

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editors.
LOUIS HARRISON, }

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CURRENTE CALAMO

BRACE UP!

THIS is n't going to last.

"SPRING, gentle spring" will soon be here, and with it will come a boom in the bicycle business.

MONTREAL wheelmen make a virtue of necessity, and enjoy riding on the beautiful snow.

THE Boston Club men will soon get away with a large quantity of annual dinner. Their average appetites are second to none in the country.

THE voracious Massachusetts Club men will also bankrupt some caterer upon the first day of February, 1881. The soup will be served in helmets by the president.

IN many parts of England the mounted postmen do their collecting on tricycles, and save time by it.

ON rough roads, and at night, the tricyclist has the bulge on the bicyclist. And then he has the advantage of being able to stop and exchange chin-music with the profane and would-be funny teamster, or with the pretty girl on the pavement, while the bicyclist is hurried by without a chance at either.

GOY's circulars contain some fascinating sketches of social tricycles, with room for two only. They are intended only for unmarried or newly married couples; but there are also some very wide tricycles, and some with seats that are back to back, for those married people that have found each other out.

THE editor of the New York *Sunday Courier* is not well. He attempted to get off a joke at the expense of the new editor of the BICYCLING WORLD, but the exertion was too much of a strain upon his intellect. He says of the aforesaid new editor, "The only pun we can make on his name is the wish that his editorial labors will not make him lose his hair soon." From later advices we learn that the man is better, and the intellect is doing as well as could be expected.

"GOOD woman," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?"—"No, I did n't see any kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seen a wagon-wheel running away with a man. You kin believe it or no. I would n't, if I had n't seen it myself."—*Christian Register*.

WE expect to have good time in this office hereafter. Mr. E. M. White, secretary of the Hartford Wheel Club, has presented us with a handsome little clock. The framework is a fire-gilt bicycle with an alarm gong on the top and a nickel-plated timepiece in the centre of the big wheel. It is a little inclined to take a header, but it runs well and is certainly an attractive piece of workmanship.

PROGRESS OF TRICYCLING.—Tricycling is much in vogue, and even ladies find it an agreeable substitute for lawn tennis in the winter months. Where the roads are suitable, indeed, many fair riders may be seen in their "Devon" or "Salvo," making afternoon calls or shopping in the neighboring village. Sometimes I observe it is a double tricycle, and the work of propelling the machine is shared with a husband or friend. I met a double "Salvo" with two ladies working it the other day near Weybridge, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, and as I passed the church I saw another tricycle standing near the porch, and this was the vicar's, who was then taking the service. Doctors and clergymen have, in fact, greatly taken to these machines for their country rounds; the former, especially, use them for night work, instead of taking out the horses. I have even heard hunting men say that their tricycle saves them a couple of horses, and that a ride to the meet on a "tri" warms them up more than striding across a hack. What has mainly led to this revolution is the marvellous mechanical development in the construction of these machines in steel wire, combined with hollow iron tubes, which gives them a maximum of strength with a minimum of weight.—*Whitehall Review*.

WAS IT FAIRFIELD?—The *Little Rock Gazette* says that an innocent Arkansas citizen went to Chicago to take in the city, but was himself taken in, and by a Republican dealer in bicycles. As it is the first instance where the dignified name "bicycle" is associated with the disreputable one "politics," we quote it. The innocent citizen gave his experience as follows: "You see I have been a-livin' in Arkansas all my life, an' have been a-votin' the Republican ticket, but I'm done. While I was in Chicago I seed a feller come a-ridin' down the street on one of these here bicycles. I thought it was the puttyest thing I ever seed, an' turnin' to a man that stood in a store door, I axed him what tuck the thing along. He said that it tuck itself along, and that it was not only able to travel fast, but could pull heavy loads. I axed him how a couple of 'em would work to a wagon, an' he said that they was the very thing. Then he told me of a man that worked them to his ploughs. He talked so square and diluted upon the cheapness of things, that I concluded to buy a couple of 'em and fetch 'em home. Well, I bought 'em. Next day after arrivin' home, I invited all my neighbors over to see the new horses. I hitched one to a plough, after a lot of trouble. I commenced cluckin'. It was n't long till I was mad enough to kill that Chicago man. Now I'm a Democrat."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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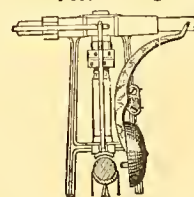
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BOSTON, 28 JANUARY, 1881.

CLUB SOCIALITY, although it is one of the prime elements of strength in a fraternity of bicyclers, does not receive the attention it deserves. The pleasant associations formed on club runs, the social standing conferred upon a club member, and the protection and advice afforded by fellow-wheelmen, constitute those advantages which should have the first place; but too often they are counted upon to the exclusion of much else that is valuable in club fellowship. If an organization composed of a dozen or twenty bicyclers can secure a place where they can hold their monthly meetings, and perhaps store a few wheels, they are in most cases convinced that there is little else necessary; and thus, without the means of promoting among the members that important essential, companionability, they usually suffer from an inadequate interest in the club and its purposes.

It is astonishing that while in every other form of organization, from a political clique to a church society, this important element of unity and strength is recognized, it seems to be overlooked by bicyclers. Generally when a body of men get together to form a society or club, they are solicitous about making their

club-rooms attractive; and as they contemplate spending some leisure time in them, they do not hesitate to contribute liberally towards furnishing those comforts and little luxuries which make club life inviting. The only way for bicyclers to do is to consider that their bicycle club is their social club, and that the club headquarters must accordingly be made attractive.

In every bicycle club there are a few members whose interest in the sport is pronounced, and who take a large share of the club work and management upon themselves. Such gentlemen are obviously unselfish, but they often forget that this very work, which keeps their interest alive, should be applied to those new or indifferent members whom they cannot by any other means "brace up."

New members, especially, should be given a prominent place on all working committees, as they are there not only brought into close relation to club matters, but also into close association with club members, and thus soon learn to feel interested in their work and their fellow-workers. A club's first material is not always its best, as often those new members, whose capabilities are brought out by committee or other club work, prove to be invaluable men.

The acquisition of new members can never be very active unless there is something in the club life to appeal to men's social tastes. Unattached bicyclers are apt to weigh the relative attractions of several bicycle clubs, or the attractions of club life, against its supposed disadvantages, and the club that has its sociable meets and pleasant runs with the greatest regularity or frequency will invariably acquire the best material in the shape of new-comers.

The question of expense is the greatest obstacle in the way of procuring club-rooms and requisite furnishings for social club gatherings; but the outlay necessary is so small when compared to the return for it, and when compared to the outlay men make for other social pleasures, that with reasonable men it ought not to seem an obstacle.

FRED CAMPBELL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY IXION.

"THIS is the sort of Christmas I like," said Fred to his sister, as she held the hall door open, while he, attired in brown velvet with corduroy leggings to match, wheeled his machine down the steps. She smiled, thinking of his boy-

ish days, when Christmas without snow cast a gloom over his merry little heart. She said nothing but a cheery "good by," however, as he went through the gate, and watched him with proud eyes leap into the saddle and roll gracefully down the avenue. The pure crisp air blew the brown ringlets in waves across her forehead, as she stooped and broke from a holly-bush a bunch of the shining scarlet berries.

Fred felt inexpressibly happy as he started on that brisk morning ride: he had the feeling of independence that belonged to him as a University Sophomore; he bestrode a glittering new machine of which he was not a little proud; and more than all, he was going to call on a young lady whose laughing eyes and rosy lips had haunted him through three long months of term work. Perhaps Miss Ethel would be out: the thought made him quicken his pace. "In that case," thought Master Fred, "I will chase her pony all over the country." He turned off the avenue, down a cross street, smooth and hard, and lined on either side by great elms. On one of these Fred heard a tremendous racket, and soon discovered a colony of rooks, cawing and chattering in the bare branches. As he rode under them, the flock rose with a whirr; Fred turned his head to watch them; at that instant his wheel struck something very solid, and its careless rider, describing the quarter of a circle over the obstacle, landed flat upon his back in front of it. For a few seconds the multitude of stars, moons, and planets that danced before his eyes prevented his seeing anything else; but a burst of agitated laughter brought him simultaneously to his feet and his senses. In front of him was a dainty little tricycle which a glance showed him to be a Sociable. On one half of the cushioned seat sat a young lady, her tiny boots on the pedals, one gloved hand on the steering handle, the other hidden in a little muff upon her lap. Her brown eyes were turned upon our hero with a mixture of amusement, anxiety, and vexation. Fred doffed his cap.

"I really beg pardon. Did I do any damage? It was awfully careless, but I did n't see you at all."

"So I imagined when your bicycle ran me down," she answered with demure mischief.

"Are you quite sure that you are not at all hurt?" he asked again, anxiously.

"Not in the least; but my carriage may have suffered," and she glanced over it with a solicitous air. Fred made a careful inspection and finally reported all right, then commenced again his apologies. The truth is, this susceptible young man had entirely forgotten his intended call, and had literally taken a header in love on the spot. Perhaps the young lady knew it, for she thanked him with winning frankness and a glance that he remembered long afterward. However, nothing remained to be done but to tip his cap and rescue his machine from

the gutter, which he did, regardless of a bent handle-bar. The tricycle was still motionless as he turned again into the road, and its charming rider looked at him with perplexity.

"I am very sorry, but I think the axle must be bent," she said as he hastened to her; "I can hardly move it." A hasty examination showed him that she was right. Here was indeed a dilemma, and now a happy thought struck Master Fred.

"Won't you let me help you home with it? I can leave my bicycle inside this hedge just as well as not, and I really ought to, you know, after being so careless," he said, trying not to appear too eager. She thanked him with a slightly vexed smile, hesitated a moment, and then made room for him beside her. You may be assured that Fred was not long in wheeling his machine in back of the osage hedge and seating himself beside this very pretty young lady.

"Shall I steer?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes, and I will manage the brake," answered he, casting an admiring glance at the gloved fingers so firmly clasped around the ebony, and thinking, perhaps, that if any braking was done, it would probably be his susceptible heart. In a moment they were rolling along the street, her little feet following his as he worked manfully at the pedals. They rode for some time in silence; finally Fred ventured to steal a glance at his fair companion when he thought she was particularly occupied in guiding the tricycle, and blushed tremendously as he found that she was regarding him with an amused smile. Then, desperately, in the endeavor to find out who she was:—

"Do you live very far from here?"

"I am sorry you are getting tired" This mischievously.

"Oh, but I'm not, you know," he answered hastily; "hoped it was at least ten miles off."

"Thank you," she said, laughingly, "but here we are now." And she turned their carriage up the gravelled drive of Ashcroft, the beautiful manor of Mr. Ashley, M. P.

"Then you are Miss May Ashley!" cried Fred, in a breath. "I have often heard my sister speak of you. I am Fred Campbell, and you must let me take your poor tricycle and have its axle fixed."

Miss Ashley smiled as she dismounted. "It is not worth while—thanks," she murmured; and then, suddenly holding out her hand, gave him another dazzling shaft from those great eyes. "I should be glad see you here, Mr. Campbell."

Fred stammered his thanks, pressed the little hand, and strode down the drive, treading on figurative rubber pedals. If any one had mentioned Miss Ethel's name to him then, he would have gazed in blank amazement. Yes, it cannot be denied, Fred Campbell was very much in love. He found his steed where he had left it, and rode home slowly, saying, "Yes, very," rather absently, in response to his sister's inquiry as to whether he had a

pleasant ride or not. He was not so badly smitten as to prevent his enjoying his roast beef and pudding, however, and his father beamed approvingly at him. "Bicycling is a fine sport, my boy, innocent and harmless." But the good old gentleman did not notice the blush that Fred chose to explain with a choke and gurgle. After dinner he stood with his sister's hand drawn through his arm, looking off upon the gray Christmas evening. Star after star glimmered out, and finally the huge orange disk of the moon rose over the larches. "Beth, do you know May Ashley?" he asked, abruptly. "Why, no, Fred; that is, I have met her twice this season, but have only a bowing acquaintance with her. Why?" she asked, looking at him curiously. "Oh, nothing, only I thought I remembered hearing you speak of her, and merely asked for the sake of saying something," hastily rejoined this very naughty fellow.

"She is said to be a little odd; but she is certainly very charming," said Beth.

"By Jove! yes!" muttered Fred, under his breath; and then, gently releasing himself, he donned his cap and strolled out to the lawn, where his bicycle, resting against a post, glimmered in the moonlight. He regarded it a minute, then wheeled it suddenly into the drive, sprang into the saddle and flew down the road. As he bowled out upon the Avon pike, the moonlight cast a grotesque shadow in front of him, as if an ape, perched upon a stick, were making frantic efforts to get off.

Fred rode vigorously, as if the exercise was a great relief to his feelings, and then suddenly pulled up as the great gates of Ashcroft came in sight. He hesitated a moment, almost motionless, then turned up the drive. There was a great deal of shrubbery around the house; he would not go in, but would quietly ride around, and perhaps, catch a glimpse of the fair tricyclist, unobserved. A drawing-room curtain was drawn; Fred dismounted and drew back in the shadow, waiting. At the same moment a step was heard on the gravel, and a young 'cyclist came briskly along the path. He was rather short and slight, was tastefully dressed in dark-blue knicks, and a polo cap upon which a badge sparkled, and he wheeled a "forty-eight" semi-racer, full nickel, of beautiful design and finish. "By Jove! here's a young Ashley," thought our love-sick 'cyclist; "I must get out of this." He came out upon the drive and walked slowly up to meet the boy. A glimpse of his face in the moonlight showed Fred that he was not over fifteen.

"Beg pardon; but I must have struck a private drive, have I not?" said Fred, shamelessly.

"Yes, sir: this is Ashcroft," answered the youth, pleasantly.

"And you, my boy, are a young Ashley, just out for a moonlight spin?" said Fred, with true sophomoric condescension. "My name is Campbell: suppose we take our ride together."

"Thank you, that would be jolly; shall

we start?" Fred gazed admiringly at the little fellow as he vaulted lightly by the pedal into the pigskin, and said, *sotto voce*, "He's got the family accent. Wonder if I could pump him about his sister?" Fred mounted and rode up alongside of his companion, who was pedalling along with that careless ease so natural to young riders.

"You ride a great deal, don't you?" asked Fred.

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered the boy, heartily.

"And enjoy it too, I see," quoth our hero; "what do you think of tricycling?"

"I don't think it is quite safe, always," answered young Ashley, casting a mischievous glance at Fred, which he, however, did not see.

"Your sister, Miss May, rides out occasionally, does n't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"And does she like it, too?" asked Fred, indifferently.

"Yes, she used to; but I believe she thinks it is n't safe on the highway, now." Fred cast a quick glance at the speaker, but he was regarding the moon with such innocence of expression, that Fred concluded that if he had heard of the morning's accident, he did not know that the guilty person was riding beside him. They rode on in silence for a while, then turned down Brentham pike. Two miles ahead lay the famous Brentham hill, the terror of timid 'cyclers, and the scene of many accidents until the Union "boarded" it conspicuously. Fred felt very much drawn to this quiet, gentle boy, riding with him, and decided that he would prove a true friend in promoting his acquaintance with his sister.

"I—I met your sister not long ago, and she asked me to call. Do you think she really would care to see me?"

"I am sure she would, very, very much," said young Ashley, so fervently that Fred, overjoyed, would have hugged him on the spot had that been a practicable feat. As it was, he expressed his gratification as modestly as possible. The 'cyclers had now reached the top of the long and steep hill. Fred prepared to dismount, and was surprised to notice his companion straighten up and take a firm grip of the brake handle.

"Why, are you going to ride it?" he ejaculated.

"Oh, yes, I always do, my brake is perfect safety."

"I'm with you, then," said Fred, determined not to be outridden by a mere boy. They started down the steep grade, Ashley leading slightly. Fred was admiring his perfect control over the delicate semi-racer, when he heard a sharp snap, instantly followed by a short, girlish cry from the boy's lips. As the machine shot forward, Fred saw the shining brake-spoon on the road, and realized what had happened. At the bottom, a mile down, lay the ford, now swollen and filled with broken ice. In a second his brake was released, and with a strong spurt, he dashed after the unwary ma-

chine. In a few moments the speed was too great for pedalling, so with legs over handles he flew after the now helpless boy, — yes, and gained upon him rapidly, first lapping his little wheel and then getting fast. In low tones that Fred never forgot, "Save me!" he begged, and Fred was away. When about two hundred yards ahead, he suddenly dropped both legs off the handle bar and put his toe on the step. In an instant he was standing upon it, and the brake, almost red-hot, was scorching the rubber, as it brought the machine to a standstill by the terrific strain. As he jumped to the ground, the runaway bicycle whizzed towards him, the boy watching him with eager eyes. "Throw up your hands," shouted Fred, and bracing himself, caught the little fellow on his arm. He stood the shock bravely, but as the boy was dragged from his saddle, the jaunty cap fell off, and long, brown tresses fell over Fred's shoulder. Startled, he turned to the moonlight and gazed upon the beautiful face of May Ashley, lovely in repose — she had fainted.

What Fred did in the next few moments he was never quite sure, but he thinks he kissed her back to life, for soon the flush returned to her cheeks, and the brown eyes opened languidly and were fixed on his so tenderly, that when her little lips opened and murmured "Fred," he blessed the broken brake, the hill, and his own good fortune. . . .

His fellow-sophomores, idling away the time in his cosy rooms at college, often asked him why a little blue cap, surmounted by a brake-spoon, adorned his wall; but Fred kept the secret, and he and his wife keep it yet.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF THE BICYCLE. No. III.

BY H.

(Continued from page 134.)

CRANKS.

CRANKS have not changed materially since they were first used. They are now somewhat more graceful in shape and lighter, and the last year's fashion has been to shorten them materially. One veteran rider informs me that he rode, during the winter of 1878-9, over 500 miles, through snow and slush sometimes six inches deep, with 4 1-2 inch cranks, at a time when other riders did not go out. He was a man with exceptional muscles, and probably would have ridden with much more ease if he had had 5 1-2 inch cranks.

Long cranks will prevail in this country for road work, but they cannot go much beyond six inches, because beyond that point the leg action becomes excessive and awkward.

For racing and smooth roads, of course the shorter crank will be used.

A fluted crank is used on some machines, and gives lightness with strength, but the saving is slight.

Detachable cranks must remain the choice of most riders. Strange to say,

some few very fine machines are made with fixed cranks, and the makers are inflexible on this point. With such it is very difficult to straighten a bent crank without springing the axle, and ever so slight a deflection in this is ruin to the good running qualities of the machine.

PEDALS.

The rubber pedal was used on 70 per cent of the machines in 1877, and now is almost exclusively adopted. After the block pedal came the rat-trap, and in 1877 it was used on 27 per cent of the different styles of bicycles made. It is destructive of the boot-sole, conveys a good deal of jar to the rider, and has now disappeared from the road, remaining only in use on the race track.

Butler's pedal-slipper is an admirable little invention for wet weather. It consists of a very light rat-trap plate, which can be applied instantly to an ordinary rubber pedal. Simple springs keep it in place. It gives much greater security than rubber during wet weather, and yet retains all the elasticity of the latter.

Ball bearings, if adjustable and reasonably dust-proof, are much to be preferred for pedals, and are now sold extensively in England. I have referred already to the objectionable character of cones, and feel certain they cannot survive long. Let them be understood, and riders will not have them. In practice, plain parallel bearings wear much better, last longer, and are much easier for the rider.

A curious want of reflection has protected the outer end of modern pedals with dust-caps, whilst the inner end of the bearing, which is much more exposed, and gets all the dust falling from the large wheel, is left unprotected. The remedy is most simple: a small cylinder of metal should be brazed on the inside of the pedal, so as to slip over the pedal-pin and cover it. It might be recessed a sixteenth, or even eighth of an inch, into the side of the crank. I have tried it on my own machine, and think it must come into general use in the future, if it escapes the Patent Office and a consequent monopoly.

The pedal does not promise much in the way of future development, but it is to be regretted that some such contrivance as Starley's reciprocating pedal has not been tried and fully discussed in public. I can hardly believe that it is without merit. I presume that most riders do not know of its existence. The Hand-Book says of this pedal, that "a little side play is given, thus allowing for the natural twist of the foot in describing the requisite circle, and so somewhat lessening the friction." Let any one who has never watched a boy riding a velocipede do so, and he will be surprised to see the feet, on the block pedals which come under the instep, working vigorously and uniformly in curved lines to one side and the other. The bicycle pedal does not permit this, and I have the feeling that it would make propulsion

a little easier, and perhaps reduce the tendency to cramp of the leg muscles.

RIMS.

In 1877, the V rim still held sway, being used upon almost 50 per cent of the English bicycles. Nearly as many had crescent rims, with only 8 per cent of U rims. I can find only 3 hollow-rim machines in 1877 and 1878, but they increased to 8 or 9 in 1879.

In 1879, the potential rim first came upon the market, and early this year was in use on 16 different machines. This is a fluted or corrugated felloe. Mr. Sturmeys says of it, that "it may be described as a crescent felloe with a fluting or U-shaped depression in the centre. It is decidedly stronger than any other solid felloe in use." The named fluting or corrugation forms a small channel all around the inside of the rim, into which channel the heads of the spokes fit. The system of corrugation adds very little to the weight and much to the strength. It combines an excellent seat for the rubber tire, with strength both transversely and in the direction of the plane of the wheel. It is growing in favor, and I believe will become, on its merits, one of the most popular rims in use.

Among 332 machines recorded in 1879 and beginning of 1880, I find the U rim was used on 18 per cent; the crescent, on 58 per cent; the V, on 13 per cent; and the VU (an external V with internal U form, such as is used on the Harvard), on 13 machines; hollow rims, on 8 machines; and UV, on 2 machines.

The crescent and U forms have become the governing types, and the V is rapidly disappearing. The VU is neat and good and among the very strongest, but can be classed fairly as a crescent, not having any radical points of difference.

Few men reflect upon what is really required to make a good rim. If a wheel will wear for years and carry 200 pounds perfectly well, is it of any importance to increase its carrying capacity to 400 pounds or 1,000 pounds? I think not. If this view of mine is correct, a hollow rim is not needed, unless it has more than its vertical strength to commend it. Every wheel wants all the transverse strength it can get, to resist buckling, and to preserve its plane when a spoke becomes loose or broken. I think that any modern rim is strong enough vertically when properly supported by a reasonable number of spokes. To test a rim, I would lay it upon the floor and fasten down one side of it; then I would lift up on the unconfined side, and would call that rim best which would best resist this pull sidewise. I think that with this test, hollow rims would not prove much superior to the fluted, or even some forms of the crescent. Hollow rims do not have so deep a groove, and consequently cannot hold a tire quite so well as the crescent form. This is a very important consideration.

If a machine of unusual lightness is desired, the Invincible rim gives us a min-

imum of metal with great rigidity. For racing, and very fine, smooth roads, it makes an excellent wheel; but the smallness of the tire unfits it for hard road work. With full size of tires the Invincible is not much lighter than other roadsters. The appearance of this rim is heavy, and I have no doubt the want of beauty in the machine bearing this name is a serious drawback to its spread among riders.

The hollow rim, however, at once addresses itself to the popular fancy, and some will buy it from caprice more than from any feeling of a want of strength in the prevalent forms of fellows. I think there is a well-marked field for hollow rims, and that is in rigid, light-built machines with small tires. Elsewhere, solid rims will prevail.

The better section of the crescent caused it to outrun the U, which had strength enough vertically, but was weak against side strain.

The old V rim was heavy and strong transversely, and this was of immense importance when, in the early days, it was the custom to put a perilously small number of spokes in wheels. Had it held the tire well, — which it did not, on account of its angular bed, — it would not have disappeared so completely from existence on fine machines.

SPOKES.

In studying the machines of 1877, I find 54 per cent had locknutt spokes, 36 per cent had direct-action spokes, and 10 per cent nipple spokes. Now direct spokes are used upon 218 machines, locknuts have fallen to 78 machines, mostly of second class, and the nipple is apparently dying out, with only 28 machines out of 324 reported.

The thick-ended direct spoke is patented in England, and probably for this reason costs rather more than the others, yet it prevails in the high-class machines with scarcely any exceptions.

The old theory that a wheel with locknut or nipple spokes permitted a desirable yielding of rim is pretty well exploded in practice. If the rim does yield it will be very little indeed, and this little is amply provided for by the head of the spoke playing loosely in the rim. If there is any giving, the head is pushed up from its seat against the rubber. The most rigid of wheels with direct spokes do not wear the spoke loose or break it off from its seat in the flange of the hub; I think this breakage occurs oftener with locknuts. Lock-nuts and nipples are easy to tighten in case the spokes come loose, but nowadays they do not come loose in a well-made and adjusted wheel. The free play of locknut and nipple spokes has another drawback. It makes a wheel more liable to buckle, having sliding parts both at the rim and centre.

The direct, thick-ended spoke is so efficient, neat, and simple that it is certain to remain the leading type.

Tangent wheels were more valuable when but few spokes were used, but now

we get just as good results without them. It took a long time for makers to learn that an absolute necessity to a thorough good wheel was an abundance of spokes. The size of the spoke is by no means so important as the number used. An exceedingly slender spoke, with good head and screw end, will answer for very heavy work. We have gradually, of late years, come to use lighter spokes, and have come up from 30 to 60 and 70 in an ordinary 50-inch wheel. The inch scale was the standard for some time, but it is so no longer. Considering all things, Coventry has probably the highest general standard of excellence in the manufacture of bicycles in the world; and I find that of all machines made there which cost over \$65, the average number of spokes is 64 to a 50-inch wheel, or say one spoke to every 78–100 of an inch diameter. This is near enough to 3–4 of an inch to say that the 3–4 inch scale adopted by some makers is about the best. This is arbitrary, but it avoids the excess which makes it difficult to get a hub lamp or cyclometer in place, and which makes cleaning of spokes so difficult and tedious. At the same time it gives a strength to the wheel which is ample, and will do away with all danger of buckling. It permits of a light rim without endangering the stability of the machine. Even if so many spokes are not required to support the rider, they are most desirable to transmit the motion from the crank to the rim. Spokes on the 3–4 inch scale will not work loose, and the wheel will preserve its integrity almost indefinitely; but with less than the inch scale there is a tendency to loose spokes, and occasionally we see them twisted loose in the hub and the threads stripped by the strain of the crank. This is not often thought of by the tyro in buying a machine.

TIRES.

It is strange that a people with such development of the inventive faculty should have done so little for the bicycle as the Americans have. It is not to our credit that we are doing nothing now: I mean, of course, in the way of development, or improvement over forms established in foreign countries.

Let us be thankful at least that an American suggested the rubber tire. It is about our only earmark on the machine, yet a very notable and important one.

I learn from the Hand-Book, that previous to 1877 there had been a fashion of very heavy tires, many of them reaching 1 1/2 inches in thickness. They afterwards ran down to 1 inch front and 3/4 inch behind, which appears to be an excellent standard for the rather trying roads of this country. In England the standard has come to be 7/8 inch for front tires, and 3/4 inch for rear wheels, the former being used on nearly 70 per cent, and the latter 52 per cent of the different machines made in 1880. Next come the 3/4 inch front tires with 14 per cent, and 5/8 inch rear tires with 34 per cent.

No tire can be too large for comfort on the road. Let no man accept any other opinion till he has ridden with a full inch front and 7/8-inch rear tire over rough ground. A good rear tire is more important for comfort than the front one. In my experience 5/8 inch is decidedly too small for the rear wheel on the road; too small to wear well, and too small for comfort. And yet few men ever think of the importance of the rear tire. The objection to large tires is that they add to the size and weight of the rims.

The certainty of rear wheel springs, and possibility of front wheel springs, may hereafter modify tires to some extent.

Sparrow's and Hancock's non-slipping tires have a very attractive sound for me, but I regret to say, my knowledge of them is too slight to warrant the expression of an opinion as to their merits.

EUTOEPEER.

It is probably not as well known to bicyclers as it ought to be, that between Turkey and Greece, the blue Mediterranean contains an island which is a perfect bicyclers' paradise, and on which bicycling has been more fully developed and popularized than in any other place in the world.

Eutoepeer is an island in latitude 30° 25' north, longitude 17° east, having about the same area as the State of Massachusetts. It is hilly, rising high out of the sea, and possesses a climate unequalled in salubrity.

Rain falls in gentle showers, only during the night, and the thermometer varies only about forty degrees in the year, running from 50° to 90°. These conditions, and the nature of its soil, make its roads wonderfully smooth and hard, and its inhabitants being wealthy, cultivated, and enterprising, it is not strange that the bicycle was early introduced; and it has grown into almost universal use, so that with a population of about 200,000 (to be exact, 210,947, by the census of 1880, just completed), there are 55,000 bicycles and tricycles in use by all classes for all purposes.

The island is an independent kingdom, governed at present by King Cettarp, a mild-mannered man, of great intellectual attainments, beloved by his subjects, a patron of literature, art, and science, and himself an enthusiastic bicyclist.

This delightful little kingdom is not widely known, for its inhabitants — direct descendants of the ancient Greeks, — have for hundreds of years lived quiet, peaceful lives, undisturbed by the conflicts of nations about them, but growing in wealth and culture, if not in power.

With this introduction, permit me to quote from the letters of two American bicyclers (members of the L. A. W.) who are now there: —

"It was a beautiful September morning when our little steamboat ran into the harbor of Tumwabs, the principal city of Eutoepeer, and we gazed upon a scene to make a wheelman shout. The wharves

swarmed with bicyclers, dashing to and fro, or what mystified us greatly, sitting still on their wheels as easily as one would sit on horseback, watching our movements or chatting with each other. We had formed a high idea of the Owen-like skill of these people, when we discovered that from the handle-bars hung a small steel rod, on which the wheel leaned firm as a tripod. When the rider starts off, the rod telescopes up until only a foot or so in length, and it is then pushed into the hollow handle-bar. These attachments are universally used. As we neared the wharf, several fellows in scarlet uniforms wheeled up to the edge, and in a moment bags were thrown from our boat, which were caught by men on the wharf, who threw two over the shoulders of each scarlet-coated rider, who then shot away through the crowd at a rattling pace,—only there was nothing to rattle. These, we were told, were mail carriers, who would have the mails at the central post-office before the boat was fairly secured to the pier.

"Almost the entire business of the post-office department is done on bicycles. Letters are gathered from the street boxes by men on the wheel, and bicycle postmen distribute the mails into boxes placed in front of each private or business house at the edge of the sidewalk. The dexterity of these carriers is remarkable. The letters are arranged in their proper order in frames carried upon the handle bar, and the postmen ride along near the curbstone, thrusting them into the boxes without stopping at all. All postal bicyclers wear scarlet,—a color forbidden by law to any others,—and they have always the 'right of way.'

"As we landed, we were besieged by men with bicycles, who shouted: 'Bicycle to the hotel, sir?' 'Have a wheel?' 'Fifty-two inch nice wheel y'er, sir,' etc., and most of the passengers rode off on their machines, which would be called for by their owners later.

"The Doctor took his Harvard, and I my Columbia; and mounting on the wharf, which was as smooth as a floor, we took our first ride in Eutoopeer.

"*Such roads!* Chestnut Hill Reservoir road is cobble-stone to them! And *such riders!* Men, women, and children dash about on bicycles, as much at home, apparently, as if sitting in a chair.

"The ladies—and *ladies* they are, too!—ride in modest costumes of the bloomer style, the full pantaloons gathered below the knee; and an Eutoopean lady would not dream of any impropriety in displaying the limbs below the knee, either on the bicycle or on the promenade.

"But you should see the *children* ride! Little tots, from five years upward, dash around, *not* on the three-wheeled things common to city sidewalks, but on regular bicycles, with 25-inch wheels, and from that all sizes up to 72 inches are seen.

"There is as much variety in styles as in sizes; and as *everybody* rides, from the laboring man to and from his work, to the king himself, for pleasure, you can

imagine that all grades of machines are represented.

"There is not a stone-paved street in Eutoopeer. The roads are in charge of roadmasters, each one of whom is responsible for ten miles, and the finding of a loose stone in any one's section is punished by loss of place, and *imprisonment for not less than thirty days.*

"Dogs are not allowed to run loose in this kingdom, but must be led by a rope or chain not over three feet long.

"Horses are not allowed upon the best roads, and are seldom used, except for cartage or for agricultural pursuits. Upon telling a native, an officer of the Eutoopeer Bicycle Union,—who, at sight of our L. A. W. badges,* had given us a hearty welcome,—that bicycles were not allowed in many of the parks of America, because they might frighten horses, he said, 'But how should horses be in a park?' 'Why, they drive in parks,' we answered. He looked at us incredulously, and exclaimed, '*What! permit horses in parks where people go for safe pleasure! What recklessness! Why, the least thing, the sudden flight of a bird, a wind-blown leaf, may scare a horse and endanger the lives of scores of women and children. Mercy! what an idea, to let horses into parks!*'

They have magnificent parks here, but no horse is ever allowed inside the gates.

"Ah! my friend, this is indeed a bicyclist's paradise, and a bicyclist's paradise is a good enough heaven for *anybody!*"

I wish the limits of "a midwinter article" would permit further extracts from these letters. Accounts of visits to the great bicycle manufactory of the Epop Bicycle Company, and of their journey around the island with the junior partner of the bicycle importing house of Mahgn, Innuc & Notsaw, would, I am sure, interest American bicyclers, but must be deferred.

A. S. PARSONS.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

Editor Bicycling World:—You and your readers must think that out of all the Frenchmen who can write English, you picked out the laziest for a correspondent, judging by the scarcity of his informations. Not that I am in want of news to tell you; indeed I have many, besides resuming my review of French racing in 1880, which I left in June last. The great *question du jour* with us is the projected formation of a league for all our velocemen (amateurs), to be called, very likely, the

UNION VELOCEPIEDIQUE FRANÇAISE.

This important matter has been very much discussed upon lately by all our sporting papers, among which the foremost is *Le Sport Velocipédique*. In fact the thing is now a certainty, and a date of meeting has even been decided upon. Our *congrès* of all the French

*There is evidently some mistake here. My friend must have written this "in a moment of temporary aberration of mind!"—A. S. P.

velocipédistes is to take place on the 6th of February next. All our leading clubs will send delegates to it. The thing arose from the want of a definition of the word "amateur." You are well aware, I suppose, that as yet we have no distinction to separate our amateurs from our professionals on the racing path, everybody here taking in money prizes without feeling the least shame about such a wicked deed. But during the last season our northern clubs, who are composed partly of Englishmen, and who, therefore, feel the influence of English rules more than our more southern societies, having given for prizes only *objets d'art* to induce English racers to take part in our competitions, a dreadful *gachis* ensued, together with a general quarrel. Some would have the Bicycle Union's definition imported here; others would have another definition in which money to a certain amount every year would be tolerated, to allow racing expenses to be defrayed to a certain extent; some would have no definition at all; while a fourth class of men would even be more strict about amateurism than the English themselves, if it be possible. As a matter of course, the want of a meeting and of a general understanding was felt by everybody; and the Calais club having up the matter, we are at last to imitate the English and the Americans, and have *our union!* I have no doubt it will be a success *toutes proportions gardées*,—that is, if there is one Frenchman left alive after the warm discussion that is sure to take place on the 6th of February. After the amateur question, the thing that we want most eagerly to settle is the championship affair. A Parisian club at the end of the season, seeing that *no one* had organized a race for the championship of France, thought (let me whisper to you that it was your own correspondent's idea, and a bad one too, as you will see) it would be a good thing if one were to be got up. So, having secured a good track, and having duly advertised the event, the *championnat* took place. Alas! Fortune (?) would have it that another race meeting was carried on, far away in the country, on the very same day. As more money was to be had there than in Paris, of course our champion, Ch. Terront, who is a professional, went there, and let the honor to be had by being called the *champion de France* to DeCivry, who won easily. You see the consequences. Terront would not give up his title of champion; DeCivry boasted of being the only one entitled to that name, etc. Thus again, to settle that question, the forming of a Union was thought necessary. Be ready, therefore, to hear from your "lazy" correspondent soon again, with a full report of the battle of the 6th of February. Did I say "battle"? I meant discussion only,—French discussion. All joke apart, I believe the congress will pass off very satisfactorily, every one feeling that something must be done to get out of that *impasse* out of which there is no

issue but through the above-mentioned scheme, *Le Congrès!* I believe the amateur definition which will be adopted by us will approach the English one, so as to allow the English B. U. to permit its members to compete in France in the future. For, though we expect a "licking"—a good many, perhaps—in the racing department, *we want to fight*; that is, to "measure" ourselves (a French saying) with our friends from across the Channel.

And now about the account of our past races since June last: I hear you say, Are you going to leave us another three months without a word about them? Well, dear Editor, you must excuse me, but really I feel my everlasting laziness creep over me once more. So please let me put it off till my next epistle, and tell your readers not to wonder at my rudeness, as I am the

DEVIL.

PARIS, 10 January, 1881.

GLANCES ABROAD

The Wheel World thus defines and discriminates between the Bicycle Union and the Bicycle Touring Club:—

"To sum up the matter, we may say that whilst the Union watches over and cares for the cyclists as a body, defending their rights and enabling them to pursue their sport without let or hindrance, so long as they obey such reasonable regulations as may be laid down, the B. T. C. looks after the comfort of the individual, and sees that his movements are not exposed to unnecessary and unwarrantable expense. The subscriptions to the two institutions are in proportion; 1s. to the B. U. though it brings back no tangible return to the giver, yet in the event protects him from harassing and absurd regulations; 3s. 6d. to the B. T. C. provides for his personal ease and comfort in every possible way. Thus, as far as our brief summary runs, we can find no emulation or competition between the two associations. Both are eminently useful in their special sphere, and both should work harmoniously together. It is quite true that certain well-known men in the B. U. have been agitating for a more representative body in the government of the B. T. C.; but that personal antagonism should embroil the two bodies is absurd and unnecessary. The Union and the B. T. C. should mutually assist each other, and it but remains for the younger institution to put itself in some way in official communication with the other. Were this done, the work of benefiting the 'cycling world' would go on rapidly. The co-operation of the B. T. C. in the matter of the danger boards, for instance, would be most advantageous; whilst from the facilities for intercommunication which exist in the latter club, any glaring case of injustice or oppression could be at once brought to the notice of the Union. Such a prospect opens up a vision of a sort of bicycular millennium; but seeing the earnest workers who labor on either side for

the good of the sport, *pur et simple*, we fancy such a *rapprochement* would not be such a difficulty as it seems at the first blush. In short, the B. U. and B. T. C., *not amalgamated*, but side by side, each working in its special sphere, and lending mutual assistance to one another, could at once move the wheel world many degrees up the path of progress, and place it in a position never before attained by any athletic sport.

"CYCLOPHOBE."—In a three-line paragraph last month, attention was called to the introduction of this word into our literature; and in that paragraph, short as it was, are two errors of the press. The new noun was printed "cyclophope," and "hater" was transmogrified into "lover." The true meaning of this word is, one who dreads or fears the wheel; for its roots are *kyklos*, a circle, and *phobos*, fear. "Cyclophobe" is a useful addition to our nomenclature, and "cyclophobia" naturally follows as a description of the malady from which the cyclophobe suffers. "Cyclophile" will serve to indicate the opposite tendency.—*Cycling*.

SUCH of our readers as have access to the American bicycling papers will have noticed from time to time, remarks concerning wonderful performances in fancy trick riding on the bicycle, which are evidently very popular across the Atlantic; for not only are there numerous large halls permanently occupied by professional trick riders, but every bicyclist worthy the name seems to make it a point of faith to learn as many different ways of mounting and dismounting as possible, whilst drills are conducted upon a most elaborate scale. Trick riding is not thought much of in this effete old country, and we guess our American friends will before long come to appreciate the fact that speed, endurance, and a fair amount of skill on the bicycle are worth more than all their fancy riding tricks put together. The same remark holds good as to the French, who are ardent lovers of trick-riding.—*Bicycling Times*.

TRICYCLE RIDING.—Frederick Cooper, of Richmond road, West Brompton, was summoned by Inspector Skeats for driving a tricycle to the common danger of passengers. Police constable 322 T said that on Monday, the 20th ult., he saw the defendant in Kempford gardens, driving the tricycle furiously along the road. There were a number of children there. He spoke to the defendant, who told him he was one of the fast policemen and that he (defendant) should do as he liked. The defendant, addressing the magistrate, asked what pace he was allowed to ride? Mr. Sheil replied that the defendant must not ride at such a pace as to make it dangerous to the public, who were of more importance than his pleasure. Replying to the magistrate, the constable said the defendant was riding between fifteen and sixteen miles an hour. The defendant said a tricycle could not be driven at that pace.

He denied that there were a number of children there, as there was scarcely any one walking about. He admitted telling the constable that he was officious, and added that he thought so still. Mr. Sheil said people like the defendant brought the machines into disrepute. If persons were civil and used their machines in proper places, no one would interfere with them; but unfortunately they rode them at a dangerous speed, and were often ill-mannered. He ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 40s., with 2s. costs. The money was paid.—*London Standard*.

BOOKS AND PAGES

THE MIDWINTER SCRIBNER.

IF THE TENDENCY OF LITERARY WORK in this leading American magazine is indicative of the taste of its readers, the reading public can congratulate itself upon a steady growth towards an appreciation of a high class of literature. The growth is led by the marked improvement which takes place from month to month in both the literary and artistic work of the magazine. The February (midwinter) number has one feature attractive to Bostonians, especially to those who have admired the magnificent interior decoration of Trinity Church, in a critical essay upon John LaFarge, accompanied by pictorial reproduction of some of his work. The sketch is not only an exponent of art, but is itself an artistic creation, and is quite as eloquent as the work which it describes. In the midwinter issue there are also a serial story by Mrs. Burnett, which is likely to be one of her most popular ones, an analysis of "the Music of Niagara," by the Boston organist, Eugene M. Thayer, and an abundance of other matter of unusual interest and value.

IN THE SAME RATIO that *Scribner's Monthly* is prospering, *St. Nicholas*, the famous magazine for girls and boys, issued by the same publishers, grows apace. About 100,000 copies of the Christmas (December) number were sold, while the January number has been for some time out of print. In February, there is a full account of the Obelisk, richly illustrated from sketches and photographs, showing the great monolith in all stages of moving.

HENRY STURMEY'S Complete Guide to Bicycling is just received. The chapters on dieting and practical training for racing will be found especially interesting. Costumes, touring appliances, clubs, and club houses are in turn discussed, and there are many valuable suggestions to beginners concerning the selecting a machine, the various methods of mounting and dismounting, and the care of the wheel. The book concludes with some valuable information concerning the fastest amateur and professional times, and an account of noted feats performed upon the "indispensable" wheel.

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, 28 JANUARY, 1881.

PRIVATE PRACTICE CLUB.

DECEMBER SCORES.

ONLY a few of the members of this society were able to do any shooting during the severe weather of the first winter month, but the few who did shoot succeeded in recording some very high scores.

At the York round, Mr. Will H. Thompson made the highest average yet attained in the records of the society, 542 $\frac{2}{3}$. He also succeeded in obtaining the greatest number of hits, 120, and the greatest single score, 583, which he has yet attained at the targets. At the 100 yards range he scored on 4 December, 57-247, which is the highest in both hits and score yet reported in this country. At the 80 yards' range he did not succeed so well as at some former instances, though the average, 186, is very good. At the 60 yards' range there are some very remarkable records; the best two consecutive scores being those of 24-160, 23-165 = 47-325, by Mr. Hyatt, a performance which has no parallel in all the annals of archery, with the one exception of that of Mr. Ford, at the St. Leonard's round of 75 shots, 75-555. In this score he averaged for 75 consecutive shots, 355.2 to each lot of 48 arrows. In considering the two records, however, it must be remembered that Mr. Ford had probably one hundred scores to choose from to every five scores for Mr. Hyatt.

The rise of this archer has been something wonderful, unequalled in this country, with the possible exception of Mr. Walworth. Another feat at 60 yards, of great excellence, is the 48 consecutive shots of Mr. Will H. Thompson, made on 15 December, in which he scored 48-318. With the above-mentioned score of Mr. Hyatt excepted, this has not yet been equalled in America, and like Mr. Hyatt's score, it exceeds any recorded performance at the target in Great Britain, barring the 75-555 by Mr. Ford.

Mr. Walworth presses close upon these two gentlemen, with 47-305, and exceeds each of them with the single score of 24-170, which stands second only to the 24-176 scored by Mr. Maurice Thompson during last summer. Our English cousins look upon these performances at 60 yards with amazement, and well they may; for such averages as 145, 140 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 135 $\frac{2}{3}$, by the three gentlemen named, giving a gross average of 140 $\frac{1}{10}$, should provoke comment among archers everywhere. Of the twenty scores by Mr. Walworth, fourteen show 24 hits each, leaving only six scores out of twenty in which an arrow passed the target! A part of his record shows seven successive scores without a miss. The average of Mr. Thompson at 100 yards, 49-210 $\frac{1}{3}$, is also a marked improvement upon the long-range records of America, and gives promise of the day when we shall score at 100 yards and 80 yards in proportion to our 60 yards achievements.

The writer would like an answer from Mr. Walworth, Mr. Hyatt, and others, to the following question: "What is the principal cause of the marked improvement of each of those gentlemen during the last two months?"

The writer will volunteer the answer in his one case. It is this: The adoption of the principle or style of shooting best adapted to the mental, muscular, and nervous temperament of the individual, yet based upon that *general system* proved by Ford to be best; or to put it more compactly, Ford's system, slightly varied to accommodate the idiosyncrasies of the archer. To explain: The writer is of slight muscular frame, but has a very powerful nervous system. He can *string* a very powerful bow, because the effort to do so is a *quick* one, but to draw an arrow to the head *slowly*, or to *hold* it there steadily, is to him utterly impossible, because of the lack of *muscular* power. So he has found, after much experiment, that he cannot draw an arrow to the head and *hold* it there till an aim can be found, and then *loose steadily*, because of the weakening of the drawing fingers. Secondly, he cannot *draw slowly* during the latter part of the pull, so as to get a careful aim *while drawing*. But he finds that by drawing to within a short distance of the pile, say one and one half inches, *while lifting the bow to the level of the point of aim*, he can then pause, say one second, and hold with steadiness while obtaining a perfect aim. Now at this point, if he could only do *one thing more*

correctly, he could easily average 250 to 300 points with each 72 arrows, at 100 yards! But he cannot. That *one thing more* is this: Draw one inch *slowly*, and loose on the draw. He does draw the one inch, and does loose on the draw, but that one inch is drawn and the loose made in perhaps the one hundredth part of a second! It is *impossible* for him to make this draw slowly. The reason is that the muscles, having reached the maximum amount of effort comporting with steadiness in drawing the arrow to the pause, and holding it there with *perfect tension*, are unequal to the great additional effort of drawing slowly another inch, and the nervous force of the archer completes the work with a sudden, electrical energy which gives a smooth flight and flat trajectory, but causes the left arm to be often unsteady and pulled aside or down by the quickness of the motion. Now, if the writer had the muscular power of Mr. Walworth or Col. Robert Williams (will those friends please pardon the personal mention?) he could make this draw with perfect smoothness, and yet so slowly as to keep the left arm always steady. Yet this might not be the best system for those gentlemen. Why? Because, while it is very easy for one gentleman to obtain a perfect aim with an arrow not fully drawn, it is with great difficulty that another can get his aim until the pile reaches the bow. If the writer was *perfect* in his physical and nervous force,—*i. e.*, with extremely powerful muscles and fine nervous energy,—he would draw to within three inches of the pile while lifting the bow, and then, *without any pause*, draw *slowly* to the pile, *gathering the aim while thus drawing*, *perfecting* it as the full draw was reached, and loosing on the draw. Ford was able to do this because of his almost faultless powers, and it is the perfect system. The nearer one can approach it and not do violence to the idiosyncrasies of his nature, the better archer he will be. The writer can never be a rival of Ford, because of natural disadvantages; but there are perhaps several American archers who could be, with the earnest study which that great archer gave to his favorite pastime. The writer would here like to ask Mr. Walworth what he means by the words, "As soon as the archer has learned to *shoot at the gold*, instead of the target, 80 or 100 yards away," etc. Now I do not "*shoot at the gold*" at any of the ranges of the York round. I formerly did at 60 yards, but by the system I am now using, my point of aim is as follows: At 60 yards, twenty feet short of the target, on the ground (the target being lifted two feet off the ground); 70 yards, on the gold; 80 yards, about twelve feet above the top of the target; 100 yards, about thirty feet above the top of the target. Now, I "*shoot at*" these spots! In other words, I cover these spots with the point of the arrow when I pause on my aim, and only use the target to find, by association of objects, that my point of aim is straight over

the gold, and just high enough over it. Of course if there is a wind, I make allowance for its force. I suppose we should read all this between Mr. Walworth's lines, but I may be wrong in this.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

FRANK H. WALWORTH, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

20-100	24-140	24-130	24-146
23-135	24-130	24-152	24-132
24-136	24-152	24-138	24-124
23-135	24-170	23-135	21-123
24-136	24-130	22-130	24-134

Average at 60 yards = 135 2-5.

WILL H. THOMPSON, CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

York Rounds.

100 yards.	80 yards.	60 yards.	Total.
Dec. 4, 57-247	40-178	23-121	120-546
" 15 and 16,			
43-171	40-178	24-150	107-499
" 15, 16, 31,			
47-213	44-202	24-168	115-583

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

23-137	24-154	23-149	24-136.
Average York Round = 542 2-3.			
" 100 yards	=	210	1-3.
" 80 "	=	186.	
" 60 "	=	145.	

F. O. HYATT, CORTLAND, N. Y.

York Rounds.

100 yards.	80 yards.	60 yards.	Total.
Dec. 2, 27-77	39-171	22-130	88-378
" 3, 27-109	37-159	22-118	86-386
" 4, 18-60	31-157	24-150	73-367
" 23, 29-107	36-136	22-126	87-369
" 24, 31-111	33-153	24-160	88-424
" 25, 35-113	38-174	23-165	96-452
" 31, 28-96	34-162	22-132	84-390

Average York Round = 395 1-7.

" 100 yards	=	96	1-7.
" 80 yards	=	158	5-7.
" 60 yards	=	140	1-7.

T. R. WILLARD, GALESBURG, ILL.

York Rounds.

100 yards.	80 yards.	60 yards.	Total.
Dec. 1, 28-96	28-128	18-90	74-314
" 2, 35-115	23-121	20-90	78-326
" 3, 25-103	33-123	23-111	81-337
" 4, 26-108	29-119	19-93	74-320
" 11, 29-127	31-109	21-105	81-341
" 13, 34-112	32-142	22-122	88-376
" 14, 35-143	27-139	21-125	83-407
" 15, 27-91	33-113	21-101	81-305
" 16, 35-131	28-120	21-93	84-344
" 17, 31-111	28-112	22-136	81-359
" 24, 32-148	33-125	19-115	84-388
" 25, 38-164	28-128	21-109	87-401

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

24-136	20-96	24-134	20-106	21-83
20-82	19-81	28-78	18-78	21-99
22-102	22-104	20-112	19-87	21-95
20-84	22-84	21-63		

Average York Round = 351 1-2.

" 100 yards	=	120	3-4.
" 80 yards	=	123	1-4.
" 60 yards	=	99	4-5.

TAC. HUSSEY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

15-63	21-95	22-91	20-94
17-97	22-118	20-104	19-97

Average at 60 yards = 94 7-8.

HOWARD FRY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

York Rounds.

100 yards.	80 yards.	60 yards.	Total.
Dec. 1 and 3, 6-10	9-33	11-47	26-90
" 4 and 20, 3-7	8-22	9-47	20-76

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

7-23	12-44	15-77	8-30	11-55
12-56	13-39	14-26	14-38	7-25
13-39	15-61	7-31	15-73	14-48
12-48	16-44	11-49	14-52	14-54
15-65				

Average York Round = 83.

" 100 yards	=	8	1-2.
" 80 yards	=	27	1-2.
" 60 yards	=	46	12-23.

A. W. HAVENS, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

York Rounds.

100 yards.	80 yards.	60 yards.	Total.
9-35	6-22	10-24	25-81
8-18	11-59	10-48	29-125
13-57	8-20	9-33	30-110
14-55	20-58	15-55	49-168
11-45	15-55	17-51	45-151
11-31	19-67	15-59	45-157
21-71	8-34	10-42	39-147
11-45	8-44	13-49	32-138
20-50	12-44	12-58	36-152
7-23	11-49	19-79	37-151
15-59	6-28	16-82	37-169
15-69	14-40	12-50	41-159

72 arrows, at 100 yards = 6-16.

24 arrows, at 60 yards.

11-35	10-32	15-59	8-32	16-72
12-28	17-75			

Average York Round = 142 1-3.

" 100 yards	=	46	1-2.
" 80 yards	=	43	7-12.
" 60 yards	=	50	13-19.

A SHAFI FROM THE PACIFIC COAST

Editor Archery Field:—Your paper with editorial comments on the action of the Pacific Coast Archery Association regarding the adoption of the "Creedmoor" system of archery scoring is before me, and a few words of explanation may not be out of place. You are correct in not attributing Mr. Brownell's visit to this coast as the cause of the change, entirely, although his able arguments in favor of the change, advanced through the past year, had undoubtedly much to do with it, and before we knew of him other than through his articles. I judge from the tone of your article that you are hardly in favor of the change. Good, so far, as it is more pleasant to fight one of contrary opinions than one who is on your side. After a comparatively brief period in which to test the new system, I have yet to see one of our archers who is not greatly pleased with it. As far, however, as inaugurating any revolution goes, that was not the intention in changing, origi-

nally. The question was discussed more than a year ago in this section, and the change could have been made last spring had not the originators insisted on waiting further developments; and with all due regard to your views, it is only a question of time when it will be generally adopted in this country. However, what particularly attracts my attention in the article in question, is the remark that the Pacific-ers will suggest changing York Rounds, etc. The Pacific-ers will do nothing of the kind, and don't you forget it, either! Although we are what may be termed the suburbs of the archery world in this country, we have a few who can shoot an arrow as well as the average and a few who shot the long-bow as far back as 1840; and, as a rule, the archers of the Pacific coast are pretty well informed as to what is going on in archery circles, as well as being somewhat posted in the literature of archery. As I have already noticed in the columns of the *Olympian*, our connection with the Eastern fraternity is very limited, and we have no desire to interrupt any friendly relations that may exist; but so far as this question goes—scoring—believing it to be nearly right (more so than the English system), we have adopted it, and furthermore, propose to stand by it. Any delicate sarcasms about "discarding the old and adopting the new" are liable also to be wasted in convincing the Western barbarians as to the error of their ways. Give us something that will *prove* we are wrong, before looking this way for a reversal of our determination to stand by the change. We have not seen it yet, although looking for a year for it. Perhaps "Capt. Jack," or Mr. Holberton, or Mr. Thompson may have something in reserve that we have not yet heard. Shake 'em up; let's hear from them. We think it is a question of area *vs.* string measurements. We believe string measurement the best. That's all there is to it. In closing, permit me to say, though, that by adding one half to the new-system scores (that is, calling the new two thirds of the old), you will come very near scores for comparison.

ONE OF THE PACIFIC-ERS.

ARCHERY CLUBS

ALLEGHENY GOSSIP.

FROM W. H. CARPENTER.

OUR county, with its population of 357,000, and containing the important cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, ought to have furnished some renowned archers ere this; but alas! after two years of effort there has not been a score made that approaches the standard of excellence of many an obscure Western village, without mentioning the Eastern or the National Associations. Pittsburg, which is synonymous with the whole county, has always been noted for its conservatism, or in other words, old-fogyism. It never catches a fever till it has been pretty well exhausted in other places.

We have not more than two dozen wheelmen in the whole county, and they are looked upon with suspicion and distrust by our staid and solid business men, who regard such amusements as inventions of the devil to lead young men away from industry and the pursuit of wealth, and recount how they themselves became rich by delving in the mills from early morning till late at night, and saving money on nothing a week. Archery is considered a mild sort of lunacy, excusable in children only. This class of citizens have just begun to get interested in croquet, after it has passed through the various stages of their censure. In a dozen years we may hope to see them twanging the bow and straddling the wheel, after young America has discarded these for some fresh invention of the enemy.

The interest in archery last season made quite a satisfactory progress. At the beginning of the season there were in various stages of existence some dozen clubs.

In the pretty suburb of Edgewood, just outside of the city limits, we had three clubs, comprising all the available muscle of the place: The Birnamwood, composed of the married class; the Lancewood, of the young and rising generation; and the Edgewood, whom the other two say is made up of the old maids and old bachelors. This is pure envy, however, as the Edgewood's champion banner has never been taken from them. It was not till September, however, that a movement was made looking to the uniting of the Allegheny County clubs into an association. This was effected, and the other Western Pennsylvania clubs invited to join. The association thus formed was called the Western Pennsylvania Archery Association, and comprised the Wapsononoc Club, of Altoona, Pa.; Chief Jacob, of Kittanning, Pa.; and the Sherwood, Killbuck, Oak Grove, Birnamwood, Nottingham, and Edgewood Clubs, of Allegheny County. Several field meetings were held, at which the Sherwood Club proved to be the most expert, though in the outside contests it was a drawn battle between them and the Edgewood Club.

Subsequently, a club was formed of the best material in each of the various clubs, for the purpose of joining the National Association. This was called the Allegheny County Club, and it proceeded at once to practise the York Round and to take steps to join the National Association. The club met four times, the highest score made being 153 at the single round.

By the way, is the National Association yet alive? We have asked twice for the necessary information as to the steps requisite to join, but have received no reply.

Why not form a truly national association that would comprise all the prominent clubs in the nation, without interfering with the Eastern, Western, or State associations?

For next season many of our clubs will adopt the plan of the Toledo Club in having a set of lawn tennis for the inert few who are too listless to get up any enthusiasm for the bow, but I think it will require too much vigor for their supine sinews.

The Pittsburg Cricket Club have leased extensive grounds at Brushton, on which they are building a club-house, and making other extensive improvements. They have made overtures to the archery clubs to join in with them and occupy part of the grounds. The proposal is now under consideration, and is favorably regarded.

Our association meets early in April, at which time several clubs have signified their intention of joining.

Our club contests once a month for a prize, and the association has a field-meeting every two months, at which the several clubs strive for the champion's banner. Individual prizes are also given. This with an annual tournament will no doubt give us shooting enough for one season.

The following is a list of the various organizations, with the secretary's address:—

Western Pennsylvania Archery Association, George W. English, Fourth avenue, Pittsburg.

The Allegheny County Archery Club, R. F. Boyle, 14 Smithfield street.

Edgewood Archery Club, W. H. Carpenter, 882 Pennsylvania avenue.

Sherwood Archers, Miss Sara Burgwin, care Hill Burgwin.

Nottingham Archers, George W. English, Fourth avenue.

Killbuck Archery Club, H. D. McKnight, Wood street.

Lancewood Archery Club, Elmer Blattenger, Pennsylvania Railroad Outer Depot.

Oak Grove Archers, — Phillips, 344 Ridge avenue, Allegheny.

Birnamwood Archers, John Caldwell, Westinghouse Air Brake Company.

Cupid Archers, Will Renshaw, corner Ninth and Liberty streets.

PITTSBURG, 13 January, 1881.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

THE large wheel of a new Special Columbia, in Mr. Wright's office, spun for 7 minutes 27 seconds.

MR. RAWSON UNDERHILL amuses himself at the Metropolitan Roller Skating Rink; he is probably keeping his muscles in trim for next summer.

By an arrangement made with Mr. Dana, the photographer, Mr. Wright issues orders for one dozen "Imperials," at \$4.00 each order.

DR. MARSDEN is the proper man for consul at Red Bank, New Jersey. He was the first one in his town to own a machine, is genial and hospitable, keeps well posted on wheel matters, and bicyclers already congregate at his house to learn the latest news.

A SAMPLE of the League badge hangs on Capt. Munroe's manly breast. The centre, which looks like the tin top to a ginger-ale bottle, is supposed to represent North America—snowed up. The artist has evidently studied under Corot, and is not a member of the Geographical Society, or else it was a foggy day when North America sat for the likeness. Hope this criticism is fair; will apologize rather than fight, if it is n't.

MR. PIERRE NOEL gave the Mercury-ites a "blow-out" in honor of his re-election to the office of president. If there is one thing Pierre can do, it is play the jovial host. The entertainment was given at his house,—

Where the boys were supplied
With a dinner which vied
With our friend Louie D.'s;
From the soup down to cheese,
Every course was as fine
And as grand as you please;
There was *squab fricassee*,
There was *fromage de brie*,
There were bottles of fizz,
There were urns full of tea,
There was this, there was that,
From a *ragout de chat*,
Or a *saucisse de chien*,
To an owl done in fat:
Just, in fact, every dish
Which a gourmand could wish,
From the first run of game
To the last run of fish.

At the cigar period, a mock meeting was held and a resolution passed that the club surgeon, Dr. Neergaard, should hereafter carry, at all parades of the club, a castor-oil label on his left sleeve, to designate his office.

IN the bicycling department of a city paper, an article on the advantages of a rink is rounded off in this way: "There is a good field here for an energetic, liberal man, who will open a suitable rink and make it agreeable to our wheelmen." That man would have to be as energetic as a thrashing machine, as liberal as a Cræsus, and as agreeable as a Chesterfield, to make a rink pay here. Such a medley of qualifications do not exist in one individual; if they do, we have not been introduced. Rollins came as near to it as any one could on another's money, and he swamped nearly \$5,000 in a short season at the American Institute. "All is not gold that glitters."

WE have conversed with all the leading lights of the Mercury, Manhattan, Columbia College, and Lenox Bicycle Clubs, and all declare they will not attend a League meeting held in Washington. They will go to Boston or Philadelphia, if necessary, but prefer it should be held in this city; not because it is their own, but from a belief that the attendance would be larger, that more notice would be taken of it by the press, and that it is but proper the League should assist in removing the prejudice existing here against the wheel. Last summer, a bicyclist connected with the New York *Herald*, indiscreetly (but with the best of intentions, his idea being to create a boom) inserted an article in that journal, saying, that six hundred of the L. A. W. would parade down Fifth avenue at a certain time. He mapped out the course the

triumphant wheelmen were to take, and threw in a full band of music and a bouquet for every lady on the line of march. At the hour named, a great many of our citizens walked along the designated route only to be disappointed, and to have their suspicions roused as to the existence of such an organization, or if they believed in its life, to imagine it in very feeble health. They have not forgotten the hoax, and will not till there is really a meeting here. That we can obtain the Park for the event, there is not the slightest doubt. Our commissioners may be stubborn, but they are also hospitable gentlemen, and would not refuse the freedom of the city to such a respectable body of strangers as the meeting would collect.

KNICK O'BOCKER.

23 JANUARY, 1881.

PROVIDENCE NOTES.

Editor Bicycling World:—A very pleasant event was celebrated in Providence, quite recently, Mr. Richmond, the genial captain of the Bicycle Club, giving a supper to the members, in honor of his accession to partnership in the firm of Richmond & Carpenter, of which he has so long been the efficient salesman. The firm name remains the same as before.

Mr. Richmond renounces his financial connection with bicycling, having sold the agency for Rhode Island to Mr. Charles Handy.

Bicycling in Providence owes a great deal to Mr. Richmond's liberal and progressive manner of conducting his business, his object seeming to have been to promote the prosperity of the club and bicycling generally, rather than to fill his own pocket.

The supper was served in the private dining-rooms of Ardoene, the caterer, and was fully appreciated by the nineteen members present. At the close of the attack on the table, the boys centred around Mr. Slater and indulged in twicetold tales and the usual discordant songs. An adjournment was then made to the club-room, where Messrs. Chandler, Howard, and Day contributed their share to the harmony of the occasion by solos on the violin, bugle, and piano, almost all the members present remaining in the room during these performances. As a new mayor of the city has recently been elected, who, perhaps, is more lenient than the late incumbent, there were no arrests made. We do not think, by the way, that sufficient credit has been given in your newsy sheet to this club-room. Although not so commodious or so gorgeously decorated as the Massachusetts headquarters, it has several attractions which the latter lacks; namely, a billiard table, card tables, and a piano. No playing for money or stronger liquid than water is allowed, and no games on the Sabbath.

We understand that the club contemplates giving a minstrel performance during the season, and have already hired the Cove Promenade for their rehearsals. Mr. Edw. Thurber will be bones, Mr.

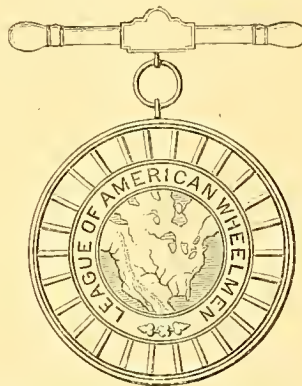
Lippitt will use his new six for a tambourine, Slater will use his catarrh, Chandler gets his violin on the string, Howard (having the most wind) will see how 'ard he can blow the bugle, while Jim Phetteplace (having more natural capacity in that direction than any other one) will perform on the lyre. Dr. B. contributes his baby, if he can be assured that the audience will consist entirely of married people. Dick Cross has been elected unanimously to the position of interlocutor, as the members judge from the command of language he displayed on being tipped out of his sleigh recently, on Westminster street, that he is fully capable of filling that position. He is certainly better read in profane literature than any of the other members.

Any member of the League will be admitted to the performance on presentation of his certificate of baptism and his indorsement of the principles of the Massachusetts Club.

Having no more authentic news to impart, and being afraid that I have already taken too large a portion of the advertising department of your paper, I close with regrets that you were not there to do the Lyre business for us.

SHUT-ALL-DAY.

THE LEAGUE BADGE.



THE LEAGUE BADGE was designed by Messrs. A. S. Parsons and Jo. Pennell. The original idea was to have it much larger, and with the initials L. A. W. engraved upon the map in the centre, but it passed through various modifications until it reached its present proportions.

The badges will be ready in a week or ten days, and may then be obtained, in nickel for \$1.00 or in silver-plate for \$2.00, from Mr. Hugh Willoughby, Treasurer, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

RECORDS FOR 1880 are coming in slowly. Mr. Geo. M. Doe, of Worcester, sends the following:—

"Noticing that the logs of riders, published so far, have been large ones, and fearing that soon no small man or lazy man will dare publish his, I send you mine, hoping by this example to hear from the 'lesser lights.' My log, you will

see, is not complete, for two reasons, — the first being that I 'got left' last year by selling one machine before I'd really got the new one in my possession; and secondly, because I only got one of Sec. Parsons's admirable score cards the middle of last March. I was without a wheel from the 9th of April till the 6th of May, to my great disgust.

1880.	Miles.	No. of times out.
May	205	13
June	387	14
July	90	6
Aug.	102	7
Sept.	65	6
Oct.	140	24
Nov.	82	14
Dec.	15	3
Total	1,086	87

Of these, the longest day's run was 47 miles; the shortest, 1-2 mile. The longest distance for a week, 222 miles, with 133 miles as the next."

THIS FROM "FIDO 56."

Mr. Editor:—Last spring one of the members of our club succeeded in standing still on his bicycle for the length of one hour.

At that time nothing was made of it, as there were several of our members who could have performed the same thing. About the last of November we noticed in the columns of the *WORLD* the record of a member of the Marlboro' Bi. Club, who succeeded in standing still for 1 hour and 22 minutes, and further desired, as your correspondent stated, to be informed if the time was ever equalled or excelled. I thought a few facts pertaining to our record would be of interest to your readers.

On Christmas day a few of the members of the Capital Bi. Club gathered at their rooms, when the subject of "standing still" was brought up and discussed. It being a holiday, Dr. H. M. Schooley, vice-president, and H. S. Owen, captain, after appointing a time-keeper and two referees, mounted; the former standing in the ordinary way, while the latter came to a stand-still, "hands off," and remained so for 41 1-2 minutes, when he lost control, and dismounted.

Dr. Schooley remained standing very quietly and gracefully for 1 hour and 22 minutes. When 1.30 was reached, he changed to "hands off," remaining so for 8 minutes, and would have continued much longer, had it not been for the carelessness of a member.

In the mean time, Mr. Owen had again mounted, and was standing in the usual way. Soon 1 hour was reached, and 1.22 passed; next 2 hours was announced by the time-keeper, when some of the members inquired: "How much longer, Captain?" and were growing impatient, as darkness was rapidly setting in. At two hours and twenty-two minutes (2h. 22m.), Mr. Owen dismounted voluntarily, and would have remained much longer had it not been for the lateness of the hour. This, we believe, is the best on record.

L. A. W

Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Hugh L. Willoughby, treasurer, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Albert S. Parsons, Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.

Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.

Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.

The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.

Badges are to be obtained by any member on his forwarding his full name and address and membership number to the treasurer, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MEETINGS, L. A. W.

To the Board of Officers of the L. A. W.:

THE Committee on Meetings has the honor to report, that in considering the fitness of a place for holding the first annual meeting of the League, it has been impressed with the pre-eminent importance of making that meeting a complete success. The committee has therefore chosen a place which, while it offers to wheelmen attractions unequalled by those of any other city in the Union, if on the globe, presents, as an additional inducement to visit it, that of being the capital of one of the foremost nations, and as such containing more than enough to claim the attention of all.

Washington is easy of access from all points. Wheelmen from the West and the East can reach it without a change of cars. One of the great fast lines from the West passes through Washington on its way eastward, others centre near, and it is but six and one half hours by rail from New York City. Representatives of all the leading papers of the country residing at the capital, where people, press, or authorities put not the mildest restriction upon the bicycle, witnessing so imposing a display as that of which the committee feels confident if its recommendation is approved, cannot but

yield results largely conducive to a more rapid and healthy development of bicycling throughout the country. In consideration of the favor with which the wheel is regarded in Washington, it is needless to enlarge upon the hospitable reception with which the League would be met.

Wheelmen are at liberty to pedal wherever their fancy leads them,—in fact, wheelmen are even permitted to enter and spin along over the magnificent roads of Soldiers' Home when the gates are closed to horses and carriages.

As a natural consequence of the great number of tourists constantly visiting Washington, the hotels are large, numerous, moderate in their charges, and well kept. The city's streets are proverbial for being unusually wide and clean, and having surfaces which justly entitle Washington to the name of the "Wheelmen's Paradise."

According to the last annual report of the district engineer, there are about forty five miles of asphaltum-paved streets in perfect order. For the purposes of the grand parade, which forms so prominent a feature on the programme of exercises on the day of an annual meeting of the League, no other city can offer so much to insure success. In addition to the broad, smooth streets, there is at the east front of the Capitol a space of a number of acres in extent paved with faultless asphaltum; this, with the three magnificent flights of steps running up to the wings and centre of the building as seats for spectators, form a grand theatre for a review and manoeuvre of wheelmen.

For the purpose of racing, Washington can offer a circular track of four laps to the mile, situated in one of the best portions of the city, at an intersection of four streets and avenues. The track has a width of twenty feet outside of the quarter-mile circle, is paved with asphaltum, and is equal to a good cinder track for speed. It was on this track that the first annual races of the Capitol Bi. C. were run last June.

Washington has a number of large halls suitable for holding the business meeting of the League, and ample provision can be made for the care of wheels.

In conclusion, the committee desires again to assure the Board that Washington, more than any other place, fulfils the requirements of the League, and will be truly found the "wheelmen's Paradise." Respectfully submitted,

THOS. K. LONGSTRETH,

JOS. PENNELL,

MAX HAUSMANN,

Committee on Meetings.

SHORT CRANKS.

Editor Bicycling World:—I have been much interested in the recent papers on the various makes of machines and the different opinions expressed. I suppose every rider has his pet theory and his pet hobby, and ought to have his own opinion, and not take "second-hand" ones, after riding a couple of sea-

son. I was first attracted by your correspondent "B." who leans toward long cranks, because I used to laugh at a friend who had the same idea. He built for himself a "mongrel" machine, and put upon it 6½-inch cranks, and when he got it done he was going to ride up Bunker Hill Monument—but didn't. It was in size a 50-inch Columbia; he rode it one season, had cramp and various other pleasant experiences, which he laid to the height to which he had to lift his legs. Last spring he changed to a 52-inch Harvard, which he considered an improvement, and liked the shorter cranks; this fall he bought a Yale with still shorter cranks. For myself, I began with a Columbia, changed to a close-built Harvard of a size larger, and am now riding an open-built Harvard of same size, with my cranks shortened up to five inches. This is the result of two years' riding over the roads of Eastern Massachusetts, more especially Worcester County (celebrated for hills), and also of a trip through the western part of the State and through Connecticut (celebrated for sand). It is, I think, well understood that nothing gives a man cramp like riding too small a wheel; now I hold theoretically, and have proved, to my own satisfaction at least, that riding a machine with long cranks amounts to the same thing. Every stroke made brings the leg high, and there is not so much comfort, while there is not so much power possible as when the leg is more nearly straight. As an example, I took a nine-mile ride the other afternoon over a road which was mud, loose snow, frozen snow, slush, ice, and good gravel road, as the wind and sun had or had not affected it. I was gone an hour and ten minutes and did not dismount, while in summer I've never done it without one and generally two and three dismounts to walk up hill. It may not have been the shorter cranks, but what else was it? I find also that I do better going down hill, not having to reach so far.

I would advise any one who rides much to get a "cradle" spring. I think agents would be perfectly safe in letting their customers have these springs to try; I don't believe they'd ever change back. On a 300-mile journey last spring I used a regular "Harvard" spring. If I wished to go off on it again I'd have a "cradle" or stay at home.

I will not take any more space now, but some time I may wish to say a few words about journeying, providing this does n't reach the waste-paper basket.

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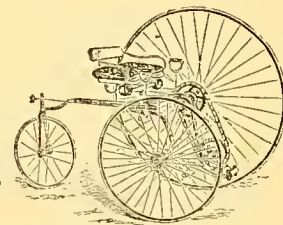
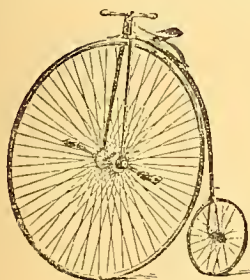
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