

Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

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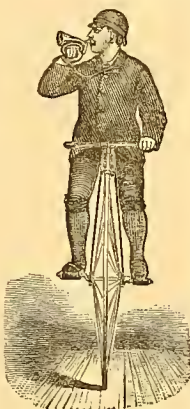
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THE Bicycling World

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

To Contributors.

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

BOSTON, 2 DECEMBER, 1881.

CLUB SOCIALS.

WE notice among our English exchanges a great many accounts of social entertainments, either past or projected, given under the auspices of various bicycle clubs. These entertainments are varied in character, some being dances, some literary or dramatic, and some musical, or a combination of all or a part of these amusements. Now, we think these "side-shows" are excellent things in several ways. They tend to promote sociability among club members; they help to keep up a mutual interest between neighboring clubs; they do not interfere with riding, either by counterattraction or time encroachment, for they will be indulged in in the evening after riding hours; they bring the sexes together in pleasant and profitable communion,—and our own sex certainly acquires much from such intercourse, in the way of toning down those coarser characteristics of speech and manner which familiar, exclusive association among ourselves is too apt to develop.

Then, in the winter season, when the wheel must be almost entirely laid aside, these club socials will be of the utmost importance in keeping interest alive and holding them together, and occasionally a public entertainment can be given for the purpose of refitting or improving the club-rooms without drawing upon the regular income of the club. It is to be presumed that most of the older clubs are now provided with headquarters, and these will need to be made doubly attractive during the winter months; and we know of no better way to make them so than to unite to provide some such entertainments as have been suggested. The ordinary inducements of cards, chess, checkers, and the like, will not bring more than half a dozen or so together, on an average, in a club of fifty, although these should not be despised; but by establishing a course of entertainments where ladies and gentlemen may enjoyably participate, a club will build on a sure and prosperous foundation, and win a powerful influence in its favor which its exclusiveness has hitherto had a tendency to alienate.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

Boston to New York.

SOME years ago, when I first went to Boston to attend school, I was very much taken by the bicycle, and urged my parents to purchase me one; and finally I was given one, which I was overjoyed to receive, it being at that time a great novelty. Very soon after this, my vacation came to hand. The idea struck me that I should like to ride to my home in Baltimore on my bicycle, but was told I could not do so on account of the poor roads I would encounter at that time of the year, it being the middle of January. I course abandoned the idea for the time, but resolved to try it in the dim future. That has since taken place, as at this time I had finished my course at Technology and was ready to return home, and concluded to do it on my bicycle. I then made all my arrangements, such as laying out the roads, noting every town, also where I would encounter poor roads, and concluded that I should make it purely a pleasure trip.

Mr. Woodward, of the Crescent Club, very kindly consented to accompany me part of the trip. I decided to start 19 September, at 6 A.M. Finally the morning came and I found I had overslept myself, but succeeded in getting ready in just ten minutes. As I started from the door it began to rain, which made me feel gloomy for the time being, besides taking a header on Dartmouth street bridge, which was caused by the *multum in parvo*

slipping between the wheel and backbone. I finally reached Trinity square (my starting point) where I was met by members of the Crescent, Massachusetts, and Boston Bicycle Clubs, and started promptly at 6.20 A. M., by way of Dartmouth street. Here I realized that I was to leave the Hub, probably not to return for some years, and felt sad at the thought of it; but the clearing away of the clouds soon made me forget this and settle down to business. After crossing the Mill Dam we were joined by Mr. Woodward, and started over the Brighton road, and halted at the corner of Washington street; here several returned to the city, but before doing so I was presented with a very handsome gold chain by members of the Crescent Club, of which I have so long been a member, and it grieved me to think I should no longer enjoy the rides and company of so sociable a club. We again started and rode through Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, Newton Lower Falls, Grantville, Wellesley, to South Natick, eighteen miles, without a dismount; here we sat down to breakfast at Bailey's Hotel. After this we were weighed: my weight was just one hundred and forty pounds. We again started through Natick, twenty miles; here the last of the party, Messrs. Stall and Eaton, bade us adieu, wishing us a pleasant ride. We next passed through South Framingham to Framingham, twenty-three miles; called on Consul Wilmot, who kindly started us on the direct roads full of information. Until here the roads were in excellent condition; but here they were a little poorer, to Southboro'. Here we halted about twenty-five minutes to partake of some Rock apples (don't know if that was the correct name, but I thought it might be), after which we passed over some good roads to Northboro', then some tremendous long hills to Shrewsbury; here the roads were very good, but hilly. On nearing Worcester the roads were quite bad, and almost unridable, and it was real work getting into Worcester; besides the sand, there was a road full of dust to breathe,—sort of a smoky dust. Finally we reached the city of Worcester, forty-six miles, and stopped at the Continental House, where we received the kindest attention of any, on our trip. Actual time on road, nine and one half hours; time in saddle, five hours. During the afternoon we called on Messrs. Hill and Tolman, who very kindly gave us points about the roads. After a good rub we retired at 9.30.

Second day, 20 September.—Promptly at 5.30 A. M. we started, escorted by the Æolus Bicycle Club, over some of the hills we read about, through to Leicester, to Spencer. The latter part of the ride was all down-hill through sand, real sand, some four to six inches deep; real fun too—for the Worcester boys, but not ourselves. Here, after a good wash-up, we breakfasted at the Massasoit House at 7.50, fifty-seven miles

from Boston. After breakfast all the Worcester riders returned home, except Mr. Blacker, whom I was very glad to have go with me. We again mounted our iron steeds, and sailed through Brookfield on to very mean roads; then fair roads to the left of Quaboag river through East Brookfield to West Brookfield, arriving at 10.40, seventy-two miles; then to Warren, seventy-five miles, over sandy roads, to West Warren. Soon after we halted in a convenient place and took a bath in the river on our left, which was thoroughly enjoyed, and felt much refreshed. Again mounting, we encountered some very mean roads, — in fact, the meanest I ever passed over, — and took numerous rests, and ate all the apples we could find in the surrounding orchards, and reached Palmer at three o'clock, eighty-seven miles. Here we immediately ordered dinner for four at the Weeks Hotel, but only two to partake of, for which we were not sorry: we were as hungry as alligators. Soon after, Mr. Blacker returned by train; not before receiving my heartfelt thanks for his, and the *Æolus Club's* kindness in accompanying me. From here to Jenksville the roads grew better. Through Indian Orchard (especially fine was the Indian Leap Hotel), to Springfield, arriving here after dark; time on road, 12½ hours; walked about fifteen miles; one hundred and four miles from Boston, covering fifty-eight miles during the day. Here I met Mr. Woodward at the Massasoit House. After tea we retired at 9.30, feeling very nicely, with only a few boil bearings.

Third day, 21 September. — We left Springfield promptly at 6.30, taking road to right of the depot over Agawam Bridge, then to regular Hartford turnpike over fair roads and side paths to Thompsonville, one hundred and fifteen miles. Here we took breakfast, but were obliged to cross the river in order to reach Thompsonville, which delayed us fully one hour. After being fairly started, Mr. Woodward kindly offered one of his melodies, which I reluctantly accepted; and when about half-way through he stopped short, straightened his limbs, and at an angle of forty-five degrees he went for the road faster than I ever saw any one go, and all in a heap, and reminded me of something I read some time since, as follows: "But at last, like the happy bobolink who perched upon a twig (Bi), views the beautiful meadows, and flies away with song to catch its sweetness; but in the midst of his journey becomes intoxicated with his own melody, and sweetly turns to the nodding grasses." To Windsor Locks over very good roads and side paths. The roads in this section would compare with any in the country, only for the want of rain, which had not fallen for two months. Then through Windsor, over fair side paths to the Alford House, to take — well, I need not say what. While busily engaged packing crackers in our M. I. P.'s, we met the smiling glances of a couple of young ladies in Hotel Windsor.

I of course gave my share to Mr. Woodward, as I was to busy to give them any attention. We again mounted; when arriving at what we thought a well-stocked apple orchard, we halted to eat our lunch, which consisted of crackers and apples. Again mounting, we passed over some fair roads to Hartford, one hundred and thirty-five miles, stopping at the Pope Bicycle Manufacturing Company. We were entertained by Mr. Day, who kindly showed us through the whole factory, besides repairing our wheels and straightening handle bars, caused by machines lying down suddenly. Mr. Bendell very kindly started us on the right road from the city, besides stocking us with information. We had fair side paths to Wethersfield, then poor roads to Rocky Hill, where we halted and took dinner, starting again at 6 o'clock; then we worked hard to reach Middletown before dark, and were within four miles of it when darkness set in. Here I took several headers, trying to ride in the dark. This was anything but pleasant, but we finally reached Middletown at 7.50, one hundred and forty-nine miles. This ended the third day's ride, being on the road thirteen hours and twenty minutes; time in saddle, six hours; walked during the day ten miles. We soon after retired.

Fourth day, 22 September. — Over-sleeping ourselves, we did not start until 8.30. We were soon spinning over side-walks, and when some two miles out, my valuable friend Mr. Woodward bid me good by, for his ride ended at Middletown. I did not like the idea of starting on alone at all, and was almost tempted to stay over that day; I very reluctantly parted from him, and pushed on alone, encountering some mean, sandy roads, but shady, to Durham, one hundred and fifty-six miles. On the road I was invited to take some fresh cider, which they were making, and drank all I could; then moved on slowly, over poor to fair shell roads, to Fair Haven; then New Haven, one hundred and seventy-seven miles, calling on Mr. S. A. Marsden, director L. A. W., who kindly rode with me over good side paths to Savin Rock, five miles, in twenty-three minutes. We then took to the shore road, where Mr. Marsden left me. Again mounting, riding over fair roads to Milford, one hundred and eighty-nine miles. Could have taken regular turnpike from New Haven; but this being the pleasanter of the two, I preferred it. Then over fair roads to Stratford, one hundred and ninety-four miles, and over good roads, through darkness, to Bridgeport, Conn., one hundred and ninety-nine miles, stopping at the Atlantic House; riding fifty miles during day. Actual time on road, ten and one hours; time in saddle, eight hours; walked four miles; condition about same. After writing several postals, I retired at 9 P. M.

Fifth day, 23 September, 1881. — I started alone promptly at 5.30 A. M., through Fairfield, 203 miles. Here I intended calling upon Mr. T. B. Mott, but

being so early, I doubted if he was up. Between here and Norwalk I encountered fair roads, and rested a number of times, besides stopping occasionally for some milk. One man requested me to wait until he had milked his cow, and started off on a run to do so. I was compelled to wait, but not very long. Perhaps this was the same farmer whom Mr. Eaton had the same experience with. Then I again mounted and wheeled over fair roads through Stamford, two hundred and twenty-two miles; then some few rests to take notes and sketches; through Portchester, two hundred and thirty-one miles Rye to Mamaroneck, over fair to middling roads, to New Rochelle, two hundred and forty miles. From here the roads are somewhat better, — the country being quite level, and the cool breeze all the afternoon made it quite pleasant riding. I patronized all running streams from the fields; in fact, whenever I saw fit drinking water I felt thirsty, and filled up on water, but it being rather thin, it was not very nourishing. The only objection to stopping at farm houses was the foolish and idiotic questions they would ask. Some wanted to know if the little wheel went first; others how much I was paid for riding that thing, and if I was insured, and for how much. I finally reached New York a little tired after my day's ride, two hundred and fifty-nine miles from Boston. Time on road, thirteen and one half hours; time in saddle, eight and one half hours; walked four miles. It was dark when I reached Hoboken, and decided to stop here for the night. I then took a short ride toward Elizabeth, but found the roads in such poor condition I returned to the hotel, rather discouraged at the outlook for Saturday's start. I met a few wheelmen on the road, who told me that the roads grew worse towards Philadelphia, and that they had never been poorer; so in the evening I considered this matter, and being rather undecided what course to pursue, I tossed up a penny to see if the train or the bicycle should carry me. The train winning, I took the morning train for Baltimore, thereby not fully carrying out my programme, but I hope some future day to sample the roads from here to New York. HERMAN H. DUKER.

BALTIMORE, 1 October, 1881.

Midnight Meanderings of the Keystone Bicycle Club.

IN the Smoky City reside three wheelmen, who by their reckless midnight riding have earned the *nom de plume* the "Reckless Three." On Tuesday, 8 November, as they were strolling down 5th avenue, the thought struck them to have a club run. It was but the work of a few minutes to don their uniforms and make a start from the business office of the 50-inch man, at 9 P. M. After riding over three miles of the roughest streets in America (for which Pittsburgh is noted), they arrived at the "big Forbes hill." This hill rises one foot in every eight for the first one hundred and fifty yards; for

the next quarter-mile it rises one foot in twelve, and for the remainder of the distance (not quite "one half-mile") one foot in five. About two hundred and fifty yards from the top of this hill there is a ridge clear across the street, between seven and eight inches in height, to get over which you must make a heavy spurt. 9.40 P. M. finds us at the residence of the "Funny Man," to whom we quickly communicated our plan for a club run, and he immediately wheeled into line. At 9.45 we started, the 50-inch man's "Excelsior" showing seven miles, and proceeded to the residence of the "Coming Man," who immediately procured his wheel and joined us. Proceeding a quarter mile, we aroused "Irish" out of bed, and made him also fall in line. One mile farther brought us to the residence of "Petsey," whom, by stratagem, we succeeded in getting out of bed, and compelled to follow (after he had scraped an inch of rust and mildew from his wheel). We then proceeded to the residence of our Honorable Captain, stacked wheels, and cast lots for who should notify him of the presence of the Keystone Bicycle Club. The lot fell on "Irish," who with much fear and trembling rang the bell. After several vain attempts, we finally saw the head of our captain appear at his chamber window; and his only words were, "Too late, good night." He then disappeared from view. With sorrowful hearts we mounted and rode down the avenue at a racing speed, when suddenly our 56-inch man struck a hole and came down with a terrible crash; but he soon remounted and was with us again, and we rode to the residence of "Flaxey" the bugler. After we had aroused the house by ringing the bell gently, we succeeded in getting him into line. As we now numbered eight, we started on our club run, it being midnight. We rode up Highland avenue, eight abreast, when the bugler sounded "by fours," and then "right wheel"; this last command was obeyed in such fine style he thought it should be repeated, and accordingly sounded "left wheel." Such a mixture of wheels, bent pedals, broken spokes, torn uniforms, and yells (all caused by the 54-inch man) was never before witnessed or heard of, it being very dark. After we had all picked ourselves up and worked half an hour at Flaxey the bugler's wheel, we started to climb Highland hill, which is very steep. About half-way up the "Reckless Three" were side and side, and working hard for first place, when the 56-inch man took a header, his wheel falling on top of him, and the 50-inch man also took a "cropper," bending his ball-bearing pedals. After half an hour's work, it was forced into position by the muscle of the 56-inch man, and we were off again, it now being 1.30 A. M. After riding for over an hour in the East End avenues, we dispersed, and the "Reckless Three," with Flaxey the bugler, started for home. We reached the top of the hill without further adventure. The "Reckless Three" let

their wheels drive (legs over) to the bottom of the hill, never touching their brakes except to cross the "bump," with Flaxey the bugler following slowly afar off. We rerode the three miles of cobble-stone, arriving at the office of the 50-inch man in good condition, and well pleased with our night riding. On examining the "Excelsior," we found it registered forty-seven and one half miles. We then adjourned to the residence of the 54-inch man, where we spent the rest of the night.

THE RECKLESS THREE.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

The Providence Bicycle Club.

THE THIRD ANNUAL DINNER OF THE CHAMPION PARADE CLUB.

ON Saturday evening, 19 November, after the business of the annual meeting was disposed of, the members of the Providence Bicycle Club, accompanied by several invited guests, repaired to the Hotel Dorrance to celebrate their third anniversary in a manner fitting that auspicious event. On arriving at the hotel, the company were ushered into a cosy little reception room, where mutual greetings and congratulations were interchanged during the brief space which elapsed before being summoned to the main business of the occasion. This business was opened by President Carpenter offering an arm each to two of the guests, and leading the way to the handsome dining-room of the hotel, which was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants; the table also being very prettily and invitingly laid. The company being seated and cordially invited by the president to participate freely and enjoy heartily, each at once turned to examine the "bill of fare"; when, lo! a surprise and delight to the æsthetic taste was presented in one of the most elegant of *cartes de menu* it has been our good fortune to see. It was bound in blue and white satin, gold-fringed, and illustrated with steel-engraved designs; that on the face representing the club seal, the device being a winged wheel, surrounded by clouds, traversing the globe, and urged on by lightning bolts. Between the covers were two leaves, one containing the names of the active members of the club, and the other offering the following menu:—

OYSTERS ON SHELL.
SOUP: Cream of Chicken à la Royale.
FISH: Boiled Salmon Trout, Lobster Sauce.
POTATOES A LA PRINCESS.
REMOVES: Fricandeau of Veal with French Peas.
STEWED TOMATOES.
ENTREES: Lamb Chops à la Provençale.
Asparagus.
ROMAN PUNCH.
GAME: Quail on Toast, Mayonnaise of Celery.
DESSERT: Frozen Pudding, Ice Cream, Fruit, Cake, Coffee.

This beautiful souvenir was the work and gift of Messrs. Farmer, Livermore & Co., of Providence, the two gentlemen named being members of the club.

Nothing further of public interest occurred for an hour or so, during which time the company were industriously engaged in thoroughly sampling and analyzing, for statistical and scientific purposes, the various features of the *menu*. This work accomplished, however, and the articles all properly classified and shelved, they resumed the interrupted enjoyment, President Carpenter and Capt. Cross alternately calling the guests to their feet in response to some appropriate sentiment or letters from invited absentees. In this connection we wish to state that we shall never—no, never—forgive him for calling upon the editor of this paper (just as we were enthusiastically experimenting on the effect of a judicious admixture of cream with a fresh cup of excellent coffee) to respond to a triple sentiment all at once; viz., "The League of American Wheelmen, the Chelsea Bicycle Club, and the BICYCLING WORLD." However, we put him off with some plausible apology set to a lot of wretchedly execrable rhymes, whose brevity won some applause at the close; and before popular reflection on their enormity could cause a reaction of howls and fragmentary food-missiles at us, the president discreetly called upon Capt. E. C. Hodges to respond for the Boston Bicycle Club, which that gentleman did with his accustomed grace,—his herculean but Apollo-like figure, as he arose, eliciting a buzz of admiration from the smaller members of the home club. Mr. E. C. Danforth responded for the Massachusetts Club, and he was followed by Mr. Robinson for the Crescent Club of Boston, who, with Mr. Woodward, of the same club, was also present. "The Bicycle Touring Club" called up its chief consul in America, Frank W. Weston, who briefly but concisely and clearly explained its working and objects, showing it to be the prototype of the L. A. W., but in more successful progress, and at the same time indicating the great possibilities of the latter for visible practical benefit to American wheelmen. Capt. Nicholson, of the Hermes Club of Providence, responded for that club; and in the absence of the mayor, who sent a letter of regrets, but expressing hearty sympathy and good-will towards the bicyclers, President Carpenter called upon City Clerk H. V. A. Joslin to speak for the city of Providence, which that gentlemen did in a most entertaining manner,—referring, among other things, to the early prejudice of some citizens against bicycling, and showing how, by the discretion and courtesy which the wheelmen had almost invariably observed, they had very nearly overcome all opposition. In response to a sentiment to the press, Mr. Day, of the Providence *Journal*, made a witty and complimentary address. Letters, also, were received and read from President Parsons of the Massachusetts, President Adams of the Worcester, President Blacker of the Æolus (Worcester), and Editor Fred. Jenkins, of the *Wheel*. By this time the wee small hours of morn-

ing were well advanced; but before forsaking the hospitable board, the president referred to the beautiful programme we have mentioned, and in behalf of the club, and with its thanks, tendered Mr. Farmer, for his wife, the magnificent basket of flowers which decorated the table's centre, which gift Mr. Farmer accepted in words fitting and brief. This closed the festivities here, and the company repaired to the reception room, where, after a social half-hour, mutual farewells and good-nights were uttered, and one of the pleasantest of bicycling reunions was ended.

THE bicycle club in Keokuk, Iowa, gave a public exhibition of fancy riding at their headquarters, Monday evening, 21st inst., the following being the programme, as announced: Drill and chase by John Hartel, Geo. Lourie, Geo. Delaplain, Jesse Eaton, Wells Sawyer, and Louis Hartel. Double act by J. Eaton and G. Lourie, — Lourie in the saddle and Eaton on the pedals in front. Double acrobat feat by John Hartel and Geo. Lourie. Slow race by Sawyer, Eaton, Hartel, Craig, Delaplain, and Lourie. Specialties by Geo. Lourie, Jesse Eaton, Geo. Delaplain, and Wells Sawyer. Triple, quadruple, quintuple, and sextuple acts by members of the club. Race of five laps with hands off handle by Sawyer, Delaplain, Eaton, and Lourie. Race of half mile by Lourie, Hartel, Delaplain, and Eaton.

THE secretary of the Boston Bicycle Club will transact all the business of the club at the new club house, where he can be found on Monday evenings. All letters and circulars for the Boston Bicycle Club should be addressed to J. S. Dean, Secretary, 53 Union Park, Boston, Mass.

At the regular meeting of the Oakland (Cal.) Bicycle Club, Saturday, 12 November, a lively discussion was held in relation to the merits of racing, — resulting, however, in a nearly unanimous determination to participate in the Thanksgiving day events.

C. H. GENSLINGER has been elected president of the New Orleans Bicycle Club.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

Editor Bicycling World: — In reply to "Ixion" in a recent WORLD, I would say that a 50-inch "Arab" has been used by Mr. Arthur Waite, of the Hartford Wheel Club, for nearly two years. It is certainly a light, staunch, easy-running machine, and as durable as any machine we know of. ARIES.

HARTFORD, CONN., 25 November, 1881.

Editor Bicycling World: — I would like to ask "An Old Tourist" how he knows which cyclometer was accurate; whether it was the "Excelsior" or the new "Richie Magnetic" Cyclometer. It would not be absolute proof that the "Excelsiors" were correct, because there were four or five of them against one of the "Magnetics." I have used the "Magnetic" nearly the whole season, and on many long rides. It has proved correct in every case, and I cannot see why it should ever be otherwise. Have tried it on a lathe run at a

high speed, four or five times faster than any bicycle wheel could be run, and it always registered accurate y. Have also tried it on the roughest roads with the same result. It is the only cyclometer ever made that is used so as to be perfectly dust and water proof, and also at the same time make the registering positive. Never noticed that mine rattled, although in time it might get worn so that it would, but it could be easily remedied. I have no doubt that the "Excelsior," when new and kept free from dust, is accurate; but it is made on the same principle as the M. D. R., which was used in England several years ago. This cyclometer registered accurately until it got choked up with dust or became rusted on account of water getting into it. The experience of English riders is that no cyclometer is good for anything unless it is dust and water proof.

AN OLD RIDER.

BOSTON, NOV. 25, 1881.

Editor Bicycling World: — "Kol Kron" nor "Steno" do not answer the question of "Ball pedals." What I would like to know is: Does it pay to have them at the present price asked by the manufacturers? that is, is it worth \$12 to have them put on? I have, at present, plain bearings to the pedals, which are very easy. Now, is the advantage to be gained worth the investing? I would ask, as a question in answer to the corduroy controversy, What are its advantages over other kinds of material for uniforms? METEOR.

BOSTON, 26 November, 1881.

[We think it has, at least, the advantage of being stronger and having better wearing qualities than most materials used for either bicycle or equestrian small-clothes — EDITOR.]

CORRESPONDENCE

About Tires.

Editor Bicycling World: — One of the questions which must have suggested itself to many thoughtful wheelmen at times is, whether the round rubber tire now universally adopted, is the best form for all purposes. Why was that form adopted? Were other forms ever thoroughly experimented with? Was a flat form ever properly tried, or a form nearly flat? The round tire gives the greatest thickness of rubber between the wheel and the path. But is so much thickness a good thing? If great thickness is desirable, then an oval form, with its longest axes perpendicular, would be theoretically still better. Bicyclers know that on a fairly smooth, hard path, the narrower the rim and tire the easier the wheel runs; but for all roads in this country where there is considerable sand, the inch tire is claimed to be the best. Why? Because the inch tire, giving a broader base, though it is heavier, does not so easily bury in the sand. But why cannot a bicycle be driven over sand? Clearly, because even an inch tire sinks into the sand. Would not a tire two inches wide, or wider, flat or nearly flat, and one quarter to one third of an inch thick, be more easily driven over sand or mud? Is not a thick tire itself somewhat like sand, in that it spreads under the weight, and tends to obstruct the motion of the wheel? If an inch wide is best, would not a flat or nearly flat tire of that width, and only a third of an inch thick, run easier on all roads? Except to prevent slipping, and be a partial cushion for the machinery, what is the need of the rubber tire?

These are questions I would like to see answered by the manufacturers of machines. If experiments have not been tried

sufficiently to settle these questions, it might pay some manufacturer to try an inch, and also a two-inch flat or nearly flat thin tire. Theoretically, a flat tire should stay in place when cemented, better than a round tire, and the wheel should run easier; and a broad thin tire should be better than a narrow round tire, for sand, mud, gravel, and all difficult roads. The steam road locomotives use flat tires, and consider them the best form. Will some one who knows shed light on this matter? B. DETROIT, 18 November, 1881.

Halifax.

Editor Bicycling World: — Since my last the weather has been unfavorable for touring, and I have heard of none. Our riding now is confined to our park; and owing to the small amount of travelling done there this time of year, the roads are in good condition, and a ride can be enjoyed. One fine moonlight night, about the last of October, I was lazily strolling along enjoying a quiet ride around the shore road of the park, when suddenly my eye caught sight of a light in the distance moving slowly along. The sight of this put new life in my steed, and I went flying through the air in pursuit of this supposed rider; but the faster my wheel turned the faster the light seemed to go; but I still urged my steed on, which by this time had its nerves in good trim, and seemed to go with lightning rapidity. Presently the light grew nearer, and I could discern a bicycle and rider. I still urged my steed onward, and in the space of three minutes was by his side, and found that when I first caught a glimpse of his light, he was mounting, and the fast riding was an experiment; but had he known I was after him, no doubt he would have put on more steam, for it is in him. We then took a quiet stroll for the next hour and a half, and rode home, and found the clock had registered the hour of midnight.

On the 12th inst. I visited Windsor to take a run with the "Windsor boys." The first call I made was on Mr. C. H. Dimock, Windsor's genial consul, and found him at his office full of business, with his wheel close at hand. We then called on Mr. J. Fred. Carver, also a member of the League of American Wheelmen, and found him busy at his desk; but he was ready to meet a visiting wheelman, and postponed his work, which he did, and I was introduced to a tall and handsome man, and I must acknowledge he proved to be a most clever companion. He bestrides a 56-inch "Standard," and thinks for next season a 60-inch will feel more comfortable. In the morning the consul showed me over some of their principal streets, and in the afternoon we all went for a spin. This was the first time I ever rode alongside of a 56-inch, and as I ride only a 48-inch, I felt as though I should "look up" to my companion, which I found I had to do. We enjoyed the ride throughout; not an accident occurring, or even a "header"

indulged in. The streets of Windsor are something rich, and the sidewalks (?) "simply immense." I envy them in this respect, for our streets are worn-out macadam, and much inferior to theirs. I can speak in the highest praise of the treatment visiting wheelmen will receive from the "Windsor boys," judging from that received by me. My first visit to Windsor I will ever be able to look back upon with pleasant recollections; and to what do I owe it? The wheel.

By a would-be wheelman (a divinity student) I was shown through Kings College and grounds, and introduced to a number of students, all of whom expressed their desire to become bicyclists, and I would not be surprised if next season King's College opens with a bicycle club, and I hope to see it; for as well as competing with them in other sports, Halifax could compete with them in bicycling. At present our riding is done; for only yesterday riders were enjoying themselves on the wheel, and while I am now writing what do I hear? Sleigh bells? I look out to find it true, the ground covered with six inches of snow; and the first friend I recognize enjoying himself sleigh driving is one whom I met on the wheel yesterday, and according to our weather prophet "Vennor" we are going to have a continuation of it. It is not fair that he should be predicting and sending us such weather. Wheelmen will have to request him to "ease up." Thank you, sister city, for the information extended to us through the columns of the WORLD; we take an interest in you, we do, and next season we will have an invitation for you. **BLUENOSE.**

HALIFAX, 19 November, 1881.

Providence.

Editor Bicycling World:—You want notes: bicycling notes, personal notes, and, in fact, notes of any kind except notes of hand. I have n't many, but as it is Thanksgiving night, I don't know how I can do better than by sending what I have. At our club supper I thought I had caught an inspiration of the poetic muse of one of the guests present; but as I begin to write, it appears to be only prose.... The new uniform of the Hermes Club not having arrived, they have postponed their benefit exhibition, which was to have taken place to-night, indefinitely.... Capt. Cross, of the Providence Club, was scouring the city Tuesday to get all the men out for the run this morning, but "Old Prob." stepped in, and they concluded that snow riding would not be pleasant; meanwhile Consul Handy came down this morning on his tricycle (a "Salvo") and wondered why the boys weren't out, as he had no trouble in riding. He has just fitted over his rink into a general headquarters for those who love sports, having a fine rifle range and two very good bowling alleys; and with his sale of bicycles, he has very few leisure moments.... And now a few words about our new officers. The president, Mr. A. G. Carpenter, is too well

known to need any praise; his unanimous re-election for the fourth term speaks more than I can express. The captain, Mr. J. A. Cross, has been before the wheeling public the last few months as our secretary and treasurer; and the very satisfactory manner in which he filled those positions, contributed largely to his elevation to his present office, and large hopes are forming that under his leading, the club will be among the first in club riding and club courtesies. The pleasant face of Dr. W. W. Bridge, as lieutenant, will always keep up the laggards without much talk, and we expect that the rear will always be well looked after. Our secretary and treasurer, Mr. C. T. Howard, as secretary and treasurer of the Providence Telephone Exchange, has had so large an experience in his department, that we expect our books to be the model club books at the end of this coming year. Mr. C. T. Grammont, as guide, although a new member of the club, has, by his attendance at club runs, warranted the belief that he is the right man in the right place. The first on the executive committee, Mr. E. C. Danforth, is probably better known to the Boston readers of the WORLD than to the writer, his connection with the Massachusetts Club having given him an extended wheeling acquaintance in Boston. One incident will show his "grit." At the time of our meet, about a year ago, he rode from Boston here the day before, the ride from Mansfield being in a driving rain. Mr. W. J. Burton, the second on that committee, is one of the old members, known to some as "Doc." and other as "Open all night," and he will probably work in harmony with the other members, in promoting the best interests of the club.... President Mauran, of the Hermes Club, having resigned, the vacancy was filled by the election of Mr. Alonzo Flint.... Providence boasts now of two of the best club captains in the country, Cross and Nicholson.... Unless some of the members change their minds, the Providence Club will soon have a majority of married men, as three or four are engaged; and unless reports are false, Cupid is making some very good shots at the hearts of others of the susceptible single ones.

THE CLUB FOOL.

P. S. Ernest, the handsome, was looking up his friends to-day. T. C. F.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 24 November, 1881.

Scranton.

Editor Bicycling World:—I have just completed what has become to me one of the most pleasant pastimes; viz., the careful perusal of the BICYCLING WORLD, which is now looked for anxiously each week. I am pleased to note its increasing popularity with wheelmen generally, which is as it should be; it is just at such times as this, after reading the interesting accounts of club doings, runs, etc., that one feels in the humor for writing. Each issue contains so much information of value, so many hints, and not infrequently good-natured sallies and

characteristic rejoinders, all of which go to make up a collection of the most interesting reading. An interesting feature in the last issue was the glowing account from the Capital Club, of Washington, D. C.; it made us regret our inability to participate in the festivities, to which we received an invitation through Secretary Seeley, of this most excellent club. Knowing their hospitality and appreciating the great pleasure a visit would give us, we expect some time in the future to realize this hope.... During the past week we have had in this city an event which has caused an awakening interest in the art, which will no doubt have a good effect upon the members of our club. Through the invitation of the Ezra Giffin Post, G. A. R., we were invited to give an exhibition at their annual hop, at the armory, on Thanksgiving eve; and in order to make a creditable appearance we invited Capt. Hayward, of the Susquehanna Club, also Messrs. Charles and F. A. Miller, of the same club. Besides these were Mr. F. B. Ward, of the Wilkesbarre Club, and Capt. Kolp and Messrs. Pentecost and Hand, of the Scranton Club. After going through various evolutions as a party, to the excellent music of Prof. Cogswell's orchestra, the floor was given up to Capt. Hayward, whose performance was the feature of the evening, and his wonderful trick and graceful fancy riding was witnessed by a large and delighted audience. It is difficult to give such an account of his riding as his merits call for; it must be seen to be fully appreciated. While at the Boston Meet last spring, he made a note of all the tricks done by the best experts, all of which he has since learned, besides some twenty others original with himself. All are executed with such artistic skill, that he at once wins his audience and receives their liberal applause. He is sure to make a sensation at future meets. Master Charles Miller, also, gave exhibitions of fancy riding, and displayed wonderful skill for one so young; as a bicyclist he will yet be heard from. The club have received the inspiration from this event necessary to keep up the interest during the winter, and the prospect is good for a large increase in our membership.

F. C. H.

SCRANTON, PA., 26 November, 1881.

Buffalo.

Editor Bicycling World:—Thanksgiving passed off quietly in Buffalo. However, we managed to get out eight of the enthusiasts, which was doing very well considering that the weather was something like only 15° above zero, with indications of a snow-storm. We had the pleasure of having Mr. Mason, of Boston, with us. We made a run of some twenty miles around the park and asphalt pavement... The club here now numbers about fifty members, with indications of a pleasant time this winter and a large club next summer. "58."

BUFFALO, N. Y., 25 November, 1881.

Abroad. II.

[From our Bicycling Correspondent.]

Editor Bicycling World:—Here I am again. All right as before.

My last letter was dated at London.

Since then I have been everywhere.

Well, 'most everywhere. I and my wheel.

Or courteously putting it, my wheel and I.

When I left London and the Queen, I rode leisurely along for several hundred miles or less in a fit of abstraction, scarcely glancing at, and still less heeding the path, so that I got several pretty smart jolts at intervals.

However, feeling confident of my skill in handling the machine in any emergency, I heeded them not.

I still rode on.

The scenery as I passed was lovely and magnificent in the extreme, but I noticed it not.

The purple foliage of the trees, bending beneath the weight of the pomegranate and the mushroom, or waved gently 'neath the light zephyrs stirred from time to time by the passing of some huge, ungainly bat, or the milder whirling of the mocking-bird's plumage, was all that disturbed the brooding silence of the hour.

Still I rode on, when—

Suddenly I discovered that I was taking a header!—that I was actually pitching from my machine!

I recovered instantly from my abstraction, and coolly glanced about to see where I was to strike.

To my horror, I found that I had ridden off a precipice, and was falling headlong into the sea.

Looking back at the precipice, I perceived that it was composed of white chalk. The truth flashed upon me at once. I had reached Dover unawares, and had inadvertently wheeled over the cliffs.

My presence of mind never deserts me in the most trying circumstances. It did not now. One look was sufficient to take in the entire situation. Across the channel I could see the dim, blue outline of the French coast. Behind me were the famous cliffs of Dover. At my feet was the deep blue water of the English Channel,—or rather, it would be at my feet in a few seconds. Far away on the broad bosom of the channel I could discern many a white-sail, interspersed with an occasional sea-gull; while nearer still were several tugs and light fishing smacks, one of which seemed to be tacking and heading directly for the spot where I would most probably strike.

Of course, I took this all in in much less time than I have described it.

My mind was speedily made up. I saw in an instant what to do. Hastily but carefully noting the positions and distances of various points, and allowing for the current, I marked the spot in the water where I should land when I reached the bottom.

Then by a powerful effort I righted the machine in mid-air (you understand, I

had not relinquished my hold of the steering-bar nor left the saddle), and pressing steadily on the brake held it there and calmly waited the result.

It was just as I expected.

Casting another glance at the fishing boat, I perceived that I was seen, and that she was hastening to the rescue with the proverbial promptness and generosity of a true Briton.

At this moment we struck the water and disappeared beneath the surface.

It was just as I expected.

The water was pretty deep, and the force of our plunge was checked a few feet below the surface, so that we sank to the bottom with very little shock; and I instantly dismounted, and opening the saddle-bag, took out the ball of twine I always carry with me when touring, and securely tied an end to the machine. I then ascended to the surface, unwinding the cord as I went.

I saw that the fisherman was fast approaching, and would reach me in a few minutes, and I waved my wet handkerchief to him, encouragingly, but still beating against the current to keep as near the spot as possible.

But why prolong the tale?

In a few minutes I stood upon the deck of that gallant craft.

Requesting the skipper to splice the brace of his mainmast and heave the anchor, which he did, I took a coil of clew-line, and giving directions to the crew to pull me in at a signal, again plunged beneath the wave.

Following, like Dædalus, my trail of twine, I readily found the machine, and attaching the buntline, gave the signal; and we were soon all safely aboard again, the anchor was hauled in, the top-hammers braced, the fore-and-aft mizzen squared, the back-yards cleared away, the bowsprit put hard-a-port, and we bowled along merrily toward *terra cotta*—I mean *terra firma*.

Meantime, I had carefully wiped the bicycle dry, so that when I was put ashore I was all ready to mount and away. I didn't care for my own wet condition, having become accustomed to being saturated with the dampness of London fogs.

I thanked the fishing skipper for his kindness, bade him good by, and gave him a quarter of a dollar for his trouble.

I never do anything by halves—when a quarter will answer as well.

I stopped but a few minutes in Dover, as the steamer was all ready to start; so got aboard, and in due time reached Calais in safety, and in good health and spirits.

It was here that I first realized the great advantage of being the accredited representative of the WORLD. I had studied and thoroughly mastered the French language, you know, before I left home, and could converse as fluently as a native with all the members of our class.

But I'll be hanged if these thundering ignorant Frenchmen could understand their own language in its purity, as I had

been taught it; nor could I understand a word of their wretched jabber, either.

However, when I showed my card, with the BICYCLING WORLD imprint on it, they fairly yelled with delight, escorted me at once to the best hotel, and treated me like a king,—or rather, like a new president.

But I have n't time to tell you all the things that occurred here; how Gambetta, Grévy, Jules Verne, and other eminent statesmen visited and invited me to drink with them.

Of course I declined all these offers, until I should get permission from the home government to accept them.

However, I was impatient to get on; so after a suitable rest I remounted, and did not again leave the saddle until I arrived here, some two months or more ago.

My route lay through France, Switzerland, Austria, Bulgaria, and several other small towns,—a good many hundred miles,—and I covered them before dark, and wheeled into the palace yard just as the porter was about to close the gates for the night.

This is a great old country.

And I've had some great old times in it since my arrival.

I'll give a detailed account of it some time, as it will help you to fill up your paper.

The Sultan received me in right royal style, which I'll tell you about in my next. I'd do it now, but I've got to take a little run over to Cabul this evening, and ought to start now if I want to return in time to get any sleep.

Bicyclingly yours, NOAH COUNT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 1 December, 1881.

GLANCES ABROAD

TWENTY-MILE MATCH BETWEEN F. DE CIVRY (Champion of France) and H. O. DUNCAN (Champion of Middlesex).—This match, which was postponed from Saturday, 5 November, on account of wet weather, was decided on Saturday, 12 November, at the Botanical Gardens, Sale, near Manchester. The race should have commenced, according to the programme, at 3.30, but it was quite 4.15 before the men were on their marks. De Civry made the pace for the first three miles, then Duncan went to the front for a few miles. At the commencement of the tenth mile De Civry flew past Duncan with a splendid spurt; but Duncan seemed fully equal to the occasion, and amid the applause of the spectators, the two went flying round the track for fully a mile, when, finding he could not shake his opponent off, De Civry settled down to a steady, slogging pace, with Duncan at his hind wheel until three laps from home, when the latter made his effort to get past; but De Civry answering to the spurt, and having the inside position, managed to hold his own, and just won by a foot. Time, 1h. 15m. 6s. The last five miles were run in almost pitchy darkness. The

time was slow, owing to the strong wind which was blowing. De Civry rode a 57-inch machine, by Clement of Paris; and Duncan a 55-inch "Rapid," by the St. George's Foundry Co. of Birmingham. Duncan has decidedly the best style of riding, and as he is quite young, has plenty of time to improve; and it is the opinion of many that he will come more than ever to the front next season. — *Cyclist*.

MR. C. D. VESEY, of the Surrey Bicycle Club, rode 100 miles at Surbiton on 27 October, in 6h. 45m. 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., being the first amateur to accomplish the distance on an open-air track. The best professional record is 6h. 37m. 51s. Mr. Vesey's times from 51 miles upwards are the best amateur times on record.

THE MILE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. — Cooper, it appears, is not at all satisfied with his late defeat by Howell, and will probably ride him again for the title and a money stake at an early date. It is not unlikely the match will be decided in London. — *Bicycling News*.

After Dark.

(From *Bicycling Times*.)

Oh! 't is pleasant to be wheeling
In the balmy air of night,
For a run invokes a feeling
Of a monstrous appetite:
That we will enjoy our supper,
Is without the slightest doubt;
And can drink a loving-cup, or
Fain retire to roost without.

Oh! this riding late is pleasant,
On the rustic country road,
Where is heard the whirr of pheasant,
Or is seen the croaking toad;
Where the bat flits round to love us,
With its too-suggestive wing;
And the spiders weave above us
Their peculiar silken string.

Oh! 't is quite too nice to pedal,
Where the road is smooth, and wide,
When the rain clouds 'fuse to meddle,
Or to mar your jolly ride.
When the clouds resemble billows,
Floating on as heavenly cars,
Angels guard you then from pillows
Which are safety-pinned with stars.

FRENCH NOTES. — A correspondent of *La Velocipédie Belge* mentions a road in Belgium and Holland that is paved with asphalt for a distance of twenty leagues. The league varies so in length in European countries that this may mean anything from twenty to eighty geographical miles; but even if only twenty miles, what a fine place for training and road racing! Raoul Richard, in *La Revue des Sports*, speaks of the remarkable growth of bicycling in America. He believes excursions, club runs, and frequent races of very great importance in increasing the popularity of the machine: excursions and runs demonstrate to the people that the bicycle is a practical vehicle of real use in travelling, and races show what great speed may be attained and sustained by means of the wheel. He thinks wheelmen should be careful to publish accounts of all their races and runs in the newspapers.... Up to the 1st of November there have been held in France, this year, one hundred and

ninety-five bicycle races, in which two hundred and sixty-three different riders have participated. Of these riders two hundred and forty-nine were Frenchmen, nine Englishmen, four Italians, and one Swiss. The approximate value of the prizes, in money, medals, and works of art, amounts to 20,000 francs.... A certain French manufacturer of bicycles is at present a good deal enraged with the papers, because he thinks they have done him injustice in their criticisms. His claims, however, are simply ridiculous; he says a good rider can make something like twenty-five miles an hour on his machine, and that one kilometre (five eighths of a mile) has frequently been made in one minute thirty seconds, and even in one minute twenty-five seconds. As his machine was badly beaten in the late Paris races, it is to be supposed that he was unfortunate in having a poor rider to work his machine. S.

RACES

A LARGE assemblage filled the Manhattan Grounds on Thanksgiving day, to witness the athletic sports. L. Sterns, in receipt of twenty-five secs., from W. Smith, the amateur champion, who was scratch, won the two-mile bicycle handicap by nearly a lap. E. C. Hunt, second; Smith, third; time, 7m. 55s. — *Courier*.

COLUMBIA ATHLETIC CLUB. — The fall games of this club were held on last Saturday afternoon at the Manhattan Athletic grounds. The weather was all that could be desired, but the path was in execrable condition. The final heat of the one-half mile bicycle handicap resulted as follows: E. V. Webber, Lenox Bicycle Club, forty yards, first; L. Sterns, Lenox Bicycle Club, thirty yards, second; W. Smith, Bristol Bicycle Club, England, scratch, third; T. W. Hunter, Col. A. C., fourth — won by two yards. One yard between second and third. Time, 1m. 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. During the afternoon, John Keen rode three miles against time. His style was much admired, and his time, taken by Mr. P. G. Lane, of the London *Sportsman*, was as follows: One mile, 3m. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; two miles, 6m. 25s.; three miles, 9m. 43s. Taking the state of the path into consideration, this was an excellent performance. Mr. C. D. Vesey, the English long-distance champion, and R. Patrick, professional cyclist, were noticed on the ground. — *Courier*.

THAT BOSTON BICYCLING. — We have received the following letter from the secretary of the Boston Bicycle Club: —

BOSTON, MASS., NOV. 14. — I am very sorry that my letter to you in relation to the spurts against time, at Beacon Park, should have been misunderstood. We do not claim that mile in 3m. 7s. as a record, but only as the fastest mile we knew of at that time. It was not an open competition, nor for a prize, but only a scrub spurt among those riders who were present. The letter which I wrote was intended to give you such information as was in my possession. The *Herald* made a mistake by printing it as a record. The remarks of the *Spirit* and the *Wheel* place me in a bad light, when I only intended to inform you personally of what I knew. I stated by postal that I was not present, and should have to rely on the state-

ments of others. These I collected for your information, but not with the intention of having my letter printed. J. S. DEAN.

This explanation renders unnecessary any further search as to the details of the racing. — *Spirit of the Times*.

Accepted.

Editor *Bicycling World*: — SIR: Seeing so many challenges from John S. Prince (the American champion) to ride any man in the country from one mile to fifty miles, I beg to accept his challenge, to come off as soon as Prince likes. He also can choose the distance, the stake to be from \$100 to \$1,000 a side, the race to take place either in New York or Boston. If Mr. Prince will stake a reasonable amount with any sporting journal, I will cover it and make all arrangements. JOHN KEEN, English Champion.

THE New York *Sunday Courier* says: We understand that a Boston firm is to open a bicycle riding school in New York this winter.... The *Herald* made one of its usual bicycling bulls last week. Its issue of Friday contained an elaborate account of the Thanksgiving day run, which did not take place, stating that about two hundred bicycles rode to King's Bridge and returned.... The Frye-Smith project is booming, Messrs. Egans, Sanford, Jenkins, Jones, Pitman, and Howard having agreed to give \$5.00 each.... Mr. Carpenter, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was in town on Thanksgiving day to attend the run. It was a disappointment to him to find that it would not take place; but had it been fine, he would have been in a worse fix, as his machine did not arrive till Friday.... Mr. J. Frank Burrell, ex-secretary of the Manhattan Bicycle Club, was thrown from his buggy while driving at Newark, and sustained severe injuries. He is, we are glad to say, in a fair way of recovery.

A SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) paper says of a performance in that city the 23d inst.: "The bicyclers did n't quite stand on their heads in the saddle in riding at the roller rink last night, but they posed in about every other position imaginable. The riders, Charles E. Whipple and E. C. Dumbleton, went through various one-pedal movements, rode round while lying at full length on the seat, and made some damsels envious of the masculine exclusiveness of the art by riding side-saddle and no saddle at all. They vaulted upon the wheel from a standstill, and showed their skill in quick dismounting and remounting, picking an object from the ground. The crowning act was the riding double in many positions, the circuit of the rink being made with one sitting on the other's shoulders. The whole exhibition was given with creditable smoothness, and was much enjoyed by the audience."

ONLY one single case of a man being killed by a fall from a bicycle has yet been recorded; but those who thought they were, for about ten minutes after the fall, are more than you can put in two piles. — *Boston Post*.

"Why dost thou soar, love?" sings a poet. Probably it is because he has been trying to mount the fiery, untamed bicycle. It will make any man sore.

PERSONAL

KEEN is as keen for a race as Prince appears to be.

FRANCIS CRAGIN has arrived in Boston from Washington, where he has been staying since his ride from Chicago.

L. M. RICHARDSON, who has opened a rink and bicycle riding school in the Milwaukee Exposition building, gave a fine entertainment there Thanksgiving eve.

WE are pleased to announce that Lieutenant R. C. Goodwin, of the Crescent Bicycle Club, is now on the fair road to recovery, the crisis of his fever having passed and his condition much more comfortable.

JOHN KEEN and Robert Patrick, professional racing bicyclers, and C. D. Vesey, amateur long-distance champion, together with P. G. Lane, of the London Sportsman, arrived in New York last week, and some interesting winter events are promised.

FRED. JENKINS, of the *Wheel*, was recently thrown from his bicycle and badly bruised by some boy-brute thrusting a stick through his wheel while riding. Boys of that sort ought to be treated as we treat the superfluous kittens of a litter,—chucked into the pond, with a stone attached to insure gravitation.

CUNNINGHAM & Co. have imported a beautiful Yale Racer for J. S. Prince. It is a fifty-four-inch wheel, weighs thirty-one pounds all complete, and is as strongly built as it is handsome. Meanwhile, Prince is just dying to give Rollinson a chance to beat him; but he says the professor only talks, and won't come to the scratch.

PRESIDENT PARSONS, the genial "header" of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and ex-corresponding secretary of the L. A. W., has sent us an able and interesting paper in reply to certain criticisms and aspersions of the League which have recently been uttered through our columns and elsewhere, which we shall publish next week.

OUR friend Lee G. Ashley, of the Chelsea Bicycle Club, who got his face and hands terribly lacerated a few weeks since by a savage fence thrusting itself in his way, and a malicious sidewalk suddenly rising up in front of him, has fully

and happily recovered "form," and has joined the Chelsea Brass Band. The club will therefore be able to sport an accomplished 58-inch bugler next season.

MR. HARLEY D. NICHOLS, late of Milwaukee, is in New York, where he expects to locate permanently. We had the pleasure of seeing the series of sketches he made for the Pope prize competition, and were so much pleased with them that we would like to see them reproduced in the best style of wood engraving,—similar to those of the *Century* and *Harper's* magazines, for instance. The sketches represent a tour among the Wisconsin lakes, and are finely conceived and finished.

The Bicycle.

Not a sound was heard, not even a wheel,
As the man on the bicycle hurried;
But every boy turned round on his heel
And saw that the man was flurried.
The bicycle upset in broad daylight,
In the sand and the filth upturning,
And the laugh of the boys at the ludicrous sight
Kept the wrath of the man still burning.

No useless broadcloth enclosed his breast,
Nor in hat nor in cap we found him;
But he lay like a vagabond taking his rest,
With the mud and the grime around him.
Few and short were the prayers he said
When over he fell with his bicycle;
He said he thought he was nearly dead,
As he felt as cold as an icicle.

We thought as we laid him on his bed,
And smoothed his hair and his pillow,
And he talked of his fall and the pain in his head,
That he was, indeed, a poor fellow.
Gladly they 'll talk of the bicycle down,
And over his bruises grew merry,
But little he 'll reck so they let him sleep on
And give him his last Tom-and-Jerry.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for dinner,
And we thought if his girl could have seen him then
He could not possibly win her.
Slowly and sadly we left him there,
From the field of his fall fresh and gory;
The bicycle fragments are laid on a chair,
And he all alone in his glory.

—Louisville Commercial.

BOOKS AND PAGES

THE CENTURY.—Four splendid portraits of four splendid men—viz., Lincoln, Garfield, Browning, Holland—grace the pages of the December number of what we have so long known as *Scribner's Monthly*. These portraits are remarkable, not only as likenesses, but as specimens of the excellence to which wood engraving has been brought in this country. The memorial paper accompanying the portrait of the late lamented editor-in-chief of Scribner's is of unusual interest, and is more so from the fact that it is written by Dr. Holland's friend, Edward Eggleston, and in the latter's peculiarly fascinating style. Besides the articles accompanying the other portraits named are the usual amount of illustrated papers; among the most interesting being "A Colonial Monastery," describing the singular religious sect of monks and nuns at Ephrata, Pa.; "The Hieroglyphs of Central America"; and "The American Student at the Beaux-Arts." Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" is continued, and W. D. Howells's new novel, "A Modern Instance," is charmingly begun; and there are many valuable and interesting articles beside.

ST. NICHOLAS for December is received, and is a charming holiday number. The illustrated cover represents the conventional St. Nicholas in a style not quite so conventional as usual, his antlered team being pictured as rushing in on an avalanche of snow, with a copy of the magazine for a sleigh. The contents, reading matter and pictures, are varied and excellent as

usual, although a greater proportion of them, of course, relate more or less to Christmas. One of these, "An Angel in an Ulster," is particularly good; and Frank R. Stockton has commenced another, called "The Poor Count's Christmas." The number is especially brilliant with serials; the "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," with its handsome and spirited illustrations, being continued, while Mary Mapes Dodge begins "Donald and Dorothy," and Edward Eggleston gives the opening chapters of "The Hoosier Schoolboy." One of the best things, however, is Clara Erskine Clement's paper on Raphael, with some splendid reproductions of the artist's masterpieces. "Stories from the Northern Myths," by James Baldwin, promise to form a valuable and pleasing addition to young people's literature, as it is also a comparatively novel theme to them. We have not space to enumerate all the excellences of this Christmas *St. Nicholas*, and so recommend our readers to purchase copies for themselves. The Century Company, New York, publishers.

THE November (holiday) number of *Geyer's Stationer* is received, and is filled with the usual valuable information in relation to stationers' and kindred interests, and is more than usually embellished with handsome illustrations.

To Readers who are not Subscribers.

As explained in detail in the standing announcement at the head of its editorial page, the *BICYCLING WORLD* is a journal "devoted to the interests of bicyclers generally"; and, naturally, its publishers look to bicyclers for its support and encouragement, and to no other class.

And when we say bicyclers, we mean all those who love and practise bicycling for pleasure, for sport, for health, for practical use in locomotion, and not those who manufacture, sell and deal in bicycles as a means of livelihood.

The publishers are in no way interested, financially, in bicycle trade nor manufacture, either in this country or in Europe, but its advertising columns are open to all alike, and on equal and impartial terms; yet—owing largely, perhaps, to the exclusiveness of rights of trade and manufacture—the number of bicycle dealers in the United States is so few that advertising, the chief source of newspaper profits, is of secondary importance in the support of a journal like this; its financial success must depend entirely upon its paid circulation.

To bicyclers, then, who desire to see their favorite sport encouraged, increased, defended, and popularized; who wish to see their moral and legal rights recognized everywhere; who are interested in knowing how the institution progresses at home and abroad; who expect to keep informed of racing events, meets, tours, runs; who would become posted as to the best routes, roads, hotels, and localities for bicycling; who care to learn from others' experiences the best methods of riding, travelling, dressing, overcoming incidental embarrassments; who want to know of and have explained the latest improvements in machines and parts of machines,—in short, to all bicyclers who want to know anything and everything relating to bicycling, we need not urge the importance of a good journal devoted exclusively to their interests.

Such a journal the *BICYCLING WORLD* aims to be; a moral, an intelligent, a fraternal link to bind bicyclers together for their common and individual interests and enjoyments. But in order to be this, it must have hearty individual as well as general support, both in its pages and on its subscription list.

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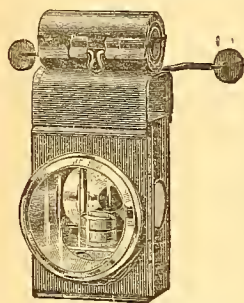
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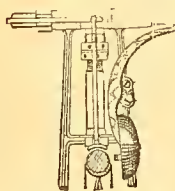
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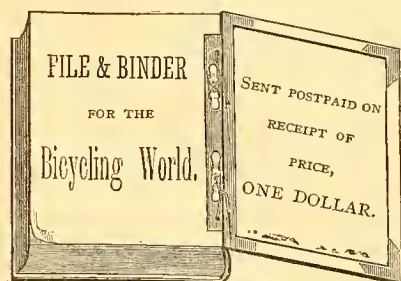
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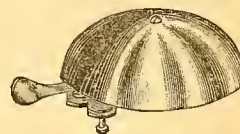
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