

THE Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

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

WILLIAM E. GILMAN EDITOR.
JOSEPH H. DEAN, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.
E. C. HODGES & CO. PUBLISHERS.

To Contributors.

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

BOSTON, 13 JANUARY, 1882.

EDITORIAL SPOKES

OUR Prince wants to be King.

DETROIT wants the L. A. W. Annual Meet held there.

FULL reports of the Prince-Keen and Frye-Vesey races next week.

MANY of our readers have our thanks for kind New-Year wishes. May they ever, etc., etc.

WILL club secretaries oblige us by sending reports of annual and semi-annual meetings as soon as possible after they occur?

THE inter club race between Chicago and Milwaukee seems to hang fire, and now one is projected between the big feet of Chicago and little legs of Louisville.

BRING your ladies to the Institute Building races Saturday evening, and have them well and warmly wrapped, as the place may be chilly, there being such an immense area to be heated.

THE Louisville Sunday *Commercial* has long maintained a lively and entertaining bicycling department, and now the *Courier-Journal* and *Evening Post* of

that city, have begun to give space to wheel doings.

THE Louisville *Commercial's* bicycle man says people stare at bicyclers "because they are centaurs of attraction." He also asks what the New Year will bring forth, and before we have time to think it over, he shouts out: "Bring Fourth o' July, of course!"

WE inadvertently left out of last week's issue Hill & Tolman's advertisement of the automatic alarm. Our readers may see it this week, however; and since we see our English friends discussing the comparative merits of bells, we would recommend them to inquire into the merit of this most excellent one.

WE took several spins over the track at the Fair building, Monday, and were surprised at its excellence for the races. Accurate surveys give exactly five laps to the mile, and the line was being painted accordingly. Frye, Prince, Harrison, and several other racing men were practising over the course, and all were delighted with it. It is a very short ellipse—almost round, in fact, and the turns are so long as scarcely to be perceptible, and if the men are in as good condition, there is no reason why all previous indoor records may not be lowered.

UNION A. C. WINTER GAMES.

WE had occasion last year to congratulate Mr. Ferris on his original enterprise in striking out from the traditional athletic programme as given by athletic clubs all over the country. This year he has done even better,—in fact, we do not see how it could be improved upon. The bicyclers, at least, should be satisfied; out of twelve events they secure four, viz., three races, and an exhibition which Mr. Ferris tells the officers of his club he considers his trump card for the entertainment. The races are one and two mile and a slow race, for which gold and silver medals are to be given to first and second in each race, and an elegant silk club trophy for the Crescent Club exhibition drill. If athletic organizations in other cities would drop their prejudices, and note the "writing on the wall," and seek self-interest in adding similar events, their treasuries would be replenished thereby, and enable them to provide better facilities for outdoor athletics. The club's enterprise in securing the Mechanics' Building is commendable, as it is one of the best of the very few halls in New England at all suitable for such sports. We hope and believe that the public will show their appreciation by a large attendance. We are informed that the one item of prizes

is to cost \$400. Money may not be made, but the club will have the great satisfaction of knowing that they help by these means the true cause of physical culture. As a reminder to our military friends that we do not forget all other sports but our own, we hope they will do a little work, and make at least a good show against the doughty Seventh Regiment (N. Y.) Tug-of-War team, who have for two seasons vanquished all our crack military athletes. We have it on the authority of Mr. Ferris—and there is no better—that with three weeks' practice there is material enough in the Cadets for two teams to make more than a match for the Seventh.

RACING.

WE do not intend to write in defence of racing from a personal standpoint, but only as it benefits the riders of the bicycle on account of its effect on the public, and the improvement in the construction of the machine. We cannot but feel charitable towards the racing man, when we reflect that to him we are indebted for so many improvements in the make-up of the bicycle, which materially aid us in road riding and touring. It was his thought and experiments which gave us the competition among the makers, and turned out the light, strong, and almost perfect bicycle of to-day. The road rider, it is true, has furnished us with improved and easy springs, good bells and lamps; but the demand of the racing bicyclist produced our long handle bar, ball bearings, etc. Racing appeals to the public in a way which no other use of the wheel can; it interests the public press, and keeps the subject of bicycling before that class of people which will keep our ranks full of devotees and enthusiasts. The uninitiated, as all riders well know, are more interested from the start in the speed and distance a rider can go in a given time, than in the fact that a man has ridden from one point to another, with numerous stops and dismounts. To touring and road riding we must always appeal to obtain the respect of the public for the wheel; but as an adjunctive and different use of the bicycle, let us encourage the racer to reduce the records, and show the possibilities of the machine. If Cortis had not raced and made twenty miles in one hour and a few seconds, would we be justified in the assertion that in speed the bicycle was only vied with by the steam engine? And to

Appleyard, who rode from Bath to London, a distance of 100 miles, in 7 hours 18 minutes 55 seconds, we are indebted for our argument that as a means of locomotion the horse is put into the shade. Judicious racing is not injurious to health; it is only when it is carried to excess by those who are not physically able to withstand the strain that it is hurtful in its effects. Let us do nothing to discourage legitimate and proper racing, although we personally may not care to use our own machines and muscles for this purpose. "Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness" are, it is said, engendered and increased by the rivalry created between our record makers; but is it confined to racing men? Would not the same temperaments be affected by competition in any of the pursuits of our every-day life? Better legs and lungs are no cause for jealousy, and will not cause any among those who have true and good hearts. We are continually being outstripped by others in the race of life, but go plodding on and compete with those whose capabilities are not superior to ours. Let our riders use the wheel for whatever purpose they see fit, whether it be for pleasure or business. To the racing man we appeal for the possibilities of the wheel, and to our road riders for its ordinary capabilities. Let us have both, and build around us a barrier which cannot be assailed by our opponents from any side. J. S. D.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

WORCESTER BI. CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Bicycle Club was held Wednesday evening, 4 January, and the following were elected officers for the six months' term ensuing: President, Waldo Lincoln; captain, Fred. S. Pratt; sub-captain, A. W. Darling; secretary and treasurer, E. F. Tolman. A call to supper brought out a full attendance at the meeting. The members present favored Washington as the place for the L. A. W. Annual Meet.

E. F. TOLMAN, Sec.

WORCESTER, MASS., 6 January, 1882.

NEW BEDFORD BI. CLUB.—*Editor Bicycling World*:—At the regular meeting of the New Bedford Bicycle Club, held 7 November, 1881, the resignation of Mr. H. L. Dwight as secretary of the club was received and accepted, and O. Frank Bly was elected to fill the vacancy.

O. FRANK BLY,

Sec. N. B. Bi. Club, P. O. Box No. 323.

NEW BEDFORD, 4 January, 1882.

SPRINGFIELD BI. CLUB.—Our club which was permanently organized last

year, and did much during the summer and fall months toward furthering the interest in bicycling in this city, is already making arrangements for a grand bicycle tournament to take place in here some time next spring. The programme, as far as completed, comprises two parts: the exhibition at Hampden Park during the day, in which the races will combine speed and endurance, and the exhibition of fancy riding and club drills at the City Hall in the evening. Only amateurs will be allowed to contest for the prizes, which will amount in all to about \$1,000. The following is the programme for the park: Five-mile race, first prize, \$150, second, \$50, third, \$25; two-mile race, best two in three, first, \$100, second, \$50, third, \$25, fourth, \$10; mile race, best two in three, first, \$75, second, \$50, third, \$25, fourth, \$10; half-mile dash, first, \$50, second, \$25, third, \$15, fourth, \$10; slow race, 100 yards, first, \$25, second, \$15, third, \$10. At the City Hall in the morning, for the best club drill of not less than four members nor more than six, first, \$100, second, \$50, third, \$25, fourth, \$10; best exhibition of fancy riding, single, first, \$50, second, \$25, third, \$10, fourth, \$5; best exhibition of fancy riding by twos, first, \$75, second, \$50, third, \$25. There will be two bands of music in attendance, both at the park and the hall; and after the fancy riding is over in the evening, the tournament will probably be wound up with a ball in honor of the visiting bicyclers. Our boys are fully aware of the fact that they have work before them if they intend to keep some of the prizes in this city, and will accordingly go into training for the event, early. The races which were held at the park in connection with the Grand Army field day served to awaken considerable enthusiasm for the sport, and a tournament was then talked of for last fall, but the season was then so far advanced that it was impossible to bring it about; but this one which the club proposes for the spring will be on a much grander scale, and cannot but prove a success if well carried out, and will at least prove something of a novelty.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 4 January, 1882. ** **

THE Hub Bicycle Club No. 2 announce their first annual ball to take place at Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton street, Thursday evening, 19 January. Brown's band will furnish the music, and the committee in charge are Messrs. Turpin, chairman; Oxley, secretary; Cruckendale, Drummond, Woods, Bryant, Hart, Walker, Selden and Roberts. This is the only bicycle club in the country composed of colored young men, and they are a wide-awake set of fellows, and should be liberally patronized and encouraged. Frank Hart, the plucky young pedestrian, is one of the committee, and we expect he will some day win new laurels as a bicyclist.

VICE-PRESIDENT SNYDER, of the Essex Bicycle Club, Orange, N. J., under date of 5 January, writes: "Our club re-

ception takes place this evening, and promises to be a brilliant gathering of the *élite* of Newark and Orange.... Many of the boys are ordering new wheels, and there will be a boom in bicycling here next spring. I am going to mount a 60-inch, if nothing happens."

AT the regular January meeting of the Missouri Bicycle Club, Mack Evans was expelled from the club for conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

Bicycling in Europe.

ENGLAND is the home of bicycling. An exercise so exhilarating would not fail to be popular with the sport-loving Englishman. He is fond of all athletic pastimes, and excels in them all. As a bicyclist he is unrivalled. He makes long journeys, both at home and on the Continent, which make the Frenchman stand aghast. He covers distances, day after day, which would push the powers of his American cousin to their utmost endurance, but of which he makes light. The tinkle of his bicycle bell and the whirr of the wheels is heard in every corner of England. In the morning he is seen wheeling his way skilfully through the crowded streets of London, going to business, and in the evening the colored light of his swinging lantern glimmers through the trees of Hyde Park, as he rattles in from some long excursion in the country. At present the streets of London, even in the busiest parts of the city, are open to him. Only Hyde Park is closed; a wise provision, perhaps, owing to the constant stream of carriages which fills its avenues. On the high-roads and by-ways of the country he goes and comes at pleasure. No drivers of easily frightened horses think of protesting against his presence. English lovers of horses—and what Englishman is not a lover of horses?—have sensibly recognized that the bicycle is a useful and legitimate means of locomotion, to which horses, however shy, must be accustomed, as they easily can. Incompetency in the management of horses never seeks, in England, to hide itself under an abuse of the bicyclist and his sport. "Live and let live" is the principle on which English drivers act. The story is told of two Americans, making a bicycle tour in England, who, meeting a lady with a skittish horse dismounted. Evidently a thorough horsewoman, instead of feeling femininely spiteful against our bicyclists and their pastime, as a dangerous sport which ought not to be permitted, she felt it necessary to apologize for herself and horse. Her example is to be recommended to all American drivers who, if any such are to be found, begrudge the wheelman his fair share of the road and its pleasures.

Bicycling bids fair never to be so much at home in France as it is in England. No sports are. As an Englishman, a long resident here, said to me the other day, "The fact is, the Frenchman hates work

too much ever to take kindly to exercise of any kind." The most athletic games I have ever seen him extensively indulging in are kind of battledoor and shuttlecock, and a mild form of quoits. The very name of sport he has to borrow from the English. It is true, I believe, that the champion bicyclist is at this moment a Frenchman, and that the French bicycles are unrivalled for lightness and finish; the French bicyclist does not, however, make the same general and constant use of the wheel as the English. On Sunday or another holiday he likes to take a short spin in the Bois de Boulogne. In long-tailed coat and top-boots, in which he is fond of riding, he cuts a figure in sorry contrast to the neat, trim appearance of the Englishman, who never rides, unless it be merely to business, except in a jaunty suit with knee-breeches or knickerbockers, appropriate to the exercise. Whenever the Frenchman undertakes any outdoor sport, indeed, he looks out of his element. When he goes out shooting he swaddles himself in a dress of stiff brown linen in which he can hardly move hand or foot, so that he looks like a veritable Egyptian mummy, or one of those formidable suits of armor which one sees helplessly propped up against the walls of museums; and he does about as much execution, I suspect.

If, however, France is not the home of bicycling, it is the paradise of bicyclists. Every good wheelman, when he dies, ought to look forward to coming here and having a spin along one of the splendid roads which are everywhere to be found, stretching away straight before one for miles, smooth and level oftentimes as a floor, or rising and falling like prairie land in gentle undulations, with just enough of an ascent to make the blood, on one of these cool, bracing, autumn days, tingle in the veins and give an opportunity of making the monotony of the tread-mill work by a sharp spurt down the other side. It is indeed, as it has been called, "the land of racing paths." And then, to the zest of the exercise is added the charm of looking forward to comfortable quarters, as well as something interesting to be seen at the end of almost every day's journey. It is impossible to ride for twenty or thirty miles without coming to a town of considerable size, where may be found a good hotel with excellent table d'hôte. That the French are good cooks is known to all the world. How universally good the cooking is in France can be appreciated only when one leaves the beaten paths of travel and finds himself obliged to put up at small and unfrequented towns. Such a one I remember on the road from Marseilles to Avignon. Intending to reach the latter place in one day from Marseilles, after a hard struggle against the *mistral*, a violent wind that prevails in the valley of the Rhone, I found myself obliged to stop half-way, at Salon. It was a pleasant town, with broad streets, lined with overhanging

elms, reminding one of a New England village. The hotel was an unpromising tumble-down looking wooden building, evidently old, and which might well have been transplanted to a New England village, and never been suspected of being other than a native. All resemblance vanished out of my mind, however, when I came to sit down to dinner. This consisted of four or five courses, excellently served by a white *garçon* in dress coat, and excellently cooked. The company consisted of several officers belonging to a regiment stationed in the town, very intelligent, cultivated men; agreeable society which one is sure to find in almost every town of France. Everywhere is heard the sound of the bugle through the streets at morning and evening, the rattle of sabres on the pavement, and the click of spurs. Everywhere large *casernes*, or barracks, filled with soldiers, and constantly troops on the march on the roads, until it seems as if the majority of the young able-bodied men of France must be in service. An American comes to understand what the burden of a large standing army is, and is thankful that his own country is free from it. Five years it is that these men, the working classes of France, the bone and muscle of her industrial life, give to non-productive work, at the very period when their labor is most valuable to themselves and their country. An effort was recently made, in the French Chamber of Deputies, to reduce the term to three years; but that was not considered by military men time enough to give a proper training, and it failed. The loss of labor is not the only evil that results from this long military service. It must be a demoralizing life. In the evening, the cafés are filled with men lounging idly around, or drinking, smoking, playing cards or billiards. They lend, however, oftentimes an air of liveliness to towns that would be dull without them, and it is not for the traveller thus indebted to them to complain of the system that places them there for his benefit.

It must be confessed that there is one drawback to the pleasure of bicycling on the roads of France. If they are smooth and level, they are, on the other hand, often monotonous. One gets tired of speeding along mile after mile between two interminable rows of poplar-trees, which always line a French highway, like a succession of flag-poles; and casting about as much shade to protect from a summer sun. For the enjoyment of fine scenery the bicyclist must go to Switzerland or the Black Forest. In France it is the town, and not the country, that will form the chief point of interest. Within an easy run of a few days from Paris are the great cathedrals of France: Rheims, Beauvais, Laon, Amiens, Rouen, Chartres, Orleans. In Rheims, one may put up opposite the beautiful cathedral, at the Red Inn, formerly the Zebra, where lodged the parents of Joan of Arc when they came to attend the coronation, in that same cathedral of the king whom their daughter had restored to the throne

of France. A curious old inn it is, with large court-yard in the centre, the low-studded chambers looking upon it, and opening upon balconies running around it. No memorials of Joan's parents are preserved there. Instead, one will see upon the walls—a common sight in all these inns—the colored poster of some hotel in a neighboring town,—a cheap and convenient mode of advertisement, as cheap as that practised by all landlords in Europe, and especially Swiss, of pasting similar flaming posters on the trunks and bags of departing guests. It is the expectation of enjoying such interesting historic associations as are found in these old cathedrals and inns that makes the day's run enjoyable, whatever may be the sameness of the scenery.

For a summer's trip, the most pleasant part of Europe—on the Continent, at least—will be found the Black Forest. In Switzerland a walking trip is preferable, to my mind, after an experience of both kinds, to the wheel. The ascents are so long and steep that one is not paid by the run down—which is often dangerous and sometimes impassable, owing to the sharp turns of the roads, winding down the mountain sides—for the labor of pushing a bicycle up. In the Black Forest, on the other hand, the mountains not being so high as those of Switzerland the ascents are not difficult, and a climb of an hour or two is more than compensated, if it be not enjoyable in itself, by a descent for two or three hours over a fine road and through wild and beautiful scenery. No bicyclist knows the full delights of the wheel until he has had the excitement of speeding, without effort, at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, down one of these mountain roads; smooth and hard, almost all of the main roads as the best stretch of road to be found about the Hub. The side roads are not to be depended on for the wheel. There is seldom any need of departing from the main roads, however; and when there is such an occasion, an excursion on foot will almost always be found enjoyable. The hotels are good and need not be very dear. The first-class hotels are of course expensive. In second and third class hotels, however, in Germany, very excellent accommodation is to be had at moderate prices. They are always neat and clean.

In all parts of Germany the bicyclist is a sensation, and will excite attention enough to more than satisfy his most morbid love of notoriety. Berlin and Frankfort have, indeed, the seeds of an enthusiasm for bicycling in two clubs recently organized, one in each city. As yet, however, a bicycle is a novelty. The most amusing ideas as to its speed are to be found. People seem to think it may be run up a precipice as well as down, without the slightest inconvenience. I came across a German in the Black Forest, who stoutly maintained, in dispute with one of his countrymen, that a bicyclist could easily make fifty or sixty miles an hour! He appealed to me for

confirmation, and evidently thought very lightly of my prowess when I told him I was satisfied to average that distance per day. I unintentionally gave authority for such erroneous notions. In Strassburg, being asked by a gentleman how many miles I could make in an hour without fatiguing myself, and understanding him to say a day, I replied, carelessly, "Oh! fifty, on an average; occasionally, seventy." "Donnerwetter!" cried the simple German, almost falling backwards, "that's faster than with the railway." But he never thought of doubting my statement. As a matter of fact, in making prolonged tours, I have found that more pleasure is to be had in travelling thirty-five or forty miles a day than in attempting longer distances. Most bicyclists have an invincible repugnance to a knapsack. According to my experience in touring, however, comfort demands a larger supply of articles of dress than can be crowded into the bicyclist's usual touring bag, which fits on to the backbone of the bicycle. The luxury of having a plentiful change of clothing after a long ride on a hot day is not to be weighed against the slight inconvenience of the weight of the clothing. In England, indeed, one may venture anywhere in bicycling costume, and never attract any notice. On the Continent, he is stared at, followed around by crowds of small boys, and barked at by dogs, as if he were a veritable relic of the age of knickerbockers and knee-breeches, woke up from a long sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, and come back to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." In the large cities, at any rate, a change of trousers will greatly add to the enjoyment of sight-seeing. An excellent road skirts the Black Forest from north to south. The bicyclist may strike into it in a few hours, from almost any point in the mountains, and so take advantage of it as to avoid making any long ascents, keeping to it until he can enter the forest again at a point where a down grade may be found.

It must not be supposed that very excellent running is not to be found in Switzerland, which may well repay a bicyclist for a tour there. The grandest scenery, however, will be inaccessible to him with a bicycle. He may travel over all the post-roads, to be sure. Pushing a bicycle for several hours against a head wind, up to a height of two or three thousand feet, is not hilarious fun, even on one of the splendid post-roads. A tour may be made of the principal lakes of Switzerland, however, taking in Geneva, Berne, Freiburg, Lucerne, and Zurich, without the necessity of any fatiguing mountain climbing. V.

CORRESPONDENCE

Chicago.

Editor Bicycling World:—The almost perfect evenings of the past week have been taken advantage of by most of our Chicago bicyclists; for a spin on

the boulevard, and to say that riding was heartily enjoyed is putting it rather mildly. The moon, now almost full, has shed its beams on our avenues, making it almost as light as day itself, and New-Year's night it was unusually brilliant. Four of the Aerial Club found riding on this particular evening equal to any ever enjoyed by them; not too cold, and no wind to speak of, and elegant roads: what more could be asked?... Several gentlemen living on Michigan avenue boulevard have sent a petition to the park commissioners entreating them to abolish the bicycle from the boulevard; one of their arguments reading something as follows: "You do not allow funeral processions to pass on this boulevard, and why should you allow this riding to continue, — which surely will increase the number of them, by frightening horses, and so causing serious runaways"? Now, as far as I can remember no such accident ever occurred as to cause the death of any one by horses becoming frightened by the bicycle. Mr. John G. Shortall, president of the humane society of this city, has become very much interested in this manly sport, and he has espoused the cause before the park commissioners; and almost from this cause alone have the boulevards been thrown open to us. The bicyclers of this city owe him their heartfelt thanks for his efforts in their behalf.... Mr. James Walker and his brother of the Aerial Club have received their elegant new machines, which they ordered in England this summer. Both are D. H. F. Premiers, full nickel-plated, with ball bearings in both wheels, and improved ball-bearing pedals. They are without doubt two of the finest bicycles in Chicago.... The Aerial Club, now consisting of fifteen members, have held no regular business meeting for the past six months. Three of our number are attending Yale College, and others are out of the city more or less, so we have been unable to obtain a quorum at any of the late meetings. AERIEL.

CHICAGO, 4 January, 1882.

Chicago.

Editor Bicycling World:—Partly to relieve the apprehension you must feel in regard to the veracity of some Chicago riders and some sporting reporters, and partly to acquit myself of the charge of telling stories in proportion to the size of my wheel, I feel called upon to explain that little article in your last issue. Although we have tried hard to keep it a club secret, it has gradually become known to our unattached that the Chicago Bicycle Club were paragons of grace and skill with the wheel; and now, through some of our numerous Eastern visitors, it has been spread clear to the Hub: therefore you will understand, and I hope pardon me if I feel terribly nervous (don't you see my pen tremble?) for my safety. "Steno" has gone home green with envy, and I suppose is consoling himself by contemplating

his new 6-inch hubs; and our club Hub-lamp" (you don't know *him*, but we do) swears all sorts of vengeance so there is nothing for me to do but explain. You have probably heard of our training machine. Well, that explains the whole thing: combination of 60-inch wheel and training machine. A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* was a witness of the performance, and the next day credited me with riding in that time. From there it has been going the rounds. Never mind, we scared Milwaukee all the same. After having our challenge in their hands over three weeks, and assuring us semi-officially that it would be accepted, nine days before the time proposed they excused themselves on the plea of not having sufficient time to train for the race. We may possibly get all the satisfaction we want, however, before long, as rumor is rife that the Louisville boys are about to send us a challenge. We are all in fair condition, and having practice in the Exposition building. I made a mile in 3.01 last week in the gallery (Rollinson and others timed me). Ayres has been showing some splendid long-distance time. I hope before long that my business will not be such as to confine me closely to Chicago. Then I should be glad to meet some of the smaller stars. Perhaps I may be able to attend the next League Meet with quite a large representation from Chicago.

SIXTY.

CHICAGO, 4 January, 1882.

Madison.

Editor Bicycling World:—I had the opportunity to try my wheel on one of our lakes here yesterday. The ice was smooth and hard, and covered with about half an inch of snow, which gave just enough *hold* to the tire to prevent its slipping. I rode across the lake against a stiff head wind, and came back at a 2.40 pace, with legs over the handles part of the way. I have no doubt but that, with a large umbrella, and that wind at my back, I could have sailed across that lake at a rate to make some of our ice-boats envious. Unfortunately, a heavy fall of snow has put a stop to sport in that direction, and we shall have to return to our gymnasium for riding until the streets clear up. FRESHMAN.

MADISON, WIS., 7 January, 1882.

Rust or no Rust.

Editor Bicycling World:—The following poem by Ebenezer Elliot, the famous "corn-law rhymers" of England, is just now going the rounds of the press. As that justly celebrated man departed this life in 1849, it is highly improbable that he ever could have had the slightest acquaintance with the modern bicycle. He died too soon to taste the delights of the rolling wheel, or to experience the after miseries of bringing it back again to a condition of pristine cleanliness and lustre. Yet the thoughts of the great are often prophetic. "Coming events cast their shadows

before," sings Campbell, and Scott tells us that

"Many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

We can scarcely imagine that the good Ebenezer could ever, even in his wildest imaginings, have looked so far into futurity as to have foreseen the beauty and utility of the modern wheel, but it is just possible that the old-fashioned hobby-horse velocipede beguiled the festive days of his youth, so far at least as to have suggested the necessity of constant effort in the direction of keeping it in cleanly condition; yet this cheerful hypothesis is rudely shattered when we reflect that the ancient apology did not shine,—being made of wood. No! no! It must have been the true spirit of prophecy which impelled these lines:—

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down and die?
Better rub than rust;
Hark! the lark sings in the sky,—
Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,—
Better rub than rust.

In the grave there 's sleep enough,—
Better rub than rust;
Death, perhaps, is hunger proof,—
Die when die thou must!
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,—
Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want,—
Naught for naught is just;
Won't do, must do, when he can't,—
Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,—
Better rub than rust.

It may seem presumptuous to criticise poetry of that order, yet it *does* seem to us that if the above lines could be modernized a little, and brought down to the every-day parlance of the American pedal-pusher, it would be better. Elliot's verse was perhaps too highly idealized, and we have striven to better it by the following paraphrase, which more fully seems to meet the exigencies of the case:—

RUB OR RUST.

Cycler, why not rise and try?
Better rub than rust;
Mud will splash, and wet will fly,—
Rub when rub thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,—
Better rub than rust.

In the shop there 's oil enough,—
Better rub than rust;
Lest your wheels look pretty tough,—
Better rub than rust.
Where 's the gaining in complaining?
Better rub than rust.

Non-corroding is a sham,—
In it place no trust;
Faith, it is not worth a — psalm,—
Try it if you must.
Spokes so dirty! (two times thirty!)
Better rub than rust.

GEESSE AND NAL.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., 22 December, 1881.

The Yale Again.

Editor Bicycling World:—As the Yale is up for discussion, I feel moved to supplement the testimony of "Ixion" in its favor, and endeavor to allay somewhat, if possible, the fears of "Practical" that this machine is liable to premature "general debility and dissolution," though my 1,000 miles instead of the 2,000 or 3,000

he desires may not give sufficient weight to the evidence to move him much. My machine is the regular light roadster, 52-inch, weighing thirty-seven and a half pounds, including everything as ready for the road, and has been in use since September, 1880. The year before, I rode a Harvard, and this past year have alternated between Yale and Matchless; thirty-seven and a half to forty-eight pounds. I doubt if any one has given the Yale such a trial as "Practical" desires, so he must make up his mind from such evidence as one year's experience will afford, or wait.

I weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and use a machine with more than average care; these facts, in connection with the 1,000 miles only, will seem to "Practical," perhaps, a poor foundation for an opinion, but while the condition of the machine after so light a trial may not be good evidence of probable long life, I consider that a comparison of its condition with that of other machines which I have used in as near the same way as possible is a fair index to the qualities of the machine in question.

Be that as it may, no signs of wear are discoverable in my machine, not even a particle of side shake in the wheel; which is surprising when it is remembered that the bearings are single ball, without even the adjustment of a paper shim between the halves of the boxes. The tension of the spokes is so great that in vibrating they give out a musical tone, from the pitch of which their condition can be accurately judged of. Not one of the spokes has lowered its pitch over a fifth, and most of them give out the same tones as when new. Any one who has ever tried to tune a piano will realize that this means a wonderfully little variation in a bicycle spoke. The Yale has given less trouble in adjustments, and in the general care required, than any machine coming within my experience; accuracy of fit and freedom from bolted joints being the chief features conducing to this end. Of the hundreds of machines which have been under my observation, I believe none can show a better record for durability, work for work, than the Yale. Its general stiffness will surprise any one who tries it for the first time, and will become a wonder if he continue. The weakest point I have discovered is in a side strain on the backbone, due to the catching of the rear wheel in ruts, as might be expected from the extreme ellipticity of this member. Several times this has occurred to such a degree as to lead me to think this construction carried too far, perhaps.

The effect of the low handles and rigid wheel is seen in the ease with which the wheel can be slipped on an incline. I have even known it to slip on a level; and on a moderate hill the wheel can be slipped at every stroke unless quite sandy,—a thing I never knew to happen with any other machine, except on the steepest hills having a loose gravel surface. The

limit to hill climbing with the Yale on hard surfaces is the slipping of the wheel rather than a lack of power, and this can be attributed to nothing but the handle position and wheel rigidity, unless the smallness of tire and less weight of machine be included,—both very small elements in the case. Nevertheless, I prefer the straight handle bar, on account of the danger of getting caught under the curved one,—a thing which has caused me to take several ugly falls. Nor can I agree with "Ixion" that the bowed bar is as easy for coasting as the straight; for after a hard day's work with much coasting, my sorest spot has always been due to the bar.

As to the question of light or heavy machines for road use, my experience in alternately going over the same route under the same conditions on a Yale and a Matchless (the extremes of weight) shows me that the light machine requires much less power, and is altogether preferable, for light riders at least. How far this principle of lightness may be carried to advantage, we have not the experience necessary to form a reliable opinion; but my notion is that the light Yale brings us to the point where the advantage of easy propulsion and easy handling is counterbalanced by the disadvantage of uncomfortable vibration. The light machine is at a disadvantage also in a wind and in coasting; yet after repeated trials, I have satisfied myself that on a 37½-pound machine I can make five miles at least with the same expenditure of force as four miles on a 48-pound machine, and without material increase of discomfort. Of course the liability "of general debility and dissolution" increases rapidly with decrease of weight; but there is abundant reason to believe the particular Yale my experience is limited to a machine far above this liability; one giving promise in its stalwart youth of an exceptionally green old age.

Believing this question of weight an all-important one, I have thus hinted at my ideas, hoping to hear from those of more varied experiences of the same nature.

EDWARD K. HILL

(Hill & Tolman).

WORCESTER, 31 December, 1881.

And More about Tires.

Editor Bicycling World:—It seems to me that a great deal of this controversy about rubbers is useless. Almost any experienced bicyclist knows that a tire seven-eighths inch thick is necessary for comfort on our average roads. Even a non-bicyclist ought to know this from theory; but for the benefit of those who must have facts, I will say that I have ridden machines with both one-inch and ¾-inch rubbers and other circumstances being equal, I find that I can feel inequalities of the road in the latter case with far greater distinctness than the former. For this reason some riders prefer one-inch rubbers; not because they are wider, but because they are thicker. Let "B." vary his experi-

ment by substituting himself for his cords, weights, and pulleys, and *ride* his machine over the obstructions without a tire, and he will see by the sharp jar he will receive, that a good thick cushion is necessary for a roadster. As to the form of the section, I think the weight of a wide tire (of the proper thickness) would overbalance its advantages on a heavy or sandy road. If I were going to have a machine built to order, I should have a tire of an elliptical (not oval) section, with the major axis in the plane of the wheel, thus having a thick but light cushion. BERT.

PHILADELPHIA, 2 January, 1882.

More about Tires.

Editor Bicycling World:—My amiable old friend "B.," of Detroit, has done a good thing in starting a discussion in *re* tires. Now, in the winter of our discontent, when roads outside of the blessed neighborhoods of Boston and Washington are unridable, it is well for us to give our minds to the details of construction of our favorite steed, and to aim at its increased perfection.

In his last letter on the subject, my old friend pats me kindly on the head and thanks me for showing what I *don't* know about the subject,—bless his old heart. If I was to try to tell all I *don't* know about bicycling, I would want at least one year's issue of the BICYCLING WORLD, and then be crowded; but I have not attempted such a herculean task. I was only contributing a little of the little I *do* know.

"B." indorses in a measure what Mr. Pressey has to say, because he "has been experimenting and really knows something about the subject." Well, a man may draw false conclusions from correct premises, and even careful experiments may lead to erroneous conclusions if the logical element be neglected. Mr. Pressey's previous practical experiments led him to the construction of the American Star bicycle. Will "B." give as much weight to Mr. Pressey's experiments in reference to other points of bicycle construction as he seems inclined to give to those in reference to form of tire. If so, I doubt that he will get a very large proportion of wheelmen to agree with him.

In criticising my letter, "B." says, first: "When I said oval, I meant oval; I did *not* mean elliptical, because, etc., etc." In his notice of Mr. Pressey's "experiments" he says— and correctly this time: "Any form of tire adopted should be, if possible, such that it can be *turned*, thus giving it a longer life." Will "B." please state how an *oval* tire can be *turned*?

"B." says, second: "'Cyclos' is all wrong . . . about the round rubber being right in form because the wheel tips. If he rides a wheel, say fifty-four inches high, the surface of his rubber next the ground, in order to always present the same bearing surface, instead of being an inch round tire, it ought to have an outside surface the shape of a segment

of a circle of at least four and a half feet diameter, or slightly more, with slightly parabolic curves from centre to edges; because the tip of the wheel is from the top or saddle to the bottom, making its top cut an arc of a circle of over four and a half feet, and its bottom a similar or still larger circle with slightly parabolic curves." (Italics mine.) The italicised portion of this *ex cathedra* dictum is simply delicious in its innocent confounding of the centre with the circumference of a circle.

It is quite true that when a 54-inch wheel tips, its *top* describes an arc of a circle, not four and a half feet in *diameter*, but four and a half feet *radius* or *nine* feet diameter; but the *bottom* of the wheel does not do anything of the kind. Its point of contact with the ground being the centre of the circle, about which the *top* of the wheel swings, the motion of the bottom of the wheel would, if the rim or tire had no breadth, be inappreciable. In this case, the tire would present a knife-edge bearing, such as is used in some kinds of scales.

Various practical considerations, however, prevent the adoption of a knife-edge tire, and consequently we use a tire of *some* breadth,—usually, for roadsters in this country, one inch. The result is, that in order to secure a uniform bearing, the radius of curvature of our tire must be one half the width of our tire; or in other words, our tire must be round.

Now for a practical experiment, to demonstrate that the *diameter of the wheel* has nothing whatever to do with the proper curvature of the surface of the tire which touches the ground. Let "B." provide himself with an empty spool, bore a hole through it at right angles to its longitudinal axis, and insert therein a bit of lead pencil one inch long, then resting his spool on the table, with the lead pencil standing perpendicularly; rock the apparatus back and forth, and he will find that within the limits of fifteen degrees each side of the perpendicular (limits set by "B." himself), the bearing of the circumference of the spool on the table will be practically uniform. Let him now substitute for the inch-long pencil one six inches long, and then a reed pipe-stem two feet long. On repeating the experiment in each case he will find the result unaltered; thus demonstrating that the diameter of the *wheel* represented in each case by the varying length of pencil or reed is not a factor in the calculation of the proper curvature of the bearing surface of the tire. Let him now vary the experiment by using spools of larger and smaller diameter, and he will see that the transverse diameter or breadth of the tire is what determines the proper curvature or outline of its bearing surface.

It is quite true that a round tire always rides on the edge, except as it is broadened by compression, but the tire *is* broadened by compression; and so must all rubber tires be, whatever their contour: but the round tire has the advantage of being the only form that is broad-

ened *uniformly* whether the wheel be vertical or inclined (within the limits of equipoise) thus insuring as no other form can "a practically constant uniformity of surface of contact."

"Cyclos," in thus "calling attention to theories [of 'B.'] based upon incomplete reasoning," modestly hopes that his letters may have some value,—that he has not transcended the bounds of strict courtesy, and that wheelmen ("B." among others) may *now* be induced to investigate more carefully, and with more accurate knowledge of mechanical principles, and that something of practical benefit may come of it.

Finally, "Cyclos" grasps gladly and cordially the right hand of fellowship extended by "B.",—shakes it heartily, and wishes him and all brothers of the wheel a "Happy New Year and many of them," and urges them not to forget, in a search after novelty, that every wheelman makes 'practical experiments every time he rides; and that the consensus of opinion both of riders and makers, resulting from these unnumbered experiments is, thus far, in favor of tires of circular section. CYCLOS.

The "Tire."

Editor Bicycling World:—Mr. Pressey appears to have been unhorsed by "C. E. P." at the first shock of onset, yet the latter seems to me mistaken in some of his figures. The length of contact of the tire with a hard plane surface, without pressure, does not exceed an inch; under the pressure exerted by the weight of the machine alone, it looks to me to be over three inches. A bit of board pressed by the fingers, with what hardly seems to be more than twenty pounds pressure, flattens apparently a sixteenth; and although the rubber yields readily to a slight force for a little distance, and then seems to acquire suddenly a great stiffness, I incline to think the flattening in practice much more than "C. E. P." makes it. The many small cuts found all over the surface, and even close to the rim, prove that the tire must bring a considerable surface into actual contact, or else that these cuts are made by contact with the sides of obstacles. As for the "angle" and "up-hill" work, it is true that under the motion of the wheel, "the obstruction yields"; but so does the recognized obstruction of sand, and yet power is consumed in causing it to yield. Anything whatever which makes the surface presented before the wheel other than a hard plane is, *pro tanto*, a consumption of driving power. "C. E. P.'s" measurements strike me as so very minute and exact that I hardly conceive how they can be made in such a matter. I don't dispute them, however, because I have not thought it worth the trouble to make any careful ones myself. For what is the use? This "flattening" difficulty is pure theory. No doubt "C. E. P." or Mr. Pressey, or anybody who would only sit down to the work, could construct a very fair demon-

stration that balls create more friction in a bearing than they save, that a bicycle cannot go up grade, and that it cannot be ridden at all without independent support for the rider. I do not believe there is any real, practical objection to round tires, notwithstanding miles of theory, yet this may be quite true without proving that there may not be practical advantage in some other form of tire. The thing to be done, if it is practicable is to make a rim and tire which will practically convert sandy and other yielding surfaces ("surface" is inexact here, for a surface can hardly be yielding, yet no matter), into an unyielding one; to skim soft places without crushing into them. Why the problem has not been attacked in England (if it has never been) may be because English roads are hard, and for them the round tire has no fault. It is conceivable that a broader tire, in (or on) a broad rim, might run over sand and not into it, without involving worse practical difficulties than it removed; conceivable, but not at all sure. Experiment alone can determine, and theory is not worth a cent. I should like to see the experiment tried.

While writing, may I add that "Enthusiast," who is surprised at the tone of a recent article of mine in the *Wheel*, should not allow his enthusiasm to cause him to misread and misunderstand? By inference, I am accused of being one of the people who can never be pleased, but object to the lack of a monogram on the silver spoons inserted in their mouths congenitally. This reminds me of what struck me as an ill-deserved attack upon my modest self, quite long ago (perhaps by the same gentlemen who is now an "Enthusiast"), because I ventured some mild criticism about the L. A. W., and the selection of place for the last Meet; whereupon I was informed that "the only thing to be done with such a man, if the officers do not give him his fifty cents and let him go," was to cool him down by a year's hard labor at unpaid work for the League. Enthusiasm is a good thing in bicycling; I would not discourage it, and have never before been suspected of having too little of it: but enthusiasm which deprecates discussion whether bicycling is making progress, is more "heady" than wise. Is anybody fearful of meeting disagreeable facts; is enthusiasm afraid of being dashed by cold water? I wish my unknown friend, and all who shared his surprise, would curb their exuberance sufficiently to avoid mistaking a quiet call for facts for a groan of despair or a growl of discontent.

JULIUS WILCOX.

NEW YORK, 7 January, 1882.

PERSONAL

FRANK SIVRET, of the Boston Club, severely sprained his right arm the other day.

SMITH and VESEY are likely to be pitted against each other in another fifty-mile contest.

A HUNDRED-MILE race between Louise Armaindo and Prof. Rollinson (the former to have ten miles start) is talked of for Louisville this winter.

BYRON F. BLACKINTON, of the Columbia Bicycle Club, Attleboro', authorizes us to enter his name in all the amateur events to come off on the occasion of the Prince-Keen race, 14th inst.

SNOW-AND-MUD-SCORNING Wilmot is daily seen wheeling over the Boston pavements, and having recently joined the Massachusetts Club, that gallant body of veterans is justly proud of him.

THE proprietor of the skating rink in Louisville, Capt. Jennings, has generously volunteered the use of his hall in the Exposition building to wheelmen when the floor is not occupied by skaters.

SECRETARY SPRUANCE, of the Chicago Ariels, sent us his New-Year greeting, in the shape of a neat address card, embellished with the club seal and motto,—one of the handsomest designs we have yet seen.

MR. J. S. PRINCE will have something to say in reply to what he terms a malicious falsehood, which recently appeared in the New York *Police Gazette*, as soon as he gets the race between himself and Keen off his hands.

MR. J. S. DEAN, secretary of the Boston Bicycle Club, and one of the most enthusiastic of wheelmen, has become associated with the BICYCLING WORLD as editorial contributor, and this week presents his and our views on the subject of racing.

MR. BURNHAM of Newton, by occupation a mason, uses the bicycle almost constantly in his business about the city. He also belongs to the Newton fire department, goes to all fires on his wheel, and almost invariably arrives before the steam fire engine, all ready for business.

CAPT. CONKLING of Chicago says it was a combination of the club training machine with his sixty-inch revolver which secured him a quarter-mile record of twenty-eight seconds, and a "fresh" *Inter-Ocean* reporter being present made a note of it, thinking it was the regular thing.

CAPT. HAYDOCK, of the New York Bicycle Club, writes us that bicycling is quiet now in that city, although the open winter has enabled men to use their wheels considerably. He also says 5th avenue is now macadamized to 110th street, so that they now have easy access to the boulevards and adjacent roads.

GEORGE E. FRYE, of the Marlboro' Bicycle Club, will represent his club in the five-mile inter-club race at the New England Institute building to-morrow (Saturday) evening. Mr. Frye is cousin to Lewis T. Frye, the League champion, and was winner of the first two heats of the mile-contest at Brockton last October. Lewis is entered in the ten-mile

straightaway with Vesey, and will give the Englishman plenty of work.

The "Reckless Three."

[THE following lines were written by a Baltimore (Md.) lady friend of one of the "Reckless Three," and were suggested by her reading "Midnight Meanderings of the Keystone Bicycle Club" in Vol. IV., No. 4, of the *WORLD*, while she was visiting at the residence of the 56-inch man.]

ONCE upon an evening dreary, when of house and quiet weary,
While I pondered o'er the problem what could make time faster flee,
Suddenly I cried, uprising, "Really, this is quite surprising,

For one of the 'RECKLESS THREE,'—

Sitting quiet, almost dozing! surely this can never be,

Reckless one of 'RECKLESS THREE.'"

Yes, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak November,

And I thought, "The whirling 'Bi.' will make time's footsteps quickly flee";

Few then were the moments counted, e'er upon the wheel I mounted,—

Fifty-six the inches be;

And I joined the other wheelmen, who so wild and fearless be,

That we dub them "RECKLESS THREE."

Then together we departed, from "Excelsior's" doorway started,

Through the smoky city, at the hour of 9 P. M., rode we;

Then without a shoulder shrugging, up Forbes hill we struggled, hugging,

Tugging bold and fearlessly,

Till we found the "Funny Man," and yawning, sleepy though was he,

Made him join the "RECKLESS THREE."

Then the "Coming Man," we bagged him, from his home we ruthlessly dragged him;

Then we found and told our "Irish" he no longer could be free,

So without a league-al feeling, soon with us he went a-wheeling,—

Went a-wheeling readily;

And our "Petsey" with his 'cycle joined us also readily,—

Joined for fun the "RECKLESS THREE."

But our captain spoke, be-waring, "Tis too late, good night"; not daring

Further to intrude upon him, thus we seven did agree:

"That our numbers be not lax, we will call our bugler, 'Flaxey,'—

He will bugle merrily."

Eight abreast through Pittsburg city rode we wheelmen, merrily,—

Rode and wheeled the "RECKLESS THREE."

"Off by fours," the bugler sounded. "Right wheel," how the curves were rounded!

"Left wheel!" all the wheels, confounded, rolled together like a sea;

But the waves not silent swelling: very wild they were, and yelling,—

Yelling that they thus should be

Rolled together, wheel and wheelmen, torn and broken thus to be,—

Rolled together, "RECKLESS THREE."

Each one cried, "You cannot blame me"; but we blamed him, "allege samee,"

As we quickly rose, our broken spokes and pedals bent to see;

Then the sleepers in the city heard the bugle blast, what pity!

Some one cried, "What can this be?

Waking up the peaceful sleepers in this smoky city P."

Quoth some others, "RECKLESS THREE."

But our voices growing waxy, "Tis not we," we cried, "but, Flaxey";

'Flaxey' bloweth, and his music, peaceful sleepers, wakened thee."

On we sprang like spring grasshoppers, taking "headers" now, or "croppers,"

Till "Excelsior" showed the miles were forty-seven; parted we,—

Then dispersed the "RECKLESS THREE."

But the 'cycle, never ceasing, may its speed go on increasing,

Till the race and iron horses in the background far we see;

And through all the future loomin', may its advocate be
 BLUMEN,
 And in front rank may we see,
 Always gallant, gay, and fearless, always noble, frank,
 and free,
 Standard bearers, "RECKLESS THREE."
 PITTSBURG, PA., 7 January, 1882.

THE Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, is an enthusiastic rider on the bicycle. He says that "the centaur of future art and poetry will be a man on a wheel." He "spins" on his "steely steed past foot and horse," to use his own words, until "the red blood rushes to the finger tips, the nerves tingle, the head grows rested, and the heart grows light."—*New York Sun*.

BOOKS AND PAGES

ST. NICHOLAS for January, the New-Year number, is fully as handsome and entertaining as the Christmas number, and is in fact in some sort a second part of that, several of the Christmas stories in the latter being continued in this. Then there are, besides, lots of new stories and verses, and several pictures of even more than unusual excellence. The Century Company, 743 Broadway, New York.

THE CHRISTMAS CYCLIST for 1881 is received, and is a handsome and entertaining pamphlet of sixty-four reading pages, comprising stories, squibs, verses, etc., and a great many humorous pictures,—all relating to bicycling. See the publishers' announcement in our advertising pages.

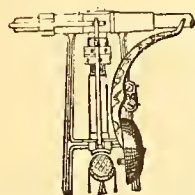
THE WHEELMAN'S ANNUAL for 1882 will be published about the middle of this month, and will contain wheel stories, essays, sketches, and verses by many of our most noted American wheelmen, among them being Ixion, Steno, President Bates, Cyclos, Kol Kron, Kanuck and others. From advance sheets of some of the pages, we see that Ixion's story of "Whirling Wheels" has its scenes laid in Boston; but riders in this vicinity will be amused at the idea of his eloping heroine and her deceiver fleeing from Lynn to Boston by a twenty-five mile drive around through Saugus, Malden, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and Brighton to the Hub by way of the Milldam, when it is only nine miles over the turnpike and Chelsea or East Boston ferries. The story is lively and entertaining, though.

THE HARVARD DAILY HERALD is a new venture by the wide-awake Cambridge student, the initial number of which appeared 2 January, and that and succeeding issues have been both bright and newsy, and it seems likely to prove a financial success as well as a popular one. The subscription price is \$2.00, and for single copies, two cents.

Boston Amusement Record.

BOSTON THEATRE.—John McCullough in "Virginius."...BOSTON MUSEUM.—Boucicault in the "Shaughraun" this week. Next week, "Arrah na Pogue."...GAIETY THEATRE.—Wilbur Opera Company in "The Mascot."...GLOBE THEATRE.—"Black Crook" this week....HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—"Mrs. Partington" and variety....PARK THEATRE.—"T. W. Keene" this week. Next week, Maggie Mitchell....WINDSOR THEATRE.—"Humpty Dumpty" this week. Next week, Miss Buckingham in "Mazeppa."

THE "AUTOMATIC" ALARM



Meets all the requirements of the perfect bicycle-bell, and gives complete satisfaction.

IT IS EFFECTIVE;
 OUT OF THE WAY;
 NOT EASILY BROKEN;
 HIGHLY ORNAMENTAL.

The alarm is sounded by bringing a projecting roll against the moving rubber tire, when the roll is rotated rapidly and operates the hammer of the bell.

EASILY ATTACHED TO ANY BICYCLE.

With your orders, please give names of machines on which alarms are to be attached.

These alarms are finely finished and nickel-plated all over. Sent by mail upon receipt of \$3.00. Send for circular.

HILL & TOLMAN, Worcester, Mass.

DON'T FORGET!!!

The Bicycle Races at the
 New England Institute Fair Building,
 HUNTINGTON AVENUE - BOSTON,
 Saturday Evening, 14 January, 1882.

WHEN
 JOHN KEEN, Champion of England,
 Will compete with
 JOHN S. PRINCE, Champion of America,
 IN A TEN-MILE BICYCLE RACE,

On the five-lap bicycle track, in the above building.

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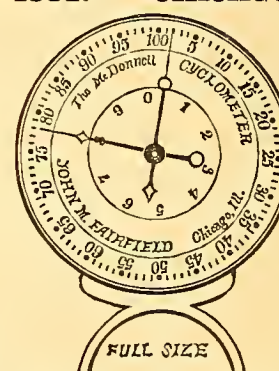
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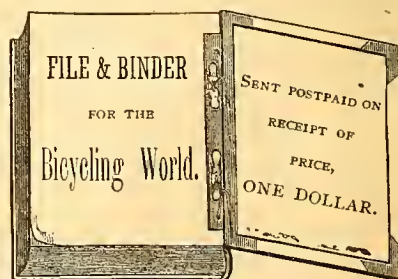
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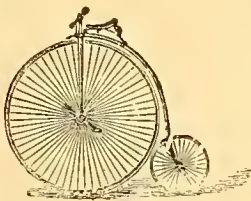
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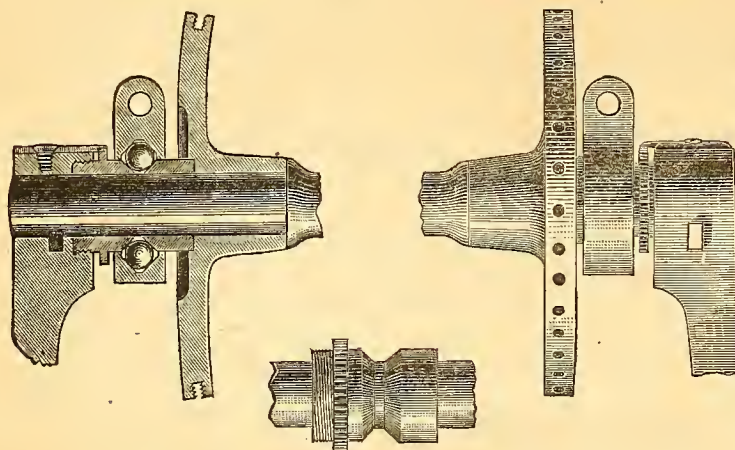
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