

Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

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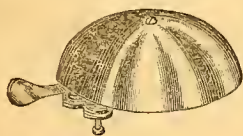
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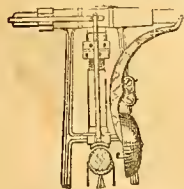
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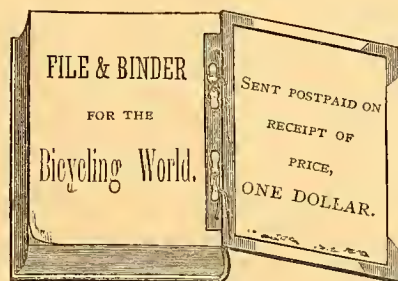
THE L. A. W. Hand-Book contains information that every member of the League should have,—constitution, rules, officers, directors, consuls, list of members, and general information,—rules for racing, road-riding, etc., etc. It is bound in stiff paper covers, is of convenient size and shape for the pocket, and will be sent post-paid on receipt of thirty cents. Only a limited edition has been published, and members who desire copies should send for them at once to either of the following addresses:—

BICYCLING WORLD, 8 Pemberton square, Boston, Mass.
THE WHEEL, 75 Fulton street, New York.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM, Corresponding Secretary, 54 Wall street, New York.

DR. LLOYD WISTAR, Treas., 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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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.

BRIEF communications intended for publication in the next issue should be in the editor's hands by Tuesday morning, and longer articles by Monday morning.

BOSTON, 11 NOVEMBER, 1881.

SUB-LEAGUES.

MR. WALTER D. WELFORD, the editor of *Cycling*, and a number of the L. A. W., in a recent letter, says: "I very much regret to see that at Ohio they have organized a league, which I presume is in opposition to the L. A. W. No adage is truer than 'Union is strength,' and if small leagues are going to crop up in the different States, it will act detrimentally to the interests of the L. A. W. Of course I may be mistaken as to the aims and objects of the new League, but from its name I judge that it covers similar ground to the present influential League." It may be unnecessary to state to our readers that the League of American Wheelmen does not share in the apprehension of Mr. Welford, who views matters from a distance, and evidently does not understand the geographical embarrassments with which our League even now has to contend, and which will increase with the growth of bicycling. It is much easier to maintain in Great Britain under one organization a Bicycle Union of English, Scotch, and Irish clubs than it is in this country; because, while their population nearly equals ours, it is

embraced in an area of only 121,000 miles, and our 57,000,000 of people are scattered over very nearly 3,000,000 miles. Throughout this immense area we have about 10,000 wheelmen, while Great Britain can probably muster a census of twenty times as large. Our League organization as at present constituted is perhaps fully competent to efficiently manage the interests of its present membership, widely scattered as it is; but already complaints and discontented mutterings are coming on the Western and Southern breezes from those who, by reason of distance, are unable to actively participate in the business of the League, and we can foresee a necessity in the near future for some provision to meet this growing embarrassment. It is not difficult to imagine the futility of an attempt on the part of President Arthur and his Cabinet to manage the public affairs of this nation, if it was not subdivided up into States, counties, and towns. The Masonic fraternity and Odd Fellows have their Lodges, State Grand Lodges, and National Grand Lodges; the first subordinate to the second, and the second subordinate to the national organizations. Now, this is just what the League of American Wheelmen must come to in order to preserve its national unity. The League of Ohio Wheelmen is but the pioneer of many State leagues. As a body it does not belong to the National League, nor can it as at present organized; but its principal officers, if not all its officers, are loyal and zealous members of the L. A. W. We do not deem it advisable that the wheelmen of the various States should organize independent leagues, like that in Ohio, and comprising both L. A. W. and non-L. A. W. clubs, because it will eventually embarrass the more desirable formation of sub-leagues to the League of American Wheelmen; but we do believe that speedy action should be taken by the Board of Directors of the latter towards perfecting a system of State or district leagues, subordinate to the national one, and through which the local clubs might more readily present their petitions for the promotion of their interests or the redress of grievances. By this method only can the L. A. W. maintain its influence, and promote its efficiency, and unite the wheelmen of the entire country when their number shall exceed that of Great Britain.

The Bumps Serenade.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

INASMUCH as there have been some incorrect reports circulated concerning the serenade given by the Detroit Club to Mr. Bumps and his *fiancée*, I deem it my duty as president of the club to state the exact facts of the affair.

When the mellow voice of the club secretary, calling the roll, repeated for the second time the cry, "Hyperion Bumps!" and then he dipped his pen in the inkstand and prepared to enter a fine of ten cents for absence, I interposed from the chair with the remark that "to the president's personal knowledge, Brother Bumps is engaged this evening in transacting important business." Mr. High winked solemnly upon Brother Lowe, and suggested that the excuse be amended to read "pressing business." Mr. Lowe grinned so enthusiastically that a large wrinkle undulated down the back of his neck, and disappeared behind his shirt collar. Most of the club took a hint from the solemnity of High, the amiable benevolence which beamed from the countenance of the Chair, and the hilarious enthusiasm of Lowe; and a grave but kindly smile ran around the circle.

But Mr. Cubb, our young and enthusiastic member, did not observe this, and rose to protest that this was the fifth meeting within the last six months from which Bumps was absent; and he thought he should be made an example of. The Chair mildly but earnestly replied that "Brother Bumps is an example which it will delight the Chair to have all those members of the club who are in a condition to do so imitate. The Chair considers Mr. Bumps's devotion to the business which detains him from our meeting this evening eminently laudable; and the Chair has no doubt that it receives the heartfelt sympathy of every member of the club who understands the circumstances." Whereupon the club testified their approbation of the eloquent remarks of their revered president, by frantically pounding on the floor with their heels; and Mr. Cubb, observing a very deprecatory frown upon the brow of the vice-president, whom he especially admires, reluctantly subsided.

The business of the club meeting proceeded to a close quietly and rapidly. But there was an air of mystery on the part of a few, and of curiosity on the part of others, as palpable to the inner sense as was the odor of Mr. Cubb's five-cent cigar. When the chair announced the meeting adjourned, nobody rose to go; but everybody looked volumes of expectation at their esteemed president, in whose sagacity the club had so often reposed its undisappointed confidence.

The president smiled benignly, and quietly remarked: "Gentlemen, it's a fine moonlight night; let's go and give 'em a serenade."

You never saw in your life such enthusiastic applause as that single eloquent sentence elicited. The proposition was carried unanimously, and more too

Then immediate preparations were made for the performance. The club bugler went out and borrowed a bassoon, with which melodious implement of destruction he is a fair amateur marksman. The captain, who, as a tenor singer, often takes a part in amateur concerts, and who has many times captured the house with "Robin Adair," suggested that he would sing that fine air to original words, if the president would furnish the words. The president sat down and wrote some stanzas off-hand, which the captain pronounced excellent, and immediately began to practise. Mr. Lowe ran to his boarding-house, and returned with a big accordion, upon which he has practised manslaughter to the extent of about three tunes. The rest of the club depended upon their vocal abilities, and we soon had a programme drawn up of the music we would execute. By 11 o'clock we were ready to start, and mounted our wheels, and rode away through the moonlit streets in single-file procession, toward one of the most fashionable parts of the city.

Mr. Lowe carried the accordion under his arm, with the key-board uppermost. Any wheelman who ever tried to carry an accordeon that way will appreciate Mr. Lowe's exertions. "The confounded thing," as Mr. Lowe frequently called it, was possessed by a demoniac disposition to stretch out, especially whenever his wheel jolted over a rough place. At every such jolt, the stretching bellows, dropping down, elicited a musical grunt from the bass end of the instrument; and then Mr. Lowe would hastily shove it up again with his opposite hand, jerking a shrill wail of agony from the treble end. Very naturally, this unnatural accompaniment to our progress attracted the attention of the street gamins, whose flattering remarks, joined with his unusual exercise, caused Mr. Lowe to sweat and scold profusely. But fortunately we struck a smooth pavement presently, and rapidly ran away from the boys.

The Tonish home of red brick, with cut-stone trimmings and porch, in the midst of its small but velvety green lawn, looked beautiful in the mellow moonlight. The tall maple trees on the east front threw over its main façade a delicate lace work of light and shadow. As we dismounted, and silently gathered in a group at the side of the building, where there was a little shrubbery, we noticed that there was only a dim light in the back parlor, most of the other lights of the house being out. I approached one of the windows, and saw through a slight orifice in the blinds that Bumps and Marietta Tonish were sitting very close together on a tête-à-tête, evidently diligently discussing the important business which had detained Bumps from the club meeting. They were alone, though the shadows which could be seen through an open door in a distant apartment showed that Mrs. Tonish was reading in her easy-chair.

At this moment a person who had been standing on the opposite side of the street,

under the shadow of a tree, came over to us and joined our group. He carried a violin in a silver-bound case. It was Mr. Spiel, the leader of a well-known orchestra, whom I had summoned by telephone. I whispered to Mr. Spiel our programme, which was to begin with a solo on the trombone by our bugler, and to include a solo on the accordion by Mr. Lowe. Mr. Spiel grunted disgustfully at the mention of these instruments; but after shaking his head slowly, he smiled and remarked:—

"Never ve mind, eh? The amateur shall play vatever he shall be pleased, und I shall make him all right with my accompany. eh? Dose is right, eh? Vell, you begins ven you gets you all ready."

While talking, Mr. Spiel had taken his violin from its case. He very softly passed his hand over the strings, which had previously been tuned, making a sound scarcely louder than one breathing, and which could not be heard in the house.

I notified the bugler that we were ready. He had slung the trombone from his neck by a cord, and the knot refused to untie. Taking out his penknife, he cut the string, when the trombone slipped from the cord, and came down with one edge of its mouth hard on a sensitive corn on his right small toe. With great fortitude Mr. Blower suppressed a shriek of agony, and cowered dumbly around on the grass, on one foot, holding the other in both hands, and grinding his teeth.

After a little Mr. Blower picked up the trombone, breathing hard, and raised the mouthpiece to his lips. Mr. Spiel put his violin in position, and laid the bow upon the strings. I applied my eye to the hole in the shutter, to note the effect.

Either Mr. Blower's wind had been broken by his violent hopping about, or else he pulled the trombone too far out. At any rate, the first note he produced was a sudden, violent, shrieking discord, such as might well startle the entire neighborhood. Through the peep-hole in the shutter I saw Bumps and Miss Tonish jump excitedly apart, as though an electric battery had shocked them, with every sign of consternation upon their faces. But Mr. Blower got down to business on the second note, and Mr. Spiel played an exquisite accompaniment, so surrounding, mellowing, and filling out Mr. Blower's amateur tooting as to make it seem almost delicious. The air Mr. Blower had selected was "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay." It was beautiful, but scarcely appropriate: and after it was fairly going I saw Miss Tonish blush vividly; then smile; then look at Bumps, who stood in an attitude of intense listening; and finally laugh softly till she trembled all over. Bumps stared at her, not being musical enough to see the joke; but apparently considering that there must be something funny somewhere, he set up the most puzzled and artificial grin I ever saw. This tickled Miss Tonish so

much that she sat down again, and fairly shook with merriment.

As soon as this trombone solo was finished, Mr. Spiel wiped the strings of his violin with his handkerchief, and then began playing a beautiful violin solo. It was delicious; and I saw Miss Tonish listen as if entranced, till soft tears gathered in her eyes. Even Bumps, who is n't musical, heard it with evident delight.

When this was finished, after a minute's pause, the captain began singing, with his fine and well-trained tenor voice, to the air of Robin Adair, thus:—

Ah! what is this I feel,
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish?
Makes me neglect my wheel,
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish.
Bicycle pleasures fade,
Club run and club parade,
Thinking of thee, dear maid,—
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish.

No more it is my pride,
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish,
First in the race to ride,
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish.
Now only do I care
One prize to win and wear,—
Thy gentle heart, my fair
Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish.

The refrain, with its rising, slurred inflection on "Ma-a-ry-y To-on-ish," was wonderfully touching and effective. In fact, aided by the delicate accompaniment of Mr. Spiel, it was fairly melting. Miss Tonish exclaimed, as soon as she heard the third line, "It's the bicycle club, Harry!" and then she put her arm around him, and drew him close to the window.

When the song was ended, Mr. Spiel played another violin solo; and then Mr. Lowe began playing the suggestive air, "Sally Waters," on the accordion, which Mr. Spiel's art managed to make endurable. Bumps was musical enough to recognize this tune, and he winked prodigiously at Miss Tonish, who laughed archly in reply.

During the silence which followed the last screech of Lowe's accordion, the dignified colored butler appeared among us, with an invitation to walk in, he having set the parlors ablaze with light. We went in, and were met in a stately manner by Mrs. Tonish, who said that she was glad to welcome Mr. Bumps's friends. But Miss Tonish shook hands with all of us, laughing pleasantly, and said that "This is just jolly!—the funniest and the nicest idea! It was charming, too; and Harry and I shall remember it with pleasure always." Then the butler brought in cake and wine; after which we had some piano playing and singing, and some more of Mr. Spiel's fine music; and when Bumps and Miss Tonish shook hands with us at the door, and said good night, and Miss Tonish said they "expected to see us all again soon," we mounted our wheels and rolled rapidly away in the soft moonlight, as happy a club as ever sat in saddles or indulged in an evening lark.

THE Bicycle Union championship races the past season netted the Union a deficit of over \$300.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

The Lake George Region. — II.

BY KOL KRON.

WHITEHALL lies within a few miles of the lake, but is separated from it by a mountain range. Rather than climb this, my plan was to take train to "Ti" (as every one in that region calls the historic fort and village), and embark near there on the steamer that should take me down the lake. The train did not go till eleven, however; and as the weather was inviting, I started off at eight with the idea of meeting it at Chubb's Ferry, or one of the stations beyond there. I was warned that the hard clay of the ordinary hill roads did not get a chance to be worn down by much traffic, as did the main road leading to Rutland. Still I thought there was no doubt of my reaching Chubb's in three hours, even if I had to walk every step of the seven miles. So I loafed aimlessly about among the hills, enjoying the scenery and fresh air, and not unmindful of the apples, blackberries, wild cherries and other fruit, until finally I was awakened to the maddening truth that train time had almost arrived, while I myself had made no perceptible approximation towards Chubb's Ferry. Bestirring my boots briskly then, I lost my way several times in a half-hour, and ultimately abandoned all notion of catching the train. The idea of catching a hotel next possessed me, and this proved equally visionary; but at last an honest farmer took me in, and having satisfied my hunger, chatted with me pleasantly about the topography of the country. The result was that I decided to climb directly over the mountain to Hulet's Landing, on Lake George. Leaving him at two, I was an hour in making the three miles to Chubb's, and three hours more in doing the seven miles up and down the mountain to Hulet's. Of the twenty miles marked that day by my cyclometer, I suppose two thirds or three fourths were accomplished on foot.

Thursday forenoon I took steamer up the lake, and during the wait for the return trip, drove my wheel to "Ti" and back. In the afternoon I stopped at the Fort William Henry Hotel only for the few minutes requisite to drag a supply of clean clothes from my valise and set the label thereof for New York. Before I mounted, at five o'clock, however, the last of the procession of coaches for Glenu's Falls had been several minutes on the way, and a half-hour elapsed before I even came in sight of it. Not long afterwards I passed it, while taking a rest at a toll gate, and I then kept well ahead of it to the end. Soon after this, having passed through the village and reached the end of the paved sidewalk, I made my first real stop at 6.25, though two or three brief dismounts had been caused by lady drivers; once a four-horse coach which I met forced a stop by trying to run over me, and once I had to

alight at a perfectly level place, where six inches of loose dirt had just been hauled upon the track by some "repairers." I have no praise to offer for this corduroy road, however, though I succeeded in clearing all the grades; for some of them made extremely wearisome riding, and more than once the deep layer of sand on top of the planks caused my wheel to balk, and almost come to a dead halt. Some of the up-grades leading towards the lake were certainly too sandy that day for any bicycle to plough through. "W. B. E." calls the corduroy road nine miles long, but my cyclometer made only six and one half miles of it, even when combined with a long stretch of village riding, — say a mile beyond the toll gate at the end of the road. Perhaps the jar of the planks caused the registry to fall short of the truth; for as I kept ahead of the coach, which rattled along at a seemingly brisk pace, I must have gone at a faster rate than four miles an hour. The St. James Hotel, in Fort Edward, five and one fourth miles on, was reached an hour later, making seventeen miles for the day. This last was done mostly on the sidewalks; for though the highway was generally smooth, an intolerable dust was stirred up by the vehicles returning from a military display in the village. At a place called Sandy Hill I surprised myself by riding to the top of a long and steep incline, paved with cinders or some black substance hammered down very hard and smooth. This was probably the most creditable climb I ever took, and I should be glad to have some of the Fort Edward riders, whose races are reported in the *WORLD* of 16 September, say whether they commonly take it. A hotel lounge assured me that none of the local wheelmen dared to ride down that hill.

Starting on next morning at 5.30, with my cyclometer pointing exactly at zero, I reached the hotel in Schuylerville, thirteen and one half miles, in two hours, and stopped an hour for breakfast. I perhaps might have lessened the time by doing the last four miles on the towpath, for beyond Fort Miller there were stretches of sand that forced walking, or very slow riding. About an hour after leaving the hotel, three miles on, the towpath tempts me to leave the rather hilly highway, and I ride it continually, but not very comfortably, for three miles and more, or until a chance comes for returning again without dismount to the harder highway. Then follow fourteen miles of the smoothest roads, prettiest scenery, and most enjoyable riding of the day, past Bemis Heights, Stillwater, and Mechanicsville to Waterford, at whose hotel, thirty-four and one half miles from the start, I stopped one hour and a half for dinner. Resuming the saddle at 2.15 P. M., I crossed the bridge and bore to right and then to left, till I reached Vane avenue, down which I went without turn, much of the time on the sidewalks, until I reached the Belgian pavements of Troy, nearly four miles. Poor sidewalk busi-

ness for a mile and more brought me to the bridge, from the west end of which a six-mile path over dusty and rutty macadam and mean sidewalks led to the bridge at Albany. Recrossing again here, I made a mount at Greenbush at five o'clock, eleven miles from Waterford, and went along the river road to Castleton, nine miles, in an hour and three quarters. The next hour, mostly on foot, was spent in reaching my journey's end at Scho-dack, though the cyclometer called the distance less than three miles, and gave fifty-seven and one quarter miles as the reading for the day. Spite of the continued dry weather, which made the sandier road from Lake George to Albany poorer than usual, the hard clay of this region below Albany had not been worn smooth, and I was told that it never became so. Some soft stretches of sand were also found. Indeed, I found the sand pretty continuous on Saturday morning, when, at a little before six, I started off through the heavy fog from the forlorn little tavern in Schodack; for I was almost a half-hour in getting to the brickyard, three quarters of a mile, where, in desperation, I accepted the chance of risking my life on the railroad. My first mount lasted twelve minutes, and covered more than a mile and a half, incomparably the longest and swiftest spin I ever had between the tracks of a railway. Indeed, I almost began to cherish the wild hope of riding the rails all the way down to New York, in stead of taking steamer at Hudson as planned. But the second culvert caused a stop in half a mile, the third in a quarter-mile, and the trains began to be uncomfortably frequent. However, in the course of forty minutes I had ridden the whole distance to Stuyvesant Landing, five and one half miles, while the hilly highway would presumably have taken me twice as long. Probably, however, I should have done well to resume it at this point, or else at Coxsackie, two and one half miles on, which I reached a half-hour later; for most of the seven miles thence to Hudson had to be done on foot. I left the track there at 9.15, three hours and a half from Schodack, fifteen miles. The sun was just then dissipating the fog, which had formed a mercifully cool introduction to what proved a scorchingly hot day. The weather of the whole five preceding days had been excellent for touring, though the week that preceded and the week that followed were both very hot. I soon discovered "the place of the path," and was so long enjoying it that when I sallied forth in a dry suit of clothes and freshly blacked boots, I had only time to partake of a melon and sandwich for breakfast before the arrival of the boat. However, I was in all the better condition to do justice to the dinner which was soon spread before me there, and to enjoy my ride down the river. Upwards of 1,500 passengers were aboard, and such a wildness of trunks as awaited attention on the dock at Catskill, I never before set eyes on. The brave baggage smashers,

who finally got these things on the boat, must have wished that all tourists were accompanied only by bicycles; at least none of them ventured to "strike" me for the carriage of mine.

Landing at 24th street at six o'clock, I wheeled homeward along the sidewalks (though the troops of shouting urchins made progress rather slow and dangerous); but when 5th avenue was reached I tried its Belgian blocks for the final half-mile. The contrast presented thereto by the asphalt at the end tempted me, as usual, to indulge in a parting spin around the fountain in Washington square. This, be it understood, is in the centre of the roadway formed by the two streets which make a junction at the head of the avenue, and cut the square in twain. What was my surprise, therefore, at having a park policeman order me off from this public thoroughfare! Of course I wheeled off at once, and in the solitude of my own apartments mused with contemptuous pity on this latest straw, indicative of the petty spite cherished by our Park Commissioners against bicyclers. Eighteen miles were recorded on that last day, and about two hundred and four on the six successive days of the trip, though I had some other indications than the one detailed that my cyclometer somewhat underrated the real distance travelled. "M. D. B.'s" story (WORLD, 3 September) also confirms my previously formed belief that I made a mistake in taking the "river road" below Albany. I ought rather to have gone east from Greenbush until I struck the old post road leading south. Probably, indeed, it would have been better for me if I had gone from Waterford to Cohoes, and skipped Troy and Albany entirely; for none of the riding that I had below Waterford was very enjoyable.

Unless "W. B. E." had a special desire to visit Bennington, I think my story will convince him that he made a mistake in going through the Hoosac Tunnel instead of sticking to his original plan of touring further up the Connecticut Valley; and I hope others may be persuaded to improve the autumn weather by trying the track I have thus laboriously described. The tour for a New Yorker, who can be absent from business only four days, may be outlined in this wise: Take 4 P. M. boat to Hartford, and ride next day to Holyoke (or the night may be passed in Springfield or Northampton, if preferred); on second day ride from North Hatfield to Putney (getting to North Hatfield by train, either from Smith's Ferry or Northampton), and there at 6 P. M., take the train to Rutland (or if preferred, the train may be taken at Brattleboro'); on third day ride across to Whitehall in season to take 11 A. M. train for "Ti," connecting with steamboat through the lake, and then ride from Caldwell to Glenn's Falls or Fort Edward; on fourth day ride to Albany and take the night boat home. If a New Yorker starts on this route by train, instead of boat, he had better begin wheeling at

Meriden or Berlin, for the road thence to Hartford is excellent. The Bostonian who does not care to go up the Connecticut Valley may take train directly to Rutland, or perhaps he may find it practicable to wheel himself thither by way of Portsmouth, the White Mountains, or St. Johnsbury. I believe the Lake George steamer stops running at the close of September, however. In that case the train may be readily taken from Whitehall to Glenn's Falls or Fort Edward. Indeed, a man at the latter place told me that the towpath from Whitehall was rideable all the way down. As to the "floor-like hardness" of canal embankments, however, I prefer other testimony than that of a bar-room lounge.

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 19 September, 1881.

Some Club-Room Reminiscences.

"The palatial quarters of the club have, in all their appointments, kept pace with the increasing magnificence of the city; but the tender associations which hover around 40 Providence street are yet fondly cherished in the breasts of the antediluvians."

The Two Chromos.

THERE may have been something prophetic in the utterance of these two writers, or they may have merely stumbled upon the truth as their prototypes the "Two Dromios" blundered into wit; they certainly have made a prediction which bids fair to meet with a prompt fulfilment. In the picture of wheel matters in Boston for the year 1981, the "Two Chromos" not only caused the Bossachu-etts headquarters to disappear in Back Bay mud, but dredged a channel through the place, and carried the "commodious edifice" to Chelsea, where Editor Gilman improves each shining hour. Already the club-rooms have disappeared, — have been swallowed up by another tenant, — and there is a bright prospect of superb quarters for the Boston Club, fitted not only with the necessities and comforts of wheel life, but with the luxuries of a gentlemen's social club. The deserted rooms at 40 Providence street are stripped of all evidences of their past associations, are bare, dirty, and unattractive; but as long as bicycling prospers and the Boston clubs thrive, the place will be haunted with some gay old ghosts, — memories of an active, jolly, never-to-be-forgotten club life.

Who does not remember the opening night, when the club-house committeemen bowed themselves off of their legs, and smiled themselves into a semi-paralytic condition before a throng of guests from a score of representative clubs? No one forgets the pleasure depicted upon the genial face of Prex Pratt when a large silver pitcher was presented to him by L. A. W. friends; but lives there the man who can remember distinctly how many times the pitcher was filled and emptied "after the opera was over"? who does not dwell with pleasure upon memories of that evening's lunch, and who does not linger with agony unutterable upon the speeches which followed? Among others who had never "spoken

right out in meetin'," the writer was called upon. As his speech did not differ materially from the other thirty-seven, it is given as a specimen. He was called upon so suddenly that he was thrown into a cold perspiration, and his sentences were punctuated with uncomfortable gulps in his throat, as if his heart was making frantic efforts to escape by that way. He said: —

Mr. President and gentlemen, — ahem — Mr. President and gentlemen. Mr. Pres — that is, I did not expect to be called upon when I came here. I have very little to say except — ahem — except a few things which I did not expect to say when I came here. I am glad to see — so — many — present, as I did not expect to see so many present when I came here, and I am glad, very glad, from the profoundest depths of my heart I am glad to think that I shall not have to do this sort of a thing more than once in a lifetime." (*Prolonged and renewed silence.*)

At first there was little promise of success in the meagre attendance, but after a while the formality of the rooms disappeared, and men began to saunter in to while away the long winter evenings.

The broad ash table in the reading-room held all the bicycling literature from home and abroad, and held the feet of all the wits and smokers in the club. Across the table were sent sentiments witty and wise, and in lively debates were sent epithets, and any other articles within reach. Here Mr. Hawley first excited interest in the mechanics of the wheel, and championed every good improvement which might contribute to speed, comfort, or endurance. Here "Juvenis" read a poem, and sent fanciful rings of curling smoke into the air, to the envy of all beholders. Here W. Vanderbilt Burt told railroad stories enough to fill the "Encyclopædia Britannica." And here the Massachusetts Club held its first annual dinner. An account of the latter event, together with the humorous statistics collected by Prex Parsons, is given in the BICYCLING WORLD, 11 February. But the article makes no mention of the lively time which always ensues when an average Massachusetts man gets hold of a knife and fork, and a plate of anything edible; it does not refer to the strange lack of appetite on the part of the dinner committee, who were suspected of "sampling" in the kitchen, and it carefully says nothing of the reckless and dissipated way in which Capt. Pope and "Feather-Chin" Parkhurst drank several glasses of milk; it does not tell, either, of the generous hospitality and pleasant social feeling which was the feature of the dinner, and has been the feature in every one of the many enjoyable runs taken by this club.

Here also, was held the League Directors' meeting, at which the location of the first annual meet was decided upon. The lively interest manifested in the subject all over the country, and the animated discussion of the question in the columns

of the WORLD, thoroughly impressed the directors present with a sense of the responsibility resting upon them. A gentleman who was present at the meeting, thus graphically describes it:—

"In a dingy back room, shut out from the rest of the suite, the directors sat in solemn conclave, dealing carefully with the minor questions brought before them, but all awaiting with intense interest the vital one of locating the League Meet. This important business was postponed until all else had been attended to, in order to have the delayed directors Gullen and Munroe present. Burrill obstinately and skilfully put off the decision from hour to hour, watching every moment for the expected support from and for New York. Marsden, Fred. Pratt, and the visitors Harrison and Wistar openly discussed the question, while Fairfield and Hazlett were silent. Hodges alone seemed to have the matter well in hand, and seemed to understand from the first what the result would be, although there was very little in his manner to indicate it."

Messrs. Munroe and Gullen came at last, after the others were well wearied by a protracted session, and Boston was quietly agreed upon. Those who were outside will remember that the days were dark, wet, and chilly; and under these and other depressing circumstances, the "back" room would naturally look "dingy."

The club register is a literary curiosity. It has a page for every day in the year, intended to contain a list of members visiting the rooms each day, together with those of casual visitors. The first name entered is that of a stranger, — T. B. Beach, of Hartford. Every variety of autograph follows, including the names of nearly all the League officers and well-known bicyclers in the country. Occasionally there is an irreverent comment upon the quality of the writing material following some *lapsus pennæ*; and once in a while a sharp personal hit is found appended to the name of some unfortunate.

Following "Billy Bernhardt's" register of 27 February is the statement, "The riding season is now open." Then, in the neat chirography of "Juvenis": "A premature statement by an immature member." Then, by Billy the irrepressible, "Brace up, old man," and so on.

10 March. No one visited the club-room; and across the vacant page, in large black letters, is inscribed the immortal phrase, "A cold day."

On 7 June there appears an invitation from P. T. Barnum to a circus party, with the fascinations of peanuts and pink lemonade delicately and artfully suggested.

On 10 June the names of the best known club captain in the country, the honorable and popular secretary of the same club, and a former editor of the WORLD appear together on the register; time, midnight; comments, "In from Woodward's gander party," "Wheel-

room door kicked in," "Chase's dreams disturbed," "— to pay." Those who remember the hospitable entertainment given by Mr. Woodward to the Boston Club, will remember also that the darkness of that night was deep and black,

"One universal blot";

and to add intensity to the shade, a fog settled upon the earth, and a light, drizzling rain fell. It must have taken the best of spirits to inspire wheelmen in a ride across a deserted waste of land, upon a night like this,—some such spirits as put Tam O'Shanter on his metal. The comments following their arrival at the club house, like many others in the register, seem to have been made under the impression that "profanity is the soul of wit."

Just preceding 30 May, the club-room register is filled to overflowing. Then it was that Boston, Massachusetts, Crescent, Roxbury, Chelsea, East Boston, Waltham, Middlesex, Harvard, and other neighboring clubs sent delegations of active men with offers of assistance in the matter of entertaining League guests. A working committee was immediately appointed, and it was quickly ascertained that there were difficulties to be overcome on every side.

Police protection was needed; the railroad officials declined to reduce their rates; the hotel keepers felt little inclination to lessen their charges upon a national holiday, when the city would be crowded; the military had obtained permission to use the principal avenues of the city for parade purposes; no caterer could be found who would serve dinner in Music Hall; and for a while there was no prospect of obtaining a hall for the storage of machines. Sub-committees were promptly appointed to meet the difficulties, and night after night the club-rooms at 40 Providence street were occupied by wheelmen, all intent upon the one purpose of providing a suitable reception for those who came from a distance to take part in the Meet. This common purpose brought men together who would never have known and understood each other under other circumstances. Those who were new in bicycling were placed upon an equal footing with those who were comparatively venerable; mere acquaintances were turned to warm and devoted friends; and in the dingy back room, over the ashen table, was born the harmony which has ever since pervaded the action of Boston wheelman.

When the Boston Club shall have become one of the exalted and dignified institutions of the city, and when the Massachusetts Club shall have settled down comfortably in some other hospitable quarters, very few will care to look back to the days of limited convenience and unlimited good feeling at the Bossachusetts rooms. But upon some winter's night in 1891 a retrospective old wheelman—perhaps Frank Weston, mayhap Capt. Pope, or why not Prex Pratt?—may be sitting before an open fire in the club parlor, lulled by the genteel dullness

of the place, or perhaps by the tranquillizing effect of a comfortable dinner in the club café, in a dreaming of the past. As he turns over the leaves of club history, even to the beginning, he may find a little pleasure in reading this "turned-down page."

ST. SAENS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Badge.

Editor Bicycling World:—The League is being severely criticised here for its recent action on the badge question. To our appeal to the League for its assistance in enforcing our right to ride on certain highways, as well as to appeals from other cities, the officers at the quarterly meeting thought they could do nothing at present, and the subject was dropped. We appreciate the fact that the League is yet in its infancy, and too much should not be expected of it in one year; so we are perfectly satisfied with the action of the officers, and think they did rightly in deciding to "make haste slowly." Now as to the badge question: As Messrs. Smillie and "Cyclos" state in their communications in the WORLD of 28 October, the League furnishes a badge "upon deposit," etc.; and in accordance with my understanding, as well as that of my associates here, I, as consul of the League, informed those members who obtained badges that of course the "deposit" would be returned on the return of the badges. We who obtained badges are now being laughed at by the other fellows who waited. I have no doubt that the mistake will be rectified; at least I hope so, as we all have the League at heart, and do not want to see mistakes made,—mistakes that appear trifling, but may result more seriously than is now anticipated.

H. S. L.

CINCINNATI, 29 October, 1881.

Supervision of Race Meetings by L. A. W.

ALTHOUGH not a B. H. C. F., and thus exposed to additional risk, I most heartily indorse Mr. Bates in his efforts to establish a race bureau under management of L. A. W. Any member who has attended race meetings remote from headquarters of large clubs can appreciate the fact that there are many ways of doing the thing, and a great many poor ways to one right. All bicycle race meetings should be carried out in regular order and by rule, and judges should be enabled to refer to something tangible in making their decisions, instead of, as at present, when caught in a dilemma, making some absurd decision without rule or precedent. The only way to do this properly is to have the League issue a code of rules and regulations which shall cover everything from advertisement of races to presentation of prizes, and also furnish rules and precedents which will meet any demand for decision from judges. Let us have the race bureau of

the L. A. W., which shall be a final reference for judges, record all races run under its auspices, and furnish all information and documents to managers of races which shall be necessary. I would suggest the adoption of the Bicycle Union code, as far as it can be applied to suit American sports, thus making an international system, which will be needed by and by, when we seek to wrest the supremacy of English riders from them, and plant the international-championship banner on American's side of the herring pond. I would call the attention of the officers of the L. A. W. to this, and hope they will try to something definite in regard to the matter. PRACTICAL.

BOSTON, MASS., 1881.

A Reference Library.

Editor Bicycling World:—Considering the extent of the bibliography of our sport, it is surely time that efforts were made to establish a reference library of all books, periodicals and newspapers connected with the past and present of 'cycling. Of course we are aware that the British Museum is supposed to contain a copy of every book published, but as a matter of fact its collection of wheel literature is meagre in the extreme, and is necessarily available only to the reading-room members. The natural home for the proposed library would be in the offices of the Bicycle Union; and on the subject being brought before the executive at their last meeting, 11 October, it was unanimously resolved "That immediate steps be taken to establish a complete collection of all books, etc., on the subject." As many of the works have been out of print for some years past, it is only by the help of our press and the kindly co-operation of our fellow-wheelmen that the desired end can be gained. No further time, however, must be lost; for the process of clearing out the "old rubbish" (?) is continually going on, and the labor and difficulty of forming a complete collection increases with each day's delay. Allow me, then, through your columns to ask those of your readers who may possess any of the "unconsidered trifles" of bygone wheel literature, to look them out, and by devoting them to the public cause thereby assist the formation of a most necessary adjunct to our sport,—viz., a reference library. Donors of books will please write on the title page, "Presented by [so and so];" and all communications on the subject will have prompt attention, if addressed to the Bicycle Union, 17 Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, E. C.

H. BLACKWELL, JR., B. U.

Chicago.

Editor Bicycling World:—Mr. Rouse, of Peoria, says he has quit reading the *Chicago Tribune*. Now, the *Tribune* is all right. It has opened its columns to the bicycle, and detailed a reporter to chase up bicycle news, and used to publish half a column a week of 'cyclic taffy. Better quit reading the *Times*. The

Times is bad: says lots of ugly things because its editor can't ride a bike,—a trike even would scare him to death,—he's too giddy. The *Daily News* now devotes much space to the wheel; mixes bicycle items up with horsey notes,—anyway they're badly mixed. It gave us the credit recently of buying seven tricycles for our lady admirers. First time we were ever accused of generosity. Generosity is a big thing,—at least the WORLD of recent date referred to our understandings in that way, and called on St. Louis to prove it. People who live in glass houses must n't throw stones, so St. Louis will not say a word. Speaking of big things, no person gets so much free advertising as our sixty-inch man. We are proud of him, and therefore crack him up; being the only big wheel out West, he captures the whole bakery. He therefore gets proud. Pride goeth before a fall, and our own and only sixty-inch young man recently took a header, ploughing up a cinder path with his nose, and making his countenance look as if he had been scorer in the late Kilkenny Cat unpleasantness. Speaking of headers makes us think that some folks say the small back wheel increases the chances for a spill. We deny it. One of our bicycle men, as an example, says he commenced over two years ago on a forty-six inch Ariel, which will be remembered as possessing a twenty-inch back wheel. He rode this a few months, and changed to a fifty-inch Columbia with the regulation eighteen-inch back wheel. He now rides a fifty-four-inch D. H. F. Premier with seventeen-inch trailer; and of the three sizes of back wheels, pronounces the seventeen-inch the most desirable. It is steadier, the liability for headers is much less,—in fact, it is very hard to make it go over. The seventeen-inch wheel gets over a horse-car track better than the eighteen and twenty inch wheels, because the distance between the lowest point of the front and rear wheels is less, enabling the machine to get both wheels over a ridge in quicker succession. The small back wheel of course makes more revolutions than the larger one, and requires more frequent oiling. This is obviated by rear-wheel *Æolus* ball bearings, which work to a charm, and absolve the owner from any more attention in this respect. We have a "Success" bicycle with seventeen-inch back wheel,—ball bearings,—that has run constantly for over a year, receiving more than the usual hard luck of a bicycle, and yet the bearing is about as good as new. Now, in regard to ball bearings: when you have them on the big wheel only, the increased ease of running over parallels is perceptible. When the spheres are applied to the rear wheel also, a still greater ease is felt, especially in the headway of machine when mounting from step, and in coasting. When ball pedals are added, a big improvement is at once apparent. Ball pedals do not so much increase the ease of turning the big wheel as they save friction in the

ankles and knees. You cannot shorten your cranks on account of ball pedals. The toggle-joint motion of the knees and ankles is sensitive to the least friction in the pedals, as is attested by the rheumatic stiffness incident to a long run. If a sacrifice must be made, let the rear-wheel balls be omitted rather than ball pedals. Of the different ball pedals made, we take to the Premier double balls; forty balls in each pedal, of the size of shot, running in four grooves. These pedals run for five minutes or more. The Queen single-ball pedals are neater in appearance, and just as easy, yet will not run a minute,—at least the pair we have will not. *Æolus* and Rudge single-ball pedals are similar and excellent; the only objection to them is the ugly projections or casings for balls on outer sides of pedal. Give us *Æolus* single bells on driving wheel, attached to a double hollow or other similarly rigid fork, the same bearing on rear wheel, with Premier double-ball pedals; total number of balls, 116, and friction is at its minimum. The main wheel runs about ten minutes, the rear wheel eight and a half, and each pedal five. On a rough road everything is rigid, and the machine minds her helm instantly. This is our experience.... The Chicago Bicycle Club's new rooms, in connection with riding hall and gymnasium, are being appreciated; and as the season advances when out-door riding will be cut off entirely, the benefits will be great. Last year we had the Exposition building during the day only, and will have it this year, but a well-lit hall for evening use is better.... It has rained regularly every time we have attempted to call a club run the past two months. STENO.

GLANCES ABROAD

A TWENTY-MILE race between the French champion, De Civry, and H. O. Duncan of Uxbridge, a promising rider, on equal terms, for a special prize offered by Messrs. Jones and Barber, came off on Saturday, 15 October. Things generally were unfavorable, for the path was soft going, and there was a strong and cold wind blowing, which the riders had to face in climbing the hill. The start was made at quarter to four o'clock, De Civry going off with the lead, and the pair were never more than six yards apart throughout the entire journey. Several times the French champion "slowed," with a view of making Duncan go to the front; but the latter was the better "slow" rider, and only held front position for two laps, viz., the twenty-first and twenty-second. Entering the last lap (two and a half to the mile), De Civry made his effort, hard pressed by Duncan, who, on the top of the hill, got within half a length of the Frenchman; but the latter, served by the inside position, got away a little again, and ultimately won by a length. Winner's time was 1 hour 20 minutes and 40 seconds. The last lap

was ridden in 1 minute 14 seconds.
—*Bicycling News*.

KEEN *v.* DE CIVRY.—Last Monday after, on the Surbiton track, these two professionals met to decide a twenty-mile match. The proprietors of the track, besides offering a prize to the winner, added a gold medal if the best time for the distance was beaten; viz., 1 hour, 38 seconds, made by Mr. H. L. Cortis when endeavoring to ride twenty miles within the hour. Keen was in fine trim, but his opponent was suffering from a severe cold, and the result was very unsatisfactory, the Frenchman quitting the path on completing the first mile, Keen having taken him along at a great pace. The latter, however, went on, and completed the full distance, beating the best professional record for twenty miles and at several intermediate distances, Robert Patrick, of Wolverhampton, going on as pace maker for him. Times: one mile, 3 minutes 6 seconds; five miles, 16 minutes; ten miles, 32 minutes 9 seconds; fifteen miles, 48 minutes 14½ seconds; twenty miles, 1 hour 4 minutes 21½ seconds. Distance ridden in the hour, 18½ miles 300 yards. —*Bicycling News*.

THE final heat of the All England £50 one-mile bicycle handicap was run at the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, this afternoon. The four riders were R. Howell, scratch; R. James, eighty yards start; A. Whitehouse, 110; and W. Wilson, 140. The ground was in bad condition, owing to the heavy rain. Howell did not show at all in good form, owing to his bicycle having been damaged in the train, and James won easily from Whitehouse; Wilson was third, and Howell last. Time, 3 minutes ½ second. —*Referee*.

WE have heard a good many reasons why Bicycle Union danger boards should not be erected, but it has been left to the Solons of the Eastbourne Burial Board to decide that the placing of a 'cyclist's danger board, which might be read by strangers driving into the town, and who might thereby be persuaded to turn back, would act detrimentally to the interests of a town! Any person who could read the word "dangerous" could also, we presume, spell out such words as "cyclist" and "Bicycle Union"; and persons who had this amount of education could probably argue that a notice to 'cyclists was not addressed to the drivers of vehicles. We have not seen a greater exhibition of selfishness for a long time than this decision of the Eastbourne authorities. —*'Cyclist*.

* If a town keeps its approaches in bad condition, it deserves to suffer the consequences it would seem to dread. — ED. WORLD.

"FRED COOPER" is a name so well known in bicycling circles that we cannot take too prominent a position to state that the clean-built little professional, who enjoys that name, and a partnership in the well-known firm of Humber, is not the Fred Cooper described as a whole-

sale bicycle and tricycle manufacturer, who was recently sentenced by Powell, Q. C., at the Wolverhampton Sessions, to twelve months' hard labor, for fleecing the public by advertising machines fifty per cent under price, and then quietly sticking to the entire amounts which his victims sent in, in reply to his enticing "ads." —*Cyclist*.

WHEELMEN have to thank Mr. Blackwell for one more addition to the list of the numerous "bright ideas" which he has given to the wheel world generally and the Bicycle Union in particular. The establishment of a reference library at the office of the Union will be a widely appreciated benefit conferred on both the present and future votaries of our sport; and we hope that many of our readers who have scarce old volumes dealing with wheel matters will respond liberally to the appeal, so that the library will become thoroughly representative. When fairly going, we predict that this reference library will be visited by every provincial tourist who visits London, and country riders are therefore as much interested in the project as Londoners. —*Bicycling Times*.

To test your front wheel bearings, stand behind your machine, placing the side of your foot against the back wheel; then pull the fore part of the machine slightly off the ground by the backbone; if the adjustment of the bearings is correct, the wheel will commence to move slowly by itself, and there should be no side shake. —*Bicycling Times*.

At a meeting of the Bicycle Union Council, held 13 October, at the Manchester Hotel, London, E. C. The French amateur question was considered, and a resolution to the effect "that all riders accepted by the Union Velocipedique de France as amateurs of the first class be accepted as amateurs by the Bicycle Union, so far as races in France are concerned," was passed.

THE movement to unite the Tricycle Association with the Bicycle Union is rapidly gathering head.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

CINCINNATI BI. CLUB. — At the regular monthly meeting of the Cincinnati Bicycle Club, held on 3 October, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, J. G. Kitchell; captain, W. H. Reed; secretary and treasurer, H. S. Livingston. Our club occupied the north wing of the Exposition Buildings (ten laps to a mile) last winter, and are now negotiating for the same place for the coming winter. H. S. LIVINGSTON, *Sec. and Treas.*, *Cin. Bi. Club*, Consul L. A. W., P. O. Box 466.

UNIVERSITY BI. CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — On Tuesday, 10 October, the wheelmen of Madison met at the Park Hotel, and formed an organization to be known hereafter as the University

Bicycle Club. The following officers were elected: C. W. Wells, President; Fred. Curtiss, secretary; B. B. Carter, treasurer. The following gentlemen were then appointed committee on constitution: Messrs. J. W. Cary, Fred Curtiss, and Carl Philips. At present the club numbers but seven members, but we hope to have the number doubled soon, as there are several riders here who have wheels that have not joined it yet. We shall probably use the gymnasium as a riding room this winter; i. e., if we can obtain permission of the Regents of the University. H. P. B.

MADISON, WIS., 30 October, 1881.

BOSTON BI. CLUB. — The regular monthly meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club was held Monday, 7 November, at the office of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, the use of which was kindly given by Mr. J. C. Thompson, one of the associate members. Mr. Lewis T. Frye, the L. A. W. champion, and ten others were elected members. The committee on headquarters were instructed to lease the house corner of Union Park and Tremont street, at a rental not exceeding \$1,500. A guaranty fund of \$530 was raised among the members present; this sum will no doubt be increased by those members who were not present. The total membership of the club is now about ninety. The treasurer's report showed a good balance on hand. The outlook of the club is favorable in the extreme, and the future of the club is assured.

PERSONAL

RUSS WALKER says Capt. Carpenter, of the Crescent Club, is one of the best waltzers in New England. His friends are already aware that he is an extraordinary wheelman.

COOPER writes us that he will be unable to visit this country the present season, but that Keen and Vesey still contemplate doing so, and possibly other British bicyclers.

PRESIDENT PRATT's little pamphlet of "Suggestions for the Choice, Care, and Repair of Bicycles" contains many useful hints for the inexperienced. Send a postage stamp and get a copy.

"THEY say" that the Hawthorne Bicycle Club led the Massachusetts Club on an impromptu 'hill-climbing contest' on their way into Salem recently, in the teeth of a gale of wind. "Time not taken."

JOHN WILKINSON, the Chicago agent for Columbia bicycles, writes that our correspondent "Steno" is misinformed in regard to the management of the Bicycle Riding School and Gymnasium; that Mr. Wilkinson and not J. M. Fairfield is the manager and proprietor.

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 Dillwyn 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 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.

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To KINGMAN N. PUTNAM, Esq., *Secretary to the L. A. W.*, New York: *Dear Sir:—*I beg to announce to you officially, the following alterations to some of our rules, which please communicate to the League of the American Wheelmen. On the 25th ult., the second annual congress of the French bicyclists belonging to the Union was held, and chose their new bureau for the ensuing year, 1881–82, which is thus composed: M. M. Varlet, president; Loevenstein, vice-president; G. Henon, office secretary; P. Devillers, corresponding secretary; L. Viltard, treasurer. Our Article 16, relating to the definition of an amateur with us, was entirely revised. Any bicyclist, racing for pleasure, who is not making a living out of races, whether winning money prizes or medals and *objets d'art*, is an amateur. But to keep with your League and the Bicycle Union of London that friendly understanding which has allowed your amateurs and those of England to compete with ours on the racing path, we have divided our amateurs into two series or classes: the first class comprising the amateurs racing for medals or *objets d'art*, who remain strictly amateurs, according to the international meaning of that word; and the second series comprising those amateurs racing for money without making a living out of it, and which were formerly professionals with us. Of course the two series can never compete together, unless so authorized exceptionally by us. We were driven to do so under the threat of seeing our Union come to the ground, as most of our clubs objected to the word professional being given to velocemen running occasionally for money. So that we had to yield to public opinion; the more so, as this new definition does not alter in the least the relationship we have with the foreign unions. Of course we have not suppressed altogether the word "professional" with us, as the Bureau remains free to call so any amateur of the second series proved to make a living out of racing; but we will only do so when their number or the number of races will be sufficient to allow a "profession" to be really made out of racing for money. The next

change was to lower the annual subscription to 2.50 francs for every one, whether clubmen or not. Our next congress and championship races will be held at Lyons next year. It was held in Paris this year, and gave the following results for ten kilometres (six and one quarter miles): first *série*, Barré, in 21m. 46½s.,—second *série*, De Civry, in 21m. 2½s. Hoping these explanations will prove sufficient to make the League understand well the case, and continue with us as heretofore, believe me, dear sir, yours most sincerely,
P. DEVILLERS.

36 RUE MONGE, PARIS, 10 October, 1881.

The L. A. W. English Directorate.

*Editor Bicycling World:—*The number of our noble brothers of the wheel in England who have joined the League has become so generous that the question of an English directorate naturally presses for consideration. At the last meeting of the board of officers, a motion was offered and passed unanimously that an English directorate should be established; and this was accompanied by a very complimentary and good-natured nomination of Mr. Llewellyn Winter (who was present by invitation) for one of the directors for that district. At the next meeting (in the spring), the matter will come up more deliberately for the formal establishment of the directorate and the election of directors. It should be understood that it is an open question yet whether under our present constitution this can be done. If it can be, the filling of the offices can only be done by appointment of the president between meetings, or by ballot of the board of officers, or by ballot at the annual League meeting. Hence there is as yet no director for England, strictly speaking, though after the vote referred to, Mr. Winter's candidacy may seem to be settled. Whenever there is one director, there should be two. At all events, there ought to be some deference paid to the wishes of our English members; and so, as the BICYCLING WORLD is our official organ and presumably read by all of them, I ask through your columns, for myself and for the board, for expression by communication, in print or by private letter, as to their preferences and suggestions.

CHARLES E. PRATT, *Pres. L. A. W.*
BOSTON, 7 November, 1881.

BOOKS AND PAGES.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The first number of Vol. IX. of this handsome juvenile is received, with the bloom and beauty of its youth no whit less fresh and wholesome than in its earlier years, but rather heightened and brightened instead. The excellence of the illustrations in this number is only equalled by their profuseness and variety; the finest and most striking, however, being the frontispiece, representing a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Miss Frances Harris, which, as a specimen of beautiful wood

engraving, is wonderful. The next best pictures are those illustrating "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving," by Miss Alcott, "A Day on a Desert Island," by Daniel C. Beard, and "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," by Harry M. Kieffer, — the latter a true autobiographical narrative of the Southern Rebellion. Besides these there are lots of stories in prose and verse, and lots of pictures to match; and notwithstanding the magazine seems as splendid as it can be, the Century Company, its publishers, promise that the Christmas number shall be more beautiful still.

WHEELMAN'S ANNUAL.—Many of our readers doubtless remember the collection of "Cycling Sketches" issued last winter, the initial volume of the "Wheelman's Annual." The Annual for 1882, is, we learn, now in press, and will be ready about 1 January. A prominent feature will be a series of specifications by prominent wheelmen, representing their ideals in bicycle construction. "Ixon's" many friends and admirers will be pleased to learn that the opening article, a novelté of several chapters, is from his pen, and is probably his most ambitious effort in this direction. Many other good things are promised, and the publication of the "Annual" bids fair to be one of the events of the coming winter.

ELSA VON BLUMEN, the lady bicyclist, says: "In presenting myself to the public in my bicycle exercises, I feel that I am not only offering the most novel and fascinating entertainment now before the people, but am demonstrating the great need on the part of American young ladies, especially, of physical culture and bodily exercise. Success in life depends as much upon a vigorous and healthy body as upon a clear and active mind. In my travels I daily see hundreds of ladies, and even gentlemen, with flat chests and narrow shoulders, and a shuffling gait,—the result of neglecting the needs of the body. My experience as a bicycle athlete has beyond question saved me from a consumptive decline. The noblest of women, the queen of the American platform, and my friend, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, not only encouraged me in my work, but expressed a wish that all young ladies might see the benefits arising from physical training. In my rides, while I am willing to compete in friendly rivalry not only with gentlemen but with horses, yet I will countenance no wagering or gambling. The respectability and completeness which have characterized my performances in the past shall be maintained in the present entertainments; and believing that all lovers of health and physical vigor will award me their approbation and patronage."

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

[We invite readers and correspondents to contribute questions, notes, suggestions, etc., to this department.]

Will "Lucile," of Milwaukee, send full address?

Editor Bicycling World:—Will some one who knows, give me instructions, through your columns, how to learn the "stand-still"? E. J. T.

Lewiston, Me., 1 November, 1881.

Editor Bicycling World:—As an answer to "Cyclometer's" inquiry in the WORLD of 28 October, I wish to say that I have used a Pope Magnetic Cyclometer for three months, and find it very accurate; far more so than an "Excelsior" I used before. "1007." PEABODY, MASS., 3 November, 1881.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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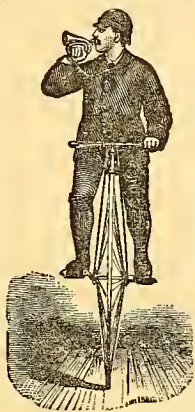
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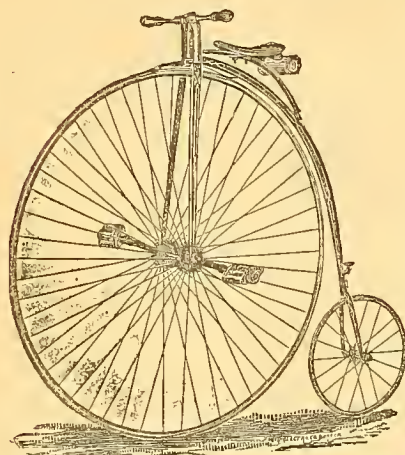
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