

CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

"ACH! Would yer like ter py a picycle as perlongt ter Napoleon ze Great, Ach?"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

CYCLING IN JUTLAND.

A RUN TO THE SKAW.

(Continued from page 115.)

THE inn of Aggersund in North Jutland is of the primitive order of Danish inns. I had to woo an indifferent landlady and a somewhat conceited young daughter of "sweet seventeen," ere I could get my wishes sympathised with. But all went well in the end. I stayed here two nights, journeying the first day by a good road to Fjerridslev and thence by villainous, back-breaking, sandy, steep tracks (wind unfriendly into the bargain) to Svinkløv, on the coast. Svinkløv repaid me, though. I bathed in the North Sea, from a superb, apparently illimitable, sandy strand. The waves were furious as the wind. But I had a hard afternoon and evening subsequently. For seven miles I had to do more trundling than riding, among high moorland barrens, with Viking tombs dotting every hill top. It was cruel work, with no inn to help me. Twice I threw myself on the mercy of the natives, and not in vain. They gave me herb beer to drink in both cases. It was like physic, but it was potable, and that was enough for me. So, by rough ups and downs, I came to the church of Svenstrup, and the high road between Thisted and the North. But this fine track was not for me. I had again to take to a by-road, and end the day with an eight miles' spin home of a very indifferent kind, even aided by the wind.

EXHAUSTION HAD ME FOR ITS OWN

when I was again at the inn, and my landlady lamented for all hearers, because I had not the requisite appetite for the pigeons she had slain and cooked (nicely, too), for my evening meal. I drank, however—I fear to say how many bottles of Carlsberg "lager," and subsequent sodas and brandies. A mistake, I know. But we all have our weak moments!

A brilliant morning for cycling followed. With fatigue gone, I was off by nine o'clock. Again passing Fjerridslev (good inn here), I enjoyed the high road, and its considerable ascents and descents; all the way to Aaby, with the wind favourable, too. This was a red-letter morning. The sky was cloudless, yet the heat was not great. They were cutting their hay on all sides, and the perfume of clover was sweet to smell. The larks kept up unending song, and the road held first-rate. Twelve miles the hour was easy going here, and pleasurable with every turn of the wheel. I stopped only once after Fjerridslev. That was at Langesland, where there is a temperance inn. Here they gave me sweet, non-alcoholic ale. It was that or milk, and I chose the ale. And so to Aaby, where I made acquaintance with the best "kro," or wayside inn, I know in Jutland.

The Aaby "kro" is an agreeable memory to me; for its hospitable landlord, stout landlady, assiduous and pretty little daughter of the house, delightful old garden, its noise and prodigious traffic (which was not *always* agreeable) and its absurd cheapness. In all, I spent three nights here; two on the downward, and calamitous, journey, and all the hours I spent here were of the sunniest, that showed rural Denmark at its very best.

After dinner and coffee, I had an easy little spin up to Biersted to see

THE GREAT VILD MOSE

as they call the extensive quaggy waste that stretches hence almost to the North Sea—scores of square miles in area. It is flat as the top of a hat, and unredeemed treeless bog, with apparently a white scum on it. More than this I cannot say about it. The time will come though, I fancy, when it will be reclaimed and studded with white farmsteads like the rest of Jutland. It will be a noble enterprise when achieved. I viewed it from a convenient Viking tomb mound, and viewed also an incalculable number of snug farms and meadow patches east, north-east and south. The sun seemed later than ever in going to bed at Aaby. Men played skittles in the inn garden up to half-past ten, and the inn girls romped on the grass up to eleven. And all

night, as during all day, droves of cows, cartloads of pigs, and waggons piled with all sorts of things, bellowed, grunted and creaked past the inn door and close under my open window.

I left the Aaby inn regretfully, meaning to return to it. I haven't an idea what their tariff for guests is. I doubt indeed if they have one. They treated me lavishly: gave me the first new potatoes and the first strawberries of the garden, and drinks of all kinds without limit (including sodas and brandies arranged in my bedroom); and all for four crowns (4/6) per diem.

The weather held genial. My cycle, the roads and I continued to agree well. From Aaby, on another bright morning, I started for Lökken (13½ miles) on the coast. It was easy and good going. I reached that primitive and sandy little town, after halting for an hour at Saltum Church, which has divers relics of Catholic times worth an archæologist's notice. Here a somewhat assuming "Bath" hotel was on the eve of opening. Unfortunately it was not quite open. I dined therefore in the best of the other village inns,

KEPT BY A RETIRED MARINER,

who was glad to exercise the English he had long ago picked up at Grimsby and other East coast fishing-places. His soup was diabolically greasy: that is my most significant memory of his table, I am sorry to say. Lökken means to bid hard for fashionable holiday folk. If superb sands for bathing can help it, it will succeed. But it must first of all get a railway. As it is, it is too remote.

On a roasting afternoon I next ran from Lökken to the large town of Hjørring, in the interior: distance, 11½ miles; time, precisely an hour to the minute. This speaks well for the road, which would have satisfied an exacting man. There is nothing of interest between Lökken and Hjørring except Børghunkloster, once a cathedral, now a parish church, on a hill which, considering the sun, I declined to tackle. The Jutland churches are nearly all on one model. Hence my neglect of Børghunkloster.

Hjørring stands on an eminence. It is red-roofed, with a wood of course, some good shops, and an hotel (the "Scandinavian") which may be recommended to Englishmen. The landlord of this hotel is all but an Englishman himself, and an ardent cyclist to boot. He told me that the percentage of cyclists in his town was about one-and-a-half, which is pretty good even for Denmark, where they cycle much more than in England. He further accompanied me on his machine for a good two miles when I had digested the afternoon tea and cigar with which I indulged myself in his handsome café.

The early evening hours I devoted to yet a third run on this successful day; namely to Tversted,

AT THE FOOT OF THE SKAW

headland, and right on the sand of the coast of Denmark's northern extremity. The land for the first five or six miles was very hummocky; broken into abrupt basin-shaped valleys, with hills to match. But from Bjergby church I had a splendid swift seven-mile run all the way to my night's lodging: across a gay, well-peopled, flat of farms and meadows. Bjergby may be translated as "Hilltown." It is only a village, but it is certainly on a hill. This hill, however, I left behind with astonishing speed; and by six o'clock I was at the worst inn of my Danish experience. A knot of villagers were exercising outside it on three or four antique cycles. My aristocratic machine was at once the cynosure of all eyes. Its advent at Tversted was an event.

They were Anglo-Danish at this inn; the man, an ex-mariner, of course, and gas operative also; his wife a Cardiff woman. The latter was kindly, but unclean. She put me in a mean attic, having nothing better, with a most irregular bed and a ceiling which discharged showers of small, inoffensive insects upon me throughout the night. It might have been worse, but I was not comfortable. There was as much noise downstairs and outside, up to a late hour, as at any other Danish inn on a Saturday night. An auspicious sunset behind the pink sand heaps, however, made me patient in anticipation of the morrow.

(To be concluded.)

THE WORLD OF WHEELS

THE E.C.U. dinner is fixed for November and, venue undecided.

DR. FORTESQUE FOX thinks that of all means of training the respiration cycling is the best.

BOTH Lord and Lady Londonderry are doing much for cycling, especially for those in lowly stations of life.

FUGILISTIC exhibitions are now being combined with cycle-racing meetings in some parts of the United States.

ACCORDING to a medical journal, the Referee bicycle hansom is now being used by a doctor.

NOTTINGHAM police and magistrates are down on furious street riders, with a sure and heavy hand.

THE ladies of the Braham Moor Hunt have taken to cycling; presumably to get fit for the season.

AN elevated wooden road for cyclists only is the latest Yankee notion. It would settle the street-scorching question.

"THE AGRICULTURAL ECONOMIST" has been half seriously, half humorously, suggesting cycles as an aid to farming, and farm produce carrying.

THE East Dulwich C.C. members are now turning their attention to securing a club-house of their own, and the committee are hunting round for a suitable site for building purposes.

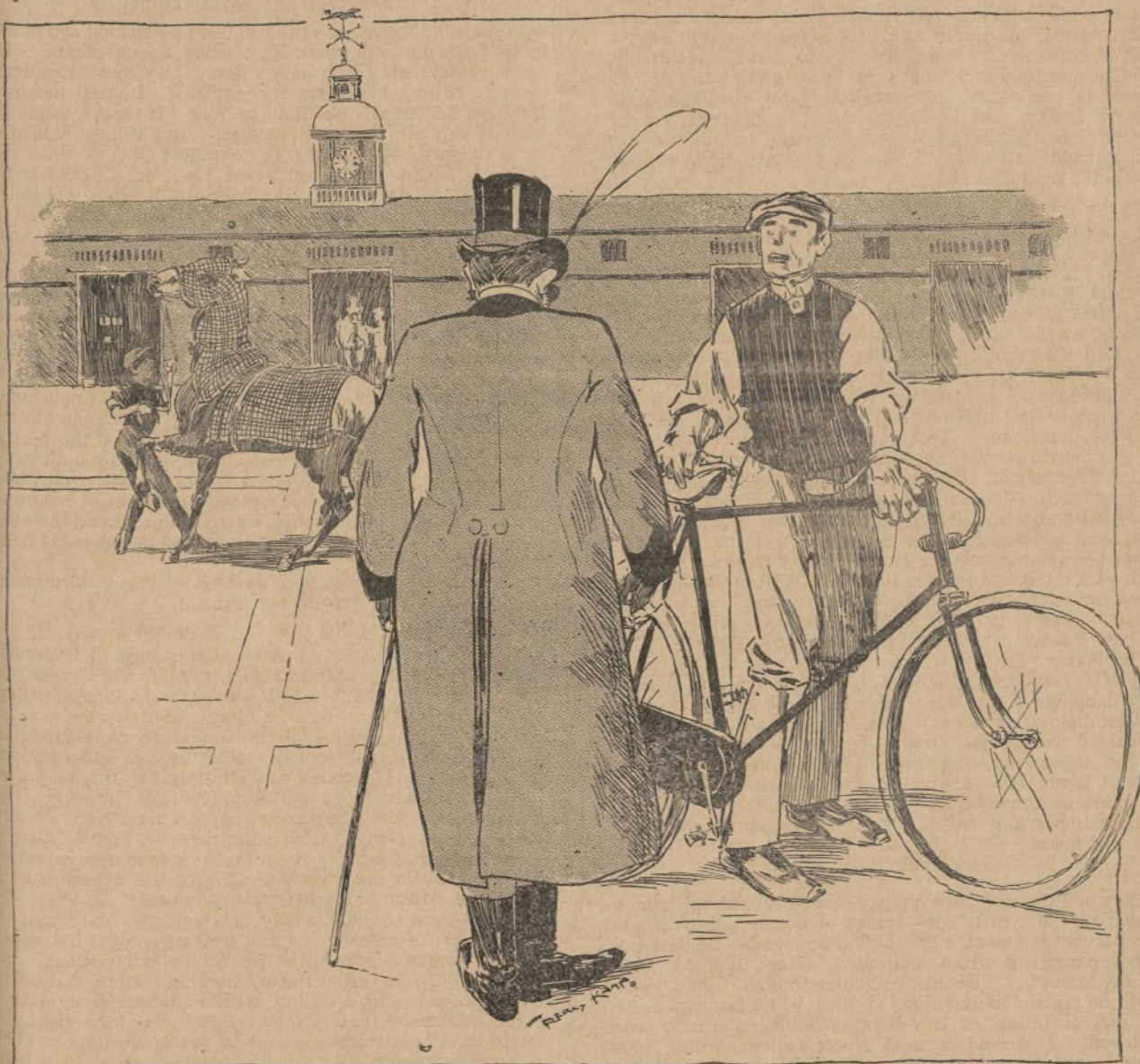
THE E.C.U. intend, during the coming Winter, to repeat the billiard competition, which proved so successful last year.

ALDERMAN DAVIES had another field day last week in the City Summons Court, fining three cyclists 20s. and costs for furious riding.

WE were all very much given to envious feelings in the office the other day by the advent of a magnificently-built little M. & C. Humber, designed specially to the order of the Chief.

A warning

THE Palmer Tyre, Ltd., write us, pointing out that a firm of factors are flooding the Colonies with circulars announcing their machines as "fitted with the famous 'Parma Tyre,' as ridden by Holbein, &c." They wish us to give prominence to the fact that the goods are not of their manufacture.



WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

JOE.—"Here's the master a' telegraphing to have his mount ready by eleven, and hanged if we know whether he means his 'orse, or this 'ere cycycle!!"

B



CONCERNING A PEST.—I.

SPEDE had got tired of being chased by yelping poodles, so when the next one came for him he awaited his opportunity, then—

The cyclist shooting case.

In a letter to the Press, Mr. J. R. Evans, the Dublin cyclist, who was shot at by a gamekeeper, as reported by us, the sportsman being let off with a nominal fine by the Lucan Bench, entirely denies that he amended his information to one of discharging firearms, as stated by the Government to Mr. T. Healy, M.P.; or that he was not hit, the fact being his cap was perforated with shot, his coat struck, and the metallic part of his machine rang beneath him. Mr. Evans also publicly thanks Mr. Healy for bringing the matter before the House of Commons, and Mr. Percy, of the "Irish Wheelman," for the publicity he has given the affair.

The "Zit-Zit" Skirt, a boon for lady riders.

RATIONAL dress has never been advocated by us, although we have always been ready to admit its advantages for wheel purposes. It cannot be denied that very few ladies present even a passable appearance when so garbed, a point which in course of time may possibly be overcome. The enterprising firm of Peter Robinson's have now designed a skirt which our lady representative has been testing and reporting upon for the past month. Her suggestions have been carried out, and the "Zit-Zit" as now made is without doubt a great success. Its appearance is one of extreme neatness and grace, there being no superfluous drapery to encumber the rider, or flap in the wind, neither is there any chance of entanglement with the saddle when mounting, a perfectly clear and comfortable seat being obtained. The skirt is made in several pretty shades of Scotch home-spun and diagonal cloths, and is nothing more nor less than a combination of knickers and skirt without any appearance whatever of the former. Instead of fastening at the back in the usual manner, it is neatly buttoned on either side of the front, the back forming a double box pleat, which is kept perfectly flat for cycling by an ingenious but simple arrangement of cords and rings entirely unseen, which when loosened transforms the "Zit Zit" into a full ordinary walking skirt. It has many other advantages, but we strongly recommend our lady readers to call at Oxford Street, and see for themselves; we think they will be quite convinced that we have not spoken too highly of Peter Robinson's careful and clever production.

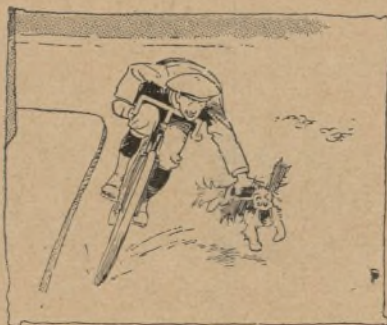
B2

The Dibble Memorial.

THE following amounts have been received:—Previously acknowledged, £10 16s.; F. Percy Low, 2s. 6d.; G. A. Stephenson, 5s.; H. Crooke, 5s.; W. Chisholm, 2s. 6d.; H. Dingle, 1s.; F. Hutton, 1s.; F. T. Pitts, 1s.; per "Wheeling," 1s.; collected at the Holborn Viaduct *employés'* beanfeast, 5s. 1d.; T. Dunn, 5s.; per CYCLING, J. S. Earle, 5s. Collecting cards may be obtained by applying to this office, or H. North, 18, Albert Square, Clapham, S.W.

A smash on Bury.

RIDERS, familiar with Sussex highways, well-know Bury Hill, that dangerous descent of evil repute, that drops from the White Gates entrance to Arundel Park, down to the Arun level at Bury, on the Pulboro' to Chichester Road. Amongst the recent victims to this dangerous hill, are two brothers of Kentish Town, named Lyons, who attempted to descend on a brakeless tandem. The machine got out of hand and went over a hedge, the riders having to be removed in a serious condition to the "White Horse," at Pulborough. It would be folly to ride down this hill on a tandem, even with a brake.



CONCERNING A PEST.—II.

made a sudden swoop, and flung the dog over a wall,

Calf developers.

It is an actual fact that a trade is being done in leg improvers, or "calf-developers," as one advertiser prefers to put it, for ladies using the Rational costume. In an advertisement that lies before us as we write, the advertiser has been so anxious to show the increase of calf that the use of his goods insures, that in the picture it is all calf, and the ankle has a painfully frail appearance.

Adjustment for level country.

To those accustomed to ride on the hilly country found in the counties South of the Thames, a day's journey in the Fen districts strikes strange, not only from the change of scenery, but also the sensation of riding. Our own experience is, that for such absolutely flat roads a longer reach is desirable than that found most suitable in hill country, and we fancy the saddle could have a different tilt with advantage, and be a little higher at the back. One soon gets used to the altered nature of the road surface, and at night, when running off little bridges unawares, is almost alarmed at the sudden change of movement, from the steady, if easy, pushing along the dead level.

A bask in Blackpool sunbeams.

IN honour of the wedding of Mr. Charles Marston, early in the year, the whole of the staff and hands of the works and offices of the famous Wolverhampton Sunbeam-making firm went to Blackpool, last week, and had a very full and enjoyable day at their generous employer's expense.

The youth of Lincolnshire.

A RECENT ride in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire has discovered the fact to us that the youth of that district cycle to a very great extent. In every town we visited we saw several boys and girls on small machines, sometimes well made, but generally otherwise, cycling about on their own account, and they far out-numbered the more elderly riders. The total absence of hills, and the little traffic on the excellent roads, doubtless induce parents more readily to consent to their youngsters cycling, the risks being practically nil. The small fry are disposed to be erratic in their steering, and somewhat dangerous to visiting cyclists; it was only by a sudden sweep into a yard we escaped annihilation by one imperious maid of some ten summers.

Five shillings saved.

THE C.T.C. is clearly taking advantage of its great opportunities for good work, despite the sneers of its detractors and the apathy of some of its so-called supporters. Its hotel arrangements have recently been the subject of some strong comments at the hands or pen of "The People's" "Mr. Wheeler." These comments are, generally speaking, undeserved. As the new hotel scheme—which is worked on the discount plan, and is being gradually brought into use,—is giving general satisfaction to the membership, it shows that one at least of the objects of the big club is being looked after. As an instance of the advantageous terms obtained under the new system—a member and his wife stayed the night at a certain hotel down in Kent. By mistake they were charged the ordinary rates of the house, and they paid under protest. The excess, which was of course refunded later on, amounted to 5s.!! There are also evidences that the club is doing well in other directions. It has added upwards of 1500 to its membership during the last two months.



CONCERNING A PEST.—III.

—where he—



CONCERNING A PEST.—IV.

unfortunately alighted on the head of a wild-eyed man, who was wrestling with a bad puncture.

A MUSIC-HALL artiste had an unpleasant experience at Whitley, a few days ago; a driver of a private carriage rode him down, completely wrecking his machine. When the rider recovered from the shock he discovered that the coachman and carriage had gone, leaving no address.

OUR GUARANTEE.

Leadenhall Buildings,
LEADENHALL STREET,

London, E.C. September 2nd, 1895.

We hereby certify that the number of Copies of "CYCLING" circulated, namely, ordered by, and supplied to, Newsagents and the Public, or posted to Subscribers and the Trade, for each of the dates mentioned was as follows:—

Date.	Copies.
1895	
August 3	31,271
" 10	31,061
" 17	30,690
" 24	30,630
" 31	30,457

(Signed),

WOODTHORPE, BEVAN & CO.

Chartered Accountants.

NOTE.—The following are the numbers of copies of "The Cycle Manufacturer and Dealer's Review" posted to Manufacturers, Agents, and Dealers, both at home and abroad:—

August 3	5,031
" 10	5,042
" 17	4,992
" 24	5,052
" 31	5,007

(Signed)

EDMUND DANGERFIELD,

Good wishes.

A PRETTY card informs us that Mr. J. T. Stevenson (who has, for a great number of years, acted as hon. sec to the Sheffield Brunswick C.C.) has joined the noble army of Benedicks, the lady being Miss Kate Hallam. We wish Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson everything that is good.

A broken chain causes fatal injuries.

AN unfortunate accident occurred to a West Hartlepool rider last week; he was found by the side of the road in an unconscious state, and an examination of his machine disclosed the fact that his chain had snapped and coiled itself round the wheel, apparently with a suddenness sufficient to throw him heavily enough for his injuries to result fatally.



CONCERNING A PEST.—V.

Its mistress could hear poor Fido in distress somewhere, but could not locate him.

Drastic.

ACCORDING to a New York authority, the cycling laws of Madrid are not only extremely stringent, but the breakage of them is punished with unusual severity. When the regulations are violated the offender's machine is seized by the Spanish authorities, sold at auction, and the proceeds given to charity.

Hercules rims.

THE Nottingham Machinists' Co., Ilkeston, send us a description of an incident on the race path, which certainly tends to prove that their Hercules hollow rims are well named. A machine fitted with these rims was run into by another racing man, snapping all the spokes on one side of the front wheel. The rider was not thrown, nor did the wheel collapse, and he was able to pull up and dismount in the usual manner. It is worthy, too, of remark that the spokes broke, rather than allow themselves to be pulled through the rim. The same firm have also received a very good testimonial from a rider, who has been putting his racing Hercules rims to the rather too severe test of riding up kerb-stones; he says the wheel simply jumps up without injury. It is claimed for these rims that they do not spread under inflations and so broaden the tread of the tyre.

A Cyclist's Billiard League.

At a well attended meeting of club representatives held at Liverpool, last week, and presided over by J. J. Currie, it was resolved to form "The Liverpool and District Amateur Cyclists' Billiard League," the object being to carry on a sort of championship contest during the Winter months.

Last of Eaton Socon.

THE Cyclists' Country Club-house at Eaton Socon has been closed, the furniture sold, and the members called upon to pay off a few outstanding debts. Thus ingloriously ends an undertaking that at one time promised exceedingly well, and at which many jolly days have been spent by North Road and other men. The decay of road racing has finally killed the place, as it is killing many other things. It seems a pity though, after all the hard work and enthusiasm put into it by Crosbie, Ward, and others.

From Yarmouth in a storm.

THE Great Yarmouth Wheelers started from Bloateropolis at midnight on Friday to pay a visit to their friends of Essex, and on the way saw the beauties of the thunderstorm which deluged the country during the early hours of Saturday. Seventeen started, and three dropped out through a smash after going about 15 miles, Sayer's machine giving way under him: his brother went back to Lowestoft brought out another machine, and the three restarted. After a drenching, and a three hours' rest whilst their clothes were drying, they reached Ipswich, to find that the others had gone on by train, an example which they followed, alighting at Chelmsford, and meeting the Essex escort a few miles towards Ongar. To their surprise, nothing had been heard of the other party. The three eventually got to Wood Green track, and learnt that the remainder had trained it right through, but had only arrived five minutes earlier. Thus ended one of the most atrocious rides imaginable, and the Norfolk men are to be commended upon their pluck in doing what they did under the circumstances.



CONCERNING A PEST.—VI.

Three minutes afterwards, however, she saw the wreck of a once noble hound sailing back over the wall minus a tail, piece of an ear, bald patches, &c.

That poodle is an altered dog.

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

We give a photograph of a **T. GRANDISON**, speedy native of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Grandison mounted upon his Triumph. Grandison, it will be remembered, was successful in winning the Waverley Roads C.C.'s twelve hours race, in which event he beat all Scottish records from 3 to 12 hours, and covered a distance of 233 miles 990 yards in the dozen hours.

LESNA, the well-known **AN ALL-ROUND** French rider, is without a **CHAMPION**. doubt the best example of an all-round champion. It will be remembered that about two years ago he held the 24 hours world's record, and that last year he won the Bordeaux to Paris road race. This year he has been very successful at medium distances, and last Saturday week he succeeded in beating the record for one kilometre (1096 yards) with a flying start, previously held by that well-known sprinter, Jacquelin. Lesna did it in the splendid time of 1 min. 8 secs.

We saw **M. A. Holbein** and **THE TANDEM** J. A. Bennett at Peterbro', **RECORD** the morning after their 24 **BREAKERS** hours' tandem record, before they had had their breakfasts, and therefore taking them at a certain disadvantage. Both looked very well with just a suggestion of fatigue; Bennett perhaps looking the most sobered, quite understandable, for steering a tandem at speed



T. GRANDISON, OF EDINBURGH.

for 24 hours on stretch must mean a mental as well as a physical strain. Holbein said it was a harder ride than his single 24, but every distance test tends to prove that the multicycle is no catch for big mileage. They had altogether 60 miles unpaced, but towards the end the pacing was beyond criticism. The thing that seemed to have impressed them most was the head-wind.



ALF. MACFERSON.

Photo. by W. Berry.

ALF. MACFERSON, distance riders in England, is a Liverpudlian. He began racing in 1892, when, with 70 yds. from A. W. Harris, he got home an easy winner in a half-mile handicap. This was his first appearance on the path, and he followed it up by winning 28 prizes (14 firsts) that year. He did not shine particularly in 1893, but still managed to secure about 15 prizes. Last year he got into good form, and won 33 prizes (23 firsts), including several important scratch races. The present may be said to be his best year. He has picked up quite a shoal of prizes, having won no less than 22 scratch races, amongst them being challenge cups at Bristol, Cardiff, Leicester, and Bolton. He also holds the half and one mile championships of the North Lancashire Centre, N.C.U. One of his most notable performances was at the Salford Harriers Sports, where he defeated Parlbay, Scott, and Brown, in the three-quarter mile scratch race. In the mile N.C.U. championship, he was beaten by inches only by A. J. Watson, whose victory was due to his better judgment. On the wretched track at Liverpool, on Saturday week, he covered a half-mile in 1 min. 5½ secs. He intends coming South shortly, to have a cut at short distance records, and he is a certain starter in the Sydney Challenge Trophy, at the Surrey Meeting. He is quite a little fellow, with very powerful limbs, possesses a wonderful turn of speed, and, with all his successes, is most unassuming. He rides a Bradbury.

We have received "with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parsons' compliments," the usual toothsome morsel, and beg to tender our congratulations and best wishes for the happiness of the newly-wedded couple.

OUR CAMERA COMPETITION.

A NOTTINGHAM CYCLIST WINS THE FRENA CAMERA.

We very much regret the delay in announcing the result of this competition which closed last July, but the large number of snap-shots sent in, and the excellence of so many of them has rendered the task of adjudicating upon them an extremely delicate one. It will be remembered that we offered a Frena Camera, value about £9, for the three best snap-shots taken by a cyclist. Competitors were not confined to three photographs, but were allowed to submit any number for us to select from. Variety was an essential qualification, and we specified that next to the quality of production and the suitability for reproduction, this would be one of the chief points considered by the judges when awarding the prize.

After most careful and exhaustive consideration of the many capital productions submitted, the judges have awarded the Frena Camera to

MR. ALEX. R. HARTLEY,
17, ARTHUR STREET,
NOTTINGHAM.

Mr. Hartley sent in ten snap-shots, of which we reproduce four. We fear, however, that the reproductions will suffer considerably in the process of rapid printing, and will hardly do justice to the originals, which are, we do not hesitate to say, the finest photographic productions we have ever seen. The others will be printed as space permits. The following sent in excellent snap-shots, and we single out their names for special mention:—W. D. Welford, C. Le Sueur, Percy M. Smith, C. G. Borrett, F. J. Mortimer, C. F. Bowden, Mrs. S. Francis Clarke, E. H. Bayston, P. J. Melass (who sent a batch of snap-shots all the way from Johannesburg), J. Victor Woods, W. H. Mack, and S. E. Richards. Many of the efforts of these competitors we hope to reproduce from time to time.

The departed Prince.

BEFORE quitting the shores of old England, His Highness, the Shahzada, selected a fine collection of the famous Beeston Humbers, buying several tricycles, safeties, and a youth's safety for the little boy. These were duly packed, and sent per the s.s. "Clive," together with the other numerous articles purchased by the Shahzada.

Gathering of the C.T.C. clan.

THE next meeting of the Liverpool District Section, C.T.C., will be held at the Elephant Hotel, Woolton, on Saturday, September 14th, at 6 p.m., to which, as usual, all members of the parent body are invited. It would facilitate matters if each member notified the manager of the hotel of his intention to be present a day or so prior to meeting.

A rule with a proviso.

THE hon. sec. of the newly-formed Newcastle & District Ladies' C.C., Miss J. Donovan, must have something of that native wit which the country women of the land her name suggests she came from, and, by common consent, credited with. In talking over the club rules, she is reported to have said that No. 5 insists that "riders must adapt their pace to that of the slowest," but, she added, it is to be hoped the "slowest" will hurry up occasionally.

OUR CAMERA COMPETITION.

THE SNAP-SHOTS WHICH GAINED THE PRIZE:
A FRENA CAMERA.

Photographed by Mr. A. R. HARTLEY, 17, Arthur Street, Nottingham.



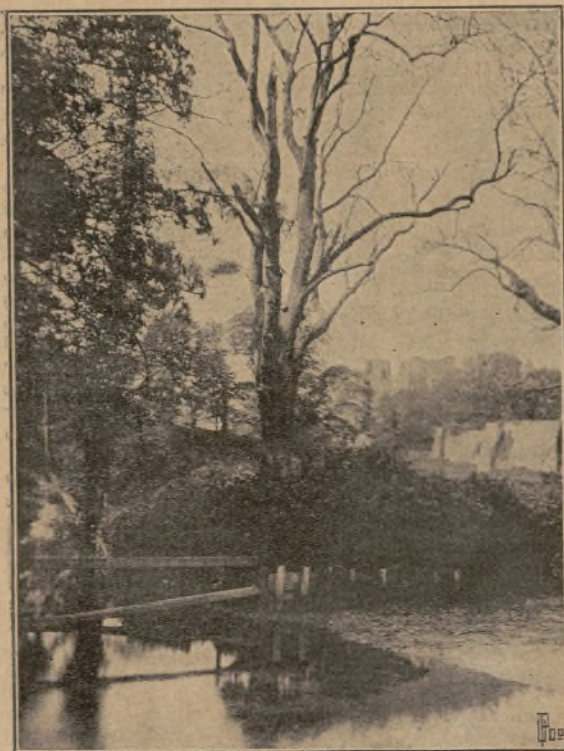
OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

CONCERNING WHOSE TACTICS CYCLISTS ARE OCCASIONALLY HEARD
TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN LANGUAGE NOT ALTOGETHER
PARLIAMENTARY.



AN INCIDENT.

"OH, BOTHER THE TYRE!"



VIEW NEAR KENILWORTH.

A FAVOURITE CYCLING DISTRICT, FAMOUS FOR ITS LITERARY
AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS,
CAMBRIDGE.

CYCLING

OFFICES.

LONDON:—27, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.
BIRMINGHAM:—Victoria Chambers,
Martineau Street.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD

AND WALTER GROVES,

ASSISTED BY G. H. SMITH.

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ERNEST PERMAN.

Proprietors:

TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED.

Sole Director:

EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

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FRANCE	Le Veloc-Sport.
HOLLAND	De Kampioen.
DENMARK	Cyclen.
BELGIUM	La Rev. Vel. Belg



We publish in our correspondence column a letter from "A Clubman," who enters a very reasonable protest against the action of a certain club in monopolising the entire roadway, and thereby bringing two other wheelmen to grief. This selfish monopoly on the part of club riders, when banded together, is one of the crying evils of the club run. The writer has experienced exactly similar treatment as "A Clubman" complains of—fortunately minus the accident—and we once more earnestly counsel club officials to look to it that the privileges of cyclists generally are not abused in this wanton manner. The matter only requires a moment's calm and impartial consideration on the part of those whom we admonish to show the utter unreasonableness of such action. The danger of spread-eagling all over the road, should, one would imagine, be apparent to the average clubman; but no, they too often swoop past side turnings and round curves in a solid phalanx absolutely oblivious of the risks they run, and the inconvenience they cause. In our opinion, the public prejudice, which cyclists have so long had to fight against, can be directly

traced to this aggressive and persistent monopoly of the road by club members. Does not the fact suggest itself to even the dullest intellect that it must be infinitely safer, and equally sociable, for clubmen to ride in twos, or even threes, rather than in a mass from gutter to gutter with handlebars and wheels overlapping each other? After all, it depends almost entirely—or should do—upon the club officials, and we hope they will see that the evil is stamped out of existence without delay.

If we were asked to name the most complex of all questions with which the editorial brain is, from time to time, called upon, by pertinacious querists, to grapple, we would unhesitatingly answer—the question of saddles. We undertake to answer all questions concerning the sport, pastime, and trade, but often and often, in our heart of hearts, do we feel inclined to add a rider barring saddles from the vast category of subjects which our wide undertaking covers. The fact of the matter is, that after giving the subject careful consideration for some years, we find it almost an impossibility to give advice on this delicate question with that confidence that we like to feel when advising our readers. Before us, as we write, lies a letter from a correspondent, who, a few weeks ago, wrote asking us what saddle we would recommend him to have for touring? With a blind faith in the general similarity in the formation of that part of the human anatomy which mostly comes in contact with the saddle, we recommended our correspondent to have a seat which, from twelve months' experience, we considered the most luxuriously comfortable that we had ever ridden upon. What was comfortable to us, however, seems to have proved nothing short of torture to our poor correspondent, who upbraids us indignantly for our unmerciful recommendation. This is not a novel experience for us. Not at all! We have made many similar blunders in perfect good faith, and we shrink from giving advice on the subject of saddles, as Satan himself would shrink from the sanctifying touch of holy water.

THIS is the time of year when the London daily papers begin to feel the need of some mild sensation, and, from motives of economy, they look to the public to supply it. We must confess, we half expected that the question of "Bloomers or no Bloomers?" would have been the theme in one quarter at least, but, although this subject has not cropped up, the cyclist must not consider himself by any means neglected. Whilst the "Daily Telegraph" is filling columns, at the rate of nothing per column, on the subject of "Love;" the "Morning Post" has opened its columns to a discussion on "Cyclists and Pedestrians," and the "Daily Graphic" is dividing its attention between the dangers of cycling, and "Musical Mice;"

the whole forming, in truth, literary pabulum of a highly intellectual character. There are some choice gems in the correspondence waging in the "Morning Post." For instance, one writer, signing himself "Fairplay," proposes that cyclists should moderate their pace to, say, "three or four miles an hour, keep on one side of the road, and have the bell continually sounding; his name and address should also be legibly printed on his machine." No reasonable English gentleman could object to this, adds the facetious correspondent. A gentleman of reasonable intelligence should know that the average pedestrian walks at about four miles an hour, and the feat of balancing and steering a bicycle at three miles an hour for any length of time would be fraught with considerable difficulty. As regards the bell, we guarantee that, if every cyclist were to carry a continuously ringing one, "Fairplay" would be one of the first to curse the nuisance. Another correspondent likens the cyclist to a comet, but in this, bearing in mind the comet's tail, we fancy we recognise a playful variation of the "monkey on a gridiron" of other days.

TURNING to the "Daily Graphic" we find amongst the "Musical Mice" correspondence a letter with the startling heading "Killed by a Bicycle," and signed by "One Afraid,"—a most apt *nom de guerre*. This is what he says—

"The most serious accidents are taking place in the country through the bicycle. It strikes me that the public would be much safer on the road, if a bell or jingle were made to act automatically, so that when a machine is in motion the warning is heard. Then we who walk the roads should be able to take measures in time to avoid being run over, and thus escape the modern epitaph, 'Killed by a Bicycle.'"

Apart from the fact that the statistics show remarkably few fatal accidents caused through bicycle collisions, we think an individual of "One Afraid's" temperament should never venture outside his bed unless armed *cap-à-pie* against the terrors and dangers that beset a pedestrian on all sides. Besides his one great terror, the harmless bicycle, we would remind him of such things as runaway horses, steam rollers, traction-engines, orange peel, dogs, cats, chimney pots, and even houses which have before now fallen and maimed, or crushed, poor unprotected humanity.

The Birmingham parade.

THE annual cyclists' parade in aid of local charities, took place in Birmingham last week, and was, as before, a thorough success in all respects. Probably over two hundred thousand people assembled along the route, and donations to the collectors were frequent and free, so that it is expected that the financial will be not less than £150. The Saltley Mills C.C. and the Arab C.C. provided the best musters, each club being excellently got up in fancy dress. A promenade concert at Bingley Hall terminated the proceedings.



The following Race Meeting Announcement will be found on page 9 of our Supplement:—
Surrey B.C.

SMALL gates are troubling them in America as here.

THE world's hour record is 28 miles 1,070 yds.,—Michael.

PROTIN, the Belgian-crack, is at present laid up, and was unable to ride Sunday in Paris.

THE Russian 12 hours' record is 241 miles, and 24 hours' 407 miles, both held by A. J. Dokutschajeff.

THE mile championship of the Manchester Wheelers was won by J. E. Hossack, last Saturday.

SOME men grow younger. Teddy Hale never looked more fit, nor rode in better form, than he does to-day.

HENIE at Amsterdam won both the two kilometres and the 10 kilometres scratch races, on his Imperial Rover.

THE French amateur hour record is now 28 miles 40 yards, to the credit of G. André, who rode in England in 1892.

THE American 24 hours' record has just been brought up to 452 miles 1715 yards by a Cleveland rider named Gimm.

THE five miles championship of Ireland was won on an "Osmond" and not on another make as has been stated.

IN a 20 miles road race from Bergamo to Lecco, Italy, 70 competitors started. The first 3 to finish were on Singer's Modèles de Luxe.

ULLSWATER sports will witness the novel spectacle of a ladies' bicycle race. Lady Mabel Howard will be one of the competitors.

A. C. EDWARDS, who is riding so well now, and a portrait of whom we published last week, is scoring all his wins on a Rudge-Whitworth.

THE fifty miles race for the Warwick Vase will be strictly limited to twenty picked Essex men, and will be carried out on October 5th at High Beech.

HARDWORKING Hon. Sec Cecil Paget is to be congratulated upon his successes in winning both the one and five miles handicap at the Kingsdale C.C.'s evening meeting.

BOTH Holbein and Bennett drank a lot of Cuca Fluide in their recent 24. Mr. Dunlop, of Henson & Co., was on the road, to personally mix and administer the doses.

AT the big Lincoln meeting, the 1 mile and 2 miles handicaps, and the 1 mile scratch, the lap prize in the scratch race, and the fastest heat prize in the 2 miles, were all won on Starley Bros.' Psychos.

J. WINLAW, of the Berwick C.C., made a successful attempt upon the Berwick 30 miles record, knocking 2 mins. 30 secs. off the previous best which stood in his name, and doing the 30 miles of hilly country in 1 hour 35½ mins.

IN the last contest for the Armour Challenge Shield, which is a five miles race to be held at High Beech, the result will be ascertained by timing every man, the fastest man to score first place. To make matters somewhat fairer no pacing will be allowed.

A NEW track is to be laid at Pumpherstons, during the Winter.

F. J. OSMOND is training at Catford and reported to be flying.

THE North Road 12 hours' race at Wood Green, to-day, Saturday.

THE Surrey Autumn meeting to-day (Saturday), at Kennington Oval.

OVER 150 prizes have been won in the country during the last few days on Dunlop tyres.

P. FERRIES, Aberdeen, on Saturday, rode from Edinburgh to Aberdeen in 7.22., making a new record. He rode a Humber.

C. SULTZBERGER was on the programme of the Putney 12 hours', but did not start, owing, it is said, to the present price of eggs.

THE hour record has been shaken up severely of late, but Dunlop tyres still hold it, nearly 29 miles having now been crowded into the sixty minutes by Michael.

THE 50 miles road championship of the Waverley Roads Club was run on Saturday, and was won from a field of 12 starters, by D. H. Simpson, of Glasgow, in 2.35.45.

C. Chappell (who we should think has been racing for the last 20 years), on Saturday had a shot for the 12 hours' Bramall Lane, track (Sheffield) record, and succeeded in putting in close on 192 miles.

THE half-mile B championship of Scotland which resulted in a dead-heat between McLaren and Kyllachy was ordered to be run over on Friday night at Dundee. McLaren failed to appear, and Kyllachy rode over for the title.

SEPTEMBER 28th, being the closing day for the attempts on the Essex path records for the various prizes under offer, a joint-race meeting will be held at High Beech on that day, the E.C.U. running off the final contest (5 miles) for the Armour Vigoral Shield, and the E.R.A. organising the record attempts.

HOLBEIN-BENNETT BREAK THE TANDEM 24.

ON Thursday last M. A. Holbein, of the North Road, and J. A. Bennett, of the Anfield, broke the 24 hours' tandem safety road record, previously held by another North Road and Anfield combination, T. A. Edge and G. P. Mills. The pacing arrangements, on this occasion, were not so elaborate as was the case in Holbein's recent 24 hours' on a single, but they were pretty extensive, nevertheless, and included a quad., triplet, and a good assortment of tandems. On the other hand, extra precautions had been taken to secure reliable checking, and no record could be more satisfactory in this respect. The pair were started away from Peterboro' at 7.22 on the Wednesday evening, by Bidlake, A. A. Chase hanging on, mounted on a single. It was his intention to see how far he could go with the tandem.

A PUNCTURE IN THE LANES

on the outward journey settled this problem at a comparatively early period. The crew went first to Hitchin and back to Peterboro', covering the 92½ miles 2 minutes under the 5 hours. Thence to Bourne and back, and from there to Wisbech, 145 miles, which place they left at 3.15 a.m. for Lynn crossing, doing the 11½ miles in 37 mins., including a vexatious delay at the Wisbech crossing. They were back at Wisbech at 4.30 a.m., their pacing tandem puncturing 5 miles out. It was a superb night, hardly a breath of wind, very mild for the time of year, and with a brilliant moon that made lamps quite a superfluity. The roads, too, were in excellent order. On their return to Wisbech they went off to Chatteris, and from there to Huntingdon and Spaldwick, returning the same way to Wisbech, reached



J. A. BENNETT AND M. A. HOLBEIN,

WHO, LAST WEEK, BEAT THE TANDEM 24 HOURS' RECORD ON THE ROAD, RIDING 397½ MILES.

at 10.4 a.m., 258 miles in 14.42.0. They had

MISSED THE 12 HOURS' RECORD

doing 213 miles within that time. They had also ridden some 40 miles alone on this stretch, one pacing tandem breaking down, and another, which should have been at Chatteris, failing to appear, rumour accusing the crew of having gone to bed. A crowd met the pair outside Wisbech, and cheered them as they came in, the sporting locals taking great interest in the ride. Bennett, who had all the responsibility of the steering—no light task with a nervous rider like Holbein—looked a bit run down on returning from Chatteris, and asked for, and was given, some brandy. The next *détour* was to Downham and back, the 24 miles taking 1 hr. 44 mins. From there to Long Sutton, Holbeach, Spalding, Market Deeping, Tallington, and back the same way to Wisbech for the fifth and last time. The morning had been bright, which

CHANGED TO A HAZE,

and spared the riders from the full glare of the sun. The wind, on the other hand, gradually increased, until in the middle of the day it was strong enough to seriously impede the riders whenever their course faced it. At Long Sutton on the return (344 miles), both were looking very fresh and going steadily, paced by a quad, and a spare tandem in attendance. They had then 324 to do 33 miles to tie record. The pair ultimately finished near Peterboro', with a score of 397½ miles, having missed by a narrow margin the coveted 400. This mileage is 20½ miles better than the previous tandem 24, held by Edge and Mills. It is but half-a-mile over the 24 hours' single record, as passed to the credit of Holbein, but is actually 1½ miles less than he rode on a single, for it will be remembered that 2 miles ridden by him on that occasion were covered more than twice, and could not therefore be allowed. They used a Swift tandem with Dunlop tyres, and had not a single puncture the whole journey.

Broken Leg in Training.

WHILST training on the Wood Green track last Thursday, A. A. Rothschild of the Apollo C.C., ran into the back wheel of another rider, and fell badly, breaking his right leg just above the ankle.

Northern 100.

THE Northern 100 road record has again been moved, this time by J. Waddington, of the Warrington C.C., who covered the distance in 5 hrs. 14 secs., knocking off the 14 mins. extra that appeared in the old record. Waddington used the Collier two-speed gear, and Dunlops.

A 50 at Johannesburg.

A 50 miles race, with pacemakers, run last month at Johannesburg, created no little sensation there, and was won by F. G. Connock, in the local record time of 24.18½. Connock rode an Osmond, its first appearance in a Johannesburg race, and it is curious that there, as here, the machine wins and breaks records first time of asking. It appears to be the custom at Johannesburg to interview the competitors immediately after the race. One gentleman gave his impressions whilst having his bath. To the credit of the Johannesburg boys, "gas" is conspicuous by its absence in their published interviews.

Too trifling.

WE have received a long letter from Mr. J. W. B. Irish concerning the Channel Isles cup. Mr. Irish wrote the original paragraph, and we exonerate him entirely from any desire to mislead. The subject, however, is too trifling to argue about, and we regret we cannot find room for any further correspondence.

A Balaclava hero.

TIMES have changed since the Crimean War, and on the historical road from Sebastopol to Balaclava, cycle races are now being held. Last week there was a race for the championship of the Crimea, on this road, and A. Zorn, of Odessa, riding a Triumph, obtained this proud title by winning the event easily.

Team Racing a success.

THE Sheffield Cycling League held a meeting on Friday night. The team racing has been a thorough success. It was decided to put £10 in the bank as a reserve fund for next year, and that the remainder be equally divided amongst the clubs forming the League. The Grosvenor have won the gold medals, and the Uppertorpe the silver medals, whilst F. W. Bates (Uppertorpe) takes the special gold medal for the rider having the least number of points. These will be presented at the dinner on October 14th, at the Clarence Hotel.

A nervous experience.

ONE of the pacing tandems in the Holbein-Bennett 24 hours', had a rather nervous experience during the night. They lost both the nuts of the front wheel, and of course, the bearings came undone, and shed all the balls. In this unhappy state they paced for 18 miles, Bennett mildly complaining of their steering, but they daring not to frighten the record breakers by explaining the situation. A closed gate put an end to their trials, for on trying to remount they found it impossible, owing to the way the front wheel canted over, and Holbein and Bennett went on alone.

Expensive.

OXBORROW was very wroth at Peterboro', and naturally so, after his tandem 100 with Hale, about certain licensed amateurs, who had tried to bleed him with fancy pace-making rates. According to this straight pro.—and he made no secret about it—the pure license-holders demanded £5 a man to pace him for parts of the 100, and, as it would have required tandems and triplets to have been any good, the cost of pacing would have been enormous. The cruel part was, that some of these very men owed recent wins to the careful attention and pacing of Oxborrow, than whom there is no better man to look after anybody.

Tandem 100 altered.

ON Wednesday last week Oxborrow and Teddy Hale started from near Lincoln on a Coventry Humber safety tandem, Dunlopshod, to ride South for a 100 miles. Paced by a quad, they did about 28 miles in the first hour, and it looked like a very fast 50. At 40 miles the clock broke down, and the tandem had no further pacing all the way. Almost immediately after the tandem had a nail puncture, and the 50 time was not 1.50, as it looked likely to be. They finished in the record time of 4.27.58. Evans holding the watch. Their tandem was geared to 86. It should be added that the course being a somewhat unusual one, it is just possible the distance may prove to be short, or over. As we go to press, we learn that the course was short.

Bath Fifty.

THE Bath C.C. decided their annual 50 miles handicap over an out-and-home course on the London Road, on Saturday. E. Eazell won in 2 hrs. 34 mins. 48 secs., beating record for the course by 3 mins. 38 secs.; H. W. Frampton, second; J. Webb, third.

Winners Barred.

THE directors of the E.C.U. have decided that the club which wins the Armour Challenge Shield this year shall be barred from competing in any similar future contest; the idea being that the competition has been held in order to provide an affiliated club with a trophy, and not to find out the champion club.

Hurry up.

NEXT Saturday, 14th inst., is the last day for forwarding entries for the East Dulwich C.C.'s 50 miles combined scratch race and sealed handicap, which will take place at Catford on the following Saturday. The Hon. Sec. will be pleased to forward pacers' tickets to any friends possessing multicycles willing to assist in pacing on application to him at 33, Fenwick Road, East Dulwich.

Good for the profession.

SPEED cycling on the path is becoming gory work, and the suggestion made, that men should take farewell of their friends, and make their wills before starting in events, has a certain amount of sound sense at the bottom of it. At a recent two days' meeting at Chicago, a surgeon was kept busy all the first day with the competitors, and on the second another had to be requisitioned to help him.

Successful Manchester Meet.

As a contrast to other of the large race meetings in the Manchester district the Autumn meeting of the Salford Harriers was a grand success last Saturday. The half mile secured 78 entries, and was run off in 8 heats, to be won by J. J. Fitzsimons, Dundalk, 63 yds.; E. W. Parry, of the home club, 50 yds., second; and W. Cummins, Longsight, 60 yds., third. Grand racing was witnessed in the three-quarter-mile scratch, and was won, after an exciting finish, by Geo. Myers, Leeds, who beat T. J. Gascoyne, Chesterfield, by a length; C. P. Glazebrook, Ashton, being beaten a similar distance for third place. Geo. Myers also placed the mile handicap to his credit; J. C. Brooks running second; and T. O. Aker third.

Greaves scores again.

THE 9th annual sports of the Ashington Club were brought to a conclusion on Saturday, and a lot of Tyneside racing men were present at what is generally looked upon as the closing scene of the North Country season's racing. The half-mile was won by Lee Huntley, Kensington C.C.; M. Dunn, Derwent C.C., 30 yds., second; Geo. Swinhoe, 40 yds., Kensington, third. The Portland Cup, for 2 miles handicap, presented by the Duke of Portland, brought out a representative field, but the back markers had no chance of getting anyway near the winner, R. Hay, Longframlington, 340 yds., never being approached. The 10 miles N.C.U. championship brought out a very good class field, but Arthur Greaves, of the Northumberland County, making the pace a cracker from the first few laps, very soon lapped several of the competitors, eventually coming in alone three-quarters-of-a-mile ahead of G. Robb, Clarence, who was second; W. Dixon, Northumberland County, third.

CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT HERNE HILL.

Records and a bad smash.

HERNE HILL looked in its very best form last Saturday, on the occasion of the running-off of the 50 miles championship of the N.C.U. Previous to the 50 Messrs. Butler, Platt, and R. Clarke, of the Putney A.C. made a couple of attempts on the standing start and flying mile records (unpaced), and succeeded in both attempts, doing 2.2, and 1.58 $\frac{3}{4}$, beating previous bests by 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. and 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. respectively. A splendid entry of 20 had been secured for the championship race, and of these the following got safely away to Britten's pistol:—C. G. Wridgway, A. F. Ilsley, F. D. Frost, D. Dagleish, R. H. Pugh, M. Cordang, E. Scott, E. G. Cobden, H. Reynolds, N. Balian, and A. W. Turner. A most disastrous smash occurred, however, in the middle of the second lap, Cobden running wide at the bend and bringing down Ilsley, Turner, and Cordang, with a crash. The last-named had to be carried off the track, and the other three were too injured to remount. Soon after a pacing triplet, cutting out a rattling pace, drew Wridgway right away from the much-fancied Frost, who was lapped at 5 miles; time, 11.12 $\frac{3}{4}$. Reynolds had now retired, and Pugh and Balian were left hopelessly in the rear. Admirably paced, Wridgway continued to go great guns, reeling off 10 miles in 22.13 $\frac{3}{4}$, with Elijah Scott in close attendance. At 13 miles Frost was lapped for the third time, and 20 miles were covered by Wridgway, Scott, and Dagleish in 45.2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pugh had retired, and Balian was 2 miles to the bad. In the 28th mile Dagleish made

A DETERMINED ATTEMPT.

to get away from Wridgway and Scott, and succeeded in establishing a quarter-lap lead. Scott, however, was not to be denied, and coming again lapped Wridgway in the 31st mile and took a 200 yds. lead off Dagleish; time, 30 miles, 1.7.19 $\frac{3}{4}$. At 41 miles Wridgway went to the front, and at 43 Scott retired; Dagleish, second, and Frost, third. Wridgway beat record at 49 miles, by 11 secs., and finally won in 1.53.5 $\frac{3}{4}$, beating his own record of the previous Saturday by 27 $\frac{3}{4}$. Dagleish, second; time, 1.55.23 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Frost, third; time, 1.57.0 $\frac{3}{4}$. Wridgway was mounted on a Marriott & Cooper with Dunlop tyres. T. W. J. Britten judged and started, and Pem-Coleman was responsible for the times. After the meeting T. Gibbons-Brooks made an attempt on the mile record (standing start), and succeeded in doing 1.59.4, sitting up, beating Platt-Betts's record of 2.1 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and securing the honour of being the first man in England to cover a mile under two minutes. His mount was a Palmer-shod Rudge-Whitworth.

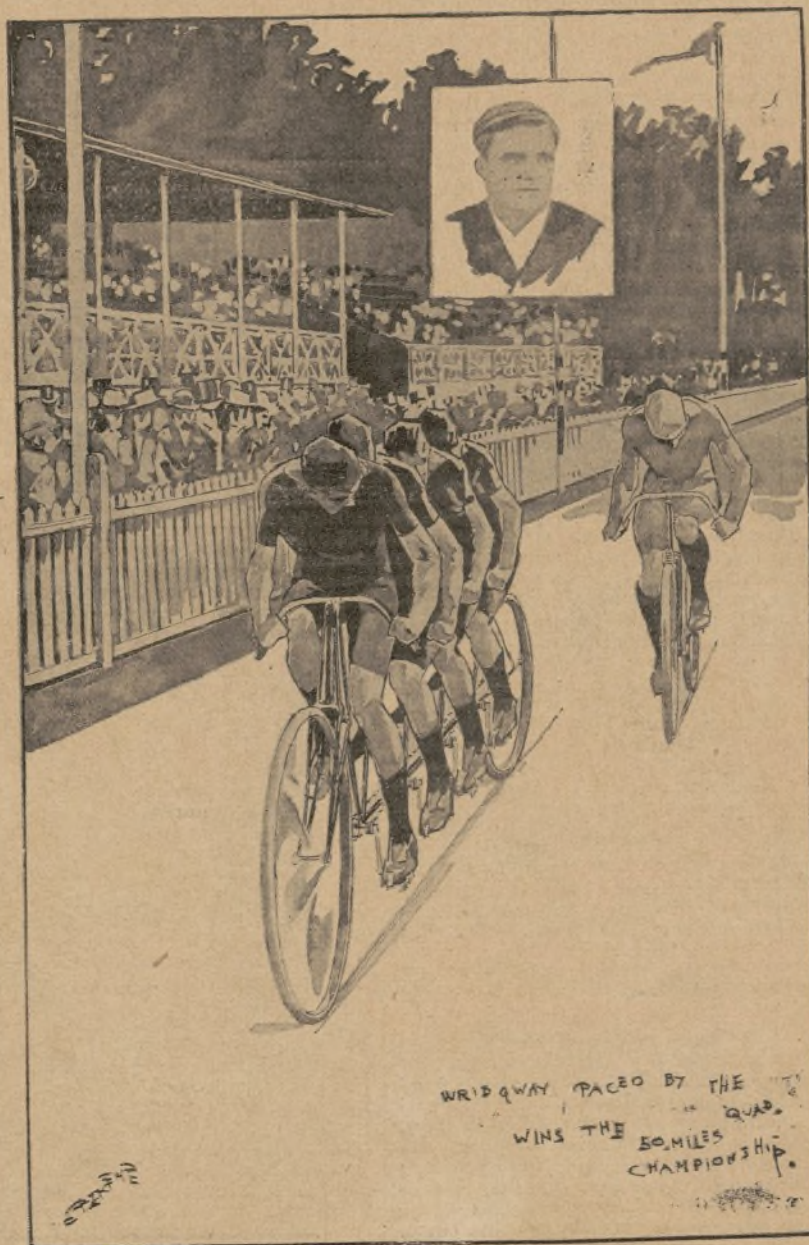
A Southern 12 hours'.

THE veteran, Adcock, of Chichester, has been at it again, and put in 165 miles in 12 hours, over Southern roads, last week, with but poor pacing for much of the way. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the ride was that he rode a pure Rover path racer, weighing 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and it stood the journey perfectly. Those who know the massive proportions of the old Chichester C.C. hon. sec. will appreciate this performance on the part of one of the machines of the year.

Another French 24.

THE big 24 hours' race which was organised in Bordeaux, with a view of allowing Huret an opportunity to get back the 24 hours' record which Rivierre had taken from him with 523 miles, was started on Saturday at 6 p.m. The weather was very fine, but the heat was awful, and fears were expressed at the start that no man could get through a 24 under the baking sun. The following six men started:—Huret, Meyer, Lewis, Ramat, Aries, and I. H. Petersen, who was racing in France for the first time. Huret went off very fast, leaving everyone in the first hour, at the end of which he had

covered 26 miles 950 yards. Taking advantage of the fine night, he kept up the speed and began breaking world's records at 6 hours, covering 150 miles 880 yards against Michael's previous best of 149 miles 200 yards. No incident of note occurred up till the twelfth hour, when Huret bettered his own record, riding 279 miles. Lewis was then second some way behind, and Petersen third. The heat of the day then became intolerable, but in spite of this Huret succeeded in beating record, covering 529 miles 585 yards, in the 24 hours', Meyer was second, and Petersen third. Lewis had a bad fall and retired.



WRIDGWAY PACED BY THE
QUAD.
WINS THE 50 MILES
CHAMPIONSHIP.

WRIDGWAY WINS THE FIFTY MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHAPPLE WINS THE PUTNEY 12.

THE open 12 hours' race run by the Putney C. & A.C. at Putney, last Saturday, for licensed men, was chiefly remarkable from the fact that no records were broken. The race was billed to start at 7 a.m., but the disorganising effect of an exceptionally severe thunderstorm, made it 26 mins. late when Griffin got away the following 12 starters; J. F. Rudham, C. Chapple, F. T. Lickfold, W. A. Fothergill, H. Lock, W. Carlsson, and W. J. Lord, all of the Putney A.C.; P. Litchfield and J. Carter, Anerley B.C.; S. A. Fairweather, Bath Road; F. Clarke, Edward Alleyn; and A. E. Rudham, Abingdon C.C. The most notable absentees were G. Hunt, who was reported ill, and E. Buckley of the Anfield. Soon after starting a violent stray shower from the thunderstorm came down and thoroughly soaked the competitors. The race was supposed to be a paced one, but the first hour had nearly elapsed before a single pacer appeared on the scene, when a tandem went on the track and there was an amusing race for it, Rudham eventually obtaining possession. All day there was a great lack of pacers and pacing machines, particularly the latter; a few pacers, however,

WORKED LIKE HEROES,

notably a tandem pair with a thick-set little German at the helm. Nearly all the field were together at the end of the first hour, under 21 miles being registered for that time. In the next hour, J. F. Rudham, the elder, lost ground by a puncture, and was also lapped by actual riding by Chapple, Lord, and Lickfold; Chapple leading at the end of that hour by 1 lap from Lord, with a score of 44 miles 2 laps. At 3 hours Lickfold and Chapple indulged in some brisk racing between themselves, passing Rudham, the much-fancied. Just before 4 hours time, Lickfold woke up a bit, and began to get some lost laps back from Chapple. Chapple covered his first 100 in 4-27-44½. At 5 hours there was positively no machine to pace the leader, Chapple; Lock, on the other hand, rejoicing in a private triplet for himself, and going well behind it. At 12 40, Clarke, who had been riding exceedingly well, touched his pacer, and fell for the second time, his first fall taking place soon after the start.

AT HALF TIME

the position of the leaders was: Chapple, 130 miles 4 laps; Lickfold, 126 miles 6 laps; J. F. Rudham, 124 miles 2 laps; Litchfield, Fothergill, and Carter had retired; all the others were still riding. The riding throughout the afternoon was devoid of interest, and might be described as a club run on a track. Rudham did one useless spell of fast riding at 4.45 p.m., and Lickfold, in the 10th hour, gained some 5 laps back from Chapple whilst he was off, otherwise the race was without incident. The finish took place in the dark, before a silent fringe of spectators,

THE RESULT

being, C. Chapple, 246 miles 270 yards, first; F. T. Lickfold, 241 miles 1,500 yards, second; J. F. Rudham, 238 miles 130 yards, third. W. J. Lord, a promising youngster, who finished fresh, was fourth with 234 miles; Fairweather, fifth, 218; and the younger Rudham, a tired sixth, 214 miles. Chapple was on a Rover, Lickfold an Ailsa Craig, and Rudham a Swift, all three being Dunlop shod. Swindley and Dutton timed; W. J. Harvey assisted Lane Campbell as judge; and G. Jamieson was the worried hon. sec.

The "Armour" Shield.

THE contest for the "Armour" Shield is getting more exciting as the end approaches. The 50 miles' race at Wood Green on Saturday has levelled matters somewhat. Gidney, of the Essex Wheelers, rode a grand race, and finished easily first in 2.3.30½, also winning the sealed handicap from scratch. Bush (Crusaders) was second in 2.10.47½, and Ludford (Comet) third in 2.11.34½. The Polytechnic's representative only secured tenth place. The Polytechnic still head the competition with 16 points, the Essex Wheelers being second with 19. Considerable interest attaches to the final contest (5 miles, unpaced, in heats) on the 28th at High Beech, and it is difficult to name the ultimate winner.

The Poly. 100.

ON Saturday last the crack speed club held its long distance championship at the Catford track, and, as was generally anticipated by those "in the know," A. E. Walters, the holder of the title, won easily, reaping, at the same time, a sheaf of new records. He got within record time at 2 miles (4.9½) and broke record at every mile up to 100, which distance he covered in 3.54.29½. His hour distances were all records, 1 hour, 28 miles 495 yds.; 2 hours, 53 miles 965 yds.; 3 hours, 77 miles 320 yds. Walters had one bad time; in about the 75th mile he vomited, but, after slowing for a mile or so, his pace improved gradually, and he finished up strong and well. The pacing by those present was the best that could be afforded, but there might have been more speed instruments than there were. Ernest Leitch rode a stern, plucky race, and finished second in 4.11.19½; and S. J. Prevost, who also rode well, finished third in 4.18.57½. G. A. Webber, J. E. Harter, and J. G. Little also finished in the order named. The times were taken by E. A. Powell, and Walter Groves (CYCLING) judged. Walters rode a Swift with Dunlops.

THE Scottish racing season is practically closed, though there are still two 100 miles championships to run off. The A Class race will be run at Dundee on the 25th, and the B Class at Wishaw on the 21st.

French timekeeping.

EVERYONE interested in the controversy, which has been going on lately regarding the French method of timekeeping, will be pleased to learn that the U.V.F. has decided that, in future, *every record* up to 24 hours must be timed lap by lap. The big 24 hours race at Bordeaux, which we report elsewhere, was timed under the new regulations.

At Wood Green.

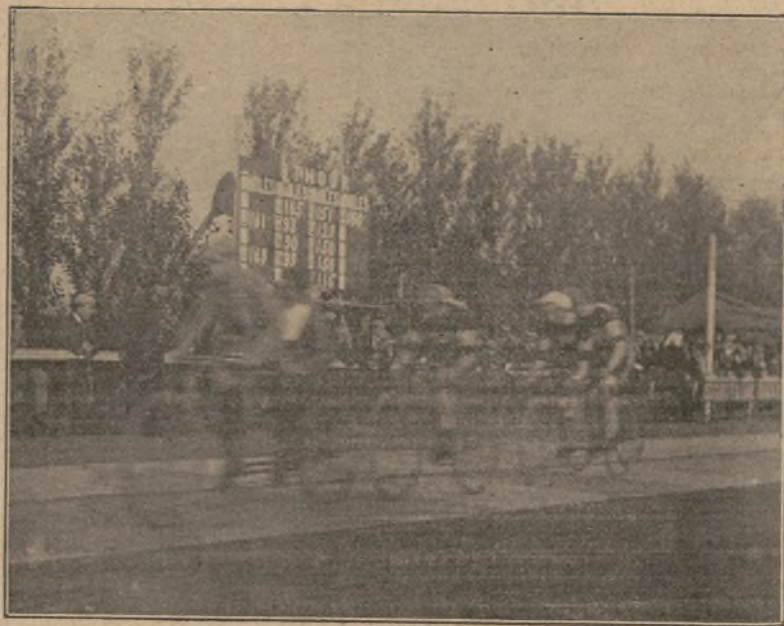
THE North Road C.C.'s 12 hours' race to-day (Saturday), at Wood Green track, should attract a good crowd. The entries include, amongst other long-distance riders, J. P. K. Clark, R. J. Ilsley, S. J. Prevost, T. G. King, W. W. Robertson, and F. R. Goodwin. The race will start at 7 a.m., and conclude at 7 p.m. Admission, 6d; enclosure 1s.; grand-stand, 2s. There will be a full band.

Attempted suicide.

A WELL-KNOWN French long-distance rider, Williams, attempted suicide in Bordeaux on Saturday. He was to start in the 24 hours' race, and had been preparing specially, but at the last moment was left without machines, and unable to find a maker to take him through. In despair he tried to shoot himself, but his wife just had time to prevent him.

For the Catford Cup.

THE short distance championship of the Catford C.C. is now reduced from 5 miles to 1 mile, the race taking place at the Catford track on Wednesday, September 18th. There is a 50 guinea challenge cup put up for this event for first-claim members, the present holder of which is A. J. Cherry. A mile members' handicap will be held after the championship race.



CHAPPLE, IN THE PUTNEY 12.

THE ANGLO-IRISH AT COVENTRY.

THE Executive of the Anglo-Irish Club deserve every credit for the manner in which this meeting was boomed, and for the excellent management throughout. Though the 6 hours' race was robbed of its greatest interest through the fall of Stocks in the third hour, and through the failure of 8 of the entrants to materialise, the remainder of the racing was of the very best, and to the Anglo-Irish may be given the credit of having engineered one of the best meetings held in the Midlands this season. Details of the racing follow. The 6 hours' race began at 10 minutes past 9; the following going to the post: J. W. Stocks, A. Carpenter, H. Saunders (Anfield), A. G. Wright (North Road), J. H. Odom, and G. A. Nelson. The track was terribly heavy at the start through recent rains, and, though Stocks and Wright only covered 22 miles in the first hour, Odom was already two laps behind, whilst Saunders had covered only 20½, and Nelson 20 miles. In the 2nd hour the track improved, and Stocks sparkled up a little and lapped Wright three times; the scores being: Stocks 45 miles 220 yds., Wright 44½, Odom 43, Nelson 42. Saunders retired at 26 miles, and Carpenter at 30 miles. The 50 miles occupied 2.15.46. Only a few miles later Stocks collided with his pacers, and, though he remounted, he had to retire with a badly-cut knee at 53 miles, letting Wright into first place. In the 4th

hour Odom gained slightly on Wright; the scores being: Wright 82½, Odom 81, Nelson 77½. At the 5th hour Wright had covered 100½ miles, Odom 100, and Nelson 95½. Thence to the finish was an interesting fight between Wright and Odom, both being badly punished, and Wright eventually winning with 119 miles 1620 yds., Odom 119 miles 300 yds., Nelson 114 miles 1,355 yds. Half-mile scratch, unlicensed. Only 4 competitors turned out, so the race was run in 1 heat: T. Osborn, first; R. G. Merry, second; Ben. Fisher, third; time, 1.13½. Platt-Betts led till nearing home, when Osborn came through and won by half-a-wheel. 1 mile licensed—this produced 63 entries, and was run in 2 rounds. J. W. Watson did not show to advantage, for though he caught his men he was outsprinted by Fulwell and Rudge. J. W. Fulwell, 65 yds., first; F. Rudge, 100 yds, second; Watson, third; time, 2.18; a very close finish. 5 miles Midland championship—11 started started, and, as usual, A. Ford won as he liked by three-quarters of a lap from A. Jordison; W. J. Goodwin a close third; time, 11.45½. 10 miles unlicensed—4 starters, Platts-Betts led throughout, being well paced, and won by quite half-a-lap from Ben Winchurch, who was over a lap in front of R. G. Merry; time, 22.43½. Half-mile scratch—A. J. Watson, first; W. L. Winbolt, second; S. Downing, third; time, 1.12½; a very tight finish. The gate numbered about 6,000.

One hour tricycle records.

On Thursday, in Bordeaux, Kuhling made a new set of tricycle world's records from 1 kilometre up to 1 hour. In 1 hour he rode 25 miles 1189 yds., which is indeed smart work on a three-wheeler.

Getting near Yankee times.

A BIG performance was accomplished by Henri Loste on the famous Bordeaux track last Saturday. The French crack beat the record for 1 kilometre, with a flying start, in 1.6½, which represents 53½ secs. for the ¼-mile, and is getting pretty near the wonderful American short-distance records.

A disgraceful scene.

ONE of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed at a cycle race meeting took place at the Mona F.C. sports at Douglas, Isle of Man, on Wednesday last. There was a large attendance of the betting fraternity, and at the conclusion of one race some of the "bookies" who had been rather indiscreet in laying odds against the favourite, declined to pay up; a crowd got round them and assisted by several of the racing men the pencillers were carried away and thrown into one of the lakes, after which a number of spectators, and racing men pelted them with stones most unmercifully. Meantime the racing was at a stand-still until the competitors had amused themselves by rendering all possible assistance to drown or kill the men who had "welshed" them. (32822)



THE ANGLO-IRISH MEETING AT COVENTRY.

New track at Southport.

SEPTEMBER 20th and 21st have been fixed by the Southport Athletic Society for the opening of their new track at Blowick, when the society hold their 26th annual festival for which a splendid programme has been issued. The new track is three laps to the mile, with corners well banked for cycling, and inside this is the running track, four laps to the mile. Valuable prizes are offered for three open events.

Protin will not ride.

It will be remembered, that at the world's mile professional championship at Cologne, Protin was allowed to start in the final, and won, although by all the laws of racing he had not properly qualified. It was afterwards decided that the race should be re-run in Paris, on Sunday next, September 15th. The League Vélocipédique Belge, have, however, decided not to permit either Protin or Huet to start in this race. This cannot be construed otherwise than a fear of defeat, and the L.V.B. cuts a very sorry figure through the whole business. In the eyes of the world Banker is the mile world's professional champion at the present time, and, we trust, in the interest of fair play, he will again be able to prove his right to the title.

The World's hour record beaten.

MICHAEL has proved so often his wonderful superiority over all comers lately, that the idea of a race in which he would concede a start to such a good man as Lesna, attracted considerable attention. This novel match was ridden last Sunday week on the Buffalo track; the distance being $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles (50 kilometres). Lesna to receive 1 kilometre start. This time Michael failed to do the feat which he was asked to perform. To give 1 kilometre (3 laps) and a beating to a man of Lesna's class was too much, and all that the little Welshman could do was to lap his rival once. Afterwards Lesna stuck to him and Michael could not shake him off, despite tremendous efforts. That the pace was terrific is shown by the fact that every world's record from 28 kilometres was beaten, including the hour. In one hour, Michael, who was then a lap ahead of Lesna, rode 28 miles 1,070 yards.

Dagleish should win.

THE remaining championship of the Liverpool Centre, distance 5 miles, will be decided at the Southport Athletic Society's meeting, on September 21st, and, on his present form, Dagleish should have little difficulty in winning. But for his smash-up in the half-mile championship, it is more than probable that the Widnes man would have won all four events.

An accident.

OUR readers will be sorry to hear that whilst riding at the Salford Harriers' sports, on Saturday, Alf. Macferson had a very bad fall, and on Sunday, his injuries were reported as so serious that it is doubtful whether he will be able to race again for some little time to come. As he had arranged to come South for the purpose of having a shot at some of the short distance records, and to compete in the Sydney Trophy race, this accident is to be regretted.

A Bad Season North.

THE racing season in the North of England was practically brought to a close on Saturday with the Ashington meeting for the Portland Cup. Sports promoting clubs have had anything but a rosy time of it during the past season. The paying public in the Tyneside district appear to have become satiated with cycle racing, and with one or two exceptions the promotion of a race meeting has resulted in a balance on the wrong side. There are many reasons to account for the indifference of the public. The licensing laws, and the consequent standing down of so many good riders undoubtedly had a disastrous effect, while the absence of a popular idol strongly militated against good gates. With the advent of another English or Green able to bring world's championships to Tyneside, there is every probability of the old enthusiasm reviving. With that hope which the poet says springs eternal in the human breast, racing secretaries are looking forward to another season bringing about a different condition of affairs. That their hopes may be realized is a consummation devoutly to be wished.



THE ANNIE DIBBLE MEMORIAL.

SIR,—I am instructed by my committee to inform you that they have appointed Mrs. Hartung, 10, Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C., to receive subscriptions from L.C.A. members towards the Memorial Fund to the late Miss Annie Dibble, such subscriptions to be forwarded by her to Mr. North, as you request.

I am, however, instructed to add that the committee were unanimous of opinion that the memorial should take a more practical form than a tablet in the church, and they venture to suggest that the endowment of a bed in the Guildford Hospital, or a scholarship at the Ripley School, would not only serve to show our wish to keep her memory green, but would also cause her to be remembered with affection by future generations. Knowing, as we do, how generous and warm-hearted Miss Annie Dibble always was, we venture to suggest this alternative in the belief that it would have been her own desire to do good to others.

I am,

Faithfully yours,

ADA EARLAND,

Hon. Sec., Lady Cyclists' Association.

MONOPOLISING THE ROAD.

SIR,—Whilst I and my friend were proceeding on Sunday morning last (the 1st inst) from Hounslow to London, we observed in the distance a large club, containing about 80 or more riders approaching us, and who were riding all over the road, from gutter to gutter.

We met this club on the boundary of Isleworth and Brentford, and by vigorously ringing our bells, together with sundry exhibitions of trick riding, we managed to force ourselves half way through in the three feet space allotted us in the gutter, when the whole of the rear portion of this moving mass of humanity on wheels spread itself out again and to my amazement and bewilderment I saw a rider heading straight for me in a bee line; by dint of nothing short of a miracle I managed to mount the pavement, but my friend being less fortunate collided with this rider, a non-member of this club who was endeavouring to pass them. The consequence was two completely wrecked machines, and injuries which I dare say will incapacitate either of them from bestriding a machine for some weeks. Can we wonder, after this, at such names as "cads on castors" &c, being applied to cyclists?

By your publishing this letter I can only hope that such a club as this one, which ought to show an example to others, will observe that when out on a run, they should and ought to monopolise only half of Her Majesty's Highway, and remember that unattached riders have skin and bones that can be broken as well as their own.

I enclose my address and trust this letter will not take up too much of your valuable space.

Yours truly,

"A CLUBMAN."



THE ANGLO IRISH MEETING.

SLEEPING OUT.



HAVE any of our readers ever braved the terrors of the law by snatching a tramp's rest, *sub fove*, while on an all night cycle ramble? It is a pastime which contains a good deal of romance, and some risks, chief among the latter, being the possibility of rheumatism. In his salad days—now, alas! long past—the writer has, on several occasions,

found it convenient to take a way-side nap. Well does he remember a long snooze, under a March full moon, at the foot of a telegraph pole, on Alconbury Hill. He had ridden all night from Winchester, and was due at Mrs. Brooks' hospitable breakfast table, at Norman Cross, at 8 a.m. A strong, stern, wind had hurried him over the splendid Bedfordshire roads, and he looked like being three hours too soon, so that a halt was made, and the snooze taken.

THE DAWN ACTS AS AN ALARM,

and, on that occasion, beyond a slight stiffness, shaken off by a fast mile, no harm resulted. On another occasion also, in the early Spring, a three hours' nap was safely indulged in on a garden seat, with a "Daily Telegraph" for bedclothes. Last Summer, too, on landing in the small hours, from Ireland, at Whitehaven, no one seemed quite to catch the night bell, and the combined sheets of the "Freeman," the "Independent," the "Catholic Times," &c., made a sufficient protection against the vapours of a June night. Brown paper is better again, but seldom seems to be handy.

Many a time has the writer taken a heather bed on the mountains, when waiting for the sun to rise, but, on these occasions, he was more warmly clad than the average cycle tourist. The sounds of the night are most interesting to a true child of Nature, which, we are afraid, the cyclist but rarely is.

A.W.R.

Imperative.

It is imperative that notice should be given to the R.R.A. hon. sec., before any attempt on record, or the claim cannot on any account, by present rules, be allowed. His telegraphic address is "Highwayman, London," and it is a very simple, but sometimes neglected matter, to give the all-essential notice.

SOLO.

No, we do not propose to give here tips how to amass the useful copper, and the nimble sixpence by cunning card manipulation, but to put into words some thoughts on the pros and cons. of solitary riding, that have lately forced themselves upon us. There was a time when the writer from force of circumstances nearly always rode alone, the most forcible of the circumstances being the extreme rarity of cycling companions at that period; not so very long ago either. As time went on and wheel friends increased with almost as much rapidity as the sport grew, companionship never wanted much seeking, and at times was almost overpoweringly in evidence, when say some twenty faithful friends were stirring up the dust all round, or throwing the merry mud drops till they formed a black storm cloud. With all such little inconveniences, riding in pleasant company has such fascinations, that probably we should never again have voluntarily gone back to

THE OLD SOLITARY RIDES,

had not the velocity of the modern rider made the penalty of his companionship too punishing for an old, and never particularly speedy, crock; and we should never have been reminded that to the true cyclist, and the true lover of country, even solitary riding has many and some, peculiar charms. For the purpose of seeing things thoroughly there is nothing like solitary riding; the attention is not distracted by conversation, nor the engrossing pastime of "hanging on," and beauties of scenery and objects are observed that, time after time, have escaped observation. Ride for an experiment, good reader, alone over a bit of highway with which you consider yourself thoroughly familiar, but which you have always been accustomed to cover in company with others. Keep your eyes open, and you will be astonished at your discoveries. Even when new things are not found, the old are more thoroughly observed and enjoyed. Riding alone along a very familiar road, the other evening, the scene of many an incident in cycling history, racing and social, trees, turns, hills, inns, and other landmarks, recalled, one after the other, many adventures and memories, comic, and half tragic, pleasant and otherwise; it was as if a diary was being unrolled and read as the machine swept on. If that ride had not been a solo performance the diary would have remained a sealed book, or only furtive glimpses obtained of its pages. Then, when alone, only one party has to be considered in the matters of pace, destination, and halting places;

HILLS CAN BE WALKED UP

and none scoff nor be the wiser; or, if nerves fail, steep drops can be walked down, without a long and weary chase after to catch the rapidly disappearing

crowd. As a matter of fact though, the writer has found that he is more ready to let the machine rip down a hill when alone than when in company. In the latter case, the alarming appearance of the machines in front as they rush and jump in the dust-cloud, the shriek of the passing mounts, and the anxiety about those plunging down in the rear, rather disconcert one who has seen some smashes, and is losing the love of dare-devilry, for dare-devilry sake. Still, the problem sometimes presents itself when

RIDING ON A LONELY ROAD,

how long would one have to lay and wait for help if incapacitated from movement by a cropper? An acquaintance in such case once spent many long weary hours, with two broken arms and other injuries, until found by a labourer trudging home. As for riding alone at night, there is nothing in the World like it for making a man think; the movement keeps awake and alert every mental faculty, the darkness and the solitariness concentrate it, and the brain, whilst most alive, is most undisturbed and undistracted; Dickens thought out much of his work in lonely night walks; what would he not have done had pneumatic safeties been of his time? There is just a time though when

ONE YEARNS FOR COMPANIONSHIP

in a night spin very much,—when the bump, bump, telegraphs up, "puncture." Without actually advocating solo rides from choice for all occasions, a lonely ramble is well worth taking at times, if even only for a change; whilst we have not much patience with, nor over much respect for, those riders met with at times, who positively cannot cycle alone, can extract absolutely no pleasure from a trip under such circumstances, however happy their surroundings, and would rather go by train than cycle solo for 10 miles. Such are generally but shallow creatures; as Sir Philip Sydney put it—"Eagles we see fly alone, and they are but sheep who always herd together."

About Patents.

If any of our readers have an idea for an invention, and wish to secure their rights for it, they may obtain full particulars for securing patents and advice, free of charge, by applying to the Patent Editor of CYCLING.

Headers from safeties.

Good honest headers from safeties are rare, but they do occur, and although not so serious as the G.O.O. type, can be quite bad enough. They are generally caused by one of the wheels being suddenly brought to a complete stand-still. The writer has had such a cropper from a stick getting in his back wheel and the R.R.A. hon. sec., E. A. Habershon, we met this week with both his wrists in bandages, his front tyre having blown off the rim, bound up the wheel, and given him a header of the most approved and thorough-bred pattern.



C. SMITH (London).—Sorry we do not know the address you require.

"ANXIOUS" (London).—No. 2 is, we think, the better of the two named.

"SANDBACH" (Kelsall).—We do not see that you have any remedy whatever.

"FRANNER" (London).—We do not know what the charge on the line you name would be.

H. A. WHEELER (London).—W. C. Watson is hon. sec., and his address is 16, Balham Grove, S.W.

H. WATSON (London).—Glad you considered the Supplement so good. Sorry we do not know of such a book.

J. W. B. I. (Guernsey).—Thanks for your kind offer, but we have a representative who will be present on our behalf.

J. MORGAN (London).—Thanks for photographs; we will find a corner for them later on, when the racing season is over, and we have not so much pressure on our space.

"TYRE" (Ross).—The first-named machine we do not recommend under any circumstances; the second we advise you to handle with caution: the name is unknown to us.

"LADY RIDER" (Wimbledon) is strongly advised to call at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, and see the new "Zit-Zit" skirt, of which we give particulars elsewhere in this issue.

J. WILLIAMSON (10 and 20, Chapel Gate, Retford) writes:—"I got a wrong cycling cap by mistake at Lincoln sports on Saturday. Cap has badge with letters B.B.C. Shall be glad to send it to owner applying at above address."

"NASTY TRICK" (Dulwich).—We have inquired into the circumstances, and can hardly agree with you that the Company played you a nasty trick. It was no fault of theirs that you were imposed upon in the first place; it was certainly unfortunate for you, but you surely do not blame the Company for making a careful examination with a view of issuing a warning, so that other intending purchasers should not be duped in a similar manner.

J. WILLIAMS (London) writes:—"As a resident in the North of London I often wonder why so many cyclists keep to the main roads when there are such nice cross country roads right and left of them. I strongly recommend any cyclists going North this week-end to try a run to Shenley via High Barnet, and I am sure they will enjoy the trip. The roads are good, and those who like black-berrying will be able to indulge to their hearts' content. The thirsty and hungry will be able to get all they may require at the White Horse Hotel, Shenley."

A Tip. "BETA" (Bexley Heath).—"Mac" writes:—"If not too late to reply to 'Beta', I have lately been by two routes to Bognor. No. 1:

Kingston, Ditton, Ripley, Guildford, Godalming, Milford, Chiddingfold, Petworth, Duncton, Easter Gate, Shipney, Bognor. No. 2: Clapham, Balham, Merton, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, Bear Green, Horsham, Five Oaks Green, Wisboro' Green, Petworth, Fittleworth, Arundel, Ford Junction, Felpham, Bognor. I give preference to No. 2 route, as, after leaving Petworth, though hilly either route, 'tis less so in No. 2. Sorry cannot tell 'Beta' the way from Bexley, and, unless someone can do so, he had better join either from his nearest point."

N. BUTLER (Beverley).—Hyde Imperial Rubber Co., Ltd., Woodley, Cheshire.

"INVENTOR" (London).—We very much regret that we are quite unable to assist you in the matter.

H. WILMOT (Wymondham).—Glad you liked it. As you say, it is one of the best ever published; but we have still better ones in hand.

X. Y. Z. (New Barnet).—Have a Dunlop fitted. The Company will give you an estimate for the work. Glad you liked the Supplement so much.

"COSTUME" (Chatham).—We regret to say we cannot give you the desired information. You will have gathered from our last issue that we do not favour such exhibitions.

C. P. BOSWELL (Balmuto-by-Kirkcaldy).—We cannot recommend the machines named, and would particularly warn you against machines that are "cheap on account of the tyres with which they are fitted."

N. E. J. WALLIS (Aldershot).—Mr. E. O. Habershon, Iliston Villa, New Southgate, N., is hon. sec. of the Road Records Association, and Mr. G. H. Smith, 60, Anerley Park, S.E., is hon. sec. of the S.R.R.A.

"ANXIOUS" (London).—Have a Raleigh geared to 64. By all means have a brake. You should remember that it is not always the superiority of the machine that produces superior speed; the man has something to do with the matter. Perhaps you are not over strong.

"RACER" (Tring).—You will receive a reply direct from the club, to whom we have forwarded your letter. As regards your second inquiry, it is too extensive a subject to discuss in the limited space at our disposal in this column. Circularise the cyclists; call a meeting, and get some influential man to preside.

Hard to Please.

H. J. SHURLOCK (Alma B.C.).—What a pity you wasted so much time penning your sarcastic communication of the 30th ult., when, quite by chance, the photographs appeared in our last issue. We are quite prepared to learn that any attempt on our part to please clubmen does not give complete satisfaction to all members of that very exacting branch of the cycling community. That our action in suppressing all but generally interesting club news was a wise movement, you unconsciously endorse when you say that "the photos of the officials of clubs that a cyclist of 14 years' association with clubs has never heard of have appeared" before those of the club you are interested in. This proves that you and your members have taken no more interest in gazing on the features of the officials of contemporary clubs than did the vast majority of our 30,000 readers, all over the kingdom, in gazing upon the group of your own club's officers, which appeared last week. We do not profess to publish the photos of club officials in sequence according to the age, influence, or standing of the clubs, but from the fact that clubs unknown to you were dealt with before your own you should feel indebted to us for enlightening you upon a subject on which you were ignorant. Your own club was unknown once, and at that time no doubt you would have been as much desirous of gaining publicity as some of the minor clubs are to-day. We think there is much in your letter which you would regret if you were to peruse it again; and we are glad to say that we invariably receive letters from club officials that are courteous and not impertinently didactic.

"CURIOSITY" (—).—We do not reply to anonymous letters.

F. O. WOODWARD (Harlesden).—By all means send the photographs on.

"NEMO" (London).—We regret that we cannot give you the address you require.

A. W. DANIELS (Rugby).—We cannot answer for the genuineness of the machine named.

G. W. SHAW (Bradford).—We much regret we are unable to enlighten you on the subject.

T. H. DRURY (London) would like some kind reader to give him a route to Rolvenden, Kent.

F. P. (Luton).—We do not reply by post. We do not advise such an investment as you suggest.

"TOURIST" (Stamford).—Sorry your query could not be inserted before; it is, of course, too late now.

F. W. PEARCE (Wimbledon).—The tyre you name is quite reliable, and we advise you to have 63 gear.

A. JONES (Ross).—Did you sign an agreement? Everything depends upon that, and terms of said agreement.

J. SHACKLETON (Manchester).—You had better give full details to the Patent Editor of "Cycling," who will give you advice.

"LOVER OF EASE" (Leek).—We have a very high opinion of the gear named, and also the machine to which you allude.

"BLOKEY" (London).—The machines you name are excellent value, and we should think the investment would prove satisfactory.

J. ROBINSON (London).—The make is not familiar to us. As regards the rims named, they are, in our opinion, the best of the kind made.

A. HUTTON (London).—You would have saved much time by making your inquiry of the firm in the first place, instead of us. We can only recommend you to do this now.

"ORDNANCE" (London).—In our opinion the gear named is too high for all round road work. The name of the machine is not familiar, but the fittings named are about the best in the market, and the tyres named are excellent.

"NEMO" (Aberavon).—1. We have not a very high opinion of it. 2. In all probability it would carry you, but we are firmly of opinion that an ordinary machine would give you more satisfaction in the long run. 3. We recommend A. machine by all means. 4. Distinctly.

A. P. V. H. (London).—It is quite an impossibility for us to definitely say whether the accident was due to faulty material or not. In our opinion the nut could not have been securely fixed, and if that was really the case the accident was entirely due to your own negligence.

"NON-SCORCHER" (London) writes:—"Will you, or one of your kind readers, favour me with the best route to Sheffield. I have maps, but they give two or three ways. I have read your 'Asked & Answered' for some time back, but see nothing concerning this route. I often think, if some of your readers were to read that interesting part of your valuable paper more than they do, you would be troubled considerably less with those stupid questions you get so many of." We fully endorse our correspondent's remarks.

Through North Devon.

"WEAVER."—"In reply to your correspondent 'Weaver,' about best tour in North Devon, the first answer would be 'don't go' but if this is not the advice wanted the best way to do a fortnight's trip would be as follows:—London to Weston-super-Mare by the Bath Road, say two days. Stay at Weston a day or two, making an excursion to Cheddar (12 miles) to see the wonderful caves, and the fine gap in the Mendip Hills; also a journey across to Tintern Abbey and Chepstow. Boats go occasionally on Thursday. From Weston take boat to Ilfracombe (single 2s., bicycle 1s.) and then cycle down coast, staying at Clovelly, Bideford, Lynton, Lynmouth, and Minehead. Don't expect to do more than 25 to 30 miles a day while in North Devon, the hills being very thick, and the roads not good; for instance, on the 17½ miles between Ilfracombe and Lynton there are three hills, which are unrideable, both up and down.—F. G. MUDGE."

NOTICE.—We are always happy to reply to all queries addressed to us on matters connected with the sport, pastime, or trade. It must be distinctly understood, however, that owing to the large number of inquiries which reach us, we cannot always reply at once, but we always endeavour to answer queries as soon as possible.

Correspondents can send any inquiries to us for insertion in this column with a view to ascertaining information from any of our readers whose experiences render them capable of giving it. Under no circumstances whatever can we reply through the post to inquiries of any description.

Under no circumstances can we reply to anonymous correspondents. Name and address should accompany every inquiry as a guarantee of good faith.