

# THE Bicycling World

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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DO NOT BUY A BICYCLE

Of any kind until you have sent a 3-cent Stamp to GUMP BROS., DAYTON, OHIO, for price list of New and Second-hand Bicycles. It will pay you.

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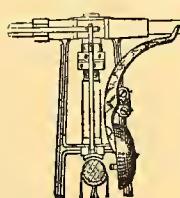
BICYCLES.

The only place where you can have a Bicycle Built to Order. We keep constantly on hand New and Second-hand Machines, which we offer at reasonable prices. We also carry in stock the Columbia Bicycles, of the latest patterns. Repairing in all its branches done neatly and promptly. All orders by mail or otherwise will receive our personal and immediate attention.

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THE "AUTOMATIC" ALARM



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

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

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

EASILY ATTACHED TO ANY BICYCLE.

No. 1. Columbias of 1879. No. 2. Standard Columbias of 1880. No. 3. Harvards (Grip lever brake). No. 4. Special Columbias. No. 5. Ordinary Columbias.

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

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WE MAKE  
SPORTING GOODS  
A SPECIALTY

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

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

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

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THE ONLY BICYCLE SHOES.

Suitable for Fast Riding or Long Journeys.

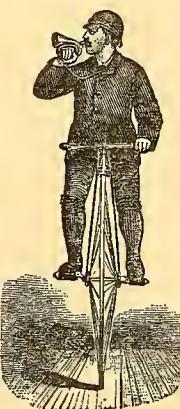
Made to conform to natural shape of the foot, and soled with undetachable, serrated rubber. Can be had of

THAYER, McNEIL & HODGKINS,  
22 Temple Place - - BOSTON.

COLUMBIA  
BICYCLES  
SOLD ON  
INSTALMENTS

ON EASY TERMS.

Having accepted the agency from the Pope Manufacturing Company, we are now prepared to sell their Bicycles on Easy Terms of Payment. Purchasers Taught to Ride. Call and examine, or send 3-cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Terms.



W. H. HERVEY & CO.,  
5-UNION STREET-5  
Furniture and Carpet Warehouse.

## CURRENT CALAMO

STILL at the wheel — Ixion.  
The Milwaukee run was a brilliant affair.  
BOLD BRITONS abbreviate bicycle to "bike."  
"LEGS OVER!" he shouted, and went heels over.  
"CARAMEL JOE" is after the man who called him  
"fresh every hour."

We often hear the expression, "Rubber tires!"  
Seriously, now, does it? and if it does, why should it?

MR. "ITEM" KEMPTON, B. Bi. C. can be seen at  
City Point any squally afternoon looking for news.

REVOLUTIONARY SURVIVORS having about ceased surviving, 1812 heroes' obituaries are now in order.

THE BICYCLING WORLD can be had at the Nantasket Hotel news stand, Nantasket Beach.

MR. FRED. N. BOSSON's accident at Ipswich Hill  
should serve wheelmen as another warning against reckless coasting.

THE Golden Rule has the portraits of two celebrated women facing each other on the same page — Mrs. James A. Garfield and Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

BURLEY'S Adjustable Skeleton is a pretty live saddle, as our readers may infer from a glance at his advertisement in our columns this week.

We have some interesting communications received too late for this issue but which we shall publish in our next.

A YOUNG lady, of Exeter, N. Y., sustained injuries from the frightening of her horse by four bicyclists, and sued them, but the Supreme Court of the State gave a verdict in favor of the wheelmen.

DETROIT "Chaff," you're another! If you scan our columns a little more closely you'll find that we give you full credit for anything we know to be yours. We may have stolen from another thief, — which makes us the best owner.

THE "new departure" of Hervey & Co., by which they sell "Columbia" Bicycles on instalments, opens an easy way for those who cannot spare the money for full payment down to procure a machine at once. See their advertisement on preceding page.

A HORSE belonging to Mr. Lewis, of Marblehead, has been twice frightened by a bicycle lately, the last time damaging his owner's carriage; and it is evident that that horse should either be formally introduced to his steel nightmare or withdrawn from the public highway.

THE Massachusetts Bicycle Club is very proud of its Aldens; of the senior, because of his mature years, united with youthful spirits and enthusiasm, and of the younger, because of his glorious record, which won the race from the Bostons, as well as for his general good qualities.

WE understand Director Lamson of Maine, had a little ten and a half pound fellow take a header into his family one day last week. They say he has a rigid backbone, and is very cranky in his notions. His father prefers direct spokes, but the boy lustily blows his bugle in favor of nipples. As soon as he is named, his father will propose him for membership in the L. A. W.

## To One of the Bicyclists.

COME forth on your bicycle, Charlie,  
And ride, while I gaze and admire;  
But if you won't think it presuming,  
I wish you would change your attire.

Your legs are a trifle too thin, dear,  
To be so exposed to the light,  
So won't you just pull down your trousers,  
And keep them wrapped up out of sight?

Your face is so noble and manly,  
Your shoulders are well set, and square,  
And with such a splendid beginning,  
Those spindles but poorly compare.

You just make me think of a story  
(You see I must tell you the worst),  
About the old man in the Bible, —  
Whose last end was worse than the first.

So take my advice now, dear Charlie,  
And keep those legs nicely concealed,  
And people won't dream they're so scraggy,  
In judging by what is revealed.

But come on your bicycle, Charlie, —  
Your riding I really admire,  
And when you have wrapped up those pipe-stems,  
You're all that my heart could desire.

CARRIE P. RICHARDS.

## THE BICYCLING WORLD

# CUNNINGHAM & CO.

IMPORTING MANUFACTURERS OF  
BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.  
(Established 1877.)  
TREMONT STREET, cor. of BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Proprietors of the Famous

## HARVARD ROADSTER.

Acknowledged throughout the country as being the perfection of modern bicycle mechanism, a reputation which it is intended shall always be sustained.

SEND THREE-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

Among the most important of the modern appliances for promoting the comfort of riders and for securing to them the utmost enjoyment and benefit which bicycle locomotion affords,

## HARRINGTON'S PATENT CRADLE SPRING AND NASH'S PATENT RUBBER BICYCLE HANDLES

deserve especial attention. These luxurious adjuncts to the outfit of the Touring Bicyclist, wholly absorbing all jar and vibration, can only be obtained from CUNNINGHAM & CO., or their authorized agents.

## ALL BICYCLERS SHOULD READ THE 'CYCLIST,'

*Which is not only the cheapest, but the largest and best got-up  
bicycling newspaper in Europe.*

Everything of importance or of interest to bicyclers fully reported, attention being given to matters of general and universal interest rather than to local and comparatively uninteresting news. The only English bicycling paper giving attention to American Wheel Matters.

EDITED BY

HENRY STURMEY,

*Author of "The Indispensable."*

C. W. NAIRN,

*Author of "The Bicycle Annual."*

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 6s. 6d.

From ILLIFFE & SON, the 'Cyclist' Office, Coventry, England. Subscriptions to both the BICYCLING WORLD and the 'CYCLIST' only \$3.50, from

E. C. HODGES & CO. - - - 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS.



Patent Applied For.

BURLEY'S

## ADJUSTABLE SKELETON SADDLE.

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

The following are a few of the many testimonials received, and a perusal will show you how much they appreciate it: —

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 6 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.: —

Dear Sir, — I have owned and used the past three seasons eight or nine saddles, not one of which was satisfactory on my longer day trips of thirty and sixty-five miles; but the use of your "Feather-bed Saddle" (as one of our club calls it), the past fortnight, convinces me that for comfort, ventilation, and adjustability to the form, it is the best and most sensible I have used or seen.

Truly yours,

C. A. HAZLETT.

P. S. — The party for whom I sent check for saddle makes daily inquiries "if it has come."

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 11 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.: —

Dear Sir, — Burley's Skeleton Saddle is certainly the most thoroughly comfortable seat that can be imagined. I like it, and shall recommend its use.

Quires of paper have been consumed in the endeavor

to prove that this or that device would prevent vibration, all to little purpose. It was left for your saddle to make the rider independent of it. Respectfully,

F. A. JACKSON, Consul L. A. W.

BOSTON, 18 July, 1881.

Mr. D. W. HYDE:

Dear Sir, — I have used the "Burley" Saddle almost constantly for four weeks, and I like it better than any saddle that I have ever used, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all bicycle riders.

Respectfully yours, G. W. FULLER,

Crescent Bicycle Club.

PROVIDENCE, 13 July, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:

Dear Sir, — The saddle arrived all right. I rode it yesterday about twenty-five miles, and I must say it is the greatest improvement in bicycling that I have seen. It takes away all vibration and jar, stops perspiration (it is so well ventilated), and does not chafe. Every wheelman will have one. Yours truly,

CHAS. F. HANDY.

BOSTON, 21 June, 1881.

D. W. HYDE, Esq.:

Dear Sir, — 17 June I rode your saddle fifty-two miles over ordinary country roads. I experienced no galling, no soreness; in fact, none of the disagreeable effects I have always felt on other saddles. The ease and comfort which I derived by changing position is a great advantage. I found your saddle all and even more than you claim for it. Truly yours,

W. B. EVERETT,

Boston Bi. Club.

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

Price, \$3.50. Nickel Plated, \$5.25

Send money order or registered letter.

D. W. HYDE,

Brighton, Mass.

Box 1133.



As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclists generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions, varieties of manufacture, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. From foreign journals there are throughout the year selected such items and articles as are of interest in this country. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 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, 22 JULY, 1881.

THAT there is ample room for improvement in the construction of tricycles was evident to those who witnessed the Boston 4 July race, when three varieties were on the track; and although the riders exerted every effort, not one of the machines developed speed enough to awaken even the mildest kind of enthusiasm among the spectators. The machines used were Bayliss, Thomas & Co.'s "Excelsior," Singer's "Challenge," and a "Special Salvo." The last two kept a nearly even race throughout the mile, and the rider of the winning "Excelsior" was so manifestly superior to his competitors in physique that even his 65 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds beat cannot be credited wholly to the superior excellence of that machine. The tricycle is understood to be not only a foot-propelled machine, which a lady may ride with perfect propriety, but one which elderly or health-seeking men can use with ease as well as safety. Whether under the guidance of a careful rider it is more safe than the bicycle, will certainly admit of some question, but there is certainly no question that it is very much harder to propel and to guide than the two-wheeler; and it is just these two obstacles (the first especially) which must be overcome by man-

ufacturers before the tricycle can even begin to compete in popularity with its rival. Yet this is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and we should hail with much satisfaction an earnest and thoughtful public discussion, through the bicycling and tricycling press, of present and possible methods of developing a more practicable tricycle.

THE London *Cyclist*, referring to an American wheelman's use of the expression "hoodlums," may not be aware that it is a term peculiar to San Francisco, and is applied to its young society rowdies, just as "Mohawks" defined a similar class in London in the last century and earlier part of this.

## EXCURSIONS, RUNS, ETC.

### The Milwaukee Run.

By boat, rail, and on the wheel gathered a jolly lot of bicyclists on Saturday afternoon, 2 July, to celebrate the second annual run of the Milwaukee Bicycle Club, in a three-days' tour.

There were nearly one hundred of us as we drew up in Prospect Park to be photographed. The Oshkosh Club led off in glory of costume—drab corduroy knee-pants, with seal brown jacket faced with drab. The Ariel Club in gray corduroy and black stockings. Columbus, light gray and blue hose. Chicago and Joliet, plain dark gray throughout. Lafayette, blue-gray. Hartford, white duck. Waltham and Kankakee, rebel gray. Elgin, Fond du Lac, and Neenah, dark blue. Streator and Watertown, mixed.

The line then formed for the run, under command of road captain, A. A. Hathaway; sub-captain, D. T. Rogers, Jr.; first lieutenant, A. S. Hibbard; second lieutenant, H. W. Rogers; third lieutenant, E. A. Chapman; fourth lieutenant, F. L. Pierce; fifth lieutenant, H. C. Reed; first bugler, F. G. Stark; second bugler, C. H. Moses; third bugler, T. K. Barkhausen: and after a grand sweep in double file down the avenues that were lined with enthusiastic spectators, we drew up at the foot of Grand avenue to throw off our coats, gird up our loins, and prepare for business. Here Angus Hibbard, the leading spirit and originator of the run, was obliged to leave us, being unable to proceed on the wheel on account of a sprained wrist, from a fall sustained two weeks previous while laying out the course of the run.

Stripped for business, the entire line now presented a uniform appearance, as nearly every one wore white woolen shirts, the Aries looming up grandly in the fore, with their red and black striped jerseys. Single file was formed, and the long line rolled out into the country.

The first difficulty was the descent of

a long, steep hill, covered with loose stones hidden in the dust. A premium was offered for the first header, and the initiative was taken on this hill by Mr. Temple, of the Milwaukees, who suddenly resigned his saddle for the cool shades of the deep ditch, in which he was soon joined by a numerous company. Nobody hurt. After a grand brush all around at the bottom of the hill, we again formed, and swept gayly on to tune of bugle, jangle of bells, and merry song, over high culverts and brawling creeks, winding from the smooth road along hard, narrow footpaths, that plunged us now and then from the bright sunlight into deep and woody shades, down one hill in wild coast, "beefing" it up the next, to the first grand halt, Wauwatosa, five miles. The tavern keeper surrendered unconditionally, and we helped ourselves. Pop, Cincinnati, and lemonade flowed like Niagara, until the supply was wellnigh exhausted, when off we sped again to perform a like visitation on the next tavern, with occasional swigs at rustic farm-house wells, *en route*, whose owners cheerfully placed their premises at our disposal. What a thing it is to create enormous appetites just for the pleasure of satisfying them!

After the first fifteen miles the line began to assume the character of a spelling school; some spelled down and went to the foot, or into the cool canvas-covered ambulance. The Standards of Messrs. Frie and Whitmarsh buckled on the hills and laid them up. Of the long line of machines, the all-bright and nickelled predominated. Ball-bearing Standards and Specials were in the majority, with an occasional old-fashioned Pope, that has now got to be almost a curiosity; the latter seem to be as good as new, though somewhat noisy and battered. A Union and a Velocite were there. The light, rigid, and elegant D. H. F. Premiers and the heavier S. H. F., with the sturdy, solid, and beautiful Harvards, all in coats of nickel, were numerous; *en route*, a Harvard detachable crank, that had become bent, was taken off and straightened in less than ten minutes. Mr. White, of Hartford, had a full-nickelled 52-inch Standard, with parallel bearings, that was as much admired as the D. H. F. The Milwaukee Club run to Harvards and rubber handles. Chicago is almost exclusively D. H. F. and S. H. F. Premiers. The light Stanley Racer, which Mr. Fairfield rode, stood the occasional rough riding well. The cradle spring, though very ugly, was quite popular with some, while others objected to it on rough roads, where nice balancing was the only salvation. The new ball bearing of the Columbias was the source of much discontent. The principle and workmanship are unexceptionable, but the adjustment is pig-headed,—liable to take a notion any minute to tighten up and grind the balls to pieces.

The Pope Company have got up a new adjustment, and are now substituting same for old one. If they fix this all

right, it will be the most popular bearing in use.

Many of the faces of last year's run were recognized, and "bicycle friendships renewed." In many cases they had changed only in machine and manner of riding. Mr. Perrin, of Lafayette, still sticks to his Harvard. Secretary *pro tem.* Beaumont and Lieut. Chapman, of the Milwaukees, run the same old Standards. These hills stumped us last year, but now they are as grass, flattening out when the climb begins. The riders were nearly all old staggers, and the line was rarely broken, every one balancing skilfully over obstacles in a manner that was good to see. The old-fashioned header is getting obsolete. If perchance an involuntary dismount is had, it is taken gracefully, and the wheelman is still victorious even in his fall. 'Tis thus we conquer the steel horse, and make our runs exhibitions of skill and ease, instead of the tortuous display of muscle there used to be. Capt. Hathaway, on his 58-inch Harvard, was grand in the tenacity and ease with which he hung to his saddle. As a commander he is perfect. One who can climb a long angle of 48 degrees and still have breath to blow a bugle is worthy of praise; but Messrs. Stark, Moses, and Barkhausen did it every time.

Lakeside, 24 miles, a little summer resort, perched on a steep sidehill, overlooking Pewaukee Lake, was approached at sundown, and we halted at the gates, like a road circus, to brush up for the grand *entrée*, which was executed with a flourish and trumpeting fit to kill. We were welcomed to Lakeside in an elegant speech from the crowded veranda of the hotel, after which the Milwaukee Club were presented with a beautiful satin banner. After reciprocatory speeches and club songs, machines were stacked and the evening's festivities began. The hotel and grounds were decorated and illuminated in our honor. On walls of dining-room were elegant floral pieces, representing the various clubs, with an immense floral bicycle in the centre. Outside, on the lawn, glowed a fiery bicycle, such as the Colossus of Rhodes would fear to straddle, shaped in the grass with candles, while the trees and shrubbery were loaded with Chinese lanterns and decoration. In the great dining-room a grand piano and lot of fiddles make it lively for the dancers. Outside, under the direction of Angus Hibbard, the boys hold a summer-night concert of club and minstrel songs, remarkable for chorus effect, while refreshments for V-shape, U V, crescent, and hollow fellowes are passed around by maidens in cool calico gowns.

The night was glorious, the wheelmen hilarious, and we arose early next morning, because we failed to go to bed the night before. Bathing, fishing, and sailing parties were formed, and so passed the heat of the day in luxurious loafing until four o'clock, when the assembly sounded, and we all fell in. With a part-

ing song to Lakeside's lovely ladies, who had treated us so magnificently, we filed out again, and took up the run to Oconomowoc, — sixteen miles. Roading excellent, cool breezes blowing in our faces, — not too much, but just enough, as we pursued the setting sun over the hills with much glee and noise. Winding in and out as the wayward cow-path listeth, our line kept as straight as though running on a rail. In smooth intervals the full beauty of the scenery could be taken in, as rising to the brow of a hill, lake after lake would flash upon the sight embosomed in sleepy luxuriosness between the high tree-crowned banks. Then again, as the roads got stony, the principal object for reflection would be your neighbor's front wheel, while all the gorgeous robes of nature would have to gain admittance to the appreciative faculties, like a porous plaster, by absorption only. Now and then the path, sweeping down from the heights through marshy waste and among tall grasses, would get very narrow and stony, working carnage in our line. Oshkosh emerges with split uniforms. Chicago is divided between the wheel and the ambulance. Milwaukee by overpowering numbers holds steady. In the long line of white shirts a red and black striped Ariel in the fore is seen to go down to grass like a flashing meteor, to rise again phoenix-like somewhere near the rear. Still nobody hurt. The sun has disappeared, and fresh evening breezes blow over the waving fields of grain just commencing to turn yellow, as we sweep, with flourish of trumpet and song, around the bend of Lake LaBelle, a miniature Bay of Naples, up to the Townsend House, Oconomowoc.

Tired? Well, I should smile! But a bath, change of clothes, and an elegant supper made it all right. Next evening the grand ball was to come off, so all retired comparatively early, — say two o'clock.

Stark's legato and Barkhausen's staccato toots roused up the 'cyclers, as well as everybody else in the hotel, at six o'clock of the third day. The sun poured down in terrific heat as our line formed at nine o'clock on the lawn, ready for the last twenty miles of the run. There was just a trifle of unwillingness in the ranks as it swung into line; but once mounted and away, the big wheels fanning a breeze below, and the wind blowing cool above, the usual *bonhomie* was restored. The run to Hopkins's, on North Lake, was made by noon, over a smooth road. Leaving machines stacked by the roadside, we marched half a mile through the woods to Mr. Hopkins's elegant grounds, on a high bluff over a bottomless lake. Dinner was served under the trees, *à la* picnic. Lounging under the trees, sailing, and bathing filled up the hours until noon heat was over, when the long line, with three cheers for Mr. Hopkins's hospitality, formed a Mulligan guard through the woods back to machines. An hour's ride through shady woods and by sedgy lakes, to the annoyance of sundry indig-

nant cows, brought us to Mr. Sand's elegant grounds, who "set 'em up" to claret in princely style. At sunset we were back to Oconomowoc again, and the wheeling part of the run was over.

Then there was a big washing and scrubbing of everything. Most of the riders had provided themselves with extra uniforms, and after a bath, were in good trim for the grand ball. The big parlors of the hotel were elegantly festooned for the occasion, and with the halls, verandas, and lawn, were filled with a gay company who had assembled to do us honor. The sweet strains of the Sextet Club, of Milwaukee, awoke the Terpsichorean instinct of all; and forgetting the heat and toil of the day, one of the jolliest balls held high carnival. The victim of the first header, Mr. Temple, was caught upon the floor and decorated with the premium, a leather medal as big as a dinner-plate, with the deed stamped in gold thereon. At twelve o'clock, Quartermaster Haskins set off the fireworks on the lawn, composed of several very pretty pieces. At one o'clock, after a final grand chorus of the clubs, accompanied by the orchestra, the music died away, good-byes were said, and all retired, thoroughly tired out with three days and nights of jollification.

Next morning's early train bore most of us home. Some followed on later trains, while Secretary Beaumont, Bugler Moses, Lieut. H. W. Rogers, and W. Weller, of Milwaukee Bicycle Club, made the run to Milwaukee on the wheel in fine style, before a fine breeze, down-hill most of the way, in four hours, — thirty-eight miles.

Thus ended the biggest affair of the kind in the West, and to the Milwaukee Bicycle Club belongs the honor of carrying out the run exactly as planned, and which, as the participants unanimously agree, contained as much enjoyment as could be got into three brief, happy days.

STENO.

CHICAGO, 6 July, 1881.

#### To Lake George.

A LETTER from W. B. Everett, of the Bostons, dated 12 July, at Holyoke, Mass., says: "Have proceeded thus far and stop to dine. Came from Windsor, Conn., this forenoon, thirty miles, and shall run to Northampton for the night. From Middletown to Meriden, and thence to Hartford, I found tolerable good roads, but hilly; but heaven save any man who tries to run from Providence to Willimantic by the Plainfield turnpike, or from Willimantic to Middletown! Our first day we made Providence all right, where the Providence boys gave us a good supper. Next day it rained hard, but between showers we pushed on four miles, when it settled down to a fearful rain, not letting up till 11:30 A. M., when Mr. Shillaber took the train for Willimantic, and I plodded through mud and sand for twelve miles farther, when I was obliged to give it up and start for the nearest depot, seven miles. Took train at Centre-

ville for Willimantic, where Mr. Shillaber had already arrived, and had decided to go back to Boston, being disgusted with Connecticut roads. I can't blame him, for the next day was worse still. Mr. Adams, an energetic wheelman of Willimantic, rode out ten miles with me, and we dined together. I pushed on to Middletown, arriving at 6 P. M., but of the thirty miles I know I walked twenty. It is the hilliest region I ever saw, some of the hills being too steep to ride down, and none could I ride up. Took tea at Middletown and went on to Meriden, eight miles, in the evening. My day of thirty-eight to forty miles took me just twelve hours, which, having one hour for dinner and one for tea, was a day of steady work. The run from Springfield here is delightful; road level and hard, as I learn it is for several miles farther up the river. I lost a good part of Sunday, being pretty tired after Saturday's work, and my run for the day was only to Hartford (eighteen miles) after 4 P. M. Monday I was blocked by rain at Hartford, where Mr. Penfield, ex-captain of Hartford Wheel Club, entertained me till 4.30 P. M., when, the rain stopping, I pushed through clay and mud to Windsor, six miles. Shall make Brattleboro' to-morrow and perhaps farther; Bennington Thursday, Saratoga Springs Friday, and Lake George Saturday, from whence, after a day on the lake, I shall return by cars. I have met very pleasant wheelmen all along the route, and am having a first-rate time."

#### A Run to Easton.

*Editor Bicycling World:* — I left home last Friday morning, 15 July, at 6.45, and started for Easton. I took Walnut avenue, Seaver, Columbia, and Washington streets, all good riding to Norfolk street (which, by the way, has just been graded to the railroad bridge); thence into Mattapan, and took Mattapan street on the left to Canton avenue direct to Canton; took the first left-hand road after you pass the marble works, and then direct to Stoughton,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles; all the roads are good to here; then from here on the right hand or new turnpike, they have piled on gravel and left it to be worked into a road by Providence and teams. I had almost 7 miles of this, which I got through with only a few dismounts until I reached my destination at 9.45 A. M., just 26 miles. In coming home, after I passed Blue Hill, I took Brush Hill turnpike; it is shorter, but not as good roading. I arrived home at 6 P. M., having made  $50\frac{3}{4}$  miles in a riding time of 6 hours. I intend to take the same trip again this week if I can get company, and try the main road direct to Stoughton, and then another road from there to Easton. J. R. HEARD,  
Capt. Roxbury Bi Club.

#### Missouri Roads.

*Editor Bicycling World:* — I notice an article published in your paper, written by a bicycler of this section, in which he advises the bicyclers of St. Louis to "get out and ride," intending, I sup-

pose, to intimate that they should make a similar tour to the one reported by him. He also states that he has not heard of any having gone beyond Kirkwood. My object in writing is to inform him through your columns that bicycling in St. Louis and vicinity is quite a pleasure, pastime or exercise, as he may style it, and that several of our boys have made as extensive a tour as he has, and by selecting more favorable weather we increased our pleasure and diminished our toil very much. Our friend seems to have been punished with an extraordinary number of difficulties. I hope he will meet with a less number on his next tour. Our fellow bicycler has not, I should judge, found all the most popular resorts for wheeling. The best are Manchester road, Forest and Tower Grove parks, and the amphitheatre at the fair grounds. Manchester road is splendid riding for forty miles from this city. Forest park contains about 1,300 acres of ground and about fifteen miles of fine gravel roads. Tower Grove park contains about three hundred and seventy-seven acres of beautifully laid out grounds, the finest botanical gardens in the country, and many other attractions. Bicycling in this park is most superb. At the fair grounds amphitheatre bicyclers are permitted to ride on the promenade. This amphitheatre is a circular building enclosing a race track, and in the second story, at the back and top of all the seats, is this promenade, about fifteen or twenty feet in width, and upon this promenade would be just the place for a ride against time. It probably measures about from two to four laps per mile. The Zoölogical Gardens and other attractions are here in the fair grounds with the amphitheatre, and when the bicycler finds riding monotonous, he can furnish himself plenty to amuse him without leaving the grounds. The Athletic Grounds (one square located in the central portion of the city) are also devoted to bicycling. Now I will not tell our friend to go and visit any of these places, for I am quite confident such an enthusiast as he will find them, sooner or later.

W. E.

ST. LOUIS, 21 May, 1881.

#### Ixion Conquers the "Star."

I HAVE not fully decided whether it was loyalty to my much-abused native State, New Jersey, or a lingering faith in the superiority of American invention, that induced me to add to my stable of wheels one of these hump-backed animals. However, there it was one evening, nicely crated and looking as innocent and docile as a little boy's velocipede. I gazed at it thoughtfully, then went in to don a particularly tough and ancient pair of trousers, and an old hat with stiff crown. This last precaution was, I soon discovered, superfluous; concussion plates were needed in another section of the human frame.

Having imprisoned the beast, I led him gently to the barn driveway, restrain-

ing an evident desire of the small wheel to rush between my legs, and upset me even before mounting.

Arriving in safety and trepidation at the drive, I awoke to a depressing realization of the fact that it was necessary to get aside that pig-skin, some fifty-seven inches in the air, before I did anything else. No 60-inch wheel with its saddle on a level with my nose ever looked half so unattainable as that. The step was hung on a bracket near the large wheel's hub, in front of it. Coming to the conclusion that it would have to be mounted from behind, I straddled the big wheel, took a firm grip on the insignificant handle bar, put my left foot on the step, and gave a vigorous hoist. The hoist was a grand success, but took effect on the wrong end of the combination. The animal reared viciously, punched me in the chest with both handles, then laid down alongside. However, I had the satisfaction of being the first one up. Awakening number two: it was evidently imperative that a bicycler who had just completed his 5,200th cyclometric mile, must have some assistance. Clubmates? Never! I called the coachman, informed him nonchalantly that the machine was very delicate, and would not bear a sudden mount, and requested him to "steady" the thing while I cautiously descended into the saddle. He steadied it with an immense amount of exertion, I thought, while I mounted and put my feet on the treadles, — a pair of slippery steel stirrups. He prepared to let go, while Winkle's experience on ice with Sam Weller rose vividly before me. I gave a shove, the machine ran forward a few feet. When suddenly the diminutive steerer turned inside out, or upside down, or had some other terrible convulsion and we separated. First blood for the "Star." To coach's suggestion that it was "kinder delicate to manage," I gave no notice, but requested him to hold it again. This start was more propitious. I noted the wild desire for liberty of the little wheel, and controlled it by concentrating much muscle on the handles. Then the balancing was perfectly easy. An occasional downward kick carried us along finely, the ratchet gear singing away like a buzz saw, when we came to a gutter across the road. Now, I thought, the safety qualities of this new steed will become apparent. No necessity of leaning back to avoid headers. . . But unfortunately, habit was stronger than reasoning. I did lean back, the little wheel dropped into the depression, rose on the other side, and continued to rise as if commencing the ascent of Mount Washington. Two spokes out. Second round for Ixion.

After repairs to both parties, I went in to supper, where I was rewarded by being told that I resembled nothing so much as a skewered frog, straddling a ghostly scissors-grinding machine. I immediately remarked that the Star was not yet perfected, and that my ungracefulness was due entirely to that fact, — which state-

ment was not taken in with the other viands.

The next time I wrestled with this metallic menagerie, I made the discovery that claim fourth—"the step being at the side near the saddle, the rider steps easily to and from his seat" (*vide List*)—was intended for those who combine the agility of a kangaroo with the balance of a Blondin; no others need apply. I was then not a little gratified to be finally able to mount once in a hundred trials, and eventually to feel able to ride down to town and dismount and mount again at the post-office before a large audience. It is also a source of selfish but with piquant gratification to sail around upon a machine which none of "the boys" are willing to risk their necks in trying to mount. They all prophesy a terrible tumble some day, but I merely smile, give a double-barrelled kick and remark, "*Ad astra per aspera.*"

#### IXION.

##### The Battle in Bicycle Lane.

A SOBER young man in knee breeches  
Trundled into our gossipy town;  
In his heart had been numerous breaches —  
'Tis a paradise here for the gown.

The June air was cooling and bracing,  
The gleam of his shimmering wheel  
Mysterious flashes kept tracing  
In air like a phantom of steel.

His head was well balanced and steady,  
Was level, and clear was his brain,  
But a sorrow had crossed it already,  
With wrinkles of grief in its train.

In his calf was a quiver of anguish,  
In his eye lurked the demon of wrath;  
His thoughts took a turn of the languish  
As he crossed a macadamized path.

"Tooth-inserter," sweet angel of healing,  
A bulldog of cannibal mien,  
Had claimed his acquaintance with feeling;  
And the size of his grip could be seen

Marked in red on the young athlete's stocking,  
As the hero, with never a word,  
But with thoughts that were perfectly shocking,  
Sped on like a shot-peppered bird.

Straight on, neither right nor left turning,  
He hied to an armorer's shop.  
And his bosom with vengeance was burning  
As he entered that door with a hop

— And closed it. What farther, I knew not.  
Three hours in the den did he plot;  
Then emerging, to right or left threw not  
A glance [on his cheek was a blot!]

"Tooth-inserter" sat up in the twilight  
As a bicycle swept into sight.  
He smiled, with a yawn like a skylight,  
And murmured, "I like that taste, quite!"

He rose and walked slowly to meet him,  
The wheelman had turned rather white.  
With fear? ah never-r-r! to greet him  
His vengeance arose in its might.

From his shoulder [just where the crusader  
Once wore his dread weapon of woe]  
He unclasped a non-patent persuader,  
And grimly confronted his foe.

"T was a foil. Three feet was its measure,  
On the point was a round ball of steel,  
Like a two-per-cent apple—a treasure  
To all devotees of the wheel.

"Ho! ho!" grinned the demon, approaching;  
"Ha! ha!" hissed the bicyclist, low;  
And steeling his soul 'gainst reproaching,  
He dealt him one lightning-like blow.

With a yell of wild maniac cadence,  
He dashed down the shadowy lane,

As the farmer came out with a rail fence  
And wailed o'er the fate of the slain.

Up and down that broad turnpike we wheelmen  
Oft whirl on our jubilant way,  
"Tooth-inserter" lies buried! we feel men  
Set free from demoniac sway.

J. PARK STREET.

**NOTE.**—Seriously, why would not this be a capital idea? A three and one half foot foil, with a ball of steel on the end the size of an English walnut, to be worn over the shoulder at the back, precisely as the crusaders wore their five-foot swords. It would be out of the way, easy to get at if hung with a clasp, and not at all awkward looking, especially if nickel plated; and it would be terrible weapon to strike with; one well-delivered blow would settle the toughest sample of caninity I ever met with. Furthermore, it could be used to salute with. I think all bicyclists should have a general salute, especially *league men*. One question more. Would it not be well to pass a league ordinance against carrying revolvers other than those under us? Think of having some one inverting himself behind us as he investigates the texture of the ground with myopia eyes, with a seven shooter emptying itself all around the compass! It is enough to make one swear to devote himself to solitude.

J. P. S.

#### 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 Dillwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Applications accompanied by the fees, as above and other communications, should be addressed to Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall Street, New York City. 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.

Bicyclists 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 bicyclists 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.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,  
*Corresponding Secretary, L. A. W.*

**NEW HAVEN BI. CLUB.**—Additional: F. H. Plant, 122 Wooster street; Robt. Foote, at Tradesmen's Bank; A. S. Kimberley, with O. A. Dorman, — all of New

Haven; Herman D. Clark, Mount Carmel, Conn.

**MONTREAL BI. CLUB.**—Additional: Frank Scott, 109 Union avenue, or Treasurer's Department, G.T.R.Y.; James Robertson, Thomas Robertson & Co., 9 Cheuneville street, — both of Montreal.

**NEW BRUNSWICK BI. CLUB.**—D. H. Merritt, Peter Du Mont, William B. McGinnis, George Williams, Fred. Provost, John Acken, Fred Fisher, — all of New Brunswick, N. J.

**SCRANTON BICYCLE CLUB.**—Edward B. Sturges, president; Andrew J. Kolb, captain; James B. Fish, secretary and treasurer; George Sanderson, Jr., William B. Rockwell, James W. Pentecost, Leonard M. Horton, Fred. C. Hand, — all of Scranton, Pa. Club organized 20 June, 1881.

**ADDITIONAL.**—E. Filch, Framingham Bi. Club, Cochituate, Mass.; Walter Edson, William B. Sweatt, Brockton Bi. Club, Brockton, Mass.; Arthur Curtis, Marlboro' Bi. Club, Marlboro', Mass.; T. Sedgwick Steele, Hartford Bi Club, Hartford, Conn.; W. C. Tufts, Columbia Bi. Club, North Attleboro', Mass.; F. B. Bemis, Crescent Bi. Club, of Boston, at W. C. Woodward, 156 State street, Boston; Aquila B. Rich, New York Bi. Club, New Brighton, Staten Island.

**UNATTACHED.**—Chas. F. Hoar, 135 Blackstone street, Boston; E. C. Thorne, Box 44, Yonkers, N. Y.; E. L. Bradley, West Walnut lane, Germantown, Pa.; E. H. Ames, Titusville, Pa.; Frank Schneider, Omaha, Neb.; Richard Crankshaw, 342 Adams street, Frankfort, Pa.; Clarence H. Dimock, J. Fred. Carver, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

**DIRECTORS.**—Mr. W. Noble Campbell, of Montreal, has been appointed director for the Province of Quebec, as the colleague of Director Tibbs.

**CORRECTION.**—Frank T. Hoover, Pittsburg, Pa., should have been published as "Additional Keystone Bi. Club." A. Lloyd Foiner, with T. A. Jackson, New Haven, should have been, "A. Lloyd Tomes, 126 High street, New Haven, Conn."

#### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

**BOSTON BI. CLUB.**—Ed. P. Sharp has resigned his position as second lieutenant of the Boston Club, on account of a lame knee, which incapacitates him from riding. The total membership of the Boston Club is sixty, including one honorary and two associate members. This leaves three vacancies to be filled when the right men come along. It is the determination of the Bostons to admit into its active ranks only those who will be an honor to the club and keep up its present status.

**HALIFAX BI. CLUB.**—Monday, 11 June, a number of young gentlemen interested in bicycling met and formed an

association, to be known as the Halifax Bicycle Club. They elected the following officers: President, Mr. J. D. Shattford; secretary and treasurer, Mr. E. D. Leahy; captain, Mr. H. Lethbridge; sub-captain, Mr. C. McDougall; bugler, Mr. R. C. Peart. The uniform of the club will be blue serge knickerbocker suits, polo caps with turn-down peaks, and the letters H. B. C. embroidered on each cap. The colors of the club will be red, white, and blue, to be worn on the left breast. The passing of by-laws, rules, etc., was postponed till next meeting, which will take place next Monday evening, Capt. Lethbridge having furnished the club with a meeting room free of charge. The new association can credit themselves with being the second bicycle club formed in the Dominion of Canada.

**ÆOLUS BICYCLE CLUB, WORCESTER, MASS.** — The club had a most successful field day on Wednesday, 13 July, when the gold badge and set of colors which had been presented to them were contested for. Under the rules the contestants were confined to the list of performances as published in your issue of 8 July. On account of our inability to secure a good track on that day we were obliged to omit the two-mile race. Mr. J. C. Spiers and F. E. Higgins were the principal contestants. Spiers excelled in the fancy movements, while Higgins easily defeated him in the half-mile race, covering the distance in 1.40, with Spiers five seconds behind. Out of a possible 426 points, Spiers scored 316, or 74 per cent, and won the badge, while Higgins scored 238 points, or 56 per cent, and captured the colors. The attendance was good, and the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The next contest will take place 24 August. **ÆOLUS.**

**COCHITUATE BI. CLUB, COCHITUATE, MASS.** — There has been a bicycle club formed here with eleven members, and the following are the officers: President, O. H. Burleigh; vice-president, W. L. Felch; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Felch; captain, C. Frossard; sub-captain, E. M. Bent. **JOHN E. FELCH, Sec'y.**

**SAN FRANCISCO BI. CLUB.** — At a special meeting, 28 June, A. M. Warschauer, Geo. H. Bragg, and G. A. Christensen were admitted to membership, and the resignation of G. H. Thompson was accepted. H. C. Finkler was elected on the club committee and committee on halls, in place of Mr. Thompson.

**PHILADELPHIA BI. CLUB.** — The present officers of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, are: T. K. Longstreth, president; Jno. Ferguson, captain; H. R. Lewis, lieutenant; H. A. Bliston, secretary and treasurer; H. B. Hart, bugler. The president, captain, and secretary, together with Messrs. Blair, Bartol, and Hudders, constituted the club committee. The club occupied Room No. 60 North 13th street (under the St. George' Hall building) 1 June, 1881, as their headquarters and club room, and Messrs.

Blair, Osborne, and Stokes have been appointed as the "room committee in charge." It is comfortable and conveniently fitted up, and has racks for twenty wheels. Twenty lockers (for clothes) with individual keys, water closet, stationery, wash-stand, gas, dead latch for front door, desk and chairs, and not a few appropriate pictures adorn the walls as contributions from members. The Philadelphia *Times*, the BICYCLING WORLD, *Cyclist*, *Quiz*, etc., are kept on file there, and the desk is replete with the necessary stationery for correspondence. A bulletin board hangs on the wall, where all club runs or party runs, newspaper notices, and anything of general interest are conspicuously posted. In the fall a more general use of the room is anticipated, and many of the men will, doubtless, start from the headquarters. Since securing a club room, nine new members have been added to the club, and now the members hardly know how they got along without it. The Philadelphia Club has been the chief instrument in getting whatever privileges have been accorded bicycle riders in the park here, and the prospects for further grants and privileges (?) are quite favorable, as the opposition on the part of both the public and the commission seems to be growing daily less. The Lancaster pike, since it has been macadamized, is the favorite road about here, and small parties frequently run out to Bryn Mawr for supper. They charge each wheel twelve cents for the round trip of about fourteen miles, that being the rate for a sulky and horse.

This club sent the following to the Fairmount Park Commissioners on the 16th ult.: —

CLUB ROOM, 60 NORTH 13TH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, 16 JUNE, 1881.

TO CHAIRMAN DEPT. SUPT. AND POLICE FAIRMOUNT PARK COMMISSION:

Dear Sir: At the stated meeting of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, held at their club room under St. George's Hall, on the evening of the 14th inst., the resolution of the Park Commissioners, granting the use of the path north of the main drive, to bicyclists, until the hour of 12 o'clock noon, was read, and also the following reply of the secretary, under date of the 27th ult.

27 MAY, 1881.

To F. M. DOUGHERTY, ESQ., SECRETARY COM. FAIRMOUNT PARK:

Dear Sir: Your communication of the 25th inst., enclosing the resolution adopted by the commissioners of Fairmount Park, relative to the use by bicyclists of the footwalk from Green street to Girard avenue, duly received. While thanking the commissioners for the above grant, we cannot but feel that, coupled as it is with the restriction as to hours, and from the fact that but very few wheelmen have any opportunity of riding until the afternoon, it will do but little towards removing the "serious inconvenience and danger" complained of, and which we deemed of sufficient import to justify our petition receiving your *most favorable* consideration. The members of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club will be notified in accordance with your resolution.

Very respectfully,

SECT. PHIL. BI. CLUB.

On motion it was "Resolved, That the above resolution of the Park Commissioner be received and entered on the minutes, and that the letter of the secretary in reply thereto is hereby indorsed, and that the club respectfully ask the Park Commission to reconsider their action as far as regards the limitation of time for the use of the path in question."

Respectfully yours,

SECT. PHIL. BI. CLUB.

9 July, 1881. The Park Commission passed the resolution as given below, but the majority of the newspapers jumped at the conclusion that the right to use the *whole* park was given, and therefore, to avoid any misunderstanding as to the late action of the Park Commission relative to the use of the park by bicyclers, we give the resolution as passed: —

"Resolved, That the restrictions as to the hours for the use by bicyclers of the footwalk north of the main drive from Green street entrance past the ball grounds to Girard avenue be removed from and after this date."

By this it will be seen that it is merely a withdrawal of the restriction as to hours on the footwalk between Green street and Girard avenue, and refers to this walk alone. In addition to this they have the asphalt walks around the main exhibition building all day, and those around the Lincoln monument, and also Belmont avenue till noon. There is a kindly feeling evinced toward the wheelmen by the commissioners, and the press severally takes their part, the *Times* in particular.

**CRESCENT BI. CLUB.** — *Editor Bicycle World:* In your issue of 8 July you give the Chelsea Club the honor of the largest wheel; now the Crescents can also boast of a wheel the same size as the Chelseas claim. The rider of this 60½-inch wheel, Mr. F. Shaw, of East Boston, is, I think, the same man in both cases; possibly I may be mistaken, but I know for a certainty that he is a member of the Crescents, and have heard him spoken of by Chelsea men as a member of their club. At all events the "60½-inch honor" must be shared with the Crescents. Perhaps in one thing the latter club may take the lead, that is in variety of machines. Having made diligent search during the past few days, I have been rewarded by finding thirteen different styles of machines distributed among thirty members, and ten yet to hear from. The thirteen styles are as follows: Harvard, Shadow, Pacer, Stanley, Matchless, Standard Columbia, Special Columbia, Special Challenge, Royal Challenge, 'Xtra Challenge, Duplex Excelsior, Acme, and last, but not least, a Star. Now can any club of our size as regards membership show as great a variety? The average size of machine is 53-inch; there are several 56, 54, and many 52's; the majority of the machines are plated or bright finished, and we are concealed enough to believe that we have a good looking set of wheels. As for the riders — T. S. T. L. A. M. — so Madeline has it, and the average Crescent is too modest to dispute her so let it go at that. The club are soon to lose a valued member; the secretary, Mr. Duker, who has held this arduous position almost two years; and is not only a loss to the Crescents, but to Boston wheelmen in general, being well known to many of them during his residence in the city. At the last meeting of the club, Mr. Duker presented us

with a specimen of his handiwork that is truly a work of art, and will, I trust, some time grace the walls of a Crescent Club room. In his office of secretary he has given almost his whole attention to building up the club from the weak foundation upon which we commenced, and bringing it to the level we now hold. His willingness to work and ever-ready pen will be a loss felt by all, but by none more than his "companions in arms (or office)."

## THE CLUB FOOL.

BOSTON, 13 July, 1881.

**ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.** — At the recent second annual meeting, the following officers were chosen: President, P. J. Philbrick; captain, C. A. Hazlett; secretary and treasurer, C. F. Shillaber; first lieutenant and consul, C. A. Davis; second lieutenant, G. M. Ayers; buglers, C. F. Shillaber and G. M. Ayers.

**MONTREAL BI. CLUB.** — *Dear Editor:* — I neglected to send in my monthly report of club proceedings for May; so I send you a summary for the season to the end of June. Number of rides, 24; total attendance, 146 (16 men); largest, 10; smallest, 2; total mileage, 270; longest ride, 25 miles; shortest, 4; number of morning practices, 30; total attendance, 180 (29 men); largest, 11; smallest, 1. Two out of the five competitions for the club mile championship belt have been held. G. M. Smith won both; time, 4.06 and 3.57. Other events here have been reported in your columns. We have now 33 active riding members, 11 of whom are still wanting their mounts. We hope to have a race meeting in September, probably about the 21st, and if so, some handsome prizes will be offered to induce some of the flyers to come on and show us a thing or two. You will be sorry to hear that the bad example set by the Central Park authorities in New York has been followed by our local Solons, who have barred bicycles (but not tricycles) from our parks. We don't intend to stand that long, however; and if unable to right ourselves, shall appeal to the League to "come over and help us." We have divided our members into sections, under the five lieutenants, as an experiment; and I will let you know how it works. The idea is to produce emulation between the sections; in good riding, fast riding, and frequent attendance; in all of which I am free to admit there is room for improvement. By the way, those fellows who went to Boston appear to have completely misled President Bates. They say they're real smart, and I can't understand that British drink business worth a cent; not one of 'em dare try those semi-temperance games on here. They asked me when writing to cordially thank all those who tendered them such a hearty and substantial welcome at the Hub; they think where all were so kind, it would be invidious to mention any. I hope they're right. Caninely yours,

CLUB DAWG.

MONTREAL, 15 July, 1881.

## From Montreal.

*Editor Bicycle World:* — You must have thought the Montreal Bicycle Club had collapsed, it is so long since you have heard anything of it. The fact is, my fellow members were so overwhelmed by the treatment they received in Boston and everything they saw at the League Meet that they have done nothing but talk about it ever since. One man is said to have spent all his time wandering about in a building where a fabulous number of machines of every conceivable make under the sun were stored; he was trying to make up his mind of what firm he would order his next. Another man talks of having "stood on a bridge at midnight," and wants all the time to know if any other fellow has ever done so; detractors allege that this was after a visit to a place I think he called Medford, in company with some gentlewoman named Farrington and Butler, whom he met at the Brunswick. Then another man wants us to go in for fancy riding, and tells some tall tales about some fellow of the name of Smith, who appeared to be able to do anything with his machine, except to fall off it. However, I mean to go to the next League Meet, so that the fellows sha'n't come home and stuff us poor benighted creatures with tales of 940 men in line, banners, bugles, sixty-inch machines, and all that. Well, I was going to say something about the degeneracy of the Montreal Bicycle Club, but I think I won't, or our heavy man will be going round with a cowhide looking for

KANUCK.

MONTREAL, 16 July, 1881.

## PERSONAL

**CAPT. E. W. POPE**, of the Massachusetts Club, is at Andover with his family.

**MR. C. E. PRATT** was in Orange, N. J., last week, and was the guest of Mr. L. H. Johnson.

**MR. W. NOBLE CAMPBELL**, of Quebec, Can., has been appointed L. A. W. director for the Province of Quebec.

**MR. LLEWELLYN H. JOHNSON**, the amateur champion bicyclist, keeps a full stable of the steel steeds of almost every breed.

**MR. A. S. PARSONS**, the genial ex-corresponding secretary of the L. A. W., has returned from his Western trip, and has recovered his health.

**MR. GEORGE A. GARLAND** and **MR. FRED. REED** started by rail for Portland, Saturday, 9th inst., taking with them their bicycles, upon which they proposed to ride to Bangor; but Mr. Garland met with a fall in Portland which disabled him, and he returned home, leaving Mr. Reed to proceed on his journey alone.

**FRED N. BOSSON** was thrown from his bicycle while coming down Ipswich Hill, Ipswich, Thursday, 14 July, in the endeavor to avoid a team; his thigh-bone was broken, and he was sent to the general hospital. The accident was caused by the tripping of the machine in loose gravel at the side of the road. He was coasting and landed on his feet, but so violently that he could not prevent a fall and its sad result. He is at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

**CAMBRIDGEPORT** mourns an excellent consul, and the Massachusetts Bicycle Club misses a most genial and enthusiastic member in the removal from Cambridgeport to Providence of Mr. Ed. C. Danforth. Mr. Danforth is known as one of our pluckiest riders; he having been the only bicyclist to ride *on* his wheel from Boston to the race meeting at Providence last fall, and he has twice ridden from Boston to Keene, N. H. "Providence permitting," he will still whirl his wheel.

**L. A. W. DIRECTOR E. J. WARING**, of Pittsburgh, Pa., lost his little boy Walter, a bright and interesting child of four years, Tuesday, the 5th inst., by a kick of a horse. The lad, with some other children, was playing in a neighbor's yard where the horse was tied, and

the animal was made restless by the attacks of flies, and Walter was passing behind him just as he kicked, the blow taking the little fellow directly on the back of the head, crushing in the skull, and severing a leading artery. Death ensued in a few hours. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Waring and his family, and know that we but express the feeling with which all his bicycling friends will share of his affliction.

**CHARLES R. PERCIVAL** and wife sailed for Europe last Saturday, to remain abroad until September. Mr. Percival's European address should be, in care of Coventry Machinist Company, Coventry, England.

**MR. FRANK W. WESTON** has been obliged to postpone his proposed English tour, owing to the requirements of business, until fall, when he hopes to be able to start under more favorable conditions. Five of the party already made up, however, will go immediately, and will be able to avail themselves of the reduced rates promised in Mr. Weston's circular.

**MR. C. N. BARNARD** and wife, of Malden, have gone to Woodstock, Conn., for a vacation, and will do the roads in that vicinity on the steel wheels. Mr. Barnard rides the new "Standard Columbia," and the lady a "Challenge" tricycle. She had been for some time in feeble health, and last April Mr. B. procured her a "Challenge," and as soon as it came home she mounted it in her usual dress, and rode about the streets for an hour without experiencing any fatigue; and since then she has made a practice of riding a couple of hours daily, and is much improved in health, appetite, and spirits, and is, from this time forth, an enthusiastic devotee of the tricycle.

**MRSRS. BROWNING AND JOHNSON** rode from Orange to Long Branch on 3 July, a distance of fifty-five miles. They found fine roads to Elizabeth (ten miles), fair surface to Perth Amboy (twenty-four miles), poor and often unridable roads to Keyport (thirty-five miles), and good gravel pike to Long Branch (fifty-five miles). Wheelmen intending to make this run should start early, 5 or 6 A. M., and rest from 11.30 to 4 at Amboy in order to avoid the noonday heat, which is very oppressive when travelling through Jersey sands. On the 4th the two wanderers rode from the Branch to Seabright and Red Bank, and from Elizabethport home, making ninety-five miles for the two days. — *Orange (N. J.) Journal*.

The fall race meeting of the L. A. W. will probably be held in New York City.... Capt. Hodges is alternating in his summer riding between a span of fine horses at Newport and a span of fine calves at Roxbury.... It is said that the Boston Club is very restless under that eleven seconds defeat, and will soon invite the Massachusetts to a renewal of the contest.... The collecting of old prints and engravings of the Draisine and early bicycling literature and art is becoming quite a matter of competition in Eng and of late.... It is reported that President Pratt passed two days with the superintendent and foremen of the Columbia bicycle factory at Hartford, last week, dissecting bicycles and new specifications.... T. J. Emery, councilman from Ward 18, is a good wheelman, as well as a good "city father." Although his order relating to a path on the Common that might be used as a bicycle track failed to pass last Thursday, it is understood that a majority of the city government are in favor of something of the sort; and the order will probably come up again in another form and be passed. — *Boston Herald*.

**MR. GEORGE F. FISKE**, a graduate of Amherst, according to his own account, published in the *Boston Herald*, did some remarkable bicycling the 6th inst., starting from Amherst at four A. M., going through Belchertown, Ware, West Brookfield, Brookfield, East Brookfield, Spencer, Leicester, and Cherry Valley to Worcester (52 miles), which he reached at 11.30. He had to walk from seven to ten miles between Belchertown and Ware. He spent an hour in Worcester, and then started for Boston by way of Shrewsbury, Northboro', Southboro', South Framingham, Framingham, Natick, Granville, Wellesley, Newton, Lower Falls, Newtonville, West Newton, and Brighton to Cottage

Farm bridge. He rode down over the Mill Dam, and then back and out over the Cottage Farm Bridge to Cambridge, to visit some friends. He reached Cambridge at 5:45 P.M., and started back to Framingham at 6:30 P.M., and with one dismount for a drink, reached South Framingham at 8:30 P.M., and Framingham at 8:45 P.M., making a distance of between 120 and 125 miles in one day, between 4 A.M. and 8:45 P.M. He adds: "My long stops during the day were one hour at Ware for breakfast, one hour at Worcester for dinner, one half hour at Framingham for lunch, and three quarters of an hour in Cambridge with my friends. These and one other stop of fifteen minutes include 'most all the time I was not in the saddle or walking. I spent the night with Mr. Wilmot at Framingham, and when I started at four o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, he accompanied me as far as Northboro'. I rode slowly back to Amherst over the same route, and reached Amherst at 6 P.M. I was a little lame Monday night, but rode it off Tuesday, and was fresh when I reached Amherst, and could have gone right off Wednesday. The distance I made in the two days was a little over 200 miles. The machine I rode was a 48-inch Special Columbia, with pedals shortened. . . . I had not been on my machine for two weeks, which accounted for my lameness Monday night. I should like to know how this ride compares with other road rides by amateurs."

## HORSE ACCIDENT RECORD

[We desire readers and correspondents to inform us for this department of every horse accident, from any cause, which may come to their notice, either in the public press or by personal observation.]

4 July. In Amesbury, horse frightened by a performing bear, broke a boy's leg in three places.

12 July. In Boston, boy run over and severely injured by a team.

12 July. In East Boston, man severely injured by horse frightened by a performing bear.

12 July. In Hopkinton, Fred. Phipps terribly hurt, probably fatally, by runaway horse.

12 July. In Quincy, Mrs. Martin and daughter thrown from carriage and severely injured.

14 July. In Boston, girl knocked down and leg broken by a team.

14 July. In Boston, boy's foot crushed by an ice team.

14 July. In Boston, man knocked down and hurt by horse car.

14 July. In Holliston, Miss — had her skull fractured by the kick of a horse she was preparing to mount.

14 July. In Walpole, Geo N. Cole thrown from a carriage and two ribs broken.

14 July. In Philadelphia, Mary Cowen, twelve years old, and William Kischler, were severely injured by runaway horses, and another runaway horse killed C. W. Haines, a Board of Health officer.

14 July. In Albany, a runaway horse threw William Page from his wagon some thirty feet over a stone wall, inflicting fatal injuries, besides doing other damage before he was stopped; and another frightened animal caused a collision and smashup.

15 July. In Newport, Frank Gray Griswold, thrown from horse, and knee-pan broken. Amputation probable.

## NOTES, QUERIES, ETC.

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

BROTHER WHEELMEN, how do you keep your stockings up? I have used a band around the waist with an elastic strap down both sides, but I fancy there must be a better way. Experiences desired.

LONG AND LANK.

[We have found the ordinary "safety-pin" everything to be desired in this respect; if drawers are worn the stockings can be secured to them, or the pins can be run through both breeches and stockings. The latter is perhaps the best method.]

EDITOR.]

CAN any disinterested bicycler recommend the "All-around Oil," said to be good for lamps and lubricating? Is it "the best" for either or both?

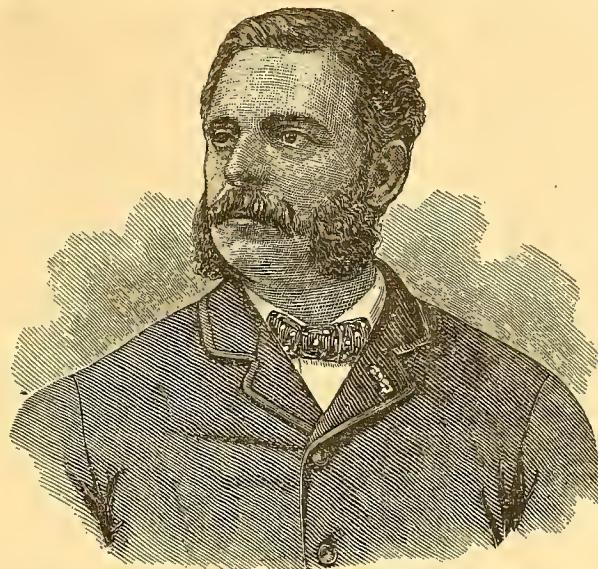
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### Coming Events.

Sept. 7. Worcester, New England Fair bicycle races.

Oct. 5. Brockton, Brockton Bicycle Club races.

Sept. Sacramento, Agricultural State Fair, bicycle races.



### Our Leading Wheelmen. II.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE.

SOME TIME since the readers of the BICYCLING WORLD were presented with a portrait of the amateur champion of America, and an account of him and his exploits. The subject of this sketch is known by name, at least to almost every bicyclist in America. Those who know him personally will think his portrait here a very inadequate one, no doubt, missing the habitual geniality of expression, the twinkle of deep-brown eyes, and the glow of healthful color.

Col. Albert A. Pope was born in Boston, 20 May, 1843, and is therefore a comparatively young man still. At the breaking out of the Civil War he joined three volunteer military organizations, and devoted much attention to the study of tactics, in which he became exceedingly proficient. In 1862, at the age of nineteen, he entered the army as junior second lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers. Within two weeks of his enlistment he was in the battle of South Mountain, and afterwards he passed through those of Antietam, Sulphur Springs, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, the siege of Knoxville, the long siege of Petersburg, commanding Fort Hell, the nearest point to the enemy, and leading his regiment into Petersburg, and several other important engagements; he was promoted from time to time, and brevetted for gallant services, first as major and afterwards as lieutenant-colonel; was at Farmville when Gen. Lee surrendered, and received his honorable discharge at the end of the war in 1865.

That summer he returned to business in a prominent mercantile house in Boston, but soon left it and started in business for himself, under the firm name of Albert A. Pope & Co. By persistent activity and sagacious management he became within three years one of the largest

dealers in shoe findings and trimmings in the United States. He was burned out in the great Boston fire of 1872, but quickly recovered, paying all his debts before receiving his insurance. In 1875 he organized and furnished the capital for the Pope Manufacturing Company, for the purpose of making and selling air pistols and other patented articles, of which he has been president and largest stockholder ever since.

In 1871, Col. Pope was married to Miss Abby Linder, and took up his residence in Newton, Massachusetts, where he still has his beautiful but unostentatious residence. He has had four children, three of whom are still living. He has been a member of the Newton city government, but his devotion to business affairs has compelled him to decline other offers of political preferment. He is president and director of several other corporations besides the Pope Manufacturing Company, and holds various positions of trust. It will thus be seen that Col. Pope has an honorable and successful record. He is robust in health, vigorous in the handling of resources, and of prompt and scrupulous integrity. In making himself (for he is one of the "self-made" men), he has generously helped to make others.

With the exception of Mr. W. M. Wright, of New York, who commenced riding the bicycle in France, in 1872, Col. Pope was the earliest actual wheelman connected with the bicycle business in this country. He first practised riding on the roads of Newton, in August, 1877, under the instruction of an English guest at his house, who filled his ears with glowing accounts of the uses and enjoyments of the bicycle in England, and who showed him what could be done with the silent steed. He was stimulated also by seeing Mr. Chandler gliding about on his "Challenge," which after four years' service the Colonel now has at rest in an Acme stand for exhibition.

That Col. Pope had the usual tribulations of learning, may be inferred from an incident. His little boy, that fall, came up smiling to the house, from a tumble off of his three-wheeler, limping and brushing the gravel from his clothes. "Did you hurt yourself?" asked his mother. "Oh, no!" he replied, "I was taking a header, as my papa does."

Col. Pope at once set about arranging for the importation of bicycles, and the introduction of them here; he then projected the manufacture of them, and made that the principal business of the Pope Manufacturing Company, interested the Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford, Conn., in the enterprise, visited England to learn what points he could about the various styles then made, and advanced thousands of dollars and became responsible for many thousands more to establish the industry here, and to create public sentiment in favor of the bicycle and a market for it, at a time when there was no other capitalist ready to do anything.

The name adopted for the first American bicycle was "Columbia"; and since the first were brought out in 1878 until the present time it has been constantly improved, until now, under the various names of "Columbia," "Standard Columbia," "Special Columbia," etc., there are upwards of 6000 of them in use, and the factory where they are made has a capacity of turning out 1,200 machines a month. Col. Pope is not merely a business bicyclist, however; he was one of the first to sign the roll for the formation of the first club, the Boston Bicycle Club; but for reasons less complimentary to others than to himself, he was not afterwards on its list of members.

He was one of the founders, and is an active member of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and was its president for the first year. He is honorary member of the Mercury Bicycle Club, of New York; is "No. 152" of the L. A. W., and "No. 3,733" of the B. T. C.; and has contributed largely to the various interests and enjoyments of bicycling in all its phases. Because of his early devotion and the greater resources he has commanded, he has been prominent amongst able pioneers, and done more to extend and perpetuate American bicycling than any other man.

*Ed. Sunday Courier:*—Bicyclists are hereby informed that the charges for bicycles on the Fall River boats are exorbitant. On my recent visit to Boston I was charged seventy-five cents on the boat for my bicycle, and after that \$1.00 on the cars. In addition to this, as no one seemed to look after it, I had to pay some one twenty-five cents to hold my machine while I went to look after one of the officials, thus making \$2.00 in all. My advice to cyclers about to go via the Fall River line is like *Punch's* advice to people about to marry, "Don't."

Yours fraternally, K. M. SNEATH.  
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

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