The New Road to Atlantic City.

Traveled Over by the Writer on April 21 and 22.

The circle line indicates the route described. It is the experience and a source of pleasant memories for the after-entourage.

By way of inducing others to go and do likewise at the opportunity let me add that, at a low calculation, we coasted on and off for more than 50 miles out of 59, on that same Tuesday.

THEN AND NOW.

The idea of coasting to Atlantic City is the young cyclist's dream. The young cyclist knows how ludicrous the very words would have sounded a short time back to the older members of the wheeling community. He is aware that a few years ago, the recognised route to Atlantic City (and how few patronized) lay through Gloucester, Woodbury, Mulesboro, Westwood, through miles of fields of Bridgeton, Millville, North Dennis, Sea Girt, and there was no such thing as a bicycle track. It was just a matter of crossing the road, and no one seemed to care. But today, with Hammonsett, was practically closed to us and a veritable haven for bicycle drivers.

In order to oblige this during the summer of 1898 I toned the 'short cut' to the shore, which left the wagon road at Hammonsett, and followed the narrow sand-and-gravel path by the side of the Reading Railroad track, all the way to Pleasantville reducing the distance to a practical one. Our road is now 58-5 miles. Also, as soon as our wheels began to roll, a fresh bed of clinkers was laid on the track; a quantity of these sand and gravel was left behind us. We were glad to see the end of our road, but not so much as to ride over.

After a little meandering by the side of the railroad, we crossed the turnpike, by the Haddonfield and Berlin planks; we bear R into Berlin and Pleasantville. If we leave from start, our change comes to an end, at the present date.

Between this town and Hammonsett is the missing link to which I have alluded already is still a matter of mystery. The road at the bifurcation lies a stretch of several miles towards Hammonsett by way of Waterford: straight on before us we are the old original Camden pike, through Willow and Blue Anchor, with which we are all familiar. It is a matter of surprise that so many miles of this road have been cut up by rough usage during the winter, and those of us who travelled a month ago must have been badly disappointed at its appearance; since then, however, Consolations have been made and the road is now in excellent condition. Who would think that this was the same road between Hammonsett and Gloucester?