Avoid all these nice roads, and try riding over paving stones, curbstones and obstacles that is almost insurmountable. Go way back in the country and take the worst roads you can find, for there will never be a team to run over your machine."

And even as the words fell from his lips a new-comer had again altered the smooth-road-and-slowly-ridden record to 18,350.

Our Busy Cycledom

In 1897, Germany had 1100 professional racing men.

The welfare of every cyclist demands a lamp on his or her wheel.

The date for the Bordeaux-Paris race 1898 is set for May 28 and 29.

After all the practicability of the "bicycle in war" remains on paper only.

Gaudy decoration generally marks the cheap bicycle while simplicity and neatness is characteristic of the high-grade machine.

Eddie McDuffie's world's record of 3:27 for two mile paced was lowered to 3:26 2-5 by Jimmie Michael at Willow Grove on May 28.

The great Berlin race for the Golden Wheel, run on May 23, was won by Bonhours, who defeated Chase and broke all previous records.

An auto-car racing syndicate is being formed at Paris and it is possible that an autodrome will be constructed in the near future.

The Cincinnati Bicycles Club one of the oldest and strongest L. A. W. clubs in the country will hold a large race meet at Chester park on July 2.

Touring cyclists in Wales cannot complain of being unable to obtain a thorough view of the scenery through which they ride. A speed limit of four miles an hour regulates their touring.

Owing to the attitude taken by the authorities of the townships through which the course of the famous Irvington-Milburn road race runs it is probable that the event will not take place again.

For riding in unsanctioned races at Brantford, Ont., Fred Longhead, last year's mile and quarter-mile national champion, has been suspended for fifteen days by the Canadian Wheelmen's Association.

Last month eighty-four copies of the *Pneumatic* were mailed to Jacksonville, Fla. That is the number of subscribers amongst the First Wisconsin Volunteers who have ordered the magazine sent direct to them.

The National and State, the only two cycle shows of any importance held annually in England will this year be held during the same week notwithstanding the protests of the press and numerous manufacturers.

Owing to the efforts of Mr. Frank P. VanValkenburgh a number of the streets of Milwaukee are in rideable condition after the sprinkling cart has passed over them. Lower Grand Avenue, however, is still sprinkled in a reckless manner.

Electric tandem racing comes high. The French racing men pay on the average about \$50 per month for electric tandem racing for training purposes and for racing they pay \$60 for 15 miles, \$80 for thirty miles and \$120 for 42 miles.

Ingloring by the press reports in various districts of the country the conclusion is reached that Walter Hanger will and will not ride this season. Either "Wooden Shous" is terribly mixed up or a number of formally white journals are turning yellow.

It is not likely that Bald and Michael will meet in a race this year. At a recent conference with the American Cycle Racing Association Bald and Shaefer, Michael's manager, demanded a \$7,000 purse for the match. Their demand was promptly turned down.

Advocates of bevel gearing lay great stress upon their claim that the chainless is always ready for use, while the older type of machine, because of the necessity of cleaning, lubricating or tightening the chain at frequent intervals, is seldom in perfect running order.

Although the record breaking season is considered as part of the future a great number of new records have already been made this year. The most important one is that of the world's professional mile, flying start lowered by Platt-Betts in England to 1:35 flat.

The Good Roads law, passed by the last New York Legislature, is beginning to show results. State Engineer Adams has already received numerous applications from Boards of Supervisors for State aid in constructing roads. The requests come from countries throughout the state.

An English contemporary says: "So keen is the love of cycling amongst the ladies of Chicago, and so much do they value their cycles, that we hear that a number of these enthusiasts rushed into a burning building at the risk of their lives in the attempt to save their bicycles from destruction."

If the statement that hundreds of cyclists and drivers of vehicles in St. Louis have not taken out licenses the police of that city will be busy men for some time to come. The License Commissioners have determined to arrest every rider and driver of unlicensed vehicles upon the city streets.

Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin and of importance in the northwest next to Chicago never had a bicycle track. The wheelmen of the city have realized for a long time that they were minus an important adjunct but this year, for the first time, the matter of building one has been vigorously pushed. A track will probably be built before the fall racing begins.

William E. Farr and George H. White were both citizens of Fredonia until Farr rented a wheel from White and moved to Buffalo forgetting to pay the rent. White thought Farr meant to steal the wheel and caused his arrest but failing to appear at the trial everything was declared off until Farr recovered a verdict of \$500 damages against White for alleged false arrest.

There is one policeman in Detroit who will be very chary about chasing after scorchers in the future. The officer in mind recently rounded a corner at a furious gait in pursuit of a scorcher and collided with a pedestrian. The officer's star was hid underneath his civilian clothes and before he could expose it the pedestrian landed several blows on the upper portion of his nose.

At a recent meeting of the board of supervisors of San Francisco an ordinance was introduced making it a misdemeanor for anyone to drive a vehicle on the car tracks of bituminized streets. The object of the ordinance is to stop the practice of numerous drivers of vehicles on the bituminous streets where car tracks are laid of driving along with one wheel on the car track and the other cutting deep into the pavement.

The Northeastern Railway Company of England, who have been experimenting with a number of contrivances in their cars for the safe and compact carriage of bicycles have decided upon an invention which it is claimed will answer the purpose. It consists of two hinged curved supports which will receive and hold the front wheel and are arranged in the left of the baggage cars and on platforms on portable trestles.

"I shall soon get my gait," said Bald in discussing racing prospects recently, "and when I do I shall not fear any of them. I am aware that there are more good racers now on the American track than ever before, but I have no doubt that the American riders will manage to come out ahead before the close of the season. I look upon Jack Robertson and Jaap Eden as two of the most formidable rivals the Americans will have, but even they are not likely to carry dismay into the camp of the Americans."

A recent bulletin issued by Chairman Mott reads in part as follows: In motorcycle racing no mark can be given by the handicapper to a machine whose riders are not all indicated to him. "John Smith and mate" must not be handicapped until the identity of the mate is disclosed.

Hereafter, no rider, either amateur or professional, competitor or pacesetter, will be allowed to start in a race in Belgium unless provided with a license from the ruling Union of the country to which he belongs.

During the very warm summer months riders unaccustomed to hot deer exercise may be attacked by fainting spells. On these occasions keep the head low, undo clothing about neck, breath plenty of fresh air, dash cold water on face and chest and use smelling salts carefully. Drink a little brandy to invigorate,

after sensibility has returned, excepting in case of sunstroke. As in the case of a sunstroke quick attention may be the means of preventing everlasting results.

The Rector of a London church has issued the following invitation to cyclists: «Cyclists, in cycling dresses or otherwise are very cordially invited to the 9 o'clock choral service on Sunday mornings at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, Eastcheap (one minute from Bank). There is a five minute's sermon, and the whole service is over at 9:45. Cycles are stored, and duplicate checks given at the church, free of all charge. After the service, a plain breakfast of tea, bread and butter (ad lib) is served in the rectory at 3d. a head.

A notable sign of the times is seen in the constantly increasing provision for the storage of bicycles. Every enterprising shopkeeper maintains a rack; many churches have their wheel stables; the modern office building has a place set apart for the machines of its occupants; architects specify the «wheel room» on plans for both city and country houses; certain enterprising railroads engage to care for commuters' mounts—all of which indicates that while the involved opportunity for pleasure in cycling is greater than ever, the bicycle is beginning to be chiefly esteemed because of its usefulness.

The symptoms of an approaching sunstroke are a feeling of extreme exhaustion, faintness and headache. In this event one should lie down in a cool, shady place and apply cloths wrung out of cold water to the head and back of neck. A person overcome should be removed to a cool, shady spot immediately and shirt collar loosened to permit of easy respiration. If it is to be had, cold water should be given to drink, but do not pour cold water on body unless skin is dry and hot. When in the latter condition the patient should be placed in a sitting posture, and ice cold water applied to head.

Bicycle law, and plenty of it, is a good thing, but there are too many useless rules and regulations in force. Rules necessary in crowded sections of great cities are often duplicated in smaller towns, accomplishing no good and saving only the wheelman's inconvenience. In one or two New England cities of moderate size cyclists may not trundle their machines on the sidewalks although no restrictions are placed on wheelbarrows, fruit stands and other impediments to pedestrianism. Ordinances restraining wheelmen from leaning their machines against the walls of city buildings, while necessary and appropriate under certain conditions are often enforced where no benefit ensues to property owners or the public.

«Shall the Scorchers Live? is the question asked by a Minneapolis paper, whereupon a New York paper gives the following editorial reply:

«Well, he won't live very long unless he reforms, and puts his hulking corpus into a civilized attitude and ceases to invite the thunderbolts of the gods and the fists of men. If you mean, Should he be permitted to live? certainly yes. Not that he is fit to

breathe the vital air. Not that his hulking corpus doesn't blot the daylight and invite destruction. He should be permitted to live simply with a view to prolonging his punishment. The longer he lives unrepentant, the more like a baboon full of bumps he will look and the more cramps and aches will consume him. And, mark you, scorchers disappear mysteriously; are punctured suddenly; vanish into thin air. You never hear of an old scorcher. They drop to pieces, beyond repair, and then, as ghosts, they are compelled to haunt the Boulevard and be run over by everything that comes along.»

Dr. George M. Herring, a Detroit chiropodist, has the following to say regarding shoes for cyclists:

«As the number of wheelmen in this city increases, in like proportion does the number of my patients, from a business standpoint, I would like to see the streets a living mass of cyclists. I have patients come to me, including regular physicians, who never had any trouble with their feet until they began to ride, and they wonder what caused their corns. I treat the corn and warn them, but in a few weeks back they come as lame as before.

«Understand me, I am not opposed to wheeling. I am an old-timer on the wheel myself. What I do object to is the way some folks ride and the way they dress on the wheel. In the first place, many think that a loose shoe should be worn, while a tight shoe, particularly at the ankle, is the best thing that can be put on the foot, on or off a bicycle. A loose shoe causes friction and friction creates corns, every time.

«The thing that plays havoc with the toes and the entire foot, for that matter, is this stiff manner in which riders insist on pedaling. They seem to forget that there is a socket in the ankle. In place of confining the movement entirely to the knee, there should also be a free ankle movement. By bringing the ankle into play, the circulation of the blood is assured and the formation of corns is out of the question.»

The National Meet, L. A. W. will be held at Indianapolis during the month of August. To those who have attended one of our national meets it is unnecessary to expatiate on the good times to be had, and to those who have never enjoyed that pleasure, this meet at Indianapolis offers a great opportunity. It will be a great chance for members of the Wisconsin Division L. A. W. and other wheelmen throughout the state to get a taste of the far famed Hoosier hospitality.

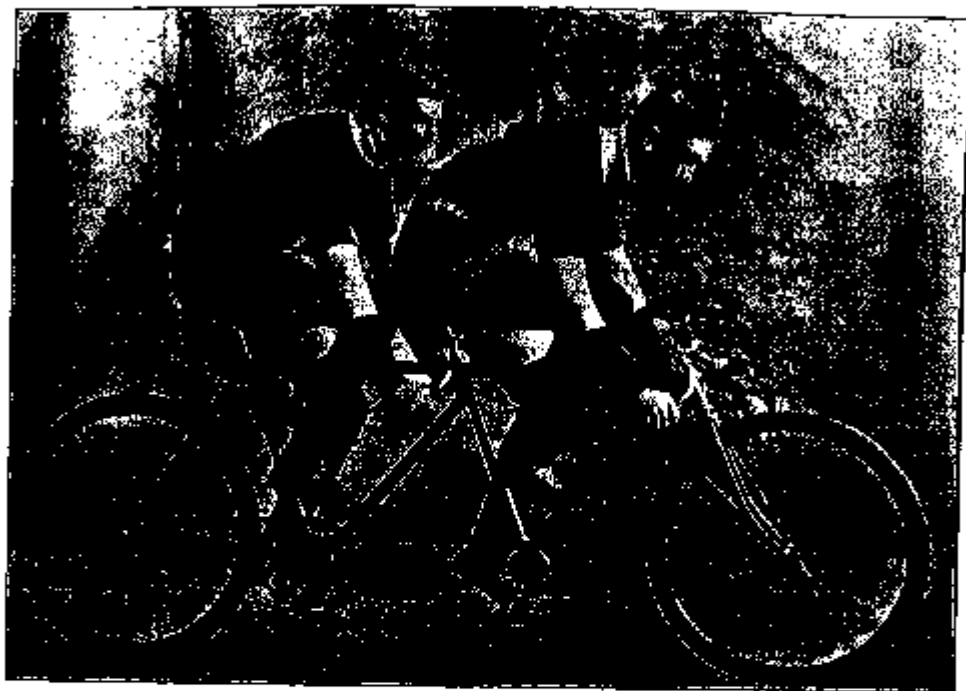
There is an additional reason why there should be a large attendance from Wisconsin. Milwaukee wants the national meet in 1900. We must have it. Let as many as possible go to the metropolis of Indiana in order that they may learn all about conducting a successful meet.

The trip will not be an expensive one. From all points in the country tickets will be sold to Indianapolis and return for one fare. This is a rate of \$5.00 from Chicago to Indianapolis and return. In conjunction with the states of Iowa and Minnesota the Transportation Committee of the Wisconsin Division have made the «Monon» the official route to the meet. From Milwaukee arrangements have been made so that the trip can be made to Chicago and return by Goodrich Line steamers and the fare from Milwaukee to the meet and back again will be six dollars, wheels carried free.

To those who will attend from the central parts of the state and from all points where it can be possibly used, let the good turn done us by the Wisconsin Central Railroad be not forgotten. As far as possible patronize our friends. If you live within easy riding distance of Milwaukee come in and join our boat excursion.

By a special arrangement concluded with the Good-

rich Transportation Company, that line has been made the official route between Milwaukee and Chicago. Tickets will be sold going, good for the afternoon trip on the Steamship "Virginia" on and after Saturday August 6th, returning good upto and including August 17th. The fare for the round trip will be \$1.00, berth on night boat 50 cents extra, to be secured in advance.



THE SIAMENS FLYERS.

If it is possible to look into the future, taking the present indications as a criterion, it is safe to say that when the 1898 racing season will have been made a chapter in the history of the sport two conspicuous names will be those of Orlando P. Weber and Arthur Arndt. While both have established an excellent reputation as individual riders their ability in riding as a tandem team is of unknown quantity, but judging by their work in training a great deal more is not expected of them than they will be able to accomplish.

Of all the Wisconsin men who have donned a racing costume Orlando Weber is probably the best qualified man for an all around rider. Possessing plenty of the necessary "brain and muscle" a cool head and the ability to perceive things quickly places him in a position to cope with the speediest men and were he to devote his entire time to the sport very few riders would be able to defeat him.

Weber caught the racing fever in 1896 when riding the Badger Wheelmen's (Milwaukee) Race he won third place and sixth time from the six minute mark. In the Evening Wisconsin race of the same year he won time prize from the five and one half minute mark. He opened his 1897 career in a most remarkable though unfortunate manner by riding in the

North Side road race. In this race he started from the one minute mark and after riding two miles his wheel collapsed. Securing another wheel from a spectator he rode another two miles when the second wheel collapsed, but undaunted by the series of mis-haps he secured the third wheel and managed to finish well to the front. During 1897 Weber won third place and third time in the Niagara race, second time from scratch in the South Side race, and first time from scratch in the Evening Wisconsin race, winning from a large number of Chicago riders.

His first attempt at track racing proved a wonderful success winning in one day at Oshkosh the novice in easy style and one first, three seconds and one third. In the A. C. C. contest for the New Brunswick Trophy Weber defeated the pick of the clubs and won from Barnickel in the final in handy style.

Although Arthur Arndt has not as yet equalled Weber's performances he is finely developed for bicycle racing and when in proper condition ought to make a good showing.

Very little training was necessary to have these two riders make a speedy tandem team and when the racing season opens in the northwest all the accomplishments that are expected from them will undoubtedly materialize.

BY WAY OF REASON

THE CORRECT POSITION

A few moments observation on a thoroughfare traversed considerable by cyclists will disclose many different positions of riders on the wheel and as a rule the majority are awkward and seemingly very uncomfortable positions. This circumstance is undoubtedly caused either by lack of knowledge regarding the proper adjustment of the saddle and handle-bar or by the desire of the "searcher" to create a racing impression. While it would be a useless task to endeavor to convince the latter of his mistake those who are not thoroughly conversant with the requirements of the handle-bar and saddle as to securing the greatest possible comfort will undoubtedly appreciate a few brief remarks on the subject.

In the first place the two extremes should be avoided; the extreme upright position because the rider will be subject to every little jolt or jar and the very low position because the chest will be contracted and because the entire weight of the body will be thrown on the arms and wrists. Either position is exceedingly tiresome and uncomfortable. There are, of course, riders who would be more comfortable in a certain position than would others, but as a rule the proper position does not vary to a great extent. It is based entirely upon the reach of arms and legs. To establish the proper leg reach adjust the seat post so that the toe can be easily placed underneath the pedal when at its lowest point without straining the muscles of the leg. The saddle should then be placed several inches to the rear of the center point of the crank hanger. This adjustment depends, however, on the style and shape of the saddle. After the proper leg reach has been established adjust the handle bar so that when sitting in the saddle the weight of the body will be equally divided between the handle-bars and saddle and if there is a tendency to slide forward or backward on the saddle raise or lower the pommel as the case may require.

It should be the aim of every cyclist to attain the proper position not only for the comfort it affords but because it gives the rider perfect control over the bicycle.

THE WAYS OF CYCLOMETERS.

It is a known fact that two cyclometers on different wheels will very seldom register alike. This is not the cause, however, of inaccuracy on part of the cyclometer but is due to the condition of the roads travelled, size of tires and position of rider on the wheel. As a general rule cyclometers register exactly the number of revolutions necessary in a wheel of

given diameter to make a mile. However, a test of the number of revolutions necessary to ride a mile by merely spinning the wheel is not reliable and the number will vary to that necessary on road according to conditions already mentioned. The size and condition of the tires are undoubtedly the greatest cause of the vagaries of cyclometers. By yielding to the small obstructions in the road a resilient and fast tire will make a greater number of revolutions to a mile than will a less resilient and slower tire. On the other hand a tire when pumped very hard will cover more ground to a cyclometer than when it is soft. The weight of the rider must also be taken into consideration. The heavier man will compress his tires more, thereby decreasing their diameter, and making his cyclometer miles shorter than the man of less weight. The effect of speed on the cyclometer is also noticeable. Riding a mile in 2:30 over a smooth, unobstructed road will not register as much as when riding a mile in ten minutes. This is due to the fact that in rapid travelling the rider follows a more nearly straight line than when going at a moderate pace.

However, in no instance will the difference registered between two reliable cyclometers be so great as to be of any importance in ordinary riding. The cyclist who has a cyclometer attached to his wheel should not throw it away for the simple reason that it varies somewhat from his companion's cyclometer.

The team of the National Cycle Track Association has thus far this season scored a large number of wins than any other team upon the American race track. It has lost but one of the many paced races which it has ridden, defeating all comers.

Tom Butler of the National Cycle Track Association is showing the best form possible, and is proving a dangerous candidate for the national championship honors. Dr. Brown is also proving a good prize winner, having captured a place in every final heat in which he has ridden for the past three weeks.

It is confidentially believed that before the season is closed Eddie McDuffee will have lowered the one-mile world's record against time down to 1:30. He has on several occasions, in practice, gotten below the present record of 1:35, held by J. W. Stocks of England.

The Press Cycling Club of Boston, one of the most enterprising and progressive of race promoting organizations has arranged to hold its annual race meet at Charles River Park Track on Labor Day. As usual, this will prove a big event, for the local as well as the national circuit riders.

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THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 6

THROUGH WALES AWHEEL.

BY MORGAN P. JONES.

RHUDDLAN TO BEDDGELERT.

Rhuddlan is a small village on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, near the marsh where at the close of the eighth century the Welsh sustained a terrible defeat in a most bloody battle with the Saxons, and about two miles from the sea. The present insignificance of the village, apart from its ivy-covered ruins, gives one no hint of its former importance, when Edward I intent upon conquering Wales built the castle, and made the village a free burough for the purpose of conciliating the Welsh. It was here in a house still pointed out to the tourist that Edward held a parliament in which he made many concessions to the Welsh and promised to give them a prince, a native of the Principality, and unable to speak a word of English, which meant as they afterwards discovered that his newly born son should become their prince. All this occurred in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and though a stratagem in a large measure accomplished what military tactics and force had failed to

do, both the village and the castle saw turbulent times subsequently to this.

By force of circumstances my companion and myself were obliged to stay over Sunday at this place, though we had expected to spend it at Bangor. Sunday was a beautiful day and some time before church time we betook ourselves to a point on the west bank of the river opposite the castle. My mind was busily conjuring up the persons and events associated with the past history of the place when suddenly the sweet sounds of the chiming bells of St. Asaph, about two or three miles distant awakened a train of thoughts more in harmony with the nature of the day of rest. Then unministerial as we both looked we ventured to attend divine service in the old church where so many generations have worshiped God. After the service we had an experience which taught us how well law is enforced under British rule. As we were stopping at a private house and had to furnish our own supply of food we thought

we would vary our bill of fare a little by taking our dinner at one of the inns. After knocking at one of them several times the landlord opened the door and said that he had no license to sell either drink or food on Sunday. We then went to the other inn and knocked, and the maid coming to the door informed us that we could have dinner there if we were bona-fide travelers. We said we certainly were, though we had hard work to convince her of the fact since we had arrived in town the night before and were staying at a private house. The policeman seeing us standing at the door of the inn had to have his say also, for coming up to us he asked if he had not seen us the night before. However, the landlady just then returning from church took us in as a Christian household and we had an excellent dinner.

Monday morning a visit to the old castle with its gutted wac walls and crumbling towers, to the mound on which once stood a former fortress and from which Cromwell's artillery battered down the strong masonry which King Edward had built, and to an old priory which long ago was degraded into a stable, preceded the overhauling of our bicycles. Then mounting our machines we soon left Rhuddlan far behind. Passing over our right a submerged district, which, before the sea claimed it was according to tradition thickly populated we presently reached Cefnogo pass, which according to inscriptions in the wall of a beautifully castellated gateway at the entrance of Gwrych castle park has witnessed many a sanguinary battle between Welsh and English forces. It was near this pass that Richard II was betrayed by Northumberland and fell into the hands of Bolingbroke. But just then we were more interested in reaching Bangor than in the fate of the English king; hence resuming our journey we passed through Colwyn Bay, a popular summer resort and arrived at Conway about noon.

Conway is one of the oldest towns in the Principality. It is a walled city, and its walls are far more imposing than those of Chester. Its castle also though dismantled is one of the grandest ruins in Wales. The tall magnificent castellated approaches of the new railway bridge in its immediate vicinity detract nothing from its grandeur. Both the town and castle were the center of hostilities in the days of Cromwell. At the capitulation of the town in

1646 Gen. Mytton took all the Irish found among the prisoners, and tying them back to back threw them into the river. The day we entered the town it looked quite peaceable, and we had the pleasure of eating our dinner in a house that was used as a college during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. As we took our departure we passed another ancient building called Plas Manor, which was once dignified with the presence of "good Queen Bess," and attacked more than once during the civil war. It is now used as an art gallery by the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art.

The road for several miles after leaving Conway skirts scraggy heights in full view of the sea, the swish of whose restless waves reached our ears as we rode leisurely forward. Our next stop was at Penmaenmawr, a beautiful watering place which can boast of many fine homes. Rising far above it and presenting an awful front towards the sea is the mountain which gave the place its name. Although it is more than 1100 feet high and the ascent to the top of it involved a climb and a walk of about six miles we decided to undertake it and were amply repaid by the sight of two stone circles attributed by some to the Druids, and by the grand and extensive view we obtained in three directions. Not more than a mile or two from where we stood was another height crowned by the ruins of an ancient British fortress, but we did not go to it.

Penmaenmawr Pass through which we rode after tea was considered a most dangerous spot in olden times. At one time a man who had been in quest of a nurse was returning on horseback with the object of his quest seated behind him. When the pass was reached horse and riders tumbled over the precipice, the man alone escaping alive and unhurt. At another time a man on matrimony bent was on his way to meet his prospective bride and had the misfortune of rolling down the precipice; but he was not so badly hurt that he could not continue his journey. On meeting his sweetheart he found that she also had had a serious adventure, the ferry boat at Conway having upset and she alone escaping death from drowning. Doubtless in spite of their narrow escapes they were soon married and "lived happy forever after."

Between the pass and Bangor we saw nothing

of unusual interest, though the scenery along Beaumaris Bay was not tame; but my "tired" horse felt something that took the breath of life out of it, and a shying steed which made me run into some thorns by the roadside was the cause of it all. By the frequent use of the pump, however, I managed to ride into Bangor in due season, passing Penrhyn Castle, the home of lord Penrhyn, the owner of the Bethesda slate quarries, the largest in the world, before entering the town. We were delighted with Bangor, for it is one of the most beautiful towns in Wales. It is a place of considerable trade, and the seat of the University College of North Wales. The Congregationalists and Baptists also have theological colleges here. The celebrated Menai bridges are among the attractions of the town. The suspension bridge, the first of the kind ever erected, if I am not mistaken, was opened early in 1826, and is a most beautiful structure, being high enough for ships to pass under it. The tubular bridge which is of later construction is also remarkable in many ways. But the chief attraction for many tourists is the cathedral, which though not very beautiful has a most varied history.

Among those honored with a burial in the cathedral were the remains of Owen Gwynedd, a powerful prince who reigned over North Wales in the twelfth century, and an amusing incident is associated with his tomb. It seems that the prince had married his first cousin, and that he had died under excommunication from archbishop Becket for refusing to put her away. When archbishop Baldwin, therefore, on his arrival in Bangor in the interest of the crusade against the Saracens found that the prince was buried in the cathedral he ordered the bishop to remove the body outside the sacred walls as soon as convenient. This placed the bishop in a very trying position as the prince had been very popular. At length, however, he hit upon a happy solution of the difficulty. Causing a secret passage to be made underground through the south wall he pushed the body out into the churchyard, thus leaving the tomb empty by a queer sort of resurrection.

Leaving Bangor after a night's rest we turned our faces towards Carnarvon, and after a hard ride of about nine miles in full view of the Menai Strait and the south-western part of

Anglesey we made another halt. Apart from its castle, said by competent authorities to be with one exception the finest in Great Britain, there is little of interest in the old town of Carnarvon. It is a thrifty enough place, and its ten thousand inhabitants doubtless find life more bearable than did those who lived in the troublous times when Edward I found the castle and fortified the town. The castle is well preserved though not inhabited as in former ages, and the Eagle Tower formerly but erroneously pointed out as the birth place of that infant son whom Edward foisted on the Welsh as their prince is singularly beautiful with its three tall, graceful turrets. This tower we are now assured was built not by Edward I but by Edward II, the very son whom people thought was born in a miserable little room in it, and who had the honor of being the first Prince of Wales, in the modern acceptation of that term. That Edward II was born somewhere in Carnarvon no one doubts, but his future misfortunes must have caused him more than once to wish that he had never been born anywhere.

From Carnarvon our route took us in an easterly direction through Llanberis, a small town nestling between the Snowdonian mountains, near the twin lakes Padarn and Peris. Many tourists are attracted here in summer, and the Snowdon railway which starts from here makes the ascent to the summit of that famous mountain an easy feat. The newer Llanberis which is quite modern is about two miles and a quarter from the old town, and the elevated road which connects them gives one a splendid view of the lakes and of the slate quarries on the other side. Tennyson in the "Golden Year" refers to these quarries when he says:

"We crost

Between the lakes, and clamber'd half way up
The counter side

and, high above I heard them blast
The steep slate quarry, and the great echo damp
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff."

Opposite the slate quarries on a rocky eminence overlooking Lake Peris stands a round tower called Dolbadarn castle, which is considered very old and was closely associated with the prolonged struggles of the Welsh to maintain their independence. An interesting

legend is connected with it.

Once upon a time a Welsh chieftain living in the castle had a beautiful daughter, whose name was Margaret, and she had two suitors one of whom pleased her and the other her father. The question as to who should have her was decided at a tournament in favor of her accepted suitor by force of arms, and she in accordance with the terms laid down received as a gift from the unsuccessful suitor a beautiful milk-white steed to carry her to church on her wedding day. It seems, however, that the gifted horse was a demon steed, and the fair Margaret entirely ignorant of this fact considered herself exceedingly fortunate when escorted by a hundred knights she rode to church to be married with bridegroom on her right and the rejected lover on her left. But at length the demon steed taking fright at the sight of the cross on the church gate ran away with the bride, and though pursued by all the knights the bridegroom alone was equal to the

chase. Penmaenmawr pass was finally reached and as the bridegroom caught up with the bride and put his arm around her waist both horses and riders plunged into the awful abyss below.

Soon after passing Dolbadarn castle we entered Llanberis pass, which for wild and rugged grandeur is scarcely to be surpassed anywhere. As we labored beside our bicycles up through the pass between lofty and precipitous heights which in places rise to an altitude of two thousand feet, and on the sides of which an occasional sheep was heard bleating we were soothed by the murmur of a little brook which meandered in and out between the rocks like a stream of silver, and inspired by the romantic scenery. After miles of climbing in the hot sun we reached the summit, appropriately called Gorphwysfa (the resting place) and were soon in the cyclist's paradise, speeding down a gradual descent with intense delight all the way to Beddgelert.

(To be continued.)

A NOVICE.

BY I. P. L.

There's a pretty woman wheeling;
See how swift and straight she goes;
But I know she's lately learned it;
She dismounts—to wipe her nose.

A FIVE MINUTE RIDE.

BY SAMUEL M. WARREN.

In an experience of fifty thousand miles a-wheel, over all sorts of roads and in all kinds of weather, one incident stands out prominently from among a multitude of fellows as being the most interesting five minutes ever spent on my wheel.

Throughout all Maryland the fame of the long coast down the side of South Mountain was as familiar to the wheelmen as the ten commandments, perhaps more so. Although living within sixty miles of the mountain I had never crossed it for one reason or another until several years ago when on a day's run of a hundred and sixty miles. About three o'clock in the afternoon I found myself at the bottom of South Mountain, with my century done and sixty miles and the mountain intervening between me and home. It seemed as though I would never reach the top; an eighty gear never seemed so hard to push, but in due course of human events I reached the top and dropped down in a limp and perspiring heap in the grateful shade of the trees within Admiral Deigreen's yard.

It was one of the hottest days of mid-summer; no rain had fallen for weeks and the roads were inches deep in dust. As I lay in the shade my face on a level with the sun-baked fields, from which the heat was rising in shimmering waves; the iron tablets, marking the battle of South Mountain, on the other side of the road were as hot as frying pans. A gentle breeze from the north was all that prevented the day from being unbearable.

I reluctantly tore myself away from the comfortable spot. Before starting down the long incline I examined the nuts of my wheel and felt the tires with the caution of an old rider; finding everything in good shape I made a standing mount and started down.

I went slowly at first, then faster and faster until my wheel was fairly humming; the momentum increased with every revolution of the wheels, while the machine swayed from side to side like a ship in a storm, trembling under the severe strains of the rough road, but standing up stanchly under six times its own weight. Going over the water-breaks it would bound

from the ground and I would be thrown eight or ten inches out of the saddle only to come down on it again with a bang that flattened the tires, hard pumped as they were, until they covered the rims. The sharp turns were made at as wide an angle as possible, even then I found it necessary to press my foot on the front tire, as every now and then the pedals would dig into the ground with the prospect of imminent and dire disaster. From frequent use as a brake in the early part of the day, the soles of my shoes had worn thin, and touching the tire as delicately as I could in order to retard my speed only enough to assure my safety, I was obliged to change from one foot to the other on account of the heat of the rapidly revolving tire. Trees and fences whirled by in a confused streak, while the zip, zip of the cyclometer beat a tattoo that would have shamed a telegraph sounder. All the nearby objects were blurred and indistinct, but off to my right stretched the Middletown Valley, in which the farm-houses looked like toys, while the cattle might have been flies as far as the size of the black specks moving about the green fields were concerned. Away off in the distance, hemming in the lower end of the valley, Maryland and Boliver Heights could be seen, their tops enveloped in a hazy cloud.

As I dashed through a patch of freshly laid road metal the stones flew from under my tires in all directions, snapping and popping in a way to give insomnia to the man who guarantees them. A series of ruts gave me some concern, as any deviation from the straight and narrow way meant, at the speed I was going, instant destruction with the further possibility of being held up to would be cyclists as an awful example.

On reaching the bottom, two and a half miles from the start, my watch showed that five minutes had been consumed in the coast. I have coasted many hills more dangerous or longer, and have coasted South Mountain in faster time since then, but I still look back on that slide down the long slope as one of the pleasiest and most exhilarating incidents in my cycling experience.

The Wheelwoman

EDITED BY ACORN.

Wind—Something that makes a bicycle pneumatically tired.

Bicycle—A vehicle the rider of which acts as horse and driver.

Baal-Ma-Caan, a species of Scotch tweed, makes an ideal cycling material. It is coarse and light and somewhat resembles burlaps in that it does not hold dust or dirt. You can hang a Baal-Ma-Caan tweed on the clothes line, and by beating it well with a small whip, rid it of every particle of foreign substance.

Among the late bicycle novelties is a small carrier which promises to become a general favorite with the ladies, for in it one can store the numerous small parcels which prove to be such a nuisance when on a wheel. This carrier consists of a pouch or bag made of closely woven bannock-netting, fastened to a fine steel rod about ten inches long. An elastic band is slipped through the top of this bag to prevent the contents from spilling, and the whole can be speedily attached to the handle-bars by the two rubber-covered springs on the rod.

HEALTH ON THE BICYCLE.

Dr. E. B. Turner writes a pleasant chatty medical article on the bearing of the bicycle on the health of cyclists. He thinks that no children should be put on a bicycle until they are seven years old, and great caution should be used when the cyclist is advanced in age. Dr. Turner thus sums up the good and bad of bicycling regarded as to its influence on the health of the rider: "No one who is unsound or delicate should commence to cycle, except under the advice of a competent physician. There are some ailments in which cycling, properly regulated, acts like a charm in restoring health. There are others in which to mount a bicycle would be simple suicide. It does most good in functional diseases and in such as arise from insufficient exercise. It prevents and assists in the cure of such ailments as gout and rheumatism, and few regular cyclists are troubled with indigestion. In the bloodlessness of young girls it sometimes does more good than pills of iron drops, though in such cases moderation is most essential until the heart is well drilled in its new work, and very few instances of pure

(nervousness) survive a regular course of bicycle rides.

Its use is not so apparent when there is organic mischief and change of structure in any organ, though sometimes it is used as a palliative and enables the sufferer to take that exercise which is good for his general health and which he could not manage on his feet. No person, however, with any organic disease should attempt to cycle except under the direct orders of his physician." Dr. Turner concludes his article by declaring: "The bicycle-face, the bicycle hand, the bicycle-foot are myths and even kyphosis-bicyclistarum need but provoke a smile, provided only that the reader observe the good old cycling rule, sit easily upright and keep your eyes well in front of you."

One hears much about swift-gliding wheels and twinkling feet and it all sounds very nice and poetic, but beyond a certain pace no wheelwoman can possibly look graceful and now-a-days you will find very few who do not possess a sincere regard for appearances a-wheel. A careful pace in cycling need not necessarily be a slow pace but it is one which will not run away with the judgement of the rider nor lead her to violate the common laws of health.

Oat-meal and water is an excellent wash for the face if it has a tendency to shine after riding.

In Russia a material is being manufactured from an asbestos-like spun glass which is soft and pliable, never wears out, and can be cleaned by simply burning in a hot clear fire. Can you imagine a greater boon for ladies who cycle than a dress which would last a lifetime with out washing or mending?

The perfect lady desires to avoid attracting attention, and should therefore be so fittingly dressed that the harmony with her surroundings is undisturbed and beyond criticism. Her manner on the wheel will be as unobtrusive as when she is afoot. She must therefore ride gracefully as well as modestly, holding herself erect, with her knees well in, and toes turned in rather than out. The effort in pedalling should be exerted by the ankles entirely, not by the hips. In a whole the cyclist's every movement should be suggestive of all the grace and refinement that the perfect lady manifests in society.

Taken From Contemporaries

THE FIRST BICYCLE

(The Hub.)

Mr. James Johnston, of Glasgow (a Dumfriessian,) writes:—«In *The Hub* of Feb. 25, you published an article entitled, *(How we got the Cycle)*, in which it is asserted: «At last there came a practical bicycle—the original safety which brings us to 1846. It is doubtful who was the inventor of this machine, many claims having been put forward for several inventors. But the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of Gavin Dalzell, a Scotchman—of course—who lived in Leamahagow, in Lanarkshire. Then you describe the driving gear of Dalzell's bicycle as consisting of cranks and levers, propelling the rear or driving wheel. In reply to the above opinion, I am prepared to maintain that there is no ambiguity or doubt whatever as to the genius who first invented a practical bicycle of this description. In the spring of 1892, as the result of three years labour—for love of the sport—in collecting the necessary information, I published a very large amount of evidence so conclusive as to demonstrate to the cycling world that the honour of this invention belongs to the late clever Dumfriesshire blacksmith, Kirkpatrick Macmillan, and not to Dalzell, as had been hitherto erroneously supposed.

«Macmillan, who lived at Courthill, in the parish of Keir (he died in 1878, age 65) invented and rode a bicycle of this identical type in 1839-40, six or seven years before Dalzell's mount ever saw the light of day, the actual dates in the account of John Leslie, blacksmith, Leamahagow, for putting on the ironwork on Dalzell's bicycle being respectively Jan. 27 and Feb. 10, 1847. In addition, to show that Dalzell's claim cannot be substantiated, I hold in my possession now a holograph letter, dated April 16, 1892, from Mr. J. B. Dalzell, son of Gavin Dalzell—after having two interviews with him of three hours each—acknowledging that I had clearly proved that Macmillan made his gear-driven bicycle before his father constructed his own. Macmillan was an exceptionally clever mechanic and a daring and expert rider, and he proved through practicability of his improved bicycle by riding it to and from Glasgow in the early forties on a visit to three of his brothers,

resident at the time in that city.

«His progress on that eventful journey—the first long distance ride on record, of about 180 miles—caused a great sensation, and on his arrival in Glasgow he was surrounded by a large multitude of people attracted by the novelty of the rider and his wonderful Dandyhorse; the terms «wooden horse» and «the horse» were also applied to it from his having a prettily-carved horse's head on the front of the bicycle. His brothers lived in Thistle Street, on the south side of the city, and in trying to escape from the crowd he propelled his steed on the footpath, but unfortunately knocked down a child, who was more frightened than hurt. For this offence, according to a report published in the «Glasgow Herald» he was tried at the Gorbals (Glasgow) Police Court on June 8, 1842, and fined 10s. This historical incident was also duly chronicled in the «Dumfries Courier» of June 13, of the same year. Many copies of Macmillan's machine were made in Dumfriesshire, and also in Old Cumnock and Kilmarnock in Ayrshire, after his Glasgow trip; and it was undoubtedly the prototype of the present day chain-driven safety.»

SOME CYCLING EXPERIENCES.

In a Recent Competition Given by «*Pearson's Weekly*» the Following Collection of Experiences Received First Prize.

Some years ago I rode a 50in. ordinary. One Saturday I had engaged to ride to Kenilworth from Birmingham, where I then lived. On my way home from business (riding of course on my correct side) a milk cart suddenly turned round a corner and the horse «made for me.»

I next remember being carried along in the opposite direction to that in which I had been riding with my arms clinging passionately round the horse's neck, while his nose hung over my shoulder.

Whether he wished to return my affection, or was merely bewildered, I do not know, but he made no attempt to bolt. The cart passed over the machine without doing much damage, and I lost my ride to Kenilworth; otherwise no harm was done.

Whilst riding down a slight incline on the

Ashford Road about a fortnight ago, I suddenly felt the handle-bar give way, and found I was riding with it in my hands, and not attached to the machine. Never having tried riding without my hands, I found myself in rather an awkward fix.

I tried my best to slow up, but my front wheel began to wobble, and after about a dozen yards, I found myself landed in the hedge, and my handle-bar in the road where I had dropped it.

Most of my cycling was done during the period of the "tail" machine, when the accompanying risks were much greater than now.

On one occasion I was negotiating a lonely and extremely bad country road, with a solid fence of stone flags on my left, and a deep furrow or channel on my right, leaving a narrow strip of good surface between about eighteen inches wide.

In striving to keep clear of the fence, I ultimately drove into the channel, when I toppled over the fence, and remained hanging head downwards with my feet fast in the machine out of sight on the other side of the fence, and although not much hurt, it was only after a prolonged struggle that I managed to free myself from a situation as dangerous as it was ludicrous.

In Lincolnshire the roads are very wide and covered with grass, with the exception of a narrow cart-way in the centre.

It was along one of these roads I was pedalling my machine, when I encountered a herd of cows grazing slowly along. I shouted and rang my bell for all I was worth, with the effect that the cows walked leisurely at either side, and as I passed through them, one of them swung her tail into my back wheel.

Of course, it was very quickly trapped between the spokes and fork, and as soon as the cow felt the pain, she began prancing and bellowing.

The most peculiar of the many slight accidents that have happened to me during my career as a cyclist was the following:

Whilst riding down a slight hill about a mile from Leeds the top part of the fork on the

front wheel known as the crown, bent, and let me down.

Strange to say, instead of a nasty spill, both pedals came down upon the road together, the handle-bars being just below my knees, leaving me sitting on the saddle of a broken machine with my feet upon the pedals which were resting upon the road.

I was placed in a most ludicrous position a few weeks ago. It was only a short time I had learnt to ride, and I was taking a spin with a lady friend of mine and she was riding on the left of me.

As we were flying along I missed my left pedal, and, of course, stumbled towards her.

She wanting to prevent me from falling, let go her own handles and clutched me around the neck, with her two hands and arms. In doing so, naturally her wheel would be inclined to me, and mine to her, and both machines were locked, and there we stood looking like two fools spooning.

Unfortunately my friend was married, and I was jolly glad her husband did not see us.

A short time ago, whilst riding a very old-fashion safety bicycle, and following close behind a railway trolley, which was going at a decent rate, I had a somewhat unpleasant experience.

To avoid colliding with a cab the driver of the railway trolley suddenly pulled up his horse to a standstill. Before I had time to see the danger I was in, my front wheel caught the rear part of the trolley, throwing me clean over the handle-bar into the center of the trolley, amongst boxes, packages, etc., leaving my machine in a heap in the middle of the road.

The driver didn't notice my misfortune, and it was not until he had taken me for a drive for some distance that I managed to get out.

One windy day in the autumn of '93 a friend and I were riding our machines through a narrow street in Kentish Town, and when passing a draper's shop, where some dress dummies hung up outside, the wind caught one and landed it right on to and over my friend's head and shoulders.

Wondering what had happened, he threw both arms to his head, his machine swerved round and collided with mine, bringing us both to the ground, but, fortunately, with only a few bruises.

Whilst riding down a steep hill on a very wet and windy day, I met with what might have been a very serious accident.

The road to which I refer was about 14ft wide. I was riding on the right hand side of the road, and just about to pass a steam-roller which was going in the same direction, when my bicycling cape was blown into my face.

Being unable to see where I was going, I took my left hand to pull the cape down, by which action the bicycle ran into the hedge, and I was down.

The driver of the steam-roller told me afterwards that had I not done what I did, I should have been knocked down by the roller.

My best girl lived about twelve miles out of town. It had been arranged that upon a certain Sunday morning I was to pay her a visit, and that she should set out in time to meet me about half-way, each of us traveling by wheel.

When about five miles from home, I found myself in an ill-kept lane thickly flanked with mud on either side, and a narrow dry track in the middle.

Fearing I was behind time I put on an extra spur, and, on rounding a sharp curve, the front wheel of my machine came violently in contact with the front wheel of my best girl's.

We wildly grasped each other round the neck in a fond but brief embrace—and then gravitation got the best of us.

I had had but very little practice at cycling when I started on a journey from Birmingham to Bridgenorth. The road is proverbially a bad one, but ignorance is bliss, and I started with a brakeless machine, the only incumbrance being a small parcel of night apparel tied on underneath the top bar.

Eventually I came to the celebrated Hermitage Hill. This is particularly dangerous. I had been warned of it, but somehow overlooked the danger-board, and had got well on the hill

before I realized where I was.

I was just about to jump off, when the machine bumped over a rut, threw my feet off the pedals, and shot forward at a great speed. I was looking for a soft place in the bank to run into, when the parcel before mentioned fell from its place, having been insecurely tied. As it fell it caught one of the cranks, which knocked it in such a manner that it went between the front wheel and bottom bar. The wheel seemed to catch the string in some way, and carried the parcel up to the forks, where it wedged, and made so good a brake that the speed soon slackened and enabled me to dismount.

WHY SOME PEOPLE CYCLE.

(THE ENH.)

Of the many thousands of persons who are given to taking their pleasures a-wheel, not a few have adopted that extremely popular method of locomotion for reasons more or less strange.

A good many members of both sexes cycle for no other reason than that it is fashionable so to do. It is much to be feared that this class of wheelmen and wheelwomen take their cycling pleasures sadly, and the only satisfaction that they derive therefrom, is such as is afforded by the knowledge that they are «in the swim».

One society lady, who possesses a beautiful machine, is so apprehensive of mishap, that she takes it out with fear and trembling. She much prefers pushing to pedalling it along, and it is only for the mere sake of «appearances» that she now and again trusts herself in the saddle. Needless to say, long-distance trips possess no charms for her; the favourite pastime of this solidisant enthusiast of the wheel being to stand with her hand on the «bike» gossiping with some other equally frivolous member of her own sex.

Another reason why some people take to the wheel is because their medical advisers have prescribed that form of exercise for them. They at once take offence if it is suggested they ride for pleasure's sake, and would have one believe that nothing but the sternest sense of duty prompts them to abide by their doctor's orders. They take their exercise a-wheel in much the same manner as they swallow their medicine—with a wry face—and to anybody who contemplates taking a trip in the company of one of

these afflicted mortals, who cycle under medical advice, the writer would earnestly offer the advice tendered by "Punch" to those about to marry—"Don't!" A funeral procession would be decidedly more cheerful.

Not a few young men become knights of the wheel because of the opportunities cycling affords them of meeting members of their own and the opposite sex. They, at first at any rate, do not care much for cycling in itself, regarding it more as a means than an end, their immediate object being companionship. To these sociable beings "club runs" and similar excursions, supply what has from time immemorial been described as "a long-felt want."

The cyclist who loves his fellow-man—and woman—will never be encountered taking a trip alone if there is anybody at all on wheels who can be induced to accompany him. He abhors solitude as a rule, and the beauties of nature do not appeal to him when he is blessed with nobody's company but his own. One ardent wheelman of the writer's acquaintance is so reluctant to go out on his machine alone that he has been known to forgo a trip for weeks at a stretch because there was no companion available.

On the other hand, there are cyclists who have become such simply on account of the unrivalled opportunities the wheel affords them of getting "far from the madding crowd." They are either too bashful to wish for company, or prefer solitude for other reasons; and, beyond question, for anybody who desires to hold "sweet communion with his own soul," the wheel is the best thing that could possibly have been invented. Cyclists of this order will usually be found taking their solitary spins along little frequented country roads, rather than on the ordinary highways and bicycle ways, where rides the wheelman bold.

It would be difficult to enumerate the various reasons why members of the fair sex stoop to pedal their own machines. One young lady, who is possessed of a very smart figure, frankly confesses that she cycles because it affords her excellent opportunities of displaying for the admiration of all beholders the grace and beauty of her shapely form. Some girls sit their steeds so badly that they are positively painful to look upon, and nothing pleases our graceful riders better than the envious glances cast at her by

these less-favoured votaries of the wheel.

There are a good many wives who cycle simply because their husbands are devoted to the pastime. They do not care to be left at home while their "other halves" are careering through green lanes or pleasant roads, enjoying the fresh air and varied scenery of the country. Before the advent of the lady's "wheel" they could not join in their husband's trips a-wheel; but things are vastly different now, and we of the male persuasion can only wish them more power to their pedalling extremities.

DELIGHTS AND DANGERS OF COASTING.

(New Zealand Cyclist.)

It has aptly been said that what yacht-sailing is to rowing, coasting on a reliable wheel is to ordinary pedalling. Of course, the coaster travels at a much more rapid rate than the yachtsman, which makes the pastime a great deal more exciting; but there is the self-same feeling of control over the bounding wheel as over the maritime craft, while the danger is greater and the exertion less.

To the man who has never been addicted to the reckless practice of coasting, the best advice that can be offered is to continue in his freedom therefrom, but whether this advice will be heeded is quite another thing. The temptation to descend a hill at the mad rate of speed at which a good pair of wheels alone can carry him, is rather too much for the average cyclist to resist.

When the rider has lifted his feet from the pedals, bunched himself together, and given the reins to his tyred steed, when he finds himself rushing furiously downwards, and the roadside fences flying upward, while every spoke in his machine hums, and its whole frame quivers under the weight of its human burden; that is the time when the delights of coasting are present to the mind, and its dangers absent.

But, all the same, the latter are ever near and around him. A treacherous stone, a broken portion of the road, or an unknown bend in it, may be sufficient to bring that fact home to the body and the mind, and to land the coaster in an early and unexpected grave.

As a matter of wheeling policy, coasting is best left alone; but the cyclists who will resort to it should take the precautions observed by every prudent man before setting out on a dan-

gerous journey. He should set his house in order, make his will and order his coffin, in case he should pay the penalty for his rashness with his life. It might, perhaps, be as well to notify the local ambulance corps, so that if the worst happened the members could be present to assist in picking up the remains.

To reduce the probabilities of such an untoward event, the coaster should never engage in the pastime on a strange road, for he cannot possibly know where it will land him. Moreover, the hill should always be straight and free from loose stones, as well as in a good state of repair. Care should be taken, too, to make certain that no other vehicles are likely to be in the way to bar the progress of the coaster in his mad career. In case of any obstruction it would be bad for the latter, but worse for the obstructed. The coaster should, therefore, never coast unless the coast is clear.

The cyclist is, perhaps, the last person in the world who is likely to accept—much less act on—advice as to how he should ride. But it may be as well to point out that the proper coasting attitude is not to sit upright on the machine, as some coasters are wont to do, but to «bunch» the body by bending well over the handles. With the exception of «jumping» a waterfall, there is probably no more thrilling experience than coasting a steep decline.

Last season the pastime became extremely popular in the United States, coasting contents being organized all over the country. Such contests are popular there, not only because of the pleasure derived from them, but also because they, to some extent, help in deciding which is the best make of machine. Still, not a little depends upon the condition of the mount, and it has been proved over and over again that the best coasting bicycle will «wobble» and stop far behind an inferior machine, if the chain is clogged or the bearings not perfectly adjusted.

Another reason of the popularity of coasting amongst our American cousins lies in the fact that all the sundry can participate in such contests. No training is needed, the exertion is practically nil, while the exercise of a little skill will enable a competitor to outstride a less careful rival. Any number can participate in a coasting contest. A smooth stretch of road is selected which has a slight slope at the one end of it. The competitors form in line at the top of the rise, and the object of the contest is to see which can travel the furthest and the quickest without pedalling.

It need scarcely be said that the real coasting demon is not satisfied with such tame sport as these contests afford. Nothing pleases him better than to find a couple of hills, with a short level between, so that the impetus gained in coming down the one may help him up the other. He is no respecter of places, being quite as ready to practice the dangerous pastime on a strange road, as on one with which he is well acquainted. If he does not sooner or later die a victim to the coasting craze, his preservation from that fate is due more to the forbearance of a merciful Providence than to his own deserts.

But it must not be supposed that coasting is a pastime confined to members of the sterner sex, for such is certainly not the case. Some of the most reckless devotees of the dangerous, if delightful, practice are girls, who are always ready to coast down the steepest decline and to take their chance of finishing up in safety—or in pieces.

According to an American authority, the essentials of a good coasting bicycle are a high gear, a lively tyre blown hard, light pedals with little wind surface, cones and balls as nearly perfect as human care and skill can make them, and above all, perhaps, a shape of frame which properly distributes the weight of the rider.

Helpful Hints

Always have the steering head of a bicycle carefully adjusted. A loose head often causes the fork stem to break.

Bad pedalling means wasted strength and such waste means that the rider is not getting his due out of cycling.

An occasional rub with a cloth saturated with water containing a little common soda will preserve and keep tires soft.

A good watch should not be carried on a cycle ride as the heat of the pocket and the jolting will injure its time keeping qualities.

A piece of hard wood cut so as to fit tightly inside of the tubing will repair a broken handle-bar or other tubing until the broken parts can be replaced.

Over-exertion in cycling does not build up muscular and nerve tissues, but wears them out, depletes the body and imposes a severe tax on the constitution.

While it is necessary to exert due caution in cycling over-caution will often lead to uncalled for accidents. Coolness at all times is an art to be fostered.

When starting on a ride, a moment spent in testing nuts and bolts may save great annoyance. Loose nuts have been known to result in wholesale wreckage.

A valve stem can be easily removed by heating a piece of iron and place it on the top of the stem base. The heat will cause the base to curl up so that it can be taken off.

The reflector and upper portion of the interior of a lamp should be cleaned with a soft, oily rag which will tend to preserve the plating in the reflector from the ill effects of burning or blackening.

When there is a squeak in a saddle it is either caused by the coils rubbing together or by a slight movement of the leather on the frame work. A little oil or vaseline will silence the noise.

Do not allow the ankle to strike against the crank-shaft on the forward stroke nor against the rear forks when coming up. Place the foot squarely on the pedals with the toes slightly pointed inwards.

The outer casing of a double tube tire should be given as much attention as the inner tube in case of punctures. If the hole in the cover is neglected it will gradually enlarge, thus exposing the inner tube.

Many riders who are habitually careful to keep oil away from tires still allow it to collect on the frames adjacent to the head and crank hanger bearings, unmindful of the fact that it will permanently destroy the lustre of the enamel.

The escape of air caused by the porosity of rubber may be prevented by deflating the tire and inject a pumpful of water, after which inflate as usual. If the tires are allowed to stand several days the water evaporating will fill up the invisible holes in the rubber.

The reflectors of bicycle lamps, upon the brightness of which much of the illuminating power of the lamp depends, may be cleaned and polished by the use of a few drops of ammonia, applied with a soft cloth. This will usually restore the original brightness even where the reflector is apparently tarnished, and where rubbing has proved useless.

A cinder in the eye may be removed by rolling soft paper up similar to a lamp lighter and wetting the tip, which is to remove the cinder. After rubbing the other eye, pull the eyelid down over the cheek and roll the eye, which will usually bring about the desired result. Do not rub the eye excessively with the finger as it is likely to inflame the organ.

The novice should seek to acquire skill rather than speed. His first season should be devoted to short runs of an hour's duration every day, gradually increasing the time and distance. Cycling brings into action almost every muscle of the body and one who has not previously, by slow degrees, trained himself for cycling ought not to expect at once to be able to ride fast and long.

Observations

BY LOUIS NAPOLION.

Upon the route I traverse in going to my place of business there resides a man who seems to have acquired some knowledge of road building, at least he is doing his best to keep the surface as even and clean as he knows how. The man owns a corner lot and both streets are macadamized, making a good surface to work on. Almost daily he can be seen in a pair of blue jeans and nothing but an undershirt to cover his upper body, with a rake and a broom of hazel brush, smoothing out the ruts and removing the sweepings. He seems to be a crank upon this subject, for he it yet so cold he appears in the same attire as he does at this time of the year when the thermometer registers 90° in the shade. He is about 65 years of age, a german, and must have imbibed some of the methods of keeping «schassen» in repair in the old country. I invariably ride over the surface of his side of the street going and coming and do not heed the rules of the road in keeping to the right. The road is quite dustless and whenever a sprinkling wagon dumps its contents thereon but little mud is created.

The bicycle clubs of today are not what they have been seven and eight years ago. I have witnessed the ups and downs of cycledom for a longer period, but for eight years have been attached to a cycle club. The sport has not increased in proportion to the tremendous strides the wheel has taken in popular favor as a useful and convenient means of transportation. I may say the sport part of belonging to a club and enjoying (?) its run schedules has been on the decline most decidedly. Formerly a club had its certain prestige, anybody of consequence in cycling affairs by inclination became affiliated with these bodies, worked for their interests and otherwise tended to bring this branch of athletics more conspicuously before the public. Meets were then conducted on a proportionately larger scale than now-a-days, and likewise with more success. The management of the cycle club has fallen into less capable hands, and the consequence is its deteriorizing effect in the eyes of the wheeling fraternity. A few have survived but only by the combined efforts and individual sacrifices of the «old timers.» Some have grown to unusual dimensions as for instance the Illinois Cycle Club of Chicago, the Century Wheelmen of Trenton, N. J., and a few others, but these have only found it possible by making cycling secondary to the social feature of clubdom. It is true, there are clubs innumerable throughout the United States, every city can show up a good list but their standing and influ-

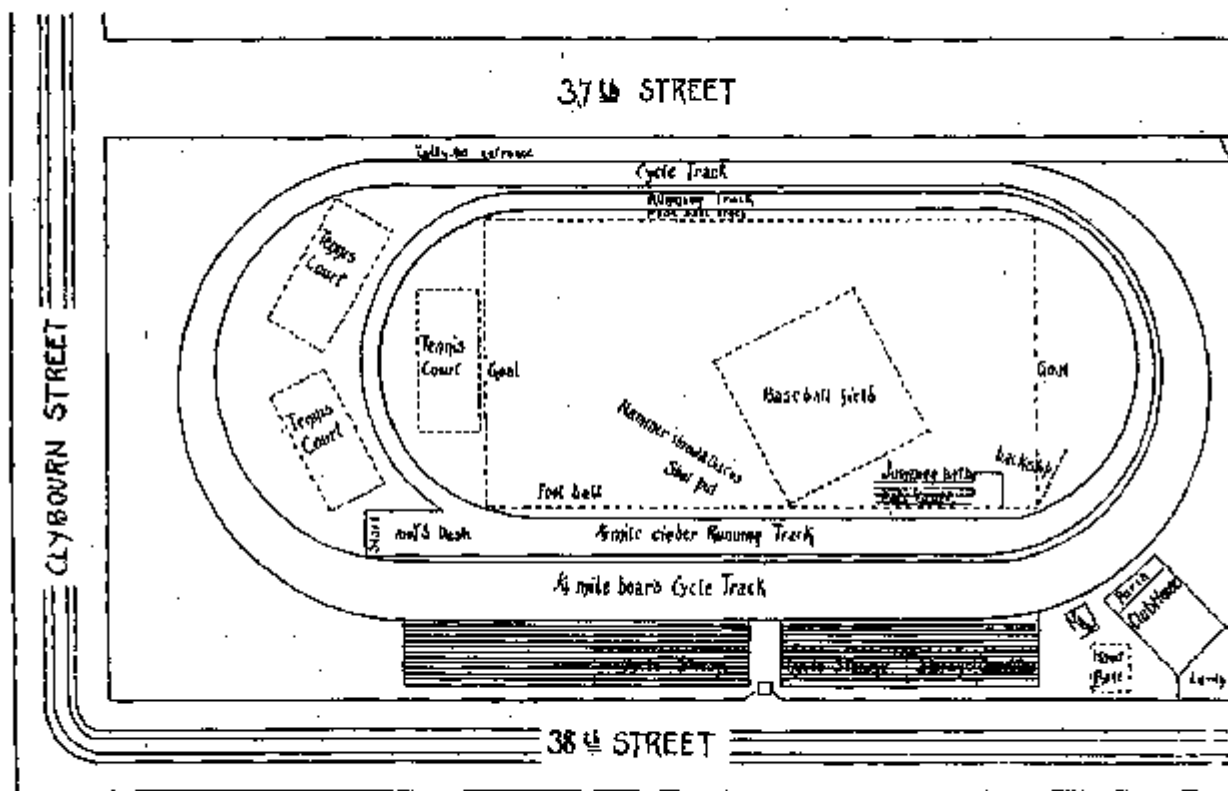
ence is a matter of conjecture.

Road racing is a departure of bicycling which is also losing its prestige and will become virtually extinct, more so than the cycle club. We have seen the decadence of the formerly renowned Pullman now the Chicago road race, to such an extent that the running of this event for 1898 is doubtful.

The Irvington-Millburn, first of importance in the east, has dwindled to such a small participation that it barely eclipses the Waukesha, of like fame in the west. This year especially has witnessed these races patronized but little and it must be ascribed to the waning of the cycling clubs which are the conductors of these events. The non-support by manufacturers in donating prizes, the consequent small and valueless lists together with the poor condition of roads and the riders consideration, from a medical point of view, of overtaxing ones physical condition, have combined in making races on the road a flat failure. Two events, the Martin of Buffalo and the Poorman of Cincinnati have been discontinued for some time, but these were not conducted by cycle clubs, they having been run in the interest of bicycle dealers, and consequently of minor importance than the others mentioned, although they commanded quite a little attention throughout the Union. The Denver Wheel Club's 25 mile race has also been discontinued. Thus it can be seen that road racing is becoming unpopular. Although the several clubs will arrange events to keep up the interest in their immediate neighborhood the large and former important races will be no more.

I know of one road race for the running of which a sanction was granted by the League of American Wheelmen. It came about in this wise: The last quarter mile of the 13½ mile race was run off on a track and it was deemed advisable to consult the western member of the racing board in regard to this. J. M. Erwin, the «William Twinkle» of «Johnson's Corner's» fame was the grantee and the daily papers at that time commented freely upon this new ruling.

Self Culture answers a question in regard to recent inventions and says: «Perhaps the greatest activity has been displayed in detail inventions and accessories to bicycles and in the machines, and progress in making the parts. Pneumatic tires have attracted the recent inventor, because of their almost universal use on carriage wheels, as well as other vehicles.»



The bicycle track which will be constructed in Milwaukee if the 1900 National L. A. W. meet will be held in that city.

Our Busy Cycledom

Never coast unless the coast is clear.

There are 90,000 men engaged in the cycle industries of Germany.

Reckless drivers need taking in quite as frequently as reckless cyclists.

Fancy riding of every description is out of place on cycle paths and city streets.

To buy a cheaply made up bicycle is any man's privilege. To break his neck is fate.

Conservative black will probably continue indefinitely as the favorite color for high-grade bicycles.

Zig-zag hill climbing is easier than the straight lift. The cyclist may here learn of the mule.

August 15 has been set aside by the management of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition as "Wheelman's Day."

Applications for bicycle patents at the Patent Office, Washington, require the attention of one examiner, nine assistant examiners and five clerks.

The flimsily built bicycle serves one good purpose in that its use one year is pretty sure to create a customer for a better machine the next year.

The earlier notion that it was easier to train and do one's best for the mile than for any other distance is set aside by the findings of the up-to-date racing man of the present.

An ordinance has been passed by the city council of Waukegan permitting licensed cyclists to ride on the sidewalks where the roads are in bad condition.

The cyclists attached to the German army are allowed 30 seconds in which to dismount, lay machine on right side, take the rifle from its position on the frame, load, present and fire.

In the cycle trade, the day of \$50,000 racing teams, balloon ascensions, high-art catalogues and all sorts of schemes which promise success at the end of rainbows, seems to be rapidly waning.

Sea air is good for played-out humanity, but it does not improve the bicycle. Cycling visitors at shore resorts should rub the bright parts of their machines frequently with an oil-rag.

An experienced rider says that in his opinion hill-climbing affords the best practical test of the qualities of a bicycle. Coasting contests, while showing up the bearings well, do not cover other vital parts.

Will E. Pitman, manager of the Berkeley Oval, New York, takes pride in the fact that he was the first American to tour a wheel and the first to win a regular bicycle race. Mr. Pitman has ridden the Columbia wheel 21 years.

Were Mr. Pickwick, a creature of the flesh at the present time, he would find in the movements of half-taught cyclists on city streets opportunity for continued moralizing on "the impotent efforts of unskilled people who endanger human life."

A popular fallacy is the notion that, other things being equal, a machine with a low-hanging crank bracket runs easier than one with a higher bracket. Elaborate tests fail to show anything for or against the idea so far as running qualities are concerned. The statement, often made, that "the chain runs easier down hill," may be answered by asking how it gets it "up hill" again to the starting point.

Berlin riders have a novel way of keeping their hands warm while riding during the winter months. In the handle-bars which are hollow at the ends, and closed by a screw cap is placed a small piece of lighted punk which slowly smoulders away, emitting a fine heat for hand warming.

Justice Gunnere in giving his decision in the case of the New Jersey wheelmen against the toll companies said: "A bicycle ridden by a human being no more comes within this description of a tollable carriage than does a wheel-

barrow drawn by a man or a perambulator pushed by a nurse maid."

A great many of the Century Road Club members have entered the service of the United States army and are now on the field of battle defending the rights of mankind. The executive committee of the club has by a unanimous vote decided to remit the yearly dues of these patriotic members in appreciation of their loyalty. It is a just tribute at this time, and will meet the approbation of each individual member.



MR. JOE GRIMES.

The Celebrated Heavy-Weight Cyclist. Mr. Grimes Rides a Cleveland Bicycle.

The chainless wheel is adjusted to stay adjusted, but if, through a severe accident or other extraordinary cause, it should become necessary to remove and replace or adjust the bevel gears, the work should be done only by a person competent to follow the printed instructions which are sent out with each machine but which are not intended for the promiscuous use of the average rider with little or no knowledge of matters mechanical.

Although Italy allows track betting on professional cycle races every precaution is used to keep the gambling as great a matter of chance as it is supposed to be. At the sound of a bell the betting books are opened, the riders take a few preliminary turns around the track and then a second bell announces that the books are closed. The riders are not allowed to have any communication with the public and when not actually racing they are carefully guarded.

The application of the motor to the bicycle has been often tried but as yet with no great success. It seems to be pretty evident that a vehicle that cannot stand alone is not adapted to self-propulsion. Greater success has attended the exploitation of motor tricycles; in fact it is generally believed that the future may contain large possibilities for machines of the kind. The motor carriage proper is well past the experimental stage and the difference between it and the motor tricycle is reducible to mere questions of size, cost and the placing of the third wheel.

When motor cars came into general use in Paris the police ordered them to be fitted with an instrument called the cyclorn to warn pedestrians of the approach of the cars. These instruments make a wonderful noise and as motor-cars are not the smallest things in the world to be run down with the blowing of a cyclorn will clear the street in an instant. The Parisian scorchers was not slow to realize the effectiveness of the instrument for his purpose and there are so many scorches in Paris with just as many cyclorns that they have monopolized the streets. As this is not permissi-

ble, even in Paris, the Perfect of Police has ordered bells to take the place of cyclorns on all bicycles.

Switzerland has placed a set of very peculiar restrictions over visiting tourists who will this year ride on her hilly pikes. The regulations recently issued provide that every cyclist entering the country must be a member of some cycling society which must be responsible to the government for the visitors good behavior. Each wheelman or wheelwoman must also have upon his or her person a card with the following particulars:—1, photograph; 2, personal signature; 3, Christian or surname; 4, profession; 5, residence; 6, the number of the society's register; 7, an impression of the society's seal; 8, the signature of the president of the society; 9, particulars of the cycle used; 10, copy of its trade mark. It is safe to say that a very small amount of money will be left in Switzerland by touring cyclists.

Bicycle greasing is one of the new industries of France. The *agraisseurs pour bicyclettes*, as they are called, are, more correctly speaking, oilers, and usually post themselves at the bottoms of hills. When a bicyclist approaches they offer to oil his machine before he makes an ascent up one of the slopes. They are also dotted along the level roads, ready for custom, and contrive, thanks to the progress of the sport, to earn a fair share of money by the end of the day. The oilers are chiefly elderly men, but not a few lazy youths have joined their ranks, and compete with them in a petty industry which is something lucrative. The bicycle is thus extending trade in many ways. This is the reason that in many French rural districts the village hostebries have assumed a spick-and-span appearance, their owners being better able than heretofore to afford money for paint, whitewash and general ornamentation.

Golf bonnets have come to stay and they are likely to be much worn in the country this year for bicycle riding as well as for golfing, so all girls who believe in making the most of a fetching fashion are laying in a goodly supply of the article.

Prominent Cycle Manufacturers

COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE.

An uncommon ability for instantly getting at the true meaning of things, joined to habits of prompt decision and tireless energy may be held chiefly accountable for Colonel Pope's success. The Colonel goes ahead without wasting time in argument.

Colonel Pope was born in Boston, Mass., May 20th, 1843. As a boy he was absolutely healthy, high-spirited and constantly active. His parents were in moderate

made first lieutenant, and later captain of his company. He was in the battle of Antietam, Sulphur Springs, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Knoxville and Petersburg. During the war he was successively brevetted major, lieutenant colonel for gallant conduct.

After the war, Colonel Pope went into business with the money he had saved, and soon had a profitable trade as a dealer in shoe manufacturer's supplies. At



COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE.

circumstances and, not having had opportunities thrust upon him, he successfully created them for himself. Very early in life he showed himself to be the possessor of natural qualities of leadership, of habits of thrift, of an inherent aptitude for trade. At the age of twelve, out of school hours and during vacations, he dealt in country produce, buying of the farmers and distributing to customers. In 1861, at the age of eighteen, he showed a decided predilection for military affairs, and by careful study of army tactics was enabled a year later to enlist as a second lieutenant in Company I, 35th Massachusetts Volunteers. Soon after entering active service he was

Philadelphia in 1876, he first saw a bicycle in an English exhibit at the Centennial Exposition. He spent a good deal of time studying the machine, and became deeply impressed with the idea that the future contained great possibilities for bicycles. In 1877 he placed the first American order for an importation of English machines, and organized the Pope Manufacturing Company. The first Columbia, which was also the first regular bicycle manufactured in the country, was made for the Pope Company by the Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford. Probably most of the readers of THE PNEUMATIC are reasonably familiar with the later history of the Pope enterprise—how the

When We Advertise We Have Something Interesting To Tell.

half of cycle clothing to be given away

That's what we propose to do in order to clean out our Cyclists' Furnishings Department. And this is how we propose to do it: Cycle Suits that were made to sell at \$10.00, go at \$5.00. Sweaters that were made to sell at \$4.00, go at \$2.00, and so on until every article in our Furnishings Department has been cleared out. In selling at half the former price we are virtually giving half of our fine line of goods away.

this grand clearing sale

is already on and here are some of the goods affected:

Scotch Mixed Suits, clearing sale price,	\$4.00
Scotch Cheviots and Worsteads, clearing sale price,	\$5.00
Gessinera and Homespon Suits, clearing sale price,	\$4.50
Hoffmiller's Kangaroo and Busset Calf Shoes,	
clearing sale price,	\$3.00
Hoffmiller's Calf, Tip and Black Shoes,	\$1.50 to \$2.25
Ladies' Shoes, clearing sale prices,	\$1.50 to \$2.50
Sweaters, clearing sale prices,	\$1.75 to \$3.00
Bicycle Hose, clearing sale prices,	50c to \$1.00
Hats, clearing sale prices,	10c to 50c

Every article strictly up to date and made for 1898 wear.

MAIL ORDERS

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The Cream City Cycle Company

Makers of the finest bicycles made
THE 4-C BICYCLES

413 Grand Ave.,

Telephone 1131

Milwaukee, Wis.

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We Manufacture Salesmen

WISE
WORDS IN
INK MAKE
MILLIONS
THINK

Good advertising isn't a knack—it's a business. If you're in the bicycle business and want to become a good advertiser our advice is to give up the bicycle business and enter the advertising business. Or, if you prefer to stay

in the bicycle business and want it advertised successfully have the advertising done by someone who is making a business of advertising. You're in the bicycle business to make money. You make money by selling wheels. You employ salesmen to sell your bicycles. But how about your salesmen? You employ two kinds of salesmen. One kind travels by rail—the other by mail. We make the latter kind. Every catalogue—booklet—circular—that leaves your office ought to sell goods—ought to be a salesman. It's a business to make them sell goods. It's a business we have made a study of for six years. We work slow but we do good work. The selling power we put into your advertising brings results. If you will write to us and tell us what you want to sell we will tell you how we can help you to sell it.

F. G. CRAMER & CO.

SALESMEN
MAKERS

207 Grand Ave. MILWAUKEE.

business of the company increased rapidly from the beginning, how the Weed Company was finally absorbed by the Pope Company, and how the factories at Hartford have been enlarged and increased in number, until at the present time over eighteen acres of floor space are occupied by the various departments of the works.

In the early days of the industry, Colonel Pope, in order to aid the popular mind in coming to a just appreciation of the bicycle, founded the "Wheeler" magazine which eventually became the "Outing" of today. He unsparingly used his brain, his time and his money in the interest of the good roads movement, and the result of his work in this direction, together with what he did towards securing legal recognition of the wheel as a vehicle properly adapted for use on the public roads, was not only of material benefit to his own company, but was of the highest advantage to the industry and trade at large and to the cycling public generally.

Colonel Pope is Vice President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, a member of the Executive Committee of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, of the Executive Committee of the Hartford Board of Trade and of the American Association of Inventors and Manufacturers. He has always been deeply interested in educational matters, and has been an official visitor of Wellesley College and of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard College. Besides being president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, he is a director in the American Loan and Trust Company of Boston, and an officer or director in many other prominent corporations.

The Colonel resides in Boston, usually spending two days each week at Hartford in consultation with the heads of the various departments of the company, and tours of inspections through the factories. When in Boston he is kept in constant touch with the works through systematized daily reports. He is thus at all times familiar with every detail of his company's immense business.

R. PHILIP GORMULLY.

President and treasurer Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. President Shelby Cycle Mfg. Co., of Shelby, O., a pioneer in the bicycle industry, R. Philip Gormully claims for his concern the distinction of having built and operated the first factory in the world which was devoted exclusively to the manufacture of bicycles. His company also originated and marketed the first double tube detachable pneumatic tire for bicycles and road vehicles, which invention did much to revolutionize methods of bicycle construction.

Better known, perhaps, than Mr. Gormully personally are the wheels his company manufactures, the

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They are Sweepstakes
this year.

\$50 - \$75

W. L. Candee,
146 Mason St.

SOMETHING NEW.

"Hygienic Bicycling"

A Pocket Manual for the Healthful
Use of the Wheel.

LATEST BOOK OUT, AND UP-TO-DATE
IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

Written by twenty-five leading Doctors and Specialists of our largest Medical Schools and Hospitals. Takes up all chronic troubles heir to man, and applies the Wheel as a curative or remedial agency. Every subject thoroughly treated by a well known Specialist. Finely printed from new, clean cut type, on best paper, making it easy read. Handsome cover. A very appropriate gift to a cycling friend.

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Rambler, made familiar throughout the civilized countries of the world by extensive and persistent advertising.

He has been prominent in the affairs of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers, serving two terms as first vice-president and Chairman of Press Committee, and twice declining, on account of poor health, the almost unanimous nomination for president of that board. He was a pioneer in the bicycle industry.

Mr. Gormully was born Feb. 24th, 1847, in Devonshire, England. There received a good general and business education. Came to America upon arrival of years of manhood, direct to Chicago, where he has lived ever since, and where he has been identified with several business enterprises, now devoting his entire time and energies to the above named corporations.

Resides in his beautiful home at 459 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. Is a member of social clubs, prominent among them the Union League, Union, Marguerite, Germania and Chicago Athletic. Has traveled extensively in the United States, Europe, Canada, Mexico and South America. In the latter continent he was received with special honors by virtue of his official relations to Venezuela. Shortly after the World's Columbian Exposition, the head of that nation "for services rendered and kindnesses extended" decorated Mr. Gormully with the "Bolivar Medal" creating him a "Chevalier of the Order of the Liberator," and also appointed him, by commission sent to President Cleveland, Honorary Consul for Venezuela at Chicago. And yet one might talk with Mr. Gormully for days, and not learn of these honors which have been heaped upon him, which discloses a characteristic trait of the man. The walls and cabinets of his library contain many evidences of his extensive travels.

Mr. Gormully is a lover of books, art, music, and is something of a flautist. His dogs have taken prizes at the dog show, and his horses are his pride.

BETTER MULTICYCLES.

It is less than two years since America saw its first middle-distance paced race, yet in that short space of time this country has advanced from the lowest position among the countries promoting such races to the very top. Now we are absolutely without a competitor worthy the name in the art of handling paced races and in all the details which are necessary to their success.

Students of the game are free to admit that we are not alone under obligations to any one feature of paced racing for our success, but that every one of the details has been brought to such a state of per-

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The largest, fastest Excursion Steamer in the World.



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Music.....	Bicycles Free. Cafe.

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VOL. I.

MILWAUKEE, AUGUST, 1898.

No. 1

You're a man
 A business man,
 You have a reason
 For being a business man,
 Your business is like
 Every other business man's business,
 In a way.
 In the way of printing.
 Almost every business man
 Who has something to sell
 Has a catalogue,
 Or booklet,
 Or folder,
 Or circular.
 Every business man
 Must have commercial stationery,
 Letter heads,
 And bill heads,
 And statements,
 And cards.
 These things incur an expense,
 They ought to bring results,
 Some do,
 Some don't.
 It depends upon the business man
 And printer.
 Some business men
 Have made a study
 Of Typography,
 Some haven't.
 The latter depend upon the printer
 To make their stationery attractive,
 To make it sell goods.

A catalogue must be a salesman,
 Be particular about its dress.
 A shabbily dressed salesman
 Seldom sells goods.
 Your booklets,
 And circulars,
 And letter heads,
 Etc.,
 Are salesmen too.
 Dress them right.
 Here's where we come in,
 We have the type,
 The facilities,
 And we have the brains.
 We are the only printing concern
 In Milwaukee
 That takes all the detail
 Off your hands.
 We have a department
 Of Profitable Publicity
 For that purpose.
 We can write and illustrate
 Your catalogues and booklets,
 Or any of your printed matter,
 Or we can attend to
 The printing only.
 That means
 We will dress it right,
 Arrange it to bring results.
 If you need any printed matter
 Tell us what you want
 And we will tell you
 What it will cost.

THE PNEUMATIC PRESS

Printers to the Queen's Taste,

IF HER TASTE IS GOOD

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Milwaukee.

How Much is Health Worth to You?

Is it worth the time required to secure two subscribers to THE PNEUMATIC? If it is send us two subscribers and we will give you absolutely free of charge, a 130 page book on the

Healthful Use of the Wheel

Containing over 500 articles on Hygienic bicycling, written by twenty-five of the most prominent doctors and specialists of the present day, ...

A FEW OF THE ARTICLES:

Cycling and Mental Health—The How Often and How Much of Cycling—The Hygiene of Learning to Ride—Where to Learn to Ride—How to Mount the Wheel—Hygiene Caution for Women While Learning to Ride—Healthful Clothing for Lady Cyclists—The Avoidance of Exhaustion—Scientific Basis of Nutrition for Cyclists—Proper Height of Saddle and Handlebars—Hygienic Construction of the Saddle—The Avoiding of Accidents—Medical Hints for Emergencies—Things to be Provided for on a Long Ride—A Presentation of the Possible Dangers of Bicycling—Shall a Person who has Damaged Heart or Kidneys Ride the Wheel—The Bicycle and the Age, and Many Other Articles.

SEND US TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS FOR THIS INSTRUCTIVE BOOK.

ADDRESS:

Subscription Department The Pneumatic,

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

fection that all are equally to be credited. The first necessity in this class of racing is, of course, to have men who can follow the big machines at the required speed and keep it up for the full distance of a race or a record trial. Two years ago we did not have a man who could follow the motorcycles for more than five miles, and but very few even at that short distance. To-day we have several who have the hour record at their mercy and some who are good for fifty to one hundred miles at any pace that can be set. This is one of the principal points in our improvement.

The next requisite was pacemakers who could set pace fast enough for the principals and who could set it scientifically. By that is meant to set it so that the men following would not be under too great a strain from poor pick-ups or irregular gait. That this requirement has been fulfilled goes without saying, and even our competitors across the ocean would not deny it were they given the opportunity of seeing American pacemakers going at a race which would have seemed incredible two years ago and not alone that but setting the pace so regularly and making pick-ups so close that it seemed they are controlled by clock work.

But a point upon which we were exceedingly weak at the outset and one upon which all the good work of the principals and pacemakers could be set at naught was that of the pacing machines. For our first season, and again last year, there was scarcely a race which did not witness the pacemaking machines of both riders in a middle-distance race breaking at a critical moment, and it is a fact that there was scarcely a defeat which was not attributed to this cause. But in this feature as in all others we have made such improvements that there now seems but little opportunity, or necessity for further development. The stars who are now attracting the attention of the cycling and sporting world have machines to follow in which the utmost confidence is placed, and the thought of a machine breaking down no longer enters in to the calculations of a race. This is practically a demonstration of the present year, but it is so apparent and so gratifying that it has been the cause of comment among wheelmen wherever cycle races are ridden, and that is everywhere.

The credit for this confidence in the pacing machines is due to the untiring energy and the mechanical skill employed of one concern—the Waltham Mfg. Co. which has furnished the pacing machines for Linton, McDuffee, Michael, Taylore, Titus and Major Taylor.

When the season opened these riders immediately made contracts with this company for the famous Orient machines then building and when the proper arrangements had been made universal satisfaction was expressed by the riders, for they had the confidence that no longer would they be the victims of

There is more trouble in this section of the country than in other diseases just mentioned, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and provided local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven material to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cherry Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutionally pure cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and purifies the surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, Etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Direct to the Rider. No Agents' Fees.

Sent in Your Specifications. All
Parts at Your Option.

The "Peer" Bicycle

Built to Order as Per Your Orders.
1898 Model.

\$24.00 to \$45.00

Prichard & Pierron, Bicycle Manufacturers

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WHEELMEN'S RESORTS.

Hotel Daub

Ranks with the Best in the State.

Beley's Waukegan Special
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First and Main Sts., - Watertown, Wis.

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"PIONEERS" HEADQUARTERS,

Silver Springs P. O., Wis.

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Brown Deer Tavern

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Brown Deer P. O., Wis.

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questionable pacing artillery. And the confidence has not been abused in the slightest for though any number of races have been ridden by these celebrities there has not been a single instance in which one of the pacing machines has given trouble. This may not seem to be so wonderful on the face of it, but when the terrific strain on the machines because of the lightning gait at which they are used is considered it will immediately be seen that a company which can build them strong enough to withstand the use is to be congratulated. That there has not been a single accident because of construction in an Orient pacing machine this season speaks volumes for the mechanical advantages of them. Every feature in the way of expert labor, material and designing is embodied in these machines as is proven by the record made by them in all the big races of the present season.

WITH THE TRADE.

It is stated that a large delivery tricycle, propelled by an improved type of gasoline motor, has been perfected by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

An electric carriage built by the Pope Manufacturing Company was awarded the first prize for elegance at the special automobile meet recently held at Spa, Belgium.

It is claimed that bevel gears are better for following pace than the chain on account of the absolutely unbroken connection between the driving power and the driving wheel.

The Pope Manufacturing Company reports that the business of its new Sandry Department, although started rather late in the season, has been entirely satisfactory. The company invites correspondence from inventors, or others owning rights for desirable specialties.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has just issued a comprehensive little book of some thirty pages conveying full instructions for the proper care and adjustment of each bicycle catalogued by the company. Directions are given for simple repair work and the text is supplemented by about 50 illustrations.

Harold I. Deane of Denver Colo., has made claim for the amateur world's record for the half mile. At the Colorado state meet held July 4, at Pueblo, Deane rode a half mile in a trial heat in 1:00 4-5 which is the fastest time ever made in competition by an amateur. Deane rides an Andras racer and his friends believe he will prove to be the fastest amateur of the year.

The book issued to the trade by a Hartford tire concern is really of general as well as of special interest. The story of the rubber product from forest to factory is graphically told, chiefly by means of a series of carefully executed half-tones which picture the Amazonian forests and the various forms of life therein, the tapping of the rubber trees, the native curing of the product and the different stages of its transportation to the grinding mill. Each illustration is supplemented by a few words of description. This book thoroughly demonstrates the fact that the use of pictures or pictorial symbols in writing, while of ancient origin, is still of practical adaptation to strictly modern purposes.

"New Zealand Cyclist"

THE CYCLING AUTHORITY OF NEW ZEALAND.

PUBLISHED BY THE

* LYTTLETON TIMES COMPANY,

Christchurch, New Zealand.

**MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO**

Appetite
and good digestion
wait on him who
uses

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic



**THE ART OF BREWING WAS
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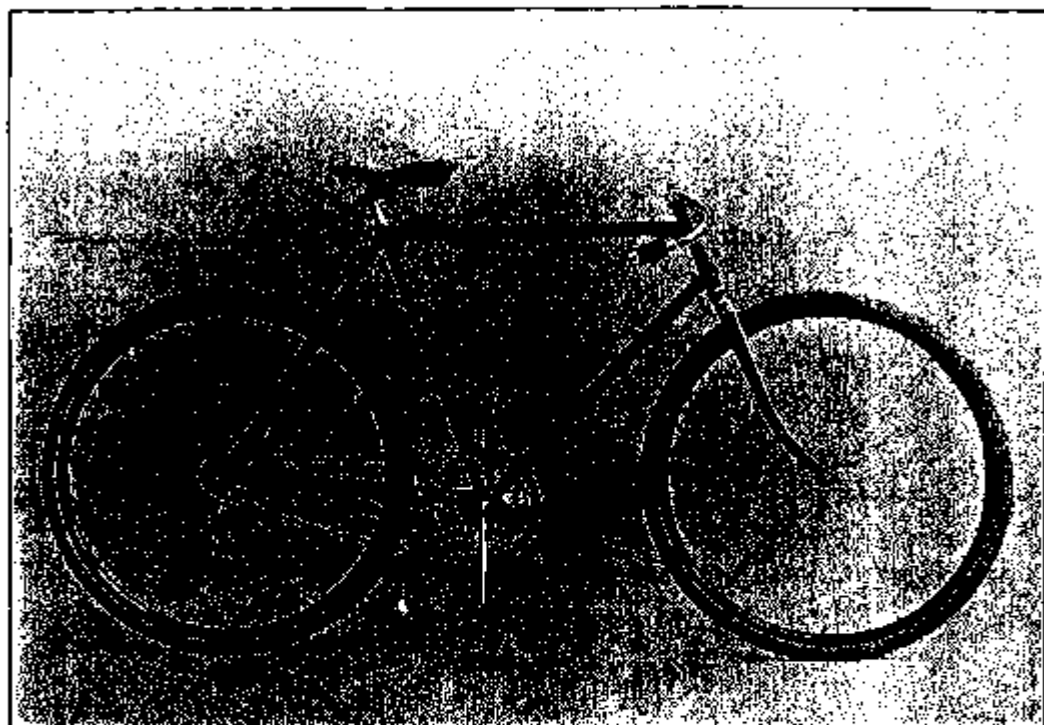
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you ought to read
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No. 7

THROUGH WALES A WHEEL.

BY MORGAN P. JONES.

BEDDGELEERT TO BUILTH.

BEDDGELEERT means Gelert's grave. Gelert was a hound belonging to Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales, who, returning one day from a hunting expedition was met on the threshold of his house by the faithful hound to whom he had entrusted the care of his infant son, and seeing the cradle overturned and the jaws of the hound covered with blood he jumped to the conclusion that his dog had killed his child and ran him through with his sword. Upon examination he found his child alive and unhurt beside a dead wolf and saw that the faithful Gelert had saved the life of his son instead of destroying it. Filled with remorse he buried the victim of his rash deed in a meadow not far from the church, where it is marked even to this day by two plain upright stones and a tree inside of broken railings.

The village lies at the junction of three valleys and is considered one of the most romantic

spots in Wales. No one who has had the pleasure of visiting it and the many points of interest of which it is the center can recall the place without a feeling of delight. It was to the seclusion of Nant Gwynnant in this vicinity that Vortigern who had been the means of bringing the Saxons to Britain fled to escape the wrath of his countrymen after the Treachery of the Long Knives. It was on Emrys's Hill near here also that he commenced that castle which the goblin builders who haunted the vale laid even with the ground every night, until Merlin after taking the king to a cave and showing him the two fighting dragons, whose subjects the goblins were, and put a stop to the interference. Nor is the cave in which the wise men, who advised the king to build the castle, were buried very far away, if tradition is to be relied upon.

No one is supposed to visit Beddgelert without making a trip to the top of Snowdon. My

companion and I performed this feat partly on our bicycles and partly on foot. Following the Nant Colwyn road for about three miles we left our machines at a farm house and began to climb an eminence in earnest, Snowdon being in full view in the distance. The ascent from the farm house is a little over three miles, and the path, once you have found it, is well defined. We, however, missed it going up making the climb both longer and more difficult. Still the digression was not without its compensation as it enabled us to get a different view of the mountain scenery from what is to be had from the regular path. About a mile from the top we found the beaten track, which not far from the top took us over a rocky saddle with fearful abysses to the right and left of us. The wind was blowing a regular gale also, necessitating the utmost care on our part lest a sudden gust should hurl us into the depths.

Upon reaching the summit we were rewarded by a sight of one of the grandest panoramas ever viewed by man. The day was not clear enough, as it occasionally is, to enable the observer to catch a glimpse of the four kingdoms, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; but we were favored with a range of vision that included nearly half of Wales. Look where we would, hills, mountains, valleys, rivers and lakes astonished our gaze with scenes of marvelous grandeur and beauty. While we were admiring the magnificent view before us the keeper of one of the two small wooden inns in our immediate vicinity took occasion to inform us that his establishment being the most modern was by far the most worthy of our patronage. He was kind enough also to call out his servant, a short, thick-set little Welshman, to tell the names of the various mountains and lakes, but we benefited little by his kindness as our informant merely rattled off a number of Welsh names and rushed back into the inn as if he feared we were goblins. There were but two other tourists on the summit while we were there, but we met quite a number going up as we were descending. I do not think there were any Americans among them else the ladies would have been better looking.

After our return to Beddgelert we were soon speeding over a good road and through fine scenery in the direction of Harlech, which owing to the fatigue caused by our Snowdon

climb we made our stopping place for the night. We found this small but ancient town an ideal place in which to rest as it combines quiet with a grand panorama of sea and mountain. The most picturesque as well as the most celebrated spot in the town is that crowned by the castle, which though a ruin is kept in a fair state of preservation. The castle has had an eventful history. It also is the center of several legends, one of which runs as follows:

Maelgwyn Gwynedd, king of North Wales, who dwelt in the castle as far back as the sixth century, one day in a fit of revenge seized a train of oxen belonging to Tydecho, a Christian missionary, with whom he was not on the best terms. Then seeing the missionary the next day guiding a plow drawn by two wild stags and followed by a grey wolf dragging a harrow he set his hounds after the deer only to see them driven back in utter confusion. This greatly ruffled his majesty's temper, and he would have leaped to his feet in his rage had he not found on attempting to do so that he was fixed to the stone upon which he sat. Here was a predicament indeed. But preferring a throne upon which he was less established he swallowed his wrath with as much grace as he could, and sent for the missionary, who condescended to release him on the condition that he restore to him the oxen that he had seized.

Among the places through which we passed after leaving Harlech was Barmouth, a beautiful watering place; Dolgelley with its wealth of natural grandeur; Newton, where much of the Welsh flannel is manufactured; and Llanidloes, a small town on the Severn, not far from its source. From Llanidloes to Machynlleth we traveled over the worst road for bicyclists that we found on the whole trip. Not only was it very hilly but often rough. The scenery, however, was delightful much of the way, and the mountain air was bracing. About half way we passed an old lead mine, near which we saw an immense water-wheel, the second largest in Great Britain, the largest being on the Isle of Man. A man who sat by the roadside and to whom we put a few questions about the mine said that it had been idle for sometime, pending a change of proprietors. He also amused us not a little by asking if we were not some of those who intended to buy the mine. The idea of a minister or a minister's son wanting to buy

a lead mine, as if a man in charge of a congregation did not have weight enough on his conscience. Had it been a gold mine we might have considered the compliment tempting as well as flattering, for where is the minister or the minister's son who would refuse a gold mine.

Machynlleth is a small town with a very interesting history. It was here that Owen Glendower after his victories over the English held a parliament and was formally crowned king of Wales. It was here also that David Gam, who afterward told Henry V during the battle of Agincourt that there were enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away, attempted to assassinate Owen Glendower.

The ride from Machynlleth to Aberystwyth was very enjoyable, the road being hard and smooth and the scenery grand. As we were speeding along through a small village I heard a remark that was as amusing as the question of the man at the mine. Two women stood looking at us and one said to the other that we must belong to some circus. Clownish as we seemed, however, we at length ventured to make Aberystwyth our headquarters over Sunday, though it is considered the most popular and fashionable watering place in Wales. In default of my clerical outfit which failed to arrive in time I even dared to attend church in my bicycle suit, a sweater doing service for a "biled shirt." The church edifice was a beautiful structure, the pipe organ was fine, the organist competent, and the music soul stirring. A choir of young girls assisted by two male voices led the singing, the congregation heartily joining in the praises of God. The whole service was impressive.

Leaving Aberystwyth with its semi-circular

bay, ruined fortress, university college, and numerous hotels and boarding houses we presently had a delightful view of the Rheidol Valley. Nor did we find the vicinity of Devil's Bridge what the name might lead one to expect, for it is one of the most romantic spots in Wales. The bridge is attributed to his satanic majesty because it is claimed that he built it many centuries ago to accommodate an old woman whose cow had wandered to the other side of the ravine, hoping to receive the old woman herself as a reward for his kindness, but being outwitted was offered her mangy cow instead. Whether the people generally refused to utilize the handiwork of so notorious and unreliable an architect is not stated; but the fact that a more modern bridge has long ago been built, immediately above it might indicate something of the sort.

The next place we visited was Builth, in the neighborhood of which are mineral wells of some repute. It was on a hill in this vicinity that Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales, fought his last battle, and it was from a well now bearing his name that he took his last drink before he was treacherously attacked and slain by one of his Norman foes. The well is two miles from Builth in a garden and is visited by a great many people, most of whom think an offering of a pin necessary to insure the best results from the visit. I drank from the well without dropping a pin into it and came away without any misgivings. Nor did either my companion or myself meet with any ill-luck by thus defying the popular superstition, though we visited many places after this. On the contrary the whole trip lingers in our memory as the most pleasant one ever taken.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

A dispatch sent out from Washington says that up to the present time the bicycle has taken no part in the war. In the tangled thickets around Santiago and on the improvised roads through the desolate wilderness leading from the landing stage to the Spanish trenches it was hard work for our troops to force their way on foot, so that bicycle riding was an impossibility. There is almost sure to come a time, however, before the fighting is ended when the bicycle will be used for practical purposes for the first time in a great war. Gen. Miles is a thorough believer in this new method of locomotion for troops, and when the army strikes roads that admit of it our military wheelmen will be given an opportunity to show what they can do.

The first bicycle corps to be established in this country in accordance with the recommendation of Gen. Miles quoted above was organized at Fort Missoula, Montana. The corps at first consisted of one sergeant, one corporal, one musician and five privates. It was called the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry Bicycle corps, and was commanded by Lieut. James A. Moss. After the formation an experimental trip of 1,400 miles was made over some of the worst roads in the United States. The little corps of military bicyclists traveling through rain, mud and water, carrying rations, rifles, ammunition, blankets, tents, cooking utensils, etc. The following rations were taken along: One jar Armour's extract of beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; seven cans beans, 19 pounds; two pounds salt; five pounds prunes; six pounds sugar; one can condensed milk, one pound; twenty pounds bacon; three cans deviled ham, 2 pounds; two ounces pepper; two pounds coffee; thirty-five pounds flour; three cans corn, $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; one can syrup, 12 pounds; three pounds lard. Total, 120 pounds.

In describing the equipment of his men, Lieut. Moss says: In addition to our rations, we carried two dripping pans, with covers; one large tin case; three hatchets; one bottle bicycle oil; one stick lubricant; one can rim cement; one two-gallon coffee pot; one patented baker; three rubber blankets; one screw driver; three seat springs; three extra tubes tire cement; underwear, blankets, etc. Every soldier carried in

his knapsack one summer undershirt, one pair summer drawers, two pairs summer socks, one towel, two handkerchiefs, toilet paper, one winter undershirt, one pair winter drawers, one pair winter socks, one cake soap, one blanket, tooth brush and powder. Every other soldier carried a comb, brush, candle and matches. Every soldier carried one blanket and one shelter tent, half rolled on the knapsack, and a knife, fork, spoon and meat can in his haversack. The morning we left the heaviest bicycle, packed, weighed eighty-five pounds and the lightest sixty-eight pounds, the average being 76.2 pounds. The heaviest wheel, with its rider, tipped the scales at 260 pounds and the lightest at 209 pounds, the average being 232 pounds.

Facing and gamely overcoming obstacles that the Cuban chapparal could hardly surpass, the little company struggled on through the Rocky Mountains, refusing all offers of outside assistance, and relying solely upon their own resources, for the trip was to be an important experimental one, and the result was to show whether or not a bicycle corps could travel unaided through a difficult country.

When the little band got back to the post, after a most interesting trip, Lieut. Moss made the following report, enthusiastically endorsing the bicycle as a military adjunct of the future:

"Our practice march fully demonstrated the practicability of the bicycle for military purposes in a mountainous country. The matter was most thoroughly tested under all possible conditions. We made and broke camp in the rain, we traveled through mud, water, sand, dust, over rocks, ruts, etc.; we crossed and recrossed mountain ranges and forded streams, carrying our rations, rifles, ammunition, tents, blankets, extra underwear, medicines, tools, repairing material, cooking utensils and extra bicycle parts."

"Only when in gumbo mud did we find our wheels to be a hindrance. At other times, when we could not ride, the wheel was a great aid, as we could roll our loads on our bicycles a great deal easier than we could carry them on our bodies."

"Our best ride was made on Sept. 3, when we covered seventy-three miles in eight and

three-quarters hours, averaging 8.2 miles per hour. That night I asked the men if they were tired. Every one of them answered they were feeling tired, but not one-half as much as they had often felt after an ordinary twenty-five mile forced march.

«No one but a person who has had experience with troops on the march can fully appreciate the significance of a squad of nine men traveling through a mountainous country at the rate of 8.2 miles an hour for seventy-two miles, carrying their rations, rifles, ammunition, blankets, tents, etc.

«I do not hesitate to make the statement that we could have kept this up for five days, the weather and conditions of road permitting.

«After being out about a week I found that we would not feel the effects of a ride of forty-five miles in less than one day, but that anything over this would make us feel tired at night. It's true we were pretty well hardened by this time, but such would be the normal condition of soldiers in time of actual warfare. At no time on the trip was anyone made sick or in any way disabled from riding.

«We found it best to carry everything, if possible, on the bicycle itself and nothing on our bodies. If placed on the body, in addition to carrying the actual weight of the object, the soldier would also experience some physical exhaustion from the weight resting on his body. Besides this, one falling from a wheel with much weight secured to the body is much more

likely to get hurt than one whose limbs and body are entirely free and unhampered.»

Since the eventful trip described the United States military authorities have made an especial study of the subject of the bicycle's use in war, and at any minute are prepared to put in the field a thoroughly equipped and trained corps for use against the Spanish troops. Military bicycle tactics have been formulated. The military wheelmen are drilled to form in line, with the wheels in front, making a barrier that could be relied upon to effectually keep off cavalry, for horses would be demoralized and go down if they charged into the midst of a tangled mass of spokes and handle bars, while infantry charging the wheelmen would find it no easy matter to surmount the obstacle presented by a heap of bicycles in all manner of confusing positions. Any bicyclist who has been thrown from his wheel and tangled up in the spokes will bear witness to the truth of this.

The formation of this bicycle auxiliary to the army forces has established the military wheelmen in our army. Punch years ago printed a picture that was regarded at the time as very humorous. It depicted a corps of soldiers, mounted on bicycles, charging an enemy. Punch's joke, like many similar ideas that appear half-brained at the time, has ceased to be humorous, as the Spanish soldiers will probably learn before the war is over.

HOW SPAIN USES THE BICYCLE.

In a letter to an English contemporary George Adams writing from Madrid points out the manner in which the bicycle has been used to advantage by the military authorities in Cuba and Porto Rico. It is in carrying orders and information that the military cyclists in Cuba have done the best work, says Mr. Adams. I hear that they proved especially useful all along the northern coast-line from the western extremity of the province of Pinar del Rio—or nearly so—to about Sagua la Grande, a distance of, roughly speaking, some 300 or 350 English

miles. Many attempts made by the insurgents to land men and arms were defeated owing to the speed with which much information was conveyed to the nearest military detachment by mounted cyclists. On one occasion, I believe, if not more than one, demands for reinforcements were sent off unseen by the enemy. This is easy to explain.

Imagine that the insurgents or the Americans attempt to land a small force, with provisions and ammunition. Their movements are necessarily slow. With the aid of their glasses the

leaders have examined the intended landing place and a goodly stretch of country around it, without discovering a single Spanish soldier, because the small detachment charged to defend that particular spot are in ambush, and waiting until the enemy come within range before opening fire. Meanwhile a cyclist has been sent for reinforcements. The rider and his machine are about as high as an average man, and both are effectually shielded by the magnificent vegetation.

The wheelman is able to accomplish his mission unseen—succour arrives, and the enemy is worsted. But suppose he were discovered. What sort of target is a man and a "bike" if seen a mile or so away, and progressing at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour? Certainly a man on a horse is a far better one, without taking into account the fact that the peculiar movements of a horse in full gallop are exactly of a nature to arrest attention. Then a horse—and this, too, may be of paramount importance under certain conditions—creates a great clatter, while a modest "bike" is noiseless.

Nor is it in Cuba only that cyclists have distinguished themselves. During the recent bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico, the local

cyclists, who had formed a kind of wheeling brigade, rendered valuable services, and were afterwards warmly commended by General Macias, the Governor and Commander-in-chief of the island.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is obvious. We all hope, of course, that our beloved islands will never be trod by the foot of a hostile soldier. But it is not enough to hope; we must work and work hard. Having splendid material in hand, it is for us to turn it to the best advantage; and we have plenty of time to do this in. The wheelers of Cuba and Puerto Rico have acted with credit to themselves and with benefit to their country. If they, poor in numbers and deficient in material and organization, have done something practical and worthy to be remembered in spite of torrid heats, a killing climate and awful roads, what could we not do who have numbers, money, first-class material and a temperate climate, on the well kept highways of Great Britain? Something has been done, I know, in the direction of forming companies and brigades of cycling volunteers. But what has been done in this way is no more than a mere sample of what remains to be done.

The Gospel of Good Roads

The road I have in mind, says a writer in *Chamber's Journal*, is in India, and stretches 1,200 miles from Lahore to Calcutta. It is the famous Grand Trunk road. Let me explain its nature, though one cannot do so from comparison, for there is no road of five miles in England that is anything like it. It is level; indeed, there is not above a mile in the whole distance where even a lady need dismount to walk. Around Battersea Park is supposed to be the easiest little spin in London. The Grand Trunk road is infinitely superior to Battersea Park. The material with which it is made is called kunker, and if you care to turn that word into concrete you have an idea of what it is like. It is exceedingly hard, and as smooth as a prepared pavement. There is no dust. When I

first got on this road and enjoyed the luxury of easy traveling I said: "This is magnificent; but in a little time I suppose it will become gritty and uneven." I went 50 miles, 100 miles, 200 miles, 500, 600, 700 miles and it was always the same, with not even a small stone to give a jog. Nearly the whole of the way is lined with a double row of majestic trees. The concrete road runs like a long white ribbon down the center, and along each side are loose-soil tracks, over which the native bullock carts creak a slow two miles an hour.

With two friends I rode across India during the hottest time of the year, in April and May, and was never seriously inconvenienced by the heat; for at a pace of fifteen miles an hour one could always create a draught.

The opening of the Ontario Legislature was marked with a speech from the throne in which reference was made to the good roads movement as follows:

"It is gratifying to record the increasing interest which is being taken in road and street improvement throughout the Province. Successful efforts to bring about reform are apparent in many districts. The fullest information appears to be desired by both urban and rural municipalities regarding this branch of public work, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, influencing so largely as it does the commercial, agricultural, and social welfare of the community."

* *

The L. A. W. Bulletin offers several practical suggestions for the improvement of highways and states that the changes and improvements can be made at a small cost to any community. The three essentials of good highways are pointed out as follows:

Road improvement is always possible at small expense, even though elaborate road building is out of the question. There are three essentials of good highways, all of which may be secured easily and at little outlay, and which will ensure vast improvement in the roads in country districts where the people are unwilling, or feel unable, to undertake extensive improvements.

First, the road must be graded and drained so that water can neither stand upon the surface nor soak in under the foundation. Water is ruinous to a road in either of these locations, and if allowed to remain in them, will speedily work complete destruction. An expensive stone road that is inadequately drained will suffer just as surely and fatally from water on or in it as the most ordinary country road. Disintegration and complete breaking up are only a matter of time, and a short time at that. Drainage is the first, fundamental and most imperative necessity.

The second essential is found in the establishment of a workable, methodical system of care and repair, by districts, whose responsible heads will utilize time and labor to advantage and get the best possible results that can be obtained from the local conditions and facilities. This, of course, means the abolishment of working out taxes, the substitution of money taxes, and the

employment of a competent, intelligent corps of workers.

Finally, the roads can be compacted, smoothed and hardened by the use of vehicles of wide tires and axles of unequal length. Repeated experiments and tests of the actual saving in power by these means have proved it to be very great; experience in localities where they have been tried have given most satisfactory results, and many foreign countries enforce their use. It is in effect the use of a constant stream of road rollers passing along the highway, instead of a series of weights being rolled along on knife-like edges which cut apart and tear up as they go.

* *

An organization is being formed by the wheelmen throughout the State of Michigan for the purpose of constructing a bicycle path from the South Michigan line to the Straits of Mackinac. The route will pass through a most picturesque country and will connect all the famous summer resorts of Northern Michigan. The proposed plan by which it is expected sufficient funds will be raised to build the path is as follows: The secretary will issue three circular letters to cycling friends requesting them to send him 10 cents together with the names and addresses of three of their friends who would be likely to be interested. When he receives the answers from these three, that will conclude Series No. 1. Then circulars marked "Series No. 2" will be mailed to the nine persons recommended in the first series, with the same request as the first circulars, and so on through the chain until twelve series have been issued. To guard against the breaking of the chain all persons who recommend parties who do not respond within fifteen days from date of invitation, will be called upon to furnish another name in the place of the delinquent; hence it will be seen that it will be almost impossible to break the chain and that by the time the twelfth series is completed sufficient money will have been raised to build the path and defray all expense of postage, etc. The officers hope to be able to average the completion of a series each month, and have the entire funds raised and the construction of the path well under way by the latter part of July 1899.

Taken From Contemporaries

THE GEAR CASE.

(Cycling Gazette.)

As is usual at the opening of a new season, every manufacture is seeking for that which will either add an individuality to his particular machine, or provide the rider with some improvement that is generally demanded.

Experience has shown that it takes large sums of money to impress the value of individual features upon the minds of the wheelmen. While this policy might have been possible in bygone days, the bicycle industry at present is an enterprise too well established and legitimate. The wheel is now a vehicle for popular use and wheeling has long ago passed the stage of a sport or a pastime. In short, bicycles must be sold on the same basis as carriages, watches, agricultural machinery, or any other piece of mechanism that has become necessary to the people as a whole.

The introduction of the chainless wheel with its running gear always clean, requiring no attention and always ready for use, drove manufacturers early in the season to the gear case as a means of obtaining equivalent protection for the chain, and nearly all the large builders this year have offered a gear case as an option. Neither the sales of the chainless, nor the sales of the enclosed chain, however, reached the quantity anticipated by their introducers, because of the increased cost of the chainless over the ordinary chain wheel, and as regards the gear case largely because the manufacturers could not obtain them early in the season. However, several thousand chainless and enclosed chain wheels have been put into actual service. No pronounced defect has appeared in either type. The chainless has shown itself a practical road machine. The gear case has brought home to the riders who used it the desirability and, in fact, necessity of an enclosed chain. Occasionally these types have been condemned, but only by those who have given them but very brief and unsatisfactory trial. The advantages of a clean running gear have been recognized by thousands of riders, and the man-

ufacturer finds himself confronting the problem of how to best secure to his customers the easy running chain wheel enclosed with the proper gear case, or some type of chainless construction.

Manufacturers will pay more attention to the running gear than ever before, for this is the vital part of the wheel. Upon its proper operation depends the popularity and sale of the machine and that wheel which evidences the least wear after continued use, naturally becomes the one most sought for; but advocates for a clean gear are confronted with a situation demanding the greatest economy in wheel construction, in order to successfully bid for the popular trade. The days of high-priced bicycles are over. Some few may be sold but the masses who are now buying wheels have but little money to invest and their trade goes to that wheel which gives the most for a small sum. The greatly increased cost of chainless mechanisms over the chain wheel cuts the chainless wheel from this competition, at least for the present. There then remains the gear case and the question of its cost. It is, of course, impossible for manufacturers to expect an extra five dollars for a gear cased wheel for the season of '99. Outside of a few in the upper classes, buyers do not have money to pay.

To make the wheel popular the gear case should be a part of it, just as much so as the chain, the saddle or the handle-bars, and this may be done with economy. If manufacturers offer the gear case as a part of the wheel, it allows the gear case makers to manufacture in large quantity, which gives the minimum cost. By abolishing the chain guard on ladies' wheels a large part of the cost of a gear case is saved, and it is more than possible that with the increased facilities in manufacture, the improved special machinery and simplified construction, gear cases may yet get to a price very little above that of a first-class chain guard. It seems to be simply a question of quantity.

This being the first year in which gear cases have been introduced on a large scale, they have, of course, met with all manner of criticism; but it is hardly fair to assume that a

gear case is a failure because it cannot be properly attached to one particular wheel. The same wheel, built with slight alterations to obtain the necessary clearance, if fitted with the case, will produce the most gratifying results. It is therefore necessary that manufacturers study more carefully the construction of wheels as adapted to perfect fitting of gear cases, and such information supplied them by gear case makers will show that very little change is necessary to obtain a perfect adaptation. Some of our best wheels are already built with this clearance. The use of 3-16-inch chains has made it possible to fit a case with clearer clearances than when 1-4-inch chains were used. The general adoption of bolt locks, doing away with the clumsy and inconvenient chain bolt nut and the thick head of the screw, have also helped materially.

We have it from the largest manufacturers of gear cases in this country (whose cases have been supplied by most of the leading wheel builders this year,) that they fully appreciate the situation and are prepared for it. This means that they have carefully studied every objection raised against the present construction and have devised a gear case with every convenience imaginable. They advise us that it is their intention to meet trade conditions by quoting prices hitherto impossible, so that if wheel builders meet the gear case manufacturers in the right spirit and take up the article as a necessity, rather than as a luxury, the era of clean running gear and smooth-running machines, at minimum cost, will be ushered in with the '99 trade.

A TANDEM PROBLEM

(The Cycle Trader.)

We have just been enjoying a most mystifying experience while riding a lady-back tandem bicycle, the product of a Birmingham house: like most modern machines of this type the back-rider's handle-bar is fixed, and therefore he or she would naturally be expected to have no control whatever over the steering. We have ridden this particular machine nearly a thousand miles, mostly with a lady partner,

and have all the while laboured under the erroneous impression that we were in uncontested possession of the helm. A few days ago we awoke suddenly to a knowledge of the delusion, and discovered that the back-rider, hitherto unsuspected of contributing anything but motive power, actually has almost as much influence over the steering as the front one. The fact first became apparent when, immediately after a suggestion from our partner that we should take the other side of the road, the machine began to take the course indicated, without any conscious effort of our own to steer in that direction. This phenomenon naturally required investigation, and at our request our partner steered for various objects in the road, and each time the machine altered its course in the same mysterious manner and made directly for the objects pointed out. The same thing occurred when, without previously announcing her intention, our partner essayed to alter our direction. We puzzled over the matter for a day or two, and on the first opportunity resumed our experiments with a male partner of considerable cycling experience on the back seat. This time the results were still more marked and surprising. We found that the back-rider, by using the feet in the manner adopted when riding «hands-off,» could influence the steering to an astonishing extent; while by means of the pedals and handle-bar, as well, he could actually turn the tandem round sharp corners, and, unless we were aware of his intention and prepared immediately to frustrate it, we were quite unable to keep the machine in its original course. Other riders of this type of tandems may have noticed these strange phenomena, but we have never heard them alluded to, and we must confess that we cannot evolve any explanation that seems to us an adequate one. The actual cause may be very simple, but we fancy that it must prove very difficult to ascertain. The machine upon which we experimented is of the latest design, being only a few months old. It is extremely rigid, and how any power applied to the fixed back handle-bar can be so readily communicated with the front wheel, over which it is not expected or intended to exert the slightest influence, is a problem of no mean magnitude. That an impulse applied to the back handle-bar is conveyed through the frame to the front wheel our experiments have con-

vinced us. Possibly the result is achieved by the frame twisting bodily to right or left, the point of contact of the back wheel acting as a pivot. We do not pretend, however, to have given the question serious study, and probably some tandem experts could supply a ready and simple explanation which would clear up the mystery at once.

WINTER OCCUPATIONS FOR CYCLISTS.

(The Hub.)

A large proportion of cyclists generally, and especially of those who have a great regard for their machines, put them away when winter comes around, and do not drag them into service again till hidden so to do by the sunny smiles of spring. The remainder, all-the-year-round wheelmen, as they would call themselves, make a brave effort to do a bit of riding regularly, but there inevitably comes a period, sometimes short and sometimes long, when no cycling whatever is possible, and the faithful steed has reluctantly to be laid aside.

It may safely be said that all really enthusiastic cyclists feel in different ways during these periods an intense longing to be actively associating themselves with their beloved pastime, if not by riding by some other means; for a fortnight's rest will make a rider who has done even a very hard season's work as anxious as ever to commence another. The restlessness exhibits itself by frequent visits to the idle cycle, when its wheels and pedals are given a spin, and its various points examined and admired, and in other such manners.

The majority of wheelmen, it is certain, belong to the species usually described as "unattached," that is, they do not belong to any club. Therefore, no excuse is needed for offering a number of suggestions as to how cyclists may best winter, many of which will strike the reader as very original and very practical.

In the first place, when the machine is brought in for the last time, there is enough to be done at it, and in connection with it, to find occupation for several evenings. It is a most dangerous practice—but one, it is to be feared, unfortunately only too common—to wheel it in

after the last ride on a wet day, give it a rough wipe over with the cloth, and then bestow no further attention upon it till it is once more required for use. It should be given a most careful and thorough cleaning, both inside and out. All the bearings should have a little paraffin oil run through them, and this should be followed in every bearing so treated (otherwise rust will result) by ordinary lubricating oil, the pedals and wheels being spun round for a few minutes at the finish. This will ensure the safety of the bearings during the off season. The plating and enamelling, spokes, hubs, cranks and handlebar should then be most carefully cleaned, and perhaps a little black enamel applied judiciously here and there. Finally, the plating should be smeared with vaseline, the framework wrapped round with paper, and the machine put away somewhere where the atmosphere is neither ever damp nor ever hot. This having been done, there will be peace of mind, for the machine will be as good as ever when the riding time comes round again.

Then there is much to be done in the way of mending accessories, and even making them. The much neglected lamp, which will never give a bright light simply because it is as dirty as it can be inside, may come in for a little attention; and a little time spent in mending the pump attachment may subsequently be reckoned as time very well spent. The rider will also have learnt that pump clips are a dreadful nuisance, and that even the best of them, except those composed simply of leather, are very apt to scratch the enamel off the tubes and leave unsightly blotches; so apt, indeed, that their services are often dispensed with, and the pump either carried in the pocket or left at home. A little thought and a little work some evening will overcome this difficulty completely. The clips sent forth with the Dunlop pumps last season, which are those most commonly in use now, are great sinners; but if the nickel portion be neatly wrapped round with wash-leather, they will offend no more. Another wrinkle, which is of a money-saving sort, relates to repair outfits. If a cyclist has had a bad season for punctures, he will usually find at the end of it that he has any number of these outfits about him, not one of which is complete, so that on his first ride next season he would probably buy a fresh one. Reckless

extravagance! Let him rather empty the contents of every box in a heap upon the table, and he will then find that the deficiencies of one may be made up by another, and that two or three complete outfits will result, whilst an expenditure of a very few pence in a small square of patching rubber, and two or three tubes of solution—the components which usually give way first—will bring the others up to a full strength, and be the means of effecting a good saving.

Having said so much about practical occupations, a few hints may be given concerning those of a social character, which may be readily arranged and carried out by every class of reader. All that is necessary is for a few friends—a dozen, say—to meet together and agree to consider themselves a kind of winter cycling society, making this agreement in quite an informal manner without any electing of officers, drawing up of rules, or paying of subscriptions; all of which would be quite unnecessary.

These dozen cyclists, anxious to pass a few winter evenings away in cycling gossip and mutual instruction, should come to an understanding with each other, all being intimate friends, to have occasional gatherings at each other's houses; and therefore it will be seen at once that it is not only desirable but necessary to enlist the sympathies of the fair sex, either by membership or otherwise. At these gatherings a discussion or a debate should be held upon any subject of which notice has been given, and in this way each may become acquainted with the others' experiences in the matter of saddles, tyres, lengths of cranks, height of handle-bar, etc.—some little doubt concerning which exists in the minds of most wheelmen and wheelwomen. Curious adventures may also be related, and many an evening whiled away in a most happy manner.

By way of variation, a small private cycle exhibition may be held, at which accessories and novelties rather than machines should be shown—unless, indeed, any of the fraternity have purchased fresh mounts for the next season's riding, which would naturally be objects of great interest to the others. When you come to make a collection of this sort, it is really astonishing to find how many little klick-knacks, of use in the pursuit of the past-

time, one possesses, which the others have never even heard of. It is not unlikely that some of the company dabble in photography, and in the event of their so doing, views of familiar spots on the well-known roads, and portraits of cyclists and cycling groups, may be arranged for inspection. From experience the writer can vouch for it that such an exhibition can be made full of interest.

Opportunity should also be taken for giving demonstrations in the more simple kinds of cycle repairs by the more experienced for the benefit of the lesser. For instance, many cyclists, and especially ladies, are quite unable to mend a puncture, but they would be fully equal to doing so after a painstaking lesson. Now, it is not advisable to prick holes in one's tyres simply for the sake of showing a fair one how to mend them, however simple and certain the process may be, but this difficulty is easily got over. Two or three shillings will purchase from a cycle factory an old rim and a worn-out tube and cover. The tube can soon be made air-tight, and it doesn't matter how many big holes there are in the cover, since it is not wanted for riding purposes. The art of puncture mending may now be demonstrated to one's heart's content, as well as the methods of repairing cover splits and such like, whilst a little excitement may be furnished by a puncture-mending contest, the competitors trying to beat each other in finding and mending pinholes, and replacing the cover and blowing up tight in the shortest time. A pinhole can be made by a needle, which will prove an awkward customer to find.

A small manuscript book may also be set in circulation amongst the group for the insertion of questions, opinions, and comparative performances; and to those who have followed the writer so far many other similar ideas will suggest themselves which will add completeness to the scheme, and help to make what might otherwise prove a dull, close season, a very bright and interesting one—and, what is more, perhaps even more instructive than the riding season.

PATHS FOR WHEELMEN.

(The Canadian Wheelman.)

In the experiments that cities are making in the way of bicycle paths along streets that are

unfit for wheeling, there is a disposition to be too generous, one strip being laid down on each side of the road instead of merely one in the center. To lay down two such strips is more expensive than to lay one, and the wheelmen get less benefit than they would from one strip down the center of the road. If there is a strip on each side of the road every driver of a wagon or cart gets upon it with one wheel and drives ahead, and when a wheelman overtakes him the latter must turn out on the rough road to get past. Sometimes there is a regular procession of carts, each with one wheel on the smooth strip, and the other jolting over uneven ground with great violence. If a wheelman whistles or makes any other claim to the strip that was undoubtedly laid down for his convenience, the driver berates his impudence but yields nothing. At intervals of a hundred yards or so a vehicle is found drawn up against the curb—this is inevitable and necessary to business. But while side strips are laid down for the benefit of wheelmen, bicycles should have the right of way over moving vehicles.

The difficulties are, however, so numerous that the center strip should be always favored. Wheelmen can meet on one such strip and give way according to the rules of the road as they do on the level-strip between street car tracks. Vehicles would then have no excuse for appropriating the path made for wheelmen. Of course the best way is to make good roads, and if all money spent in street-making were spent with a reasonable regard for the convenience of wheelmen there would not need to be special strips or paths laid anywhere. So long, however, as municipal rulers continue to regard stone-sets as suitable street paving for the pneumatic-tired twentieth century, and continue to lay cedar-block paving, although fifty miles of it have gone to ruin in some of our cities, it will not be out of place for these same rulers to make expensive experiments in the way of strips and paths for wheelmen.

BRAKES AND PUNCTURED TIRES.

The Wheeler.

It is very rarely that one hears of a brake failing to act because of a punctured tire, but a report from Staxton, near Scarborough, de-

bails a sad fatality through that cause. The rider went down a hill at a big pace, his brake being in proper working order, but he had a puncture; the brake would not therefore act; he was thrown off, and death ensued. An occurrence like that is very rare, and on reflection we cannot but marvel that such is the case, for thousands of times does it happen that cyclists put complete trust in their brakes bringing them to a standstill downhill in case of need. The above incident, however, gives us pause. Many times we have not only thought of the possibility of such a thing happening; but we have moralized on it in these pages, for the practice is dangerous; but at the same time we must admit the impeachment that we have indulged in many coasts ourselves, placing full confidence in the brake and tires. But what a game of hazard it is! It is when a sad fatality such as that in question occurs that the necessity of exercising every care and precaution is emphasized. It is quite probable that before descending the hill which brought about his death that the deceased gentleman tried his brake, found it in proper order, and then "let her go." Every cyclist with any thought about his life tests his brake to see if all's well before allowing the machine to tear down a hill; but even that will not insure one against every danger, because a puncture or burst might occur (to suggest nothing more serious.) The incident opens out a question of deep interest: Is it possible to pull up a bicycle, going at a big pace, when the tire is deflated? We have been experimenting a little bit, and—though the reader can depend upon it we were not going to court a too-sudden demise, even for the sake of our much-respected clients—this is how we did it:—Finding a splendidly-surfaced slope, we let our front tire down a good deal and took the hill at a fair pace, certainly a good deal faster than we should have dared had it been a rough road. Later on we deflated the tire absolutely, got someone to hold up the machine, and spun the front wheel round as rapidly as possible. The former was, of course a truer test, but in each case there was no difficulty in bringing about a quick dead-stop, thus answering in the affirmative the question above raised. There are various circumstances to take into consideration. For instance, we have come across bicycles in which it was only just possible to press the brake far enough down

to catch the trade of the tire. True, this is quite sufficient for 999 out of a thousand cases but in the odd one—e.g., the fatal incident mentioned in the opening sentences of this article—it is desirable that the brake spoon can be pressed pretty nearly into the bed of the rim. A big leverage is therefore required. Consequently if a cyclist has the brake grip too near his handle bar, he cannot press it far down on the tire. This is a point easily overcome. If, then, as we believe, it is possible to pull up a bicycle even though the tires be absolutely deflated, how does it come about that the Scarborough fatality occurred? It may be that the report is not very explicit, and that the tire not only punctured, but burst, and caused the outer cover to blow off the rim, in which case we can quite understand that it would be hopeless for a rider to make effective use of his brake. But if, as is reported, it was a puncture, and the man could have saved himself, it would appear that he lost his life through self-possession leaving him, or perhaps he collided with a stone and was thrown off. The whole affair serves to show what danger there is even in the intense delight of coasting, and it would seem as though 'twere better never to exceed a speed at which effective back-peddalling becomes impossible. It is easy enough preaching; but we know the temptation to have a fast fling is very great. It certainly strikes us marvellous that punctures and coasting have not, between them, brought about more sudden deaths. Let us be thankful that such is the case.

HAD BEEN CONSIDERED.

(The Wheeler)

Not long ago, an enthusiastic cyclist in the suburbs of a large town had been giving his machine a fresh coat of enamel. Propping the "bike" against the garden gate, he left it to dry. Very shortly afterwards a well-dressed stranger seized the opportunity and the machine, making for the open country at a fine pace. Sharp as he was, however, he came off second best, being arrested on suspicion before he had gone five miles. When brought before the magistrate, and confronted by the owner of the bicycle, he confessed his theft and expressed his sorrow. "I hope you will deal with me as leniently as possible," he remarked. "As you see, I am already punished, my clothes being utterly ruined by the enamel. That ought to be taken into consideration." "Most decidedly," agreed the owner, "I was forgetting that, you also stole the enamel."

THE APOLLO LIGHT IS DAYLIGHT.



everything comes to him who waits.



People nowadays play a waiting game. They watch the markets.

They know that a this year's bicycle will not bring a this year's price if carried over to next year.

The dealer knows it too.

The people have seen the highest grade bicycles sell late in the season at half the prices they ought to bring.

These prices are called "over-stocked" or "lateness-of-the-season" prices.

These are the prices many people have been waiting for.

And these are the prices we offer.

To be frank we expected to sell about 200 more bicycles than we really did sell.

There are about 200 more people playing the waiting game than we figured on.

And we have 200 bicycles that we must sell to these 200 people at a "lateness-of-the-season" price which is

\$22.50

Everyone of these 200 bicycles is a high grade '98 Kenwood, with finest parts, finest finish, and the most expensive equipment throughout.

Are you one of the 200 who have been waiting for this bargain?

Write for complete description.



The Cream City Cycle Co.

[Signed] H. G. WINTHER, President.

413—GRAND AVENUE—413

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Helpful Hints

To prevent a spanner from slipping on a worn nut apply a little resin.

A pair of high-grade tires may be kept properly inflated by one minute's work per week with an ordinary hand pump.

The breaking of balls is frequently due to dashing over rough surfaces when the bearings are not perfectly adjusted.

Bad food and indifferent lodgings will spoil any cycle tour, even if one travels with an up-to-date bicycle. Good hotels cost more, but not much more, and the extra expense is a paying investment.

Many cyclists neglect to oil their pedal bearings, thinking it unnecessary. These bearings should have the same attention that is given other running parts. Hard-running pedals contribute towards making the whole thing run hard.

It is better to clean a wheel every time it is used than to give it a big scrubbing up once a week. Frequent attention keeps the machine in good order and is less wearing on the rider's temper than is the infrequent removal of large accumulations.

A precaution necessary for riders to keep their tires in good condition is to see that they are properly cemented to the rims, if they are the cemented-on pattern, and, in carrying them over winter, to store them in a dark place so that light or extreme heat does reach them.

A bicycle should never be left standing for any length of time with the tires deflated. This has a tendency to weaken the fabric and the rubber is liable to injury from pressing against the rims. When not in use tires should be sufficiently inflated to cause them to retain their round form.

Cyclists in particular should realize the unwisdom of doing anything to violently check perspiration, that automatic process by which our bodies are kept cool on a hot day. The perspiration on the skin, in evaporating, absorbs enough heat to prevent the body from becoming dangerously warm. If profuse perspiration is allowed to evaporate suddenly, too much warmth may be taken from the body with the result of a dangerous chill.

In pedalling up a steep hill or against a hard wind, it will be found of great advantage to pull the foot upwards against the toe clip when the pedal is coming up, so as to utilize the rider's muscular energy throughout nearly the whole crank revolution, instead of only a little more than one-half. The toe-clip, where this plan is frequently resorted to, should be of strong construction, and preferably of the concave pattern to fit the shoe or the basket pattern, so-called. The same method is also effective in a short sprint, but is somewhat fatiguing when continued for a long time. It will often enable the rider to mount grades up which he would otherwise be compelled to walk, and by dividing the work to some extent between the muscles of the two legs will render riding against the wind less irksome.

The following is a summary of the causes and remedy of various noises to which bicycles are subject and which the average cyclist is unable to account for :

The dust-cap may not be screwed on the valve.

The chain connecting dust-cap and valve may knock against one of the spokes.

A creaking may be due to one of the tubes having been improperly brazed into the lug, and with this only a practical man should be allowed to deal.

A ball may be broken either in the bracket or back wheel. The clicking will be intermittent, and will be most audible when mounting hills or when any extra power is applied at the pedals.

A constantly recurring «click» may be accounted for in several ways. The balls in the bracket may be «dropping» and will be plainly audible, if not running in oil. The bearing may have become dry and the noise will be accentuated.

A small piece of «spelter» or «brazing brass» may have fallen from the inside of a joint and lie at the bottom of a tube or in the bracket. Over rough ground the metal would rattle about; but if the frame be turned upside down, it will probably be heard to fall down one of the tubes. The noise, though worrying, need cause no anxiety.

The nut which locks the chain pin may be of such a depth that it will catch the nut of the draw bolt as it passes round the hub sprocket. This may be remedied by filing the nut of chain pin on the under face, or by reversing the chain, when the nut will face the spokes, which will usually be found to be at a greater distance from the hub sprocket than the drawbolt, cap and nut.

Our Busy Cycledorn

Universal lights show universal sense.

Chinn is the fastest sprinter in England.

Road racing is very popular in New Zealand.

Bicycle polo is becoming very popular in England.

The popularity of tricycles is on the increase in Scotland.

The membership of the Cyclists' Touring Club has passed the 50,000 mark.

The Australian one mile flying start record has been lowered to 1:38 1-5 by Walus.

It is stated that Chicago will expend \$2,000,000 this year on good street construction.

Clarence McLean, the well-known trick rider, will hereafter use a chainless in his exhibitions.

In the West of England the police have measured sections of the road and are timing cyclists.

One of the rules of the Belgian Touring Club requires the use of a brake by every member of the club.

A medical journal says that excessive hill-climbing is the most dangerous form of cycling indiscretion.

The railway companies of England are now falling over each other in catering for the carriage of cycles.

The law recently passed by both French chambers places the cycle tax for 1899 in France at \$1.20.

O. E. Hachenberger and W. W. Hamilton have been matched to ride a paced race at Denver in the near future.

Very few convicts who have had any experience with ball-bearing chains will say that they are easy running.

England will be represented at the World's Championships at Vienna by Edmunds, Cherry, Bourke, Appleby and Lummergildo.

Forty motorcars were used at a fashionable wedding in London recently to carry the guests from the hotel to the church and back.

It is well to go easy in buying an alleged high grade machine which is listed at a very low price with the cents column filled out.

Stocks is training behind a motor tricycle and it is reported that the retired champion is gradually rounding into record breaking form.

During the automobile race from Paris to Amsterdam, the car of the famous French builder, Michelin, exploded and was totally wrecked.

The invitations just issued by the management of the international championship races to be held at Vienna have been printed in four languages.

Wheeling, England, refers to Gardiner, as the Canadian. Wonder if the editor of our interesting English contemporary ever heard of Chicago.

«I have discovered» says an observant correspondent, «that a sharp twinge of toothache is a splendid pacemaker, when one is headed for the dentist's office.»

The century record for Western Canada and the Pacific Coast is now held by L. A. Campbell of Esquimault. Campbell covered the distance in six hours and thirty-five minutes.

Cycle racing seems to be more popular in England than in America. At the recent Palmer-Armstrong 100 mile race at the Crystal Palace, London, thirty thousand people were in attendance.

Platt Betts, the plucky little rider of England, is suffering with a fractured skull and a compound fracture of the jawbone. It is said he will never race again and even his recovery is still in doubt.

Of all the tire stories afloat the one published in the C. J. C. Gazette to the effect that a cyclist repaired a puncture with a postage stamp and that the tire held air for a number of days thereafter takes the cake.

The poor silent steed of steel can no longer be trusted. A Scottish magistrate declared recently that he would treat all cyclists brought before him in exactly the same way as if they were riders of dangerous animals.

Cyclists in Italy are not allowed to take their hands from the handlebar, or remove their feet from the pedals. Their wheels must be equipped with brakes, bells and lamps, and tandems can only be ridden in the rural districts.

Medical men are advising cyclists to wear costumes made of peat. It constitutes, it is said, a genuine hygienic material, containing fifty per cent of peat fibre. Its finish is perfect and makes a very handsome cycling suit.

Two scorchers recently knocked down a man at Tottenham, Scotland, and absconded on the pretense of going for a doctor. The man died as a result of the injuries received and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter against the two wheelmen.

Rochester is a small town in the state of Michigan. It has a bicycle curfew which compels cyclists to leave the thoroughfares after 8 P. M. Rochester will soon be known to the entire world but it will always be a small town.

In her new novel, "The Embassy Ball," Miss Coxe exploits cycling as a cure for insanity. A number of well-known alienists have, with considerable success it is stated, prescribed systematic use of the wheel in treating certain forms of mental ailment.

Certain students of the mind and its phenomena hold that there is a distinct psychological side to cycling, inasmuch as use of the wheel necessarily develops in the rider's powers of concentration, quick perception and prompt adjustment to new conditions.

Sporting Times thinks the following takes the bun for cheek: A lady had just knocked down a young woman with her bicycle. She looked round with disgust at her victim, shook her skirts, and remounted, saying: "These pedestrians are becoming a positive nuisance."

Although the scorchers are justly condemned as an enemy of the human race, there is no doubt but that he has done the world service in proving the qualities of each new constructive feature of the bicycle. The road fiend puts the machine to the hardest possible test.

A writer in the English Mechanic touches on the subject of bicycle saddles as follows: "The ideal bicycle saddle has yet to be invented. I have tried nearly all makes and found them wanting. Pneumatic saddles may be ruled out of count at once on account of their heating and perspiration-retaining properties. English saddles of the best make are all right at first if correctly shaped; i.e., full roadster pattern; but as soon as they begin to sag in the middle they are useless. The tightening nut in even the best make is placed in an almost inaccessible position, requiring the use of a special tool. When tightening again the springs give way, and the sagging is worse than before."

The domination of professionalism has undoubtedly dulled the keenness of that healthful popular appreciation of cycle racing which attended the days of amateurism, or what purported to be amateurism. At the same time the distractions of the war must be held in a measure accountable for the present marked decline of public interest in the sport.

Highwaymen are not unknown in England. A cyclist recently rode out from Birmingham towards Bromsgrove at midnight. After riding a short distance he was struck a violent blow on the head and fell into the ditch insensible. There were two assailants, and when he came round after two hours he found that they had disappeared along with his watch, chain, money and bicycle.

A bachelor alderman of the city of Milwaukee has introduced the following resolution in the common council:

Sec. 1—No person shall carry or transport upon a bicycle, within the limits of the city of Milwaukee, any child under the age of 6 years.

Sec. 2—Any person violating any provision of this ordinance shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than \$1 or more than \$25.

Sec. 3—This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Without referring at all to the scorching element it may be observed that riders of both sexes who compose the class which makes the best use of the wheel ride faster, with more uniformity of motion and more perfect control of the wheel than did the average rider of two years ago. No doubt the standard '98 wheels are somewhat better balanced, and therefore more easily controlled, than were their predecessors of '96, but constructive improvements alone cannot be held responsible for the improved riding. Knowledge of practical cycling is continually increasing, and the new light thrown upon the subject during the past two years must account somewhat for the easier, faster and more graceful riders of the present day.

A prominent member of the L. A. W. who was at the Indianapolis meet expresses the opinion that lack of attention to what was said seemed to be a distinctive feature of the gathering. Everybody talked, he says, but none appeared to listen. Now it is really nothing against the L. A. W. that this state of things should have been noticeable, for something of the kind is pretty sure to characterize every large fraternal gathering, whether of wheelmen or other persons. The average member present will always be found in a communicative rather than in a receptive state of mind.

A story comes from the northern part of England to the effect that an auctioneer who happened to be dealing in bicycles was asked by an elderly man if he had a cycle with a lady's dress-guard on the front wheel. It appeared that the old man had a difficulty in keeping his whiskers out of the spokes. The auctioneer did not have a bicycle equipped as desired but being anxious to sell a wheel suggested that by turning the cycle around the old man could ride with his back to the wind. The old man purchased the wheel and is now consulting a mechanical engineer as to how the auctioneer's idea can be carried out.

A short time ago Teddy Edwards, the consecutive century rider, gave a remarkable exhibition of "sand" at Detroit. He got up in the morning suffering intense pain from an attack of cholera morbus, and was so ill that on attempting to move about he fainted. A hastily-summoned doctor braced him up so that by noon he was able to stand on his feet, and, although very shaky, he mounted his chainless wheel and started on his daily century ride accompanied by his trainer. He ate nothing until six o'clock in the evening, after having ridden sixty miles. After a light supper he again started out and easily completed his century. The next day he showed only slight effects of his illness.

The new Irish local government bill passed by the House of Commons includes the follow-

ing clauses regulating the use of bicycles in Ireland:

(1) A council of a county borough may make regulations for regulating the use and speed of bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, and other similar machines in the streets and roads within the county borough, and the carrying of lights on such machines, and the warning of approach to be given by persons using the same, and for preventing any obstruction, or danger being caused by the same, and the provisions of sections two hundred and nineteen to two hundred and twenty-three of the Public Health Act, 1878, with respect to bye-laws, shall apply to all regulations made under this section as if the same were bye-laws authorised by that Act.

(2) Any person summarily convicted of offending against the regulations made by this section or any regulations made under the powers by this section conferred shall, for each and every such offence, forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding forty shillings.

G. L. Hillier, prominent in cycling affairs in England, suggests the following method as a cure for the loafing habit:

"Let a time be fixed for, say, the first quarter-mile and for the half, and in the event of a wait give the judge power to ring the bell any time after the time has been exceeded for 'last lap.' Thus the men start in a mile race, the quarter time is 40s, they fail to get inside it; the judge can then and there ring the bell, and they finish at the post next time. The drawback is that the men don't ride a mile: but then if they waited a mile it would take nothing out of them, whilst, on the other hand, the possibility of the bell going would keep them on the qui v've for position—and going for position means faster riding. In a five miles race there would be a half-mile standard, and one for every half-mile thereafter, and, of course, coaching would be almost impossible. This scheme, I presume, needs a Union rule, but promoters of scratch races might try it, and it would materially shorten the time taken to run off the programme, and would enable the officials to practically stop waiting when it ran to extremes without—as the time limit does—forcing amateurs to desert the first principles of amateurism. I fancy all practical officials will recognize the value of the scheme,

which will most certainly stop undue waiting, and use finishing for position as a means of accelerating the pace. When once it is understood by the racing men, it will add materially to the interest of racing.

The prizes in the competition for bad roads photographs have been awarded by Otto Dorner as follows:

First prize, \$50., to J. I. Phillips, Mannington W. Va.; second prize, \$25., to E. P. Richards, Clyde, O.; third prize, \$15., to Miss T. Jury, Ash Grove, Mo.; fourth prize, \$10., to R. L. McCole, Baltimore, Md.; fifth prize, \$5., to Ross Kerr, Gallipolis, O.; sixth prize, \$5., to Miss M. Lewis, Springfield, Ill.; seventh prize, \$5., to A. O. Card and A. Swindells, Providence, R. I.; eighth prize, \$5., to F. L. Heas, Phoenix, N. Y. and ninth prize, \$5., to F. H. Patch, Rushville Ill.

Wheelmen who intend touring Switzerland will do well to remember that a Swiss mile measures some 9,150 yards, when advised that the next town is only two or three miles ahead.

Many bad accidents have been caused on English tracks because the riders tighten the steering apparatus in order to make a bee line for the tape.

A convention of the Missouri Good Roads and Public Improvement Association will be held in St. Joseph, on September 8.

A New Zealand Court awarded a Chinaman three pounds damages for being run down by a cyclist.

A handicap race for policemen only will be held in New York on September 3.

There were 38 competitors in a 72 hour race held in France recently.

The membership of the Deutscher Radfahrer Bund now numbers 42,000.

The natives of India term a bicycle a "chuck-er."

Prominent Cycle Manufacturers

EDWARD CARL STEARNS.

Edward Carl Stearns was born in Syracuse, N. Y., July 12, 1853, and is the only surviving son of George Noble and Delilah A. (Taylor) Stearns. He is in the eighth generation from one Captain Nathaniel Stearns, a representative to the general court in Dedham, Mass., 1690. He is a descendant of the Stearns of Suffolk, England, whose coat of arms is identical with

E. C. Stearns & Company had attained an enviable reputation for thrift, honesty and integrity in the business world. Their products are sold throughout the United States and Canada, with a large export trade.

In 1891, Mr. Stearns, noting the increasing demand for bicycles, decided to engage in their manufacture. The existing models at that



EDWARD CARL STEARNS.

those of Richard Stearns, Archbishop of York, and also of Lawrence Stearns, the famous English writer.

Mr. Stearns early developed a taste for mechanics, and at the age of twenty-one was successor to his father in the manufacture of hardware specialties which had already attained a creditable recognition among the leading hardware dealers in the United States. From that time forward the young manufacturer devoted his every energy to the development of his chosen industry, and in a few years the firm of

time on the market were heavy lumbering machines, weighing from thirty to forty pounds, and Mr. Stearns was the original projector of the light and graceful wheel which bears his name, and was the first to demonstrate to the world that such machines were practical. Many succeeding improvements which characterize the Stearns high grade wheel were also originated by him.

The Syracuse works of the Stearns Company include a score of large modern buildings covering an area of about nine acres advantageously

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situated near the shipping centers of the city, and employing about thirty-five hundred men. Branch factories are also located at Toronto, Canada, and Berlin, Germany.

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In politics Mr. Stearns is a republican, always taking an active part in all live questions of the day. In athletics he has always been a leader and most of his leisure time is spent in out of door sports. He is a member of the Cycle Board of Trade and of a number of local social organizations.

In 1881, he married Miss Louisa Albro, eldest daughter of John and Elizabeth Brewer Albro.

Although still young in years, Mr. Stearns has achieved a success seldom won by the most assiduous workers until much later in life, and his energy, self reliance, perseverance and honesty may well serve as a model for all ambitious young Americans.

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Closely identified with the advancement of cycling and running parallel with the wheeling organizations that have contributed to so large an extent toward making of cycling what it is today, are a number of bicycle manufacturing concerns, whose names have almost since the advent of the bicycle appeared conspicuously before the public.

These pioneer concerns owing to the comparatively small number of devotees of cycling years ago, necessarily started on a small scale, but have piloted the industry through the various stages of development, and grown up with the same.

With few exceptions they have successfully passed through the battle with late adversaries, and today enjoy a patronage extending throughout the universe.

Continued growth and success have marked the history of the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., producer of Rambler bicycles and G & J Tires and its ramifications extend to every civilized country of the world, from Finland to Johannesburg, even to the far-away Cook group of islands in the Pacific, as well as to Japan, India Korea and China. Besides its system of several thousand agencies, branch houses, for improved shipping facilities, are conducted at Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit,

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This concern is one of the largest and oldest of its kind in the world, is the representative of the West in the bicycle industry, and has always been known as one of the triumvirate commonly styled in the trade "the big three." The nucleus of the present Rambler factories claims the proud distinction of being the first factory in the world which was erected for the exclusive manufacture of bicycles. Experts of this concern have left the imprint of their originality upon the cycle industry, several of the radical improvements in bicycles having emanated from the Rambler factories during the past nineteen years, and are now used by most wheel manufacturers.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. dates its beginning away back in 1879, when they introduced in America the manufacture of bicycles having as special features closed heads, rubber tires and ball bearings. It was incorporated under the firm's name of Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. in 1885. Some idea of the facilities of this concern may be gained from the statement that their present year's output will reach 60,000 bicycles. The factories are three in number, the largest being eight stories high and the whole having combined floor space of 300,000 square feet. Thirteen hundred men are employed, devoting their entire time and attention to the building of nothing but bicycles. This number, of course, does not include the large number of workmen employed in auxiliary factories in which this concern is interested, and which turn out such supplies as tires, tubing and so forth, used in the Rambler factories.

The financial and marketing end of the enterprise is under the direct supervision of Mr. Gormully, while mechanical departments of the works are under the immediate supervision of Mr. Jeffery, who besides being a practical student of mechanics is an inventor of considerable note in the bicycle trade. The importance of this company cannot be overestimated when it is remembered that in point of production and number of people employed Chicago leads all other cities and Illinois all other states in the union, so far as the bicycle industry is concerned.

WITH THE TRADE.

Like Mr. Pickwick, many an ex-manufacturer of bicycles is now ruminating on the strange mutability of human affairs.

Current discussion of the merits of the novel-gear chainless indicates that public interest in the new machine is steadily increasing.

New model Columbia electric traps having the two seats arranged back to back are attracting much favorable comment at Newport this season.

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Vol. I.

MILWAUKEE, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 2

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 The facilities
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To accomplish.
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 Milwaukee.

A new 600-horse power Slater engine has been placed in position at the plant of the Pope Manufacturing Company. The machine is of the cross-compound type and the flywheel alone weighs twenty tons. A system of rope drive transmits the power to the works.

The growth of the motor carriage industry is well shown by the fact that the management in charge of the 1900 Paris Exposition has decided that the automobile section will require a great deal more space than was originally contemplated. It is thought that a motor carriage annex will be formed at Vincennes.

The National India Rubber Co., 244 Monroe St. Chicago manufacturers of Kangaroo tires have just issued their second catalogue. It is arranged in tasty style and besides telling how the Kangaroo tires are made gives a list of the principal records made on these popular tires. A copy will be sent free of charge to any address.

Previous to the introduction of 50-point carbon steel tubing, the attempt of manufacturers to make fork-ends of what is known in the industry as No. 18 gauge stock were virtually failures. The No. 20 gauge commonly used added a third of a pound to the weight of the forks, which at the same time were less rigid than those now made of 50-point material.

Doubtless a good many desirable cycle inventions are lost to the world through the inability of their originators to get them manufactured and marketed. It is announced that the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, solicits the correspondence of all persons who are sure that they have new things that are not lacking in utility. The Company, it is stated, intends to market a number of interesting specialties next year through its new Sundry Department.

The world is regarding the development of motor vehicles with intense interest and there is no longer any question as to their practicality. The storage battery has been successfully adapted to the most luxurious pleasure vehicles ever built, and, while nothing can compare with electric carriages of the highest grade, such as those manufactured by the

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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Pope Manufacturing Company, the gasoline engine appears to possess large possibilities, particularly in the direction of business traffic. It may be safely assumed that are long horseless traction will fill an important place in the locomotive methods of trade as well as in the interest of the pleasure-seeker.

One of the most convenient tire pumping stations in the country is that at the entrance of the Hartford Salesrooms of The Pope Manufacturing Company. A compressor operated by factory power supplies a concealed reservoir which is always on tap by means of tubes fitted with tire valve connections. Use of the apparatus is free to all riders, and many Hartford cyclists often find it convenient to "go around by Pope's" and pump up.

Makers of chainless wheels, after going to some pains in the matter, have failed to get at the source of a paragraph which recently obtained circulation telling how, through the breaking of the gears of his chainless, a New Jersey rider was thrown and sustained a fractured skull. Diligent inquiry of town officials, physicians, cyclists and others living near the locality of the alleged accident has resulted in finding no one having personal knowledge that it had occurred. The story seems to have had its origin in the mind of some imaginative newspaper writer. Experts on chainless construction say that it would be entirely impossible for a broken gear to cause such a fall as that described.

An Englishman has been granted a patent on a puncture closing solution the ingredients of which are as follows:

Two hundred and seven parts of sugar (what is generally known as the best brown cane sugar is considered the best,) nine and one fourth parts of rice starch, ninety-two parts of water and two parts of burnt sugar, or other coloring matter of sufficient quantity.

The solution is prepared as follows: The sugar is

mixed with sixty-four parts of water and boiled to a thick syrupy mass. The starch is then mixed with twelve parts of cold water and poured into the sugar and the water mixture when boiling and the two constantly stirred for ten minutes. The burnt sugar or other coloring matter, is then mixed with sixteen parts of water and stirred with the previous mixture until the whole is thoroughly mixed, after which the product is allowed to become cold when it is ready for immediate use, or for bottling to keep for future use.

For large wheels, such as are used on carriages or heavy vehicles, a small quantity of insoluble substance having a slightly granular condition, such as plaster-of-Paris, should be added to the previous mixture. The plaster-of-Paris may be added during the preparation of the solution and is for the purpose of forming a nucleus around which the solution may coagulate.

A small quantity of the solution is inserted through the valve-stem of the tire, which is then inflated and revolved a few times. The solution will cover the entire surface of the tire on the inside and it is claimed will increase the life and resilience of the rubber.

Ben Park, formerly with D. D. Warner, Co., will sell *Tribunes* in '99. Mr. Park is one of the best in the business and with one of the best wheels in the market will show up well when the season is over.

The second petition in bankruptcy has been filed in the United States Court by J. P. Gates, who conducts a nickel plating establishment at 847 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

\$5,000 worth of old pattern and second-hand bicycles were recently sold at an auction sale held at Melbourne, Australia.

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ESTABLISHED 1891.

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EDITED BY
F. G. CRAMER.

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WM. A. KRASSETT, Bus. Mgr.
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The Pneumatic,
207 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 8

MY LADY'S WHEEL.

BY JEANETTE PEMBERTON.

I HAD been out of the world for—never mind how long. Nothing but a Siberian dun-geon can extenuate my ignorance, but I am not a Russian. I had just returned, and hastened, as soon as etiquette permitted, to see Miss Marguerite Smythe whom I had once known as little Maggie Smith; a charming maiden, let her call herself what she will.

As I sat at one end of the long parlor, listening for the tap of her little foot, my attention was caught by a wheel standing against the dim light in the shaded and lace-curtained window of the next room. "Aha!" I exclaimed; "My lady spins. What can be daintier or more be-fitting a sweet girl's home life than an hour spent in making the soft silken—? ah—?"

I did not know just what one did manufac-ture at a spinning-wheel; but I knew how well it set off the grace of a girlish figure. I dreamed of Priscilla's beauty and coyness, and mentally matched Maggie's slim figure and fresh fairness with that of any Priscilla that ever was born. As I dreamed I softly whistled a bit of hum-ming melody—when suddenly I heard a low ac-companiment and a rustling behind me. I turned

hastily and saw an aged but still shapely spin-ning-wheel, dressed carefully in a bow of blue satin ribbon, gliding stiffly over the rug towards my chair.

It bridled with scorn, (it would have scorned to saddle!) and with a wheezy voice it addressed me in a song without words, but in language clear and unmistakable:

"You appear as other sons of men—but what gulfs separate you when you fail to discern the difference between wheels! Did you ever have a grandmother?"

Not pausing for my awe-stricken reply she sang on:

"Could her shade visit you—(May Heaven forbid! I ejaculated.) it must put on bloomers before it could ride *that* wheel!"

The neutral "it" softened the shock, but my imagination reeled at the picture of the lean and ghostly old lady in as unseemly a dress.

"Your ignorance insults our time-honored dignity in mistaking a *bicycle*!"—the word choked her, and her distaff trembled and flut-tered its long locks like a hoary head.

"Women sat at our side with womanly pride,"

she resumed tremulously; "they sit on these monsters!"

I smiled with idiotic incredulity.

"May their immortal memories pardon the suggestion—but can your fancy picture our Pilgrim mothers clanging through noisy streets in their husbands' clothes on a vulgar wheel? A spectacle at which men may jeer and women should weep!" The voice paused an instant for breath, when, with a merry click, the other wheel coasted gayly into the room, ringing a silver bell smartly to warn the aged one, who stood directly in its path, and who—I am proud to record—had the nerve to remain there, trembling in every withered joint.

"Make way!" it laughed with glee. "You can't stop the tide of Progress! Your Pilgrim mothers are rubbish of the past, poor dames! What did they know of life? Patient plodders! drudging at home, and wasting precious time! How little they dreamed of the bliss of soaring through the world like a bird on the wing!"

The aged spinning-wheel groaned. "Talk about insults! Fancy being mistaken for this decrepit old drone! Fancy standing in a corner swathed in effeminate ribbon, or buzzing dolefully to some spinster foot without an ounce of 'go' in its anatomy, or a grain of vitality in its soul! Fancy!"

The silvery chains sparkled and the bell clanged while the wheel rode noiselessly around the room with a jaunty, bewildering grace.

"Every muscle in a woman's body was made for use; and she gets it when she takes a spin on us."

At this frivolous use of the word she considered her own the self-respecting old wheel quivered with an emotion so great as to rend asunder the blue satin ribbon.

"See her eyes—and her cheeks—and her development!" continued the brilliant little type of Progress.

"Oh! her development!" shrieked the other.

"Shall she wither between the four walls while all nature belongs to man? Shall he enjoy life in comfortable garments while she sits at home in corsets and entangled drapery and spits, and mends his clothes? Ho! for new days and fresh fields!" with such wild gyrations that my head swam.

"Is a woman all muscle?" faintly croaked the other. "Is there no coal of virtuous labor—no spirit of repose?"—

"Spirit of fiddle!"—

A clatter on the stairs—the bicycle sped to its place, the aged spinning-wheel, spent with emotion, sank to the floor in pieces, and I turned to greet a boylike vision in bewildering, 'alf and 'alf costume; very short skirt, leather leggins, cut-away coat, with shirt-front and natty tie, and felt hat.

With a word of cordial greeting, she said, "I've an engagement to ride with a party in ten minutes—a little spin up to Peascham. Have you seen my wheel? A perfect beauty! Come with us. You can take Fred's wheel."

"Is this little Maggy Smith? And where am I?" I asked myself as I picked up my hat, and meekly declined to spin as far as Peascham on my first mount.

She did not hear me. She was polishing her new wheel, and as she rolled the impertinent little upstart her dainty foot spurned the fragments of the poor old spinner.

"Grandmother's old wheel has gone to pieces," with a careless laugh. "Norah ought to have hustled away the mess."

"Come—we must be off!"

THE SOLUTION OF "A TANDEM PROBLEM."

BY ROCKDALE.

The writer of the article published by the Cycle Trader under the title of "A Tandem Problem," and republished in the September number of THE PNEUMATIC (see page 133) is puzzled over the reason why the occupant of the rear seat of a single steering tandem can influence the course of the machine. For convenience, we reproduce a part of the article in question before attempting an explanation of what seems to us a simple problem and one that by no means presents serious difficulty: "We found that the back-rider, by using the

feet in the manner adopted when riding hands-off, could influence the steering to an astonishing extent; while by means of the pedals and handle-bar, as well, he could actually turn the tandem round sharp corners, and, unless we were aware of his intention and prepared immediately to frustrate it, we were quite unable to keep the machine in its original course. The machine upon which we experimented is of the latest design, being only a few months old. It is extremely rigid, and how any power applied to the fixed back handle-bar can be so

readily communicated with the front wheel, over which it is not expected or intended to exert the slightest influence, is a problem of no mean magnitude. That an impulse applied to the back handle-bar is conveyed through the frame to the front wheel our experiments have convinced us. Possibly the result is achieved by the frame twisting bodily to right or left, the point of contact of the back wheel acting as a pivot. We do not pretend, however, to have given the question serious study, and probably some tandem experts could supply a ready and simple explanation which would clear up the mystery at once.*

While the present article is not the work of a "tandem expert," it is written by one who has devoted some time and study to cycling problems and who thinks he can "supply a ready and simple explanation," based upon his own experience in tandem riding, as well as upon theory.

Why is it that wheelmen are able to ride bicycles at all? The bicycle is an unstable vehicle; it will, if unsupported and not in motion, at once topple over. The true explanation is that the rider, by the slight but continuous turning of the handle-bar, is constantly shifting the center of gravity of wheel and rider. We need not now stop to discuss the reasons upon which this conclusion is based. They will be found well and succinctly set forth, in the Popular Science Monthly for April, 1891, in an article entitled; "What Keeps the Bicycle Upright?" Now every bicyclist, after a little practice, can control the steering of his machine on a good road without touching the handle-bars at all. By placing an unequal pressure upon the pedals and by a slight swaying of the body the front wheel and handle-bars and of course the fork-neck, being journaled upon freely moving ball-bearings, are influenced in exactly the same manner as when the rider touches the handles directly. A moment's consideration will, we think, make this perfectly clear.

What are the facts as to tandem-riding, so far as the problem presented is concerned? Simply that the weight of the rear rider has an important influence upon the steering, exactly

as in the case of a single, to which, of course, all the preceding remarks are intended to apply.

When there is an occupant of each seat on a single steering tandem, the forward rider having direct control of the bars necessarily determines the course of the machine, but his task will be made more difficult if his companion does not use his weight and the pressure on the pedals in unison with him, as every experienced "tandemon" (to use the British expression) knows. In that case the action of the rear rider is such as to shift the center of gravity from the point intended by the front rider, rendering it necessary for the latter to put forth an extra effort to overcome the handicap. On the contrary, where the riders incline their bodies and apply pedal pressure in unison, the occupant of the rear seat helps, to a considerable extent, to keep the tandem in the right path. What we have said is equally applicable to machines with three, four or a greater number of riders, although the power of any one rider to affect the steering is, on those machines, materially lessened. Suppose, however, that by agreement all the riders except the first, say on a "quad" or a "quint" should conspire against the steersman (these machines are almost invariably single-steering) it is probable that they could render it extremely difficult for him to guide the wheel and might by their united efforts even overcome his, and divert the machine in another direction. We should like to have some reader who is in a position to try the experiment, do so and report the result.

To assert that "an impulse is conveyed through the frame" (which is absolutely rigid) is absurd, as is also the suggestion that "possibly the result is achieved by the frame twisting bodily from right to left." Until someone suggests a better reason, we shall hold the opinion that the true solution of the problem is the same in the case of the rear rider of a tandem as of one who rides a single, "hands off," namely, that weight is applied so as to shift the center of gravity to one point or another, in such manner as to help or counteract the work of the steersman.

AUTUMN.

If all who walk would ride a wheel,
I'm sure we'd never hear
That the melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.

THE TROUBLE OF A NOVICE.

Everyone who rides a bicycle was a novice at one time and undoubtedly experienced troubles similar to those of the novice of to-day. A writer in the Philadelphia Times has the situation well in hand when he says that the trials that a novice generally encounters after he has made his debut as a rider and has achieved the art of mounting, dismounting and preserving his balance, naturally fall into two classes; those that concern himself, and those more intimately connected with his machine.

The most usual trouble of the beginner is the extraordinary and unaccustomed thirst that attacks him during and after a ride. It is a symptom that recurs in a milder degree when experienced riders renew their acquaintance with the wheel after a period of rest, but in its most acute form it is a mark of the novice. Now the cure for it is not to drink in large quantities, and, hard as it may seem to be, it is wise to refrain from attempting to quench this craving by deep potations even of non-intoxicating fluids. Most of the apparent thirst is not really a genuine desire for drink, but is the cry of a parched throat and a dried-up mouth, a cry that can be met by rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat rather than by swilling unnecessary quantities of liquor into the stomach. Of course, there is a body waste that has to be repaired after much exertion, particularly in hot weather, but this genuine thirst must not be confounded with throat dryness, which is aggravated by hard breathing, especially if the mouth as well as the nostrils are used for inhalations.

A second symptom of distress, also arising from the unaccustomed nature of the exercise, is cramp. This extremely painful muscular affliction is generally due to riding with an incorrect reach, or in a doubled up position, so that the limbs have not free play. A very low gear ridden at a very high speed sometimes induces cramp through the extreme rapidity of the pedaling, and it then is generally felt under the back of the knee joint. The cramp that displays itself in the large muscles of the thighs is a sign that too high a gear is being driven, while the agony of abdominal cramp is proof positive of over-exertion. Occasionally riders get a twinge of cramp in the feet, and this is evidence that the soles of their shoes are too thin, and the toes tend to fold up on the pedal rubbers or bars; finger cramp sometimes results from the handle grips being too small in diameter for the grasp of an expansive palm.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable personal trouble for a beginner is the case-hardening process that has to be gone through before a saddle is endurable. All pressure except on the bones is radically bad, and it is a duty that every beginner owes to himself to continue exper-

imenting with every variety of tilt and position of the saddle until he finds that he is sitting only on his bone ends. Bone soreness is of no account; it is merely unpleasant, and a certain course of hardening has to be gone through by every rider, but any other chafing or friction must be attended to at once, and the cause of it removed.

Among the minor difficulties that beset the beginner in the management of his machine is the curing of the tendency to "wobble" when passing traffic. Many a novice can go straight when the road is clear and wide, but apparently becomes fascinated and unable to resist a sort of magnetic attraction offered by other items of passing traffic. It is easier, when there is room to wobble, to avoid doing so than when there is not room, in precisely the same way as it is easier to ride on a nine-inch plank on the ground than if placed up above the surrounding level. It is the knowledge that you must not swerve that robs the art of balance and steering (which are inter-dependent) of their automatic nature, and, as every novice knows, when you begin to think about the balance, you are much more likely to upset. The best way to train to ride accurately is to practice riding at extremely low speeds along a marked out straight line. It is harder to steer to a hair's breadth at five miles an hour than at fifteen, and if the novice cultivates the art of slow steering he will be less prone to indulge in devious wanderings from a short course in actual practice on the roads.

Many beginners are perplexed when they endeavor to make a complete turn in the width of the road. This is due to several small causes. They are accustomed at street corners to turn through a right angle, but in doubling on their own tracks they have to keep on turning. One often sees a beginner turn half round and then dash straight on to the hedge or the curbstone, forgetful that the doubling necessitates twice the amount of turning. They also are prone to forget that the machine has to be driven as well as turned, and they leave off pedalling and so bring the machine to a standstill before the maneuver is completed. To do it neatly, a rider should draw well to the near side, turn upward and inward to the center of the road just so much that he is square with the road when half way across it; and then, without any alteration of the inclination of the handlebar, go on pushing till he is right round.

A trouble that is not wholly confined to novices is the management of the machine when there is a tendency to slip sideways on a greasy road. It is the worst plan to give a convulsive grasp at the handlebar in a sudden effort to correct the bicycle. It should be humored rather than corrected, and in all acts of steer-

and balance there should invariably be an absence of suddenness. The risk of side slip is minimized by exerting a very even pressure on the pedals free from all suspicion of jerkiness, by sitting extremely still, but avoiding sudden back pedaling, and by steering in long, easy sweeps instead of in sudden and angular jerks. Particularly careful must a rider be when down on the side of a road and attempting to turn up toward the middle, because the slope being sideways there is a greater tendency to side slip than on the flat part of the road, a fact which accounts in part for the numerous cases of side slip which happen precisely at the moment of passing traffic. It is not a fluke or a coincidence, or the "pure cussedness" of the rider. It is due to his being of necessity somewhat on the slant.

An excellent cure for most steering troubles is to learn to steer without the hands. It cultivates good steering, cures wobbling, and kills the early impression of the novice that it is necessary to squeeze the handles with a tight grasp. The art is best acquired by holding the handlebar nearer and nearer the center until the hands are close together, one on each side of the steering post. Then only one should be used to hold the bar centrally, with the steering post between the fingers. Let the hold of it be eased off gradually, keeping ready to re-grasp the bar if necessary, and so by degrees cultivate the art of letting go, always remaining prepared to catch hold again immediately in the event of a sudden swerve. This recommendation of learning to steer without hands as a panacea for the evils of bad steering must not be misunderstood to mean advice to ride thus in general. It is an art that should be acquired and suppressed. Those steer straightest who can, if they want, let go; yet the expert steerer will not, as a rule, ride without a hold.

The value of learning to steer with one hand becomes apparent when a cyclist attempts to carry a parcel on a machine. It is surprisingly disconcerting to carry a package in one hand and attempt to hold the handle bar with the same hand. The load at the bar end disturbs the equilibrium of the handle-bar, and if the parcel is hung to the fingers by its string, and sways, it soon sets up an oscillation that has a most peculiarly unmanageable effect on the steering. If, however, the bicycle can be steered centrally, by one hand and a certain

amount of wrist dexterity, the other is free to carry a parcel of such weight and dimensions as could be carried if the rider were on foot. Only he must remember that he has not the same facility for changing the load from one hand to the other. A portmanteau as heavy and as bulky as one could carry on foot may be carried in this way, and no other system is so good for the short-distance carrying of smaller parcels. Of course, for a journey it is absurd to carry any luggage that is not fastened to the machine itself, without the rider as an intermediate beast of burden, but for short carriage of enormous loads the one hand steering and the other holding the parcel by one's side, as in walking, is a perfectly satisfactory scheme.

The slipping of the feet from the pedals is often due to the pedals being too wide, as well as from the "greenness" of the rider. Another cause of feet flying off the pedals at fairly high speed is the use of heavy shoes—or, worse still, boots. The feet are flying around in a circle, and if they are loaded there is a greater centrifugal force tending to throw them out of the circle they are intended to take, hence it is desirable to lighten the shoes as much as possible. When the pedals are missed, or are deliberately abandoned for coasting purposes, the rider is face to face with another little difficulty, namely, how to regain them without slowing down almost to a standstill. The trick of pedal catching is, however, easy, with a little practice even at high speeds. One foot should feel for its pedal at the top of the stroke; do not try to catch it at the bottom, because a failure to find it then means that the pedal will come up and hit you, while a failure to find it at the top merely entails delay until the next revolution of the cranks. Chase the pedal down, and, at the next moment, with the other foot catch the other pedal at the top of its stroke also. The two should be caught as nearly as possible at the same moment. The feet should be removed simultaneously from the foot rests, and, with knees both bent, both feet should feel for the pedals in the uppermost parts of their circuits. The first one felt should be chased, and the other pedal is instantly known to be coming over, and the other foot finds it at once; they should not be looked at, but felt for, as it is impossible to see the pedals when they are revolving fast in such a way as to be of help to catch them; moreover, it is the duty of the eyes to maintain a good lookout ahead.

Taken From Contemporaries

BICYCLES IN GERMANY.

(By the Chicago Record's Berlin Correspondent,
Wolf Von Schierstaud.)

It is a surprising fact that the bicycle has made its triumphal entry in Germany so quickly. Surprising because the Germans, generally speaking, are not quick in taking to novel notions. Yet over here the craze for the wheel is about as great and as widespread as in America. Judges and generals ride it. I have seen men of 70 or more riding wheels in the public streets. Even the university professors use cycles. Among those, for instance, who regularly come down to their lectures at the Berlin university on the bicycle are such professors of note as Delbrueck, Jastrow, Hensel, Graaf, Von Wenckstern and others. And the women, too, have taken it up with a vengeance. Two years ago it was not deemed the proper thing for a lady of social standing to be seen publicly on a wheel, and the papers indulged in gibes and stings at their expense. Now, however, it is different. Ladies of the highest strata of society ride their wheels with perfect unconcern—nay, with public approbation—especially since the German physicians have come out strongly in favor of such exercise for women and girls.

Of course the question of how to dress properly when on the wheel has not—in fact, still does—quite a figure in the public mind. Bloomers, no matter how cut, were tabooed, and those ladies who defied public opinion in that respect were more or less ostracized. Of those who now ride the wheel, in Berlin, for instance (where there are, according to the police returns, some 15,000 cycling women), about nine out of every ten wear the divided skirt. An amusing feature was the series of bicycle races got up on one of the large race tracks here for women exclusively, with the sole end of deciding for once and all the question which costume is the most becoming and decent for reputable women on the wheel. The contest came off last Sunday. There were some fifty female competitors, all in different costumes, and the umpires had to decide which were the best dressed for the occasion. As the umpires, in their majority, were of the male persuasion, it is, perhaps, needless to mention that the young woman who got the first prize and whose costume was decided to be the most becoming was the prettiest one, and that she wore, sure enough, bloomers, or as the Germans term them, *pumphosen*. The other ladies, attired in severer garb, were, naturally enough, correspondingly disgusted.

I ought to mention, too, that the American bicycle, despite its higher price, is gaining more

and more in popularity in Germany, even in the face of the desperate resistance made by the German manufacturers. And there has been this spring and summer something like a crisis in the German bicycle manufacture. Some of the best-noted German firms had to reduce their output, as there was not enough of a demand for their goods. That has been, for instance, the case with the Corona bicycle works in Brandenburg, and a score of smaller establishments had either to shut down entirely or else to wind up their business.

THE ETHICS OF CYCLING.

(New Zealand Cyclist.)

On a recent Sunday afternoon, in Melbourne, a cyclists' church parade was organized by the Rev. K. H. Lambley of the Unitarian Church, Eastern Hill. Unfortunately, the municipal authorities refused to sanction a procession from St Kilda Road, and this no doubt told against the attendance. As it was, a fair congregation was present at the church to listen to an address on "The Place of the Bicycle in Modern Life." Mr. Lambley said that his claim to speak on the matter was based on the fact that personally he had had an extended acquaintance with bicycling, and had a passionate fondness for that most enjoyable pastime. As an innovation, the bicycle had to win its way into public favor, and cyclists, as a class, to gain public respect. He had seen in the Melbourne papers lately reports of serious and even fatal accidents occasioned by cyclists, and while these were doubtless not attributable to sheer recklessness on the part of the riders but were brought about by unfortunate and unforeseen circumstances, it was stated that in some instances of pedestrians being run down by cyclists, the latter had not even stopped to pick up the persons injured, or to see if they were in need of assistance. Such inhuman and disgraceful conduct tended to bring cyclists generally into disrepute. All who wished well to cycling would do their best to encourage moderation and discretion in the case of street riding. The question of betting and professionalism in connection with bicycle racing was next touched upon by the speaker, who remarked that this was a very difficult and delicate subject to deal with, and considered that if the principal of professionalism was attacked, it should be done in the case of all sports, and not in any individual one merely. There were many points in connection with cycling

which needed reform. They should set their faces strongly against the advertisement craze, which was responsible for many evils in connection with the pastime. As to Sunday touring, he regarded it as beneficial, provided always the tourists conducted themselves so as not to give unnecessary offence to other people. Mr. Lambley concluded by urging cyclists to show that, as a class, they were among the "most reliable, sober, respectable and serious members of the community." There is still one point that belongs to the ethics of cycling that requires to be discussed, and that is the right of a cyclist to ride on a footpath when the road is bad. In several instances local bodies have granted this as a privilege; but it will be agreed that a cyclist using a footpath should carry a continuously-ringing bell. The claims of this large section of the community have certainly become too pressing to be ignored, and the introduction of the Hon. J. G. Ward's Cycling Bill is evidence that politicians have recognized the fact.

THE BAGGAGE QUESTION.

(L. A. W. Bulletin.)

The L. A. W. Bulletin has been asked many questions in reference to the so-called bicycle baggage question. These questions cover a number of features.

In States where a charge is made for carrying wheels, we are asked why they cannot be carried free. In States where wheels are carried free, we are asked why the same privilege cannot be obtained from steamboat companies. And in some instances, where both railroads and steamboats are carrying wheels free, much complaint is made as to the method of handling and storing them.

There is also much complaint as to the manner in which some of the railroads obey the letter of the law and at the same time evade the spirit of it—much to the disadvantage of traveling wheelmen.

Perhaps the largest number of complaints referring to any one railroad are those made of the New York Central, which, although compelled to carry wheels as baggage, imposes a number of onerous conditions upon the owners of the wheels.

We are fully satisfied, after a long consideration of this subject, that the entire system of carrying baggage as now practised is wrong. It is an injustice alike to the railroad and the passenger, and not only that, it is an injustice which is not at all times equally unjust.

We believe that common sense and business experience alike recommend exact equity in all business transactions. The man who rides two miles on a railroad should pay more than the man who rides one mile. The man who ships two tons of freight should pay more than the man who ships one ton. These principles are so obvious and well understood in all other directions, that even a schoolboy would be blamed for not acting upon them. But when it comes to railroad travel we find that the fare to a given place is so much, even though the passenger have with him not even a collar box. If, however, he desires to carry with him a trunk, weighing up to 150 pounds, he need pay no more for passage than if he had left the trunk at home.

Now, in some States, laws have been passed which compel the railroads to take a bicycle instead of a trunk, or even a bicycle and trunk, at the option of the passenger.

While railroad men admit that the trunk is all right, if it is strong and thoroughly strapped, the bicycle is quite a frail piece of mechanism which is very easily damaged in the hurry and bustle incidental to railroad travel. From the standpoint of the railroad man this argument is all right, while from the standpoint of the wheelman, he ought not to be blamed for inquiring why a light bicycle cannot be accepted instead of a heavy trunk. Again, the old argument comes in from the railroad side, "if we accept bicycles now, what next?" Certainly no one would claim that if an ordinary bicycle is carried, the railroad is not equally bound to carry one having wheels an inch or two larger, or one which is a few inches longer. The trouble is bound to continue, in one form or another, so long as the present baggage regulations are adhered to.

There is but one thoroughly practical, common-sense way out of the difficulty.

When a passenger without baggage rides on a railroad train he should pay for himself alone, and certainly if he has no baggage he should not pay for it. If he has 50 pounds of baggage he should pay for it; if he has 100 pounds he should pay more; if he has a bicycle, and the railroad company takes it at all, he should pay proportionately for carrying it.

It is absurd, however, to charge us all—at all times—for baggage which we do not have. A readjustment of the whole matter could not work injustice to any person, while all would necessarily have to admit the desirability of doing exact justice all around.

Why not have such a law in all States? That would not only settle the bicycle baggage question, but all future questions of this character which may come up. The matter has been discussed considerably by L. A. W. officials in Massachusetts, and it is more than probable that an attempt to pass such a law will be made on Beacon Hill next winter.

THE TRUTH ABOUT «THE BICYCLE HEART.»

(Cycling.)

Enterprising journalists have to late years taken very kindly to cycling as a likely source of copy. In their enthusiasm to provide wheeling mental fare for their readers, they have frequently felt themselves justified in drawing upon their imaginations for material, and so have set down as fact, fiction evolved from their own resourceful brains. Particularly have they been active in inventing a long string of weird and mysterious ailments from which in times the cyclist is said to suffer, the bicycle arm and foot, the bicycle eye and face, bicycle nerves and bicycle paralysis. As we all know, these are ills that were unheard of ere attention was called to them by the paragraph writers with an odd corner yet to fill, and the only people who suffer in any way from them are ignorant who overhear novices talking such twaddle. At the same time, there is one ailment serious and eminently real, that over use of the wheel undoubtedly may bring on, and that is that distressing and in time dangerous condition that has been christened «bicycle heart.»

This is no journalistic nightmare at a penny a line. «Bicycle heart,» so called, does exist, and, even if in a particular case it is not dangerous, it implies, as a most eminent physician assured the writer, «an extremely uncomfortable state to be in.» Quite recently, special attention has been called to the effects of cycling upon the heart by several well-known French racing cyclists having been rejected as unfit for military duties, on account of hypertrophy («morbid enlargement,» as the dictionary has it,) and other diseases of the heart, and, although these men may never have suffered pain or inconvenience in any way, the action of the authorities, who do not deem it worth while wasting time and money in training them as soldiers, certainly points most conclusively to the fact that the something found wrong with them is no mere trifling ailment.

Says the «British Medical Journal,» in commenting upon this very incident: «There must be few of us who have not seen the ill effects of over-exertion on a bicycle. The commonest is palpitation and temporary dilatation; but even this is sometimes very difficult to cure. In a case which occurred recently, a lady, ordered for a fortnight's change of air after influenza, chose to spend it in bicycling about fifty miles a day. As a result, she has had, ever since that time, now nine months ago, a pulse which, on the least exertion, rises to 120, though she has not ridden since. That temporary dilatation occurs is enough to show the great strain put upon the heart, and it is an added danger that the sense of fatigue in the limbs is so slight. The rider is thus robbed of

the warning to which he is accustomed to attend.» The symptoms of such heart trouble—and they gradually increase in intensity—are palpitation and more forcible action of the heart, the face becomes more or less suffused, and the eyes slightly bloodshot, a sense of fullness in the head becomes apparent, and in some cases the hearing is a trifle deadened. At first the rider who has been overdoing it soon recovers himself after dismounting, but the attacks become in time more prolonged and increasingly severe; the muscle of the heart, gaining strength by repeated exertion, works with alarming force, sufficiently so in one case I know of, to actually, with each throb, shake the patient's bed. In time, too, the heart begins to ache, not acutely, but just a dull, gnawing pain that becomes most wearisome.

This is not a pleasant picture. Happily, it is comparatively rare, and this very undesirable condition of body is brought about simply by cycling as and when you ought not to. I am not a believer in the theory that sooner or later every giant of the race path, every hero of the great road contests, will find out in his later years that his exertions a wheel in his early manhood have told upon him. I do not believe that bye-and-bye, Holbein, Shorland, Michael, Platt-Betts, Cordang and Constant Huret, amongst others, are bound to feel ill effects from the terrific efforts they have put forth. When I once asked J. W. Stocks if his years of racing and record-breaking had affected his heart in any way, he replied, with a smile that is eminently his own, that he had just been accepted by an insurance company as an extra special first-class life.

No, it is not to the professional athlete and the man who trains properly that the «bicycle heart» comes. True, any man predisposed to heart trouble would probably do himself no good by excessive cycle riding, even did he train correctly, and I know at least one good amateur rider who has in this way suffered, till his doctor has taken him off distance rides and out down his gear. It is the man and woman who, infatuated with the pastime, ride when they should not, and go too far, who will suffer in the way indicated. Here is a typical and authentic case. A rider, extremely muscular and accustomed to boxing, fencing, cross-country running, etc., was, on the old ordinary, very fast at short distances, being essentially a sprinter. But his ambition was to ride far. He went for hundred mile rides in the day—nothing now, but a fair feat in the early days—struggling painfully along during the concluding stages of the trip, while his clubmates laughed and chatted. No after-effects appeared at the time. And therein lurked the danger. Later on, business cares precluded all but week-end spins. These the wheelman took, trying to go as fast and as far as formerly. Soon some of the symptoms above indicated became ap-

parent, and, after a moderate spin at even an ordinary pace, the unfortunate rider was quite a sight to look at, red in the face, breathless and trembling. For three years he gave up cycling. Then he took up the sport again, and at once felt the benefit of so doing. He enjoyed his rides, and finished fresh, till one unfortunate day, when riding up a fairly steep incline, another rider very ostentatiously sailed past him. The old spirit proved too strong, the elder rider took on the cheeky new one, and after a sharp tussle landed in front on the hill top. The harm was done. All the distressing symptoms returned with alarming intensity, for weeks medicines had to be taken to slow the heart's action, the rider was forbidden to use his wheel at all for three months, and, equally harrowing, he was knocked off tobacco altogether.

That, I think, explains the situation clearly. It is the abuse of cycling that causes the evil to arise. The man who sits all the week thinking and working at his desk must not attempt the feats accomplished by those who can put in their forty miles every evening. The lady clerk who welcomes the week-end respite as affording an opportunity for a spin a wheel, must not try to equal the mileage of the girls not in business, who spend half their days a wheel. The youth who studies hard, and whose brains and not his legs are to earn him his bread, must not, when his books are temporarily laid aside, drop his handles, fix on a bigger gear wheel, and strive to hang on to sturdy scorchers, who have little to think of save 'getting there.'

It is when attempts such as these are made that something gives way, and experience is teaching us that, in cycling, that something, that terribly important something, is the heart. There is a craze on at the present moment, amongst even the mere rank and file of riders, for big gears. I have taken the opinion of, perhaps, half a dozen doctors of standing upon this point, and all are agreed that the pushing of a big gear, slow though the action be, puts infinitely more strain upon the heart than the propelling of a low gear, even with its quick, scuttling motion.

Of one of these authorities I inquired: 'How, if our limbs do not indicate to us by a tired feeling that we are overdoing it, how are we to know when we are straining our hearts?' His answer I consider of the very utmost importance and value. Said he: 'There is one infallible sign that tells when exertion is being pushed too far, and that is breathlessness. If you wish to avoid taxing your heart, never get out of breath.'

Such, as far as go the modest investigations of a lay inquirer, are the real facts concerning an ailment to which it is customary for the 'outside' Press to refer with many dark and vague nods and winks. Once the condition

above described is set up, any considerable exertion, and not only the riding of a cycle, may serve to materially increase the rate of the pulse. At the same time, he it noted that the number of sufferers at present is small. With reasonable precaution, the state need not exist at all. It is a poor sport that has not its dangers, and a weak one that cannot bear a recital of them, and it is with the knowledge that the grand pastime of cycling can well sustain attention being called to possible evils arising from over indulgence in it, that this little paper has been penned. Where one individual has suffered from abuse of the sport, tens of thousands have reaped benefit from it. At the same time, knowledge is power. He is safest who knows where he stands; and 'Forewarned is forearmed.'

MICHAEL'S FIRST RACE IN AMERICA.

(Al. Reeves in Indianapolis Sentinel.)

He was a quiet looking little fellow. More like a bashful schoolboy than a crack bicycle rider, and very few who saw Jimmy Michael when he arrived in America in the summer of 1896 could be made to believe that he could ride a bicycle at the speed which was claimed for him by Tom Eck, who brought him from Europe. Rarely speaking, except when questioned, and then only answering in monosyllables, he was the highest type of modesty in an athlete.

Eck immediately began to look for a match for his protégé, but the finding of a man to ride in the style which had been adopted by the Welshman was not easy. People in America had heard of big races in Europe, where the men were paced by multicycles and which were naturally expensive. They had heard of the intense excitement during the progress of one of these races, but cycling was but a small game at that time and few followers of the sport had any idea that such treats would be in store for them, at least not for some time.

But the Quill club wheelmen of America, probably the greatest race meet promoting club in the country, decided to give the Welshman a chance, and therefore concluded a match between Michael, J. Frank Starbuck of Philadelphia and Al. Weinig, the Buffalo giant. The contest was to last for one hour, the club offering a prize of \$350, besides paying about \$800 for the pace making. The date set for the race was Friday, Sept. 18, at Manhattan Beach, New York, that day being the day on which the trial heats were run for the big scratch races on Saturday.

The day dawned a bit cloudy, with a good breeze blowing down the homestretch from the

ocean. Not more than 2,000 people were in attendance, the majority of the patrons waiting for the racing on Saturday. But what the crowd lacked in numbers it more than compensated in enthusiasm. Michael's appearance was the signal for loud applause, which was continued as Starbuck and Weinig came on the track.

The track was virtually full of pacing machines and pacemakers, and each man was to have an even number of assistants to pace him through the contest.

Weinig, the giant, was on the pole at the start, the diminutive five feet of Welsh stock in the center, with the swarthy Starbuck on the outside and the pacemakers of each man strung out in front. At the crack of the gun Michael was the first man off the mark and quickly enconced himself behind a triplet team of the Jolly brothers, recent arrivals in the country from France, and L. A. Callahan of Buffalo. "Star's" men failed to pick him up and the American located himself behind the Welshman's wheel for a couple of laps.

The time for the first mile was 2:06 3-5, with Michael leading, but Weinig's pacemakers took him to the front before two miles were completed, and there he remained for four laps.

The excitement at this point was greater than could have been thought possible at a bicycle race. Men, women and children stood on their seats and acted as though demented. The track was covered with tandems, triplets, quads and quints, manned by desperately riding men, who seemed to have lost their heads, while the three contestants struggled to hang to the big machines, now and then shifting to a fresh team. They jumped to different teams promiscuously, as no one seemed to know where they belonged.

The crowd was divided in its applause. The natural feeling of patriotism caused the people to shout for Starbuck as the American representative, while Michael's size caused many to sympathize with him and desire a victory in this instance to a foreigner.

Michael's pacemakers were the fastest and at five miles he led the popular "Star" by more than a lap. As he passed the latter tried to "hang" to his wheel, but the ninety-eight pounds of "Jimmy" offered but little wind resistance and the Quaker soon took to a triplet. Weinig was about two hundred yards behind the leader, but was fast losing ground.

Ten miles saw the midget make a full lap on the Buffalo giant and a lap and a half on the American. A roar echoed from the grand stand when it was announced that Michael was inside of the records, and from ten miles to the hour he established a new slate.

The terrific strain was now telling on the fifty or more pacemakers, whose faces were drawn as they pedaled against the cruel wind which swept down the homestretch and for which Manhattan Beach is noted. They stuck

to the task, however, and a call for faster pace never went unanswered, while teams would come to the pacing camp almost exhausted and reeking with perspiration, only to be sent off again without a word of protest.

Weinig, too, began to show the effects of the journey, and copious bleeding at the nose caused his retirement at sixteen miles, just after the Welshman had passed him the second time.

"Star" was now almost a mile astern and it appeared a hopeless chase. But he was still good for a long race, while Michael's short stay in the country had not fitted him sufficiently for the hard task. Weinig's pacemakers came on after a rest and started to aid Starbuck, while Michael requested "a wee bit slower" at twenty miles.

Then "Star" began to gain. Only a little at first, and then by yards at every lap. He passed Michael once and then again amid the yells of the crowd. Everything was excitement, for it seemed as though the outcome would be an American victory. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the crowd raised a din that was deafening, half the people were dancing on their seats, the officials ran around shouting encouragement, while the pacemakers seemed to be infused with new energy and rode faster than ever.

The American's riding was nothing short of marvelous, for he had but tandem teams, such as Barnett-Allen and Goodman-Williamson, to do his pacing. Yet he followed them at a two-minute pace and shouted for them to go faster.

The scene which followed at twenty-three miles when Starbuck took the lead after a game struggle, is almost indescribable. Michael was far from beaten, however, and stayed behind the big American until twenty-five miles, when his pacemakers drew him away from Starbuck's men, who had expended their energy in getting even and were unable to respond to the Quaker's appeal for faster pace.

Michael soon had a comfortable lead which "Star" was beginning to cut down when the crack of the pistol announced the completion of the hour and showed the American but forty yards in the rear of Michael. It was the first paced race that was run in America and the popularity of that style of competition has increased ever since.

Starbuck beat Michael in a twenty-five-mile race at Philadelphia last year, but the Welshman has administered three defeats in return. Thus resulted Michael's first race in America.

Since that race Michael has met and defeated the best that has been brought forward. Linton and McDuffie have defeated him, but he had what might be termed "reasonable excuses" to offer, in one case a broken handlebar and in the second a punctured tire. Taylor, the colored wonder, has beaten him, but the followers of wonderful little Welshman still claim he is the

best of them all and will show it before he takes to the horses and becomes a jockey, as is his idea at present.

FEMININE ECCRITICITIES.
(The Pelican)

What an extraordinary effect cycling appears to exert upon some people. Members of that which is sometimes ironically termed the Fair Sex are particularly prone to be affected by the mysterious magnetism which lurks in the apparently simple mechanism of two wheels linked together by a steel tube.

Young women possessed of quite ordinary characteristics are transformed as soon as they get comfortably seated on the saddle, and, with their gloved hands on the handle-bars and their bottles poised on the treads, make ready to run down harmless pedestrians, to collide with the kerb, or to rush across roads at the moment when a Pickford van or a fully loaded omnibus is bearing down at right angles upon them. Not physically changed, of course. Would it were so sometimes. We should then cease to be harrowed by the terrible monstrosities in feminine garb which so often affright us in the public thoroughfares.

Take an ordinary, unaffected girl, untouched by the wheeling craze. There she is as Mother Nature made her, simple even unto commonplace, without a single trace of artificiality about her. See her seated upon her little leather throne, and observe the change which comes over her. She either assumes an attitude of surpassing stiffness and becomes for a time a species of lay figure whose lower extremities move with the precision of some mechanical contrivance, or she throws off all reserve, and is painfully gushing and coy.

She bears down upon you, shaves the toes of your polished boots by six inches, or less, and whirls away with a languishing look in her eyes and a wicked smile on her lips. There is an expression on her face which seems to say, "There now, isn't it nice to be nearly floored by a really pretty girl?" No doubt she fondly believes, as she pursues her wild career, that she has done a very fetching thing: that she has "knocked" you, if not actually, at least metaphorically, and that your heart is working several extra knots an hour in consequence. If she could but hear the "langwidge" which rises automatically to your lips she would probably alter her views somewhat. But she cannot, and being blissfully ignorant of your real feelings and their oral expression, she goes on her way innocently rejoicing.

There is another fatal weakness which attacks cycling womankind wholesale—the desire to arrange their hair, to button their gloves, to toy with a handkerchief, or to put their hats straight when riding before a crowd.

The crowd need not necessarily be a large one. It may consist of one person. It is

equally effective in every way. To accomplish these feats they are compelled to relinquish their hold upon their handle-bars, a proceeding which, it is too often clear, fills them with the most acute agony. Still, the hair must be put straight, and the angle of the hat adjusted, agony or no agony—if there is anyone looking on.

It is on record that in a certain metropolitan square much frequented by cyclists on account of its solitude, a wheelwoman was observed to arrange her hair ten times and to adjust her hat on fifteen separate and distinct occasions in the course of an hour's exercise. And she always did both when there was some one at hand to observe the facile nonchalance with which she accomplished these feats, and with what easy grace she the while kept the cycle under control. Sometimes there was only a policeman or a butcher-boy on hand to note the proceedings, but they were quite sufficient for the purpose.

In the minds of some otherwise excellent souls there would appear to lurk a feeling that to ride without touching the handle-bars is a proceeding of consummate cleverness. I have not observed the same idea to prevail among ladies who ride the ordinary horse of commerce. To gallop about the public thoroughfares arranging one's hair, and with an utter disregard for the control of the steed and the safety of the public, would at once stamp the rider as a being fit to be kept under control during her Majesty's gracious pleasure, or cause the policeman on point duty to assert his authority. But on the bicycle it may be done with impunity; the world merely smiles and passes on; the policeman stares vaguely, and—catastrophes take place.

To pose by the side of a bicycle in a negligé attitude is also a favourite weakness among some Paris of the pneumatic tire. Certain of these poseurs never seem to ride their machines, or if they do it is only for a few yards, before they alight and pose themselves artistically. It has actually been whispered by some malevolent person or persons unknown that some of these attitudinisers never ride at all. They spend endless hours, garbed in smart attire, trundling their cycles in public places, and passing at intervals to fall into picturesque attitudes for the edification of the public and their own satisfaction. It is a curious amusement, but it only shows what a Svengali-like influence the bicycle exerts on some constitutions. Fancy a woman parading the streets pushing a wheel-barrow, a garden-roller, or a bath-chair, for instance.

If women but realized how obvious these little performances are to the average man of average intelligence they might give them up and behave rationally. But this, it is to be feared, is as unlikely to happen as for the Prince of Wales to play leap-frog in Pall Mall with the sentries of Marlborough House.

Observations

BY LOUIS NAPOLION.

I was riding along leisurely a few days ago, and, as is my habit, took to the side path which I invariably ride on to avoid the dust of the roads when all at once that familiar sound of a punctured tire came to my ears. The tire failed to flatten out which fact I could not account for and kept on riding when directly after I perceived the cause of the trouble. There is a law in most states compelling the farmer to destroy all obnoxious weeds on his farm as well as on his half of the public highway. Under this heading comes the Canadian thistle and the industrious agriculturist had already performed his enforced duty of cutting them down. You will notice when riding over them they will adhere to the rubber and in this wise are carried upward by the revolution of the wheel. This was the case in this instance, the thistle became wedged in between the wheel and front fork and the sound created by contact with the tire caused the similarity in sound to the air escaping from a puncture.

To ride a hundred or more miles in one day on a bicycle over country roads is a performance such as only a strong and well trained man can accomplish without excessive fatigue. Just recently a case was reported to me where two friends had arranged for a rather long tour and their last day's ride was to be a distance of 130 miles over quite rough roads. They had been out, as I have said, on a big trip and they were consequently well used up, one more so than the other. They had covered somewhat over half of the distance they wished to ride, when twilight overtook them. The season was quite late in the fall of the year, the air being quite frosty. Overcome by that tired feeling they sat down to rest next to a friendly oak adjacent to the road. Both succumbed to sleep and did not wake up until the following morning, thoroughly chilled to the bone and so stiff that they could barely move. For over four miles they struggled along as best they could before they were somewhat revived from the effects of that out-door sleep. I did not ascertain what the after-effects of this exposure was in either case, but presume that neither of the two wish to go through a like performance.

It is not always the man who can propel a bicycle the fastest who is destined to be the victor in a road race. I have seen contests innumerable and have myself been a participant in road events and have on various occasions seen a "dark horse" win. But the one with his head fully under control, with a knowledge of the condition of the road and who nurses his strength where occasion affords during the ride, is sure to come out on top.

The Sentinel of the "City of Beer" remarks editorially thus:

"The grandeur of the country is further illustrated by the fact that the war has not interfered with the completion of a new model for the bicycle of 1899."

I think the war has been the means of materially

hastening the completion of the new model so that "first come, first serve" may be rewarded by the looked for rush and revival of business.

Hardly has the season of '98 passed by when new bicycle models for the approaching year are shown by the manufacturers. In general, their make up will differ but little from the present bicycle excepting possibly the change to 30 inch wheels; the ones first adopted in 1891-2. The 28 inch wheel will always be in popular favor, it has been proven that the larger the circumference the greater the tendency to become out of true and therefore in want of constant attention.

There are road hogs among pedestrians as well as in the ranks of the fast fading prejudiced farmer. A case came to my notice sometime ago, where a wheelman was riding on the sidewalk in the direction that two pedestrians were going. He rode slow and when close upon them politely requested the men to step aside and allow him to pass but instead they stood stock still and the cyclist unwillingly ran into them. No sooner had he struck them when both fell upon the rider and gave him an unmerciful thrashing. Reciprocity in this case would be the proper thing; but how are the parties to be apprehended? This was certainly no gentlemanly action on the part of the foot passengers.

While inspecting a newly arranged cycle repair department of a local firm with the manager, a very laughable incident occurred: We were in the shop when the doorbell announced that someone had entered. The manager preceded me into the store, where we perceived a man leisurely inspecting a wheel; he then passed on to the rear of the store, where the showcase for cycle sundries is kept. He stood there for a moment, without paying any attention to the manager's polite inquiry, "What can I do for you, sir?" when all of a sudden he bawled out, "Give me a bear!" The man was under the impression that he had stepped into the saloon adjoining.

A friend of mine recently had occasion to stop at my house. He was going to business in the morning and allowed his wheel to stand at the curb of the street and came up to where I was sitting alongside the house next to my bicycle. We were talking on various subjects of interest at the moment when my visitor's gaze was riveted on the front fork of my wheel, the enamel having been scraped off for a length of about 10 inches. He was looking intently at it when he blurted out this sudden exclamation: "Well I didn't see this yet, I wonder where I could have got it; it wasn't scratched last night." Then all of a sudden he realized his mistaking my mount for his and felt relieved to quite an extent to find his wheel all right still at the curb where he had left it. The scene was laughable to behold.

Helpful Hints

Never look one way and wheel another.

* *

A slight forward tilt is far better and more comfortable than the extreme upright posture.

* *

Do not raise the handle bar or seat post too high. At least three inches should be left in the tube to allow a firm grip.

* *

Pains at the knees after riding a distance of about 50 miles, are caused by a too short reach, while pains in the calf indicate a reach too long.

* *

Do not depend on an old repair outfit. Neither rubber nor solution improves by keeping. An outfit bought last season will be practically useless now.

* *

The breaking of a spoke or two when you are miles from home should not cause any alarm. Ride carefully and have them replaced as soon as possible.

* *

Always remember that heat causes expansion, so that when the well of a lamp that is quite full gets heated the oil will spill out, and probably drop on your tires.

* *

Three pints hot water, quarter pound of potash, two drachms sulphuric acid, one drachm sulphuric ether, and four drachms 885 ammonia is said to be a good recipe for removing enamel from cycle frames.

* *

Riders of aluminium bicycles may keep the frame in its original white color by applying a mixture composed of 16 grains of borax dissolved in one and three-quarter pints of water, with a few drops of ammonia added.

* *

J. W. Stocks in his well known book on training gives the following advice: "If you are racing in the wind, a piece of brown paper sufficient to cover your chest inside your sweater will prevent any lung trouble."

* *

Cyclists who resort to a length of garden hose as a convenient implement for cleaning the wheel are warned that such violent washing is both unnecessary and liable to result in damage to running gear, spokes and bearings.

* *

The lustre of the enamel can be much improved by washing the tubing with a soft linen rag soaked in lukewarm water. Then after carefully drying it with a soft rag polish it with a solution of beeswax melted in spirits of turpentine. Do not use soap or hot water.

A common cycling danger is the overheating of the body and the subsequent chill. It is tempting to loll about after a hard spin on a hot summer's day, and this means, if care be not exercised, lung and other troubles affecting vital parts. It is always best to wear flannel next to the skin.

* *

Proper inflating pressure depends upon the weight of the rider and also to a large extent on the quality of the tire. Tires for use upon rough or country roads should not be inflated so hard that they will not give readily when they strike a stone and make a cushion to take off the vibration. For machines that are ridden on brick or asphalt pavements they can be inflated hard and this will allow them to run easily. The lighter the inflation, the more the tire will flatten and drag out.

* *

Bicycling News offers the following as a temporary repair for a puncture: "If you happen to be without rubber when punctured, and have solution, give a piece of paper a good coating of the latter on both sides, stick it over the puncture; then cut a corner off your tool cloth or pocket-handkerchief, solution that, clap it on the paper, rub more solution over all; let the lot dry fairly well, powder it all with chalk, and you will find that you will have a patch good enough to carry you home. Once there, mend the puncture with rubber, as the paper quickly perishes, and will leak."

* *

Sometimes a plug with which a single tube tire has been repaired, although the repair was apparently perfect when made, becomes loose, which causes a slow and troublesome leak, making necessary the frequent use of a pump. In such cases before going to the expense of having the tire vulcanized or the trouble of inserting a new plug, deflate the tire and carefully inject, at the leak, a few drops of benzine from an oil can. This will soften the old cement. (Rubber cement, so-called, is simply rubber dissolved in benzine.) Inflate the tire fully, test the same after a few minutes and ride away happy, if the plan is successful as it usually is.

* *

Very few are aware of the fact that in a watch they are always provided with a compass, with which, when the sun is shining, the cardinal points can be determined. All one has to do is to point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half-way between the hour and the figure 12 on the watch. This may seem strange to the average reader, but it is easily explained. While the sun is passing over 180° (east to west) the hour hand of the watch passes over 360° (from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock.) Therefore the angular movement of the sun in one hour corresponds to the angular movement of the hour hand in half an hour; hence, if we point the hour hand toward the sun the line from the point midway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock to the pivot on the hands will point to the south.

Bicycle Law.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

A WHEELMAN'S RIGHT TO THE USE OF THE HIGHWAY.

Several readers have made the request that we treat the subject indicated by the above title in its broader aspects. Has the wheelman a right to the use of the public roads? If so, what is the foundation of that right, and what are its limitations? What are the reciprocal rights and duties of cyclists, horsemen, drivers and pedestrians?

Probably there are few who read these lines who cannot answer these questions correctly, at least in a general way. Everyone knows that the wheelman is a legal user of the roads, that his rights thereon rest upon exactly the same foundation as those of the driver of a wagon or carriage, to-wit: the general right of the public to make use of the means afforded by the people at large, acting through the agency of the city, county or state authorities, at public expense, for travel from place to place. These rights are now, happily, too well settled to render it probable that they will ever be disturbed. But it was not always thus. The bicycle is a modern invention, and the historical student will fail to find mention thereof in the codes of the ancient Romans, in the works of Sir Edward Coke, or Blackstone, or any of the other great authorities of days now past. But fortunately the system of law prevailing throughout this land is so elastic and its general principles so permeated by common sense as to render it applicable to the ever changing conditions of modern times. No new legislation, therefore, was needed to grant to wheelmen those rights and privileges which, from time immemorial, have freely been accorded to the horseman and the driver. And it is indeed fortunate that this should be the case. Public opinion did not originally favor the bicyclist. He was looked upon, rather, as a trespasser, and a nuisance, and his rights upon the roads inferior and subject to those of others. Had it been necessary for wheelmen to seek the aid of our State legislatures, years ago, before being permitted to ride, it is almost certain that aid would have been withheld. But the courts—those righteous upholders of the liberties of the people, who do not make, but construe the law—long since decided that the rights of wheelmen were the same as those of all other travelers, so far as the highway was concerned.

As a matter of historical, rather than practical, interest, we wish to present to our readers

some of the decisions and arguments by which the question was settled.

The case of *Moses v. P., F. W. & C. R. R. Co.* 21 Ill., 516, was not a bicycle case, having been decided about twenty years before bicycles came into general use, but it is, nevertheless, pertinent and interesting. It involves the question as to whether vehicles driven by steam (in this case locomotives) must be excluded from the public streets. The Supreme Court of Illinois, in deciding the case, remarked that "a street is made for the passage of persons and property, and the law cannot decide what exclusive means of transportation and passage shall be used. To say that a new mode of passage shall be banished from the streets, no matter how much the general good may require it, simply because the streets were not so used in the days of Blackstone, would not comport with the advancement and enlightenment of the present age."

There is a decision to the like effect in Michigan, the title of the case being *Macomber v. Nichols*, 34 Mich., 212, the opinion being written by Chief Justice Thomas M. Cooley, who has just died, one of the most distinguished of American judges and law writers, and one whose name alone is a guaranty of the soundness of his reasoning. The facts, as stated in Judge Cooley's opinion, were as follows: Nichols brought suit to recover damages for injuries occasioned by his horse taking fright as he was driving along the public highway near Battle Creek, Michigan, on September 9, 1874. The fright was caused by an engine mounted on wheels which the defendant (Macomber) was moving along the highway by means of the steam power by which it was operated. The engine was used mainly for threshing, and was moved from place to place for that purpose. The traveled part of the road appears to have been sufficiently wide for both parties, and Macomber testified that he was moving on the extreme right of the traveled way, and that he shut off steam when he saw the horse approaching. The trial judge instructed the jury to the effect (1) that if the defendant by running a steam engine along the highway caused plaintiff's horse to run away, and that the plaintiff was thereby injured, and that such steam engine was well calculated to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness, the plaintiff was entitled to recover; (2) "The right to travel in a public highway is a right which is common to all, and no person has the right to impede or render dangerous the travel of the highway by any

other person; and (3) "the defendant has no right to run his steam engine on the public highway if such engine was calculated to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness." The court also gave other instructions to similar effect. A verdict having been rendered for the plaintiff, the case was taken to the State Supreme Court, where it was reversed. The following are extracts from Judge Cooley's opinion:

"A highway is a public way, for the use of the public in general, for passage and traffic, without distinction. The restrictions upon its use are only such as are calculated to secure to the general public the largest practical benefit from the enjoyment of the easement, and the inconveniences must be submitted to when they are only such as are incident to a reasonable use under impartial regulations. When the highway is not restricted to some particular mode of use, it is open to all suitable methods; and it cannot be assumed that these will be the same from age to age, or that new means of making the way useful must be excluded because their introduction may lead to the inconvenience or even to the injury of those who continue to use the road after the same manner as formerly. If the law should preclude the adaptation of the use (of the highway) to the new methods, it would defeat, in a greater or less degree, the purpose for which highways are established.

"The bringing of an unsightly object into the common highway is no more of a wrong because of its tendency to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness than is the construction of a bridge over a river a wrong because of its tendency to delay vessels.

"It would be difficult to pass through the streets of our large towns without encountering objects moving along them which are well calculated to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness until they become accustomed to them, but which, nevertheless, are used and moved for proper and lawful purposes.

"Horses may be, and often are, frightened by locomotives in both town and country, but it would be as reasonable to treat the horse as a public nuisance from his tendency to shy and be frightened by unaccustomed objects, as to regard the locomotive as a nuisance from its tendency to frighten horses."

While no mention is made by Judge Cooley of bicycles in the opinion from which we have made extracts, it will readily be seen that its reasoning, which is sound and logical, is applicable to all means of locomotion.

A more recent case, and one that does involve the use of the wheel, is *Thompson v. Dodge*, decided by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, October 26, 1894, 60 N. W. Rep. 545.

It appears in that case, which is not dissimilar from that of *Macomber v. Nichols*, although even more closely in point, that Thompson's horse was frightened and became unmanageable,

and shied, precipitating plaintiff, horse and carriage off the road into a swamp, and damaging the carriage. Thompson alleged that the damages were caused by the carelessness and negligence of the defendant (Dodge) in riding and using a bicycle in the public highway. Both parties seem to have complied with the rule as to keeping to the right of the middle of the traveled portion of the road. Some quotations from the decision of the Court will doubtless be of interest.

"A person riding a bicycle upon the public highway has the same rights in so doing as persons using other vehicles thereon. A highway is intended for public use, and a person riding or driving a horse has no rights superior to those of a person riding a bicycle. In the use of a public highway there are certain rights of the road which must be observed by all persons, and a violation of those rights is actionable negligence. A bicycle is a vehicle now used very extensively for convenience, recreation, pleasure and business, and the riding of one upon the public highway in the ordinary manner, as is now done, is neither unlawful nor prohibited, and they cannot be banished because they were not ancient vehicles and used in the Garden of Eden by Adam and Eve.

(We think that the Court assumes too much in asserting that bicycles were not used in the Garden of Eden by Adam and Eve. We do not see how the Garden of Eden could have been Paradise without bicycles. Can it be that at the time of the Expulsion from Eden bicycling became extinct to be resurrected only in the nineteenth century? This is a problem which we leave to Biblical scholars as worthy of investigation.)

"Because the plaintiff chose to drive a horse, hitched to a carriage, does not give him the right to dictate to others their mode of conveyance upon a public highway where the rights of each are equal. If there was room to pass, it was as much the duty of the plaintiff to stop as that of the defendant, especially in view of the fact that he testified that when he discovered defendant riding toward him, he anticipated that his horse would be frightened.

"It is not the duty of a party lawfully traveling upon a public highway upon a bicycle, when he sees a horse and carriage approaching, to stop and inquire whether or not the horse is likely to be frightened, nor to anticipate that such horse will be frightened, especially in the absence of any apparent reason for so doing; and it appears from the evidence that defendant was within five or ten feet of plaintiff's horse when he noticed that the horse was frightened. When he first saw plaintiff he was about seventy or one hundred yards away from him, and riding at the rate of eight miles an hour; but, to use his expression, he slowed up and turned out to the edge of the road next to the grass on the right hand side of the road.

«Simply because the plaintiff's carriage was injured by reason of his horse becoming frightened by defendant riding his vehicle does not impute negligence to defendant. If defendant's act was not wrongful, the resulting injury was not actionable. The defendant cannot be made to pay or suffer from his acts, unless the acts were done in such manner and at a time which shows that he was acting in disregard of the rights of other persons.»

If we consult the facts of the case we see that they were simply that Dodge rode his bicycle in a lawful manner, and that Thompson's horse thereby became frightened and shied. Was Dodge responsible for this? He was not, unless the mere act of his riding a bicycle can be considered unlawful. But as it is perfectly clear that a bicycle is a vehicle, and that when the rider is not negligent in its use, his rights

are identical with those of all other travelers, it followed that such damage as Thompson suffered must be borne by himself, and could not be saddled on the rider, who committed no wrong, and was guiltless of any intent to inflict injury. Of course, if a wheelman wantonly frightens a horse, knowing that it is timid or unbroken, thereby causing injury, it is but just that he shall bear the consequences of his own act, but the mere fact that a horse takes fright at a wheel does not give rise to any right of action.

We have by no means exhausted the subject. The courts have considered the question thoroughly in other cases than those mentioned, and we shall perhaps recur to the subject hereafter. Enough has, however, been said to show upon what firm foundations the rights of wheelmen rest.

Our Busy Cycledom

There are 60 bicycle clubs in Hanover.

Russia imported 10,000 bicycles last year.

Cycling is described by an English daily as «a social boom.»

England claims to be the home of about 1,440 cycling clubs.

Petroleum tricycles are being used extensively by hunters throughout France.

The Hungarian Government has forbidden the use of acetylene lamps on bicycles.

Of the 265 bicycles stolen during one month in Toronto only 55 were recovered.

«They rode like madmen through the gates of Rome» said Shakespeare. Were they scorchers?

F. R. Goodwin recently rode 428 miles in 24 hours establishing a new road record for England.

John West, one of the most able trainers of racing men, will not be seen on the track next year.

The N. C. U. has refused Stocks a license on the charge of inducing an amateur to turn professional.

Although Belgium occupies only a small portion of this globe its Touring Club has a membership of 18,627.

Not one of Germany's professional cyclists has a sound heart, if the assertion of a Berlin medical authority is correct.

German railway companies have ceased to carry bicycles free of charge. How wonderfully progressive the wheelmen of Fatherland must be.

The city council of St. Paul has been asked by the mayor to make provision for the establishment of a squad of twelve special policemen mounted on bicycles.

The gentler sex seem to cling to the use of the expression, «bikes» with bull dog tenacity. Better cling to bloomers girls, although not very nice they are far more decent.

It is said that Madam Melba's first bicycle ride cost her no less than \$5,000. She had an accident which prevented her appearing two evenings, forfeiting her salary of \$2500 per night.

When a woman makes up her mind that she wants to change her last season's bicycle for a new one she feels most certain that smoking is hurting the health of her modest salaried husband.

When a cycle thief candidly confesses that he would steal two or three machines every day if he could get them it is time to place him on a cheaply made bicycle and compel him to coast down a hill.

An English exchange asks how is it that a cyclist when travelling a rough road by day bumps continually against the stones, yet in the dark seems to encounter very few, if any, of the obstructions.

The platform adopted at the recent convention of the democrats of Wisconsin includes the following plank: "We are in favor of a good road system and shall encourage the improvements of public highways of the state."

Bag-carriers are to be tried in Milwaukee as a means of keeping the asphalt pavements clean. The outfit consists of a two-wheeled cart which supports a bag with the mouth open, into which the refuse is deposited and carted away.

An exchange has figured out that when a man walks a mile he averages 2,000 steps, and at the same time he has to bear the weight of his body. The average cyclist takes 600 steps, and requires far less force to get over the distance.

There was quite a mix-up at the world's championships held in Vienna, the following countries being represented:—America, Canada, the Transvaal, England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, France, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Australia.

An English minister has posted the following notice in a conspicuous place outside of his church: "To cyclists, women and men.—You are quite welcome to enter and worship in your cycling dress. You need not make the fact that worship has begun any excuse for mock modesty in not liking to come in. You can slip in quite as silently as you can slip along, without disturbing the worshippers. You will find a seat, a bible, a prayer and hymn book quite handy. You need not remain for the sermon or instruction unless you care to do so; you do not sin in cycling on Sunday." This last statement is made the text for a short discourse, and then the notice drops down to the severely practical, with the information that at the back of the church there are five automatic cycle racks fixed.

The statistics of a man from Italy places the number of cyclists in the world at 10,000,000. If only one-half of them happen to mount their machines on the same day, each traversing about twelve and a half miles, their combined journeys would represent a distance equal to 2,600 times the circumference of the earth.

Bicycling News says the American Indians bear the reputation of being the finest "stayers" in the world. Without any special training, almost any one of them could run 125 miles in the course of a day, and think nothing of the performance. One cannot help thinking what tremendous totals these muscular beings could pile up in an all-day ride on a bicycle. We are apt to say that the day of long distance path racing is past, but we guess there would be drawn such a "gate" as had never been seen before were a team of these dusky stayers entered on a programme.

There is a cycle thief in Paris who has adopted a bold method for disposing of stolen bicycles. He finds out the purchaser of a new cycle, and relieves him of it at the first opportunity. Then he hands the tubing, and takes the damaged machine to the maker, representing himself as the servant of the owner. He declares that his master is quite aware that a firm who would sell such a thing cannot be too honest, and he would be glad if they would take back the machine at any price they liked. In every case the money has been returned in full. The French buyer and maker must be "easy marks" indeed.

There is in Kimberley (South Africa) a road of which the surface contains a considerable quantity of diamond dust—the debris of all kinds which at the mines is thrown away by reason of the infinitesimal product which it would yield. This stuff has been utilized during the last eight years for macadamising a new road from Kimberley to the diamond diggings. Trouble having recently arisen amongst the miners, of whom a large number were without work, the Municipal Council allotted to each man a portion of the road, which he was permitted to rake up on condition that he relaid a bed of macadam.

The above is gleaned from a Belgian paper—enough said.

It may be a strong assertion but it is a fact nevertheless. Germany has a prohibition association. And the association has a manager who is quite progressive. In order to ascertain what effect the bicycle has had on the drinking habits of the people, he has drawn up a list of questions to be issued to and answered by cyclists. Such pertinent questions as whether they visit drinking saloons less frequently since taking to cycling, what they have found to be a good thirst-quencher, their opinion on the use of alcohol when training, the maximum number of days they have ridden without drink and numerous other queries of a similar nature are to be answered by the cyclists. We were of the opinion that the question of drink had long ago been settled in favor of the bicycle.

It appears that dogs are plentiful in the Netherlands and that they have a liking for cyclists. An Englishman who wheeled through Holland tells of his troubles as follows: "Take a wire whip or a small revolver when touring the Netherlands, and don't hesitate to use either. The man who succeeded in instilling instincts of dread of cyclists in the Dutch dogs would be a benefactor. Upon entering a village the hateful little car on centry duty—usually lying in wait with blinking eyes and stored-up malice—starts the game, and so it goes on all along, homestead after homestead, until one gets into a boiling rage. Sometimes the husbandmen go on with their toil heedless of the commotion on the road, sometimes the fat frons, with folded arms bare to the elbow, will look on and thoroughly enjoy the fun as the exasperated wheelman vainly tries to scare them away. There is only one thing for it, and that is to outspint them, which can be done say in 80 to 100 yards. To see them give up and return wagging their tails with almost human consciousness of having accomplished one more good deed is positive torture. Oh, the hateful whelps, I could kill them every one."

An elaborately planned coasting contest took place at Hartford a short time ago, the main object of which was to get at the comparative running qualities of certain tires. Incidentally, however, the results obtained were of general interest and entirely upsetting to the popular theory that, other things being equal, the heavier rider should win. The distance covered in this contest was short and the grade at the beginning slight. One rider weighed 190 pounds and the other 180 pounds. There were three separate trials, both contestants using the same machines under exactly identical conditions. In the first trial the light man coasted 125 feet and covered the first 100 feet in 31 seconds, while the heavier rider required 28 seconds to reach the 100-foot mark and only scored a total of 105 feet. The second trial with different equipment resulted more favorably to the heavyweigh who beat his opponent by half a second for 100 feet and was only beaten by one foot in the total. In the third trial the light man was again victorious, both in time and distance. The riders were regarded as equally skillful at coasting, and, under the improvised rules of the contest, neither was allowed to take advantage of any special bodily movements which are supposed to accelerate progress.

Several years ago when the pope granted permission to the priests to use bicycles, he took occasion to state that Abbe Painle invented the bicycle in 1845. A writer in the New York Sun credits E. E. Shipton, secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club of England with the statement that the first machine was invented by a Scotchman in 1846. Another correspondent asserts that, strictly speaking, no one invented the bicycle—"it just grew." The bicycle is the developed result of a long series of mechanical contrivances for the acceleration of individual motion, and its beginnings are probably of older date than many people have imagined.

In August, 1885, Mr. John Evelyn, on his way back to London from his home at Wotton, called at Durdan, near Epson, and afterward noted in his diary that he had found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty and Mr. Hooke "contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for oars to run races in, and other mechanical inventions. Perhaps three such persons together

were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." What was this wheel in which one could run races? It is impossible now to say, but the description is curiously suggestive of some contrivance of the cycling kind.

Another one hundred years were to pass before anything resembling the modern cycle was to be invented. The first velocipedes, as they were so long called, appear to have been made in France. In the Journal de Paris of July 27, 1779, there is an account of a velocipede invented by Mr. Blanchard and Magurier, which seems to have been a clumsy affair of four wheels, carrying two people and very heavy to work. This invention was a false start. No one followed it up or improved upon it, and no further attempt in this direction was made for some thirty or forty years. Then appeared the "dandy horse," upon which our fathers and great-grandfathers disported themselves gayly, albeit at times a trifle laboriously, for a brief season. When the crank was first invented, or who invented it, is quite uncertain. The date must have been early in the present century, but who first hit upon it is quite unknown. It was possibly first attached to a three-wheel machine.

With the approach of winter, the season of club runs is gradually drawing to an end, and a glance over the sport of the past few months reveals the fact that club runs have been a dismal failure. No intelligent wheelman who has been a member of a bicycle organization for several years will dispute this assertion. Older members look backward with pride to the days when it was an easy matter to count every member of the club in the runs, but they are compelled to realize that their most favorite sport is in a state of bankruptcy at the present time. The cause of this most deplorable condition of affairs is obvious. It is attributed partly to the lack of interest displayed on part of the members, but in reality rests with the inability of the road officials to arrange runs of a suitable character. In the present era of club runs innovations are essential. It is not necessary for wheelmen to visit a certain place in a body for the mere pleasure of the ride, which invariably turns out to be a "scorching" contest, and fails to afford any pleasure for the more conservative riders. Taking this fact into consideration, the lack of interest displayed in club runs is accounted for and their complete revival can only be attained by introducing a systematic manner in which they should be conducted in the future. In order to accomplish this, the road officers should have the confidence of the members, and use considerable discretion in planning runs. Not a single run should be scheduled for which entertainment has not been provided for at its destination. The entertainment should be of varied nature, according to the distance of the run, and should be such as will afford ample inducement to secure the participation of every member. An official pace-maker should be appointed and stringent rules enforced, whereby the "scorching" inclined members will be compelled to recognize him.

With the road officers of the various clubs, planning innovations during the winter months, it is to be hoped that the season of 1899, will mark the complete revival of club runs, and thereby restoring to wheelmen the greatest pleasure which their membership in a bicycle club affords.

The percentage of women cyclists in Germany is very small.

WITH THE TRADE.

Every one who knows Richard S. Baird and all with whom he is acquainted know the good qualities of the Stearns bicycles. He is always alert and has made the "Yellow Fellow" exceedingly popular in Milwaukee. His ability has been recognized by the company too, and he will represent them the coming year throughout the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota. Mr. Baird returned a short time ago from



RICHARD S. BAIRD.

the main offices of the E. C. Stearns & Co. in Syracuse, New York, and as soon as the 1899 models arrive in Milwaukee, he will be off to conquer the northwest. The trip will necessitate about two months of travel after which he will return to Milwaukee to assume management of the Stearns agency which will again be under the roof of the T. H. Brown Co.

Pneumatic tires have proved to be fully as practicable and durable for horse-drawn and motor vehicles as for bicycles. The size and thickness of a tire suitable for use on a carriage of any given weight may be determined by a simple calculation based upon the weight and construction of bicycle tires. A Hartford tire-manufacturing concern has issued an interesting pamphlet which deals at length with the subject of pneumatic carriage tires and incidentally imparts much information of general value. It appears that many carriage owners are using pneumatic tires of smaller cross-section than is demanded by the weight of their vehicles. Trouble usually follows in these cases. It is as unreasonable to expect 2-inch tires to stand what is required of 2½- or 3-inch tires, as it would be to expect a ½-inch axle to carry a load proper for a 1- or 1½-inch axle. A pneumatic tire of proper size and weight, properly cared for, will last long and give splendid service.

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Enough Will Build
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Published to Preserve the Art Preservative of Arts.

VOL. I.

MILWAUKEE, OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 3

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 Every job
 Of printing
 That we figure on.
 But we never cry
 Over spilled milk.
 Unsuccessful estimates
 Are the spilled milk
 Of the printing business.
 We restrain our tears
 Because
 In bidding
 For any bit
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 The cost
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 To turn out
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 Good all through.
 After costs
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 And we claim
 To be able
 To figure "close,"
 We add
 A fair profit.
 This gives us
 Our "asking price."
 When an estimate
 Of ours
 Built on these lines,
 Fails to "get there,"

The "other fellow"
 Is quite welcome
 To the order
 Every time,
 If he is
 To be compelled
 To furnish precisely
 The grade
 Of work
 That would
 Have been
 Yours
 Had you
 Patronized
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 Our Department
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 What can we
 Do for you?

THE PNEUMATIC PRESS

Printers to Business Men.

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 Fifth Floor—Next to Elevator.

 Milwaukee.

More or less confusion usually attends the efforts of the layman to get acquainted with the technical terms of the tube trade. Many seem determined to confound "gauge" with "diameter," the first term referring to the thickness of the shell of the tube and the second to its size in cross-section. Numbers denoting diameter in inches or fractions increase, of course, as the tube grows larger, but numbers denoting gauge increase as the material of the tube grows thinner, and it is often difficult to get the average un-instructed person to understand that tubing of No. 20 gauge, for instance, is thinner and lighter than tubing of No. 18 gauge. In many unmechanical minds there also appears to be a great deal of doubt as to the exact significance of the term "fifty carbon" as applied to steel tubing. It may be of interest to this class to know that steel thus described contains $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent of carbon by weight. Expressed decimally, this would be .50 per cent, not 50 per cent, as many people who overlook the decimal imagine. Colloquially, among users of steel, 1 per cent of carbon is described as one hundred points, so that the term "fifty carbon" is really an abbreviation of "fifty point carbon," or steel containing fifty points of carbon. It will be seen, therefore, that the value of a "point" is one hundredth of one per cent of the total weight of the steel.

Besides being the "silver tongued orator of the west," Mr. Frank P. Van Valkenburgh is to be the expositor of political economy in one of its most consistent forms. At the state convention of the democrats of Wisconsin a good roads plank was added to the platform, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Van Valkenburgh. Now, Van is a good democrat, a thorough wheelman and a fine orator. His services have always been sought for by the political organizations and his speeches have always been listened to by large audiences. This year Van will take the stump for the democrats as he always has, but instead of travelling on a pass from city to city in parlor cars he will travel on his Andrae bicycle. This will afford him an excellent opportunity to talk good roads to the farmers and he intends to take advantage of it. The method of preaching the gospel of good roads is entirely original with Mr. Van Valkenburgh and could be practiced by other men in other states thereby giving the good roads movement a lift before people whom we have heretofore been unable to reach direct.

The Spanish-American war has caused a falling-off in the demand for cycles in Spain. It is calculated that not a third of the usual business has been done this year. The people have but the barest pittance to exist on, having been compelled to give the greatest portion of their money to the war fund.

There is a great deal of truth in the statement that the average auction buyer will jump at acquiring a bicycle at a cheap price, if it has well known tires, whatever the machine may be. But if it has unknown tires, and the wheel looks really good, the buyer is very sceptical.

The "small fry" in the bicycle manufacturing business will not be much in evidence next season. Very few of the thousands of "manufacturing" repair men met with success in selling a bicycle of their own make and very few of them will take up another year of reverses.

WHAT IS THE APOLLO LIGHT ?

THE ONLY LIGHT
THAT IS AS BRIGHT
AS SUNLIGHT
AS CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT
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SUCCESS



Mr. Isaac Randall, the oldest advertising man in the Northwest, and for 27 years advertising manager and solicitor for the Evening Wisconsin Co. and Wisconsin Newspaper Union says: "Many attempts have been made to establish a newspaper agency in Milwaukee, but with one exception all have failed. The one exception is F. G. Cramer & Co., who are building up a wonderfully successful business out of the ruins of others."

AND WE'RE PROUD OF IT

F. G. Cramer & Co., Specialists in Advertising, 207 Grand Ave.

Some weeks ago Teddy Edward's chainless wheel on which he has ridden 100 miles every day this year, got jammed in a baggage car, a sharp dent remaining to show where the upper center tube had been hit by the iron-bound edge of a trunk. While riding his 235th daily century near Lafayette, Ind., the other day, Edwards was startled to discover that the tube had broken nearly in two at the weakened point. He realized that a complete breakdown would put an end to his consecutive century experiment, and also that the nearest repair shop competent to care for the broken frame was at Chicago, 125 miles away. He braced the parted tube with splints and tire tape and finished his century on level roads in slow time. An evening train landed him in Chicago with his manager and trainer where the broken tube was reinforced in time for him to make a good start on his 236th century the next day. The original gearing of the chainless wheel on which he has ridden upwards of 27,000 miles remains intact and in excellent running order.

On September 18 Orlando F. Weber of Milwaukee attempted to break all national records from five to fifty miles, but was unsuccessful. He rode under the auspices of the Wisconsin Division Century Road Club of America. The start was made at Stone Quarry Hill, the route being west twenty-five miles and return, State Centurion Marshall and E. F. Huenskens started Weber at 7 o'clock in the presence of a crowd of about one hundred spectators.

Although the roads were in excellent condition, Weber was handicapped by a strong head wind. The best five miles were covered in 12:00. The ten mile post was made in 29:30, and at fifteen miles he had been riding forty-four minutes. The twenty miles were covered in 1:08½, and the twenty-five miles in 1:17. Here Weber was checked by W. D. Harper and Chas. Elise, and they accompanied him for a few miles of the return trip. The wind on the return trip was favorable to Weber. He rode the last twenty-five miles with ease, covering the entire distance, fifty miles, in two hours and fifty minutes. The last mile was ridden in three minutes. The standard record for fifty miles is 2:22:59, held by A. W. Evans of New Brunswick.

The time for the various distances made by Weber stand as State Records, being the first ever made. He will make an attempt to lower them at a future date this season. Weber is the champion road rider of the State, and earned his title on an Andrae Racer.

Messrs Wm. M. Justice and Theo F. Bental of the Justice Cycle Company, Pittsburg, Pa. were in Milwaukee several days last week. They were the guests of Col. H. F. Andrae, who mounted them on Andrae bicycles and showed them the sights of the Cream City.

W. C. Schrader, Harry Crooker and Tarry Andrae mounted on an Andrae triple, lowered the Whitefish Bay-Milwaukee course record from 13:46 to 12:00. The distance is almost six miles, and the new record is the talk of the town in cycling circles.

An English tire concern is experimenting with leather in the manufacture of tires. The company claims to be able to make a leather tire that will be both resilient and puncture proof.

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This year.

\$50 - \$75

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Subscription Department The Pneumatic,

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Commencing January 1, 1899 bicycles and parts thereof entering Japan will be subject to a duty of 25 per cent ad valorem. This is an increase of 15 per cent.

It is announced that a valveless tire will be shown at one of the London cycle shows.

This has been a good year for the trade on the Pacific Coast.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Rapids Cycle Co., held September 13, the old officers were re-elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, S. A. Morgan; vice-president, A. B. Richmond; secretary and treasurer, L. T. Milmarth; sales agent, J. Elmer Pratt.

The Denver Cycle Co. is closing out its stock of bicycles preparatory to going out of business on October 31. If any bicycles remain on hand after that date they will be shipped to the St. Louis agents of the Andrae and Barnes bicycles.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S Catarrh Cure.

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Silver Springs Home

John Kleist, Proprietor.

Silver Springs P. O., Wis.

Brown Deer Tavern

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PABST HAS MADE IT SO**

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and good digestion
wait on him who
uses

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic



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DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS**

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Mr. Dealer Try Us.

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VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

NO. 9.

THE Pneumatic

A
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MAGAZINE

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EDITED BY

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THE PNEUMATIC.

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NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 9

"REVENGE IS SWEET."

BY SOPHIE HAMMOND.

"PLEASE len' me a cent, mister."
I had swung off an electric car at the entrance of the Baltimore base-ball park. The Orioles were to play the Boston, and the whole city was wild in anticipation of the game. Every grade of society was represented in the crowd that thronged the gates, from the millionaire enthusiasts from other cities to the poorest laboring man who could scrape together the price of the admission fee. I elbowed my way among the throng as eagerly as the rest.

"Please, sir, len' me a cent."

The persistent voice had followed me. I turned and looked down into the sooty, upturned face and pleading eyes of the little street Arab. He had collected nearly enough pennies to pay his way in, and was trying to make up the amount among the crowd before the gates closed.

The form of the request grimly amused me. "Lend you a cent?" I repeated. "And when do you intend to pay it back?"

The face lighted up.

"Nex' time I see yer, sir."

"O no doubt you do," I said ironically, as I passed through the gate. If one listened to every little beggar in a base-ball crowd, I reflected, one's pocket would soon be empty; and forgot the boy's look of disappointment, a moment after, in my interest in the game.

It was a month later, perhaps, that, having ridden into Baltimore one afternoon on my wheel, I discovered, just as I was mounting to return, a puncture in my tire. It was provoking, for I had promised to fill a place at a dinner party that evening, and it was already late. However, the puncture was a slight one—scarcely perceptible—and a one cent plug would fit the tire for the short ride home. I moved on toward a bicycle place, putting my hand into my inside pocket for my purse. It was gone! I felt through my clothes for some change; not a cent could I find. I knew no one in that part of the town; I had no money for car-fares; and if I tramped the streets in search of an unlikely

acquaintance, the chance was that I would be taken up later for riding after dark without a lamp. A pretty fix to be in! And all for the want of a cent! The situation was a ridiculous one, but I was too irritated to appreciate the humor of it.

"What's up mister?" asked a half familiar voice at my elbow. I turned, and there stood the identical little street Arab, regarding me with an inquisitive stare.

"I haven't a cent about me!" I said sharply, turning away again.

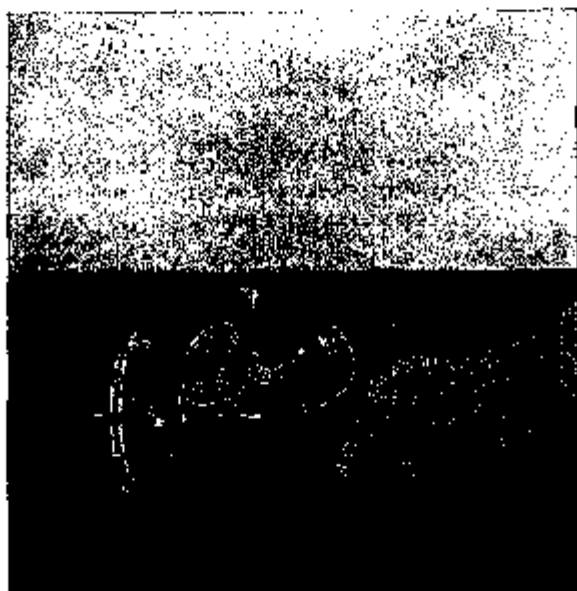
"Maybe that's why yer look so glum," the youngster grinned.

"It is—confound it! I've lost my pocket-book, and haven't a cent to get a plug with! How I'm to get home I don't know." And I rubbed my head perplexedly, forgetful of the little gamin at my side.

There was a search through a pair of ragged pockets, and a grimy hand laid something on the saddle of the wheel.

"Yer can pay me back the nex' time yer see me," the little rascal said, as he marched off with his head in the air.

I had often wondered what a kicked our felt like—now I knew.



A NOVEL USE FOR A CYCLOMETER.

The so-called Everglades, in the southern part of Florida, are a tract of territory which has never been thoroughly explored by white men, the nature of the country being such as to render travel difficult and not altogether free from peril. In January, 1897, Ex-Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby, of the Rhode Island Naval Reserves, succeeded in crossing the Everglades, after suffering considerable hardship, and has published in book form a report of his exploit under the name of "Across the Everglades; a canoe journey of exploration" (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1898). The

book may be commended as highly interesting to all who are fond of well written narratives of adventure, to which class most wheelmen no doubt belong.

The trip having been undertaken largely for scientific purposes, it was necessary to know the distance traversed by Lieutenant Willoughby's canoe from day to day. Will it be believed that a cyclometer was used to obtain this information? But let the author explain in his own words (page 56) his method of procedure:

"One thing that greatly troubled me was how to obtain my distance traveled with any

accuracy. Chaining was proved by the two former expeditions to be out of the question, and it certainly was necessary to have something to work up the dead reckoning by, and know as nearly as possible the distance covered by the canoe. I had often used my bicycle to measure the distance between the house and the post-office, or the number of yards across a patch of lawn, and found that the cyclometer would measure within ten yards very accurately, so why could not some arrangement of the wheel be used on water and through the grass? No arrangement of any kind of log used at sea would be practicable, so I obtained an old twenty-eight-inch front wheel and a front fork which came from a thirty-inch bicycle; to this I added a new cyclometer and pneumatic tire and a band of paddles that buckled on the de-inflated tire,

which by using the air-pump made a very rigid paddle-wheel. I then fitted a stick which lashed to either side of the canoe, keeping the wheel in a vertical position. After repeated experiments with this machine I found that the slip was very constant, and that trailing behind the boat I could get good measurement, at even a slow rate of speed. And on page 124 the author says: "The bicycle wheel and cyclometer gave most excellent results as a 'log'."

The cut on the preceding page, one of the numerous illustrations with which the book is adorned, shows clearly the ingenious arrangement of the explorer, and may afford a suggestion to readers whose outings, by row-boat or canoe, will acquire an added pleasure from knowledge of the exact distance traversed from day to day.

Bicycle Law.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES BY CITIES AGAIN.

Our readers will recollect that we made reference in the May number of THE PNEUMATIC (see page 67) to the city ordinance of Chicago imposing a license tax on wheelmen, which was held by the Circuit Court to be void. The prediction we then made that this decision would be affirmed on appeal has come true. The Supreme Court of Illinois, on October 24, 1898, handed down its opinion in the case of the City of Chicago v. Collins et al., relieving owners of bicycles and other vehicles for private use, or pleasure from the necessity of paying an annual license fee. The court holds that "in this case there is no express power given the city council to impose this license fee and no implied power arises which gives the right. It has no power to levy a tax in this manner. In any view of the case the city had no power to adopt the ordinance and the injunction was properly made perpetual."

Ex-Judge Lorin C. Collins, who was active in the prosecution of the wheel-tax case before the Supreme Court, said, in an interview published in the Chicago Record, "The test was really over the principle of taxation. If a tax can be levied on a vehicle that is used for pleasure, either carriage or bicycle, why not on anything else a man possesses, putting it in the power of a municipality to levy taxes according to the whims or caprices of its common council? That is the great principle. Taxes, under our constitution, must be levied according to the

fair cash value of the property. One wheel may be worth \$5; another may be worth \$125; one carriage may be worth \$25; another \$1,500. Consequently the principle of uniformity is totally ignored, and the tax was unjust on its face."

Pending the test of the law's legality the wheel tax was not enforced by the city authorities.

* *

A REMARKABLE MAGISTRATE.

In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, there is a very proper regulation prohibiting coasting by bicyclists. Recently a wheelman, while coming down a hill in the park, suffered the misfortune of having his chain break, and was not able to regain immediate control of his wheel. A police officer, notwithstanding his explanation and the exhibition of the broken chain, placed him under arrest, and the wise magistrate before whom he was required to appear the following morning said that he had coasted, and that coasting was forbidden. Wherefore the unfortunate cyclist was mulcted the amount of a fine and costs. We earnestly advise our readers to see to it that their chains do not break while they are riding in Fairmount Park, so long as that particular magistrate is in office. After his term has expired, if his successor is not also a fool, they may use their own discretion in the matter, and allow their chains to break whenever they are so "disposed," as Salsrey Gamp would have said.

Taken From Contemporaries

NARROW TREAD AND BOW LEGS.

(Washington Post)

This subject may appear at first glance to be a matter of small importance, but it is not. Some of the objections made to a bicycle relate to the matter of tread. The tread of a bicycle, as it is known, is the distance between the pedals, which varies from as low as two and one half inches up to five and a half or even more, and the narrower the tread the better in the eyes and minds of a great many people. In this idea they are entirely wrong. In fact, the exact reverse is the case, and it will not take very long to demonstrate it. In order to fully understand this question, a few practical illustrations are of more value than any quantity of scientific theories. In the first place, there is the object lesson of the Comanche Indian. The Comanche, in the days of greatness, whatever he may be now, was pre-eminently a horseback Indian, and has been regarded as a type of that class. No living man ever saw a Comanche on his native heath who was not bow-legged. There are men in Washington today who have seen hundreds of them, and all they ever saw were bow-legged. The reason they were bow-legged was because they were narrow-tread Indians. An Indian used to ride without a saddle, frequently without a bridle, and to make himself secure in his seat he gripped his pony with knees and feet. Very little imagination is required to picture the shape of his legs while engaged in this feat and to understand that much practice of this kind would result in a permanent curve to the legs.

The conditions produce like results in bicycle riders. The saddle of the bicycle has a tendency to slant the legs outward, and if they have to be brought in at the lower ends to a narrow tread, a curve will be produced sooner or later, usually sooner. The prevailing style of bicycle costumes to which the gentle sex display a marked partiality affords exceptional opportunities for a study of this question. When a leg takes a curve it generally starts from the ankle, and the short dresses worn by lady bicyclists make plain even to the casual observer the existence or non-existence of the curve.

The fact that the curve does exist removes the necessity for any learned dissertation on the advantages of the narrow tread. There are no advantages sufficient to overcome the one disadvantage of the curve. It is a common sight any nice day to see what would ordinarily be a ravishing bicycle costume made hideous by a view of a curtailed but glaringly obvious pair of parentheses. In other words, there is nothing

in sight, from a rear view, to prevent one from thinking that a Comanche Indian is walking up the street in front of one.

There is no choice in the matter of sex. The curve is in evidence in the male rider as well as the female, and male dress is fully up to the standard of the females, as affording a chance for the study of curves. It is, of course, possible that the bicycle of narrow tread is not to blame for this. There have been bow-legged people always. Whether there are more now than there should be is a question, but it would seem that narrow-tread bicycles cannot but assist in the production of curved legs. The narrow-tread can be overdone, and we are inclined to think it has been. There are narrow-tread bicycles and there are, alas, curved legs! Is there a distinct connection between these two facts?"

THE ADVANTAGES OF CHAIN-COVERS.

(Bicycling News.)

Since the introduction of the pneumatic tire into wheel life, no invention has been of greater value to the rider than the gear case, and the cyclist who rides minus this advantageous accessory is wasting labor and curtailing pleasure and mileage. Since their first introduction we have never failed to speak well of chain-covers, and till this system of driving a bicycle goes out of fashion (of which there seems very little likelihood just at present) we shall continue to do so, because we have found them so beneficial, and such a real boon to regular riders. It protects the most vital part of a machine; keeps it clean, and in perfect running order; makes it easy to drive; eliminates half the trouble and worry of cleaning; guarantees smoothness, comfort, and noiselessness; and gives every rider a sense of security concerning his chain that he cannot otherwise possess. Not only these, but the possession of a gear-case makes cycling cleaner, there is no danger of clothing catching and subsequent coppering, while it adds any amount of life to the machine, and makes riding in thick mud or dust little more laborious than on plain dry roads.

For some time there was a large amount of prejudice against chain-covers of any description, this being mainly for two reasons—expense and weight. The speed merchant, even upon the road, looks upon it with some amount of suspicion even unto this day; but as he is generally in the habit of changing his machine about once in every six months, and would ride

upon a spider frame and a pair of inner tubes if that were possible, his tastes and leanings need hardly be considered. We have to deal just now with the ordinary cyclist who travels for pleasure, and likes as much luxury as possible with his labor. So far as expense is concerned, it is initial only; the extra sovereign or two is returned a hundred-fold by the preservation of his mount and the saving of worry and work.

Not long ago we heard an intimate friend (who seldom rides) aver that gear-cases were popular because they were fashionable, and he failed to see the utility of them. This was of course an inexperienced opinion, and he had not thought very much about the matter; but when the advantages were pointed out to him, he at once admitted that there was a good deal more in chain-covers than he had previously thought; and we are inclined to think that a good many cyclists are of his way of thinking. To find out the difference between a naked and clothed chain, ride the same machine, covered and uncovered, through a dozen miles of mud, and see what a marked change there is in the ease of running and the amount of labor required to propel it, to say nothing of the strain and stress which the chain has had to undergo compared to its cleanliness and smoothness when it is decently clothed.

We are speaking now of the right sort of gear-cases, and not concerning some of the rubbish which has lately been put upon the market, though we will make no invidious comparisons. Now that chains are so reliably made, and break-ages in that direction are so few and far between, we are inclined to favor fixed cases, as they are undoubtedly the best for cleanliness and absence of rattle. Some of the detachable varieties are exceedingly well made, and are to all intents and purposes as good as, and in some respects better than, the fixtures; but they are not numerous, and we are of the opinion that the substitutes for metal, such as leather, celluloid, etc., are preferable, unless aluminum is decided upon, which is now so largely used in this connection. An indifferent chain-cover, however, is better than no cover at all; and we think that all cyclists would be wise in stipulating for gear-cases in whatever season they ride. It is a mistake to suppose that gear-cases are only for winter wear. Dust is almost as great a chain-clogger as mud, and probably wears it even more; and a clean chain is a boon that no practical cyclist will do without so long as he can easily obtain it. It should not be forgotten, also, that a gear-case, especially in the summer-time, does away with the necessity of mud-guards, for with the corrugated tires now almost universal in vogue, it is hardly safe to ride fast enough in wet weather—at least it is far from comfortable—to be splashed with mud, so that the question of weight is at once solved, as mud-guards of real practical use weigh as

much as, or more than, a gear-case, and a machine certainly looks handsomer without them. We have often wondered to see so many machines minus the necessary chain-cover, and probably in a very short time they will become even more universal than they are at the present time. From an economical standpoint they are good, made of any kind of material, and best of all when firmly attached to an easy-running mount of first-class make.

WHEN THIRST ATTACKS.

(The Wheel)

With the temperature where it has been during most of the past summer one of the greatest discomforts entailed upon wheelmen by the hot weather is thirst. First and most especially is the danger arising from the ingestion of ices and cold drinks, which so many riders fly to directly they feel hot. Difficult as it may be to explain in precise physiological terms the evil consequences which so often follow the sudden application of cold to the mucous membrane of the stomach when the body is overheated, there is no doubt about the fact, and riders would do well to remember the risk they run when they follow their instinct, and endeavor to assuage their thirst by huge draughts of cold fluids or rapid eating of masses of iced compounds. Ices appear to be especially injurious, in consequence of the intensity of the shock produced.

Other evils, however, besides those connected with local chills are apt to arise from the drinking of copious fluids in hot weather. Drink leads to perspiration, and excessive perspiration, with the consequent tendency to catch cold, is one of the main dangers of hot weather in our changeable climate. Physiologically speaking, no doubt perspiration is one of the normal means by which the animal heat is regulated. But a wheelman wrapped in thick clothing is hardly in a physiological condition; and when the interstices of that clothing are full of vapor the good influence of perspiration in lowering the temperature is much lessened. On the other hand its dangers are much increased, for the chill goes on long after the heat is past, and unless the clothes are quickly changed, rheumatism, bronchitis and other evils are only too apt to supervene. There can be but little doubt that the profuse perspiration which is the cause of so many dangers is greatly aggravated by drinking, and especially by drinking alcoholic fluids.

No one can watch a tandem couple riding by without noticing how the men perspire, while the girls hardly turn a hair. Some, perhaps, will say that the girls do not do their share of the wheel's propulsion, but, share or no share,

exert themselves. The secret is that the men follow their instinct and slake their thirst, while the girls simply bear it. It should be remembered that thirst is the result of want of fluid in the blood, not want of fluid in the stomach, and that a pint or more may be drunk before a single ounce is absorbed. Any attempt, then, to assuage thirst by rapid drinking must of necessity lead to far more being taken than is wanted, the moral of which is that if riders must drink, at least let them drink slowly.

BAD SMASHES ON THE CYCLE PATH.

(The Hub.)

To the thoughtful spectator, who has ever witnessed a bad smash on the bicycle racing path, the idea no doubt very frequently occurs: "How is it that these young fellows are willing to run the risk of such mishaps in order to win, perhaps, a better dish or a medal?" Knowing that this query does present itself to many minds, the writer during an afternoon spent in the enclosure of a famous track, ventured to make some enquiries of various racing men as to their experiences of spills and collisions. And the reply of the very first rider interrogated gave a clue as to why a bad fall has so little effect in deterring its victim from further efforts on the path.

Said the authority referred to: "What takes a deal away from the terrors of a smash is its extreme suddenness. In the majority of cases, you have absolutely no warning of what is coming. You are bowling along, surrounded by the others, keeping your eye on them, waiting for a dust-up. One man spurts; down go all your heads; a wheel in front of you swerves, crash and you are lying amongst other men and machines on the track, half stunned as if by an explosion. Personally, I must say the actual falls I have experienced have not been painful. It has only been when they have lifted me up, or I have myself endeavored to rise, that I have experienced pain; and I have invariably more one or two days afterwards than at the very time. The injured limb stiffens after a while; and it is from this fact that men who remounting after tumbles, have finished the race, are yet seen days afterwards barely able to move. In proof of which you will remember that, having a bad fall in last year's North Road fifty, one popular young rider was away from business for three months. Yet he had managed to finish third. As I say, it is the fact that everything happens in a flash, and that before you know it is coming it is over, that deprives a fall of a great part of its terrors."

Backing up this opinion, the writer's own

modest evidence may be added. Out of some dozens of "headers" taken from the saddle of the ordinary bicycle, the "cropper" that lingers most vividly in his memory is one that was experienced when actually about to dismount from a 56in. machine. On a slight down grade, a pedestrian friend was met; and, having a little more way on than was desired, the brake was applied to the front wheel and a tattle too hard. The rider tipped gently forward, and, slipping over the wheel, came down a dead weight on to the ground, sustaining a heavy bruise on the chin and a blow on the chest that knocked every atom of breath out of him. But sensation of realising and waiting for the coming concussion was worse than the actual results. It seemed to be like sliding over the dome of St. Paul's.

Of course, now and again, where men come down a little way in front of you, the probability of an approaching catastrophe is announced beforehand. Sometimes a clever swerve will save you, though this is difficult when going at high speed, and there are always the men behind to be thought of. Not a few riders have instinctively a happy knack of stiffening their arms and sitting down on the machine, with a firm foot on the pedals, that carries them safely over obstacles that threaten to bring them down. I have seen men in this manner go right over cycles lying on the path possibly bursting or ripping their tire, but still escaping a nasty fall. Some men's luck in the way of smashes is wonderful. On a small and awkward track, I once saw a popular record-breaker run safely through seven men and machines littered about all over the path.

As regards surfaces, dandy as cement would appear to be, in cases where the rider is dashed violently upon it we believe careful investigation would show that, except where bones are actually broken, the injuries received are much less severe than on the old cinder or gravel paths. Despite the smoothness of cement, the fallen rider does not slip along over its surface, but stops almost where he touches the ground. The result is that, seldom are the terrible grazed wounds produced that were so often seen in olden days of racing, the exponents of which sport will carry with them the marks of gravel or cinder rash to their graves.

"What is the chief causes of smashes that, with care, might have been prevented?" was asked.

"Well, they come to everyone," was the answer. "Not a few falls that occur it would be impossible even to explain. Probably the men who suffered least are the finest and most speedy riders. For one reason, they ride more in matches and record attempts than in general racing scrambles. Even in scratch open events the big men are seldom bunched in a crowd.

They lap the rank and file, and when overhauling any batch of riders, their pacers take

them up to and past the others in no time.

In addition to this, the champions, for the most part, steer so beautifully, that, even when going nearly all out, their wheels run as if set in a groove. Look at Arthur Chase, Stocks, or 'Flat-Betts' travelling behind a quad, and you will see an exhibition of perfect steering, that makes many a spurt home at the conclusion of an amateur mile handicap appear a perfect nightmare. Men there are, however—and well-known riders, too—who go all to bits when the final rush begins, and these deadly wobblers are, without doubt, responsible for many a smash. Rounding the last bend, also, not a few riders of scanty experience unconsciously bore out towards the rails in tearing down for the winning chalk line; and, as each man behind goes wider still, all the elements of a bad mix-up are furnished.

Another peculiar aspect of a fall is the effect it has upon the riders who have escaped it. In a recent middle-distance event, two riders, going strong behind tandems, just avoided a smash that wrecked several other competitors. 'Now's your chance!' cried the rear rider on one tandem to his man and the racer quickened up for all he was worth. The other man, with the sound of the crash still ringing in his ears, cried 'Easy' to his crew, and he was obliged to pedal round some seven or eight laps before he could get going again. By that time his adversary was a mile ahead.

'Nerves' laughed one racing-man, when reminded of this. 'If you are nervous, all you have to do is—don't race. You'll never be very successful; for the man who sits up directly he is shut in, or thinks of a possible collision when he is going neck and neck and with riders all round him, will never sweep the board. For his own sake, and also for the sake of others, the man who fanks it, is better out of the programme. He is a terror to himself and a danger to others, and there is always plenty of room for him on the road.'

ETIQUETTE ON WHEELS.

(Truth.)

Since the golfers have found it necessary to establish a set of rules on etiquette the question has arisen among wheelmen whether a similar set is not needed to govern their favorite sport, and an incident is gravely related that calls for judgment. A Hudson County club which has admitted women, on a recent holiday started on a club run to a suburb. But one woman member accompanied the men, and after a pretty good run at a warm pace she fell on a slippery pavement and seriously injured her knee. Everybody was sorry but nobody offered to ac-

company the injured wheelwoman home, and so, to her great chagrin and much subsequent scandal, she returned alone. The question that the supposititious rule of etiquette would have settled was as to who should have been designated to escort the woman home.

It is to be feared that the etiquette of the case, like good manners in general, can scarcely be formulated in text. What is not learned at the family table can never be learned in after life. Lovely woman in distress, even half a century ago, could command the devotion of a regiment by her mere helplessness, without regard for beauty. An age in which such devotion ceases to be spontaneous and needs to be demanded by rule is far from that of chivalry. And the explanation is neither hard to find nor far to seek.

HEALTH ON THE BICYCLE.

(Contemporary Review.)

'There can be no doubt but that the health of the people of this country must be influenced one way or the other, for good or for bad, by the almost universal craze for bicycling, which, during the last few years, has become the fashion. The cult of the bicycle is by no means new—it has had its votaries for now about thirty years; but while the high, difficult, yet withal graceful, ordinary machine held sway, both sport and pastime were practically confined to practised athletes, and the question of health or fitness for the exercise in their case was never raised. But the invention in the first place of the tricycle and of the low, equal wheeled safety, and in the second of the pneumatic tire, changed all this, and has brought an exercise both fascinating and exhilarating within the reach of all, old and young, man, woman, and child. Of course, a great number of men who have recently commenced to ride are either those who in their younger days were given to some form or other of athletic exercise, or else are now at school or University engaged in running, rowing, cricket, football, or other competitive sports, and so do not suddenly, and in an untrained state, commence to throw an unaccustomed strain on their muscular and circulatory systems. But these experts are not the only recruits to the new army of cyclists. Men who have passed the greater part of their lives in sedentary occupations, women whose only exercise has been the carriage, young children, and old people, have with one accord fallen victims to the fascinations of this alluring form of locomotion. It stands to reason, therefore, that amongst those in this second category there must be many on whom a sudden increase of bodily exertion must produce a great effect, and it is the object of this paper to lay down

such rules and indicate such precautions as may be necessary to insure that the changes in their habits may be productive of good, and not the means of laying foundations of disease and injury.

There are few exercises or sports more healthful to the ordinary individual than bicycling in a moderate and discreet fashion, and experience has shown that in many cases of functional ailments, and even in some of organic delicacy, its regulated use has materially aided the physician in his efforts to restore health. The reason for this is not far to seek. A person riding a bicycle has not to carry his own weight. He is tolled on wheels, and only has to propel himself; the machine carries him. A simple experiment will prove the truth of this. Let anyone carry a man of 120 pounds on his back for, say, 100 yards, and afterwards seat him on a tricycle and push him over the same course, and compare the amount of force needed to accomplish the distance. He will find that a finger-touch is sufficient to propel both man and machine, while very considerable fatigue results from carrying him. A bicycle ride, therefore, combines the maximum of fresh air and change of scene with the minimum of injurious effort, and, to the delicate, will afford exercise without exhaustion, and, to the strong, will open up the country and give access to places which otherwise would be unattainable to those not blessed with riding horses.

Granting, then, that cycling properly regulated is in itself a good and healthful recreation, it is well to examine the question, and endeavor to point out the pitfalls which, in its pursuit, should be avoided, and give any hints which may conduce to its becoming a healthful as well as a pleasurable amusement.

First of all, to take the case of persons, who are sound and well. At what age may a child commence to ride? At what age should a man decide that the time is past for him to learn? As a general rule, it may be stated that seven years is quite the earliest age at which a boy or girl should be allowed to mount a cycle, and even then great care is necessary to see that the machine is in every way fitted to the child. The reach must be carefully adjusted according to the length of leg; the saddle must be accurately adapted to the rider; the crank should not be too long—4in. to 5in. is quite sufficient for a child of such an age—and the gear should not exceed 52 in. Young growing tissues are easily distorted, and therefore it is most important to see that the handlebar is raised to such a height that the rider can easily sit quite upright. If it were too low, and the handles set too far forward, the child would adopt the ungainly schorcher attitude, and a permanently humped spine would be the result. Then when properly mounted and the machine rightly adjusted he must not be allowed to do too much. Excessive distance is bad, excessive speed is

worse, and excessive hill-riding is worst. It is impossible to lay down in miles and furlongs how far each particular boy or girl may ride. The capacity of each for active exercise differs, and each by practice will become capable of doing more. If after any ride the child is found to refuse his food, and to be feverish, restless, and sleepless at night and thirsty the next day, it is a sure and certain sign that he has done too much, and such over exertion persisted in much lead to disaster. If on the contrary, on returning home the young cyclist eats well, sleeps well, and is bright and lively the next day, then the ride has not been pushed too far, and has done him good and not harm.

It is difficult to say when a man is too old to commence to ride. Some men of advanced years have all their life long been used to regular athletic exercise, and, in consequence, come to any new form of bodily exertion with heart and muscles well prepared, and long experience teaches them how much or how little they can do without injury. Of such was the late Major Knox Holmes, who, an athlete from his youth upwards, at the age of about seventy-four years exchanged his armchair and chronic rheumatism for a tricycle, and died of influenza at the age of eighty-five, having the year before his death ridden over 100 miles in the day on the great North Road.

There are several other instances of men who, having passed the allotted span of three score years and ten, have learned to cycle, and are still living instances of the benefits to be learned therefrom. But old arteries are inelastic, old muscles are brittle, and any veteran who has passed a sedentary existence should count well the cost before he risks the chances of over-strain which might easily ensue his attempting a new and unaccustomed pastime for the first time in his old age.

This warning applies with double force to women—as those who have at the present time attained a mature age, passed their youth in the days when the only exercise considered ladylike was dancing or a mild walk, and who consequently are quite unprepared to suddenly change their habits. No old man or elderly woman should, under any circumstances, commence to cycle unless passed sound, and even then the greatest care must be taken never to venture beyond the bounds of extreme moderation.

One of the most frequent questions asked is whether persons who are physically unsound may cycle; and if they may, how much should they be allowed to do? It is quite impossible to discuss this thoroughly, except in the pages of a purely medical work; but a broad rule may be laid down, that no one who is unsound or delicate should commence to cycle, except under the advice of a competent physician. There are some ailments in which cycling, properly regulated, acts like a charm in restoring health;

there are others in which to mount a bicycle would be simple suicide. It does most good in functional diseases, and in such which arise from insufficient exercise. It prevents and assists in the cure of such ailments as gout and rheumatism, and few regular cyclists are troubled with indigestion. In the bloodlessness of young girls it sometimes does more good than pints of iron drops, though in such cases moderation is most essential until the heart is well drilled in its new work, and very few instances of pure nervousness survive a regular course of bicycle rides. Its use is not so apparent when there is organic mischief and change of structure in any organ, though sometimes it is used as a palliative, and enables the sufferer to take the exercise which is good for his general health, and which he could not manage on his feet. No person, however, with any organic disease, especially if the heart be affected, should attempt to cycle, except under the direct orders of his physician.

When it is decided that it is right and wise for a person to commence riding, a most important question is the distance he should cover and the place at which he should cover it.

From what has been written above, it will be seen that the answer to this depends entirely on the physique and condition of the rider. Even when in condition, both in pace and mileage, should be the watchword. It is extremely easy to over-do it cycling. The exercise is so easy and the exertion seems so slight that much mischief has been done to many, especially women, who, tempted by a leading wind and favorable gradients, have exceeded their usual distance riding away from home, and, on returning, have found that the adverse conditions of wind and hill entail a struggle which, if persisted in, may leave its mark on their constitutions for years. The old hand, especially when not quite fit, carefully arranges his ride so that he has the difficulties to contend with when fresh, and takes the help of the breeze and formation of the country to bring him home without undue exertion.

It is very easy to know if any ride has overtaxed the strength and caused over-fatigue. Under such circumstances the rider will be unable to eat, he will be thirsty, hot, restless, and feverish at night, and quite unable to sleep, and the next day will suffer from lassitude and a distinct inclination for any form of exertion. If a rest be taken, these symptoms of (fatigue fever) will rapidly subside; but if they be disregarded, and the offence repeated, nature will step in to exact the penalty due to her outraged laws.

THE NERVOUS RIDER.

(New Zealand Cyclist.)

He reminds one forcibly of the nervous eater—a familiar figure at all restaurants—who hur-

ries up the waiter, gobbles down bread and butter while waiting for his order, scowls at his food as at something fitted to destroy rather than sustain life, clutches knife and fork as though he held an instrument of death in either hand, and bolts his meal as if he had but five minutes left to catch the last train out of town. When he has finished his job of feeding he will quickly light a cigar and go at the reading of a news-paper with a deliberation suggesting that he has nothing else to do for the balance of the week.

It is a peculiarity of nervous eaters that their nervousness is usually confined to eating alone. It is the same way with nervous bicycle riders. He is impatient to start, wants to know if you are ready, mounts before anyone else, and rushes off with a ferocious expression on his face, and the whole manner indicative of necessary haste.

First, he is on one side of the road, then on the other. He is on the footpath one moment and in the middle of the highway the next. He is continually mounting and dismounting, and ringing his bell when there is no need for it.

His whole aspect is that of one chased by an enemy. Anxiety is stamped on his face, and haste, not speed, marks his every movement. He frets and frets continually while on the machine, and his presence is always unsettling to his companions. Like the nervous eater, his manner and motions become those of a sane person when the ride is ended.

THE CLASS THAT CAUSES TROUBLE.

(THE FIELD.)

Incompetence in the management and control of their machines, and ignorance or disregard of the rules of the road, are characteristics of a very large number of bicyclists, amongst whom ladies and children largely predominate. It is obvious, from the way many people ride about, that they regard the maintenance of their course as subject to no rules. Wherever there is an opening they steer for it and if, in some of their erratic evolutions, they come to grief themselves, and in doing so perhaps bring down someone else, they look upon such incidents as inevitable, and are not at all disconcerted. A not altogether satisfactory feature of the present season is the large number of children, many of tender years, who are allowed to ride about the roads at their own discretion. If furnished with a size and weight suitable to their years, and with someone in charge of them to curb their eccentricities, they might, in ordinary circumstances, pursue their erratic course without danger to himself or others. As it is, they are a menace to all who have to meet or pass them. One of their chief amusements is to ride up and down some stretch

of road, and suddenly turn round at each end, without a thought as to the proximity of others. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are riding full-size bicycles, that have not been adjusted to suit their height and reach, and which are furthermore beyond control owing to their weight. Such riders, even if they had their machines well in hand, and could steer them with some degree of precision, are sublimely ignorant of how to act in the presence of other vehicles, and they frequently, in an emergency get in the way in their well-meant efforts to get out of it. Other and older riders, who ought to know better, exhibit the same vagaries, until, on such occasions as fine Saturdays and Sundays, when these incapable people come out in their thousands and literally cover the roads, others can only thread their way through in a state of constant apprehension of being run into, and only avoid this fate by keeping painfully on the alert.

Another frequent class of offenders against the etiquette and custom of the road are those who go out in parties and spread themselves over the whole road. They make way after a fashion, for those they meet, but everyone who overtakes them has a difficulty in finding sufficient room in which to pass, and in response to the ringing of a bell they will often adopt the objectionable course of moving to either side,

leaving a passage in the middle. In such circumstances, for an overtaken bicyclist to steer to the right when he is expected to, and should draw in to the left, frequently leads to accident. For all practical purposes it is of little avail to discuss the legal remedy that is available against those who are guilty of these indiscretions. When a bicyclist is brought down by the gross carelessness of a child or lady, or some bungling novice, he may suffer some trifling injury only, for which he could recover a few shillings in damages, but he may be deprived of the use of his machine for a week or two when, perhaps, he is touring, and for this he gets no compensation. Being naturally averse to taking legal action in the circumstances, he will, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, be compelled to submit without complaint. This is far too frequently the course that is adopted in those numerous cases where bicyclists suffer injury by the gross negligence or incompetence of drivers of other vehicles, the necessity for doing so often arising from the difficulty of obtaining evidence, without which it would be futile to seek redress. What is wanted is not further legal restrictions, but police supervision to curb some of the gross irregularities that occur in the ordinary conduct of all kinds of traffic in the streets of towns and other much frequented thoroughfares.

Cycling Cogitation

OF CODY.

Most people are right in thinking that Frank J. Edwards is a clean cut young business man. But that's pretty near all they know about him. They don't know him as a humorist. Neither did I until the other day when going through the mammoth waste paper basket near the editor's desk in search of a mislaid letter I happened across a piece of typewritten ms. on which I read the following foot note: "If available kindly pay at the usual rates." And then came the bold and dashing signature of Frank J. Edwards. I began to think. How could the editor overlook anything written by Frank? Of course I did not ask him, but made up my mind to publish the ms. on my own responsibility. So here it is:

THEY ALL DO IT.

The wanderer had returned after many years, and was inquiring about his old friends.

"Brown," he said, "is in the wholesale business,

I believe."

"Wholesale clothing and bicycles," corrected the native. "The firm carries a side line of bicycles, you know."

"And Jones has got a grocery store, I am told."

"Yes. Full line of groceries and bicycles. He's the agent for the Bull Run wheel."

"Smith went into the manufacturing business, didn't he?"

"Oh yes. He got interested in a sewing machine manufactory, and a little later they took up bicycles and are doing a rushing business. I understand they have over a hundred wheels capacity per day."

"And what's White doing?"

"He's the agent for a famous gunmaker, and is doing well. Sells all kinds of guns, pistols and bicycles."

"And Johnson?"

"Oh, he's a manufacturing jeweler, and he

turns out mighty good wheels, too."

"Billings, I suppose, is still in the furniture business."

"Yes, but I understand that he turns out better bicycles than he does a bureau or desk."

The returned traveler began to betray some surprise.

"Is—is Wilson still in the livery business," he asked with some hesitation.

"Certainly, but he devotes most of his time to the little bicycle repair shop in the rear of the stable."

"Ah there goes old Bones the sexton. The old fellow is—"

"Oh he's the agent for an automatic pump for inflating tires."

"Is there any one who isn't in the bicycle business?" asked the returned traveler sadly.

"I don't think of any one just now," replied the native.

A good story in which Jimmy Michael plays a prominent part is going the rounds.

It is said that the "Midget" was once a visitor at a cycling race which drew a large crowd of spectators. The grand-stand was crowded, and next to Michael sat a big man who was very considerate of the feelings of the audience. As the grand-stand was rather crowded he took Michael on his knee, saying, "Now, my little man, you can see better from here and give a little more room." Thus speaking he began to trot "his little man" on his knee to the vast amusement of many who recognized the Welsh wonder. When finally it was announced that he was holding the champion of the world on his lap he was much embarrassed, but Michael set his fears to rest and then he remained throughout the meet.

Imagination is never built on facts. It wouldn't be imagination if it were. Some writers write what they imagine and offer it to the people for facts. Some writers smoke a pipe and then their imagination overflows. The following little bull story is a bit of an English smoker's imagination:

"Miss Jennie Armitage, of Franklin Park, near New Brunswick, saw a tramp, whom she had given food to, coolly mount her bicycle and ride off. She ran to the stable. The only animal there was a steer. She leaped on his back and belabored him with a stick until he broke into a lumbering gallop after the thief. The tramp abandoned the wheel and took to the woods. Miss Armitage recovered her property."

They style him a doctor but professor would be more appropriate. He is a German and inherited the name of Hausman. He claimed to have made a life study of man physically and during the past season of the effects of cycling on its votaries. I think he is an idiot. And this is why I think so: "Who can foretell," he says, "where the barbarous instrument will land our race, and what degeneration will take place amongst our descendants? Bicycling is an insanely unnatural exercise developing the legs, but the legs only. The chest is cramped, and the vibration conveyed as it is by the vertebral column and the arms to the brain has a result similar to successive blows on the cranium by a middle-sized hammer. This will bring about mental and physical degeneration, and the twentieth century will see the human race evolved back to a type of orang-outangs." Now ladies and gentlemen ya who ride a wheel and who may not know how man originated may here learn how man will end.

Our Busy Cycledom

There are 3411 cyclists in the volunteer cycling corps of Great Britain.

When it comes to placing trust in a bicycle or man those with a good name are preferable.

Detectives mounted on bicycles escorted President Faure to the Grand Prix races at Paris.

An English exchange terms wheelmen who do not ride the entire year, "summer or butterfly riders."

The motto of the Cycling League of Spain reads, "To aid the physical development of youth is to lead nations to civilization." Humpf!

The flat-footed rider ought to be accorded the privilege of styling a bicycle "a bike" and to talk about gymkhanas as often as he desires.

In Berlin during 1897 there was one accident to every fourteen cabs, twenty-five wagons, two omnibuses and one hundred and forty-two bicycles.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose is the very humane advice of Mr. Geo. T. Angeli. But how about the dogs that insist upon doing so?

The bicycle is playing a prominent part on the Spanish stage. In one of the scenes of an operetta recently produced at Madrid a number of the actresses appear clad in cycling attire with bicycles by their side. Bells and trumpets attached to the bicycles accompany their songs.

These gymkhanas must be terrible affairs. The latest provides for a pack of fools to take their bicycles fitted with sound new tires to the starting point. Here an official punctures them with a spike. Then the idiots repair them and the one who finishes first in a mile on the repaired tire is the winner.

A foreign exchange commenting on the report that Jimmy Michael has turned author says, "they still retain the slave-driving propensities of these forebears in the States. They have now made Michael an author. Only the bonds of slavery could have induced the little Welshman to do this awful thing."

The Wheel says an excellent mouth wash for use after a long ride is made up as follows: Dissolve a tablespoonful of powdered borax in half a pint of boiling water; when cold add one ounce of tincture of myrrh and the same quantity of spirits of camphor, a wineglassful to be used in a tumbler of water. To this we add, "try it on the cat before taking."

The following order has been issued by chief of police of New York.

Scorching on bicycles must not be permitted on any of the streets, lanes, alleys, or public thoroughfares of the city of New York, and under no circumstances must bicycle racing be allowed. Arrests must be made for any violation of the ordinances in relation to these matters that come under the observation of members of the force.

To what extent the bicycle has become the craze in Berlin could be seen a short time ago when the two large races, the one for the "prize of Germany" and the other for the "prize of

Berlin," were contested. Admittance sold much higher to either than the choicest places in the opera house would have cost and boxes were auctioned off as high as \$5 a seat. On one of the days they took in some 80,000 marks (or about \$15,000), and altogether the owners of the race track are said to have made a matter of about 200,000 marks thus far this season. The "prize of Berlin," 18,000 marks, were raised by voluntary subscriptions among the lovers of the sport in the city.

Under the head line, "Do Lady Cyclists Drink?" the Scottish Cyclist says the following: "A Berwickshire hotel keeper states that of the scores of female cyclists who stop at his inn for refreshment, not one in twenty asks for anything stronger than a cup of tea; and although this particular innkeeper seems to regard the fact as peculiar to his district and its lady cyclists, we are inclined to think his experience is by no means isolated. To be told that a large percentage of the lady cyclists of Scotland indulge in strong drink would shock our faith in the fair sex of our native land; and until convincing proof is forthcoming, we decline to believe that our cycling sisters, cousins, aunts, and other relatives, present and prospective, are not the most temperate of women."

There are many remarkable weddings on record in the different cities of our great commonwealth; young couples aspiring to fame and notoriety have been married in dens of Hona, in balloons, and in countless other out of the way places. But an elopement on bicycles, and a honeymoon spent in propelling the silent steed along mile after mile of rough and muddy roads, is certainly a novelty. It was in this way, however, that Miss Amanda Balf and Henry Huitke, both of whom are well known in Chippewa Falls, where the bridegroom went under the name of Cashton, eloped and spent their honeymoon. Miss Balf has lived in Chippewa for some time. Her former home was Evansville, Wis. About a week ago Mr. Huitke also took up his abode in this city. Fair week was chosen as a fitting time for the climax. The bride owned a wheel, and the groom, not being fortunate enough to own one himself, rented one and together they rode away. The angry parent, necessary to perfect the elopement, immediately arrived on the scene in the person of Mr. Balf, the bride's father. Messengers were sent in pursuit, but as the fleeing pair rode strictly high grade wheels, they managed to keep in front and have not yet been overtaken. The wheel that Mr. Huitke used was returned from Black River Falls, but nothing certain has been learned as to the whereabouts of the rascally couple.

The Power of the Motor

An interesting test of the various modes of transportation was recently made by a French physician. He experimented with a horse and carriage against a motor-tricycle and found the latter to be by far the cheapest.

In the trial with horses the doctor experienced a few inconveniences, such as vehicles being broken by falls, one of his horses dying and the other being laid up for repairs. The statement as to the cost of the first outfit is as follows:

Price of a two-wheeled cart	\$140.00
Price of a four-wheel vehicle	220.00
Price of two horses	240.00
Harness	60.00

\$660.00

Aside from the one horse, all this was sold for \$380, making a loss of \$280. The doctor then purchased a one-horse-power petroleum motor tricycle for \$250, and after giving it a trial extending over a period of eighteen months, sold it for \$180, thereby sustaining a loss of \$70. The sale was made for the reason that he desired a more powerful motor, the one-horse power being insufficient to carry the machine over some of the hills that abound in the section of the country in which he resides. During the time the machine was in use it covered about 7,500 miles.

The cost of keeping the horses and rigs was as follows:

A hostler	\$200.00
Price for cart	20.00
Repairs for harness	20.00
Shoeing	10.00
Oats	140.00
Hay and straw	80.00
Veterinary	10.00

Total

\$480.00

For the tricycle:

To a mechanic for repairs, etc.	\$24.00
Exchange batteries, repair motor.....	28.00
Finlon pedal, igniting candle, etc.....	22.00
Petroleum	56.00
Naptha.....	3.30
Tires and air chambers.....	12.80

Total

\$146.40

To the total cost of operating the tricycle is added \$17.60 for carriage hire, it having been necessary on certain stormy days to adopt that method of travel.

The cost and maintenance of the horses and carriages amounted to \$1,140. After deducting \$380 for which the outfit was sold there remained an outlay of \$760, an average of \$42.22 2-9 per month.

With the tricycle the outlay and expenses were \$414; this was reduced by the sale of the machine for \$180 to \$234, which averaged an outlay of \$18 per month, thereby proving a saving venture to the doctor to the extent of \$29.22 2-9 each month.

The British aristocracy does not take over kindly to the motorcycle. In the judgment of more conservative members of upper-tendom the new vehicles have served only as a means of degrading the nobility. A little while ago a well-known society woman was fined for driving her motor carriage at a furious pace, and within a fortnight the earl of Carnarvon had to appear at the sessions of Newbury, a country town near Reading, to answer to the charge of driving a motor car at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, besides refusing to when called upon to do so by a gentleman with a restive horse. Motor cars have not yet superseded the horses on the streets of London, in commenting on which the Telegraph says:

There is no denying that the motor car has not achieved the signal triumph over all forms of vehicles which its admirers prophesied for it at the outset. It has not been recognized socially save by young earls and lords whose brains by each succeeding new craze. There is very little dignity about the driver of one of these cars, and doubtless this has something to do with the lack of appreciation, for the English nobility are chary at all times of having anything to do with that which might lower their high-born dignity.

With but few exceptions, here and abroad, the motor cycle and carriage industry is part of or combined to the cycle trade. It is in the right place and will, in time, be a part of the business of every large manufacturer of bicycles.

An Eric company states that it will be able to sell motor carriages at a cost ranging from \$350 to \$600 according to size and finish. If this statement can be fulfilled the popularity of the motor vehicle is sure to go up with a bound.

It is said to be a common sight in Paris to see a club of 20 or more wheelmen on a petrol-um tricycle run.

Observations

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The asphalt pavement, when wet, has been the means to bring many a new rider «off his high horse.» The experienced wheelman will always ride with caution. To see one of these would be somewhere come dashing along and suddenly turning a corner to find himself sprawling on the street—he smeared—with a coating of dirt is amusing to say the least.

A peculiar thing happened to me the other day. I was cleaning and oiling up my bicycle and had also oiled up the chain to relieve it of the cracking noise created by the links getting set from dryness, when I put my foot upon the pedal to give the wheel a spin, thus thoroughly working the oil into the joints, when the toe of my shoe was caught between the toe-clip and crank and given such a twist as to nearly dislocate my toes. I felt the pain for a considerable period thereafter.

I was riding along at about a ten mile an hour gait, only recently, and struck a piece of wood forced much like a fath but considerable shorter which was thrown upward by the front wheel and caught in the chain being carried to the hub sprocket. Such a tremendous strain was produced upon the chain that the hanger was sprung out of true for more than one inch and the right crank just grazed the tubing. It took the exertions of two to draw it into its former place and in line with the rest of the frame.

The recent revolt of the racing men against Chairman Mott's rulings has attracted quite a little attention throughout the land. Through this action the National Assembly will be forced to either make a radical change or assign its racing department to some other responsible organization. In the July issue of the PNEUMATIC I remarked in part as follows:

«This question has been up quite frequently and in several localities the control of racing was actually undertaken by individual organizations only to be unsuccessful on account of the League's opposition. The west has looked to Sunday racing with a longing eye and rightfully so. There are very few cities in that part of the country that could conduct a meet with success financially on a week day. The Sabbath is the day of recreation and enjoyment in which the rich and poor alike partake. The latter class will thereby be in a position, should Sunday racing be decided upon, to enjoy the sport of Kings. Cycling is the cleanest of sports, professional as well as amateur and with an influential and sound body to control affairs I see no reason why this should not be undertaken.»

The bicycle repair business is at last assuming more of a stability about itself. Early in the nineties when the wheel was yet a novelty with some there were but few cycle repair houses and these were always in connection with a firm having agencies for several lines of high grade wheels. Since 1895 the influx of irresponsible persons, the majority of them

knowing but little of the mechanical part of the trade, has been great and the legitimate tradesman has suffered in consequence of the demoralizing effect the «summer» repair man and manufacturer of built-to-order wheels has produced. During the dull seasons the latter class, like the badger, are in a semi-comatose state and but few «keep shop» during winter. Associations are being formed in the larger cities for mutual protection in sustaining uniform rates in repair charges and to guard themselves against these temporary sharks who are so detrimental to the trade and good business houses. A change for the better is evident and the bicycle rider is not likely to be imposed upon in the future.

My connection with cycling has witnessed the ups and downs of the trade and the cycling club with their inception and to compare the present status with the years 1889-90 and a few years thereafter is but to note the great change which has been wrought. The cycling club was then a powerful factor in the trade, the majority of the riding public then belonging to such an organization and consequently the tradesman had to cater to the club to secure the patronage of the members. He could always be seen to hold one or more offices in a club and found time to do innumerable services for the organization. Quite the reverse is the condition now and the man of business has lost respect for the cycle club and snaps his fingers at the thought of deriving trade from its membership.

While coming from home after the noon hour meal, some time ago, being somewhat late I was hurrying up to a pretty fair pace to reach my place of business on time. Turning into a street with a gradual slope toward the end of the block I just managed to reach there when a mean small dog ran across the crosswalk with all the speed he could command to tackle a like «cur» on the other side. You may imagine the result for he struck my front wheel and in consequence I went sprawling on the block pavement much like a Spanish bomb minus the explosion. Something did burst, nevertheless, for as is my habit I manage to «snoop» an apple or two at home for a bite between meals. These I carried in my pocket and they were completely squashed and probably saved me some trouble.

The decline of the cycling club has also witnessed its non-support of the racing men which must be directly ascribed to the L. A. W.'s definition of the amateur rule prohibiting the club's support of its men on the track, unless it be in closed club or college events. This expression I clipped from a contemporary: «It is but seldom that a racing man now appears on the track wearing the colors of a wheel club. This is bad in a certain way both for the clubs and for the men, indicating a decline of club participation in the sport and a lack of that encouragement and support which every racing man who belongs to a club should expect to receive from the organization.»

The Gospel of Good Roads

OYSTER SHELL ROADS.

Mr. U. F. Magee, in a recent article speaks of the value of oyster shells for road making purposes as follows: "Oyster shells are soft and yielding to pressure, crumbling to small pieces even under the weight of one's foot, and crushing into dust under the iron hoofs of horses and the weight of loaded wagons. They seem to be little more than pure lime, and of the consistency of hard chalk, and our softest stones have five-fold the power of resistance to force or pressure. But I know from experience and extensive observation there is no material that will make a handsomer or smoother road, and in wearing qualities and endurance it is fully up to the average of stone used under the same conditions."

Here is the solution of the oyster-shell problem, as we would say, in an oyster shell: Oyster shells, when pounded fine by weight of wheels and horses' feet, weld and fuse together like so much molten metal, and thus, like a cast-iron shield, at once shed off the falling rain, forming a solid mass, it liberately polishes like ivory under the tires and makes a perfect road with out any other rolling than that of the traveling teams.

"Roads are kept in repair by scattering a cart-load or so of shells where the road becomes low in spots or water inclines to lay on the surface. The cost of labor for shelling a country road is trifling, as they are nearly all rounded and ditched anyhow. The shells are sold by the packers at three cents a bushel delivered to the nearest water shipping point, which in this [southern] country of rivers and canals is usually within a few miles of all roads. Three cents a bushel is equivalent to sixty cents a perch. The thickness of covering is about the same as we have heretofore advocated, so the cost of this road down there is something less than a good stone road with us."

CANADIAN ROADS.

The country roads of Canada are models. Without being park boulevards, they possess all the requisites to make the average and reasonable cyclist a happy man. They wind and turn, and hills are not infrequently encountered, but every crook plunges you pell-mell into new scenic pleasures and every hill up which you toil rewards you at its top by disclosing a panorama in green verdure and foliage and gray rock and long lines of field-separating walls, with here and there a farmhouse or a large barn or an orchard or a sprinkling of haycocks. For themselves, the roads are hard and free from ruts, and, excepting spots where effort has been made to mend them, they are delicious to the bicycle sense. Stone abounds. It juts out of the hill-sides like currants and raisins and oozes out of a section of fruit cake. So no particular honor is due the Canadians of this province for maintaining their highways at a condition of decency. It would be a discredit to them, having every facility for the making of good ways, if in the isolated portions of the country they did not keep up better high-

ways than the rural thoroughfares just out of any of our large cities. An estimable lady once observed that nobody is entitled to honor because of correct spelling; that is to be expected; but that the person who spells incorrectly is greatly disgraced by that fact. That is perhaps the sensible view the people of Ontario take of the question of road building.

ONE WAY TO SECURE GOOD ROADS.

The late John Dean Cason, for many years a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in his interesting reminiscences, "Early Bench and Bar of Illinois," published by the Chicago Legal News Company, relates the following incident, which we respectfully commend to the attention of all who are in a position to follow his example: "When going to open the first term of the fall circuit in 1844, in Kendall county, I found the roads in a most horrible condition, showing that no road labor had been bestowed upon them. That was the wettest summer I ever knew in this country. All the sloughs were full of water, and had been tramped up until they seemed to have no bottom, and I myself, with a light carriage and two horses, got stalled in a slough not two miles from the courthouse, and had to pack my wife and children out to dry ground, and then to hitch my horses to the end of a pole, and draw out the carriage. If to be covered literally with mud constitutes an element of beauty, then, indeed, was I beautiful for once in my life. Well, now, I was out of humor, and I fear I continued so all the next day, which was Sunday, nor did I feel very amiable when I opened court on Monday. I was fairly saturated with the idea that a county with such roads must have a very shiftless population, and above all must have a very shiftless set of roadmasters, so that when the grand jury was sworn I was fully prepared to give them a charge on the subject, and I did it to the very best of my ability; especially I pointed out to them that the immigrant seeking to buy a farm, and to make a home for himself and his family, if he ever got into their country, would only seek to get out of it if he possibly could; that he necessarily would make up his mind that they were all a shiftless, trifling set, with whom he wished to have no fellowship; that when he passed out of their county he would shake their mud from off his feet in disgust. The result was that before night the grand jury brought in indictments against every road-supervisor in the county, and before I adjourned court that week I had the satisfaction of fining every one for neglect of duty. Indeed, all came in and pleaded guilty but one. Fridley (the state's attorney) had seconded my efforts with the greatest zeal. He had indicted this man on a bad slough, which was supposed to be in his district, but upon the trial it was found that this particular slough was a few rods over the county line. Fridley circulated around for a few minutes, and soon found witnesses by whom he proved that there were two or three other bad places in the man's district, and the jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, and I fined him ten dollars, while the others were all let off with five each. When the cost

of his prosecution and of his counsel fee were added to the ten dollars he probably wished he had pleaded guilty like the others.

"When I adjourned that court and went on my way to Geneva, I found the road fairly lined with men repairing it, not only in Kendall county, but in Kane also, which was my next county. This convinced both Fridley and me that the fame of our work had gone before us. I charged all the grand juries in my circuit that fall, in substantially the same way, with equally good results. The influence of that campaign on the roads of that circuit was plainly observable, so long as I held the court there at least.

Some of my friends were very uneasy that I would make so many enemies by the vigorous prosecution which we instituted against road supervisors, that every county in the circuit would send members to the Legislature who would vote against me [the judges in Illinois were then elected by the Legislature]; but the result proved that my action met with general approbation, and my strength in the circuit was manifestly much increased by the course which I had pursued."

THE STATE AID SYSTEM.

Mr. Otto Dornor, in a letter to the L. A. W. Bulletin, makes a strong plea for the state aid system of improving the roads. "For the past fifteen years or more," says Mr. Dornor, "our cry has been for Good Roads. Everybody knows that the L. A. W. wants good roads. There is a great difference of opinion as to how they are to be obtained. We have not been advocating any particular means of getting them. The result of this is a great deal of misapprehension and misunderstanding, undeserved criticism of the League and much misdirected effort. The average farmer believes it is our purpose to load him up with burdensome road taxes. We must not blame him for this belief. It has always been left to him to build and improve roads. There has never been anyone else to share the expense with him. What wonder, then, that he believes we want him, and him alone, to make the radical improvements we advocate, and what wonder that he should resent his having to "build roads for those city dudes to ride bicycles on?"

"Now, that it is clearly understood that wheelmen want better roads, the next thing to do is to get the farmer with us in an effort to obtain them. We must let him clearly understand how we propose to bring about their construction. We must look out for the farmer's interest. The plan to adopt is one which will bring funds from other sources besides the farmer's pocket, and which will insure the judicious expenditure of these funds, and of such funds as the farmer is willing to add to them.

"The National Committee on Highway Improvement is directing all its effort to make the plan of state aid to roads thoroughly understood. We believe this to be the best measure to advocate. We believe it is a scheme of road improvement more likely to find favor with the farmer than any other. Experience has taught the truth of this in New Jersey. New Jersey has built hundreds of miles of macadamized roads by state aid during the last few years. New Jersey farmers are clamorous for the further extension of the state aid system. Under the New Jersey system, the state pays one third of the cost of improvements, the adjoining property owner pays one-tenth, and the county in which the improvement is made pays the re-

mainder. A petition from the abutting property owners, expressing their willingness to pay the required one-tenth of the cost, is necessary to bring about the improvement. The county makes the contracts for the work, after the plans for the improvement have been approved by the state authorities. Upon the completion of the road, and the approval of the work by a state engineer, the state pays its share of the expense. The feature of the New Jersey system of state aid which appeals to the farmer is the knowledge that part of the expense comes out of the large city taxpayers and the wealthy corporations holding valuable franchises in the state, and who contribute to the state funds. New Jersey farmers have learned that they can have good roads without having to pay for their entire cost, and they welcome state aid in their construction. The approval of the plans and of the finished work, by competent state authorities, insures tax payers against bad methods and the waste of funds. Experience in New Jersey seems to have taught that state aid to roads offers a practical method of enlisting the support of farmers for good road-building. The whole system of state aid, as there in force, is explained in Bulletin No. 9, of the office of Road Inquiry at Washington, D. C. All who are interested in the good roads movement will do well to send five cents to the Road Inquiry Office for a copy of this Bulletin.

"Other states have recognized the practical character of the state aid system, and have adopted it. Both Connecticut and Rhode Island have experimented with state aid, and with good results. Pennsylvania has provided for a system of state aid. New York has just introduced such a system, and the first petitions under the law are being acted upon. The state of Massachusetts has done a great deal to improve its country roads and to encourage good road-building. Large appropriations have been made by the Massachusetts legislature for road purposes for a number of years.

"The National Committee on Highway Improvement believes that the whole effort of the L. A. W. should be concentrated in a cry for state aid to roads. We have already made our cry for good roads thoroughly heard. It is now important that we should cry for the means of obtaining them. We must explain how they are to be got. Let us emphasize the need of state aid. Those who understand what we mean will endorse our call. Those who do not understand will start asking questions, and will soon understand. State aid becomes popular with every farmer who does not understand how it works. Let farmers in other states understand it, and they will become as enthusiastic advocates of state aid as the New Jersey farmers. They will join with us in bringing about its establishment throughout the United States.

"The National Committee on Highway Improvement expects to reach between 300,000 and 500,000 farmers with printed matter on state aid between now and the opening of the new year, and to communicate with all the members of nearly every state legislature on the subject. L. A. W. members should assist these efforts by promoting the idea of state aid wherever opportunity offers. This will help to direct the good roads sentiment into a practical channel, where it will bring results."

The roads in Barbados are made of white coral, with surfaces as hard and smooth as cement.

The Wheelwoman

EDITED BY AGORN.

BICYCLE PROVERBS.

"It cannot be said of a bicycle rider that he begins in the way he should go."

"It is not meet that bicycles should greet each other with clasping of hand. Rather let them pay a formal distant greeting to each other."

"The man, or the woman either, who looketh behind him in a crowded path would better be a pillar of salt."

Women who are obliged to take care of their own wheels will find that a soft old tooth brush will lighten the labor of cleaning the hubs, sprocket-wheels, pedals, and chain. Special cycle brushes, each having a long handle and a tufted end, are made for this purpose, but I find the tooth brush quite satisfactory.

And she who does an old pair of loose kid gloves when cleaning her wheel will keep her hands in a good condition, while the cleaning itself will prove to be not quite the dirty, distasteful work it once seemed.

Women wheelers are usually very much censured for not observing the rules of the road. If each one is particular to follow the rules carefully, in time public opinion will change, and, as pedestrians are really supposed to have the right of way, give them the benefit of any doubt and do not always think you are right and they are wrong.

Cycling for women is superior to most other forms of exercise at our command, but it needs a little judgment and care to produce the best results. These used, nothing is a better tonic or health producer.

Cycling takes one into the outdoor air; can be made gentle or vigorous as one desires; takes the rider outside of herself and the thoughts and cares of daily existence; develops will power, attention, courage, independence, and makes pleasant what is otherwise most irksome. In addition to this the exercise is well distributed over almost the whole body, and when all the muscles are exercised no muscle is likely to be over exercised.

But the wise woman will abstain from riding up a very long and steep hill that requires much pushing, even at the expense of being considered a novice by onlookers. During very warm weather, up hill riding is particularly objectionable if not positively dangerous. When very warm and thirsty after a ride be careful to get thoroughly cooled off before drinking anything, and remember that it is injurious rather than beneficial to ride too soon after partaking of a heavy meal.

A small bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, carried in the tool-bag, will oft times prove a veritable God-send to bicyclennes who are subject to faintness or feel the heat exceedingly. A teaspoonful of the ammonia in a little cold water will immediately restore the sufferer and after a short rest she will be able to resume riding.

Unless you are adept at riding slowly I would advise you to practice in some quiet place until you can go so slowly as to almost stand still before you attempt to ride upon crowded thoroughfares. In their usual congested condition this knowledge of slow riding is absolutely necessary for your safety.

Some very pretty belts specially designed for the cyclist are said to be in great favor, especially those composed entirely of silver wheels. It is important to note that narrow belts detract from the size, and high bodices and broad belts give fulness to a slender figure. A short vest also gives an additional appearance to the form.

Few cycling costumes can truthfully be called handsome, and the modiste meets with serious difficulty in endeavoring to create something artistically effective and at the same time practicable. A bicycle costume is as much a necessity, as much a part and parcel of a woman's wardrobe these days as her street costume or her ball gown. Some seasons ago any old home-made affair was made to do, but this year the bicycle gowns are tailor-made and as artistic as possible, giving the owner a natty appearance awhirl.

When American wheelwomen go to England, it would be well for them to lengthen their bicycle skirts. Mrs. Kilpatrick, the wife of the well-known trick rider, was almost mobbed in the streets of London, about a year ago, because her skirts did not reach below her shins. Recently two women riding in Wales had a similar experience, and were obliged to take refuge over night in a shop until they could receive skirts of the proper length.

The following bit of wisdom is given by a lady correspondent of an English daily:

"Let any lady be warned never to be beguiled into purchasing cheap machines, as they are always most expensive in the end, and never give the pleasure in riding that a new one does, as they are liable to go wrong without any premonitory symptoms, and leave the unhappy rider miles from home with no means of locomotion but her legs."

The ladies of Russia who cycle always have a special pocket in their costumes for a cigarette case.

In Lighter Vein

AUTUMN — AND WINTER.

AUTUMN.

It all who walk would ride a wheel,
 Princess would never hear
 That the melancholy days have come,
 The saddest of the year.

[The Philadelphia, Oct. '98, page 155.]

WINTER.

But when old Boreas sends his blasts,
 And wintry winds appear;
 When roads beneath the snow are hid
 And all in black and drear,
 The wheelmen then will moan and sigh,
 "Alas! I cannot steer
 My steeled the whitened paths along,
 The cold is too severe;
 What helm can soothe his saddened heart
 And bring to it some cheer?"
 If all who walk would but ride wheels,
 To me, at least, 'tis clear,
 In winter they would wait a tear,
 And shed full many a tear,
 And I am sure they'd often say,
 And you would often hear
 That the melancholy days have come,
 The saddest of the year.

* The editor, as a loyal citizen of Milwaukee, suggested to the poet (who is not a Milwaukeean, and in self-defense proposes to remain anonymous) that the following lines be here inserted:

"Rejoice a brilliant, sunny grin
 Of those Milwaukee days."

That poets are notoriously peevish, and their whims must be indulged; and as the author of the above poem has, with the usual precedence of his class, rejected the suggestion, we are reluctantly obliged to publish the poem in its original form.

BUT HER MOTHER.

(Savannah Journal.)

Before she got her bicycle
 She sometimes used to make
 The beds and wash the dishes,
 And help her mother bake;
 She would even sweep the parlor
 And dust the bric-a-brac,
 And once she did the washing,
 Though it almost broke her back.
 But now she's got her bicycle,
 She doesn't do a thing
 About the house, but day and night
 She's always on the wing;
 She's done a dozen cantaries,
 Or more, I've heard it said,
 While her mother does the washing,
 Sweeps and dusts and makes the bread.
 She looks extremely natty
 In her brief bicycle skirt,
 She often talks with strangers,
 And she has been known to flirt.
 Her health was never better,
 Brown and rosy is her skin,
 But her mother, if you'll notice,
 Is looking worn and thin.

THE UP-TO-DATE GIRL.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

She is out in the park on a wheel,
 Bent down like a wild kangaroo,
 With her knees in the air, to prevent
 Her stockings of yellow and blue,
 She sticks to the saddle like glue,
 And she's off with a swish and a whirl;
 You admire her somewhat, it is true,
 But where is the old-fashioned girl?

Her fist has grown hard as the heel
 Of a mule in its wrought-iron shoe,
 She has sinews as springy as steel,
 But her features are somewhat askew
 From this gun that she godlike will chew.
 She may be a "punch" and a "spauld,"
 And if so you admire her, 'tis true—
 But where is the old-fashioned girl?

Her appetite's healthy and real
 For the liquor of Tonic brew,
 And I fear me, we ought to conceal
 That she lingers till night is most through
 At the clubs and the beer gardens too.
 Her brain, like her wheel, is a whirl,
 And we sometimes admire her, 'tis true—
 But where is the old-fashioned girl?

ENVY.

Dear Princess, your patience I sue,
 And I pray you, don't think me a churl;
 I admire thee somewhat, it is true,
 But where is the old-fashioned girl?

SINGLE RECOLLECTIONS.

(The Wheel.)

The bicycle stopped suddenly.
 The old man went over the handle-bar and turned
 nine kinds of a somerset in midair.
 Then he sat down on the road surface—hard.
 "Now, you know how it feels to be whacked there,"
 said the boy.
 And with an irritating laugh, he disappeared around
 the corner.

A STEP TO FALL.

(Chicago News.)

Mrs. Gooding—"I hear that your girl has left.
 What was the trouble?"
 Mrs. Wilby—"Oh, it was on account of her bicycle."
 Mrs. Gooding—"I shouldn't think you'd object to that.
 Most of them have wheels now, you know."
 Mrs. Wilby—"Yes, but she wanted my husband to
 pump up her tires."

BUT HE IS TOO OLD.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"What do you consider the best crank hanger in the
 market," said Brooks, who was looking through a bi-
 cycle catalogue.
 "The sheriff," replied Rivers, without looking up.

Our 20th Year

WE have always met the wishes of the people as to
PRICE, STYLE AND QUALITY, thereby gaining their full
confidence and a good reputation.



WE are satisfied, after twenty years' experience, that
we can build and are building the best wheels in
the world, the

Rambler

BICYCLES

NEW RAMBLER PRICES FOR 1899 ARE FAIR:

\$40 for 28-inch wheels

\$45 for 30-inch wheels

\$75 for Tandems

"THE NEW STANDARD PRICES

FOR HIGHEST GRADE WHEELS"

1899 Catalogue free—write for it
and see 1899 samples.

A few new agents desired.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.

Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.
Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland. London.

The Manufacturers

HENRY P. ANDRAE.

Henry P. Andrae, treasurer and manager of the Julius Andrae & Sons Co. of Milwaukee, Wis. was born in Milwaukee about the close of the Civil War, and has resided there ever since.

His father's locksmith establishment was for years one of the landmarks of Milwaukee in its primitive days, at first doing a small business, but by industrious application to his work Julius Andrae, Sr. has been able to build up a prosperous business, which was afterwards taken charge of by his sons and brought to its present

Schroeder, and established the first firm to handle bicycles in Milwaukee. They sold a few machines and dissolved partnership at the end of the season, Mr. Andrae conducting the business alone for a while in his father's store. He handled the old Harvard and an English machine.

The firm of Jul. Andrae and Co. then took charge of the bicycle line, handling the Columbias and Victors, and sold the first pneumatic tired machine brought to Milwaukee, the Feath-



HENRY P. ANDRAE.

magnitude. The company in addition to its cycle manufacturing department is rated today as one of the largest electrical establishments in the northwest.

Henry P. Andrae did not have the advantage of a modern college education, but was obliged to be satisfied with a sheep-skin from a grade school, which was later supplemented by a course in a Milwaukee business college. His subsequent position as clerk in a local bank, and later as bookkeeper for the Kiechefer Manufacturing Company, gave him the necessary experience to make of him the successful business man and financier that he is to-day.

After resigning his position with the Kiechefer people he formed a partnership with Fred J.

erstone Road King. A short while after this they took up a line of cheap wheels, and later in 1890 sold the Hummer and Raleigh bicycles.

In the fall of 1890 the firm started to manufacture their own wheels, and they have been talking Andrae Cycles ever since.

The new Andrae factory which they have just taken possession of, was built especially for the manufacturing of bicycles, and is a mammoth four story structure, fitted with all the latest conveniences and improvements.

Mr. Andrae has always been an active worker in the interest of cycling, and has spent considerable time to assist in its advancement in Wisconsin. He is a charter member of the well known Milwaukee Wheelmen, and for years

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small white boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. NEWBURN.

I want to inform you, to words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Brown, Ph. G., 225 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with great results.

Miss BECKE WINTERMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats heartily meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ARTHUR H. BLAUER.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had feared such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKLYN.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complaint of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICH.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

RIPANS

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.



A new style packet containing ten tablets is now packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores - FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced set is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (10 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RYAN & CO. COMPANY, No. 16 Spruce Street, New York - or a single carton (two tablets) will be sent for five cents. RYAN & CO. COMPANY may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

✻ Printing Points ✻

Published to Preserve the Art Preservative of Arts.

VOL. I.

MILWAUKEE, NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 4

We don't get
Every job
Of printing
That we figure on,
But we never cry
Over spilled milk.
Unsuccessful estimates
Are the spilled milk
Of the printing business.
We restrain our tears
Because
In bidding
For any bit
Of work,
We carefully calculate
The cost
Of the stock
And labor
Required
To turn out
That work
Good all through.
After costs
Have been figured,
And we claim
To be able
To figure "close,"
We add
A fair profit.
This gives us
Our "asking price."
When an estimate
Of ours
Built on these lines,
Fails to "get there,"

The "other fellow"
Is quite welcome
To the order
Every time,
If he is
To be compelled
To furnish precisely
The grade
Of work
That would
Have been
Yours
Had you
Patronized
Us.
Our Department
Of Profitable
Publicity
Is a great help
To merchants.
Through
This department
We can do
Everything—
Writing,
Illustrating,
Printing,
Addressing,
Mailing.
It's a
Great convenience
For
Busy people.
What can we
Do for you?

THE PNEUMATIC PRESS

Printers to Business Men.

207 GRAND AVENUE,
Fifth Floor—Next to Elevator.

✻ Milwaukee.

NOTE—We think this ad so full of common sense—truthful—to the point—that we decided to run it again without a change.

THE PNEUMATIC PRESS.

acted as Chairman of the Racing Board which had charge of the famous Waukesha-Milwaukee Road Race.

In L. A. W. affairs he has from the beginning been actively interested holding the positions of State Handicapper, Local Counsel for Milwaukee, representative to the National Convention, and for the last five years has received the largest vote cast for the position of State Representative which is an evidence of his popularity.

Mr. Andrae takes a great interest in local affairs, and has on several occasions been elected to the position of delegate to the local political conventions.

With the Trade

A NEW RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

The record between New York and Boston has been attracting the attention of long distance riders of late, and several attempts have been made to cover it. Recently A. M. Curtis, an amateur rider of Northern Conn., and J. J. Casey a professional rider of Worcester, Mass., both tried for the coveted prize.

J. J. Casey left the City Hall, New York, at 12 o'clock midnight Sunday, mounted on a chain wheel, and Curtis, mounted on a Columbia Chainless, left a half hour later. Curtis succeeded in walking off with the plum, overtaking Casey before the latter reached Woodmont, and reducing the record by the liberal margin of 5 hours. The previous record made by Warren F. Taylor was 23 hours and 32 minutes. Curtis covered the distance in 18 hours and 32 minutes, which establishes a figure that will take some fast riding to beat. Casey made the run in 19 hours and 50 minutes, which gives him the professional record.

This is an exceptionally creditable performance for Curtis as it was not thought probable that the record could be cut so very hard.

Curtis was paced by Paul Thomas to 138th St. covering the 8 miles in 32 minutes. He was paced to Bridgeport by G. E. Houston and F. P. Leiping, and while on the road his lantern went out which necessitated a stop of 30 minutes.

He left Bridgeport at 5:40 A. M., and arrived at Hartford at 8:10, being paced by two tandems, ridden respectively by F. W. Ridler and W. B. Allen, and Wm. Pooley and E. A. Hayner. He was also paced from Meriden to Hartford by two tandems, arriving at the latter place at 9:30 o'clock. The tandems were manned respectively by H. H. and J. E. Brainard, and W. L. Barnard and W. L. Pondfield. On leaving Hartford J. E. and E. H. Brainard continued pacing Curtis to Springfield, Casey tacking behind Curtis out of Hartford. On reaching Windsor the pace was too hot for Casey and he dropped behind. They arrived at Springfield at 5:25, five minutes ahead of Curtis' scheduled time. After a good rub-down, Curtis was paced to Warren by four single wheels. Curtis was met at Warren by the Newport Wheel Club tandem, and a single rider on a Columbia Chainless wheel. They carried him into Worcester at 3:45. Here Curtis

We are Ready to Talk '99 Business

Can Build
Anywhere From
One To
One Thousand
Bicycles For You

If Order Is Large
Enough Will Build
Bicycles To Your
Own Specifications

Prices Will Be
Right

Bremer Cycle
Mfg. Co. Makers
of

THE
BREMER
BICYCLE

108 West Water St. Milwaukee, Wis.

Please mention THE PNEUMATIC when writing in advertisements.

The Cramer Way

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RETAIL
SHOE STORE
ADVERTISING

Schumacher Bros. conduct the only exclusive men's shoe store in Milwaukee, and handle the very highest grade and latest styles in footwear.

WISE
WORDS IN
INK MAKE
MILLIONS
THINK

The beautiful
shape is
one of the
attractions
of our new
Fall styles
for men

Just like the
better dressers
of London and
Boston are
wearing now.



Schumacher
Bros.
Boot Shop
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We
would
like
to
talk
to
YOU
about
YOUR
advertis-
ing.
Write
us.
F. G.
Cramer
& Co.,
Milwaukee.

REPRODUCTION OF A "CRAMER" SHOE AD.

tacked on behind the tandem ridden by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the latter having recently made a record between New York and Boston. The tandem set a hot pace, covering the distance between Worcester and Boston in 3 hours and 10 minutes, the first 13 miles being railed off in 20 minutes, or at a 28 mile an hour gait. They arrived in Boston at 7:02 P. M.

Curbin was in good condition when he jumped off his wheel and was taken over to the Crawford House, where he had a bath and a rub-down, after which he ate a hearty supper, and was apparently not a bit the worse for his long ride.

G. & J. SCORE ONE.

As usual the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., has treated the bicycle trade to another surprise in its annual announcement, for the 1899 season, which they figured as beginning Oct. 1st, 1898. Said announcement appeared on Oct. 1st, and was advertised in all the large cities of the country on Oct. 2nd, 1898.

Contrary to all precedent this concern has quietly gone ahead and perfected its plans for an unusually early start and consequently have at the present time a large stock of 1899 Ramblers all crated and ready for immediate shipment, with cartloads of new stock at each of its many branch distributing houses.

List prices have again been reduced, this time to \$40.00 for Ramblers having 28 inch wheels, \$45.00 for 30 inch wheels and \$75.00 for tandems. «This reduction» quoting from their new catalogue, also ready for delivery, «is made possible by the fact that after careful investigation and consideration by their corps of experts, and consultation with their principal agents and many expert wheelmen, they fail to discover a single particular in which they can improve upon 1898 models of Ramblers, which they are quite satisfied are as near perfect as it is possible to make bicycles».

«In consideration, therefore, of the universal satisfaction which Ramblers gave to purchasers in 1898, they have decided to make no change whatever but will again offer for 1899 the favorite models of 1898 etc., etc.»

This decision was the means of effecting a great saving in the cost of new patterns, dies, etc., which will now be unnecessary, and this saving has been given to the public in the reduction of the list prices.

The line for 1899 will consist of Ramblers Nos. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30, the No. 25 being the 30 inch wheel. Slight changes in fittings of some of the models constitute the only difference between the 1898 and 1899 machines.

G. & J. proudly boast of the fact that they have operated their factories continually, without a shut-down, during the entire year, as they have always done in the past, that this has resulted in the same men working on the same parts of Ramblers for many years, thus insuring the highest efficiency and economical organization, and that notwithstanding the low list prices the latest Ramblers are the best they have ever built.

With the advantage of this surprisingly early start and the competitive price and well tried and satisfactory line announced, everything points to a decidedly pleasant state of affairs, from the standpoint not only of the Rambler manufacturers but their agents and the general public as well.

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FOR

1899

will, contain the following specifications and will be sold at the popular list prices named. No more complete line was ever offered to the trade and public—a wheel for every member of the family!

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MODELS NO. 36 and NO. 37.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S PRICES FOR 1899.

An announcement of the greatest interest to dealers, and the cycling public at large has been made by the Pope Manufacturing Company in regard to their 1899 prices and policy for the ensuing year.

At this time last year everyone interested in cycling was agitated over the question as to the practicability of the chainless bicycle, and the part it was to play in the future of cycling.

The merits of the wheel were discussed in almost every class of publication—the chainless was bitterly attacked by those who had a commercial interest in its failure, and heartily supported by others who believed in its future.

As the season progressed practical tests on the road in actual service dissipated any doubts as to the superiority of bevel-gearing over any other form of power transmission yet applied to bicycles. Not the least among these demonstrations of its practicability was the marvelous ride of "Teddy" Edwards, who made 350 consecutive centuries during the year on a chainless machine. The record from New York to Boston recently broken by A. M. Curtis, an amateur of Meriden, Conn.; and the record from New York to Albany, reduced by four hours and 39 minutes by Paul Thomas, of the Century Wheelman, on chainless machines seem to indicate that they possess advantages of speed as well as other points of superiority claimed for them by reason of the driving mechanism being protected from dirt and weather conditions.

The Bevel-Gear Chainless seems to be following in the footsteps of the single tube tire. History repeats itself. Anyone at all acquainted with cycling chronicles will remember how bitterly the single tube form of tire construction was denounced when first placed upon the market, and how steadily it won its way by superior merit, until to-day it is recognized as the standard form of tire.

The price of the chainless wheel during 1898 was, however, prohibitory to many, and thus prevented it in a large measure from coming into common use.

The Pope Manufacturing Company report that they are well satisfied with their sales of chainless bicycles this year, and they believe that the public have grown tired of cheap "bargain-counter" wheels, and have come to recognize the fact that it is impossible to buy a \$50 wheel for \$25, or a \$75 wheel for \$50, except at bankrupt sales. They believe that there is a demand for bicycles made of the best material obtainable, manufactured with the greatest care and sold at a fair price.

The Columbia and Hartford line for 1899 is very complete. It is headed by the Columbia Chainless for men and women, price \$75. No doubt at this figure the sale of the Chainless will be very large. They also present two tandems, Combination and Diamond frame at \$75.00 each.

The Columbia Chain wheels for men and women will retail at \$50.00 and the 1898 Model 49, with 1899 improvements at \$40.00. Hartford, 1899 Models, will retail at \$35.00 and there will also be two models of Vedettes at \$25.00 for the men's and \$28.00 for the ladies' machines.

The Pope manufacturing company does not believe that there is any great future for 30-inch wheels, as experience and careful research have convinced them that they are not suitable for any but very tall men. They will build a limited number of them to retail at \$60.00 to meet a possible demand for this

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The Pope Manufacturing Company asserts without equivocation that after a year's trial in the hands of the riding public they are convinced that the Bevel-Gear Chainless is the best bicycle for all purposes—either track or road.

The Columbia chain wheels are entirely new in design and finish, and are stylish and up-to-date in every particular. They are the very best machines that it is possible to build with this form of driving gear. With Hartfords at \$35.00 and Vedettes at \$25.00 and \$28.00, it seems as though the "cheap-counter" wheels will have a hard road to travel this season.

The Pope manufacturing company have also made a radical change in their manner of distributing Columbia, Hartford and Vedette bicycles. They have established 15 distributing points throughout the United States, and have assigned to their Branch Stores at these points the territory tributary to the cities in which they are respectively located.

All other points in the United States will be supplied as heretofore from the Home Office of the Pope Manufacturing Co., at Hartford. The Pope manufacturing company believe that this arrangement will greatly facilitate matters for Columbia Dealers, as it will enable dealers who are near any one of these distributory points to obtain goods, parts and repairs as quickly as though they were at a corresponding distance from the factory. The branch stores have been equipped with every facility for handling the goods with the utmost promptitude and efficiency.

The branches will carry a large and complete stock of bicycle sundries for the wholesale and retail trade at the lowest prevailing prices.

The Twin City Guardian of St. Paul is bringing out a book by Doctor Ek, upon the department store question, which will be interesting to everyone. The pathetic story of a ruined life and hopes and a bankrupt city are all true. A vein of humor runs through the book. It will be supplied to merchants for distribution at a nominal cost. Single copies will be mailed for 25 cents by the publisher.

A time register with several new features is being introduced by the Chicago Time Register Co. It is said to be the only register on the market that shows the employee the time recorded. The company manufactures several styles of registers and will forward descriptive circulars to any address.

An English tire concern is experimenting with leather in the manufacture of tires. The company claims to be able to make a leather tire that will be both resilient and puncture proof.

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VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1892.

NO.

THE Pneumatic

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MAGAZINE

THE
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MAGAZINE

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THE PNEUMATIC.

ESTABLISHED 1891.

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EDITED BY
F. G. CRAMER.

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The Pneumatic,
207 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 10.

A TRICK RIDER.

BY JAMES R. CONNOLLY.

A FINE new bicycle track on the outskirts of Tomochichi, Georgia, and the consequent influx of noted racing men in the early spring, had given cycling a great boom in this old-fashioned city of the South. Partly to meet a sudden exigency and partly to meet the new ideas of the public, Johannes Hermann had changed the programme at his beer-garden so as to include a novelty in trick-cycling. It had been old Hermann's custom to entertain the motley crowd that made his place their headquarters for nights and Sundays of mild drinking and easy conversation, with a standard form of entertainment—a half dozen negroes, who took turn at the dances of their species and waited on table between times, and one or two leading ladies who sang popular songs and went through some mild skirt-dancing evolutions after the fashion then in vogue with their

kind. The leading ladies were generally passed when they got to Tomochichi, but this was not a metropolitan city and the patrons of Hermann's were not hard to please. About the time the Northern racing men came to Tomochichi, Mlle. Aïdee from Gay Paree, as the bills had it, was putting an unusual amount of ginger, for the locality, into her vaudeville work. But in an exuberant moment Mlle. Aïdee got too gay. To answer the cheering that followed an audacious split she improvised a can-can after the lax fashion of the Moulin Rouge. The shocked marshal of Tomochichi, personally not averse to the performance, but a martyr to duty, climbed up the stage and stopped the outrageous exhibition, much to the disgust of the re-animated audience, who were just beginning to enjoy the new exhilaration of real Parisian art. Mlle. Aïdee retired indignantly and gave notice in excellent West Side accent of these

farmers give me a pain. I wouldn't stay here another week on your life." Old Johannes grieved very much at this, for since this lively song-bird and skirt-dancer had come the cashier had been reporting large gate receipts. To fill Mlle. Aldee's place some attraction must be secured. Old Hermann sent a night message to New York to secure a new leading lady regardless of expense—if not more than twenty dollars per week. Next day he supplemented that telegram by another,—"Get a bicycle rider of tricks if you can—even a man will do." The popularity of wheeling had given him a shrewd idea.

In a few days the bill-boards of Tomochichi were covered with the large, glaring posters of "The Gaiety", Hermann's euphemistic name for his beer-garden. "Capt. LeRoux, the Marvelous Trick Rider, direct from Paris at enormous expense, assisted by the Infantile Prodigy, Mlle. Eliss LeRoux." With old Hermann, it was always "from Paris," which showed that he was above the prejudices of his nation, or, maybe, it was that he held business above all things.

At this time had been two years in Tomochichi, where I had to do the buying for a Northern cotton firm. I put in much spare time at the new track, and having known some of these racing men at home, I had made it my pleasure to entertain them during evenings of leisure. and now when the glaring new posters of the Gaiety blazed on them and they loudly demanded that they be taken out to see the marvelous Capt. LeRoux and the infant prodigy, I readily acquiesced. I was hardly any older than this same racing crowd, but anybody that has had to do with athletes in constant training, knows that of all uncultured cattle these are the wildest. At twenty-four, I felt ages older than the champion rider of the world, who was but a year younger than I. Three years of business and absence from home had wrought that change in me. It was hardly further back than that since I had disputed with this same champion the supremacy of our state.

The band of racing men who went with me to Hermann's on the first appearance of Capt. LeRoux were what are generally termed "pretty slick boys." They had been doing the country for years and had seen much of life. In the matter of cycling knowledge they were certainly well posted. When we took our seats

near the stage they anticipated much fun, for this new marvel had never been heard by any of our party, who set him down as a fake before they had seen him.

"The Gaiety" stage was set in the centre of a large clearing back of the Hermann House. The seats came around the three sides of it. There was no curtain, and the scenery was never changed during an evening. There was simply a large surface of rough planks, in which the limits of the stage were defined by crudely painted scenery which stood for wings.

When a black negro had done a "chuck" dance, and two ginger colored ones had warbled to banjo and mandolin tinkling and gathered a mild round of applause, it came the Captain's turn. Our boys settled themselves for a hilarious time. The champion rider, admired by his intimates almost as much for the quality of his sporting blood as by the public of two continents for his sprinting speed, pushed his half empty glass away and said, "I wonder whether the Infantile Prodigy or the Captain comes on first. I'll bet the Infant is over thirty and leave it to the man who bets me whether she is or not. Who'll go me the next round on it?"

Before the titter of the crack rider's admirers died away, a slender graceful child came on the stage. She held a nickelled high machine until a well-built man with gray hair and a handsome face came briskly from the wings and mounted the wheel. Then the pretty little girl retired to a corner of the stage where she handed up the different articles required by the man in his act. His work was nothing wonderful,—we have seen better—and worse,—but his personality was unusual. He seemed to be not at home in his work; he made no blunders, but his mind seemed elsewhere. When he spoke to the girl it was in a kind gentle voice. Once when she missed his hand through a nervous pass which nearly precipitated him headlong on the stage, he laughed softly,—laughed, as we thought, simply to reassure the confused child, though it came near being a bad fall for him. When the Captain got through the crowd cheered him and the girl. He had won their admiration and she had charmed them. They thought the act wonderful. But no one cheered more loudly than the racing men, who knew better than did the others of the audience that the Captain was

by no means the best in the business. But he was plainly a man of education and refinement—and the girl was a little lady.

The world's champion was enthusiastic. «Let me tell you people,» said he, «this little Mademoiselle Ailense is all right. She's just the prettiest bud on the bush—she's a bird—and when she blossoms she'll be a beaut—and she don't know it, and the Captain's all right.» The poetic fancies of the champion rider were somewhat blurred, but his approval was most clearly expressed, and his speech was the law of criticism to the riders of lesser fame.

Soon we got to know the Captain—but not the little girl. She was always strangely out of sight. After a night's performance, when the guests had pretty well cleared out, the Captain would stay for an hour or so of pleasant chat. He could tell with humor of many strange experiences, and could turn his hand to many things. If any cared to sing he would accompany on the piano, which he played with skill and taste. When called upon, for he never volunteered, he would sing the popular airs of the day with the ruins of a voice that once had been superb. When the novelty of his bicycle act wore off he stayed by Hermann's as pianist and singer. The quiet of Tomochichi rather suited his dreamy nature, and the chance to escape a distasteful act appealed to him, too.

After we discovered that he was a master of French, we secured for him a few young pupils. But he soon showed the fault that helped largely to bring him down so low as the Gaiety. He was utterly unreliable. It was more than an even chance that lesson hours would find him too numbed from drink to be of use. And so his pupils drifted away.

He was at Hermann's a month before I met the little girl Elise. One morning I dropped into the hotel, ostensibly for breakfast, but really to listen to the piano-playing, unusual for that hour and much better than ordinary. The Captain is in rare form today, I thought. I wondered at his being up so early. I entered the parlor in quiet, but it was a little girl before the keys. She went through what seemed a set task and then reproduced a better class of stuff than the kind the Captain sometimes dropped into when his mind wandered from his surroundings. She finally played the Marseilles

Hymn with such fervor as I suppose none but a girl born to the glory of France could put into it. When she turned to go, her face seemed to flash on me, it was so alive with expression. The fire of the war-spirit of her country blazed out from her, and she was only a little girl. Seeing me, she checked her steps slightly, bowed and smiled shyly with embarrassed grace, and passed into the house, breaking into a run as she found herself alone in the garden.

We became well acquainted before long, and after her father told me he allowed her to go into the garden only in the early morning, I made it a practice to have breakfast there. The shyness of early acquaintance soon wore off and we got on famously. After a time she would wait with her breakfast and entertain me in her young way. She sang and played as one who loved it, as indeed she did. She coaxed me to ventilate my rough apology for a voice, and so prettily expressed herself about it that for a short, weak time I almost believed I could sing. Every morning until ten o'clock we had the place to ourselves. Then before visitors came from the city we left the garden to ramble the fields round about. We picked jasmine and roses above all other things, and made them into bouquets which went mostly to adorn her father's room. Her taste ran riot in color, and vivid looking bouquets she made of our gatherings. With the flowers she would frame two photographs that flanked the Sevres vase on the mantel. Her mother she could not remember, but she kissed the glass above the beautiful face as tenderly as the other. There were other flowers, of course, but it always seemed jasmine and roses to me. She pinned on my coat the first rose of every picking, for luck, she said, and her cavalier must look well, too. In her dark hair, I always put the first spray of jasmine. She liked jasmine, and grieved that it bloomed for so short a time. If one could have jasmine all the year round then might one be happy indeed; yes, perfectly happy. Then she would hum something, in French, always the same, something sad in tone that I never could quite get. Perhaps it was too native for my forgotten academy French. About this time I dug into French grammars and readers that I might better understand her.

She was ten years old at this time, and different from other children in that she had

never had young companionship. She was free from any childish affectation, and very gay and bright except when her rare spells of sadness came. In these she reflected her father's disposition. Her eyes were very tender in expression, and her cheeks had the panting color that came and went, never getting pale, but always of crimson, two shades of crimson, one deeper than the other. Some day she would be beautiful, largely with the beauty of color and expression, and winsome in the sight of men. Just now she was only a child, but a child to win your heart. Her dress was plain and not too well made. Her feet were not so soft shod as tenderly nurtured children's are wont to be. Her hat was a large, flat, braid affair, plaited by herself into an odd shape of her own fancy. She wore this as she wore everything else, with the odd grace that must have been born with her, for there had never been one to teach her such things. It never seemed to occur to strangers that Elise was not well-dressed. It was only when I saw her sitting in her bare feet darning her own stockings that it first occurred to me.

Sometimes we went fishing in the creek near the garden, but we were not successful at that. Her heart was so stirred at the sight of the pretty gasping things, that she usually put them back. Only the ugly ones she kept. So, to hold her interest, I had to use bait loved by the cat-fish and other homely tribes, something too coarse for the white shining silver-fish and other aristocratic members, and what we brought home was seldom fit to eat.

We lived along like this for a year—until a quarrel between the Captain and old Hermann was carried too far, and a rupture that parted business relations was the outcome. The Captain had an offer from a place in the west. He wanted to change, to get out of the south, he said, and so was the quicker to break with the old man. We parted in sorrow, and so Elise kissed me her last good-by and vowed once more not to forget me. She gave me a piece of crimson ribbon made into the shape of a heart within a star, and within that a thick lock of her hair.

I have them yet. The color has gone from the ribbon, but the shape of the star and the heart are still there and the hair is yet dark and wavy.

Years dragged on, and I still lingered at Tomochichi. Hermann's place had descended gradually until now it was patronized almost wholly by negroes and low whites. Now and then, I went there in the early morning to look at the room where the little French girl used to sing and play. The piano was still there, but the keys that once bent to the fingers of Elise were now pressed by the dirty hands of a ginger-colored mulatto. The breakfast table once sacred to her was now cracked lengthwise, out and backed by careless hands. The garden had long gone to the ruin of neglect. Paths were rough and weeds prevailed. No Elise had been there for five years to look after things. The grove where she had whiled away so many happy days, reading and acting fairy tales, was tangled and choked up. The spirits of Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty would revolt at a visit there now.

The grotesqueness of the negro dancing in favor at Hermann's tempted me to an occasional sitting. I dropped in one particularly fine December day after a year's absence. A strange thrumming of the piano, more skillful than usual, drew me to the old haunt. The sense of something familiar grew upon me until I stepped within and found Captain LeRoux in the chair. He was drumming away in the old, indifferent, automatic fashion, the fashion of men who have this thing to do for food and lodging through half the twenty-four hours. During the late afternoon intermission I sought him out and we had a long talk. He had aged greatly in five years and his unconcerned manner was sadder than ever. He had the look of a man who had left his case to the judgment of fate and expected an early decision.

Over the beer and sandwiches it all came out. This Captain LeRoux, now so degraded, still retained his courtesy and dignity. In his lower moments, he lost his dignity, but never his courtesy. He knew many tongues besides English and had mastered many other things besides music.

"You probably suspect that I was once of some account. I am the great grand-child, the only one left, of a marshal of France, one of those who was with the great Napoleon to the last, even to St. Helena. I was educated for the army, and went into the artillery, as my father had done in his time. When I left my

father, just before the last disastrous war, I was sixteen years of age, plenty old enough to fight. I never saw him again. In the carnage of Sedan he was blown to pieces. I went to Africa afterwards and was very lucky there, doing some work that helped me to my rank of captain. Then I came back to routine work at Paris. It was there I met Denise. We were married, and the world seemed beautiful. When Elise came we wanted nothing more—all things were perfect. You, who have never had wife or child, you have missed much of life. Much, my friend. But do not grieve, for much has been spared you. Denise died. I left Paris, left her grave you understand, because they said I must—or go crazy. I wished to live for Elise and so I came to America. I joined your army as a private in the cavalry. After our first Indian skirmish they made me a sergeant. For that work—and other things later—they told me I might have a commission. I did not want it, for I had plans for Elise, and the army would interfere. Elise was growing old all this time, and there were her books and her music. Her mother loved music; because of that, I made an art of what at first had been a liking. I had some talent then; I could sing. It was after the army that I felt my powers failing—the exposure—and grief perhaps—and when I realized my weakness I took to drink. I had been a gymnast in my youth. It was easy to drift into this life. Elise has a talent for music, and if I can have her with me, and with enough to keep her, what matters it? I am not now equal to severe work. When my black hours come I want to go away, change alone will do for me. I must wander about, and wandering must die. Dying means parting from Elise, and going to Denise, that is all. But Elise is young and I must be with her many years yet. I would have ended it long ago but for that." At this the Captain stopped and was silent for a little time.

"We have no kin on earth, Elise and I. We have made so few friends. Next to each other, we hold you."

"And Elise, where is she?"

"I have a room in the city for her. She will be glad to see you. Shall I tell her you will call in the morning?"

"Indeed do, Captain. And tell her I shall be there early."

"She will be glad. For breakfast at nine?"

"For breakfast at nine, if it is your kindness to say so."

"Tis you who are kind, my friend. Tomorrow at nine."

The Captain went back to the hall while I went up to a lonely room.

In the morning I met a tall young beauty with the panting color, and the big eyes, and the same long free hair of the little girl I used to know. But a new development of a foot or more in height, and a maturer look and form, intruded embarrassingly on my previous notions of greeting. I halted a moment, but my sweetheart five years gone settled all by a laugh and a jump, a clasp and a kiss in the delightful manner of when first I knew her. And then she took me much aback by crying on my shoulders.

Matters went well with us once more. We revived the old ramblings and flower-gatherings, the singing and playing, the reading and walking. In the summer the Captain changed to Huguenot Island on the salt water. Life there was much the same, except that Elise went with him and I saw her less often.

They lived at Hermann's big hotel, The Pavilion, where they had two rooms on the attic floor. All the buildings on the island were of wood, and unprotected from the sea except a gently rising, sandy beach. When the hurricane of August, 1896, came, the island houses went down like card-board. All were driven to the hotel, which stood the attacks of the storm until the foundations caved and then it was but a short shrift to the end. It was then that the Captain's letter, directed to me, must have been written. It was found in his pocketbook, wrapped in many sheets of newspaper to keep it dry. The penciled words were legible enough next day.

"Sunday night.

"My dearest Friend:

"It is said that we may not live the night out. I might make the mainland on a raft, but there is Elise. She is too frail to stand the trip, and there is yet hope for her here. I shall do my best for her and then wait for what is to come. At the last my corpse may form a bulwark for her. We are on the top floor of the Pavilion. The tide is rising rapidly. Wind and sea are fast battering

down the walls. If ever in my miserable life I did aught that became a man of heart and courage, I pray that God may have pity and take care of Elise this night. She is here by my side, clinging to me with the faith that never left her, expressing her affection and has hope of life for the degraded being that calls her daughter. Denies above, guard our child this night! If she survives this awful thing, will you, my dear friend, see to it that she is placed in some home where she may be looked after until she is able to do for herself? She loves you as a brother and in all things will do as you wish. During the many melancholy moments of misspent life, I never before felt anything like the bitterness of this. And yet, but for Elise, I would be happy. God bless you, dear friend, and good-by in this life.

«Jean LeRoux.»

We found the Captain under a pile of roof timber, crushed flat. Near by, in a small corner sheltered by a triangle of thick joists, we found Elise. He had placed her there and then waited the end. His body served to fend off the tumbling roof. A great spike pressed into her side, so that for a time we feared her father's sacrifice had been in vain. Perhaps God was more merciful than we would have

been, but I wished he had lived, Elise loved him so.

I treasure the letter with the ribbon and hair—memories of things that were. But there is Elise to treasure above all.

She has the voice and eyes to stir your soul and win your heart. The memory of her father's last night is yet with her, and she still puts roses in the vases, and jasmine when the season is here. The photographs are there, too—one on either side the vase on the mantel; and never a night she does not kiss the glass over each dear face, and pray to the parents gone before—the beautiful lady, her mother and the brave and broken man, her father. She is tall and strong and happy now, wonderful to hear and see. And if it rests with me, she shall be so always.

The only reminder of the stage days of Elise is an old nickellad bicycle packed away in the attic. But of the newer times, there is a splendid tandem on which we take many flower-gathering trips into the country. And could you see us coming in the twilight of a spring evening laden with jasmine and roses, I am sure you would smile with pleasure at the sight of the dark eyed girl in the front who so well becomes the red and yellow blossoms.

NOT MADE OF RUBBER.

(Western Cycleist.)

They were riding on a tandem
Through the country, and he said:
«Every time you turn around, love,
I will kiss your two lips, red.»
But ere many miles were reeled off
Cunningly did she suggest,
«Don't you think if I rode backward
It would give my neck a rest?»

Bicycle Law.

These pages are open for questions pertaining to cycling in its legal aspects. Any legal questions concerning wheelmen's rights and liabilities will be answered. Questions must be relevant, brief and to the point.

A SATISFACTORY DECISION.

Judge Whiteborne, of Birmingham, England, has decided, according to one of the English cycling journals, that a bicycle in the gutter and propped up by the pedal to the kerbstone is entitled to protection from other users of the horse road. Cyclists throughout the country will welcome and appreciate the decision, and the case which elicited the judgment may serve as a most useful precedent in the days to come, especially as the practice of leaving machines in this position is a very common one everywhere. It arose out of an action brought by a cyclist named Hallwright against Thomas Burton, a scrap metal dealer, for £4 2s., for damage done to his machine. The plaintiff was making a call, and left his machine in the gutter, the pedal resting on the kerbstone. Defendant's wagon, loaded with scrap iron, came along; the overhanging wire caught the handle-bar and threw the machine under the back wheels, which passed over it, of course wrecking it badly. It appeared that the driver Dunkey,—a most appropriate nomenclature—was walking on the footpath filling his pipe at the time, though the opposing counsel contended that he was at the horse's head steering his conveyance clear of a tramcar. If this were so, it shows how well the name suited him, as there was a distance of ten feet from the tram-rail to the kerbstone. The plaintiff's version, however, was probably the correct one; and the judge appeared to think so too. The defendant's solicitor submitted that someone should have been left in charge of the bicycle, and seemed to think that it might have run away if a custodian of some sort was not there to prevent it from bolting. Further, he contended that as the plaintiff left the bicycle there, he left it at his own risk, and the accident was the result of his own negligence. But he was pulled up pretty sharply by the judge, who plainly said he was against the argument. He thought the plaintiff was entitled to call on all the people who passed the

obstruction—the obstruction being reasonably there—to take proper care not to inflict injury, and as he was not satisfied that the driver Dunkey did take proper care, he gave judgment for Hallwright for the amount claimed.



RIGHTS OF VEHICLES GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

We quote the following from a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island:

«The law provides that every person traveling with any carriage or other vehicle, who shall meet any other person so traveling on any highway or bridge, shall reasonably drive his carriage or vehicle to the right of the center of the traveled part of the road, so as to enable such person to pass with his carriage or vehicle without interference or intervention.

«The evidence shows that the plaintiff's wife complied with these requirements on meeting the two teams aforesaid, and that she was in act of passing them safely when the defendant suddenly pulled his team to the left and collided with her. In thus taking the wrong side of the road the defendant took the risk of the consequences which might arise from his inability to get out of the way of another team approaching on the right side of the road, and is responsible for injuries sustained by the latter while exercising ordinary care. In other words, one who violates the law of the road by driving on the wrong side assumes the risk of such an experiment, and is required to use greater care than if he had kept on the right side of the road; and, if a collision takes place in such circumstances, the presumption is against the party who is on the wrong side. The plaintiff's wife had the right to presume that the driver of any team coming in the opposite direction would duly observe the law of the road, as she herself was doing, and hence she was not called upon to exercise that degree of care which devolved upon the defendant when taking the wrong side of the road.»

ACCIDENTS AT CROSSINGS OF ROADS.

There have been comparatively few cases in which the question has arisen who is liable in case of an accident to a bicyclist at a road crossing. This is where accidents are peculiarly liable to occur. From the nature of the case, it is necessary to exercise greater care at a crossing than elsewhere to be free from the imputation of negligence, but it is impossible to lay down any strict rules and say that all cases may be decided by it. Each case must, to a great extent, be governed by its own circumstances. Our attention has been called by one of the English cycling journals to a decision which, perhaps as well as any other we might select, is instructive as to the measure of care parties are required to exercise when meeting at the road crossing. The defendant was riding down a street about four feet from the pavement when the defendant's buggy approached her from a side street, on the wrong side of the road. Two witnesses stated that the bicycle and buggy started to dodge each other, with the result that the cyclist was knocked off her machine, falling on her temple. She was then on her right side, and the buggy was in the wrong. A wound $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length was caused, and a doctor said that it would leave a permanent scar.

For the defence it was contended that the plaintiff, in trying to dodge, was guilty of contributory negligence, although the defendants denied that the driver was in the wrong. It was also alleged that the plaintiff after the accident stated that no one was to blame, but she had sent in a claim for £25.

In deciding the case the Judge said there were two facts which stood out very clearly. In the first place the plaintiff at the time of seeing the buggy was on her right side, while the buggy was on its wrong side. Each started to get out

of the other's way, and so the accident happened. It was clear to his mind that the driver placed the cyclist in an unfair position to start with, and he had held over and over again that if a cyclist was proceeding down the middle of the road, and on seeing a person cross blew his whistle, with the result that the pedestrian started dodging and an accident happened, the cyclist was to blame for placing the other in an unfair position. In the same way the driver was responsible, as he could not ask the cyclist to avert the consequences of his act. He held that as the driver was on his wrong side, and the cyclist was on her right, there was negligence on the part of the former and no contributory negligence on the part of the latter. He did not think that £17 had been sustained as damages, and he awarded plaintiff £3 8s and costs.

We may make two deductions from this case. In the first place, where an accident takes place, and the party injured is not on the wrong side of the way, and the other is, there is a strong presumption that the latter is responsible for the accident. This presumption may of course be rebutted by evidence that the plaintiff was also negligent or at fault. In the second place, where one is by the fault of another placed in a position of danger, even though he might escape injury by the exercise of great presence of mind, he will not be held guilty of negligence if he takes the wrong course. In other words, the law does not require him, in an emergency, to act as if he had plenty of time to devise means of escape, and if his judgment, which is necessarily on the spur of the moment, is in error, this will not relieve the other party from liability.

These principles have often been laid down in other cases, and the justice of their application to bicycle accidents is obvious.

FRANK MULKERN.

One of the most promising members of the present school of racing men is Milwaukee's young newspaper king, Frank Mulkern. Although his racing abilities have not, as yet, created a sensation in cycling circles, the future

the other fellows, who, by the way, had been training faithfully for weeks previous, and then, in as great a hurry, return to resume charge of his business. Despite the fact that Frank rode all of his races without previous training he made



FRANK MULKERN.

opens its arms to him, for he has the very making of a top-notch. Half the battle of the racing game is won by preparation, an essential not apparent in Mulkern's past efforts. Stealing a few hours from a busy business, he would hurry to the scene of battle, fight it out with

a very creditable showing. His first win was the novice at the State meet at Green Bay. This victory was followed up by a first in the mile and a second in the five mile at Watertown and a first and a second in the two mile and one mile at Seymour. These were his principal winnings

of the season and cover almost every race in which he competed.

Although Mulkern may not be one of the best developed racing men in the country it would be a hard task to find a man who is his superior in all-around physical development. He is

built right, like the bicycle he rides, and a little training of the "bicycle muscles" would give him the appearance and ability of a champion. Mulkern will probably enter the field for blood next season, and, if he does, beware, ye heroes of the wheel.

Taken From Contemporaries

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT BICYCLE AGAIN.

(Scientific American.)

We have received a letter from a correspondent which draws attention to an aspect of the question of bicycle weights which has not been touched on in the recent discussion of the subject. The writer is well qualified to speak on the question by virtue of the fact that he builds machines to order, and is, therefore, in an excellent position to judge of the relative behavior of light and heavy wheels of the same quality of workmanship. His experience has shown that it is not the heavy-weight rider who taxes the strength of a wheel so much as the boys and men whose weight will run from 75 to 125 pounds. This apparent anomaly is explained by the fact that only a small percentage of the heavyweights are hard riders, the latter class being made up of boys and lightweight men, who crush along over rocky roads with a reckless, don't-care-if-I-do-fall spirit. It is these riders, in the opinion of our correspondent, who are answerable for the present increase in the weight of the bicycle.

We are quite agreed with the writer that the breakages of machines are generally attributable to rough usage, and, in advocating a return to lighter construction, we had no intention of championing the cause of that reckless and altogether objectionable species of rider for whose designation it has been necessary to add a new word to the English vocabulary. In asking for a return to reasonable weights—and no one, surely, will affirm that in these days of high-grade steel 27 to 30 pounds per wheel is reasonable—we are simply demanding that the

average rider shall not be obliged to carry around with him from 6 to 8 pounds of superfluous weight, which has been worked into the machine simply because a heavy machine can be built more cheaply, and in less time, than a light one.

Some of the bicycle trade papers that have found fault with our advocacy of lighter machines have spoken of the discussion as a return of the "craze" for lightness; thereby suggesting that the desire to reduce weight is merely a fad and not based upon sound scientific principles. As a matter of fact, however, both the principles and history of mechanical engineering are behind the wheelman when he protests against the increasing weight as being a distinctly retrograde step. In every branch of engineering there has been, and is to-day, a steady reduction in the weights of all classes of machinery and construction. The engines of the old U.S.S. "Powhatan" weighed 867 pounds per horse power, whereas the engines of the torpedo boat "Ericsson" developed a horse power for every 50 pounds weight of the engines. No one will affirm that, in designing the "Ericsson" engines, the Bureau of Construction were actuated by a "craze" for light construction. The reduction of weight was sought on theoretical and practical grounds, and the high speed of this little craft and her sisters is largely due to the fact that every superfluous pound of material has been excluded by the process of using material of the highest degree of strength for its weight, and disposing it in such forms as will give the greatest resistance for the smallest amount of material.

The reasons which justify the careful elimination of superfluous material from a torpedo

boat's engine are even more cogant when applied to the bicycle, where the motive power is supplied by the sensitive and too easily overstrained organism of the human body—the only difference in the two objects sought after being that, in the torpedo boat, weights are reduced with a view of obtaining more speed with the same power, while in the bicycle the object is to secure the same speed with less power. Taking duly into account all the elements of resistance due to the machine, the roads and the weather, in propelling a bicycle, it may be said that the work done on a day's journey, as far as the wheel is concerned, is the product of the weight by the distance traveled; and if it is possible to reduce one of these factors (the weight) by 80 per cent, without impairing the needful strength of the machine, we claim that the wheelman is justified by all reason and precedent in asking that it shall be done.

That a hard-riding lightweight will strain a machine as severely as a slow-riding heavyweight, goes without saying. Shock is due to suddenly arrested momentum, and momentum is the product of weight by velocity. A 100-pound man, riding at 20 miles an hour, will produce as great a jar on his machine if he rides over a brick as a 200-pound rider moves at 10 miles an hour. The reason why the scorcher smashes his machine and the conservative heavyweight does not, is that the latter avoids the brick and the scorcher does not. The point raised by our correspondent, however, has no bearing upon the broad question of providing the lightest possible wheel compatible with proper strength and rigidity for the average type of rider, who, being neither heavyweight nor scorcher, is in search of a machine that will carry him through his journey, be it 10 miles or 100, at a given rate of speed for a minimum amount of exertion.

We maintain that the 22-pound wheel will fulfill this condition and that the 25-pound wheel will not. That the makers are of the same mind is proved by the fact that several firms are voluntarily reducing the weight of the season's wheels by several pounds.

RIDING "HANDS-OFF."

(L. A. W. BUSHKIN.)

Riding "hands-off" is always a somewhat dangerous proceeding. It is a graceful ac-

complishment, showing the delicate balance of a bicycle, and how completely it can be mastered, but it is not a necessary acquirement, and is not to be encouraged. There are those, however, who are determined to learn the art, but find it difficult, and have asked for information. For such, these suggestions are offered, and not for the purpose of inducing anyone to undertake it.

A person's temperament, position on the wheel and balance and steering qualities of the machine itself materially affect one's progress in acquiring this art.

In order to ride hands off readily it is necessary to be cool and collected, sensitive to all motions of the machine and quick to respond to them, self-confident and determined. Nothing interferes with acquiring complete control more seriously than nervousness. The rider must be constantly alert, watchful and active. The nervous strain at the outset is very marked on many persons and short practice only should be taken at a time, but improvement comes steadily if it is persisted in.

A rider's position on his machine is of much importance in beginning practice. In ordinary riding, the saddle is placed well forward, and the handlebars rather low, so that the rider's weight of the body is thrown on saddle and pedals, and it is surprising to see how little of it can be kept on the pedals at first, as ordinary pressure on them tends to swing the machine around, destroy its balance and make a hasty grip at the bars necessary for self-preservation. This is largely because most riders pedal harder with one foot than with the other, counter-balancing it in riding by pulling on the handle-bars.

When the bars are not in use to offset the effects of uneven pedaling, the rider should place the saddle so that he can rest almost wholly on it at first, while he pedals tightly and as evenly as possible. Such position is found with the nose of the saddle somewhat behind the bottom-bracket. This reduces the weight on the front wheel, makes the machine steer more freely, and enables the rider to regulate his pressure on the pedals more directly over them. His position should be erect, and the handles raised so that they can be reached without bending over; as, during early practice, any change in position affects the balance of the

machine unfavorably.

When the early attempts to ride hands-off are made, the hands must not be suddenly removed to a distance from the bars. On the contrary, they must be kept close to the grips,—in fact barely releasing them, and practice continued in this way until the machine shows, by improved steadiness in running, that it is coming under the control of the rider's feet and body. Then, as the position begins to feel less strained, and the effort is less, the hands can be gradually raised an inch or two above the bars; later, one hand can be dropped to the side and presently the other can follow; but intense watchfulness must always be maintained in order to be able to grasp the bars instantly in case an unexpected swerve takes place. The arms must be moved very cautiously at first, as change in their position, like that of the body, affects the very delicate balance of the machine.

In attempting to ride hands-off, many riders meet unexpected difficulties, owing to faults in their riding form of which they are not conscious, but which they must largely remedy before they can succeed. Irregular, uneven pedaling and consequent pulling on the bars is almost universal, and a considerable body swing that is unnecessary and awkward is very common. These faults must be overcome when no handles are to be grasped.

A smooth road, with no one else on it, and practically level, is the best place on which to begin practice. A very little at a time, and often, is the way. When some facility is acquired, a very gentle ascent should be tried, holding one's hands near the bars to grasp them

quickly when no further progress can be made without them. Repeat this until slight rises can be ridden and a good grip is obtained on the pedals. On no account attempt any steep descent, and be very cautious on any down grade. It is more difficult to control a machine hands-off in back-pedaling than in forward-pedaling. Always be cautious, careful and observant, and do not practice in a crowd or simply to show skill. It is a neat accomplishment which improves one's control of the wheel, but is, on the whole, generally more ornamental than useful.

The remaining feature that contributes to ease in this sort of riding is the balance, proportion or form of the machine itself. Just what it is in angles, inches and curves it is hard to say. As a rule, a machine with trundle wheels easily and steadily is a good steerer. If one can take a wheel that is new to him, resting one hand on the saddle, and so push it along in a straight line, and make it curve or turn corners gracefully at will, it usually indicates that the machine is well balanced and will steer steadily—or, the person is a veteran at it and can do it with anything; but, if this is the case, he can distinguish the different degrees of effort required and judge of comparative merit.

No one feature, perhaps, tends to make steering so sensitive as great rake in the head and front forks. Of late, however, this has much reduced by most makers, some going even to the opposite extreme and making the forks too nearly vertical. As a rule, now, however, most wheels steer better than majority of the patterns of a few years ago.

Our Busy Cycledom

The Chinese population of Calcutta has taken strongly to cycling.

Bicycles are carried free of charge on the new Siberian railway.

People do not coast because they're lazy. They know it's dangerous.

The membership of the Scottish Cyclists' union is said to be somewhat over 6,000.

All the theatres and music halls in Nottingham, England, have storage rooms for bicycles.

It is said that the mosquitoes of India puncture tires as easily as a New Jersey skeeter punctures flesh.

Universal light ordinances are being adopted by the councils of various counties through England.

Huret, the winner of the Berlin twenty-four hour race, described the event as an easy and enjoyable pleasure trip.

Commencing May 1, 1899, every cyclist in France must have a plate affixed to his machine bearing his name and address.

Paris and Berlin merchants are advertising «Bourrillon» and «Jacquelin» hats, «Tom Linton» and «Morin» collars, and «Willy Arand» cigarettes.

The city of Mexico will try bicycles for the improvement of its mail service. Thirty-six machines were purchased recently by the postal authorities.

The Indian Cyclist, published at Calcutta, is a very interesting cycling paper. Its only fault is that of terming a bicycle a «bike» whatever that means.

Although positive proof does not exist that it is an idea of the Kaiser's, a sign post near a town in Germany has been erected on a pivot so as not to be blown down as was frequently the case when stationary.

New things are being added to those English gymkhanas daily. The latest is the Jack and Jill race, in which each pair of competitors have to carry a pail of water between them without spilling any of the contents.

A missionary traveling through India on a bicycle was accepted by the natives, who had never seen a bicycle before, as one of their gods. When mounted on his wheel his worshippers would kneel and crawl about him. His fall, however, literally and metaphorically, came very suddenly. One day, in attempting to clear

the path, he rang his bell when one of the natives, somewhat bolder than the others, inserted a stick between the spokes of the front wheel. Down came the missionary and the spell was broken.

The complete list of winners of English championships in 1898 is as follows:

Quarter mile amateur, T. Summersgill.

Quarter mile professional, S. Jenkins.

One mile amateur, W. A. Edmunds.

One mile professional, R. W. Chinn.

Five miles amateur, A. S. Ingram.

Five miles professional, H. Meyers.

Twenty-five miles amateur, H. W. Payne.

Fifty miles amateur, H. Chinn.

Two miles tandem professional, Gascoyne and Brown.

Two miles tandem amateur, Callaghan and Burnand.

An African cyclist relates a hair-raising pursuit race.

«When I had gone a short distance up the slope» he says, «I looked around, and almost had a fit when I saw a full-grown lion standing across the road, broadside on, with his head turned towards me, and, as I looked, he started in pursuit. I attempted to mount my machine, but, owing to the slope and my excitement, I failed twice. The third time I succeeded in getting away, and I did pedal for all I was worth, but the machine kept wobbling across the road, and I saw that the lion had lessened the distance between us by about half, though I was still fifty yards from the top of the slope. He kept up a low growling all the time, and I could hear him more and more distinctly every time as he still lessened the distance between us. I think I could easily have outstripped him if it had been level, but the machine kept up a rattle, rattle over the inequalities in the road, and once or twice I was almost thrown off. I did not dare to look back—indeed, there was no need, as the growl plainly told me that he was almost on me—but at last I reached the crest and flew down the opposite slope.»

Once on the slope, escape was comparatively easy, and he reached his home, which was at no great distance, in safety.

The Gospel of Good Roads

ROMAN ROADS.

The Romans made their main roads to last forever. They were composed of silicious and calcareous materials, and were superior to the highest type of work. The large roads averaged four and three-quarters metres, the smaller ones three to three and one-half metres.

In mountain regions the road is narrowed down to a single carriage-way, one and three-quarters metres. The sidewalks were large near the cities, but reduced to six-tenths of a metre in the outer districts.

They were built of cut stone, at least on the border. At every twelve paces mounthing stones were placed and at every 1000 paces milestones. Some of the best roads were paved with marble. The minor or secondary roads were not so carefully made, though of a solidity with which few modern roads can compare.

A ditch was dug to the solid earth, which was stamped, rolled or staked; then on a floor of sand ten or fifteen centimetres thick a layer of mortar was spread.

This formed the basis of the four courses which constituted the road.

The first was a course of several layers of flat stones bound by hard cement or clay. This layer was usually thirty centimetres thick and twice that in bad land. On this came a concrete of pebbles,—stones and broken bricks strongly rammed with iron-sheathed rammers. The ordinary thickness of this layer was twenty-five centimetres.

In the absence of mortar, loam was used. Superimposed on this was a layer of thirty to fifty centimetres of gravel or coarse sand, carefully rolled. The top layer, or crust, was convex, and run to a thickness of twenty to thirty centimetres or more. It was made differently, according to the materials on hand. It was either paved with cut stone, or laid with pebble and granite, or metalled.

IN PLAIN FIGURES.

John M. Stahl, secretary of the Farmers' National Congress, writes a very interesting letter to the Chicago Record on the three allied reforms, rural free mail delivery, good roads and postal savings banks. In referring to good roads, Mr. Stahl says:

It is certain that as long as our roads remain as they are now rural free mail delivery will often be a physical impossibility. Sometimes the mails cannot be delivered at all to farmers or even to the residents of outlying suburban districts; and, aside from this, the roads in most localities are such as to make the daily delivery of mail unbearably costly. To the other gains from road improvement may be added the fact

that it would permit rural free mail delivery at reasonable prices.

In an address delivered at the senate chamber, Springfield, Ill., March 20, 1892, I said that the average cost of wagon transportation in the United States was 25 cents per ton per mile; that the average annual wagon transportation moved 230,000,000 tons, and that good roads would save about \$500,000,000 a year. As I explained in that address, these figures were obtained from calculations based on the traffic reports made by the railways to state railway commissions and the interstate commerce commission, and on the statistics of railway, river-boat and lake-vessel traffic then furnished by the 1890 census. So far I have been able to learn, it was the first attempt to do more than guess at the magnitude of wagon transportation and the saving from good roads. The address was published and widely circulated by the Illinois division of the League of American Wheelmen, and the figures were at once vigorously assailed. But no one has ever succeeded in proving that they were much in error. Later, Prof. Latta of Purdue university investigated the cost of wagon transportation, and arrived at practically the same figures. In 1898 the good-roads bureau of the department of agriculture sent letters of inquiry to 10,000 farmers throughout the union, and from the data thus obtained and from other sources it reached the conclusion that the cost of wagon transportation is 25 cents per ton per mile; that the annual wagon transportation moves 313,849,227 tons, and that good roads would save each year nearly \$600,000,000. In the \$600,000,000 were included the loss of perishable products for want of access to markets, the failure to reach markets when prices were good and the failure to cultivate products which would be marketable if markets were always accessible.

The sum of \$600,000,000 is a big annual tribute to mud. It is inequitable to put all the burden of road-making on the farmers. Other classes are benefited by good roads. Good roads must come through some plan of state aid that will secure the proper participation of all classes and of corporations in bearing the cost.

"CYCLE PATHS."

A bright little book on the subject of "Cycle Paths" has just been issued by the League of American Wheelmen as a separate volume of the "Good Roads Library", published by the wide-awake organization. "Cycle Paths" comprises 80 printed pages, profusely illustrated, and contains a wealth of information on a subject which now seems to engage the attention of wheelmen in all parts of the country. Its author,

Mr. Isaac B. Potter, the president of the L. A. W., has already written several useful and practical books on the subject of road improvements, and in putting together this little book on cycle paths his work seems to have been thoroughly accomplished. The introductory chapter, entitled "A Word in Advance," sets forth the author's reasons for urging the construction of cycle paths in those parts of the country where good roads cannot be had, and disclaims any intention to substitute the cycle path movement for the wheelmen's agitation for better roads,—insisting that the former is only a valuable auxiliary to the greater cause, which (the author says) seems to have taken new impetus in those sections where cycle paths have been put down. Then follows a chapter of descriptive text giving examples of cycle path building, with illustrations from photographs taken in different parts of the country, and containing facts as to the cost, dimensions, practical points and other things needful to the tyro who contemplates work of this character. The third chapter runs entirely to the practical side of the subject and is entitled "How to Build Cycle Paths." It treats of the need of organization, tells how to get together, how to raise money, points out the duties of committees, tells them how to proceed in committee work and the work of construction, how to locate cycle paths and what materials to use, gives the proper forms of cross-section, tells how to apply and roll the material and contains some pertinent paragraphs on guide boards, the maintenance of paths and other practical points. The final chapter is entitled "Cycling Laws, Rights and Regulations," and is a meaty treatise on several subjects on which all intelligent wheelmen like to be informed. It contains paragraphs on guide-posts, fountains and drinking troughs, side-walks, bridges; decisions relating to the use of bicycles, taxation of bicycles; license laws, etc., and contains copies of laws passed in different states on the various subjects to which cycling legislation is often directed. The last sixteen pages of this book are profusely illustrated, and contain a detailed mention of the objects and benefits of the League of American Wheelmen, with advice and instruction to wheelmen who desire to join that organization.

A copy of "Cycle Paths" may be had by any person who sends five cents (in postage or otherwise) to Abbot Bassett, Secretary L. A. W., 580 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass., or by a member of the L. A. W. who will make request to Secretary Bassett and enclose a two cent stamp.

At the eighth annual convention of the Illinois Bankers' Association held at Joliet, Ill., on October 26, a resolution was adopted as follows:

"Whereas, the roads in all parts of our state are

at times impassable for loaded teams, and, whereas, this condition seriously interferes with all kinds of business, and, whereas, we believe such conditions of the roads unnecessary and remediable, be it resolved that the best interests of all the people will be served by remedying this most serious evil, and be it further resolved that the Illinois Bankers' Association will and hereby does, espouse this cause, and it will, by all means in its power, labor to further the good roads movement."

The plank road system, now in its decadence, was at one time a profitable investment. Figures of three days' business on the Watertown-Milwaukee plank road in November, 1849, are given. They include imports of 17,120 bushels of wheat in 423 loads; 1,800 bushels of barley in forty-five loads; 240 barrels of flour, one load of corn, two loads of potatoes, thirty loads of wood, and fifteen loads of lime. The trade going out of Milwaukee included 129 loads of merchandise, forty-eight loads of family goods, fifty-nine loads of lumber, 128 carriages and 187 empty teams, a total of 1,091 teams. During the same time 1,091 men, 205 women, 990 horses and 220 oxen passed through the toll-gates. The net revenue for the three days was \$80.25.

A great number of the roads of Holland are paved with bricks or blocks of stone, which render cycling a tiresome task. There is usually, however, a narrow sandy strip at each side of the road, which in many parts afford fairly good riding. Each town has a number of skilled road repairers, who constantly repair damages caused by narrow tired vehicles.

The following plank was adopted by the democrats of New York: "We favor liberal expenditures for the construction and maintenance of good roads as necessary for the welfare and comfort of the people of the entire state."

The finest road in the world is said to be the Grand Trunk road of the East Indian Empire, which stretches from Calcutta to Lahore, a distance of 1,200 miles.

They will soon have bicycle paths along side all the roads in the United States," says Wheeling. This statement gives Wheeling another green.

At the recent election held in Omaha \$50,000 was voted for paving street intersections.

London has been experimenting with unsatisfactory results in a new form of wood pavement.

Helpful Hints

Sunlight is injurious to rubber tires.

* *

Never "stand about" in wet clothes.

* *

For speed it is necessary to pump the rear tire very hard and the front one nearly as much.

* *

A thin coating of vaseline on the plated parts of your bicycle will keep them from rusting.

* *

After extinguishing a lamp turn the wick down below the top of the tube and the oil will not run over the outside of the lamp.

* *

The head of the bicycle is the proper place to which a bicycle lamp should be attached. Lamps tightened to the fork are very apt to loosen and cause serious trouble.

* *

In selecting shoes for cycling riders should be careful to secure them with fairly thick soles. Shoes with thin soles are quickly eaten through by a rat-trap pedal and on a long ride often cause numbness of the feet.

* *

When one observes the throbbing and writhing of a steamboat under reversed action of the paddle wheels or propellers, or the scorking of the reversed locomotive, it becomes quite evident that each of these machines suffers uncommon strains when power is applied to effect stopping. While a bicycle cannot snort, hard back-pedaling imposes on it the severest of all strains. The reversal of the propelling force while the forward motion is maintained does violence to the running gear, and if practiced often will surely injure the best machine made.

* *

One using specially compounded oil in his bicycle lamp, if he rides much at night, will pay at the rate of fifteen to twenty-five cents a week, more or less, which in the course of a season, amounts to a considerable sum. If your lamp is not intended for, or does not burn, kerosene oil, fill the oil reservoir with cotton batting or cotton waste (or even rags) and

pour in only enough kerosene to thoroughly saturate same without leaving a surplus in liquid form. This will give as good a light as the special oils and be no more liable to jolt or blow out. Five cents worth of kerosene will last a rider an entire season. An incidental advantage will be that when one is touring in the country kerosene may be obtained at any store or farm house, so that the rider is freed from the necessity of carrying an extra supply.

It is well to remember that you will be liable for any accident caused by your failure to use a lamp, even where it is not required by law.

* *

A new and convenient bicycle closet has been devised by a young housekeeper who objected to trackings of dirt on the carpets and dirty looking wheels standing in the hallway. The closet is simple enough in appearance, looking innocently like a low, wide book-case. Being placed in the reception hall, very near to the front door, the wheels are conveniently run into it without leaving marks all over the floor. Any carpenter can put up a shelf of wood a few inches longer than the wheel, an inch or two wider than the handle bars and a trifle higher than the saddle. It is laid on a pair of brackets. A piece of felt or heavy cloth, the width of the board, is laid across the shelf and falls straight on each side to the floor. The ends of this strip should be weighted, to give it a solid look, and the top may be tacked securely to the shelf. To the front of the shelf is then added a rod and a curtain.

When a few books, some unbreakable bric-a-brac of bronze or wrought iron, etc., are arrayed on the shelf it proves to be not only useful, but ornamental as well. The cover and curtain may be made of art denim or stamped burlap, that costs but a shilling a yard, and is as lightly for the purpose as more expensive material.

The wheels sheltered by such an arrangement are saved an immense amount of knocking about and are protected from the dust as well. One shelf easily accommodates two wheels if they are correctly stacked, with one handle bar set close to the other. For the winter hooks may be screwed in on the under side of the shelf and the wheels suspended from these. The tires, thus having no weight upon them, will be found in good condition for the spring, and the wheels will be as safe and as out of the way as they would be if stored.

Observations

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

But a small proportion of wheelmen still cling to their bicycle these days, the number having constantly decreased ever since the early part of October. The month of October was one series of drizzling rains throughout and few riders could be seen on their mounts. With the exception of a very few days I have ridden the entire fall and shall continue (as has been my practice for the last three years) to ride during the winter unless the snow should interfere to so great an extent as to make it utterly impossible to propel my wheel forward.

"As laid out by those on the inside, the new administration of bicycle racing affairs will be a body composed on the plan of the National Trotting Association." Philadelphia Ledger.

The secessionists of the West and the only recently revolting racing men of the East have so far made an up-hill and unsuccessful fight against the L. A. W.'s control of racing. Who compose the new organization in process of formation and what strength and influence they may wield is a matter of conjecture. For my part I think the plan as intimated is feasible and I would have no objection to make if such body did materialize.

An eastern manufacturer of bicycles does not see the advantage derived from the use of 30 inch wheels in the '98 model bicycle. After a western visit he expresses himself as follows: "I was impressed with the number of cyclists who have adopted the thirty-inch wheels. I don't think that this style of bicycle will be universally popular here. It may be all right for men with extra long legs, but otherwise I can't see where it has any advantage over the regulation twenty-eight inch wheel. Possibly the wheelmen of Chicago have longer legs than we have."

I contend that they are merely a fad, an innovation introduced once more to suit some people's fancies. The larger wheel has been tried and found wanting in various respects, to all of which the veteran of '90, '91 and '92 can vouch.

The "Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph" conveyed the following information, "It has been decided by a Canadian magistrate that the rider on the rear seat of a tandem cannot be held responsible for the conduct of a machine. Two Canadian riders were arrested for scorching on a tandem and the man on the rear seat raised the point that as the front man did the steering the rear man could not be held accountable for the violations of the law. The judge looked at it in this light, fined the steersman and dismissing the case against the other man."

In my opinion this decision was unjust, for in scorching the steering part is a secondary matter and if the man on the rear seat had merely back-pedaled the scorching proclivities of the other would have received a decided dampen. At any rate it was a mean trick for the rear man to crawl out of a very small hole to escape the clutches of the law, and if it were in my power I would deal more severely with him than with the steersman.

In company with a friend I recently made a country trip on a Sunday forenoon after a frost of the preceding night had stiffened up the mud on the roads and also the side path. In starting out everything seemed just lovely but the sun gradually crept up higher and the frost drawing out of the ground the roads got correspondingly worse, much to our own detriment in progressing on our way. It was utterly impossible to ride on the road, and even the paths were so slippery that riding on the grass was the best way out of the difficulty. Our wheels got clogged up with mud and the autumn leaves formed quite a wedge between the wheels, fork and rear stays. I had to dismount but once on the entire run of 15 miles on account of the mud for I devised a good plan to constantly relieve the tires of the collecting mud. I rode alongside the fence leaned up against the top board and perceived there a long splinter on an oak fence post which I tore off and with this splinter was able to scrape both the front and rear wheels while I was riding and in this wise kept the tires quite clean and the frame of the machine did not even show many mud spots.

In discussing prison labor recently a chair manufacturer, in conference, expressed himself forcibly of the harm done honest goods. He suggested that convicts be put to crushing stone and to do work on improving roads. I have read an illustrated article upon the introduction of the convict system of road building in a western state where it has been satisfactorily tried. Here is what he said: "One of my men was sent to the House of Correction for ninety days, and when he came out he said to me, that 'it was a picnic.' I would have these men break stone, and then they wouldn't want to get back. There is a maudlin sympathy for those men that they must have good care. Picture the honest workman who works beneath the July sun digging the trenches of our streets, and in the winter handles the great iron water pipes with frosted hands. If you should put the prisoners at that kind of work you would have the Humane Society and all the church people after you, in short order. I stand here as the friend of honest labor."

The Wheelwoman

EDITED BY ACORN.

Like every other good thing in this world, bicycling has its drawbacks. Most of the injurious consequences, such as nervous, spinal and heart trouble, kidney disease and hemorrhage from the lungs, are caused by excessive wheeling, and are almost always avoidable by the exercise of a little prudence on the part of the cyclist.

But in addition to these there are other and more common accidents which are liable to happen to even the most cautious of riders, but which fortunately seldom lead to very serious results.

A very unpleasant accident is the bruising or scratching that comes with a fall. The scratching especially is painful and often much slower in healing than the same kind of injury received in another way. The reason of this is probably that the person is going at a rapid pace, and after falling slides along the hard surface, peeling off the outer layer of the skin and exposing the sensitive under layer, at the same time grinding into it dust, gravel and all kinds of dirt.

One of the best applications to a wound of this sort, after it has been thoroughly cleaned by a stream of water or a solution of borax or boracic acid, is a clean folded handkerchief soaked in pure olive oil.

The bicycle is performing a sort of missionary work in the slum districts of London by providing a wholesome and healthful form of recreation for girls and women who formerly spent their leisure time in dancing or in walking the streets. A wheel club has been established in St. Margaret's Settlement, Bethnal Green, the machines used being gifts from wealthy ladies whose mounts had become somewhat old-fashioned.

These girls find a new world open to them and naturally endeavor to raise themselves above the terrible condition they had heretofore considered fixed and unyielding.

Most people are unaware of the fact that a great many blind people have taken to wheeling. Special machines, built lower than usual for ease in mounting, are used. A number of ladies, though quite blind, have learned to ride with much grace, and it is said that a blind gentleman, who rides a tandem, frequently occupies the front seat and steers according to his friend's directions. At one of the London cycle schools is a very clever trick rider who is quite blind.

The Peking correspondent of an exchange says:—"No Chinese women ride. I have seen it stated in American and English papers that it was now common in Shanghai for Chinese ladies to ride in the street. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The Chinese ladies of the better class are kept in absolute seclusion from the men other than those of their family. This rule has not been broken in the slightest degree. Even in the missionary schools, where the daughters of merchants and mandarins are educated, no man is allowed to see the girls."

Now that the maximum of utility has been reached in the manufacture of bicycle lamps, manufacturers have turned their attention to the development of artistic lines. One English concern makes a pentagon lamp which reflects the light in all directions by the use of special lenses on each side, while another of its productions, which should appeal to the feminine mind, is an artistic owl lamp, which makes a very attractive figure-head to a wheel.

If you have no convenient attic in which you can store your wheel this winter, by hanging it to the scantlings, try turning the machine bottom side up and rest it on the handle-bars and saddle. To insure the latter from being marred and scratched cover it with cloth.

The Chicago Record's Berlin correspondent, Wolf von Schierbrand, has the following to say regarding German servant girls who ride a bicycle:

"Bicycling meets with favor among the German servant girls, who get their wheels as a rule on small monthly payments. But this fashion does not please the German housewife at all, and in the service conduct book which every German servant is obliged by law to keep, the mistress of a girl who was dismissed recently because of her liking for bicycling, curtly paraphrased the cause of her trouble: Discharged because she 'bikes.' The girl had difficulty in finding another place, and the courts were appealed to. The decision—the first one, I believe, bearing on this question—was to the effect that the cycling proclivities of the servant do not entitle the employer to discharge a girl, and less still to name that as the reason. A sigh of relief has gone up from all the bicycling servant girls of Germany."

In Lighter Vein

THE CAUSE.

When, after a few months in Washington, a new senator decided to take a little run home "just to see the folks," he went back minus about twenty pounds of flesh. "Why senator," said one ardent constituent, "you have been losing flesh. What can have happened? Did you lose it from riding the bicycle?" "No, hang it," replied the senator, "it was dodgin' 'em that did it."

THE SWEET THING.

(Cycling West.)

They were speeding along on a tandem.
 "Now," said he, "every time you look around this way I am going to kiss you."
 About forty-five seconds of silence followed this proclamation, then the maiden spoke.
 "Jack," she said, coyly, "do you think it would be impossible for me to ride backward?"

TAKE THINGS EASY.

(The Wheeler.)

Where's the good o' hurryin'
 Jerrin' all yer system?
 Of our rides cause worryin'
 Might ez well have relaxed 'em.
 Take things easy as you go,
 'Stead o' wildly spinnin',
 Steady pace, though it's slow,
 Her rewards worth winnin'.

RUN IN.

(New York Press.)

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the cyclist without a light.
 "You'll get run into," responded the rider, as he knocked the other down and ran up his spine.
 "You'll get run in, too," said the policeman, as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the bicycle.
 Just then another scorcher came along without a light, and so the policeman had to run is two.

THE MOTOR CAR NOT A SUCCESS.

(The Wheeler.)

It was one of those off-season fixtures which do so much to keep wheelmen and automobilists together. They were sitting the dancos out.
 "Did you ever ride in an auto-car or an autocycle?" he asked, with that bland, beseeching look which the accomplished "ladies' young man" knows how to assume.

"Yes, once," she answered.

"What an adorable girl this is," thought he to himself. "Just the sort of girl I like; quite up to date; none of your old-fashioned lassies who think of nothing but love, and ride hands off on a tandem, and such commonplace." Then, casting another beseeching glance:—

"How did you like it?" asked he.

"Not very much. You see the gentleman who took me riding had to use both hands to control the levers with which the motor was fitted."

She was only commonplace after all.

POOR MAN.

(Lilo.)

"Where is your mother, Johnnie?" "Playing golf."
 "And your aunt?" "She's out on her wheel." "And your sister?" "She is training for the football game."
 "Then I'll see your father, please." "He can't come now. He can't come down now. He is upstairs giving the baby a bath."

THE REASON.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Teacher—"Now that you have taken part in the Memorial day exercises, can you tell me what the especial significance of this day is—why we keep it as we do?"

Tommy Jones—"We have Memorial day so the boys can have their road races and the magnates can work in two ball games."

With the Trade

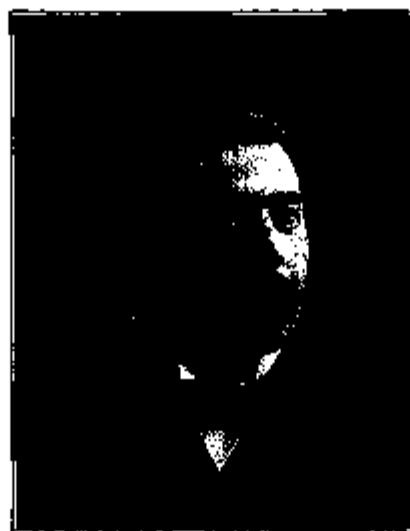
W. J. KRAUTHOEFER.

The ever increasing popularity of the Claus handlebar is due, to a certain extent, to the unlimited business capacity of the company's manager, Mr. W. J. Krauthoefer. Mr. Krauthoefer has been connected with the Claus company ever since it was organized, but did not take an active interest in it until the opening of this season's business, when, owing to the company's increase of business, his services were demanded at the head of the concern. He is a most persistent and progressive worker and when not busy at his desk is

the Company. The Andrae agent will be in an excellent position in '99 to meet any competition in price that may arise, and still handle the Andrae line exclusively.

The '99 Andrae line consists of thirteen models, including a triplet, three tandems, chainless, 30-inch model, track racer, road racer, and six models of regular light roadsters for men and women.

The Andrae triplet and tandems, (racer, double diamond and combination,) are built on the same lines as the '98 models, with the exception of some minor im-



W. J. KRAUTHOEFER.

out looking for business. A number of the largest orders for Claus bars were secured by him on several of these occasions. Mr. Krauthoefer is a firm believer in publicity. He has often said that a good thing unknown is not worth a name. The business of the Claus people is probably the largest of any handlebar company in the world and it is only a man with the unlimited energy of Mr. Krauthoefer who is capable of leading it to success.

THE 1899 ANDRAE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Following a policy inaugurated several years ago, the Andrae people are again among the manufacturers who are first in making announcements for the coming year. The 1899 Andrae line will be larger than ever, the increase being due to the addition of several lower priced wheels to those heretofore manufactured by

improvements.

The triplet will list at \$150.00 and the tandems at \$100.00 each. The Andrae chainless will list at \$75.00, as will the Andrae track racer and road racer. The two racing models are built very light, without losing any of the rigidity so prominent in the models of 1898.

The regular light roadsters for men and women will list at \$50.00, \$40.00 and \$30.00; the 30-inch model is built on the same lines and with the same specifications as the light roadster, and lists at \$55.00.

The Andrae people are certain that no vacant place exists in their '99 line, and its strong feature is that of having a wheel for everybody.

The Company's new factory, which is now running with a full force of workmen, increases their capacity of former years by fifty per cent. The factory is

No dread of winter indoor confinement

worries those who put themselves in condition by
bicycling as late into the winter months as the
weather will permit.

With 1899

Rambler

BICYCLES

at \$40.

and ready for delivery. WHY WAIT UNTIL
SPRING? Buy now, at \$40.

"NAME ——— QUALITY ——— PRICE"
are helping RAMBLER agents to sell wheels NOW!
Do YOU want a GOOD agency?

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.

Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.
Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland. London.

"1899 Catalogue mailed free."

equipped throughout with modern machinery. A complete electric light and power system has also been installed.

The Eastern business of the Company is handled through their New York Branch, at 95 Reade St., with Mr. Charles L. Wilson in charge.

THE "SENTINEL" BICYCLE LOCK.

An ingenious bicycle lock, which will no doubt find very general favor with wheelmen, is now being introduced by The Yale and Towns Manufacturing Company, of No. 9 Murray Street, New York.

The lock is intended to be permanently fastened to the steering-head of the bicycle, and is designed to hold the front wheel at an angle to the frame, thus rendering it impossible for the bicycle either to be led or ridden away.

The locking mechanism is that of the well known Yale pin-tumbler type, which makes the number of key changes practically limitless, thus absolutely precluding the possibility of other keys being in existence which may fit the lock.

The manufacturers claim that during the past summer, a number of these locks have been in use by riders, and that it is their unanimous testimony that they are of the greatest service.

The lock is of neat design and finish, and, to quote one rider, "no better insurance can be put on a wheel." It is thought that it will be extensively placed on bicycles by manufacturers, as a special feature for the coming season, but it may easily be applied to any wheel.

It is said that one of the largest bicycle manufacturers in the country, having an extensive export trade, has undertaken to introduce the lock throughout Europe.

ANOTHER RECORD FOR THE CHAINLESS.

Chic Paquin, an amateur rider of Fall River, Mass., started on Wednesday, November 23rd, to break the 200 mile American Road Record held by "Dutch" Frank Waller, the famous long distance rider.

Waller's record of 12 hours, 4 minutes and 47 seconds was made over the 25 mile Norwood Course last summer, on a chain wheel under favorable conditions. Paquin mounted on a Columbia Bevel Gear Chainless bicycle rode over the Stoughton-Easton-Braekton Course, lowering Waller's record by 9 minutes and 47 seconds. It is said that the course over which Paquin rode measures 24 miles instead of 25. Paquin therefore really rode 208 miles instead of 200, and thus, in fact, lowered Waller's record considerably more than the official figures indicate.

Paquin went down to Stoughton the night before the trial and the start was promptly made at 6:30 in

We are Ready to Talk '99 Business

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Anywhere From
One To
One Thousand
Bicycles For You

If Order Is Large
Enough Will Build
Bicycles To Your
Own Specifications

Prices Will Be
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IS EASILY IN THE LEAD



MASTER OF THE ART OF PUBLICITY

No more attractive advertising was ever printed in any trade paper than is at the present moment being used for the purpose of exploiting the merits of the Claus Handle-bar. It is a thousand pities that other advertisers in the "Cycle Age" will not imitate so superior a form of work. In graphic character, in aptness of illustration, in artistic ensemble, in the joining of happy phraseology to equally happy drawings, in power to arrest attention, IT IS EASILY IN THE LEAD.

—*Cycle Age*, December 8, 1898.

May we tell YOU how much it will cost to make YOUR
advertising as good as the Claus advertising?

F. G. CRAMER & CO., SPECIALISTS IN ADVERTISING,
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The Cramer Way.

the morning. He found the roads in wretched condition on account of the recent rains, but did splendidly, and at 12:26½ he had covered his first century, and was an hour ahead of time. He dismounted at Stoughton and took a rub-down and a light meal.

At 12:52 he started on the second century. Everything went well as long as it was light, and Paquin kept his advance on Waller's record. But when darkness set in he was forced to use more care, and he lost considerable ground on that account. But he rallied wonderfully well towards the end, and came into Stoughton at 7:25, following the pace of the fastest riders in the city who had gone the last miles of the journey with him at terrific speed. He received quite an ovation from the crowd present.

Paquin said that he felt well and remarked that he could go another hundred miles on the chainless without trouble. He did not meet with a single accident during his long ride, over practically unknown roads.

The following riders paced him on tandems over the various parts of the course: Beauregard and Gaudette, Dolph Paquin and James M. Martin, Jr., Joseph Turgeon and Jacob Desrosiers, all of Fall River, and Barber and Chace of Taunton.

The time as officially taken was as follows:—

Start, 6:30 A. M. First 100 miles, 12:26½. Rest until 12:52. Finished 200 miles at 7:25 P. M.

"Chic" expressed himself as very favorably impressed with the running of the Columbia Chainless.

The Andras people are now settled in their new factory, situated on Madison street, between Clinton and Barclay streets. The new factory is three stories high, and is equipped throughout with a complete electric power and light plant. The shipping facilities are excellent, the railroad tracks running along side the building. Large forces of men are already at work in the various departments, and within a fortnight the factory will be running full force.

The sundry and repair departments of the Julius Andras & Sons Company, which were formerly located in the downtown salesrooms, have been transferred to the new Andras factory. This will be a great convenience for both the Company and its Agents, by saving time. Mr. Anderson, who has been in charge of this department for years, will move to the factory.

An organization to secure uniform prices on repairs of bicycles and parts of wheels, was formed at the St. Charles hotel last Wednesday morning.

The J. B. Daibler Cycle House, of Berlin, Wis., has commenced the manufacture of bicycles and will be jobbers in all kinds of sundries.

Three cycle shows will be held in Belgium this year.

WHAT IS THE APOLLO LIGHT ?

THE ONLY LIGHT
THAT IS AS BRIGHT
AS SUNLIGHT
AS CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT
AS MILD
AS MOONLIGHT
AND
THE ONLY LIGHT
THAT WILL
POSITIVELY SAVE

50 Per Cent

ON YOUR GAS BILLS



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Published to Preserve the Art Preservative of Arts.

VOL. I.

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No. 5

We don't get
Every job
Of printing
That we figure on.
But we never cry
Over spilled milk.
Unsuccessful estimates
Are the spilled milk
Of the printing business.
We restrain our tears
Because
In bidding
For any bit
Of work,
We carefully calculate
The cost
Of the stock
And labor
Required
To turn out
That work
Good all through.
After costs
Have been figured,
And we claim
To be able
To figure "close,"
We add
A fair profit.
This gives us
Our "asking price."
When an estimate
Of ours
Built on these lines,
Fails to "get there,"

The "other fellow"
Is quite welcome
To the order
Every time,
If he is
To be compelled
To furnish precisely
The grade
Of work
That would
Have been
Yours
Had you
Patronized
Us.
Our Department
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Publicity
Is a great help
To merchants.
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rider, of course, sustaining a terrible fall. When picked up, about fifteen minutes later, the man was insensible. He then quickly recovered consciousness, however, and in common with most enthusiasts, immediately declared that, far from being hurt, he would repeat the attempt on the following morning.

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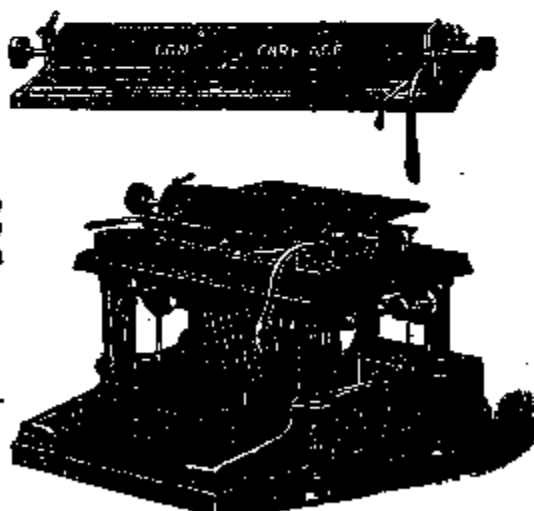
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A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse, and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss Bessie Witham.

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ANNE H. BLANKEN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may see my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Mary Guerin Clarke.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick in my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for an ailment of the stomach. She had found such relief from them she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. Brockway.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngest, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

M. W. Fain.

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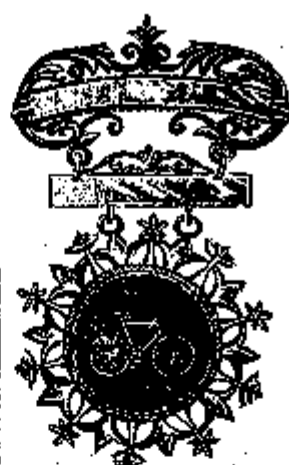
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