

CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



THE LAST OF THE VISITORS.

PROSPECT OF A WET RIDE TO TOWN.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE EVERGREEN AMATEUR QUESTION.

RADICAL REFORM.

IN view of the decision, arrived at by the Council of the N.C.U. at a recent meeting, with regard to the question of admitting professionals as competitors in amateur events, it may be of interest to review the position taken by the N.C.U. as a legislative body in the interests or otherwise of amateur sport.

It is a fundamental law in Logic, that the basis principle, or bed rock of an argument must be admittedly correct and stable, before any deductions or superstructure can be made or erected upon it; one is apt to lose sight of the principle, embodied in this double-barrelled clause, when dealing with such intricate affairs as N.C.U. definitions and legislation have come to be; and it is with the principle of interference to the distinction of amateur status that I wish to deal. When a man begins to compete on the race path, he, if new to competitive sport and cycling in particular, suddenly finds himself confronted with a body of men, the Executive of the N.C.U., possessing almost autocratic power, who considerately take under their charge his sporting morals, and "do for him" generally for the reasonable sum of half-a-crown per annum.

The great majority of men do not inquire by what authority this is done, or who invested this autocratic body with office, but accept things as they find them, taking any little concession on the part of the N.C.U.—such as the permission of unlicensed men to compete at registered meetings, &c., as

A BLESSING FROM THE GODS.

The novice, however, will find upon inquiry, that this body is not self-constituted, except in the higher offices, but it is the outcome of an elective system, by virtue of which, he, provided he evinces the slightest interest in the matter, may have a vote and make his influence felt in bringing about a better state of things than exists at present.

On studying the ancient history of cycling matters, he will probably find that this body, the N.C.U., was originated to safeguard the interests of cyclists, to promote legislation on their behalf, and benefit the Sport generally. How such a body has come to occupy its present arbitrary position will be a conundrum, which he will probably find easier of solution, if he apply thereto, the double-barrelled clause above, viz., that of the necessity of starting upon an assured basis, before elaborating details: this, I contend, has not been done in cycling legislation; the premises by

which the N.C.U. first interfered in matters touching the amateur question in cycling were never firmly established, and to attempt a scheme, such as the Licensing Scheme of last year, was simply building an elaborate edifice upon insecure foundations, the truth of which statement is amply proved by the way that scheme, so much be-puffed at the outset, is now tottering to its fall.

Cycling legislation having come to this pass, the following questions naturally suggest themselves. Has the interference of the N.C.U. in the matter of amateur status been beneficial to the Sport? Was such interference necessary, or did it follow, as a natural corollary to the doings of other Sport governing bodies, such as the A.A.A.—from whose ranks the early legislators of the N.C.U. were chiefly drawn—without sufficient examination into the ethics of the question involved?

This is almost begging the question, as the very fact, that any necessity was recognised by these first legislators for

DRAWING CLASS DISTINCTIONS

among racing-men, is evidence that they came to the task of superintending cycling matters imbued with out-of-date, narrow-minded social ideas concerning gentlemen amateurs and professionals, and drafted these ideas wholesale as a basis upon which the superstructure of cycling legislation was to be built.

What a chance was here missed for a modern Sport, such as Cycling, to cast the slough of these old traditions and conventionalities, and to start with a clean skin!

If we eliminate, for a moment, the question of whether the A.A.A. was well advised, in the first place, in attempting a solution of the amateur question, and take it for granted that some sort of control was needed, it is palpable to every one that, with a sport, depending upon a manufactured article, which encountered Trade competition, and the enormous Trade interests at work, the chances in favour of the existence of professionalism were very great indeed; and that, if any sport required overlooking with an eye to preserving its so-called purity, and justified legislation having that object—Cycling was that Sport. The mistake, in my opinion, was in admitting the necessity of any protective system.

The influence of the Trade has been fully proved to exist, and legislation has been shown to be practically futile in coping with it. For where real—that is, pecuniary—interests were at stake, the class distinctions have been merely nominal and artificial.

The tentative and purely experimental nature of the present system is evidently fully recognised by the governing body itself, otherwise such a drastic proposition, as the one mentioned in the beginning, going, as it does, to the very root of the principle of class distinction, could never have been seriously discussed and carried to a division.

TO DISCUSS FIRST PRINCIPLES:

the advantage which a professional, or one who devoted the whole of his time and energy to a Sport, over a person not able to do so, has been ever appreciated; and the power to devote one's whole energy to an athletic pursuit is either derived from acquired wealth, or by making the athletic pursuit itself the means of livelihood. Provided all started upon an ideal Socialistic basis, an amateur definition would be more worthy of support; but, in the present state of society, all do not start upon the ground of equality, and it is antagonistic to the development of the Sport, for a body, calling itself National, to promote legislation to the advantage of a certain class—to the advantage of so-called gentlemen, by attempting to place under a social ban the unlicensed amateur and professional, and to effectually exclude them from its contests.

The moneyed man, to all intents and purposes, occupies the same position as the professional, and has the same advantages over the work-a-day amateur. The policy of the N.C.U., if persisted in, will simply place a premium upon competitive cycling among the rich, and engender a stultified amateurism, supported by the manufacturer, among those not so well off, who are worth subsidising; making success well-nigh impossible where other pursuits are necessary; the well-to-do amateur occupying the place of a privileged professional.

It seems as if the priggish, or so-called gentlemanly, ideas which actuated the framers of the Henley Definition, had permeated

SUCH A DEMOCRATIC SPORT

as Cycling; were this not so, no objection could be taken to a straight riding professional competing in amateur events. In the attempt to give a man, who has other business to follow, a chance in competitive events,—which is the avowed object of amateur laws, although they really attempt a social disqualification of the professional,—it is obviously unfair to pit against him, on equal terms, one whose whole time is devoted to getting fit; but then the handicapping principle provides for such contingencies by taking into account previous performances;—it is not necessary to handicap the professional off the field altogether, and deny to the Sport the highest perfection in performances.

Were the handicapping principle adopted in its entirety, the public would secure the best talent at meetings, the racing amateur could ride against the first riders of the day, who must of necessity always be semi-professional; and thus performances could be gauged all round, instead of, as is at present the case, drawing invidious distinctions between amateurs, so-called unlicensed amateurs, and professionals, very often a distinction without a difference, who never meet in competition; each class

with its separate lists of records and performances. In the present state of things, unless a true amateur is a physical marvel, he can never without plenty of money and spare time, hope to get anywhere near the performances accomplished by subsidised riders and professionals; the N.C.U. is well aware of this, and does not hesitate to call to its bar any man who, while posing as a true amateur, accomplishes a phenomenal ride.

The present tendency of N.C.U. legislation is to hold the Sport back, and be content with mediocrity in performances, simply because every person who races, and has other things to attend to, is incapable of attaining the highest perfection, which as everyone knows with regard to any accomplishment, is only attainable by constant practice and effort solely directed to that end. Such a system of protection of the English amateur in a Free Trade country is obviously childish, and has had the effect of sending our best riders abroad; why? because the true blue-blooded amateur, who is so hampered and hedged round with restrictions, that he is incapable of attaining the highest form, must be given a chance of winning prizes and occupying

THE PROUD POSITION OF CHAMPION,

even though there are hundreds of riders, in this country and abroad, disqualified by the ruling body, who have proved themselves capable of beating him easily. Competition among present day amateurs is competition among a limited few.

Amateur sport does not represent the highest development of speed cycling, and can never do so.

A body, calling itself the National Cycling Union, which cannot include, within its ranks, all classes of straight-riding cyclists, belies its name, and is in danger of becoming the representative body of a very limited class.

THE PRESENT AMATEUR DEFINITION

has done one good thing, it has improved performances, by giving us a man, the so-called Makers' Amateur, who has been paid to win, and has, therefore, had a very beneficial effect in stamping out the rider in the pay of the Bookmaker. And were the manufacturers to combine, at the instigation of the N.C.U. (a very necessary piece of diplomacy), in the determination to cease subsidising record men, although the Makers' Amateur would possibly disappear, we should be under no greater difficulties, with regard to the professional and Bookie's Amateur, than is the case on the Turf at the present moment, the N.C.U. taking the position of the Jockey Club in any cases of roping or unfair riding. That form of superintendence, together with the licensing of suitable racing tracks, is the only form which can be practically carried. The abolition of useless restrictions will give the Sport an opportunity of attaining its highest perfection.

MANCUNIAN.

OUR SCORCHER.



OUR scorcher does the pace. He is a flyer. He has "geared up" writ large on his features. He eats anything, drinks anything, and rides any machine, providing it is fast and light. So long as he can reach the pedals, and "hunt the jigger along," that is all he cares for. He does not like accessories, and ignores reasonable comforts awheel; and, if you try to make him discuss such things, he actually gets angry. But, for the law, and its wholesome terrors, he would, most certainly, ride lampless and bellless; and, but for the existence of just a spark of humanitarianism, not yet dead in his breast, he would level all bothering pedestrians with the dust. His *summum bonum* is, to "get there." He glories in designating himself a Spartan, and would be ashamed to ride a clean and bright machine. With him, it is time to oil up when the bearings tell you so; and he only

patronises pneumatics because they are faster than solids. Does he have a brake? Certainly not; the idea is to go, not stop. Light? "Well, there you are, you know, lamps are a beastly nuisance; but a fellow can't keep on paying fines!" Our scorcher enjoys taking on strange riders, tearing them over the ground, and watching their discomfiture, and their dishevelled condition at the finish.

Suspended.

Will our readers kindly note, that our "Asked & Answered" column will be suspended during the next four weeks, in order to make room for special attractive features.

Even He rejoices.

AMERICA to the front again! This time it is a bicycle rider with no legs, and only one arm. He is only thirteen years old, but in spite of his physical imperfections is said to be very active and cheerful. Verily, the bicycle may be regarded as a Divine blessing, sent to brighten the lives of those who are but imperfect specimens of humanity!



JAAP EDEN ON HIS HUMBER.

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A GRAND ISSUE next week!

FIRST SHOW NUMBER next week.

CYCLING is finding much favour with the Portuguese ladies.

AMERICAN cycle papers are asking "What has become of Zimmerman?"

NEXT week we shall issue the first of our Four Special Show Numbers.

STATISTICS show that in Paris 1 in every 72 persons rides a bicycle.

THE North Road dinner will be held at Frascati's on Friday, December 13th.

A SAN FRANCISCO brave is building a bicycle to carry nine men, to be geared to 225.

WE were in error in stating that H. C. Horswill had resigned from the Granville C.C.

THE Northern R.R.A. has passed G. E. Lascelles 12 hours' Northern record as 206½ miles.

£57 WERE collected at the Jersey Carnival for charity, and the affair was a great success.

THE legal battle between the Clincher and G. & J. tyres is on the cause list for this week.

CAST your eye down the list of contents of our First Show Number, which appears next week.

THE E.C.U. have abandoned their annual dinner for this year, owing to the death of their hon. sec.

THE city authorities of St. Petersburg are considering the question of taxing the cyclists in the Russian capital.

ENTRIES close November 15th, to E. A. Lamb, 57, Chancery Lane, for the Stanley Inter-Club Billiard Competition.

THE sole English agents for the Trenton cyclometer, we mentioned last week, are Brown Bros., Great Eastern Street.

THERE are many cyclists who would do well to remember that they are not obliged to ride fast simply because they can.

WE present our readers this week with the photograph of A. J. Watson, which we were unfortunately compelled to hold over last week.

TWENTY-NINE miles in the hour, and 2.10 miles, were stock themes, not to say Stocks themes, with the speakers at the Catford dinner.

WE are threatened with another new chain. One was tried at Jersey last week, and is said to have given excellent results, but the details are hazy.

THE statement made at the Catford feed, that the club is about to start a branch at Buluwayo, Matabeleland, is a fact, and not an after-dinner joke.

THE Marquis of Queensberry was seen riding Cobhamwards on a single on Sunday, and appeared to find the head-wind conducive to wabbling.

LAST week's winds made whole woods bare. In the lanes near Esher though, we saw some glorious Autumn pageantry in sheltered nooks on Sunday.

c2

It is proposed to equip the section foremen of the New York Street Cleaning Department with bicycles. That city is divided into 58 sections.

CYCLING's Stand at the National Show will be found in its accustomed position in the centre of the Palace, near the Stage. Our Number is 198.

LATE in the year as it is, there are actually some 250 applications for membership to the C.T.C. in the November "Gazette." The club is enjoying a real boom!

IN the opinion of a Carlisle County Councillor, the men of to-day could be divided into two classes, those that rode bicycles and those that dodged them.

A CYCLIST in the County of Durham has obtained a verdict for £18 damages against the driver of a trap, who recently rode him down while on his right side of the roadway.

THE municipal authorities of Brunswick, Germany, have just issued a new set of stringent regulations with respect to cycling. This is all due to a few reckless riders in the town.

"GINGER," we learn, in a road race last Saturday, swallowed 2 lbs. of dust, struck a tram car, ran over two boys, and got a fly in his eye, thus easily breaking the world's record.

THE Polytechnic C.C. have decided to devote the Armour Shield, won in the E.C.U. competition, to the five miles' championship of the club, making it a perpetual challenge trophy.

SOMEBODY is putting it about that a young lady recently returned her Rationals to the tailor, because she could not get them over her head. Personally we are inclined not to believe it.

OWING to the removal of our offices from Bouverie Street, and the consequent disorganisation, we have not been able to count the votes on the taxation question. We hope to announce the result in our next.

THE requisite number of clubs having entered, the E.C.U. billiard tournament will be held during the Winter in the new club-room of the Middlesex County Sports Club at Wood Green. A generous prize-list is being offered.

THE Polytechnic boys held their first Cinderella of the social season, on Saturday last, at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and, thanks to the untiring energies of J. N. Still, the dance hon. sec., and his efficient band of M.C.'s, the affair was a huge success.

TEN POUNDS FOR A NAME.

We are authorised by Messrs. Guest & Son, Neptune Works, Sheffield, to offer a Prize of a

TEN POUND NOTE

for the best and most appropriate suggested Name for a new Embrocation which they are about to place on the market. Suggestions should be sent in to—

"CYCLING" OFFICE,

ROSEBURY AVENUE,

on Post Cards, and should reach us not later than Saturday, November 30th.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

GLANCE AT THE LIST OF CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT ISSUE!

His Lordship in the chair.

THE Marquis of Queensberry takes the chair at the Bath Road dinner, on December 13th, at the St. James's Hall Restaurant.

Was before its time.

THE "Bath Road News" thinks, now cycling is so popular, it is a great pity that the Cyclists' Club closed its doors two years ago. Had it been running now it might have been a huge success.

[An important amalgamation.

AN important amalgamation has just taken place in the French Press between two weekly papers, "Le Véloce Sport" and "La Bicyclette," which, from next week, will appear as one paper, although retaining both titles.

A suitable gift.

THE people of Sheffield are testimonialising their Chief Constable, Mr. J. Jackson. Part of the present will take the form of a brougham fitted with Dunlop tyres. Mr. Jackson is a good friend to cyclists, and is very keen about glass being thrown in the streets.

Excursions to the Stanley.

MR. LAMB, the secretary of the Stanley Show, informs us that excursions have now been arranged on all the principal railway systems for two, four, and six days, particulars of which are being advertised on the various railway stations.

Sounding their members.

MR. E. G. WARDEN, the secretary of the Birmingham Centre, has written the various M.P.'s, representing the many divisions of his Centre, on the important question of taxing cyclists. The replies are being looked forward to with considerable interest.

The Dibble Memorial.

WILL gentlemen holding collecting lists for this Fund kindly note that the hon. secretary has removed to 14, Albert Square, S.W.

Previously acknowledged	£27	5	2
F. D. Frost	0	2
C. W. Nairn	0	5

£27 12 8

A Birmingham lynching.

A PARTY of Birmingham cyclists were riding along the Tamworth Road recently, and saw a conveyance approaching in the middle of the road. They fell into single file, and on their right side, but the driver of the vehicle, instead of drawing a little to his right side, to allow them to pass, pulled right across the road, and consequently bored several of the wheelmen into the ditch. This had scarcely happened when two of the cyclists, forming the rear, were seen on the top of the cart. They dragged the driver off his box to the ground, where he was held by several, while the sturdiest of the lot wielded the whip to such a tune that it is safe to say the driver received the soundest castigation he ever had in his life. When the cyclists rode away, the driver was in a very limp condition, and will probably in future recognise the rights of others to the Queen's highway.

Distinguished cyclists.

MAY the wedded career of Prince Carl of Denmark and the Princess Maud of Wales run as sweet as their wheels! They are both devoted cyclists, and we expect, ere long, to hear of an order for a royal tandem being booked by some enterprising firm.

New hand-book on cycling.

"CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE," is a new hand-book on the sport and pastime, by Luther H. Porter, member of the League of American Wheelmen, and published at 2s. 6d., by Edward Arnold, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C. It has been well edited for English readers by Frank Shorland, and as it stands, should prove valuable to the big army of new recruits now wrestling with the rudiments of riding. The American illustrations look rather quaint to English eyes.

NEXT WEEK THE FIRST OF OUR SHOW NUMBERS WILL APPEAR.**The time of fulfilment is nigh.**

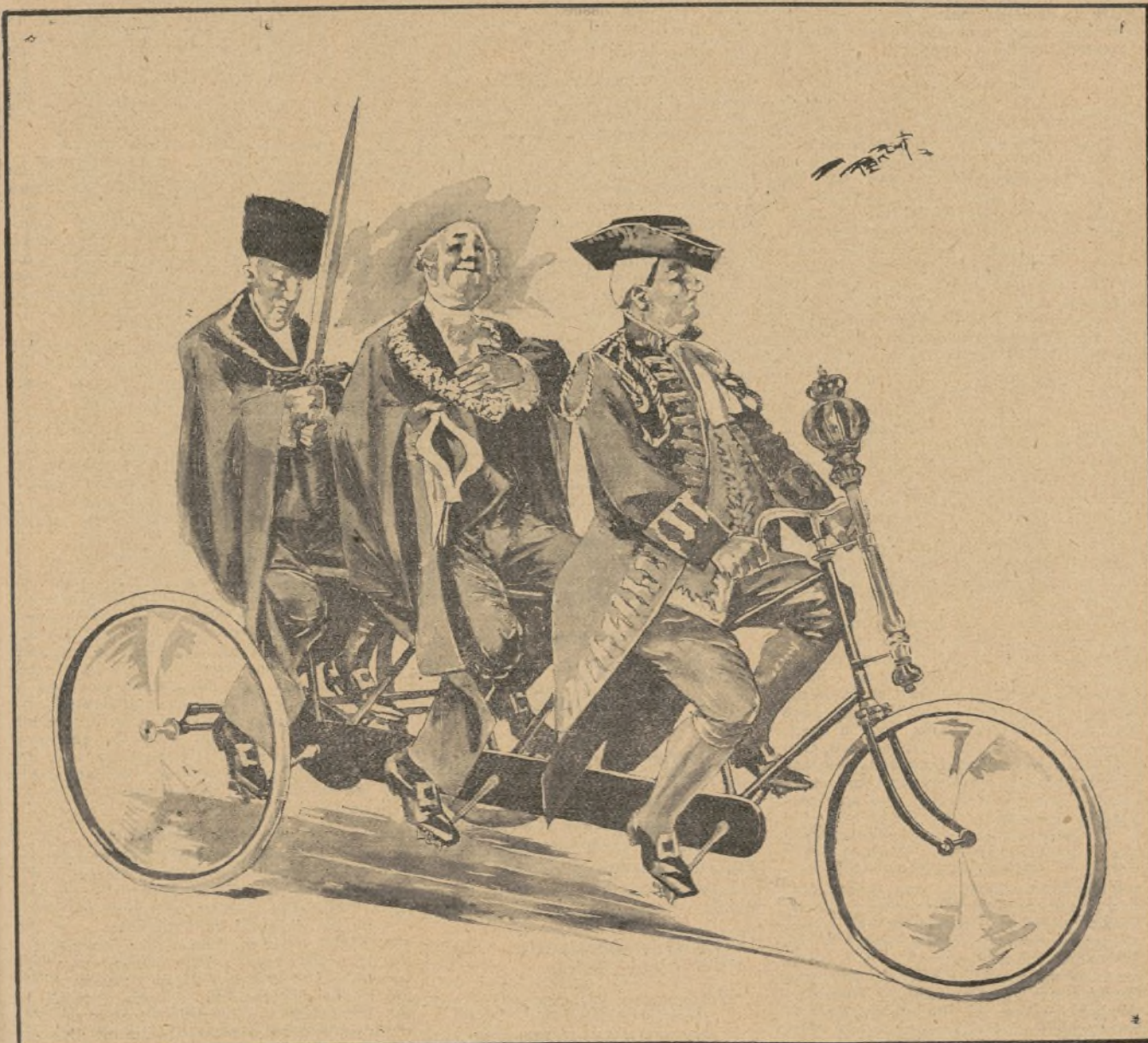
LORD WOLSELEY, the new Commander-in-Chief, advocates the raising of a number of military cycle corps. He says, "there are few countries in which they would not prove of inestimable advantage," and adds that, "throughout the whole of the Indian Mutiny there was not one day's marching, or any one fight (except three or four days in the hills), in which the cycle would not have been able to render the greatest possible services." Lord Wolseley knows a good thing when he sees it; and that, for scouting and despatch work, the cycle is *par excellence*.

The B. R. Cinders.

THE first of the series of Bath Road Cinderellas takes place at the Westminster Town Hall on December 5th. Tickets, 3s. 6d., must be applied for at once to Reginald Trevor, 48, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

The Stanley "Smoker."

As is their agreeable custom, the Stanley men took a training spin for their Show exertions by running a most excellent invitation "smoker" on Thursday last. The King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, was filled to the point almost of discomfort, but any sense of inconvenience in this direction was quite forgotten in the enjoyment of the programme, which was exceptional. G. Lacy Hillier took the chair, and gave the usual Show manifesto during the evening.

**THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.**

Suggestions for a State Civic Cycle, bearing the Worshipful Lord Mayor, the Remembrancer, and the State Coachman.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Not a bad notion.

AN American genius has placed upon his own market a saddle and tool-bag combined. The top of the saddle lifts up, revealing a roomy bag, in which all the necessary sundries can be stored neatly away. What state the solution would get in, in warm weather, we can only surmise.

Altrincham is decisive.

THE agitation started by the Chester Rural District Council, in reference to the taxation of cycles, still continues. Each week the question is under discussion at the meetings of District Councils in various parts of the county, showing that the promoters of the scheme are leaving no stone unturned, in order to achieve their object. The decision of the Altrincham Urban Council will, no doubt, cause some little surprise to the Cestrians, seeing that in addition to deciding against the proposal, it was dubbed as "grandmotherly and impracticable legislation."

The Catford dinner.

AMIDST the golden splendour of the Holborn Council Chamber, and the sounds of sweet harmony from a conscientiously hard-working band, the Catford dined, and dined well, on Saturday last. Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., was in the chair, and any lack of the cycling flavour about this learned gentleman was quite compensated for by the list of vice-chairmen, F. W. Shorland, J. W. Stocks, M. A. Holbein, R. A. Marples, and F. W. Chinn. The company was fairly numerous, largely composed of new faces, not at all a bad sign in a club; but amongst the better-known Catfordians and visitors present we noticed J. Blair, "Baron" Ruse, Annison, H. H. Griffin, Dalton-Smith, Sayer, Perman, Sisley, S. F. Edge, F. W. Bailly, Swindley, O'Reilly, Holding, Powell, Jefferson, Cook, of Chelmsford, S. T. Brown, Platt-Betts, A. H. S. Jackson, and G. H. Smith (CYCLING). In proposing the toast of "The Club," the Chairman made a lengthy speech, excellent as a dissertation on cycling in general, and especially from its moral standpoint, but hardly, perhaps, *apropos* of the toast, and he had difficulty, at times, in retaining the attention of his audience. Secretary Sayer, in his reply, told us how the club, with its provincial and foreign branches, numbered 430 members; spoke of the big racing programme of the past year, of the record feats of its members, Holbein, Stocks, Platt-Betts, Marples; touched, half sadly, on the history of the past season's runs, more brightly on the social side, and, in short, proved to the hilt that, although the Catford was that evening completing a decade of club dinners, it was very far from being a decayed club. S. T. Brown very ably proposed a new toast, "The Catford Track," C. P. Sisley replying, and Dalton-Smith was complimentary to "Visitors" and "Press." Shorland replied for the former, and mentioned incidentally that the first open race he rode in was a Catford event. H. H. Griffin replied statistically for the Press, and trotted out some ancient history, to the discomfort of a prophet. A. H. S. Jackson was commendably brief in proposing the toast of "The Chairman." The entertainment portion of the programme was hardly up to the Catford mark, but Miss Marian Spindler, G. Wallis Arthur, and Ernest Perman, were well worth hearing. The assault on the cloak-room took place at a late hour.

MAGNIFICENT ART SUPPLEMENTS IN OUR GRAND SHOW NUMBERS.

Hymeneal.

OUR congratulations and best wishes to C. E. R. Stevens, Esq., organist of St. Mark's Church, St. Helier, and conductor of the Cecilian Orchestral Society, the musical offshoot of the Jersey C. C., on the occasion of his wedding last week to Miss M. Bartlett, organist of the Jersey Choral Society.

Going ahead!

D. G. COLLINS has very considerably increased the size of his show space at 95 and 96, Newgate Street, London, E.C., and has now on view there a grand display of prizes, club medals, &c. Collins has secured the order for the N.C.U. medals, in the face of much competition. Secretaries from the country, visiting the Stanley, should interview him at Stand 118.

Spare us, please.

ALTHOUGH we never, or very rarely, publish announcements of coming club dinners, concerts, dances, &c., our patient and confiding friends, the club secretaries, still continue to pour these announcements upon us for publication. As it is utterly impossible for us to find room for this purely club news, we are obliged to consign it, with a pang, to the waste paper basket, and we trust that from henceforth hon. secs. will spare us these continual griefs, and themselves much useless labour, by not forwarding items of purely club and local interest for insertion.

The Gamage C. & A. C. Smoker.

HON. SEC. W. A. VINCENT announces a startling array of talent for the Gamage C. & A. C. smoker. The bill includes a quartette of high-class vocalists, viz., Miss Douglas (Lyric Theatre), Madame Westall (Contralto, Queen's Hall), Mr. R. Miles, a pupil of Sims Reeves, and Mr. Franklyn Wynne, of the Dorothy Opera Co., Mr. F. R. Carrodus (violinello), Macann, the King of Concertina players, also a boy pianist from Leipzig, and Alf. Pepper with his sleigh bells. The comedians are of the best and all favourites, but too numerous to mention here. There will be a full house so apply early for tickets.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisement Matter intended for the First of our Four Special Show Numbers must reach us by THURSDAY, November 14th, to secure insertion.

Subsequent Thursdays are the latest days for Changes of Matter, and New Advertisements for the three following Double Issues (instead of Fridays, as usual).

Note New Address—

"CYCLING,"

ROSEBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, E.C.

Telegrams—"Pressimus, London."

Telephone No.—6992.

Novel sham fight.

A CURIOUS competition in swordsmanship has been arranged in America, between an officer on horseback and another on a safety. The cyclist, Colonel Hartmann, feels certain of winning.

Blown off and killed.

MR. W. KING, of Portinscale, was found dead by his bicycle, on the road home from Keswick, by a postman, last week. It was a very windy day, and the theory is that the unfortunate gentleman was blown over.

Under other colours.

OUR readers will please note that all the machines manufactured by Bonnick & Co., Ltd., of Coventry will, in future, be known as R. & S. cycles. The letters stand for Riley & Sons, who are the sole directors of the firm.

A Sextuplet.

IMMENSE sensation was created in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, on Sunday last, by the appearance of a new machine mounted by six riders. This sextuplet was built by a Paris maker who intends to use it on the track, it weighs 150 lbs, and its length is about 6½ yards.

The Fairbanks as a battering-ram.

ANOTHER instance of the strength of the Fairbanks built-up wood rim comes to hand from a Lancashire rider, who got into collision with another rider when going about twelve miles an hour. His Raleigh knocked the other rider and machine some distance without the front wheel, which was fitted with the Fairbanks rims, being hurt in the least.

Condolences.

THE Acting Committee of the London Centre met at 57, Basinghall Street on Thursday last. Present, Mr. J. Blair (chair), Messrs. F. Stuart Clark, G. F. Sharp, S. Rivers-Smith, A. J. Begbie, and Jas. Burley. It is the sad duty of the Acting Committee to express regret at the early and lamented death of Mr. J. Hammon, at the time a member of their number, which has cast a shadow over their Session, and has deprived the Union of a zealous worker.

The Prince is excited!

THE PRINCE OF WALES, is much interested in the Simpson chain, and has sent round to inquire when the six races between the Simpson chained machine, and the unassisted "Gamage," are likely to come off. So says "The Major," in "To-Day," and, therefore, it must be true, the accuracy of this excellent authority, especially on cycling matters, being a subject of common comment. Perhaps somebody has been offering His Royal Highness odds that the races will not come off after all, and he is feeling his way a bit before closing on the transaction.

To Cyclo-photographers.

To amateur cycling photographers, or any cyclist who might have an inclination to join their army, we should recommend the purchase of the October and November Numbers of the "Junior Photographer." In an article entitled "Simplified Photography," in a clear chatty style, Charles Le Sueur gives "condensed, inexpensive, and expeditious instructions for the securing of photographic prints that will stand the test of ordinary, if not higher, criticism, and, at the same time, avoiding the technicalities, innumerable formulae, and divers methods which in most handbooks befog and bewilder the young (or old) aspirant to the sun art."



MISUNDERSTOOD!

APPREHENSIVE AND LAMPLESS CYCLIST (*contemplating a ride*).—"Eh!—any coppers?"
HAUGHTY AND UNSOPHISTICATED STRANGER.—"Very sorry, my man, haven't one about me!!" (*Left proceeding.*)

A warning to extremists.

THE fashion of extremely narrow handlebars is fast reverting to that of the bone-shaker period, and developing into a dangerous absurdity. We saw a cyclist the other day, a tall, broad-shouldered individual, using a pair which, if put to the rule, would not have exceeded 17 inches. Under such circumstances, the chest was undoubtedly cramped, and the lungs seriously hampered in their movements. The muscles, too, must necessarily suffer, seeing that they depend so largely upon the proper oxygenation of the blood to renovate the wasting of the tissues. The heart must also be affected, and, with all these important organs outraged, it is at once apparent that a man's efforts must be largely discounted, even should, in the event of his organisation being impaired, no worse results ensue.

More Figures.

THE season of statistics is upon us! An idea of the vast importance of the Cycle Trade may be gathered from the computation that there are 1,300,000 cyclists in Great Britain, and that £75,000,000 (?) are invested in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles. The number of employees in the factories is estimated at 43,000.

Temple Press, Ltd.

It must not be thought that the large premises, now occupied by Temple Press, Ltd., in Rosebery Avenue, are exclusively occupied by CYCLING. Temple Press, Ltd., have a very large printing and publishing business quite apart from CYCLING, and are now extending the scope of that business enormously. They are prepared to undertake all descriptions of printing contracts.

The League says "No."

THE English Land Restoration League, which has as its modest programme the abolition of landlordism, is against the infliction of a cycle tax, and has passed a resolution to that effect.

Novel Christmas Goods.

MESSRS. C. W. FAULKNER & Co., 741, Jewin Street, E. C., are this year supplying some novel and extremely beautiful Christmas cards, of which they have sent us some samples. Most of them are most artistically designed with small photogravure pictures, and form a pleasing variety to the common run of Christmas cards. They are also preparing some very beautiful photogravure pictures, suitable for framing, at 1s. each, and a collection of amusing, novel, and interesting games.

CYCLING

OFFICES.

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

LONDON, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD

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WE have had a very great compliment paid us, and we hasten to notify the fact to our readers. A few weeks back we made public the fact that because we criticised a certain lamp, in strict accordance with the result of our trial, the advertisement had been withdrawn from our columns. The makers of the lamp appeared highly indignant at our stating, that we considered, after a fair trial, that their lamps possessed serious defects as well as merits, and their indignation prompted them, with our consent, to cancel a contract for a series of advertisements. The loss of business we very naturally regretted, and we do not disguise the fact; our main object in journeying into the City each day, we admit without a blush, is to do business and to make money; at the same time, we are firm in the belief that our own interests are best served by the conscientious consideration of the interests of the readers of this journal. In the case under notice our criticism of the lamp has proved of some value to the makers, as we are informed that they have effected a certain improvement, and, strange enough, that improvement is made in a direction in which we indicated that it was needed. We are not, we venture to think, given to egotism on this paper, but we think our readers will now understand why we feel complimented, and they will not think us

exacting, if we ask why alteration has been necessary, if the lamp was so very perfect in the first place as to cause such an outburst of indignation, on the part of its makers, at our pointing out one of the defects which they have now found it advisable to remedy?

SOME amusing views on the subject of gears for Winter riding have been recently put forward in an authoritative way, which, to say the least, are by no means practicable for, or applicable to, the average rider, or even the expert, who has any consideration for himself. Seventy, we believe, was the gear recommended for Winter work, and the writer who advocated it held that some such high gear was as suitable for the off-season as for the cream of the year. Now there may be room for differences of opinion as to whether a moderate gear, or a high one, is most suitable and pleasant for the average rider in Summer-time, but it is a novelty to find anybody, with any experience of the subject whatever, seriously recommending a high gear for mud-plugging expeditions. We, ourselves, believe in a rather high gear for the fairly athletic road rider in the fine-weather months, but, we are equally sure, from many years experience, that a high gear for real genuine Winter work on heavy country roads, is one of the most killing exercises rash youth, or imbecile age, can possibly indulge in.

SIXTY-THREE gear is quite enough for such a time, and we think 60 is better still. With the latter gear, however stiff the head wind, and dead and heavy the sodden road, a moderate pace can be maintained without excessive exertion; with a high gear, under such circumstances, pace is impossible, and slow riding exhaustion. It must be remembered that, irrespective of gear, or the state of the roads, pace in Winter time is rarely possible, or desired. Riders are not fit, and the state of the temperature and atmosphere is generally conducive to anything but speed. Since, therefore, from many causes, a moderate pace is the normal state of things in Winter riding, it is clearly best to use a machine that runs best and easiest at a sober speed, and experts are pretty generally agreed that such an one must have a moderate gear.

THE ways of Providence are indeed strange, and beyond our ken. In another column we chronicled the sad death of a gentleman whilst cycling, who was in the habit of riding very carefully, sedately, and quietly. He had ridden a mile from home to a neighbouring town, and, in returning, had to meet a very gusty wind. We knew him sufficiently well to be assured that he would not struggle to an extreme with the gale; but, probably, one unusually severe gust caused him to use extra exertion to right his wheel, or, perhaps, he was blown completely over without warning. Anyhow, the fact remains, that the most cautious rider of our acquaintance has

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met his death whilst cycling, and the many dare-devils, whose feats of recklessness seem to verge on the suicidal, pass on their thoughtless speedy way scathless. Now, the moral of this, is not that riders should still continue to create rather than avoid risks, but that they should ascertain that their organs are fit for violent exercise before they expose themselves to severe tussles with the elements, or strain themselves on steep hills, or go prolonged journeys without food.

FIRST DOUBLE SHOW NUMBER.

Next week the first of our series of Double Show Numbers will make its appearance, and the following are the leading literary and artistic attractions which it will contain.

CYCLE FADS IN ACTION.

TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK.

By Dr. J. A. AUSTIN (Holophote, M.D.)

RUNNING A RACE MEET.

By JAMES BLAIR.

A HAND FROM THE GRAVE.

By E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT,
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

THE FUTURE OF CYCLE RACING.

By G. LACY-HILLIER.

THE DECLINE OF ROAD RACING.

By F. T. BIDLAKE.

GRAND DOUBLE PAGE ART SUPPLEMENT

"RIVAL PAIRS."

Drawn by GEORGE MOORE.
TYPES OF CYCLISTS.—IV.

"THE RACER,"

Drawn by J. AMBROSE WALTON.

A FAIR CONVERT.—I.

"Choosing her Machine at the Show."

Drawn by GEORGE MOORE.

AMATEURISM IN SPORT:

Its Rise and Development.

By H. HEWITT GRIFFIN.

And many other interesting articles and illustrations by the best writers and the best artists.

RIDES ON THE RAND.

A PEGGING EXPEDITION.

By SYRIL BERNSTEIN.

"You don't mean to say you ever went prospecting on a cycle?" asked Johnstone, as we all stood about in Carlin's rooms, where we had come for a drink, after a very pleasant run round country.

"Haven't I, though?" Carlin smiled, then giggled softly. We all looked at him in surprise.

"Well, I can afford to laugh at it now," he said, "though it was a sore point with me at the time, and for months I couldn't bear to hear it mentioned."

"Perhaps you can also afford to tell us all about it?" I suggested.

I did not particularly want to know; but Carlin was a fellow one could always depend on for a first-class drink or a good cigar. His rooms were—and are still—the cosiest in camp.

"Perhaps I can," he said, with a wink; when a fellow's fairly out of



"PERHAPS I CAN," HE SAID, WITH A WINK.

the field, he may laugh honestly. That bit of ground on the Main Reef series, has put me out of the field."

"Very probably," we all assented.

"Well, bring up your chairs, boys! you, Hallet, pour out the whisky. Have a cigar, Clarkson? Don't be afraid; they're mild. And, Holmes, for goodness sake, don't throw such longing glances at that confounded tandem: it's not five o'clock yet, by a long way."

We drew round the table; I took the whisky Hallet offered me, and tried to ignore Carlin's unkind allusion to five o'clock and the tandem.

Carlin began:

"I bought my machine out of the first few pounds I managed to scrape to-

gether. Blignant and I were together in those days; and we both had cycles."

"We hit on a splendid bit of ground—Main Reef. Positive, boys! You can just imagine we were eager to secure it. We kept the affair close as night; and I went out with the pegs, to do the work of taking possession; Blignant following with a little gang of 'boys' and other necessities for starting work at once. I suppose you know that, in those days, working the claim was the only precaution one could take against 'jumping'!"

Some of the fellows said they knew. I said nothing, for I had a guilty sense of remembrance.

I recalled an occasion when a party of us had re-pegged a bit of ground, which some "green" fellows from home had taken possession of an hour ago, without also having taken the precaution of starting work at once.

"I had not gone five miles of the way," Carlin went on, "when I saw a fellow riding in front of me. I can't exactly describe to you the state of my feelings towards that fellow. I had grown so accustomed to think of the ground as ours, already, that at first I could not realise another man pegging, or trying to peg, it off. But after awhile, as the cyclist rode before me all the time, it began to dawn upon me that his destination was the same as mine."

"It was a road-race, boys. I never went so fast in all my life; and never will again, I don't suppose. You don't suppose so either? Well, you don't know what I can do when I'm roused. The prize was worth fighting for, you know."

We all admitted that it was. Hallet, who rather fancied himself in that way, said he wouldn't mind trying for such a prize on the Wanderers' track. We insinuated that we wished to hear Carlin's yarn.

"I was right in the middle of that dizzy speed," our host went on, "too excited to watch the road—for I had passed my opponent—when suddenly I came a cropper."

"I don't know to this day whether I ran into a boulder, or only, as I was afterwards told, the bleached remains of some long-dead ox. From the state of my machine, I am inclined to favour the boulder theory, and I pass over the story of the ox as the fabrication of some worthless individual, who tried to prove that my sufferings of that day were much smaller than, in reality they were."

"Anyhow, I remember falling, and after that—soon after, it seemed—a voice said: 'That's better, old man; here's some whisky!'"

"I fancied it must be Blignant, but when I looked up the face that met mine was a strange one, though very good-natured. And its owner was pouring a refreshing draught of whiskey down my throat."

Here Carlin stretched out his hand for the whisky-bottle. Truly the force of recollection is strong!

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"THAT'S BETTER, OLD MAN; HERE'S SOME WHISKEY."

"I was too badly smashed-up to move," he went on, when he had put the bottle to its legitimate use, and pushed it towards me, "and my machine was worse. The fellow who'd given me the whisky suggested that I should try to sleep."

"Good of him," broke in little Clarkson.

"Did you manage it?" asked Hallet. "Yes, it was good of him; and I did manage it: I was very drowsy. I fell asleep with my head on an ant-heap for a pillow, and a prickly furze-bush somewhere in the region of my cheek."

"I don't know how long I slept—of course, I could hardly be expected to know. But just as I was dropping off, I heard my benefactor say, 'I conclude you were going pegging; I can see the pegs in your pocket. If you will give them to me, and show me where the ground is, I shall be pleased to put them in for you.'"

"Here was a blessing in disguise—an angel unawares! I pointed out the ground, just over a kopje to our right, and I told him to go quickly, as there was another fellow coming on behind. I heard him say something about that being alright! and then I fell off into the deep sleep I have mentioned."

"I woke after a time. . . I can't say how long a time. I think the nap must have done me good, for I wasn't half so stiff. Still I had some difficulty in dragging my weary limbs up to the top of the kopje."

"By Jove! Blignant must have been there already, for I saw unmistakable signs of working going on on our claim."

"Rather premature of me, to call it ours? Well, yes, it was—as the result proved."

"I went down the other side of that kopje considerably faster than I had come up this. There wasn't a white man about, and even the Kaffirs looked unfamiliar. I went up to one of them—a

cheeky-looking fellow, who had something else than negro blood in him, as I could see by his greenish-brown skin.

"Has Mr. Blignant been?" I asked.

"Don't know any Mr. Blignant, sir. Mr. Thomas Jones is my *baas*."

"And he's gone?"

"Yes, sir. He only stayed while we started work, and then he went up to town on his bicycle."

"But this ground is mine," I said. He grinned; I should have enjoyed knocking him down.

"A gentleman pegged it off for me," I went on "with my own pegs."

"Well, I went to look at the pegs, and there they were, sure enough; but, on each of them our names were obliterated, and in their place was that of Mr. Thomas Jones."

"I felt sold . . . I trudged up the hill again: and there, on the summit, I met Blignant and the 'boys.'"

"Two or three of them were carrying parts of my machine. I noticed one of them had slung a wheel round his neck, collar-wise. Where were the spokes, you ask? Well . . ."

"Bliignant came up to me."

"You've had a bad smash-up," he said. "And what about the claims?"

"He got his answer himself next moment, when he reached the top of the *kopje*, and looked down on the ground below."

"What, the devil—" he began: then he turned to me. "What have you done?" he demanded. "What sort of a dashed mess have you made?"

"I explained that it was not my fault. I could not help it if my machine broke down, and the other chap got there first."

"He thought I could. We had a row over that difference of opinion, and we haven't spoken since. He said I needn't have slept all those hours. If I could walk now, I could have walked then. It was deuced unkind of him. . . . I couldn't help sleeping. . . . What

with the fall, and the stranger's kind ministrations, I never felt so sleepy in my life."

"But you want to see it you ever will be again?" I suggested, mildly, watching him take up the bottle again.

He laughed, and put it down. . . . Then he took it up again; I knew he would.

"Just one more round," he said, "we'll excuse you from joining, Holmes. It's nearly five o'clock."

So it was. I rose, and taking my tandem (which Johnstone had sold to me) in hand, I slipped from that noisy assembly, and went on my way to meet . . . the other rider for the tandem.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.



HIGH is the best touring country? France, Switzerland, Norway, Scotland, Ireland, the Lake Country, Warwickshire, the South Coast? None of these, I say: there are drawbacks to all; in France, there are dogs; in Switzerland, hills; in Norway, *cul-de-sacs*; in Scotland, high-priced hotels; in Ireland, dirty ditto; in the Lake District, trippers; in Shakespeare's country, barges; on the South Coast, niggers. Nay, there is but one land where the roads are always smooth and level, or downhill dry and dustless, the hotels perfect and rightly placed, the skies cloudless, the wind astern, where dogs neither bite nor bark, and flies and wasps are unknown. A puncture has never been known there any more than a broken spoke, or a loosenut, or a creaking saddle, or squeaking bearings. Even valves are perfect and pumps unnecessary. There are no finger-postless corners, the inns are placed at proper intervals, maps and road-books are not required, nor are lamps, for there are no police, and it is always full moon. There is no morning struggle with the luggage bale and its straps, no expectant waiter, boots, or ostler, come crowding round fusing and expectant. There are no cap-throwing boys, nervous old ladies, shying horses; no local scorchers to hurry us when we want to dawdle, no prosy and slow companions when we feel fit. The scenery is always varying, and always of the best of its kind.

NO TELEGRAMS OR LETTERS CAN RECALL US;

in fact everything is perfect. And where is this perfect land to be found? you ask. Is the journey long and the fare exorbitant? No, indeed it is not, you can be there in a quarter of an hour's time. All you need do is, after you have read your "Cycling," to draw up your arm-chair well before the fire, and look well in amongst the glowing coals or upwards through your smoke rings, if you are a smoker, and very soon you will be there.

What tours I have taken in every country under the sun and never been troubled even about the language, in this way, or sometimes in quiet chat with a sympathetic chum! I remember how W. and I planned a trip around the world years before Thomas Stevens, the pioneer of globe wheelers, even learnt to ride a cycle—by-the-way, I believe

he learnt to ride for the express purpose of undertaking the tour. Our proposed route was much the same as his, but since I have read the experiences of the travellers I have decided that the proper route must be through Russia and Siberia—that is for ease of travelling, but, of course, it must be done by Summer. However, here in our arm-chairs we can take the more interesting and varied track through Persia and India, and never feel the heat and pass through China and see nothing of inhospitality!

When in less ambitious mood what jolly coast trips we can take through Connemara or Donegal, what glorious coasts down the long Highland straths, what glorious lounges on the purple heather, and what refreshing dips in the emerald sea! Or take the map and run through fair Normandy; how easy it all is, and how inexpensive both in money and time! In half-an-hour we have accomplished a few hundred miles and taken several alternative routes. Let us just think of next year's tour,—where shall it be? Let us take a run round the extreme North of Scotland, say from Oban to Inverness, taking in the Isle of Skye. See what

A FINE SERRATED COAST

Sometimes we will follow by the very seashore, and others cut across these narrow necks, and so see a dozen lochs in a day. On the way we will climb Ben Nevis and have a try at the chimney stack on the Cuchullins; see what a glorious bay Gruinard must be, right facing the setting sun, and how grand to stand on Cape Wrath and look down into the foaming Atlantic far beneath us; what a time we will have at John o' Groat's, and what a grand spin on the record road down to Inverness. What a holiday that will be!

"Hallo, Cynicus, are you there?"

"Yes; indeed, I am! What jolly rot you fellows can talk. You let it run right off the top, froth and all. I know something about that country. I spent a fortnight at the foot of Ben Nevis, and never saw the top free from clouds. In Skye, there are not seven fine days in a Summer. There is no hotel within a dozen miles of Gruinard. The roads are practically unrideable from there to Cape Wrath; and the wind on that coast is always against you; and, as to the record road, it is good enough, but deadly dull."

What a pessimistic bore Cynicus is, to be sure! He makes things out to be nearly as bad as that little tour of ours in France, when we smashed both machines on the second day, and had to spend the rest of our time in railway touring at ten miles an hour, in cycling clothes, and with cycling-luggage in macintosh rolls. Or that time we had in Norway, when your backbone gave way, and we took it, turn about, to ride the survivor and walk. "Ride-and-tie" is the good old name for the dodge.

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*.

SPECIAL ARTICLES, STORIES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS, IN OUR NEXT FOUR ISSUES.



"MR THOMAS JONES IS MY BOSS."



HORSE CYCLES.

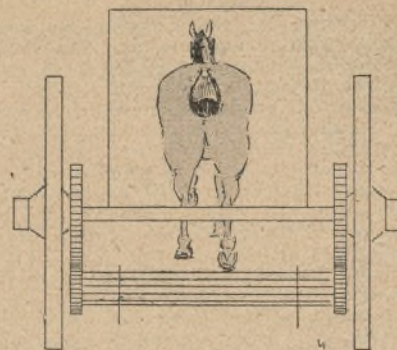
SIR,—Referring to your statement on page 246, that Professor A. G. Bell "suggests a motor-vehicle, or cycle, the motive power to be a horse, who will drive the gear by pedalling;" allow me to state that some years ago I theoretically elaborated a machine to be horse-driven as a cycle is man-driven. I had often asked myself, why a horse should not be caused to achieve on a suitably constructed vehicle, what a man achieves on a cycle, in proportion to his weight and strength? Thinking my ideas may be of interest to your readers—especially after the announcement you have made as to Professor Bell's suggestion—I venture to give you the substance of them, although I never put them into practice.

The vehicle, or cycle, or as I chose to christen it—The Hippocycle—was designed with four 40-in. wheels, the two rear wheels, drivers, and the two front, steerers. The horse was to propel himself, the vehicle, and say two riders who would steer and govern the machine. The method of transmitting the power from the horse was by a revolving endless platform built up on two chains supported by rollers; the platform of oak battens, about 48-inches by 3-inches by 2-inches, placed across the width of the machine, and bolted to the chains. Upon this platform the horse would run, being harnessed with collar and traces in the usual way; but, of course, the traces would have hooks for attachment inside the machine placed in the relative position to the horse as are the roller-bolts of a carriage. In running, the horse would pull at the traces, and the ground, or platform, would recede beneath him, while he, with the machine, would advance. Motion from the platform and chain would be communicated to a toothed and ratcheted drum on the driving-axle, over which the platform would run, and the other end of the platform and chains would simply run over a free drum. But it was manifest that, in this way, the machine would have been propelled backwards. To obviate this difficulty, one of two courses seemed compulsory. Either the platform would have to be fitted below the driving-axle, and communicate its motion by outside teeth, engaging in similar teeth on the driving-axle, as in rough sketch above, or by allowing the horse to travel tail first. The latter course meant simplification of mechanism, although higher centre of gravity. Although the idea

of the horse travelling tail first seemed ludicrous, there would have, probably, been no resulting disadvantage, unless one could suppose that he would have objected, as some railway travellers do, to travelling back to the engine.

The gearing of the platform with the axle, would, as in the cycle, decide the speed of the machine as against a given speed of motion *per se* of the horse. But, whereas, in the cycle a two-speed gear is not a necessity, in the Hippocycle it would be indispensable. When the cyclist encounters a hill he cannot drive up, he can immediately dismount and push. To, in like manner, detach the horse and harness him in front of the Hippocycle would be out of the question. So that, with a low gear applicable at will, all hills could be mounted, and, for such a purpose, the Crypto-dynamic two-speed gear would have, no doubt, answered admirably.

Now it seems difficult to believe, that while the cyclist aided by his mechanism (although he propels also its weight) can outstrip Nature, as it were, that the horse, placed under similar conditions, would not do the same proportionately. At least consider the immense gain to the horse, say in a tour of 50 miles, up and down hill, in his being able to rest absolutely on every appreciable decline! It is a truism that there is no uphill without downhill. With a phaeton the horse is in almost as violent and exhausting action, whether the gradient be for or against. But with the Hippocycle it would be different, for on every decline, sufficient for it to run with its own impetus, it would allow the horse to be as much at rest—although temporarily—as in his stall. This result would be arrived at by the ratchet attachment to the axle, which, mechanically, is simplicity itself, and it would act automatically. But as with the old Cheylesmore clutch-action tricycle, and as in the more modern Linley and Biggs, two speed tricycle, there would, in the Hippocycle, be no *back-pedalling*, so to speak, so that a powerful brake would be necessary, and this would be the sole means of retarding or stopping motion. Other advantages to the horse would be protection from the weather (for he could be covered in), coupled with perfect ventilation. A level road on which to run; and a road of perfect and uniform surface always; and with efficient foothold at all times. No doubt he would never fall, but if he did, the platform would cease to revolve immediately, and the momentum of the vehicle would not, in this way, be communicated to him. In the event of a sudden application of the brake, if travelling at a high rate of speed and tail first fashion, he would be thrown back on his haunches; but a suitable "breeching," or padded back, could receive



his weight. If the plan of fitting the platform as shown in the sketch were adopted, which would allow him to travel normally—*i.e.*, head first, he would, on the application of the brake be thrown forward in the collar just as is the case now in ordinary vehicles, and especially so in tramway carts fitted as they are with powerful brakes.

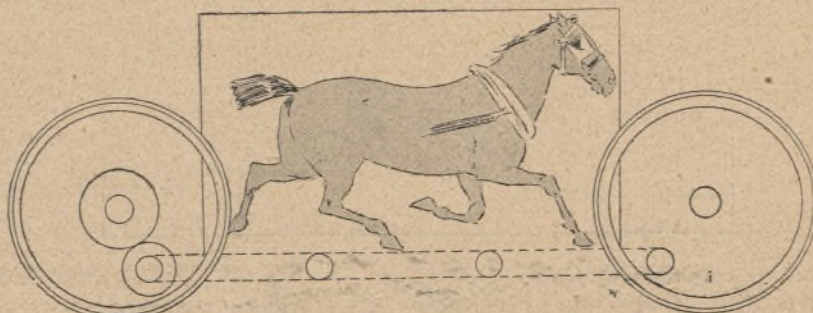
As to *steering*, I venture to speak with some assurance, having constructed at about the time I was thinking out the Hippocycle, a four-wheeled velocipede, carrying eight riders, which was at all times, and in the heaviest traffic, completely under control. Moreover, we have now the testimony of the French road motors as to the possibility of efficient steering to justify us in the assumption that there would be no difficulty in steering a horse-motor.

A. FAGG.

SHALL CYCLISTS BE TAXED?

SIR,—I think your idea of testing the feeling of your readers on the question of taxation of cycles, is a distinctly good one, and hope it will be very extensively responded to. There is certainly something to be said for taxation, and you have said it; but, at the same time, there is, in my opinion, a very great deal to be said against it. What is the function of taxation? Are cyclists to be taxed for the good of the Sport, to keep the roads in better repair, to help extravagant Vesries out of their financial troubles, or to relieve the income tax? We ought to be able to take care of the Sport ourselves, and not leave it to the tender mercies of little narrow-minded District Councils or Vestries. We don't injure the surface of the roads; we contribute our share, with non-cyclers, of direct or indirect taxation for the maintenance of local and imperial government. Why are we to be taxed then?

In this correspondence, it hardly seems that the justness of this particular taxation has been the main consideration. The question has been: Will it benefit the Sport, or otherwise? That is good, as far as it goes. But I, for one, object, on principle, to being specially taxed for general purposes. If money is wanted, let the Corporations, or Parliaments, tax land values, unearned increments, and royalties of all kinds, and not impose restraints—for, it would be a restraint, in many cases—on a Sport that is doing much to regenerate the physique of the Nation. Surely, we are not so blind as to imagine that Parliament, or any other body, would impose a tax on cyclists, because it loves the cyclists, and desires to see the Sport purified of the boulder and the cad? The boulders and the cads are just as often the men who could well afford to pay the tax.



Consider, also, what complications could easily arise from such a tax. The police could be constantly stopping us in the streets to see if we had the license, or whether our number was for the right year. The police have shown, in many districts, how ready they are to harass us. Again, what position would a man be in, who happened to borrow a new machine, while his own was being repaired? If the borrowed machine was not licensed, would the cyclist be liable to the penalty? If the number, which it is proposed should be carried on the machine, was a large one, a policeman, afflicted with the anti-cyclist mania, could simply take down the number of a cyclist riding at a moderate pace and summon him. Of course, the officer's evidence would be believed.

In my opinion, a tax would not benefit the Sport at all. It would give another handle to those who harass us; it would be just the last straw that would prevent many not over-wealthy persons from becoming cyclists, and it would not lessen the hatred against us of a certain section of the people.

A NORTHERN SECRETARY.

SIR,—Many of the writers who are just now expressing their views on the taxation question in the columns of *CYCLING*, and its contemporaries, seem to be under the impression that a tax will necessitate the carrying about of a numbered tablet, *a la cabbie*, and are alarmed at the thought of being subjected to such an indignity. I consider the possibility of such a preposterous scheme ever becoming law, very remote, but I believe that a tax of 5s. or 7s. 6d. would be of undoubted benefit to cycling as a sport and pastime, and I am strongly in favour of it for more reasons than one.

To a very considerable extent it would clear the roads of the rowdies and cads, who are such a disgrace to the Sport in which they participate, and who are, almost, entirely responsible for the present ill feeling existing between wheelmen and pedestrians. These gentry are usually mounted on corks worth rather less than the amount of a reasonable tax, or else belong to the "fourpence an hour" brigade; and it is no uncommon sight to see them careering along the Queen's highway, completely ignoring any rules of the road, and entirely oblivious of the results of their reckless and wanton behaviour. I have, this season, had particular cause to wish for the extermination of this class of road hog, being mulcted to the extent of a considerable sum for repairs to a new road racer, necessitated by a collision with one of these roughs, who was, of course, on the wrong side of the road. As this section of the cycling community is almost entirely composed of riders who can only afford the most disreputable of corks, or who have to resort to hired machines, a tax would effectually put an end to their vagaries a wheel.

No amount of taxation will, however, make any difference to the speed of road scorches, and I consider this theme very much overdone. Cycling will never suffer through such riders as those of Stocks, Walters, and Chase. It is only the feeble effort to imitate these experts, on the part of riders who cannot control their mounts at high speed, that is likely to bring the sport into disrepute. An experienced and careful rider can travel twice as fast as the inexperienced novice, with far less danger to himself and the other users of the road.

"TYPES OF CYCLISTS" IN OUR FOUR SHOW NUMBERS.

As to the effect of a tax on the Trade, I do not think it would affect any but shoddy makers, and dealers in second-hand machines.

G. H. STANCER.

THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

SIR,—I have read, with interest, Mr. Lewis Stroud's able criticism of the present deadlock in amateurism; and, while agreeing with him in the main, I trust he will pardon me in correcting a mis-statement. The policy of the now defunct Racing Cyclists' League was not a two class scheme, nor was the two class scheme put forward by the R.C.L. Had the R.C.L., through its secretary, approved of the Joint Committee's proposals, last December, the support would have been considerably increased, as one of the chief arguments, put forward by the Northern Centre Councillors, was that the proposals did not meet with the support of the R.C.L., a body supposed to represent the racing men.

I think it well to inform you that the December Council Meeting will again have an opportunity of discussing, and, I trust, approving of, the two class scheme, in an amended and improved form.

The scheme is now under consideration, and I hope to send you a copy early this week for publication and comment.

Yours faithfully,
JAS. BLAIR.

Revolutionists note!

THE next N.C.U. council meeting will be held on December 21st, and all motions for the agenda must be in the hands of the hon. sec., not later than Saturday of next week, November 23rd.

A SCALE OF COSTS.



If you run into a lady,
as one did the other
week,
And you throw her
from her saddle, and
you lacerate her
cheek,
And she serves you
with a summons,
and you go before
the "beak,"—
He will fine you half-
a-sovereign
And the costs.

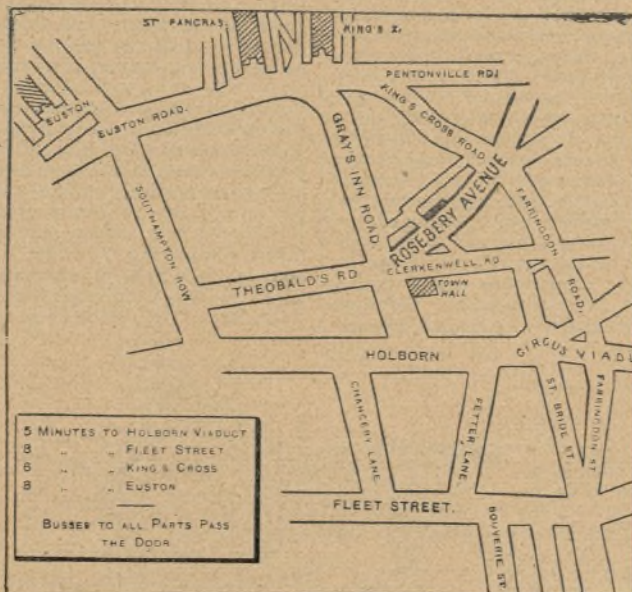
If you're riding in the
City, and a party
knocks you down,

And you ask his name and residence, and
stop to put it down,
You'll be brought before his Worship, who'll
regard you with a frown,
And he'll fine you twenty shillings
And the costs.

If a crusty rustic party drives a dog-cart
down a hill,
And a cyclist rides behind him (as we know
they sometimes will),
If he pulls up sharp, on purpose to pre-
cipitate a spill,—
That's a case for heavy damages
And costs.

If I solemnly assured you that I saw, the
other night,
Three men scorching on a tandem, you would
tell me I was tight;
But it wouldn't do to say so if the Mayor
beheld the sight,—
His solicitors might teach you
What it costs!

WM. C. BIRT-WHITWELL.



HOW TO GET TO ROSEBERY AVENUE.

WHERE THE NEW PREMISES OF THE TEMPLE PRESS, LTD., ARE SITUATED.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the British ambassador at Washington, and his daughters are credited with being amongst the most expert cyclists in the American capital.

A RAND RIDER. MUCH interest is being taken in C. E. Brink, "The Veteran Cyclist of the Rand," at Cape Town, at present. He recently attempted to establish a road long distance record, but, considering he had to contend against bad weather, and in riding from Klerksdorp to Kimberley, sustained forty thorn punctures in three days, we are not surprised that he gave the job up. At that time he was riding a Raleigh fitted with 70 gear and racing Dunlops. He intends having another try in December, and will substitute Dunlop roadsters. During the coming season he intends going in for racing.

WINDLE. WILLIE WINDLE, it may be remembered, formed the central-piece in our famous Speed Picture issued with *CYCLING* on December 5th, 1891. At that time he had just knocked out Osmond's world's record mile, 2.16, by going one better, 2.15. Since then his career has been strikingly like that of poor Keith-Falconer—preaching and pathwork interlacing. He has now become a partner in the Windle Cycle Co., and recently has been located at Hartford track, where he has no less than six trainers, and the pacing instruments include a quadruplet and a quintuplet. The latter machine weighs 103 lbs., and is geared to 112 inches.

W. C. HERRING. THE W. C. HERRING who figured so prominently in the "Life on a Yacht" case, which led to such extraordinary revelations, and occupied the attention of the Law Courts for the greater part of last, and this, week, was formerly a well-known cyclist in London. He graduated at London University, and belonged to the Ranelagh Harriers. He raced a good deal in the Ordinary days, and wore, at one time, a beard (he is now clean shaven). In one of those admirably-executed sports sketches S. T. Dadd contributes to the "Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News," W. C. Herring was caricatured as the "Anglo-American Champion," off the extra limit.

JOHN DELANEY HAS earned the reputation of being the "Solid Man of the Irish cycling world." His sound common-sense, clear-headedness, and thoughtful, methodical style, have contributed to this reputation. Delaney's advice is frequently sought, and, if Delaney has thought out the particular subject, his advice is freely given. It is always good advice, or, at any rate, never bad, and usually worth following. In his public utterances Delaney is moderate in tone, using simple, but very effective, figures of speech. He is consistent, and, whilst not wholly convinced of the wisdom of the Strict Amateur Definition, now existing, still he believes in having the law fairly administered—until it is changed. He might be the Chairman of the I.C.A. at present, had he permitted himself to be nominated. He is on the General Committee, and has, for years, taken an active part in the doings of Irish cycloedom. He is a good road rider,

and very fond of road racing, indulging in the Irish Road Club races rather freely. The Irish cycling world could do with a few more Delaneys!

J. H. HAMMON

Was laid in his last resting-place at Highgate Cemetery on Wednesday last, being followed to the grave by a number of the men with whom he has worked for so many years. The esteem in which he had been held was touchingly shown by the inscriptions attached to the floral tributes which covered the coffin. The Rev. G. J. Hammon, vicar of Chacombe, near Banbury, the father of the deceased, conducted the funeral service, finishing with an impressive address to the large crowd which had gathered around the grave.



R. M. MARPLES, ANERLEY B.C.

R. M.

MARPLES.

A SLIM man, with a merry little twinkle in his eye, is R. M. Marples, the gentleman responsible for the famous 2.10 unpaced mile, and other speed work of an equally terrific nature. Where he gets his strength from does not appear on the surface, but that he is one of the best short distance path handicap riders of the day cannot be admitted. On the road he has not distinguished himself in races, for the simple reason he has not run in such competitions, but when it comes to a friendly sprint with crack companions he is generally there, or thereabout, uphill or down, or on the level. He is a delightful, well-informed, and entertaining companion; makes many friends, and is as true an amateur as ever breathed.

Touring to the Shows.

The sub-editor of "The Samokat" is riding on a New Howe from St. Petersburg, to Paris, and thence to the Shows, at all of which the machine, which is fitted with Fairbanks wood rims, will, likely, be on view.

Believes in thoroughness.

"ONE thing at a time, and that done well, is a very good rule, as many can tell." Such is the motto of the Marchioness of Lorne, who, although reckoned a proficient wheelwoman, is still taking lessons, in order to attain perfection.



THE mile in Russia now stands at 2.17, to the credit of J. Schroder and his "Raleigh."

THE Five Miles Championship of Australasia was recently won by Reynolds, on Dunlops.

J. HOWARD DAKIN, of Norwich, has been appointed an official second grade N.C.U. timekeeper.

THE Anerley have awarded Wridgway a special prize for winning an N.C.U. championship for the club.

IN the recent 25 miles road race of the 17th Middlesex Volunteers, the first and second men home rode "Mohawks," which were Dunlop-tyred.

THE Western R. and R.A., have passed G. Bateman's 24 hours' Western safety record as 307½ miles. Bateman, who rode a Whitworth with Palmers, is 49 years of age.

Yet another long distance race.

LONG distance racing is, it appears, not yet quite done with, in spite of the lateness of the season. The Inflexible C.C. has, we learn, decided to bring off a 6 hours' race on Saturday, November 16th, start 1.30 p.m., at Putney Velodrome. The pity of it!

Michael the invincible.

THE "little wonder," J. Michael, scored his 17th victory, at the Paris Winter Track, on Sunday, in a match race with Bouhours, whom he defeated easily. The 50 kilometres were ridden in 1h. 4m. 29s., which is only 8secs. behind Stocks' world's record, although ridden on a track much inferior to the Catford path.

South African politics.

A CAPE COLONY correspondent takes exception to a paragraph that appeared in these columns on September 7th, stating that the South African A.A.A. was an undoubtedly stronger body than the Cape Colony A. and C. Union. He says that the A.A.A. only consists of a few clubs in Johannesburg, and two or three in Cape Colony. It claims to govern sport in the whole country, but even in Johannesburg itself its authority is denied by the South African Cyclists' Union, an older body. The Cape Colony Athletic and Cycling Union, on the contrary, has the support of nearly all the clubs in Cape Colony. It is pleasant to hear that there is a probability of the two forces joining hands, and working in unity.

Messrs. Gamage & Simpson meet.

MESSRS. GAMAGE & SIMPSON met at the offices of the "Idler" last week, to arrange preliminaries for their great chain match. It will be remembered that Mr. Simpson offered to wager £1,000 to £100 that his lever chain would beat any other chain in four out of six events. Mr. Gamage took up the challenge, and is willing to run a Gamage safety, fitted with an ordinary chain, against any safety fitted with the Simpson lever chain. At the meeting Mr. Gamage gave way on the point of insisting the matches be run off at Wood Green; but Mr. Simpson desired the competitions to be time tests, and not races, and this point was held over for further consideration. It is declared now to be likely that the tests will be really made before Christmas.

UNLIMITED ATTRACTIONS IN OUR
NEXT FOUR ISSUES.

Out-door racing over in Paris.

THE last out-door race meeting of the season took place in Paris, on Sunday week, at the Buffalo track. The American crack, Banker, took his revenge of his last defeats, beating Jacquelin, Edwards, and several other good men. And now the Winter track will monopolise cycle racing for some time—at least, until March.

Racing official accused of theft.

A YOUNG man was charged in the Dublin Police Courts last week, with the larceny of a racing bicycle, the property of Whitney, the racing man. The case is of a rather painful, and very unusual nature. It seems that the machine was purloined from the track at Balls Bridge, upon the occasion of the 100 miles' championship, in which Whitney was a competitor—finishing second. The accused youth was an official for the championship, acting in the capacity of a lap-scorer during the day. This is the first time we have heard of an official at cycle-races purloining the competitors' machines, and naturally suspicion did not fall upon the accused youth. When, however, he was found by a detective, some weeks after the theft, in possession of the missing article, he was asked to explain before the magistrate. The magistrate considered the case much too serious to deal with, and sent the accused forward to the City Sessions.

A successful deal.

THE young man who "is going abroad" every year, has been at work in Glasgow, where he has succeeded in disposing of a fine sample of the old crock with an obsolete pattern of single tube tyres, to a guileless purchaser, on the assurance that the machine was fitted with "Scottish" tyres.

Cellular rubber shoes.

A BOOR and shoe is being introduced that embraces something of the cushion-tyre principle. A sole of spongy rubber is placed between two soles of ordinary leather, and, it is said that experience has proven this arrangement to not only be of great advantage in walking, by reducing vibration, but also for cycling purposes. The publisher of the "British, Boot, Shoe, and Leather Trades' Advertiser," Leicester, has the matter in hand for the present.

To regain an ancient privilege.

MR. HANBURY, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, received a deputation of Dublin cyclists, at the Board of Works Office, in that city, last week. The object of the deputation was to obtain a restoration of the privileges previously enjoyed by cyclists regarding racing in the Phoenix Park. Mr. Baynham was spokesman for the wheelmen, and pointed out to Mr. Hanbury that certain classic events could be decided annually without any inconvenience to the public, especially if the police would only perform their duty fully, and prohibit betting entirely. Both gentlemen discussed the subject fully, Mr. Hanbury assuring the deputation finally that he would look fully into the whole question and announce his decision without delay. It is expected that a favourable reply will be given.

LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S
NOTE-BOOK.

DEESIDE.

THE last of the Aberdonian clocks has just finished striking the hour of noon as I leave the grey granite city and strike Westwards; and grey it is, even this July day, for not a ray of sun has shone upon it, and yet, a few miles farther up the river, I learn that it has shone from its rising. The Aberdeen people should advertise their city as being free from sunburn.

I take the road on the South bank of the river, and a capital one I find it; pretty, wooded scenery in the foreground, and, far to the West, stands up rugged Lochnagar, capped with freshly-fallen snow e'en thus late, and other equally high, but less snowy, giants. At their feet I must sleep to-night, but there is no need to hurry, for it is but a trifle over 50 miles. At Banchoy I re-cross the river, and lunch at a pleasant little roadside inn, and afterwards enjoy a laze by the side of the rocky river-bed. From there to Aboyne I find a few hills, and the sun gets to be really too constant a companion. Heat and hills make an excuse for tea at a friend's cottage at Aboyne, which almost consists entirely of suchlike Summer shanties used by the Aberdeens business folk. I am now closer to the hills, and the air is fuller of ozone and cooler, and I gossip away my time pleasantly enough till seven o'clock, when I screw up my determination to start on my last stage for Crathie. It is considerably over 20 miles, and I have no lamp, and I write of the days of solid tyres, so that at home in England I would run risk of being benighted, but the days are long here in the far North, and if I make my resting-place by ten o'clock I will still be able to read the newspaper out-of-doors.

The air is so fresh, and the road so good, that for a few miles I indulge in a "scorch" (for I am fresh from a Summer's racing, and this is my training hour, and we men are creatures of habit). Soon I recover my senses and go to the opposite extreme, and lounge away a good half-hour by the roadside—aye, indeed! a good half-hour it truly is, spent in the great cathedral of Nature. Ballater is the next village, placed almost in a well at the foot of wooded mountains, one of which bears a strong resemblance to Castle Crag, Borrowdale. At the back of this runs a side road, called the Pass of Ballater, and an odd fancy leads me to avoid the village and undertake the little climb. The road keeps high for a mile or two, and then gradually drops to the river again, almost opposite Balmoral. It is yet broad daylight, though nine o'clock, and the Queen's home looks beautiful, and one can sympathise with her for preferring it to the gloomy, grimy Buckingham Palace, or the stately Windsor even.

I settle myself on the roadside and break the Tenth Commandment into shivers, and finally decide that, when I am President of the coming Republic, I will keep up this Deeside establishment at any rate.

However, for the present I must put up with much humbler quarters, and jog contentedly along to the little inn at the tiny hamlet of Crathie, and by ten o'clock am supping frugally on the porridge of the country, served with milk a trifle thicker than London cream. A solitary stroll along the road for half-an-hour, and then to bed without the assistance of a candle, and ten minutes later I have forgotten Deeside even. Temporarily only, for, ten years later, I have not forgotten that first day of my Highland tour.

R.



LOCHNAGAR.

A QUEER THING IN TOURISTS.



AUSTRALIAN cycling tourists all appear to be rather strange birds, but Edward T. Kennedy, about whose little wheel trip from Hill-grove to New-castle, the "Sydney Wheelman" gives some amusing particulars, has really gone one better than any before him. To start with, he has the misfortune to be a one-legged man, the result of an accident in a mine, but this did

not prevent his setting out with his machine loaded up with a tent and blankets, a half-plate camera, a tripod, two dozen dry camera plates, developing dishes and printing frames, the whole of the luggage weighing 53 lbs. He passed his first night with some miners, joining them after dark, and being at first,

GREETED WITH A HUGE STICK,

his intentions not then being known to be honourable. His next hotel was a tree, and the following night he secured better ventilated apartments, in the open. Later in the tour he lost the track.

To add to his troubles, the rain came down in torrents, and the mud choking the wheels, there was nothing for it but to carry the machine. In three-and-a-half-hours he only gained three miles, and then a boundary-rider's hut loomed in the distance. Though wet through, he did not stay here for the night, being anxious to get back to the main road. He humped the swag and machine two more miles, and was fairly "done up" when he came to another boundary-rider's hut; he asked for a camp, but was refused, and a further three miles' trudge brought him to the main road just as darkness was coming on. Wet and tired, he wheeled on to the boundary of the Peel River Estate, and, reaching another boundary-rider's house, was promptly refused a camp. Two miles farther on, he came up with another boundary rider—a bachelor—who had some empty rooms in his house. He met with a cool reception, and was not allowed on the premises until after a lot of persuasion. However, the two had a conversation, but still his host seemed to look upon Kennedy as a bushranger, or something of the kind, and, when he left the fire to go to bed, the boundary-rider

PRODUCED A SIX-CHAMBERED REVOLVER,

which he threatened to use if he heard any noise during the night. The cyclist left after breakfasting with his suspicious friend, the latter apologising for his roughness, by saying there were a lot of desperate people travelling on those roads.

On reaching the summit of the Liverpool Ranges he met with a most exciting accident. Being without a brake, the machine broke away coming down the range, and in making a sharp curve over the railway bridge the bicycle ran into a fence with terrific force, throwing the rider fully 12 ft.

over the other side of the fence. Beyond a few scratches he escaped unhurt; but the camera and some negatives were injured, and a cat and small dog which he had tied to the luggage on the handlebar were both hanging by the necks, but when released they seemed alright. The wheels of the machine were very little damaged, and except that the front forks were bent slightly, no harm was done. Kennedy camped that night with two tramps in an old empty house. On his way Kennedy

MADE SUNDRY USEFUL PURCHASES,

and when finally, after many adventures, his tour ended at Newcastle, he had on his machine, two billy-cans, a frying-pan, and a change of clothing, to say nothing of the dog and cat which were the centre of all eyes when passing through the country towns. Mr. Kennedy's weight is 12st. 11lbs., and as his swag scaled 75lbs., his jigger stood up under the nice tidy little burden of 18st. 2lbs. during the greater part of the journey.

VISION.

ALERT and fleet
Adown the street
My sweetheart
flies;
A vision sweet
With dainty feet
And dancing eyes.
Her wheel obeys
Her least behest—
Her slightest
whim.
What words of praise
Can picture best
Those ankles trim?

The sea gull's flight
Has not more grace;
Her wheel is light
And swift her pace.
A gleam of sun—
A flash of light—
The vision's done
She's gone from sight!

F. G.

A.W. GAMACE
PRESIDENT

GAMACE
CYCLING AND
ATHLETIC
CLUB
GEORGE R. SIMS
VICE-PRESIDENT

W. HENINGHAM
CAPTAIN

J. DUNN
TREASURER

W.A. VINCENT
HON. SEC.

LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XVI.



G. OWEN (Sterling).—We regret we cannot do as you suggest.

"SPEED-MERCHANT" (Edinburgh).—We cannot give you the information you require.

G. H. WILSON (Norwich).—Wants to know who are the makers of the Crescent bicycle.

A. W. BLACKMORE (Harlesden).—We advise you not to waste any money on the suggestion.

E. GAYTON (Southampton).—It is a fairly good machine, though not considered one of the highest grade.

B. GRANT (London).—Thanks for cutting; no doubt you noticed our reference to the matter last week.

F. BOWHAY (Malvern, Lincs.).—You might get what you require from Mr. Thomas, Photographer, Cheapside.

F. MILLER (London).—You can see a machine so fitted at the depot of Messrs. Linley & Biggs, Clapham Road, S.W.

R. F. S. (Pulborough).—Wishes to know where she can procure a lady's saddle with a very short peak, and very broad seat. Not a pneumatic saddle.

C. M. F. (Lewisham).—Thanks for submitting M.S., but regret to say it is unsuitable. If you wish it to be returned please send stamped addressed envelope.

"ADMIRER OF 'CYCLING'" (Bristol).—1. Yes, with confidence. 2. Yes. 3. We endorse your decision. 4. It would be an extra precaution. 5. Yes. 6. Decidedly an advantage.

CHARLOTTE SPILLERS (Tottenham).—We can thoroughly recommend the goods supplied by Mr. J. Piggott. You will certainly obtain both style and fit by trusting your order to him.

"INQUISITIVE" (Hull).—1. It is impossible to say without knowing whether any kind of agreement exists between the seller of the machine and its former owner. We would advise you not to attempt to sell it, however.

MISS F. R. B. (—) complains of the printing ink on the cover of "Cycling" coming off on the hands. This is by no means a usual complaint; it is quite possible that during the last two weeks the wrappers have been a little damp on account of their not having sufficient time to dry before being supplied to the public. We hope our readers will understand that we do our best to guard against this sort of thing, but, at the present time, owing to the removal of our machines to our new premises in Rosebery Avenue we are working at considerable disadvantage, and we hope that our friends will allow us a little indulgence.

B. I. EVANS (Longton, Staff.).—We should certainly not like to say that the machine you inquire about runs easier than the ordinary form of safety bicycle. In fact, from our own experience, we believe the reverse to be the case, and, all things considered, we think a chain-driven safety bicycle is much to be preferred. We recommended our correspondent to have G. & J. tyres, not knowing what tyres he had used hitherto. We like to give credit to a good thing, and this is what he says: "I had my machine fitted with them Easter '94, and have ridden them till now, never having had a puncture. I would certainly like to have them again."

M. PURSER (Harlowe).—We regret we do not know the address you require.

J. WEEKS (Bristol).—We do not know of another book on the subject referred to.

"AREFES" (Edinburgh).—Write to Mr. E. Shipton, 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

A. W. PERRY (London).—It is a matter which we regret to say we have not time to go into.

A. G. HODDAY (London).—We do not know where you could get the machine referred to in London.

A. M. LOCKHART (London).—We advise you to have a detachable tyre, and not the one suggested.

G. R. C. (London).—We place the machines in the following order, 2. 1, 5, 3, 4, 6. B. 1, 3, 2. C. 2, 1, 3.

W. SMITH (London).—Have you a written guarantee? If not you have no claim. We do not reply through the post.

SUPERINTENDENT CYCLISTS' DIVISION S.J.A.B. (London).—Thanks for your letter; we will look you up at the Stanley Show as desired.

R. GUTTMANN (London).—Wishes to know if any reader can tell him the cost of sending a bicycle from London to Berlin; also the duty.

"TORS" (Surrey).—It is impossible to state the cause of the noise you refer to, but in all probability your chain is improperly adjusted.

T. WEINSTOCK (London).—Will be glad if any reader can give him a good route from London to Cardiff, stating the condition of the roads, &c.

J. W. HAMMOND (Haverfordwest).—Wishes to know where he can obtain a copy of "The Management of Highways," by Mr. Hooley, County Surveyor of Nottingham.

"CYCLER" (London).—1. Not that we know of. 2. No, we do not. 3. We do not think the people are giving their goods away, and you will certainly have to pay for it. 4. Yes, with confidence.

E. J. L. (London).—Your question is about the oddest we have ever had to answer, and, as we are not in a position to understand the peculiarity of your build, we really find ourselves unable to reply.

"CONSTANT READER" (Norbiton).—Harry James will exhibit at the National Show. The machine he makes is an excellent one. The hon. sec. of the Putney Athletic Club is G. Jamieson, 36 Dalby Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

P. ASTBURY (Wellington, Salop) writes as follows:—"A friend of mine, who has been studying at Lyons, bought a tandem bicycle of French manufacture, and is desirous of bringing it back to England with him. Before doing so, however, he would like to know the probable charges for duty, &c., and I should be glad if some kind reader would give me the necessary information through your valued columns."

"GAMMON" writes as follows:—"As a cyclist, who has lost much by racing, I suggest that these gentlemen ride the races personally, so that outsiders shall be certain of fair play, and that we may back our fancies. Apart from honest racing, I feel confident each are equal, a want of experience giving way to age—weight equal. These races would certainly be Big Events!"

Taxation of Cyclists.

"A GREAT LOVER OF THE PASTIME" (London) writes:—"I do most heartily say 'Yes' to the taxation of cycles, because I think it will rid the road of 'cads,' who have brought all this conflict about with the general public."

LAVISTOCK (London) votes in favour of taxation, but only on our lines, which he considers would be a decided advantage. He is told that where a tax exists abroad it is not always used for keeping the roads in order.

G. M. NEIGHBOUR (Shiplake) agrees to a tax only on the consideration that the money is used for the maintenance and improvement of the highways. Against other use being made of the money he protests. At the same time, he thinks the tax would be a hardship to many working men and boys, who, at present, are able to go to and from their work on machines, which a tax would render valueless. In a postscript our correspondent remarks as follows:—"I may say I have read your paper for some considerable time, and I think it is one of the broadest, and most liberal-minded of any sporting paper connected solely with cycling, while, at the same time, it is always interesting."

F. C. BURFORD (London) writes as follows:—"Your correspondent, 'Very Old Reader,' evidently thinks 'cads on castors' are only to be met with amongst poor men, who would be deterred from cycling by the imposition of a tax. Cycling cads, as a rule, are well dressed, or, at all events, well mounted, the working man, on his solid, generally rides along quietly by himself, annoying nobody, at least, that is my experience, which dates back to the days of the D.H.F. Premier, the Challenge, the Club, &c. 'Very Old Reader' says 'Cyclists would get more consideration shown them if they were taxed.' I should like to know by whom, certainly not the road hog, and as for the police, let him ask cabmen or bus drivers if they are favoured more than the unlicensed users of the road. If your correspondent fancies magistrates will be more tolerant I fear he is sadly mistaken; their stock phrase will be: 'You cyclists seem to think, because you pay a few shillings a year, you can ride about knocking people down just as you like.'"

A. MORRIS (London) writes:—"I notice that the majority of your correspondents who are in favour of the taxation of cycles advance, as a chief reason, that it would remove from the roads that bugbear, 'Cads on Castors.' I should be glad to know the connection between taxation and manly behaviour, and that the payment of a tax of 7s. 6d. (more or less) would be the hall-mark of a gentleman?"

G. WHITE (London) writes:—"Will you permit me, through your much read paper, to speak with regard to the taxation of cycles? One very important point seems to be left out of consideration, that every individual who cycles is, directly or indirectly, a ratepayer, and therefore assists in the maintenance of the roads, and has a right to the use of them. And further, they are subject to the law, and no one, I presume to think, will dispute the fact that, in nine cases out of every ten, the cyclist comes off second best when he appears before a magistrate; especially is this so in the City, where aldermen seem to enjoy humiliating them. My opinion is that cyclists, on an average, are the most well-behaved class on the highways of our Metropolis, the roads of which they damage less than any other vehicle travelling thereon."

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.

SUPPLEMENT TO "CYCLING."



TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED LONDON.

A. WATSON (Polytechnic C.C.).

One and Five Miles Amateur Bicycle Champion.

