

streets and highways, protected by the same laws, and their riders amenable to the same road laws governing the drivers of other vehicles. The decision was also given, that, while the law defines exactly how carriages (or bicycles) shall pass each other in an opposite direction, that in passing in the same direction it is allowable to pass upon either side which offers the least obstruction or gives the most open

way; and after the carriage or bicycle behind has indicated the course by starting upon it, the carriage in front must not obstruct the way. When a man driving a team turns out of his course to obstruct the course of a bicycle he does so at his peril. Where the way was open upon both sides, usage, however, require that the party in the rear desiring to pass shall do so on the left."

SPEECHES MADE AT THE BANQUET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN
WHEELMEN, MONDAY, MAY 28, 1883, AT METROPOLITAN
HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.

[Continued from July WHEELMAN.]

MR. PRATT. — GENTLEMEN, we have with us to-night the company of a gentleman who represents the various other sports, or, rather, the organization which we sometimes call the N. and four R's, which has a kind of general oversight over all the sports, including bicycling, — a gentleman who has extended many courtesies to the League of American Wheelmen and its officers, and who represents a body of men who have been very kind in their spirit toward the new sport, and we shall all take pleasure in hearing a few words from Mr. A. H. Curtiss, the President of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America. (Applause.)

MR. A. H. CURTISS. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you on behalf of the National Association. We are in very close relationship with the League of American Wheelmen. When bicycling was first a new thing in this country the National Association took it under its wing, like a hen with a brood of ducks, and protected it and legislated for it until it was large enough to take care of itself. and you see what a great organization it has become. The greatest event, I believe, in the history of bicycling will be when we get into Central Park. It looks now as if we would be there before very long. There is no reason in the world why Central Park should be restricted to nurses and lovers, and athletic sports kept out, and we athletes want to go there with you. If we cannot get there one way, we can another. We are a strong body. Take us consolidated altogether, and we command a great many votes, and votes go a great way in this country. I think that if we make a little deal with the politicians it wouldn't be very long before we would be riding through Central Park,

and having our athletic games there, — base-ball, cricket, and various other sports, — and that it wouldn't be very long, if we only start the move, before you will have both the Republicans and Democrats running after the "wheel" votes. I have never yet myself been able to gratify the desire to become a bicycler, although I have desired for many years to learn the game, but all my time has been taken up by other sports. But, gentlemen, at your next annual dinner I hope to be present, not as your guest, but as one of the League of American Wheelmen. (Applause.)

MR. PRATT. — Gentlemen, owing to the fact that our proceedings — the "stuffing" part of our proceedings — were continued up to an hour or an hour and a half later than I had anticipated, I have been compelled to smash my beautiful slate, all pencilled out here, in which I intended to sandwich a wheehman between every two guests who should speak, and so, as I reminded you in the first place, I have been keeping up a continued irregularity and series of surprises. I propose now to break the dull prose monotony of the speaking we have been having this evening by introducing a poet. Mr. J. C. Harvey has a poem which I am sure will entertain you.

MR. HARVEY. —

That chandelier looks mighty far away.
I fear, however, the remarks I have to say
Will hardly fill this wide and spacious hall;
But there is no back out when wheelmen call.

(Applause.)

It is usual, in times like this, I think,
To rise, then how, then clear your throat, and drink.

I take advantage of this custom old,
To pledge the wheel that we so dearly hold.

And that good fellowship which comes with wine,
I trust will pardon every halting line.
The wealth of love we cherish for the wheel
Would never smoothly flow from pen of steel.

Too slow, too labored, is the metal pen,
In this fast century, for the thoughts of men;
We needs must have an eagle's quill,
With speed and strength acquired in many a flight.
With such pen, inspired by this repast,
Which turns my head, — for poets usually fast, —
We need for paper that which can be ours,
The snow-white petals of the spring-time Rowers.
And as for ink, I'm sure your choice is mine :
What else would do on such a theme, but wine ?
When, bruised and battered on some country road,
My bones have been like wheat or barley sewed,
I should perchance, in my unsteadier years,
Instead of wine have chosen bitter tears.
But vanished now are all those aches and pains;
While they have fled the country road remains,
To cheer the wheelman as he rolls along,
And wakes the sunset echoes with his song.
A country road suggests a thousand things, —
A thousand memories of the past it brings
To wheelmen's hearts, — the south wind in the trees,
The rippling brook, the busy hum of bees;
The chirping squirrels, birds twittering in their
 nests, —
All these, and more, a country road suggests.
Perchance the moon soft shining in the skies,
Perchance the love-light in some maiden's eyes,
Or else perhaps some unrecorded run,
A melon-patch, a farmer, and a gun.

(Laughter.)

It might suggest—what might it not suggest ?
I could go on till night had gone to rest,
And day awakened, ere I reached the end.
Nay, do not pale, the kindly gods defend ;
I would not dare your patience so to test,
For countless memories in each wheelman's breast
Will call to life past joys almost divine
With subtler skill than feeble words of mine.
Were mine the task to give a golden crown
To him who seems most worthy of renown ;
Were mine the task to give a golden prize
To him who seemed most worthy in my eyes,
My mind should be toward park officials bent,
And yield the prize to the heart that did first relent.

(Laughter.)

Soft blandishments his ear should open wide,
And into it a rapid, rushing tide
Of eloquence should pour until he cried, —
“ Take all the whole broad universe and ride.”

(Laughter.)

Right-minded men, I ask of you to-night,
Why vicious horses, that both kick and bite,
Can use the park for needful exercise,
While we gaze o'er the fence with wistful eyes ?
Our steady stallions never misbehave,
And yet they're snubbed — 'twould make St. Peter
 rave.

Our race is for right; the park gates must come
 down,

Or with your toughened sinews sack the town.
Perhaps I am too warlike for the time ;
But blood and thunder will work into rhyme
When those who should be blessed with Argus eyes
Forget to grasp what might become a prize.
Our lengthy marshal's lofty altitude
Permits him, like an old hen over her brood,
To keep an oversight the whole park o'er,
If he might ride at will his sixty-four.
But no; some son of Erin, green and raw,
Restrains him by the majesty of law ;
And they forget his smile, so broad and bright,
Would save the expense of the electric light.

(Laughter.)

But personalities are out of place, kind friends, just
 here,

And, with whatever grace I can command I start,
 where I began,

And take a tumble, as a wheelman can.

The wheel is not, as many think, a toy, —

A thing of beauty is an endless joy,
'Till death o'ertakes us on the shadowy brink:

And even then a passport, I think, to realms above,
Where wheelmen all will dwell.

I don't know of one who would feel at home in any
 other locality.

(Laughter.)

And it is a theory held, with due respect for ancient
 things,

Of whatsoever sect, that old Elijah, whom the ravens
 fed,

Was of his age three thousand years ahead ;

And when he left this world to go up higher,

It was not within a chariot of tire,

But on a bike, which wheeled him out of sight

So swiftly he couldn't sell his patent right.

We sail the seas on bicycles marine,

And wheels aerial will again be seen.

It is not absurd, — one thing alone remains,

Supply with cash a few inventive brains,

Then advertise a cloud-land roadster which combats

The whirlwind with its patent switch.

I wish to ask, with deference polite,

Who ever knew League wheelmen to get tight ?

To ride the wheel requires a sober man ;

You're thus reformers on the temperance plan,

Exceptions to all general rules, I fear,

Must be allowed, if League meets once a year,

And for one day one by-law it will repeal,
Should any man too often toast his wheel.

(Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, when our case, or little difficulty — technical difficulty — with the Park Commissioners was pending, there was one true witness called on behalf of the wheelmen whose testimony was so straight and direct that the corporation counsel did not cross-examine him. I have always thought that we lost something by that, and I am not sure but we lost the case. Sometimes a good cross-examination for the other side will win a case. Perhaps Mr. Wetmore will allow — But that witness was Mr. Clarkson N. Fuller, and I would rather like to cross-examine him to-night, and I would ask him the leading question what he has to say for wheelmen that he didn't say before the referee?

Mr. FULLER. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am not easily surprised or embarrassed only when it is getting late, and I have but a few words to say to you after the sensible remarks that you have listened to, particularly from the reverend gentleman, Mr. Pentecost.

I was proud of you to-day. I was glad that I defended you before the referee, and I never could see any good reason or never heard any good reason given why wheelmen should not go into the Central Park as well as anybody else. (Applause.)

I believe you have just as clear a right to ride on your bicycles through the Central Park as I have to ride in my wagon. or any other man. (Applause.) But we fought in New York for twenty years for rapid transit before we could overcome the prejudice against it. But rapid transit is an accomplished fact today, and the elevated railroads are carrying a quarter of a million people daily ; they are employing three thousand seven hundred men, running three thousand five hundred trains a day, making fifty thousand stops, and carrying equal to ninety million people a year, without the loss of a single life, through the neglect of the roads.

Now, you have got to count on public opinion. You should not be satisfied to lie in the sight of the promised land — not until you possess it; and I hope you will not be forty years in reaching it, as the Israelites were in being led through the wilderness. The Park Commissioners should not only open the west side drive to you, but they should open the east side, and throw open every gate in the Central Park, and allow you to go in and come out when you please, just like

everybody else. (Applause.) The Park Commissioners, I think, will be backed up by public opinion in throwing open the Central Park next year, and allowing you to come and go when you please and where you please, and I'll tell you how.

A young sport went from the city of New York up to the river St. Lawrence to hunt beaver, and he was telling of his exploits in the country-hotel one night, and, said he, " You ought to have seen my dog chase a beaver across a certain stream and up a tree." (Laughter.)

An old sport sat there. " Why," said he, " you darned fool, a beaver can't climb a tree." (Laughter.) " But, my good sir," said he, " the dog was so close to him he *had* to climb." (Prolonged laughter.)

Now, public opinion is pressing these Park Commissioners so closely, and you wheelmen bringing up the rear, " they have got to climb." (Applause.)

Talk about frightening horses ! There isn't a man on New York island that has ridden as many miles for the last twenty years, in Central Park, as I have, and I have driven all kinds of horses, from one to four, and I never saw one yet wink at a bicycle. (Applause.)

Why, the Park Commissioners allow goats, harnessed to wagons, in Central Park, and I had a regular race down the west-side drive one afternoon, trying to get away from some wagons drawn by goats, — and the goats got the best of it. (Laughter.)

I have had my horses frightened at baby-wagons ; I have had them frightened at dudes in their carts. (Laughter and applause.)

Why, I met a gentleman and lady in a high cart, with a tandem team, the other day, and they had to go around Central Park to turn around. (Laughter.) The gentleman sat about three feet above the lady, and, with a heavy bass voice, he was talking down to her wow-wow-wow, and she answering wee-wee-wee. I thought it was Punch and Judy on wheels coming down. Well, what is a bicycle, compared to such an exhibition in the Central Park, for horses to frighten at ?

A Voice. — You are right. (Laughter and applause.)

Of course I am right. Experience always makes men right. There is nothing like experience in these matters. You gentlemen should not feel discouraged because you have not yet been permitted to go on to the eastern side of Central Park.

I heard many compliments paid to your riding by ladies. I heard one paid to the Rev. Pente-

cost, and I wasn't aware it was the gentleman until he got up to-night. I see by his calves it is the same man. (Laughter and applause.)

As a gentleman remarked this afternoon, "Some of these riders have splendid calves." "Well," I said "the calves are not all on bicycles; there are a good many off, and I think sometimes they ride to show their calves." (Laughter and applause.)

Do not feel discouraged. You are going to succeed with the Park Commissioners, and another year you will come here, and we hope you will. They will open the park, and we will have Brooklyn Prospect Park opened up, and you can ride down to Coney Island and back, and go wherever you please. But you have got to conquer public opinion; and the exhibition of riding that you have given us to-day has opened the eyes of some of the objectors to the bicycles here. It isn't a great while ago that one of the distinguished residents near the park came to me and wanted me to sign a petition that bicycles be not allowed in the Central Park. Said I: "I would just as soon sign a petition to prevent you riding in Central Park in your carriage as I would to prevent a bicycle." (Applause.)

It is not your privilege, it is your right, to go into Central Park. (Applause.)

These bicycles are a splendid piece of mechanism. They never get spavined nor broken, and they go just so long as the driver wishes to drive it. I wish it were so well with all kinds of horses, flesh as well as steel; but that isn't the case.

Another thing, — these bicycles are doing good. The moral benefit is excellent. Why, my friend Bourne here goes on his bicycle all around the country, through the Eastern States, as David used to sing, "Through to Jerusalem," and the men, and women, and children, and maidens particularly, and they are delighted to have him go there. He frequently rides up by my house, and I know several young ladies that are waiting for him every day. (Laughter.) And I say, to his credit, that he is an excellently behaved young man. (Laughter.) And I watched all the company to-day, and I didn't see a young man do a thing unbecoming a gentleman, and I was glad of it. (Applause, and cries of Hear! hear!) I saw you all made an excellent impression, and the only derogatory remark I heard was from a young lad from the juvenile asylum, when he saw Mr. Pentecost, he said: "See Fatty on a bicycle." (Laughter.) But he really enjoyed it.

So I say, young men, keep up your riding. It is good for you physically, and, as the Rev. Mr. Pentecost said, mentally. It is innocent amuse-

ment. It is beautiful amusement, and the only objection that I have to it is that you can't take young women along. I like to ride with young ladies, I must admit. (Laughter.)

I wish some ingenious mechanic would invent a bicycle on which you can take a young lady riding.

A VOICE — Tricycles!

I believe the ladies will ride tricycles; and it is the healthiest exercise they can have, and it is the most healthful exercise you can have.

Now go on in your good work; and, instead of there being a thousand, I hope that on your next visit you will have five thousand as fine-looking and as well-behaved men as you have had to-day. (Cries of Hear and applause!)

Mr. PRATT. — I propose three cheers for Mr. Fuller.

(Three cheers.)

Mr. PRATT. — I don't know how it is in New York, but in Boston we should call it a pretty late hour now, and I have not got quite through with our guests, — pretty near it, — and we certainly want to hear something from the C.T.C., and we want to hear something from the board of officers, and we want to hear something from several other sentiments which I had prepared, and had several gentlemen all ready to respond, and loaded up to the muzzle, and perhaps one or two variations; but, by permission of the President, I am allowed to put it to vote as to whether you will stay longer and enjoy more of this sort of thing, or whether I shall turn over the reins again to the President that he may dismiss the company. All in favor of staying longer, and hearing more, will say Aye. Carried.

I propose the sentiment: —

To our international relations, the C.T.C., and other cousins.

And I am going to call upon a gentleman who represents in this country the largest foreign organization, — the largest bicycling organization in the world, — to speak for all our brother associations, so to speak, of which there are now several. I ask Mr. Frank W. Weston, or "Papa Weston," as he is called more familiarly, to say what he has to say for our foreign relations.

Mr. WESTON: — Mr. President and gentlemen, I do not know how it is, but listening to the speeches here to-night, which I have enjoyed as much as most of you, I am reminded of the story of the Dutchman, who remarked, upon a memor-

able occasion, "I was so glad I was here." You remember it, do you not?

I am very glad to be at the fourth annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen. (Applause.) But, up to the present time, I have not quite forgiven our illustrious toast-master for one thing,— because I think he took a mean advantage of my absence in England to form the League of American Wheelmen without my assistance. At the same time, I feel anything but disappointed. And I remember how, on the 5th of April, a party of us on the steamer, — we were just coming into sight of the land, and we remembered the date when the League of American Wheelmen was going to be formed, and we drank to the health of the organization, which did not then yet exist, but which was to exist; and since that time I do not think there is a member of the League has watched the course of this organization with more interest than I have. Our worthy toast-master was kind enough to remember me, and give me an early place in the membership of the League. I believe, of all the organizations which have been formed since the history of the "wheel" in this country and others, there is not an organization which is going to carry greater weight, or do more good, than the L.A.W. The L.A.W., some of these times, when it arises out of some trifling dissensions which now obtain in its midst, will become the largest and best organization, and your efforts should be to that end.

I stand here as a member of the C.T.C., and also as a member of the L.A.W. I wear the New York gray uniform, and I intend to stick to it. (Applause.) I wear the New York badge, and I always intend to keep that out. (Applause.) I assume to stand for the International organization. I only know of two others, — one is the French, and the the other is Dutch. I, unfortunately, do not belong to either.

(Most of Mr. Weston's speech was inaudible to stenographers.)

Mr. PRATT. — Gentlemen, Mr. Weston has referred, in his playful way, to my meanness, and I wish to report that it was a piece of Frank Weston's skedaddling that led him away from the Newport meet to England. And I am afraid that it was out of the very largeness of his heart, and the broadness of his interest in wheeling, that he has been led to devote more of his time and attention and interest to the C.T.C. than he has to the L.A.W.; and thereby we Americans have been very much the losers. (Ap-

plause.) However, I was almost ready to ask him the question, What does he want? Mr. Weston, we all know, has the honor of being the promoter of the first bicycle club in America, and the promoter of the first importing house for furnishing modern bicycles.

Mr. Weston has also been first in promoting the international organization, of which he is so faithful an exponent; and, in fact, I think he has done enough already, and if there is any possible opportunity in the future to steal a point on Frank Weston, I advise every one of you to take advantage of it. (Laughter and applause.)

But, not to delay you any longer myself, it is very much our wish, I am sure, to hear to-night something said on behalf of the Board of Officers of the L.A.W. and their critics, and there isn't anybody who can speak better for them than our retiring corresponding secretary, Mr. Sholes.

Mr. SHOLES. — Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the League, I will not advert to the surprise, which you must appreciate was very natural, at being asked to speak at such a splendid gathering as we have here to-night; and I fear that if, when I received the first telegram from President Miller, on the first of last December, asking me to fill the position which it was afterward a pleasure to accept, — if I had read in the constitution of the League that it required a speech from the corresponding secretary at this meeting, I should have been tempted to decline the honor, and to thank you sincerely for the honor of speaking here to-night. And, although the subject is a somewhat difficult one to refer to, and hard to analyze, I must say that I always thought that if our friends were endeavoring to bring out the latent energies of the League by referring in criticisms, more or less severe, to deficiencies perhaps, — that if they had appreciated the amount of quiet work that is being done by the officers of the League, they might look upon us with a little more generous eyes, perhaps.

We have passed through a season of trial, undoubtedly; and how successful the lessons learned will be to the League only the future can tell. Experience is a severe teacher, but we are certainly profiting by it. Though our bark bears evidence of struggles during the past two or three years of the League organization, she still sails on successfully, and will sail on for any number of years to come, we hope. It needs the hearty, earnest work of every individual member of the League to succeed. Not only your officers must work, but every individual member; and when this is accomplished we will have reached the

point of being above critics, who have, I think, been only kind to us in showing our little shortcomings, and from these we can learn some things by which to place ourselves in a much better position. And, as I looked around to-night upon the gentlemen of more mature years who will be in our councils, and help us with their advice, which only mature years can grant and give, I can look forward with a great deal of hope for the future of this League.

The gentlemen have referred very pleasantly — and I must leave it in their hands — to the success of this meeting. We come from Ohio, — eighteen of us, — nearly a thousand miles, to help you to gain this Central Park (which, of course, is one object of the League), placing the bicyclers in a pleasanter aspect before the public in New York, and we wish you success ; and, if the question of success depends upon our efforts, we will come a thousand miles again. (Applause.) We wish you success, and we ask you, gentlemen, and every individual member of the League, especially here in New York, — and we know we shall have it, — to join with us, and say in spirit, “ Sail on, O Union, strong and great.” (Applause.)

Mr. PRATT. — I am sure we all respond heartily to that sentiment.

Well, gentlemen, there was a handicraftsman in Boston in early colonial days, who was a maker of different kinds of machines, who was employed by the town of Boston to make the stocks for the public market-places, and he was condemned to be exposed two hours in his own stocks for having made an exorbitant charge.

Now, Col. Pope has been condemned to-day to ride his own machine with so many of the rest of you ; and perhaps he has been punished enough to-day without being called upon to make a speech to-night. You always have him around with you wherever there are any meetings of wheelmen, and I am sure you always will as long as he keeps the interest in wheeling generally that he has now.

There are several others whom it would have been pleasant to have called upon. We have among us our ex-Commander Weston, whom I expected to call upon in connection with the toast of the board of officers ; and our ubiquitous traveller — you might almost call him the great American traveller on the bicycle — Karl Kron, whom I thought possibly we might hear on behalf the critics. And I also had a toast down to our consuls, — that picket line of our army that is spreading out all across the conti-

ment, doing the hard, telling work for the League, which they seldom get credit for, — who are not represented in our parade, and are not represented here at our dinner, — who are not represented in our board of officers, except in that general way in which all members are represented by our august board of officers. And I thought it would be pleasant to hear from our racing and touring members. There is our old friend Bentley, who tours it all up and down the country, and weighs almost as much as Mr. Pentecost. There is our old racing man, who has carried his wheel to the front so many times, and won almost as many medals as almost any other, Mr. L. H. Johnson. (Applause.) And, later still, others : Dr. Coleman, also of the city of New York, who has, I believe, put himself on record as the longest traveller on the bicycle in America recently. There are the 'cycling clubs, that are so handsome and do so handsome. I thought likely we might call on Mr. Conkling, President of the New York club, Mr. Everett, Captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, and several other gentlemen here who represent large clubs ; and then there is the 'cycling press, which gives us an opportunity “ to see ourselves as others see us ” — or at least as the 'cycling press sees us. And I thought we might like to hear from our friend who makes so handsome a magazine for us, and who has lately come forward into magazine, the literary work, for THE WHEELMAN, Mr. McClure. And then there were the ladies, for whom we shall soon have to have toasts, if we do not now, at our dinners. (Applause.) I thought it hardly becoming, although it was very pretty in itself, for our New York club to man their sociables entirely with gentlemen, and that it might have made them look so much more picturesque in the parade by having them have a sufficient number of them filled in the parade, as they usually have, with a lady on one of the two seats. I believe they have two or three that they man and woman, so to speak, in that way. So you see there is a great deal that is left out. But I cannot continue to carry the responsibility of protracting this session any longer. I have thought it possible that I might squeeze a song out of Mr. Bourne (Applause) and Mr. Oliver, both of whom could entertain us very nicely with a song if they would be so disposed.

But, gentlemen, thanking you for your kind attention and your very efficient aid, enabling me to get through so well with the management of so large a room full, and so imposing an array of speakers, without, I trust, too much feeling that I have omitted all the best and

called on all the poorest, I resign this position to your worthy President. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. President, you will allow me to say, while Mr. Oliver is getting ready for his song, that I have here letters of regret, which we had not time to read, from Whitelaw Reid, from ex-President Grant, from Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, from Judge Lawrence, from Governor Cleveland, from Hon. John Kelly, from William from Col. Emmons Clark, of the Seventh Regiment. Telegrams from Mr. Henry Bentley, and from Woodside, Morgan, and Miles; and also a letter of regret from Corporation Counsel

Andrews; some of which express sentiments of very warm regard, and a good deal of regret at not being able to accept the invitation, and all of which are very polite and kind to the Association.

The PRESIDENT. — I wish to call attention to this valuable souvenir of the meet that has been presented to us by the publishers of THE WHEELMAN, and I trust that no gentleman will leave the room without taking it with him, as a memento of this occasion.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WE invite the earnest cooperation of bicyclers and tricyclers to make this department helpful, valuable, and authoritative.

Questions which demand immediate answers will be answered by mail.

All questions of general interest will be answered in the Magazine.

Questions relating to the choice of machines, and all questions which involve only matters of personal preference, will be answered neither in the Magazine nor by mail.

Correspondents are asked to follow the ordinary rules of newspaper correspondence. Questions to insure insertion in the current issue must be made not later than the fifth of the month.

Question 11. — What is the difference between the B.U. and L.A.W. definition of an amateur?

Answer. — The only difference is that the English rule specifies that one who receives money for teaching bicycle-riding is a professional. In England, a man who has taught one person how to ride, for money, or, in order to effect the sale of a machine, is a professional. In America, if the rule is logically applied, only one who *earns* his *living* by teaching is a professional.

The L.A.W. definition is as follows: —

25. (a) An amateur is a person who has never competed in an open competition, (b) or for a stake, (c) or for public money, (d) or for gate money, (e) or under a false name, (f) or with a professional for a prize, (g) or with a professional when gate-money is charged; (h) nor has ever personally pursued bicycling or any other athletic exercise as a means of livelihood.

26. Bicycle manufacturers, importers, dealers, and agents, as such, are not to be considered as professionals, unless disqualified under preceding rule.

The B.U. definition is as follows: —

A bicyclist forfeits his right to compete

as an amateur, and thereby becomes a professional bicyclist, by —

Pursuing the art of riding the bicycle, or any other athletic exercise, as a means of gaining a livelihood.

Riding the bicycle, or engaging in any athletic exercise, for a money prize, or for gate-money.

Accepting remuneration for riding the bicycle, or for engaging in any athletic exercise.

Accepting payment for training or coaching others for bicycle-racing, or for any athletic exercise.

Receiving payment for services personally rendered in teaching bicycle-riding.

Competing with a professional bicyclist in public, or for a prize.

Bicyclists are cautioned that pace-making will be considered as included in the term competing, according to preceding rule.

Question 12. What is the slowest time on record?

Answer. 14m. 32s., made by C. S. Howard, Capt. Boston Ramblers, timed by W. D. Wilmot.

Question 13. Are there any double, or combination riders of note except Wilmot and Alden?

Answer. None of any note that we know of.