

Bicycling & Archery Field

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

Volume II.
Number 5.

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

BOSTON, 10 DECEMBER, 1880.

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

VOL. II] CONTENTS [No. 5

Currente Calamo	65
Editorial — BICYCLING WORLD	67
The Bicycle Clubs	67
Some of my Notions about Bicycles	67
"Light, More Light." — Head Gear	68
Excursions — An American in Germany	69
Chicago Notes	70
Baltimore Notes	71
Bicycle Races — California	71
Coney Island — Brooklyn Bi. C.	72
Personal	72
Editorial — Archery Field	73
The Mission of Recreations	73
The Pequosette's Picnic	73
Archery Clubs — Oritani — New York	74
Drift and Wag	74
Roving Archery	74
Wheel Club Doings	75
New York News and Nonsense	75
Correspondence	76
Beacon Park Management	76
Books and Pages	77
Bicycles, Railways, and Horses	77
Rates and Terms	77
To Bicycle Agents. — Directory, etc.	78

ADVERTISEMENTS

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CURRENTE CALAMO

TARGETS look all blue.

WHEELS take a short rest.

WINTER kept its engagement, according to calendar, this year.

THERE are as many headers and many more backers to be taken on skates.

JACK has taken it Easy since last May. Did the little eruption about modesty in his last Letter strike in?

Now harness to the muffled sleigh and let the mery bells jingle.

THE treacherous ice lures the skater on, and the sudden sled is to be looked out for on the sloping way. In the north, the swift gliding toboggan and the measured tread of the snow-shoe have their attractions.

SNOWBALL warfare is in order for the boys, and hearty, sinewy men with broom and curling-stone hear the voice of the skip and "soop 'er up" to the ice.

By the way, has any one heard of Jack Easy's return from the English tour?

Put away his little Mulum,
To the shelf his lantern bring;
And his maps he won't consult 'em
Much, or his cyclom, till spring.
Though he may take a furtive winter spin, occasionally, and talk wheel among his acquaintances, until, before the last of February, every single able-bodied youth and adult im-
Bibes the spirit and will sing,
"Cycle, to thy perch I cling;
To my ankle add thy wing."

THE number of active members in the Crescent Bi C. is nineteen, instead of "fifteen," as stated by some slip in our last issue.

THE sympathies of the Philadelphia *North American* are all right; for it said, editorially, in its issue for 22 November last, "Our sympathies are with the

bicycle riders in their endeavors to induce the Park Commissioners to grant them the free use of the public drives in the Park. These bicycles are in daily use on North Broad street, where they do not seem to frighten the horses so numerous used for pleasure driving on that great highway. The improved bicycle is a pleasant sight when in rapid motion, and we know of no good reason why the owners of valuable horses should not learn to accustom them not to take fright at bicycles, velocipedes, steam engines, toy balloons, brass bands, etc."

Fairmount Park is certainly a fine place for wheelmen, and they ought to have the privileges of all the drives in it. If it comes to a matter of contending for rights, they will win. A correspondent of the *Public Ledger* offers some suggestions in the columns of that paper:

"Mr. Editor:—Your correspondent 'A. Y. R.,' in a letter published last Saturday, under the head of 'Bicycles in the Park,' asks 'if the powers of the Commission are so absolute that bicycle riders can do nothing to force an entrance' into the Park?

"Our State Legislature, who created the Park Commission, has enacted laws under which the affairs of the Park are regulated; and I would call the attention of your correspondent to the Act of Assembly, passed 14 April, 1868, in which the Legislature provided a number of 'Rules and Regulations,' subject to which the Commission exercise their control of the Park. Art. VII. of Sect. 21 of the Act provides that—

"No wagon, or vehicle of burden or traffic, shall pass through the Park, except upon such road or avenue as shall be designated by the Park Commissioners for burden transportation."

"This certainly means that the roads of the Park are intended for vehicles of pleasure, and that owners or drivers of such are privileged, by law, to use same under a further regulation contained in Art. IV. of the same section, reading,—

"No person shall drive or ride therein at a rate exceeding seven miles an hour."

"This at once would seem to raise the questions, first, Is the bicycle a vehicle? and secondly, if so, Can it be considered a 'vehicle of burden or traffic'?"

"The character of the machine has been fully settled in England, the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice having decided in the case of *Taylor v. Goodwin* (see *Law Times Report*, Vol. XL., p. 458) that a bicycle is a 'carriage,' and the rider of it is amenable to all existing laws affecting carriages ('vehicles') on the highways; and I can see no reason to believe that if the same question should be brought before our court, this English decision would be reversed, the mechanism and mode of propulsion being the same in both countries.

"In Sect. 22 of the Act (April, 1868) above quoted, a penalty is attached to the violation of any of the 'Rules and Regulations' enacted, or 'any others which shall be ordained by the said Park Commissioners for the government of the said Park, *not inconsistent* with this Act.'

"Should the English decision be sustained, it follows that the riders of bicycles are entitled by the law to the use of the Park roads under such *just* police regulations as may be ordained, '*not inconsistent*' with the spirit of the Act of Assembly governing the Park and the Commissioners.

"If the various committees of bicyclers, appointed from time to time to secure, at the hands of the Park Commissioners, recognition of what they consider their rights, feel that there is no hope of their being permitted to ride on the Park roads, then let the riders of the city join together and test the question in the courts, under the advice of the best counsel obtainable.

"I have purposely avoided any reference to the merits of the case, outside of what appears to be its status under the laws of the Commonwealth, and to hint to 'A. Y. R.' and other bicyclers that the powers of the Commission are in *no sense* absolute.

"JUSTICE."

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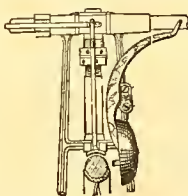
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Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets 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, 10 DECEMBER, 1880.

THE BICYCLE CLUBS in America, which are reported and recognized as amateur wheel clubs, are now one hundred in number. They have an aggregate membership of about 2,000, and they include probably near one third of the active wheelmen, owning wheels, on this side the Atlantic. Forty-eight of them, or a little less than half, have joined the League of American Wheelmen with their whole active lists. These clubs exist in twenty-eight of the United States, the District of Columbia, and Canada. They are composed almost wholly of men, and of gentlemen in the good American sense of that word. The average age of members would probably be not far from thirty years. Every profession and business and trade is represented in their ranks. They are less than a majority in numbers, but more than a majority in influence, amongst those upon whom the cause of bicycling in this country rests. This is for winter reflection.

Three years ago there was not a bicycle club in America. Two years ago there were five. One year ago there were thirty-five, and to-day there are one hundred. The membership of the older clubs has in the mean time considerably increased, their achievements have grown

better, and their life and activity stronger. They have not proved transient groups; they are permanent organisms. There was no craze about their inception, and there is no precariousness about their existence. They, like the noble wheel, have come to remain, and to increase and multiply. Let them be kept warm through the winter, and they will leap to new life in the spring.

SOME OF MY NOTIONS ABOUT BICYCLES.

DETROIT, MICH., 28 November, 1880.

WHAT many wheelmen are yearning for, and what bicycle manufacturers who desire a business boom should yearn for, is a liquid tire cement which will keep liquid so long as it is tightly corked, but dry quickly and adhere firmly as soon as used; put up in small tin or brass cases, with air-tight screw caps, so that they can be carried in the tool-bag along with the oil-can, ready for use anywhere and at any time. The inventor of such an article can get rich, if shrewd enough to advertise it properly. Next to a break-down, there is hardly anything so provoking as to have a tire come loose when on a trip in the country, and to have to tie it on with a string. There is hardly anything more likely to deter people from buying bicycles than to frequently see a wheel tried up with strings. But this is doubly provoking and manifold more injurious to the reputation of the bicycle when it occurs at a race at a State or county fair, in the presence of from five thousand to twenty-five thousand spectators. A wheel tied up with strings on such an occasion is a moving advertisement, warning all the spectators against purchasing bicycles as frail machines, liable to get out of order and impossible to promptly repair when away from home.

Just such an accident occurred to two out of three of my club, who attended one county fair to race for prizes. Each left home with his machine in the very best order. Unfortunately, the county town where the fair was held had bad broken-stone pavements. Going from the hotel to the fair grounds, in some way our tires caught and pulled out, mine just as we reached the gate of the fair grounds. Then we were forced to tie them, and race with parts of our wheels bound with strings, listening to the remarks of village critics, such as, "I reckon them things won't do for the country—come to pieces too blamed easy." "Wal, I don't want to ride a critter that has to be fastened together with strings." Such incidents as that are liable to yank the athletic Christian right out of the arms of the church, and fling him headlong into the ranks of the profane.

There are other accidents which greatly injure the public reputation of the bicycle as "a practical road machine," some of which appear inexcusable. Accounts of road trips, of any note as to distance or

the number of wheelmen engaged, too frequently mention that some one's machine broke down, could not be repaired on the spot, and he had to go home by carriage or railway. Now that is *not* "a practical road machine" which is liable to break down and leave the rider helpless far out in the country upon a pleasure trip, much more upon a serious journey. "A practical road machine" needs, above all, to be thoroughly reliable in all its essential working parts, and proof against breakage under ordinary usage or ordinary accident. Most of such inexcusable accidents are either breakages of the backbone or of the forks, with "buckling" of the wheel, bending of the cranks, etc. I say these are inexcusable accidents, because the best wheels will not buckle unless run over by a loaded cart, or something of that sort; the best backbones will not break; the best cranks will not bend under anything short of an extraordinary blow; the best forks can be depended upon for the longest journey.

A good bicycle of any standard make is a wonderfully durable machine: It will bear a vast amount of rough usage. I know of an old Standard Pope which has run, I am confident, over 6,000 miles, and is going yet, without costing anything for repairs; and this under the most villainous lack of proper care I ever knew of. I know of Harvards and other styles, which have manifested more endurance without repairs than any carriage ever drawn by a horse. But all bicycles of the same makes will not bear the test so well. In order to make the bicycle "a practical road machine," the best forms of construction need to be carefully observed by all manufacturers; and *all* machines should be as reliable as the best now are. One thing needed to increase the popularity, usefulness, and sales of bicycles is the production of machines which, like the deacon's wonderful one-horse shay, can't break down, but can only wear out.

Married wheelmen *must* have unbreakable machines. When a married wheelman tells his wife that he is going out merely for a little spin with the boys, and he will certainly be home in time to take her to Mrs. Bangup's party, and then he is caught with a break-down ten miles out in the country, far away from any railroad or livery stable, and reaches home late in the evening, looking guilty and nervous, there is n't any use of explaining that the machine broke down. The female mind is incapable of grasping the idea that iron and steel *can* break down just at that particular time, place, and way, by accident.

Most riders of experience and thoughtful minds get notions about machines. I find that nearly all such complain of the springs and saddles in general use. Manufacturers, while they have paid much and very proper attention to other details of construction, have not generally made desirable improvements in this very important part of the machine. There is, perhaps, no other part of the bicycle upon which the comfort, endur-

ance, and health of the rider so much depends as upon an easy spring and saddle. Most of the forms used communicate every jar and vibration of the vehicle more or less directly to the rider through the steel of the spring. This creates fatigue and discomfort on trips of any length. I have tried the "Club" spring and saddle, which device obviates most of this evil, and is incomparably superior to any of the ordinary forms in use. I have not yet tried the "cradle" spring; but have noticed high commendations of it. But I am convinced that the manufacturer who provides an improved and comfortable spring and saddle will greatly enhance the popularity of his machines. The perfect spring must allow a little play forward and back and sideways, as well as up and down. It must also be separated by rubber or leather from direct vibration from the forks and backbone. The saddle itself must be somewhat flexible. These improvements will increase the durability of the whole machine some, and the durability of the rider a good deal.

For ordinary riding, and for smooth roads, a five-inch crank is sufficient and most convenient; but for touring, or going over sandy or hilly roads, or for a long day's journey, the rider who uses less than a full six-inch crank imposes upon himself unnecessary labor and fatigue. Over some roads, a seven-inch crank is a great advantage, if not an absolute necessity. But every rider exerts his force most economically with that stretch of the leg at the lowest point of the stroke to which he is accustomed, which should never bring his toes much below the level of his heel. With the ordinary spring and saddle, he cannot comfortably use different lengths of crank on the same machine. But if his spring and saddle were so arranged that he could raise or lower them through a play of one inch and a half, he could use any length of crank, from five to seven inches, according to his road and length of journey, riding a wheel which would enable him to use the seven-inch crank when the spring and saddle were brought down closest to the backbone. This seems to me practicable; whereas no device to give greater or less power through the same length of crank is practicable, because of the complexity of the gearing, and simplicity and directness of action are necessary in the bicycle. In fact, some of the "improved" machines already made, with all sorts of detachable parts and double bearings, are altogether too complicated and liable to get out of order. Every additional joint, bolt, nut, or part adds to the liability to get out of order. The spokes of a wheel ought to be so arranged as to never need tightening except as the result of some unusual and severe accident. The bearings should never need to be tightened except at intervals after months of wear. Detachable cranks are good things; but they should never get loose, and they should never be fastened with projecting bolts or nuts. Detachable bearings may

be handy in case of a break, but they add more joints which are not strictly necessary, and which I have known to get loose so often that I do not desire them on my machine.

If I were to order a machine for all work, and could have a spring and saddle capable of being raised and lowered, as I have described above, with simple parts, I should ride a 50-inch wheel, with three sets of detachable cranks, seven, six, and five inches, though I now ride a 52-inch wheel with five-inch cranks. I should have the "Invincible" wheels, made with broad treads; the "Invincible" backbone; the "Invincible" low and wide handles; cranks, the cross-section of which would show either a hollow oval like the cipher in figures (0), or forged with a recess on the under side from heel to slot, like a deep printer's bracket ([), with a true taper; the "Club" spring and saddle (I have not yet tried the "cradle"); the *entire* machine painted or japanned. I have "quit" on all bright and on nickelled machines, owing to the extra work of cleaning and drying them in wet weather, after rain or snow. My machine is painted throughout, and several of our riders are intending to have their machines painted. After riding in the rain, snow, or mud, I simply let my machine dry, and then brush it clean in a minute with a whisk-broom; whereas riders of bright or nickelled machines have to spend much time rubbing their machines dry to avoid rust.

Sand is generally considered fatal to bicycling; but with a seven-inch crank a rider can go over nearly any country road upon which a buggy can run, at a speed of five miles an hour, and average seven miles an hour all day on a partly difficult road. For a tour of several hundred miles, over all sorts of roads, speed is not the main object; and the six and seven inch cranks will prove great advantages. It is not so much the power put upon the crank which causes fatigue, as the rapidity of the stroke; and the long, slow stroke at moderate speed can be endured many hours, while a shift of cranks, when good roads are reached, will allow increased speed without increasing the rapidity of the stroke, and at the same time diminishing its length. The cranks should be easily and quickly shifted, be firmly attached, and have no projecting bolts or nuts. When the saddle is in the best position for ease, it ought never to be shifted forward or back on a journey.

These are my notions; perhaps they are crude and worth little, but I should like to have you publish the notions of other riders who have had touring and general experience on the road as to the best form of machine for all work on American roads. B.

DETROIT, MICH., 23 November, 1880.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT."

THE above heading attracted my attention to a long and interesting article in the Boston *Post* on a system of massing electric lights at a suitable elevation and at sufficient distance apart to enable a

man to "walk freely at night in a 'broad daylight.'" One of the many pleasing features of this most important invention that came to me in reading the sketch of this lightning system was, what a desideratum for the bicyclist! I picture here in my city those large light-towers, every half-mile or so apart, sending forth every night broad daylight, to enable the bicyclist to take out of what *was* the dark carriage-house or shed his bicycle, mount, and ride swiftly and safely away over the imperfect roadways, without the aid of the old street lamps or the poor little hub or head lantern that annoy us so now by their many imperfections or insufficiencies. What an amount of added pleasures would come to the bicyclist! At this season of the year, when darkness comes on so early, — ere the fortunate owner of an iron horse can be relieved of his business duties, — he could leisurely take his way to his steed and feel that no setting sun would interfere with his evening ride. Moonlight nights would not be looked for so longingly and impatiently as they are now; club runs could be counted on most regularly. One can most safely say the pleasures and use of that far from unimportant invention, the bicycle, would be doubled. This is an incident of how great inventions or discoveries lead to the advancement and increased usefulness of others. If this scheme be feasible and desirable on the whole, — which in my mind it is, — every bicyclist should be an advocate for its prompt adoption. No matter if it looks as if it would lower the price of your gas stock or take from you your present employment, for you can be reasonably sure that other use will quickly and profitably be made of the gas machinery, and new and extended opportunities will be opened to you by this great revolution in illuminating. Let us hope this system of lighting large cities is no visionary thing, and wish the fortunate inventor good speed to a successful end, and a crowning glory that will illuminate his name through future ages.

B. R.

PITTSBURG, PA., 23 November, 1880.

HEAD GEAR.

Editor Bicycling World: — Your editorial on costumes in the last number of the *WORLD* contained many valuable hints and suggestions, and will doubtless be appreciated by many bicyclists; but allow me to protest against your wholesale slaughter of the "polo" cap. In the first place, you have never used the "polo"; how, then, are you able to form any correct opinion of it, except as regards its appearance? Since you referred to the appearance of bicyclists who wear the "polo" in such a complimentary manner, it may not be out of place to remark that they are very well satisfied with it, when compared to your favorite "bean-pot" helmet, which some few bicyclists wear.

The "polo" cap can be ventilated as thoroughly as the helmet, with sweat bands and air spaces in the top.

Over four fifths of the clubs have

adopted and are to-day using the "polo" cap, and one half of the members of clubs who have the helmet, wear the "polo" for ordinary riding and touring.

Your favorite and only reasonable objection to the "polo" cap is, that in the heat of midsummer they are apt to be uncomfortable, and offer no shade to the eyes. It is an accepted fact that not one bicyclist in fifty rides during the heat of the day, in the hot season; and the small number that do, have the good sense to substitute a light straw hat, which is lighter, better ventilated, and more comfortable in every respect than your much-lauded but hideous-looking "bean-pot."

There is a cap which is a modification of both the helmet and the "polo," combining the shade and ventilation offered by the former and the natty appearance of the latter. This cap was invented by the New York Bicycle Club, which is so far the only club in the country using it. Those who saw this club at the Newport meet in May last can form a very good opinion of its merits as compared to the numerous other styles of caps or helmets represented there. ROX.

BOSTON, 1 December, 1880.

EXCURSIONS

AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY.

HEIDELBERG, 19 March, 1880.

Editor Bicycling World:—The spring opened here very early; and much to my mortification—since my backbone, which needed some repairs, was still in England—I saw the roads getting into splendid condition. However, on receiving it on the 13th, I determined to make up for lost time; so putting my machine together, and packing a few necessities into my *multum in parvo*, with a Baedeker's Rhine in one pocket, and a couple of maps in the other, I set out in blissful ignorance of exactly where I was going, and how long I should stay there.

Mounting at one o'clock, I was soon in Schwetzingen and past the old palace of the Dukes of Baden, with its extensive grounds laid out after the style of Versailles. I had intended to stick to the main road, which, although somewhat circuitous, was sure to be good. But following the advice of a peasant, I took a short cut over a road leading along the Rhine, which here does not present a very imposing appearance, looking something like the Back Bay at low water. About two miles from Speyer the road became a mere cart track, covered with stones, and I determined in future to be guided by my map, and leave peasants' advice alone. The Rhine at Speyer is crossed by a fine bridge of boats, and I felt rather vexed at having to get off in the middle and pay toll of one cent. Arriving at Speyer (17 miles) at half past one, I spent an hour in dining and visiting the cathedral,—about the only attraction, and chiefly celebrated as the burial place of several of the old kings. Mounting again, the way led over a magnificent road, through the valley of the

Rhine; with the wind at my back I went along at a pace that considerably astonished the natives, who appeared to be rolling the fields with small wooden rollers. The Vosges now began to shape themselves more distinctly, forming a very imposing panorama. Leaving the village of Landau (37 miles) to the left, I was soon ascending the valley of the Queich, past several small villages, to Annweiler (46 miles), situated in the heart of the Vosges. Finding that it was six o'clock, and wishing to see several points of interest about here, I put up for the night. After supper, on going up to my room, what was my dismay to find that I was to spend the night between two feather beds, in the real German way! However, thanks to my ride, I spent a better night than I expected.

On waking next morning, I found that it was a magnificent day, and expected fine views from the hills I was going to ascend; but the mist, which I was told always hangs over the valley of Rhine in spring, rather impeded the view on that side. Still, the view of the hills was very good. The first place visited was Trifels, situated on the top of a huge mass of rock, and said to be the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned on his homeward journey from the Holy Land. After another hour's sharp walking, the summit of the Rehberg, commanding a splendid view of the mountains, was reached. The sandstone formations, at the top of many of the hills, are most peculiar, often almost indistinguishable from the ruins. The Magdenburg, probably the finest ruin in the Palatinate, was then visited. From here, one has, in clear weather, a splendid view of the Rhine valley from the Melibœus, near Darmstadt, to Strasburg.

Leaving Annweiler in the afternoon, I continued up the valley, through very picturesque scenery, to a point twelve miles farther up. Now turning to the left, I followed the Lauter, a small stream, said to be very good fishing, to Dahn (16 miles), a quaint old village in one of the prettiest districts of the Vosges. Going two miles up a little side road, I came to the Dahner Schloss, a curious combination of passages hewn in the rock, and masonry. Returning to Dahn, I spent the night there in a very primitive little inn, with a stork's nest on the roof.

I seemed not only to be the pioneer bicyclist through all this district, but also the first tourist of the season, and everywhere my bicycle created the greatest astonishment.

Starting again the next morning at quarter of nine, the road ascended in a way that might be most satisfactory to any one training, but was not a very encouraging opening for a day's tour. On arriving at Schoenau (10 miles), a small village with iron works, a little after ten, I found that the only way to continue my proposed journey was to go over the Wegelberg. Not quite seeing the force of pushing my bicycle up an angle of forty-five degrees, and turning somer-

saults with it down the other side, I decided to alter my course a little. So leaving my bicycle, I ascended the mountain, the view from the top of which amply repaid my trouble.

Mounting again about twelve, I followed the Lambach road about four miles, which was here pretty stony (and in several other places the stones were rather a nuisance). Indeed, the great secret of the excellence of the German roads is that they are always repaired *before* they get into a bad condition. Here the road to Bitsch leads off to the right, a magnificent road, though a little hilly, and having, besides the kilometer stones usually found along all the roads here, also stones at every tenth of a kilometer, or about every hundred yards. Stopping at Bitsch (34½ miles) for dinner, I afterwards spent an hour lying down in the sunlight in front of Fort Bitsch, high up on a great rocky hill, which was besieged during the entire Franco-Prussian war by the Germans, and only surrendered after the first negotiations for peace had been made.

The people here, and indeed all along, seemed to have the greatest difficulty in understanding that I was merely touring for pleasure, and not on a *wettfahrt*, as they called it. The lingo about here is probably about as bad as can be found anywhere in Germany, consisting of a villanous mixture of the worst French and German dialects, making any conversation with the peasants almost impossible. Indeed it was lucky for me that the way was furnished with plenty of guide-posts and I did not need to ask my way of the peasants, since their understanding seems not to be able to grasp any distance over six miles, and the names of the villages lengthen as their size diminishes; such as, for example, Kaltenbachhinterweidenthal and Niederschlettenbach.

On starting again, the road led down a long hill, that afforded a fine coast, and afterwards accompanying the railroad through the valley was almost level. Neiderbronn (46½ miles), a small town, with baths, furnished a stopping-place for the night. The hotel-keeper here, a Frenchman, was very polite (and indeed I was treated everywhere very well), bringing out maps of Alsace and giving me a very good description of the roads, with which he seemed quite familiar.

The next morning was rainy, and the roads were rapidly getting slippery, the great difficulty with roads here in wet weather. So putting on my Mackintosh, I was off as soon as possible through the battle-field of Fröschweiler. Just after passing Fröschweiler,—a small village, with a church that should be able to seat at least three times the whole village,—the French monument rises to the left, and the German one to the right, about half a mile off. Small monuments and graves are scattered all along here. The road was in a vile condition, which with the hills and head wind, with a drizzly rain, made it anything but pleasant riding.

At Sulz (14½ miles), the road strikes the Strassburg road. Here it appeared not to have rained so much, and it began to get pleasanter, yet the wind still was very annoying. The road, although leading through a much less hilly district, since it followed no valley, was itself very hilly, and most of my riding up to dinner time was walking, as Pat would say. I found the best way was to coast recklessly down one side, and charge up the other as far as possible; and if it had not been for my bag,—which, though it certainly considerably increases the drag, helps wonderfully to keep the little wheel on the ground going down hill,—I should have got several bad falls. Passing through Weissenburg, one of the oldest towns in Germany, mentioned in history as early as the Merovingian kings, I stopped for dinner at Bergzabern, a small town. Feeling as if I had been several hundred miles that morning, I eagerly looked at my cyclometer; but unfortunately for one's private satisfaction, the difference between a hilly and level road does not make so much effect on one's cyclometer as on one's legs, and I found that I had only ridden twenty-nine miles in the four hours I had been in the saddle. The weather now became pleasant again, and I spent the next hour in regretting that I had not waited in Niederbronn to see if it was going to clear up, in which case I should have lengthened my trip by a few days' ride in Alsace.

The afternoon's ride was much less hilly. This was, however, not the fault of the road, which continued to go carefully to the bottom of every valley and top of each hill. The wind had gone down somewhat, and riding became again a pleasure. At Landau (39 miles), the road became level, leading along by the side of the Vosges and Haardt, affording a fine view. My attention for the last few miles was somewhat divided between the view and my bicycle, owing to the loss of the spring-bolt nut. Putting up for the night at Neustadt (51½ miles), a manufacturing town, one of the largest in the Palatinate, I immediately had a new nut made. Next morning the way led over a rather poor road in the teeth of the wind, through the Rhine valley, covered here with vineyards. Several small villages, built in the usual German fashion, one house deep on each side of the main road, and horribly paved, had to be walked through before reaching Ludwigshafen (18½ miles) and Mannheim (19 miles). Notwithstanding the strong wind, I resolved to try and get home in time for dinner. Going along through a little village, I managed to run over a small boy, but he got up laughing and seemed to think it a good joke. Just at dinner-time I arrived in Heidelberg (32 miles), having spent during the whole trip only \$8.60.

G. R. A.

CHICAGO NOTES.

THE glorious months of autumn, with its hard, smooth roads and bracing atmosphere, are drawing to a close, and with

them ends the first fiscal year of organized bicycling in Chicago. Perhaps our experience may be of some interest to our brethren of the wheel, and I will briefly review what we have done to advance the useful and noble sport in this city.

In October, 1879, we gathered together a band of a little over a half-dozen riders, all enthusiastic devotees of the steel horse, and entered into a union for mutual aid, comfort, and protection. This was made necessary on account of the hostile spirit which was being displayed toward the bicycle, and rendered an organized effort on our part necessary to protect our own interests. When the first bicycle was introduced in Chicago, over two years ago, it was regarded with much curiosity by everybody, but its numbers seemed to increase very slowly. One year more found about half a dozen of the machines in constant use about the city, and everybody's attention was directed toward them with considerable interest. As is usual with every shining mark, it began to be assailed by those whose interests were thought to be in some manner endangered, and the first check placed upon our freedom was a refusal of admittance to Lincoln Park. This was caused by a wooden machine, in the hands of a reckless boy, scaring a horse. By this time a great many of the wooden machines were abroad in the streets, "raising Cain" generally; and, although our skirts were clear of any charge of scaring animals and running down baby-carriages and women, still, like Old Dog Tray, we were in bad company,—at least the people who did not know the difference between the two classed us as one, and we had to share the odium. The south parks and magnificent boulevards were next wrested from us, and we began now to feel that something serious was in store for us. This was rapidly followed in December by an effort on the part of the livery-stable keepers of the city to prevail upon the council to pass an ordinance prohibiting our use of the streets. The matter was referred to the city attorney, and he gave it as his opinion that this was in effect unconstitutional, and therefore we escaped this dire calamity. In order to ascertain just what our rights were in this world, and to know whether we really were intruders, seeing that everybody called us such, we had recourse to a legal opinion in regard to the matter, and were much cheered at the decision of one of our most eminent law firms to the effect that we *had* a right to the parkways and boulevards, highways and streets, just the same as other vehicles, and that our actions and conduct upon the road were subject to the same laws as governed the motions of carriages. This opinion was published in the *WORLD* of 24 July. Upon this platform we proceeded to act and to regain our lost ground in the parks, but without success. We were on the point of getting a favorable decision from the board, when a small wooden tricycle on the sidewalk of the grand boulevard

frightened the horse of a lady, and that was the last of us. An order was immediately drawn up even more stringent than before, forbidding us to even show our shadow upon the pavement. As some of us lived upon the drives, it behooved us to sneak up a side street and alley, and get our machines into the house in the best way possible under the circumstances. Still our numbers increased. In the spring we had a dozen members or more, with an occasional "unattached." The grand six days' tournament participated in by Keen, Terront, Cann, and Stanton, in the fall, had sowed the seed; and while, for a time, it fell on barren ground, and proved a financial disaster to the sowers, yet its effect was not lost. It set people to thinking, and when they think they generally investigate, and if they see a good thing they usually buy. But they were slow to see a good thing, considering the attitude of the city government, and the then horrible condition of most of our streets. In the latter respect we have improved wonderfully this summer. In fact, the western division of the city has been almost generally rejuvenated, and broad avenues of smooth cedar block and glistening macadam are springing into line with great rapidity. A grand boulevard system of thirty-five miles surrounding the city only lacks a short stretch of being completed, and when that is done Jericho will be outdone in being encompassed about. The spring and summer, with their jolly social runs, found us prospering and increasing. Fourth of July was celebrated with a grand run from Milwaukee through the beautiful hills and lakes of Waukesha County, lasting three days, in which we were joined by representatives from other cities, and communication and exchange of views with our neighbors served to infuse new enthusiasm into our ranks. Late in the summer another club, the Ariel B. C., was organized, with a dozen members, which is constantly receiving additions, and with *our* membership of nearly twenty, besides the numerous "unattached," we were beginning to assume quite an importance. The Park Commissioners have granted us permission to ride upon the boulevards whenever we desire to have a "club run," and we have generally presumed upon this privilege to ride thereon at all hours after sunset. I trust the future is not far when everything will be again open to us.

Last week we celebrated our final run of the season. Our neighbors were called in to help us have a good time; and although the weather proved somewhat unfavorable, with high wind and gusts of snow, still the hard, calendered roads, and a permission to run the boulevards, were irresistible to a goodly few, a round "baker's dozen," and off we started for South Chicago before the smacking breeze. As we always do, we had a glorious good time, and the afternoon's run of twenty-eight miles over perfection itself in the way of bottom was voted, as usual, "the best and most enjoyable one yet."

For this winter's sport we have secured the Exposition Building, with a magnificent gallery of about four laps to the mile, and we propose to do noble work in the way of speed before spring. The captain of our club has already reduced time down to a mile in 2.55 on a common country race-course, with a machine two sizes too small, and with a bicycling experience of only six months. The world will yet hear of us!

But I am getting egotistical, and will close lest I tell all I know in this letter, and leave nothing to write about in my next. STENO.

CHICAGO, 20 November, 1880.

BALTIMORE NOTES.

It is not often that one reads in the pages of the *WORLD*, of bicycling in the Monumental City; not however, that we do not have and enjoy, withal, that sport here, for we do, — but accident and other circumstances have prevented any account being given to the recent *WORLD*.

Our latest event of importance was the "general meet," projected by the Baltimore Club, and held on the 16th ult., during Baltimore's Sesqui-Centennial Celebration, of which it was designed to form a feature.

In response to the invitations sent out to the various clubs and unattached, the Philadelphia Club responded with thirteen men, including Capt. Ferguson and Secretary Blakiston; the Capitol, of Washington, D. C., with ten men, including Capt. Owen and Vice-President Schooley; the Arlington, of Washington, D. C., with six men, including Capt. Carpenter and Secretary Scribner; the Crescent, of Boston, with one, Secretary Duker; and three unattached: thus numbering, including the Baltimore Club, forty-eight wheelmen.

The rendezvous was the Biddle street Rink, the headquarters of the Baltimore Club, where, prior to the informal run to the park, the various "crack" riders indulged in some fancy riding, much to the delectation of the lesser lights, Capt. Owen of the Capitol bearing off the palm.

The use of his ready wheel seemed but of a second nature to him, and his riding was characterized by exceeding grace and ease, and exemplified in a wonderful way the literal *versatility* of the bicycle.

At 3 P. M. an informal run was made, by way of Madison avenue, to the grand entrance to Druid Hill Park, the place of formal meet. Capt. Ferguson was appointed commander of the day, and Messrs. H. A. Blakiston of the Philadelphia Club, H. S. Owen, of the Capitol Club, W. C. Scribner of the Arlington Club, and T. J. Shryock of the Baltimore Club, were appointed as marshals.

The meet was called at four o'clock, and the line formed with the commander in the lead, immediately preceded by the four marshals abreast, and followed in order, two abreast, by the Baltimore Club, the Philadelphia Club, the Capitol Club, the Arlington Club.

The line of parade lay through the most attractive portions of the park, along whose hard, smooth roads the procession moved off with easy gait and good effect, creating no little enthusiasm and hearty applause among the multitude of ladies and gentlemen that witnessed the start.

The first halt was called at the Mansion House, which was reached just after a rather stiff push, but which commands a beautiful panorama, overlooking as it does the park about, the city, and the Chesapeake beyond. A stop of ten minutes; the signal to mount was sounded, and the wheels were soon spinning around and down the beautiful roads that lead through wood and by lake, and in less than an hour from the time of start the procession reached Druid Lake, hard by the grand entrance.

The multitude of several hundred who witnessed the start a while ago had now become a throng of as many thousands, who in carriage, on horse, on foot, lined the drives, filled the groves, and crowded the terraces that extend around the lake.

The procession moved at a lively gait twice around the lake (a circuit of a mile and a half), after which the Capitol Club gave an exhibition of drill and fancy riding which brought forth repeated cheers from the crowd of spectators.

In a short time the signal for the grand scrub race of a mile and half was given, whereupon the various contestants took position, and at the word "go," they sallied forth amid shouts of applause, which kept pace with them as they flew around the lake.

Capt. Owen of the Capitol came in an easy winner.

"Those queer, impossible machines, such elegant riding." The racing, the silent and graceful movements throughout were so entirely novel to a majority of those present, that a great deal of interest and enthusiasm were created, and the ladies especially not infrequently "gave way to their feelings," and expressed themselves too ecstatically for anything. At six o'clock the wheelmen turned from the park and pedalled back to the rink after a very enjoyable meet, run, and race.

Considering that this was our *début* before the wheel-world, that we are yet young in years (but seven months old), and small of our age (only sixteen members), it was voted a full success by visiting wheelmen as well as by ourselves.

The home club has reason to feel gratified at the showing thus made, and at the general gratification given; for it is thought that this meet will have formed a sort of wedge, as it were, which will finally open up the roads of the park to the use of bicyclers at any and all times, and thus benefit wheelmen in general as well as Baltimore riders in particular: wheelmen in general, in that the more public places which are thus thrown open throughout the country, the greater the force which precedent and example will have upon those corporations still barring

such places to bicyclers; to Baltimore riders in particular, for reasons evident to all.

The Board of Park Commissioners, in granting the use of the park for the meet, allowed the full petition of the club; and in a conference with his Honor, Mayor Latrobe expressed himself as seeing "no reason why bicyclers should not have the use of the park at *any and all times*."

Our use of the roads therein is now restricted to the large lake drive, and that between the hours of 6 and 8 A. M.

We have free use of the foot-paths, of which there are about 15 miles, but we have no business thereon, and do not use them. But our hopes for the future are bright.

By the way, I must notice a communication by brother "Ike," which appeared in your columns recently, containing some strictures concerning our roads hereabout; but now enough, and more anon our roads anon. IO TA U.

BALTIMORE, November, 1880.

BICYCLE RACES

THE FIRST TOURNAMENT and races of the San Francisco and Oakland Bicycle Clubs took place at the Half-mile Track, Cliff-House Road, Thursday afternoon, 25 November. The wheelmen and their friends gathered in large numbers, and made the old Park look something like the days when it was the favorite resort of the turfmen and fashionable turnouts. The weather was beautiful, and the track in fair condition, but too undulating for fast time. However, the local record for one mile was broken by $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and our riders are now getting somewhere near the point of fast riding. The competitions were not as spirited as we expected to see them, and in several of the races it was almost a walk-over for the winner. The successful rider in each event was awarded a gold medal, and the second man a trophy of silver. W. R. Dunn of the Olympic Club acted as referee; Capt. George H. Strong as starter; and G. S. Smith and J. H. Thompson as timers. The programme was as follows:—

One-Mile Race.—*First Heat*—McNear, 1; in $3.42\frac{1}{2}$; Chas. Butler, 2; Cadman, 3; Smith and Finkler distanced. *Second Heat*—McNear, 1, in $3.41\frac{1}{2}$; Butler, 2, by 5 yards.

Half-Mile Race.—*First Heat*—Aldrich, 1, in $1.44\frac{1}{2}$; Leonard, 2, by 20 yards; Cadman, distanced. *Second Heat*—Leonard, 1, in 1.54 ; Aldrich, 2, by 2 feet. This was the prettiest and most exciting race of the day. The men started even, and kept breast and breast to the quarter, where Aldrich pulled a little ahead, but was soon overtaken by Leonard, and down the home-stretch they came neck and neck, their legs moving like a piece of machinery. A few yards from the line Leonard made his final effort, and amidst general applause, succeeded in crossing the wire

ahead of his plucky competitor. Each having won a heat, a third was necessary. After a rest of twenty minutes the two men mounted again; but the expectations of a close race were not realized, as Leonard lost his treadle at the start, and in a trice his companion was too far ahead to be overtaken. Aldrich, however, pressed all his strength into service, and made the quarter in $49\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, the best for that distance during the day, and won the race in 1.44. Aldrich was awarded the gold medal and Leonard the silver. Both these men will make good riders, as they are still in their teens.

Two-Mile Race.—First Heat—H. C. Eggers, 1, in $7.21\frac{3}{4}$; McNear, 2, by 400 yards; Butler, 3, 2 yards behind McNear. Eggers took the lead, and pulled away from his competitors at the very start. He kept up his pace for the first mile in splendid style, which was made in 3.31, the best time for a mile in California, beating the previous best on this coast ($3.42\frac{2}{5}$), by McNear at the Oakland Track during the late fair, by $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. The second mile was considerably slower; but as they only struggled for second place between themselves, and having already run two single-mile dashes, they allowed Eggers to take his time, and he virtually had a walk-over. **Second Heat**—H. C. Eggers, 1, in $7.28\frac{1}{4}$; McNear, 2, by 350 yards; Butler, 3, 10 yards farther.

Exhibition and Trick Riding.—Between the first and second heats of the mile race Chas. Aldrich and C. L. Leonard gave a very pleasing performance on the bicycle, and went through about all the tricks so far discovered on the machine.

After the programme had been concluded all the riders present joined in drill, captained by Chas. Butler. — *Pacific Life*.

ON SUNDAY, 21 November, there were some races held at the Pavilion in San Francisco, on a track eight feet wide and seven laps to the mile. There was an effort at a one-mile race, in which time was not taken on the final heat, and a five-mile race, won by Mr. Fitzgerald in 25.29. Mr. F. T. Merrill rode against California time, but made his mile in 3.46, which was too slow. A. A. Bennett rode a mile in 3.50; and then Mr. Merrill gave some fancy and trick riding. There were some 400 or 500 spectators present, according to the *Pacific Life*, which might have made its comment more pointed by discouraging Sunday racing anyway. It is n't the proper day for public sporting, and gentlemen ought not to promote such infraction of good taste,—not to invoke any higher reason.

CONEY ISLAND.—The Brooklyn Bi. C. held a five and one half mile road race just along the Coney Island Boulevard on Saturday, 4 December. Harry G. Cortis took the lead, and covered the distance in twenty-eight minutes; Secretary Caner coming in second, and J. P. Wintring-

ham third. M. Wrigley acted as time keeper.

The prize was a handsome gold scarf-pin, representing a rat-trap pedal. The road was exceedingly heavy from frost and snow.

TRICK BICYCLERS AT TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.—Messrs. Underhill, Noel, Johnston, Neergaard, Brown, and Foster visited Tony Pastor's Monday evening to witness the *début* of Stirk's troupe of Trick Bicyclers, consisting of the Messrs. Stirk, Mrs. Stirk, and daughter, a little girl of five years, who rode a 22-inch wheel. The bicycle performance opened with an exhibition of rapid riding in short circles by Mr. Stirk, a feat for which he holds the championship of England. He then rode across the stage on his front wheel, stood on his saddle with one foot and arms folded, and did many other tricks, each one bringing down the house with applause. Mrs. Stirk rode gracefully; and little Miss Stirk, after being held up by her father, machine and all, for the inspection of the audience, made some pretty evolutions, coquettishly fanning herself the while.

In an interview with Mr. Stirk after the entertainment, he said he still felt the motion of the steamer, and consequently his performance was not as creditable as it will be hereafter. He said he would bring his little girl and her bicycle to 791 5th avenue some Sunday afternoon and give the boys a special treat. He has a brother in Boston whose address he has lost, but he hopes to acquaint him of his arrival in this country through the newspapers. **KNICK O'BOCKER.**

NEW YORK, 23 November, 1880.

PERSONAL

MR. FRED. JENKINS, editor of *The Wheel*, has been elected honorary member of the Lenox Bi. C.

MR. SAMUEL T. CLARKE was in Boston on the 4th inst., and gave a very pleasing account of Baltimore wheelmen.

MR. JACK EASY was last seen on a suburban road, leading some kind of a creature by its horns.

IT WAS President Cochran, and not President Carpenter, who presented the medal at the Crescent Bi. C. exhibition.

MR. CARL VOSSLER, so long a familiar caterer for wheelmen at 19 Hawley street, has opened a new house on the French plan of a "Hotel Garni," at 1200 Washington street, where he can entertain wheelmen and their wheels.

MESSRS. HILL AND TOLMAN, of Worcester, deserve a good sale for their automatic bells. They experimented for many months and expended considerable money in perfecting their alarm, and they make it upon their honor as wheelmen.

THERE ARE several ladies using the tricycle in Boston. Miss Minnie Lawrence, of Washington, at present study-

ing art in this city, and Miss Elizabeth B. Whitmore, daughter of Nathaniel Whitmore, Esq., the famous fire-alarm inventor of Mansfield, Mass., are both among the lady pupils of Mr. Charles R. Percival, and may be seen on pleasant days speeding their tricycles on the pleasant streets of the South End.

MR. A. J. PHILBRICK, maker of the "three-wheeler," has brought his new machine to such perfection that several orders are already in hand for others. Mr. Philbrick knows how to make a good machine, and he does it.

MR. GEORGE PERRIN, B. Bi. C., carries his laurels with grace, since his recent engagement.

MR. JAMES NOTMAN, the genial photographer who has done so much to preserve the delights of meets and runs, and to give wheelmen and their machines a fair representation, has been elected a member of the Massachusetts Bi. C.

MR. W. E. NORRIS is a pioneer wheelman in Helena, Montana Territory.

A WESTERN CLERGYMAN writes that he owes his physical regeneration to a 48-inch bicycle. He has some good ideas about it, which he will some time share with our readers. We should be glad to give them his name if we had the liberty to.

MR. J. H. NELSON has been riding the wheel since last March, at Murfreesboro', Tenn.

FRANK H. WALWORTH, Esq., of Saratoga Springs, New York, is not only an accomplished archer but a courageous wheelman.

SOME DISTANT wretch sends in the following, which probably has reference to an envied Vermonter:—

There is a young man name of Dean,
'Bout as fat as a common string bean.
He sat up to hob-nob
With the young misses Cobb:
Was n't he most too quite awfully mean?

MASTER H. C. DEWITT, of Augusta, Maine, is trying to pass for a wheelman. He did set up as agent for the sale of bicycles in that city, and achieved a success in which even his modesty would restrain any pride. He has probably followed an ice-cart so long, that his notions of manners are very crude. When he gets a little older, and allows the beard to grow over some of his excrescent cheek, he will know better than to send an insolent and impertinent letter to a person who has never spoken or written to or about him, and that there are affairs in which it is better to be a gentleman than a blackguard.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Archery Butts; two good cotton butts, 4 inches in thickness, 12 by 14.
Address
S. E. FRENCH,
PARK AVE. HOTEL, N. Y. CITY.

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD may be found on sale at BRENTANO'S LITERARY EMPORIUM, 39 Union Square, N. Y.

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, 10 DECEMBER, 1880.

THE MISSION OF RECREATIONS is one of dignity and earnest importance, when considered in its true light. Its end is physical and mental redemption,—salvation. To turn men and women from the sins which ruin and the habits and associations which degrade body and soul, has been the object of religious effort so far as it relates to this life. All the great moral-reform movements have had this end in view. Not only to save life, but to preserve health and ability to perform the duties of life, is the noble aim of medical science and practice. The best justification of all the great network of social entertainments, games, and amusements lies in their tendency to alleviate the strain and weariness of serious labor, and to divert and rejuvenate the mind and heart.

Looked at from the same point of view, it must be acknowledged that the positive, active pastimes and the organized promotion of them constitute a mission worthy of parallel, if not equal, respect and encouragement with either of those named. The archery clubs, the bicycle clubs, the tennis, lacrosse, cricket, snowshoe, canoe, skating, hare-and-hound and gymnastic clubs are all so many mission schools, temperance societies, health asso-

ciations, entertainment companies; and they deserve to be encouraged as such by the best and ablest men and women.

"Our young men," says an esteemed contemporary, the *Pacific Life*, "do not promise vigorous manhood. The State is full of effete, sickly looking fellows, who could starve the doctors and cheat the grave with one or two seasons of active field sports." That is a vigorous way of putting a wholesome recommendation. We have subjects for similar remark here in the East. Pale, limp, narrow-chested youth; bloated, blear-eyed, sluggish young men; dyspeptic, enervated, careworn, broken-down middle-aged men; too few old men, and they not half as vigorous as they ought to be. Must we say nothing but in compliment of the ladies? Well, then, let some of them tell the plain truth and teach the plain lesson.

"Salvation's free," as Mr. Moody would say; that is, it's as free as anything fit to have in this life. There's salvation in the out-of-door, sunny, invigorating pastimes which call for positive exercise of will and nerve and muscle; which excite the faculties and stimulate the functions of body and mind into cheerful activity. They not only "starve the doctors and cheat the grave," they feed the busy hive of human industry, and pay large tribute to every other good cause in the world.

THE PEQUOSSETTE'S PICNIC.

A PACIFIC REVERY.

A SHORT time since we were at our New England home, and during that dull fall day, with its chill wind and showers of falling leaves, we attended the last regular meet of our archery club for the season of 1880.

Two weeks, and what a change! For several days we have been on board of the steamship "Colima," steaming northward near the western coast of Central America and Mexico. With the thermometer from 90° to 100° in the shade during the day, we have swung in our hammock under the awning over the upper deck, enjoying in the lazy shipboard life the cooling breezes of ocean by day and the land breeze by night; for in these bright nights, when the moon is almost directly overhead, we cannot think of going below until the small hours.

Thus the days come and go as we pass point and headland of the bold mountain-bound coast, with its few ports, which consist principally of an iron pier extending out into the ocean beyond the line of breakers that roll in continually with their varying force and tone.

The view seaward is always the same, varied only by the occasional sail; but

shoreward there is an ever-changing scene of bold cliffs, hills and mountains, some standing clear cut in bright blue sky, others shrouded in the cloudy mists; volcanoes: some extinct, with their rough, precipitous, and sterile slopes; others active, with their dull leaden smoke rolling up continuously; and yet others which send up an occasional puff.

Thus we lie, sometimes conscious of the passing panorama, and again lost in revery or dozing away the hours in idleness; pleasing remembrances come to the mind, included in which are the excursions, camping-out, and picnic in our archery club, one of which is now in mind.

The sentiment seemed to prevail, with the ladies at least, that minus a picnic our archery club had not accomplished its mission.

"We want to go off altogether in a big wagon, like the club Mr. Thompson tells of," they said; and so it was arranged that we should go picnicking on 17 June following, the ladies agreeing to provide commissaries and the gentlemen transportation.

A large excursion wagon, four horses, and a driver were in readiness at the hotel early that morning, when the club members began to appear with bows, quivers, and baskets full of etceteras, which were stowed away, and then the party, numbering some twenty odd, seated themselves therein.

Our targets, hanging one on each side, were the banners on the outer walls, proclaiming, as we went, "the archery club."

"All ready." "Get up there, Bill,"—a crack of the whip, a cheer, a blast from the horns, and we are off.

The party was at once resolved into boys and girls for the occasion, and a jolly good time agreed upon.

Passing up the main street, friends waved handkerchiefs, and were answered in turn, accompanied by cheers and the deafening horns.

Those who have been on such a ride know something of the fun to be had with a jolly party, and those who have not ought to try it. 'Tis warranted to cure the blues, dyspepsia, and all kindred complaints, for the time at least.

Rain during the night had laid the dust and gave the morning air an agreeable freshness. On we go, over the high land, giving us a fine view of the Charles River, with Mount Ida and the several portions of Newton beyond; through the busy town of Waltham, where the townspeople gaze wonderingly at this first public exhibition of the coming of archery; then, climbing the long Bear Hill, we pass through the quiet little villages of Stony Brook, Silver Hill, and South Lincoln, and a short distance beyond, turning in through a farmyard, we are soon on the shore of Fairhaven Bay, an enlargement of Concord River. Here we have a place for an archer's picnic that can scarce be excelled: a fine grove, and just beyond an oval glade some two hundred yards long, with paths winding off in different

directions through the woods. The soil being light and sandy, only a thin turf and short grass covers the glade, while not a stone is found to injure the arrows, snaking is impossible, and the surrounding woods break any wind that may blow.

"How I wish we had a range like this in our town," is the unanimous expression. Here we set up our targets and indulge in long and short range shooting, roving, and flighting.

An hour or two of this sport, and the ladies withdraw to arrange for our lunch, to the partaking of which we are soon called.

On the soft carpet under the pines the cloth has been spread, and in tailor or Roman position we surround it. Mrs. S. well understands the wants of such a party, as shown by the large dish of lobster salad which commands the centre, flanked by cold beef, ham, tongue, and eggs, protected in front and rear by bread, rolls, pies, and cakes, with sentinels of pickles, olives, and the other etceteras, while coffee, milk, and lemonade skirmish around on the outside.

A short though vigorous campaign, and we are possessed of the citadel, where all join in discussing the trophies; then jokes and stories are in order, until some adventurous spirit breaks the circle by proposing some new game, while others stroll off through the winding woodways after wild flowers, or take a paddle in the old leaky boat in search of water lilies. Thus quickly and pleasantly pass the hours, until the declining sun reminds us of the arrival of the hour for our return.

A bite of the leavings, for those who wish it, and we re-embark for what proves not the least enjoyable portion of the day, our moonlight ride homeward.

Retracing our drive by the pale moonlight, it seems almost a different route from that of the bright morning, and light hearts break out with song, —

"Happy are we and free from care,"

followed by a curious medley of Moody and Sankey tunes, the good old Methodist hymns, and the lighter airs of the day, until, reaching our quiet little town at a seasonable hour, with tired bodies and a page of pleasant recollections, we bid each other "good night."

A. N. DREW.

ARCHERY CLUBS

ORITANI ARCHERS. — The present organization is as follows: President, Wakeman Holberton; vice-president, Miss Hattie Van Boskerck; secretary and treasurer, Irving Wood; executive committee, the officers, Miss S. C. Hopper, and Maj. W. C. Beecher. The number of members is now about thirty-five. The club was organized on 1 May, 1877.

NEW YORK A. C. — *Editor of Archery Field*: — The New York Archery Club is located this winter in the 8th Regiment Armory, through the courtesy of Col. Scott. The drill room does not give them a longer range than forty yards,

but this is sufficient for indoor archery by gaslight; and the other accommodations are so very pleasant and cosey that the present quarters are really an improvement over the spacious hall of the 9th Armory used last winter.

The indoor season opened on Saturday evening, 4 December, with the ladies' match for the championship or "Columbia Badge," the conditions being ninety arrows at forty yards, Mrs. De Luna winning the coveted prize on a score of 402 points. A large number of lady and gentleman guests lined the sides of the hall, and the keen interest evinced in the sport showed the attractions which archery possesses even for those uninitiated in the charms of this healthful recreation.

The lighting of the hall is not yet all that can be desired; for although the two centre targets are well and brilliantly illuminated, the ones on the sides are not lighted as well as was expected by the reflectors on the wall; but this difficulty can be obviated by a change in the position of the side lights and the use of still larger reflectors. Everything will be done to obtain as perfect an illumination of the targets as is possible.

As the protection of the walls in indoor shooting is of paramount importance, it may prove interesting to other clubs to know that after patient, repeated, and expensive experiments with excelsior mattresses, cotton, rattan, and cocoa mattings, and canvas, our preference is decidedly in favor of the latter, which we now use in the form of loose double curtains, 12 x 12 feet square, suspended from the ceiling back of the targets; the two pieces of canvas, or double curtains, presenting a space of eight inches between them. It is utterly impossible for an arrow to penetrate both pieces of canvas if they are properly hung.

The New York club will meet during the winter on Wednesdays at 2, and on Saturdays at 8 P. M., and archers of good standing, who may happen to be in the city at such times, will always be cordially welcomed. The armory is on the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Ninth avenue. ANUL.

DRIFT AND WAG

MODESTY is a virtue, but "Scrub Shot" thinks archers have too much of it. "On the Pacific Coast," he says, "we imagine that all the good shots are east of the Rocky Mountains." We don't think that way over here, Brother Shot.

THE VETERAN archer, Will H. Thompson, Esq., will hereafter favor our readers with articles from his graceful pen.

A NEW YORK bowman approves our editorial on "Fine Archery Goods," and thinks archers want to know more about weapons and less about manufacturers; "but we would like to know what style of bow and what style and weight of arrows prominent archers use."

MR. A. S. BROWNELL is meeting a hospitable welcome with the archers of

San Francisco. He was invited to a Thanksgiving dinner at the residence of Mr. Frank C. Havens, and afterwards joined in a practice shoot.

FROM ANOTHER correspondent we learn that at the Thanksgiving practice shoot, 96 arrows at 60 yards, Mr. Frank C. Havens made 96-522. The other scores are not received.

MR. A. W. HAVENS is archery editor of the *Olympian*, and a right good editor, too. We cannot speed the feather as gracefully as he does, but we hope some day to meet him before the same target in a literal sense, as we do now in a figurative.

ROVING ARCHERY is distinct from lawn or target archery, inasmuch as the roving archer seeks his marks the hills and dales over, and the lawn archer does not wander beyond the limits of the practice range. The good bowman who has practiced losing his arrows at "rovers," as miscellaneous marks are called, can always make a fair record on the target, but the archer who has confined himself to target shooting, finds it difficult to score well in a roving match. The laws of roving archery are very simple. A party of ladies and gentlemen, bows in hand and quivers full, start across the fields. They choose sides, or each individual works for his own place in a game. One selects a mark at a stump of a tree, a clod of earth, — anything, so it is easily distinguished, and all the band have a good view of the object indicated. The distance lies with the archer who makes the selection; it may be 50 or 60, 100 or 120 yards. Each then shoots in turn, and the archer that has shot his arrow nearest the object claims a point, and has the privilege of selecting the next mark. The first roving archery club in this vicinity was organized in Oakland last month. It is composed of three ladies and five gentlemen. The outfit of the band, in addition to their weapons of archery, is a large knapsack which contains a generous lunch, a scoring book in which all the notes of the expedition are entered, to be recopied and enlarged by the secretary of the club afterward, and a light case for botanical specimens, germs, wild flowers, insects, — anything, in fact, of interest that may be encountered in the course of the expedition. Who shall carry these burdens is decided by lot. English walking shoes, or shoes of any pattern, so long as they are strong, roomy, and comfortable, must be worn by every member of the club when on duty, as it is very rightly concluded that nothing is more disagreeable on a long tramp than the complaints and wailings of one of the party who may be suffering from cramped feet. In place of the bugle-horn which the old bowmen of Merry England's days carried, an ivory whistle hangs by the quiver of each archer, the captain only being in possession of a horn, three blasts on which are a signal to the lunch bearer to join him, and to the other archers, who may be scattered

some distance apart, that their leader has found a shady place for refreshments; and this call is always obeyed with alacrity. — *San Francisco Bulletin*.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

AMHERST BI. C. — The membership of this club now numbers twenty-five. Uniform, seal-brown flannel, coat and knee breeches; navy-blue shirt and stockings. The officers are: — President, E. G. Rand; Captain, Paul Blatchford; Sub-Captain, W. H. Crittenden; Secretary and Treasurer, H. A. Tucker.

ARIEL BI. C. — This club was organized in Chicago, on 10 September, 1880, and numbers fourteen (14) members. The officers are: Capt. Jno. B. Lyon, Jr.; Sub-Captain, George Keene; Secretary and Treasurer, L. W. Fuller (2,900 Michigan ave., Chicago). The club colors are cardinal and black. Costume, short sacque coat and knee breeches of dark corduroy; white flannel shirt, blue stockings, and dark blue polo cap. The club frequently meets for short runs to suburban towns and return, but will take no long run until warmer weather.

OAKLAND BI. C. — Finding that there were enough active riders in Oakland, California, to form a club, we had a meeting and a preliminary organization, followed by another on 18 August, at which officers were elected, constitution adopted, and a uniform decided upon. The latter consists of blue knee breeches with brown stockings, low shoes, blue shirt, blue sacque coat, and blue jockey cap. The officers are: Captain, George H. Strong; Lieutenant, L. M. Brooks; Secretary, C. L. Goddard. The number of members is now twenty-one. On Thanksgiving day we had our first racing meet at the half-mile track, which is situated on the right side of the Cliff House road, just before reaching the hill. The proprietor scraped the track, and put it in as good condition as a sandy track could be put in; still it was rather soft and rough in some places. All the machines were ordinary roadsters, except Eggers', and he was the only one who was in any condition. These advantages told, as you will see. A report of the races is given elsewhere.

P. E. A. BI. C. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — On the 9th of October, about twelve energetic wheelmen met in one of the rooms of the academy and agreed to organize a bicycle club, to be known as the "Phillips Exeter Academy Bicycle Club," and elected officers as follows: President, G. Woodbury; Captain, D. H. McAlpine, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, S. R. Varick; Directors, F. S. Haines and E. I. K. Noyes.

From that time on others have joined our little band, until at present our list of members numbers twenty-two.

The club has made many pleasant spins to Portsmouth, Rye Beach, Hampton Beach, etc. Now that the snow has come,

we have been compelled to stable our machines; but we hope in a little while to be able to mount our favorites and enjoy a turn around the Town Hall, for the club is negotiating with the proprietor of this, the largest hall in town, for the use of it as a place to exercise the muscles of their legs and to become familiar with their wiry steeds.

The sizes of machines range from thirty-eight inches to fifty-six inches.

M. C.

6 DECEMBER, 1880.

PROVIDENCE BI. C. — *Editor of the Bicycling World*: — At the annual meeting of the Providence Bi. Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, *unanimously*: President, Albert G. Carpenter; Captain, William H. Richmond; Sec'y and Treasurer, William J. Burton; Lieutenant, John A. Cross; Guide, Frank Harris; Ex. Committee, first three officers (ex. officers), Jesse Howard, Harry F. Lippitt.

The club at present numbers twenty-five, all active members.

The weather of the past week has put a stop to road riding here, but one or two of our members have been out to Roger Williams' Park on the ice.

Our president proposes, a little later in the season, if possible, to have the club at Mashpang pond, where his ice-houses are situated, and have a half-mile scrub race straight-away, and we are anticipating a pleasant time. At the last meeting, the subject of a club uniform was broached, and a number were found who are not satisfied with the present one; and in accordance with a motion passed, the president appointed a committee of three to report at the next meeting, and from the composition of the committee, I think we shall have the uniform and have it uniform, — hat, coat, shirt, breeches, stockings, shoes, and cravat, — so look out for us next spring. The interest in bicycling is steadily increasing in this vicinity; quite a number of non-riders are learning at Capt. Richmonds' riding school, and in the spring we shall have probably quite an addition to our club; and here I would like to say, that I think bi. clubs cannot be too careful as to whom they admit to membership, as his being a member of a club is generally sufficient guarantee for his being a gentleman, and as it is the individual members of a club by which we judge the whole, I think we cannot be too careful.

The Providence Club went to Boston the 26th of November, and now we are waiting for spring to come so we can repay the many courtesies shown us at that time by the Crescent Club. We received quite a compliment at Canton when returning on the 10.30 train: through the courtesy of the baggage-master (and he is a gentleman), we occupied the baggage car, and amused ourselves and the baggage-master (?) by singing gospel hymns. We are all good singers, and a person at Canton asked the conductor if he had a menagerie in that car. Yours truly,

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

BOSTON BI. C. — The regular monthly meeting of the Boston Bi. Club was held in the new headquarters, 40 Providence street, on Monday evening, 6 December, and was well attended, there being twenty-one members present.

After the regular business was transacted, which included the admission of several new members, among whom was Mr. E. P. Sharp, formerly of the Suffolk Bi. C., who is one of the fastest men in the country for one mile, the club took up the report of the Committee on Uniforms, and proceeded to discuss the same.

It was found that there was about twenty different opinions regarding the subject, but after several ballots and reconsiderations the following was adopted:

Color — Dark green. Cut — Patrol jacket, cut to the form, buttoned in front, small standing collar with B. Bi. C. in silver cord embroidered on it, close-fitting knee-breeches buttoned below the knee. Cap — The New York Club cap, with several alterations and additions. Stockings — Dark gray. The matter of a distinctive mark of rank for the officers was left open until the next meeting. The reports of the secretary and treasurer and of the House Committee were accepted. The committee on revising the rules and regulations of the club then read their report, which was accepted, and after a vote of thanks being passed to them for their labor, the report was laid on the table for future consideration at the next regular meeting.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. N. T. Kidder, E. P. Sharp, and A. L. Woodman, were appointed to make arrangements for the annual club dinner in February.

Capt. S. T. Clark, of the Baltimore Bi. C., was present by invitation at the meeting, and cordially welcomed.

The club twenty-mile championship medal was formally awarded by the president (who was one of the judges) to Mr. J. S. Dean, the winner of the race on 19 October last.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

THE New York Club is carpentering, plumbing, papering, painting, upholstering, and carpeting.

MR. PIERRE NOEL carries a pocket lantern no bigger than a quarter of a dollar, and Mr. Wright sports a cane that shoots off sky-rockets, snakes, etc.

AT a meeting of the Lenox Bi. Club, held 29 November, it was unanimously voted to join the L. A. W., and Mr. A. Hilton, son of Judge Hilton, was elected an active member.

LAST Wednesday, a forlorn-looking specimen of the dog kind pawed at the door of 791, and whined for admittance. After he had thawed out by the fire, partaken of a good meal, and had his coat brushed, he appeared quite a creditable brute, or as one of the boys expressed it, "sort of a cross between a Humber and Boneshaker." By a vote of fourteen ayes,

he was christened Treadles, and told to make himself at home.

MONS. PAUL DEVILLERS, the editor of the *Sport Véloépidique*, is charming in his English. In a notice to the *Wheel*, he says: "Forward you back our numbers not out." This is the way Bêlard expresses himself: "I will race some more times now not till next summer comes."

MR. THEO. IVES and MR. GIBBONS FOSTER sailed a week ago for North Carolina, where they intend spending the winter months. Quite a party of Mercurites were "on deck" to see them off. Tommy was quite overcome with grief at the separation of his office chums, and in a fit of hysterics was led home between Wright and Wallace. Latty walked to the Brooklyn ferry before he could shake the low spirits that depressed him; while Neergaard endeavored to hide the true state of his feelings by expatiating on the large size of the state-room tumblers. Havermeyer has not shot a duck.

AFTER scouring the city from the Battery to the Harlem River, interviewing real-estate agents by the score, and expending a small fortune in advertisements, Mr. Wright has at last succeeded in securing a hall for a school. The new venture is known as Harlem Temple, and is located at 125 E. 125th street. The hours for beginners are every day but Saturday and Sunday, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings; the hours for riders are every evening but Tuesday and Friday, and on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday nights will be devoted to drills, or manœuvres and evolutions similar to those given at Dickel's riding academy, and if the attendance warrants it, music will be provided. At the end of the hall is a small stage upon which an entertainment will be given once each month.

YES, Peter, we comprehend your method for gaining admittance to the Park, and rejoice to hear that you have managed to get rid of that lead 50-cent piece.

A wide-awake, Central Park cop,
Excitedly told me to stop;
When I /ee-bly opposed
The injunction, he dozed.
I rode thro' the Park. Do you drop?

KNICK O'BOCKER.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME ENCOURAGING WORDS from generous subscribers and indulgent readers reach us by almost every mail, and we are tempted to share a few with other contributors and readers. A Chicagoian says, "I am glad you are warranted in making the *WORLD* a weekly. You have my sympathy in your work"; a Philadelphian, "By all means continue my subscription. I look for the *WORLD*'s coming with much pleasure, and should miss it exceedingly"; a Germantown wheelman, "It gives me pleasure to renew my subscription to your sparkling periodical. I shall be glad to welcome it weekly hereafter, as, if as interesting during the coming year as in the one just past, the

gratification of its perusal will be exactly doubled. I have sometimes felt almost as much exhilarated after running over the *WORLD* as I would have felt after spinning over a mile of asphalt"; a Pittsburger, "If all subscribers to the *BICYCLING WORLD* AND *ARCHERY FIELD* were as much pleased as the writer to know that its visits are to be twice as often in future, they would send on their renewal of subscription with such cheerfulness as would delight your heart. Wish every bicyclist would try it for a year, and give it up then if he can"; and a Detroit subscriber himself to the following: "Please continue to slide a copy of your jolly little paper in my direction. Am very glad it is a weekly, and still more that it comes a day earlier, as it used to come just too late to enjoy it Sunday. Hoping that your *BICYCLING WORLD* AND *ARCHERY FIELD* will continue to please every one as it pleases me, I subscribe myself, a lover of the two 'sports' you are doing so much to encourage."

But these are sufficient for specimens, though we have many more of similar tenor; and now, that we may not seem to cull all one way, we give the only adverse expression which we have received. It bears date, "Augusta, 29 November, 1880," and its postmark indicates that it came from Maine. Fortunately that could be read; but it is often the case that when a correspondent neglects to give full address on a letter, we have to do some close guess-work. This correspondent leaves nothing to be guessed at. He addresses us: "Ed. Bi. World Boston Dear Sir Yours duly recd." Lucid composition needs little punctuation; his none. It is more respectful to a stranger not to abbreviate his name on the half or quarter, but we are so often called "Ed." around home that we don't mind; and then the "Bi." is the principal part of it. The crisp sentence which follows reflects credit upon our postal system, if, as we suppose, "yours" refers to our paper, which is mailed every Thursday forenoon; but as he is n't a subscriber, and we never saw or heard of him before, and didn't send him any paper or anything, the balance of credit, above that due the Post-Office Department, must be given to some one else, or to some hereditary Ananiasic tendency in the writer's mind. "I *acknowledge*," he continues, "the apology but *can not accept*, when masked by such lame excuses; make it *frank* and I shall be glad to be as leinent as the case will allow." He probably refers to some "apology" he wishes to make, as we never made one, to him at any rate. We shouldn't make an apology to any one when he was "masked," either as a Ku-Klux or a domino, or any other way, especially not if he were "masked by lame excuses." We are trying to be "frank" with him, certainly; and we should judge that he was already "leinent" on something, though it may be only the Ananiasic derangement before suggested. The spicy parts of his letter, however, are to follow. Hereafter

we shall "flavor" our "sheets" with heliotrope, and admire the Augustan's devotion and courtesy:—

"Don't flavor your sheets with low insinuations, nor waste your energy in raking up old stale jokes and *always remember* my advice of a few days ago. Bear in mind yours is not the only Bicycling paper in the country—*thank God!*"

"Your *insolence* is only equaled by your ability to confound facts with hallucinations."

"The *tone* of this paper will remind you of my latest communication—'I only deal with *gentlemen*.'"

"Yours etc. etc. etc."

"H. C. DEWITT."

Mr. De Witt must be a nice man or an ice man, or something of the sort, and if he had less wit in his name and more in his head he might be a valuable correspondent; as it is, we shall not encourage further familiarities on his part. If he is n't overwhelmed with recognition of his courtesy and success as an ice man or a wheelman, or an alleged bicycle agent on the Kennebec, we can put him to use in our office, which would make him wiser if not better, and probably less fond of using much ink.

BEACON PARK MANAGEMENT.—The annual meeting of the Athletic Department of the Boston Driving and Athletic Association was held at the Tremont House, on Monday, 6 December, at 8 P. M.

The secretary reported that the Association now numbered 239, three of whom are junior members.

The treasurer's report showed the department to be free from debt, and recited the correspondence with Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes which had led to that result. Mr. Forbes had generously offered to take upon himself the debt of the department incurred in laying out the grounds and in other ways; and a letter from the directors thanking him for the gift, and pledging the members to carry out his intentions in such a way as to make the institution of value to the community, was unanimously indorsed by the meeting.

The following gentlemen were chosen directors for the ensuing year: J. Malcolm Forbes, C. H. Williams, R. S. Russell, Henry G. Pickering, Geo. A. Sawyer, Arthur T. Cabot, Edw. C. Hodges, Geo. F. Roberts, P. F. Ferris, Henry Howland.

This board subsequently chose the following executive committee: H. F. Fay, P. F. Ferris, James Dwight.

They also elected Mr. Henry G. Pickering, 54 Devonshire street, Boston, secretary.

The retiring executive committee reported that careful estimates showed that the running expenses of the ensuing year could be met by \$10 assessments on the present list of members, so that the association is financially in the best possible condition.

Great interest was manifested in bicycling, and it appeared to be the unanimous opinion of those present that it would

be desirable to have bicyclers join the association, and to that end it is proposed to put the track in first-class condition for bicycling, provided a sufficient number of names can be secured to warrant it. Mr. E. C. Hodges, Boston Bi. C., was elected one of the directors to represent bicycling. The association starts this year under very favorable circumstances, being free from debt. It simply remains with those interested in athletic sports to join the association, and in that way Boston will be able to have athletic grounds second to none in the country.

BOOKS AND PAGES

"IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS, and can it be transmitted by Means of Food?" is the full title of a carefully written volume of 178 pages, by Herbert C. Clapp, A. M., M. D., published in Boston and Providence by Otis Clapp & Son, and which discusses an exceedingly interesting subject, relating to what has sometimes been characterized as a New England disease.

Dr. Clapp states in his preface that "Our knowledge is not sufficiently accurate to enable us to give just now, with mathematical exactness, a positive answer to these questions; but it is very doubtful if any thoughtful person can read through these seven chapters without being persuaded that there is something in it, and that to a certain extent at least, and under certain conditions, consumption is contagious." Among the results which he suggests should be obtained by an agitation of the question, are, that no person should be allowed to sleep in the same bed or in the same room with a consumptive, or to remain in too close or too constant attendance on a consumptive; that ventilation as perfect as possible should be secured; and that a rigid inspection of meat coming to markets, and cows furnishing milk, should be insisted on for the public safety. The author does not think it advisable to risk the terrifying people by telling them it is contagious, but believes in a truthful and candid presentation of the subject, so far as it is to be known, and to the consideration of it he has brought a conscientious handling and presentment of observed cases, a lucid chapter of "deductions," a chapter on the transmission of tuberculosis by means of food, and other interesting matter. "It is now pretty generally agreed that the pearl disease in cows is absolutely identical with tuberculosis in man," and that from a large number of experiments, "the preponderance of evidence and the authority of the greatest names in medicine are decidedly in favor of the transmissibility of tuberculosis from animals to men" by the use of that meat and milk from phthisical cattle.

The book is likely to create considerable discussion, and if it leads to the securing of more careful government inspection of live stock transported for meat, and more general carefulness for

the health of cows supplying milk for domestic use, it will prove very useful.

BRENTANO'S MONTHLY for December is at hand, with its budget of practical and entertaining literature of the various pastimes. It is particularly full and instructive this time on billiards. There is a paper on Central Park and the bicycle, by Wentworth Rollins; brief archery notes; an illustrated description of Fetherston's patent propeller, and another on ice yachting; a "Story of the Snowy Christmas"; a paper on the base-ball season of 1879, by Henry Chadwick; and other interesting matter. The frontispiece shows models of three fine yachts.

WRIGHT AND DITSON'S *Journal of American Pastimes*, Vol. 3, No. 5, is just at hand, and with its many illustrations and descriptive paragraphs of the various implements of exercise, is a very interesting journal. It is published semi-annually, in May and November, and may be had free at 580 Washington street, Boston.

THE ST. NICHOLAS for December is a Christmas number, bearing a fine design on the cover, a beautiful frontispiece after Leonardo da Vinci, the Madonna of the Lily, and containing an unusual number of attractively illustrated articles for the young people. The January issue will also be made appropriate to the glad holiday season. Some of the new features in these two numbers are the "Land of Nod," which is a beautiful operetta, "Treasure Box of Literature," a fine story of the "Floating Prince," and a novel parlor and school exercise for the little folks, called the "Fan Brigade."

THE following is from the Germantown *Telegraph*:—

BICYCLES, RAILWAYS, AND HORSES.—A shocking and fatal accident has occurred to a carriage with ladies and a party of female equestrians in Brooklyn, L. I., in consequence of the carriage horses taking fright at a young lad who was riding a bicycle. Thereupon our journalistic brethren in various quarters feel moved to moralize upon the dangers of permitting men and boys to ride bicycles in public places where horses are liable to take fright at them. The horse is indeed a very uncertain animal, and does manage to take fright at all sorts of things, including bicycles, railroad cars, boys' kites, shooting crackers, sky-rockets, and brass bands. If, therefore, we undertake to suppress everything that is likely to frighten an occasional horse, the catalogue will be a very extensive one. We have ourselves seen horses so accustomed to unusual sights of all kinds that the swiftest railroad train might rush past them or over a bridge while they were passing under it, without in the least degree disturbing their equanimity. In fact, nothing is better settled than that horses can be accustomed to all the things that seem most to disturb their nerves. War-horses have of necessity been trained to the roar of artillery and mus-

ketry, or they would be utterly useless on the field of battle. In the streets of Philadelphia the noisiest brass bands parade everywhere without occasioning any runaway accidents; and so we presume the proper conclusion to be reached is that the owners of fine horses will have to give some attention to the training of them not to take fright at little boys' kites, fireworks, velocipedes, bicycles, railway trains, dummy engines, or in fact anything else. Those persons who neglect to do so will have to take the consequences."

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.

All remittances should be by bank draft, registered letter, post-office money-order, or bill of exchange, directed to E. C. HODGES & Co., 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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TO BICYCLE AGENTS.

In answer to many letters of inquiry regarding our *Directory of Agents*, we have set up a few names, to show the arrangement, space, etc.

This directory is designed to meet a demand for a cheap and profitable method of advertising for those agents who do not desire to occupy a larger space in our columns during the winter season.

It will show what agents are alive to and doing the business, and be a handy page of reference to the touring bicyclist, directing him where to find sundries, get the latest news and best information as to routes, hotels, etc., and where to introduce friends who intend purchasing machines.

The directory will appear in every issue of the *WORLD*, and will commence probably with No. 9, 7 January, 1881. Applications for space should be sent in on or before 1 January.

E. C. HODGES & CO.

DIRECTORY

OF

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RIDING SCHOOLS, OUTFITTERS, Etc.

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96 Worcester Street.

THE POPE MFG. CO.
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COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY,
Cor. 5th Ave. and Smithfield St.

SEND \$3.00 FOR A BOUND COPY OF
THE "BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCH-
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JAS. NOTMAN,
Photographer,

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Special attention given to taking PORTRAITS of
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An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invested less than \$350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL-FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the only paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers, of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information, address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

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THE 'CYCLIST,

Which is not only the cheapest, but
the largest and best got-up bicy-
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Everything of importance or of interest to bicyclers fully reported, attention being given to matters of general and universal interest rather than to local and comparatively uninteresting news. The only English bicycling paper giving attention to AMERICAN WHEEL MATTERS.

EDITED BY

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Author of | Author of
The "Indispensable," | The "Bicycle Annual."

Published every Wednesday. Price, One Penny.

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A magazine, now in its fifth year of publication, devoted to a full and reliable record of Athletics, Rifle, Archery, Turf, Yachting, Rowing, Canoeing, Base-Ball, Cricket, Polo, Lacrosse, Bicycling, Billiards, Fishing, Coaching, Hunting, Kennel, and all health-giving pastimes by field and water. Its corps of contributors enjoy a fairly won distinction for their ability; among them, Col. Stuart M. Taylor, Prof. William Wood, Capt. Luce, U. S. N., D. S. Sargent, M. D., Stephen Fiske, etc.; and among its noms-de-plume of literary repute are Corinthian, Nauta, Cuttyhunk, Windward, Coxswain, and Devoted Oarsman.

The mission of the Magazine is to elevate the pastimes to which its pages are exclusively devoted.

As the only publication of its kind in this country, it relies with confidence on, and claims the support of, all organizations devoted to out-door sports.

A beautiful full-page illustration each month; also additional minor illustrations of the more important events.

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A Machine especially constructed to meet the demand for a SAFE, LIGHT and SWIFT METHOD for LOCOMOTION.

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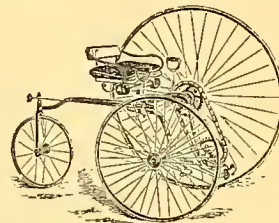
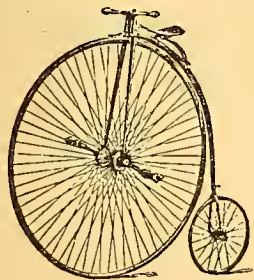
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We make the Special Columbia from 46 to 60 inches; price, for 46 in., \$105.00, to \$122.50 for 60 in., half bright. All bright, \$10.00 extra; full nickel, \$15.00 additional. The best value for the money attained in a bicycle.

The Standard Columbia is a strong, durable roadster, built with a view to withstand the rough usage incidental to touring over ordinary American roads, and for hard work has no equal. It is of graceful model, built of the best materials and carefully finished in every particular. The thousands in daily use fully attest the merits of this favorite machine.

The price of the Standard Columbia, half bright, is, for a 42 in., \$80.00, up to \$100.00 for 58 in. Full nickel, \$22.50 extra.

The Mustang is a cheaper Bicycle, all painted, for those who cannot afford to buy a better one. We make them in smaller sizes, from 36 to 46 in., from, for 36 in., \$50.00, to \$65.00 for 46 in.

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THE POPE M'F'G. CO.

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2. It is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen.
3. It is the special organ of the Archery Associations.
4. It contains more matter relating to either Bicycling or Archery than all the other papers of the country.
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.