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We have just printed an interesting and instructive little booklet about the Motor Bicycle. Send for a copy; it's free on request.
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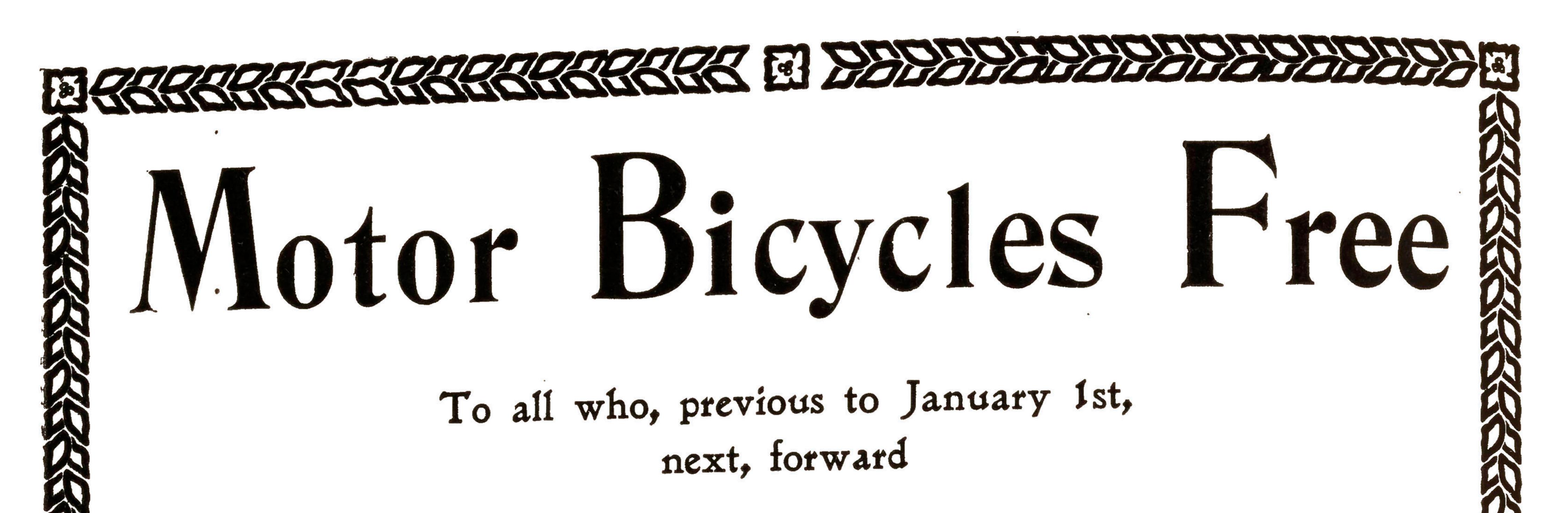


O encourage and accelerate the use of motorcycles, maintain the interest of the thousands now using them, and to attract and interest and enthuse the tens of thousands who should use them, and who, we are confident, will use them—this is, in brief, the mission of THE MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE. It will be published monthly, appearing on the fifteenth day of each month. It will deal with all matters of motorcycle interest; it will treat with all topics of moment. It will not deal with purely technical subjects. It will not attempt to give to itself a news nature-no monthly can do that. News thirty days old is not news at all. Its character will be that of a high-class literary magazine. It will secure the best available contributors. It will present the best possible illustrations and a profusion of them. It will be the aim of the articles and illustrations to create and build up an intelligent and general appreciation of the motorcycle in whatever form, and of its uses for health, for business, for pleasure and for recreation. That under its auspices Mr. George A. Wyman is now engaged in making the first journey on a motor bicycle across the American continent, proving the practicability of the little vehicle, and obtaining material and photographs for our exclusive use, is a foreshadow of what the magazine

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can and will do.

Bright stories, bright sketches, bright poems, bright essays, bright discussions will be sought; the serious, the humorous, the instructive, the romantic, the adventurous all phases of human interest and human feeling will be drawn from. The best thought and the best endeavor will actuate the publication of the magazine; it will be made just as good as the support received renders possible.



200 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS AT \$1.00, The Motorcycle Magazine will give without cost the choice of any 1903 or 1904 model of the following motor bicycles: AUTO-BI MITCHELL MERKEL WARWICK INDIAN

There never was a better chance for several energetic young men to become possessed of high grade, up-to-date mounts.

THE MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE ()

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George A. Wyman Leaving San Francisco



Under the auspices of THE MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE, Mr. Wyman left San Francisco en-route to New York on the afternoon of May 16th, 1903, sanguine of accomplishing what no other motorcyclist had attempted — the journey across the American continent. He is not riding according to a set schedule and is in no sense seeking the establishment of a record, but it is probable that he will reach New York within 40 days. The narrative of his journey, the first installment of which appears in this number, will be published exclusively in THE MOTORCYCLE MAGA-ZINE. Mr. wyman is a Californian, 26 years of age, is a member of the Bay City Wheelmen of San Francisco, and possesses all the attributes necessary for the fulfilment of his interesting undertaking.

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MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

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A Mount for Men

BY RICHARD B. GREGORY

Half cycle, half automobile, the motor bioccupies a peculiar niche.

Some one has described it as "the gamest little vehicle ever created." He was not far wrong, if, indeed, he was not entirely right. It is a "game" little vehicle—a vehicle for men. It is the most fascinating means of locomotion extant or that ever existed—also the most humane. I acknowledge the glory of the horsewhen there's a man astride. I acknowledge the exhilaration of the bicycle-when winds exercise in whatever measure I desire, and are mild and grades are gentle. I make these acknowledgments because under such conditions the horse and the bicycle are at their best. Under other conditions either the horse is too often being punished or the cyclist is punishing himself.

into a noble brute or by fierce exertion cycle is perforce of peculiar character; it of muscle, but by merely touching a little lever-because I can get ready and instant response up hill or down or on the levelthese are among the things that make me share the belief that it is "the gamest little vehicle ever created." It is because wide road and narrow path are as one-because I can pedal when I want to do so, and just as hard as I wish, and wherever I wish to do so-because I can be as, active or as inactive and obtain when I desire it, that contribute to the charm of the motor bicycle. It is because I can keep my head up and my backbone straight going five miles per hour or twenty-five, and can face a hill or a head wind with a smile and reach the top of the hill or the end of the wind without grinding my nose on my tire, and without a heaving chest, a palpitating heart, a parched throat, a crimson face or clinging clothing—these are more of the things that have infatuated me with the motor bicycle. It is because any fool cannot ride it that my infatuation is increased. It takes some intelligence, a clear brain and senses alert to understand and to master it, and to get the most out of it. It is because no trousers-covered legs but fear-filled heart will be found astride one that the motor bicycle will appeal to men. It requires no bravery It is because I can ride astride—because to ride it; it is not a badge of courage; it is as safe as anything that moves on two wheels; but the timorous chap will not see the motor bicycle in that light. He sees, or

But for the horse attached to a carriage or the man seated in a motor car-Bah! I snap my fingers at them. I have no acknowledgments to make. There's nothing inspiring in either. The action of the horse and the whizz of the car or its thunder may create emotion; the drivers fail to do so. I suppose "a man's a man for all o' that," but to my eyes and to my mind it is when he is in the saddle—when he rides astride and depends not upon four feet or four wheels for stability, but upon his own equilibrium, unconscious though it be, that man is most a man.

I can seat myself astride a saddle, legs free to kick or kick about-because I can go fast or go slow, not by digging cruel spurs

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Song of the Motorcycle

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thinks he sees, the shadow of danger, and he quails; not where and how the world may see, but fear is in his heart and he "quails within." I have had some beings of the kind confess it; and the queerest part of it is that several were men who risked their necks on the old high bicycles, probably the most ticklish vehicle ever put together.

The pleasure, the joyous exhilaration, that comes of riding a motor bicycle must be experienced to be even half appreciated. It is a mount for men. If it equalizes brute strength it is no mount for the sluggard or the timorous. It develops, it quickens, intelligence, skill, courage, and the dividends of pleasure which it pays are prodigious and exquisite.

Song of the Motorcycle AFTER WILL CARLETON Good morning, motorcyclists,—here's a warm fraternal hand, As, with a rush of victory, we sweep across the land !

If some may be dissatisfied to see the way we ride,

We only wish their majesties could travel by our side ! For we are pure philanthropists,— Unqualified philanthropists ;

And would not have this happiness to any one denied;

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;

We claim from inactivity a sensible release;

A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,

That bids the true enthusiast cry, "God bless the

motored wheel!"

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The Pioneer Who Blazed the Way

By FRANK LOWELL

Successful pioneers are always interesting. There are always enough of us eager to read of how one "captain of industry"

wrested success from the depths of mine or blow of furnace, or of how another plucked the elusive quality from the lightning's flash, or fished it out of streams of greasy oil. The story is full of human interest and instruction.

That the glamor of romance is thrown about achievements that in their doing seemed almost brutally bare and devoid of anything apof how it was done—a thrilling, heart-interesting, nerve-tingling story, that throws a halo around the head of the subject and stamps him as a being set apart from the ranks of mere mankind.

Beside such stories the history of the pioneer motor bicycle manufacturer may

> sound flat and commonplace; and yet the chances are that the same motives and the same aims that actuated him were the moving springs in the career of most of the successful men of to-day—or any other day, for that matter.

> Edward R. Thomas is the father of the American motor bicycle, not from any lofty or

EDWARD R. THOMAS.

proaching sentiment matters not; that motives are calmly assigned which do not enlighten one a whit more than they would the man written about is of absolutely no moment; the main thing is the story—the story altruistic motives, not because of the zeal and fervor of the enthusiast, but because of the cold-blooded logic of a manufacturer who believed and believes in its commercial possibilities. In other words, Mr. Thomas

The Pioneer Who Blazed the Way

sought to make money, and thought he saw a good chance of doing so by making motor bicycles.

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And it was doubtless better for the motor bicycle that it was so, for Mr. Thomas brought to his work an interest tempered. with a ripe judgment and experience, and a knowledge of manufacturing and marketing problems invaluable to a new industry. Mr. Thomas first became interested in motor bicycles while building air-cooled motors in Canada. Previous to that time he had been the head of one of the great bicycle manufacturing plants of the Do--minion, and, earlier, prominent in railroad affairs, so that practically his whole life has been given to the transportation business in some form. ' It was just after Mr. Thomas had embarked in the motor business that the since ill-fated Lawson "Gyroscope" flashed across the horizon and was hailed as the coming great thing in the "States." The Gyroscope was a clumsy, complicated affair, set on three wheels, but attracted considerable attention and was given wide publicity in a trade way. Mr. Thomas's keen mind took in at a glance the defects of the contrivance, and the vast superiority that a single-track twowheeled machine would offer—one that could take the sidepaths, present no storage problem and would not conflict with the automobile in any way-in short, a vehicle that would combine the advantages of the bicycle and the automobile. To think was to act, and he straightway started to build his first motor bicycle, laying the motor inside the frame and against the head. Satisfied that he was on the right track, and realizing that the United States offered a more promising field for the new machine, he went to Buffalo and commenced the manufacture of the now well

way blazed, it was, of course, easy for others to follow.

His path was a rugged one; just how rugged and thorny no one but himself and his early associates will ever know.

The memory of those days moved him to remark a few evenings ago, as he sat chatting in his cosy home:

"Lord! I wouldn't go through it again for this house full of money. Why," he went on.

somewhat bitterly, as the recollections of them rankled, "it seemed as though a long lifetime of integrity and business prestige counted for nothing. Some of my best friends commenced to call me a 'fakir,' 'confidence man" and what not. The odds were all against me. Dealers whom we sought simply shut their eyes and refused to become interested, though we kept pounding away at them; and this senseless attitude they were encouraged to maintain by shallow-pated travelers of bicycle companies. who lost no opportunity to scoff and deride the one thing that held out a ray of hope to the long suffering bicycle dealer. But the public demand and our persistent hammering brought some of them around, and to-day I have the satisfaction of knowing that those who protested the loudest are now among the strongest advocates of the motor bicycle. "We've climbed the hill now and the motor bicycle is here to stay," he continued in a more contented tone. "The quantity demand will come as soon as we, the motor bicycle manufacturers, are satisfied that our own conception of perfection is realized. Then will come the time for the price that attracts—when standardization and quantity production combine to reduce the past and present frightful cost of production.

"Perhaps that time is almost here," added the veteran manufacturer, reflectively, "for, for the life of me, I can't see where or how we can improve the 1903 model much. The cushion frame and spring fork are, of course, a big improvement, and make for luxury in riding." And then Mr. Thomas diverged long enough to tell of how a young motorcyclist who was pursued by a bicycle policeman had enough presence of mind to turn down a side street where the pavements were very rough. The Auto-Bi, with its spring fork and cushion frame, took the rough road easily, but "Mr. Cop," on his motorless mount, was sadly handicapped and

known Auto-Bi. 🦾 🦾

And it is right here that the motor bicycle owes to E. R. Thomas its greatest debt. Thomas showed his faith by his works. He went down into his own pocket—a capacious one, fortunately—and put up money, plenty of it, built and equipped a factory, put more money into advertising; sent out traveling men, and so made the first real, sustained effort to make and market motor bicycles. He blazed the way, not mincingly or halfheartedly, but in man fashion. With the gave up the chase after a few blocks of jolting.

"The automoblie business owes far more to the motor bicycle than it realizes. Mr. Thomas resumed: "I consider that we ourselves more than any other concern in the country perhaps, save one or two others, have done more for the automobile than any one else; this in educating the agent to know and care for the gas engine."

This man who blazed the way is small of stature and white of hair, but possessed of a nervous energy that in social intercourse finds vent in a magnetism that is little short of fascinating and a personality sunny and winsome.

Records, Useful and Useless

By C. J. WILMORE

So long as blood flows warmly so long will the human race revel in speed. Man will engage in the revel when fitted for it, and frequently when unfitted for it, and view it with interest when he recognizes that his can be perforce a spectator's interest only.

The motor bicycle in itself suggests speed, but motor bicycles are so many and so varied as to power and construction that motorcycle records are not satisfying. As yet no organization or other authority has drawn a line, and the big, lumbering and powerful 10, 12 and 14 horsepower machines that have been used and are being used for pacemaking purposes on the bicycle tracks may be freely accepted as motor bicycles and be permitted to figure in the record table. No cognizance is taken of the fact that these monsters are impossible of everyday use-of the fact that they are pedalless and are equipped with impossible saddles, impossible handlebars and other impossible and undesirable etcetera.

To date the chiefest end they have served has been to prove that following in their wake the fast man on a pedal-propelled bicycle is equal to almost any pace that may be made for him. But unless the line be soon drawn and some distinction made between the practical and the impractical the table of motorcycle records will be either meaningless, confusing or deceiving to the student of speed or to the man who would seek the significant or the instructive.

What is wanted are the records not of special or abnormal creations, but of motor

bicycles such as the manufacturers regularly produce and sell, and as are used or may be used by the average man.

The one mile track record stands at 1 minute 102-5 seconds, made by Albert Champion, but it was made on a motor bicycle such as no sane man would purchase. When Oscar Hedstrom created the straightaway record of 1 minute 31-5 seconds, made on the Florida beach, he used an Indian motor bicycle without pedals, but rated at but $2\frac{3}{4}$ horsepower, and as, in power and appearance, it was not an abnormal machine, it is really the most notable performance to date. The hour record -48 miles, 1,395 yards-made last month by G. A. Barnes, at Canning Town, England-the bicycle record is but 700 yards less—is another example of performance on an abnormal machine. The other extreme, the 24-hour record—made last year by A. A. Hanson, at Chicago, on a Mitchell motor bicycle-634³/₄ miles-is practically the only one appearing in the record table that means anything. Hanson used a stock machine of 2 horsepower, equipped with pedals and fitted for road use. The 24-hour bicycle record is 634 miles 774 yards, made, of course, with the aid of motor pace.

The limit of motor bicycle speed no man dare prophesy, and unless the ruling authorities distinguish between the false and the true, whatever the limit may prove to be, it will be interesting chiefly as showing the sustaining power of steel tubing, wonderfully braced and twisted into all manner of fearful shapes and mistermed motor bi-



It undoubtedly is true that the cycles. speed performances of the bicycle aided greatly in the lightening and perfecting of that article, and thus helped give the world better bicycles. The speed performances of motor bicycles are doing nothing of the sort, and from that, the most valuable standpoint, are valueless; they have taught and are teaching nothing.

The only pending performance that promises to give evidence of the pace of a regularly catalogued and purchasable motor bicycle-the Mitchell Mile-a-Minute-is being prepared for by A. A. Hanson, who aims to place the 24-hour record at 1,000 miles. The task seems too prodigious of attainment—it is equal to the distance from New

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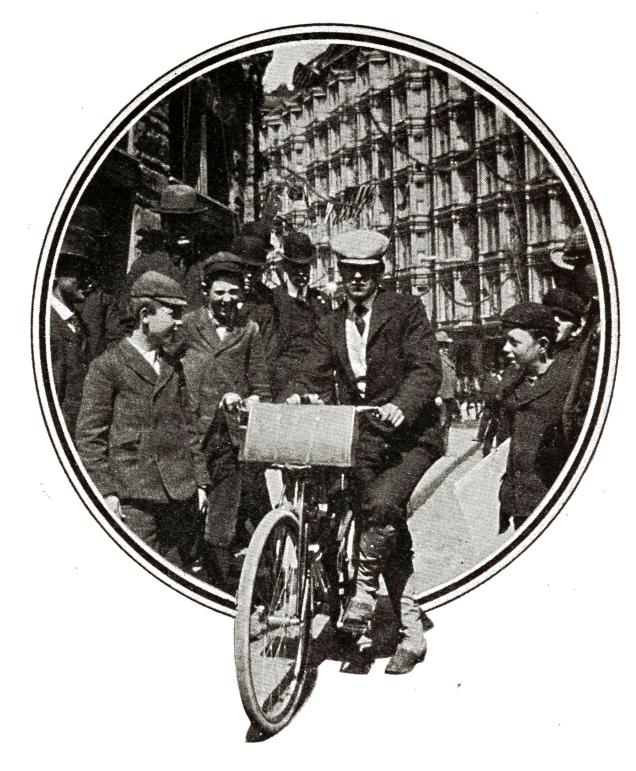
York to Chicago-but Hanson believes it possible, and will make the effort. Were he able to complete the distance without a stop or dismount it would mean that he must ride each mile in 1 minute 42 seconds, and $41\frac{1}{2}$ miles in every hour. As stoppages are imperative, his speed must perforce be much greater and closely approach 50 miles per hour, or each mile in about 1 minute 10 The performance seems outside seconds. the range of possibility, but the attempt will be 'none the less interesting, and what is more, it will stand for something, as being the record not of a freak or monstrosity, but of a practical motor bicycle-the sort in which interest centres and which are desirable and to be encouraged.

Rates of Speed

ONE MILE

In	Equals
Min.Sec.	Miles per Hour.
7 30	8
$6 30 \dots \dots \dots \dots$	91/4
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$5 30 \dots \dots$	10 9-10
$5 00 \dots \dots \dots$	12
$4 30 \dots \dots \dots \dots$	13%
4 00	\dots 15
3 30	$ 17\frac{1}{8}$
$3 00 \dots \dots$	20
$2 45 \dots \dots \dots$	214-5
$2 30 \dots \dots \dots \dots$	\dots 24
$2 \ 15$	$ 26\frac{3}{4}$
$2 00 \dots \dots \dots \dots$	30
1 50	$ 323/_{4}$
1 40	36
1 30	40
1 20	$\dots 45$
1 10	$ 51\frac{1}{2}$
1 05	$55\frac{1}{2}$
1 00	60
$59.\ldots$	61
58	621/8
57	63¼
56	643%
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GEORGE A. WYMAN.

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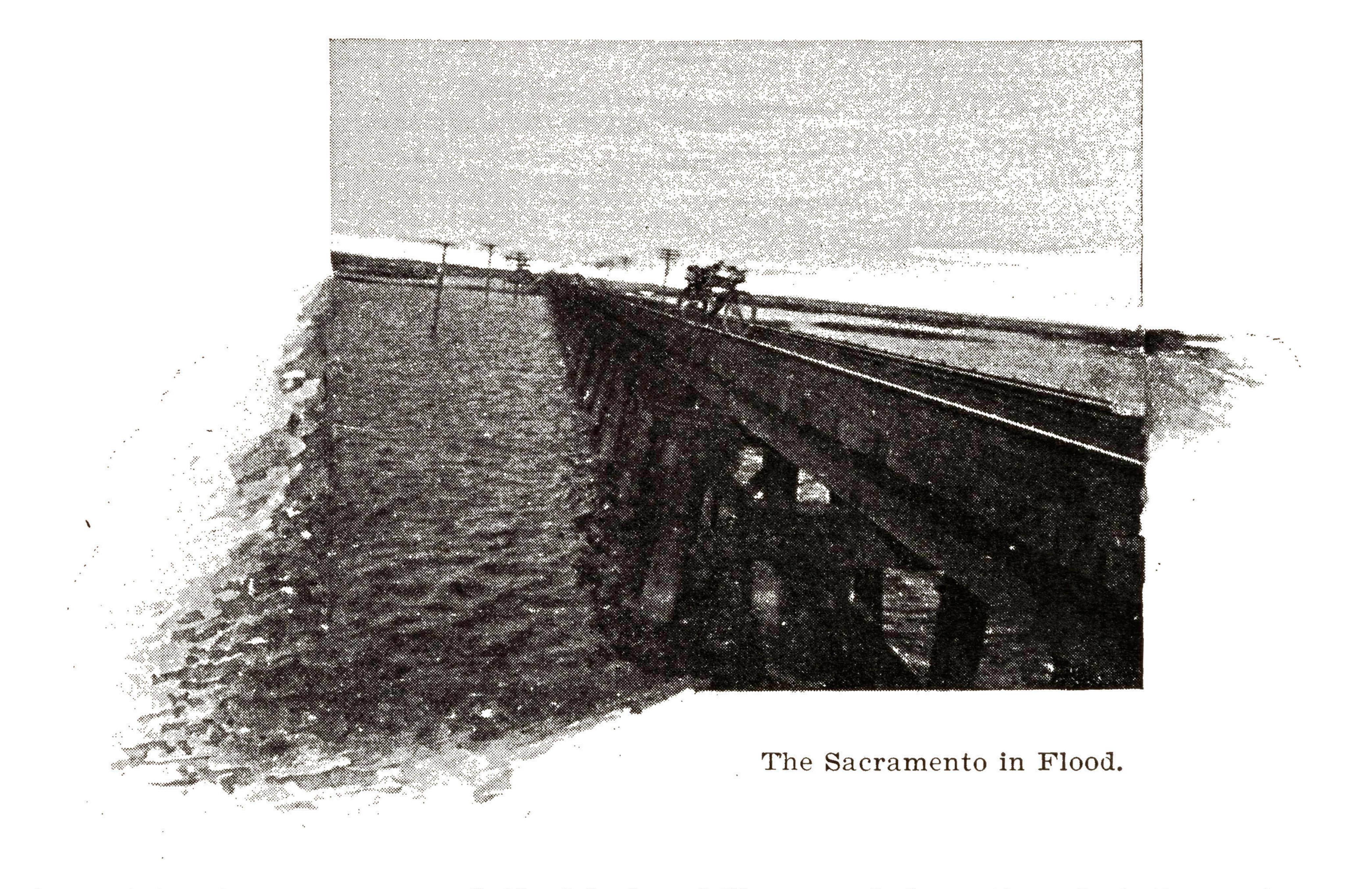
I. OVER THE SIERRAS AND THROUGH THE SNOW SHEDS

By GEORGE A. WYMAN

Little more than three miles constituted tour, nevertheless, that fired me with de-

the first day's travel of my journey across the American continent. It is just three miles from the corner of Market and Kearney streets, San Francisco, to the boat that steams to Vallejo, Cal., and, leaving the corsire to attempt this longer journey—to become the first motorcyclist to ride from ocean to ocean.

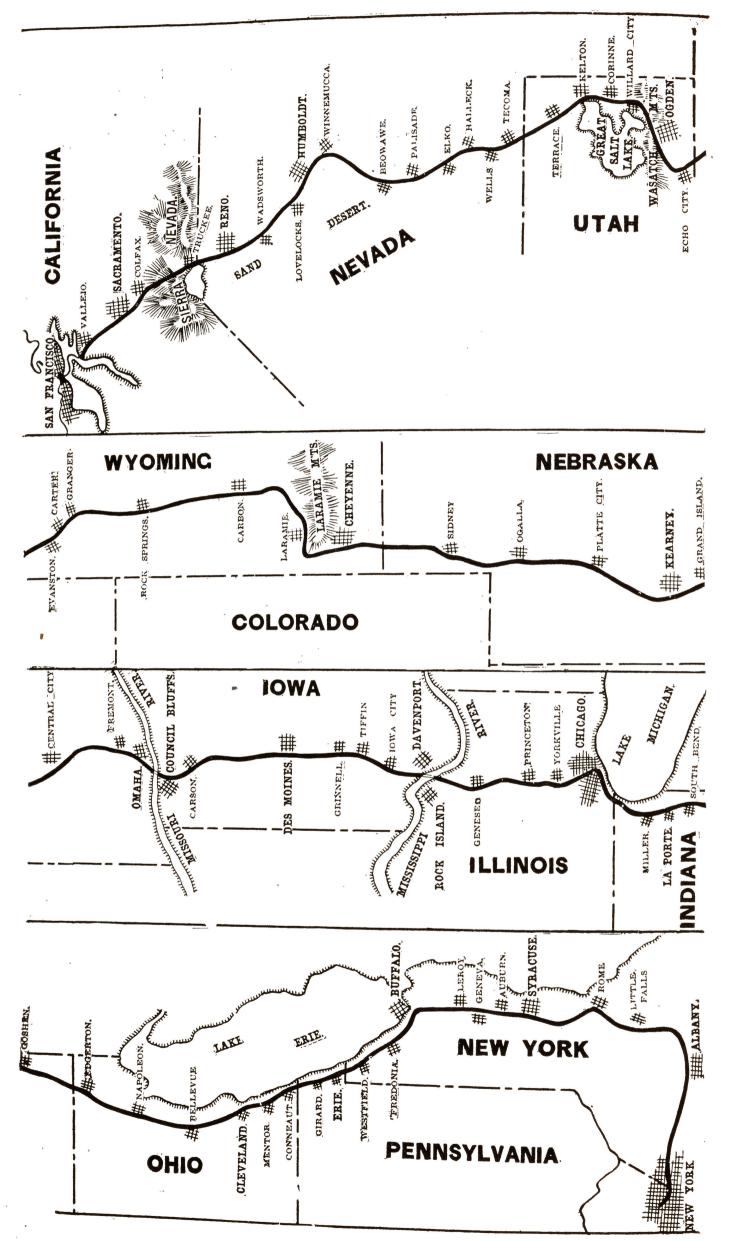
For thirteen miles out of Vallejo the road was a succession of land waves; one steep



ner formed by those streets at 2:30 o'clock on the bright afternoon of May 16, less than two hours later I had passed through the Golden Gate and was in Vallejo and aboard the "ark," or houseboat, of my frienus, --r. and Mrs. Brerton, which was anchored

hill succeeded another, but the motor was working like clockwork and covered the distance in but a few moments over the hour, and in the face of a wind the force of which was constantly increasing. The further I went the harder blew the wind. Finally it actually blew the motor to a standstill. I promptly dismounted and broke off the muffler. The added power proved equal to the emergency, and the wind ceased to worry. My next dismount was rather sudden. While going well and with no thought of the road I ran full tilt into a patch of sand. I landed ungracefully, but unharmed, ten feet away. The fall, however, broke my cyclometer and also cracked the glass of the oil cup in the motor-damage which the plentiful use of tire tape at least temporarily repaired.

there. I slept aboard the "ark" that night. At 7:20 o'clock the next morning I said goodby to my hospitable hosts and to the Pacific, and turned my face toward the ocean that laps the further shore of America. I at once began to go up in the world. I knew I would go higher; also I knew my mount. I was travelling familiar ground. During the previous summer I had made the journey on a California motor bicycle to Reno, Nev., and knew that crossing the Sierras, even when helped by a motor, was not exactly a path of roses. But it was that

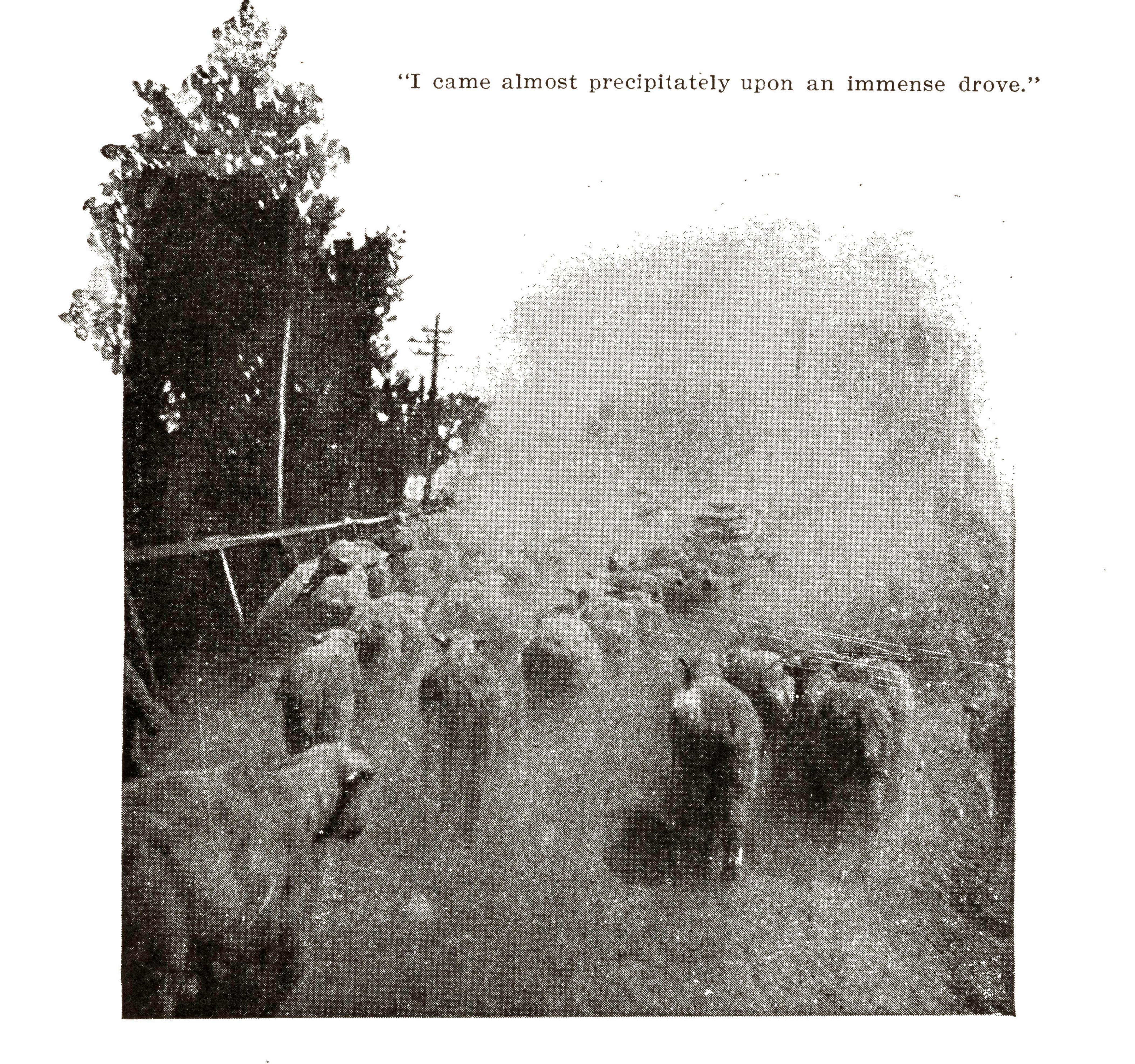


George A. Wyman's Route from San Francisco to New York.

Entering the splendid farming country of the Sacramento Valley, it is easy to imagine this the garden spot of the world. Magnificent farms, well kept vineyards and a profusion of peach, pear and almond orchards line the road; and that scene, so common to Californians' eyes and so odd to visitors' great gangs of pigtailed Chinese at work

other bicycle, so I faced about and retraced the road for four miles, or until I reached the railroad tracks.

The river and its tributaries and for several miles the lowlands are spanned by trestlework, on which the rails are laid. The crossties of the roadbed proper are not laid with punctilious exactitude, nor are the in-



with rake and hoe—is everywhere observable. tervening spaces levelled or smoothed. They make uncomfortable and wearying walking;

At Davisville, fifty-nine miles from Vallejo, those always genial and well meaning prevaricators, the natives, informed me that the road to Sacramento, which point I had set as the day's destination, was in good shape; and though I knew that in many places the Sacramento River, swollen by the melting snow of the Sierras, had, as is the case each year, overflowed its banks, I trustingly believed them. Alas! for human faith. Eight miles from Davisville the road lost itself in the overflowing river. The water was too deep to navigate on a motor bicycle or any they make bicycle riding of any sort dangerous when it is not absolutely impossible. On the trestles themselves the ties are laid sufficiently close together to make them ridable—rather "choppy" riding, it is true, but preferable and very much faster and less tiresome than trundling. I walked the roadbed; I "bumped it" across the trestles, and that night, the 17th, I slept in Sacramento—a day's journey of eighty-two miles—and slept soundly.

It was late when I awoke, and almost noon when I left the beautiful capital of the Gold-

en State. The Sierras and a desolate country were ahead, and I made preparations accordingly. Sacramento is but fifteen feet



fairly piling on top of each other in their eagerness to get out of my path. The timid, bleating creatures even wedged solidly in places. As they were headed in the same direction I was going it took some time to worry through the drove.

The pastoral aspect of the sheep country gradually gave way to a more rugged landscare, huge boulders dotting the earth and suggesting the approach to the Sierras. At Rocklin the lower foothills are encountered: the stone beneath the surface of the ground makes a firm roadbed and affords stretches of excellent going. Beyond the foothills the country is rough and steep and stony and rendolent of the days of '49. It was here and hereabouts that the gold finds were made and where the rush and "gold fever" were fiercest. Desolation now rules. and only heaps of gravel, water ditches and abandoned shafts remain to give color to the marvellous narratives of the "oldest inhabitants" that remain. The steep grades also remain, and the little motor was compelled to work for its "mixture." It "chugged" like a tired and panting being up the mountains, and from Auburn to Colfax-sixty miles from Sacramento-where I halted for the night, the help of the pedals was necessary. When I left Colfax on the morning of May 19 the motor was working grandly, and though the going was up, up, up, it carried me along without an effort for nearly ten miles. Then it overheated, and I had to "nurse" it with oil every three or four miles.

This is a Road.

above sea level; the summit of the range is 7,015 feet.

Three and a half miles east of Sacramento the high trestle bridge spanning the main stream of the American River has to be

crossed, and from this bridge is obtained a magnificent view of the snow capped Sierras, "the great barrier that separates the fertile valleys and glorious climate of California from the bleak and barren sage brush plains, rugged mountains and forbidding wastes of sand and alkali that, from the summit of the Sierras, stretch away to the eastward for over a thousand miles." The view from the American River bridge is imposing, encompassing the whole foothill country, which "rolls in broken, irregular billows of forest crowned hill and charming vale, upward and onward to the east, gradually growing more rugged, rocky and immense, the hills changing to mountains, the vales to canyons, until they terminate in bald, hoary peaks



whose white, rugged pinnacles seem to penetrate the sky, and stand out in ghostly, shadowy outline against the azure depths of space beyond."

A few miles from Sacramento is the land of sheep. The country for miles around is a country of splendid sheep ranches, and the woolly animals and the sombreroed ranchmen are everywhere. Speeding around a bend in the road I came almost precipitately upon an immense drove which was being driven to Nevada. While the herders swore, the sheep scurried in every direction,



It recovered itself during luncheon at Emigrants' Gap, and I prepared for the snow that had been in sight for hours and that

the atmosphere told me was not now far ahead. But between the Gap and the snow there was six miles of the vilest road that mortal ever dignified by the term. Then I struck the snow, and as promptly I hurried for the shelter of the snow sheds, without which there would be on travel across continent by the northern route. The snow lies ten, fifteen and twenty feet deep on the

To ride a motor bicycle through the sheds is impossible. I walked, of course, dragging my machine over the ties for eighteen miles by cyclometer measurement. I was seven hours in the sheds. For a brief moment, at out which there would be no travel across the road. I did not find it. It was fifteen feet under the snow. That night I slept at Summit, 7,015 feet above the sea, having



"Desolate, untamed, uninhabited country."

mountain sides, and ever and anon the deep ridden—or walked—fifty-four miles during boom or muffled thud of tremendous slides the day.

of "the beautiful" as it pitches into the dark deep canyons or falls with terrific force upon the sheds conveys the grimest suggestions.

The sheds wind around the mountain sides, their roofs built aslant that the avalanches of snow and rock hurled from above may glide harmlessly into the chasm below. Stations, section houses and all else pertaining to the railways are, of course, built in the dripping and gloomy, but friendly, shelter of these sheds, where daylight penetrates only at the short breaks where the railway tracks span a deep gulch or ravine. The next day, May 20, promised more pleasure, or, rather, I fancied that it did so. I knew that I could go no higher, and with dark, damp, dismal snow sheds and the miles of wearying walking behind me and a long down grade before me, my fancy had painted a pleasant picture of if not smooth, then easy sailing. When I sought my motor bicycle in the morning the picture received its first blur. My can of lubricating oil was missing. The magnificent view that the tip top of the mountains afforded lost its charms. I had eyes not even for Donner

Lake, the "gem of the Sierras," nestling like a great, lost diamond in its setting of fleecy snow and tall, gaunt pines.

Oil such as I required was not to be had on the snowbound summit nor in the untamed country ahead, and oil I must have-or walk, and walk far. I knew that my supply was in its place just after emerging from the snowsheds the night before, and I reckoned therefore that the now prized can had dropped off in the snow, and determined to hunt for it. I trudged back a mile and a half. Not an inch of ground or snow escaped my gaze I fairly bounded toward it. It was my oil! I think I now know at least a thrill of the joy experienced by the traveller on the desert who discovers an unsuspected pool. 8.3 The oil, however, was not of immediate aid. It did not help me get through the dark, damp, dismal tunnel, 1,700 feet long, that afforded the only means of egress from Summit. I walked through that, of course, and emerging, continued to walk, or, rather, I tried to walk. Where the road should have been was a wide expanse of snowdeep snow. As there was nothing else to do, I plunged into it and floundered, waded, walked, slipped and slid to the head of Donner Lake. It took me an hour to cover the short distance. At the Lake the road cleared and to Truckee, 10 miles down the canyon, was in excellent condition for this season of the year. The grade drops 2,400 feet in the

ten miles, and but for the intelligent Truckee citizen I would have bidden good-bye to the Golden State long before I finally did so.

The best and shortest road to Reno? The intelligent citizens, several of them, agreed on the route, and I followed their directions. The result: Nearly two hours later and after. riding 21 miles, I reached Bovo, six miles by rail from Truckee. After that experience I asked no further information, but sought the crossties, and although they shook me up not a little, I made fair time to Verdi, 14 miles. Verdi is the first town in Nevada and search, and when at last a dark object met * about 40 miles from the summit of the Sierras. Looking backward the snow-covered peaks are plainly visible, but one is not many miles across the State line before he realizes that California and Nevada, though they adjoin, are as unlike as regards soil. topography, climate and all else as two countries between which an ocean rolls. Nevada is truly the "Sage Brush State." The scrubby plant marks its approach, and in front, behind, to the right, to the left, on the plains, the hills, everywhere, there is sage brush. It is almost the only evidence of vegetation, and as I left the crossties and travelled the main road the dull green of the plant had grown monotonous long before I reached Reno, once the throbbing pivot of the gold-seeking hordes attracted by the wealth of the Comstock lodes, located in the mountains in the distance. That most of Reno's glory has departed did not anect my rest that night.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.-Mr. Wyman reached Omaha, Neb., during the evening of June 24th—twenty-four days after his departure from San Francisco. The deep, shifting sand of Nevada and Utah and the deep, clinging mud of Wyoming and Nebraska, consequent on almost uninterrupted rain, have added to his fund of interesting experiences, but have not served to render his travel fast or pleasant.]



Thumb-Nail Sketches of an American Abroad.

BY ALEXANDER MIDDLETON

The motored one had been cooling its fins in the court these many hours, while an old canoe took its burden more silently along the moonlit willows of the river by which Shakespeare chose to be born. Mandolin and guitar and singing voices could be heard up stream and down as others neared the landing to end a long summer's evening.

Through still lanes I take my way to my resting place; one of those oldtime, hardwood and mortar, narrow-staired, small-windowed inns of Stratford-on-Avon, where they delight in charging an American a pound a day for a ten shilling room, with a special, confidential increase of three shillings "thrupence" a day if he tarries for a week. A search of the room with the aid of a finger-burning match fails to reveal gas jet or lamp; another match, but not even a dip comes into view. Muttered contempt, followed by a trip to the office, is repaid by the landlord's daughter's "Light, sir? Certainly, sir; they're just outside your door, sir." More stairs, and, sure enough, there is found in the dim hall a table with a dozen or more nice brass candlesticks with new candles in them.

It doesn't matter, so in they go and a right cheerful room results. Candles lighted on mantle, bureau, washstand and bedposts; it suggests high mass. Then pajamas, and a look at the map to study the proximity of Warwick, Coventry and Kenilworth, when another step is heard upon the stair, followed by original remarks upon the lack of lights. Downward go the footsteps, and from the office comes the sound of an argument. An endless amount of climbing on the creaky stairs. Many voices mingle in the hall. Suddenly my door is thrown open by the landlord's daughter.

"Great heavens! the American has all the lights," she screams.

"Is it some one's birthday, or is this a rule of the game," one wonders.

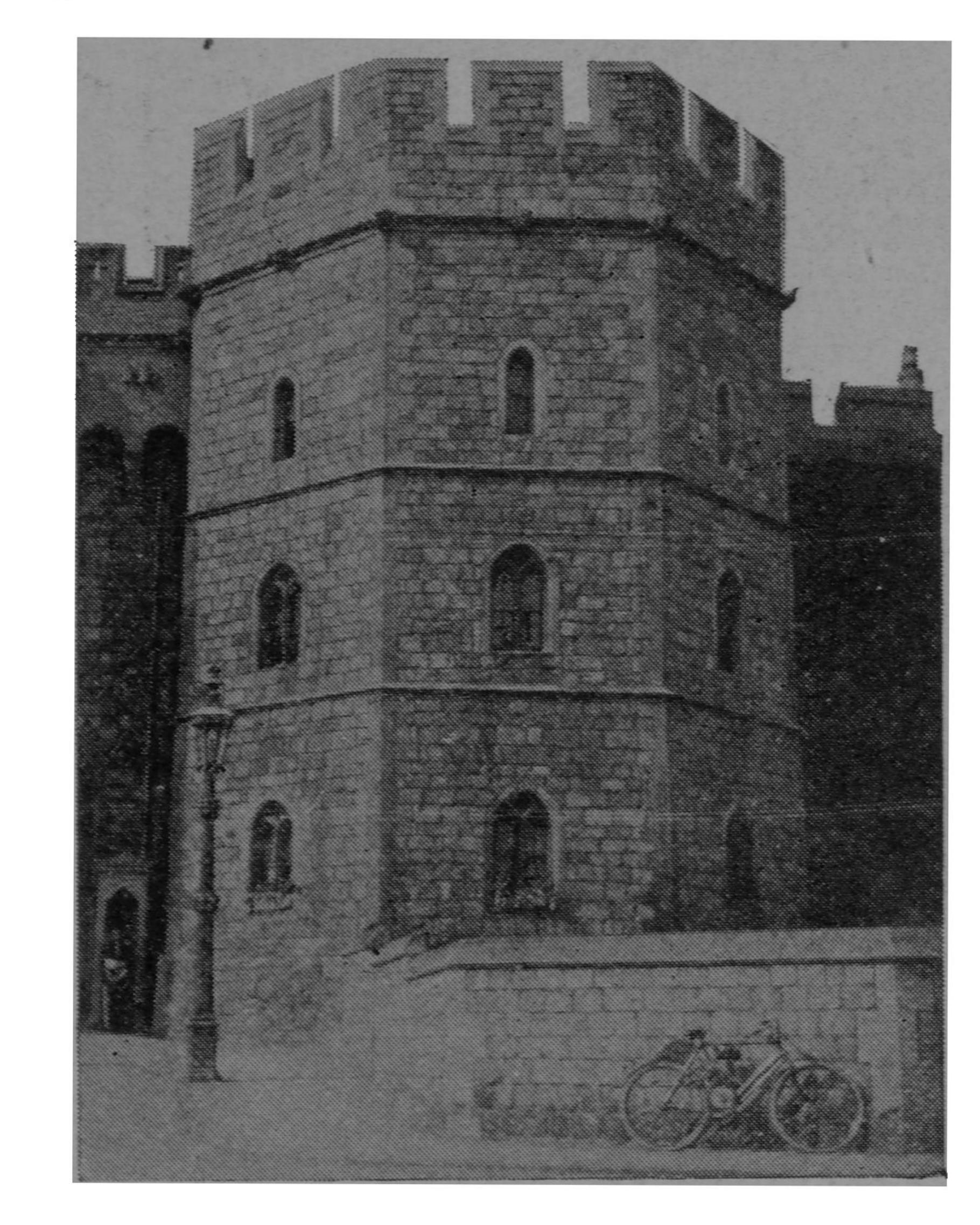
The rays of my candles beam upon the tourists as they crowd about her to gaze upon the strange sight, but it quickly ends, for, unabashed, she sweeps in and gathers in her arms my candles-all but one-and distributes them among the late comers. I protest in vain.

"No, sir," says she; "you get one light. I did not say they were all yours just because they happened to be near your door. If you want more than one you will have to furnish them yourself."

Good advice. Next day I lay in a stock of

20 Thumb-Nail Sketches of an American Abroad

a dozen wax "lights," and thereafter in my motoring up and down the little world of England I felt that experience had moved



is to again foul the contact. As the job is finished a quad, with two nice young fellows up, comes to a stop, and they ask how it is with you and proffer the contents of their tool kit. "Motor spirit" and motoring spirit are close kin, and agreeable company is found for many miles' riding.

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"Yes, that is Windsor Castle, and it's certainly a jolly steep rise to the gate; you'll have to rush it."

A Glimpse of Windsor Castle.

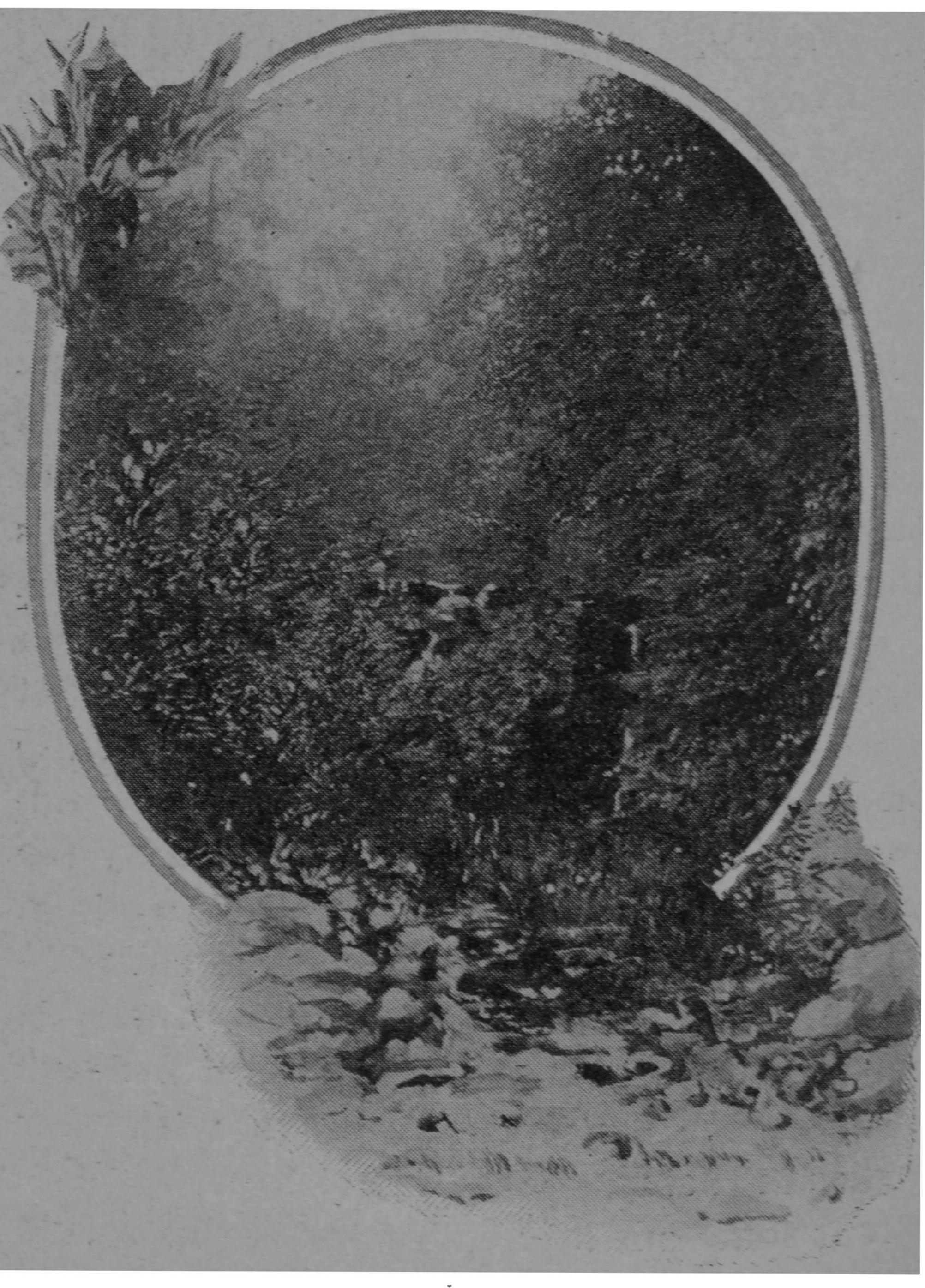
me from the class of the foolish virgins to that of the wise ones.

* * * × * 1 Too bad to have had a day of "all English" weather in Ripley-Ripley, of cycling memory sacred. The Anchor Inn, with its sisters and their tea, was there when we came. May they all be there when we have long, long gone. That time approacheth. Clouds filled the heavens; films of mist floated low. The silence of the village, deserted by stage and shunned by rail, is more impressive than the solitude of the woods. Faded and dead the color of the olden time; faint the beat of the pulse of life within its ancient walls.

We do rush it; motor and pedals, through a driveway, across a court, under an arch, and finally land, all innocent, in an inner reservation sacred to the mighty of the land. There are challenges from sentinels, and one sees glittering bayonets; redcoats crowd around, and again you rush—this time to the outer gates. What cares one for castles, anyway, when the rest of the world has but open arms?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * Great trees line the way. A modest cottage on the right, with burly grocer delivering a basket at the side door; his unhitched nag nibbles at the hedge. . . . And that quad; surely it has seen better days. Its motor, little but loud, would be considered modest on a bicycle now; all except its cough. From its muffler occasionally comes regularly, but usually intermittently, a series of explosions nke July fire-

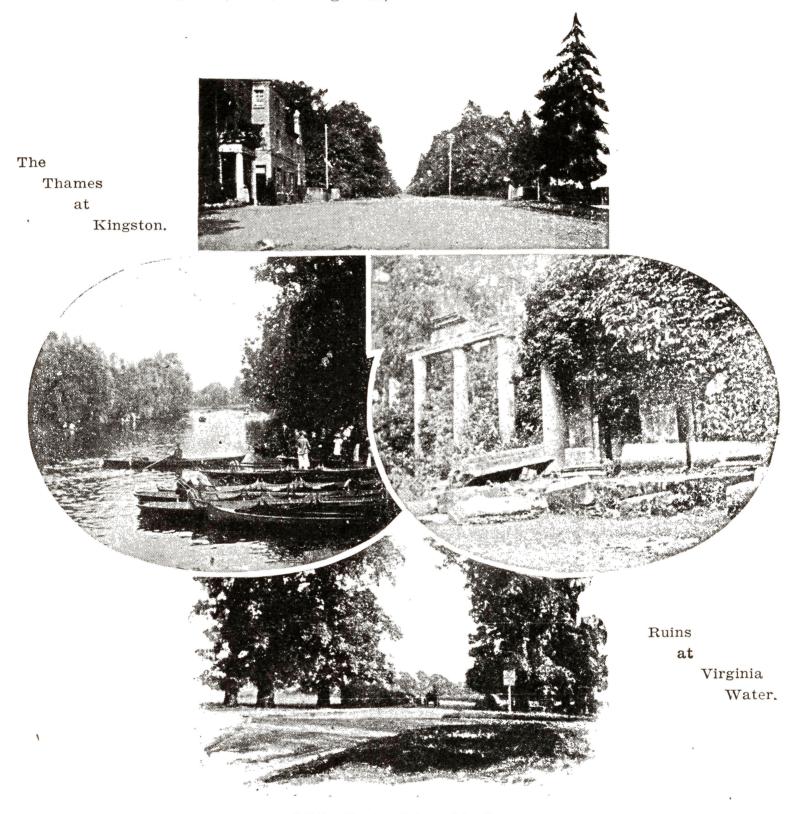
Rolling from Ripley to Virginia Water, Mr. Motor takes it upon himself to skip in a manner so violent that it can be nothing less than a protest of some sort. Is it that he expected to tarry longer in the Mecca of his ancestors, or had the perfection of his performances become monotonous? We will see. Ah! Oil, and lots of it, on the trembler; good for some, but not for the usual triterminal coil. It is a wise spark that knows its own plug in such a case. And it is well, when applying a pound of cure, to season it with an ounce of prevention. The spring and points are quickly cleaned, but it is more of a trick to bend the rods to the speed lever so that the oil will have to climb the spring at from forty to eighty degrees if it



The Cascade.

crackers. The mystery lies in the little teapot of an engine driving the machine at all.

Approaching the cottage on a slight grade, following practice, "the man behind the gun" switches the spark and opens the compression to cool, but the little one, spurning the opportunity, redoubles its efforts to blow the tin-can muffler to pieces, and, failing that, third is into his stride for the effort of his life. We slow, and I look at my companions in consternation and am asking them what we shall do, when the one in front cries: "On to them, Jimmy, on to them!" And he pulls forward the spark and speed levers and pleads with the man on the pedals to "Kick 'em! Kick 'em!"



Little England is a Big Park.

vents its spite on the neighborhood through the open tap. There is a snort from the grocerv horse; he plants his legs far apart to brace against the threatened attack, and, taking a quick look around, sees in a bank of dust, strange masks and machinery sweeping upon him with the report of artillery. "Not for me," he seems to say, as he clears his length at the first bound, and by the "Come on, pal, or you're a dead one," he calls to me in the din of the motors, and I obey, startled but ignorant of the cause. From eight an hour we get to ten; then perhaps twelve. And out of the dust behind us comes a voice fit to make the earth tremble: "Hold on, you blankety, blankety, blankety blanks!" It is the groceryman. My friend of the front seat, sitting sideways to talk with me, had first seen the enemy rush from the cottage and gather up a great stick as he came.

Suddenly a lurching of the quad and a basket is thrown against me; I am all but unseated. Along the road are bursted bags of sugar, coffee, eggs. Here and there we pass a cabbage, tomatoes and heads of lettuce; flour and dust fill the air. A few rods ahead the wagon flies on, and anon other baskets dance to the back and fall, scattering their contents before us. Behind us on sturdy English legs tear the avenging groceryman, with club in hand and a flow of language appropriate to the occasion. \mathbf{A} twelve to fourteen mile pace seems the best the quad can do, while the grocer is bettering that now. He has ceased calling to us; and, ye gods, how he can run!

My machine has reserve speed, but it is useless on account of the runaway ahead; we are the pursuing pursued. The quad team is a study; "Jimmy," on the pedals, is frantically pleaded with to "kick 'em around," and pedal he does until his face is blue. His companion watches the rear and handles the levers, shifting the spark and testing the mixture in an effort to draw out speed.

A hill looms in front of us and threatens our doom, for the man on the quad saddle is nearly "all in." The france expostulations of the front seat chap will be remembered a lifetime, for he gets on his knees and faces the rear; he pats his pedalling friend on the shoulder and pleads with Jimmy to "come on; that's a good fellow." He shakes his fist at the grocer and hurls defiance and profanity, and threatens him with the law for leaving his horse unhitched.

But the grade tells, and our pace falters; the enemy gains ground. The horse thunders on ahead, and to the dust of the swaying wagon our machines add a second cloud. Storm tossed ship never struggled more valiantly for port than do any friends and

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their little motor to reach the crest of the hill.

"On with it, Jimmy; you're a giant! Kick 'em; kick 'em!"

The tnundering hoofs and rattling wagon, now well emptied of its load; the staccato explosions of the motors as they contend with the grade; the agonizing voice from the front seat, added to the threats of the groceryman as he nears his prey; suffocating dust; what a Sheol it is!

Thirty yards more to go; twenty. Toward the rear of the quad draws the groceryman. All is still on the front seat now, but a dust begrimed and drawn face is set to the rear; the tension is too great for words. One quick look ahead and it is plain that our chances are gone. Ten yards to go, and the groceryman is up with the four wheeler. With a cry of victory he bends and takes a death grip upon the hindmost part and sets himself to stop the machine. And the result! Yells, and language that makes that which has preceded seem like child's talk is volleyed upon us, and the groceryman sits down hard in the road and rubs his hands in the dust. He blows upon them, waves them in the air and blows upon them again. Little wonder, for the muffler pipe on which he bent his strength for a long three seconds is red hot; nothing less.

And what is this new life in the machines? Ah! we have skimmed the hill and are on the down grade. Fourteen miles an hour again; sixteen, eighteen, twenty! Oh! the joy of the one on the front seat; "Jimmy is a good boy; Jimmy's made of gold." At the bend of the road we look back. Silhouetted against the sky is a gigantic groceryman. What holds he and pours upon his hands? Perchance a can of condensed milk.

And now a fork in the road; the horse tears on to the left; we to the right. It was the road to ——, but I shall not tell you where I sleep this night nor the name under which I am registered.

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Motor Bicycles for Men of Weight

BY JAMES C. KNAPP

Too often the man whose avoirdupois is both apparent and real is prone to imagine his weight to be a handicap. Anything that implies activity is viewed askant. He usually confines himself to the circumscribed area bounded by reins and fishing rods. The pleasures that exhilarate he places beyond himself. The joy of a long flight or a swift one that would carry him far afield ne denies to himself, not because he must, but usually because he is a victim of imagination.

Although I had ridden the pedal driven machine for some ten years, I quickly grasped that the bicycle that would permit me to pedal only when I felt like pedalling would save a deal of undesirable and at times uncomfortable pushing, panting and perspiring. Accordingly two years ago I became the possessor of a $2\frac{1}{4}$ horsepower Orient motor bicycle; and I have never regretted it. It opened a new world of pleasure to me, and, though I have turned forty, and though my weight is considerable—290 pounds—no man of half my years or half of my avoirdupois can have obtained more complete enjoyment. Hills, winds and distances are no longer a source of either concern or discomfort. Not only have I used my motor bicycle about

For "the good that it may do" I think I may, without appearing egotistical, present myself as an example of what the motor bicycle holds for men of weight.

The motor bicycle early appealed to me.

Motor Bicycles for Men of Weight

the streets of my home place—Scranton, Pa. —but I have taken numerous long rides and explored country from which I had remained aloof because of the pushing, panting and perspiring it would have entailed—the trip from New York to Boston among the number.

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Profiting by experience this spring I exchanged my 2¼ horsepower Orient for one of 4 horsepower, and my satisfaction and contentment have correspondingly increased. This matter of adequate power is one that the heavy man cannot afford to overlook; too

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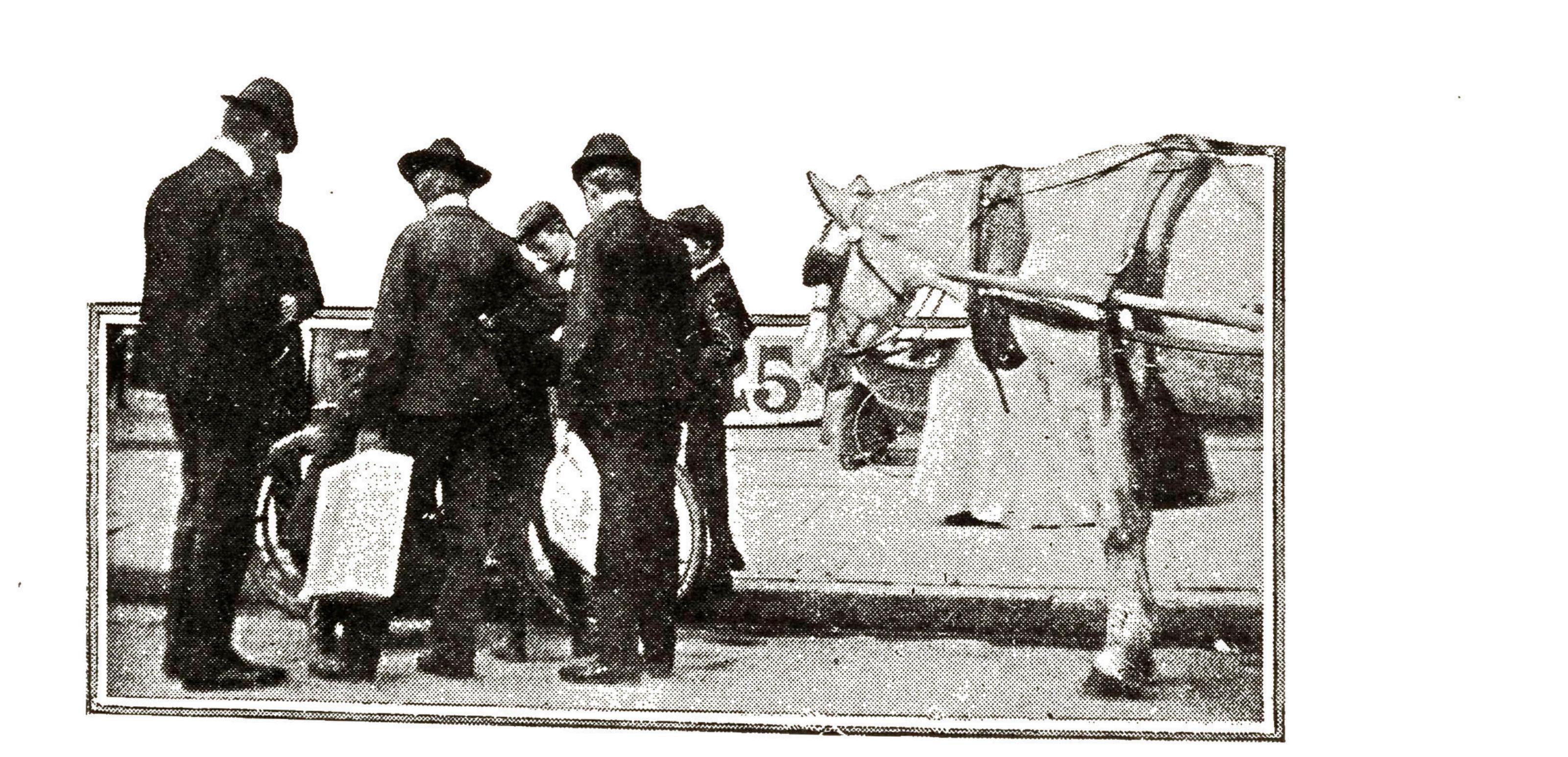
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little power, particularly when roads are bad or hills steep, will subtract from the pleasure.

But with a machine of ample power, and with the necessary experienced gained, weight is no handicap, and as a conveyance that affords the minimum of exertion and the maximum of the most fascinating pleasure, I can vouch for it that the motor bicycle is "the greatest thing that runs on wheels," and holds more exhilaration for the stout man or the slender one than anything yet invented.

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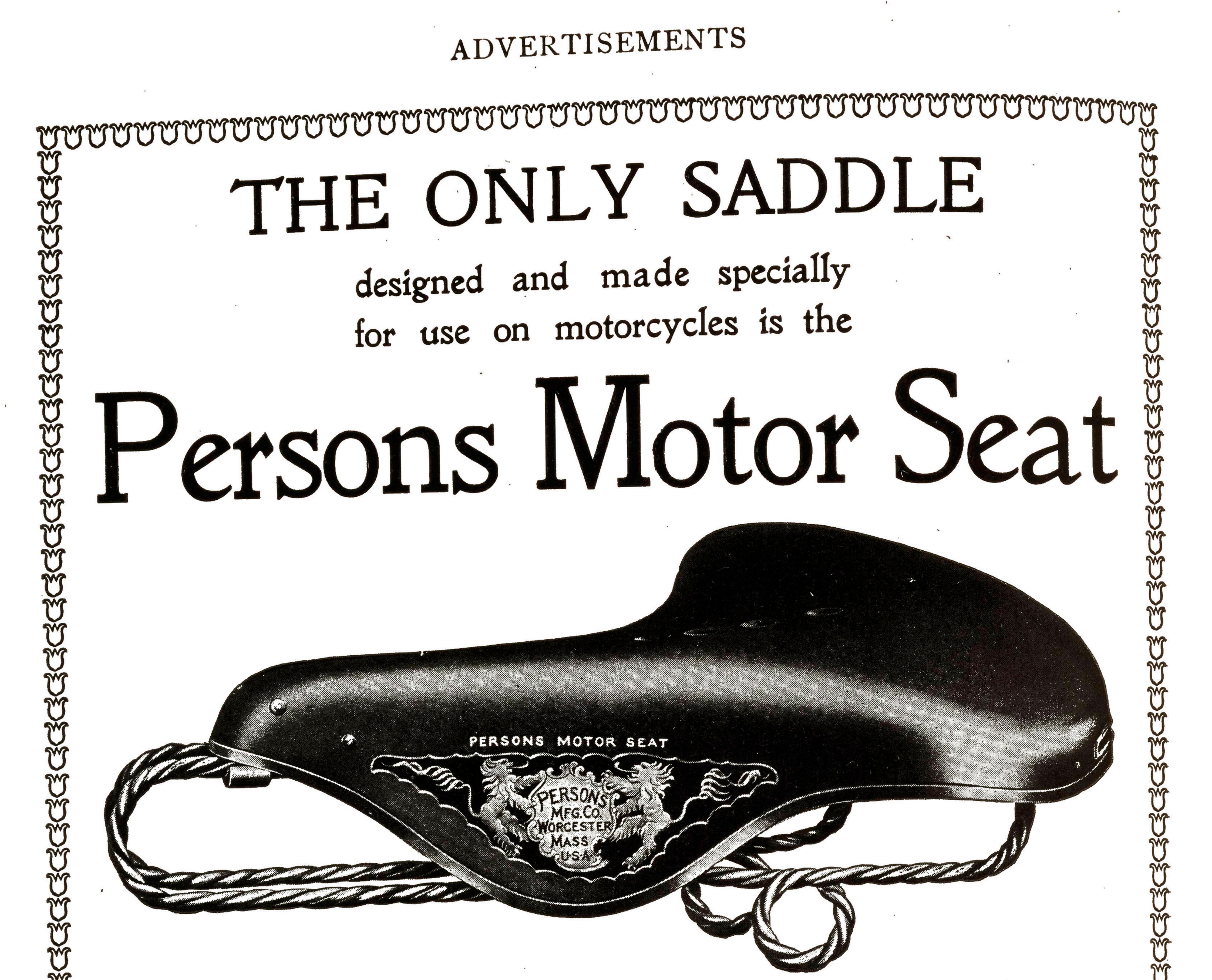
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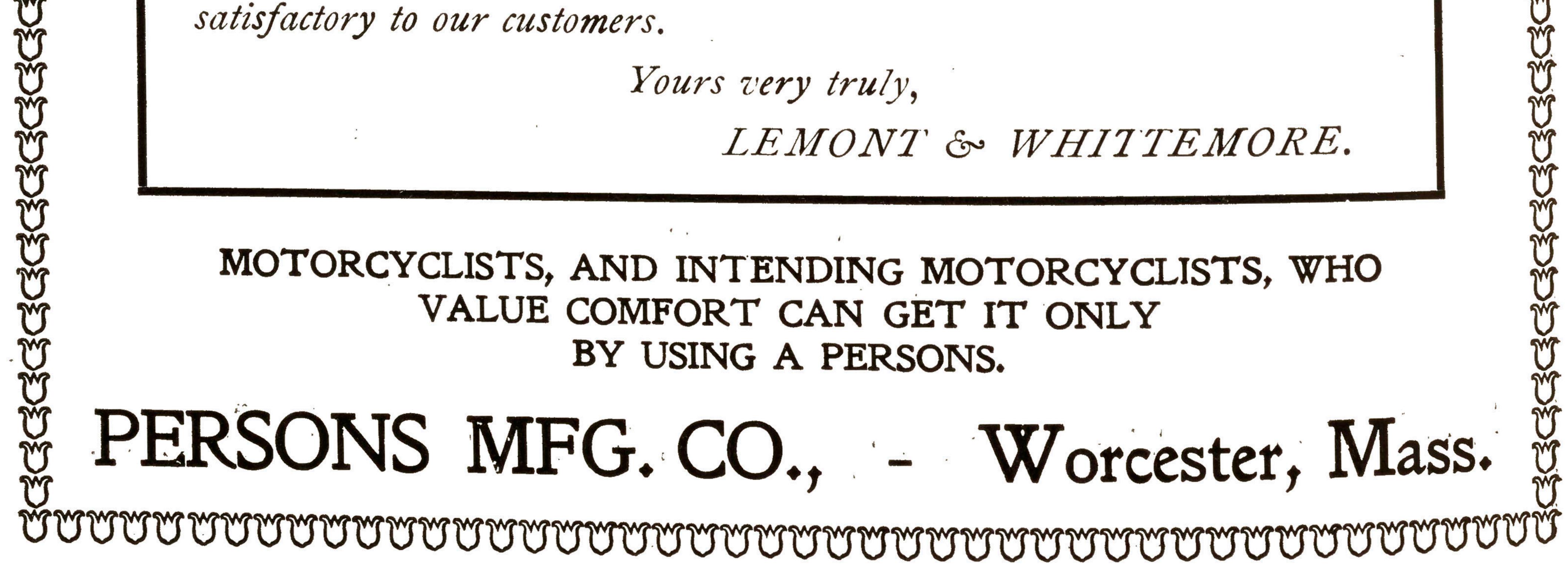




It costs more than the ordinary bicycle saddles with which some motor bicycles are equipped, but the man who has used both will bear witness that the Persons seat is worth more—a great deal more. Some dealers, indeed, have had to remove the bicycle saddles and provide the Persons seat.

Worcester, Mass., May 16, 1903. PERSONS MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass.

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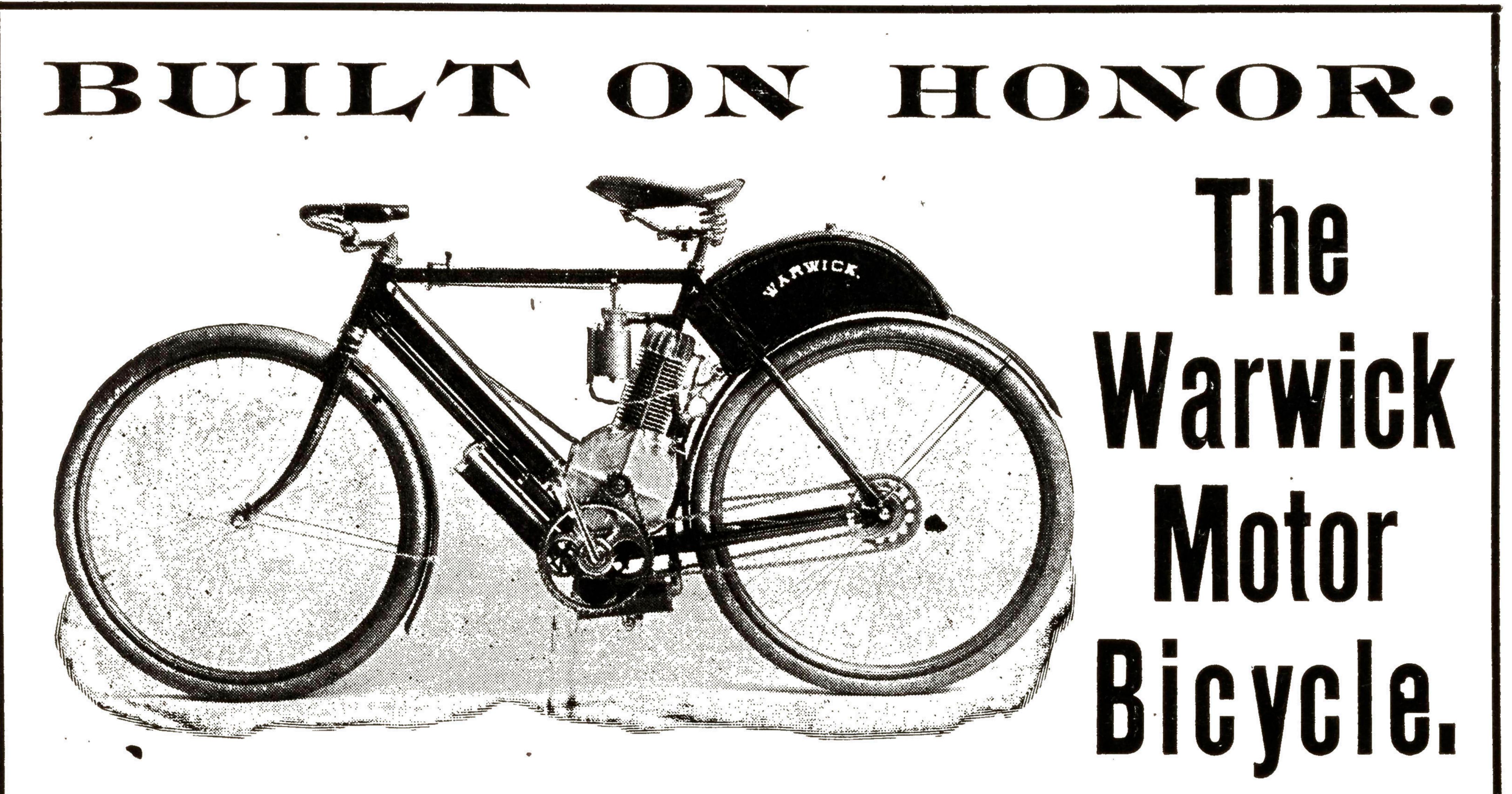
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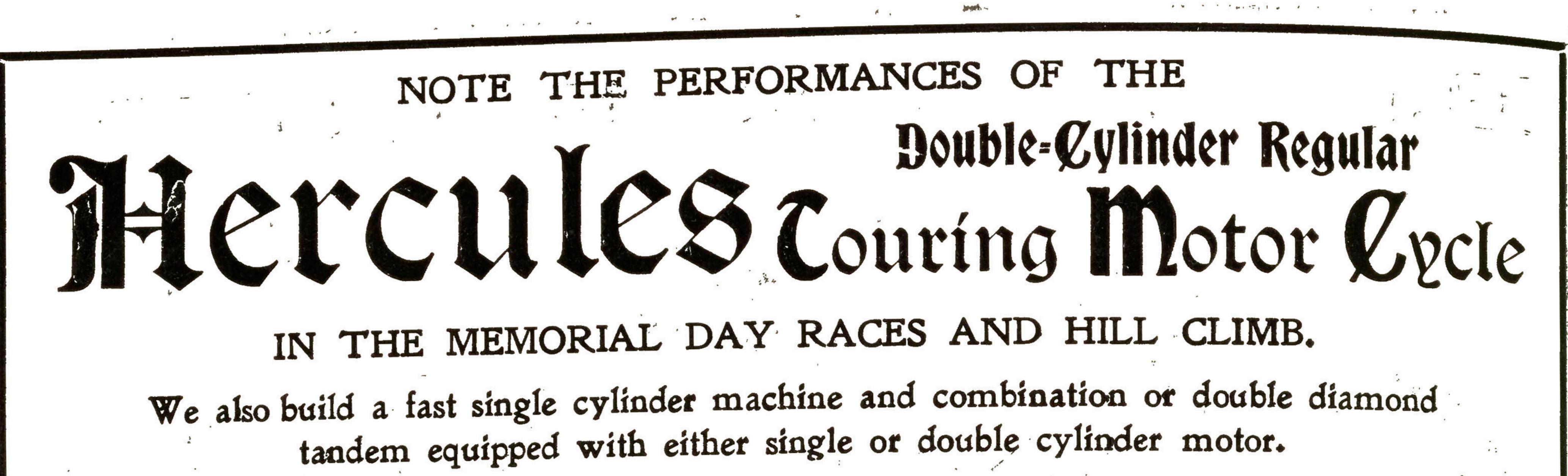
It was a Warwick that won the Boston Hill-Climbing Contest-INVESTICATION SÕLICITED. the first held in this country.

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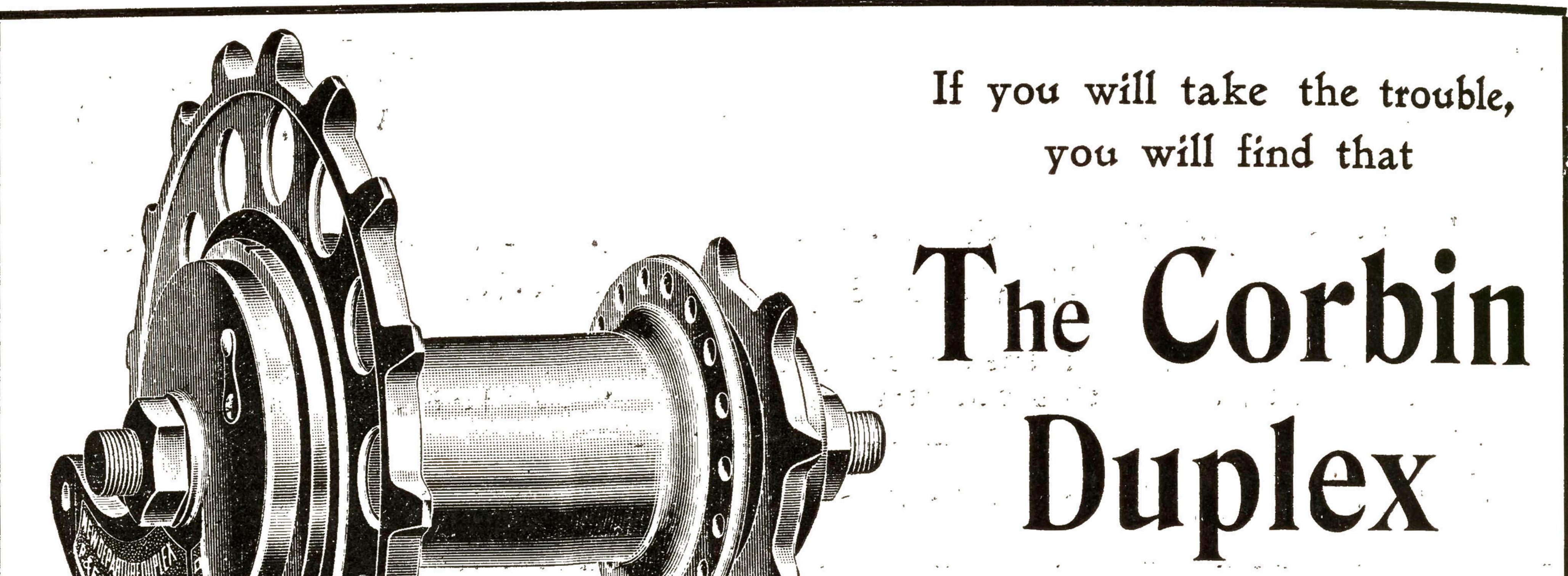


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