

# CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY  
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



MEN OF THE YEAR.

W. H. BARDELEY (POLYTECHNIC C.C.).

Photo. by F. Foulsham.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid





## AGAINST AND WITH THE WIND IN WALES.

WALES is a tourists' preserve. It is coached over, cycled over, walked over, by tourists, probably out of all proportion to any other portion of the United Kingdom, and yet so well are things managed, and so real and inherent are its beauties, that popularity cannot even impair them, nor excursions vulgarise.

A London cyclist, taking a few hours journey by train from his home to the North Wales border, and riding into the Principality on his machine, obtains as thorough a change as if he went touring in France, and this without crossing any dividing waters, or any natural and visible frontier mark. The hedges and meadows of England give place to mountains and moors, the country carts to rough wooden sledges, whilst

### THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE

is a musical cadence, as unintelligible to the Saxon as any other tongue on this many tongued earth. Their newspapers are printed in the same difficult and poetical language; and, extraordinary as it must appear in a little land so closely in everyday touch, socially and geographically, with England, we frequently had a difficulty out of the towns, of finding anybody who understood our English made request for direction on our way. From a limited experience we are almost disposed to think that even Welsh winds have strongly marked local national characteristics, for we never had a rougher experience with a head-wind than fell to our lot on one day of a recent North Wales tour, nor a pleasanter specimen of a wind-assisted spin than that on the day which followed.

Fashionable Llandudno had lost itself in a sand-storm when we left it, and short as our first stage to Conway was, we were glad enough of the rest from the dig, dig, at the pedals, a run over the Castle afforded. Conway Castle is a grand old ruin, one of the few that improves on acquaintance and will bear close inspection. From its towers

### THE MODERN PEACEFUL TOURIST,

as the warriors of old, looks down on the little town, the Conway River, with a glimpse of the Irish Sea, and the green hills all around. There is a steep hill out of Conway on the road to Trefriw, a pretty, narrow, and rather hilly road running on to Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed. Tourist haunted as it is, the latter place has lost little of its picturesque charm thereby; and buffeted by the fierce and tireless wind, that seemed to rush frenzied through every gap in the hills, it was more than pleasant to rest in its comparative calm, with the sheltering mountains boxing it in on every side, and the dashing stream imparting just the needful animation to the scene. These Welsh streams are a feature of the land. Sometimes roaring torrents, surging through chaotic rock-massed ways; sometimes peaceful rivers; but far more frequently, just little tricklings from the mountains, that splashed their ice-cold clearness out of some road-side rock; this beautiful water was everywhere, and, to slack one's thirst almost at any place, one

only had to dismount, and adoringly kneeling to the pure spirit of the stream—drink. Close to Bettws-y-Coed, on the Capel Curig Road, there is a notable gathering of Welsh waters at the Swallow Falls, a much resorted to spot, but, nevertheless, well-worthy of a dismount and inspection by even cyclists, who see so much that others cannot see, and therefore often fight shy of recognised show places.

### THE SCENERY AT CAPEL CURIG,

where there is another but smaller fall, is altogether beautiful, mountains, rock cliffs, dashing waters, and woods; but beyond it grows wilder, as the gloomy Pass of Llanberis is neared. If the wind had been fierce before, its intensity went up to a diabolical pitch when the wild and open country between Capel Curig and the Pass of Llanberis was reached. The fierce, untamed look of the country seemed so in keeping with the mad frolic of the wind, that struck the front wheel with a bang that nearly sent the handles flying out of the hand, whenever a wabble put it broadside on, that it wanted little imagination to suppose that this was the veritable nursery of storms, and that here they learnt in sport how to deal out destruction the wide world o'er. Riding, even on the comparative level, was soon out of the question, and when the climb came at the actual Pass, and the winds were forced into the narrow channel, a cataract of air, it was sufficient exercise even to walk and push the machine along. Most

### WELSH MOUNTAIN SCENERY

is softened and beautified by patches of woodland, but at Llanberis it is not so; it is as uncompromisingly forbidding and bleak as any bit of Scotland. There is one bright bit, though, at the entrance to the Pass, just near where the Beddgelert Road branches off, where, deep down below, a brilliant green patch of vegetation lay, and the end of a lake glittered, which we took to be Llydaw; contrasted with the deep, shadowed gloom of the black-cliffed, chasm-like Pass, this sparkling patch, down in the heart of the earth, was like some brilliant, light-catching jewel, set in an iron crown. Two lady cyclists were met in the Pass, touring unescorted; they were riding, or rather walking with, American bicycles, but whether they were Americans we could not discover, for they retreated into the solitary inn at the top, evidently exhausted. Steep as the descent was the other side, the gale did not permit of sufficient pace to race a collier that made a bee-line for us, with head well down, in a business-only-meant style that could not be mistaken, and it was only by dismounting, and altering the positions of some of the smaller bits of rock in the neighbourhood, that he could be convinced it was only humanity, and not some new form of sheep. Gradually the rough aspect of the country softened, and well before Carnarvon was reached it became quite pastoral. The whole run was only some 42 miles; it felt like 120 at least.

It was much better fun next day, after duly doing Carnarvon Castle, and loyally gazing into the stone coffin-like compartment that legends assign as the birth-place of the first English Prince of Wales, to be running before the same wind that yesterday fought us. Taking the direct Beddgelert Road, and halting at the top of the long, steady climb out of Carnarvon, it was pleasant to look back on the view in the rear, Carnarvon Castle and town, the

Menai Straits, low-looking Anglesey beyond, and Carnarvon Bay, and the mountains to the Westward. At Bettwsgarmon

### THE WELL-MADE ROAD

was well amongst the mountains, and went by easy stages, particularly with the favouring gale ever assisting, past the Elephant, a happily-named mountain, for its rugged and precipitous side is scarred and coloured much like an elephant's skin; past the peaceful little lake at its foot, and so to the first glimpse of Snowdon, its lofty head lost in cloudland. All around smaller mountains stood in attendance, their rough wildness occasionally broken by such signs of life as the massed debris of a slate quarry might afford, but depending mostly for their colour, even in the sunlight, on the large and scattered flocks of milk-white, horned, and half goat-like Welsh sheep, that slowly moved in search of scanty pasture, over the hills' steep and rocky sides. It is an easy descent from the Snowdon country down to Beddgelert, a pretty little place right down in a hole amongst the mountains, with a busy little stream running through its heart. We lingered long on the bridge, and listened to the music of the villagers' talk, and saw that

### THE POSTMAN WAS A POSTWOMAN,

and another old lady of the place, attired in the native costume, the only one seen in a week's journeying about North Wales. Through the village, on the Port Madoc Road, the scenery is particularly fine, the road diving down a gorge with water rushing over the boulders at the bottom, and a sheer, rugged rock cliff rising skyward beyond. Out of the gorge, on the left, the mountains group well in the distance; their varied green and rock-coloured sides caught the sunlight well, this bright morning, and made the most of it. There is nothing to attract in Port Madoc; like most Welsh towns, it is not itself but its neighbourhood that charms.

On leaving the place for Harlech, the mountain views are particularly fine and chaotic. It is an easy road to Harlech, particularly with a gale behind, and we bowled along the big sweep round the inroad of Cardigan Bay to the town with its castle and tale of enduring valour, standing out on a sort of inland cliff, with the sand-flats below, where the red-coated golfers were playing, and the dancing green waves of Cardigan Bay closing the view. All the way to Barmouth, the road, an easy and well-made one, runs near the shore of Cardigan Bay, and whether there be something in the water, or whether the particular light and sky of the day produced it, we never saw such

### A SPARKLING, EMERALD SEA.

The wind that was making even the steep hills easy to us, had churned the waters of Cardigan Bay into a seething sea, that rolled in huge green waves towards the shore, where they broke with a roar, and left a wide belt of white foam between the bright coloured restless waters, and the inner belt of golden sand. Not a vessel was to be seen, not a human being, and rarely a cottage; there was a greedy satisfaction in having it all to ourselves. Barmouth, after this, appeared stale and unprofitable, but it was worth going into for the sake of getting out, for immediately the little town is left by the road, that runs along the Northern bank of the River Mawddach, one is amongst the most lovely scenery



imaginable; indeed, as far as our experience goes, the run from Barmouth to Dolgelly, is distinctly the prettiest, although not the grandest, bit in North Wales. The road surface is excellent, and it runs by easy falls and rises through thickly wooded ways, with the Mawddach flowing on the right, dense woods on its further banks, creeping well up the hill sides, and beyond mountains bare, with Cader Idris, rising above all an undisputed king. By the time Dolgelly was reached the score for the day worked out at 58 miles; it felt like 15, and an easy one at that thanks to the kindly aid of an athletic, Welsh wind.

#### C.T.C. boards.

THE C.T.C. have placed a new and good danger-board at the top of Purgatory, the dangerous little hill to strangers near West Wickham, Kent. The first board on this hill was put up by the old Sydenham Club. The C.T.C. are looking well after the danger-boards just now; it is a useful service, and a splendid advertisement for the organisation.

## THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE SHOW AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THERE are two dates which will stand out in bold relief in the History of Locomotion, when a volume, worthy of that ambitious title, comes to be written, say some 30 years hence, when the centenary of the introduction of railways is about to be celebrated. They come a long distance apart, and deserve special spacing out:—

September 27th, 1825.

George Stephenson proves the practical use of the Railway Locomotive.

October 15th, 1895.

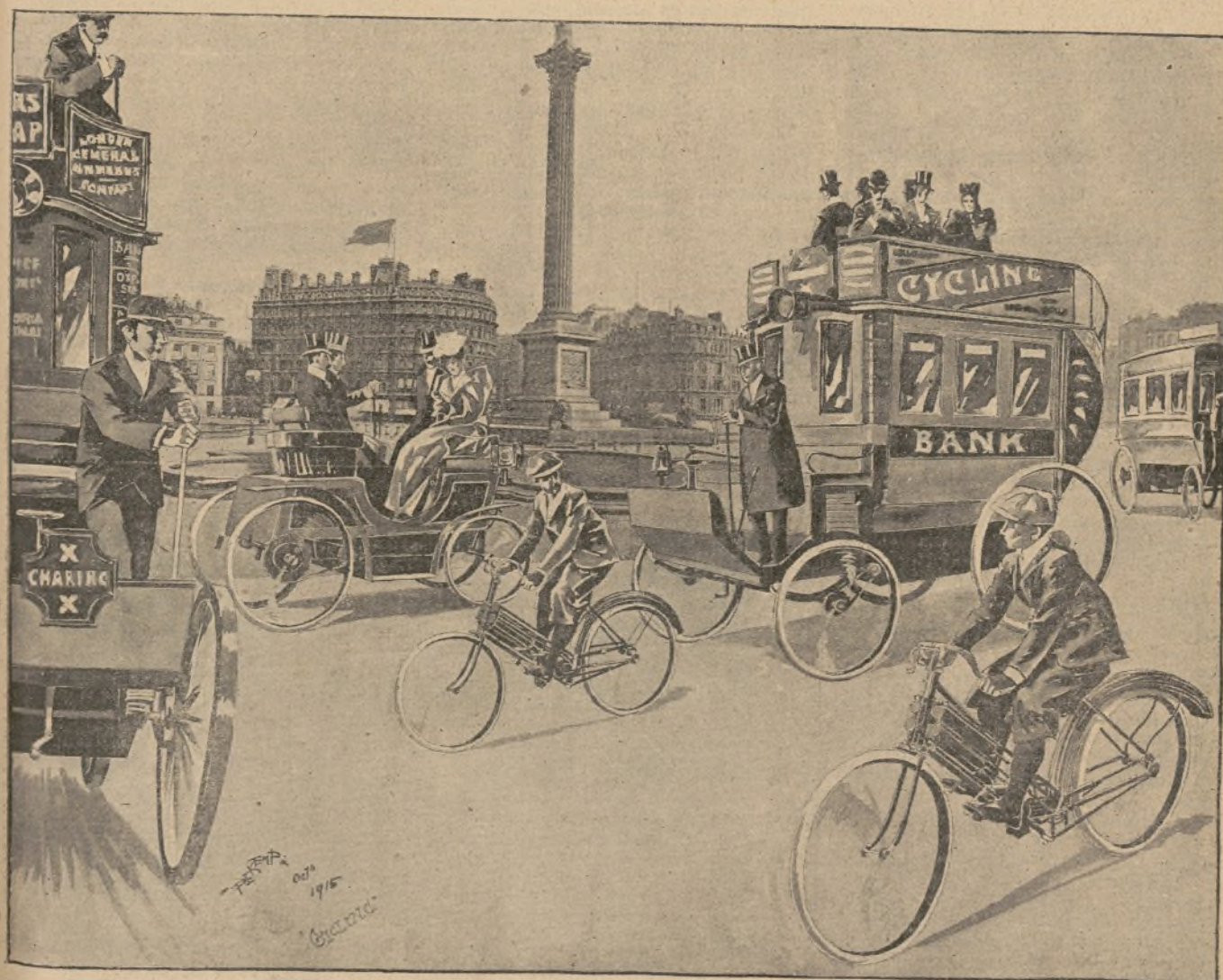
Sir David Salomons, Mayor of (and at) Tunbridge Wells, proves the practical use of Road Motors and Horseless Carriages.

The average, unthinking, railway traveller, as he is hurled along com-

fortably and steadily at 60 odd miles per hour, can have little idea of the bold stroke Stephenson made, and may even feel inclined to laugh vacantly at his "Locomotive" engine (still preserved at Darlington) which only showed a pace of about 5 miles an hour, just as the unlearned scorcher of to-day tries to sneer at the records of Cortis, Whiting, and others, whose shoes he is not fit to black.

Stephenson unlocked the door of a new era of the world's progress, and from one *Steam Railway Company*, the Stockton & Darlington (Act passed in 1825), with a capital of £102,000, and 54 miles, the capital, by the end of 1893, had grown into £971,323,353, with 20,646 miles open, £76,844,086 receipts, and (exclusive of season-ticket holders), 873,177,052 passengers.

We have a Stephenson (or rather Salomons, to be more correct) in our midst to-day, and he, on Tuesday, at Tunbridge Wells, unlocked another



VEHICLES OF THE FUTURE.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN 1915.

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door, which will just as completely revolutionise our system of road locomotion; and the generations to come, as they glide along perfect roads in the Motor Carriages, will make

#### PILGRIMAGES TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS

to gaze on the statue of the man who first showed this country the way to revolutionise our road-traffic. They will tell their children how, long ago, near the close of the 19th century, Tunbridge Wells was fortunate, above all other towns, in having, as her Chief Magistrate, a man who was not only learned in many ways, but was a smart mechanic, a clever electrician, and a scientific scholar, and had ample means to carry out his hobbies in luxurious style.

But to the present.—Sir David, from the first signs of the movement on the Continent, took a great interest in horseless carriages, went over to France, saw the various Motor vehicles in use, and bought one of the best procurable. This he guided over hundreds of miles in France, and a good many in England, knowing the spirit of inquiry was abroad, he thought of holding a show for machines of this sort at Tunbridge Wells, thus giving the town, over whose destinies he presides so ably, the honour and glory of being the first to encourage the new movement—a movement which will sweep onward, ever widening, ever speeding, till the entire British dominions have taken part. We, therefore, felt inspired with zeal at being present on so auspicious and historical an occasion.

With short notice it was not to be expected that a very large assembly of road motors could be brought together, particularly as there are so few in this country, and these have to be, practically, used by stealth. Unfortunately the country round Tunbridge Wells is very hilly, and even the Agricultural Show Grounds, kindly placed at the disposal of the Mayor, is on the slope, and, being of heavy turf, it made the conditions very severe indeed. So great was the interest taken in the movement that some thousands poured into the town from all parts, a small army of Pressmen from London;

THE TRADE WAS STRONGLY REPRESENTED, carriage-builders were numerous, electrical and mechanical authorities were countless, Church, Bench, and Bar, were all there, with financiers in force; the stands were full, and the big ring, about 4 laps to the mile, surrounded. Fortunately the weather was beautifully fine.

A few minutes after 3 o'clock a way was cleared, and to the "too-loot" of a cyclorn the Mayor entered the ring in a *vis à-vis* carriage, built by Pengeot, of Paris, and fitted with a Daimler engine, supplied by Panhard & Levassor. It is an open carriage, with solid rubber tyres, with little to make it remarkable save that the back is closed in, and there is a small spur-wheel on one side, with an endless chain passing round a very large chain-pulley on the rear wheel.

This was the property of, and exhibited by, the Mayor.

There was a second carriage, slightly different in design, and with iron-tired wheels, owned by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis, but being practically the same as that which won the Paris-Bordeaux race last year.

Then came a tricycle, worked by petroleum motor—ignited by electric spark—designed by Count de Dion, and made by M. Bouton. For a motor cycle it is remarkably free from complications, and the motor part is chiefly contained in what looks like a big central gear box or brake drum. However, as the exhibitor took more pleasure in *riding* it about than in letting it transport him, and did not seem desirous of giving much information it must stand by for the present.

#### THE STEAM HORSE,

also shown by Dion & Bouton was the sell of the Show. It was merely a sort of traction engine, which consumed a great amount of coal and coke, gave off vast clouds of steam, scattered hot coals and dragged along a carriage which contained W. G. Williams and several Frenchmen. It would be useful to drag cannon in war-time, and frighten the enemy's cavalry. There was also a fire engine which threw water to an estimated height of 98 feet (the estimator was evidently afraid of being accused of exaggeration if he said 100—as he would have been had he said 70); as it did not propel the engine by power, it ought not to have been in the Show.

After these came two cycle-cabs, which went round the ground, and so gained a free advertisement; but, as they were not Motor vehicles, although "horseless carriages," they were quickly ordered off the course.

After the various machines had shown their paces, Sir David summoned the members of the Press into the ring, and very kindly gave a full and exhaustive

description of the carriage, which would be too long and too detailed to be given in full here. A few salient points will be enough. The carriage, as shown, was an ordinary open one, beautifully upholstered in Morocco, and the cost complete would be £270, or with plainer fittings £230; of this the Motor engine cost £80, but this will be largely reduced in the future. The whole of the machine is contained underneath the carriage, and there is very little noise, and no smell or smoke when travelling. It is

#### WORKED BY QUICK EXPLOSIONS,

or rather quick burning of petroleum—of this a supply of 10 gallons is carried forward, and conducted by pipes to the rear where it passes through platinum nozzles, made red hot by a small lamp, into the explosion chamber between two mushroom-shaped caps; this force works the two cylinders, giving about 750 revolutions per minute, and developing about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  h.p. The water, for cooling, is about 12 gallons, and is pumped through tubes, so the evaporation is very slight, only 2 pints every 30 miles—while the cost of travelling is about *three miles a penny*, and 150 to 200 miles, according to the roads may be travelled without recharging. It only takes about 5 minutes from lighting the lamp till the vehicle is in motion—on the flat the pace is 10, 12, and 15 miles in 2 hours. Near Gloucester, 26 miles were done inside 2 hours. In front of the seat is a handle, like that of a bicycle for steering; by pressing down a foot-plate it is thrown into gear by means of a friction cone—or on pulling up a handle it can be reversed, the brake put on, or thrown out of gear—in fact it is under the most perfect and absolute control. So far as the two chief machines were concerned, the Show was a brilliant success, and we are more strongly of opinion than ever that Motor-carriages are the vehicles of the future.



"THE WHITE HORSE," HOCKCLIFFE, NEAR DUNSTABLE.





## TAXATION OF CYCLES.

SIR,—In favour of it? Yes! I consider Police-Court proceedings will then generally be impartial, which, in the great majority of cases, they now are not.

Maintenance and lighting of public thoroughfares will receive better attention from local authorities, and be studied more from a cyclist's standpoint.

Universal Lights Act will, perforce, become compulsory generally.

The voting-power of cyclists will be eagerly sought for by candidates for parliamentary, municipal, and public offices, which, in itself, will greatly safeguard and increase cyclists' rights and privileges.

I shall watch, with great interest, the result of your "polling" this matter, and shall probably be guided thereby when dealing with the question in committee.

Yours truly,

D. GEORGE COLLINS,  
Catford C.C.

Lee Vestry, and Lee and District Board of Works.

SIR,—I see, with increasing disappointment, the advance of the desirability amongst some people of the taxation of the cycle. Your coupon, to learn the opinion of the cyclists themselves, is a very good idea, though I fear the result can hardly be relied upon to be representative of all cyclists. Many will not take the trouble to fill in the form, and many will be influenced by your article, which, when casually read, seems to favour the tax.

The question is, "Is taxation of cycles right or wrong?" Let each one ask himself this question, and give a candid and unprejudiced answer, bearing in mind the direct and indirect advantages and disadvantages. We all know that taxation means prohibition. If any article is taxed, which is a benefit to the nation, the community itself will suffer from this artificial barrier. Worse still is a tax upon a manufactured article, which means a less demand for the same, and consequently an injury to that trade. Take, for instance, the 15s. which is annually required for the use of a trap.

How many thousands of people are there just on the margin who can ill afford to pay this money, besides keeping the trap, and so they do without, to the direct disadvantage to every carriage builder in the land, not to mention the loss of countless other considerations to themselves. Reflect a moment, what will be the direct result to the members of the wheel? I venture to think one-half the number of cyclists who now enjoy this pastime will be debarred from it, and especially those who ought really to be aided to obtain their pleasure. A cycle, in the first place, is an expensive item to very many, and when a tax of 8s. is mentioned, and, taking into consideration, repair, and casual expenses, which must occur, the purchase of one is at once out of the question.

It is to these the necessity is greatest, and on whom the loss presses most heavily. The pleasures and unceasing beneficent influences of the sport are illimitable, and, as we know, a man's environment is the main qualification of his character, to prevent his obtaining this, with the wonderful facility which is afforded by no other means than the cycle, would be a base imposition on the man, and an incalculable loss to the community at large. I, myself, am always delighted to see my begrimed and labour-stained fellow man wabbling along on his rickety solid but a smile on his hard face withal, and feel almost ashamed to rush past him on my pneumatics as if in disdain, knowing that he is as much, if not more, deserving of one as good as I have. Of course, I am not unmindful that the expenses of the country must be met, but what is the true source of revenue is another question. Certainly, it is not to be derived from man's recreation.

As to the advantages to the cyclist to be gained by this tax, in my opinion, he would have no more consideration extended to him by the authorities than at present, but would seem to be branded, as is his appearance in France, by having a number attached to his machine, as if he were guilty of some crime. Neither would the roads be better kept for his welfare; for it would be argued, other people also pay for their maintenance, and the cyclist must not expect to be favoured. I would impress upon your mind that to give recreation in direct contact with the influences of Nature is to do more for the general well-being of the people than can possibly be obtained through any other channel.

Yours faithfully,

G. HARDY.

SIR,—I am certainly in favour of the taxation of cyclists if all the money so raised is applied to the improvement and keeping in decent repair of roads known to be used by cyclists. Bicycles, &c., cannot possibly add to the wear and tear of the roads, so cannot, with any show of justice, be taxed in a line with private carts and carriages. Nor would it be an easy task to decide who was to be (taxed for keeping a cycle as a luxury, and who not. If, as is proposed, the tax goes to relieve the rates, I fail to see the justice of a man thus contributing twice over, and disproportionately, for the simple reason that he prefers to cover the ground on a bicycle instead of on his feet. I think it will take more than an 8s. tax to remove the prejudice with which cyclists are viewed on the Bench and elsewhere.

Yours, &c.,

H. E. H.

## TAXATION.

*Are you in favour of it or not? Cut out the slip in our Sales Supplement, write on it "Yes," or "No," and return to the Editor without delay. The question is an important one, and affects every individual rider of a bicycle.*

SIR,—By obtaining the opinions of your readers, *re* the Taxation and Registration of Cyclists, you will be able to use your influence on the side of the majority, when the subject obtains the prominence that you predict in the near future.

By all means tax cyclists, for their's and the public's benefit. I consider 5s. would be ample, and double the sum for machines that are lent on hire.

A SURREY ROADSTER.

## N.C.U. JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

SIR,—May I have the space in your paper to enter a most emphatic protest, on behalf of my club, against the manner in which the General Committee of the Union, have handled the final of this competition.

The preliminary heats were held at Kensal Rise, and resulted in a win for the Silverdale, after meeting three London Clubs; the last was run two months' ago, and according to Rule 25 governing these contests, the final should have been decided by September 15th. Three letters were written by us, urging the desirability of an early date being fixed for the final, but in spite of these, the matter has been allowed to drift until the present week, and Wednesday, October 16th, fixed for the final; the consequence of this being, most of our men are out of training, one of the team competed in the "Anchor" Shield (not the sort of preparation for a five miles). With these facts before us, we are told we are to meet the Bristol Jockeys, at Bristol, who have not yet ridden a race in this competition this season, and ride it at Bristol, a track unknown to most of our men.

The Union take all the gate (if they can get one), and "the competing club is allowed with the permission of the General Committee, to pay third-class railway fare and carriage of machines for its team."

I will leave it at this, and ask under these circumstances, if it is fair to our men to ask them to bear the expense involved; and also, whether this is a sample of the business-like (?) manner in which the work of the N.C.U. is conducted; and if the clubs who last year handed themselves over by giving proxy votes to one official of the Union to use as he thought fit (swamping the votes of those present), in the election of this precious General Committee, are satisfied with the result of their weak-kneed policy in so doing?

The Bristol Jockeys will not be done out of their chance for the Junior Championship by this action of the Union, we will give them a race, but win or lose, we do protest against the utter unfairness of the Union's mismanagement of the competition, and the violation of their own rules.

On behalf of the Silverdale C.C.,

ALLEN VICKERS, Captain.

October 15th, 1895.

## Irish nerve.

A MEMBER of our staff who recently spent a few days on business in Dublin and Belfast is thoroughly surprised at the way in which cyclists in both cities ride over greasy-set paved streets. In Nassau Street he witnessed scores of male and female riders careering along as confident as if they were riding over a dry asphalt surface, instead of slimy mud.





G. L. SINNATTI won the Jersey 50 miles race in 2.22.14 on his Rudge-Whitworth.

MR. GAMAGE bought 1,000 trees and shrubs, last week, for the Wood Green track.

PARIS is to have another big race meeting, with a £160 first prize, in aid of the Madagascar Army.

GEORGE HUNT is reported to have ridden a mile on the road in 1.36½, with the new Simpson chain.

TITUS and Cabanne, two American cracks, declare their intention of racing as pros. in England next year.

THE Dewar Cup in which Horswill has secured two shares is now on view at the Cock Hotel, Epping.

SOUTHPORT beat the Licensed Victuallers by 11 points to 25, in the final for the Centre club championship at Liverpool.

THE Silverdale is the champion club of the year, having beaten the Bristol Jockeys at Bristol last Wednesday by 6 points.

THE Gamage C. & A.C. ran off their 5 miles championship for the Electrine Silver Cup last week. The winner was W. A. Vincent; time, 13.30.

OUR congratulations to the Polytechnic C.C. on their acquisition of the Armour Shield, also to the Essex Wheelers on the splendid uphill fight they made.

DUBBIN failed last week on his 12 hours jaunt. He cannoned some sheep at a corner, and instead of putting the record for the South up, it was a case of Southdown.

PRACTICALLY the last race of the year, the Junior Club championship, falls to the credit of the Imperial Rover. W. S. Yeoman riding this speedy machine to victory.

ONE of the speediest short-distance men of the day, who has had considerable experience of all the leading tracks, tells us he is sure Catford is 6 secs. a mile faster than any other path.

THE Cycle Components Manufacturing Co., Ltd., inform us that A. J. Watson used Westwood rims, when he won his recent two races at Cardiff, and not the rims that were erroneously named.

BRADBURY & CO., LTD., Oldham, have received a striking testimonial from a well-known path racing man, who has tested their path-racer and the Fairbanks Wood Rims, and thinks the combination the acme of perfection for track riding.

#### Western records.

THE W.R. and R.R.A. have passed W.W. Harrison's 184½ miles safety ride as Western 12 hours' record. Out and home courses only will be allowed for 50 and 100 miles' Western records, starting and finishing at the same point.

#### An amusing mistake.

AN amusing mistake was made last week in a French provincial paper, which, in reporting the Grand Prix, run in Paris, gave the following results:—"The Grand Prix de Paris took place yesterday, and was won by the French horse, Morin; an American horse, named Banker, was third, while the representative of the English stable, Barden, could not get a place." Rather rough on the cycling champions!

#### Marriott wins a gold.

THE veteran, T. R. Marriott was out on a little speed tour on Southern roads last Tuesday, and, in spite of the rain that fell towards the finish, managed to pile up the very respectable figures of 166½ miles in 12 hours, finishing with 15 mins. to spare. For this he obtains a gold medal from the Surrey B.C., the only one won from the club this year, we believe. Of course he rode a Humber safety, made by his own firm, Marriott & Cooper.

#### The Brighton tricycle record.

ON Thursday, the 17th, L. J. Parsley, of the Peckham Wheelers, the well-known vegetarian rider, and maker of Encore cycles, beat the Brighton and back tricycle record by the narrow margin of 3.2. Parsley's time was 6.18.28, taken by W. S. Holding, R.R.A. The old record belonged to W. R. Toft, of the Anfield, and dates from June 11th, 1894. Parsley thus brings back a Southern record into the rightful possession of a Southern man.

#### Brooks gets the European mile.

AT the Catford track on Tuesday, of last week, T. Gibbons-Brooks, of the Poly., rode a mile in 1 min. 53½ secs., which beats European record by 1½ secs., and is only 1½ secs. outside Johnson's World's record. Brook's first quarter from his standing start was 30½ secs., ¼ sec. better than previous unlicensed, but 1 sec. behind the licensed (Parlyb). The half took 58½ secs, this being ½ sec. better than Marples' licensed record, and ½ sec. behind Chinn's unlicensed, and Harris' professional. His ¾ was 1 min. 24½ secs., which beats everything, including Johnson's World's by ½ sec. Brooks was paced by triplets, and timed by E. A. Powell and H. J. Swindley. He used Palmers.

#### Stocks and the hour.

AT Catford track last Monday week, October 14th, J. W. Stocks was the man of the hour, riding 29 miles 45 yds. within that period, on a machine geared to 98, and fitted with the new Simpson lever chain. At 2 miles he was in front of previous British bests, and beat Michael's World's record at 10 miles by 5½. From thence he continued to break World's records, previously the property of various parties, including Bonheur's recently made hour's record of 28 miles, 1,510 yds., riding 29 miles 45 yds., as above stated. Stocks intended to continue on and exterminate the 50 miles figures, but at 44 miles (1 hr. 34 mins. 11½ secs.) had to retire from saddle troubles, although still within record. E. A. Powell timed.

#### Three Ws. break three road records.

A TRIO of Ws., A. E. Walters, A. J. Walton, and Wheelock, were busy breaking records in company on the North Road last Tuesday. Walters was on a Swift single, Walton and Wheelock on a tandem, and both machines were Dunlop-tyred. The tandem paced the single most of the way for the first 50, covered in 1.55.50, record for both types. Continuing, the tandem came to grief in the Wilderness, at 62 miles, a wheel breaking, and Wheelock hurting his arm. Walters went on for the 100, which he covered in the grand record time of 4.21.45. The finish was near Peterboro, and for the last 7 miles Walters had to ride on a tandem, of course alone, his tyre having punctured. Curiously enough, he was only boasting to his pacers a few minutes before that he had not had a puncture in any of his rides this year. F. T. Bidlake, R.R.A., took the times.

#### A frost.

THE six hours' tandem race at Herne Hill on Saturday proved a complete frost. Only three crews started, two retiring early, and the other being called off at half-time and awarded the certificate. Cooke, Yeoman, and Wheelock rode a triplet mile in 2.0½, beating the existing "soft" record for the type of 2.2. Coleman and Dring timed.

#### Inauguration of a Ceylon track.

ON Saturday, September 21st, the Ceylon Cyclists' Union held a very successful meeting to inaugurate their new quarter-mile track, in the beautiful Campbell Park, Borella. The pavilion was crowded with ladies, and the scene was a brilliant one. The race of the day was a three miles, won in 10 mins. 15 secs., by Stanley Oakes, the old East Dulwich man; A. H. C. Luschwitz, second, and F. Ginger, third.

#### Re the tricycle tandem records.

MR. A. HOFFMANN, of the Anerley B.C., writes to point out, that the tricycle tandem times, made by J. A. Poole and himself, were recognised, and were passed in April last, some five months after the claim was sent in, and the only records Messrs. Habershon and Banyard can claim are from 24 to 32 miles, and these times are slower than those made by Poole and Hoffmann in another ride of theirs at Herne Hill, on October 1st, 1894, which were never claimed. The 33 to 35 miles' records are held by Wridgway and Yeoman; the 36 to 210½ miles, and the 2 to 12 hours, by A. Hoffmann and J. A. Poole.

#### The Poly. C.C. win the Armour Shield.

THE curtain has at last been rung down upon the final act of the celebrated drama, "The Enigma of the Armour Shield" (no doubt an enigma still to some, who won't understand). Over 30 clubs affiliated to the E.C.U. have competed in the contest, which was spread over the whole season and divided into five separate races at the distances of 1, 5, 10, 50, and 100 miles, the club scoring the best total of points to be adjudged the winner of the Shield. Where the complication arose was in devising a method of scoring which would allow the short distance races to be run in heats, and yet show the actual placing of every club, and, in spite of criticism, no better methods than those devised by the directors of the E.C.U. have been suggested. The result, at the end of the contest, was that the Polytechnic and the Essex Wheelers tied for first place with 20 points each. To run off the tie a 30 miles' contest (the approximate mean of all the distances) was decided upon, and for this the Wheelers nominated Gidney: the Poly. representative being Watson. To pick the winner on Saturday, when the match was decided, was a difficult task. Each had separate pacing, and Watson, dropping behind his tandem in the first lap, soon gained a lead of 50 yds., only to be caught in a mile or so. In the first 10 miles Watson got away four times, but at 10½ miles Gidney secured the lead and stayed there till the finish, never able to shake off his opponent. Pacers were called off two laps from the finish, and Gidney went all out for the bell, evidently thinking it was the last lap; at the bottom corner in the last circuit Watson came away with a rush, and won by about 8 yds.; time, 1.10.13. It was a grand race. Mr. T. G. King, N.R.C.C., judged; A. V. Ebbelwhite clocked; and S. T. Brown and G. F. Sharp marshalled the pacing, theirs being the easiest task.



## THE VETERAN.



HE Veterans are the true aristocracy of cycling Society. My Lord this, and my Lady that, may take up the pastime as a hobby, or fashion, and right welcome they are, but that no more constitutes them recognised leaders of the cycling world, than the head of an old county

family, who would never consent to obliterate his name with a title, looks upon the latest-created commercial lord as his social superior. There is something uncommon and impressive in a man who can keep alive the fire of enthusiasm for the sport and pastime of his youth and prime, well into the latter days, and who, in spite of grey hairs, stiff muscles, and a shorter wind, has

STILL ALL THE HEART OF A BOY

as far as his pleasures are concerned.

Such is the typical Veteran cyclist; the man who has gone through all the stages of boneshaker, ordinary, early Rovers, up to the modern speed mount, and tried every tyre, from an iron one to a fabric-backed pneumatic, and enjoyed them all, and continues to enjoy. He favours tricycles and Bantams now, the latter as being the nearest approach to his ever-revered ordinary, of which he never speaks but in terms of regretful reverence. Strange, one never hears a Veteran hold forth eulogistically about his departed boneshaker, although he is never tired of depositing wordy wreaths at the tomb of his ordinary. This is just the Veteran's one weak spot, his extravagant regard for the memory of his ordinary. He positively bores with his frequent and prosy recitals of all its virtues, and the marvellous adventures he and it have had together; he paints it now as a golden age that has passed for ever, and of which the modern safety scorcher can never hope to taste. He rather likes to lecture the modern youth on

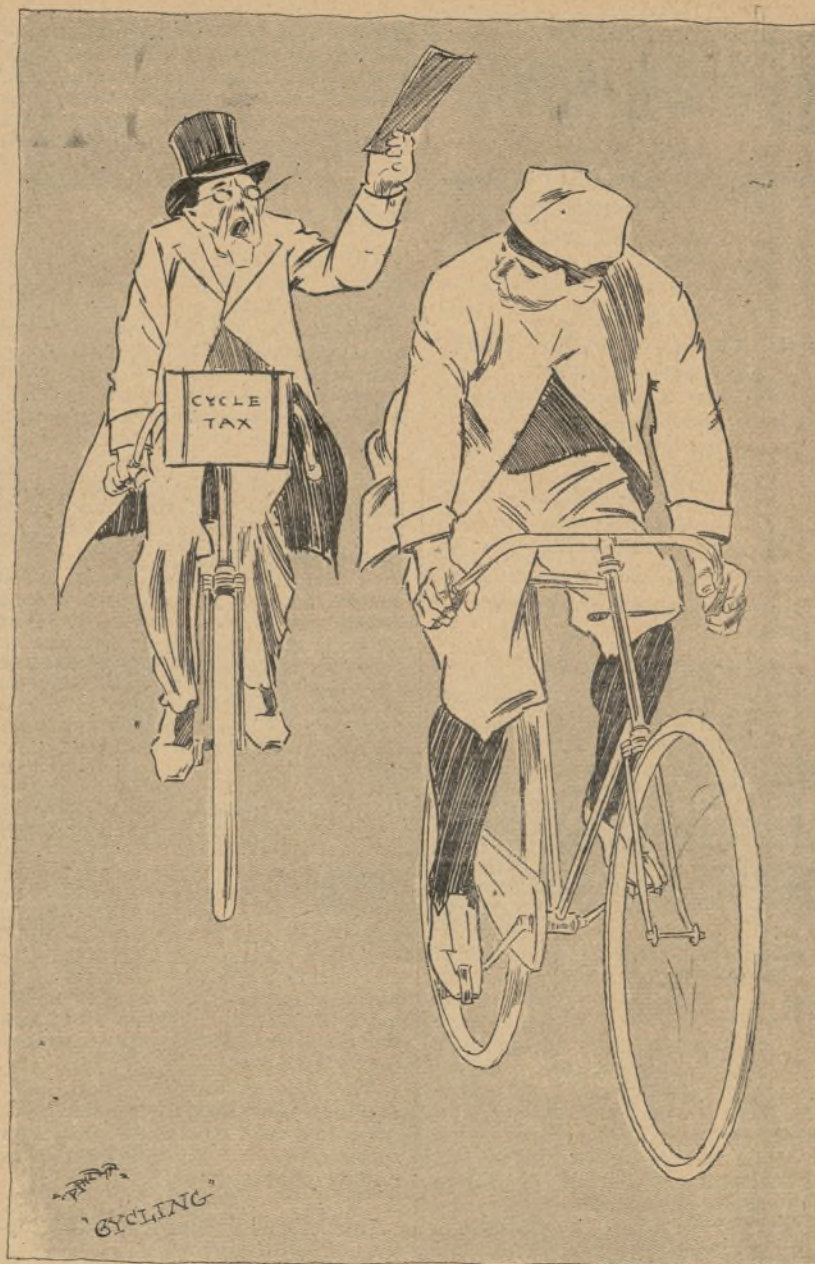
THE EVILS OF "SCORCHING,"

but, truth to say, there is enough of the old Adam in him, to make even him succumb to the temptation when he thinks he has something soft to "take on." We know a certain Veteran, a clergyman, too, who arrived home the other day, perspiring, out of breath and exhausted, but elated with an unholy joy at having beaten the postman in a scratch tricycle race through the village; and all these Veterans are equally weak in this respect, on occasions. As a rule though, your Veteran

ENJOYS HIS CYCLING

in a quiet way, particularly when he can get an old man novice as a companion; and he is a genuine tourist, and staunch supporter of the C.T.C. He is a useful man on the whole; makes a good club president, can always be regarded as safe for a prize, or any subscription going forward; gives dignity and decorum to the club-dinner and meeting, and in spite of his frequent relapses into prosy recitals of tales of the ordinary's heroic days, is always tolerated, and generally respected.

Nor should it be forgotten that our present enjoyment of the modern perfected cycle has been gained by the rough experiences and many trials of the Veterans.



ANCIENT DITTY—SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

"First I dodged the gas inspector,  
Then 'snorked' the cycle tax collector."

Hi—tiddily, &c., &c., *ad lib.*

They found out when and where the machines broke, where strength was required, and where weight could be safely reduced; in their days makers experimented on their customers, and they, the Veterans, are the survivors.

On path and road.

DUNLOP tyres were used by Stocks in his world's record ride for the hour, this being the first time 29 miles have been covered in the 60 mins. Parsley used the same tyre in his Brighton and back tricycle record.

A tandem mile in 1.36-2-5.

On Monday, of last week, the hero of a hundred fights, F. J. Osmond, and the sensation of the year, F. W. Chinn, mounted on an Osmond tandem geared to 94, and fitted with an ordinary pattern Perry chain, rode a mile on the road in 1.36 $\frac{2}{5}$ , beating the recent time of Leitch and Pellant by over 2 secs. The course selected was between Stratford-on-Avon and Alcester, the first 250 yards being flat, then a slight drop, and finishing with a 150 yards sharp rise. Geo. Gatehouse, C. Wheelright, and J. B. Burman, all reliable men, took the times.



# CYCLING

## OFFICES.

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

LONDON, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

## CONDUCTED BY

**EDMUND DANGERFIELD**

AND WALTER GROVES,

ASSISTED BY G. H. SMITH.

Assistant Manager:

ERNEST PERMAN.

Proprietors:

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



We have received a large number of votes on the taxing question, but of course, as we expected, the response has been nothing like what it should have been. Cyclists were ever an apathetic set in matters affecting their own interests, and even now with an opportunity, such as we have provided, of speaking for themselves on a subject of such vital importance, they show no signs of shaking off their lethargy. Here is a question directly concerning every individual owner of a cycle; a matter of paramount interest at the present time when petitions are being registered in all parts of the country for the imposition of a tax on cycles, and yet thousands of our readers fail to respond to an appeal for their opinion. We insert the slip again in our Sales Supplement, and once more ask those, who have not done so already, to return it filled in as instructed. "Yes," or "No," is all we require, no comments, and no qualifications. Some of those who have voted with the "Noes," have given themselves away by adding remarks that show they should not only be taxed, but muzzled. One individual asks if we think he is a madman; perhaps not, but he would not like to see our opinion of him in type. Another votes for a tax, but will strongly object to carrying an enamelled number plate on his machine, because "if he knocked a person down it would be a bit inconvenient, as it would be of no

use mounting and trying to get away; the number would spoil it." We have quoted this fellow's actual words from the letter before us, and we have this to say about cyclists of his kidney, that if taxing and registration is likely to rid our sport of such brutes; let us hail such a measure as an inestimable god-send to the pastime.

THE letters that have been appearing lately in the daily papers about cyclists and the cycle tax, have proved at least one thing, that the old, mad, brutal hate of cyclists, held by the "horsey" set, is not quite dead yet. A specimen of the sort of thing we mean is furnished by a letter recently published in "The Globe," signed "Rusticus Indignans." The writer, it appears, was out driving, and was annoyed by some cyclist taking advantage of the shelter of his trap. This is his own cool description of what followed:—

"I was driving a fast stepper, as sure-footed as a mule. We were already moving rapidly, but, at the top of a long and gentle incline, I gave the horse its head, and gradually increased the pace till we were doing some 14 miles an hour. I cast a glance over my shoulder; the bicyclist was still keeping up easily with us, and smiled at me with a triumphant air. But my turn had come. I had my horse well in hand; and, without giving the slightest intimation of my intention, I pulled up sharply, and my tormentor, unable to check his wild career, collided violently with the back of the dog-cart. How it came about I did not quite see, but there was a shock, a very decided shock, and when we looked back, after getting again into our swing, there were two confused heaps in the road, one of them giving signs of life by sundry forcible expletives. I must confess to having no qualms of conscience for my share in the transaction. I drove on with a feeling that the lesson given had been most thoroughly well deserved."

The cynical brutality of the above does not need enlarging upon. By-the-way, how will this pass as a literal translation of "Rusticus Indignans," "Indignant rusty cuss."?

IN another column we print an article dealing with an event that will be prominent in the history of our time—the Exhibition of Horseless Vehicles at Tunbridge Wells. *CYCLING* was the first wheel-paper to recognise the full importance and significance of this innovation. We have watched most carefully the several reports in connection therewith, and we are firmly convinced that the future is big with the promise of a startling revolution in locomotion—a revolution that finds its parallel just over 70 years ago, when, on September 27th, 1825, George Stephenson proved the practical utility of the steam locomotive. Sir David Salomons has, in 1895, proved the practical use of road Motors, and future generations will look back upon the event of last week at Tunbridge Wells as an epoch in the history of road-locomotion. Undoubtedly it will be many years before the horse is finally deposed from his post between

the shafts, but that the present generation will watch his gradual displacement we entertain no doubt whatever. The Exhibition at Tunbridge Wells last week, organised, as it was, at such short notice, was a great success; the keenest interest was taken in the proceedings by the thousands of visitors who journeyed from all parts, and the Cycle Trade was well represented. In our opinion, there has never before occurred such a grand opportunity for the Trade to extend its scope, and, if it does not take the fullest advantage of it, we shall be greatly surprised. By the way, there seems to be great diversity in naming the new vehicles, and some generic term is needed. What about "Motorcar"?

THE Shows are looming near at hand, and no doubt our readers are looking forward to the appearance of the usual four Show Numbers of *CYCLING*. We are now busily engaged on these special issues, and it may be taken for granted that it is our intention to make them even more interesting and attractive than any that have preceded them. We have arranged for special articles from the best writers, and we need hardly say that the illustrations will be far and away in advance of anything ever contained in a paper issued to the public at the price of one penny. The Supplements have been in the press for some days now, and each issue will contain a Splendid Double-Page Illustration, the subjects of which we announce below. In one of the Show Numbers, issued during the National Show, we shall publish particulars of an important and altogether original scheme, which we have been negotiating for some time. We are unable to give further details at the present time, but readers will be fully informed on the subject when the proper time arrives.

## SHOW SUPPLEMENTS.

*Our Four Grand Double Show Numbers will contain the following*

**DOUBLE PAGE  
ART SUPPLEMENTS.**

**RIVAL PAIRS.**

Drawn by GEORGE MOORE.

**PLUCK.**

Drawn by J. AMBROSE WALTON.

**CYCLING AT THE SEASIDE.**

Drawn by J. AMBROSE WALTON.

**A CONTRAST:**

**1885 SCORNE BY SOCIETY,  
1895, SOCIETY AWHEEL.**

Drawn by PERCY E. KEMP.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## A VOICE FROM THE SHELF.



THE approach of another Stanley Show makes me feel older and stiffer than ever, as I try to remember all the Shows I have been at, as well as those I have only read about in the papers. I remember one in the Holborn Town Hall, where the great centre of attraction was a traction—beg pardon!—a steam tricycle, which certainly generated a great deal of steam, but was not allowed on the roads without the red flag and three miles an hour precautions.

Then there was the Albert Hall Show; I remember that well, because there was a Rucker in the top gallery "specially built to the order of Old Crock, Esq., Secretary, &c." Reader, had you ever a Show machine? Did you ever hang round the stand to catch what the great British Public had to say after ten seconds of examination of what had taken you as many weeks to think out. How pleased you were when a knowing young man said to his best girl "Now that's the machine for me, looks like business, knows what he is about does Crock, I bet," and how you would have liked to kick the wretched fault-finder who remarked on the weakness of the forks, and the smallness of the bearings. And then there are the novelties in the Show one would have had incorporated in the new toy had one known of them. And the getting of the machine away on the last night; talk about Custom House difficulties; and then the journey in the hansom when, of course, the horse fell, and the poor 54 had its enamel scratched on the splash board, and its owner had his trousers torn by the pedal; the journey home by rail, and the sorrowful ride from the station, through rain and mud, spoiling the poor thing—and in a month's time one watched the club-boy scrape off the caked mud with an old knife without a qualm. Man is so fickle in his loves; I am told that a woman never let's her machine remain dirty. If I was sure that she would never let her husband's do likewise, I'd marry to-morrow—(If anyone would have him—ED.)

I may be wrong, but of late I think I have noticed at the Shows that very little special effort is made to catch the tourist; nothing very novel in bags, housewives, collars, ties, nightshirts, or dressing-cases. Perhaps the Parcels-Post is accountable for that as nowadays one can send clean shirts, &c., to various hotels *en route*. It is as well to do this oneself before starting. Last year my touring companion trusted his wife to do this, but she postponed sending them till the end of the fortnight, so that he had three clean shirts for two days at the finish; it kept up the average, but hardly made up for the previous 12 days. In the same way no maker seems to make a speciality of touring machines, such as Hassen used to build in the days of old. I think there must be a sufficiency of cyclists who use their machines chiefly for touring, and who care more about reliability than an ounce or two of weight. To my idea the tourists mount should be absolutely impervious to rain and mud, *i.e.*, have perfect bearings and gear case, have sufficient width of tread to allow

for a slight bend of crank, a fair clearance for the tyres and adhering clay, a stout brake, and be enamelled all over except perhaps the handlebar and steering and seat pillars; for the true tourist cannot be bothered to clean his machine at all, while away from home. Saddles and springs are usually far too flimsy and lubricator tops seem made on purpose to be lost.

The death-roll of the brakeless increases daily, and the only consolation we have is that the number of fools in this world is in this way rapidly decreasing. I am no molly-coddler myself, as my present mount which has run two seasons of excessively hilly riding will show; it has a Hall rubber brake on, and the rubbers have not only not been renewed, but will evidently outlast the machine; but I agree with Mr. Sturme that even in pace the man with a brake in a day's run will outstrip his pound less weighed companion. For he gets a complete rest by putting his feet up, and is completely refreshed after every descent, and he can also take the downhill at a considerable faster pace than would be otherwise safe. I believe, however, that brakes

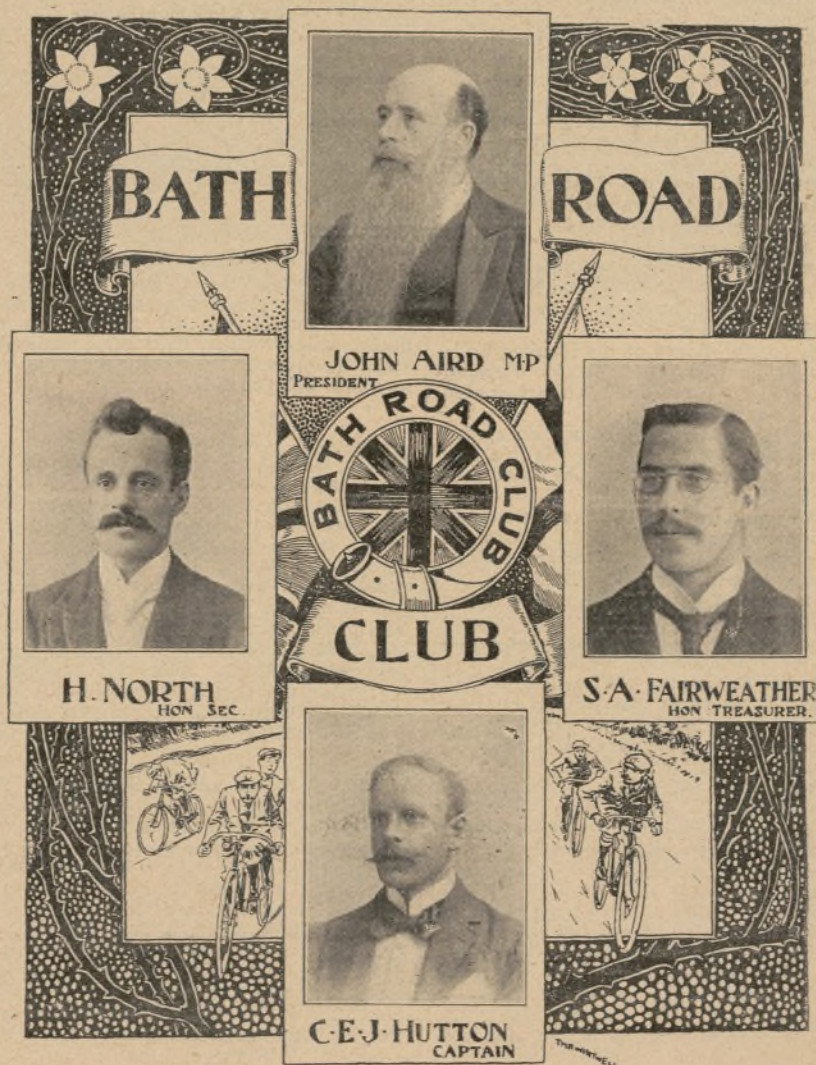
will not become universal until the inventor makes them a storer of power for the ascents.

I am told that electrical engineering is a terribly overcrowded profession, but I think that they must be a slow lot not to have discovered 'ere now an electric lamp to be driven directly from the gear wheel, and to store up the superfluous pace generated downhill. Now, inventors, tyres are about right, give your brains a change of occupation.

AN OLD CROCK.

## She knows!

IN the sketch of "The Plunger," now being given at the Palace Theatre, London; there is a "tape" machine, which is used in the action of the little play. On the names of the winners being read out by the heroine she gives "Osmond" first. There is no race horse of this name, so Miss Kate Chard evidently knows all about it in connection with cycling: the latter sport being also referred to in the dialogue.



LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XV





**MOTOR-CARS**, the vehicles of the future. See that you get our Supplement "The Veteran" this week.

The big Catford smoker is postponed until January 6th.

"AMATEUR Champions of 1895." Lock out for our souvenir of the Shows.

A PORTRAIT model of the murdered Lenz, now figures in a New York wax-work show.

PARTICULARS of an important and original scheme will appear in one of our Show numbers.

THERE seems a chance of the Kingston police being cycle mounted. What now Ripley readers?

INSIDE eight days no less than three cycle parades have been held in Manchester and the vicinity.

It is estimated that 5,000 persons attended the Exhibition of Motor-Cars at Tunbridge Wells.

THE Duke of Marlborough is having trouble with the New York police, through cycling down-hill in Central Park.

IF a London County Century Clasp is found between Leatherhead and Balham, W. C. Watson, 16, Balham Grove, S.W., is the owner.

THE delegates of the London Centre, N.C.U., meet at the "London Tavern," Fenchurch Street, this Wednesday, October 23rd, at 6.30 p.m.

THE first of the celebrated series of Holborn dances takes place on November 16th. Full particulars from the Secretaries, 100, High Holborn.

THE annual dinner of the Humber C.C., was a brilliant success. Mr. H. Belcher, manager of the Beeston and Wolverhampton Works, was in the chair.

THE Raleigh Co. have something choice for the ladies in preparation. It is a new pattern safety, to weigh 28 lbs., with gear case, dressguards, brake, &c.

SOME of the younger Halifax cyclists are accused of carrying milk-bells, rattles, tin kettles, horns, &c., instead of the bells of Lucas or Harrison. This is childish.

THIS coming Saturday, the Manchester Cyclist Harriers, open the cross-country season with a run to that favourite cycling resort, the "Wheat Sheaf," Altrincham.

LUTHER ADAMS, the old Eastbourne B.C. captain, is about to marry. His club are going to testimonialise him. H. J. Baker, 26, Junction Road, Eastbourne, is managing the affair.

WRITING us on things cyclular from Mansfield way, a correspondent says, that solids seem to predominate there, but the policemen and curates use Dunlops. The moral forces appear to be flourishing in the Miller's town.

THE Kingsdale C.C. have mapped out an excellent programme for the Winter months consisting of five dances, three smokers, one Bohemian concert, annual dinner, and the opening and closing runs.

ON Saturday last, a second edition of the cyclists' parade on behalf of the Manchester Life-Boat Fund was held at Sale, when a fair addition resulted to the funds of this popular and deserving charity.

#### Bath Road Cinders.

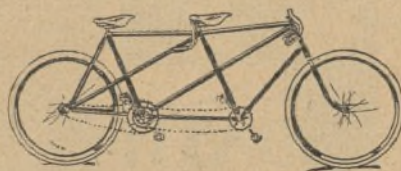
ALL applications for tickets for the Bath Road Cinderellas to be held at the Westminster Town Hall, during December, January, February, and March, should be addressed to Mr. R. Trevor, 48, Queen's Gardens, W. Tickets for the series of four will be issued at a reduced price.

#### The Stanley Photographic Competition.

THE Stanley Show Photographic Section and Prize Competitions are, this year, under the very able management of Mr. Walter D. Welford, 57, Chancery Lane, W.C. There are eight classes in all, and every photographer should be able to find at least one to suit him. Full particulars are obtainable by posting a card to the above address.

#### Reformed Surrey.

IT is most satisfactory the way the new local universal lighting law, in Surrey, has been either enforced by the police, or adopted by the owners of vehicles. During a recent week-night ride along the Brighton Road, well out into the country, we met an unusual number of vehicles (Gatwick Races having been on), and every one carried a brilliant light. This is a great and glorious change from the state of things, that existed on this very road a few months ago.



#### New tandem frame.

OUR illustration of the new tandem frame which will be exhibited by the London Cycle Manufacturing Co., at the Stanley Show, makes further description unnecessary. It forms an immensely rigid, and by no means ugly, frame.

#### The Erskine brake.

AMONGST brakes, the one invented by Mr. R. S. Erskine, and shown by him at the Stanley Show of 1893, deserves consideration now that the brake question has once again come prominently to the front. In this brake the action takes place on the rim of the front wheel, two hard rubber rings being vulcanized on to each side of the rim for the brake to act upon. The blocks on the brake itself are metal, and, it is claimed, they do not lose their hold when heated, whilst, of course, the tyre being untouched, is not injured. The City Gear Case Co., 31, Farnival Street, E.C., are making it.

#### Meanness.

"THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE," an American monthly is the most wilful literary thief we have placed before us. Its editor has a system of his own; he likes an article or a story that he sees in an exchange, and keeps it by till he imagines the author will not recognise it, then he publishes it as original matter. Here is a case in point:—In one of our Show Numbers last year, appeared a story by W. C. Birt-Whitwell, entitled "The Lost Tandem, a Tale of the South Pacific." It is published as original, the author's name being deleted, in the October "Wheelman's Gazette." We pity the poverty of the journal in question, but poverty is no excuse for dirty dishonesty.

WHAT has become of the Develine whistle? Is it dead and gone? And it never will be missed.

#### Club runs to the Stanley.

WHILST there is time both London and provincial clubs would do well to organise a club-run to the Stanley Show on one of the Saturdays, November 23rd or 30th. It will make a pleasant change from the usual Saturday cycling ride, and is sure to prove enjoyable, not to say instructive, as far as cycling matters are concerned.

#### Lady cyclist in St. Petersburg.

THE first lady cyclist to receive permission from the Prefect of Police to ride in the streets of St. Petersburg, secured her permit last week, after first undergoing an examination of her riding capacities. The fact of the permit being granted, was considered sufficiently remarkable to warrant a special Dalziel cable on the subject.

#### A Curate's novel plea.

AT the Altrincham Police Court, last week, a local curate was fined for riding a cycle without a light. In defence he pleaded that it was moonlight, and that a cabby who was conveying his luggage home from the station, declined to carry the cycle, and he was obliged to ride it behind the cab, and for which pleasure the magistrates charged him five shillings and costs.

#### A pedal and crank shield.

NOT a bad idea for novices, and for those who twist their feet about a lot on the pedals, is a new pedal and crank shield (Nicol's), which is a perforated flat steel plate, 4 inches in diameter, weighing 2 ozs., placed between the crank and the pedal to prevent riders from catching their feet or ankles in the frame, gear case, or chain. Of course it is a Yankee notion.

#### The tax question.

IT would appear as if the proposal of the Rural District Council of Chester, to tax cycles, was not likely to find much favour in the densely populated salt district of the county. At a meeting of the Winsford Urban Council the letter enclosing the resolution was received with roars of laughter, and the Winsford Councillors declined to give any consideration to such an absurd proposition as the taxation of cycles, seeing that the city of Chester benefits to a large amount annually by the number of riders who visit it during the cycling season.

#### City Justice.

A CYCLIST was fined one sovereign and costs a few days ago at the City of London Summons Court for riding a bicycle to the common danger of the public. The joke (it was hardly a joke to the cyclist) of the thing was that the defendant, when "collared" by the policeman, was endeavouring to secure the name and address of a man whom he accused of having thrown him. Mr. Alderman Trustcott, before whom the case was brought, paid little heed to the statements of the cyclist, but kindly dressed him down in the following manner: "Look here! You had no business to have been riding a bicycle in Finch Lane at all—in the busy streets of the City on a Saturday afternoon. You are just one of those people who spoil the Sport. People take a dislike to bicycles because such people as you get on a bicycle and think you can knock any one down you like. I am one of those determined that that shall not happen in the City."



**Free repairs.**

ALL tyres supplied by the Dunlop Co. after October 1st, 1895, will, in future, have their punctures repaired free of charge at any of the Company's depots.

**Nimrod, Ltd.**

THE subscription-list was dated to be closed yesterday (Tuesday) of the Nimrod Cycle Co., Ltd., capital £85,000 in £1 shares. A. A. Zimmerman figures amongst the directors.

**A Bohemian Concert.**

THE Granville C.C. open their festive season on Thursday, 31st inst., with a grand Bohemian concert, in the Queen's Room, "London Tavern," Fenchurch Street, E.C. The best talent has been engaged. Admission, 1s., by ticket, which can be had of the hon. sec., 19, Tredegar Square, Bow, E.

**Tandem times.**

THE wonderful time accomplished by Messrs. Osmond and Chinn for a mile on the road last week is valuable, as showing what speed a properly-constructed tandem is capable of. The writer has had several rides on the same machine, and on the first attempt, with Mr. Osmond on the front seat, rode a half-mile on a very moderate slope in 45 seconds. Strange to say, despite its very high gear, it is still faster, compared with single machines, up-hill than it is on a down grade.

**He was an M.P.**

THE advantages, accruing to the sport and pastime from the support and favouring smiles of the "classes," are already showing themselves in many little ways. A striking instance in point was afforded by a case that came before the South-Western London Police Court, last Thursday, when a driver of a London Road Car Co.'s bus was summoned by the police for loitering in Putney. The driver, it appears, in order to annoy a driver of a rival bus company, pulled his horses round suddenly, and in so doing, forced Mr. Henry Jarde Lopes, M.P., who was cycling, on to the pavement, to avoid a smash. The driver's excuse was that he did not see the M.P. approaching which was probably very true, but did not save him from very properly being fined 5s., with 2s. costs, and being told by Mr. Denman, that he ought to have been summoned for wilful misbehaviour.

**The Polytechnic C.C.**

ON this page we reproduce two photographs of the Polytechnic C.C. taken at different periods of its existence. The first portrait was taken in 1885, nearly ten years after the club's formation. The second was taken by F. Foulsham, on Sunday week, at Isleworth, in the grounds of A. J. Watson's, Milford Arms Hotel. The club was first known as the Hanover B.C., and of the members appearing in the old photograph, only one appears in the up-to-date group—that is George L. Morris, who will be seen standing behind and to the left of the bicycle in the first group, and at the extreme end (to the right) of the fourth row from the bottom in the second portrait, which contains many well-known faces; amongst them, A. J. Watson (1 and 5 miles amateur champion of England), T. Osborn, W. H. Bardsley, C. G. Vallancey (hon. sec.), R. Owen (hon. treasurer), A. H. Leith, W. Vail, E. Hughes, J. Lawrence, captain, J. Payne, Walter Groves, &c., &c. The comparison between the two pictures is interesting, though the second group is nothing like representative of the full strength of the club.

**Nice for the Policemen**

THE Standing Joint Committee of the Fife County Council thinks, it would be an advantage to have their policemen mounted on cycles, and, consequently, at a race meeting, it was decided to induce the men to get bicycles, to offer £1 per year to every man who makes regular use of his machine and keeps it in good order!

**Write early.**

THE Stanley Cycling Club have decided to hold an invitation smoking concert on Thursday, November 7th., the venue again being the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. Some first-class talent has been engaged, and hon. secretaries of clubs requiring tickets should apply without delay to E. A. Lamb, 57, Chancery Lane.



THE POLYTECHNIC B.C., 1885.



THE POLYTECHNIC C.C., 1895.



**"Cycling."**

"CYCLING," the Badminton standard work on the sport and pastime by the late Earl of Albemarle and G. Lacy Hillier, has been revised and brought well up-to-date. The new edition, published at 10s. 6d. by Longman & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, has been enriched by several new and first-class illustrations, and the book, as it stands, is worthy of its subject.

**For charity?**

THE Committee of the last cycle parade held in Liverpool, have at length published the accounts in connection therewith, and they afford rather interesting reading. The total receipts amounted to upwards of £800, and the balance handed over to the Lifeboat Institution was £162 odd, the remainder having gone in expenses, incredible though it may seem.

**The Billiard Challenge Shield.**

MR. LAMB, the Stanley Show secretary, informs us that clubs wishing to enter teams of four players for the Billiard Challenge Shield, presented by Messrs. Burroughs & Watts, and to be competed for during the coming Show, should apply at once to him at 57, Chancery Lane, for rules and regulations, as they are now ready. The arrangements for carrying out the competition will be on the same lines as in previous years.

**A fearful revenge.**

THERE is trouble in the fold of the New Wimbledon C.C., and even the "Daily Telegraph" thinks the situation sufficiently desperate to acquaint its affrighted largest circulation with the details. It appears that the club first decided to admit ladies to its annual dinner, but, under pressure from members, changed its mind, and the dinner was held without them. A gloom was cast over the festivity by the secretary reading a letter from a New Woman, we mean a New Wimbledon lady cyclist, declaring that, in consequence of being barred from the dinner, she and her friends would not think of attending the forthcoming Cinderellas, and she hoped all lady cyclists would follow her example. As the "D. T." sapiently remarks, the revenge foreshadowed is a terrible one, but it is doubtful whether many ladies—cyclists especially—have the fortitude to resist the chance of strong arms encircling their waists in the joyous whirl of the waltz.

**Parading woe.**

"EVERYONE," says a writer, "has seen youth and beauty on a bicycle, awkwardness on a bicycle, avoirdupois on a bicycle, and various other embodiments, but grief on a bicycle, as witnessed, the other morning, at one of the London riding schools, was a unique spectacle for all to comment upon. A young woman, garbed in deep mourning, with a long floating crape, and other accessories, the hem of whose gown was bordered deep in the ceremonies of woe, made the round of the charmed circle, and attracted the attention of onlookers for over an hour. Of all costumes for bicycles, past and future, certainly none could be invented more out of keeping with the character of the sport than this veiled and bordered creature in black. When she went past her veil streamed out like a black pennon behind her, and when she rode slowly it hung limp and dismal, as if aware of being out of place. The spectators felt sorry for the mourner, but their sympathy was inspired solely by her evident lack of that most charming sense of all, the "sense of the fitness of things."

**"Knit the punishment with the crime."**

RIDERS in many parts of the United States are being seriously annoyed by the wholesale malicious distribution of tacks on the highways. The feeling is growing that something must be done, and a San Francisco editor rather happily suggests, that the wretches, when caught, should be made to sit down in the locality where the tacks are placed, and sit down hard.

**Kent clear.**

JUST now cycling in Kent can be enjoyed. The London driving 'Arries no longer disgrace the roads on Sundays; the London scum, that pollute the highways all the Summer, have returned to seethe in their old dens of vice and misery, and the beauties of the Kentish scenery, and the excellence of the roads, can be enjoyed to the full by decent cycling men and women.

**Hoops are in.**

HOOPS are in, and no class of society is more painfully aware of that fact than cyclists. The clatter and shriek of the hoop of iron, and the ringless bang on the hoop of wood, assail their ears at every turn, and keep them strung up to a constant high pitch of terror. The terror is not unfounded, for a hoop stick through the front wheel, an iron hoop round the rider's neck, and a specimen of the wooden, or female, variety, dancing a waltz all round him, is confusing, if not dangerous.

**Nonsense.**

WE read in a contemporary that—"A broken tube may be temporarily repaired by binding a wooden splint tightly over the fracture with strong cord or wire. If wire is used, a handkerchief wound round the tube will prevent the enamel being damaged. The 'splint' should extend about six inches on each side of the breakage." As such a frame would have to go through the fire, and the enamelling stove before another ride was taken on it, the vital importance of keeping it free from scratches is, of course, obvious. By-the-way, has anyone ever experienced a tube breakage, except at a brazed joint?

**Concerning saddles.**

It has been well remarked, that a man might just as well declare he had a pair of shoes, or a suit of clothes to fit everybody, as a saddle to suit every rider. Jockeys, we are told, strongly object to using any saddle but their own, they have found out one that, in shape and character of leather, just suits them, and wisely stick to it. Cyclists would do well to follow their lead, and having found a pattern of saddle that they can ride on in comfort, stick to the brand. Unless a saddle is invented that is adjustable as regards its shape, as well as its position and tension, one design to suit everybody will never be arrived at.

**A much-ruled Sport.**

IN accordance with the resolution passed at the last meeting of the London Centre, a copy of the N.C.U. Rules has been forwarded to every London delegate. The present Book of Rules is revised up to July of this year. It shows that the Union Rules proper number 183, but this is counting all the Licensing Rules under one rule (28), whereas there are 29 distinct rules bearing on the licensing, which brings the actual number up to 211. Then there are 47 "Regulations," 33 "Instructions," and 10 "Recommendations," bringing the grand total up to 301. This does not allow for the numerous sub-divisions several of the Rules comprise, and which, if counted, would probably bring the Union Rules up to about 350.

**Double-faced votes.**

WHATEVER direction the votes are cast at the various Centre Meetings this week, culminating with the Council Meeting on the Saturday, we do hope they will be honest votes, and not double-faced. Nothing but chaos and irritation can ever be expected to follow such voting as made the present Licensing Scheme law; where the Centres voted for it, seemingly with the idea and intention that it was to be carried out in all its drastic entirety, everywhere, save in their own respective districts.

**An Eastern view of cycling women.**

AN Arabic magazine, the "Maktataf," published at Cairo, publishes an article, entitled, "The Bicycle and English Women." As might be expected, the author is down on the whole thing, and puts it forward as a sign of the decadence of European civilisation. "Why," he asks, "do the English allow their ladies to roam about the streets on bicycles, not caring about the remarks of the bystanders?" As for tandems, he describes them as "loathsome;" we have thought so ourselves at times, when hanging on, and the pace has been thick.

**A "furious" case.**

JAMES MEIKLE, the well-known Kensington C.C. racing-man, was charged at the Sunderland Police-Court last week, on a summons, with furiously riding a bicycle. After a plea of "Not Guilty," a police constable said that at 8.30 p.m., on the 7th inst., he saw the defendant riding his machine in Ryhope Road. He was riding at the rate of 15 to 16 miles an hour. Meikle said he was very careful to ride slowly in the town, and besides it was impossible for him to ride at the rate stated at that spot, owing to the nature of the road. The case was adjourned for a week for a constable's witness.

**The Whiteley Exerciser.**

EVEN Winter riders do not ride to an extent sufficient to correspond to the exercise they take a wheel in the Summer, and suffer frequently in consequence. To such, and to those who discard their cycles entirely in the Winter, some indoor exercise, such as can be obtained from the "Whiteley" exerciser, becomes specially necessary, if health is to be retained. The Whiteley is a simple apparatus, that can be easily fixed in any room, or building, and is adaptable to an immense variety of gentle exercises. Gamage, of Holborn, has just stocked a lot, and is selling at 12s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and 25s. each. Write him for the book about the exercises, well illustrated.

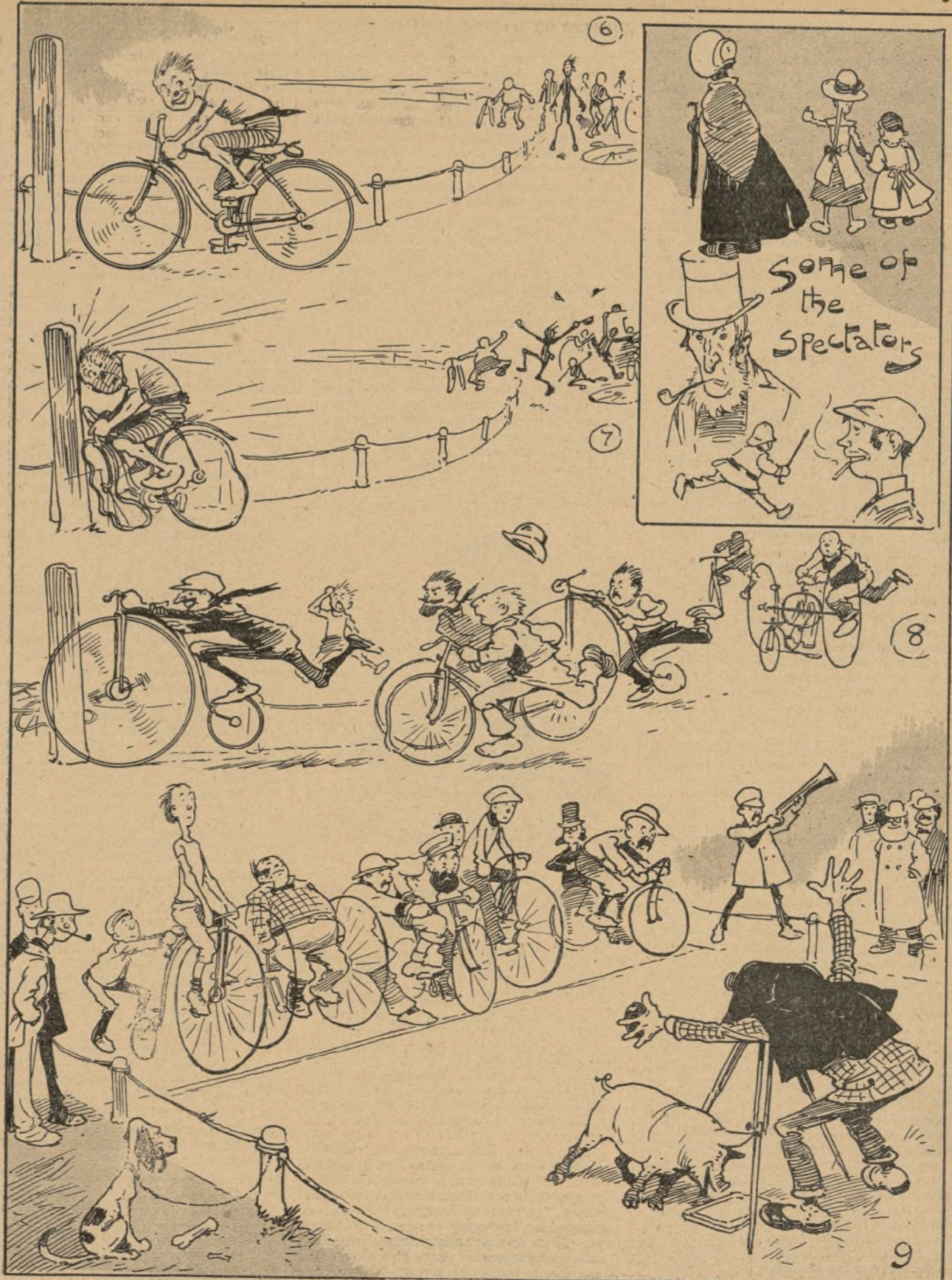
**OUR LOCAL SPORTS AT MUGWUMP.**

(See illustrations on next page.)

- No. 6.—It looked like a sure thing for him then, but, unfortunately, he looked round to laugh when near the winning post, and—
- No. 7.—Ran into it, to the delight of the other competitors. They then picked up heart again—
- No. 8.—And, as they had no time to mount, it finished up with a running match to the post, the G.O.O. romping in an easy winner.
- No. 9.—Photographing the start for the Pigswill Cup.

(To be concluded.)





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



## THE EVER (?) LASTING AMATEUR.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)



NCE again is the great amateur question to be brought before the Council of the N.C.U., for on Saturday next, Mr. F. P. Low, will move a resolution which will go a long way towards the abolition of any definition of an amateur. Why does he not go another step, cross the Rubicon and move the abolition of the artificial barriers existing between the various classes of cyclists? I am sure that in his heart he is an abolitionist—unless he has changed greatly since the days of "Wheel Life" and this would seem to be a good chance to obtain a fair trial for the no distinction plan.

Indeed it is difficult to see how anyone, who is really acquainted with the state of matters on the racing path at the present moment, can support the retention of any so-called amateur class for the principal result of the Licensing Scheme seems to have been that the more pure an amateur the N.C.U. pronounces a man the more grasping and extortionate does the maker find him; it is almost impossible that the state of racing matters can become worse—that is, of course, speaking of Trade subsidy; the bookmaker's amateur is infinitely worse.

The purists have failed, and surely, by this time, thick-skinned though they be, they must be tired of the constant stream of abuse and ridicule poured upon them, and be willing to exchange places with their critics. The fact is, that the old party (if we may so call the learned men, who have sat so long at the head of N.C.U. affairs) make the mistake of

## SACRIFICING THE SPIRIT OF AMATEURISM TO THE NAME.

A man is none the less an amateur, because the prize he strives for takes the shape of money, instead of money's worth, so long as he is not riding for the sake of the lucre. If his soul revolts at the idea of paying his winnings into his banking account—but a lantern will be required to find many such men in this utilitarian age—let him pay over his cheque to some hospital or charitable fund, or, if he has the true amateur's hunger for silver or plate—this is writ ironical—for heaven's sake let him choose his own, and not be subject to the taste of a race meeting secretary, whose eye is caught by a big discount sooner than a chaste design.

Methinks I see a scorcher, who has a land hunger, who has bought a little farm or a squad of cottages by his season's pedalling, and another who boasts that he has sent away six of Barnardo's boys to Canada on six successive Saturdays, and another who has purchased his thirteenth butlerdish, which now makes a complete nest, and, yet again, a man who has paid £100 into the N.C.U. coffers towards the prosecution of road hogs. I think of the enthusiasm this latter benefactor would arouse at a meeting.

It is now ten years since I raced seriously, but I am sure I would always have been better pleased to have been beaten by a street by pros. (!) such as Keen and Cooper, than to win in second-class company. What kudos can there be now-a-days in winning an N.C.U. championship when all the speediest men are standing idle, or are acting as hirelings on the quad, of some tyre company? 2870 2870 2870 HALF BLUE.

## WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

A Mr. C. ALAN PALMER, has been presented with a gift PRESENTATION and illuminated address, by the members of the Cyclist Division, of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, of which he was recently superintendent. Mr. Palmer, who is an old Brixton Rambler, conceived the idea of forming the Cyclist Division eight years ago.

GIMM. GIMM, who holds the modest American path 24 hours record, of 452 miles 1,715 yds., looks, according to his portrait, remarkably like Geo. Hunt. If the position he was photographed in is his natural one, he sits his machine much like Shorland did, reach rather long, and with toes pointed right down at the bottom of the thrust.

R. H. THE South Yorkshire Centre 25 miles' champion HEPPLEWHITE, commenced racing in 1892, when only 16 years of age, and won the first race he ever rode in. Since then he has won close on 60 prizes, including 21 firsts. He is a miner, and works regularly down the pit, and this is about all the training he gets.



R. H. HEPPLEWHITE.

J. B. RADCLIFFE THE late president of the Scarborough Cyclists Meet and Camp, was recently the recipient of a splendid set of golf clubs, from some of the London Brigade, at the recent camp, and on Thursday he put the clubs to good use by winning the Championship of the City of Newcastle Golf Club, in very brilliant style indeed. This feat which is looked upon as one of the blue ribbons of the northern golf world, carries with it the club captaincy.

MORIN. THE winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, Ludovic Morin, is but a young man, having been born in St. Brieux, August 25th, 1877. He went into the drapery trade early, but after learning to ride in 1891, and riding in several races with success, soon left it for the Cycle Trade, which gave him better opportunities to race. This year he has come out as a first-class sprinter, having defeated

every professional crack in Europe. Morin is a nice-looking, quiet, young fellow; he is possessed of a rare turn of speed, and, it is said, can finish a race faster than any one in the World, bar Zimmerman.

## London-York record broken.

ON Friday last Fontaine rode from London to York in 11 29.15, beating Peterson's time by 19.45. W. S. Holding, R.R.A., timed. Fontaine used his own patent hand auxiliary gear, we understand, so it may be considered doubtful whether the R.R.A. will consider the record.

## Reading path improvements.

AFTER patiently waiting, interposed with a few struggles, the cyclists of the "Biscuit" town are to have a pavilion, with proper accommodation, at the excellent track in Palmer Park. The work is proceeding apace, and it is expected that the building will be ready in about two months.

## Yorkshire 12 hours'.

LAST Monday, at 7 a.m., Harry Lee, Sheffield Sharrow C.C., started from York on his second attempt on the Yorkshire Road 12 hours' record. Although it rained nearly the whole of the day, and there were several accidents to himself and the pacing tandems, he managed to put in 182½ miles, thus beating the record. He rode a Peregrine with Dunlops.

## Sheffield League dine.

THE first annual dinner of the Sheffield Cycling League was held at the Clarence Hotel on Monday night of last week; Mr. W. E. Cope presided. After dinner the hon. sec. (Cooper Pearson) gave a brief history of the League, and said it had been a great success in every way; there was a profit of about £20 on the year's working, and the thanks of the racing-men ought to be given to the chairman for bringing the scheme before them. During the evening the chairman presented the medals to the successful riders.

## Racing at Liverpool.

A NUMBER of open cycling events were run off at Liverpool on Saturday in connection with the Inter-Centre team championship. The quarter-mile fell to F. Hudlass, Southport, 25 yds., who won rather easily from J. Astell, 17 yds., with W. Ewing, 22 yds., third; time, 33 secs. Macferson and Dagleish, who were entered in the half-mile scratch, did not turn up, and F. Millard had an easy journey, C. F. Glazebrook was second, and T. Astell third. The last-named accounted for the one mile handicap, which he won on the post from Frank Millard, with W. W. Jarvis third. The attendance was wretched.

## Will uphold its decision.

THE feeling of the Manchester Centre is strong against the payment of expenses for broken time, and it is an open secret that this Centre of the Union will uphold the decision of the A.A.A. on so important a question. Few out of Lancashire can realise the extent to which local riders are dependent on the N.C.A.A., and there is no doubt that if the compact between the two governing bodies in sport is severed, the riders in Lancashire will throw in their lot with the one which provides the majority of meetings. As it is a fact that ninety-nine out of the hundred meetings are promoted by clubs affiliated to the N.C.A.A.



## RIDES ON THE RAND.

## MY MOONLIGHT SPIN.

BY SYBIL BERNSTEIN.



SOMETHING very much after the style of a "smoker" was going on in Johnstone's rooms. The whiskey went round freely; Carlin gave us one or two comic songs in a style that was entirely his own. When I say that of Carlin's songs I feel that I am injuring nobody in the outside world, and, at the same time, giving Carlin a measure of

praise that he cannot possibly grumble at, if he sees these lines.

For, in these *fin-de-siècle* days, originality seems to be the highest point of excellence a man's ambition can bring him to. Carlin's efforts were nothing if not original, and as such we laughed at them as merrily as we could have done at any masterpiece of Dan Leno's. (By-the-way, I've never heard that gentleman, but from the way Trevor speaks of him I draw my conclusions.)

The fun was at its height (a very boisterous one) when our usual news-boy called out, shrilly:—

"Star!" third! all about the robbery!"

Somebody took the paper in, and we once more settled down to enjoyment, the pink sheet being opened meanwhile, and paragraphs read and commented upon.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the fellow who was reading, suddenly looking up, "they say they've as good as fixed the chaps who annexed the contents of the safe out at the 'Langlaate' last month."

"Indeed!" remarked Johnstone.

"Believe it when I see it!" said Carlin, helping himself to a "refresher."

"This takes the cake!" suddenly exclaimed Clarkson, throwing down the paper, and looking round at us. "I wonder if Hess has one to spare? Look at this: 'The culprits are confidently supposed to be two young men occupying prominent positions in Rand Society.' What do you think of that for an aspersion on our fair names?"

"I think it shows a good bit of cheek on your part, to take it as referring to us," I returned, laughing, "who told you we were 'prominent' members of Society?"

"Aren't we? Look at Johnstone, now; what do you say to *that* for prominence?" As Johnstone rose to his six-feet-two of blue serge (outwardly) we were all bound to admit there was something in Clarkson's reasoning.

That young gentleman went on reading interesting pars. from the paper, and the subject of the safe-robbery soon slipped from our minds.

At about half-past ten, Johnstone, who had been called from the room, returned with an open note in his hand, and a look of anxiety on his face.

"I'll have to leave you, boys," he said, speaking to all of us generally, and in a rather hurried tone, "it's most unfortunate, but a friend of mine has sent for me. It's too bad to spoil the evening like this; but you mustn't let it upset you. Carlin, I give my duties over to you, and I really will be very angry if you don't all stay on for hours, and enjoy yourselves."

"Oh! but you know," said Clarkson, expostulating, "something might be wrong with your friend; it's very good of you Johnstone, but I think we ought all to go home; we can have our little spree another time. Dash it, you know, but it doesn't seem the thing to drink a fellow's liquor, and smoke his cigars, when he isn't there to see!"

I admired Clarkson's emotions, and Johnstone's generosity; I felt that I must improve on both, if possible.

Now, look here!" I said, "there's something in that, and something else in allowing you to go to your friend alone, Johnstone. I vote one of us goes with you, and the rest adjourn till some future occasion."

"Hear, hear!" cried the others, admiringly.

"Oh, that's not necessary," Johnstone remarked, bringing his machine out of an adjoining room, "I'd just as soon go alone, I can assure you, and I wouldn't think of taking you out so far."

"How far is it?" somebody asked cautiously.

"Oh, out of town, a few miles; it doesn't matter, though: it's a fine moonlight night."

Johnstone began trimming his lamp. My own machine was in the inner room: I had brought it with me. I had been the first to suggest a companion for Johnstone: my duty now was obvious. Besides, his cigars were exceptionally good, and I had one of them in my pocket even then.

"That makes it all the more inadvisable for you to go alone," I said, "my machine is inside; I won't mind the ride at all."

I went into the inner room, and led my wheel out.

"Really, old man, this is quite absurd," Johnstone said, only half-earnestly, "I don't want an escort, 'pon my word!"

"Oh, Holmes must go!" all the others put in.

Not long after, we were off. As Johnstone had said, it was a lovely moonlight night. I began to muse over different circumstances. Not long ago—say six months—it would have been no unusual thing to find Johnstone and myself, from out of a crowd of fellows, going for a lonely moonlight spin. At that time, we had been inseparable.

Now it was very different. Our violently-sincere chum-ship had worn down to a commonplace acquaintance.

And yet, here we were: going, at an enormous speed,—where?

I looked around me; we were well out of town; in fact, we were approaching the nearer groups of mines. Johnstone rode like the wind: I reflected that his friendship for this man, he was going to, must be a very warm one. Probably, in its early stages yet.

Every now and then he glanced up at me, with a face which, in the moonlight, looked pale, if somewhat amused as well.

"Tired, Holmes?" he asked once, shortly; "hadn't you better turn back? I'm quite safe now, old man; nearly there, in fact."

There was something like a touch of scorn in his voice, it galled me.

"I'm not tired, if you're not," I said; "but where on earth are we going to?"

"Langlaagte," he said, tersely.

"Oh, so you're going out to Gifford?"

I said: Gifford was a great friend of Johnstone's, and Secretary at the "Langlaagte." "As you say, we're nearly there," I went on, "I'll go right up with you now."

In two minutes more, we were at the mine, and almost directly after, at the men's quarters.

When we had dismounted, Johnstone turned to me.

"It was very kind of you to come with me, Holmes," he said; "and forgive my bearishness in speaking to you as I did, and, apparently, trying to repel you. I had no reason in doing so, and the same reason now prompts me to ask you if you mind staying out here—you can have a look round at the shaft; it looks well at night—while I go in and see Gifford. You see, it's just possible he doesn't expect me to bring anyone with me. You don't mind?"

"Not at all," I said, quite understanding his scruples, and feeling vaguely, that I had overstepped the bounds of mere courtesy, and become officious, "only don't be long."

"Not two minutes," he said; and disappeared, with his machine, behind a door that opened readily to his touch.

I followed his advice, and strolled round about the works, exploring everything that was explorable from a surface-view.

After about ten minutes, I went back to the men's quarters. Johnstone would surely be ready now.

I waited about five more, and strolled round again; then I returned, waited again, and then, getting impatient, knocked.

No answer. I knocked again, louder; and again. Then the door next to the one I was at opened, and a head was thrust out.

"Here, what are you about?" a voice called, "can't you let a fellow rest?"

I must have knocked louder than I intended. The disturbed man was evidently an amalgamator, perhaps doing "night-shift," and therefore anxious to



make the most of the hours when rest was possible.

"I'm very sorry I disturbed you," I said, "but I wanted Mr. Gifford."

"Then why don't you go in?" he asked, crossly, retreating within the doorway. "Mr. Gifford won't eat you." The advice seemed plausible. I pushed open the door, and entered.

There was nobody in the room, or the one beyond it. Both Gifford's machine and Johnstone's were gone. It seemed probable that we were playing a game of cross-purposes, and they had gone to search for me.

I went round the place a bit, but saw nobody; and fearing to rouse more sleeping amalgamators, I finally went back to town.

Johnstone's rooms were locked up, and no lights were burning. I went to my own room; but I won't say much for the amount of sleep I got that night.

I felt no anxiety about Johnstone's welfare: but I did feel that I had been most outrageously "sold."

Throughout the whole affair, I had played a part which now seemed most absurd to me; and I began to see that Johnstone must have had some real reason for wishing to be alone.

Next day, when I heard that he had not returned, I felt more angry still. I told all the other fellows my experiences, and our conjectures were many and varied. About mid-day came the news that the Secretary of the "Langlaagte" had absconded; and then our conjectures began to have a little reason infused into them.

The finishing-touch was administered by the arrival of the evening papers, which reported a strange occurrence. The probable culprits in the safe-robbery case, who had been all but apprehended, had mysteriously disappeared.

The same paragraph commented on the departure of the mine-secretary, as a possibly significant circumstance. Reporters and detectives are discreet up to the point of aggravation, as to what they let the public know, and what they suppress, "for obvious reasons."

All this happened about three months ago. Last week I was introduced, at a Wanderers' Dance, to a fellow who had just come from up-country.

When he found I was a cyclist, he waxed confidential. He told me two or three yarns, about wheelmen he had known, all of which were more or less probable. Then he wound up by a reference to a couple of cyclists, who, about two months before he left, had arrived at an out-of-the-way district in the Klein Letaba, having made the entire journey from the Rand on their machines.

My companion was very talkative. He considered the ride a very plucky undertaking, and even went so far as to describe the riders to me, in detail.

Of course, I did not tell him so: but nevertheless, I recognised the description of Gifford, the Mine Secretary, and my one-time chum, Johnstone.



A. C. SINGER (London).—Many thanks.  
S. T. BROWN (Tunbridge Wells).—The letter has been forwarded.

F. HOLLAND (Manchester).—We believe it was invented by a Mr. Shewdra.

H. C. COUZENS (London).—Many thanks for sending cuttings, which we had noticed.

A. HINCHCLIFFE (Mirfield).—Warrick's, of Reading, would supply you with what you require.

A. READER (Bognor).—We do not understand the defect of which you complain, and cannot advise you on the subject.

H. G. JACKSON (Melbourne).—We have noted the alteration of your address. Thanks for sending programme of meeting. We shall be glad to have a few notes of the event.

W. THOMAS (Penzance).—We cannot give an opinion on an invention which is described so vaguely. It is certainly not a wise policy to make public the description of the article until protected.

T. M. (Middlesbrough).—We really cannot account for the noise unless it is caused by corrugations on the surface of the tyre. We have been riding tyre No. 2 for two seasons and have never noted any such tendency.

G. H. L. (Blackburn).—Many people like the form of machine you refer to, and we have heard it spoken well of as a comfortable mount. It is not speedy. Personally we would much prefer such a machine as a Humber or Rudge-Whitworth.

"ADMIRER OF CYCLING" (Norwood).—1. The tyre that will best answer your requirements is, in our opinion, the Clincher. 2. Plain gearing—about 64 or 66—would give most satisfaction, we think. The firm you are thinking of dealing with are strictly honourable, and you can negotiate with every confidence. As regards the gear named, we have had no opportunity of testing it, but we have heard its merits well spoken of.

J. NEWMARCH (London).—It was impossible to get the report in last week's issue; the paper goes to press on Monday evening, and the exhibition was not held till Tuesday. Our correspondent sends us his vote on the tax question, and writes as follows:—"I beg to enclose my reply as to the taxation of cycles; I would gladly pay, as by so doing we may succeed in diminishing the number of 'scorchers' and 'bounders'."



MAGNANIMOUS.

SMALLMAN (with an appetite that a worm would despise).—"I suppose we cyclists make a decided increase in the consumption of food in the village during the Summer?"

BONIFACE.—"Some of yer do!"

"SIGMA" (Edinburgh).—Don't have toe-clips; have slots in your shoes to fit the pedals.

"SPORTSMAN" (London).—You are right. We shall not be represented at such an event.

"LUKE" (Leeds).—Have a Humber by Marriott & Cooper. Weight should be 30 lbs., gear about 64.

H. L. ROCHAT (Colombo).—We thank you for the information contained in your letter, and have noted the facts in this issue.

L. STEEL (Croydon).—To reach Bexhill-on-Sea, I should advise:—  
**London to Bexhill.** Past East Croydon Station and Addiscombe Road to the Wickham Road (if he is a native he ought to know this route) on to West Wickham, past the "Swan." When at the church turn to the left over the Common to Keston, and strike the main road at "Lock's Bottom." Then Farnborough Hill, Pollhill, to Sevenoaks, and Tonbridge; over the railway bridge turn to the left through Pembury, Lamberhurst, Hurst Green, Robertsbridge, and, just before reaching Battle, turn to right through Ninfeld, and to the left for Bexhill. E. Chappell also writes as follows:—"I give the following route, as asked for by L. Steel (W. Croydon), in 'Asked & Answered,' in this week's 'Cycling': Godstone, East Grinstead, Forest Row, Nutley, Maresfield, Uckfield, East Hoathly, Horsebridge, Gardners Street, Ninfeld, Bexhill-on-Sea."

P. L. C. C. (Portsmouth).—"Reading to Thame:—Go over Caversham Bridge, through Shipplake to Henley-on-Thames, along the road called 'Fair Mile,' and a stiffish climb to Nettlebed, here take the right-hand road to Watlington and Lewknor, where strike the London and Oxford main road, turn to the left, and a little way along, at Postcombe Corner, go sharp to the right for Thame. 30 miles, beautiful scenery, and good road in places. Windsor to Watford:—Over the Eton Bridge to Slough; turn to the right and keep on the London Road for three-quarters of a mile, when turn to the left at finger-post for Uxbridge; turn to the left down the main street, over canal and river, and, after two miles, turn to the right through West Hyde for Rickmansworth, and straight on to Watford. About 21 miles, most part flat and decent roads.—A. C. SINGER."

H. JAEFF (London) writes us concerning our recent remarks regarding the signing of checking sheets at Fareham. We cannot give publicity to all his statements, but quote the following:—"With reference to your article, in a recent issue, respecting a certain hotel at Fareham, might I be allowed to air my grievances, experienced on Sunday, 22nd ult., the same day on which your correspondent was treated so badly. Arriving at the house at 12.30, mid-day, I requested the barmaid, in my politest manner, to serve me with an egg and milk previous to my meal. She called the waiter to fetch an egg, and, upon his appearance, he greeted me with a most insulting remark. Why, I ask, do Southern secs. appoint a house of this type as a checking station when clubmen receive such treatment at the hands of the people employed. I may mention that the Boniface of this establishment does not sign cards; this is always done by the waiter, who, so far as I and my clubmates are concerned, has been well recompensed on previous occasions with the tip received in exchange for his autograph."

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

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

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

## THIS COLUMN

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





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