

CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.

C. T. HEMP.



AN ARTIST'S MODEL.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

NOT ALL BEER AND SKITTLES.



CYCLING aint *all* beer and skittles, after all, and it's only them as aint tried it as don't know it."

We, of course, agreed with the speaker who was mounted on an old-fashioned solid. And we could well imagine, while overlooking him on the lumpy road, and viewing his ma-

chinery in motion, as we passed on, the absolutely honest conviction at the back of his assertion. This brother cyclist was justified in his remark, for we could see there the Demon of Vibration asserting his invincible power to shake and shatter the very bony anatomy of the victim. The Imps of Squeakland were also in evidence, setting one's teeth on edge and dethroning the crowned heads of every molar. Motion here meant friction with a vengeance; friction meant heat, and heat exhaustion. Moreover, the mud from Whitechapel had bespattered the lavender trousers, and the mechanism had caught in the pearl buttons, for he had "got 'em all on." Hence the pregnant exclamation—"Aint *all* beer and skittles."

We were glad to get out of hearing though, after which we slowed up our pneumatics and pondered over the words of this less fortunate creature of circumstances. We thought that if one wished to give posterity an idea of

THE DARK SIDE OF CYCLING,

it would be quite unfair, say, to fix this ancient relic immovably to a stand in some museum of antiquities, because what it wanted to show itself in its real colours was motion. In like manner it would not do to unwrap the mummy of a Rameses prior to exhibition, because we know all the time that the wrapping is half the battle with a mummy. In any case, the mummy without the wrapping would lose its interest, and this particular cycle without motion would correspondingly lack sound. Sound to this machine was, like the pump to the pneumatic, an "indispensable adjunct." Probably this cyclist never rode without this particular adjunct, for he seemed innocent of the need for "ile."

But the exclamation—"It aint *all* beer and skittles," is even true in a sense when applied to the sport engaged in by the up-to-date cyclist. For instance, unless one is favourably placed by residence in the country, he has to cycle some distance before he can get outside his own particular suburb, whether it be North, South, East, or West. He has to insinuate the traffic and wrestle with the streets before he reaches the confines of the green and fragrant country lanes. He arrives at such a point only after

A DETERMINED ENCOUNTER WITH STONE SETTS

and tram-lines, all remorselessly watered by that hardened wretch, the hydrostatic-van-man, with the accompanying mud and filth, to say nothing of the tin cans, glass bottles, and hoop-iron, indigenous to the minor turnings. In these matters, at least, cycling is

not *all* beer and skittles, although a species of skittles is often exemplified on the road in the larger-sized boulders, and the beer, everyone knows, may be had for the asking! Some roads out of London might as well be paved with good-sized assorted rocks without the least fear of injuring the susceptibilities of the local authorities, however much cyclists might suffer. But this will be a thing of the past—indeed is rapidly becoming so, as the Sport is more generally patronised by those in power.

Notwithstanding the advent of the air tyres, and even though the cyclist may be blessed with all the latest comfort-producing essentials for body and machine, which Providence, and the maker, can supply, we knew that 'Arry was right to some extent, and that the oracle had spoken. We have actually more than once trained to a point ten miles out for the purpose of starting fresh, and with clean machines, although with the usual tail-between-the-legs fashion that the *bona fide* cyclist commits that crime. On such an occasion how we would have liked to possess the fabled invisible coat rather than be caught in the act, and afterwards designated butterfly riders by the rest of our community.

Now on one fine sunny Sunday morning in particular (and Sunday should be sunny to justify its name) we made bold to await the train from Finsbury Park to Barnet with two tricycles, or in urchin phraseology—"three wheel bicycles." After a struggle in the van between our two anxious selves, one corpulent and bellicose guard, the two tricycles aforesaid, with a perambulator and several huge bundles of "Sunday Suns" and "Weekly Dispatches" which were for delivery *en route*, we shook down into place and were puffing cigarettes as though quite at our ease. Yet in reality we were

FILLED WITH INWARD FEARS

for the safety of our cycles at every fresh lurch of the van. A cigarette and a joke or two acted as peace-offerings tendered at the shrine of the train-god, causing him to become solicitous for the safety of his charge. In the end we alighted with cycles not actually squared up or flattened. But it was at this juncture that we realised that tricycles were more difficult to convey by rail than bicycles, and that even this aspect of cycling without riding was "not *all* beer and skittles." We came to the conclusion, that the anxiety of mind, consequent on our ignorance as to the possible ultimate result of the *mélée* between baggage and machines, had physically and mentally strained our constitutions in about the ratio of a 10 mile "burst," and came, moreover, in close proximity in exhaustion-producing effect to the legitimate riding of about double the distance we had trained.

On the Great North Road we stopped for lunch at a well-known hotel where it was our destiny to meet the strangest waiter on this planet. What other worlds bring forth in this direction we may never know. Sufficient unto the day, was, on that Sunday, the evil thereof. We simply asked for "Biscuits and cheese, and a large bottle of Bass;" yet this order surprised him for no known reason. It was an ordinary demand, and, after vainly endeavouring to make us change our minds, he dejectedly brought what we required. There is a depth of meaning in that waiter (or no meaning at all), and he, no doubt, wants understanding by cyclists—he certainly wants understanding himself. We are longing for the first opportunity to visit

that hotel again; to visit it at the same hour, and on the Sabbath, and order the same lunch, for the sole purpose of taking accurate notes and snap-shots of the result.

The day was hot, and we were not on scorching bent, so, some miles farther on, we ordered dinner, sitting awhile upon a grassy slope opposite the hotel, until such time as it should be ready.

SEVERAL CYCLISTS FLITTED BY

in both directions, silently and swiftly, leaving an almost imperceptible track of up-raised dust in their wake, and were speedily lost to view. To say they flitted by is expressive of cycles. Not so, though, of four-horse coaches. There is no flitting with a four-horse coach. We actually heard one miles away, and it sounded like a collision on the railway. At last it came in sight, and drew up at the hotel with a tremendous splutter and dash. The horse ones, clad, of course, in the orthodox paddock coats (never, perhaps, destined to see a paddock), dismounted as though it were an everyday occurrence, and disappeared inside the hotel. We were left to imagine the libations of an appetising nature, that formed the preface to the volume of dinner, which they were afterwards to discuss. How different with the cyclist! For is he not ignorant of these debaucheries? Does he not say that he gets his appetite by quaffing the brimming cup of oxygen, and tasting the wine of the hedges and the flowers, for ever thrown in his path? Most certainly! But—and this must be confessed—we had, ourselves, uttered at the bar the words:—"Sherry and bitters for two," although this was only to do in Rome as Rome does, nothing else. To order dinner, and not to order "something at the bar," would at once cause a fall in the jaw of the landlord, who imagines therefrom nothing less monstrous than that pure water will be drunk at the table.

Then we

DINED ALONE IN A GREAT ROOM,

at a giant table, three laps to the mile. My friend sat at one end, and I the other. All we wanted was a telephone attachment, or a cycle track to run messages between courses.

After a chat over coffee, and smokes, the day was well advanced; and we determined to return home. More than all, the sky was now overcast and threatening, and we had no capes in case of rain. We engaged in a little pumping exercise before starting, this being more compulsory than pleasant, for the ostler's child had playfully, during our absence, deflated all the six tyres. Pumping the tyres pumped us after our heavy meal, and we didn't find the exercise "all beer and skittles," although there was some beer at the end of it. Nothing happened on the way home except some occasional jerks in our normal regularity of progress, consequent on the development of certain internal eccentricities in one of the tricycles. It had only just been delivered from the maker's, altered to order and "done up." Done up, in this case, meant repaired and overhauled; but alterations are usually bad, and it rarely pays to have a cycle much changed in construction, as something is generally done which ought not to be done, something left undone which ought to be done, and there is no reliance on the machine, the only thing really effectively *done* being yourself. A very particular rider once sent his machine to a repairer with a long list of directions and instructions, and the fullest details of what he wanted set forth, duly numbered,

lettered, and arranged alphabetically and numerically. After

KEEPING HIM WAITING HALF THE SEASON,

the machine was returned to him with someone else's wheels, the balls left out of the bearings, and all screwed up nice and tight. This, for him, was not "all beer and skittles!"

We were within eight miles of London, when the rain deluged us in determined fashion, producing a rapid and complete transformation scene. What had been brightness and warmth was now a dark and dismal toil in the mud, with soaked garments, with the water running down our backs, and the thin mud squelching out of our shoes at every thrust of the pedals. Plugging, slipping, sliding, and shouting, we at last arrived at our destination with, for the time being, the ardour for cycling considerably damped. That night, in bed, the ominous words of the prophetic 'Arry sounded in our ears—"After all, it aint all beer and skittles, and it's only them as aint tried it as don't know it!"

THE ROVER CELEBRATION.

Mr. J. K. Starley's Banquet.

AN exceedingly fitting occasion for festive celebration was that of the tenth anniversary of the Rover bicycle, which important event was done full justice to at the Café Royal on Monday week last. We have had our feastings and our testimonials, for one reason and another, for many years past; 'tis strange but true, however, that it has occurred to no one to give to Mr. J. K. Starley the full prominence to which he is entitled for having invented the safety bicycle in its present form, for such he has practically done. It is only one more instance of how the world allows deserving modesty to pass unnoticed, or comparatively so, but fortunately Mr. J. K. Starley possesses a few friends, who said unto him, "'Tis ten years ago since the Rover first appeared in competition; why should not this be an occasion of great joy?" And Mr. Starley was compelled to come from his retirement, take the chair at

A REALLY MAGNIFICENT BANQUET

at the Café Royal, and now the world will definitely and finally realise who is the man responsible for the advancement of the modern bicycle, the gigantic industry, and the pleasure consequently afforded to thousands of human beings. As Adam was the first man, so is the Rover the first practicable safety, and Starley was the inventor; a fact which is of far greater importance than the details of the feast which has really caused the re-iterance of these remarks. Besides being an inventor, Mr. Starley is an Englishman and a gentleman, and looked them too, as he occupied the chair on October 7th. When replying to Mr. E. R. Shipton's able toast of "The Cycle," Mr. Starley informed us that the Rover was not by any means a chance invention, but the carefully worked-out idea which he had cherished for a long time, and which he knew was to eclipse the then existing high bicycle, for it gave both long and short men an equal chance, and enabled a high gear to be used; his only doubt was the best size of wheel to use, and that the pneumatic tyre settled for him, but to this day the main principle and lines of the Rover had not been departed from by the Trade of the world which was existing upon his invention, but he did not mind; he had progressed slowly and surely, he had not sought to make money by floating innumerable companies, he

HAD WORKED CONSCIENTIOUSLY,

and no man could say a word against him, every word of which we fully and heartily endorse. We only wish that space would allow us to give Mr. Starley's remarks in full; nevertheless, readers must recognise the fact that the event with which we now deal is, in a way, a testimonial gathering to the Rover inventor, to whom the fullest credit must be done. In all toasts that followed he was justly eulogised, and, as there were present representatives of almost every British journal, we are happy in knowing that a fact, which has too long escaped the attention of the world, has at last been popularised, and we know to the honour and advantage of John Kemp Starley.

"A task of a life time.

If a cyclist bought a copy of *CYCLING* every day of his life, (Sundays of course included) it would take him 80 years to collect one single week's issue of *CYCLING*.

The first Bohemian.

THERE is a grand Bohemian concert at St. James's Hall, this Saturday, run by the Langham Wheelers. Tickets can be obtained from E. H. Scales, 7, Little Argyll Street, W. (reserved 2s) and the proceeds will go to the Warehousemen & Drapers' Schools.

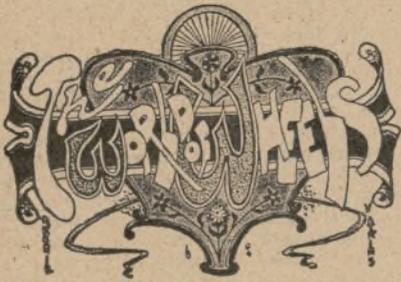
Ripley Roadmenders' Fund.

"FUNDS" have been frequent and free of late, but that good and hardy annual, the Ripley Roadmenders' Fund, must not be forgotten, nor crushed out of its pride of place. The fund has started well this year; the Stanley have sent a guinea, and several Bath Roaders, and other, have collected considerable amounts. The affair is, this year, in the thoroughly good hands of J. B. Barnes, 2, Trevor Terrace, Knightsbridge, S.W., to whom subscriptions, and applications for collecting-cards, should be sent.



MR. J. K. STARLEY ON HIS ORIGINAL "ROVER."

Photographed by Mr. George Moore



ANOTHER Supplement next week!
TAXATION! Do you approve of it?
EXETER telegraph boys are cycle-mounted.

The police are down on road racing in the West of Scotland.

The fashionable Lady Norreys is accounted a very expert wheelwoman.

The Hampstead C.C. has become affiliated to the Essex Cycling Union.

"The thin carriage" is the good name given to the bicycle by natives of India.

The question of taxation is not like the amateur question. It affects every individual cyclist.

The S.C.U. are taking steps to have an Universal Lights Bill introduced into the new Parliament.

PRINCESS MAUDE OF WALES, when cycling, wears a tailor-made costume very similar to a riding habit.

The next meeting of the Birmingham Centre will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Coventry, on Thursday.

The Stanley dinner will be held at the Hotel Métropole on November 16th. This will be their 20th annual.

RIVER HILL, Sevenoaks, is in a desperately rough state. It would be a certain smash to ride down it at night.

A TAILOR was sentenced last week, at the Clerkenwell Sessions, to twelve months' hard labour for stealing a bicycle.

TOOTHACHE and congestion of the gums, says a doctor, are the natural effects of cycling. This is a new impeachment.

HUMBER & CO. LTD. (Portugal), is a new Company, with a capital of £100,000, the share list of which was closed on Monday.

TYPES OF CYCLISTS, No. 3, "The Veteran." This is the subject of a splendid Supplement that will be presented next week!

AN international congress on cycle touring is to be held in connection with the great exhibition, which is to be held in Paris in 1900.

THE Lord Mayor of London will dine at the Guildhall, as usual, on November 9th, and not with the Catford, at the "Holborn," as some suppose.

HARRIS, the old Brighton crack, will shortly become proprietor of that well-known and prettily-situated house, the "Swan," Pulbore'.

TAXATION of cycles, are you in favour of it? Read "Editorial Topics," and return the coupon that appears on first page of our Sales Supplement.

THE directors of the E.C.U. are supping at the Café Manzoni on the 30th inst. No speeches allowed, and only one toast, "The E.C.U.," to be honoured!

A. E. J. STEELE, 1, Ellerslie Road Shepherd's Bush, W., lost his watch, chain, and sovereign purse at Wood Green on Saturday last; he believes near the 90 yds. mark. If anybody has found them he will be glad to hear from him.

LOCAL Boards and Vestries are petitioning for taxation of cycles. Read our first two "Editorial Topics," and let us have your opinion on the subject.

It is said that the German Emperor has developed a passion for cycling, and has had a private track made for himself at Potsdam, where he patiently practises.

THE Pneumatic Self-Closing Tube Co., Ltd., have now started business, and are able to supply. Their temporary address is 10, Newhall Street, Birmingham.

THE C.T.C. is very active in Newcastle. At present the Club is endeavouring to obtain for cyclists the right to, at least, wheel their machines in all the Newcastle parks.

THE E.C.U. billiard tournament will, in all probability, start at Wood Green track, in the new club-room of the Middlesex County Sports' Club about the second week in November.

THE Polytechnic C.C. are holding their first dance of the Winter season on Saturday, the 9th prox., at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, J. N. Still, 39, North Row Buildings, Park Lane, W., is hon. sec.

WE hear that certain N.C.U. Councillors are not above taking advantage of "trips" when going up to Council Meetings. It would be interesting to know whether the Union allows the full fare in such cases.

Magpies seek a nest again.

A NUMBER of the old Collingwood Magpies, who are, at present, without a habitation of their own, intend to continue the annual club dinner in Newcastle shortly, and, it is expected, there will be some projects mooted with the object of endeavouring to replace the once all-powerful club upon its old footing.

Sir Edlin's warning.

"FOREWARNED is forearmed" is an old saying, and it is one which cyclists in the Clerkenwell district would do well to remember, as, at the last Clerkenwell Sessions, Sir Peter Edlin stated that so many charges of stealing bicycles are now being brought before the Court, that he has decided to disallow the expenses of prosecutors who leave their bicycles in the streets unattended or unsecured.

A night in the cells.

IN the land of the free, America, they take very drastic measures sometimes with cyclists caught without lamps. Three Milwaukee cracks, riding at night into Menominee, without lamps, were arrested and thrown into the cells, and were not allowed to communicate with their friends. They were discharged next morning, which must have been satisfactory to them as far as it went, but it hardly went far enough.

Another oil.

THERE is a commendable activity just now amongst makers of cycle oils, to place upon the market oils that the cycling public will thoroughly appreciate. That old hand in the cycle oil trade, Avila Tringham, has not been behind-hand in introducing a new lubricating oil, which he calls the Champion Ruby. It is a thin and clear-looking oil, which will be appreciated particularly by those who have small lubricators, or any difficulty in reaching the bearings.

The Dibble Memorial.

WILL these gentlemen who have returned their collecting cards, kindly accept the acknowledgment notified in these columns, and so save the hon. sec. to the fund some labour. Subscriptions are flowing steadily in, and soon we hope to record a subscription from every Metropolitan cycling club.

Previously acknowledged	£23 9 1
Richmond C.C., per Geo.	
H. Eldridge	0 7 0
Per CYCLING M. D. Rucker	1 1 0

£24 17 1

A big club start festivity.

THE Midland C. & A.C. held a most successful concert on Friday evening at The Old Royal Hotel, when the championship prizes and various challenge cups were handed over to the successful members. Mr. A. Eadie presided. The Eadie Challenge Cup was won by A. A. Jordison; the Appleby Challenge Cup by E. Bradshaw, and the gold medal for the all-round athletic championship by C. Harley. Numerous toasts were given and responded to. During the evening Mr. H. C. Church and his friends gave musical selections.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Concise.

SAYS a Scottish contemporary.—“Two cyclists rode down a hill, ticketed dangerous, in the Gareloch district the other day. Two cyclists and two bicycles are being repaired.

Bombast.

“THE great body of harmless pedestrians have a right to be protected against the malevolence of the reckless scorchers on a death-dealing catapult.” Thus writes a gentleman who has not a bad cause, the advocating of brakes on every bicycle. Pity it is, that every good cause draws every excitable amiable idiot to its banner.

Pedigree of a cycling word.

WHEELS, says an authority, were originally logs of wood; then solid discs; thus, because cheeses (which are in Greek *tyres*) are also solid discs, the wheel, or its circumference, was named after the cheese. But the word really ought to be spelt with an “i,” because a tire is the iron band which ties up and secures the wheel. So it is spelt and explained in “Chambers’ Etymological Dictionary.”

The Milan tourist returns.

SIGNOR GATTI, of Milan, the medical student who rode from Milan to Moscow, has just returned to his native town, where a grand reception was accorded him by deputations from all the cycling clubs of Milan. Signor Gatti sent a wire to the Triumph Cycle Co., expressing his admiration at the splendid condition of his machine after about 10,000 kilometres on some of the worst roads, specially through Russia.

Chain-burning recommended.

WE have heard it recommended that a good way to clean a watch is to boil it, but an American cycling pressman, who claims to know something, has beaten this by stating that the best way to clean a cycle chain is to burn it! “I have found” states the writer in question, “that to saturate a chain with gasoline and then burn it by applying a match; then oil well, rubbing the lubricant off the outside, begets desirable results!”

A repairer’s pet aversion.

ONE of the pet aversions of the average cycle repairer is to put the lock nut on the chain pin, and, having put it on, to burr it. Endless accidents have been caused by this peculiarity on the part of repairers, and a world of trouble. The lock nut may not be absolutely necessary, and the burring is often all sufficient, provided the pin is short and comes up fairly flush with the chain block, but without the burring a mishap is almost certain to occur sooner or later. If the pin only slips one side of the chain, the result may not be serious to the rider, and will result only in straining and bending the chain; but if it slips both, as sometimes happens, and the rider is unprovided with a brake, he may not come off so lightly. It is, therefore, well to see to it, that the pin is actually burred before riding the machine,

A VOICE FROM THE SHELF.



IN my salad cycling days I belonged to a large ‘varsity club, which boasted a suite of rooms stabling some 200 bicycles—ordinaries, of course. “To make room for new stock” several old racing machines, belonging to members who had “gone down,” and given up racing, were stored on an open loft, or shelf, which was reached by a rope and pulley. It was the habit of

several of the more enthusiastic of the racing members sometimes, on a wet day when the path was unrideable, to ascend to this shelf and look with interest—nay even with reverence—upon those old crocks which in their time had been considered masterpieces of Thomas Humber or Dan. Rudge, and had won championships and broken records; I believe one of them had achieved a mile in three minutes.

It is with the hope that there may, even in this age of irreverence, be some interest taken in the events of a bygone era, that I propose occasionally, with the garrulity of old age, to touch upon men, matters, and machines, that may be brought back to memory by the passing events of to-day.

I have just returned from my usual Autumn tour with a smashed backbone. Now, in the old days, I am perfectly sure that such an accident would not have happened to me, but this year, owing to low wheels and pneumatic tyres, I was enabled to ride my machine over such very rough and hilly roads that thereby the metal became crystallized, and the result was the smash. So far old and new times are about equal. Ten years ago I should have started on this tour with a small scale map of Scotland, containing about as much information about this out-of-the-way corner as the then maps of Africa did about the interior of that continent. Now I could get up-to-date Baddeley’s “Northern Highlands,” and also the most original of road-books I have yet seen, viz., Mr. Brayshay’s “Specially Surveyed Routes,” which mark the state of the road by a series of ingenious symbols as shown below, each inch of line representing one mile.

The arrows point *up* the hills; the more flights to an arrow the steeper the hill. (I believe the signs are patented, or I would recommend the C.T.C. to use them in their road books.)

Thus the eye at once catches the nature of the road without reading a word, and

the scenery description and road details are kept separate, a very desirable thing, for the usual rule is that the better the scenery the worse the road. Again, instead of being looked upon as a sort of outlaw, something between an umbrella mender and a madman, everyone on the road now understands the cyclist and his wants—and nearly everyone is either a cyclist or sports a cycling wife or daughter. Nay, I was even welcomed to a *table d’hote*, consisting exclusively of fishermen and their wives, and at one village in Sutherlandshire I noticed two fairly busy barristers returning from a distant loch astride of, instead of inside, machines.

The Surrey Cup always brings back reminiscences of the struggles that have taken place from the gasworks to the grand-stand, the dead heat between Griffith and Palmer, the sloggling of Prentice, the provincial, the lightning sprint of Speechley, and in later days the hard tussle between Osmond and F. P. Wood. It was at the Oval that this quaint pun was unknowingly made. A quarter mile level race had just been won by the elder Whatton, possibly one of the speediest quarter-milers who ever mounted; a spectator hurried out of the ground and jumped into a hansom, whose driver had obtained a cheap view of the race and was with his comrades intensely excited. “What ‘un’s won, Sir?” he asked his fare. “I know he has,” was the reply. “Who did he say, Bill?” was the general query. “Inoeaz, or some furrin cuss,” replied cabby.

“AN OLD CROCK.”

Should try a quad.

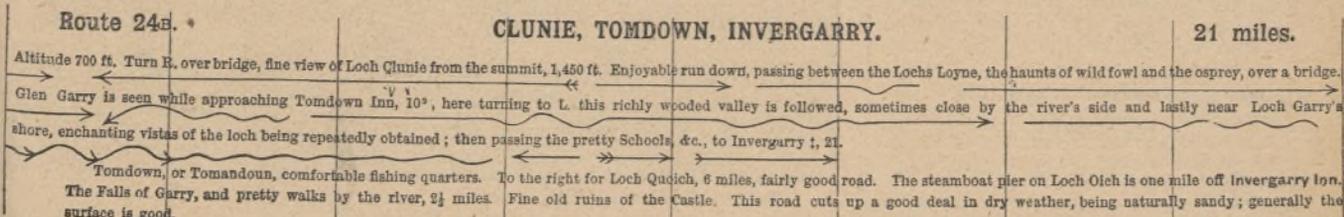
“No,” said Mr. Barnet, “I have my doubts about the bicycle being able to displace the horse. The time I tried it the horse and buggy came out of the collision without a scratch.”

“Lucifer” and the lady cyclist.

A GENTLEMAN, who signs himself “Lucifer,” writes to the papers to complain that he was nearly run over by a lady cyclist without a light, or, as he puts it, “by one of the non-illuminated fair riders, whose silent approach in the darkness was absolutely unnoticeable.” We must ask the ladies to be more careful, for the man who can write sentences like that should be taken care of.

Cyclist committed for manslaughter.

AMOS PARKER, a young farmer, has been committed for trial at the Lewes Assizes, or the charge of the manslaughter of an old man named Tester, at Crowborough. Parker rode his brakeless safety down White Hill on a dark night, and it is alleged he knocked Tester down, and so injured him, he died the following morning. The Coroner’s jury gave a verdict of accidental death, and censured Parker. Nevertheless, the County Police have instituted the present prosecution.



Servant girl as a tyre destroyer.

A SERVANT-GIRL of West Stockwith, seeing a bicycle in the yard of the house where she was employed, could not resist the destructive impulses of her order, but slashed the tyre with a knife. She was charged by the owner with wilful damage at the Retford Court, and had to pay 30s. It is a pity the matter could not have been adjusted otherwise, as she was a mere child of 14.

What the animals think.

WHAT animals think about bicycles has not been decisively discovered, but it is conjectured that they don't think much of them. The writer was once riding a venerable tandem, when he passed a pack of fox hounds, out for walking exercise. Whether the hounds thought the velocipede was a fox or not, cannot be positively known, but certain it was, that, despite the calls of their whips, the animals put down their heads and went for that instrument for all they were worth, and the riders might have had a very bad time, had they not jumped off and faced the animals.

Misplaced gallantry.

THEY have been having some fun at Ealing, all the cyclists of the suburb, save perhaps one, enjoying the joke. One of them came to a club meeting disguised as a girl in Rationals. The get-up was so well done, and the effect so entrancing, that not only were all the boys deceived as to the identity, but one gallant youth took the "lady" for a ride on his tandem. When the "lady" was seen later smoking a pipe at the doorway, the people were puzzled, particularly two policemen, who, after gazing some time, went away with very erroneous opinions about lady cyclists.

A brilliant notion.

AN athletic youth, a champion of the year, has suggested a brilliant idea. He has an innocent and girlish face, and he proposes to make use of it by disguising in Rationals, and mounting a tandem in company with an equally athletic undisguised male friend. Together they will peacefully cycle along until one of the usual group of cads is passed, and the usual insulting remarks are launched forth by them at the supposed lady, when the two will dismount and give the roughs an exhibition round or two. Their surprise when the "lady" lands out scientific rights and lefts, and mars their never very picturesque features, would be worth seeing.

A startling statement.

A CONTEMPORARY heads its "Gossip of the Day" with this startling announcement:—

"The best bicycle thinks Mr. Balfour is the Bantam."

Comment can only be made in verse says "The Globe":—

"The best bicycle thinks Mr. Balfour's the Bantam."

But why does it think so, and how did it tell?

From the pneumatic tyre did a caoutchouc phantom

Rise and tap this opinion out on the bell?

Or was it the spokes that gave speech? 'tis recorded

The ass spoke to Balaam; nor can we forget

That Homer has told us that horses of war did.

But who does it think 'is the Tutbury Pet?

Tynesiders and the Stanley.

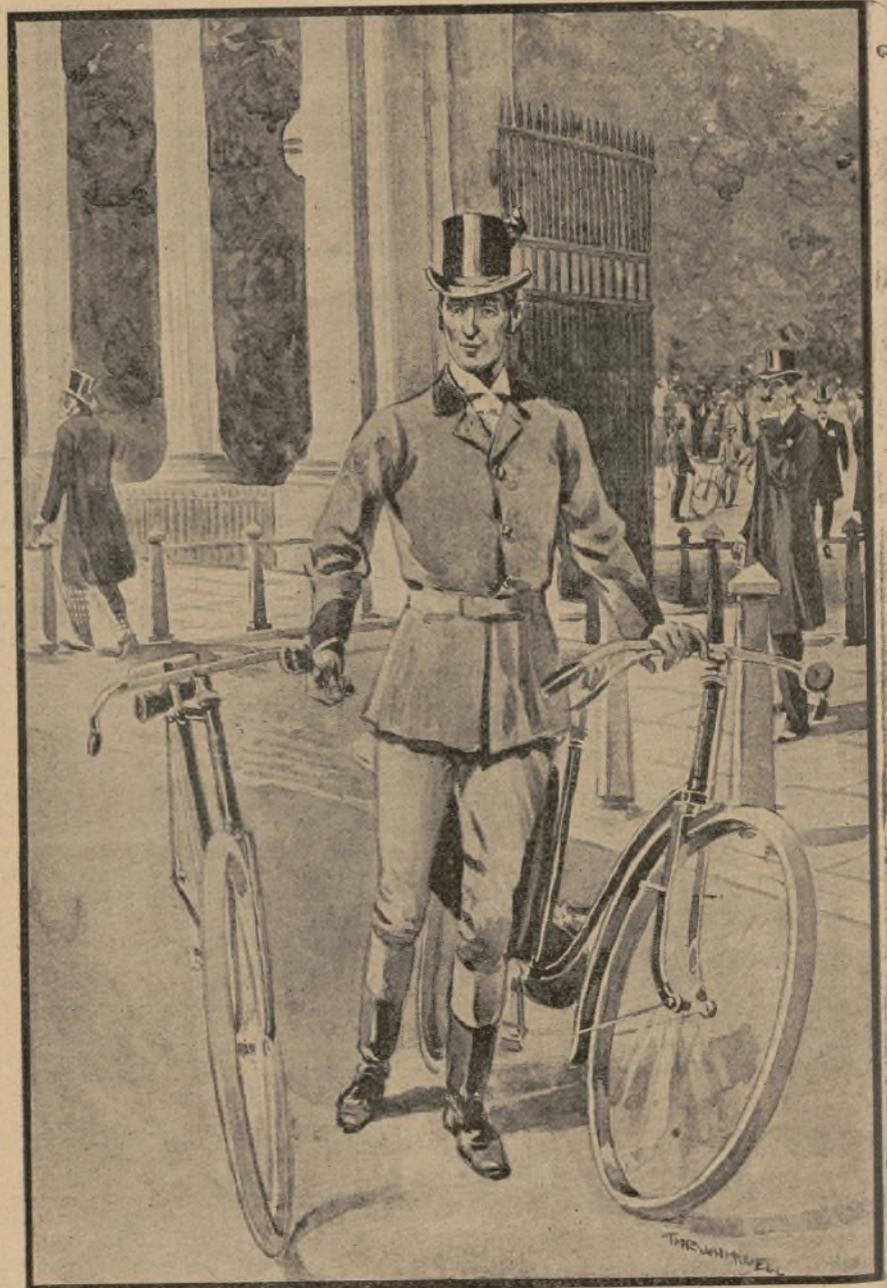
THE Tyneside cyclists are nothing if not enthusiastic; already arrangements are being discussed for parties visiting the Stanley Show. Many Tynesiders who have no business connection with the trade make a point of visiting one or both of the Cycle Shows.

A cycling patriarch.

MR. JAMES SANT, the distinguished R.A., is quite a cycling enthusiast, and, despite his 74 years, may often be seen in the London streets on a tricycle. He is, however, very absent-minded, and it is said he was once seen viewing the Royal Academy with his umbrella up—totally oblivious of the fact that he had admitted to close it on entering.

Last of the turnpikes.

It is interesting to learn, from the "Local Government Chronicle," that, of all the turnpike trusts with which this country abounded in the last generation, there remains only one in existence. Possibly it will be a surprise to some people to hear that there is even one survivor of such an unpopular system of road government, but it will not be possible to make this assertion a few weeks hence. The Shrewsbury and Holyhead turnpike has, for most part, been already thrown open, but the portion of the road which traverses the Isle of Anglesey was continued in existence, by a special Act of 1890, until Nov. 1st of the present year.



A MORNING SCENE AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Catford closer.

We dropped into the "Rose & Crown," Riddlesdown, for an hour last Saturday evening, and found a goodly collection of Catford men indulging in Kittenish gambols, under the presidency of Captain Sayer. After becoming acclimatized to the atmosphere, and thanks to the occasional lifting of the smoke cloud, we were able, at intervals, to identify several old Catford faces, Blair, the Jacksons, Perman, Hortons, Lankesters, Annison, &c.; whilst the new blood was so strongly in evidence, that the falsity of the recent assertion of a once prominent member, as to the club's present decadence, became obvious. All seemed to be enjoying themselves, and Gurney Russell was in great form.

Strong comments by a judge.

A RUNNING-DOWN case, which has caused a great deal of interest amongst Sheffield cyclists, was heard at the County Court on Thursday, the plaintiff being F. Cawood (son of F. B. Cawood, the well-known Sharrowite), and the defendant, a publican, named Mark Chambers. The Local Centre had taken the case in hand, and instructed Mr. Walpole Hiller to sue. £8 was claimed for damage to machine, and £5 5s. for personal injuries. It appeared that, on Monday, July 29th, the plaintiff and another lad were riding down London Road, and, when at the bottom, they saw the defendant driving in the opposite direction. To escape a collision they turned up Cemetery Road, and the defendant followed up the same way, knocked the plaintiff off his machine and rode over it, never stopping to see what damage he had done. Many witnesses were heard on each side; and, after going fully into the case, the judge gave a verdict for £11 and costs, and said that he had only one doubt in his mind, and that was, whether he ought not to commit the defendant and his companion (who was in the trap with him) for perjury, for he had not the least doubt that they had committed gross, wilful, and deliberate perjury.

The new Ground Club at Wood Green.

We were given to understand that the particulars concerning the formation of the Middlesex County Sports Club, Ltd., were not for publication, otherwise our last week's issue would have contained the substance of the arrangements made at the first meeting. A further meeting of the committee has been held, and the memorandum and articles of association, and the rules governing the club, have been adopted. There will be six grades of membership, with privileges as follows:—Grade A., honorary, subscription 15s., privileges: admission, at all times, to grand-stand; B., for ladies, 21s., admission to grand-stand, tennis; C., for gentlemen, 30s., as above, with use of dressing-rooms and baths; D., for cycling and athletic members, 42s., as above, with training on the tracks and participation in sports; E., 42s., same as C., with use of gymnasium; F., 47s., same as D., with use of gymnasium. C. D. E. and F. are also privileged to play billiards and minor games free. The capital of the club will consist of 1,000 shares of 5s. each, that amount being set aside from the first annual subscription to purchase the share, so that every member will become a shareholder. Mr. A. J. Wilson ("Faed") is hon. sec. *pro tem*, and will be pleased to forward a complete prospectus to all applicants. Members, joining now, will enjoy the privileges of membership till the end of the current year free of charge.



THE OTHER WAY ROUND.

"Some idiot's dog had a mouthful out of my knickers, coming along!"
 "Eh! s'pose you sued him for a breach of the peace?"
 "No!—For a piece of the breech!!"

Another Simpson Chain record.

News reaches us of another record accomplished upon a Humber safety, fitted with the Simpson Chain. The record beaten was that between Nottingham and Skegness, the old time being 3 hrs. 40 mins., and the new one 3 hrs. 23 mins., the new record being accomplished by Geo. Hunt. He was paced by two tandems and a triplet, the pacers being Messrs. Fox, Proctor, Wells, Collins, Oxborrow, Rollason, Randle, and the Brothers Hammerton. Our correspondent informs us that Hunt seemed to be capable of any pace that could be set for him, and actually helped one tandem crew up a short, steep, rise, by riding behind and pushing them. The distance is 78 miles.

A bright object.

A PROMINENT figure in the parade of Manchester cyclists on Saturday last, was one made up as "Old John, the coachman." He had on a suit made of the Selvyt polishing-cloth, and his tall white hat, lighted electrically, showed "Selvyt" in bright colours.

Manchester Lifeboat Saturday.

FAIRLY good weather favoured the Manchester cyclists' fancy-dress parade on Saturday in aid of the lifeboat fund, and, no doubt, a good sum was collected from the thousands of lookers-on. The names of 95 cycling and harriers' clubs appeared in the programme, and the affair must be voted a success, as such things go.

CYCLING

OFFICES.

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

LONDON, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD

AND WALTER GROVES,
ASSISTED BY G. H. SMITH.

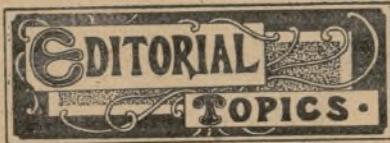
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DENMARK <i>Cyclen.</i>
BELGIUM <i>La Rev. Vel. Belg.</i>



MR. FRANK DETHRIDGE, vestry clerk, of Paddington, and a member of the Hammersmith Vestry, is of the opinion that the taxation of cycles is inevitable; and, at his instigation, the Hammersmith Vestry have passed a resolution requesting the London County Council to impress upon Government the desirableness of including such a tax in the next Budget. Mr. Dethridge also advocates registration, and he has given his views on the whole subject at length to a representative of "London." He is not an enemy of the cyclist, and, having spoken to cyclists on the subject of taxation and registration, he is assured that a tax is desirable, and would be beneficial in its working to the vast majority of cyclists, who are not "scorchers," and object to the furious riders, who bring the whole body of cyclists into contempt. Mr. Dethridge thinks that a tax of 8s. would be a fair one, and he would restrict the use of the money realised by the impost to the maintenance of the highways alone; he thinks it safe to assume that an annual income of half-a-million would be raised to reduce local rates, and he is of the opinion that the effect of the resolutions of the Hammersmith and Paddington Vestries will lead to other authorities taking up the question and petitioning Government in like manner.

THIS subject of taxation crops up in our columns almost as frequently and persistently as does the dread amateur question; though unlike the latter it is a subject interesting to every class of cyclist. The action of the local bodies (in town and country), in agitating for the imposition of a tax upon the cyclist, shows pretty conclusively that, if not actually inevitable, it is not at all improbable that sooner or later Government will seriously consider the matter. When Mr. Dethridge states, that the vast majority of cyclists are not given to "scorching," and object to the indiscretions of the reckless few, who bring disgrace upon the many, he says that which is incontrovertible; and, certain it is, that respectable and law-abiding participators in the pastime would hail with delight any scheme of taxation or registration, the existence of which would act as a deterrent to the excesses of the careless and thoughtless. That the petitions now being made for the taxation of cycles, will eventuate in some definite course being adopted by Government we have little doubt; therefore, it behoves us to consider the advantages that appear likely to accrue to the taxed cyclist.

EVEN now the wheelman is regarded with scant favour by the public, and it is suggested that when he is taxed the repugnance and prejudice of the public will disappear. The question is, will it? It is also suggested that the cyclist, when duly taxed and registered, and with the knowledge that his annual 8s. goes towards the maintenance of the roads, will feel a certain dignity, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has a distinct right to the use of the roads. In fact, it is thought, that the status of cyclists generally would be raised by the impost. With these facts before them, we therefore appeal to every individual reader of *CYCLING* to state in one word, whether he, or she, is or is not, in favour of taxation. On the first page of our Sales Supplement we have inserted for this purpose a coupon, on which we simply ask you to write "Yes," or "No," and your name and address, cut it out, and return it to the editor in an open envelope. If you post the coupon, without enclosing anything in the nature of a letter, one halfpenny stamp will suffice. Let us have your opinion on this important question as soon as you get your *CYCLING*. This is not a question affecting a branch of the sport or pastime; it concerns every individual rider.

PACERS this year have come in for a fair share of vituperation, perhaps sometimes deserved; but there is another side to the question, and judging from the experiences of a valued correspondent of ours, the pacers themselves have as good reason to call an indignation meeting as any of the paced. The gentleman in question paces for sport only, and places his services at the command

of men who desire assistance in pacing and checking in road trials, &c., over and over again, only looking for a "thank you" in return, and very often not getting that. These are some of his experiences this season with sportsmen who have requested his help. He has paced men, strangers to him, long distances, and asked them to let him know afterwards how they fared for the rest of the journey, which they promised to do, but not a line of news or thanks have they sent. One gentleman borrowed a saddle, but has not thought it good form to return it, and another wrote to say he would feel obliged if our correspondent would request a gentleman of his club,—(or perhaps it would be safer to say two) he thoughtfully added, to pace him a certain 36 miles, and, "if possible, a little farther." Not finding anybody particularly anxious to pace a perfect stranger for a stretch of 36 miles, and, if possible, a little farther, and being himself engaged with four other speed riders from town, on the same day, our correspondent delayed replying to the letter, and soon received an even more peremptory epistle from its writer, asking him to let him—"know as soon as possible if you can get me some help as requested." Can it be wondered that amateur pacing is becoming rarer and rarer, when those, who are sportsmen enough to do it, are subjected to this sort of thing, and are looked upon as mere conveniences for speed riders, who evidently consider the mere honour of being allowed to help them is an all-sufficient return for any trouble taken, and that ordinary courtesy and politeness to the pacer would be quite superfluous?

At the Council Meeting of the N.C.U., to be held at the "London Tavern," on the afternoon of next Saturday week, October 26th, Mr. F. P. Low will bring forward certain propositions, which, if carried, will alter the amateur definition, and abolish the present vague "unlicensed" class. Mr. Low proposes that amateurs should be permitted to receive compensation or expenses from people interested in the Cycle Trade, but should still not be allowed to receive remuneration. The difficulty of distinguishing the exact point where expenses end, and remuneration begins, is an obvious one, but possibly the proposer has a suggestion to make concerning it. He also proposes that amateurs shall be allowed to race with, and make pace for, professionals, and that any rider having his license revoked, or his application for a license refused, shall, *ipso facto*, become a professional, with a right, however, to appeal, in accordance with present rules. A wordy war will probably rage round each of these three radical proposals, the first two, in particular, being hard pills for the old school of amateurism to swallow; but, in the absence of anything better, we fancy clubmen will be disposed to support the proposed alterations in the amateur definition, for they will, at least, consider

them to give a better chance of establishing a large and healthy school of open professionalism, and make less harsh the line of demarcation between professionals and amateurs, and, therefore, the stepping over the border more easy. This will conduce to a more healthy and straightforward state of things, and who does not desire that? There are several other propositions on the agenda of general interest, if not of equal importance to those we have drawn attention to, notably, one standing in Mr. Britten's name, suggesting the appointment of a special committee to go into the whole question of pace-making.

ONE of the chief, if not *the* chief difficulty, those who strive for genuine pure amateurism have to contend with, is the utter lack of the spirit of the thing in the ranks of racing men themselves. They glory in being subsidised by the Trade, thinking, not unreasonably, that that is the best proof of their speed abilities. True, for license reasons, they do not openly confess to being paid and assisted,

but, in private, to their intimates they boast of the very thing, which, publicly, for politic reasons, they deny, and attempt to conceal. To such a pitch does this secret pride in being subsidised run, that we have known men to actually declare themselves paid by certain firms, when they have received nothing, and, from their want of capacity, were never likely to. Racing men also try to make their racing friends believe they have had their machine given to them, when, as a matter of fact, they have had to pay for it.

The first.

WE saw in Marriott & Cooper's Viaduct depot last week, the first '96 model lady's safety that had reached London. It has a very rigidly-designed frame, with ample skirt clearance, and the front part well built up to prevent stooping, without necessitating an ugly and unstable exposure of steering pillar. Dress and mudguards, gear case, and a good brake are fitted, and with all on, its actual weight comes out at 28½ lbs, a really wonderful performance. The finish could not be bettered.

A 300 MILES RACE IN THE SEVENTIES.



LIVING and working in these present days of many fine distance performances on road and path, and taking them, as we do, much as a matter of course, it is difficult to realise the interest

and enthusiasm the early efforts of distance riders excited, both amongst cyclists and the general sporting public. One of the earliest recorded distance road races was a match between two noted Sheffielders, Henry Wilson and William Cann, made in 1874, to race on their ordinaries from Sheffield to Plymouth, a distance of 3300 miles, for £50. One of the quaintest things about this match was the notice issued by William Cann, describing himself and his opponent, H. Wilson, as, the document explained, they were "not able to find another man to ride the distance, and we are thrown upon watching Wilson as best we can." This was hardly complimentary to Mr. Wilson. The notice in question, after calling the attention of the guards, and various railway officials, to the race, goes on to state that

A REWARD OF FORTY SHILLINGS

will be paid on detection and proof of either of the men riding the shortest distance on any of the lines of railway, and that—"William Cann, the younger of the two, will be easily told; he looks younger than his age, and will wear a checkered knickerbocker suit." How could William Cann ever hope to escape detection with such an exhaustive description of himself in circulation? In the case of the other man more local colour is thrown in, especially about the nose. "H. Wilson," we are told, "is 27, with a slight sandy moustache and slight beard, and a very plain blue scar on the bridge of his nose." This was really an unkind description on the part of Cann. Both men were to have machines of the newest make, "with wire spokes and small back wheels." In due course, at 6 a.m. on a Monday morning, two braves, who were to race for 300 miles, each dressed in their respective garbs of checkered knickerbockers, and "a very plain blue scar,"

STARTED FROM SHEFFIELD

and met with their first adventure 21 miles out, when a startled horse blocked the road and brought over Cann, breaking a pedal. He lost 55 mins. having it repaired, but made good that time within the next 24 miles, when he was with Wilson again. This does not say much for Wilson's speed qualities. It is delightful reading, these early road races, how the men stopped sociably to have tea together at Litchfield, and went to bed like good Christians, Cann at Droitwich, and Wilson, who was not such an early bird, and rode till past midnight, at Worcester. Both were off in good time in the morning, and Cann early came to grief; his ordinary side-slipping outside Tewkesbury, and the fall so damaging his machine he could not continue; he was then 10 miles behind. Mem.—Ordinaries *did* side-slip in those days. Un

LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XIV

till the fall Fred. Cooper, now of Marriott & Cooper, had been looking after Cann, he then

WENT IN CHASE OF WILSON.

Whether people rushed to conclusions, or whether F. C. then, as now, enjoyed his little joke, and led the reporters to believe he chased and caught Wilson on his bicycle, making 30 miles on him in 70, "thereby showing his fine velocipedestrianism," as they laboriously put it, is not clear, but they evidently believed it at that time, and there is a regretful ring about it when, later, they are forced to say:—"The truth was, he went on by rail." Wilson made 69 miles on the second day, and rested for the night from all his labours near Bristol. So Wilson, in company with his companion, Wills, and the new recruit to his party, Fred Cooper, jogged pleasantly on, and, doubtless, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, sleeping at Cullompton on the Wednesday, and Totnes Thursday, Cooper then being an absentee, owing to a broken machine, and finishing at Plymouth, 1.30 p.m., on the Friday.

Four days, 7½ hours for 300, or 305 miles. Ah, road-racing was road-racing in the Seventies!

Nulli secundus.

FOR lubricating purposes no oil has yet been produced which can equal that obtained from the jaws of a shark. It is largely used by watchmakers on account of its non-corrosiveness. Unfortunately, this luxury is denied to the cycling world, as it is very scarce, and, consequently, very dear, only half-a-pint being found in each shark.

Nature-Formed Shoes.

HOLDEN BROTHERS, 223½, Regent Street, London, W., issue free a little treatise on the human foot, which is well worth writing for and reading. It makes public many facts about feet and shoes not generally known, and is very convincing that the system adopted by Holden Brothers, for shoe construction, whether for cycling or other purposes, is the correct one.



EDINBURGH is to have another track put in shape for up-to-date cycling.

WE hear, indirectly, that there is a 6 hours' tandem race at Herne Hill this Saturday.

AT time of going to press H. Dubbin is pounding away at the South Roads' 12 hours record.

ROVERS were the mounts of the winners of the Isle of Wight championship, and the Warwick vase.

THE R.R.A. have decided that, in future, all claims to tandem records must be made by both riders.

IN one season Tom Lonsdale, president of the Sharrow C.C., ran second to Sellars no less than 22 times.

LINTON easily beat Michael in the 50 miles' match at Cardiff last week, winning by 2 miles in 2 28 0.

IF rumours prove correct the Scottish B Class is to be substantially increased next year, by a contingent of A riders.

THE Road Records Association are writing to the papers deprecating the recent renewal of short-distance speed-tests on the road.

WOOD GREEN track will remain open throughout the Winter for those who may desire to train or indulge in exercise. The new surface will be laid in the Spring.

J. SEWELL, of Carlisle, on his Raleigh with Fairbank's wood rims, has this season won 14 firsts, 1 second, and 4 thirds, besides the half-mile championship of Cumberland.

AT Cursk, on September 29th, Safonoff broke the 10 versts Russian record, reducing it to 17.43 on a Trent road racer. Trents have been scoring grandly in Russia, or late.

A NEW track is being laid down at Trieste. It will be 5 laps to the mile, with curves and banking of the most modern nature.

THE 50 and 100 miles Scottish Road records are now credited to W. N. Allan, by the Scottish R.R.A. They are 2.28.33., and 5.11.20. respectively.

HOLLAND is moderate, and has only 90 possible cycling records. Of these 85 are to the credit of Osmond machines; the lion's share with a vengeance.

A PROFIT of £25 has accrued to the Scottish Union from the issue of registration certificates. The two-class scheme is evidently a success from a financial point of view.

SCOTTISH Class B men, according to the president of the Union, are allowed to accept remuneration for riding, though the rules limit them to expenses. The line dividing Class B from out-and-out professionalism is rapidly contracting.

In the cause of sport—and beer.

THE story goes that a certain track proprietor, who also does the catering, declares he must have another meeting on his ground this year somehow, as he has still three casks of ale left, and they are going off.

Perfect arrangements.

THE arrangements for the Grand Prix de Paris (cycling), were very perfect, even to the inclusion of a couple of doctors on the list of officials, under the title "Service medical." *Apropos* to this event, so many requests for free tickets were sent in that it became necessary to advertise that as the meeting was for the benefit of the poor, the "free list is entirely suspended." Our Hospital Sports hon. secs. can tell a similar tale.

The Grand Prix de Paris.

THE final day of the big meeting in Paris, in which the Grand Prix was included, came off last Sunday week before a big crowd. It was the biggest stake ever offered for a cycle race, prizes amounting to £240, £80, £32, and £16, respectively, to the first four riders, consequently it attracted the cream of European professional riders. The meeting, held at the Municipal Track, extended over three days, but the final event of the big race only came off last Sunday, only one English rider qualifying, C. F. Barden, and he finished third in his heat to Banker and Muringer. The final resulted: Morin, first; Bourrillon, second; Banker, third; and Courbe, fourth. 20,000 people witnessed the racing. The winner, who defeated Bourrillon and Banker easily, came in for a tremendous ovation.

The Essex racing season.

WE have received from the Essex Cycling Union some interesting statistics of their season's work in the racing departments. Twelve meetings, seven of them open, have been held; thirty events, producing 1,185 entries, have been contested; the total mileage (should every entrant have started and gone the full distance) being 7,322½ miles; the total distance actually ridden being about 6,500 miles. Of the 1,185 entries, no less than 845 were from members of clubs affiliated to the Union. The number of prizes and medals awarded amounted to 111, with a total value of £338. And, the most important point of all, the racing balance-sheet shows a credit balance. The E.C.U. has had a most difficult task to carry out such an immense programme, and to state that it has been carried out well is only to state a fact within the knowledge of all who have had dealings with this energetic body.



THE MICHAEL V. LINTON MATCH.—THE START.

Paced by a locomotive.

DAVIDSON, the Canadian record breaker, is making arrangements to go for record behind a locomotive of the Grand Trunk line. He rides a machine geared to 96.

Improvement of a decade.

THE first 100 kilometres race for the championship of France was run off in 1885; the time being 4.14.19. The time for the 1895 race stands at 2.25.44. What a change!

Swiss records.

ON the Geneva track, Portier has put the Swiss one hour's record up to 41 kilos. 137 m., and Favre has promptly raised it a bit more to 42 kilos. 300 m., about 26 miles 520 yards.

Nothing new.

AN American contemporary mourns that cycle prizes have now come down to as near hard cash as gold balls. It has been the tendency of cycle prizes, for years, to find their way to gold balls,—three of them.

Road records passed.

THE R.R.A., last week, passed the following road records:—Mills and Edge, tandem, London to York, 12 hrs. 33 mins., and Land's End to John o'Groat's, 3 days 4 hrs. 46 mins; Peterson's single safety, London to York, 11 hrs. 49 mins.; Chase's 50 miles, 2 hrs. and 5 secs; and F. Martin, Bath and back, tricycle, 16 hrs. 1 min. 35 secs. Other record claims were considered and held over for various reasons.

A long day at Wood Green.

THE North London C.C.'s open meeting on Saturday has practically closed the racing season at Wood Green. With the high wind, which was blowing the whole day, little success was anticipated for the various attacks on existing records: in fact, a number of these were scratched. To deal with the racing first: the 1 mile open handicap gave little or no chance to the backmarkers. W. T. Hall, 110 yds., secured a well-merited victory by 7 yds. from F. C. Kellond, 105 yds.; E. J. Callaghan, 60 yds., a yard or two behind. H. Dawes, of the Old Tenisonians, whose weight we should guess to be 14 stone, and age about 40, made a good show, getting placed in his heat, and securing fourth place in the final. The 25 miles' championship of the promoting club proved a win for W. T. Potter; Syd. Whorlow being second; and H. J. Hadley third. W. A. J. Berridge won the handicap run in conjunction. E. S. Webb proved the winner of the Hadley C.C.'s 10 miles race. In their attempt upon the 50 miles tandem tricycle record, Habershon and Banyard (though outside the existing unrecognised times) beat the previous N.C.U. times from 24 to 30 miles, and created records from 31 to 50 miles, their full time being 2.27.10 $\frac{1}{2}$. E. L. Winbolt lowered all tricycle records from $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile to 1 mile, doing 2.17 $\frac{1}{2}$ against Ilsley's 2.21 $\frac{1}{2}$. He also tied Stroud's flying quarter 31 $\frac{1}{2}$. Harding and Jacobs, on a tandem, did the mile in 2.5 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the 5 miles in 11.11 $\frac{1}{2}$, both outside time. W. Ellis, the Anerley trikick, could not do better than 2.21 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the tricycle mile, being unused to the high banking. Palmer and Strickland made two attempts on the tandem flying quarter, doing 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ against 26 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gibbons-Brooks looked like getting the 2 miles safety record, but the gathering darkness was chiefly to blame for his failure to do better than 4.13 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4 seconds outside Walter's time. E. A. Powell and A. J. Wilson tied.

A quintuplet.

BOTH Berlo and Windle were paced in their recent record trials by a quintuplet. It is the first machine of the kind running, and it is said to have given entire satisfaction.

Won £1,200.

ELIJAH SCOTT has just completed another successful season on Dunlop tyres, and has won 22 firsts, including the 25 miles championship, and three challenge cups. Michael's wins amount to no less than £1,200 this year, also on Dunlop tyres.

His own now.

H. C. HORSWILL, has secured the Granville Challenge Trophy absolutely, by winning his club's five miles' championship at High Beech, on Saturday. A. G. Reynolds made a good fight, and was only beaten by a few inches, his younger brother filling third place.



A. T. DOKUTSCHAEFF,

ON HIS TRIUMPH, HOLDER OF THE RUSSIAN 12 AND 24 HOURS' PATH RECORDS.

Irish 100 miles Championship.

THE 100 miles path championship of Ireland was decided at Balls Bridge track, Dublin, on Saturday. The attendance of the public during the progress of the event was sparse in the extreme. Eleven competitors started, of whom Healy quickly retired, owing to tyre troubles with a couple of machines. Fitzsimons gave up at the 106th lap, having had enough. At 259 laps to go Oswald collided with another competitor whilst taking some food, and came down heavily, being thereby placed *hors de combat*. After 7 more laps had been ridden, Keogh came down, and retired. Martin, who was much fancied for the event retired at 144 laps to go. His 84 gear was too much for him against a strong wind. Mackey who had been forcing the pace for some time, went ahead in grand style after Martin's retirement, and placed the result of the contest beyond doubt. Mackey ultimately won by 7 laps from Whitney, Stringer being third, 3 laps behind Whitney. Winner's time, 5.30.15 $\frac{1}{2}$. The race was an exceedingly dull and uninteresting affair, and is not likely to be maintained by the I.C.A.

A big meeting at Liverpool.

TOWARDS the end of October appears rather late for a race-meeting, yet a splendid entry has been secured for the joint meeting of the Liverpool Athletic Grounds Co. and the Liverpool Centre which comes off this Saturday.

The French 12 hours' race off.

THE big 12 hours' race advertised for last Sunday, at Buffalo, was cancelled. Michael, who was to ride, decided to stand down after his defeat by Linton, at Cardiff, and as the race clashed with the Grand Prix de Paris, the track managers thought well to declare it "off."

The three-wheeler scored.

THERE was an interesting little three-cornered duel up Westerham last week-end between two safeties and a tricycle. The safeties cried enough about two-thirds of the way, and the tricycle romped home alone. It was a Humber, geared to 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, and ridden by E. J. Steel.

Liles still alive.

C. E. LILES is not done with yet, and has this year been amusing himself by riding some very creditable 12 hours on the North roads. He has put in 143 miles on a tricycle, 152 on a single safety, and 181 $\frac{1}{2}$ on a tandem with Culley. In all, he has secured three gold and two silver 12 hours' medals.

The mile in 1 min. 46 4-5 secs.

A WIRE received by our French contemporary, "Le Velo," states that the World's mile record with a flying start, was broken at Hartford, U.S.A. on Friday, by the professional rider Berlo, who did the good time of 1 min. 46 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. On the same day, that famous old-time champion, W. Windle, made his re-appearance on the track, and rode a mile in 1 min. 47 $\frac{3}{8}$ secs., thus equalling the old record.

New records.

MAX LURION, who knows a bit by experience of the Licensing Scheme, has been putting up new German and Austrian records for the mile and intermediate quarters, on the Vienna track. Paced by a triplet and tandems, he rode, $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile in 28 secs., $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile in 57 secs., $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile in 1.27., and the mile in 1.59 $\frac{1}{2}$. This is the first time the English mile has been covered inside two minutes in Germany or Austria.

To settle the Armour Shield tie.

THE respective secretaries of the Essex Wheelers and Polytechnic C.C.'s were present at the last meeting of the directors of the E.C.U., in order to arrive at a mutually satisfactory arrangement for running off the tie between the two clubs for the Armour Shield. The Polytechnic desired that the deciding contest should be at any distance up to five miles, the Wheelers, on the other hand expressing a preference for a fifty or a hundred. A compromise was effected, and it was decided that each club should provide one representative to compete in a 30 miles paced match at Wood Green, on Saturday next, 19 inst, to commence at 3.30. The Wheelers have nominated Gidney and the Polytechnic are uncertain whether to send Watson or Winbolt so are holding a race between these two during the week to decide which shall represent the club.

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.

DRESSING-ROOM BALLADS.



WHEN the limited novice pedals out on the track, 'E rides like a Juggins, an' thinks 'e's a crack.

An' 'e wonders be'cos 'e can't quite get the knack

Of ridin' like Michael or Barding.

Now all you young Juggins' wot's ridin' to-day, Just shut up your fly-traps, an' 'ark to my lay.

An' I'll sing you a rider as far as I may;

A rider wot's good for a maker.

First, mind you steer clear of the booze an' the smoke, For drinkin' 'an' smokin' ain't good for a bloke;

It upsets 'is wind till 'E feels like to choke, Which is bad for the comin' young rider.

When on cinders you fall, as you will past a doubt,

Jest scrub the raw places tho' the brush makes yer shout,

For if cinders gets in you can't get them out,

And they blackens the rising young rider.

Or if upon battens you happen to ride, Just mind you don't wobble, look back, or collide,

Or the splinters you'll have to pick out o' yer hide,

Will surprise yer, yer stupid young rider!

If you're knocked by the pacing of triplet or quad.

An' the chicken run crowd is beginnin' to cod,

Don't you 'eed wot they say, just stick on an' plod,

An' they'll cheer for a plucky young rider.

If you're wishful for glory an' wont ride for gold,

The Union 'll give you a license I'm told; But you can't live on toast racks an' clocks when you're old,

An' there's cheques for the risin' young rider.

If the N.C.U. ups and sez "you're a pro," As it did to a pal o' mine not long ago; Just pack up your traps for abroad you should go.

Where's there's chips to be made by a rider.
DON QUIKOTE.

Cycling firemen.

THE Brussels cycling fire brigade is not only an accomplished fact, but is also a very live body. Constant drills and practice have brought the section to a state of real efficiency. Experiments have been carried out under the orders of Commandant Alle, with a view to testing the capabilities of the men when loaded with hose, &c., and with the greatest success. The men carry 11 yds. each of hose, and it has been found that, on receiving an alarm, the cycling hose carriers can get to the scene of the fire, join up the hose and fittings, tap the water-mains, and have all in readiness for pumping directly the engines arrive. In some cases, indeed, small outbreaks have been subdued before the arrival of the engines.

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

T. GRANDISON is the best long distance path rider in Scotland this year.

J. T. STEVENSON, who was the Sheffield Brunswick STEVENSON, scribe for 11 years, was presented, by his club, with a case of Sheffield cutlery on Wednesday, in honour of his marriage.



E. L. WINBOLT, POLYTECHNIC C.C.

HOLDER OF THE MILE TRICYCLE RECORD.

STRAIGHT-FORWARD

CAN a straight-forward rider, like Bouhours, the holder of the hour's record, be considered a professional? He writes to the makers of the machine on which he made his record (and which he had borrowed) thanking them for the loan of the machine, and the assistance of their pacing staff, and concludes:—"I propose to ride your machines for nothing all next year, if you will consent. I put your admirable string of pacers at my service in all my races." Bouhours is, of course, a professional, but, by force of circumstances. Seeing that he could get a decent salary to ride some makes, no one can accuse him of riding for the money's sake after the above letter.

E. L. WINBOLT.

THIS sturdy rider succeeded, last Saturday in establishing new tricycle records at Wood Green, from half-mile up to one mile. He rode the half-mile in 1 min. 7½ secs., the three-quarters in 1 min. 41¾ secs., and the mile in 2 mins. 17¾ secs. Winbolt is a good tricycle rider; he rode second to G. Gatehouse in the mile tricycle championship, and was third in the ten miles championship on the same day.

DR. J. A. AUSTIN.

A CLEVER and experienced doctor, and an enthusiastic cyclist in the person of Dr. J. A. Austin, of West Norwood, holds very strong views on the subject of twenty-four hours' racing, and an extremely interesting article from his pen on this important subject will appear in one of our Show Numbers. Dr. Austin is a frequent contributor to these columns, and his opinions on the subject will be the more valuable, for the reason that he is himself a cyclist, and one who has made a special study of the sport in its connection with health.

J. W. BAYNHAM

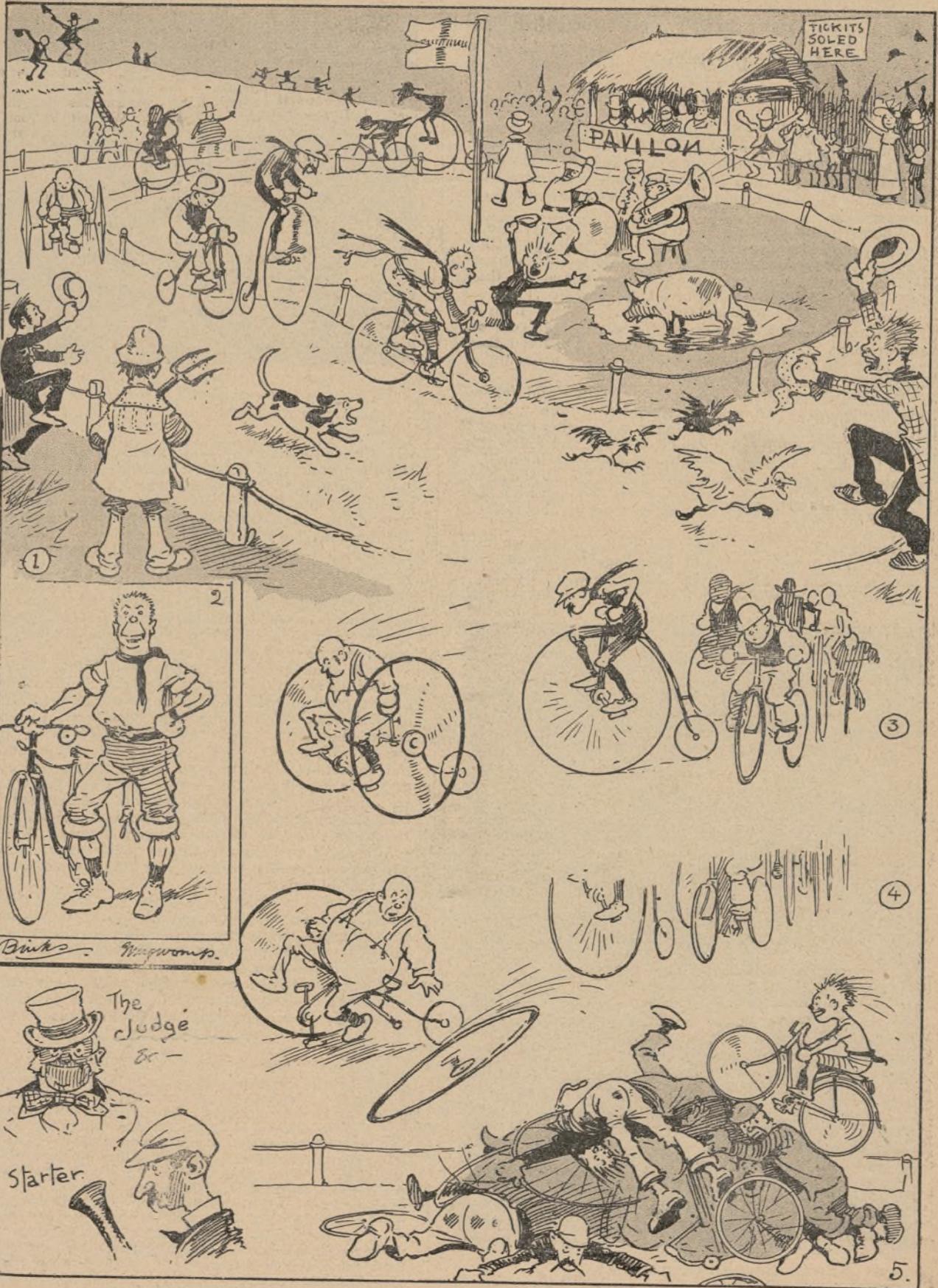
Is one of the most prominent figures in Irish cycling circles just now. He is seen at every gathering where wheelmen do most congregate, though, strange to relate, he is never seen awheel. He occupied the position of chairman of the I.C.A. for a considerable period, a position which he vacated recently, in order that he might throw himself into the legislative fight around the eternal amateur question, with more vigour. Baynham is nothing if not vigorous. His physique is vigorous, and his speech is equally so. He is a good speaker, and the best debater upon the I.C.A. Council. His language is trenchant, and his style impressive. He is one of the warmest adherents of pure amateurism to be found anywhere; perhaps carrying his leaning to the point of excess. He is, of course, well abused by those who do not agree with him, but Baynham cares nothing for abuse, he wants arguments; and, as a rule, he can rend his opponent's strongest arguments to threads. At present, Baynham is to be thanked for preserving International cycling amity from being destroyed by his opponents on the I.C.A. Council.

OUR LOCAL SPORTS AT MUGWUMP.

(See illustration on next page)

- No. 1.—Farmer Parsnip lent his field for the occasion. This is a view of the cycling track, 14 laps to the mile. It was a bit lumpy and switchbacky, as it were, but —no matter.
- No. 2.—This is the blacksmith, our local champion record smasher, with his "Thunderbolt" racer.
- No. 3.—In the two miles' race, Old Trestles, the undertaker (who had a magnificent start) was mounted on his old antiquated three-wheeler, and he was leading too—
- No. 4.—But his off wheel wanted to sprint on its own account—
- No. 5.—And Trestles brought all the field down with him, with the exception of the little Bantam, who was well behind, and who rode gamely over the lot.

(To be continued.)



OUR LOCAL SPORTS AT MUGWUMP (See preceding page). To be continued.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

A BEAUTY SPOT OF WALES.

DOLGELLY.

By H. B. FENWICK.

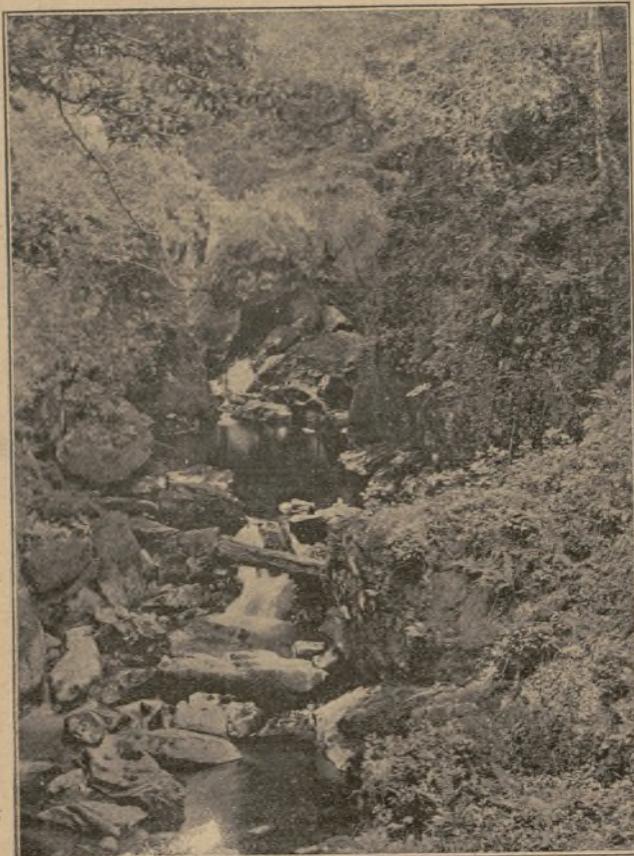
SEARCH England North, South, East, and West, search Bonnie Scotland too, and ne'er you'll find in all your wanderings such combination of scenic beauty as here displayed in a Welsh valley. Truly a captivating spot is Dolgelly with its two thousand odd inhabitants, an industrious and homely congregation.

Where Cader, standing in all its rugged beauty, like a giant against the sky, throws its shadow with the setting sun, lies Dolgelly, surrounded on every side by hills, more or less majestic, whose summits are far easier reached than their distinctive titles by word of mouth expressed.

The village does not contain much, speaking from a historical point of view, but the scattered grey-built edifices, no two alike, are in themselves a picture. Scattered they are, as in the words of the "Guide Book," like a handful of nutshells thrown carelessly down.

Turning to the left from the Railway Station and following the straight road which terminates at the "Talbot Hotel" (of which more anon), almost at the other extremity of the village, we turn once more to the left, and follow this road for about two miles. Each step we take bringing into greater prominence, as we gaze behind, the idealic situation of the village, lying as it now does below, with a thin canopy of smoke (not Black-country) floating above, like a silken mantle.

Having traversed the afore-mentioned distance, we turn from gazing at the beauties of the village to cast our eyes upon a lovelier scene e'en yet. We here enter Dolgelly's famous "Torrent Walk," and idly sauntering 'long a path



TORRENT WALK, DOLGELLY.

Photo by H. B. Fenwick.



TORRENT WALK, DOLGELLY.

Photo by H. B. Fenwick.

which leads through leafy bowers and baby forests; by our side the torrent runs, dashing, whirling, hurrying o'er rock and stone it goes, now churned to thick white foam, now forming seeming limpid pools in some side basin, cut by the water's force out of the rock; the bright sun shines through the trees, making the crystal waters sparkle brilliantly.

For nigh two miles we wander beside this torrent, with its ever-changing beauties, ere we again reach the road, which can be followed from here to "Precipice Walk," where, walking round Moel Cynwch's lofty side, such a panorama is presented to our gaze as forbids description; yonder is Barmouth, that growing, fashionable watering place, with its noble estuary running from thence just below us, and winding here and there inland; and there, rising against the sky in the distance, is mighty Snowdon, in all its snow-capped grandeur, but space forbids minute description of the scene. We must hasten back, and, in our look round the town, must not forget to peep at the stream which runs down behind the village, supplying the numerous mills with their motive power, and abounds greatly in stepping stones, which with care may be traversed, but of slippery moss and sudden douce beware! Then back once more to the "Talbot," where genial Mrs. Williams, the hostess, and her even more genial daughter, Mrs. Humphries, will prepare a repast to invigorate the traveller, whose pocket will be very little the lighter when 'tis finished and the bill is paid.

The roads, leading to Dolgelly, are all that could be wished for from a cyclist's point of view, and the wheelman, including this picturesque spot in his tour, will never let the fair vision which here meets his eye fade therefrom, but on leaving its precincts to himself a solemn oath he'll swear, that when his boyish cycling days are done, he'll to Dolgelly wheel with cycle made for two, and enter here upon those days of life, of real life, which are the happy lot of most.

CONAN DOYLE ON CYCLING.

DR. CONAN DOYLE, the popular author, and creator of Sherlock Holmes, is a cyclist, and writes thus sensibly and enthusiastically about the pastime:—"When the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hope seems hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go out for a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking. I have, myself, ridden the bicycle most during my practice as a physician and during my work in letters. In the morning or the afternoon before or after work, as the mood o'ertakes me, I mount the wheel and am off for a spin of a few miles up or down the road from my country place. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle, for I believe that its use is commonly beneficial, and not at all detrimental to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it."

UTUMN IN THE FOREST.



THE forests of our land possess a history quite as interesting, if we did but know it, as any of those ancient buildings to which the fancy has recourse when endeavoring to revive some picture of ages long gone by.

Such a forest as the New Forest is invested with a charm all its own. Epping Forest, too, is full of beauty and delights, and many a Londoner finds his way thither in the Summer-time, more especially, perhaps, on Bank Holidays. Who has not heard of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and Little John shot the deer, and harassed the wealthy travellers by relieving them of their gold? Other forests there are, the Forests of Dean and of Ashdown, not to enumerate smaller woodlands scattered up and down old England.

Not more than a mile distant away across the valley, there rises a forest dating back to early days of history. It stands like an island amidst a sea of cultivation, being one of those grey domains which formed, perhaps, part of the great primeval forest ere the Roman eagle was planted upon its soil, or the sturdy Norman had cut the land into shreds.

TREES OF EVERY TYPE

are there, and shadowy glade and canopied dell, bush, and tangle, close-cropped sward, and stretches of greenest moss. It is just one of those links that bind us to the time when the English folk loved the greenwood life, and sang of it in their ballads. There are in these glades oaks gnarled and grey, writhed and twisted into every picturesque shape, hollow in the bole, and stags-horned at the summit, whose half-barkless boughs seem to tell one mutely that under them browsed the spotted deer and antlered monarch of the dell centuries ago. Beneath their shade the Henries hunted, and they have sheltered outlaws and refugees in their time. Mitred abbot and cowed friar have passed under these branches, though the orisons and anthems of the abbeys have died away, and the grey stones themselves have fallen into ruin and desolation.

Smooth above and wrinkled below, the pines vary in colour from bright red to cool ashen grey. The mossy carpet under them is strewn with dead brown needles and cones. Now and then you come upon an opening among the trees, whence you get

A LOVELY GLIMPSE OF DELLS AND GLADES,

half in the golden sunlight, and half in the sleepy twilight of Autumn haze. A pale blue smoke floats between yon tall trunks, where a woodman has lighted his fire. Now are the leaves ruddy, yellow, and crimson fluttering to earth, and rustling as they fall through the tranquil air. Away to the extreme left are many maples glowing with scarlet and orange, like flames rising from a bed of amber and golden ferns.

Stay! did you observe that loud whirring sound? It was caused by a gorgeous pheasant sailing over to the acorn-strewn moss beyond those brakes. In the dim dusk of evening sly Reynard passes along this path in quest of his supper. With a hungry eye he will pause to look up at the pheasants, roosting on the high larch boughs, where he cannot possibly reach them. Poachers also come this way sometimes, and carry off the game they can lay hold upon, and sleeping pheasants are easily knocked off their perches by noiseless air-guns. Rabbits, too, are caught without much difficulty in snares and gins. So that, in spite of all the gamekeeper's watchfulness, the poacher often makes off with a full bag without being arrested in his progress. This aged beech-tree to the right has a smooth bole, upon which the penknives of lovers have

CARVED MANY INITIALS.

Stooping through its veil of red leaf the near beech is streaked down its stem with bright green, showing where the Summer rains ran down in the scarcely perceptible hollows. Close by is an elm, covered all over the Southern side

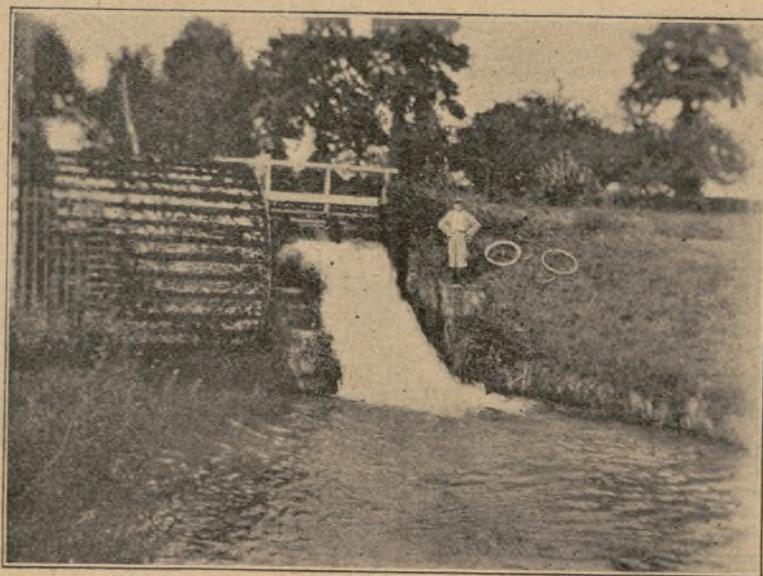
of its trunk with grey and yellow lichen, while on its Northern side the green mosses grow thickly. It is by little things such as these that the forester knows his way to the North or the South of the forest without having any compass to guide him. A true woodcraftsman has his eyes open for all the most trivial aspects and signs from which anything may be learnt of the ways and movements of the wild life in the woodland haunts.

Oaks bowed with age here lean across the pathway, and you have to stoop as you pass along. Buff-coloured leaves are now floating down from their boughs, and the squirrels are busily engaged in storing up the ripe acorns.

PRETTY LITTLE CREATURES,

how delightful it is to sit and watch them on a still Autumn day! Patter, patter, go their feet among the dead leaves as they seek the fallen nuts beneath the hazel bushes. Dormice and woodmice are also engaged in a similar occupation, for they know that the Winter is coming on once more. Latest to put forth its leaves, and earliest to cast them off again is the ash tree which looks like a stranger from another land. Long before the other trees of the forest assume their gay Autumnal hues its brief Summer reign is over. Its feathery foliage, which filtered the sunbeams through it, and flecked the moss beneath with its chequered light and shade, instead of brightening into splendid hues as other trees do, curls up as if scorched and falls almost simultaneously as a whole from the tree, so that the branches become bare in a few days.

THOMAS MELLISH.



BY THE MILL STREAM.

Photo. by A. C. Unwin.



ATE.

I.
Two cyclers met at a
roadside inn,
Whose light shone bright
and warm within,
Both bound for the same
far-distant place,
But the one to tour—the
other to race.
The last was a young,
dare-devil youth
Who scoffed at wisdom
and laughed at truth,
Who rode as if the curse
of speed
Was all the pleasure that
men could need.
The other, a man of older
mien,

—(A score of years or so between)—
Who took life's pleasures as they pass;
His mount was of the roadster class
With brake and guards, that all might see
And judge what manner of man he be!
"I should not wonder," the old man said,
"If you, with such a reckless head,
"With your racing mount and careless style
"Should walk full many a weary mile!
"Those racing tyres, they easily burst"—
Said he, "And it maybe I'll get there first!"

II.

They started out in the fading light,
The younger was sooner out of sight,—
With heedless pace and laughing eye,
He rode full fast and recklessly.
O'er moor, o'er fen, he plied the pace
Nor stopped for a moment's breathing-space;
His mind was all intent to score
Full twenty miles an hour—and more.
Up every hill he'd fleetly ride,
And sprint "all out" down the other side,
His light went out,—he took no heed,
But only craved for greater speed,
And thro' the watches of the night
He steer'd but by the moon's wan light.
Thro' sleeping towns he'd swiftly steer,
Yet none raised hand to interfere,
Policemen mounted, saw him too,
Yet still he unmolested flew,
To his journey's end, thro' roads of mire,
Without so much as a punctured tyre!

III.

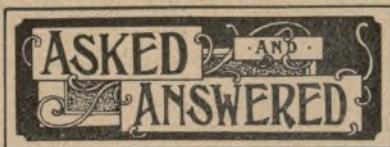
The other started more easily
(A slow and careful man was he),
And took precaution as he went
'Gainst any serious accident.
Of rest and ease he took his fill,
Whilst cautiously down every hill
He plied his brake. Now it is said,
Fools step where angels fear to tread,
And down the self-same hill the first
Had rushed at some two-twenty burst,—
Heedless of all that went before,—
The other found the going sore,
With feet on rests, a fearful speed
He had attained—but no cause to heed.

A crowd of traffic, densely packed
Ah, God! His brake refused to act!

IV.

The moral of this is plain to see,
Whatever manner of man you be,
For tho' 'gainst danger you shut the gate
You are but as clay in the hands of Fate!

HUBERT S. RYAN.



"PALEY" (Llandridod).—Manchester will find them.

L. OWEN (Tynemouth).—Not yet that we are aware of.

T. MELLISH (London).—We use one of your articles this week: the others we shall also use later on.

PAUL DELACT (Gand, Belgique).—We think you will be able to get what you require from Messrs. J. K. Starley & Co., Coventry.

A TWO-YEARS' READER OF "CYCLING" (Burnley).—The address of the Company you mention is 3, Cumming Street, London, N.

"SPORTSMAN" (Northampton).—The machine we illustrated some time ago was manufactured by Messrs. Duncan Subesbie & Cie., 16, Rue Halévy, Paris. We can venture no opinion on the machine, however.

T. GONNE (Antwerp).—We thank you for your kind offer, which, however, we regret we cannot entertain. Your name we will keep before us for future reference.

"REX" (Lincoln).—If you are a tourist you will undoubtedly derive considerable benefit from membership of the C.T.C.; we have given several instances recently which prove beyond doubt the advantages of being a member of the big club.

"ALLARD" (Maidstone).—1. G. & J. is a splendid road tyre. 2. 1 1/2-in. 3. Jointless. 4. Yes, we think the weight named a bit too light: 28 lbs. would suit you better. 5. 21. 3. The Show Numbers are bound up in the ordinary volumes, not separately.

H. C. COUZENS (London).—Thanks for information; we knew it. Our correspondent writes:—"I like your paper far better than any of the other cycling papers, one reason being that you keep the reading matter apart from advertisements, so that when the same are bound, you do not come across a page of reading matter and then turn over and find that the next page contains an advertisement."

W. WHITMORE (London).—We would certainly not undertake to say that a local maker could not build you a machine in every way suitable to your requirements, and one that would give you complete satisfaction. Indeed, we believe the maker you name builds a good machine, but we think you will be unwise to have such a light mount as you suggest. From 26 to 30 lbs. should be quite light enough for the road.



MISTAKEN!

WELL I never, I thought I could stop
that cyclist!

A.S.H. (London).—We have never heard of such a tyre.

V. BREYER (Paris).—Thanks: we will include it next month.

Mr. WALKER (London).—Having no agreement, you have no legal claim.

T. C. G. WILLIAMS (Lydney, Glos.).—We are not supplying them this year.

G. E. (London).—Write Smith's Patents Co., Borough High Street, S.E.

C.A. CRABTREE (Stourbridge).—We do not know where you can obtain them.

W. ELSEY (Fulham).—So far as we know the Company no longer exists.

B. H. BENNETT (Beverley, E. Yorks).—You are correct in your supposition.

C. T. C. 2,932 (Pembroke Dock).—You cannot do better than have Dunlops again.

R. TODD (Sutton).—We believe the machine named to be a good and reliable one.

"QUERIST" (Stafford).—Yes, we believe it has been tried, but has not been successful.

W. GROVES (Ventnor, I.W.).—Of the machines named, the Swift is decidedly the best.

C. POLLARD (London).—Not in this country, but in America we believe one has been used.

W. W. EVERS (Wath-upon-Deane).—The address of the firm you mention is 118, Holborn, W.C.

"ZERO" (London).—We fear you have no remedy. Give the house a wide berth in future.

J. (Wrexham).—The M. & C. Humber is a thorough good machine. Palmers by all means.

"SPORTSMAN" (Kingston).—We hope to publish an article on the subject in one of our Show Numbers.

W. R. GRAYLING (East Grinstead).—Thanks for sending paragraph, but we had already noted the affair.

"TROUBLED" (Pateley Bridge).—We know of nothing that will cure you. Cycling will certainly do you no harm.

F. R. W. H. (Banbury).—1. We prefer a block chain. 2. Decidedly, 3. Yes. 4. It would not cost much. 5. Slightly deflate.

E. H. DU FLAT (London).—We are distinctly opposed to such races, and can neither announce nor report such an event.

"LIVE AND LEARN" (Morpeth).—At the present time our candid opinion is that of the two machines named the Rover is the better.

"CYCLIST" (Hants) wishes to thank the correspondents who kindly gave him information regarding route from Petersfield to Oxford.

A. JOHNSTON (Wrexham).—We are always stating that we do not reply to queries through the post. We cannot publish the photograph you refer to.

P. GODFREY (London).—Have the Rudge-Whitworth with tangent spokes. You can get an excellent machine from the firm named at the price you mention. Have Dunlop tyres.

"ADMIRER" (Birmingham).—It is an impossibility to recommend one of the machines named in preference to the other. They are quite equal in point of merit, and you must make your own choice.

D. L. B. (Plymouth).—1 & 2. The machine named would give you complete satisfaction. 3. A better appearance, and slightly easier steering. B. The difference however is, in our opinion, scarcely noticeable. 4. We think it a fad, and would not advise you to spend money on it.

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THIS COLUMN

will be suspended during the Stanley and National Shows, to make room for important special features.