

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

[Volume II.
Number 4.

CHARLES E. PRATT, Editor.
E. C. HODGES & Co., Publishers.

BOSTON, 3 DECEMBER, 1880.

Entered at the Post Office
as second-class mail matter.

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wrong.

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lated offices.

THEY did n't give thanks for the snow
Thanksgiving morning.

THEY say there was a tinkling of the
Blue Bell the night before Thanksgiving.

A SUBSCRIPTION to a live paper is a
good holiday gift for the young. Try
ours.

APPOINTMENTS for hare and hounds
on wheel will be better kept in the
spring.

THE quiver and the bow should not be
laid aside yet. There are sunny days
coming.

"ONCE a man and twice a child," is the
old adage. Frank Weston has returned
to the cradle—spring.

MANY would like to see the Crescent
Bi. C. give an exhibition in Music Hall,
for instance, this winter.

IT needs many more accessions to the
L. A. W. membership before all the
needed consuls can be appointed.

FRANK WESTON don't pretend to know
much about Elysian springs, or those in
Eldorado; but he thinks the "cradle
spring" is the fount of perennial youth.

THE editorial and the business depart-
ments of this paper are in separate hands
now. Kind contributors and correspond-
ents will favor us and secure speedier
attention if they will bear this in mind,
and separate things accordingly in their
letters.

AH! distinctly I remember
It is now the bleak December,
And my wheel, like a spent ember,
Acme-stands behind the door.

Eagerly I scan my Special;
Vainly do I seek to thresh all
Frost from fingers; none the less shall
I the snow and ruts deplore;
For no frost or ruts I guess shall
I my trusty wheel forego, or
Cease to ride it out some more.

THE Haddonfield Turnpike Company
has abandoned its untenable position,
without waiting for the courts to compel
it to; and now bicyclers can pass the
toll-gates not only without hindrance, but
also without charge for the wheels as car-
riages.

AN IDIOTIC CRAZE, is what *Puck* of 27
October remarks about the prejudice
against the bicycle, stirred up by the un-
fortunate Brooklyn accident, and takes
occasion to remark: "Over in Brooklyn,
lately, a horse shied at a bicycle,—just
as it might have shied at a pile of bricks
or a drunken man or a dummy engine,—
the coachman could not control the horse,
the horse ran away, ran into another
horse: and a young lady was killed.
This is very sad, of course; but is it any
reason for raising a wild howl against the
innocent bicycle? Suppose the horse
had shied—as horses often *will* shy—
at the pile of bricks, or the drunken
man, or the dummy engine, would that
have been cause for a call for the re-
moval of all piles of bricks from the
streets, the immediate incarceration for
life of all inebriate wanderers, the aboli-
tion of the use of steam as a motor?
No? Would n't it? Then why should a
rampant Brooklyn coroner rise in his
official might and shriek wildly for the
suppression of the bicycle? There never
was a more idiotic craze than the prej-
udice against that airy and useful vehicle.
It never hurts any one except its rider; it
costs the public nothing; it offends no-
body. More horses shy in one day at the
L road trains than the bicycle has scared
in a year. On the other hand, the wiry
wheel has proved the most convenient
and healthful means of exercise within
the reach of hard-working city men."

FRIGHTENING HORSES is remarked
upon by the Philadelphia *Ledger* as fol-
lows: "The kind of horses that can be
frightened by bicycles ought to be quite
as much startled when they see a richly
dressed lady with brilliant parasol
mounted on the seat of a varnished and
gilded conveyance which, if made of com-
moner materials, might be taken for a

huckster's cart. The fact of the matter is that the trouble is with the horses more than with the bicycles. Ninety-nine horses out of a hundred take no notice of bicycles or locomotives or any other conveyance after their curiosity about it has been once satisfied; the hundredth horse ought not to be driven in the streets of a great city, for he is sure to meet hundreds of things more likely to frighten him than the much-abused bicycle."

"BICYCLING continues to grow in favor. Quite a large number of devotees to the new art are to be found in Philadelphia, with a continually increasing tendency; and as it has by this time been practically demonstrated that horses are not frightened by the novel vehicle, the indications are that there will, in the course of another year, be a regiment of bicycles here."—*Philadelphia Evening Star*.

THE PERILS of reporting and of editing are indicated by the following cudgel-some note caused by an inadvertency of a voluntary representative of the WORLD at the recent "opening":—"Mr. Editor:—There is a committee that would like to sit on '46 Inches,' and sentence him to forty-six years of hard labor upon 'Webster's Unabridged,' or to forty-six inches of hemp rope. He must have received a crack from Churchill's turkey bone, or have written his report immediately after the reception at Madame Roose's, for his orthography is certainly dizzy. One of the diligent workers on the joint committee of the Boston and Massachusetts clubs, Dr. Baker, is ignored, and Mr. Parsons's name inserted instead. Mr. LOUIS Harrison is entitled 'William Henry,' and the chairman, Mr. Chas. P. Shillaber, is rechristened Z, and has a letter c added to his name, converting it into the Teutonic 'Schillaber.' These three gentlemen form the 'House Committee' from the Massachusetts Club: but from all appearances they are about to re-form into a committee to squelch Mr. '46 Inches,' should they ever catch him outside of his *nom de plume*. ONE OF THEM."

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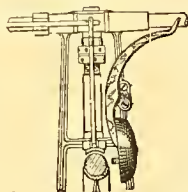
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THE Bicycling World

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, 3 DECEMBER, 1880.

RIDING SCHOOLS.—Now is the winter of our discontent approaching for many of our Northern towns and cities. Riding the bicycle on the roads will be more or less interrupted, and even for weeks suspended; and the question of where to ride, or where to obtain equivalent exercise (leaving out the other pleasures of out-door wheeling), becomes an important one. It is, therefore, timely to speak of riding schools in behalf of those who have already learned to ride; and the theme also suggests some other considerations which are always timely.

The riding school is not merely a convenience, but a necessity. Equestrians as well as wheelmen may learn the art of riding their chosen steed in the country or at some quiet resort out of doors, but for dwellers in the crowded city and the busy town some arena specially devoted to the pursuit and the acquisition of the art of riding becomes necessary in which to take preliminary tuition and practice. To the would-be wheelman the riding school is something more. By himself, or on unsafer surface than a large floor, he may, at the expense of considerable tumbling and fumbling and breakage of machine or patience, or both, learn by himself most that can be learned; but it

is so much speedier and easier and safer acquiring control of his steed with competent aid and in a proper place, that it pays him to go a long distance and pay the requisite fees to take his first six mounts in a riding school. Then, beyond this, the riding school offers him opportunities for learning about his machine, its different makes and sizes, its mechanical construction, the arts of care and repair, for seeing and reading the literature of the subject: it forms a sort of exchange where he can meet others and learn all that is going on elsewhere; and it is likely to become a sort of general and frequent resort for a long time after he has obtained somewhat of mastery over the wheel.

So to him who has been riding a season or more: when storms of winter close him in, the riding school affords him a place for occasionally handling his favorite machine, taking a mount occasionally for exercise, practising or acquiring the fancy arts or tricks of riding, and many an hour's diversion. It is, in fact, the best kind of a gymnasium for winter exercise, even in a moderate-sized hall. A half-hour spent with the wheel will exercise more muscles, and give a healthier circulation and toning up, than twice or thrice that time spent in a gymnasium.

It ought to be understood, too, by those who may be interested in promoting the sale of bicycles, or in promoting the general use of them in any community, that more people learn to ride in the winter and spring in a given length of time than in any other part of the year. There are less distractions; there is no yachting, boating, fishing, excursioning, or similar diversions; tennis, base-ball, lacrosse and cricket, and so forth, are suspended. The air is cool and bracing, exercise is not irksome, and there are all the prospects of spring riding, and all the longings to be out and away, to urge one then to take up this new art.

Why is it, then, that so few riding schools are open and kept open? Many are the agents, or alleged agents, who assume to sell bicycles; but few are wise enough to know, or have observed enough to understand, that the way to sell bicycles is to have a suitable place to try them, and learn them, and use them, and to make it attractive as a place of visiting and resort. Those agents who have riding schools succeed. They sell machines all the year round, and a great many of them. Those who do not, pick up a preca-

rious commission here and there through the spring and summer, get discouraged in the fall, and neither they nor the community in which they are reap the full benefits of bicycling.

Few clubs can afford practice halls for winter; but all the clubs, as well as the unattached everywhere, may do something by encouragement and patronage to secure the opening of riding schools for winter practice and instruction in their respective localities, and so, besides deriving some benefit themselves, promote the general cause of wheelmanship. Winter is the time, and riding schools the places, to make converts and draw new recruits to the army of wheelmen

BEACON PARK TRACK.

ABOUT a year ago, the readers of the *World* used to receive pretty regular letters from a certain gentleman writing over the *nom de plume* of "Jack Easy"; but lately we have seen no contributions from him. One of the chief subjects he wrote about was the establishment of the Granite Bridge grounds, where it was proposed, besides having the facilities for other sports, to lay a good bicycle track. That project seems to have fallen through, and I for one am not sorry, because I do not think there is sufficient interest or strength at present to support two tracks; and therefore it will be better if the bicyclers of Boston would centre their energies on the track recently laid at Beacon Park. I understand the association intend next spring to put the track, which is of excellent shape, in first-class condition, thus affording a suitable place to hold races. But of course, in order to maintain such a track it will be necessary for those riders who take an interest in our sport to join the association. The horse-owners have been strongly opposed to the admittance of bicycles within the grounds. That objection has been, in a measure, overcome, and the Boston Bi. Club entered the wedge when it held its 20-mile race there this fall. It now remains for the other clubs of Boston and vicinity to force the wedge until they will be glad to see us there at all times. I would suggest that whatever races any club intends to hold in the spring are held there, and thereby show the horse-men that bicycles are not such terrible things as they at present seem to imagine.

Any bicyclist who don't belong to some club, and fails to subscribe to a paper which is devoted to bicycling, is not one who is able to command among his fellow 'cyclers that respect which a good earnest devotee of bicycling is. Of course we don't always know whether he does support these aids to our sport or not; but let it once be known, and he is immediately set down as one of the "duffers." Let him once be a man, join a club, help on a track, and pay his subscription to

the WORLD or some other good paper, and if his self-respect is n't increased, why, then, I am also a "duffer" and don't know how it is myself.

LONDON W.

A BALTIMORE TALE.

Editor Bicycling World:—Now that the election is over, a President elected, and the "bloody shirt" and "the Chinese letter" laid away together and forever, I may with safety, and without the risk of its being taken up as a campaign story, briefly relate a little incident that occurred the summer past, and of which I was the malicious perpetrator and base instigator.

Latter June overtook me with my iron steed in Middle North Carolina, *en route* for Christian Reid's "Land of the Sky," the peaks of the Blue Ridge, and the beautiful valley of the French Broad. Upon my wiry wheel I was wending my wicked way along the public road that leads from High Point, the highest point on the N. C. C. R. R., through a village a few miles distant where I was to stop for the night. It was a calm evening twilight, about half past the hour of sunset, a peaceful parting of a rare summer day, and—

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days."

All nature is quiescent; and my silent steed, though swift, was never more silent and serene, and seems *en rapport* with the silence that reigns around supreme.

Southward I speed swiftly onward, now along the broad footpath that lies hard and smooth to the left of the roadway. In the dim and dusky distance I descry what seems to be the figure of an approaching man; but the approach is all my own, for by it I soon discern that the traveller is going in the same direction with myself. A forest dark of lofty pine now lies upon the left, and on the right beyond the road a field of growing corn. Scarce a stone's throw now separates me from the man whom my yet nearer approach shows to be a benighted negro, absorbed in the unconsciousness of his own surroundings.

Swifter, nearer, but never so silently I approach on my right this swarthy son of the South, still unknowing of my coming. I am distanced yet by full two lengths, and now by only head and neck. As I'm now about to shoot by, I lean over toward the unsuspecting man, and in a shrill, wierd voice cry out, "Ku-Klux! Ku-Klux!" at the same time snatching with extended hand the slouched hat from the head of the terrified man. "An awful pause,—prophetic of the end!" A sudden start; an instant turn of ghostly eyes and ghastly grin! With a horrible yell he "jumps the track" and bounds away and across the road and over the fence, muttering in husky tone some piteous prayer or dire imprecation as he wildly tears his way through the corn, with outstretched arms swinging like the furious spasms of some old shackling windmill going to pieces in a thunder-gust. With-

out handicap of hat he runs his mad race, and though soon lost to sight himself, his way is easily marked by the spasmodic movements of the blades and stalks of corn.

And I—well, I, meanwhile, overcome with laughter and astonishment at the result of my innocent experiment, and having lost the equanimity of my mind, the equilibrium of my body, and the equipoise of my wayward wheel, make a hasty and involuntary dismount. I scan for a moment the surface of the troubled cornfield, gaze for once and the last upon the scene of operations, and with the well-ventilated hat still clinging to my unyielding fingers, slowly mount my restive steed, regain my "balance of power," and thoughtfully turn to the village.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight."

Soon I am in the lap of Morpheus; dreams possess me, and visions multi-form. LOTAU.

BALTIMORE, November, 1880.

THE BICYCLE AS AN EVANGELIST.

It has often been questioned whether Christianity can ever be a universal religion. This doubt of its world-wide capabilities of extension does not necessarily imply any doubt of its excellence, or of the benefits which the reception of it would confer upon all nations. But the gospel has to depend largely for its propagation upon human agencies and means; and although our great missionary societies expend enormous sums of money every year in fitting out missionaries and sending them off by land and water, the field is so vast that there seems no chance of ever traversing more than a very small part of it.

Even country clergymen in home parishes find it often impossible to visit all their parishioners, and bishops can only make visitation tours once in three or four years. Some of them have never seen more than a fraction of their dioceses. Bishop Watson, of Llandaff, the famous antagonist of Tom Paine, only visited his diocese once in ten years. Some clergymen are great walkers, but others find it impossible to walk a mile to visit a sick parishioner. Our American clergymen are great travellers; but when they take their walks abroad or brave the storms of the Atlantic, it is for pleasure, not for missionary purposes. Few clergymen are as lucky as Dr. Syntax in being able to keep a horse, and thus it has come to pass that Christianity is in great danger of dying out for want of the means of transportation.

In this emergency it is pleasant to read the experience of a clergyman in England who has found the tricycle—an improvement, we presume, upon the bicycle—the best, swiftest, and cheapest of all the means of locomotion. He is a deputy of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and having purchased his

substitute for a horse and carriage, he finds that at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour, he can do fifty miles a day. Up hill or down dale is all the same to him. He carries his valise, and sometimes his twelve-year-old boy along with him, the former no doubt containing the tracts and the victuals which the latter assists him to distribute and devour. He has tried his metallic Rosinante a sufficient time to find that it requires no groom, no corn, no water, and that it involves no tax or turnpike fees. What is more remarkable is that it will stand still where he leaves it, which says much for the respect felt for the property of missionaries in England. In Brooklyn it would be very apt to be conspicuous by its absence when the good parson went to look for it. It seems to be gentle and kind, and the right number of hands high. The inhabitants of the villages, we doubt not, look for it with eagerness, and when they see the dust it raises afar off they say, "It is the driving of the clerical Jehu on the tricycle, for he driveth furiously in his eagerness to bring us the printed fly-leaves of salvation." As a tonic and promoter of vigor, both in body and mind, this ubiquitous preacher finds it far superior to the steam-engine or the market wagon. His health, which had been injured by pastoral labors, has been restored by it, and he therefore "cordially recommends it to all clergymen."

The advice is certainly worth thinking of. If adopted in Brooklyn, for instance, our clergymen might find it possible to avoid the necessity of going every summer to Europe; and what a scene would their evangelical labors and pastoral activity present to the sanguine student of prophecy! "Many would run to and fro, and knowledge would be increased," and many who never see a minister's face would find that the ministers were at last sufficiently strong in health to bring the glad tidings to them. Of course all ministers would not look equally well on the tricycle, and some might have an awkward way of driving; but we have Mr. Joseph Howard's authority for saying that even Mr. Beecher, admirable in all other aspects, "is not a pleasant sight on horseback" when he prances as chaplain, with the Thirteenth Regiment. The tricycle would be no detriment to the department of the really skilful equestrian, while it would be easier to manage for those ministers whose only acquaintance with "horsey" matters has been the war-horse of Job and the white horse of the Apocalypse. Men complain that Christianity is losing ground; the tricycle, as an evangelist, would not only recover what is lost, but make tracks for the missionaries in new directions. The highways of ancient Rome proved of the greatest value to the first preachers of Christianity: the tricycle would, when used as a means of grace, evangelize the whole country in these latter days. Bishops would be able to "confirm" at the rate of fifty miles a day; a short sermon, well prepared, might be delivered

by an active clerical tricyclist twenty times in a morning's round, and every landscape in the country would be dotted by the swiftly moving bees of the clerical profession improving each shining hour. — *Brooklyn Eagle*.

EXCURSIONS

LIMA, O., TO BOSTON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH R. W. PARMENTER.

ON 12 October last a representative of the *BI. WORLD* had the pleasure of meeting Mr. R. W. Parmenter, of Lima, Ohio, in Boston, whither he had wheeled himself on his bicycle for a pleasure trip. Mr. Parmenter was looking in good condition and appeared in excellent spirits after his long journey of about one thousand miles, which he had accomplished in twenty riding days, on which he averaged about fifty miles a day when riding. In answer to numerous questions, Mr. Parmenter gave an interesting narrative of the trip, the substance of which appears in the following notes, nearly in his own words:—

Lima, Ohio, is 71 miles south of Toledo, 130 miles north of Cincinnati, and about 30 miles from western State line. I started from Lima on 19 August, on a 50-inch Standard Columbia, and arrived in Boston on 11 October. I had for companion part of the way Mr. Charles E. Campbell, a resident of Lima, who rode a 52-inch Standard Columbia. We had had our machines but a short time, and neither of us had ridden a hundred miles in all before we started on this trip. The object of the journey was pleasure, and to take our time in seeing the country in a new way. First day, we started at 5 o'clock P. M., and rode that evening 11½ miles, to a place called Cranberry. Second day, we rode to Finley, a distance of about 25 miles. Third day, to Tiffin, 28 miles. Fourth day, we left Tiffin and went up to Green Springs and Clyde, and struck the first road outside of our county that was passable. We put up for Saturday night and Sunday at Monroeville. On Sunday took a Sabbath-day's journey of 4 miles to Norwalk. We did not expect to get in until after dark, but arrived at about 5 o'clock. Monday, Mr. Campbell broke down at Townsend Station, 6 miles from Norwalk, and took the train to Cleveland for repairs. That day I found the travel very bad, the roads being of clay, and did not make over 20 miles: the day following I ran into Cleveland. Left Cleveland on Thursday, and passing through Mentor, saw Mr. Garfield out riding with a party of young people. That night I put up at Geneva, and next day passed through Ashtabula, putting up that night (Friday) at Girard, Pa.

From Cleveland to West Springfield is a very sandy road and very bad travelling; but from East Springfield, Pa., struck very good natural roads made simply of soil thrown up and beaten down with travel, making splendid roads. Ran from

Girard to Westfield Saturday; took dinner on State line, where I could sit with one foot in Pennsylvania and the other in New York.

Sunday and Monday I spent in visiting Lake Chautauqua. Monday night met Mr. Campbell at Mayville (he having left Cleveland Friday afternoon), and Tuesday we rode to Silver Creek, having bad roads that were a little muddy. On Wednesday we rode from Silver Creek to Buffalo, getting in just after dark; the roads through this region are very bad in wet weather, but good in dry weather. Visited in Buffalo until noon of the following day, and then went to Niagara Falls; this road was a clay road, very good in dry weather, but sticky and hard to travel in wet weather. Went from Niagara Falls to Albion the next day, and at Lockport were escorted out by a member of the club there. The next day went to Rochester, where we visited a day to rest and recruit: arrived there Saturday night, 9 October, and stayed over Sunday. Monday morning rode from Rochester to Clyde; Tuesday, from Clyde to Syracuse. A good portion of this distance we had to take by towpath on account of the stony roads and sand. After spending one day in Syracuse, we were escorted by members of the Syracuse Club to Canastota, and that night reached Utica. From Utica we had to take the railroad most of the way (on account of rains) to Little Falls; from Little Falls we ran down to Fonda, and from there to Schenectady, and Sunday ran into Albany, a distance of about 15 miles. This was a very bad road, and a good part of the way we had to take the railroad track; we did the city the rest of the day, and Monday went to Hudson, a distance of about 30 miles.

Mr. Campbell stayed there until Thursday and then left for Boston. I visited until the 6th October in New York, Brooklyn, and the Catskill Mountains, when I left Hudson, and the first night out was at Mt. Oray, 37 miles from Hudson. This road was very good, with only one large hill, and the scenery was exceedingly fine. The next day I went to Westfield; the roads were very sandy, stony, and mountainous, and altogether it was a bad day's ride. The next day's ride was to Springfield, a distance of about 8 miles over very good roads. Saturday's journey was to Worcester; the road was very bad on account of being so dusty from so much dry weather. Sunday was spent at Worcester with some members of the club in that city, and Monday night (the 10th October) found me in Boston, having met with the best roads from Worcester to Boston that I had seen since starting.

When I started I weighed 133 pounds, and when I arrived in Boston I weighed 145 pounds.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

THE Wright gloves are not all rights; there are some left(s).

IN his poem mentioning the various

instruments the Manhattans would play on in an imaginary concert, James forgot to say —

That Mister Revel
Would play the d—l.

WE congratulate the pitchers of that pitcher; they could n't have pitched upon a better person to give it to. Long may he live to carry it to the well, and may it never get broken in the going.

THE star Mercury rises now early in the morning; but his namesakes do not arise till the gas-stove has been lighted fully an hour, and the water is good and hot for shaving.

THE League should appoint (excuse the dictation) Mr. Rawson Underhill consul for Staten Island. He is known by and knows everybody on the island, is a prominent member of the S. I. Athletic Club and the Manhattan Bi. Club, and is covered with honors won in bicycle races.

MR. F. G. BOURNE raced against Mr. Comacho on Thanksgiving day. Had it not been that Bourne was engaged to sing at a concert on that evening and did not wish to "break himself up," the positions at the end of the race would have been reversed.

THERE was no riding on Thanksgiving day, but the boys assembled for a hot punch, and as the fifteen coaches filled with Yale and Princeton students passed by the headquarters, on their way to the football match, twenty-five bicyclers stood beside their wheels on the curbstone and drank the strangers' healths. "Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!"

THE perfect indifference with which New-Yorkers tolerate abuses in the municipal affairs of the city is provoking beyond expression. One wrong—and it is no small one—is the power bestowed upon a single person to allow this party to enter the city parks, or not to allow that party to enter, according as he may feel inclined to grant or deny his permission. This authority, if we may believe the *New York Herald*, is vested in no less a personage than Mr. John Kelly, ex-junk dealer, and son of a collector of soap fat. A short time ago, when the Freemasons and Knights Templar wished to parade through Central Park to lay the corner-stone of the obelisk, they were informed that no flags or banners were allowed to enter the park limits, it being against the rules; yet, on the evening of the Democratic torchlight procession, dozens of Democratic torchmen were permitted to pass through, some even carrying lighted transparencies. We do not mean to drift into a political argument, nor do we wish to insinuate that a person born of common parents and reared amongst common folk may not turn out to be a very uncommon sort of an individual. The purport of this article is merely to call the attention of bicyclers to the fact that it is not a *commission* that is prohibiting them from using the park drives, but *one man*, and to inquire if they mean to continue being elbowed to one side by Kelly and his

satellites. Base-ball players, archers, skaters, croquet players, horsemen, Democratic banner carriers, in short, almost everybody but Masonic emblem bearers and bicyclers appears to have the privilege of entering the sacred precincts of King Kelly's domain. We are all tax-payers, — we or our parents; then what are our rights? The bicycle has been held a vehicular conveyance for pleasure in England and other European countries, and will be so held here; and the rights of every owner of such a vehicle are the free use of every drive for the support of which he pays taxes. A great many riders have said, "We cannot do anything." Have we ever tried? No; it has always been one man who has gone forward and done all the work, while the others have waited around the block for results. We have no rink to ride in this winter, and unless we busy ourselves about opening the Central Park for spring riding, we will be like hedgehogs, lying inactive all through the cold season. Central Park cost \$11,000,000. The *Herald* says \$500,000 should be appropriated yearly to keep it in repair and make improvements. One hundredth part of this sum would lay a cinder bicycle track five feet wide from 59th street to 110th street. The equestrians have a separate path, and the wheelmen in this city outnumber the horsemen ten to one. Why should not the wheelmen have a road of their own? Can any one make a suggestion on this subject, or is everybody too much sat upon to speak? Will some one call a meeting of the officers of the several clubs to talk over the matter, and then present the result of their deliberations to a general gathering of city wheelmen? As the case stands now, we are much pitied by the bicyclers of other cities, who imagine we have left no stone unturned to gain our rights, and look upon us as the victims of oppressive laws. The League of American Wheelmen will probably be here in May: are we going to pilot our brothers over cobbles, through transverses, across sidewalks, and by mouthing policemen? What a disgrace such a passage would be to the metropolis of the United States! Granting that Mr. Kelly may consider if \$5,000 is taken from the \$500,000, that there would not be sufficient left to repair and make improvements in Tammany Hall, what is to hinder our raising the money by subscriptions, bicycle entertainments, and other means? Surely our brains have not all run to the calves of our legs, and we can make some effort to better our condition. Once get the permission to lay a track, and if the necessary funds were not forthcoming we could place it ourselves. With Munroe of the N. Y. Club, and Brown and Ives of the Mercury Club, what better engineers could we desire? What better lawyers do we want than Minor, Burrill, and others? "Kol Kron" would certainly put his pen to paper in the cause; and if brawn and sinews were wanted, look at Bourne,

Timpson, Bruner, and a host of others. We wear the knee-breeches of our forefathers (figuratively speaking); and though it will not be necessary for us to fight this battle with picks and shovels, we should certainly rise up, as our forefathers did, above oppression, or take our knickerbockers off.

DEAR JOHNNY: We do not wonder at your being fired with poetical ardor by the young lady who sits on the window-sill at the bottom of Lenox Hill. Your poem is accepted, also the postage stamp for the return of the MS. in case it had not met with our approval.

A maid on a visit from Rye
Declared she was bashful and shy;
But the breeze open'd her blind,
And behold, close behind,
She watched for the boys going by.

KNICK O'BOCKER.

28 NOVEMBER, 1880.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

ANN ARBOR.— A copy of the *Chronicle* Supplement furnishes, under the heading of "Various Topics," an item regarding the bicycle club at the University of Michigan, which we are happy to quote. The officers of the club are as follows: President, D. E. Fox of Grand Rapids; vice-president, W. L. Mahon of Ann Arbor; secretary and treasurer, M. P. French of Milwaukee, Wis.; captain, S. A. Wood of Fenton; sub-captain, J. E. Hathaway.

This is what the *Chronicle* says:—

"The most vigorous department of college athletics is the bicycle club. Everywhere the intrepid bicyclist forces himself upon our notice. He whizzes by unheralded by the slightest sound, and doubles the next corner before we have time to count him. Thus it is by day, and when at night they take possession of the sidewalk, and blinding our eyes with the flashing headlight, rush upon us like errant Cyclopes, it is enough to make the most intrepid bosom quail, and the stoutest heart leap up against the fence. Financially the club prospers. They own \$950 worth of rolling stock, subject to no lien or mortgage. No stock is in the market. As to dividends we are not informed. Softly slumbering policeman No. 1 is the only party who disputes their right of way where they may go; No. 2 rarely molests them. Accidents sometimes occur which would rumple the stiffest shirt-bosom. Accounts rarely reach the newspapers. They are suppressed. These mishaps win the passing tribute of a swear, and are forgotten. However, the rules of the club permit no oath of larger calibre than by—cycle! At their formal monthly meetings D. E. Fox presides. As they flit upon the road, they are led by Wood and flanked by Hathaway. There is one official and fourteen, acting treasurers."

ARLINGTON BI. C.— This club, at its last meeting, elected Frank T. Rawlings as captain; W. C. Scribner, lieutenant; and H. McKenney, secretary. It was to

have a run and dinner, to Marlborough, twenty miles out, on Thanksgiving day.

BRATTLEBORO' BI. C. has two members practising for a fifty-mile race, to be accomplished in four hours, at the Town Hall, as soon as the repairing is done. A half-mile race against time was held by this club on Cemetery Hill, Saturday afternoon, on 13 November. It attracted many spectators, and was highly enjoyable, it being the first bicycle race in Brattleboro'. There were six competitors, and Mr. Arthur Seddons won the Hooker medal, coming in first in 1.58. Mr. O. A. Marshall, second, in 2.04½, took the club medal.

CAPITAL BI. C. took its annual club run and dinner at Marlborough, on Thanksgiving day. Captain H. S. Owens's tricycle is a source of considerable comment upon the avenues. Moonlight nights are much appreciated in Washington.

NEW BRITAIN WHEEL CLUB.— Last March saw New Britain, Conn., without a bicycle. April welcomed one, and the number has steadily increased, until an organization became a much-felt want. There is now a club under the above name, with nine active members, and the following officers: President, Leonard Doig; captain, William A. Dwight; sub-captain, George W. Corbin; directors, Charles Pearsons, Frank S. Beckley, John B. Minor; secretary and treasurer, John O. Stivers; other members are Edward F. Dwight, John A. Williams.

NEW HAVEN BI. CLUB.— *Editor of the Bicycling World*.— Under Capt. Marsden's energetic management the New Haven Bi. Club is increasing in numbers, and there is a rapidly growing interest in club matters. The regular Wednesday and Saturday runs are still continued, and the club bulletin board, at headquarters, usually presents a goodly list of names upon any special occasion. Our wheelmen are not satisfied entirely with two runs weekly, but indulge in specials upon at least three evenings in the week, be it moonlight or not. We have some twenty-five miles of shell road; our streets are fine. Your true 'cyclist is not content to enjoy alone what may be shared with brothers of the wheel: inspired, therefore, with this spirit, the N. H. Bi. C. decided, at their last regular meeting, to extend to the Hartford clubs an invitation to join them in their run, 17 November. In response came several members of the Hartford and Centaur Clubs. The start was made at 3.30 P. M.; and in accordance with the programme, which had been published in the daily papers, the parade extended through the principal streets and avenues. The cavalcade included the Messrs. Fowler upon American Roadsters, — tricycles; and these two handsome though less familiar vehicles shared the attention of the spectators with the better known bicycles. The sidewalks along the route were lined with people; many and various were their tokens of approval. The parade

over, the run was extended to East Haven, to Montowese, and terminated at the Forbes House, Morris Cove, where supper was served and enjoyed as hungry wheelmen can enjoy the pleasures of the table. A thoroughly pleasant evening followed, and about eleven o'clock machines were mounted for the return, our visitors having to take the midnight train. Arriving without incident worthy of mention, the guests were escorted to the station, and with many pleasant wishes for the absent sent upon their way, — three ringing cheers being their parting salute.

WHITNEY.

YONKERS BI. C. — This club held its annual meeting on the evening of Friday, 19 November, and elected officers as follows: President, Horace Moody; captain, S. B. Hawley; sub-captain, H. Talmage; secretary and treasurer, Elliott Mason; Bugler, John B. Upham. Mr. Charles Nichols was elected a member, and makes the twenty-fourth. After the business meeting, a good dinner was enjoyed at the Mansion House, with social festivity. On a comparison of distance riding, it was found that one member had ridden about 1,830 miles during the year.

DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT. — The day after Thanksgiving day was made a red-letter day by the Crescent Bicycle Club of Boston. They had invited the Providence Bi. C. for a visit, and that club had responded to the invitation by sending seventeen of its members, most of them with their wheels, to the Hub. By the courtesy of the management of the Boston and Providence Railroad Company, these were given a round-trip ticket to Boston and back, good for two days, for \$1.00 each, with no charge for bicycles, and they lost no occasion to express their appreciation of the courtesy they received on the trains as well.

The members of the Crescent Club met the visitors, escorted them for a short spin along the Charles, brought them back to the Brunswick, and there gave them a very pleasant and informal reception and supper. Besides the seventeen Providence men, there were only the members of the Crescent Club and two or three other invited guests, as this was essentially an entertainment of the visiting club. The Crescent Bicycle Club, be it understood, is a young and promising one. It was organized in October a year ago, and it now numbers fifteen members, all of whom are active, ready, and accomplished in their devotion to the interests of their club in particular, and of gentlemanly bicycling in general. Their pleasing costume and the courteous and graceful wearing of it have been familiar at Newport and Providence, as well as nearer home. At eight o'clock that evening they resorted, with their guests and invited friends, to the number of some three hundred, to the Institute of Technology Gymnasium, on Boylston street. It was the limitations of space in this building which caused the limited num-

ber of admission tickets issued, and none regretted the impossibility of inviting all who wished to come more than the Crescents themselves, not even those who offered to pay considerable sums for tickets. At either end of the hall were arranged a few seats for the spectators, while the middle of it, a space perhaps eighty feet wide and one hundred feet long, was reserved for the performances.

The Germania Band was in attendance, and discoursed pleasant music, and a considerable number of young ladies graced the occasion with their presence. At 8.15 P. M., fourteen members of the club appeared in line, and at signals from Captain Turner prepared to mount, mounted from the right of the line, and rode in single file around the hall. There were some very pleasing evolutions performed, executed with precision and fine effect, forming twos to single file again, forming threes and other riding; when, at a signal by whistle, six of the members dismounted, leaving a squad of eight on the floor, and the finest entertainment of the evening was afforded by this squad, performing within such narrow limits their many evolutions. Perhaps the most pleasing effect for the spectators was after the squad had divided into two columns, and then filing to right and left, formed fours down the centre of the hall, filed by columns to left and right, and then formed fours again; though some of the other tactics, which would require a cadet to describe, were equally pleasing. After this there was fancy riding, first by D. B. Robinson, who performed with accuracy and grace some sixteen or seventeen various feats, followed by Secretary Duker, W. D. Mandell, President Cochran, and others. Mr. Mandell found no difficulty in performing the usual tricks on his extraordinary, with much grace, although it did have a little the appearance of an effort at fine horsemanship with a camel. Messrs. Duker and Cochran showed a little co-operative riding on the same machine at the same time.

It is doubted whether any other president of a bicycle club would venture to take the floor as a fancy rider, but President Cochran proved that he had made no mistake, and some of his feats were quite striking; for instance, his vault to a still-mount side-saddle showed a combination of difficulty and grace which was duly appreciated by the audience. After this there was a slow race by seven competitors, the judges being President Carpenter, of Providence Bi. C., and Captain Turner, of the Crescents, with President Pratt of the L. A. W. as referee; Mr. A. Harry Baldwin being the winner. A silver medal was awarded to him, and presented by President Carpenter. After this there was dancing, and a merry time. Every part of the entertainment was carried out with great credit to the club. It is not singular that some of them should ride so well, but that *all* should ride well is very creditable, and hereafter the Crescent Club will have a reputation.

WHAT GOETH ON BETIMES *

AND it came to pass that on a certain day, nigh on to the setting of the sun, certain young men, lusty and in good favor, came to a tavern, a good hour's journey from the city's walls, nigh unto a steep hill called Milton.

Now these young men did put by their wheels of many wires, and entering the house, set about putting themselves on good terms with the landlord. For the landlord saith, "Are not your shekels of silver and of gold as good as others?"

And being anhungered they ordered a goodly portion of the flesh of kine and of the Mocha berry, and lustily did they fall to and demolish everything in shape of food set before them, and they did make themselves merry over the feast, and rejoiced much, and said among themselves, "Are we not wise to be beforehand in this matter?"

As the night wore on they betook themselves to the table called "Pool," and did match themselves one against the other, and did boast loudly of their skill.

And as they played, the steward did bring unto them "Jig-water," to every one his particular j. w., one to each; and unto him that had the least skill in the play belongeth to deliver shekels of silver to the steward.

And so the play waxed high, and the j. w. flowed freely, for glad was the steward; for quoth he, "Ever so be it; am I not gainer to the sum of almost a shekel unto each game?"

And after many games it came to pass that conversation became rife, and hotly did they dispute one against the other, until at last, tiring of the play, they betook themselves to slumber, each to some other man's couch, and great was the confusion thereat.

But it happeneth that one young man, stronger than the rest, took each man to his proper place, and comforting words said he unto them; and after many hours they slumbered, dreaming of the morrow. . . .

As the morn dawned the young men arose, and great was their sorrow to behold the ground white with snow, and loudly did they lament, and say many words expressive of their great grief.

For on that day they were to contend against each other after the manner that the hound chaseth the hare.

After paying their score, they soon betook themselves to the city's gates.

The day being the day of much stuffing, each one betook himself to his own abode and gave thanks for his emptiness, and fell to and did enjoy his turkey in a goodly and proper manner.

And as each one accounted his adventures to his friends, great was their sorrow that they, too, were not with these young men to enjoy themselves in a like manner.

"For," quoth they privately among themselves, "was not the day cold, and were we not surely left out in it?"

* The above was taken from some records over two thousand years old; which proves that "Hare and Hounds Awheel" is nothing new. — ED.

And the fine young men, seeing the envy created by their tales, resolved among themselves to say no more about it; and to this day naught can be found out of what "happened betimes."

THE WHEEL ON ICE.

Editor Bicycling World:—Not having read anything in your entertaining and valuable paper as to whether the bicycle could be successfully run on the ice, and thinking it might be of interest to some of your readers, I will relate my experience and give you an account of my first attempts to run a bicycle on such a slippery and treacherous element.

Having to go down by the river one day last week, I became interested in watching a number of skaters skimming here and there over the river, enjoying themselves as boys always do the first ice of the season. The ice looked so temptingly smooth and level, I wondered if a wheel would not run splendidly on the ice. No sooner thought of than immediately acted upon, by bringing my "Columbia" down on the river. I found it a little difficult to mount, not having any rubbers or spikes on my shoes; but after a second attempt I succeeded in placing myself in the saddle and started off, expecting every moment that the wheel would slip out from under, and drop me without any ceremony on the ice. But after a few moments' riding, I began to regain confidence, and soon felt as safe and secure as when riding on the road. Much to my surprise, I found I could turn about and circle around with perfect safety from falls or mishaps of any kind. The sun was shining brightly, yet the air was keen, the ice perfectly dry and covered with a white frost,—in fine condition for running on the wheel. After a few moments' riding I dismounted, shortened my cranks to four and one half inches for speed, again mounted, and took a pace down the river that seemed like fairly flying through the air. Not a particle of jar or vibration, not a sound excepting the whirr of the wheel rapidly cleaving the air. The sharp, bracing atmosphere, the smooth and rapid motion, together with the novelty of the situation, made it a most enjoyable ride. Riders of the wheel will understand the fascination and enjoyment of a rapid spin, without my enlarging on the subject; others never will know until they have tried it and had the experience themselves. One of the ever-present small boys amused me by shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! here comes the big icicle." On account of two low bridges, I could not ride any great distance without turning about or dismounting to go under them. Our city is situated at the foot of Lake Winnebago, a fine sheet of water about thirty miles long by ten wide. I am anticipating a glorious spin on the lake when the ice becomes safe and the weather suitable.

It seems to me that with a good wind in one's favor, the speed that can be at-

tained on the ice is only limited by the ability to keep feet on the pedals. My judgment is that bicycling on ice is a success, but do not attempt it if the ice is the least bit damp or wet, as a bad fall would be certain. Yours truly,

C. J. CORNWELL.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., 24 November, 1880.

PERSONAL

THE PUBLISHERS of the BICYCLING WORLD, not wishing to obtrude the paper upon those who do not want it, wish it noted that this number, 4, is the last number that will be sent to those whose subscriptions have expired and not been renewed, unless other copies are requested.

MR. CHARLES E. ALLEN, sub-captain of the Grand Rapids Bi. C., won the five-mile race at Plainwall, Mich., on 7 October, in 18.23 $\frac{3}{4}$. This was on a heavy track, with a 50-inch Special Columbia.

A. D. CHANDLER, Esq., the genial pioneer wheelman, and late president of the Suffolk Bi. C., has just returned from a flying visit through the far West. Mr. Chandler keeps his wheel in his library when he isn't spinning over the Massachusetts roads with it, and considers it as essential to his health and success as any other possession.

MR. SAMUEL T. CLARKE, captain of the Baltimore Bi. C., reports a good degree of activity in that city.

MR. J. G. CARPENTER, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., made a brief visit in Boston last week. It is easy to understand why the wheeling interest prospers so well at Wilkesbarre.

ONE of the speakers at the Boston, Mass., opening, not reported by "46 Inches," was Mr. H. S. Kempton, B. Bi. C., of the Boston *Herald*, who gracefully responded for the press.

CORRESPONDENTS will oblige the editor and the readers of the BICYCLING WORLD if they will note that the business and editorial departments of this paper are separate, and divide their letters accordingly.

MR. CHARLES R. PERCIVAL has received a very courteous note of thanks for his hospitality to the Crescent Bi. C., paid them on the 17 November. He has the thanks of many who did not think to send him formal acknowledgment.

MR. CHARLES A. PITKIN (B. Bi. C.) is Master of Mathematics and Physics at the Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass. The tasteful catalogue for 1880-81 has just been issued. This schoolmaster is often abroad on his wheel, and is one of the most good-natured.

MR. ANONYMOUS has the effrontery to send us this: "There is no suffering equal to fear, for there is no limit; that

is what we thought at the opening of the headquarters of the Boston and Massachusetts Bi. Clubs, when Mr. Pratt was going the usual rounds." We always reject anonymous communications.

"CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT," ETC. *Editor of the B. W. and A. F.:*—The account of the opening of the "Bossachusetts" headquarters, in your issue of 26 November, signed "46 Inches," pays me an undeserved compliment. That I could stand. I am used to it. But I cannot take what belongs to another,—not yet. The praise—and it cannot be too lavish—for the taste, judgment, and thoughtfulness displayed in furnishing and opening the cosy rooms at No. 40 Providence street belongs to the "House Committee," which consists, on the part of the Mass. Bi. Club, of Messrs. Shillaber, Baker, and Harrison; no Parsons in it, "Forty-six-inch Friend." I do deserve some praise, though; I appointed that committee, and I'm proud of them. Dr. H. A. Baker could not appoint a better committee; but with his cultured and discriminating taste and zeal, he made a very much better committee-man than could Yours truly,

A. S. PARSONS,
Pres. Mass. Bi. Club.

STOOD STILL.—Marlboro', Mass., 22 November. *Editor Bi. World:*—A number of riders in this section have been trying the "stand-still" trick; and on Saturday, 20 November, Mr. T. P. Burgess, of St. Mark's College, Southboro', reached what might reasonably be called the apex of standing still. Using a smooth wood floor, he stood still for one hour and twenty-two minutes (1 h. 22 m.), and would have stood longer, but was compelled to dismount and attend to other duties. If this has been beaten or is ever beaten in the future, we should like to hear of it.

LITTLE 'UN.

A CLERGYMAN in the West of England gives his experience of a tricycle as a means of locomotion in large country parishes. He says: "My first journey was ten miles, the third forty-two, across Devon into Cornwall. I have travelled about 800 miles by this time on pleasure trips in North Wales, and latterly in Derbyshire, on my work of deputation for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and have found it a great comfort and pleasure. From seven to eight miles an hour is my speed, and I can do fifty miles per day. I can ride up any hill almost. I carry my portmanteau with me, and carried my boy, aged 12, behind me for thirty-four miles once. If I were in a country place and wished to save a horse, I should do so by keeping a tricycle. It wants no grooming, no corn, no tax, no gates. You can leave it at the door of a cottage and want no one to hold it; and better than all, it has done my health (which was shattered abroad) more good than all the physic I have swallowed, so I cordially recommend it to clergymen."—*N. Y. Sun.*



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, 3 DECEMBER, 1880.

"FINE ARCHERY GOODS."—In a recent issue we printed a communication from "Captain Jack" upon "Archery Weapons," which was very good reading of itself, and which was likely (and we knew it was likely) to open a line of discussion concerning bows and arrows. We have printed some communications since, and have some more in hand to print either in full or by extracts, relating to these implements of our unsanguinary warfare. There is no doubt with all archers great interest attaching to the choice of weapons; not so much for cost and accessibility, though these are by no means uninteresting points, as for effectiveness and comfort in the use. In the language of the numerous manufacturers and legion of dealers, all archery outfits of all descriptions are "Fine Archery Goods"; and every dealer and of course every manufacturer will have his good points to recommend, and his claims to superiority; and every one of them will have his patrons ready to commend his goods and offer testimonials. This is right and enterprising, and there are several pages of this paper, space in which is at the disposal of any responsible party for such purposes. But we believe that it will meet the approval of our readers, whether

they are dealers or users, if we continue to draw a dividing line between our general reading columns and our advertisements,—a distinction between proper and impartial discussion, narration of experience, and abstract mechanical description and examination, and mere indorsement testimonials, puffing, or disparagement. It were needless perhaps to refer to this matter in this way, were it not so easy for our valued correspondents and contributors to forget or overlook the idea.

In the bow, for instance, there is length, weight, curvature, and other matters of form; there is material, finish, proportion; there are strings for it, tips and handles: and so, without specifying further, there is a wide field of inquiry, experiment, and experience which is of interest to the beginner and the expert, and which may well be written about without personal allusion, and without partiality to any maker or dealer. It is just as true of arrows, and of those things which go to make up the outfit, the accessories of archery, none of which are without importance.

Beyond this, but intimately related to it, is the practical art of handling and getting the best results out of these implements; and it may be noted in passing that the art of using tools is modified and rendered variable by the character of the tools used. The art of using a cross-bow varies from the art of using a long-bow, for instance; so in a less degree but in the same way does the art of using any one long-bow differ from the art of using any other long-bow, because no two bows are alike: and this is the truth at the bottom of the general commonplace remark, that one must be familiar with his weapon in order to get the best result from it. It will be readily seen what we mean to intimate; namely, that there is a legitimate field of practical archery which we mean to keep open for all proper comment and discussion. We hope to receive communications upon subjects relating to the science of archery, both theoretical and applied; we hope to be able to present our readers for their instruction and entertainment with much of the æsthetics of archery: but with all these, and of equal interest and importance, we hope to offer a medium of exchange of opinions and experience relating to the practical and rudimentary part of archery; and with the simple hint to aid us in preserving this distinction between personal advertising and abstract

profitable discussion, we invite all our readers to contribute what they can from experience, observation, and study, and to find here open columns and a fair field.

ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY. — The last extra target of the season, for this ancient English club, was held on 4 November. Shooting was at the single York, and some of the scores were as follows:—

	100 yds.	80 yds.	60 yds.	Total.
C. E. Nesham . . .	33-125	34-172	12-118	89-415
C. J. Longman . . .	41-157	32-132	21- 81	94-370
J. H. Bridges . . .	31-101	37-155	23 103	91-359
H. Kendall . . .	28- 94	30-138	23-123	81-355
Mr. Butt . . .	27-105	27-119	17- 85	71-309
N. Rattray . . .	36-148	22- 86	15- 63	73-297
Col. Lewin . . .	34- 96	26-118	16- 64	66-278

And the lowest score made was

Mr. Garratt . . .	13-31	19-47	13-61	45-141
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The society's annual dinner was held in the Archer's Hall the same evening, when eighteen members were present. £10 was voted toward the funeral expenses of James Rowley, who had been in the society's employ forty-seven years, as a complimentary recognition of his long service. "The first hundred years of the society's existence being now completed, a subscription list was opened to raise funds for the purpose of celebrating in a fitting manner the commencement of the second century, and £99 4s. was at once promised toward the expenses of an archery meeting to be held in the autumn of next year."

HOME-MADE WEAPONS.

Editor of Archery Field:—It has occurred to me that an interchange of opinions and experiences concerning the home manufacture of archery weapons would be interesting to many archers and would-be archers. Not a few are discouraged by the expense attending our noble sport. I believe there are few who have the qualifications to make good archers who could not with a few trials make their own bows and arrows; not simply those adapted to a beginner, but arrows whose flight will be perfect, and bows that will have power for a hundred yards with low trajectory. Half the pleasure of archery will be found in home manufacture for those who have a taste for the use of tools. After having made many trials and many failures, I would like to talk with brother archers in regard to our best woods and the best ways of working. Roving is a charming sport, but is disastrous to arrows. At \$9 a doz., few can afford it. We are taught that a broken arrow is a dead loss. In the "Witchery of Archery," where the long bow is so successfully drawn, the reader is warned against trifling with the awful mystery of a damaged feather. I think by comparing our experiences we can easily learn to repair feathers or shafts at a slight expense of labor.

In order to call out the opinions of those interested, I will ask two questions:—

1. What is the best bow wood in our New England forests?

2. Have we any available arrow-wood that equals the apocryphal "Eng. Deal"?

Hoping to interest my brothers in home-made weapons, I am, yours very truly,

A. G. WHITMAN.

MELROSE, MASS., 25 November, 1880.

NOT A "TAFFY-BACK."

Editor Archery Field:—One of the first questions an amateur asks when he makes up his mind to practise archery is, "What kind of a bow and outfit shall I procure?"

"Captain Jack" writes an interesting article relating to the different styles of bows used at the tournament of the E.A.A., held at Boston last September, and again debates the open question of which are the best bows in use. He writes of all, and apparently without favoring any particular one. I may not be so impartial, for I wish to speak more fully of the rawhide-backed bow, or "Taffy-back," as it has been called. It must have received that name from the lips of an adversary, who spoke not in the interest of archery, but from other motives.

It seems to me that durability in a bow is what all archers desire and need.

How often have we seen bows—for which large sums of money have been paid without a guaranty of durability—broken while in the middle of a match, thus causing the archer's score to fall off on account of it being necessary to shoot with perhaps a strange bow? What better recommendation could you have than to know that your bow will always be found "not wanting"?

The assertion that the recoil "gives a vibration that injures the accuracy of the shot, and is very unpleasant to the hand and wrist," is unfounded; for with many opportunities of knowing by experience, together with collecting the experience of those that now use no other kind of a bow, I can safely say that, exercising care in the selection of a rawhide-backed bow, one feels no more jar than with a bow of another make. I have handled and shot with other bows, and have felt a recoil where I never noticed it in my rawhide-back.

I believe a great deal lies in getting used to your own bow, whether it be one kind or another. "Captain Jack" says, "No archer uses an Express of the same weight that he uses of another bow." I take it to be an advantage, enabling a beginner to use a bow that will not tire, besides obtaining a flatter trajectory with a lighter weight. In other words, he need not be overweighted; an advantage of which all archers know the value. I use myself the same weight Express—forty-five pounds—that I would of any other bow.

The owner of an Express bow has a weapon much like a favored gun,—a weapon he knows will shoot accurately and well, and knowing it is to be depended upon, he needs not to accustom himself to several, so as to be ready in case of accident. How many bows break when the string breaks, there are many arch-

ers who know to their cost! I have often had and have seen strings broken on an Express, but the bow was still there the same as ever.

To a beginner, I agree it is "valuable"; yes, invaluable. To older archers, I know it has become the same by taking the place of the so-called "something better." While it will stand more rough usage than another, still it is the same reliable bow, shooting as well as those you are compelled to be so careful with in using. Plenty of instances are already on record of the good qualities of the Express, an account of which might make an interesting subject for some future article.

The New York Club has used it almost exclusively for a year, and some of its members have made splendid scores with it, running from 350 to 425 at the single American round, and by amateurs who had not handled a bow a year ago.

The poor, unfortunate "Taffy-back" I used at the tournament made itself a good enough record, and but a very few came in ahead of it; how many, Mr. Editor, you can see by the record.

We have noticed with what alacrity the Express has been selected by archers who had the opportunity, as winners at tournaments, upon the several occasions already generously given by its manufacturer in New York, as well as elsewhere. I have heard of only one person who changed an Express for "something better," and we believe he was an amateur, and only tried it *one day*,—in fact less than one day.

On the contrary, I know of many who, having left the state of amateurship, as it were, have substituted the Express in place of another make of bow; and it is my belief that the rawhide-back bow must be the bow of the future.

Every one praises the yew, and justly so; and to my thinking, a yew, backed with rawhide, is the very best bow that can be made. Again, while you do not buy bows for your friends to use, perhaps, is it not a very pleasant thing to be able to loan your bow and know the novice will return it as perfect as when you handed it to him, and not in twenty pieces?

Clubs have obtained members by being in a position to allow friends to practise first with a "Taffy-back," and so it always is: he who holds out the best inducements in anything pertaining to this world is sure of being the most successful. Yours, J. W. A., JR.

NEW YORK, 27 November, 1880.

ARCHERY CLUBS

ROBIN HOOD ARCHERS.—*Editor Archery Field:*—A meeting was held at the residence of Miss Brown, 86th street, New York, on 13 May, 1880, which resulted in organizing an archery club of thirty-eight members, under the above name, and with the following officers: President, Mr. Campbell; vice-president, Miss Wright; recording secretary, Miss F. Sturgis; corresponding secretary, Miss

D. Matthews; treasurer, Mr. Hanson; field captains, Mr. Shipman and Mr. Burrell. Field meetings were held regularly once a week through the summer. At the first fall business meeting, the president tendered his resignation, and Mr. Shipman was elected in his stead. Mr. Brandon and Mr. Burrell were elected field captains. The last field meeting was held 16 October, 1880; and these meetings will be resumed on the first Saturday afternoon in May, 1881. The present officers are: President, Mr. Shipman; vice-president, Miss Rutter; recording secretary, Miss Campbell; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Davis; treasurer, Mr. Hanson; field captains, Mr. Burrell and Mr. Brandon. By direction of the club, THE COR. SEC.

BROOKLYN v. SAGITTARIAN.—Cincinnati, 20 November, 1880. *Editor Archery Field:*—The accompanying scores were shot in a match between the Brooklyn Archery Club and the Sagittarian Club of our city, ninety arrows each at sixty yards. Major Constable, of the Brooklyn team, and Dr. Le Boutillier, of the Sagittarian, were both prevented from shooting, and by mutual consent the average was counted for their score.

Brooklyn.

	1st 30.	2d 30.	3d 30.	Total.
Maj. A. G. Constable.....	24	110	27-115	217-350
G. F. Piergal.....	24	110	27-115	217-350
Mr. Nash.....	29-113	23-99	29-149	81-361
L. L. Peddinghaus.....	28-126	29-119	28-128	85-373
				316-1402

Sagittarian.

C. J. Strong.....	27-137	27-111	22-126	76-374
F. M. Coppock.....	16-87	17-71	20-92	56-250
Dr. Le Boutillier.....	20-102	21-89	21-107	62-298
H. L. Wright.....	16-84	22-86	23-105	61-275
				255-1197

Brooklyn won by 61-205.

H. L. W.

NEW YORK NOTES.—*Editor Archery Field:* Your No. 3 has just come to hand, and I am glad to see it, although the scores of Col. Williams and J. W. B. Siders do make me feel a little discouraged as I compare them with my own. But I shall try to equal them, and others will, and some day you may get a surprising score from this part of the country. Archery in New York has been on the shelf most of the time since the Waverly meeting. The Brooklyns have had one match, I believe, and the New York Club have had the most successful field day they have ever given. They have also tried to shoot off several matches, but for four successive Fridays which had been appointed for one match it rained in torrents, and the last day, a Saturday, it was too cold for out-door shooting. The grounds of the N. Y. Club were taken away by the Park Commissioners on 1 November, and they have had to go to Mt. Morris Park for out-of-door shooting this month, and even that ground is theirs only to 1 December. But I rather think the members do not care much, as it is understood that arrangements have been made to shoot indoors at the Armory, 27th street and 8th avenue, and they begin next Saturday. The range will be fifty yards and under.

The Ascham Archers have secured a small hall, the largest in their part of Brooklyn, although the range is only 30 yards, and shot their first arrows in doors on Thanksgiving afternoon.

DARK BLUE.

DRIFT AND WAG

MR. ANDREW GEYER'S subscription to the Chieftain's Fund is duly credited.

A STEEL BOW is a late candidate for favor among archery weapons. Mr. Badger makes it, and says it is the coming bow. It is pretty much all back, being a properly proportioned and curved blade of steel, with nickel-plated handle and tips, and is made either in one piece or in two pieces, joined at the middle in such a way that it can be readily taken apart and packed in a trunk, and as readily put together again for use. It is not very much heavier than a bow of wood, is made to look very well, and would apparently be a very safe bow to lend.

THE New York Archery Club had two targets on Thanksgiving day, in its new quarters at Excelsior Hall, corner 9th avenue and 27th street, where full forty yards' range is obtained.

MR. JOHN W. SUTTON, "the genial patriarch," is no longer a member of the N. Y. Archery Club.

THE New York Archery Club has about fifty members, and practises at Excelsior Hall, Wednesday afternoons and Saturday evenings.

MR. J. W. AUTEN, JR., the first secretary of the N. Y. A. C., is at present in Davenport, Iowa.

THE BROCKTON *Advance* meanly insinuates, "The girl who chalks her cheeks thinks it is better to mark the miss than miss the mark." The *Advance* should know that ladies who practise archery have complexions which require no artificial aid.

THE WINTER-PRACTICE suggestion in the last number of the ARCHERY FIELD is responded to by eight archers already. There are probably many more interested who will send in their names to W. P., care editor ARCHERY FIELD, if they have any suggestions to make, at least so that the proposal for winter quarters may be encouraged.

OUR PUBLISHERS wish to remind subscribers from the beginning of Vol. I., that if the paper is desired for the coming year, now is the time to renew subscriptions, as they do not wish to send the paper to those who do not want it.

AS THE editorial and business department of the WORLD are separate, it will favor both correspondents and editor if they will observe the fact, and send business letters, news items, and contributions, separately.

Some of our experienced archers, and those who have made a study of the subject, might serve the interests of archery

during the quiet season, by sending us contributions to the practical discussion of archery questions, and also to the entertaining literature of the subject. This is a word to the wise — and generous.

BOOKS AND PAGES

'CYCLING SKETCHES. — The 'cyclist likes his special literature. Not merely route notes, club and league information, mechanical description, news, — though all these are desirable in their way, — does he enjoy and stand ready to pay his dollar for. Wheelmanship is an art. It has its tints and chiaroscuro, its rhythm, its form, its language. From the wheel one gets different views of things. By it he has fancies aroused, and sympathies and the rider's thoughts are widened. So the 'cyclist likes his special literature, and makes it, and reads what others make. Mr. Burbank has therefore deserved well in attempting to bring out a collection of stories, sketches, songs, verses, and incidents, — the best waifs of our yet scant but not small literature, — and making them available and preservable in a handy volume. The advance sheets before us include McLlwraith's "Over the Handles: a Tale of Two Wheels," Hawdon's "Tom Hunt's Bicycle," "A Night in an Irish Cabin," by Holding, and several lesser pieces of prose, interspersed with many of verse, most of which are taken from English publications, though some had their origin on this side the ocean. Amongst the latter it is pleasant to meet Mr. Johnson's "Bicycling Song," —

"I sprang upon my gallant steed,
It bounded 'neath my tread," etc.

OTHER WHEEL JOURNALS are often drawn from by us, especially the English ones, and always with cheerful and proper credit. We like to mention them particularly, from time to time, not only because they deserve it, but because we want to see them recognized and supported. We shall not hesitate to criticise where it seems necessary, but in no case shall we disparage or resort to any of the arts of running down. If there is room for us all, and more, let us live on our own merits and not on the failings of others, — if they have any. The New York *Sunday Courier* was the first to come up after us, not as a new and special wheel journal, but as an old paper with a new bicycling department. The impulsive and inventive Lazare had the column for a time, then the more careful and diligent Mr. Ford took the department in hand, and finally the graceful Benjamin took a mount as bicycling editor, and now does the pedalling. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," said Brother Benjamin, referring to the BI. WORLD, and then he thrice increased the clippings from our columns. Brother Benjamin always gives due credit, and it makes his paper better and saves him lots of trouble; so, although it was a little cool on us to republish our news on the "cheap library" plan, we

did not object, or approve the fling of a contemporary. The *Courier* has also much racy, original matter, and is a good local paper for New York wheelmen. The *Wheel*, on the other hand, was a new paper expressly started for wheelmen, of which No. 5 is just at hand. Four pages and a half, fortnightly, of bright (though rather pungent) matter and vivacious editing make it a jolly paper for the boys of New York and vicinity. It has aspirations to be a journal for the whole country; and if it continues to improve as it has, it will doubtless grow to be so. Imitation, which, as Brother Benjamin said, is sincerest flattery, is adopted by Brother Jenkins; so we are very much flattered. The *Courier* clips our news, and the *Wheel* copies our style, headlines, special type, phraseology, arrangement (to some extent), and takes our items besides. That is (we suppose we are entitled to assume) one thing which make the *Wheel* so tasteful. Well, we shall always try to set a good example, and hope the *Wheel* may live long to follow it. We may sometime take a little of its pudding (and give credit, too), though its sauce may be a little too high-flavored for us. *Cycling* still rules as the elegant monthly magazine for bicyclers and tricyclers. In literary qualities and general enduring choice of matter, it preserves the same high standard which the accomplished editor has always observed. It has stanchly survived the tempest in a teapot which one or two of its weekly contemporaries raised about its being an "official organ" of the B. T. C., and comes up smiling with its November number, as fresh and elegant as ever. Brother Welford is not afraid to mention and quote other wheel papers without acerbity and with graceful generosity.

A SUGGESTIVE and practical article, happily lightened in form, is "Gas Burning and its Consequences," by George J. Varney, in *Lippincott's* for December. The ill effects of gas are more thought of than its wastefulness. Only six per cent of the value of coal is utilized for light by the gas companies, though they use the most expensive coal; and on the average fifty per cent of the value utilized for illumination is wasted by the imperfect means in use for distributing and burning it. So that the plain fact is that of every hundred tons of coal consumed for illuminating gas, three tons are utilized for light and ninety-seven tons are wasted. It is to electric apparatus that we are to look for economic methods and economy of fuel. A very interesting illustrated article in the same number is "Our Grandfathers' Temples," by Mr. C. F. Richardson.

ACKNOWLEDGED — the beautiful and entertaining *Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine* for December. Received of A. Williams & Co., Boston.

TO THOSE who are waiting, it is now announced that "Cycling Sketches" will be published on Monday, 6 December, after which date copies may be obtained.

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.

NEW BRITAIN WHEEL CLUB.—Frank S. Beckley, George W. Corbin, William A. Dwight, Edward F. Dwight, Leonard Doig, Charles Pearsons, John B. Minor, John O. Stiners, John A. Williams.

Additional: Harry Glidden, Weddell House, Cleveland, Ohio.

CONSUL appointed: Harry Glidden, Weddell House, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE HADDONFIELD TURNPIKE MATTER.—Early in the spring of this year, the directors of the Haddonfield Turnpike Company, of New Jersey, issued orders to their gate-keepers to close the gates on all persons riding bicycles. This order being enforced, several wheelmen attempting to go to Haddonfield, and others going to Woodbury and Mount Ephraim, were stopped. The directors were waited upon, reasoned with, made acquainted with legal decisions, etc., but all to no avail. When at last a wheel-

man riding on business from Camden to Haddonfield was forced to dismount and leave the pike by one of the keepers, and was thereby put to loss and expense, the matter was brought before the Philadelphia and Germantown bicycle clubs. A joint committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hart, Lukens, Hudders, Tucker, and Ferguson, of the Philadelphia Bi. C., and Messrs. Pennell and Polie, of the Germantown Bi. C., to take the matter in hand, and take such steps as to test the legality of the position taken by the corporation. The committee took legal advice of several eminent lawyers, investigated the facts, the charter of the company, the general laws, etc., and asked the assistance of the League of American Wheelmen, then not fully organized or prepared to act promptly and efficiently.

Director Pennell brought the matter up at the meeting of the Board of Officers in New York, and it was referred to the Committee of Rights and Privileges. In the mean time the committee from the local clubs pursued the matter, as may be seen from the papers below, which latter were also referred to the Committee on Rights and Privileges, L. A. W. The latter committee having reported in favor of assuming and paying the sum requested by the Philadelphia Club committee, the following vote has been submitted to the Board of Officers, under Rule 13, viz.:—

"To each Member of the Board of Officers, L. A. W.—Dear Sir: The Committee on Rights and Privileges, to whom was referred the 'Haddonfield Turnpike Case,' and certain papers relating to it, published in our official organ, have reported that the case has been determined, for the present at least, by the efforts of the Philadelphia and Germantown Bi. Clubs, and recommend the passage of the following vote, viz.:

"Voted, That this Board approves and appreciates the efforts of the Philadelphia and Germantown Bicycle Clubs toward securing the rights of wheelmen on the turnpikes of New Jersey, and deems it proper that the League should assume the expense of the 'Haddonfield Turnpike Case,' as presented by a committee from the first-mentioned club; and, accordingly, that the treasurer be and he hereby is instructed to pay, from the funds of the League in his hands, to H. B. Hart and H. A. Blakiston, committee, or their order, the sum of fifty dollars, with which they may 'foot the bill' in that case, as requested."

This is submitted* to you for "approval or disapproval," under Sect. 13 of Rules L. A. W., and you are requested to forward your "aye" or "no" by an early mail to

Yours fraternally,

CHARLES E. PRATT,
Pres. L. A. W.

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

40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS.,
29 November, 1880.

As this case is of considerable general interest, and the matter the first one which

* You will find the papers in the case printed in THE BICYCLING WORLD for 3 December, 1880.

has been submitted to the Board of Officers under the rule referred to, it is given in these columns at length. The papers referred to follow:—

PHILADELPHIA, 13 November, 1880.

CHAS. E. PRATT, ESQ., of Committee on Rights and Privileges of the L. A. W.

—*Dear Sir:* You may remember that at the last meeting of the officers of the L. A. W., the matter of the Haddonfield Turnpike Company was referred to the above committee. No action has been taken by that committee, but I inclose you a communication from the Philadelphia Bi. Club, showing what has been done by them. Considering that this action was taken to uphold the rights of bicyclers hereaway, and ultimately throughout the United States, and not merely to gain the privileges of using this road, for which we do not care in itself, I think the L. A. W. should pay the bill of \$50 incurred in the case. With this suggestion I submit the matter to you and to Mr. Fred S. Pratt, to whom you will please forward these papers. Yours truly,

T. K. LONGSTRETH.

PHILADELPHIA, 9 November, 1880.

The committee appointed at the regular monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Bi. Club, held 24 August, 1880, to take the Haddonfield Turnpike matter in hand, — consisting of the following gentlemen, viz., Mr. Pennell and Capt. Polie, of the Germantown Club, Mr. Hart, Mr. Lukens, Mr. Hudders, Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Fergusson, of the Philadelphia Club, — beg leave through their chairman to report: A meeting of the committee was called, and held on 30 August, 1880, at the office of the chairman, when the matter was fully discussed, and which resulted in the appointment of a subcommittee of three, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Lukens, to wait on Mr. S. H. Gray, attorney, Camden, and laying the whole matter before him, to ask his advice as to what should be done, and ascertain the probable cost of obtaining our rights by law from this turnpike company. The committee authorized these gentlemen to expend as much as fifty dollars in the payment of counsel's fees. On the same afternoon the subcommittee waited on Mr. Grey and laid the whole matter before him. After hearing what the committee had to say, he asked for some papers, etc., which, through the kindness of Mr. Hart, were sent, and after some delay Mr. Grey wrote as per letter attached. This was not altogether satisfactory to the members of the subcommittee; and on the afternoon of 28 October, 1880, they again waited on Mr. Grey and plainly told him that what had been done was not quite sufficient. Mr. Grey read what he had written to the turnpike company, and explaining the position as he understood it, said that the company had taken this way of backing down from their untenable position; and further, that in the event of their withdrawing permission for us to ride, and necessitating a lawsuit, the fee of fifty dollars

would stand in part payment, or as a retaining fee in case of any further trouble. With this understanding the subcommittee left. A meeting of the whole committee was then called for 28 October, 1880, at which all the members were present, except Mr. Pennell, of the Germantown Club. The matter, as detailed above, was laid before them, and after some discussion, it was resolved to make this report, adding that the committee recommend the payment of Mr. Grey's fee. The captain of the Germantown Club guaranteeing, on behalf of his club, payment of their share, the general opinion prevailed that the L. A. W. should be called upon to pay the lawyer's fee, and not our clubs. It was a matter that they considered came directly under the province of the L. A. W.

JOHN FERGUSSON, *Chairman*.

CAMDEN, N. J., 14 October, 1880.

Dear Sir: I have been corresponding with the Haddonfield Turnpike Company and its officers ever since I saw you with relation to the rights of bicycle riders on its road. The Board of Directors yesterday passed a resolution, of which I inclose a copy just received. I think this will end all controversy in reference to the rights of bicyclers over this road.

Truly yours, S. H. GREY.

Fee \$50.00.

To John Fergusson, Esq., 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HADDONFIELD, 13 October, 1880.

SAMUEL H. GREY, ESQ., *Attorney at Law, Camden, N. J.*—*Dear Sir:* The Board of Directors of the Haddonfield Turnpike Company, at a special meeting held this day, passed the following resolution, and directed the secretary to send you a copy thereof, viz.:—

"*Resolved*,—That the Secretary notify the toll gatherers that they shall permit bicycles and their riders to pass through their gates without charge or hindrance until the first day of January next, unless otherwise ordered by the board." Yours truly,

J. LEWIS ROWAND, *Sec'y*.

PHILADELPHIA, 12 November, 1880.

To the Committee on Rights and Privileges, L. A. W.—*Gentlemen:* The undersigned having been appointed by the Philadelphia Bi. Club to present to you the matter of the Haddonfield Turnpike Company, "whereby the rights of wheelmen were imperilled," with a complete report of the proceedings up to the present time, together with a memorandum of the attorney's fee, which is for services rendered, and a retaining fee, hereby beg to present the same.

The formation of the L. A. W. having for its chief object the protection of its members, we therefore call upon you to take action in the matter. In the early stages of the proceeding, the case was brought to the attention of several directors, who stated that the League was not then sufficiently organized to take care of it. The wheelmen whom we represent, "some seventy in number," had at that

time paid the dues, were accepted as members, and are therefore clearly entitled to the benefits of the League; but the Haddonfield matter was one that could not wait, and it was necessary to take prompt action, which was done, with the results as per enclosed, and in belief that the League would foot the bill when called upon.

Very respectfully,
H. B. HART,
H. A. BLAKISTON.

MEDAL.—The L. A. W. medal, which was *not* raced for at Providence, is all ready for to be offered at the first appropriate opportunity. It may be described as a bar of gold, bearing in an enamelled arch the word "Champion," crossed below and to which are appended two branches, with a diamond set at the crossing; pendent therefrom are two chains to a frosted gold support, mounted with spread wings and holding up a circular bevelled medal enamelled around the bevel with the words "One Mile—League of American Wheelman," and on the front a bicycle in relief, and a wreath and shield with "1880," added to which is a suitable downward projection for finish. It was made in New York, and is quite "stunning."

ROTA ET ROTULA.

BY ABEL ELDER.*

WHEN life is lazy in my veins
And joy is gone away,—
Although my legs' November lacks
The springness of their May,
I climb and scamper off on that
Will warm my heart to move;
'T is greater wheel and lesser wheel,
On the pleasant seat above.

The guiding wand of silver hue,
The spinal hollow bright,
With shapely shanks that play or rest
Like creatures of delight;
Oh, these combine a stir and shine
To warm old hearts to move
By greater wheel and lesser wheel,
On the russet seat above.

The great white wheel, I tread it as
Switzer his mount of snow,
And much the good me there befell
That many more can know:
For a quiet sort of kindling stuff
To warm your heart to move,
Take greater wheel and lesser wheel,
On the pleasant seat above.

*He quickly became both a rider and a rhymist on reading certain touching sonnets to him by young Shakespeare.

MANUFACTURE

CUNNINGHAM & Co. think our language open to objection, and we cheerfully give them place for the following, reserving comment until another time. They say:—

Editor Bicycling World:—In the last number of your valued journal you convey to the reader under the heading of "Manufacture" the impression that the "Harvard" and "Yale" bicycles differ

from the "Excelsiors" and "Invincibles" only in name and not in mechanism. This is not the case. The "Harvard" bicycle, as you state in your "American Bicyclist," is an eclectic, and it is something more besides. It is not only a combination of the best details of the best English machines, but in it those details have in many cases been changed, and we venture to say improved. When we first sent to our manufacturers, Bayliss & Thomas, the specifications of the "Harvard," the result was the production of a machine as unlike the famous "Excelsior" they were then building as any one bicycle can well be unlike another. Since then, aided no little by their advice, skill, and experience, we have made many important improvements in this machine, until we have secured for it the estimation in which it is now held. It is a fact, however, that the "Excelsior" has grown to be more and more like the "Harvard," until to-day the main points of difference between them are those required by the features of the countries in which they are used. We cannot but consider this the sincerest kind of compliment.

In our new "Yale" bicycle, although it is by no means a *fac-simile* of the "Invincible," we cannot lay claim to so much originality. We have availed ourselves of all the well-known points of excellence contained in the "Invincible," and by a slight modification of the steering-head, and a change in the construction of the neck and centres to adapt same for the cradle spring, we have, we believe, —and our customers agree with us,—solved the problem of how to produce a bicycle of the least possible weight, which can be ridden without discomfort over the rough roads which our riders have as yet too often to encounter.

We hope you will find room for this brief explanation, as we are sure you would not wish your readers to retain a wrong impression, whether such was to our disadvantage or otherwise.

Permit us to say a word on the English "trash" you speak of under the same heading. The English makers may be fairly divided into two large classes: (1) Those who strive to produce the *very best* without regard to cost; and (2) those who strive to produce the *very cheapest* without regard to quality. The productions of the latter have no more suitable appellation than the one you have given them, "trash," and the American rider touring through England cannot be too careful in avoiding their cheap temptations. If he cannot afford the best, he had better far come home wheelless and content himself with a machine of American manufacture.

One more item and we are done. You speak of the "Challenge" bicycle as having been introduced into this country by the Pope Manufacturing Company. We do not contradict it; but we received our first invoice of "Challenge" bicycles on 14 November, 1877. Whether the Pope Manufacturing Company had commenced

their bicycle business at that date or not, we have forgotten; but prior to our receipt of that invoice, the only "Challenge" we knew of in this country was the one ridden by that pioneer of the wheel, Mr. A. D. Chandler, of Boston.

Apologizing for intruding to such length on your valuable space, and availing ourselves of this opportunity of congratulating you on the merited success which your excellent paper has attained,

We are faithfully yours,
CUNNINGHAM & Co.

RATES AND TERMS

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD is sent, postage prepaid, to any address throughout the world, for one year, on receipt of \$3.00, or 12 shillings, or 16 francs, or any equivalent of \$3.00 in current foreign money or exchange, always in advance.

Our charges for advertising are at the rate of \$2.00 an inch, in column this width, inside pages, for one insertion. Continued and larger insertions taken at special rates, a schedule of which will be forwarded on request. Spaces on first page, double rates.

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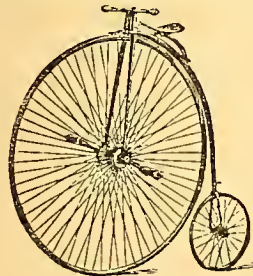
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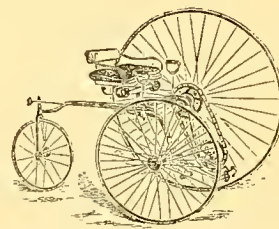
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FOR 1880-1.

THE BICYCLING WORLD was established one year ago as a fortnightly journal, devoted especially to the interests of bicycling, and generally to the interests of the manly and womanly recreative out-of-door arts not recognized as "sports." The *American Bicycling Journal* was purchased and merged in it.

IN THE ARCHERY FIELD they found no journal devoted especially to the interest of that ancient and noble art, but saw in it a next of kin to bicycling, and many assurances that an organ for it, a record and a voice of the movements, experiences, humors, and opinions relating to it, would be welcomed and supported by its devotees.

In their earnest endeavor to promote the best in each of these two fields, and to furnish each with a permanent, reliable, attractive, and frequent paper, the publishers united the two departments; and the cordial support and many encouragements they have received approve the wisdom of their action.

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD enters upon its SECOND VOLUME as a WEEKLY. It will thus meet the wishes of its increasing circle of readers for more frequent and speedy dissemination of news. This change will also make it possible to expand the space given to some departments and to add new features. It will remain in the same editorial hands as in the past, the services of Mr. Charles E. Pratt as editor having been secured for the ensuing year, in such a way that he will be able to devote his time, energy, and enthusiasm more exclusively to editorial work. The able and brilliant contributors who have aided him heretofore will continue to assist him, while others will be secured. Some new features of interest are in contemplation by the publishers and editor, and will be added from time to time.

OUR READERS may see that they are to be gainers for the coming year in many respects. While we give them the paper twice as often, we have only advanced the subscription rate one fifth, making it \$3.00 instead of \$2.50. In returning them thanks for the support given in the past, we bespeak also their favors for the future.

OUR ADVERTISERS may be interested to know that the first twenty-six issues of the paper amounted to 78,500 copies, or an average of over 3,000 copies of each number, and that our average actual circulation since the beginning has been but three hundred less. With the issuing of it weekly, followed by other efforts on our part to make the paper more attractive and more widely known, we expect at least to double our circulation during the coming year.

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The Special Columbia is a light roadster, of close build, fine finish, and fitted with the most approved anti-friction Ball-bearings, adjustable for wear. Having made several improvements in this machine since we first offered it to the public, we feel fully justified in pronouncing it the best and handsomest bicycle in the market.

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5. It gives stenographic, full, and official reports of all important meetings and events.
6. Its editorial and contributed departments are in such hands as to make their contents official or authoritative and reliable.
7. It is racy without being ridiculous, and conducted so as to elevate and render attractive the arts to which it is devoted.
8. It is tasteful and elegant in mechanical make-up, and is free from all objectionable contents for ladies and families.

9. It is responsibly and firmly established, and can and will fulfil all its promises and contracts.

10. It is entirely independent in tone and judgment, neither our editor nor our firm being in any way connected with the trade or manufacture of bicycles or archery goods.

With regular correspondents at home and abroad in the principal places, with friends and occasional correspondents in every club and in almost every town in the country, and with the experience gained heretofore, and greater space and resources for the future, we shall endeavor to make THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD, VOLUME II., not only the best paper of its kind extant, but a satisfactory visitor, constantly improving; and we appeal to all our friends for a continuance of their generous aid.

E. C. HODGES & CO.,

Publishers.

BOSTON, November, 1880.