



TRIPS A WHEEL

Where to go and
How to get there

INQUIRER CYCLE MAP NO. 21
(1897-98 Series.)

THE MAIN OUTLETS OF CAMDEN.

No more forcible object lesson could be adduced, in the question of good free roads and the increased traffic which is their natural sequence, than the recent shifting of the bulk of the heavy traffic from our own suburban pikes to those of New Jersey.

The immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia is not unsurpassed only, it is absolutely unequalled for riding or driving purposes and yet the fact impressed itself painfully upon the thinking traveler, and is corroborated by the observations of roadside dwellers and hotel keepers, that for every ten Philadelphia wheelmen who patronized a certain well-known pike a few years ago, hardly one can be seen now, even though our cycling community is at present ten times greater than it was then.

"I am told they all go to Jersey now," said an old resident to me the

pike, and leads through Pennsville, Westfield, Fairview and Bridgeboro to Burlington, affording access to various favorite resorts situated on the River Road along the Delaware, which could not otherwise be reached a wheel owing to the condition of the southern extremity of the said River Road. An easy way for up-towners to strike this pike is via Otis street ferry and Cooper avenue. (See Trip No. 15.)

COOPER STREET (not to be confounded with Cooper avenue mentioned in preceding).—Market and Federal streets, which start from the river within a block of each other and converge together after ten or twelve squares, are the eastward thoroughfares of Camden with which we are chiefly concerned. The wretched stones on the latter two are at the present date the despair of wheelmen and horsemen alike, while the sight of the asphalt blocks of Cooper street should teach whom it may concern, once and for ever, that a hard and carefully-laid road bed is an essential condition to the durability and comfort of a road surface.

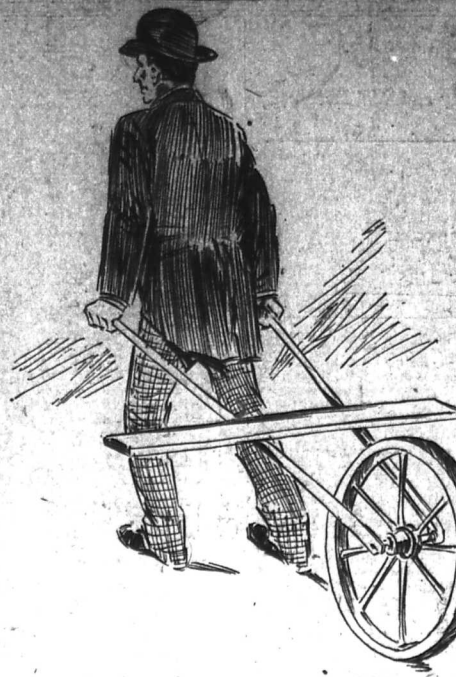
Which of these will be our future

fectly from State street, Camden (via Vine street ferry) or in a more circuitous way by way of Cooper and Federal streets. It branches off on the left, just the other side of Cooper Creek, and skirts the river through Pavonia, Beldeman's, Fish House, Delair, Riverton, Riverside, etc., to Burlington. For Pavonia and points north thereof it may be struck more comfortably via Burlington pike or (by up-towners) via Otis street ferry and Cooper avenue.

SWEDESBORO ROAD.—See Woodbury pike.

WHITE HORSE PIKE.—A branching off to the right of the Haddonfield pike (which see), opposite Haddonfield Cemetery, and the greatest favorite in this section. It goes through West Collingswood, Oaklyn, Orator and Greeland, to the popular White Horse Inn, beyond which it is continued by the Berlin road—now remade and paved through Laurel Springs on to Berlin.

Since the completion of the new county road from Hammoncton to Absecon, the White Horse pike has been



THE ANTI-COLLISION DEVICE

The cut herewith represents John Mumby, a deaf mute resident of Wading River, L. I., who, being unable to hear the warning bell of passers-by a wheel, has been several times run down by cyclists. As all his trouble came from behind, he devised a scheme

to protect himself in that direction and he now goes about the village dragging a sort of wheelbarrow with the barrow part cut out. In order that wheelmen may not pass too close to him, Mumby has moreover reinforced the apparatus with a plank which extends some distance each side of the wheel.

tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen and ml, it run like a kushin! He told me you sell injun robber just same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun robber or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you got it done? If your injun robber is already holier, will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free.

P. S.—How much do you charge for the doo dady you stuff the wind into the robber with, and where do you start?

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW WOULD NOT BE CAUGHT THAT WAY

His Impressions as a Beginner. Chauncey M. Depew has taken to riding a wheel, as already chronicled here, but he has not yet adopted the golf suit that is looked upon by some as an indispensable adjunct to cycling, and (if the New York Tribune reports him correctly) he declines to turn himself into an advertising medium for the particular wheel that he rides.

He contents himself with wearing a light roundabout jacket and a pair of cinchers to hold his trousers in place. He enjoys the sport immensely now, and talks like an enthusiast, but, like all others, the beginning was rather "tough sledding." When Mr. Depew first started to ride a wheel, he had the usual erratic gyrations and rough tumbles that fall to the lot of a beginner. After his first lesson he was sitting on the porch of his house at Newport, carelessly rubbing various bruises, when a friend who had heard of Mr. Depew's new venture said inquisitively:

"What make do you ride, Mr. Depew?"

The genial orator gently felt of an itching spot on his shoulder and replied

didn't know who I was and didn't recognize the car. I judge he thought I was just some impermanent tourist, when I said:

"What town is this?"

"He shifted a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, squirted a stream of tobacco juice along the track and said viciously: "I forgot the name of the d—d place."

Mr. Depew says that bicycling is a serious matter with him. "Why," he said, "in Newport the people have come to regard the bicycle as an indispensable part of their lives. They jump on a wheel just to ride across the street. They never think of walking about the block with the bicycle at hand, and horses stand in the stable getting fat while the owners roll smoothly along on their wheels."

ON THE WING

Chat for Those Who Race the Homing Pigeon.

"Og," of Pottsville (we also have the writer's full name), writes us as follows: In looking over your sporting news I noticed the account of the mistake made by railroad employees in shipping young homers to an 81-mile station instead of 18 miles. Of course that was unfair to the birds. We have a pigeon fancier and flyer in this city in the person of Butcher F. W. Glasinski, of Fairbairn street, who has a 1-month-old bird from Atlantic City on its first flight. The bird has never been away from its loft. It got to Pottsville in four days, but a rain storm prevented it from flying out of the cage. He has christened it the "Atlantic City Hen." The bird is from the stock of L. J. Kane, of Philadelphia street, your city. This week he sent a daughter of the Atlantic City hen to his home in Niagara Falls on its first fly. Mr. Glasinski has such confidence in his birds that he will fly them as far as any other man will go with him, especially young birds.

Edgar Satterthwaite has lost N. P. H. C. 44 (39), K. 12524, K. 32565, K. 32561, T. 32562, T. 32563 and E. S. 39 and would like to hear of them. His address is Stanton, Del. He also can return H. A.

DIG USED TALKS CALMLY ON BETTING

"Pittsburg Phil," the Famous Plunger, Dropped about \$40,000 on Futurity Day.

HE GIVES GOOD ADVICE

A Plunger Should Not Own Horses or Back Inside Information, But Should Bet on What He Sees in Races.

"Pittsburg Phil," that picturesque plunger of the American turf, had a very black Tuesday on Futurity day, as I told in the New York Herald. George E. Smith, better known as "Pittsburg Phil," the greatest bettor of the American turf, who has been represented as having won more than a quarter of a million dollars since the racing season opened, is now just a trifle over forty thousand dollars ahead of this year's game. This statement is official and comes from Mr. Smith himself. "Phil" told me all about his winning and losses this season and last season in the Imperial Hotel yesterday. I met him in the reading room, where he was straightening out his accounts for his betting on Tuesday's races.

The table at which he sat was littered with papers—papers of two distinct kinds. One sort, betting slips and memoranda, represented in cold, relentless figures the amount of his losses on Tuesday at Sheepshead Bay race course, an all debits, all to be entered on the wrong side of "Phil's" ledger—vouchers for the great plunger's "Black Tuesday."

Not a single credit slip in the lot nothing to subtract from the sum totals, but a long list of losses, which I confined to the first and simplest rule, arithmetic, the mere addition of what he and his commissioners had returned the source from which it had originally come.

"PHIL" HEADS THE PAPERS.

Filled on the same table were copies of all the local dailies, with more or less detailed accounts of how and why he had lost his money. There never was a betting man yet but who was an omnivorous reader of everything bearing on his favorite sport.

But for all the enormously expensive nature of the work he was doing at the table Mr. Smith was as clean shaven, a pale-but no paler—and as imperturbable as ever, just as imperturbable as when a driving race is finishing that means scores of thousands for or against him.

What did it amount to after all? Throwing had simply won back some of the own money, and "Pittsburg Phil" got lost, as he is a quiet winner, was ready to talk calmly and impartially about the most disastrous day's racing he had known in many a long season. He played five races and failed to win bet. His losses on the day footed up about \$40,000.

Many persons seem to think," said Phil, "that every time I bet I win. I am sorry to say that it is not so. Since the season opened I have battled with more or less success against the books. From the beginning of the Morris Park meeting until the end of the last Sheepshead Bay meeting, I had a remarkably strong run of good luck, although starting off \$20,000 loss on the opening day of the season. I got that all back, and when I backed my accounts here, leaving \$100,000 Saratoga I had won a trifle over \$100,000 this my luck changed."

"At Saratoga," he continued, "I lost \$30,000, and I have had a pretty rough passage at the local tracks since my return. Out of eleven races I played during the last two race days, two picks but one winner. During that time I lost between \$40,000 and \$50,000. At the present time I am only about \$40,000 to the good on the season."

FIRST TIME HE WAS LED ASTRAY "Tuesday was the first time in my life that I ever overbet myself, and the big prices I laid against the horses, fancied, and the eagerness of the book makers to take all the money I gave them was responsible for a great part for my losses," frankly admitted Mr.