

so great that the seating accommodation was by no means sufficient. The Toronto Wanderers sent eight riders in neat uniforms of gray and black into the ring. Following them were the same number of Buffalo wheelmen uniformed in dark blue. The twenty Hamilton riders formed a circle outside the visitors, riding in single file while the others rode two deep. The Hamilton wheelmen were twenty strong, and wore their familiar uniform of dark blue, with scarlet caps. The riders made a very pretty spectacle, and their appearance was loudly applauded. The club offered a fine silver pitcher and goblets worth \$50 to the club exhibiting the best drill. The competitors were the Buffalos and Wanderers, each club drilling with eight men, and each being given twenty minutes' time. The Buffalos wheeled into the enclosure as the band played "Yankee Doodle." They were captained by Mr. C. F. Hodgkiss, and in spite of the inequalities of the ground and the many dangerous holes they went through their allotted time, executing the most beautiful manoeuvres with the greatest ease and accuracy. The Toronto visitors went through their manoeuvres splendidly, and perhaps were only behind the Buffalos in that they were a trifle less steady, and had three riders dismounted during the drill, while the Buffalos had none. Mr. G. H. Orr captained the Wanderers. The Buffalo men were awarded the first prize. The competition in the fancy riding brought out a skilful young member of the Hamiltons, Mr. C. E. Richardson, who made an exceedingly creditable show in his first public appearance. Mr. Wm. Hurst, of the Wanderers, the champion trick-rider of Canada, followed, and showed his wonderful proficiency. He could do almost anything with his machine, and could ride it in any position. His exhibition, like that of his predecessor, was applauded during its entire length. Mr. Joseph Rogers, of the Wanderers, was also a competitor. The judges awarded the gold medal to Hurst and the silver to Richardson. The visiting wheelmen and the judges were entertained at supper after the entertainment, and went home with the highest opinions of Hamilton wheelmen and Hamilton audiences.

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NEW YORK SQUIBS.

The club poet of the Citizens' Club sends us the following effusion from his witty pen:

Look at me push!
With my foot upon the pedal,
And —
But alas, alas! he then did stop,
And gently took a header.

Grover Cleveland has very suddenly taken a great liking for wheelmen and their silver wheels.

Last week, while walking along one of the rideable streets of this city, I saw rather a large-sized crowd in front of me, and walked up to see the cause. It was this: a bicyclist of about 19 had taken a header, though sustaining no injuries, and a nut had come off from some part of his wheel. He evidently was a late convert to the cycling cause, for he seemed not to know how to mend his machine. A man in the crowd, seeing his predicament, and whom I took to be a mechanic, immediately fixed his machine, when the young cyclist at once departed, without a word of thanks. All present noticed this; and one spectator called after him in the distance, "Young man, you don't seem to be very grateful!" The mechanic took the answer on himself and said, "O, they're only children, anyway." This, as an instance, is the opinion of the public in New York of wheelmen: not very commending, but brought on by the cyclists themselves.

The Ixion Club have taken quarters that the Citizens' vacated for their new palace, and have made a comfortable place of it. The club has 25 members, with competent officers.

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The *Bicycling World* has been sold, the purchasers being J. S. Dean and Abbot Bassett. The paper will remain under the editorial management of the above-named gentlemen, whose every effort will be made to keep it in the front rank of cycling publications.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

[FOR THE WHEELMAN.]

Three days of the great race meet have come and gone. The city is crowded with wheelmen; every hotel is running over with men in blue, in gray, in green, with knickerbockers and caps; wheels, nickelled and enamelled, fill every spare corner. Buzz and excitement, wheel gossip of all sorts, talks about records and races, laughter, jokes, bugle-calls, all unite to turn the busy city into something very like a holiday fair or pandemonium. And I am asked to sit down, and, as if in my calm, thoughtful moments, write you about what I have seen. It is a task for which I am just now but ill prepared. My head is a jumble of wheels and faces and memories of races the like of which have never before been seen in America. Outside, a drizzling rain is falling, rendering it necessary to postpone the fireworks that were put down for to-night until to-morrow night. I have been introduced to wheelmen right and left, until it almost makes me tired to think about it. From big-hearted, big-headed Dr. Beckwith, the President and pride of the L.A.W., down through all the gradations of League officials and club presidents, captains and secretaries, to the privates, I have met them by the hundred; and a jollier, more whole-souled, generous lot of fellows it has never before been my good fortune to meet.

The crowd may, perhaps, have been inclined to sing "Yankee Doodle" when John Prince walked away with the big Englishman, Howell, and to feel sore with disappointment when their pride and joy, "Our George," was forced to lower his colors to the marvellous Sellers; but to me, their lonely cousin from Canada, they have shown naught but courtesy and kindness; and wherever I have gone I have had only compliments to the C.W.A. and good wishes for its success to listen to.

But if this letter is to be brought into the compass of one issue of the WHEELMAN, it is high time that I commenced to tell you something of the Tournament itself. Beyond all peradventure, it is a success financially. The attendance during the past three days has been enormous; and if the rain will only hold off for to-morrow, there is no doubt but another great crowd will assemble to witness the programme, which is quite as good as any day's that has gone before it. As to the success of the meet in other ways, the races tell the story. Never before in America has such a field of cracks come to the tape, while new men innumerable have come forward to paralyze records and knock cold the calculations and forecasts of the oldest and wisest. The member of the C.W.A. who any longer looks to his guide-book as an authority upon records will get woefully left. Every distance is changed for America, while, in one or two instances, the mother-home of cycling has had to lower her proud colors of superiority. The management of the meet is almost perfect. The Springfield Club know how to run a tournament; and they have allowed no trouble or expense to stand in the way of the comfort of either visiting wheelmen or the public. The track is a daisy, half mile, level as a floor, hard, and smooth as a billiard table; and the universal opinion is, if a man can't make time here, he can't anywhere. The occupants of the judges' stand are all competent to fill the duties assigned them. Especial care has been taken to have the track conform to all the requirements of the League rules, while the presence of Mr. Abbot Bassett, the great authority on wheel matters, as referee, is a guarantee that everything has been conducted correctly and honestly. The time-keeping has been as near perfection as it is possible to get it, and there can be no doubt cast upon it. Along with Mr. Bassett upon the stand as judges are Dr. N. M. Beckwith, President of the L.A.W.; Frank Weston, Chief Consul of the C. T. C. for the United States; Leland Howard, President of the Capital Club, of Washington; and H. B. Donly, Secretary of the C. W. A.

On each day there are ten races. To attempt to give, in the time and space at my disposal, anything like a detailed report of them would be folly.

Monday's programme opened with a three mile handicap for the professionals, that was won by Ashinger, an unknown rider from Ohio. Howell and Prince were both in the race, but were too heavily handicapped to do anything. The next race was the event of the day. It was a ten mile open amateur. Sellers, Chambers, Haskell, and Ilston, the English cracks, were all in, with Hamilton and Brooks as representatives of the U.S. Dolph and Hendee were both scratched. The former has been ill throughout the entire three days, and will go home in the morning without having done anything to warrant the great expectations entertained on his behalf by many. His illness was most unfortunate, and causes great disappointment, as he is undoubtedly a very fast man, having ridden over the tape the other day at Hartford, barely a length or two behind Sellers, when he made his peerless record of 2.39 for one mile. Hendee, too, has been a lamentable failure. Toronto never loved or believed in Hamilton with more ardor or steadfastness than does Springfield in Hendee; and bitter, indeed, has been the disappointment and sorrow of the city to see their darling fall an easy victim to the thin-checked, quiet blonde Englishman whom they had scarcely heard of before. It was a new experience for them, but will have a wholesome effect. Their idolatrous love of George, to the utter exclusion of all others, has been to strangers almost insufferable, and has made him, a modest, gentlemanly young fellow, to be disliked by many fellow-racers. The race was an easy victory for Sellers, with Hamilton second and Brooks third, the others having one by one dropped out of the contest. Winner's time: 31.04 3/4.

In the 3.20 class race for one mile, there were 21 starters. Winners: 1st, Miller, of Meriden, Conn.; 2nd, Powell, of Smithville, N.J.; 3rd, Wait, of New Haven. Time, 2.43 3-5. The two mile tricycle called out E. P. Burham, the American champion, Chambers and Ilston, of England, and L. H. Johnson, of Orange, N.J. It was a close and intensely exciting race, and was won by Burham by about three inches over Chambers, Ilston third. Time, 6.27; equal to the best English time.

The three mile tandem was won by Miller and Brown, of Springfield, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, over the Stahl Bros., of Boston, and two Leonminster wheelmen. Time, 10.14 1-5.

In the 3.16 time race, there were 14 starters. The lucky men were Miller, of Springfield; Maxwell, of Rockville; Connolly, of Rochester, in the order named.

The three mile professional race was a glorious victory for the English champion, Howell, over James, Prince, Woodside, Neilson and others, James being second, Prince third. Time, 8.36 1/2, which is a world's record.

The tug-of-war was an easy victory for the Springfield Club over the Berkshire Co. Wheelmen, the only other contestants.

The last on the day's programme was the two mile 6.25 class race, in which there were ten starters. The winners were Miller, of Meriden, first; Wollison, of Pittsfield, second; Hunter, of Beverley, third. Time, 5.55 1-5.

Wednesday's races were, if anything, the most exciting of the three days. Following I give a summary:

Ten Mile Professional—6 entries: 1, R. Howell; 2, W. Woodside; 3, R. James. Time, 30.07 1-5.

Two Mile Amateur—Open—19 entries; nine starters. 1, S. Sellers; 2, G. Hendee; 3, Chas. Frazier. Time, 6.03.

One Mile Without Hands—6 entries; three starters: 1, H. S. Wollison; 2, Chas. Chickering; 3, T. R. Finley. Time, 3.00 1/2.

Three Mile 9.50 Class—17 entries; nine starters: 1, Eliot Norton; 2, H. E. Bidwell; 3, H. S. Wollison. Time, 8.53 2-5.

Five Mile Tricycle—4 entries: 1, R. Chambers; 2, E. P. Burnham; 3, G. H. Ilston; L. H. Johnson. Time, 17.14.

Half Mile Dash—17 entries; six starters: 1, S. Sellers; 2, H. M. Gaskell; 3, Chas. Frazier. Time, 1.18 1/2.