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[VOL. III. CONTENTS	NO 7]
Currente Calamo	73
Editorial	75
The Secret of Muscular Force	75
Notes of a Countryman	75
President Bates's Adventures at the League Meet	76
Mountain Touring	78
Wheel Club Doings	79
Utica	79
Aëolus	79
Waltham	79
Boston	79
L. A. W.	80
More from the Classic Gloom	80
Races	81
Philadelphia	81
Capital Club	81

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CURRENT CALAMO

FRESH.—A youth who rides a bicycle in order to inform a cold and unappreciative public that he exists. A bicycler who has a diseased idea that he must be nothing if not conspicuous. One of this genus may be readily identified by the way he rides,—generally very fast or with his hands behind his back. He scorns the simplicity of club uniform, as it obliterates his individuality, and wears a costume which would give him a front rank in a procession of Antiques and Horribles.

THE right meaning of the word "race" carries with it an idea of speed, but the word is fast degenerating into a term which may be used to describe a contest of endurance only. The swift and exciting motion of a race cannot be kept up by a bicycler for a distance of much more than five miles, and the contests of ten and twenty miles can only be compared to the exhibitions at Madison Garden, where mere brutal endurance takes precedence over the finer quality of speed.

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PRES. BATES is as sound a business man as he is a "jolly good fellow." In our next issue we will publish a suggestion from him in relation to the voting of League members, which embodies a fairer method, and one better suited to the interests of all members, than any we have yet heard of.

THERE are three eras in bicycle club life. The new member is usually modest. He says little, and rides contentedly in the rear. He is given laborious committee work, and gets no credit. After a time he rides in the front rank, and wants

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to race everything from a shooting star to a clothes horse. He chinneth incessantly at ye club meetings. He loses all sense of modesty on the questions of his knowledge of machines and his judgment of other wheelmen. After a time he sinks away again into retirement, keeps his place in line, votes quietly at meetings, lives on his past record, and is thoroughly satisfied it is better to ride to live than to live to ride.

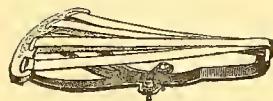
THE medals for the races of 28 May, at Beacon Park, are in process of manufacture, and will be ready very soon.

NOTICE.

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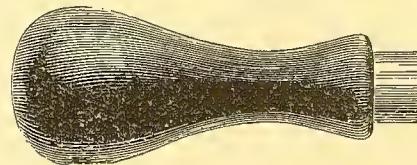
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BOSTON, 24 JUNE, 1881.

THE SECRET OF MUSCULAR FORCE.—In the *London Lancet* for 25 November, 1876, there is a proposition by Dr. T. W. Pavy which seems to solve the problem of the source of muscular power in a simple and attractive manner. Dr. Pavy's experiments with the pedestrian, Weston, and other professional athletes, resulted in some original and very startling deductions. At the time, the scientific and medical worlds were greatly stirred both by his methods and by his theories. In the magazine referred to he says:—

“The force manifested by living beings has its source by transmutation from other forms which have pre-existed. The food of animals contains force in a latent state.

“Properly regarded, food must be looked upon, not simply as so much ponderable matter; but as matter holding locked-up force. By the play of changes occurring in the body the force becomes liberated, and is manifested as muscular action, nervous action, nutritive action, heat, etc.”

This seems to clear up the fog of doubt which has so long hidden the source of that which initiates muscular action. It

seems to dispose of the matter completely, and to establish a doctrine from which all future physiological observers can start; and if his proposition had been deduced from long and careful investigation, it would have been regarded by every one a safe and simple solution of the mystery.

Unfortunately, however, the eminent scientist assumed his theory first and proceeded with his reasoning to prove it, shaping as much of the results as possible to establish it; and wherever his data did not coincide with it, he ascribed the error to the fact and not the theory.

Later on, an American physician, perhaps one of the most eminent in this country, conducted a series of experiments with Edward Payson Weston, collecting the results of his observations before propounding any theory. In a lecture which the writer was fortunate enough to hear, he said:—

“No one can say why the growth of muscle and the development of muscular power is restricted within certain limits, no matter how much food may be taken and digested; why a man becomes on an average five feet and eight inches high, and weighs one hundred and forty pounds; why the limit of his muscular endurance is fixed; why, after exhausting one set of muscles, he is still capable of severe work with another; why the animal machine necessarily wears out, and the being dies within a certain period; or why a man, with proper physical training, becomes capable of greater and more prolonged muscular effort with precisely the same food than the same man out of training.”

These are questions which cannot be readily answered by Dr. Pavy's theories. When a man has completely exhausted his “locked-up” force on one set of muscles where does the re-enforcement come from which inspires other unused muscles? The last question propounded by Dr. Flint is one which commends itself to those who contemplate bicycle racing, or any other severe muscular exertion. It implies a fact. The men who train carefully, as a rule, win against those who are backed only by fine natural capability. The muscles of a person whose exercise amounts to a daily walk or two are usually soft and of comparatively little power. The lungs and heart are easily distressed by violent effort, and any great drain upon their muscular resources is attended with considerable if

not dangerous exhaustion. In persons who are supposed to be quite healthy, but who take little or no exercise, there is a deposit of fat near the heart and lungs; and the want of vigorous action on the part of these organs, and of the muscles generally, induces very often what is vaguely termed “nervous exhaustion.” Such a person may live and enjoy life, but in the majority of cases they lack force of character, and the fine assertive sort of health which must find vent in vigorous action.

When any set of muscles is persistently exercised, the first tendency is to eliminate superfluous tissue of every kind, the second to harden and improve the quality of muscle in those parts, and the final tendency to build up and increase the volume of muscle of the best quality. The part of the body thus used is rejuvenated. It dies and is made over again, by a process which at present we can only guess at. The storing up of force by particular diet is a very pretty theory, but it is much more probable that certain kinds of food contain the nutrition necessary for muscular development in the form easiest assimilated, and that the sense of hunger is simply a demand of nature for material to build up new tissues.

It is not our purpose now to give a list of such food as is best suited to muscular development, or to state the conditions most favorable for it, as these two subjects deserve special mention. We simply present the question of the source of muscular strength, as it has come to us, and assuming that some particular diet is necessary to the perfection of muscular development, we re-solve the question by a direct assertion: The muscular substance is not a machine for transforming the force locked up in food into power, but is itself built up by food and perfected by regular exertion to the best performance it is capable of. The impulse given to all muscular motion comes from we know not where; but as it is perfected and strengthened only as the muscles themselves are strengthened, the whole secret of force lies in their growth and increase of power.

NOTES OF A COUNTRYMAN.

IT has become second nature, almost, for me to work off my “pent-up Utica” on the BI. WORLD; but to-day the sun shines so brightly, and the air is so balmy that I am too hopelessly lazy to do anything original. Perhaps the reader

will be the gainer. I am going to forage upon other people a bit.

Here is a scrap from the New York *Tribune*, and a decidedly fishy one it is:

"The practical success of the electric railway in Berlin has doubtless stimulated inventive talent the world over, but a velocipede propelled by electricity is the first vehicle to fall into line behind the German street car. An electrician of Paris has succeeded in driving an English tricycle for an hour along the streets of Paris, by means of electricity stored in a 'secondary battery' of Plante's make, and two small Deprez electric motors. The vehicle with its occupant weighed 400 pounds, and it was driven at the speed of an ordinary cab: but by improving the mechanism, the inventor hopes to raise the speed to twelve miles an hour; and the modification which has since been effected on the Plante battery by M. Faure will no doubt enable a supply of electricity to be stored up, capable of working the tricycle for many hours."

Do not, O lazy brother of the wheel, wait for this wagon. If you do, you may lose your riding till too old to ride at all. After all, is any such bicycle wanted? Give us a steamer or an electrical 'wheel,' and we would lose all the delightful stimulus of paddling our own canoe. The Providence or Bristol, or long-legged Ten of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its oft-repeated record of fifty seconds to the mile, are a deal better for "boughten" propulsion than a steam bicycle, I fancy; and then, as bicyclists are a moral, high-toned set, we should take into account the lie about this electric machine. It is without proof,—too, too altogether.

Now that I have arrayed myself on the side of the conservative lovers of truth and natural things, and have let my reader know how much I dote on simple, old-fashioned ways, and so on, I am going to raise another kind of ghost; but in this case a real one.

We have for several months been told to look out for wars and rumors of wars. A rider on one wheel has been talked about, wit! such improbable feats tacked to his back, that the average reader has become as sick of such mention as he usually is when, being bamboozled into reading some thrilling incident or startling discovery, he finds it ending in an advertisement of Stiggins's "Patent Liver Eradicator," or Drake's "Lightning Exhilarator."

And yet all this one-wheel story is true. Signor Scuri, a young Italian now exhibiting at the Alexandra Palace, in London, rides a machine with one wheel only and just backbone enough to hold the saddle. The *Cyclist* informs us that his machine has a high head and ordinary handle bar, and the backbone is rigidly attached to the head, so that he has to make his curves by jerking the body around. We are also informed that he "almost stands upon the pedals, leaning forward in such a manner as to keep just bal-

anced over the centre of gravity." He rides boldly, and performs wonderful feats. It delights my conservative nature to add that one of his little performances is to ride that one wheel down-stairs—there! that is off my mind, and I can draw breath and go on to something else. Before going, however, I wish the reader to remember to be polite. He must not say anything about Ananias, because I can show him these little facts with responsible authority, mainly the *Cyclist*. By the way in which Mr. Sturk galloped around on one wheel, one might suppose it to be easy to do. He informed a gentleman of my acquaintance that he could ride on one wheel as far as he chose; and we have the best of evidence, our eyes, that he was good for two or three hundred yards.

I have a Burley's skeleton saddle lying on its back here before me, in a basket, and have been worrying immensely because I could not go out to ride it and prove it. But what can a man do in six inches of mud? I can ride in the rain, but I am in the country, where there are only roads of the muddiest mud. I will try it in a day or two and report to the *WORLD*. Surely a real, live American saddle will be heartily welcomed. The suspension is good, but a certain percentage of riders cannot endure it.

The Great Hampton Meet came off in England, 21 May, with its procession of about 2,050 riders. The readers of this paper have heard all about it, and I only recall it to quote from the *Cyclist*, which speaks of the admirable riding of the Brighton Club, "in their well-known gray coats and straw hats," etc. Is n't this a revelation? Here we have fought over the helmet, and forage or polo cap, as vigorously as the Commissioners did over the Canadian fisheries, and about as sensibly. No man ever said "straw hat" a single time, though that seems to my untutored mind a good substitute for either polo or helmet. Will not some club take this to heart, and give us the delight of seeing one single variation from the rut we have been running in?

The *Wheel World* has changed hands, and will hereafter be edited by Messrs. Sturmey & Nairn. It was always a most readable monthly, and cannot lose with these gentlemen at the head of it. I have just received my May number, and am so eager to get at it, that I can let the reader go without further punishment.

I will only add, for the benefit of night riders, a formula for making what is called a superior bicycle lamp oil. This I find in the beginning of this same magazine: "To half a pint of colza, or any other lamp oil, put in a pan two pieces of camphor about the size of a walnut each, and let it gradually simmer by the side of a steady fire until the camphor is dissolved. It gives a very steady and brilliant white light, and never goes out over the roughest macadam."

PRESIDENT BATES'S ADVENTURES AT THE LEAGUE MEET.

IT was at the May meeting of the club that when the order of miscellaneous business was reached, I casually announced from the chair that I should attend the Boston Meet of the L. A. W. The announcement was received with applause. I said that I should probably be absent some time. (Enthusiastic applause.) I regretted that I should not be present at the next meeting to preside. (Tremendous applause, led by the vice-president, who would preside in my absence.) I therefore asked for a formal leave of absence. (Great applause.)

Mr. High moved that President Bates be granted one month's leave of absence.

The vice-president moved to amend, that an indefinite leave of absence be granted. (Loud applause.) He said that our beloved president may desire to remain absent more than one month; and he was sure that he expressed the general sentiment of the club when he hoped that our beloved president would take a long vacation from his official cares, and the universal good wishes of the club would go with him as long as he remained away. (Long-continued applause.)

The motion, as amended, was carried unanimously; also a motion appointing me to the office of delegate, to represent the club in the L. A. W. Meet.

Mr. Lowe said that our honored president will carry with him to the East the fraternal greetings of the great and growing West. When our honored president rides in the procession through the streets of Boston, he will remember that the eyes of the country are upon him; that he bears with him the dignity and the majesty of a mighty empire. He did not doubt that our distinguished chief would ride as one inspired by these lofty and patriotic sentiments, and that his carriage and demeanor would shed upon this club a still brighter effulgence of radiant and illustrious—ah—b'claw. (Applause.)

Mr. Cubb (a great admirer of the vice-president) said that he hoped our esteemed president would not hurry home on account of the club. (Applause.) The club would bear the separation with Roman firmness, knowing it would be for the good of the president and of the cause. (Unanimous applause.)

I hoped that some other members of the club would go also.

Mr. Slow said he had thought of going. The club immediately all hoped he would go. He asked me what route I should take. I said I should go by way of New York. He said that if he went, he should certainly take some other route.

Then the different members of the club each wanted I should carefully examine this or that machine, or purchase this or that for them, which I agreed to do. They all, without exception, hoped I would stay in Boston as long as I could be contented, and by no means to hurry back on their account.

These demonstrations of esteem and confidence touched my feelings, and I thanked the club warmly. It may appear egotistical in me to say so, but I am convinced that very few clubs are so cheerfully willing to have their presidents go away, and remain absent as long as they please, as my club is. The enthusiastic confidence with which my club are always ready to send me abroad is an honor to human nature. My wife was also willing that I should go away; and there was no opposition from any of the neighbors. Such unanimity of self-sacrifice is touching to a man of fine sensibilities.

Upon my arrival in Boston, I found everybody and everything full of bicycle. The hotels were full of it, the streets and all places of resort were full of it. Everybody talked bicycle. Upon making myself known, I was immediately taken out and stuffed with bicycle. We had bicycle for supper, we dined on bicycle, we had bicycle between meals. I was introduced to several bicycle beverages. A Canadian delegate desired to call my particular attention to a British bicycle concoction. It was composed of half bitter British beer, and half plain soda. After tasting it, I offered the bar-tender ten cents to drink it for me. He said that he was an orphan, and had solemnly promised his widowed mother never to drink anything likely to make a man commit murder or other crimes of bloody violence, though he was willing to risk a drink which contained simple larceny, or even an inclination toward bigamy; but he drew the line at manslaughtererous drinks.

As the Canadian delegate appeared a trifle displeased, I invited him to take a stroll, and do the city. We went to old Faneuil Hall. We met a gray-haired Bostonian, who explained everything to us. "This sacred spot," said the gray-haired Bostonian, "was the birthplace of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen."

The Canadian delegate courteously remarked that he had never seen an empire, but he presumed it was an imported English machine.

"In this venerable pile," continued the gray-haired Bostonian, "you behold the cradle of American liberty."

"The cradle spring is quite popular in the Dominion," politely observed the Canadian delegate. "It is very easy to sit on."

"Here," pursued the gray-haired Bostonian, "a patriotic soul can readily imagine the mighty spirits of '76, rising out of the dark backward and abysm of the past."

"Oh, come, now!" remonstrated the Canadian delegate, "you Yankees are always chaffing. I don't believe any man alive can handle a '76 machine. Don't believe any '76 machine was ever built. Come, now! that's too tall."

"Sir," said the gray-haired Bostonian, "you are partly right; true enough, no man living in these degenerate days can handle the '76 machine, as you are

pleased to call it. Certainly no foreign people can. Sir, that was an American machine, the pride and glory of this continent. If you will go with me, sirs, I will show you the portraits of the illustrious men who did handle the machine of '76; the men who were the pride of Boston, and the founders of the Republic."

The Canadian delegate said he presumed he would see the Republic machine in the procession; just now, he would prefer to be excused, and go over to the Hotel Brunswick. As we moved away, the gray-haired Bostonian looked after us with a melancholy shake of his old head, and said something about the trivial spirit of this commercial age.

At the Hotel Brunswick we took lunch with the Providence Club. A Providence lunch, as well as I can remember, consists of wheel on toast, nickel-plated, with a slice of lemon and a strawberry in it, and fluted hollow forks. It was elegant, and remarkably stiff in the backbone.

After the lunch, a party of us rode over to the Bunker Hill Monument. We remarked that Bunker Hill was n't much of a hill to ride over. At the Monument we found a native who showed us the spot where Warren fell. A Dominion delegate asked if he damaged the machine when he fell. The native replied with some heat that it smashed the machine all to pieces. An English bicycler asked if it was an English machine. The native said it was, and informed us that the British machine was knocked into a cocked hat, and offered to show us the cocked hat it was knocked into. Said his grandfather wore that sort of a hat. The Montreal man said that Mr. Warren must have taken a nasty header, and he could n't see any need of it on such smooth ground. The native brought out a specimen cocked hat, and showed it to us. He said it was a sacred relic. We looked it over carefully, and all agreed that it is n't anything like as good a hat as the polo, or the helmet. I asked the native if Boston had any pride in that hat. He said Boston regarded that hat with deep reverence. I said that these gentlemen had come to Boston from places a thousand miles distant, partly to examine and buy Boston goods. If that hat was the pride of Boston, we might as well take our custom to New York. Why, better hats than that were built 'way out West, in infant villages. Then we mounted and rode away; and the last we saw of the native, he was standing motionless, like a dark statue of indignant astonishment, against the gray background of the base of the Monument.

We then went to the Touring Club rooms, and had some more lunch, with Mr. Weston. The Touring Club lunch, if I remember rightly, is composed of roast beef rare, with rubber handles, horse-radish sauce with cradle springs, and shandygaff with short cranks. It takes two steps to mount, but it runs beautifully down hill.

Mr. Weston proposed that we take a trip to Blue Bell, to try the celebrated sandpapered roads of Massachusetts; and we eagerly assented. That was a lovely ride, through the most charming suburban villages of this continent. We rode over the noted Milton hill, which is long, but not difficult. Mr. Weston said the roads had not been sandpapered since last year; but they were simply perfect, — smoother than a floor, with broad and beautiful curves, easy grades, delightful scenery, and a perfect day for riding. All the roads were as clean as if people swept them once an hour; no pebbles, no litter, not even any dust. They were so clean that when on our return we found two straws and a bit of raspberry twig which some reckless person had dropped in the road, we all halted. A man came out of a house to see what we were doing. We asked him where any of the selectmen lived. He said he was one of them. We showed him the straws and twig, and wanted to know why such obstructions in the highway were permitted. He examined the obstructions officially, and apologized in a very mortified tone; said such a thing was very rare, and would be strongly condemned by public opinion, "but a very careless family has lately moved into the village, from Connecticut." The last the rest of us saw of that selectman, it was about nip and tuck between him and the members of the Hartford and New Haven clubs.

When we arrived in the city, we went to the Massachusetts Club rooms, and had a fish-chowder lunch. The part with a strawberry floating on top had double ball bearings and tangent spokes. A committee from seven different States had great difficulty in restraining Mr. Garrison from playing any more on the parlor organ. I would have sung our Detroit Club song, but at the second line the company unanimously declared that disturbed their enjoyment of the goings in and out of the trains in the Providence Depot, across the street. Out of courtesy I yielded to these remonstrances, and the city of Boston will probably never know or appreciate what a soul-moving thing it missed. It is some compensation to know, however, that none of the trains were detained by excited passengers on my account.

The next day being Sunday, most of the five or six hundred wheelmen in the city went to church. The majority selected churches at a distance. One party went to Waltham, another to Nahant, others to Blue Bell, Wellesley, Newtonville, Cambridge, and various villages within a radius of twenty-five miles. Riding so far in search of churches to suit their several desires showed a devotion very creditable to the fraternity. But it was a singular fatality which made so many arrive too late for service, or else fail to find the particular temple they were looking for; or go not only to but right by it, from not being

properly guided, and so return grievously disappointed.

In the evening I attended a spiritual gathering at the rooms of the Providence Club. Mr. Clark, of Baltimore, now recording secretary of the League, conducted the services in a solemn and impressive manner. The New York Club men present seemed deeply affected. During the services a large amount of missionary work to be done among the other clubs and members was laid out, and arrangements were made for printing a small missionary paper, which it was fondly imagined would at once convert all but the most hardened delegates; but like the attempt to convert the North American Indians, and soften their hearts so that they should refrain from scalping unwary white men, somehow these admirable arrangements failed to produce substantial results. I promised to prey with the first batch of converts myself, on condition that a sufficient number of others should sit on them and hold them down, touching the giving of the vice-presidency of the League to a Western man; but events let me out, as I felt pretty sure they would. Let me say here, with the utmost sobriety, that I fully believe the League elected the best man for president who could possibly be selected, and that its choice for other officers seems to me to have been admirably wise; and such, I think, is now the universal opinion.

Of the events of Monday, and the procession, I need not speak; everybody knows all about it. If the procession was a novelty and delight to the spectators, the spectators were a novelty and delight to the procession. The observers observed us, and we observed the observers. There was as much fun to the block in that crowd as in any crowd I ever saw, if one only had time to study it. The startling theories and strange remarks I heard from the people as we rode along were very amusing.

But let me pass all this, and hasten home. No one knows how much he is loved and appreciated at home till he has been absent and returns from abroad. I arrived unexpectedly, my friends supposing I would be gone several days longer. Consequently the affectionate reception which greeted my arrival was all the more touching. My wife said, "Why, we didn't look for you for several days, and I was going to a party to-night. What made you come back so soon?" The children said, "Why, papa, we didn't think you were coming home this week; and we were going to a picnic." The club members said, "Hello! you back again? Didn't expect you till after our next meeting." These kind demonstrations affected me keenly; and I was especially touched when the vice-president wrung my hand, and said he had expected to conduct the next meeting without me, and they all sincerely hoped I had n't hurried on account of the club. These are the things which fill the cup of life with sweetness, and shed a rich perfume

along the pathway of existence, like clover fields and climbing roses along a Michigan country road.

B.

MOUNTAIN TOURING.

Mr. Editor:—As the touring season is at hand, it will perhaps interest such of your readers as are contemplating extended bicycircular trips this summer, to know the experience of one who has twice wheeled through large portions of the mountain regions of Maine and New Hampshire. The writer has already given the WORLD readers a brief outline of the first trip, made during the month of July, 1879, and which was probably the first extended bicycle tour made in this country. The party that year comprised two wheelmen, three horsemen, and two men in the commissary wagon, the whole party, including horses, vehicles, and camping equipments, embarking July 7, on the steamer for Portland, Me., whence they took up the line of march through Raymond, Casco, Waterford, Harrison, West Bethel, to the Androscoggin River, and along the valley of that stream to Gorham, N. H. (camping here five days and making excursions to Mt. Washington and other points of interest in the vicinity, sometimes by bicycle and sometimes by other conveyances); thence by way of Jefferson Hill, Fabyan's, Bethlehem, Crawford's, and through Franconia Notch to Woodstock, where the writer left the main party (which went back to Portland via Sandwich), and down the Pemigewasset and Merrimac valleys, through Plymouth, Concord, and Haverhill, Mass., to Boston, after an absence of just three weeks. The party of last year, which left Boston 5 July, and as before on the steamer for Portland, comprised four equestrians, six vehiculists (in buggy and carriage), two wheelmen (the same two of the previous year), and the driver and two lads in the commissary wagon. The homes of the tourists were in Boston, Chelsea, Everett, and South Framingham, and their occupations embraced law, medicine, public instruction, journalism, and trade. The route from Portland was the same as the first tour as far as Harrison, thence through Bethel, Newry, up Bear River, past Screw Auger Falls, and through Grafton Notch to Cambridge, N. H.; thence over Upton Hill, and along the shore of Lake Umbagog to Errol Ridge; from Errol along Clear Stream to Dixville Notch; thence via Kiddersville to Little Diamond River and Lake; thence through Colebrook down the Connecticut Valley (partly on the Vermont and partly on the New Hampshire side) to Lancaster; thence by Jefferson Hill to the Glen, Jackson, North Conway, Fryeburg, Bridgton, Naples, South-Casco, to Portland, and steamer to Boston. The round trip from Portland and back covered about three hundred miles, and occupied just three weeks from 5 July.

The object of this communication being simply to inform prospective tourists of the condition of the roads and facilities

for bicycling in those sections through which our party passed, no attempt at description of the scenery, nor at relation of adventures and incidents of the journey will be made, albeit the former was to us replete with beauty and grandeur, and the latter were always interesting, and often novel and exciting. The first day from Portland the party made twenty-four miles, camping at South Casco. The road was a bad one for bicycles,—that is, it was generally soft, except in the vicinity of village centres, when we could take the foot-paths or sidewalks; yet we did not walk much, and reached camp considerably in advance of most of the horses, and in better condition. Next day, about the same distance was covered, but the roads were worse and we walked more; but one of the saddle horses was used up, and his rider left him at Waterford to recuperate while he purchased another. Some of the roading this day, between North Waterford and Harrison Landing, was excellent, and we reached the latter an hour or two before most of the horses; but a few miles beyond the roads became sandy, and were very bad until we reached Bethel the next day. From Bethel to Newry the wheeling was tolerable, with occasional stretches of deep sand, through which it was necessary to walk; but a pleasant camp was made here, the tourists, assisted by the villagers, improvising a jolly vocal and instrumental concert; for our party comprised some excellent musical talent,—two violinists, a flutist, a capital pianist, and several good singists, all which made them speedily welcome everywhere as soon as the community became aware of the fact. The wheelmen, however, from the novelty of their locomotion, proved, through the whole journey, the "open sesame" to all places where the reception of our rough-looking party would else have been doubtful. From Newry, where we began to get into the mountain country, was found some very fair wheeling to Cambridge, although some very disagreeable hill climbing was encountered; this, however, was amply compensated for by the beauty and interesting character of the country, the scenery through Grafton Notch and at Screw Auger Falls being especially charming. Cambridge, on the shores of Lake Umbagog, proved a wretched and disagreeable camping-place, and the hard wheeling and walking of the bicyclers the past two days had wearied them so much that they sent their machines forward with some camp luggage, by a team, to Dixville Notch, and betook themselves to the commissary; but they never ceased to regret it, for the entire road to the Notch was in good condition here, and with the exception of the ascent through the Notch, almost wholly void of hills, and the saddle-horses could have been beaten by a long distance, whereas the commissary was slow and jolted continually. We camped in the Notch at noon, and next day had good wheeling to Little Diamond River, where the party camped two days for fish-

ing and thence over more excellent roads about twelve miles to Colebrook. From here to Lancaster the roads were alternately good and bad, the last predominating,—especially on the Vermont side of the river. From Lancaster to Jefferson Hill the wheeling was generally very good, and for four or five miles beyond the latter; but the rest of the way to the Glen, by way of Wood's Corner, across a spur of Mt. Jefferson, was almost entirely unridable. Camp was made Friday of the second week, at Glen Cottage, about two miles north of the hotel and ten miles from the summit of Mt. Washington. We remained here until Monday morning to give the horses a rest and procure some oats from Gorham; and as very little of the two-mile road from camp to the Glen House was practicable for bicycles, our frequent trips to and from the hotel were made afoot by all parties. Sunday morning we all left camp afoot for the ascent of Mt. Washington, three of the party keeping the carriage road and the rest of us turning off through Tuckerman's Ravine. The bicyclists, as usual in feats of this sort, reached the summit first, and ahead of those who ascended by the carriage road. We dined at the Summit House, and all descended by the carriage road, halting on the way to view the locality of the terrible and fatal stage accident of a few days before, and arrived in camp after our twenty-mile tramp early in the evening. Broke camp next morning and made Jackson about noon, having stopped at many places of interest on the way,—Emerald Pool, Crystal Cascade in the Ravine, Glen Ellis Falls, etc.,—and camped until next morning, when we wheeled over a splendid road to North Conway. This road was so good that the wheelmen arrived here an hour before the equestrians, and long before the other vehicles. The road from the Glen House to Glen Ellis is mostly sandy, and from the latter to Jackson hard and descending, but very rough and uncomfortable to ride on. The Mt. Washington carriage road is very gradual in descent, and a careful and skillful rider could bicycle down the whole eight miles of it safely, the only risk consisting of the frequent water-course hummocks across the road,—one of which, without doubt, overturned the stage last year after the horses became unmanageable. We spent an enjoyable three days in North Conway, and then moved over alternately good and bad roads, *via* Fryeburg, to Bridgton, where we spent two days, and on Sunday morning went as far as Raymond, and rode into Portland some time during the forenoon of the next day, and reached Boston by steamer Tuesday morning, just twenty-two days from the time of starting.

To sum up, we found the roads practicable for bicycles about from ninety to ninety-two per cent of the way; but bicyclists should not make such a trip in company with horse vehicles, the combination being very inconvenient for the former if dependent upon the movements

of the latter, because horses cannot comfortably cover more than twenty-five miles on the average roads, and on good ones the wheel can do twice that distance, while on bad ones ten or twelve miles will be hard to overcome. Besides, horses must make certain stations on the route to obtain suitable food and stabling, whereas the bicyclist can find accommodations for himself and wheel at any farmhouse where he chooses to stop, and can regulate his day's journey according to road conditions, convenience, or caprice, and can carry on his machine two changes of underclothing, toilet articles, and other compact conveniences; or if he wishes to stop at places on the route where better dressing is desirable, he can express a valise from point to point at trifling cost; and if he would make occasional troutng a feature of the trip, a folding rod and adjuncts can be slung over his back, ready at hand whenever a promising brook is encountered, and these opportunities are by no means infrequent. Parties of two or three are better than larger ones for bicycle tours, for it is difficult to get accommodations for many at the ordinary farm-houses, and hotels are not always conveniently near as could be wished where roads are bad; and bicyclists, to enjoy their trip, need to be as independent and ultimately objectless as tramps. In each of these mountain trips the roads averaged about as good for bicycles as for carriages, and in the mountain districts they were generally better than in the low lands and river valleys—almost the entire Dixville region being excellent wheeling for many miles at a stretch, and we found fewer steep grades to surmount than in the river counties the roads in the former generally winding around the bases of the mountains, and being hard and comparatively smooth-bedded, while the river roads were frequently sandy and hilly. G.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

UTICA BICYCLE CLUB.—The Utica Bicycle Club was organized with the following officers: President, Otto A. Meyer; captain, R. T. Peckham; secretary and treasurer, W. J. Walters. The other members so far are: D. G. Ray, W. C. Meyer, J. H. Gilmore, John Lindner, Jr., Charles H. Metz, Henry Edwards.

ÆOLUS.—*Editor Bicycling World:* Noticing that there is but little Worcester news in your paper, I would like to introduce the Æolus Wheel Club. Late in the past winter six members of the Worcester Bicycle Club resigned, and formed the new club. We have now an active membership of nineteen, and every man uniformed. We have made it a rule that before any one becomes a member of the club, he shall deposit with the treasurer a sum sufficient for the purchase of a uniform, and it is then furnished by the club. By this means we not only have all the members uni-

formed, but uniformed alike. We have club drills Wednesday evenings, with seldom less than ten members present, and a like good attendance at the Saturday afternoon runs. Several of our members have got in the habit of starting out at 5 A. M., and taking a run for a breakfast appetizer. For instance, one man last week took morning spins as follows: Monday, six miles; Tuesday, ten miles; Thursday, nine miles; Friday, thirteen miles; Saturday, six miles. Total, forty-four miles. Friday, five members put in an appearance at 5 A. M. for a run to Millbury, six miles, and return. The run down was made in forty minutes. Two of the men rode back in twenty-five minutes, and the other three in thirty-seven minutes. One of the twenty-five minute men could not have made that time had he not been suffering from a boil, which had made him mad all through, and the other man followed him to see that he did not kill any one on the way home.

We hope to entertain our bicycling friends in Worcester again the coming fall at the time of the New England Fair. As a club we have heard nothing of what the New England Fair officials propose to do as regards races, but we hear that they have been in consultation with a committee from the Worcester Bicycle Club, and we presume that together they will arrange some plan of action. The Worcester men had such a thoroughly enjoyable time last fall that we hope to see another meet here this fall, and a large one.

I think the bicycle is more common on the streets of Worcester than in any other city I know of. One of our members recently spent four days in New York, one day in New Haven, and one half day in Springfield, and during the whole time saw only three bicycles, and from the cars did not see one either while going or coming.

On a fine evening it is a common occurrence to see on the boulevard on the west side of the city from twenty to thirty riders at one time, taking their evening exercise. Bicycling has got the upper hold on Worcester, and the Æolus men have got the upper hold on bicycling.

WALTHAM.—At the meeting of the Waltham Bicycle Club, held 7 June, the semiannual election of officers resulted as follows, viz.: President, Wm. Shakespeare; captain, Chas. W. Sewall; first lieutenant, LaRoy S. Staples; second lieutenant, Chas. C. Hardy; secretary, H. B. Colby; treasurer, Chas. E. Richards; board of directors, M. L. Childs, W. H. Smith, Chas. E. Mulloy; bugler, A. F. Rivard. The largest gathering of wheelmen ever held in Waltham, was upon the occasion of the "Consul's run," 29 May, at which time there were sixty-three men in line on the return to Chestnut Hill.

HENRY B. COLBY, Sec'y W. Bi. C.

BOSTON BI. CLUB.—The members of this sociable old club were entertained

handsomely last week by one of their members, Mr. George B. Woodward, at his residence in Longwood. The attendance was quite full and the occasion a thoroughly enjoyable one, as most gander parties are. The toast of the evening was the health of Mr. Woodward, the first president of the oldest club in the country, and its most hospitable entertainer, proposed by Mr. Charles E. Pratt. It is said that the ancient of the club went with his hands buttered, as he had understood that it would be a *candy* party.

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 *Dillwyn Wistar, Philadelphia, Pa.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPLICATIONS.

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

*KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,
Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.*

UNATTACHED. — Harry W. Weeks, Southboro', Mass. (St. Mark's school); W. A. Wilcox, Worcester, Mass.; Burroughs S. Rose & Co., care of West, Clark & Case, Trenton, N. J.; Chas. Cressman, corner Thirteenth and Green streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

WORCESTER BI. CLUB. — Additional: E. D. Thayer, Jr., 67 Chatham street, Worcester, Mass.; L. N. Kinnicutt, 400 Main street, Worcester, Mass.; Sam'l H.

Clary, 448 Main street, Worcester, Mass.; Frederic Kimball, 452 Main street, Worcester, Mass.; Geo. T. Dewey, 23 Chestnut street, Worcester, Mass.

MILWAUKEE BI. CLUB. — Additional: E. C. Langlois, Geo. P. Miller, Frank Pingree, and Chas. W. Beck, — all of Milwaukee.

PHILADELPHIA BI. CLUB. — Additional: Chas. H. Scott, 113 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank S. Lewis, 59 N. Front street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Geo. C. Thomas, 2019 De Lancey place, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW HAVEN BI. CLUB. — Additional: Frederick Busche, Jr., 132 College street, New Haven, Conn.

NOTICE TO DIRECTORS. — Directors will please notify the corresponding secretary as early as possible of any changes of consuls, and send in the names of any new consuls appointed. Consuls' certificates for 1881-2 should be issued as soon as possible.

*KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,
Cor. Sec. L. A. W., 54 Wall street,
New York City.*

MORE FROM THE CLASSIC GLOOM.

ONCE more summer has descended upon the smoky city. The slush is a thing of the past. The snow has disappeared. The bicycle has reappeared, and all nature is joyous. Little birds sing upon the swaying branches, while gentle zephyrs sigh through the shaded avenues. On the other hand, gentle heifers devour the foliage of said shaded avenues, and the yet lingering rut strikes terror to the heart of the wheelman who ventures beyond the paved roads.

Asking pardon for this feeling little digression, let us proceed: Tuesday, 17 May, 1881, dawned gloomy and foreboding. Rain was evidently debating whether to fall or not. At precisely 9.30 A. M., Mr. S. G. O., sub-captain of the Keystone Bi. Club, member of League American Wheelmen, and winner of the gold medal for Exposition races last summer, started up upon a short trip on a road which follows the picturesque windings of the Monongahela. He leaped upon a 54-inch Special Columbia, while your humble servant calmly bestrode a 52-inch Standard Columbia. We left Glenwood Station, Baltimore and Ohio Railway, somewhere near the mile post which scores five miles from the heart of the city, and soon reached the clay road. We had gone but quarter of a mile when Mr. S. G. O. found the head screw too tight, and we spent half an hour breaking a wrench upon it, and finally made it ridable. Luckily we had an extra wrench, and could proceed on our way. From this point we sailed along nicely, not mentioning the fifteen headers I took within one mile. These only served to wake me up and clear my brain. The contemplative mood into which these fails had thrown me was rudely disturbed by our arrival at a sea of mud which occu-

pied the road. "Old 54-inch" picked his horse up and strode manfully through the clay, while I followed, a heavenly smile illuminating my curving lips; four hundred yards of this, and we stepped upon dry land, and turned to gaze upon the beautiful town which borders this splendid piece of road. 'Tis called Demmler, and boasts of six houses and a grocery store. At twelve we entered the populous town of McKeesport, which we made the terminus of our trips last summer. The town was much excited over the arrival of a circus, and we were objects of admiration and wonder. A young man confidentially told me that Market street was the best road in town for "velocipedes," and this piece of news weighed so heavily upon him that he repeated it to me twice. He then asked if we did n't belong to the circus, or — menagerie; and was much relieved to hear we were free and independent. Thirty minutes for an indifferent meal, fifteen minutes for a "fragrant cheroot," and we were up and away, riding though the town. When passing the circus grounds many remarks were made, and one poor, misguided youth asked our Special Columbia man to let him into the show for fourteen cents. This was not to be thought of, and we fled along the road in hot haste. The road now was good and almost level for two miles, and we rode almost that distance not dismounting once. The road terminated in the Youghiogheny River, and we had to take a skiff and cross. We climbed a precipitous hill through a deep wood, and upon the top halted at a small cottage, and accosted a small boy, who immediately asked, "What's them?"

To which I facetiously replied, "This machine is called 'make 'em tired'; will you please give us a drink of water?"

The boy said, "Yes, for five cents." Upon this I threw the lappel of my coat back and displayed my "League" badge, which so overawed the youth that he got the water forthwith and never referred to the remuneration. We crossed the river once more and landed at Buena Vista, a very bright(?) looking village, consisting of three houses, a grocery store, and a large building with a huge sign, "coffins," upon it. This afforded an opportunity for gloomy reflection on the physical end of man and the wretched condition of the roads, as we sat waiting for the down train. We had ridden twenty-one miles from home, and were twenty-seven miles from town at 4.30 P. M., when we stopped and waited for the next return train, as the roads were unfit for riding. I found the new cradle spring would not allow me to dismount by throwing one leg over the handle. Every time I came to a bad rut I would try to turn out, and every time I did I executed a lofty tumble, but, most always feet first. We got home at 6 P. M., same day, very little the worse for our struggles.

The Keystone Club has not indulged in a run yet, but will soon take the inhabitants by storm, in a new brown suit,

which was originally stone-color. Mr. Palmer, an enthusiastic rider from the suburbs, has sold his bicycle and proposes to get a horse. The agency here is selling quite a number of bicycles, and there will be much riding done here this summer.

PHIL.

RACES

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday was a busy day in field and river sports. The heavy rains of the previous day had left the grounds in a very undesirable condition, and in consequence four cricket matches and the gentlemen's races at Belmont Park were postponed. The bad condition of the roads had induced those in charge to call a postponement of the bicycle meet at the Permanent Exhibition building in the afternoon; but as it failed to reach many of the wheelmen in time, they went out in force prepared for the exercises.

In order not to cause a disappointment it was decided to carry out the programme particularly as there were a large number of visitors on hand to witness the start. The Philadelphia, Germantown, Centaur, Pegasus, and *Æolus* Bicycle Clubs were represented, and with a large number of the unattached, there were mustered about ninety-five wheelmen. Mr. G. D. Gideon was the commander, with Messrs. Miller, Tilghman, Cope, and Lewis as marshals.

The procession of riders having been formed, it moved in single and double files, and in fours, around the main building, and then passed out on the road. There was a road race from Hestonville to the Red Lion Hotel, three and one half miles, there being the following entries: G. D. Gideon, F. W. Corse, A. Powell, J. N. Smith, W. H. Mears, and J. Boyd. Mr. Gideon was the first in: time, 17 minutes 15 seconds. Second, Mr. Corse: time, 17 minutes, 25 seconds. This is good time, considering the long hills and the heavy condition of the road.

The turnpike company collected five cents from each bicyclist. Sixty-seven gentlemen rode as far as Ardmore, and proceeded to the well-known Gen. Wayne Hotel. Some thirty gentlemen sat down to an excellent repast, and in the evening returned by moonlight to the city. Before returning, however, Mr. Gideon received a handsome gold medal, and Mr. Corse a silver medal, on behalf of Mr. H. B. Hart, who was unable to be present on account of sickness in his family. It was a noticeable fact, both at the Exhibition Building and along the road, that the horses attached to light carriages and other vehicles did not seem to be the least frightened at the bicycles and their riders.—*Philadelphia Times*.

CAPITAL BI. CLUB.—*Editor Bicycling World:*—The second annual races of the Capital Bi. Club were in every way a success. The records in the various events were an improvement over last years, and the enthusiasm of the large crowd to witness the races surpassed anything we had expected. Fully 10,

000 people crowded about the circle, and the grand stand was completely filled with a select class of people.

Iowa Circle is surrounded by some of the finest residences in the city. These houses were very prettily decorated with flags, and every window was filled with excited faces.

The whole scene, together with fine weather, was sufficient cause to make any bicycler exert himself to win, and in winning make good time, as nearly all the races were very evenly contested.

The parade was very good,—there being about 80 machines in line, in the order given in the following programme:

Commander.—Capt. H. S. Owen (of Capital Club).

Marshals.—S. T. Clark (of Baltimore Club); P. F. Dodge (of Arlington Club); S. Preston Moses (unattached).

FIRST DIVISION.—J. McK. Borden, captain; Capital and Baltimore Clubs.

SECOND DIVISION.—F. T. Rawlings, captain; Arlington Club and unattached riders.

FANCY RIDING.

At 5.05 o'clock, by Rex Smith, of Capital Club.

THE RACES.

No. 1. ONE MILE. Open to all. Start from scratch. Prize, gold medal.

2 Entries:

H. M. Schooley, 3.14½, Royal Challenge, 54; H. Stewart, 3.14½, Arlington Bi. Club, Columbia, 54.

No. 2. QUARTER MILE. For members of C. Bi. C. only. Flying start and run singly. Prize, gold medal, silver medal.

3 Entries:

A. M. Coyle, 46½, Excelsior, 54; L. W. Seely, 43½, Royal Challenge, 55; George Cook, 43½, Harvard, 54.

[Best record at first annual races, 41½ seconds.]

No. 3. FIVE MILES. For members of C. Bi. C. only. Start from scratch. Prizes, gold medal, silver medal.

2 Entries:

J. McK. Borden, 18.42½, Imperial Challenge, 55; E. H. Fowler, 18.43½, Yale, 52.

[Best record at first annual races, 19 minutes, 21 seconds.]

No. 4. ONE MILE. Boys on wooden machines. Flying start. Prize, silver medal. 10 entries.

Robert Chapman, 4.50; Ross Broadhead, 4.55.

No. 5. ONE MILE. For members of C. Bi. C. only. Start from scratch. Prizes, gold medal, silver medal. 4 entries.

George Cook, 3.20½, Harvard, 54; L. W. Seely, 3.20½, Royal Challenge, 55.

[Best record at first annual races, 3 minutes, 25 seconds.]

No. 6. THREE MILES. Open to all. Start from scratch. Prize, gold medal. 4 entries.

H. Stewart, Arlington Bi. Club, 10.00½, Columbia, 54. H. M. Schooley, Royal Challenge, 54, three lengths behind.

The quarter-mile line is drawn around the circle, at a distance of nineteen feet six inches from the inner curbstone. The distance has been accurately measured and is correct.

E. H. FOWLER, Sec. C. Bi. C.
WASHINGTON, 20 June.

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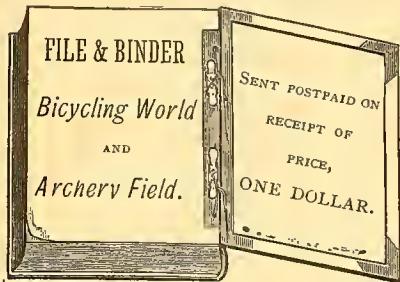
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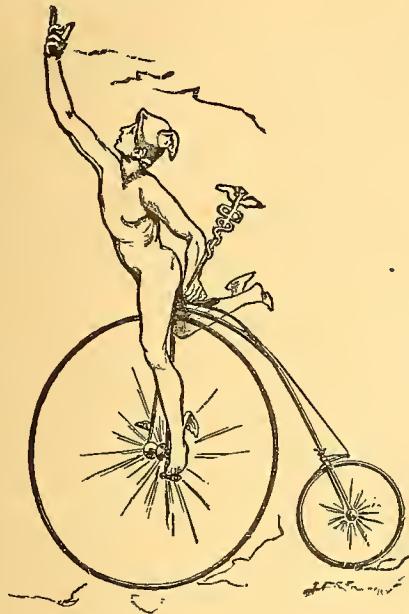
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