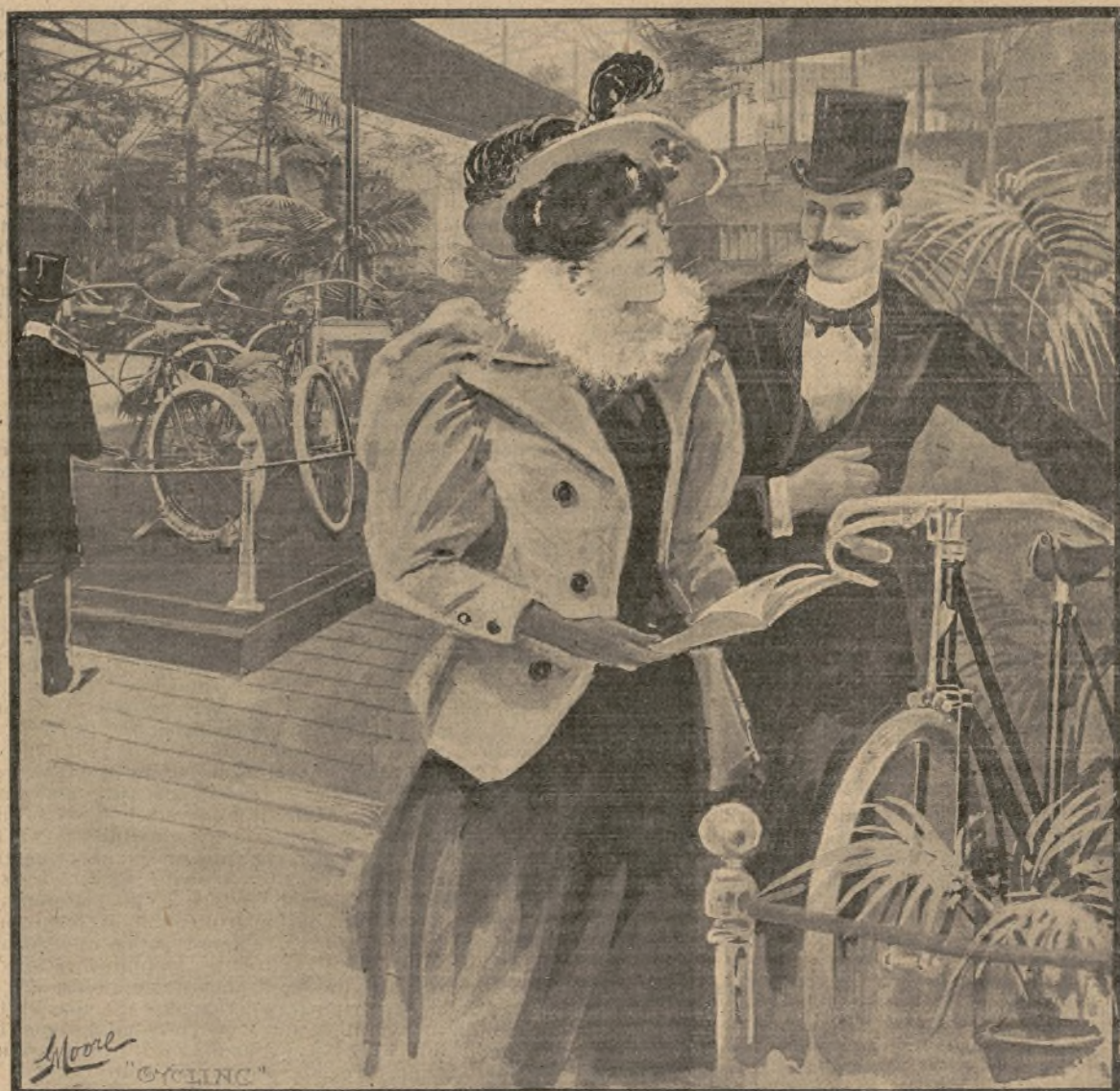


CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



A FAIR CONVERT.—I.

CHOOSING HER NEW MACHINE AT THE SHOW.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

(To be continued.)

B

CYCLE FADS IN ACTION.



MANY of the readers of *CYCLING* have doubtless, at some time or other, thought out some constructional improvement in the cycle. Such improvement, though, has probably seldom been put into practice by the ordinary cyclist. There is a vast difference between theory and practice, and it is only the experienced in matters mechanical, who venture to base the latter on the former, and then only after due deliberation. But there are exceptions to this rule; and it is of one such exception that I want to speak. The individual in question, was a regular reader of engineering papers, and he was a considerable rider in the good old "solid" days, and duly enthusiastic as to the ultimate possibilities of the wheel. But he was a "faddist" nevertheless, for he had an idea at every turn, and was for ever racking his brain to change and improve every conceivable object under the sun, providing only that it had wheels, or levers, or cranks. It may be readily inferred, therefore, that the now ancient and defunct *velocipede* was a definite mark for his onslaught. For some time I was conversant with the methods adopted by him in his crusade against, as he put it, "existing imperfections in velocipedes and other wheeled vehicles."

The bulk of his mechanical depredations were all done with his own hands, for he had no business or family cares to absorb his time; they were done in his own workshop adjoining his private house, and were directed mainly against the imperfections in the old loop-frame and hand-braked tricycle, with its large driving wheels and diminutive and vibrating steerer. It was useless to try to deter him from embarking in the most apparent wild-goose chase, so I let him have full and free play to do his best or his worst. I may, however, say at once, that after numerous experiments, some of which I shall refer to, he actually broached in all seriousness, what he designated

AN EMBRYONIC IDEA

he had, which was to annihilate once and for all that stumbling block in mechanics, that well-known scientific axiom which put shortly is: What you lose in power you gain in speed, and *vice versa*. As in the Laws of Motion—"To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction," he seemed to think that by a really scientific disposal of proper levers, wheels, eccentrics, &c., the desired object could be attained, after which nothing short of perpetual motion would have been within measurable distance.

He began by endeavouring to annihilate metallic vibration, which was a fad, although a sensible fad, if that be not paradoxical. His wheels in all the tricycles he constructed were very large, as he rightly enough maintained that

VIBRATION WAS THE EVIL OF EVILS

in velocipeding. He never came near thinking of a more resilient tyre, strange to say, than the ordinary $\frac{3}{4}$ th inch rubber of those days. All he did was to enclose the bearing covers in rubber blocks to prevent vibration in the machine itself. The "Matchless" rubber-cushioned bicycle was later on an exemplification of the need at that epoch for some such vibration-dodging device.

Another idea put into clever, though useless, execution, was what he designated the "Chameleon Gear." This was a gear changeable at will; not simply the moderate change in gear we are now all familiar with in the "Cryptodynamic," or the "Coventry Two-Speed;" but a gear changeable by a graduated process from about 20 inches to 50 inches. He effected this by a most complicated piece of mechanical work, sparing no expense in perfecting it, but

IT WAS NO GOOD.

There was a special chain and chain wheel for every extra 10 inches of gear, the crank wheel being a kind of fusee, but imperceptibly conical, with teeth on rising steps as it were, the change being effected by an internal sliding clutch operated by a hand lever in the front. The machine had four chains, and weighed 100 pounds, and was proportionately cumbersome and unsightly. Of the few short rides he took, he generally chose the 20 inch gear, for he knew (although he would not admit it,) that the 50 inch was only available downhill.

My friend then developed and manufactured what he called the "Safe Tricycle," but what I put down mentally on seeing the plans as the *Collapsible Torture*. It was not christened *safe*, because of any definite safety in the riding—far from it—but because it could not be stolen! It was safe from the onslaught of any intending thief. Or it was said to be, and that was half the battle. There was a combination of joints in the frame which were capable of being locked rigidly, or unlocked, and there was a series of secret levers along the front of it to effect this change whenever desirable. You could leave the machine unattended with the utmost nonchalance, all you had to remember was the moving of a certain lever, after which there was no fear of its being ridden away by a stranger, at least, not far away, because the machine would, after having progressed about fifty feet, automatically unlock itself, with the result that the rider would be immediately precipitated to the ground. This invention again proved to be an exemplification of theory demolished by practice. First of all, no one in his senses having once set eyes on this monster, would have been likely even to want to steal it. Secondly, he himself got on it one day for a morning constitutional, note-book in hand for recording observations *en route*, and forgot to turn the necessary button which was the *open* or rather *shut* *sesame*, to render it permanently rigid. Therefore, at the appointed time, without even the warning note vouchsafed by the ordinary grandfather's clock before striking the hour, in the twinkling of an eye, he

WAS LEVELLED WITH THE DUST,

and more or less injured, by coming into forcible contact with some of its more pointed and uncomfortable projections. He was, moreover, encompassed by the mechanism of wires and levers, so that for some time he could not extricate himself, and he presented the appearance of being closed in on all sides by a kind of metallic man-eating plant.

As may be expected, this lightning inventor did not leave the unicycle alone. But it was a one horse result he arrived at in more senses than one. His idea, too, was not quite new (and he knew it) for the unicycle had been tried and abandoned in the States some time previously. However, his was a wheel measuring eight feet in diameter, in which was a second inner rim or tyre, suspended from the other by short spokes. On this inner rim was a small seat mounted on two grooved wheels, with a projection in the front to take two hand cranks, and an arm curved over from behind the rider reaching to the top position of the inner rim, also mounted with a grooved wheel. It followed, that on turning the handles, the seat and the rider were lifted up in front of the centre of the inner rim, this of course propelling the wheel, somewhat after the fashion of a white mouse exercising himself in a revolving cage. The unassuming white mouse and this intrepid experimentalist were one in result, for neither got very far. Generally, as soon as the unicycle had started, it was time to stop; stopping was as difficult as starting; and there was not much riding left. There was no brake, fortunately perhaps, as the possibility of its jamming downhill would have been disastrous, for the rider would have been ignominiously carried round and round inside. To stop there was nothing for it but to straddle the legs and scrape the ground which course seemed *infra dig.* for a real live inventor and patentee. What little steering could be indulged in, was of

A MOST ERRATIC NATURE,

and was supposed to be accomplished by throwing the body from side to side, and canting the wheel, reminding one of a child's hoop which circles around before coming to rest.

He made a speed indicator after the style of Ramsbottoms' Velocimeter. This was a glass cylinder half full of oil, and set in rotation by a cord passing round the axle of the velocipede. The vertex of the surface of the oil sank more and more as the rotation increased, thereby indicating the speed. He also constructed a modest cyclo-meter, which was probably the first. I call it modest, because it only registered up to 20 miles, pointing ominously to the restricted capabilities in distance work of the particular velocipede to which it was attached.

On the mechanical principle of the descending tendency of the centre of gravity, he constructed the *Falling Seat Tricycle*, although this machine was copied somewhat from an old French wooden-wheeled machine I had myself seen and tried several years before. The idea died a natural death, on being transferred from mind to matter by this insatiable being. It was a machine designed to be propelled by the weight of the rider, and was constructed without cranks, but with grooved pulley wheels on the axle fitted with toothed inner wheels and ratchet, so that they only turned forwards and were loose at rest. The first act on mounting was to thrust out both legs simultaneously against a bar, somewhat as in rowing, only unlike the row-boat stretcher, which is necessarily unyielding, this foot-board, or bar, was connected with the grooved wheels, and moved slowly forward while the machine advanced. When the bar had moved its utmost, the body was straightened up from an angle of 45 degrees to a right angle, and allowed to slowly fall with the seat, this leverage of the legs and the weight of the body coming into play alternately on the grooved wheels and propelling the machine. The principle involved was *gravity*, but the gravity was all in the machine, no trace of it being discoverable amongst onlookers, who altogether failed to retain their gravity in the presence of such a monstrosity. It was a somewhat pleasant motion for a short distance and on the level, but the results of half-an-hour or so on it were disastrous to body and mind.

SEA-SICKNESS WAS USUAL

on a maiden trip, and subsequently a shattered condition physically and mentally for some days.

There were many other fads, but probably almost the last idea developed by this ingenious, but impractical, individual, was what I may call the *Travelling Sofa*. Whether he designed this, prompted by tailing health and increasing age—both of which now made their grasp felt—on whether he thought to get more comfort, if less speed, on the road, I know not. Like Paul Dombey, I neither knew nor sought to know. Sufficient unto the day was the invention thereof, and this thing capped all others. The Sofa threw them all into the shade when it came; but it did not come to conquer nevertheless. After all his host of experiments with different seats, and saddles, and gears, and positions; after sitting bolt upright over his work, and with handles close down by his side; after trying no handles at all—for he once used cords for steering, as in driving a pulling trotter, the only advantage being absence of vibration in the arms—after all these kaleidoscopic changes for the better transmission of power, he finally fell back into the *Arm Chair Seat* or *Sofa*. This seat was fixed far back and low down, on a rear steering tricycle, about seven feet long. He pushed his legs out against an 8-inch double-throw crank, between two gigantic wheels, the crank being keyed into one wheel, and ratcheted into the other. He got leverage all right enough this way, but he wanted a look out boy on the front, seeing that he himself was somewhat in a position of an astronomer fixing a star in the zenith. To obviate this little defect, and I suppose, to save carrying the look out boy in front, he actually contemplated arranging a series of mirrors along the side of the machine, terminating in one over his face,

for the purpose of getting at what was in front, if only by a kind of second-hand process. I pictured—or more appropriately *mirrored* to him—the large and open-mouthed crowd which would follow

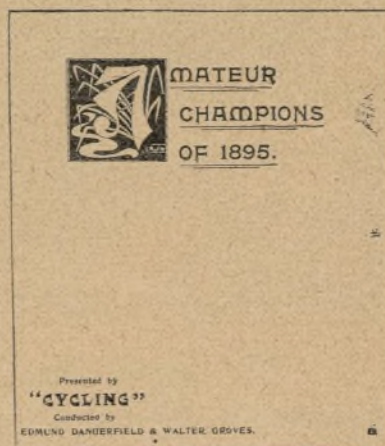
THE SOFA MACHINE

so far as it might go, and succeeded in causing him to abandon the project. But he cherished the belief that great power could be got from the reclining fixed position, and thrusting with the legs horizontally against direct throw cranks. Perhaps if he had continued to develop this idea, he would have got his head lower and lower, until the suggestion would have arisen for using that otherwise useless member as a trailing brake, after the style of the old Devon road scraper of fourteen years ago.

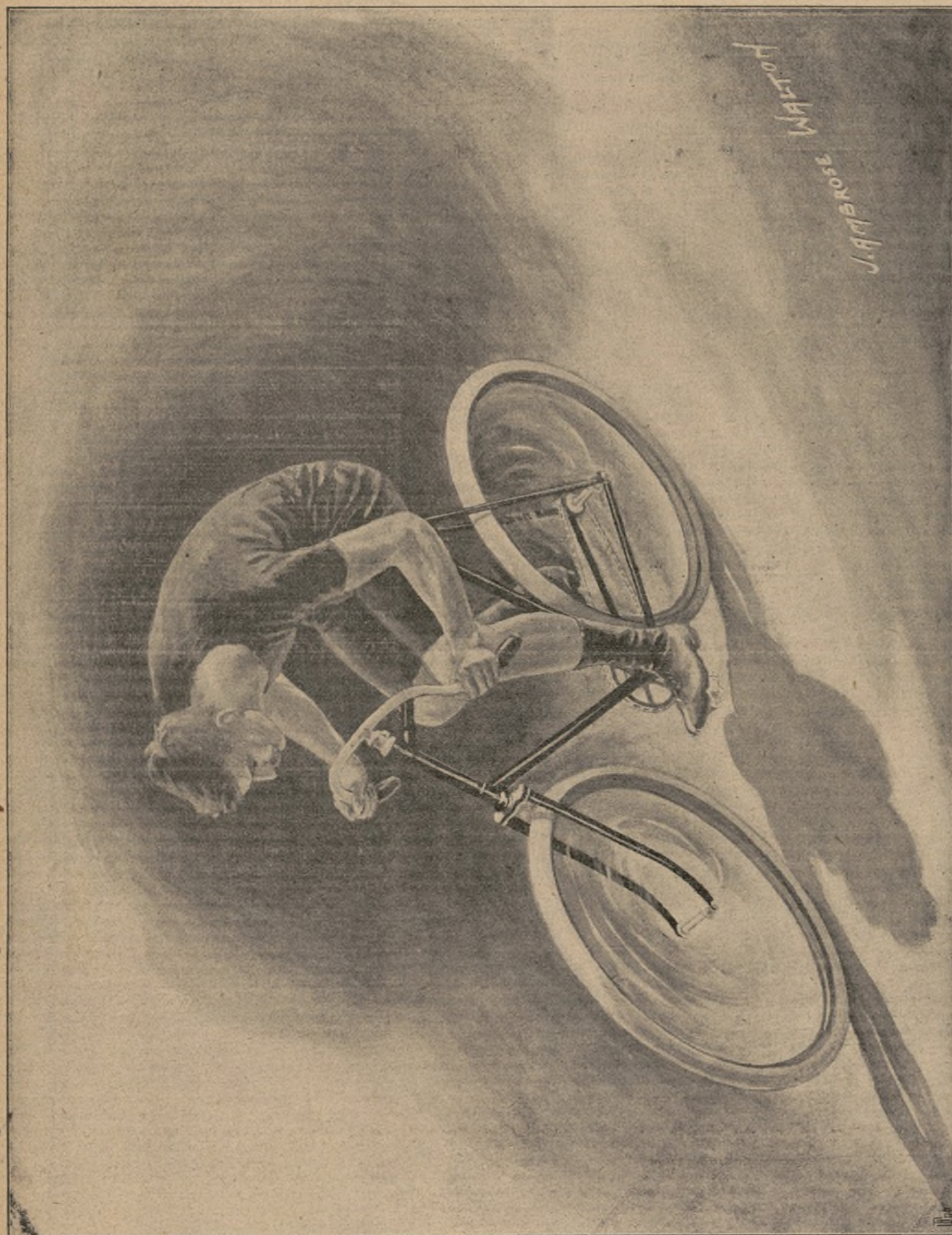
Other schemes were in contemplation by this indefatigable labourer in the field of experimental mechanics, for he had invention born into his very blood, and the note of interrogation stamped across his features, but something happened which caused me to lose sight of him for some years. I heard afterwards, however, that he continued to busy himself at his hobbies, until by neglect of premonitory symptoms of disease of the brain he was at last himself out of gear, and incapable of further work. His wheels and cranks, and eccentrics had evolved him into a veritable living eccentric—a human crank. He had been a rolling stone, but had gathered no moss. His normal intellectuality had been swamped and overwhelmed by a kind of dynamical fever, which had carried him beyond the boundary of reason, and unconsciously merged him into that vast region of insidious derangement. As in the past, he had been unwilling to allow that any objector to his schemes could be right, so, now, at the eleventh hour, within the four walls of a building set apart for the detention of such unfortunate beings as himself, was he unwilling to recognise for a moment

THE POSSIBILITY OF INSANITY.

But insanity it was, and robbed of the tools and apparatus to construct his velocipedes without the usual "existing imperfections," he contented himself by argument on parallelograms of velocities and accelerations, and on mechanical equivalents, and demonstrating these by drawings on the wall! I called once to see him, but he hardly knew me, being engrossed with the formulæ to determine the motion when the acceleration and initial velocity are given, vertical motion under gravity, and so on. It was a sad fate; but the cycle had done it, or, in his phraseology—"velocipedes and other wheeled vehicles." After all, that more potent cycle—the Cycle of Time—had helped to produce this result, and I regretted the loss to the world of one, who, had he grown younger instead of older, might in several centuries, perhaps, have hit on something useful if only by accident.



ASK FOR THIS AT "CYCLING'S" STAND!



TYPES OF CYCLISTS—IV.

THE RACER.



HE RACER.

WRITTEN about, interviewed, photographed, applauded, slated, legislated on, adored, envied, hated, and the god of the season; such is the oft-repeated programme of the racing man. He finishes a race to find himself famous;

he makes his reputation in five minutes, and as often loses it in five months, a career as meteoric as his electric dashes to the tape in the finishing straights. What life in those sprints of his; down goes his head, the wide open lips show two rows of good teeth in close engagement; the eyes, cast up to view the field, and gauge exactly what has to be done to reach the judge first, are bright and sternly fixed; with a vicious grip he clutches short the handlebar, and seems to lift the machine round the curve. Now he is on the home stretch;

THREE PANTING, EXCITED RIDERS

are scattered along the track before him; it will be a close finish. His body seems to fairly curl up on his saddle; like the pistons of some little express engine his legs work furiously but smoothly round, and the first man is passed like a luggage train; the next suffers the same fate, and glances up with unfeigned surprise. "He can't do it!" shouts the crowd, regretfully, as they see "limit" frantically wabbling to the tape, encouraged and warned by his friends, with "scratch" still several yards behind; but "scratch" knows his business and his man, and with a short, all-out effort, that finished with a sort of spring at the tape, as if he would steeplechase over it, he lands home,

A WINNER BY INCHES.

Having seen that, it is, alas! well, at times, to look no more upon that racing man, but to go away with that vision only in one's eyes; the well-made, healthy youth, with the electric dash, the strength, stamina, pluck, and cool, accurate judgment, for you have seen him at his very best. Off the machine he is too often found to be a gas-bag, a rowdy, with all

THE OSTENTATIOUS VULGARITY

that ill-bred youths, suddenly finding themselves flush of money, are liable to be guilty of, and where the money comes from we will not further inquire. But all cracks are not after this model, thank, St. Velo; there is a goodly leaven of fine fellows, who are as delightful off their racers, as they are worshipping on: open, bright, witty, full of genuine fun and frolic, that hurts, or offends, no one, and, although conscious of their powers, and not afflicted with

sham modesty, as innocent of "brag" and "side" as new-born babes. Many such we know, and these are the men we like best to think about when the racers of England engage our passing thoughts.

Generous!

A CORRESPONDENT in Brooklyn informs us, that all the road houses furnish free luncheon to cyclists buying drinks. Boiled ham, corned beef, clam chowder, crackers and cheese, are all free to you, whether you drink five dollars worth of beer or a fifteen cent cocktail. This sort of thing would not do here in England.

The secret of a nation's power.

COUNT TOLSTOI has expressed the opinion that gymnastics, and all forms of sport, are a shameful waste of time and energy—an opinion in which the educational seminaries of the Russian Church have, so far, coincided as to abolish all gymnastic exercises, and institute, in their stead, such manual occupations as carpentering, decorating, masonry, &c. It is a great mistake in Russian policy! Cycling, and athletics in all its forms, should be encouraged, not suppressed; for the power of an empire (our out beloved one, to wit) depends largely upon the physical strength of its sons, and the pluck and presence of mind which athletics imbue.



SIDE SHOWS.

BATTERED RACING MAN—"Hello, expect to come across one or two old faces here."

CHEERY FRIEND—"You do? well I should advise you to invest in half-a-dozen, if you think of racing again next season!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK.

By DR. J. A. AUSTIN—"HOLOPHOTE," M.D.

How swiftly the hours glide when we happen to be agreeably occupied, or when the object of our thoughts and attention for the time being is of absorbing interest! Time passes only too quickly with Edwin and Angelina, as they sit side by side in the friendly shadow of a spreading chestnut tree, whispering sweet nothings into each other's ear, or enjoying the silent rapture of a close embrace. What would not these two give for the application of brake-power to the Earth's periphery, to stop its revolutions and prolong their bliss beyond the prescribed limitations of an ordinary Sunday evening out! But oh! how slowly the hours creep round the dial when our attitude is one of urgent expectancy, as when awaiting rescue from some painful, constrained, or perilous position, or when, stricken by insomnia, we lie awake in the night watches, looking for the sleep that cometh not, and longing for the first streak of dawn that tarries in the East. How wearily the hours must drag at

A TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' RACE!

To the spectators who come and go, with the further diversions of bottled beer, sandwiches, talk and tobacco, it is slow enough in all conscience. But what must it mean to the unfortunate competitor, speeding round and round the monotonous track like a teetotum, a prey to alternate spasms of elation and despair, with every nerve and fibre of his organism on the stretch. We have, of course, nothing but praise and admiration for the pluck and stamina displayed at these contests. But is it right, we ask, to encourage them? Does it not smack of the taste for bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and the pugilistic ring? It tends to take everything out of a man, and leave him like an empty shell, that the first heavy shock or trial that comes along is apt to break up. Like a magnificent clipper that has her spars and timbers strained, his best days are over.

We have been invited to express our views on the Twenty-four hours' craze, and have struck the keynote of our reply in the foregoing preface. With

PRONOUNCED OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT, we nevertheless, touch this topic with some reluctance for two reasons. Our pen has hitherto been uniformly employed in works of mercy, so to speak, helping to popularise the pastime and safeguard its interests in the cause of health and pleasure. We have never once dipped our pen in ink with the purpose of striking a blow and denouncing any single phase of the pastime. Our policy has been to champion the lighter phases of cycling, and to observe a discreet silence on subjects connected with Road Records and the Race Path

generally, with a conviction that on these topics silence was the better part of valour.

Another reason for our reticence is our experience of the unbounded faith of Record Breakers and Racers generally, in their own judgment, and their abhorrence of everything in the shape of professional opinion, which has again and again lifted a warning finger in connection with these performances, and consistently striven to discourage a form of sport that is obviously attended with the greatest dangers.

The 24-hours' race, regarded merely as a test of

PROLONGED PHYSICAL ENDURANCE,

is bad enough, though the kernel of the evil lies in the extreme tension, the breaking strain, to which the system is subjected by the fierceness of the contest. It is not keeping the safety going, but going at its best, that kills. The ordinary precautions for economising strength and wind in prolonged exertion are not available in a race where each man is striving desperately to outstrip his neighbour. When we take into account the indomitable pluck and will of some temperaments, with spirit far beyond their strength, we cannot wonder at these competitions proving highly dangerous to health.

There is, of course, much to be said for the elasticity of youth, and its capacity under ordinary circumstances for throwing off the effects of undue exertion. One night's rest will frequently suffice, after a hard day's cycling or walking, to make Richard himself again; whereas Richard, grown ancient, may find it impossible, under the circumstances, even to close his eyes, and may be doomed to spend the night in counting imaginary sheep jumping over an imaginary stile. On the other hand, the strain of a 24-hours' race, with all its attendant excitement, tells with more deadly effect on the young and immature, while older and more seasoned constitutions, with proper training and cool judgment to back them, usually get off more easily. At all events, to young and old, there are

FAR TOO MANY RISKS!

connected with it to make the game worth the candle. This may be safely accepted as the truth, and all who value their health would do well to give the 24-hours' race a wide berth, and keep to the safer walks of rational indulgence.

The worst feature of these performances is the insidious nature of the penalties attached to them. The debt of folly and indiscretion is never exacted on the spot, nor even in a month, nor a year. Would that it were! Outraged Nature is far from clamorous for a prompt discharge of our obligations to her. She even permits us occasionally to feel some exhilaration after our follies, like the condemned criminal whose every whim is indulged, with the shadow of the gallows upon him. Ignoring the evil that is not present to the senses, we scout the idea of a reckoning and a

judgment to come, and, like our first parents, we eat of the fruit that proves our ruin, and pronounce it excellent. But Dame Nature neither forgets nor condones her wrongs. Does the severed artery forget to bleed, or the torn flesh fail to inflame?

We ourselves have experienced, in a small way, the deferred system of payment as regards

THE PENALTIES OF INTEMPERATE CYCLING,

and have long since learned to disbelieve the unnatural buoyancy of spirits that occasionally follows a long ride. It really proves nothing that we feel fresh and spry on retiring to rest after a heavy spin. The morning will generally tell if we are really knocked up. Occasionally, however, not even then, and we may have to wait a day or two to realise the full extent of our "baking." In the field of battle, it is a well-known fact that bullet wounds are hardly ever felt at the moment of infliction. The excitement of action renders the soldier almost impervious to pain, and the sensation of a missile travelling through the flesh, has more than once been referred to trifling causes, such as a prick, the sting of an insect, or the smarting produced by a blow from a cane. In a few instances the injured person is perfectly oblivious of having been struck, though he may be mortally wounded. A soldier, excited by his surroundings and eagerly engaged in combat, will continue fighting after being struck, unconscious of injury, until he becomes faint and exhausted with loss of blood, or until the trickling of the warm blood directs his attention to the wound. There is a similar influence at work when we are on the cycle—a powerful exhilaration, which, while it lasts, masters and holds in abeyance the sense of exhaustion. The pneumatic tyre, which enables us now to cover greater distances with less fatigue and increased speed, becomes

A NEW-BORN ELEMENT OF DANGER,

by the facility with which it tempts us to exceed our strength. It throws a spell over wheeling feats, giving them a glamour that greatly helps to mislead us in the calculation of our own strength or weakness.

The bicycle back and its probable developments in the generations of wheelmen to come, have furnished the opposition with many a witticism at our expense, and the aid of the artist's pencil has been invoked to delineate the intermediate gradations, from the modern cyclist bowing over his handlebar, to the camel of the distant future, into which he is destined to develop. In fact, no national calamity that we can remember has ever aroused so much public sympathy and solicitude, as that which has been called forth in our behalf by

THE STOOPING POSITION

in the saddle. No one would have dreamed of the depth of philanthropy

and disinterestedness in this wicked world, before the stooping cyclist appeared on the scene, and called forth the love of his fellow beings for him, and their anxiety to shield him from the consequences of his own thoughtlessness. A fellow mortal slowly but surely undergoing the camel metamorphosis, gradually losing his human outlines, and laying up for himself and his descendants all sorts of horrible diseases and deformities in the future—this is surely a pathetic study, and worthy of the tender sentiments it evokes.

It may, however, be no exaggeration to paint a worn-out figure with hypertrophied heart, and nerves and stamina demolished, and point to him as the natural outcome of the 24-hours' craze.

GLANCE at the list of contents of our next Special Double Show Number on our Editorial page. It will be a Grand Issue!

THE EDGE OF THE KINGDOM.

It is a grey, cloudy, uncertain day, as we ride into the little town of Dunfanaghy, in the extreme North-west of County Donegal, and make for lunch at the C.T.C. house, for the wide-reaching, mammoth club has thrown out one of its tentacles thus far. We inquire of the landlord as to the practicability of riding the four miles to Horn Head, and he—with the foresight of two hungry pedestrians requiring tea, and, perhaps, beds, after an eight miles' walk—proclaims that it is not a fit road. We, however, had been forewarned by the chief consul at Derry, and advised on all accounts to ride. The clouds are down on the cliff as we cross the sandstrewn causeway to the peninsula, and but that all things—especially the weather—are uncertain in the distressful country, we would certainly not undertake the ride.

THE ROAD STEEPENS,

and we roll off our machines and do an easy stroll, taking the grass where the road is very rough. We are soon among the clouds, and have rather an uneasy time of it, alternately walking and riding for about an hour, when the road melts into thin air, and we know that we must be at the Head. There is no more uphill either, so we leave the machines and advance cautiously through the weather till a ruined building (probably an ancient beacon or landmark) is reached, and then the splashing of the waves and the shrieks of the gulls, warn us that we are near the brink. A few feet more, and we are at the very edge, and, looking down, see a few feet of rock, and then nothing but mist. The screams of the birds sound very pitiful, and we also are melancholy at the thought of this long climb and no view, when suddenly all becomes lighter, and as quickly as a dissolving view

THE MIST FLOATS QUIETLY ASUNDER,

and we have a clear view right down into the blue Atlantic: a few minutes more, and there is scarce a cloud in the sky: we look across towards America. Castellated Tory Island—famous to all the world through the lawlessness of its inhabitants, who have defied, and beaten off, the sheriffs' officers, and have even scored over the great Court of Chancery itself, is the only block on the long straight horizon.

We are on the brink of a 600 feet precipice, and the tide roars distantly as it foams through a massive archway at the very end of the promontory. There are thousands of screaming gulls, and, as a contrast, hundreds of little "sea parrots"—quaint little fellows, with parrot bills, black coats, white vests, and red legs, many of them squatting at the mouths of their nest holes. The water is so clear that we can see the gulls underneath, as they dive after their prey. We spend a pleasant hour, or more, loafing round the Head, making adventurous little descents, picking seapinks, watching the birds, and then back to the machines, which we find we had left near a coastguard station, hidden by the mist. Then comes our reward for bringing our machines, as, in a very few minutes, we are shaking the sand off our wheels in Dunfanaghy, and striking Southwards towards Gweedore. R.

In the open market.

ONE of the numerous outdoor stall-keepers in the Farringdon Road, London, has started a sort of street cycle depot, and has a most strange and wonderful collection of "corks," mostly ordinaries, and a sort of museum of cycle accessories and cycle parts, in various stages of decay, on view. We cannot say "on sale," as the probability of anyone buying any of the rubbish is most unlikely, and the last thing, seemingly the proprietor expects to happen.



PRESIDENT

EXETER ROVERS

PHILL GLANVILLE



CAPTAIN

J. COLLARD



HON. TREAS.

CYCLING CLUB



MARK WESTCOTT

HON. SEC.

LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XVII.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE DECLINE OF ROAD-RACING.

By F. T. BIDLAKE.

ALTHOUGH road-racing is a branch of the Sport that is, by no means, extinct, nor ever likely to be wholly suppressed, it is a very evident fact, that its palmiest days are over. When the leading road clubs take their classic events to the path, and, out of the famous open road races, formerly held in the neighbourhood of London, only one remains (and that the hill-climb of the Catford C.C., which could hardly be held on the banks of any path yet constructed), it must be admitted that the Sport in the Metropolitan district has certainly declined. No Bath Road Hundred, no Catford Fifty, no North Road Twenty-Four, have enlivened the roads, as of old. These, and plenty of other long-distance events, have been crowded on to the paths until the general cry is, "Enough, Enough," and the public is sated with dreary distance races of a highly uninteresting character. Clubs that had imitated the programmes of the road clubs and introduced hundred miles, and twelve and twenty-four hours' races to the track, and had listened to the demands of the roadmen that such events must be paced, even as the old road races were paced, now complain that they are being interfered with by the road clubs coming on the track, and in the excess of competition between the new long distance path clubs and the old-established road clubs.

THE GAME IS SADLY OVERDONE,

and everyone is very weary. And the ancient foes of road racing sharpen their pencils afresh, and their tirades, and their tarradiddles, and their terrible torrent of twaddle pour over the Press in a stream of abuse, no longer intended to overwhelm road racing, but to annihilate those wicked road racers, who, with an enforced access of virtue, want to hold their races on the path. But there is not a roadman of the old school who does not, in his heart, prefer the road. The public, that is, the gate-paying public, were a negligible quantity. It did not matter that a 12 or a 24 was uninteresting for ten thousand people to sit and watch, for ten thousand people didn't sit and watch it. They read about them afterwards, and were thereby sufficiently interested. The men who rode had more fun. They rode from place to place, not with endless frequency around one circuit; they trained on the road, which was, in itself, a Summer holiday, very different to the toil of regular track work, with its attendant fees, railway travelling, monotonous surroundings, and risk of disaster and espionage. A run to Brighton trained you for the road, but spoils you for the track. What track equivalent is there for the good old Buckden days? A colony of enthusiasts would spend a month together in the heart of the road racing country; they would row, and swim, and fish, and walk, and talk (yes, such talk!), and ride, and measure miles, and find new routes, and get thoroughly healthy and happy, and unable to avoid doing some creditable performance, and now, now to score upon the track

YOU MUST LODGE NEAR WOOD GREEN,

or Herne Hill, or Catford, decently respectable suburbs, no doubt, but not holiday places, you must ride to schedule, you must give up your life into the care of a trainer who shall wipe you when you're warm, and shall order you your food, and regulate your bed hours, and be your nurse, masseur, and quack physician, rolled into one. A modern flier has to make such a business of long distance path-racing, that the pleasure dwindles to a vanishing-point. On the track there are hardly any temptations for a man to ride for the fun of the thing. At first, track twenty-fours were amateurish, and, like a road twenty-four, could be fitted in as a recreation or a holiday; but the high development of them, the bound from four to five centuries a-day, puts them into the category of marvellous performances, of specially-trained men, and not a recreative indulgence in a holiday pastime,—a state of things which emphasises more than

ever the need for a clear distinction between the skilled professional and the amateur dabbler at the game.

The cause of the decline of road-racing is, primarily,

THE ACTION OF THE POLICE,

indirectly caused by the high development of the game. That this is so is tolerably obvious from the fact that in many districts, where the pastime has not been overdone, the police take no steps to prevent it. There was a time, before the sport developed, when a road race could start and finish in Fleet Street. Gradually the *venue* of such events changed until experience showed where the best courses could be found, and these became so largely patronised that interference was bound to follow, and the famous Southern Woodhatch course was posted with warning placards, and the Chief Constable of Huntingdonshire blockaded the main roads of his county on the famous night of the last North Road Twenty Four, when the racers bowed to the inevitable and broke records on another course, leaving the police in undisturbed possession of Alconbury Hill the whole night through. Police interference only arose from complaints of the residents, and these were caused by the over-development of the game into something of a nuisance. Speed went up. Great clusters of men flew along the road. The cause at once of the high speed and the crowding was

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PACEMAKING.

Pacers not only hurried things, but filled the road. A field of twenty-five men, each with a small army of assistants, became obstructive, and so the races by over development brought about their own decline. Road racing proved the speed of new tyres, proved the advantages of hanging on, but these aids to pace in turn proved the cause of all the trouble. There is just a chance that the limitation of fields, the barring of pacemakers, and the provision of a sufficient interval between the men may render racing of a modified sort once more practicable in the prohibited districts.

Although the leading clubs have abandoned their open events, there has been a good deal of quiet club racing over the whole country, especially in the Midlands, and the North Country enthusiasts in the Liverpool district have been able to carry out their programmes as in former years. Wherever road racing now flourishes, clubs should take warning not to let it flourish too much, or it will kill itself. To be too successful is suicidal, and the game can only be kept alive by not letting it become too lively. The N.C.U., by prohibiting preliminary announcements, benefitted the sport, for without this, the short-sighted promoters of road events might easily have collected crowds and brought about the end of all road racing in a very short time. The N.C.U. could still further benefit the sport by prohibiting reports of races. The Union is generally supposed to discourage road racing, and calls upon clubs to assist it by refusing to hold races on the road; but while it takes no steps to punish affiliated clubs who disregard this appeal, and while it allows its hon. sec. himself to

RACE UPON THE ROAD WITH IMPUNITY,

its position as a make-believe anti-road racing organisation is sufficiently ludicrous to provoke the contempt of every cyclist, whether he be a road racer who smiles to know that the Union means nothing by its disapproval, or whether he be a rabid anti-racer who is annoyed to find that the Union parade of law and order is mere bombast. But really the Union cannot help itself. It cannot afford to cut off from itself every club that holds a road race, lest in the process of amputation it lose too many limbs, and thereby bleed unpleasantly to death. And so it says "Please don't," to the road racers, and when they do, and when its own officials plug their little best upon the highway, it says nothing, and pretends to know nothing, and dare not do anything.

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**.

THE STANLEY SHOW.



ON Friday of this week the Cycle Show, which is still considered the Show, by the great majority of old and new riders, the old-established and original Stanley, once more opens its doors to a pleasure-seeking, but, at the same time, critical public. The Agricultural Hall, Islington, is again the venue, and if the lengthy list of Exhibitors is any criterion, that vast building will once more be crowded to the point of inconvenience with cycles and their allied goods. Nothing brings home to one more forcibly the magnitude and importance that the sport and pastime of cycling has reached, than a walk round a representative Cycle Show. When one views the stand after stand in serried ranks of cycle-building firms, and those in the kindred trades, and reflects that each little square of space represents a factory of some sort, many being gigantic establishments, employing hundreds of skilled hands, and thousands of pounds' worth of modern machinery, it

BEGINS TO DAWN ON THE VISITOR

what a vital part of the social and financial economy of the country, this young pastime he favours has become. Every cycle now sold, even the cheapest, has now reached at least this degree of perfection, that for the work it has to do, and the weight it has to carry, no other description of machine or engineering work is so light, or delicate in its construction.

Looked at in the light of this fact alone, a Cycle Show must be interesting to every intelligent visitor; but to the usual visitor to the Stanley Show, who is nearly always a cyclist himself, or herself, every machine, new invention, and article exhibited, has a more or less

STRONG PERSONAL INTEREST,

for it is in some way connected with the pastime he best loves, and may be—or, perhaps, has been—distinctly useful, and a source of pleasure in his own cycling. There is another powerful reason, too, why the Stanley Show attracts its thousands of visitors every year; it is something more than a mere Show; it is an annual and much-looked-forward-to cycling conversation. Here old friends of the wheel meet for, at least, once a year, and light with the spark of the smile of recognition long trains of pleasurable, but before-forgotten, memories; provincials meet the London contingent and discover that their overbearing superciliousness is not of the malignant form they had pictured, and the London men find their country friends a good deal smarter than they expected, and always good sportsmen. Our legislators, too, meet for once in the way outside the Council gatherings, with its wordy asperities, and hold friendly palavers that tend to better understandings and future peace; whilst the maker

MEETS HIS ACTUAL CUSTOMER FACE TO FACE

and has an opportunity of getting into that personal touch with him that is such a great factor in all matters connected with cycling, whether it be business or sport. We might continue to enlarge our list of happy and desirable meetings brought about by the Show; but enough has been said to point out the fact that, although not billed as such, the Stanley Show is, amongst many other good things, an annual recognized conversation of all that have to do with cycling, whether in business or pleasure, and, as such alone, is an institution that can be ill spared.

As far as can be judged, writing before the Show opens, the Stanley this year will not be quite so overdone with novelties, both of the useful and monstrosity orders, as most of its predecessors. Still, there will be

EXHIBITS THAT WILL BE CERTAIN TO DRAW

curious crowds, such as the "Bi-tri-cycle," an ordinary safety, but with the front wheel duplicated; the much-debated on Simpson Lever Chain, a hydraulic brake, a great novelty, the brake-bar pumping a small volume of water into a piston cylinder attached to the brake; the Gladiator motor tricycle, whilst, amongst the horseless vehicles, there will probably be three motor tricycles to be seen actually running. In small things the new chain-connecting link of the Albert Eadie Chain Co., is, to our thinking, one of the best novelties. It does away with the projecting bolt of the chain, thus allowing a narrower gear case, and must be seen to be understood, although it is simplicity itself. A very interesting exhibit indeed, having regard to the controversy that has raged on the subject all the season, is the result of a happy thought of A. W. Gamage, who will have a complete collection of all

THE MODERN INVENTIONS IN SADDLES,

fads and otherwise. This should interest the ladies in particular, who appear to be the chief sufferers from unsuitable saddles, as will Viola's costume exhibition in the gallery, where six ladies, dressed in the costumes, and riding Hutson's machines, will be on view. Another novelty in cycling costumes for ladies, the joint invention of Mr. Thomas, of the Thomas Tyre Co., and Mr. E. Tobin, the ladies' tailor, of South Molton Street, will be on view at Stand 131. Turning to the lighter fare, we find the Executive of the Stanley Show have, as usual, catered with a most liberal hand for the entertainment of their visitors, and

THE "SIDE SHOWS,"

as the legitimate exhibitors rather respectfully term them at times, are as numerous, varied, and classy as ever. That clever exponent of trick riding, Hurst, will give in all 16 performances. On the first Saturday, that is the Saturday of this week, the Polytechnic Institute Gymnasium will give a display, which is to include boxing, and also an exhibition of the graceful and intricate evolutions of a club squad of 30 ladies. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday of next week, concerts will be held, with the usual high class talent; and on Wednesday, there will be a short weight-lifting display by France, when that well-known gentleman will attempt to alter existing records. On the second and last Saturday of the Show,

THE FAMOUS GERMAN GYMNASIUM

will give a display; every day the Ladies Pompadour Band will perform at frequent intervals, and every evening the billiard competition will be advanced a stage, in what is practically a newly built room, and not in the hardly suitable quarters formerly used. On the Friday evening of next week, the Ladies Cyclists' Association will hold a meeting in the Barford Saloon, and the hospitable doors of the Welcome Club will be always open to the duly elected members. A corner of the Hall, near the Liverpool Road end, has been set aside for

PERFORMANCES ON PNEUMATIC SKATES,

and there are other minor sources of amusement, to suit all tastes. In short, from all we have seen and heard, we are confident that the Stanley Show of 1895 will be as well worth the modest shilling charged for admission, as anything that has gone before, and the rider, who wishes to keep up to-date in all matters connected with his favourite pastime, cannot afford to stay away.

JAPAN.

JAPAN.

JAPAN.

A COLOSSAL UNDERTAKING.

This journal has made all arrangements to send a special explorer to the famous country, which, of late has attracted the attention of the whole world. No wheel journal has ever attempted a scheme so costly, or of such magnitude.

The journey is to be undertaken by Mr. Lewis J. Jessop of the Bath Road Club.

This gentleman will start, fully equipped with a valuable stock of photographs; and other apparatus. He will travel thousands of miles round and about the remarkable Land of the Rising Sun.

He will ride a "Sunbeam," specially constructed, beautifully finished, and fitted with the new "Clincher Tyre," both of which will be exhibited at the National Show, by Messrs. John Marston Ltd., of Wolverhampton.

Mr. Jessop, has for years occupied a position which gives him a passport to the best of Japanese Society, a very important advantage, when the exclusiveness of the country is understood. He is a smart penman, good photographer, and speedy wheelman.

He will take months to complete his task, will penetrate parts of the country where the wheel is almost unknown, and the illustrated descriptions of his experience will appear from time to time in our columns, and will be closely followed by every reader of "Cycling."

For the moment we have said enough.

E



SHALL CYCLISTS BE TAXED?

SIR,—If the discussion on the above subject does no more than bring forth the many interesting letters in your able journal—then certainly, it will have justified the space, you have given to it.

For my own part, I look upon this subject, in the same light, as upon our old friends, the gigantic gooseberry, and the wily searperpent, which, like my chum's latest "tall" cycling "feat," and pigs' trotters, must be taken *cum grano salis*.

For the last ten years, I have felt quite depressed if something like the following, did not appear in the cycling and general press, with solemn regularity; "The mighty (eh-what mite-y?) magnates of the Squirrel-cum-Slump Highway Board unanimously decided to petition Parliament to impose a tax on cyclists"—a resolution, which fat old farmers, and fussy faddists, in some forsaken little hole, had concocted, to exhibit their hatred of the wheelman in general.

Ten years? You can go back 25 years! We read that the International Velocipede Exhibition of 1869, was graced by the presence of the late Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a red-hot cycling enthusiast. Some wag announced that Mr. Lowe was about to issue a tax on velocipedes, but was doubtful whether the front or hind-wheel should be the object of his ministerial care; at any rate, it would have a most serious bearing on the Budget of 1870!

Now, good Mr. Editor! think of the terrible effects such a tax, would entail on—well, say Coventry town.

Imagine some fair "Dame, Godiva, up-to-date" issue forth, not, I trust, *in puris naturalibus*, on snowy steed; but upon the "modern glistening steed" of steel (*vide sassy papers*) would this "Viola-costumed saviour" step into the breach (ahem! I mean breach) and—cycling abroad—cause even the most brazen, the most detested, the most persistent cycle-tax collector to weep, and cry aloud:

"Have pity, my good masters, and take away the obnoxious weight that crushes this beauteous dame, and her million followers! Let them go free!!"

To quote Tennyson's "Godiva":—

"Not only we . . .

New men, that in the flying of a wheel

Cry down the past,

But she did more,

She took the tax away,

And built herself an everlasting name."

I am in favour of local not imperial taxation, the proceeds to be applied to road-improvements, &c., for our benefit.

The youth who smashed my machine, by colliding, on Easter Monday, ought not only to be taxed, but hanged, drawn, and quartered,

Yours truly,

A. LLOYD-OWEN.

SIR,—The persistency with which the cycle tax agitation is kept up is really marvellous. The origin of the movement dates back a good many years, and it was, at first, a very feeble plaint; but, with age, it has gathered strength enough to command attention, though it is yet far from being the power its advocates claim it to be. To the ordinary mind, it is difficult to realise why a cycle should be taxed any more than a walking-stick, a suit of clothes, or a pair of boots. There are, in this country, a certain class of faddists, who insist on taxing anything and everything that obtains popularity, and to these, I presume, the cycle has fallen a victim. But, though they make much noise, their number and influence is limited, for the governing bodies throughout the country, who have adopted resolutions in favour of the taxation of cycles, are comparatively few, and, where such resolutions have been adopted, the language used by the tax advocate has been of such an extravagant nature as to make one doubt their capacity of seeing straight.

But, apart from this class, who may well be termed, "irreconcilables," there are others who urge that a tax would raise the status of cyclists themselves, by eliminating an undesirable section of cyclists usually termed, "Cads on castors." This, I hold, to be a great fallacy, for the cycling "cad" is, usually, found among the class to whom the proposed tax would be no deterrent. Another absurd proposition is the exemption of what are termed "business cycles." I am inclined to think, that no small confusion would arise in drawing the line between the "business cycle" and the taxed pleasure cycle. For instance, if I possess an exempt, or business cycle, will it be permissible for me to have a quiet spin for pleasure, when opportunity offers, without having to keep a sharp look-out for the lynx-eyed gentlemen of the Revenue Department, charged with the duty of taking toll of cyclists?

I confess, I am not quite clear as to whether it is proposed to tax cycles or cyclists, and the more I read of what is written on the subject, the more confused I get. If cyclists are to be taxed, it would be interesting to know at what age they will be liable. For instance, I have a son, who has reached the mature age of seven years, and whose heart rejoices in the possession of a miniature cycle. As he can pedal along fairly well, I presume the cycle taxers would, in him, see a fit object for taxation. Again, on the principle of taxation and representation going together, if, in addition to being taxed, my son, and a whole host of youthful cyclists were enfranchised, I tremble to think of the consequences to that glorious fabric—the British Constitution.

But, supposing cycles are taxed, the same difficulty presents itself. Would my boy's diminutive machine, with its twelve-inch wheels, pay tax as well as my pneumatic roadster. If the little one should go free, I confess that I should be inclined to go in for a reduction in size myself, in the hope of avoiding, what must of necessity be, an obnoxious impost. There is one argument in favour of the tax, that finds a pretty wide support among cyclists themselves, "If cycles were taxed, we would have better roads, because the money would be devoted to road-mending." Imbecility could scarcely go farther than this. Why not tax newspapers for the benefit of education, or cricket and football for the benefit of agriculture? The roads of this country, especially those of South Wales, are bad enough, certainly, but how much do the cyclists damage them, or, whoever heard of cyclists wearing out a road? If the roads were the main concern of our would-be oppressors, would it not be more compatible with common sense to tax the cart or carriage-horses, or even those pedestrians who, like myself, indulge in the luxury of hob-nailed boots?

But, does not the cyclist already pay his quota towards road-mending? Is it not a fallacious idea, to suppose that the wheelman can get astride his machine and flee from the face of the tax-gatherer? Many wheelmen are business-men and ratepayers, and know, only too well, what rates and taxes are, and the imposition of a new tax on one of their few means of relaxation would be the initiative of a dangerous system of class legislation. However, apart from the mania for taxing all and everything taxable, that some people seem to be afflicted with, there is really no need for a new imposition, at present. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised us a Budget with an estimated surplus of about eight millions sterling; and, in view of that promise—even if it should not be realised to the full—it would be difficult to furnish a plausible reason for imposing any fresh burdens.

On the whole I am inclined to think that, as cyclists or cycles are not to be taxed this year, they have plenty of time to put their house in order to successfully repel any future attempt in that direction.

J. SUTHERLAND.

South Wales.

HORSE CYCLES.

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter of Mr. A. Fagg, in your last week's issue, under the above heading. The idea of a horse cycle has often presented itself to me, but my endeavours to develop it have always been frustrated by an apparently insurmountable difficulty, which does not appear to have presented itself to your correspondent, and which may be briefly described as follows:—

The reason that a man can propel himself at such a greatly-increased speed, when mounted on a cycle, compared with what he can do unaided, is because the whole of his power is devoted to propelling and none of it to supporting, that being entirely done by the machine; this being the case, in order to get a proportionately greater speed out of a horse cycle it would be necessary to mount the animal in such a way that all his energy should go towards propelling. Now, it would appear impossible for this to be done; even if his weight were supported through a medium other than his legs, it would be difficult, if possible, to teach him to utilise all his power in propelling the machine.

I think that Mr. Fagg would find, were his idea put to the test, that the machine would be slower than a vehicle drawn by the horse on account of the extra friction and weight.

R. J. DAVIES.

A year's oil for nothing.

At Stand 156 at the Stanley Show, Stanley, Feast & Co. will give away to every purchaser of a 1s. S.F. repair outfit, a tin of their new S.F. burning oil or lubricating oil, according as desired. A tin of the lubricating should last about a year, and those who secure one will score.

WORTH CHURCH.



LESS than three miles from the cyclist-haunted village of Crawley in the direction of East Grinstead, stands in a secluded spot away from the

high road, the Parish Church of Worth, which, according to good authorities is the most perfect Saxon church in England.

The scorcher would probably pass it without a thought but to the cyclist of antiquarian tastes it is a gem not to be missed.

To the artist, too, it would not appeal in vain.

Take your stand by the churchyard gate. What a peaceful picture! Slightly to the left stands the beautiful old church; behind, almost obscured by trees, stands the Rectory, and beyond, forming a background to the whole, rises Worth Forest with its dark wild looking glades,

A REMNANT OF THAT VAST FOREST

which once spread over the whole of this district, and of which, in spite of the destruction of great tracts to furnish fuel to feed the furnaces of the old Sussex iron-works—many extensive portions remain.

I am sure no one will regret having wandered for a few minutes from the beaten track to view this relic of the past.

Though in good repair the church would strike the most casual observer as being something uncommon. There is a venerable appearance about it which the most unversed in architecture could scarcely fail to notice, while to the lover of antiquity it is a treasure indeed.

The chancel is said to date from the time of Etheldred II., and the nave from Edward the Confessor, and Sir Gilbert Scott mentions the church as being one of the three oldest in England.

THE CHIEF FEATURE

to be noticed outside are the windows in the nave, the two lights being divided by rude balusters, the string course running round the building and the long and short work at the corners. The tower and spire are modern.

Inside, notice the rude, but massive, chancel-arch, and the arches leading into the small transepts.

What changes have passed over the country since this building was erected! the Norman Conquest; the long lines of Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns; civil wars and rebellions; the ruin of the old barons; and the rise of the middle classes. What would the man, who founded the building, say if he could stand close by

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON,

and see the heavily-loaded excursion trains on their way to Brighton and, a little farther off, the crowds of cyclists speeding along on their steel steeds to the same place?

But he is dead, though his work remains, and still, after the lapse of eight centuries, though somewhat spoilt by restorations and repairs, these old walls stand as a simple, but noble, memorial of the piety of our Saxon forefathers.

F. C.

A good gear-case.

We have been using for the last few weeks, with considerable satisfaction to ourselves, a gear-case made by C. W. Bluemel & Bros., Crown Works, Globe Road, London, E. It is easily detachable, keeps the mud and wet out, and, with its celluloid side, has a light appearance, and permits of the chain being inspected, without anything being necessary beyond a glance of the eye. The firm have had a lot of experience in gear-case work, and have profited by it.

A pacing suggestion.

A NOTED American trainer, Tom Eck, has a somewhat original idea of how to get over the pacemaking difficulty, and yet secure races with plenty of snap. He would abolish pacemakers and time limits, but have every starter in a race informed that he must take the lead a certain number of times, according to the length and character of the race, or else be disqualified. It might result in fairer racing, but it certainly would be harder work for most of the competitors.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR.



As usual in this our First Show Number, we present our readers with a Table of Records of the Year.

A phenomenal season in Cycle Racing has just closed, and finality in Records appears to be as far off as ever. England has this Season, more than held her own—thanks to the splendid cement path at Catford, improved pacing, and favourable climatic conditions she is now in possession of more World's Records than in former years though the Long Distance Records have gone to France, and will require another Shorland, on an up-to-date track, to bring them back again. The Licensing Laws have, no doubt, had a deteriorating effect on the Licensed Amateur Records; notwithstanding this drawback, all 1894 times and distances, with the exception of the 24 hours' have been removed; while, on the other hand, a new class of Records by Unlicensed Riders has been instituted, and, though not adjudicated upon by the N.C.U., the times and distances are thoroughly reliable, being vouched for by N.C.U. Official Timekeepers. These Records are given elsewhere, as well as English Professional Path Records, which are now, for the first time since the introduction of the Safety, worth recording. Special mention of any performances, out of a plethora of excellent rides, may seem out of place, but, unquestionably, the Records of T. Gibbons-Brooks (Mile), J. W. Stocks (Hour), J. Platt-Betts (50 Miles), and Messrs. Yeoman and Cook (100 Miles) stand out prominently in front of all other achievements.

THE JOINTLESS RIM CO., LTD., are busy indeed; a glance at their advertisement in this issue will give some idea of this.

"Cycling" Art Album.

Artistic reproductions reprinted from "Cycling" in a manner suitable for framing.

Price - - Sixpence.

THIS WILL BE ON SALE AT BOTH SHOWS.

CYCLING

OFFICES.

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

LONDON, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD

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

Assistant Manager:
ERNEST PERMAN.

Proprietors:
TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED.

Sole Director:
EDMUND DANGERFIELD.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

UNITED STATES	The Bearings.
FRANCE	Le Veloce-Sport.
HOLLAND	De Kampioen.
DENMARK	Cyclen.
BELGIUM	La Rev. Vel. Belg.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

ONCE more the appearance of our First Show Number heralds the near approach of the two great Shows, and in a few days' time everybody will be asking everybody else what they think of the Show. It is not our intention to express an opinion in advance as to which of the two Shows will carry off the palm; we have been asked by many readers which Show we would advise them to visit, and our reply is, if you can do so, visit both; if you cannot do this, you must settle in your own mind which of the two you will patronise. Certain it is that both will possess equal attractions, and both will well repay a visit. The Stanley opens at the Agricultural Hall on Friday of the present week, and Mr. Lamb, and his co-workers, are to be congratulated upon the result of their labours; in addition to the usual attractions that are usually found amongst the actual exhibits, the Stanley Executive have, as is customary, provided a number of side shows that visitors will be certain to find interesting. And now, just a few words, by-the-way, about the series of Double Show Numbers of *CYCLING*, of which this issue is the first. We do not know that we have any apology to make; we feel certain our readers will find our "Specials" as attractive as heretofore; but they will, no doubt, notice the absence of colour printing, which was a feature of last year's issues; and we must say that we were compelled to abandon the idea this year in consequence of the inevitable disorganisation consequent upon the re-

moval of our printing machines to Rosebery Avenue. If the present series of Show Numbers loses anything in this direction, we feel sure our friends will agree that it is fully compensated for by the interesting character of the literary and artistic contents.

It will also be observed that no forecast of the Show appears in this issue; the reason being that we consider it quite unnecessary to give details one week of what will be exhibited, and next week repeat the same details of what was exhibited. We have, therefore, decided to give our readers a general summary of the chief features of the Show (which appears elsewhere), and next week present to them a full and illustrated report of the principal exhibits as our expert reporters observed them.

CIRCULATION.

IT is time that advertisers began to more fully understand the attempts which are being made upon their pockets with increasing frequency in the matter of so-called circulation. Within this last week or two, a case has been brought before our notice of a journal being distributed broadcast throughout the land, and we believe it is now a well-known fact, that parcels are being made up and simply bundled into places where, in many cases, they are not even opened. It may be that the desired object has been attained, for a certificate is issued giving the figures which are apparently somewhere near our own. We have no wish to be upon other than excellent terms with any contemporary, and we think we have always given evidence of this desire, but the matter has been brought before our notice in such a way that clearly shows that advertisers, upon a comparison of figures, are being misled. We have all along been anxious to convince the most sceptical upon the accuracy of the figures given monthly by our accountants, and we have now gone to the extent of asking them to furnish us with details of how our numbers for the four weeks of October are made up. The full details of figures are too lengthy to give, but are open to the inspection of any applicant, even that of the business manager of our contemporary.

Our published certificate has shown that the numbers for the four, not five mark you, weeks are as follows:—28,655, 28,126, 27,750, and 27,749. Now comes our important point; it has been frequently stated that our numbers are bolstered up by means of our free list. Those who have made this statement may be surprised to learn that this list is not more than from 600 to 700 copies per week, which includes what is mailed to the Trade, British and Foreign Press, public libraries, reading-rooms, and so forth. With the exception of this small quantity, the balance goes to bona fide subscribers, newsagents, and the public. We now invite our enterprising contemporary, or any other journal, to show their hand in as straightforward a manner as we have always been ready to do.

OUR SECOND SHOW NUMBER.

Amongst a host of other attractive and interesting matter, our next issue will contain the following:—

The Levelling Influence of the Wheel.

By WALTER GROVES.

Illustrated by J. AMBROSE WALTON.

Miriam Myers:

A Romance of the Stanley Show.

By WM. C. BIRT-WHITWELL.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

Amateurism in Sport (Conclusion).

By H. HEWITT GRIFFIN.

*Grand Double Page Supplement,
"Pluck!"*

Drawn by J. AMBROSE WALTON.

*Types of Cyclists V.—The Novice
with a New Machine.*

Murmurings of a Cyclists' Mother.

By F. T. BIDLAKE.

A Fair Convert II.—The Lesson.

Drawn by GEORGE MOORE.

A Scene at the Stanley Show.

Drawn by J. A. WALTON.

"CYCLING" ART ALBUM.

THE most charmingly artistic production ever placed before the cycling public, at the price of Sixpence. It contains a selection of the finest Art productions of "Cycling's" staff of famous artists, printed on special stiff white paper, in a manner suitable for framing. It will be on sale at "Cycling's" Stands, at the Stanley and National Shows, or it can be obtained at "Cycling" Office, in Rosebery Avenue, E.C.

SATISFACTORY RESULTS

Always Accrue from an Ad. in
"Cycling."

Dear Sir,

Being so satisfied with the result of inquiries through our Advertisements in your papers which has covered the cost of same over ten times, we think it our duty to write and let you know how pleased we are from a business point of view.

Yours faithfully

A. ELMES & Co.,

Official Stand Fitters and Banner
Makers to the Stanley Show.



LOOK out for **CYCLING** Art Album at the Show.

READ the announcement of our Japanese expedition.

OUT of 1000 bicycles in Brooklyn you might find one with mud guards attached.

THE Leamington and South Warwickshire Club is 20 years old and still going strong.

MOST of the "Bloomer" girls of Brooklyn chew gum. This is not a nice item, but it is a fact.

OF all people bicyclists have, perhaps, most reason to complain of the hardness of this world.

SHAKESPEARE is a man for all time, and it is therefore not surprising to find him captain of the Derby Rovers C.C.

THERE are a hundred ways of repairing punctures, but the majority of them are repaired with repugnance.—*EX.*

SWEATERS with immense sailor-collars worn outside the coat, and of vivid hue, are worn on the race-track at Brooklyn.

THE Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University was considerably injured by a fall from his bicycle on Wednesday last.

GUEST'S Embrocation is already gaining friends. A lady of our acquaintance cured a severe toothache with it instantaneously.

ARTHUR GARDINER, an American crack, rode a flying mile last week in 1.42½, World's record, on Morgan & Wright's tyres.

LEITCH & PELLANT, on a Humber tandem, with the Simpson chain, are reported to have ridden a mile, on the road, in 1.31½, last week.

THE Stanley is a real live cycling club. From March to October it held 38 runs, with an attendance of 634, or an average of 17 per run. Good!

ASK for "Champions of the Year" at **CYCLING's** Stand. If you are an early bird, you will get this charming souvenir which we are giving away.

THE 19th Annual Dinner of the Clarence Bicycling Club will be held at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., on Friday the 29th inst.

THE Scottish Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., have just completed arrangements for supplying the "Self-Sealing" and "Self-Closing" air chambers, when ordered.

THE oldest English record still on the books, is S. F. Edge and J. E. L. Bates's 100 miles tandem tricycle on the road, October 18th, 1890; time, 5 hrs. 30 mins. 31 secs.

AN improved trouser-clip has been invented by Mr. Walker of the Elswick Co., which consists of a circular steel band holding in position a square of leather which effectually prevents the trousers from coming in contact with the chain.

In a new land.

WOULD all clubs had their runs supported as enthusiastically as the Johannesburg Wanderers, where, in spite of the poor roads, they turn out seventy to eighty strong every Sunday. Up country from Buluwayo, where the Catford are about to establish a branch, the roads are not half bad, and are generally passable by cyclists, by a little picking of the way.

We penetrate afar.

MR. A. W. GAMAGE sends us a letter from a cyclist at Darjeeling, Bengal, ordering goods as advertised by the cycling universal provider in **CYCLING**. Mr. Gamage states in his letter—"This is only one instance of many, and is a practical result of advertising in **CYCLING**."

Served him right.

ONE of the clever ones who ride with hands off, picking their teeth, or with arms folded, came a sorry cropper in Birmingham a few days ago. We are always sorry to hear of accidents to cyclists, but cannot help thinking that those who ride hands-off are courting accidents, besides being a source of danger to fellow-wheelmen and others.

Lost tourists.

TWO cyclists of Minneapolis, who started away for a wheel tour in the pine forests, have not been heard of for over a month. The roads in the woods are described as mere trails, with stumps and holes at intervals, and it is feared, if they are not lost, some accident has happened to them.

An all-round man.

PERHAPS some of our vegetarian cyclists would fill the bill for the following curiosity in advertisements:—"Wanted a gardener, unmarried, willing to teach three young ladies to ride cycles. Would also be required in Winter to assist with magic lantern and to dress in Eastern costumes. Preference given to man of swarthy complexion. No abstainers."



HE ROSE.—I.

He was a doughty member of the force, with a burning ambition to rise; and when those scorching cyclists loomed in sight, he grasped the opportunity—and their bicycles.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Luxuries.

WHEN Col. Pope, the great American cycle manufacturer, and his family go on a cycle tour, they do it in style. A baggage van goes with them, carrying their traps, and an extra man to clean the machines, and oil up.

Hard lines.

PAT: "Phwat did ye say? Trade is better in England, is it? Faith, an' it's time it was, when some ov the women have to cut down the ould man's trowsers to make knickerbockers ov! Isn't it me own eyes that have seen it?"

"The law is an ass."

A BIRMINGHAM daily tells us of a Yorkshire doctor who went off at night on his bicycle to an urgent case, rather than wait for his trap, and neglected to light his lamp before starting. He was stopped, summoned, and fined, and we agree with our contemporary in thinking it was a great shame that any fine was inflicted, under the circumstances.

An unexpected friend.

A GOOD word for cyclists, and a "knock" for the talked-of cycle tax, comes from a rather unexpected quarter, the "Parish Councils' Gazette." That journal remarks: "So far as wear and tear of roadway is concerned, cyclists, especially in these days of pneumatic tyres, are certainly the very last class of road users who should be taxed. They never have any perceptible effect on the surface of a decent road, except in the event of a spill."

The artful "welsher" and the mob.

At the bicycle meeting at Parramatta Australia, last month, two loud, and far from choice, mouthed bookies would insist on shouting out their odds and remarks also odd—at the top of their voices. "This," says a Sydney authority, "was bad enough; but the Parramatta people stood it until one of the financial agents 'welshed' a popular resident to the extent of 10s. Then they rose in their wrath. Parramatta is a good old-fashioned English town, and preparations were at once made to carry into execution a good old English custom. No horse-pond was handy, but the residents reckoned their river was quite good enough to duck a 'welsher' in, and they accordingly conducted the defaulter to a convenient spot on the bank. Here they hesitated, being, no doubt, undecided as to the correct English fashion of carrying out the job; and, seeing his opportunity, the victim pleaded for time to pay. 'Ten bob was nothing to him,' he said, 'and if they only let him get to his hotel, he'd square up right away.' Justice was tempered with mercy instead of water, as was originally intended, and the procession moved in the direction of an hotel indicated by the 'welsher.' He skipped up-stairs lightly, informing those who had accompanied him that he could 'pay ten blooming quid now, and that he'd soon settle the other little matter.' His absence seemed somewhat prolonged, and, fearful that their prisoner had escaped, the injured residents sought him. A few minutes sufficed to ascertain that the bookie had not flown, but had, with commendable military engineering skill, entrenched himself in a bedroom by locking the door and packing all the available furniture against it. How the affair terminated, no one appears to know; but the 'welsher's' stronghold was still besieged far into the night by wild-eyed sportsmen who swore to have his money or his life."



HE ROSE.—II.

But the combination was too strong—he began to fill rapidly.

Fitting.

OUT of a large field of 80 competitors in the recent Canadian road race for the Dunlop Trophy, the first four placed men rode Dunlop tyres.

Rudge-Whitworth gallantry.

MR. T. D. Oliver, the Northern manager for Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., has opened the new gymnasium at Newcastle as a school for cycling. Their enterprise in this direction is bound to secure a large amount of patronage during the Winter months, especially from the fair sex. The hall has an area of 5,300 feet available for cycling. The firm has, also, generously granted permission for ladies to use the hall for practice, who are not necessarily patrons of the firm, and this decision will, no doubt, result in a further large increase of lady riders in the Tyneside district.

A bold scheme.

THE Editor of that excellent club journal, the "Manchester B.C. Gazette," is going to bring out a Christmas Number of 10 pages of solid reading matter. With thoughtful care he proposes to publish on Christmas Eve, so that in the quiet and calm of Christmas Day, there will be something more or less interesting to soothe the members after their previous night's carousal.

To be altered.

At the official inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of a cyclist, whilst a wheel, by contact with an electric power cable, near the Giant's Causeway, on August 26th last, it was decided either that the cable be conducted on the overhead principle, or that the rail be efficiently protected underground that contact between it, and passers-by be rendered impossible.

A novel idea.

A SPECIAL feature in the exhibit of the Compagnie Française des Pneumatiques Dunlop, at the Stanley Show, will be a splendid life-size portrait of Huret, the French champion, mounted on his Dunlop-tired Humber, on which he rode 529 miles in 24 hours.

The N.R. in India.

THE late hon. sec. of the North Road Club, E. Rivers Smith, is maintaining the prestige of the N.R.C. in far India. At the recent sports held at Bombay, he secured the open mile from scratch, in 3 mins. 5 secs., the shade temperature at the time being 90 deg. Penton, a one-time Bath Road man, ran in the same race, receiving 40 yds. start. The Bombay Gymkhana, through Smith, are endeavouring to popularise cycling out there, and they have the right man to help them.

Asbestos shoes.

As is well-known, asbestos is the best non-conductor of heat known, and this fact is now being made use of by bootmakers, who insert a sheet of asbestos between the leathers of the soles, thus preventing dampness from getting through, or the cold of Winter, or the heat of Summer, penetrating from the ground to the foot. The idea is being adapted to cycling shoes, with, it is reported to us, marked success. Samples of these shoes can be seen on Gamage's outfitting Stands at the Stanley.

Must have been fast.

It is said that when the Selmar-Smith-Jones-Davis quad team made their sensational mile on the road in California, they could not stop their machine. At the awful speed they dared not attempt to back-pedal, for fear of being hurled from their saddles and dashed to pieces, and the machine ran several miles along the straight level road. When they at last alighted, their faces were blanched the hue of death, so great had been the nervous strain and the fear of an accident—always imminent—which would pitch them to destruction. All four of the strong and skilful cyclists were so prostrated that they did not attempt to ride for weeks after.

The Amateur Definition.

WITH a view to giving the conference between the three chief governing bodies of Sport—the N.C.U., A.A.A., and A.S.A.—something to work on, a special article appeared in the "Sporting Life" recently, giving the definition of each body in full, and—what is more to the point—suggested an entirely new rule, really the good points of all three joined together, as follows:—

THE "ALL-ROUND" DEFINITION OF AN AMATEUR.

"An amateur is one who has never competed for a money-prize, declared wager, or staked bet; or taken part, knowingly or without protest, in any competition or exhibition with or against anyone who is not an amateur; and who has never engaged in, nor assisted in, nor taught, athletics, cycling, swimming, or any other competitive exercise, for money, wages, pay, or other remuneration."

The above, we think, leaves no loop-hole. Of course, there must be sub-sections in each sport, bearing on special points; but it would be hard to drive a goat-chaise through the above,—to say nothing of a coach-and-four.

Central depot in the City.

THE well-known firm of Benetfink & Co., Cheapside, London, who, for the last few years have added to their ordinary business departments for cycle outfitting and accessories, propose, next year, to make their establishment a great central depot for all the best makes of machines. It will be a great convenience to the public to be able to see several makes of bicycles under one roof.

Western performances.

THE following are the records passed this year by the Western Records & Road Riding Association:—Safety 12 hours' T. Colborne, Bristol Reform, 193½ miles; 24 hours', G. Bateman, North Road, 307½ miles. Tricycle 12 hours' J. J. Harrison, Bristol B. & T.C., 150½ miles; 24 hours', G. Bateman, 260½ miles. Bristol to Birmingham & back, H. Davis, Bristol Jockeys, 10 hrs. 55 mins.

To puzzle the thieves.

A VERY good idea is the Presto Cycle Thief lock, made by the Presto Gear Case Co., of Wolverhampton. A screw engages with two lugs at the head, the head of which screw, when it is screwed home, comes off, leaving the head locked with the screw in, but nobody but the possessor of the removable head could possibly unlock it. The machine can be thus rapidly and simply secured.

C.T.C. and the Newcastle parks.

At the last meeting of the District Committee of the C.T.C., held at the Hotel Métropole, Newcastle, it was reported that permission had been obtained for cyclists to wheel their machines through some of the Newcastle parks; but the authorities decline to allow machines to remain in the parks. It was decided to press the matter with a view to obtaining further concessions for cyclists from the local authorities.



THE ROSE.—III.

Thus, by unforeseen circumstances, this noble man rose with astonishing rapidity; in fact, a piece of twine tied to his ankle was necessary to keep him from soaring aloft altogether. He is now, literally, at the top of the tree.

LOCK won the 6 hours' race at Putney on Saturday.

COLLECTING cards for the Dibble Memorial, will be at CYCLING Stand at the Stanley.

THERE will be a collecting box at the Stanley Show for the Ripley Roadmenders' Fund. The generously disposed should look out for it.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES has purchased a '96 lady's Premier, which was at Sandringham during the recent birthday festivities.

THE new surface at Wood Green, next year, will, in all probability, be cement, the colour receiving special consideration. A decided acquisition to the grounds will be the new swimming bath (convertible, in the Winter into a gymnasium), to be erected shortly.

Bordeaux-Paris in 1896.

OUR French friends are not late in their arrangements for next year. The Parisian daily *Le Vélo* is now out, with some important news regarding the famous Bordeaux to Paris race, which it organises each year. The date of the contest in 1896 will be May 23rd-24th. For the first time since its inauguration, cash prizes will be given. The first one amounts to £120, the second to £40, and so on. Entries are already being received, the first name down being that of Meyer, who thus figures No. 1 at the start.

Simpson was there.

THE inventor of the Simpson Lever Chain was present at the Stanley dinner. He is a venerable-looking old gentleman, with long grey hair. Whatever the opinions that may be held as to the merits or demerits of his sensational claims, it was certainly an ill-chosen opportunity for various speakers to give vent to remarks which could be nothing less than exceedingly offensive to a fellow guest, particularly as he was at the disadvantage of being unable to reply. We hold no brief for Mr. Simpson, we have never spoken to him, but call attention to the matter as we consider that no man should be the guest of the Stanley or any other club without being able to feel that he should be treated as a guest.

The County in the Bath Road den.

SAVE for the bare poles of the trees, it was, without exaggeration, more like a May morning, than a November one, on the Ripley Road last Sunday. A dense crowd of wheelmen and women were at Ditton, tempted forth by the good roads, bright sun, blue sky, and balmy air, not to mention the inter-club dinner of the Bath Road and London County men at Cobham. Here some 50 or 60 sat down, including three London County ladies, and a good assortment of prominent men of both clubs, under the chairmanship of the Marquis of Queensberry. After the celery, Harvey, on behalf of the Bath Road, made a neat little speech, thanking the London County for their visit, and saying nice things about their lady contingent. Hillier replied in most suitable terms for the County, and then some gentlemen sang songs, and Young gave a go of Special Scotch to the company—in music. Barnes gave "The Revenge" in such a way that it would have been unpleasant for any "devildom of Spain" if they had chanced to call in immediately after. In short, everybody had a good time, and perhaps wished there was more of this sort of thing in cycling life, and a little less of the everlasting racing that bores, and the political fighting that estranges.

New Union in France.

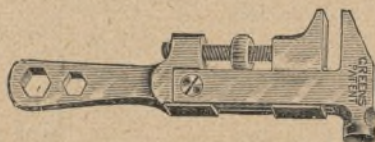
THE rows in the U.V.F. have culminated in the formation of a new ruling body for the sport of cycling in France, called the Union Cycliste de France. Good men are at its head, and it is not unlikely to crush out the U.V.F.

Conference of the ruling bodies.

LAST Saturday afternoon, at Anderton's, the A.A.A., N.C.U., and the Amateur Swimming Association, held a conference. The N.C.U. delegates were, T. W. J. Britten, H. L. Clark, J. A. Church, R. Todd, and Turner. Certain exceptions were agreed to in the generally accepted amateur definition, in order that amateur cyclists, athletes, and swimmers, should not lose their status by playing against or with professionals in cricket, football, golf, and other similar games. All the proposals will be brought before the N.C.U. in detail, and in due course, for adoption.

The Giraffe.

THE illustration shows the "Giraffe" spanner, a very well made and serviceable spanner for cyclists, made by E. C. Green, of Sheffield, and sold by all leading cycle



agents. The sliding back gives support to the spanner just where wanted. The loose jaw is single thread, and the screw entering the handle is double thread, thus giving a triple motion.

Mrs. Langtry in Birmingham.

THE Rudge-Whitworth Birmingham Riding School was favoured a few days ago with a visit from Mrs. Langtry, who received a lesson in riding the tandem bicycle. She expressed herself as highly pleased with her experience, and immediately placed an order for a similar machine to the one she had been trying—Rudge-Whitworth, of course. It is worthy of note that the machine, although built specially to Mrs. Langtry's order, was supplied within three days; this at Show time is a remarkably smart piece of work.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Changes of Matter for Next Week's Issue must be in our hands by First Post on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, to secure insertion. New Ads. entirely can be taken up till SATURDAY'S FIRST POST.

Address—

"CYCLING,"

ROSEBURY AVENUE,

LONDON, E.C.

Telegrams.—"Pressimus, London."
Telephone No. 6992.

BANKER has left Paris to winter at home in the States. He takes with him the best of reputations in every way.

ORDER your Show Numbers early. There is sure to be a big demand, and we shall not print over the 30,000 for each double issue.

It is almost certain that before long the Belgian Union will allow amateurs and professionals to meet in every race, providing, of course, that the amateurs do not take cash prizes.

Two young Liverpool roughs have been sentenced to three months in gaol, and 24 strokes with the birch, for attacking a lady cyclist, riding alone late at night, and stealing her money.

Cycling at Chatsworth.

THE Prince of Wales has been spending the past week at Chatsworth House, and nearly every morning the ladies of the party have been seen cycling on the grand walks which run through the park.

Cycling on camel roads.

"ALGERIAN MEMOIRIES" is a book in which an American lady and gentleman describe a cycling tour over the Atlas to the Sahara. Their description of African mud is not encouraging; it is slippery as grease, sticky as glue, and dries as hard as stone. The camels, with their great feet, break up the roads in wet weather; but there is this to be said for them, they take the sudden appearance of a lady and gentleman on bicycles, with the utmost calmness.

Doth protest too much.

It is amusing to note how public speakers occasionally allow their feelings of irritation to outrun their discretion. Speaking at the quarterly meeting of the Cumberland County Council, on the subject of cyclists having to be registered and to wear a conspicuous distinctive number, the mover of the resolution, Mr. J. R. Musgrave, stated that a well-constructed bicycle could travel as fast as a L. and N. W. Railway express engine. He divided the public into two kinds—those who rode bicycles, and those who dodged them. It is satisfactory to know that a Mr. Paisley gave determined opposition to Mr. Musgrave's suggestions, showing how legislation in regard to cyclists was already of a one-sided character. Eventually, however, a resolution was passed by a small majority, declaring that in the interest of the public, bicycles should be registered and bear a conspicuous number.

The Stanley Dinner.

THAT important annual fixture, the Stanley dinner, was carried through with its usual éclat, at the Hotel Métropole, last Saturday, when there must have been some 150 members and guests present, under the chairmanship of Col. A. Savile. G. Lacy Hillier, gave the toast of the evening, "The Stanley Show," in his best style, and the secretary, Mr. E. A. Lamb, in replying, spoke in a confident tone, that suggested a long and useful life yet to this institution. Amongst the crowd of well-known faces present, representing the Sport, and the Trade, were, J. H. Price, S. T. Brown, R. L. Jefferson, J. Dring, A. W. Gamage, W. Goddard, W. J. Harvey, A. R. Lockwood, W. S. Simpson, C. A. Smith, S. F. Edge, Paul Hardy, J. H. Adams, A. C. Hills, E. M. Mayes, Low, O'Reilly, and Edmund Dangerfield (CYCLING). Good entertainment marked the evening, and the prize distribution was a pleasing feature, the veteran, Liles, being amongst the prize-takers.

RUNNING A RACE MEET.

By JAMES BLAIR.



EVERY cycling club that takes racing under its wing, and desires to be "up-to-date," launches out in the promotion of an Open Race Meeting, after the first year or so of its existence, likewise Athletic Associations, Charity Organisations, &c., hold Annual Athletic and Cycling Meetings, with manifold objects in view, principally the promotion of sport, an annual reunion, and increase of revenue. From

experience gained in running Race Meetings over several years, under favourable and unfavourable circumstances, the writer will endeavour to briefly describe the work to be done, the methods to be adopted, and the formalities to be gone through in engineering an ordinary Race Meeting, in the hope of assisting the inexperienced and uninitiated. It must not, however, be expected that the success of such fixtures as the Surrey, Catford, Brixton, Polytechnic, and other great annual meetings, is to be attained at the first attempt, unless the occasion is a special one; meetings such as these, have become landmarks in the Annals of the Sport, and each year adds to the popularity of a well managed fixture.

A RACE COMMITTEE

should be appointed to carry through the sports, with an energetic secretary, capable of working night and day; the committee should apportion the work amongst themselves, such as the advertising, bill-posting, handbill distribution, the official programme, purchase of prizes, securing of entries, &c., the secretary generally supervising and managing the affair. The first necessity is a "Permit." If a club is affiliated to the N.C.U., or A.A.A., no "Permit" is necessary, if unaffiliated, a "Permit" from each is needed (fee 10s. in each case) and here it might be as well to remark that the races must be held under the Rules of the N.C.U., and the Laws of the A.A.A., which the secretary is expected to know by heart, but in case he should not, which is more than likely, copies are obtainable from headquarters.

THE PROGRAMME

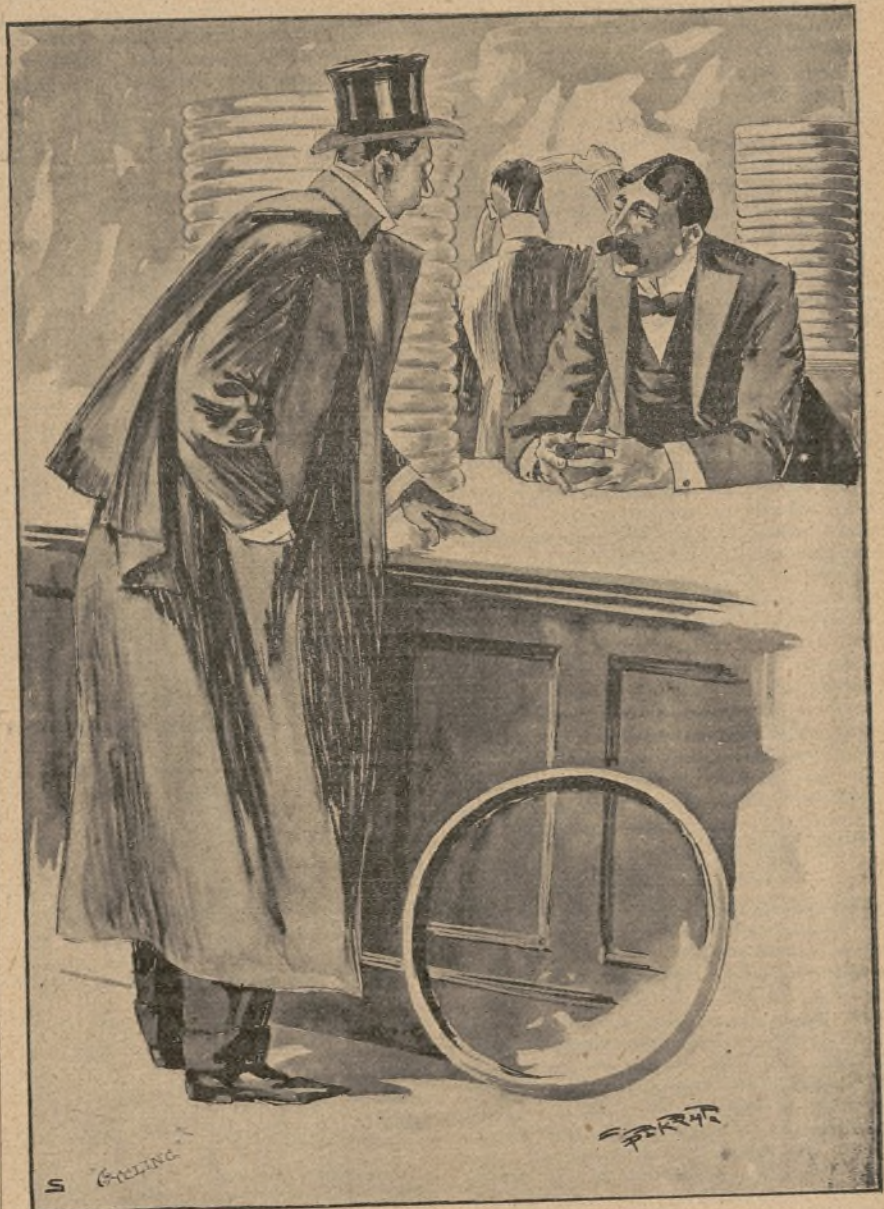
should then be drawn up, and care taken to vary the events as much as possible, to provide novelty, and to create interest in the Meeting before, and on, the day of the event. An esti-

mate of the expenditure and receipts should be submitted for the approval of the committee, (this is very useful, and prevents the limits to expenditure being exceeded to a large extent, as is frequently done). If the meeting is open to both runners and cyclists a combined entry-form must be used, printing on the reverse side the complete programme, with value of prizes, entry-fees, &c. Posters, handbills, and other printed matter, used in advertising the meeting, should be drawn up in a bold and striking manner, but much

depends on the capabilities of the secretary.

THE ISSUE OF TICKETS

is questionable, except for officials, Press, complimentary invitations, and competitors; the practice of issuing tickets half-price before the day, to cover financial loss, in the event of unfavourable weather, is fast dying out. This insurance hardly recompenses the club for the enormous labour of distribution and collection, besides the vexatious practice, now customary, of



MY YES!

"Er! This tyre is easily repaired?"

"Yes. Why my dear Sir, it is customary for riders to go out of their way to puncture our tyres, on purpose to experience the great pleasure of repairing them!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

men selling tickets on the day at the entrance to the grounds at three-fourths the cost of admission.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF OFFICIALS

has to be considered, and a race-committee is wise to have as small a number as is absolutely necessary, and these capable and tried officials. Club members are expected to undertake the thankless posts, while the high positions are generally bestowed upon gentlemen outside the fold, to whom the club wishes to pay a compliment.

Advertisements should be inserted in the best sporting and cycling papers, firstly to obtain entries, and secondly to secure the attendance of the public; entry-forms should be posted (to all likely competitors, freely distributed at the various race tracks, and a supply sent to all papers where advertisements appear; while during the last fortnight, bill-posting, sandwich-men, boys distributing handbills, and other ways of giving publicity to the meeting, should receive careful attention, not forgetting to keep every cycling and sporting paper supplied with the principal items of interest connected with the meeting, the list of entries, the expected exciting racing, and so on, what is commonly called

BOOMING THE MEETING.

The last week is always the busiest. Entries, supposed to close seven days before, only commence to come in. This is one of the most exasperating features of the whole affair. Racing men, taken as a whole, are a most inconsiderate lot, and think only of themselves. They don't see why they should be put to any trouble about entry-forms, fees, and such like, but let the start be in accordance with the meagre information supplied, or the prizes unsuitable, the management not in accordance with their ideas, and you will soon know of it. The entries received, those for the handicaps should be dispatched to the handicappers without delay; the scratch entries should be drawn in heats, as necessary for the programme.

THE ORDER OF THE PROGRAMME

arranged, a time-table worked out, and all despatched to the printers, who should prepare the cover of the programme, advertisements, and other details beforehand, waiting only for the final handicaps, on receipt of which the programme may be completed—half the battle accomplished. If the grounds, where the sports are to be held, are well-known enclosures, the proprietors generally provide everything requisite for the proper conduct of the races, but a few items worth remembering are rosettes for officials, competitors' numbers, lap-scoring cards, pistol and cartridges, worsted for judging sprint races, telegraph steward, and programme boys. On the day of the meeting each official is supposed to know his duties, and to

carry them through without supervision, so that the whole affair works like clock-work, and with an energetic official continually

LUBRICATING THE WORKS

no hitch should occur; but, if any, look to the telegraph-board and competitors to give you trouble. Lack of intelligence and energy on the part of the officials entrusted with the work of obtaining the starters, and announcing the numbers on the telegraph-board, frequently upsets the whole harmony of the Meeting.

The competitors are, in most cases, to blame, but the marksmen might easily remedy the errors by checking the starters with the board. Favourable weather, excellent entries, exciting races, and a good band, ensure success which, in all cases, the club deserves, but seldom obtains. There are many other matters in connection with the running of a race meeting that cannot be fully dealt with here, but, in conclusion,

A LITTLE BIT OF SOUND ADVICE

may be of service; to those clubs and associations in the country, and around the Metropolis, who hold an Annual Meeting each year, there is little to say, success is generally guaranteed; but in London the position is altogether different, and it is a grave mistake on the part of young sport-promoters to assume that they can command the success of old-established fixtures—where one succeeds a dozen fail. This season, especially, has failure been written frequently, caused, to a large extent, by the abandonment of road racing by leading clubs; these clubs have taken to the path, and, almost in every case, laid themselves out to "boom" the events, to endeavour to attract the public, to secure patronage and financial success. The races promoted have had little or no attraction for the ordinary public. The

CONTINUAL REPETITION OF LONG DISTANCE RACES,

the endeavour to secure public patronage for ordinary and members' races, the chaotic state of our amateurism, and many other matters, have, instead of securing the attendance and "gate" so eagerly desired, completely satiated and disgusted the sporting public. What Road clubs should do is to run their events on the path the same as they did on the road, without advertisement; the only additional expense will be the hire of the track, and surely sufficient members can be found to guarantee a few tickets each to cover this extra expense and a little over. The races will be far more enjoyable, the true sporting event will be run, and no risk incurred; this and the clashing of fixtures is well worthy of consideration next season.

SEVERAL new tyres will be shown to the public for the first time at the Stanley Show, one of the latest being the Swift. 2000

AMATEURISM IN SPORT.

ITS RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

By H. HEWITT GRIFFIN.

AMATEURISM—genuine true amateurism—(there can be no other) always has been and always will be the backbone of sport, whatever its nature. Roll back the tide of history for thousands of years and you will find it the same. When the world was young, say, B.C. 1222 (a trifling over 3117 years ago), Hercules founded the games of Olympus in honour of Jupiter Olympus after a victory over Augeas. These, unless the claim of some writers that these games were established by the Idæi Dactyli 232 years earlier, be true, were the first known sports. Never has sport been on a higher level. In those days the only pass to success was physical supremacy, and the highest honour and glory was to win the *Penathlon* or all five events—1. running, 2. leaping, 3. wrestling, 4. boxing, 5. disc-throwing. No honour was too great for the winner. Poets wrote odes to him, statues of him were erected, and when he reached his native town a breach was made in the walls so that he should pass through, instead of the ordinary gate. The actual reward was a wreath of laurel—all the rest *honour*—purely honour. Naturally all men in those days were amateurs. The laws of the "games" were rigid and strictly obeyed, and the course of severe public training the candidates had to undergo for months prior to, what was to all intents and purposes the championship, only held every fourth year, would have given a modern racing man his *quietus*, and there would have been

NO CHARM IN THE ACTUAL CONTESTS

for him, because the men wore nothing, and, therefore, there could be no one to claim from because he had worn So-and-So's speed shoe, Another's handy cap, and so on. For centuries the brave Greek youths maintained the fame of the Olympian games (there is to be an attempted revival next year); and when Rome rose, they passed westward, and the hardy Romans kept up the honour of the old contests; at last luxury and effeminacy spread, and the degenerate and effeminate Romans employed others to do the work they ought to have gloried in. Here, then, was the thin edge of professionalism first inserted in Sport—hirelings took the place of genuine amateur effort. Needless to say, it sank and sank, mock combats became real, then fighting with beasts, but still more and more degraded became the sporting instincts of the Romans, till the final scene discloses early Christians tied to the stake in the amphitheatre, defenceless in weapons, but strong in faith, to be torn to bits by starving lions—to form "Sport of a Roman Holiday."

From the slough of disgrace into which "Sport" had sunk, owing to the decay of amateurism, it required centuries upon centuries, nearly 2,000

years, well over 1800 anyway, before amateurism could emerge from the mire. Even less than half-a-century ago amateur sport, as we recognise it, was absolutely unknown, and such as there was, was confined to public schools or the universities, and there the first regular sports, with programmes, &c., were held at Cheltenham College on October 22nd, 1853. Several colleges held sports, but at that period "Sport" was generally interpreted to mean the dregs of the prize ring, and it was as much as a man's social position, private character, or business position was worth to be identified with "Sport." But then it was all, outside the narrow compass referred to, professional. Mark that, ye revolutionary agitators! The sporting papers of that time teem with pugilism, with its rings and rings of ruffianism.

It was the West London Rowing Club (now defunct), that in the Winter of 1861-2, held the first amateur events, but what we would recognise as the first regularly advertised events were promoted by W. Price, at Hackney Wick Grounds and announced as "Gentlemen Amateur Handicap, and the Illustrated Sporting News" (a complete bound set of which is in the possession of the writer) of July 26th, 1862, contains an announcement of the starts of the races to be decided that day (earliest known publication of an amateur handicap). A few years ago when writing a certain well-known hand-book,* I went fully into what may be termed the "Dawn of Amateurism." The fact of the matter is, the vast majority of those who talk and write, with a knowledge, born of short superficial observation within a limited scope, of recent times, of the question of amateurism, know about as much of the facts which led up to the separation of the classes and the necessity of

A GENTLEMAN AMATEUR

division, as a salmon does of Simpson's chain, or an owl of orthography. Although the following quotation from "Athletics" was written at the end of 1890, and applied to athletics chiefly (cycling did not exist in those days), it applies equally well to our Sport as it gives the why and wherefore of amateurism in a nutshell.

"With the advent of 1864 came what may be termed the active commencement of open amateur athleticism. The only hope for sport was to adopt a high basis to start with, and accordingly the gentleman-amateur came into vogue. A few modern writers who, if they had existed in those days, would most likely have been debarred by the gentleman-amateur clause from participating in the reformed sport, are still violently opposed to anything tending towards a return to the old amateur definition, although the path of to-day, in many quarters, sadly needs purifying At

first it was difficult to define an amateur, and the rough and ready division was body *versus* brains, wages *versus* salary; it being considered that a man who earned his wages by the physical labour of his body was, by reason of his employment, better fitted for athletics than one who secured his salary by his mental powers. The "gentleman" part of the clause, although "sour grapes" to numbers, was not only absolutely necessary, but proved the saviour of athleticism. But for confining athletics to the select side of society, the better class of men would not, they *could not*, under the then existing state of affairs, have gone in for sport, which would, therefore, never have reached its present high estate."

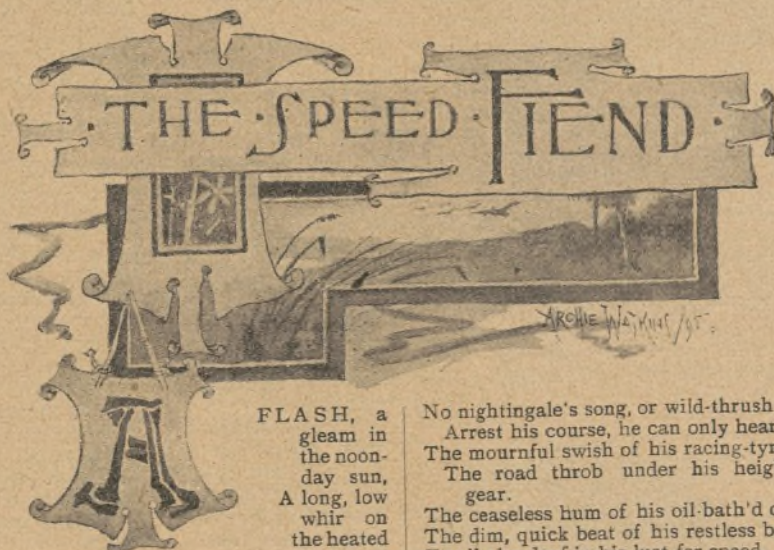
Two very important events in the history of Amateurism, took place this year—the first Cambridge v. Oxford Sports at Oxford, 5th March, 1864, and the initial Civil Service Sports at Beaufort House, Walham Green, on 22nd and 23rd of April, 1864—when the fashionable world had for the first time a chance of seeing that Amateur Sport was not the dreadful thing some people represented it to be. Two things in connection with this meeting are worthy

of note—the Countess of Albemarle (mother of the late President of the N.C.U.) distributed the prizes, and amongst the prize winners was C. M. Callow, who competed in the L. A. C. great 8 miles' record walk, on 19th of October, 1895—a vitality which makes the most veteran of racing cyclists a mere chicken.

In the year 1866, the Amateur Athletic Club was founded, chiefly to establish, and carry on the amateur championship, which it did till the formation of the A.A.A. in 1880. It also acted as a court of appeal for both cyclists and athletes, till each had a respective "head." One of the first things to be done was to draw a careful definition of a Gentleman Amateur:—

"Any gentleman who has never competed in an open competition, or for public money, or for admission money, or with professionals for a prize, public money, or admission money, and who has never, at any period of his life, taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood; nor is a mechanic, artisan, or labourer."

This ends the pre-cycling days.
(To be concluded).



FLASH, a gleam in the noon-day sun,
A long, low whirl on the heated air;

A rapidly rising line of dust
Hangs grey, and thick, in the golden glare,
With dogged endurance on brow and on lip,
Comes a wheelman, fast in the speed-fiend's grip.

Worn face bent low o'er the front wheel tyre;

Horizontal curve in his weary back;
Quick rise and fall of his dusty knees,
As he flies along on the cart-worn track.
His wheel, shav'd down to the last degree,
Just turns the scale at the twenty-three.

The poppy-deck'd fields of sun-kissed corn,
The snow-white clouds in the measureless blue,

The hay-sweet meadow, the wild-rose hedge,

The cool, dark forest the road cuts through;

No vistas of peace to him reveal,
He sees but the space that fronts his wheel.

No nightingale's song, or wild-thrush note
Arrest his course, he can only hear
The mournful swish of his racing-tyre,
The road throb under his heightened gear.

The ceaseless hum of his oil-bath'd chain,
The dim, quick beat of his restless brain.
To all else deaf in his lust for speed,

'Til up from behind, with a warning blast,
A tandem, manned by a racing crew,
At a lightning bat comes flashing past.
And he hugs his wheel with fever'd grin,
And bends to put a stiff mile in.

He grips the pedals with nervous force,
He's hanging on, with a slow, tired smile,—

He spurts, he is shifting away ahead,
He's a credit to the speed-fiend's style.
A backward glance, and a withering smirk;
Then a plug up-hill he fain would shirk.
And, thus, and so,—and a short while hence,—

On the dusty grass, by his speed machine,
Panting, helplessly, horribly weak,
He lies on his back in impotent spleen.
While countless wheelmen past him fly,
And the tandem crew spins gaily by.

V. E. S.

* Athletics by H. Hewitt Griffin—"All England Series"—Geo. Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

A HAND FROM THE GRAVE.

By E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT, Author of "*Hartmann the Anarchist*," "*The Devilry of Baron Krantz*," &c., &c.

"A FRIGHTFUL case, and no mistake," said young Newman, as he and a friend passed into the long avenue that led to the asylum gate, the shrieks of a luckless maniac still ringing in their ears. "I can hardly believe that the raving idiot we last saw is really poor Paddy O'Reilly, one of the most pleasant and amusing fellows I ever met."

"How came it that he went mad?"

"Well, he was the victim of as strange a mischance as, perhaps, can be imagined. His mind was shattered by a ghastly fright, and no doubt most men possessed of vivid imaginations would lose their wits under similar conditions. However, you shall hear the story, and can then judge for yourself. I can vouch for its accuracy; for, as you will learn, I was one of the few witnesses who were fully competent to account for the hideous affair."

One wild July night, three years ago, four jovial cyclists sat gossiping in a private room at the "Peterleigh Arms," a small hostelry about four miles away from this place. Paddy O'Reilly, Bob Andrews, Charlie Barlow, and myself, were the four. We had been touring during the past week, and had got over the ground in fine fashion,—paying, however, I fear, far more attention to our cyclometers than to the really lovely scenery through which we passed. That day we had placed a trifle over a hundred miles to our credit, and, with the inane glee of the plugger, were reckoning confidently upon being able to top this mileage the following day, when the moorland districts we had been traversing would, we knew, speedily give place to most welcome long slopes, and finally to level plains.

"Looks as if a gale was rising," said Andrews, as we sat chatting after an excellent dinner. And even as he spoke a fierce blast shook the old hostelry and rumbled angrily in the chimney, rattling the old-fashioned windows that looked out on to the desolate moor, patches of which were, ever and anon, lit by the full moon, as its light broke fitfully through a chaos of scudding clouds.

"Yes," I answered, "we did well in not pushing forward to Manton, as you wanted. We could not have got there very well before half-past ten, and for my part I detest strong head-winds and the bother of continually re-lighting one's lamp."

"Queer old inn, this," put in Barlow; "but the old man knows how to make us cosy, at any rate. Seems to like visitors on wheels. I dare say business is none too lively about here."

He spoke truly. Business had been slack of late years. Time was when the "Peterleigh Arms" was a stopping-place of repute in the old coaching days; but the march of events had left it stranded, and its proprietor had at times hard work to make both

ends meet. The only town of importance in the neighbourhood was Manton, a somewhat agricultural centre, about six miles away across the moor. And Mantonians had seldom cause to put up at the old inn, which was degenerating slowly into a very humble, if abnormally large, hostelry, frequented mainly by farmers and labourers. Visitors a-wheel, however, were becoming fairly numerous, and their importance as a support of the hostelry no doubt accounted for the cordiality with which we had been greeted.

"Yes," I said, "but things might be worse. The old man made his pile years and years ago, and, after all, the "Peterleigh Arms" pays its way fairly well, despite a dismally slack time during the Winter. I used to live hereabouts, and —"

"What did you call it?—the 'Peterleigh Arms'?" broke in O'Reilly. "'Peterleigh,' did you say? I wonder if the place is called after the same family that stink in the nostrils of the boys down in Kerry." O'Reilly, I must observe, was a very enthusiastic and noisy "patriot," hailing originally from Kenmare, in the South-west corner of "Ould Erin." His kith and kin had suffered not a little at the hands of the agents of absentee landlords in general, and he had cherished a special hatred for Squire Peterleigh in particular. The Squire, who had owned considerable estates in Kerry, had turned his uncle, Mike O'Reilly, out of a snug farm held by them for generations, and my questioner spoke therefore with much warmth.

"Yes, after the same family," I rejoined; "but Squire Peterleigh went to his last account some six months ago, and his estates, failing direct heirs, have passed into the hands of the Ashtons. A consummate old rascal was the Squire; hated, but, at the same time, much feared, by people hereabouts. By the way, we passed Atherton Cemetery on our way here; the old fellow's tomb lies hard by the chapel wall, side by side with those of many whom he wronged and hectored in his ill-spent life. He was a formidable power here once, and no mistake; but now who so poor as to do him reverence?"

Silence fell upon us, broken only by the fitful rumbling of the wind in the chimney. Then O'Reilly spoke.

"There are scores across the water who would like to have settled accounts with him; but he knew better than to show up in Kerry. The boys shot two of his agents, and they would not have allowed him to go home scot-free. Ah, when I used to think of the vile treatment meted out by him to my poor uncle and cousins, I, too, could long to have my hand at the old debauchee's throat, and pay back the mischief he wrought on those of my blood. However, what's the good of wasting words? He's dead and gone; but how strange it seems that scoundrels like him should pass away quietly in their stately homes, while good men and true meet their fate amid surroundings of squalor and wretchedness."

"It's a queer world. Don't ask me to solve such a riddle. But as to what you say about the hatred borne towards the old fellow by his Irish tenantry, a word. If ever a man knew how to take care of himself it was old Squire Peterleigh. It would have taken a very smart man to catch him asleep, I reckon; and perhaps even you might have regretted trying to lay hands on him. His predecessors, too, were men of just the same stamp."

"For all that," cried O'Reilly savagely, "I'd have been even with the old ruffian had I met him; and if the end of a horsewhip could have taught him caution, I—and, for that matter, twenty others round Kenmare like me—would have gladly given him a lesson."

Andrews and Barlow laughed, a trifle contemptuously.

"Well," said the latter, "he's quiet enough now, and can't offer to test your valour; but if you two had chanced to meet, I should like to have had a go on the Squire."

And Andrews, who had imbibed a glass or so more of "hot Scotch" than was advisable, added that it was easy to threaten dead men,—an observation that brought an angry flush into O'Reilly's face. He made a sharp answer, and bitter words were soon being bandied between him and the two others. At one time they nearly came to blows.

"Newman," whispered Andrews to me, during a battle



"BITTER WORDS
WERE BEING BAN-
DIED BETWEEN
THEM."

royal of words between the Irishman and Barlow, "is there anything growing on the old man's grave? You know this place well, and were poking round the cemetery, I believe, last month."

For the moment I failed to grasp his meaning; then, with a vague suspicion of what was coming, I answered—

"Yes, there were some yellow roses coming on nicely last month. But why do you ask?"

Without vouchsafing a reply to me, he turned towards the two disputants.

"Look here," he cried, "Paddy! If you want to show us you don't care a fig for the Squire, ride over to the cemetery, and bring us a yellow rose from the dead man's grave. I'll lay you an even sovereign you won't."

"And I, too," cried Barlow, delighted, knowing well that O'Reilly was one of the most superstitious of fellows, and would rather have led a forlorn hope than outrage the grave even of his worst enemy on such a frightful night.

"I, too," I cried, and I shall regret my precipitation to my dying day—"I, too, Paddy! Come, you are on your mettle now. Get out your cycle, ride back to the cemetery, and beard the ghost of the old Squire whom you were so ready to confront alive. Do you know the old verse about the Peterleighs? It runs something like this:—

'Who beards a Peterleigh shall rue
The challenge that he gave;
His foe, baulked of revenge in life,
Shall vex him from the grave.'

So you see the sort of risk you will be running."

Andrews and Barlow were in high glee, and pressed their challenge well home. The gale was now at its height, and the old inn, ever and anon, shook, as it seemed, to its very foundations. Our superstitious friend, despite his chagrin, would hardly care to start on his strange errand on so dread a night. But I was wrong. He rose, a trifle pale, picked up his cap from the mantlepiece, and opened the door. A puff of wind from the draughty passage outside sloped the flame of our candles towards the window.

"I shall be back within an hour at most," he said, "so you can wait up for me, and prepare meanwhile to look pleasant when you have to pay the price of the rose. The grave is close to the chapel, you say, Newman?"

I made its position clear in a few words. Then a conviction of the fantastic nature of the challenge came over me. "But really the affair is ridiculous," I added. "We had much better declare the bets off, and make ourselves comfortable in this cosy room while the gale does its worst outside. So, you will go? All right; but it's a madcap's errand."

And O'Reilly, evidently determined to vindicate his reputation for pluck, stepped into the passage and closed the door after him, leaving us three uncertain whether to laugh, or look dismal over the upshot of our strange challenge.

We were beginning to get really anxious. It was ten o'clock when O'Reilly had started, and he ought to have been back with his rose by eleven at the latest. A nearly level run of three miles across the moor, a clamber over the cemetery railings, a hasty search for a grave easily found, another clamber over the railings, followed by a three-miles return journey with a strong gale at his back,—surely these constitute a modest enterprise for him to carry through within the hour; but the fact remained that he had lagged badly behind his time, and when one o'clock struck and found us still waiting, we were all bound to admit that something must be amiss. We, who were not Irishmen, and took "no stock" in superstitions, did not, of course, trouble ourselves about the supernatural—or "super-normal," as our modern psychical researchers term it—for a moment. But it seemed likely that our friend might have got into trouble with a nocturnal guardian of the cemetery, or possibly have come to grief on his light machine, or possibly, again, have lost his way. Anyhow, we decided even at that late hour to turn out and ride to assist him, if necessary; so, making as little disturbance as possible, we slipped into the stables, lighted our lamps, and made off, through wind and driving sleet, for the cemetery.



"HALLO, THERE IS HIS MACHINE."

It was an unpleasant journey, and we were heartily glad when we had crossed the moor and saw the dark chapel and white tombs and monuments of the cemetery as they were revealed by the moonlight, which broke forth, ever and anon, through misty rifts in the woolly, sleet-charged clouds. A few moments more, and we had reached the cemetery gates. Still no sign of our friend. We stood for the moment irresolute. Was it any good clambering over the railings in search of him? Could that grim verse about the Peterleighs have unnerved him, and caused him to delay within till the morning broke and he could accomplish his strange vow under less trying circumstances? It might be that this was the case. On the other hand, he might have already plucked the rose and left the place hours ago, and lost his way on the return journey across the moor.

"Hallo, there is his machine," said Andrews, "resting against the gate; he has evidently taken the lamp with him, and is inside in search of the rose. But why, in Heaven's name, has he taken all this time about the business? Come on, we'll climb over and see for ourselves. I'll bring —"

His words were cut short by a succession of the most horrid screams I ever heard proceeding from a human throat. They came from the South-west corner of the chapel, where, as I knew, lay the grave of the old Squire. Again and again those hideous screams rent the air. For the moment I was paralysed with horror; then I tore off my lamp, dropped the bicycle, and began to struggle over the railings, followed by Andrews and Barlow, the dreadful screams ringing in our ears the while. We were over in half a minute, and, keeping close together, made, under my guidance, for the Squire's grave. As we turned round a corner of the chapel, a frightful spectacle met our gaze. There, screaming like a maniac, and struggling as if to free himself from an unseen but iron grasp, with snow-white hair, outstarting eyes, froth on his lips, and cheeks pale as the tombstone on which fell the light of our lamps, raged

the luckless O'Reilly, clasping a crumpled, yellow rose in his right hand. Barlow dropped his lamp and fell to the ground in a swoon, right across a low mound, the grave of some person unknown. Andrews would have fled had I not clutched him by the coat, and, despite my horror, forced him along with me to the dreadful spot. As we staggered up, I caught sight of O'Reilly's lamp, which was lying extinguished at his feet, crushed and dented by his furious trappings; and now, as I took in every detail with lightning speed, there flashed into my brain the true explanation of this appalling mystery—I was face to face with a maniac fastened by the belt of his jacket to one of the spikes of the railings surrounding the Squire's tomb. In a moment I had recovered my nerve, and, bidding Andrews help me, had thrown myself on the wretched man, cursing bitterly the mischance that had brought his venture to such a horrid close.

"There was no ghost in the business at all, then?"

"No; but bear in mind that the horror, that drove O'Reilly mad, could not have been enhanced had the old Squire himself have risen from the grave. O'Reilly must have reached the cemetery in a pitiable state of mind, no doubt fully believing that he really ran a risk of braving some hideous phantom—his head was as full of old wives' tales, as an egg is of meat. Well, he climbs the railings, hesitates awhile, then proceeds to pick his way, lamp in hand, across the sod, the howling of the storm intensifying his fears, and at last reached the grave. One more delay—he plucks the rose, and prepares for a dash, when suddenly the belt of his Norfolk jacket catches in a spike of the railings surrounding the grave, and arrests him with violence. His lamp falls, he is left in darkness, and on his mind rushes the hideous thought that he is held back by the hand of the dead man. He faints with horror, only to awake, a minute later, to the same hideous thought, and the shock, unhinging his already overwrought brain, leaves him a maniac. A more frightful spectacle than he presented on our approach, I never beheld, and, I pray God, I shall never have to go through a like ordeal."

"You may well say that; but now that you have told me the story, for goodness' sake don't dwell on it any longer. I can't help recalling the sight of that luckless creature shrieking in the padded room. What lovely roads for speed-work you have about here?"

And mounting their machines, which had been lying on the turf bordering the avenue by the asylum gate, the two friends sped swiftly along the white high road that threaded the breezy moorland without.



"STRUGGLING AS IF TO
FREE HIMSELF FROM AN
UNSEEN GRASP."

THE FUTURE OF CYCLE-RACING.

By G. LACY HILLIER.



HAVE been invited to give my views as to the future of cycle racing, and I have been further given liberty to express them freely. I am bound to admit, that I regard the future of the racing-side of our Sport with the very greatest concern, and, I am sure all thinking men will agree with me, that, if the racing-side causes concern, the interests of the whole Sport must, in some wise, be involved.

In my opinion, the Sport has been mainly made by the racing-path; were it not for the racing men, that bold advertisement of its capabilities, which the cycle has received, would have been wanting. How many new recruits have been attracted by the fact, that great speed was attained on the cycle from the days when Cortis first put 20 miles within the hour down to the present time? It may be

safely asserted, that the big performances of the racing-men have been one of the most important factors, if not the most important, in the popularising of cycling as a Sport the world over.

Nor does the benefit stop there, for the cycle racing-man has done something more, he has tested, and developed, the various parts of the machine; he has made the maker's life a burden to him by calling for lighter weight; he has run risks which have revealed to the bicycle builder the strength of his various materials; and, in short, he has tested, in the most satisfactory, because the most trying, way, the machines from time to time put upon the market.

This service has been rendered in addition to many others, and the racing-path has grown and flourished, and has continued to advertise the Sport, and emphasise its wonders down to the present time.

But it very unfortunately happens in the cycling Sport, that it is carried on with vastly more publicity than other sports. Few sports pursued by the individual possess so voluminous or so energetic a Press as that possessed by cycling; none possess a Press which deals so especially with the personal side of the Sport; in short, in no sport is the whole world of its votaries brought closer together, ideas so freely interchanged, or views so easily and so widely circulated.

These things being so,

THE SPORT OF CYCLING HAS GROWN RAPIDLY

and vigorously, but the advantages thus secured are counter-balanced by many obvious disadvantages, and amongst them must be counted the opportunities for re-opening about once a quarter, questions which ought to be allowed to rest for lengthened periods.

Such a question is that of the Amateur Definition. Some persons desire its absolute elimination from cycling politics; they ask for undiluted professionalism, entirely overlooking the fact that amateurism would be restarted at once, and make their enactments useless; others, again, want to dub professionalism amateurism, to hide their heads in the sand and imagine that no one sees them, which again is absurd, and there are many other notions which I have not time to catalogue. Necessarily these good people get beaten when the matter comes directly, or indirectly, before those who really understand amateurism, and the result is that the inventors of the various panaceas for the solution of the question go into opposition and criticise.

The line their criticism takes is a constant shrieking for "Perfection," a perfect rule, perfectly applied, the whole country over, at all times, and seasons, without eliciting hostile criticism even from the victim! The Millennium has not yet arrived, and it is but a truism to assert, that no such perfection ever has, or ever will, be carried out amongst mere human beings upon this globe: the rules which govern cycle racing under the N.C.U. are very good rules; were they perfectly enforced, and as perfectly obeyed cycle racing would be absolutely Paradisical, and much too good for this world. All that can be done is to do our best to enforce them, and to secure the highest possible average of good conduct, but I must again emphasize, as forcibly as I possibly can, the utter hopelessness of supposing that they can be perfectly enforced.

We have the laws of the land, we have the justiciary, and all the machinery for the enforcement of law, we have the power to compel witnesses to attend, and so on and so on, on the matters of every-day life. Those laws say that a man shall not murder, or rob, or burgle, yet I fancy murderers, thieves, and burglars, do occasionally appear, and also occasionally escape punishment; but, up-to-date, I have not heard any suggestion that the laws framed to repress those wrongdoers are to be abrogated, and persons rather encouraged, than otherwise, to murder, rob and burgle.

My idea is to apply to the racing-path exactly the same rule as is applied to every-day life. Make up our minds to the fact, that we can never attain perfection, but do our level best, all the time, to enforce the rules whenever we have a chance. Of course, there will always be wrongdoers, some possibly undiscovered, but that is only natural; but the general result will be as satisfactory as it is possible to make it, which, after all, is all that can be hoped for.

Be it noted that this is not, in any sense, a policy of winking at wrongdoing, as has been improperly represented. I call for the firm enforcement of the rules, whether they authorise suspension on suspicion or not; a firm, steady, and impartial enforcement of the rules, if only persisted in for a couple of seasons, especially if some sort of guarantee is given that the rules will remain unaltered for that period, would have a more satisfactory effect upon the racing-path than any other course. It is because some of the wrongdoers hope that some turn of Fortune's wheel may, once again, put them in the amateur ranks, that they hang on; whereas, if they were sure that there was no hope, they would simply make the plunge into professionalism, and thus solve the question of individual status at once.

UNDER THE PRESENT RULES

The future of racing divides itself naturally under three heads, viz., Amateur, Unlicensed, and Professional Racing. For the latter class the professional, there is, I think, but little hope in England; if he could be run by betting men, some few might make a livelihood out of it for a time, but to-day the chances offered to the professor are few and far between in this country, and when he does get an opening he as often as not mis-uses it.

No professional sport pursued by the individual has ever held its own for long as an attraction to the English public, and for this good and sufficient reason, that sooner or later (mostly sooner) the professors, either ran to suit the betting men, or cut up the prizes, and gave the public exhibition races

pure and simple, and the public being, of course, a sports-loving public and "more than seven," at once saw through the alleged race, and recognised the fact that they were not being treated to a genuine contest. Indeed this has affected the most *bona fide* of races in which good men have really been trying their level best. Perhaps it was a match at three separate distances, each man won one, clearly possible, nay probable, on public form, yet when the third or decider came to be run, the public stayed away, they concluded that the whole thing was a fake and that the one win each was intended to fetch them.

I cannot conceive, at the moment, any scheme under which professional cycling could be made financially successful in England, but I should not like to say it was impossible. At the same time, the sort of race, which draws the Parisian public to the velodromes, would not be tolerated twice in England, and the crack riders, who draw big salaries, would turn up their noses at the prizes which could be afforded over here. So, until the whole aspect of the case changes, say, by the failure of cycle-racing in France to attract the public, I see no future for the professor in England.

The unlicensed class has not been sufficiently numerous this year to afford those race-promoters, in a position to encourage it, any adequate share of support; and, throughout the country, races promoted for the middle class, have had to be abandoned for lack of entries. Next season, unless I am much mistaken, the races for unlicensed will be still fewer; nor do I think, that if the unlicensed class is thrown bodily into the professional ranks, any satisfactory solution of the difficulty will have been attained, because of the prejudice which unquestionably exists as regards professional racing in this country.

Moreover, the professional race is *tabu* at so many meetings that the unlicensed man would be

VASTLY WORSE OFF THAN HE IS TO-DAY,

and even those gentlemen of the A.A.A., who were represented awhile back as wabbling on the subject, could not, I am sure, find it in their consciences to recommend the acceptance of the undiluted professor as a competitor at amateur sports, they would have to bear in mind that awful possibility foreshadowed at the foundation of the Scottish Cyclists' Union of the professional pedestrian asking for similar acceptance and favour!

The professors and the unlicensed men, thus being disposed of with outlooks, it must be admitted, the very reverse of cheerful, I come in natural sequence to the licensed amateur rider, and I desire to speak fairly and without prejudice as regards his case. All I plead for is some continuity and some uniformity in the methods by which he is governed, and some lapse of time. The first are necessary, because it takes a long while to educate people up to new rules, indeed, sometimes the makers of them are in utter ignorance of their meaning, whilst I plead for the grant of some time, because I am well assured that if that be allowed, we shall in due season find the Centres of the Union doing their licensing work, as well, if not better, than the London Centre, which up-to-date appears to be the only Centre which has enforced the rules to their legitimate conclusion. Of course, some Centres are notoriously recalcitrant; they do not intend to attempt to enforce the licensing rules, for reasons which are obvious; but I take it, that if we only go steadily on our way, protesting when time and place is convenient, that in due season even these recalcitrant Centres will see the necessity of conforming; and when the particular local crack, in whose interests they have been breaking the rule, retires, they will start to enforce it up to the hilt.

I may note *en passant*, that in many cases this is the secret of many a Centre's action. They have one particular rider, some local favourite, whom they know to be by no means like Caesar's wife; they don't like to stop him, and they know that if they do not, they cannot stop any of the others, so they let the whole lot go.

But all these things are but minor troubles as compared with the new and most singular one of all,

THE EVERLASTING TORRENT OF ABUSE

poured by the Cycling Press upon amateur racing. For the last few months nothing has been too hot or too heavy for some of the writers on the Cycling Press to say about amateur cyclists who race. Granted things are not ideal, granted that perfection is by no means attained, there still remains a mighty margin between the horrible allegations of the Cycling Press and the solid facts as they appear upon the racing-path. There are, even yet, a few righteous in the cycling Sodom and Gomorrah, a few men who are not paid, a few who conform in every point to the definition of an amateur laid down by the N.C.U.

Great as has been the service rendered in the past to the Sport of Cycling by its Press, I am bound to assert, in emphatic terms, that it is to-day discounting that service. At a time when attention is being directed to cycling, its own special Press, its expert Press, is reviling and misrepresenting its most showy, if not its most important, section, the section which, as I have shown above, brought it more especially into notice and prominence. I do not think that all

THE YOUNG LIONS, WHO ARE ROARING SO LOUD,

quite understand the weight that their words carry. I would not, for one moment, suggest that they underestimate themselves. Heaven forbid! that I should do so absurd a thing. But I do think that they attribute to the big public, who read the cycling papers, a deeper comprehension of the real situation than they really possess. The big B. P. do not follow out the *minutiae* of the matter, and when some provincial journalist lays himself out to demonstrate that those of the rulers of the N.C.U., who are not congenital idiots, are malicious and vicious self-seekers, the average reader cannot possibly know that the Union has just suspended Billy Bandy-legs, the local hero, and, perhaps, principal contributor to the local paper, if, indeed, that worthy did not actually pen his own vindication.

Other sports, not blessed, and cursed, with a specialised Press, as is cycling, naturally and necessarily, take what the cycling papers say about cycling amateurism for gospel. Who can blame them? I do not. If the cycling journalist chooses to foul his own nest, I do not see how he can complain if the votaries of other sports take his supporters at his own valuation.

I have an instance of this sort of thing in my own mind, out of my own personal experiences; I was gravely and seriously asked, the other day, how riders were stopped upon the racing path "when it did not suit the Trade that they should win?" My querist was quite *bonâ fide*, and I think that he was in doubt whether someone laid down on the track, or whether broomsticks were thrust into the wheel of the objectionable rider, and he received with incredulity my assertion that officials were appointed to see that nothing unfair took place. On pushing my inquiries as to the genesis of this belief, I learned that my friend had been perusing some cycling papers, and talking with a recently-suspended rider, who had, without doubt, told him that "if a man does any good they stop him." The suspend meant "withdraw his license," but my friend took the phrase literally.

I should be the very last person to object to the open discussion of abuses, but I am honestly of opinion that the mud which is being thrown at amateur racing is utterly unwarranted, and unnecessary, and I hope to see the Cycling Press, without unduly favouring the Sport, at least giving it fair play. I have no hesitation in asserting that amateur cycle racing, under N.C.U. Rules, has been grossly misrepresented and abused by the majority of writers on cycling during the last few months, that this misrepresentation and abuse will serve no good purpose, that the very writers who are to-day declaring that the amateur is as extinct as the Dodo, will be found to-morrow slopping over concerning the virtues, the aspirations, and the wrongs of some young gentleman—nay! of some young angel, as yet unfledged, whom an idiotic, a fat-headed, a fatuous, a prejudiced, a ridiculous, &c., &c., &c.,

Union has dared to suspend. For my part, I never peruse one of

THESE HYSTERIC PANEGYRICS,

without wondering how it came about that this one transcendently good young man did not leaven all the mass of evil called Amateurism, and save it as the Cities of the Plain would have been saved, had but one righteous been found within their walls. As far as I can gather from the Cycling Press, suspension by the N.C.U. is a passport to brighter spheres. I am sure the youths who have suffered that fate are much too good for this world always of course, assuming that the statements to their credit are true.

The future of racing rests with the Cycling Press. If the Cycling Press only continues to tell the public that amateur racing is a fraud, that all the amateurs are disguised professionals, that the spirit of Amateurism has departed from the cycle racing path for good and all, then the future of racing is settled; it will fade away and die. The emphatically reduced gates of this Autumn, including that at the Oval, show what can be done in this direction, but, gentlemen, do not imagine that if you wipe out amateur racing you are going to put professional racing in its place. All you are going to do is to stop cycle racing, nothing more; the British Public will not support the Professor.

And when all these things have happened, and there is no more racing on a large scale, some small organisations will continue to exist, they will race in fields over grass, their friends will come to see them, then the public, then they will take sixpences at the gate, then they will have money to spend on advertising, and, as a natural sequence, they will take more sixpences at the gate, and so on, and so on, until one day the Cycling Press, which butchered amateur racing, will awake to the fact, that amateur racing is still living, and, doubtless, will proceed to furbish up its old weapons, to once again wipe it out.

The future of amateur racing is threatened, and supporters of amateurism may have to gird up their loins and fight a bit, before they have absolutely secured it, and, in the meanwhile, perhaps some of the gentlemen of the Press will be good enough to remember that such a thing as an honest amateur is—let us say—remotely possible—bearing in mind the fact that according to them, honest professionals and honest unlicensed riders, are as thick as Autumn leaves in Vallambrosa.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

TELL me, do you remember, dear,
The fond and foolish things you said?
('Twas just about this time last year,
I met you with my cousin, Ted)
You led me through the mazy dance,
And vowed my step was light as air,
And blessed the lucky fate, or chance,
That drew your wand'ring footsteps there!

Do you recall your old machine,
On which we had such lovely rides?
You liked me to a fairy queen,
And lots of other things besides.
My graceful movements you admired;
You praised my aptitude and skill;
You never owned to feeling tired,
Though stiff the road, or steep the hill.

To-day, alas! you do not choose
To flatter me one little bit;
But wicked words you sometimes use
For publication quite unfit.
And when we climb the mountain's brow,
You tell me, false and fickle man!
That I am not a fairy now,
And you are not a Pickford's van;

WM. C. BIRT-WHITWELL.



TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid
RIVAL PAIRS