At the beginning of this century, this crossroad was known as the White Horse cross; but a local resident, named Riddle, who was still alive some years ago, got "trapped" here, as he termed it, one night, and the name stuck to the place. In some way, when first painted on the house, the word was put down as Trappe, and the owner himself told me that he had "La" prefixed to it, for no other reason than his own whim, the last time he had the sign fixed up. A funny thing is the history of names.

OAKFORD AND JANNEY.

A little more than a mile now brings us to Oakford, post-office; on L is Nesshaminy Falls Station and Park; on R the road to Bensalem, of much more recent vintage. We go straight on, through the covered bridge which here spans Nesshaminy Creek, and half a mile of a ride (no better than its predecessors) brings us up to Janney Station where Camp Birney will be opened next week, 22 m. from the Public Buildings.

TRYING ANOTHER WAY HOME.

Last Wednesday, June 30, my love of the picturesque and a desire to fathom the unknown, impelled me to try and make my way home through Bensalem and Andalusia on the Bristol pike. So I headed my wheel southward at Oakford and attacked the yellow clay road up that steep hill; did not ride it miles distant, a muddy and roughish road.

ACROSS COUNTRY AGAIN.

One square beyond the hotel, leave the pike and turn into another muddy road, but not a bad one, through Prospect Heights, avoiding all turns L crossing the railroad for a distance of two miles from the hotel; then cross over the track and turn R alongside of it; a short quarter of a mile will bring you to Trevose Postoffice.

Do you remember the troubled times in the early history of Philadelphia, during the closing years of the seventeenth century? Chief among the members of the Council elected by the people to support their rights against Governor Fletcher was Jos. Growden, subsequently an Assemblyman. Growden came from Trevozay, in Cornwall, England; and he named this little place after his native home.

At the postoffice, the next turn L goes to Feasterville and in a remarkably straight line to Daviscville, Johnsville, Warmister and the R to Eddington. If perchance you missed crossing the railroad bridge I spoke of above, you would strike this road a few hundred yards below the postoffice and by turning sharp L could easily get into the right course again at this point.

We go straight through as though going to Langhorn, which, the sign informs us, is 8 miles away, but when we strike Scottsville after 3½ miles of roughish ups and downs, we turn (out-of-town organisations especially) to file their applications immediately. C. P. Weaver, Eighth and Dauphin streets, has charge of this matter. Communications addressed to him will receive a prompt response.

LATEST SCHEME IN WHEELS

Scorrers and Coasters Find It Convenient to Leave Wheels for Security.

Somebody is forever inventing something new in the bicycle line. The latest in "novelties" comes by way of the Park where thousands of wheels glide over the splendid roads each day. Perhaps the thoughtless reader has perused in the papers how scorers and coasters are nabbed daily and leave their wheels for security. Now, we're getting to the point. In many