

THE TIME WHEEL

WHERE TO GO AND HOW TO GET THERE



OUR CYCLE ROUTE NO. 10

(1897-98 Series.)

Absecon, N. J., to Asbury Park.

The course of the Time Wheelmen's Double Century, to be held on next Sunday, has been announced to run from this city to Absecon, N. J., from Absecon to Asbury Park, and thence home through Trenton, subject to an investigation of the roads by the committee.

The first portion of this itinerary is familiar to the thousands who, by this time, have used the new route to Atlantic City, published in these columns on May 2; the second portion I ran over on Wednesday last, and a lovely stretch of 82 miles it is, mostly within sight and at times within sight of the ocean, and on roads almost uninterrupted good throughout. Whether for the purpose of a century run or not, it is a trip well worth taking.

WE START FROM ABSECON.

At Absecon, opposite the railroad station, instead of following our road in its southward curve, we take the bridge toward Pleasantville (as per Trip 3) we turn sharp L up a little rise and start our mileage from this fork, if you please.

The gravel is good, the country merely rolling; then 4 miles to Oceanview occupy only a few minutes. Run on past the railroad station; and on the top of the hill above it, three roads present themselves to you. The left one offers to take you to Port Republic direct (3½ m.); take my advice and decline the invitation; the turn R goes out of our way to Leeds Point (2 m.); we select the middle one, labeled "Smithville, 1 m.," its material is of a mixed character, and its surface is no race course, but it is being improved and, waiting for the millennium, we have a good stagecoach.

Not very enticing is that turn L to Egg Harbor City, at Smithville; pass it by and at the bifurcation bear L. The comfort with which we reach Port Republic is best appreciated by those who have known other days.

Before you cross over the creek into the town, see that post at that point; I had hoped that some benefactor of mankind would have chopped it off for kindling ere this; instead of that, the wretched thing has lately received a new coat of paint. Beware of it, should you ever reverse the trip we are now taking; it has misled many an innocent wayfarer into the shortest, but the most infamous road to Absecon.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Note the fork in the village with Adams' ice cream parlor in the angle (¾ m.) and bear R (L to Pomona and Egg Harbor City).

From this point we have a "friend in need" in narrow but good path.

1½ miles from start, we bear L, and face the worst part of our trip. Think of it, though, it's only ¼ of a mile to that bridge across the Mullica River; the bridge is called New Bridge; this waste is Chestnut Neck; the other side of the bridge is a little oyster shell road (which is O.K. except in times of high tide) which take us through more swamps; and when we get on terra firma again (¼ m.) half a mile's spin will bring us to the Wading River and New Gretna road.

See that post standing in the middle of our road with its finger pointing the direction, we have come from? It was put here for our benefit when, in order to reach Atlantic City, we had to make the detour through this section which I outlined "for aid long syne" on the map of our Trip No. 3. The new Atlantic City road has killed the restaurant business in New Gretna. I am told by the landlord of the New Gretna House. We feel sorry for him, but mightily glad for ourselves. Turn sharp right here; you will find the village with the said New Gretna

House, opposite the postoffice, right ahead (10½ m.).

IMPROVEMENTS EVERYWHERE. You seem yesterday when the six miles that separate us from Tuckerton were indeed toilsome; the first half of the distance is now in the chrysalis state and varies from bad to excellent (good path all through); the second half is all that could be desired.

At Tuckerton postoffice, with Everett House right opposite it, our cyclometers mark 21½ m. This little town, almost 200 years old; it was in 1800 it was first settled; it now has a population of some 2000 inhabitants, shipping interests amounting to some \$300,000, and cycles galore. No wonder at the latter, when the highways are in such excellent condition.

A CHARMING RIDE.

Our riding now is indeed a pleasure. We fairly fly through Parkertown and its neighbor West Creek (2¼ m.) and Cedar Run, and over some looking hamlets and on to Manahawick—Manahawick it used to be (2½ m.).

As you curve L into the village, don't be tempted by that tempting-looking turn R round by the dry goods store with the sign "Hats trimmed free of charge;" it would lead you to the depot and to the bay; keep straight on past the National Hotel and away again.

Barnegat and its charming bay (fishing, sunning, yachting and what not) we reach all too soon, afraid as we are that this lovely ride is too good to last (3¼ m.).

A hundred yards from the Main street crossing, on L, is Clarence House, the only regular hotel in the locality.

The continuation of Main street on R goes to the bay 1½ mile distant. We keep straight on, glide to pretty little Wetmoren. As we pass beyond the Centennial Hotel, see those masts right ahead of us; that's Barnegat Bay.

When you cycle through England don't forget Ware in Hertfordshire. You remember Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Said Sir Toby to Sir Andrew: "As many lies as will lie in by sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set them down!" No trifling task, seeing that the bed was (and is still) almost eleven feet square and "twelve people could lie comfortably in it." There are other things worth seeing in Hertfordshire; but we are not there now.

ON TO TOM'S RIVER.

As recently as last fall I described this part of the road as poor, indeed; the hand of improvement is plainly visible now, and it will not be long before we can put a big G down for it on our coupon. For the present the path leaves us no cause to lose patience.

Here is quaint little Port Republic (41 m.), with a hotel rejoicing in the name of brave Lafayette. Don't call it "Fork'd River" above all; say "For-keed," if you please, just as you do when reading poetry sometimes.

A mile and a half beyond Forked River lies a hamlet whose name I had never known until I passed through here last year, and I then sought information from a fair passer-by. "Good luck, sir," she answered with a smile.

"Glückliche Reise!" they called out to me as I wheeled out of the last gauntlet I stayed at in the veteran years ago. The friendly wish now seemed somehow to ring in my ear once again; and I am not sure but my voice quivered slightly when I said: "Thank you; but will you please tell me the name of this place?" "The name of this place, sir, is Good Luck," was the reply, and with a muffled "Thank you," pedaled away a wiser but disillusioned man, and was at Cedar Creek in a moment.

Good gravel to Bayville and Barnegat Park and on past Tom's River village (where you don't pay anything). As we round towards the picturesque village (where is your kodak?) notice that road on L from Dover; just beyond the bridge we register miles.

You must not run away with the idea that the designation of this old settlement is connected with the proverbial "Tom, Dick and Harry" tribe, either. Indeed, the worthy old Swedish settler after whom this section was christened was not Tom at all, but "Tommy," a man of account in his day and at one time clerk of the court at Upland, now Chester, Pa., (see our Trip No. 4).

A LITTLE HILLY FOR A CHANGE.

Beware of that turn L, round Riverside House (the very first house at the

bridge); it would take you to Manahawick; the turn R leads to Island Heights; go straight through and away; yet don't let the charms of this easy ride cause you to neglect your landmarks. At the cemetery, 1 m. from the river, bear L (R to White Oak Bottom, 4 m.); there is a sign-post at present; but posts are perishable things. And 1 m. further bear R (L to Ridgeway). For the first time this trip we meet hills right here, but they are not likely to tax you.

This hamlet (55 m.) is Claytonville. Three and a half miles ahead, that dark-red painted house on L, stands on the site of the Seven Stars Inn of Washington's time. That turn L goes to Casino Park.

FASHIONABLE LAKEWOOD. And 2½ m. further still we glide to Lake Carondelet, at what used to be "Bricksburg," before it was given the more "tony" designation of "Lakewood" (61 m.).

"Carosajon" looks "kind of unusual," doesn't it? Yet, like Columbus' egg, it's "dead easy" when you know it.

You see, old Mr. Brick, the founder

turn sharp into it, direct for Manahawick River.

Take the right turn after crossing this bridge (the road leads to our destination also, but it is not so good, I am told) and follow the road in its winding first L and then R, where on L A. W. Fingerboard points to "Asbury Park."

Half a mile further another fingerboard directs us L into Manahawick (74 m.).

Here, if you keep on by the Osborne House, where there is a fine father exhibits quite a collection of his son's pictures, you are bound for Farmingdale and Freshold; turn sharp R round Squam House, and your course is clear and easy.

1½ m. ahead at Glendale House X the turn R goes to Spring Lake; L to Allaire.

Just beyond it is Villa Park Postoffice. Then comes pretty Lake Como and the village of same name, where we bear L.

Through West Belmar and Belmar (78½ m.) our wheels take us too shortly. Here we bear L round the railroad depot, then R and immediately L again.

The Shark River, Avon-by-the-Sea and Bradley Beach are crossed in quick succession, and a few doors from the corner is Weir's Hotel.

The remainder of the Time Wheelmen's possible itinerary between Asbury Park and Trenton will be published in Trips A-wheel, No. 11, next Thursday, June 24.

P. S.—Over the Alleghenies to Pittsburg—I have been asked whether I would accept the company of a few of my readers, ladies and gentlemen, on a trip I take every fall over the mountains. I should have much pleasure in doing so, on the distinct understanding that I ride for enjoy-

"INQUIRER" ROUTE-COUPON				
Station No.	Station	Station No.	Station	Notes
1	Absecon	9	Tahle mt	
2	Port Republic	10	Shore on	
3	New Gretna	11	Shore	
4	Tuckerton	12	L into v	
5	Manahawick	13	Shore	
6	Wardens	14	Shore	
7	Forked River	15	Shore	
8	Lakewood	16	Shore	
9	Barnegat	17	Shore	
10	Point Pleasant	18	Shore	
11	Manahawick	19	Shore	
12	Belmar	20	Shore	
13	Shore	21	Shore	

DIRECTIONS—R, right; L, left; X, cross; S, straight; W, wheel; V, very good; B, bad; the road.

HOTELS—ON presentation of this "Inquirer" even for a single dinner.

SOME GOSSIP ANENT THAT NATIONAL MEET

The Rich Purses to Be Offered Will Bring Out the Finest Kind of Sport.

\$2500 TO BE OUTLAYED

In the Professional Mile Open Alone \$500 Will Be Hung Up—Four Prizes to Be Offered in Each of the Thirteen Events.

To the racing man—be he professional or amateur—there is something particularly alluring about a big, fat prize. The knowledge of this fact while not confined exclusively to Philadelphia, has been more often practically demonstrated by the Quaker City's race meet promoters than by those of any other city in the country. Last season, at the races promoted by the Associated Cycling Clubs of Philadelphia (which organization has charge of the approaching national meet, scheduled for August 4-7), plucky little Earl Kiser won the largest money prize hung up during the entire '90 National Circuit. This liberality on the part of the A. C. C. resulted in the presence at those races of one of the largest and most representative field of crackjacks that ever faced the starter. The attendance of spectators was correspondingly large and representative, and the coffers of the A. C. C. were enriched to the extent of nearly \$1500 in consequence. This costly—but withal profitable—experience has naturally strengthened the confidence of the '97 National Meet Executive Committee in the wisdom of again hanging up unusually large purses, and for that reason the sum of \$2500 was last week voted to the committee, which will have charge of the Willow Grove races.

When it is remembered that six of the thirteen events which will make up the two days' program are championships—four professional and two amateur—the prizes for which must be medals of gold, silver and bronze, it is apparent that the remaining races will afford golden opportunities for the speedy ones. Indeed, the Race Meet Committee has succeeded in having the \$100 limit waived in all the professional events, and that mark will be passed in each instance. For the professional mile open, which will be one of the features of the last day's racing, the spin sum of \$500 will be hung up, the largest yet in any one race on the National Circuit of 1897. In each open event there will be four prizes, while in the handicaps the first six men to cross the tape will share the good things. As an aggregation of "juicy plums" cannot fail to result in the gathering together at Willow Grove, on the 6th and 7th of August next, of the largest and fastest aggregation of professional and amateur racing men in the world.

There is much more in the winning of a professional L. A. W. championship than the mere garnering of the medal emblematic of the feat—there is its advertising value, for instance, which, to a professional rider especially, is of no inconsiderable value nowadays. Advertising is dollars and cents to the professional cash rider, and the winning of national championships is most excellent advertising—it follows, therefore, that the four championship events on the program will be bitter competition by the flower of American professionalism. The mile championship will awaken special interest from the fact that its decision will bring to light that long-sought individual, the '97 mile champion. The results of match races between two

