

# The Bicycling World

A JOURNAL OF BICYCLING, ARCHERY AND OTHER POLITE ATHLETICS

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## CONTENTS

[NUMBER 7

	Page		Page
Advertisements . . . . .	110	Invention and Manufacture . . . . .	00
Archers and Archery . . . . .	106	Literary Comment . . . . .	108
Cheiron's M. I. P. . . . .	106	Our Exchanges . . . . .	00
Club Directory . . . . .	103	Personal Items . . . . .	109
Club Doings . . . . .	108	Queries and Answers . . . . .	108
Coming Events . . . . .	00	Races . . . . .	102
Correspondence . . . . .	100	Rates and Terms . . . . .	110
Currente Calamo . . . . .	00	Relative Athletics . . . . .	107
Editorial . . . . .	104	Special Notices . . . . .	00
Glances Abroad . . . . .	109	Tours and Excursions . . . . .	00
Headers . . . . .	00	Tricycles, Velocipedes, etc. . . . .	00
A Second Annual Dinner . . . . .			97
The Horse and the Bicycle . . . . .			97
A Week's Touring in France . . . . .			98
The Clubs Reviewed. IX. The Essex Bicycle Club . . . . .			99
X. Chicago Bicycle Club . . . . .			100
The New York Tournament . . . . .			102
Etherington's Vindication . . . . .			104
Acknowledgment. — "A Wheel Around the Hub" . . . . .			104
A Long-Range Vehicle. — Not a plaything . . . . .			105
The Arrow . . . . .			106
Curling . . . . .			107
An Unique Exhibition . . . . .			109

### A SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

One of the jolliest and most successful convivial events in the annals of American bicycling occurred on the evening of 2 February, when the regular monthly meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club closed, at 8 p.m. The members of the club and their guests immediately repaired to the Society Dining Hall, at Vossler's, so favorably known for its excellent furnishings for such occasions, and proceeded to follow the indications of a very unpretentious menu.

President Pratt occupied "the chair," and Secretary Weston the "vice-chair," according to the arrangement of the committee, but the proceedings were very informal and full of surprises. As no one present was allowed to take notes, it will be impossible to report the remarks that were made with any degree of justice. Regrets were received and letters read from several who were invited but found it impossible to attend, amongst whom were his Excellency John D. Long, his Honor F. O. Prince, Hon. Charles J. Brooks, Alderman Flynn and Councilman Lauten, Mr. A. W. Drake of New York, Mr. A. D. Chandler, President of the Suffolk Bicycle Club, and Col. A. A. Pope, President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club.

After some humorous remarks by "the chair," the toast to "Our Country," was proposed and responded to by the singing of the first stanza of "America" by the company. "The City of Boston" was disposed of at the second round; and then Mr. J. G. Dalton was brought up by surprise to answer for "The Boston Bicycle Club," and rightly claimed credit, personally, after according much to the Club, for taking the first "header" in this country.

To "The Past and Present Officers of the Club," proposed by the vice-Chair in a witty little speech, the Chair responded at considerable length, in which he reviewed some things in the history of the Club, and compared the prevalency of the club system in France with that in England, and concluded by proposing the health and success of "Other American Clubs." To this Mr. Russell Sturgis, President of the Harvard Bi. C., Mr. Carpenter, President of the Providence Bi. C., and Mr. F. B. Cochran, President of the Crescent Bi. C. responded. Mr. Sturgis dwelt happily upon the desirability of inter-club courtesies; Mr. Carpenter made many witty allusions, and Mr. Cochran, in a graceful way, complimented the Boston Bi. C. on its fraternal aid and encouragement to the younger clubs.

A toast to "The Pickwick Bicycle Club of England," with a cordial and well-worded sentiment, was proposed by the vice-Chair, and he was directed to send it by next mail to the secretary of that club, so that the oldest club in America and the oldest club in England might exchange greetings. "Our Racing and Touring Members" was responded to by Mr. W. W. Allen and coupled with the name of Mr. A. W. Drake, "Our Honorary Member." In proposing "Our Visitors," the Chair hinted in a humorous manner at the great number of "firsts" present,—the first bicycle rider in America, the first club, the first entertainer of a club, the writer of the first editorial on bicycling in our daily press, the author of the first magazine article on the bicycle, and so forth, and called up, in response to this toast, and then that of "The Press," one after another, Mr. Field who had waited two years for a return of hospitality by the club, and Mr. Kempton, of the *Boston Herald*, also Mr. Baxter, a journalist, who contributed in 1877 the first leader on bicycling to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and Mr. Julius Wilcox, of New York, who made entertaining and appropriate speeches, the latter concluding a laughter-provoking sketch of bicycling in the Metropolis, by the effective reading of a poem which caused much merriment. The meeting was largely attended, enthusiastic, and very enjoyable, and was continued with music on the piano by Mr. Carpenter and others, and songs, stories, and spicy conversation, until after midnight.

Mr. Wilcox's poetic diversion follows:—

### THE HORSE AND THE BICYCLE.

From his window a horse thrust his head,  
Catching sight of a flying biped—  
Aliferous wheel just below,  
And he called to the wheel—Hee! hallo!  
If you're not in great hurry to go,  
Pray tie yourself up to that tree  
And hold a brief converse with me.

Well, whence and what are you? the devil —  
 Excuse me, I mean to be civil —  
 Stands he to you *loco parentis*?  
 No? and you're not *non compos mentis*  
 That you go thus a-rolling along  
 Without thills, trace, buckle, or thong?  
 You're surely a comical creature —  
 No head, tail, flank — nary feature  
 Equine that is not unequine —  
 Why this thusness I cannot divine.  
 But, say, do you work without pay,  
 Or do you find life only play?  
 Eat you grass, oats, roots, or dry hay —  
 For your starved — your ribs all show through,  
 And your legs are mere spindle-shanks too.  
 Of air did old Centaur beget you,  
 And a-racing with Pegasus set you?  
 You seem of the razor-backed breed —  
 Has your flesh all run off into speed?  
 And how do you go without sound?  
 I hear no hoofs beating the ground,  
 No "*quadripedante putrem*" —  
 You must know the rest, don't you — ahem!  
 At your ignorance dullards might ramp 'em —  
 "*Sonitu quatit ungula campum.*"  
 Come — speak! but, whatever your *usus*,  
 I'll swear your a *natura lusus*.

Quoth the wheel: You seem a wise fellow —  
 Did ever you read of Othello,  
 The fighter, who slit people's bellows! he  
 Lost his biz', by reason of jealousy.  
 But, waiving all such suggestions,  
 Let me try to answer your questions.

Dug from earth, and then moulded by fire,  
 I came here — so the sun is my sire.  
 True, my ribs and my members are thin,  
 Not, like yours, thickly blanketed in;  
 That I'm fleshless I freely concede,  
 But flesh is just what I don't need.  
 Call it work, call it play, without feed  
 I travel, a courser indeed,  
 With the spirit of motion inspired,  
 I never, though always, am tired.  
 I glide, without fright, run, or sound;  
 I skim — I don't batter — the ground.  
 I'll race you, Sir Horse, with assurance  
 I'll beat you, in speed and endurance.

Then said Equus: Suppose this to be  
 As you say, what will happen to *me*?  
 If I can't serve to ride or to drive,  
 Will mankind care to keep me alive?  
 Will they free me from harness and rein  
 And restore me, a king, to the plain?  
 Now they starve, overdrive me, and beat me —  
 Will they then — will they — oh will they — eat me?

Said the Wheel: Don't you take it so hard —  
 Play your game, while your hand holds a card.  
 Drop your airs — stick to biz — and I'll bet  
 You have long years of usefulness yet.  
 Draw the timid, and aged, and slow;  
 'Fore the car and the omnibus go;  
 Be a draught beast, and, in some vocation,  
 You'll have time to work out your equation.  
 —But, hold! ere I give you my blessing —  
 To your work when you go addressing  
 Yourself, is it civil you'll be  
 As you meet those who ride me, and me?

Will you shy, back, and turn up your nose,  
 Go mincing along on the toes  
 Of your rear feet, and possible make it  
 For those quick to say "D — blank take it,"  
 And for others, too, Christian or not,  
 Whose motto is, "Keep all you've got," —  
 The fogies, whose personal inode  
 Demands both the halves of the road —  
 To play the hog, and, in their usance

Of you, to pronounce *me* a "nuisance"?  
 In brief, will you hate, fear, or spurn me?  
 Will you keep up refusal to learn me?  
 That's all the case, Equus — now say,  
 Do you purpose obstructing my way?

Said the horse to the bicycle: Nay!

#### A WEEK'S TOURING IN FRANCE.

It was an excessively hot day, that 7th of September, 1878, when we mounted our iron steeds, at about 2.30, in the small village of Voulangis, intending to make a tour of the "Department du Seine et Marne." Hot! there was no name for it; it was like a certain place, with the door closed, as I once heard a gentleman remark; but how, in the name of conscience, could we expect to be cool, going along at the rate of ten miles an hour? We wetted our handkerchiefs at every pump we came to and hung them over our heads, but as they were quite dry five minutes after, and pumps were few and far between, we found that of little avail. The roads we traversed were very open, with the exception of one through the "Forêt de Crecy," over which the tops of the trees almost met, thus forming a most efficient awning.

Before going any further I should mention that *we* were but two — my cousin Ralph and self. The roads in this department are no exception to those generally met with in France, which, for all bicycling purposes are perfection, being smooth and sandy; the only objections to them being that they generally run for eight, ten, or even fourteen miles, as straight as a die, and the trees on either side are planted with such mathematical precision that one is glad to have a run on a forest road, to vary the monotony. We had passed Tournant, and were spinning along toward Brie-Compte-Robert, when we came suddenly on a carriage and pair, in which was seated a very fat old gentleman. We were within ten yards of the horses, when they caught sight of our highly-polished machines, and, as a matter of course, swung round, thus blocking up the road and nearly whisking the coachman out of his box. At the speed we were going at it was impossible to jump off, so I just swerved my machine on to the grass at the side of the road, and, as luck would have it, came across a big stone, which caused me to dive gracefully over the handles of my bicycle and measure my length in a ditch, which luckily was a dry one. How my cousin fared I had not time to note, but he told me afterwards that he managed to scramble off all of a heap. On regaining our feet, we found that the fat old gent had managed to get out of the carriage, and now stood in great terror, wondering what would be the next scene, while the coachman was endeavoring to prevent the horses from bolting, giving vent at intervals to numerous invectives on our devoted heads and those of bicycle riders in general; goodness knows how many bells they should carry according to his estimation. The heat of the day not being conducive to argument, we made tracks, not, however, without my cousin having politely informed the coachman, in French, that he looked as if he had been hung up against a brick wall and hatched in the sun.

We passed through Brie-Compte-Robert, only stopping for refreshment and oiling, and arrived at about 6.30, at Pouilly-le-fort, a small village, five kilometres from Melun, where we decided on sleeping that night.



We had no difficulty in finding an inn, the village boasting but one, where we had a substantial dinner of pork chops, fried potatoes, and fromage-de-Brie, being all that the Leon-d'Or could muster. A cup of coffee "avec-un-peititverre" and a good cigar, terminated the proceedings of the day, and we returned to our couches in a happy frame of mind, having covered fifty kilometres during the afternoon. I may here mention that our tour was solely one of pleasure, and not of speed, as will be seen from the short distances we covered during the following six days.

At five next morning (8th) I awoke, and, jumping out of bed, opened the folding windows, and, sitting on the window-sill, hung my legs out and enjoyed the cool air for about an hour, when my cousin thought fit to quit the land of Nod, waking up with something like an oath at the hardness of the bed. We reached Melun at about 9.30, and continued southwards for Fontainebleau, where we intended to have *dejeuner*. Half an hour's ride brought us to the borders of the forest, where we were much disturbed at finding the roads paved with big square, uneven paving-stones. We sat down beneath a tree before making up our minds to the jolting we were to experience. After holding a council of war for about an hour, we decided to ride slowly on and take advantage of any side path we might come across. On going a mile or two, we certainly did find a side path, but so deep in sand that we preferred being bumped about like India-rubber balls, to wading through sand. Seated on a bicycle-saddle for any length of time, whilst riding over uneven paving-stones, does not tend to make a fellow feel very comfortable (unless he be case-hardened), and this I can assure you we found out after three miles of such riding in the Forêt de Fontainebleau; accordingly, we dismounted and pushed our machines along. Whilst so doing, my cousin espied something moving amongst the trees by the roadside, and, on going nearer, we found it was a snake. We quickly laid our machines down, and each taking a big stone, we let fly at the reptile, but missed him. He turned around and raising his head hissed at us, exhibiting at the same time a formidable sting. However, my cousin succeeded in finding a thick stick, and hit him a good blow on the head, which seemed to stun him for a minute. In a twinkling I pulled out my sharp knife and had his head off. On measuring, we found him to be four feet from head to tail, and about eight inches in circumference. I put the reptile carefully into my bicycle-bag, intending to skin it in the evening, and we continued our route still on foot, keeping a sharp lookout on either side of the road for other game; however, we reached Fontainebleau without event. Having replenished the inner man at the first restaurant we came to, we were riding through the town, when we were astonished to come across a group of bicyclists holding a confab in a large square. After wishing them good-morning, they told us that some races were to take place at three o'clock. We asked if we might take part in them, and, after some demur on the part of one or two, they ultimately agreed, and we paid our entrance-fees of three francs each. Off we went to a secluded spot, to tighten our bicycles (for they had received a severe jolting over the paving-stones,) and practise speed for an hour. The races commenced at three, in the "Gardins du Palais," and a quarter of an hour before that time we were appointed to our respective heats, I being in the first and my cousin in the second. A glance

at the course satisfied us that we stood no chance, for would you believe, that instead of being round or oval, it was *square*? Such, however, was the case, so that at each corner my cousin and self (for the other men seemed quite accustomed to the ground) had to slacken speed, thereby losing considerably in each round or *square*; this, combined with the fact that we were not in proper training, had much to do with our arriving fifth and fourth in our respective heats. You may be sure we did not wait for the consolation race, but made tracks. We rode and walked alternately through the remainder of the forest, which was still paved, neither of us speaking a word (for we were both in the dumps at the result of the races), only thinking that if these confounded paving-stones did not come to an end we should very soon be reduced to the state of a jelly. We felt happier when we saw the white, sandy road before us, and the spirit moved us, and we opened our mouths with one accord saying, "By Jove, that's a blessing!"

(To be continued.)

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## THE CLUBS REVIEWED

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### IX. ESSEX BICYCLE CLUB.

In the summer of 1878 two residents of Newark, New Jersey, procured bicycles. They immediately desired to form a Bicycle Club, to consist of a Captain and Secretary, but concluded to wait until a President could be secured. Two months later another inhabitant of the same place purchased an "Ariel;" still the three bicyclers tarried in the work of organizing. In the fall a "Columbia" appeared in Newark; the four riders procrastinated; in the early spring of 1878 another machine was discovered in the near vicinity, "and then" as the poet says, "there were five." One day in March, 1879, while four of the five were riding in the neighborhood of Newark they dismounted and proceeded to take the initiatory steps towards forming the Essex Bicycle Club. During the spring and summer the number of members steadily increased, and to-day the club is in a flourishing condition. The rules of the Boston Bi. C., with a few alterations, were adopted. The following uniform was determined on: dark blue Polo cap, reefer jacket and stockings, and drab corduroy knee-breeches. Our racing costume consists of white shirt and drawers, with maroon trunks, having double band of light blue around waist and legs. The club colors are light blue and maroon. Officers were elected for one year, being Joseph Lafon, President; Herbert W. Knight (Newark, N.J.), Secretary and Treasurer; Llewellyn H. Johnson, Captain; and subordinates. The entrance fee was placed at five dollars and the dues at fifty cents a month. The colors of the club have been carried to the front on fifteen different occasions, and ten second medals have been taken by members of the Essex Bi. C. These twenty-five medals were won by seven of the members. At the first contest for the amateur championship of America run at Mott Haven, N.Y., in September last, there were four starters, and Mr. L. H. Johnson, the Captain of the Essex Bi. C., was the winner. The ordinary roads of northern New Jersey do not offer very great inducements for touring; but Essex County has over one hundred miles of macadam, and the Essex boys have plenty of rideable roads; while the splendid gravel pikes in the





same size? Sturmeys "Bicycler's Hand-Book" (page 41) speaks of hollow forks as being "quite in accordance with the well-known mechanical fact that hollow metal, under certain conditions, is stronger than the same area of solid." I find many people apparently considering that hollow forks are always and necessarily more rigid and stronger than solid; but this seems to me fallacious.

A POSTSCRIPT.—In a late number we mentioned Mr. Gill R. Osman in our "Personal" column, and we omitted his middle initial and overlooked an effort of our printer to disguise the last name. Whereupon he writes in a postscript: "I enclose my card. Preserve it for future reference. It is warranted to kill off cockroaches at two paces, and is sure death to rats. Shake before taking." We have.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Now for the letter itself, from which we learn: "We are still riding here, though we are confined to the city-paved streets. We have no macadam roads in Michigan, and hence must wait for summer weather for touring. I buzzed about for four hours on my 50-inch nickelled Columbia on the 19th. No snow, no ice, no raw winds. How is that for the 'bleak north-west?' Our sport will be something jolly this summer."

TOLEDO, O., 10 Jan., 1880.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:—*

Our streets and roads in general do not offer as fine facilities for bicycle-riding as many of your New England cities and towns. They are good enough, however, to allow of bicycling with pleasure and profit. Most of the streets are either paved with stone or blocks, or planked. Many of the unpaved streets are rideable when dry and smooth, some being better even than the paved. In good country roads we are rather deficient, this part of the State, unlike the southern, having very few made roads. Two or three are macadamized. The rest are either planked or dirt. One of our best is the "River road," which follows the windings of the Maumee from here to South Toledo, a distance of nine or eleven miles. Most of this road is macadamized, the remainder planked. The Monroe turnpike is another road of about the same length, leading to South Toledo. It is planked nearly the entire distance and is in fair condition. By taking one road for the run out and the other for the return, one can get a twenty or twenty-two mile ride without covering the same ground twice. Monroe turnpike, taken in another direction, affords a good run to Vienna and Monroe, Mich., a distance of ten and twenty miles respectively. Half of it, to Monroe, is very fairly planked; the rest is hard dirt, except three or four short spots of sand. I understand there is a good road from Monroe on to Detroit, but how good for bicycle riding remains to be proved. I expect to try it the coming season by a day's ride to the "City of Straits," sixty-five miles. There are other roads here that afford good runs of greater or less extent, and still others that have not been explored yet, but will, I think, turn out favorably. To sum up all in all, the pleasure and excitement of bicycle-riding can be pursued here about as well as in more favored localities.

Our present number of machines and riders is four, and I expect next summer will see enough to make the formation of a club desirable. Mine was the first to arrive last July, and was a great curiosity. I have travelled about thirteen hundred miles on business and pleasure. Have used it all but three days of the four months that riding was practicable. A riding-school is needed here and will be opened if ever a suitable room can be obtained on reasonable terms. That would awaken a greater interest and bring machines into use quicker. CORN CITY.

KANKAKEE, ILL., 12 January, 1880.

DEAR EDITOR:—I read your remarkable little book through yesterday for the second time. The first perusal proved a

"dead shot." I determined on having a wheel, and I got one—a Columbia. The second reading was even more satisfactory than the first, especially the chapter descriptive of the different parts of a bicycle. I never had seen a machine at the time of the first reading. Your complete exposition has taught me a great deal; many thanks for writing so excellent a book.

It remains to be seen whether bicycling is going to be all we hope for it in this region. When the prairie roads are good they "are very, very good, but when they are bad they are horrid." During the winter and spring they are wet and impassable, but we trust that during the summer and fall they will prove equal to our desires. We hope our present number of bicyclers (two) will be added to in the spring. If we can make one successful trip across the country, I think that will decide several who are now admiring from a distance.

Many of the Chicago bicyclers are riding their machines at the present time, bidding defiance to mud and snow, and the membership of the club there (now twenty-two, I believe) will be augmented in the spring. I visited the natatorium there the other evening, and found two steel machines and several wooden ones on the track.

I haven't learned yet to ride without using my hands, or to ride with "legs over the handles," but as soon as the lump on my hip goes down and the new skin grows on my right shin, I am going to try both. I have already stood on my head on the handles, but it was unpremeditated. The handles stood it pretty well, but the three holes in a new stiff hat are still unrepaired.

Yours, ARTHUR B. HOLT.

TRENTON, N.J., Jan. 16, 1880.

DEAR EDITOR:—The young men of Trenton have taken to that health-giving sport, bicycling, although we have but four (4) private machines at present. The riding-school, conducted by J. Y. Clark, is patronized very freely by the "would-be" riders, the most of whom intend purchasing in the spring. I have had my "Columbia" but three months, and have taken some very pleasant runs over our red-shell roads north of Trenton, the most of which are good. We have some stretches of at least fifty (50) miles, the greater part of which pass through some fine scenery.

Nov. 20th, having business in Philadelphia, and the day being fine, I concluded to do part of the distance on my "wheel." Starting from Trenton at 10.15 a.m., and crossing the Delaware river at this point, I found myself on the direct turnpike road to Bristol, nine miles away, which distance I covered in one hour fifteen minutes, the condition of the roads not permitting fast time. However, this feature of poor roads made the next twelve miles—Bristol to Torresdale—all the more enjoyable, the turnpike being one of the best I ever run over, and so enabling me to do the distance in one hour twenty minutes without a stop, and with little fatigue. From Torresdale I continued my trip by rail, the roads not being as solid from this point as the one passed over. In the spring I intend repeating this run, and endeavor to make the entire distance to Philadelphia by "wheel." I should be pleased to give tourists information concerning roads and routs in our vicinity.

Yours truly, WALTER WEST.

#### TO BRIGHTON BEACH AND RETURN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 19 January, 1880.

DEAR EDITOR:—I started out with the intention of making a trip to Brighton Beach and return Thursday, the 8th inst., by means of my "flying wheel." I mounted my fifty-inch Columbia, and proceeded from my residence in Montague street, at ten minutes of three, to our park, where I was soon enjoying the fine paths in the same. Arriving at Windsor Terrace (44 miles) at 3.17, I proceeded down the Boulevard to the beach. Miserable and rainy weather had not improved the Boulevard, which I found in a terrible state; but by carefully feeling my way, and using caution and much exertion, I arrived within two miles of the beach, when I came upon a cropper in soft earth, four inches deep, which had been previously rolled, and looked temptingly smooth. I soon mounted again, with no damage done, and at last arrived, considerably fagged, at my destina-



tion, at 4 p.m. Resting a short while, I commenced the home jaunt, but found a heavy head-wind confronting me. I was forced to walk something like three miles back on the Boulevards, but at last found myself, after many dismounts necessitated by wind and roads, at Windsor Terrace, at 5 p.m. I never appreciated the fine tar paths more than on my trip from the Terrace to city entrance of the park that day. Being then considerably after sundown, I was stopped by a mounted policeman on my way home, and was forced to walk two miles to my residence. (Here in Brooklyn we are allowed to ride until 10 a.m., and from 3 until sundown.) I arrived, nevertheless, home at 5.25 p.m., after completing a little trip of 22½ miles, considerably tired out, I must confess, but in the best of spirits and appetite. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your paper, and that it will speedily attain a large circulation,

I remain respectfully yours, HERMANN H. KOOP, JR.

BOSTON, January 19, 1880.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—Please allow me through the medium of your invaluable paper to return thanks to Messrs. E. Pope, E. Hodges, and H. Parkhurst, for their impartial and just judgment in awarding the prizes of the Five-Mile Amateur Handicap at the Huntington Avenue Tent, November 11, 1879.

W. W. STALL.

#### MR. ETHERINGTON EXPLAINS.

LONDON, ENGLAND, 8 January, 1880.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:*

SIR:—With your permission to monopolize space, I will reply to Mr. L. H. Johnson's letter in your issue of the 13th Dec., in which he not only, by quoting a western paper, but in his letter, accuses me of having perpetrated frauds upon the public with the "so-called International Contests." Fortunately for Mr. Johnson, and the proprietors of the BICYCLING WORLD, American law, I am given to understand, ignores all libel, otherwise I should have vindicated my character by taking a decision in a court of law. However, after all, I feel obliged to Mr. Johnson for having given vent to his feelings, as it gives me an opportunity to vindicate my character. I venture to think that when he reads my explanation, both he and others will come to the conclusion that my "conduct with regard to the races was perfectly square, honest, and honorable." With regard to my standing, I therefore claim to be an amateur. Mr. Johnson can excuse himself from meeting me, or not, as he thinks best. Suffice it to say that, should I again visit the States in the spring, I shall be happy to compete against him, or not, as he pleases.

Now to explain: arriving in New York 15th Oct., and failing to bring about matches in any way, we went to Boston, and there, in conjunction with the Pope Manufacturing Co., of 87 Summer street, we gave open races, offering prizes which were *bona fide* in every particular. The races which followed those run for prizes on the first four days were, as advertised, merely exhibitions. Now comes the "case." While at Boston, I entered into a contract for the team, with Mr. E. G. Cotton, of New York, for a period of three months, he to have the entire management of same. When the contract was made, he issued, through me and in my name, a challenge to American riders, dated 28th Oct., and at the same time gave me the following memorandum:—

"BOSTON, 28 Oct., 1879.

"I have this day entered into an arrangement with Mr. Harry Etherington, whereby he issues a challenge to American bicycle riders, for which challenge I hold myself personally responsible, and will pay any losses which may arise from the same.—(Signed) E. G. COTTON."

On 3d November I received a telegram from a Mr. J. H. Mack, to the following effect:—

"BROOKLYN, 3 Nov., 1879.

"To Mr. H. ETHERINGTON, Manager English Bicycle Team, Boston:—

"Have answered your challenge in this morning's *Herald*. I leave for Sherman House, Chicago, to-morrow. Telegraph me there your acceptance, and when you or your representative will meet me there to arrange matters, so I can publish it.

(Signed) J. H. MACK."

"I at once wired Mr. E. G. Cotton, who concluded and made the match. Mr. J. H. Haverley was made stockholder, and he, having received the \$2,000 aside from both Messrs. Mack and Cotton, acknowledged the receipt in the Chicago papers. On the second day of the race, when Terront, it was found, could not continue riding, and the race had to be won by Cann and Stanton only, in order to make myself and team secure from any claim in the event of either Cann or Stanton breaking down, I obtained from Messrs. Cotton and Mack an undertaking, of which the following is a copy:—

"CHICAGO, 25 Nov., 1879.

It is this day mutually agreed between E. G. Cotton and J. H. Mack, that they will not hold Harry Etherington or the English Team responsible for any portion of the said wager of \$2,000, the wager being between J. H. Mack and E. G. Cotton (Etherington's backer), and entirely distinct from articles of agreement between Harry Etherington and E. G. Cotton.

(Signed)

E. G. COTTON,  
J. H. MACK."

It will now be seen that I fulfilled my portion of the contract, and won the race for Mr. Cotton. As to the absurd remark of the hostile *Chicago Times* concerning the teams quitting the track before expiration of time, I beg to state most emphatically that Stanton did not leave the building until 11.30, and that Cann did not leave until 11.52. The race was virtually over at 6 p.m., when the English passed their opponents, being then perfectly fresh, and the Americans utterly exhausted, and even kept with difficulty on their machines. Mr. Mack, knowing this, acknowledged his defeat. The race was thus honestly won by us in every way and form. Having stated these facts, I feel sure that the bicycling community will quite acquit me of anything but straightforward action in the management of the Team throughout the visit.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY ETHERINGTON.

#### RACES

THE NEW YORK TOURNAMENTS. — A series of performances, including several amateur and professional handicap races, has been projected by Mr. Rollins for the 17, 24, and 31 January, and the 7 and 14 February, and are being carried on under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York. They are held in the American Institute building, on a level asphalt floor, 8½ laps to the mile. The prizes include a \$50 medal for a one-mile race, by boys under 16 years; a \$200 cup for a two-mile race, by amateurs; \$200 cup for a five-mile race, by amateurs; a purse of \$100 for a twenty-five-mile race by professionals. The handicapping is freshly done for each successive trial, and at first was mere guesswork, of course.

The first heats of the series were run on the 17 January, with the following results:—

1-mile handicap for boys under 16 years. — C. Brockway, 1 lap start, 1, 3m. 37s.; F. Leffell, scratch, 2, 3m. 53s. Brockway won by a little more than half his handicap.

2-mile handicap for amateurs. — First heat, S. B. Pomeroy, M. A. C., scratch, w. o. Second heat, W. S. Clark, N.Y. city, 350 yards, 1, 6m. 14½s.; W. M. Wright, S. H. A. C., scratch, 2, 6m. 54½s.; 50 yards, instead of 350 yards, start for Clark would have made a good race. Third heat, L. H. Johnson, Ess. B. C., scratch, 1, 1 mile, 3m. 29s.; 2 miles, 6m. 50½s.; T. B. Bronson, Col. Coll. B. C., 2, by half a lap; J. Ralfe, Zephyr B. C., London, Eng., 75 yards, 3; C. Noel, S. H. A. C., 200 yards, 4. Johnson rode with judgment and won handily. Ralfe had a bad tumble at the lower turn, but remounted, and finished third. Final heat, Clark, 1, 6m. 21½s.; Johnson, 2, 1 mile, 3m. 24½s., 2 miles, 6m. 45½s.; Pomeroy, 3. Next time Clark will be put where he belongs, and the race will be more interesting.

5-mile handicap for amateurs. — N. K. Otis, Col. Coll. B. C., 3 minutes 30 seconds, 1, 19m. 20½s.; J. Ralfe, Zephyr B. C., London, Eng., 45 seconds, 2, 18m. 15s.; C. Noel, S. H. A. C., 2 minutes; L. H. Johnson, Ess. B. C., scratch, and W. M. Wright, S. H. A. C., scratch; did not finish. Johnson fell on the upper turn near the finish, and both Wright and Ralfe ran over him. All received some bruises or cuts, but no one was seriously hurt. Ralfe remounted, and finished second; the others did not persevere.

25-mile handicap for professionals. — D. Belard, 400 yards,



1, keeping on and finishing the whole distance in 1h. 26m. 25½s.; D. Stanton, scratch, 2, 1h. 26m. 17½s.; T. Harrison, 1,000 yards, stopped at 22 miles; W. H. Darling, 1,200 yards, at 19 miles 2 laps; C. Rutland, 1,400 yards, at 16 miles 7 laps; and C. De Noielle, 1,000 yards, at miles 4 laps. The track being 207 yards in circumference, Belard's 400 yards started him 14 yards behind Stanton, and Harrison's 800 yards started him 28 yards behind Stanton. The three men rode in company for 20 miles, Stanton being apparently unable to shake off his followers. Harrison broke down at 20 miles, and stopped at 22 miles, having then lost his lead. Belard kept up to the end, and won by almost exactly his handicap. He kept on, and finished the whole distance in but 5½s. slower time than Stanton's.

The second heats, or "trials," in the series, were held on the 24 January. There was continued difficulty with the level corners, and the result was:—

1-mile handicap for boys under 16 years. — C. Brockway, 1 lap start, 1, 3m. 20½s.; M. Bronson, scratch, 2, 3m. 31½s.; F. Leffell, scratch, 3m. 41½s.

Amateur 2-mile handicap. — First heat, W. M. Wright, S. H. A. C., scratch, 1 mile, 3m. 25½s.; 2 miles, 7m. 20½s.; J. Ralfe, Zephyr B. C., London, Eng., 75 yards, 1 mile, 3m. 25½s.; 2 miles, 7m. 21½s.; L. H. Johnson, Ess. B. C., scratch, 1 mile, 3m. 25½s., took the lead on 5th lap of 2d mile, but fell on the upper corner and did not persevere, being somewhat bruised and shaken up. Second heat, W. S. Clark, N. Y. B. C., 75 yards, 1 mile, 3m. 21½s.; 2 miles, 7m. 24½s.; C. Noel, S. H. A. C., 175 yards, 1 mile, 3m. 21½s.; 2 miles, 7m. 34½s. Clark soon caught Noel, and won as he pleased, allowing Noel to keep near him. Final heat, Clark, 1 mile, 3m. 15½s.; 2 miles, 6m. 47½s.; Wright, 1 mile, 3m. 24½s.; 2 miles, 6m. 50½s. Won easily. If Johnson had not fallen in first heat, the final between him and Clark would have been a good race.

Amateur 5-mile handicap. — C. Noel, S. H. A. C., 2 minutes' start, 1, 19m. 4½s.; W. M. Wright, S. H. A. C., scratch, 2, 17m. 8½s.; J. Ralfe, Zephyr B. C., London, Eng., 45 seconds, fell on last lap, being second at the time. The track being 8½ laps the mile, the attempt to score and time each exact mile was by no means an easy task, and resulted, in this case, in an error of one lap in Wright's second mile, which, of course, makes his record as given above valueless.

Professional 25-mile handicap. — G. Harrison, a lad of seventeen years, and the brother of T. Harrison, who rode in this race last week, 400 yards start, 1h. 28m. 25½s.; D. Stanton, scratch, 1h. 28m. 45½s.; D. Belard, scratch, stopped at 7 miles 7 laps; and W. Darling, 1,000 yards, at 4 miles 7 laps. On the 7th lap of the 8th mile, when Stanton and Belard had caught up one lap on Harrison, and the three were riding near each other, Stanton fell on the upper corner. Harrison and Belard could not save themselves, and tumbled over Stanton. Harrison was first up, and gained nearly a lap before Stanton remounted. Stanton was motionless for a few seconds, and seemed stunned by the fall, but finally recovered, and rode a good race, but could not overtake Harrison. He had made up half of the handicap in the 8 miles before the accident, and would probably have won but for his misfortune. Belard's machine was broken, and he could not find another in time to re-enter the race.

The *Spirit of the Times*, in reporting this last heat, brusquely comments: "Stanton assured all inquirers that he was not seriously hurt, and that his injuries were limited to bruises and loss of skin on arm and shoulder, but it is too evident that he is mistaken. The shock has manifestly affected his brain, and totally destroyed his bump of mathematics. In the *Herald* of Jan. 26 he publishes the following letter:—

"EDITOR HERALD:—I notice in the columns of your paper to-day a report of the bicycle races at the American Institute last Saturday evening, wherein the time of Harrison, the winner of the professional 25-mile race, was given as 1h. 28m. 25½s., and my time as 1h. 28m. 45½s., or 20 seconds slower than the winner's time. The winner was in receipt of 400 yards start, and that distance I fully caught up, although Harrison won by about 100 yards, that being the distance which my accident and fall enabled him to gain; therefore, it is impossible that the winner's time could be faster than my own. You will do me a great favor by correcting the above error, as in nearly all of my races here the same mistakes have been made in my time.

I remain, very respectfully, D. STANTON."

"As Stanton and Harrison started at the same time, and Harrison won by 100 yards, it is hard for benighted Americans to understand how Stanton's time could have been the shortest.

He may be well assured that the same mistakes will be made whenever he rides in New York City, or at any place where the officials have ordinary common sense. As he has been concerned in several remarkable performances in England, it will be well for him to explain whether the British records have been doctored and falsified by his curious 'corrections' of imaginary 'errors.'"

AT THE RECREATION GROUNDS, in San Francisco, Cal., on 17 January, a five-mile bicycle race was held; won by Bennett, in 21-28½; Merrill, second.

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Vol. I.]

THE BICYCLING WORLD

[No. 7]

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

BOSTON, 7 FEBRUARY, 1880

ETHERINGTON'S VINDICATION. — In another column we give place to Mr. Harry Etherington's response to a letter of Mr. L. H. Johnson, Captain of the Essex Bi. C., in our third number. It is dated the 8 January, but had appeared in two English papers, under an earlier date, and before it was sent to us, in which we read it before we received it from the writer. It appears to have been written for its effect abroad rather than for our readers. We should not have referred to it editorially, but for the fact that one of our British contemporaries takes the matter up editorially, with its usual inaccuracy as to things American asserting that "the law of libel does not, we are informed, exist in the United States of America," and then arrogantly reprimanding another journal for quoting Mr. Johnson's letter; while the latter, in an abject or else an ironical piece of retraction, intimates that our paper has "been prostituted" and "turned into sinkholes for this foul stuff." Whereupon we will simply observe, first, that there is pretty stringent law of libel here, substantially the same as prevails in England, and we are ready to answer to any process which Mr. Etherington or his solicitor may think it prudent to institute against us; secondly, that we do not, as we have announced before in these columns, endorse what our correspondents write, and we print without express

approval; thirdly, that English journals might becomingly allow that American journals and American gentlemen may possibly know as much about things conducted or happening here as they do so far away; fourthly, that, generally speaking, we will back Mr. Johnson as a gentleman and a bicycler against Mr. Etherington at any time, either for courtesy, for social or amateur athletic standing, or for speed on the path; but we do not deem it necessary now to express any opinion as to the matter in controversy; fifthly, that Mr. Etherington has been treated by this paper and its representatives, as well as by the other American bicyclers, who had the pleasure of meeting him, with all the courtesy and consideration which the manner of his visit here demanded, and will be welcomed accordingly when he comes again; and, sixthly, that when a man puts himself before the public as manager of a "team," and promoter of international contests, and throws out challenges right and left, he is quite likely to provoke public criticism, comment, and inquiry, which would be improperly directed upon a private, unobtrusive gentleman, but at which he ought not to wince.

We have nowhere laid any blame for the peculiar management of the tournaments, or so-called races, upon Mr. Etherington. We forbear to call for the omissions in his adroitly written communication, or to ask him any troublesome questions; nor shall we even seem to be harsh toward him, especially when he is out of the country, by reporting all we know. It is to be hoped that the little whirlwind of fame to which our esteemed contemporaries have aided him will be as beneficial to him as it has been amusing to us.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — Many readers and friends of THE BICYCLING WORLD and of the interest it promotes favor us with letters and communications to which they do not always receive immediate reply. We beg to assure them that all such favors are appreciated and thankfully used in some way. Communications and letters for publication are put into our hopper, and used as fast as consistent; other letters are condensed or culled from, and the substance used in our columns; letters with enclosures of subscriptions are answered by forwarding papers, and in similar ways. There are so many details connected with the editing and management of a paper, that we are unable always to be prompt with everything, and we are sure that if our patrons and friends could see how busy we are they would easily excuse omissions. We are increasing our facilities and systematizing our work, however, so that we hope to be more prompt and full in our correspondence hereafter. To all those who are aiding us in these necessitous early days of our enterprise, we wish to make grateful acknowledgment.

"A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB," in the *Midwinter Scribner*, illustrates some things besides bicycling,—for instance, the quick enterprise of the editors of that magazine in seizing upon topics of real importance and



rising interest as soon as their merits are discovered, and before they have become stale or sufficiently written up for universal recognition. Again, it illustrates well, though briefly, how much of discovery, experience, and enjoyment may be obtained by a two-days' ride, or by a number of lesser rides, within narrow, and, in a general sense, familiar limits of country. One will not have acquired a thorough knowledge of his own county or town until he has explored it with the aid of a bicycle, or realize the equal delights of home travel with foreign journeying until he has joined a few merry companions on a well-directed bicycling excursion.

When the inexperienced reader catches from that brief story, and the faithful artist's sketches, a glimpse of what may be enjoyed, he will be wise if he improve the opportunities of the opening spring in finding out for himself the happier facts.

AM. BI. JOURNAL subscribers will please not forget that our next number will fill their complement of papers, and that we need the support of their continued interest and subscriptions. Many of their names are already transferred to our list, and we hope to be able to add all the rest before the date of our ninth issue.

#### A LONG-RANGE VEHICLE.

In the following article, and in a previous number, we have offered some reasons why bicycles are not to be considered playthings, nor their riders to be regarded as boys. Of course such suggestions are only needed for those who are ignorant of the extent to which, and the purposes for which, modern carriage has been already used. The "log" of one member of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club has been handed in, and shows that he travelled during the past year 3,293 miles on the roads of New England. From Boston to Portland, from the White Mountains to Providence, from Andover to Saratoga, from Washington to Boston, from New York to Albany, and Buffalo and Toledo and Chicago, from Chicago to St. Louis, from Chicago to Milwaukee and Madison, and many other longer or shorter tours and excursions and business trips have been ridden with it, besides those already cited. It has also been successfully used already in other States, — Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, California; in Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and other parts of this hemisphere. And a notable fact about it is, that wherever it goes it stays and multiplies. Scarcely a road in Europe but has been travelled again and again by large numbers of bicyclers, and what would seem immense journeys have been undertaken: from Edinburgh to London, London to Paris, Paris to Vienna, Vienna to Moscow, Paris to Lyons, Lyons to Florence, Florence to Geneva, Geneva to Frankfort, Frankfort to Berlin, Berlin to Rouen, Rouen to Bordeaux, Bordeaux to Marseilles, Marseilles to Valencia, Madrid, and Lisbon. But to return to individual instances, and omitting veterans like Laumaille and De Graffenried, we may cite the Rev. H. C. Courtney, Vicar of Hatton, who, from January to the first of December, 1879, rode his bicycle over 6,368 miles of road. Coming to more occasional, about-home riding, some interesting English logs for 1879 have been published, like these: Mr. Wilson (so well known as "Fraed" in bicycling literature) rode on 205 days in the year, the longest ride being 83 miles, and the total 3,222 miles; Mr. E. McCaffery's longest day's

ride was 102 miles, and he rode on 127 days 4,346 miles; Mr. S. Golder, on 120 riding days, the longest being 96 miles, rode 3,592 miles; Mr. G. McCaffery, on one day rode 112 miles, on another 172 miles, and in 111 days rode 3,518 miles; Mr. P. C. May's longest day's ride was 108 miles, and his total for 103 days was 2,910 miles; Mr. R. W. May, Jr., on 70 days covered 2,309 miles, his longest days' rides being 108 and 118 miles; Mr. J. H. Millor has ridden only eighteen months, but his last year's riding foots up 2,316 Irish miles, and his two longest day's rides were 105 and 115 Irish miles; Mr. E. J. Sheriff rode 110, 114, and 105 miles on three respective days, and in 112 riding days made a total distance of 4,032 miles. We might cite more instances, relating to country road-riding, but have we not gone far enough to show that the bicycle is a practical long-range vehicle?

#### NOT A PLAYTHING.

A few months since we asked an agent for the publishers of a cyclopædia why no article on the bicycle was given. He answered, "Oh, the bicycle is a mere toy, and we only include practical and useful articles of manufacture or machinery, etc." Our lip curled more in pity than in scorn as we replied that the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the largest and most dignified and conservative publication of the kind, includes such an article in its new edition, and then proceeded to convince him of his error and ignorance. Is the telephone a toy? Or the type-writer? Or the passenger-elevator? We have used the bicycle two seasons as a vehicle in going to and from business, in making social and business calls, in visiting, in touring in three States, and we know many who have done likewise. We know a business man, and deacon of a church, who does nearly all his business travel in several towns on the bicycle; two clergymen who do their pastoral visiting by its aid; a lawyer, who practices in several courts, and rides it to their sessions. We have published accounts of practical uses of the bicycle, in one instance its rider taking its conveyance alone for a business trip of 3,000 miles, through all the New England States. With it Waller has ridden 1,404 miles in 6 days, and Phillips 100 miles in 6h. 26m. 43s.; — is it in the hands of these a toy?

Brilliant achievements on the path have been made with it; but it is essentially an out-door machine, a road vehicle. Racing is incidental. Excursioning, touring, business travel, and recreative exercise, afford its proper scope and its principal use. Are railroad trains playthings because they carry picnic parties and pleasure-seekers? The railroad and steamboat companies would be bankrupt in a year were it not for their pleasure-travel patronage. It is absurd to say that the bicycle is a toy because it is used for recreation. It would be no more absurd to say that the rifle is a plaything because it is often used for sport.

MORE FOGIES. — The next town to be noted for its ignorance and narrow spirit is Princeton, New Jersey. The City Council has forbidden the use of bicycles in the streets. Where is Dr. McCosh? What has become of the college we used to hear of there? Are there no lawyers willing to take a new case, and add an interesting page to the N. J. Reports?



## CHEIRON'S M. I. P.

*Cavendo tutus.*—We hear tell of an incipient bicycler so precise and cautious that he parts his hair in the middle, and has a spirit-level in the handle-rod of his machine. Whenever the bubble disappears he dismounts. His sole object is exercise, and he gets it—not far to go for it either.

Gun-barrels are sometimes made of old horse-shoe nails, these being found shootable for the purpose from having endured much banging; and the fact suggests that disused telegraph wires may have a swift quality in their fibre very proper for bicycle wheels. Can the molecular movement be maintained, and converted into "go"?

Longfellow and Holmes have put forth, recently, poems called the "Iron Pen" and the "Iron Gate." They are evidently approaching our subject by degrees. When they do get "on it," the plaguy-airy bards that make so free with them will have to do some lively pedalling to get out of the way.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!" and the big busy B too; but he also must hibernate some in this latitude.

We bicyclers would not in the least try to influence our friends the archers to do anything rash or improper; but they should notice that we have almost entirely discarded the string of *our* bows, and that we make them carry us, not we them. Thus we excel in very long-range shooting.

Who will tell us where the "Xtraordinary" bicycle may be which was in this vicinity of late? That is probably the only one in the country; and being all that its name implies, and in considerable use in England, many wish to examine it.

'Even on this wheel come all who can,  
And leave behind them the old man.'

## ARCHERS AND ARCHERY

## THE ARROW.

The beginner hesitates to buy expensive arrows; he sees that his friends lose and break a great many; he hears of some archers smashing costly arrows by the dozen, and thinks it hardly worth while for him to get nice arrows only to lose and break. This is false economy, for the young archer is far more liable to break arrows than the expert, and a footed arrow will stand a harder blow against a stone than a "self" will. It is a common principle in mechanics that, where materials of different strengths join, is the weakest part of a machine. We find this principle true of our arrows: when an arrow strikes a stone it shatters where the steel-pile joins the pine-stele or shaft. In the footed arrow this difficulty is partly overcome, as the hard wood foot interposes an elastic cushion between the metal and the pine. The most elastic woods should be used for footing; snake and lance woods are very good, but some other kinds are equally good. Increased strength, however, is not the only value of the foot, though it is sufficient reason to make the beginner use them. A footed arrow can be more perfectly balanced than a self; the hard wood being so much heavier than the pine that the shaft can be made with the very slight taper that is essential to the perfect arrow. Whereas, heavy self-arrows have to be balanced by making the pile end of the shaft much larger than the feather end; our experience shows that such arrows fly to the left of the target.

One of the most important parts of the arrow is the feathering. The feathers should be thin and stiff, should be firmly fastened on parallel to the axis of the shaft,

the natural twist of the feather being sufficient to give a rotary motion to the arrow, while any more twists would retard its flight. Each maker trims his feathers to a special pattern that he thinks is the best; but we have found very little difference in them, and think the important points are, to have enough feathers, and to have them set exactly parallel to the axis of the arrow.

Arrows are classed as full, half, or plain, nocked, according to the amount of horn in the nock. This is perhaps more a matter of taste than any other part of the arrow except the point. The horn is supposed to keep the bow-string from splitting the arrow, but a bit of silk whipped round the stele just below the nock is more effective and cheaper; while the horn nock makes another glued joint to keep from the damp.

We have left the stele to the last, though it is the most important part of the arrow. The best of feathers are useless on a crooked shaft, and no nocking or footing will keep a poor piece of pine from splitting. The stele should be of the best, straight-grained, thoroughly-seasoned pine, and should be absolutely straight, with a very slight taper from the pile to the nock. No one should buy an arrow without first carefully examining it with an eye to this point.

After thus giving our ideas of perfect arrows, let us impress on every one the necessity of using only the best, and then, if they fail to hit the gold, they won't have their weapons to blame. CAPTAIN JACK.

THE BOSTON AND NEW YORK ARCHERS are proposing a match in New York on Decoration Day, and a return match in Boston afterwards, between teams of six, at the Double American Round.

THE PROPOSITION to have the annual meeting of the National Archery Association in June, and at Buffalo, N.Y., meets with much favor among those prominent in eastern archery circles.

PLIMPTON HALL was an attractive place on Saturday, the 24th ult., and the "witchery of archery" was there at its *in-door* best. The Hawthorns were showing the benefit of winter practice, and won easily. The Pequosettes, with one or two exceptions, have scarcely braced their bows since the cold weather drove them from the out-door range.

## HAWTHORN vs. PEQUOSSETTES.

BOSTON, 31 January, 1880.

EDITOR BICYCLING WORLD:—A very interesting match was shot last Saturday afternoon, 24 January, at the in-door range in Plimpton Hall, Boston, between the Hawthorn Archers, of Roxbury, and the Pequosette Archers of Watertown. There were quite a number of the friends of both clubs present, and the shooting was watched with much interest. Several of the archers have not shot for some time, and this, together with the very poor light caused by the changing shadow and sunlight on the targets, lessened the scores considerably. Each archer shot two rounds of thirty arrows each, the ladies shooting at thirty yards, and the gentlemen at forty. The Hawthorn Archers were victorious, as may be seen by the following scores:—

HAWTHORN ARCHERS.			
F. H. Brackett	. . . .	148	182
Dr. J. Dwight	. . . .	151	155
R. Worthington, Jr.	. . . .	173	131
G. A. Smith	. . . .	150	119
Miss R. Wilson	. . . .	141	115
Miss F. Worthington	. . . .	130	118
Miss J. Wilson	. . . .	139	108
Miss L. Brackett	. . . .	120	119
		1,152	1,047
			2,199



## PEQUOSSETTE ARCHERS.

A. S. Brownell	124	152	276
S. P. Abbott	135	132	267
N. D. Abbott	117	112	229
Miss Walker	90	—	90
Mrs. Silsbee	117	107	224
Mrs. Shackford	88	119	207
Ladies' average	110	71	180
Gent's average	105	102	207
	—	132	132
	886	935	1,821

Yours truly,

H. A.

NEW YORK, 26 January, 1880.

EDITOR BICYCLING WORLD:— While I, with Capt. Jack, am opposed to changing the English style of counting on our archery targets, I differ with him about the improvements in bows. For instance, the split bamboo bows have been in use over a year, and *have* stood the test—that is, if shooting ten thousand thirty-inch arrows with one is a test. Furthermore, the makers of that bow warrant it against breaking, which no English makers will do with their bows. This is certainly an improvement; is it not, Capt. Jack?

Yours truly,

W. HOLBERTON.

## RELATIVE ATHLETICS

RULES FOR THE HARE AND HOUNDS. — We clip the following terse rules from the *Harvard Advocate*.

For the game as played on bicycle it is evident some slight alterations should be made; but we forbear to suggest them, hoping some correspondent will give us the best thing:—

There shall be two Hares and a Whipper-in, who shall have charge of the Hounds.

The Hares shall be chosen beforehand, and shall have selected their own course.

The Hares shall have 7 minutes law.

The Hounds shall obey the Whipper-in, in all cases.

The Hounds shall follow the scent all the way, and shall keep together until such time as the Whipper-in may tell them "to break"; they may then run as they please, still following the scent.

The Hares shall keep together all the way.

Two prizes shall be given; should the Hares come in 7 minutes or more ahead of the Hounds, they shall receive the prizes; should the Hounds come in less than 7 minutes behind the Hares, the first two Hounds shall receive prizes; or any Hound catching a Hare shall receive a prize.

Catching shall consist of touching and holding.

## CURLING.

This animating game has won its way to the front rank in American Athletic Sports, and during frosty weather the "roaring" of the curling-stone is heard wherever a sheet of ice presents an opportunity for a game. To some of our readers the game may be yet unknown; so an attempt to describe it will perhaps be interesting. The game is purely Scotch, and has been played both in the Highland and Lowland for years back, and so popular was it that "the laird was glad to have a clever ploughman on his side; masters and servants played together, and for the time being, all class distinctions were laid aside, and the minister must obey his 'skip,' if his precentor should occupy that position of honor."

A sheet of ice is selected, and 38 yards apart are cut in the ice three circles, one within the other, the largest 7 ft. radius, the 2d, 4 ft., the 3d, 2½ ft., and in the centre of the third is the "tee;" between the two sets of circles, or

19 yards from each, is the middle line, and 12 yards from the "middle line" in front of each set of circles is drawn a line euphoniously called the "hog score;" 4 yards back of each "tee" is the foot circle, 18 inches in diameter; these circles and lines are termed "the rink." The game is played by sliding stones along the ice, from the foot circle on one end, to the circle at the other, and the object is, like quoits, to get on or nearest to the "tee." The "stones" are usually made of Scotch granite, of a circular shape, to weigh not more than 50 lbs. nor less than 30 lbs., to be not more than 36 inches in circumference nor of less height than ¼ of the greatest circumference. They are highly polished, to aid their sliding, and in the middle of each is drilled a hole, into which a reversible handle is fitted, so that the stone may be slidden on either side. The stones in use in this country usually weigh 42 lbs. Eight players make a rink, four on a side, headed by a "skip," who directs the play on his side; the skip-ship is honorable, as the best and steadiest player is appointed to that position. The players play in regular order, alternating with the opposite side, as in quoits. The game is started by the first player placing his left foot on the "foot circle," and sliding his stone down to the "tee" at the other end; then comes the first player on opposite side, who follows in just the same manner, using his judgment as to whether he will knock his adversary's stone away, leave his own stone in front of the "tee" so the next man can't make, or try to leave it where it will be apt to count, and so on; each player has two stones, so when sixteen plays have been made, all the players go to the other "tee" and count. This is continued until the game is finished; but no paper description can portray the animation, nor show the nice skill that curlers acquire. Usually 31 points make a game; but like billiards it is often played for a stated length of time, and at expiration the rink having most points to its credit wins. Each player is equipped with a broom (and oh! the shape they get them in), and runs along with one of his side's stones, and at the skip's command sweeps a track in front of it to "help it in" to the "tee;" but if it go beyond the centre of the "tee," then the opposite side may sweep and try and get it to slide beyond the "tee," and thus fail to count, as the stones must rest in the circles, and not merely pass over them. A stone must pass the "hog-score" to count as a shot; if it does not, a jubilant player thrusts it from the game as a "dead duck," among the Celtic yells of on-lookers. None but sinewy men play this game, as it takes no mean strength to swing, slide, and "twist" a 42 lb. stone; to get the effect of "the English" in billiards, the "in turn" and "out turn" is given the stone as it leaves the hand; the "in-turn" twists it in the direction a screw takes in penetrating, and out-turn the opposite way. Often three or four games are being played at once, and the pond covered with rinks. Every one sweeping with, or excitedly waving, a broomstick, running with a stone to help it in, and cries of caution or regret, make a curling-pond a lively picture. The skip's voice rings out with "Soop her up!" "Soop her up!" "She's there!" "She's there!" "Now move a leetle out-twist, and break an egg here!" "Weel done, weel done, Macfarlan, mak'anither sic a' that!" "Dra wi' the in-twist, and lie by me broom," etc., and to all of these cries (Greek to the uninitiated) Sandy McPherson, or Kellock, gave



his undivided attention. No small part of curling is the lunch (usually a game lasts the best part of a day), where the fun and wit combined with the "spirits" that stalk abroad, occasion roars of laughter; and before returning to the ice a horn-pipe or clog, by one who had not been stiffened up too much by Father Time, keeps "the ball a-rolling."

Curling was little known in this country till 1856, since which time it has spread all over the north. There are now forty or more first-class clubs in the United States, and as many more in Canada. New York City has seven, Brooklyn two, Jersey City one, Yonkers one, and all the Western cities are represented. At the present, the Thistle of N.Y., and the Yonkers of Yonkers, stand first and second, and respectively in the Grand National Curling Club.

The Yonkers Club sent a rink on a tour, who came home loaded with honors and medals, having swept Canada and the Western clubs, after having used up all but one of the home clubs.

Long life to this invigorating and manly game, which occupies only the day-time, and leaves the "lads wi' th' bairns and wife o' nights."

YONKER.

### QUERIES AND ANSWERS

J. B. B. A. 1. The cost of the bicycle suits inquired of is from \$12 to \$16, according to completeness. The helmet caps cost \$1.50; and the helmet hat, a better thing, lately produced, is \$3. — 2. The invention you refer to is certainly in the right direction, and is different in some respects from anything before made, so far as appears. It is worth following up.

R. I. M., Parkville, Conn. Q. 1. What machine does G. Tappan Francis ride? A. We have not yet learned, but it is a fast one. 2. Are the Cunninghams Catholics. A. We believe not, though they pay tribute to the Pope for indulgences. — 3. Have Cunningham & Co. issued any new catalogue since January, 1879? A. No; but we are informed that they will issue one soon. — Don't you think a machine all steel looks bad with a gun-metal brake? A. No; but one with brake same color as head and handle-rod looks better.

### LITERARY COMMENT

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February, the "midwinter" number, begins its unique attractions with the cover design, and ends them with "A Design for a Bicycler's Handkerchief" on page 640. The first article in interest to bicyclers, as it is the first in the magazine, is "A wheel around the Hub," which is not, as one curt reviewer assumes, an effort to be funny; but it is a partial report, in a vein of good humor, of the first "overnight" excursion of any considerable number of bicyclers. Brook Farm, Blue Hill, Sharon, Cohasset, and many more places, come in for touches of description, and a few of the pleasing incidents of the trip are related or hinted at.

The illustrations are beyond anything that has yet appeared to adorn bicycling literature. Mr. Allen C. Redwood has here given many other evidences of his faithfulness, but is also entitled to recognition as the first artist who has correctly drawn the bicycle. In the forty-three or four pictures, large and small, which quite overshadow the text, Mr. Redwood and his co-workers, with pencil and graver, have adorned the jolly wheel and made many friends for its votaries. The humorous "Map of Bicycle Tracks," is one of the pieces of inimitable suggestiveness that may be attributed mostly to Mr. A. W. Drake, and which is the best thing in cartography since Mercator. There is some fine drawing by Lathrop and Taber, and some comic sketches by Hopkins and Church.

"New England Fences" is another paper with its prose-made poetry by the illustrations. "Peter the Great," the first chapter, is history of profound value and wealth of illustration,

which certainly promises to reward the publishers for their enterprise in expending \$25,000 for its production first in their pages.

There are stories, poems, and weightier articles enough to furnish a month's choice reading; and, as usual, the contributions from Dr. Holland's own pen are to be turned to first after the illustrations have been examined.

SNOW SPORTS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS" is the seasonable article in ST. NICHOLAS for February, and "A Knotty Subject" is an instructive one; so is "How to Entertain a Guest"; and, in fact, entertainment and instruction are so admirably blended in the whole eighty pages of poems, stories, and descriptive papers, with their beautiful illustrations and dessert of funny things, that not only the young find them fascinating, but the older read them through to their equal edification. It is just the magazine for early winter evenings at the fireside.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, double size, of *Cycling*, the only monthly magazine of bicycling and tricycling, was in hand just too late for notice in our last number. It contains a capital story, which we shall reprint in several future numbers, entitled "Snowed Up at an Inn," and a varied and interesting table of contents besides. This is a particularly valuable journal for its accounts of tours, and its chatty news and entertaining literary seasoning. We often cull from it, but we can give space to but a small part of its good things; and our advertising columns inform our readers how to obtain the whole.

### CLUB DOINGS

BOSTON BI. C. — The second annual meeting of this club, for election of officers and other business, was held on Monday evening, 2 February, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles E. Pratt; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank W. Weston; Captain, Edward C. Hodges; Senior Sub-Captain, H. S. Mann; Junior Sub-Captain, W. W. Allen; Bugler, F. S. Picker; Club Committee: J. S. Dean, R. M. Diaz, Willis Farrington, Arthur Stedman. Amongst other business transacted was the passage of a resolution disposing of the matter of the complaint of Mr. W. R. Pitman, who was accorded a hearing at the last meeting for business, as follows: —

The Boston Bicycle Club, while unable, under the existing rules, to consider Mr. Pitman other than in the light of a professional, regret the necessity they are under of adhering to their former position, and, at the same time, wish to express the good-will of the club toward Mr. Pitman, and the hope that he will continue his devotion to bicycling with his accustomed enthusiasm and honorable intention.

The report of the Treasurer showed a balance of funds to the credit of the club to the amount of \$222.12.

As the meeting closed at 8 p.m., a dinner call from the bugler summoned the members and their guests to the second annual dinner, which is reported elsewhere.

NEW HAVEN BI. C. — On the 24 January, 1880, the New Haven Bicycle Club was formed, at New Haven, Conn., with a roll of twenty members, and the following list of officers: President, Morris F. Tyler; Secretary and Treasurer, James H. Parish; Captain, C. P. Wurtz, Jr.; Lieutenant, R. H. McDonald; Club Committee, M. F. Tyler, C. P. Wurts, Jr., R. H. McDonald, J. H. Parish, W. M. Frisbie. Colors, badge and uniform not yet decided upon.

WORCESTER BI. C. — The Worcester Bicycle Club held its semi-annual meeting on Tuesday evening, the 13 January, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. J. F. Adams; Captain, Fred S. Pratt; Sub-Captain, Geo. M. Doe; Secretary and Treasurer, William R. Lovell; Bugler, E. K. Hill. Much greater interest in bicycling there is anticipated for the coming season.

AN EFFORT is to be made to bring together the best bicycle riders in the world at New York, next March, Thomas O'Rorke, of that city, having offered them a belt valued at \$1,000, and prize money amounting to \$2,500. The entrance fee is \$50. — *Boston Sunday Herald*.



## PERSONAL

THE CLASS OF '80, of the University of Rochester, was represented here by Mr. W. P. Goodrich, a few days since. He has found that the bicycle supplies just the right kind of exercise for a student, and reports three others in the University, and ten others in that city, as the present nucleus of a fraternity of wheelmen there, which bids fair to increase rapidly during the spring.

THE TRAVELING representative of the BI. WORLD arrived at Aspinwall on Wednesday, 7 January, after a prosperous trip on the Acapulco, and left for Panama on the 9 January, expecting to leave on the City of Panama for San Francisco. Mr. Hodges was to meet MM. Preble and Sibley in the latter city; and so there are three members of the Boston Bi. C. who miss the annual dinner here for the courtesies of the 'Frisco Bi. C.

OIL CITY., Penn., now has its riding school. Mr. H. B. Thompson, whose enterprise is not yet exhausted or his enthusiasm grown less, has opened it there; and we shall doubtless hear of large additions to the bicycling fraternity in that vicinity.

A FRIEND has got a look at the bicycling diary of Mr. W. H. Ames, of the Massachusetts Bi. C., and reports that from 18 December, 1878, to 19 December, 1879, he had ridden 3,293 miles on the roads.

MR. WENTWORTH ROLLINS has issued a neat little pamphlet, circular relating to his "Bicycle Emporium," in which is some interesting reading, and the following amongst other information: "Arrangements have already been perfected for the erection of a building on the circle at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, for the accommodation of private machines, and where a large stock of bicycles will be kept for the purpose of hiring out to parties desirous of taking a spin on the Boulevards in that vicinity. A site has been selected at Wall Street Ferry, Brooklyn side, for the erection of a building for a like purpose, and for the accommodation of parties desirous of making the run to Coney Island next spring."

## AN UNIQUE EXHIBITION

Was arranged and carried out to success at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, 22 January last. The programme promised an interesting entertainment, yet the performance of it gave the spectators many surprises. This is the way it read:—

## PART I.

1. Poet and Peasant. Suppe.
2. Prof. Rollison will represent a person learning to ride the bicycle, and will conclude with a one-mile spin against time.
3. Procession of Bicyclers.
4. Road Drill by the Centaur Bicycle Club. W. Baker, Capt.
5. Slow Race. Slowest rider wins. Best two in three. Entries: Messrs. E. Mears, H. Hare, T. Reath, J. Fox, D. H. Mears, C. Collier, F. Corse, J. Dyson, R. LeConte, F. Cope. Starter and Referee, Prof. F. S. Rollinson. Time-keeper, Mr. R. Fitzgerald. Judges, Mr. John Gibson, Mr. A. J. Briggs.

## PART II.

1. Wine, Wife, Song. Strauss.
2. Figure and Fancy Riding, by Prof. F. S. Rollinson, Chas. Collier, E. B. Mears, C. Cope, Frank E. Siddall, D. H. Mears, T. Reath, J. Fox.
3. Competitive Display of Skill. Two Prizes. D. H. Mears, V. Petre, E. B. Mears, T. Reath, C. Cope, F. E. Siddall, J. Fox. Judges, Mr. Dillwyn Wistar, Mr. John Gibson.
4. Comparisons. Bicycle *vs.* Bone-shaker. Bicycle *vs.* Pedestrian.
5. Bicycle Carnival.

And thus *The Sun* (Phila.) reported it next morning:—

"The first exhibition of bicycling ever given in this city took place on Thursday evening, at Horticultural Hall, there being four or five hundred spectators present. Prof. Rollinson opened the entertainment, illustrating the experience of a beginner, in

a comical costume, his efforts being greeted with shouts of laughter. While on the bicycle he disrobed "*à la* Peter Jenkins," and gave a one-mile spin (twenty-one laps to the mile) against time, which he made in 4 min. 5 sec. A fifty yards slow race came next, with the following entries: Messrs. E. Mears, H. Hare, J. Fox, D. H. Mears, C. Collier, F. Corse, J. Dyson, R. LeConte, F. Cope, and was won by Charles Collier, who won the final heat in 1 min. 15 sec.

"Next in order was figure and fancy riding, and was executed by Prof. F. S. Rollinson, Charles Collier, E. B. Mears, C. Cope, Frank E. Siddall, D. H. Mears, T. Reath, J. Fox, meeting with liberal applause. Next came the display of skill in fancy riding, for two prizes, the entries being D. H. Mears, E. B. Mears, C. Cope, V. Petre, F. E. Siddall, J. Fox, the first prize being won by C. Cope; second prize by F. E. Siddall. Mr. D. H. Mears, who is grace itself on a machine, received special commendation from the judges. Next followed a comparison between the old time "bone-shaker," mounted by E. B. Mears, and the bicycle, by Prof. Rollinson, the "bone-shaker" being distanced. Then came a contest between a bicycle (Prof. Rollinson) and a runner (Metzgar). The latter gave up the race after making three laps. The entertainment wound up with a carnival, all the riders appearing in ludicrous costumes.

"The gentlemen who rode in the first part were as follows: Prof. Rollinson, Mr. Dulles, Mr. Baker, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Gideon, Mr. Hare, B. Mears, A. J. Briggs, F. Corse, Chas. Collier, D. Mears, C. Coke, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Whiting, F. E. Siddall, H. Thompson, J. Fox, and Mr. LeConte.

"The judges of the slow race were Messrs. John Gibson and A. J. Briggs; the judges of fancy riding were Messrs. Dillwyn Wistar and John Gibson; Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, of *The Item*, acting as starter, time-keeper, and referee. Much praise is due to Mr. H. B. Hart for the pleasure and success of the entertainment, and it is to be hoped that such exhibitions will be continued monthly."

## GLANCES ABROAD

[The following was accidentally omitted in making up our last "Glances Abroad," on page 87, six days' contest at Hull.]

Waller rode 200 miles on the last day, in 10, 29, 35. Waller received £100 for first prize; Phillips £35 for second prize, and a gold medal for best 100 miles on record.

At the same time with this contest was run an amateur race, in which one amateur rode on each day his 14 hours, another the next day, etc., with the following result:—

Monday, Mr. Shaw . . . . .	170 miles.
Tuesday, Mr. Stevenson . . . . .	175 "
Wednesday, Mr. Tonge . . . . .	178 "
Thursday, Mr. Stuart . . . . .	56 "
Friday, Mr. Hollins, . . . . .	182 "
Saturday, Mr. Scaum . . . . .	184 "

Mr. G. Scaum won the first prize, a handsome silver cup, value, 10 guineas. He rode 100 miles without dismounting.

FRANCE. The fifth race meeting under the auspices of the Union Vélocipédique Parisien, M. H. Pagis, directeur, was held on the ground-floor of the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, Paris, on the 25 December last. There were five races, and Mr. Devillers, President of the Sport Vélocipédique Parisien, acted as judge, timekeeper, and handicapper. The day was very chilly and foggy, the track was bad, and the attendance was not very successful. The most interesting of the races was the 3,000 METRE SCRATCH RACE, ten laps, for three medals, which resulted in Charles Hommey coming in first, by 25 centimetres, in 9 minutes; Jules Terront, second, and Fabing third, twenty metres behind.

This Jules Terront is a brother of Charles Terront, who was here with Mr. Ethrington's team, and sometimes mistaken for him. The *Clipper* not long since, noticing that Hommey had beaten Terront in a race, was confused by the name, and made the rash suggestion that "our" Charles was riding under false claim to the championship of France.

As a funny instance of bungling a foreign name, we note that *Turf, Field, and Farm* has it Ferroul!



## RATES AND TERMS.

THE BICYCLING WORLD is established on a sufficient cash capital to insure the fulfilment of all its promises. It is published regularly on alternate Saturday mornings, in issues of not less than three thousand copies, and it goes, to the extent of two thousand five hundred copies and upwards, to the hands and eyes of a young, active, and enterprising constituency, by which it is read, passed around, preserved, and made permanent for reference. We mean to make these columns a live, choice, and profitable medium of advertising for our patrons. Our charges, until further notice, are at the following low rates:—

For one insertion

One page . . . . .	\$25.00
One column . . . . .	13.00
Half column . . . . .	7.00
Quarter column . . . . .	4.00
One inch . . . . .	2.00
Special notices, 25 cts. per line brevier.	

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

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,

BOYLSTON HALL, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

Outfitter, by appointment, to the Boston Bicycle Club.

Bicycle Club Uniforms to Order.

Bicycle and other Athletic Clubs throughout the country will find it to their advantage to obtain patterns, prices, and rules for self-measurement before deciding on their uniforms.

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PHOTOGRAPHER,

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OPPOSITE PUBLIC GARDEN.

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SCRIBNER & CO., New York.



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A 50-inch Columbia, has been used very little, is in first-class order, good as new. Must sell in order to get a 48-inch wheel.

Address: **W. W. DARNELL,**  
Bedford, Penn.

h. 7. 1 t.

## THE ENGLISH BICYCLE TOUR.

A PARTY is now being formed for the purpose of enjoying a bicycle tour in England during the coming season. The date of departure is not yet fixed, as it is intended to select a date to best suit the convenience of the majority, but the middle or latter end of May next may possibly be the date determined on. It is intended to be absent from home about sixty days, to proceed to Liverpool, first cabin, and from Liverpool to London, first-class. A stay of a day or two in London will be followed by a circular run of about a week through the charming counties of Surrey and Sussex, visiting Southampton and all the famous south-coast watering-places *en route*. A stay of another few days in London will then be made, after which the party will start on the return trip, first taking the Bath road (the scene of Appleyard's famous 100 miles), to Bath, and from thence a zig-zag route, north-westerly, through Gloucester, Cheltenham, Coventry, Shrewsbury, and other cities of antiquity and interest, to Liverpool. At each place of interest a stay of from one to three days will be made, and a most enjoyable tour is anticipated. The number is limited to twenty riders, who will be led by a gentleman familiar with the country to be traversed, and the cost of the ticket for the entire trip will be \$250 only, inclusive of first cabin steamship passage out and home, first-class rail to London — and the hotel bills *en route*. For further particulars, in detailed prospectus now being prepared, address with 5c. stamp for reply, ASSOCIATE EDITOR, Office of BICYCLING WORLD.

## THE AMERICAN BICYCLER.

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"This little book narrates the history of the rise and progress of the bicycle, gives all needed information for managing it skilfully, has several illustrations, and, in short, is a compact hand-book of the bicycle." For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,  
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A Weekly Journal of Amateur Sport.

Edited by J. G. DEPLIDGE, of the London Athletic Club.

The rapidly increasing popularity of all matters Athletic, and especially Running, Walking, Jumping, and Bicycling, has made room for yet another journal devoted to the interests of these sports. The aims of *The Athletic and Bicycling World* shall be to take a lead in all matters which come within its province, and in accomplishing this object no pains or capital shall be spared. Practical and well-written articles on Athletics, Bicycling, Rowing, Canoeing, Football, Swimming, Gymnastics, etc., will appear, together with comments and gossip interesting to all who take an interest in sport.

Terms of subscription for which the journal will be sent, post free, to any part of the United States: — Three Months, 2s. 9d.; Six Months, 7s. 6d.; Twelve Months, 15s. All Communications, Subscriptions, etc., must be sent to J. G. DEPLIDGE, 9a, Curtain Road, London, England, E.C., And to whom P.O.O. and Cheques are to be made payable.  
g-7. t. x.

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BICYCLE MAKER,

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*This machine, a model of symmetrical beauty and perfect mechanism, has attained its present great popularity owing to its unequalled excellences as a roadster and its great durability.*

*The Columbia ridden by Edward W. Pope over 1,000 miles is in perfect condition to-day. This is explained by the fact that all the wearing parts are adjustable and of hardened steel. It may be seen at our salesrooms.*

*The Columbia is a first-class roadster, equal to the best English makes, all the parts being interchangeable.*

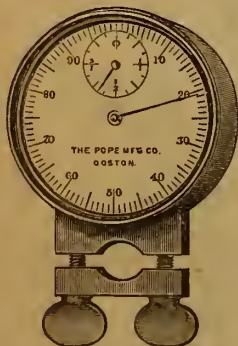


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