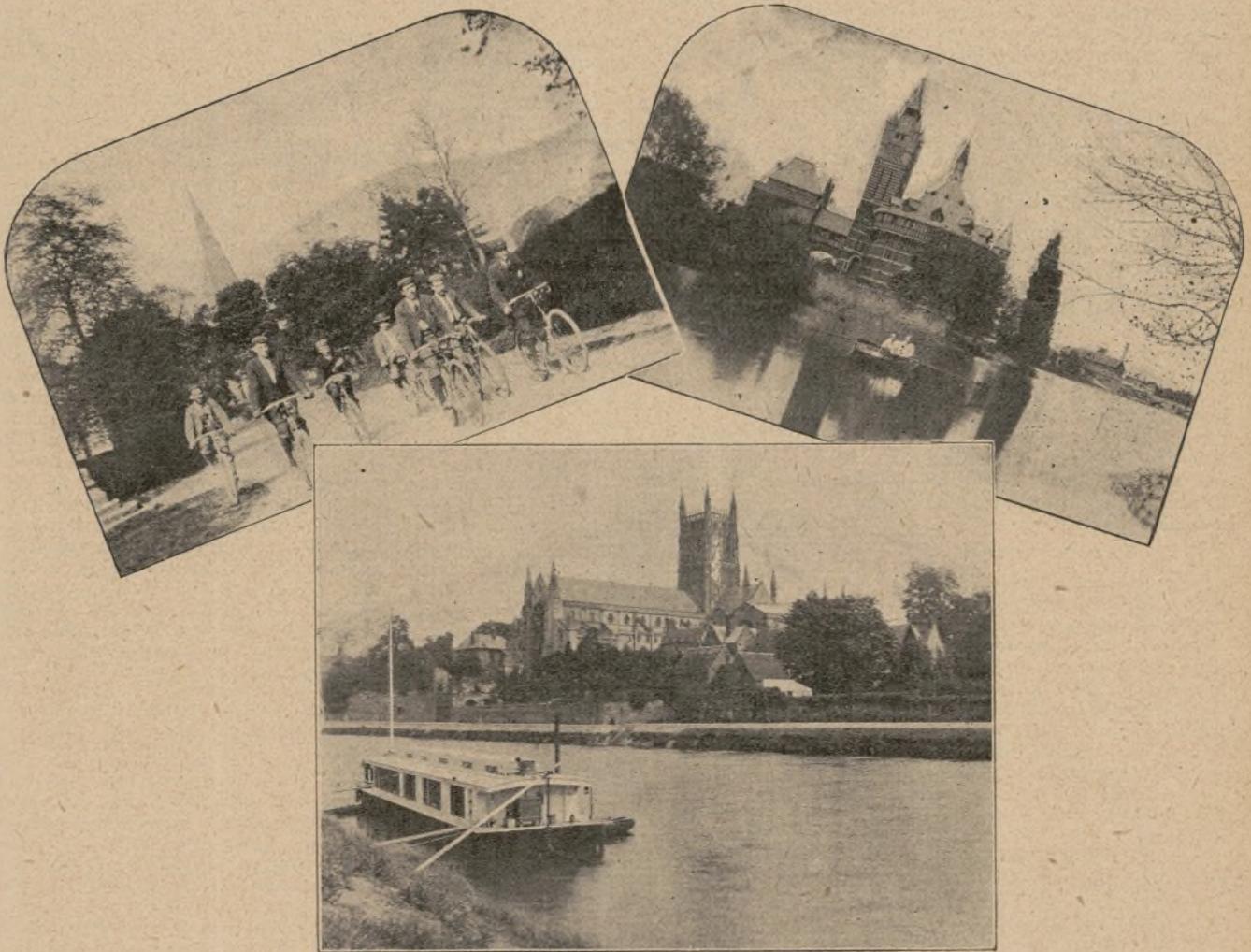


CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



A TOURIST'S SNAP-SHOTS.

1.—ON TOURING BENT.

2.—SHAKESPERE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

3.—WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Photos. by Alex. R. Hartley.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

SOME JOYS AND SORROWS OF CYCLING.

BY HOLOPHOTE.



HORSE of steel and rubber that costs nothing to keep and is easily stabled, that is always ready when wanted, and does not, after the manner of steeds of flesh and blood eat his head off, as the saying is, when standing idle in the stall.

This, or something very like it, is the stereotyped argument for proving the superiority of the wheel to horse-flesh. It is, however, a view of the jigger as seen through glasses of rosy hue; an optimistic definition from a theoretical point of view, as the practical owner of the steel horse will tell you. In spite of our unabated devotion and constancy to the wheel, we are bound to say, that in actual practice it does not answer to the above description of an unmitigated blessing. There are, in fact, few hobbies that are such a source of constant worry and expense as your modern air-shod safety. What with punctures, bursts, and gashes of tyres, leakages of valves, broken balls, loose spokes and nuts, the worries of the gear case, the bothers of saddles, lamps and brakes, and the tricks of chains, bearings and cranks, and a thousand other deviations from soundness, the bicycle is not so innocent of breeding care as one might imagine. Nor is the pastime to which it lends itself, from its frequent association with

COLLISIONS WITH DOGS,

pedestrians, and vehicles, and encounters with policemen, hedges, banks, &c., the unalloyed pleasure it seems.

Without for a moment impugning the high reputation of makers, the best of bicycles is a piece of mechanism swarming with petty troubles that buzz about your ears and sting you almost every day of your riding life. We are not sure, however, that, like the parent who often evinces the greatest partiality for the naughty child of the family, we do not like it all the better for its troublesome proclivities. As a rule, the finer our mount, the more fastidious we grow, and wider awake to detect the faintest falling off from the high ideal, which it has helped to set up, by pandering to our insatiable taste for luxury. To the proprietor of the clanking, rusty vehicle of the gaspipe order, nothing short of a fracture in a vital part of the frame, or a wheel coming off, would be looked upon as a misfortune worthy of the name and capable of disturbing the serenity of his happiness, or of marring

his complacency. But cycle connoisseurs are something like Haman, of Scripture repute, who, in the zenith of his power and prosperity, was made miserable by one man's contempt for him. Before his promotion the haughty Agagite's corns had probably not been nearly so tender, and he could have borne, without wincing, the tread of a whole army of Israelites on his callosities. So it is with the latter-day cyclist.

THE RATTLE OF MUDGUARDS,

or the creaking of a saddle is enough to jar his nerves, while his hardy progenitor, or he himself, 20 years ago, would have clanked and clattered along with every tooth rattling in his skull in perfect composure.

But after all, the blessings of life, as we understand them, are usually administered and best appreciated by us in the chequered form, such as the alternations of day and night, sunshine and rain, smiling and weeping, and who shall say, that cycling would be a whit more enjoyable shorn of the petty troubles that give zest and piquancy to the pastime. Let us sketch a few of the joys and sorrows of cycling gathered from our own experience.

Every rider, for instance, knows the joys of a tyre with a tread-like velvet, and which is, at the same time, fast and resilient and easily repaired. What more would you have, where does the sorrow come in, you will ask? May it never come to you as it did to us! 'Twas on the tramlines, where the water-cart had been, where puddles thick and greasy strewed the tramway metals. There are a few incidents relating to the disaster branded with a red-hot iron on the tablets of our memory, which, though disconnected, may be woven by the intelligent reader into a perfectly coherent tale of woe. The following are the chief items of the catastrophe. A hoot of derision from an unsympathetic section of the spectators, a broken crank, a lacerated elbow, and slimy mud, a liberal sample of which we carried away on our clothes, for purposes of analysis no doubt.

The next time we rode out we were fully armed with non-slipping bands on both wheels, with which we successfully engaged the foe, completely routing the mud fiend. A period of perfect peace and contentment now followed, when the discovery was made that the bands were beginning to peel off. A tour in the North of Scotland was somewhat marred by the constant anxiety to which the insecure state of these bands gave rise. Imagine them stripping off when flying a hill, and getting

ENTANGLED AMONG THE SPOKES.

A vivid picture of ourselves coming to pieces occasionally occupied our imagination, and prevented our enjoying our picturesque surroundings. Ultimately tape had to be used for securing the bands, and fresh anxieties arose as to

the security of the tape, which was scarcely proof against the hard granite roads of Caledonia, stern and wild. The bandages also excited the curiosity of the natives whenever a halt was called, and the machine stood outside the inn surrounded by a small crowd of villagers. "Bust in twa places," was the diagnosis of one speculator, who delivered his opinion with an air of authority.

We are now told that the cause of non-adhesion was the canvas with which the bands were backed, and that we must have them removed and pure rubber ones fitted in their place. No doubt it is a great consolation, when one has to pay away good money twice over, to have the cause of the double-barrelled expense lucidly and satisfactorily explained.

The gear question, too, has been with us a fruitful source of joy tempered with sorrow. With a high gear and the wind astern, the summit of cycling bliss may be said to be reached. Terrific speed with little or no effort, and flying the hills with the velocity of a mighty rushing wind, accompanied by a slow easy movement of the legs and a receding procession of rivals on the road, like telegraph poles seen from the window of a railway carriage, this is nectar and ambrosia to the cyclist's heart. The sorrows begin when he prepares to wheel round and face the gale, when every inch of ground has to be fought at an average pace of 4 or 5 miles an hour. The aching of his muscles as he grinds along, dropping sweat as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum, is only equal to the travail of his soul as he sees the low geared things of one shape and another, that had receded and vanished like land behind an ocean steamer, now creep up one by one, casting a look of compassion as they go, or assuming an air of stolid complacency which is still more irritating.

Until the wind veer again the high-gear soul is a stranger to joy, and the happiness born of wheeling exercise knoweth him not. And yet, who that has once sipped the delights of a high gear would ever brook anything else, and allow himself to be

DRIVEN BACK BY THESE ADVERSITIES

to fall again into the ranks of the low geared army, donning once more the brake, the mudguards, the two-inch tyres, the voluminous tool bags and other equipments of the wise ones of the wheel, who travel slowly on principle—so they say—and never want for hard words to pelt the unfortunates who are by nature and habit less sluggish than themselves in spirit as well as pace. Such a backsliding would be a melancholy spectacle indeed, comparable to that of a fallen angel, or a golden eagle deprived of his pinions and grovelling on the ground.

THE Catford C.C. propose holding their usual smoker early in the festive season.



SEE that you get our Supplement this week.

CYCLISTS have been termed the Centaurs of the 19th Century.

A PROFIT of £215 was realised at the Exeter cyclists' carnival.

OUR Show Numbers are well in hand; they will be full of novelties.

THE Aberdeen family, from Lord Aberdeen downwards, are enthusiastic cyclists.

THE Bath Road have decided on a series of four Cinderellas at the Westminster Town Hall.

MR. McDONALD, the Labour member of Queensland, has been touring his electorate on a bicycle.

THIS week we present our readers with a Supplement depicting "The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury," on his bicycle.

THE Sheffield Cycling League dinner will be held at the Clarence Hotel, on Monday night, the 14th inst.

A CYCLING lantern parade will be held at Epsom, this Saturday, in aid of the Epsom and Ewell Cottage Hospital.

WHILE saddles have the present popular form, the riding of bicycles will never be classified as an exact luxury.

THE annual dinner of the Catford C.C., is fixed for Saturday, November 9th, at the Holborn Restaurant (Council Chamber).

It is said that Forbes-Robertson, the great actor, now playing "Romeo," to Mrs. Campbell's "Juliet," cycles daily in Battersea Park.

IN consequence of the state of the leather market, it is estimated that the price of cycle-saddles and tool-bags will be doubled next year.

THE Catford C.C. are running a big smoker on last year's lines, at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on Friday, November 1st.

It is mentioned as a sort of hardship, that American cyclists are being requested by hotel keepers in the States, to wear their coats in the dining room.

A COMPLICATED tandem smash was caused by a wasp the other day. The wasp stung the front man's face, and in the confusion that followed, the tandem went over.

IN our issue of 26th inst. we shall present our readers with No. 3 of our series of Supplements of "Types of Cyclists." "The Veteran" is the subject of the picture.

THE cycle parade and carnival in connection with the Manchester Life-boat Saturday demonstration on Saturday next promises to be one of the largest yet held in this country.

THE San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, have announced their intention of prosecuting cyclists who carry infants on their handlebars. Quite right too!

THE Hammersmith C.C. have elected Mr. P. F. Madge, of 1, St. Stephen's Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, as Hon. Sec., vice Mr. H. W. McReath, who has been honoured with the post of Vice-President on his retirement. Mr. Albert Turner has been re-elected President, Mr. Frank Williams Captain, and Mr. W. Wood Treasurer.

Rims for tandems.

It is a well-known fact that ordinary light rims are altogether inadequate to the peculiar strains put upon them when fitted to tandems, triplets, &c., and those who use such cycles should insist upon having proper rims fitted.

The Dibble Memorial.

WE have pleasure in printing the following letter from the Surrey B.C.

"Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in enclosing herewith cheque £5, being donation from Surrey Bicycle Club, towards the Dibble Memorial.

There should be no need of any appeal for funds for the Memorial, and I am sure its popularity will be evinced by the support it will receive from clubs and riders who have been associated with the Ripley Road, and who have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Annie Dibble.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. L. BELL."

Previously acknowledged	£16	11	1
H. G. Gent	0	2	6
Mrs. Gent	0	2	6
E. S. Wallis Roberts ...	0	2	6
R. L. Philpot	0	10	6
C. Lloyd	0	5	0
Surrey B.C.	5	0	0
Per CYCLING H. Payne ...	0	2	6
" W. Edmunds	0	2	6
" F. W. Swain	0	2	6
" F. W. Edmunds	0	2	6
" T. Hayes	0	5	0
	£23	9	1

Stanley prospects.

MR. LAMB, the Stanley Show secretary, has sent us a long list of prominent firms who have secured space, including such names as Rudge-Whitworth, Marriott & Cooper, New Ormonde, Referee, Thomson and James, Friswell, Cycledom, Goy, and Gamage.

The Princess learns.

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE has just taken her first lesson in cycling. The firm honoured by Her Royal Highness's commands is the famous Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., of Birmingham, and the instructor, we need hardly say, was Mr. E. M. Mayes, of the Rudge-Whitworth Depot, Regent Street, London.

Exhibition of Road-Motor carriages.

THANKS to the enterprise of Sir David Salomons, the talented Mayor of Tunbridge Wells, we are to have an exhibition of all available motor road carriages in this country at Tunbridge Wells on Tuesday, October 15th; and as CYCLING has all along been one of the first papers in the country to recognise the immense importance of the new movement, we will be specially represented on the occasion, and duly report it. In the "Kent and Sussex Courier," of October 4th, a most interesting and able article appears from the pen of Sir D. Salomons, dealing with the whole question, historically, mechanically, and legally. This invaluable contribution to the literature of the question is far and away the most lucid, learned, and trustworthy exposition of the position of the Motor-carriage, which has yet appeared either at home or abroad.



J. W. STOCKS, CATFORD C.C.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

A Winter indoor spin.

THE cycle-riding school opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, will be kept open all the Winter from 9 to 1 each morning for the use of cyclists. For the rest of the day the hall will be a roller-skating rink.

Fire-proof paper lanterns.

PARISIAN cyclists are very fond of riding about at night with coloured paper lanterns, instead of the more substantial metal and glass ones of commerce. A Frenchman has patented a plan whereby these lanterns are rendered proof against fire.

Lovely scenery in Wales.

ONE of the prettiest pieces of scenery ever witnessed by a member of our staff, was that encountered passing up the Menai Straits, from Menai Bridge to Carnarvon, on Thursday last. Most people finish the journey at Menai Bridge, but in so doing they miss a most lovely picture of Nature.

A solid popularity.

THE New Ormonde cycles, which once enjoyed a, perhaps, rather sensational reputation, have now settled down into a steady and solid popularity, which has every prospect of growing. They are well made, well finished, and remarkably low-priced machines, considering their class, and we are not surprised to hear that the firm are making extensive additions to their factory and plant, to cope with their increasing trade.

A sad loss.

THE Tynemouth Priory C.C. has sustained a loss by the death of R. H. McDonald, who was one of their most genial and popular members. Poor large-hearted "Mac" was laid to his last resting place, in the presence of the clubmen whose pleasures he had so often shared, and the sad faces gathered round the grave, bore mute testimony to the esteem and affection in which he was held. Poor old "Mac!" may the earth rest lightly on him.

A Centre Meeting.

THE South Yorkshire Centre Racing Committee had a meeting, on Tuesday night, when a lot of business was got through. A Manchester rider appeared before them to give an explanation of his riding in a half-mile handicap. After hearing his statement, and seeing that he had already been stopped from racing for two months, his suspension was cancelled, with a caution as to his future riding. An under-value prize was settled by the Sports Committee, making up the prize to the advertised value. The Cawood running-down case will be tried at the Sheffield County Court on the 10th inst.

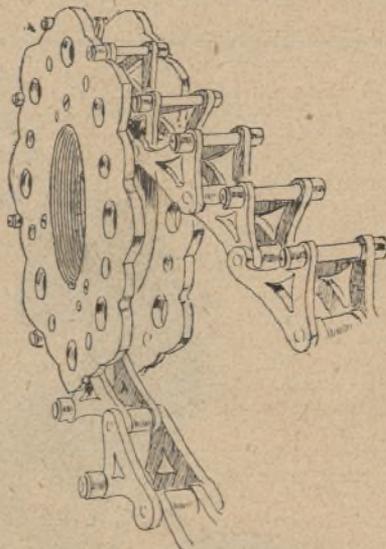
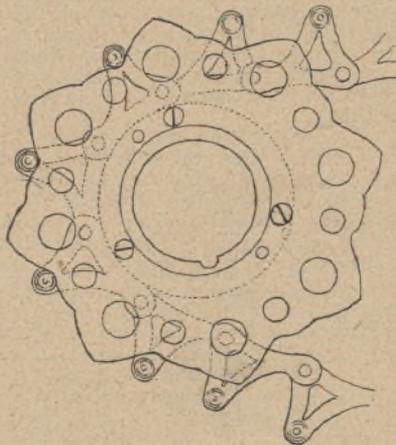
Brakes

It is being driven home to the cycling mind that fewer broken bones would be heard of if there were more brakes. Objections to brakes are numerous, and, to a certain extent, well founded. It is urged that they destroy the tyres, are heavy, look cumbersome, and are not so effective as back-peddalling, as far as nicety is concerned. The first and last of the above-named objections, appear to us to be completely overcome by adopting a brake that acts on the rim of either the front or back wheel, preferably the back. Such a brake is fitted on the Lindley speed gear machines, and we have frequently been struck with its efficacy, when watching these machines in use, and marvelled at the extreme nicety with which the speed of the machine can be controlled.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

THE accompanying illustrations are produced from the actual article in its latest form, a correct idea can therefore be obtained as to its theory. So far the reader has, in many cases, been given an entirely wrong impression of the invention, as articles dealing with it have utilised the diagram taken from the specification when the device was in an altogether primitive condition.

As yet we have been unsuccessful in trying a machine fitted with this latest of sensations, and we therefore refrain from expressing any opinion either, for or against, before



such an opportunity is afforded us. We think that those who merely upon theory have so violently decried the idea, have been guilty of gross unfairness. The pneumatic tyre should have taught them a different lesson, for when it first came out hundreds of theories were advanced proving up to the hilt its uselessness, a little practice, however, proving the reverse. It scarcely seems credible that gigantic concerns, involving hundreds of thousands should have been already formed, for such is the case, without this extraordinary invention being all that is claimed for it.

We are told that a British Company has been formed with a capital of a quarter of a million, the money is all subscribed, and the

shares are already at a big premium. The public will not be asked to subscribe a halfpenny, and a prospectus will not even be issued. An even more marvellous statement is made to us, namely, that the American rights have been sold for five hundred thousand pounds, and a large royalty on each chain made. We have seen the telegram of the promoter stating this fact. We understand that the chairman of one of the most powerful Companies in England is the chairman of the British Co. Under these circumstances it is our intention that the Simpson lever chain shall have every opportunity of proving its merits.

We next come to what the chain itself is credited with having done, and the following will show that whatever the circumstances under which the performances were made they are certainly remarkable. It will be noticed that so far they are confined to the road, but we have the assurance of the promoters that their attention will shortly turn to the track, where the public will be able to see everything for themselves.

On Thursday of last week Messrs. Leitch and Pellant, on a Humber tandem, and T. Osborn, on a Humber safety, essayed the task of reducing the previous bests at the distances of quarter and half-mile. Owing to the unfavourable state of the roads and wind a new course had to be selected from the one on which they had arranged to go.

A start was made with the quarter mile, with flying start, and although at the start the machines were not going full speed, they flashed over the quarter mark in the remarkable time of 20½ secs. The riders consider they were travelling at the finish at the rate of fully 50 miles an hour.

They next went for the half-mile, but, owing to a mistake in the measurement, the timekeepers were at the 3 furlongs mark, and when watches were compared, it was found that they had ridden the 660 yds. in 32½ secs. This mistake necessitated another trial, and, with a fairly good start, the riders flew over the mark. Owing to some person shouting about 100 yds. from the finish, Osborn, on the safety, sat up, thinking he had finished, but, seeing the tandem still going, he again bent to his work, and finished some few yards behind the tandem. The tandem clocked 44½ secs., and Osborn 46 dead.

On Friday Leitch and Pellant went for the flying mile, and although it was nearly dark, they completed the full mile in the wonderful time of 1 min. 39 secs.

The riders are of opinion that these times can, under more favourable conditions, and with more training be considerably reduced, and even talk of touching over 50 miles an hour for a short distance.

Desperate attack on cyclists.

A MOST unusual occurrence took place in Dublin last week, and in the Phoenix Park. Two wheelmen who were riding through the Park were attacked by roughs, and very badly handled indeed. The tramps demanded money, which the cyclists refused, and were promptly set upon. Some more wheelmen arrived upon the scene just a little too late, seeing whom the ruffians made good their escape post-haste. The cyclists set upon were much the worse for the affray, having to be treated for their wounds at a neighbouring infirmary. This is the first time that we have heard of wheelmen being openly attacked in the Phoenix Park; a rather risky place for highway robbery, especially as the roads usually swarm with cyclists.

A leap from the Eiffel.

As might be supposed, Sam Brown's little tour through Southern England on his 15-foot of Eiffel bicycle, has not been without incident. Near Folkestone he had to take a flying leap into a garden to avoid a trap, the horse of which shied, and in Folkestone another frightened horse caused another leap, this time a sprained ankle resulting.

A good thing in pumps.

We have been using what strikes us as being a very good thing in pumps. It is made of Celluloid, pumps easily, has a detachable connector, which packs neatly into the handle end, and weighs only 6 1/2 ozs. in our own scales. It is made in black for 5s. 6d., or ivory white for 6s., and in the latter form looks very stylish, but the darker hue will probably appeal more to the

general run of cyclists. Bluemel & Bros., Globe Road, E., are the makers, and they have well named it the "Featherweight."

Romancing.

An employe at the Lost Property Office, in detailing his experiences, says that he has even known absent-minded people to leave bicycles in trains, and afterwards forget to claim them! Cyclers and fishermen, avant! the biscuit is not for you!



A RUN TO DOVER

SNAP-SHOTS BY THE WAY

Photos by J. P. May

With an eye to the future.

A CAPITAL invention of a single-track railway, on the bicycle principle, is being experimented with in France. It is intended for use in military operations, and can be readily laid along roads or across fields.

Thirty-four miles an hour.

NOTWITHSTANDING the marvellous developments in the speed cycle of late years, our equine friends are still able to hold their own over certain distances. At Newmarket, Childers, the swiftest horse ever foaled, has covered the four-and-a-quarter miles' course in seven-and-a-half minutes.

Another shocking tandem smash.

WE hear of another terrible tandem smash caused through the grossly faulty construction of the machine, which, it is reported, had no liners to its front-forks. Whilst pacing Willat, of the Southern C.C., on the road recently, Mason and Gaillard, of the same club, were riding the tandem in question, and when sprinting down Salvington Hill, the faulty front-forks broke off. All three men were dashed to the ground. Willat escaped with scratches, and having his clothes torn from his body; Gaillard was rendered temporarily insensible, but the real victim was Mason, who was steering the tandem, and who presented a spectacle too shocking for description. He was removed to Worthing Hospital, where his wife joined him.

About watches.

IN these days of fast times there is a fairly strong demand for high-class watches that will record minute portions of time with faultless accuracy. The well-known firm of S. Smith & Son, 9, Strand, W.C., lay themselves out considerably for this class of business, and we lately inspected some beautiful watches of their manufacture intended for timekeeping purposes. All these watches had Kew A certificates, and we saw a big box full of the certificates belonging to watches on the premises. None score less than 70 marks, and many run higher, and we handled watches that, with split second hands, had scored 81.7, 80.6, 75.7, &c. One watch was to be sacrificed at the nice little sum of £375; it had taken five years in making, had a split second hand, a repeater, a perpetual calendar, a recorder of moon changes, and, of course, a gold case. But grand watches are to be obtained for far less at Smith's. We saw a Kew A. with 76 marks, 27.3 for daily variation rate, 31.1 for change of rate with change of position, and 17.6 for temperature compensation, priced £65, in a gold case; and there were good split second watches in steel cases, with a warranty, for £10 10s. A great feature of Smith & Son's chronographs is that they are non-magnetic, and, we believe, they are the only firm to make non-magnetic watches of this high class with split seconds. Another feature is their new dial, which is very clear to read. Mr. J. Dring, the N.C.U. timekeeper, bought his grand chronograph of the firm, and it has given perfect satisfaction. There is a curious history attached to that old timer, Mr. Webber's watch, which was bought at Smith's. He took it to Florida with him, and subjected it to very rough treatment, and, on his return, had it cleaned up and sent to Kew to be re-tested. It then obtained an A. certificate with 79.7, which was 19.7 more than the watch obtained when it was new. Good watches, like good wine, seem to improve with age.

AL FRESCO BATHING.



ONE of the greatest advantages a cyclist has over the conventional tourist, is his absolute independence, and as a resultant of that independence comparative sequestration. The cyclist is also in an habitual state of heat, which by some be counted a drawback, but to others is an additional advantage. For what in this world of tears, is more delightful after a ride of some 20 miles, in weather such as we experienced this last September, than to come on some rock-bound cove of the ocean, a rippling lake, or clear river pool, far from fear of disturbance (though, truth to tell, the writer goes in daily dread of the cycling woman, who may swoop down at any time).

Yes, but how about the towel? You don't carry one with you on tour, do you?

No, decidedly not! who wants a towel when they have a rough pair of tweed knickers, another of stockings, the outside surfaces of which make capital towels without feeling in the least damp afterwards, and then the cap affords a final polish. The writer when touring instead of carrying a sponge, takes

A PAIR OF TURKISH GLOVES,

which in themselves are capable of drying him thoroughly after a preliminary roll on the grass. The damp shirt should be well exposed to dry during the bathe, and forms a capital danger signal to lady travellers; if not dry by the time the bathe is over, it is as well to wear it wrong side out, for cyclists shirts are as a rule equally good (or bad) either way.

Care should be taken not to bathe in deep swirls either in river or sea; the writer last year accidentally found that he had been swimming in a hole at Bundoran, which is apt to be a regular death trap at certain states of the tide; avoid sea-weed, don't dive unless you are sure of the depth, don't swim far out or stay in long, and don't dally too long on the bank before going in. Quick in and quick out may be repeated several times a day with impunity, whereas one over prolonged bathe may bring serious results in its train. In dressing remember to

CLOTHE THE EXTREMITIES FIRST,

i.e., begin with cap and stockings.

The writer only remembers one inconvenience suffered by this regular habit of his. It was by Lock Lubnaig above Callander, and he had left his tall ordinary some 20 feet high above the road, and gone over a little hillock to enjoy a comfortable swim in the Loch. As he sauntered leisurely back over the heather to the road, a sad sight met his eyes; a governess car upside down, bereft of wheels, which had rolled 20 yards away; a very old lady, speechless with fright or imbecility, sitting on the bank, a little lad similarly helpless, a pony grazing impassively, and a very angry bustling Scotch lassy endeavouring to "sort" the ruins as

she best might. It was in vain that the innocent cause of all this "sklander," proffered his help in repairing, sending help, &c, for the angry maiden would have nought to do with him or his (and she was sweetly pretty in spite of her anger), and he had perforce to leave her, not knowing which way even she had been travelling, and leave word with the Callander Hotel folk.

Unkind.

IN the play now running at Drury Lane, "Cheer Boys Cheer," a lady cyclist, of a pronounced new woman type, comes on with her machine in the Hyde Park scene. She has a row with a constable, and is "moved on," much to the delight of pit and gallery.

Wise but useless.

THERE is a very wise clause in the Surrey by-laws as to lights on vehicles, which is more honoured in the breach than in the observance; indeed, we have never seen the law observed in this particular, nor its enforcement attempted. The clause is to the effect that all carts carrying timber, whether rough or sawn, shall not only carry a white light in front, but also a red light, so placed that it is visible to persons overtaking the timber waggon from the rear.

An aristocratic favourite.

IT is wonderful how the good points of the Bantam have been grasped by the aristocratic sections of society. We give a portrait this week of a gentleman who is a case in point, Mr. Balfour, and we know that a large number of equally good class people are staunch believers in the little front-driver. Mr. Boothroyd showed us the other day a letter just received from H.R.H. Prince Henri de Bourbon, in which he orders eight more Bantams, including one for his brother, the Duke of Parma. The Prince, who is an enthusiastic cyclist, has abandoned all forms of cycles he has tried, in favour of the Bantam.

About a Spring chicken.

THE common domesticated hen often plays a very important part in the history of cyclists, but, says a Darlington cycle noter, I depart from the beaten track this time on to a fresh course—Spring chicken. It happened on a medal ride. The road was strewn with chickens; the elder members of the family made tracks for the farmyard, probably having had some experience of medal-hunters. One silly chick waited until the pacemaker, with arched neck and anxious look, was almost level; then that chicken made a dart to the other side of the road. But it was too late, the pace was too hot, and he went with his head straight at the spokes of the front wheel, with the result that he was carried round, and his head taken through between the forks at the crown and the wheel, while his body remained at the other side. And there he hung. A more comical sight it would be hard to imagine. There hung that chicken between life and death, chirping tremendously, his feet playing tunes on the spokes in his frantic endeavours to free himself. A good few yards had been traversed before the machine could be pulled up, and the chicken liberated from his perilous position, with apparently, nothing worse than a damaged pinion. The scorchers continued on their journey, fresh life having been instilled into them by their novel experience with, what one of them drily described as a "continuous alarm."

RED INKING.



HIS is a dangerous form of the cycling mania, to which we believe not many of the present day riders have succumbed. They prefer to ride week after week over the same well-known highway, of which they know every pebble and hillock by heart—for they know also their best time over each stretch of it, and they are permanently endeavouring to beat that time

Let us describe this fell disease, which has laid many a veteran tourist by the heels. Like many great evils it begins by littles. The rider buys a map of his county, and after he has ridden, say a year or so, thinks it would be a good idea to trail a red ink pen over those roads he has ridden over, which will often save him the trouble of looking for names. Then it strikes him that there is a big lump in the left hand corner innocent of red; never mind that it is a dull and uninteresting bit of manufacturing country with villainous roads, he must explore it and mark up his map. Consequently his county map gradually becomes

LIKE A GIGANTIC SPIDER'S WEB,

the threads nearer to the rider's home being closer; for in a spare half-hour he will remember that there is a bit of bridle path between two by-roads which he has rambled through on foot scores of times, and which has two bad water splashes, and ruts a foot deep all the way. Nevertheless, he drags his bicycle through it, and then proudly returns to "red up" the map. Then the disease grows upon him, and in his annual tour he is apt to disregard the picturesque for the unknown, and make stupendous efforts to complete that West coast line." The writer had a surprise visit this Whitsuntide, from a man who had travelled 300 miles chiefly with a view to complete his chain of North and South, by riding a certain 18 miles stretch. The writer did not diagnose the complaint at once, for he had known the patient in happier and freer times, and suggested, a pleasanter and better jaunt, but in vain, the victim at last confessing that he must do that bit to complete his line; after that he would go anywhere. Another was met in Sutherland this Summer, plugging over desolate and dreary moors, instead of keeping by a beautiful coast, because he had "once been that way;" he admitted that it was very fine, and that he would like to see it again. A glance at his map revealed why he was fated not to.

It is a great nuisance that some map makers, nowadays, in their endeavour to assist the tourist, colour the main roads themselves. Ah! it is out! I plead guilty; all my maps are spidered, and when you have a few dozen, many overlapping, it means some work and some ink too. I draw the line at marking where I've walked, as if I marked everywhere I've mushroomed, or bramble-berry poached, my maps might be brought as evidence against me, and my defence would have to be that I had upset the ink-pot.

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

COOK RESIGNS.

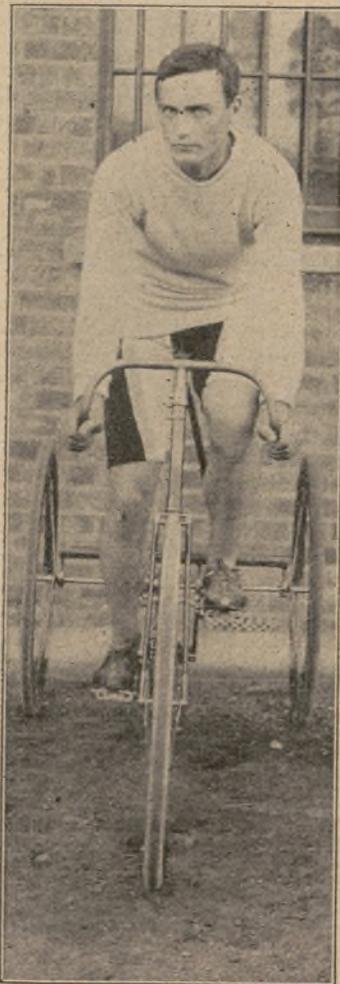
HENRY COOK, of the Silverdale, has resigned his office in that club, and also his post of assistant hon. sec. to the S.R.R.A., consequent on his leaving London to take over an important engineering appointment. His address is Fern Villa, Westfield Lane, Mansfield, Notts.

HARRIS LEAVES ENGLAND.

A. W. HARRIS has left England on the "Ophir," for Australia. He has taken two Humber's with him, and intends training during the voyage, for which purpose he has with him one of Hutson's Home Trainers. He expects to attack some of the Australian records on his arrival.

EDMUND PAYNE, the Gaiety actor, has turned author, during his enforced and irksome inactivity. He has written, for CYCLING, a humorous skit, entitled "Binkins, v. The New Member—A narrative by the former, of his race from London to Brighton and back with the latter." The article is being illustrated, and will appear in one of our special Show Numbers. We are glad indeed to hear that Payne hopes very soon now to be on those nimble legs of his again.

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W. ELLIS, ANERLEY B.C.

H. W. McREATH.

AFTER occupying the position for several years, H. W. McReath has retired from the secretaryship of the Hammersmith C.C. McReath has been a model hon. sec., and his club should be grateful to him for a vast amount of quiet, plodding work, and unselfish sacrifice of private time in the club's interests.

AN IRISH LEGISLATOR.

MR. MARTIN R. WHEELER has distinguished himself signally in connection with the politics of Irish cycling. His association with the I.C.A. has been of comparatively brief duration, and yet Mr. Wheeler is a recognised power in the Council Chamber. He takes a common-sense and broad-minded view of every question, and his speeches are always clear and logical—his premises sound, his arguments good, and his deductions invariably thoroughly convincing. His style is temperate, his language moderate, and his manner engaging. He never descends to personalities, and avoids anything calculated to offend those from whom his opinions differ. He is, in fact, a model, and, consequently, an effective speaker. It is truly said, that Wheeler has no enemies. He was recently chosen Vice-Chairman of the I.C.A., and, although he has not yet had an opportunity of presiding over the meetings of that body, it is generally conceded that his conduct in the chair will be dignified when that time arrives. Mr. Wheeler is a young man, and a polished scholar, with a brilliant future before him, we make no doubt.

W. ELLIS.

To see W. Ellis walk across the ground in his racing things, his well matured form bursting with muscle, his broad shoulders erect and square, it is difficult to realise that he is still but a youth, with all the prime of his athletic period of life still to come. Ellis is a born tricyclist, he rides the type to perfection, in a style beyond criticism, and he rides it from choice both on the road and path. He is one of the finest exponents of the three-wheeler, if not the finest, who has ever got up in a race or record ride on the type, and is equally good at short or long distances, his 2.14.29 for 50, and 4.38.38½ for 100 miles, last year, proving what a sturdy stayer the boy is. The N.C.U. have not thought it right to give Ellis a license this year, and as there have been no races for unlicensed tricycle riders, he has had no opportunity to perform publicly. This has not prevented him from keeping up his training all the season, and he has been privately clocked to do some startling miles, whilst it takes a rare good man on a safety to sprint away from him in training. What Ellis himself thinks about his licensing difficulties, few, if any, are aware, as he is not communicative by nature, nor does he grumble at his fate, whatever it may be, but wisely makes the most of the present. He is a member of the Anerley B.C. and London County, and is one of the few thorough gentlemen to be met in path racing circles.

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.

CYCLING

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LONDON, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

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BELGIUM La Rev. Vel. Belg.



We believe the last important long distance race of 1895 has really been held, and we take the opportunity of once more protesting against the craze for this class of competition, which has been so rampant during the past season. In our issue of August 10th, we wrote strongly on this subject, and our remarks were approved of and commented upon in many quarters, calling forth a particularly sensible article in the columns of "To-Day," from the pen of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. One paper, it is true, called us "featherbed squealers," but then our contemporary ran a "24" this year, and hopes to repeat the venture again next year, so that its opinion on the subject cannot be described as unprejudiced. We do not think there will be a recurrence of the craze for promoting these events next year, in London at all events, as the public have shown their disgust at such exhibitions of agony, mis-named sport, by stopping away, and most of the promoters must have lost heavily over their ventures, so that they are not likely to tempt Fortune again.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us this week, complaining of a somewhat novel kind of hardship. Like all people who fancy they have a grievance, he is highly indignant. It appears that, on a recent Sunday, he started on a twelve hours' ride for a club medal, and his checking sheet gave

the name of a certain inn at Fareham, at which place he eventually turned up, and duly presented his sheet for the signature of "Mine Host." Boniface, however, was suffering from boredom, consequent upon an unusual demand on the part of medal-hunting cyclists for signatures. He, therefore, ventured the remark that, in his opinion, "there was too much of that sort of thing on Sunday mornings." According to our correspondent, he was told, on asking for refreshments, that the "bar was closed," and, eventually, he had to pay for hot water to make his "Bovril" with—apparently, he carried his "Bovril" with him. Of course, the proprietor of the inn had no right to refuse refreshment to *bona-fide* travellers, and we really think our correspondent must have been mistaken in that respect. As regards signing checking sheets, we must say this, that some of the young men, who flit through the country in quest of time medals, are too apt to imagine that the importance of their mission is as apparent to others as to themselves. They must not forget that an inn-keeper signs their checking sheets out of pure good nature, and that he is no more bound to do so than he is to pump up or repair the tyres of his visitors' bicycles. We can well understand that even the continual signing of time-sheets on the day of rest would, in time, produce *ennui* in an inn-keeper; especially if he had signed a dozen such sheets without turning a penny in the way of trade. Of course, we are not saying that our correspondent had not some cause for complaint; we only like to balance the probabilities.

It would seem to be part of the nature of the weaker sex, says our tame misogynist, to do everything by extremes, from sleeves to love-making. Particularly is it so with the athletic young woman, whether she be tennis-player, golfer, shooter, or cyclist. We do not care much about her ourselves, but we do for the impression she makes upon people of reason and common sense, who may be excused, if they judge a whole genus by the performances of an ill balanced section. The other day we heard of a young girl, barely out of her teens, and a novice at the pastime, who had ridden between 40 and 50 miles of hilly, nay, even mountainous, country, including three mountain passes, two of which the majority of men cyclists would vote unrideable. Possibly she came to no harm; possibly she did; time alone will show; but we do know that hard words were spoken of her wisdom, though probably she thinks she did a plucky thing, and that everyone either admires or envies her. Women are more prone to over-exert themselves than men, for in them, indeed, the spirit is strong, but the flesh is weak. It has been the lot of the writer to be thrown in company with many ladies in mountaineering expeditions, and to have suffered at times from the collapse of a

fair member, who, an hour before, proclaimed herself to be perfectly fresh. Man is a more selfish animal, and not so high-spirited, but his knowledge of his own powers in the event is more satisfactory to his companions. We may be dubbed croakers, but our desire is that the pastime may be benefitted by the present wave of fashion, and also that the followers of fashion may be benefitted by the rational pursuit of the pastime.

In connection with our remarks last week, concerning the action of a certain firm in withdrawing their advertisement, in consequence of our having criticised their goods in accordance with the result of our trial, we have the opportunity of proving our assertion, that the best class of firms never resort to such questionable tactics as attempting to coerce a paper into giving a false report of goods sent for trial. Some time ago, a firm advertised a new saddle in our columns, sending one for us to try and report upon; we tested it thoroughly, but found it anything but comfortable, so refrained from passing an opinion. The firm wrote us, saying they would like to see a report of our trial in *CYCLING*, and we then wrote, informing them that we could not favourably notice the saddle, and suggested several improvements where we considered them needed. We were thanked for our suggestions, and, in due course, an altered saddle was sent. We tested this also, but were bound to write again, stating that, although vastly improved, we were still unable to conscientiously recommend the article to our readers. A courteous letter was received, thanking us for the trouble we had taken in the matter, and asking us to withhold their advertisement till further notice, it being the intention of the makers that the article should be perfect before being offered to the public. This action, on the part of the firm under notice, gives conclusive evidence of a keen desire to deal fairly with the public at any cost; but when a firm represents fair criticism on the demerits, as well as the merits, of a new article, they lay themselves open to the suspicion that their intentions towards the public are not what they should be.

OUR SHOW NUMBERS

WILL BE

FULL
OF
NOVELTIES.



THE WANING OF THE SEASON.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



ZIMMERMAN and his wife have reached Australia.

THERE is some talk of a cement track being laid in Birmingham.

THE American hour record is 27 miles, 185 yds., by Titus at Springfield.

THE Yorkshire Road 24 stands at 290 miles, to the credit of R. Norton and Dunlops.

F. DAVIDSON is reported to have ridden an unpaced half at Toronto, last Thursday, in 53½ secs.

THE Union have just passed a long string of records, dating right back from May 18th.

THE Anerley Road championship was won on Saturday by C. G. Wridgway, in terrible weather.

THE great annual meeting at Springfield, America, passed off this year with its usual éclat. Bald was the hero.

THE American 24 hours' champion, Louis Gimm, was trained by the American amateur boxing champion, Dr. Payne.

THE S.R.R.A. hon. sec. is in receipt of a lot of inquiries about record routes, and given fine weather something ought to go.

WORKMEN are busy putting up again the wooden track, known as the Paris Winter track, situated in the Palais des Arts Libéraux.

THE Portsmouth Road Club, instead of making up for previous losses at their late meeting, made the balance-sheet look more sorry still.

It is rather curious that both the Southern and Western 12 hours' records are held by Harrisons. They are 194 and 187 miles respectively.

THE Polytechnic men who were suspended for competing against Fontaine in the club championship have all been unconditionally reinstated.

A. J. WATSON has won no less than 31 firsts, 14 seconds, and 4 thirds, including 3 championships and 6 challenge cups, on Dunlop tyres during 1895.

WE are told of a road record-breaker between Chicago and New York, who used a 91 gear, that his machine "was subjected to unusual strains." We believe it.

IN a 50 miles road race at Buffalo on September 21st, no less than 14 competitors bettered previous American record. The winner's time, E. F. Leonert, was 2.21.9.

THE North Road Club on Saturday returned to the road, and ran off a 50 in a drenching rain. Gordon Minns, on a Mohawk with Dunlops, won, and made fastest time.

LANCE-CORPORAL GALLOWAY, cycling champion of the British Army, writing to the makers of his machine, Bradbury & Co., Ltd., says "I was never on such a good jigger before."

A ground club for Wood Green.

THE preliminary stages have now been completed for the formation of a ground club at Wood Green track next year. An excellent programme, with special attractions and privileges for the membership of the club, is being drafted.

Two only.

ONLY two English riders entered for the Grand Prix de Paris, the preliminary heats for which began on Sunday last. They were C. F. Barden and W. Broadbridge.

Watson wins once more.

A. J. WATSON won the Licensed Victuallers' cup race, and the Coal Trimmers' Association cup race at Cardiff, with Milsom second in each case. Chamberlain was third in the first race, and F. E. Miller in the second event. Each of these four riders used machines with Fairbanks wood rims.

A good send-off.

THAT promising distance rider, H. W. Standish, has sailed for South Africa. Previous to starting his fellow-members of the London Central presented him with a watch and illuminated address, as a mark of esteem, and in recognition of his rides in the North Road 24, Essex 12 hours, and the Vigoral 50 and 100.

A race exterminated.

IT was unfortunate for the Surrey B.C., that what was, we believe, their only club race this year, should have been fixed for such a late and risky date as last Saturday. Putney was the selected track, and the distance 50 miles, R. J. Atkinson, J. E. L. Bates, C. Sultzberger, and M. Balian, being the only starters. What might have been an interesting race was spoilt by a pacing tandem falling across the track before two miles had been completed, bringing over all the competitors, who, with their machines, were so injured, that the race could not be proceeded with. Balian was the chief sufferer.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Leadenhall Buildings,
LEADENHALL STREET,

London, E.C. October 1st, 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	
Sept. 7	30,147
" 14	29,699
" 21	29,185
" 28	28,989

(Signed),

WOODTHORPE, BEVAN & CO.

Chartered Accountants.

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

Sept. 7	5,065
" 14	5,038
" 21	5,022
" 28	5,071

(Signed)

EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

Quite right.

THE directors of the Catford track have decided that, in future, attempts at record, except by special permission, will not be permitted unless timed by N.C.U., officials.

Rumour again.

THE statement that the Catford Club is specially favoured by the London Centre Committee in the matter of attempts at record by unlicensed riders is false; any club may have permission.

Extended time.

THE recent bad weather has necessitated the abandonment of one or two attempts upon the Essex hour record, for which a 2 guinea prize is offered. The competition was to have closed on Saturday last, but, under the circumstances, the Committee, who have the control of the matter, have extended the time for a fortnight. High Beech track is to be closed after 19th inst. for alterations and repairs.

Cycling legislation in Ireland.

THE present position of affairs in Ireland, from a legislative point of view, is, to say the least of it, somewhat involved, and a good deal complicated. There are two distinct factions, and each supports loyally a clearly defined policy—one party being in favour of pure amateurism and the rigid administration of the amateur law; the other is for a species of cycling anarchy, bogus amateurism, recognition of payment of expenses, and an open rupture with the N.C.U. At the I.C.A. Council Meeting on last Wednesday, the struggle for supremacy was very spirited, and the victory of the "pure" party by no means decisive. A motion to legalise payment of pacemakers' hotel bills and railway fares, &c. (provided that such payment did not come from the Trade), was only defeated, after a lively discussion, by 28 votes to 26. A new rule to embrace the "inducer" within the scope of the ruling body (similar to the N.C.U. law on the matter) found 31 supporters against 11 opponents upon a vote, although no one could be found to stand up and speak against the arguments advanced in favour of its adoption. This law was not carried, however, as the S. E. Branch had cast solid against it—the 15 votes of Waterford rendering the requisite two-thirds majority for a new rule unattainable. A motion to the effect that R. J. Mecedry was not under the jurisdiction of the N.C.U., and that the I.C.A. do not recognise the sentence recently passed upon him by the former body, provoked a heated debate. It was clearly proved that the N.C.U. had jurisdiction, and the I.C.A. was bound by its treaty to recognise the action of the sister body. The "voting-machines" were impervious to arguments or common sense, however Mr. Baynham averted a crisis cleverly, by proposing as an amendment that the matter be not dealt with until the treaty with the N.C.U. is dealt with, and, upon divisions, this amendment was carried as a substantive resolution by 27 votes to 24. It now remains for the "new amateur" party to propose the termination of the treaty. Meantime, there is much doubt at headquarters as to how things will eventuate. Waterford is solid against the "pure" party; whilst the Northern Branch seems to be "sitting on the fence," having declined to cast any votes upon the above motions. If Ulster will now come forward with a little help, the position of the pure amateur party may be permanently secured.

Amateurs barred.

It is worthy of note by speedmen that turkey is much preferable to chicken as an item of training diet, as it only takes two-and-a-half hours to digest to the latter's four hours. N.B.—This bit of information is intended for M.A.'s only.

A French championship.

THE long-distance (100 kilometres) French championship took place at the Seine Track. It was not particularly exciting, Lesna showing great superiority over all the others. Bouhours, who had beaten the world's hour record three days before, gave up early, owing to tyre troubles; Fournier and Cottreau failed to stay. A mere novice in Lartigue made the best show, running second to Lesna after a plucky fight.

An appropriate meeting.

THE North London Club were the first to hold an open Saturday meeting at the Wood Green track, and it is only appropriate that they also should close a notable premier season, which they will do this Saturday. The events include an open mile handicap for licensed riders, handicapper S. T. Brown; the club's 25 miles' championship, and several record attempts. Late entries to Claude K. Mills, 19, Dagmar Road, Stroud Green, N.

Professional match at Gosforth.

A MATCH for £60, which has excited a good deal of interest amongst the mining community, was decided at the Northumberland County enclosure on Saturday, between Ledger, of Dipton, and R. Wood, of Pelton Fell. Ledger, who had won six out of seven contests, started favourite, and as the partisans of each mustered strongly, a good deal of wagering took place at 2 to 1 and 6 to 4 on Ledger. The result, however, hardly justified the odds, for Wood, riding with good judgment, won easily by 15 yds., in 2.28½. Jack Green officiated as referee.

A match.

A MATCH, that is likely to excite a good deal of interest, has been arranged between Wm. Renner, of the Gateshead N.E.R., and Wm. Howitt, of the Jubilee Rovers. The distance will be 100 miles, and it will be decided on October 26th at the Northumberland County enclosure. On paper the men are very evenly matched, Renner having won a 100 miles' local championship, while Howitt will be known to fame principally by his series of victories for the Chronicle 100 miles' cup. Both men are in active training, and an interesting contest should result.

Which section?

FROM the usually delightfully vague report of the meeting of the General Committee of the Union, it is interesting, if unsatisfying, to learn that—"The Committee have had the action of a section of the Licensing Committee of the London Centre during the past season brought before them, and after considering the evidence are of opinion that they were exceedingly unsatisfactory." As we believe the two sections, if they can be so called, in the Licensing Committee, were about equally divided, it would be interesting to know to which the General Committee refer, also, if their conduct was indeed "exceedingly unsatisfactory," whether the General Committee will remove them from office, or simply be content with their verbal thunderings.

Still racing in Paris.

THE open-air racing season is not finished yet in Paris. On Sunday next there is to be a big 12 hours' race at Buffalo, which clashes with the second round and final of the Grand Prix at the Municipal track.

Racing amateur in custody.

ORLANDO KEMPSEY has been arrested at Liverpool, on a charge of obtaining a bicycle on false pretences. It is alleged that he borrowed the machine from the makers on the pretence of riding in some races on it at Herne Hill. He is stated to have changed his mind and pawned the machine instead.

Northumberland 100 miles tandem record.

J. D. SLOAN & T. W. RABY who went for the purpose of establishing a tandem record over the usual Millfield course for 100 miles, had an unfortunate time of it. Wednesday turned out so bad from the weather point of view that none of the pacers put in an appearance, and the pair started alone; notwithstanding the rain and mud, and an hour's delay on the road, they managed to do the 100 miles in 6 hrs. 59 mins., not a bad performance, taking everything into consideration. A Humber racing tandem was used with Dunlop tyres.

Drowned out.

AMIA men were in no amiable mood last Saturday, their meeting at Herne Hill being quite spoilt by the rain and wind, although it is due to the track to say that there were no side-slip falls. The club, however, must have lost heavily. A. Clark, Mid-Surrey, 80 yds., won the half; A. R. Legg, Boro'. Poly., 65 yds., second; L. J. Edwards, National, 70 yds., third. W. S. Yeoman, Silverdale, 90 yds., won the mile, sprinting a lap and a quarter; he won his heat by similar tactics. A. E. J. Steele, Putney A.C., 120 yds., was second; E. J. Callaghan, Poly., 85 yds., third. A. F. Sadler won the Amia Club championship, and W. J. Andrews, with 10 mins., the 25 miles handicap.

MICHAEL is a certain starter in the 12 hours' race at Paris next Sunday, and is expected to win and beat world's record.

An addition to the peerage.

A CHICAGO cycling paper, "The Referee," states:—"The English nobility have caught the record craze. The Earl of Luton recently made an unsuccessful attack on the London-York record." Probably Mr. Earl, of the North Road who resides at Luton, is the aristocratic gentleman alluded to.

The christening of the Warwick Cup.

WITH the exception of the competitors and officials, there was scarcely a soul at High Beech on Saturday, during the progress of the 50 miles race for the Warwick Vase, presented to the E.C.U. by its president, the Earl of Warwick. And certainly a stern sense of duty was necessary to induce anybody to toil the two or three miles through the Forest amid the drenching rain in order to reach the track. Immediately after the start the rain came down in earnest, and continued during the whole of the race, with two intermissions only of a few minutes; this, and the extreme cold, caused the retirement of all except Horswill, Ainsworth, and W. H. Knight. Horswill was well paced by a small *coterie* of friends, and, with Ainsworth hanging on, soon got away from the other riders. This pair remained together until the 35th mile, when Ainsworth cracked suddenly, Horswill immediately putting in some fast work and making sure of a substantial lead. The elder Knight, at the time, was 7 laps behind Ainsworth, which distance he rapidly regained, running into second place in the 40th mile. This was the order to the finish, the winner's time being 2.10 5/8, or 2.5 3/8 inside Law's previous Essex best; Knight second, 2.18.40 1/4; and Ainsworth third, 2.21.49 3/8. Horswill now holds the following Essex path records:—Quarter-mile, 1 mile, and all records from 25 miles to 100 miles, except the 51st mile. A. V. Ebblewhite (N.C.U.) timed, and Harry Young judged.



PARLEY, UNABLE TO NEGOTIATE THE CORNERS AT THE GUERNSEY TRACK, WINS THE SPRINT RACE IN DASHING STYLE.

LADY JEUNE ON LADY CYCLISTS.



IN the October issue of the "Badminton Magazine," Lady Jeune has an excellent and very practical article on "Cycling for Women." As representing the views of the very highest society, Lady Jeune's opinions on the everlasting dress question are of especial interest. The talented authoress says—"The question of dress enters so largely into the enjoyment of bicycling by women that one cannot pass it by. In France women have taken the bull by the horns, and have adopted a man's costume pure and simple; for the long flaps which they wear to their jackets do not conceal the fact that knickerbockers and gaiters are the foundation of their costume. I cannot see in what way knickerbockers have any advantage over the short well-cut skirt, as the latter is

MORE COMFORTABLE AND GRACEFUL,

and in no way interferes with one's comfort or progress. There is no doubt to some minds a pleasure and excitement in donning the dress of our masters, and in meeting them on equal terms, which women undoubtedly do in bicycling; but those, who do this, lose so much in personal appearance and charm, that they might well be contented to sacrifice the substance for the shadow. No woman looks well in male attire; if women did, they would not have waited for many centuries before they took to wearing trousers. Every attempt at modifying women's clothes to resemble those of men has been a signal failure. A woman is not made to wear tight-fitting apparel; when she puts it on she at once becomes ugly and mis-shapen.

What can be more hideous than a collection of women (standing by their bicycles, as we have often seen them), of various sizes, shapes, and weights, in the drab knickerbocker suit surmounted by the drab Tam o' Shanter hat? Even under the most favourable circumstances, the movement of the legs in bicycling is not graceful, and

THE FIGURE SHOULD CERTAINLY BE DRAPED

to render this movement as little apparent as possible. Women clothed like men, and 'unashamed,' with their figures well bent over their machines, perspiring at every pore, their hair flowing in the breeze (for your new woman bicyclist, like all ardent women, does nothing by halves), present as ugly and as ridiculous a picture as one can imagine. In bicycling, as in every other amusement, a woman's dress should be as quiet and unpretentious as possible. The skirt should be short and well cut, tight at the waist, and wide at the bottom, to give plenty of room for the action of the feet; the jacket, or shirt, should be tight and well-fitting, and the hat of such a nature as to shade the face from the sun. Many people

prefer shoes to boots. I confess I think a loose, high-fitting boot is more comfortable and

GIVES GREATER SUPPORT TO THE ANKLE;

but that is a small matter, and must be left to individual experience. If this dress or something like it is worn, if a woman has a light machine, sits well on it, is never too high above her handles, I think—assuming that she does not present undue evidence of exertion—she looks as graceful as on a horse, and certainly more so than when playing lawn tennis. Very much of the gracefulness of a woman's appearance on a bicycle depends on her seat being low; nothing is more ungainly than to see her perched on a high seat, obliged to bend down to hold her handles, and nothing tends more to make her stoop and spoil her figure. In bicycling a woman should aim at simplicity in dress, should sit low, go steadily, and she will enhance her own pleasure and add greatly to

the charm of her appearance. She will derive infinitely more gratification and healthy amusement from doing what she can in a womanly way than by aping the appearance and the style of men, which she can never do well."

The Ibex and the Angel.

THE Ibex quad. might have been seen, one day last week, wending its way through the dense traffic outside the Angel, Islington, with a calmness and steadiness that impressed all beholders. It was truly marvelous to see how the long snake-like apparatus strolled over the greasy tramlines, sailed past the cars, dodged the hansoms, perambulators, dogs, and old ladies, and threaded its way in perfect safety through all difficulties. With the gear they had on, their feet only seemed to move "occasionally," as a wit has remarked before us.



THROUGH A HAMPSHIRE LANE.



"UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE."

Photos. by F. J. Mortimer.)



THE MULTIPLICITY OF RECORDS.

SIR,—In your last week's issue I was much interested in reading an article on the number of possible mile records.

Counting three surfaces the number of possible records for one type of machine (safety single) works out to 36. If to this we add tandem, triplet, and quad, and allow for all possible combinations of the three classes of men on these machines, the sum total comes to 864.

And if these records continue to change with every week's issue of your wide-read paper, as they have heretofore, it would take a Senior Wrangler to have all the times at his finger tips.

Yours, &c.

O.B.

PACING.

SIR,—In penning the letter contained in your issue of the 2nd inst., your correspondent, "Sport" was actuated by the true interest of a thoroughly *bona fide* sportsman, but I fear his experience in pacing (particularly upon the track) during the present year must have been little or nothing, otherwise surely he must have both seen and heard for himself quite enough to disgust him, as it has many another.

For my own part, I believe every word of your article to be true in substance and in fact, though I say this regretfully.

I don't think certain riders would hesitate in saying they are paid, if they were asked to state that such is the case, and yet they are regularly seen pacing at all important race meetings.

Acknowledge payment if you like, and make it fair for one and all, but the present state of affairs is hypocrisy—pure and simple.

What I want to know is this, and perhaps someone in authority can explain—

How is it that professional pacers are allowed on the track at all to pace in a race?

For the purposes of training this is a different matter, but for amateur races, held under N.C.U. rules, it is another thing altogether.

As to any ordinary road rider, capable of doing 19 or 20 miles an hour, being good enough to pace on a quad, is a statement I can't admit at all.

Men on quads, or even triplets, require training quite as much, if not more, than the would-be record-breaker; as already we have had indications of quads not being fast enough.

Multicycle riding is, I think, generally admitted to be most "baking" work, even at a pace of say 25 miles per hour. What about present requirements, necessitating, sometimes, over 28 miles per hour?

This is really why there is a lack of first-class pacing quads, as it appears only makers of these can repay themselves by riding for expenses, though I admit that "50s. and expenses" is a bit thick.

Yours faithfully,

PERCY LITCHFIELD,

Anerley B.C.

LAP SCORING AT HERNE HILL.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. G. J. Marshall, hears incorrectly. We had no difficulty in finding competent lap scorers for the "Anchor Shield" Race, and no errors were made.

It is true that Mr. W. H. Knight, who was dropped by the leaders as soon as the pacers came on, complained at the end of two hours, that he had been short scored 6 *miles*, and that he finally retired at the expiry of three hours because we did not add that distance to his score.

Shortly after his retirement I saw him in the dressing room, and the statements he made—which he doubtless believed to be accurate—convinced me that, as usual, with competitors he knew very little about what had happened.

First he said he kept with his brother during the whole of the first hour, and should have been scored the same mileage. I told him I could swear to his being lapped by his brother under my own eyes, long before the first hour was up, and that I had no doubt he was so lapped several times. Mr. Knight then said that his brother did make a lap on him, but that he regained it. An incident which has escaped everybody's attention, but which disposes altogether of the assertion that the brothers Knight stayed together throughout the first hour.

In short, it is, as every practical man knows, quite impossible for a competitor in a long-distance race to score for himself. Laps are gained and lost, without the rider knowing it, unless, perhaps, it be a question of the actual lead, and a competitor's estimate of his own position is pretty sure to be a wrong one.

Mr. Knight's laps were recorded by one of our most competent scorers, a gentleman who has scored for us many times, and in whom we have the most absolute confidence.

This gentleman, sitting in the box, pencil in hand, watching for his man, is, on such authority as that quoted above, supposed to have missed a trifle of 21 laps in the first two hours!

A self-evident absurdity, and one which does not need further discussion.

No no alteration will be made, and no "general dissatisfaction" will result therefrom.

Yours, &c.,

GEO. LACY HILLIER.

Hon. Sec., London County C. & A. C. Ltd.

WINCHURCH AND THE N.C.U.

SIR,—I notice from the cycle papers that my action in attempting record at Catford will bring me under the ban of the General Committee of the N.C.U., whose latest decision applies Rule 6, "Licensing Laws," to unlicensed riders. From inquiries, however, I learn that this action has to be confirmed by the Council.

Now, sir, three days before I went for record Mr. G. L. Hillier, who is justly regarded as an authority on cycling laws, wrote in "Wheeling" as follows:—

"Mr. Blair's rule only applies to licensed amateurs, specifically, and in so many words.

"The unlicensed rider is free as air. I have harped upon this point times without number; the author of the rule has never corrected me; the words are definite on this point; and I defy anyone to read the rule otherwise."

I read the rule, and I accepted Mr. Hillier's interpretation. Moreover, I say emphatically that the Committee cannot, by any twisting of words, apply it to unlicensed riders.

Feeling desirous of testing the Committee's action, I went for the mile record, and failed; but, previous to this, I, through my brother, applied to the Birmingham Centre for a permit. Here they said they could do nothing in the matter; besides, had they granted the permit, it would have been rescinded by the London Centre—at least so I was informed by a member of the General Committee.

My position in the matter is quite clear. After being humbugged and worried for two years by the N.C.U., I thought the time was ripe to challenge the action of the Committee, and definitely ascertain in what category the unlicensed rider is to be placed. As one who retains a little self respect, I refuse to be tinkered with any longer as an "unclean thing."

It is true I failed to beat the mile record held by my fellow townsman, Mr. F. W. Chinn, but what could be expected when every possible obstacle, in the shape of N.C.U. worry, was placed in my way. No man could do his best under such circumstances.

In conclusion, I hope that my action will, at least, help to clear the air and get racing out of its present state of chaos.

Yours sincerely,

B. C. WINCHURCH.

Exceeding blessed.

MR. EDMUNDS, an ex-Kendal cyclist, known to Land's End to John o'Groat's record breakers for his many pacing services over Shap, claims to have ridden 35,000 miles on pneumatic tyres without a puncture.

Death of a cycling doctor and patient.

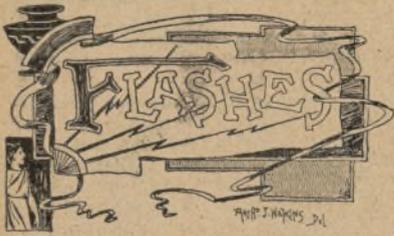
DR. R. B. MORLEY, of Leeds, died on Thursday night under painful circumstances. He had ridden six miles out on his bicycle to Allwoodley, to visit a lady patient, and was with the lady, when he suddenly fell down and died. He was only 43 years of age. The lady patient died in the morning, it is believed from the effects of the shock.

Wolverhampton falls into line.

THE Town Clerk of Wolverhampton has issued a public announcement intimating that a by-law is now in force which requires vehicles to carry lights between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. The day of Universal Lights is drawing near, and if the N.C.U. and C.T.C. officials do not wake up soon it, will be an established fact, and neither of them will be able to seriously claim to have hastened it on.

Taxation of cycles.

As the outcome of the counting of the number of cycles in the City of Chester last Bank Holiday, the local District Council is now of the opinion that it is time an annual tax of not less than 5s. in the pound should be placed upon all cycles; that such tax should be applied to the maintenance of the roads, and that a number for the purpose of registration and identification should be placed on each bicycle. This decision was unanimously agreed upon at a meeting held at Chester last Saturday, when it was also decided to call the attention of Parliament and the County Council to the question.



CYCLISTS, remarks a contemporary from over the water, can tell a new rider anywhere, but they can tell him very little he does not think he knows already.

SYMPATHISING FRIEND:—"Do you think the brake was defective?"

Cycler (*viewing the remains*):—"No, old chap, the break seems quite complete!"

WHILST leaving a country race-meeting recently, we actually overheard one lady remark to another,—“Oh, it's nothing to London racing! Why, there was only *one* fall!”

THE district in South Africa, known as Rhodesia, is said to have been discovered by a Raleigh rider, when he found that he “rode easia” on that machine than on any other.

“HUMAN forbearance,” says the philosopher, “suffereth much in silence”; but it is apt to kick, and in more senses than one, when the domestic feline is discovered sharpening her talons on one's racing tyres. There's not much silence then!

LORD BYRON evidently missed his avocation—he ought to have been an advertisement concocter! His famous phrase of admiration, “In her youth she was all glory, a young Tyre,” would have been just the thing to boom a new tyre company!

A COUPLE of cyclists were recently touring over some of the roughest roads in South Wales; there teeth had for several hours been nearly jolted out of their gums, and their spinal columns had, every instant, threatened dislocation. Suddenly, one of them, with a sigh of relief, sat up, and exclaimed, “Thank goodness! it's much easier now!” “Yes, old man,” returned the other, “your tyre's going down!” (He did not say, “Thank goodness!” a second time!)

Mrs. Brown explodes.

“BYSICKLES! how I hate the sight of them! Why, only this very morning I was coming across the 'igh road after getting a little drop at the “Blue Bear,”—a *very* little drop I do assure you—when one of them fierce unswivelised cyclops rushed up against me and nearly knocked me down! Such a turn it give me as to send my 'art up into my mouth. I screamed out “pleece!” at the top of my voice, but the wicked rech was miles away long before I knew where I was. They ought to put a *tax* on them orful instruments of torture, and I must say as 'ow I'm very glad to 'ear that the little boys put *tacks* underneath the wheels. And as for them rude chits of girls in their 'rashunal' costumes, it's something dreadful, and the nickerbockers ought to be compressed most unbecoming, I do declare! Just fancy *me* being dressed like that! When I was young girls never showed their figgers in such a disgraceful way. But there, I hav'n't pashunce to write about Bysickles!”



JUST LIKE A MAN.

SPEEDER:—"Miss Rashnal looked simply stunning in her new outfit this afternoon

MISS RHODES:—"Indeed? How was she dressed?"

SPEEDER:—"Well, I can't give you the exact specification of it, but I know she had those pneumatic sleeves!"

A WHEELWOMAN says that tandem riding is like wedded life—it all depends upon who the other fellow is.

“WHY live on in this vale of tears,” advertises an American company, “when you can have the essence of comfort in one of our pneumatic-tyred hearses?”

DETERMINED efforts are being made to “squench the puncture bogey.” “Bogey,” indeed; why, it's a god-send to half the cycle paragraphists of the World! Some papers flourish on punctures; could scarcely fill up space without them. And now they are threatened to be deprived of this stock theme.

“THE trail of the serpent is over them all,” sighed the cynic, as he sadly gazed on the suburban roads on a Sunday morning.

ALL this talk about the importance of little things falls flat to a cyclist, says “Wheel Talk,” until he finds that someone has stuck a small pin in his tyre.

BRIGHT BOY:—"I say, pater, it says in this paper that there's a doctor in the city who makes noses smaller, alters big ears, and a lot of other things besides!”

PATER:—"Well?"

Bright Boy:—"Don't you think I had better have my legs shortened, if you can't effort to buy me a bigger bicycle?"

LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

A WET DAY IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



SCENE.—The Tarbet Hotel, on Loch Lomond, on a wet day in June—that Jubilee June, when it rained nowhere else in the Empress Queen's dominions, but in the Western Highlands. The view of the lake palls on one; Ben Lomond is enshrouded to his very feet in a grey mist. There is no one to play billiards with, for June is not the Highland season; the rain drips ceaselessly on the calm lake, and the depression is intense. To-day is the Sabbath, and there is not even a "Glasgow Herald" to pass the time away with, and I am driven to my map and road book, in the hope that they will send me to sleep. But Morpheus is not easily wooed, and in sheer dread of suicidal mania, I determine to brave the rain, and get to some place with a new visitors' book, and different steel engravings. Ha! the map marks a pass on my way to Inverary, and, at the summit, "Rest and be thankful." An inn, no doubt, and as the pass is 300 feet high, I may as well get the climb over to day, and be fresh for the descent on the morrow that is to be so fine. The bill is paid, the waiter-tipped, the *mulsum* fixed firmly to the *Facile*, the waterproof fixed, and a start made.

A LITTLE NECK OF LAND,

a mile or so across, separates fresh Loch Lomond from salt Loch Long, and I am soon skirting the head of the latter water, pedalling slowly past the villas of Arrochar. The tide is at least felt here; there are waves, and a sniff of salt, and I am as glad of it as the Cockney of his eight hours at Brighton. The road is level, and skirts the shore faithfully, but alas! in three miles it dives up the narrow valley of Glen Croe (almost as desolate as the famed Glen Coe on this dank day). Its nature, too, deteriorates, and the ascent becomes steeper and steeper, till at last I find it better to push the machine over what is now a very bad and loose road. I am, as yet, dry under my gossamers, having come very slowly to avoid any perspiration, and congratulate myself that I shall be no worse on my arrival at the mountain inn than if I had stayed in dreary Tarbet. Push, push, round the zig-zags, and at last I win the top—and now for the inn. Oh! of course, it is just round that bluff so as to command the Western view. No! nothing but another wild valley, with the road meandering down, a gradually increasing river, fed by numberless burns, trickling down the green hill sides, and,

above all, the dense grey canopy of mist, which now and again falls, so as to envelop me.

I know I have not mistaken the road, for in the Highlands there are usually only two roads, one up and one down. Ah! a milestone! What says it? "Rest and be thankful!" A blank of sorrow, an inclination to break the mocking stone to bits with the *Facile*; a second thought as to how the latter would stand it, and then I squat on the mocking stone and laugh.

WHAT A LAUGH!

as hearty as a bamboo, as genuine as butterine. And still the rain comes down, and the wind is rising and howling up the valley, and where is the next place? Aye! Rest and be thankful! General Wade, I find afterwards, the man who engineered this beastly road, was the practical jokist who set up this stone. Ah, well! it might have been worse; the map shows "Caerndow Inn" (I mark the word "inn" this time), only some five miles away, and all downhill. There is one thing the map does not mark, and that is the howling West wind which is now raging, blowing my macintosh almost off me, and the rain almost through me. An occasional extra blast brings me out of the saddle, and I at length reach the whitewashed inn, thoroughly drenched, beaten, and tired. Indeed I have had a change from Tarbet, and now I must needs to bed, for all I have is drenched through and through. My bedroom commands Loch Fyne and its well-wooded shores, and I get a few tolerable books to keep me company through the long grey evening.

On the morrow the wind has gone, but the drip is still with me, and it is

THROUGH A "SAFT" ATMOSPHERE

that I wheel along the shores of the Loch, past the Duke of Argyll's castle and Duniquoich Hill to Inverary and its Iona cross, and get later in the day through the dense woods of Glen Aray, down to Loch Awe, and later to Oban. It grieves me much to pass this lovely country without seeing anything of its beauty, but the gloom of the deserted inns is too much for me, a solitary wanderer. When I reach Oban all is bright and sunny, and I am a mass of mud and wet, and the chief object of interest to the honeymooners, who form the early visitors to the "Charing Cross" of the Highlands. Boots, however, hastes to the rescue, and I cut quite a dash on the promenade in a blue suit, too tight to allow me to sneeze.

R.

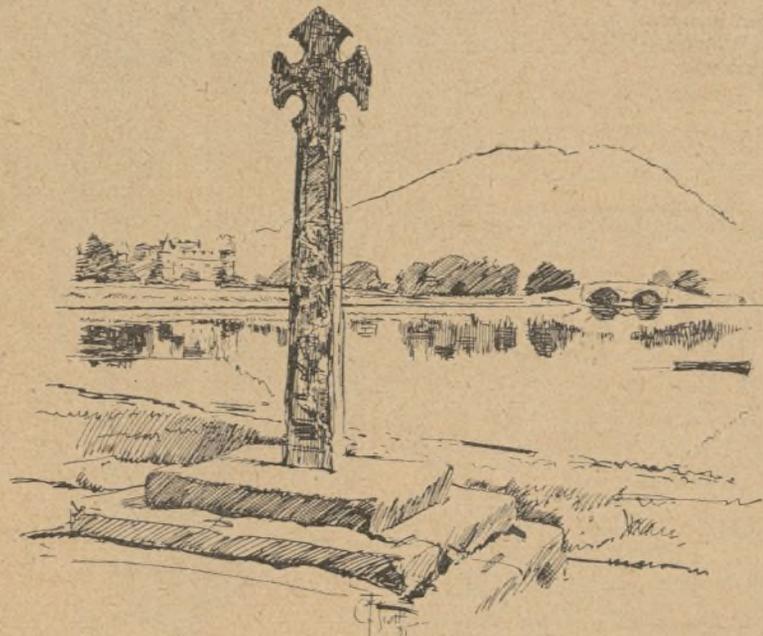
And then he laughed.

PATERFAMILIAS (digesting the morning paper): "Just fancy, Maria, there are over a hundred people killed every year in the United States by cyclones!"

Maria: "Yes, they are a perfect nuisance, and ought to be locked up! One nearly ran over me the other day!"

Prophetic.

In reviewing the cycling year 1877, in the "Bicycle Annual" for 1878, the author wrote this truly prophetic par:—"The second most important event of the year has been the formation of the Bicycle Union. Its labours, like the troubles of a young bear, are all before it, and as so much opposition was shown to its formation, even down to personal attacks in print upon its promoters, it is probable that its work will be up-hill." With the present position of the N.C.U. ever before our eyes, it still appears probable that its work will be up-hill.



INVERARY CASTLE.



C. FRISWELL (London).—Write Mr. Davis, care of Messrs. Bradbury & Co., Oldham.

MARK WESTCOTT (Exeter Rovers C.C.).—We have not received the photographs you refer to.

F. G. BOWLER (Horsham).—We know nothing about the machine you refer to, and cannot recommend.

W. WILLIAMS (Chepstow).—We cannot take any notice of reports that are written on both sides of the paper.

J. KING (Mansfield).—We regret we cannot give you the desired information. We do not recognise the name.

C. ROBINSON (Hammersmith).—The Hammer-smith C.C. will suit you. Write P. F. Madge, 1, St. Stephen's Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, W.

H. RICHARD KIRBY (London).—Your paragraph reached us after the paper had gone to press. We cannot insert news received after first post on Monday.

F. R. GOODWIN (28, Sparsholt Road, Crouch Hill, N.). will be glad to hear from anyone who has found a North Road gold badge somewhere between Herne Hill and the City.

"LUXOR" (Lymington).—You might get what you require from Lucas & Son, Birmingham. If not, a local man ought to be able to turn you out such a clip without difficulty.

F. C. GENLOND (London).—It surprises us how you can make such an inquiry and profess to be a reader of "Cycling." We announced two weeks ago that the vicar of St. Mary at Hill, Monument, E.C., had arranged cyclist services. We know of no other church in London where such an arrangement exists. There is a service at Ripley Church occasionally.

"NECK OR NOTHING" (Tring) wants to know, "What would be the penalty for road racing if they caught you at it?" Not having yet been caught at it, we are not in a position to speak from experience, but we think about twelve months' hard labour would about meet the case. We do not know of a firm that would let you have a racer for a day. Palmer tyres.

W. J. WILLIAMS (Holyhead) has an idea for a good going bicycle, which he would like to push to the front. He thinks it will be a great boon to cyclists if we can get it out. Would any venture-some cyclist care to communicate with our sanguine correspondent? We have neither the time nor the inclination to assist him in pushing his bicycle to the front—we presume it is a tandem?

"DOUBTFUL" (Bridgwater) wants to know whether after supplying a government department with cycles, he can use the Royal Coat of Arms on his stationery and over his shop. We don't know how the appointment is made; but we have just seen a cat's meat merchant's announcement on his barrow, that he is a "Parveyor of cat's meat to the Royal Family;" this was accompanied with the Royal Coat of Arms, and there was no attempt made to arrest the enterprising trader.

The North Road.

The North Road is still in fair condition as far as Welwyn, but loose from there to Hitchin, and good again to Bedford. Bedford to Luton is free from stones, but not such good surface as the Hitchin Road. Cyclists who are fond of lane riding, should try the 15 miles or so from Luton to Hatfield via Wheathampstead, which is in very fair condition, and pretty country. There are however some hills between Wheathampstead and Hatfield which require careful riding. Stag Hill (between Potter's Bar and Southgate), is said to be very bad surface.

confidence. The subscription to the "Cycle Manufacturer," is 5s. per annum.

W. H. (Dulwich).—Yes, we can supply it, Post free, 8d.

G. H. HART (Coventry).—See reply to H. Richard Kirby.

C. HARDING (London).—You might try ammonia or benzine.

B. S. (Eastbourne).—Thanks, but we published a full reply last week!

F. S. (London).—You have no legal claim on them, and it would be futile to attempt to take action against them.

J. TAYLOR (Hulme).—The firm you name make excellent fittings, and you can deal with them with every



CONTRASTS.

"NEMO" (Hulme).—We advise two 28 in. wheels HENRY (Hammersmith).—We have never heard of the firm, and cannot recommend their goods.

"A SURREY CYCLIST" (—).—We are sorry to say we do not know who are the publishers of the book you name.

L. STEEL (W. Croydon) would be glad if some kind reader would give him a route from Croydon to Bexhill-on-Sea.

"EX-SCORCHER" (London).—Have an M. & C. Humber from Messrs. Marriott & Cooper, 1, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

P. L. C. C. (Portsmouth).—Will some kind reader give me the best road from Reading to Thame? Likewise from Windsor to Watford?

F. GAGE (London).—They are absolutely equal in point of merit, and we could not recommend one before the other. You must choose for yourself.

"VOLUNTEER" (Coupar Angus, N.B.) writes: "Where can I obtain a printed copy of Drill for Cyclist Volunteers? I am a member of a cycling corps in Singapore, and our drill is not 'up-to-the-mark,' owing to the want of printed instructions."

L. B. (Guernsey).—We have given fullest details in "Cycling" of the various 12 hours' rides of the year, and must refer you to the back Numbers for the particulars required, as we regret our space will not permit of our repeating in this column.

P. UNDERWOOD (London).—In answer to this correspondent's query for a good guide of Surrey, I may say I use Messrs. Iliffe & Son's "Way About Surrey," and have always found it a very reliable book, it can be had of any bookseller (price 1s.). P. Morris.



THE RT. HON.
A. J. BALFOUR.

FIRST LORD
OF THE TREASURY.

