

Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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CHARLES E. PRATT, Editor.
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CURRENTE CALAMO

RIDING halls ought to be well patronized now.

THE author of "Beautiful Snow" was not a wheelman.

THERE will be some surprises in our Midwinter Number.

TWO active bicyclers were recently elected members of the Boston City Council.

DIRECTOR Lamson, of Portland, Me., is promoting a riding school in that city. He ought to be encouraged.

ONE of our bicycling Doctors of Divinity is planning a run, with his son, through Scotland, England, and Normandy, next summer.

"IT is true that the bicycle is a vehicle," says the editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*; "but it is a vehicle of a very dangerous class, if for this reason alone, that it will not stand upright unless balanced by the rider."

THAT might lead one to suppose the editor aforesaid to know nothing of the bicycle practically, but to be desirous, as a philanthropist, of deterring men from use of it. But this commendable though mistaken motive appears not to be present.

HE has no solicitude for the wheelman at all, but urges this "as a chief reason why bicycles should be prohibited"; and declares that when bicycles "are so common that no horse is afraid of them, our objection remains in full force."

AND then he sums it up in a sentence, thus: "No vehicle that will not stand alone on the level ground is fit for a public thoroughfare!" Sounds philosophical, don't it?

WHY stop at vehicles? Would n't it be well to prohibit canes and umbrellas, for instance; and oxen, and horses that stumble or will not stand still without hitching? The former "will not stand upright unless balanced," and the latter "will not stand alone."

THOSE wheelmen of Boston and vicinity who take an interest in development of bicycling thereabout, should promptly respond to the Beacon Park proposal referred to in Dr. Dwight's letter on another page.

ONE of the first uses the new track would be put to in the spring would probably be an inter-club *team* race. Our suggestion on that topic in a previous number has been very favorably received.

A VALUED correspondent suggests that the record of miles on wheel during the year by some of our touring and other bicyclers would be interesting. So it would in many ways: let us have some summaries of your logs, brethren.

WE are told in a private letter from "Clarion," of the Canonbury Bicycle Club, that he has an English book published in August, 1769, in which an engraving and description are given of a carriage without horses. He thinks that no doubt the Frenchmen copied from it.

CAN any of our readers furnish us, or put us on the track of, a copy of *The Velocipedist*, published in New York in 1869?

TRICYCLING is a leading topic in English wheel journals; and on the subject the *Bicycling Times* remarks:—

"If we have devoted more space to tricycling topics than usual lately, it has been because they really form the principal subject of conversation amongst wheelmen just now; and in the comparative dearth of bicycle news, riders of all kinds, no matter how many wheels they prefer, turn their attention to the action of the three-wheel votaries, and we are therefore bound to go with the stream.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the unusual amount of attention

which the recent race has excited, has served to turn people's consideration towards three-wheelers more than ever, and we daily hear of all sorts and manner of men 'going in' for a tricycle, either as adjuncts to their bicycles, or for their 'sisters, cousins, and aunts' to ride; so that we anticipate a sensible impetus will be given to the trade."

MR. ESCOTT, in an octavo volume on "England: her People, Polity, and Pursuits," says: "There are bicycling clubs in every part of England which have their periodic meetings. A favorite rendezvous in the neighborhood of London is Bushey Park, and there, when the weather is fine, as many as a thousand bicyclists congregate. During the summer, too, in the heart of the city, when the business traffic of the day is done, and the streets are clear, an active scene may often be witnessed by gaslight. Under the shadow of the bank and the exchange, the asphalt thoroughfare is covered with the hosts of bicycle riders performing a series of intricate movements on their iron steeds."

TO MY BICYCLE.

"OVER the hills and far away,"
Bear me from things that are vexing and troubling;
Make me forget for one bright, happy day,
That life is a battle, filled with more or less struggling.

Faster and swifter, bear me on without fear,
Away from business cares and strife,
Out into the sunshine, broad and clear,
Carry, and bring me into new life.

On, on we go, leaving all behind,
Care flies as we glide, and my heart's growing light;
So press on, my good wheel, away from mankind,
And we'll soon forget all but the peaceful and bright.

Now with senses all quickened, and on the alert,
Fit for receiving what nature can give,
Life seems radiant and glorious, with naught to pervert,
And makes one feel thankful, simply to live.

And now as I stand by the roadside to rest,
I gaze on you fondly, and with the belief
That few things have the power of which you're pos-
sessed
To give man relief from great care or grief.

To hundreds and thousands thus may you come,
Ever a messenger, not of woe, but of weal,
And teach with untiring patience, though dumb,
Lessons of courage, endurance, and — steel.

M. N.

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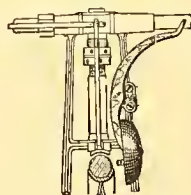
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THE Bicycling World

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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, 24 DECEMBER, 1880.

WHERE SHALL WE RACE NEXT SEASON?—This question is already being agitated among bicyclers throughout the country, and particularly by the officers and directors of the L. A. W.

The League Races will undoubtedly be held at the most central point in the country, provided a suitable and fast track can be found there.

What advantages can we hold out to the racing members of the League? None at all, excepting that Boston can undoubtedly furnish more bicyclers to the square mile than any other section of the United States. When we say that, we have said all.

Now, what can be done to bring the important race-meetings here? There is but one answer to make, and that is to build the fastest track in the country, and have it brought to the notice of the bicycling public.

The cost of a good four-lap cinder track, thirty feet wide, would not be less than \$1,500, which is a large outlay when made especially for one branch of athletics.

There seems to be but two ways out of the difficulty:—

First. For a suitable site to be selected, land leased, fenced, and buildings

erected, etc., etc., which, at a low estimate, would cost \$7,000.

Second. For the bicyclers of Boston and vicinity to come forward now, and join the Athletic Department of the Boston Driving and Athletic Association.

In another column a letter will be found from Dr. Dwight, one of the directors of the Association, explaining their position. About twenty names have been handed in at this office, and it is necessary to obtain twenty more. When this is done the problem will be solved, and we shall undoubtedly have the best cinder path in the country.

There would be many special and local advantages to local clubs and wheelmen in Massachusetts, which do not need recounting here; but there ought to be a sufficient number to come forward with ten dollars each, and make the prospect a certainty.

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

Editor of Bicycling World:—As the only exponent of bicycling interests known to me in this country, I come to you with my grievances.

A few weeks since, after having bicycle on the brain for many months, I bought, through a friend in the city, a very nice "Harvard Roadster." Living, as I do, an inconveniently long distance from business for frequent trips, I have found it most admirable in shortening my walk to a delightful spin of five minutes; and just as I begin to thoroughly enjoy the situation, my employers indulge in numerous comments as to the childishness of the thing, which is rather discouraging, to say the least. One said he would pay me one half the cost of it, if I would give it to a boy he named. Another said he would have supposed it of any man in town sooner than me, etc. One of these men keeps half a dozen horses, for the fun of the thing. I ventured to ask if he ever thought any one laughed at him for taking a pleasure ride. I was "steed and caparison" both, while he was idly pulled along; that was all the essential difference it seemed to me. I said I thought the bicycle seemed out of place as a vehicle because it was so new to our eyes, and so few were used.

I am thirty-eight years of age; have a dutiful wife and lovely baby; am now and have been for some years the treasurer of my native town, a place of six thousand inhabitants, and am on my twelfth year as cashier of a thriving national bank. So you see I have an interest in not appearing singular before my townspeople, who I believe have ever considered me a tolerably respectable citizen. I also have my employers' interests at heart, and would not do anything willingly to bring business into contempt. I trust you will not say these men don't

amount to anything, and advise me not to notice them, because they do amount to something, and should be noticed. In this particular matter, I think they are terribly provincial, and I recall that fine passage in Mr. Pratt's book, "It should be borne in mind that the smile of the supercilious is not a thing to be afraid of," etc.; but I may be wrong,—at all events, their views must have respectful treatment.

I keep a horse and big carriage, with which that wife and baby, with their friends, take the air on any fine day, and I go myself when possible; so that the selfishness of bicycling can hardly be attributed to me. But what puzzles me is to know if respectability demands that I should abandon the wheel, which in five weeks has added four pounds of solid weight to my attenuated body, and made me more rugged than I have been for fifteen years.

Do you see? This is hardly a matter of principle. Nothing for the John Brown spirit to contend for. If there was, one's duty might be clearer.

How can I help make these worthy gentlemen see that bicycling is simply an admirable means of locomotion, where the condition of the road makes it possible; that two wheels are as good as four, and as respectable, and that it is not alone an amusement for boys, but a method of travel proper and useful to man?

I doubt not something similar to this situation has presented itself to other wheelmen, and your comments may be read with interest by many, as they certainly will be by yours very truly,

DOWN EAST.

PARIS TO LONDON.

MIDDAY had just sounded on the 10th of June last year, when I left the French capital with the intention of catching the steamer timed to leave Dieppe for New-haven, at six next morning. I had fully 125 miles before me, so time was precious.

It was not without regret that I bid farewell to the gay city where for two years I had spent such a happy time of it, and often did I look back, till the Arc de Triomphe and other prominent features gradually faded from view.

I crossed the Seine at Neuilly, and rode on the pathway up that rather abrupt hill to a "place" (I forget its name), the junction of some half-dozen roads, one of which, on the right, I chose, and after again crossing the Seine reached Bezons. From here I was lucky enough to hit a *route nationale*, smooth as a racing track; I dismounted to oil, and light my pipe, the only company on this short journey. Ah! and what comfort there is in a pipe when one is alone! A cigar or cigarette is nothing in comparison. On mounting, I rode at great pace, my machine wanting very little exertion to make it spin along at the rate of 12 miles an hour. I reached Pontoise at 1.30, rather more than 25 kilometres, or 16 miles from

Paris. As my inner man was beginning to growl, having been accustomed to a *déjeuner* at noon, I thought it was time to pull up before the first restaurant I came to. Here I remained till 3, having pumped the landlord quite dry as to the nature of the roads, etc., etc. He thought me mad when I told him I was bound to be in Dieppe at six next morning. I then questioned him as to his knowledge of bicycles, and asked him if he had ever heard of C. Terront or W. Cann, at the Agricultural Hall, London; but he replied in the negative. "By Jove," I said to myself as I mounted, "how terribly has that man's education been neglected!" The best thing he could possibly do would be to get a bone-shaker, and pay 13 francs for an *abonnement* of the BICYCLING WORLD.

On leaving Pontoise, I took the *route de Dieppe*, roughly paved in the centre, but with a smooth, sandy surface on either side. I put the pace on, and passed in quick succession Corneilles and Marines, stopping at Chars (a large village boasting a railway station), for five minutes to drink a glass of red wine. (Bah! why not call it vinegar.) Five miles past Chars, and the well-arranged map of *les environs de Paris* was of no further use. I must trust to the intelligence of the natives, and a rough map of France, that I had torn out of a railway guide. One thing was certain,—if I stuck to this road I must arrive at Dieppe some time or other. Whilst thus musing, I descried in the distance, oh! the horror of bicycle riders, "paving-stones." Shall I ever, thought I, make a tour or a day's ride without having to bump about over these pests? And there was no side path in this case; what a lively state of affairs, with some 70 miles before reaching Dieppe! I tried riding on the grass; but it was so long and full of ruts that I soon came a cropper. I looked back on the smooth, sandy road, and then on the paved road, and I felt inclined to turn tail. But then I argued with myself that this *route pavée* would not last long, and that I should, perhaps, soon get into another department. Such was the case; for after five or six miles of bumping, I came to a big stone, at the side of the road, forming part of the boundary line of two departments. At this point the *route pavée* terminated; and instead a broad white road stretched before me. I was so elated that I threw my legs over the handles, and went down a very steep hill at a terrific speed, frightening an old laborer and his ancient spouse almost out of their senses, as I whizzed past with a loud whoop.

Gisors was reached at seven, and here I determined to dine. I was now just 100 kilometres (about 63 miles) from Paris, having covered the distance in 5 1-2 riding hours, or an average of nearly 11 1-2 miles an hour. I had yet another 100 kilometres before me.

I dropped anchor at the Hotel de l'Ecu de France, and having stabled my machine, and had a good wash (which I sorely

needed after the dusty roads), I was just in time for the *table d'hôte*, and some first-class *vin de Chablis*.

The conversation, of course, ran on bicycling matters, and I found these people better informed on this subject than the landlord at Pontoise, although their knowledge did not extend far beyond the bone-shaker period. After dinner I took a stroll through the town, and as far as I could see, it struck me as being a very gay place. At about ten I returned to the hotel: and notwithstanding the entreaties of the landlady that I should stop the night and start in the morning, I lit my hub lamp and mounted "amidst the gathering multitude." Three minutes' ride brought me to the clean white road. I felt as fresh as a bird and set to work with a will, passing stone after stone with the kilometres marked on them. Five minutes before midnight I reached Gournay, about 20 miles from Gisors. I entered a café and called for a bottle of ale. As it had been a market day, the natural consequence was that every one was half-seas-over. One man persisted in saying that he had seen me pass through there during the day *en bas rouge*, and a yellow night-cap. Of course I had to assent, and then he would insist on standing a bottle of beer; when I declined, he asked me if I wanted to insult him, so it always ended in my giving in. Shortly after twelve the *gens d'armes* came in and turned us all out, when after several vain efforts I managed to mount, for I must confess I was a little *unsteady* myself. However, the night air had a beneficial effect in bringing me to my senses.

Have you ever noticed how much faster you can travel, or *seem* to travel, with the cool night air to fan you? I felt as if I could have gone on forever like this. "So you could," said my inner man, "if you had only brought something to feed me with; but do you expect me to support you, with hard work like this, from 7 o'clock at night to 6 A.M.? No, Mr. Fred, you have reckoned without your host this time." And so indeed I had, for I was getting terribly hungry. But of what avail being hungry at 1.30 A.M., on a country road? I heard the cows by the wayside chewing the cud, and I envied them. I heard the croaking of the bullfrogs, and thought that had I but been a Frenchman, I might have made a meal off them. (No offence meant, Messieurs.) But there was no help for it, so what better could I do than light a weed, tighten my belt, and ride on for a couple of hours?

It must have been about 2.30 when I passed through Forges-les-Faux; the silence of night reigned supreme, and notwithstanding the cravings of my inner man, I could not help enjoying the death-like silence, and imagined myself in Pompeii, or some other buried city. The sun was just peeping above the horizon, when I entered Neuchâtel. My ravenous eyes espied that the shutter of a baker's shop had been removed; I was soon hammering at the door, which was opened by a baker, stripped to the waist, for they

were making bread and cakes at this unearthly hour. I was soon devouring bread and butter and cakes in a very reckless manner, washing them down with draughts of splendid cider. It was now nearly 4 o'clock, and I had yet twenty-five miles to cover. For the first time I began to yawn; but that would not do, so I lit my pipe, and mounting, bumped over the paving-stones of the town,—famous, they told me, for *bondon* cheese. Once on the main road and I went away at a good speed, reaching the "quai Henri IV.," at Dieppe, shortly after 6, and just in time to see my steamer gliding slowly out to sea.

So I had missed my boat, after taking the trouble to come from Neuchâtel at the rate of twelve miles an hour. "*Quelle malheur!*" However, it did not disturb me much, in my then sleepy state, so I pitched on the first hotel I could find (Hotel d'Osborne, I think it was), had a good sleep, and an equally good *déjeuner*, and then I felt ready for another one hundred and twenty-five miles. I had learned a lesson in travelling at night without victuals, and would be wiser on my next moonlight trip.

The next boat left at 1 A.M., so I took my ticket and booked my steed. I then had dinner, after which I whiled the time away in a café, and strolling about till 12, when I "turned in" on board, and notwithstanding the noise on deck and the working of a crane, was soon fast asleep, and only woke at 6, when we were nearing Newhaven. It was 7.30 before I left the steamer, and rode slowly through Newhaven. I asked for the high-road for London, and was told that if I followed the telegraph wires running alongside, that would be my shortest way; but of course I did not stick to the right wires, so that in about an hour and a half I found myself in Brighton, and the first thing I met was a Coventry tricycle. Here I changed my French money, and had breakfast. At 12 I left Brighton: there was no mistaking the road now, as there were mile-stones marked with the distance to London on them. I made good headway, only dismounting once, to walk a rather tough hill, and at 4 P.M. reached home, forty-three miles from Brighton.

So instead of my doing the voyage in thirty hours, as I intended, the missing of the boat had boxed me in Dieppe nineteen hours; add three hours or more wasted in going to Brighton, etc., after quitting the boat, and you have the exact time it took me, fifty-two hours.

Circumstances permitting, it is my intention, this year, to try "London to Paris," when I shall take good care that I do not miss my boat, and so arrange it that I travel on wheels by day, when I trust to have a more interesting report for the columns of the BICYCLING WORLD.

F. H. B.

OUR THANKS are due to many for original communications, and for news and clippings. It is a good time to write up accounts of long excursions.

THANKSGIVING DAY ON THE BICYCLE.

THE casual pedestrian on 11th street, near Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, during the early morning hours of Thanksgiving day, knew that something unusual was taking place in the rooms of the Capitol Bi. C. Machines in an unusual condition of brightness were stacked in front of the door, in picturesque positions, while the members of the club, in various stages of dress and undress, conversed in groups as to the probability of snow, and the general uncertainty of weather reports since the death of "Old Probabilities."

A gleam of sunshine broke through the dark clouds: that settled it; and the annual Thanksgiving-day run to Marlboro', Md., took its place in history. Given the convincing evidence afforded by that streak of sunshine, that it is "going to clear off," and what do we care for dark and gloomy predictions of "falling barometer, stationary or falling temperature, westerly winds, cloudy weather, with rain or snow"?

Our gallant Junior Sub., who appears in a peculiar uniform, consisting of light-blue stockings and knee-breeches, and a coat which for length and weight is a very near relation to an ulster, produces an appalling "toot" with a fish-horn, as a signal to prepare for immediate departure. The inconsistency existing between his thinly clad underpinnings and the inch or so of material which envelops the upper portion of his anatomy is kindly but firmly pointed out, and he is advised to "shoot that ulster immediately, if not sooner." There is no backing out in our Jr. Sub., however, and the ulster goes with him.

At last we are off: gliding over smooth concrete, tearing across car-tracks, and finally in an unbroken line pushing up the steep ascent of Capitol Hill, where we are to meet one of our party. He is there, and so is a crowd of assorted sizes, ages, and colors, who enjoy themselves in criticising the various make-ups of our party, and calling attention to the deficiency of calf under which some of us unfortunately labor.

Another unearthly blast from the horn, and at 9.20 we are actually off, and speeding along Maryland avenue. Did we but know the future—but unfortunately we did n't. Benning's is passed at 9.45 without a dismount, and here the statement contained in the *American Bicyclist* that 4.50 pitch is the limit of possibilities in ascending hills receives a speedy confirmation. The Capitol Club considers its members pretty good at climbing hills; but here we walk. The top is reached finally, and we strike the Marlboro' pike, hard and smooth, but with eighteen hills to the mile.

For this occasion only, a complicated and perfectly unintelligible system of signalling by means of whistles and fish-horn has been arranged between Sub.-Capt. "Micque," whose athletic figure, encased in canvas leggings, and his

worst clothes, heads the procession on his "Duplex"; Capt. "Bert"—who rides at will over fences, plowed fields, down embankments, and over stone piles—and the knight of the fish-horn back in the rear. This system of signalling works peculiarly; as for instance: we at the head of the line are speeding along at a lively pace, when a blast from the horn of peculiarly agonizing tone is borne to our ears.

"What does that signal mean, Micque?"

"Well," remarks Sub., after a moment of intense meditation, "I guess that means go faster." The head of the procession consequently adds about two miles an hour to its speed, encouraged by repetitions of the same signal, now growing fainter. We go on a short distance, when a sulphurous indication in the atmosphere, and the rattling of a machine almost racked to pieces by its trips down banks and over stumps and similar obstructions, announce the arrival of six feet two of very mad captain.

"Why the"—a complicated "cuss-word" of the first magnitude—"did n't you slow up when you heard the signal?"

"Well," remarks "Micque," "I knew that was either 'go faster' or 'go slower,' but I could n't remember which, so I had to risk it."

We are looking out now for the appearance of the Arlington Bi. C., which is on the road a little ahead of us, and as we reach the top of a hill, we see at the toll-gate ahead the four machines stacked together, and their owners taking things easy while waiting for us. A consolidation is effected, and we pursue our way, fourteen strong. Who was the man that discovered that persimmon-tree first? He should have a statue. As the persimmon does not flourish in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, you know little of the joy that pervades the bicyclist who strikes a ripe one, and the misery that falls to the lot of him that gets a green one. These are all ripe, however; and if any are left on the tree, it is because we are coming back by the same road.

Now the road becomes sandy, and the panting wheelman pushes and struggles, and falls off, and can't get on again, and finally walks up a sandy hill, at the summit of which we find the solid road again. Speculations as to what kind of a dinner we shall get are becoming active; and when at last the spires of Marlboro' appear in the valley below, a shout goes up from fourteen hungry wheelmen, and the fish-horn arouses all the echoes in the vicinity. Ah! better had it been for thee, Jr. Sub., hadst thou saved thy breath.

Our entrance into Marlboro' is particularly imposing. A few, who have suffered croppers, carry real estate enough with them to make a New York City lot; but the people stare in wonder, and exhaust their vocabulary of adjectives in praise of the bright machines and their riders. I forgot to mention that we are all good-looking.

Marlboro' is the county-seat of Prince George County, Md., and contains about 500 inhabitants of all colors. It supports three hotels, at one of which we receive a cordial welcome from the landlord, assisted by a few of the leading citizens. The machines are stacked, and immediately become the centre of curiosity. The editor of the Prince George County *Sentinel* appears in search of information; the "judges" desert the "bar" before which they are practising, and innumerable "colonels" and other military men follow suit; it is evident that Marlboro' has turned out *en masse*.

The dinner, which had been previously ordered, is soon announced, and the fourteen wheelmen, freshened up by the application of ice-cold water from a tin basin, and a cubic foot or so of yellow soap, file out to the dining-room with appetites which only twenty miles of riding can give and only wheelmen can appreciate.

The discovery that it is snowing violently when we arise from dinner rather lowers the thermometer of our spirits, but a proposition to return home by train is sternly rejected; and at the signal, a start is effected, amid a generally expressed public opinion that we will never reach home alive.

After leaving Marlboro', the road goes up a succession of sandy hills; and here the quantity of turkey and appurtenances consumed by some of our party begins to produce its natural effect. A disposition to walk all hills becomes apparent, and a few unregenerate individuals find every opportunity to gratify their propensity for profanity. Anybody who has ridden a machine twenty miles in the face of a furious northwest snow-storm, with the additional element of a sandy road, will be able to appreciate our position. The farther north we get the deeper the snow becomes, and the hard foot-paths at the side of the road are completely covered. The search for these foot-paths ends disastrously in some cases, as when "Jim" runs accidentally down a four-foot bank and removes two boards from a fence by the side of the road. We, who see the accident, deplore the apparent necessity of having "Jim's" funeral at once and burying him in the snow, with the loss of valuable time; but to our relief, he extricates himself from the fence and proceeds.

Our Junior Sub., the backbone of whose machine has spread to an extent that threatens instant dissolution, and whose brake-shoe is throwing up wet sand and mud all over him, is having a hard time. First and last at the festive board, he was forcibly dragged from the table, expressing a desire for "more pie." All these facts operate to keep Junior Sub. in the rear, where his caustic remarks on bicycling in general and his own machine in particular afford much amusement.

It is now a struggle for self-preservation; night is coming on, and the snow drives furiously in our faces, making it

almost impossible to see our way. The persimmon-tree nods its branches mockingly as the forlorn procession goes by. Persimmons have lost their charm. The few jokes fall very flat. It is hard to laugh with a snow-storm going down the back of your neck; with hands benumbed and feet half frozen, we struggle through the sand and snow. Forks and pedals are covered with ice, and the unfortunate possessors of "all-bright" machines look unutterable things. Occasionally somebody falls off; but like Napoleon's army on the Moscow retreat, we leave him to die if he wants to,—it is none of our business.

Suddenly the summit of a hill reached discloses a view of the Potomac Valley and the city of Washington, and, conspicuous above all other objects, the dome of the Capitol, indistinct in the twilight, around which the lights of the city are twinkling. Forgetting our fatigue, we dash down the steep ascent of Good Hope hill and through the village of Uniontown, across the bridge over the wide river, and enter the city, on whose smooth concrete streets the snow has already melted. The sensation of striking concrete after eighteen miles of sand and mud is indescribable.

In parties of two and three, the band of dilapidated heroes arrive at our club-rooms. The wearers of knee-breeches and thin stockings are reviled by the happy possessors of the once-despised canvas leggings. Machines are hastily wiped, and the icy stalactites hanging from projecting portions removed. Dry clothes are produced, and with the sense of warmth comes forgetfulness of past misery, which is now only the subject of joke and remark. So ends our Thanksgiving-day run; and we are ready for the next one. DIOJEENS.

CHICAGO NOTES.

LAST Tuesday the Chicago Bicycle Club held its regular monthly meeting for business. Of course, at this season of the year, pretty much all bicycling is confined to talk, and we do like to get together and discuss the events of the past season, and think up what we will do to make the best of our opportunities the coming year. Our secretary usually gets up a lengthy report, in which is embraced the usual financial transactions of the club since last meeting, and other business, and enters upon a review of the condition of our city streets, present improvements going on and those contemplated in the future. Then follow suggestions and gleanings from the press, which have been picked up during the month, and the criticisms of the people noted. Everything new in bicycling passes under review, and from thence we drift onward in a general discussion, to a late hour, and adjourn.

Resolutions appropriate to the memory of our former member, "Johnny" Blow, with whose painful death the fraternity are well acquainted, were passed, and his picture, with frame draped in mourn-

ing, now hangs in our club-room. Our secretary, George D. Hoffman, who has been absent in Europe all summer, will return in the spring. George is an enthusiastic bicyclist, and will, no doubt, import some grand ideas of European wheelmanship, and give us the benefit. He writes us that he intends to visit all the bicycle manufactories in England, and bring over with him the finest machine the Old World can furnish. At last accounts his eyes were attracted toward an "Invincible," with one hundred spokes and other "unique peculiarities."

The criticisms of the press have taken up our attention considerably of late. It is a fact that one growler can make more noise in the world than a score of contented people; and hence a very limited few in this town, who have some fancied grievance on account of the bicycle frightening their horses, have raised their voices in one grand bray, and flapped their long ears around in a vigorous manner. The editor and proprietor of a prominent daily has made himself particularly troublesome in this respect. He drives a spanking team down Michigan avenue every morning; and as he needs exercise very much, the more mettlesome his horses are the better. Now, our esteemed friend, Mr. Fairfield, also rides down on *his* metal-some horse at about the same time; and for some reason, our newspaper man has taken umbrage at this. Probably our bicyclist, who is no slow-poke on the road, has discounted the nags and laid them in the shade; maybe the "old man" is mad because he is too old to ride the machine himself: anyway, he gives it to us hot and heavy at every chance, and his articles are almost humorous in their acidity. The other papers are more moderate, the "Daily News" being our positive friend, and printing anything and everything that is favorable to the machine. The other day an article appeared in the "News" describing the proper way to ride the bicycle, and mentioning that all English riders grasped the handles from underneath, and that this was the correct way. We haven't heard the last of that yet; the newsboy, the loafer, everybody, quotes this article to me as gospel truth as I ride by (I don't use the "English" method), and they are quite anxious that I shall "grab the handles underneath"!

We are having grand fun in the exposition building. The gallery, fifteen feet wide, is smoothly planked, and makes a splendid track. It was here that Keen, Terront, Stanton, and Cann did their practising before the big six-day races last fall. We are commencing to make fifty-mile runs. Mr. Fairfield made his three miles in nine minutes, the other day. Last year at this time he thought he was doing wonders to get around the same distance in seven minutes! Wonderful how a man will improve. Mr. Cowles, of the Ariel Club, is building up an excellent record as a long-distance man. The light fall of snow, and low

temperature for the past two weeks, has driven us indoors considerably, except those who use the machine for transportation to and from business. For that purpose the bicycle is infinitely preferable to the crowded horse-car, even this cold weather; and while I should n't care about riding around for pleasure at this time, still our trips to and from the office are not unpleasant. We discount the horse-cars ten to fifteen minutes in a three-mile run, and with the hard, smooth roads it is not so bad. The usually elegant macadam pavement is simply abominable this cold weather. It is full of fine ruts, and the horses' hoofs cut the road-bed full of holes that make it uncomfortable for a 7-8 tire. The wood pavement, or round cedar block, is the reverse. The interstices between the blocks are filled in with frozen mud, and the action of the wheels pound it down smoothly, making excellent roading. Altogether, while it may not be a pleasure to ride the bicycle with the thermometer at zero, yet of three "necessary evils"—horse-car, walking, and wheeling—the latter is certainly the least. STENO.

CORRESPONDENCE

OIL.—Mr. F. A. Jackson, of the New Haven Bi. C., makes the following suggestion: "The following may be recommended as forming an almost perfect oil for burning in the bicycle lamp: Best lard oil four parts, best kerosene one part. For each pint of the oils add one ounce of camphor gum dissolved in the kerosene, previously to adding to the lard oil. This I have thoroughly tested, and know it to be good. It will burn to the last drop; gives a clear white light, and the wick does not incrust."

BEACON PARK.—*Editor Bicycling World*:—I have been informed that some bicyclers have hesitated to give their names to you, as wishing to join the Boston Driving and Athletic Association, because they feared that there would be no suitable track at the grounds. Allow me, therefore, to say that the management intends to make the track second to none in the country, provided that as many as forty (40) names are promised before March 1, 1881.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES DWIGHT.

NAMES.—*Editor Bicycling World*:—The Lansing Bicyclers now claim the cake on names. A day or two since one of our riders was riding down the principal street in this city, when a genius from the country, who wished to call the attention of another countryman to the wheelman, called, "Say, John, look at that air long two-legged grasshopper out there." We have had several names before, but did not think it would come to this, and have sympathy for brother wheelmen likewise afflicted with choice titles.

E. F. WOODCOCK.

LANSING, 11 December, 1880.

"CLAREMONT." — *Editor Bicycling World*: Dear Sir,—In looking over the *WORLD*, of 19 November, my eye was attracted by, first, "In the Hampshire Hills," and then by the name "Newport." So, being interested in anything pertaining to that vicinity, I read the article, and very well paid I felt, for it was written in a very pleasant and attractive style, and in point of fact was essentially correct. But the object of this note is to say to your correspondent "Ixion" (if you will be kind enough to forward), that I wish to take exceptions to one statement of his. He says of *Claremont*, "Pronounced by the natives Clair-ey-mont." Now, I'm "a native," and I would most respectfully say to him, "Sir, you have been misinformed, for no *native* pronounces that name in any other way than C-l-a-r-e, Clare, m-o-n-t, mont, Claremont. Railroad conductors, in calling the station, do say "Clarrymont," and occasionally an inhabitant is guilty of the error; but historic origin and common usage authorize only the dissyllabic pronunciation given above.

Claremont is indeed a beautiful town, and "Mr. Ixion" might well have stopped longer than for his glass of soda, (?) and enjoyed wheeling over its streets. I hope next time he goes to Newport he will do Claremont the honor of improving his acquaintance with her, and also look up the man who gave him his wrong information.

G. HERBERT IDE.

CHICAGO, ILL., 2 December, 1880.

ANOTHER LADY'S OPINION. — *Mr. Editor*:—Your correspondent, "Madeline," was wrong when she said that none but gentlemen would read her opinion of bicyclers; for there is one lady, at least, who takes a great interest in your paper, and is an occasional peruser of it. My brother is one of those lucky individuals who early recognized the practicability of the "wheel" (as he calls it), and with the aid of his father's pocket-book purchased one. I watched anxiously, with a sister's love, his progress; aiding him with arnica and consolation until he could go out for a "spin" (another of his expressions), and return without torn clothes and bruised limbs. I confess I am a little ashamed to own that I take such an interest in your sport as to read carefully your paper; but I never told my brother, because I knew he would make fun of me, and tell me I had better attend to some more ladylike pursuit,—something more in accordance to my station. I cannot quite agree with Madeline in her remarks about the Boston Club. I have rather admired their independent spirit, in wearing all sorts of suits and costumes. It shows a certain Bohemian disregard for public opinion, which is a sure sign of great intellect and broadness of view. But I think the other clubs are just too funny for anything. There are some riders I have especially noticed and secretly admired from behind the blinds. One, in particular, I have often espied riding on the avenue. I have watched for him on pleasant days, and felt disappointed if he came

not. He is a most remarkable rider, and seems to feel as much interest and love for his bicycle as a stable-man does for his favorite horse. He has several times got off in front of my house, so I had a splendid opportunity to note his movements. First he takes hold of the little wheel and shakes it from side to side, and if it seems loose he takes from his pocket a little package and proceeds to undo it, taking therefrom what appears to be an oil can and wrench; with the latter he turns something, shaking the little wheel all the time; then he lifts the wheel from the ground and gives it a twirl; after getting it adjusted to suit him, he oils it with his little can. In this way he shakes and examines the whole of his bicycle, adjusting here and oiling there; then, carefully wiping his hand on a bit of cloth which he carries with him, he buttons his gloves, and with two or three convulsive hops is in his seat and away. I have been much pleased with this gentleman for various reasons: partly on account of his age, which is much greater than most of the riders I have seen, and partly on account of his poetic appearance and classic costume, which consists mainly of a brown helmet and pair of top boots. There is one other I have also noticed, but have not seen him for a long time. He used to ride along with his head thrown back and on one side, sadly unconscious of the fact that he was putting on airs,—it seemed so easy and natural to him. I know it is sort of mean to write so about these gentlemen, but you will have to take all the blame, and it will be such jolly fun for you if they recognize themselves by the description. I would n't do it, but my brother tells me you keep a big, stout fighting editor in the office to attend to all who are inclined to find fault. There are a lot more I may tell you about some time, unless you put this into your waste-basket. I have heard you editors do such things sometimes.

JENNIE.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

We can't Dean-y it if we would,
It caused us much concern,
To think for our especial good
A Dean should pilot turn.

THE Williamsburg track has been changed to a skating rink; so has the Manhattan polo track.

IF we only had C.'s position in the gallery, so we could see the "gals," would n't it be "gallus"?

ABOUT this time the fond and doting ma is wondering how she can stuff a 50-in. wheel into Johnnie's No. 8 stocking.

PROF. F. S. ROLLINSON and Mr. Elliot Mason have opened the Newark rink as a place for bicycle riding. Soon after the holidays, they intend giving a grand tournament for feats of skill; such as hurdle racing, tilting the ring, slow racing, riding a plank 8 feet long by 5 inches wide, etc., etc.

A NEW YORK gentleman has offered two handsome prizes for the best sonnet to the New Year, appointing your humble

servant as judge. Competitors must submit their efforts before Friday, the 31st, directing them to P. O. box 1,227, New York City. If the editor gives his permission, the lucky lines will be published in the *BICYCLING WORLD*. The prizes are well worth trying for, especially during this cold weather.

WHEN Capt. Ames, of the Lenox, first took to bicycling, a few of his friends were rather inclined to laugh at the idea, saying they would present him with a medal when he had completed his 1,000th mile. A week or so ago he notified the gentlemen that he had finished 2,000 miles, and on Saturday last they presented him with a very pretty gold badge in a morocco case, made by Hayward. The laugh cost something.

THURSDAY evening the Mercury Club had its first drill in Harlem Hall. Everything went well till Wright gave the order: "Left oblique—guide right—twos into line—look out for the posts—wheel!" when somebody wheeled wrong, and somehow ten machines got piled on the floor in a worse mess than *that cat made of those forms*, and immediately ten orders were entered on Rodier's repair book. Mr. Olmstead made 29 laps and 14 tumbles in 3 minutes 14½ seconds. We did n't time him, and will not swear to the correctness of this statement; so if any one intends disputing it we back out gracefully. After the drill a moonlight ride was enjoyed, and later, Welsh rarebits at the Café Brunswick; then the weary wheelmen turned in and dreamed of a heterogeneous mass of spokes, full-moons, cheeses, and the like.

THE New York Bicycle Club had its annual dinner last Saturday evening. Invitations were extended to the captains of the other city clubs. But why to the captains? If it had been a field affair we should think the invitations very properly bestowed; but to a dinner, it would seem more appropriate to have passed the compliment to the presidents. The president of the Mercury Club, Mr. Pierre Noël, received an invitation addressed to him as captain, which was embarrassing, as he was in doubt whether it were simply a *lapsus calami* on the part of the N. Y.'s secretary, or if he were really supposed to be the captain. "Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," so presume the N. Y. boys are excusable. For the benefit of clubs intending to give dinner-parties, we would say that Mr. Wm. M. Wright commands the Mercuryites, and is about as polite a fellow to his stomach as we know of, dinner business being about the only duty he does not turn over to his manager.

AH! DOCTOR, you little know the pang it costs us to write you down among those who have the rhyming mania. Better stick to syrup of squills, pills, bills, prescriptions for chills and other ills,—they are more your forte, especially the bills.

"I am a bold Mercuryite;
No matter how gloomy the night,
I wheel over hollows,
Yet naught but weal follows,"
He sang; and we said, "You are Wright."

KNICK O'BOCKER.

19 DECEMBER, 1880.

P. S.—Forgot to wish you all a Merry Christmas.

K. O'B.

SPINNING THRO' ENGLAND.

[From the N. Y. Sun, 30 August, 1880.]

A ZIGZAG tour through England on bicycles, from Liverpool through London to Portsmouth, on the southern coast, and back again to London, was made this season by five Americans. Frank W. Weston, secretary of the Boston Bi. C., and acting captain of the party, arrived in New York yesterday in the City of Richmond. He says that the anchor of the steamship in which they sailed to England had hardly dropped at Liverpool before a consul and a vice-consul of the Bicycle Touring Club were alongside to give them an English welcome. This club has three thousand members, residing in all parts of England; and in every important city it has a consul, whose duty it is to afford information as to roads and routes to strangers who may visit his district, and also as to good hotels to stop at, with the prices they charge for entertainment. These prices have been reduced by arrangement with most of the English hotels to below the rates usually accorded to commercial travellers. A clerk in England on a small salary may therefore make a bicycle tour for a very moderate sum, and by consulting the consul or vice-consul of his district he may calculate to a nicety what his trip will cost him. This club is to be made international. Mr. Weston has already been appointed consul at Boston, and W. S. Sullen consul at New York. The touring club is quite separate from the local clubs.

In the hall of the Angel in Liverpool the Americans found their five English-made Harvard bicycles awaiting them. Before they had inspected the bed in which Oliver Cromwell slept and the one that is two centuries older, the consuls of neighboring cities and the leading riders of Liverpool began to crowd the reception rooms of the Angel. The Americans were escorted on a short run to take the sea stiffness out of their legs, and the next day they were introduced to English roads and landscapes by a journey of twenty-four miles to the little village of Hale. As they spun along they noticed here a boy darting past them on his wheel and there an old man guiding his bicycle down a side street. Clerks and business men were riding about the streets attending to their ordinary vocations. Bicycles were everywhere. When they re-entered Liverpool the party had been increased to twenty-five by persons who had ridden out to meet them on the road. As they glided through Sefton Park they passed scores of men and boys taking their evening exercise, and among

them a white-haired man at least sixty years old, ambling along on a tall wheel, as if horses and wagons had never been invented. The first part of the road to Hale was macadamized, and Mr. Weston says that, like all macadamized roads, it was execrably bumpy. The Americans thought they would not like English roads. When, however, they struck the natural country road, kept in perfect repair and as smooth as a carpet, its beauties came to them like a revelation. Progress was no longer a labor; it was merely a volition. They willed to go, and they went. The road-bed was made of a gravelly soil. On either hand was the deep green of growing crops, separated from them by green hedges instead of fences. Vine-clad cottages of brick and stone replaced the white wooden houses of America, and gave a suggestion of permanence and home comfort. The glimpses of landscape made a deep impression on the visitors, as they bowled along under a blue sky studded with fleecy clouds. The temperature was delightful, as they afterward found it to be even in July, and the air was invigorating.

The party on arriving at Hale drew up before a little garden of roses, and ascended a rustic porch shaded by two spreading laburnums. This was the village inn. They were welcomed by a landlady who looked comfortable from head to foot. Her three comely daughters waited on them at table. Her husband was superintending the laborers on his farm. Bicyclists, Mr. Weston says, have appetites to which yachtsmen and rowing men are total strangers; yet when the party had eaten a specially prepared meal, which from its excellence might have cost them \$3.00 apiece in the United States, they found their bill amounted to the English equivalent of fifty-four cents. The third cup of tea was as hot as the first, because the teapot was enveloped in a bright red-flannel jacket called a cosey.

"One good result of bicycling in America," interjected Mr. Weston, in his conversation at the Metropolitan Hotel last evening, "will be the creating and sustaining of comfortable and reputable little roadside inns like the one at Hale."

On the run back to Liverpool speed was put on, and the first seven miles were made in thirty-five minutes, or at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Throughout the tour, however, all suggestions of racing or of making unusually good time were tabooed.

The next day, 2 June, at noon, the Americans girded themselves for the real work of the tour. On crossing the ferry at Liverpool to Birkenhead, they found the members of the Birkenhead Club in uniform, drawn up in line, each man's arm resting on his glistening bicycle. After cordial greetings the club mounted and accompanied the Americans twenty-one miles to Chester, where a banquet was awaiting them at The Blossoms. The five tourists walked around the city on its ancient walls, and inspected some of its other antiquities. Each succeeding

day's enjoyments were of a piece with those already described. From Chester they ran to Chirk, in Wales, 22 miles. From Chirk they rode to Shrewsbury, 23 miles; to Wolverhampton, 31 miles; to Birmingham, 15 miles; to Coventry, 18 miles; to Stratford-on-Avon, 23 miles; to Cheltenham, 35 miles; to Gloucester, 9 miles; to Dursley, 18 miles; to Bath, 35 miles; to Marlboro', 32 miles; to Maidenhead, 19 miles; to London, 31 miles.

The party arrived in London on 21 June. Two days afterwards they resumed their journey, riding to Farnham, 36 miles; to Winchester, 28 miles; to Southampton, 13 miles; to Portsmouth by way of the Isle of Wight, 35 miles; to Arundel, 30 miles; to Brighton, 25 miles; to Crawley, 22 miles; to Bromley, 30 miles; to London, 18 miles.

They arrived in London the second time, thus completing their tour on 4 July, and Mr. Weston celebrated the day by riding over its smooth pavements entirely across the city, about fifteen miles.

At Coventry, at Winchester, at Brighton, and in London, the Americans were banqueted. At Coventry, Mr. Weston says the roadways in the vicinity were lined with people who had come out to meet them. This is, above all other places in England, a bicycling city. Many business men there traverse the streets on bicycles and tricycles. The latter are the most convenient in streets where there is much traffic. Forty-five members of the Coventry Club rode out to wait for the visitors at a place where two roads meet, because they did not know which road the Americans might take. The mayor of the city presided at a magnificent banquet on the day of their arrival, and two days afterward they were banqueted by members of the Bicycling Tourney Club, one member of which had ridden 300 miles from his home to be present. Out of curiosity the average was calculated of the distance ridden by all the members of the Tourney Club who were present. It was found to be forty-seven miles. An address, handsomely engrossed on vellum, was presented to Mr. Weston, the acting captain, containing a graceful expression of fraternal feeling toward the bicycle riders of America.

Mr. Weston's four companions were Dr. J. F. Adams, president of the Worcester (Mass.) Club; George C. Thomas, of the Philadelphia Club; and J. S. Dean and T. N. Hastings, of the Boston Club. These four gentlemen visited the Continent after completing their bicycle tour, while Mr. Weston took a run of 300 miles by himself through the North of England.

A MAP OF ENGLAND, STORIES, ILLUSTRATIONS, POEMS, IN OUR MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD may be found on sale at BRENTANO'S LITERARY EMPORIUM, 39 Union Square, N. Y.

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, 24 DECEMBER, 1880.

A THANKSGIVING TOURNEY.

Editor Archery Field:—Early in November, Mr. Frank C. Havens, of the Oakland Bow Club, marched bravely into the archery arena and threw down his glove (finger tips) in challenge to Mr. Will H. Thompson, to contest with him for the mastery at the targets, at the new round of 96 arrows at 60 yards, to be shot on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1880. Mr. Thompson gladly accepted the challenge; but like Arac, when he cried,

"But three to three? no more?
No more; and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honor!"

he begged for a grand conflict, open to every archer good and true, who cared to brave the wild weather of November and join in the tourney. No proposition could have better pleased the challenger, and the word went forth for all to prepare for the tourney. Despite the unusually severe weather, which made archery almost impossible throughout the Northern States, three dozen of as earnest archers as ever drew a bow faced the targets in the great match, and though no score of exceeding value was recorded, the whole shooting was of very high grade.

The challenger beat the entire field, and made the rare run of 96 consecutive hits. His shooting was in every way superior to the field; for he not only made the best gross score and the most hits, but upon a system of *points*,—supposing we give one point for *hits*, and one point for

score in each two dozen arrows, and two points for gross hits, in all twelve points,—the result would thus appear:—

F. C. Havens 7-1-12.
I. P. Allen 1-1-4.
Maurice Thompson . . . 1 point.
F. H. Walworth . . . 1 point.
T. J. Loftus 5-6 of a point.
F. O. Hyatt 1-3 of a point.
And Col. R. Williams and Will H. Thompson each obtaining 1-4 of a point.

Of course such a system of points would not be a good one, but the great advantage obtained by Mr. Havens in the contest more fully appears in such a light. Considered in the light of English records, not only was Mr. Havens's score a very great one, but fine scoring was obtained by quite a dozen of the three dozen gentlemen shooting.

A score of 120 points is considered fine shooting by the highest authority in British archery; and among their best shots it is rarely that 24 consecutive hits are made at the 60-yards range. In this match no less than twenty-seven scores equalled or exceeded 120 points, while 24 hits were recorded in ten instances. Seven gentlemen exceeded an *average* of 120 points with each twenty-four arrows, while others closely approached it. Indeed, one who fell below that average did some of the finest shooting recorded, and only failed to lead the field by a tumble in his last lot of twenty-four arrows.

This reference to Mr. Allen's scoring is not for the purpose of making any invidious comparisons, but only to show how one will sometimes lose place by an inexplicable "drop" in the midst of otherwise splendid work. If he had scored as many points with his last twenty-four arrows as he had obtained with the poorest of the three preceding lots (23-127), his total would have been 93-523.

The Californians shot wonderfully well, and Mr. Havens must look to his tackle or the generous climate of the Pacific coast will coax into life a rivalry that will give him trouble. There is danger in Button and Allen and Strickland, and "the lone archer of Nevada" is coming with a grand rush!

But it is not always the largest scores which are the most deserving of praise. The are some names farther down the list which beguile our eyes away from the few larger scores, and by virtue of something more than mere good fortune in scoring, command a moment of our attention.

We are glad to have had the pleasure of shooting a tourney with Mr. Kinney, the "father of archery" upon the Western coast. It may seem a trifle impertinent, but we cannot but call attention to him as the Western rival of the distinguished president of the National Archery Association. Both of these gentlemen have begun archery at a time in life when most men are compelled to leave off manly sports and surrender to the arms of the easy-chair; yet both are as hale and strong as though they had but played with years instead of bearing

their burdens. Mr. Kinney is one of the best shots upon the Pacific coast, the score in this match being far below his best performances. He has done much to build up archery in California, and we think it is not saying too much to bid him welcome in advance if he will come to Brooklyn to the Grand National in July.

Mrs. Church was the only lady who had the courage to battle with her stronger brothers of the bow; and how great that courage was, may be known when we are told that the snow was a foot deep on her range and the thermometer was standing at eight degrees above zero! "Remember, good mine host, that weapons are not wielded by strength alone, but by skill and sleight-of-hand." How true this has been proved by this lady, her score of 21-93 shot under such circumstances will say. Our friend Hyatt takes a huge stride toward the front, and gives us timely notice of his whereabouts. There seems no end of shoot in him. Mr. Walworth did a piece of shooting upon the same day of the match, and immediately following it, which we wish to call attention to, as we suppose it to have been the best score yet made with 96 arrows. It was as follows: 23-141, 23-139, 24-152, 24-152=94-584; the best record the writer ever made being 23-148, 24-160, 24-140, 24-132=96-580. Has any archer equalled Mr. Walworth's score?

WILL H. THOMPSON.

SCORES.—96 arrows at 60 yards, 25 November, 1880.

Name	1st 24.	2d 24.	3d 24.	Totals.
F. C. Havens, Oakland, Cal.,	24-150	24-132	24-124	96-522
Will H. Thompson, Crawfordsville, Ind.,	22-124	24-132	21-119	22-126 89-501
O. M. Button, Santa Cruz, Cal.,	23-121	23-139	22-116	22-120 90-496
F. O. Hyatt, Cortlandt, N. Y.,	22-120	23-133	24-124	20-114 89-491
F. H. Walworth, Saratoga, N. Y.,	22-102	21-123	21-119	22-142 86-486
Frank Sidway, Buffalo, N. Y.,	23-137	21-115	23-127	20-106 87-485
"The Lone Archer of Nevada," Virginia City,	21-123	23-121	20-110	23-129 87-483
I. P. Allen, San Francisco, Cal.,	23-127	24-140	23-129	22-82 92-478
Col. A. Williams, Dayton, O.,	21-115	24-126	23-117	21-115 91-473
S. L. Strickland, San Francisco, Cal.,	22-122	23-125	23-99	22-112 90-458
Maurice Thompson, Crawfordsville, Ind.,	22-100	21-87	23-129	22-126 88-442
T. J. Loftus, Sacramento, Cal.,	24-108	23-97	24-118	20-88 91-411
E. L. Morse, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,	19-103	20-98	20-96	20-114 79-411
Parm. S. DeGraff, Charlotte, Mich.,	19-99	20-192	20-100	21-107 80-408
C. G. Hammond, Highland Park, Ill.,	20-76	22-114	22-110	22-90 86-390
H. S. Taylor, Highland Park, Ill.,	20-94	19-93	20-108	18-81 77-376
Joe Hussey, Des Moines, Iowa,	23-93	19-91	18-90	19-95 79-369
C. E. K. Baxter, Charlotte, Mich.,	16-84	19-89	18-82	20-112 73-367
J. H. Collins, Sacramento, Cal.,	21-93	17-87	21-91	21-91 80-362
N. E. Swartwout, Highland Park, Ill.,	17-69	21-115	22-108	18-64 78-356
E. B. Weston, Highland Park, Ill.,	18-88	20-70	21-91	20-94 79-343
S. Watts, Oakland, Cal.,	18-72	21-103	19-79	20-80 78-336
Geo. W. Kinney, San Francisco, Cal.,	21-97	15-83	16-70	18-68 70-318
Mrs. E. T. Church, Charlotte, Mich.,	16-74	14-76	21-93	18-58 69-301
Andrew S. Brownell, Boston, Mass.,	18-82	16-66	18-64	17-67 69-279
F. B. Rodolphe, Oakland, Cal.,	15-75	16-74	18-66	16-60 65-275

N. E. White, Sacramento, Cal.,	17- 61	17- 73	13- 57	17- 79	64-270
E. T. Church, Charlotte, Mich.,	15- 49	19- 89	15- 53	18- 76	67-267
A. V. Boyne, Sacramento, Cal.,	15- 75	12- 60	15- 63	12- 48	54-246
H. Darneal, San Francisco, Cal.,	14- 60	16- 52	15- 69	13- 59	58-240
A. W. Havens, San Francisco, Cal.,	16- 76	16- 62	11- 41	16- 52	59-231
R. O. Cravens, Sacramento, Cal.,	13- 57	12- 46	15- 63	12- 54	52-220
E. E. Potter, Oakland, Cal.,	16- 70	14- 54	12- 42	10- 38	52-204
J. F. Hirling, San Francisco, Cal.,	14- 58	16- 74	8- 30	10- 34	48-196
Arthur Low, San Francisco, Cal.,	9- 43	10- 40	11- 43	14- 62	44-188
G. C. Pratt, Oakland, Cal.,	11- 35	13- 37	13- 57	14- 54	51-183

BOWS AND ARROWS.

Editor Archery Field:—The "Highland Park Archers," after three seasons' practice (and the writer after four) have, almost without exception, adopted the bows of one London maker. During that time we have tried many kinds, and have discarded lemonwood, split bamboo, snakewood, and all backed hard-wood of any kind; and now use self lancewood, self and backed Spanish, Italian and English yew only. For durability and for those who use a "dead loose," we have found nothing equal to a self lancewood, the first bow, purchased four years ago, being still in existence and intact, although, owing to faulty construction, it has lost something in power, and is badly cast. For those who loose quickly we give preference to the yew, because of its quickness, great driving power, and consequent low trajectory, giving the Spanish and Italian precedence over the English. A Spanish "yew-backed yew," which costing less than a "self," is found to be a more effective weapon, but deficient in lasting qualities.

We have discarded American-made bows for the following reasons:—

First. Faulty construction, as evidenced by the fact that nearly all we have owned *bent in the handle*, thus causing a severe jar to the bow arm and wrist; while the bows of the maker we now use are always stiff and solid under the hand.

Second. Liability of breakage owing to "kiln-drying," or some other process of quick-seasoning.

Third. Loss of power and change of shape, where the wood is insufficiently seasoned.

Time and experience will remedy all these defects, and the American-made bow of the future will equal the best of English make; but time must be given the wood to season, and *for this time the "bowyer" must be compensated.*

English lancewood bows can be purchased in all our large cities, for from \$4 to \$5; but they are open to all the objections noted above, and no really good imported gents' lancewood bow can be purchased for less than \$8 to \$10. The wood of such a bow has been seasoned under cover, but open to a free circulation of air, for from five to ten years, and in one case that has come to our knowl-

edge, twelve years (the last-named bow is owned here)

Archers are frequently misled by the indorsement of certain make of bows by some prominent brother archer, who in an unguarded moment, out of the goodness of his heart, and perhaps because he did not like to "look a gift horse in the mouth," has been induced to write a "puff" that afterwards he would gladly have recalled or modified.

On the arrow question we are not quite a unit: we have imported a great many, our last invoice, of over a year ago, costing us \$8.10 per dozen "for gents' best, footed with peacock feathers"; but it is safe to say we shall import no more, as equally good ones are now made in this country, and at no greater cost. Indeed, many claim they are superior to the best imported, and certainly wonderful scores have been made with them this last season.

Mr. Adams, of the "North Side Archers," Chicago, with American-made arrows, scored 612 at the single York, and will shoot no others.

There is no question that peacock-feathered arrows, although costing two English shillings or fifty cents more per dozen than the turkey-feathered, are far cheaper in the end, as they will stand much more rough usage.

C. GRANVILLE HAMMOND:

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., 13 December, 1880.

THE LOOSE.

Editor of the Archery Field:—My notes on "loosing" in your last issue having been written hurriedly and rather at random, you will oblige me by giving place to the following in your next issue:—

Concerning the "loose" which I find most satisfactory, "Ford" has perhaps said all that can be said safely, and said it so well that a novice's comments may seem poor indeed. The most difficult as well as the chief feature of it seems to be the making it a continuance of the draw. I find it necessary while loosing to bear constantly in mind three things: As soon as the pause of holding is reached, to maintain the full force of the draw in every muscle, even at the risk of pulling the arrow the fraction of an inch further; while thus *pulling* and gradually straightening the fingers, to expand them, not too suddenly, but surely, and at the same instant and with the same degree of rapidity to pull them backward off the string. To draw them off faster than the fingers are expanded causes a jerk of the string, whereas to expand them faster than they are drawn off makes the loose independent of the draw, and the arrow will fall short. The increase of pull which I experience at the point of holding is probably due to the gradual, partial straightening of the fingers preparatory to the final quit of string. I have not yet succeeded in accomplishing this loose with great regularity; I get it most evenly with bows pulling 50 or 52 pounds. On one oc-

casión, I accomplished it two dozen times in succession with a 56-pound bow. Using a 42-pound bow, I cannot loose as steadily, and consequently cannot score as well, even at the shortest ranges, as with a 56-pound bow, which is certainly four or five pounds too heavy for me.

FRANK H. WALWORTH.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., 17 December, 1880.

BOOKS AND PAGES

THE Chicago *Field* will indulge in a New-Year's number this year, which those who have seen its previous Christmas numbers will look for with interest.

This excellent journal takes occasion to remind its readers, very appropriately and truthfully: "If each friend would only use his influence in sending us an additional subscriber, he would not only be aiding us, but he would also be doing the fraternity of sportsmen a benefit; as we maintain no man can read the Chicago *Field* and not be made a better sportsman and a better man, as naught but that which is elegant to a man and a sportsman is allowed in the columns of the Chicago *Field*."

AND when we are looking over the exchanges, there is none from which we get more pleasure or more points than *Geyer's Stationer*.

THE *Spirit of the Times* deservedly has a large family, and according to the editor, the motto of that family is, "Once a subscriber, always a subscriber." It is only \$5.00 a year to have the *Spirit of the Times* every week, and it is one of the best of newspaper investments. This paper will have both a Christmas and a New-Year's number, with features of special attraction.

THE New York *World's* "College Chronicle" of Monday, 20 December, contains a column summary and review of the season's bicycling among the undergraduates, by our valued correspondent, Kol Kron. Wheelmen and college men should read it.

THE JANUARY number of *Lippincott's Magazine* marks the beginning of a new volume and a new series, and appears with an attractive new cover. It is noticeable also that the price is reduced to \$3.00 a year. The opening article is an account of a Roman art school, by Mrs. Margaret B. Wright, which is well illustrated; and this is followed by "An Old New England Seaport," in which Mr. C. B. Todd makes a very interesting town of New London, Conn. "Lilith" is an illustrated novelette to run through three numbers, of which there are five chapters in this. There is also a paper on "Outdoor Life on the Rhine," and a noticeable paper on Madame De Staël. "Monthly Gossip" is divided into sections, is considerably extended, and as usual is the most interesting part of the magazine for a few minutes' reading.

THE JANUARY number of *Scribner's* contains an account of the aims and methods of the new Horological and

Thermometrical Bureau recently established by the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, from careful personal inspection on the spot. This is the first bureau of the kind established in this country, and cannot fail to raise the standard of excellence in both clocks, watches, and thermometers. The curious machinery used to correct watches to the tenth of a second, together with some singular facts in the behavior and habits of thermometers, make the article of more than usual interest to the reader. The same number also contains some account of Mr. John La Farge's and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's recent work in stained glass.

This excellent number of the prince of magazines is just received,—by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

WHERE is Frank Weston? No news of him since he left English shores! When his English friends receive the BICYCLING WORLD they like to hear something of the jolly captain.

A WELL-SEASONED gentleman in London travels the country called England, runs down the Bicycle Touring Club Council, astounds B. T. C. ites by stating that the management is in the hands of men coming near old women as regards qualifications for their positions, and nearly, but not quite, announces that the B. T. C. is about *non est*. Let it be noted that the gentleman has some followers. Now, "birds of a feather" generally "flock together," and so do these bird-gentlemen, or gentlemen birds, not by any means by any preconceived plans, merely by instinct; they put their beaks in *everywhere*, but generally into bicycling newspapers. One scrawls to one paper, another to another; they actually scrawl to subsequent numbers of a paper expressing sympathy with the eloquence (of fellow-birds) published in previous issues. They say without rhyme or reason that *every one thinks with them* except the council themselves and their immediate supporters; stop not at insulting individual members of the council at club dinners; stop at nothing, and have the motto,

"Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries, Hold, enough!"
but

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

These gentlemen above referred to, by reason of their complaints having regard to such a well-known institution, of course, in a very short time get well known by name, and then large *advertisements* appear suddenly, and, of course by the merest possible accident, with these well-known names attached.

Dear me! what is this?

1. "I called the NEW WORLD into existence to redress the balance of the old." (*Query*. Who did? and when?)

Here is another strange advertisement (I have not mentioned a few I might):—

2. "I am requested by a friend proud

of the name B. T. C. Malcontent to announce that he is about to bring out a publication which will contain several pages of a list compiled by a body of old donkeys, to which he will append biographies of his notable chums according to his own views of them. Every one should purchase THE BOOK OF MARTYRS, PT. 1. ONE SHILLING."

3. And page 93 of this month's (December) *Cycling* is *not* followed by the page containing the announcement of the *Wheelman's Year Book!!!*

How long is all this trickery going on? An announcement will soon be made by the council, and suggestions laid before the members, which are the fruit of the hard and independent labor of President Holding, and Chief Consul Tanner; but all credit will, of course, be claimed by the firm. I may add that the extension and improvement of the present club *Gazette* is under serious consideration.

STANLEY J. A. COTTERELL,
Bi. Touring Club.

SPOKES FROM FOREIGN WHEEL PAPERS.

AS TO SIZE of back wheel, it is stated in *Cycling*, "Riders are beginning to find out that a diminutive back wheel, placed close behind the large one, is a special element of danger; and some of them advocate a return to larger sizes, and a lengthening of the backbone. Truth generally lies between two extremes."

The same paper also suggests, "It is a sign of the times that the records of club doings, upon which the 'cycling papers mostly relied for copy, have shrunk to very small dimensions this year."

THE ARGYLE BICYCLE CLUB, according to *Cycling*, continues to have very successful socials, at which highly interesting papers are read; debates on the Sunday question, and others, prove interesting, and readings from the poets, as well as new pieces written for the occasions, are brought out." There is a hint for our American clubs who languish while the snow is on.

IN COMMENT in the same journal on the quiet Sunday run of the Boston Bicycle Club to the cemetery where lie the remains of the late Mr. Hogan, to place a few flowers on his grave, it is remarked, "The Boston Bicycle Club, in paying this tribute to the memory of a comrade, set an example worthy of being followed even by English clubs."

THE PIONEER BICYCLE CLUB, of Christ Church, New Zealand, has discarded the polo cap and adopted the helmet.

AS TO the growth of L. A. W., "Wall" suggests in *Cycling* that the Bicycle Union "will soon be put in the shade, if L. A. W. goes on at this rate. Formed in May, 527 strong in September, is real Yankee go-aheadedness."

VIBRATION of the machine in road riding is discussed pro and con in the *Bicycling News* correspondence columns, at considerable length, some correspond-

ents taking the view that it comes principally from the front wheel, and others that it arises mostly from the back wheel; and various suggestions are offered as a remedy, including springs or buffers for the back wheel, and also more yielding springs under the saddle. Incidentally some other interesting points are brought out, as to friction, air resistance, and the element of momentum in hill riding. The discussion has not proceeded far enough, however, to summarize yet, but is referred to, simply as a hint for our own readers who have a mathematical or mechanical turn of mind.

SOLE AND EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS. — The *Bicycling Times* alludes to a circular emanating from the Pope Manufacturing Company as follows: "The typical Yankee prides himself upon his unusual cuteness, and it seems that in the matter of bicycle making, some enterprising Yankees have played their parts with tolerable success. The Pope Manufacturing Company have the exclusive right to make and sell bicycles in the United States." And in another editorial jotting it adds, "It remains to be seen whether these patents will hold good on this side of the herring-pond." These paragraphs are referred to simply for the purpose of correcting a misapprehension which they might well give rise to; especially if the *Bicycling Times* were to be relied upon in its comments upon legal matters.

Nobody who knew anything, or had reflected a moment, would suppose that any United States patent held good outside of the United States. There may have been business sagacity, which in a "Yankee" would likely enough appear in a Britisher's eyes to be "cuteness," in the Pope Manufacturing Company in gaining control of most of the patents relating to bicycles and velocipedes, but nevertheless it is not true that the "Pope Manufacturing Company have the exclusive right to make and sell bicycles in the United States," and we have never seen any claim on their part on this side the water that they have; nor have we seen any indication in the course of the business in this country, or the relations of the Pope Manufacturing Company to it, of any intention or effort to monopolize the business. They have certainly licensed a considerable number of other parties under the patents which they control, and so far as can be ascertained, on terms which are much better than could probably be obtained were these patents held by a number of individual owners. There are at least five concerns in this country who do either a manufacturing or importing business, or both, besides the Pope Manufacturing Company, and with good right; but why should any more fuss be made about the propriety of royalties being paid under American patents, on bicycles made and sold here, than there is about royalties under English Letters Patent upon bicycles made and sold there? It is to be noticed that when Englishmen obtain United States Letters Patent, as many have, they do not

hesitate to collect royalties abroad. Probably, however, what the *Bicycling Times* set out to say, and would if it had known how, was that the Pope Manufacturing Company, and its licensees, have the exclusive right to make and sell bicycles in the United States, so far as they are covered by patents which the Pope Manufacturing Company and its licensees control.

"NEW CLUBS" is the title of a well-considered editorial, in a recent number of the *Bicycling Times*.

The editor refers to the early days of bicycling, when clubs were few, and "every accession to the list was an occasion of congratulation," and then says that the number of clubs has gone on augmenting, especially in the metropolis, until there is a superabundance of small, and sometimes weak clubs, "acting to the detriment of each other, with an amount of wasted energy which, applied in another direction, might have served to build up a large and powerful club." Several classes of men are referred to as promoters of new clubs where other clubs already exist. The first consists of unattached riders who are either ignorant of the existence "of an already established club in their neighborhood, or think that because they do not happen to know any of its members, it is impossible to join it": another class is described as "unattached men who do not care to associate with the local club." He also speaks of the "absurd desire of their promoters to be officers; as soon as they can ride a couple of miles without falling, some men are possessed with the fervent idea that they will form a club, and get elected captain—secretary at least." Another class consists of members "who have been deposed from office in some existing club, and in consequence have resigned therefrom in high dudgeon, and gone to work to set up an opposition to the old association."

"BALL bearings are, it seems," says the *Cyclist*, "the big gooseberries of bicycling literature, and the weights of machines the bicyclic sea-serpents of contention; for no sooner do we find the slack season coming on than writer after writer delivers himself of long essays on the pros and cons of balls *versus* rollers, and both *versus* plain bearings. The weight of opinion, however, is all in favor of balls, but of course much harm has been done by the introduction of imperfectly rounded balls, made of bad steel, specially got up for cheap machines." The editor also suggests that "provided rigidity and strength are not sacrificed, a machine cannot well be too light; but if the rubber tires are sacrificed to lightness, that is where the fault lies."

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

NUTMEG BI. C. had a very enjoyable 10-mile run on Saturday, 18 December. Every member of the club participated,

despite the fearful state of the roads and a steady northwest wind.

TOLEDO BI. C. was fully organized on 15 December, with the following officers: President, J. B. Bartelle; secretary and treasurer, M. F. Richards; captain, H. F. Dewey; sub-captain, H. M. Kelsey; bugler, C. H. Walbridge; club committee, W. F. West and B. B. Barney, Jr., and the first three officers *ex officio*. There are twelve members; colors and uniform not agreed upon. The club is composed of excellent material, and expects to rent a large hall for winter practice and headquarters.

THE PHILADELPHIA clubs do not report much activity, but from a correspondent in that city we have the following: "Wheeling has been at a stand-still, almost, since Thanksgiving day, when forty riders met at the Centennial grounds to take a run out on Lancaster Turnpike, and on returning, were admitted to the Permanent Exhibition building and allowed the free use of its lengthy aisles. A scrub race was improvised for the nonce of the thing, and shortly after, the wheelmen dispersed to their respective turkey meets. We had advertised a general meet for riders for that day, and had anticipated something like 150 to 200 wheels, but the snow and otherwise unfavorable weather spoiled the plans. The fact that a year ago we counted only fifty wheels on a good riding day, and this year had forty, — only ten less, with bad weather and wheeling, — speaks well for the increased interest in the Bi. here. A heavy snow-storm set in early in the afternoon, and until yesterday wheeling was almost out of the question, at least as a pleasure. Not a few of our members are keeping bicycle scrap-books, in which treasure all wheel cuttings and other matters of bicycling interest. We also have a Philadelphia Club bicycle scrap-book, and recommend it to our fellow-wheelmen as a satisfactory record and reference." Our correspondent "Woodside" gives us these points, under date of 12 December, and suggests that he will write more. Our readers will be duly thankful, with us, if he will follow his suggestion.

L. A. W

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

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

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

Applicants should notice names as published

in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.

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

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

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

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

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

APPLICATIONS.

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

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

ARIEL BI. C., all of Chicago. — Joseph O. Armour, 2115 Prairie avenue; Alfred Cowles, 1805 Michigan avenue; LeRoy Fuller, 2900 Michigan avenue; George Keen, 228 Michigan avenue; John B. Lyon, Jr., 262 Michigan avenue; Edson G. Keith, 1906 Prairie avenue; George A. Seaverns, Jr., 2451 Michigan avenue; Lewis J. C. Spruance, 2400 South Park avenue; Arthur Meeker, 2107 Calumet avenue; James R. Walker, 1720 Prairie avenue.

UNATTACHED. — Dr. T. S. Rust, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Clement W. Edgerton, Fort Wayne, Indiana, box 1749.

CONSULS APPOINTED. — W. B. Gage, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; J. T. Joslin, No. 109 Water street, Newburg, N. Y.; M. Clinton Smith, No. 171 Warburton street, Yonkers, N. Y.; Cave A. Smith, Carpet Co., Providence, R. I.; C. W. Fowler, Farmdale, Ky.; W. C. Macklin, Frankfort, Ky.; L. W. Seely, Lenox building, cor. 7th and G streets, residence No. 941 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C.

ALBERT S. PARSONS, Esq., *Secretary of the L. A. W.*—Dear Sir:—We, the undersigned, directors of the L. A. W. for Connecticut, have appointed the following consuls:

Hartford, E. W. Colt, R. C. Wander; Hartford Bi. Club, F. E. Belden; Hartford Wheel Club, F. C. Penfield; New Haven, Frank C. Tuttle, Wm. M. Frisbie; New Haven Bi. Club, F. A. Jackson; Yale Bi. Club, C. H. Wetmore; Meriden, Dr. T. S. Rust; New Britain,

Leonard Doig; Bridgeport, H. A. Bishop; Rockville, Wm. Maxwell.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. B. BEACH,
S. ARTHUR MARSDEN,
Directors for Conn.

Wheelmen in all towns in Connecticut not yet represented by consuls, are requested to communicate with either of the directors and name proper person to act.

S. ARTHUR MARSDEN,
13 Law Chambers, New Haven,
or T. B. BEACH,
Hartford.

Two members of the L. A. W. were seen riding bicycles on the ice of Jamaica Pond on the 19th inst., and apparently enjoying it.

As to the Haddonfield turnpike case, there are twenty odd votes returned, but not enough at this writing to carry the vote in the affirmative. Some of the directors need nudging.

THE JANUARY MEETING of the Board of Officers, L. A. W., will be held on the 4th January at 10 o'clock A. M., at 40 Water street, Boston, Mass., room 24; this is in pursuance of the generally expressed wish at the last meeting.

PERSONAL

MR. LLEWELLYN H. JOHNSON has done some road riding as well as racing. During 1879 he rode 1,643 miles, and for 1880, up to 15 December, his cyclom. record is 2,005, making a total of 3,648 miles in the two seasons. Can any of our other racing men show a longer record?

MR. O. W. THOMAS, JR., and Mr. Arthur L. Pope, of Louisville, Ky., took a spin on 12 December, from that city to Lexington,—a distance, as indicated by the map, of about 80 miles. The *Courier-Journal* gives this report of it:—

"Starting at 9.08 A. M., they reached Lexington at 12 P. M., thus taking fifteen hours less eight minutes to make the trip, including all stops. The actual running time while in the saddle was only ten hours and nineteen minutes. The road was somewhat heavy from Versailles to Lexington, or this time could easily have been beaten by from a half to three quarters of an hour. The fastest running was done from Fourth and Broadway to Middletown, distance 12 miles; time, one hour and thirteen minutes. Shelbyville was made in four hours and four minutes; Shelbyville to Frankfort, three hours and five minutes; Frankfort to Lexington, four hours and ten minutes (this riding was done after nightfall). The gentlemen were comparatively little fatigued, and are now thoroughly convinced that the bicycle is a practical road machine."

THE "A. S. Beiler, of Fostoria," chosen one of the directors of the L. A. W. for Ohio, who had begun to seem a mythical wheelman, proves to be Rev. S. L. Beiler, of Toledo, none the less a good Methodist minister because he is a good and enthusiastic bicyclist. The League is to be congratulated on its clerical director.

RATES AND TERMS

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

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

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TO BICYCLE AGENTS.

In answer to many letters of inquiry regarding our *Directory of Agents*, we have set up a few names, to show the arrangement, space, etc.

This directory is designed to meet a demand for a cheap and profitable method of advertising for those agents who do not desire to occupy a larger space in our columns during the winter season.

It will show what agents are alive to and doing the business, and be a handy page of reference to the touring bicyclist, directing him where to find sundries, get the latest news and best information as to routes, hotels, etc., and where to introduce friends who intend purchasing machines.

The directory will appear in every issue of the *WORLD*, and will commence probably with No. 9, 7 January, 1881. Applications for space should be sent in on or before 1 January.

E. C. HODGES & CO.

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813 Arch Street.

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COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY,
Cor. 5th Ave. and Smithfield St.

WHEELMEN, ATTENTION ! THE GOLDEN RULE.

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The publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE, desiring to continue the co-operation of their friends in pushing the circulation of their paper, and having found by experience that the best way to get people to work for them is to offer SUFFICIENT INDUCEMENTS, submit the following premium offers for subscribers.

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No paper in the country can equal this list for attractiveness and intrinsic value. THE GOLDEN RULE is one of the easiest of all journals to canvass for. It is well known in New England and throughout the country. It is the favorite family paper wherever introduced. It has something for every member of the family, and is always, pure, bright, helpful, entertaining, and pre-eminently READABLE.

Wheelmen, Attention !

Send for samples and information, and EARN A BICYCLE all ready for spring use. The goods are all standard articles, and are WARRANTED to be as represented.

Subscription price of the Golden Rule is \$2.00 a year.

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THE GOLDEN RULE, BOSTON, MASS.
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Author of
The "Bicycle Annual."

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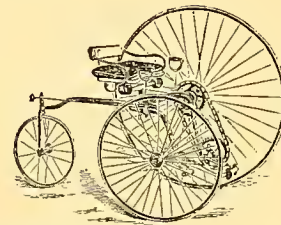
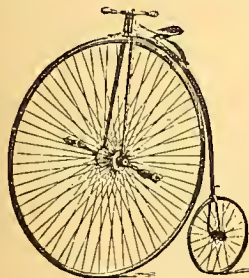
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6. Its editorial and contributed departments are in such hands as to make their contents official or authoritative and reliable.
7. It is racy without being ridiculous, and conducted so as to elevate and render attractive the arts to which it is devoted.
8. It is tasteful and elegant in mechanical

make-up, and is free from all objectionable contents for ladies and families.

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

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

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

E. C. HODGES & CO.,
Publishers.

BOSTON, November, 1880.