

Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

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As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclers generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 8 PEMBERTON SQ., BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication.

To Contributors.

WRITE only on one side of the sheet. Avoid unnecessary paraphrasing. Always send (confidentially) full name and address with *nom de plume*. Separate reports of races or club doings from general correspondence. Endeavor to follow the style of the department of the paper your contribution is intended for. Brief communications intended for publication in the next ensuing issue should be in the editor's hands by Tuesday morning, and longer articles by Monday morning.

BOSTON, 25 NOVEMBER, 1881.

THANKSGIVING WEEK.

THIS is Thanksgiving week and we have much to be thankful for. We thank our readers everywhere for the kindly interest which they have continued to manifest toward the BICYCLING WORLD, in many ways, since we assumed its conduct. We thank many of them for individual expressions of commendation or good-will to the editor personally. We thank our many excellent correspondents for valuable and interesting contributions to our paper, and for their prompt, intelligent, and comprehensive reports of local races and events in their several sections. We thank the press for its uniform courtesy and occasional friendly notices. We thank our stars that we have n't taken a header (from the bicycle) nor torn our breeches but once the past season. We thank those clubs that have invited us to meets and annual gatherings, and are especially thankful that we were enabled to accept some of them. We are thankful that the assassin, Guiteau, escaped the bullet of the other

assassins who attempted his life since his arrest. [We may add that we shall be thankful if a way is devised and put into execution for legally killing Guiteau and all other assassins and would-be assassins.] We are thankful that we have told no lies, worth mentioning, since we have been a bicyclist—not even journalistic ones. We are also thankful that, no matter how strong the temptation, we have stolen nothing (except, perhaps, an item now and then from our contemporaries) during the year now drawing to a close. We are thankful—but we will say no more about it, and can almost fancy as we come to that conclusion that we hear our readers exclaim,—Thank Heaven!

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

OAKLAND (CAL.) BI. CLUB.—The regular meeting of the Oakland Bicycle Club was held at their rooms on Saturday evening, 5 October. Dr. Godard tendered his resignation as secretary and treasurer, which was regretfully accepted. Mr. E. Booth was elected to fill the vacancy. The views of members as to the proposed events for Thanksgiving day were listened to with apparent interest. Capt. Strong, who occupied the chair, gave notice to those present that a special meeting would be called on the following Saturday, to consider and act upon arrangements which are being made by the Garfield Monument Fund Committee.

SAN FRANCISCO BI. CLUB.—The regular meeting of the San Francisco Bicycle Club was held at the Windsor House, on 6 October, President Waterhouse in the chair, a very large gathering of members being present. The usual formal business was gone through,—reports, etc., read and received, and a committee appointed to arrange for a day's sport on Thanksgiving day, either in conjunction with the Olympic Athletic Club or independently. When the regular business was disposed of, Mr. A. M. Warschauer, the host of the Windsor, invited the club to visit the dining-room, where a very sumptuous supper awaited them. President Waterhouse once more assumed the post of dignity, and presided over the feast in his usual jovial manner. After the cloth had been removed, toasts, speeches, and stories, appropriate to the occasion, were given by Messrs. Waterhouse, De Clairmont, Hobe, Butler, and the host. One of the younger members of the club delivered an epic poem, after the manner of Goldsmith. At an advanced hour the festivities were brought to a close by the guests drinking the health of the host in bumpers, and with "three times three!"

PROVIDENCE BI. CLUB.—The annual

meeting of the club was held at headquarters on Saturday evening, 19 November; the president, Albert G. Carpenter, in the chair. After the usual routine business had been attended to (in the course of which the by-laws in relation to annual dues was amended so as to make the amount eight dollars instead of four dollars, and the secretary and treasurer read his annual report), the club proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing term, with the following result: President, A. G. Carpenter; captain, J. A. Cross; secretary and treasurer, C. T. Howard; lieutenant, W. W. Bridge; guide, C. T. Grammont; buglers, C. T. Howard and M. Chandler; executive committee (with the board of officers), E. C. Danforth and W. J. Burton. At the conclusion of the election, the club adjourned, and at the request of the president, proceeded, accompanied by several invited guests, to the Hotel Dorance; and what occurred there will be fully explained in our next issue.

HUB BI. CLUB.—We recently announced the organization of a new club at the West End, which had christened itself the Hub Bicycle Club. We have since been reminded that there is already a club in Boston bearing that name, which was organized last April. In view of that fact, would it not be well for the new club to revise their cognomen?

BOSTON BI. CLUB.—The Boston Bicycle Club is receiving a large number of applications for associate membership. It is intended to have some sort of an entertainment about once a month, and to discuss questions which will be of interest to both riders and non-riders. This will afford an opportunity for its members to ventilate their ideas on the construction of machines, etc. There is no club in the city which can offer so many advantages as the Boston Club, which grows in wisdom and strength as it grows in years. Its policy is extremely liberal, and it is fast becoming an institution of which Boston may well be proud.

RACES

OAKLAND, CAL., 17 SEPTEMBER.—The managers of Golden Gate Fair invited the Oakland and San Francisco Bicycle Clubs to give an exhibition drill, and take part in a race at the trotting park on the closing day of the fair, promising a good track and ample time for the different events. Hence on Saturday, 17 September, about thirty wheelmen mounted their silent steeds to carry out their part of the programme. Ten of the San Francisco riders went on the one o'clock boat, and were met at Centre and Peralta Streets by the Oakland men, under Capt. Strong. Several evolutions were gone through, and the company rode leisurely to the park, where they arrived at 2.30 P. M. Here an unexpected disappointment awaited them. The

managers of the fair had promised ample time and a good track, and agreed to run only two races on that day. This agreement they failed to keep; for, in addition to the regular programme, two hold-over events from the previous day were run, and three extra races sandwiched between the heats. The long "horse" programme delayed the bicycle riding until nearly six o'clock, and cut up the track so badly that it was both unfit and unsafe for quick riding. By the time the wheelmen appeared, many patrons of the fair were compelled to leave. This lessened the interest in their performances, and compelled the curtailing of their programme. The policy adopted by the managers of the fair was, to say the least, *unfair*, and will doubtless prevent our bicyclers from making any further efforts to promote the interest of those gatherings. The first event was a handicap race of one mile, with H. C. Eggers, scratch; McNear, seventy yards; H. Finkler, Smith, and Wedgewood each two hundred yards. Standing start from report of a pistol. An excellent start was made, but it was soon apparent that the handicappers had been too liberal to Messrs. Smith and Finkler. McNear kept up well for half a mile, when Eggers overhauled him rapidly, and at three quarters passed him, McNear easing off. Eggers made a desperate effort to catch the leaders. Wedgewood having given up at the three quarters, a splendid race between Finkler and Smith ensued, the latter leading until nearly home. When one hundred yard from the finish, Finkler steadily gained upon his competitor; and in the last ten yards passed him with a bare lead of two feet, Eggers ninety yards behind. Time: Finkler, 3.13½; Eggers, 3.26½; the latter coming at a fine pace, and doubtless had the race been a quarter of a mile longer he would have won, as both the first and second men were very much used up. Considering the rough condition of the track, the time is excellent. Mr. C. L. Leonard then gave an exhibition of fancy or trick riding, in which he showed what a thoroughly finished and accomplished rider can do with a bicycle. Every movement marked with ease, grace, and absolute confidence. He was awarded a gold medal amidst well-earned applause. The trick riding was followed by a drill, twenty-four wheelmen taking part, under direction of Capt. Strong, but owing to the rough condition of the track and the lateness of the hour, the movements and evolutions, which are usually very interesting, had to be very much curtailed. — *Olympian*.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., 24 SEPTEMBER.—A mile race took place at the State Fair between H. C. Eggers, of San Francisco, Russell Flint, of Sacramento, at scratch, and H. C. Finkler, of San Francisco, at 95 yards. A standing start was made from the sound of the bell, and Eggers at once led his immediate competitor, Finkler holding his handicap distance splendidly. At the quarter and half-mile the positions

were unchanged, but immediately after passing the half, Flint stopped, assigning as a reason that a treadle had become loose. From the half to the three-quarter posts Eggers gained steadily on the leader, and in the straight, lessened the gap to about fifteen or twenty yards, and in this order the race came to an end, Finkler's time being 3.26½, Eggers, 3.29½, three seconds slower than over the Oakland track on the previous Saturday. Considering the heavy track and strong breeze, the time is good. In future, Finkler will doubtless have his handicap cut down to seventy yards.

SAN JOSE, CAL., 5 OCTOBER.—On 5 October, Messrs. H. C. Finkler and J. A. McLaughlin, of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, and Dr. Rabe, of the Oakland Bicycle Club, proceeded to San Jose, to take part in a race for medals offered by the San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties District Agricultural Association. The track was in the usual condition of race tracks at fair time, but rather better than either at Oakland or Sacramento. The race was started at the appointed time, the three gentlemen above named being the only entries. The result was: H. C. Finkler, scratch, first; Dr. Rabe, one hundred and fifteen yards, second; J. A. McLaughlin, one hundred and fifteen yards, third. At the quarter-mile Finkler began to overhaul the leaders, and when the half-mile was reached he was close up, the excitement running high until he passed them both, and came in an easy winner, — the doctor being one hundred and fifty yards behind, and McLaughlin still further in the rear. Time, 3.36. The medals have recently reached the contestants. In the Association programme they are valued at \$75, \$50, and \$25 each. The first is gold, and is perhaps worth \$10; the second silver, and may have cost \$2.50; the third bronze, and looks as if fifty cents would be a high price for it. Thus \$150 worth of medals dwindle down to \$13 worth of metal. Very valuable prizes (?) for three gentlemen to journey one hundred miles to win, and pay their own expenses, which cost three times as much as the prizes. This may be intended for sharp practice; if so, it has succeeded, but we may inform the directors of the Association that they have seen the first and last of amateur bicycle racing at their fair. — *Olympian*.

At Bridgewater, Mass., 23 September in a one-mile race, best two in three G. W. Field won first and third heats, W. E. Holmes winning the second. In a slow race, G. Johnson won, with M. Bixby second and Field third.

At Montreal, 20 October, in the fourth contest for the one-mile championship of the Montreal Bicycle Club, F. C. Holden won in 4m., A. T. Lane second in 4m. 5s., and A. Arthur third in 4m. 57s.

At Elm Park, Natick, Mass., the third weekly race of the Framingham Bicycle

Club was won by W. A. Norton in 3m. 25s.

At St. Catharines, Ont., 29 October, a one-mile race was run, best two in three. J. Moodie, of Hamilton, won first and second in 3m. 55½s. and 3m. 58½s.; W. J. Morgan, of St. Catharines, winning second place. Morgan also rode two thirds of a mile against the trotting horse Fulton's one mile, winning in 2m. 35s.; the horse second in 2m. 41s.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dean Right Again.

Editor Bicycling World:—Allow me to congratulate Consul Dean on the wisdom of his remarks concerning hotels, as shown in his letter to Mr. Hazlett, which you published last week. What the touring wheelman wants of the country tavern keeper is not a "reduction of rates," but an increase of comforts. The next edition of the League Hand-Book should contain a list of such hotels as are known to be "the best," in the smaller towns visited by bicyclers; and the proprietors thereof should be made to pledge themselves, in return for the advertisement thus given them, to provide "the best" in their power for the accommodation of wheelmen. They should be made to understand that these persons have a liking for bath-rooms, or, in lack of them, large wash bowls and pitchers, and plenty of towels; that they often want their damp clothes dried, or their dirty clothes washed in very short order; that they prefer to sleep in large and quiet rooms, to which the air and sunlight have ready access; that they all can appreciate good food, and that most of them consider good milk the best drink wherewith to satisfy their raging thirst.

If inn-keepers could be convinced that the attraction and retention of wheelmen's patronage depended upon paying attention to things of this sort, they would soon get into the way of providing better accommodations than are now usually met with. If "reduction of rates" is sought for at all, it should only be in the large cities, where an "increase of comforts" is not a crying want. I have heard that the noble army of "drummers," or commercial travellers, confine their patronage to a definite list of hotels, whose landlords either give them better accommodations than ordinary guests, or else accept a lower rate for the same accommodations. If this is true, it seems plain that landlords will be glad to make a similar bid for the official recognition of the L. A. W. If the League should thus be the means of ultimately raising the grade (rather than lowering the price) of a series of country hotels, it would perform for the general public a not insignificant service.

I call the attention of "Meteor" to what "Steno" says in your paper of today, on the subject of ball bearings for pedals, in order to add that "Crookshanks" told me, in Washington, a few

days ago, that he considered such bearings a great improvement on the old kind. He said that if he could n't have them on the little wheel and pedals both, he would even dispense with them on the little wheel rather than lose their advantage for pedalling. His long tour from Chicago had confirmed his faith in this respect, and also his liking for his corduroy suit. He could n't imagine what "Meteor" meant by condemning corduroy; no more can I. KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 11 November.

Fort Edward.

Editor Bicycling World:—I would gladly state, for "Kol Kron's" information, that the incline at Sandy Hill, the mounting of which he thought was so creditable a feat, is commonly taken by us in our trips to Glen's Falls and Lake George, and none of us find any trouble whatever in the mounting of this ordinary hill. Our riders of only two months' experience mount this hill with apparent ease. He would have found a hill more to his credit, and more adapted to his mettle, if he could have taken the hill just at the outskirts of Glen's Falls, called Green's Hill. On the whole, "Kol Kron" seems to have obtained poor and insufficient information from bar-room loungers, men who absolutely know nothing in regard to bicycling; for in the first place, he obtained information from this most reliable source that none of the local wheelmen of this section dared to ride down that wonderful incline at Sandy Hill. Not even our poorest rider ever thinks of going down that hill other than on a full coast, and never of walking. In the second place, the "floor-like hardness" of the canal embankment between Whitehall and Fort Edward is a thing of the imagination; sand and soft dirt is the stern and bitter reality. "Kol Kron," don't depend quite so much upon the statements of men who know nothing about what roads are adapted to bicycling. Should he ever come in this region again, and he has the time, we shall be very glad to show him some hills that are hills for bicycle. AJAX.

FORT EDWARD, N. Y., 12 November, 1881.

From Washington.

THE CAPITAL BICYCLE CLUB MAKES THINGS LIVELY — A THEATRE PARTY AND A UNIFORM BALL — A GO-AHEAD CLUB.

Editor Bicycling World:—Bicycling matters are never dull at the national capital; but the ordinary activity was broken during the past few days by a series of events that will never be forgotten by the wheelmen of this city. The programme, which originated with and was under the exclusive management of the Capital Bicycle Club, was as follows: On Saturday evening, 12 November, the club with its invited guests were to attend the theatre in a body; on the two following days most of the time was to be devoted to riding; on Monday

afternoon a grand dinner was to be given the visitors, and in the evening the climax was to be capped by a uniform *soirée dansante*. The preparations for the entertainment had for more than two weeks been under the supervision of a committee, which labored arduously to perfect the arrangements, and the results fully proved that their efforts were successful, although the weather just preceding the 12th was of such a discouraging character as to prevent the attendance of many wheelmen who had signified their intention to be present.

The four private boxes at the leading theatre were secured for the club. One of these boxes is always reserved by the proprietor, and is frequently occupied by some of the high government officials, and in fact was for this very occasion desired by General Sherman; but his application was made after the Capital Bicycle Club had been tendered its use. The entertainment was by Herman, the prestidigitateur, but the interest of the "bikers" was centred especially in the velocipede performance of Mlle. Addie. Just before eight o'clock the party, in full uniform, and numbering twenty-five, entered the theatre, and passing through the audience was greeted with applause. The boys made a fine appearance, and as the papers had announced that they were to occupy the boxes, many persons were attracted who might not otherwise have attended. The front of the captain's box was handsomely decorated with the club's silk flags. Between the acts, many of the boys accepted an invitation to go behind the scenes and be introduced to the fair rider, who very charmingly expressed her gratification at the interest shown in her, and talked enthusiastically about bicycling. Her performance consisted principally in circling around and through about one hundred bottle torches, and in carrying a young girl on her shoulders. When the disadvantages of an old-fashioned "bone-shaker" and a slanting stage are considered, the exhibition was creditable. After the conclusion of the entertainment, the party assembled at the railway depot to meet a delegation from the Germantown (Pa.) Club. The large crowd which had gathered to witness the arrival of President Arthur by the same train divided its attention about equally between him and the "bikers." An excellent oyster supper closed the evening's festivities.

Sunday was a clear, cool, calm day, and it would require a lightning calculator to figure out the number of miles of satin, concrete, and velvet roads that the unrestrained wheels "swiftly and silently" rolled over. Much of Monday was spent in the same way, and in the afternoon there was a special dress run with their visitors, who represented the Boston, Germantown, and Columbia College clubs. The long line passed along the principal thoroughfares, and the crowds of spectators showed evident signs of their pleasure and interest in the handsome appearance of the procession. The

soirée dansante had long been a leading topic of conversation in society circles, and was looked forward to with eager anticipation. Elaborate and extensive arrangements had been perfected, and a thousand invitations were issued, even that number being unequal to the demand. Marini's Hall, the finest and most popular in the city, was the scene of the event. The decorations consisted of a colossal *fac-simile* of the club badge, produced by the monogram C. Bi. C., in appropriate colors, red, white, and blue, with a 54-inch nickelled wheel for a background, on the lower rim of which was the club's motto, "Swiftly and Silently," in gold; the whole being placed in the centre of the arch at one end of the ball-room. At the opposite end of the hall were the embroidered silk flags, and on either side on high platforms were a number of dazzlingly bright machines. The Capital Club has an active membership of nearly forty, nearly all of whom attended in full uniform. Of the many styles of bicycle uniforms, that of this club is one of the few which are specially noticeable for beauty and taste and adaptability, both for use on the wheel as well as off. It consists of dark blue, throughout, with silver buttons; and for dress occasions, silk stockings and patent-leather pumps.

That the Capital Bicycle Club is popular, and holds a high social as well as wheeling position, was thoroughly attested by the large and select attendance at its *soirée*. The beauty of the ladies and their elegant dresses, the gliding dancers, the enchanting music, the novelty of the uniforms with the glittering badges, medals, and officer's stars, and the handsome hall, formed a picture that will long linger in the memory of the hundreds that helped to make it up. The supper was such as only Washington's famous caterer can prepare. To the Capital Bicycle Club must be accredited the first regular full-dress uniform bicycle ball that has been given in this country, and its success will doubtless cause many other clubs to follow its example. The club is full of life and push, and never goes half-way in anything it attempts. C. G.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 15 November, 1881.

Cleveland.

Editor Bicycling World:—Bicycling weather in this vicinity is gradually breaking up, and the roads from here in all directions have gradually assumed that condition which makes cyclers and teamsters inwardly curse. Our two inches of snow of two weeks ago was dissipated in as short a time as it came, and yet we are not happy. Why? Because of those "infernal" club races, as some are bound to call them. Friday, 11 November, opened up dark and gloomy, and as the clouds grew darker, the men's faces grew longer and blacker, but at the appointed hour, as snow had not yet fallen, everyone was on hand and ready; so we all

got in the large van, which our worthy president had furnished to take us over about two miles of awful cobble-stone and rotten wood pavements. After going about 'teen hundred feet, a light rain began to fall, but we courageously decided to go on, hoping it would stop before we arrived at our destination. After getting safely over the bad pavements in the wagon, we alighted, and ordering the wagon to follow us, hastily wheeled off to the track through the rain; when arriving there, we found that the driest place was under the railway embankment, and here we stationed ourselves, and by jumping around, managed to keep warm. After staying where we were about an hour and a half, we decided to start for home; but before doing so, Consul Sholes thought he would go around the track, and sheep-like, all but three of us followed him. Any one that has ever ridden over clay-mud two inches deep, at full speed, can easily imagine the looks of those machines and riders after going that half-mile.—they being one mass of soft, yellow mud, the sight of which, to the lucky three that had stayed behind, nearly sent them into convulsions. After cleaning up, we all got into the van again (about as sick-looking a crowd as any one ever saw). We tried to make matters more pleasant by blowing our two-barrel whistles, singing, etc., until we arrived at headquarters, where we hastily dispersed for our homes. This ends our first lesson; the second will be explained by the following, which has been sent to every rider in the city:—

CLEVELAND, 15 November, 1881.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club will hold their club races on Thursday, 24 November, and will meet for that purpose on that morning at eight o'clock, at the corner of Euclid and Case avenues. All unattached riders in the city are hereby cordially invited to meet with us at that time and ride out to see the races.

CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB.

We hope to have better success on Thanksgiving day than we had on 11 November.

RELCYCIB.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, 17 November, 1881.

Detroit.

Editor Bicycling World:—The Detroit Bicycle Club shows little signs of life. This fall has been the worst known in years for constant rainy weather. The roads all over this State have been reduced to rivers of mud; and even the wood-paved streets of the city have been so slippery with mud and so plashy with water as to make the use of the wheel difficult and unpleasant. On account of the vile weather there have been comparatively few bicycle races this year at county fairs. The club, after several weeks of steady rain, got discouraged, and gave up club riding and meeting till we again have bright skies and fair roads, of which there is still small prospect. But we have not broken up, by any means; we are only waiting.

I desire to add my testimony to that of your other readers in commendation of the BICYCLING WORLD and its management this season. Its reliable and

prompt advance notices of bicycle races, all over the country, and its careful reports of the same after their occurrence, have made it a high reputation as the bicycling news journal, more indispensable than ever to all American wheelmen. Its editorial expressions have been judicious and well argued; and I am confident that its influence has much increased. It certainly commands the respect and approval of all wheelmen of my acquaintance; and we all heartily wish it long-continued and prosperous success. B.

DETROIT, MICH., 16 November, 1881.

The Ohio League.

Editor Bicycling World:—I feel obliged, in a way, to make some answer to the editorial in the WORLD for 11 November, in regard to the Ohio League, and feel sure that after making a few statements about it, every one will see that organization in its right light. The object of the Ohio League, as set forth in a clause in their constitution, is to provide for an annual meeting of Ohio, wheelman in some centrally located, place. It offers no protection to members, nor does it in any way usurp the work of the L. A. W., with probably the exception of holding an annual meeting; and that, I am sure, in every one's opinion, has no more significance than the meets that are held every year in Worcester, Milwaukee, and other places.

ALFRED ELY, JR.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, 18 November, 1881.

Chicago.

Editor Bicycling World:—The following entertainment was given in the Natatorium Hall, Chicago Bicycle Club's headquarters, Wednesday evening: Orchestra; procession of bicycle riders; La Chelle act by H. F. Fox and A. M. Gillett, introducing new and novel feats, including double backward and double forward somersault; Chicago Bicycle Club drill and fancy evolutions; fencing by Profs. Olsen and Jacobs; exhibition mile against time, by the lady bicyclist, Mlle. Louise Almaïndo; the brother act, by Thomas and S. Wood; illustrations of an awkward beginner on a bicycle, Prof. F. S. Rollinson, Champion of America; Indian club swinging by Geo. H. Benedict, champion; fancy triple act on the bicycle by F. S. Rollinson, L. W. Conkling, and A. M. Gillett; wonderful feats of skill and strength by the 12th street Turners; bicycle slow race, distance thirty yards; exhibition of trick riding by F. S. Rollinson; sparring between Geo. H. Benedict, champion middle weight, and Chas. Randolph; acrobatics by J. Coyle, W. H. Van Vleck, J. Redick, T. Wood, S. Wood, A. Gillett, T. Anderson, B. Andrews, and F. Albion.

The Chicago Bicycle drill was given in elegant style. The evolutions were circles and reverse circles, with standing pivot, wheeling double, standing still in twos, fours, and sixes, with company wheel and circle, with legs over handles;

company front and mount from bugle signals. Everything went along smoothly without a balk, and elicited much applause from the audience, of which there was a full house. The lady bicyclist's mile against time was made in six minutes, sixteen laps to the mile. She fell twice on the sharp curve. Prof. Rollinson's exhibition of an awkward beginner on a bicycle was skilfully done, and much appreciated by those present who had "passed through the mill"; more so than by the uninitiated. The slow race was won by B. B. Ayres. Prof. Rollinson's trick, riding, on a 50-inch "Special Club," was loudly applauded. The other numbers on the programme were splendidly executed.

Wheeling, out of doors, is very good now. The weather is cold and mud packed down solid and smooth. ... There are indications that the "D. H. F. Premier," which has heretofore been king of the Chicago road, will have a rival. Mr. John Wilkinson, having assumed the agency for the "Columbia" bicycle, in place of Mr. Fairfield, will bring out the "British Challenge," against Mr. Fairfield's "Premier." The "Challenge" will probably have a good run, if for nothing else but the novelty of it. People like new things, in the way of bicycles as well as in other things, and one may get tired of even a good machine like the "D. H. F.," and seek to vary the monotony by getting something else just as good, but different. There is also a desire on the part of individuals to get a machine the like of which no one else possesses. Of the various breeds of steel nags, we have the "Premier," with both double hollow, single hollow, and solid forks, "Columbia," "Harvard," "Success," "Challenge," "Club," and "Special Club," "Invincible," "Royal Stanley," "Tangent," and a host of others unnamed. ... We are to have a 61-inch machine in the spring. Mr. Ed. F. Brown will ride it.

STENO.

A Few Ideas.

EVERYTHING has its unfavorable side, and the bicycle is not an exception. In the first place, there are the Sunday runs. Not that the use of the bicycle on Sunday for the purposes of transportation, or for a quiet spin down the drives, is at all bad, or with even a tendency to evil effects. Of course there are persons who would be shocked if you should offer to take them out riding in a carriage on the Sabbath. These people are what the liberal element call pruders. But it certainly is not good taste for a party of young gentlemen to rig themselves up in a rakish bicycle uniform—badge, colors, high-water pants and all—and start off on a Sunday tour. It is like a certain policeman we met one day while wheeling our machines on the sidewalk, as the road was bad; he ordered us off, not because we were infringing, but because he thought we would mount and ride on the forbidden ground as soon as he was out

of sight, as the temptation was too great. It is thus with public opinion, whose respect for an institution whose character is not yet fully established, and with a reputation not yet made, is not increased by appearances of disrespect for the day; and putting the evidences of things seen together, they imagine all sorts of improper conduct to follow as a natural sequence, and sometimes they do not guess wrong. It would be much better to tone down the outward signs. Leave off the colors. Put the badge on the inside of the coat. Put on a vest and collar. The only change from ordinary dress necessary is the knee-pants, which always look neat and appropriate. Any further departure is quite unnecessary, except for a long tour. In fact, when a bicyclist is well fitted on his machine, provided the same is of the narrow tread usual to the "Premier," "Harvard," or "Club," with five-inch cranks, the ordinary pantaloons do not look inappropriate or at all awkward, and are not inconvenient in the least. In fact, we have eschewed leggings, and wear knee-pants, not because the act of riding the bicycle requires it, but more for the novelty of freedom which these garments possess, not any more for bicycling than for common wear. Again there is no reason why the bicycle should cause one to neglect social relations, and seek to cleave into a society of itself; yet it is so, — not always, but generally. This, of course, applies to the first year only; and if the beginner be not disgusted with his period of learning and sell his machine the second week after purchase, having sufficient interest and courage to continue the abuse of himself and machine for one or two seasons, he will settle down and return to the old haunts. It is a fact that no one can appreciate the bicycle as it is until he has, if unused to aught but sedentary habits, rebuilt himself, as it were, in muscular arrangement. There is a bicyclic millennium attained after a year or two of steady riding which will enable the graduate to experience calm and superb enjoyment in the wheel. At this period it ceases to become an exercise under six miles of moderate road gait. The physical organization ceases to become ruffled, the hand to become unsteady, the perspiration to flow, because the vital machinery, reconstructed, requires not its functions. The balance is unconscious and motion steady, and one alights from his trip all serene as from a buggy-ride, save that nervous exhilaration found only in the airy, rubber-clad motion of the bicycle. And at this stage his use of the wheel is normal. There are seasons when one can wheel it, and then there are times when it is wisdom to take a car or *walk*. A novice cannot draw the line between sunshine, rain, and mud. There can be too much even of a good thing. A judicious quantity of pie is wholesome, but it is not good policy to eat the whole bakery. With the wheelman who has attained the millennium (so to speak) the bicycle divested of its

novelty, the sheen of romance dulled, and thoroughly mastered, stands upon its inherent merits, and is viewed in an entirely different light, used in an entirely different manner, and for a different purpose; and what is better, with a more reasonable yet deeper enjoyment than before.

STENO.

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent says, under date of 7 November:—Mr. G. L. Cunningham has again taken to the wheel, his physician having advised it for his health's sake. . . . George A. Aldrich, who has been East the past summer; has returned, and in speaking of the excellence of Eastern roads, says that were it not for the pleasant company of the local bicyclist, the condition of our own roads would not be much of an inducement to ride very often. . . . One of the most successful moonlight meets of the season was that of last Friday evening, in which some eleven enthusiastic members of our local club participated. The call for the "run" was by Sub-capt. Chas. A. Butler. At the appointed hour the wheelmen started from Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues, reaching the Cliff House at 8.30, where a short stay was made. The return trip was made by the Cliff House road, and was mostly all "coasted." . . . Yesterday's "meet," which was captained by H. C. Finkler, was, in point of numbers, very successful, though, on account of the high wind and threatening fog, the "run" was not as pleasant as was at first anticipated.

"PACIFIC."—Another San Francisco correspondent, after commenting on the unsatisfactory treatment wheelmen received at the various California fair races, of which we publish accounts this week, says: "To sum it up, I think that we should have our own tracks, our own management, and our own audience (or visitors), and not allow ourselves to be made an advertising convenience for an agricultural "hoss-trot." Nevertheless, we are likely to become mixed again on Thanksgiving Day. The Olympic Athletic Club and the two bicycle clubs intended to have a meeting and games upon that day; but the Garfield Monument Fund people have secured the only good track in this vicinity, and they now offer to join with us, we to have our games in the morning at eleven, and they to have the horse part of the programme in the afternoon at 2 P. M. We shall meet them, and have a little talk about their programme. If satisfactory, we may join them; if not, we shall look elsewhere for a track. The San Francisco Club has shown considerable activity lately, through the exertions of some of its enthusiastic members; and moonlight rides through the park, and Sunday-school classes at the Cliff House have been the result. On the 6th, the Oakland Club made a very pleasant run to San Pablo, twelve miles, for lunch, returning in the afternoon.

L. A. W.

Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Dilwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.

Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.

Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.

The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and a membership number to the Treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor of the Bicycling World:—The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,

Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.

APPLICATIONS.—John W. Bowers, Charles H. Cleaves, Saco Bicycle Club, Saco, Me.

DIRECTORS.—Mr. Albert Trego, 230 Wayland street, Baltimore, Md., has been appointed director for Maryland, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Director Tomlinson.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

Essex Rambles, VI.

THE many pleasant rides taken together by Messrs. Brown, Smith, and Jones finally resulted in a most lamentable state of affairs. This surprising condition was not due to an abatement of the delights of the wheel: all three hastened on their knickerbockers with the same energy and slid into the pigskin with the zest of old. It was not that their companionship began to tire; three more congenial spirits never cycled together, every revolution of their wheels twisting them into closer friendship. No, it was

none of these. The fact was that they had exhausted the cycling resources of Orange and its neighborhood, and were pining in unison for new worlds to conquer, new countries to invade. Their usual place of meeting was at Jones's residence, on a fine macadam street. Smith generally put in an appearance first, and wheeled thoughtfully up and down with an abstracted expression upon his fiercely bearded features. Next, Brown, a cheerful hopelessness upon his benevolent countenance, would turn the corner. Then the two wheelmen would dismount, exchange greetings, mention the weather, speak of the condition of the roads perhaps, but abandon that subject hastily as leading to the dreadful one of routes, and plunge into an earnest discussion of the comparative merits of Arab, Harvard, and Invincible; in the midst of which Jones sauntered upon the scene, trundling lazily his 57-inch "D. S. H. R." A desultory conversation would then ensue, until some one mildly suggested a "move." The extraordinary politeness of these club-mates, and their courteous deference, to each other's opinions and preferences, was shown then by each one's evident determination to take the rear position and follow obediently the leader's little wheel. That this unanimity must result disastrously is evident; Jones generally broke the deadlock by flying off down some smooth avenue in desperation, while Brown and Smith—the subject being no longer ignored—pitched into it, and overtaking the fugitive, announced a route for their run.

It was finally determined to make the attempt to ride to Pompton. The distance was said to be about twenty miles; and the run to Little Falls, half-way, has already been chronicled in the *WORLD*. Our wheelmen knew the first half of their journey, therefore, to be a very good road: but what could they expect for the last ten miles? Sand, mud, ruts, or gravel? Of course macadam was out of the question, and it was not with very high anticipations that they started off one bright morning to make the attempt. However, it was supremely blissful to realize that they were actually taking a brand-new excursion, and it was with the lightest hearts they rolled through Montclair and Verona to the Falls. Here a short stop was made for "imbibatory relaxations," as Jones put it; then on the wheel again and over a rather treacherous piece of sand to Syngack, at which hamlet the cyclists' acquaintance with their route ended. An obliging old "synner" showed them the road; they rambled over the Passaic on a shaky bridge and plunged boldly into the wilderness,—that is, Smith on his 52-inch did, by turning on a narrow path, scraping under a lot of branches with his nose almost touching the rubber. Jones did not follow him; he bumped serenely along in the road, quoting somewhat after this fashion from "The Pedaller's Primer": "See the Boy and the Branch. The Boy's Big Bicycle does not Both-er the Branch. He

is a Sun-day School Schol-ar, so he has no Sin. The Boy will not Hurt a Hair of the Branch's Head. Nei-ther will the Branch Dam-age the Boy's Scalp. He is not a Damp-hool." This severely shocked those orthodox christians, Brown and Smith, who never were known to desecrate the Sabbath by staying away from church and going bicycling. They were both good little boys!

As the riders passed the powder works near Pequannock, the road gradually improved, until it almost rivalled the gravel pikes of Long Branch. Here they struck a twelve-mile gait, rolling off the miles with out incident until the reverberating clang of the ch—, ahem! school bells, swelling down through the valley warned them that the end of their journey was not far away, and that a good dinner was near at hand. But this they were fated to delay; for the rustic nags which they now met by dozens (the country people for some reason were all out driving) kicked up such a hippodrome that it was necessary for our wheelmen to dismount and lean their steeds against the fence. Brown facetiously dubbed himself and comrades "ring masters" in the circus, casting a glance at his glittering fellow. He was promptly laid in the gutter, his handle bar stuck through him, and his back wheel tire knotted about his neck. At one o'clock sharp, with appetites corresponding, they rolled up to the Norton House at Pompton, quickly dismounted, and were welcomed by the genial proprietor, Mr. Ransley, who, after showing them to the wash-room, led our ravenous cyclists to the dining-table. There they had, at a charge of seventy-five cents each, the following menu:—

SOUP.
Oyster.
BROILED.
Spring Chicken.
ROAST.
Sirloin of Beef.
VEGETABLES.
Mashed Potato, Sweet Potato, Stewed Tomatoes,
Green Corn, Turnips, Apple Sauce.
RELISHES.
Pickles, Catsup, Lea & Perkins.
PASTRY.
Apple Pie, Custard Pie.
DESSERT.
Ice Cream, Apples.
Tea.

If any B. T. C. hostelry in Great Britain will get up a better dinner than Brown, Jones, and Smith enjoyed that day for three shillings, those gentlemen would like to know it for use on their European ride next summer.

After dinner, an immediate return was manifestly impossible, so they sauntered up to the lake, took the pretty little gypsy from its house and floated lazily away, past undulating lily pads, dotted with their pure blossoms, under the shade of a maple grove reaching away up the hill, listening now to the shrill chipper of an angry squirrel, then to the sudden splash of a little pickerel. The day was warm and sunny, the water cool and inviting.

After a proper interval had elapsed after dinner, Brown proposed a swim; the gypsy was moored to the bank, suits doffed, and an impromptu race instituted between Brown and Jones. This, as is usually the case with swimming matches, resulted in a great deal of jockeying, turning short of the mark, etc. Smith, as umpire, decided it a tie, and called all bets off. At half past four, when the clumps of beeches sent their shadows far across the waters of the lake, our wheelmen bade their host good by, with many promises to return, and spun the dust of Pompton from their little wheels. As their steeds bore them swiftly away under the leafy arches of the shady road, a familiar chorus came floating back:—

Good by, Pompton;
By by, Pompton;
So long, Pompton;
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, 'neath the elmwood trees.

INXON.

Philadelphia to Staunton.

Editor Bicycling World:—A party of three of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, Messrs. King, Stokes, and Lewis, have just returned from a trip through the Shenandoah Valley, from Hagerstown, Md., to Staunton, Va.; and having had such fine riding, we want to recommend to wheelmen both the road and the scenery, and to give some idea of the hotels and highway. We left Philadelphia by rail for Hagerstown on Wednesday, 19 October. The next day we took the pike to Williamsport, six miles, and crossing the Potomac by ferry, rode to Martinsburg, thirteen miles, where we remained over night. From Williamsport to Martinsburg the road is what the Virginians call a dirt pike, or what we would call a hard clay road, but it is in almost as good condition as the pike proper. From Martinsburg to Staunton runs the Valley Pike, as it is known through that section of the State, and is in nearly its whole length the finest road in the East, excelling the pike from Philadelphia to Bryn Mawr, or the roads in the suburbs of Boston, over which we wheeled last May. The second day we rode to Winchester, twenty-two miles, for dinner, and to Strasburg, eighteen miles, for the night. The third day's run was to Mt. Jackson, twenty-four miles, for dinner, and thence to Newmarket, nine miles. From Strasburg to Mt. Jackson is the hilliest portion of the road, the rise being about four or five hundred feet between the two points. This ascent, coupled with a ten-mile breeze from the south, made us work hard, and we were obliged to walk up a few of the hills, particularly where cracked stone had been recently placed on the road. Upon arriving at Newmarket we felt like resting a day; but not wishing to spend Sunday in such a small place, we determined to push on to Staunton and remain there until Tuesday. We arrived in Harrisonburg, eighteen miles, at noon; but learning that about fifteen miles of the twenty-six

to Staunton had been freshly metalled, we decided to remain there over night, and go by rail the next morning to Staunton. It was fortunate that we did so, for rain set in about 3 P. M., and continued showery until Monday night. We had intended going to Natural Bridge, about fifty miles farther south; but we learned that the road was not very good, and the latter part was extremely hilly, so we abandoned that part of our plans. The southern portion of the Shenandoah Valley is divided in two by the Massanutten Mountains, the eastern valley being called the Luray Valley. We wanted to visit the Luray Caverns, and finding that the road was not rideable, we took the train again from Staunton to Luray. The cave, though not as large as Mammoth Cave, Ky., is much finer, and the accommodations at Luray Inn are first-class. Wednesday morning we rode by train to Front Royal, in order to get a road leading across the valley to the pike. We should have continued by train to Riverton, for we had to ride three miles over a bad road to that place before reaching the road to Middletown, distant from Front Royal thirteen miles. This road is an ordinary dirt road, but rideable, except a few steep hills. After a miserable dinner at Middletown, we rode on to Martinsburg, thirty-five miles, covering it in four hours, which we consider good after the hilly work of the morning. The next morning's ride to Hagerstown finished our trip by bicycle. The following list of hotels embraces the best in each place: Hagerstown, Newcomer House; Martinsburg, Grand Central or Continental; Winchester, Taylor House; Middletown, only one hotel here and abominable at that; Strasburg, Chalybeate House; Mt. Jackson, Wilson's Hotel, at the station; Newmarket, Central Hotel; Harrisonburg, Spotswood House; Staunton, Virginia Hotel. The living expenses are, with one or two exceptions, fifty cents each for meals and lodging. Our entire ride, including a seven-mile trip out of Harrisonburg, figures up one hundred and eighty-four miles; and actual time, including short stops for milk or water at farm-houses, was thirty-two hours forty-six minutes. We did not hurry ourselves, and only rode once for time, as before mentioned. As the prevailing winds during the riding season are from the south and southwest, and the grade descending from Staunton northward, it is much easier to ride from Staunton this way. We were informed that no bicycles had ever been seen south of Newmarket; and many were the conjectures as to what we were, when walking about the streets of Staunton, and innumerable the questions when dismounted by our steeds. Several times, when resting by the roadside or pushing our wheels up-hill, the passing native would inquire, "What air you doin' with them tarnal things?" and when riding by fields where men and boys were shucking corn, they would run to the roadside with shouts of laughter,

to see us pass by. We were quite as much amused, but from a different cause. I must here praise the people of this valley for their universal kindness and courtesy toward us; for notwithstanding that most of the horses frightened at our wheels, and frequently obliged us and them to dismount, the drivers were always angry with their horses instead of us, and on being signalled always turned aside for us to pass, whether we were going in the same direction or an opposite one. We found that our multums, which weighed six and a half pounds, added very much to the labor of riding up-hill, or pushing them either, and so we expressed them on Thursday morning from Martinsburg to our stopping place for the night; but the Baltimore and Ohio Express Company must have thought we could do as well without them, for we did not see them again until Monday night at Staunton. Taken altogether, the trip was a success, and will be made again next year by two of the party, so far as we now know.

BUCEPHALE.

PHILADELPHIA, 29 October, 1881.

The Massachusetts Club's Visit to Concord.

It is almost cruel to remind the bicycling world, outside of Boston and its suburbs, that we have not only the best roads and the most of them of any American riders, and the most varied and picturesque scenery, but also, within easy riding distance, many places of great historic interest, which it is a privilege to be able to visit; and such an object in view (or *to view*) adds much to the enjoyment of the ride. Plymouth Rock itself is just a comfortable day's ride from Boston; a two-hours' run to Winthrop brings us to the old house built by Gov. Winthrop in 1641; and a few hours takes one to the oldest church in America, at Hingham, or the famous old Fairbanks house at Dedham, or the older house at Medford; while Bunker Hill, Cambridge, Lexington, and Concord, are full of patriotic memories.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club resolved itself, last week, into a sort of antiquarian-historical-genealogical (and part of the way *geological*!) club, and visited — on the wheel, of course — the notable buildings and spots in Concord and Lexington. It is one of the legends of the Massachusetts Club that Capt. Pope is not on good terms with the clerk of the weather, who spitefully furnishes a rain or a wind whenever the good captain calls a run; but evidently they have "made up," for a finer day for bicycling never dawned than Thursday, 17 November, and promptly at eight o'clock, sixteen members in full uniform gathered at the new headquarters (No. 194 Columbus avenue) in answer to the captain's summons, and with a few outside riders, rolled out into the country. At Newton a call was made upon Col. Pope, who cordially welcomed the party, furnished a

liberal supply of the club drink, — milk, — and, with a distinguished clergyman, wheeled into line for the day's run.

Through Newton, Newtonville, Waltham, and Weston the party rode, avoiding the sandy roads of Lincoln, to Concord, where the Concord monument and the Minute Man,

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,"

"the Old Manse" of Hawthorne, the homes of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, the Concord School of Philosophy, and other points of interest, tempted to a longer stop than could be made; and with a hasty view of these famous spots, the company turned their faces toward Lexington, and dinner at the Massachusetts House. A little girl of Concord astonished the bugler with the inquiry, "Mister, is there going to be another war?" as the last notes of his "assembly" rang out on the quiet air. Had the *World* of last week, with Mr. Bernard's interesting and suggestive letter, been read before the run, the club would no doubt have called upon Mr. Emerson to thank him for his essay on courage, so applicable to bicycling.

More than a century ago, a little party which had gone out to Concord from Boston rued the day that took them over the road to Lexington; and *our* party found it "a hard road to travel." Champion Parkhurst was just explaining to Mr. Ed. T. Ide, of the Elgin, Ill., Bicycle Club, who gave us the pleasure of his company, how much better our roads were than Western roads, when he struck a sandy rut, lurched off to the left, lost control of his machine, and actually rode nearly over a stone wall before he recovered himself. After a few such experiences as this, the club mostly dismounted and *walked* bravely into Lexington, where a good dinner, kind attention from all, from landlord to porter and brush boy, and a long rest at the Massachusetts House, put the party in good condition for the run home.

This house, which was the Massachusetts building in Fairmount Park during the Centennial, and was taken to pieces and put up here, makes a most delightful inn, and every effort is made to add to the pleasure of guests. The party were shown about the town, the historic buildings, the monuments and the noble Memorial Hall, with its collection of relics of 1775, and was sorry to leave the hospitable place; but the sun was sinking, and at 3.30 P. M. wheels were taken, and over fine roads, through Waltham and the Newtons, the return trip was made, headquarters being reached at a little after five, the cyclometers scoring forty-two and one half miles for the day.

The club set it down as one of their most enjoyable runs, and were glad to find that the captain and first and second lieutenants had not forgotten their duties if they *had* been unavoidably absent from runs lately, and that Bugler Dyer had not lost his "lip" in his long absence.

CHAMPAGNE.

Worcester to Providence.

ON Saturday, 12 November, after having waited two weeks for a fair day, the secretary of the Worcester Bicycle Club and the president of the Æolus Wheel Club started for a run to Providence. The day was cold and raw, with a north-west wind blowing. Starting at 7.30 A. M., we reached Millbury, seven miles, at 8.08, a good part of the distance being made on sidewalks. Passing through Sutton, Saundersville, and Farnumsville, over fair roads, we reached Northbridge, thirteen miles, at 8.50; thence through Whitinsville to Uxbridge, nineteen miles, arriving at 9.39. From Uxbridge to Millville, the five miles of road was sandy and full of wide and deep ruts, the only place ridable being on the sides of the road, and an attempt to cross from one side to the other quite often resulted in the rider getting along faster than his wheel. However, we succeeded in getting over the distance in forty minutes, arriving at Millville, twenty-four miles, at 10.19. About this time, the wind shifted into the east, and blew cold and strong in our faces. Passing through Blackstone and Waterford, over passable roads, we arrived at Woonsocket, twenty-eight miles, at 11.10. A stop of thirty-five minutes was made here, during which time we got outside of some hot oysters, which tended to take the chills out of us. At 11.45 we again mounted, accompanied by Messrs. Miller and Burt, of the Woonsocket Club, who kindly offered to see us on our way.

Knowing that the roads along the line of the railroad were sandy, we took the route over Cumberland Hill. For the first mile, the riding was fair; but the following three miles was sandy and hilly, and in some parts unridable. Thence to Valley Falls, six miles, the wheeling was better, and arrived there, thirty-eight miles from Worcester, at 1.23. The distance from there to Pawtucket was covered in fifteen minutes, mostly on sidewalks; and without stopping, we bore away for Providence in the face of a chilling and strong wind. Soon after leaving Pawtucket we were unfortunate enough to miss our way, running in on Pawtucket avenue instead of the right road, which I think is Eastern avenue; and in consequence we found some poor riding, finishing up with a mile of cobblestone pavement. We rode up to the depot at 2.20, forty-four miles from Worcester, just as it began to sprinkle; but on coming out, after having left our wheels in the baggage room, we found it had settled into a drenching rain. Having secured the clothing which we had sent forward by express, we were soon busily engaged in the dining-room of the Hotel Dorrance. The "feature" of the trip was the attempt of the president to cross one of the large ruts near Uxbridge; and but for some alder bushes which there skirt the banks of the Blackstone, he would have taken a straight dive into its turbid waters. The other feature was the attempt of the secretary

near Pawtucket to instruct the president how to ride on both sides of a fence at one and the same time, which resulted in his going over the head, and taking one of his handles along with him, breaking it short off. The ride was enjoyed despite the wind and chilly atmosphere; but the roads as a whole cannot be classed even as "fair," and a run from here to Boston would be much easier. F. W. B.

A Ride in Italy.

[Translated from LE SPORT VELOCIPEDIQUE, by CARL]

WE could not leave Genoa until Tuesday, 3 May, for the roads were still wet from the rains of the preceding days. The rails of the car track, hidden beneath the mud, made the way quite dangerous; twice I was forced to dismount to dislodge the mud that clogged the forks of my machine: but the road improved, and at nine o'clock we stopped at Pegli, six miles, for coffee. Here the road became magnificent: the rain had only served to make them hard and smooth; the air was fresh, and gaily we rolled over the many hills, ornamented with villages, until we reached Savona, twenty-one miles, at about noon. At two o'clock we started again at great speed, not across the plain itself, but over that part of it which borders the sea. Our rapid gait was surprising even to ourselves; only a quarter of an hour's stop at Final-Marina, fourteen miles, and before five o'clock we were at Albenga, twelve miles, and then decided to ride to Alassio, five miles, to pass the night. Total distance for the day, fifty-eight miles.

Wednesday, 4 May, the sun shone brightly, a gentle breeze fanned our faces, and nothing foretold us of the three terrible "headers" that were to come, or of the breaking of one of our machines, and the necessity of my finishing my journey alone. We got started at half past seven o'clock: stopped at Oneglia, twelve miles; San Remo, sixteen miles; Vintimiglia, nine miles, where we arrived at half past twelve. Stuffing our pockets full of cigars, we set out once more. Just before reaching Oneille, my friend met with misfortune No. 1. In crossing a little stream on his bicycle he was thrown just as he reached the opposite side, while trying to get up the slope. Let me explain here, parenthetically, that in Italy bridges are rare, and the brooks and streams flow over the roads. Generally a little foot bridge of a single arch is found on one side, and its width, less than two feet, is considered sufficient for foot passengers; the smaller streams have great rocks which stick up above the water and serve as stepping stones. We were still laughing over my friend's mishap, when he fell a second time on a hill covered with new-laid stones. The pace at which we were going was so slow that I did not think it possible the fall could be serious; but not seeing my friend arise from the ground, I dismounted, and found he had injured his right leg. We rested for a quarter of an hour, but the pain continued, and he decided to walk

to Mentone, as there were several very steep hills to descend. Picking up his machine, my friend found the head completely smashed, and he was obliged to push it along, holding the little wheel in the air. I remounted and accomplished two thirds of the distance to Mentone, and stopped at the Italian Custom House to wait for my friends. I again remounted, but the descent was so steep that in spite of all my efforts my machine ran away with me. Upon reaching the line between Italy and France, a French custom-house officer ordered me to stop, but for very good reasons I could not obey; he seized hold of my large wheel, as I was passing, to stop me. I made a jump of thirty feet, and flattened myself out in a watercourse, luckily dry. I was furious. Seeing my hands covered with blood, the foolish officer tried to excuse himself; my friend rejoined me, and we kept on,—the gallant officer, who stopped me to see if I had any cigars about me, forgetting all about the motive that had prompted him. At Mentone we took the cars to avoid a bad road, and save a climb of 3,000 feet. At Eze I got out in a hurry, for I had made a wager with my friend that I would reach our home in Nice before him. The train got started first, as I was delayed by another train across the road. At last I was away, over the first hill and through the tunnel; climbed up St. John hill before reaching Villefranche; there a carriage tried to race with me, but I rode the third hill, nearly a mile long, with such celerity that they gave up the chase. Excited by this success, I pounded on with all my might, and made the descent at a tremendous pace, as I knew every inch of the way. In the Rue Cassini I easily passed a horse-car, thanks to the flat paving, ran through several other streets, and was at home. I seized my machine in both hands, climbed up two flights of stairs, pulled the bell, and—the servant slammed the door in my face, not recognizing me covered with dust, perspiring and blowing so that I could not speak. However, my machine was recognized, and I was admitted. Ten minutes later my friend arrived, pretending that he had lost ten minutes at the railway station. No matter, I won the bet.

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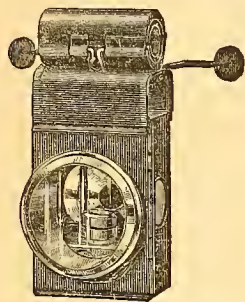
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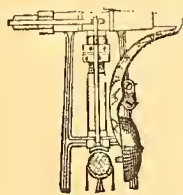
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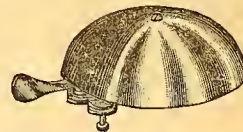
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