

Bicycling World

ARCHERY FIELD

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

[Volume II.
Number 6.

CHARLES E. PRATT, Editor.
E. C. HODGES & Co., Publishers.

BOSTON, 17 DECEMBER, 1880.

Entered at the Post Office
as second-class mail matter.

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CURRENTE CALAMO

THE holidays are coming.

So is our MIDWINTER number.

THE *Golden Rule* is a good one to go buy.

WHO killed Jack Easy?

YONKERS B. C. has twenty-four members.

DR. SMITH, of Philadelphia, thinks baby-carriages have injurious effects on infants under one year old.

HE ALSO suggests that the use of bicycles may induce club feet. Is he joking?

THE Harvard students, according to the *Free Religious Index*, are to produce Sophocles's play, *Edipus Tyrannus*, next spring. There's a chance for ticket speculators.

OUR proof-reader of last week went off to a spelling match with Josh Billings. We've discharged him.

PUCK suggests, pictorially, the bicycle for Miss Anderson.

MISS VON BLUMEN rides a forty-eight inch. It is a Special Columbia cut to measure, with rat-trap pedals to match her little feet.

"ROX" says she ought to wear a polo cap, and he knows. But she has n't set her cap for him.

IN plain English, Josh Billings's opinion is that "Ambition to shine in everything is a sure way to put the candle all out."

THE delightful *Christian Register* says, "One of the chief uses of that department of a newspaper which is devoted to 'Wit,' 'Humor,' 'Pleasantries,' etc., is that it furnishes an opportunity to show one's desire to be agreeable."

AND then the kindly brother Batchellor adds: "Let us hope that it may be set down to the credit of many a poor fellow, 'He tried to be funny.'"

WHO the Jenkins does he mean? Well, let it be set down to his credit; we don't want it.

BUT "Juvenis" tries to be; and then makes faces because other people's sobrieties are funnier than his pleasantries.

VENNOR ought to be made honorary member of all the snow-shoe clubs in the country.

"IXION" is getting on in years, but his reminiscences of youth are very vivid, if one may judge from "Saved by Science" in *Cycling Sketches*.

HE will also have a story in our MIDWINTER number, which nobody should miss reading.

NEXT time Brother Burbank edits a book of wheel literature, we hope he may be as fortunate in the selection, and yet find more of its contents from American authors.

THIS is a good item from the *Albion* (Mich.) *Mirror*: "The Rev. Mr. Morton, rector of St. James's Church of this village, has purchased a bicycle in place of a horse and carriage, for a road vehicle. He will use it to make his regular Sunday visits to Homer Village, where he officiates. The bicycle will give him a healthy and pleasurable exercise, besides the means for a rapid trip between the two villages, and the saving in the cost of keeping a horse. The bicycle has proved itself to be a permanent, practical road vehicle, and the number in daily use is rapidly increasing."

A PROVIDENCE correspondent addresses us with a suggestion: *Mr. Editor*: The following item appears in the *Providence Journal* of 6 December: "A SLEIGH SMASHED UP. — About 12 o'clock Saturday, as an East Providence man was riding along Sabin Street, his horse took fright at the behavior of a lady who was shaking a table-cloth out of the window, and became unmanageable. He succeeded in kicking himself free

from the sleigh and throwing out the driver. The horse, being cleared from his trappings, ran, but was secured on Fountain street. The whole front of the sleigh was kicked in and both shafts and runners broken. The man, who was a very corpulent man with a black mustache, refused to give his name, as he did not want it in the papers."

It is evident that something must be done with these table-cloth "wrestlers." When a gentleman is quietly riding along the street, has his horse frightened by a table-cloth shaken out of a window, is thrown out, and has his sleigh seriously damaged, it is time that table-cloths, or those who use them, had some restrictions placed upon them. I hope that the Legislatures of the different States will take up this matter immediately. While it is evident that no LADY would ever think of shaking a table-cloth out of a window, still some penalty should be imposed upon those who persist in this harmful amusement.

RAD.

QUESTIONINGS.

O cyclist! please stop your wheels' rapid rotation;
Dismount, pray, and tell me what I would fain know
About your machine and its strange fabrication,
The science and secrets of making it go.

'Tis a wonder to me how this queer combination
Of wheels is persuaded to stand up at all;
It surely must be by some forced relaxation
Of gravity's laws that the thing does not fall.

O tell me the cause of the wild exultation
That seizes on all when they once learn to ride!
Evolve from your brain-works some clear explanation
Of why in your wheel you should take so much pride.

Do you ever get angry and show indignation,
When taking a "header," or "buckling" your wheel?
Do you hear the boys scoffing with imperturbation,
Or spit out bad cuss-words that show how you feel?

Can you, by some process of excogitation,
Explain how you make out that wheeling is fun?
Do you feel any symptoms of rejuvenation
When astride of the "pigskin" and off for a run?

Why do you speak out with such vociferation
When your ankles are jumped at by some barking
hound?

And why are you tempted to retaliation
At the gamin's cry, "Mister, your wheel's going
'round'?" F. W. B.

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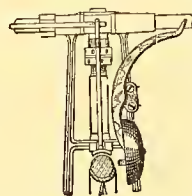
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Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets 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, 17 DECEMBER, 1880.

WHICH IS THE BEST BICYCLE?—This question, in as many different forms as the resources of the English language permit, has been asked us ever since we committed the folly of writing a book or editing a paper.

To it we have generally made such reply as the form of the question seemed to call for; but probably in such a manner as to leave the asker quite as much in doubt as he was before. Just now we wish to take for our text an inquiry from a Western city, in the words following, to wit: "A large number of anxious inquirers are desirous to have your opinion on the different makes of bicycles: which you think the best, and why you think so. We are anxious that you should give through the next number of the BICYCLING WORLD your opinion on this important subject to our inexperienced Westerners. Please make as extended a reply as your space will permit." We are very happy to do so.

1. We appreciate the high compliment paid to our knowledge and wisdom by the inquiry, upon which our modesty will not allow us to dwell long enough even to make a disclaimer.

2. We think there are several makes of bicycles which are entitled to be, as

they are by different judges, called the best. There are eight or ten at least, in which might be included the Royal Challenge, the Harvard, the Special Columbia, the Special Club, the Humber Roadster, the Stanley, and some others; as to which, taking one consideration with another, there is no great choice between them, and between which the practical difference in effectiveness, comfort, and other value is not such as would be at all appreciated by any but expert riders. In mentioning these we do not intend to disparage others; and, indeed, we might supplement our previous remark by saying that the wheelman during the first year of his riding is not likely to appreciate the difference between either of these and some of the less expensive American and foreign bicycles.

3. Our opinion is, that the advice of any responsible agent or maker is not likely to be such as to lead any purchaser far astray; because, as we have said, the beginner cannot appreciate the finer differences, and the expert will have knowledge enough to exercise his own choice.

4. We do not make a more specific answer to anybody,—that is, we do not feel at liberty to express our opinion as to choice between any two machines, or as to the one particular best machine,—because,—

5. It would obviously be not only unfair, since we are not infallible, and have not been constituted as judge between the makers, but it would be inconvenient; inasmuch as, supposing our advice to be taken, if we should say that the "Republic" is the best machine, Mr. Philbrick would be overwhelmed with orders beyond what he could fill, and the Pope Manufacturing Co., Cunningham & Co., and many others would have to close their shops, and wheelmen could not procure bicycles: on the other hand,

6. Immediately we had made a public and definite answer as suggested, then everybody would say we were prejudiced, or interested, or had a commission, and our advice would not be taken, and we should lose what reputation we have for candor, and everything would be all at sea again.

7. Again, the right of free judgment and individual choice is a precious one, and we do not wish to invade it, even when invited. There is value as well as enjoyment in studying at a problem, and experimenting with its application, which compensates for any error that may be

made. We have published, from time to time, mechanical descriptions of different machines, and the improvements in them, and because of greater facilities we shall do so more, and probably more promptly and fully hereafter, and so we shall contribute as much as possible to the correctness of individual answers to these inquiries.

It is not to be forgotten, also, that the circumstances of the rider, and the roads and uses for which a machine is intended, have to be taken into account in making a choice; and that the notions of men are also to be considered.

INFLUENCE OF THE BICYCLE ON HEALTH AND MORALS.

IN these days of liver pads, patent pills, hair restoratives, tonics, and various other nostrums advertised to restore health to the debilitated, the importance of the bicycle as a health and morals promoter ought not to be overlooked. My experience has taught me to regard bicycle riding, with the bracing exercise, pure air, and enjoyment it gives, as superior to any medicine ever invented. I have taken the trouble to procure some facts and statistics showing the wonderful benefits produced by its use in this State.

I am an editor employed upon a Republican paper. Was much troubled with dyspepsia and dyspeptic views of things. I purchased and rode the first bicycle in this State, in the spring of 1879. In November, 1873, the combined Democratic, Greenback, and Prohibition vote showed a majority of 29,000 against the Republicans in this State; but the very month I ordered my first machine,—a Pope,—the Republicans carried the spring election by a majority over all of 6,043. In 1880, there were about a hundred machines in this State; I rode an Invincible; and the Republican plurality was 53,894: majority over all, 18,735. Subscription list doubled; regular boom in advertising; no dyspepsia: wife gained 25 pounds in weight; children happy; won all my election bets.

Another member of my club is an editor on the evening press; was troubled with weak lungs: bought a Pope; is well and robust; paper prospered so that it has now three branch establishments,—one in Cleveland, one in Buffalo, and one in St. Louis; salary raised; baby was almost miraculously cured of pneumonia; dog getting fat; has won several prizes; wife happy.

The president of the Grand Rapids Club is a dentist. Immediately upon his concluding to purchase a bicycle, the governor of the State appointed him one of the State Fish Commissioners: he has had a tremendous run of custom in dentistry; his boy shows signs of mechanical genius; daughter has recovered from a long illness; bald place on his head growing fuzzy; his gas bill has been unusually light.

Champion rider of my club is in the United States signal service; rides a Harvard; won a number of prizes; has been promoted to the highest rank ever held in that service by a young man of his age (just twenty-one), and has been appointed by the Washington authorities to one of the most important posts on the lakes; salary raised with promotion; is greatly admired by the ladies; a general favorite with business men.

Another member of my club: doctor; in less than a week after he learned to ride had a number of new and paying cases; rich man broke his leg and gave him a job the second week; was made State director of the L. A. W.; has had a fine business offer, and will remove to Iowa; all his patients doing well; rides a Pope.

Hardware merchant: rides a Pope; soon as he learned to ride began to have a big boom in his business; has collected several bad debts which he had despaired of ever getting; sings bass; wonderful improvement in his voice, obtained by trying to sing our club song while riding home over a bad pavement o' nights; thinks his header tones particularly improved; has unexpectedly found his chest tones going down more than a fifth below any previous effort.

Member of my club: rides a Premier; says bicycle riding promotes the growth of the hair so much that he has actually felt it growing on several occasions; has won several prizes.

Gentleman who rides a Club says that since he learned to ride he has had unexpected windfalls of money; he is treasurer of our club; thinks the practice conducive to sudden wealth.

Rider of a Harvard: business man for a big lumber company; great boom in business; thinks his wife's health is greatly improved since he purchased a wheel.

Iron founder: rides a Pope; has escaped falling into the stack and being burned to death twice since he learned to ride; might have been out on one of the wrecked steamers if he had n't been out on his wheel; it is undoubtedly a life preserver.

Country merchant: rides a Pope; was childless, but his wife bore twins three months after he got his wheel; is now perfectly happy.

Clergyman in Albion: since he ordered his bicycle has had an unprecedented run of \$10 weddings; several new members joined the church; morals of the parish rapidly improving; prospective increase of salary; the practice of putting bad nickels into the contribution plate has nearly ceased.

New rider: rides a Yale; tailor almost immediately volunteered to trust him for a new overcoat; thinks the practice promotes confidence.

Per contra: Editor Democratic paper: sneered at bicycles in his paper; got fooled with the Morey forged letter; lost all his election bets; his party was badly beaten in the election; moral char-

acter run down so that he said "Jerusalem!" in a shockingly irreverent manner when the election returns were received; gloom, misery, dyspeptic editorials; is rapidly growing bald-headed; was accused by a street-car conductor of tendering a bogus nickel.

Alderman: called bicycles "them things"; wanted an ordinance "agin 'em"; failed to be re-elected; horse had the epizooty; lost two bets on the election; little dog died; swore when the returns came in; got "stuck" with a bad Canada \$5.00 bill; measles in his family; looks bilious.

These are facts which can be substantiated by the affidavits of distinguished citizens. I submit that they clearly prove that the bicycle is one of the greatest promoters of health, wealth, morals, and happiness ever invented. Any manufacturer who uses these facts in his advertisements will please remember that my size is 50-inch, with 6-inch cranks.

B.

A BICYCLING POINT OR TWO.

I AM forty-six years old, and ride a 48 wheel. My experience in some questions relating to wheels "and things" is longer than my legs. My wheel has carried me at least eight miles and return, to and from business, each day for a long time. Moreover, in the old days I was an enthusiastic velocipedian. In one of the largest of American cities I faced curiosity, cajolery, quips, and incredulity, but only by the very mechanics involved was I vanquished. I first saw the Ariel spider-wheels at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, and mourned my then forty-two years, and gave up hope at sight of the self-locomotive. As time went on my courage came. In February, 1880, I mounted, and have since become a safe and happy rider. I propose to stick to it, if only for health's sake. Next to health I value the wheel for *utility's* sake, since if the bicycle is to have a strong, healthy, victorious future, that future will owe itself to the downright *use* we practical Americans get out of the rapid wheel.

An invention that cannot endure discussion on all its sides should not hope to win a sweeping victory. Let me open a point or two, not in behalf of controversy, but of my favorite steed. The reader is asked to remember that I speak to praise Cæsar, not to bury him.

I am satisfied that the general public prolongs the bicycle's probation because special publications, news, catalogues and personal testimonials emphasize the *sport* rather than the *utility* involved. As one result, young men and youths are almost exclusive riders,—not alone because of their more limber joints and indifference to falls, but because they feel free to indulge in that from which older, graver, and busier men believe themselves excluded by public opinion. I do not by any means object to "sport," as such: I believe in competitive athletics, and my

own boy thinks me his most welcome playmate. I simply open what I regard a vital question: "Is not the bicycle's future related to its utilitarian feature, rather than to its sporting or even recreative aspects?" I am persuaded that it is as useful, within limits, as a horse; but there is no doubt that the public remains incredulous because it is misled by the comparative over-emphasis put upon the racing question. Many a substantial middle-aged man interprets this over-emphasis as an admission that the bicycle's best claim relates to its recreative features. "The boys" deserve their fun; but thousands of mentally overworked men, to whom the practical bicycle might be better than cargoes of physic, should not be overlooked or misguided. The army of youngsters should in very justice receive the powerful re-enforcement of brigades of older men, to whom the wheel would be a godsend. When the Pope's ecumenical announces that Longlegs has made his twenty miles in sixty-five minutes, let it be as triumphantly protested that Shortlegs and Graybeard bowl off their ten or fifteen miles every day of their physically revolutionized lives. The latter point will win the public far more than the former. Thirty miles a day for the practical many count more than a mile a minute to the athletic few.

I suggest one more vital, but delicate point. Sunday racing and Sunday riding by clubs, as clubs, are important issues, even to the interested dealers in bicycles. I open this issue now, not as related to the Sabbath, but to the wheel. Bicyclers, as individuals, have perfect legal and personal liberty; but when on Sunday they parade as clubs, and challenge public attention under conditions that insure prejudice at a time when bicycling is an open question, every wheelman, be he an atheist, is interested. I whistle when my wheel buckles, but I wince for my entire machine when a bicycle editorial attacks the views of fifteen million American Sabbath-observers. I coolly sin by repetition when I protest that I say this herein in behalf of the bicycle, and not to defend the Sabbath. It is not enough to say that the horse is not thus entangled by theology, and that the wheel deserves the same discrimination. "Jockeys run horses on Sunday and grave deacons ride to church in the saddle; and what of that?" Very true; but the horse is not an experiment, or on probation. Half of even bicyclers would smile dubiously should a doctor of divinity be seen riding from his home to his pulpit on Sunday. I write this in full consciousness that many will demur at my point, but I know the long-headed wheelmen, and those who have money invested in the issue, will confess (if only to themselves) that the point is vital.

I want to see 50,000 bicycles in use in this country within four years. Self-locomotion is as important a problem as transcontinental railways. The old "bone shaker" would have won a greater vic-

tory had not ridicule and prejudice and fools complicated the matter. If in a given city a street railway loses two nickels each secular day for a year, from each of three hundred bicyclers, it means a loss of \$31.20 from each man, and a total of \$9,360 a year. Of course that street railway will ridicule and condemn bicycling. Three hundred wheels have hurt somebody. What now, when ten million busy men are caused to believe a self-locomotive is but a sporting machine, or when fifteen millions see in the bicycle a new instrument for Sabbath violation? Were I a maker, or merchant, or editor, or club-manager, as a bicycle specialist and a free-thinker at that I should take the safe side in the controversy. I want to continue to ride my wheel and secure entire respect in so doing.

LUBRICATOR.

A LADY'S OPINION OF BICYCLERS.

Mr. Editor:—Nothing but your written assurance that you would not divulge the authorship inspires me with enough courage to rush into print, where I shall have none but gentlemen readers. There are, I dare say, very few of your readers of the wickeder sex who will not pronounce it unbecoming in me to thus intrude upon space which should be devoted exclusively to them; but as long as my identity is a secret, and in your keeping, I shall not mind any lordly sarcasm at my expense they may be guilty of.

My window looks out upon a street that seems to be a favorite bicycle route, or at least a favored one, and the appearance of bicyclers upon the little section of landscape which is framed by the window never fails to awaken my interest. Sometimes a lot of them file by slowly and silently, their wheels glistening in the sunlight, their bodies erect and soldierly looking, and their faces radiant with good health and spirits. Sometimes a mercenary rider, with body inclined slightly forward, arms set rigidly, and face flushed with exertion, speeds by before I can get a good look at him. Sometimes one of the uninitiated pursues the uneven tenor of his way up the street, zealous and industrious, but distressingly unsteady, possessed with an idea that he is passing himself off upon a credulous public for an experienced rider, while in truth his inexperience is glaringly conspicuous, from his apprehensive face down to his nervous legs. He gets by safely, but not before he has dashed precipitately at two or three unforeseen circumstances, and only escaped them by a hair's breadth.

And sometimes, as if for my especial delectation, a rider stops suddenly in front of the house, dives over the top of his bicycle, and alights upon his head. When one of these gentlemen picks himself up, after collecting himself from various places in the road, he seems to be a changed man. He looks at his bicycle reproachfully for some moments, and then rides away with the sad, resigned expression of one who has been the victim of misplaced confidence.

As a result of my observations, I have the pleasure now of being able to recognize at least three of the Boston clubs. I particularly admire the smooth-faced, self-satisfied young gentlemen who wear for a head-covering a muffin ring with a little moon on it. They are so pretty, so shy, and so sweetly unconscious that any one looks at them, that the girls all declare that they are too sweet to live a minute, or briefly, T. S. T. L. A. M.

I have also learned to look with awe upon some long-limbed gentlemen who have a solemn-looking officer riding ahead and a jolly retinue following. The first time I saw them, they wore old gray shirts, and had for a club hat what appeared in the distance to be an inverted bath-tub, but upon nearer inspection proved to be a gray felt helmet, with a little piece of tin fastened on it.

But there was one body of masqueraders who defied all attempts to ferret out their identity: they differed not only from each other in the color, material, and style of their attire, but each gentleman differed as much as possible from himself.

Unmistakable as was the variegation of their costume, the wearers seemed to be laboring under the delusion that they were wearing a uniform, hence I at once decided that they must be a very inferior club. Judge of my astonishment upon learning that they are the oldest and most remarkable club in the United States.

I know it is wrong to judge any body of gentlemen by their clothes; but when they parade upon bicycles, and excite everywhere public attention and criticism, it seems to me that they should not only dress in the most tasteful and becoming style possible, but should also preserve a military uniformity of attire. I have learned that one blushing youth objects to wearing any costume that may make him conspicuous, but upon a bicycle he cannot be other than conspicuous, and if he must attract attention, he might as well attract admiration along with it.

One of the Boston Cadets might, with equal reason, object to wearing the handsome uniform of his regiment,—if he were so gushingly modest.

It would be useless for me to deny that girls admire those gentlemen who can ride a bicycle, and do not entertain the most lofty opinion of those who cannot. They admire for much the same reason that Rosalind did Orlando, that Guinevere did King Arthur, that Kriemhild did Siegfried, and as women always will admire any evidence of physical superiority in the little tin gods on wheels.

MADLINE.

ANOTHER WHEEL ON ICE.

IN answer to Mr. Carpenter's communication of last year, and Mr. Cornwell's of this season, on the question of riding on the ice, I would like to give the experience of self and friends, which may save somebody from being placed in the same predicament by relying too much on

other people's experience, and going in too strong at first.

Last year I accompanied a friend to try the experiment on a piece of new ice, and found that we did not care to ride at all, as it was with extreme difficulty that I could hold his machine up after he had mounted with my assistance.

Thinking that, perhaps, this year I might be more successful, tried it myself. Mounting on the ground at the edge of the pond, rode on to the ice, and for a minute or two congratulated myself on being successful; but, alas! my rubber "coincided" with a piece of wood, and I found myself lying on the ice with one straight and one "cowshorn" handle.

Straightening the handle with the assistance (and suggestions) of one hundred and seventeen small boys, I remounted, and went at it again. The second trial reproduced the cowshorn handle, and also a new application in the shape of a cowshorn front fork. (F. W. W. please take notice.) This satisfied my longings, and I wended my weary homeward way with many left-handed blessings on all advocates of ice-riding. The fall is so instantaneous that it is impossible to save one's self, and, of course, there is great danger of a broken limb.

Again, one of my club companions was having a beautiful time on the ice, when his rubber slipped, and he bent his machine all up, besides cutting a great gash in his forehead.

Our tricycle members get the "bulge" on us here, as they are perfectly safe and only find difficulty in turning at speed, as then the machine will continue in the original direction without any regard to the end that belongs first.

A trifle of snow or frost, or a roughened surface, is fairly safe for the bicycle; but smooth or glare ice is very dangerous.

In any case, do not attempt to "turn about or circle around with perfect safety" till you have experimented thoroughly for yourself.

PRACTICAL.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

BOSTON BI. C.—In the account of the new uniform, given last week, the printer made it read gray stockings, where it should be green. The uniform is to be dark green, throughout. The regular monthly meetings of this club are held on the first Monday evening of each month, at 7.30, at the headquarters.

LAWRENCE BI. C.—A club was organized at Lawrence, Mass., on the 5th October, 1880, with thirteen members, and the following officers: President, P. M. Lyall; Captain, D. G. Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, Francis Cogswell.

MASS. BI. C.—The regular monthly meetings of this club are held at the headquarters, on the first Tuesday of each month. The secretary will not send notices of these meetings to members hereafter.

TOLEDO BI. C.—Information is at hand of a preliminary meeting held on

the evening of 3 December, at Toledo, Ohio, for the purpose of organizing a bicycle club. Committees were appointed to report by-laws and candidates for offices at a future meeting. There was much enthusiasm, and the wheelmen of Toledo are likely to have a good club.

PEORIA, ILL., has some lively wheelmen, and in absence of better report, we quote the following bit of Western journalism from the *Crawfordsville Journal* of 4 December:—

"Charley Williams spent the latter part of last week and the first of this on the prairie about Peoria, Ill., learning to 'shuck the down row' and trying to get the 'poo-ouw' of the swine-call at a proper pitch. On Saturday night Frank Gregory joined him at Peoria, and the two, after attending Sunday school, ran across Stephen Trip, Will Gulick, and Fred Patee, three boys as good as any Samaritan who ever 'whacked up' when a fellow was dead broke, and our visitors were tendered the use of the bicycles of the Peoria boys, and the freedom of the streets and lake. Bicycle riding on the lake was fine sport. A thousand people were on the ice skating, but the two-wheeled vehicles distanced the fleetest of them. But it took the rubber-tired Columbia wheel to skim the lake. The sociability and kindness of these boys and the radiant Addlington and his associates of the Peoria post-office were properly appreciated, and have been the means of getting our boys to believe that Peoria is the boss Sucker village."

CORRESPONDENCE

JACK EASY'S LETTER.

No. 7, Jack again at last.—On Dangerous Ground, but retreats gracefully.—A Busy Man indeed.—The Letter.—Excuses, Lazy and Lame.—The English Tour.—Fears, grave but doubtful.—English Roads, and Marvellous Atmosphere.—A Theme for Some One Else.—One Wetting Through, Dry?—"Esprit du" Wheel.—American Progress.—Its Future.—Brotherly Unity.—The Power of Organization.—A Commendable Aspiration.

VAGUE rumors have reached me, from time to time, that unless I wrote something for your durned old—but no, the DeWitt example deters me—I mean for your ably edited and valuable journal, I should find that in No. 5, Vol. II., my name would be "mentioned." Well, No. 5 of your a. e. and v. j. has appeared, is before me,—and I succumb. In a matter of this kind the weakest must go to the wall; and I am free to confess that sooner than subject myself to any long continuation of your DeWitt-icisms I would write you two letters *per diem* if necessary. If I only lived in some neighboring State, now, I might dare to pool my issues with the aforementioned—evidently-estimable-and-much-abused-personage and defy you; but sojourning as I do so near to the offices of your venerated publishers, wherein I have so frequently had opportunity to make correct

estimate of the size of glove and shirt-collar worn by your much-respected business manager, I conclude that in this, as in many other matters of which I may one day speak, prudence is the better part of that valor which doth so well become me.

I cannot believe that your readers took any stock in your insinuations of No. 5, and I will therefore forbear reply: but in some slight extenuation of my long silence, I would ask permission to explain that I am a busy, very busy merchant; that I left home on the English bicycle tour May 20; that I returned home from the English bicycle tour Sept. 14; that the typical Yankee phrase of not having "time to draw a long breath" expresses but feebly my condition since my return; and finally, that having now caught up with my arrears of work, I am ready to inflict you and your readers as often and to as great length as you will permit.

And now to my letter.

If apology were in order or of avail, I suppose I ought to indulge in something of the kind for not keeping you informed of our movements while on that never-to-be-forgotten tour. I admit that it was my intention so to do; but I put it to you or to any other tired man of business who has ever experienced the absolute repose, the insatiable appetite for doing nothing, which our experiences on an Inman or any other first-class transatlantic steamship, whether the carrying out of such an intention was possible? I submit it was not, and I look back with, oh! how much of supreme contentment, to those blissful eight days during which—save a scraggy daily entry in my diary—the demons of pen, ink, and paper were never seen and almost wholly forgotten.

And then, when the wheel part of the tour began, what time was there for writing then? From what "London W." has told you, your readers may imagine there was little enough, and that little was not much more than sufficient for courteous reply to the kind offers of escort, the tenders of receptions, and the invitations to banquets in our honor, which awaited us at almost every hotel at which we stopped; in fact, I much fear that more than a few of those substantial evidences of English wheelman hospitality were not responded to in the manner which their kindly feeling and lavish generosity demanded.

But all is well that ends well; and thanks to the graphic pen of "London W.," your readers are gradually having the story of the tour unfolded before them, so that by the aid of an ordinary map, they can, if so disposed, follow us through the country. And those who are familiar with its features can imagine our progress along its splendid highways, its stately avenues, and its shady lanes, with the hawthorn hedges on either hand, and that—to me—marvellous atmosphere, which, whether soot-laden, as in many of the cities, or bright and balmy as in the rural districts, has in it some mysterious agency or property, exertion-

compelling, appetite-producing, and sleep-enforcing, which, taken together with the correct habits and rational mode of life of the bulk of the people, has resulted in the vigorous *physique* and love for manly sports for which the Anglo-Saxon race is noted.

Somebody has said, "England has an atmosphere, but not a climate"; and to some extent it is the fashion to seem to suppose that element to be partly fog, and the rest rain. I shall venture to hope that some day, some able and more influential pen than mine may attack this theme, and clear away existing misconceptions; but it will suffice here to remark, that such was the excellent understanding between our party and the clerk of the weather, that during the entire thirty-five days of the tour, we only had one real wetting through, and even then, upon arriving at the end of our day's journey, such fine weather had succeeded the rain that we were all comfortably dry.

"In more ways than one," did you say? Well,—perhaps,—yes.

Leaving for a while the theme of that glorious tour, and the lessons of cordial good fellowship, *esprit du* "wheel," and paternal interest, which I hope it taught to us all, it was curious as well as gratifying to see how much had been done in the wheel cause during our absence, and with what rapid strides that cause had been advancing. The meet at Newport (I was with you in spirit, although in the flesh I was just then off the southwest coast of Ireland) had taken place, the L. A. W. had been born and proven itself to be a most vigorous infant, new clubs had been formed, and hundreds of fresh and enthusiastic wheelmen had been added to the riding ranks. This was indeed a splendid record to contemplate, especially in the light that, missing as I naturally did that deep and engrossing wheel sentiment in which for three months I had been living, it seemed to foreshadow a future not long distant, when the same ratio of progress would bring to us in this country the same universal uses of the wheel, the same keen and active participation in its benefits, and the same brotherly unity and power for good that exists on the other side of the Atlantic.

I say "brotherly unity," for although cliques and factions do certainly exist among our cousin wheelmen, it is only the result of such differences of opinion as must perforce obtain in all large bodies; and although it may lessen their influence, they are none the less striving, each faction according to its light, for the common good of the whole.

As to their power, I am inclined to think that the British wheelman does not yet understand or appreciate it. Perhaps it may be the lot of the B. T. C., that gigantic international club, with its thousands of members, and its consulates in every country to which the wheel has travelled, to gather up the reins and become the exponents of the might of intelligence allied with numbers; or is it in

the future that, when *we* are three hundred thousand strong, the obligation which they put us under by giving us the silent wheel, is to be repaid by our demonstrating to them the value to the whole community which the wide-spread influences of club organization will bring?

There is possibly a more serious aspect underlying this than some of us, as yet, may suppose. Let all good wheelmen unite in the hope that the wheel and those who ride it may never be used for aught but good.

JACK EASY.

NEW YORK NEWS AND NONSENSE.

Now, together: one, two, three, b-i-c-y-c-l-e.

FRIEND MORTON is up and about again.

MR. AND MRS. THEO. NEERGAARD'S reception cards are out.

THE Manhattan Bi. C. has chosen Wednesday evenings for drill nights, at Harlem Temple Hall.

THE New York Bi. C. has our congratulations on the success attained by the committee appointed to decorate the club room.

HARLEM HALL will be a capital place for our men to learn quick evolutions on the wheel, and become steady riders. The writer intends visiting the place every night till he can turn those posts without trying to knock down the building.

At a meeting of the Mercury Club, held Monday the 6th, Messrs. R. Cornell and Paul Bunker were elected active members. Mr. Thos. Brown, Jr., was appointed secretary, *pro tempore*, or until Mr. Ives's return, and Dr. Neergaard was requested to act as first lieutenant during Mr. G. Foster's absence. After unanimously agreeing to join the League, and appointing Thursday nights for drills at the Harlem Temple, the meeting adjourned. Eight new lockers are being put up in the club room.

MR. F. G. BOURNE, of the Manhattan Bi. C., besides being the possessor of a fine physique, has a magnificent voice; he displays both to advantage in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," wherein he takes the part of *Brander*. The other soloists are Mlle. Valleria, as *Marguerite*; Mr. Fred. Harvey, as *Faust*; and Mr. Franz Remmert, as *Mephistopheles*.

CHRISTMAS and the New Year are approaching. After the holidays it will be but a step to good out-door riding weather, yet no one has called a meeting to talk over the matter of opening Central Park, and it appears as if nothing would be done. Mr. Salem H. Wales has been appointed park commissioner in the place left vacant by Mr. Wenman, deceased. As Mr. Wales's son is a member of the Manhattan Bi. C., it is fair to presume Mr. Wales himself is not opposed to bicyclers. Now is our opportunity. A delegation of our best looking men could not fail to make an impression if it waited upon the commissioners. Cinders for a path through the park can be had for nothing by applying

to the track-master of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad. If it were found necessary to wind the path in some places close to the carriage drives, hedges or trees could be planted, which in a short time would hide the untamed horse and reckless coachman from the timid bicyclist. A track of this kind could be cleared of snow, and riding obtained all winter.

THERE appears to be, amongst the wheelmen of this city, a secret jealousy of one another that should not exist. If Smith says, "Would it not be well for us to do so and so?" the Browns and the Joneses immediately silence him with a volley of "Nonsense, absurd, ridiculous," and whatever of good there may have been in his suggestion is lost forever. A few days later, one of the Joneses has an idea which he propounds to his fellows. Then Smith takes his revenge. First critically eying the member of the Jones brood, he abruptly asks, "Are you a d— fool, or what?" and forthwith, in a lengthy argument, he knocks Jones into a cocked hat, and another possibly good scheme dies by strangulation. Because your neighbor has more ideas than yourself is no reason why you should wish to blot him out of existence, for undoubtedly you excel him in something else, — in possessing more money, better clothes, or bigger ears, for instance; and though he may not acknowledge it, he is probably peagreen with envy for these very things. The "green-eyed monster" starts up between the clubs occasionally, and we hear two club men each running down the other's organization, — good-naturedly, perhaps, but with a tinge of sarcasm that may fester like a splinter in the flesh, and cause trouble hereafter. These little "spats" frequently remind us of the two small girls who entered upon an argument as to whose father owned the finer house. One said, "My papa's house has a French roof on it." "That's nothing," said missy No. 2, "my papa's house has a mortgage on it." A little competition is a good thing, and should be encouraged, for it will sooner bring our clubs to a state of perfection; but the feeling which stays one club from helping along some worthy enterprise, simply because a rival association is promoting it, is a mean one, and should not be harbored among gentlemen.

JIM. First learn to ride a bicycle. The man who deliberately runs into a horse and cart when he has half an acre of available road at his disposal should n't attempt to ride Pegasus. Your poem goes in, but learn to mount and dismount before sending another.

He went for a peaceable roll,
His wheel took a piece of a hole,
And it soon came to pass
That a requiem mass
Was sung for the peace of his soul.

KNICK O'BOCKER.

12 DECEMBER, 1880.

COUNTRY ROAD-MAKING. — It is a matter of universal comment with travelers, that country road-making in the United States is either a lost art or a to-be-acquired science. The average select-

man or road-agent of a country town is usually deplorably ignorant of the first principles of making a good road. Nothing will so surely advance the growth and well-being of a town as well-made and well-kept roads. No part of its domestic economy will more certainly repay the outlay. Nothing more bespeaks the intelligence and character or public spirit of its citizens. In England and most of its dependencies, the roads are made directly by the state or under its supervision. As a result, the contrast between English roads and those of this country is much in favor of the former. A common and natural mistake of most towns in this country is that an intelligent farmer must necessarily know how to make a good road, but the reverse is the fact. Road-making is a subject requiring study and a knowledge of the nature of soils, not often considered by any but engineers, or those to whom such a knowledge is a necessary adjunct of their business in life. A well-made road, even in our climate, and with the wide differences in soil ingredients, will last for years, whereas ordinarily the item of repairs on our roads means an entirely changed thoroughfare; the pitch, watersheds, and general character being more in the way of experiment than a scientific and practical renovation. The country road-maker commences by throwing out the "big stones" on the side of the road, retaining the smaller ones, when by thoroughly "bedding" the big stones the best possible foundation is had; and with a covering of the smaller stones mixed with gravel, or even with good loam carefully harrowed and scraped, a road-bed is formed that will defy both rains and heavy teams. Generally the tyro devotes his time to heaping up the material in the centre with such a slope as often to interfere with locomotion, and which heap the first heavy team resolves into deep ruts, vitiating its usefulness for any but a similarly heavy team, and for it only with constantly increasing strain on the horses. Yankee ingenuity has invented capital road-making tools, which need but intelligent application to developing such thoroughfares as would make them admired, in place of being a reproach and shame. Our country is rich enough to place the roads in the hands of such government as will insure their perfection, instead of leaving them to town officials without the education or experience necessary to an accomplishment of the object. — *Kankakee Gazette*.

PERSONAL

MR. HENRY S. MEYER is about to open a riding school at Williamsport, Pa.

RUSSIAN orders have begun to come in for American bicycles. The Pope Manufacturing Company are filling them with their Standard.

WILL some one kindly send us the address of Mr. H. B. Thompson, late of Utica, Erie, Oil City, and Pittsburg, and

inform us whether he has a portable riding school?

If he leaves one wherever he stops, he does a good thing.

MR. J. S. DEAN, of the Boston Bi. C., was presented with the championship medal, won at the adjourned race on 23 October last. The medal consists of a plain bar, bearing the engraved letters Boston Bicycle Club, from which is pendent an elliptic shield with a wreath, a wing, and a large wheel from the centre of it, the medal being of gold, and the wing and connecting straps of oxidized silver. Mr. Dean will have to win it twice more before he can hold it perpetually.

PREJUDICE entered into the Haverhill city election recently, when one of the members of the Haverhill Bi. C. was a candidate for a member of the school committee, and was defeated. The reason some of his fellow-citizens gave for not voting for him was, "Because he rides a bicycle."

MR. S. CONANT FOSTER (Mercury Bi. C.) appeared in Boston this week, looking the worse for his recent illness. He says he is about as weak as Taunton water, which is reported to be too weak to run down hill. He is now gaining strength, however.

THE NASHVILLE Bi. C. has been called upon to lament the untimely death of Mr. Rutledge Whipple, one of its esteemed charter members.

THE MANIA for nursery rhymes continues unabated. One of the victims hands in this:—

There was a wise 'cyclor named Hodges,
Who was up to all manner of dodges.
When he went on a spin,
He cried, "Would I were thin!"
This solid old dodger named Hodges.

MISS ELSA VON BLUMEN has been giving bicycle exhibitions in Rochester, N. Y. The circulars of invitation are very neat, and filled with tasteful commendations. When she *does* happen to take a header, she lands on her feet very prettily.

MISS MADELINE —, whose contribution appears in another column, is a close observer of wheelmen and their habits, and is likely to accompany them on a tricycle next spring. She has in preparation a story for our midwinter number.

IT is written that a store-keeper for the B., C. R. and N. R. R. Co., at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, takes part of his riding over acres of tracks, and that he thinks nothing of taking a T rail, even at a small angle.

A CHANCE.—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Spirit of the Times*, has for a year or two been throwing discredit upon certain alleged fast skating records, and comes out this winter again, ready to back its opinions. In its issue for 11 December it makes, amongst other offers, the following: "There is also some difference of opinion as to the comparative speed of skaters and bicyclists, and to test this matter the *Spirit* will give a prize of \$250 to any skater who will, over a

track of same number of laps to the mile, beat the bicycle record for any distance from 1 to 1,000 miles." It is to be hoped that the *Spirit* will bring out some good skating for record, and let us see what the possibilities are. Perhaps some of our ice-riders will like to accompany the competitors. As the prize is offered in silver plate to amateurs, perhaps Mr. Pitman might compete; and where are the Harrisons and Rollinson? Or maybe Brother Jenkins or Lazare might coach them along.

SIX HUNDRED MILES BY BICYCLE.

[From the Philadelphia Press of 4 October, 1880.]

HENRY M. BENTLEY, President of the Philadelphia Local Telegraph Company, returned to his Germantown house Friday evening, after a tour of 600 miles on a bicycle. Those who know Mr. Bentley would describe him as a rather portly gentleman, in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, and almost the last one to be named as a rider of "the wheel." But as he sprang nimbly from his steel horse last evening, about dusk, in front of his residence on Walnut lane, he looked every inch a bicyclist, with his gray flannel shirt, corduroy knee-breeches, and coarse brown stockings, his feet encased in canvas rubber-soled shoes, and his head surmounted by a skull-cap; no sign of corpulence, but the straight lines of his form and muscular development denoting robust health and strength. Mr. Bentley is an enthusiastic bicyclist, never more so than he was Friday evening, when, after supper, but without having doffed his tourist's suit, he related the many interesting and oftentimes amusing incidents of his trip. His steed stood in the hallway: a fine animal, imported from England, and having many points not possessed by American stock. Principal of these, and one which bicyclers will appreciate, especially those who have been pitched upon their heads when riding rough roads, is the peculiar arrangement of the fork and treadles. The fork, instead of being almost perpendicular, slants at an angle of about sixty degrees, this throwing the saddle back until it is almost on a level with the top of the wheel. The treadles are worked with a lever and toggle-joint attachment, making the motion of the legs, when riding, more like that of walking, and giving greater power and ease of operation. Mr. Bentley explained the machine's points much as would the possessor of a fine horse expatiate upon the superior qualities of his purchase. Having shown the steed, he told of his journeyings upon it. After spending the early months of the summer in and about Hudson, N. Y., viewing that part of the country from the saddle of a bicycle, he was asked by Mr. James Merrihew, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to accompany him on a month's jaunt over the country. Accordingly, about the 1st of September, the two gentlemen, accompanied by Mr. Merrihew's son, a lad of twelve years, started from Hudson, working their way

through New York to Saratoga. They travelled leisurely, averaging about thirty-five miles a day. They carried nothing but a coat and extra flannel shirt, strapped to their bicycles; but they sent their valises by express from point to point, when convenient. Everywhere they went they created great excitement among the country people, their departure from a town gathering great crowds. The rustics could not understand the object of bicycle riding, and many an amusing dialogue took place. An honest farmer, after viewing the machine in wonderment for five or ten minutes, would ask:—

"Where are you going; to the fair?"

"No, we have no objective point."

"Trying to sell them things?"

"No."

"What do you do with them, then?"

"Ride around the country."

"What for?"

"Pleasure."

"How much do you make by it?"

"Nothing whatever; on the contrary, it costs a good deal of money."

"But," the farmer would ask, "what is in it?" and being told that there was no money in the operation, would walk off with an incredulous look, totally at a loss to understand how people could travel around in that manner for nothing. While resting by the roadside a man in a wagon would pull up, upon first sight of the strange machine, and pour forth a string of questions beginning with "What is it?" and ending with "What's in it?" At a county fair visited by the travellers an old lady asked a gentleman whom she had noticed talking to the tourists, "What are those men?"

"Bicyclers."

"Um, bicyclers. What do they do?"

"Ride around the country on a big wheel."

"Kind of queer, ain't they?"

"Yes, somewhat gone, you know."

"Poor men, is n't it a pity!"

A very intelligent-looking farmer looked at the strangers some time in silent curiosity, and then asked: "What countrymen are you?" He was told they were Italians, which he unhesitatingly believed, notwithstanding the correct English of the travellers, and asked a great many questions concerning the difference of the climates of America and Italy. At Saratoga, the bicyclists were received by a number of Philadelphia friends with hardly less amazement than that exhibited by the country people. On the home trip they took in New York City, and came home by the Bound Brook route,—that is, by the roads along that line of railway. During all the time, Mr. Merrihew's son rode his machine with the others, and has probably ridden a larger distance on a bicycle than any lad of his age in the country. Mr. Bentley laughingly remarked that he himself might set up for the champion heavy-weight amateur bicyclist, there being no record of a man 48 years of age and weighing 190 pounds having ridden so long a distance.

THE Bicycling World & ARCHERY FIELD

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

BOSTON, 17 DECEMBER, 1880.

NOTES BY A NOVICE.

I AM beginning to learn that without a certain amount of skill and experience an archer cannot fully appreciate the difference between a good bow and a bad one. Last spring I laid aside a 48-pound beef and hickory bow, which had had but little use, because it followed the string and would not shoot with force enough for me. Having a 46-pound beef and lance bow that would cast a 4s. 9d. arrow over a fence 200 yards distant, what did I want with a 48-pound bow that would not cast the same arrow within twenty or thirty yards of it? This fall, after breaking three bows and being threatened with the lockjaw from the use of two others, I drew forth the much-despised 48-pound beef and hickory bow. Either a rest had done it good, or my eye had become more accustomed to sunken bows; and I surprised myself more than any one else by passing 500 points on the York Round with it. The truth is that it was by far the best bow of the lot.

It is not strange that at the first blush, bowyers as well as bowmen should lay undue stress upon extraordinary driving power and durability, which, of all the qualities that distinguish a fine bow, are the least important. At any rate, they are of no moment whatever until after steadiness in the bow has been attained. American makers who work for anything more than a transient notoriety and temporary profit should look well to this.

As soon as the archer has learned to

shoot at the gold instead of the target, 80 or 100 yards away, he begins to hanker for a yew bow; and I venture the assertion that, without exception, the leading archers of all times and places have admitted no rival to the self-yew bow other than the yew-backed yew.

Except yew bows, my preference is for beefwood backed with lance or hickory. And I have in mind that Mr. Peddinghaus found beefwood nearest to yew.

I do not care to invite the invidious retorts of dealers or their henchmen by giving public expression to my predilection for the bows of any particular maker; but to those archers who are willing to do so, I feel indebted in common with others.

I have had greater difficulty in getting good arrows than good bows, the average being about four good ones to the dozen. Aside from general clumsiness and various inequalities, many were crooked, or became so with short use; and the greater number had a tendency to spring and gad, but this was partially due to the bows in which they were used. Arrows weighing 4s. 9d., which no smoothness or gentleness of loose could make stand in any of several 46 and 48 pound bows, fly in perfect line from my 51-pound self-yew. Archers who have an opportunity of selecting their arrows from a large stock can look out for themselves, but many of us have no such chance; and I must admit, after having purchased two or three gross of them for myself and fellow archers, that I know not where I can send \$10 with the comfortable anticipation of receiving a dozen perfect arrows for the money.

It is worthy of note that the same weight of arrow is not always equally well suited to different bows of the same weight. A 5s. arrow had a beautiful flight from a 48-pound snake and hickory bow to a target 100 yards away, but from a 48-pound beef and hickory bow flew barely fast enough to maintain its steadiness. At 80 yards, using a 4s. 6d. arrow, both bows were about equal. This weight of arrow for the beefwood, and 4s. 9d. for the snakewood, proved best at all ranges. The beefwood really seemed to be the quicker bow and somewhat pleasanter to use, but the snakewood seemed to maintain the force of the recoil better to the finish. At a 27-inch draw both bows pulled the same number of pounds, but probably the latter pulled more pounds at a short draw. I can account for the matter in no other way. What is here said of bows and arrows is intended to apply to those used to test an archer's skill, not to those used merely for exercise or as a mere excuse for sociableness.

It is a popular fallacy that an archer's skill will increase almost in proportion to the extent of his practice. Years of constant practice, added to rare natural ability, will not lead to success as surely as the occasional practice of him who cares to bring his intelligence to bear upon his pastimes, and profits by the suc-

cessful experiences of those who have gone before. Any person who has attained a fair degree of proficiency at chess, whist, billiards, or any other game of great skill, should know this. Shooting with the long-bow at long ranges is not comparable to throwing stones. How many a fair shot at 30 yards has announced that he could shoot proportionately well at 100 yards as soon as he "got the elevation"? But how long it does take these fellows to get the elevation!

As to the details of the most effective method of using the bow, my conclusions,—I will not try to dignify them by calling them convictions,—founded on a single season's practice, coupled with a close study of Ford's instructions, are as follows: That the string should be held midway between the tips and first joints of the fingers; that on finding the aim, the arrow should be drawn within very few inches of the pile—two inches in my own case; that after this the arm should not be bent *nor the shoulder extended*, nor the first joint of the thumb closed; that the draw should be finished, according to the capacity of the archer, fast enough to avoid hesitation, wavering, or trembling; that *the aim should be perfected at a full draw*,—that is, that the pile should be distinctly seen and noted—shifted if need be—in its relative position to the gold and the axis of the aiming eye by the indirect vision; that holding should be little if any longer than it takes the archer to loose; that the force of the draw should be felt when quitting the string,—that is, that the loose be not independent of the draw, which will probably cause the arrow to fall short; that the drawing fingers be sufficiently bent or tense to give elasticity to the loose,—if too much bent the loose is apt to be independent of the draw, whereas relaxation, especially in the last joints, is apt to cause unsteadiness and a drag of the string; that the wrist and forearm be kept rather to the right of the line of draw. This is easily carried to an extreme and an over-strain thrown on the hand, but a slight extra strain on the fingers seems necessary.

A jerk of the string in loosing generally throws the arrow to the left, and a loose by simply straightening or relaxing the fingers seems to let the string hang to them occasionally and make the arrow fly to the right. I object to the use of the terms "loosing on the draw" and "dead loosing" as being misleading, as well as too general and vague.

Theoretically, it may seem that the point of aim should be covered at a full draw; but as far as I have gone, my experience is decidedly opposed to it. The line indicated by the arrow can be more accurately appreciated before the arrow is fully drawn, *if not still more accurately while it is being drawn*; and the slight pause following the draw seems more conducive to steadiness than any pause that can be made by long holding. Moreover, the loose is rendered far easier of

accomplishment, at least for most archers. My reference to not closing the thumb may excite a smile. To many archers it may have no application, but in my own practice it is very important, chiefly as tending to equalize the grasp and add freedom and elasticity to the whole performance. By way of invoking authority, I will call attention to the fact that while the illustration of the proper grasp of the bow in Ford's book represents the thumb closed, the representation is reversed in the frontispiece, which, be it remembered, is copied from a photograph.

If any archers, whose experiences are in opposition to mine, will submit their views, no one will read them with more pleasure, or I trust more profit, than I will.

F. H. WALWORTH.

7 DECEMBER, 1880.

"HOME-MADE."

Editor Archery Field:—I think I promised to write you, long ago, but was then not aware our worthy president was furnishing items from Highland Park. And now a word to Mr. Whitman, whose communication appeared in last week's issue. If he will select an ironwood (hornbeam) tree of about eight or ten inches in diameter, of straight grain,—and he will have to search well to find such a one,—cut it down and split out a piece about seven feet in length, he will have material for a first-class bow. The wood is of fine grain, very elastic, and easily worked. If made according to the following directions he will have a bow that will equal a lance-wood, and retain its full power, and one which will not break: Shave down to about three inches in diameter with a drawing-knife, hang by a hook or nail from the ceiling in a room where there is a fire night and day, if possible, for two weeks, then plane down to about two inches square; hang up again for one week more, then work into shape, roughly at first and by stages, seasoning gradually, and finishing up about the middle of March. Nocks can be worked into the wood, or horn nocks can be glued on if desired.

I have such a bow, made three years ago, which is still intact. An excellent bow can be made from a cedar fence post—the "white cedar" of commerce—really I believe the "American arborvitæ." The bow should be made of both heart and sap,—a strip of sap about an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness for the back, and the balance all heart. It should be made as yew bows are made, and before being polished, should have the pores of the wood well "filled." Bows of forty to forty-two pounds' pull can be made from this wood; but one of fifty pounds would be found rather large and clumsy. I cannot make a good arrow, and good arrow-makers are scarce. Have tried my hand at mending, patching, and putting on feathers, but without much success. We, at Highland Park, have found those made by good English and American workmen far ahead of any of "home" manufacture. Very good hunting arrows

were made for me by Messrs. Reifsnider, of Chicago, after a sample of my own, that shoot very accurately.

Would like to give "Capt. Jack" and your other readers the result of four seasons' experience, and also a little history of archery at Highland Park in that time; but am afraid I have taken too much of your space already. Yours truly,

C. GRANVILLE HAMMOND.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., 6 December, 1880.

DRIFT AND WAG

THERE will be special attractions in our Midwinter number.

"LONG BOWMAN" deals gently with the New York Archery Club, and others, in *Brentano's Monthly* for November.

THE *Olympian* says we give "all the boys a chance to ventilate their notions." So we do—when they are worth it. There is nothing like ventilation. Try it yourself, Brother Havens.

ONE of the good things Mr. Brownell did before he went away was to improve his score-book. In the new form it presents a convenient and substantial cover, containing a removable paper book of size for 150 scores, which may be removed and replaced for twenty-five cents. The entries are to be on one side the paper only, and there is a better arrangement of spaces than before. It would seem to be nearly perfect now.

MR. JOHN R. ADAMS, of Chicago, sends his subscription to the Chieftain's Badge Fund. Next!

EXCUSE us, club secretaries; but we beg to remind you about that little matter of account of the club, its officers, practice grounds, etc.

WINTER is a good time to write up and read reminiscences of the past season, its incidents, humors, etc. Don't all send us a batch at once.

As a gentle stimulus, we offer a subscription to the ARCHERY FIELD for a year, to the order of any lady or gentleman who will send us the best original archery poem before the first of February next.

AND we will submit all poems received, without names, to the President of the Papyrus Club for his decision on their merits.

FURTHERMORE, we will print as many of them as we have space for, and are to have liberty to print all of them.

WE are waiting for those Thanksgiving scores. So are our readers.

WHY not develop the social side of our archery clubs, and the abilities for social entertainment among the members, now that shooting is so largely suspended?

THE BOWS OF SAVAGES.—The Klamath River Indians of California use a weapon about three feet long, and about two inches wide at its widest part, which is about 5 inches either side of the handle. It gradually tapers towards the ends, until only about one half-inch in width.

In its thickest part it is not over three eighths of an inch from belly to back. It is made of yew limbs and backed with sinew. The sinew is made fast by a kind of glue that the Indians make of sturgeons' heads. The wood is made quite smooth by the use of fine sandstone. The string is made of sinew. The one we were shown had a strength of 45 lbs. at 22 inches' pull. The bow is made so that the string sets to one side and not in the centre of the bow when at rest. The tops are trimmed with pieces of fir, which is also used as a trimming on each side of the handle.

We saw a bow recently which came from one of the Pacific islands. The owner did not know exactly where it came from, but it is reasonable to suppose that it came from the locality mentioned, as it was presented to him by a sea-captain and is made of a tropical wood,—that is, cocoanut. It is seven feet long, and when at rest the string and bow are close together; in fact, the string is quite slack. Evidently the native warrior uses some kind of hand guard to save his fingers from being taken off entirely. It is finished very plain and ornamented with grooves cut into the wood in all kinds of fantastic shapes. The string is made of hemp with a coating of some kind of gum. It looks as though it would have to be pulled by machinery, especially when you see the arrow, which is nearly five feet in length.—"Scrub Shot," in *Pacific Life*.

BOOKS AND PAGES

CYCLING SKETCHES, of which we have made frequent mention before, is now in hand in very tasteful form, and we have been able to glance over the whole of it. Mr. Burbank had very considerably withheld the last half of it from the bunch of advance sheets sent to us. He has shown much adroitness and good-nature in passing compliments all round. Besides the entertaining sketches and poems which make up the principal part of the book, there are several short articles containing practical and useful suggestions. There is a brief account of the formation of the League of American Wheelmen, and a short chapter on "New Things for the Wheel and its Rider." In the advertising pages, the publisher announces that he intends to contribute otherwise to the literature of bicycling, and naively suggests among other things: "If you are thinking . . . of starting a bicycling paper, . . . it will be for your interest to correspond" with him. This is a good suggestion. Mr. Burbank is an elegant printer and publisher, as well as a graceful wheelman, and as publishers are always conservative in the matter of new literary ventures, we have no doubt he will give very judicious advice to those who see millions of profit and fun in the idea of starting a bicycling paper.

The book is, or soon will be in the hands of every one of our readers, so we

forbear any further comment; though we would like to suggest that there ought to be artistic resources enough in the humors and incidents of bicycling, for something besides illustrations of headers. This volume is sprinkled with illustrations of these unfortunate and not to be encouraged tricks of riding, and we throw out the suggestion in the hope that future compilers and editors of bicycling literature will leave such things to the Philistines.

JOHN SWINTON'S TRAVELS is the title of a tasteful little book of forty-six pages, from the press of G. W. Carleton & Co., New York. Its sub-title is "Current Views and Notes of Forty Days in France and England, by John Swinton."

It is written with a purpose which is best found out by reading it, and will well repay perusal.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS is a beautiful little illustrated monthly magazine, edited by Wm. T. Adams (the genial "Oliver Optic"), and published by the Russell Publishing Company, 149 A Tremont Street, Boston.

Although a new-comer in the already beautiful and extensive literature for the little folks, it is a candidate likely to receive a large majority, and to become a favorite. The editor has had twenty years' experience as a teacher, and fourteen years as a member of school boards, and has for about as many years delighted his thousands of youthful readers with the healthful and attractive products of his pen.

THE GOLDEN RULE, an announcement from which appears in our advertising columns, is one of the freshest and most interesting of weekly newspapers. Its eight pages of bright and wholesome reading matter, mostly original, and its liberal tone in religion and politics, make it justly popular.

"THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE" is a paper which Mr. F. B. Thurber, of New York, furnishes to the December *Scribner*, and which bids fair to create considerable excitement. It is entitled "The Railroads and the People," and it presents most forcibly the recent exposures of corruption in the great railroad monopolies of this country.

THE price of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is \$4.00 a year, and new subscribers who begin with the November number may secure, by the payment of \$1.00 additional, nine back numbers, containing all of Part I. of Schuyler's now famous serial history of Peter the Great, of which Rev. Edward Eggleston recently wrote: "It is indeed a wonderful story, needing no aid to the imagination to make it one of the most curious in human history."

For \$2.50 extra, the two richly bound volumes of last year may be had in connection with a year's subscription. Booksellers everywhere, or the publishers, Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York, will supply the numbers and volumes.

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.

ADDITIONAL.—*Worcester Bi. C.*, Lincoln Holland, corner Union and Central streets; Willie H. Holland, 7 Shelby street; John H. C. Hadley, 300 Main street. *Brooklyn Bi. C.*, Julius Wilcox, 1284 Dean street; S. C. Scott, 240 Washington avenue; J. M. Uhler, 25 Ormand place.

UNATTACHED.—John Moodie, Jr., Hamilton, Ont.; R. R. Baldwin, Guelph, Ont.; Jo. Schneider, Williamsport, Pa.; Malcolm Douglas, Jr., Andover, Mass.

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—At about 3.15 Saturday afternoon, Mr. H. M. Richards, manufacturing jeweller at 7 Green street, reported at Station 3 that one of his workmen named John Manglegorf, a German, 37 years old, had attempted to commit suicide in his room at 146 Court street, at about noontime. Dr. Cilley was called by Mr. Richards, and found that the unfortunate man had cut his left wrist with a razor, inflicting a

wound about three inches long."—*Boston Globe*. This may seem to be of little interest to bicyclers, but it is "interesting," in view of the fact that the would-be suicide was putting the last touches on the new die for the L. A. W. badge, and this delays the badge another week or two. It is supposed that the poor fellow's brain got in a whirl from so much study of the wheel. Members who have sent money for badges, who wish it put on interest until they are ready, may address the treasurer, L. A. W.

THE DOOM OF CHIVALRY.

*To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:—*CHICAGO, 27 November.—"Thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges." If the Bard of Avon visioned forth the modern bicycle, his prophetic soul made a most palpable hit. An interesting question is coming upon us; and although it is not, strictly speaking, a new one, it is assuming an importance which is new. The bicycle is becoming a frequent sight on the city streets. Healthy men, whose countenances and bearing would indicate also a sound mind, glide by, elevated above the heads of other mortals, motionless except as to a slight palpitation of the feet and undulation of the legs, but silently expressing the very spirit of motion as compared with stationary objects, and even such moderately mobile objects as the wayside pedestrian.

The bicycle is assuming a prominent place among those divers means of locomotion which render the word "go" especially expressive in the mouth of the restless American. This idea of rapid self-locomotion, which struggled for expression in the fabled Centaur, and in the mythical Mercury with winged heels, at length finds practical form and substance in the modern bicycle, and adds to the faculties of man what those fascinating dreams could not do for the plodding wayfarer. On a good roadway the bicycle rider accomplishes one hundred miles in a day, and with less fatigue than the walking of twenty-five miles in the same time would entail; or he easily does his ten miles in an hour, and with no more than the usual effect of moderate exercise. These results are indeed worth having; and, as a natural consequence, this stranger vehicle is forcing its acquaintance upon us, and coming, gradually but surely, into common use. Although, in the first place, it costs as much as a good horse, the running expenses are practically nil.

To the looker-on, it sometimes seems as if this rapid transit were purchased at too great an expense of physical energy and overstraining of the attention; but from the rider's side of the matter, the question of real value and utility seems to call out no dissenting voices: at least, he who has once become a rider rarely if ever gives up the practice so long as his moral courage suffices to face a frowning world.

From the point of view of that still somewhat numerous and respectable part

of the community which does not ride bicycles, complaints against this latest outrage on the rights of our daddies are by no means uncommon, and it is to the latter class we speak. The complaints so far entered bear, for the most part, a striking family likeness to those made in the already dim past against such innovations as, for instance, the railroad,—and even the first brave man who carried an umbrella on the king's highway was made a martyr of in the interests of horseflesh. Even in these liberal days we would not speak too leniently of the umbrella fiend; but it must be admitted that the umbrella has survived the ban of conservatism, and as for railroads, they go almost where they will. The chief objection encountered by the umbrella, the railway, and other similar shocks to the equanimity of our highly respectable but short-sighted ancestors was the frightening of horses. But equine nature seems to have improved fully as fast as human nature, and horses are learning to look with philosophical composure on sights which would have astonished Bucephalus,—perhaps annoyed him beyond endurance. We are sorry to say that there are some horses that make no effort to conceal the fact that they are "natural fools," dammed and sired such, and therefore incurable. They take fright at many objects which could not reasonably be expected to have that effect on them. A bit of paper in the street, a shawl blown by the wind, the swinging of a door, a pile of bricks by the wayside, even the every-day rattle of the melodious lumber wagon, have shaken many a traveller's faith in horse sense. Some of these asses of horses will go to the length of seeking out opportunities for terror with a delicacy of solicitude and shrewdness of perception worthy of a worthier cause. It is not an occasion for surprise, then, that there are horses which see in the bicycle an opportunity not to be neglected. But the question arises, Shall this means of locomotion forego its rights on the road because certain persons desire to drive horses which are dangerously timid? The horse-frightening objection, in the case of the railroad, has been reasonably well overcome, and no one now thinks of objecting to railroads on that account; and it is quite possible that the new controversy of horse *versus* bicycle may be amicably settled by the operation of the law of expediency.

The bicycle has proved to be the swiftest means of self-locomotion yet acquired by man, except skating, and the latter only holds its own as against the bicycle for moderate distances, besides having a far too limited field of application to be seriously taken into account; the bicycle is, moreover, used to advantage on all roads that are suitable for driving a carriage, as only a very uneven or soft surface is impracticable for it; it enables man to attain, unaided, the speed of the horse; its utility is no longer a matter of doubt, and it is proving to be something more than a means of amusement. It

will be found ere long to claim and fill a place in popular use which cannot be denied it. Its use in England, France, and other countries has already become so common as to render its rights on the road an admitted fact; and although it had a hard battle for existence in England,—that land of prejudices and set ways,—it has won the respect of the authorities and the public. Hundreds of thousands are in daily use in that country and the adjoining countries of the Continent, and its very general adoption may be looked for in this.

A dread akin to superstition seems to be produced in some persons by the silence which characterizes the movements of the bicycle,—a dread probably founded in the fact that the means of travel to which we are thoroughly accustomed are accompanied by more or less clatter and rumble. This stillness is, however, viewed as a positive advantage by the riders themselves, and it is said to be less startling to horses, at least, than noise would be; and doubtless whatever noise may be necessary for purposes of safety to pedestrians can readily be supplied.

The age of chivalry is evidently on its last legs. Horseflesh is giving place to machinery on every hand. Gradually but surely the day seems to be approaching when man and his merchandise shall be moved over the earth by means more controllable, reliable, cleanly, and economical, and safer than the harnessed beast of the field. In that happy day the horse will still be good to eat, but he will not be suffered to foul the thoroughfares, terrify the timid, and take up more room than the load he unwillingly transports, not to mention the coarsening of the manners of our culture-tending race with horsey influences. The prophet Ezekiel gazed down the avenues of time with no cloudy vision,—“For the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels.”

BROZ.

HEADERS

THE GLASGOW (Scotland) member of the L. A. W. Da(1)zzles the Cor. Sec. with a conundrum,—

“Why do the unattached not join the League of American Wheelmen?”

Because the unattached are a necessity, and ‘necessity knows no L.A.W.’”

YANKEE LAND.

(Encore.)

This iron forms no tyrant's chain,
Yankeeland!
Britannia *now* sends not in vain,
Yankeeland!
She greets her kindred o'er the main—
Stick transit! be the wild refrain
We shout in greeting back again,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

D.

There was a young man, called DeWitt,
Who to slander this paper saw fit;
As he comes from Augusta,
We don't mind his bluster,
But on him there's some one will sit.

“CORTIS'S Great Bicycle Feat.—Sounds personal, does n't it?”—*Bicycling News.*

SINCE bicycles have become so fashionable it is proposed to popularize the wheelbarrow, by changing its name to the unicycle. It is thought if some of our swell youths would organize a unicycle club they might possibly earn enough to pay for their cigarettes.—*Railroad Advertiser.*

Is it true that bicycles have more metal than horses?—*Bicycling News.*

THE carriage builders of the United States held a convention in New York the other day. Some of the spokesmen were from the “Hub”; good fellows too, whose speeches did not tire the audience. One speaker seemed to carry all before him, being of excellent carriage and eloquent speech, and showing himself something of a wag-on referring to the hackneyed methods of certain members of the association, discharging some shafts of sarcasm which seemed to hit. Several wheeled into line and supported his views. The proceedings were entirely harmonious.—*Boston Times.*

CHEAPER bicycles are wanted in the country, as appears by the following letter to one agent, and by him offered for a hint to others:—

“HARDRODE, Spt 13, 1880

Dire Sur i recieved book of bycycles in diu time, and like yur stile furst streight I shod it to sum of my neibors boys that talk of giting one when i rote to you they lik the stile furst streight but they al kik on the prise, for they can get a new bugy ofer the same prise and their aint so mutch meterial and work to them as their is about a bugy, but it beter meterial and beter put to geather, for their a little rig, now their is 3 of us hear that talk strong of giting one a peece and we want to no how cheap you can get us up 1 or 3 and send to us on these grounds, we want no high prise stele nor horn or lignam vite hands nor no silver or nickle plaiting or high finish a bout them, but hav comon and durible work a bout them but sel whare it is required and white or oke hands insted of horn, we do not care if it is a litle heaver for we want it for farms purpoes and will haf to run on ruff cuntry rods whitch is not like the city. if you want to now what size i take, take it on level forre with my five boots i can over a stick 32 inches long with eazyness my hight is 5 foot 7 in weight 156 ponds now want to see how wel you can do with us by sending for 3 or 1 seprit when we here from you we can tel what to do, you will find stamp for a book of bycycles parts, yours truly From Adison Shreeve Hardrode Niggra Cy N' y’—”

ROLLER SKATING AT NANTUCKET is thus reported by Bob Burdette in the *Hawkeye*:—

The fashionable dissipation is roller-skating. There is a rink here that I am told is crowded every night with gentlemen and ladies, more or less,—I mean

less and more. It is a beautiful sport, they tell me. And I have no doubt it is an exercise at once healthful and graceful. I have not roller-skated any myself. I could if I wished, but I do not wish to roller-skate any this summer. I prefer to enjoy my skating vicariously. I find it pleasanter—oh, much pleasanter—to look on and see the other people enjoy the poetry of motion. They tell me one sleeps so well after an hour's exercise on the skates. I should think, after a man has swept up half a peck of pine slivers with his knees and that sort of thing, that he would be ready to go to sleep after he had got them all pulled out. I have been a very careful observer of roller-skating, and it always seemed to me that the principal part of the exercise consisted in getting up. One evening, in Burlington, I watched a young man fall down twenty-nine times while skating about three miles and a half. Now, he might have gone over to the *Hawkeye* office and fallen down the front stairs, and got just the same number of bumps in a much shorter period of time and distance. Why, I have seen men skating around a summer rink, so full of slivers that they looked like wooden porcupines with clothes on. And yet they said they liked it.

A man can fall down on roller skates in greater variety than he can on anything else. He can go down in two times and fifty motions, and when he gets down at last, he is right where he started, and fully eighteen feet from where he expected to be. This element of uncertainty makes it very exciting and fascinating.

I have been proof against all manner of wiles and bribes in this matter of roller skates. I have amazed myself by my steadfastness; I, who am prone to do anything anybody asks me to do, to hold out against this thing all summer! I fear I am really becoming good. But while I am always glad and happy if I can afford people amusement, I don't like to amuse them by making a pine pin-cushion of myself. I once heard Mr. Beecher say that a man who had very little dignity had to be very careful of what little he had. I have no objection in the world to roller-skating, but for my own part, I can sit down almost as quickly and ten times as comfortably without the skates.

OVER THE HANDLES

AND OTHER

Cycling Sketches.

Selected and Original Stories, Sketches, and Poems, Practical Suggestions, etc. 190 pp. Illustrated.

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

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25 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

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TO BICYCLE AGENTS.

In answer to many letters of inquiry regarding our *Directory of Agents*, we have set up a few names, to show the arrangement, space, etc.

This directory is designed to meet a demand for a cheap and profitable method of advertising for those agents who do not desire to occupy a larger space in our columns during the winter season.

It will show what agents are alive to and doing the business, and be a handy page of reference to the touring bicyclist, directing him where to find sundries, get the latest news and best information as to routes, hotels, etc., and where to introduce friends who intend purchasing machines.

The directory will appear in every issue of the *WORLD*, and will commence probably with No. 9, 7 January, 1881. Applications for space should be sent in on or before 1 January.

E. C. HODGES & CO.

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The publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE, desiring to continue the co-operation of their friends in pushing the circulation of their paper, and having found by experience that the best way to get people to work for them is to offer SUFFICIENT INDUCEMENTS, submit the following premium offers for subscribers.

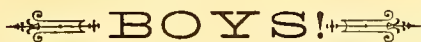
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No paper in the country can equal this list for attractiveness and intrinsic value. THE GOLDEN RULE is one of the easiest of all journals to canvass for. It is well known in New England and throughout the country. It is the favorite family paper wherever introduced. It has something for every member of the family, and is always, pure, bright, helpful, entertaining, and pre-eminently READABLE.

Wheelmen, Attention!

Send for samples and information, and EARN A BICYCLE all ready for spring use. The goods are all standard articles, and are WARRANTED to be as represented.

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Don't fail to improve this GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

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Half bright and painted in two colors. Price from \$117.50 to \$132.50 according to size. Any size will be furnished. Given for 100 new subscriptions.

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Price from \$80 to \$100. Any size. Given for 75 new subscriptions.

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Price from \$60 to \$75. Any size. Given for 60 new subscriptions.

YOUTH'S MUSTANG BICYCLE.

36, 38, or 40 inch. Price, \$50 to \$55. Given for 50 new subscriptions.

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Sample copies furnished free. Premiums offered for NEW subscribers only.

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AGENT FOR THE MEYER WHEELS.

These Wheels are manufactured in Paris and are similar to Bicycle wheels, only heavier, being made of iron with a thick tire of rubber. They are used for Dog, T. and Tub Carts, Buggies, Ambulances, or any other vehicle where ease is desired. They will outwear three wooden wheels, run over the roughest pavement noiselessly, removing one half of the strain from the horse, and greatly adding to the comfort of the occupants of the carriage.

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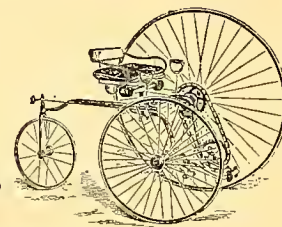
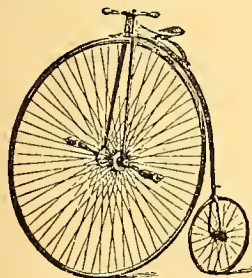
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The Special Columbia is a light roadster, of close build, fine finish, and fitted with the most approved anti-friction Ball-bearings, adjustable for wear. Having made several improvements in this machine since we first offered it to the public, we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

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

The Standard Columbia is a strong, durable roadster, built with a view to withstand the rough usage incidental to touring over ordinary American roads, and for hard work has no equal. It is of graceful model, built of the best materials and carefully finished in every particular. The thousands in daily use fully attest the merits of this favorite machine.

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

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Send 3c. stamp for 24-page catalogue with price lists and full information.

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1. It is the only weekly paper devoted to Bicycling in America.
2. It is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen.
3. It is the special organ of the Archery Associations.
4. It contains more matter relating to either Bicycling or Archery than all the other papers of the country.
5. It gives stenographic, full, and official reports of all important meetings and events.
6. Its editorial and contributed departments are in such hands as to make their contents official or authoritative and reliable.
7. It is racy without being ridiculous, and conducted so as to elevate and render attractive the arts to which it is devoted.
8. It is tasteful and elegant in mechanical

make-up, and is free from all objectionable contents for ladies and families.

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

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

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

E. C. HODGES & CO.,
Publishers.

Boston, November, 1880.