

THE Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

Published Weekly. 8 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

William S. Gilman, Editor.

G. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors.

\$2.00 a Year.
10s. Foreign.
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 17 FEBRUARY, 1882.

Volume IV.
Number 15.

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CURRENTS CALAMO

THE Louisville streets are n't big enough for its bicyclers now.

DID the extra weight of the Chicago shoes have anything to do with it?

THE round rubber tire for bicycles was invented in 1859, by an American, and in this country.

THE Chicagoans showed some pretty big feet, but not so big as the feat of the Louisvillians.

THE Nashua Wheel Club has issued a neat card, containing its constitution and its organization for 1882.

MILWAUKEE wheelmen are emerging from the ice and snow of winter, and the streets will soon be lively with wheelmen again.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company scores another one against the D. H. F. Premier. Louise Armaindo rode a Special Columbia.

MR. WILMOT *did* ride his bicycle through the streets of Boston on the same days, and the next days after the two great snow-storms.

THE Chicago bicyclists during the greater part of last week had beautiful weather, and the best wheeling ever known in that city — they say.

W. O. FAULKNER, of Lynn, writes us that he has a record of two miles in 6m. 31s, and that he intends to purchase a 54-inch racer, and try to meet Corey on the race track next summer.

SEE Mr. Prince's bold challenges to the professionals in another column. Mr. Prince will also, at the proper time, attend to John Keen's recently published challenge for a race next fall.

WE do not keep on hand copies of the Christmas *Cyclist*, and those desiring it should send direct to the office of publication; nor do we furnish specimen copies of any foreign periodical.

"MISFORTUNES never come singly." The Chicago Club, it is said, pledged themselves to ride nothing but "bone-shakers" for a month, if their men were beaten by the Louisville team, — and now they are in for it.

DIRECTOR E. J. WARING, of Pittsburg, has been visiting in Boston during a part of last and the present week, and gave us the pleasure of an hour's chat or so in our office. He also indulged in bicycling at the Institute rink. He meditates engaging in business in the East.

THOSE wide-awake and genial wheelmen, Messrs. Hill and Tolman, of Worcester, have removed their place of business to new and spacious rooms in Hall's Block, on Front Street, in that city. Their increased facilities will enable

them to supply wheelmen's needs even better than before, and visiting bicyclers, when in that city, should not fail to call and see them, as they are always cordially willing to give any information respecting roads and hotels.

THE excellent report, by "Ledger," of the Louisville races, which we publish this week, is official, and may be relied upon as correct. The previous report, giving the time of Miller's twentieth mile as 3m. 2s., was erroneous. The track was too small and had two many posts in the way to permit of such fast time. The Kentucky Bicycle Club took full charge of the races, appointing judges, timers, and scorers. We are indebted to Messrs. Owen and Schimpeler, of the club, for these details of information.

THE Bicycle Touring Club has rescinded its vote of expulsion of A. H. Llewellyn Winter, he having ceased to be a member at the time that action was taken. At the same meeting, held in Portsmouth, 21 January, a resolution of thanks was passed to Mr. Ernest R. Shipton for the excellent manner in which he had conducted the *Monthly Gazette*, as its editor, during the past five months, and he was reappointed, subject to his consent, to serve for the twelve months next ensuing. He reserved his decision.

WE mentioned in a former issue a case wherein Mr. A. A. Ballard, of Brighton, a member of the L. A. W., was run down by a two-horse team, under circumstances which led to the belief that it was a case of malicious assault. Through the mediation of Mr. Charles E. Pratt, the case has been settled, Mr. Stearns paying damages and apologizing for some very strong expressions used at the time. The good effects of this acknowledgment of rights of bicyclers cannot be overestimated, and it is hoped many more such cases will be taken up.

MESSRS. FAIRFIELD & TAYLOR, of Chicago, write us that they withdrew their advertisement of the McDonnell cyclometer because it brought them a larger number of orders than they are at present prepared to fill. In response to a query by us they explain the principle of construction, which certainly seems simple enough, and if properly put together it ought to record accurately. Mr. Taylor has run one on his wheel over 1,000 miles, and has carefully watched it, and it has thus far worked well. Two instruments ran evenly on the same wheel together for 100 miles, when they were taken off.

MR. CHAS. R. PERCIVAL's new illustrated catalogue of English and American bicycles and tricycles is an excellent thing to have for handy reference respecting machines and prices. It contains twenty pages, and describes and pictures many of the best makes in the world, besides giving, with prices and illustrations, a list of all the various parts separately; also, all sundries and conveniences for racing, pleasure riding, and touring. Mr. Percival is the agent for nearly all the

leading English manufacturers, and can supply any make of bicycle or tricycle, or furnish any or all the parts separately. Send to his address as per advertisement on our last page, and get their catalogue.

THE following paragraph is going the rounds of the press: "Minnie Madden and Grace Crary, Illinois girls of eighteen and nineteen, are making a tour of the West on bicycles. They started early in the fall, and when cold weather set in at the North, they had reached Texas. They are not doing it for show purposes, but for health and diversion. A man servant attends them, and they carry a small quantity of baggage, their trunks being sent ahead by express. They intend to cross the country to Florida by spring, and then move up along the coast." This story is possibly true, but if the word "tricycles" were substituted for "bicycles" it would make it probably true.

Small Wheel Splashes.

THE small wheel rebels. It demands a hearing. It is content to be kept in the background, but it will not be ignored. It knows its power, for when the small wheel rises over the handles goes Mr. Bicycler. The small wheel is not garrulous, for its spokes are few. From its position in the rear, it sees much that escapes the notice of the advance guard. Will you hear me? Hark!

AND now come they who would put me in front. Real estate is a good thing to have, but we think it out of place when it blows in our eyes on a dusty day. I am seen at my best in my proper place. I never did think much of astronomy, and I don't enjoy sailing round the moon.

THOUGH the old saw, "Trust not to appearances," has a great deal of force, still, much prejudice against bicyclers is disarmed by those who clothe themselves in neat apparel, whether it be a uniform or not. The world does not like a slouch, and many unthinking persons charge the wheel with a trespass against good taste which really belongs to the individual.

BICYCLERS should learn to keep their mouths shut. We do not mean by this to restrain them from conversation; but if they breathe through the nose they can ride faster, and for a greater length of time with less fatigue, than when taking air to their lungs through the mouth.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

Editor Bicycling World: — Last summer, four wheelmen arrived in this city and registered at their hotel as Biglow, Higgins, Hill, and Jones, of Worcester; I noticed the machines, one of which I liked very much, part nickel, and the remainder red paint. Will one of the gentlemen be kind enough to enlighten a brother wheelman as to just the amount nickelled, and the part painted? ELLSWORTH.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., 10 February, 1882.

Editor Bicycling World: — If "41" will send an address through which he may be reached to 41 Joy street, Boston, Mass., he can be supplied with the information he desires. LEICESTER.

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 paraphrasing. 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, 17 FEBRUARY, 1882.

L. A. W. MEMBERSHIP.

As the time for the annual meeting of the L. A. W. approaches, we feel constrained to again revert to the subject of League membership, trusting that the need of some revision of the present rules of admission and retention of members will be apparent. We have already pointed out what we consider an element of weakness in the present method of quietly "dropping" from the roll the names of those who do not renew membership within twenty days after the expiration of the previous term. While possibly some of these fail to renew purposely, because of dissatisfaction or on the ground of needless expense, it is very probable that the many are delinquent from indolent indifference, and the distance, geographical and social, between themselves and the League secretary. Now, notwithstanding this dissatisfaction or indifference, whether they realize it or not, all bicyclers have an

interest, indirectly if not directly, in the League, and ought to give it both moral and financial support in order to insure its greater efficiency in furthering its stated objects. The League needs their support also, even though given grudgingly or indifferently, just as a municipality needs the greatest numerical and financial support of the community. And what is the best way to secure it? Like trade and public amusements, by sensational announcements of its virtues, and frequent race meetings and parades? These latter are expensive, and without them the former would become monotonous. There is a method, however, which we think would go far towards solving the problem. Without abolishing the rule admitting unattached riders, let there be nominally and practically League clubs. That is, when a regularly organized club submits its entire active membership for admittance, and it is admitted in accordance with Article 3 of the Constitution, it becomes a League club, and each additional rider joining the club must become, also, a member of the League, and shall be admitted on the same terms as the original club members, at one half the rates for unattached riders; the club thenceforth to be responsible to the League for the annual *per capita* dues of its active membership. This would be beneficial, in several ways, to both the League and the club. It would relieve the League secretary of much of the work now incidental to his office, and the League of considerable expense for stationery and postage in notifying individuals of admissions and fees due, as it would be only necessary to communicate such matters to the club secretary; nor would it add greatly to the labors of the latter, who would collect the League dues with club assessments. This would, besides, secure the more prompt payment of League dues; because not only would the club secretary be in immediate personal communication with the member but he would have the additional incentive of securing his club treasury against loss through the member's delinquency. It would also tend to secure the permanency of membership to the League, because no member could withdraw without forfeiting his club membership also. The club would be benefited to some extent, because the prudent rider meditating joining the League would be induced to join the local organization to secure the saving of

fifty per cent on the first investment; and it would receive a certain dignity and moral weight in its own community as a League club, in comparison with unattached clubs, in pretty much the same degree as the club wheelman is socially superior to the unattached rider. Perhaps a solution of the sectional dissatisfaction with the League might also be arrived at, by allowing the League club a representation in the national organization, either as a club or according to the number of its members, or both; and this in turn would be an additional inducement to clubs to join the League. We commend all these suggestions to the careful consideration of the directors and members, and hope that if it is not deemed advisable to adopt them, or any of them, they may at least lead to some well-devised plan to bring about the desired result.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

A Staten Islander's Tour.

Editor Bicycling World:—In the early part of last August I started from New York upon a triangular tour, the remote angles of which rested upon the cities of Poughkeepsie and New Haven. A worse time could hardly have been chosen; for the majority of roads had but recently been repaired, and this, together with the long-continued drought, rendered them for bicycular purposes wellnigh impassable.

The non-delivery of my bicycle caused a delay of five hours at headquarters; but the express company to which it had been intrusted finally deigned to deliver it, and at three o'clock P.M. I said good by to the gentlemen in whose pleasant company I had passed the afternoon, and mounting my machine, was fairly started upon my journey of two hundred and thirty miles. The ride to Yonkers was uneventful; but the great heat and worse dust rendered progress so slow that darkness overtook me at Hastings, and the distance from this place to Tarrytown, where I spent the night, was made by rail.

Friday. Started at 8.30 for Lake Mahopac. For over a mile a smooth, hard macadam gave promise of a fine day's run; but at Beekmantown, where the post road takes a sudden turn to the left for Sing Sing, sand and dust were encountered, and whatever riding I accomplished was done on the foot paths. Pocantico Bridge was passed, recalling the legend of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman. I involuntarily looked over my shoulder into the woods to see if some spectral denizen of its shades were not ready to follow me. Walking up the hill, I rested awhile upon its summit, admiring the beautiful panorama of the Hudson stretched out before me. Be-

hind lay Sleepy Hollow cemetery, with its old Dutch church, whose quiet dignity recalled the days of Patroons. Behind the receiving vault is still to be seen the remains of the breastworks thrown up when "the British" were spreading consternation through the river counties from New York to Ticonderoga. Sing Sing was reached as the town clocks were striking ten. Stopping at a small hotel opposite the post-office, egg and milk was ordered; but the egg, unfortunately, had been carefully boiled by my intelligent host. I can't recommend the new drink. Leaving Sing Sing, I steered northeast over a hilly and stony road much the worse for wear; but in proportion as the road was bad the scenery was beautiful, and of a wildly picturesque description. It was well worth all the walking and discomforts of the trip. As Croton Lake was approached the scenery grew less wild, but none the less beautiful. Some distance before reaching the lake I had stopped at an old inn at Merri't's Corners, the solidity of which afforded a striking contrast to the majority of the houses I had passed. It was built over eighty years ago, of immense blocks of the trap rock which abounds here, and was in its time the principal tavern on the old New York and Danbury turnpike. Dinner was taken at Pines Bridge on Croton Lake. The remainder of the day's journey was over a hilly, stony, but not uninteresting country to Lake Mahopac, where at Thompson's Hotel I stopped for the night, and which, though rather steep in its charges, I can cheerfully recommend to any bicyclist who wishes to visit that charming region.

Saturday. Left Lake Mahopac at seven o'clock. My route from here lay through a hilly and rather desolate country, to the Croton storage reservoir, where I stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. The scenery here is the most beautiful I have yet seen. The reservoir is a deep natural hollow between thickly wooded hills, the natural opening at the foot being closed by an immense dam over thirty feet in height. As the water is simply the surface drainage from surrounding hills, and is kept merely as a reserve, it becomes somewhat stagnant. To restore its supply of oxygen it is led under the dam by five large iron pipes, and is by them thrown into the air. Five spouts of water, each thirty feet high and fourteen inches in diameter, is a sight not to be witnessed every day, and once seen not soon forgotten. The road around this reservoir, for which the citizens of New York City are taxed, is smooth as a billiard table, and about the only decent one in Putnam County. From here the road lay through woods and over the Shenandoah Mountain, and was bad beyond all power of expression. On some parts of the mountain road I had to shove my machine before me with both hands. Perhaps some of my readers have ridden down that mountain; I am willing to confess that it was a feat which I did not care to attempt. From the village of Shenan-

doah to Fishkill, the roads were all that could have been desired, and the last five miles of the day were the most enjoyable of my trip.

Monday. Sunday night's rain prevented a departure from Fishkill before nine o'clock. Taking the north road, I passed through a swamp, known, I believe, as the "Green Fly." After leaving this execrable strip of road, I had tolerably fair riding to Wappinger's Falls, whose sidewalks I remember with hearty approval. From here to Poughkeepsie the road was smooth and hard, and afforded some short but exciting coasting. After obtaining from the hotel clerk at Poughkeepsie some information as to the roads, at 11.30 I struck out through Main street. After reaching the city limits, a frightfully bad toll road—over which, however, I was passed free—brought me to the village of Pleasant Valley, where I had dinner. From here to Washington Hollow the road was much better. At the latter place I took the "left-hand pike," according to direction, passed through the hamlets of Four Corners, Mechanics, and Little Rest, and towards evening struck what our Dutch ancestors would have called a clove road, rough but ridable; half way down a hill at the end of which, the white church tower at Dover Plains suddenly appeared. The village lies at the right of a green plain, hedged in on every side by the hills and forests; and seeing it as I did just as daylight was disappearing behind the mountains, was indescribably quiet and beautiful. Entering the town, I dismounted at the Dover Plains Hotel, which, by the way, would be an excellent one for insertion in the new League Hand-Book.

Tuesday. Left Dover Plains at six o'clock. A little distance from the village an old barn was passed, the gable end of which, pointing towards the street, contained a number of red cows done on a white ground, with a brown dog and two men in black; below it was the legend, "A free conscience void of offence." At South Dover the increasing number of rocks gave evidence of my approach to the Connecticut line; which point, marked by a large boulder on each side of the road, was soon reached. Here my troubles commenced in earnest: for between the sand and rocks there was little to choose. Arrived at Gaylord's Bridge, a short rest was taken; from here to New Milford every inch of the way had to be walked. And just here let me enter my protest against the route marked "No. 66" in Pratt's "American Bicyclist." A worse one could not have been chosen than that between Gaylord's Bridge and New Milford. New Milford is a characteristic New England town, with its one main street divided by a broad grass strip and double row of elms. A poor dinner at a bad hotel did not tend to improve my humor. I must say that a stupider crowd than I met at that hotel, it has never been my misfortune to find equalled. None of them seemed to know

much about the roads, and the one finally decided upon by those whose opinion seemed of most weight proved to be the worst I could have taken. The scenery of the Housatonic Valley is pretty but monotonous. Down the greater part of its length you have the river on one hand and the sandy tobacco farms on the other, hemmed in by thickly wooded granitic hills. Striking back from the river through a painfully desolate country, I at last reached Newtown, where a halt was made for the night.

Wednesday. To-day's ride was but a repetition of yesterday's, dreary and tiresome. Reached New Haven tired and disgusted. The opening of the term at Yale was celebrated by a rush, accompanied by what Gil Blas would have described as "a symphony of deafening clangor, but very doubtful harmony." At supper I had noticed a very good-looking little Freshman neatly attired in a lawn-tennis suit, being coached in the science of rushing by two Juniors. At about twelve o'clock I heard a gentle tap upon the door next to my own, and a feminine voice whispered, "O Nellie, Nellie, Harry has come home with nothing on but his pants!" Only such of the readers of the WORLD as have been raked fore and aft by a Sophomoric paw can properly appreciate this little episode.

Thursday. Left the New Haven House at 6 A. M., and the road, which I should judge was none too good at its best, was now frightful. Reached Norwalk at 1.30 and took dinner, having come from New Haven with but a single rest of seven minutes. Left Norwalk at two o'clock, and with the help of a strong east wind, reached Stamford at four o'clock.

Friday. Left Stamford at ten o'clock, and reached New York by way of the Southern Boulevard late in the afternoon, having met with no incident worthy of mention.

I started upon this trip with the intention of testing the bicycle as a practical road vehicle, taking in all cases the nearest road and not choosing the best. All things considered, I think I should take my bicycle on any road where I knew that half of the distance would have to be walked; for even at that rate, progress would be faster than by tramping the whole way. Shoving the machine I have found not nearly so laborious as one would suppose, except in the case of high and long hills. I had not the pleasure of meeting a single bicyclist during my entire trip; I had not expected to see any through the country, but was a little surprised at finding none in the towns. My next run of this kind will probably be from Bangor, Me., to Lake George.

"B.'s" BUGLE.

RACES

Louisville Bicycle Tournament.

THE four-days' bicycle tournament, under the management of Prof. F. S.

Rollinson, of Chicago, was opened at the Exposition Building, Thursday evening, 2 February, with a fair attendance. Eight picked men from the Kentucky Bicycle Club, under command of Capt Henry Schimpeler, gave a fancy drill, which was well executed and gained hearty applause. Next in order, a one-mile dash for boys under fifteen years; won in 5 10. Following this, a three-mile race between Mlle. Armaindo and Thomas Eck; won by the former. Prof. Rollinson gave an illustration of an awkward beginner, which was very amusing. Logan Whitney was the winner of the slow race. In conclusion, a five-mile amateur race between Messrs. Clarence Jenkins, Louis Welle, and George and Will. T. Francke, was won by the latter in 21m., with Welle a good second. This event was somewhat marred by George Franke striking a post on the second lap, which disabled him, and Clarence Jenkins getting a violent pain in his side, which obliged him to leave the track on the fourth mile, after having led a hot pace from the start.

The second evening of the tournament was greeted with a larger audience. The first on the programme, a boys' race, was more exciting than the one of the previous evening and made in better time, 4m. 25s. Messrs. Charles Jenkins and William T. Francke followed in fancy riding, and did their difficult tricks in a neat manner, eliciting great applause. To close the entertainment was the twenty-five-mile race between Mlle. Armaindo and Prof. Rollinson, the lady having four miles the start. On his thirteenth mile Rollinson had gained two miles; but after that the lady surprised everybody by increasing her pace, making it only possible for Rollinson to gain another half-mile before she finished her twenty-first mile in 1h. 34m.

The third evening, 4 February, was the best of the tournament, both in attendance and attraction. Before the contestants of the fifty-mile inter-club race between Chicago and Louisville appeared on the track, Master Louis Francke, a boy ten years of age, gave an exhibition of skilful fancy riding. About 7.30 o'clock the Chicago team, composed of Messrs. L. W. Conkling and T. S. Miller, made its appearance; soon to be followed by the Louisville team, Messrs. Charles Jenkins and Henry Schimpeler. After making a circuit of the track, which has eight laps to the mile, the contestants were given their places, and sent off promptly at 7.55. Conkling took the lead, Jenkins second, Schimpeler third, and Miller last, which position they maintained until the eleventh mile, when Jenkins led. On the thirteenth mile the pace was quickened, with Miller first, Jenkins second, Conkling third, and Schimpeler riding easy. On the sixteenth mile Jenkins took the lead, holding it for a mile, when Conkling again pushed ahead. By this time the pace began to tell, and the nineteenth mile found Jenkins in the lead, Miller second,

and Conkling third. Schimpeler, who had been playing a waiting race, and four laps behind the leader, had just passed Conkling on the twenty-third mile and was coming at a very fast pace, when he struck a spectator who was trying to cross the track, giving the rider a terrible fall and "buckling" his wheel. Nothing daunted, Schimpeler mounted another machine, but shortly after resumed his own. By this mishap he lost three laps; and before he got over the shock, Jenkins, who was leading the others, was nine laps ahead of him. On the twenty-ninth mile Schimpeler took third place, second place on the fortieth, and after that commenced to close in on the leader, but to no avail, as Jenkins had too much of a start, and finished two and a half laps ahead. After completing forty-three miles seven laps, Conkling withdrew; Miller had completed forty-seven miles seven laps at finish. In order to secure an official record, a committee of the Kentucky Bicycle Club appointed Messrs. F. Lammond and Orville Anderson, judges; Capt. C. W. Fowler, A. S. Dietzman, Henry Haupt, and Charles Schimpeler, scorers; Horace Beddo and A. A. Bauman, timers; Carl Siebrecht and Morton Howell, jointly, as referees. The official time for the first five miles was 21m. 31s.; ten miles, 42m. 53s.; fifteen miles, 1h. 2m. 46s.; twenty miles, 1h. 23m. 42s.; twenty-five miles, 1h. 42m. 22s.; thirty miles, 2h. 2m. 46s.; thirty-five miles, 2h. 23m. 12s.; forty miles, 2h. 43m. 45s.; forty-five miles, 3h. 4m. 55s.; fifty miles, 3h. 25m. 38s. by Charles Jenkins, and 3h. 26m. 43s. by Henry Schimpeler. Only the leader's time was kept officially. Some very good single miles were made. Conkling rode a 60-inch and Miller a 57-in. D. H. F. Premier; Jenkins rode Prof. Rollinson's 54-inch D. H. F. Premier, and Henry Schimpeler a 58-inch special-make Harvard, — a prize won at Nashville, Tenn., last spring.

The fourth day of the tournament closed Monday evening, 6 February, with a complimentary benefit to Prof. Rollinson. The programme for the evening consisted of a boys' race for one mile, won in 4m. 29s.; a slow race, won by Logan Whitney, who is quite an expert in this style of riding; difficult double riding, in which the winner of the fifty-mile race took part; a two-mile dash, with three entries, won by W. G. Crawford in 7m. 47s., Logan Whitney lapping his wheel in 7m. 47½, and Henry Haupt a good third; a three-mile race against time by Prof. Rollinson, and a repetition of his "awkward beginner" act, closed a successful tournament. A grand bicycle event for the coming spring fair is already under consideration, and we trust the Fair Association will offer valuable prizes, to induce first-class amateur racers to come here. LEDGER.

LAMSON'S League badges take at sight. Call at our office, No. 8 Pemberton Square, and see them.

The President's Dinner.

ONE night at the club, near the close of a session, The president, seeing no one had possession Of the floor, said he wished to make a suggestion, Which he hoped would create a pleasing impression.

"He would make no long speech, for he was no 'chinner,'

But simply would ask each particular sinner, On Christmas to come to his house, and the inner Man fill up for once with a good Christmas dinner."

But he was surprised, as he reached the conclusion Of his speech, to see how his simple allusion To "feed" had created the wildest confusion, Though the final result was this resolution:—

"Resolved, In accepting this kind invitation, We think it a thing that will bear imitation, And trust that a spirit of due emulation Will result in spreading a yearly collation;

"And further resolved, We think that our president's Request that we should go out to his residence, There to partake of a dinner, whose excellence Is sure, of all other things should take precedence."

In the life of the club, 't is doubted much whether So many at once were astride of the leather (Or pigskin) as on Christmas day got together For a run out of town, in cold winter weather.

A sharp hour's ride, and the host's house was sighted, And soon they rolled up to the door and alighted, All tired and hungry, but soon were invited To such a rare spread, not one course could be slighted.

Then, smoking and drinking, their spirits rose higher, When the captain remarked he had no desire To say what would tend to raise any one's ire, But thought it a good time to choose a club liar.

"In the course of the season he had collected The 'yarns' of the members, and now had selected A few that he'd mention, and then he expected A competent liar could soon be elected.

"For instance, there's A, who can look so blamed sour, When one doubts his nineteen miles' ride in an hour; And B, who, when chased by a storm of great power, Kept dry just ahead, his rear wheel in the shower.

"Then there's G, who one day gave a wondrous account Of a forty-mile ride, all without a dismount; Also F, who with nerve, can stand up and recount Yarns of one-in-five grades he is prone to surmount.

"And McG., who his mind has so often relieved Of a three-hours' stand-still, which no one believed; While McA. by the boys has been lately relieved, Just by eating a hundred-mile yarn he'd conceived.

"Or stories of R, which are often found clashing With truth, when he tells of his last season's 'mashing'; And Y, who a story is often refashioning, Of giving a big man (of ten years) a thrashing.

"And I wish to say here that such yarns ne'er redound To one's credit, but always will quickly rebound On the author." Then solemnly looking around, Gravely sat himself down amid silence profound.

At some one's suggestion, the club then proceeded To vote for a liar; and all having heeded The captain's remarks, his great fitness conceded, And gave him their votes as the man the club needed.

WORCESTER, MASS.

F. W. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

[This department is open to communications relating to bicycling; the editor disclaiming all responsibility for opinions expressed, and reserving the right to reject such, or such portions, as in his judgment are improper by reason of gratuitous advertising or objectionable phraseology.]

Montreal Matters.

Editor *Bicycling World*:—As you may have surmised, from not hearing of late from your Montreal correspondent, wheeling interests are just now considerably below *par*—pardon me, I should have said on a *par* with the thermometer, which is at zero. The Y. Z.'s who control the destinies of the Montreal Bicycle Club considered that it was better to allow the proposed plan of hiring a hall

for winter riding to drop, thinking that after a forced abstention from occupancy of the pigskin during the winter, enthusiasm would probably reach boiling point in the spring. I am not at all sure that their decision was not in our case a very wise one, seeing that we are somewhat differently circumstanced here from riders in many other cities. *Imprimis*, so great is the rage for skating that every available hall is converted into a rink. Then there are snow-shoeing, tobogganing, curling, and sleigh driving, besides the usual social festivities to help distract the wheelman from his 'cycle. I will, with your permission, however, give you a sketch of how some of our men put in their leisure time just now.

As many of your readers are aware, this city lies immediately below a fair-sized hill, ennobled with the name of Mount Royal, from which the city derives its name, and upon whose slopes are laid out our park. Across this mountain every night in winter may be seen parties of any number, from two to a hundred, all dressed in the picturesque costume of the snow-shoer, hurrying to the "Club House," there to consume a hearty supper and join in the mystic buck dance. To give you an idea of the popularity of this sport, I need only say that there are sixteen clubs in this city alone; the oldest and largest of which is the Montreal, numbering nearly five hundred members, and which is affiliated with the Montreal Bicycle and Lacrosse Clubs, under the name of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The snow was very late in coming this year; the "Growler" prophesied a green Christmas some seven weeks before, and, green it was. We had our first tramp on shoes on the 11th of January, the night before bringing our first real snow-storm. But to the "Pelican" and "Jingling Johnnie" belongs the honor of being first across the mountain this winter, as one night before the snow arrived they overcame their habitual sloth, and undertook to follow the club out to their destination; starting late and thinking the others had gone over the mountain, whereas of course they had taken the road, they climbed the heights, stumbled over logs, crawled under fences, "wandered among the tombs" in the cemetery, and finally turned up too late for supper, but not too late to be "bounced," which ceremony consists of "tossing" without the traditional "blanket."

Each of the more prominent clubs has one or more steeple-chases over the mountain during the season; the course being by actual measurement two and one half miles, less one hundred yards: the best time over which was made by one of the original members of the Montreal Bicycle Club, Geo. R. Starke, in eighteen and one half minutes. Last Saturday a race was held from the city out to Peloquin's Hotel at the Back River (so dear to every cyclist in these parts), the course being five and one half

miles as the crow flies; race won by D. D. McTaggart of the Montreal Club in 41.55, against all the best men of the leading clubs. Next Saturday we held our annual race meeting on the lacrosse grounds, every event being of course confined to those wearing snow-shoes of regulation weight, one and one half pounds per pair; and one of the prettiest races to see—next to the wheel, of course—is a hurdle race on snow-shoes.

Probably, though, the pleasantest form which this healthy exercise can assume is that of the social nature, when a party of gallant men and fair dames storm the heights and carry the fortress of Sir Lumpkin, who keeps first-class tipples of every known brand, and after song and dance strap on the awkward-looking contrivances of ash and moose-gut, without which it would be impossible to cross country in a Canadian winter. Many of our leading wheelmen, however, used to coasting and rapid travel on the level in summer, despise the modest four miles an hour one can put in on the "raquette," and go in for tobogganing, for which there are plenty of available hills. The Park Commissioners have erected an artificial slide on the mountain, which gives such impetus that the frail bit of birch runs three hundred yards out on the level before stopping. Here may be seen "Sammy" any moonlight night making up for the absence of his D. H. F. In addition there are slides out at Cote St. Antoine and Fletcher's Field, which for the past fortnight have been very well patronized. Little Freddie Holden, whom we hope to see upholding the honor of Canada in the championship race this coming season goes in for skating, and in turn he may be found at any of the favorite rinks, from the aristocratic and exclusive Victoria downwards; and at the carnivals on the ice his neat little figure, in the uniform of the Montreal Bicycle Club, surmounted by his fresh, smiling face, is always to be seen. Our bugler goes in for the social snow-shoe business in preference to other pastimes; and he and the "Growler" may often be seen wending their way about the mountains in company with a "ladie faire," trying in vain to find short cuts, and singularly enough, coming out generally well behind the main body of the party.

We miss our late captain, and we firmly believe he misses us. "Hungry Tommy" loafs round the billiard-room at the club-house occasionally; and there, too, may be found Jack Muirhead, 'Arry, Tri-Davis, Jim Webster, and many others who prefer a warm interior this cold weather. Up in the library one stumbles across 'Arry and Geawge doing the studious, or Putnam (not K. N., but H. L.), taking a beating at chess; while Alf. Corner is endeavoring to master the science of "the fence" in the boxing gallery. Maitland seems to have retired into private life, and Long Mac and his two brothers, are conspicuous by their absence. Our heavy man, Mr. Angus

Grant, led the combined clubs on their tramp to the Back River on Saturday, and went as usual as straight as a dart across the trackless snow; first time out on skis this winter, and when he got to his destination I am told the blood was showing through his moccasins. One benighted individual met the "Growler" the other day and inquired where to buy a snow-shoe costume; rather late in the season to begin. "Stubby Charles" was seen driving round the mountain last Saturday. I fear he is degenerating from his old form. Alan Arthur has recently returned from Boston, and is full of the newest things in wheels. Jim Robertson has moved into town, and means to go in "hearty" for the wheel this year and see if it ever will be as easy as walking, as it seems to be for "Jingling Johnnie." "Mosquito Barclay" took a prominent part in some amateur theatricals the other day, and came out strong, for a little 'un. "Rollo" and "Johnnie Dear" we have not seen lately. The wealthy provision merchant got his D. H. F. just in time for our Christmas ride, and that was the last of it; he is justly savage. I have heard one or two complimentary remarks on my contribution to the "Wheelman's Annual," and many the reverse, but I put that down to pure jealousy. The fact is, the officers of our club think none of the outside members can do anything, — not even scribble off a letter; but we know better, don't we, dear WORLD?

I wonder where the League Meet will be held this year. Of course, selfishly, I should like it to be near us, so that we could turn out in good force; but I suppose, speaking impartially, the Western folks are entitled to a show this year. I wonder when Montreal will have her turn. The 24th of January was the coldest day I have seen here; the thermometer ranged as low as 33° below zero on the mountains. KANUCK.

MONTREAL, 9 February, 1882.

The Invincible Again.

Editor Bicycling World:—I observe that "Ixion" mistakes my experience with the Invincible; and if so experienced a writer and rider as "Ixion" mistakes, many others may also, and thus an injustice be done to the reputation of the Invincible, which I should regret. I stated that the spokes of my Invincible were liable to break next the rim, where they were weakened by having a screw thread cut in them. I reasoned that the remarkable rigidity of the rim—which is one of the excellences of the Invincible wheel—probably operated to increase the liability of the spokes to break there. "Ixion" evidently thinks that the spokes broke because of some blow upon the wheel rim. He argues, very correctly, that the more rigid the rim, the less likely are the spokes to break under any shock to the rim,—that the Invincible rim distributes the shock of any blow upon the rim to all the spokes, and so divides and relieves the strain. In this he is right. I never had a spoke broken on account

of any shock to the rim, though several times I had the rim struck with great violence, once running at some speed against a wagon wheel in the dark. The strength and excellence of the Invincible rim are remarkable: and they effectually protect the spokes from blows upon the rim.

But the spokes to my Invincible, and the spokes to the Yale of a comrade, of whom I also wrote, were broken by blows upon the spokes themselves. An accidental touch of the rider's heel to a spoke would break it. A base-ball club standing on end fell over against the spokes and broke two of them.* A mere touch from the pedal of another machine broke two spokes. "Ixion" will clearly perceive that the rigidity of the rim did operate to make a spoke break more readily under the shock of any blow upon the spoke; and as such spokes, no matter where they were struck, always broke at the shoulder of the screw thread next to the rim, and never broke anywhere else, plainly that was their weak point; and that weak point removed, they would not break. I am disposed to think it true that my particular machine had badly tempered wire for its spokes, and that they were more brittle than those of other machines of the same kind; still there is no doubt that cutting a screw thread in any spoke of such a small wire weakens it exactly at the point where it needs to be strongest. Hence I suggested to the manufacturers the propriety of remedying that defect of construction. With that one defect remedied, I think the Invincible and Yale would be almost perfect machines, — certainly among the very best, most durable, and easiest and lightest running of any made anywhere by anybody. B.

DETROIT, MICH., 7 February, 1882.

* If the members of this Detroit club were men of any weight whatever, we only wonder they did not crush out every spoke, and buckle the rim itself. — EDITOR WORLD.

In Iowa.

Editor Bicycling World: — Iowa — especially our vicinity — don't seem to be fairly represented in the WORLD, so I take the liberty to strike one blow for or against her, — your many readers to decide. Those "pesky cyclopædias" have struck our town to the number of four or five, and are causing considerable amusement, curiosity, excitement, etc. Some of our boys ride very well, and can execute some neat tricks, — while tricks of some others are not so neat, as they are frequently performed with one foot on the ground and one on the handle bar, or fast in the saddle spring, while the "critter" is at an angle of forty-five or forty-six degrees. A few days since, H. L., E. J. Coolidge, and John S. Entler took their wheels and went down to the Des Moines River to try the slippery, slippery ice; and timidly mounting, we cautiously sped around in various directions till satisfied as regards slipping, and then we sped out to visit our sister town, Bentonsport, four miles distant;

and arriving there safely, we circled around and cut a few "pigeon wings," astonished a few of her citizens, and quietly lit out for home, having been gone less than an hour, and not *one* mishap or a single dismount during the run over the ice.

MELICAN MAN.

BONAPARTE, IA., 1 February, 1882.

New Haven.

Editor Bicycling World: — For their social gatherings, the New Haven Bicycle Club members seem fated to have unfavorable weather. A complimentary supper having been kindly tendered by Capt. S. A. Marsden, on the night of the severe storm, Tuesday, 31 January, some fifteen members managed to brave the elements, and did ample justice to the bountiful "spread," the principal object of the meeting being to present the prizes won at the fall races, viz.: Herman D. Clarke, club championship gold medal, for one mile, in 4m. 1½s.; C. K. Billings, gold medal (captain's prize), for 1 mile, best two in three, as follows: First, 4m. 15½s.; second, 3m. 52½s.; third, 4m. 26½s. The time on above races is no fair criterion of what the contestants can do, as a strong head wind and snow-storm prevailed while they were run. Several minor prizes were also presented, and a very social evening spent in speech-making, song, and expressing opinions as to the merits and demerits of different wheels. The club secretary acted as toast-master for the occasion, and also made the presentations, with a few appropriate remarks, which were responded to by the recipients, tendering their thanks and expressing the pleasure they felt in belonging to such an appreciative association. Before breaking up, three hearty cheers were called for our generous captain, and were given with great enthusiasm. ... I have great pleasure in stating that our genial townsman and member, Mr. J. C. Thompson, has once more opened a bicycle rink; great credit is due him for his enterprise and good spirit in this matter, as it has been a much-felt want among cyclists here, during the long winter months, when out-door practice has been impossible. It is to be hoped we will have many recruits, and be able to make a good turn-out during the coming season. CHRIS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 9 February, 1882.

Capital Bicycle Club Anniversary.

Editor Bicycling World: — Seldom has the club spent so enjoyable an evening as Tuesday, 31 January. It was the third anniversary of its organization, and will be memorized as one the most notable events of its career. The headquarters, situated in the Le Droit Building, was crowded to its utmost capacity with active and honorary members and invited guests. The exercises were opened by Vice-President Howard, in a few happy remarks, which he concluded with the information that Mr. Milne, Washington's popular upholsterer, desired to present

the club with a rare work of art, an article for which half the ladies of our city had offered fabulous prices to exhibit in their parlors. Mr. C. E. Hawley, president of the Capital Bicycle Club, made the presentation address on behalf of Mr. Milne, during which the great unknown was unveiled. It proved to be a *papier-maché* cat, and truly a specimen of art deserving of the highest praise, and was very suggestive of the club's motto, "Swiftly and silently." Mr. Hawley's remarks resuscitated the most ancient characteristics as well as the modern idiosyncrasies of the animal, with which we found ourselves possessed of so limited a knowledge. It was with difficulty that he was enabled to proceed, as the amusing portions brought forth rounds of applause. On behalf of the club, Mr. L. W. Seeley was called upon to accept the gift; and it seemed his determination to be the peer of the previous speaker in genial wit and punning, for as he progressed, the approval of the audience was manifested in the same immoderate manner. Mr. E. H. Fowler then favored us with a recitation which caused universal favorable comment for the original and perfect manner of delivery. We may truly say, however, that the event of the evening, in a literary point, was the reading by Mr. C. G. Allen of his dictionary containing about two hundred and fifty words and idiomatic phrases used in and about the Capital Bi. Club rooms by its members. Mr. Allen has been compiling the work during the past fifteen months. It proved a very complete and unabridged edition, and too much credit cannot be bestowed upon its author for the great amount of labor consequent upon its production, and the masterly manner in which he elucidated the definitions of some of the almost incomprehensible sayings. The great majority of the expressions contained in the work are purely original with this club. The author has good grounds, from the rapturous *clat* that greeted his delivery, to feel well paid for his task. Then followed several short and pointed addresses by honorary members, and the balance of the evening was devoted to the usual exercises in harmony with such occasions. At a late hour an adjournment prevailed, every one leaving with the wish that anniversaries were of more frequent occurrence. MOLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1 February, 1882.

A Newburyport Idea.

Editor Bicycling World: — There has been an idea talked of by some of our wheelmen which perhaps would interest the readers of the WORLD. I think it is a Newburyport idea, although some wheelman of this vicinity might have thought of it. Let the wheelmen of this county or of any county form an association as wheelmen, and for the promotion of wheeling interests in their vicinity. It would in no way interfere with the L. A. W., for at the same time each organization could be a branch of it, and

could look after the roads in their vicinity, and the interests of the League. The county of Essex embraces the cities of Haverhill, Lawrence, Salem, Lynn, Gloucester, and Newburyport, and numerous towns, Beverly, Marblehead, Amesbury, etc., all of which possess their quota of wheelmen, who could form an association which, if attached to the L. A. W., would be a credit to that organization. If the League Meet is in Chicago, St. Louis, or any far Western city, as it probably will be this year, how many wheelmen — take those of Essex County, for instance — can afford to lose four or five days from their business, and take the trouble of transporting so many miles such an article as a bicycle? How many, be they ever so enthusiastic members? Not a large number, I aver. The "Essex County Association of Wheelmen," or of any county, would be one of the strongest helps the L. A. W. could have. They could see more of each other, confer with each other more, and could help the wheel interest in every county, city, and town. Such an association could have their meets and dinners as well as the L. A. W., thus enjoying the privileges of a meet of American wheelmen, which could not be got otherwise except by League membership. Let the L. A. W. be the body of a giant octopus, and our county associations the arms with which the great army of unattached could be brought into the fold, the skeptical and timid ones converted into believers in the benefits and advantages of that greatest of sports, wheeling. The county associations being more familiar in their localities, therefore would have more influence with hotel landlords in inducing them to quote reduced hotel rates to tourists on the wheel. They could be more familiar with the roads, and could erect guide boards; and in fact, could look after all the advantages to wheelmen which the L. A. W. claims to possess. A general opinion in regard to this idea from wheelmen in general and Essex County wheelmen in particular would please

ELLSWORTH.

NEWBURYPORT, 10 February, 1882.

The Right Size

Editor Bicycling World: — Advising "Pedal Pusher," and the many who contemplate buying new wheels: Attach the pedals so as to give a crank length one tenth the diameter of the wheel, and the saddle as far forward as the rider's form will comfortably admit. Use as large a wheel as can be ridden, touching the pedals firmly at the lowest point with the toes and fore part of the foot after having ridden a block or two; after riding a very short distance the rider settles into position, lengthening the reach perceptibly. The foot at the lowest part of the stroke should point downward to the full extent of the natural movement of the ankle joint. If the test is made in-doors, an assistant should wheel the bicycle several turns, and the foot should touch the pedal at the lowest point but lightly; sliding in the saddle or

swaying the body to reach either pedal must not be permitted. If not convenient to try a variety of bicycles, try the best fit at hand, blocking up saddle or pedals until the right size is found; then measure from the top of the saddle horn to the lowest pedal, and order a bicycle of the same measurement. This will give the *right size*, and all that can be hoped for in a fit. The character of the roads should not be considered in the least. It is perhaps a misfortune to be compelled to pull a hard hill or head wind on a very large wheel, but no gain in leverage will compensate for any loss in natural and free action. Better far tramp an occasional hill, than with crippled movement and bad form ride a wheel too small.

As the bicycle is coming to be an important factor in the physical development of our young men, the question of what is the proper size is of much greater importance than that of construction. I have watched our growing boys: (how they do grow!) those using wheels of their full size are as straight as pines; constant use of such a wheel does not make one bow-legged or hump-backed, but it does change the walking gait slightly by straightening the position of the feet. I think this will be found an improvement. The Indian steps in the same way: owing, some writer has claimed, to the fact that for generations he has treaded the narrow trail of the forest and the prairie; but I think because it is the natural walk of an active man, for I have observed the same form in our best runners and walkers. Our web-footed ancestors have given many of us an honest right to waddle through life with toes well outward; but why we should exercise it, bracing ourselves as does the infant and the tottering old man, instead of touching mother earth with straight feet and the light touch of active manhood, I will leave to physicians to answer. I had not intended to say so much on this point; but as it is the only habit brought about by long use of a well-fitted bicycle which can possibly be criticised, I hope to be excused.

F.

CHICAGO, 6 February, 1882.

Dayton.

Editor Bicycling World: — Affairs in bicycling have been rather quiet in this locality for the last few months; not that our club was lacking in enthusiasm, but on account of the variable weather we have had. However, the boys have not neglected to take advantage of the several large halls that have been kindly offered them, to practise; and by the time road-riding begins, they expect to compete with any amateur wheelman in the State, both in fancy, trick, and long-distance riding. The National Soldiers' Home, located about three miles west of Dayton, with its twenty-five miles of paved avenues, affords the wheelman abundant opportunity for sport, and genuine outdoor pleasure. Our club now numbers fifteen members, and by the time riding

begins in earnest, we will have double the number. The interest here seems to be on the increase; and in all probability, ere the season is over Dayton will boast of several clubs, each with a large membership.

F.

DAYTON, OHIO, 6 February, 1882.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

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.]

20 February. New York, Bicyclers' ball, at Hlasco's Hall, Broadway. Secretary, James Revell, *Sunday Courier*.

ROCHESTER BI. CLUB. — At a meeting of the Rochester Bicycle Club, the following were elected officers for the ensuing term: President, W. H. Reid; captain, S. H. Pool; lieutenant, C. F. Hovey; secretary, W. J. Curtis; treasurer, F. B. Graves; first guide, A. M. Bennett; second guide, B. H. Purmett; club committee, W. H. Reid, S. H. Pool, W. J. Curtis, F. B. Graves, F. F. Chase, G. N. Perkins. It was voted that the entire membership should join the L. A. W. The club now has about forty members, and is in a flourishing condition. A gymnasium has proved a successful feature of the winter amusements, and one of the members of the club is running a bicycle rink, which is well patronized by the best classes of our citizens. W. J. CURTIS, Sec'y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., 12 February, 1882.

NEW YORK BI. CLUB. — At a meeting of the New York Bicycle Club, held 6 February, 1881, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Howard Conkling, captain; J. B. Roy, first lieutenant; J. A. Morton, second lieutenant; Edwin W. Adams, secretary and treasurer; C. E. Chapman, to fill vacancy in club committee; E. C. Delavan, bugler. The annual dinner was held at Delmonico's on the same evening.

EDWIN W. ADAMS,

Secretary.

NEW YORK, 10 February, 1882.

NEW HAVEN BI. CLUB. — At the regular annual meeting, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, M. F. Tyler; captain, S. A. Marsden; first lieutenant, F. C. Tuttle; second lieutenant, F. H. Benton; buglers, J. H. Parish and T. S. Rust; treasurer, J. H. Parish; secretary, Robt. Christie.

SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW YORK BICYCLE CLUB. — Nearly two score athletic-looking young men assembled at Delmonico's last Friday evening to celebrate the second annual dinner of the New York Bicycle Club. Each wore a favor of cardinal and black, the club colors. At the order to "mount," given by Mr. Howard Conkling, the president and captain, the wheelmen took their seats at the handsomely ar-

ranged table. Mr. Conkling sat at the head of the board and did the honors. At his right sat the guest of the evening, Mr. Charles E. Pratt, of Boston, President of the League of American Wheelmen. During the dinner, many interesting anecdotes of adventure and mishap on the bicycle were told. Dinner being over, Mr. Conkling welcomed Mr. Pratt in a pleasant address. He spoke of the universal good feeling and spirit of friendship which existed throughout the bicycling fraternity, and alluded to the kindly manner in which the members of the New York Bicycling Club had been received during their late visit to Boston. He said that the use of bicycles was rapidly increasing and becoming popular. Mr. Pratt said that he had great respect for the New York Bicycle Club, and that it was to it and the Boston Club that the League of American Wheelmen owed its origin. If a man was a good wheelman, Mr. Pratt believed he was good at everything else. He would trust him with his pocket-book and his life. Mr. Pratt also gave a brief history of the League. Speeches were made by Mr. E. W. Adams, secretary and treasurer of the club; Mr. F. G. Bourne, captain of the Manhattan Bicycle Club; Mr. Fred. Jenkins, editor of the *Wheel*, and others. During the evening, the controversy between the bicyclers and the park commissioners as to the privilege of wheeling in Central Park was discussed. It seemed to be the general opinion that the bicyclers would win. Songs and speeches wound up the evening very pleasantly.

THE secretary of the Rutland, Vt., Bicycle Club writes us to correct an error in our report of the election of its president, Mr. Marshall, whose initials are A. S., and not P. S. A. S. The club's terpsichorean, musical, and bicyclic entertainment, Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant affair, we should judge from a glance at the programme kindly send us.

THE Boston Bicycle Club has discarded red, white, and blue, and will hereafter wear green and silver as the club colors. Associate members of the club will be invited to participate in all over-night excursions of the club. The first of the club's mile handicap races will be run about the 1st of April, either at Beacon Park or in the Institute Building.

Massachusetts Bicycle Club Annual.

THE third annual dinner of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was discussed at the Hotel Vendome on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th inst. To say that it was a success is to state what was a foregone conclusion, as any one who has enjoyed the hospitality of this club will agree. The dinner was served at eight o'clock, having been preceded by the business meeting at the club headquarters, 194 Columbus avenue; and the excellent menu, from "oysters on shell" to "cigars," was taken in the thorough manner for which the

bold and hungry Massachusetts men are famous. A feature of the dinner was that there were no invited guests who could not ride the wheel, so that all present were appreciative listeners as well as consumers. Among the guests were President Pratt of the L. A. W. and Boston Club, Capt. Hodges of the same club, President Robinson and Capt. Carpenter of the Crescent Club, President Bryant and Capt. Johnson of the Brockton Club, President W. E. Gilman of the Chelsea Club and editor of the *WORLD*, and L. A. W. Consul J. S. Dean of the Boston Club. The excellent dinner having been disposed of, and the cigars brought in, Mr. A. S. Parsons, the genial president, proceeded to read a few statistics pertaining to the club, by which it appeared that the membership was exactly sixty, all of whom were riders. Of this number the oldest was forty-nine years of age, and the youngest seventeen, the average age being thirty. Nineteen were married. The largest wheel ridden was a 60-inch, and the smallest a 46-inch. The combined number of miles ridden by the club during the past year was thirty thousand; one member had covered three thousand and sixty. Letters having been read from those unavoidably absent, Mr. C. E. Pratt was called upon to respond for the L. A. W., which he did in a very happy manner, making an earnest defence thereof, and taking issue with those who unduly criticised it. He followed with enthusiastic remarks concerning the pleasures of wheeling, and ended by "dropping into poetry," in which humorous allusions were made to many wheelmen present. Capt. Hodges responded for the Boston Club, and remarked that the club which he represented was barely weaned, having been "brought up on the bottle." Much amusement was created by his description of the elegant club-house which the Massachusetts Club expected to possess in the dim future, with the necessary accessory of a *dairy* for the production of the club drink. President Bryant responded in a happy manner for the Brockton Club. Robinson of the Crescent Club advocated moderation in bicycling, claiming that there was a golden mean between excessive enthusiasm and apathy. Mr. W. E. Gilman of the *BICYCLING WORLD* read a most amusing poem, entitled "Another Point of View." Mr. J. S. Dean, Consul L. A. W. happily referred to the fraternal relations between the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs. Capt. Carpenter spoke for the ladies, having been introduced as the "best waltzer in Boston." Of the Massachusetts Club, Capt. C. P. Shillaber read a finely written poem, entitled "Si Elmer's Last Race." While this was stated to be an adaptation from "Sir Aylmer's Last Fight," it was well worthy to stand alone in originality of expression, and was a finished production in every sense of the word. Past Lieut. W. S. Slocum alluded to the general use of the wheel in the city of Newton; Lieut.

Henry W. Williams contrasted the "aesthetic exercise" of bicycling with some other so-called "manly sports"; Lieut. W. R. Griffiths gave a description of the new club cap; Bugler J. T. Dyer responded for the buglers of the club; and Mr. Wilmot defended the use of the wheel "every day in the year." Wheel reminiscences and witty retorts were in order, and the festivities were brought to a close at midnight with a song from Mr. Robinson of the Crescents. President Parsons proved a most excellent presiding officer, and was exceedingly happy in introducing the various speakers. The touring record he claimed to be superior to that of any other club in the country; and the club certainly has just reason to be proud of this specialty, although the Bostons announce their intention to wrest this championship from it also.

THE following description of the Chicago boys is from the *Louisville Commercial*: The Chicago team will be composed of Thomas S. Miller, L. W. Conkling, and if three men should be entered on each side, Burley B. Ayers. A short account of each will be interesting. Thomas S. Miller, being possessed of age, rank, and beauty, will be placed at the head of the list. Mr. Miller is the Captain of the Chicago Club, about twenty-eight years of age, five feet ten inches in height, and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He has never competed in a race, but is a rider of considerable road experience, having made the journey from Boston to Chicago. He will be superbly mounted on a 57-inch D. H. F. Premier. For the benefit of the ladies, we will add that Capt. Miller is considered the handsomest man in the Chicago Club, and rides with a peculiar graceful motion. Mr. L. W. Conkling—who positively denies that any relationship exists between himself and a certain down-East chap of the same name, but who is called "Senator" for short—is twenty years old, six feet three inches high, and when he steps upon the platform the register marks one hundred and sixty pounds. He is the rider of a 60-inch wheel, and though a novice on the racing path, is well thought of, and has a very fast record. The "Senator" has a handsome, commanding appearance (as may be imagined from the above), although not fully developed yet except his feet, which he claims have attained their full age; and the boys, judging from their size, have never disputed this claim. Mr. Burley B. Ayers, the secretary of the Chicago Club, and a jolly good fellow, as secretaries usually are, is described as five feet seven inches in height, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and strides a fifty-four D. H. F. Premier. Mr. Ayers has some excellent long-distance records, and will prove a hard mar to defeat. These gentlemen, as well as the F. C. boys, are all prominent young business men of wealth and social position; and it will scarcely be

necessary to say that they are not peculiarly interested in the tournament, but merely as contestants for the beautiful gold medal offered by the managers.

A RED HOOK (N. Y.) physician was recently called to attend a lady some two miles distant, who was suffering from hemorrhage. Instead of stopping to harness a horse he mounted his bicycle, and arrived just in season to save her life, which three or four minutes later he would have been unable to do.

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 Dilwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City. 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.

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

APPLICATIONS.

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

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,

Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.

MARBLEHEAD BI. CLUB.—Joel E. Goldthwait, president; Augustus M. Brown, secretary and treasurer; John P. Goodwin, Frank E. Morse, John W. Richardson, Joseph Bessom, P. Howard Shirley, Charles H. Conway, George Chinn, N. Allen Lindsey, Eugene Davenport, J. Robinson Schoff.

KEOKUK BI. CLUB.—D. R. Craig, Keokuk, Iowa.

UNATTACHED.—Chas. E. Gorham, Alex. H. Cathcart, both of Marshall, Mich.

CONSUL APPOINTED.—Massachusetts: Sharon, L. H. Shepard, No. 224.

Professional Challenge.

Editor Bicycling World:—Seeing in a report of the Louisville races of the 3d inst. that the self-styled champion of America, F. S. Rollinson, was beaten by Miss Louise Armaindo in a race of twenty-five miles, he allowing her a start of four miles, I desire to announce that: I will give Mr. Rollinson forty seconds start in a ten-mile race, or one minute start in a twenty-mile race; I will give any other man in America one minute start in ten miles, or one minute and twenty seconds in twenty miles; I will give Louise Armaindo, the champion bicyclienne of America, five miles in a fifty-mile race. Any of these matches can be made by sending a deposit to the editor of the BICYCLING WORLD or any sporting paper, who shall bestakeholder and referee, the stake in each race to be from \$50 to \$100 a side, and the contest to take place at the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute Building track in Boston (which is five laps to the mile, and the best and fairest in-door track in the world) within two weeks after signing the articles.

JOHN S. PRINCE,
Bicycling Champion of America.

NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTE BUILDING,
BOSTON, 17 February, 1882.

Boston Amusement Record.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Mary Anderson....BOSTON MUSEUM.—Boucicault in "Sail-a-Moir." Next week, the "Silver Spook."....GAITY THEATRE.—Patience."....GLOBE THEATRE.—Hanlon Brothers. Next week, "Patience."....HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—Sam Devere in "Jasper."....PARK THEATRE.—Janauscheck. Next week, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin....WINGSOR THEATRE.—"Pinafore." Next week, Joe Murphy in "Kerry Gow."

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Coming Events.

23 February. New York, Madison Square Garden. Manhattan Athletic Club. Mile bicycle handicap. Entry fee, fifty cents. Address F. J. Graham, 8th avenue, between 56th and 57th streets.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addresses inserted in this department, \$6 per year.

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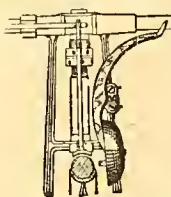
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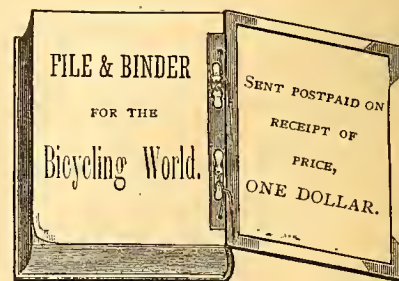
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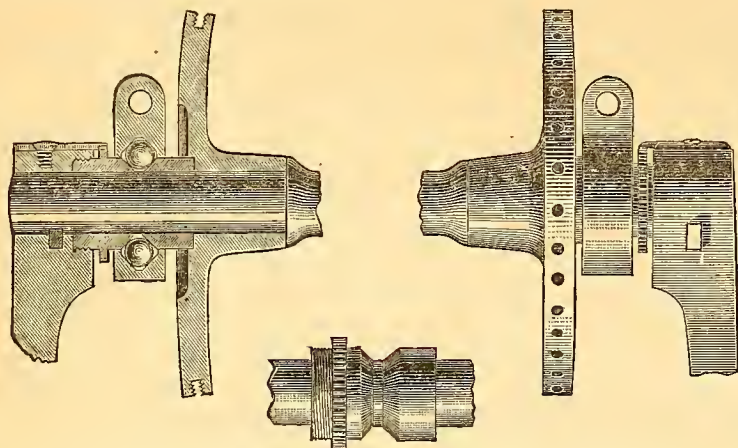
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