

Bicycling & Archery Field

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LOUIS HARRISON, Editor.
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CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editorial
WILL H. THOMPSON, } Contributors.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED TO REACH THE EDITOR'S ATTENTION SHOULD HEREAFTER BE ADDRESSED TO LOUIS HARRISON, EDITOR BICYCLING WORLD. BUSINESS LETTERS TO E. C. HODGES & CO.

CURRENTE CALAMO

SPRING

HAS come.

HERE is some poetry on Spring:—

O'er eastern hilltops far away
Peeps the golden god of day,
Blushing with roseate light
As he awakes from the winter's night.
The trembling shafts of light descend,
And o'er the plains of earth extend,
And to every glad heart tidings bring
That this indeed is the morn of spring.

PUT up your revolvers: we will never do it again.

JUVENIS says that we lack proper poetical appreciation. We cannot properly appreciate his poesy, if he has any, but we can manufacture doggerel just as fast as he can: witness the above.

IF the League Directors cannot agree upon a location for the annual Meet, they should turn the matter over to those who are now making war on paper, and who are furnishing lots of entertainment and material for the editor. The hotter the discussion waxes the more articles we get. Go it.

THE fighting editor went out to inaugurate the spring riding, dressed in his new La-de-da uniform, and determined to cover himself with glory. He came back covered with Back Bay mud, and looking as if he had been swimming in a sewer. He has taken his clothes to an out-of-town carpet-beater, and is now laying for the men who wrote so enthusiastically upon *icycling*.

WE have received from William M. Wright, bicycle dealer, 160 Fulton street, New York City, a copy of *The Bicycle*, Vol. I., No. 1. The publishers very sensibly announce: "We are not, dear reader, trying to steal upon your affections in the guise of a newspaper. *The Bicycle* is an advertisement, nothing more nor less." The paper is illustrated with a number of comic sketches, is ably edited, and very nicely printed. We advise every reader of the *WORLD* to send for a copy, as it is gratuitous and well worth having.

"THE Lament of the Old Bone-Shaker," by "Tommy B.," is from that bright and entertaining monthly, the *Wheel World*.

THE activity in bicycling circles thus early in the season shows not only a wise foresight on the part of those who desire to be equipped for riding when the weather permits, but also foreshadows a booming business for the dealers, not unlike the immense demand for bicycles and tricycles created in England last year.

THE "Otto" bicycle, described in this issue, is in every respect a safety bicycle, as it is impossible for the rider to fall backwards. Whenever there is an occasion to walk with the machine, it is much more readily propelled than either the tricycle or bicycle. It is exciting a great deal of interest in bicycling circles, and we are informed that the show-rooms, at 118 Newgate street, London, E. C., have been visited by nearly three thousand people in one day to see the strange machine.

A FEW of the weaker clubs in the West have been unable to weather the discouragements of winter; have in fact shown a discreditable lack of backbone in breaking up so easily. The strong clubs in Boston, Brooklyn, Washington, Providence, and Worcester have, by providing club rooms and those little social gatherings which minister to cordial, friendly feeling among members, not only held their own, but have actually added to their membership during a season when bicycling interest was at its lowest.

THERE is a social form of tricycle on exhibition at the salesrooms of the Pope Manufacturing Company which is especially adapted for fat men and lunch baskets (much the same thing), and which may prove very useful on the occasion of club excursions. It is simply a union of three bicycles, minus the backbones and little wheels: one in front, fitted both with propelling and steering power, and two behind, side by side, having propelling power and brake. A trio of riders on

this machine should have their hearts and legs united by the bonds of harmony, as any disagreement of mind or muscle would make a situation of about fifteen miles from home, upon a hot day, rather embarrassing.

THE gallant Massachusetts men talked very gravely at one time of setting apart a night for the entertainment of ladies at their club-rooms, that they might thus give the fair sex a glimpse of the mysteries of club life, and become acquainted with those ladies who have expressed an interest in bicyclers. But they have been ungallantly inactive in the matter, and the editor, feeling that if the ladies wait for an invitation it will be a cold day for them, takes the liberty of advising them to proceed in a body and take 40 Providence street by storm. They will meet with no resistance from the Boston club men.

TO BOSTON BICYCLERS. — There will be a bicycling team entered for the "tug of war" at the Union Athletic Club games at Music Hall, 23 March. Bicyclers of Boston and vicinity who weigh from 175 pounds upwards, and who desire to enter, are requested to send their names immediately to this office.

UNDER the heading "R  cr  ation V  loc  dique," *Le Sport V  locip  dique*, a bright little French paper, edited by our pleasant correspondent, who signs himself "The Devil," Mr. Paul Devillers, is publishing a series of "problems" that are exciting some interest among the mathematically inclined wheelmen of England, as well as of France. Here is one: A bicyclist, A, pursues another bicyclist, B, who is eighty-two turns of his wheel in advance; while A makes nine revolutions of his wheel, B makes thirteen, but three revolutions of A's wheel equal five of B's. How many revolutions of his wheel must A make in order to overtake B?

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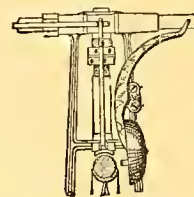
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THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America.—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, 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. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 4 MARCH, 1881.

BICYCLE RACING.—A few riders of the wheel have stepped, or rather pedalled, to the front very rapidly during the past year, and will in all probability rank creditably, if not first, during the season of 1881; but they will have to improve in their work to hold their positions. The racing time in England, from mile records up, is much lower than in this country; not because they have better material than we, but because there has not been a large enough bicycling interest as yet in this country to call out our best material, and because experience and careful training have as much to do with lowering bicycle racing records as they have with the success of other sports. Time will bring out finer riders and greatly improve those we have.

Amateur bicycle racing is hardly to be compared with horse racing, as it partakes of none of the gambling element and the contagion of dishonesty this element always brings with it. Neither is it to be compared with the exhibitions of low, brutal strength which arouse an interest in a six-days' leg contest in Madison Garden.

The incorruptibility of the contestants, the disinterestedness of those who have charge, the demand for a large

amount of brain work, and a refined patronage, all elevate bicycle racing to the highest place among exciting contests of skill, and will always appeal to the interest of the better class of Americans.

And yet, the exceeding closeness of most races, the new element of danger, and the wonderful speed shown, arouse the same form of enthusiasm that has so long been manifest in the racing of dumb brutes, or of those human brutes whose merits are gauged by the capabilities of their lungs and legs.

The inter-club matches promised for the forthcoming season will be watched with great interest by all riders of the wheel, and will do much to stimulate the attention to healthy living and physical training that are most productive of speed and endurance.

The club contests will be friendly ones, and while the winners will have some reason to feel a pride in their work, the losers will have an inexhaustible fund of other wheeling pleasures to fall back on for consolation. Thus there will probably be absent the ill feeling prevalent in other sports. Any one who has watched the dragging, spiritless boat races of modern times, or had an insight into their "crookedness," who has viewed with disgust the growing tendency to buy and sell every form of match-game and contest of skill, should welcome bicycle racing as a new and yet uncorrupted pastime, and should welcome it with the respect it deserves. The gentlemen who have thus far given it their support have sustained it with dignity and honorable conduct, and the best reward their followers can bestow upon them will be a care that bicycle racing is kept free from the dishonest jobbery of those who make a traffic of every other pastime.

THE PROFESSOR'S MOUNT.

A BICYCLING SKETCH. BY AUGUSTA.

"THAT looks very easy," said the Professor, meditatively.

"It is," replied my husband. "See, all you have to do is to place your foot lightly on the step, so, give a little spring, and there you are"; and suiting the action to the word, he vaulted gracefully into the saddle of the bicycle.

"I believe I could do that," came from the Professor's lips, but in a tone lacking confidence.

"Of course you could," we chimed in, my sister and myself, in the most encouraging manner; woman's keen perception scenting fun ahead. "You are not afraid to try it?" I added, knowing the remark would settle the matter.

"Oh! of course not," returned the Professor, "but do you know that a bicycle has always seemed to me such an unreliable thing? Perhaps," turning to my husband, "if you would hold it for me just a moment, I might find it easier to mount."

"Certainly," said Henry, and bracing himself against the machine, he awaited the Professor's movements. The latter was not quite up to time; but then, there was always a certain scientific deliberation in everything he did, from draining a glass of beer to calculating the pressure of so many pounds to the square inch. Besides, we had awakened his suspicions by our too manifest eagerness and exaggerated confidence in his skill, a rather unusual compliment for us to bestow upon him. He gave us an appreciative glance, and after examining the machine with half-closed, critical eyes, he carefully and feelingly placed the tip of his toes on the extreme edge of the step, grasped the wheel with both hands, and making a fearful lunge, brought his chin in sharp contact with the saddle, rasping his toes, and nearly upsetting my husband.

"Look sharp, Professor! you nearly broke my back then," Henry exclaimed.

Of course we tittered, and then coughed nervously to cover the offence; but not in time to deceive the Professor, who, red in the face, hatless, and with a generally demoralized look, drew heavily on his vocabulary of choice expletives, in an undertone.

Another frantic effort, and this time, after violent contortions of the face and body, he finally perched himself upon the saddle, grasping blindly the handles. This time we all laughed openly, his whole appearance was so helpless and woe-begone; bent over at an angle of forty-five degrees, both legs of his pantaloons hitched up, displaying very slim ankles encased in red striped stockings, and toes painfully turned in.

Let me here remark, that between my sister and myself on one side, and the Professor on the other, there was an outward semblance of peace that merely covered an armed neutrality. Really very good friends and mutual admirers, we had such diversity of opinions that our most amicable interviews invariably terminated in a tilt. He had a quiet, self-assured manner of nailing an argument and clinching it, that exasperated us beyond control; but when we would march boldly to the front, with our combined nagging forces, they generally gave us the vantage ground, and caused the Professor's hasty retreat.

Now we felt that he was in our power. What could a man do in his position: perched upon a huge wheel for the first time, and dependent upon another man for even the small amount of security there was, and entirely at the mercy of two women at a safe distance, on *terra firma*?

"You should turn out your toes," my sister exclaims; and I say nothing, but

quietly pick up his dusty hat and hand it to him. I know perfectly well, from long and careful observation, that there is not another man in existence who appreciates the power of silence in a woman as the Professor does.

He does not deign to notice me, so I silently change my base, and take a front view of him, remarking that "he does n't seem to be comfortable, and looks a *little* overheated."

This purely sympathetic observation produces a ferocious gleam in his eye, and he tartly calls out to Henry, "Are n't you ready yet?"

The latter quickly perceives the injustice of the remark, but makes no comment. Straightening himself up, he administers a little wholesome advice to the Professor:—

"Now put your feet squarely on the pedals, so; there, grasp the handles firmly, and above all keep your balance. Now, one—two—"

"Wait a moment," wails the Professor; "it seems to me that the thing wabbles."

"Not at all," replies Henry, his accent full of indignation at the implied slur upon his perfect bicycle, "if you only sit firmly and keep your balance."

"But, deuce take it!" interrupts the Professor, "that is just what I can't do!"

"Oh, yes you can," we chime in; "a man of your scientific attainments can surely ascertain the centre of gravity, and when found, make a note on."

The Professor smiled grimly to convince us of his perfect ease, conscious the whole time that we were aware of the decent, and knew the exact condition of his inwardness and duly appreciated it.

One trivial explanation I have omitted.

We were all standing under the branches of an immense spreading elm, charmingly located on a grassy knoll; a delightful place to rest, but unfortunately the gravel walk leading from it had a decided descent clear to the wide-open gate, with the main road beyond. There was a rather sharp corner to turn, an innocent little ditch, and then the hard macadamized road. Our expert bicyclist cared nothing for this, but a novice could imagine nothing worse.

The preceding details had escaped our observation, as well as the Professor's.

Henry, impatient of delay, — for it is warm work bolstering up a bicycle, with a solid man on it, — cries, "One! two! three!" and at the same time gives an effective push, that sends the Professor spinning down the gravel.

For about thirty feet, there was a brilliant pyrotechnic display, as if an immense pin-wheel had broken loose. I never knew before what wonderful optical illusions velocity could produce. Arms, legs, coat-tails, and spokes were multiplied and magnified beyond belief. This bewildering vision was of short duration, for the sudden turn produced a transformation scene, giving a side view of the unfortunate rider at an acute angle, and finally the ditch presented itself, an insurmountable obstacle.

There was a violent upheaval of a helpless mass of humanity, a glimpse of the blue mountains beyond, and the Professor and the bicycle parted company forever.

With bated breath and beating hearts, we ran to collect the remains; but before we could reach them, the outraged Professor was up, and walking with frantic speed towards the village, deaf to our inquiries and indifferent to our anxiety. My sister, who has a tender heart and a very superficial knowledge of men, exclaimed, "Oh! he has injured himself, and is going for the doctor."

"Nonsense!" I said, "he has gone for a glass of beer." And I was right.

Henry picked up his bicycle, and finding no bones broken, expressed some sympathy for the unlucky rider.

We saw nothing of the Professor until lunch time, when he came in late, and without a word or look of recognition, took his accustomed seat at the table. We made no allusion to the recent accident, but took a mental inventory of results: a smudge on the right side of his beautiful aquiline nose, a gravel bruise on his left temple, a collection of dust, fine gravel, and small sticks in his hair, and a rent in his coat-sleeve. This was all we discovered, except a partiality shown to one hand, and a rigid stiffening of one leg as he sat down.

There was very little conversation during the meal, and the sardonic glances we occasionally encountered, for once kept us within bounds. The rest of the day he seemed depressed, and evinced marked preference for the hammock; and I noticed for days that he would not sit on the piazza at the side of the house where we usually assembled at sunset. Afterwards, I discovered that Henry kept his bicycle there.

Weeks after the accident, we were discussing the subject of volition one evening, in our customary animated manner, when the Professor, getting the better of us in an argument, provoked the following remark, delivered in my sweetest tones: "Have you ever noticed that free-will and velocity are diametrically opposed to each other, particularly on a stiff grade, with a ditch at the end of it?"

The moon went behind a cloud just then, and the Katydids sang vociferously.

My sister gave a supplicating little cough; Henry laughed aloud; while the Professor, after a pause, remarked gloomily that he would "take a walk," and it is to be presumed that he drowned his grief in the usual way, as he had an aroma of cloves about him when he returned. The result of his attempt to put into practice his, theoretical control of the bicycle is, that he is far more tractable and more open to conviction in the scientific disputations that contribute to the instruction and general misery of our daily life.

We recommend every schoolmaster and theologian to try it.

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RIGHTS OF CITIZENS IN HIGHWAYS AND PARKS.

THE question of excluding one class of vehicles — to wit, bicycles — from the streets and parkways of Chicago having been at a late meeting presented squarely before the common council, a number of citizens who habitually ride the bicycle, in their business and otherwise, take this means of placing before the members of the council some of the more prominent principles of law and right affecting the question.

The riders of the bicycle in Chicago have no apprehension that they will, or can be, permanently or ultimately deprived of their legal rights as citizens on the streets and parkways; but they do not wish to be placed in the position of apparent law-breakers, nor be subjected to the seeming odium and needless expense of maintaining their legal rights. They do not think that the council will pass an ordinance discriminating against the use of the bicycle, as compared with other accepted means of locomotion on the highways, if they will first seriously look into the merits of the question.

1. A street is a strip of land reserved for and forever dedicated to common and public use, on equal terms, in passing from one place to another. Nothing less or other than this can be a public street. A private road has an individual ownership, and the owner may admit all, or exclude all, or admit some, as he chooses; a public road can exclude none.

2. In the sense of my unhampered use of it in common with others, I own the street and the park, because I am a citizen, and because I am taxed to support them. The municipality has no power to deprive me of this undivided and common *usus*; the Legislature has no power to authorize such deprivation. As well might a Legislature enact that red-haired men shall not use the streets as discriminate between different *classes* of vehicles.

3. This right is subject, however, to some limitations, under its very nature. I may not use a vehicle forty feet wide, or harness ferocious animals to my carriage, or convey nitro-glycerine or small-pox, or take my use in such manner as to necessarily exclude others from the street. Doing this, I should take their shares with my own; until I do so, my right to be my own master is absolute.

4. The power to reasonably regulate the use of streets and parks — as in the matter of speed — necessarily rests in a municipality, but the right to regulate is not the right to exclude. Such right must be reasonably exercised, and must not discriminate. Regulations as to speed, etc., must apply alike to all users of streets and parks.

5. The fact that horses already are in the street gives no special right of possession, nor does it in the least establish the doctrine that other instruments of propulsion are to be judged by their possible or their necessary effect upon

horses. I cannot pre-empt the street, merely because I am there first with my horses, as against another who comes afterwards with some vehicle which the horse may not like. If I could do so, the street would become my private property, whereas it is my public property. I own my own share of its use, but I cannot touch my neighbor's share, though I may covet it.

6. Were it true that the horse has especial right in the street, by virtue of possession, the absurdity would follow, that no device, however superior, could ever supplant that animal. Progress and improvement in transportation would be debarred. Nothing to which he chose to object could be tested, except in private.

7. These propositions, which are only terse statements of elementary common-sense on the subject, are well sustained by judicial decisions. "Now the public street is a place in which all have a right to be, for streets are for the purposes of public travel," said the Maine Supreme Court. Said the Connecticut Supreme Court: "The highway shall be forever subservient to the right of every individual in the community to pass over the thoroughfares so created at all times." The New York Court of Appeals has said that "all persons may travel on the street or highway, in their own common modes of conveyance; the use is general and open to all alike." Said the Supreme Court of Illinois: "A street is made for the passage of persons and property, and the law cannot define what exclusive means of transportation shall be used." Said Judge Cooley, in his work on Constitutional Limitations: "When land is taken or dedicated for a public street, it is unquestionably appropriated for all the ordinary purposes of a town street; not merely the purposes to which such streets were formerly applied, but those demanded by new improvements and new wants." Said the Michigan Supreme Court: "The use of steam power for purposes of locomotion on the common highway is not unlawful, provided due care is observed, and a proper regard had to the rights of others. The fact that one, for a lawful purpose, takes into the highway an object which is calculated to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness, does not necessarily render him liable for any resulting injury. Those who make use of the highway by means of horses have no rights superior to others, and new modes of locomotion are perfectly admissible, provided they are reasonably consistent with existing modes."

A SERIOUS EPISTLE FROM PRESIDENT BATES.

Editor Bicycling World:—I notice that "Juvenis," of Boston, in a letter published in the New York *Wheel* of 12 February, referring to my recent statistical article, accuses me of "trying not to be funny." Correct. Did I succeed in not being funny? He thinks I succeeded wonderfully—for me. Thanks.

He accuses you of publishing "half a column of unrelieved trash." If you are guilty, own up like a man, and do so some more; because there are depraved and trivial beings who rather like occasional trash. I confess that I do; incoherent and trifling creature that I am, I admire "Juvenis."

He says that you accuse even him of "trying to be funny." If you do so, you do him grievous injustice. I do not believe he ever tries to be funny; but he is deliciously funny without trying.

There are people who cannot discover any humor in statistics or figures. They don't like to take their jokes in conic sections, but prefer the angle of least resistance. I once saw a gentleman on the railroad car buy a comic almanac; and after carefully studying the first (calendar) half of it, composed of tables of figures, he turned to me and said, in an aggrieved tone, "Well, I don't see anything comic in this d—d thing!" Some people are born that way.

Some years ago I attended an exhibition of a lightning calculator, in company with a nice widow. The bills advertised the mathematical genius as "the most wonderful figurer in the world." The lady did not seem interested in the black-board exercises, but maintained a constant flow of chat; but toward the close of the exhibition, she suddenly remarked, nodding her lovely head toward the red-haired and rather ungainly phenomenon on the stage: "Call him a wonderful figure? why, your figure is better than his!"

I am confident that "Juvenis" would dote on that widow; his "figure" is doubtless better than mine. "Two souls with but a single thought," mathematically. He would like that railroad gentleman, too.

I write, and you publish, a grave and profound argument, based upon and supported by pertinent facts and figures, exposing the delusion of that alleged diabolical invention, the bicycle. Has anybody dared to dispute our facts? Has anybody found any error in our figures? Has anybody pointed out any fallacy in our argument? No. But an inconsequent person (who probably is himself an owner and rider of the pestiferous bicycle) rises up and complains that our argument is n't funny! Perhaps he will claim that similar arguments—only not half so strong—made before the common council and park commissioners of New York and other cities, against the bicycle, are not funny. Possibly he may object to the mathematical demonstration, made by a distinguished British *savant*, that a steamboat could never cross the ocean, as not funny. Probably he thinks that the speeches of distinguished Congressmen, proving conclusively that the telegraph could not work, were not funny. No doubt he holds that the arguments of the New York public journals and common council, in 1851-3, which proved by statistics that to allow the use of the sewing-

machine by clothing manufacturers would bring misery and starvation upon all the tailors and sewing-women in the land, were not funny. But his objection is an evident attempt to evade the issue. If, as I suspect, he is a bicycle owner and rider, and he desires to convince an intelligent public that the bicycle is not an invention contrary to good morals, destructive to life, appalling to horses and railway trains, especially horrible to venerable women of both sexes, and leading young men to levity of behavior, immodesty of apparel, and irreverent use of theological expressions, he must find some more pertinent and convincing reply than a complaint that the arguments against it are not funny.

As for me, it is impossible to be funny. By an accident, two months ago, I dislocated and broke my thumb, and sprained my funny-bone; and the latter will not work worth a cent for a long time to come. In order to avoid any more mistakes, permit me to observe that this latter is n't intended to be funny,—it is lugubriously serious. If you discover anything frivolous in it, strike it out. Let us maintain that dignity, courtesy, and decorum which befit the discussion of an important topic before a grave and venerable audience, in the drear waste and twilight of the winter season.

The time approaches when it will be lawful to laugh again; when the shining wheel will spin merrily over the spring roads, with flowers by country roadsides and birds in the budding branches. Within the past fortnight the wheelmen of Detroit have had a foretaste of the good time coming, in about a week of passable riding on our streets; but snow six inches deep has succeeded, and we are now as solemn as the stoniest critic could desire. I fear that my present virtuous sedateness will relax after the spring freshets, and I may even thaw gradually to the mellow depravity of a joke, though I never can expect to become as unconsciously amusing as some of the solemn brethren.

So far as I know, if the L. A. W. meeting is held in Washington, it will suit the Michigan wheelmen better than if it is held in New York; though but few of us can attend it in either city.

B.

THE LEAGUE MEET

AN ANSWER TO "ROLAIN."

Editor of the Bicycling World:—I desire to correct some statements made by "Rolain" in the *WORLD* of 25 February.

His letter begins with a sneer, and the false charge that certain gentlemen are trying to force the L. A. W. members to visit Washington.

The advocates of Washington, as a proper place for the League Meet, have written temperately, even when enthusiastically, and I defy any one to show any attempt to force the matter. The Wash-

ington member of the committee which chose that city says, in a private letter I have seen, that if another place is chosen he will submit cheerfully. Another League member of Washington, to my knowledge, says the same.

"Rolain" says, "The whole tone of their argument is on the *convenience* of the place," with an abundance of sneers to season his statement. The only answer which this charge requires is simply a denial of its truth, and a reference of every unprejudiced reader to the columns of the *BI. WORLD*. The very page which contains "Rolain's" letter has another which advocates Washington temperately and reasonably, on many other grounds than those of convenience.

The statement that throughout the whole West, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, there are fewer wheelmen than there are in the city of Boston, coming from one who writes about the *thousands of wheelmen* belonging to Boston, is simply absurd. Neither "Rolain" nor any one else can name, off-hand, the number of riders in the great West, and "Rolain" evidently knows nothing of their number anywhere in this country. He states that "there are less wheelmen in the combined cities of Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia than in the one little town of Cambridge." This, I am quite certain, is another wild assertion, without any knowledge of facts to base it upon. My own conviction is that Washington alone contains more riders than Cambridge, though I have no personal knowledge on the subject.

He says that in Boston the wheelmen are numbered by thousands. The *BICYCLING WORLD*, giving good authority and from actual study of the matter, says there are six hundred wheelmen in Boston. This is only a discrepancy of fourteen hundred from the minimum assumed by "Rolain."

Such recklessness of statement and injustice as characterize "Rolain's" letter give offence to every fair-minded member of the League. Men will differ in opinions and still respect each other, but this writer evidently writes in an angry or contemptuous mood. His intemperance of speech will carry no conviction with it. "A pound of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar."

I am not in favor of Washington for the meet, but I cannot see, either, the propriety of choosing Boston. I do not in the least believe, with "Rolain," that "we shall probably never see the L. A. W. meet in Boston in the future." Undoubtedly Boston will in future have the League assembly many times. Now, the question is not one of a huge parade, — the marshalling of the "thousands" of Boston would answer that purpose fully; but we want the greatest general representation possible. A hundred clubs represented is more to be desired with comparatively a few members than large numbers from one locality.

It is plausibly urged that we should select New York *because* the develop-

ment of bicycling there has not been in proportion to that of other cities. I leave this for others to discuss. I am a member of a Massachusetts club, and Boston will suit me personally, but it is farther removed from other States than any place yet named. It is at the extreme eastern end of the most easterly bicycling State, and gives a maximum distance to travel for almost every club out of Massachusetts.

This is to be the first Meet of the League since its formation. We need the greatest representation possible of clubs. Pennsylvania and New York, to my personal knowledge, have many country clubs and unattached riders. Let us get them together and show them how strong the League is, and get up an enthusiasm for it. This is the real way to spread our noble pastime.

To conclude, let us have our Meet and parade for ourselves, and to strengthen and encourage ourselves. Let us not run off after the vain idea of a street exhibition for others. We need to discuss fully the constitution and work of the League. The missionary spirit should especially be encouraged and perhaps organized, and the member should go home with the prime idea of the strength of the brotherhood, and after that think of the parade and the dinner. U. S.

EX NECESSITATE REI.

Editor Bicycling World:—There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to what the League Meet is held for. One says it is held for display; another says that it is for the benefit principally of those who take part; another says that it is for the moral effect it will have upon the public; and another says that it is merely an annual gathering of the League members to mingle with the L. A. W. business a pleasant social time, and the rare enjoyment of a grand run or parade. In truth, it is for all of these, and not any one to the detriment of the rest; or in a word, it is for the *members of the League of American Wheelmen*. I am afraid that my presenting the claims of Boston as the best location, as far as this general purpose is concerned, was as assertive as the recommendation of the L. A. W. committee on location, and with as little foundation. But I hope now to give it some substantial basis.

Personally I am in favor of New York City, as I think that the small difficulties encountered on entering the city should not weigh against the effect a magnificent bicycle parade would have upon a large part of the million inhabitants of that city. The importance of giving one grand impulse to bicycling in the metropolis cannot be overestimated; but the chances this year, in view of the general antagonism among bicyclers and the wooden-headed opposition from the Park Commissioners, do not favor the location. If the Meet is not held there, I think that the New York gentlemen who have worked so hard and received so little credit should be given a complimentary

visit from wheelmen generally, upon some occasion later in the year.

My principal objection to Washington is that it is not a bicycling centre, and cannot, therefore, have so complete an attendance as Boston or New York. I have taken my file of the *BICYCLING WORLD*, and from the League lists have compiled a few statistics which may sustain my assertion. I leave out of the question foreign members and the San Francisco club, as they will probably not be represented.

In compiling my first table I divide the League members into two sections: those in New York, New England, and Canada, and those in other Eastern States, the whole of the South, the West, and the Northwest: the first, who for *convenience*' sake, should favor New York or Boston, and the latter, who are doubtful or in favor of Washington.

The Detroit and Grand Rapids clubs, I have learned in private letters, both favor New York or Boston; but as this may be a mistake, I will not add their names to the list. Their combined League membership is 27.

CLUB.	League Members.	CLUB.	League Members.
Boston.....	44	Lafayette.....	6
New York.....	30	Essex.....	26
Massachusetts.....	38	Philadelphia.....	34
New Haven.....	23	Germantown.....	31
Crescent.....	23	Elgin.....	9
Chelsea.....	16	Wilkesbarre.....	6
Worcester.....	47	Louisville.....	20
Hartford Wheel.....	15	Capital.....	28
Hartford Bicycle.....	17	Keystone.....	14
Brattleboro'.....	9	Cincinnati.....	12
Brooklyn.....	34	Chicago.....	14
Harlem.....	4	Baltimore.....	15
Montreal.....	17	Milwaukee.....	20
Providence.....	25	Ariel.....	10
Menotomy.....	6	Chillicothe.....	6
Framingham.....	6	Buckeye.....	5
Manhattan.....	20	Indianapolis.....	11
Hermes.....	11	Yonkers.....	18
Waltham.....	40		
Marlboro.....	12	Total.....	285
Haverhill.....	7		
Brockton.....	17	L. A. W.	
Albany.....	11	Unattached Riders in	
Saratoga.....	25	New York and New	
Centaur.....	3	England.....	39
New Britain.....	9		
Roxbury.....	6	In other parts of the	
Buffalo.....	22	United States.....	9
Total.....	534		

The facts are these: Over four hundred L. A. W. members from New England, and nearly one hundred and fifty from New York State, are requested to leave their representative cities, and flock to Washington, when that city itself, together with Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the whole West, *will not turn out one hundred League members wherever the Meet is*. This at a heavy expense to all New England men.

I will faithfully abide by the decision of the League directors, and sincerely hope to see the Meet held where it will do most good. If I am led to speak earnestly upon the subject, it is because all along I have noticed a tendency of the Washington gentlemen to give their city an undue prominence in the discussion. I think that the above figures are eloquent enough without further comment from me.

Since compiling the League list there have been some names added to it, and I also find that I have omitted the Mohawk Club, of New York; but these changes will not materially alter the totals. I find also upon second examination that there are one hundred and thirty-three League members in Boston, and nearly a hundred more within an hour's ride; but then, Washington is doubtless far more convenient!

ROLAIN.

FOR NEW YORK.

Editor Bicycling World:—Permit me, a member of one of the oldest bicycle clubs in the country, also of the L. A. W., to have my little say as regards my opinion of the proper place for the coming Meet.

In saying the *proper* place I would state that I mean (apart from all prejudice, for I expect to attend, even if it should be held in Salt Lake City) the place which I consider will best promote the interests of the cause.

Now let us see what we require to promote those interests:—

1st. We require a large gathering of League and club members and unattached wheelmen from all parts of the country.

2d. We desire to overcome all prejudice in the minds of the public (if any exists), and to produce a favorable impression.

3d. We require for our best interests that the proceedings of the meeting should obtain the widest publicity, and that the Meet should be witnessed by the largest number of people.

The above reasons, I think, should be sufficient to obtain for us New York City as our place of meeting, as I will proceed more fully to explain.

As regards the first requirement, let me say New York is the handiest place (possessing also both the other requirements mentioned) to the largest number. It is equally convenient to Boston and Philadelphia, the two cities containing the largest number of wheelmen, and it certainly cannot be called unhandy for our Washington brothers.

We desire to overcome all prejudice: how can we do this if none exists? We all know that Boston and Washington wheelmen have all the privileges they require, and that there exists an unkind feeling toward the "Bi." in "Gotham," which we would certainly overcome by the Meet, as was done last spring at Newport.

New York papers are more widely circulated and probably influence public opinion more than any others published in this country, hence we see the advantage gained by us on this score.

Curiosity is a powerful incentive to most people, therefore I think that the bicycle being new in New York (I mean in large flocks) we would thus be enabled to draw together a larger number of people than if the Meet were held either in Boston or Washington.

One of your correspondents on the subject, and a New York State man at

that, says, "New York City is nearly inaccessible for bicyclers as such," also that as the bicyclers of New York have n't "spunk" enough to stand up like men and demand their rights, they don't deserve the recognition that would be given them by holding a League Meet in their city.

Now, let me say a few words in regard to the above. I claim that any member of the L. A. W. who is not willing to put up with a little personal inconvenience (in the matter of handling his "wheel" after reaching New York) for the good of the cause, don't possess enough enthusiasm to do the cause any good by his presence, and had just as well stay at home, in which case it makes no difference to him where the Meet is.

I also claim that our New York brothers, being gentlemen, would not permit any of their visitors to be put to any trouble of that kind in the matter, but that ample provision would be made for transport across the city.

Our New York wheelmen certainly need "bracing up," having such "limpness of spine" (as your correspondent claims), and it surely would not be acting the "good Samaritan" to pass by on the other side (as it were) and leave them to take care of themselves.

Your correspondent says that bicyclers not being admitted to Central Park, we will have no place for a run. In answer to this I would say that no doubt by this time, temporary use of the Park for the occasion has been obtained; or if not, what does it matter? We are meeting for a social time and for the good of the cause,—not for a run only: thank fortune, we all can get runs outside of Central Park; and if by your own influence we could open the Park permanently to all bicyclers, we all ought to feel well paid for our visit in the influence it would have on other park commissioners, if personally we were never able to make use of the privilege.

Therefore, all objections in regard to New York, and all advantages in regard to Boston or Washington taken into consideration, I claim that New York still holds the fort as the most desirable place for the coming Meet of the L. A. W.

Yours, etc.,

F. C. S.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., 25 February, 1881.

GLANCES ABROAD

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Sportsman* has inspected the wonderful "Otto" that has recently excited so much attention in England, and he thus describes it:—

The machine is undoubtedly a graceful one. It consists of two wheels, each the size, say, of the ordinary driving wheel of the bicycle roadster usually seen. These wheels have a seat between them on which the driver sits, and this is arranged so cleverly that it is hardly possible for the operator to slip backwards. At first sight the idea of any one balancing himself between a couple of revolving tires seems rather more absurd than the old-

fashioned scholastic paradox about so many angels dancing on the point of a needle. The "Otto," however, rises superior to the laws of gravitation, and though the whole of the seat apparatus swings easily between the wheels, it does not swing over. To provide, however, for this contingency, which might of course occur with an unskilled rider, a steel curved spur, a little longer than an ordinary walking stick, projects from the hind part of the saddle, so that should the driver topple back it would check his progress earthward before he tilted six inches to the rear.

This safety arrangement, however, does not alter the truth of my first description of the "Otto," which is that it is virtually a bicycle, the rider sitting between two large wheels, and driving them by endless steel cords attached to both wheels, and communicating with the pedals. The pedals have a rotatory motion, and are hung low in front. This machine, it can be readily understood, will, if successful, enable ladies to "cycle" as well as riders of the sterner half of the population; for it is a machine exactly suited to the fairer sex, who are debarred from using the bicycle generally in use, and have had hitherto to fall back upon the tricycle, an always more or less cumbersome machine.

Whether the driving bands of the "Otto" will work easily either in very dusty or very wet weather seems to be a moot point; but the machine, as I can testify, runs easily, and hops over obstacles with the grace and lightness of a bird.

ON RIDING DOWN HILL.

BY JOHN BROWNING, L. T. C., V. P. T. A.

THE art of fencing has been wittily defined as the art of killing your adversary without being killed yourself. The art of tricycling, at any rate when road riding, might, I think, be defined as the art of getting all you can out of your machine, and taking as little as possible out of yourself. In riding up-hill knock and strength are everything; but in riding down-hill a little judgment will go further than a large amount of practice.

To begin with, have a tri. that you never need dismount on any hill. It should have a band brake that is put on by pressing it from you, as this helps to secure you in your seat. On coming to the top of what looks a dangerous descent, put your brake slightly on and take your feet off the pedals; hold firmly on to the brake and steering handles; lean well backward, and keep your eye sharply on the road. Do not attempt to steer out of the way of a few loose stones,—they will not upset you, but you may easily upset yourself in trying to turn too quickly so as to avoid them.

Discard any machine which does not steer perfectly when running swiftly down-hill; or which cannot be stopped in a few yards by the use of the brake alone.

On coming to a slight incline, particularly if it be a long one, work quickly for

a few yards before you take your feet off the pedals and put them on the rests, and you will find that you will run at a considerably increased rate of speed for a long distance. Should the incline be very long, and the speed slacken, pedal again quickly for a few yards, and then "feet up" again. By proceeding in this manner you may have ten minutes' rest for one minute's work, and travel quickly down a hill that the machine will scarcely crawl if you allow it to start and travel the whole distance by itself.

When touring do not be afraid of taking twenty-eight pounds of luggage. If it be carefully hung on the machine, so that no additional weight is thrown on the small steering wheel, the difference in the work will scarcely be perceptible, and the machine will run by itself down many a slight incline which, without the extra weight, you would have to work down.

UP-HILL RIDING.

AND now, lest our indulgent editor should fear that I may ask for space for my remarks on riding up-hill, I will say, in a few sentences, all I wish to on that subject. When one of Abernethy's patients said to him, "Doctor, when I hold up one of my arms straight above my head, it hurts me very much," he received the characteristic reply, "Then what the devil do you do it for?" The reply would be still more appropriate to any one who complained of the fatigue caused by hill riding. Locomotive engines "have sinews of steel, and thighs of brass," yet railway engineers consider a rise of one in one hundred as heavy work. Road hills vary from three or four times to ten times as steep; they can therefore only be ridden at a great mechanical disadvantage. Then why ride them? Down-hill a tricycle will carry you; on a level, riding is much easier than walking; but hill climbing on wheels, whether on a bicycle or a tricycle, is harder work than running, and should, as a rule, be avoided.

As for luggage-carrying power, healthfulness, comfort, and safety, the tricycle is far superior to the bicycle. The number of riders of the safer machine will, in proportion, continually increase.

A few days since, a leading professional bicyclist told me that he should not ride his bicycle on the road again, he thought, for he had not done so since the new tricycle had been perfected. We may hope then, to hear of some astonishing distances and times during the next season being done on the "Humber" tricycle. Such performances can, of course, only be accomplished by exceptional men; but any man of the most ordinary powers of endurance, even a man who would consider ten or twelve miles a long walk, can, after a few months' judicious practice, ride through the livelong day, cover twice the distance he could in walking, and if he reserves himself in the manner I have described, he will find that he can ride the last ten miles quicker than the first. This I consider the true triumph of tricycling. — *Cyclist*.

HERBERT LIDDELL CORTIS.

No sport has increased so rapidly in public favor as bicycling. Ten years ago it was scarcely known; occasionally we saw some reference to it in the papers, but no one could have anticipated that it would so quickly have assumed the present gigantic proportions. It is calculated at the present time that there are about a quarter of a million lovers of the iron steed in Great Britain alone, and of these a large percentage are frequenters of the racing path. To be even in the first flight in such a large number is no mean honor; but to stand out alone as the greatest amateur rider of the day is a fact that must be the envy and desire of every person at all interested in the sporting world. The majority of our readers doubtless know that this is the position of Mr. Herbert Liddell Cortis, whose form and figure are so well known and so popular on the racing path.

Yorkshire has ever been renowned as being the birthplace of sporting celebrities, and it seems only right and proper that it should have a bicyclist amongst the number; Mr. Cortis having been born at Filey in that county, on 7 June, 1857. He is the son of Dr. Cortis, a well-known medical man in the south of London. The land on the other side of the Humber was not very long the home of the boy who in later years proved to be such an able expert on the bicycle. In his early days he was brought to the great metropolis, and since then the Modern Babylon and its environs have been his home. Cortis was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and it seems strange that so many of our leading athletes should have been trained within its walls. During the last few years, in addition to that of H. L. Cortis, the names of C. L. Lockton, the London A. C. crack, and M. Shearman, the hon. sec. of the Amateur Athletic Association, and an ex-president of the Oxford University A. C., have figured upon its books. Unlike his schoolfellows, Cortis did not figure amongst the successful competitors at his school sports, perhaps solely from the fact that there was no bicycle race on the programme in his day.

Like all the original riders, Cortis first rode a "bone-shaker," and it was early in the year 1872 that he first commenced the pastime at which he has earned his reputation. In the following year he sported a 54-inch "Spider." For a season or two he was content to confine his amusement to road riding alone; but taking eagerly to the pastime, he determined to join a club, and in April, 1876, he was enrolled a member of the Wanders' B. C. It was not to be expected that he would be an inactive member, for whom the pleasures of road riding would be sufficient. Rapidly he improved in his riding, and he determined to test his speed against rivals on the racing path. No one, however, would have recognized in the novice that competed in a road race from Merton to Dorking, the fastest

amateur rider of the present time, whose name is well known from John O'Groat's to the Lizard. This was his first race, but in it he was unsuccessful. On 16 June, 1877, Cortis made his first appearance at a recognized bicycle gathering. This was at his own club meeting at Caterham, where he won the first prize in the slow race, the first in the five-miles handicap, three hundred and seventy yards' start, and the second in the one-mile handicap with one hundred yards' start.

During his racing career, Cortis has contended in one hundred and thirty-three races; of these he has proved successful in sixty-nine events, being second eight times, third fourteen, and was forty-two times unplaced. H. L. Cortis has ridden every distance from three miles to forty-nine, in the fastest time on record, and undoubtedly is the best rider at all distances that ever crossed the iron steed.

For the last three or four years Herbert Liddell Cortis has been a student at Guy's Hospital, where he is well advanced in the study of the medical profession. We can only hope that his career through life will be as prosperous and popular as it has been in the bicycling world. He has gained his name by ability, and has always been anxious to meet any man that considered himself his equal in friendly rivalry on the bicycle. We hope that it will be a long time before he finally retires from the ranks, and that when he does, he will never regret the time when he was foremost rider of his day. — *Sporting Mirror*.

THE *Cricket and Foot-ball Times*, edited by Mr. Stephen Richardson, London, is not devoted entirely to the sports named in its title, but takes up in a very interesting manner bicycling, swimming, and athletics generally. It is ably edited and published in handsome style.

THE *Sportsman*, a leading English paper, and the only sporting paper published daily in London, devotes considerable space to bicycling, especially to correspondence descriptive of various prominent makes. To the readers on this side who are not posted upon English machines, — and their name is legion, — the paper will be very valuable.

ROAD INFORMATION WANTED. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — Kindly permit me to say through your valuable paper, that two members of the Cincinnati Bicycle Club, desirous of making a tour the coming summer from Cincinnati to Chicago, respectfully solicit advice from bicyclists acquainted with roads between the points named. All suggestions as to the most direct and satisfactory route, with information regarding condition of roads, or any communications addressed to the undersigned, with views relative to the tour, will be heartily appreciated.

Truly yours, ZELOTES LOAMIE,
345 Race street.
CINCINNATI, 25 February.



Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, 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. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 4 MARCH, 1881.

ARCHERY AS A PASTIME. — The tone of most archery communications, like the tone of conversation among the best archers, is almost entirely upon the *technique*, or that part which applies particularly to the science of construction, and the science of rightly using archery implements. The practical part of any sport appeals directly to the average American mind; but in *this*, where there is such a stimulus to other faculties of the mind than the serious ones, where there is such a field for social pleasure, where there are such opportunities to be enjoyed by the gentler sex, the lighter and more generally attractive features should not be made entirely subordinate to the *science*.

The more accomplished archers are often annoyed at the want of active interest, at the seeming lack of respect for the sport among a certain class who take it up as they would any other pastime, to while away pleasantly their unemployed hours. To the tired business man who needs a light out-of-door diversion, it presents many attractions; and to the ladies, who need the fresh air and exercise, and who enjoy the society, it should never be put in the cold light of a science.

In one of the prominent Boston whist clubs, formed ostensibly for social meetings, and to afford men a pastime after business hours, there is a painful lack of the cordial, friendly feeling brought about by many other card games. The successful player, with a big score on the plus side, rates himself and everybody else according to their merits at the whist table, and thus establishes a caste, where there should be naught but democratic equality. He, intent on gratifying his greed with more points, and the unlucky player, sore over past defeats, sit down to watch the cards in moody silence, or to carp and disagreeably criticise each other.

Whist, like archery, has in it an element of science, — though a much larger proportion of luck, — and this makes the game an attractive pastime to those whose mental tendency leans toward nice and careful calculation; but the object of a game should not be forgotten in the game itself. Contrary to the views of some enthusiasts, there is very little useful end to be attained in becoming a skilful archer; an accomplished skater or a skilled card player is of just as much benefit to the public generally. If it is a pastime, and affords a chance for those whose out-of-door games are so few, — the ladies, — let every archer, in their presence, lay aside petty selfishness, and add greatly to his own enjoyment by contributing to theirs.

ANOTHER REASON WHY!

Editor Bicycling World and Archery Field: — If your readers are one half as kind as you have been to the ladies, I know that my reappearance in your pages will not be thought an intrusion; but I fear that after I speak my mind on the subject of archery, your lordly readers will elevate their noses higher than ever when woman's name is connected with aught that pertains to their sport, and that even you may think me too forward. I have had the misfortune to belong to an archery club. Two summers ago, our little lawn, which, shaded with old trees, forms a very pretty view from the back library window, was converted from an inglorious croquet ground into a noble and dignified "archery forest." A gay and festive target, looking not unlike a big and very disrespectful eye, stared at us from one end, while at the other was pitched a little tent, and a lot of camp-chairs were strewn around with methodical carelessness. I picked out a very handsome lemonwood bow with a red plush handle, and tied the buffalo-horn tips with rainbow-colored ribbons. I also selected some gilt-edged arrows, and a party of young gentlemen and ladies to use the grounds.

We all enjoyed the sport for a while, notwithstanding the fact that it made some very red fingers and killed a spectator named "Tommy," who was peacefully sunning himself on the back fence. The girls all wore very jaunty hats and short dresses, and the young gentlemen were "perfectly elegant," "just too nice for anything"; and in fact, we all looked well. On the warm summer evenings, *materfamilias* arranged a tea-table for us on the lawn, and we topped off with a little angel-cake, *bisque glace*, and animated conversation.

Upon one or two afternoons we procured an open road-wagon, and made a delightful excursion to a fine old mansion in Hingham, where we were treated to an elegant shooting ground and some imported champagne.

Thus we combined archery and enjoyment, without letting the former interfere with the latter.

One day there came into our ranks a young gentleman of quiet and haughty manners. He was very *distingue*, and a very fine shot. He condescended, after giving us an exhibition of his skill, to give us "points" of aim, — lateral points, knocking points, arrow points, and all the rest, — while we listened in stupid but respectful silence. This Paris, after throwing among us the apple of discontent, inflicted his society entirely upon the gentlemen, declining to contest with the ladies. As a consequence, the other gentlemen began to be scientific; and before another month had passed, we ladies, finding that except where tongues were the weapons we were at a decided discount, retired gracefully from the club.

We were deliberately ignored, and we could n't stand it.

The gentlemen used the grounds for a while, but quarrelled so that they had to retire to a large vacant lot, where there was room for their voices. Soon after, they split on the subject of target valuations or some other fine "point," and thus the club vanished from mortal sight.

This is probably, like every other woman's reason, unreasonable; but I feel that it is the cause of a waning interest among the girls of my acquaintance, as one of them said that the mere mention of "points" gave her a genuine Sunday-afternoon headache. MADELINE.

O. S. A. A. ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual business meeting of the O. S. Archery Association will be held on Wednesday, March 16, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Gibson House, Cincinnati.

It is requested that a meeting of each society belonging to the Association be called, and a delegate be elected and qualified to represent it there, in accordance with Article IV. of the Constitution. Delegates should be instructed on the following points, which will come up for action: —

1st. Place of holding the next tournament: Dayton, Cincinnati, or elsewhere.

T. Morton won the ladies' club badge, by a score of 486 with 90 arrows, at 40 yards. On the same evening the gentlemen shot the same round, Mr. J. W. Auten, Jr., scoring 497 and 514; Dr. H. T. Elliot, 349 and 520; Mr. S. S. Roper, 490; and Mr. G. D. Pond, 449.

THE SONG in another column has the initials of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of the *Pacific Life*, president of the Merry Foresters.

OUR thanks and sympathy are drawn upon by those who aid us in the way of subscriptions, oftener than our cash is for commissions.

ARCHERY.

THE Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton street, Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union, for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-Laws, etc. — *Com.*

THROUGH AN ENGLISH EYE-GLASS.

THE following, a letter to the London *Sportsman*, is a characteristic Englishman's idea of "Yankeeedom": — "In this morning's (6 January) New York *Herald* are the following few lines: 'A party of English bicyclists propose to visit the principal cities of the United States on their machines. If they come, great will be the rejoicing of blacksmiths along the route. The boys should inform themselves about our roads before they buy their tickets.'

"Respecting the above I should like to say a few words. America is not England, and whilst the bicyclists could travel hundreds of miles at a time in England, Scotland, or Wales, he could not travel ten miles straight on any road in America. There is no such thing as a good road for any distance throughout the United States.

"In New York City he might be able to ride the great distance of two miles on a good road, — that is, a road on which a bicycle could travel; but the streets in American cities generally are a disgrace to civilization, and what can you expect of country places? If a tricycle or bicycle can be made to go into deep ruts, and out again up steep hills, like the side of a house, two feet deep in mud, then let the 'cyclist undertake the journey, not otherwise.

"Let the 'cyclist also remember that our cities are hundreds of miles apart.

As regards the bicyclist's personal comfort, let me strongly advise him to bring the following with him, as he can never see them here: Bread, butter, matches, and fusees. The stuff sold as bread is of a spongy substance, and a man could easily eat a loaf of it without knowing it. The butter is mostly made in Chicago of tallow, or rather suet. There is only one kind of light sold, and that is the match made out of a rough piece of wood, with brimstone at the end, exactly the same as used in England twenty or thirty years ago, while fusees are unused here.

"After you leave New York, comfort is unknown. The bicyclist on his journey through the States will hear as much, if not more German spoken than English; so he had better lay by a good stock of this language. During his journey he will meet with the greatest kindness from the inhabitants; the Americans are a most kind-hearted and thoughtful people. He will see the most magnificent scenery if he goes from New York to the wondrous city Chicago for instance. If he wants to see beautiful cities he must visit New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Denver. He will then view magnificent mansions, but bad streets.

"If he goes West he must not be afraid of being shot. This is a friendly way they have of greeting each other as you go westwards. He must not be struck at what he would consider cheek in England. In America all are equal, and the English bicyclist may often come across a cowboy who is so well educated that he can speak, read, and write four or five different languages."

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD BONE-SHAKER.

I'm a very ancient jigger, and they say my end is near;
But I'm proof against oppression, and I smile at those
who jeer.
I was built in '68, sir, so I've seen some funny goes, —
Ah! who says I'm doomed for firewood? Fie! some
one, — just pull his nose.
I s'pose it's one of those spiders; but, you baby, you
forget
I'm a very old bone-shaker, and I'm hale and hearty
yet!

Oh, I recollect the morning that I was called complete,
And the master — oh, so proudly! — conveyed me to the
street;
In the middle of the pavement, crowds of wond'ring
passers-by
Surveyed me with admiration, till they nearly made me
cry.
I'm a weak and lorn old party, and I know I should n't
fret,
Tho' I am an old bone-shaker, full of life and vigor yet.

I was painted bright and sparkling, all in yellow, red,
and green,
With a saddle like a sofa, soft enough for any queen;
And my wheels were tired with iron, and with sundry
bits of brass, —
All about my graceful figger I shone brighter far than
glass.
Oh, then I was young and giddy, and the wealthy
people's pet,
But now I'm an old bone-shaker, tho' with lots of beauty
yet!

Ah, my speed was something awful — just four miles and
a half an hour;
How I'd whiz along like lightning! how the "bussies"
all would cower!
For I'd always keep beside 'em, and I'd laugh to hear
'em say
They were "going to chuck me over in a trick or two,
you lay";
But my ma ter he would pedal, and away we'd pirouette,
Would this very old bone-shaker, who is gay and frisky
yet.

How I passed from one to t'other; how the years ap-
peared and went;
How these cocky, skinny spiders, meddling people did
invent;
How my former friends despised me, and consigned me
unto gloom,
In some damp and dirty out-house, or some frowsy lum-
ber room, —
I do wish I'd time to tell you: but with all, I won't re-
gret,
For I'm still an old bone-shaker, and I'll do some jour-
neys yet!

But I ask your leaves to utter just a mild and small
protest
Just against those blessed spiders, in such goodly finery
drest.
There are now such awful croppers and such lots of
broken bones,
For they tumble over hair-pins, and they funk at sight of
stones.
Soon young men will gladly see 'em; then they'll turn at
once, you bet,
To this very old bone-shaker, who is fleet and graceful
yet!

TOMMY B.

RECORDS.

Editor Cycling World: — Here is the road record of a racing man, made in 1879 and 1880, over roads in New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Canada. It includes all his "training" on the wheel, except a couple of hundred miles of track-work in New York, in the winter of 1879-80, and about two hundred and fifty miles run on the path while racing.

	1879.		1880.
	Days Out.	Miles.	Days Out. Miles.
January.....	3	19	3 58
February.....	6	71.75	3 56
March.....	17	235.25	10 111
April.....	14	181.50	15 176
May.....	16	206.75	10 103
June.....	10	157.50	20 356
July.....	11	172	12 177
August.....	11	143.50	15 152
September.....	18	192.25	24 300
October.....	19	124.50	22 284
November.....	11	89	16 178
December.....	4	50	12 79

Totals..... 140 1,643 162 2,030

Total, both seasons..... 302 3,673

First mounted a wheel in January, 1879.
IXION.

21 FEBRUARY, 1881.

Editor of the Cycling World: — I saw in your issue of 28 January, a record of road riding which compares better with mine than any I have heretofore noticed; and I have concluded to send you a schedule of the distance I rode from March, 1880, to January, 1881.

All the clubs here are very quiet now; but I occasionally ride out a short distance.

I am trying to persuade the members of our club to join the League.

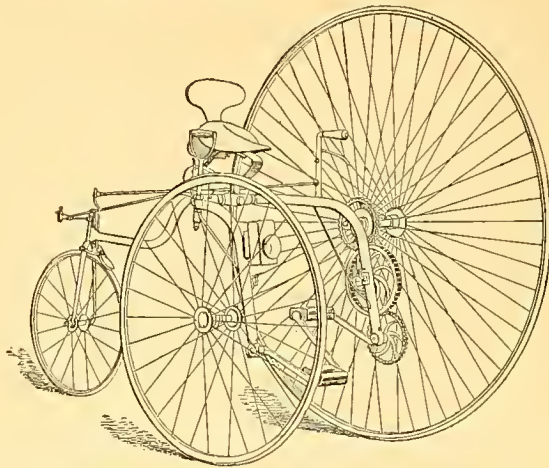
	Miles.	No. times out.
March.....	173	19
April.....	265	26
May.....	277	26
June.....	202	20
July.....	103	27
August.....	74	9
September.....	214	21
October.....	241	23
November.....	192	22
December.....	61	14

Totals..... 1,802 207

Yours truly,

F. F. AMES,
Captain Lennox B. Club,
791 5th avenue, New York.

THE HARVARD TRICYCLE.



MANUFACTURE

SOME TRICYCLES. I.

MANUMOTIVE carriages, except for cripples and invalids, are no longer in vogue. The feet are man's especial instruments of locomotion, and his legs carry the appropriate muscles for working them; and they are the instruments to be supplemented by any successful mechanism in the way of velocipedes. Experience has taught this as well as some other things. The bicycle (*the* bicycle of the genuine species) remains, and is likely to remain, the king of velocipedes. It will hold ever wider sway amongst the alert, the strong, and the brave. But it does require more gumption and pluck to ride with it safely and well, than it does to ride with some other things. Hence some will prefer the so-called "safety" contrivances—monogrels, like the Xtraordinary, or perhaps the American Star—and tricycles, and such. And truly there are not only time and place, but also people, for everything.

In 1878 there were two or three tricycles of English make in this country; and in England there were a few score in use. Now they are not only numbered by thousands abroad, but here with us there are many in use, and the demand for them is rapidly increasing. They are brought already to a good degree of mechanical excellence of construction, are accessible almost anywhere, and are within reasonable price. There are a great many styles and different makes, and they might easily be classified according to similarity and diversity in features of construction; for instance, according as their propelling mechanism is by crank action or lever action or clutch action, or as their steering wheels are in front or in rear, and so forth. It is not the writer's purpose at present, however, to go into a discussion of tricycles, and the methods of constructing them; but to describe a few, and especially those that are in the

American market, and that the writer has examined and tried.

I take up the Harvard tricycle (sold by Cunningham & Co., of Boston, and made for them by Bayliss, Thomas & Co., of Coventry, England) first; not because I have one, and have used it most, and like it, but because it has at present the lead in this country. It is pretty exactly represented in the picture, from a photograph, and in its present form, differing in a few details from the well-known Excelsior of the same makers was introduced here last autumn. The framework is of tubular steel, consisting of three curved reaches, bearing the seat above their intersection; two of these reaches are in front, just alike, and bend downward, terminating at a bearing on each for a double-cranked axle, working between them, and by means of which the tricycle is propelled. The other reach curves downward, and then backward, and terminates at a steering head, attached to which are the forks in which are held the rear steering wheel.

On the left side of the machine is a large driving wheel; the axle of which is fixed to the reach; and attached to the inner end of the hub of this wheel is a toothed wheel, corresponding in size and shape to a toothed wheel, fixed on the left end of the cranked axle below; while axled to the reach midway between these two is an open gear wheel, meshing with both, and by means of which motion is transmitted from the cranked axle to the large driving wheel. Opposite the latter, and axled to the right reach, so that the top of the frame shall be level, and the tread of this be opposite the tread of the driving wheel, is a smaller supporting wheel, made smaller principally for saving weight and expense. There are rubber pedals, foot rests, and a lamp clip; and a rear-wheel spoon-brake, operated by connecting rod and levers, and a handle just beneath the stationary hand rest at the top of a fixed rod on the left reach. Opposite this left-hand rest, on the other reach, is a vertical rod, having a toothed wheel which acts upon a rack on a rod

reaching back to a short lever on the steering head; and at the top of this vertical rod is a handle, which serves both as a right-hand rest and a steering handle. The seat is either a pointed saddle with back, or a cushioned seat clamped to an elliptic spring, which rests on a vertical rod adjustable as to height in the section of the reaches.

This adjustment of the seat makes it unnecessary to have more than two sizes of the tricycle, in one of which the driving wheel is fifty inches in diameter, and in the other it is fifty-six inches; and the other wheels and parts are proportioned accordingly. The relative proportions of the wheels appear in the cut. The hubs of the wheels are of gun-metal, as are the gear wheels.

The three travelling wheels run in ball bearings, and the pedal bearings are plain. The weight of the 56-inch size, with inch rubber tires, direct spokes, and saddle and other parts all on, is eighty-five pounds, and the weight of the 50-inch size is about seventy-five pounds. The price of the former is \$145, and of the latter \$135. It may be added that the machine is a trifle over three feet wide, the rear wheel follows midway between the tracks of the others, and the pedal action is like that of a bicycle, so far as propulsion and back pedalling are concerned. The workmanship appears to be first-class in all respects, and the finish is good. The 50-inch size is well adapted for ladies' use.

C. E. P.

THE LEAGUE UNIFORM.

Mr. Editor:—The country is full of unattached riders who wish to ride at times in uniform, and nothing seems more proper than for the L. A. W. to adopt such a dress as will be fit for work at all times and seasons.

The clubs will certainly have handsome dress uniforms, therefore let the L. A. W. adopt a plain one, fit for work, and which can be made anywhere.

To accomplish this, the cloth must be a standard article, such as is made and sold everywhere in the United States. It should be simple in cut, and not easily soiled, and should be of good material and color for all seasons.

My personal preference is for a medium, or a little darker than medium, gray cloth, stockings, and hat or cap. This color is made from mixture of natural wools, and for a given quality of fabric, is cheaper than any other. It is good on account of dirt, and is warm in cold weather and cool in warm weather. A dark cloth on a man's back, in a warm day, however light it may be, absorbs heat and roasts the wearer.

For coolness, health, and comfort, no hat should ever be made of a dark color.

If the League will adopt a standard stocking, and urge all its members to buy of one dealer, I doubt not that we may be able to get some knitting company to furnish them for two thirds of the present retail prices. I think that, for the

uniform, it would be well to attempt the same thing. Perhaps we could find one manufacturer who would furnish us with one standard article of cloth, at a low rate, and perhaps we could get one tailor in each State to undertake the making at a lower than ordinary price. GRAY.

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 Hugh L. Willoughby, treasurer, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Albert S. Parsons, Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass. 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, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and 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.

ALBERT S. PARSONS,
Cor. Sec. L. A. W.

ARROW BI. CLUB, Richmond, Ind.—Charles F. Street, 115 South 11th street; Harry F. Miller, cor. 15th and North B streets; Charles C. Perry, 26 North 7th street; Charles P. Buchanan, Jr., 210 South 4th street.

CHELSEA BI. CLUB, Chelsea, Mass.—Joseph F. I. M. Brown, Elmer Wentworth, Charles E. Walker, and Lee C. Ashley.

UNATTACHED.—Robert W. Parmeter, Lima, Ohio.

L. A. W. CONSULS NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.—I make the following appointments to consulships of Northern New Jersey, that part being under my directorship:—

Newark.—Herbert W. Knight, E. Bi. C., 766 Broad street; Edward R. Bellman, E. Bi. C., 584 High street.

Orange.—Warren J. Smith, -Orange Wanderers' First National Bank.

Red Bank.—Dr. C. F. Marsden.

Plainfield.—Geo. T. C. Smillie, E. Bi. C.

Princeton.—Wm. P. Field, E. Bi. C., Princeton College.

Other appointments pending.

LLEWELLYN H. JOHNSON,

Director L. A. W. for N. J.

BICYCLERS or clubs not already members of the League should remember that unless they wish to "bring up the rear" of the great procession of wheelmen on Decoration Day, no time should be lost in making application for admission to the L. A. W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AN attempt was made by a rival importer very discourteously to reflect upon Chas. R. Percival, in a previous issue. The card of Cunningham & Co., disclaiming connection with Chas. R. Percival, was recalled for, as the latter has not even had their agency for some time; but, as advertised for the last five months, has been in business entirely independent of them.

Chas. R. Percival has obtained full license to import for the United States, and intends to put into the market a high class of machines at a small profit. A large supply of the new bicycle, "The Boston," is on hand, and he is ready to meet all demands from this date. Send three-cent stamp for circular. Machines all in stock. No importation delays.

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Manufacturers' Importer of

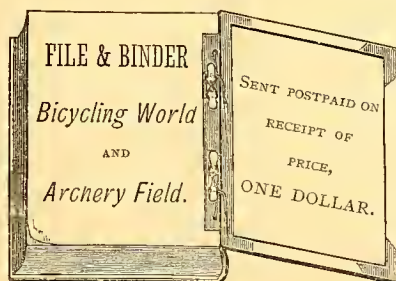
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—*The Bazaar*, December, 1880.
- "TIMBERLAKE" { "Sound, safe, reliable and handsome."—*The Indispensable*, 1880.
"A thoroughly strong and trustworthy machine."—*Bicycles and Tricycles of the Year*, 1879-80.
"The patent brake is very firm, and has enabled me to ride hills where others had to dismount or their Bicycles would have run away with them."
—*Letter from Louis Sledge, Esq., Manhattan Bi. C., New York*.
- "BERKSHIRE" { "A sound, strong, all-round machine."—*The Indispensable*, 1880.
"The cheap yet trustworthy steed is the 'Berkshire.'"—*Wheel World*, June, 1880.
- "TELESCOPIC BICYCLE" { "Really a capital machine."—*Cycling*, March, 1880.

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THE "PILOT" BICYCLE,

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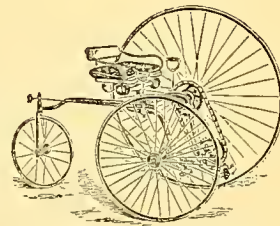
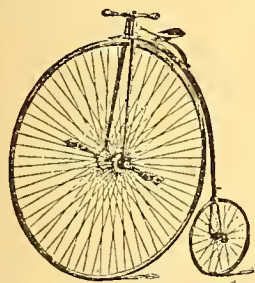
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NOTICE.

The EMPORIUM, No. 96 Worcester Street, will remain closed during the months of February, March and April. The Salesrooms. Office, etc., will be at the Riding School as above.



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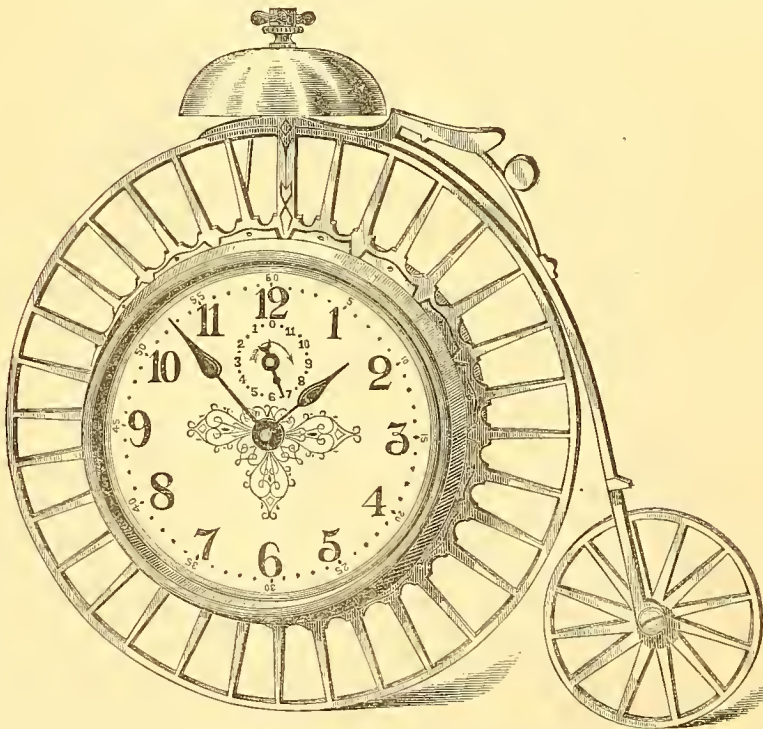
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