

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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CURRENTE CALAMO

MANY thanks for your friendly words.
THE wheelman does not go out without rubbers.

A NEW way of making it pay to be secretary: you can send business advertisements along with club notices.

THE editor of the New York *Herald* thought well last fall, when he wrote anent bicycling, "The growth of interest in this delightful and healthful amusement is gratifying, as it tends to keep our young men out of doors."

THE Massachusetts Bi. C. is what they were called for short, the other night.

"WHAT is this curious product of today, the American girl or woman?" asks a contributor in December *Atlantic*. We don't dare to answer.

CONSIDERING how smoothly and noiselessly the bicycles roll along, all because of rubber tires, the idea suggests itself that they might be applied to buggies and other light vehicles, and even to hacks, with no small advantage. The saving in wear and tear of vehicles would be great, but the saving in "racket," and in the wear and tear of human nerves, would be greater. Doubtless there are millions for somebody in this suggestion, but there is no charge.—*Boston Transcript*.

A COMPANY of men on bicycles, with hub lights, led and formed an interesting part of the great torchlight and illumination parade at Orange, N. J., on 25 October. It probably helped to elect Garfield.

FACT — That the Pitcher is beautiful. That it was the best kept surprise of the season.

That the L. A. W. badge is unique. That Secretary Parsons says so. That Jo. Pennell put on the handle-bar. That thereby hangs a — wheel. That some wheel clubs have headquarters.

That these enjoy most, in the winter. That Secretary Weston has a fine costume.

That Goy's cut don't make him handsome.

That the Providence Bi. C. has a good time.

That so does the Worcester Bi. C. That they are both good entertainers. That the Crescent is a well-drilled club. That an editor has something to do. That he has to be on time with it.

That his paper pleases others better than it pleases him.

That Christmas is coming. That the best gift for a boy is a bicycle. That the best present for a young lady is a bow and a few arrows.

That the next best gift to either is a subscription to the BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD.

THE "contents" of our last issue were a trifle abridged, — unintentionally.

THE "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky has magnificent turnpikes.

A CLASSICIST hands in this: "To any young bicycle club in want of a motto the following are submitted, being mostly very slight alterations of classical quotations: *Rota non furor brevis est. Super hominum capita molliter ambulans. Spernit humum fugiente rotâ. Dum vivimus voluamus. And In currente rotâ qui sedet prevolat terram.*"

A RURAL rider offers a caution: "Cyclers who are not partial to a hurried dismount over the handles would do well to keep a sharp lookout for loose stones among the dried leaves with which our woodland drives are now so thickly covered."

THE other day, in Brooklyn, a boy was riding a bicycle. It frightened a pair of horses before a carriage, they ran away and collided with an equestrian party, knocking down a horse ridden by a young lady, and she was killed. Where should the remedy be applied? Should not boys be permitted to ride on bicycles? Should not horses that will become frightened at so slight a thing, and run away, be prohibited? Should not coachmen who cannot manage their teams be abolished? Should not equestrianism by ladies in

crowded localities be discouraged? Or where should the blame be located? We despair of any coroner's jury arriving at a correct conclusion.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SONG OF THE NIGHT-RIDER.

I LOVE to ride, at fall of night,
By tangled brake and winding lane,
Away from busy cities' sight,—
From souls so dull and tongues profane,
To where the leafy, whispering trees
Salute the progress of my wheel;
Where balmy odors lade the breeze,
And mystic shadows by me steal.

Oh, there are joys divine and sweet
When trundling 'neath the noonday sun;
But oh! for those when all his heat
Has vanished, and his race is run!
How soon we skim away from town
When earth in twilight robe is drest;
When fields and flowers are tinted brown,
And Sol is dying in the west!

O Pleasure, in thy rarest mood,
No greater charm hast thou revealed,
To those who thee so oft have wooed
For such delights thou keep'st concealed,
Than for the jaded, town-tied slave
To mount his trusty, glitt'ring steed,
And haste to where the green trees wave,
And heavy hearts feel gay and freed!

Flitting by noiseless, rural spots,
Ah! who shall talk of sorrow then?
And who'll rake up all life's dark blots
That lie within the cynic's ken?
Uplifted voices greet the air;
The dark'ning welkin gayly rings;
Our shouts the feathered songster scare,
For heard we not their flutt'ring wings?

So when the darkness reigns around,
When countless stars light up the sky
And glowing lamps illumine the ground,
To distant homesteads then we hie.
What though we sight the frowning hill?
'Tis quickly reached and lightly coned,—
And then we rush, not pausing till
The summit's gained for homes beyond.

Then praise your mid-day riding: say
'Tis simply blissful as could be;
But give me, sirs, the fall of day,
A trusty steed, and good country.
Oh! then grim Sorrow I defy,
Nor show of care not e'en a sign:
For who's so blithe and gay as I
When riding off at day's decline?

Tommy B., in Bicycling News.

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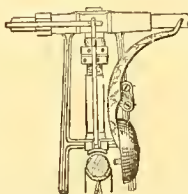
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THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 26 NOVEMBER, 1880.

BICYCLING AT THE COLLEGES.—There can be no question in the first place that the bicycle is best adapted of all things for recreative exercise by students. Laboring with brain and nerve, and not with muscle, confined within doors much of the time, young and active and restless as most students are, the bicycle is just the thing they need for a diversion. It stands ready to hand for any half-hour or half-day; the roads are open and free for its use; it takes one into the open air and sunshine, away into rural scenes and natural attractions; it expands the lungs, develops the muscles and organs of the body in every direction, gives the blood a circulation away from the head and lungs, and develops other faculties of judgment and action to a degree that no other sport offers. As a branch of college athletics, it is gentlemanly and elegant, and one that excites great interest. The inter-university races in England, held year after year with increasing success, afford good examples for illustration.

In this country, Harvard College was the first to find among its students any considerable number of wheelmen, and to have its club, which had already last year reached a number greater than ninety

in its membership, and which had developed some good races and much activity. At Yale, although no college club has been separately organized, there are a goodly number of riders among the students, of whom many are members of the New Haven Bi. C. Columbia College has its club, ranking next to Harvard's in size and activity, and a fine record of accomplishments. Princeton College has its club, and so has Amherst, the University of Michigan, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, the Pennsylvania Military Academy, and maybe one or two others by this time; while in the University of Pennsylvania, at Dartmouth, at Bowdoin, at Williams, at Brown University, at the University of Virginia, at Rochester University, and several of the other colleges, there are already devoted wheelmen, composing part of the active membership of other clubs, or else forming nuclei of future college clubs. It is also worthy of remark that at Exeter Academy, and several of the other classical and fitting schools, the students are already taking to themselves the wheel. It is therefore quite likely that with the hold that it has already taken among colleges, and the facilities which most of them afford for acquiring the skilful use of the wheel, the next season will see a very marked increase in the number and activity of college clubs and college competitions. It is true that excursions and touring, convenience riding for business and calls and pleasure, and the pursuit of recreative exercises, are the principal uses of the wheel; but racing is one of the most attractive of its uses, and one of the most productive of outside and general interest. Why should there not be inter-collegiate contests here? Boating and foot-ball, and the other games, are very well and very successfully established, but neither of them exceeds in attractiveness, either for the students of our colleges or their many friends, the results that might be obtained by inter-collegiate or inter-class competitions on wheel. Why do not the wheelmen at our colleges promote this? Why do not those at the colleges where there are no clubs promote not only this general object, but the local interest, by encouraging the formation of other college clubs? If we have omitted, in this cursory review, to mention any college club, or to allude properly to other colleges where there are wheelmen, we shall be happy to receive such communications as will place

us in a position to do better justice hereafter. Like the juveniles in "Helen's Babies," though in a larger and better sense, we want to see wheels go round.

CONCERNING COSTUMES, as concerning other matters largely of taste, there is great diversity of opinion and of preference; but as the question of costume or uniform arises once at least in the history of every bicycle club, and generally about once every year in each, it is a matter for some general comment.

In the first place, by the general reader it might be asked why this question of costume must be agitated for wheelmen; is n't a citizen's costume well enough? Why not ride in one's ordinary business suit on the wheel? Why not let every man choose his own dress? To which it is to be answered, that citizen's dress is well enough for the most part, and that it is well enough worn on the wheel, and many riders never wear any other. But when you go riding horseback, for instance, or rowing, or into a gymnasium, or yachting, you do not wear your business suit, probably, for three reasons: first, that all these occupations or diversions involve wear of dress, and some of them involve risk of destruction, and it is less expensive and more satisfactory in the end to have a separate dress for these pursuits on that account; second, that in all these diversions, involving positive exercise and some exposure, there is some demand for variation from the ordinary costume for comfort; and third, the homely old saying, that one must dress according to his work, comes in play. It looks better and causes less comment to see those engaged in the same thing dressed substantially alike. The ordinary citizen's dress is generally found too warm for long riding in warm weather. It does not allow sufficient freedom of muscular action sometimes; and the long pantaloons, which are an abomination in any walk of life, are in the way. A silk hat, for instance, or a felt hat, warmly and heavily constructed, and with no ventilation, is uncomfortable to ride in; hence it is that wheelmen soon fall into the necessary habit of wearing a different costume when on wheel from what they and others do when off of it, and not because they like to rig themselves up, or make themselves conspicuous.

In reference to selecting a suitable costume to be adopted as a uniform by a bicycle club, there are some points which may be stated with some degree of positiveness; as for instance, that the material selected should be durable and strong, but not heavy. It is often suggested that it should be of a color which would not show dust; though we think this is a point of no account, since any suit will look dirty when it is dirty, and ought

to, unless it is dirt color, and that is n't agreeable to the eye. Another point of more pertinence is that woollen is preferable to cotton, because it does not hold the moisture of perspiration, or the rain or dew, as cotton does; and it is cooler on the one hand because it allows circulation of air through it, and it is warmer on the other hand, as it is a better protection against sudden changes in temperature than cotton. The next important point in respect to a costume is its cut. As material is selected for comfort, so comfort should guide the cut to a large extent. Knee-breeches or knickerbockers, snug-fitting, with a preference for the former, buttoned pretty well below the knee, have come to be the best things for that part of the suit, by the teaching of experience: of course long stockings below them, which should either be of woollen or of silk, and as the latter is rather expensive the former still prevails. As to the feet, all things considered, the low shoe is the best, since the legging, though often convenient to confine the abominable part of long pantaloons when these are worn, have been latterly discarded from most club suits as being neither so neat nor so comfortable as stockings. The shoes should be constructed, first for comfort, and second for neatness; a well-fitting shoe with fair thickness of sole is of course sufficient. In this part of apparel, material may be chosen for looks or comfort, or a combination of both: leather looking better whether it be black or brown, and buckles looking better than lacings; or if high boots be worn, elastic sides looking better than buttons. A canvas or cloth shoe, if properly made, is more comfortable, and prevents dampness of the feet from perspiration. For very warm weather a flannel shirt, which is either white or of uniform color with the rest of the suit, is most comfortable, and a little style may be put into it by way of lacing, or substitution of a binding, and a white collar in place of a turn-down collar. But in most weathers and with most men a coat is desirable, and makes one look better dressed: and in this there is opportunity for great diversity. A short coat of some kind is desirable, the preference being given to either a jacket or a sack. A jacket is a little closer and neater fitting, and if made to button or hook well up and down the front, may be worn over one's merino, and without a shirt; when the flannel shirt may be donned at the end of the run as a suitable addition to the dress for warmth, and is more satisfactorily carried on the run than the coat. Of course the standing collar or turn-down collar is mostly a matter of taste; so is the question of braid or other ornamentation; but not so the pockets. There should be at least four pockets in every wheelman's coat; and if he goes on runs very much, and especially on excursions, he will have plenty of things to carry in them. As to head-dress, there is nothing so comfortable and satisfactory to the rider himself as a felt helmet, projecting

before and after, and with a ventilated sweat. However, the cap is the prevalent article in this country and abroad, though the helmet has obtained in England to a considerable extent. The miserable patch or rudiment of a cap, called a pill-box or a polo cap, is very taking with boys and young men who want to look nobby. It does not protect the eyes, it is not ventilated, it does not save the neck from the heat or the nose from a burn, and it makes a man look like a monkey. It is easily taken off and put in the pocket, and it looks best worn that way. The fore-and-after cap is a good substitute, and the lopped-down cloth cap or other construction with a visor is also quite satisfactorily worn, and looks better made of the same material as the rest, or its trimming. As to trimming, that also is a matter of taste, but a majority voice would probably be that trimming better be left to the ladies and the brass bands. The next point to be adverted to is the color. Blue, gray, brown, and green are undoubtedly the favorite colors and the best colors. Black is rather warm and sombre, while red, though a cool color, is too showy; and the same might be said of yellow, with the disadvantage that like white, it does not hold its looks. While a wheelman's suit should be chosen as to material, cut, and color for comfort, and for uniformity and appropriate good looks with his comrades, it should also be made not entirely obtrusive or conspicuous. What looks quite passable on a company run may also look out of place when walking on the street or riding alone. A quiet, plain dress, of uniform color throughout, is more desirable in this aspect than either a much-trimmed, a bright-colored, or a variegated suit.

It may be observed that the foregoing are very general and obvious suggestions in regard to costumes; but they need to be borne in mind and reflected upon a little, as any one will say who has seen large numbers of wheelmen together, as at Newport or Worcester. And we have one other observation to make, which has had less attention: that is, that the little things about apparel make the greatest difference. It has been said that a man with a clean shirt, a new hat, and well-blackened boots always looks well dressed. So it is true that the club which pays attention to uniformity of details in costume will look well uniformed. It is not enough that the suit should be of the same color and cut, the hats the same, and the stockings the same; but the shoes should be alike in color and cut, the matter of gloves or no gloves should be the same, and when gloves are worn there should be uniformity in them, as there should also be in the matter of neckties, collars, buttons, and all those little parts of dress which add so much to the general effect. Clubs and committees charged with the difficult duty of preparing a uniform will do well to bear this in mind, and will find little additional difficulty in securing uniformity in details of

a costume over that of inducing the adoption of the general features. Some more specific remarks upon costume may be indulged in hereafter.

AN INDEX OF PLACES.

Editor of Bicycling World:—As the next issue of your paper will complete the first annual volume, I write to express the hope that (in addition to the customary title-page and contents-table or index of titles, which I assume you intend to supply for the benefit of those who wish to send the volume to the binder) you will cause to be prepared a special "local index," or alphabetical list of places, similar in plan to the list of family names which the genealogical quarterlies print at the close of each volume.

The clerk employed to compile this "local index" should be instructed to read everything in the volume from the first page of No. 1 to the last page of No. 26, and to transcribe the name of every city and town which meets his eye, together with the number of the page where it appears. "Simply this and nothing more." The names should then be arranged alphabetically, and the index of places will be ready for the printer. A second special list of roads, lanes, streets, and avenues would be an additional convenience.

Such an index, the compilation of which is a purely mechanical task, would increase by tenfold the value of the volume. Supposing a wheelman is planning to take a tour: he turns to the index and then looks up the references to the places which he thinks of visiting. One reference may prove to be a list of the local club, another may show that there are no riders in that particular town, a third may describe an excellent road, still another may warn him of bad roads to be avoided; and so on.

In the general index of the volume it would, of course, be well to give, under the general title of "Tours and Excursions," an alphabetical list of the rides and roads which have been described in full. But these descriptions comprise only a small part of the "local information" interesting to tourists which has really appeared in the volume, scattered among personal and editorial paragraphs, club letters, and the like. The possible objection that the plan implies many needless repetitions, I would offset by the certain objection that if any discretion were allowed the compiler in respect to avoiding repetitions, the compiler would have to be an expert, or else the index would surely be incomplete.

The paper is chiefly interesting and valuable to me for the information I get from it as to the best localities for riding; and I try to repay those who supply this information by preparing reports of such previously undescribed roads as I chance to make trial of. A "local index" such as I have described would be a great encouragement and incentive to all your readers to prepare "road re-

ports" for the paper, inasmuch as it would assure them that their work would have a permanent value. Assuming that the time and trouble required in preparing such a letter is now rewarded by the belief that ten or a dozen riders may profit by the description, the existence of the index would make the reward ten times as great, because it would presumably render the description available to ten times as many riders.

When two or three volumes of the *BICYCLING WORLD* have been thus indexed, the compilation of a respectable "American Road Book," or "Route Guide for Wheelmen," will be a matter of comparatively little difficulty. In conclusion, let me say, in regard to the matter of a general alphabetical index, that a compiler who inserts under the first letter of the alphabet a title beginning with the word "A" or "An," or who inserts under "T" a title beginning with the word "The," deserves the treatment ordered by General Dix for the man who "attempts to haul down the American flag."

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 16 October, 1880.

[Our valued contributor makes good suggestions. This communication was received while our index to Volume I. was in preparation; and we put the "place index" in the hands of a clerk to carry out. A little progress on it showed us that unless some discrimination was used, our index would reach somewhere near the proportions of a United States gazetteer; and we concluded to defer the preparation of that part of it to a future time. Ed.]

TOURS AND EXCURSIONS

THROUGH LONG ISLAND.

As fate compelled me to be in New London, Conn., on 7 July, I thought I might as well take my wheel along with me on the boat, cross with it to Greenport by next morning's steamer, and thence drive home again through Long Island, over the roads which a resident wheelman whom I met at the Newport convention had assured me were good ones.

In New London itself I found very fair riding, the favorite route leading from the centre (where stand the city hall and post-office) easterly through State street, and southerly through Bank street for nearly three fourths of a mile, then east and south along the shore road to the Pequot Hotel, nearly two miles, and to the light-house, a half-mile beyond. The whole distance may be made without dismount in either direction, and the two miles or so of shore road, being composed of powdered oyster shells, is as pleasant a place for a short spin as one need wish for. I was told that a half-dozen or more local wheelmen make daily use of it.

From Greenport one may ride towards the south and west to the hotel in Mattatuck, twelve miles, without dismount,

though a stop is apt to be caused by the sand of a short hill, about two miles before reaching there. At a little ways below the hotel in Southold, five and a half miles from Greenport, the road divides, but the two branches soon join again, and the right-hand one should be taken rather than the road going straight up the hill. In front of the hotel at Mattatuck a turn is made to the left, and sandy stretches of road are soon met with. The hotel in Riverhead is nine and a half miles farther on, and it took me nearly two hours to cover the distance, though there were no very long walks required.

On the following morning I went by train to Yaphank, perhaps a dozen miles beyond, for I was told that deep sand prevailed for about that distance. Mounting there at nine o'clock, I rode across the plain in a southerly direction for rather more than two miles, then turned to the right just beyond a hotel, and went through Brookhaven to Bellport (four miles), to Patchogue (three miles), to Sayville (four miles and a half), where an hour's stop was made for dinner. For the next nine miles, ending at the bridge in Islip, the sidewalk was generally adhered to; also for another mile, ending at Bayside post-office. Four and a half miles beyond is the hotel in Babylon, the largest town met with on that day. Amityville, the next place, is about five miles away, though I rode more than six to reach it, by reason of a detour along a meadow road to the water side, in order to take a swim. Distance from Yaphank by the cyclometer, thirty-four and a half miles.

Had I designed to go directly to New York, I should probably have started for South Oyster Bay and Hempstead on the morning of the 10th, after my all-night's struggle with the flies and mosquitoes of the Amityville Hotel. Instead of this I turned northward and rode to Farmingdale, five miles; Pine Grove Hotel, two miles and a half; Woodbury railroad station, five miles and a third; and Cold Spring Harbor, three miles. I really travelled nearly twenty miles that hot Saturday morning, however, for I was obliged to return to Farmingdale from a point about two miles beyond, in pursuit of my pocket-book, which I had carelessly laid down on the counter of a youthful "dealer in fruit and root beer." I found that he had closed his shop and harnessed up a horse wherewith to pursue me and restore the property; but he not only declined to accept any reward for his trouble in doing this, but actually refused to let me pay for the beer which I drank to satisfy the thirst aroused by my rapid return.

From the hotel in Cold Spring Harbor one may ride southward a mile to the Episcopal church, and then he must walk up hill nearly as far. About two miles farther on he crosses the railroad track at Syosset station, three quarters of a mile beyond which is the "Jerico turnpike," and this must be taken to the

right. Some very smooth stretches of road are to be found in the two and a half miles ending here, and the similar distance intervening between here and the hotel in Jericho is nearly all rideable.

From Jericho to Jamaica the turnpike is excellent, and no stop is necessary unless caused by the sand near the top of a double hill, five miles from the start, though the cobble-stones in front of the toll-gates need careful attention. My cyclometer made the whole distance fifteen miles, though when I returned over the same track, on the last day of the month, it registered only thirteen and a half. (On this second occasion I dismounted only once—at the solitary brick house which shelters a beer saloon near the railway crossing in Minneola, six miles from Jericho. The road here is hard and level, but I wanted something to drink.) A plank road begins at the East Jamaica Hotel, and extends a mile and a half to the village proper, though the unplanked track beside it is generally preferable. Passage through the village can best be made on the right-hand sidewalk for a mile and a quarter to the Hoffman Boulevard, which branches to the right and leads to the centre of Newtown, six miles away. I presume I walked about a quarter of this distance, because of sand and hills, for I was an hour in doing it. Then came about two miles of riding towards Hunter's Point, over rather rough macadam, and up the hardest hill I ever yet climbed on a wheel. After this another mile of poor riding on dirt sidewalks brought me to the Queens County court-house, and another mile over the flagged walks, with dismounts at about every cross street, brought me to the ferry at Hunter's Point, my journey's end. The cyclometer's record for the day was 34½ miles, which included a mile's detour. Whole distance recorded between Greenport and New York, 131 miles, including 22 miles in the neighborhood of Cold Spring.

The roads of Long Island, as above described, average considerably better than those between New York, New Haven, Springfield, and Boston. The worst impediment of the whole journey was a half-mile stretch of sand near Woodbury station. Except in this case, I do not think I walked for as much as a quarter-mile at a time in the 120 miles registered between Greenport and Jamaica. The Woodbury sand, moreover, would be avoided by a rider who went direct from Farmingdale to the Jericho turnpike, and perhaps the other route from Amityville to Hempstead might be found even more attractive.

Being rather dissatisfied with the route from Jamaica to New York by way of Newtown, which required me to spend two hours in doing hardly more than eight miles, I thought I would return to Jamaica by way of Brooklyn. This proved to be a jump from the frying-pan into the fire, however. All is plain sailing, of course, from Wall street ferry to the end of the macadamized boulevards.

ward, a couple of miles beyond Prospect Park; but the seven miles intervening between there and the point in Jamaica where the Hoffman Boulevard branches off towards Newtown, are much worse than the eight miles which I wished to avoid. I was three hours on the way instead of two, and I found in turn bad sidewalks, abundant sand, deep ruts, and a "plank road," — so called because made of a sort of rude macadam which was hardly smoother than a pavement of cobble stones.

From Cold Spring Harbor a pleasant five-mile ride may be taken to Columbia Grove Hotel on Lloyd's Neck, though a short walk will be needed just before reaching the hotel. Beyond this the shaded road through the grove is smooth for at least a mile, and perhaps for two miles or more. Returning, a good road leads to Huntington and thence back to Cold Spring, the last three miles being down-grade and requiring no dismount. From Huntington I went to Centreport and Northport, five miles, but I cannot say much in praise of the roads.

Returning from Cold Spring to New York on 3 August, I determined for variety's sake to explore the north-side road, though knowing perfectly well that it would not be found equal to the Jericho turnpike. The path chosen led through Oyster Bay, four miles; Norwich, two and a quarter miles; Roslyn, six and a half miles; hotel on hill at Manhasset, three miles; macadam at Little Neck, two and a half miles. I was seven hours in reaching this point, including stops of two hours, for a good deal of walking had to be done, up hill and through sand, even before a heavy rain drenched me through and put the roads at their worst. For six miles, however, through Flushing and to Harry Hill's hotel about a mile beyond the bridge, the macadam was almost perfect and was little injured by the storm, save where the sand had washed over it. I made the distance without dismount, and was favored with a continuous shower bath all the while, — three quarters of an hour. From Harry Hill's to Astoria ferry — a distance of three miles, which I increased by an unlucky detour to four — I stolidly shoved my "bath tub" through the deep mud, and made no attempt to ride until the flagged sidewalks were reached. I should judge that the road-bed even when dry would be barely rideable, though it might be reached by a cross-cut from the excellent track which skirts the shore for a mile or so above Astoria. Length of day's journey, 28 miles.

The tour of Long Island I think can be safely recommended as a pleasant one for the wheelman, though he had best ride in the cars between New York and Jamaica, as well as between Yaphank and Riverhead. If he does this, he may easily get over the remaining 90 miles in two days; and of course an expert may readily do it in one. Probably the best single stretches on the island are those from Jamaica to Jericho, fifteen miles;

from Mattatuck to Greenport, twelve miles; and from Flushing to Little Neck, six miles. The latter case of unusually smooth macadam seems to be the only exception to the rule that the north-side roads are more hilly, sandy, and unattractive than those of the centre and south side.

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 5 August, 1880.

* THROUGH CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

MR. R. S. ALLEN and the writer being in possession of two fifty-inch "Standards," we decided to test their practicability, as well as the enduring powers of our muscles, by going to Crab Orchard Springs, in the southern part of the State, on our bicycles. We left the Kentucky Military Institute at 9.30 A. M., on 21 July. The weather was cool for the season, and the pike in very fair condition as regards surface, but was very hilly. Many and strange were the remarks of the natives, both black and white, as we passed along. Our steeds being noiseless, we could hear most of the remarks as we went along. A black couple were coming toward us in a big wagon, when I heard the old woman cry out, "Laws a massa! look a yonder! what's ye call dat ar' thing anyway?" "Dats a 'losipede, gal," her companion said, as if he knew all about it. "Well, fo' de Lord, I thought my time was come sure enough," and the old woman passed on with hands uplifted in wonder. The next thing we knew we heard some one yelling as if the house was on fire, for his "mammie, Jimmie, all of you come out here quick, and see them things on a big wheel." "Ain't they a flyin'! You would n't catch me up on one of them things — I'd break my neck, sure"; and so it would continue till we were out of hearing.

No accident occurred until we arrived at a small village called Salvisa, after having passed through Alton and Lawrenceburg. A horse became frightened while we were going down hill, and as I was more interested in the horse than my road, I took a "header on my feet," and caught the backbone as it came up behind me. I afterwards remarked to one of the natives, in a jocular tone, "That is not the regular way of getting down." "No," said he, "you just got down in front of it to keep from scaring the horse." I did not explain.

Every few minutes when we would be passing some one, they would want us to "light out and do your best, and let's see how fast you can go," as if we could keep up a racing speed all day.

By 2.30 we reached Harrodsburg, 28 miles from our starting-point. We had very good appetites, especially my companion, who, in the hurry of getting ready, had forgotten his breakfast, having overslept himself, and we stopped at the first place we could get a dinner, which was a restaurant. It was not more than large enough to get ourselves and bicycles in; but a hungry man will put up with anything until he has satisfied

his cravings, and then he can growl afterwards, as we did. When we went to settle for the bill they charged us twenty-five cents apiece for dinner and *forty cents for dessert* in the shape of ice cream! We gently reminded them that dessert usually accompanied a dinner, and that forty cents was rather high for ice cream; but they said ice cost them two cents and a half a pound, and they had to make a living.

We rode on about a mile farther and stopped to see a friend, intending to go on ten miles farther; but he would not hear of it, so we put up our steeds for the night. We started early next morning and rode to Danville, ten miles, for breakfast, making the distance in one hour and ten minutes, our best time for over three miles while we were out. We can recommend our host, Gilcher, to any stray bicyclist or other kind of traveller that wants a good square meal on reasonable terms, dessert thrown in this time. After replenishing the inner man, we started for Stanford, ten miles distant. Part of the road was miserable, or worse, but about three miles of it was the finest we had struck; it consisted of gravel well beaten down, and we fairly flew over it. But we paid up for all of it in riding over the ten miles between Stanford and Crab Orchard Springs. If we had one mile of decent road I don't know it. It was like a corduroy road with the depressions *partially* filled in with broken rock about the size of the egg of commerce. We reached our destination at 11 A. M., making thirty miles we had ridden that day. We went into camp with some of our soldier friends, members of the State Guard, who were in encampment at the Springs for a week. If any one wants to go to Crab Orchard Springs, I advise him not to go on a bicycle. Hoping to avoid the bad road we had come in on, we took another route, via Lancaster, twelve miles distant; the road was worse if anything, and we had our tires pretty badly cut by the rocks. You may have some idea of the road when I say it took us two hours and fifteen minutes to make the twelve miles. We got such a nice breakfast when we did get there that we forgot our mishaps, and were soon ready for the road again.

Learning that our intended road to Richmond was not very good, we changed our plans and started for Danville, on a road that was said to be very fine "the last time he was over it." It started out splendidly, — fine, compact gravel; but we had hardly gone two miles when we found they had just been putting on fresh gravel. We found, furthermore, that the road was very hilly, one descent being so steep that the brake and back-pedalling together barely kept the wheels from running away with us. It was on this road that two humans about the size, shape, and color of the ace of clubs ran into the house and told their "missus" two men were coming down the road on wooden horses. We stopped to get a drink, and the old lady brought us some apples as

well. In fact, all along the road we were treated with the utmost hospitality. We arrived at Danville at 10 A. M. and put up with mine host Gilcher once more, and lay over until the cool of the evening. Leaving there at 6 P. M., we were accompanied part of the way by Mr. McKee on a fifty-two inch Standard. He was very pleasant company, if he did take two or three headers and help us get a fall.

Arriving at Harrodsburg once more, we stayed with our friend Dr. Williams, president of Daughters College; we were thankful it was vacation, for we did not care to face fifty or sixty girls in the plight we were then in. Leaving Harrodsburg at 8 A. M., we arrived home without further incident at 12.30, making a trip of 118 miles without an accident.

CAPT. C. W. FOWLER.

LYNN AND OUT OF IT. — Lynn, 23 October, 1880. *Editor of the Bicycling World*:—About a week ago a party of five of the members of the Star Bi. Club took a short run.

We left the club-room at about 2.30 P. M., and rode toward Saugus, going over Tower Hill, as the road is harder and smoother that way than round by Raddin's, and the hill is not so bad as the rough road; then through East Saugus to Saugus Centre, where we found fine hard roads, and some fine hills to coast down, the last one before going into Saugus Centre being a particularly fine one.

After leaving Saugus Centre we rode through the woods and farms toward Wakefield, finding the road hard and smooth, with the exception of one or two hills in the woods, which are stony, and one has to be pretty careful on them if he wants to ride down. We rode through the village of Wakefield, down side of the lake, and then back, and to Melrose over a dry, stony, and rough road. Leaving Melrose at 5 P. M., we headed for Lynn by way of Saugus, and found good hard, smooth roads nearly all the way. We arrived home at 6 P. M. in a very heavy fog, which rolled in on us very suddenly, but as we had had a fine ride of about eighteen miles we did not care much.

There is another thing I want to speak of: about four weeks ago, about ten of our club were out showing a member of the Worcester club round town, and as we passed through an Irish village a fellow walked out of a crowd into the street and attempted to tip some of us off. He tried three before succeeding, and then he cleared out; but we notified the police, and they said they knew him, and we had him in court, and he was fined \$5.00 and costs; total, \$11.45.

I thought I would give you this item, as perhaps some one else may get caught in that way, and then he will know that he has some show for justice. F. S. W.

NOTICE. — Subscribers will please mail us only 1 or 2 cent stamps when sending stamps in payment. E. C. HODGES & CO.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

ARIEL BI. C. — An account comes from Chicago at the rate of 15 miles an hour, this wise: "Saturday, 8 o'clock P. M. Air keen and frosty, the moonlight perfect. Five of the 'Ariels' swing out of Michigan avenue into Thirty-fifth street, greeting pleasantly a solitary member of the C. Bi. C., who is waiting their arrival. East on Thirty-fifth street, four squares and the Grand Boulevard showed its wide expanse of white macadam, stretching away to the southward like a road of silver. Six abreast we bowl along its perfect surface without a sound, too happy ourselves for noise; and for other mortals, there were none. One mile and Oakwood Boulevard is reached, which is more perfect if possible than Grand. East on this about a mile, when the silence is broken with Hollo, Jack! Hollo, George! Bound for South Chicago? J. and G. respond, Hollo, Jim! No. Any gray-coats out? No. Turning we see a blue-coat (city policeman), standing in a small plot, like a statue dedicated to law and order. We know him for a friend, and ride southward into Drexel Boulevard. Two miles are quickly done, and South Parks, fourteen hundred acres, lay before us. Keeping the main drive south we soon reach and pass, as silent as the night, the Park Stables, which are lighted, and we feel sure contain many of our enemies, the gray-coats (park police). Soon turning east we ride through Hyde Park Village into East Park. Making a circuit of this park we struck the same route homeward, only stopping a few minutes at the St. Julien for hot lemonades. With mustaches loaded with ice, our exercise had kept us as warm as a 'bug in a rug.' Another half-hour spin and a jolly good night closed an evening of perfect enjoyment. F-f-f."

CHICAGO, 26 November, 1880.

BROOKLYN BI. C. — This club has rented the premises at 77 Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., fitted up and furnished them for headquarters, and held there its regular monthly business meeting, on the evening of 6 November. Amongst other business transacted was the acceptance, with regret, of the resignation of Mr. W. T. Wintringham as secretary and treasurer; and Mr. Edward A. Caner, 98 Franklin street, P. O. Box 2806, New York City, was elected to fill the office. The club is also taking judicious action in regard to the matter of restricting bicycling, which is again before the city government.

CHILlicothe BI. C. — This club was organized at Chillicothe, Ohio, on 30 September, with the following officers: President, A. Dump; vice-president, I. J. Nye; secretary and treasurer, C. D. Duncan; corresponding secretary, S. E. Wayland. It adopted, with some modifications, the rules of the Boston Bicycle Club, but has deferred the matter of uniform and road officers until spring. There is a promising outlook for the club, as several business men have signi-

fied their intention of purchasing machines as soon as "the novelty of the thing" has worn away, and the people get accustomed to seeing the wheels on the streets. Every road leading out of Chillicothe is a pike, and some are as smooth as asphalt, offering splendid opportunities for fast riding and enjoyable exercise. The club has taken some fine runs into the country, and by being careful in passing horses, has created no ill-feeling.

CINCINNATI BI. C. — This club is reported as in a highly prosperous condition; has rented Power Hall, 400 by 100 feet, which gives a good ten-lap track, and is a fine place for beginners. Business meetings of the club are held at the St. Nicholas Hotel. There are now twelve members, but "we are confident of having fifty inside of a year." The Premier and Challenge are the favorite styles of bicycles. Burnett Woods and Eden Park are always in good condition, and the suburban roads are of good macadam. The roads in Kentucky, back of Newport and Covington, are also reported good.

HERMES BI. C. — On the 13th inst., ten members of the Hermes Bicycle Club, under command of their captain, made a run to Bristol, a distance of some sixteen miles, visiting the works of the National Rubber Co., and doing the town generally. After partaking of one of Rhode Island's clam chowders, the club wended its way homeward. The trip was enlivened by the incidents usual to such excursions. Among the things which the members will not forget were the sweet cider and the effects of its too liberal use in bicycling. The roads were in fine condition for about two thirds of the way, with a strong head wind in returning. The actual time in making the round trip of thirty-two miles was three hours and fifteen minutes. Altogether, it was an extremely enjoyable trip.

CIDER.

THE BOSTON-MASSACHUSETTS HEADQUARTERS.

THE first best agent for keeping up interest in the wheelman's sport is club organization; the second best is good club headquarters: and while it is evident that the second cannot exist without the first, it easily follows that the first is incomplete and unhealthy without the second. The Boston and Massachusetts clubs have thus far been kept from their rightful position among other clubs by this lack of club-rooms; but the past week has brought into effect a change that is most gratifying to the members, and promises to swell the club rolls and revive the drooping interest. For several weeks the joint committee of the two clubs was actively engaged in the search for just the right place to establish the headquarters, which it had been decided to set up as a union enterprise. There were a great many things to be considered and the difficulty of combining a reasonable rent, easily

accessible location, and ample accommodations, was not readily overcome. That it *was* overcome, need not be told to any one who was at No. 40 Providence street, last Saturday evening, when the committee, with a little pardonable pride, threw open the doors and welcomed their fellow-members, and invited guests from other clubs to an inspection of the premises, and to a social "house-warming." The committee comprised Messrs. Hodges, Weston, and Dean, of the Boston club, and Messrs. Shillaber, Parsons, and Harrison, of the Massachusetts. Of the joint committee, Mr. Shillaber was the president, and Mr. Hodges secretary and treasurer. A glance at the rooms shows that the work was in good hands. The location in Park square is about the best that could have been chosen, and as it is understood to be a part of the plan to make outside wheelmen welcome here at all times, it cannot fail to be an attractive place for visitors. The rooms (five in number) are on the first floor; and from the handsomely furnished parlor to the bath-room, the fitting and furnishing are complete. The second room from the street is the reading-room, and will conveniently serve for club meetings, while the dining-room and kitchen will not be hard to find by hungry wheelmen. The basement is to be used for storing the machines. It was a part of the dedication programme to have a joint run Saturday afternoon as a preliminary to the evening gathering; but as Capt. Pope was unable to make satisfactory arrangements with the weather bureau, and did not care to pedal or paddle over the road alone, though he was in uniform and ready to lead any riders who might appear, Trinity square saw no starters. This disarrangement was, however, soon forgotten in the pleasures of the evening. Collation and cigars (but no liquors) served to put the physical man in the comfortably receptive mood, and then President C. E. Pratt, of the Boston club, was invited to take charge of the mental worriment. Before doing this, however, and after a little address of welcome and congratulation, he was made the victim of a little plot which was conceived at Newport last May, and which, after several *faux pas*, caused by not "catching their man," as expected at divers dates and places, the committee had been obliged to defer the consummation of till this occasion. President A. S. Parsons, of the Massachusetts club, held out an elegantly chased and massive silver pitcher, and intimated that Mr. Pratt's friends of the Newport meet would esteem it a favor if he would hereafter associate said pitcher with remembrance of the best wishes they could wish him; in short, that they believed him to be worthy of this and much more. If the editor of the BICYCLING WORLD were not almost certain to run his blue pencil through what might here be said (on the ground that space was too valuable), there would be a chance for extended remarks about the fitness of the gift; but the editor would not "pass"

them, so we must drop it. The surprise of the presentation, though complete, did not prevent a happy response. Then the president had his retaliation by calling almost everybody to stand and deliver himself of something that might instruct or amuse the rest of the company. Those heard from were Mr. Hodges, Col. Pope, F. W. Weston, Capt. J. H. Taylor (Harvard club), E. P. Sharp, E. C. Churchill (Providence club), J. Shillaber, H. E. Parkhurst, W. S. Slocum, W. H. Harrison, Dr. Baker (all from the Massachusetts club), Mr. R. W. Parmenter, of Lima, Ohio, J. S. Dean, F. B. Cochrane (Crescent club), Mr. T. H. Wakefield, and Mr. J. G. Dalton, the veteran of the Boston club. The latter, besides his prose oration, had something to say in verse, which, though not a quotation from "Lyra Bicyclica," was worthy of position there. After this the speeches became less formal, and social chat and "wheel talk" filled in the time agreeably till the hour of dispersal, which was the bedtime hour of all good bicyclers."

46 INCHES.

PERSONAL

IN ORDER to save ourselves further trouble in re-mailing letters to "Kol Kron," we would say that the exact address of that writer is "No. 56 University Building, Washington Square, New York City, N. Y.," and that he has no intention of changing his residence previous to "Friday, 1 September, 1916 A. D." If any change is made then, due notice of new address may be looked for in Vol. XXXVI. of *BI. WORLD*.

MR. W. R. BENJAMIN, of the New York Bi. C., is the present genial editor of the bicycling department of the *N. Y. Sunday Courier*.

MR. L. H. JOHNSON (Essex Bi. C., etc.), the amateur champion, is now exchange editor of *Scribner & Co.'s* publications. He takes his.

MR. W. R. PITMAN has made a change in business connection, and is now with Wilmerding, Hoguet & Co., 64 and 66 White street, New York City. He intends to take the road some time after the first of January.

MR. W. T. WINTERINGHAM, Brooklyn Bi. C., is about to make a voyage to the Mediterranean for his health.

MR. JULIUS WILCOX was elected an active member of the Brooklyn Bi. C. on the 16th instant. His ready pen has done much for bicycling.

MR. H. H. DUKER has returned to active service with the Crescent Bi. C., of which he is still the efficient secretary. His address is now 60 Devonshire street, Boston.

AN INQUIRY.—Mr. Charles R. Percival, the importer and outfitter, whose pleasant "opening" was noticed last week, asks, "Did friend Churchill leave his stick at C. R. P.'s on Saturday?"

Perhaps in his hurry he took away that bone by mistake."

MISS ELSA VON BLUMEN, the pedestrian, has been living in retirement in Rochester for some time past. She expects soon, however, to commence walking again, and as an additional attraction will give exhibitions of bicycle riding. She is at present engaged in practice at the driving park, fitting herself for the coming season. Her bicycle is a beautiful little nickel-plated affair, thirty-four inches in diameter, and was made by the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston. It is understood that Miss Von Blumen does not use a side-saddle. She expects to give exhibitions in Pen Yan and Albany before long.—*N. Y. Sunday Courier*.

A GIFT ACKNOWLEDGED.

IMMEDIATELY after the successful "start" of the League of American Wheelmen, at Newport, last summer, several of the gentlemen present very quietly started a subscription, limited to twenty-five cents each, for the purchase and presentation of a suitable token to Mr. Charles E. Pratt for his efforts in promoting that result, and of their confidence and esteem. Nearly every wheelman there contributed. A massive and beautiful ice pitcher was procured, and was to have been presented at Gloucester, on the two-days' run, and again at Providence, at the reception by the Providence Bi. C. But editorial engagements prevented Mr. Pratt from being on hand at either time. On the 20th instant, however, at the opening of the joint headquarters of the Boston and Massachusetts Bi. clubs, the unsuspecting president of the former was subjected to the happy infliction intended, by the president of the latter, "Cor. Sec. L. A. W." Parsons, in a most graceful and eloquent manner, to which Mr. Pratt replied with evident embarrassment.

In connection with this subject, the following note of acknowledgment explains itself:—

BOSTON, 20 November, 1880.

To my "Friends at Newport Meet, 31 May 1880":—So you are inscribed on the handsome gift which, so unexpected and undeserved, has been with graceful and kindly phrase bestowed upon me for you by Brother Parsons. In our enthusiasm for the every-tired but never tiring Wheel, many of us became friends; in that and other bonds may we remain so until the last dismount, and for a happier Meet. I have no adequate formal words of thanks, but I shall prize more the generous, friendly spirit which this costly testimonial represents than the many quarters from which it came; and you will always find something cool in the Pitcher and something warm in the heart of

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES E. PRATT,
President L. A. W.



Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 26 NOVEMBER, 1880.

WINTER ARCHERY.—The asperities of the winter season are approaching. Throughout most of the Northern States, the months between December and April afford comparatively few days when archery out of doors is an unmitigated delight. It is true that there are many archers who twang the yew and draw the lancewood throughout the winter. It might be for the health and vigor of all who are reasonably strong, if they would follow such a practice, be out in all weathers, and meet the moods of Nature as she exhibits them; but cold fingers and frosty weapons, and tingling wind on the cheek, are not fascinating for the gentler and better protected people of our modern life. The members of our archery clubs, in short, are not savages. They are not forced to the use of bow and arrow as a necessity, either for livelihood or protection, or even for exercise and recreation, since there are many rival attractions for the winter months, and the target must apparently be housed in some way, if it would still attract its devotees. During last winter, many clubs enjoyed their covered ranges, and in some places several clubs united to procure and enjoy convenient and comfortable winter quarters. There are one or two peculiar diffi-

culties attending this sort of preparation, which are worthy of allusion. It is, for instance, quite difficult to obtain a hall, or appropriate space in a building, long enough for anything but the shorter ranges; from twenty to fifty yards being the more available limit. And on this account there was considerable objection raised to indoor practice, because it accustomed the archer to a short range on one hand, and on the other, for those who had been previously shooting at the longer ranges, it seemed little more than playing archery. It was urged in answer to this objection, that short ranges are good for beginners, and that winter-practice halls encourage beginners; and further, that although the ranges are short, practice at them does serve to keep nerve and muscle somewhat in training, and to preserve familiarity with the weapons. Another difficulty is in the matter of light, it being difficult to obtain daylight through windows all around such ranges, or to arrange artificial light for evenings, so as to avoid shadows; the result being in either case that the effects of lighting are different from those found at the outdoor ranges. One other point appeared to disturb some, which is, that the archer in shooting at an indoor target has walls or ceilings or posts or other guides to shooting, and that his target is usually placed against a butt or blank wall, which arrests the vision; there and thus, as it was by some one playfully suggested, archery indoors seemed very much like shooting through a tube. But whatever objections may be raised, and however much indoor archery may differ from and be inferior to that pursuit on the open field, it is probable that most enthusiastic archers, and especially the infatuated younger ones, will hardly be willing to relinquish their devotion to the favorite pastime, where it is possible to secure any kind of opportunity for its indulgence. Not immediately will the lawn be abandoned, or the rovers be brought indoors; but many are already planning and arranging, and there will be children among them taking notes this winter, so that the comparative circumstances and results may be more indulgently and accurately discussed at a later time.

CHIEFTAIN'S BADGE FUND.—In acknowledging the addition of Dr. E. B. Weston's half-dollar to this fund, we take occasion to recall the manner in which it was started, lest some of our readers have

forgotten the matter, or else it may have escaped their observation. In our issue for 30 October, we published the offer of Mr. Walter Burnham of a fifty-cent subscription, "For the purchase of a fitting emblem, to be presented to him who, on or before 1 July, 1881, shall have made the best single York round; badge to be presented by you at the next tournament. Vindication of score, etc., to be determined by you."

The contributions to the fund are now four; namely, Walter Burnham, fifty cents; Editor *Archery Field*, fifty cents; A. S. Brownell, fifty cents; E. B. Weston, fifty cents. We think there are archers enough who will be ready to chip in for so commendable a stimulus to good shooting, to make the number to fifty or more, which would insure the production of a prize of consistent value, and we hope Mr. Burnham's idea will be still further encouraged.

All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns as they are received.

COMMENT AND SUGGESTION.

Editor Archery Field:—The FIELD reached me to-day two days earlier than heretofore. The thought that the first year of its existence has safely passed, and that it is in so healthy a condition, that its publication is not an experiment but that you decide to send it to us weekly,—giving us twice as much for only a little more money,—made its appearance doubly welcome.

Your leader on "The Club Idea" is a good one, and "just the idea." After remarking that the practice of archery is commendable, and asking, "Where shall we look for the stimulus of this art?" and answering, you continue, "The great societies, like the National, Eastern, Pacific, and State Associations, furnish these incentives to an eminent degree," etc. Has it never occurred to you that we need one more grand society? The National, though like American archery having its birthplace in the West, belongs to the whole country. The East has its association, the Pacific slope its, while the West has none. But the interests of archery and its continued prosperity demand that we have a Grand Western Association. Such a society will probably be organized this winter. Then, with our local societies, the Eastern, Western, Pacific, and the Grand National, and such an organ as THE ARCHERY FIELD, the interests of archery will certainly be well cared for.

I like "Captain Jack's" article on "Archery Weapons"; and not the article only, but the fact that such an article can appear in the FIELD. It probably would not be well to open your columns to manufacturers for the purpose of praising their goods. But archers are interested in their weapons, like to read and write about them, and to discuss the comparative merits of different makers' bows and arrows. We also like to know whose make of weapons different archers use. The fact that a large score may have

been made with a certain bow does not prove that that bow is of the best make, nor that its owner thinks it is. But if the Messrs. Thompson, Mr. F. C. Havens, Mr. Sidway, Mr. Adams, Mr. Burnham, Col. Williams, Mr. Peddinhaus, Mr. Walworth, Mr. Carver, or any of the leading archers tell you they use and prefer bows of a certain make, it leads you to think that those bows have some special merit.

In a recent report of the Private Practice club, Mr. Maurice Thompson's wonderful 80 yards score, 45-261, was spoken of as the best yet made in this country. We think this is a mistake, Mr. J. R. Adams of Chicago having made, as already reported, 46-262.

I send you the fifty-cent contribution to the "Chieftain's Badge Fund."

EDWARD B. WESTON.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., 13 November, 1880.

RAWHIDE AND SO FORTH.

Editor of Bicycling World and Archery Field:—I have felt impelled, for some time, to "rush into print" through the medium of your "valuable paper," but have restrained myself out of consideration both for your readers and yourself. I have had no information to give *them*, and hesitated to trespass on *your* space.

Now, however, that you are to double your space by issuing weekly, I thought you might have room, perhaps, for those who don't as well as for those who do know.

"Captain Jack's" communication on "Archery Weapons," in No. 1, Vol. 11, is the cause of my "breaking out" this week. It is in just the style we beginners want, only more of it (not more style, Captain, but more length).

It can readily be seen that to mention certain articles and certain manufacturers by name, as he broadly does, might become a source of abuse. A sly stab might be given to one manufacturer for his imperfections, real or fancied, while a more favored one might get his wares well advertised, "free gratis." Let us hope, however, that there is no one so base as to do such things in the fair name of archery. But "let the truth be told though the heavens fall."

Moreover, this open mention seems to be, and is, just the thing that "the greatest good of the greatest number" demands. Without it, the individual and "lone archer" must be left to experiment and struggle in vain for golds, while he gets only "flights" and "snakes" in return. With it, and with the experience of those who have "gone before," if they will kindly give it through your columns, we can hope to avoid the mistakes they have made and to have our own way made easier.

"Captain Jack's" letter interests me particularly because of his reference to Rawhide Express-Taffy Bows. He certainly does not give the genial patriarch, Sutton, much "taffy," and he touches *me* on the "raw," as I have been *struggling*

with one of these weapons for some time. But I think the trouble was that I was "over-bowed." At all events, a change to a lighter bow is resulting in an improving score, although still not large enough to publish! I would like to improve still more, of course,—it is what we all want; but "Captain Jack" puts a damper on my hopes by saying, "The rawhide on the back gives a vibration that injures the accuracy of the shot." But again, he says, "The beginner, as he improves in skill, etc."

How does he reconcile the two? How is the beginner to "improve in skill," if he have a bow the peculiar characteristic of which, according to the Captain, is that it "injures the accuracy of the shot?"

In some hands this bow seems to be an effective weapon, for it took the first prize "for Jersey men only" at Waverly; and I have seen a youth of eighteen score 176 at 40 yards, missing not one of his 30 arrows.

The "non-breaking quality of the Express," although not the first, is certainly a great desideratum for those of us who are not "bloated bondholders," and who cannot afford to lay in Spanish yews by the dozen at from \$50 to \$100 apiece, and then break them *ad lib.*

In this matter of breakage, it seems to me that the manufacturer should be willing to give to a known and responsible purchaser, either a guaranty against breakage, or a rebate if a bow should be broken within a certain time and in legitimate use. Until we insist upon and receive such guaranty, we are entirely at the mercy of the manufacturer whose cupidity will incite, or whose carelessness will allow him to put forth bows which are not "above suspicion."

In order that the honest or innocent maker might be protected, also, the guaranty should have some restrictions.

The parsimonious individual who uses a string until it is worn to a single thread, and breaks, and the archer who is addicted to what Ford anathematizes as "the silliest of all silly habits," viz., bending his bow backward to prevent it following the string, certainly should not be allowed the benefit of a guaranty.

JERSEY BLUE.

ARCHERY CLUBS

WINTER PRACTICE.—Those archers who are interested in securing quarters in Boston for winter practice are requested to send in their names and suggestions to W. P., *CARE EDITOR ARCHERY FIELD*. They will be referred to an active member of one of the clubs, who will be prompt in furthering the project.

THE ASCHAM ARCHERS are very fortunate in their range, which is at the Union Base Ball grounds in Brooklyn. On the grounds reserved for their use, 260 by 600 feet, they can shoot any desired round, and can keep it up there all winter. This club has about twenty members, and is in active and prosperous condition.

HIGHEST SCORES.—Eaton, O., 15 November, 1880. *Mr. Editor:*—Allow me to thank "L. Y. N." for his correction, as the Merrie Bowmen do not wish to labor under the wrong impression.

We now understand that 1,986 points for four gentlemen at the single American round is the highest on record.

Probably the Wabash Merry Bowmen would like to shoot the Merrie Bowmen of Eaton, O., a match. If the Wabash Merry Bowmen can score 1,986 points now or next summer, it would be an interesting match.

Now, the Merrie Bowmen of Eaton, O., wish to know whether they are laboring under a mental hallucination in regard to their practice scores, or not.

Col. R. Williams has a score, as was seen by the last issue of this paper, of 632 points at the single American round. J. W. B. Siders has scored a score of 252-30 arrows at 40 yards. This score was made 23 September, 1880. He has scored over 600 at four different times.

I shall give you here below the best scores ever made by these two gentlemen, at the American round, and let the readers of this paper say whether they are the best or not.

	40 yds.	50 yds.	60 yds.	Totals.
Col. R. Williams:	30-212	30-220	30-200	90-632
J. W. B. Siders:	31-234	30-220	30-182	90-636

ASTERISK.

DRIFT AND WAG

DR. JAMES DWIGHT, of the Hawthorne Archers, is a champion at lawn tennis, and still keeps up his attention to that and other gentle athletics at Beacon Park.

DR. WESTON'S suggestion of a Western Archery Association, to do for the West what the Eastern and Pacific are intended to do for their respective jurisdictions, is a pertinent one, and ought to incite some expression.

AGAIN we ask the favor of club secretaries in sending us the names of clubs and officers, with correct addresses. We are often called upon for information, and could often use this special knowledge to the advantage of all. Will not our friends everywhere, whether officers or not, send us names and addresses, as well as other facts, items, and suggestions?

MR. L. E. FRENCH has put his "Draw and Loose" into the hands of many archers during the fall. For some it doubtless makes a very pleasant help to comfortable shooting; but the majority will say, as we do about both archery and wheel tackle, that the simplest type of implement is preferable for the expert, and the less machinery the better.

KIND WORDS reach and encourage us from many quarters. We may be pardoned for quoting this from a letter of one of our distant correspondents: "I am very glad you see your way clear to make the **WORLD AND FIELD** a weekly. Now every archer in the land ought to

rally behind you, and not only send to your treasurer the necessary \$3.00, but also send you all the news. Let every bowman stand beside you to help and encourage you to make the best paper devoted to gentle sports in the world."

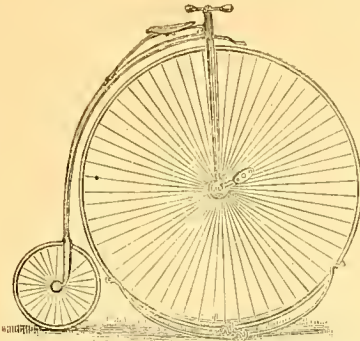
MANUFACTURE

A "NO NAME series" of very well-spoken-of bicycles has been made and sold by A. J. Philbrick, one of the lesser makers, who has mostly "made to order" for the past two years or so, and has acquired a local fame which deserves to be extended. He has brought out this fall a machine constructed for three riders, which has attracted much favorable attention. The recipe he uses is something like this: Take three bicycles of equal size, and place one in front and two closely behind it and abreast; remove the rear wheels and backbones just below the rear clip of the saddle spring, and frame them all strongly together, the two rear ones rigidly and the forward one with a centre steering as usual. There are some peculiarities not indicated in this recipe; and when mounted by a competent wheelman in front, the others may have a safe and easy time. The foot action is direct and to the best advantage, any reasonable baggage may be carried, and on the whole it appears to be a good contrivance for an excursion of three, or for a novice to acquire some experience on. Two or three similar machines have already been discovered in Massachusetts, of recent origin.

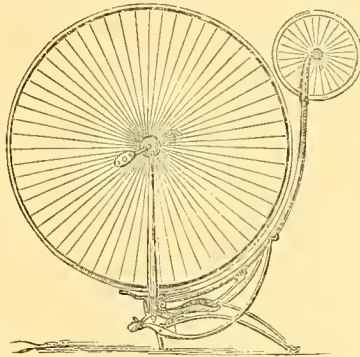
IN SPRINGS there is a genuine novelty produced in Vermont, which there is not liberty yet to describe. Cunningham & Co., however, are pushing the "cradle spring," patented in England by Mr. Harrington, and included in the budget of new things which Mr. Weston brought back with him. It consists of a steel rod coiled twice aft and twice fore, having a backward loop to which the saddle is attached, and fastened to the perch by two clamps. It yields laterally as well as vertically, and is a very easy spring.

PRICES of bicycles have known little change this fall, with one exception which it may not be too late to mention. In their October catalogue, the Pope Manufacturing Company announced a reduction in the previously fixed prices of their Special Columbias, of \$12.50, and in the price of full nickelling the Standard of \$2.50. The improved cyclometer made by them costs a dollar more, and is probably well worth it.

IN STANDS, the most convenient and satisfactory thing yet out is the "Acme Bicycle Stand," so called here, which is a reproduction here by the Pope Manufacturing Company, at a less price but of equal value, of an English contrivance. It is wonderfully made of iron rods bent and jointed in a nondescript way, and looking when folded like some mysterious bear-trap. It takes a bicycle upright and holds its there; and when folded and



rested another way, it receives the perch and handle-bar and holds the bicycle inverted. It takes up little room, either in use or out, and is easily portable.



IN GLOVES the most striking novelty out is the "Wright Glove," made for and sold by William M. Wright. If ever you want to look at something new, or to learn a new want, you will find it at Wright's any time. This glove is really a gauntlet of soft undressed leather, buttoning on the back, extending back upon the sleeve and buckling there, and with the fingers and thumb cut off—short. Using them in the sharp autumn air, one sometimes wishes the tips were left on; but otherwise the "glove" is as comfortable as it is convenient, nobby, and substantial. For further information the reader may turn to the notes of K. O'Bocker, Esq., in the last *BI. WORLD*, or stroll into the *BI. WORLD* office and borrow the editor's pair.

CORRESPONDENCE

RICHMOND, VA., is heard from, as having six owners of bicycles now, and "more expected." It was n't to be expected that Mr. Stokes, the genial pioneer, would long remain without company on his runs.

WEST BAY CITY and SAGINAW, MICH., have each one bicycle, and Mr. H. F. Faden is the pioneer there.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA is reported as having half a dozen bicyclers among the students.

LANCASTER, PA., has its enthusiastic pioneer, Mr. Martin Rudy, from one of whose letters is the following: "I have a 48-inch machine, and am taking three or four trips every day. A great many of

my friends are in the fever of getting a bicycle, but the great obstacle with many is the 'money,' which seems considerable to put up on a venture of the kind. I had a rumpus with a policeman the other day. I was riding on the pavement, and he watched his chance and knocked me and the machine over. I gave him a severe talking to, mounted my machine again, and told him that I would desist in this practice as soon as he should show me proof that it was against any law."

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—This from a letter of date 15 August, from Mr. Percy Kemble, of that city. It has been withheld for additions, which are, however, not yet at hand:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of the 12th just to hand, I will gladly give you any information I can in regard to the Shenandoah Valley, and also the Kanawha Valley. I have not kept a perfect record of the distances, but can give you the mean distances if you would like to have them.

"The country around here is very hilly, but the roads are in good condition at present. The people are very kind and hospitable. I have been told that the roads around the valley are in a miserable condition after the last of November. I have found some sand, but not much. The roads are hard as Nicholson, almost.

"I made a run from Charleston to Kanawha Falls, a distance of 72 miles, leaving Charleston at 4.20 A. M. I got to the falls (36 miles) at 7.30 A. M., got my breakfast, rode ten miles farther to Hawk's Nest, and got back to the falls at 9.30 A. M. I left Kanawha Falls at 1.35 and got to Charleston at 5.05 P. M., having ridden 92 miles in 12 hours and 40 minutes. By taking out 4 hours I really made the run of 92 miles in 8 hours and 40 minutes, which I think good time for one day.

"I have been dismounted for about two weeks, partly on account of sickness and partly on account of my machine being broken. I will send you a map of West Virginia, with my route and the distances marked, if you wish it. You can judge for yourself then what you had better do in regard to advising your 'Inquirers.' I expect to finish my trip soon and return to Charleston, where my father has located at present as architect on the new State House and post-office. If any 'wheelmen' come out this way I would like them to let me know about it, and I will be only too glad to show them the country. I would be very well pleased if you would so state it in your paper.

"I hope you will be the means, through your valuable paper, of sending some 'wheelmen' down here to keep me company."

We hope to hear more from Mr. Kemble in relation to the matters he touches upon. Explorations and discoveries on wheel are always interesting, and there is a demand for road notes and information as to regions not yet reported in our columns.

POTTSVILLE, PA. — We take the liberty of sharing with our sympathetic readers another private letter, which we are sure will be appreciated.

These friendly asides are often more interesting than more carefully prepared statements; and this contains a suggestion for method of keeping "log," which is worth attention. But here is the letter, or rather the most of it: —

"POTTSVILLE, PA., 7 November, 1880.

"We are three, E. D. York, official photographer of the court of Schuylkill County, R. A. Kear, banker and broker, and your humble servant L. Frank Gordon, life-insurance 'fiend,' with general Bohemianistic tendencies. In May last we concluded to go to Philadelphia and make some practical inquiries into the advantages and disadvantages of the giddy birote. We came, we saw, we bought, and we have not since regretted it; our only regret is that we cannot get others as interested in the art as ourselves.

"There is one thing against us in this region: it is right in the heart of the coal-mining section of Pennsylvania, and consequently very mountainous, and there are but few good roads around that one can ride any long distance without being obliged to dismount on account of grades being very heavy; but with this exception we have some very fine roads, hard and compact.

"One of the principal points in writing you was to offer transcripts from our notebooks as contributions to your general road or route book, and to invite further correspondence, should it meet with your favorable consideration. Below I give one of my runs as taken from my notebook; please glance over the form, and if you have any suggestions to make, pray do so freely."

T, Turnings. Q, Quality. D, Distance. Under T: L, Left; R, Right. Under Q: G, Good; M, Medium. Under Grade: N, None; H, Heavy; S, Slight.

FROM POTTSVILLE TO LANDINGVILLE.					
Places.	T	D	Q	Kind.	Grade.
Pottsville.					
Mt. Carbon.....	L	½	G	Pike.	N
Spring Garden.....	L	¾	M	"	H
Schuylkill Haven.....	4	G	"	"	S
Orwigsburg.....	R	8	M	Sandy.	S
Landingville.....	"	"	G	Shale.	N
					Best road in the country.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. — The fresh enthusiasm of the beginner, the keen enjoyment and the feeling of conquest shown by one who has just entered into the joys of bicycling, are refreshing to the older

rider, and encouraging to those who are about to enter upon the same course. So we let one of them speak for himself:

"I scarcely know how to begin, for really it is impossible for me to ever control my thoughts. Verily, 'my cup runneth over.' I returned from a business trip down country yesterday, and as thoughts of bicycles are always the leading ones in my mind, the moment I alighted from the train my steps were directed toward the freight house. Sauntering down through the labyrinth of 'm'd'se' stacked on either side, my eyes were soon riveted upon the object of my dreams, the acme of my hopes, — a real honest 'steel and rubber,' 52-inch 'Standard Columbia' bicycle, which had just been unloaded, disgorged from the interminable recesses of a L. & N. box car after a trip of thirteen days. After recovering from the shock sufficiently to be able to exercise my vocal organs, a dray was summoned, freight paid, and in less than twenty minutes I had permission 'to take a day off,' and was trying to 'balance on the step,' in the yard at home.

"Forty-five minutes in broken doses before dinner, twenty minutes ditto afterwards, a good nap, and fifteen minutes before supper, constituted my exercise. I had then learned to balance on the step and glide with the utmost ease into the saddle, and was just attempting to take the pedals. Thus you see I mastered the preliminaries first.

"After tea, selecting Asylum street as my field of exercise, I made a bold push for success; and after a few informal dismounts, and a few terrific falls with miraculous escapes, succeeded in propelling myself for a few revolutions, — then thirty yards, — then fifty, — then eighty, — and then, with a feeling of exhilaration almost indescribable, went two whole squares without a dismount. Being somewhat warm by that time, and having given the spectators enough amusement for one exhibition, I went home, and promptly at five o'clock this morning, with the confidence of a veteran, I sauntered forth, sighing for more streets to conquer.

"Sleep had evidently benefited me, for my falls were very few; and after a half-hour's practice, I could mount every time, and my conquest seemed complete. I therefore stowed 'Garfield' (that's what I've named it) safely away until this evening, and after a hearty supper, again went forth and experienced an hour of delight never to be forgotten. Of course I confined my riding to retired streets, but even then I had quite an audience, with a sprinkling of the fair sex; and from their sweet lips ever and anon I could catch utterances such as 'Is n't it pretty!' 'What a beautiful object!' (referring of course to the machine,) 'So sweet,' etc., etc., — which made it natural for me to put forth my best efforts.

"To-morrow I will take in the town, and unless appearances are very deceitful, will have half a dozen comrades within a week."

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

At the League parade at Newport, a direct descendant of Mrs. Partington expressed her surprise with a, "L A W sakes alive!"

In our last week's budget we gave the world a motto for bicyclers. To-day brings the *Cyclist* with the same suggestion: as neither could have copied from the other, the full strength of the truism, "great minds run in the same groove," is forced upon our modesty.

MR. R. G. SIP has sold his bicycle and two sets of double harness. He is going to invest in a donkey engine mounted on Meyer wheels.

In Paris all the baby carriages have bicycle wheels. In Brooklyn the baby carriages have bicycle wheels also — when they don't get out of the way.

A NOTICE is tacked up in the New York Club room, to the effect that Mr. Howard Conkling on 9 November wheeled to Tarrytown and back in 5.50. Howard a task was it, Conkling?

ON Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Theo. E. Neergaard of the Mercury Bi. Club was married to Miss Currier. Owing to the groom's family being in mourning, the wedding was a quiet one, only near relatives being invited.

MESSRS. MORTON AND JENKINS went out for a spin the other night. On the way home a friendly trial of speed was begun. Morton reached home first. He went so fast his double-hollow forks twisted up like corkscrews. Poor Morton! Whenever he is ready to superintend the straightening, Signor Lynch, Wright's magician, will gladly undertake the transformation.

THE Lenox boys race for their club medal every Saturday afternoon. Last Saturday J. Stearns came in ahead, passing Capt. Ames on the inside; Ames claimed a foul, which was granted by the judges. "He Ames well who Ames" — to take the outside track, and to-day L. Stearns won the prize in 3.45. You'll never get another 20 yards handicap, Louie.

MR. PIERRE NOEL, president of the Mercury Club, has joined the 10th Company of the Seventh Regt. A dozen or more of the regiment are doing their best to get up a bicycle club. What a glorious place the drill-room of the new armory would make for a bicycle race. Imagine Johnston, Wright, Clark, Underhill, and a few more of our swift men flying about the big room in full racing costume, with the band playing its best, and an audience of 5,000 of our prettiest lasses crying "Bravo." Speaking of the new armory, it may interest our riders to know that the arched roof and balconies were designed by Mr. Thos. E. Brown, Jr., of the Mercury Club.

MR. WILLIAM A. STEWART is decidedly the best looking man in 160 Fulton street. Every day he grows more like the lamented Jim Fisk — of course we refer to his appearance.

It is reported on excellent authority that friend Mason, of Yonkers, sells all his old rubber tires and saddles to the proprietor of the Getty House, who, after cutting them up in infinitesimal pieces, serves them to bicyclers as fried eels and beefsteaks. The boys think there should be a change of base at Yonkers.

Our English cousins seem greatly exercised over the question, "What shall we drink?" One gentleman suggests "cold tea," and another "rain water carried in a rubber bottle, with just sufficient vinegar or wine in it to remove the taste of the rubber." We, of New York, do not think it necessary to make any very decided change, unless it be to put in less water. How is it with you?

PICTURE Sydney flying down Riverdale Hill without a brake,—in the dim distance the lightning express comes thundering onward. Sydney grasps the situation, likewise his horn handles. Syd. nears the train, the train nears Syd. The engineer toots for Sydney to look out, the outlook for Sydney is bad; he frantically rings his bell for the train to stop, but the train will not. Sydney thinks of numerous little bills, and wonders how he can pay them if he is killed; he thinks of his little brother Willie, of his mother, his sisters, and of what a bad boy he has been in the past: then he closes his eyes, and with one last effort throws himself from his machine and allows the express to pass on unmolested.

FRIEND OLMSTEAD,—Yes, we have the inside track with E. C. Hodges & Co., and will endeavor to squeeze your first poem in gratis. If you are afflicted again, you will have to pay at the rate of \$2.00 an inch.

His weight was three hundred and forty;
He soberly said that he thought he
Ought to purchase a pacer,
Or a light semi-racer,—
Good graces! he ought n't to, ought he?

KNICK O'BOCKER.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Evening Star* has also a good word for bicycling, and a right idea about Fairmount Park: "The bicycle has evidently become one of the institutions of the country. In New England this vehicle has been gradually growing in favor, and has at last attained great popularity. Some of the riders, drivers, propellers, or whatever may be the proper term for those who supply the motive power to the bicycle, have become very expert. They move along rapidly, gracefully, and apparently with comparatively little fatigue. It is claimed for bicycle riding that it is not only equal to horseback riding as far as recreation is concerned, but that the exercise is far more conducive to health. The wonder is that the splendid roadways of Fairmount Park have not been used for bicycle riding; no other place in the country is so well fitted for it."

READERS may favor the editor of this paper by forwarding clippings, or informing where to find newspaper articles.

L. A. W.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

ALBERT S. PARSONS,

Cor. Sec. L. A. W.

CRESCENT BI. C.—Addition. William Fuller, 356 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

UNATTACHED.—William A. Cole, Red Bank, Monmouth Co., N. J.; David Hunter McAlpine, Pine street, Exeter, N. H.; William J. Cotton, care Standard Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

CORRECTIONS.—Under Haverhill Bi. C., in Vol. 1., No. 26, "Tenny White" should be A. Tenny White; and "E. O. Eaton" should be C. E. Eaton. In Vol. 11., No. 1, under Baltimore Bi. C., "E. Clymer Whyte, 58 Courtland street," should be Clymer White, 85 W. Chase street; and Wm. L. Price's address should be 35 Johns street, instead of 562 Fayette street.

CONSULS have been appointed for parts of New York State, as follows: Downing Vaux, lieutenant N. Y. Bi. Club, No. 71 Broadway, New York, for N. Y. Bi. Club;

Fred. B. Hubbard, sub-captain Albany Bi. Club., No. 40 State street, Albany, N. Y.; D. J. Mears (winter address, No. 258 Grand avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.), Greenport, N. Y.; A. R. McNair, captain Saratoga Bi. Club, No. 626 N. Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP should not be expected until about one month from date of publication of name in the WORLD. The Constitution requires two weeks to elapse after publication before any action on the names can be taken, and a week or two more may be required to get certificates signed, etc. Applicants for membership, not receiving certificates for one month after publication of their names, will please apply to their club secretary or to the corresponding secretary of L. A. W.

BADGES have been delayed by the necessity of a new die. They will be ready in about ten days, and will be sent out in the order in which deposits are received by the treasurer. Members who have sent their deposits will please be patient.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

RACE DEFERRED.—At their last meeting, the Membership Committee L. A. W., to whom was referred the matter of a league race this fall, decided, much against their own inclinations and wishes, that it would be impossible to hold a successful one this fall. They have therefore postponed the race meeting until next May, so that the same medal will be raced for twice next year, in May and October.

HEADERS

WHO are those relations of the pig who get saddle sat upon? I refer to the pig's kin.—*Bicycling News.*

THE Norristown *Herald* says that "a Norristown youth, who was trying to master a bicycle, when asked his age said he had seen fifteen summers and about 115 falls."

SEVERAL years ago the London *Punch* queried as to the probable diameter of bicycle wheels in the future, and "their influence on length of limb." If you can believe a rhymer (not of a growing age), his wire-drawn rides have taken effect as follows, since 1877:—

"My walking beams were feeble sticks,
Slower and shorter then;
I was before, but five feet six,
And now I'm five feet ten."

The man hopped on his high bicycle,
And all around him fled;
The front wheel struck a cobble-stone—
They picked him up for dead.

They scraped the mud from off his clothes,
And soon he 'gan to beller;
He swore off riding that machine—
And sold it to another feller.

Brockton Advance.

OUR own Jester is in Ireland for his holidays, and sends us the following by our own special wire:—

PAT — "Musha, Biddy acushla, did you see that bicycle over there beyond?"

BIDDY — "Well, then, I never did, Pat, see an icicle in August! But, indeed, the life was put across in me in earnest, just a couple of minutes before I clapped my two eyes on your purty self. What do you think, Pat, honey, but I am after seeing a cart-wheel running away with a fellow along the road (the saints between us and all harm)!" — *St. Mary's College Miscellany.*

RATES AND TERMS

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD is sent, postage prepaid, to any address throughout the world, for one year, on receipt of \$3.00, or 12 shillings, or 16 francs, or any equivalent of \$3.00 in current foreign money or exchange, always in advance.

Our charges for advertising are at the rate of \$2.00 an inch, in column this width, inside pages, for one insertion. Continued and larger insertions taken at special rates, a schedule of which will be forwarded on request. Spaces on first page, double rates.

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

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Everything of importance or of interest to bicyclers fully reported, attention being given to matters of general and universal interest rather than to local and comparatively uninteresting news. The only English bicycling paper giving attention to AMERICAN WHEEL MATTERS.

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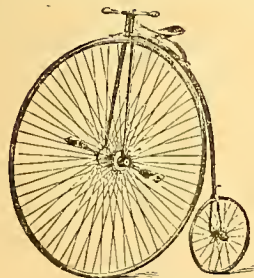
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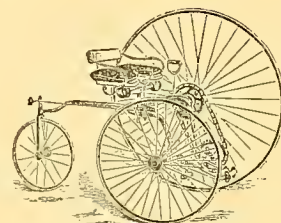
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PROSPECTUS

FOR 1880-1.

THE BICYCLING WORLD was established one year ago as a fortnightly journal, devoted especially to the interests of bicycling, and generally to the interests of the manly and womanly recreative out-of-door arts not recognized as "sports." The *American Bicycling Journal* was purchased and merged in it.

IN THE ARCHERY FIELD they found no journal devoted especially to the interest of that ancient and noble art, but saw in it a next of kin to bicycling, and many assurances that an organ for it, a record and a voice of the movements, experiences, humors, and opinions relating to it, would be welcomed and supported by its devotees.

In their earnest endeavor to promote the best in each of these two fields, and to furnish each with a permanent, reliable, attractive, and frequent paper, the publishers united the two departments; and the cordial support and many encouragements they have received approve the wisdom of their action.

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD enters upon its SECOND VOLUME as a WEEKLY. It will thus meet the wishes of its increasing circle of readers for more frequent and speedy dissemination of news. This change will also make it possible to expand the space given to some departments and to add new features. It will remain in the same editorial hands as in the past, the services of Mr. Charles E. Pratt as editor having been secured for the ensuing year, in such a way that he will be able to devote his time, energy, and enthusiasm more exclusively to editorial work. The able and brilliant contributors who have aided him heretofore will continue to assist him, while others will be secured. Some new features of interest are in contemplation by the publishers and editor, and will be added from time to time.

OUR READERS may see that they are to be gainers for the coming year in many respects. While we give them the paper twice as often, we have only advanced the subscription rate one fifth, making it \$3.00 instead of \$2.50. In returning them thanks for the support given in the past, we bespeak also their favors for the future.

OUR ADVERTISERS may be interested to know that the first twenty-six issues of the paper amounted to 78,500 copies, or an average of over 3,000 copies of each number, and that our average actual circulation since the beginning has been but three hundred less. With the issuing of it weekly, followed by other efforts on our part to make the paper more attractive and more widely known, we expect at least to double our circulation during the coming year.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The Special Columbia is a light roadster, of close build, fine finish, and fitted with the most approved anti-friction Ball-bearings, adjustable for wear. Having made several improvements in this machine since we first offered it to the public, we feel fully justified in pronouncing it the best and handsomest bicycle in the market.

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

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

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2. It is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen.
3. It is the special organ of the Archery Associations.
4. It contains more matter relating to either Bicycling or Archery than all the other papers of the country.
5. It gives stenographic, full, and official reports of all important meetings and events.
6. Its editorial and contributed departments are in such hands as to make their contents official or authoritative and reliable.
7. It is racy without being ridiculous, and conducted so as to elevate and render attractive the arts to which it is devoted.
8. It is tasteful and elegant in mechanical make-up, and is free from all objectionable contents for ladies and families.

9. It is responsibly and firmly established, and can and will fulfil all its promises and contracts.

10. It is entirely independent in tone and judgment, neither our editor nor our firm being in any way connected with the trade or manufacture of bicycles or archery goods.

With regular correspondents at home and abroad in the principal places, with friends and occasional correspondents in every club and in almost every town in the country, and with the experience gained heretofore, and greater space and resources for the future, we shall endeavor to make THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD, VOLUME II., not only the best paper of its kind extant, but a satisfactory visitor, constantly improving; and we appeal to all our friends for a continuance of their generous aid.

E. C. HODGES & CO.,

Publishers.

Boston, November, 1880.