

# THE Bicycling World

## ARCHERY FIELD

\$3.00 a Year.  
10 cents a copy.]

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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### CURRENTE CALAMO

Renewed your subscription yet?

These fine autumn days afford precious opportunities to wheelmen.

It is said that there were some cigars in the back room at Percival's the other night.

Now doth the silent wheel rustle the wayside leaves and tilt at the hidden stone beneath.

The third international geographical congress will be held in Venice in September of the coming year. The designer of the L. A. W. badge ought to be sent as a delegate.

Good intentions are the flowers of life. If they do not all develop into wholesome fruit, the beauty and wonder is that so many of them do. If it be true, as the adage has it, that hell is paved with them, it is pleasant to believe that they are known even there.

They all make a "par" for Bernhardt, so here 's ours:—

Sarah had a little cane,  
Its twirl was light and low;  
And everywhere that Sarah went  
The cane was sure to go.

It followed her until one day  
It came to be the rule.  
The ladies said, "It's nice and gay!"  
The gentlemen, "It 's cool!"

And so dame Fashion turned it out;  
But still it lingered near,  
And twirled coquettishly about  
When Sarah did appear.

What makes the cane, suit Sarah so?  
The eager ladies cried.  
"Why, Sarah suits the cane, you know,"  
The gentlemen replied.

"Several prominent gentlemen in this city," says the Boston *Home Journal*, "are interested in getting up a horse dinner at the Parker House. The meats will be served in all styles." No danger but horses will still be put to some good use; and if eating horse be not too severe punishment, we should like to see some horsemen put at it on a six-months' sentence.

It was a broad honor conferred upon Frank Weston in making him chief consul B. T. C. for this country. Indeed, he is scarcely more cramped for territory than the "Czar of all the Russias."

The Chicago *News Boys' Appeal* has it about right: "The bicycle is becoming such a favorite in England that the old inns are beginning to look up as they have not done since the old stage-coach went to rust and rot. An English paper chronicles hundreds of excursions taken every week by enterprising riders, and their journals and hand-books mark down the best routes and their favorite inns. The English roads are far superior to roads in this country. The demands of commerce and transportation before the invention of the railroad made them so; whereas in this country the railroad came before the common roads got into a good condition, or the people into the habit of keeping them so. If the American bicyclists succeed in giving the country better common roads than we now have, they will be filling a sphere—or ought we to say cycle?—of usefulness with which the public does not now credit them."

### BICYCLE RACES

REPORTS OF BICYCLE RACES in this country have been furnished in these columns from our own correspondents in most instances, supplemented by reports in the daily and weekly press from those points not reached by us; and it is believed that we have given a substantially full list of the races and their results. It is desirable that this paper should furnish a full and complete record for reference; and if any of our readers have noticed omissions in this department, they will confer a favor not only upon us but upon many other readers by calling our attention to it specifically, or, what is better, by sending such account as they may be able to furnish of any races omitted. Except in the case of very important meetings, we have condensed our reports,

partly from necessities of space when our paper was a fortnightly, and partly because the extended reporting of races becomes somewhat monotonous and uninteresting. We recognize, however, not only the incidental advantage of racing as interesting to those who participate and those who witness, but also the fact that well-conducted races are calculated to bring the pastime of bicycling, as well as the availability of the machine for other purposes, before the public in an impressive way. While, therefore, we do not take racing to be the chief feature of bicycling, by any means, we do recognize it as an important one, and hope to see it encouraged. The racing season, so to speak, is pretty much over. There will be races in some places during the next three or four months, but probably in much less numbers. Whenever and wherever races occur, let our readers furnish us the facts relating to them, without relying upon our having special correspondents to report them. Often the unsolicited information which is kindly sent by those who think to do it, not only supplies a need on our part, but enables our report to be more complete and accurate, one account serving to correct another.

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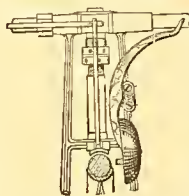
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# THE Bicycling World & ARCHERY FIELD

*Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.*

BOSTON, 19 NOVEMBER, 1880.

TRICYCLING is rapidly acquiring a recognized position in the world of pastimes. In the historical development—so to speak—of manumotive and pedimotive carriages, the tricycle has an ancient and multiform lineage. It is the true type of velocipede, and has practically, if not theoretically, been recognized as such. In saying it is the true type of velocipede, we use this latter word in a limited sense, but as we think a proper one, and mean to exclude the bicycle as a radically different instrument. The bicycle and the tricycle are only cousins; the former grew less rapidly to adolescence, but from that point onward to maturity outstripped the latter. Indeed, it has been in great part the success of bicycling as a pastime on the one hand, and of the manufacture of the tricycle on the other, that has stimulated both the improvements in its construction and the demand for it, not merely as a carriage, but as a means of recreation. It is every way to be hoped and expected that its career is to be one of constant increase and perfection.

In this country it has not yet become generally known. The attempts of makers to make a practicable carriage have not been very successful; at least not un-

til lately, when the study of the tricycle has furnished useful hints. A few imported ones have, for two years or so, been seen here; and there may be a dozen or so in the United States. In England, however, there has been a rapid increase in the use of the tricycle within the past year or so, and this use has been stimulated in every possible way by manufacturers and others interested. There is considerable variety in details of construction, and great rivalry among the makers, which will probably result in something better than has yet been produced. Tricycle clubs are numerous, excursions and tours are often reported, "races," or more properly rides, are frequent, and an *esprit du corps* has been developed among the devotees of this new favorite, which has resulted in the formation of "The Tricycle Association," intended to unite all amateur tricycle clubs and unattached tricycle riders, to decide points relating to tricycling, to confer championships, and promote the interests of the sport.

THANKSGIVING.—The President of the United States has issued a devout proclamation appointing Thursday, 25 November, as a national day of "acknowledgments to Almighty God for his bounties and his protection." Amongst the things he assigns as specially worthy of thanks is the "firm and faithful adherence by the great body of our population to the principles of liberty and justice which have made our greatness as a nation"; and he calls on the people to meet in places of worship.

We respectfully suggest that wheelmen show their loyalty by obedience to the proclamation. Many will improve the day by quiet club runs or excursions on wheel. Let these arrange their recreative programme so as to arrive at appointed "places of worship," and show their observance of the day and their respect for the feelings of others by attending the services. The wheel has already carried many a good man to church; both it and its rider would gain in favor were it oftener put to that use.

## EXCURSIONS

### IN THE HAMPSHIRE HILLS. II.

THE vivid dashes of crimson and scarlet on the green hillsides are now a constant reminder that summer is past in this beautiful region, and that the season of idle enjoyment is nearly over. September brings with it, not only a gorgeous

coloring of foliage, but an atmosphere as clear and bracing as champagne; oxygen that makes the blood tingle at each deep inhalation. It was on such a day that I wheeled out, for a last ride, my trusty roadster, tried by three hundred miles of roughest roading and found wanting in nothing desirable in a bicycle. I have learned this summer that heaviness and solidity of construction are neither essential nor desirable in a machine for rough roading, provided the material and workmanship are the finest.

Newport, the shire town of Sullivan County, lies nestling among the hills, fifteen miles east of the Connecticut River and seven miles west of Sunapee Lake. Here my bicycle and its rider have been domiciled for the past two weeks, and many trips have they taken together over the surrounding country. Crossing the bridge at the foot of the main street and turning to the right, I left the village behind and bowled along to the foot of a hill whose length was only exceeded by its steepness. I got the idea in my head about that time that somebody had said that walking was a healthful exercise. I tried it. Mounting at the top, I ran down a series of sharp little hills, rideable with a good brake but not a little exciting, on account of the inevitable bed of deep sand that lay at the foot of each incline. I once had a horror of sand in bicycling; but there is so much of it up here, that I find it pays better to lean back and shove through until your wheel refuses to turn, when leg over handles gives a perfectly safe dismount. After three miles of that sort of thing, I reached the valley of the Sugar River and struck a hard, smooth road, winding along its banks and completely sheltered from the sun by over-arching trees. Now and then the sunlight would flicker through the light green leaves of some sugar maple and lie, like flakes of gold, on the damp road-bed; then, striking my nickelled wheel, would break up into a thousand dazzling scintillations.

About five miles from Newport, the road strikes the railway and runs parallel with it and with the river, for some distance; but as I had no fear of any shying at the cars by my steed, and the surface was good, I soon left them behind, and in half an hour was bowling along a superb sidewalk in Claremont (pronounced by the natives Clair-ey-mont). This town is about twice the size of Newport, has fine water-power, banks, academy, etc. I stopped just long enough to get a glass of soda and directions to Ascutneyville, Vermont, then rolled through the town and out towards the Connecticut valley. The beautiful peak of Ascutney Mountain came in sight before reaching Claremont; it was lost to view on entering the town, but reappeared now, as the road wound around the base of a hill. Solitary, majestic it stood, its wooded slopes rising from the gentle Connecticut valley into the deep blue sky. The changing foliage gave it a subdued russet hue, fading to drab higher up where the ledges cropped out.



How I regretted that I should be unable to ascend it! for next to wheeling, my weakness is climbing mountains. At last the covered toll-bridge came in sight and told me (no pun intended) that for the first time in two months I should leave the old Granite State; and I left it with a rush, for the keeper was inside, and I shot past and went whizzing through the dark sixth-mile tunnel at a fifteen-mile gait. At the end I dismounted and read this inscription: "\$2.00 fine for any traveler to go through this bridge faster than a walk." That is comprehensive, thought I; and decided to fly it on the return as the safest and most economical plan.

Ascutneyville, instead of lying at the base of the mountain, as I had supposed, is nearly five miles from it, and only about half a mile from the Connecticut. It is a pretty little Vermont village, but without a hotel, as I found to my dismay on arriving hot and hungry at noon. A little energetic investigation, however, soon rewarded me in the shape of the kindly hospitality of an old resident, who entertained my approving ear with anti-slavery reminiscences, while I enjoyed a delicious lunch. As the afternoon grew cooler and the shadows lengthened, I bid my host good by, sprang in the saddle, and reached Newport without further adventure, in good time for supper. Now, *au revoir*, New Hampshire!

IXION.

#### SPRINGFIELD TO COLUMBUS, O.

IN response to a notice in one of our local papers the day previous, four bicyclers met at the East Main Street Railroad Crossing, on Wednesday last, prepared for a day's recreation on the wheel. Although the bicycle has been in use for some time in our city, it is still an object of curiosity, and the mere announcement of a bicycle meet is sure to attract a crowd, this occasion being no exception. The wind being favorable, it was soon decided to turn our wheels Capitol-ward, and at 9.15 a start was effected. About five minutes were consumed in reaching the top of the hill leading out of the city, when as fine a stretch of hard macadam pike greeted our eyes as any cyclist could wish. Although the trip was intended as a jaunt for pleasure and not for racing or running against time, the condition of the roads was such that we could not resist the temptation, and with a strong wind at our backs we sped along at almost railroad speed, reaching the little village of Harmony (5 miles out) in about 22 minutes. Riding more leisurely, we overheard comments of spectators, such as, "O Mary! here comes the circus"; "Well, what won't folks do next!" "Aint they big velocipedes?" "See that short-legged fellow; ain't he cute?" etc., etc. A little farther on we meet a sturdy Buckeye farmer on foot, who steps to the side of the road, and with hands thrust deep down in his pants pockets, a look on his face of utter astonishment, he says not a word until we are well past, and

then, as if just coming to his senses, lustily shouts, "Hurrah for Garfield!"

We reach Vienna at 10.17, having made two short stops. We are now ten miles from Springfield, where a halt is ordered for ten minutes and our journey is again resumed. Five miles farther on our leader suddenly dismounts, and without giving us time to inquire as to the cause, points to a cider mill in operation in a field close by. No further explanation is asked, and we proceed to experiment as to whether new cider fresh from the mill is a proper beverage for the thirsty bicyclist. Again on our wheels, passing through La Fayette and Summerford, we find the roads in rather a dilapidated condition, but manage to reach West Jefferson, 29 miles on our way, at one o'clock, the actual riding time being 3 hours and 5 minutes. Here we stop for dinner at the Mantel House.

At two o'clock we resume our journey, and, owing to the condition of the roads are obliged to ride slow the remainder of the route, occasionally finding a piece of fresh gravel, over which we are compelled to walk and trundle our machines. Shortly before reaching Rome we meet an old gentleman with horse and buggy, who has driven out next the fence, and is holding the horse by the head. He is so paralyzed with fear (the man, of course, for he could not have whipped that horse out of a walk) that his knees tremble worse than did Belshazzar's when he saw the handwriting on the wall bidding him prepare for his coming doom. Without mishap or accident of any kind, and with some new experiences,—especially one of our party, who ventured too near the high bank at the roadside and endeavored to show us a new way of dismounting over the handles, landing first on his feet, then his hands, and finally all over down the bank,—we reach Columbus, forty-five miles distant from Springfield; the whole riding time being about five hours. Here we meet a party of cyclists and enjoy a few minutes' ride over a splendid asphalt pavement, returning home on the evening train. The average road is good from Springfield to West Jefferson, and could some other route be found than the national pike, of good road from there to Columbus, this trip would be a most enjoyable one. There are no hills but what are easily ridden, but the last fifteen miles of the pike will not soon be again attempted by our party. It is a combination of ruts, dust, and gravel, and is anything but agreeable to the bicyclist. D. E. B.

#### WASHINGTON TO BALTIMORE.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—It was Friday, July 30, that our worthy Vice-President, Dr. Schooley, received his new machine, the Royal Challenge. Immediately it was planned for an extra meet the following afternoon in his honor; and as a result, at five o'clock, twelve wheels were driving toward the White House. Arriving in the grounds, the machines were stacked on a hill overlooking the

gay crowd which one who braves a summer at the capital can see every Saturday afternoon moving about the "President's grounds," listening to the sweet music by the Marine Band; here we see hundreds of "fair ones," who, despite the music, are drawn towards the hill capped with shining steel, to admire the wheels and—envy the riders, in their white shirts, dark-blue knee-breeches, and light-blue stockings. "Why can't there be a bicycle made for us to ride?" we hear them say, with no little pity in our hearts. Just as we begin to tire of the music and the gay scene before us, we hear the band ending a beautiful waltz with Yankee Doodle, and know it is time to mount, for the crowd is fast dispersing. A ride about the city, over the smooth asphalt pavements, is but little less enjoyment than witnessing this enchantment.

One of the chief, well-known attractions in Washington is its broad streets and avenues, where the bicycle and carriage have plenty of room without the least disturbance to each other. There is not a hill in the city—although some are steep—which the rider cannot climb, and in no part of the city is the bicycle a strange object.

The occurrence of this evening is not uncommon, when twelve lights are seen moving side by side down Pennsylvania Avenue.

But this, like other meets, has an end; and that preparations may be made for a long run on the morrow, at nine o'clock we make the club dismount in front of our rooms on 11th street, where an early riser Sunday morning would have seen six young men, in uniform, mounting their well-oiled machines for a run to Baltimore.

All were in fine spirits when, at six o'clock, we climbed Capitol Hill, making our way out Maryland avenue, across the district boundary, over a fine road, past the famous duelling grounds and the battle-field near Bladensburg, and in forty minutes the cyclometer showed that 7½ miles of the run had been made.

When the ten-mile post was reached, no halts had been made; but in the next five miles several hasty dismounts were indulged in. When we had covered twenty-five miles, one of our men, who was lame before starting, declared himself unable to proceed; with reluctance we left him to return on the cars.

Our road was not as good as we expected to find it for the remaining distance, there being much sand to push through, and numerous hills to climb, and but for the many fine springs of water by the wayside, the hot sun and sand would have persuaded more of our number to turn back by rail; but we took our time, and when, about twelve o'clock, we reached Wesley Grove, where a Southern Methodist camp-meeting was holding forth, we felt quite ready for a good lunch; but those Christian brethren were to disappoint us. After being seated in the dining-tent and ordering our coffee and whatever else they had, and just as we



were about to partake of what was set before us, a Mr. Conn, the head of this eating establishment, appeared, and asking us what we had ordered, told us that we could partake of our lunch outside the tent.

This was the first insult ever received by a member of the Capital Bicycle Club from one who professed to be a gentleman; but this was not the only gentleman of that kind upon the grounds: for no sooner had we left this tent than we were accosted by a middle-aged man, with a profusion of flowers in his button-hole.

"Are you playing base-ball on Sunday?"

"No."

"Why do you wear that uniform?"

"We have been riding on a bicycle."

"What is a bicycle?"

"A machine which some call a velocipede."

"Well, as you may attract some attention in that costume, you may, after getting that water," — we were *paying* for the water, — "leave the grounds."

We did leave the grounds, and mounting our machines, which we had left on the road, made our way as fast as possible over the remaining eight miles to Baltimore, where we found people who were Christian enough to permit us to eat a good dinner.

The cyclometer now registered 42½ miles, and we had been nine hours on the way, the running time being about 5½ hours. We were well received by several reporters, and nicely entertained at the Howard House until evening, when we took the train for home; and, after floating, as in water, over the asphalt-paved avenue from the depot to the club rooms, we decided that our trip was not *altogether* an unhappy one.

This is but one of the weekly and almost daily runs which we make, and over some of the pleasant ones we should be pleased to take the readers of the *World*, in person, at some future time.

CASTOR.

## GLANCES ABROAD

### SPOKES FROM FOREIGN WHEEL PAPERS.

OUR foreign exchanges for October have been as usual full of matters particularly interesting to English riders, but containing some things of equal interest elsewhere. From them we cull the following paragraphs. The *Cyclist* has taken up

TRICYCLING as a specialty, and this is from an editorial: "Another sport, or perhaps more correctly speaking, pastime, has, however, now sprung up in our midst, if not with sudden, certainly with giant strides, so far as the season of 1880 has been concerned. We refer to tricycling. Now tricycling is composed of men of a somewhat different line of thought from bicyclers, and generally of those of more mature years, but they are not above taking a leaf out of the bicyclers' past book of experience; and the leading

spirits in tricycling, comprised of the members of the two most important clubs of the kind in London, — the Finchley T. C. and the London T. C., — have determined to practically form a Union, in the form of a joint committee for the management of the amateur championship of tricycling, and the definition of what they consider an amateur tricyclist should be."

It seems that the riders of tricycles are taking steps to prevent any one who is engaged as a principal or employé in the manufacture, sale, or purchase of bicycles and tricycles from membership in tricycle clubs, which probably follows from the obtrusive methods of some of the dealers and their agents, in bringing their own makes into prominence.

It is said that two members of the London Tricycle Club accomplished a nine-days' tour in the South of England, during which they rode a distance of three hundred and fifty-five miles. Some ambitious hill-riding has also been done recently with tricycles.

ROB-ROY in the same paper observes: "Winter is drawing on so rapidly, — and all too soon, — our steeds must take a rest; annual dinners and balls will supplant monster meets and runs." As to drinks, the *Cyclist* has the following: "We certainly do believe in the principles of teetotalism, but not in its absolute practice. We have tried a day's riding on teetotal principles, and also one based on multiplicity of liquors: and we have no hesitation in stating that while we rode perhaps better on the liquor, we next day suffered from a languor or reaction which was absent in the former case. We consider that there are exceptional circumstances — such as being benighted in cold and wet — when liquor may be used as a sort of 'spur' to carry one on from the 'slough of despond' of heavy roads, or that liquor may be used as a stimulant after the work is done, but never while actually *en route*."

A new use for the bicycle is thus set forth: A short time since a fire took place in the city of Coventry, and on the alarm being given, one of the first to appear at the station, fully equipped, was a member living over half a mile off. Some surprise was expressed at this unexpected promptness, when it was found the gentleman in question, notwithstanding the encumbrance of thigh-deep boots, had pressed his bicycle into the service, arriving on the scene of action some minutes before several who lived comparatively close by.

The *Bicycling News* indulges in a humorous effort on

"DUFFERDOM." — "Happily for bicyclers generally, excessive duffers only form a dismal minority; this minority is, however, sufficiently numerous to relieve from utter absurdity the suggestion that competitions restricted to Dufferdom should be instituted. . . . Not only in racing could prizes peculiar to the denizens in Dufferdom be offered with advantage: mediocrity in any walk of bicycular life might compete for medals, which

should be of some cheap and distinctive material, — as for instance, putty."

RE COURTESY. — The same paper has a "random note" to this effect: "To expect perfection in all delicate cases, amongst such a suddenly increased sporting body as bicyclists, would be to expect the development of a modern race of knights-errant, in a very short time. Such qualities as courtesy and presence of mind, however, are desirable in the practice of every sport, to promote harmony and good fellowship; and their cultivation is to be recommended to the bicycling world in particular, not only to promote its welfare as an institution, but as a duty and a necessity. There are undoubtedly many young wheelmen whose boldness were edifying if tempered with a little more delicacy."

"PERSONALITIES in a bicycling paper are a mistake," says the *Bicycling Times* in the course of a three-column editorial of its little quarrel with the *Bicycling News*. These two esteemed contemporaries take their little tilt with each other so often, that one is tempted to quote for them the nursery rhyme,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For 'tis their nature to," etc.

"But editors should never let  
Their angry passions rise;  
Their pens and types were never made  
To tear each others' eyes."

The editor of the *Bicycling Times* rode across Wimbledon Common in October, and remarks: —

"SEVERAL LADY tricyclists were seen, and appeared to be thoroughly masters of their iron steeds. They certainly looked very fetching, to say the least, the little dears seemed to take to it so kindly. We did envy those cyclists who were accompanying them."

CHAMPIONSHIP OF WALES AND MONMOUTH. — At Cardiff, on 23 October, a twenty-five mile race for the championship of Wales and Monmouth was contested by L. G. Edmund of Swansea, H. B. Williams of Cardiff, and others; and was won by the former in 1.30.18.

NEW ZEALAND. — The Pioneer B. C. of Christchurch held its annual general meeting at the Commercial Hotel, adopted racing rules, elected officers, and fixed runs for the month of October. It changed the uniform, and also changed the polo cap to helmet.

INDIA. — The *Bombay Gazette* gives an account of a young man on a bicycle "flying along at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour, with an infuriated bull, head down and tail erect, a few yards behind. . . . On went the bicycle, but now the bull was only about one yard behind. Suddenly, with surprising skill and dexterity, the rider turned his bicycle round, and as quick as lightning was going in the opposite direction to the bull, amid the cheers of hundreds of natives, who could not help admiring the address of the hunted youth. Alas! a worse fate was reserved for him. A herd of buffaloes suddenly



turning a corner of the road received him, not with open arms but lowered horns. There was a cry, a groan, and all was over: the beautiful bicycle, which a few seconds before was flying along at railway speed, was now so many pieces of steel; and the rider, bruised, cut, and bleeding, lay looking at the wreck." Now is n't truth stranger than fiction?

SINGAPORE. — There is reported to be a mania for bicycles in Singapore, which have only lately been introduced. "Two native women, who have lately been made widows, are now thoroughly up to it, and may be seen riding to market at 5 A. M. every morning. They return with their purchases on their heads, and are practising to go without their hands. The postman, who has a large circuit to make, does it all now in about one half the time he used to take."

GERMANY. — Mr. Arthur G. Witherby and Mr. John L. Morgan, of England, completed in September a pleasant tour of about 460 miles through Düsseldorf, and then along the Rhine to Mayence, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Baden-Baden, Strasburg, Weissenburg, Speyer, Worms, and Weisbaden. At the latter town a bicycle club has been formed, which has now about fifteen members.

#### NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

Would n't a good motto for tricyclers be: "If you don't at first get speed, tri tri again"?

Last week forty-three letters for different bicyclers passed through Mr. Wright's post-office box. Two thirds of the notes were written apparently by the fair sex, and were perfumed, oh! so sweetly.

The Mercury Club started at 10 A. M., on Sunday, for a ride to Yonkers, turning out more men than previously, and displaying much better riding.

Mr. Harry Blake and Mr. F. C. Thomas rode to Tarrytown and back last week, making the distance, including stops, in 3.40. The Messrs. Stearns, of the Lenox, rode to Yonkers in 1.14, and Mr. John Stearns made the round trip in 2.40, which time has yet to be beaten. Capt. F. F. Ames went to King's Bridge in forty minutes, and Mr. E. Richards wheeled there and back in 1.50.

The Brooklyn Bi. Club has moved into the quarters lately vacated by Mr. Wright, No. 77 Clinton street, and we hear the rooms are soon to be marvels of beauty and high art.

The run to Yonkers on election day was such a success that another meet is being arranged for Thanksgiving day. This time it is proposed to run to King's Bridge and back. The start will be made later in the forenoon, in order to give the New Jersey and Long Island clubs ample time to take their places in the line. Upon the return to 791 5th avenue, machines will be stacked, and those who wish to do so may partake of a dinner by paying \$1.00. We took a hasty glance at the bill of fare, and saw that that much-

abused bird, the turkey, figured quite prominently, and looked no further, satisfied that the caterer understood his business. We speak for a second joint. Those who wish to speak for a seat at the table should drop a postal to P. D. Johnston, 791 5th avenue, at least three days prior to the meet. Six places will be reserved for reporters of the leading journals, and the stacked bicycles will be guarded by District Telegraph boys.

In answer to a query from Boston, we would say that the Wright glove is made without fingers, so the happy bicyclist may bite his nails, scratch himself, lift a moist glass without soiling his gloves, and be able to find his five-cent piece without fumbling for it so long that his companion pays for him. The glove is not intended to come off before the buttons are undone. Loosen the brass knobs from their separate receptacles, clutch the topermost portion of the gauntlet with a vise-like grip, then gently pare the mitten from the flipper, at the same time turning it inside out (the mitten, not the flipper). For further particulars see specifications and letters patent.

Glancing up from the barber's chair to the cup rack a few mornings ago, your correspondent's eyes rested upon a huge china cup with a gold bicycle and the name "D. Belard" stamped upon its face. Daniel is a good fellow and means well, but we do wish he would be more up in aesthetics. It haunted us all through the trimming of our hair, the shampoo, and the final mop off with bay rum. Mike, the barber, says that Daniel likens him unto a bicycle, because he works so silently; also, that Daniel intends to give the record a close shave in the spring. He has given it a good brush already, so let's soap for the best.

It is reported that just in proportion as Lazare's pedal extremity assumes a normal condition, so his disposition becomes more sour. Yesterday, in a fit of sulks, he refused to allow his mamma to comb his raven locks, and shortly after, when a very beautiful young lady called and he was most anxious to have that office performed as speedily as possible, he foamed at the mouth and grew exceedingly wroth because Mrs. Lazare very properly refused his request. Marius should n't try to comb it over his mother in that way.

Mr. H. H. Walker, of the Manhattan, while trying to do some fancy riding, turned a corner too suddenly, took a header and severely sprained his left arm. Walker is too good a fellow to break himself up with fancy dodges, and we hope, for our sake if not for his own, that he will hereafter be content with plain riding.

We wish to say to the Mercury boys that the club blackboard is intended for club business, and not for such as the following:—

A boastful young fellow from Clyde  
Declared he had been on a ride,  
Where a mile he had made

In a minute. I'm 'fraid  
That Clyde individual — fibbed.

KNICK O'BOCKER.

P. S. We cut the following from the New York *Commercial Advertiser*:—

"The wife of Mr. James M. Fuller, of the banking house of Camman & Co., met with a painful accident yesterday while riding out near Mamaroneck, by the horses taking fright at a goat. The carriage was dashed to pieces and Mrs. Fuller was removed to her residence to await the result of her injuries."

This is an outrage. Our aldermen should pass an ordinance requiring the goat to carry a bell and a hub lamp.

K. O'B.

#### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

THE CRESCENT Bicycle Club has issued a few complimentary tickets to an exhibition of riding to be given at the gymnasium of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boylston street, Boston, on Friday evening, 26 November. There will be much regret (in which the C. Bi. C. members share) that the space available for spectators is so limited as to prevent the general admission of the public to the exercises of this well-drilled club. There is, however, some prospect that a larger hall may be obtained at some future time, and a wider interest satisfied. The secretary has handed us a programme for next Friday evening's entertainment, which is in substance as follows: Music. Entrance by the club. Squad drill. Music. Fancy riding. Music. Slow race for a silver medal. For the latter event M. M. Carpenter, of Providence Bi. C., and Blake, of Crescent Bi. C., are to act as judges, and Mr. Pratt, of Boston Bi. C., as referee.

ESSEX Bi. C. — This club projected a meet and run on "election day," to which it turned out 21 members, and in which other clubs joined as follows: Plainfield 4, Elizabeth 4, Trenton 3; unattached, 3. The run was through Elizabeth, Rahway, and Perth Amboy, where dinner was taken; thence to Totenville and Stapleton, Staten Island, and New York. A very successful run of 41 miles was had, and there were many enjoyable incidents of the day.

THE HARVARD Bi. C. has elected officers as follows: President, R. C. Sturgis, '81; Captain, J. H. Taylor, B. 1.; Sub-Captain, S. Williston, '82; Secretary, A. Thorndike, '81; Treasurer, H. V. Hayes, '83; Directors, J. H. Sturgis, '81; J. H. Storer, '82; R. S. Codman, '83; J. Coolidge, '84. The club is talking of having a club room.

NASHVILLE Bi. C. — A bicycle club with this name was formed in Nashville, Tenn., in October last. Officers: President and Captain, A. E. Howell; Vice-President and Bugler, V. L. Cunningham; Secretary and Treasurer, L. N. Jesunofsky. There were eight "charter" members.



**ORANGE WANDERERS.**—The Orange, N. J., members of the Essex Bi. C. met on 4 November at the house of Captain Johnson, and organized the "Orange Wanderers," as a local division of the Essex. Officers are: Lieutenant, L. H. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, E. K. Snyder; Secretary and Treasurer, W. E. Thatcher (East Orange P. O., N. J.); Bugler, F. Hussey. The number of members is fourteen. An orange-colored ribbon will be worn in connection with the regular monogram badge. A club room has been procured, and will be opened nightly for the use of members; runs will be held three times a week until the season closes.

**SAN FRANCISCO BI. C.**—This club was organized 28 November, 1878. Its officers for the current year have been elected as follows: President, R. de Clairmont; Captain, Herman C. Eggers; Sub-Captain, Charles A. Butler; Secretary and Treasurer, George J. Hobe (1633 Hyde street, San Francisco). The club is prosperous and active, with twenty-three active members and one honorary, the latter being his Excellency George C. Perkins, governor of the State. The badge recently adopted by the club is of gold in the shape of a shield, the face showing the colors of the club, blue and white. Upon the surface of the latter is impressed a fierce grizzly bear in gold, to indicate that the club is the pioneer one of California; and the blue contains a miniature gold bicycle. The badge is handsomely arched with the letters S. F. Bi. C., in black enamel.

## CORRESPONDENCE

**DETROIT, MICH.,**—August.—I won't put in the date, because it is Sunday, and I know you people in the Old Bay State have still left in the back rooms of your minds an idea that Sunday letter-writing is dreadfully wicked. I know it is wrong too; but one must do *something*, and as it rains, and my wife has retired to snooze off the lingering effects of an awfully tiresome recreative (?) vacation, thus leaving me alone in my home, with no one but the baby to mind and the flies to cuss,—I say as I am thus desolate and alone, I *must* do something, and as it rains too hard to break the Sabbath by a wheel ride I will bend it out of shape a little by writing a letter. So much for an introduction.

I find that bicycling is slowly but surely meeting with increased favor in our State, and is not losing ground in the beautiful City of the Straits, Detroit. I do not think the interest of the sport has ever been rightly handled here, for if it had there would be ten times the number of machines in use; but it has been almost impossible to get a machine when one was ordered, and the stupidity of Eastern shippers has resulted in such disgusting *faux pas* at times that only the most determined and enthusiastic have been kept in the notion of bicycling

at all. We look for better things some day, and are now concentrating our forces for an active campaign. Our club's president, L. J. Bates, the "Bald-headed Codfish of the Fresh-Water Seas," ordered an Invincible machine *last April*. It came *last week*. N. B. Conger, the present champion rider of these parts, had also ordered an Invincible, but some of the Eastern men, whom Providence or some other power, for some inscrutable reason, permits to do business at Boston, sent over seas and got out a "boy's size" for him, and in a disgusted moment and as a *dernier ressort* he bought a first-class Harvard, and is now enjoying a fit of sickness. He has thus been kept out of a summer of sport, and is by no means good-natured about it. My misfortune in breaking my machine was not salved over by a blunder of Pope & Co., in sending me what I never ordered and would n't take as a gift; but even that is eventually made all right, and all is serene again. Meanwhile Conger, Sr., has been taking off his surplus fat by big trips up country; Wiry McCall has increased his road experience by some splendid runs; our architectural Varney has frequently ridden stretches that made his machine sweat, and he has told us all a tale of horror of one road he found that no sane bicyclist will ever forget. Capt. Howard's big Premier has scared the chickens and children along all the most pleasant roads in this vicinity, and the rest of the boys have more or less in the way of exploit and exploration chalked up on their score-books.

Out in the country, the gentlemen of the Genesee Club, at Flint, have been doing some good work, and are extending the interest in bicycling even more than the Detroit men are, perhaps. I learn that two members of their club, Messrs. Wood and Coe, of Fenton, are now wheeling to Buffalo, through Canada.

The races at Charlotte and Eaton Rapids, which *almost* caught some of our amateurs by the "glittering bait" in the way of money prizes held out, were participated in by a few strangers, while Michigan amateurs let them alone.

### HIND-WHEEL.

A WILKESBARRE correspondent sends the following: "The best on bicycling around here so far was the name given by an Irishman, who saw me riding up the street a short time ago. After I had passed him a friend came up, when No. 1 said, 'Jamie, did you say the machine that just went up the strate?' 'No,' says Jamie; 'phat was it?' 'Oh, 't was one of them bluddy "disciples,"' says No. 1. That was enough—our informant walked off."

**ALBANY WHEELING.**—ALBANY, N. Y., 25 August, 1880. *Editor of the Bicycling World*:—The establishment of a bicycle club in Albany, I am happy to say, is now an accomplished fact; and though we can only muster thirteen riders at the present time, we feel confident that by next year our members will be largely increased.

It is an undoubted fact that bicycling in Albany has not that encouragement of good and level roads that you happy "cits" of the Hub enjoy. The longest tour that we have yet had courage to tackle was some sixty miles in one day; but I will wager that the sixty odd miles that we rode that day was equal to at least eighty to ninety miles over your good New England roads.

I would say for the general information of bicyclers that we have found the best roads to be on the east side of the river. The roads on the Albany side are generally pretty sandy and hilly for distances of from twenty to forty miles in almost every direction; still our enthusiasm has enabled us to get many a pleasant spin over pretty bad roads. You Bostonians would appreciate the splendid, hard, level roads that environ you, if you could only charge some of the sandy hills and levels that we have to ride. Notwithstanding the difficulties that we have to encounter, we enjoy the splendid sport, and we are happy in the knowledge that the material of which our modest club consists is of the proper kind; we have the necessary grit, muscle, and love of the wheel to inspire the sleepy "Vans" of this good old Dutch city with a just appreciation and interest in our pleasure and health-giving pastime. Yours very truly,

C. W. FOURDRINIER,

407 BROADWAY. *Secretary and Treasurer.*

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—Our Mr. Wrigley, in the two-mile handicap, at Waverly, N. J., carried away first prize, and made a record of 7.20. Messrs. Marcus H. Reeve and M. Wrigley carried off first prizes in one-third mile dash and two-mile handicap respectively, at the Manhattan Polo Ground races in this city, on Saturday, 2 October. Mr. Wrigley, who rides a 58-inch Royal Challenge, is going to make a fast man on the racing track.

**ROUTE BOOK.**—Director Gullen writes: "Kindly advise your Albany correspondent that the best route book of English roads is, for main roads, the *Bicyclist's Annual* for 1879; and for cross-roads, the *Bicycle Annual* for 1880, both published by Mr. Harry Etherington, 152 Fleet street, London. The price of each annual is 1s. sterling."

**MR. S. STOKES**, of Richmond, Va., paid us a call on the 4th August, and speaks very encouragingly of the prospects for wheeling in that State. He is at present the only rider in Richmond, having obtained his Bi. while at the University of Virginia, in the mountains. He did n't tell us, but we found out, that his father had a very poor opinion of the wheel, and discouraged him from having a better one, which he very much wanted. One afternoon the elder gentleman invited his son to take a seat behind his span, for a ride six miles away, to pay a visit; but the son preferred to take his wheel, and was bidden good by, with the remark that if he got along before the visit was over, he would be taken back. Mr. Stokes saw his father start, then mounted, and was at



the place of visit in time to greet his father with a bow, as he drove up. One young man in Richmond is to have the finest bicycle the market affords.

SAN FRANCISCO, California. — Mr. F. T. Merrill writes, in a recent letter, that his school has a large number of pupils, taking a thorough course of lessons, and that "there are several wealthy men here who are building a park which is to excel anything of the kind ever built in the world, costing over \$2,000,000. The park is to be laid out for racing, salt-water bathing, base-ball, and cricket, besides having two hotels built on the grounds for the accommodation of transient or permanent guests. On the outside of the park will be several tracks, one for horse-racing, 3 miles long, a pedestrian and promenade track, and 2½ miles laid out for bicycle racing. This latter track is to be made of cinders, and will be 13 feet under ground. One of the managers called to see me, and said they intended to pay particular attention to bicycling."

PROVIDENCE AND OUT OF IT. — *Editor Bi. World*. — A short time since, having a small package which I wished delivered in East Taunton, I thought, How foolish to send by express when you have a horse all saddled and ready! so I bestrode my steed and away for Taunton.

The first three miles was very pleasant, a good road and a short race with a couple of pretty girls in a phaeton (and by the way, there was more fun in keeping side of than passing) putting me in high spirits; but another mile changed my ideas and taught me that it was much more dignified to walk through six inches of sand than to ride. I didn't take any headers, because it's against my principles to take anything, but I dismounted no less than seven times in one half mile. I walked seven and rode nine miles to Taunton in a little less than three hours; from there to East Taunton the road is all that one could ask, and was very enjoyable by comparison. I found dinner on the table, and at very short notice gave them the most positive proof that bicycling will produce an appetite. After satisfying the wants of the inner man and chatting a couple of hours, mounted for my homeward journey. Made a good run to Taunton, and then out Tremont street to the Attleboro' and Pawtucket road, and back by way of Pawtucket; found good riding all the way, and if any of the readers of the *WORLD* come from Taunton to Providence, by all means take the road to Pawtucket instead of the Providence pike; for although the way is longer in miles, it's shorter in time and much more pleasant.

By the way, Capt. Richmond, of the Providence Club, is about to open a riding rink which will probably be headquarters of the Providence Club, and any visiting wheelman may be assured of courteous treatment should he call upon him.

The Providence Club made a moonlight run to Pawtucket to-night, and had an oyster supper at Dispeau's. They are

'most all good feeders, and to-night did ample justice to the supper (I believe it's characteristic of the club). The present talk is of making a run to Boston Thanksgiving day. More news and gossip later.

Yours, etc., OPEN ALL NIGHT.

### THE BICYCLE IN ENGLAND.

[From The Telegraph.]

IT was not very long ago that a young man was descending a steep hill in the neighborhood of London, and came to grief before he reached the bottom. Either he ran away with the bicycle or the bicycle ran away with him; at all events he lost control, and rode violently down the steep place, only to find himself pulled up at the bottom by a policeman for furious and reckless driving. Then a notable decision was announced by the judge, who had to determine the question whether a bicycle could be called a "carriage" or not. If it was not a carriage, then it could not be properly proceeded against under the statute which forbids carriages to be driven at a reckless pace. The argument of the rider was, that really you could not call a thing consisting of two wheels only, with a little bit of a saddle, a carriage; while on the other side, it was urged that anything was a carriage that had wheels and a seat and that was used for carrying people. A subtle dilemma this, like the great dispute in "Alice in Wonderland" about the "Cheshire Cat" in the tree which was always grinning, — in fact, was entirely grin and nothing else. We know that the King of Hearts waxed angry, and ordered his executioner to behead that cat; while the executioner replied that he couldn't behead a creature that had no body; to which the King answered that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and he "was n't to talk nonsense." Mr. Justice Lush soon settled the analogous bicycle case, and now it stands recorded in all our law books that a velocipede is a carriage, "and nothing but it," as Mr. Weller remarked, and must be ridden or driven at a reasonable pace, so as not to endanger the lives of her Majesty's subjects.

As regards the present condition of velocipeding in England, several new inventions have lately come out for making the amusement safer. Elderly gentlemen — yes, and ladies, too, elderly or not — can step up into a comfortable seat, something like an arm-chair, lean back, work their feet up and down as if they were at a sewing-machine, and glide along the ground easily and safely. This is the modern tricycle. Nothing, however, quite comes up to the two-wheeled phantom, the dainty and delicate "racer," on one of which Mr. Cortis, an amateur rider, has just accomplished the astonishing feat of ten miles in less than thirty minutes, — rather faster than twenty miles an hour. For combined ease and speed of locomotion nothing can beat the old bicycle, with its many modern improvements, except a railway train. It is perfectly easy now — a young man from the merry midlands

has just done it — to mount at Birmingham, ride through charming English scenery to Dover, take steamer and mount again on the opposite coast, visit all the scenes of the Franco-German war, — Sedan, Metz, Strasburg, — and roll home again through Paris, arriving at the English habitat after a fortnight's holiday of good all-round exercise and keen enjoyment.

COST OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND. — *To my Albany Friend*: In the last number of the *Bi. World* I saw your request for a statement of the average cost *per diem* for a person touring on a bicycle through England. Of course I cannot tell what it would cost this one and that one, unless I know what their habits are. A person can spend as much there for food, and so forth, as he can here. I don't know but what more; because, usually in the country inns they keep a better stock of luxuries than they do here. It would be best to join the Bicycle Touring Club, as their tariff is as low, and in many cases lower than the regular rates. As we made our arrangements on this side of the water, I cannot tell what the different rates were, but going on the supposition that you, if intending to tour through the country, would have joined the B. T. C., I can give their regular hotel tariff. I shall reckon the shilling as twenty-five cents, and the sixpence as twelve and a half cents.

Bed and attendance.....	62½
Breakfast.....	37½
Dinner.....	62½
Supper.....	37½
Attendance (per day).....	25

\$2.25

To this must be added whatever you may want in the way of liquors, a shilling or so for cleaning your machine and tips to servants; then also, if you visit places of interest, there are guide books, guides, admission fees, and photographs.

I don't think any one can expect to travel, at the lowest, less than three dollars a day, and probably not much less than four.

In nearly all places, where there is any riding done, you will find a B. T. C. house, where the above rates would be what you would expect to pay; to those places where no such house has been appointed, the rates would not differ much, so I think the above can be taken as a fair estimate of the daily expense for touring. If this does not give you what information you desire, I will answer any communications through the *World*.

If you should decide to go on such a trip, don't take more than one friend with you, and have that one a good one, able to ride as well and as fast as you. If I was going again I should not have any set programme, but should wheel where inclination took me, and stop when overtaken by night. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain yours truly,

LONDON W.



# THE Bicycling World & ARCHERY FIELD

Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.

BOSTON, 19 NOVEMBER, 1880.

**AUTUMN ARCHERY ABROAD.**—The leading clubs in England have been quite active at the range during the fall, and some of the younger ones have advanced in accomplishment. While it would not be of sufficient interest to our readers to warrant us in publishing all the scores of matches shot there (even if we had the space), we believe that some accounts, from time to time, of the doings of our English cousins will be appreciated. Some features of archery there—variations by which they brighten up the pastime and preserve it from monotony—have not yet been introduced here; instructive points may be noticed; and the leading scores, as well as average scores sometimes, may serve for interesting comparison and stimulation. In our notice of some of their autumn doings not before reported in these columns, we shall omit what does not appear important or in line with these suggestions. On 29 September, the West Berks Archers met on the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, in the forenoon. Shooting was at their usual round of 216 arrows at 100 yards; and the handicapping was as follows: the value of Mr. Everett's score was estimated at 453 (the highest), as a standard, and the other

competitors had an estimated value assigned (less, of course), the difference between which and the standard was to be added to the actual score made. This method of handicapping, as well as the actual scores made, will be easily seen in the following table. The estimated values are given in the first column, and may be compared with the actual, in the right column, to see how nearly accurate handicap guessing is.

	Estimated Value.	
Mr. Everett.....	453	
Mr. Longman.....	389	
Mr. Nesham.....	450	
Mr. Butt.....	344	
Mr. Rod.....	240	
Mr. Rodway.....	240	
Mr. Ellis.....	240	
Mr. Prothers.....	177	
Mr. Fisher.....	226	
Mr. Lavin.....	450	
Mr. Meyrick.....	210	
		1st 72.
Mr. Everett.....	52-216	
Mr. Longman.....	35-127	
Mr. Nesham.....	41-196	
Mr. Butt.....	19-71	
Mr. Rod.....	20-54	
Mr. Rodway.....	27-107	
Mr. Ellis.....	20-96	
Mr. Prothers.....	12-34	
Mr. Fisher.....	37-136	
Mr. Lavin.....	31-131	
Mr. Meyrick.....	29-89	
		2d 72.
Mr. Everett.....	51-197	
Mr. Longman.....	42-160	
Mr. Nesham.....	47-167	
Mr. Butt.....	24-110	
Mr. Rod.....	24-88	
Mr. Rodway.....	20-86	
Mr. Ellis.....	20-104	
Mr. Prothers.....	18-52	
Mr. Fisher.....	37-121	
Mr. Lavin.....	18-53	
Mr. Meyrick.....	16-56	
		3d 72.
Mr. Everett.....	45-171	
Mr. Longman.....	12-243	
Mr. Nesham.....	68-58	
Mr. Butt.....	14-105	
Mr. Rod.....	68-204	
Mr. Rodway.....	77-204	
Mr. Ellis.....	80-316	
Mr. Prothers.....	75-207	
Mr. Fisher.....	68-236	
Mr. Lavin.....	114-134	
Mr. Meyrick.....	50-198	
		Total.
Mr. Everett.....	155-633	
Mr. Longman.....	150	
Mr. Nesham.....	603	
Mr. Butt.....	3	
Mr. Rod.....	551	
Mr. Rodway.....	219	
Mr. Ellis.....	513	
Mr. Prothers.....	902	
Mr. Fisher.....	502	
Mr. Lavin.....	495	
Mr. Meyrick.....	276	
	225	
	33	
	441	
		Additions.
	603	
		Gross.
	603	

Mr. Everett won the West Berks challenge bugle, by 15 more hits and 50 larger score than any previous record thereon.

The Beddington Park archers held their second prize meeting on 28 September. The shooting was in classes, first and second, each at the round of 48 arrows at 80 and 60 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 and 50 yards, and ladies and gentlemen shooting together in either. In the first class Mr. J. H. Bridges made the highest score,—34-160, 22-126; total, 56-286, golds 11. In the second class the highest was 22-72, 18-84; total 40-156, golds 2.

The West Kent archers made three classes on 27 September; ladies at the National and gentlemen at the latter half of the York.

The Waterloo archers, formed this year, shot 25 September, a successful match, using for ladies 48 arrows at 60 and 50 yards, and for gentlemen 48 arrows at 80 and 60 yards.

The Vale of White Horse archers closed their eleventh season on 29 September. The round selected was 24 arrows at 40, 50, and 60 yards, respectively. The chief attraction was the competition for the goose, annually given by the secretary, for the best hit in a mark on each target. Miss E. Carter, this time, made a central hit in the mark and obtained the goose. The principal scores made were:—

	Total.	Gold.
Mrs. Eyre Hussey...	61-313	6
Miss Carter.....	58-274	7
Mr. Eyre Hussey.....	57-255	4
Mrs. Compton.....	53-251	7
Mrs. Field.....	47-189	2
Miss Wicke.....	45-155	2
Miss Bradford.....	33-145	2
Miss F. Bradford.....	36-142	2
Mrs. Dyson.....	38-128	
Mr. Golightly.....	38-124	

And there were 11 other competitors.

The Royal Toxophilite Society met on 13 October to shoot 144 arrows at 100 yards. Col Lewin offered a prize of £3 for the best average value of score per hit, and of £2 for the worst ditto. These are some of the scores:—

	Total.	Average to hit.
Mr. Nesham.....	94-390	4.14
Mr. Everett.....	77-312	4.06
Mr. Clare.....	62-228	3.67
Major Fisher.....	72-226	3.11
Mr. Hentz.....	48-194	4.04

And so on down the list; but this is far enough to indicate that this average-hit score prize adds a new element of interest. The next day they shot the single York round handicap match, in which 443 was taken as standard or estimated value of score for Mr. Nesham and Mr. Everett, and others were allowed accordingly. The highest actual score was by Mr. Everett, and the next by Mr. Nesham, thus:—

100 Yards.	80 Yards.	60 Yards.	Total.
50-224	38-166	22-116	110-506
52-176	38-196	19-93	109-465

The actual average total hits and scores of the twenty-eight competitors in this match (the weather was "most propitious"), was, *hits*, 64.13; *score*, 267.71. The lowest actual total was 24-96. This society met for an extra target, York round, on 21 and 28 October, when fair scores were shown; and on 4 November is had the last extra target of the season and an annual dinner.

## THE ARCHERY MEETING.

A LAWN of velvet; reared at either side  
A flaring target, like a viking's shield;  
A brave old mansion; here and there described  
Fair groups in courtly attitudes afield,  
Such as quaint Watteau painted;  
With bows of lancewood, tufted shafts ablaze  
From gaudy quivers, and costumes to match.  
July suggestions—limpid greens and grays,  
Light-blues and lilacs, such as lift the latch  
To make extremes acquainted;  
And sweet, low laughs like voiced smiles, that blend  
With drip of bird-trills from lawn's end to end.

Then one by one, in soft or manly pose,  
The archers alternating, pian and maid;  
Shafts notched at string, adjustment of slim bows,  
The sweep from arm's-length unto shoulder blade,  
The arrows sharply whistling.  
Nine for the bull's-eye, seven for the red,  
The drab five counting, and the black but three,  
While, circling round the outer white, are spread  
The errant units, till the targe we see  
Like a thronged marsh-pool bristling.  
Then tallies marked, the shafts regained, and then  
The sward walked over, to begin again.

No dream, I trow, of greenwood sports of old,  
Such as Maid Marian's, with her outlawed freres,  
Attends this latest freak of fashion's mould—  
No quivered bravery of red compers  
Its modish current jeopards;



But all is gentle, suave—a goodly share  
Of parlor graces with free movement blent;  
Formal, polite, high-bred, and debonnaire,  
It still repeats the nice impression lent  
By Watteau and his shepherds,  
Where picturesque and etiquette impart  
Their odd companionship to mannered art.

A snowy cloth; a luncheon rarely heaped;  
The laughter jocund now that lately purred;  
The meeds apportioned and the honors reaped;  
With bow-and-arrow wit, that takes the word  
From smiles and looks of greeting.  
And over all a spirit and a charm  
Of ease conventional—of pastime held  
In lease from gush, with naught to give alarm,  
To that reposeful stateliness compelled  
By grace with skill competing.  
No harm done, and the end in view attained—  
The blind god through fresh paces led and trained.

NATHAN D. URNER, in *Scribner's* for September.

## ARCHERY NOTES

AN INTERESTING NOTICE.—On the 25 November a match will be shot between Mr. Frank C. Havens, of San Francisco, Cal., and Mr. Will H. Thompson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., which those gentlemen desire to be open to all archers. Gentlemen desiring to join in the match on that day can do so, and should report their scores at once to Mr. Will H. Thompson, who will cause them to be published in full. The terms of the match are, 96 arrows at 60 yards, divided into four lots of 24 arrows each. No trial shots or preliminary shooting of any sort, but the first arrow shot on that day to be scored in the match. Scores should be reported to Mr. Thompson thus:—

1st 24. 2d 24. 3d 24. 4th 24. Total.  
E. T. Church: 18-92 21-113 17-91 22-110 78-406

ARCHERY grows each year in favor as a transplanted sport. Some of the English archery clubs are already old, but only of late has America given much attention to the string and bow. Perhaps the modern disciples, on this side of the ocean, of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN would have rallied sooner to the ancient pastime had it not been for the despotic sway of croquet, which during a long time brooked no rival as a lawn game for both sexes to join in. Of late, fashion has taken up archery with vigor, and the sport has evidently not reached its climax yet in public favor. —*N. Y. Sun.*

THE SYSTEM OF SCORING.—Many articles treating on the subject of archery scoring have been published in various papers during the last year or two. Able writers have given what appeared to be good reasons for changing the present system of 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 for the various rings to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, after the Creedmor style of rifle scoring. There are good reasons, however, for retaining the old system, some of which we will give. They may have been discussed before, but it has not been our good luck to see them. Archery, as a sport, is of English origin, having attained considerable prominence as long as forty years ago. At that time (and prior) the present system of counting was in use. Records of scores have been kept according to that method, the best of which are known to our devotees. In America this is a new exercise. It is

natural that we should at first adopt all English customs, and by keeping our scores in the same manner we are able to compare our skill, for the short practice we have had, with the older and more experience of the Old World. We know when we are gaining or approaching a degree of proficiency equal to theirs. When we are fortunate enough to pass their scores we shall know it at once. Imagine the headaches that would torment us were we to adopt a new style of counting and attempt to compare with old records. Every individual arrow must be transposed from 5 to 9, 4 to 7, and so on. We have had it urged that it works well at rifle practice. You must bear in mind that rifle target practice is newer, or rather of later origin than archery. It originated in America, or first attracted attention in this country. We established a system of counting which has been adopted in other countries. We are good shots with a rifle, and other people know it. They wish to become as proficient, and in order to compare scores with us they adopt our systems. As said before, it is the same with archery. It is of very little matter how it is done, except as a matter of interest we take for comparison's sake. We must not be too smart and try to change the world all at once, for the world won't stand it. They will keep on in the even tenor of their ways, and we will be laughed at by everybody.

Sam Davis, of Carson, Nev., gave his views recently on this subject, and spoke of the colors of the target as not being the proper thing, saying that plain white with black rings was better. We will say that both targets are good at different times and under different circumstances. If the weather is cloudy and the sun is entirely obscured Mr. Davis's white target would undoubtedly be fine; but if by chance it should be bright and glaring, how would it be? Did any of you ever look at a whitewashed fence in a bright day? Do you recollect how dazzled your eyes were, and perhaps a little painful? Do you think you could pick up a bow and shoot at a black spot on the fence with any degree of accuracy? A white target would have the same effect. I think I hear some one say that riflemen find no difficulty with their white targets. Think a moment, and you will remember that a rifle target is never nearer than 200 yards, and from that distance to 1,000 yards off, while an archery target is only from 40 yards to 100 yards removed from us, the latter being the archer's greatest distance. The colors on our targets are so arranged that they are not painful to look upon, and are rather soothing to the eyesight than otherwise. When we are fortunate enough to have a beautiful lawn to shoot over, how handsome they look!

It is a great pity that some enterprising person does not fit up a good archery range and have it grassed over and kept properly cut. We doubt if it would pay; but what we would like is to run across

some old man who takes delight in this sport, has plenty of money, and knows of no better use for it than by giving us the benefit of it. The Sacramento archers have a fine range owned by the State. Is there not some archer among our statesmen who can contrive to fix us as comfortably? — *Pacific Life.*

THE BOW AND QUIVER AT SACRAMENTO.—The shortening of the days, remarks the *Bee* of 22 October, is cutting off the archers' chances to practice, and bows and targets will soon be laid aside until the next picnic season, which will not be many months. The following scores were made in a contest, a few days ago, between Messrs. Loftus and Collins, of the Sherwood Foresters, of Sacramento, at the single York round:—

Loftus, 100 yards .. 25 hits ... 63	
80 yards .. 27 hits ... 99	
60 yards ... 18 hits ... 80-242	
Collins, 100 yards ... 21 hits ... 71	
80 yards ... 17 hits ... 65	
60 yards ... 22 hits ... 86-222	

Shooting at the St. Leonard round,—Loftus made 308, with 60 hits, and Collins 231, with 56 hits.

## DRIFT AND WAG

MR. FRANK E. ROFF, so pleasantly associated with Mr. Manley in the publication of Ford's "Theory of Archery," was recently in Massachusetts, inciting his friends to renewed interest in the ancient pastime. His account of archery affairs in Toledo, as well as his familiarity with the progress of the art in other localities, shows that he is warmly interested in the subject of good shooting, and we expect he will redeem his promise to us of some communications for our columns for the coming year.

BURGERS may find archers bad subjects of prey; according to the Carson *Appeal*, Billy Lynch of that place hearing a noise in his back yard one night, looked and saw a man trying to get into his house by way of the kitchen. Stringing his trusty yew, and opening the window, he sent a twenty-seven inch Spaulding arrow into the broadest spot presented, as the man bent over to force the lock. With a howl of pain he sprang into the air, and went yelling out of the yard. Mr. Lynch lost a fine arrow, but the general result was satisfactory.

MR. I. P. ALLEN amused himself on the afternoon of 31 October, when a match was not off-coming between him and Frank Haven on account of the latter's illness, by a practice shoot at the double York round, resulting in a total of 126-548.

A SNAKE FOR A TARGET.—It is related that two young ladies belonging to an archery club not far from Pittsburg went out to the field to practise, and found their target lying flat on the ground. Each took hold of a side to raise it, but suddenly dropped it with a shriek, and climbed the nearest fence.



They had discovered coiled up under the target a snake, about three feet long. Their shrieks brought all the ladies of the neighborhood to the place, and in the council of war that was held, some proposed jumping up and down on the target, to crush the reptile; it was finally decided, however, to use the noble weapon, and two were found courageous enough to raise the target, while other two of the best shots seized bows and arrows, and sending their shafts through the reptile, bound him to the earth, and killed him. Thus does archery make the ladies brave.

### BOOKS AND PAGES

THE OLYMPIAN, with its luxurious wide columns and elegant letter-press, is one of our welcome exchanges. It is far along in its second volume, and we can well believe that the out-door recreations and pastimes of California and the neighboring States have been stimulated and increased in interest by its lively reporting and spicy comment. The number for November, for instance (it is published monthly; we wish it were weekly) has a leading article on base-ball, a page and a quarter of archery, something on rowing, fishing, military, shooting, football, yachting, cricket, lawn tennis, a small corner for bicycling and glances at art, drama, music, etc. We wish our distant neighbor continued success, and advise our readers that an investment of \$2.00 with the Olympian Publishing Company, 412 Commercial street, San Francisco, will be well placed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — The *Atlantic Monthly*, for December, is at hand first of the magazines, and contains many papers of interest and value. Received of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

### THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

#### HARTFORD TO MERIDEN.

THE twenty-mile road connecting these two places is mostly made of red clay, and was probably at its best on the 10th June, a few days after a rain, when I first went over it. Asylum street, which crosses the tracks at right angles, in front of the railroad station, is to be followed to the west (r.), up a hill, whose stone sidewalk on the south side is ridable, and afterwards the macadam of Farmington avenue is to be followed in the same westerly direction to Quaker Lane, which is the second or third cross street encountered beyond the terminus of the horse railroad. Turning to the south (l.), the road continues good to the foot of a hill, beyond a brook, near a blacksmith shop, where a dismount is necessary — the distance from the start being about four miles. A little beyond this the general course becomes westerly again, for three quarters of a mile, to Corbin's Corner, where a sharp turn is made to the south (l.), after which the poorest track of the

whole journey is experienced for nearly two miles. Then, at the top of a small hill, approached from the east, another "four corners" is met, and another sharp turn is made southward (l.). Thence on to New Britain, two miles, the road is excellent, and thence eastward to Berlin, three miles, it is hardly inferior, and the whole distance may be made without dismount. (This makes about a dozen miles from Hartford, of which no more than a quarter-mile has to be walked, and the return may be made by train from Berlin station, if thought desirable.) Continuing southward, the road keeps beside the railroad track for some distance, and within four miles it leads over several long hills which have to be ascended on foot, if not also descended in the same manner. Mounting at last, near the top of one of these, the rider may go without stop to the railroad station in Meriden, three and a third miles beyond, though he will have to climb a tolerable hill soon after the start, and also a short, steep one about a mile from the finish. Between these points the road has a continuous downward slope, varying pleasantly in degrees of steepness, and for more than a mile it runs through a shaded glen, or gorge, — the very perfection of wheeling.

I imagine that the trip northward from Meriden to New Britain would be less agreeable; but the downward run from Hartford to Meriden, as here described, can safely be recommended to any one. The cyclometer registered  $21\frac{1}{4}$  miles, which included several detours, and I was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours on the way. I was told that the road continued equally good to Wallingford, and that it was tolerable for much of the way thence to New Haven; but as darkness and railroad train came on together, I thought best to employ the latter as a means of reaching the New Haven boat for New York. The gentlemanly captain refused to let me take my wheel into my stateroom, but the baggage-master stored it safely, and no charge was made therefor.

#### HARTFORD TO SPRINGFIELD.

The road from Springfield to Hartford, as explored by me in September last, was described in the *Br. World* of 29 May. On 8 June I repeated the trip in the other direction. From the Court House in Hartford, I rode three miles due north without dismount, and then another five miles. Soon after this I went astray by taking the left instead of the right hand road, which last year's trial showed to be a poor one. In place of two or three miles of this poor road I chose about seven miles of a path across the sand plains, to get to Windsor Locks. Thence I followed the towpath of the canal to its northern end, four and a quarter miles above. Then came a walk of three quarters of a mile west, to the turnpike, which I followed to the South End bridge at Springfield, six miles and a half. As the rain fell during all this interval, I cannot judge well of the track; but think, on the whole, that this tour from Springfield had better be made on

the west side of the river, rather than on the east side, where I made it last year. Possibly the turnpike would be found better than the towpath, for this is so little used that the excellent material of which it is made has no chance to be worn down to a proper degree of smoothness; and so it cannot be called anything more than tolerable riding. If a wheelman disembarks from the railroad train at the first station below Windsor Locks, he will find excellent riding thence south through Hartford, New Britain, Berlin, and Meriden, as before described, to Wallingford, say 35 miles.

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. N. Y., 11 June, 1880.

### PERSONAL

WE LEARN with regret of the death of Mr. J. G. Blow, St. Louis Bi. C., in that city on the 7th inst. Mr. Blow was formerly of the Chicago Bi. C., and added to his other athletic distinctions considerable credit for long-road riding. He was the promoter of the bicycling interest in St. Louis, and will be remembered by many who met him on his visit East last summer as an enthusiastic wheelman and a courteous comrade.

AN ACCIDENT is reported in the *Marblehead Messenger* as happening to Mr. Sanborn, of that place, who, while riding a bicycle, ran into a team, demolishing the wheel and giving the rider an involuntary mount upon the horse attached to the team.

MISS LIZZIE BAYMER's bicycle was raffled for at Merrill's bicycle school in San Francisco recently, and was won by an ardent admirer of the wheel, and probably of Lizzie, who held No. 43. According to the *Pacific Life*, "the champion realized a sufficient sum to purchase a machine more in harmony with her propelling power."

THE CHINESE must go on a wheel when he wants to, and the Nutmeg Bi. C. has two riders, Mr. Wong Wing Ho with a 48-inch Centaur, and Mr. Chung Tsoa Chu with a 44-inch Velocity.

THE HARTFORD *Sunday Globe* warms up to Bertha von Hillern in this wise: "A few years ago the country was carried by storm by the marvellous feats performed by Bertha von Hillern, the pedestrienne. In fact she was an antic ped, and anything but pedantic. When the business became played out she made an equally startling departure and went into the fine-art business, and probably would have continued to paint yellow water and green skies with pie-cutter birds put in here and there, had not the knee-pantalooned bicyclist dashed across her vision. Here was her forte, she thought, and she began last fall the tumble-off-and-sprain-your-arm business in New York, probably in some sequestered nook where the small boy, who cries 'Mister, ring yer bell,' and 'Say, your little wheel is going 'round,' was not. She has conquered, and has ordered a



beautiful nickel-plated machine, which is now being made at the Weed works, and as quick as she has an old pair of pants cut over she will come forth and dazzle the world. This settles it; the bicycle is all right,—all it wanted was the support of the ladies. But what shall we call the riders? Won't some one please discover the feminine of bicyclist?"

MR. JOHN W. WILSON, the professional bicyclist, formerly instructor of the Pope Manufacturing Company, can now be found with Mr. Henry Dobbins, jeweller, 6 Hanover street, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

A JOLLY OPENING.—By invitation of Mr. Charles R. Percival, who has recently opened bicycle and tricycle rooms at 96 Worcester street, Boston, about one hundred gentlemen, including representatives from the Boston, Massachusetts, Suffolk, Crescent, Harvard, Waltham, Providence, and other clubs, assembled on Saturday evening, the 13th inst., to dedicate his new rooms, to give him a welcome, and to accept his hospitality. A very merry time was had until a late hour. The various bicycles and tricycles were taken out for exercise on the fine streets near by. The rooms and their appointments, and the various assortment of machines and sundries with which they are supplied, were examined, and a substantial lunch, unlimited in quantity and excellent in quality, was served by the host and done justice to by the wheelmen and their friends present. A scrub race was indulged in on Columbus avenue afterwards, of which Capt. Taylor, Harvard Bi. C., was declared winner, though we were unable to ascertain the names of the judges or the starter, and the time was carried off by somebody else. There were one or two other competitions, among which were a bugle match between a well-known amateur rider and Detective Hanscom, won by both; and a pie race, in which the spare man of the Boston Bi. C., the solemn man of the Providence Bi. C., and the undertaker for the "Great Unattached" were competitors. We never saw a pie go so fast before. The only betting indulged in during the evening was on this latter event, by which the creditors of one of the L. A. W. officers may be gainers. Mr. Percival has certainly opened very convenient and attractive quarters. He has a good supply of the things necessary for wheelmen's convenience, and a good mechanic which he brought across from England with the requisite kit of tools, and it is to be hoped he will make a good success of his new enterprise. It is probable that the tricycle movement in Boston will take a leap now, and Mr. Percival will do well to continue his efforts to promote it.

MR. FRANK W. WESTON, secretary of the Boston Bi. C., was appointed Chief Consul of the United States of America at the October meeting of the council of the Bicycle Touring Club.

MR. FRED T. MERRILL, of San Fran-

cisco, and two of his pupils, Harry Chambers and Mr. McQuillian, entered an endurance contest on one evening in the last week in September, mounting their wheels at 10.25 P. M., and riding about the arena at Merrill's riding school; at 6.30 the following morning McQuillian's strength gave out and he took a dismount on his ear. Shortly after, Chambers abandoned the contest, leaving Merrill victor with the stakes, \$20.00.

HENRY C. FINCKLER, of the San Francisco Bi. C., who won a two-mile race at Los Angeles, the other week, has lately returned from a trip through the southern part of California.

MR. HERMAN C. EGGERS, captain of the San Francisco Bi. C., it will be remembered, entered a three-day bicycle contest at the Pavilion in that city, in November, 1879, in which he accomplished a distance of 543½ miles, winning the championship and a sum of money. Bicycling had not then become a feature in the athletics of his city, and he had not given it the thought which he subsequently did; but on learning that this would make him a professional, he presented the money so won to charitable institutions, and secured the aid of the Olympic Club, through whose kind offices the matter was brought before the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America. This association has reinstated him in the amateur ranks, as we learn from the Pacific Life, but "take pains to state that it is the first and last petition they will grant under the circumstances."

Whatever may be said about the general policy of the N. A. A., as to reinstatement, the numerous friends of Mr. Eggers have, especially the wheelmen, found him so accomplished and agreeable a comrade, that they will be very much gratified by this removal of his disqualifications as an amateur.

## MANUFACTURE

NOTES of the changes and novelties in manufacture have not been so full and frequent heretofore in these columns as may have been desired by many readers. Their scarcity has arisen, in most part, from the few things of the sort in our own country to write up, and in part from the slowness of those in the trade in posting the representatives of the Bi. WORLD; yet it must be confessed that the "editor and manager" was too much overborne with details of work to devote himself, as much as he could have wished, to every department of information within his proposed field. Hereafter more space will be devoted to this department.

THE ENGLISH manufacturers are of course constantly introducing modifications of the bicycle and its accessories in the details of construction; and one may be interested in keeping run of them, if he be fortunate enough and have leisure enough to study them up in Sturmeys' excellent "Handbook," once a year, or

cull them out of the English bicycling papers,—either of which is, however, at hand with very few in this country. The English makers have shown quite notable indifference to the American market, and done almost nothing to create here a knowledge of and demand for their goods. It is not to be assumed that everything English is superior in excellence, however; and if they ignore the American market and channels of information, Americans are spared perplexity and disappointment with their trash. Yes, "trash" is the word, even for many things English. Of the small invoices of British wheel goods that are sought out and brought here, a considerable proportion is trash; and he who relies upon the value of "imported" articles because they are imported, will oftener than otherwise serve himself less wisely than he might have done with home manufacture. The items can be given to sustain this view, if desired.

IT IS NOT intended to disparage the few good things English that have really proved themselves so for American use. The "Excelsiors," of Bayliss, Thomas & Co., and the "Invincibles," of the Surrey Machinists Co., under their American names of "Harvard" and "Yale," have been made favorably known here by Cunningham & Co., as amongst the best made; and the same may be said of the "Challenges," of Singer & Co., introduced here by the Pope Manufacturing Co. But of these foreign matters, more anon.

AMONG the few American makers, McKee & Harrington struck out well last spring for a foremost place, and their "Union" has come to be pretty well known and appreciated as a good roadster. Their "Special Union," a lighter and more expensive machine, is a fine model for elegance of design, and promises to take its place among the best. They have enlarged their facilities by building a new factory, and made other preparations for what was expected to be a lively fall and winter activity. It is to be regretted on every account, for the interests of American production and supply, that a difference between them and the owners of the most important patents relating to bicycles, as to the amount of royalty to be paid, led them into a suit upon two of those patents, in which they are under injunction of the Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, restraining them from making, using, or selling their Union bicycles during the pendency of that suit. How long this suspense may continue is of course not known by others than the parties to the suit; but it is understood that the defendants do not intend to abandon the field, but are going on with their preparations all the same. In the meantime they cease to advertise their machines, or agree to fill orders immediately. It is every way to be hoped that they will soon again be in full operation and have their hands full of orders.



## L. A. W.

*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. Applications for membership should be sent, accompanied by fees, — \$1.00 for individuals, or 50c. each for clubs whose entire active membership joins, — to

ALBERT S. PARSONS,

*Cor. Sec. L. A. W.,*

*Cambridgeport, Mass.*

MILWAUKEE BI. C. — (All residents of Milwaukee, Wis.) A. A. Hathaway, 112 Mason street; Frank G. Stark, 460 Cass street; Angus S. Hibbard, with N. W. Telegraph Co.; Walter Hathaway, with N. W. Mut. Life Ins. Co.; Rob. B. Tweedy, 584 Marshall street; Charles I. Brigham, 525 Cass street; H. D. Nichols, with Marr & Richards; H. C. Reed, 84 Mason street; W. A. Hemphill, 82 Michigan street; A. Meinecke, Jr., with Meinecke & Co.; A. B. Lynde, with N. W. Mut. Life Ins. Co.; Sam. Hlsley, 572 Marshall street; Ed. Chapman, with Wm. P. McLaren & Co.; Will Mariner, 561 Lake avenue; Will Pirie, with N. W. Nat. Ins. Co.; Fred J. Pierce, with A. J. W. Pierce & Co.; A. J. Beaumont, with N. Pereles & Sons; H. C. Haskins, Treasurer Mil. Telephone Exchange; Arthur Lindsey, 711 Marshall street; H. O. Frank, with Otto A. Thiele.

UNATTACHED. — Willie C. Macklin, Frankfort, Ky.; David D. Grant, Franklin, Venango Co., Penn.

CONSULS have been appointed in Eastern Pennsylvania, for 1880-81, as follows: Philadelphia, A. G. Powell, 829 Willow street; West Philadelphia, H. A. Blakiston, 3905 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; Germantown, Warren H. Poley, Main street, Germantown; Chestnut Hill, C. Fred Cope; Susquehanna, T. A. Hayward; Wilkesbarre, E. W. Sturdevant; Johnstone, George W. Hamilton; Jenkintown, J. W. Grisowne; Forristown; Chester; Harrisburg; Lancaster; Bethlehem; Allentown; Reading; West Chester; Doylestown; Conshohocken; Pottsville; Phoenixville; Mauch Chunk, Scranton; Tamaqua; Bushkill; Easton: if any riders can give any information about bicyclers in these towns who would act as consuls, they will please notify Jo. Pennell, Germantown, Pa.

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

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.

AMATEUR BICYCLERS everywhere are cordially invited to join this organization.

Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs, *when the entire active membership joins*. No assessments.

Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection.

Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY, *Treas., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

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 undersigned (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.

APPLICATIONS, accompanied by the fees, as above, and other communications should be addressed to ALBERT S. PARSONS, *Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass.*

NOTICE TO MEMBERS. — The LEAGUE BADGES are nearly ready for delivery. They bid fair to be very elegant, and every member will doubtless desire one.

To secure one send full name and address and your league number to HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY, *Treas. L. A. W., No. 538 N. Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*, with a deposit of \$2.00 for solid silver, or \$1.00 for nickel-plated badge.

## HEADERS

Compensation: The bicycle hath very many small parts, but its meets are great!

It can't be denied that our gentle and buoyant one is sometimes furious, or has a "strange alacrity in sinking," especially with those who are just "difficultivating" his acquaintance. But never do you mind. If tossed from the horns of a fiery bicycle, be yourself as contrary, be a downright upstart, and get back to the front again like a veteran recruit; he sha n't do it again if *you* can help it.

What is it makes best bicycles so light?  
Because they're nickelled of a glossy white.

Bicycle men swarm at some of the seaside resorts. They are of various sizes and ages, but they all seem to feel that the most important part of them is inside their fearfully ugly shoes, and they lift them and set them down as if they were made of eggshell. — *Boston Transcript.*

Last dizzy thing in bicycling: —

*Scene* — Street; sidewalk crowded.

*Approaching* — Brave bicycler, rapidly.

BAD BOY (on sidewalk) — "Say! Dog-catcher's coming! Run up alley!" (Laughter from crowd.)

BRAVE BICYCLER (aside) — "D-n-n-n — D-n-n-n-n."

(When it is mentioned that first B. B.

is a G-rm-nt-n Club man, the application may be seen.)

It appears to me that the American word 'cyclist' is more grammatically correct than 'cyclist'; but every Englishman uses the latter word, and "I am an Englishman." Is there not a legal maxim that *communis error facit legem*? And if it is a common error, why should I facit? — *Bicycling News.*

Why is a bicycle *felloe* a dull companion? Because, besides being always tired, his conversation is always limited to making rim-marks on the road. — "Stone Horse."

The editor of this paper is in receipt of an anonymous postal card from Hartford, bearing the following: "Dear Sir — They rode boldly and well, but few were afraid." And later a similar Orphic message in the same script, to this effect: "Dear Sir — We kept silent, he and I." A liberal reward is offered for a photograph of the perpetrator.

Ours is really an unearthly walk as we tread the air upon the white skeleton scooters; but be not afraid, it is only we. Come and do likewise, men.

An "unattached" friend wishes to know whether Club-feet are developed on members, and would he be dismembered if unable to conform? He should inquire, privately, of the heads of clubs what other extremities are customary.

There is a young man in town who has lately invested in a bicycle. It is something a little new for him yet, and like a child with a new toy, he runs it a good share of the time. The other day he went out for a little run, starting quite early in the morning. He started in the direction of Windsor, and after reaching that place thought he would keep on. But the roads, bad when he started, began to grow worse, and before he got to Windsor Locks he was glad enough to carry his bicycle instead of trying to let that carry him. This enthusiastic young bicyclist was a sorry-looking fellow when he reached Windsor Locks. But the end of his troubles were not yet come. A big bulldog got his eye on him and his strange machine, and thinking, no doubt, that he was doing a charitable act, started after him pell mell. It was a race that would have put John Gilpin to the blush. On they went, — rider, bicycle, and dog, — faster and faster till the three came in contact with a big stone in the road, and all landed together in the centre of a mud-puddle. The dog was with difficulty persuaded that the machine and its rider were not dangerous, and then the bicyclist sadly went on his way. Added to his other trials, the young rider found that his bicycle was badly injured, and he was in such a muddy state that he must wait for the cover of darkness before returning to Hartford. It is n't safe for his friends to say Windsor Locks to him just at present, and he has n't been on his bicycle since his adventure. — *Hartford Sunday Globe.*



BICYCLES have to a certain extent taken the place of coaches; they frequent all our great main roads, and gladden the hearts of innkeepers, who look out for the tinkling bells which herald the advent of a "club" of wandering velocipedists, just as they anticipated of yore the glad some tootling of the horn that bespoke the approach of the Enterprise, the Highflyer, or some other well-known conveyance of the old coaching days. — *London Telegraph*.

### RATES AND TERMS

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

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

All remittances should be by bank draft, registered letter, post-office money-order, or bill of exchange, directed to E. C. HODGES & Co., 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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'Cycling	-	-	taken at	\$1.00
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Le Sport Velocipedique	-	-	"	1.75
The Bicycling News	-	-	"	3.50
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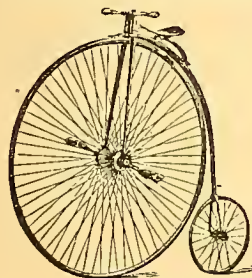
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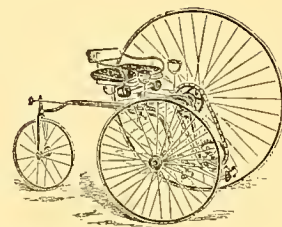
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## PROSPECTUS

FOR 1880-1.

THE BICYCLING WORLD was established one year ago as a fortnightly journal, devoted especially to the interests of bicycling, and generally to the interests of the manly and womanly recreative out-of-door arts not recognized as "sports." The *American Bicycling Journal* was purchased and merged in it.

IN THE ARCHERY FIELD they found no journal devoted especially to the interest of that ancient and noble art, but saw in it a next of kin to bicycling, and many assurances that an organ for it, a record and a voice of the movements, experiences, humors, and opinions relating to it, would be welcomed and supported by its devotees.

In their earnest endeavor to promote the best in each of these two fields, and to furnish each with a permanent, reliable, attractive, and frequent paper, the publishers united the two departments; and the cordial support and many encouragements they have received approve the wisdom of their action.

THE BICYCLING WORLD AND ARCHERY FIELD enters upon its SECOND VOLUME as a WEEKLY. It will thus meet the wishes of its increasing circle of readers for more frequent and speedy dissemination of news. This change will also make it possible to expand the space given to some departments and to add new features. It will remain in the same editorial hands as in the past, the services of Mr. Charles E. Pratt as editor having been secured for the ensuing year, in such a way that he will be able to devote his time, energy, and enthusiasm more exclusively to editorial work. The able and brilliant contributors who have aided him heretofore will continue to assist him, while others will be secured. Some new features of interest are in contemplation by the publishers and editor, and will be added from time to time.

OUR READERS may see that they are to be gainers for the coming year in many respects. While we give them the paper twice as often, we have only advanced the subscription rate one fifth, making it \$3.00 instead of \$2.50. In returning them thanks for the support given in the past, we bespeak also their favors for the future.

OUR ADVERTISERS may be interested to know that the first twenty-six issues of the paper amounted to 78,500 copies, or an average of over 3,000 copies of each number, and that our average actual circulation since the beginning has been but three hundred less. With the issuing of it weekly, followed by other efforts on our part to make the paper more attractive and more widely known, we expect at least to double our circulation during the coming year.

## COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

*The special Columbia is a light roadster, of close build, fine finish, and fitted with the most approved anti-friction Ball-bearings, adjustable for wear. Having made several improvements in this machine since we first offered it to the public, we feel fully justified in pronouncing it the best and handsomest bicycle in the market.*

*We make the Special Columbia from 46 to 60 inches; price, for 46 in., \$105.00, to \$122.50 for 60 in., half bright. All bright, \$10.00 extra; full nickel, \$15.00 additional. The best value for the money attained in a bicycle.*

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*The price of the Standard Columbia, half bright, is, for a 42 in., \$80.00, up to \$100.00 for 58 in. Full nickel, \$22.50 extra.*

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8. It is tasteful and elegant in mechanical make-up, and is free from all objectionable contents for ladies and families.

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

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

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

E. C. HODGES & CO.,

*Publishers.*

Boston, November, 1880.