

# Bicycling & Archery Field

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## CURRENTE CALAMO

### THE League Meet

WILL certainly be held in —

BUT the information had better be withheld until the directors have decided on the matter.

"ROLAIN" lets out his bottled-up indignation in an outburst against the selfishness of Washingtonians. He is mistaken, as they have shown a very liberal spirit throughout the League Meet discussion, and would, we are advised, send a strong delegation, even if Boston were chosen.

THE editor enjoyed most of the valentines; but if he ever lays hands on the man who sent him the request, "Go sell yourself for junk," he will wipe the floor with him so thoroughly that it will take his mother a month and a half to pick out the slivers.

IF we can form any estimate of our future from the progress bicycling and tricycling has made in England, the fact that nearly six thousand tricycles were sold there last season is significant of what we may expect on this side of the water.

IN Germany the Berlin Bi. Club has completed its organization, and will probably do much to give the long-needed impulse to cycling among the slow-going Teutons. The roads in the large cities are not as well made and as well kept as they are in American cities, but on the roadways between villages and in suburban places there is some charming riding to be had.

IN Coventry, England, the experiment of mounting rural postmen on tricycles was made, and has met with such success that the same plan is now put into effect in many other parts of the kingdom. In Washington and other American cities, the tricycle will be used for sending rapid messages, and no doubt in due time will be utilized by letter-collecting postmen.

THE London bicyclers are uniting their efforts to procure a large general clubhouse, or *rendezvous*, for riders of the wheel. The project is in good hands and bids fair to meet with eminent success.

A BICYCLER not a member of the Crescent Club sends us a new interpretation of the T. S. T. L. A. M. He says that he has always understood it to mean "Too snide to like a mackerel," but that it may be, "They shave to locate a mustache."

PAINTED spokes are coming into fashion. Black fine spokes, with full-nickelled backbone and forks, are the most stylish, but other colors, such as white, cream, or steel-blue, are used. There is an immense opportunity here for those young ladies who have wasted their resources and their pocket money in "studying" art. If Belinda desires to give you some little testimonial, as a "slight token of her affection and regard," don't let her send you an air-castle, or slippers all ready to make up and six sizes to small, or a beautiful maroon book-mark, worked in olive-green silk: send her your bicycle to decorate.

THERE are only two riding schools in Boston, — one at the salesrooms of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and the other at Charles R. Percival's, on Washington street; and both of these are provided mainly for the accommodation of customers. There is great need of a hall where bicyclers can practise in winter time, and give parade exhibitions throughout the year. Such a hall would keep up an interest in bicycling through the dull season, and would afford city clubs the much-needed opportunities to drill.

THE fighting editor took home our bicycle clock last Saturday night, as he had to go and see a dog fight early next morning, and wanted to be up in time. The alarm was set to go off at 8.30 A. M., four hours earlier than he usually got out of bed to say his morning prayers; but before he retired for the night, he set the indicating hand at 4.30, to make a sure



thing of it, and then spent fifteen minutes in winding her up to full strength.

He went to sleep with a calm, placid smile on his face, as he thought of the Sunday-school lesson he would miss in the morning, and the bully time he would have at the dog fight.

Promptly at 4.30 A. M., he was awakened from a terrible nightmare, in which he dreamed that all Boston was on fire, and the air filled with a terrible clangor of bells. Seizing a paper collar and a pair of socks, he proceeded to dress hurriedly, preparatory to flight; but while he was groping for a collar button on the back of his bare neck, he realized that he was safe from a foretaste of future punishment, although he was being serenaded by a chorus of policemen's rattles on the mantel.

He went back to bed, and tossed about feverishly until six o'clock, when the clock alarm let up, and then he dozed off peacefully, only to wake a little after one o'clock, just in time to dress for vesper services. Moral: Buy a clock.

IN New York City a Lone Star Club has been organized by Mr. Will R. Pitman. President, William R. Pitman; captain, W. R. Pitman; secretary and treasurer, William R. Pitman; membership, Pitman, Pitman, and Pitman. The club will apply in a body—*en masse*, as it were—for admission to the League.

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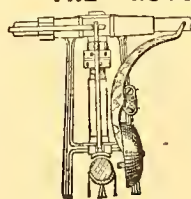
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BOSTON, 25 FEBRUARY, 1881.

THE SELFISH SIDE OF BICYCLING has been faintly suggested in a little poem by one bicycler's wife, and very broadly hinted at in a bright little article by another, both published in previous issues of this paper, but bicyclers don't see it. The man who goes off for a half-day's run, leaves not only home and family, but also all remembrance of them. As soon as he is in the saddle, and is gliding away, silently, swiftly, and almost without exertion, the mere sense of existence enchants him. All anxiety about the future and regret for the past forsake him, in the intoxication of present enjoyment; and, if this cheerfulness is not disturbed by a depressing "header," he comes to the temporary conclusion that, after all, physical excitement is the only pleasure deserving of the name. Stimulated by anticipations of bright country scenery, beautiful winding roads, shaded by tall elms, fresh, exhilarating air, and perhaps a lot of jolly companions, he puts more muscle and more avoirdupois upon the pedals than he would ever dream of putting on his week's work. While thus his blood is stirred by fine exercise, and his heart bounding with keen pleasure, let him once turn his mind to his home, and try to picture the situation there.

The contrast is depressing.

The restraint of woman's life is deplorable and unhealthy enough without being compared with that brightest side of man's life—his excursions on the wheel. There is only one way that the pleasure can be equalized, and that is by letting the ladies have tricycles. The man who will buy himself a bicycle, and "cannot afford" to get his wife or his sister, or his cousin, or his—prospective lady relative a neat little tricycle, is too mean to live well, and should get a cold dinner when he comes home from a "spin."

The sense of injustice felt by bicyclers at the ungracious treatment received by them from those who take their pleasure in driving skittish horses, has aroused an antagonism against all people who drive. This is shown too often on the road by an utter disregard for the safety and comfort of those whose horses have not yet become accustomed to the "wheel." Bicyclers should not complain of the selfishness of those who attempt to exclude them from the full privileges of road riding, unless they are themselves exempt from any unreasoning selfishness in the matter. The courteous practices begun by those first riders who had a storm of public prejudice to contend with should not be laid aside now. We hope that every gentleman who has learned to enjoy life on the wheel will, out of the abundance of his happiness, sacrifice a little to those at home and those he may meet on the highways.

## THE LEAGUE MEET AND ITS INFLUENCE.

BY H.

SPRING is rapidly approaching, and it is very desirable that the locality for the League Meet should be decided upon. This can be done most satisfactorily after free discussion among the members. A mere expression of preference should not carry much weight, but the greatest good of the association should be the point kept in view.

The WORLD, as the organ of the L. A. W., and as an American bicycle journal, cannot take part in the discussion which it invites from its readers. Its editors have personal preferences, but the paper aims to represent the whole country, and not any person or locality.

This meeting is destined to be of more importance, perhaps, than is generally thought of. It will not be simply a pleasurable coming together of the members with an imposing procession and cordial speeches, but it is sure to exercise a permanent influence upon the future of

cycling in the United States. Everything connected with the Meet should be shaped with this in view.

Bicycles are no longer on trial here, but have come to stay. Nothing will now dispossess them of their hold upon the American public. The evidence of this is to be found on every hand. Our manufacturers are steadily improving their products as their experience and knowledge of the requirements of this kind of machinery become greater. Our riders are becoming more intelligent and critical in their choice, and look more to good wearing, working, and labor-saving qualities in their machines than formerly. The imported bicycles which have any considerable sale here are superior machines, and are chosen with much more exacting taste and judgment than in past seasons.

The long-distance riders of our country are beginning to emulate our touring brethren in England. Long rides are constantly taken, of which the public hears no mention. We could name a number of persons who have made long journeys the past season. Our riders are becoming accustomed to the inevitable, and travel over bad and indifferent roads more valiantly than our pioneers attempted the best. These are healthy signs of progress, but there is much more to be considered. The men of middle age of the country are taking a decided interest in the sport, and sometimes an active part as riders. Many who would not ride the ordinary, have purchased Extraordinary Challenges, and are among our most enthusiastic devotees of the wheel. Notably the case of Mr. Bentley, of Philadelphia, comes to mind. This gentleman rode his Xtra last season, in company with two others, a distance of six hundred miles. The cares of business and serious occupations of our leading business men are the very incentives to this kind of recreation. Hence the need of our doing everything to elevate and popularize the use of the bicycle.

We are assured that the importation of Xtras this season promises to be largely beyond that of any previous year. They are already scattered over the country to a considerable extent. Their freedom from the danger of headers, and the extreme facility with which they can be mounted and dismounted from, are a great point in their favor among middle-aged riders who do not go in for racing, but are content with the road.

The importers assure us, also, that the tricycle is gaining ground rapidly. Ladies write from distant States inquiring earnestly about them, and others, in our nearer towns and cities, talk seriously of using the tricycle this summer. Some who are able to keep horses and who usually ride and drive, think of taking to the tricycle during the summer vacation.

If we can believe the signs of the times we are, in this respect, going to surpass our English friends. The Queen has had a tricycle purchased for her own daughters, and this will undoubtedly tend



strongly to popularize the sport among the upper classes. With the extraordinary advantages offered by the extensive private grounds of the wealthy, the tricycle should be used among them, but apparently for popular use among ladies its best promise is in this country. At country watering-places of the quieter kind, where there is not so much of dress and dancing as at Saratoga, ladies generally desire to be in the open air, and no other recreation seems to offer so many temptations as the tricycle. The double-seated machine gives an excellent opportunity for moonlight excursions and all which they suggest. The adventurous youth, who bestrides the steed we most adore, can caper around his Arabella in her little go-cart, and exhibit his paces and graces, while she demurely trundles along, more leisurely enjoying the dear sunshine and dear Nature in everything. Shut your eyes for a moment, reader, and imagine yourself the escort of some gentle young woman who can and does ride.

Let any woman learn to tri. or to bi., and she will experience a pleasure she never before dreamed of. The languid dweller in houses knows nothing of the delight of every gratified sense which is felt on the wheel. The blood flows in active current; the lungs take great draughts of stimulant air, and mere animal existence becomes an intense enjoyment. The senses are doubly acute; every gleam of light among the leaves and every sound bring keener sense of pleasure than we ever know afoot or when passively taking in Nature. Let the liveryman take his stable of tricycles to any one of the hundreds of summer resorts where the roads are good and country pleasant, and he will be rewarded in vulgar ducats, and will help to make a regular *furor* of the sport in another season or two. We can think of nothing which would tend so much to spread the use of the tricycle as this furnishing them for hire at our country resorts for summer idlers. Let ladies ride and young men will surely follow them on the bicycle. Beyond a doubt Hiawatha brought Minnehaha home on a tri.

"Pleasant was the journey homeward . . .  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the 'wheel' of Laughing Water."

Let the place be determined upon for the Meet, with the best interests of the whole in view, and then, it is to be hoped, we shall have, in numbers and personal character, such a representation as will impress the country in our favor. Let us not only go to have a good time, but to serve the cause. There is a great field for education, for missionary work and self-defence.

We want to stimulate the study of the bicycle and tricycle till our riders are generally intelligent. We want to do what we can as an association and as individuals, to spread the use of the bicycle, and to draw attention to it on the part of a large class which may be induced to join us. We want to stimulate

the use of the bicycle and tricycle for business purposes. Tricycles are used in Washington throughout the year to carry despatches, and for various commercial purposes. Some men ride considerable distances on their machines to and from their daily occupations. This is true to a limited extent of other places; but if our members bestir themselves, they will make the practical use of both machines much more general.

We must do something sooner or later in self-defence. Our wheels are not permitted free access to places where other vehicles are used. The injustice of this discrimination is certainly flagrant, but can probably be overcome in most cases. In no way can we act more thoroughly or forcibly than as an organized body, of such class as does not often come together.

The coming year is full of bright promise for bicycling and tricycling. Our clubs are active and thriving, and the League has rapidly run up to such numbers as may well surprise its most sanguine friends. Unattached riders are beginning to ride in very remote parts of the United States. Where there is one rider to-day, in many cases there will be a club within a year. Men of character and high standing in our clubs give their weight to the cause; and a sport and useful occupation are springing up which tend to make the whole people healthier and stronger, and which are characterized by a most remarkable absence of everything unmanly or in any way demoralizing.

#### THE LEAGUE MEET.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—The calm and unruffled self-confidence of the gentlemen who are trying to force the L. A. W. members to visit Washington, the hottest city in the Union, during the latter part of May, is simply charming. The whole tone of their argument is on the *convenience* of the place, as if Washington were the *only* city in the Union where could be found any fine riding; and as if the *convenience* of a handful of riders in and about Washington should be the principal object of discussion at the next meeting of the directors. This, and the little handful of cards they hold up, "Society," "See the great Capitol," "Ride on our new asphalt pavement," etc., are not worthy of notice after the real purposes of the League Meet have been so plainly set forth in your paper. If we admit that Washington is the most convenient Eastern city for Western men, which it is not, how does this add to its importance as a desirable situation for the Meet? The West occupies an enormous tract of country, and has a magnificent population; but throughout the whole of it, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, there are fewer wheelmen than there are in the city of Boston.

Washington is not a geographical centre, and it is far from the main body of bicyclers. There are less wheelmen in

the combined cities of Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia than in the one little town of Cambridge, a suburb of Boston. There is one club of 115 members in Cambridge, and, by the way, not one of them could attend the Meet in Washington. Geographical distribution is a favorite theme in the capital, especially in relation to the selection of Garfield's cabinet; but we do not want anything that has the contamination of politics upon it in the organization which unites the hearts and interests of bicyclers.

On 31 May, 1881, there will be the first grand meet of the League of American wheelmen. No matter if there has been a meet at Newport to organize, this is the first gathering of those who belong to the completed organization. It is *for* the members, and it should be where they are. If, in due time, bicycling goes West, the League meets must follow it there in the interest of the greatest number. But upon this inaugural occasion, the assemblage should be in Boston, — the home of the bicycle, the birthplace of the League, where wheelmen are numbered by thousands, and where every wheeling interest from literature to manufacture is best represented. We shall probably never see the L. A. W. meet in Boston in the future, and to slight it now, to refuse to give this one good turn to the hub of all wheeling matters, would be unjust indeed. ROLAIN.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—Permit a rural rider and member of the L. A. W. to join in the discussion of the place for the League Meet.

I am a New Yorker (*i. e.*, an inhabitant of New York State), and the city of New York would be the most convenient place for me; and yet I heartily indorse the recommendation of the committee who selected Washington, and for the following reasons:—

1st. Washington is nearly as accessible as New York to all parts of the country, except the New England States, and is more accessible to some parts; but, as "turn about is fair play," and the last meet was held in New England (at Newport), it would be just, as well as generous, for New England to waive any special claims to consideration this year.

2nd. Though New York City is easily accessible for people, it is nearly inaccessible for bicyclers as such. The streets below 50th street are practically impassible for bicyclers, and what is the bicyclist to do who arrives from the West, via Erie, with his bicycle, and finds himself landed at either Chambers street or 23d street ferries, or via the Central Railroad, at 42d street depot?

To be sure, we might arrange to have our machines carted and sent by express, care of Mr. Wright, 791 Fifth avenue, but that would be both troublesome and expensive.

3d. Bicyclers in New York are regarded as interlopers and intruders; a fossilized Park Commission refuses



them admission to Central Park, reserving its miles of rapidly deteriorating drives for the benefit of people who can afford to own or hire horses. With a horse to vouch for your respectability, they grant you the freedom of the park drives, whether you ride on two wheels or four; without an equine sponsor, you are shut out whether you ride two wheels or three.

4th. The bicyclers of New York haven't spunk enough to stand up like men and demand their rights; but are content to solicit the crumbs from the horseman's table in the shape of limited privileges at limited hours. They don't deserve the recognition that would be given them by holding a League meet in their city. Limpness of spine is as undesirable a quality in a bicyclist as in a bicycle.

Let the New York clubs secure a place for the wheels, as well as the wheelmen of the League, and then it will be time enough to discuss the question as to whether their disadvantages of location, etc., can be sufficiently overlooked to make a League meet in their city possible.

Washington presents a very different picture. There the wheelman is not looked upon as an intruder or a nuisance. He has free access to all places where any vehicle may go; he has miles and miles of streets paved with asphalt, which could not suit him better if they had been made on purpose for him; and last but not least, he is welcomed and respected.

Washington this year, and some Western city like Detroit next year, and after that, may be, when the League is strong enough to endure it, let a meet be held in New York City, not because it is or will be a good place for a meet, — physical geography forbids, — but as an expression of sympathy on the part of their more fortunate brethren with the unfortunate islanders who are compelled to do their bicycling under such unfavorable conditions.

If, however, the League meet is held there this year, that promising infant, the L. A. W., will get a set back from which it will take it years to recover. The L. A. W. is not strong enough yet to endure the effects of a meet in New York City.

G. E. B.

## GLANCES ABROAD

SELF-SACRIFICE. — A fond mother, addressing her hopeful of ten, reminded him that the solemn season of Lent was approaching, and asked what sacrifice he was prepared to make, in order to show his reverence for the church, and his love for the church's one foundation. "Would it make you very happy, mamma, if I gave up something?" "Yes, my child." "Then, mamma, dear, I'll give up going to church on foot, and go on my bicycle!" — *Cycling*.

No sport, except bicycling, has made such progress in the course of one year

as tricycling has during 1880. During the past year we have seen all the best bicycle makers turning out their different styles of tricycles, the formation of several clubs, and a tricycling association, the institution of a championship ride, and last, but not least, the throwing open of a well-known bicycling club to tricyclists. — *Bicycling Times*.

THE FIRST BICYCLE. — Mr. C. Wheaton contributes to the *Bicycling News* an interesting narrative about the first bicycle, in which he claims for Mr. Edwin Dalzell, of Lesmahagow, in Lanarkshire, the honor of being, thirty-four years ago, the maker of a machine which, although differing in matters of detail, such as having the steering wheel in front, etc., was the undoubted prototype of the present two-wheeler. He contends that this "wooden horse," as it was called, was the first two-wheeled velocipede whose rider was "able to propel and balance without aid extraneous to the machine; or, in other words, without his feet touching the ground, as in the case of the celeripede or dandy-horse." This wonderful bicycle is still preserved by Mr. Dalzell's family, and will probably find its way to South Kensington, where it may keep company with the first successful locomotive. — *Cyclist*.

I HAVE carefully read your most able and interesting article, "Bicycles versus Tricycles," which is so evidently fair and impartial, that I trust you will excuse a few remarks on it. The only point on which I completely differ with you, is in your conclusion that on the score of safety in driving down hill, the machines are about equal. During the three years I rode a bicycle, in going down hill, I frequently had to dismount, but I have never dismounted for a hill when I have been riding a tricycle. I was used to, and I have ridden all the hills I can find marked *dangerous* within twenty miles of Croydon on the south side of the Thames.

Even on a "Coventry" tricycle, with bath-chair handle, I have ridden everything feet up, and feel sure that any one with nerve could do the same. Frequently I have felt two wheels off the ground, and on one occasion, going down Addington Hill, which was newly strewn with flints, unbroken, varying in size from a half brick to a large teapot, I went fairly into the air; all the wheels were off the ground for an instant, yet I have never had the slightest accident. A bicyclist can go some way down hill with one wheel up, but if he got both wheels off he would certainly want picking up very shortly afterwards.

But what I admit requires dexterity and nerve on the old-fashioned "Coventry" is very easy on a "Salvo." Any good tricyclist can pass all ordinary bicycle riders, when descending a dangerous hill. A rider on a "bi." in descending a dangerous hill, should never take his feet off the pedals: a rider of a "tri." should never put them on. It should be remem-

bered that any comparison between the bicycle and tricycle must be to a certain extent unfavorable to the recent machine. The introduction of the "Humber" tricycle shows that the best form for the machine has probably not yet been found. On the racing path the bicycle must remain the fastest machine; but for touring, every year will bring the tricycle nearer to the bicycle in pace, to which in everything but pace it is immensely superior. — *Correspondence Cycling*.

THE congress of cyclists to consider the desirability of establishing a Union Vélocipédique Français, and settle the basis of its formation, is to be held in Paris on the 6 February. In the evening a banquet will take place at the Café Corazza, Galerie Montpensier, Palais Royal; delegates and others desiring to be present can obtain tickets up to the evening of 2 February, upon remitting 12 fr. to M. Hénon, president of the Cercle Vélocipédique de France, 47, Rue Grenéta, Paris. The Lyons Bicycle Club have selected Mr. Varlet, an honorary member, to represent them at the congress. On the occasion of the annual dinner a few matches took place. The course was 3,600 mètres, but owing to the frost it was very bad going. Only tricycles were represented, and the times were, M. Vicunet, 9 min. 53 sec.; Hall, 10 min. 1 sec.; Payet and Wautherin, 10 min. 15 sec. These gentlemen each rode a "Salvo"; and Messrs. Boileau and Buisson, on a "Sociable," covered the distance in 10 min. 45 sec. There are now three clubs at Lyons, the Véloce Club, the Vélo-Touristes, and the Bicycle Club. The formation of a club at Dijon is projected. — *Cricket and Football Times*.

"OBSTRUCTIONISTS" IN INDIA. — A correspondent sends us the following cutting: — Dr. Weir, our Health Officer, has dislocated his arm by a fall from a tricycle. I wish this would prove a caution to people not to ride about on these infernal machines, for they are becoming far too popular, especially with Parsees. With their India-rubber tires, they are often perfectly noiseless, and come stepping past in a way that often startles one, and is bound to set one's horses going if they have any go in them. The other day a Parsee nearly put me and my dog-cart into the gutter in this way, and it evidently was nothing new to him, for he was quite equal to the occasion. I had just righted myself, and probably my next move would have been to slang him; but before I could get in a word edgewise, he had begun, "I will ride bicycle on road;" and owing to the time and place I had to let him continue to "ride bicycle on road" unmolested. In to-day's *Gazette* there is an account of a ride to Thanna and back, performed on bicycles by three bycullaits. They managed, or rather two of them did, to cover their forty-two miles, and to have a rest of an hour and a half in less than six hours. As the road is abominably bad in parts, this shows a



proficiency which I am truly sorry to see. The man who did not get through the whole journey ran foul of a hay-cart, apparently from having no lamp. You would think that if he could not see the hay-cart, it was hardly to be expected that the wretched driver could see him; but yet the latter caught it, as did a poor dog that had taken the liberty of going to sleep on the road by which our friend had to return; the only difference that I can see being that the dog was killed, and the cart-driver was not quite."—*Pioneer Mail, Allahabad, N. W. P., India, Dec. 9, 1880.*

#### NOTES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

BY C.

THE *Cyclist* of 5 Jan. has an article from a correspondent who says that, whilst a thick tire lessens vibration and is of great advantage, it is extremely dangerous on wet Macadam, as it is liable to slip and throw the rider. He continues, saying that leather cannot well be attached to heavy tires on account of its weight and unsightliness.

Will not some of our American riders give us their experience with Hancock's non-slipping, corrugated tires.

At Coventry some of the rural letter collectors who have heretofore used a horse and mail-cart are now doing their work with tricycles.

A tricycle now carries the mail bags on the road between Astwood Bank and Redditch.

At Ventnor and other places, in the Isle of Wight, the tricycle is now used for mail purposes.

ANOTHER correspondent of the *Cyclist* talks of a rider who got imbedded in a drift of snow, breast high. The snow bothers our English cousins, but our Western brothers discard the rear wheel and use a sleigh runner in its place. Whilst the effeminate Britisher who cannot do more than two or three hundred miles a day, wilts at snow only four or five feet deep, the Yankee and New-Yorker, or Pennsylvanian, and the Canadian respectively coast, slide down hill, and toboggan on the bicycle.

SOME deluded English brethren of the wheel, among whom is Mr. Winter, whose name is well-known in this country, are coming to the United States in the latter part of March. They are coming to grief, too, if they mean business on the wheel. They will find mud and winds Boreastic, and unsettled country roads, and no riding of much account outside of Boston or Washington. This I don't much care for, as I am both a Bostonian and Washingtonian, but how they will turn up their noses at New York and such small places where there is no riding, and where the park is only for women and children and Tammany processions. Still, come along deluded ones, and you shall have the best the country affords. We will kill the fatted calf—not that three hundred pounder for whom

Messrs. C. imported the sixty-pound bicycle, but the real veal—and make speeches at you. This land produces no Tears and no mammoth Smokers like your home products, but we have considerable human sympathy for all the world, and a very large amount of it for your countrymen and bicyclers.

MESSRS. HILLMAN & HERBERT, who make the premier bicycle, are out strong with a new Stanley head. It is unquestionably a good thing.

The head is about the same size as in ordinary patterns. The upper centre pin is made larger than usual and hollow for nearly three fourths of its length, so as to slip down over the upper end of the spindle, which is about one and a half inches longer than ordinary spindles. The hollow pin or sleeve is screwed down into the head precisely as in other Stanley heads and is secured at the top by the usual nut, giving it a thoroughly firm bearing. An inch and a half of the spindle telescopes with the sleeve, and is firmly supported by it, having the usual cone at the top. The pin is bored centrally to permit of easy oiling. This gives a neat, low Stanley head, and a spindle full four and a half inches long, much better supported than any heretofore made. It is decidedly an improvement in the right direction.

#### THE BICYCLE AMONG THE GODS!

Read at the Third Annual Dinner of the Boston B. Club, Feb. 7, 1881.

"What, ho, there! Erato, Euterpe, Clio,  
Terpsichore, Melpomene, Thalia,  
Urania, Polyhymnia, and Callio-  
pe!—fair dispensers of Parnassian fire—  
Trot out old Pegasus, and, *nota bene*,  
A cup of undiluted Hippocrene!"

"Come, step up lively, Sisters, help me rhyme it  
To the Bicyc'e,—that most mighty motor  
Of human progress. Sisters, sweetly chime it!  
Or wise or witty, let each maid devote her  
Poetic powers, without stint or evasion,  
To make my verses worthy the occasion!"

Such was the invocation which I uttered—  
Perhaps with more of vigor than politeness.  
I scarce had ceased when in Thalia fluttered,  
And with her Mercury, their mutual brightness  
Making the room radiant till my sense of vision  
Revelled in beauty like a dream Elysian.

"Well, William, here I am," said fair Thalia,  
"Prompt at your summons, dearie; but great Jove  
First wants to see you, and Hermes and I are  
Sent to conduct you to his court above.  
He also bids you your bicycle bring,  
Having a wish, he says, to see the thing."

"So, quick prepare you for the heavenly presence;  
Hermes will kindly bear your steed of steel."  
I instant rose with ready acquiescence,  
And bringing forth the ever-ready wheel,  
Which Hermes deftly shouldered, on the fly  
We straight to high Olympus clove the sky.

The hour was early, and the gods all sat  
(Not yet the council had been called to order)  
In careless postures; some with idle chat  
On themes congenial, although, mayhap, broader  
Than mortals might, till Heaven should begin its  
Diurnal session, whilst the idle minutes,

Ceres was sorting seeds, while azure-orbed  
Minerva, seated on a tripod, seemed  
In the BICYCLING WORLD so all-absorbed  
I felt at once she rightly was esteemed  
The queen of wisdom. Near her, Neptune, Mars  
And Bacchus played draw poker for cigars.

Jove's eagle ogled the white doves of Venus,  
And they, to tease the haughty team of Juno,  
Returned his glances, and—this is between us—  
The first-named goddess, who, as I and you know,  
Is none too careful of her wifely station,  
Was carrying on with Mars a sly flirtation.

And Juno furtively observed their capers,  
While seeming busily engaged with knitting;  
Jove, spectated, perused the morning papers.  
"Hebe," cried Bacchus, hiccupping and spitting,  
"Hebe! another brandy punch!" Just then  
Did mighty Jupiter our presence ken

And beckoned our approach. Hermes, advancing,  
Presented me to Jove, who, after scanning  
My comely features, and thereby enhancing  
The modest blush which covered like jappanning  
My cheek and brow, said, brusquely, "Mortal, what  
Is this new-fangled carriage? I've forgot

"The name of it." Suggested Mars,—"Bicycle."  
"Papa," said Pallas, "it's pronounced bicycle."  
"Law sakes," said Juno, "what a queer vehicle!"  
"Mamma," bawled Bacchus, "you should say ve-  
hicle."  
"Well, well," said Jove, "no matter; let us know  
About the wheel and how you make it go."

I thereupon most lucidly recounted  
The various virtues of the silent steed,  
And, to confirm them, gracefully I mounted,  
And circled round the court-yard at full speed;  
Then, leaping lightly from the saddle, bowed,  
Responsive to the plaudits of the crowd.

Jove looked approvingly; then motioned Hebe,  
And she, advancing, smilingly presented  
A cup of nectar to me. "Pa," said Phœbe,  
I'd like to try it—may I?" Jove assented,  
And all stood silent as the martial maid  
Boldly to mount my metal steed essayed.

Beneath her belt her long skirts deftly tucking,  
She grasped the handle-bar of the machine,  
Which showed the usual tendency to bucking  
Green mounters and, of course, provoked caccine  
Among the younger gods; but light she heeded,  
And tried and tried again till she succeeded;

Then, slow at first, zigzagging as she went,  
Moved down the course in triumph, until, feeling  
Secure, she gave a sturdy push that sent  
The 'cycle forward like a meteor Dealing  
Another and another, soon she spun  
As swiftly as a planet round the sun.

Cheer upon cheer from heavenly voices greeted  
Jove's blue-eyed daughter when her ride was ended,  
And Jove himself no stinted praises meted.  
Then Mars sprang up, exclaiming he intended  
"To take a turn or two on the machine!"—  
Incited thereto by Love's beauteous queen.

The war-god, emulous of fair Minerva,  
Strode confidently forth and grasped the bar,  
And made a jump that to a close observer  
Looked much as if he meant a *coup d'état*.  
The wheel responded with a buck that sent  
Mars ten feet farther forward than he meant.

The god, discomfited, arose and would  
Another venture make, but Jove said, "No:  
You'll only break your neck and never could  
Control the thing. You're much too clumsy. So  
Stand back and let Latona's daughter try  
Her graces on the g'aceful wheel. Come, Di!"

Forth at the word the virgin goddess stepped,  
Free-limbed and lithe, a calm smile on her face,  
And quickly, lightly, to the saddle leaped,  
And with a motion perfect in its grace,  
Which won loud plaudits from all who beheld,  
The glancing wheel along the course propelled.

Thrice round the court-yard's broad circumference,  
Swift as an arrow from her silver bow,  
The radiant goddess sped; then, swerving thence,  
Out into space ethereal did go,  
Wheeling toward the stars, when, in her way,  
She met the golden chariot of Day,

Driven by Phœbus at tremendous speed.  
The horses, scared, of course, to see Diana  
Seated upon so singular a steed,  
Began to rear in a most frightful manner,  
So that all heaven trembled lest the sun  
Should be upset, and this fair world undone;

But mighty Phœbus's o'ermastering skill  
Prevented that mishap. The frightened cattle,  
Though trembling yet, obedient to his will  
Resumed their way; the chariot's thund'rous rattle  
Still fainter sounding in the goddess's ears  
As sped her wheel amid the starry spheres.



Immense the wonder, varied the sensations,  
Her advent caused among the shining hosts :  
Some hailing gladly, while some constellations  
Fled at her coming as boys flee from ghosts.  
The Lion roared, and Urus Major growled ;  
The Great Dog barked, the Lesser only howled ;

The Serpent hissed ; the Ship hauled in her *hawser*  
(To guard 'gainst fright), and Lupus turned to flee ;  
The Centaur, being only *half a courser*,  
Of course was only *half* scared — don't you see ?  
The mirthful Twins pretext for joking found,  
And shouted, "Di, your small wheel's turning round !"

"Whoa, Emma !" cried Orion, so amazed  
No other language could he find to utter ;  
Perseus his golden casque politely raised ;  
The Ram, however, lowered his head to butt her ;  
The Bull looked menacing, but seeing no red  
On wheel or rider, merely bellowed.

Headless alike of menaces and jeers,  
Yet gracious to all friendly salutation,  
Like a true 'cyclist, 'mid the shining spheres,  
Moved the chaste goddess without retardation,  
Until, the heavens compassed in her essay,  
She sped back to us on the Milky Way.

Three rousing cheers from goddesses and gods  
Greeted Diana and the steed of steel ;  
While Jove, more dignified, approval nods,  
And orders Vulcan to make him a wheel.  
Whereon that god, ere you could well say "beans,"  
Took more than forty orders for machines.

And then those deities began to chide  
About the style of bicycle preferred,  
And almost came to blows, when Jove broke in, —  
"Cheese it, gods, cheese it ! not another word,"  
He cried ; then to the jolly muse : "Thalia,  
You and this gentleman may now retire.

"Hebe, a glass of something hot ! and, Hebe !  
Not nectar, — something lively, — Thank you, dear, —  
And now to business. Come, Apollo, Phoebe,  
Diana, Ceres, Neptune. — are all here ?  
Come, gods and goddesses, have done your cavil !  
The council sits" — and Jove brought down the gavel.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TOUGH BICYCLING.

THE rain, which had been falling in torrents all the morning, ceased about one o'clock, and was replaced by a dense fog, steaming slowly upwards from the sodden snow and ice. Concluding that the exercise would be worth the trouble of cleaning machine and clothing, I got out my 54-inch, and started off. Never before, in three years' wheeling over them, had I found the Essex macadams in such horrible condition. Seven weeks of continuous sleighing had coated them with an armor of ice, in places, a foot thick. This, a week's thaw had somewhat softened, and the morning's rain guttered and seamed it down to the road bed, along which the water rushed, or stood in muddy pools. Here I was forced to drive my wheel, a perfect storm of mud and water flying from the spinning tires. It was a very enjoyable ride, though. The fog was so dense that everything ten yards ahead was swallowed up, so that, between the road and keeping a lookout for teams, I was pretty busy. Not possessing a fog horn, my "Hill & Tolman," with its terrific din, answered beautifully, sending not more than a dozen horses off their feet. Arriving at Main street, I was greeted with: "Hello, there's — all right again." This remark, the result of a report extensively circulated among the non-wheeling population, that I had been injured while bicycling, and was compelled to go around in an *inva-*

*lid's chair* (a special Centaur tricycle, and the first three-wheeler in this section) ! I rode about six miles, then came home and cleaned up.

I made some measurements some time ago upon three machines, which represent the two divisions of high-class English bicycles (light and heavy), and best class American machines. I annex these measurements without comment, thinking that they may be of interest: —

	Humber, 57-inch.	Sp. Columb 56-inch.	Harvard, 54-inch.
Greatest diameter backbone,	1 13-32	1 23-64	1 3-8
Height, handle bar from wheel,	4 13-16	6	5 1-2
Width, handle bar,	21 3-4	20 3-4	21 3-8
Separation of hubs,	6	7	5 1-2
Separation of pedals,	9 5-8	12 1-2	10 1-2
Diameter back-wheel,	17	20	18

The fourth and fifth items are of interest to those 'cyclers who have considered the question of narrow tread and recessed hubs.

I XION.

DISTRIBUTION OF LOAD. — *Editor Bicycling World:* — I have been greatly interested in the articles on the "Comparative Study of the Bicycle," by "H.," which have appeared in your valuable paper, and there is every reason to think that they will go a great way toward giving cyclers a better knowledge of the machine they ride. I think, however, that in the part entitled "Distribution of Load," in your last number, the author makes a great mistake. He says that machines placing as little weight as possible on the driving wheel are much easier to propel than those putting the least weight on the rear wheel.

Now, it seems to me that the sole purpose of the small wheel is to hold the seat in position as near over the centre of the driving wheel as practicable.

The small rear wheel, I believe, on an average has a diameter equal to about one third that of the large wheel, consequently it revolves about three times to one revolution of the latter. Now, it is obvious that the more weight placed on this wheel the greater the friction or backward drag of the machine ; especially so because, as the author says, "the rear wheel in motion does not, like the large wheel, bridge over small ruts and depressions in the road, but drops into them." If we did put the load over the rear wheel and relieve the driver, as Mr. H. suggests, we must enlarge the wheel, thus taking an undue share of the burden. If this is done we have in principle the old "bone-shaker," no matter how it may be arranged.

As to the freight train, I answer, Certainly the engineer would put the load on his locomotive if it were practicable to do so, — not to prevent slipping of drivers, but to avoid having his load bear on so many small wheels, which add so much resistance ; and instead of requiring more steam power he would really require much less.

What would be thought of the engineer

who would string out his train as long as possible in order to distribute his load over a great number of wheels ? If he did and it should become "derailed," as suggested by "H.," it certainly would come to a standstill much quicker than if the load were all on the locomotive. This case fits the bicycle exactly, as "H." himself says.

If the extraordinary Challenge rides easier up hill and also on the level road (which I doubt), the fact may be explained by the pedals being more directly beneath the rider than on the ordinary machine, which is a great advantage.

BERT.

PHILADELPHIA, 8 February, 1881.

TIRES. — *Editor Bicycle World:* — A wheel decorated with strings is certainly an unsightly object, and one not calculated to impress the on-looker with respect for our noble steed ; but the use of strings is really unnecessary if the thoughtful wheelman — the careless must take his chances — will provide himself with the simple and inexpensive article known as a pocket lantern, obtainable at most hardware stores. In appearance it is not unlike a pocket match-box. It will burn perhaps an hour. Camphene is used, and a receipt for making it accompanies the lantern. A loosened tire may be cemented in a few moments, and the lantern will be found useful in many other ways. The flame will not blister or mar the fellow, and the smoke will rub off easily.

Personally, I have never suffered from loosening tires since the days of my learning to ride, in 1879. My experience has been about the same as that recorded by "Little 'Un."

Allow me to suggest that the adoption of long handle bars will have a tendency to make such mishaps less frequent, they give such perfect control of the machine. I should recommend none less than twenty-two inches. Twenty-four inches are better. A friend has one twenty-six inches, and likes it.

IVANHOE.

### WHEELING AROUND SMOKY CITY.

*Editor Bicycling World:* — Thinking you might like to hear a voice from Pittsburgh, I shall humbly offer a description of the roads in and around this smoky city, what we do here, and how we do it, "bicyclingly speaking."

We are happy in the possession of about twenty miles of asphalt and block pavement, and on a pleasant day the Keystone Bicycle Club, including other riders, may be seen bowling silently along. The wheel among the wealthy classes is becoming quite popular ; but for some reason, when a rider passes through the mill districts, although the bicycle is familiar enough, he is met with much indignation and biting irony from the "horny-handed sons of toil." I myself, while riding to and from my place of business on Second avenue, am frequently met with such



expressions as "Oh, here he comes: look at the style!" and "Mister, come off; your wheel's goin' round." The small boy also, for some unaccountable reason, repeats the oft-used expression, "Now ring your bell." If these remarks are responded to in a flippant way, the grimy youths become more clamorous. This is the only objection to Second avenue, which is a perfect Arcadia for the venturesome wheelman; when he gets to the suburb called "Soho," he rolls easily upon the vulcanite, through small villages. Upon the third mile, the country extends on either side; to the left, high hills, clothed in verdure; to the right, the picturesque Monongahela flows by, sparkling in the rays of the sun. Five miles of this bliss brings the rider to Glenwood, the city limits; and here we strike the clay road, which is within a stone's throw of the river for miles. I well remember my first long morning excursion, which occurred last August. Mr. Ormsby, of the Keystone Bicycle Club, and I, started about nine o'clock A. M., 24 August, for McKeesport, distant, on this Second-avenue extension, about fifteen miles from the city. We donned blue shirts and leggings, placed polo caps upon our intellectual heads, smiled upon two or three small boys, who constituted the audience, and were off. We found the road well beaten and very smooth, till we reached Braddock's Field, the place of the memorable battle; here, ruts stuck up in the road to a most alarming height, and becoming dismounted, we had much hopping on one foot ere we were in the saddle again. By this time the thermometer was, judging from my feelings, about 250° in the shade, though my companion decided it could not be over 200° Fahrenheit. Our pleasurable feelings were increased by a huckster wagon, the driver of which was immensely tickled at our unavailing efforts to mount. At each failure, he would almost explode with laughter, and no doubt likened us to sparrows on an enlarged plan, as we hopped along on one leg, and mounted, only to fall off into another rut. We soon passed this "slough of despond," and came out upon a nice road, which led us through several small towns, near the river bank. The people in every case expressed much surprise at our appearance, and such expressions as "Oh, here comes another," and "I wonder who they are?" were heard on every corner.

About ten miles had been passed safely, when my companion and fellow-sufferer attempted to descend a very steep and crooked hill, with his legs over the handles. I warned him, but before I could say more, he was up and away. I followed on foot, and when I got to where the road turned suddenly to the right, near the bottom of the hill, I found him upon his back, machine on top, with the backbone (the machine's) considerably twisted. He was unhurt, and soon we went on our way rejoicing. All went well till we came to a large village. I

asked a wondering rustic what it might be; he said, "Nickersport," to our surprise. We rode into town, covered with dirt and dust, but each striving to hold himself erect, and look as fresh as possible. We stopped at a queer-looking place, called a hotel, as a young man of the place confidentially informed me it was. But it is ever tiresome to be a great man: we were constantly besieged by a perfect mob of men, women, and children, who struggled hard to peep in the door, when it was opened.

After dinner, we sallied forth to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station, to wait for the down train, and to pass the time away. My fellow-wheelman rode around the square near by, and tried to perform some impossible tricks. When he fell from his lofty 52-inch, he was greeted with shouts and cheers from the multitude of urchins, who were coming in, I verily believe, from the surrounding country, to see the unwonted sights, "Big men on *Velocipeds*." We got back to the city at 2.20 o'clock, all well and sound, but rather fatigued.

If this is not consigned to the place where editors generally place poetic effusions on "Gentle Spring," I will describe a later trip soon.

E. P. HODGES,

*Keystone Bicycle Club.*

BINGLER'S HOTEL, HAZELWOOD (PITTSBURG), PA.,  
7 February, 1881.

#### STRAY NOTES FROM ESSEX.

THE Essex Bicycle Club is not dead, but after the manner of many similar organizations during the winter season, sleepeth. However, it has had one or two nightmares, among them the question of winter headquarters and riding hall, which has evoked more discussion and desultory effort with less result than any other subject which has been under consideration since Essex's birth; and the talk of preparing rules and regulations to provide for the formation and government of local divisions: for so large has the club grown, and so much country does its membership cover, that it has become necessary to form separate territorial divisions, of which the "Orange Wanderers" is the first; for though at present it occupies somewhat the position of an illegitimate child, yet as soon as the committee is ready to report it will be fully sanctioned and recognized, with Capt. Johnson at its head. This branch cannot fail to reflect honor and glory on its parent; and if future local divisions show as much vigor and spirit as the "Wanderers," it can without boasting be said that when the plan is fully matured, the Essex will stand in a position never before held by any bicycle club.

But with its nightmare it has had a delicious dream; a dream of fairy land and fairies, of bright faces, happy hearts, lobster salad, ice-cream, and expenses, in the shape of a reception which was given on the 7th of January at the house of the secretary, E. R. Bellman. In this dream about fifty fairies and the same number

of demons, or, as the local papers expressed it, "fifty couples," sported and danced, supped, and cast soft glances until that morning hour when all proper-minded fairies and demons disappear.

Some of the Essex boys have tried riding on the beaten-down snow this winter, and report very good riding; indeed, the writer has been out on it two or three times this year, and has found that wherever the snow is packed and not badly powdered, the riding is a great deal better than on many roads which are considered rideable; but even your correspondent, although he can ride it, don't "hanker arter it." Some too, have tried riding on the ice, and their advice to any who contemplate doing likewise is an emphatic "don't"; for bruised limbs and damaged machines are among the certain results.

The coming season will see many Essex members on the path striving to hold for their club the name it has gained as the leading racing club of America. With such men as Johnson, Field, and Lafon to the fore they seem to have a fair chance of success; and when I add that they are not by any means the only racing men Essex means to show this season, the result of the struggle can hardly be questioned.

With these few notes, I will close, only adding that as the entire membership has joined the League (and even if they had not it would not make any difference in this regard), bicyclers will always find that fraternity is one of the most prominent characteristics of the Essex Bicycle Club.

THE ARAB.

#### OBITUARY.

KILLED suddenly, last month, some time, the inordinate ambition of a 'cyclist to practice fancy riding. Haverhill papers please copy.

The above may seem of little moment to the busy throng who tread the streets in mortal terror of the modern centaur, but to those intimate with the facts it conveys a world of meaning. A small rear room, simply but substantially furnished. A 50-inch "Columbia"; a pale but determined-looking individual, with elongated extremities, and a "standing still mount"; a brazen, pointed, treacherous chandelier; a hole in the adamant substance between the cerebrum of the aforesaid individual with elongated extremities and the before-mentioned pendant from the ceiling of the simply but substantially furnished rear room. Only this and nothing more, but this was enough and to spare. 'T is a simple tale, dear readers, simply told by one who was not present, though he would have been pleased to have been; but it is of such trifling incidents that the sum of life is made, and the man that pointed that chandelier pointed a moral as well, that he who runs a bicycle can read — if he takes this journal: —

"Try your fancy riding in a ten-acre lot."

ARGUS.





*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, 25 FEBRUARY, 1881.

**REFINEMENTS IN TACKLE.**—When an indifferent billiard player fails to make a correct angle or an effective impingement, he always chalks his cue and puts on the look of a victim to imperfection in instruments. So when the fair patroness of croquet hits the wicket or don't hit her enemy's ball, she declares, "I never can hit anything with this miserable mallet!" This tendency to attribute defects to the instrument is noticeable in all competitive arts, especially where nice exercise of skill is required. Having started this line of thought, we leave its continuance to our readers.

Another manifestation of this general tendency to attribute too much to the implement may also be noted. It appears in the worry of beginners and intending beginners about choice of instruments. Allowing well for a reasonable desire to have the latest improvements and a really good article, there is still a large margin, with many, of foolish notion that excellence in an art lies in the tools used, or in some divergence of their construction, which offers a short cut to success. The toddling bicyclist, for instance, thinks that if he can only get hollow forks and ball bearings, he can ride like Cortis; or agitates himself about a

half-inch in the head, or a locknut on the spoke, until one would think he supposed wheelmanship to depend upon these trifles, and its benefits and enjoyments impossible without their satisfactory adjustment.

It is n't the most fastidious about his bamboo rod, and silver reel, and artistic collection of flies, that catches the most fish; nor does he who wears the most exquisite pumps enjoy most in the dance. The application of this also is left for our readers.

Two sticks and a string may not suffice to make an archer; but neither do the choicest of Aldred bows and Highfield arrows. The good archer will shoot well with any common weapons, and the way to become a good archer is to take the outfit convenient to hand, and practise with it. Better is the cheapest tackle Horsman ever made, with use and enthusiasm, than the utmost of refinement in armor, and a critical dilettanteism.

#### THE POINT OF AIM.—BICYCLING VERSUS ARCHERY.

*Editor Archery Field:*—I would like to ask a few questions with regard to the so-called "point of aim," in shooting the longer ranges of the York round, more particularly the 100 yards, which may seem ridiculous to veteran archers, but which seem important to me.

In the Ford system of aiming, we are told to draw smoothly and cover our point of aim either on the draw or in pausing an instant before completing the draw.

Now, if our point of aim is some point on the target, or under it, or there is a convenient background of trees, this is easy enough; but suppose that we have for a background only the deep blue sky, what are we to do then for a point of aim to cover? This, of course, applies almost entirely to the 100 yards; for at 80 yards, where my point of aim is anywhere from the top of the target to 10 feet over it, according to the weather, I can find that point comparatively easily even on a blank and staring sky.

But when we come to 100 yards—"ah! there's the rub"—when our point of aim is from twenty to thirty feet over the target, and we are told over and over again that the slightest variation from this point of aim will throw the arrow off the target, what are we to do? When the necessary elevation varies so materially with the state of the atmosphere and our physical condition, how can we be certain of shooting accurately and systematically? I suppose that the natural answer will be, that it is only by long and patient practice that we can attain to any degree of accuracy at the 100-yard range, where we have no friendly background of trees. If that is true, it seems to me to

be idle to talk of covering your point of aim, when that point is some undefined and wholly intangible spot in the limitless azure, *about* thirty feet over the target.

Now if this be so, the question arises, what is a poor devil to do, who would like to excel at the York round, and who has made fair scores on his own grounds, but whose only available range is backed by lordly elms and stately oaks, so that he cannot help having an actual point of aim, even at 100 yards? And when he has found out by eager research that the grounds at Brooklyn, where the National meeting is to be held, are absolutely devoid of background, what can he do?

Now it may be, as I said, that this question will appear a trivial one to veteran archers, but it seems important to me; and although I have questioned several prominent archers on the subject, I have not yet received a satisfactory answer. If such authorities as either of the Thompsons, or Mr. Walworth, would think it worth their while to make some suggestions on this subject, they would be eagerly read by me, and I have no doubt by many others also.

If it would not be taking up too much space, which could be so much more ably filled by others, I would like to say a few words apropos of the editorial in the last *Archery Field* (11 Feb.).

The editor, no doubt, speaks truly, when he complains of the lack of archery literature, and true lovers of the noble sport should not be backward in airing their ideas and inspirations, even if they should turn out to be commonplace.

But in comparing the apparent lack of enthusiasm in archery affairs with the enthusiasm of the bicyclers, and in noting the more rapid spread of bicycling, we must remember one thing. Almost any one with a little practice can become a fair bicyclist, and apart from the first cost, it is a sport which is open to all classes of the community, from the clerk to the gentleman of leisure; whereas but very few, even with long and patient practice, can become fair archers, and an available range is comparatively hard to find.

In any of our large cities, there are halls where those who cannot afford to buy machines, can hire them, and these are open night and day, winter and summer, and offer a pleasant mode of relaxation for all, with but little practice necessary.

With archery, it is entirely different. In the first place it would not appeal to many on account of the apparent lack of excitement. You see I say *apparent*, for I find in its pursuit quite enough excitement for me, especially on a hot summer day.

Then the word "science," mentioned in the editorial, is quite enough to frighten off many of the *vulgus* also mentioned.

That is just what the *vulgus* don't want; they want something that they can become fairly proficient in with but little practice. Hence the popularity of tennis. Now, archery is truly a science, and as is



truly said by all writers on the subject, requires long and patient practice, and comparatively few are willing or able to devote so much time and brain-work to a sport. And if they do try for a little while, their lack of immediate success discourages them.

Again, the long winter, when outdoor archery is either impossible or an arduous task, and indoor archery is a farce, although but whetting the enthusiasm of many, tends to dampen that of others.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the difficulty to many of obtaining a suitable range, — the difficulty of finding congenial spirits for a lone bicyclist would be no anomaly, but a lone archer is indeed a rare and wonderful being, — and the difficulty to many of sparing time enough from their other pursuits.

I think I have said enough to explain in a measure why bicycling has so many more votaries than archery. But at any rate, there will never be wanting good archers and true, to urge on the cause of the noble sport both by pen and bow, and if there be any latent literary talent among the good bowmen of America, let them take courage by my example, and air their aspirations or achievements. They cannot do worse, and they may do better.

FRIAR TUCK.

#### A REPLY TO THE EDITOR.

ALLOW me to quote: "The ARCHERY FIELD has, of necessity, been deprived of the customary editorials in the last two numbers, but the department will be edited as usual in our next number." This from No. 13, of 4 February. Then in the next number you assert that "The lack of genuine enthusiasm among archers is not easy to account for, but it certainly exists," and more of the same sort.

Now, what's this you're giving us? After depriving us of your advice and counsel for two weeks, and leaving us boys to run the archery department by ourselves (and we think it has been pretty well done, too), you resume your editorial chair, and begin by snapping our fingers and boxing our ears! *Who* don't enthuse? Do you know, I think it is *you*, Mr. Editor, and not the "archers of America"? If you want articles and communications, we'll furnish them till you can't rest; we'll bury you up in manuscript, — cords on cords of it, till you cry enough: but if you want scores, we think you are a little unreasonable. Men may ride bicycles under certain conditions, for the exercise warms the blood, but surely you cannot expect us to practise archery with the mercury 20° below zero, and in three feet of snow? Be reasonable, Mr. Editor, and possess your soul in patience. "Under the snow are the roses of June" (a good *ways* under, this winter), and by and by the scores will be made, and without doubt duly reported, — certainly the good ones.

If you think we lack "genuine enthu-

siasm," come to Highland Park at our next "Field Day." Picture to yourself a wide field with a background of beautiful forest trees, ten or more targets placed in line, thirty lady and gentleman archers of our home club, and perhaps half as many visitors from other clubs, all striving for the prize; and *then* say we have lost our interest in archery. Or go to Lincoln Park, in Chicago, of a Saturday afternoon, in summer, at the invitation of the "North Side Archers," where you will meet both lady and gentleman archers from perhaps a half-dozen clubs, and see if they are not enthusiastic.

Why, even now, in the midst of winter, we are looking forward to the national meeting at Brooklyn, next July, and making our arrangements to be there, and laying our plans to get away with the prizes too; and *don't you forget it*, either.

Along about two months from now, the scores of the P. P. Club will begin to come in, other items of interest will be furnished, and you will take back all you have said.

C. G. H.

14 February.

#### THE MILWAUKEE MEET.

THE bicycle boom of '80 had struck us. We had budded, enthused, and blossomed out with our spring, and wheeled into line this June, a club of twenty, full-officered, bugled, and uniformed.

About this time we were taken with the idea of having a general "meet" of the Western wheelmen, to start on a tour from Milwaukee, and to include as many riders as could accept our invitation. Our plans soon matured, and led to the invitation of all the Western clubs, and as many of the unattached as we could reach, for a grand three-days' run from Milwaukee, on 3, 4, and 5 July. The gathering of a large body of wheelmen proved, with us, quite a difficult undertaking, for many reasons. First, at that time the wheel was so new in this part of the country, that outside of large cities, even a single "unattached" was rarely to be found, and clubs can even now be counted on a very few fingers, although I speak for a large territory, — including, in fact, more than our whole Northwest. Then there were the long distances between riders, as obstacles to such a meet. We did not, however, have a despairing moment from the first, and were resolved to have a good start on the 3d, if none but ourselves were starters.

The day at last arrived, clear and cloudless, and with it came our friends from various directions, who were "met" at trains, and escorted around generally, enlivening our city with an unusual array of bright spokes and variegated uniforms. At two o'clock came the "meet," on Prospect avenue, near our small but not unpretentious up-town park, where we wheeled into line to the number of forty-one. It is not the purpose of this sketch to particularize or individualize our run, by any list of the riders or their merits; so it will suffice to say that Chicago, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Grand Rapids,

Mich., London, England, and a few other localities, were represented, our Milwaukee Bi. Club turning out a solid eighteen: making altogether a company representative of Western bicycling, mounted on trusty wheels of various patterns, and sizes from 46 to 56, — our tall men predominating. The blues and grays, polos and helmets were soon mingled, and apparently as well known as brothers, and all were absorbed by the all-important topic, our bond of union, — the wheel.

Bugle call brought us into line, and preparations were made for the necessary photograph. This act was speedily accomplished by the enterprising artist; taking in, of course, just enough of the surrounding circle of small boys, nursery maids, etc., to heighten the effect. Soon after came the welcome call of "boots and saddles," and we were off in fine order, on the perfect pavement, led by our Capt. H., on his bright 56, H. F. H. A fine sight it was indeed, and well appreciated by our citizens, — crowds of whom lined our way, even to the outskirts of the city.

Our Rubicon, from city to country, was marked here by a large brewery (we *do* have breweries in Milwaukee), which of course absorbed a moment's attention while we absorbed its refreshment, to a very mild though effervescent degree. We then took a good start for Waukesha, seventeen miles, on good, hard roading. Our hills soon made themselves apparent to our visitors, and a moderate pace was found the better for the start. The road, winding along the banks of Menominee river, brought us soon to Wauwatosa, five miles, where more "refreshing" was indulged in. The small tavern or "public" here looked, as we left, as if a soda-water famine had struck it, and we began to have some fears for the "waysides" further along. The start from here was down a steep and crooked bit of hill, and many disastrous attempts at getting off were made. Indeed, a pretty general "header" match was indulged in, bringing into notice an important personage, until now unnoticed and passing as baggage man. His distinction was, however, pronounced from this moment, and "Robert," with his team of dashing (?) bays, developed into a full-fledged ambulance, and proved a friend indeed to more than one of us, from this time on. I may now mention the long-suffering and manly patience with which "Robert" received the attentions of his admiring devotees. Some of the boys declare his capacity for cigars and our national beverage to be unlimited. Quick recovery is the order of this first break, and we were soon spinning along a fine road and tow-path to the junction. So fine it was that the leaders were with difficulty kept to a reasonable pace.

Too soon indeed flies this eight or nine miles of fine roading, but the junction is reached and we turn to the left. A half-mile of indifferent roading brings us to an abominable sand hill, necessitating a long and tedious walk up, by no means



agreeable in the face of a blazing five-o'clock sun.

From here on to Waukesha we have execrable roading of sand and clay, but finally wheel up to the mansion at about 6.30, being escorted into the village by an admiring crowd of rustics.

A tired and dusty crowd we are, and quite ready for supper, for which, happily, we have not long to wait. We still count forty-one in line, and have so far no bad record of accidents, runaways, or other misfortunes. Our numbers quite capture the hotel, and we of course proceed to run things during our stay.

By this time we began to feel thoroughly acquainted, and a right satisfactory process it proved to all, I am sure. Next comes tattoo call, and we are tucked in most sociably for the night, — just under the roof and about four to a room, — to dream of to-morrow's fun, and headers.

Too soon — for many of us — came the tra-ta-tara-ta at six o'clock next morning.

A clear sky greeted us, which we noted with pleasure, and we then proceeded to get through toilet and breakfast in short order. Such appetites! need we wonder that the landlord groaned in spirit? Half an hour was given for oiling and cleaning up, and call to line came at about eight o'clock. Another turn-out of citizens cheered us as we wheeled out and over the bridge, "up the second road, behind the red mill," on our way to Nagawicka. It is difficult to express mildly anything descriptive of the intense heat of that morning. It was indeed, as the boys said, a "scorchers." Riding along with a lemon crammed half way down the throat, under the shade (?) of a polo cap, the thoughts turned involuntarily to the land where —

"Tires do melt, and stout, stiff steel  
Writhes in destruction of its wheel."

(Have forgotten who wrote it.)

Frequent rests were necessary on account of the heat, and to allow of catching up by some of the fresher riders. About five miles out we struck a piece of baked turnpike, about as passable as a ploughed field and half a mile long, which served to stagger not a few of us. I am inclined to dwell here for a moment on the subject of turnpikes in general, and this *baked* turnpike in particular; but will only remark that it was here the term seemed to me first applied in the right place. He e was a pike baked to a turn; and why not, as such, a turnpike? I might add that, before the hardening process, it had been cut up about as thoroughly as anything of the sort I have ever met with.

It is not necessary to say that we walked across. A mile from here, however, we were rewarded by a good road. Here we had a fine view of Pewaukee Lake and of its far-away shores, where among the abundant forest trees nestled the little village Lakeside, our nooning station for the following day. A few miles more of good running brought us to Nagawicka Lake, and a half-mile of hard beach road to Audley's, over which we

spun in fine order. Arriving, we were put through the necessary washing and dusting process, and received "Robert" fifteen minutes later, with his load of six wheels and their riders. Dinner was announced for an hour later, so a swim was proposed, and nearly the entire party started for the island in boats. Right here came our "luck" (our — luck we called it), in the shape of a terrific thunder-storm, which raged furiously, bringing in the swimming party, wet to the skin, to be rubbed down, dried, and dressed in such fashion as the somewhat limited circumstances afforded. Then began our "waiting for it to clear up," which it seemed as if it never would do, and indeed it did not that day, pouring steadily all the afternoon and more than half the night.

We could not think of pushing on with the whole party through the rain and mud, and were forced to submit, grin and bear it, and settle down for the night. Two only of our party resolved to make the break and push on for Oconomowoc, which they did, arriving before dark after a hard and plucky ride of fourteen miles. Time did not hang very heavily with us, in this discouraging situation, though we were so anxious to be up and on the road. Concerts were improvised; old and new stories were brought out, brushed up, and rehearsed; the unlimited points and pleasures of bicycling were discussed, and a measure of entertainment was found on all sides: B. even telling us about those hills in Maine and how he climbed them on his 52. This unfortunate rain made a bad break in our programme. We were to have reached Oconomowoc, where great preparations had been made to receive us this same afternoon. This portion of the run we were, however, forced to omit, and started the next morning, through the mud, for Nashotah and Lakeside, on our home run, as this was Monday, the 5th, and the last day of the meet.

At Nashotah station the ambulance party took train for town, reducing our numbers to thirty-three. Before leaving here we were presented by an old white-haired storekeeper with the "privileges of his stock," which meant lemons and sugar gratis.

With a parting three times three to our entertainer, and more cheers for the boys left behind, we wheeled ahead on our way to Lakeside, over muddy roads and up slippery hills, but with a good will all along the line. Reaching the gates of Lakeside, we formed "solid," and took the long drive in fine order, riding up under the critical but admiring gaze of the assembled guests, and making our dismount at the office. During this ordeal, but one unfortunate took a header, and he succeeded in losing his identity as such soon after, though he declared it to be the young ladies and not the bad road which had unnerved him.

A most enjoyable rest was made at Lakeside, and many pleasant acquaintances were made, making many of us

quite reluctant to leave it. Two o'clock soon came, however, and a start was made for Milwaukee, twenty-five miles.

The ride in, that afternoon, was perhaps the most enjoyable of the run. Arriving at Brookfield, we had a glorious spin of thirteen miles down grade to town, disturbed only by one accident, about eight miles out. A butcher cart and horses driven by a brainless Teuton, met us at an abrupt turn in the road, — the meeting also being decidedly abrupt. The horse proceeded to jump fences, and indulge in the wildest of equine gymnastics, while we piled ourselves up in a confused mass in the road. The driver collapsed in a ditch under the fence. A great deal of consolation was of course offered on all sides, to both man and beast; and so horse, harness, wagon, and man were finally patched up, and left far behind us. By six o'clock our entire party arrived safely in Milwaukee, without further accident, and a farewell supper was indulged in at the Plankinton House.

Soon after supper came handshaking and good-bys, all voting it a successful run, and a thoroughly good time in spite of the weather, and parting with assurances that we should "meet" again and do it some more.

So ended the first large run ever given in the West; but as we said then, we feel now, — it is not our last, and we propose to have many more of them, in which we invite our Eastern brothers of the wheel, as well as those around us, to join, promising them the hand of good fellowship, and a hearty welcome to our "meets" and runs through the fields, forests, and lakes of our beautiful State.

SUGNA.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., 20 January, 1880.

## WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

*Editor Bicycling World:* — The Capital Bi. Club will have a run about the city on the morning of 4 March, and any bicyclers who may be in the city at that time are cordially invited to participate. Ample accommodations for the machines of visiting wheelmen can be found at the club-rooms, 412 11th street, N. W.

Very truly yours,

E. H. FOWLER,  
Secretary Capital Bi. Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 14 February, 1881.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:* — At a special meeting of the Orange Wanderers (subdivision of Essex Bi. C.), on evening of 15th inst., the monthly dues of members were fixed at the rate of twenty-five cents. Two new members were elected, one of whom was Mr. Rowland Johnson (the highly respected and esteemed father of our gallant lieutenant), who is an enthusiast on wheel matters, and is now the proud owner of a tricycle. He expects to keep close at the boys' rear wheels this season when he joins them for a run.

It was suggested that the division



adopt a uniform, which was favorably received by those present, and a committee of three was appointed to select and submit samples of cloths and estimates of the cost of a suit complete at a future meeting. The suit will probably consist of a buff-colored, close-fitting cadet coat, with seal-brown cording across the front, buff-color knee pants with seal-brown cord down the seam, seal-brown stockings, and same color polo cap. It is very probable also that the division will adopt before long a badge representing half an orange in gold, with a polished band running diagonally across it, with word "Wanderers" in blue enamel on same. Badge to be worn on front of cap, convex side out.

H. F. H.

### L. A. W

*Amateur bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen.*

*Admission fee is \$1.00 for individuals; 50c. each for members of clubs when the entire active membership joins. Fees must accompany the application, and will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to Hugh L. Willoughby, treasurer, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

*Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Albert S. Parsons, Cor. Sec. L. A. W., Cambridgeport, Mass. Names of applicants should be written very plainly with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice.*

*Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made.*

*Bicyclers generally are requested to notice the names also, and inform the corresponding secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies.*

*Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the league by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.*

*Circulars, etc., regarding the league will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary.*

*The rules of the league are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, and may be obtained by sending 10c. to the office of the WORLD. It is very important that every member should be familiar with these rules, and they will not be published in book form at present, as the organization is not yet perfected.*

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

### APPLICATIONS.

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

ALBERT S. PARSONS,  
Cor. Sec. L. A. W.

DETROIT BI. CLUB.—*Additional: A. E. Peppers, 965 Third avenue, Detroit; C. Kudner, 45 Seitz block, Detroit; H. M. Snow, Dearborn, Mich.*

NEW BRITAIN BI. CLUB, New Britain, Conn.—*Additional: Fred H. Arnold.*

ROXBURY CLUB.—Walter T. Anderson, 49 Union Park, Boston; James L. Blackmer, 96 Court street, Boston.

BOSTON BI. CLUB.—*Additional: E. P. Sharp, Frank C. Miles, E. P. Cutler, W. L. Metcalf, C. E. Hawley, W. H. Craigin, G. B. Dennie, Patrick Grant, Jr., George E. Perrin.*

SEASIDE CLUB, NORFOLK, VA.—*Entire membership: Thomas C. White, 36 Elizabeth street; H. Hardy, Farmer's Bank, Main street; H. C. Percy, Home Savings Bank; A. D. Blake, Home Savings Bank; E. D. Millener, 150 Main street; J. B. Platt, Jr., 38 Duke street; R. T. Platt, 38 Duke street; T. C. Wyatt, 75 Bermuda street; J. E. Wales, Barrus & Co., bankers; W. I. Taylor; J. C. Carroll, 187 Main street.*

ARLINGTON BI. CLUB, of Washington, D. C.:—

E. B. Hay, president, 1343 F street, N. W.; Frank T. Rawlings, captain, 1525 Columbia street, N. W.; Howell Stewart, secretary and treasurer, 426 6th street, N. W.; Moore S. Fales, guide, 951 Massachusetts avenue, N. W.; Edward L. Dent, guide, Georgetown Heights, D. C.; M. C. Barnard, 503 D street, N. W.; J. B. Hotchkiss, Kendal Green, D. C.; H. C. McKenney, 229 E street, N. W.; Andrew C. Rawlings, 1533 6th street, N. W.; John T. Loomis, 125 East Capitol street; Philip E. Dodge, 111 1st street, N. E.; Edward L. Mellen, Georgetown College, D. C.; Robert F. Fleming, 1720 I street, N. W.; Frank Libbey, 1115 M street, N. W.; Walter D. Davidge, southeast cor. 17th and H streets, N. W.

UNATTACHED: Abraham N. Cobb, Flushing, N. Y.; Ed. F. Woodcock, Lansing, Mich.; Richard O. Osborn and Thomas Ransom, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Ernest R. Shipton, Lawn Terrace, Fisherton, Salisbury; Rev. J. J. Morton, Albion, Mich.; Theo. R. Harold, Pittsfield, Mass.; and the following from New York City: Howard Conkling, 27 E. 10th street; R. R. Haydock, 75 Murray street; J. Seymour Hall, 87 Leonard street; J. A. Morton, 170 William street; J. B. Roy, 1 State street; Walter Watson, 344 Lexington avenue.

### ROADS.

THIS, surely, is a practical subject, concerning which every wheelman has received positive impressions in the past and has his hopes for the future.

In my early days as a rider, while my knowledge was expectant only, I thought of the bicycle itself, and took the roads for granted. Later, I found I had been too trustful, for American roads refuse to be taken that way. Thus I leave my door (in Brooklyn). First, the vilest of cobble, every boulder not larger than a wheelbarrow being so rated,—a barbarous pavement, unfit for any use except to hold the earth underneath from being washed away by rain. About a mile of

sidewalk riding, which I prefer to walking on the same, brings me to a "boulevard," which is a curiosity of abortive road-making; it pretends to be macadam, but if I avoid one loose stone, I run over another. A mile of this brings me to the park; about two and a half miles through that to a six-mile dirt road, ordinarily very good, the parkway to Coney Island. If I would try the New-Yorkers' course northward from "up town," a tedious five or six miles of get-your-bicycle-along-how-you-can intervenes. If I aim at the fine system of macadam roads in Essex County, N. J., in the centre of which is Orange, a tedious wheeling of the wheel across slatternly Jersey City is the price of admission. The sum of it is, that I get tired of being thus restricted; of having to make a half-day's (or whole day's) job of riding; of being compelled to ride where I *can* ride instead of where I want to. The ideal (yes, and the practical as well) bicycle use is the ability to mount at your door, and (subject to the inevitable degrees of goodness in all roads) to ride whither and as far as you want to go. Less than this seems like driving a fractious horse, with bit between teeth, where his equine fancy beckons instead of yours.

My own experience tells me that while the bicycle, as an instrument of propulsion aside from tricks of freakishness, is almost perfect, and is pleasurable rather than laborious so long as the surface ridden does not particularly resist the wheel, the rider has no large surplus reservoir of power to draw upon; if we must work our passage in downright earnest, why, like the Irishman who earned his passage by driving the canal team on the tow-path, we might as well walk, barring the name of the thing. Wind is a drawback, but we must get used to that; the wind will blow, and it has no particular grudge against American wheelmen. Too stony, the road beats us; soft, it meanly grabs our wheels, and we are done for. The wheel "skims the ground" when the surface is suitable; when either too rough or too soft, it "skims" too deeply.

It is undeniable that not only we don't, but that we can't ride yet as the bicycle is ridden in its native country, England. To myself, it is really an aggravation to read of the delights and the rare practical utility our English cousins get with their wheels. Now that you have waked up your bland, blond, long-legged Jack the Laborious, who knows all about in his own *corpore vile* (the *fiat experimentum* I would like to make in *mine*), I had the notion to call him up and make him tell all about English roads. But I am not sure that I want to be aggravated any more keenly. I think they are mostly, or largely, macadam, both that and the asphalt being of superior quality and scientific and thorough construction. I want to know about them, however, and Jack may take the floor if he likes. I want to know what English roads are made of; on what original surface, *how* made, from first to last, and at what cost originally,



as well as the economic side of the subject, as shown in the cost and frequency of repair, and the indirect saving in wear of vehicles and effectiveness of use. This is about what I want to know, and I intend investigating the subject. It is obviously too large a matter to be exhaustively treated in the *WORLD*; but if your Jack the Lady-Killer, or your any other man, will enlighten me, or will point me to accessible and proper sources of information, I will undertake that the American public shall duly be shouted at, "as to" its vast ear and slow comprehension, about the subject. [You are at liberty to give my address to my inquirer.]

Meanwhile, what are we going to do about the subject of roads?

Here let me interject a word—that is, several or more words. The most even-tempered man in the world—and that is myself—is properly exasperated at the frequent remark of the American citizen, by way of inquiry whether it is n't a good deal like work to ride that thing; observation that on very smooth surfaces it may do very well to play with; information volunteered (the same being perfectly unknown before) that the thing can't be ridden up and down curbstones, etc.: as though vehicles appended to the all-important horse were driven over curbstones, and as if the suburban goat did not go easy over them, in harness and to wagon. The bicycle goes over very smooth surfaces. Yes, but why should the general travelled highway not be "exceptionally" smooth, except that we in this country are not out of the barbarous stone age, and really do not know what a road is? Here, a road is a strip of land not cut across by fences and unbridged streams,—anything that can be passed over; in England, I suppose (but Jack knows) it is a *made* way, that passes you along with "safety, speed, and comfort," a railway less the ties and rails.

Bicyclic brethren, *what* are we going to do about it?

Asking myself, and not infrequently asked by others, whether I think the bicycle is to be a permanent and common vehicle in this country, I can only say that it seems to me this must turn upon whether we have enough ridable roads. If the machine takes no better position than that of a pleasurable fashion, the bad roads will kill it. The barriers of statute, and even of prejudice, we shall break down in time; the barriers in the roads themselves are far more serious in our way. Probably there would be an incredulous raising of eyebrows at any suggestion that the public—the *tax-payers*, be it remembered—should provide smooth roads for the pleasure of "a few boys and young men." But this suggests two observations: first, the large fact is not yet learned in this country that such roads would not be made for our pleasure, but for general advantage, because bad roads are an hourly tax, and are miserably uneconomical; next, that there will be more of us, by and by, than there are now.

The first of these propositions, it is a part of the labor before us all to teach the public; the second suggests to me a query: Were all but a small minority of men of suitable years bicycle riders, the road problem would soon be voted "up" before the people in committee. The same reasoning holds good as far as the proportionate number of wheelmen grows. When we are numerically enough, we shall be powerful enough to make ourselves felt on this subject; good roads would make more wheelmen, but will more wheelmen make better roads? That is, will the roads wait only for the bicycles, or will the bicycle wait for the roads? To answer this question requires more knowledge of the roads than I possess.

Here, then, we reach what seems to me the first step to be taken: find out the measurement of the problem by summarizing the existing condition of American roads. Let enough riders to cover each State send in reports covering not merely "good," "bad," and "indifferent," but the character of roads, whether sand, clay, meadow, "corduroy," firm, or what not; condensed information which can readily be more condensed, so that a summary can be made up as to States and sections. Let us ascertain first how much road we have that can fairly be pronounced good and available as bicycle highway. In winter, while the steeds peacefully lean against the stall, calling neither for oats, hay, blanket, nor shoes, we have a most fit time to do this work; for whatever his excellences and graces, and however big ourselves in contemplation of the fact that he neither has the epizooty by spells nor munches greenbacks twenty-four hours in the day, as does his fleshy cousin, what is it all worth if we have to add wings in order to keep his tire from the ground? **WHELE.**

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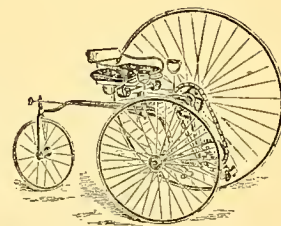
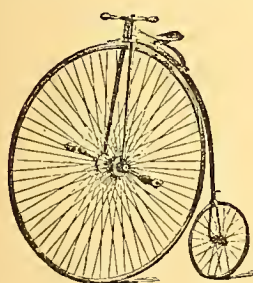
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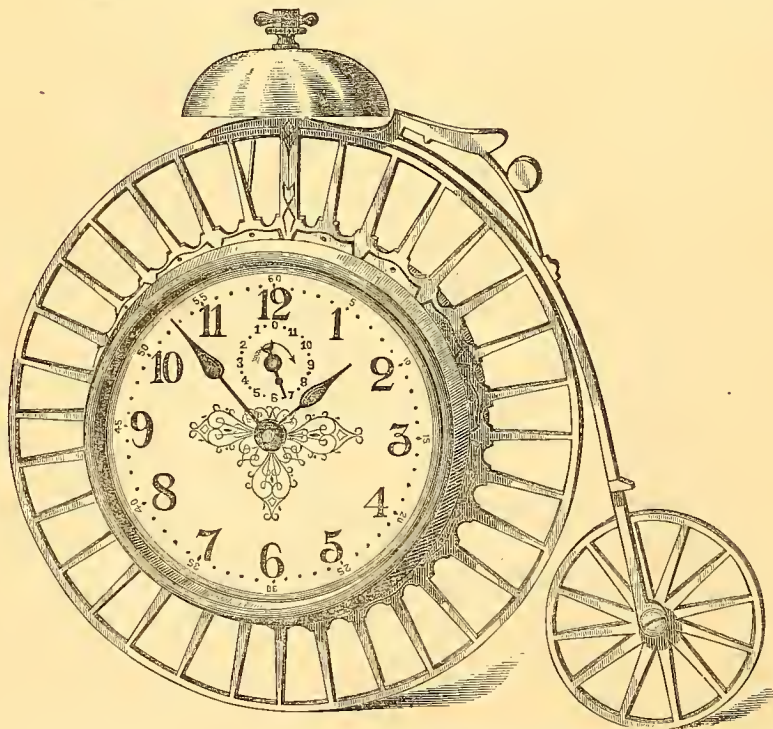
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