

arm, and necessarily could not participate in the races. It is stated by knowing ones that Lavander has never made his best time, not having been pushed, so that, although great credit should be given Clarke, he has yet to beat Lavander to be the Canadian one mile champion.

The formation of a third wheel club in Toronto shows that the tendency in large clubs to disintegrate is almost irresistible. The larger a club the more difficult it is to handle successfully. As the strength of the different elements which compose it increases, so does the difficulty of moulding them into one harmonious whole, and sooner or later there comes a "split." There is nothing to be regretted about this, however. Small clubs, composed of men of kindred ideas, of men who like association with each other, are better calculated to advance the cause of wheeling than a large, incongruous body, supposed to be acting as one, but in reality made up of sections repulsive rather than attractive to each other.

NEW YORK SQUIBS.

BY REDNELLAC.

News at present is, indeed, a scarce article. Trade is dull, with but little prospect of brighter times.

Mr. Frank A. Egan, a member of the Ixion Club, has not yet sailed for New Orleans, as currently reported. He intends to do so soon, however.

Buffalo is the choice of most wheelmen for the next annual L. A. W. meet. As it is centrally located, and the home of Secretary Alley, no decided objections can be offered against it; besides, the beautiful and rideable streets of the city put forth their claims.

The New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway have issued a circular declaring their intention of carrying bicycles free, if the machine is properly taken care of by the rider. As this road has never before offered any inducements to wheelmen, it is considered a great boon.

The New York Club occupy a mean-looking house on Seventh avenue, over a grocery store. As far as I can learn, it is not frequented by any of the members, who, when by chance they happen to take a look in, go upon the roof and gaze in awe at the magnificent-looking structure of the Citizens.

A great lot of talk is heard around now respecting the political strength of the L. A. W. Now, what I would like to know is, what has ever been accomplished by them in New York State? Bicyclers have not made any conquests excepting the Park, with restricted privileges. This was obtained by Mr. F. G. Bourne, of the Citizens' Club, without the help of the League in any way.

On Thanksgiving day, Mr. Geo. R. Bidwell's bicycle shop shut up of course as on any other holiday. While Mr. Bidwell was enjoying his annual dinner, flames caught the building and destroyed all the machines in the place, about one hundred in number, also the personal effects of the owner. Among the wheels burned were those of all who had unfortunately left them to

be repaired or cleaned. The fire is said to have started from one of the lockers, in which oil was contained. All sympathize with the young man, though it is generally understood that the place was almost entirely insured. The report that Mr. Bidwell intended taking poison when he heard of the affair is untrue.

The long-expected house-warming of the Citizens' Club came off on the evening of Dec. 3rd, at their new club-house, 313 West Fifty-eighth street. A good many members from outside the city limits attended, and expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied. Among the notable people present were Col. Albert A. Pope, Charles E. Pratt, and most of the small dealers. The club members were out in force. The building was extensively decorated with American flags, and looked as if it were attired for a holiday. In the corner stood Dr. Beckwith's 62-inch machine, and a 36-inch Kangaroo. The latter appeared to be about half the height of the first-named, and received a good deal of attention. At 8 p.m. there were about 400 people in attendance, which filled up the place uncomfortably, and caused many to find relief in the gallery. The events in the musical line were, vocal quartette, by members of the Citizens' Bi. Club, as follows: Edwin Oliver, A. Livingston, W. B. Krug, and G. M. Huss; solo, by Fred. G. Bourne; string quartette quintette, Messrs. Oliver, Livingston, Huss, Krug, and Bourne; vocal quartette—solo, by Geo. M. Huss; string trio—violinello solo—solo, by Fred. G. Bourne; and vocal quartette. They were all well received, especially so Mr. Bourne, who is a fine singer. The recitations by Mr. James S. Burdette were very comical, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Mr. Burdette belongs to one of the principal clubs in the country, the Ixion, and is an enthusiastic wheelman. Mr. Comacho, a member of the club, and an expert amateur ventriloquist, gave an exhibition of that art, and also that of a character artist. Prof. Wm. Watson and Fred. G. Bourne indulged in a three-round slugging match. Mr. Bourne is a pupil of the Professor's, and of course the former would not let himself fully out, in the fears of losing a good paying scholar, but in the last round he delivered some stinging blows. The Wannop Bros. had a wrestling match, best two in three, which was won by the elder, after a very tame affair. The last event on the programme was the most interesting, and consisted of sparring between Messrs. Fowler and Young. The sluggers were very evenly matched, and made a rattling fight.

President Beckwith then announced that the "hash" was ready, and it was surprising to see how every one rushed to the bountiful feed.

Sarah Barnhardt has at last got her name in with cycling, as the following yarn now going the rounds of the English press will show: While in England recently, Sarah paid a visit to one of the great wheel manufactories of Coventry. While standing watching a workman busily polishing the spokes of future wheels, she unconsciously leaned against the stack of those unpolished. The workman, busy at his task, seized her, and was about to put her through the buffing machine, when he discovered through her being less robust than a spoke who she was.

RACING AT ST. PETERSBURG.

On Sunday, Sept. 23rd (Oct. 5th), a grand special bicycle and tricycle race-meeting took place in St. Petersburg, on the Marsfield, a vast square place in the centre of the town. The track was arranged two laps to the mile. Round the entire place a fence was built up for this occasion, and tribunes and seats arranged. The commencement was announced at 2 p.m., but at twelve o'clock enormous crowds of people thronged the place, and at two there was no possible means of getting into the grounds, and no more tickets were sold, as—there were none. Now the multitude of people standing outside managed to break down the fence, and made its admission plain and easy—there was no way to stop them.

Before the races commenced, a ride round the track was indulged in by 58 bicyclists and tricyclists, making a very nice picture. Races were as follows:

One mile (two heats), won by Igoumnoff; 2nd, won by Mansouroff (nephew of the governor-general of Moscow).

Two miles (two heats), won by Averianoff; 2nd, won by Markoff.

Five miles (two heats), won by Averianoff; 2nd, won by Wagenheim.

Ten mile race was won by Holly; 2nd, by Igoumnoff. Rest did not finish. Count Zobrinsky (of Moscow B.C.) had to give it up in the last mile, having the lead, not having trained before the races. Time, 40m. 32½s.

Tricycle race (one mile)—Petro, 1st; Catley, 2nd; Lindeman, 3rd. Time, 4m. 25½s.

The interest of the public was great, and the race was as successful as it could possibly have been. There were about 30,000 people on the spot, and the receipts were above £600 to the benefit of a charitable society.

THE RIGHTS OF BICYCLISTS.

A case has just been tried in Washington that throws some light upon the subject. A Mr. Charles McKnabb, engaged in the bureau of engraving at Washington, was going up Fifteenth street at a moderate speed, ringing his bell, when upon a street crossing he found himself in a crowd, and his machine struck the leg of Professor Cumnock. The professor was not badly injured, but fainted from the shock, and Mr. McKnabb at once dismounted, and assisted in removing the injured man to a place of safety, where he speedily recovered. The case came up in court, and the judge held that, while the running into the professor was clearly an accident, Mr. McKnabb had been guilty of negligence. "A bicycle," he said, "is an unmanageable vehicle, especially in a crowd. It cannot be navigated like a horse, and nobody would think of it until it was upon them. The proper thing would have been to get off the vehicle until the crowd had passed." Accordingly, his honor imposed a fine of \$1 upon McKnabb, by way of admonition and warning to the other wheelmen of Washington.

Wheeling, published by Harry Etherington at London (Eng.), is one of the brightest of our exchanges. Besides being very readable, it contains a portrait of some celebrity each week.