

## Wheel Tracks.

The Memphis Cycling Club have several lady readers.

*Wheeling* of Jan. 14th contains a portrait of John L. Prince.

The testimonial fund to John Keen, the veteran English professional, has reached \$500.

Hal. B. Donly, Sec. C.W.A., left for the New Orleans Exposition on the 15th inst.

The Emperor of Russia has just purchased two Imperial club tricycles for his own use.

During the year 1884, seventy-four bicycle clubs have ceased to exist in London, England.

The Sultan of Turkey has purchased a convertible tricycle for the use of the ladies of the harem.

The L.A.W. Board of Officers will hold their annual spring meeting at New York on the 23rd of February.

The Ohio division of the L.A.W. will hold their meet of 1885 at Springfield, Ohio, on July 20th and 21st.

The Park Commissioners of 'Frisco impose a fine of \$5 on bicyclists riding with "legs over" in the Park.

Cola E. Stone, the St. Louis racer, who was suspended by the L.A.W. Racing Board, has been reinstated.

The Overman Wheel Co., of Chicopee, intend removing their offices and salesroom to Boston at an early day.

Mr. S. H. Townsend, the Toronto Wanderer, who has been enjoying a bicycle tour in Europe, has returned home.

Mr. James Forsythe, president of the Ariel Touring Club, has accepted a position in Struthers' bank, Essex Centre.

Prof. John Wilson, the fancy rider, recently rode six miles on the rear wheel of a "Star" bicycle, the front wheel being detached.

Phil Hammill, the Chicago flyer, who was suspended from membership in the L.A.W. has been reinstated by the L.A.W. Racing Board.

Our many readers will be pleased to hear that the Cunningham Company, with which Mr. F. W. Weston is connected, have settled their trouble with the customs authorities, and are booming business once more.

According to a late issue of the *Omaha Herald*, the Omaha amateurs have fallen in love with Westbrook, who has taffied them out of their flutter. He is now popular there, and will remain so probably until he swindles them in one way or another again.—*Mail*.

One of the features of the Montreal Carnival was the fancy skating competition, which resulted in favor of Louis Rubenstein, of the Montreal Bicycle Club, he beating T. H. Robinson, of the Wanderers, Toronto, by two points. Both gentlemen are members of the Wheelman Co.

A cyclist coasted down the asphalt, and a specimen of the genus "small boy" ran out

waving his arms and frantically yelling "Shoo! shoo!" "What are you trying to do?" asked the cyclist. "Scare it up so I can have a shot at it," answered the small boy. Exit cyclist in disgust.

Harry Etherington, editor of *Wheeling*, sent a telegram to Prince Albert Vic. or, on behalf of the wheelmen of Great Britain, congratulating him on the attainment of his majority, and received the following reply: "I thank you for the hearty good wishes and kind congratulations on the twenty-first anniversary of my birthday, which the wheelmen of Great Britain are good enough to forward."

At a meeting of the new New Orleans Bicycle Club lately, a proposition was received from the Prince-Eck-Armaindo Combination of professionals that a bicycle tournament be held in New Orleans, under the auspices of the club, the latter to assume all financial responsibility, and after paying all obligations to receive 40 % of the surplus, the Combination to pocket 60 %, the cost of any prizes to be paid from the club's 40 %. Another case of professional modesty!

'Tis said that a noted Prince was recently interviewed by a Chicago reporter, and asked if he could beat the English champion, and how he would do it. "Howell I do it?" remarked Prince. "Just give me a good track and a chance at him and I will make him Howell." It is further stated that the reporter remarked, as he meandered away, that he (Howell) might, perhaps, Howell-ed his own, but we cannot vouch for the last statement, as a brickbat from a neighboring window transformed said reporter into a shapeless mass.

The muddle which the Springfield Club is in is most unfortunate. We do not believe that any of the leading members would resort to the abstraction of books to injure a fellow member, much less indulge in stealing petty cash. Some unworthy member or thieving outsider must be responsible for all the trouble. We hope the matter will be thoroughly sifted, as the facts as they are presented are liable to create a deal of unpleasant talk. Private advices assure us that Mr. Fennessey will come out of the trouble with honor.—*Bicycling World*.

Washington is the heaven of bicycles. There are 1,200 of them there, weaving merrily to and fro over the forty miles of asphalted pavements. You take a stroll down the sidewalk, and every moment in the moonlight a man with a gleaming wheel screwed to him glides by like a phantom. There are probably twice as many wheelmen there as in any other city in the world. Surgeons will testify to it. You meet three ladies and inquire after their families, and the chances are that one of them will tell you that Henry is confined to his bed—a cab ran over him; the second will inform you that her husband "lighted on his hands and bent 'em over so he can't write any more at the department;" and the third will reveal the family calamity in "Johnny took a header and broke out three of his front teeth."—*Pittsburgh Sportsman*.

The much-talked-of slow bicycle race, distance fifty yards, came off at the Le Grand rink, Chicago, Ill., on January 9th. The contestants were Edwin F. Brown and Burley B. Ayres,

Chicago Bi. Club, and James S. Gibson, Rockford, Ill. The conditions of the race allowed a standstill, for which the rider was penalized an inch. Nearing the finish, Gibson, who was leading Brown by two feet, deliberately stood still while the latter passed him. At this point Brown had two errors and Gibson one. The latter now moved forward, and both crossed the line together, but Brown, in dismounting, was charged with another error, giving the race to Gibson by an inch. But there being some doubt as to the fairness of Gibson's victory, he magnanimously offered to ride the race again, which they did on January 28th, Ayres concluding not to compete again. Gibson made one dismount at the start, and one more about half way, and one standstill. Brown made but one dismount, and came in six inches behind Gibson, winning the race.

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"Though I am with the Canadian voyageurs up the Nile, for the relief of Gen. Gordon, I haven't forgotten your 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle'; and if it comes out before my return, I wish you to keep me a copy. I hope then to write you an interesting letter about bicycling in Cairo and Alexandria, as well as other places which I have visited since leaving Canada. My subscription was sent last winter, you will remember, from Winnipeg, Manitoba." Such is the message to Karl Kron, written by Mr. W. H. Nourse, at "Wadi Halfa, 1000 miles up the Nile, Dec. 16," and postmarked there on the 23rd. In reporting it to us January 19, Mr. Kron adds: "My total of one-dollar subscription pledges is now 2340, in support of the history of 'Columbia, No. 234.'"

### A HEADER.

#### I.

A pleasant ride,  
A gutter wide,  
A bruised and battered form,  
A laughing girl,  
With flying curls,  
Help the cyclist so forlorn.

#### II.

A month of calm,  
To mend an arm,  
His nurse, that charming dame,  
Gay Cupid's dart,  
Pierced cyclist's heart,  
And kindled love's bright flame.

#### III.

A little kiss—  
Ah! that was bliss—  
A little blush and "Yes."  
A little ring,  
To bind the thing,  
A clergyman and dress.

#### IV.

A little cot,  
Where strife is not,  
Nor bickering nor fuss,  
A wheeling toy,  
For baby boy,  
A tricycle for us.

FRED. E. SMITH.