

man—no, I mean to his machine—as it causes it to drag and run hard, especially on soft roads. Turn the machine over, so that the head and handle-bars rest on the ground, allowing the backbone to drop over in the direction in which you wish to bend it. As the bend is nearly always in the neck of the bone, it can be straightened by holding the felloe of the large wheel with one hand and the bone with the other just above the rear fork and forcing them apart, as can be quite easily done. If the bone is sprung forward so that the large wheel will not turn by, hold the machine in an upright position, place one foot against the crank, and pull on the bone. Always take hold of the bone as low down as possible, to get all the leverage you can.

SPRUNG REAR FORK.—If the rear fork is sprung so that the small wheel does not run in the middle, or strikes on one side, lay the machine on its side, with the side of fork which the wheel runs nearest to underneath. Place a block or stone under the fork, so that the end of the rear wheel shaft shall rest upon it. Now throw all your weight upon the bone, just above the fork, several times, until the wheel runs in its proper place.

Star riders often strike an obstacle with such force as to bend the frontal bone just above the bottom bearing, so that the small wheel will not turn by the large one. To remedy this, lay the machine on its side, turning the handle-bars so that they lie flat and the small wheel stands perpendicular to the large. Place a block or stone under the handle, which does not rest on the spring, to keep the small wheel in its perpendicular position. Now place one foot on the bend, and throw all your weight on to this foot several times, until the small wheel runs about half an inch from the large.

The breaking of a Star strap can be remedied by a piece of small rope or a strong cord looped round the strap-screw and the ends tied to the hook, or a piece of an old boot-leg may be pressed into service, provided, of course, that the boot-leg is forthcoming.

As necessity is the mother of invention, no doubt many wheelmen in trouble have ways of getting round most accidents; but to the novice or the man who does not thoroughly understand his machine the above points may prove useful. —*L.A.W. Bulletin.*

Thos. Stevens' admirable feat is to be properly acknowledged. Upon his arrival in New York, he will be banquetted by the Citizens' Club. The affair will be done on a grand scale, worthy of the deed that prompts it. Mr. Stevens will probably arrive at Yokohama in a few weeks, and after a journey to San Francisco, and a railroad rush across the continent, will arrive in New York about the middle of January. It is probable that Stevens will write a book, as several publishers have already made a bid for his work.

While Miss Parloa teaches cooking at Hersee Hall, ambitious youths struggle with bicycles in the riding-school above. Every few minutes yesterday, above the heads of the ladies, there could be heard a dull thud. "If I thought that was the same young man who fell off every time," said Miss Parloa, pityingly, "I would send him up something to eat." —*Buffalo Express.*

BICYCLERS IN CENTRAL PARK.

The wheelmen of New York are just now engaged in a gigantic grapple with the Park Commissioners in their endeavor to secure the privileges of riding in Central Park at all times and in all places without any restrictions. The struggle between the wheelmen and the Park Commissioners, ever since the introduction of bicycling, has been very persistent, though quite one-sided. It was only through personal influence that the guardians of the public pleasure grounds would allow the wheelmen to enter the Park at all. This was three years ago, since which time they have been allowed the freedom of the West Drive from Fifty-ninth street to Seventy-second street and Riverside Drive, for all times of the day, and of the West Drive from Fifty-ninth street to One Hundred and Tenth streets from midnight to 9 A.M., and even these small concessions were saddled with the condition that wheelmen were obliged to wear a badge, only obtainable by practically demonstrating that the applicant was a skillful rider. But the wheelmen have determined to change all that. At present there are some 2,000 of them in this city, and they have looked with longing eyes at the miles and miles of superb wheeling inclosed by the Park walls. Their wheel property aggregates nearly \$300,000 in value, the majority of the riders are either taxpayers or sons of tax-payers, and now in these days of agitation *par excellence* they have determined to demand their rights. Last week they sent a petition to the commissioners, accompanied by a letter explaining that during the entire three years there has not been a single accident caused by the collision of a bicycle or tricycle with other vehicles or foot passengers, and hardly an instance of momentary fright to green horses, even if driven by careless or ignorant persons; and it has been clearly demonstrated by a long and full experience in your own domain that cycles are not peculiarly dangerous or obnoxious vehicles—a fact which has also been proved in parks elsewhere and on the public highways. The Park Board will probably take up the petition at its next meeting.

REVOLUTIONS PER MILE.

The following table, kindly furnished by a correspondent, will be found of interest:

Size of Wheel.	Revolutions per Mile.	Size of Wheel.	Revolutions per Mile.
36-inch.....	560.00	50-inch.....	403.20
38 ".....	530.52	52 ".....	387.69
40 ".....	504.00	54 ".....	373.33
42 ".....	480.00	56 ".....	360.00
44 ".....	458.18	58 ".....	347.68
46 ".....	438.25	60 ".....	336.00
48 ".....	420.00		

An English magazine proposes that instead of giving a name to every child it shall be given a number. Directories would, it thinks, be simplified, if, instead of being filled with endless duplications of the same name on the same page, they simply presented a catalogue of numbered citizens. Our letters, it argues, would not miscarry so often if addressed to "No. 9,243,769, Esq.," or whatever other number the person written to chanced to bear. That's it. England wants to steal another idea from the League.—*Cycle.*

HOW THE BICYCLE ORIGINATED.

When Fleetwing, fairy god of speed,
Was once called forth by man,
He quickly saw his greatest need
And carried out his plan.
"You want a steed that eats not gold
In corn in manger thrown,
That is as swift when it is old
As when at first you own."

Just then a cloud obscures the east,
The sun smiles on its train,
And Fleetwing's eyes a moment feast,
And looks he not in vain.
He took the rainbow from the cloud,
But slightly changed its shape,
Form made—a backbone—arched and proud
As courser's neck can take.

He then a circle round the sun
And belt on planet sought—
A large wheel and a smaller one—
And three parts he had wrought.
And many twinklings of a star
For spokes in wheels he set,
Observed approaching from afar,
We see them twinkle yet.

A palm-tree's largest leaf he found
For saddle, choice inviting;
A whirlwind ever turning round
For pedals cleft with lightning.
Together all these parts he placed,
With lesser ones united;
The whole with man's proud form he graced
And left him most delighted.

—*Wheelmen's Gazette.*

THE BIGGEST BICYCLE ON RECORD.

Some of our American contemporaries are not celebrated for accuracy, and when one of them announced that the 64-in. "Expert Columbia" was the largest bicycle ever made for road use, it overshot the truth considerably. One of the first big wheels we ever met was a 64-in., made in 1875 by a Cheltenham maker for exhibition at an agricultural show. This machine we rode round the tan track in the show-yard, and it was afterwards ridden on the road. The next one of which we personally remember the details was a 66-inch "Invincible" full roadster, built by the Surrey Machinists' Company for the younger Hebblethwaite, a brother of P. G.'s, off which the owner croppered later on in the course of a tour, sustaining fearful injuries, from which he, however, eventually recovered; whilst only last week we reprinted from the *Sporting Life* the account of a 65-in. racing "Rudge" built for a foreign flier. The 66-in. roadster was brought by Mr. J. S. Smith to the Oval on the occasion of a Surrey meeting, and Cortis got upon it and rode it round after the meeting was over. We have no doubt that bigger wheels than this have been made—we have a faint idea that a 68-in. was once reported—but a careful search through our "Commonplace Book" fails to reveal any data. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to fill up the gap. We know all about poor Albin's 72-in. and 84-in. machines. —*Bicycling News.*