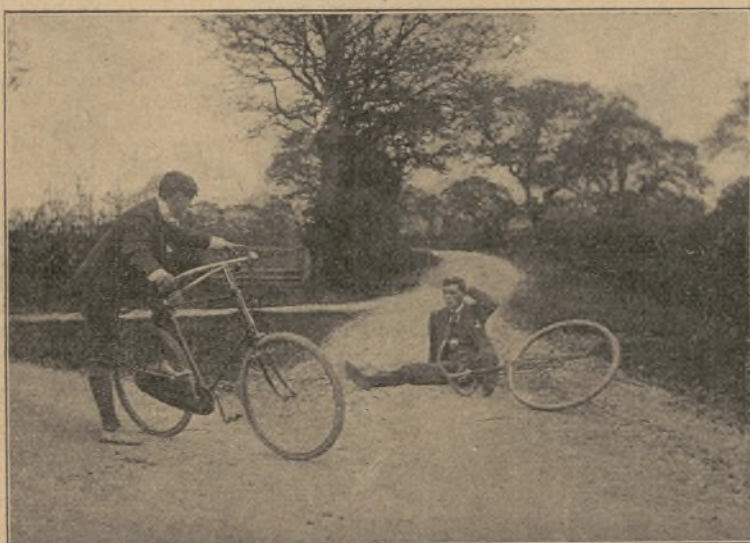


CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.

T. S. HAMP.



INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

Photos. by Mr. F. J. Mortimer.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



N ITALIAN ADVENTURE.

THE few English cyclists who have crossed the High Alps awhile, and ventured down the lovely valleys on the Italian side, and into the richly cultivated plain of Lombardy, although creating amongst the inhabitants profound astonishment and curiosity, have always been accorded a courteous reception, and have rarely ever experienced any unfriendly treatment by them for the strange intrusion of the cycle into their peaceful and beautiful domains. But not so the mules, who are chiefly the beasts of burden, that are employed in conveying the merchandise up and down the splendid roads that lay between the

towns and villages. They invariably receive cyclists with a determination to dispute with them the right of the road, and, at the same time, to afford the riders a considerable amount of amusement by regaling them with an exhibition of their proficiency and ability of dancing a hornpipe on their hind-legs. These animals are usually harnessed tandem-fashion to long narrow waggons heavily laden, and so familiar are they with the deviations of the roads on their journeys, that the drivers generally leave all control to them, and, soon after starting on a long journey, stretch themselves full length on the top of the waggons and resign themselves placidly into the arms of Morpheus, leaving the mules to awaken them when the object of their destination is reached.

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE

befel two Chichester cyclists a few years ago in this way, well-nigh with a tragic termination. They had left the picturesque, but poor, half-ruined, town of Bormio, where they had made a short halt for lunch and rest, and were riding down the narrow and lovely valley that lay between the former town and Tirano. Description would be impossible to picture the beauties of the route. A gentle and continuous descent of 25 miles on a superb surface, with lofty mountains enclosing the valley, partly covered with snow, the road being about 50 feet above the River Adda, whose grey-glacier waters dashed restlessly and swiftly along its rocky bed, imparting music to the solitude, and tempering the tropical heat of the fierce sun which shone brilliantly above in the cloudless blue sky.

DOWN THIS LOVELY VALLEY

the cyclists were pursuing their way. Whether they had indulged a little too freely in the wine of the Valteline, for which this district is famous, at lunch, or whether the descent of the splendid road they were on, had prompted them to increase their pace, or that they were so engrossed with the charming scenery, with its ever-changing panorama of rocks, pines, and everlasting snow on the summits of the lofty mountains closing in upon the narrow defile, that they were not paying the necessary attention and caution they should have done on a strange road, but, certain it was they found themselves coasting at a pace, which for careful tourists must be considered warm. An abrupt halt, however, was necessitated after about 10 miles had been traversed, for on rounding one of the many sharp windings of the road they beheld in front of them a heavily-laden waggon, containing large packing cases, piled high above, drawn by two mules, slowly dragging their burden up the incline. An instant dismount ensued, but not before the foremost mule had observed them. Pricking up his ears he shot instantly across the road, and drew the hindmost one with him, and consequently the waggon with them. No driver or attendant was to be seen, but before the cyclists had realized their progress being thus debarred,

the waggon heavily weighted behind, sharply descended from the middle of the road, which was two feet higher than the sides, and ran down the declivity, and butted with a tremendous thud against the stone parapet overlooking the foaming torrent of the Adda, 50 feet below in perpendicular, at the bottom of which, large rocks jutted out above the dashing current. The force of the shock sent part of the masonry of the parapet flying into the river below, and one of the large packing cases was landed midway on the top of the parapet, just on the balance. A few inches farther, and it would have been hurled on the rocks below. On the top of the case was a heap of cloths which began to move, and, horror of horrors! from underneath a man slowly crept and raised himself, and gazed around to ascertain the cause of his peaceful repose being thus unceremoniously arrested.

HE HUNG BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

A movement in the adverse direction would have overbalanced the case and its occupant, and the rocks and foaming torrent below would have received them in their embrace. The cyclists gazed with horror at the situation, but were powerless, it being the work of a few moments, when to their infinite relief the driver sprang up with the leap of a deer on to the forepart of the waggon, and dragged the case from its perilous position off the parapet to its original place on the vehicle. But their relief was only momentary. The Italian caught sight of them quietly standing by the side of their safeties, at about 30 paces distant. The change that his dark, handsome, countenance underwent, was fearful to behold.

He evidently now realised the cause of his narrow escape from certain death, and with a volley of incoherent language, which, from its expression, was evidently not of a parliamentary nature, he leaped off the waggon, and glared at the cyclists with exclamations of livid passion. He evidently had not time to consider that he had been the primary cause of the well-nigh tragedy. Grinding his teeth in rage he felt in his jacket for something he could, fortunately, not find, but, baffled in that direction, he ran, without a moment's hesitation, to a heap of stones at the side of the road, and seized, in each hand, a fearful-looking boulder. The cyclists were not unprepared for him.

KEENLY ON THE ALERT

at the direction his missives would take their aim, and without taking their eyes off him, they quietly laid their safeties on the road and prepared for the worst. Seeing their attitude he suddenly appeared to remember that it was two to one, and hesitated in his former intention. Again volley upon volley of exclamations, of which the cyclists, not being versed sufficiently in the Italian vocabulary, could only imagine the import, which was conveyed by expressions that could not be termed angelic, and with which Italians can occasionally convey their meaning. After a few minutes hesitation, he deemed discretion the best part of valour, and his torrent of wrath somewhat subsided. Throwing down the stones with a curse, he again regarded the cyclists with looks of intense wrath, but their apparent indifference to his menacing attitude had the desired effect, and he slowly and calmly proceeded to the foremost mule and drew it, with its companion and the waggon, off the middle of the road. The cyclists now began to make overtures to him, motioning as to whether he wished them to pass whilst he held the head of the fractious leader, or whether they should wait until he had passed. After the mules had performed another *pas de deux*, and he had administered to them a few kicks and imprecations, he motioned to the cyclists to pass. They accepted his invitation, and slowly and cautiously passed by, keeping a keen watch on his movements in case he should alter his attitude of peaceful demeanour. As soon as they were out of reach of the length of his throw, they waved him a cautious adieu, and, mounting their machines, they continued their coast down the valley, exchanging mutual congratulations, as to the narrow escape of the Italian from death, and their own immunity from broken heads and shattered limbs.

J. W. MOORE.



THE Duke of Portland has bought a Premier.

THE Exeter cyclists' carnival turned out a great success.

MR. J. H. PRICE is about to resign his position of general manager to the Palmer Tyre, Ltd.

WE acknowledge, with thanks, the donation of 10s. 6d. from Mr. R. L. Philpot to the Dibble Memorial Fund.

A SEVEN-FOOT man was in the cycling procession at Nottingham, last week. His saddle was as high from the ground as the head of an ordinary man.

At the general meeting of a certain East Coast club, the hon. sec ventured on the significant remark that he "hoped the dinner would prove a success, and not be like the Church runs."

A hill-climbing brace.

CARTER & Co., 99, Bethune Road, Stamford Hill, have brought out an ingenious novelty in the form of a cycling brace. Besides being an ordinary, comfortable, and well-made brace, suitable for all times, it has an attachment at the back, which can be fastened at will to the saddle, and those who have tried it say that they find the leverage thus gained of great advantage when riding up a hill, or against a strong wind. It also assists in keeping the machine better under control when riding down-hill. The price is 3s. 6d., post free 3s. 9d., and the article is well worth a trial.

A dastardly assault.

As Mr. W. H. Lancefield, of 9, St. Maur Road, Fulham, was riding along the Sheen Road, from Richmond to Barnes, about 10 p.m. last Thursday night, he was the victim of a cowardly attack by three roughs, which nearly cost him his life. It appears he was out with his wife and a lady friend, all being on singles, and, one of the ladies having dropped behind, Mr. Lancefield went back to accompany her. Whilst turning round again in the road, at a very slow pace, three roughs in a cart deliberately threw a thick bough into his front wheel, and he was thrown violently to the ground, his face hurt, and the back of his right hand smashed. Of the whole circumstances Mr. Lancefield was entirely ignorant, for he was knocked insensible, in which condition he remained for 15 minutes, and he never saw his assailants. The affair, however, was witnessed by two gentlemen driving in a trap, and it was fortunate they saw it, for the three roughs, after the manner of their kind, drove unconcernedly on, and as a hay-cart, with the driver asleep, was coming right along where the cyclist lay insensible, he would certainly have been run over if the gentlemen had not jumped down and rescued him. The police were afterwards appealed to, but they took no interest in the matter. Mr. Lancefield would be very glad to receive any information likely to lead to the identification of the three men.

Fearful and wonderful.

A FEARFUL and wonderful tricycle figured in the Nottingham Cyclists lantern parade last week, constructed of case-wood and scantlings. It bore on the handlebar an ordinary street lamp, and the bell had been borrowed from a National School belfry. It was dubbed the "Thirty five Miler," and bore a label addressed to Capt. Holden, J. P., in facetious allusion to the recent magisterial pronouncements on furious riding in Nottingham. It was cleverly got up, and emanated from the packers' department of the Raleigh Cycle Co.

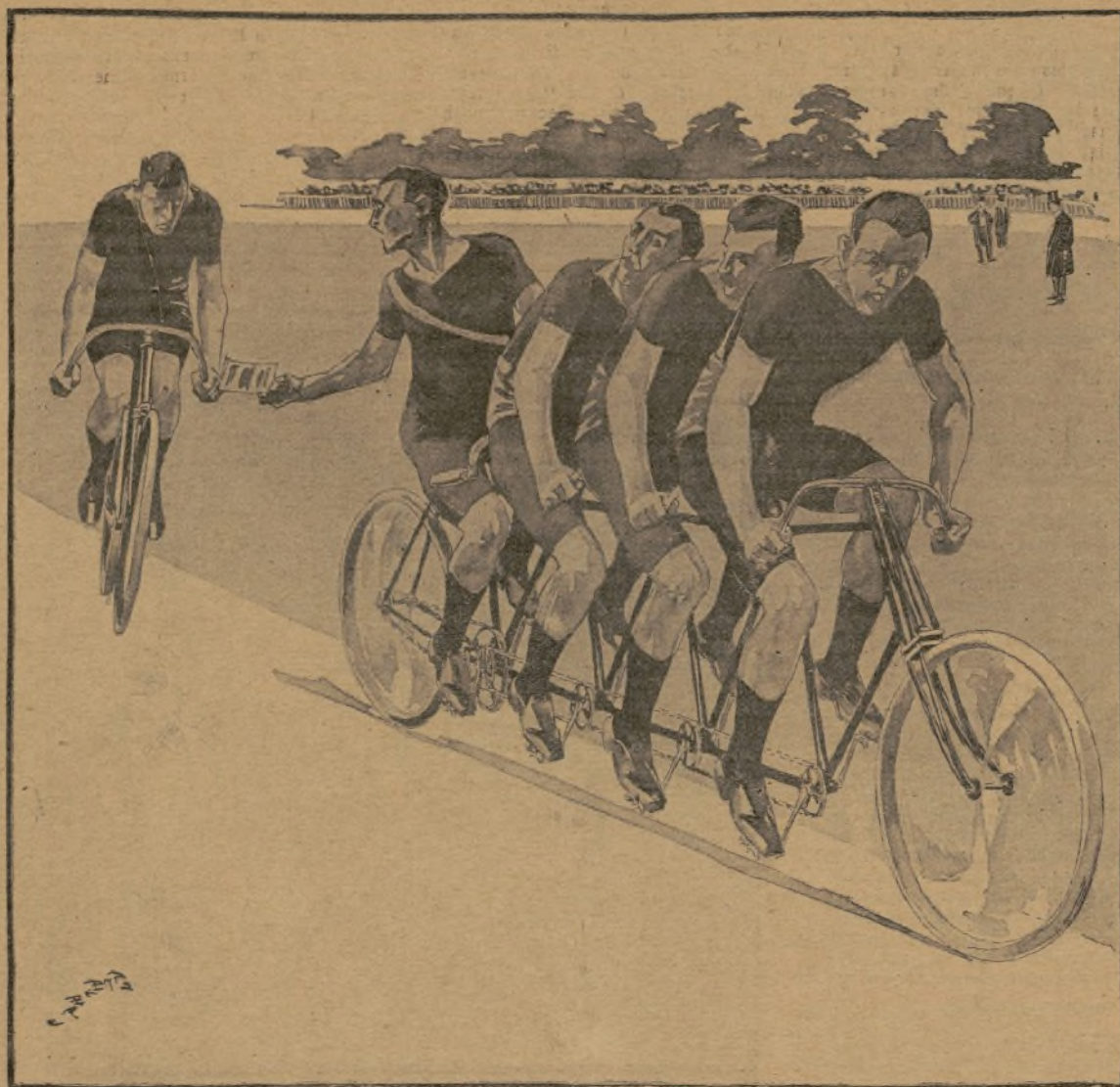
Something for nothing.

THE clearance sale of the great and only Gamage, at Holborn, is now on, and is to last for 21 days only, or a less period if all the bargains are disposed of before. If cyclists cannot actually get something for nothing at Gamage's just now, a glance at the special price-list issued convinces us that they can get next door to it. Hosiery, tailoring, boots and shoes, hats and caps, gloves, ties, bicycles, and every description of cycle accessory, can, for a limited period, be bought for next to nothing at Gamage's, and the opportunity is not one to miss.



SEEN IN CLAPHAM—FOND, BUT FOOLISH.

B



RECORD-BREAKING UP-TO-DATE.

RECORD BREAKER—(just inside time).—"For Heaven's sake, can't you screw up the pace a bit?"
 PACERS' BUSINESS MAN.—"Yes, old man, but not at the price.—Consult our pamphlet of 'Sliding scale of prices for speed rates,' and let's know what you want!"

More rim testing.

SEEING our par. about what a Jointless rim will stand, a member of the Daneville C.C. sends us an account of a similar experience that happened to himself a few days ago. He rode from Red Hill to London, a distance of 21 miles on a deflated tyre, with a light racing jointless rim, and at the end of the journey, the wheel was not damaged, and ran as true as ever.

Universal lights for Cornwall.

CORNWALL cyclists are seeking the introduction of a County Council regulation for the compulsory lighting of vehicles after dark. A petition on the subject is in course of preparation, and copies can be obtained from A. W. Pearce, 24 Pydar Street, Truro. The petitioners have great hope of success, as a prominent member of the Council has promised to bring the petition before the proper people.

For advertisers.

A BOOK that should be in the hands of every advertiser, however small he be, is "Successful Advertising," which has just reached its 16th edition. T. Smith & Co., 132, Fleet Street, E.C., are the publishers.

"My Love and I."

C. W. BROWN, whose writings have hitherto been chiefly on severely technical matters, has suddenly burst out in a new line, as a love song writer. Two efforts of his have just been published, the music, in both cases, being composed by E. L. Crowther. Both have a cycling ring, the best, perhaps, being "My Love and I," a tale of a tandem; the other is entitled, "The Wheelman's Tryst." The airs are simple and tuneful, and copies can be obtained from the Lyric Publishing Co., 25, Kenninghall Road, N.W., or the author, Friern Park, North Finchley, N.

Milan to Moscow.

AN Italian rider, Raffaele Gatti, has just arrived in Moscow, successfully completing his tour from Milan to Moscow, via Berlin and St. Petersburg. He rode a Triumph weighing 27 lbs., which carried him through his long journey without any mishap.

Humber's new Company.

THE subscription list was opened on Monday of this week, and closed on Tuesday, for Humber & Co. (Russia) Limited, with a capital of £75,000, divided into 15,000 shares of £5 each. The directors are, Messrs. A. R. Marten, Frederick Goddard, and Andrew Beattie, whilst three Moscow gentlemen are to form a local Board of Direction in Russia. Mr. M. D. Rucker is advisory expert to the Board. £40,000 of the capital is to be reserved for plant and working capital.

Early days of the Rubber Tyre.

At the velocipede races at Blois (France), on August 29th, 1869, the india-rubber tyres proved their incontestable superiority for speed over the iron tyres. This was so evident that the two principal riders—the only ones who had india rubber tyres—were in courtesy obliged to retire from the open races, and a special prize was offered for their competition.

A new tyre.

J. E. HOPKINSON & CO., LTD., of West Drayton, makers of the Drayton single tube tyre, are bringing out a new tyre, which will be introduced to the public at the Shows. It is a double tube tyre with an ingenious method of attachment to the rim. It is not dependent on inflation to stick on the rim, and cannot blow off, whilst the cover is easily and quickly detachable when required so to be.

Brakeless machines a crime.

At an inquest, held at Wigan last week, on a hawker of plums, who was killed by a cyclist on a brakeless machine dashing down a hill into him, the Coroner, himself a cyclist, made some strong remarks about brakeless machines, and said magistrates ought to have power to send to prison persons using machines not fitted with brakes. With better sense and reason, he also reprimanded the cyclist for running away after the accident.

The conceit of ignorance.

ATTACKS on cyclists, and suggestions for a tax on cyclists, are doing a lot of space filling just now in London and provincial daily papers. A correspondent to the "Liverpool Echo," is very blunt in stating his opinion of cyclists, whom he sweepingly describes as "a lot of infatuated little fools." By-the-way, the air of superiority adopted by anti-cyclists, on no better grounds than that they do not possess, and cannot ride a bicycle, often affords very amusing reading.

A Cheshire "Black Boy."

"THE BLACK BOY" is the sign of the principal inn which cyclists patronise in the East Cheshire village of Prestbury, and which inn has been in the same family for three generations. As a favourite resort of cyclists Prestbury is second to none in Cheshire, as the season round the village is crowded with wheelmen, a fact which is partly accounted for by its picturesque surroundings, its hospitable "Black Boy," and the antiquarian interest in the old church, Norman Chapel, Runic Cross, and Priest's House, whilst last, but not least, is the interest taken in the gravestone of a local lady, "who died a bachelor, in the 42nd year of her age, in the year 1700 odd."

Warwick Councillors and moonshine.

THE County Councils are gradually waking up to the necessity of Universal Lights. The manner in which some of them are dealing with the subject is very amusing; for instance, the Warwickshire County Council have decided that "a driver has to have lighted lamps between sunset and 2 a.m.—except between the rising and setting of the moon." It does not appear to have occurred to the Councillors that the moon is often obscured by clouds, and besides, what a lot of trouble such a bye-law will cause to drivers and police alike. Why not go in for uniformity, and adopt the times as applied to cycles. It strikes us that the N.C.U. might do worse than organise an appeal to all County Councils on this subject.

Book the date.

GAMAGE'S C.C. will give a big smoker, with high-class talent, in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on December 4th, when "Dagonet," of the "Referee," will probably take the chair. Secretaries should try and avoid clashing with this date, as it is proposed to make a big thing of the affair.

Business and pleasure combined.

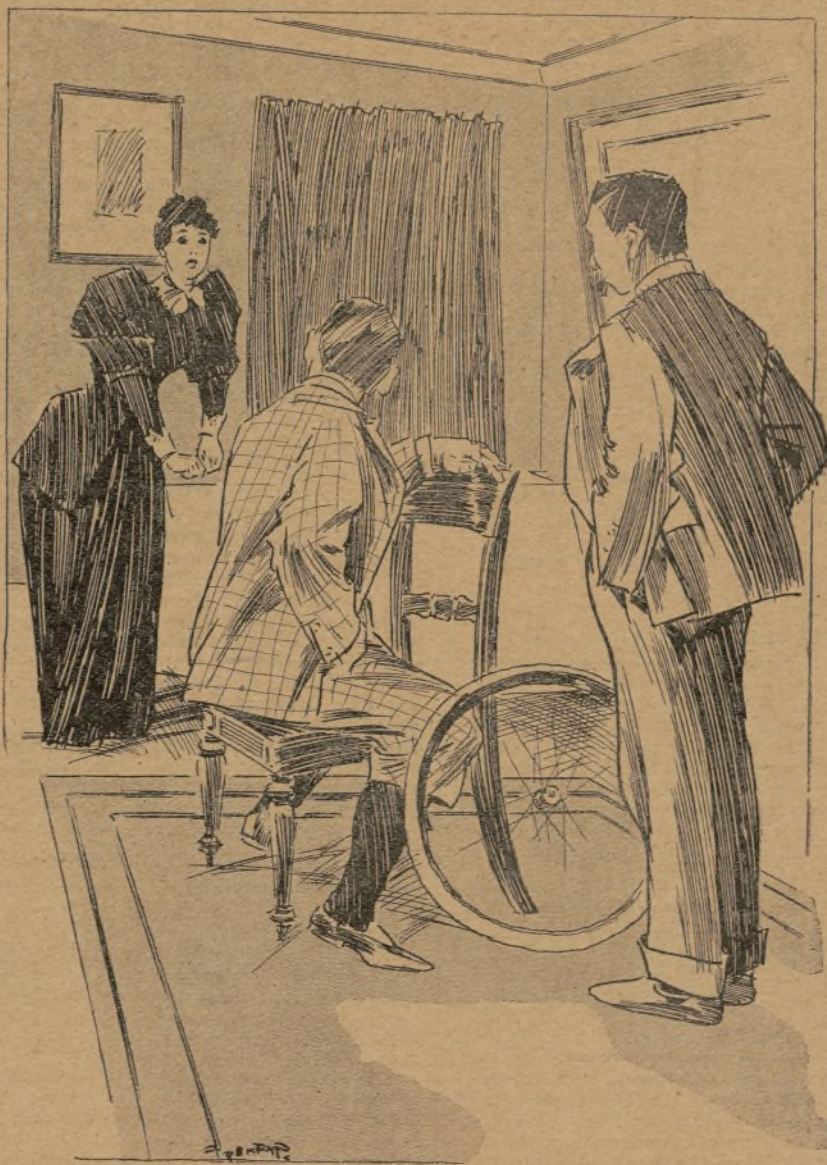
It is reported that a lady cyclist of Chicago has been attracting considerable attention in that city, not only by riding a modern tricycle, which is a rarity there, but also by having a sewing machine fastened to the handlebar, with a band running to the front wheel to supply the power. As she rides she works at the machine, and, mayhap, can estimate her mileage by the amount of sewing done.

The haunt of the fair.

BONSOR's house, the "Prince Blucher" at Effingham, appears to have become quite the recognised haunt of the fair "Rationalists." We never call at the house, or pass it, without seeing some exponents of the new garb standing about outside the hostelry, or agitating the local mind by riding round the neighbourhood.

A narrow shave.

A LONDON cyclist, named Raggett, who was indulging in a shave in Bow Common Lane, leaving his machine outside, was very near sustaining a serious loss to him, somebody walking off with his treasured mount. Luckily it was a New Rapid, and he has, therefore, received a new machine, free of charge, in accordance with the free insurance policy of the St. George's Engineering Co.



SHOULD BUY HER A BICYCLE.

HUEBY (to visitor).—"What do you think of those laminated rims?"
WIFE (indignantly).—"George, if you must talk of nothing else but bicycles, you might use better language before me!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



LAP-SCORING AT HERNE HILL.

SIR,—I hear that there were not enough lap-scorers during the race for the "Anchor" Shield, on Saturday week, and that W. H. Knight refused to ride after the third hour as he considered he had been credited with six miles less than he had ridden. If such is a fact, some alteration should be made in future races, otherwise general dissatisfaction will be the result.

Yours truly,
G. J. MARSHALL.

MAY RUMOUR LIE?

SIR,—Referring to the paragraph on page 173 of last week's issue under the above heading, I would say that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumours you suggest, as to there being another 12 hours' race coming off on the Putney track next month.

The Polytechnic C.C. had intended running their long-distance 12 hours' championship on the 28th ult., but this engagement had to fall through, as a result of the recent action of the N.C.U. professionalising some of the club's members.

Probably, therefore, this is the case of the present rumour.

Application is being made to me at the present time with reference to a 6 hours' contest, which may, or may not, take place, though, personally, I think, with you, that we have had quite enough of long-distance racing this year.

Yours faithfully,
PERCY LITCHFIELD.

CYCLING IN THE CITY.

SIR,—In reference to your recent remarks, re cyclists riding in the City, it would be most unjust to prevent one class of vehicle from using the streets of the City any more than another. I am sure the accidents from other vehicles far outnumber those from cycles, and if a cyclist exercises ordinary care it is very rarely an accident occurs.

But after all accidents will occur, no matter how careful one may be.

The more cycles there are used in the City the less need will there be for other vehicles, and I am sure it would be better for all if a few of the present number of cabs were out of the way, as, even now, there are a great many more than are required.

I think very few cyclists ride in the City for pleasure, but, almost without exception, for business purposes. Look at the scores going backwards and forwards with loads on their backs during the day, to say nothing of those who ride to and from their daily work.

Until recently I have ridden backwards and forwards daily, and have only had one accident, in which the only party to suffer was my machine.

Yours truly,
WM. GULLIVER.

C.T.C. BENEFITS.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your very readable and interesting paper, and also a member of the C.T.C., permit me to thank you for your generous notice of the club in question (p. 166, last week's issue) which will, I think, do much towards securing additional members.

I can fully endorse the statement by your correspondent that the C.T.C. tariff is advantageous to members. A friend and self toured, this Summer, in the Highlands, and, without going into details, I may say that we saved about 20 per cent. upon our hotel bills.

I consider that the new tariff arrangements are an improvement upon the old, and should like to see them become universal.

Wishing you every success, and again thanking you for your good words for a good thing.

Yours obediently,
CHARLES W. SIMMONS.

HE WILL NOTIFY THE FACT.

SIR,—Once for all allow me to contradict the statement that I will ride in Paris the coming month, neither am I professionalised, as some papers state. Also, allow me to acquaint the public that, when I turn pro., I will duly notify them myself, and to pay no attention to such statements unless confirmed by myself.

And, again, in justice to myself, allow me to say the N.C.U. had no charge against me when asked to attend. The reason was simply to find fault then, if possible. I was away in Brighton at that time and could not attend, therefore, they suspended me for being away from home. Funny, isn't it?

Yours, &c.,
C. C. FONTAINE.

PACING.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space, with reference to your article to-day, on the subject of pacing. I should be very sorry to think that the state of things disclosed by you was without remedy, as it is a disgrace to the sport. Happily I am firmly of opinion that the decadence you lament is much more apparent than real.

The true difficulty appears to me to be the lack of a sufficient number of triplets and quads. If the would-be record-breaker, whose case you deal with, had been able to hire a machine, I venture to think, there would be no difficulty in getting it manned, provided some sort of systematic register was kept of riders whose love of sport is superior to their desire for gain. It is certainly not necessary that a quad should be ridden by absolutely first-class riders. Any decent road rider who can manage 19 or 20 miles in the hour would be eligible for the work.

What I would suggest therefore is that ever-willing CYCLING should keep such a register as the above. The record-breaker would have the expense of hiring the machine, and probably it would mean a good deal of correspondence to ascertain the men whose spare time would fit in with his wishes, but any trouble is worth taking to avoid the disgraceful extortion you allude to.

I do not meet very many riders, but the half-dozen with whom I am always riding, would, I am sure, be very glad to help such a scheme as I suggest, and there must be many more of the same views.

Yours faithfully,
SPORT.

RECORD-BREAKING UP-TO-DATE.



"S everything arranged for the record-breaking attempt?" queried the head manager of the Flyaway Cycle Co., to the Organiser-in-chief of record rides.

"Yes, sir, with the exception of a few pacers whom I have to barter with at the track in the morning."

"What are 'quads' asking to-day?"

"Four ten and expenses."

"Dear me, that's an advance on yesterday's prices!"

"Yes, sir, and triplets have risen from £2 10s. to £3, and are pretty firm at that—expenses as well, of course."

"Well, I never!"

"I suppose you wish us to go through with the record, sir?"

"Yes, I think we'd better get it; but, whatever you do, don't risk failure on any account. The cost will be enormous. At what do you estimate Flighter's training expenses?"

"About £150."

"Dear me; dear me!"

"And, as regards the pacers' fees, sir?"

"What do you think yourself of Flighter's chances of getting the record?"

"Well, given fine weather, and good pacing, he's bound to get it, in my opinion. Such a lot depends on the pacers though, and I think we would do well to pay them on the higher scale."

"How do you mean?"

"Give them a little more even than they ask."

"You think that'll act as a stimulus?"

"Certainly! When Raceby got the mile, his pacers were offered 10s. extra for every fifth they got him inside, and you know the result."

"Very well; I leave the matter entirely in your hands; spend as little as possible, but, under no circumstances, risk failure."

"Very good, sir; I'll go straight along and fix up with the pacers."

"What are you asking the Flyaway Cycle Co. for this record job of theirs?" asked "quad" owner, No. 1, of "quad" owner, No. 2.

"£4 10s. and exes." replied No. 2, "but," he added, with a wink, "we shan't go 'all out,' unless they make it worth our while."

"More shan't we," said No. 1, "so that's agreed on."

Fiction! did we hear someone say? Not a bit of it, good reader; there's a solid substratum of fact in the foregoing dialogue.

It gives an insight into the glorious sport of record-breaking up-to-date.

AUSTRALIA has a new and promising cycling paper, "The Sydney Wheelman," which made its first bow on August 15th.

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

A. C. EDWARDS. A. C. EDWARDS, who has been on the sick list for a couple of weeks, is on a health trip to Newcastle-on-Tyne. The old Poly man speaks very highly of Italy and its climate, where he has had a very successful racing career.

THE ESSEX MARVEL. H. C. HORSWILL is a marvel. He is over 30 years of age, yet he holds not only the 100 miles and 12 hours Essex road records, and the 100 miles path record, but he has just reduced the mile time at High Beech to 2.11½, and secures as his reward Mr. Gumprecht's ten guinea prize.

A. J. BENNETT. A. J. BENNETT is just at present in the pink of form for road racing, and we shall not be surprised to find that he has annexed the Liverpool to London record before the publication of our next issue. With the present fine weather, and good pacers, Bennett believes that he can take fully half-an-hour off the previous best.

HURET AS A TOURIST. HURET is at present resting from his Bordeaux exertions in Switzerland. That he is in splendid health is shown by the fact that he went from Paris, and will also return by road. Huret when touring, does not like to travel fast, and seldom rides more than 60 miles a day. This is far from his 529 miles on the path!

A VETERAN'S PROPOSAL. Rousset, the French veteran, is said to propose to make a record for 24 hours, without pacemakers, on the track. What good end is to be served by a man of 55 wabbling around alone, for an October night and day, is not apparent. He can do himself no good; he can demonstrate nothing. The only outcome of the attempt would be that an easy record would be provided for those who have not the ability to beat a really important one; and the man who adds to the already bewildering record list has no sympathy of ours. It is to be hoped that rumour is wrong again.

B. E. WINCHURCH. HERE we reproduce a photograph of Ben. E. Winchurch, of the Forward B.C., Birmingham, a great favourite with the Aston crowd, and the possessor of a remarkable combination of speed and staying power. His ride in the 24 hours' race, held at Aston, this season, is certainly one of the finest distance performances ever accomplished on a cinder path, and that he is by no means completely eclipsed when competing in first-class company, was shown by his finishing only about half a lap behind Platt-Betts, at the Anglo-Irish meeting at Coventry, when that rider covered the ten miles in 22.45. Winchurch has been improving steadily for some years, and we believe him capable of far better performances than he has shown us up to the present.



A SPEEDY MIDLANDER.

B. E. WINCHURCH (FORWARD B.C.)
Winner of the recent 24 hours' race at Aston.

A CYCLING KING.

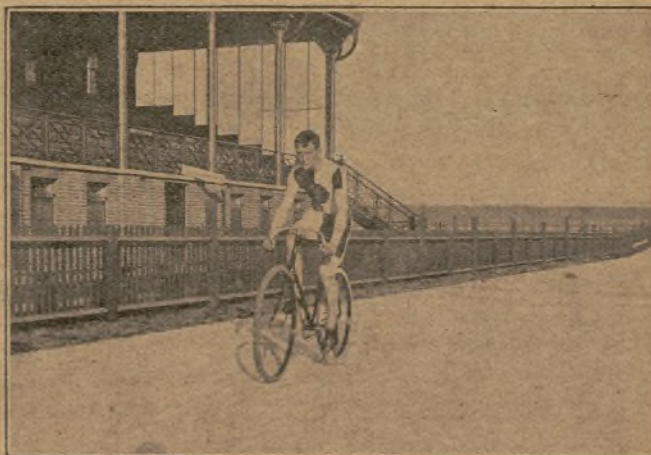
LEOPOLD II., King of the Belgians, was the first sovereign to honour a cycle track with his presence. His love of progress has led him to give considerable encouragement and protection to athletic sports. With the late M. Carnot, King Leopold acted as President of Honour, for the race from Paris to Brussels, in 1893, and himself presented a prize for the event. King Leopold is a real cyclist, and often rides a tricycle in the avenues of his park, at Laeken, near Brussels.

MR. J. TOWNSEND-TRENCH is a gentleman who is well known in Ireland, and, indeed, outside Ireland too.

Despite the amount of hard work which he has to get through, Mr. Trench finds plenty of time for cycling, which is his favourite pastime. In spite of his 62 years, he manages to occasionally race too, and he can move when he does. Last week he competed in a 20 miles' road race at Killarney, and secured third place. There are not many veterans of 62, who could turn out, and hold their own against the up-to-date, modern scorchers, as Mr. Trench does.

A perfect day.

REALLY the very special weather demands a paragraph to itself, that future generations may learn from back numbers of *CYCLING*, what 1895 could do. On Sunday, after the morning mist had unveiled the perfect day, there was not a cloud visible; the sun shone supreme and absolute every moment until it abdicated its glory out of gallantry to the equally perfect in beauty, lady moon. The unseasonable warmth was just agreeably tempered by a breeze from the East; those hurrying against it might have called it a wind. The trees, well out of town, showed little signs of Autumn, the leaves, dark and massed, contrasted well with the electric brilliancy of the light and air. The cottage gardens, too, in Surrey and Sussex, where cottage gardens are ever living pictures of free and wild floral beauty, were gay, not only with the seasonable dahlias, but also roses of Summer, and geraniums still smart with bunched blossoms.



TWO SPEEDY POLY. BOYS AT CATFORD.

A. E. WALTERS.

Photos. by Mr. F. Foulsham.

T. OSBORN.

CYCLING

OFFICES.

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

LONDON, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD

AND WALTER GROVES,

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SUMMER, like the swallows, is on the fit. The trees have hoisted their storm warnings, golden branches amongst the green; the apples hang ruddy, the harvest is home, and it is chilly on the road after dark. Whilst these, and other signs, serve to remind us that the best of the cycling year is nearly quite over, and that the wise should make the most of such as may be left; it also serves to remind one what a grand riding season the passing one has been. Save the spell at the end of July, and the start of August, there has been little rain to keep the rider from the saddle for many days together; roads, considering the previous Winter's snow and frost, and the prolonged dry weather, have been remarkably good, and always been rideable, although the flint-made surfaces did become very trying to tyres, a puncture, with thin covers, being hardly possible to escape on a spin of any distance. The roads, indeed, have, this year, come grandly through a very trying time, and have again demonstrated how thorough is the improvement, better attention and a liberal expenditure in steam rollers have brought about.

WE well remember that before the drought of the Jubilee Year was well through—and we have to go back to then to find a correspondingly dry time

to that experienced this year—the Brighton Road beyond Purley was like a sea-beach, and absolutely unrideable. This year, although, of course, such a much-used highway became dusty, it never approached that hopeless state of looseness that a few years ago a dry spell reduced it to, without calling forth any particular comment. This case of the Brighton Road may be taken as a fairly representative one, and be illustrative of an improvement in road surface, not only local, but general, throughout the country. This is a matter that cyclists may well congratulate themselves upon, not only on enjoying the present blessings of a rapidly improving road surface, but also on having had something to do with bringing about a result so beneficial, not only to themselves, but to all users of the highways. The new born activity of County Councils and the spread of knowledge of road repairing, are rapidly restoring our roads to the excellence of the palmy days of the mail coaches.

WE thought that the correspondence with a tyre firm, which we brought to light in our columns some few weeks back, would have taught for all time that we have not handed over the editorship of this paper to our advertisers, however important and valued they may be, but recent events have proved our surmise incorrect. It will be remembered that in that instance a large tyre-making firm waxed very indignant, and withdrew their advertisements, because portraits of certain riders of their tyres were declined to be inserted amongst the reading matter, because they had already appeared elsewhere. We have recently been having a similar passage of arms, but on even more discreditable grounds, as far as our opponents are concerned, with a firm of lamp manufacturers. The firm were advertisers with us, and wrote rather pressingly for a notice of their goods in our columns, and sent two lamps for trial. Now we admire legitimate business enterprise, and take not the slightest exception to a request for a notice of goods advertised, or any novelty of interest which is not advertised for that matter, and are always ready to make patient experimental tests of all articles sent us for that purpose. But, the articles being once tested by us, we insist, at all costs, on the right of publishing only such expressions of opinion on the value of the article under notice, as the results of our trials suggest. This, in the present case, as usual, we did, and to this the firm took exception. In the lamps we discovered points which we considered good, and so stated; but, on the other hand, our experiences went to show that they possessed grave faults, and to these we gave equal publicity. It was with regret that we did so, for it is always a pleasanter task for us to discover good in a thing, and to be able to praise it with conviction generously; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the opinions, testimonials, and

criticisms of CYCLING are accepted as seriously, and acted upon as widely as they are read, and we are therefore more than usually careful to see to it, that no word of ours will induce a solitary reader to invest his perhaps ill-spiced cash in an article, or tyre, or machine, which we have reason to believe will bring him disappointment and disaster.

THE result of our fearless but fair criticism of the wares of the lamp firm has been the withdrawal, with our permission, of a long contract for advertisements. We do not particularly regret this, nor do we mention the fact to arouse any undesired sympathy, but rather to once more accentuate, and bring to light, the overbearing and bullying attitude adopted by a small section of the Cycle Trade towards the Cycle Press; an attitude, which the perusal of some journals suggests, alas! is only too successful in the majority of cases. Such attempts to obtain by coercion and bribery, favourable notices of goods which cannot truly be credited with the flattering description of their qualities desired, will always be, as they always have been, stoutly resisted by us, even when it means the loss of valuable business, and our readers can rely upon it, that when we recount, in these pages, our experiences with a machine, a tyre, a lamp, or whatever it may be, we describe only the thing as we find it, and not merely as its manufacturer would have it read. As might be expected, the best class firms never resort to such questionable tactics as attempting to coerce a paper into giving a false report of goods sent for trial; indeed, many of them are too dignified even to request any notice at all.

WITH the latest reading of the rules of the Union, by the General Committee, it is supposed that further series of records may be looked for. We already have the amateur, unlicensed, and professional mile, flying start, standing start, unpaced, and, on speed surface, grass, and cinders, which makes 18 varieties of mile records, which, if not all placed on the Union books, at any rate, receive a certain amount of credit and acceptance. To these, presumably, will now be added, the mile-unlicensed-not-permitted-to-start-record; and the licensed-amateur-private-training-trial, but properly clocked-record; but the most sensational record of all will be the unlicensed-or-professional-mile, clocked-by-unknown-and-unpresentable, and-very-thirsty-sporting-paper-representatives-record!

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.

RIDES ON THE RAND. OUR TRIP TO THE LETABA.

BY SYBIL BERNSTEIN.



BILLET walked into my room one morning with an air of suppressed importance that made me stare. He sauntered about the room a bit, glanced into the mirror, and finally turned to me.

"Look here," he said, "Holmes, how long is it now that I've been playing this dashed game of 'gentleman'?"

"Three months," I said, promptly;

have got a place as general hand, at £35 a month, up there, and I'm going."

"You mean as 'tappit-slogger'?" I asked, translating his term of "general hand."

"As you like. Will you come?"

"Will I get that too?" I said, cautiously.

"Perhaps more. You must arrange with the boss. Chadwick is going up with us —"

"Eh?" I cried, sitting up.

"Afraid of him too?" smiled Billet, "he's not so bad as the fever, you know. But if you want to go, get ready at once, and, mind you, if you don't go, I will."

"I'm with you," I said, "but for goodness sake, what does this Chadwick want up there?"

"Going to look round. So long; come to my room when you're up."

When I was up, I went round. Billet and "that Britisher," Chadwick, were

least, I did. But then he had always seemed to prefer his own company to anybody else's: so I don't suppose he cared much.

After those first days, things were very different.

Habitations of any sort became fewer and fewer; the roads were bad; the heat intense.

So much for the days. The nights, for the most part, were spent with the moonlit sky for a canopy, a huge fire burning beside us—more for the purpose of repelling the tormenting mosquitoes than for anything else.

The sleeping outside was, if anything, rather pleasant, as long as the calm moonlit nights—which were much more pleasant than the hot, dreary days—continued; but one night all that changed.

It rained. I suppose I must use the usual words to express it; but I am not



Photos. by Percy M. Smith.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

he didn't even challenge me to "coffee and p stols."

"And you?" he asked.

"Always, I believe. What do you mean to—"

"Oh, come! stow that, now. You've also been out of work nearly two months; it's time this ended. I've had the chance offered me of going up country, to run a battery at the Letaba: there's room for another fellow on a neighbouring property. What do you say?"

"The Letaba?" I repeated, stupidly, I daresay.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Oh, no reason at all," I protested, retiring under the coverlet from the angry glare in Billet's eyes, "only, you know, the fever—"

"I declare!" said Billet, fiercely, "that young Britisher's the only man amongst you! You're like children, who're afraid of the whooping-cough! Well, never mind; stay, that's all. I

there, brightening up their machines. I got mine, and brightened it too. After breakfast I had an interview with "the boss," and was engaged to run the battery next to the one Billet was to work on at the same salary.

Two days later the three of us started. I will not say that I was particularly pleased with the arrangement. I would have preferred Chadwick to have remained behind.

Of course, we could not take much in the way of provisions, or even medicines—which we would probably need—and we allowed a fortnight for the journey; we did not want to scorch, and thus invite any incipient attacks of malaria that might be lurking about.

For the first two or three days we got on splendidly; we had most of the comforts of civilisation (such civilisation, at least, as we are used to up here, at all) and the thing was new.

I daresay we neglected Chadwick a bit, as far as conversation went: at

up to a description of that rain: the air was a rushing torrent of water—nothing else.

When the first few drops fell, Chadwick remarked them, and asked Billet, who had been in the country before, and was therefore an authority, if we could not put our machines somewhere out of harm's way.

Billet laughed: in fact he roared.

"Oh, they're all right," he spluttered, "they've all got gear cases!"

Then it came down. In half-an-hour we lay in two feet of water. Luckily, it didn't keep on long, and it stopped as suddenly as it had commenced.

We got through the night somehow, and as soon as the sun rose, our clothes dried quickly enough: also the ground. A hot, moist vapour rose from both of them, that seemed to poison the very air.

We started early. We had hopes of getting to some sort of shelter, where some description of food might be obtainable. I felt strangely in need of it.

I found my strength so small that I could hardly drive my machine through the soft ground. After a few minutes of it, I gave it up, panting.

"Stick to it, old man!" Billet shouted, looking round at me, "feel queer, eh?"

"I do," I admitted.

Billet jumped off his machine, and came to me.

"Here, take some brandy. I never thought you were so soft, Holmes," he said, brusquely, pushing the flask into my hand.

I tried hard, after that, to keep up with the pace of the other two; but I soon fell back. A strange, dizzy sensation of sickness filled my head; then I grew suddenly cold. I tried to call to them, but it was some time before I got Billet's name out, through my chattering teeth.

He dismounted again, and came to me.

"Look out!" he cried, as I swayed in my saddle, and then fell full in his arms, "By Jove! Chadwick, last night's done for him. He's got it, and bad, too."

"Fever?" asked Chadwick, scared.

"Yes. I say, Holmes, do you think you can stick to your machine a little longer, till we get somewhere?"

I thought I could. But I was mistaken. Before we had gone two hundred yards farther I reeled again, and, this time, fell right off my machine.

Billet espied a *kraal* in the distance; together they carried me to it. It proved, as I afterwards found—I was too far gone, at the time, to know much—to be tenantless; but there was some sort of shelter to be obtained there; they made a bed of our rugs, in the driest nook, and laid me on it.

I remember nothing that happened after that, until I opened my eyes, to find Chadwick seated on a boulder beside me, staring in silence.

"Where's Billet?" I asked, when I had gazed round at the strange place awhile.

"Gone to Petersberg," he answered, "he said he'd only be a day, or two at the most; and he's gone over a week now."

"Over a week!" I echoed, "what have you been doing—all this time? You look bad."

"Not so bad as you do, I'm sure. Won't you try to sleep?"

"I'd rather try to swallow something," I said, thinking it was rather cool of him to ask a fellow who'd been "asleep" for the past week, if he wouldn't try to do it again.

He got up, and walked round the place once or twice; then he sat down on the boulder again, and looked at me helplessly.

"You needn't trouble much," I said: he didn't look much of a cook; "anything will do."

"I'm very sorry," he said, flushing and paling in a way that I'd never seen any man do, before, "but I'm afraid I haven't anything, till Billet comes back."

"Not even a drink?" I asked. I felt irritable; one always does, in these attacks of low-fever.

"No," he said, apathetically.

"Why, we'll starve!" I exclaimed.

"You will, I'm afraid," he said, softly; "you're so weak. I can hold out for some time yet."

For the first time, I looked into the man's face. It was thin; the colour that, a moment ago, had given him a false hue of health, was gone, and he looked deathly. . . . I felt a brute; but I remained silent.

After awhile, he rose again, and walked outside. I saw him standing in the golden glare of the sunshine, shading his eyes with his hand, and gazing.

I longed to call out to him, and tell him how sorry I was. And yet, when he came back to me, and took up his post beside me, my lips were sealed.

"Don't you think," he said, leaning toward me, "that I might go out and see if I can't get—anything—some food—or a little water?"

I looked at him; the skin of his face was yellow, and drawn; his lips parched.

"You don't look fit," I said, awkwardly. He stood up, and looked at me.

"No!" he blurted out, "I'm only fit to die like a dog—and let you die, too—of starvation!" The colour was back in his cheeks again.

The sickening feeling crept back to my head. I turned round, and tried not to think.

"I used to think—you weren't fit—for much," I said, hardly knowing what I did say, "now I can see . . ."

"What?" he asked, bending over me.

"You're a good fellow . . . good in the right way."

He stood up, and turned away from me. After a bit, he faced me again.

"Try to sleep," he said, "I'll try too: it's best . . . He might be here when we wake." He lay down at my side in the blankets. In time, we did manage to fall asleep: from exhaustion, I believe.

When I opened my eyes, he was sitting on the boulder again, his head between his hands. He raised a white face, and looked at me.

"I'd best go," he said, speaking incoherently; I felt startled; "another day! you'll die, Holmes: I must go . . . and get something."

"No," I said, wildly, "don't go; stay here—come closer to me."

I must have held out my hand; for he put his into it. His fingers were cold and nerveless. I touched them until I felt my hold involuntarily relaxing, and the dizzy feeling came again.

I opened my eyes after awhile, to see Billet with his hand on Chadwick's shoulder, and a stout red-faced man bending over me.

"He's bad too," I heard him say, "but they'll both do with nursing. Now then, where's that Bovril?"

I could hardly have taken it; for I fainted for good just then. When I came to, I found myself in Petersberg, where we stayed until Chadwick and I were nearly well again. Then we came by coach to Johannesburg.

Billet still intends going up-country. But two of us have had enough of it, and we have taken something very like an oath never to go ten miles North of the Rand. I am one; the other is my closest friend, Chadwick.

Waterford opinions.

THE men of Waterford are combative, and war is their cry. The P.E. Branch of the I.C.A., has spoken the will of Waterford wheelmen, which is, that Baynham's motion to professionalise "inducers" found not a single supporter. Mecedry's motion, permitting the payment of pacemakers' expenses, was adopted unanimously. A special motion was passed to the effect that the professionalising of Mecedry by the N.C.U. should not be recognised.



INTERESTED!



JOHN S. PRINCE is reported dead from St Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

A Psycho was used in the breaking of the Inverness to Aberdeen record.

Road racing is being indulged in to a considerable extent in the Midlands.

SCOTTISH racing men have a chance for a final fling at Wishaw, on Saturday.

THE Mid-Surrey 100 for the Thornton Cup will be held at Putney on October 19th.

LEHR has won the 1,000 metres professional championship of Germany on Palmer tyres.

THE 50 miles championship of Ireland was won upon a Dunlop-shod Osmond, on Saturday.

"We did not side in unison," was one explanation of a Hanaper collapse. "Unison" is good.

BEN WINCHURCH and F. W. Chinn are to be entertained shortly by the proprietors of "Sport and Play."

SAVE perhaps in long-distance time races, there is not likely to be much more pacing in Scottish path races.

It must have rained on the Brighton Road, since Chase's record, for on Sunday the surface was not half bad.

A "FULL BAND" was billed on the Hanapers' programme, but, although sorely needed, did not appear. It was suggested it was too full to come.

THE directors of the Wood Green track, have definitely decided to change the surface before the commencement of next year's racing season.

BAKER has beaten Welsh records at 1 mile (2.13), and 10 miles, and Barratt has put 24 miles 1,512 yards into the hour,—both at Newport, and on Dunlops.

WINCHURCH went for a mile at Catford last week, but failed miserably. He went without N.C.U. permission, and it is felt something dreadful will happen to him.

BOTH the Scottish 100 miles championships, Classes A. and B., resulted in Dunlop riders finishing first and second, Grandison and Crawford being the respective winners.

VANDERMEY on Sunday 22nd inst., in the 50 kilometres Dutch championship of the road, came in first, and was successful in making new Dutch record for the distance. He rode a Rudge-Whitworth.

Have to put up with it.

FREQUENTLY bitter complaints are made by competitors about under-value prizes in Ireland, and sometimes that they receive prizes of almost no value. The I.C.A. has no rule relative to value of prizes, and consequently the aggrieved competitors have no remedy.

The rule as to place to place times.

As some doubt appears to exist as to whether a place to place record can now be officially considered beaten by odd seconds only, it may be well to state that the rule is, when an official R.R.A. timekeeper takes the times the odd seconds are taken into consideration, but when the place to place record is timed on Post Office clocks, the time taken must be even minutes; that is to say, the odd seconds would be reckoned another minute.

Thought he was on duty.

SPENCER, who occupied the back seat on the second tandem in the Hanapers, is a fireman. To cheer him on and make things feel nice and home-like for him, Parrish threw water over him every lap towards the finish. What with the fierce sun and the falling water, it must have been as good as a fire to Spencer.

Return to the road.

SIGNS are not wanting that there will be a very general return to the road next year, and some clubs have commenced to do so this. Clubs simply cannot stand the racket of running series of financially disastrous race meetings, such as have been the rule this past season, and many will not attempt it again. Thousands of pounds must have been squandered on race meetings in London alone during 1895.

Why stop there?

AN ingenious, but impracticable suggestion for a way out of the maker's amateur difficulty, is made by a writer in the "Stanley Gazette," who would have not only the man licensed, but also the machine he rides, so that if he wants to change his mount he will have to apply for a new license. But why stop there? why not a license for his shoes, his saddle, tyres, embrocation, speed, drink, and all the odds and ends that are advertised, and which the various proprietors do not mind spending a little money judiciously in pushing?

Summersgill can play.

At a meeting of the West Riding Centre, held at Huddersfield, T. Summersgill applied to know, if he played football with the Northern Rugby Union, all the players of which had been professionalised by the Rugby Union, would he be a professional in the eyes of the N.C.U.? The Centre decided no; and also, that the N.C.U., having no agreement with the Rugby Union, or the Football Association, it takes no notice of any question affecting amateur status that may arise through a cyclist being a player in either of these bodies.

"HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE!"

To the Manager, "Cycling."

Dear Sir,

We believe in giving honour where honour is due, and, at the close of the season, 1895, feel it is only right that we should inform you how thoroughly pleased and satisfied we are at the results of our advertisement in "Cycling."

We can trace a great amount of business to this advertisement, and confirm our opinion of it, by sending you an order for a long period, and an increased space. We also notice in our correspondence that, where the name of any paper is mentioned, the great majority mention "Cycling," which is remarkable, seeing how widely we have advertised.

Wishing the paper all the success it deserves. We remain,

(Signed) Yours truly,
MARRIOTT & COOPER.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

As expected, Barden easily beat Relf in the £100 match at Putney on Saturday. Barden won the 1 and 5 miles races, and the other was not run.

The professional mile.

At Catford last week, Harris, on a Humber, Dunlop-shod, brought down the professional mile to the very respectable figures of 1.58 $\frac{3}{4}$, which is, however, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ slower than the unlicensed mile, and 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ behind the licensed ditto. His half was 57 $\frac{1}{2}$, and three-quarter mile 1.26 $\frac{1}{2}$, all professional records. Harris means to beat 1.54 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Championship profits.

We are now in a position to state that as the outcome of the championships held at Manchester this year the N.C.U. has netted a clear profit of over £200, and this satisfactory result will, no doubt, contrast very favourably with the financial result of the second batch, run off at Herne Hill, which, in all probability, will not clear expenses, even if an actual loss has not accrued.

Scotch sarcasm.

SCOTLAND is deeply gratified to learn that the General Committee of the N.C.U. have not lost sight of the subject, but are still considering the relationship of unlicensed Englishmen and Scottish Class B riders, and trusts that they will carefully avoid undue precipitation in dealing with the question. Hasty action is such delicate matters is always conducive to subsequent regret.

Improvements.

MR. GUMPRECHT, the proprietor of High Beech track, has started his improvements for next year by digging a two-foot trench right round the upper corners, temporarily covering it with boards. On Saturday young Weibking came a fearful purler through touching one of the boards, wrecking his machine, and sustaining some nasty wounds to his face and legs. We understand that he intends to lay the matter before the London Centre.

Out for metal.

LAST Sunday was the last opportunity many men down South had to go for club medals, and probably, not even in the palmiest days of road racing, have ever more men been out with that intent. Pacing tandems, with weary and dusty-looking mortals hanging on, were continually being met, and one lot were pacing a female, with the orthodox little fodder-basket on her handlebar. She wore a "had some" look, and was hardly an advertisement for cycling for ladies. Hillier was out, boldly steering a triplet, but he was not pacing speed merchants of either sex, but simply rode down to Crawley to wash his hands, and the rest of his body, of racing for the season. He also has "had some!"

Chase beats the Brighton record.

HARDLY had our paragraph on the stability of the Brighton and back record seen the light, when A. A. Chase, of the North Road Club, altered by a narrow margin (34 secs.), the then existing figures. Chase accomplished his ride last Thursday in favourable weather, but the roads were reported loose; Chase himself describes them as being more like a sea-beach than a high road. As might be expected, punctures, under these circumstances, were general, and he punctured his own and reserved machines, and every pace-maker, without exception, also punctured. In spite of these delays, he was timed by Bidlake to cover the journey in 5.34.58, as against Wridgway's, 5.35.32. Chase rode a Swift with Palmer tyres.

Liverpool track record beaten.

DAGLEISH'S 50 miles record for Liverpool was beaten on Saturday last by W. Watson, a prominent young Liverpoolian, who won the 50 miles championship of the Liverpool Wheelers in 2.13.22, and beat the second man, A. E. Bennett (brother to J.A.B.) by no less than 10 laps.

£500 for one race.

THE treasurer of the New South Wales Wheelman's League informs us that a scheme is on foot to run next year, and every year, in August, a big race at Sydney, open to the world with £500 in cash prizes. It is hoped that this will attract some of the cracks from America and Europe.

THERE was another big smash at Balls Bridge, Dublin, on Saturday; five men coming down in a bunch. W. Meredith and H. Lange were too much injured to ride in the championship subsequently.

A theatrical heavy father.

THE Surrey Theatre cycling club ran off two races the other day, a 10 and 5 miles' handicaps. The former was won by the great Conquest's nephew, A. Farrell, with 45 secs. start; a younger Conquest, A., being second from scratch; C. Phillips, third. J. Allen, who won the 5 miles with 3 mins. start, turns the scales at 16 stones, and beat W. Dann, who had an equally liberal time allowance; J. Ball, 45 secs., being third.

A road 100.

THE 100 miles road race promoted by the Kensington C.C. (Sunderland) was won by that promising young rider of the club, T. Pearson, in 5.48., being 12 mins. in front of last year's time. Geo. Swinhoe was second, J. Tindle third, and R. S. Blacklock, fourth.

A Sheffield 100

THE Sharrow C.C. held a scratch 100 miles' race at the Bramall Lane Grounds last Thursday for a 50 Guinea Challenge Shield. The race was not a success, only 3 starting. Walpole Hillier gave up after covering 11 miles. Harry Lee went to the front 4 laps from the finish, and won by 250 yds.; T. Lonsdale being second; time, 5.37.46.

**THOSE PACERS FEES.**

"FLIGHBY has got through that little fortune his aunt left him in the Spring!"
 "Gracious! How? Betting?—Dissipation?—Cards?"
 "No! Path racing!—One or two attempts at records did the trick!!"

THE TANDEM 6 HOURS' AT HERNE HILL.

THAT difficult race for the cockneys, the Herne Hill Hanapers, was duly run off last Saturday in tropical heat. There was a lot of delay at the start through tyres bursting on the mark, consequent on the intense heat, and it was 12.30 before the following six teams were got away: T. Butler and R. Clarke, J. A. Poole and J. A. Spencer, W. S. Yeoman and J. B. Cooke, F. R. Goodwin and J. P. K. Clark, S. Thomson and H. E. Lancefield, and J. F. Rudham and C. Chapple. At the start no pacers were available, and the field ambled round sociably at a 2.35 bat. Between the 5th and 6th mile the first pacing-instrument, a triplet, came on, and there was

A TERRIFIC RACE AND FIGHT FOR IT

between the Yeoman-Cooke, Goodwin-Clark, and Rudham-Chapple teams, the fight lasting some laps, and looking very dangerous, Rudham's handles frequently all but touching Goodwin's. In the end the Yeoman-Cooke combination got the triplet. Six miles farther Goodwin and Clarke changed their machine for the second time, and lost another lap, and in the 18th mile, ridden in splendid style by Yeoman and Cooke in 1.59, this pair left the field and got a clean lead. The first hour was very exciting, pacers were not numerous, and the dashes and finessing to obtain them when they did appear was very dangerous to the competitors, and thrilling to the very small and select knot of spectators. In the first hour Yeoman and Cooke rode 26 miles 1 lap; Poole and Spencer, and Rudham and Chapple, 25 miles 2½ laps; and Goodwin-Clarke, 25 miles. At an hour and a quarter Butler and Clark retired with 26 miles' score, not having the pace. Goodwin and Clark retired at 36 miles. After the 2 hours Yeoman-Cooke suddenly began to flag, and Rudham-Chapple, thus encouraged, to hurry. The Yeoman Cooke pair got worse and worse, and dismounted, although having a mile lead of everybody. They both appeared weary, particularly the helmsman, Yeoman; and, after a 7 minutes' rest, Cooke was, midst much amusement, carried once more to the slaughter. Meanwhile, they had lost their lead, and, after a short trial of 8 mins., finally came off for good at 62 miles, thus leaving only 3 teams on for 3 prizes before half time. The position of the remnant

AT HALF TIME

was, Rudham-Chapple, and Poole-Spencer, 75 miles; Thomson-Lancefield, 58 miles 3 laps. At 4 p.m. (3½ hours) the leaders had done 86 miles 2 laps; it was still baking hot; there was no gate, no band, no enthusiasm, no fun; the done-to-death racing season seemed to be peacefully dying, and the trees were spreading leaves on its grave. Rudham-Chapple were in front at 100 miles, 44.40, which is nearly 18 mins. slower than Yeoman and Cooke's time in the Anerley 100. Then the Goodwin-Clark series of records were struck, and at 102 miles Poole and Spencer were 5 mins. inside. At 4½ hours this crew lost their first lap to Rudham-Chapple, and at 118 miles the latter were 10 mins. inside record.

IN THE LAST HALF-HOUR,

thanks probably to champagne, the men brisked up, and the Poole-Spencer lot made a fine effort to pass the Rudham-Chapple

party at 20 mins. to go, and were successful 10 mins. later, which pleased the onlookers mightily. In the result, J. F. Rudham and C. Chapple, Putney A.C., were first, 146 miles 160 yds., beating the Goodwin-Clark record by 10 miles 1,220 yds. J. A. Poole and J. A. Spencer, Southwark C.C., were second, after a highly creditable ride, with 143 miles 750 yds.; Thomson and Lancefield, Daneville C.C., ambled in third, 116 miles. The first two tandems were Swifts, geared to 94; the other pair started on a Trigwell Propulsive Speed Wheel, but discarded its artificial aid rather early. All used Dunlop tyres. Hillier and Britten judged; Coleman and Dring timed. Now send us rest in distance races!

It is a modest estimate to say that, at least 75 per cent. of the fairly prominent men at present on the path are in the receipt of some financial assistance from the Trade.

In a 20 miles road race at Burslem, there were 128 entries, 63 of the men starting on Humbers, who gained all the prizes.

Where to gain fame.

SEEKERS after notoriety in the cycling world, who are unable to ride with speed, yet desire to figure as record breakers, &c., in the Press, should not waste time and postage in sending reports of their mild feats to cycling papers, because the editors know too much, and will waste paper-basket such small beer; they should write right away to the sporting dailies, who will give publicity to their performances without a murmur, and with all the glory of a special heading. Thus, we read in one of these authorities recently, that a certain Leytonstone speed merchant had performed the marvellous feat of riding to Yarmouth, a distance of 120 miles, in the remarkable time of 9.35. But then he was no novice, for we are informed that the same local Shorland some years ago covered 80 miles in 5.40. (?)



Wood Green has paid.

It is satisfactory to hear that, financially, Wood Green track has done very well during the few months it has been open. The directors are, we believe, in a position to declare a dividend, but prefer to devote this season's profits to the more commendable object of building up a reserve fund.

The Earl of Warwick's Cup.

THE contest for the challenge cup presented by the Earl of Warwick to the Essex Cycling Union takes place on Saturday at High Beech. Every Essex crack of note has entered. The cup will weigh 75 ozs., and the Earl's cheque for 30 guineas will secure a good return in value from S. T. Brown, who has obtained the order.

The curtain falls.

THE Irish racing season may be said to have been closed in Dublin on Saturday, with the United Newspapers meeting. It was most unfortunate that the final of the invitation scratch mile should have been marred by a nasty accident, all the competitors coming down in the home straight, bar H. Reynolds, who finished alone. The 5 miles was a capital handicap, and once more R. H. White proved himself a bit too good at the finish, winning nicely from Goss and Kelly. J. Mackey, who did a lot of hard work in this event, pacing the back-markers up to the limit crowd, earned only the cheers of the public. Like all unselfish pacers, he was ousted in the final dust-up.

The Armour Shield Race.

THE improbable has become an actuality, and the Essex Wheelers have managed to work up from tenth place, where the first of the Armour Shield contests left them, to tie with the Polytechnic at the end, and P. W. Gidney, with his excellent riding, and H. W. Harris with his skilful organisation deserve the credit for this. Saturday's contest was at the distance of 5 miles, and it was held at High Beech. Twenty-six riders were divided into 4 heats, and each man was timed and placed accordingly. Gidney and Sanderson in their heat cut out a thick pace, the former doing the larger share of the pacing, and eventually finished in 12 47 $\frac{1}{2}$, Sanderson being recorded $\frac{1}{2}$ longer. In A. J. Watson's heat, Ingram did the larger proportion of the donkey work (the other riders having quite hard enough a task to hang on), and held inside position at the bell: he maintained his position throughout the lap, and beat Watson by a couple of yards, his time being 12 58 $\frac{1}{2}$, Watson, $\frac{1}{2}$ longer. These were the four fastest times, and the men were placed accordingly, Gidney securing 1 point and Watson 4 points against their respective clubs. The Poly. score was 16 and 4 added making 20., the Essex Wheelers score being 19, also making with the 1 point added on Saturday, 20. The two clubs will be asked to make a proposal to the E.C.U. with a view of settling the destination of the Shield. After the racing came the attacks upon the short distance records of Essex. Horswill succeeded in his second attempt to lower the mile (Chase's 2.13) doing 2.11 $\frac{1}{2}$, beating the $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ times on the way. C.F. Sanderson lowered the standing $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, Nicholls, the previous holder, then did 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Ingram in an abortive attempt on the mile did 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the $\frac{1}{4}$ and 1.55 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the $\frac{1}{2}$, both beating previous best. Lewin and Albone reduced the tandem standing $\frac{1}{4}$ from 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 36 $\frac{1}{2}$. Horswill can bring the mile down to 2.6 or 2.8, but his performance on Saturday secures the 10 guinea prize offered by Mr. Gumprecht.



SOME MEMBERS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND C.C.

A big six hours' in Paris.

A BIG six hours' race is to take place in Paris on Sunday next. Rumour has it that two or three unlicensed cracks will turn pros., and ride in this event.

The Grand Prix de Paris.

THE first day of this monster race-meeting takes place on Sunday, when preliminary heats will be contested. Everything points to a splendid success. Probable starters, besides all the French cracks, include Bunker, Protin, Houben, Harris, Edwards, Lehr, Pontecchi, Huet, Lurion, and, it is said, that Jaap Eden will also turn pro. and ride.

28 miles 1,510 yards in one hour.

THE hour world's record was once more broken in Paris on Wednesday, by the well-known French rider, Bouhours. The track chosen for the attempt was the new Municipal, which is fast making its way as a first-class path. As usual, Bouhours was splendidly paced, having at his disposal no less than two quadruplet, and eight triplet teams. He is just now in such splendid form that he would have topped 29 miles had it not been for a violent fall before half-time, caused by a triplet's rear tyre exploding. Bouhours luckily escaped with slight bruises, and remounted very quickly, only losing 30 secs. He began beating previous bests at 28 kilometres up to the end, riding, in one hour, 46 kilometres 440 metres (28 miles 1,510 yards).

Ireland's 50.

THE 50 miles championship of Ireland was decided on Saturday, on Balls Bridge track, Dublin. Sixteen men started. The pace was moderate throughout, save for an occasional erratic burst; and the standard of 2 15 0 always looked quite safe. Nothing occurred to disturb the monotony of the procession, until about eight miles to go, when Healy made a strong burst, but he was easily held by Martin, Reynolds, &c. Healy however remained in front for some time, making the pace hot. At the bell, Reynolds shot out like a meteor, and got a grand lead, he was hotly pursued by Martin, the pair drawing right away from the field. A most determined struggle ensued, and a really splendid finish ended in favour of Reynolds by about a foot, Martin finishing grandly; time, 2.21 22 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Another try for the "24."

RIVIERRE is quite recovered from his recent fall, in which he broke his collar-bone. He has started training again, and means to have another try for that 24 hours' record which Huret has taken from him.

At last.

GREAT sensation was created on the Parisian tracks last week by the appearance of a safety bicycle propelled by electricity. The inventor and rider is a French racing-man named Pingault, who intends using his machine for pace-making purposes. Indeed, he rode round the Seine track at practice time at a speed of 26 miles an hour, taking along a string of riders.

£60 worth of pacing.

THE same difficulties of obtaining fair pacing have been experienced in France as here. To solve the problem, at the long distance championship, held on Sunday last, the U.V.F. allowed a sum of 1,000 francs, and the track proprietor 500, thus making a total of 1,500 francs (£60), which was distributed amongst the pacers. By this means 10 triplet teams were secured and they paced to the orders of the officials!

A DUDLEY gentleman writes Messrs. W. Guest & Son that he has had many pumps, but that the best of all is their Double Action Tubular-Handled one; if anything goes wrong when on a club run the members call out for the Double Action.

Ladies favour the Bradbury.

As might be supposed, a lot of ladies, particularly in London, are riding Bradbury machines. They go to the Bradbury depots for sewing machines, and, it is not surprising, they often come away with a safety as well. They are giving great satisfaction.

New oils.

COWAN & Co., 28, London Wall, E.C., are bringing out new oils for cyclists, to be known as the Record. These oils are to be of the highest class. They have oils for burning, lubricating, and a special oil for chains. We hear the burning oil has given exceptionally good results, giving a soft, white light, and leaving no residuum, nor charred wick.

LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

ULTIMA THULE.



EN years ago I and two other cyclists found ourselves unexpectedly detained at Stornoway—the capital of the Hebrides—for 24 hours owing to a large number of our passengers refusing to embark on the Sabbath. They were some 200 fishermen bound from the Western to the Eastern fisheries, and the s.s. "Princess Alice," thought their money was worth waiting a day for.

Now Stornoway does not abound in sights, and after we had seen a few thousand herrings stamped into barrels by the naked feet of the natives, and inspected the only wood on the island—a struggling plantation of young firs between the castle and the sea—we felt that an exploring expedition across the island might be a pleasant way of passing the time. We were somewhat disappointed to find we were not the first to introduce the bicycle to Ultima Thule, but were consoled by being told that none had ridden beyond the little herring town's immediate environs. Wheeled vehicles in Lewis are scarce, and what roads there are have grown rather than been made. They are little more than worn tracks across

THE ROLLING MOOR OR "FOREST"

which constitutes the island. Tiny lochs abound and cause the road to wind considerably, but as there were no loose stones (though plenty of projecting fixed young boulders) and no hills of any size, we were able to jog along very comfortably on our solid ordinaries at 8 or 9 miles an hour. The scenery was rather dreary and monotonous, being only relieved by a background of fine mountains in the S. W., but at the end of our 16 miles' ride we found the hamlet of Callanish prettily situated at the head of an inlet of the vast Atlantic which kept thundering ceaselessly in, even on this calm June day. The Druidical circle was the nominal object of our pilgrimage, and it certainly is most interesting and affords food for considerable speculation and thought as to what was the builder's object in erecting these tall, thin, stones in this fashion. There is the usual circle, but through this circle, East and West, runs a short avenue of stones, which I believe is not to be met with elsewhere.

Besides the ancient temple at Callanish, there is a modern inn which produced capital oatcakes and butter. On the return journey

AN AWKWARD ACCIDENT HAPPENED

to one of us, his bearings firing and so jamming his front wheel, and bringing him "over the handles," as the old phrase had it. Oil we had none, having foolishly left all our kit in our Multums on board the "Princess Alice." A few natives came up, but had no English. Gaelic is, or was then, universal in the Hebrides. Even a six-foot-six, ducal-looking, knickerbockered gamekeeper knew little beyond yes and



STORNOWAY CASTLE.



DRUIDICAL STONES AT CALLANISH.

no; but at last a happy thought occurred to one of us, which produced the much-needed lubricant. He repeated all the oil names he could think of, and at the word kerosene the giant's face brightened; he ejaculated "yes," trotted across the moor to his cot, and soon triumphantly returned with a tin of paraffin, which cooled the ardent balls down and enabled us to get back before the skipper had started his warning whistles.

A curious trait we noticed in these island Highlanders was their extreme good breeding. Few, if any, of those we met on the road had ever seen, or probably heard of, a bicycle, and yet they did not stop and gaze open-mouthed, or even stare at us. It might have been thought to be the common vehicle of the country for all the notice they took of us. On looking back, however, we sometimes caught them making up for lost time, and having a good look at the Sassenachs.

R.

OUT OF THE CROWD.

How beautiful but how little frequented are the lanes turning out of the main Godstone and East Grinstead Road towards Edenbridge! The surface may not be quite so good as that of the main road, but it is not at all bad on the whole, and the country, especially in Autumn, is charming.

What fine old timbered houses there are to be seen, enough to bring joy to the heart of the artist or photographer; and the orchards, too, with the trees bending under their loads of apples, how tempting they look! The whole district is intersected with little streams, which add to its beauty by the wonderful richness to the colouring of the fields which they impart.

One of the prettiest of these lanes is that turning to the left going from Godstone by the pond at Blindley Heath. A short distance along, after crossing a slight hill, turn to the left along a straight piece of road, at the end of which the road bends to the right under the railway. A very pretty water mill is soon passed on the left, and then there is a short, stiff climb up a winding hill, from the top of which the view is pleasant indeed. The road then descends and undulates through charming country, passing orchards and hop gardens, till the pretty old village of Edenbridge is reached.

Anyone at Edenbridge on an Autumn afternoon should ascend Crockham Hill on the main road to Croydon in time to see the sunset.

The view from this hill is at any time one of the finest to be seen; stretching away over Ashdown Forest in the South, and Leith Hill on the West, but in the Autumn, when the sun sets behind Leith Hill it forms a picture not likely to be forgotten. The changes of colour and shadow along the whole valley, as the sun gradually sinks to rest, and throws the rugged shapes of the hills in relief, are beautiful beyond expression.

F. C.

ASKED & ANSWERED.

S. H. JONES (Boscombe).—Black lead and polish it.

"INQUISITIVUS" (Southampton).—We think you can safely invest in the tyres named.

A. E. J. (Lausanne).—Very pleased indeed to have it. Can you send us any photographs?

B. HAM (Upton).—There is nothing of the kind that we can recommend from actual experience.

G. ARNOLD (23, Stepney High Street, E.) wishes to communicate with the hon. sec. of the City C.C.

E. FRERE (Broadstairs).—We do not think you need have any fear regarding the Cellular. We much prefer it.

L. ADAMS (Eastbourne).—Thanks; have noted change of address; your paragraphs arrived too late to be of use, unfortunately.

E. J. (Klagenfurt, Austria).—We agree with you; there must have been some defect in the bearings. Write the makers direct.

"DUPLEX" (Bromley, Kent).—We agree with much that you say in your letter, but the same ground has been covered over and over again; we regret we cannot publish your letter.

DENNIS BROS. (Guildford).—Either Perry's or Eadie's.

T. ROSS (London).—We cannot give you the desired information. The clip named is a good one.

O. L. REA (Richmond).—Have a Standard cyclometer. You can get it from G. Norris, Holborn, E.C.

W. H. HOWARD (Wokingham).—We regret we cannot give you the name of a firm in England who stock the article.

MALCOLM DAVIDSON (St. John's, Newfoundland). We advise you to give all particulars to Mr. McQuone, 22, Dagmar Street, South Hackney, London, E. Thanks for photograph, which we will insert; we make no charge for this.

C. HARDING (London).—There should be no difficulty in getting the valve to work if it is perfect. From your description we should say the reverse was the case, and you can hardly expect us to set the matter right for you. Get a new valve.

F. KOENEN (Manchester) hopes this will catch the eye of a gentleman who appears to have made a mistake:—"The competitor who borrowed F. Koenen's spanner, in the dressing-tent at the Southport sports, prior to the mile final, is requested to kindly return it to him at Fallowfield Grounds."

"CYCLIST" (24, New Street, Dorset Sq., N.W.) wants to join a good social cycling club in his vicinity.

A. B. C. (Bath).—The book you refer to is out of print. We think of the rims named Jointless are preferable.

"NUNQUAM" (St. Leonard's-on-Sea).—1. An excellent machine and well worth the money. 2. Not too heavy. 3. Yes. 4. Yes.

J. (Addlestone).—You cannot do better than invest in an M. & C. Humber. Write Messrs. Marriott & Cooper, 1, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

"CYCLIST" (Hants).—In answer to this correspondent, who recently inquired the state of the roads from Winchester to Oxford, "Portland Bill" kindly writes:—"In company

with a friend I covered the ground on July 31st and August 1st. From Winchester to Newbury (25 miles) the roads are rather hilly, and in parts rather loose. On the whole, however, the surface may be called good. For a few miles beyond Newbury the surface is excellent; but for about 3 miles on either side of East Ilsley it is very loose and also very hilly. It then improves, and is again excellent for the last 12 or 14 miles to Oxford. Total distance from Winchester 51 miles, or about



SOME NOTABLE TYNESIDE WHELMEN.

J. JAMIESON. W. DAWSON. T. HEDLEY (Racing Sec., N.C.U.). C. MORRISON (Cuckoo C.C.). J. EVANS. E. SMITH. J. SADD.
J. MORRISON. ARTHUR GREAVES. W. B. KIRSOP. GEO. HUNT. W. HALL. W. WINSHIP. W. A. BESEKE.
(Hon. Sec., N. County Club). (Notts. C.C.) (N.C.C.) (Collingwood Magpies)
C. JOHNSON (America). J. WINSHIP (Australia). J. HEDLEY (Cuckoo C.C.). J. TELFORD (N.C.C.)

F. L. WAY (Landport).—You might inquire of the London & Provincial Cycle Insurance Corporation, Ltd., New Bridge Chambers, St. Stephen's, Bristol. If they will not do it, we do not know who will.

D. WEIGEL (London).—Your letter came to hand too late for insertion in the issue of "Cycling" following the event, and, after giving the matter careful consideration, we decided that it would be best not to publish it at all. In the first place, the race was not an open one; in the second place, we think your complaint should have been made to the officials of your club if you consider an injustice was done. We know absolutely nothing of the rules provided for the regulation of the pacing at the meeting under notice, and, failing this knowledge, we cannot express an opinion either way concerning the action of the official of whose conduct you complain.

E. VERDOT & CIE. (Paris).—We regret we cannot tell you what machine it was. Our artist sketched it hurriedly.

W. THOMSON (Glasgow).—Have a Rover. As to whether you can exchange your old machine through a local agent depends entirely upon the agent himself; you should inquire of him.

W. VICARY (London) writes us a pleasing letter; it is always gratifying when the Editor is informed that his recommendation has turned out completely satisfactory. This is the case with our correspondent, whom we advised to have a Standard cyclometer, and he says he acted upon our suggestion and it has turned out as we said it would. We invariably recommend from personal experience, and certainly never unless we have the utmost assurance that the article recommended is dead right. Mr. Vicary considers "Cycling" far and away the best paper of its kind. Thanks

70 from Petersfield. An alternative route from Petersfield is via East Tisted and Chawton to Alton (13), Odiham (8), Hook, Heckfield, Reading (16), Pangbourne, Streatley, Wallingford (17), Dorchester, Oxford (11), or a total distance from Petersfield of 65 miles. I have only covered this road from Heckfield to Oxford (36 miles), but this part of the road is decidedly less hilly than the other. A good plan, however, is to go via Winchester and Newbury, and return via Reading and Odiham. Neither road is really bad. The scenery on the latter road is extremely pretty, especially near Pangbourne. Another correspondent writes: "I should advise 'Cyclist' to go from Winchester via Basingstoke (17), Reading (15), Streatley (8), Wallingford (6), to Oxford (14). Total mileage about 60 miles. The road, on the whole, is simply grand. I think there is no hill which any rider could not get up, and surface is A1."