

# Bicycling World

Published Weekly. 40 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

William G. Gilman, Editor.

G. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors.

\$2.00 a Year.  
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 29 JULY, 1881.

Volume III.  
Number 12.

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We have imported this season a line of English Bicycle Suits, made to our special order by the leading house in England, and would be pleased to show them.

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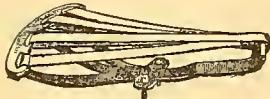
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THE BEST, MOST COMFORTABLE and only ADJUSTABLE SADDLE made. It is so made that when it becomes slack it can be easily and quickly tightened. No rider who values COMFORT can afford to be without one.

The following are a few of the many testimonials received, and a perusal will show you how much they appreciate it:

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 6 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have owned and used the past three seasons eight or nine saddles, not one of which was satisfactory on my longer day trips of thirty and sixty-five miles; but the use of your "Feather-bed Saddle" (as one of our club calls it), the past fortnight, convinces me that for comfort, ventilation and adjustability to the form, it is the best and most sensible I have used or seen.

Truly yours,

C. A. HAZLETT.

P. S.—The party for whom I sent check for saddle makes daily inquiries "if it has come."

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 11 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—Burley's Skeleton Saddle is certainly the most thoroughly comfortable seat that can be imagined. I like it, and shall recommend its use.

Quires of paper have been consumed in the endeavor to prove that this or that device would prevent vibration, all to little purpose. It was left for your saddle to make the rider independent of it. Respectfully,

F. A. JACKSON, Consul L. A. W.

BOSTON, 18 July, 1881.

Mr. D. W. HYDE:  
Dear Sir,—I have used the "Burley" Saddle almost constantly for four weeks, and I like it better than any saddle that I have ever used, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all bicycle riders.

Respectfully yours, G. W. FULLER,  
Crescent Bicycle Club.

PROVIDENCE, 13 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:  
Dear Sir,—The saddle arrived all right. I rode it yesterday about twenty-five miles, and I must say it is the greatest improvement in bicycling that I have seen. It takes away all vibration and jar, stops perspiration (it is so well ventilated), and does not chafe. Every wheelman will have one. Yours truly,

CHAS. F. HANDY.

BOSTON, 21 June, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:  
Dear Sir,—17 June I rode your saddle fifty-two miles over ordinary country roads. I experienced no galling, no soreness; in fact, none of the disagreeable effects I have always felt on other saddles. The ease and comfort which I derived by changing position is a great advantage. I found your saddle all and even more than you claim for it. Truly yours,

W. B. EVERETT,  
Boston Bi. Club.

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Price, \$3.50. Nickel Plated, \$5.25  
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Box 1133, Brighton, Mass.

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A NEW, fresh, quiet, cosey HOTEL, on both American and European plan. Conducted as a first-class house; centrally located. Bicycles properly cared for. Rates, for rooms, \$1.00 per day per person; rooms and meals, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. CHARLES H. MOORE, Proprietor.

736 and 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

### CURRENT CALAMO

OUR horse record is getting quite too quiet.

IT is an indication of "freshness" when a journalist habitually complains of uncredited paragraph appropriations from his columns.

"BICYCLES FOR MINISTERS," by Rev. H. D. Weston, in *Zion's Herald* for 14 July, should be read by laymen as well as the clergy.

THE *Wheel* gives an interesting account of its editor's and Mr. H. H. Walker's ten days' bicycle trip to and through the Catskill region, wherein they covered about 268 miles.

A DISTINGUISHED bicycler, stopping with his wheel at Bethlehem, N. H., intends to ride it through Dixville notch soon. A congenial companion would be most welcome. Particulars at this office.

ONE of the prettiest rides about Boston is from East Boston or Chelsea, through Winthrop and Ocean Spray to Point Shirley. There is a fine road all the way to "laff's." The return can be made via Beachmont and Revere Beach if desired.

BICYCLERS who are stopping at the summer resorts should have their wheels with them, and use them. People at such places are in the mood to be interested and amused, and the sight of the graceful wheels mingling with the usual turnouts cannot but result in making friends for the wheel.

AMONG the many little conveniences that are being constantly invented by bicyclers, one of the most useful is the "Take-me-too," which is an ingenious combination of straps and belt to be attached to the waist or shoulders for the purpose of carrying a coat or other outer garment without discomfort, and is manufactured and sold by W. M. Wright, of New York, for ninety cents.

### PERSONAL

THE REV. MR. DAY, of Cohasset, takes the Jerusalem road on wheel.

EX-CAPTAIN ARTHUR STEDMAN, B. Bi. C., is again one of the most active "veteran" wheelmen on the roads.

WILLIAM V. BURT, PERCIVAL S. HOWE, F. W. FREEBORN, and W. H. AMES, all of the Massachusetts, will summer in Europe.

MESSRS. BLISS AND ALDEN, of the Massachusetts, will wheel from Rockland, Me., to Bangor, and return by way of Mount Desert.

W. B. EVERETT, of the Boston, had some smooth as well as some pretty rough experiences in his wheel trip to Lake George. We shall give his report in full shortly.

MR. WALTER UNDERWOOD, of Dorchester, who recently met with quite a serious accident at Hingham, is slowly convalescing, and hopes to be able to ride about 1 October, 1881.

MR. CHARLES E. LORO, the genial sub-captain of the Roxbury Bicycle Club, is summering at Wolfeboro', N. H., where the sandy roads and rough hills are making hot work for him on the wheel.

MR. W. F. HALSALL, the distinguished marine artist, has taken up the bicyclic art, and will be seen wheeling about York this summer when the sand does not persuade or the water allure him from it.

THE removal of Director Hibbard from Milwaukee to Minnesota is a sad loss to Milwaukee bicyclers, but it ought to give the League a director for Minnesota, and is sure to result in a new interest in wheeling in that State. Mr. Hibbard's enthusiasm is contagious.

PRESIDENT PARSONS, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is stopping at "Eagle Cottage," corner Crescent avenue and Wave Way, Ocean Spray, Winthrop, Mass. He rides back and forth on his wheel, and hopes for evening or Sunday calls from his bicycling friends.

WHILE Mr. James Underwood was indulging in his favorite pastime of base ball, at the Boston grounds, 15 July, having, as he thought, placed his bicycle in a secure position, near the fence of the Providence Railroad, some mean rascal "dropped" a huge rock over the fence, smashing in the wheel and otherwise damaging the machine, — a full-nickelled "Harvard."

MR. J. T. JOSLIN, of Newburg, N. Y., is the right man for L. A. W. consul. He was run into by a reckless driver of a horse and wagon, who sued him for being on the road with a bicycle; and as soon as he recovered from his injuries has prosecuted the incompetent and ill-natured wagoner, and will give the courts of New York another opportunity to enforce the rights of bicyclists on the highways.

### Literary and Artistic.

#### A BICYCLE PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company make the following offer of prizes for the best article on the uses of the bicycle, and for the best series of sketches of bicycling, under the following conditions:

#### CONDITIONS FOR PAPERS.

1. The article is to be written on one side of the paper, not less than 4,000 words nor more than 8,000 words in length.

2. The article drawing the prize to be the property of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and delivered to them by the judges without further payment; the others to be returned to the writers if the writers so request and forward the necessary amount of postage.

3. Each article is to be signed by an assumed name and accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the assumed name on the outside, and containing the real name and address of the writer on the inside, which will not be opened until prizes are awarded.

4. The articles are to be sent to Mr. W. E. Gilman, editor of the BICYCLING WORLD, 40 Water street, Boston, Mass., on or before Sept. 15, 1881.

5. Truthfulness of matter and dignity of treatment are qualities to be considered as well as literary excellence.

6. Awards are to be signed by all the judges. The judges are to fill any vacancy in the board, and are to render their decision on or before Oct. 1, 1881.

#### CONDITIONS FOR SKETCHES.

The competition for sketches is subject to the same conditions as above mentioned, except:

1. The sketches must be original, and appropriate to bicycling, but may be of any style or any material, and are to be suitable for wood engravings.

2. The sketches shall not be less than four, nor more than eight in number.

3. Sketches to be four by six inches, and mounted on cardboard eight by twelve inches, and to be marked on the back by an assumed name, while the real name and address of the artist are to be enclosed in an envelope, and forwarded as before suggested.

#### THE PRIZES.

The prize for each of the foregoing competitions is to be a full-nickelled ball-bearing Columbia bicycle of any size and style, made by the Pope Manufacturing Company, to suit the choice of the winner.

#### JUDGES.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Rev. H. D. Weston, and Mr. W. F. Halsall.



As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclers generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours—business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 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, 29 JULY, 1881.

#### To Our Readers who are not Subscribers.

As explained in detail, in the standing announcement at the head of this column, the BICYCLING WORLD is a journal "devoted to the interests of bicyclers generally"; and, naturally, its publishers look to bicyclers for its support and encouragement, and to no other class. And when we say bicyclers, we mean all those who love and practise bicycling for pleasure, for sport, for health, for practical use in locomotion, and not those who manufacture, sell and deal in bicycles as a means of livelihood. The publishers are in no way interested, financially, in bicycle trade nor manufacture, either in this country or in Europe, but its advertising columns are open to all alike, and on equal and impartial terms; yet, owing largely, perhaps, to the exclusiveness of rights of trade and manufacture, the number of bicycle dealers in the United States is so few that advertising, the chief source of newspaper profits, is of secondary importance in the support of a journal like this. Its financial success must depend entirely upon its paid circulation. To bicyclers, then, who desire to see their favorite sport encouraged, increased, defended, and popularized; who wish to see their moral and

legal rights recognized everywhere; who are interested in knowing how the institution progresses at home and abroad; who expect to keep informed of racing events, meets, tours, runs; who would become posted as to the best routes, roads, hotels, and localities for bicycling; who care to learn from others' experiences the best methods of riding, travelling, dressing, overcoming incidental embarrassments; who want to know of and have explained the latest improvements in machines and parts of machines,—in short, to all bicyclers who want to know anything and everything relating to bicycling, we need not urge the importance of a good journal devoted exclusively to their interests. Such a journal the BICYCLING WORLD aims to be; a moral, an intelligent, a fraternal link to bind bicyclers together for their common and individual interests and enjoyments. But in order to be this, it must have hearty individual as well as general support, both in its pages and on its subscription list.

#### EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

##### Notes from the Blue Ridge.

STARTED from Union Depot, Baltimore, via Western Maryland Railroad at 4:45 P. M., Friday, July 1, 1881. Arrived at Frederick 7:22 P. M. Fare, \$1.75. No charge for bicycles. Put up for the night at City Hotel, Patrick Street (said to be best hotel). Good rooms, good attendance, meals only fair. Supper, lodging, and breakfast, \$1.75. Present only bicyclist Mr. Keefer, editor of the *Examiner*.

Started from Frederick 10 A. M., Saturday, July 2, over the old National Pike. Two miles to foot of Catoctin Mountains. Good hard, smooth pike; nearly level. Same excellent road-bed continues to top of mountain, three miles, where opened to us the view of the famous Middletown Valley. The harvest was going on, and gave the scene much the appearance of an English landscape, so rich were the colors. This valley has a wide reputation for its good land and abundant harvests.

After viewing all the points of interest that were pointed out by the farmers' children met on the road, including the battle-ground of South Mountain, we put legs over handles, and coasted three miles into Middletown, in the heart of the valley. It is scarcely an attractive place, though to us its greatest fault appeared to be the absence of a hotel, caused, we were told, "by the prevalence of local option," as if an hotel must necessarily be a bar.

After ten minutes' stop, pushed on to

foot of South Mountain, two and one half miles, the same excellent road continuing all the way. We walked nearly the entire way to the top, three miles, being very hot, and the ascent long and steep, where we stopped for one half-hour at Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's house for water and to rest, as well to enjoy the magnificent views which opened to us from this point; Middletown Valley and Catoctin Mountains on one side, and Hagerstown Valley and Antietam battleground on the other.

From Mrs. Dahlgren's, at the top of South Mountain, into Boonesboro' (two and a half miles), was a continuous coast over as good, if not better roads than we had in Frederick County. Boonesboro' offered no inducements to stop, but hunger, that had overtaken us, would be satisfied, so we put up at what had possibly once been the village inn; but I should recommend the Ryman House, as nothing could be worse than the fare at the other.

To Hagerstown, ten miles, over a superb shell pike, hard as a rock and smooth as asphalt; we bowled along at a merry pace, stopping now and then to look at the scenery, which was of a rich and fertile country, all hills and valleys in a high state of cultivation. The views along this road were sufficiently attractive to induce many stops, where, lying on the grass by the roadside, under the shade of a tree, we revelled in the fresh country air, so different from the atmosphere of a merchant's counting-house. A few minutes before 6 P. M., we reached Hagerstown, the seat of Washington County, and put up at the Baldwin House, which I take great pleasure in recommending as the best hotel in Maryland at which I have stopped. Twenty-six miles, crossing two mountains, had been done during the day, with ease and comfort, barring the heat of the sun, and we were quite ready for a fresh shirt and the excellent supper served us. Mr. William C. McComas (P. O. Box 291), the solitary bicyclist of the town, called on us shortly after arrival, and gave the full benefit of his experience of the roads in the neighborhood. After supper we took a short spin through the principal streets, creating no end of excitement and curiosity by our nickelled wheels and knee-breeches. The girls seemed to enjoy it immensely. By the same token, the Hagerstown girls fully sustain old Maryland's reputation for female beauty.

After a good night's rest and a comfortable breakfast (specially prepared, the charge for supper, lodging, and breakfast being \$1.50), we started, in company with Mr. McComas, at 7 A. M., for Williamsport, on the Potomac, distant seven miles, forty minutes, including three stops for horses, over the best road yet encountered, being about one fifth up grade, and four fifths jolly coasting. After viewing the scenery for ten or fifteen minutes, we took to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal tow-path, which we stuck to for twenty-three miles, to Hancock. As we were in no hurry, we loafed at ease, stopping for

frightened mules, to see the boats go through the locks, and once to take off shoes and stockings and paddle about in the water. The tow-path between the points named affords most delightful riding, being smooth surface and very hard; indeed, just such a road-bed as rotten rock makes. It is much driven over by the canal engineers. There was great want of shade along the tow-path, but the heat was somewhat relieved by a breeze blowing in our faces, which, however, was not enough to make the riding hard. I am told that this breeze may be depended on at all times. Here let me make a suggestion: There being no place to get a meal between Hagerstown and Berkeley, it is necessary for one to provide one's self with substantial luncheon. We experienced great discomfort for want of food.

At Hancock we crossed the Potomac in a skiff (fine bass fishing at this point), and were told that the road to Berkeley, after climbing the first hill (one half-mile), was all that could be wanted. We found it all that could be wanted — to make a bicycler swear himself red in the face. It was simply — condemnable. We walked nearly the entire six miles, — they seemed sixteen, — and reached Berkeley Springs at 4:30 P. M., having covered thirty miles of delightful riding, and six miles beastly walking.

The pool bath greatly refreshed us, but nothing could satisfy us until we got dinner at 6:30. So ended the run. Sixty-two miles over two mountain ranges; no end of pleasure; absolute relief from the cares of business; nothing in the whole trip to mar its thorough enjoyment.

From Berkeley to Sir John's Run, we put our wheels on top of the coach (\$1.00, including wheel), preferring to do that rather than attempt a worse road than the one to Hancock. To Baltimore we came by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (fare, \$4.05, and wheel fifty cents). C. W.

#### Philadelphia to New York and Return.

*Editor Bicycling World:* — It seems to be customary to inform those interested in bicycle matters, of runs that are a little different from ordinary, so I wish to mention mine of last Saturday, the 16th. At about 4 A. M. I started from near the centre of this city on my 54-inch Royal Challenge, and ran through Trenton, Princeton, New Brunswick, Elizabeth, Rahway, Newark, and at 5 P. M. was at the ferry in Jersey City; crossed to New York, and ran the blocks of Broadway and Fifth avenue, to the headquarters of the different bicycle clubs of the city (791 Fifth avenue), and reported at about 6 P. M.; distance about 100 miles. This road is called turnpike for most of the way, but owing to dry weather there was a good deal of sand encountered. Yesterday, the 20th, I started at Ocean Grove at 5 A. M., and ran through Long Branch, Freehold, Heightstown, and Newtown, arriving in Trenton at 12 M.; roads were dry, and the latter part of the run quite

sandy and soft. After dinner in Trenton I mounted and rode against a strong head wind, which continued till within about ten miles of this city, forcing very slow progress. It was 7 P. M. before I arrived here. About ninety miles, as near as I can tell. ABR. G. POWELL, of Germantown Bi. Club, Philadelphia Consul, L. A. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1881.

#### Long-Distance Riding.

*Editor Bi. World:* — I wish to call attention to some of this season's exploits of the Amherst College Bicycle Club, as recorded in the *Student*, the fortnightly organ of the undergraduates. On the last day of April, two of the club rode to Hartford, fifty-three miles, in  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours. A fortnight later, two others went over the same road and completed their journey at New Haven, about thirty-five miles beyond, reaching that city on Saturday, about twenty-four hours after leaving Amherst. On that same second Saturday of May, several others of the club made the run to Greenfield and Brattleboro<sup>2</sup>, and one of them (George F. Fiske, '81, of New Haven, the pioneer bicycler of the college) returned to Amherst before nightfall, having propelled himself eighty miles in the course of the day. The *Student* said, "This is the longest ride yet made by any of the club." But in its issue of June 18, it accredited the same gentleman with a still more notable exploit, saying: "A few days ago he rode his bicycle from Amherst to Boston and back as far as Framingham, a distance of 125 miles, in one day, and then back to Amherst the following morning." The same paper of June 4 said: "On the return from the Meet, our captain, Paul Blatchford, accomplished the distance between Boston and Amherst, 102 miles, between 5:30 A. M. and 8:30 P. M., making the first forty-five miles to Worcester in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours." A week or two later he "rode to Greenfield, eighteen miles, in an hour and twenty-five minutes."

None of the other undergraduate newspapers have mentioned any rides at all comparable with even the shortest of these; and the two longest seem to me the most creditable road records yet made in America. If other riders have done better, I wish their records might be published. The best I have recently noticed appeared in the *Sunday Courier* of July 3, for which W. M. Woodside, of Manhattan Bicycle Club, supplied an interesting report of his rides between New York and Philadelphia. Leaving the ferry in Jersey City at 4:12 A. M. on June 25, he reached North Philadelphia at 8 P. M., eighty-five miles by Excelsior cyclometer. Starting from Broad and Arch streets in Philadelphia at 6 A. M. on the 27th, he was stopped by the rain at Metuchen, N. J., at 7:45 P. M.,  $69\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

When the English touring bicyclists arrive here in September, they ought to be at once blindfolded and hurried off to

Girard, Pa., and their faces set towards Buffalo before the bandages are removed. Then, with 120 miles of smooth track ahead of them, let them see what they can do on our "best American long-distance race-course." My own September tour will probably take in some of the roads of Maryland, for a Baltimore rider has kindly sent me some rather attractive notes concerning his recent experiences in the Blue Ridge region (which, with his permission, I forward for publication), together with other alluring allusions to the "black-day roads of the Eastern Shore."

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., July 18, 1881.

#### GLANCES ABROAD

(From the *London Sportsman*.)

REMARKABLE as has been the advance in public favor of bicycling and tricycling as a rapid and inexpensive means of locomotion, it is no less curious to observe that a stupid kind of prejudice against the cyclist is still entertained in many quarters from which a more sensible and enlightened view of affairs might reasonably have been expected. One can understand the ignorant and the vulgar seizing upon aught that is novel as a butt for their ridicule; but as their gibes and sneers do no real harm, it is scarcely worth while taking them into account at all. Their coarse wit will be diverted to other channels in time, unless, indeed, they are set the example of continuing their antipathy by people who ought really to know better, and who should be patterns of decency, good breeding, and propriety rather than of meanness and contemptible rancor. So far as members of what is known as "the wheel world" are concerned, however, they suffer occasionally from the spite and aversion of persons who currently pass as respectable, and as this sort of opposition is now and again manifested in violent style, it is only right that the protection of the law should be afforded the sufferers. During the past week a party of bicyclists were subjected to gross outrage at the hands of a man named Butterworth, of Barnet, whose conduct was shameful to a degree. Not content with positively endangering the lives of five or six of the riders, he committed a disgraceful assault upon one, and for this he was very properly hauled before a magistrate. It is comforting to reflect that he received his deserts, and a sentence of two months' imprisonment, with hard labor, the option of a fine not being allowed, may teach him to act less like a maniac in the future. We certainly hope bicyclists will resolve to promptly resent any interference with their undoubted rights and privileges, and that should they be the victims of an outburst of idiotic spleen, they will take immediate measures to bring the offender to justice. This is a duty they owe not only to themselves, but to their brethren in all parts of the country. Bicycling is a healthful and profitable pastime, which we hope to

see increase even more largely in the future than has yet been the case, and it is time that an end was put to the species of terrorism which has hung over the head of the "rider of the iron steed." At the same time, however, it is necessary that the fraternity of cyclists should exercise due vigilance to maintain their title to public respect. Unfortunately some exponents of the art are given to reckless and improper actions, and the conduct of those few tends to bring the entire body into contempt. Within the past day or two a couple of cases have come under our notice in which bicyclists were guilty of offences for which they have been adjudged worthy of correction. In the one case a bicyclist of Birmingham rode so carelessly through the streets that he knocked down and badly injured an elderly gentleman, to whom he has had to pay £45 compensation. In the other a gentleman of Tottenham has been fined for riding on the foot-path, of course to the danger of foot passengers. So long as these foolish and perilous practices are indulged in the cyclist will find himself utterly unable to live down the hostility that is manifested towards him. It is the duty, we contend, of properly conducted riders to visit their displeasure very severely upon such offenders, and thus render them liable to a double retribution. Perhaps it would be well if clubs framed a rule providing for the expulsion of any member who conducted himself in such a manner as to tend to bring his fellows into disrepute. We would urge this matter strongly upon the attention of the various associations, for unhappily cases are continually cropping up of a detrimental character to bicycling, and they should be suppressed. We have already expressed our hearty sympathy with bicycling and tricycling, and shall always view with pleasure its extension and increased prosperity. Whilst, however, we demand for the cyclist all due consideration and respect we cannot in common fairness pass over unnoticed any of the errors of which he may be guilty, nor refrain from exhorting him to exhibit that scrupulous regard for propriety, and honorable and law-abiding conduct which he is anxious to meet with in others who are not members of his craft.

(From the *Bicycling News*.)

THOSE who paid a visit last week to the old Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, to inspect the 'cycle specimens there exhibited must have considered their small outlay more than repaid by the performance of Scuri, on the unicycle. To those who had not previously seen the display of the clever young Italian, it should prove an excellent lesson on what can be done by confidence and good judgment. His is simply the trick of balancing, and may, perhaps, bear little profitable instruction beyond this to the bicyclist, half of whose dangers centre in the hind wheel. Nor do I think that any amount of practice could endow some gentlemen with a like perfection on the unicycle. But this

much, I think, can be deduced from Scuri's display, that when one wheel can be reduced to such obedience, and be made to travel with so little "wobbling," the more so should a stricter adherence to the laws of attraction than is now followed secure to the bicyclist a less devious course, and an almost immunity from accident. Indeed, there is, doubtless, more art in 'cycle riding than is at present apparent.

It seems that the police authorities at Coventry have been for some time in the habit of bringing the resources of the tricycle into play as a useful help to the proper discharge of their duties. Upon such a machine, the other day, a constable succeeded in apprehending a malefactor, when, under ordinary circumstances, he could have had no possible chance of doing so. When charged with his offence, the prisoner innocently remarked he had n't the least idea the tricycle rider was a policeman. One can quite believe him. But, truly, 'cycling is assuming a national importance. — *Correspondence.*

(From *Tricycling Journal*.)

TRICYCLING EXTRAORDINARY. — At 3.20 on 16 May, two members of the Gloucester Tricycle Club, Major Lyons and Mr. C. Robins, Jr., started from Gloucester for London on their tricycles (Devon and Salvo), arriving there at seven o'clock the same evening, feeling none the worse for the journey. The route taken was through Cheltenham, Northbeach, Burford, Witney, Oxford, High Wycombe, Beaconsfield, Ealing, etc., the total distance as registered by the cyclometer 113 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles, having been done in 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, three hours being used for refreshing the inner man and oiling machines, thus showing an average speed of over nine miles per hour. Neither of the above gentlemen were teetotalers.

(From the *London Globe*, 21 June, 1881.)

WE this week bring before the notice of our readers the "Flying Scud" tricycle, manufactured by the South London Machinist Company, Suffolk Grove, Great Suffolk street, Southwark, S. E., and Tower buildings, Moorgate street, E. C. It is undoubtedly a capital machine, and runs easily and well, being fitted with ball bearings to all three wheels, and has the rotary motion. The side wheels are of equal sizes, and have the great advantage of being speeded; for instance, 40-inch wheels can be made to drive equal to 50-inch ones, and 50-inch wheels can be made to drive equal to no less than the great height of a 64-inch machine, thus saving the extra labor which must be incurred in driving a high machine, and which it must be admitted a great number of both riders and intending riders aspire to do. It can be fitted either with chain gear or intermediate driving wheel, or both wheels can be made drivers, which will be found a great advantage in ascending hills. It also has an adjustable crank. The rear or guiding wheel is 20 inches in diameter, and is fitted with a spoon brake applied on to

the back wheel by merely turning the right handle forward. The side wheels are fitted with 1-inch diameter India-rubber tires and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch to back wheel. The width of this machine is varied to suit the taste of purchasers; but the usual sizes made are 31 and 34 inches, although, in some cases, they are made as wide as 41 inches. By an ingenious arrangement of unscrewing a nut, one of the side wheels can, without the slightest trouble, be instantly removed, thus reducing the width of the machine by 5 inches, which, of course, would be a great benefit to those who are pressed for space, or who have to take the machine through a narrow door or gate before it can be safely housed. It is light and rigid, being made entirely of steel; a 50-inch, weighing 56 pounds, and a 40-inch, 50 pounds. The seat can be a saddle or cushion, and can be lowered or raised as the rider may require. The prices are very reasonable: a 40-inch machine, half bright or painted, fitted with foot rests, pair of lamps, valise, oil can and spanner, costing £15, and rising 5 shillings in price for every two inches in size. These machines may be had on the easy term system. The South London Machinist Co. are about to bring out a patent double driving gear, which we shall also notice later.

"I NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS A BOBBY," said a thief, who unexpectedly found himself on Sunday night in Coventry police station, in explanation of his capture. He did not recognize the policeman because the latter had mounted a tricycle, upon which he followed and caught his man. Rogues in Warwickshire will probably after this take flight at the appearance of a tricycle, for it appears that the machine has been brought into regular use there for the pursuit of suspected persons.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In your number of the 1st instant, one of your correspondents calls attention to a matter of much interest. Your correspondent, referring to Mr. Scuri, the unicyclist, says that, as far back as 1876, S. T. Johnson, a well-known professional bicyclist, made and rode a unicycle in Birmingham. Your correspondent, from what he writes, it seems is quite unaware of the nature of Mr. Scuri's invention, and his remarkable equilibrium riding, which has lately attracted the wonder of the cyclist world and the public in general. Mr. Scuri has for the first time solved the long-thought-of problem of riding on a single wheel, and turn it at pleasure with great ease without the loading of an obnoxious weight, in some form or other, under the centre of the wheel for equilibrating the upper part. It must also be remembered that, as far as our recollection goes, it is not just now merely, or for the last few years that the cyclist world has been experimenting on the unicycle, but it is, at least, ever since the introduction of the bicycle that bicyclists and bicycle makers have been thinking of reducing the bicycle to a single wheel or unicycle. The reason

of the continued failure of the many experiments was, that at every experimenter had the faulty idea that without the aid of counterpoises in some shape or other under the axis of the wheel, it was positively foretold to them the impossibility of obtaining equilibration. This was the very cause of the increased difficulty in turning the wheel, while Mr. Scuri's invention, on the contrary, enables turning to be done with the greatest facility."

A YOUNG CHAMPION.—The maxim that "youth will be served" has received another proof. A young stripling of about eighteen, R. Howell, of Wolverhampton, has suddenly sprung to the highest eminence, and assumed the championship of professional bicycling, defeating, much to the astonishment of every one, those hitherto unvanquished veterans, John Keen and Frederick Cooper. It is true that Keen is said to be not in his best trim, and that Cooper has been suffering from rheumatism. Still, the manner in which young Howell has disposed of both of them, and the time he has made, prove his undeniable merit. At a great gathering at Leicester he won a mile championship prize of a belt and £15 in 2 minutes 50 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. He followed this up at Wolverhampton, where bicycling is considered one of the high arts, by winning a mile championship in 2 minutes 51 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. The record for a mile still rests with Cooper, namely, 2 minutes 46 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. The amateur record is the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer's, 2 minutes 46 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, made at Cambridge last year at the same time in a race with Cooper.

#### GLEANINGS FROM EXCHANGES

THE MARTELL FAMILY.—Hearing the Martell family spoken of as something phenomenal in the bicycle trick act line a *Courier* representative visited Volks Garden last Friday. On mentioning the nature of his business, he was courteously received by Mrs. Paul Falk, the proprietress. Shortly before the time for the Martell act the *Courier* representative paid a visit to the stage and there saw Mr. Harry Martell, who informed him that if he would wait to see the act he would be glad to see him after. As the bicycle act was next in order, the reporter returned to his seat. The Martells, Harry, William, and Minnie, appeared in very tasteful jockey costumes, and proceeded to do the usual preliminary riding, side saddle, without hands, step and pedal, etc. This introductory riding over, they executed some very intricate movements, riding at full speed while making evolutions of every description. William and Harry Martell then performed a very clever feat, William standing on Harry's shoulder, and while going at full speed, turning a somersault on to the stage. Miss Minnie Martell proves herself an expert and graceful rider, and also stands on two machines while being ridden at full speed. Shortly after the conclusion of their act, which was re-

ceived with hearty applause, Mr. Harry Martell came to the reporter and said: "If you are going to say anything in your paper about our performance, you would greatly oblige me by mentioning that our bicycles were presented to us by Mr. Wm. M. Wright. He has treated us in such a gentlemanly manner that I would not care for any notice unless that were mentioned." The scribe, having faithfully promised, congratulated Mr. Martell upon the excellence of their performance. The other replied: "Well, I mean to reproduce all the tricks that I do in my carpet performance on the bicycle, and Mr. Wright is going to have the machines nickel-plated, so they will show up much better."

"Has your time been well filled?"

"Yes, splendidly; and I see no chance of a day's vacant time. I go next week to the National Theatre. Come down and see us."—*N. Y. Sunday Courier*.

ON Saturday, July 16, Messrs. Rawson Underhill and Irving K. Taylor, of the Manhattan Bicycle Club, made a trip to Hackensack.... An interesting half-mile bicycle race occurred at Chattanooga on the 4th inst., in connection with the town celebration on that day. A gold medal valued at \$50 was offered as the prize. There were four entries: A. E. Howell, V. L. Cunningham, D. D. McMillin, and J. W. Madden. Howell won the race. Time, 1.45. — *Courier*.

THE Kings County Wheelmen have leased the old bicycle grounds, corner of Rutledge street and Bedford avenue, and it is the intention to rebuild the track and fit the place up for general headquarters. — *Wheel*.

WE beg to call the attention of our park commissioners to reports in the present issue of the doings of wheelmen in this city, in Oakland, and the position held by bicycle riders in the East and England. In Boston, recently, 1,000 riders formed line on one of the principal streets. At Hampton Court, London, 2,300 wheelmen took part in the annual procession. For a long time a marked prejudice was manifested in England against riders by owners of horses and drivers of vehicles, but it has died out, and all the roads of Merrie England have for a long time been open to the riders of the silent steed. In the East, opposition is fading away, and all restrictions, save the ordinary rules of the road, will soon be forgotten in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic cities, who have placed unjust limits upon the movements of bicyclists.

But we have a grievance at home. San Francisco is justly celebrated for its bad roads. No city in the Union can boast of more wretched streets and roads than our own. Hence, they are unfit to travel over on the bicycle. The only smooth streets are those with such steep grades that horse teams never attempt to climb them; the rest are so full of ruts that a bicycle cannot be ridden over them without serious risk to limb or life. But there is a spot eminently suited for bi-

cycle riding: that is, Golden Gate park. The drives are broad and smooth, and they are long enough to give room to a thousand riders without crowding either horsemen or the drivers of buggies and carriages. Hence, why are bicycle riders limited to a few roads and stated hours daily? The park drives are broad enough to avoid all risk of collision. What then is the plea for keeping bicycle riders out of the park, except at early and late hours of the day? The risk to horsemen and those who drive buggies and carriages?

Now, why should our park commissioners be so careful, so solicitous of the welfare of all who ride or drive in the park? Surely they are not hot-house plants, that would wither if a cold blast should dash against either cheek. The same horsemen and drivers who would be imperilled if a bicycle met them in the park, run far greater risks when driving over the public streets where steam dummies, hay wagons, and other unusual objects come in view at every turn. The plea of danger to life and limb will not hold good. It cannot be that bicycle riders injure anything, for nothing can be more harmless than their rubber tires. If we could find a reasonable excuse for this unjust exclusion we should not write another line to have it removed. But on the plea of space, safety, and harmlessness, everything is in favor of admitting the bicycle club at all hours to the park, and over all its drives and roads.

Beyond this, the element of justice comes in, for while the San Francisco Bicycle Club is limited to a few hours daily, and only permitted to ride over specified roads, several riders, reported to be personal friends of the park commissioners, have permits given them to ride in the park when they will and where they will. This action of Messrs. McLane, Alvord, and Eldridge is unjust. If the park, which they esteem as holy ground, is not too sacred for their friends to desecrate with a bicycle, neither should it be tabooed to the San Francisco Bicycle Club. If the justice of this statement does not convince the park commissioners, we are sure the logic of it will show them that to continue to place limits and barriers before the gentlemen who compose the San Francisco Bicycle Club, as to when and where they shall ride in the park, will expose them to charges of unwarranted favoritism, which we shall not urge until they have had an opportunity to reconsider the matter.—*San Francisco Olympian*.

#### Clubs and Clubbing.

THERE is or was, in New York City or somewhere else (I don't want to locate this close enough to give foundation for a libel suit), a certain police captain who was seldom spoken of save in connection with his club. President Bates seems to think that this should be the desired fate of every bicyclist. Now, I don't care to dispute the venerable president's assertions as to the benefits, mental,

moral, and physical, to be derived from clubs. I am willing to admit, for the sake of argument, all that President Bates says in favor of clubs; but I desire to enter my very emphatic protest against the police-captain style in which he proposes the clubs shall be used. Of course, a club has a perfect right to decide who shall be invited or admitted to club rooms, club dinners, club races, and club runs. *Gentlemen*, whether club men or unattached, will not be likely to force themselves into company on such occasions uninited, and no gentleman will be apt to find fault with a club for being as niggardly with its hospitality as it chooses. But when President Bates goes beyond this and says that a bicycle club is "a social organization which controls bicycle companionship within its district," he makes a foolish assertion which is not supported by facts, and puts forth claims which, if any club were to attempt to enforce, would make such club an organized impertinence and a social nuisance which would doubtless soon abate itself. As Dr. Watts remarks:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see —"

poor chaps, who don't belong to my church, or my lodge, or my political party, and yet I make companions of them (some of them); and if my church, or my lodge, or my political party were to attempt to control my companionship, I'd kick over the traces in about a York minute, and I think any gentleman of spirit belonging to a bicycle club would do the same, if that organization were to attempt to "control bicycle companionship within its district," and to discipline him for taking a run, or many of them, with the publicans and sinners of the "unattached." I have no fears of any such attempt being made. Such seven-by-nine cliquishness is not likely to become prevalent outside of small back-country villages, even with the eloquent and witty president of the Detroit Bicycle Club as its advocate. I will say to President Bates that if he comes here the unattached will treat him just as well as though he was *not* a club president, and when we go to Detroit we won't go to his club-room or join his club runs without a special invitation, and maybe not even if we *are* invited.

As to the racing part of the business, if I am a League member in good standing, that is all the League can require, and the League has no more concern with my membership in a bicycle club than in a church or a Good Templars' lodge. The day that my L. A. W. badge and ticket are not the all-sufficient guarantees of my fitness and standing for entry into any contest or show or performance or festivity carried on under L. A. W. auspices, those dishonored bawbles will go back to the corresponding secretary by first express, and I will go to work for the winding up of a concern which shows itself to be bankrupt by dishonoring its own paper. The L. A. W. is the League

of American Wheelmen, not wheel clubs. Let it remain as it is, an organization to which all respectable aiders of the silent steed can belong, and can look for aid, comfort, and advice, whether they are club members or not, and in which every member has equal rights and privileges, and the unattached is just as good as the club member, even if he did pay twice as much as the aforesaid club member for the privilege of joining the League. I don't want to be clubbed out of the League, and object to any *ex post facto* rules to that end.

CYCLOS.  
DUNKIRK, N. Y., 15 July, 1881.

#### Club Life from a Back Window.

At first I was shocked. For four years I have lived in a quiet and decidedly unpretentious way, occupying a ten-by-twelve room on the third story. The view from my window is not one that would attract the artistic eye, nor are the breezes wafted in on summer nights what might be termed either fresh or salt. In fact, my only view is about forty square yards, — of sky, and a back yard which may be forty feet long, but is anything but square. This yard is the *entrée* and exit for marketmen, icemen, servants and the like, for some dozen families who live in true city fashion, on flats. As I said before, all these years have I lived in peace and quiet, with nothing to break the monotony but the perambulating canine, or occasionally a small child falling from a window or a servant slipping down the fire escape; when one day last winter, three young men appeared in the yard below talking earnestly with the landlord of the house backing up to ours, and in such a way that I thought the property must be changing hands, and visions came to me of a beer garden, a rat pit, or some such dreadful thing. But when, on second sight, I saw the young men seemed to be gentlemen, I mustered courage, an' peeping through my blinds, listened, to gather, if I could, some reason for this unwanted intrusion. But although talking earnestly they did not raise their voices, and it was only now and then that I could catch a word; but "wheel" I did hear several times, then "captain" and "club" figured conspicuously. Next, the party went inside, and, after a few minutes, reappeared; but the only words distinguishable were "Massachusetts" and "no beer." This was comforting; but my curiosity was excited, and after the young men were gone I began to wish they would return, and the quietude of the place seemed greater than ever. I began to think it over, and to put the words I had heard together; "captain"! "club"! what might it mean? Not a police station, although I had read of them in connection with clubs and captains, but never with "no beer." Then what was the often-mentioned "wheel"? Thus I reasoned; but day after day went by, and no more young men came, and so I supposed my worry was for nothing. One might think it strange that I did not ask some of my numerous neighbors, or that I did

not send round and inquire of the landlord himself; but this is not my way. I am of a naturally retiring disposition, and would not for the world let my neighbors — of whom I know very little — think I ever noticed what went on outside my blinds.

Winter passed, and spring threatened to come, and on one of those most promising afternoons in April, I was startled from a nap by an unusual hubbub in the yard below. Running to the window and looking out, I saw a bevy of — what? Boys or men? or men in boys' clothing? Certainly some of them were old enough not to be called boys, and yet they had on pants that came only to the knee, and wore funny little caps on their heads. My first impulse was to retire from the window, thinking they were not expecting to be seen, and that, perhaps, they were just going to continue dressing; but on farther thought I decided that could not be; at any rate I would stay and see it out. Just then a tall young man came in, wheeling before him a large spider-like wheel with a small one in the air and grasping a sort of cross-bar by which he wheeled them. One after another of the party went out to the street and soon returned, each bringing with him a set of wheels exactly like the first. Then, and not till then, the thought struck me that these were the famous bicycles which my cousin had written to me about, but which I had never seen before. So this was the meaning of the former visit, and these were members of a bicycle club. As I remarked at first, I was shocked! To think of having a club-room in my immediate vicinity and these undressed-looking men disturbing my solitude, perhaps at all times of the day and night! This was too much. I immediately sat down and wrote to the owner of my room, giving notice that I should vacate by the end of the month. But where should I go? Alone in the world, and seldom venturing on the street, the thought made me homesick, and I went back to my window. The bicycles had disappeared, but the men were standing talking in such a quiet, dignified way, that I began to think I had been hasty, and that, perhaps, a bicycle club was not the worst thing to have in one's neighborhood after all. The days went by and still I did not send my note of warning. Each day brought new men and new bicycles. Where did they all spring from? Some of the new arrivals wore large, gray, umbrella-like hats, while some went to the other extreme, their little round ones scarcely covering the tops of their heads. Some wore gray suits, and a few suits were of dark-brown; but the rule seemed to be that no two should dress alike. As the season advanced, I began to get acquainted with a few faces or figures, so that I knew them, either by names I had heard them apply to one another, or by some I had myself given them. There was the "fat boy" and the "shadow," who often came and went together, making a striking contrast; then there was

"Church," so called, I suppose, from his ministerial looks, and "Harry," who was quite a chip of the old block. My "Miss Prim" always took care of his own machine, and never put it away with a single spot on its nickelled surface. One old fellow, on the shady side of fifty, I christened "Old Grouty"; he never seemed to enjoy himself with the rest, but spent a long time oiling up and then put his oil can in a little leather bag strapped down side of the small wheel, — which I once heard him remark made him less likely to fall, — and trudged off more as if going to a funeral than on a pleasure excursion. This old fellow wore long boots nearly to his knees, which gave him, to say the least, a very unique appearance. Many others I might mention, such as "too thin," "Dock," "sawed off," and a dozen more; but I will spare their feelings. All this excitement made me feel that there was something in life, after all, and that these healthy, merry-looking fellows got more out of it than I did. It happened about this time that my cousin sent me a copy of the BICYCLING WORLD, which had some notes in it from his hand in regard to his club's movements, and I became much interested to see the extent to which bicycling literature was carried: so I wrote my cousin for back numbers, which he accordingly sent. In these I picked up bits of news and gossip which helped me in sorting out my boys, as I call them; and I also found that my club, in which I had taken such an interest, was not one, but *two* clubs united, and that their rooms were called the "Bossachusetts." This was great news, and now I tried to separate the clubs; but to no purpose. There might have been forty clubs instead of two, by the variety of suits they wore. What was my surprise, one day, to see ten men come down stairs dressed alike, in handsome suits of dark-blue. I immediately referred to my WORLD, which my cousin now sends as a matter of course. Yes, there it was: "The Massachusetts Club will take a run, on Tuesday next, appearing in their new uniforms." "Now I can tell them," thought I; "these are the blues; the many-colored ones will now be the Bostons. But my next paper stated that the latter were soon to break over their old rules of variegation, and would appear shortly in dark-green, throughout. And sure enough, one by one, "fat boy," "Old Grouty," and all the others appeared, looking as nearly alike as the differences of face and figure would allow. What a rugged-looking lot they are, always in a hurry, and always having a good time. I declare, my heart is with the bicyclers, and were I a man, no matter how old, I would ride the "festive" wheel or perish in the attempt. But my being destined to wear female apparel for my remaining days, the best I can do is to write my encouragement and good-will. But, boys, remember you need not look for me, for I am over forty, and I always keep my blinds closed.

LYDIA P.

## RACES

THE bicycle race, 2-mile heats, the first item on the programme of the Jockey Club meeting at the Bloomington, Ill., Fair Grounds, 30 June, was witnessed by a large number of persons, and was interesting, though a muddy track prevented fast driving. Theron Fell won the first heat in 5.45; Elmer Folsom the second and third in 5.15 and 5.19.

THE Chicago and Ariel Bicycle Clubs held their first inter-club race at Central Park, June 25. Nearly a thousand people were present to see the fun, which shows an interest in the sport here. Twelve of the Chicago Club were on hand, but only four of the Arels, so the race was called off so far as prize was concerned, and a mile dash was run, Mr. L. H. Conkling, Chicago Bicycle Club, winning. Time not taken, the track being unfavorable.

THE annual race of the London Bicycle Club from Bath to London took place on Whit Monday. No less than 14 members ran the journey under 10 hours, but the winner, L. B. Reynolds, finished in 7 hours 56 minutes; A Barrett was 30 seconds only behind, and H. R. Reynolds, the third man, was 2 minutes under 8 hours.

"KOL KRON" contributes the following summary of college records to the New York *World*: The two-mile races of Columbia, on the 3d and 7th of May, were both won by J. M. Stearns, '84, S. of M., whose times were 7m. 42s., and 7m. 13s. The latter race the *Spectator* called "the best event of the day. The three men kept very close and did the first mile in 3m. 30s. On the eighth lap Stearns forged ahead and won, with Clark and Reed well up. An exhibition half-mile run by L. G. Myers, the amateur champion, against G. H. Taylor, '81, who was to ride three laps on a bicycle, was changed to a race of a lap, which resulted in a dead heat in 39s." At the intercollegiate race of May 28, on the same track, Columbia was represented by three of the men just named; Princeton by W. Chester, '84; Harvard by S. Williston, '82; and Yale by C. K. Billings, '82, who won the two-mile Yale race of May 4, in 7m. 17s. The *Acta* said: "At the crack of the pistol Billings took the lead, but was soon passed by Taylor. Each of the men in turn had the lead. On the seventh lap Stearns had to retire with a broken pedal. Reed finally won in 6m. 51s., with Williston thirty yards behind. This is the best college record." The Harvard Bicycle Club held independent races on the 25th of May, the day after the regular field meeting, and the best times recorded were 3m. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., 3m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., and 3m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. for the mile; 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. and 51s. for the quarter-mile; and 7m. 37s. for the two-mile handicap. The two-mile race at Princeton was won by W. P. Field, '83, in 7m. 37s., with Chester, '84, second. At Pennsylvania University, "when the race was called, J. E. Le Conte, '81, was the only man that came to the scratch.

Reath, '84, who was also entered, but was standing among the spectators, was induced to start and ride once around the course. Le Conte rode the two miles in 7m. 20s." At the Bowdoin meeting, according to the *Orient*, "the introduction of bicycles was something novel, but there was evidently no race in this respect, and the time made should have been much better. The record shows that Sewall, '83, covered the half-mile in 2m. 14s." At the Syracuse University sports, W. H. Olmsted, a non-collegiate rider, was given a gold medal for doing the half-mile in 1m. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. At Michigan University, the mile race, on a poor track, was won in 3m. 57s. At California University "the bicycle riding was undoubtedly the best thing on the programme, and the skill and daring of the riders excited the admiration of all present. The mile race was won in 3m. 52s." At the Beloit meeting, "a large concourse gathered to witness the bicycle races. In the first race of a quarter mile, Clark and Hall came in ahead. In the two-mile race John Knapp won in 7m. 51s., Clark coming in second."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Ten-mile Bicycle Races.

*Editor Bicycling World*:—A short time ago I noticed an article in the BICYCLING WORLD against ten-mile bicycle races; it compared them with the seven-day walking matches in New York, as being races merely for endurance. Now, let us look at both sides of this question. A ten-mile bicycle race is not a very long nor fatiguing race for a person in good health to ride. I was told by a somewhat celebrated athlete, a few days ago, that he had rather ride a ten-mile bicycle race any time than run a five-mile race. On the other hand, a rider of a small bicycle has not near so good a chance in a short as he has in a long race. For instance: My measure is 46 inches, but by stretching I can ride a 48 inch machine; now, a wheel 48 inches in diameter goes about twelve and a half feet every revolution, while a 58-inch wheel goes about fifteen feet every revolution; consequently a rider of a 48-inch must work his feet much faster than that of a 58-inch to go at the same rate of speed. When I try to spurt with my 48-inch, my pedals fly around so fast that it is almost impossible to keep my feet on the pedals; and yet I have plenty of strength left, could I find any way of using it to advantage. But in a ten-mile race I can start off at a good pace, yet not so fast but that I can keep my feet on the treadles, and at the same time fast enough to win the race if I keep it up to the end. Although the 58-inch will at first, perhaps, spurt ahead, it finally will have to come down to a good substantial pace, which in a ten-mile race would be about a four-minute gait. A friend of mine, who rides a 58-inch, can always beat me in any bicycle race short of five miles, yet in either a mile running or walking match, I can easily

distance him; which shows that, for some reason or other, I cannot use my powers to the same advantage in both sports. Now I say, give the "shorties" a chance, and when you get up a lot of races, either have once race open only to 48-inch machines and under, or else have it a long race, and you can count on my entry every time. A 48-INCH RACER.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—The event of this season in bicycling circles was the exhibition of bicycles and sundries made by Mr. W. C. Scribner, on opening his Bicycle Agency and Riding School at Tallmadge Hall, in this city. About thirty machines of different makes were shown, from a new nickelled 56-inch "Challenge" with oval backbone, ball pedals, etc., to one of Calvin Witty's ancient boneshakers. The comparison was suggestive. Among the machines shown were the "Royal," "Imperial," and "Xtraordinary Challenge," the "D. H. F. Centaur," the "D. H. F. Premier," the "Yale," and Harvards too numerous to mention. There was a "Columbia" also which is getting to be quite a curiosity in Washington.

Mr. Scribner has a fine hall with plenty of room, and as he is well and favorably known to the business community and is popular with the clubs, there is a general opinion that the business, which has long been dull here, will have a "boom." Messrs. J. M. Lewis, Jr., sub-captain of the Capital Club, and Max Hausmann, L. A. W. director, start from here Aug. 1, for a month's tour, *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, up the Hudson, etc.

COLE DAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22, 1881.

*Editor Bi. World:*—Thinking that perhaps small items would be acceptable to you, I beg leave to offer a small contribution to your excellent paper. I am sorry that I cannot state that we have a club here, although I am working hard to organize one. We have three cities here in a radius of four miles; viz., Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island, and Moline, Ill., aggregating 60,000 population. There are two riders in Davenport, two in Rock Island, and one besides myself here. Our object now is to organize a "Tricity" club, and the prospects look very favorable, as the sport is growing in this vicinity, and the wheel is becoming more and more popular all the time. Both the riders in Davenport use Columbias, 50-inch; those in Rock Island, 48-inch; and I am now riding a 51-inch Star, which I received last week. I am much pleased with it, and think I shall like it better than my old crank machine. I intend to join the L. A. W. soon, as I don't wish to be out in the cold; although it would make wheeling very pleasant, as the thermometer has stood at about 110° in the sun for nearly two weeks. I shall endeavor to keep you posted in regard to our doings around here, as we wish the East to know that we have as ardent overs of the wheel here as you have in

the "Hub." Directly opposite our city, in the Mississippi River, is the Government Island, upon which is situated the United States Arsenal. Many of the drives on this island are splendid for bicyclists, and being well shaded and kept in repair, by "Uncle Sam," afford the pleasantest places we have for wheeling, and we would like to see some of our Western wheelmen here at any time. I trust that you will get at the drift of this disconnected letter, and that it may find a small place in one of your columns.

E. H. SLEIGHT.

MOLINE, ILL., July 18, 1881.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—Allow me to submit to you for publication the names of officers of our club for six months ending November, 1881: President, C. H. Walbridge; secretary and treasurer, B. B. Barney, Jr.; captain, W. F. Dewey; sub-captain, H. M. Kelsey; bugler, B. B. Barney, Jr.; executive committee, C. H. Walbridge, B. B. Barney, Jr., W. F. Dewey, M. F. Richards, Jonathan M. Kelsey. These also comprise our entire membership.

B. B. BARNEY, Sec.

TOLEDO, O., July 19, 1881.

MR. W. H. REID, of Rochester, N. Y., writes us, under date of 18 July: I have just received a new "American Star" wheel, which I find a splendid machine, and am rapidly learning to ride it; but nothing beats the "Matchless" I have also just purchased. A great fault in the "Star" is the short handles; when I get some long ones I have ordered I shall ride with much greater ease. We are talking of getting up a grand tournament for Western New York the coming fall, and hope to bring 200 wheels together here.

MR. H. L. DWIGHT writes from New Bedford, July 17: Previous to purchasing my machine, about a month ago, a bicycle was unknown to the majority of our citizens. Since then about a dozen gentlemen have procured machines. Our members are very much interested in the success of the club, and hope soon to join the L. A. W. with twenty members. We look forward with a great deal of pleasure every week to the publication of the BICYCLING WORLD, through the columns of which we are kept well informed of the doings of our wheelmen.

**THE MANHATTAN BI. CLUB.**—*Editor Bicycling World:*—For the WORLD's information, I herewith give you a list of the officers and members of the Manhattan Bicycle Club, of New York City: President, Edward H. Wales; vice-president, Fred G. Bourne; treasurer, Charles W. Minor; secretary, J. Frank Burrill; captain, B. Fred Bruner; first lieutenant, P. D. Johnston; second lieutenant, Rawson Underhill; members, Robert Barril, C. B. Barril, W. C. Bates, Charles T. Bininger, Fred G. Bourne, P. Fred Bruner, William Buchanan, J. Frank Burrill, F. A. Coleman, Valentine Cook, Jr., Edgar L. Davenport, J. May Duane, Joseph L. Falk, George W. Falk, Frank W. Ful-

erton, Charles W. Graham, Francis K. Grain, Nathan Hobart, William D. Hobart, Charles J. Howard, Randolph Hurry, Fred Jenkins, Edward H. Jewett, Phil. D. Johnson, Henry S. Jones, J. H. Joslin, Joseph Lafon, Dr. G. F. Marsden, H. H. Meyer, Charles W. Minor, Benjamin Nicoll, R. V. Schuyler, Louis Sledge, W. A. Sherman, H. W. Stroub, George H. Taylor, Irving K. Taylor, Phil. T. Timpson, E. B. Underhill, Jr., Rawson Underhill, E. H. Wales, H. H. Walker, James G. Wallace, W. P. Wight, William M. Woodside, E. H. Plunkett,—making forty-six names in all.

Messrs. William M. Woodside, George H. Taylor, Rawson Underhill, and Philip T. Timpson are the racing men of the club, and generally hold their own against representatives from other clubs. Before the next annual meet of the L. A. W., we expect to have over one hundred members, as applications for membership are constantly being sent in to us. Club meetings have been dispensed with till after September, on account of the absence from the city of many of our boys. It is under consideration among our members to give a series of bicycle races on the polo grounds in this city for Manhattan Club medals; one of these races to be for club members only, the remainder *free for all*. Races to come off during the fall. During the summer period there is a scarcity of news in bicycling matters in this part of the State; but such matters as come to knowledge from time to time, which are of any value at all, I shall forward to you, if it is agreeable, for publication. J. F. BURRILL, Sec., 23 Park Row, New York City.

NEW YORK, 25 July, 1881.

#### Our Montreal Letter.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—I am glad to see that the Montreal "Club Dawg" has overcome his habitual reticence and barked a little in your last issue. I must confess, though, that his communication was very dry reading; so I will endeavor to give you something of a lighter nature.

I see by the papers that a deputation from the Montreal Bicycle Club waited on the Park Commissioners on Friday last, and obtained permission for bicyclists to use the park roads during the morning, until ten o'clock. I presume they thought it better to be content with this slight concession, rather than quarrel with the city fathers.

Certainly there is this to be said: if an accident did occur through an ill-trained horse being manipulated by an unskilled driver, the results would probably be fatal, as most of the roads have quite a precipitous descent on one side with solid rock on the other, being cut out of the mountain side; consequently it is perhaps wiser to prevent all chance of such a disaster, which would tend to unpopularize the wheel, which is at present very favorably looked upon here by the many who do not ride.

I am glad to see that in spite of the

quadrupled subscription, which it was foretold by some would kill the Montreal Club, the active membership is more than double that of last year.

By the way, your Halifax correspondent of last week was quite in error in saying that that city has the second club in the Dominion; there being already two clubs in Toronto, one in Brantford, London, Quebec, and St. John each, besides the Honorable and Ancient Montreal.

The citizens' committee for providing attractions at the Exhibition in September are talking of making a suitable track for bicycling on the exhibition grounds, and have acquired an extra piece of land for that purpose; they will, I expect, offer very handsome prizes as an inducement to the cracks to come on and compete, which I hope they will do. The Montreal boys are itching to return some of the hospitality that was shown to their representatives at Boston.

It is rumored that press of business has caused the fourth lieutenant of the Montreal Bicycle Club to decide on resigning his office, as he finds himself unable to devote any time to his club duties. Speculation is rife as to whom the committee will appoint to fill the vacancy.

I regret to say that our worthy secretary, who has up to the present been most constant in his attendance at the club meets, has contracted an evil habit of going to visit his family from Saturday to Monday, at Richelieu (a lovely place, but unattainable on the wheel) where they are summering.

Joe DeSole, the wealthy provision merchant, has returned to the city with his charming bride, and has ordered a D. H. F. Premier, with all the latest improvements and ball bearings to every conceivable part thereof.

Jack Trotter has got his head shingled, and looks like a billiard ball out for a holiday. That same young man has the makings of a splendid fancy rider. He does not know what "funk" means.

Jim Miller, who got his arm hurt in the first competition for the club championship, when he rode over Tibbs, whose machine (which was a stranger, I believe) threw him unexpectedly, had taken out an accident policy in the Travelers about a fortnight before, and collected a week's indemnity, equal to a whole year's premium, for the time he was disabled. *Verbum sap.*

The third monthly competition for the Montreal Club Championship Belt (one mile) is advertised for next Saturday, when, I believe, Smith, the present holder, will meet one or two new competitors.

KANUCK.

MONTREAL, 25 July, 1881.

#### Michigan Notes.

CHARLOTTE, MICH., where a purse of \$125 was offered last year to professional bicyclers, proposes this year to offer a \$100 medal to the amateur riders of the

State. The date contemplated is Aug. 20, distance four miles.

THE Grand Rapids Fair Association have voted \$250 for prizes to amateur bicyclers at their fair the last of September. A \$100 gold watch and a \$75 tea set, both appropriately engraved, are to be among the prizes. Day and distances not yet definitely fixed.

LAST year Michigan was in the front in the number of bicycle races held, and the elegance and variety of prizes bestowed. So far, this year, she bids fair to keep her place. Already agricultural associations are making arrangements for races, and unless resident bicyclers are careful, there will be the same conflict of dates that made some of the runs fizz out last year to the disgust of both riders and people. A good bicycle race is a most interesting sight, but a poor one is a farce, and there are not enough riders in the State who care for racing to fill more than one race on a day.

#### Chicago Notes.

WHILE the steamship "Arizona" was being reported lost, there was considerable "blueness" about Mr. Fairfield's establishment. About \$2,500 worth of "Premiers" and sundries were on board, uninsured.

We are talking up a big run here for this fall about exposition time. Our forces are being summed up, and if everything is agreeable, we shall get up a programme so our friends from outside can take in an enjoyable run over our boulevards. The roads about Chicago are perfect in the fall. A spin of about thirty-five miles can be taken over splendid drives, and we will not tire you out with hills.

We are watching the progress of the Central Park test case with much interest. It means as much for us as riders in New York; for should a favorable decision be reached, the restrictions placed upon us here will of course be removed, and then one of the finest bicycling grounds in the country will be open to us.

Dr. G. L. Henderson, now of Kansas City, and Fred H. Browne, ex-captain, have been placed upon the honorary list of the Chicago Bicycle Club.

Mr. Browne is n't going to be a bachelor any more, and therefore quits active bicycling for the present.

A. B. Holt, of Kankakee, W. T. Eldredge, of Columbus, O., Ed. S. Monroe, of Joliet, J. D. Cummings, of Waltham, and Elmer M. White, of Hartford, were among the "foreigners" who centred here in attendance upon the Second Annual Run of the Milwaukee Bicycle Club.

THERE was recently some disposition on the part of Chicago and Milwaukee bicyclers to start a Northwestern League. The basis upon which this was founded was the fact that our Western wheelmen are practically shut out from the advantages of the L. A. W., as enjoyed by our Eastern brethren, and that the cementing

influence of the League had little effect upon us; that if we desired a unity of thought and action on matters of mutual interest to bicyclers, we would have to organize a separate institution from the L. A. W., including such territory in the organization as would enable all members thereof, or at least a good majority, to get together once or twice a year for a discussion of wheel topics, comparison of notes, races, and for the purposes which go to make the bicycle meet a sort of exposition or fair for the exhibition of progress of the art of wheelmanship. But when the matter came to be seriously considered, and the basis for a constitution figured out, it occurred to us that the benefits we sought to gain were already embodied in the L. A. W., so far as the general interests of wheelmen were concerned; that the existence of one supreme body in the country was necessary to a thorough unification of ideas, and as that body was now in existence, it was but right for us to give our allegiance to the same. On the principle of strength and unity, and for our mutual interest, we should heartily co-operate and sympathize with the objects of the League of American Wheelmen, making its support paramount to any local organization which may be formed to suit the peculiar requirements of Western riders.

"Cads on Casters" is much appreciated by our riders as a name.

Mr. Workman has bought Mr. Aldrich's 52-inch "S. H. F. Premier," it being too small for the latter, who has bought the 54-inch full-nickelled "Stanley," ridden by Mr. Fairfield, and which is well known in Milwaukee.

Vice-President Fairfield now rides a "Harvard" tricycle altogether; says he can get to the office with less exertion than on a bicycle, though of course slower time is made.

Messrs. Miller, Nichols, Packard, Olds, Johnson, Conkling, and Ayer have struck a "Garden of Eden" at Hyde Park. This is what the *Sun* says of their last visitation: "You are welcome, boys, but you mustn't stay so late and make so much noise!"

A host of strange 'cyclers are running around evenings. The "unattached" have got to be so numerous here that there is no use keeping track of them. Three new "Special Clubs" have arrived recently from England with their owners. Our impression of the "Club" is that it is "too utterly utter," — very light, but ungraceful. But we are wedded to the "D. H. F.," and judge everything by it. Wish somebody would bring around a "Humber," or that the "Special Columbia's" head was cut down low, spindle lengthened, more spokes put in big wheel to make it steadier, hollow forked, and a 17-inch back wheel attached. The "Special" would then be a "daisy," and "take the cake."

Mr. I. W. Johnson, Chicago Bicycle Club, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and rides a 52-inch forty-

pound "Special." He has just had it full-nickelled, to make it heavier.

L. J. C. Spruance, secretary Ariel Club, has just returned from Lakeside, whither he tarried after the big Milwaukee run. We noticed he looked "all broke up," at the time.

George D. Hoffman, one of the founders of the Chicago Bicycle Club and its former secretary, leaves Chicago soon to take up a business location elsewhere.

Ed. T. Ide, secretary Elgin Bicycle Club, was loafing around the streets the other day.

Capt. Pierce, "all the way from Elgin," passed through on his way home from the Milwaukee meet. The captain says the Milwaukee boys are the quietest fellows he ever saw!

- STENO.

JULY 18, 1881.

### L. A. W.

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

*Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Dillwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.*

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

*Bicyclists 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 bicyclists to join.*

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

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

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

### APPLICATIONS.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:—The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.*

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,

*Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.*

CHAMPION CITY BI. CLUB.—A. M. Crothen, Roscoe Bean, J. C. Oldham,

Frank Cook, W. S. Huffman, J. G. Jacobs, J. Aaron, J. S. Crowell, T. J. Kirkpatrick, F. M. Bookwalter, D. E. Barnum, Baldwin McGrew, —all of Springfield, O.

**ADDITIONAL.**—Omaha Bicycle Club, Thomas Kimball, Omaha, Neb. Ariel Bicycle Club, Fred. C. Aldrich, 2100 Calumet avenue, Chicago. Hermes Bicycle Club, John F. Allen, 450 Friendship street; J. C. Harris, 213 Greenwich street; William E. Walton, 9 Messer street, —Providence, R.I.

**UNATTACHED.**—H. J. Foulks, Vincennes, Indiana; A. E. Swartwout, Auburn, N. Y.; William V. Gilman, Nashua, N. H.; William Lytle Foster, Cincinnati, O.; Edward H. Harding, 28 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. Fred. Stetson, Brighton, Mass.; Alfred E. Smith, Broadway, Somerville, Mass.; Wayland M. DeLand, Fairport, N. Y.

**CONSULS**—The following consuls have been reappointed for 1881-2, for New York State: C. W. Minor, New York; A. P. Cobb, Flushing, L. I.; M. Wrigley, W. T. Wintringham, Brooklyn; D. Vaux, New York; R. O. Osborn, Poughkeepsie; F. B. Hubbard, Albany; En. Schermerhorn, Schenectady; D. J. Mears, M. D., Greenport; G. E. Dorr, Greenwich; M. C. Smith, Yonkers; J. S. Allen, Garden City; J. T. Joslin, Newburg; G. A. Mosher, Troy; W. B. Gage, Saratoga; G. H. Simons, Potsdam; F. A. Ferris, Harlem; E. F. Hill, Peekskill; E. K. Austin, Brooklyn; D. A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua; D. F. L. B. Chapin, Glens Falls, N. Y. The following have not been reappointed: Curtis H. Veeder, Plattsburg, and L. Delmonti, Sing Sing.

W. F. GULLEN,  
Director L. A. W.

### NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

**Editor Bicycling World:**—In answer to a query in last WORLD as to keeping the stockings up, I would say that the best way possible, I think, is to sew a rubber loop on each side of the shirt at the bottom, and then take a piece of tape about a foot long and sew the middle of it to the outside top of the stocking. By this means you can tie the tape through the rubber loop on the shirt; it not only keeps the stockings up, but also keeps the shirt from rolling up around the waist.

H.

NEW YORK, 22 July, 1881.

### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

THE NEW ORLEANS BI. CLUB now numbers over forty active members. The officers are: Dr. W. R. Mandeville, president; John F. Mintken, vice-president; R. P. Randall, secretary; John P. Roche, treasurer; A. M. Hill, captain; C. H.

Genslinger, first lieutenant; Charles Wirth, second lieutenant; J. D. Patterson, bugler.—*Wheel.*

**EDGEWATER WHEELS**, of Bergen Point, N. J., were organized the latter part of May, with the following members: J. K. Green, president; N. H. Day, captain; W. J. Duane, secretary; D. K. Este, lieutenant; J. M. Duane, bugler; R. V. R. Schuyler, J. H. McKinnell, A. H. Harris, and S. L. Davis. Uniform is blue serge coat, gray corduroy knee-breeches, blue stockings, and blue polo cap with letters E. W. in front. Instead of coats, gray flannel shirts are to be worn in summer.—*Wheel.*

### A Wheeling Adventure in Mexico.

BY ROLAND.

In the fall of 1880, my friend Rupert and I made a successful beginning of a trip through Mexico. We left Galveston by boat for Brownsville, 4 September, to start from there for a two months' excursion, and at the time my narrative opens, had reached Monterey, a thriving town of some 14,000 inhabitants. As yet we had not been troubled by the noted Mexican "Greasers." These fellows will take a wanderer in, feed, clothe and share with him the best he has, but should he find his guest to be the possessor of a *poco dinero* (a little money), sometimes even the small amount of fifty cents, he will do his best to cut the throat of the very man he has befriended, and will free his conscience by going to the *padre*, who, for a few cents, will absolve him from his sins.

We had done the city as well as we could since morning, intending to push towards Saltillo the next day. Many of the streets of Monterey are well paved, the houses mostly of stone in the Moorish style, with flat roofs. We had just finished lunch at a *posada*, and were each enjoying a fine manilla cheroot, which the *casero* had given us, when Rupert pulled out his watch with "Eight o'clock! I say, old boy, can't we take a moonlight spin to-night to Guadalupe? How far is it? Do we want a guide? Is the road good?" and numerous other questions, all in a breath, and before I could give any answer, he turned to a rakish-looking fellow standing near the porch and made several inquiries (Rupert could speak a little Mexican Spanish), but either the fellow did not know much about the road, or did not want to convey the idea that he did, and referred us to *el propietario*. We at once sought this distinguished personage, and learned that Guadalupe was about twelve miles distant, in a southeast direction, with a good road for a greater part of the way. Thanking our host for his information, we passed to the rear of the house for our machines. As we were looking them over, carefully oiling the bearings and seeing that everything was in good trim, a pretty Mexican girl, whom I had noticed several times about the place (perfectly natural I assure you), stepped up

to Rupert and said something to him which I could not understand. He laughed and replied to her in Spanish, at the same time pointing to me and drawing the but of his revolver from his hip pocket. We soon had everything in readiness, and trundled our bicycles around to the front of the house.

Quite a crowd gathered; in fact we had been the "observed of all observers" wherever we had gone during the day, with our tight-fitting knee-breeches and short coats. We were about mounting, when I saw our rakish-looking friend (?) push his way through the crowd, and heard him ask Rupert if he wanted a guide; if he did he could get us one. Ah! thought I, he speaks a little English. Rupert made some reply, I could not hear what, and directly we were in the saddle, and bumping along over the pavements of the city. Soon we struck the road to Guadalupe and found it a good one. Here the splendor of the night burst upon our vision in all its grandeur, before us stretched a beautiful valley, and just at our feet coursed the waters of the Tigre. It was by far the most magnificent night I ever witnessed. The moon seemed showering down a golden fluid all around, bringing out with great distinctness every object within our view. Even the stars seemed vying with each other, as it were, for brilliancy. We bowled along on our 56 "Standard" Columbia at a ten-mile pace, singing snatches of song or smoking cigarettes, as we felt inclined. It was our first moonlight ride in Mexico, principally because we had been cautioned against it. Everything seemed in keeping with our thoughts and surroundings, and little did we dream of what was in store for us; but I must not anticipate.

We had long since crossed the Tigre, and now entered the little village of Guadalupe, seemingly before we had accomplished one half the distance. We rode up to a ranch, dismounted, went in and regaled ourselves with some very poor *aguardiente* (a Mexican beverage). Something was evidently going on in one of the adjoining rooms, for music and sounds of dancing were heard. We learned that a fandango was the entertainment of the hour, and as we were "in for it," the time being not yet 10 o'clock, we bethought ourselves that we would enjoy some of the sport, and so entered a long, low-ceilinged room, filled with merry dancers, all masked. The women dressed in fancy costumes, short skirts, bright-colored stockings, and some with large bandanas over their heads,—and dancers they were. If one wishes to see fine dancing he must witness it by a Mexican woman; for ease and gracefulness of every motion, I have never seen them surpassed. Most of the men were arrayed in short frocks, with breeches tight to the knee, and from there down cut very loose, generally split and elegantly embroidered. Nearly all had on fancy shirts. The events of the evening I will pass over until some future

time; let it suffice to say, the moments passed so rapidly that we were much surprised when we learned it was close on to 12 o'clock. As we had an hour's ride before us, we hurried from the house, lit our lanterns (for the sky was overcast and threatened a storm), leaped into the saddle and started on our return. Having come over the road once, we felt comparatively safe.

We had, perhaps, gone half the distance, when I heard hoofs rapidly approaching from behind. At first we thought nothing of the matter, but concluded it best to quicken our speed and keep ahead. The sky was every moment growing more and more threatening, and the elements betokened one of those severe rain storms which at certain seasons of the year come up very suddenly in this part of the country.

A slight bend in the road brought us to a down grade. Just at that moment a vivid flash of lightning made the brightness as intense as the darkness had been before. Slightly turning in the saddle, I made out three horsemen not a quarter of a mile behind. On we sped, our lanterns doing us good service in the almost impenetrable darkness. Our riders in the rear steadily gained on us, but our thoughts were so occupied by the road and what was before, that we gave them little consideration. The lightning soon became more frequent, and so blinding that, with the great darkness following each successive flash, it was with difficulty we could make out our way. I was beginning to feel somewhat uneasy, and at the next flash ventured to look back. An exclamation burst upon my lips, and I nearly lost my balance. Not more than thirty rods behind were the three horsemen, and I at once recognized by the long streamer on his sombrero, he who had offered to procure us a guide. I appraised Rupert of the fact; he simply replied, "Ah! I smell mischief," and instantly increased his speed. O, how we flew over the ground! but still our pursuers were coming nearer. Our lanterns were of no practical use to us now; in fact, between the flashes of lightning they only served, by their red light in the rear, to mark the course of our flight. Another blinding sheet, followed almost instantly by "bang, bang, bang, whiz-z-z!" and a deafening peal of thunder. I shut my teeth hard and put all my strength into the pedals. If our lanterns were only out we could have thrown ourselves from our machines, and thus endeavored to let the "greasers" (for such we were positive they were) pass us. The storm had now broken upon us, the rain was pouring in torrents, and we were drenched to the skin. No more shots were fired; our pursuers evidently intended to run us down, and had undoubtedly thought of having an easy chase, not knowing of the wonderful merits of our steel steeds. On, on, we sped: could we hold our own till we reached the river? It was up-hill grade from there, to be sure, but we could then

avail ourselves of a turn in the road and dismount. On, still on; it seemed as if our very wheels had wings; but the hardy Mexican mustangs were drawing closer; I could hear their heavy breathing and almost feel their hot breath. Rupert was slightly in advance of me. All at once his light vanished, accompanied by a heavy fall, and I dashed ahead. Instantly realizing the situation, I sprang backward from my machine, letting it pass from under me. At the same moment I heard the crack of a revolver, followed by a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche, and the horsemen flew past. A flash of lightning showed me the three mustangs, but only two riders. I had fallen to the ground. Picking myself up, I sent a bullet after our flying foes, but with no visible effect. Where my bicycle was I did not know, neither did I care. I knew that Rupert could not be far behind and immediately retraced my steps. I was satisfied that the bandits had not stopped, as I could hear their horses' hoofs growing fainter and fainter. At last I ventured to shout, "Rupert!" "Hello!" was the immediate response, close at hand. Directly I found him, and learned that he had run into a ditch or gully at the side of the road, which occasioned a rather sudden dismount, but the force of the fall was greatly spent by his pitching into some brush. His shoulder was hurt and pained him considerably, otherwise there was nothing wrong. He said that he had fired the shot at random, as the horseman passed, but knew it had hit its mark. I pulled his machine out of the brush and pushing it before me, we started to walk the remainder of the way. The storm was dying away, with longer intervals between the lightning flashes. We had gone but a few steps before Rupert tripped and fell in the road. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "here's the cutthroat!" We stopped, lit the lantern (which by its fall got extinguished), and saw lying before us our *ladron* with the long streamer, dead as a stone. The bullet had entered his left side at the back, and probably penetrated the heart. At his side lay a short, bell-mouthed shaped gun, called an *escopeta*. It is oftener the exception than the rule that a bullet from one of these fire-arms hits its intended mark, though they make a great noise. The best phrase I can use in describing them is to say they are like shearing hogs, "great cry and little wool." "The dog, let him lie; he has been paid with interest," was all that my chum said. We extinguished the light and proceeded cautiously. A little farther on I saw the light of my own lantern, and fully expected to find my bicycle well battered up. On going to where it lay, I resigned the charge of Rupert's machine into his own hands, raised my fallen but faithful steed, and to my great satisfaction found (as well as I could then make out) that no harm had come to it, with the slight exception of a bent handle-bar. Not caring to risk ourselves in the saddle, we continued our walk

(I first taking the precaution to put out my light), but we met with no further opposition, and reached our stopping place at 1.30 A. M., turning in as quickly as possible after seeing that our machines were safely stabled.

The next morning, as we were wending our way towards the Government House, to notify the authorities of our little skirmish, I exclaimed, "Say, old fellow, how do you enjoy moonlight rides?" "Well," said he, "taking the latter part of ours as a sample, I prefer mine in the daytime; but if we are to meet such rascals as we so recently fell in with, we have the satisfaction of knowing that there is one less of their number to lay for us," and continued drawing away at his cheroot as if such occurrences were nothing more than every-day affairs.

#### Coming Events.

Sept. 7. Worcester, New England Fair bicycle races.

Oct. 5. Brockton, Brockton Bicycle Club races.

Sept. Sacramento, Agricultural State Fair, bicycle races.

Sept. 22. Franklin, Pa., Venango County Agricultural Society's second annual fair, bicycle parade, and tournament. All wheelmen with bicycles are invited to be present and parade on the track at two o'clock. Tickets of admission and for dinner will be furnished all on application to D. D. Grant, superintendent of Class 25. Those wishing to compete for prizes must notify James Miller, secretary, or D. D. Grant, superintendent, on or before the first day (Sept. 21) of the fair. The prizes will be of elegant design and appropriately engraved. The contests and prizes are as follows: First event—For the best riding; prize, solid silver cup. Second event—For the best time for one mile; prizes, first, silver medal; second, diploma. Third event—Slowest time for 100 yards; prize, nickel and gilt clock, bicycle pattern. Judges, the Mayors of Oil City, Franklin, and Emlenton.

Sept. 1 and 2. Gouverneur, N. Y., annual fair of the Gouverneur Agricultural and Mechanical Society. Bicycle races. Sept. 1, one-mile dash; first prize, \$50 bicycle; second prize, silver medal. Sept. 2, one-mile dash (open to all previous day contestants except winner of first prize); first prize, \$40 gold medal; second prize, silver medal. Entrance, free; three contestants required for each race. Same day, Miss Elsa von Blumen will race a bicycle one mile against a trotting horse one and a half miles, and will also race one mile against a running horse two miles.

#### Bicycle Club Directory.

[The names of League clubs are printed in SMALL CAPITALS; the non-League in *italics*.]

- 1 Amherst Bi. C., Amherst, Mass. Sec. and Treas., C. M. Bardwell.
- 2 ARLINGTON Bi. C., Washington, D. C. Sec., Howell Stewart, 426 Sixth street, N. W.
- 3 Aquila Bi. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sec., E. Emery.
- 4 ALBANY Bi. C., Albany, N. Y. Sec., C. L. Palmer, 273 State street.
- 5 ARROW Bi. C., Richmond, Ind. Sec., H. J. Miller.
- 6 Atlantic Bi. C., Salem, Mass. Sec., G. B. Harris, 123 Lafayette street.
- 7 ARIEL Bi. C., Chicago, Ill. Sec., L. J. C. Spruance.
- 8 Ann Arbor Bi. C., Milwaukee, Wis. Sec., M. P. French.
- 9 Atlanta Bi. C., Salem, Mass. Sec., C. F. Webb, 135 Lafayette street.
- 10 Adams Wheel Chub, Worcester, Mass. Sec. G. H. Murray.
- 11 Adventure Bi. C., St. John's School, Sing Sing, N. Y. Sec., J. M. Thomas, 294 Fifth ave., New York City.
- 12 BROOKLYN Bi. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sec., E. A. Canner, P. O. box 2,805, New York City.
- 13 BOSTON Bi. C., Boston, Mass. Sec., J. S. Dean, 935 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.
- 14 BROCKTON Bi. C., Brockton, Mass. Sec., F. B. Howard.
- 15 BUFFALO Bi. C., Buffalo, N. Y. Sec., J. O. Munroe, 18 W. Eagle street.
- 16 BALTIMORE Bi. C., Baltimore, Md. Sec., G. F. Hussey, 142 Lanvale street.
- 17 BRATTLEBORO Bi. C., Brattleboro', Vt. Sec., W. S. Underwood.
- 18 BUCKEYE Bi. C., Columbus, O. Sec., W. B. Wagner.
- 19 Bremen Bi. C., Bremen, Germany. Sec., Warren Leete.

- 20 Brunswick Bi. C., New Brunswick, N. J. Sec., Elliott Mason.
- 21 Burlington Bi. C., Burlington, Vt. Sec., Henry H. Willard.
- 22 Canandaigua Bi. C., Canandaigua, N. Y. Sec., Frank Watson.
- 23 CHAMPION CITY Bi. C., Springfield, O.
- 24 Charleston Bi. C., Charleston, S. C. Sec., L. M. Beebe.
- 25 Cleveland Bi. C., Cleveland, O. Sec., A. Ely, Jr., 393 Prospect street.
- 26 Columbia College Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., R. H. Sayre.
- 27 CRESCENT Bi. C., Boston, Mass. Sec., H. H. Duker, 60 Devonshire street.
- 28 Chauncy Bi. C., Boston, Mass. Sec., Edw. Rose, 100 Washington st., Charlestown.
- 29 CINCINNATI Bi. C., Cincinnati, O. Sec., H. G. Wilshire.
- 30 CAPITAL Bi. C., Washington, D. C. Sec., L. W. Seely, Box No. 1.
- 31 CANTAUR Bi. C., Philadelphia, Pa. Sec., R. D. Baker, 1,144 Arch street.
- 32 Challenge Bi. C., Pittsburgh, Pa. Sec., J. L. Cate, 284 Penn. avenue.
- 33 CHICAGO Bi. C., Chicago, Ill. Sec., Burley S. Ayers.
- 34 CHILLICOTHE Bi. C., Chillicothe, O. Sec., C. D. Duncan, P. O. box 235.
- 35 CHELSEA Bi. C., Chelsea, Mass. Sec., W. P. Yerlinton.
- 36 COLUMBIA Bi. C., No. Attleboro', Mass. Sec., E. C. Stanley.
- 37 City Bi. C., Brockton, Mass. Sec., F. M. Bixby.
- 38 DETROIT Bi. C., Detroit, Mich. Sec., A. F. Merell, 51 Shelby street.
- 39 Edgewater Wheels, Bergen Point, N. J. Sec., W. J. Duane.
- 40 Elite Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., L. F. Gautert, 812 Broadway.
- 41 Essex Bi. C., Newark, N. J. Sec., E. R. Bellman, 584 High street.
- 42 ELGIN Bi. C., Elgin, Ill. Sec., E. T. Ide.
- 43 ERIE Bi. C., Erie, Pa. Sec., A. Gregory.
- 44 East Boston Bi. C., East Boston, Mass. Sec.
- 45 FRAMINGHAM Bi. C., Framingham, Mass. Sec., W. D. Wilmot.
- 46 Fitchburg Bi. C., Fitchburg, Mass. Sec., G. A. Wilson.
- 47 Falls City Bi. C., Louisville, Ky. Sec., F. A. Dunekake.
- 48 GRAND RAPIDS Bi. C., Grand Rapids, Mich. Sec., H. T. Stanton.
- 49 Genesee Wheelmen, Flint, Mich. Sec., C. H. Wissner.
- 50 GERMANTOWN Bi. C., Philadelphia, Pa. Sec., D. Wistar, 233 No. Tenth st.
- 51 HARTFORD WHEEL Bi. C., Hartford, Conn. Sec., E. M. White, box 73.
- 52 HAWTHORNE Bi. C., Salem, Mass. Sec., Henry Bowie.
- 53 Haverhill Bi. C., Haverhill, Mass. Sec., J. F. Adams, box 81.
- 54 HERMES Bi. C., Providence, R. I. Sec., G. C. Allen, 56 Broadway.
- 55 Hermes Bi. Club, Pottsdam, N. Y. Sec., Geo. H. Simons.
- 56 HARTFORD Bi. C., Hartford, Conn. Sec., W. J. Hickmott.
- 57 HARVARD Bi. C., Cambridge, Mass. Sec., A. Thordike, 1 Hilton's Block.
- 58 Hope Wheel Club, Providence, R. I. Sec., C. T. Howard.
- 59 Hill City Bi. C., Hillsboro, O. Sec., W. D. Ayres.
- 60 INDIANAPOLIS Bi. C., Indianapolis, Ind. Sec., Fremont Swain.
- 61 KRYSTONE Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., E. J. Waring, 49 Fifth ave.
- 62 Knickerbocker Bi. C., Orange, N. J. Sec., E. H. Snyder.
- 63 KING'S COUNTY WHEELMEN, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sec., E. K. Austin, 55 Putnam avenue.
- 64 LA FAYETTE Bi. C., Easton, Pa. Sec., W. S. Harlan.
- 65 LENOX Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., F. F. Ames, 791 Fifth avenue.
- 66 LOUISVILLE Bi. C., Louisville, Ky. Sec., B. S. Caye.
- 67 LAWRENCE Bi. C., Lawrence, Mass. Sec., F. Coggswell.
- 68 Lansing Bi. C., Lansing, Mich. Sec.
- 69 Lockport Bi. C., Lockport, N. Y. Sec.
- 70 MIDDLESEX Bi. C., Malden, Mass. Sec., Sylvester Baxter.
- 71 MANHATTAN Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., J. F. Burrell, 23 Park Row.
- 72 Melrose Bi. Club, Melrose, Mass. Sec., F. H. Bosson.
- 73 Montclair Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., T. S. Snyder, box 496.
- 74 MONTRAL Bi. C., Montreal, Can. Sec., H. S. Tibbs, box 1,733.
- 75 MERCURY Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., T. Brown, 337 W. 34th street.
- 76 MARLBORO' Bi. C., Marlboro', Mass. Sec., F. W. Ellis.
- 77 MENOTOMY Bi. C., Arlington, Mass. Sec., Henry Hornblower, 51 State street, Boston, Mass.
- 78 MOHAWK Bi. C., Schenectady, N. Y. Sec.,
- 79 MILWAUKEE Bi. C., Milwaukee, Wis. Sec., A. S. Hibbard.
- 80 Minneapolis Bi. C., Minneapolis, Minn. Sec., C. J. Brown.
- 81 MASSACHUSETTS Bi. C., Boston, Mass. Sec., W. S. Slocum, 326 Washington street.
- 82 Meriden Wheel Club, W. Meriden, Conn. Sec., F. S. Fay, 9 No. Colony street.
- 83 MASS. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE WHEEL CLUB, Amherst, Mass. Sec., C. E. Beach.
- 84 Mt. Pleasant Bi. C., Sing Sing, N. Y. Sec., J. B. Fletcher.
- 85 New Bedford Bi. C., New Bedford, Mass. Sec., H. L. Dwight.
- 86 Newport Bi. C., Newport, R. I. Sec., T. B. Bronson.
- 87 Northboro' Bi. C., Northboro', Mass. Sec., James Corey.
- 88 Nail City Bi. C., Wheeling, W. Va. Sec., R. W. Hazlett.
- 89 Nutmeg Bi. C., Hartford, Conn. Sec., W. M. Miller, Jr.
- 90 Norwich Bi. C., Norwich, Conn. Sec., C. R. Butts.
- 91 NEW HAVEN Bi. C., New Haven, Conn. Sec., F. A. Jackson, P. O. box 429.
- 92 NEW YORK Bi. C., New York, N. Y. Sec., K. N. Putnam, 54 Wall street.
- 93 Nashville Bi. C., Nashville, Tenn. Sec., L. W. Jesnosky.
- 94 NEW BRITAIN Bi. C., New Britain, Conn. Sec., J. O. Stivers.
- 95 New Orleans Bi. C., New Orleans, La. Sec., R. P. Randall.
- 96 Omaha Bi. C., Omaha, Neb. Sec.
- 97 Oakland Bi. C., Oakland, Cal. Sec., C. L. Goddard.
- 98 Orange Wanderers' Bi. C., E. Orange, N. J. Sec., W. E. Thatcher.
- 99 Peoria Bi. C., Peoria, Ill. Sec., H. G. Rouse, 110 So. Washington street.
- 100 PORTLAND Bi. C., Portland, Me. Sec., F. W. Woodward.
- 101 PHILADELPHIA Bi. C., Philadelphia, Pa. Sec., H. A. Blakiston, 3905 Chestnut street.
- 102 PROVIDENCE Bi. C., Providence, R. I. Sec., John A. Crass.
- 103 Princeton Bi. C., Princeton, N. J. Sec., T. S. Clarke.
- 104 Pittsfield Bi. C., Pittsfield, Mass. Sec., L. L. Atwood.
- 105 Pegasus Bi. C., Philadelphia, Pa. Sec., A. W. Hansell, 254 So. 16th street.
- 106 Phillips' Exeter Academy Bi. C., Exeter, N. H. Sec., S. R. Varick.
- 107 PEQUOT Bi. C., New London, Conn. Sec.
- 108 Poughkeepsie Bi. C., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Sec., E. D. B. Bright.
- 109 Plainfield Bi. C., Plainfield, N. J. Sec., F. Milliken.
- 110 Pequonnock Wheel Club, Bridgeport, Conn. Sec., E. S. Summer, P. O. box 1684.
- 111 Roxbury Bi. C., Roxbury, Mass. Sec., Chas. M. Clark, 43 Laurel street.
- 112 Rochester Bi. C., Rochester, N. Y. Sec., W. H. Learned, 147 State street.
- 113 Rockingham Bi. C., Portsmouth, N. H. Sec., C. F. Shillaber.
- 114 Remsen Bi. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sec.
- 115 Seaside Bi. C., Norfolk, Va. Sec., J. C. Carroll.
- 116 San Francisco Bi. C., San Francisco, Cal. Sec., Geo. J. Hope, 1633 Hyde street.
- 117 Scranton Bi. C., Scranton, Pa. Sec., James B. Fish.
- 118 Starr Bi. C., Lynn, Mass. Sec., F. S. Winship, 255 Essex street.
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- 131 Toronto Bi. C., Toronto, Canada. Sec.
- 132 Thorndike Bi. C., Beverly, Mass. Sec., F. W. Ober.
- 133 Union Bi. C., Elizabeth, N. J. Sec., E. M. Kempshall.
- 134 Utica Bi. C., Utica, N. Y. Sec., W. J. Walters.
- 135 Wilkesbarre Bi. C., Wilkesbarre, Pa. Sec., G. R. Wright.
- 136 Waltham Bi. C., Waltham, Mass. Sec., H. B. Colby, P. O. box 1,316.
- 137 Worcester Bi. C., Worcester, Mass. Sec. E. F. Tolman.
- 138 Westchester Bi. C., Valhalla, N. Y. Sec. S. H. Piereson.
- 139 Wanderers' Bi. C., Boston, Mass. Sec.
- 140 Waterbury Bi. C., Waterbury, Conn. Sec.
- 141 Yonkers Bi. C., Yonkers, N. Y. Sec.

**The Instalment Plan.**

THE system of selling bicycles on the monthly payment plan reminds me of the days when sewing machines were more expensive than now, and this scheme was devised by grasping agents and manufacturers to seize the hard-earned savings of poor sewing women, who, in default of payments to be made on a certain date, were obliged to give up their machines and be content with having had a few months' use of them at an enormous rental. The result would not be so disastrous if a bicycler neglected or was unable to pay an instalment, as he would not be deprived of the means of support, speaking in a bread-and-butter sense; but simply of a luxury for which he had no business to contract. The system is demoralizing, unmercantile, partakes of the character of Peter Funkism, and is alike hurtful to buyer and seller. It is dangerous to the buyer, because he does himself an injury who contracts for a luxury the cost of which is beyond his immediate means; and to my thinking, he shows himself to be a man of very little resolution who cannot save sufficient in three months to pay for a bicycle without being compelled to thrifty measures from a dread lest his notes should go to protest, or his word be forfeited. It seems to me also, he must be a very foolish and unbusinesslike person who indorses a note or stands security for a friend who desires to purchase a pleasure in this way. It injures the seller, because he loses caste with respectable merchants, who look upon such a method of disposing of goods as only fit for the smallness of a second-hand furniture dealer or pawnbroker; moreover, he has no right to place such a temptation before inexperienced young men, who cannot see the misery to which a number of such negotiations may lead. I can hear the pooh-poohs of the seller; but it is these very extravagances, these very desires for things beyond their means, that lead so many young men to finger in their employers' cash drawers.

To throw the moral point of the question aside, for this is no sermon, the seller has no legal right to dispose of his goods on a system of usury. He may call it a bonus, or what he likes, to soothe his conscience and hoodwink his customers, the principle remains the same. Take, for example, the third, or three-months' method: I contract for a \$100 bicycle, pay one quarter down, and agree to pay one quarter in thirty days, one quarter in sixty days, and the remaining quarter in ninety days. For this I am charged \$5.00. The legal interest, by averaging the payments at thirty, sixty, and ninety days, would be 75 cents. I am therefore charged an excess of \$4.25, or at the rate of 40 per cent per annum.

If I purchase a machine of the same value on method No. 1, pay one half down, and in thirty days one quarter, it is to the seller's interest that I should not pay the last quarter, for he may then take

back his bicycle with a clear profit of \$75 for two months' rent. The answer to this may be, that the machine is then second-hand; very true, but my experience has shown that one rider cannot do a bicycle more than from \$5.00 to \$10 worth of damage in so short a time. Altogether it is a shrewd and unprincipled way of making money, and the two New York dealers who lately refused to countenance the plan deserve praise. If our ranks are only to be augmented by wheels sold in this way, we will soon be overrun by a horde of foolish youths who will do us more harm than good. I might say, in conclusion, that this article will not alter the existing state of affairs one iota; the impecunious clerk will continue to bite rapaciously at the bait held out to him, and will even look with eagerness to the day when he may buy his cigars or treat his girl to cream on the same plan, while the shrewd merchant,

"Dat's foremost in de meetin' house for raisin' all de chunes,  
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons,"  
will continue to wax opulent at the foolish  
clerk's expense. COCHITUATE.

SOUTH BOSTON, 22 W. 27th STREET.

**HORSE ACCIDENT RECORD**

*We desire readers and correspondents to inform us for this department of every horse accident, from any cause, which may come to their notice, either in the public press or by personal observation.]*

16 July. In Quincy, a team ran into George Mitchell's carriage, badly damaging it; and another horse frightened at the lowering of a railway gate, smashed up his wagon.

16 July. In Montreal, a horse ran over and broke Angus Morrison's leg.

17 July. In Montreal, a horse fractured Peter Clarke's skull.

12 July. In Waltham, a runaway horse wrecked a wagon.

15 July. In South Orange, N. J., Mrs. Wentworth was thrown from her horse, arm broken, and other severe bruises.

18 July. In Salem, two runaway accidents, one serious.

22 July. In Boston, hack horses frightened, threw a lady out with injury.

14 July. In Sutton, Que., boy of eleven years killed by kick of a horse.

19 July. In St. Louis, Elwood Kirby, associate editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, died from injuries received by a kick from runaway horse.

20 July. In Woburn, Edward Shanley, foot crushed (necessitating amputation) by runaway horse.

15 July. In East Pikeland, Pa., Mrs. Hiestand dragged in a rake by frightened horse all over a harvest field, which scared another team, throwing out and severely injuring a boy.

16 July. In Peoria, Ill., a horse smashed up a sulky and severely injured his driver, Caspar Boardman, and himself.

18 July. In Providence, two runaways and four persons badly bruised.

19 July. In Providence, runaway and three persons severely cut and bruised.

18 July. In New Bedford, frightened horse threw out and bruised his driver, and another horse, frightened by a woman crossing the street, smashed his wagon to flinders.

21 July. In Jersey City, N. Y., horse frightened by a train, ran, throwing out Miss Blitz and Mrs. Minks; the first killed instantly, and the other fatally injured.

21 July. In Saratoga, Miss Anna Springer was run over by a horse and severely injured.

20 July. In Frankfort, horse frightened by an umbrella, threw out Mr. and Mrs. Pence, breaking bones and seriously bruising. Another frightened horse threw out another couple, seriously injuring them.

22 July. In New Britain, Conn., horse frightened by a bicycle, threw a lady from her carriage.

18 July. In South Manchester, Conn., Dennis Dunn, severely cut in trying to stop a runaway horse attached to a lawn-mower.

18 July. Near Gloucester, N. J., horse frightened at cars threw out C. F. Isenmenger, badly injuring him; and

at Honesdale, Pa., William Wick and wife were run into and upset and severely hurt.

24 July. In Newburyport, a horse was frightened by bicycles, and threw out Capt. Nicholas Varina, his wife, daughter, and two grandchidren, all of whom were more or less hurt, and the carriage wrecked.

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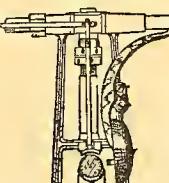
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