

THE Bicycling World

Published Weekly. 8 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

William G. Gilman, Editor.

G. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors.

\$2.00 a Year.
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 4 NOVEMBER, 1881.

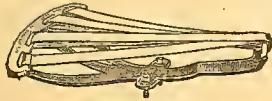
Volume III.
Number 26.

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ADVERTISEMENTS



Patent Applied For.
BURLEY'S

ADJUSTABLE SKELETON SADDLE.

THE BEST, MOST COMFORTABLE and *only* ADJUSTABLE SADDLE made. It is so made that when it becomes slack it can be easily and quickly tightened. No rider who values COMFORT can afford to be without one.

Send for circular with testimonials.
In ordering, state whether Cradle spring or otherwise.

Price, \$4.00. Nickel Plated, \$5.25.

Send money order or registered letter.

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Meets all the requirements of the perfect bicycle-bell, and gives complete satisfaction.

IT IS EFFECTIVE;
OUT OF THE WAY;
NOT EASILY BROKEN;
HIGHLY ORNAMENTAL.

The alarm is sounded by bringing a projecting roll against the moving rubber tire, when the roll is rotated rapidly and operates the hammer of the bell.

EASILY ATTACHED TO ANY BICYCLE.

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These alarms are finely finished and nickel-plated all over. Sent by mail upon receipt of \$3.00.

Send for circular.

HILL & TOLMAN, Worcester, Mass.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

[*Advertisements inserted under this head, not exceeding four lines, nonpareil, for fifty cents.*]

FOR SALE. A 54-inch "Standard Columbia." *Good as new.* \$75. Reason for selling—wish a smaller wheel. Address Lock Box, 19, Brockport, N. Y.

54 ENGLISH BICYCLES, just imported, all burnished, ball bearings, cradle spring suspension saddle, gong, valve, never ridden. Price, \$75. A. T. LANE, P. O. box 1,196, Montreal, Canada.

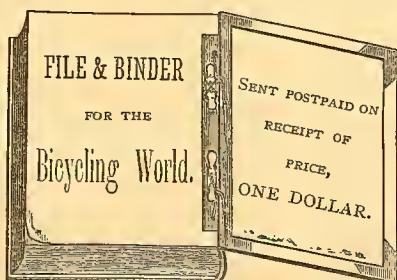
HARVARD TRICYCLE. — 56-inch driver, saddle and cushioned seat. Used only few times. Price, \$125. "Columbia" Bicycle Agency, Pittsburg, Pa., E. J. WARING.

FOR SALE. — A 54-inch "Special Challenge" bicycle, ball bearings to front wheel, newly painted, in perfect order, and as good as new. *Must be sold.* No reasonable offer refused. Address: EDWARD B. FOX, 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE. The greatest bargain yet offered. A nickel-plated 54-inch "Special Columbia," guaranteed in perfect running order, complete with saddle, oil can, wrench, tool bag, M. I. P. bag, hub lamp, and cyclometer for 50-inch wheel; will send on receipt of \$80, or will send by express C. O. D. with privilege of examination, on receipt of sum sufficient to cover charges both ways. Address O. W. THOMAS, JR., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE, a 54-inch "Harvard," made this year; has been run but very little, and is in perfect condition; will sell for \$100. Can be seen at 33 Main street, Marlboro', Mass. A. P. CURTIS.

FOR SALE. — One 52-inch "Standard" bicycle, in perfect repair, including patent stand, for \$70, a rare chance. For particulars, address W. V. B. TOPPING, Ashland, Ohio.



LEARN to WALTZ at WALKER'S PRIVATE DANCING ACADEMY, 24 Dwight St.
Please send for circular.

**WE MAKE
SPORTING GOODS
A SPECIALTY**

And give particular attention to Bicycle Suits for individuals and clubs. We have a special circular with samples and prices, which we will send with rule for self-measurement to any correspondent.

We have imported this season a line of English Bicycle Suits, made to our special order by the leading house in England, and would be pleased to show them.

**YACHTING, BOATING, HUNTING,
BICYCLING, FOOT-BALL, BASE-BALL,
LAWN TENNIS and GYMNASIUM
SUITS, ETC.**

**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,
OAK HALL,
BOSTON - - - MASS.**

**"LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER,"
Or BICYCLE SHAWL STRAP,**

(Patent applied for). Pronounced by the most experienced riders to be the "cheapest, lightest, neatest, and most convenient bundle carrier for attachment to the handle bar ever invented." It may be put in the pocket when not in use. Sent by mail for 75 cents, by C. H. LAMSON, Portland, Me. Also for sale by the principal bicycle dealers.

**COLUMBIA, HARVARD,
AND
YALE BICYCLES
SOLD ON
INSTALMENTS
ON EASY TERMS
anywhere in New England.**
Purchasers Taught to Ride.
Call and examine, or send 3-cent stamp for *Illustrated Catalogue and Terms*.
**W. H. HERVEY & CO.,
5-UNION STREET-5
BOSTON.**
Furniture and Carpet Warehouse.

CURRENT CALAMO

OUR office is now at No. 5 Pemberton Square, Room 12, up one flight, and turn to the right.

THE Crescent (Boston) Club will have a moonlight run this (Friday) evening to the Brookline reservoir.

WE don't see what the Boston Police Department wanted to go and imitate the Massachusetts Club's head-gear for.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club nearly "surrounded" Essex County on their two-days' run last week, and they are high in their praise of Essex County roads.

THERE are rumors that the "pious," "church-going" Massachusetts Club, and the "grouty," "stuck-up" Crescent Club are going to occupy club and wheel rooms together. Will they call them the *Massacrescent* headquarters, or *Creschusetts*?

OAK HALL'S unique advertisements in the Boston daily papers are attracting considerable attention. Their bicycle cut last week, Wednesday, was a very clean cut, and their complimentary notice of the BICYCLING WORLD should not go unrewarded — by bicyclers.

THE rains of Saturday and Sunday deprived the local bicyclers of much anticipated enjoyment, but the water was sadly needed — if only to prevent intemperance impending through the drought, for there are some persons who will urge any excuse to avoid drinking *eau de Cochetuate*.

A LADIES' "foot-ball club" has been organized in a Boston suburban town, and the members have gone into active training. The next move will be to organize a ladies' bicycle club, and it is suspected that some of the intended members have already investigated the sport, *à la Blumen*.

THIS number closes the third volume; and it is a good time now for all wheelmen who have been borrowing the WORLD from their neighbors, or watching their chances for the club copy, to begin to be virtuous and wise, and send us two dollars for a year's subscription, each for himself. The next number, commencing the fifth volume, will be an exceptionally good one, containing among other attractions President Bates's report of the Bumps serenade.

WE have recently received handsome photographs from wheelmen; President Miller's (of Columbus) cards showing him in three positions, one of them taken in company with his little boy of four and a half years, also mounted on a bicycle. The Gilman Brothers, of Nashua, sent us fine pictures of themselves in club costume, and standing among their wheels; and from Streator, Ill., Mr. Allen contributes a single picture of himself, and a group representing the entire Streator Bicycle Club.

A PARTY of half a dozen bicyclers, most of them members of the Chelsea Club, rode out one Sunday recently to Milton, and having heard much of the "Blue Bell" tavern as being frequently patronized by wheelmen and recommended by them, they concluded to get dinner there. They accordingly stacked wheels, and entering, immediately opened negotiations with a woman who seemed to be the hostess, and with whom they finally contracted for a good dinner at seventy-five cents per plate. The dinner was got ready in about an hour, and proved fair, but not particularly so; however, they were hungry and enjoyed it, and at the close proceeded to the office to settle. Here they found a colored individual behind the desk, to whom they tendered a \$5.00 bill, expecting to receive back fifty cents, the aggregate amounting to \$4.50. Imagine their surprise, therefore, when the black informed them that their bill was \$9.00, or \$1.50 per man. They expostulated, and Cuffee got on his high horse, and began to bluster and swear. The woman was called in, and she took the side of Othello, and denied having agreed to furnish the meal for seventy-five cents. The young men saw that swindling was the game, and concluded to submit to the extortion and get out of the unsavory place as soon as possible. But here another surprise awaited them; for it seems that while they were disputing the issue, their bicycles had been removed and locked up, with the intention of enforcing the extortion of these scoundrels. However, having paid all demands, they got their wheels and departed, indignant but wiser bicyclers. They were somewhat reluctant to let the public know how they were gulled, but deemed it a duty to warn other confiding wheelmen against patronizing the den, and so wished us to publish their story; and we are right glad to do it.

PERSONAL

L. W. CONKLING, of the Chicago, rides a sixty-inch wheel.

ROLLINSON picks up Prince's gage, and names Chicago as the course.

"HUNGRY TOMMY," of Montreal, says his wife objects to his growing popularity with our readers.

DIRECTOR WARING, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has sent us a microscopic copy of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, of 20 September, — the presidential mourning issue, — which is rather unique.

L. A. W. PRESIDENT AND BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB PRESIDENT CHARLES E. PRATT has just been elected president of the Boston Common Council. Our Busy Man paradoxically says that however unprecedented is Mr. Pratt's record, it certainly is not unprecedented.

LEAGUE CHAMPION FRYE has now been scooped in by that spongy Boston Bicycle Club, which has a mania for ab-

sorbing everything with any spirit in it, — even the spirit of rye; but having already stalled one fast member, the addition of Frye may get the club in a stew.

DIRECTOR LAMSON continues to add improvements to his "coat carrier," having attached a strap to secure it more firmly to the brake, and another for the convenience of students who ride the wheel to and from school, by which they can carry their books and lunch-boxes upon it.

IT was President Philbrick, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N. H., who, on the occasion of the Massachusetts Club run to Gloucester last week, while at dinner at the Essex House, Salem, advised those wheelmen who evinced an inclination to lag on the route to eat freely of "ketchup."

ONE of our correspondents, and an experienced wheelman in a private letter, speaks thus plainly and ungallantly about Elsa Von Blumen: "I am glad I was obliged to stay over while the fair is being held here, and had a good opportunity to see some of her wonderful (?) riding. In the first place, she is very ungraceful in the saddle, and works with her head and shoulders, and is miserably slow on the track. I almost think I could pass her with my arms folded. She could not cover a half-mile in less than two minutes to save her life, — at least she did not while racing here."

PROFESSOR F. S. ROLLINSON, who is now conducting a bicycle riding school in the Natatorium of Chicago, writes us that the facilities for wheeling in that city are splendid, even without the boulevards, and there will soon be more riders than in any Eastern city, although hitherto but poor honor has been shown wheelmen there. He adds: "I shall now have an opportunity to get my muscles and other deficient properties into proper condition, and take away the unwelcome visitation of cramps which has seized me on several occasions during the racing season. I hope soon, however, to place a record that will be creditable to a professional; think it will be an interesting race when J. S. Prince and myself meet each other on our merits in a one-mile race. Sorry I was unable (through cramps) to give the latter gentleman a fair test at Hingham; this I call beaten under difficulties. If I am beaten in good condition will gladly own it, and the time made will also prove it."

JUST before going to press, Mr. Prince came to our office and gave us the following for publication:

Editor Bicycling World: — If Mr. F. S. Rollinson will back his claims to the championship, by placing a deposit in your hands, I will immediately cover it and meet him on the track at as early a date as can be arranged, until which event (and after it, if I am not mistaken) I shall still subscribe myself,

JOHN S. PRINCE,
Champion of America.



As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclists 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 EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 8 PEMBERTON SQ., 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.

To Contributors.

BRIEF communications intended for publication in the next issue should be in the editor's hands by Tuesday morning, and longer articles by Monday morning.

BOSTON, 4 NOVEMBER, 1881.

Now, as the opportunities for road-riding are becoming less frequent, clubs will find it very much to their advantage to secure rooms as winter headquarters. Nothing will so surely unite them, and keep alive club interest, as having convenient and attractive quarters for evening, Sunday, and holiday associations, where general as well as bicycling literature may be accessible, where wheel matters may be discussed, plans formed, and ideas and suggestions exchanged; rooms centrally located, easily reached, and comfortably although not expensively furnished, and accessible to members at all times of day and evening. It need be but a small room, perhaps only capable of seating a dozen or fifteen persons; it is seldom more than that number will be present at one time, even with a club of fifty, except at called meetings for some important business. Such rooms can be procured at a trifling rental in almost any community; and to meet that and the other current expenses would not require a high rate of assessments.

THE following newspaper clippings were sent us from N. P. Parker of Union,

S. C., and they seem to indicate the possession of a large amount of pig-headedness on the part of the Newberry authorities. We doubt the legality of the ordinance passed, and believe it would be promptly sat down on by any court in that section less ignorant than the Newberry town council:—

"Considerable interest was manifested in the trial by the town council of Messrs. W. H. and M. B. Kelly, Thursday night, on the three charges of—(1) immoderate riding on the streets; (2) riding a bicycle on the streets after being ordered by two members of the council not to do so; and (3) creating a nuisance by riding a bicycle on the street the 26th ultimo. George B. Cromer, Esq., appeared for the young men, and conducted their defence. The charge was narrowed down to the question whether riding a bicycle on the streets was a nuisance. Mr. B. J. Ramage, J. W. Gary, O. P. Saxon, E. M. Evans, Griffin Dorroh, Griffin Williams, and others, testified that a bicycle is calculated to frighten horses, though they had seen no horses frightened by them, except that one of the witnesses said he had seen a gentleman attempt to ride his horse up to one, but the horse refused to go near it. Charley Dawkins, colored, and another witness testified that on Saturday, 24th ultimo, they saw a horse attached to a buggy in which were two ladies, so frightened by a bicycle that he attempted to run, and would have run had not the witness Dawkins caught hold of the bridle. On the part of the defence, Mr. W. H. Clark testified that he had seen bicycles ridden frequently on the streets of Boston, Springfield, Worcester, and other New England cities and towns, and the municipal authorities of those places made no effort to prevent it. The defendants testified that they had ridden the bicycle on the street at intervals since June or July; that they had heard of no law or ordinance against it; that Warden Kibler, the 26th, told Mr. W. H. Kelly not to ride it again on the street, at the same time saying there was no ordinance against it; that Intendant Pool had told Mr. M. B. Kelly to suspend riding it on the streets. The defence insisted that as to the first charge, there had been no proof of immoderate riding; as to the second, that as there was no ordinance against riding bicycles on the streets, the order of one or of two councilmen not to ride was no more than an order of a private citizen, and a disobedience of such order was no violation of the law; and as to the third, that to prove bicycle riding on the streets a nuisance, it must be shown to be an inconvenience and annoyance to the public, and not merely to a few persons. The council decided that riding a bicycle on the streets of Newberry is a nuisance, and ordered the defendants not to do so any more."

AN ORDINANCE.—To preserve the Peace of the Town of Newberry, S. C., and for Other Purposes: Be it enacted by the town council of Newberry, S. C., in council assembled, and by authority of the same:—

Sect. 1. Be it ordained, that on and after the publication of this ordinance, it will be unlawful for any person or persons to ride or use a bicycle on the public streets, sidewalks or public square of the town of Newberry, S. C.

Sect. 2. That any person or persons violating the provisions of the above section be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, be fined or imprisoned within the discretion of the council.

Done and ratified in council assembled, under the corporate seal of town of Newberry, S. C., issued on this 30th day of September, A.D. 1881.

J. P. POOL, Intendant Town Newberry, S. C.

J. S. FAIR, C. and T. T. C. N.

EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

Chicago to Boston. (Continued.)

WHILE in LaFayette I was the guest of Mr. Lewis, secretary and treasurer of the club, and was also very kindly entertained by other members of the club. As usual it commenced raining on the next day, and I was obliged to wait over until Saturday. Saturday, 17 September.— Mounted my patient steed, and after bidding adieu to my host at 6.45 A. M., glided up and over the big hill on which his house is situated, and started for Frankfort in good earnest. The road was good, and I made the most of it, for there was a very strong impression in my mind that I had some work before me that meant more than pleasure. Arrived at Frankfort at 9.25, distance twenty-three miles, having stopped on road twenty minutes. Road a little hilly, but good. Stopped to drop some postals and buy some raisins, and off again at 9.30. Oh, how little a touring wheelman knows what lies before him! Half a mile out my beautiful pike ended all of a sudden, and mud roads again presented themselves, only they were in a much worse condition. Down I came from my lofty perch to try my duck-like stride upon "Mother Earth." I stood it for about two miles and then got worked up to a high pitch of frenzy, and halted at a farm-house to ask the condition of the roads beyond. The answer to my question, "Do you know anything about the condition of this road, through to Tipton?" was very consoling, as you may guess, when the old man imparted his knowledge of the country: "Well, let me see." Then came a long pause, broken only by his fingers tapping my wheel and running up and down the backbone, as if he were trying to elicit some soft strains from a piano. Again, "Let me see." Then with a peculiar smile upon his lips, he said, "Now you see that about six miles yonder you come to quite a piece of swamp and timber, and the road is worse from there on than this end of it, and somewhere along there you will strike two and a half miles of corduroy road." Was not this consoling to me when I had revelled in the thought that the mud roads were left for good? A happy thought struck me, and I booked it at once. "Sir," said I, "how far off is the railroad that runs to Tipton?" "Just one mile, sir, straight north through that lane." "Thank you," and off I went through the lane, and soon came to the track. It was a chance, and I was in

for it, as there was no other way out of my difficulty. I knew that the railroads through here were pretty well banked up between and over the ties; and even if I could not ride them, it would be much better walking. It proved to be as I had conjectured, and I was relieved. I commenced riding a little, but there were so many bridges to cross, and the ties did stick up in some places so, I gave it up, and made up my mind to take "Shanks' mare" until I came to pike roads. Sixteen miles of this exquisite pleasure brought me to Kempton, a little place of about a dozen houses, and ten miles from my proposed destination for the day. It was 5.30 P. M., though, so I wisely concluded to stop there for the night; and well I did, as it afterwards proved. I stopped at a small house, the owner of which raised bees and sold honey and hives for a business, so I considered myself fortunate again. After supper (which by the way was one of the best thus far), we took an atlas and looked out the nearest pike roads. Tipton County has only ten miles of pike in it, and that runs due north from Tipton to the county line. As I was not within ten miles, and it could do me no good when I did reach it, I concluded to strike directly south to the Boxley town pike, eight miles, and run the risk of finding it. I say "run the risk of finding it," for there might as well not be any farmers or settlers in the country, for all the information they can give you about roads or distances.

Sunaay, 18 September.—After a good breakfast I started out at 7.20 A. M., to follow the directions given to me the night before; viz., two miles south, then a quarter west, one and one half miles south, a quarter east, two and one half miles south again, and then he was not sure whether the road turned east or west. This was very good information, and I tried my best to follow it; but miles, halves, and quarters, to a Western prairie farmer, are as different from ours as two things can be. The roads were so rough that my Pope cyclometer was about as much good as if it were a solid piece of iron. My direction was east, a little south, so I did not relish the fun of going many turns to the west, as it did not help matters much. After a while I found myself at the end of the road in a farmyard. This was gratifying, as there were no cross-roads nearer than one and one half miles back. The owner of the farm was of course on hand, to see the queer-looking horse; and in answer to several questions from me, directed me to a cart-path that ran down through the wood and came out on the very road I wanted. "But," said he, "you will have to lift that thing over four fences." Fences were nothing, provided I was on the right road, and this cart-path allowed of riding; so I started, and one after another lifted my wheel over the four fences, and mounted and rode through the prettiest piece of timber I ever saw. The day was quite

warm, but in the woods it was damp, cool, and really delightful riding. The trees were full of birds, and the ground dotted here and there with diminutive black pigs running in every direction. You should have seen the countrymen look when they espied me emerging from the woods. Here I was obliged to dismount several times for patches of corduroy; but at last I tired of this, and the last patch of some thirty feet I rode over for the fun of it. At last I came to the pike I had so longed for; and mounting my wheel after having walked eight miles, I spun away mile after mile, until within six miles of Noblesville. Here I dismounted at 11.30, at a farm-house, to buy a bowl of bread and milk. A charming young girl met me at the door, and instead of giving me the bread and milk, extended such a pressing invitation to take dinner with them, that I could not refuse. While waiting for dinner she kindly darned my stockings, that were in my M. I. P., and sadly needed it. At 5.50 P. M. I was in the saddle again, after having passed one of the most enjoyable afternoons of my trip, arriving at Noblesville, six miles, at 6.20. Stopped at the Wainwright House.

Monday, 19 September.—Started at 6.40 A. M. for Richmond, Ind., sixty-six miles. Arrived at Pendleton, fourteen miles, 7.50. Left at 8.15, arriving at Newcastle, twenty-two miles, at 11.30. Stopped for dinner at Bundy House. Rested until 3 P. M., and off for Hagerstown, twelve miles, arriving at 4 P. M.; rode on until 4.30, and then stopped at farm-house for lunch one hour, arriving at Richmond at 7 P. M. Registered at Grand Hotel.

Tuesday, 20 September.—Spent the day in Richmond, the guest of Mr. Benjamin Starr, who, together with his family, entertained me most handsomely. The pleasant hours passed in their company I never shall forget.

Wednesday, 21 September.—Left Richmond at 7.45 A. M.; passed through Eaton, seventeen miles, at 9.15, stopped half-hour on the way; arrived at West Alexandria at 10.45. Rested thirty minutes and off for Dayton at 11.15; rode until 11.45, when I stopped for dinner at farm-house. Started at 1.10 P. M., passed through Johnsville at 1.25, and rested at New Lebanon at 1.40. One of the hottest days of my trip so far, and roads poor. Left New Lebanon at 3 o'clock P. M., and rode all through the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, just off the road to Dayton, and within three miles of that city. Reached Dayton at 4.45, and registered at Phillips House. The National Road from Richmond was very bad, so I kept the old Richmond pike, though really it was not much better.

Thursday, 22 September.—Passed the day in Dayton, and enjoyed myself very much with the members of the club. I forgot to mention that on my entering the city, I took the prettiest tumble from my wheel that one would wish to see. Dayton mud is very slippery, and when you land upon it, it acts the same as ice in slipping your feet from under you. "You take a header

and down you go," and it takes a pretty good temper to make you "bob up serenely from below."

Friday, 23 September.—We were to meet at the Phillips House at 5.30 this morning; "we," meaning three members of the Dayton Club and myself. 5.30 came and the scribe was not on hand; so we waited until six o'clock, when he showed up, and at 6.20 got under way for Springfield. We started under one end of a heavy storm, but hoped to make the twenty-seven miles before we were caught. We didn't! Oh, yes. Got as far as Osburn, fourteen miles, and were just past the town when down came the drops as though they meant business. It was 8.15 when we stopped under a long covered road bridge, and waited there, thinking every extra blow might be a clearing-up shower. It was a clearing-up shower,—clear up to 12.15 before it stopped. Four hours we waited under that bridge, and got as much fun out of it as possible. We tried all manner of funny business with our wheels, but still the time dragged; and at last I hailed a passing team and got the man to get me a pound of raisins, and he sent them back by another man. We sat down and ate raisins until the storm stopped, and then we put for Springfield in all the mud and water. The road from Dayton to Springfield (valley pike) is generally very good, but this time it was covered with puddles and mud, and the wheels were a sight to be seen when we arrived at our destination at 2.30 P. M. Registered at Lagonda House, and then we went round to see the boys. "Doc" met with an accident in the shape of a header just before reaching Springfield, and it somewhat knocked the fun out of him, as he sprained his right arm. We found Capt. K. of the Champion City Bicycle Club, in his office, trying hard to surround a half watermelon twenty inches in diameter; so at his kind invitation we rendered him all the assistance he could have desired from four hungry men. The Dayton boys had to return that evening by train, and after giving them a good send-off at the depot, we gathered at the hotel and talked wheel, and made arrangements for the morning run of the following day.

Saturday, 24 September.—At 6.40 A. M., Capt. K. and three of his men were outside the hotel waiting for me, and we started off in good shape. When eight miles out one of the "Columbia" tires came entirely off of the front wheel, and we stopped to tie it on with some string. About two miles beyond we dismounted to take leave of one another, and then I proceeded on my way to Columbus alone. Stopped at Vienna Cross Roads at 8.10, and off again at 8.10. Up to this point the roads were very good; but they changed gradually to rough, rougher, and toughest. Arrived at Sommerfort, seventeen miles out at 9.13, stopped for lunch quarter of an hour, and reached LaFayette at 10 A. M., four and one half miles. Off again at 10.15 to West Jefferson; stopped at farm-house for lunch. Roads

very fair, quite level. On again to Alton at 12.15. Stayed there until 3 o'clock to cool off, and arrived at Columbus at 4.05 P. M., forty-two miles for the day, and most of the road rutty and full of stones. The last mile into Columbus from the Insane Asylum is quite enough to try the patience of Job. The ruts are about six inches apart and full of dust and stones, and it is fun to see any man hop about on them. Registered at St. Charles, and the next day changed to the Park Hotel, which was a decided improvement. *Sunday, 25 September.*—Out for a little spin about town with Capt Hutchinson and other members of the Buckeye Club. We all dropped round to see Mr. W. H. Miller, the president of the club, and on whose grounds the club have constructed a very fine six-lap track, fifteen feet wide. I stayed over Monday, 26th, and Tuesday, 27th, to be present at the opening of the new track. Fortunately it rained all day Monday and Tuesday, so I did not feel as though I was taking time that should be spent upon the road, although I am impatient to be in the saddle again. CROOKSHANKS.

St. John Runs.

Editor Bicycling World:—Thinking some of your readers might like to learn that we New Brunswickers have not been idle in the 'cycling cause, I append an account of a couple of small runs taken lately. Our roads are anything but good for bicycling; and one of our worthy consuls of the L. A. W., who was on a visit to this city a few days since, was rather disgusted with them, saying they were, without doubt, the worst he had ever ridden over. It certainly is a rocky and hilly country about here, notwithstanding which the members of the St. John Bicycle Club manage to take a great deal of enjoyment from the short runs we have. Our club can boast of only nine members; yet, taking into consideration that the summer of 1879 saw only one owner (yours truly) of a bicycle on the roads, I think we have not done so badly and we have great expectations for next season. A few evenings ago (one of those beautiful nights, with the moon full, and all the world at peace to all appearances), another member of the club and myself, mounting our iron steeds at 8 P.M., near the centre of the city, rode over streets (hilly and rough) to the Marsh Bridge, the entrance to the city from the northeast; ran along a fairly good road without a dismount until we reached the "Three-Mile House," where we invariably stop to refresh the inner man. On again after a ten-minutes' halt, over a fine strip of road for a quarter of a mile, when we struck some new road, and you might as well try to ride across the Atlantic as push through it; so dismounting, we had to walk a couple of hundred yards, then remount, and passing under the iron railway bridge, came upon a fine road recently mended with gravel, which was well worn where the carriage-wheels ran, and along this strip of about eight inches wide

we "made things hum"; then up a small hill plentifully bestrewn with loose stones, over a railway bridge and along the shore of Lawlor's Lake. Here we have a beautiful piece of scenery, with the lake on our left and a railway track running along the opposite shore; high hills on our right, and the full moon shining peacefully over all. Then came the work of the run, for the roads went up and down without an eighth of a mile of level ground for six miles; but through a very pretty country, passing through Brookville, Tarryburn, and Riverside, with the Kennebecasis River on our left and high hills still on our right, we arrived at Rothesay, where we found several very pretty residences of some of our principal city merchants, and the river studded with sails of yachts, from which arose the pleasant sound of male and female voices, blended in an evening song. About this pretty town (distance between nine and ten miles from the city) we found some excellent roads, and also found we had covered the distance in a little over an hour,—which, considering the hills, we thought was pretty good riding for moonlight. On again for another mile, when we stopped at a friend's house, and had some supper and a chat. Remaining there until 10 P. M., we mounted once more, and then we had the first accident (not a very serious one, to be sure, but a very unpleasant one), in the shape of a loose pedal. I dismounted to tighten up, when to my consternation I found I had lost my wrench somewhere on the way. I tried to tighten the nut with a stone, but without success, so I had to ride nearly three miles, to the next inn, with one foot. Here I was able to borrow a wrench, make a fresh start, and made the home run in one hour and one half; covering the whole distance of a little over twenty miles in three and one half hours, by moonlight, including all stoppages. Another time we started one fine Friday morning at 9.30, for Fredericton, the Celestial City, and rode along some miles of fairly good road, without event, when we came upon a very hilly district,—so much so, that as my companion remarked, it looked as though we were going to have a pedestrian tour with a bicycle; but the country abounds in fine scenery, so we rather enjoyed the walk, and admired the country, with high hills in profusion, and the valley of the St. John River, which has been called the Hudson of New Brunswick by many. Remounting after an hour's walk, we rode on, finding the roads good in "spots," but bad in between (and the "between" predominated), until twelve o'clock, when we made a halt for dinner at a small inn, and did full justice to the dinner set before us. I do not know the name of the man at whose house we stopped, and I regret it, for I should like to recommend our 'cycling friends to go there and get at least one good meal; for I must say that was the only square meal we got on the road. As the day was

very warm, we did not mount again until three o'clock, when we found the roads a vast improvement over the early portion of our ride, and were able to make some pretty good time until 8 P. M., when we thought it better to put up for the night, which we accordingly did at the next farm-house, where we found everything certainly very clean, but that is about all I can say for that place. There we found we had made forty miles for the first day's spin. We were awakened for breakfast by mine host, at farming hours, and that is something that goes against me very much, turning out at such unreasonable hours; however, "When with the Romans we must do as the Romans do," so up we got and had our breakfast, and mounting once more, pushed on for our destination. The roads improved (and there was room for improvement) as we went along, and we thoroughly enjoyed the spin along the bank of the river, in the fresh morning air, and made Fredericton that afternoon without adventure (not even a header) at 4.30, having made the trip of nearly seventy miles in twelve hours' riding (and walking) time. We had a meeting of the club on Saturday last to take into consideration the feasibility of having our fall races on Thanksgiving day, the 20th inst. The meeting adjourned, after appointing a committee to draw up a programme, until Friday next.

BRUNSWICKER.
ST. JOHN, N. B., 13 October, 1881.

Halifax, N. S.

Editor Bicycling World:—I promised to give you an account of the "Windsor" bicyclists' ride, which I shall now try to do, it having been furnished me by the rider himself, Mr. J. F. Carver, a member of the League of American Wheelmen. The start was made on Monday afternoon of the 5th ult., on a 56-inch "Standard Columbia," and that afternoon he rode as far as Brooklyn, fifteen miles. Stopped at Brooklyn that night, and next morning started for Walton, thirty miles; but unfortunately, after fifteen miles had been traversed, the rain commenced falling in torrents, which prevented his riding farther that day, so he stopped for the night, and again started for Walton in the morning, about ten o'clock, which place was reached in two hours. Here he took dinner, which was done ample justice to by a hungry bicyclist. A start was then made for Noel, where a large ship was to be launched and a tea-meeting to take place the next day; this was a good road, and it afforded a splendid view of the Bay of Fundy. He describes this ride as "simply immense," but regretted the absence of some brother rider. Noel was reached in time to see the launching and to take part in the tea-meeting, which had attracted many people, among whom the bicyclist appeared also to be a centre of attraction; and as many had never before seen a bicycle, a number of curious questions were asked, some wanting to know if he was measuring the roads with "that thing"? others, if he belonged to a

circus? Next morning a start was made for Truro, *via* Maitland, thirty miles, which was reached in five hours of pleasant riding. Shubenacadie was reached on Saturday night, and Sunday was spent there among sisters, cousins, and aunts, as was Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; also, for the rain prevented any further progress until Thursday, when he started for Windsor, making it in six hours, and feeling much refreshed and not the least wearied. For the past fortnight the weather here has been unfavorable for bicycling, and no long rides have been indulged in.

I am glad to see that at last meeting of the League it was decided to change the badge. I have worn mine since I enlisted, but have lost it several times, only to be agreeably surprised by the return of it in the hands of some Good Samaritan. A gold badge in the form of a scarf-pin, I think, would be purchased and worn by all members, and a brother member would be recognized readily anywhere. Director Lamson deserves credit for his neat design, and I hope it will be met with approval by all members as it is by

BLUENOSE.

HALIFAX, 26 October, 1881.

Two Days' Run of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club.

IN response to the notices sent to the members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and by them distributed to their friends, a party of twenty started out from Trinity Square, on Wednesday morning, 26 October, and faced the keen, frosty wind which blew a gale across the Mill Dam.

No doubt the cold and the wind kept some at home who would otherwise have gone; but the twenty looked forward to turning their backs to the wind at Medford, and boldly pushed on. In the absence of Capt. Pope, which was a source of regret to all, Mr. H. W. Williams was chosen acting captain; and most acceptably did he fill the office, proving a gallant and untiring leader. Mr. Sanborn, "the hill climber" of the club, carried the pennant, making a noble standard bearer, keeping the colors well at the front up hill and down for the hundred and odd miles. Bugler Dyer failing to appear, the bugle was put into the able hands of Mr. Metcalf; and thus officered and formed in column by twos, the club and its friends swept on through Central and Harvard Squares, Cambridge, passing through the college yard as the students went to prayers; then on to Medford and Malden, where a stop was made to give the president time to telegraph to "the Essex," ordering a dinner suited to the capacity of the party. This of course consumed considerable time, but proved to be "time well spent," when a few hours later the generously laden tables of the Essex were cleared as if by magic. When the party had become rather cool in body, but *warm in temper*, the start was again

taken, and the delightful run through Maplewood, Linden, and Saugus, to Lynn, seven miles, was made in forty minutes, including a stop caused by a collision between the leather dealer and the belt manufacturer of the party, who, it is supposed, became too much interested in a discussion as to the relative merits of oak-tanned or hemlock leather, and locked their treadles and tangent spokes in a loving embrace. This resulted in the loss of one of the members of the club from the run, much to his and the club's disappointment. At Maplewood the club passed in review before the editor of the *BICYCLING WORLD*, who, being "a slave to duty," was obliged to return to his sanctum. After the president had telegraphed for *more dinner*, the start from Lynn was made; and through Ocean street in Lynn and Swampscott, taking in magnificent views of the ocean as they ran, the party rolled on in perfect form, without a break or straggler, as indeed they did all day. At Brookside the Hawthorne Club, of Salem, were seen coming out to welcome the visitors; Consul Philbrick, a valued member of the Massachusetts, accompanying them.

After an exchange of civilities the line was formed, and led by the veteran captain of the Hawthornes, was again headed to the wind, and some lively hill climbing into Salem was done. An Essex House dinner is too well known to touring bicyclists to need comment here. If there is any "League Hotel" from which a bicyclist can bring away as full a body *ana purge* as from there, consuls will please notify.

After a pleasant call at the bicycle manufactory of Mr. Philbrick, the party moved on through Beverly, Manchester, and Magnolia, to Gloucester, where they were met by Consul Webber and other wheelmen, and escorted to the Atlantic House, the Pavilion being closed for the season. The cyclometers registered 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the day. All day the party had feasted upon beauty in leaf and sky and sea, with rainbow hues of intense color; but the climax was reached when, from the eminence southeast of Gloucester, the city and harbor were seen bathed in golden glory by the setting sun,—a sight which brought exclamations of joy and admiration to the lips of every wheelman.

After a very pleasant evening passed in a social way, and enlivened by a call from the Gloucester representative of the *Boston Herald*, and music by the members of the party, beds were sought at an early hour, and were most welcome.

The return on Thursday must be quickly passed over. A few who had planned returning by cars were tempted by the beautiful morning, and decided to remain with the rest.

A new rider with a sixty-inch "Columbia" had joined the party, and the veteran, Mr. Dalton, had taken the place of Messrs. Harrison and Fourdrinier, to represent the Boston Club, they having been unable to spare time for two days.

The bugle sounded the start at eight o'clock, and Capt. Williams led his command through Essex to Ipswich, then *via* Hamilton, Wenham, and Beverly, to Salem, where the Essex had replenished its larder, and furnished another first-class dinner. A few of the party here took the cars, but the larger part kept on through Swampscott, Lynn, Saugus to Malden, where a few more struck for home; but about a dozen made a detour and rode through the Middlesex Fells to Medford, Cambridge, and Boston, arriving at six o'clock, having accomplished over sixty miles since morning, or one hundred and three miles in the two days, with no unpleasant fatigue.

The club was honored, besides those already mentioned, with the company of Director Pratt and Mr. Waldo Lincoln of Worcester, the active and enthusiastic Mr. Gilman of Nashua, and the quiet but untiring Mr. Philbrick of Portsmouth, two members of the Middlesex Club, and others, and is greatly indebted to Consul Philbrick of Salem and Consul Webber of Gloucester for their kind attentions and zealous assistance.

CHAMPAGNE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Toronto Bicycle Club.

ALL honor to the inventor of the bicycle. When the idea was taking shape in his mind, he little thought what an extensive and practical use would be made of this child of his imagination. If the question were asked of many to-day, who a year ago knew not the merits of the steel steed, "Which do you consider the best form of recreation, combining pleasure with healthy exercise and utility?" they would unhesitatingly declare for bicycling.

The Toronto Bicycle Club was organized in April last, and started with a roll-call of some twelve riders, who felt the necessity of an organization for mutual assistance and fellowship. At this meeting the following were elected to the respective positions in the club: Alderman James B. Bonstead, president (we thought it advisable to have a *live* alderman to look after our interests); Harry Goulding, the pioneer bicyclist of the city, captain; Basil Hoch, H. M. Blackburn and R. H. McBride, lieutenants; and T. H. Gilmour, secretary-treasurer. It was decided to affiliate with the League of American Wheelmen, and accordingly our membership fees were made to include the amount payable to the L. A. W. Last year there were only three riders in the city who had undertaken to tame the unbroken steel steed; this spring an impetus was given to the exercise, and several managed to *break* their steeds in very short order. However, broken or unbroken, they persevered, and to-day the club numbers some thirty enthusiastic bicyclists, while there are ten or fifteen unattached.

Our roads are only passable, being

composed principally of broken metal; but outside of the city some good stretches can be found, and towards the east the road is rideable for one hundred miles, some parts being very fine riding. Several members took advantage of a public holiday recently, and rode to Whitby (thirty miles east), two of the number returning same day, but the rest returned by train. This sixty miles is the longest ride accomplished by any one here as yet, but it is expected to be eclipsed shortly. The road was rideable the whole distance, but hilly; two or three hills had to be walked, the rest were surmounted by the perseverance of the riders. I am not aware of any fine stretches here for coasting, such as I have read of in some of your correspondents' letters, as our hills here are generally sprinkled with stones, which I presume are placed there by the teamsters for the purpose of blocking their wheels. We are not hampered with any regulations restricting us to certain streets or drives in the park, and as for the horses, sensible drivers try to get them accustomed to the wheel. It is the experience of the writer that not over one horse in fifty troubles his head about the machine, and when they do it is very often the fault of the driver. When I speak of restrictions, I may say that we are forbidden to use the sidewalks, which is a wise law, as with reckless riders, children and ladies would be in danger of accidents. . . . We find it a hard matter to get a large turn-out of riders for a run, the largest meet we have had yet numbering seventeen. . . . The usual share of accidents falls to our lot: one member has had his eye pierced and torn by a protruding branch of a tree; our captain has had his arm and wrist dislocated, one of the lieutenants his foot sprained, and so it goes; but these things are only temporary, and do not seem to damp the ardor of those who have suffered these afflictions. The inevitable header is occasionally taken, but usually a soft place is picked upon for thefeat, and the rider escapes unhurt. This afternoon eight members started for a run of some eight miles into the country. Before we had gone two miles our number was diminished to seven, and by the time five miles was covered, only five were in sight. On our return we discovered one of the dilatory ones riding quietly in a wagon, with his machine disabled, and trying to reach the station to come back into the city by train. . . . Bicycling has come into such favor in Canada that it is proposed to manufacture the machines here, but I am satisfied the English machines will rule the market here for years to come.

CHALLENGE.

TORONTO, CAN., 22 October, 1881.

Cleveland.

Editor Bicycling World:—Bicycling news in this classic place is at present very scarce, caused principally by the abundance of rain we have had nearly every day for about two weeks. . . . About

the only thing worth recording is a run that was taken to Elyria by three members of the club, some three weeks ago. The party started at about 3 P. M., from Sorain street, and they report that for about twenty-two miles the road could not have been bettered; then their troubles began, for the road became worse at every turn of the wheel, until they were compelled to walk; and then it dawned upon them that they were lost, which they found to be true, after inquiries at a farm-house, where they also learned the best way to reach their destination. So after walking a mile down a terrible road, they came to a railway, down which, after much debating, they wound their weary way. The walk down the track was enjoyed very much, one of the men wanting to camp out in some woods alongside; and every time a train came past, the whole party would lie down by the side of the track and bewail their ill-luck. Well, after a five-mile walk down the track, they came to Elyria, where they put up for the night at the Beebe House, it having taken them seven hours to run thirty miles. They also say that they slept well that night, notwithstanding a rare serenade by a band of cats, which commenced about 11.30 o'clock. . . . A wheelman (name unknown) from Erie, on his way to Norwalk, on going to the Forest City House, was refused admittance to the dining-room because of his costume; so he had to go to the Weddell House, where there was no such prejudice. . . . We have had visits here from John Wardlow, consul for Middletown, E. E. Henry, consul for Coshocton, and Asa Dolph, consul for New London, and they all report a large interest in wheeling in their sections. . . . President Wade, Sub-Capt. Sholes, and J. H. Collister, Cleveland Bicycle Club, have just returned from the East. Mr. Wade ordered a "Matchless" while there, and they all say that for a 'cyclers' paradise, Boston is the place. . . . At a bicycle race at Norwalk, about three weeks ago, Geo. Lamkin, of Norwalk, took first prize; Asa Dolph, second; distance, one mile; time, 3.35. . . . On a recent club run, while riding over a stretch of very smooth sidewalk, a member said, "How nice it would be if we could have a track covered with this!" upon which another member said, "Oh, no, that would not do at all; you would get going so fast that you would have to put on your brake." . . . Please allow me to thank Telzah for his information about long handle bars for the "Star"; and I will say that it would give me great pleasure to eat a large bicycle dinner, but that I would rather be excused from letting the long handle bar turn around on me after doing it. . . . The Local Club are anxiously looking about for headquarters, at present, and it is probable that we will be fixed in about a month. They are also thinking about having some club races, and other things to stir matters up a little, and give bicycling a little impetuosity, so to speak. . . . Did

any one ever notice the obstinacy of chicken and fowls generally, in always trying to see how near they can come to being run over? This was the cause of the death of a spring chicken, not long ago, Consul Sholes doing the wicked act. . . . To visiting bicyclers here, I would recommend the Weddell House; in Elyria, the Beebe House; and in Painesville, the Stockwell House.

RELCYCIB.

Union, S. C.

Editor Bicycling World:—About four months ago I got me a wheel, and after some pretty hard falls, learned to ride; so I can go in a tolerably straight line now. I had never seen any one ride before I learned, and had no one to teach me, but did not find it so hard as I anticipated, for I thought when the machine came I had a "white elephant" on my hands. Some of the country roads around here allow very good wheeling, being red clay, which our hot sun bakes hard as a stone; but there is no riding over them in wet weather. . . . It is with much pleasure I read the WORLD every week, but I seldom see anything from this part of the country. . . . Find enclosed clippings from the Newberry Herald, which show bad feeling and poor judgment on the part of most of the people in this section against the wheel. I had the same to contend with here when I first went on the street, but after a good deal of argument was allowed to ride on probation; and by being careful not to frighten horses, can now ride anywhere in town. I would like to ride in Newberry, (being an adjoining town), and would like to know if a corporation has any right to make such a law, and force people to abide by it.

F. N. PARKER.

UNION, S. C., 20 October, 1881.

Chicago.

AND now are the days when ye amateur is sorely tempted and tried. Many will stand steadfast, and yet a few will fall from amateur grace, — the glittering bait of a big money prize offered by the management of a fair association being too much to resist. When this question is considered, it is a big temptation. Many agricultural associations, recognizing the great drawing attraction of a bicycle race, have put up excellent cash prizes to catch the "talent." Now, suppose a young club member, conscious of a little speed, should read that at Podunk, or some other country place, a fair would be given, and a good cash inducement offered to the winner. Now, in all probability our amateur would think, "There will not be anybody there of much account, and I will stand a chance to pick up a good prize and have some fun in the bargain." Off he goes, and unless he meets another fellow of his own stripe, he gets the ducats, without exerting himself to make any special time. There are several cases in the West where big stakes, \$50 and \$25, have been won at the rate of a mile in five minutes. The pro-

grammes of almost all Western fairs embrace a series of bicycle races this season with a varying scale of prizes, all of them good, and well worth running for. It is unquestionably a brilliant feature in the programme, and judging from the audience, one would suppose the chief event of the association. Several prominent associations offer clubs their expenses to come out and show themselves, which is rather low-priced talent; while others offer, besides expenses, a good list of medals and bicycle accessories. This shows the lack of professional talent, of course, or else the managers go in for quantity and not quality. It certainly is a good school for the would-be racer, and one where he can learn all the fine jockeying points not otherwise obtainable. We know a young gentleman who made about \$200 inside of two months, which is pretty fair for an amateur. Of course he earned his money, and had considerable experience besides. After an amateur has been in a few races with an out-and-out professional, he is unfit, under the present status of affairs, to continue in the amateur ranks, and enter any race on equal terms with an amateur. His disability is supposed to be not from the fact of his professional association, but in his contact with the professional he has had an opportunity to study the manœuvres and science of jockeying, which count so much on the track. This of course, puts him in a superior position to the wheelman who has confined himself to making fast time in private, and who virtually appears with him in a public race for the first time. It is hard to tell the difference between an old professional and an equally old amateur,—they have both got the tricks of trade down pretty fine. The distinction between amateur and professional is presumably maintained to protect the former from the unequal skill of the latter, this skill being acquired by constant practice and training with a monetary consideration or reward in view; while the amateur, having no such inducement, seeks not to improve upon what speed he naturally possesses. Therefore, under the popular definition, one is a natural gift highly cultivated and improved, the other crude nature untrained,—that is, so far as educating the muscles for the quick movement of racing. An amateur generally seeks first to master the niceties of fine balance, and the economy of power necessary to road riding, the acquirement of which is directly antagonistic to racing gait.

There is a slight disposition to disparage anything connected with professionalism. Perhaps there have been a few black sheep in the fold, but these ought not to stain the great majority, who are gentlemen. It is a fact that whatever of merit there is in the bicycle has been brought out by practical wheelmen, who have made the wheel a study, and whose wants, created by the necessities of the cinder path, have been the object of manufacturers to satisfy, thereby aiding materially in

the development of the finer points of the bicycle. It is the financial interest that has sustained bicycling in this country. Of course the bicycle, like any other really good thing, would eventually assert itself; but for the push of monetary interest at its back its growth would have been mighty slow. When it came to the scratch, and a test case was demanded to put the bicycle where it naturally belongs, it was not the vacillating *amateur* interest that came to the front, but the substantial backing of those whose interest was deeper than that of mere pleasure. And yet there seems to be a slight tendency to exclude from the management of club affairs any interest but that of the faithless amateur, whose interest is but as grass,—flourishing luxuriously to-day, to be wilted and dried up by some new wrinkle or other amusement to-morrow. The president of the Chicago Club, if allowed to have his own way, would resign on account of recent partnership in an establishment where bicycles are sold; but the club, whose pillar he has been since organization, could not see the point as he did. If a moneyed interest makes one a professional, then we would create a new class, professional amateur; and let there be included in this class the so-called amateur who keeps himself in a high state of training, and who makes as much of the racing path as the professional,—the only difference being that he keeps within the technical limits prescribed for an amateur, and does not race for money.

STENO.

Watertown, N. Y.

Editor Bicycling World:—Referring to your article in last week's paper, in regard to "Bicycle, Long or Short?" I would say that our riders here, we are quite sure, all understand that the proper way to pronounce the oft-recurring word is with the *y* long. This in defence of Watertown. Since I have commenced, I may add that wheeling is in the ascendant here; our present ten wheels will swell to at least twenty next spring. We have a good many good roads in our vicinity, among which may be mentioned to Sackett's Harbor, Lake Ontario, twelve miles, with but one dismount; Alexandria Bay, or the Thousand Islands, thirty miles, all good; Utica, seventy-five miles, all good excepting hills, of which there are quite a number. One might take a very pleasant trip from Utica to Alexandria Bay, and perhaps continue *via* Prescott, Ont., to Montreal.

CONSUL 205.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., 29 October, 1881.

Amateurs and Professionals.

ONE of the distinctions between an "amateur" and "professional" is that the latter races for money, while the former does not. The professional races for the money because he races for what he can make out of it, while the amateur races (or is supposed to) for the glory of

the thing. And yet in the face of the above we are constantly reading the opinions of amateur (?) riders, to the effect that "they would rather ride for prizes representing a certain money value, such as cyclometers, etc., than medals."

Now, I ask any one who reads this if the amateur who holds an opinion like the above does not enter a race in exactly the same spirit as a professional does,—viz., for what he can make out of it. There is another thing which seems to me rather unfair: why the man who teaches the bicycle should be a professional, while the man who sells them should be adjudged an amateur. Here again the spirit of the thing is the same: they both make a living out of the machine. I would like to see the opinions of some other riders on the above.

LADNAR.

PHILADELPHIA, 25 October, 1881.

The Wheelman.
(*Olden Style.*)

THE coach and cart I like nor loathe,
Extremes are suited not for all;
On steely car, unlike them both,
I surest sit and fear no fall.
This is my choice; for me I feel
No ride is like the quiet wheel.

I grind no scissors, turn no mill,
I bear no goods of any trade;
I skim the plain, I climb the hill,
But greatest cities I evade,
And laugh at them in care and pain
Who barter health for golden gain.

Come up betimes, thou heavy wight,
That keep'st the lower ways of brick!
Rise now and walk the wires light,
While not too old to travel quick.
Take to the saddle ere too late,—
True life goes with the rapid gait.

PUCK, 26 October.

The Consuls at Work.

C. A. HAZLETT, Esq., Director L. A. W., etc., Portsmouth, N. H. Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 19th was duly received. In reply would say that when I left England I was strongly in favor of a regular tariff, or a scale of charges, to be used by all L. A. W. hotels; but the more I have thought of the matter, and having seen repeatedly how mech fault has been lately found with the B. T. C. method, I have come to the conclusion that any reduction should be made a secondary consideration in the appointment of hotels. What we want is *good* food and beds, at a fair rate. The main thing is to have in each town and village (no matter how small), some place where suitable refreshment can be secured. At present, in this country, a man touring is at a loss to know what if any accommodations can be obtained at the places he may stop at. Where there is more than one hotel, he is ignorant as to which is the best. I should recommend that consuls in small places select the best, regardless of any reduction. The accommodations in our average country hotel are so poor that the proprietors should understand that it will be for their advantage to make an extra effort in their treatment of bicyclers; that

The races passed off very pleasantly and quietly, no accidents or delays occurring. Mr. J. T. Binkley, Jr., an amateur of Illinois, was the timer, and Messrs. Louis Kempf, a bicyclist of Belleville, and Clifford Keely, of Mt. Holly, N. J., tallied the laps made. Mr. Samuel Anderson, the Belleville gentleman who was recently voted a member of the club, and who owns the "American Star" machine, in which the small wheel is in front, came over especially to see the race, and gave an exhibition of the speed which could be made on his machine. He made one round, which is nearly a third of a mile, in 1.06, his wheel being only 48 inches in diameter. The Belleville boys were cordially welcomed, and the club would be pleased to see and know more of them. The gold medal was designed by Mr. Mack Evans, president of the club, and is the shape of a Maltese cross hanging by gold chains from a bar, which bears the inscription, "18.52 $\frac{1}{4}$," being the time of the five-mile race won yesterday by Mr. Bain. In coming out of the fair grounds gate yesterday evening, Mr. Bain was so highly elated over his late success that he missed his saddle in mounting and took a grand header, demoralizing his machine to such an extent that he had to lead it home.

FRENCH NOTES.—The International races held in Paris 25 September, were a grand success. The weather was fine, the track was good, the crowd in attendance was large and enthusiastic, and the races hotly contested by strong riders. The races were six in number, three of which were for amateurs, and three for professionals. M. Barré, of the Paris Bicycle Club (*Le Sport Vélocipédique Parisien*), won the very enviable position of champion of amateurs in France for the coming year, and M. De Civry, with whom we in America almost feel acquainted, having heard of so many of his races, took the professional championship in a race of 10 kilometres (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles) in 21 minutes 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. The most exciting event of the day was a handicap for professionals,—De Civry starting from the scratch. This race was 3,000 metres (about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and was won, it is hardly necessary to say, by De Civry, his time being 5 minutes, 53 seconds. This remarkable rider took another race a few days later, at the Crystal Palace track in England; he gave his competitor, Mr. Edmunds, champion of Wales, 1 minute's start, and beat him nearly 8 minutes in a 20-mile race. De Civry was at the International races at Lyons 2 October, and had everything his own way in every race in which he started, although he had for competitors Delisse, Pagan, and Jules Terront, of Paris, Esperon of Bordeaux, Fadigati of Italy, Crumbach from Switzerland, and other noted riders. He also came in ahead of nine others in a tricycle contest.... Out of the twenty-six riders who rode in the International races at Paris, twenty rode machines of French manufacture,

and of these machines, fifteen were from the factory of Clement et Cie, the makers of the machine on which De Civry has done such effective work. S.

THE New York *Sunday Courier* says that Smith and Reed are entered for the bicycle races at the Manhattan Polo Ground, next Tuesday.

An effort is being made to have a bicycle-riding school in New York, during the coming winter, and the prospects are that the thing will be done.

A TRICYCLE race of fifty miles was run 8 October, from Morningside Toll, Edinburgh, to Broughton and back; J. H. Laing, University Bicycle Club, winning in 5 hours, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

GEORGE LACY HILLIER, the English amateur champion, while passing up Tokenhouse yard, 14 October, was felled to the ground by a large advertising sign-board, blown down by the wind. The board was some fifteen feet square, and very heavy; but beyond some slight gashes and an abdominal strain, Mr. Hillier was not seriously hurt.

OUR San Francisco correspondent says: "A bicycle tournament in connection with the Olympic athletic games at the Golden Gate Trotting Park, Thanksgiving Day, is projected. In that region, if a north wind follows the rains, the roads become hard and smooth, and admirable for bicycling, and George Strong proposes to lead a cavalcade to San Jose and southward, as soon as this condition of the roads obtains."

AT the Milwaukee exposition, 30 September, the bicyclists of that city gave a parade and exhibition in the hall to a large and appreciative concourse of spectators. Mrs. L. M. Richardson received the plaudits of the vast crowd who witnessed her ride around the first gallery on the tricycle. Her little boy, not more than six years old, took the tricycle after her performance, and standing on the treads propelled it twice around the building, earning the admiration of all.

THE Dubuque (Iowa) Club took a run to Galena, Ill., last month, and four of the members participated in a race at the driving park. The race was in half-mile heats, best two in three, and was won by J. C. Treadway in two successive heats. Time, 1.58 and 2 minutes. The first heat they passed under the wire in the following order: Treadway, Peaslee, Sears, Fry. The second heat, Sears gained second place, coming in only a length behind Treadway.

THE wheelmen of New York and vicinity are called for a run to King's Bridge and back, on election day, Tuesday, Nov. 8, start to be made from the bicycle headquarters, 791 5th avenue, at 11.30 A. M., sharp. Photograph to be taken on 6th avenue boulevard, an hour's rest for lunch at King's Bridge, returning to headquarters about 4 P. M. The officers and committee of arrangements represent the Manhattan, New York, Colum-

bia College, Yonkers, Brooklyn, Lenox and Mercury Bicycle Clubs, and the Kings County Wheelmen. A band of music will be in attendance at headquarters, two hours before the start. Wheelmen from Newburg, New Haven, Sing Sing, and other places near by intend joining, and any others will be welcome. It is expected some two hundred and fifty will be in line.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

DUBUQUE (IOWA) BI. CLUB.—This club was organized 6 October, as follows: President, C. M. Peasley; captain, H. E. Treadway; sub-captain, J. C. Treadway; secretary, E. S. Crane. It has a membership of nine enthusiastic wheelmen and is fully uniformed in gray, and proposes to exercise the coming winter in the City Hall, which has been kindly granted us by the city council, together with a room for storing our machines. Next season we expect to increase our numbers by at least seven, including three English machines. Action will be taken at the next meeting with regard to joining the L. A. W. We take a spin to Farley next week.

E. S. CRANE, Sec.

Editor Bicycling World:—A number of young men of the "West End" met at No. 2 North Russell street, 25 October, and formed a club, to be known as the "Hub Bicycle Club." The following officers were chosen: Captain, Frank E. Turpin; first lieutenant, Frank Hart; second lieutenant, W. J. B. Oxley. A president we have not chosen yet. F. E. Turpin was chosen treasurer, and W. J. B. Oxley secretary. We number twelve members at present, and hope soon to increase our number to twenty at least. Some eight have already mastered the wheel, and the others may be seen almost any afternoon wrestling with the untamed steed at Pope's school. The next meeting was held at the same place on the 29th inst., and was quickly called to order by the captain, that plenty of time might be had for a free discussion of the uniform question, and to hear the report of the committee. Mr. Turpin said the committee had visited Oak Hall, and out of some thirty samples had selected corduroy pants, dark-blue shirt and jacket, and blue cap. The report was accepted. The club is already considering the feasibility of conducting a run on Thanksgiving day,—that is, if the roads are in condition. As soon as we get located we intend to subscribe for the *BICYCLING WORLD*.

W. J. B. OXLEY.

BOSTON, 25 October, 1881.

Editor Bicycling World:—Troy is at last awake, and a call for bicyclists to meet and organize a club is circulated, and a meeting will be held for the purpose next Friday evening. Several members of the L. A. W. reside here, and they with the impetus given to bicycling by a riding school, lately established here, have concluded that a club is needed

and will succeed. We will report progress to you later, and then look out for the Trojans Capt. Scattergood at the Albany Club frequently passes through our city on the wheel. ... Messrs. Paddock & Co., agents for the Pope Manufacturing Company, were in town Friday to see our rink in working order; and they say they will soon open a riding school in connection with their agency in Albany.... Roads between Saratoga and here are in fine order. TROY.

TROY, N. Y., 30 October, 1881.

NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

Editor Bicycling World: — I notice in the issue of the World for 28 October, that Mr. W. W. Stall is credited with the best American record for one mile, — 3m. 7s. Now, if I remember rightly, Mr. Smith of England made at the Polo grounds, New York, on the 8th October, two miles in 6m. 8½s. Query: If the time for each of his miles had been taken, one of them would certainly have been made in 3m. 4½s., or better, would that have been considered the best on record for one mile? Was the time so taken and if so, will some one give it to us?

CLEVELAND, 29 October, 1881.

Editor Bicycling World: — In answer to "Club Fool," I will say that I am well aware of the truth of his statements. I did not say that the Crescents were all "stuck up," but "C. F." cannot deny that some of them are. Perhaps it has been my misfortune to meet only with this kind. I hope so. I did not speak of it as a personal matter, because I was not concerned in it at all. In writing my letter, I thought that perhaps it might come to the notice of some of the "very groutiest."

To "London W." I remark that I did not "brand" the 'Crescent' Club as being "stuck up and stiff"; and did not expect that a stranger on wheel would be "welcomed as a brother." Does he, "Mr. Cook?" What every wheelman expects is at least silent courtesy, if nothing more. I am not speaking of this one instance in particular, but of several. Nor was it a "private grievance"; I described the occurrence as it appeared to a bystander.

To "One of the groutiest of the grouty Crescent Club," I have a few words to say. *First.* It was not "Meteor" who spoke to you. *Second.* At the time you were spoken to, your friends were *not* "on their machines and moving down the street," but were exchanging a very few words with B. How much better it would have been, if you had simply said "Yes," in a pleasant tone, than "Very good machine," in the gruff way in which you did. It seemed queer to me to witness the affair, because I have been used to seeing a different state of things when wheelmen meet, as at Boston 30 May last, and at Worcester 6 September. "Grouty," should we ever meet again, please nod, if nothing more.

METEOR.

BOSTON, 29 October, 1881.

ACCORDING to the New York *Sunday Courier*, Mr. W. M. Wright's marriage with Miss Caroline not only May but Will take place this month. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," William.

WE print this week a letter from Consul Dean of Boston to Director Hazlett of Portsmouth, in relation to hotels and routes; the latter gentleman having been appointed at the late League meeting, committee on instructions to consuls, with E. C. Hodges of Boston and E. J. Waring of Pittsburg.

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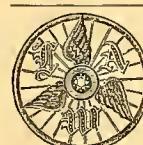
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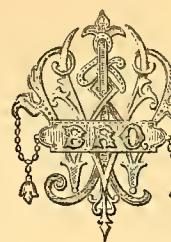
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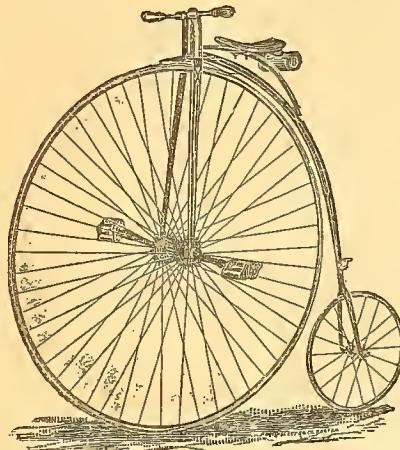
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