

THE Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

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THE Bicycling World

As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclers generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to WILLIAM E. GILMAN, 8 PEMBERTON SQUARE, 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.

WILLIAM E. GILMAN EDITOR.
J. S. DEAN . . . EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.
E. C. HODGES & Co. PUBLISHERS.

To Contributors.

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

BOSTON, 20 JANUARY, 1882.

INTERNATIONAL RACING.

RECENT racing events in this country have had an effect somewhat similar to that produced by the result of the first battles of the American Revolution. Previous to the repulse of the British at Concord and Lexington, and the later and more important struggle at Bunker Hill, English soldiery and invincibility were almost synonymous terms in the mental lexicon of the great mass of the American people; but those two virtually Continental victories corrected that error, and revealed the fact that British prowess partook largely of the element of "bluff," and that England could be beaten at her own game. Not only is England the home and paradise of bicycling, but it is pre-eminently the home and paradise of bicycle racing. Its sporting journals are constantly teeming with names famous on the race track, and their records of fast times are as frequent as they are brilliant. Not only are there such names

as Cortis, Hillier, Liles, and Vesey, but a host of other amateurs are scoring records under the best times of riders here. We certainly hear and read enough of their wonderful actual performances to make our riders, like Scott's discreet coon, come down before a shot is fired; and when these reports are supplemented by the loud bayings of the celebrated British dog "Brag," we tremble on our pedals with despair, accept with resignation our ignominious inferiority, and complacently congratulate ourselves if we win an occasional nod of patronizing approval from over the water. Smith's winning of the two-mile L. A. W. amateur championship of America in the not very fast time of 6.35½, last fall, and his lowering that figure by 2½ seconds on the same track two days later (the time was at first erroneously reported as 6.08½), gave the English press fresh food for complacently commenting on our inferiority as a matter of course; and now that the intelligence has reached them that one of their crack long-distance men, Vesey, has been thoroughly beaten in his specialty by two of our comparatively inexperienced riders, one of them a boy of fifteen, on a third-class American wheel, they are trying to account for it on other grounds than the Englishman's inferiority to his competitors. Our report this week of last Saturday's races will still further open their eyes to the fact that British prestige is seriously imperilled, if not destroyed. Mr. Frye has not only fairly and easily beaten Mr. Vesey, but the latter candidly acknowledges the fact that he was both outraced and outgeneralled in the contest; and in another trial to take place this week between himself and Frye, accepts from the latter a start of one fifth of a mile in the ten. We will not venture to predict the result of this contest; but for the further edification of our transatlantic cousins, we will state that while Boston wheelmen are proud of Mr. Frye, both as a gentleman and a racing bicyclist, they do not think Mr. Vesey or any other Englishman has yet encountered their fastest rider. Furthermore, while aware that Mr. Vesey is a long way from being the best amateur racer at home, at any distance, we wish it distinctly understood that our wheelmen will henceforth be less willing to imitate the before-mentioned apprehensive coon, but will be ready to try conclusions with the best advertised Briton that ever pushed a pedal for honor.

PEDALS.

THE value of discussing the comparative mechanical effects or defects in the construction of the bicycle inures so greatly to the riders' and dealers' benefit that we feel justified in venturing, from time to time, opinions on the various parts of the bicycle; feeling, as we do, that anything which leads riders to think and rely on their own good sense in the choice of a machine will do much to create a demand for bicycles of the best possible construction, and stimulate what little competition there is among the manufacturers and importers. Although the pedal would seem at first glance to form such a small item in the construction of a bicycle as to be hardly worthy of much space, yet it really is an important factor in the make-up of the machine, and thus offers an excuse for this editorial; which is not intended to be an exhaustive discussion of the various kinds, but only a cursory survey of the principal points of advantage or disadvantage of each. There are two classes of pedals, the rat-trap and rubber. The first consists of (the part on which the foot rests,) two narrow pieces of steel with serrated or saw-like edges. These offer a firm hold to the feet, and for racing are almost a necessity. Their tendency to wear out the shoes of the rider is an objection of considerable weight with some; but the advantage of a firm and steady grip, and the immunity from falls caused from slipping the pedal would seem to outweigh this objection, as well as the fact that they are a little more harsh to the feet and take up less vibration than the rubber pedal. We have found that an ordinary shoe, with an extra sole of rubber, is an excellent thing to wear with rat-trap pedals, saving the shoes from a great deal of wear, as well as increasing the firmness of the grip, and allowing of a slight upward pull in ascending hills. The rubber pedal is the most common in use. The steel bars are replaced with a small rod, on which is cemented a round rubber tube of about an inch in diameter. These offer a soft and easy rest for the feet, but are exceedingly treacherous when riding fast, or in wet weather; the round surface allowing the heel of the shoe to slip over and in front of the pedal, resulting oftentimes in a severe and violent "cropper." They are also a trifle heavier than the rat-trap pedal, as ordinarily made. There is a hybrid pedal, combining both the

advantages of the rat-trap and rubber; but as most riders "go in" for one thing or the other, its use is limited, but it is increasing in popularity; as are also Butler's pedal slippers, light steel plates with turned-up saw edges, which can easily be attached to the ordinary rubber pedal. These are very good, but their liability to come off is an argument against their use. Numerous other combinations are in use, but these comprise the most common forms. The pedal bearing has been much discussed of late, and should be as carefully considered as any on the machine, subjected as it is to numerous and uneven strains. There are three principal varieties, — the cone, plain, and ball. The coned pedal is the most common, and allows for the taking up of wear, and thus preventing all rattle; but the tendency of the rider on machines of ordinary tread being to push outwards, there is more friction and a liability to jam, especially in going up hill, when the outward pressure is the greatest and a perfect pedal most desirable.

The plain or parallel pedal is superior, and when well made, will not rattle; it is no more expensive than the coned pedal, and when well lubricated, runs easier. The pedal of the future, and the one which seems to meet a want long felt, is the pedal fitted with ball bearings, which are objectionable only on the ground of expense; the best ball pedals costing in this country about \$12.00. There are numerous makes, but all are constructed on the same general plan. They are cleaner and require less oil, and under uneven pressure, run much easier and smoother than either the cone or parallel pedal. In choosing a ball pedal, care should be taken that the balls run inside the outer flanges as constructed in this way the pedal can be brought closer to the crank and the tread of the machine be materially lessened, — the value of which is appreciated by most riders, although some have attempted to argue that as the distance between a man's feet when sitting or standing is equal to the distance between the pedals on machines of broad tread, it is the most natural position for the feet. This may be and undoubtedly is true when the extensor muscles are at rest; but as soon as exertion for a downward and forward pressure is required, the feet are naturally brought closer together, allowing the force of all the muscles of the side and hip to be brought into play to the best

advantage and the least fatigue. Care should also be taken to see that the ends are well protected from dust and grit, especially on the inside, or that part nearest the crank, as the constant dropping of dust and dirt from the tire of the front wheel soon wears out the surface of the bearing. The pedal pin should project as little as possible beyond the outer flange, as a fall is less liable to bend the pin when constructed in this way, is neater in appearance, and is less liable to catch on and grease the clothing of the rider.

J. S. D.

The Last Jockey.

He leaned against the rail,
Around the hall spun whirling gleams of steel,
As wheel after wheel flew by in radiance pale;
He heaved a sigh that quivered from his soul,
And made an angel throb with sympathy.

He leaned against the rail,
With hands deep buried in the mystic folds —
Of robes regal once, but now so ghastly frail;
Begirt with orders, tarnished with old age,
The wind-swept shroud of tattered majesty!

He leaned against the rail.
His saddened gaze slow wandered o'er the hall,
Then drooped low his head before Conviction's hail.
"My day is done!" and on the associate oath
The angel dropped a tear that blurred the page.

J. PARK STREET.

The N. E. Institute Races.

INTERESTING EVENTS. — AN EXCITING AMATEUR CONTEST. — FRYE WINS THE INTERNATIONAL RACE. — KEEN, THE PROFESSIONAL, VICTOR.

ABOUT 1500 were assembled in the New England Institute Fair Building Saturday evening, 14 January, to witness the Keen-Prince and accompanying events. The track, as has already been stated, is exactly five laps to the mile, and from twelve to twenty feet in width, slightly elliptical in form, and having long, safe turns. It is not, however, what would be termed a fast track, because the greater part of it runs across the flooring, instead of with it; and there are several other slight obstructions, such as railway tracks, etc. The interior of the building was uncomfortably cold, and considerable stamping of feet was heard among the spectators, pending the commencement of the races, which was delayed somewhat by the non-arrival of some of the inter-club entries for the five-mile contest; and it being finally evident that these would not appear, the starter divided those who were on hand into two parties for trial mile heats: the first comprising C. A. Carpenter of the Columbia (Attleboro') Club, W. O. Faulkner of the Star (Lynn) club, and J. E. Goldthwait of the Marblehead Club. These started well, Faulkner taking the lead and Carpenter second, and this order was maintained to the finish, — the former making the mile in 3.12½, and the Attleboro' man ⅓ of a second later. The next heat was contested by Geo. E. Frye of the Marlboro' Club, and H. D. Corey of

the Meteor (Boston) Club, and was won by the latter in 3.25½.

The result of these trial heats was to make Faulkner and Corey the competitors in the final contest of five miles. This was a surprise to many present, as both Frye and Carpenter were better known, and had won prestige in former races, which made them presumably the best men. Faulkner and Corey, whose excellent form in the trial heats had won commendation, now took their positions, and at the sound of the pistol got off in good order, the Lynn man leading, and for the first four miles this order was maintained, the space between the riders varying from a yard to a rod. On the last lap of the last mile, however, Corey made a spurt; and although Faulkner contested the position gallantly, the Meteor man got well to the front, eliciting wild enthusiasm from the spectators as he passed his opponent, and the cheers rolled around the course with him, culminating in a tumultuous roar as he passed the judges' stand a second and a quarter in advance, in 18.49½. The watches recorded the times of the five miles as follows: Corey, 3.49½, 7.46½, 11.32½, 15.15, 18.49½; Faulkner, 3.48½, 7.44½, 11.29½, 15.14½, 18.50½.

The next event was the international straightaway contest of ten miles, between Cuthbert D. Vesey of the Surrey (Eng.) Bicycle Club, and Lewis T. Frye of the Boston Bicycle Club. At the Surbiton Grounds, in England, 27 October, Mr. Vesey made a hundred-mile record in 6.45.54½, being the first amateur to ride this distance on an out-door track. He received from the Surbiton management a splendid gold medal for this record, which he exhibits with just pride. The best professional record is 6.37.51. Mr. Vesey's times, from fifty-one miles upwards, are the best amateur times on record. Personally, Mr. Vesey has a well-built figure, is quick and energetic in his motions, genial and witty in conversation, a jovial comrade, evidently inclined to rollick, and ready to give and take a joke. His best mile time is 2.58, and he has done fifty miles in 2.51.58½. Mr. Frye is well known here, having won the L. A. W. mile championship last October in 3.12½, besides winning other less pretentious contests. The men were both in good condition, and made a good impression on the spectators as they mounted their wheels and awaited the signal shot. As quick as the report sounded they got away in fine style, Frye taking the lead and maintaining it until the end of third lap, when Vesey went ahead and led four laps; when his opponent again, on the seventh circuit, took the front and maintained it until the fifteenth; when Vesey ended the third mile in advance. The race began to get exciting now, and the cheers and shouts of the spectators added greatly to the interest as it became evident that the men were pretty evenly matched. For the two first laps on the third mile Frye led; then Vesey took command for two turns; then Frye led for one, taking second place for the first three

laps of the fifth mile, when Vesey resigned his lead again, and hugged the Boston's heels until the fourth lap of the ninth mile, when he made a gallant spurt, and the two crossed the line abreast amidst the wildest excitement, and loud shouts from the spectators, which increased as the mile closed with the Briton well in front, and bending pluckily to his work, maintaining his advantage for two laps more, and it began to be apparent that the race was his; but Frye was looking in much better condition at this point, and his appearance did not belie the fact, for before the next circuit was completed he once more led, and from this time steadily held the race, despite the best efforts of the Briton to pass him, and crossed the line in 25.44½, his opponent easing up as soon as he knew the race lost, and coming in nearly a minute later. Frye's last mile was made in 3.10½, and his record for the ten miles is the best yet made in this country. This was really the most exciting and interesting of the three events, because the contestants were not only evenly matched and so frequently alternated positions, but because national pride entered largely into the feelings of the spectators, there being a good sprinkling of resident Englishmen present. The following table will show the record of miles:—

Frye.		Vesey.	
1.....	3:44 3-4	3:44 1-2	
2.....	3:33 7-17 3-4	3:33 1-2	7-18
3.....	3:42 1-4 11:00	3:41	10:59
4.....	3:38 14:38	3:39 1-8	14:38 1-8
5.....	3:40 3-4 18:18 3-4	3:40 7-8	18:19
6.....	3:28 1-4 21:47	3:28 1-8	21:47 1-8
7.....	3:35 5-8 25:22 1-2	3:35 5-8	25:22 3-4
8.....	3:36 28:58 1-2	3:36 1-4	28:59
9.....	3:35 1-2 32:34	3:34	32:33
10.....	3:10 1-2 35:44 1-2	3:37	36:10

The final and principal event of the series was the professional race between John Keen, the English ex-champion, and John S. Prince, who claims the title of champion of America, although in this race no question of championship was involved. The race was for ten miles, and the stakes were \$100 a side, the editor of the BICYCLING WORLD being stakeholder. Mr. Keen's record is well known to our readers, his best mile time being 2.43, from a flying start; and he has a good reputation, both as a man and a racer, having been a successful and honorable competitor in nearly all the principal professional events from the beginning. Mr. Prince also is an Englishman, but has been in this country since last summer, and at present hails from Boston. He has been a racing man only about two years, but has competed with some of the best riders in England, including Keen and Cooper, both of whom he has beaten, and was and still is confident of his ability to outrace either. He claims a mile record of 2.54 from stand-still—Keen's record being 2.51. The men showed on the track promptly, and started in good form, with Keen slightly in advance, and when they completed the first lap in this order, Prince's driver almost touched the rear line of the champion's trailer. This race was so hand-

some in its regularity of pace and the almost unvarying relative positions of the riders up to the close of the ninth mile as to merit the term "aesthetic," and our gushing Wilde would have pronounced the men not only two, but "quite too-too, you know." A glance at the table below will show how close together the whelps kept; there being at no time, with one exception, more than half a second variation in their relative times. Indeed, it became rather monotonous to many of the spectators; and when, on the second lap of the last mile, Prince made a splendid spurt and took his opponent by surprise, passing him and getting a good lead in advance, a perfect storm of cheers and shouts greeted the change. Prince made such a gallant effort here that the watches made the magnificent record for this lap of twenty-nine seconds. But, alas! he made a mistake just here; for although he maintained his lead well throughout the next circuit, he exhausted himself too much to hold his advantage; and when they passed the line for the final lap the riders were nearly wheel and wheel, with Keen a little the best and working tremendously. The interest and excitement were now most intense, and around the judges' stand, where the greater portion of the spectators were assembled, all awaited with anxious expectation the reappearance of the men around the turn; and as they came in sight, with Keen two seconds in advance, one simultaneous shout greeted both victor and vanquished, and both alike received congratulations on their performances. Prince's error was caused by mistaking the number of laps remaining to complete the race. Had he reserved himself, as he intended, for the last two laps, it is very probable that he would have won; for Keen's efforts to recover the lost ground, although finally successful, were about as hard as he ever put forth in any race, and Prince looked much the fresher man of the two at the finish. The record of miles is as follows:—

	Keen.	Prince.
1.....	3:21 1-2	3:22
2.....	3:18 1-2 6:40	3:18 1-8 6:40 1-4
3.....	3:19 1-2 9:59 1-2	3:19 7-8 10 00
4.....	3:19 1-4 13 18 3-4	3:19 13 19
5.....	3:20 3-4 16:39 1-2	3:21 1-8 16:40 1-8
6.....	3:20 1-2 20:00	3:20 1-8 20:00 1-4
7.....	3:19 1-4 23:19 1-4	3:19 1-8 23:19 3-8
8.....	3:20 1-4 26:39 3-4	3:20 3-8 26:39 1-2
9.....	3:18 1-2 29:58	3:18 1-2 29:58 1-4
10.....	3:05 33:03	3:06 3-4 33 05

The races were governed by the Wolverhampton rules. The referee was Mr. Percy A. Legge of the Bradford (Eng.) Bicycle Club. The judges were Capt. E. C. Hodges of the Boston, and Capt. E. W. Pope of the Massachusetts Bicycle Clubs. Frank W. Weston was starter and J. S. Dean was clerk of the course. Members of the Massachusetts and Boston Clubs acted as aids. The time was taken with the Auburndale timers, and the track was lighted by the Weston Electric Light. The building will be open a few days longer for exercise and practice from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., at a slight

admittance fee. Another series of races were to be run this week Thursday evening, for Mr. Prince's benefit, including a ten-mile between Keen and Prince and a ten-mile between Frye and Vesey, the former giving the latter one lap start; but as the paper goes to press before that time, we must defer a report until next week.

The machines used by the contestants in Saturday's races were: Keen and Vesey, Keen's Eclipse, full racers, 56-inch, each; Prince, 38-pound Yale (Invincible) roadster, 53½-inch; Frye, 48-pound Harvard (Excelsior) Roadster, 58-inch; Corey, 38-pound Yale, 53½-inch. W. W. Stall of the Boston Club was Mr. Prince's attendant, and Robert Patrick attended Mr. Keen.

NOTES ON THE RACES.

KEEN and VESEY predict that COREY is the coming man.

COREY took a hint from the professionals, and put in his spurts in the last lap in each of his races.

VESEY at supper Sunday evening declined fried potatoes, on the plea that he had such a surfeit of Frye the previous evening.

PERSONAL differences between Mr. Stall and the race management were the occasion of the former's failure to compete in the five-mile inter-club contest.

KEEN and VESEY express their intention of revisiting this country next August, when the latter will challenge Stall, whom the Bostons rate their best man.

THE one-mile trial heats for the five-mile inter-club race were much condemned by the riders and their friends as unfair, as a five-mile man may not be so good in the shorter contest.

AMONG the prominent visiting wheelmen present at the races we noticed Editor Jenkins of the *Wheel*, President Philbrick and Director Hazlett of the Rockingham Club of Portsmouth, N. H., Director Lamson of Portland, and Capt. Cross of the Providence Club.

DURING the interval between the Frye-Vesey and the Prince-Keen races, Mr. H. W. Tufts, of the Columbia Bicycle Club, gave an exhibition of trick and fancy riding, which for grace and skill and completeness was pronounced by experts present to surpass anything of the sort yet seen here.

THE amateur was the only distinctively international race in Saturday's events. Prince, although now residing in this country, is an Englishman, but recently arrived here. Frye is a genuine Yankee boy, born and bred among us, and his triumph has elicited another scream from the American Eagle.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I think the Meteor Club rather too vague an association to be called a club, in comparison with the other competing organizations. Early this season a few boys in

Allston District undertook to form a club which should go by that name; but they never made good their claim, and shortly after told me they had given it up." The following organization of the Meteor Bicycle Club has been furnished us: President, Dwight Baldwin; secretary and treasurer, H. E. Brown. Other members are: Arthur Stetson, H. D. Corey, George Brock, Eugene Clark, W. R. Rollins.

Garvey's Choice.

MR. RICHARD GARVEY, president of the Missouri Bicycle Club, was formerly "before the mast," and on his travels circumnavigate the globe. To honor his arrival from Europe, two weeks since, the Poet Laureate of the M. B. C., Henry Talbott, Esq., broke out as follows:—

Once I rode upon a drag to Epsom races,
When all the world seemed crowding to the show;
I seemed to sail upon a sea of faces
Of a dozen miles of puppets in a row.

I have jaunted in a car o'er Irish causeways,
I have coasted down steep Aetna's crumbling cone;
On Nevada's slopes I've coached with "Reckless Jimmy,"
On snow-shoes crossed the Rockies once alone.

I have jolted on a camel 'cross Sahara,
In a droschke too on Russia's frozen plain;
On an ice-boat have I sailed upon the Hudson,
And some years have spent upon "the raging main."

On a buck-board I have trotted under '30;
I've a hunter that can fly a hedge or ditch;
En ballon once too I sailed from Brest to Paris;
I have even tried the broomstick of a witch.

In Canton, my hansom was a barrow,
A Deccan palanquin too have I tried;
Across the Andes I had "backing" by a native, —
Fact, I've ridden everything there is to ride.

But of all the different kinds of locomotion,
There is one that seems to me the rest to rank;
It is making here a very great commotion, —
We call it now and then, in jest, "The Crank."

And the public sometimes slander thus the rider,
Call him "Crank" and not the vehicle he'd ride;
"Sans faire rien" I still hold to my opinion,
The bicycle is boss of the world wide.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

MARBLEHEAD BI. CLUB. — The Marblehead (Mass.) Bicycle Club was organized 21 May, 1881, with four members. Mr. Joel E. Goldthwait was elected president, and Mr. A. M. Brown secretary and treasurer. It now has a membership of twelve.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) BI. CLUB. — At the annual meeting held 4 January, the following were elected officers for the ensuing term: President, F. F. Williams; captain, John T. Gard; secretary and treasurer, J. O. Monroe.

CHICAGO BI. CLUB. — At the annual meeting of the Chicago Bicycle Club, held 9 January, 1882, the following officers were elected: President, Charles F. Whitmarsh; captain, Thos. S. Miller; secretary, Burley B. Ayers; treasurer, Ed. F. Brown; quartermaster, Louis W. Conkling. B. B. AYERS, *Sec.*

GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB. *Editor Bicycling World*:— At the regular

monthly meeting of the Germantown Bicycle Club, at club quarters 25th and Fairmount avenue, the annual election of officers was held. The balloting resulted in the election of the following ticket:—

President, J. Whitall Nicholson; vice-president, H. M. Sill; treasurer, H. M. Linnard; secretary, G. D. Gideon; captain, William Wilson; first lieutenant, W. Scott O'Connor; second lieutenant, Frank S. Harris; buglers, Messrs. Wright and Brown.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, our captain last year, was re-elected, but declined serving. A new constitution and by-laws have been adopted, a number of new members admitted, comfortable and convenient rooms secured, and things generally look promising for the Germantown.

GEORGE D. GIDEON, *Sec.*

HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
10 January, 1882.

FALLS CITY BI. CLUB. — At a called meeting held Wednesday, 11 January, Messrs. Gny Emmett and Henry Beninck were unanimously elected members. A proposition offered by the Louisville Bicycle Club for consolidation of the two clubs was next considered, and after some stirring speeches by President Beddo and Mr. Haupt, was favorably received. A committee of three were appointed and given full power to make complete arrangements for team race between Chicago and Falls City Clubs. After some minor business was transacted, the meeting adjourned.

HENRY SCHIMPELER,
Secretary pro tem.

KEYSTONE BI. CLUB. — The Keystone Bicycle Club, of Pittsburg, held its annual election last night. The following is the result of the ballot: For president, Mr. O. H. Allerton, Jr.; captain, W. A. Conner; sub-captain, O. G. Brown; secretary, John W. Pears (address Pennsylvania avenue, Homewood, Pittsburg, Pa.); treasurer, Charles Beltz; buglers, J. C. McCullough and George A. Wilson; guide and color bearer, Philo M. French. There is considerable enthusiasm among the members for this time of year, which is being kept up in part by drilling and fancy riding once a week in Armory Hall. The future of the club looks quite promising. They expect to make a good showing at next annual Meet, which they hope will be in Philadelphia. B. R.

PITTSBURG, 13 January, 1882.

ESSEX BI. CLUB. — The annual reception of the Essex Bicycle Club was held at the residence of E. R. Bellman, Esq., Newark, N. J., on the evening of Thursday, the 5th of January. There were about forty couples present, and dancing was enjoyed until after midnight, when supper was served. After this very interesting matter had been properly attended to, dancing was resumed and continued until an hour which, for the reputation of the members present as "steady" young men, shall be nameless. The occasion was enjoyed by all present.

and was very successfully carried out. It is the opinion of the Essex Bicycle Club that receptions and similar social events during the winter or "off" months form a very important element in the growth and development of bicycle clubs; and this opinion seems to be pretty well founded, for each of the annual receptions of that club have been the means of considerably increasing its membership strength, and more firmly binding those ties which should exist between the members of such organizations.

THE ARAB.

NEWARK, N. J., 14 January, 1882.

Four Shakespearian Wheelmen.

CHAPTER I.

"Then may I set the world on wheels."
— *Shakespeare.*

EVERY wheelman should read Shakespeare, for in it are numbers of passages which can be aptly applied to the wheel in its different phases. So thought Stubbs, Grubbs, Jones, and myself, and accordingly, we purchased a set of the great poet's works, and alternated reading them. For months after the perusal of these, we mystified our friends and relatives by bursting out with some quotation from Shakespeare in speaking of our favorite sport, wheeling; and at last we were christened "The Four Shakespearian Wheelmen," a title which after some time became very generally known. Now for an introduction: Stubbs was a tall, muscular specimen of humanity, somewhat awkward, not particularly good-looking, kind-hearted, but affected with a very quick temper, from which trait he was called our fighting man. He bestrode a 56-inch Standard. Grubbs, on the other hand, was small in stature, of a gentle, retiring disposition, disliking a fracas of any kind, and always trying to make peace in such cases. He rode a 48-inch. Jones and myself were very commonplace individuals, content to look on and see Stubbs get angry, or Grubbs make peace. We ran 52-inch machines each, thus retaining an equilibrium between the 56 and 48. So completes the introduction, and we are acquainted. On one occasion in particular there were more of these outbursts than usual. It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon when we determined to take a run to the town of Egypt, twelve miles distant. Besides the four spoken of, we had in mind to invite another wheelman of our city to join us, — Brown by name, who had a somewhat dilapidated 50-inch, English machine, one of the first importation. Brown was a jovial fellow, good at a song or a story, and a welcome companion. We wheeled to his residence and dismounted, gave a blast on our whistles, which always put one of us on the *qui vive* when heard, and in a second Brown appeared. We were not aware that he had caught the Shakespearian fever, and were somewhat astonished when he accosted us with a quotation from Macbeth, "Ride you this afternoon?" but Jones, not to be outdone, answered in the same metre, also from

Macbeth, "Aye, my good lord." We then invited him to join us, but much to his and our regrets, he informed us that his wheel was at the machine shop undergoing repairs, and he would be unable to ride for two or three days. We expressed our condolence at this misfortune, and mounting our machines, sped away; Brown queting as we went, from Macbeth, "I wish your horses swift and sure of foot, and so I do commend you to their backs."

CHAPTER II.

"Be warned by me then, they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs." — *King Henry V.*

FOR the next seven miles we met with no adventure, the monotony being broken with the cries of the small boys, "Ring your bell, mister," occasionally stopping at a farm-house for a drink; and only once did our Shakespearian knowledge show itself, when Stubbs, after toiling up Gravel Hill, ejaculated:—

"Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot. Some airy devil hovers in the sky, and pours down mischief." — *King John.*

Soon the outskirts of Rowley were reached, and here we had the first adventure of the day. Stubbs and Grubbs were ahead; in fact, they persisted in riding together, making a very ridiculous appearance, — Stubbs looming up like a Cardiff giant beside the little 48-inch. Jones and myself were plodding along behind, talking of our new club-room and riding hall, and debating whether we should pay \$200 per annum for it. Suddenly we heard shouting, and on looking down the road we saw a wheelman's terror coming; viz., a loaded hay-cart, with an unreasonable driver and a spirited pair of horses. The horses were evidently frightened at something, probably at the contrast between the two riders; and the driver was doing his best to exasperate them further by beating them, and between each blow delivered a few words at the wheelmen, not in accordance with the third commandment. We immediately spurred, and reached the scene in time to see Stubbs roll safely off the road-bed into the gutter, where he dismounted. But Grubbs was not so fortunate; he was somewhat flurried, and accordingly incautious, and went into the gutter at a ten-mile-an-hour gait. We immediately saw a pair of feet, a flash of blue, heard the words:—

"Down, down I come, like glistening Phaeton, wanting the manage of unruly jades." — *King Richard II.*

— and all was over. Grubbs had taken a header, the first of the day. Not even in the very moment of disaster could he forget the teachings of the immortal bard. In the meanwhile the driver, having got his steeds under control, came back to see and to laugh at us. We hastened to assist Grubbs to rise, picking up his machine, which had a handle bar bent slightly. Stubbs was the first to the rescue, and accosted the fallen rider with:—

"Give me your arm. Up: so; how is 't? Feel you your leap?" — *Lear.*

Grubbs must have struck mother earth with some force, for on rising he ejaculated in a somewhat dazed manner:—

"As I struck there below, methought his eyes were full moons; he had a thousand noses, horns whelk'd, and wav'd liked the enridg'd sea. It was some fiend." — *Lear.*

What he was talking about we did not know, but came to the conclusion that he had seen "stars." He then assured us that no bones were broken, and we took our machines preparatory to mounting, when we were startled by a laugh from the driver, and heard him say:—

"Yea, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall upon thy back when thou hast more wit." — *Romeo and Juliet.*

This angered Stubbs, and passing his wheel to one of us to hold, he strode up to the driver and shouted:—

"Were it my fitness to let these hands obey my blood, they are apt enough to dislocate and tear thy flesh and bones." — *Lear.*

Grubbs then began to get interested, passed his wheel over to Jones, and prepared to make peace if he could; but Stubbs was thoroughly aroused, and again he shouted:—

"Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!" — *Romeo and Juliet.*

At being called a "scurvy knave," the driver got vexed and began to blaspheme and curse, which only excited Stubbs the more; and what would have been the result if Grubbs had not interposed, is unknown. He expostulated with the "fighting man," reminding him that we did not have much time; and he reluctantly gave up, but not until he had delivered a parting shot, from Othello:—

"O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold, and put in every honest hand a whip, to lash the rascal naked through the world, even from the east to the west."

This met with hearty approval by us, and is a sentiment that will be echoed by every reader of the WORLD.

We then mounted and rode on, leaving the driver standing in the road.

CHAPTER III.

"Infirm of purpose." — *Macbeth.*

WE wheeled on till we reached a little but tough hill, this side of the Rowley railroad crossing,—one that is familiar to all wheelmen passing over this road,—where the second header was taken; this time by the "fighting man," caused no doubt by his thinking of the adventure just described. In one of these reveries his wheel struck a stone; Stubbs tried in vain to recover, but in vain, and over he went, his heels going almost as high as the telephone wire by the side of road. Jones remarked:—

"O Hamlet, what a falling off was there."

But Stubbs was not hurt, and as Grubbs remarked afterwards, we saw him

"Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury, and vaulted with such ease into his seat, as if an angel dropped down from the clouds to turn and vince a fiery Pegasus, and witch the world with noble horsemanship." — *King Henry IV.*

The Eagle House, Rowley, was reached in a few minutes, and we dismounted here for refreshments. Ten minutes sufficed to refresh the inner man, and on coming out we saw a young man examining our machines, who evidently had a longing to mount one of them. On inquiry it was found that he had intended to purchase a wheel; in fact, he was quite enthusiastic in that direction, but he had been deterred from so doing by fear of the tumbles, having witnessed the tribulations of an amateur wheelman of that town in learning to govern that mysterious article, bicycle. In describing these to us, speaking of the manner in which the amateur rode, he said:—

"Which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt." — *All's Well that ends Well.*

We at once recognized the quotation, and were astonished. Had everybody been reading Shakespeare? First a driver of a hay-cart hurls some of the poet at us, and here was some more. But we recovered, and began on that line ourselves. We found that he would ride a 52-inch, if any; and accordingly I offered to loan mine if he would attempt to ride. He was somewhat timid, and protested that he would fail in the attempt. Stubbs then set the ball rolling:—

"We fail. But screw your courage up to the sticking point, and we 'll not fail." — *Macbeth.*

This did not reassure him, however, he claiming as an excuse that he might fall and be killed. At this Jones spoke, and quoting from Hamlet, remarked:—

"Why, what should be the fear? I do not set my life at a pin's fee."

Grubbs then remarked, as a kind of feeler:—

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor." — *Hamlet.*

It was evident that he had a strong desire to ride, and this remark concerning his discretion did the business, and with a quotation from Macbeth, —

"The mind I sway by and the heart I bear, shall never sag with doubt or shake with fear,"

He climbed into the saddle, with one of us on each side holding him. He evidently was pleased, for when Grubbs asked him to try it alone, he answered gallantly:—

"What man dare I dare." — *Macbeth.*

We then let him go. Unfortunately there was a team coming up the road, and the driver was in a quandary. So was the wheelman, who was trying his best to keep in a straight line, but could not. He dared not stop, for he could

not dismount except by falling off, and so he shouted, in agonizing tones:—

"Which is the side I must go withal? I am with two, both, each army hath a hand, and in their rage they whirl asunder and dismember me."—*King John*.

Down he came, and the horse, frightened by the crash, sped by at a pace that would have done credit to St. Julien. The beginner was not injured materially, but had enough of practice for that day. We tarried here no longer, and after bidding our friend good by, and congratulating him on his success, we left.

CHAPTER IV.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds."
—*Romeo and Juliet*.

It was now three o'clock, and Egypt was four miles away. We reached it in about half an hour, no adventure being met with other than a slight fall by myself by the burying ground on High street. A gentleman who was passing at the time ran up, but on seeing me rise, he exclaimed:—

"The times have been that when a man's brains were out, the man would die."—*Macbeth*.

More Shakespeare! The air seemed full of it to-day.

But I assured him that my brains were not out, and we were about to mount, when he invited us to his house near by to take a little refreshment; an invitation we were not loth to accept. He treated us right royally, we entertaining him the while with stories of adventures on the wheel, till he was quite enthusiastic on the subject, and remarked:—

"These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play."—*Hamlet*.

After thanking our genial host for his generosity, and bidding him adieu, we once more got astride the pigskin and started for the centre of the town, Jones saying, as we rolled off:—

"He was a *man*, take him for all in all."—*Hamlet*.

While turning the corner of the street on which we were, we saw a small boy with a stick; we saw the devil in his eye, and before we could give warning he darted forward and thrust the stick into the wheel of Jones, who was ahead, and the rider came down from his perch, other than the regular way. We immediately dismounted and struck for the youngster, Stubbs shouting, "Say, you boy, don't you know any better than that?" and was just going to grab the "boy," when he drew himself up grandly, and with a delivery that Booth would have been proud of, hurled at us a little of Coriolanus, with variations:—

"Boy! false hound, if you have writ your annals true, 't is there that like a man falling from a housetop, I have thrown your riders at Salem and Brockton. Alone I did it (with a stick). Boy!"

It was fully five minutes before we recovered, and by that time the boy had disappeared. We inquired of each other, "What was it?" but were unable to tell.

At this juncture we saw coming up the road somebody

"Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, which his aspiring rider seemed to know."—*King Richard*.

He came up, dismounted, and informed us that he was a wheelman of that place, and an enthusiastic one he was indeed. In speaking of his wheel he remarked:—

"It is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call—beasts."—*King Henry V.*

We had but a short time to talk; so, inquiring where we could get the handle-bar of Grubbs's machine straightened, we mounted and were off. We found the man a genial young blacksmith, once the possessor of a bicycle, and who talked incessantly upon that subject while making the necessary repairs. We were suddenly aroused by Stubbs remarking:—

"We must away; our wheel is prepared and time revives us."

And away we went. As we rolled into Rowley we espied our amateur friend leaning against one of the trees on the green. He did not seem to notice us. We shouted, but he took no notice, and we then perceived that he was talking. As there was no one else in sight, we presumed that it must be to himself; and so, dismounting, we stole up behind him, and heard him soliloquizing thusly:—

"To ride or not to ride, that is the question: Whether 't is nobler to suffer the bruises and knocks of a bicycle, or to take arms against a host of strong inclinations, and by opposing end them, and be content to plod along shanks' mare or behind some four-footed beast. To ride—to be skilful—no more, and by being skilful to end the thousand natural shocks a poor wheelman is heir to: 't is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To mount—to ride—to ride! perchance to fall: ay, there's the rub. For in that fall what bruises may come—"

We as silently crept away and left him. Poor fellow! I believe he never got a wheel. We were soon near home, and at the "oyster-shell road" we were met by Judge, Major, Cully, and John, on their wheels, who escorted us home. We unanimously agreed that inasmuch as we had all tumbled, had a fine time, with no damage other than a bent handle bar, we had been very fortunate, and that

"All's well that ends well."

ELLSWORTH.

NEWBURYPORT, 30 December, 1881.

CORRESPONDENCE

Scranton.

Editor Bicycling World:—I am assured by your correspondent here, Mr. "F. C. H.," that a line from a free lance may not be unacceptable to you, and I have his permission to correct a slight inaccuracy in his otherwise veracious and highly flattering report of our last run, in your issue of 6 January. The inadvertence to which I would refer is regard-

ing the kind of oil which I proposed applying to our machines after making a few miles in pretty good time. I will not mention the unæsthetic title which Fred gives it in his report; but I have since shown him the bottle, duly labelled, and he freely acknowledges his error and the superior qualities of the preparation as a lubricant to the internal machinery. You will find it mentioned in Prof. Holmes's celebrated poem of "Rip Van Winkle, M. D.":—

"One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf,
Which held the medicine that he took himself;
What drug it held I don't presume to know:
The gilded label said, '*Elixir pro*.'"

I propose soon to write a monograph on the medicinal qualities of bicycle exercise, and recommend the sport to a host of patients. Among its therapeutic virtues I shall mention that it is the most powerful *diaphoretic* (sweat promoter) known; a gentle laxative, and a magnificent tonic for the muscles, lungs, nerves, and the whole system. Personally, I have exchanged my saddle-horse for a fast trotter, and after riding constantly in the saddle for twenty years (five in the army), I have given up the exercise for the superior advantages of bicycling.... At the last meeting of the club I had the honor of proposing the bicycle as the only true and scientific solution for the Arctic problem. Will you kindly urge this mode of spinning around the polar circle on the attention of Mr. Bennett and the government? A special machine should be constructed for the work. Both rider and wheel should of course be tireless, and on this account your correspondent "F. C. H." should be the leader of the expedition. His modesty prevented his telling how, on our last run, after freely lubricating his machine with *Elixir pro*, he rode up our steel-mill hill, a grade, I am sure, of at least 30°. I am having the angle measured by an engineer, and can give you the exact figures later. Meantime, I will wager a box of Havanas, or any other gentlemanly stake, that Fred can ascend a steeper grade than any 'cycler in the State. But to return to our polar project. The machine should, to be consistent, have parallel or polar bearings, and sufficient *latitude* should be allowed in the matter of supplies, blubber oil, and *Elixir pro*. I leave this fascinating subject reluctantly. Please urge the feasibility of going up Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, and making a little run from the highest point of land, six hundred miles or so over the ice, and back in a week.... Comrades Kulp, Hand, and Pentecost introduced me to the genial Capt. Wood, of the Honesdale Club, last week, and we enjoyed a glorious talk on wheels, over our cigars. Truly yours,

THE CLUB SURGEON.

SCRANTON, PA., 10 January, 1882.

Philadelphia.

Editor Bicycling World:—Philadelphia bicyclers read the *WORLD*, of 6 January, with mingled feelings of pleasure and surprise. We know we are

many, wealthy, and enthusiastic (and you might have added, magnificent riders and extraordinarily handsome men); but we were not aware that many of the streets of our city are excellent for riding, hence our surprise and delight at receiving that information from so reliable a source as the *WORLD*. You have neglected to give us the names of the streets, but that is no doubt reserved for a future number, as you did not wish to overpower us with an excess of good news. Seriously, we are not prepared to press our claims to the holding of the League Meet in the Quaker City. We have nothing to offer outside of the park: a street parade is utterly impracticable; and so far as I know, there is but one macadamized road leading out of our city, which is but nineteen miles in length, up-hill all the way out, and does not lead to any important town. The rest of our roads are pikes, and are by no means as good as they might be. I think that I voice the preference of the greater number of our riders when I say that Washington is the city for this year. The claims of our Western wheelmen, can, I think, lie over until next year, at which time the honor should unquestionably be accorded to them. This is the year for the long session of Congress, and we may have our "National Menagerie" in full blast, which will be an additional attraction. Brooklyn, with the suggested run to Coney Island, is also very favorably regarded.... Will not the *WORLD* publish an article on the proper pronunciation of the word b-i-c-y-c-l-e? Believing that the long sound of *i* is the correct one in this word, I pronounce it bi'-si-kl, and do not like to hear others pronounce it as rhyming with *icicle*. I have argued with several bisicklers, and have convinced them of their error; but the *WORLD* reaches hundreds where I reach individuals. [All the best authorities pronounce it as does our correspondent, — Bi-cy-cle. See Webster's Dictionary, Supplement.—EDITOR J.... A number of correspondents, as an example of their interest in the *WORLD*, have instanced the fact that they read even the advertisements, but I beat that,—I read the sheet that is used as a wrapper.

A WHEELER.

PHILADELPHIA, 10 January, 1882.

Cleveland.

Editor Bi. World:—I will come out of my hole for a moment, if only to say a word or so, and that to wish you a Happy New Year; which I do, and in every sense of the words.... Local wheelers are alternately despondent and hopeful; for the state of the weather here since the middle of November has been trying enough to us, and would drive most any one mad with its inconsistency. First, two or three inches of snow will fall, then ditto rain; then perhaps it will freeze; then we will have a few days of sunshine and begin to feel happy, when it will change again.... We are very much interested here about the races that

are announced for this month in Boston, and wish the affair every success.... Now that "the place for the League Meet" question has opened again, I would like to suggest a little scheme which would do no harm, and might help the directors to determine where the next shall come off. Here it is: That each League member send you on a postal card (if he wants to) the name of the place he would prefer to have the Meet held at, signing his League number or name, and the *WORLD* to publish the returns as they come in. RELCYCIB.

CLEVELAND, 10 January, 1882.

The Invincible.

Editor. Bicycling World:—I note in the *WORLD* inquiries as to the durability of the Invincible or Yale machine, over the rough roads of this country. I rode an Invincible during the greater part of a year, in 1880-1, and subjected the machine to pretty severe usage. A member of my club rode a Yale during part of the same period, and subsequently. Our opinions agree that the machine is wonderfully rigid, easy running and easy riding, and that its durability is fully equal to that of any machine in the market, in every particular save one. That one defect was the liability of its front-wheel spokes to break at the junction with the rim, where the very fine wire used for spokes is cut and weakened by a screw thread. The remarkable rigidity of the wheel and rim makes the spokes all the more liable to break, because the rim is so stiff that it does not spring under a shock, and the spokes are strained very taut. The machine I rode wore out the rubber of the rear wheel, on account of the narrowness and large diameter of that wheel, and from not having a first-class quality of rubber on that particular machine, though others I know of did not have this defect. But the rest of the machine—its ball bearings, hubs, rims, backbone, spring, forks, etc.,—proved strong and durable, and maintained their rigidity admirably. One side of the front fork of my machine was cracked, and I had it brazed, because my infant son stuck the end of a file through it, with the aid of a hammer, in a youthful endeavor to investigate the interior. I am of opinion that it is a very durable machine, and I know it is a very easy one to ride any distance and everywhere. But its liability to have the spokes break was a nuisance, especially as its peculiar construction made the replacing of a broken spoke—practically always two spokes—costly. Every time I broke out a spoke it cost me \$1.00 for repairs. A slight change in construction would obviate this. The spokes break only at their screw threads; his because they are so fine that cutting a screw thread weakens them too much for a wheel with such a stiff rim. If the tires were made with shot ends, and no screw threads, with a thimble split in halves, half or three quarters of an inch long, placed under the shot heads, with the screw threads cut

in the thimbles, which thimbles might project through the inner surface of the rim, not exceeding an eighth of an inch at most, and generally to be flush when screwed up, the spokes would not require to be weakened by cutting screw threads in them; and they would not break. These thimbles would cost, perhaps, two to three cents each, and add say \$2.00 to the expense of manufacture. With some such improvement, I believe this machine would be one of the best made anywhere for all purposes and all roads. I rode mine between 2,000 and 3,000 miles. The spokes of the rear wheel never broke.

B.

DETROIT, MICH., January, 1882.

Suggestions to the L. A. W.

At the business meeting of the L. A. W., 30 May, there was carefully selected and elected a list of officers for the League, who it was supposed would endeavor to do their duty as well as accept the offices. It will be seen that to make the L. A. W. a useful and permanent institution, a great deal of hard work is necessary to be done; and unless the officers do something (and they evidently are not straining themselves), who will do it? The most essential thing to be done, and it should be pushed, is to have the League officially represented in each and every place in the country where there is a bicyclist, by means of a suitable *consul*. The directors cannot appoint all consuls from personal knowledge, and consequently it falls to members to suggest suitable names. If club secretaries would take pains to hunt up eligible members in their own and neighboring towns to act as consuls, and forward their names with a recommendations to their state directors, they would undoubtedly accept and appoint them immediately. When we have a suitable list of consuls we can put the hotel tariff contemplated into operation; and this alone should cause more activity, and probably will when it is understood. Now, members all, put your shoulders to the wheel and help to start the L. A. W. along at a fifteen-mile gait, for at present it seems to be running a slow race with itself.

PRACTICAL.

BOSTON, 2 January, 1881.

WHAT IS TO BE.

Club secretaries and other wheelmen are requested to furnish for this department announcements of coming races, meets, runs, periodical business, social meetings, etc., etc.

25 January. Boston, Mechanics' Fair Building, Union Athletic Club games, to include bicycle races and club drill.

6 February. Boston, annual meeting and fourth annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club, at Young's Hotel.

1 February. Boston, Crescent Bicycle Club ball, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

22 February. St. Louis, Mo., 25-mile race, at Amphitheatre Fair grounds, Washington's birthday, under the auspices of the Missouri Bicycle Club. Entry free. No handicapping. League rules. Riders to start abreast, and all to be on the track together; pine flooring; track in perfect condition; 3 1-7 laps to the mile. Entries close 20 February, at 407 Chesnut street. Prizes (presented by President Garvey, Missouri Bicycle Club): First prize, gold League badge, new design; second prize, silver League badge, new design; third prize, bicycle scarf-pin.

CURRENTS CALAMO

THE Star Bicycle Club, of Lynn, gave a party last week, about sixty couples being present. The order of dances was a very neat one.

THE Missouri Bicycle Club are to be photographed *en costume* 29 January. As our transatlantic cousins would say, we have "bespoke" a copy.

THE Crescent Bicycle Club hold a social party in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the evening of 1 February, and it will be a nice affair, and a most interesting club event.

MESSRS. DAVIS & HUNT, bicycle agents in Cleveland, opened a riding school in that city this week, at Richardson's Hall, to be held Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings.

IN renewing their subscription to our paper, the Missouri Bicycle Club say: "Mother Shipton's prediction having failed to come to time, gives us the pleasure of enjoying many more WORLDS."

PRESIDENT GARVEY of the Missouri Bicycle Club says he asked a London wheelman lately if the English horses ever scared at a bicycle? The answer was, "No: you know our 'osses don't make such hassles of themselves; if they did, they'd be sold for cat's meat!"

KEEN evidently appreciates pluck. He says if he was to choose a man from among our American riders to meet the best English readers, Frye would be the man. He bases his decision not on Frye's speed, but because of his good heart and pluck, and his willingness to try conclusions with any man.

Our correspondents are requested to direct all communications intended for the editor, or for publication, to WILLIAM E. GILMAN, 8 Pemberton square, Boston, and not to the BICYCLING WORLD. Our reason for this is that a new daily journal called The World has been started, and the similarity of names causes some postal confusion and consequent annoyance. Business letters to this office should be addressed to E. C. Hodges & Co.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

Editor Bicycling World:—Can any of your readers tell me how to prevent the rattle of the rear-wheel ball bearing of my Harvard Roadster? ARCTURUS.
WINDSOR, CONN., 11 January, 1882.

Editor Bicycling World:—Will some bicyclist who has tried Fairfield's cyclometer please give me an opinion on it? F. C. H.,
SCRANTON, PA., Consul.

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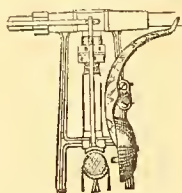
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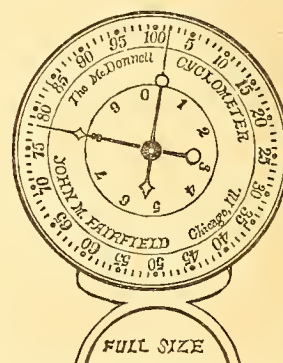
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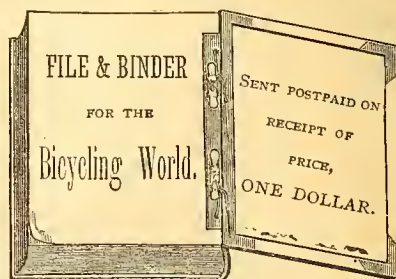
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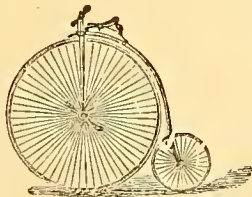
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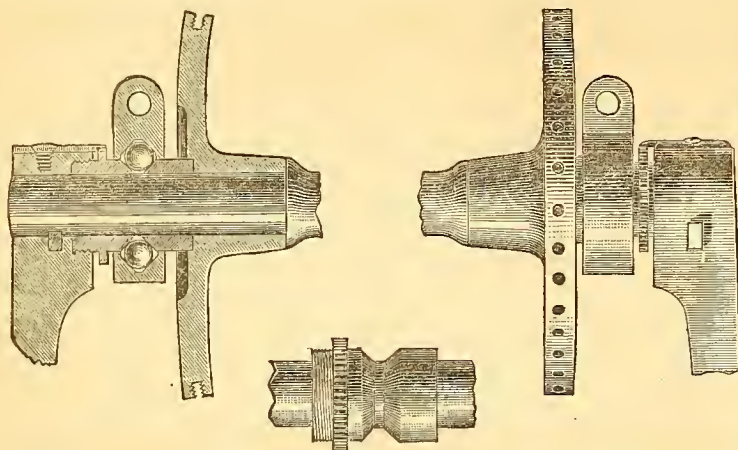
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