

# CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY  
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



"CYCLING"

LAPSUS LINGUE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid  
Our casual cycling acquaintance, who is infatuated with the sport lies in finding "sho many quiet shue-cluded 'pots!" (Possibly, he meant "spots!")





IN pursuance of appointment I met Pickford in the City, one Saturday afternoon, about three years ago; and as he hove in sight round the corner of Wood Street, the full significance of his felicitous nickname dawned upon me for the first time. From the saddle of his ordinary depended a huge M. 1. P., while his handlebar sustained a camera and its tripod, together with a macintosh and a few sundries. In such wise we started on a little Whitsuntide excursion.

Our progress along Holborn was exciting. A running fusillade of chaff from the cab and omnibus drivers saluted Pickford and his impedimenta, causing several smart exchanges of repartee, in which, I am proud to say, my friend more than held his own. He always contrived to secure the last word; and some of his Partbian shots were so unexpectedly smart as to reduce his assailants to the verge of apoplexy. In emulation of his exploits, I got up an argument on my own account. Unfortunately, with more zeal than discretion, I started on a policeman, who had halted the traffic at Southampton Row, and with whom by the way, I collided somewhat violently. This error of judgment nearly caused me to spend the first instalment of my vacation in a police station.

By way of Piccadilly, Brompton, Putney, Wimbledon, and Kingston, we reached Thames Ditton, where

#### A HULKING MISCREANT

hurled a heavy stick at Pickford's van, who with difficulty escaped a nasty spill. Boiling with rage, he seized the stick and started to interview his assailant. The latter promptly made himself scarce; so, after an exciting, but fruitless, chase, my friend remounted, carrying off the bludgeon as a trophy. We rode on to Chobham, where Pickford established a record by swallowing a pint of cider at a marvellous rate of speed. I am afraid to say how much of this pleasant beverage he consumed during the trip; but if it represented his normal consumption he must annually dispose of the entire produce of a good-sized orchard.

Near Leatherhead, while manœuvring to avoid a gang of gipsies, I felt something jar my back wheel. Looking round, I beheld the overturned pantechicon lying in the road, its driver stretched beside it. In answer to my inquiries, he stated that his back was broken, and implored me to let him die in peace, while a stream of sovereigns, issuing from his waistcoat pocket, rolled, like the fabled Pactolus, along the sandy road. Deeply impressed by this display of opulence, I drew Pickford's attention to the fact, whereupon he arose

with surprising agility and recovered his property. Then he lay down again to await his impending dissolution. It impended so long that Pickford became impatient, not to say disgusted. At length he rose, and after a short spin, and another pint of cider, he thought, he said, he wouldn't die just at present. And so, as Pepys beautifully remarks, to Dorking; where we lay that night at the "White Horse," a right goodly and pleasant hostel.

Next morning was Whit-Sunday; and it is perfectly superfluous to add, that it rained—not heavily, but steadily, diligently, and with

#### A STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS,

that was infinitely more effective than any number of spasmodic thunder-showers. I suggested going to church, but Pickford had other fish to fry. In other words, he had got out his photographic apparatus, and was eager to use it.



As a rule, I cordially detest your amateur photographer. He never seems to wash his hands, and his den smells like an oilshop with a druggist's in the basement. His monotonous conversation runs ever on lenses, plates, developers, and similar trash, for which he ransacks the dictionaries in search of bizarre and outlandish appellations. Above all, he wants you to sit for him. The exile pining for his native shore; the lover longing to meet his lass; the British workman languishing for the public-houses to open on Sunday morning; the Thomas cat that yearns after your pet canary—and haply causes you to thirst for his, the said Thomas's, blood, by performing operatic selections beneath your bedroom window—are not a circumstance to the amateur photographer yearning to take your photo. It is useless to urge that you never had your likeness taken, lest peradventure it fall into the hands of the police, and lead to your arrest. Sooner or later, you have to yield. Having developed the

negative, he complacently exhibits a surpassingly horrible production in which your watch-chain, together with a small tract of circumjacent waistcoat, stands out in bold relief; while your more or less intellectual features have receded several miles into a smeary wilderness supposed to represent the background. You expostulate; whereupon he explains that he must have got the wrong focus, or something of that sort. Another attempt results in a pair of boots big enough to frighten a policeman, and nothing else worth mentioning. After that, he commonly finds it advisable to seek another subject for his experiments.

Pickford, I am happy to say, does not belong to this irritating species.

#### A MEMBER OF THE CAMERA CLUB,

he is thoroughly well up to his work; consequently I had no misgivings when he set up his camera in the sloppy High Street, and proceeded to business. At first I rendered him invaluable assistance by looking on. Then, wearied by my exertions, I strolled off in quest of the "Marquis of Granby," and that historic pump associated with a memorable incident in the life of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins. Unfortunately I failed to find them—whether owing to my innate stupidity or because they are no longer in evidence I cannot say.



After dinner it cleared up, enabling us to resume our journey. At Bletchworth stumbling upon a Volunteer Camp, we chummed on to some men of the 17th Middlesex; and I will say that a cheerier set of warriors I never set eyes on. They insisted upon our partaking of their hospitality; after which Pickford photographed them as per illustration, and we parted sworn friends.

It was a hot afternoon; and distressed by his load, the perspiring Pickford mopped his face and consumed more cider than ever. By way of Reigate, Redhill, Bletchingly, and Lingfield, we reached East Grinstead, where we stayed the night; and on Monday rode over to Tunbridge Wells. When Cheltenham was an obscure country-town, and Brighton but a tiny fishing-village, Tunbridge Wells was a famous watering-place; and to me it still seems redolent of Georgian elegance and fashion. Strolling on the historic Pantiles, one might easily imagine oneself transported back to those leisurely, spacious times when men lived and loved, and worked and played unharassed by the high-pressure of modern life.





Fortunately for us, this was but

AN IDLE FANCY,

for something went wrong with the celestial waterworks; and, in default of a prosaic Victorian railway train, we should have experienced some difficulty in getting home. The giddy S.E.R. whirled us away in company with a jolly Bank Holiday crowd, which beguiled the tedious journey by its sprightly wits fighting, at intervals, with the "7th Royal Fusiliers" in a pleasing variety of keys.

The skies wept in sympathy as we parted at the King William Street statue. Miraculously escaping annihilation by a Brixton 'bus, Pickford waved his hand, and his solemn farewell yet rings in my ears. It was: "Well, so long, you giddy old sardine! Give my love to Auntie!"

#### Neapolitan Cyclists taxed.

THE Naples authorities have just imposed a tax on cycles. Those machines used for pleasure or sport only are liable to a tax of francs, machines used partly for business purposes are only taxed five francs. A census of Neapolitan cyclists made now would probably show that an enormous percentage used their wheels for business purposes, and afford another proof of the immense utility of the cycle.

#### What we may expect.

HERO-WORSHIP can go no farther than chronicling the business or social events and habits of racing cyclists' relations. That is the sort of thing that is becoming fashionable now. If it does go any farther, we may expect to read this sort of thing ere long:—"The servant who cleans Speeder's boots prefers tripe to Vienna steak. She is a non-cyclist." "S. Cratch-Mann, whose brother married a cousin of the celebrated stayer, Jenkins, is a bank clerk. He does not ride." "A. Jones-Smyth is a grocer's assistant in Manchester. He is no relation to Jones-Smyth, the record-breaker." "B. Limmatt, who has won several thirds from the 200 yards' mark has four brothers. At least, he had; they are dead now."

#### A VOICE FROM THE SHELF.

THE Tunbridge Wells exhibition of Motor-carriages brings to my mind rather a funny incident of the racing track some 15 years ago. There were very few pure racing machines in those days—about as few as there are pure amateur racing men now, and the front wheel spoon brake was regarded as rather a dangerous weapon, a sudden application sometimes causing a header. An ingenious inventor, Harrington, who was also responsible for the famed Cradle spring, had brought out a band brake which acted on a drum on the front wheel hub; this drum looked something like the Bantam gear box, and when it was spied by the Alexandra Palace crowd on a competitor's machine, there arose a storm of hissing and hooting at the unsportsmanlike conduct of a man who was supposed to have fixed some mechanical device to help his speed. The unfortunate victim of this demonstration was, if I remember rightly, C. A. E. Pollock, of Cambridge University, now a reverend college don.

I have been looking at my bound volumes of "The Wheel World" and "Cycling" (no relation to this paper). The former was conducted by Hillier, Hetherington, and Wilson, and is extremely readable to this day, some of Faed's parodies being extremely smart, the articles sound, and the cartoons quite recognisable. In the first volume is to be found the first Land's End to John o' Groat's trip, undertaken by Blackwell & Harman as a tour, and a very long tour, "From the Peak to the Alps," by C. E. Oliver. Later on this little magazine passed into other hands, grew bigger in size and price, and then quietly passed away. It was on it that George Moore won his spurs as a cycling artist. The other little paper emanated from Newcastle, and was rather too local in its tone to command an extensive circulation. It was conducted by Walter D. Welford, the now well-known photographer; Welford became secretary to the then juvenile B.T.C., and the "Monthly Gazette" appeared as a supplement to the magazine. The consequence was that members of the club got a 3s. magazine for their 2s. 6d. subscription. The Christmas Numbers of both magazines were very good; no special effort in that way is made now. Surely it is not because the new generation are not quite so cycle mad as to want

nothing but cycle to live upon? Holding, the well-known cycling tailor, was a Northumbrian in those days, and a great canoeist, and his water adventures were a great feature in the "Cycling" of those days.

Amongst the notices of new machines there is one of Grout's carpet-bag bicycle, showing how the driving-wheel came into four pieces: the chief object was to escape the railway rates, which had not then been reduced to their present reasonable amount.

Bob Yardley, of the North Warwickshire, was the great humourist of those days; and Joey Sawbell, of Sherborne, the Laureate; Hillier, the burlesquer and cartoonist; Faed, the paragraphist and parodist; and Banks, the scene-painter, the comic artist.

It fell to my lot, the other day, to conduct an election in a remote country village, which was most readily reached by bicycle. Polling was not very brisk, and it was amusing what a percentage of the electors were quite *au fait* on cycling, and wished to discuss the points of my front driver. The squire's daughters rode, the parson, the schoolmaster, the miners, and even the huntsman—in fact, the farmers alone seemed untouched with the craze. It seemed quite appropriate to declare the result of the poll by aid of a cycle-lamp, and, subsequently, to ride off to my hotel with the ballot-box poised on the handlebar, and that the victorious candidate should be the C.T.C. hotel-proprietor.

In my last "Voice," Hassen should, of course, be read Stassen.

AN OLD CROCK.

#### There's money in both.

A CERTAIN peer is, it is rumoured, training his son for the pigskin. He believes in riding as a lucrative profession; but, it is not decided yet, whether the boy will make his *début* on the turf, or as an "amateur" cyclist.

#### Thought better of it.

RATHER than pay a fine of 5s. to the Banchory Police Court, for riding his cycle without a light, the Hon. Mr. Fielding, brother of the Earl of Denbigh, said he would go to prison. He changed his mind, however, when he caught a glimpse of the unattractive appearance of the establishment, and paid up.

#### Boston butterflies.

FROM all reports, the majority of the cyclists of Boston, Lincolnshire, are no Winter riders. A local authority declares, they are the pampered pets of their patrician parents, lolling in the lap of luxury, feasted, and fondly favoured, tenderly tutored, and daintily dieted. To such as these a wet jacket, or a mud-bespattered one, were almost enough to unnerve the recipient for life.

#### A brake that breaks.

It is all very well for daring young cyclists to advocate the use of the foot as the only cycle brake, and to send us hints how to apply the system by inserting the toes between the front tyre and fork-crown; but this is a terrible strain for the forks, which machines, not fitted with ordinary brakes, are the least able to withstand, not being constructed to resist such a breaking force at that part. On several occasions forks have parted from their crowns under this very strain, and as we write a member of the Chilton Parish Council, Mr. James Charlton, is suffering from injuries sustained in this way.





### BICLE VERSUS BIKE.

SIR,—While a lady was learning to ride, the lesson was eagerly watched by her little daughter, not yet three years old. When she went alone, I said, "Vi, look at mummy." The child clapped her hands, and said, "Mummy is riding her *bicle* all alone."

I venture to think, that little Violet's natural abbreviation of the hard word, *bicycle*, would form a happy substitute for the somewhat uncouth expression, *bike*, to which Mr. Shipton has taken exception in various journals, and regards as a case of "murdering the Queen's English."

Yours obediently,  
C. FREDERICK LOWE,  
Member C.T.C.

### SHALL CYCLISTS BE TAXED?

SIR,—I have been reading, with much interest, the various articles that have appeared recently in *CYCLING*, and other journals, on the important question of a cycle tax, and now that you ask the straight question—for or against it—I, as one who has been appealed to along with your other readers, emphatically say, "I am thoroughly against such a tax," and for various reasons, a few of which I shall endeavour to state.

A tax on a commodity, whether it be cycles, cycling, or anything else, has always the effect of lessening the production or enjoyment of the thing, and I believe this would be the inevitable effect of putting a tax on cyclists. Cycling would be indulged in less, fewer people would be attracted to the pastime, and this would only be natural, seeing that they had to pay a fine for doing so; a bad feeling also against cycling would be engendered, and the enemies of the wheel would point to it, as a thing that was such a public nuisance that the Government had to step in and put a tax on it.

With a good few cyclists I know it is now a "toss-up" whether they ride again or no, and I am certain, if they had to pay a tax of 8s. or 10s., they would sell their machines rather than do it. They are not enthusiasts at the best, and certainly a tax would not add to their enthusiasm.

There is an idea abroad that a tax will put down scorching, and I am really sorry for the purblind individuals who believe so. Speaking for myself, the moment I have to pay a tax for the liberty of riding a cycle I'll scorch, and get the worth of my money, and I know that, with the majority of cyclists, the feeling is the same. They will have paid then for the liberty, and they will enjoy it. Scorching could be as easily put down now, I think, as when there is a tax on. I don't see what special "scorcher catching" powers a cycle-tax will give. The main difficulty, now, is to catch the "scorcher." There is a feeling, also, that "thoroughfare" riding should be put down, and a number of people jump to the conclusion that, the way to put it down is to tax cyclists. The idea is as idiotic as it is for

putting down scorchers. Thoroughfare-riders would, I dare say, ride a *little more* if once they were taxed for it, for the very same reason that scorchers would—*i.e.*, that they were paying for their liberty. Complications, also, in the exchanging and sale of bicycles, I can see, would also arise.

Now, it is easy enough to dispose of your old jigger and get a new one, if you have a mind to; but, once you have to call on the Inland Revenue, fill up half-a-dozen forms, and wait a few days for your license, I guess you would be inclined to postpone the evil day, and stick to your old friend. Certainly your "Sales Columns," Mr. Editor, would suffer from this; and, to the public, it would be an intolerable nuisance. The Trade would also suffer very materially with the lessened demand made for cycles in this way.

Altogether, I think a tax would be a most unfortunate thing, and, certainly, would not tend to popularise the pastime. I consider the proposal should be fought against, "tooth and nail," by riders, the Trade, and everybody interested.

If such a tax were imposed, however, there is one thing certain, it would be a nail in the coffin of the Government that imposed it.

Yours, &c.,  
G. LONGMUIR.

SIR,—I enclose coupon with my answer, which is affirmative, because I believe a tax to be desirable. Cycling has been allowed to remain too long "*in statu pupillari*." A tax will be the means of giving cyclists the benefit of standing on their rights when needed. Thus their true character and their harmless intentions will be better known by that antagonistic and misinformed circle of pedestrians who believe that the friendly warning of a bell is of an aggressive nature.

As a woman who rides mostly alone I have no complaint whatever against cyclists of any degree; on the road I have always been treated by them with respect and courtesy. My humble idea is that a tax

would be conducive to a better understanding between pedestrians and wheelmen, and that by it our insular diffidence of "strangers" would melt away into a moral "shake-hands" between the two parties of all classes.

Yours faithfully,  
ELVIRA TARNEY-ARCHER.

SIR,—Whilst recording my vote in favour of taxation, I wish to state that I only do so conditionally. I object to anything more than a fair tax as compared to that of any other vehicle; and, I think, that those who use cycles solely for business purposes (but not letting out) should be exempt; and this, it seems to me, could be easily arrived at, if, instead of the cycle being taxed, a license was granted to the individual to keep, say one, two, or three cycles, as the case may be, the authorities locking up and punishing any one using a machine for pleasure without the tax having been paid.

Then, again, the tax should be paid locally, and a good portion (if not all) devoted to keeping the roads in A1 condition, the cyclist having all the rights of those paying taxes for other vehicles. And Universal Lighting being the law of the land.

Perhaps you will kindly publish this in your next, and oblige

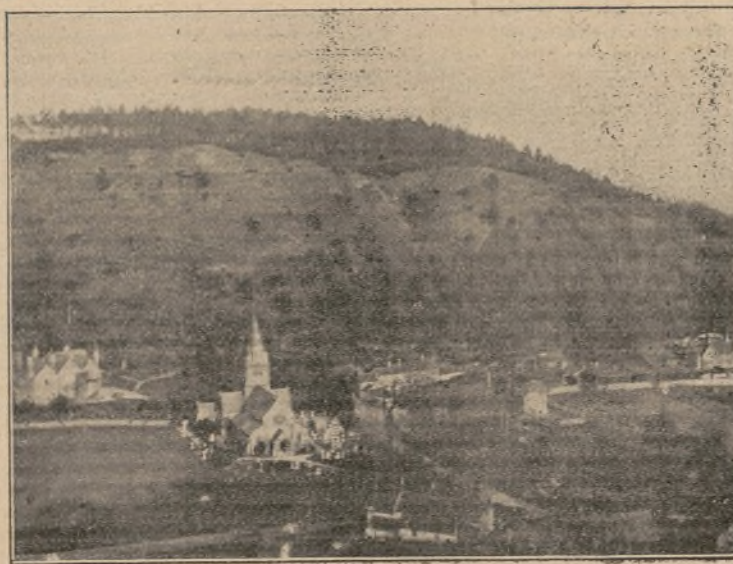
Your old subscriber,  
J. H. P.

Telephone, No. 6992.

THOSE firms, who keep an alphabetical list of the telephone numbers of the various firms they do business with, might note that the number for the Temple Press, Ltd., "CYCLING," and "THE CYCLE MANUFACTURER," is 6992.

### Elections at Coventry.

THE Municipal Elections at Coventry have resulted in the return of Mr. W. Phillips, of Humber & Co., Mr. A. DuCros, of the Pneumatic Tyre Co., and Mr. T. Bayliss, of Bayliss, Thomas & Co. Messrs. Phillips and DuCros had a sensational canvasser in their interests, Sam Brown on his Eiffel.



Photo, by A. C. Unwin.

SWISS VALLEY, CLEVEDON.





CHINN, when he broke the European half-mile record last week, used a 91½-in. gear, and will try a 100 next time.

THE 100 kilometres championship of Paris, decided on October 23th, resulted in the victory of Dunwoody on his Triumph.

F. W. CHINN rode a half at Catford, last week, in 57½, beating the previous record, held by himself, by ½. E. A. Powell timed.

JACQUELIN, when he won the Grand Prix de Madagascar, and beat Banker, Bourillon, Pontecchi, &c., was on a Rudge-Whitworth.

JOHNSON, the American crack, finds professionalism pay, and has just bought a mansion for himself, for which he is paying 10,000 dols.

It was on a Rudge-Whitworth tandem that Messrs. Yates and Horswell made their successful attempt on records at Catford on the 31st. ult.

H. C. HORSWELL, the speedy Essex flyer, has resigned his membership of the Granville C.C., and has become a first claim member of the Essex Wheelers.

THE ½-mile safety and 2 mile tricycle path records, with the 24 hours' Yorkshire road record, and several provincial races, make the latest addition to the Dunlop's 1895 list of successes.

#### Simpson's challenge accepted.

Too late for publication in our last issue, we received a letter from Mr. A. W. Gamage accepting Mr. Simpson's challenge. Mr. Gamage stipulates that the contests be held at the Wood Green track, and Mr. Simpson at Catford, so the prospect of the matches coming off is somewhat remote.

#### Living advertisements.

THERE can be no false pride about the professional, or semi-professional American racing-man. In the racing-teams, run by the various firms, it is considered quite the correct thing for the men to appear on the tracks with the name of the firm they ride for, or the machine they ride, emblazoned large upon their jerseys. It is terribly suggestive of the sandwich man to English eyes.

#### Sheffield Charity Sports.

A MEETING of the Sheffield Cyclists' Charity Tournament Association was held, last Wednesday, at the Clarence Hotel. The president, Mr. J. Sutton, was in the chair. The treasurer gave a statement of accounts, which showed that there is a reserve in the bank of £150, also £127 12s. 9d. as a working capital. Eight tournaments have been held, at which over 101,500 spectators have attended; whilst £2,812 10s. 5d. has been taken at the gates, without reckoning tickets sold. £625 7s. 10d. has been paid for the hire of Bramall Lane Grounds; £750 8s. 6d. for advertising; £703 0s. 9d. has been spent in prizes, not reckoning those that have been presented to the Association by different gentlemen. The Sheffield Infirmary has received £340, the Dispensary £335, the Jessop's Hospital £175, and the Children's Hospital £185, making a total of £1,035. There is every credit due to the cyclists of Sheffield for the hard work which must have been put in to secure the above results.

#### Michael v. The New Chain.

"CHOPPY" WARBURTON who is in Paris looking after Michael, has written a letter to Mr. Simpson, in answer to his chain challenge. He is prepared to match Michael, riding, the ordinary chain, against any other man Mr. Simpson will select. Distances: 1 hour, 50 and 100 miles.

#### The French Union in danger.

THINGS are going from bad to worse with the *Union Velocipedique de France*. The different committees were re-elected last week, but one of their colleagues, Mr. Paul Rousseau, being left out, the whole of the sports committee have resigned. The future of the Union looks very bad at present.

#### The Welsh 50.

THE Raleigh shares with T. James and the Fairbanks wood rims the honour of holding the 50 miles Welsh championship, the venue being Cardiff, and the date, October 29th. The famous Nottingham machine has had its full share of championships, big and little, and has wound up by securing this important one.

#### I. C. A. Meeting.

THE agenda for the Irish Cyclists Association Council Meeting on Wednesday evening is short. There is a recommendation from the Race Committee that in connection with a recent 10 miles handicap—three competitors be suspended for 12 months, one for 6 months, and one severely cautioned. That the committee of the club which promoted the race be censured for not reporting the matter. There was a lot of dirty work. The facts came out, and the result will be suspensions as above.

#### New tandem records.

G. H. YATES and H. C. Horswill on Thursday last lowered the British tandem safety records from 2 to 5 miles at Catford. Their first mile was covered in 1.58½, but the odd fractions of a second outside Weatherley and Rosser's time. Their 5 miles time was 10.35½, which is 12½ secs. inside the previous amateur record and 3 secs. inside the unlicensed time. A breakdown in their second pacing triplet slowed the time of the last 2 miles, and caused the riders to relinquish their intention of going on for the 10 miles.

#### For the Madagascar soldiers.

THE cycling fête, organised at the Paris Winter Track, on behalf of the Madagascar soldiers, was an immense success, the gate receipts amounting to £600. The principal event, a 2 kilometres scratch race, with £160 as a first prize, gave the following results:—Jacquelin first; Banker and Bourillon second; dead heat. The result was a surprise, as Jacquelin won very handsomely, beating the American crack by two lengths. Protin, being unwell, did not start, but the unplaced comprised Pontecchi, Farman, Muringer, and several other good men.

#### Records on the G. & J.

By the mail despatch from America, we note that two more world's records have been broken on the Rambler and G. & J. tyres at Napa, Cal., October 15th. Walter Foster, on a Rambler racer, broke the third of a mile, flying start, paced world's record, establishing a new record of 30 secs. flat; also the third of a mile unpaced record, setting the new time at 32½ secs. Foster's new half-mile record, made a few weeks ago (time, 48 secs. flat), has been accepted by the racing board. In the paced events, his pace-makers were mounted on a Rambler quad, fitted with G. & J. tyres.

#### Mile in 1.44 1-5.

AT Louisville, on October 21st, J. S. Johnson rode a mile in the record time of 1.44½; his first half took 53½. On the same day, and at the same track (Fountain Ferry), Otto Ziegler, paced by two quads, broke the 2 miles standing start record in 3.51, his first mile taking 1.54. Both men used Morgan & Wright tyres.

#### Did he realise or not?

A POPULAR young Dublin racing man has involved himself in some trouble with the ruling body there in a rather unusual manner. During the present season he won, as a prize, a bicycle. This machine he exchanged with the agent of another make for a more fancied mount, paying down also a sum in cash. The Racing Committee, having heard the case *in camera*, could not decide what to do. They were equally divided, so that the facts will have to be threshed out before the full Council, in order to decide whether or not the young speed-merchant realised upon a prize.

#### It will be grand.

ONE of the best, if not the best, exhibit at the Stanley Show, will be that of the Rudge-Whitworth Co., judging from some particulars of what is in preparation, with which we have been favoured. One machine of every pattern made by the firm will be shown, and exhibited in such a way that thorough inspection can be made of it. The Whitworth bottom bracket will be fitted to all the machines, and a new and smart ball-head adjustment will make its first public appearance. A pedal, with bearings on the same principle as the bottom bracket, will be another novelty, as also the new fork end and chain adjustment. The firm will not adopt the D. tubes, believing the round tube to be the best for many reasons, and they find they can get their tread down quite enough (4½-in.), without resorting to any tube flattening.

#### Poly. boys at dinner.

A LARGE crowd assembled on Saturday last in the Caledonian Salon at Holborn Restaurant, at the annual dinner of the Polytechnic C.C. Dr. E. B. Turner, occupied the chair, S. T. Brown, F. Hawkins, G. L. Morris, and Walter Groves, being vice-chairmen. There was a large number of visitors and friends of the club, amongst whom may be mentioned K. L. Jefferson, R. Chinn, J. Rudham, A. W. Gamage, W. C. Russell (Essex C.U.), W. M. Barnard, A. G. Lee, C. Pratt, and many others. The feast was well up to Holborn standard, and afterwards an excellent musical programme was negotiated. The toast of the evening, "The Poly. C.C.," was proposed by Dr. Turner, who paid a fitting tribute to the prowess of the Poly. boys on road and path. In the course of his speech he presented, on behalf of that genuine sportsman, S. T. Brown, a very handsome gold and diamond medal to T. Gibbons Brooks, as the holder of a world's record—¾-mile. C.G. Vallancey replied at length, on behalf of the club, and detailed the performances of the Poly. flyers. Other toasts were, "The Press," "The Visitors," "The Chairman," and "The Vice-chairmen," and during the evening all the old Poly. favourites contributed to an excellent vocal and instrumental programme. Amongst others who sang, and otherwise performed, were, Isadore Davidson (banjo), A. T. Mole (violin), J. N. Still, and A. Meek.





THE first Sunday in October is a good twenty degrees cooler than the last Sunday in September, but it is quite warm enough for cycling; the roads are a little wet, but the sun is bright and will soon dry them up. By half-past ten I am slowly walking up the long hill out of Keswick, half pushing, half lounging on the saddle of the Crypto. I have called on a friend, who is nursing a cold, and will not risk taking another chill, and, truth to tell, this quiet morning, after a somewhat "clashy" week, both at office and in weather, I am in no way sorry to be alone. The Crossewaite bells are still ringing down below, by Southey's last home, as I halt by the viewing place, which almost persuaded the poet Gray to turn again and remain in Keswick for ever. Derwentwater looks to be almost straight below me; the wooded islands show no sign of Autumn's fingers; the surface is a mirror reflecting brown-brackened Catbels and knotty-topped Causey, but there is a grey ripple up near Borrowdale, which shows that the huge mass of Sca Fell and Great Gable have let a zephyr escape them. Turning right round, over the Bassenthwaite Gap, I get a distant peep of Scotch Criffel beyond the narrow gleam of Solway, and then giant Skiddaw shuts all else out.

A few yards more to trudge, and then I mount for the sharp scud down into Naddle, past a group of farm "lads" wrestling with an antique and erratic Rover, along the waving Shoulthwaite Road to the famous Castle Rock, immortalized by the "Wizard of the North," across the awkward dog-legged bridge which crosses the remainder of the river, flowing from what was once Thirlmere. This morning I take the old Eastern road and do not come in sight of what was once the lake of us dalesmen, but is now the reservoir of Manchester folk, till half-way up its length. Here it used to be spanned by a quintet of little bridges, but the damming up of the lake has covered them all, and the slim waist has disappeared. I do not grumble much, however, for I have a splendid and easy road to Wythburn, whereas in former days I was wont to walk my ordinary down the first part of Park Brow—already nearly green—skirt the edge for a time, and then climb up again to the little hamlet. The original

"Rock of Names" is submerged, but the portion scratched with the hallowed initials of "W.W." "D.W." & "S.T.C." (William and Dorothy Wordsworth, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge) has been sliced off and stuck not very artistically on a similar rock above the road. A hymn is being sung as I approach the "lowly house of prayer," and as a famous preacher and lecturer is often in residence here, I make inquiries of a small boy, who belongs to the "Nag's Head," opposite. The star is not here, and I easily toil up the Dunmail Pass—riding, because I am too lazy to get off—just as one is sometimes too lazy to go to bed.

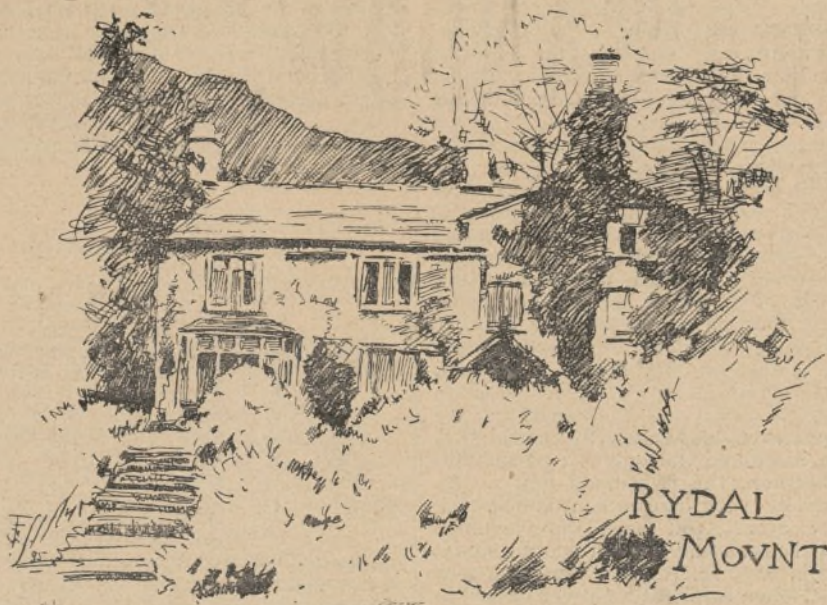
Then I drop 500 feet in the next two miles, and thus make an easy entrance into Westmoreland by way of Grasmere's peaceful vale, flitting quickly past the flank of the giant Helvellyn, and stealing an occasional sidelong glance at Helm Crag, with its quaint-shaped rock summit, but, for the most part, looking straight ahead at the tiny mere. I swing off the main Ambleside Road through the village, just as the church "scales." The tourist season is already completely over, and I have no doubt that, were I to visit the graves of the Wordsworths, and "Lile Hartley Coleridge," I would not chance upon a nasal-toned Transatlantic cousin dutifully paying her respects to the poets' tombs, according to Baedeker. Past the flat field where the famed "sports" are held in August, where the giants Lowden and Steadman stride around one another, finessing for the lower hold, and the "guides" airily start for their stiff climb of 1,200 feet up Silver How's rugged cliff—perchance King Barney is sometimes here more often than when the prize of the day was a plain leathern strap or belt. A few yards by the lake shore, and then a stiff push up over Red Bank, relieved by a stoppage for a few nuts and brambles, and a chat with a small boy about a lady lodger, his mother had,

who sometimes went riding "without her dress on" (presumably in "Rational" dress). The summit is too shut in by Scotch firs to afford much view, but half-way down the fine gravel road I get a magnificent landscape. Loughrigg Tarn, surrounded with green pastures in the foreground, rugged little hills beyond, and to the right square-topped Harrison Stickle and conical Pike o'Stickle (better known as the Langdale Pikes), help the higher Bow Fell to enclose the wild valley. Avoiding the Ambleside Road, I rush down a narrow little stony lane, and soon think it wise to dismount for a sharp double zig-zag enclosed with high walls is not pleasant riding. A few yards more and I am by Skelwith Force, a tiny but picturesque fall, swollen by the past week's rain; the spray produces a tiny rainbow in the sunlight. Since last I visited Langdale a new road has been made by the river side from Skelwith, and I must needs sample it. It is only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, but it takes the place of a much longer, hillier, and narrower road, and is really splendidly surfaced, graded, and affords a splendid view of the Langdale Valley. The junction with the old road reached, I return "legs up" for the most part to the Inn at Skelwith where I have lunch, a lounge, and a glance at the cycling papers left by some lady cyclist, perchance the dressless one. Then up to Skelwith Fold to get a view of Windermere, and then down to the shores of that lake at Brathay.

I avoid Ambleside town and take the field road under Loughrigg to Rydal as being the drier, and pass without a halt in turn, Wordsworth's latest house, his "seat" by Rydal's sedgy shore, DeQuincey's home at Nab Cottage. Grasmere is passed, again and beyond the village I rejoin my outward route which I must retrace for three miles as there is no other road, but at Wythburn I swing round to the left and take the new Western road which gives splendid views of the reservoir, and is practically







a dead level. By Iron Crag and Raven Crag, steep but heather and hazel covered in places, I paddle without an effort, taking an occasional glance across at giant Helvellyn, which already sports a white snow dritt on his crest. By the lake's side is a quaint modern castellated "straining well," on whose door, it is said, that Manchester's sapient rulers posted a notice in *May* last that skating was not permitted. Fear of pollution is strong indeed, and no boat is allowed to sully the waters, but methinks I see a few cows paddling at their pleasure—but soon I hear even the moo-moos are to be fenced off. On past the great dam through which the statutory quantity of water for St. John's beck is sent by a long sluice ending in a square box, where the sceptic, by means of a lever and stop-watch can test the good faith of the civic fathers. I soon rejoin the old road, and before five o'clock I am scudding down the long hill, I took so leisurely in the morning.

The sun is rapidly dropping, but he has done his day's work and dried up the roads, and so have I, though it is but a paltry two and forty miles, and I saunter leisurely home by my life-long companion, the babbling Greta's side as fresh as paint, and a good deal fresher than that on my somewhat battered Crypto. Later tea, black coat, and church, and a private thanksgiving that my lot is cast in a country where such scenery, roads and associations exist to recreate one after the hum-drum moil and toil of the week.

R.

#### About Patents.

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

#### A CHAT WITH A LOCAL AGENT.

BY A LOCAL RIDER.

Down in the country here we are very unsophisticated, and as we are very much amused by your London yarns, I think it only fair, that we yokels should give a little in return if we can. I had rather an amusing chat with one of our local agents the other day, in the course of which he told me that one day he had a county lady in his establishment inquiring the price of a second-hand machine, and stating her inability to give more than £8 for a mount; on the same day he received a message from this lady's cook, asking him to call with a machine at about £12. He was unable to call for a few days, and when he did so, he found that the lady of stews and broils had "suited herself" elsewhere, as she thought the agent didn't think her money as good as that of her "missus." Perhaps in time we shall see the lady of the house borrowing her cook's machine for the purposes of a cycle parade or smart afternoon tea. The same cook is reported to have requested the coachman to call at the tailors and get measured for a pair of knickers—for her use—and on his refusal to have got the undergardener to do so. It would seem that the establishment is strangely regular in size and build.

Another lady (staying at a big house) wrote for terms of a month's loan of a machine, saying that she could not afford more than 30s. The agent replied, that £2 was his lowest figure; she replied at length, and very nicely, saying, that as she wanted it very much, she would give 35s. Ultimately he got his £2. From which it would seem that the fashionables are not likely to be such good customers as one thought.

#### The Mossberg.

We are using a very smart little spanner indeed, the Mossberg, which is very strong, beautifully finished, and weighs only 4½ ozs. It can be obtained, we believe, from cycle agents for 2s. 6d.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

#### BIDDY.

EARLY morn, and Biddy, dainty  
In a cotton gown,  
Pours out brother Bertie's coffee,  
Ere he starts for town.  
Listens kindly to his projects  
For an evening spin;  
Helps him plan, with quaintly puckered  
Brow, and dimpled chin.

Defily takes a clothes-brush to him,  
Sweeps him down awhile;  
Then tiptoes, to gently kiss him,  
With a charming smile.  
Waves "adieu," to him, departing,  
Then sits down to sew?  
Bless you! up the stairs she's fly'ng  
Fast as she can go.

And one half-hour later, Biddy,  
From the gate doth steal;  
In a cycling suit is Biddy,  
And on Bertie's wheel.  
Wiggle, waggles, down the highway,  
Practising, she goes;  
Now and then, the fair young novice  
Falleth on her nose.

But no "nidering," is Biddy,  
Grit, she has indeed;  
So, at length, she moves along at  
Quite a decent speed.  
Very glad for that, is Biddy,  
Since her new machine  
Will, to-morrow, she is hoping,  
Come upon the scene.

And she's heard Bert oft declaring,  
That it simply spoils  
Any good machine, to mix up  
In a learner's toils.  
Now she's home again,—replacing  
Bertie's wheel, with care;  
Somewhat bruised, she is, and shaken,  
Somewhat worse for wear.

So is Bertie's wheel, she's thinking,  
Rather scratched, and worn  
And his brand new cycling suit is  
Just a trifle torn.  
Yes,—there's land-marks of her struggles,  
Here and there about;  
So,—when Bert comes home this ev'ning,  
Biddy, she'll be out.

V. E. S.

#### ASSURES SUCCESS.

That's What an Advertisement in  
"Cycling" Does.

October 30th, 1895.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to express my great satisfaction with the Advertisement in "Cycling," as I consider the great success of my "Little Fireball" Lamps has been attained in no small proportion, through the medium of your valuable paper, as, by its means, I have reached buyers far and near.

I am, Yours faithfully,

G. POLKEY.



# CYCLING

## OFFICES.

LONDON:—Rosebery Avenue, E.C.  
BIRMINGHAM:—Victoria Chambers,  
Martineau Street.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

## CONDUCTED BY

EDMUND DANGERFIELD

AND WALTER GROVES,

ASSISTED BY G. H. SMITH.

Assistant Manager:

ERNEST PERMAN.

Proprietors:

TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED.

Sole Director:

EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

## FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

UNITED STATES	...	...	...	<i>The Bearings.</i>
FRANCE	...	...	...	<i>Le Veloce-Sport.</i>
HOLLAND	...	...	...	<i>De Kampioen.</i>
DENMARK	...	...	...	<i>Cyden.</i>
BELGIUM	...	...	...	<i>La Rev. Vel. Belg.</i>



OUR tame misogynist has caught it for that paragraph some weeks ago as to lady cyclists sometimes exerting themselves beyond what prudence would suggest. The young lady, he instanced, has caught sight of the paragraph (Oh! why has this paper such a wide circulation?), and being really a maiden, very modest in her opinion of herself, is righteously indignant at being held up as a public example of how not to do it. She seems to forget that the whole world cannot recognise her as the person pilloried, or, in fact, that no one else in the world knows who was referred to. The writer had, already, told her his opinion, and he then put it into print. Perhaps she will be appeased, if she is told that the paragraph was inspired by the Brighton "record" established at the time by a female cyclist, and that, at the last moment, she was substituted for that lady as being, probably, a more typical instance. There are other ways in which the lady cyclist—especially of the "Society" type—is, at present, rather too aggressive; she forgets, that the mere fact of cycling makes her conspicuous, and that, in consequence, a flower-garden hat, or an elaborate *fichu*, is out of place; and that, when she is leading her beloved bicycle along a station-platform, it is not pleasing to the general public to hear her call out, in high-pitched tones, to her husband (who has arrived in a dog-cart) to bring her

"brolly," and not to forget the "bike" ticket. When she arrives at a town, and seeks refreshment at a fruiterer's, it is charmingly ingenuous, no doubt, to stand on the doorstep gnawing apples, or to sit on a cheese-barrel, dangling her feet, while she extracts full pleasure from an orange or banana; but, at the same time, it does not impress the townspeople with the advantages of cycling, even though the performer is well known, has a handle to her name, and "can do what she likes." Nor is it the essence of grace to stand in the middle of the street, astride the saddle, right foot on pedal, waiting for her companion shopping, and, perhaps, adding a hint or two, not in a whisper. Again, ladies must remember that there is a rule of the road for cyclists, and not expect everyone to know, by instinct, that she has found the only bit of smooth-going near the right-hand gutter. By avoiding such like eccentricities, the lady cyclist will soon out-live such criticisms as that of a fox-hunting squire lately, who, referred to "the time now past, when ladies had not yet ceased to be ladies, and tried to become men."

To a recent issue of the "Morning Post," "A Pedestrian" contributes a letter on the subject of the poor cyclist. "A Pedestrian" appears to be terribly afraid lest the number of cyclists in London should increase. He says that by the opening of Battersea Park to cyclists, the number of bicycles now traversing the streets of London has much increased, and by allowing bicycling in Hyde Park the streets converging on the Park will be rendered more dangerous for pedestrians than ever. "A Pedestrian" thinks bicyclists should not be encouraged in London; "let them go to the country" he says in an eloquent burst, "and take their dogs with them also, for they are becoming as great a nuisance now in London as the bicyclists themselves." Really this poor "Pedestrian" should either buy up London and occupy it himself in solitude, or better still, get him to a desert island and stop there! We should have thought that the opening of the parks to cyclists did more to keep cyclists out of the streets than otherwise. "A Pedestrian" also remarks that bicyclists race along as fast as they can to the Parks—as in it—regardless of the poor pedestrian. This is, as far as our knowledge serves us, an absurd falsehood, for the class of riders who use the parks are not in the slightest degree capable of "racing along," and most certainly do not attempt it. But the culminating point of "A Pedestrian's" screed is reached when he says what *he* would do in the way of taxation. *He* would place a 20/- tax on London cyclists, and 10/- on Country ones. *He* would legislate further for the protection of the pedestrian. *He* would also prohibit bicyclists riding within the London Cab Radius except on any track, or road set apart for them. As regards the protection of pedestrians of the character of the one

under notice, we suggest a good coat of mail, not forgetting a trusty bludgeon for the dogs. As regards what "A Pedestrian" would do in the way of taxation, legislation, and prohibition, might we suggest that, as he can do nothing at all in either of these directions, he occupies his spare time in minding his own business.

## THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

By LEWIS STROUD.



As one who took a prominent part in the effort of 1894, to bring about a state of affairs more in accordance with the advanced ideas, for which the enormous development of cycling, amongst a class, who are unable to find the necessary financial means with which to indulge their hobby of cycle racing, has been responsible; and, at the same time, one which should preserve the cherished sentiments of amateurism, as far as possible intact; perhaps I may be permitted to review the change which twelve months appear to have wrought—twelve months in which cycle racing and its politics (except for the sake of occasional physical exercise) have parted company with the writer.

In the first place, I would remind those who opposed the policy of the Racing Cyclists' League, and its two-class scheme, that its originators threw out the warning, that unless some such change, as they proposed, was adopted, the time would not be long before a far more drastic revolution would threaten to subvert the constitution of the National Cyclists' Union. Less than a year has sufficed to prove that such warning was not without reason. The recent Council Meeting dealt with, and rejected by a majority of two, a proposal which would, if carried, have necessitated the organisation of a new cycling body altogether, unless we were prepared to say

GOOD-BYE, FOR EVER, TO AMATEUR SPORT.

Now, there are scores of cyclists, who race, who are not prepared to ride under the *regime*, which would come into vogue, if Mr. Low's suggestion were an accomplished fact. Their reasons for objecting to do so are, undoubtedly, for the most part, "sentimental." And why not? What would become of sport without sentiment? It couldn't exist for a moment. You might, just as well, talk about love without sentiment. What is this thing called "sport," which the British public, in its thousands, turn out to see? Surely, nothing else than the keen sense of rivalry and spirit of emulation in fair competition—the very essence of sentiment. Abolish the sentiment (or, in other words, abolish sport) and you have left a mere incentive to obtain an advantage, by fair means or foul, usually the latter, for pecuniary motives. This, however, is a very different idea from that which affects the large class of racing cyclists, who wish to ride, but who lack the wherewithal to do so; a class which would individually protest against being compelled to compete with men to whom success on the cycle path means a livelihood, for



reasons which are obvious, and are the same as those which prevent them from riding as professionals at the present time. Of course I do not deny that there are men riding in the "B." Class, or unlicensed ranks, who should rightly be relegated to the status of professionals, seeing that cycle racing is *de facto*, their livelihood; but the clerk, or assistant, who is fond of the sport, and who obtains from the cycle or tyre manufacturer his racing expenses is

NOT, IN ANY SENSE OF THE WORD, A PROFESSIONAL,

and, to classify him as such, might materially interfere with that trade which he naturally carries on.

But there is another reason for keeping those who make their living out of competition, apart from amateurs of both classes; a reason which is not sentimental. Those who have closely watched the development of cycle racing this year cannot but be struck with the enormously increasing amount of unfair riding that has taken place, riding which can only be compared with the traditional performances of the "professors" in this country. Not so long ago a professional rider was severely dealt with for having bored another rider into the rails. This sort of performance is unfortunately not confined to any one class. In fact it is practised pretty frequently by those who make a living out of cycle racing, and it should be one of the first objects of the N.C.U. to see that riders, who are obviously riding in the interests of various firms, and whose ingenuity to advance such interests knows no limit, should be classified where their competitors would have similar advantages to those they possess.

There remain then, as there always have been since cycle racing commenced,

### THREE DISTINCT CLASSES OF RACING CYCLISTS.

1. The amateur, who can afford to pay his own expenses.
2. The amateur, who cannot afford to do so, and
3. The professional—the rider whose chief means of living is cycle racing.

To put members of the second of these classes into the third would be as derogatory to their position as it would be to classify the first class with the second, whilst to compel all three classes to compete together would mean the total annihilation of class!

With the stimulus given to cycling by its adoption on so large a scale by the wealthier classes, there is every reasonable probability that "amateur" cycle racing of the best sort will flourish in the near future, and the present would appear the most inopportune time for the N.C.U. to be forced to admit that such a thing as amateur sport in cycling is impossible.

The difficulty of this eternal question of amateurism appears to me to be as nearly solved as it ever will be, by the inauguration of the Two-Class Amateur Scheme. It will be in the reader's recollection that such a scheme was brought forward by the racing cyclists' representatives twelve months ago, that the same was, after very protracted and careful examination and criticism, adopted by the official representatives of the National Cyclists' Union, and that it was carried at the Council Meeting at Sheffield by an insufficient majority to make it effectual. We now see the very delegates, whom we have to thank for its not being in operation at the present time, eagerly supporting a scheme

which goes far and away beyond it in its comprehension, thereby showing that the reason of their adverse vote to the Two-Class Scheme at Sheffield was not founded on their fear that

### THE TWO-CLASS SCHEME WENT TOO FAR:

but it did not go far enough. By the light of the more recent vote of such delegates, we can form some opinion of the value of the assertions of those who so proudly boasted that the Northern Centres had by their previous vote frustrated the machinations of the Racing Cyclists League and saved amateurism, and perhaps now that they have to grapple with a far more bitter pill, the gentlemen who so strenuously opposed the very moderate demands of that body, will wish that they had had the foresight to select the milder alternative.

Fortunately there is yet time to select, and for the future let there be no mistake. The issues between the Two-Class Scheme on the one hand, and universal professionalism on the other. Let the country chose which it will have!

### Lost one balance, but kept the other.

THE assertion, that a man can often ride a bicycle when he is too intoxicated to walk, is borne out by a little episode that occurred recently in Paris. After supping, not wisely but too well, at a *café* with some friends, the gentleman, in question, essayed to return home, and, although his legs were powerless to support his body, he managed very nicely on his bicycle. Entering his house, however, he got very mixed as to his flat, and finally invaded those of a widow, who was away holiday-making. Here, after turning everything topsy-turvy, he went to sleep, and was found by the *conciérge* in the midst of the wreckage. Explanations and compensation to the widow, of course, followed.

### OUR POET.



OUR poet rides his wheel, not so much for exercise as to breathe Heaven's pure air, and view Earth's teeming beauties. He dons the soft felt hat and the loose flowing garb, and with his hair agitated by the wind, he looks quite romantic. He rarely attends to his cycle, and it seems, in consequence, to have partaken, with him, of a kind of careless freedom, as to neatness of appearance. He never scorches. He walks every hill, even the slightest gradient. He is constantly dismounting to pick the simplest wild flower, which has been passed, over and over again, unheeded, or unseen, by his more speedy compatriots.

He will tell you, in quiet and well-chosen phraseology, of the thousand-and-one beauties of Nature, revealed to him by the agency of the cycle. How, in the lanes, and the by-paths, through which he loves to ramble, accompanied by his cycle, he views the majesty of the trees, and listens to their chattering response to the touch of the breezes. The river, too, engrosses him oftentimes in pleasing reverie. He often loses himself abroad, and returns after night-fall. This, to him, though, is fraught with danger; for, in the darkness, what is there to gaze upon but the stars? He rides from his little town to the sea sometimes; but says he can never turn to leave the mighty ocean without sorrowful feelings.

Altogether, our poet is a kind of pathetic bundle of nerves, always ready, by word and gesture, to gracefully elaborate the charms of Nature—charms which, to him and all of us, are seen to no better advantage than while on the wheel.



MR. AND MRS. JAMES ON THEIR MOHAWK TANDEM.





SEE that your copy contains a Supplement this week.

CYCLISTS are now allowed in Hyde Park up till 12 o'clock.

CHAMPION A. J. WATSON forms our Supplement this week.

THE Stanley Club Committee are dead against the cycle tax.

OUR Show Numbers will be the very best we have ever issued.

CHEWING-GUM is the latest dodge for temporary tyre repairing.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY keeps "fit" for her theatrical work by cycling.

NEARLY every member of the British Legation at Washington is a cyclist.

THE East Dulwich are making a move towards securing a habitation of their own.

CATFORD dinner at the Holborn this Saturday; and their big smoker on January 6th.

A CYCLIST named Child was knocked over by a cab in Paddington last Tuesday, and killed.

THE Farnham Bench imposed a small fine on the owner of a Motor-tricycle, which was driven by an oil engine on the road.

SELF-CLOSING tubes are distinguishing themselves in speed circles, A. A. Jordison, who won the Bordesley 100 miles road race, having them in his tyres.

TREASURER BARNES gathered together £1 10 for his Ripley Roadmenders outside the "Angel," Ditton, on Sunday. He should soon get his £30.

THE Pneumatic Self-Closing Tube Co., Ltd., have now opened an office and warehouse at 276, Corporation Street, Birmingham, to which all future communications should be addressed.

AMERICA has learnt her lesson relative to the use of absurdly light cycles on the road, as we over here said she would, and machines in the States will average heavier in 1896.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with the Polytechnic Institute (Regent Street) for them to give a gymnastic display at the Stanley Show on Saturday evening, November 23rd.

THE world's consumption of raw rubber is put down as about 30,000 tons annually; a very large proportion being used in the tyre trade. In 1894 Para exported 40,870,000 lbs. of rubber.

MR. LAMB, the secretary of the Stanley Show, informs us that the Gladiator Cycle Co., of Paris, have taken during the past week, a large space for the exhibition of their machines and motor-tricycles.

ANOTHER attraction that has been added to the Show during the past few days, is a display on pneumatic skates, a portion of one end of the hall on the ground floor having been let for the purpose of showing these in practical use.

MR. JAMES HOWARD HAMMON, late Secretary of the North London Cycling & Athletic Grounds Co., Ltd., and Hon. Sec. of the Essex Cycling Union, will be interred, on Wednesday, this week, at Highgate Cemetery, in the family grave at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

### The Dibble Memorial.

Will those gentlemen holding lists for this fund kindly hurry up and return them to the hon. secretary, H. North, 18, Albert Square, S.W.

Previously acknowledged	£25	2	1
London Centre C.C. (per			
H. Hawkins ... ..	0	10	0
Alma B.C. ... ..	0	10	6
Collected at the Angel			
Hotel, Thames Ditton ...	1	2	7
	£27	5	2

### Not a Novelty.

MESSRS. ROBINSON & PRICE, LTD., write us:—On page 234 of your issue of October 26th, you illustrate and criticise a tandem frame proposed to be exhibited by a London firm as a supposed novelty at the



next Stanley Show. Being an exact copy of our original R. & P. 1895 registered design, No. 254,970, we naturally object to another firm taking credit for our protected pattern, or making it without our permission.

## OUR CIRCULATION.

Leadenhall Buildings,  
LEADENHALL STREET,  
London, E.C. November 1st, 1895.

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

Date.	Copies.
1895	
Oct. 5	28,676
" 12	28,126
" 19	27,750
" 26	27,749

(Signed),

WOODTHORPE, BEVAN & CO.

Chartered Accountants.

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

Oct.	5	5,028
"	12	5,060
"	19	4,968
"	26	5,014

(Signed)

EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

### The Auto tyre.

THE Puncture Proof Pneumatic Tyre Co. are introducing a new tyre, the Auto. The tyre has a feature of novelty in its detachability; and one of its good points is, that it is impossible for the cover to be cut against the edge of the rim, inasmuch as there is a rubber protecting bead formed in the construction of the tyre cover. The wires for attaching the cover to the rim are endless, but are not fixed to the cover.

### This is better.

WE hear, from a direct Russian source, that the lady cyclist, who met with an accident in St. Petersburg, Mrs. Lasheyeff, was not the only female granted permission to ride, four others being so favoured in that city. She was only detained at the hospital half-an-hour, and it is not thought likely there that the mishap will affect the granting of permits to ladies in future.

### Pneumatic Tyre Co's report.

THE report of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, Ltd., is now to hand, and it provides extremely interesting reading. The profits for the year ending with last September amount to £220,007 7s. 8d. The whole of the amount received as premium on new shares, £75,000, is placed to reserve, £85,000 being added to general reserve account, £10,000 to patent reserve account, and £7,000 to reserve account for bad or doubtful debts. The directors recommend a dividend of 50 per cent., leaving a balance of £16,127 19s. 3d. to be carried forward to the next account, less directors' fees.

### A flight to the South.

WHETHER on account of a spell of severe weather in Northern latitudes or not, we cannot say, but there appeared to be a sort of stampede of Northerners to Southern climes, last week-end. On Saturday, Habershon and Banyard, of the N.R.C., burst unexpectedly on the Anerley at Riddlesdown, making them swallow hot tea the wrong way, in their pleasurable surprise. On Sunday, much travelled Rae, and Scarfe, the dry, two lights of the Stanley, were discovered as far South as Godstone, where they were made members, *pro tem*, of a certain perambulating debating society, and were duly impressed with Southern oratory.

### Banquet to Midland Champions.

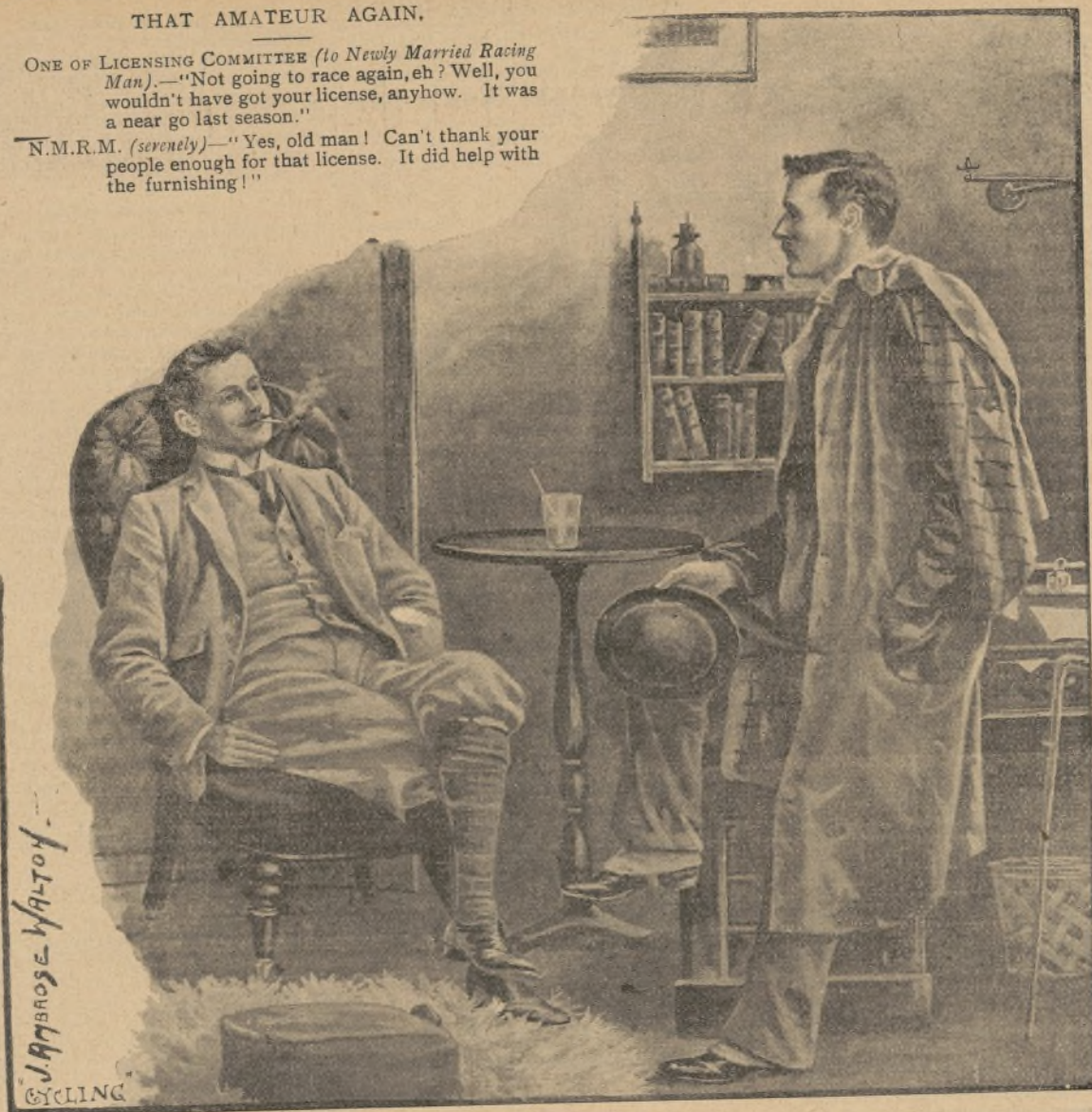
ON Tuesday last week, at the "Old Royal," Birmingham, a large crowd of celebrities gathered together at the banquet promoted by the Proprietors of "Bicycling News," in honour of the three racing men, Ford, Winchurch, and Chinn. Mr. A. W. Still, the editor of the "Birmingham Gazette," occupied the chair. After an excellent dinner the chairman proposed the toast of "The Queen," and after this had been duly honoured, he gave the toast of the evening, "Our Midland Champions." Mr. Winchurch was presented with the Abingdon Challenge Vase by Mr. H. C. Feney, and an illuminated address was also presented to the same rider by Councillor Adie, on behalf of the W. Birmingham C.C. Following this the "Sport and Play" medal was presented to Mr. Ford, and then the three guests responded. Other toasts were: "The Cycle Trade," by Mr. Wheelwright, responded to by Mr. R. L. Philpot and Mr. F. J. Osmond; "The Sport and Pastime of Cycling" was in the hands of the chairman, and responses came from Messrs. Low, Adams, and Johnston; "The Press" and "The Chairman" were the remaining toasts, and, during the evening, an excellent musical programme was very much enjoyed.



THAT AMATEUR AGAIN.

ONE OF LICENSING COMMITTEE (to Newly Married Racing Man).—"Not going to race again, eh? Well, you wouldn't have got your license, anyhow. It was a near go last season."

N.M.R.M. (serenely).—"Yes, old man! Can't thank your people enough for that license. It did help with the furnishing!"



A difficulty.

THE difficulty in all attempts at cycling legislation is, that there are so many various points to consider, so many interests to contend with. In making laws for other sports, questions of fairness in playing the game is generally the chief and only consideration; in cycling it is not so, hence the difficulty.

In the "hands-off" stage.

BATTERSEA PARKERS appear to have reached the "hands-off" stage, for walking through the Park the other afternoon we saw quite a number of both sexes riding "hands-off," or trying to. One lady was learning the silly and useless trick, and tacked backwards and forwards across the road, totally regardless of the safety of everybody, including herself. Not the least strange part of all this Battersea business is the way the Park has been by common consent handed over to the cyclists. Whatever the riders do, the police, pedestrians, and drivers of vehicles, take it all quietly, and never breathe a protest. There must have been dozens of ladies riding; all wore skirts.

The pneumatic brake.

THE pneumatic cycle brake has been improved in several small details; and as now put on the market is as near perfection as possible. Its adaptability to all classes of machines and the ease of fitting are amongst its numerous good points; whilst its efficiency to hold in a tandem on the steepest of gradients makes it an indispensable adjunct to this class of machine when used for touring purposes.

A comfortable school.

FOR people residing in the West-End of London, and desiring a good riding school to master the preliminaries of cycling in, we should say that the Portman Cycling Academy, of which Mr. A. Wheaton, an old racing man, is director, meets the case. We have not ourselves seen the school, which is in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, but, from the picture sent us, we would judge it to be most spacious and comfortable. The terms are calculated to keep it select, being two guineas till proficient.

Yorkshire on the tax.

THE South Yorkshire Centre had a meeting, last Thursday night, at the Clarence Hotel. Amongst the business was the much-discussed question of the taxing of cyclists. Many arguments were brought forward, both pro. and con., and eventually it was unanimously agreed, that the Centre is not in favour of taxation, and that the Hon. Sec. write to all the local M.P.s. to that effect, asking their support, if it is ever brought forward.

Another cyclometer.

YET another cyclometer from America for the English market, and a good one, too, the Trenton. It is made of aluminium, and is therefore very light ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  ozs.), is neat, noiseless, registers up to 1,000 miles and then repeats, and is priced only 8s. Its works are most simple, and also most obliging, being equally ready to work either backwards or forwards. They are, however, only made for 28-in. wheels, but then all the front wheels next year are to be 28, so they say.



### For the convenience of Stanley visitors.

THE Stanley Club are arranging an apartments' register of accommodation in the neighbourhood of the Agricultural Hall and Stanley Club House, for the convenience of visitors to the Show. Inquiries should be addressed to Mr. E. S. Gray, Stanley Club House, 261, Seven Sisters Road, N.

### A poser in poesy.

"Ye females! who scorch, and think it the cheese  
To sprint for six days in a 'go-as-you-please,'  
A question we'll ask—will you say if you know  
Any sensible person you'll please as you go?"  
Ex.

### A tour in the air.

IN its recent tour through Southern England, the Eiffel tandem naturally met with sundry adventures, Sam Brown, who was on top, coming in for the most exciting part. Once he was lifted right out of the saddle by an unnoticed telegraph wire, and on another occasion he was caught by a tree, and left hanging in the branches, a modern Absalom.

### One must not be too particular.

PASSENGERS through Guildford, one day last week, saw a cottager's garden, in front of which were displayed three ordinaries, with a card attached: "For Sail, 1s. each." True, their date and place of nativity were buried in the dim obscurity of bygone ages, and one might not "sail" far without a total collapse. But there! what can you expect for a shilling?

### The reason of it.

WE fear a few of our readers experienced difficulty in obtaining their "Cycling" last week. The slight delay was unavoidable, being caused through the transferring of machinery to our new premises in Rosebery Avenue. We know the annoyance even a slight delay must cause to our enthusiastic readers, and greatly regret its occurrence. Such a thing is not likely to happen again.

### The new Clincher.

WE have been favoured with an opportunity of inspecting an advance sample of the new Clincher tyre, and must say at once, that it is one of the most resilient and finely finished tyres that we have ever had under our notice. The thickened edges have been dispensed with, and narrow beads have taken their place; the walls of the tyre have been thinned down considerably, but in no way weakened: in fact they are stronger, inasmuch as the fabric is laid on in such a manner as to resist the peculiar strains to which air tyres are subject, and to do away with side roll entirely. The rim is of the flattened type, but every detail of width, depth, &c., has been scientifically worked out, in fact the tyre and rim may be said to be as perfect as science and mechanical skill can make them. Of the quality of rubber used, the name of the North British Rubber is a sufficient guarantee that only the purest of pure rubber will be used in this their latest production. Our opinion as to resilience has been confirmed by a well known contributor to these columns, who informs us that the Clincher tyre he tested gave splendid results, viz., upwards of 90 per cent. rebound. With such a tyre the North British Rubber Co., Ltd., may reasonably expect to do a very large business. We strongly recommend our readers to see this tyre before ordering their new mounts.

### "The elixir of life" not in it!

VERILY hath it been said, that new things are but old revived! Even in the days of ancient Greece, the conundrum of amateur *versus* professional was as difficult of solution, as at the present time.

### Fearful velocity.

"PACE" being the one idea that affects the majority of cyclers' minds, they may be interested in learning that such is the terrific force at which the curlew travels that one recently flew clean through a piece of plate glass, a quarter of an inch thick, at Turnberry Lighthouse, Ayrshire. (A fact.)

### Smart costumes.

As promised last week, we now give illustrations of two of the charming costumes that were exhibited at Viola's, in Albemarle Street, recently. Both are divided skirts, though, when off the machine, it is impossible to notice anything in the nature of a division.



THE "VIOLA COMBINATION."



THE "LONDON."

### England please copy.

THE American city of Louisville has made a law, that anyone throwing glass, wire, tacks, crockery, nails, &c., into the streets, will be fined, and if injury follows such action on their part, the offenders will be liable to imprisonment from one to five years. Punctures should be right off in Louisville for the future.

### A successful action.

M. LE MARIE, a member of the Zephyr B.C., was successful in obtaining judgment in the Marylebone County Court, on Tuesday last, for a sum of £7 and costs in an action for damages against a horse dealer for driving into his wife whilst she was riding her bicycle on Notting Hill, on September 2nd last. In this case the plaintiff received legal assistance from the N.C.U., and the matter was ably conducted by their solicitor, who did not have the whole of the facts before him until the morning of the hearing. Cyclists, who are interested in branches of the Sport other than the interminable racing questions, will be glad to learn that the N.C.U. is capable of affording assistance under the first of its objects, which reads:—"To ensure a firm and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of cyclists on the public road."

### Will make the Valkyrie.

WITHIN the last few weeks has quietly sprung into existence a new cycle-making firm of no ordinary character. The Springfield Cycle Co., Ltd., is a concern with considerable capital behind it, and with men of exceptional ability and knowledge at the helm. At Sandiacre, near Nottingham, they have secured a factory of very great size, and magnificent machinery is being put down sufficient to turn out machines of the highest class by the hundred. The machines are to bear the name "Valkyrie." The managing director is Mr. R. M. Woodhead, one of the founders of the famous Raleigh Co., late manufacturing director of that firm, and the same gentleman who lately fitted up Humber's factory in America. The general manager is Mr. Syd. D. Begbie, the well-known North Road man, and breaker of many a record, who, like Mr. Woodhead, is an acknowledged expert in cycle construction. The "Vikings" will be on view at the National Show, and will be one of the sensations at the Palace.

### Experiences with equal sized wheels.

THE season of 1896 will be remarkable for the almost general adoption of equal size wheels; and it is, therefore, interesting to learn the opinion of a firm who have had experience with them. The Triumph Cycle Co. used two 28 ins. wheels on all their best machines during the past fifteen months, and are now going back to a 30-ins. front wheel for road machines. Their experience has shown them several disadvantages of equal size wheels for roadsters, which are—more vibration, less steady steering, a certain digging tendency of the front wheel, and last, but not least, it slips more on greasy roads. An increased rake will not do away with these faults, as it is supposed, and more curve to the fork will lessen vibration, but will not make the steering steadier, and will put more strain on the crown. Now the fashion of sitting upright is becoming general, there is another disadvantage with the lower front wheel, as the handlebar has to be raised higher than with a 30-ins. front wheel, which gives an unsightly appearance.



**A club for Devonians.**

It is proposed to start a cycling club for Devonians resident in London. F. J. Hortopp, 13, Osborne Terrace, Clapham Road, S.W., has the matter in hand, and would be glad to hear at once from Devonians on the subject. If enough replies are received, a meeting will probably be called at the Stanley Show to discuss preliminaries.

**For Military purposes.**

THE Pneumatic Tyre Co. have received a testimonial from the commanding officer of the 1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers, whose team won the recent Volunteer Cyclists' 100 Miles Competition, in which he says that the winning team rode through without the slightest mishap to their Dunlop tyres, which, he thinks, for military purposes are unequalled.

**Granvilles start the season.**

A HIGHLY successful and enjoyable function was the Bohemian held last Thursday at the "London Tavern," Granvilles and their friends turning up in full force, filling the Queen's Room to excess. A very lengthy and varied programme of the highest order was provided, contributed to by several club members, whose efforts were greatly appreciated, some of the artistes being especially popular, and were given a very warm and well-deserved reception. On conclusion, a vote of thanks was accorded the chairman, the Hon. Lionel Holland, M.P., who, on rising to reply, met with quite an ovation. Thanks are also due to the hon. secs. for their efforts and energy in bringing the concert to so successful an issue.

**A sliding-seat cycle.**

TRAVELLERS about the streets of the West-End of London, may have seen a gentleman cycling about on a machine that allows of his adopting at will every possible position. This is Mr. Byrne, on his Sliding Seat cycle, as invented by himself. This machine has an arrangement by which that part of the frame which supports and connects the saddle and pedal crank axle is suspended from the main frame. Increase of power is claimed for this ability to alter position and follow the crank round, together with many other advantages. Another invention of Mr. Byrne's is a brush brake, which is fixed to the chain-stay, and operates on the chain automatically. Both can be seen at, and particulars obtained from, the Cycle Patents Co., Ltd., 41, Parliament Street, S.W.

**Motorcars and the Locomotives Act.**

THE important question, whether a "Motorcar" is a locomotive, and, as such, must conform to the local regulations affecting traction engines, was raised, last week, before the Surrey justices at Farnham. A gentleman was summoned for allowing a locomotive (a petroleum-driven tricycle, as a matter of fact) to be at work in Castle Street, Farnham, without a licence. His servant was also summoned for working the same during prohibited hours. This was an interesting test case, and the evidence showed that the tricycle was used without the precaution of having a man in front with a red flag, and three persons in charge, as required by the Locomotives Act. The Chairman of the Bench, after hearing the evidence, thought that the justice of the case would be met by the imposition of a fine of 2s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. costs in each case. According to this ruling, the "Motorcar" comes under the Locomotives Act.

**WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.**

**GEORGE HUNT.**

HUNT, who has been to Paris on a flying visit in the interests of the Simpson Chain, did not race. He returned to England last week, and is expected to ride in the forthcoming chain match.

**PARSLEY DENIES.**

WE recently hinted that J. Parsley, the Brighton and back tricycle record-holder, departed from his vegetarian principles on such special occasions. J. P. denies he sullied the glories of the day by eating beef after his ride, and our informant must, therefore, have been mistaken.

**YOUNG NICK.**

MANY of our readers will have pleasant recollections of Nick Kaufmann, the clever trick-rider. He is training his little son in his wheelmarks, and the small boy bids fair to soon eclipse his father in his own line.



PERCY LITCHFIELD, ANERLEY B.C.

**A YOUNG VETERAN.**

PERCY LITCHFIELD, whose intellectual forehead beams from this page, is one of those young veterans that the sport of cycling appears to be particularly congenial to, and fruitful in. It speaks well for the vitality preserving qualities of the pastime that a man who was cycle racing before Cortis was, and has even had the honour of giving the old hero starts, should still be found a familiar figure on the race paths of 1895, as a competitor, and, on multicycles, a record-breaker. Percy is a thorough paced enthusiast, spends all his spare time, and a good deal of his spare cash, on the sport and pastime, and probably knows as much about the ins and outs of present day racing affairs as anybody. He was the last of the famous old Wanderers, and now regards the Anerley as his chief club, and serves on its committee.

**BIDLAKE MARRIED.**

F. T. BIDLAKE, writer, record-breaker, leading North Roader, and faithful champion of his chum, Shorland, has gone the way of all men, and married. The lady was Miss Fanny Buckle, sister of Frank Buckle, the handsome and athletic Peterborough Road crack, and also member of the North Road Club, and the marriage took place in the Cathedral City, so well known by record-breakers, Shorland acting as best man. We readily join in the general chorus of congratulation and good wishes for the future of the cycling pair. Rightly enough, they will reside just by that Great North Road, that has so many associations for both of them.

It has been pretty freely J. GARLAND, rumoured in Dublin, and, in fact, stated in the local Press that Mr. J. Garland, of the Dunlop Co. is about to be transferred to London. Mr. Garland has for many years held the position of paid secretary to the Irish Cyclists' Association, so that should he be removed from Dublin, a rare scramble for that position would surely ensue. Apart from Mr. Garland's personality, this would prove a big blow to Irish Cyclists. Garland has proved the best secretary the I.C.A. has ever had, and his place could not be easily filled. He is, moreover, a *persona grata* in all quarters, and with all shades of opinion. Needless to say Dublin cyclists are earnestly hoping that the Dunlop Co. may be able to retain Mr. Garland in Dublin.

WE deeply regret having J. H. HAMMON. to record the death of Mr. J. H. Hammon, the general hon. secretary of the Essex Cycling Union, which took place on Wednesday last. He was never of a robust constitution, and having recovered from the severe illness contracted last Winter, he did not sufficiently heed the warning then given him. He dated his second illness from the North Road 24, when he caught a chill and after a severe bout of rheumatism, he succumbed through sheer weakness. A truer-hearted, or more honest nature never breathed: he was liked and respected by all with whom he came into contact. He was one of the small band (they could be reckoned upon the fingers of one's hands), who have in five years raised Essex from the bottom of the social cycling ladder, to an honourable position near the top. Death has thus struck a heavy blow to the Essex men before the unfortunate end of Louis Kay had lost its sting.

**The Ventair Cap.**

A COMPANY is being formed to place the Ventair Cap properly on the market, and full particulars of the £1 shares, together with an application form, will be found in our advertisement pages. The cap itself we have seen more than once, and can speak positively of its real excellence, particularly for cycling and all sporting purposes. In appearance it is much like an ordinary cap such as is sold in the best class hat shops for shooting, &c., but in reality the cap has strong and highly desirable characteristics of its own. It is made of a special material, which, whilst being, to all appearance, porous, and full of minute holes, which ensure perfect ventilation, but no draught anywhere, does not let the rain in, however heavy the shower. No metal or other ventilators are used, and the cap is as slightly as it is comfortable.





"It's to-morrow morning, so I'll say good-night," was the remark of the belated cyclist, at the "Red Lion."

"Why do you keep riding near the hospital?"

"Cause I like to have it handy. You never know, you know?"

PAT was riding calmly through the village street, when suddenly some urchins, cried out "Hi! master, you've got yer stockings on inside out!" "Arrah!" said Pat, "shure, an' there's a hole on the other soide av wan av them!"

"YOU YOUNG VAGABOND," shouted a gentleman, to a venturesome youth cycling up the Strand. "If that cab ran over you, where would you have been now?"

"Up behind, old party, a-takin of his number!"

BOUNDERBY: "Did you hear of my great feat at yesterday's races, Miss Ethel?"

"No; but I knew, from the first, that no one would be able to pass you on the track!" replied Miss Ethel, slyly glancing at his pedal appendages.

"It is highly important that measures be frequently taken to eliminate from that essential accessory to the cycle, its superincumbent weight of consumed, carbon," is a more pompous way of telling a friend to regularly trim his cycle-lamp wick.

A FRENCH COUNT was riding out one day, and happened to pass an old priest jogging contentedly along on a donkey. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Count, "and how goes the ass, good father?"

"On a velocipede, my son, ho! ho!"

A CYCLE smash, occurred during a tour in Wales, and, of course, it happened on the Sabbath, just as the people trooped out of the little chapel. A grey-headed old deacon stepped up, and spake thusly, "Oh, son of Satan, you was break the Sabbath-day, and the good Lord was break your bicycle, look you!" What the cyclist said, has not been recorded.

A PENRITH agent was taking an order for a new machine, the other day, from a novice, who said that he had been strongly advised to have "rat-trap spokes" fitted. It was the same agent who had a machine brought back to him because the owner couldn't blow up the tyres—he had tried with his mouth. These are the pleasantries which help to make a country life bearable, these, and the absence of water-carts, granite-setts, scorchers, and policemen.

A CROWD of speedmen, enveloped in dust, sweeping past all sorts and conditions of cyclists, shouted out (as their custom is) on nearing an elderly tricyclist:—"Hi! you there! stay where you are," their meaning being for him to keep as steady as possible. The reply to this command, "I would prefer to ride slowly on, if you will kindly allow me," displayed a quiet humour, taken in its literal aspect, as well as a lesson in courteous language.

A FINAL (fine-all) HEAT: The fiery magistrate's summary method with a batch of cyclists.

"Ah!" said the phrenologist, passing his hands from bump to bump, "here is powerful language, indeed!"

"I should reckon there was, too!" groaned his victim. "I've had enough punctures this year to develop 'language' in a brass monkey!"

"It may be all right to joke," said the small boy, crawling through a hole in a fence, as his mother, with a stick in her hand, came running down the street in his direction, "but dis comin' woman bus'ness is a serious matter ter me."

A GERMAN POLICEMAN: "Why isn't your lamp alight?"

Cycler: "Well, you see; the moon is shining so brilliantly to-night."

Policeman: "That don't matter. You must have your lamp alight at night, even if the sun's shining!"

"Did you ever break a horse?" asked a jobbing-master of the sad-eyed-looking young man.

"N—no, not exactly, but I've smashed several bicycles," was the reply.

CLIENT - "Have you a cycle for two persons in stock?"

Eager Agent: "How would this suit you?"

Client: "That! Why, it's only got one seat!"

Agent: "Yes, but you see one could use it in the morning, and the other in the afternoon!"

#### A powerful factor.

SIR EVELYN WOOD has expressed the opinion that to hold our own with the Continental Powers the Government should order the raising of at least 20,000 Volunteer cyclists. Being a practical cyclist himself, Sir Evelyn knows the immense service they could render in military warfare.



#### CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

"I'm sure Pedale is paid for riding the 'Crock' Safety!"  
 "What makes you so certain?"  
 "He let me have a ride on it!"





THE TEN MILES' AMATEUR TRICYCLE CHAMPION.

A. F. ILSLEY (NORTH ROAD C.C.).

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

## AN AUSPICIOUS START.



It is a glorious morning that welcomes us to Fair France—a morning that, on the quay at Cherbourg, might well be thought to be long more to June than early April.

It is not long past 6 o'clock, and the sun is beaming warmly on a trio of English cyclists as, under a small military escort, they push their mounts over the *pavé* to the Custom House. Cherbourg is usually a free port for cycle tourists; but we are the first to land since the new tariff has come into force, and it requires a head official to determine whether cycles are affected thereby. That worthy is not on duty till 8 o'clock—fortunately, we are in France; in England he would not appear till a late 10—and we adjourn to the Hotel d'Angleterre for coffee and omelet. Subsequently, we stroll along to the statue of Napoleon on the sea-front, pointing to the two miles of armed breakwater, and modestly (?) comparing it to the wonders of ancient Egypt. In pitiful contrast to the firm seat of the Emperor on his bronze steed, we notice a local, all in his Sunday best—for this is Sunday—being painfully initiated into the mysteries of cycling. By 9 o'clock we have successfully passed the Custom House, without "parting," our C.T.C. tickets being productive of great respect; and, after a little level street riding, find ourselves beginning a long ascent out of the town along a valley-side that savours greatly of the dips at the back of Torquay, both in colouring and contour. Before the second kilometre stone is reached, the "Boss" rolls off his geared ordinary, and we, more lowly mounted, "come tumbling after." The heat necessitates the removal of coats, and, while we are engaged in strapping them up, we are accosted in excellent English by a French soldier on wheels, who, in asking leave to join our company, explains that he is not fast, but, as his day's journey is short, he will "put it all in." He does not use the last four words, but acts them unmistakably. His costume is not one adapted for scorching, consisting of a shako, a long blue baize coat, with the tails stuck in a belt, a sword-bayonet clanking merrily against his back wheel, loose red trousers, boots, and no socks. The roads are perfect, the gradients easy, and the wind astern; but we do not cause any discomfort to our modest friend until we reach a hill, which he describes as being as "steep as a ladder." It may be so, but the point of the *simile* depends on the angle at which the ladder is inclined; and he is shocked when the "Boss" carelessly throws his legs over the handles, and we put up our feet, and rush the easy slope at about twenty five miles an hour. The hill is more than a mile long, and we have to wait in the village some time for our military friend, who, after a mild drink of fruit syrup, turns off down a bye-road, and leaves us to wander easily away towards Bayeux.



H. W. PERKS (Birmingham).—We know nothing about the matter.

A. B. (London).—We regret we cannot give you the information desired.

J. MORGAN (London).—Your report reached us 12 hours after going to press.

W. WESTON (London).—We cannot recognise the invention from your description.

T. C. (Gosport).—We do not know the machine sufficiently to recommend it with confidence.

G. B. PETTITT (P.L.C.C., Portsmouth), presents his compliments, with many thanks, to A. C. Singer, Esq.

W. M. C. (Feltham).—You will hear something about them later on, when the inventor "goes to the public."

J. C. KERSHAW (London).—We thank you for your kind invitation, but regret we are unable to send a representative.

MILLWARD SMITH (London).—New Bridge Chambers, St. Stephen's, Bristol, is the address of the London & Provincial Cycle Insurance Corporation.

O. S. (Wilts).—By all means have a gear-case; we can recommend the Bransom from personal experience as one of the best cheap cases in the market.

A. LLOYD OWEN (Chorlton-cum-Hardy B.C., Highfield Chorlton-cum-Hardy), would be extremely obliged if Hon. Secs. of clubs who issue club journals will kindly send him copies in exchange for his own club's gazette.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Will you allow me to ask you to once more warn your readers against their cycles being stolen, for in spite of locks, bars, and bolts, a new tandem and two singles were, on Sunday night, stolen from our place. We have been going to insure them, but as you put it under 'Editorial Topics' this week, 'cyclists were ever an apathetic set in matters affecting their own interests,' if we had only taken your advice, a few weeks ago when you mentioned there were several good insurance companies about, we should not have been at such a loss."

## A Warning!

The North Road. This road was (on October 19th) in very good condition from London to Grantham, via Hitchin, Bedford, Girtford Bridge, Alconbury, and Stamford, with the exception of a mile or so beyond Eaton Socon, where a few stones have been put down, and one or two places between Welwyn and Hitchin. Preparations are, however, being made to stone the road at many parts. These preparations are less evident on an alternative route through Bedford, Kettering, Rockingham, Oakham, and Stretton, to Grantham, but that road is very hilly between Rockingham and Oakham and roughish from Oakham to Stretton.

## The North Road.

Temporary Repairs. While riding home from the Scottish meet at Edinburgh, in June, 1889, the front fork of a solid tyred 22-framed New Rapid safety gave way under me on one side, almost midway between the crown and fork end. This breakage was repaired with splint and strap, and the machine carried me safely 25 miles. Just a month later at Glasgow Fair, Saturday, the top tube of a Swift safety broke with me near Ayr, the breakage was about 9 inches, and was repaired in the same manner, with the addition of a plug 4 inches long inserted into the tube; strange as it may seem, we sprung the tube sufficiently to insert this plug. I rode home, 35 miles on the machine. I remember these circumstances and dates most distinctly, and could still produce evidence from my companions on these rides to prove what I tell you.

## Temporary Repairs.

J. MARSHALL (Glasgow) writes:—"Re par. in your issue of 26th inst., page 236, headed 'Nonsense,' I think you have been rather hasty in dubbing this old tip as nonsense. While riding home from the Scottish meet at Edinburgh, in June, 1889, the front fork of a solid tyred 22-framed New Rapid safety gave way under me on one side, almost midway between the crown and fork end. This breakage was repaired with splint and strap, and the machine carried me safely 25 miles. Just a month later at Glasgow Fair, Saturday, the top tube of a Swift safety broke with me near Ayr, the breakage was about 9 inches, and was repaired in the same manner, with the addition of a plug 4 inches long inserted into the tube; strange as it may seem, we sprung the tube sufficiently to insert this plug. I rode home, 35 miles on the machine. I remember these circumstances and dates most distinctly, and could still produce evidence from my companions on these rides to prove what I tell you."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

W. H. F. (London).—Thanks for your suggestion.

J. W. PERKIS (Barnes).—Have a Rudge-Whitworth.

R. D. BOOTH (Dursley).—We have forwarded letter as desired.

J. BUTTERFIELD (London).—What is it supposed to be? Not poetry surely!

"RALEIGH" (Ludlow).—At present we have no great faith in it. Wait and see what it will do.

J. R. E. (London).—Send the tyre to the Pneumatic Tyre Co. for repair. Don't tamper with it yourself.

"KITEN" (Greenwich).—The makers of the gear case named are C. W. Bluemel Bros., Crown Works, Globe Road, E.

A. GEISSER (Regensburg, Germany).—We regret we have none of the Guides you refer to, and therefore are unable to send.

G. E. (Hampstead).—You will be quite safe in purchasing the machine named. It is a reliable one, and we approve of your specification.

"LINCOLN"—1. Not altogether necessary, though advisable. Paraffin run through the bearings is very cleansing. 2. Fairly warm, but slightly deflate tyres, not entirely.

H. A. THOMSON (Glasgow) writes as follows:—"I would feel obliged if you or any of your numerous readers would answer the following questions—'What systems of units are used for marking off distances along roads in France, Germany, and America? 'Are distances indicated by stones, &c., as in Scotland?'"

We continue to receive large numbers of letters on this important subject, and as we cannot find room for all the letters in our Correspondence Column, we give a few extracts here:—

T. C. SAVIDGE (Leicester) writes:—"I am an enthusiastic rider, but think a tax will have a tendency to check reckless and careless riding."

W. R. PALMER (London) writes:—"I enclose my coupon duly filled up. Personally the tax would not affect me in the slightest. I should object far more to the plate on the machine, but I believe it would have a most pernicious effect on the Trade, and more important still, on the poorer class of cyclists. I have been a rider myself for 15 years, and during that time I believe from my own observation that the cycle has been of immense service in promoting temperance and health, and forming generally the 'mens sana in corpore sano.' To me, the cycle is by no means the least of the civilising agencies of the day, and as I am still a young man, I hope to see it enter far more into our daily life than even it does at present."

W. S. COX (Hemyock) votes against the tax, as he thinks it would debar many thousands from using the cycle. He has asked the opinion of many cyclists, and finds most of them are against taxation, whilst some say that a tax of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. would be beneficial to cyclists. He is inclined to believe so too, but he is dead against registration and numbering.

J. C. HALL (Lichfield) certainly agrees with taxation, as cyclists would then have a right to the roads which he does not think they now have in the eyes of other users of the highways. He feels certain cyclists would be treated with more consideration.

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.