

# The Bicycling World

A JOURNAL OF BICYCLING, ARCHERY AND OTHER POLITE ATHLETICS

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Office, 40 Water St.

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Our interested readers will look for the  
Bicycling World Premium List on page 140.

## CURRENTS CALAMO

At Williams College, the formation of a bicycle club is under discussion.

It is said that Mr. E. I. Horsman has expended a thousand dollars in experimenting for improvement of the arrow, alone, during the winter. That is enterprise; and now the archers will test the results.

Springfield, Mass., is to have a riding-school next week, and Mr. J. C. Thompson will see that visitors for information or instruction are well rewarded for a call. Several gentlemen from the city of rifles have already sought his aid, at New Haven, in acquiring the rudiments of wheel-control.

The winged wheel of the New Yorkers is one of the prettiest devices for club stationery yet seen; and the motto from Longfellow's "Keramos" is very appropriate. That they are plucky as well as tasteful wheelmen is shown by the fact that forty of them got out of the run on 23 February, despite the rain.

The twenty-second February afforded fine attractions for short rides, and on many days since the bipedaliferous wheel has twinkled along the dryer streets and into the sunny suburbs.

President Bates, of the Detroit Bi. C., is a staid and middle-aged journalist; but in an address delivered at a late meeting of that club, which may be looked for with interest in "our next," he proved that he is able to teach even the boys some tricks of enjoyment and of bicycling worth knowing. Those Detroiters have found out how to make their club meetings entertaining.

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Bicycling by moonlight, says an exchange, is becoming popular sport in New York among young men. They ought to have some side-saddle bicycles to complete the circle of enjoyment.

Calls from brother editors are always refreshing. The breezy and typographically attractive pages of *Geyer's Stationer* have new charms since the genial face of their presiding genius brightened our sanctum, the other day. The stationers have a paper in editing and make-up worthy of the taste which they cultivate. Brother Geyer, by the way, is equally skilful with the feather, whether it have a nib or a pile at the business end.

The old saying that accidents will happen, is true of bicycling. It was a painful illustration of this to read in the *Boston Herald* of 20 February that Mr. C. A. Boyce, of this city, was overcome by the wind at the corner of Chester square and Tremont street, and suffered the dislocation of his elbow by a fall. Such accidents occur in any pursuit. Not long since the learned Chief Justice Gray, of Boston, was thrown from his horse and sustained a severe fracture of an arm. About the same time Fire Commissioner White was thrown from his buggy and seriously disabled. When in May, 1878, the lamented Mr. Whitcomb died from over-exertion on a bicycle when dangerously diseased, we noticed within a week of the time the death of a military man in Rbury from horse-back riding, and of a player on a baseball field in Providence, as sadly recorded. Danger is never far from us; but comparative observation will show that bicycling is one of the safest methods, either of diversion or of conveyance.

## THE CLUBS REVIEWED

## XII. CHAUNCY BICYCLE CLUB.

This club is the latest one organized in Massachusetts, and is also the smallest; but this is accounted for by the fact that it is entirely composed of members of Chauncy Hall School. It was organized on Monday, 10 Nov., 1879, and as it has had such a short existence, a "review" is necessarily brief also. We have had the credit of scoring the latest club-run of the season of '79, by a journey to Lynn, on the 13th of December. We have but one racing member as yet, Mr. W. S. Tufts, who took second prize in the amateur 5-mile handicap in the tent on Huntington avenue, Tuesday, 11 Nov., 1879. Time, 21.25.

Our uniform consists of a suit of navy-blue, maroon-colored stockings, and the ordinary blue bicycle cap, with badge. The badge is to be worn on the cap, when on club-runs, and on the vest at other times. It bears the inscription, "Chauncy Bicycle Club," and is of the form of a shield.

## OFFICERS, 1879-80.

<i>Captain</i> . . . . .	JOHN G. COOLIDGE.
<i>Sub-Captain</i> . . . . .	W. S. TUFTS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	FRANK R. MILLER.
<i>Club Committee</i> } . . . . .	J. G. COOLIDGE.
	F. E. BACON, JR.
	W. S. TUFTS.

## MEMBERS, JANUARY, 1880.

Bacon, F. E., Jr. . . . .	276 Beacon street.
Brewer, W. D., Jr. . . . .	545 Columbus avenue.
Brown, A. H. . . . .	Lynn.
Coolidge, J. G. . . . .	147 Beacon street.
Doe, C. C. . . . .	371 Columbus ave.
Du Pont, T. C. . . . .	78 Temple street.
Grosvenor, J. M., Jr. . . . .	409 Columbus ave.
Miller, F. R. . . . .	750 Fourth street.
Randall, W. H., Jr. . . . .	Medford.
Rotch, A. L. . . . .	3 Commonwealth ave.
Tufts, W. S. . . . .	37 St. James ave.
Wood, Jas. H. . . . .	31 Berwick Pk.

## XIII. NEW HAVEN BICYCLE CLUB.

And now the City of Elms comes to the front with a bicycle club, whose members are thoroughly in earnest to make the thing a success. The "New Haven Bicycle Club," for that is the name we sail under, drew its first breath the 24th of January, 1880: so, then, we are a trifle over a week old. Rather *weak*, we own, as to age, but when we mention that we have a membership of twenty, all riders and machine owners, we flatter ourselves that we are a pretty lusty and stout infant. We have not decided as yet upon a uniform, but have appointed a committee to look the thing up, and report at the next regular meeting, which takes place next Saturday evening, 7th February. As soon as we are uniformed, and the weather will permit, we shall have our first meet, and expect to astonish the "old foggy" element in this vicinity, who look upon bicycling as on a par with velocipeding, and fit only for boys or juveniles to indulge in.

New Haven is blessed with good level roads, particularly adapted to bicycling, many of the streets being of the Telford pattern; while out in the suburbs we have a road peculiar to this locality, made of pulverized oyster-shells, which makes the road as hard, smooth, and level,

as could be desired. With the natural advantages for bicycling, and the spirit with which our club enter upon the enterprise, we expect to make a mark in the bicycling world.

SECRETARY.

## OFFICERS, 1880.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	MORRIS F. TYLER.
<i>Captain</i> . . . . .	C. P. WURTS, JR.
<i>Lieutenant</i> . . . . .	R. H. McDONALD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	JAMES H. PARISH.

## Club Committee.

M. F. TYLER.	J. H. PARISH,
C. P. WURTS, JR.	R. H. McDONALD,
WM. M. FRISBIE.	

## MEMBERS, FEBRUARY, 1880.

Benton, F. H. . . . .	325 Orange street.
Bigelow, Frank . . . . .	278 Orange street.
Billings, C. K. . . . .	66 North Middle College.
Eno, Wm. P. . . . .	100 W. Divinity Hall.
Foote, Ellsworth I. . . . .	Tremont House.
Frisbie, W. M. . . . .	103 Wall street.
Helfenstein, J. P. . . . .	116 Crown street.
Hinman, F. W. . . . .	343 Elm street.
Jackson, F. A. . . . .	P.O. Box 429, City.
McAllister, Alexander . . . . .	154 Crown street.
McDonald, R. H. . . . .	18 South College.
Marsden, S. Arthur . . . . .	179 Church street.
Osborne, A. D. . . . .	156 Crown street.
Parish, J. H. . . . .	46 College street.
Smith, Charles W. . . . .	66 Lafayette street.
Townsend, Wm. K. . . . .	174 Orange street.
Tyler, M. F. . . . .	33 College street.
Whiting, J. H. . . . .	69 Church street.
Wurts, Jr., C. P. . . . .	66 Whitney avenue.

## Honorary Member.

Thompson, J. C. . . . .	241 Elm street.
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## THE CARE OF BICYCLES.

I have seen so many bicycles in a state of looseness, which indicated careless keeping, that I desire to indorse all said by "Practical" on this subject in the last *WORLD*, as well as to add some suggestions, which anybody who finds them too elementary can pass by as intended for somebody else.

The *head* requires less frequent attention than other moving parts, because having the least motion, although frequent oiling is requisite. *Pedals* should be closely watched. When new, the movable cone should turn freely after being loosened, and if it does not, it should be "worked" (after removing the pedal) until it does. *Bearings* and *back wheel* should always be snugly fitting. Looseness is as bad as tightness. There should be almost no side shake in them or in the pedals. Any moving parts of machinery which are permitted to *run loose* inevitably wear out rapidly. Attention — frequent and regular attention — to this important rule will largely increase the durability of bicycles. A stitch in time saves nine dollars of repairs.

A bicycle should always run noiselessly; if it does not, something is wrong. Any rattling or knocking shows that some part is loose and wants tightening up; a grinding noise (unless the machine is very new and its bearings are not smooth) indicates grit that wants removing. All screws and nuts should be driven tightly, and kept so.

Detachable cranks are always preferable. When such are removed, the key that holds them should be care-



fully driven back into place (a weight being held against the opposite side of the crank), for the nut is intended to hold the key in place, not to draw it in.

The way to keep a bicycle from wearing out faster than necessary is to follow up the wear and resist it by constant attention.

All bicycle riders and purchasers should have the "American Bicycler," and, of course, it is not supposable that any of them will try to do without the BICYCLING WORLD.

WHELE.

## TOURS AND EXCURSIONS

### AN ATLANTIC CITY EXCURSION.

GERMANTOWN, PA., 18 February, 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—For some time past I have been receiving, semi-occasionally, letters, notes, postals, etc., asking for club matters, logs of runs, and anything of interest to the "Bicycling World" in general. To these you haven't got any answer on my part, and for this reason: If you want a regularly monthly supply of the minutes of each of our meetings, I can give them to you; but the information that "Mr. Smith, to day, was unanimously elected a member of the club," or that "Mr. Jones voted for two gold bands on the left sleeve," though, probably, of vital (?) importance to us, I fear you would only consider fit for your waste basket.

And as to club runs, since the WORLD began to move there haven't been any, save the one on Thanksgiving Day, which "Mercury" wrote up for you, and which you so kindly criticised. But about a month ago reports came up from the "City by the sea" that there could be nothing finer in the world for bicycling than a run on the frozen strand at Atlantic City. So, on Friday last, an "official" delegation from the Philadelphia and Germantown clubs went down. The Philadelphia men—the secretary, sub-captain, and one untitled gentleman—enjoyed the glorious sunshine of Saturday morning, and astonished the natives, as they sped over the smooth gravel roads and flagstone pavements in which the city abounds. Saturday evening the Germantown delegation arrived, consisting of one man, though he is certainly *long* enough to make two or three ordinary mortals. He at once made for the beach, which the Philadelphia boys did not seem to like, and after rubbing the sand out of his eyes, when he took the first header, mounted again just inside the incoming wave. At first the sand seemed soft, but by edging out and following the receding swells, and then flying from the incoming surf, he found a track as smooth as a floor. Oh, how delightful that hour's ride was! As the sun sank down behind the sand hills in crimson glory, he thought, a "red light is the shepherd's *delight*," and why shouldn't it be the bicycler's, too! But, alas! in the morning a dull, leaden sky, and some pattering rain-drops. But this foolish "long man" started. Result: after half an hour, found himself stranded in a bathing-house, holding up his machine, while a perfect tornado raged around and above him. It finally slackened, and he made for home. But he came down to ride, and for no other purpose; so, in the afternoon, as the storm had turned to hail, he sallied forth, determined to make the lower inlet, ten miles away. As the wind was a-stern, he sped away rapidly, seeing no one but a life-saving

man slowly tramping his rounds. Past the first life-saving station. But the hail has turned to snow, and the ground is almost covered. What if he should be snowed up? "Oh! well; can put up at a life station. I shall then be shipwrecked," he thinks. Soon the snow turns to rain, every drop of which, as it touches him, becomes ice, and before long he is a living icicle. But the sand hills approach the water, and in order to avoid the deep sand, he has to "take to the water," and by riding through the surf, the last two miles are gotten over. Just around this high bank lies the inlet, and as he turns the point the icy blast strikes him full in the face, almost overturning rider and steed. He keeps on at the meet, about fifty yards, but as there is no shelter, he turns back. After rounding the point again, he had ten miles of head wind; and though the run down was made in forty minutes the return trip took over two hours.—now leaning away over the handles, head down, and working with might and main; now tacking, and sometimes almost giving up. But he remembered one thing: that if he did dismount, it was not likely he could get on again; so he stuck to it. The high houses never seemed to grow any taller, and the sand hills ever endless; but, finally, the Philadelphia delegation were seen walking on the sands, looking for the pieces, they said. He then slowly dismounted, feeling all legs, but conscious that, as far as riding went, he had done his duty, having made 30 miles in the storm, 20 of which were done without a dismount, and proved that beach-riding is possible in a storm, and one of the best surfaces for travelling in fair weather. A party is now being formed for a run in a few weeks.

"LONG JOE."

### A WEEK'S TOURING IN FRANCE.

*Continued from p. 114.*

We breakfasted at Salins at 8. Our bicycles were much admired, and the natives turned out in a body to see us start. How we used to cram those innocent, country humpkins, telling them that 25 miles per hour was our usual pace, but that we sometimes increased it to 30; that the government had commissioned us to examine the roads and causeways of that department, and many more outrageous crams.

Donnemarie was the most beautiful town we had yet visited. It was well situated, well kept, and boasted good hotels and *cafes*, and some splendid promenades, down which we took the liberty of a spin when nobody was looking. We quitted this small town with regret, wishing we had only slept there instead of at Montereau. At noon we became so hungry that we were obliged to throw ourselves on the resources of a small inn, at the hamlet of Villeneuve-les-Bordes (it took less time to ride through the village than it did to pronounce the name). But we did not fare well. Everything was swimming in grease; even the coffee tasted as if it had been boiled in the same tin as the chops. We put this village on the same list as Montereau, and left directly after our unsavory repast. A few kilometres further on, and we might have dined like princes, at Valjouan. Nangis and Rozoy we passed in quick succession, and then turned eastwards, stopping the night at Jouy-le-Chatel, where we were very comfortable. We did not leave Jouy before 9.30, and we had a straight road of 15 kilometres before reaching Provins, through which old town we passed without stoppage, reaching

Laferte-Gaucher at about 5 p.m. As we had often visited this small town before, we naturally went to our old haunt, the "Cheval Blanc," though altogether a different breed of white horse to the one at Montereau. We had a splendid dinner, and some good coffee, which fully repaid us for the bad treatment we had received the night before last. The portly, good-humored landlady informed us that the "auberge" was very crowded; consequently she could only offer us a small room on the top story. I shall never forget that small room. It was a second edition of the blackhole of Calcutta. Low, and slanting toward the eaves, we dare not move about without knocking our heads against the beams. The only window was a small aperture, a foot square, giving into a large room, in which some individual was to sleep. We had to content ourselves with one bed in this boudoir, and before going to sleep we took care to leave the small window wide open. It must have been in the small hours of the morning that I awoke with a choking sensation in my throat, and, jumping out of bed, I found that the party in the next room had cut off our only chance of air (I won't say fresh air). Our bedroom was like a furnace; so we opened the door, and, after sitting on the stairs for a short time to cool ourselves, we went off to sleep again. On awaking, at about 8, we found the cat and dog in sweet repose underneath the bed. We paid 50 centimes for that grand apartment.

At about 10.30 we were at Rebais, — the most dirty town it has ever been my misfortune to pass through. Dungheaps were apparently the fashion; and bad fruit and rotten cabbages were plentifully strewn about. We spurted through this stench, and continued north for Charly, in the Department of the Aisne. It was a very enjoyable ride that, — down those inclines, with legs over handles and hands in pockets. I could have gone to sleep if the sun had not been glaring down on our heads. We had *déjeuner* at Charly, — a moderate-sized town, — and then journeyed on to Chateau-Thierry, — a very large town, picturesquely situated; from which point we turned westerly on to the Route Nationale, and, after half riding half walking a very steep hill, we arrived, at 6.30 p.m., at Montreuil-aux-Leons, — a large village, — where we endeavored at three inns to procure a dinner and lodging for the night; but the people were, like our friends at Montereau, very impudent and independent. They could give us eggs and bread and butter, if we liked, but could not go to the butcher's for meat as that hour. We did not intend putting up with eggs; so, after strengthening the inner man somewhat with "un petit verre," we made up our minds to ride to Laferte-sous-Jouarre, about 15 kilometres distant. It must have been 7 when we started, for it was almost dark. After a mile of paving-stones, we had a splendid undulating road before us; and, whether it was hunger and the thoughts of a good feed at Laferte that drove us on I cannot say, but we seemed to fly along, and came down a steep hill into the town at such a speed that we did not see some paving-stones at the foot; consequently we were nearly jolted out of our seats. We had covered those 15 kilometres in 35 minutes, or at the rate of 16 miles an hour.

We had a very good *table d'Hôte* at seven francs, at the conclusion of which we adjointed to a *café*. We here examined the state of our finances, and were astonished

to find that we only had about fifteen francs each, barely sufficient to cover our dinner, lodging, and breakfast next morning; we were, therefore, next day, under the painful necessity of bringing our tour to an abrupt close, though it was our intention to have ten days at least: we had counted our chicks before they were hatched. Saturday (the 13th) was a miserable day (quite a contrast to last week). It was raining that fine sleet which wets one so thoroughly, and gives one the shivers.

We quitted the hotel at 10 a.m., with five sous between us, and with about thirty-five kilometres, with the sleet blowing in our faces, before us. We must either reach Voulangis or have air-pie for dinner; we chose the former, and bending low over our handles, we put the best face on the matter, which, under the circumstances, we could muster. We did not sing or whistle as we had been wont to do, but stuck to our treadles like leeches, the profound silence only being broken by the thud of our rubbers on the wet ground.

It was an unpleasant termination of our otherwise enjoyable tour; we had complained at starting of the heat, now we had reason to find it chilly.

We arrived at about noon at Voulangis, in a half drowned state, and were glad to sit down before a roaring fire.

After dinner, whilst smoking our pipes, we reviewed our tour, and came to the conclusion, that, on the whole, we had a very pleasant time of it, but vowed that the next time we made a tour in France we would carry more legal passport than our fists.

F. H. B.

## RACES

AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING, on 7 February, noted in our last, the score of the leader at the end of each mile was as follows: — 1 mile, Stanton, 3m. 29½s.; 2 miles, 6m. 59½s.; 3 miles, Belard, 10m. 29½s.; 4 miles, Stanton, 13m. 33½s.; 5 miles, Belard, 17m. 6½s.; 6 miles, Stanton, 20m. 37½s.; 7 miles, 24m. 9½s.; 8 miles, 27m. 41½s.; 9 miles, 31m. 7½s.; 10 miles, 34m. 40½s.; 11 miles, 38m. 10½s.; 12 miles, 41m. 42½s.; 13 miles, 44m. 49½s.; 14 miles, 48m. 24½s.; 15 miles, 51m. 58½s.; 16 miles, 55m. 30½s.; 17 miles, 59m. 8½s.; 18 miles, 1h. 2m. 47½s.; 19 miles, 1h. 6m. 22½s.; 20 miles, 1h. 10m. 5½s.; 21 miles, 1h. 13m. 52½s.; 22 miles, 1h. 17m. 28½s.; 23 miles, 1h. 21m. 9½s.; 24 miles, 1h. 24m. 50½s.; 25 miles, 1h. 28m. 33½s.; 26 miles, 1h. 32m. 13½s.; 27 miles, 1h. 36m. 4s.; 28 miles, 1h. 39m. 46½s.; 29 miles, 1h. 43m. 40½s.; 30 miles, 1h. 47m. 35½s.; 31 miles, 1h. 51m. 29½s.; 32 miles, 1h. 55m. 36½s.; 33 miles, 1h. 59m. 24½s.; 34 miles, 2h. 3m. 19½s.; 35 miles, 2h. 7m. 18½s.; 36 miles, 2h. 11m. 10½s.; 37 miles, 2h. 15m. 2½s.; 38 miles, 2h. 18m. 56½s.; 39 miles, 2h. 22m. 54½s.; 40 miles, 2h. 26m. 45s.; 41 miles, 2h. 30m. 39½s.; 42 miles, 2h. 34m. 42½s.; 43 miles, 2h. 38m. 47½s.; 44 miles, 2h. 42m. 47½s.; 45 miles, 2h. 46m. 43½s.; 46 miles, 2h. 50m. 36½s.; 47 miles, 2h. 54m. 29½s.; 48 miles, 2h. 58m. 22½s.; 49 miles, 3h. 2m. 12½s.; 50 miles, 3h. 6m. 1½s. Belard did not finish his last lap, and was just that distance behind.

AT THE SAME PLACE, on 14 February. — The first event was the second fifty-mile race between David Stanton and Daniel Belard, which was a close and very interesting contest, Stanton winning by about four yards only. The time at the end of every five miles, was as follows: — Five, 17m. 27 1-2s.; ten, 35m. 1 1-4s.; fifteen, 52m. 42 1-4s.; twenty, 1h. 10m. 33 1-4s.; twenty-five, 1h. 29m. 9 1-2s.; thirty, 1h. 47m. 34 1-2s.; thirty-five, 2h. 6m. 2 1-2s.; forty, 2h. 24m. 48 1-4s.; forty-five, 2h. 43m. 55 3-4s.; fifty, 3h. 2m. 45 1-4s. As some portions of this race were the fastest on record in America, we publish the full score of the leaders at each mile: — 1 mile,



Stanton, 3m. 28 1-2s.; 2 miles, 6m. 56 3-4s.; 3 miles, 10m. 27 3-4s.; 4 miles, 13m. 58 1-4s.; 5 miles, 17m. 27 1-2s.; 6 miles, 20m. 57 1-4s.; 7 miles, 24m. 28 1-2s.; 8 miles, 27m. 59 1-4s.; 9 miles, 31m. 31 3-4s.; 10 miles, 35m. 1 1-4s.; 11 miles, 38m. 32 1-4s.; 12 miles, 42m. 2 1-2s.; 13 miles, 45m. 45 1-2s.; 14 miles, 50m. 11 1-4s.; 15 miles, 52m. 44 1-4s.; 16 miles, 56m. 18 1-4s.; 17 miles, 59m. 49 1-2s.; 18 miles, 1h. 3m. 2 1-4s.; 19 miles, 1h. 6m. 57 1-2s.; 20 miles, 1h. 10m. 33 1-4s.; 21 miles, 1h. 14m. 8 1-2s.; 22 miles, 1h. 17m. 45 3-4s.; 23 miles, 1h. 21m. 23 1-4s.; 24 miles, 1h. 25m. 1 3-4s.; 25 miles, 1h. 29m. 9 1-2s.; 26 miles, 1h. 32m. 45s.; 27 miles, 1h. 36m. 8 1-4s.; 28 miles, 1h. 39m. 57 1-4s.; 29 miles, 1h. 43m. 44 3-4s.; 30 miles, 1h. 47m. 34 1-4s.; 31 miles, 1h. 51m. 22 1-4s.; 32 miles, 1h. 55m. 6 1-4s.; 33 miles, Belard, 1h. 59m. 1-4s.; 34 miles, 2h. 2m. 21 1-4s.; 35 miles, 2h. 6m. 2 1-4s.; 36 miles, 2h. 9m. 42 1-4s.; 37 miles, 2h. 13m. 23 1-2s.; 38 miles, 2h. 17m. 10 1-4s.; 39 miles, 2h. 20m. 58 1-2s.; 40 miles, Stanton, 2h. 24m. 48 1-4s.; 41 miles, 2h. 28m. 33 1-4s.; 42 miles, Belard, 2h. 32m. 19 1-4s.; 43 miles, 2h. 36m. 8 3-4s.; 44 miles, 2h. 39m. 58 1-4s.; 45 miles, 2h. 43m. 55 1-2s.; 46 miles, 2h. 47m. 57 1-4s.; 47 miles, 2h. 51m. 46 1-4s.; 48 miles, 2h. 55m. 39 1-4s.; 49 miles, Stanton, 2h. 59m. 9s.; 50 miles, 3h. 2m. 45 1-4s.

The second event was the fourth heat of the amateur 5-mile handicap—W. S. Clark, scratch, 1; 1 mile, 3m. 13 1-2s.; 2 miles, 6m. 27s.; 3 miles, 9m. 41 1-2s.; 4 miles, 13m. 20s.; 5 miles, 16m. 48 1-2s. P. Timpson, 45 seconds, 2, 17m. 51s. C. Noel, 1 minute, 3, 18m. 6 1-4s. L. H. Johnson, scratch, stopped on second lap of second mile. Clark caught his men in three miles, and then slowed down and finished at his ease.

A FIFTY-MILE AMATEUR bicycle race was held at the same place on the evening of 21 February, which was the most notable one of the winter, and gives Mr. Johnson a creditable lead as the long-distance bicyclist of American racing. The prizes consisted of a silver cup to the winner, and a gold medal to second man. The starters were W. Wright, Short Hills A. C.; L. H. Johnson, Essex B. C.; P. Timpson, N. Y. B. C.; C. Collyer, Philadelphia; S. W. Clark, N. Y. B. C., and C. W. Orsham, New York. Collyer went off with the lead, completing a mile in 3m. 44s., just a quarter second ahead of Wright. At the end of five miles the positions of the leaders were unchanged, Collyer's time being 18m. 2s., and Wright's 18m. 54s. The latter was passed by Clark on the seventh mile, he following close upon the heels of the leader, who was but a half second ahead at ten miles. This continued for nearly three miles further on, when Clark assumed the place of honor, and finished the half distance in 1h. 34m. 9s., just eight seconds ahead of Collyer, who was riding a very game race. Johnson was making a waiting race, keeping well up, however, and, Collyer getting into difficulties after six miles more had been completed, the Essex Club man wheeled into second place, while Timpson and Wright in succession got past the Quaker City treadler. Clark now began to show signs of failing strength—which, considering his youth and lack of long-distance practice, was not surprising—and at the end of thirty-five miles, done in 2h. 11m. 34s., he succumbed to the inevitable. This gave the lead to the closely-pursuing Johnson, who was one circuit in advance of Timpson, with Wright, Collyer, and Graham following in order. At the end of forty miles Graham gave up the useless chase, and Collyer did likewise. The remainder of the race was a procession, Johnson finally winning in 3h. 9m. 45s., Timpson following in 3h. 10m. 11s. Wright did not finish the last mile.

"BICYCLAR MISUNDERSTANDING."—We clip the following from *The Spirit* of 21 February: "Wentworth Rollins, lessee of the American Institute Rink, and manager of the Bicycle School, wishes us to make some explanation concerning the unpleasant incidents alluded to in *The Spirit*, recently. Regarding the misunderstanding with the gentlemen from Philadelphia about handicaps, he states that he certainly intended to allow suitable handicaps. The visitors did not send their names in advance, and did not arrive until such a late hour that it was impossible to print a correct programme. Mr. Rollins intended to handicap the entries at the post, but was unavoidably absent when the race was called, and the

officials, following the programme, as was their duty, started all from the same mark. Mr. Rollins' version of the history of the amateur and professional races is highly discreditable to some unnamed party. He states that, wishing to save the time and trouble needed for the management of the series of five weekly tournaments, he made arrangements with a person who undertook to furnish \$100 per week for the professional prize, \$215 worth of cups and medals for the three amateur races, do all the advertising, and accept in payment one-half of the gate receipts. At the close of the first night's racing, 17 Jan., this silent partner took his half of the receipts, and gave Belard, winner of the 25-mile professional race, a check for \$100, which was returned from the bank marked "No funds." Mr. Rollins retained the second night's receipts to make good this deficiency, and the final result has been that Rollins has paid as follows: 17 Jan., Belard, for winning professional race, \$100; Stanton, for riding in professional race, \$50, and a little advertising. 24 Jan., Harrison, for winning professional race, \$100. 31 Jan., the prizes for the boys' race and 2-mile amateur race were won outright, and Mr. Rollins found, on application at the manufacturers, that no one had paid for them, so he was compelled to settle the bill for them and the prize for the 5-mile amateur race, which is as yet undecided. It is evident that Mr. Rollins has been a much-misused man in this business, and parties who feel aggrieved should put the blame where it rightfully belongs."

#### WHEW!

It was a jolly bicyclist,  
Riding his steed of steel,  
Who thought to see how fast and free  
His flashing wheel would wheel.

With sparkling eyes from exercise  
He smiled a cheerful smile,  
And thought, "How gay do roll away  
The hours my wheel doth while."

Then soon he met a sporting vet.,  
Driving his trotter pale;  
And straightway to that vet. did say:  
"Your horse my wheel will whale."

They raced and ran, brave horse and man,  
And in a ditch did roll.  
The 'cyclist leader rose from his header  
And said: "My wheel is whole."

As on they ran, a countryman,  
With admiration dull,  
Stared with surprise: "Consarn my eyes!  
That wheel does beat the whul'!"

With foam and sweat his trotter wet,  
The horseman stopped to cool;  
And to the crowd: "My horse is blowed.  
Now tackle that wheel who'll?"

To that defi. none dared reply,  
And blushing like a girl,  
The 'cyclist gay sped swift away,  
And made his whole wheel whirl.

WH—1.

DETROIT, Jan. 31, 1880.

#### RELATIVE ATHLETICS

##### SOME SKATING SCORES.

At Brockville, Ontario, a one-hour race on skates occurred, the 6 February, at the rink, resulting as follows:—J. Sauve, 11 miles 1 lap; H. Johnson, 11 miles; T. Fraser, 10½ miles.

At the Madison Avenue Rink, New York, 16 February, fourteen laps to the mile, G. D. Phillips, Hudson Boat Club, undertook to skate 10 miles against four amateurs, who relieved each other at the end of each 2½ miles. Phillips won



easily, his score at the end of each mile being as follows:—4m. 20s., 8m. 48½s., 13m. 28s., 18m. 4s., 22m. 43s., 27m. 7½s., 31m. 33s., 36m. 18½s., 40m. 54s., and 45m. 28s., winning by two laps and a few yards. His first opponent, L. A. Fessenden, was beaten by one lap, his score for 1 mile, 2 miles, and 2½ miles being 4m. 27s., 9m. 8s., and 11m. 31s. He was followed by W. E. Ferguson, who just held his own with Phillips, his score being 4m. 31s., 9m. 13½s., and 11m. 29s. Next came S. J. Montgomery, who, like Fessenden, lost one lap, his record being 4m. 32s., 9m. 22½s., and 11m. 47½s. The last turn fell to C. Pfaff, Jr., who entered on his evidently hopeless task manfully, soon gained half a lap, and seemed likely to make a good race, when he was attacked by cramps in his side, and gradually came back to his pursuer. His score was 4m. 19½s., 9m. 31½s., and 11m. 26½s. The grand total of the four was 46m. 14s.

At the same place, on 9 February, there was a 10 mile handicap race for members of the Elite Skating Circle.—G. Fountain, 2 minutes, 1, 48m. 10s.; S. J. Montgomery, scratch, 2; L. A. Fessenden, scratch, 3; C. E. Brower, scratch, 0; G. W. Hahn, 2 minutes, 0; T. J. Hahn, 2 minutes, 0; G. P. Bedford, 2 minutes, 0.

POLO ON ROLLER-SKATES was again played by teams of five belonging to the Buffalo Club at the Pearl-street Rink, Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 17. The "Blues"—A. J. Acton, P. C. Reyburn, F. C. Fero, G. M. Williams and W. J. King, Jr.—won three games, while the "Whites"—Harry Grandin, W. H. Kinch, E. J. Gering, H. B. Doyle, and H. P. Whittaker—took two.

MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—Their annual races were held, 14 Feb., on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, Sherbrooke street. The weather was pleasant, but track heavy on account of a deep fall of snow during the previous evening. The attendance was large, and included many ladies.

2-mile race for Indians—J. Lefebvre, 14m. 12½s.; M. Lefebvre, 14m. 45s.; Strong Arm, 15m. 55s. Strong Arm led for half a mile, but could not keep up the pace.

1-mile, open to all amateurs—G. R. Starke, M.S.S.C., 6m. 35½s.; J. Laing, 6m. 42s.; A. W. McTaggart, M.S.S.C., 6m. 42½s.; S. M. Blaiklock, M.S.S.C., 4. Starke won easily, but the race for second place was close all the way.

100 yards, in heats, open to all amateurs—First heat, R. McG. Stewart, M.S.S.C., 13½s.; M. Austin, 2. Second heat—Stewart, 1. Austin fell at the start.

2 miles, Club—R. Summerhayes, 14m. 45s.; McNab, 15m. 15s.; Shaw, 15m. 30s.

Quarter-mile, all amateurs—Cochrane, 1m. 25½s.

Half-mile, all amateurs—Starke, 3m. 8½s.

REPRESENTATIVES of croquet-players held a convention in Philadelphia 12 Feb., when a permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers:—President, George W. Johnson; secretary and treasurer, David Evans. The secretary's address is 427 Walnut street.

WESTCHESTER HARE AND HOUNDS.—Their holiday chase was run 23 Feb., starting from the Manhattan Hotel, One Hundred and Seventy-eighth st. and Jerome ave. Hares, W. S. Vosburgh and W. I. K. Kendrick. Master of the Hunt, T. B. Bates. Hounds, G. H. Hillwig, L. A. Berte, G. Riblet, W. S. Rankin, G. Newman, H. Treadwell, J. Rhodes, J. F. Dwyer, P. J. Donohue, A. M. Morgan, J. C. Mettani, and E. Ford. Whippers-in, H. B. Fielding and H. H. Smyth. The weather was squally and ground soft and slippery, but a fine run of 15 miles was made in spite of these drawbacks. The hares were allowed 10 minutes, and the rough country and frequent false scents combined to bring them in far ahead of their pursuers. The course extended almost to Yonkers, and was over the roughest ground to be found in Westchester County.

## CLUB DOINGS

BUFFALO B. C.—The annual meeting for election of officers of this club was held at the club rooms, 18 West Eagle street, on the evening of 4 February, when several new members were

elected, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Dr. H. T. Appleby; Secretary, J. O. Munroe; Captain, Geo. R. Bidwell; Sub-Captain, G. F. Chavel. Head-quarters, 18 West Eagle street.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE BICYCLE CLUB.—Their first excursion was taken 23 Feb., fifteen members participating. The route was from the rink, through the park, and a little way up the Southern Boulevard, returning by Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

MASSACHUSETTS B. C.—At the last meeting of this club it was voted to change the costume, which will hereafter be as follows:—gray felt helmet, seal brown coat and breeches, gray shirt, gray stockings. Badge, silver shield with monogram.

P. M. A. B. C.—A bicycle club was organized 11 Sept., 1879, at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, Chester, Penn., of which a report has just come to hand. Captain and Sec'y, G. W. Morton; Sub-Captain, Herbert Cox; Bugler, M. Nichols. There are four other members. Uniform, gray polo cap, with *P. M. A. B. C.* in gold on the front; blue flannel shirt; gray knickerbockers with black stripe; blue stockings, and white canvas shoes.

ROCHESTER B. C.—The second meeting of this club was held on the evening of 21 Feb., and the organization perfected. Fourteen gentlemen constituted the opening membership, as follows:—W. H. Reid, W. P. Goodrich, T. Griswold, F. B. Graves, A. M. Bennett, Chas. T. De Puy, H. C. Achilles, F. H. Wilkins, C. P. H. Vary, C. A. Smith, C. E. Crouch, Byron H. Punnett, Reuben A. Punnett, H. J. Fassett. Officers were elected as follows: President, W. P. Goodrich; Captain, F. A. Griswold; Sub-Captain, F. H. Wilkins; Sec'y and Treas., W. H. Reid; Guides, F. B. Graves, A. M. Bennett. Club Committee, M. M. Goodrich, Reid, Griswold, Vary, De Puy, and Crouch. Costume, blue suit, with a white belt; knee-breeches and cap. Colors, red and white; officers designated by three, two, and one gold cords about the caps of Captain, Sub-Captain, and Guides, respectively. Head-quarters are expected to be obtained soon, and the members will go into active practice at once.

## A MUDDY CELEBRATION ON WHEEL.

The first meet of the New York Bicycle Club was called on short notice for nine o'clock, a.m., on the 23d February, at Third avenue and Sixty-third street, for a run to Tarrytown, thirty miles distant, and back. The members of neighboring clubs and the unattached were invited to join, to the number of seventy-five or more; and one invitation at least reached Boston, the day after the meet. The fine weather of Sunday raised high expectations of a good track and great sport. At five o'clock, a.m., a rain storm set in that lasted for three hours. The roads were covered with a thick slush. A brisk northerly wind partially dried it, so that by ten o'clock it was of the consistency of dough. At that hour a crowd of people had gathered in the Grand Circle, at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. A number of young ladies waited in the summer-house, at the corner of the park. Four gentlemen on horseback also awaited the arrival of the silent steeds. A moment later a solitary member of the club, mounted on a towering bicycle, was descried approaching the rendezvous. He proved to be Kingman N. Putnam, the Secretary. He announced that the bicyclists were coming, and the crowd, therefore, nerved itself to await the start with patience. Mr. Putnam was dressed in the new uniform of the club, which was first shown in public yesterday. It is composed of a single-breasted sack coat, cut square, of cadet gray cloth, trimmed with scarlet cord down the front and around the stand-up collar and cuffs; knee-breeches of the same material, ornamented with three buttons at the knee, and a scarlet cord extending down the welt. Dark gray stockings, and a skull-cap with a visor, to match the suit, complete the outfit. At 10.30 heavy clouds had obscured the sun, and but sixteen of the expected participators had arrived at the meet. News was then received that the others, some fifteen or twenty, had gone from the rink to Seventy-second street, and would meet the party there. This arrangement ruined the programme



for a grand start in public, but Mr. Putnam, who, in the absence of Capt. Charles K. Munroe, acted as director and leader, sounded "boots and saddles." The left foot was placed on the step, a few short pushes were given with the other foot, and the men slid easily into the saddle. All but two accomplished this gracefully. These with one accord plunged over the big wheel and took what is termed a "header." The mud clung to the rubber tires like glue, and the breeze was blowing dead against the riders. At One Hundred and Fourth street they ran into a shower. They dismounted and took refuge in a neighboring inn for half an hour until the storm had passed. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street they were joined by Capt. Munroe, who had started from Fifty-ninth street at half-past eleven.

The weather had now cleared up. The clouds had blown away and the sun shone brightly, giving promise of a beautiful day. Far in the west, back of the Palisades, were great banks of cloud, but there seemed little probability of their making trouble. Raising their feet from the treadles the riders "coasted" down the long hill, going faster and faster as they descended the steep incline, and gathering impulse enough to carry them half way up the next hill.

Carriages now began to be seen on the road. They kept in the rear of the riders and encouraged the lagging ones. Ladies appeared on the piazzas of the cottages along the route, and waved their handkerchiefs. Dogs rushed out and barked, and jumped aside to escape being run over, and boys hurried out from every hamlet and cheered themselves hoarse. The less skilful riders began to fall behind, and some went back. The New York Club kept in a body and forged ahead, and all went well until Fort Washington was reached. Here the mud was so deep that further progress on bicycles was impossible. The men dismounted, and pushed their machines to Kingsbridge. Attempts were made at times to ride, but they always resulted in falls.

About twenty of the party reached the great hill south of Yonkers, where another halt was made. This was at 1.30, and at the same time there came on a heavy flurry of snow, lasting nearly fifteen minutes. It was too cold to remain standing, and the members soon started off again at a rattling gait, single file, until they reached the head of Broadway, in Yonkers, when they formed into line two by two. The line had hardly started when a buggy, driven by two young men who were evidently intent upon celebrating the day, was met. The youths did their best to run down the bicycles, and considerable skill was required to avoid collision. In the village the club was met by two companies of the Sixteenth Battalion of Infantry in full uniform. The Militia reversed their order of march after the bicycles had passed, and followed after. At 1.50 o'clock the band struck up a lively air, the sun broke from the clouds, and with great *éclat* the procession halted in front of the Getty House, where all dismounted and the machines were placed in the Yonkers Bicycle School. Dinner was ordered at the Getty House, where the riders registered the following names: C. K. Munroe, K. N. Putnam, J. C. Olmstead, William Whitlock, C. McCullough, Percy R. Pyne, Jr., W. R. Benjamin, Arthur B. Turnure, and Cassius De Rham, of the New York Bicycle Club; W. R. Proctor, of the Columbia College Club; R. G. Sip, of the Pioneer Club; W. Warden, of the Brooklyn Club; and Henry Tumbridge, H. J. Harris, E. Einstein, M. Stone, H. P. Wheeler, M. H. Keene, R. E. Moran, Fred. Jenkins, T. L. Bourne, Arthur H. Robinson, Walter Watson, F. L. Van Benschoten, C. E. Proctor, R. L. Lee, G. A. Worth, William Cunningham, J. Warden, J. Mills, Harry Dade, J. H. Abraham, and W. Lattaner.

Numerous tumbles in the mud at this time afforded much amusement to the citizens of Yonkers. Capt. Munroe and Lieut. Putnam were the only ones of the party who resolutely kept on the return road to New York. At Harlem the bicycles were again unloaded from the baggage car, and after a lively spurt through Fifth-avenue, the men dismounted at the American Institute Rink, shortly after 5 o'clock. Messrs. Munroe and Putnam arrived about an hour later.

This was certainly a plucky beginning for the new club, and was very enjoyable in spite of the difficulties; and those who persevered will have an experience to recall, on future more

propitious occasions, which those who took theirs in the *Times* and the *Sun*, the next day, cannot buy.

## CLUB DIRECTORY

- BOSTON BI. C. — Secretary, F. W. Weston, 178 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass.
- BROCKTON BI. C. — Secretary, F. B. Howard, Brockton, Mass.
- BROOKLYN BI. C. — Secretary, T. H. Muir, 30 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
- BUFFALO BI. C. — Secretary, James O. Munroe, 18 West Eagle street, Buffalo, N.Y.
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- WANDERERS BI. C. — Secretary, Boston, Mass.
- WORCESTER BI. C. — Secretary, E. F. Tolman, 424 Main street, Worcester, Mass.
- YONKERS BI. C. — Secretary, Murray C. Smith, Mansion House, Yonkers, N.Y.



Vol. 1]

THE BICYCLING WORLD

[No. 9]

THE BICYCLING WORLD aims to be a fresh, full record, herald, and epitome, of all that relates to bicycling and archery,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets, and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. It will also give space to tricycling, ice-yachting, skating, tobogganing, canoeing, tours on foot, excursions on horse, and other gentlemanly and ladylike athletic exercises and recreations. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids to these objects, will therefore be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, both as a guaranty of good faith and to enable reply or further inquiry, but not for publication unless so indicated; to write on one side of the paper only; and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding its date of publication. Communications and correspondence which we cannot give space to entire will be appreciated and often made useful otherwise, and we cannot return any to the sender unless the requisite postage be enclosed, with a special request. For our terms of subscription and rates of advertising, see announcement in another column, preceding advertisements.

BOSTON, 6 MARCH, 1880

THE OPENING SEASON. — The opening of the first spring month is especially bland and bright. The season, when, of all others, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of wheeling, and the young lady's face brightens toward the range, when the attractions of bow and pedal are highest for the brave and strong, and their necessity most imperative for the weary and overworn,—this season of out-door activities is upon us. Judging from the indications which we see or derive from visitors and from letters, it is to be a busy one. Bicycling and archery clubs are forming fast, practice-grounds and riding-schools are being opened in many new places, and meetings are becoming frequent and enthusiastic. Every sign promises that this year will be a livelier one with wheel and arrow than has ever been in America, or than any but the most sanguine have anticipated. The manufacturers of these instruments of diversion are not only pushing but are pushed. May these health-bringing interests thrive!

## THE BICYCLE UNION.

For two years one of the two leading organizations of bicyclers in Great Britain has been The Bicycle Union, the first meeting for the formation of which was held on the 16 February, 1878. The other and only organization comparable to it in magnitude or usefulness is the

Bicycle Touring Club, of which we gave a full account in our No. 5, and which was formed nearly six months later. The objects and scope of these two societies, though very closely related, are distinct and peculiar; and we now propose to review those of the older one.

The Bicycle Union, as resolved at the meeting referred to, was designed to be a means whereby bicyclers could coöperate together, by representation, for these purposes: (1) to secure fair and equitable administration of justice regarding the rights of bicyclers on the public roads; (2) to watch the course of legislation affecting bicycling interests and make such representations as occasion might demand; (3) to consider and modify the relations between bicyclers and the railway companies, especially as to tariff and security; (4) to take in hand the question of bicycle racing, to frame definitions and rules, to arrange for annual race meetings, etc. It is composed of representative active members of the amateur clubs, accredited delegates from these forming the acting body, styled "the Council of the Bicycle Union."

Most of the English metropolitan clubs joined this Union, as did many of the country clubs; though the latter were slow to fall in, and have since largely refrained from joining. The capitation fee was fixed at one shilling per annum, certainly small enough for all; and last year membership was thrown open to unattached amateurs, on the payment of a slightly larger fee. The "Council" elects an executive committee for general management, and several other committees for special work; and also a secretary, an unpaid officer, upon whom so many and constant duties fall, that Mr. R. T. Cork (Lombard Bi. C.), the present incumbent of that office, has lately written that he is anxious to resign, because no man having his regular business to attend to can carry out the duties satisfactorily. He also complains of the small income of the Union, which is placed at about seventy to one hundred pounds a year; this income is found to be insufficient for carrying out the purposes of the Union according to the plans of the officers.

Of the first, second, and third of the above-named purposes of the organization, it may be said that the Union has made some endeavors occasionally in that direction, but has not accomplished very much; most of the gains to English bicyclers on those points, so far as any have accrued, having been secured by other instrumentalities. Its first work was to adopt and put forward a rule defining professional and amateur bicyclers, with explanations, which are pretty well known to American riders through THE AMERICAN BICYCLER and otherwise. It also promulgated certain Rules for Competition (in races under its auspices) and recommendations in regard to Road Riding, the latter being substantially the same as those previously adopted by the Cambridge University Bi. C., and both of which are already familiar here through the same medium. No doubt the rise and



progress of the Bicycle Touring Club has had some influence in retarding the growth and prosperity of the Union; and of late the breeze of public criticism and press comment has been decidedly nor'-nor'-east for the latter. It would seem to have come at times very near foundering on racing rocks. Although the first three of its purposes were doubtless of the most consequence and most properly within its contemplated sphere, its energy was turned mostly to the fourth; and its chief distinctive work has been the institution of races between amateurs and professionals under its special auspices. Some interesting things have been done in this way; but as racing is only a subordinate phase of bicycling anyway, and professional contests need to be separated from amateur competitions rather than otherwise, it would appear to have been better to leave such matters until the more important interests had been promoted. Lately the Union has turned its attention to erecting signs at dangerous hills, — a useful mission, but apparently more properly belonging to the Bi. T. C.

The Union has been, however, under very able and honorable lead and management; it has accomplished a great deal for the interests of bicyclers, and been a by no means powerless champion of their rights; and it is to be hoped and expected that it has a long road of prosperity and usefulness reaching into the future.

**REQUEST.** — If the secretaries of those clubs which have not yet found a record in our "Clubs Reviewed" will kindly send along, or see that some proper members do send, the matter for them, they will not only favor us but put our many readers under obligation. These reviews of the older clubs are especially interesting; but we are also glad to give brief accounts of the newer ones, and their early membership lists will add to the increasingly honorable roll of pioneers.

## ARCHERS AND ARCHERY

### THE ROUND.

The spring-like weather has been cause of bringing out many targets from their winter quarters and has renewed the pleasures of the long range. Those who have only shot at the short in-door distances for the past few months again begin to feel the exhilaration of watching their arrows curve through the air and settle down into the gold, one hundred yards away. While those who have shot all winter, standing in snow and with freezing fingers, are surprised to find how much better scores they can make, when their fingers slip off the string, as if they were alive, instead of feeling like bent iron.

This seems a proper time to renew our approval of the longer ranges; probably this will be the last year of the short rounds, — and the sooner every archer begins the York Round, the greater his chance of winning the championship. Our British cousins, long ago, adopted the York and National Rounds, and in spite of all criticism they have kept them for thirty years, giving them the most thorough tests, till now it seems impossible to

improve on them. The York Round, for gentlemen, consists of 24 arrows at 60 yards, 48 at 80 yards, and 72 arrows at 100 yards. These numbers are so arranged that a medium archer will make nearly the same score at each distance, and the distances also give a thorough test of the archer's skill in shooting with different elevations, something that the short distances of the American Round cannot do. The American Round, consisting of 30 arrows at each of the following distances, 40 yards, 50, and 60 yards, does not call for the highest skill in the archer, the ranges being so nearly point-blank that there is very little difference between them; and nothing like the skill is required in point-blank shooting that there is in shooting on an elevation. Nearly the same things can be said of the ladies' rounds; Americans using the Columbia (24 arrows at each, 30, 40, and 50 yards), while the English ladies shoot the National Round of 24 arrows at 50 and 48 arrows at 60 yards. The lightness of ladies' bows makes their 60-yard range equal to the average of our 80 and 100 yards.

Last year the National Association thought necessary to adopt shorter ranges than the English, and while using the York for the gentlemen's championship, held their team match at the American Round and their ladies' competition at the Columbia. The Eastern Association, younger still, used only the Columbia and American Rounds. Let us this year make a complete change and shoot only the rounds that have stood the test of English shooting; then, though we make a poorer show, we cannot be looked down on as babies, who, being afraid to walk, prefer to creep.

J. W.

BOSTON, 29 Feb., 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World:* I wish to call your attention to a few points in Mr. Brownell's reply to me, in your last issue.

There was no attempt in my previous letter to run down American improvements, but it will not do to consider anything an improvement merely because it is an American change. It seems rather immodest for a precocious archer of one year's standing to claim that his change is an improvement on the style of scoring that has been proved to be the best for the last thirty years. Mr. Brownell writes: "Capt. Jack's schedule of values is in keeping with the spirit of his communication." As my schedule was mathematically correct, my communication must also have been. To quote again from Mr. Brownell: "The misses I average as hitting the centre of an imaginary ring outside the white." This seems as if he had adopted my advice to "eliminate chance" by counting the grass one-half. If he has done so, of course I have nothing further to say against his system.

CAPT. JACK.

CHICAGO, Ill., 27 Feb'y, 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World:* Archery is "booming" here; the weather is so pleasant that some shooting out of doors has already been indulged in. Mr. Carver, president of the N. A. A., went out and shot five arrows at one hundred yards last Friday morning before going to business, and as a result made three blues with the five arrows; the phenomenal part is the fact that he did it with his wife's bow — a 5½ ft. of 28 lbs. pull.

Yours truly,

J. B.

MR. J. O. BLAKE, formerly with Mr. E. I. Horsman, of New York, and well known to the archery world, has become infected with the enthusiasm of the Western Toxophilites, and, following the star of empire, has repaired to Chicago, where the bows are popularly supposed to twang the loudest and the arrows fly the thickest. Mr. Blake now presides over the archery department of Mr. Wilkinson, 77 State street, Chicago, where he will welcome all his old friends. The Brooklyn Archery Club tendered him a farewell banquet, and presented their departing





which will prevent our becoming members. We object to cash prizes as an inducement to shooting; also to the payment of a penalty which we cannot have the benefit of unless our club joins the National Association.

It is intimated that the Eastern Association will, under certain restrictions, open its meeting the coming season to archers outside of club members of the Association. — *A. N. Drew, in Forest and Stream.*

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS

H. D. K., Brooklyn. *Q.* 1. When on your "Wheel around the Hub," how many miles an hour, on an average, did you make? *A.* About eight, when riding the first day; on the second day, about twelve. *Q.* 2. What size wheel would a thirty-two inch leg require? *A.* 46 in. (if you measure properly) for road use, first season; 48-in. with five-inch crank, for second season. *Q.* 3. Where can I get a machine? *A.* See our advertising columns.

INQUIRER, Phila. *Q.* I would like to ask a question. Is it fair to pass an opponent on the inside? This was done by F. Leffell when he beat Mears, and done by the advice of Stanton, who was his (Leffell's) coach. Mears knew nothing about racing, this being his first, and did not claim foul until about five minutes after, when he was informed by the judges that it was too late. *A.* It is not fair to pass on the inside. Head man has "the pole" and he ought to keep it, and also to allow room to pass on the outside. If, having the lead, he keeps to the outside to prevent his competitor from passing him he cannot benefit by a claim of foul for passing him inside, even if in season. Claim of foul should be made immediately on finishing the beat.

W. H. P., E. Bi. C. *Q.* Please give an explanation of what a professional bicyclist is, stating authority: and also what are the names of the professionals in this country. *A.* Please refer, for definition, to our No. 5, page 76, No. 1, page 2, and "The American Bicyclist," page 163. It would of course be difficult to name all the professional bicyclists in this country at the present time; and, were the names once given, the list would not long remain an accurate one. We may some time publish such a list so far as we have information. The more prominent names are to be found in the reports, in this journal and its predecessor, of professional and money-prize races.

F. P. T., Amherst. *A.* "I noticed an inquiry in your paper concerning an 'Extraordinary.' The owner and his bicycle are now at Mass. Agricultural College."

[Another one is reported about Boston. — Ed.]

## LITERARY COMMENT

IF ANY ONE can look at the face of "Deuteronomy," on page 646 of March *Scribner's*, for five seconds without a smile, or turn the leaf over without laughter, there is something ails him. "The Tile Club Afloat" is the leading paper in this number, and affords twenty-one pages of rare entertainment, both in text and illustrations. The Tile Club is one of the rarest realities in the world, yet whenever its life or its work gets revealed through this magazine, there is wealth of the ideal and the imaginative. Who would not covet a tile made in that wonderful room at Sarony's, or a sketch from one of their inimitable excursions? The number is rich in good reading. The fifth paper on "Success with Small Fruits," lusciously illustrated, treats of raspberries. There are two or three gems of poetry, one of them "Dwelling-places," by Higginson, being as tender and sweet as G. P. Lathrop's "Youth to the Poet" is graceful and finished. "Cham" is doubly interesting review of the life and character of a great French caricaturist. John Burroughs gives six chapters of his "Notes of a Walker," full of suggestion and of interesting bits of fact that escape the observation of most walkers. "Peter the Great" of course increases in interest, and there is much more that must be read and enjoyed in a leisurely way, with one's slippers on. Received by A. Williams & Co., Old Corner Bookstore.

THE MARCH *Atlantic* contains, along with much of the en-

tertaining sorts, several thoughtful articles of much present value. "Egypt under the Pharaohs," by F. H. Underwood, is an excellent review of Brusch Bey's late much-noted book, and something more. "The New Departure in the Public Schools," "Prisons, and Penitentiaries," and "The British Civil Service," are short but suggestive articles; and R. G. White's "English in England" is curiously interesting. Mr. Howell's "Undiscovered Country" grows fascinating; and yet one passes over this and the poems by Aldrich and others, with all their grace, to read "The Contributors' Club" first, which is the fruitiest part of the whole magazine. But, then, any one who *knows* the table always takes fruit first. By the way, since the *North American Review* became more of a magazine hasn't the Atlantic grown more of a review? Received of the Publishers, Houghton, Osgood, & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S *Magazine* for March has two papers of current American interest, "The Ute Matter" and "The American Suez, with maps;" the concluding paper of "Old and New Rouen," by Edward King, and a finely illustrated chapter of "Summerland Sketches." "The Lakes of Minnesota," finely illustrated, is the leading article. There is an exquisite sonnet by Paul H. Hayne, which is really refreshing for its art and grace. Scarcely one of our older poets, except Longfellow, has ever successfully accomplished a sonnet, or even seemed to know what it is. Mr. Hayne is one of a few younger versemen who really know and write it. The stories of this number are pleasing, and altogether it is an excellent one. Received of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

AMONGST OUR EXCHANGES we welcome the *High School Journal*, of Omaha, Nebraska, which shows up educational matters of the "far west" and handles themes of universal interest with freshness and perspicuity; and also the *Ohio Educational Monthly*, a neat and spirited duodecimo of thirty-eight well-edited pages, now in its twenty-first year: published at Salem, Ohio. And here is *The Amphion*, a large musical monthly, published by Roe Stephens, Detroit, Michigan. It is brim-full of professional and general interest, news, and intelligence. Late numbers of *Brown's Phonographic Monthly* (New York), have been of exceeding interest. The December "Holiday" number was very racily edited and embellished with numerous portraits of short-hand writers and specimens of their script; and the January number is fascinating even to a long-hand snail. We are sorry Boston has so few accomplished phonographers. Were we all taught phonography when young how much time and labor we might save, and how much more clerical assistance we could utilize.

SPEAKING of educational periodicals, by the by, why not include *Wide Awake* with them. This February number, for instance, with its "Chinese Mission School" and other instructive pages, is one of the best of educators for the little folks; and with its merry stories and poems and pretty illustrations, makes "the children's hour" more enjoyable and profitable to the grown-up folks who read it to them. It is published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

THE GOODSON GAZETTE, printed and published at the Virginia Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, is a small but exceedingly tasteful and accurate weekly, full of good and spicy brevities and excerpts. It must not only be a delight to the inmates but make them and the institute many friends. Its address is, Staunton, Va.

## WINTRY MUSINGS.

J. G. D.

When breezes are soft, and roads are hard  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
Thou to my trying dost give reward,  
And wheel is my wheel for any meet.

For the drinking and eat of the day  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
Oft am I bothered, and scarce can pay,  
But wheel is my wheel for other meet.



When I, lone bachelor once, did sigh  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
Thou didst me pity, and drew me nigh  
To wheel as my wheel for partner meet.

When I, since married for my sins, did cry  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
Again didst pity, and made me fly,  
And wheel is my wheel for true helpmeet.

'Tis winter time now, the year is young  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
My ridings fail me, but may be sung,  
For wheel is my wheel for singing meet.

White as the snow is thy nickeled skin  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
Though I can't drive it thro' thick and thin,  
The wheel is my wheel for surface meet.

My face paleth, my tread is low  
(Bicycle high with the slippery seat),  
I merely sing you, but travel slow  
Till wheel is my wheel for early meet.

### GLANCES ABROAD

THE VELO-CLUB OF MADRID, SPAIN, held a race meeting on the 1 February, at which the following record was made:—

*First race*, third class, 1,000 metres: G. Fernandez, winner, by 10 lengths, in 2.11; C. Santos, second.

*Second race*, second class, 1,000 metres: Don Eugenio Honlan, winner, by 4 lengths, in 2.18; Don Geromino Lario, second.

*Third race*, first class, 1,000 metres: Don Ignacio Santos, winner, by half a wheel, in 2.06; Don Ernesto Colvin, second.

*Fourth race*, handicap, 2,000 metres: Miguel Santos, scratch, winner by 20 lengths; Cipriano Santos, 35 metres start, second.

*Fifth race*, 10 kilometres: I. Santos, winner, in 24.45, with G. Lario, second, by 3 lengths, and E. Houlan, third, by 20 lengths.

SOME OTHER notes of foreign doings and discussion stand over to next issue.

### CORRESPONDENCE

A BROOKLYN gentleman is hopefully desirous: "I have read with a great deal of interest your story in *Scribner's*, and, like Jack Easy, talk bicycle incessantly. I am a great tramper, and have, during the last three years, seen all the places of interest within easy walking distance of New York. I have become a little tired of the extra long pair of 'peds' that have been provided me, and want a faster mode of locomotion, which I think the 'winged wheel' will supply."

SAN FRANCISCO, 5 February, 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World*:—I noticed something in your columns some time since, concerning the roads in this city, which I think needs some explanation. Although most of the streets here in the city proper are almost impassable to the bicycle, owing to poor pavements, there are six miles of as fine a macadam road as any bicyclist could desire, running from the heart of the city *via* Tyler street, to and through the park, to the Cliff House and beach. There is also another fine road running from the park around the Poor Farm back to the city, over five miles in length. Just across the bay is Oakland, where San Francisco breathes and sleeps. In and around this suburb are hundreds of miles of fine roads, almost without a grade. There is nothing to prevent Oakland from being the home of the bicycle for this coast.

HARVARD.

FARMINGTON, N.H., 9 Feb., 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World*:—I am the owner of a bicycle, and am happy to say so. I enjoy more hours with my "silent steed" than in any other manner. We have formed no club here as yet, owing to the fact that I am the only person in this section that owns a machine. There are many young men in our town that would like to own a "wheel," but they "can't afford it." Many of the readers of the *World* are well aware of the rocky nature of New Hampshire, so of course the roads will not compare very favorably with those around Boston, yet there are a few very fair roads throughout the country. I think the hills around here would greatly astonish the Boston boys. I very often go on a day's journey through the country, and enjoy it very much, although I am obliged to go alone. An amusing feature of such a trip is the look of astonishment seen on the faces of the country people, more especially of the aged; it upsets all their ideas of locomotion. The children seem to admire the bright parts of the machine. I have some difficulty in getting out of a crowd while in a country town, and am looked upon as some wonderful being, *man* or *devil*, they know not which. I ride on an average eight miles an hour, which, taking into consideration the size of my wheel (46 in.) and the rough roads, is perhaps a fair rate of speed. I frequently ride five or six miles before breakfast on fine summer mornings, and how delightful and refreshing. It makes one feel "happy, light and free," and what an appetite it creates! I am sure no one need have the blues who is the owner of a bicycle. Several of our young men contemplate purchasing bicycles as soon as the ground settles; so I shall probably have "companions" another season. I am trying to work the boys up to the proper pitch. But as I have written enough to convey some idea of what the bicycle is thought of "up in the country," I will conclude by saying of the "steely steed," that as a means of healthful exercise, combined with pleasurable enjoyment, I have never seen its equal.

COUNTRY BICYCLER.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, FRANCE, 19 Jan., 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World*:—When you started, lately, your valuable paper, and gave it the title of the BICYCLING WORLD, did you intend that title to mean the American World in particular, or the world at large? However, in these times of rapid travelling and general intercourse, when "wheels" of all descriptions, shapes, and sizes, will convey one to any distance, you will not be surprised to learn that the BICYCLING WORLD has found its way across the Atlantic Ocean, and has landed one fine morning on the Boulevard St. Germain, at the headquarters of the Sport Vélodipédique Parisien. Such has been the case, indeed; and the president of that society happening to know English was soon surrounded by all the members of the club, eager to hear the translation of some passages of American news. The progress of Terront over that fairy land called America also excited our curiosity, though nothing surpassed our wonder at seeing the extraordinary strides you had made in bicycling matters. It is the pleasure we feel when reading the accounts of the deeds performed by our American brethren which now prompts me to write in return what I know about French bicycling. May I not have presumed too much on my own ability, and may this prove of some interest to your readers.

Bicycling, every one knows, first began in France, and the first machine worth being called a bicycle, was exhibited at the Paris exhibition in 1867. The excitement the sight of that machine created when it made its first appearance in the Champs-Élysées of Paris, paddled along quietly by a gentleman, cannot be imagined. Every one then would become the proprietor of a velocipede; and, as always the case when one thing is taken up untested and under the impulse of the moment, the sport sprung up as quickly as it went down. For a few years it was a sort of rage. Bicycles and bicyclers were seen everywhere, and clubs organized in almost every town. Alas! It had been too good to last. At first it was said that cabs and horses would soon be done away with. Then it was rumored that wonderful distances could be covered on those



instruments. But a grand race from Paris to Rouen—80 miles—having been run and having proved a failure as to the facility of travelling far, seated on the *veloce*, the public soon found out that the *bone-shaker* was good for nothing. By that time, too, the price of the machines was reduced to a low figure through a lot of *camellotte* being manufactured by even wheelwrights, the consequence of which was that the mob got on those machines and drove the gentlemen away from them. Still, even then the sport was prosperous, and had an illustrated paper of its own, the *Vélocipède Illustré*. Unfortunately the war with the Germans broke out, which caused the destruction of bicycling, as of everything else. The velocemen who were not killed were scattered about, and it took quite three years before any attempt at founding a new society was made. This ended in the formation of the *Vélo-Sport* in Paris, a club which comprised the then most influential men of France in bicycling matters. Two great race meetings took place about that time in France; one in Lyons, on the 22d May, 1873, and one the following year, in Paris, on the 19th September, in the Jardin des Tuilleries, for the benefit of the inundated of Toulouse. This last race had a grand *retentissement* among the French bicyclers, through its importance. At the *championnat international*, the first prize, worth six hundred francs, was won by an Englishman, Mr. Moore, over Mr. Thuillet, the French champion.

The next year in France saw M. H. Pagis, the Secretary of the *Vélo-Sport*, together with M. Laumaille, a celebrated French tourist, make the trip on the bicycle from Paris to Vienna, under the time taken some months before by an Austrian mare, mounted by a Hongrois officer; that is, under a fortnight. Considering the fearful state of most of the roads traversed, fourteen days may be reckoned a very good time. After that some dissatisfaction having arisen among the members of the *Vélo-Sport*, that society virtually broke up, though in fact it is still lingering on till the present day, with a few men without any activity, on its list. M. Pagis then started up a *cercle* which he called the *Union Vélocipédique Parisienne*, and put down the names of some thirty men at least on its books. That was in 1877. In the mean time the provincial clubs gave a few important race meetings, specially at Toulouse, Montauban, Angers, and Lyons, while in Paris the velocipedistes remained pretty quiet.

In 1878 the reverse took place; the country clubs did nothing worth mentioning, except the *Sport Nautique d'Amiens*, which possesses some velocemen among its members, when, in the same season, the Parisian bicycles had no fewer than twenty-four race meetings in and out of Paris. It is in that year that Charles Terront, the actual professional French champion, began to become notorious. He had already made a few successful essays before, but in 1878 he won in almost every race: at Vincennes, Argenteuil, Maison-blanche, le Carrousel, Rueil, St. Denis, Courbevoie, Versailles, St. Cloud, Neuilly, Pré-Catelan, Point-du-Jour, and Fontainebleau. But while Terront carried off the best prizes in France, he only managed to get fifth place in London at the great six days' contest which took place on the 18th of November, in the Agricultural Hall. A new society also broke out in the month of July of 1878, the *Sport Velocipédique Parisien*, which was founded to put a stop to some abuses which disgraced the racing of another Paris club.

We are now come to the year just gone by, 1879. But as I mean to give more details on these recent events which keep still a sort of actuality about them, and as I am afraid my letter to my American colleagues of the wheel is getting rather lengthy, I will put off the description of the events which marked the past bicycling season till I write again, that is, if this first epistle is acceptable. In the mean time believe me yours, with respect,

VELOCÉ.

Vol. I.]

THE BICYCLING WORLD

[No. 9]

### RATES AND TERMS.

THE BICYCLING WORLD is established on a sufficient cash capital to insure the fulfilment of all its promises. It is published regularly on alternate Saturday

mornings, in issues of three thousand five hundred copies, and it goes to the hands and eyes of a young, active, and enterprising constituency, by which it is read, passed around, preserved, and made permanent for reference. We mean to make these columns a live, choice, and profitable medium of advertising for our patrons. Our charges, until further notice, are at the following low rates:—

For one insertion

One page, inside . . . . .	\$25.00
One column . . . . .	13.00
Half column . . . . .	7.00
Quarter column . . . . .	4.00
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All remittances for subscription (with address plainly written in full), or for advertisements (with "copy" plainly written, and cuts if their use be desired), should be by bank draft, registered letter, post-office money-order, or bill of exchange, directed to THE BICYCLING WORLD CO., 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

### REWARD OFFERED.

Appreciating the fact that it requires special effort and trouble on the part of our friends to procure for us any considerable number of additional subscribers in any locality, and ready to make such acknowledgments and inducements as we can for friendly assistance, we have made arrangements with some of our advertisers, who are likewise interested in the increase of our circulation, and are now able to offer a

### BICYCLING WORLD PREMIUM LIST,

for new subscriptions to the BICYCLING WORLD, as follows:—

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- For 4 new subscriptions, a HEAD LANTERN and fastener; or a MUTUM-IN-PARVO BAG; or a ventilated SUSPENSION SADDLE, price of either, \$4.00; or a copy of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, bound nicely in half roan and cloth sides.
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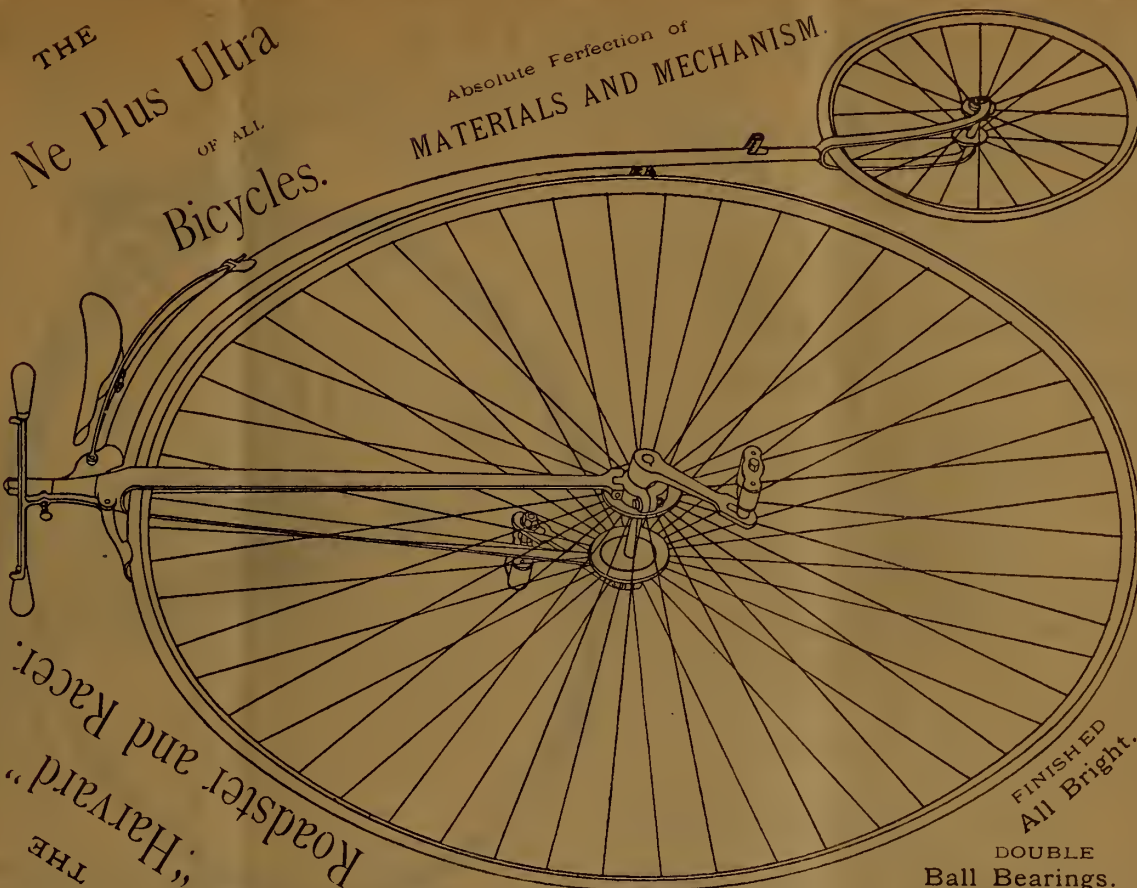


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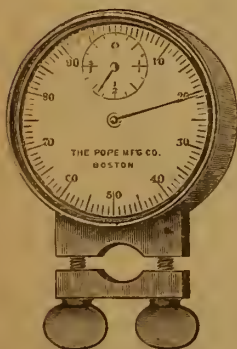


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