

# Bicycling & Archery Field

\$3.00 a Year.  
10 cents a copy.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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LOUIS HARRISON, Editor.  
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BOSTON, 29 APRIL, 1881.

CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editorial  
WILL H. THOMPSON, } Contributors.

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ONE of the most charming ex-members of Rice's Surprise Party had an attractive picture taken in California on a bicycle. Copies of the photograph found their way to Boston and into the album of an ardent devotee of the sport. The A. D. now has all the visitors he can entertain, and the page of the album which contains the picture is slowly wearing away from constant handling. The picture is an excellent one, the costume becoming, and the lady herself is simply T. S. T. L. A. M.

## SCENE THREE.

Small Boy. — "Where's yer mah?"  
Bicyclist. — "She's in the boudoir braiding her hair."

Smaller Boy. — And where's papah?"  
Bicyclist. — "Just stepped to the bah to buy a cigah. Tata."

Smallest Boy. — "Rah! 'rah!"

[Exeunt; small boys right, bicyclist left.]

THE bicycle season has evidently opened in France, for Mr. Devillers' interesting little paper is beginning to report runs by individuals and clubs. In the issue of 3 March, a correspondent from the Saumur Bi. Club describes what unintentionally became a two-days' run, which seems to have been replete with exciting events.

To start with, one of the riders took a "header" and broke his wrist in two places. Night overtook the riders some distance from home, and as only one of the party had a lantern, they were forced to remain at Chinon until morning; but as no one anticipated being out over night,

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no one had any money, so one of the riders had to pawn his watch chain to raise money to pay their hotel bill. It was Sunday evening, and, as is very common in that wicked country, a ball was in progress; this our bicyclers attended, and created quite a sensation by dancing in their bicycle costumes.

THE mooted question seems to be whether the League or those who welcome the L. A. W. members to Boston shall provide the League dinner. The great mass of bicyclers in Boston are in favor of providing everything that will make the League Meet an enjoyable occasion to visitors; but a few of the long-headed ones say that if Bostonians provide the dinner, it will establish a pre-



cedent which may be an unpleasant one in case the next Meet should be held where bicyclers are few, and not so thoroughly united as here. The League officers should, we think, decide the matter, as out of the abundance of their hospitality the Hub wheelmen might trespass on League authority.

#### LAW NOTICE.

THE following votes are to be submitted to the officers of the League by letter, as provided by Section 13 of the rules:—

*Voted*, That the vote adopted at the meeting of the officers L. A. W., 20 March, 1881, "that the business meeting of the League will be called at 10 o'clock A. M., at such place as the president may designate, and that parade be called at 2.30 P. M.," be, and hereby is rescinded.

*Voted*, That the business meeting of the League be called at 2.30 P. M., at such place as the president may designate, and the parade be called at 10 A. M. of 30 May, 1881.

The reason of this desired change in the programme is that there is to be a large military parade (of the G. A. R.) in Boston on the afternoon of 30 May, which, it is feared, would interfere with the parade of bicyclers.

**NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.**—The first annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen will be held in Boston, Mass., on Monday, 30 May, 1881 (time and hall to be announced later). Members will be admitted on presentation of certificates of membership; and each member present shall have one vote on any question, and no proxies shall be allowed; provided, however, that clubs whose entire active membership has joined the League may choose by ballot one delegate for each ten members of the club on the membership roll of the League, to represent them at the annual meeting, and these delegates, upon presentation of credentials signed by the president and secretary of the club, authorizing them to do so, may cast ten votes each in all proceedings of the meeting. A full attendance is desired.

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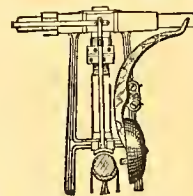
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# THE Bicycling World

## ARCHERY FIELD

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

BOSTON, 29 APRIL, 1881.

AU REVOIR—THE BICYCLING WORLD.  
—This time I drop the editorial “we.”

It is always with a certain paternal feeling of affectionate reluctance that an editor whose heart is in his work lays down his official pen. The feeling toward the paper is akin to that of a parent leaving a child to other resources and control. Toward his readers, the feeling is one akin to that of a personal parting from comrades and familiar friends, and turning away to seek a place and a congenial recognition elsewhere. With one who has projected a paper, and travailed with it, and licked it into shape, and nursed it until it could run and subsist alone, these feelings are doubly strong.

Between me and you, dear WORLD and dear readers, the separation has been gradual. With the first number in January, of this year, you began to be familiar with the name and the pen of my more brilliant associate, who brought younger blood and fresher energies to the work. It was not many weeks before the greater part of the burden rested upon him; and how faithfully and efficiently he has carried it, the pages of the paper and its increasing support attest. My personal regard for him and my satisfaction with his conduct of the paper

would lead me into more fulsome compliment than would be appropriate here. It is sufficient that the paper is to be in good hands.

In bidding my “Auf Wiedersehen,” I have fuller thanks than I can express for so many kind words and deeds extended to me, and for so much generous aid rendered to the young enterprise, without which it could not have been a success. I hope the paper and its editor will deserve and receive the same kind of support in future; and I say only *au revoir*,—not the long “farewell”: for I have found, before and since my connection with the WORLD, other ways in which to further in some small measure the success of bicycling interests and the intelligent enjoyment of the wheel in this country, and do not propose to throw away my pen or withdraw my devotion to the cause. But this is at least enough for myself.

In thus retiring from the BICYCLING WORLD, I may say a few words more for the paper itself and its history. Some of its best friends know all about it, but many do not. It was projected in August of 1879. At that time there were several bicycling journals in England, but none in France (though Brother Devillers, taking courage from our example, afterwards started one).

The bicycle had become a fixture, and we could barely say “thousands” of its patrons. These were scattered in little groups nearly all over the country. There had been, at varying intervals of time, a journal issued devoted to the pastime; but the clubs and the wheelmen had no regular or adequate organ. It seemed to me that they needed one, and that the cause of bicycling in this country might be best served by the founding and vigorous conduct of a regular, tasteful, wide-awake paper devoted to it. There was not field enough for it to warrant a financial success; but somebody must sacrifice the time and energy, and somebody must venture the needed funds and wait long for returns, or sink them altogether. I was ready to do the first, and though one or two others volunteered to share the second, only the present head of the publishing firm was ready to provide for the whole contingency. We joined hands to carry out my plan in full. But in making final preparations for launching our paper, we were unwilling even to seem to crowd or do injustice to any one who had also ventured something and done service to

the cause in a similar way, and therefore delayed for the acceptance of a liberal offer for the purchase of the fugitive but enthusiastic *American Bicycling Journal*, whose appearance had, before our project was formed, fallen off to two issues a year; and the genial promoter of that harbinger of our literature was associated with the publication for a little more than a year. The first number of THE BICYCLING WORLD appeared under date of 15 November, 1879, as a sixteen-page, double-column, long-primer type, fortnightly newspaper, with a plain “Old English” headline. We took a fair start, and the first editorial briefly shadowed the policy of the paper as follows:—

“We come before the public in fresh new guise, without apology and without promises, except to be a regular visitant and to do the best we can to be agreeable, truthful, and wide-awake. We believe in the permanent future of the bicycle as a means of practical locomotion, as a delightful enabler to rational recreation and a health-preserver, as a refined and humane instrument of competitive athletics, and as the subject of a large and useful industry. We feel alive to the multitudinous interests, que tions, enjoyments, discoveries, and experiences arising out of the uses of the wheel, and we mean to voice them in our columns.”

The promise to be regular was certainly kept; for the rest, let others answer. There was a growing plenty of matter, both instructive and entertaining, to choose from and to write about; news was laboriously sought; the legal rights and practical aspects of bicycling were to be expounded, and there were a thousand ways for absorbing the time and energies of the “editor and manager,” until nights and Sundays and holidays were thrown into the effort. The type was reduced that more matter might be found room for, the size was often increased to twenty pages, the archers were allowed to share our space that they might enable us the quicker to be weekly for both, and then give each a separate organ; but with all these changes of type and size and columns, we could scarcely keep up with the growth of the interest, though we outsped the dollars. At the close of Vol. I., with its 442 pages, the paper with its present heading and general make-up was made a weekly. And now that the second volume draws to a close, of



about equal size, though covering half the time, our assurances are to be fulfilled, and the wheelmen are to have their exclusive weekly organ, and the archers are to have their organ separately.

It may be said without challenge that the BICYCLING WORLD has been run so far (and I trust it will always be) in the interest of no clique or locality or private enterprise, but always in the interest (to the best of our ability) of the wheelmen of the whole country, and of the perpetuation and ennobling of the manly art of bicycling. It has not neglected the interests of bicycling as "a large and useful industry," especially as developed by importation and manufacture in this country; but it has always kept them subordinate to the interests of those who *use* the wheel. As to business interests, it has been fair and impartial. With the exception that one of the publishers (up to last January) was connected with an importing house personally, there has been no connection of the publishers, and there never has been of the editor, with any manufacturer, importing house, or agency. As the "official organ" of the L. A. W., it has been at a deal of expense for no direct return; but in this, as in other things, it has tried to be right and go ahead, whether it paid or not. Its subscribers have received, and (this is *sub rosa*) receive still, what costs more than they pay for.

The prospects grow brighter for bicycling; and the future may yet reward the enterprise which could be at first but a generous loss. For myself, in retiring after a year and a half of labor and solicitude, I have for reward a consciousness of having done something to promote the happiness of others, and of having made many friends. For the paper and its able editor, I bespeak continued support and future prosperity. For its many readers and active friends, I wish their wheels may ever run in pleasant roads. And so *au revoir*.

CHARLES E. PRATT.

THE L. A. W.—The marked and almost phenomenal growth of this fraternity, to a strength of about fifteen hundred members in the first year of its existence, is a matter of general comment. The fact is due to the urgent need of such an institution, and to the large amount of vigor and strength in-

fused into it by the enthusiastic wheelmen who projected and perfected its organization.

The work of the past has been mainly one of organism, but other important matters have been dealt with. Foremost among these was the decision which discriminated between and clearly defined the positions of amateur and professional. In this country the time-honored question of *caste*, of social rank, being done away with by the democratic character of the people, the board of officers L. A. W. had no such difficulty to contend with as did those of the Bicycle Union in England. There a wretched habit of past ages still prevailed of conferring the title "amateur" on those only who constituted the aristocracy; but common-sense prevailed, and the Bicycle Union took a long progressive step in laying aside the distinction against tradespeople, and admitting them on terms of equality with the "gentlemen amateurs."

The stumbling-block in the discussion of the matter at the L. A. W. officers' meeting, 18 September, 1880, was the difficulty of giving position to those who were in the business of manufacturing or selling bicycles. The precedent already established by the Bicycle Touring Club, and the prevailing belief that the admission of men interested in the production and sale of bicycles would help rather than hurt the amateurs, decided the matter, however, in favor of their admission.

The work for the future is large and varied. Every member who attends the League meeting should feel ready to suggest, and to improve the working methods already established. The knowledge of roads, of attractive routes, of the address of consuls, of those country hotels where a reduced tariff has been brought about, and of all those conveniences which make wheeling life attractive, should be disseminated among members. Legal advice should be furnished in cases of accident, and a system of mutual protection established everywhere.

To do this requires discussion and preparation beforehand. We cannot expect the League, even when it has entered upon its second year, to be a perfected institution; but it can be greatly improved, and its strength will depend this year much more upon the interest and support of the mass than upon that of the leaders.

## A GULLISH CONFESSION.

BY MADELINE.

(Concluded.)

THE rapid sequence of events after Georgie's first letter diverted my interest temporarily from the curious silence Jack preserved whenever I broached the topics Falconer and Grenadine. He avoided reference to either gentleman in his conversation, and became so weakly evasive under cross examination that he strengthened rather than lulled my suspicion. I informed him frankly that I should have more respect for Mr. Grenadine should he prove of service to Georgie, but I should never consent to her becoming his wife. The idea of a brilliant, handsome society girl attaching herself to any such sentimental clog ("clog," synonymous with "husband") was absurd. I vowed that before I would permit such a wedding to take place, I would place some private information in Georgie's hands, which should postpone it indefinitely.

I felt not a little anxiety on Georgie's account, but was assured by Jack that with the information Falconer had in his possession, he would probably effect a rescue in a few days, as he already had some strong testimony against Georgie's uncle.

After an intervention of several days I received the following:—

*My Dear Madeline:*—When I last wrote you an abbreviated note beneath three postage stamps, I was without doubt the most abject, the most utterly wretched girl alive. My guardian had counted upon the character of discipline in Woolsey to keep me buried for a while, until he could clear his accounts or carry his infamy to its extreme. He failed to take into consideration the fact that I am not as docile, not as easily tamed as the women in his household, and he soon came to know that he had reckoned without his host. The vigilante of the college eyed me with suspicion, and finally detected me in an interview with Falconer. I was promptly locked up, treated as a prisoner and not as a human being, subjected to the disgrace of a public reprimand before the assembled students, and treated with cold disdain in all my interviews with college authorities.

I felt the most bitter indignation, but strange to say, did not show it. Some spirit of cool vindictiveness and determination was aroused within me, and I managed to preserve a proud silence throughout all the disgraces heaped upon me.

My uncle called upon me, and in a very irritable frame of mind attempted to snub me into some sort of submission; but failing in this, he decided that the institution devoted to "the highest and purest form of mental culture," which I had dishonored by my presence, could not hold me any longer. When he talked of removing me, I became alarmed, and



wrote to you, and all that day and next I watched in weary silence at my window for some sign of Falconer. I knew that my relatives would side with my uncle, until his treachery became exposed; and without my one best friend I could do nothing to accomplish my uncle's punishment, or my own release. It is not strange, therefore, that I lost heart when I got no signal from him at the end of the second day. At nightfall my guardian came to take me away. I was hurried into a close carriage without being allowed to speak to any one. We passed several girls on whose faces I saw plainly expressed sympathy, but they did not dare to speak. A desolate feeling came over me when the carriage door closed. I felt utterly friendless, and descending from my proud manner enough to cry bitterly, I implored uncle to let me go, promising never to trouble him again in any way.

He acted like a brute, and frightened me so by the way he talked, that I hushed my crying, and comforted myself with silent tears.

The carriage rolled on very rapidly, swinging around corners in a frightful manner, and threatening to tip over every moment. After what seemed to be an hour's driving at this rate, the carriage stopped suddenly, and the driver shouted nervously:—

"I think we are pursued, sir."

My uncle raised the window, and exclaimed excitedly:—

"Drive the horses to death. I will pay for them."

The window slammed, the carriage jerked violently, and away we dashed with both horses running. My uncle glanced from the back window, and apparently saw nothing. I watched also, and after a time saw close down to the surface of the road a peculiar, phantom-like light swaying from side to side. It looked like some will-o-the-wisp as it flitted from place to place, now shining brightly, now with illusive faintness, and now totally disappearing. I dried my tears and took a post of observation, where I could catch an occasional glimpse of the *ignis fatuus*, which danced along after us. We sped along very swiftly, but the little twinkling light followed persistently, and seemed to become larger and more distinct. I felt creep through me a strange sense of exultation, while a presentiment arose in my mind that the light was my hope and would be my salvation. Strange to say, I had never heard of a bicycle lamp to hang on the hub, but I nevertheless grew to think that Falconer was following, and on the steed that never wearies. In the flash of a wayside lamp, I suddenly beheld the glitter of steel spokes, and then my fondest hope was confirmed.

The race became exciting, as I could plainly hear above the roar of the carriage wheels the voice of the driver exhorting his overtaxed horses. Our speed lessened, while the glittering wheel behind us came rushing on like some

meteor. It caught us and slowly passed by. I did not move, as I feared to arouse my uncle from the dull abstraction in which he was wrapt. Presently I heard angry voices without, and our carriage came to a stand-still. Uncle started up excitedly and proceeded to open the carriage door, when a voice rather roughly intimated that if the door did not remain closed the occupants of the carriage would have to suffer. The voice I recognized instantly, and it made me thrill with a hope and a joy I had not dreamed of feeling an hour before. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a rattling of wheels behind us. A few sharp words of command were given, and then uncle was called upon to go forth. He trembled when he arose, and seemed utterly unnerved when upon stepping out he found himself folded in the friendly embrace of a Boston police sergeant. I followed quickly, though not into the same arms, and had just time enough to see that the blue coats had the driver and uncle in custody, and that my Falconer was safe, when I broke down and fainted away. I remained unconscious for some time, thus missing the rest of the fun.

I am feeling perfectly lovely now, as I have had two days to recover, the best of attention, and daily visits from Mr. Falconer. The latter, upon learning that my uncle had become involved financially, instituted an investigation. He has followed my unscrupulous relative as relentlessly as he did the carriage, and was about to pounce upon him, when uncle left suddenly for Woolsey. After a considerable delay in procuring a *posse* of officers, he came per bicycle to the college. The faithful gardener informed him of my departure in the carriage, and immediately Falconer set out in pursuit, leaving word with Mike to direct the police officers to follow.

He was perfectly cool and self-possessed upon the morning he called, after rescuing me; but I, the experienced, the well-bred, well-trained society *habitué*, was as nervous as a mere child; I sniffled a little, laughed hysterically at the wrong times, and acted like a simpleton. He must have thought me a perfect goose. The secret of it was, I was awfully glad to see him. It is an *open secret* now.

Madeline, I shall not tell you where I am, although I am quite near. I will be perfectly well in two days, and shall then for a short time take advantage of your hospitality. I want to have you meet him and like him almost as much as I do; and I want your consent, your *outright consent without any "provided's."*

Yours devotedly, GEORGIE.

BROOK VILLA.

Dear Georgie:—You have my unconditional consent to anything under these circumstances. I have read your letter aloud to "the folks," and we are all ready to receive you in a police-like embrace and to care for you as long as you will make your home with us. Marry Grenadine and bring him along. I will officiate in

the humble but useful capacity of bride's maid. We are ready to do anything to assist you, and to bring to justice that horrible uncle. I felt so grateful to the whole family of bicycles that I hunted up Jack's roadster and lavished caresses upon its cold and brainless head, and I shall always regard with interest any one who can turn the inanimate wheel into a thing of motion, beauty, and life.

I hope, though, that it is n't Mr. Grenadine, and that it is n't anybody very great; for I don't think that such men make good husbands. Great minds and social, affectionate dispositions, do not seem to exist together in the same human framework. The awfully nice husbands are hardly ever renowned; whereas, the illustrious men seem to be too absorbed in their own illustriousness, if I may so express it, to be generous and considerate towards a woman. The law places a wife so completely in the power of the husband that she has protection without liberty, and has between her and lifelong unhappiness only a man's fickle fancy; between her and unending misery only a man's frail mercy. Nobody can write more profoundly on matrimony than those who have n't tried it. They are not prejudiced by one narrow marital experience.

I hope you will have the best of all husbands, as I have the best of all brothers; but before you put too much faith in him, ask him, as did Adelaide Proctor:

"Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine;  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine;  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul  
to-night for me.

"I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which  
I can pledge to thee?"

I think that ought to settle any man with a shadow of conscience.

We all hope to meet and welcome you to-morrow. Sincerely yours,

MADLINE.

The day soon came, and with it Georgie. She burst upon us like some joyous May-day after a week of April showers. I had expected to find her somewhat sobered by her strange experiences, but her dimples were as deep and her eyes as mischievous as ever. I could not imagine her wild and free spirit in the least tamed by matrimonial prospects, and even felt some incredulity about the seriousness of her engagement; but we had no sooner got away by ourselves in the snug little library than she began to talk of her chosen boss.

She began very seriously to tell me how dignified, how reserved, how elegant in dress and manners, and how handsome was this paragon; but she laughed a peculiar little laugh before she got half way through, and said recklessly:—

"I am afraid you will not like him, for he is none of these. He is neither smart, pretty, nor good, but I like him.



He will be here pretty soon, and that will settle it all. Do I still have your consent, Madeline?

"More than ever," I responded; "I am prepared to like him now."

"We are engaged with every one's consent, then, and I shall marry him as soon as possible. Here he is."

He entered the room with his hat on, he sprawled lazily down in our best chair, he smiled a sickly smile, and impudently winked at me. I sank back too weak to express my indignation. I could only exclaim reproachfully, "Oh, Jack!"

#### THE BEACON PARK ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THIS association was started a year ago, with the idea of providing all lovers of out-door sports a suitable place for their enjoyment. The grounds are laid inside the mile track, at Beacon Park. A quarter-of-a-mile track was laid last season for running and walking; but finding that these sports were not patronized by members, the directors decided to remodel the track, and devote it to bicycling. There has been considerable opposition to bicycling at the Park, but this has been fully overcome; and as that sport promises to be a leading one in the future, they very wisely concluded to favor it, and do everything in their power to further its interests. As the association has expended a great deal of money on the grounds, they did not deem it wise to expend the amount of money required to put the track in condition. Three gentlemen of this city, seeing the advantage that a fast track in this city would be to bicyclers, have guaranteed a sufficient sum to put the track in good order, and make it without doubt the fastest track in the country.

The track is four laps to the mile, with oval turns, thus giving the greatest length of straight stretch with the proper turns. The turns are raised one foot on the outside.

It had originally a coarse cinder surface, which failed to bind sufficiently. The track was first brought up to a level with gravel; then a surface of fine clay gravel laid on and rolled, and then a fine layer of cinders was spread upon it, to make the proper surface. The track is now being alternately sprinkled and lightly rolled, and will after a few days' work be ready for use. The art of track building is young in this country, and we believe that this is the first track built in the country on the correct principle.

We print here the circular issued by the association, showing some of its advantages:—

#### BEACON PARK ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. DIRECTORS.

J. Malcolm Forbes, E. C. Hodges, Henry Howland, P. F. Ferris, R. S. Russell, C. H. Williams, A. T. Cabot, G. A. Sawyer, G. F. Roberts, H. G. Pickering, secretary.

The association was organized a year

ago, for the purpose of providing all lovers of athletic games in Boston with suitable grounds. A large portion of the space inside the mile driving track was levelled, and grounds prepared for base ball, lacrosse, cricket, foot-ball, lawn tennis, archery, etc., etc.; and although it was our first year, our membership list numbered over 200 names.

At the close of the season the grounds were thoroughly overhauled, and sodding, grading, and seeding done wherever we thought they could be improved, and we hope to offer this year superior grounds for each sport represented. We shall have eight grass lawn tennis courts, and one of wood, each supplied with back-nets.

The cricket ground was made over and the outfield seeded, and it will be much improved. The base-ball ground was relaid, and the diamond and near infield put down in loam, and the whole seeded.

The quarter-mile bicycling track is being relaid under the direction of Messrs. E. W. Pope and E. C. Hodges, and as its shape is exceptionally good, we hope to make it the fastest in the country.

The association is justly celebrated for its bathing and dressing rooms. We have lockers enough for all active members.

We have re-engaged George Wright as professional cricketer, and members can have the advantage of practice with a bowler whose average was the best in the country last season.

Beacon Park can be reached in twelve minutes by the Boston and Albany Railroad in thirty minutes by Brighton horse cars, and in twenty minutes by the steam launch "Galatea," which leaves the Union Boat Club float on each half-hour during the afternoon. Returning, leaves Beacon Park on the hour. Applications for membership may be made to H. G. Pickering, secretary, 54 Devonshire street, Boston, or to any member of the association. The admission fee is \$10, which covers the first year's assessment.

H. F. FAY,  
JAMES DWIGHT,  
P. F. FERRIS,  
*Executive Committee.*

#### COMMITTEES ON SPORTS.

*Cricket.*—Laurence Curtis, J. P. Farley, Jr., John G. Hubbard, H. F. Fay.

*Bicycling.*—James Dwight, E. C. Hodges, E. W. Pope.

*Lawn Tennis.*—Edward Gray, James Dwight, M. H. Richardson.

*Lacrosse.*—H. M. Howard, S. Macdonald, P. F. Ferris.

*Base Ball.*—G. A. Sawyer, H. W. Lamb, P. F. Ferris.

*Archery.*—F. Dabney, James Dwight.

As the above statement will show, the grounds furnish facilities for every kind of out-door sport. The sail up the Charles River in the steam launch "Galatea" is a pleasant one, and is highly appreciated by the members.

On the 28th May, the association will give a race on the new track, and it will undoubtedly be the largest ever held here. Bicyclers in the vicinity of Boston are

urged to join the association. It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the advantages of doing so. The membership tickets, we understand, will admit members to all events excepting to the fall races of the Driving Association. It is the intention of the directors to have some event of interest at the Park every Saturday. Among the events may be mentioned the tennis tournament, Harvard bicycle races, the games of the Institute of Technology, several races of the Boston and Massachusetts Bicycle Clubs, and the race to be held 28 May.

Names may be sent to E. C. Hodges, 28 State street.

#### BICYCLING IN FRANCE.

Two French gentlemen, MM. Lau-maillé and De Guilhaumanson, are at present making a very lengthy tour through Europe on bicycles. The diary of M. de Guilhaumanson is being published in *Le Sport Velocipedique*. The following has been translated from that paper of 2 April, by "Ike,"—who has heretofore done our translating:—

I will try to give you briefly some notes of our trip as far as Follonica.

7 March. We left Menton at six o'clock; the custom-house officials caused us to lose an hour of time and made us pay 33 francs on each bicycle; this money will be refunded us when we leave Italy. The roads are very hilly, and becoming more rocky. We arrived at Alassio tired out.

8 March. The roads have been fair, and we have travelled fast. We took breakfast at Finale; we passed through Savona, and then were caught in a rain. As it had rained hard here during the night, I made up my mind to pedal along in the mud no longer, and left M. L. who was anxious to continue on his machine. Had the roads been in their usual condition, he would have reached Genoa by six o'clock, in time for dinner; as it was, he made most of the distance in mud, and did not arrive till ten.

9 March. We have been sight-seeing in Genoa, a city of some 180,000 inhabitants; most of the streets are from seven to ten feet wide, and the houses are very high, some of them with as many as nine stories. We visited several churches, among others, the Annunciata, the most beautiful of all; gold, marble, paintings, and all the wealth that can be collected in a church, are here to be seen. In the afternoon we went to the *Campo-Santo*, the most beautiful cemetery in the world.

10 March. We set out at eight o'clock, and found the roads extremely muddy. M. L.'s bicycle broke down near Recco, but we found an intelligent mechanic who repaired it. We breakfasted at Recco and started again at half past two, and soon encountered interminable hills. We were well repaid for our fatigue, however, by the varied panorama that continually unrolled before our astonished eyes. . . .



We arrived at Chiavari at half past five. Here, as in all the cities and villages, we were followed by great numbers of children and grown people, who would escort us to the hotel if we were to stop, or to the outskirts of the town if we were passing through. In one place we were followed for nearly five miles. Usually the people are pleasant. Those who can talk a little French come up to us and ask where we came from and where we are going, questions which we are very ready to answer.

11 March. A tiresome day. Hills eight miles long to climb and descend. We reached the snow line, but came to no village. It was noon before we got anything to eat, and then only some eggs, bad beans, and a little execrable white wine. At last, however, we arrived in very good season at Spezia. Here we visited the largest war vessel in the world, the "Duilio." It is 120 metres long, and has four cannons 10 metres long with bores about 55 centimetres in diameter. The city is full of soldiers and sailors, and very lively. We passed the evening at a little circus.

12 March. We left Spezia at 7 o'clock. After passing a little hill at the start, we rolled over level ground to Massa. At 3 o'clock we reached Pisa (road good and smooth). We visited the famous leaning tower and the Duomo. The baptistery is a church rich in marble and gold, which one must see in order to appreciate its beauty. The city has about 25,000 inhabitants.

13 March. We did not arise until late, and then went to Leghorn. I attracted a good deal of attention on account of my head-gear, which is a helmet, and has already caused me to be taken for an Englishman. There is nothing whatever to see at Leghorn. There is a fine promenade along the shore of the sea, but it is too early in the season for people to be out.

14 March. We started at six o'clock. The roads were good, but a strong wind in our faces prevented our making rapid progress. The way seemed deserted; there were no villages to pass through, and it was noon before we could get any breakfast; and it was high time, for as for myself, I could have gone no farther. We stopped for the night at Follonica, a little village of no importance; but to reach a larger place, we should have had twenty-five miles farther to ride, and as it was half past five when we got here, we decided to stop.

## GLANCES ABROAD

### LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE first spring meeting of this club took place at Stamford Bridge, on Saturday last, and among the events set down for decision was a one-mile open bicycle handicap. This being the first race of the season, some little interest was shown among riders as to the probable form of this year's men. Any anxiety as to the

ultimate winner was, however, quickly dispelled, as on referring to the handicap, the name of Butler, 120 yards, at once stood out. How this gentleman, after his consistent and good form of last year, came to be let in with such a light weight, we fail to understand, and we can only trust this is not to be a specimen of future L. A. C. bicycling handicaps. Details:—

ONE-MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP (open). — Handicapper, H. H. Griffin. Heat 1. — S. Kemp, L. A. C., 45 yards start, first; W. Brass, jun., L. A. C., 180 yards start, second; O. Thorn, L. A. C., 130 yards start, third; R. A. Woolnough, Rovers B. C., 65 yards start, o. A plucky race, won by a foot. Time, 3 min. 11 3-5 sec. Heat 2. — E. B. Andrews, L. A. C., 165 yards start, first; A. Beeson, L. A. C., 180 yards start, second; G. L. Hillier, L. A. C., scratch, third; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B. C., 105 yards start, o; C. W. Coe (introduced), 135 yards start, o. Won by twenty yards. Time, 3 min. 10 sec. Heat 3. — S. Golder, Blackheath Harriers, 90 yards start, first; J. F. Griffiths, Surrey B. C., 20 yards start, second; W. Tripp, L. A. C., 150 yards start, third; H. Smith, L. A. C., 65 yards start. A capital race, won by a yard. Time, 3 min. 18 4-5 sec. Heat 4. — J. D. Butler, L. A. C., 120 yards start, first; F. G. Medcalf, Arlington B. C., 160 yards start, second; J. R. Hamilton, L. A. C., 25 yards start, o; M. J. R. Dundas, L. A. C., 45 yards start, o; J. H. Pullin, L. A. C., 95 yards start; N. A. Cababe, Kingston B. C., 170 yards start, o; C. W. Fagan, L. A. C., 180 yards start, o. Won easily by twenty-six yards. Time, 3 min. 5 2-5 sec. Final Heat. Butler, first; Andrews, second; Medcalf, third; Golder, o; Kemp, o. It was not until two thirds of the way round the last lap that Butler wrested the lead from Andrews, when he came away and won somewhat easily by fifteen yards; twenty yards divided Andrews and Medcalf, the latter starting in the final owing to being second in the fastest preliminary heat. Time 3 min. 15 sec. — *Bicycling News*.

### GRIP PEDALS.

As there seems to be a growing interest in grip pedals, and as there is no information concerning them obtainable on this side of the water, we reprint the following from *Cyclist*:—

"Mr. Garrod has long been known as a bicycle maker, and has in his time done more than something towards the perfection of the machine in its details of construction, being perhaps best known as the first introducer into prominence of the hollow fork, which, although invented and used previously, was first applied by him to the bicycle as a regular thing, being at that time made a specialty of. This latest of Mr. Garrod's novelties, which we have now under notice, first was made known to the world at large at the last Stanley exhibition, although the inventor and manufacturer himself gave

them a full season's test upon the Norfolk race tracks, in order with better confidence to offer them to the public. The pedal itself differs in no way from the rat-trap or rubber varieties at the present day in general use, its special feature consisting of two thin steel plates rising to a point and slightly curving inwards, as shown in the illustration, in order to get the shape of the fore-part of the sole of the boot. These steel plates are held to the pedal plates by two small screws, which enable them to be adjusted to take any boot. Their object is to allow a slight grip to be taken by the foot upon the pedal, and by this means to not only entirely prevent the feet being jerked off the pedals when passing over rough ground, but to allow of the pedal being assisted in its upward rise, as well as pushed downwards in the ordinary way. The first thing that strikes one is the theoretical objection that they would hold the feet in case of a spill; but although we have not yet given them a trial, we believe this objection will be found to have very little further weight than the mere idea in actual practice, the grip not being sufficient to resist the effort made in such a case. We cannot speak from experience as to their merits, but we have ridden with pedals narrower than the soles of our boots, which would have very much the same effect; and we well remember noticing the increased ease of propulsion — whether real or fancied we cannot say — which the double motion afforded us. Mr. Garrod himself says that the use of these pedals has been the means of bringing his position upon the path from that of a long-start man to the place of the local scratch man. We are informed that several noted cracks of the London paths intend using them this season; and if so, and it is as the inventor states, we may expect to see some fast times made in a few months' time by their means.

### THE ENGLISH AMATEUR RECORDS FOR 1880.

Miles.	Times.	Name.	Date.
1	2-46 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	I. Keith-Falconer.	1880
2	5-36 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	"	May 21, '79
3	8-54 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	H. L. Cortis.	Aug. 23, '79
4	11-51 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
5	14-39 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	Aug. 4, '80
6	17-53 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	Aug. 18, '80
7	21-52	"	"
8	23-57	"	"
9	26-59 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
10	29-54 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
11	33-4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	Sept. '80
12	36-6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
13	39-5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
14	42-9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
15	45-8	"	"
16	48-8	"	"
17	51-0 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
18	53-56 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
19	57-36	"	"
20	1-0-38 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"
21	1-3-45	"	"
22	1-6-51	"	"
23	1-10-9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	"	"



24	1-13-26 <sup>3</sup>	H. L. Cortis. Sept.	'80
25	1-6-41 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
26	1-26-11 <sup>1</sup>	"	July 11, '79.
27	1-29-49	"	"
28	1-33-7 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
29	1-36-49 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
30	1-40-15	"	"
31	1-43-49	"	"
32	1-47-14 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
33	1-50-46 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
34	1-54-19 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
35	1-57-32 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
36	2-1-5	"	"
37	2-4-5 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
38	2-8-32 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
39	2-12-25 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
40	2-16-10 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
41	2-19-58 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
42	2-24-44 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
43	2-28-39 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
44	2-32-20 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
45	2-36-8	"	"
46	2-40-2	"	"
47	2-44-7 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
48	2-48-11 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
49	2-52-21 <sup>1</sup>	"	"
50	2-54-35	J. F. Griffith. July 17,	'80
100	7-18-55	Appleyard. June	'78

#### TRICYCLE CLUBS.

IN pursuance of the above subject, I now proceed to illustrate how very easily a club may be formed, by briefly narrating the steps taken to establish the West Kensington Tricycle Club. The present captain (an old stager at tricycling), feeling the want of a club in his neighborhood, consulted with one or two kindred spirits in the matter, the upshot being the appearance of a notice in the *Cyclist*, and other papers taken by wheelmen, to the effect that on 11 October a meeting would take place at a certain hotel, to which all interested in the subject were invited, with a view to form a tricycle club, the said notice appearing several times before date named. Accordingly on that evening eight persons met, amongst whom was Mr. Nairn, the London editor of the *Cyclist*, and it was unanimously decided to start a club forthwith; and officers being duly elected, a set of rules were decided upon, and the club fairly launched: a fact which was heralded by a telling little account of same appearing in the next issue of the *Cyclist*, and evidence of its existence was soon made manifest by three of its members taking part in the 50-mile tricycle race on 6 November following. It now has nearly 30 members, and bids fair to double this by the end of the summer.

Enthusiastic tricyclists may take heart at this, and at once supply a want by becoming the pioneers of new clubs in their respective localities. The whole thing being so easy, I need dwell on it no longer, but at once redeem my promise of dealing with the advantages to be derived by tricyclists becoming associated together in clubs. To a mere superficial observer little benefit would appear to be gained by clubs, but in practice much good is obtained. There is more than

mere brute force required to propel a machine with skill and grace, most of the taunts and criticisms levelled at tricyclists being due to the labored, ungraceful, and unskilful manipulation of their iron steed; and unattached riders can only "bear it and grin," little dreaming how soon all their difficulties would vanish with the mutual help and advice of more experienced wheelmen: as, a good fellowship existing between clubmen, they are able to discuss each other's little deficiencies without fear of offence, and thus learn those innumerable little wrinkles which so immeasurably lessen the labor required in propulsion, as well as acquiring that ease and graceful bearing so essential to comfort.

Communion with those riding different machines, and those more skilled than ourselves, tends more than anything to correct mistaken notions and break down old prejudices; half of the blame lavished on various makes of machines is most often due to an incorrect knowledge. One rider may be seen mounting a hill on almost any kind of tri, while a second, with equal strength but a great deficiency of judgment, cannot mount the slightest ascent; one sits far too low, a second too far back, a third has no notion of balancing being requisite, and a fourth can never keep his lamp from going out, or finds his machine goes terribly hard; but the clubmen soon find out all the difficulties and prejudices of fellow members, and put them right.

Then there is the advantage of companionship on long rides, which so greatly enhances the enjoyment of a spin, and it is rare indeed for a member of a club to find much difficulty in getting a partner for a run or even a tour, and the Saturday afternoon club run is perhaps the most enjoyable and instructive of all. Another great advantage is gained by those desiring to purchase fresh machines having the opportunity of observing the capabilities of the various makes used, and intending purchasers of a tri. cannot do better than join a club before making their choice.

The racing feature in clubs is not the most useful part of its functions, but very good in its way, as even the observers may deduce useful information from the results. Finally, all will admit that "union is strength," and in all things new strength is essential, as that alone will break down the prejudices of the multitude. We, as a body, have interests to guard and protect; then form your clubs, let all members be united, and all clubs join in the union offered by the Tricycle Association. — H. J. BELL, W. K. T. C., T. A., in *Cyclist*.

#### A TRIP TO OTTERSBERG.

Dear Editor: — Sunday morning, 3 April, saw two bicyclists, one riding a 52-inch "Royal Challenge," the other a 50-inch "Express," starting out upon a tour to the above-mentioned township, situated about nineteen miles from this

city. The skies were obscured by fleeting clouds, chased before a strong and somewhat cold southeasterly wind. Nothing daunted by the latter, we wheeled through the suburbs, then out upon the splendid Chaussee leading to our destination. Having studied the map carefully the day before, we were pretty well posted as to the villages and roads we should encounter. These villages or hamlets were often quite small, perhaps containing eight or nine hundred inhabitants. Thirteen were passed successively before the spires of Ottersberg arose in the distance. Very little riding was indulged in on the trip there, for the wind and dust clouds presented a truly formidable appearance, as gathering power upon the long stretches of bleak, desolate moorland, they would come sweeping along, often forcing us to turn our backs and cling tightly to our machines. At last, and with many a sigh of relief, we pushed slowly into Ottersberg, putting up at the principal hotel for dinner (time, 12.25). The journey was a long one, taking some four hours and thirty-nine minutes; although slightly fatigued, our spirits rose as mine host, a dapper little fellow, avowed he could place a most substantial meal before us. We were soon seated around the hospitable board, doing ample justice to the good viands, and discussing the merits of an old bottle of St. Jullien. Resting some time, we carefully examined our machines, oiled up, and once more mounted into the saddle.

It need hardly be said the extra work the wind had necessitated in the morning was amply compensated by the slight exertion required to cover the homeward trip, which we accomplished in two hours and thirteen minutes. The roads we passed over were in most excellent condition; putting our legs over the handles, we spun down the inclines we met with, spreading consternation among the poultry and boys these German villages abound in.

We arrived in Bremen at six o'clock in the evening, thus completing a little tour of 38 miles. Upon the whole, the latter was a most enjoyable one, and we shall be happy to repeat "a trip to Ottersberg."

HERMANN H. KOOP, JR., L. A. W.  
BREMEN, 6 April, 1881.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. — Secretaries of Bicycle Clubs and unattached bicyclers will remember that *two weeks* must elapse after the publication of the names of applicants for admission to the League before they can be passed upon by the committee on membership.

APPLICATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY BEFORE 10 MAY, TO SECURE ADMISSION BEFORE 30 MAY.

WILLIAM M. WRIGHT, dealer in Bicycles of every make, has removed from 160 Fulton st. to 791 5th avenue, New York.





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

BOSTON, 29 APRIL, 1881.

#### NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.—

By the kindness of Secretary G. F. E. Pearsall, we are favored with a copy of "Constitution and Rules of the National Archery Association of the United States of America, established A. D. 1879. Official edition, Brooklyn, published by the association, 1881." In his prefatory note the secretary says: "In arranging this edition, I have endeavored to make it, in a measure, a record of the Association." It furnishes lists of the officers for the three years, 1879, 1880, and 1881; the constitution and rules as amended up to this date; the proceedings of the convention of archers, held at Crawfordsville, Indiana, 23 January, 1879, which resulted in the formation of the National Association, and memoranda of the championess medals and championship medals for 1879 and 1880; the winners and their scores. To this is appended an official notice, announcing that the third grand national tournament will take place at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, New York, commencing the day after the annual business meeting, which will be held on Monday, 11 July, 1881. One delegate from each of the associate clubs, seventeen in number, with credentials

signed by its president and secretary, can participate in the transaction of business, and also announces: "It is proposed at the coming grand meeting, that *competition between the several clubs* shall constitute one of its main features and in importance next to the championship." The official programme will be issued as early as the executive committee can arrange the details, receive and classify the prizes. The secretary's address is 298 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. The pamphlet is very tastefully gotten up, and the contents prepared with great care.

#### HERE WE ARE AGAIN! THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1881.

THE following extract from the writings of the late Horace A. Ford (Archery, Its Theory and Practice, page 13), is respectfully submitted for Mr. Will H. Thompson's consideration:—

"The doctrine of the necessary superiority of old ideas over new ones, though supported by no reasoning, no argument whatever, and resting on the bare assumption only that, as our forefathers did so, therefore *ex necessitate rei* we their descendants should do so likewise, will still find advocates, even in these our times of progress and knowledge."

ANDREW S. BROWNELL.  
A. W. HAVENS.

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE ARCHERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I HAVE been reading, with considerable interest, for some past, the controversy that has been going on between the adherents of the different systems of target valuations. When the Pacific Coast Archery Association adopted the new, or "American System," I felt morally certain that a severe war of words was about to begin, and I have not been disappointed; I had made up my mind not to be drawn into this controversy, but it has come to such a position that I cannot keep out any longer. I have got to say something and have my mind relieved. I *was* opposed to any change in archery practice that has been used for many years past, and when my brothers here advocated, *seriously*, the change from 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, I opposed it strenuously; to use a California expression, I "kicked" furiously. I had not given the subject any thought whatever, and when I found that the majority favored the change, I subsided and accepted the inevitable. My brother archers are men of good sense, and have far more than ordinary intelligence, and I could not help respecting their views, as I know every one does who has acquaintance with them. I have waited, and have now heard both sides of the question. Mr. Brownell, aggressive, but full of reasoning and

good argument, with very little assistance, has battled manfully with the giants of the opposing side. His reason has been met by what? So far as argument goes, by almost nothing. Gentlemen, what you cannot meet by good argument, you attempt to conquer by ridicule. You talk all *around* the subject; you make statements that are not always borne out by facts, and when you cannot say anything else you call us all "muffs."

Now I am going to state a few facts, and have a little something to say in reply to Mr. W. H. Thompson's article in the ARCHERY FIELD of 1 April, 1881. He talks pretty plainly in his article, and I am going to do the same. I am a stranger, so far as personal acquaintance goes, to all our Eastern fraternity. I know you nearly all by name, and respect you and your shooting. I do not desire to hurt anybody's feelings, but I may tread on your toes.

Just follow me a moment and let me *make* a target that will suit the arguments of the champions of the old system, on a system of circles. Make a gold 9 inches in diameter, and make a circle around the outside so that the *outside* band shall contain a superficial area nine times as great as the gold; then construct a black ring so that it contains an area one third as great as the outside circle and three times as much as the gold. You will find that the black ring is not nearly as wide as the outer or white one. Now comes the blue ring, which must contain one fifth as much area as the outside, and the red ring, which contains one seventh of the surface of the outside ring. Taking Mr. Thompson's figures of the superficial area of the target as correct, I will attempt to give the superficial area that the new target would have.

Gold	— 72 square inches.....	Value 9
Red	— 92.4-7 " ".....	Value 7
Blue	— 129.3-5 " ".....	Value 5
Black	— 218 " ".....	Value 3
White	— 648 " ".....	Value 1

Total — 1160.6-35.

Now, this may *seem* to be all right, but it is n't, for a target 4 feet in diameter contains 1808 square inches, or nearly so.

What shall we do with the other 650 inches of surface that is left? If you distribute it among the balance of the target *pro rata* to their respective values, you must *increase* the size of the gold. But, gentlemen, this won't do. Perhaps it would be better to change the manner of painting the colors, and ignore the matter of circles altogether. You all remember the school maps of the world, showing the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, and the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. Have the Arctic zone painted gold, the Antarctic zone red, and so on, leaving the Tropical zone white.

If you shoot at this target and miss the gold, the nearest color is the blue, and the next is white. If you make a very poor shot, you may make the red or black. Would that be skill? I think not; yet, if



superficial area is to be the standard, this is just as good as the present manner of painting the target. No, gentlemen, there is no target that is used for any kind of projectile that is made on a basis of *superficial area*. They are all constructed on the *basis* of string measurement from the centre, and *subsequently* made into circles simply for convenience, in order to compare the respective merits of the different contestants with ease, and to save the trouble and annoyance of measuring each shot from the centre. Forget your unit of measure, *i. e.*, 1 inch, and take as a unit the width of our target bands, and with any degree of *justice* you *must* count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. If you insist on counting the gold nine, simply because it makes your score appear larger, why don't you make *nine* rings on the target and count from 1 to 9? You certainly must do one or the other. There is no possible justice if my competitor cuts the ring of the gold and counts 9, while my arrow rests alongside, and touches his, but is all in the red, and counts *two* points less. My shot was so nearly as good as his, that perhaps if his arrow had not been in the target I would have cut the gold too, but was forced out by striking his arrow. Of course, there must be a dividing line somewhere, and the difference in the count should be only one, and not two.

That the new departure in the matter of scoring should meet with *violent* and *persistent* opposition is not strange. Look at the history of *all* improvements, and the *mass* of people, and *some* very intelligent ones, too, were opposed to any new-fangled notion. Steam as a motive power they all said was impracticable. When applied to the locomotive and the old cog-wheeled rails, the old stage coach travelers and owners said it would never work at all, but it did. Ship-owners discounted steam as a motive power, and poo-pooed at Fulton's modest steamboat, but it was a success. I am not attempting to place this controversy on a basis of these important improvements that have taken place, but to warn you that it is not well to place yourselves on record as opposing the *inevitable*, for the *correct* system *will prevail* in time, and that time is not long distant either. We may be only a small handful here on this coast, but we are not blind, and if any of you gentlemen think we are ignorant in archery matters and its history, you are mistaken.

Mr. Thompson says in his last article, "I would like to ask Mr. Brownell what he has done for archery that gives him the right to not only throw a firebrand into the camp of its lovers, but then, unasked and persistently, fan the firebrand into leaping flames?" Well, friend Thompson, I will now ask what right you have to assert what you do? *Mr. Brownell has not only been asked but urged to do just what he has done.* Some of us Pacifiers had our own ideas before Mr. Brownell came here, and as he was a pretty good writer, we urged

him to agitate the subject. I say we, although *I was not of his opinion*, because a majority agreed with him. While we recognize in Mr. W. H. Thompson and Mr. Maurice Thompson two of the greatest devotees archery ever had, two enthusiasts who have done an immense amount of labor towards making archery popular, we deny that they are the *only* ones. Why, gentlemen, you may not believe it, but it is a fact that here on this Pacific Coast we had an *Archery Tournament*, before we ever heard of you, before your magazine articles were published. We have on this coast gentlemen who were archers when you were very young and perhaps not yet ushered into this world of care and trouble.

I will give you some of these gentlemen who drew the long-bow from 1830 to 1836: Geo. W. Kinney, John F. Sterling, Judge E. W. McKinstry, Judge Thomas Bodley, Joseph W. McCorkle, George W. Gilbert, George Schwartz, Anvil James and Lient. L. C. Hunt, U. S. Navy. And in order that you may be fully posted in archery matters, I will give you some of their companions who used to practice with them and they shot as well as we do now:—

Chas. Bodley, Lexington, Ky.; Geo. Bodley, Lexington, Ky.; Wm. Pledger, Alabama; Jas. Pledger, Alabama; Josiah Chambers, Louisiana; Josiah Yerby, Mississippi; Edward Faithful, District of Columbia; Edward Cridland, Philadelphia; Samuel Culbertson, Columbus, Ohio; Tudor Fay, Columbus, Ohio; Tudor Beal, Columbus, Ohio; Edward Hinton and two brothers, Columbus, Ohio; Geo. Howard, Columbus, Ohio; Ed. Kellogg, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles Kellogg, Cleveland, Ohio; Wm. Cleveland, Chillicothe, Ohio; Thomas James, Chillicothe, Ohio; Wm. James, Chillicothe, Ohio; Geo. Doane (resides now in Kansas); Geo. Larribe, Circleville, Ohio; Wm. Lawrence, Circleville, Ohio; Frank Brown, Athens, Ohio; Thos. McCormack, Athens, O.; Mason McCormick, Athens, O.; James Ridgley and two brothers, Athens, O.; John Lamp, Michigan; Wm. Lamp, Michigan; Wm. Trowbridge, Michigan; Phineas Mundy, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Phineas Schwartz, Ann Arbor, Mich.; M. Oviatt, Sandusky, O.; T. Oviatt, Sandusky, O.; Paul Otey, M. D., Memphis, Tenn., (died during recent yellow-fever scourge.)

The bow maker who was the most popular at that time was Ike Dyall, whose place of residence I do not know.

Friend Thompson, I am surprised when you say that you have firmly determined never to shoot an arrow at a target valued on the "American System" so long as you live. Are you so stubborn, so completely wound up in your own ideas, so bigoted that you will refuse to listen to good reason from your fellow archers? I can't think this of you. Instead of Mr. Brownell being the destroying angel, it is *you* who threaten to never shoot at a target without it is valued according to what *you* think is best. With-

out every one who draws a bow kneels to your supremacy, you will withdraw from their society. You must have your own sweet will gratified, or else *you* will throw a bomb into camp and try to burst it up. This is not sound sense. It smacks of school-boy quarrels, such as we have all had. "If you don't do as I want you to do, I will never speak to you as long as I live." This is always used by boys, as the last argument that can be used when they find a companion who has a mind of his own and who over balances them in argument.

Mr. Thompson says that "hundreds of archers have become weary, impatient, and inoffensively bored with this endless foolishness, and have so written," etc. Now I, for one, do not know of any law that compels them to read all these articles. I suppose they are not bored by the articles from your pen, but are highly pleased. No, brother Thompson, you are hurt by the good reasoning of Mr. Brownell, his facts are too much for you, and now you desire to shut him up by sneering at him. He has as much right as you have to publish his views; I have as much right as you have; any one has as much right Mr. Brownell's articles, all of them, have been very gentlemanly; they have been *to the point*; and I, for one, very much regret that an attempt has been made to sneer at him. I appeal to the Eastern Archery Association, who are about to consider this matter of target valuations seriously, and adopt the new system. The old one is wrong, for it makes an *apparent* difference in the shooting of the different archers that *does not* exist, and the new method *does not* make a false statement on its face.

It can be more easily understood by the outside world, our spectators and friends.

I. P. ALLEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, 11 April, 1881.

#### FROM HIGHLAND PARK.

*Editor Archery Field*:—The Society of Highland Park Archers, being rooted and grounded in archery faith, and this season more than ever before effervescing with enthusiastic ecstasy and panegyrics, and "hugging to its heart" the happy pastime of archery, is uses to the archers of America the following bold *defi.*:—

We will shoot three matches in the month of May next with any regularly organized society in the United States,—four ladies and eight gentlemen on each side,—ladies to shoot four dozen arrows at 50 yards, and two dozen at 40 yards, and gentlemen four dozen at 80 yards, and two dozen at 60 yards; the club making the greatest aggregate score in two out of the three contests to be declared victor. Full report of each match to be published in the *ARCHERY FIELD*.

Now where is the archer to whom the beauties and benefits of archery lie deeper than



"The primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more"?

We have personally so pronounced an admiration for the ladies, who give to any recreation they favor an unimpeachable assurance of respectability and refinement, that we must include them as participants in any contest arranged.

We now appeal to the lady members of thrifty clubs to arouse their lords and lovers to the sound of our "bugle blast." We expect to hear, all on the same day and by the same mail, from the Wabash, Merry Bowmen, Buffalo Toxophilites, Des Moines Toxophilites, Pequossets, New York and Brooklyn Clubs, the Cincinnati, Toledo and Charlotte Clubs. Communications from old and new competitors will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. Homer S. Taylor, Highland Park, Lake County, Ill., through whom all preliminaries may be arranged. Who comes first? GROWLER.

*Editor Archery Field:*—The following, which I find in the scrap-book of Mr. Havens, are too good to be kept for the exclusive perusal of the "Pacific-ers," so I copy them for my Eastern brethren.

The story of the "Song of the Archer Man" is as follows: A well-known archer went off camping with a party, and on returning, told a story similar to that of "Capt. Jack's," in your midwinter number; but in a short time the "true inwardness" of the case came to the knowledge of A. W., who gave it in the song. The victim nursed his wrath for a time, then paid his respects to A. W., in "The Champion Archer."

A. N. DREW.

SAN FRANCISCO, 11 April, 1881.

#### SONG OF THE ARCHER MAN.

##### ARTICLE I.

It was ye famous archer,  
Of standing and renown,  
Who made his habitation  
In neighboring Oakland town.

Right skilful was he with the shaft,  
And with the quill also;  
His fame throughout the land had spread  
For drawing the long bow —  
You bet!

##### ARTICLE II.

It was ye festive woodchuck,  
Which had for its abode  
A hole in the stump of a fallen tree.  
By the side of a mountain road.

Right gayly lived he there alone,  
And did his stomach cram  
With acorns and with pine-nuts,  
As happy as a clam —  
Sure as you're born!

##### ARTICLE III.

Behold the campers where they camp,  
Far up the mountain's brow,  
The hunter with his choke-bore,  
The archer with his bow.

The fisher with his rod and line,  
And book well filled with flies,  
The Chinaman with pots and pans,  
And provender likewise.

Stretched out beside the blazing fire,  
With well-filled paunches, they  
Discussed how each would slay the game,  
Upon the following day.

Each one, except the Chinaman,  
Whose chief ambition seemed  
To keep the opium pipe well filled,  
Against the time he dreamed  
That 's the kind of a heathen *he* was.

##### ARTICLE IV.

On the morrow's morn, at break of dawn,  
Behold the campers rally;  
With rod and gun and bow, each one  
Prepared him forth to sally.

Our archer-man sought, bow in hand,  
With bad, but without good luck,  
Until at last before him passed  
That veritable woodchuck.

"Oh ho!" cried he, well filled with glee,  
"Good beast, I'll quickly kill thee;  
With arrows true — well feathered, too —  
It's in my mind to fill thee."  
Hear! hear!

##### ARTICLE V.

The woodchuck halted in his march,  
To see this mirthful man,  
Who quickly sent the flying shafts  
Around on every hand.

At him he gazed, with much amaze,  
Till quiver was depleted,  
Then placed his forepaw to his nose,  
And in his hole retreated.  
Gone to find more pine-nuts.

##### ARTICLE VI.

Back to the crowded city's streets  
Returns in time our hero,  
Relating to each man he meets,  
How he had slain a deer. Oh,  
Taffy!

##### ARTICLE VII.

This story 's as true as true can be —  
If you don't believe it, ask C. or G.;  
I would not desire to be per-son-al,  
But the hero's initials are D — O' C —  
And still he is not happy.

O. B. C.

#### ARCHERY.

THE Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton street, Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-Laws, etc. — *Com.*

#### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

SEASIDE CLUB, N. FOLK, VA. — *Editor Cycling World:* — I send herewith an account of our first race, undertaken at one week's notice, and with but little previous preparation. The track was very heavy and very much cut up by the practice of previous days; one quarter especially being soft. The race between Messrs. Hardy and White was a beautiful one, the men being side by side the last two quarters of the mile; a brisk wind was blowing, and the time made was

considered, under the circumstances, very good. Time was called at about 2.45, and the first contest, a bicycle race, was opened, the entries being as follows: Messrs. T. C. White, Horace Hardy, W. C. Wyatt, R. T. Platt, E. D. Milner, and J. E. Wales, — all of the Seaside Bicycle Club, and J. R. Leggett. This race was won by Mr. Hardy in two heats; time, 4.17 and 4.23. The prize was a handsome silver badge of circular shape, and the inscription on the margin as follows: "Presented to the successful rider of the Seaside Bicycle Club by the Norfolk Driving Park Association." In the centre is engraved a bicycle. The prize was presented with a neat speech by Col. J. R. Lewellen, and acknowledged in like manner by the winner.

ROCKINGHAM CLUB. — *Editor Cycling World:* — At a meeting held 25 March, the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N. H., finally settled down upon the following for a new uniform: Blue flannel coat and knee-breeches, with stockings to match, and blue flannel cap, with visor.

Three new members were admitted, making a roll of thirteen; and we shall probably have three more. There are eighteen "wheels" in the city, so you see we are doing pretty well for a staid old town like Portsmouth.

The roads being in fine condition for the past two weeks, we have given up our fall and taken to the road until another winter's snow shall drive us back.

CHAS. F. SHILLABER, *Secretary.*

OAKLAND BICYCLE CLUB. — The following, a programme of a run on the Pacific Coast, will be of interest to those who are not aware that the wheel has won popular favor in the far West. It is gotten up in very neat and comprehensive style: —

ROOMS OF THE OAKLAND BICYCLE CLUB,  
1067 BROADWAY, OAKLAND, CAL., March 31, 1881.

The members of the Oak and Bicycle Club will take a "run" to San Jose, on Saturday, 9 April. Members of other clubs and unattached wheelmen are invited to accompany the club. Start will be made from Capt. Strong's house, corner of Thirteenth and Market streets, Oakland, at 11 A. M., sharp. (Machines should be put in order and oiled the night previous to prevent delay.) Distance, 44 miles; roads, in fair condition; route, through San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Alvarado, Centreville, and Milpitas; time, about 8 hours, including stoppages. Remaining in San Jose over night, the programme for Sunday will be: After breakfast, run to Alum Rock, returning in time for lunch; after lunch, a run through the principal streets of the city; return, to Oakland and San Francisco by rail in the afternoon; cost of trip need not exceed \$5.00, including railroad fare back. Members of the Oakland Club are requested to appear in full uniform, except that hats may be worn on the trip down, caps to be resumed in San Jose; vests and a change of underclothing should be sent



by express on Friday,—they will be needed. Due notice will be given of a postponement, if it becomes necessary.

GEO. H. STRONG, *Capt.*  
C. L. GODDARD, *Sec'y.*

LENOX BI. CLUB, NEW YORK. — *Editor Bicycling World:*—I send you herewith an account of our club runs, from 12 March to 18 April. The interest in bicycling is increasing very rapidly in this city. Many of the members of our club expect to attend the League Meet, 30 May. Number of club runs, 8; average attendance, 6; number of miles travelled, 138; average number of miles per run, 17 1-4. Yours truly,

F. F. AMES, *Treasurer*,  
791 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

HARTFORD WHEEL CLUB. — William L. Howard, a member of the Hartford Wheel Club, sailed for Europe, Saturday, April 23, *via* Inman Line. On his arrival in England he immediately sails for Iceland, returning in season to be at the International Geographical Convention, which meets in Berlin in August. He is a recently appointed delegate. Quite a number of his college and bicycle friends were at the pier Saturday to wish him a pleasant journey.

PHILADELPHIA BI. CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World:*—I send the following as an item for "Club News." Mr. H. A. Blakiston, secretary, Mr. John Fergusson, captain, and Messrs. J. F. Weghtman and H. C. Blair, members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, sailed for England to-day at 7 A. M., in the "Illinois," American Line, to be absent about six weeks. Business, pleasure, and recreation are the combined objects of the trip; and as these wheelmen take their riding suits with them, they will be prepared to try English roads and English wheels, since they left the latter behind them.

By this departure, the L. A. W. Meet will lose three representatives 30 May; and as they are amongst our most active and interested members, they will be missed amongst us "officially" as well as socially. Our loss is their gain, and we envy them their good fortune. With good staterooms adjoining and amidships, and the advantage of being personal friends, and with mutual wheel interests, etc., etc., it is their own fault (or the sea's) if they do not have the *bon voyage* we heartily wished them.

A delegation from the club saw them off, and the familiar sound of the weird bicycle whistle was the final farewell.

In the absence of the captain, Mr. John Gibson, the sub-captain, will officiate at club runs. Yours respectfully,

G. N. OSBORNE,  
*Secretary pro tem.*

204 SOUTH 11TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE *Ontario County Journal* has this to say of the bicycle in Canandaigua:—

"It was twelve or fifteen years ago since the velocipede fever struck Canandaigua, and at that time, among those who were seen riding those machines

were F. F. Thompson, Rev. F. B. Allen, and Dr. A. G. Coleman. Those who purchased machines for \$60, or more, sold them for \$10, or less, as the interest in the velocipede rapidly declined, and that machine seemed suddenly to lose its favor in the eyes of those who had hitherto gone wild over it. But a new era dawned for this discarded method of locomotion, and the advent of the bicycle from England—a machine with a large wheel, and a small wheel directly behind it, with a rubber tire preventing hard jolts,—aroused anew the interest of old velocipede riders."

It then gives a list of the riders, about a dozen in number, and intimates that a club will probably soon be formed. We confidently predict that before the end of the season the number of orders will be trebled, and think that if a club were formed it would tend to rapidly develop this increase.

THE BROOKLYN CLUB MEN held their first club run Saturday, 23 April, seven members participating. The run was towards Coney Island, but the latter was not reached, owing to the stiff winds and bad roads.

BOSTON BI. CLUB. — At the last meeting of this club it was voted to establish a life membership, whereby any member of the club on payment of \$100 could become a life member, entitled to all the privileges of the club, and be free from all fines and assessments. As this vote is an amendment to the by-laws, it must be ratified at the next meeting. Two members have already signified their intention to avail themselves of this opportunity, to save money, and at the same time benefit the club by increasing the amount of funds in the treasury. On Saturday, 23 April, the club held its fourth club run of the season; nine members were present; after riding in form out to Chestnut Hill Reservoir an impromptu club drill was indulged in. On Sunday, 24 April, several members, including two from Lowell, and an invited guest of the Massachusetts Club, took a run to Blue Bell Inn, Milton, in the face of a strong wind. Refreshments and a quiet, social time were here indulged in, the club returning early in the afternoon. SECRETARY.

CRESCENT CLUB PARTY. — A new feature for bicyclers, at least in Boston, was the undertaking of a ball by the Crescent Club, last week, and it being such a marked success, we felt as though we had discovered a new feature to add to our many pleasant meetings for pleasure known only within our sphere. The party in question took place in Odd Fellows' Hall on the 19th inst. By eight o'clock the guests began to assemble, and the orders being distributed, many little exclamations of pleasure were heard at the taste displayed. They bore the club monogram on the outside, with a miniature rider in one of the lower corners; and altogether were a model of the engraver's art. At the head of the hall, suspended over the Germania orchestra,

was an elegant floral design. The background was of smilax, and in relief was formed, in rosebuds and pinks, the monogram of the club.

This was the thoughtful gift of the club's bugler who was unavoidably absent. The dresses of the ladies were elegant and tasty, and on one were noticed crescents, which appeared very appropriate. At half past ten there was an intermission allowed in order to partake of refreshments, after which dancing was again resumed and continued into the small hours. Every one was enthusiastic in their praise of the manner in which all arrangements were carried out, and the general opinion agreed as to its being one of the most pleasant parties of the season. Certainly a great deal of credit is due the Crescents for their many modes of entertaining, and what they do attempt is always sure to succeed.

MILWAUKEE NOTES — Spring has come at last (at least, the sun is shining just now, and may continue long enough to bear me out in the above assertion). The banks which, at present, absorb the most and yet waste away, are the snow banks. We can smile at this, though it is a thin joke. Hope you catch the drift. The first few days of sun did wonders, and brought the pavement up dry and smiling in places, and our club-men responded by ploughing, by the dozen, through blocks of mud and slush to enjoy the dry spots.

About thirty members were in line for the first drill of the season, on Wednesday last, at the club room. Several new manoeuvres and "movements" were taught. This week it is hoped to hold the drill out of doors, probably on Prospect avenue.

I hope some of the next notes from here will be bugle notes.

At a short business meeting of the Milwaukee Bicycle Club last Wednesday evening, the entire matter of the July run was formally placed in the hands of the board of management. The matter of representation at the League Meet was also discussed, but no action taken.

Our first appearance in new uniforms will be about 1 May.

The first "scrub" race of the season occurred Saturday afternoon, on the mile straight-away, Prospect avenue, between an ambitious 56 wheel and a well-known trotting horse. The heat was won by the bicycle, but only owing to the horse's "breaking" near the three-quarters. We need more out-of-door training before these brushes can be indulged in successfully. New members are still coming in, notwithstanding the rise in price of memberships. We are informed that the Milwaukee Club heads the list in League membership. 'Rah for us!

#### 'XTRA.

There was a young man named Michael,  
Who thought he could ride a bicycle;  
But the headers, you know,  
Discouraged him so  
That he gave up this modern vehicle.



Says he, "Of these headers I'm chary,  
And must have me a wheel that will carry  
Me safe over stumps,  
Bricks, boulders, and bumps";  
So he bought an 'Xtra-ordinary.

SUGNA.

MILWAUKEE, 18 April, 1881.

## 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 Albert S. Parsons, Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## APPLICATIONS.

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

ALBERT S. PARSONS,  
Cor. Sec. L. A. W.

PEQUOT BI. CLUB.—F. S. Newcomb, president and captain; Chauncy Rowe, secretary and treasurer; George B. Prest, John A. Prentis, Frank Green, J. R. Mead, Walter Cady, W. P. Brown,—all of New London, Conn.

POUGHKEEPSIE BI. CLUB.—Geo. W. Halliwell, president; C. F. Round, Wm. E. Stibbs, F. J. Nichols, E. D. Baright (secretary), Chas. Ostrander, Henry Parker, A. N. Shaffer,—all of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

HARVARD BI. CLUB.—R. C. Sturgis, president; A. Thorndike, secretary;

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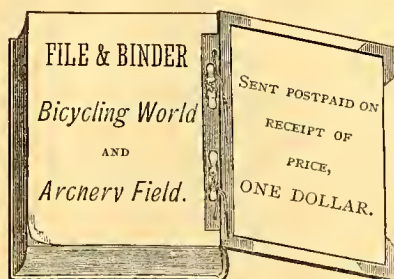
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