

# Bicycle World

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CURRENT CALAMO

THE Brockton Club intend to give some fine races in the fall.

WAS IT BILLY BERNHARDT? — The following is from a paper in his "destrict," and we know of no other rider there who could plead guilty of the speed here spoken of:—

"BICYCLE *versus* HORSE.—On the morning of Decoration Day, a horse attached to a grocer's wagon, on which the name of 'Eagle Market' was painted, while standing in K street, became frightened at a bicycle ridden by a young man, and came tearing up the street at as high rate of speed as he was capable. The rider of the 'silent steed,' taking in the situation at a glance, put after him. For a few moments bicycle and equine showed good speed, but the former, putting on an 'extra spurt,' as the latter turned into Fifth street, collared him, and finally brought him to a standstill. All who saw the race speak in high terms of the pluck and coolness of the bicycle rider. We regret being unable to give his name, but thinking it 'no great thing to do,' as he expressed it, he mounted his tireless steed and rode away, no one knew whither."

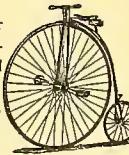
"TELZAH" says a kind word for those who managed the entertainment of League guests. Thanks. He says that we were thanked. Perhaps we were. Perhaps the secretary was deaf, or driving his quill in an anteroom. We sincerely hope that "Telzah" tells a true story.

WE have been notified by several gentlemen that the guides were not to blame for the low pace set in the League parade. Some one is to blame, and the editor naturally inferred that the men who were appointed to regulate the speed of the wheelmen did so without interference. We shall be happy to exonerate them, if some one will authoritatively say *who did* set the tardy pace.

COL. POPE made a very handsome and efficient marshal. His activity on the

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wheel was a matter of surprise to those who imagined bicycling out of the question for a gentleman of his weight. The papers—not excluding our own—put him down as a Boston Club man, whereas the Massachusetts Club has the honor instead.

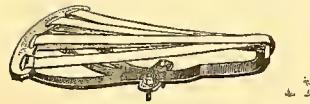
THE ladies have made many flattering remarks upon the appearance of the wheelmen in the League parade. It is becoming "the thing" in Boston to be a member of a prominent bicycle club, especially for society men.

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1881.

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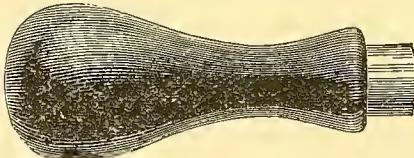
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BOSTON, 10 JUNE, 1881.

TOURING ON THE WHEEL.—A large part of the contributions sent to this paper are devoted to an account of some bicycle tour; and although the subject itself is one of never-ending fascination, it has to be treated with greater care than a topic of more direct literary interest. Out of the host of communications of this character submitted to the editors' attention, very few rise above a mere dry narrative, interesting to no one but the writer. It is marvellous that men who succeed in other literary efforts fail in any attempt to reproduce on paper the charm of some delightful tour they have taken. Sometimes language seems inadequate to paint the delicate colors which tint this picture in his memory, and sometimes a writer's own impressions are so vivid that he deems a mere suggestion of them sufficient to bring them up in the minds of his readers. There are, however, men who have so clearly presented the succession of pictures in a bicycle tour, that the reader can wander through the description with an approach to the genuine pleasure of the tour itself. First among these is Mr. Alfred D. Chandler, who has just published in book form "A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales." It is not our purpose to review his book

at present, as the bulk of its matter is perhaps familiar to the readers of this paper; but as an illustration of how charming a touring account can be made with a little care in observing and storing in the memory, and a little delicate art in writing, we will outline what he has done.

In the first place, the writer carefully refrains from making his own personality obtrusive, and from the start disarms the reader of any suspicion that the book has the character of a printed diary. He must appear in almost every incident of the journey, but care is used in describing these to subordinate his own individuality to that of the event itself. Wherever he throws out practical suggestions to those who may make a tour in England,—and the book is full of them,—he gives them directly, plainly, and briefly. Wherever he dwells upon some bright bit of scenery, or some ancient ruin crumbling beneath its weight of legendary associations, it is with originality, and entire freedom from the flavor of gush so apt to sicken a faithful student of guide-books. The chief interest of the whole account lies in the writer's sharp observation of the peculiarities of English life, and his thoroughly American freedom in criticising them. Every incident by the way he makes point to some trait peculiar to the people, leaving the reader to make his own comparisons.

So far, the work is a model one of its kind; its gravest fault is its brevity, as the writer has evidently not drawn heavily either on his own resources nor on the wealth of resource in the trip itself.

We cannot conclude without remarking the superb illustrations which crowd the book. In this country the art of engraving has risen to an exalted place, but in its finest form it could not present the exquisite beauties of English scenery as do the photographs in this work. Aside from their accuracy, the pictures are valuable, from an artistic standpoint, as they are selected with rare good taste, and are wonderfully well done. They contribute a great deal to the value and interest of the work, and place it in the front rank of all books of foreign travel.

Thus one bicyclist has led the way. It is a charming path, this sort of literature, and should be followed by all who care not only to have mere sensory impressions at the time, but to reproduce them for all time to come, and for the enjoyment of those who must perchance stay at home.

## THE LEAGUE MEET

### AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

MR. E. C. HODGES, in behalf of the entertainment committee, in a brief introductory presented Mr. Charles E. Pratt, as chairman. Mr. Pratt then arose and observed that the first official to whom the bicyclers owed thanks was Attorney-General Devens, now Justice Devens of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, who could not be present with us to-day on account of his connection with the Grand Army of the Republic, but it was upon the machine of a gentleman from Boston that he made the decision which has been respected in every custom-house in this land. This gentleman was present and with great pleasure he introduced

A. P. CHANDLER, OF BROOKLINE, who responded as follows:—

*Mr. President and Fellow Wheelmen:* I am at a loss to know why one who has never held either a political or judicial office should be called up in connection with an ex-attorney-general and a judge; unless it be because I am a member of the bar, and because I happened to hold a judicial position for an hour or two this morning at the Hotel Vendome. But whether as a member of the bar, or as a citizen of Massachusetts, or as one who has derived both pleasure and health from the use of the bicycle, I cordially indorse what has been said in welcoming to Boston these wheelmen who have come from near and from far. But, Mr. President, I do not join you in this merely because they are wheelmen, but because I have found them so manly, so intelligent, so social, and yet so mindful of the proprieties, that not even yesterday [Sunday], when I took the third glass at the Brunswick from Brother Churchill [Providence Club], did I feel that Providence was tempting me, or that I was tempting Providence.

From one who is so very old-fashioned as to still dismount by the step instead of by the pedal, you must not expect an enlivening speech or one up with the times. Catching the cue from your presiding officer, let me say that four years ago yesterday, the 29th of May, 1877, I took my first bicycle from the custom-house, and undertook to conquer it. But I had at the same time to conquer the United States; I mean that the federal authorities did not then know what a bicycle was, and when I insisted that a bicycle was a carriage, and as such subject only to the duties on carriages, the custom-house officials ridiculed the idea, and assessed it a duty of forty-five per cent, because it was made of steel, articles of steel being liable to that duty. This I paid under protest, and appealed the case to the Hon. John Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, sending him two elaborate briefs to convince him that a bicycle is a carriage. The secretary decided that a bicycle is a carriage, and that as a carriage it should be assessed a duty of only thirty-five per cent,

and the difference was accordingly refunded to me. This decision has since established the duties on bicycles in every port of entry in the United States.

But there was another legal point we had then to contend with. In and around Boston there is a vast deal of pleasure driving. Whoever interferes with that does a bold thing. We spend here enormous sums of money on roads for horses, and those who drive horses are a powerful and influential class. The pioneers in bicycle riding had to conquer that class; and delicate as the task was, they accomplished it, till now, from the highest civic authority to the least influential citizen, the rights of bicycle riders are fully respected here; and it is to be hoped that throughout the country, whatever prejudice may exist against the bicycle will be as effectually overcome as it has been here.

Mr. President, I am sometimes told by my business acquaintances that they "have no time" to ride a bicycle; that they "have no time" to take out-of-door exercise. That apology is as common as it is weak; it is akin to that hackneyed excuse that "life is not long enough" to do this or that. Now, life *is* long enough to do whatever is worth doing; and if busy men will not take time for out-of-door exercise, they will not only suffer in health, but in their business. It is cheaper to take needed exercise; and in the long run, you can make more money by taking proper exercise, and can enjoy your money longer and better when you have health. Depend upon it that in the majority of cases where business men plead a want of time for not taking exercise, that in truth it is not so much a want of time as it is an incapacity to make a *proper disposition* of time. In this we have still to learn from older nations. In England, the men who shape its policy, who control its money centres, who stand pre-eminent, are men who, for the most part, pay most scrupulous attention to their physical condition. In England it would be thought strange if such men did not take much out-of-door exercise. In America it is too apt to be the reverse of this. The Englishman, however, is right. The nervous, consumptive, hurried American is wrong. But here in America there is happily a marked change for the better going on; and one of the most powerful agents in effecting that change is the bicycle.

In conclusion, let me again say that Boston welcomes these wheelmen and appreciates the good their presence here effects. It is a matter of regret that they cannot stay longer so as to get the benefit of the fine runs in our beautiful suburbs, and to enable us to enjoy their presence and their society.

Mr. Pratt next introduced Col. Henry Walker, Chairman of the Police Commissioners of this city, who spoke as follows:—

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*—I thank you for your cordial greeting, and I thank you the more because I believe

it signifies that the police arrangements of the city of Boston for your Meet have been successful. [Applause.]

I am very much like some ministers who preach and do not practise; but I believe in bicycling as I believe in all athletic exercises; I believe, as the gentleman on my right has just said, "You cannot have a thoroughly sound mind without having a sound body." You may have as much intellectuality as you please, but if you have n't got the blood and muscle it is comparatively worthless. The history of the world shows this. It was English pluck, they say, that won Waterloo; it was English pluck backed by muscle which led them to victory. You may have a clergyman, but if he has not a sound backbone he is not worth *that*; he is very apt to think because he is dyspeptic that he is pious. (Laughter.)

I will say in behalf of the city of Boston (and I regret very much that his Honor the Mayor is not here, a gentleman who could do so well what I am called upon to do),—I will say that Boston welcomes you to-day to her streets, and everything that is good within the city which she thinks so much of, and all she asks of you in return is that when you go home you will kindly bear her welcome with you.

The chairman next called upon, to answer for the clergy,

REV. F. B. WESTON.

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*—I was quite unprepared when I received a gentlemanly note from your secretary to be present to this dinner. I only prepared for the dinner. (Laughter.) I made no preparation for this speech, and yet I suppose it is in order, especially for men of my class, to be ready to give "experience," and my experience with the wheel dates back early. I am on my third year, and I think I have the honor to be one of the first, and I rejoice in that honor. I struggled through the first year, and one of my rules was, when I took a "header," to get up before looking around. (Laughter.)

I am proud of my physical strength that God has given me, and I feel responsible to Him to keep it by proper food, air, and exercise. Now, I submit to the gentlemen present, whether the bicycle does n't give you air and exercise, and you will agree with me that the exercise prepares us for food.

Mr. Weston concluded his remarks, thanking the gentlemen who had been so courteous.

In the absence of Gov. John D. Long, whom the chairman pleasantly referred to, Col. Jordan, of the governor's staff, was introduced and spoke as follows:—

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*—I had in my mind a most beautiful speech, in which I was to welcome the gentlemen from the sister States, but the graceful remarks of Col. Walker would make anything I should say superfluous; but, gentlemen, Massachusetts welcomes the

wheelmen from the sister States and Dominion of Canada. We are glad that you came to visit this, the capital of our State. We are glad that you like our institutions and our associations, and are only sorry that you cannot tarry with us longer.

After dwelling upon the benefits derived from athletic exercise, the colonel, in conclusion, begged to drink a toast to the memory of the fallen soldiers, which was done.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE

was next called upon by the chairman, and was warmly received. At the conclusion of the applause, he said:—

I thank you, gentlemen, for your hearty reception, and congratulate you upon the parade, which will not soon be forgotten. I have been asked to speak of the manufacture of bicycles. It is not without a feeling of diffidence that I speak on that subject, because my remarks must be more or less of a personal nature; still I will say that it was in the summer of 1877 that an English gentleman, who was a guest at my house, spoke of the bicycle, and as he drove with me, he longed for his wheel, which he had left in England because he had been told that the roads in America were not fit even for carriages. (Laughter.) His opinion of our roads, after I had shown him over about two hundred miles, was that our roads were equal to any that he had ridden in the old country. (Applause.) In order to show me what a bicycle was, it was determined that he should make one, and after weeks—perhaps months—he produced a bicycle, principally of wood—the front and rear wheels were of wood, with rubber tires; the handle was only eighteen inches long instead of twenty-eight. If that machine was placed beside the bicycle of to-day, it would bear about as much resemblance to it as George Washington's carriage would to a "Brewster."

Having made the machine, it became the duty of my guest to instruct me; and as I weighed something like two hundred pounds and he about one hundred pounds, you can well imagine the difficulty awaiting him. After the bruised shins, head-  
ers, and falls, that you have all been through with, he succeeded in teaching me how to ride. Then I determined to go into the manufacture of bicycles, to see if the American public would take them. My friend, Mr. Weston, had already conceived the idea of importing bicycles, perhaps in the November before. Between Messrs. Cunningham & Co. and ourselves we succeeded in placing upon the market some 300 machines. The next year the people began to appreciate what the bicycle was, and I interested the Weed Sewing Machine Company; and, I think the next year, some 1,700 bicycles were introduced, and last year some 3,300, and this year there have already been sold something like 2,000 machines, and to-day there are about 8,000 bicycles in the United States in use.

Mr. Pope explained in detail the many difficulties that had to be overcome in the way of manufacturing in the United States, and said in conclusion: The bicycle is growing steadily in public favor; it has been slow but sure. In England it is fourteen years since the bicycle came into existence, and every year has turned out more than the preceding, yet until now there are 200,000 bicycles in England. This country is much larger than England; we extend 3,000 miles north and south, and I do not see why we shall not in the future not only catch up to but exceed the number now in use in the old country. (*Loud applause.*)

President Bates, of the Detroit Club, was next introduced by the chairman in a humorous way, and received a generous welcome.

#### PRESIDENT BATES'S REMARKS.

*Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the L.A.W.:—* I am somewhat embarrassed in rising to address revolutionary families; perhaps I should have addressed you as fellow revolutionists. (*Laughter.*) I say "revolutionists," because we travel by revolving, and we intend also to revolutionize the art of locomotion. (*Laughter and applause.*) I have always admired the revolutionary fathers, and have longed to be one of them. I have a ways liked George Washington,—if he was here with us now, I have no doubt he would be riding about a 62-inch machine. (*Laughter.*) There was one thing, however, about that revolutionary father concerning which I have very strong doubts; that is, how a man of his general ability did not have the ability (as it was said) to tell a lie: but since coming here, and hearing the bicycling stories that I have heard from members of the League, I am satisfied that that story about George is probably true. (*Laughter.*) There seems to be, Mr. President, in the character of a genuine revolutionist, something which makes it impossible to tell a lie. "Revolutionist," however, is an old word, and has an old meaning; perhaps some would prefer to have some modern address,—we might say, fellow revolvers. (*Laughter.*) That is a sufficiently modern term. Although we are revolvers in one sense, I hope there are no "small bores" here.

The State in which I live, I think, is preferable in some particulars to this; for instance, I hear some talk about your Eastern policeman. Now we have no such trouble in Detroit. There any man has the right to drive any kind of a vehicle, and common-law is common-sense. If a horse runs away, the man who owns the horse is liable to be arrested and compelled to pay any damage. I never have seen in the whole course of my riding an accident of any account, perhaps with one exception,—a gentleman by the name of Smith, reputed to be quite wealthy, but who drove a horse worth about \$25; we told him once that the next time we caught his horse out we would make his horse climb a

tree. His horse did run away later and caused some damage, for which, I believe, he was obliged to pay. That is the kind of public feeling we have out there.

The officers of the League now have in their possession a letter from Mayor Thompson, saying that in his opinion the bicycle should be encouraged. We are certainly warmly welcomed everywhere we go.

We have some good roads, but the bicycle is one of the great benefits conferred upon this country in that it educates young men to know the difference between a good road and a bad one. (*Laughter.*) The average man does not know what a good road is, but when a man buys a bicycle and begins to ride he begins to get interested in roads. I have seen a bicyclist stand on his head to see what the matter was with the road. (*Loud laughter.*) I, myself, have been so much interested in the way roads were constructed that I have got down and tasted of the—(*Continued laughter.*) Now, gentlemen, when we have educated all the young men to take such an interest in good roads, good roads will be forthcoming.

The club of which I have the honor to be president is composed of business men, having influence in the community.

Mr. President, I thank you and the League for having listened to me so patiently, and for giving me an opportunity to see so many good faces.

Further remarks were made by Frank W. Weston, Esq., and others, but the incessant rattle and confusion incident to preparing Music Hall for the evening drill and exhibition rendered speaking unpleasant and hearing impossible.

Letters of regret were read from his Excellency Hon. John D. Long, Judge Devens, and others.

#### HAMPTON COURT BICYCLE MEET.

ONE of the grandest and most interesting sights ever seen was that of Saturday last, at Hampton Court. The weather was charming, and there being but the very slightest of breezes, everything conducive to a successful Meet was in our favor. At about four o'clock Hampton was filling with bicyclists, and from this hour until ten o'clock, the merry jingle of bells was continued without cessation. The route of the procession was as follows: Starting from Hampton Green through the village to New Hampton, turn to the right to the Clarence at Teddington, and from thence through Bushy Park gates, and down the avenue to Diana fountain, leaving the park by the entrance opposite the King's Arms, and dismiss at Hampton Green, about four miles in all. At 5.30 the procession, headed by Beningfield, captain of the "Pickwicks," was started, and it will perhaps astonish American cyclists, when they know that the "Meet" was so great that it was 6.35 before the last man was mounted. Bushey Park, which, with its long avenue of chestnut-trees, was in full bloom, presented a beautiful

sight. The following are the clubs that were represented, with the numbers of members of each club that were present, figured against, the total number of riders, club men, and unattached, being—in round numbers—2,300. This meeting was first promoted in 1874, and the order of running is arranged according to seniority of establishment of club; and it is noteworthy that finest of weather has always favored our young athletes.

Name.	Number Counted.	Parade State.	Number Expected.
Pickwick	33	38	40
Invicta	6	6	10
St. George's	15	19	20
S. London Harriers	7	8	12
Temple	43	48	40
Kent	17	18	30
Stanley	28	33	50
Swifts	8	8	12
Rovers	16	18	18
Kingston	8	14	20
Ealing	11	13	13
Clapham	11	10	16
Tower Hainlets	9	12	14
Beckenham	9	10	12
Tally Ho!	2	—	0
Trafalgar	14	17	0
Atalanta	9	9	12
Hornsey	6	12	15
Canobury	17	17	15
Belgrave	12	13	0
North London	13	15	15
Lombard	17	5	25
Druids	12	11	20
Clarence	14	17	24
Athenæum	12	12	12
United	6	6	12
Chiswick	15	15	0
Twickenham	8	16	15
Arion	26	26	24
Brixton	15	16	20
I Zingari	6	6	12
Widmore	8	8	10
Star	7	7	0
Lewisham	23	23	30
St. James's	11	15	15
Kildare	15	18	20
Tufnell	12	12	16
Crichton	18	19	30
Raleigh	7	4	10
Granville	0	6	10
Zephyr	15	15	18
Saturn	6	6	13
Highgate	10	10	15
Camberwell	13	16	18
Tredegar	12	17	15
Forest Hill	15	16	22
Bolingbroke	6	8	10
Centaur	13	13	13
Criterion	7	7	14
Metropolitan	18	18	—
West London	17	20	16
Spring Grove	7	6	12
Alert	11	14	20
Surrey United	5	6	13
Mansfield	11	12	12
Kingston Institute	13	15	12
City of London	32	35	50
Lee	12	17	25
Chelsea	18	16	15
Guildhall	9	30	15
Clevedon	13	15	15

Name.	Number Counted.	Parade Number State.	Expected.
Concord.	4	4	5
Albion.	14	13	18
Langham.	6	7	12
Rye.	17	17	20
Norbiton.	16	11	15
Regent.	10	10	11
Sutton.	17	18	20
Beumond.	11	11	10
Highbury.	11	12	25
South Hornsey.	20	20	35
Rangers.	10	16	15
Alwyne.	11	10	12
Comet.	15	19	20
Hammersmith.	15	16	21
Kestrel.	10	10	12
London Scottish.	16	16	22
Falcon.	15	—	—
Golden Eagle.	0	10	18
Richmond.	9	—	11
White Plume.	5	10	12
Brixton Ramblers.	35	34	30
Tottenham.	2	2	4
Gipsy.	5	9	6
Archery.	5	6	7
St. Geo.'s Hospital,	4	3	6
Kent Arabs.	5	2	8
Clarendon.	4	2	12
Apollo.	7	10	—
West Dulwich.	6	8	20
Mildmay.	7	7	9
Argyle.	14	14	15
Waverley.	7	7	10
Arab.	7	7	—
Ferntower.	13	13	14
Westminster.	11	10	—
Ixion.	11	11	15
Lupus.	10	10	12
Minerva.	4	4	8
Crouch Hill.	6	6	8
Wimbledon.	8	8	8
Silver Cross.	9	9	8
Crown.	10	10	12
Premier.	3	4	10
Beaufort.	9	10	—
Thistle.	2	2	—
Kilburn.	13	13	15
Spread Eagle.	6	6	14
Victorian.	15	17	15
Southwark Amateur.	8	8	9
Mayfield.	11	5	7
City Rovers.	11	10	14
Clapham Park.	12	12	14
Sun.	18	18	18
St. John's.	11	10	—
Ariel.	—	9	—
Harringay.	9	9	12
Electric.	9	9	10
Balham.	7	6	9
Glendower.	6	7	7
Leytonstone.	7	7	8
Norwood.	4	—	7

Name.	Number Counted.	Parade Number State.
Brighton.	21	20
Portsmouth.	32	30
Maldon.	7	8
Bury St. Edmund's.	2	5
Northamptonshire.	3	10
Clifton.	3	6
North Kent.	2	4
West Essex.	3	10
Chichester.	8	10
Dewsbury.	1	—

Name.	Number Counted.	Parade Number State.
Bristol.	12	15
Brighton Rovers.	9	10
Bishops Stortford.	5	10
Uxbridge.	8	—
Farnham.	8	—
West Surrey.	8	12
Brighton Excelsior.	22	20
Petersfield.	5	6
Herne Bay.	6	—
Redhill.	8	11
Holmsdale Wanderers.	5	—
South Essex.	3	10
Port of Portsmouth.	12	14
Brighton Wanderers.	8	—
Sleaford.	7	—
Guildford Castle.	1	8
Reading Abbey.	5	7
Dorking.	4	5
Northampton Victoria.	2	3
Brighton Star.	9	7
Reading.	10	12
Falcon.	4	—
Alliance (Fareham).	5	6
Bicycle Touring.	—	—

CHAS. LOCKYER,

LONDON, 23 May, 1881.

## WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

**THE ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB.**—All of the members of this club that were in the procession in Boston on Monday bicycled to their homes in Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty-five miles, on the following day. Three of the number, who are this spring's chickens, are strutting around and cackling about the feat, which they plume themselves upon as a good one, inasmuch as their longest previous run was a trip of eighteen miles, to Rye Beach, which was the only riding they have had outside of the limits of the city. The little eighteen-year-old bugler, who can just run a 46-inch, led the veterans of 1878 and 1880 a twelve-mile-an-hour pace on the last of the trip. A report that one of the youngsters was used up was effectually stopped when he called upon the club members the next day, on horseback. The captain having made his five-thousandth mile during this run, he has invited the club and others interested in bicycling to a club supper, to celebrate the successful completion of the double events.

The success of the Boston Meet has greatly strengthened the cause of bicycling throughout the country. The gentlemanly appearance and behavior of the riders, their healthy looks, mature age, and the prominent private and public positions which conversation revealed they held in the workshops, the banks, the pulpit, and on the press, and in the various professions, convinced the public, and also many of the riders themselves, that bicycling is not boys' play or of mushroom growth, and that its success in this country will soon surpass that which it is now enjoying in England. And for much of this, wheelmen will be indebted to the various committees and officers having charge of the Boston Meet, who,

the WORLD to the contrary, were thanked and congratulated, and their praises sung by more than one club. Not many who were present doubted the wisdom of the directors in choosing Boston for the place of the first Meet. Now it can travel westward with the good-will and experience gained here; and may the League be received as cordially and all the details be as carefully looked after as they were at its first Meet, must be the aim and wish of every true wheelman.

TELZAH.

**THE CITY BICYCLE CLUB** met last Thursday, and elected the following officers: president, Wm. Briggs; captain, G. H. Johnson; secretary and treasurer, F. M. Bixby. The club numbers ten members, consisting of the younger portion of the bicyclists, and is in a fair way to exceed that number by ten more. It was voted that the club suit should consist of blue pants, brown stockings, helmet hat, and a badge. Yours,

F. M. BIXBY, Sec'y.

BROCKTON, MASS., 28 May.

**CRESCENT CLUB.**—Mr. Turner has resigned his position as captain, and Mr. F. B. Carpenter, 10 Union Park, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. H. F. Torrey was elected first lieutenant in place of Mr. Carpenter, resigned. H. H. DUKER, Sec'y.

**THE ARIEL BICYCLE CLUB**, of Chicago, bids fair to outrival its older contemporary, the Chicago Bicycle Club, the coming season, and although not so large, is developing some first-class riders. The first regular run of the season will be made in conjunction with the Milwaukeees, 28, 29 and 30 May, when a full attendance of the club will probably be held. The new uniforms have just been completed by Mackey, of this city, and consist of a corduroy coat, cut short, and knee-breeches to match, blue stockings and belt; black and red striped Jerseys are worn instead of shirts, and polo cap of same color. The last meeting of the club was held in the gentlemen's parlor of the Grand Pacific Hotel, 14 May, when the following officers were elected: Alfred Cowles, Jr., president; J. B. Lyon, Jr., captain; L. J. C. Spruance, secretary; F. C. Aldrich, treasurer; George Keen, lieutenant. The machines in use range from fifty to sixty inches, eight of which are D. H. F. Premiers. Mr. Cowles has ordered a 60-inch Premier, which he will receive in the course of a few weeks. Runs are held weekly, which afford all members excellent practice.

We hope to be represented by one or more delegates at the League Meet, and would like to see Chicago chosen as the place for the next meeting of the same.

BOB STAY.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—Twenty members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club met at Waltham, on the morning of 24 May, for their annual breakfast. The start was made from Trinity Square, at 5.30 A. M.

The route led by way of Harvard square and Arlington, a distance of sixteen miles. The return was *via* West Newton and Brighton, a distance of twelve miles, reaching Boston by ten o'clock. It was in every respect a perfect success, and enjoyed by all.

#### THE CONSULS' RUN.

At the suggestion of Mr. Dean, consul for Boston, a run of the League consuls called for Sunday, 29 May, at 11.30 A. M. At the hour appointed the weather looked so threatening that the run was given up; but a little later the clouds broke and the sun shone brightly, and it was decided to make the run. All the consuls who could be found were called together. About thirty-five consuls, together with the delegation from Montreal and several others who were invited to attend, assembled in Dartmouth street until there were about fifty men in line. Mr. Dyer, of Boston, acted as bugler, and Mr. Stall as guide. The run to Waltham, twelve miles, was enjoyed by all. After lunch at the Prospect House, an informal business meeting was held; Mr. Dean was elected chairman, and Mr. Shillaber secretary.

Mr. Dean proceeded to state the object of the meeting: he said there was need of the consuls conferring together in order that some plans for working might be arranged. He stated that in England the work of the consuls was to gather information concerning routes, to place signs of warning at the tops of dangerous hills and to arrange special rates at hotels; all this he recognized as the work of consuls in this country, but thought the matter of hotel rates of first importance. In England a universal rate of charges has been arranged for the whole country, so that a traveller may calculate the exact cost of his trip, almost to a shilling, before setting out; he thought a similar system should be adopted in the United States, but suggested that two rates be made, one for first-class hotels and one for second-class hotels. Mr. Dean then called for opinions from those present upon the matter.

Mr. Stall reported that he had already made special rates at some hotels in his district, and that he had no difficulty in getting the proprietors to consent to reductions for wheelmen.

Mr. Fred. Jenkins, editor of the *Wheel*, thought a good plan would be to arrange with the hotels to allow a discount of say twenty per cent to members of the League.

Dr. Coleman, captain of the Canandaigua Bi. Club, and consul for that place, said he thought this a better plan, because the hotel charges in different parts of the country varied so much. In the vicinity of his home the charges at excellent hotels are \$2.50, and commercial travellers get reductions from those charges.

Mr. H. B. Colby, of Waltham, suggested that the officers of the League be asked to order all consuls to make ar-

rangements with hotels in their vicinity to accommodate members of the L. A. W. at a discount of at least twenty per cent from their regular rates; and that certificates of appointment, signed by the president and secretary of the League, and the resident consul or consuls, be posted in these hotels; also, that such hotels be required to post a notice or sign in some conspicuous place, in order that wheelmen may readily recognize such hotels as League hotels.

Mr. Osborn believed that each consul should be permitted to do his best in making reductions, and thought some might get as much as thirty-three per cent discount, but did not advise making any hotel a League hotel unless a discount of fully twenty per cent be allowed.

After some discussion as to how the doings of the consuls should be published, the chair ruled that as the consuls had been appointed by the directors, with instructions to report to them from time to time, the proper channel was through them; but that any consul could publish in either paper anything which the papers would receive and which would be of interest to wheelmen generally.

Mr. Gale Sherman, consul for Xenia, Ohio, said that in his long journey some hotels had charged him very moderate prices; and some, good hotels too, had charged nothing at all. He believed it impossible to make one rate that would be satisfactory everywhere. For instance, the Vendome, where he was stopping in Boston, could hardly afford to reduce their rates from \$4.50 a day to \$1.25; but the proprietors of many excellent hotels in Ohio and New York would be glad to reduce from \$2.00 per day, their usual charge, to \$1.25.

Upon motion of Mr. Willis Farrington, of Lowell, the Chair was appointed delegate, to confer with the board of League directors, and in behalf of the consuls ask for more specific directions as to the duties of consuls.

Dr. Coleman made some remarks upon the advisability of establishing some grip or sign, by means of which League members would know each. He thought it would be conducive to good feeling and friendliness.

At 4 P. M., the meeting adjourned. The Waltham Club escorted the party as far as Chestnut Hill Reservoir, where the party disbanded. The run was a successful one, and it is hoped some good may come from the conference.

#### RACES

AMONG the fine races in prospect are those of the Brockton Bicycle Club, to be given Wednesday, 5 October, 1881. We give below the list of prizes offered, aggregating \$300 in value:—

##### TWO-MILE RACE.

First prize, gold medal, valued at \$60; second prize, gold medal, valued at \$45; third prize, silver medal, valued at \$20.

##### ONE-MILE RACE.

First prize, gold medal, valued at \$50;

second prize, gold medal, valued at \$30; third prize, silver medal, valued at \$15.

##### HALF-MILE RACE.

First prize, gold medal, valued at \$40; second prize, gold medal, valued at \$25; third prize, silver medal, valued at \$15.

Above races best two in three, open to all amateurs.

#### HARVARD BI. CLUB.

##### RACES ON SARVIS FIELD,

WEDNESDAY, 25 MAY, 1881, AT 4 P. M.

##### ENTRIES:

ONE MILE (MAIDEN).—R. B. Moffatt, '83; R. G. Butler, '83; C. B. Perkins, '83; R. L. Ferris, '83. Winner, 1st, Moffatt, time 3.46 1-8; 2d, Ferris, time 3.55 6-8.

ONE MILE (OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS).—J. Wyman, '83; winner, Codman, time 3.45 5-8.

Mr. Dukes was unable to ride, — ridden one heat.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS (SLOW).—A. J. Abbe, '81; J. A. C. Wright, '81; S. Williston, '82; G. R. Agassiz, '84. Winner, 1st, Abbe; 2d, Agassiz. Time, —.

QUARTER-MILE DASH, TRIAL HEATS. First heat.—R. B. Moffatt, '83; J. A. C. Wright, '81. Winner, Moffatt. Time, 49.

Second heat.—C. B. Perkins, '83; L. R. Ferris, '83. Winner, Ferris. Time, 51 5-8.

QUARTER-MILE DASH. Third heat.—S. Williston, '82; G. R. Agassiz, '84. Winner, Williston. Time, 47 3-8.

TWO MILES (HANDICAP).—J. A. C. Wright, '81; S. Williston, '82. Winner, Wright. Time, 7.37.

QUARTER-MILE DASH. Final heat.—Winner, Moffatt. Time, 47 5-8.

REFEREE.—Dr. Sargent.

JUDGES.—Mr. A. Matthews, '82; Mr. J. H. Storer, '82.

STARTER.—Mr. E. J. Wendell, '82.

TIME KEEPER.—Mr. A. Thorndike, '81.

#### BEWARE OF THE DOG!

IN England the Bicycle Union places danger boards at the top of break-neck hills, warning bicyclers of the peril they must encounter in descending; but in this country the first duty of the L. A. W. should be to attach a danger board to the tail of every villainous, quarrelsome, unprincipled cur in the land.

I am, very unfortunately, the possessor of a pair of plump and seductive legs, but I do not expect to have them long. I am the object of critical attention from every hungry hound along the road, and many a well-fed terrier or bull pup from behind the restraint of a front fence observes me closely and seems to make a mental note of my attractive calves to use for future reference.

To a nervous man, this calm and insolent way of selecting their piece of steak is, to say the least, irritating. The country dogs do not only watch me with calm and evil-minded satisfaction, but ex-

pect me to contribute to their daily repast, and never hesitate to try and "help themselves" to a slice of calf. It seems to me that they have an especially ardent appetite for League members.

Now, if we of the L. A. W. could only see on every sanguinary dog's tail a conspicuous notice in black and white to the effect that we had better "beware," we could retire before we compromise either our dignity or our legs.

I have tried various expedients to obviate the evil.

Boots I will not wear, because I might be mistaken for "Juvenis."

Leggings are not tooth-proof, and a section of water pipe, although it is graceful and becoming, is liable to fade.

Torpedoes I have tried to my entire dissatisfaction. Early in the spring I filled both hip-pockets with explosives of the largest kind before starting out upon an afternoon run. Thirteen miles out of the city, while going at a high rate of speed, I struck a street crossing rather violently, came down with a bump on the saddle, and immediately soared heavenward accompanied by the sharp crackle of twenty-two full-grown torpedoes. I tried to hide my grief and my disreputable appearance by mounting the machine again as soon as possible, but I not only found the saddle very cold, but came to the stern realization that my clothes were not fit for public inspection. I retired to a friendly meadow, where I rested face down until nightfall and returned to the city after dark and by unfrequented streets.

I next filled my coat pocket with red pepper and snuff, intending to give some other brute a dose; but I got the first instalment myself through carelessly putting my handkerchief in the wrong pocket.

I then carried a revolver for two weeks, but failed to hit anything but a retired oyster can, which had, I afterwards learned, done good duty on the tail of an ill-tempered cur.

Finally I discovered the key to success, and now the dogs along the routes I frequent go and hide whenever they see me coming.

I secreted in each side pocket a rubber bag, filled with indelible aniline, and attached a small nozzle, through which the stain could be projected in any direction with considerable force. On my trial trip I encountered a silent but maliciously inclined white pointer. He was a beautiful animal, sleek, well kept, and without a spot on him; but he laid for me in a way which made my flesh creep. As soon as I saw him making up his mouth for my veal, I let fly at the perfidious expression I saw in his left eye. I hit him on the stump of the tail, but the stain spattered all over him, making him look as though he had been living on buckwheat cakes for six months. He glanced back at my work of ruin, gave one mournful howl, slunk away, and has never been seen since. I heard afterwards that he had tried to pass himself

off for a coach dog, but only met with the ridicule of all respectable canines, and retired at last to a convent.

In three weeks I ruined three beautiful pink terriers, four fleecy Spitz dogs, an ill-tempered pug, two bull pups, — one of them lost his eyesight through weeping, — and a playful greyhound. I put a pair of purple socks on a mongrel pup, made the teeth of a Newfoundland look as if he had been chewing tobacco all his life, and so completely drenched the head of a snappish poodle that it looked like a Russian bomb or an enlarged strawberry. The best complexion restorer will have no effect on the aniline, as it has been tried by several of my victims without success. I will retire with this bit of doggerel: —

We must teach these brutes to feel  
That men who ride the wheel  
Will give them the bounce  
To settle accounts,  
Unless they give up their taste for veal.

#### LAUNCELOT.

#### THREE DAYS ALONG LAKE ERIE.

ON Friday, 17 September, between 7 A. M. and 11.45 P. M., I rode along Lake Erie a distance which the cyclometer registered at a trifle less than 73 miles. I started at the private abode of a farmer, some 17 miles below Buffalo, and finished at the Reed House in Erie, whither I had despatched my baggage the previous morning, when I left Niagara for a 38-mile ride to the farm-house aforesaid. In the report of my Thursday's ride, previously written, I have mentioned that the last 13 miles of it was made on the so-called Ridge road, which begins to be ridable four miles from Buffalo, and which continued along the lake side for something more than 100 miles. In a few cases the road approaches close to the water, but its general course is a mile or two removed from the same. Sometimes the intervening land is even wider; though the rider cannot go many miles without finding the lake on his horizon at the north or west, and certain of the water views are extremely attractive. Fine sand, whose particles have the quality of packing tightly together, is the material of which the road is formed, and some parts of it are equal to the best macadam. I have not yet heard of any other American road, even approximately at long, whose average smoothness is equal to this one.

My first d mount of Friday was caused by a log in the roadway, just 11 miles from the start; time, one hour and 20 minutes, during which I had climbed several stiff hills, and generally faced a brisk breeze. I was almost an hour in getting over the next four miles to Silver Creek, where I stopped an hour for breakfast, and at whose hotel I should have spent the previous night, had it not been for the delay caused in getting clear of Buffalo. Many dismounts were needed in that four miles, as at Cattaraugus creek, and Irving post-office, and the big elm-trees by the brook at the foot of a

long hill, up which I walked. Leaving Silver Creek at 10.15 A. M., I arrived at the hotel in Fredonia two hours later, and rested there for a somewhat longer period. The distance was a dozen miles over an excellent track, though I made several dismounts for the sake of visiting apple orchards, cider mills, and the like. Westfield, not quite 15 miles on, was reached at 4.30 P. M., in a little less than two hours, and here I loafed a half-hour on the green, amid a congenial rabble of small boys. Not long afterwards I crossed into the State of Pennsylvania, and at ten minutes past seven reached the Haynes hotel in North East, 15 miles on and 57½ miles from the start, — 12 hours before. This was 7 miles more than my "best previous day's record," and I should not have attempted to better it, now that darkness had rushed on, were it not that the vision of the dry clothes awaiting me in Erie, some 15 miles beyond, irresistibly beckoned me thither where I could wash and be cleaned. The adverse wind of the day had meanwhile died out; the road was reported to me to be smooth and level, and the moon gave promise of lighting the way. Starting at 8.15, riding slowly, when the moon favored, and walking when the clouds obscured its face, I reached the brick sidewalks of Erie, just 14 miles, in exactly three hours. Rather more than a mile and a half beyond was the hotel, inside of which I found my valise, inside of which valise I found my night-shirt, inside of which night-shirt sleep soon found me, enjoying the repose I had fairly earned.

I did not enjoy it more than four hours, however, for the rattling of breakfast dishes aroused me early, and at half-past nine I mounted my wheel again for an excursion to Ashtabula. At 10 o'clock, when the cyclometer registered the completion of the 1,000th mile of my riding of 1880, I made my second mount and went six miles, or until a horse persuaded me to stop. The green in Girard, 16½ miles from Erie, was reached at 12.30 P. M., five miles beyond; 40 minutes of riding time, I found the hotel in East Springfield, where, for its dear name's sake, I stopped an hour and a half for dinner. The best thing I could do to "celebrate" West Springfield, which is four miles farther on, and which occupies the extreme northwest corner of Pennsylvania, was to take a drink at the public pump in front of the post-office. I entered Ohio at 4.40 P. M. in front of the State Line House, so called because standing in two States, — the distance being 28 miles from Erie; then to the hotel in Ashtabula, which I reached at 8.10 P. M. (16 miles); the roads were generally sandy, and in many cases quite unridable, and about all the good wheeling I found was on the sidewalks. Darkness forced me to walk for nearly all of the last seven miles, though the moonlight would once in a while be bright enough to encourage a mount. A midnight ride to the railroad station brought up my day's record to 45 miles, and so

made the length of my three days' tour 156 miles.

Sunday I observed properly as a day of rest, though it was 3 A. M. when I got to bed again at the Reed House, in Erie. On this second occasion, I secured a better room, where the rattle of the breakfast dishes troubled me not. The weather, in contrast to that of the previous days, was oppressively sultry, so that the reading of the Vicar of Wakefield's travels was as vigorous athletic exercise as I cared to take; but Monday's air was cooler, and I started off from the railroad station soon after ten o'clock, in the face of a threatened "equinoctial storm." A few slight sprinkles of rain, during the second hour, formed the sole fulfilment of this threat, and the afternoon was clear and bright, as was also the rest of the week. From Erie to Fredonia my course retraced that of Friday, but the wind was at my back instead of in my face, and this "third day's ride along Lake Erie" supplied the swiftest and pleasantest day's wheeling that I have ever anywhere enjoyed. In two hours and seven minutes from the start, I reached the Haynes Hotel, in North East,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles,—the last three miles having been made at a very rapid pace. I stopped only a half-hour for dinner, and soon afterwards, at 1.25 P. M., mounted at the top of the hill beyond the creek, stopping exactly an hour later near the top of the hill by the Green at Westfield,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  miles. This was by far the fastest hour's ride I ever made, and I covered 6 miles in the last half-hour, for I made one brief stop to avoid the chance of frightening a lady's horse.

My intention had been to go from Westfield to Mayville, and there take a Chautauqua Lake steamer to Jamestown, going thence by train to Salamanca to meet the baggage I had despatched thither. But I was told that the road to Mayville was "all up-hill," and that I should be too late to catch the afternoon steamer. So, after twenty minutes' stop, I continued on the old road, and soon got the first and only tumble of my 500-mile vacation tour. The cause of this was that in turning from the roadway to the sidewalk, I neglected to allow for the velocity with which the wind was helping me along. At four o'clock I stopped twenty minutes to inspect a steam apple-drying establishment at Portland, and in the next forty minutes rode  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the hotel at Fredonia. Turning off there from my Friday's route, I reached the railroad station in Dunkirk at 5.50 P. M., having made nearly 47 miles in six hours' actual riding time, though I was about an hour and three quarters longer on the road. I took train for Salamanca at six.

The ride alleged to have been made in July last, on a 54-inch wheel, by H. B. Thompson, of Erie, from that city to Buffalo, in eight hours (a distance of 90 miles by my cyclometer), was the inspiring cause of my own ride on the same

track; and I hope this present detailed report of my experiences there will tempt many other riders to make trial of it. By starting at Girard, they will find good roads for a hundred miles straightaway, before reaching the sand slough on the outskirts of Buffalo. If a longer ride is desired, the start may be made at West Springfield, but I cannot recommend any one to go beyond that point, on general principles; indeed, West Springfield is my *ne plus ultra*. My belief is that the grades are rather better, and that the winds are more apt to be favorable in riding towards Buffalo than in riding from it, on the road I have described. If a better course for long-distance racing exists in this country, I trust that some one who knows about it may write a description thereof for the public prints.

KOL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., 26 April, 1881.  
A LAZY RUN OF TWO RUSTY WHEELMEN.

SUNDAY, 8 May, was as fine a day as a wheelman could ask for. It was bright, it was cool (in the morning), and a gentle breeze was blowing, just enough to promise ample supplies of oxygen or ozyne, or whatever it is that is so inspiring to the riders of the silent steed. The writer and the L. A. W. consul for these parts had arranged for a short Sabbath-day's journey and an early start, but the consul aforesaid was behind time, and we did not get off until after 9 A. M. In strict confidence I may mention that the consul aforesaid is a very good-looking young man, and a great favorite with the ladies, and therefore rather a hard subject to keep up to promptness in any appointment in the way of pleasure in which the ladies are not specially concerned. The writer is older, not so good-looking, and not so much of a favorite with the ladies, and is as prompt on time as a \$400 watch.

This by way of explanation of our late start. Finally we did start, leaving Dunkirk via Central avenue, which was in prime order, smooth and hard. We rolled easily along on a gradual up grade, with a little hill or two, to the pretty little village of Fredonia, celebrated as being one of the first, if not the first place lighted with natural gas, which issues from one or two gas springs beside the Canadawah Creek.

The three-mile run was soon completed, in spite of the fact that about three fourths of a mile of the avenue has been ruined for riding by the local path-masters undertaking to macadamize it with boulders about the size of half-bricks.

Reaching Fredonia, we turn to the left, passing the Normal School and the old academy building, and turn to the right into Main street. This is the local name for a portion of the old main road,—a ridge road which was the great highway for traffic in this region in the era of stage coaches. It is the finest road I know of hereabouts, and seems made for

bicycling. It is a combination of dirt and gravel (the natural soil), and is fit for riding earlier in the spring and later in the fall than any other road in this immediate neighborhood. We turn to the right as we strike this road, and ride down through the middle of the village across a bridge, over the Canadawah Creek, with a pretty waterfall (over a mill-dam) on our left and an old mill on our right, and a glimpse each way of a crooked stream overhung with willows just faintly tinged with coming green. Here the West Hill looms up before us in ominous proportions and empties our saddles. We walk to the top and remount for a glorious ride. To the left the Arkwright hills stand sharp and clear against the cloudless sky, their sides decorated with meadow and wood, and here and there a patch of winter's snow lingering in some shaded hollow. On the right the land slopes away to the shores of old Lake Erie, where great floes of ice give an Arctic aspect to the scene, in strange contrast, with the dusty road, green fields and limp collars in our more immediate neighborhood. A run of a couple of miles brings us to the entrance to a pretty country residence, known for years as a headquarters for good times. It is not quite what it once was, as the family no longer reside there; but our good friend Richard is in charge and gives us a hearty welcome and some fresh milk. The refreshment is welcome, for the coolness of the early morning has vanished, and old Sol has come out in great force, and our warm clothing has become burdensome. We stack our wheels, light our cigars, and stroll off to look at Richard's Alderneys.

Other visitors drop in, among them a couple of "the boys," who are contemplating the purchase of "wheels," but who for the present are fain to content themselves with the more prosaic horse and buggy. Then a nice young man with a team of "flyers," but he don't look enviously at our wheels, as the "boys" did. I don't believe he envies us a bit, for he is accompanied by a well-known belle, who looks as sweet and pretty as the bunch of early spring flowers she carries in her hand and generously distributes among the gentlemen present. This couple don't stay long, and after they leave, the place seems somehow to have lost its attractiveness; and we mount again and continue our journey to Brocton, about five miles farther on. The sun by this time is intensely hot, and we are glad to reach the Brocton House, an unpretentious and not specially attractive-looking hostelry externally, but where we find an excellent dinner, well served, and a glass of good native wine from the wine cellars near by.

Brocton was once quite celebrated as the home of the Harris Community, of which Laurence Oliphant, an ex-member of the British Parliament was a member. The community was a singular gathering of apparently heterogenous elements,—men of letters, of science, and of affairs, some Japanese philosophers and what

not, living quietly together, after the manner of the famous Brook Farm experiment. They were industrious, quiet people, mainly engaged in farming, grape culture, and wine making; good citizens and good neighbors, but singularly reticent in regard to their religious views, and by no means inclined to proselytism. They have now (most if not all) gone to California, in obedience, it is said, to a special revelation to their leader, Mr. Harris.

We laze away the afternoon smoking, chatting, and explaining the peculiarities of our "Harvard" or "Special Columbia" steeds to interested natives; and when the shadows begin to lengthen out toward the east, and cool of evening comes, we mount and speed noiselessly and eventlessly home, well pleased with a day off and run of twenty miles, remarkable for nothing but its complete success as a lazy man's trip, its thorough enjoyment, and the relief it has afforded two hard-worked brains from all thoughts of pills and powders, drugs and balance sheets.

If any rider from afar should come this way, we will be glad to see him, and he can generally find good roads and lovely scenery,—from this till the end of September, at least.

CYCLOS.

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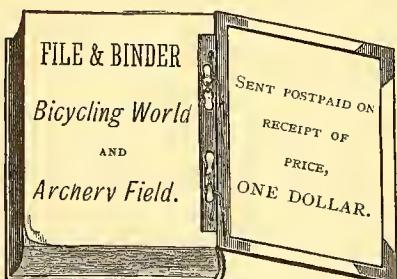
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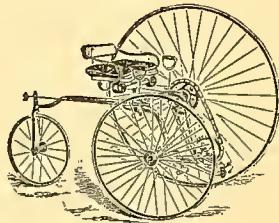
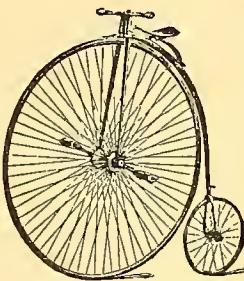
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