

THE Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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LOUIS HARRISON, Editor.
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CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editorial
WILL H. THOMPSON, } Contributors.

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CURRENTE CALAMO

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THE probabilities are that the lady contributors to the BICYCLING WORLD will all ride tricycles this year.

THE probabilities are that those gentlemen who are putting off ordering a machine will not get one until a month or more after the riding season has begun.

THERE will be some very handsome uniforms worn at the League Meet, and as many of the clubs have utilized the winter days in drill riding, the parade will undoubtedly be a grand one.

THE Ethiopian heathen will now recover from their dark and benighted condition. The Pope Manufacturing Company have certainly done good missionary work in filling an order for bicycles from Port Elizabeth, Africa. It is rumored that a certain joyful punster will accompany the bicycle and explain it to his fellow-natives.

THE married man who enjoys a fifteen-mile spin on his bicycle by way of mild recreation will become faint and exhausted at the bare thought of wheeling his baby-carriage half way around the block.

WHAT's the difference between a tailor and a header? One puts the "stiffin'" all around you, and the other knocks the "stiffin'" completely out of you. Copyright secured.

THE bound volumes of the BICYCLING WORLD are gotten up in very attractive style, and will form a handsome addition to any wheelman's library. They contain a full account of wheeling matters during the year ending November, 1880.

BILLY BERNHARDT came into the office yesterday, and slapping his wet umbrella down on a desk full of "Currente Calamo," in the crude state, said: "Why

does a bicycler cross a car track at right angles?" We looked at him with that calm but omnibus glance which is so well known at most of the police courts, but said nothing. "Why does a bicycler cross a car track at right angles?" asked Billy cheerfully. We carefully laid aside our paper cuffs and imitation moss-agate sleeve-buttons, carelessly dropped one hand on a 15-pound paper-weight, but made no reply. Billy continued: "The reason,—he, he!—the reason a bicycler crosses a car track at right angles is because—because—he wants to get over to the other side." Billy's remains are on ice, awaiting the arrival of his relatives.

ONE of the pleasant features of the Union Athletic Club games, to be held at Music Hall 23 March, will be the drill parade of the Providence Bicycle Club. Those who saw the exhibition of drill riding at the skating rink in Providence on the occasion of the fall races will vividly remember what a bright and attractive spectacle it presented. To those who know but little of the possibilities of the bicycle, this hall parade of a finely drilled club will be a revelation.

THEY have a couple of Indian clubs in Calcutta.

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WE will be pleased to receive notice of the formation of any new club, with list of officers, and if possible the character of uniform decided upon. We will also welcome, from club secretaries or others, all wheeling intelligence pertaining to their organization, as bicyclers generally watch with no little interest the comparative progress of the various clubs.

IT is rumored that there are to be some portraits of the publisher and the editor in a succeeding issue, to be followed in turn by sketches of various prominent wheelmen. The rumor is not substantiated, hence you need not discontinue your subscription as yet.

LONDON W., who stirred up the discussion on the League Meet, had the honor also of opening the riding season, by a spin with Mr. Kempton from City Point to the Boston and Massachusetts Club Headquarters.

IN the Massachusetts Club statistics read by President A. S. Parsons, at the annual club dinner, he stated that there were two Harvard machines used in the club, instead of twenty as reported in our issue of 11 February.

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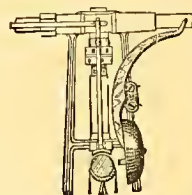
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Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets 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, 11 MARCH, 1881.

WHY BICYCLING IS THE BEST FORM OF EXERCISE.—The advantages of a fine physical form are underestimated by a large class of people, who have a half-defined impression that any considerable addition to the muscles and general physique must be at the expense of the mental qualities. This mistaken impression is so prevalent that many professional literary people avoid any vigorous exercise for fear that it will be a drain upon their whole system, and thus upon their capacity for brain work. The truth is, that such complete physical inertness has the effect of clogging the action of the blood, of retaining the impurities of the system, and of eventually bringing about a host of small nervous disorders that induce in turn mental anxiety—the worst possible drain upon the nervous organization. When one of these people, after a year or two of sick headaches and dyspepsia, comes to realize that healthy nerves cannot exist without general physical health and activity, he joins a gymnasium, strains his long-unused muscles on bars and ropes, or by lifting heavy weights. The result usually is that the muscles, so long unaccustomed to use, cannot withstand the sudden strain imposed upon them, and the would-be athlete retires with some severe or perhaps fatal injury. But oc-

asionally he finds some especial gymnastic exercise suited to him, and weathers the first ordeal. He persists bravely, and is astonished to find that his digestion improves, his weight increases, and his mind becomes clearer and brighter. He exercises systematically, and cultivates a few special muscles,—perhaps those of the shoulder, to the hindrance of the complex muscles of the neck and throat, or perhaps those of the back and groin, as in rowing, to the detriment of chest muscle and development; and although his condition is greatly bettered, he is apt to become wearied from a lack of physical exhilaration, or a lack of that sweetening of mental enjoyment which gives bicycling such a lasting charm. If a man has no heart in his exercise, he will not persist in it long enough to get its finest benefits.

In the gentle swinging motion above the wheel, there is nothing to disturb the muscular or nervous system once accustomed to it; indeed, it is the experience of most bicyclers that the motion is at first tranquillizing to the nerves, and eventually becomes a refreshing stimulus. The man who goes through ten hours' daily mental fret and worry will in an hour of pleasant road-riding throw off all its ill effects, and prepare himself for the effectual accomplishment of another day's brain-work. The steady and active employment of all of his muscles, until they are well heated and healthily tired, clears the blood from his brain, sharpens his appetite and insures him a night's refreshing sleep.

In propelling the wheel, all the flexor and extensor muscles of the legs are in active motion; while in balancing, the smaller muscles of the legs and feet and the prominent ones of the groin and thighs are brought into play. The wrist and arms are employed in steering, while the whole of the back, neck, and throat muscles are used in pulling up on the handles in a spurt. Thus the exertion is distributed more thoroughly over the whole body than in any other exercise. A tired feeling in any one part of the body is generally occasioned by a weakness caused by former disuse of the muscles located there, and this disappears as the rider becomes habituated to the new motions on the wheel. With an experienced bicyclist the sensation of fatigue does not develop itself prominently in any one part of the body, but is so evenly adjusted as to be hardly noticeable.

The wretched habit of riding with the body inclined forward has produced an habitual bent attitude with several riders, and given rise to a prejudice against the sport itself, as producing a "bicycle back." Nearly all oarsmen have this form of back, and it has not proved detrimental; but it is ungainly, and the methods by which it is acquired on a bicycle are entirely unnecessary. Erect riding is more graceful, develops the chest, and adds an exercise to the muscles of the throat and chest that rowing has not.

The exposure to out-of-door air, the constant employment of the mind by the delight of changing scenery or agreeable companionship, add their contribution, and make bicycling, to those who have tried practically every other sport, the most enjoyable, healthful, useful exercise known.

Most bicyclers become sound, well-made, evenly balanced, healthy men, and bid fair to leave to their descendants some such heritage of health and vigor as descended from the hardy old Pilgrim Fathers to the men who made this country what it is.

THE FIRST AMERICAN BICYCLE TOUR.

It is difficult to say where it began or where it ended, but it was a delightful four-days' experience. We had tried to start several times before, but for various reasons had failed either to agree upon an engagement, or to keep one when made. Finally, two of us agreed that on a certain Wednesday morning in August, 1879, we would be with our wheels at East Watertown station, a few miles west of Boston, at eight o'clock, prepared to be absent until the following Sunday, and that we would notify the rest to that effect: that was the programme, and all there was of it (except the condition that a start should be made at precisely the hour named, whoever was on hand), and so it happened that three of us formed a company,—the president of the Boston Bi. Club, the captain of the Massachusetts Bi. Club, and the secretary of the Massachusetts Bi. Club. That is what we were then, no matter who we are now.

Our comrades who had been invited were one way and another prevented from arriving at the time and place mentioned. One of us had ridden about nine miles, and the others lesser distances, to reach the point of departure. One rode a 48-inch Harvard, one a 54-inch Columbia, and the other a 50-inch Newton Challenge. On each was a *multum in parvo* bag, in which was packed a change of merinoes, a flannel shirt, a pair of stockings, a towel, handkerchiefs, and

the usual toilet indispensables, and a pair of shawl-straps. It afterwards appeared that in one of them there was a small flask of cordial, and in another several bunches of cigarettes; and in another several pages out of Osgood's Guide to New England, two or three maps, etc. Each machine had a cyclometer attached, and a tool bag containing oil can, wrench, lock and chain, a little cotton waste, and some string. Each of us carried a large whistle. As to costume, there was not uniformity. One wore a suit of brown flannel with pantaloons buttoned close at the bottom on the outside, and a loose top visor cap of the same material, with low shoes and cotton socks, the coat being a reefer jacket, and a brown flannel shirt worn underneath, with celluloid collar and brown tie. The other two wore long stockings, knee-breeches, cut-away coats and flannel shirts; shirts and stockings being of a brownish gray, and coats and breeches being of a snuffy brown. One wore a straw hat, and the other an immense ventilated felt helmet. The coats proved very serviceable evenings and mornings, but in the daytime were rolled and carried, either attached by a belt or shawl strap, so as to rest across the hips of the rider, or else, which was found to be a better way, strapped to the *multum* bag. One, however, persisted in winding his coat inside the driving wheel of his machine. So much for the outfit. It was the warmest part of the season, and our plan was not to go any fixed distance; the absence of a programme made it unnecessary to maintain any particular pace, or to take any particular direction, or to reach any particular point. We were free as the wind, and as indifferent as vagrants, plus a few dollars in pocket. We did not care to make a toil of our pleasure, and so we set out to stroll northward and eastward from Boston, as far as we found it convenient, and so as to return to our homes on the following Sunday. In general, however, our day's programme was to start early, between six and seven, after a light lunch,—usually an egg beaten in milk, a slice of bread, and a cup of coffee; to ride for two or three hours, and then stop for breakfast; then, after waiting awhile, to saunter along during the middle of the day, frequently sight-seeing or resting in some enjoyable place. After it became cooler, we would quicken our pace, and ride until supper-time. Then, after a bath and change of merinoes, we ate a hearty meal, enjoyed an hour or two of the evening, and retired for a good night's rest. These meals were supplemented, however, by frequent calls for milk at farm-houses, and either fruit from orchards passed or from fruit-stands at the villages.

So we started from Watertown about eight o'clock, and after riding through Arlington and Medford, stopped at Malden for breakfast; and after a rest for digestion, rode leisurely through Saugus, Lynn, Peabody, Danvers, and North Beverly to Wenham, where we stopped for the night. The day had been full of

pleasing scenes and agreeable incidents and conversation; most of the roads had been good, and our cyclometers registered about forty miles. Of course it was a stroll. It should be said that Wenham has no hotel. It is a charming little country town, with a bright little village, and to find hospitality in it was the question then presented. We were told that a certain Mr. N. usually entertained travellers; accordingly we halted before his mansion, and the president was delegated, as the most sedate and dignified, to go forward and make a favorable impression.

We met a repulse. Mr. N. was not at home. Mrs. N. evidently did not exactly know what wheelmen were, but from their looks after a dusty day's ride, evidently took them to be a new species of the genus tramp; for when the dignified president addressed her blandly, whether we could be entertained, she curtly said we could not. The president urged that he had been informed that travellers were usually entertained at the house, and that we were travellers a long distance; and that as it was now dark, we sought any hospitality that the village might afford. Still peering by the slightly opened door, she replied that she could not entertain us. Could she take two of us? "No." One? "No," she could not. Did she know where we could be entertained? "No," but we might at Ipswich. Now, Ipswich was several miles away, and had both a hotel and a jail; and which the woman had in mind as appropriate for our entertainment, we never knew. The prospect looked dark, and the evening was growing darker. The captain roused himself at this point, and said he would find a place; and the determination that shone in his face reassured the president and the secretary. House number one was a failure. House number two nearly ditto; for though the lady kindly offered to prepare us some supper, she could not provide us lodging. House number three was a grand success, for Mrs. C. found a place for us, and we were well provided for with comfortable rooms, stabling for our dusty steeds, and generous hospitality. We had our revenge upon Mr. N. One of our M. I. P. bags needed mending, and Mr. N. was the village harness-maker; so after supper we all went over to attend to the repairs. We found Mr. N. rather disconsolate, for he had more regard for either bicyclers or their money than his good wife, and was somewhat troubled at having lost three lodgers. He gave us the use of his shop, however; and while one of us was making the repairs, the secretary, seeking information, asked our friend about Wenham politics. The reply disclosed that we were in the presence of a champion of Gen. B., candidate for governor; accordingly we suggested some opposition sentiments to Mr. N., who at once began a vigorous defence of the general, in tones that brought about quite an assembly about the doors, and

only the end of the repairs ended the discussion. We afterwards learned that Mr. N., and the politicians who were accustomed to assemble at his shop, were dubbed the "Western Senate."

The next morning, after our light luncheon, we were early in the saddle, and rode through Hamilton, Ipswich, and Rowley to Newburyport, eighteen miles, and then stopped for breakfast. The most of this day we spent in a visit to Amesbury, where we all enjoyed the kind hospitality of a sister of the president, and her husband. A shower hindered our afternoon start until after five o'clock, and then we had to struggle till dark with about ten miles of the worst road that a bicycle ever encountered; but it was almost the only poor road we met with. This was soon accomplished, and we found ourselves, just at dark, in a comfortable hotel in Hampton. Our evening bath, change of clothes, and supper made us in good spirits for the evening.

It was the height of the season, and the hotel was filled with summer guests bent upon having a good time. So we sat upon the broad piazza, and were entertained by their songs, dancing, and games, and some readings given by one of the young lady guests. A good night's rest and an early start the next morning were the order. Our ride this day proved to be the most delightful, as the scenery we passed through was as beautiful as might be found. Three miles brought us to "the broken lines of Hampton's shore," and our ride then was for miles in sight of the ocean, and the road led by fine farms and woods. We passed Hampton Beach, Little Boar's Head, and rode to Rye Beach, where we stopped for two or three hours.

In Whittier's "Tent on the Beach" in the poem "The Wreck of Rivermouth," is a very vivid picture of the scenery along that shore, that we so much enjoyed. Our stopping-place was at one of the large hotels at Rye Beach. After breakfast we went down to the shore at the bathing hour. The many enjoying the water tempted the captain and secretary to follow their example. The first plunge made our bones shake and our teeth chatter, as if we had jumped upon an iceberg. After a minute or two, we became a little used to it, and managed to have a swim of fifteen minutes, when we were glad to retreat. It is said that after being at the beach a few days and getting accustomed to the water, it is more enjoyable. The result was invigorating to us, but the treatment was decidedly heroic. After our return to the hotel we mounted our iron steeds and started again. Ten miles of good road brought us to Portsmouth. Now we found our bicycles were more of a novelty. We were obliged to exercise more care in the passing horses. Wherever we halted we were made the centre of a curious crowd who fairly deluged us with questions. At one place, a seedy individual pulled out a rule from his pocket, measured the

wheels and cranks, and went through quite a speech to the bystanders. One of us approached and asked him if he understood the machine. "Oh, yes," said he, "but I'm trying to splanify to these wooden-heads."

From Portsmouth we took the road to Dover, which led along the beautiful valley of the Coheco. The first few miles were ascending, and when we reached the summit there lay spread before us a wonderful panorama of mountain, river, forest, fields, and villages. On this road we crossed the river by a toll-bridge, and when we approached the gate the keeper gazed at us with eyes and mouth wide open, struck with astonishment. Only when we asked, "How much," did he recover his speech, but he could only answer, as he gazed at his schedule of rates: "By G—, I haven't got you on my list." The captain closed a bargain with him, and we were passed as foot passengers. The secretary had a slight *contretemps* upon this road; he was riding in advance when we overtook a carriage driven by a lady. He cautiously advanced and inquired, "Is your horse afraid, madam?" The reply was, "Why, how do you do, Mr. S.?" His response was a *salaam* more lowly than ever greeted an Eastern prince, for just then his machine went into a sand hole, and he took a "header." This road of eleven or twelve miles from Portsmouth to Dover is one of the most picturesque and enjoyable, and will repay riding a long distance to find. At Dover the captain and secretary stopped for the night, while the other went on a few miles to Rochester, returning the next morning in the beginning of a rain, which proved to be continuous and drenching. This was Saturday, and we took the morning train along as far as Biddeford, where we again took the road and rode in the twin villages of Saco and Biddeford, until we found the genial Mr. F., who took his wheel and escorted us to a dinner.

We met two or three others who were wheelmen, but not mounted; and our recollection of Mr. F., with his graceful and easy mount, and a Japanese umbrella spread above his head, and held by socket on the head of his machine, for a shade in the sunshine and a shelter in the rain, is very vivid. The roads from Biddeford to Portland are only fair, being mostly of a sandy nature; and the streets of Portland in a rain-storm are not conducive to enjoyment, when paraded with a bicycle and a multum bag. But we made the steamer that Saturday evening, got dry ourselves by drying our machines, and had a night ride to Boston.

It was very quiet as we rode up from the wharf over the Belgium pavements in the early Sunday morning, and looked in vain for any open door where any cup of coffee might be obtained. The greatest speed of the four days was made by the captain on the Back Bay streets, in pursuit of a milk wagon, which, when overtaken, furnished the wherewith to drink our parting healths, and we dispersed to

our homes in the suburbs, for the usual brown bread and beans.

We met, scarcely acquainted; and we parted, made fast friends by this delightful tour. Our enthusiasm for bicycling was greatly increased from what we had learned by our own experience of the capability of the machine for a pleasure trip.

There were three other things we learned, or became more completely satisfied of, which may be worth adding, namely: That it is not only practicable, but enjoyable to ride on the bicycle away on the country roads, as you find them in at least three of the New England States; and you may start with your wheel just as you would with a horse and buggy to go anywhere, without misgivings.

That until one has roamed for a two or three days' excursion, and learned the varieties of travel and the art of meeting them, he is not an accomplished wheelman. One almost invariably returns from such an experience a better rider and a better companion.

That the bicycle affords the most economical conveyance with which to take a vacation travel. It actually cost us for the four days and four nights, taking sometimes entertainment at high-price hotels, taking some car fare, steamboat travel, and all the incidents, \$11.50 apiece. We are satisfied that men may travel for weeks in New England on wheel, comfortably and delightfully, on an average expense of \$2.50 per day each; and at the same time, see more and recuperate more and enjoy more than in any amount of railroading, or other conventional modes of passing vacations. If you can have a week, or two days, or a month off, take it on wheel, with a good companion or two.

BI-WROTE.

THE EXTREME OF PRUDENCE.

Editor Bicycling World:—The favorite topic of conversation among bicyclers now is the desirability, if not the positive need, of a perfect form of safety bicycle. It is a very entertaining topic. There is in it the same opportunity for the employment of exhaustive speculation and ingenious invention that existed so many years in the untiring attempts to create mechanical perpetual motion; there is the same strange interest and utter uselessness in the character of both inventions. When the present form of a bicycle is proved to be unsafe, there will be an urgent need, and with it an urgent demand for the "safety"; but until then, the latter will serve only to gratify those abnormal tastes which would not be satisfied with a well-accepted, symmetrical form, even in a tricycle, or to be utilized by those who have more timidity than wheeling experience. I know that it conflicts with the best form of modern logic, to begin an argument with a statement; but I will venture to say that not one of the bicyclers who talks so profoundly upon

the Facile, the Xtraordinary, the Club Safety, or the Otto, experiences any personal need for such a machine. Careful inquiry will reveal that their interest is only that of curiosity, or that it springs from a solicitude in behalf of some friend who is about to take up wheeling. "Almost every skilled bicycler can, when turning over the leaves of his memory's log-book, find a record of a few disastrous headers which did him no harm, and yet which filled him with apprehension for others that may have to go through such an experience. At the time, he felt nothing more than a little mortification, or perhaps, if he received a bruise or two, regarded his punishment for carelessness about as seriously as he would a cut finger or a cold in the nose. But as time passes, and he becomes a careful and capable rider, he looks at his past headers through the magnifying glass of memory colored by imagination, begins to regard them as dangerous, and at last becomes nervous enough to talk seriously of safety bicycles.

Bicycling has, as every other sport has, an element of hazard in it, and if pursued recklessly may be attended with ill consequences; but experience has thus far shown that in it recklessness and daring can be carried to an extreme with less disastrous result than in any other form of sport. The art of riding, once acquired, places the control of the machine completely in the hands of the rider. To encounter danger, he must seek it. The man who rides day after day and month after month over miles of country roads, through crowded streets, upon slippery pavements, up and down steep hills, without any such fall as the "safety" assumes to obviate, should not feel that he must sacrifice speed, beauty, symmetry, lightness, strength, and durability in his machine, for the small additional element of safety he might gain on a lumbering Xtraordinary, or an ungainly Facile. The man who is about to learn to ride should know that a moderate amount of care in his early riding will provide for his safety quite as much as the monstrosities now in the market for that purpose; and that should he purchase one of the latter, he purchases with it a considerable additional weight to carry around with him, a grotesque contour of machine that will everywhere make him disagreeably conspicuous, a greatly increased friction to overcome, and a machine with less endurance coupled with a greater liability to get out of order.

ROLAIN.

ROADS, — FROM A BOSTON STAND-POINT.

IN the BICYCLING WORLD of 25 February, page 252, "Whele" discourses very interestingly and suggestively, though somewhat despondently, on that, to bicyclers, most important subject, — roads; but it is of roads from a Brooklyn, N. Y., standpoint, which is doubtless a discouraging one.

Come to Boston, friend "Whele," and we will show you some New England roads not so far behind Old England's roads as to leave much to be desired. I doubt if we favored residents of Boston and vicinity, who ride the wheel, realize our advantages, and the hard lot of our fellow wheelmen in other sections; and had the original American bicyclers happened to be New-Yorkers or Brooklynites, instead of Bostonians and Brooklineites, the introduction of the bicycle into any extended use in America would have been postponed several years.

It must require some pluck to be a wheelman in New York. Miles of cobblestone — or other stone — between home and even decent roads; Park gates firmly barred against them; and the roads reached, one runs the gauntlet of suburban "small boys" and dogs and sights and sounds for miles, before the glorious country air and scenery are attained. Even after this struggle after a good time, the roads are not fine; I take it, to a Boston or English rider, they would be only "fair to middling."

No wonder that "Whele" fears that the wheel may not prove permanent, that "the bad roads will kill it yet," perhaps, for he looks at it as we all view things, from our own surroundings. No Boston rider of the wheel doubts for a moment the permanency of its use, for no Boston man is obliged to walk a quarter of a mile from his door before he can mount and ride, north, south, or west, for fifty miles or so, over dozens of magnificent roads, through charming scenery, and with never a thought of legal interference. Even the dirtiest small boy is more likely to give him a cheer than a sneer, and the horsemen give him his half of the road, with a pleasant word or kindly greeting. Here we do reach the "ideal bicycle use," as "Whele" says, — "you mount at your door, and ride whither and as far you want to go." It is probably safe to say that within reach of the Boston rider there are a thousand miles of road as good for bicycling as the best ten miles of road that any other city in the United States can furnish. And yet there are only about one thousand bicyclers in Boston and its suburbs! Can anybody tell why there are not ten thousand?

But I started to write of roads, and I have fallen to "blowing" for Boston. Pardon me, — we can't help it; it is born in us! but really, the Boston bicyclist has the right to "blow." We may *possibly* not be ahead of all the rest of America in art, music, literature, business, and culture, but in roads we certainly are. And what is the result? What *will* be the result as the bicycle extends its sway over the land, — as it is bound to do?

Here I reach the economic feature of good roads, which, as "Whele" says, it is the duty of every bicyclist to teach to the public. We must be apostles of good roads, not for our own use simply, but on the broad ground of political economy. We must remind the tax-payer that the

highway tax, his share of which may be one dollar, will save him ten dollars in repairs or wear and tear to carriages and horses.

We must show that while the first cost of a good road is large, it costs less in a series of years to have good roads than it does to have poor ones. A poor road is like a poor bicycle: you may get it cheaply, but the repairs will swell its cost above that of the best.

After the L. A. W. has established the right of a bicyclist to ride anywhere and everywhere that any vehicle can go, I hope to see it publishing tracts upon "The relation of good roads to the prosperity of a people," "Roads as an index of civilization," etc., for free distribution to city and town governments. Until then we must all keep preaching the gospel of good roads as conducive to good morals and good manners, and our influence is sure to be felt.

But there are indirect benefits from good roads, and it is these as affecting Boston which I wished to point out. It was my pleasure to meet in Milwaukee, last summer, some of the enthusiastic members of the Milwaukee Bi. Club; which is, by the way, one of the most flourishing and wide-awake clubs in the country. Talking of roads, a young member said, "The fame of Boston roads has reached us, and some of us are likely to decide upon entering your Institute of Technology rather than the Rensselaer Institute, for this very reason, we want to take our bicycles and enjoy the Boston roads"; and three Milwaukee young men are here pursuing their studies, who were largely influenced in their choice by our roads.

Harvard students have told me the same thing; and rival institutions of learning will soon find that not only must they have equally good professors, but equally good roads in their vicinity, if they wish to secure the most manly young men of the country.

And this is not all. At this moment a gentleman of wealth and culture, and an ardent bicyclist, is seeking to buy a house in the vicinity of Boston, and bring his family from a neighboring State to take up his residence here, the great attraction being our Boston roads.

These are only illustrations that come under the observation of one person. There must be many such, and with the increase of bicycling interest they will become more frequent. Of course every student or person sojourning in a city makes a new customer for butcher and baker and tradesman, and tends to the prosperity of the place.

But I think that the roads of this country are better than they are supposed to be from the Brooklyn and New York standpoint. Correspondents of the bicycling press have warned the English wheelmen, who it is rumored are coming here, of the dreadful fate which awaits them on our roads; but witness the excursions of Messrs. Tolman and Doe, from Worcester to New York, of Mr.

Parmenter and friend from Lima, O., to Boston, of Mr. Hausmann and friend from Washington, D. C., to Boston, not to mention others, as proofs of better roads than these writers would indicate.

I close this too long article with a little preachment on my old and favorite text. If you want good roads, *keep off the sidewalks*. What right have you to demand good roads if you don't use them, but the sidewalk? Use the roads, and use all the influence you possess to have them made better, and "more wheelmen will make better roads," and "better roads will make more wheelmen." The bicycle HAS "come to stay," — and the tricycle is coming. A. S. PARSONS.

A WINTER NIGHT'S REVERY.

VERSES BY MADELINE.

A WINTER night,
Solemn and sublime,
The moon full bright,
The stars sharp outlined,
So serene, and charmed
By the songs in mournful time,
The swinging trees, bare-armed,
Sing to the sighing wind.

There is a misere
In these voices of the night;
And yet some spring-time fairy
Will cast on them a spell,
And turn their lusty roaring
To harmonies so bright,
That their great voices soaring
Will heaven's anthems swell.

There is a sad, sweet story
In this music weird and dreary:
A song of summer glory,
Past, to return no more;
Of verdant hills and meadows,
Bird songs that never weary;
Of brooks where dancing shadows
Mirror the sylvan shore.

A summer's day,
With flowers richly blooming;
The hours drone away
In soft, enchanting dreams.
Sweet grasses and blossomed trees
The heavy air perfuming;
While a southern gentle breeze
Ripples the idle streams.

And then refreshing eventide,
That choicest cycling hour,
When silently I glide
Through cooling wooded glades;
The vista of western clouds,
Which sately elms embower,
With richest golden light enshrouds
The sun which sinks and fades.

A sense of rest the earth o'erspreads,
And fills the world with blest content;
While in the sky a soft light sheds
From stars that one by one outsteal.
There cannot be too high a praise
Of such a time so happily spent;
Life centres in those halcyon days,
Those happy days a-wheel.

GLANCES ABROAD

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH RACING SEASON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bad weather, a large crowd assembled on Sunday, 6th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the South Racing Ground at Perrache. Although the track was soaked from the rain of the preceding evening and the showers during the day, the races, organized by several Lyonnese amateurs, were exceedingly well led by M. Toguett Tenne and other skilful and elegant cyclists.

Contrary to the memorandum of the administrative council of the Lyons B. C., preventing its members taking part in racing in any form, it was noticed that ten of the members of this society were on the ground, showing their approbation in a pecuniary manner.

The following are the results of the racing:—1st *Bicycle Race*, 20 rounds, exact distance 4,200 metres. Nine entries; five started. 1st prize (Centaur), in 8m. 30s., Centaur Co., Coventry (all plated): 2d (Bolide), in 8m. 31s., Seche-haye et Grenet, of Geneva; 3d (Fernand), in 9m. 25s., Fageot, of Lyons; 4th (Star), in 9m. 47s., Tissier, of Lyons. Spider, not classed.—2d, *Tricycle Race*, 10 rounds, distance 2,100 metres. Six entries; three started. 1st prize (Centaur), 5m. 15s., Centaur Co.; 2d (Bolide), Centaur Co.; 3d (Fageot), machine with two guiding wheels.—The third race was to be on bicycles, but it did not take place, owing to the barriers being taken away before it commenced, when the track was invaded by the public, who were satisfied with what they had seen, and were very enthusiastic at the new mode of locomotion introduced by the tricycles.—*Cyclist*.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

Dear Wheel World:—May I ask you to insert the following in your valuable magazine? I have been lately to two or three club dinners, hoping to find some amusement there, and to indulge in a friendly chat with brother riders. But things are changed, and bicycle club dinners, instead of partaking somewhat of the free-and-easy element, and being "feasts of reason and flows of soul," have become stuck-up, starchy, and slow. Once on a time the toasts were few, the speeches short. Perhaps the secretary indulged for a few moments, or a popular officer convulsed his companions by some funny allusions to club events; but this was all. Nowadays, I am grieved to find all the *bonhomie* is gone. One man after another enters the room. In complete evening dress, starchy collar, etc., all complete, he sits primly at table, and works his way steadily through a *menu* of kickshaws, drinking a bottle or two of hock or champagne. Then, having dipped his dainty fingers in rose-water, he addresses himself to the business, for it is business, of the evening. The toast list—O Festivity, what crimes are committed in thy name! how bore after bore gets on his hind legs and reels off yard after yard of senseless platitudes, "Pleashaw, aw—aw, unexpected, aw—this evening, aw, the—Bicycle Club, aw; prominent position, good fellows, aw, splendid riders, aw, popular racing men, aw, aw," and so on, for twenty minutes. Sometimes a little novelty is introduced by a row, otherwise the senseless speechifying game goes on. I do not deny for one moment that we have orators whom we are glad to hear; a succinct speech from a well-known man on some subject of general interest will al-

ways command attention, but I do object to the multiplicity of toasts. The officers are given, and then, seriatim, the captain, the sub. the Hon. secretary, the treasurer, and so on, *ad lib*. Then a new fad has crept in: the visitors used to have *one* spokesman; now a dozen respond, one after the other, each declaring that the former has taken the words out of his mouth. O Mr. Editor! please aid us, and let us try to eliminate this last phase of boredom and buncombe from the cycling world. No one cares twopence to know what Tom, Jack, or Harry think of the ladies, the army, or the church. Do they, now! eh?—*Correspondence Wheel World*.

BETTING with some men is like drinking,—an irresistible passion. And there are cunning, shrewd, calculating fellows who prey upon this passion, and in fact live by it,—lazy blackguards who never work, never produce anything, and perform no useful function whatsoever. The intrusion of these gentlemen at bicycle meetings has been the subject of comment lately, but without much effect. Suppose it be made the object of resentment. Let two or three good wheelmen, sound of wind and strong of limb, with well-shod extremities, take these gentry in hand, and I'll bet, for the first time in my life, that very few professional bookmakers will venture to follow their calling on the bicycle path. It is only the difference of a letter, but the bookmaker does not like a too intimate acquaintance with a cyclist's bootmaker. "There 's nothing like leather," well tanned, and judiciously applied; and if protected by a little cold iron, so much the better. Like Hosea Biglow, I am a man of peace; but when I hear of betting fellows intruding themselves among young men at athletic gatherings, I feel the blood circulate in my finger tips and toe ends, and—but this will not do; I'm getting into a passion.—"CYCLOPS" in *Cycling*.

TRICYCLING.—The Finchley held their annual meeting on 23 December, when they re-elected all the officers. The secretary (Boverton Redwood) has sent us a nicely printed "Secretary's Report," into which we dip for the following extracts: "Since its establishment on 6 April, 1880, the club has steadily progressed, and now numbers thirty members, notwithstanding that the rule governing the election of candidates is of a stringent nature. The attendance at club runs has throughout the season borne a not unsatisfactory relation to the numerical strength of the club, though the counter attractions of the Finchley Lawn Tennis Club have at times exercised a marked effect. It remains to be seen whether the club runs can be continuously rendered attractive, or whether, on the other hand, the experience of the Finchley Tricycle Club will gradually assimilate to that of the majority of bicycle clubs. Several members have used their tricycles for touring purposes

in different parts of England during the autumn, and have derived much enjoyment as well as benefit to health from this pleasant mode of travelling. Towards the close of the season the club appointed three representatives—viz., the president, the captain, and the secretary—to confer with a similar number of members of the London Tricycle Club, in reference to a contest for the amateur bicycling championship.—*Cycling*.

A MODEL CLUB MEETING.

THE meeting of the Classic Club, of Chelsea, was held at their palatial quarters, last evening, to consider the question of a club uniform, and other important issues; Mr. Deacon in the chair, Frank Bragg secretary, and Boots stenographer. The meeting was called to order promptly by Mr. Deacon, who then called upon the nearest man to take the chair while he made a few remarks on order. After an eloquent harangue of an hour and a half he returned, and Mr. Bernhardt got up and stated the object of the meeting. Mr. Bernhardt said:—

"You all understand, gentlemen, that we are to have a brief but calm deliberation upon the subject of a uniform, and that a few moments of serene and temperate discussion will dispose of the matter. The committee recommend for your adoption a uniform of sulphur yellow, trimmed with vermilion red."

Mr. Blush arose, and said in a constrained manner:—

"I-ah-I-ah think yellow is a-ah-a fine color, but as it is the Orangemen's color don't you think it would-ah-expose us to unkind remarks from Land Leaguers-ah, yes ah-don't you think it would-ah?"

Mr. Bernhardt remarked, sotto voice, that they had better "boycott" that objection.

Mr. Kicker then arose, and after looking a whole library at the president, said, gently:—

"I object to the heathenish Chinese color, and wonder at the ill taste of the committee in omitting a dragon chest-protector, and a serpentine liver-pad. I think that a quiet and refined color for the uniform would be a brick red with a mother-of-pearl fur collar, and Hamburg edgings around the knees of the trousers. I move an amendment to Mr. Bernhardt's motion in favor of this color."

President Deacon resigned the chair for a few moments to second the motion.

Kol Kron then arose, and after apologizing for interrupting the proper conduct of the meeting, stated that he was in favor of having four uniforms: one for parade, one for road use, one for a bathing suit, and one for a night dress.

President Deacon resigned the chair for a few moments to say that there might be added to these a green uniform, to have some influence on John Kelly and the Park Commissioners.

Mr. Knick O'Bocker moved a reconsideration of the previous question.

Mr. Ixion requested Knick to state in brief what *was* the previous question.

"The previous question is concerning the adoption of a red uniform."

"I object to red uniforms," said Mr. Kicker.

Mr. Deacon resigned the chair for a few moments to state that Mr. Kicker proposed a red uniform himself.

"I did not propose a red uniform," exclaimed the wrothy Kicker.

Mr. Deacon resigned the chair for a few moments to ask what he did propose.

"I submitted to the consideration of the assembled members the idea of a *brick* red uniform," said Mr. Kicker, triumphantly.

Mr. Deacon was squelched. He was heard to mutter, "I am exhaust. I can no more."

Mr. Rolain arose with great dignity, and said that the principal objection to the color was its strong resemblance to Mr. Kicker's complexion, and suggested that pure claret color would be more harmonious with the coloring of his proboscis, — of his frontispiece as it were.

Mr. Kicker arose with a heated look and said: —

"I consider that an insult, sir."

"*Anno Domini, pro bono publico, pax vobiscum, requiescat in pace,*" quoth Juvenis.

"You're another," shouted Kicker.

Juvenis pulled off one of his boots and held it up to Kicker's nose, causing the latter to faint immediately. Frank Bragg then arose and said, modestly: —

"But for me this club would not have been in existence [applause, and cries of 'go sit on yourself']. I have done more than any other man for bicycling in this country, and I [great applause] I [renewed applause] I [cries of 'go out in the back yard and throw stones at yourself'] I" — here a strongly scented embryonic chicken, thoroughly smashed over his face, induced him to abridge his speech.

At this juncture Knick O'Bocker stepped quietly forward, folded Juvenis up carefully, and used him during the rest of the meeting for a chair cushion, à la Peter Cooper.

During the calm deliberation that followed, some forty-five resolutions were laid on the table, and every member but one either laid on the floor or under the table. The *one* member was the fighting editor of the BICYCLING WORLD, who, plucking the chandelier out by the roots, dispersed the meeting *sine die*. We understand that while Knick O'Bocker was packing up his chair cushion to send it to President Bates, of Detroit, it was heard to squeak mournfully, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

TWO CHROMOS.

In the Union Athletic games at Music Hall, Boston, 26 March, there will be a representative team of bicyclers in the tug of war, and an exhibition of drill riding by one of the best trained clubs in the country.

UNION VELOCEPEDIQUE DE FRANCE.

4 RUE DE LA BARRE, DIEPPE, 21 Février, 1881.

To the President of the L. A. W.: — On 6 February, 1881, a bicycle congress was held at Paris, at which the twelve following French bicycle clubs were represented by a delegate: Le Sport Velocipedique Parisien; Le Lyon Bicycle Club; Le Cercle Velocipedique de France; Le Veloce Club de Tournus; Le Velo Sport Parisien; Le Veloce Club de la Reole; Le British Residents Bicycle Club; Le Veloce Club de Mont di Dier; La Societe Velocipedique Rouennaise; Le Veloce Club de Saumur; Le Cosmopolite Veloce Club de Calais; Le Velocipede Club Dieppois. The object of this congress was to determine clearly and precisely the professional and amateur questions, and if it was necessary to institute a French bicycle union on the model of the L. A. W., — *i. e.*, a bicycle union and bicycle touring club amalgamated. The congress adopted this definition of a professional and of an amateur in France: A professional is one who, 1st, races for money; 2d, competes in a race where the amateur definition is not carried out; 3d, infringes in a foreign country (after the 6th of February) the rules of the bicycle union of that country; 4th, performs feats of skill in public, and for money; 5th, competes (after the 6th of February) with a professional, according to the preceding rules, except at a meeting specially sanctioned by the Union Velocipedique de France. An amateur is one who is not included in the above definitions. The congress judged it necessary for the good of bicycling in France, and for its advancement, that these rules should have no *retroactive effects* either on French bicyclists or bicyclists of any other nation at that moment domiciled in France. In the absence of any restrictive definition of an amateur, none of these bicyclists considered members professional for having competed either in France or elsewhere for money prizes. The opinion of the French bicycling world required this condition (*no retroactive effects*), and the congress thought fit to establish in France perfect equality to all competitors, and to give every one the option of being an amateur according to the new definition. Thus the Union Velocipedique de France has been established and its executive committee elected. I have the honor to bring these facts to your knowledge by order of the U. V. T., whose desire is that your amateurs may have the right of competing with theirs in France, and theirs, as such, be admitted in the United States to race with yours. The U. V. T. hopes this proposal will be accepted by you, as it asks in the interest of the sport a favor which it would not itself refuse in a similar case to a foreign representative body. Awaiting your reply, which I beg to send to M. Paul Devillers, president U. V. T., 36 Rue Monge, Paris,

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,
Par ordre le Secrétaire de l'Union,
A. M. HOFFMANN,
Velocipede Club Dieppois.

CLUB RACING.

ALTHOUGH bicycle racing has been frowned upon by many devotees of the sport, it has a great deal to recommend it. It brings out the qualities of the rider and appeals to the sympathies of the public, and it shows the capabilities of the wheel, and brings it to the notice of a great mass of people who would not otherwise know much about bicycling.

A man who will not read of a tour, or a discussion of the relative merits of different makes of bicycles, will peruse an account of a contest between different riders. Papers which will not publish accounts of runs, or club dinners, will always print whatever they can learn in regard to a race. If races between individuals are of interest, if they create an enthusiasm among bicyclers, so much more so will inter-club races. Every man takes an interest and pride (or ought to) in his club, and will do all he can to sustain its reputation; while he might not desire to race for his own sake or his own honor, he would enter into a contest in which his club was pitted against another. A very good form of inter-club racing is to choose three men from each club, taking the average time of each team. This makes each contestant strive to do the best he can in order to reduce the record of his team. In regard to the distance, I think ten miles is sufficient, as it brings out both the speed and endurance of the riders, and does not require that amount of training which a race of twenty miles or more does. The club could have races among its members for the purpose of choosing the three who would represent the club with the greatest amount of honor.

As the number of races increases, so will the interest among its members. I feel certain that the club which adopts the plan of holding frequent races will be the club which will flourish the most.

It would be well for a club to have races of different distances, thus giving every man in the club a chance to ascertain for what distance he is most fitted. While a man may be good for one mile, he may make a poor showing for five or ten.

The hold which racing has taken in England among the amateurs is of itself sufficient to warrant any club in expending a good deal of its force in instituting races. Any club would be proud to have one of its members compete in the League championship, but they would want a fast rider; and the only way to secure this, and to ascertain who is capable of best representing the club, is to have plenty of races among the members, create a friendly rivalry, and thus bring out the qualities of each rider. When this is done, we will be able to show some records which will compare favorably with those of the English bicyclers.

LONDON W.

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, 11 MARCH, 1881.

THE GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.—The breezy letter of "C. H. G.," from Highland Park, in which he hints of the warlike preparations of his society for the National contest at Brooklyn, is the first warning bugle-note for the gathering of the clans. Well done, Highland Park! We are rejoiced to find you to the fore as in other days. It was fitting that such a fine old club should sound the assembly. It was a short blast, but sharp, and like Tennyson's bugle song, the

"Echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever!"

Only a little while and we will hear the din of preparation. Southerly winds and sunny weather, laughter of ladies, and the benign smile of big-faced targets, in places

"Full of great trees
And color of glad grass."

Every one will make bigger scores than ever before. There will be club contests, matches between individuals and between different societies; and then will come the Michigan State tourney, in which our good friend DeGraff will go down before some new star in the Michigan firmament of archers; and Mrs. Church will sigh sadly over the loss of the bright little bauble which she won so

splendidly "a year ago"! We always knew that Apollo was a fickle god, smiling now upon one, now upon another of his followers; but for Diana to be so cruel is too bad, too bad!

Could n't expect anything better, though, of a goddess who killed poor Actæon for nothing!

And now, the skirmishing over, the knights and ladies are gathered together to the grand conflict—the Austerlitz—the Waterloo—the Armageddon of Archery! Only think of the "night before the battle"! The scenes in the great hotel! "Why, Hussey, old friend, how are you?" "Weston and Kyle and Hall, as I live!" "Glad to see you, Peddinghaus!" "Sidway and Walworth, how much good it does one to meet you again!" See! yonder comes Major Constable! Ah, what a powerful grip in his good right hand! And here come Burnham and Wilkinson and Horsman and Hoyt! "Hands all round! Come, let us look up Hyatt and Willard,—I see they have registered,—and we'll take Harry Wright and Adam Gray along with us. Upson, my dear fellow, how do you do?"

Here we stop to shake hands with that big-hearted archer, Henry C. Carver, and as the crowd becomes more dense, we are unable to proceed, and subside in an ecstasy of unadulterated bliss.

And the next day! Ah me! Like Swinburne's ecstatic thought of the advent of his ideal love, "Both lips grow dry with dreams of it."

W. H. T.

ARCHERY FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

I HAVE been dozing in my chair for nearly a year, but writers in the ARCHERY FIELD have waked me up, and I would like to talk to them on several subjects before settling down for "a little more sleep." The "racket" that most disturbed my slumbers was this "ghost" of "Banquo" that "will not down,"—in other words, the determination of a few archers to change the manner of scoring. I wish to put myself on record as one opposed—"first, last, and all the time"—to the proposed change, for the following reasons:—

1st. The history of archery, so far as we have any, is written in the 1 to 9 language, which is as easy to understand and not more cumbersome than any other combination of figures.

2d. Archery is not one of the exact sciences: to make it so (were that possible) would divest it of its greatest charm; but if our present mode of scoring is really too far from the truth, our consciences not able to bear the strain, then

some plan should be put forward that would partially remedy the evil instead of adding to it.

3d. I am opposed, on general principles, to changing that which has been handed down to us by those grand old archers of the past, who, through long lives devoted to the noble pastime, found no fault with the present mode of scoring, never doubting when they missed the target that it was a poor shot.

4th. I am opposed to infants teaching their grandmothers. We are young in archery, and have not conquered the rudiments yet. When we can equal the scores left us by the "heroes of a hundred tournaments," we shall be much older than we are now, and let us hope wiser.

Suppose we grind the hieroglyphics from the venerable face of the Obelisk and have it recut in more modern characters; or insist on the Sphinx sporting a stovepipe hat and a paper shirt-collar; or—well, let us drop the subject.

During one of my waking moments, unless I dreamed, I heard several archers discoursing of bows, and I learned by patient listening that each archer had a bow made from the only suitable material, by the only reliable maker on earth. Now, so long as one holds that opinion he ought to be happy, and probably will be, so long as he is content with *holding* it; but when he begins to lay his favorite bow over the head and shoulders of some less fortunate brother, who dares to be happy in the possession of some less aristocratic brand of bow, and perhaps (oh, horrid thought!) American-made at that, is it any wonder that there is "music in the air"? For those who loose on the draw, no doubt a fine yew bow, by any good maker, is the best—until it breaks. Of course there are bows that will last longer and stand more hard usage than a self yew, or a yew-back yew; the latter however, being softer of pull, with less, recoil, and *possibly* may cast farther, but this I doubt. I have seen a statement that a fine yew bow owned in this country has shot six thousand arrows. That speaks well for its staying powers. However, there is a bow with which I am acquainted that has shot over eighteen thousand arrows within the past year, and casts as sharp to-day, apparently, as when first strung up.

I respect that bow for its intrinsic merit: not because a certain name is stamped on it, not because it was imported, or because it was n't, not because it was seasoned five years or because it was made up green; but because it has shown itself to be "a stalwart among weaklings." This is not the best bow in the world,—it is only one of the many good ones, and will no doubt be heard from again in time.

I have learned among other things that archers are trying to keep Ford's memory green by drawing, aiming, loosing, and hitting the target in the manner practised by that incomparable archer. To those that can do this, even in a mod-

ified form, I feel like taking off my hat; for after long and patient practice I have had to modify to that extent (especially as to hitting) that I fear there is but little of "Ford's style" left. I am compelled to draw the arrow to the head before aiming, instead of making the pause during the draw, aiming and loosing on the completion of the draw.

In this respect I have to do just what Mr. Will H. Thompson says he cannot do, but with any other method I can get no uniform results. Mr. Thompson's arrows fly with so flat a trajectory, or he holds his right hand so low, that he aims twenty feet short of the target at sixty yards, while, I am sorry to say, I have to aim from two to six feet over the target at the same distance. I have tried to change the draw so as to remedy this, but have been driven back to the old method by the wild results. This fault is not so hard on my 60-yard shooting as at the 80 and 100 yard ranges, at both of which distances the target is invisible. I have one trouble that no archer has spoken of, that I remember, all seeming to carry the idea that they aim directly over, on, or under the gold, except in case of wind. Not one in three of my arrows can be so aimed with any prospect of hitting. Not over one out of five of any arrows I have been able to get hold of will make a line shot if held in line, the greater number flying from one to five feet to the left in sixty yards. I have this to contend with, and nothing can be done except to learn the variation of each arrow and make its own individual allowance, which, with all other allowances, makes the result rather problematical. I would be very glad to learn whether other archers are more fortunate in this respect than I am. Those who profess to give us the science of the complex action of the string and bow on the arrow say the tendency to fly to the left is counteracted by the tendency to fly to the right, and between the two the arrow will make a line shot. As I find it so only in exceptional cases, I would like to know whether other archers' arrows get bewildered in this way.

LOCKSLEY.

ARCHERY.

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

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary. — *Com.*

STORAGE FOR TRICYCLES.

Editor Bicycling World:—I have an idea, and like the old lady who found a missing sixpence, and called in all her neighbors to congratulate her, I wish to lay it before the court of public opinion and the chief judge of manufacturers' pockets.

How many young men of the suburbs do business in the Hub "bi."-less, the Lord only knows. I know of one, at all events. Not from any lack of *go* do these sad wayfarers plod along the streets in silent anathematization of horse-cars and balky horses, when time is precious and fleeing fast away, and awful ghosts of a cut salary loom in the near future.

Many a man would mount a "tri." and travel back and forth in the cool morning and evening air, gaining strength and laying up stores of wisdom and happiness to and from his daily work, but for one great hindrance. What shall he do with his horse?

A tricycle won't go comfortably into a three-by-four closet, especially when you haven't the closet. You cannot hang it up on a hat-rack, nor stand it up in the corner with the brooms, particularly when you happen to be a three-by-four clerk, and starting in life, not the proprietor and monarch of all you survey.

Now it has been said, time out of mind, that the thing is a practical road machine. So it is. Given a place to put it in, and a suburb man can lay by for his tin saving bank ten cents a day at the least on his car fares for rather more than half the year, and perhaps some weeks out of the other half.

That is a pretty high rate of interest on the first outlay, as any one may figure out for himself, and this is *practical*; not sentimental saving of half-hours, which is of course money, but the money itself. No objection to the half-hours being counted as well; but I am confining myself strictly to the *tangible*.

But right here the hydra sticks his head in, when you are looking for a resting-place for your beloved, with the infernal question, "What are you going to do about it?"

That's the aggravation. You can do nothing. All your "*figgers*" have come to naught, and your *practical* machine became a luxury for holidays and after-tea exercise, and your tin bank is busted. I can see but one remedy. If some one else can do better, let him speak.

Hire a hall. Or better, let some enterprising manufacturer do it, in the centre of the business part; all that is needed is a large room. It can be a back room all well as any other, and cheaper accordingly. Let our "*Peggys*" be stabled there, with an appropriate celestial hostler to dust, etc., and have a system of checks for safety. Let a nominal sum be charged, enough to pay the rent, but not enough to eat up the proposed interest to be gained. If done by a manufacturer, he would be reimbursed by the gain to his business, and he might have a salesroom adjoining, and under that head should be in a position even to offer a premium to ten-

ants. If he doubts the success of the enterprise, as to the number of young men desirous of such an arrangement, let him open a subscription list; and he can then judge by the number of applicants, if it is properly advertised in the daily papers, whether there are enough to make it pay.

How many do you think would not jump at the chance to enjoy a morning spin, with the feeling that they are not taking money for their own pleasure away from those at home, perhaps dependent on their exertions for their daily bread? How many more who would refrain, knowing that on the contrary, they were actually saving from their slender salary?

The 'cycle, whether bi. or tri., must prove itself, before these can venture their money; not from mercenary thoughts, has absolute necessity. I trust no one will say that "if they can't afford it, they have no business to think of it. It is for the rich and upper-ten." I have too much faith in American spirit and self-respect for that.

PARK ST.

SOME TRICYCLES. II.

MORE than fifty years ago the French gave to a three-wheeled velocipede the name of "tricycle"; and the term has since had a pretty definite meaning. Not everything having three wheels is a tricycle. A freight barrow is n't, for instance, or a three-pulley block, or a boy's velocipede having two rear wheels, or a toy cart. The original tricycle was a velocipede having two wheels on one axle, between which the driver sat on a seat, and one in front for a guiding wheel; having a socket head for the fork, and a tiller by which the rider steered with his hands, while with his feet, on treadles operating the two rear wheels, he propelled his carriage. But though one might say in general terms that a tricycle is a velocipede having three wheels on the ground, propelled by the feet and guided by the hands of a rider who sits between two of the wheels, and behind or before but not astride of the other, yet it is true, as observed in my last paper under this head, that there is great diversity in details of construction of tricycles. For instance, to refer to another English tricycle which has reached this market, the Challenge Tricycle No. 1, made by Singer & Co., of Coventry, has one driving wheel constructed just like a bicycle wheel (42-inch for ladies, and 46, 48, or 50-inch for gentlemen), with oppositely projecting cranks to its fixed axle, whereon instead of pedals are pivoted connecting rods to lever treadles. This driving wheel forms the rear of the machine, and is connected by a framework to two smaller wheels in front thirty-six inches apart, taking bearings in forks, above which are swivel heads, each with a short bent handle by which the rider, sitting immediately in front of the driving wheel and propelling with his feet on the treadle levers between these front wheels, steers with his hands. These two steer-

ing wheels are connected by jointed rods, and both turn at the same time and to the same extent; and they are also so held in the jointed frame that they may be adjusted inwards toward each other, and the plane of the driving wheel extended, until the width of the machine is but twenty-two inches. This "folding" of the machine to a narrower width is to enable it to be taken through any doorway. The weight and price of this tricycle are about the same as of the Excelsior or Harvard.

The same English firm also makes a "double tricycle," with two seats and two pairs of pedals, between two large driving wheels, and a small steering wheel in front. The pedals are on double cranked axles, and the power is converted and transmitted by toothed wheels and endless chains. It must be very jolly for a lady and gentleman, and costs but about one third more than the Challenge No. 2. This latter is a single tricycle, better in some respects than the No. 1, though less expensive; and I propose to describe it, with the aid of a cut, in a future paper. Meanwhile I may mention that the Pope Manufacturing Company furnish Singer & Co.'s machines for the American market, and that the Challenge Tricycle No. 2 is a lively competitor of the Harvard, which is provided by Cunningham & Co. It may also be noted in passing that Singer & Co. make an excellent alleged "hand tricycle" for those who cannot use the feet. But with all due respect for the makers I beg to say that a three-wheeled carriage constructed to be propelled by hand is not a *tricycle*, nor a velocipede either, properly speaking; it is a manumotive carriage, — a *voiture de malade*.

But that reminds me of an American device described in a circular sent me not long since. I ought to begin on American tricycles with something easy and simple, and lead up to the wonderful; but this "old arm rocking chair" movement combination manupedimotive vertibristering thirty-mile-an-hour *voiture de Giles* of Chicago is truly fascinating.

"The QUICK SPEED," says the circular, "is operated by the hands and feet, giving nearly double the power of that obtained in the bicycle." Well, as a man gets for power in the latter all he can weigh and lift and pull and kick, (that is about all the power a man has), it would seem that the Quick Speed, in "giving nearly double the power," imparts power to the rider, which *is* a novelty in mechanics. It has two 48-inch wheels in front, and a smaller one some distance behind them, swivelled and connected by a reach and framework bearing a seat between the forward wheels. The wheels are of wood, or of steel wire, as preferred, and the framework is of "cast steel." "The steering is effected easily and gracefully by a slight swaying of the body of the rider," especially pleasant and safe on a rough road or down grade, or at a high rate of speed! Another opportunity for "swaying of the body" is af-

forded by the method of propulsion. The forward axle is bent to form four cranks, two of which are operated by levers connected with a foot-bar or treadle, and two of which are connected by rods to the middle of two levers for the hands. If you push with the feet and pull with the hands at the same time, you come to a stop; if alternately, then you lean forward to operate the treadle, then lean backward to pull on the handles, and so on, doubling and straightening like a boy with acute stomach-ache. For narrow-gauge it is forty-five inches wide, but the usual width is same as that of a street-car track. But the "speed" is a remarkable part of it. Mr. Giles's circular runs almost as swiftly: "A good operator will readily ride it at the rate of thirty miles an hour; and even faster speed is said to have been made on smooth roads." Well, that is "quick speed!" — 24,720 backward and forward lunges an hour, or nearly seven belly-aches a second! — to say nothing of the "swaying movements" from side to side in steering! I should like to meet that "good operator." I should like to ask if the breeze was n't invigorating. Really, Mr. Giles, did you ever attempt to ride *anything* against a wind of thirty miles an hour, or to *stand up*, even, against such a gale?

If the Quick Speed is a blizzard for speed it is also a "high-low-jack-and-the game" for patented protection.

Mr. Giles says: "We have five patents on the Quick Speed of our own invention; but to protect ourselves *broadly* and perfectly, we bought up fifty-eight different patents from the inventors"; and further, "we claim that it is impossible to invent a three or four wheel vehicle, (to be operated by man-power), and that it is of great merit, without infringing upon one or more of our sixty-three patents."

It has been difficult for some time to invent anything new in these vehicles, so many have been built and described and patented in the last hundred years; and now it will be no use to invent, for Mr. Giles, with those sixty-three patents and a gait of thirty miles an hour, holds the field.

There are some others making an effort to meet the American demand for tricycles, however; and in a future paper I shall try to describe some of them.

C. E. P.

THE STANLEY BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE SHOW (ENGLAND).

Editor of Bicycling World and Archery Field: — A grand show of bicycles and tricycles (designated the Stanley) of the different makers in England was held in the Town Hall, Holborn, London, yesterday, and will be continued to-day and to-morrow.

The sight was pretty indeed. Some special features of the show were the exhibition of a "Dandy Horse," of 1825, or thereabouts, and a French machine of a very peculiar shape. Let those people

that long for the olden days see the class of machine in use then, and compare with those now used; and if they be bicyclists, I think they will readily agree that the present is as good, if not a better age to live in than the past was.

Bicycles and tricycles of three hundred different kinds were exhibited, among the principal being found the following: —

Messrs. Hickling & Co., of London, — "London," "Timberlake," "Pilot," and "Berkshire." This firm is notorious for its *really* good machines.

Stanley & Sutton, of Coventry, show some well-finished "Meteors." Some machines, which I think are popular in America, called "Invincibles," were shown by the Surrey Machinist Company, of the Borough.

J. Stassen, whose machines are called after himself, showed some roadsters.

Goy, the well-known athletic outfitter, was well to the fore.

Gorton, of Wolverhampton, shows some cheap-rate machines which are good.

Hillman, Herbert & Cooper show some A 1 machines, notably their "D. H. F." (Double Hollow Forks), and too much cannot be said in favor of these machines.

It is impossible to particularize every machine; but among the remainder the following deserve mention: "Coventry," "Marriott," "Special Club," and a ladies' tricycle called, not inappropriately, the "Matrimony," made by J. Sparrow, of Brompton Road, London.

The executive and honorary secretary are deserving of great praise for the pains they must have taken to make the affair a success.

C. LOCKYER.

A WORD FOR THE TRICYCLE.

"We are not quite sure what a 'tricycle' is, but are charmed to hear that Queen Victoria was lately so struck by the rapidity with which a lady was propelling one along the Ventnor Road, in the Isle of Wight, that she has ordered one of the same sort to Osborne for the good of the younger princesses. From this we may hazard the guess that the 'tricycle' is a bicycle with a side-saddle attachment; but whatever it may be in substance, we may be sure, from its name and the royal favor, that all good church and state men — and women — will quickly become persuaded that a 'tricycle' is what no well-ordered household can decorously be without."

The above is clipped from the editorial columns of the New York *Evening Post*, which has heretofore only grumbled, and sometimes most unbecomingly, at the bicyclist. We find there is a great change in tone with the press generally, as the interest in the wheel is spreading so rapidly; and we do not doubt the prediction that ere long every "well-ordered household" will possess not only a tricycle, but a bicycle also. R.

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.

CONSULS for League of American Wheelmen of West Pennsylvania:—

Pittsburg.—O. H. Allerton, Jr., East End Stock Yards, residence Hiland avenue, E. E.; Thomas L. Owen, Eliza Furnace, residence Hazelwood, 2d avenue; Charles E. Wilson, 49 5th avenue, residence Lawrenceville, 46th street.

Franklin.—David D. Grant, postmaster, residence 16th street.

Johnstown.—George W. Hamilton, Cambria Iron Company, residence 129 Lincoln street.

Williamsport.—Jo. Schneider, residence No. 32 Willow street.

Respectfully submitted,

E. I. WARING, *Director.*

A SPECIAL meeting of the Board of Officers L. A. W. has been called by President Pratt, to be held at eight o'clock P. M., on Saturday evening, 19 March, at 40 Providence street (B. and M. Bi. C. headquarters), in Boston. This will be an important meeting, as the question of where to hold the May Meet will be decided, and some other matters of interest will be transacted. This will probably make an April meeting unnecessary. All directors and officers who can possibly be there should be present, and those

who cannot be there should correspond with the corresponding secretary before that date. It is expected that an adjournment may be taken that evening, if necessary, to the following day.

Per order,

A. S. PARSONS,
Corresponding Secretary.

DIRECTORS OF THE L. A. W. are earnestly desired to send in names of consuls as rapidly as possible. The season for riding is now at hand, and it is very essential that consuls be appointed and enter upon their duties at once.

BICYCLE CLUBS not now members of the League should give the matter early attention, and those that have joined should report new names at an early date.

THE SENTIMENT IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. Editor:—I have just received a letter from the secretary of the Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, D. C. It is so different in tone from that of "Romain" in your issue of 25 February, that I beg leave to give its substance to your readers.

The club still think Washington a most desirable place for the Meet, but as so much opposition has been expressed, have determined to say no more about it. They prefer to give up rather than run any risk of injuring the League. This sentiment is strongly expressed.

As between New York and Boston they prefer the latter city for the next Meet, fearing that the long distance from the railroad stations to any possible meeting place, and the great inconvenience and expense of moving bicycles so far by hand or express wagons, would seriously affect the success of the meeting and parade. The club will, however, cheerfully submit to the decision of the majority, and do all it can for the benefit of the League.

My correspondent adds, that in Washington there is no question of city transportation of bicycles to be considered. Machines can be stored, if desired, close to either depot, and the procession could start from the same neighborhood, or from any central point, without the least inconvenience to riders. Parades can be made through all parts of the city, with no fear of rough riding or interference from business or other cause.

Last Friday the club had a run of fifteen miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes, with twenty-six machines in line.

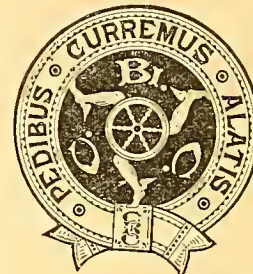
I think I know enough of the sentiment of the Arlington Club of Washington to assume that they would indorse the above sentiments with respect to the Meet, and will be found unselfish and loyal to the L. A. W., even if they do think Washington more desirable than New York for a place of meeting. H.

OUR next issue is upon the day appointed for the special meeting of the L. A. W. officers; writers upon the question of the Meet will therefore have but one more chance.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

CHICAGO NOTES.

AMONG the few trifles which tend to put a "gilt edge" on a bicycle club, I think the badge the most important. It serves



to identify members with their "calling"; and if gotten up in elegant shape, and of handsome and tasty design, leads outsiders and the unattached to have a species of respect for the organization, of

which this is the symbol.

I present herewith the badge of the Chicago Bi. C., the design of our esteemed honorary member, Edwin Lee Brown, Esq., the father of one of our 58-inch young men who help fill the active ranks. The badge is gotten up on a gold plate, with background of black enamel, and has just Latin enough to be ornamental as well as useful.

Would it not be an excellent plan for clubs to attach *fac-similes* of their badge to their machines? This could be done by the wax and acid process of etching, and would look very handsome. In this way the identity of machines, as well as riders, is readily established.

Bicycling in Chicago is three feet under snow, and therefore wheel matters are dull. The centre of attraction is now at Fairfield's, where a large invoice of elegant, all-bright, direct-spoke "Premiers" has just arrived from Coventry, among which many of our members will find their special orders, the result of a year's experience in wheelmanship.

It will be safe to say that by the opening of the season scarcely a member of the C. Bi. C. will be riding the same machine used last summer, and nearly all traces of the "greenness" incident to amateurism will be effaced. This change is due in great measure to members getting wheels that were too small for them in the first place. There is also a disposition to get better machines, and I will also mention that there is a universal disgust for cone bearings. Inside of one year several of our members have changed machines three times, in each instance getting from one to two sizes larger; and one who started at the foot a year ago with a 46-inch is now towering aloft on a 54.

The worst misfortune that can befall a club is to have its members undersized. In fact, a man mounted on a bone-shaker of the most primitive pattern is infinitely more graceful than a badly undersized bicyclist; yet it is only six months ago that I was persuading myself that my 50-inch was too large for me, and now I ride a 54-inch wheel with perfect comfort. The experience of the C. Bi. C.

during the past season will redound to its benefit this year, and we will "company front" with a square, military trim, nearly every man with a maximum wheel, fitting like a glove, the average of which is now above 54 inches; and it is our captain's special lookout that prospective members shall not lower this showing.

STENO.

ÆOLUS CLUB.—The necessity of a second club in Worcester has been apparent for some time; but there has been no one willing to take the lead in establishing it. Recently, however, a half-dozen gentlemen resigned from the Worcester club and formed a new organization, called the Æolus Wheel Club. It was done with good feeling prevailing among all. The officers of the new club are: F. W. Blacker, president; Steve E. Green, vice-president; George H. Murray, secretary and treasurer; Theo. P. Brown, captain; Frank E. Estabrook, first lieutenant; George A. Bigelow, second lieutenant.

This club has already some fifteen members.

PHILADELPHIA BI. C.—*Editor Bicycling World*:—At a stated meeting of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, held 8 February, 1881, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, While the members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club would prefer Washington as a place of meeting for the L. A. W. in May, 1881, they are of the opinion that the best interests of wheelmen would be served by holding the meet at New York, believing that a larger attendance could be had by meeting there; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the League of American Wheelmen. Yours truly,

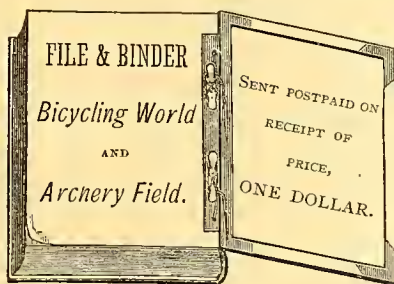
H. A. BLAKISTON, *Sec'y P. Bi. C.*

PHILADELPHIA, 13 February, 1881.

BOSTON BI. CLUB.—At the two monthly meetings of this club, held on Monday evening 7th inst., there were two new members admitted,—Thomas H. Wakefield, Esq., and ———. Amendments to the by-laws were ratified, limiting the active membership of the club to 60 members, and raising the quarterly dues to \$2.00. The uniform committee was authorized to contract for costumes.

THE HARVARD BI. CLUB second annual dinner was held at Young's Hotel, on the evening of 7 March, and was very enjoyable and successful. It is indeed noticeable that these annual dinners of wheel clubs grow better and better in each succeeding year. The Harvard Bicycle Club has a present membership of 135, has a hall in which to keep up some winter practice, and is stronger in interest than it has ever been before. It will be heard of during the coming season in several ways. At this dinner, about thirty-five members participated, representing all the four academic classes, the Scientific School, and the Bussey Institute; a fine, manly company it was, and all

in faultless evening dress, and in the best of humor. They gathered at 7.30, and at about eight o'clock began to peruse a dainty special bill of fare, and test its merits. There was an unturned plate for President Pratt, of the Boston Bi. C., L. A. W., etc., but no guest, until Mr. Pratt appeared shortly after nine o'clock. He was received with a double round of hearty Harvard cheers, and the warmth of his welcome was continued all through the evening, as he joined in the speaking; his references to inter-college contests and the need of this club in the League of American Wheelmen were heartily responded to. President Sturgis, Secretary Thorndike, Captain Taylor, Ex-Secretary Storer, and many others created much enthusiasm with their remarks. Toasts were eloquently responded to and wittily proposed, and the accomplished chorister and his musical confreres made much mirth, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion with songs and choruses. Soon after twelve o'clock the gentlemen dispersed, and the other hundred who missed the opportunity will have to wait a year at least for another like it.



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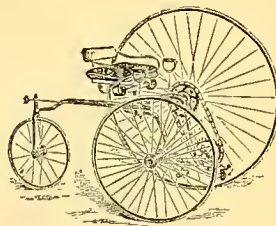
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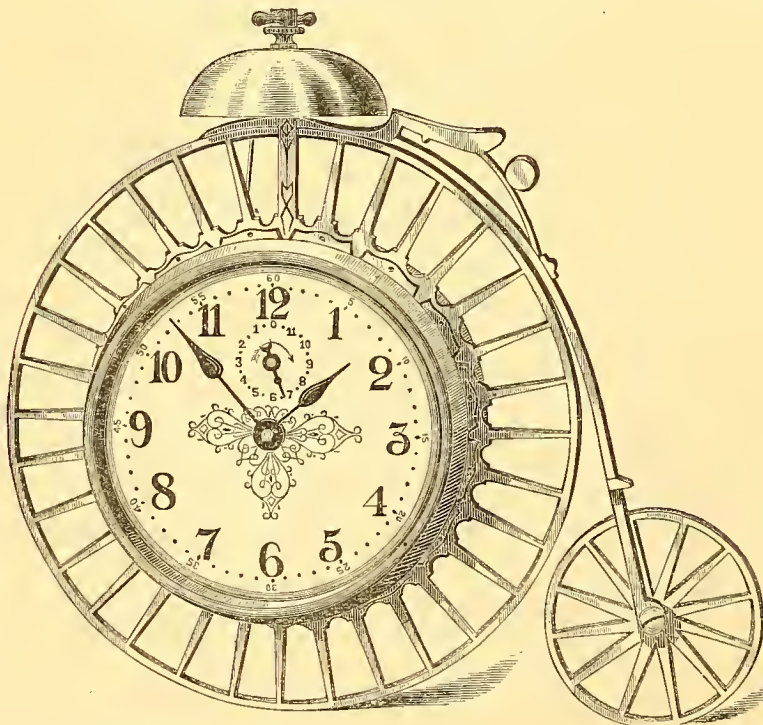
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