

In one of the amateur events at Attleboro' the other day the starters all started off so slow that the wheels barely revolved. A well-known pro. stood by, and as he witnessed these tactics he sarcastically remarked: "Look at them; those are amateurs, *pure* amateurs, those are," and then turning away with a sneer of contempt that was not without cause, "Time limit, gentlemen, will put a quietus on these tactics."

The Rhode Island Division League of American Wheelmen held its second annual meet on Sept. 20, at Narragansett Park. W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, won the professional quarter mile dash. His opponents were S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, and T. P. Hollingsworth, of Indianapolis. Whittaker was second. Time, 36s. The three above mentioned and A. M. McCurdy, of Lynn, contested for the mile professional race. Rowe was 1st, Whittaker 2nd, and Hollingsworth 3rd. Time, 2.52. Rowe also won in the three mile lap race, Whittaker was 2nd, and McCurdy and Hollingsworth divided 3rd money; time, 11.04½. A number of interesting amateur races ended the day's sport.

In Kirk Monroe's brain was conceived the first idea of a national organization. By him the scheme was talked over with Kingman Patnam, both of the New York club. This club and the Bostons issued a joint circular inviting clubs to meet at Newport and organize. As the Boston was the senior club in the land, they were allowed to sign the roll of membership first, then came the New York, Massachusetts, New Haven, Essex, etc. E. C. Hodges, of the Boston Club, commanded the first parade, through invitation of Mr. Monroe, who had been elected commander. *There were present at this, the first meet of the L. A. W., May 30, 1880, representatives from 31 different clubs.*

One of the best photographs we have ever seen, in which cycling bore a chief part, was one sent from Canada the other day of a friend's juvenile son and heir. The little chap is mounted on a bicycle-steerer, with a very big wheel in front, and two small ones in the rear. He is in the act of turning the machine sharply, and the artist has cleverly imparted a suggestion of riding in a high wind by the arrangement of the loose sailor necktie, which apparently flutters in the breeze. All the details are wonderfully well worked out. The picture is sharp and clear in its outlines, with the peculiar softness which transatlantic photography always possesses, and the whole is quite a triumph of the art of the camera.—*Bicycling News.*

Uncomfortable Saddles—No. 1557 writes: "To those of your readers who find their saddles uncomfortable, especially for long rides, let me recommend the following plan, which I have found very successful: Procure from a saddler a square foot of the thickest felt, such as is used for making 'humnahs' for placing under saddles for horses (I would suggest the darkest shade). Place this, just as it is, on the saddle, and secure it by a short strap passing over it, and under or through the saddle-springs. I am over 13 stone and 46 years of age, yet rode, a few days ago, with perfect ease and comfort, on my tricycle with my saddle so covered, 64 miles in the day, against a very strong wind and under a hot sun. It improves with use."—*C. T. C. Monthly Gazette.*

An enthusiastic member of the Detroit Bicycle Club attempted to enter Canada last evening with his pockets full of compressed histories of Canadian wheelmen in general and the Canadian champion in particular, in the form of a hand-bill. He was ordered into the office by a customs officer, and requested to disgorge. The examination then began. After a search of the scattered parts of a superannuated scale, the package was finally weighed. This not proving satisfactory, the bills were counted. Only 2,000! Next in order came the examination of tariffs, and after a half hour of this exhilarating exercise, it was decided to call the matter "labels," and duty to the amount of \$2, chargeable thereon, the package being worth \$1.50. There it is that the Windsorites will have to be left in ignorance of the doings of their favorite wheelman, and one more convert added to the cause of commercial union.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is not cycling popular at the Universitie of Oxford and Cambridge? Well, the reason is not far to look for. It is not "*swell*" enough. The undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge are undoubtedly a mixed lot; but the vast majority of them are gentlemen, and, in after life, after contact with the world and a wearing down of angles, turn out, in many cases, first-rate fellows; but no one can deny—and we trust no Varsity man who reads this will feel offended at our saying so—that there is a very strong feeling of "priggism" rampant even amongst men who are gentlemen, just as they are emerging from boyhood to manhood. A few men, with money enough to indulge in more expensive pastime than cycling, set the example, and "the men" follow like a flock of sheep. Ten years later, or in less time, when, as barristers, doctors, clergymen, or what not, they want recreative exercise, they will welcome cycling with open arms; but when the peach bloom of early manhood is on the cheek a certain class of Englishmen follow only fashion. It is not the "fashion at present. *Voila tout!*—*The Cyclist.*

A wheelman remarked lately that he did not believe that the people who abstained altogether from active exertion got along as well during the intense heat of the week as those who kept up their regular habits of exercise. "My leisure," said he, "comes in almost the hottest part of the day, but I take a spin of eight miles or so almost every day and get up a glorious perspiration. When one is dressed for it, a few degrees of additional heat don't make much difference, and on a wheel one nearly always gets a breeze. After a bath in water just from the hydrant, a rub down, and the assumption of dry clothing, I come down stairs feeling, like one of the neighbors, fifty per cent. better than if I had been sitting in the shade fanning myself all of that time. It seems to me that my plan is better than that of the poor fellows who choose the cool of the evening for their exercises, and then, without a change of clothing, sit upon a piazza until they get chilled. Moreover, the plunge into cold water is as much fun as the spin. It is never too hot to take one's daily exercise, in this climate, at any rate."—*Buffalo Courier.*

The cycling editors of the Omaha *Chronicle* are evidently not of "minds with but a single hought," or if it is one mind that produced

the following paragraphs, in the same issue and column, then the owner of the mind must be a very Pooh Bah, who as chief editor thinks thus and so, but as president of the club cannot consent to any other view of the matter than this and that. Listen to item No. 1: "Cycling matters were never so unlively in Omaha as they are at present. The only professionals in the city are Prince and Ashinger, and if they have any racing in view they are managing it very quietly. The members of the Wheel Club—upon whom the future of cycling in Omaha just now depends—are not doing much to strengthen their organization at home or advertise it abroad. It is to be regretted that there is not more genuine 'git-up' in the Wheel Club." Then to squib No. 2: "It is plain to be seen that the boys are improving in riding, and we are justly proud of the number of wheelmen in our city. The public seem to take more interest in wheeling, and we are looking for a much larger and more flourishing club next year."—*Bicycling World.*

"You might think," said a bicycle rider of note, "that only the legs would be exercised by riding a wheel, but it is a fact that a beginner feels the effect first in his shoulders and back. The muscles of the trunk, particularly about the sides and abdomen, are also used a great deal. Although the action of the legs appears to be similar to their action in walking, it is found that six muscles in the calf, not used at all in walking, are brought into play. You can work those muscles by rising on your toes, but in walking they are not exercised. The speed attainable on ordinary roads in a ride of four or five hours, taking it comfortably, and not trying to make a record, will average about eight miles an hour. It is a good horse that will keep up that gait. Expert riders can out-travel any horse that ever wore shoes in a twenty-four hour journey, but that, of course, is a feat of endurance. For practical, reasonable travel, the bicycle is superior to a horse on good roads, and is by no means a plaything or an athletic's apparatus. It is a business and pleasure vehicle, and ought to be considered in the road laws."

From way down in Rhode Island comes the following funny story: There exists great rivalry in the matter of road record among certain few in the town from which the story comes, and so every effort is made to add figures to the cyclometer. Not long since one of the record-breakers came down sick, and when he abandoned his saddle for his bed the cyclom registered 1073 miles. His rivals inwardly were gleeful, but outwardly they carried long faces, and one and all proceeded to the bedside of their fellow-competitor, and offered their condolences, while they privately chuckled over the thought that a good motto for them was, "make hay while the sun shines;" in other words, *pile up the miles while the sick man is on his back.* Well, those fellows pasted "1073" in their hats, and then chuckled gleefully and began to ride to catch up, before the unfortunate wheelman got well again. One or two of the more magnanimous ones, who were ahead, refrained from taking any mean advantage, but the others put in their best licks. It was their grand opportunity. Four days later the gang dropped in on their sick man. He was