

# CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY  
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



A FAIR CONVERT.—III.

PRACTICE AND PROGRESS.

(To be concluded.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## BINKINS v. THE NEW MEMBER.

Being a Narrative by the Former of his Race from London to Brighton and Back with the Latter.

I WAS standing in the bar at our headquarters, talking to Bunkum of ours, and sampling the landlord's celebrated home-made speed-juice, when a tall, thin, tame man walked in and sat down. Bunkum and I were just then talking about our club, and, as is usual with Bunkum, he was talking at the top of his voice. I noticed that the tame man kept looking at us, and presently he rose from the beer barrel on which he had been sitting, and came over to where we were standing.



"YOU ARE MEMBERS OF THE PUSHINGTON B.C."

"Pardon me," says he, in a whisky-and-watery sort of voice, "I see by your badges that you are members of the Pushington Wheelers' Cycling Club."

"We are," said Bunkum and I, whereupon the tame man shook us by the hands, and said, "I am pleased to meet you; I am the New Member."

"Oh, indeed!" said Bunkum and I: "How d'e do?"

I then suggested that he should join us in a split speed-juice, and he seemed to freeze on to the idea immediately.

Bunkum began lauding our club up to the skies, and I told the New Member that Cookum's Patent Corned Beef Challenge Shield was as good as ours, that we held one share, and had only to win it six more successive times, and it became the property of the Pushington Wheelers.

When Bunkum and I had talked until we were that dry we could scarcely speak the truth, and had quaffed enough speed-juice to make us both champions, the New Member had a go. He bragged about his marvellous rides, and the number of records he would have held if he hadn't punctured.

Bunkum, who hates to hear other people brag, began to get very annoyed, and, at last, nudged me, and whispered, "Take him on, Binkins; go on!—make a match with him, and mop him up!"

When the New Member had talked until he had to partake of another juice—for which I paid—I said to him, "Look here! You seem to think you can ride. I don't mind making a match with you."

"Done!" says he, immediately, as if he was in a hurry to make the match. "What distance?"

Bunkum suggested Moscow and back; but he always gets like that after about six home mades.

"What about Brighton and back?" said I.

"The very thing!" says the tame man. "What are the stakes?"

Bunkum suggested a tripe supper; he knows he's the champion eater of the club, and always trades on it. As I am nothing if not a pure amateur, I thought five pounds a-side would do it; but the New Member was evidently purer than me, for he asked me to make it ten. I said I didn't mind, and immediately began to think what I should buy with it.

It was arranged that the race should take place on the first Sunday, and that we should start from Hyde Park at six in the morning. The New Member said he would write to a friend of his at Brighton, and ask him to be at the Aquarium, to turn us for home.

I spent a whole day pouring oil into my trusty bike, and it seemed to run beautifully after I had given it about a pint and a-half. I next sought out a friend of mine, who is a professional wrestler, and standing six feet two in his socks, to come on the eventful morning, and push me off. I impressed on him that a good push-off was half the battle in a race like ours was to be.

Sunday arrived, and, at 5.30 in the morning, I was at the starting-point. It was perishing cold, and there wasn't a soul about. At three minutes to six, Bunkum—who was to be starter and time-keeper—arrived with the New Member, followed shortly after by my friend, the pusher. The New Member also had a pusher-off, who was a quarrelsome cuss; for no sooner were we on the mark than he said rude things, and swore that I was three inches nearer Brighton than his friend.

We soon made that right, however, and I said to my friend, "Now, mind: immediately you hear the starter say, 'Go!' you push for all you are worth." He replied that he reckoned he could push me as far as Croydon, and I told him that would do nicely.

Bunkum says, "Are you ready?" We said we were. Bunkum said, "Go!" And then my friend pushed.

When I came to my senses, I was sitting on Bunkum's feet, and my friend, the pusher, was lying on his back.

The New Member got off all right; but after going about two hundred yards, he saw my bike racing along riderless; so, thinking something was wrong, he came back, bringing my machine with him.



"AND THEN MY FRIEND PUSHED."



"I HAD A BAD TIME."

Things were explained, and we prepared to start again. I said to my friend, "When you push next time, try and let me and the machine go together, as it will make it more of a race if I go with the bicycle."

"Go!" says Bunkum, and off we went. The New Member and I were neck-and-neck for fifty yards; then I let him get away; I wasn't going to bake myself in the early part of the race; I knew a game worth two of that. Well, on I flew, hanging on to anything that was going my way.

I had a bad time and a drink going down Streatham Hill, and another bad time, without a drink, at Croydon, which I reached two hours and forty minutes from the start.



"I PUT ON A TERRIFIC SPRINT."

Nothing further happened until I was five miles the other side of Croydon, when, looking up, I saw a hay-cart about twenty feet ahead. I put on a terrific spurt, caught it, and glued on.

There was a lot of loose hay at the back of the cart, so I buried my head in it, and hung on for all I was worth. After going on like this for about two miles, the man, who was walking at the side of the horse, happened to look round and catch sight of me, with my head stuffed well into the hay. "Hulloa!" says he, "what are you eatin' that 'ay for?" "I'm not eating your hay," says I.

"Yus, you are," says he, "and if you don't pretty soon sheer off, I'll puncture you with this 'ere pitchfork!" That was sufficient for me, so I sprinted, and passed him. Then on I flew; on, and on, and on—excepting when I fell off, which was about every thirty-five minutes. I caught hold of



the handlebar with my teeth, and rode like a demon for about three miles, when, just as I was thinking I'd have another bad time, I happened to raise my head again, and saw a traction-engine in front of me, urging on its wild career Brighton-wards.

I flew up to it, and gummed on. Onward we dashed, at a terrific pace. I clung to it for five miles, when it stopped suddenly, and I bashed into it. If I hadn't been riding Kiddem's Patent Non-Slipping Bluemonge Tyres, I should have punctured. The chief



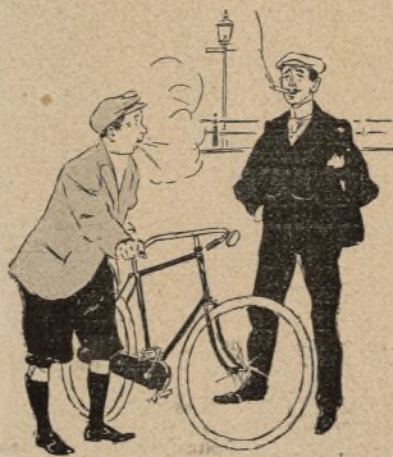
"I'LL PUNCTURE YOU WITH THIS!"

engineer swore at me, and said I had bruised one of the back wheels of the engine. I didn't stop to argue the point, but called him a holy friar, and plunged forward, pacer-less.

I had two more bad times, and, eventually, arrived at the turning-point nine hours and a-half from the start.

I saw a man with a worried look standing there, so I said to him, "Are you doing the turning for this race?" He said he was, so I said, "Turn me." He asked me what I wanted turning for. I didn't like the expression on his face, so I said, "Have you turned the other man?"

"Have I turned the other man!" says he, in a nasty, scornful sort of manner. "Why, I had a wire four hours ago, saying that he



"ARE YOU DOING THE TURNING FOR THIS RACE?"

had arrived back in London, strong and well."

I was too full for words. There was a dead silence for about five minutes, during which time I thought things over, and came to the conclusion that the tame man must have passed me, on the home journey, what time I had my head buried in the hay aforementioned.

Presently, the turner said, "You must have been a mug to take him on." I asked him, why. "Don't you know who he is?" says he. "No," says I; "who is he?" "Why, Budgeway, the great record-breaker," says the turner. I immediately had another bad time, which got worse when it dawned upon me that it was a put-up job, and that Bunkum—my dear, bosom friend—was at the bottom of it all.

I have bought a dagger for the next New Member who asks me to race him to Brighton and back.

EDMUND PAYNE.

## THE GIRL IN RATIONAL DRESS.

**W**HY does the girl in a "Rational" dress always look so nice in a picture, and so rarely passable in real life? We ask the question out of our bitter experience, but can only venture a few speculative replies to our own query. Perhaps it is that artists' girls are always pretty girls, and cycling girls, at least the "Rational" ones, are generally—mark you ladies, we say *generally*—not strikingly favoured with tascination of features and form. Perhaps it is too, that Miss and Mrs. Rationals are so very often ladies with either a "mission"—

### EQUALITY OF THE SEXES

dress reform, and all that sort of thing, and of all things, the woman with a "mission," is the greatest terror to the average man; or, these ladies are just a little too obviously conscious of the unorthodoxy of their costume, and do not appear natural, and therefore to advantage, but pain sensitive onlookers with their timid attempts at forced assertiveness. Your artist girl, on the contrary, who is of course a model girl, has no mission in life but to look nice, and is equally at her ease in any costume, or no costume, and instinctively makes the best possible artistic effect with whatever materials are to hand, however unpromising. An impression has got abroad somehow, that *CYCLING* is uncompromisingly

### ANTAGONISTIC TO RATIONALS

of all sorts, and some good people bombard us with marked copies of other papers with articles lauding the movement, and with photographs, &c., with a view to our conversion. The fact is, we have no strong feeling either way, and we smile at the vehemence of both the fors and againsts; we do object, though, to the severely masculine style of "Rational," believing that a lady

appears to better advantage when endeavouring to look as pretty a woman as fate permits her, and not in attempting a feeble imitation of a man. Few women, we take it, adopt the "Rational" costume from motives of vanity, for however well they look in it, they would, and they must be conscious of it, look better with the aid of a well-made, graceful skirt. Their motives are good and worthy of all due credit; sometimes they do it from a belief that it will advance the cause of woman's wheeling; sometimes to please a husband, and make the work easier for him on the tandem, or to keep up with him better on a single; and so on; and therefore it is especially hard upon them, poor ladies, that they have to put up with all the blackguardism that they do. We allude to

### THE RUNNING GAUNTLET OF COARSE CHAFF—

to put it as mildly as possible—that is cast at them along every street of the town, and especially through the lower-class suburbs of London. After much painful experience in this direction, we most seriously and deliberately say, that rather than allow any delicately-minded woman whose movements we had control over, to undergo this terrible ordeal, we would rather that she kept from cycling, if need be, altogether, even at the expense of some of her health. But there is a way to avoid this—wear a skirt till well in the country, and if the machine used does not permit of a skirted rider, train out.

There has been a world of nonsense written on both sides, about the girl in "Rational" dress; she is a good, healthy, common-sense girl, as a rule, rather lacking in good taste at times, perhaps, about the exact cut of her costume, but she offended here out of ignorance, and lack of inventiveness, and is rapidly learning better, and we hope yet to live to see a really pretty, as well as strictly useful, "Rational" dress. In short, *CYCLING* agrees with the poet, who sings:—

"In bloomers clad, or trailing gown,  
However she may cover  
Her body from the waistband down—  
She's woman; and we love her.  
She's woman; and she's still the  
same,  
Whate'er her style of dressing;  
And so upon that dear old name,  
Be Heaven's smile of blessing!"

### How the teeth came home.

A CHICAGO paper, and therefore strictly veracious journal, tells a strange story of the misadventures of a cycling society lady. When out riding, a jolt sent her false teeth flying out of her mouth. She alighted, but searched for them in vain, and returned home sorrowing. Arriving there she noticed her front tyre was almost flat, and on examining it, discovered—in the words of our authority—"the delinquent molars firmly imbedded in the rubber, which they had punctured."





TYPES OF CYCLISTS VI.—THE GIRL IN RATIONAL DRESS.  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## MOTORCARS.

### PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By H. HEWITT-GRIFFIN.

ONCE more, in a great revival, we must follow France; just as we did when the bicycle was born there in 1866. Now, as then, we were slow to adopt the new form of locomotion, and our mechanics and engineers lost a golden opportunity of being early in the race. It was the same nearly 30 years ago—the bicycle, in a crude form it was true, but the bicycle nevertheless, was used in Paris two or even three years before it made its appearance here (despite the fables of modern writers). Our French friends had to prove the practicability of "Motorcars," "Horseless-carriages," or whatever you like to call them, by long and severe road trials before our own representatives, of what promises to become a great and important industry, woke up and realised that there was such a thing at all. Most likely they would be still sleeping, but for the spirit and enterprise of the Mayor of Tunbridge Wells, Sir David Salomons, in organising the 'Show of October 15th, when the practical demonstration of the two carriages did more to advance the movement than years of talk.

It is all very well for those who have been reading up the subject to point to the steam carriage of Gurney, tried in Regent's Park, in 1827, and later (1834), the steam omnibus which ran from Paddington to the City at 6d. a head (both of which are referred to later on). They had the same relation to the present movement as did McMillan's and Dalziel's lever rear-drivers of the early forties to the French bicycle of 1866-7. Both are distinct periods and separate inventions, brought out under different conditions.

Our best excuse for

#### ENGLAND STANDING STILL

when other nations moved forward is the manner in which we are handicapped by the law, and the uncertainty of its enactments in relation to the legal status of horseless carriages. When Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., was, on April 8th, 1881, charged, under five summonses against the Locomotives Act, and fined for using his steam tricycle on the road, it took all the "steam" out of the new movement, and, unfortunately, he did not care to fight out the case in the higher courts, so this magistrate's decision has ever since played the part of a candle-in-pumpkin bogey to frighten away inventors from what is pretty certain to become the most fruitful field of mechanical development, enterprise, and profit, of the near future. The (nearly) fifteen years which have rolled away into the past have produced changes both in inventions and public opinion. Even the Government, usually so slow to move, has taken formal notice, and,

recognising the vast and far-reaching benefit the spread of a cheap and handy form of motor locomotion on the roads would be to the nation, and more particularly to the ever-depressed farmer, has promised that a bill will be introduced dealing with the whole matter.

Just as cycling has revolutionised the whole range of personal locomotion, and made possible swift and easy transit to the individual, so will the road motors open up new realms of trade, enterprise, and pleasure. Practically every man, who can afford it, will have a railway of his own, with rapid and easy travelling at command.

What has this to do with the Cycle Trade? the inquiring reader may ask. A very great deal. For months past we have been hammering away, both in "The Cycle Manufacturer" and *Cycling*

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MOVEMENT

to cycle manufacturers. Most parts, machinery, wheels, &c., could readily be made by them, and should be grasped by them while yet in its initial stage. It would be a valuable addition, and keep the works going full blast all the year round. It is more than probable that the fashionable and wealthy section of Society will next turn their attention to motors, so that it will be the next craze; but there is no fear of its displacing cycling. The pleasure of transporting oneself by a delightful, healthful, and exciting exercise has a charm of its own to both sexes and all classes. But every one does not always want to cycle, and others are too lethargic to do so.

A motorcar's first cost is practically all; its keep is but slight, and the mechanical knowledge required to attend to its working parts is not extensive. The oil reservoir and heated parts are so far apart, that there is positively no danger; and the cost of fuel ranges from 4d. to —at the outside, and including incidentals—1d. a mile. Unlike an electric motor, which can only be re-charged at a few places, nearly any oil shop supplies a "feed" for the lifeless horse.

To bring the motorcar to perfection requires the combined efforts of engineers, cycle manufacturers, tyre makers, and carriage builders. At present the carriages, at their best, are but clumsy affairs; much of the framework ought to be tubular—and who in the world is a greater adept in arranging tubes so as to support the maximum of strain with the minimum of weight—as the cycle maker? Here then is work for him. To the carriage builder may be left the paneling, upholstering, and such like details. The tyre maker, too, has a new field. It would be an insult to their inventive powers to assume for a moment that they cannot produce a pneumatic tyre suited in every way for the purpose. Indeed, we have already seen one quite capable of bearing the strain—and a bit over. A motorcar without a pneumatic tyre is rough, rude, incomplete, and altogether out of date, however perfect

its other details may be. Here then is another—and indispensable—link, which binds the Cycle Trade to motorcars. Let the Trade take care it is not snapped up by others, and the chance taken from them of a new extension of their business. There is no use fighting against the inevitable—horseless carriages are bound to come, and the movement must be conciliated and supported, not fought against or laughed at. Take advantage of it before it becomes an independent and rival trade.

Yet another point—the lightest and handiest form of a motor carriage is that but one degree removed from a cycle, a tricycle with auxiliary motor, to be used exclusively or partially (only in the former case it of course ceases to be a cycle) will be in demand—they are already made—and the cycle maker (with any gumption) could turn out a quadricycle (four wheels, not necessarily for four passengers we almost wrote—riders) motor of a lightness, elegance, and efficiency, altogether beyond the wildest dreams of the most imaginative and enthusiastic member of the Carriage Trade.

Let the trade remember this, and be the first to turn the sods of progress and prosperity in

#### THIS NEW FIELD OF ENTERPRISE

before others have worked the ground.

To trace the motorcar back to its origin, we must lift the veil of centuries—that is, if we are to accept the interpretation of the word as meaning:—*"a wheeled vehicle propelled on land by other than manual or animal power."* Taking this meaning would include all forms of sail carriages, and these are to be found illustrated in very ancient drawings of old time masques, religious processions, and such like festivals, all too few now-a-days, that people of the period, particularly on the Continent, delighted in. But this undue stretching of meanings would not only land us in hopeless historical research, but hardly express the more modern reading of the new word which rather expresses in a single word *"a vehicle propelled by self-contained mechanical power,"* let the mechanical power be generated how it may.

When the power of steam first became manifest, it was applied, in a locomotive sense, to road carriages long before the railroad was proved practical. In France there is record of a steam carriage having been used on the roads there considerably over 100 years ago, and, what is more, it is said to still exist in some out-of-the-way museum, but where we have not been able to discover. Now that interest in the new departure has deepened, we hope that the mystery concerning the relic of the past will be cleared up, and that something approaching an authentic date can be allotted to its first appearance—but, doubtless, when that is settled, a prior claim will arise elsewhere.

We, in England, are very apathetic until roused, but, when once set going,



it takes a good deal to stop us—instance  
THE RE-AWAKENED INTEREST IN THE  
MOTORCAR.

No sooner was interest manifested in the "new" idea, than various attempts in the same direction were unearthed from the past. The best known of these was Gurney's steam carriage of 1827, of which original illustrations are, by no means, uncommon. Considering the crude mechanics of those days, the Gurney carriage was really a very

clever contrivance, but, with its numerous "chimneys, smoke-stacks, pipes, and steam, it must have been an alarming contrivance, and would create a panic in the streets of to-day. Later, there was a Gurney steam carriage plying between Cheltenham and Gloucester, then Braithwaite & Co. ran one on the Paddington Road, Col. Macerone another, and Sir Charles Dance the most perfect of any. Walter Handcock, founder, we believe, of the famous firm of rubber manufacturers in the City Road, who, in

the days of high-wheeled "ordinaries" and other solid tyres, did the major share of the Tyre Trade, started a steam omnibus, which used to run between White-chapel and Stratford. Then on Monday, 22nd of April, 1833, he began a regular service from the Bank to Paddington, at 10 to 15 miles an hour. Gurney's ran 396 journeys of 9 miles, average time 55 mins.—cost of 3,644 miles, £78, or about 4½d. per mile—with speed and safety.

(To be concluded.)



SHARP!

SHE (looking at exhibited tandem).—"Oh, Mr. Dashaway, what a lovely tandem! How I wish you could divide it, and give me half!"

HE (inspired).—"I can't do that, Miss Cyclo, but I'll tell you what; you marry me, and we'll go shares in it!"





## HORSE CYCLES.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. R. J. Davies, in referring in your last issue to my suggested Hippocycle, declares that there is "an apparently insurmountable difficulty" in the way of its adoption, and he thinks that this difficulty has not presented itself to me.

Mr. Davies says that the reason "a man can propel himself at 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." He further says, that "it would be necessary to mount the animal in such a way that all his energy should go towards propelling." This is what I have done, and if Mr. Davies means anything else he means that the horse should be slung, or partially slung, the sling for the horse being equivalent to the saddle for the man. But if the horse were partially slung, his power to drive the machine would be diminished, not increased. If slung entirely, he would, of course, possess no opportunity for propulsion at all.

Perhaps you will allow me to point out to Mr. Davies that the horse does not normally require the "support" that man requires. Many horses never lie down in the stable. They certainly never sit, except in the circus. But with man it is entirely different. He not only lies down to rest nightly, but during the day he only stands, for business or other purposes, when he is compelled, at other times frequently resting by sitting. Darwin long ago showed that the upright position in man is only of a late evolutionary date. And Professor Drummond, in his new book, "The Ascent of Man," says that the change from four-footed life to the erect position is so recent in man that he has not yet attained the power to sustain the erect position for long.

From these conclusions we may deduce that the support of the saddle for the man may enable him to put more propelling power into the machine; but it does not follow that the horse should, or could, be similarly accommodated.

My contention, I think, remains,—that, under improved conditions, the horse would do, in the hippocycle, about as much more in excess of his normal possibilities as the man does in excess of his on the cycle. This result, it seems to me, would be attained for, at least, the following reasons: (1) A normal speed transmitted through the platform to the mechanism producing greater speed by gearing up. (2) Absolute immunity from motion for the horse (therefore rest) on every decline. (3) Equable and perfect foothold always. (4) Freedom from a large portion of the trappings and harness, usually necessary. (Note.—Power to mount inclines, I showed in my letter, would be obtained by a two-speed gear.)

Of the several communications I have received on the subject of the hippocycle,

none has disclosed any real objection to its construction. I, therefore, more than ever, feel convinced that the idea may be put into successful practice, and I shall be only too pleased to receive suggestions—or objections—from Mr. Davies, or from others, on the subject.

A. FAGG.

(Truly there is nothing new under the sun. We had just passed the foregoing letter to the composing room, when a letter arrived from a correspondent, who kindly sends us a cutting from the "Illustrated London News," dated June 22nd, 1850, in which appears an illustration of the "Patent Impulsoria." This was described as an ingenious means of applying animal power to the working of railways, so as to supersede the costly locomotive. The horses were placed upon a rectilinear artificial platform, turning so easily that the animal, which was yoked to shafts in the ordinary way, did not itself advance, but, what amounted to the same thing, the platform was pushed backward. We reproduce the illustration, which we think will prove of interest to our readers.—Ed.)

## DEPRECIATION OF RECORDS.

SIR,—For about two months past the Cycling Press has regaled its readers, week by week, with the exhilarating information that "So-and-so has ridden a flying mile in 1 min. &c, world's record." And, as was pointed out a short time back, there are about 285 different ways of accomplishing this great feat. In other words, if a man is not capable of beating the *one* genuine record for the mile, he can put out 284 excuses for his failure, and claim equal honour for far worse time. Boomers of tracks, and interested makers' amateurs, need not trouble themselves to answer this letter (if you think worth while to insert) as I know all they have to say beforehand, but I would venture to point out that this professional booming of records, which are no records, is rapidly destroying whatever advertising value they may once have had.

What genuine sportsman, who follows cycling as an athlete, and not as an advertiser, cares a fig for any of those 284 mile

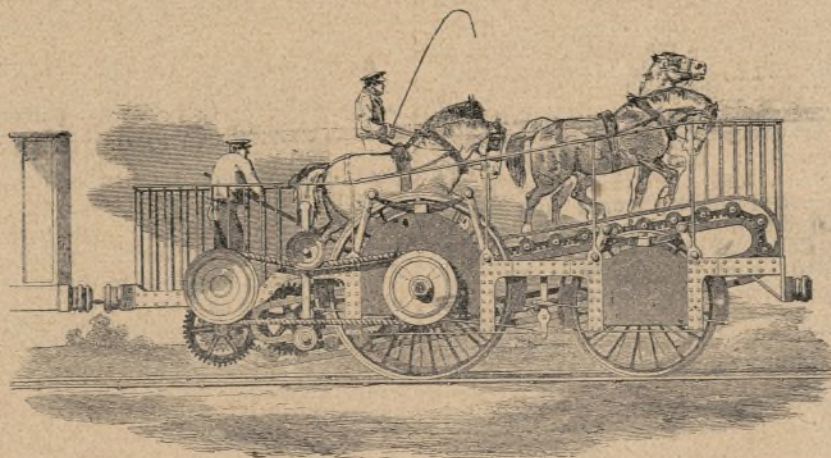
records? There can be but one record. That is the fastest authenticated time in which a certain distance has been covered on level ground. The mile record still stands, and has stood for the last year, without alteration, at 1 min. 35 secs., to the credit of Mr. Edwin F. Leonert, of Buffalo, U.S.A., and, speaking personally, if I could do so I should be very pleased to go down to Catford track, or the nearest stretch of smooth road and beat that time. But I should be thoroughly ashamed to push forward any performance as a "World's Record" while some other man had far eclipsed it. Excuses are nauseous to the better class of Englishmen, and the fact of bad circumstances does not much raise the value of a bad performance. I have, for instance, seen a man on cushion tyres hang on successfully to leading local riders, and he and they have both thought that when his pneumatic tyres arrived the aforetime cushion would be champion at once. No such thing! He came no nearer being champion than he was before.

I remember, at one time, the avidity with which I used to buy an evening paper to see if Osmond had beaten the mile. It was slow, perhaps, 2 mins. 28 secs, on the ordinary (the high bicycle, I should say), but it was a record. There was only one man in the world, W. W. Windle, that ever beat it, and it was the Blue Ribbon of cycle racing. Ask yourself what it is now? In your last issue you inform us that an American rider has ridden a flying mile in 1 min. 42 secs. "World's Record!" Has Mr. Leonert's time then been officially disqualified? If not, I suppose the "World's Record" is not for fast riding, but because it was accomplished by some new species of amateur, or because it was ridden on a surface of dried buffalo chips. In either case it is about the same value as the surface it was ridden on.

Yours &c.

F. L. WALE,  
Catford & Folkestone.

Eck, the trainer, complains of the rage for gambling that exists amongst American racing men, and says it affects their riding abilities.



THE "PATENT IMPULSORIA."

Reprinted from "The Illustrated London News," June 22nd, 1850.  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## INVENTORS.

BY A VICTIM.



SIMEON SPONDULIKS, am, what is known to the reading world as, "something in the City," which may be anything, from the keeper of an apple-stall in a dusty passage, by favour of some old-established concern, or one of those financial magnates, who promote by publicity, and blush if they don't find it fame. My position is something mid-

way between these two extremes—I have "found money" in connection with various enterprises of a Joint-Stock character. That is the phrase which I invariably use in talking to my clients and customers. They imagine that it means that I provided money for the exploitation, during the earlier stages, of those obviously successful companies, whose names decorate various tin boxes in my sanctum: "The Deadville-By-The-Sea Summer & Winter Garden & Aquarium Company, Limited," "The Grenornfontein Gold Mining & Exploration Company, Limited," "The Simplissimus Patent Gear Company, Limited," "The Aluminium & Broomstick Boat Building Company, Limited," "The Domestic Hedgehog & Beetle Powder Supply Company, Limited," &c., &c.

I seldom mention that the boxes are a cheap lot, purchased from my predecessor, and that I know nothing of the companies they represent. They are convenient for the stowage of articles in constant use; and, on occasion, I can give any one a really good whisky and soda of the Deadville-by-the-Sea brand. But this, by-the-way!

My offices have had to be re-arranged, at some expense, of late, as I am much pursued by the inventors of bicycle patents, and I do not see any real chance of "finding money" (for myself, understood) out of their inventions, so my doors are so arranged that I can be called by my boy at the expiry of an agreed time, and get clear away if I do not want to see my tormentor any more.

"Mr. Muddlead, sir!" said my clerk to me, presenting a card, which bears that worthy's name, sundry capital letters, which I cannot make out, and an address in pencil. The latter is due to the fact that, Mr. M., since he began to "experiment with the properties of rubber when exposed to heat," has had short notice to quit from about twenty

successive landladies owing to the odours which permeated the house which he favoured with his presence.

"See him in five minutes," I reply, and, in due season, I walk in, and am enthusiastically welcomed by a beaming personage, of fresh countenance, who, gleaming at me through his glasses, says—

"I've done it!" in much the same tone, doubtless, as that employed by the famed philosopher as he sprang from his bath, and, in *puris naturalibus*—"or not even that," as the old lady said—dashed into the street, crying "*Eureka!*"—which was not, if the learned are to be believed, simply a very natural request on his part for a shirt of that celebrated make.

Any nervous person, hearing such an explanation as, "I've done it!" would, doubtless, be filled with alarm. Done what? Odds, assassinations, bombs, dynamite, and velocipedes a *petrole!* What terrible deed has been accomplished? But I don't blanch with horror; far from it. I know my man. He has discovered something that will "revolutionize the cycling trade." He usually does, about once a week. It is chronic with him; so I say, mildly,

"Done what?"

"Improved the pneumatic tyre," he replies, bubbling over with amiability and enthusiasm. I sigh faintly, but patiently submit to the inevitable, and he tells me his great idea.

"I make a tube of cat-skin—much stronger and more elastic than rubber—supply likewise more certain—Para rubber almost unobtainable—quality falling off—no hope for rubber—people who depend on rubber presently up a tree, where I go for my cats—ha! ha!—make the tube of this—fill it with treacle—not Golden Syrup—too thin—good old molasses!—lots of body—very resilient—self-sealing, of course—cat-skin is porous—treacle exudes, adheres to road surface, and does away with side-slip!—added advantage for very long journeys by Americans and their imitators—treacle very nutritious—could be used as food on an emergency—"

And so he drivels on, and points out that all that is wanted is money—capital—small sum to secure foreign patents, and to establish cat farm, and treacle tanks (former very necessary), as cat-hunting in London suburbs is a risky pursuit; and so on, and so on.

Eventually

MR. MUDDLEAD IS UTTERLY ASTOUNDED when I express doubts as to the superiority of treacle as a tyre-filler, and he eventually departs, thinking me a fool for not seizing the golden ball, which has been rolled to my feet, and for some weeks afterwards he favours me, by post, with samples invariably very sticky, of improved materials for use in his unrivalled tyre, which yet awaits a promoter.

The average tyre-maniac has this redeeming point, you can understand him;

but the next example is simply hopeless. He is a grave man, grey, and a trifle seedy as to his dress, has a red bandanna handkerchief and weak eyes; he meets me with chastened and mournful confidence. I am very young to him, my feeble brain will not wholly grasp his ideas, but he has heard of me—he does not particularise further—it may be in "Cycling"—also, it may be in the police courts, over that little —; but to resume!

After compliments, as the diplomats say, he seats himself, opens a bag, and places a score of stiff but curly sheets of drawing-paper on the table. I groan inwardly as I see "x" and "y," "a" and "b," and +, ×, −, and = not to mention

"I don't understand algebra," I venture mildly.

"Oh! you don't need to, this is quite clear," replies the terror, and forthwith he plunges into a long, tedious, and involved explanation of an awful diagram, which looks more like a nightmare of a threshing machine, than anything else. Of course I don't attempt to follow him, and presently my sharp clerk comes in with a prospectus folded white side out. I escape, and after leaving my tormentor for a while, the clerk goes in and says "Mr. Sponduliks is very sorry, but an important appointment has just been made for him, to see Lord Rothschild, Mr. Barnato, Dr. Parker, and the Governor of the Bank of England, so he hopes you'll excuse him." In the meantime I go to lunch.

Sometimes this species is accompanied by a friend, or financial backer, just as the basking shark is attended by the sucker fish, or, more suitable *simile*, just as the alligator, with his mouthwide open, is attended by his little bird of warning, the inventor makes many allegations, being thus an allegator, and, goodness knows, he

OPENS HIS MOUTH WIDE ENOUGH!

Once the inventive genius was a professor, and his backer a foreigner, of unidentified nationality, and the backer constituted himself a sort of single-handed chorus, growling a commentary on the professor's involved explanations. At length I said, "Well! of course if you can do any such time your patent will be at once taken up!" The Chorus came in:—

"Ach! de Brofessor vill show you in von minute—dat it moost be quite easy—quite easy in mooch vaster times—e vill show you! Show Bister Sponduliks, Brofessor—sheed sigsteed—it is quite clear dere—sheed sigsteed—and the bigchure—vere is de bigture?—ach! dere it is—now vid sheed sigsteed—vell it cobs in dere—you see you pull at dis—No! you push at dis—but de Brofessor vill eggspaid—de Brofessor vill show you quite easy!"

"De Brofessor," aided by his financial backer, actually got to the lengths of a private trial, to demonstrate that a mile under one minute on the level was



"qvite easy." There was much preparation, and many trials, but at length all was ready, and one minute was not beaten, nay, three minutes expired before the rider got home. I looked for some doubt and dismay on the face of the backer, but there was none at all; the "Brofessor" was a bit staggered, but not the backer; he knew it was right, there were the figures "sheed sigsteed" clearly proving it; he doubted all round for a while, the clocking, the distance, and the rider, but at last all was clear.

"It vas dese neumadig tyres—dey are all right if you go slow—if you go quiet—dey are all right—you see a rubber ball, if it bounce long and slow it keeps going—if it bounce short and quick it soon stop—ve have de tyres changed,

put on solid tyres, and you vill see—you haf seen de figures, and de bigchure, sheed sigsteed? Ach! so!"

I may add that I am still waiting to be invited to the trial which is to finally justify the conclusion arrived at in "sheed sigsteed."

SIMEON SPONDULIKS.

PHILADELPHIA has now a wood-surfaced track, banked for a 1.30 mile speed. It is three laps to the mile, and the two straights are 300 feet long. It is the first outdoor wooden track in America.

WITH his accustomed smartness, J. C. Percy, the busy conductor of the "Irish Wheelman," no sooner saw Mr. A. J. Balfour at the Stanley Show, on Thursday last, than he proceeded to interview him on behalf of his paper



JOINTLESS rims were used in the 1.25 $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

WOODEN chain wheels is the latest American idea.

THERE is talk of forming a ladies' cycling club at Southsea.

LADY BRASSEY has made lady cycling the rage in Melbourne.

A CYCLIST's club should be his pleasure-garden; not his battle-field.

THE Bath Road Club will hold a smoking concert early in February next.

It is proposed to equip a corps in Holland, 8,000 strong, with bicycles.

"SELVYT," the popular polishing cloth, has been reduced in price in all its sizes.

THE weather has to be pretty bad to stop the Marquis of Queensberry visiting Cobham.

THE Northallerton C.C. have decided on laying down a grass track, five laps to the mile.

THE Midland C. & A.S. committee have serious thoughts of establishing a branch at Coventry.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is known in Paris as the "First Cyclienne" of England and France.

THERE are signs of a wane in the popularity of wood rims in America, and a return to trusty steel.

60,000 francs are to be spent on the cycle track at Athens, for the Grand Olympic games next year.

A COVERED-IN cycle track is being erected at Olympia, seven laps to the mile. It should pay well.

ON the 8th inst., the North Roaders are going to visit the Winter haunt of the Bath Road Club at Cobham.

NEW YORK cyclists are endeavouring to promote a boycott of those railways which make a charge for the carriage of cycles.

AN African bishop, one Taylor, is credited with approving of "Rationals," on the ground that anything is better than nothing.

J. C. KNOWLES is an American, with a penchant for 100 miles' rides. Next year he will attempt to ride 20,000 miles in 200 days.

THE address of J. Grose, of gear case fame, is 63, Gold Street, Northampton, and not as erroneously given recently in these columns.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been advised to ride a bicycle, in order to reduce his weight and capture the cycling vote at the same time.

ON the first Saturday of the Stanley 4,000 copies of our little book of portraits of the champions of the year were given away from CYCLING's Stand.

THE London Devonians' C.C. was duly formed at the Stanley Show, and starts with a promising membership, and F. J. Hortopp as hon. sec. and treas.

WE saw a gentleman at Ditton, last Sunday, oiling the valve of his Dunlop tyre. He was trying to squirt the oil in the valve hole of the rim. This is a fact!

THE American cemented tyres, mentioned in the "Irish Cyclist," October 30th, 1895, in an article entitled "The Weight Question Again," were not Morgan & Wright's tyres.



OVERHEARD AT THE SHOW.

SHORT SIGHTED ELDERLY DAME.—"Dear me! Poor fellow! The most painful case of 'Bicycle back' I've ever seen!!!"



### WATCH FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF OUR JAPANESE EXPEDITION!

THE latest is a pneumatic prize-fight ring. An inflated rubber tube takes the place of the brutal rope of our forefathers.

IN a Canadian prison, where he still has ten months to serve, is a bicycle thief who has recently fallen heir to £20,000.

AN up-to-date safety has been found standing in the streets of Birmingham, minus an owner. The affair is a mystery.

SIR W. RIDGEWAY intends to provide the Manx police with bicycles. Just what might be expected of a gentleman with such a name.

It has been well pointed out that cycling is the only pastime without a past, and without traditions of any respectable antiquity.

It is stated that cycle tracks are slowly, but surely, displacing bull-rings in Spain. Wait till the ladies race there, and then the bull-rings can close down.

ALL Russian records from 1-mile to 100 versts have fallen to riders of Rudge-Whitworth machines, besides 9 national championships and 299 first prizes.

THE Chichester C.C. present G. Gatehouse with a club badge in 18-carat gold, to keep alive the memory of his winning the one mile N.C.U. tricycle championship.

MICHAEL beat both Bouhours and Fournier in Paris, on Sunday week, in a curious match, Michael riding 50 kilometres, and the others each doing half that distance.

THE E.C.U., having satisfied themselves of the practicability of inter-club competitions, have decided to engineer another next year; the trophy is not yet decided upon.

THE Metallic Tube and Flask Co., Ltd., are making a specially strengthened steering-tube for tandems, &c., being 10-gauge at the junction with the crown, and tapering away to 17-gauge.

THE Polytechnic C.C. will hold a grand evening concert at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday next. A splendid programme has been arranged, and early application for tickets should be made to F. W. Chapman, 309, Regent Street, W.

#### A grand riding school.

GOY & Co., of Praed Street, have secured for the Winter a truly grand riding school, additional to those they are already running. The new premises are none other than the Paddington Baths in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, where the large Hall has been secured from December 2nd. The new school is 2 mins. from the Queen's Road Station on the District line, and 4 mins. from the Royal Oak on the Metropolitan and Great Western.

#### In the land of the free—speech.

SAYS "The American Wheelman,"—"Our bright English exchange, *CYCLING*, has a very good piece of artistic work in its last issue, representing an English "bobby" standing, note book and pencil in hand, near a wheelman whose wheel is not supplied with a lamp. The street lamps flicker, and from a near by window streams a refulgent light. The officer, in his most peerless English asks, "Your name and address, sir, if you please?" Over here it would be, "Say, wots yer givin' us? You ain't got no light and I am going to pull yer, and if yer kicks I'll soak yer in the kisser, see?"

R2

#### Greedy to a degree.

"NEW woman indeed!" growled poor little Pecksniff, "Give me the 'old' ones; they are content with 'wearing the trousers' without wanting the knickers as well!"

#### Terrible!

MR. G. H. WARD-HUMPHREYS, in proposing the toast of the evening at the dinner of the Cheltenham C.C., said that "bicycling, since the introduction of the Dunlop, had become popular amongst the ladies, because it was a question of 'a-tyre.'"

#### Washed out.

THE drainage of the Bolton Wanderers' track at Burnden Park is, no doubt, as near perfect as possible, owing to the cycle path being more or less banked-up all the way round; but the effect of this on the football arena is not so satisfactory, as recently, owing to a heavy downpour of rain, the ground was several inches under water, and an important match had to be abandoned.

#### The bear and the lady tourists.

TWO young American ladies undertook an unescorted cycling tour in some of the least tamed portion of their vast country, and rode through the Maine Woods districts. As might be supposed, they met with sundry adventures, not the least exciting being the discovery of a large black bear, which animal, fortunately, politely retired into the fastness of the woods, in order not to alarm the ladies.

#### In remembrance.

THE Essex men have taken steps to keep the memory of J. H. Hammon green. They are subscribing for a full-size portrait of the deceased gentleman, and, when finished, it will be hung in the club-room of the Middlesex County Sports Club, at Wood Green track. Besides this, the E.C.U. have decided to provide a challenge Cup, to be called the "Hammon Memorial Trophy," to be put up for competition, and replaced when won outright.

#### The Duke of Norfolk president.

AT the A.G.M. of the Sheffield Cyclists' Charity Tournament Association, the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The Mayor (the Duke of Norfolk), was chosen hon. president, with Mr. J. Sutton, president. Up to now the post of secretary has been an honorary one; but the present secretary, Mr. Walpole Hillier, could not see his way clear to take it on again, unless he received some remuneration. A sub-committee was chosen to go into the matter and report to a future meeting. When the balance-sheet was brought forward, there were many complaints about the large expenditure.

### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

*All Changes of Matter for Next Week's Issue must be in our hands by First Post, on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5th, to secure insertion. New Ads. entirely can be taken up till SATURDAY'S FIRST POST.*

#### Address—

"CYCLING,"  
ROSEBURY AVENUE,  
LONDON, E.C.

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Telephone No. 6992.

### OUR JAPANESE EXPEDITION WILL BE FOLLOWED WITH INTEREST!

#### A mysterious club.

A NEW club has recently been formed, the Exclusives C.C. A great deal of mystery surrounds the affair, but we understand that the club is open, by invitation only, to both ladies and gentlemen of good taste, who are enthusiastic cyclists; that the hon. sec. is one of the most accomplished and graceful lady riders of the day, the captain a gentleman of considerable experience in cycling and club matters, and that the objects of the club are chiefly social. A well-furnished villa residence has kindly been placed at the disposal of the members, as a club-house, by the generous hon. treasurer. The motto of the club is "*Nec temerè, nec timidè*," and the badge is a gate.

#### Hutson's Company.

IN this issue will be found an advertisement of Hutson's Cycling Appliance Co., Ltd., prospectus, in which they invite the public to subscribe to 7,500 £1 shares, out of a total registered capital of £25,000. Hutson's home trainer and in-door racing machine has been so often described in these columns, that our readers must be familiar with its many good points, and they have also probably seen it at work at the Stanley Show. The Company also propose to deal largely in cycles of various leading makes. Orders are constantly being received for the trainer from all parts of the world, and there is every prospect of a large and profitable business for the shareholders. Mr. Hutson, who is bearing all the preliminary expenses, is only to receive £3,300, and one-fifth of the total shares, for his patent rights and the going business at 55, Holborn Viaduct.

#### The coming Council Meeting.

COUNCILLORS who attend the N.C.U. Council Meeting at Hull, on December 21st, will have a busy time: the agenda is more congested with controversial matter than ever. To name only a few items; there is the report of the special committee on pace-making, who advise, amongst other things, that only licensed riders, or first year men, be allowed to pace, and in no race should pacemakers be allowed in races up to 10 miles; from 10 to 50 miles single machines only, and after 50, tandems. Mr. Turner proposes, "That on and after January 1st, 1896, riders in races under N.C.U. rules shall only be permitted to use machines, and essential parts thereof, which may be approved by the General Committee." It is not stated that the brand of tobacco smoked by racing men will also have to receive the approval of the General Committee. Then there is Mr. Blair's Three-Class Scheme, which takes up nearly three-and-a-half pages, to set forth; and a suggestion by Mr. Aske, that it is desirable that each ruling body should legislate for its own branch of sport, free from control of each other. Mr. Maguire has a series of resolutions aiming at the abolition of the present Licensing Scheme, and the substitution of another scheme, which, briefly, is, that anybody not considered an amateur is a professional, which sounds like sense. Altogether, the orators have some grand field days before them, and the outcome of such a vast number of proposals should really be startling. We wonder when the poor ordinary cyclist is going to have a turn however



**Suggestive.**

WAS it by accident or design, that in the sporting column of a recent "Globe," the bold heading "Latest Scratchings," should have been immediately followed by another, equally prominent,—"Ladies' Bicycle Race!"

**The Johnson-Michael match.**

THERE is some serious talk of the Johnson-Michael match coming to something. The American flyer has cabled that he will be ready to sign as soon as Michael has deposited the sum of £100 offered him as expenses to Europe. The encounter would be highly interesting.

**Class.**

DISTINCTLY a feature of the recent Stanley Show was the most marked improvement in the class of company that visited the exhibition. Both in the day and evening, and specially the former, the crowd was very largely composed of ladies and gentlemen, evidently of good social position, and financial soundness. Having regard to the building where it is held, and its situation, it is reasonable to expect that this state of things will be even more noticeable at the National Show.

**A Quiet Corner.**

IT was restful and refreshing to retreat from the crowds and dust of the Stanley Show to the Photographic Section, which at no time appeared to be overdone with visitors. There, amongst charming views of country scenes, most artistically rendered, and rural life studies, it was not difficult, even under the roof of the Agricultural Hall, to soon deceive oneself into the belief that one was on a Summer cycling tour. Mr. Welford is to be congratulated on getting together the most artistic collection of photos. that have ever been exhibited in connection with the Stanley Show.

**Three New Tyres.**

THE South Wales Battice Cloth and India Rubber Co., Ltd., Newport, are introducing three new pneumatic tyres, the "Welsh," "Pneu Port," and a single-tube tyre, at a very low price. The "Welsh" is a detachable tyre, with a canvas cover, the wires not being endless, but being hooked together, one end of the wire then passing through the rim, and being secured by a nut. The "Pneu-Port" is a semi detachable, and more of a novelty. It is practically a single-tube tyre, but has a slit just above the valve, with a sliding catch, through which the inner tube can be drawn when it is desired to repair it.

**Be Brave.**

"COME, be brave now! Don't disgrace your bloomers!"

It was the tall, masculine woman who spoke. Her younger companion held her protector's arm nervously and shook visibly.

"Oh, but," she said, "it is so dreadful, and it is coming this way."

Just then the monster came with a rush, and a swish, and a hypnotic glitter of its beadlike little eyes. It dodged right between the feet of the new woman, and vanished through a little hole in the wall, while the cat, which had aroused it, sprang after, but brought up with a thump against the wall, unable to follow further.

There were two shrieks, a wild clutching of bloomers, a leap toward the table, and then a fall. The younger woman had fainted. Nature had again asserted itself. The new woman was unmanned.—"Buffalo Express."

**"CYCLING'S" REPRESENTATIVE  
WILL SOON BE ON HIS WAY TO  
JAPAN!**

**A. C. Edwards as a writer.**

A. C. EDWARDS, the ex-Polytechnic crack, now racing on the Continent, has come out as a journalist. He has just commenced, in the "Sport Libre," a series of articles, which, of course, are translated into French for him.

**The Chancellor's decision.**

A PUBLIC announcement has been made that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will not include a cycle tax in his next Budget. Cyclists are therefore safe on this point for another twelve months at least.

**A golden goal.**

IT is just 50 miles from the Kings' County Wheelmen's Club-house, on Long Island, New York, to the lodge gates of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, at Oakdale, and therefore these gates have become the great turning point for the favourite century competition rides.

**Shakespeare on Rationals.**

IT has been well pointed out that even Shakespeare had his little say on the subject of Rationals, when he wrote:—

"O, thou day of the world!

\* \* \* Leap thou, attire and all!

Through proof of harness, to my heart and there

Ride on the pants triumphant."

**Important visitors.**

A LARGE number of aristocratic cyclists visited the Stanley Show. We were at A. W. Gamage's Stand in the Gallery on Saturday, and found W. A. Vincent evidently explaining some of the mysteries of his saddle collection to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and Dr. Macgeogh, of Cavendish Street, W.

**"Kloochine."**

HILL & Co., 52, Market Place, Reading, are supplying a repair outfit, which differs from the ordinary outfit, inasmuch that the solution is in a liquid form, and is known as "Kloochine." This liquid is kept in a bottle, and is applied by a brush, which is a pleasanter mode of doing things, no doubt, to some people than the usual finger plan.

**A pretty costume.**

A COSTUME worn by a lady cyclist in a piece at one of the Paris theatres, has called forth several expressions of admiration. It is in brown cloth, and has a skirt reaching to the top of the tan boots, and a short loose-backed coat with turned-down collar, and light silk tie. The hat is a soft brown felt in Tyrolean shape, trimmed simply with a narrow velvet band. There is just a suspicion of brown cloth gaiters visible beneath the short skirt.

**A running-down case.**

UNDER the joint auspices of the Manchester Centre N.C.U. and the Rochdale and District Cyclists' Inter-Club Association, action was taken in the Rochdale County Court, to recover £10, damage to a cycle ridden by Fred Fitton, when he was run down by a milk cart on its wrong side of the road, in daylight. A verdict was given for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, together with costs, which, it is estimated, will total £15.

**A Quick Sale.**

CYCLING'S Double Issue, last week, was completely sold out on the day of publication. The quantity printed was 30,200, a 1 of these only some 600 copies were posted to advertisers and the Trade, the rest being sold to the public.

**To-night.**

ALL who can manage it should certainly attend the grand smoking concert of the Gamage C.C., in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, this Wednesday evening, December 4th. The genial Gamage himself takes the chair at 7.30 prompt.

**The French rival Unions.**

WAR is raging in France between the two rival Unions. The V.C.F., just started, is making rapid progress, and is securing as members, many well-known people. The old body, U.V.F., has seen the danger, and is at last waking up—but it may be too late, perhaps.

**Extremes meet.**

THE other day, a cyclist was seen gaily sailing down a steep hill of a Southern suburb, mounted on an old racing safety, with the smallest of solid tyres, and with an up-to-date pneumatic brake fitted. It was as if an old stage coach were to appear on the highway, propelled by a petroleum motor.

**An attack on the citadel.**

THE S.C.U., and its athletic satellite, the S.A.A.U., have arranged to hold a number of joint race meetings in Edinburgh next season. This is an attack on the very citadel of the Scottish A.A.A., who have refused to recognise the B. racing man as other than a professional, and is pretty sure to prove disastrous to one or other of the parties.

**The cycle in an Irish regiment.**

THE Royal Dublin Fusiliers have now a permanent cycle section attached to the regiment. When on the march, the cycling section will form the scouting party, and one man from the section will parade daily with his machine, as an orderly. This is the first regiment in the United Kingdom to recognise the value of a permanent cycle section.

**Show Sunday.**

SHOW Sunday was favoured with brilliant sunshine, and Ditton was well patronised; the cycling public, the Trade, and a Simpson chain, being all on view. Amongst the Trade element was a gentleman from Russia, who took his first cycling ride of his life on an Olympia tandem, with his feet up, T. R. Marriott acting as motor. The Russian gentleman concluded cycling was a fine exercise.

**The automatic saddle.**

WE gave the saddle, made by the Automatic Saddle Co., Hull, a 45 miles' testing the other day, and were thoroughly pleased with same. In its original form, we did not care for the saddle, but, as re-introduced at the recent Stanley Show, with its two springs to prevent its getting out of position, and keeping there, it is a really good thing. As most of our readers are, no doubt, now aware, the saddle is made to slide in its framework, so as to save the rider from vibration, and the evil effects of sudden violent jars, and this it most certainly does. In normal use, the rider should sit well back on the saddle; but, we found, in hill-climbing, if one sat more forward, the saddle automatically ran into a position that greatly assisted our scaling the ascent. It is comfortable, comely, light, and, at 12s. 6d., cheap.



# CYCLING

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## EDITORIAL TOPICS.

WRITING before the official figures are declared, we surmise, with no little confidence, that the attendance at the recent Stanley Show must have beaten all previous records. From the very first thing in the morning, until the last thing at night, the public flocked in; indeed, we have been credibly informed that the visitors actually stood at the barriers in the morning, waiting for the opening hour, whilst every evening, even when it was pouring with rain without, the gangways were congested with keen sightseers, to the point of inconvenience. Satisfactory as this must be to exhibitors and Stanley Club alike, it is not so much on the number of visitors to the recent Show, as on their class, that exhibitors, Stanley men, and all interested in the Trade and pastime, have the most cause for hearty self congratulation. Distinctly this was the most strikingly conspicuous feature of the Show, the daily streaming in of crowds of well-dressed, aristocratic and fashionable people; the ladies, if anything, outnumbering the men, and betraying even a more lively and intelligent interest in the exhibits. In their carriages, cabs, or more plebeian 'buses, they flocked to merry Islington every morning and afternoon; never before, probably, had the district experienced such an invasion of the fashionable world, and titled people, and certainly

never before had any cycle exhibition in this country received high patronage in such overwhelming numbers. They were no idle sightseers, come to kill an hour or two of a dragging day, but people who showed, by the trouble they went to, to obtain a view of some novelty, surrounded by a surging crowd, and by the questions they asked, that an actual and keen interest in the pastime of cycling had alone brought them so far from their usual haunts. All, perhaps, did not do the Show with the thoroughness of the Hon. A. J. Balfour, who was to be seen one afternoon having a good look at everything, with a big bundle of catalogues under his arm, but all came to see the machines, and left, we may be sure, more enthusiastic cyclists than ever. That the Trade, and the Sport as a whole, will eventually benefit immensely by these visits and smiles of the powers that be, goes without saying; and, if the Stanley Show needs an apology for existing, this one fact that, for the first time, it has brought all grades of cyclists together, to meet the Trade, should be all sufficing.

CYCLISTS will learn, with particular satisfaction, that, after all, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no intention of imposing a tax on cycles, and, this being the case, there is now no need to continue the discussion on the subject in our columns. A good many of our correspondents, who took part in that discussion, have erroneously supposed that we are in favour of taxation. When we invited our readers to give their opinions we merely pointed out the advantages which some people were of opinion would accrue to cyclists, if they were taxed, and we thought it would be interesting to ascertain whether those views were entertained by the majority of wheelmen. We also invited our readers to vote for, or against, taxation, and the result shows that twenty to one are against the imposition of a tax. Although we have every reason to believe that the matter was really seriously considered by the Department, we are not in the least surprised that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have decided against such a tax. Apart from the injustice and folly of taxing a popular and growing pastime, enormous difficulty would have been experienced in collecting the tax, and the exemption of cycles used for business purposes, would have added confusion to an already extremely complicated task.

WE have received several letters, anonymous and otherwise, asking us what we think of London's latest sensation—the "Ladies' (?) Cycle Races"—being held at the Royal Aquarium. The subject is a painful one to deal with, and we would prefer to ignore it altogether, especially as on previous occasions we have not hesitated to speak out plainly in opposition of any exhibition

on the part of a woman that is inconsistent with her natural delicacy and refinement. We have not visited the scene of the "Ladies' Races," and, knowing our opinion on the subject, no doubt, our readers have not been surprised at finding that the events have not been reported in full in our columns. We have, however, read the reports of the races in the daily papers, and, being still imbued with some respect, more, some admiration, for the gentler sex, we do not hesitate to say that anything more calculated to disgust, we have never had the misfortune to peruse. We may be thought old-fashioned in our views, and the "New Woman" may scorn such attributes as delicacy and refinement, but we cannot yield our opinion on this subject to any innovation of modern times, or to any mistaken ideas of emancipation, which the "New Woman" may entertain. We learnt all that was best, all that was sweet and good, all that was noblest in a woman's nature, from our mother and our sisters; we also now associate these sentiments with our wife; but, if ever, by their own choice (which, thank Heaven! is not even a remote possibility), these nearest and dearest relations of ours were to participate in a six days' bicycle race, urged on by a brutal crowd, referred to in sporting newspapers by their surnames, all claim to the courtesy of a prefix being waived by their own action, we would share the disgrace of the truly humiliating spectacle, and acknowledge that we had been sadly mistaken in our estimation of true womanhood.

## "CYCLING" ART ALBUM.

This extremely artistic production will be on sale at "Cycling's" Stand at the Crystal Palace next week, and those requiring to secure copies should make early application, as they are in great demand. It is the most artistic work ever issued at the price of sixpence.

## LAST GRAND SHOW NUMBER

Next week the last of the series of Show Numbers will appear. It will be full of interesting Articles, Stories, and Illustrations. There will be a story by E. Douglas Fawcett, and special articles by "Cedric," H. Hewitt Griffin, Gilbert Floyd, and others. A Splendid Double Page Art Supplement, drawn by Percy Kemp, will be presented with each copy, and illustrations by George Moore, Percy Kemp, T. M. R. Whitwell, and J. Ambrose Watton, will also appear. There will also be a Twenty Page Supplement containing a fully illustrated description of the exhibits at the National Show. The issue will be a grand one, and should not be missed.



## STANLEY SHOW GOSSIP.

GAMAGE'S Referee sweaters were too great a temptation for somebody at the Agricultural Hall, and for the second year running his Stand was broken into and things stolen; chiefly these sweaters.

### Michael's mount.

A MACHINE, which attracted attention at the Stand of the French Gladiator Co., at the Stanley Show, was the one on which little Michael has won over 30 races during the past season. Michael, himself, was at the Show one day, with his ever-watchful "Choppy" shadowing him.

### A high class oil.

OWING to the lateness of their application for space, Cowan & Co, 28, London Wall, E.C., the oil firm, who have been established over 150 years, did not secure a stand of their own at the Stanley, and we, therefore, overlooked them in our report. From what we have seen, and heard, of this firm's cycle oil, we should, unhesitatingly, place it in the very first rank. They are, themselves, the manufacturers, and they specially select the oil chosen for cycle purposes, and intend to keep it up to its present highest quality for all time. Their Record double-purpose oil makes a perfect burning and lubricating oil, the cleanliness and brilliancy of the oil in burning being most marked. They also make the Record chain lubricant, sold in tubes at 6d.

### Terrell's Brake.

TERRELL'S hydraulic brake, which was shown at the Stanley by J. Proctor Humphries, 6, Old Sergeant's Inn, Chancery Lane, is a very ingenious thing, and should appeal to riders of a careful sort, who reside in very hilly districts. The brake is put into action by the ordinary handle lever, which acts on a piston near the head, filled with water. The pressure thus generated runs along a small pipe to another piston over the back wheel, which thrusts down a canvas shoe of unusual length, which, fitting like a glove on to the pneumatic tyre, grips it with any desired force, without injury. It would be possible, with this brake, to pull up a machine on the most precipitous of hills. The price asked was £1.

### The Arab cycles.

In the rush of writing our Stanley Show report, the excellent and extensive exhibit of the Arab Cycle Co., Potter Street, Birmingham, hardly received the attention it deserved. In a second look round we had better opportunities of careful inspection, and noticed with pleasure the lines, and evident signs of good workmanship in the Arab full roadster. This machine has the fashionable parallel top tube, as have all the Arabs; a 5-in. tread, large bearings, detachable mudguards and brake, and weighs 32 lbs. The road racer is a very smart little mount, with D. tube stays in the rear, a 5-in. tread, or without gear case, a 4½-in., jointless rims, two 28-in. wheels, dust-proof hubs, detachable chain wheel, as have all the Arab

tribe, and double butt-ended spokes. This machine weighs 26 lbs. Two 28-in. wheels will be the standard pattern in Arabs for 1896, with 26 and 28-in. wheels for ladies. In the case of the road racer, round tubes for the rear can be had if desired. The path racer turns the scales at 22 lbs., and is on similar lines to the road racer; there is a curious handlebar fitted. The racer's tread is 4½-in., and the chain used is a 1/8. The tandem is well stayed, has a swing bracket in front, a 5 in. tread in front and a 5½ in. back. It has a good triple crown and weighs 47 lbs. A handsome and rigid mount is the lady Arab, with the moderate weight of 30 lbs.; then there are cheaper lines, both for ladies and gentlemen, of similar designs to the best machines, and known as the Popular Arabs. The finish on all was Ar, and the exhibit one of the finest in the late Show.

### The Elswick Show.

ANOTHER exhibit, which we hardly did justice to in the hurry of press-reporting, was that of the Elswick Cycle Co. They had a really fine display in the centre of the Hall, and a handsomely fitted-up Reception Room under the Gallery. We were shown several improvements in detail, which this up-to-date firm have introduced in their '96 machine, and every one of these struck our representative as being a practical improvement. Most of the machines have tangent wheels, but a feature is that the spokes are not bound where they cross, neither does one spoke touch the other. We were shown





**WATCH FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS  
OF OUR JAPANESE EXPEDITION!**

a novel and extremely neat head-locking arrangement, which appeared to be at once the simplest and most effective of any we have seen. The Elswick people have introduced a new pedal, which admits of the pedal pin being removed without interference to the bearings; this is really a capital contrivance, the advantages of which will be apparent at a glance. The workmanship and finish of the many machines on this excellently-arranged Stand were beyond criticism, and the racer on view was a revelation of neatness, perfection in design, and general good workmanship. It had a three and seven-eighth tread, and looked, altogether, a picture of compactness and strength. Every machine on the Stand would bear the closest scrutiny, and the closest scrutiny would only reveal that the most careful attention had been given to even the minutest detail of every machine.

**The Rudge-Whitworth Show.**

PERHAPS the most conspicuous, and certainly one of the very best arranged Stands in the Show was that of Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd. It occupied a particularly prominent position, and the display of machines was characterised by exceptional good taste. There was nothing about this exhibit that led one to suppose that the firm had, for the nonce, dropped out of the ordinary sober business groove, and adopted the gaudy trappings and surroundings that one is apt to associate with cheap theatricals. We understand that Mr. E. M. Mayes was chiefly responsible for the equipment and general design of the exhibit, and Mr. Mayes is to be congratulated upon the successful result of his labours in this direction. In our necessarily hurried survey of the exhibits last week (a survey which we were perforce compelled to limit to the opening day), we scarcely did justice to the Rudge-Whitworth Show. But, after touring round the building many times since, we are bound to admit, that their exhibit was the most perfect and the most imposing in the Stanley Show of 1895, and, whilst such a firm as Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., expose their excellent workmanship before the public at the Stanley, it is idle to regard that Show as an unimportant, or a moribund institution. To describe the general arrangements of the Stand. Discarding the usual red cloth or carpet, a smooth tiled ground was provided for the machines, and this was entirely a success, the effect being very fine. There were photographs adorning the Stand of famous riders of the Rudge-Whitworth, notable amongst them being a fine picture of T. Gibbons-Brooks, holder of the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile world's record, and a life-like portrait of Earl and Pepper, on the Rudge-Whitworth tandem, upon which they recently rode a mile in 1.25 $\frac{3}{4}$ . This identical tandem was also on view. Perhaps the most striking and attractive features on the Stand, however, were the framed Rudge-Whitworths. Four machines, two elegant ladies' safeties, a racer and roadster in coloured enamels were shown in large gold frames with backgrounds of dark velvet. The graceful lines of the machines were thus exhibited to the fullest advantage, and the rich effect was particularly pleasing to the eye. Another attraction—some people call it distraction, occasionally—was the Maxim gun, mounted on the specially-constructed car-

riage designed by Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd. In order to demonstrate the merits of this deadly instrument, it has been usual during the week for two riders to wheel to one of the exits, and fire the guns. The effect has, from time to time, created the greatest consternation in the Hall, people rushing from all parts of the building to the field of action. The machine was then wheeled back to the Rudge-Whitworth Stand, and attention generally directed thereto. A grand total of 24 machines were on view, and it is no exaggeration to say that a finer collection of cycles has never been exhibited. Several of the machines were in coloured enamels,—a very pleasing and effective contrast to the sombre, if popular, black. Last week we gave particulars of the improvements in detail which have been introduced by Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., this year. It goes without saying, however, that every machine shown on the Stand was a picture of perfection in design, workmanship, detail, and finish. The ladies' machines were particularly attractive, and it is needless to say lady visitors to the Show congregated in large numbers round this exhibit of popular wheels. Prominent amongst the other machines was an open-fronted roadster tandem for a lady (in front) and gentleman, built to the order of Earl Craven. Another, a racing tandem, built for Messrs.

**"CYCLING'S" REPRESENTATIVE  
WILL SOON BE ON HIS WAY TO  
JAPAN!**

Cooke & Yeoman, was a strikingly handsome machine, looking capable of establishing many more records under the persuasive influence of these two speedy wheelmen. In short, the exhibit of Rudge-Whitworths, in the Stanley Show of 1895, was as varied as it was excellent, and the Stand was deservedly one of the chief centres of attraction in the Hall.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR was to be seen, on Thursday afternoon, diligently "doing" the Show, with a bundle of catalogues under his arm.

**Manchester Expresses.**

A VERY good display, indeed, was made by the Express Cycle Works, 180, Stockport Road, Manchester, at Stand 26. All the machines were excellently designed, and the general workmanship and finish were perfect. Elegant ladies' machines were shown, and all displayed the same high standard of excellence in build, whilst the prices were popular.

**RUDGE WHITWORTH**

**C. WALLIS** Esq. J.P. **PRESIDENT**

**F. T. LOCKWOOD** **TREASURER**

**R. VINCENT TAPSCOTT** **HON SEC**

**H. DAVENPORT** **CAPTAIN**

**LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XVIII.**



## A VOICE FROM THE SHELF.



ALL the best and freshest goods are put forward by everyone at Show time, so that, perhaps, the Editor may not have room for my dusty old personality. However, I will put myself into little space, and perhaps he may let me in, if it is only to show

the difference between the old and the new styles of cycling literature, as the Show people sometimes resurrect an antique boneshaker, so as to make the new model even more resplendent.

To my taste, there is too much bright enamel, shining plate, yellow leather, crimson carpets, and handsome appointments, and, shall I add, shiny hats, glossy lined, and waxed moustaches. If a stranger, from a neighbouring planet, were dropped into the midst of one of these Shows, the last thing that would occur to him would be that all this splendour of man and machine was for use out-of-doors, and at all seasons. He would think that it had all been very fittingly put under a glass case (a true description of the Palace) for "Show" purposes alone. At the National, at all events, there will be one machine that is to be built entirely with a view to hard service and wear, and that is a little 22-inch Bantam, built for the owner of this "Voice." It is to have an extra strong backbone, stout foot-rests, a rubber brush brake, and an extra cover on the tyre, and as little plate as possible, but I fear that the makers will conveniently forget this last item.

And why do I go in for a front driver in these days? I will tell you. Just because I like the *feel* of the thing, it is as comfortable as my old 54-in. Rucker (which was my last show machine, fancy twice and a half the height) in steering and in seat; secondly, because it is easy to walk with over bad roads, trackless commons, or steep hills; thirdly, because it has no chain to get dirty, to stretch, or to tighten; and fourthly, because it keeps me out of the great Simpson lever controversy, which is getting almost as bad as the cement, wood, or amateur question.

I have just been looking over an account of the second Stanley Show that was held, and am struck by how little sensation it seemed to cause then; the "Trade Journal" devotes only 4 columns to it, and spreads those over two weeks; and also how little there is new in the world; the Centaur people had a movable saddle, but it was not meant to increase the power of the rider as the new sliding seat professes; Sparrow had non-slipping tyre covers of leather (and very effective they were, I know from experience). Carver was more advanced in hollowness than anyone now, for he made hollow spokes; one maker was so afraid of spokes breaking that he made the backbone into a cupboard for a few spare ones. The names of the "cycling celebrities" mentioned as being present, are curiously much as they might be now, Hillier, Rucker, Tanner, Wilson, and Welford, being veterans even in those days, Goy was a great man in those days and was always printed in large capitals; his (or, I believe in strictness,



LEWIS J. JESSOP

WHO SHORTLY LEAVES ENGLAND FOR JAPAN, IN THE INTERESTS OF "CYCLING."

"their" for I fancy Goy was two ladies) great rival was Stephen Withers and now Goy and Withers are one; the latter is one of those perpetual youths that always puzzle us; I sometimes don't see him for five years, and yet I know him at once, and more curious still, he knows me, for except an odd accessory purchase, I have never had much dealing with him.

AN OLD CROCK.

## JAPAN.

*On this page we present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Lewis J. Jessop, the cyclist, who will shortly leave London for an extended tour in Japan in the interests of this journal. As previously announced Mr. Jessop will take months to accomplish the object of his journey and from time to time he will recount his experiences in these columns. Look out for further announcements.*

OUR JAPANESE EXPEDITION WILL BE FOLLOWED WITH INTEREST!

## Early arrangements.

THE path-racing programme of the Essex Cycling Union for next season, though on a more moderate scale than that of 1895, is fairly extensive, and will include a Thursday meeting at Great Yarmouth. Good Friday will, in all probability, see a meeting at Wood Green.

## Essex Road menders.

THE Essex Road menders' feed will be held at the Castle Hotel, Woodford, one Saturday in January. So far, the subscription-list is very flourishing, but the larger the amount that can be secured, the more invitations can be issued, and the greater will be the number of men who will receive an incentive to improve the state of the roads in and around Epping Forest.

## The Improved Moonlight.

THE New Moonlight Vapour Lamp is one of those things that should not be missed at the National Show. An important improvement will be noticed in the draught arrangements which now allow of the lamp being left burning when the machine is stationary or indoors. Amongst other strong claims advanced in favour of the Moonlight Lamp, are the facts that some 90 per cent. is saved in the cost of oil, that it is far cleaner than the ordinary oil lamp, and that it is practically devoid of smell. The Moonlight Lamp cannot soil the rider's clothes.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## THE NATIONAL SHOW.

ON Friday, of this week, December 6th, the National Cycle Show opens its doors for the fourth year, at the Crystal Palace. From all reports the Show will be larger than ever, and every nook of available space will be occupied. On the heights of Norwood will be collected together specimens of the workmanship, with but a few exceptions, of all the largest and oldest established cycle-makers, the firms who have built up the present gigantic cycle industry of this country. That every responsible member of the Cycle Trade, whether connected with an exhibiting firm or not, will

### MAKE A POINT OF VISITING

such an important and representative Show, may be taken as certain; and we doubt not, but that goodly numbers of the cycling public will also find their way to the Palace, the satiety begot of the previous Show not being sufficient to destroy, altogether, the interest in such

### A CLASSY EXHIBITION

as the National, in its comely setting of the beautiful Palace. Should other attractions than the machines and accessories be sought, such will be found in the concerts, both choral, promenade, "smoking" and orchestral which will be provided; in the Zerega Spanish Troubadours, variety shows, dramatic performances, trick riding, &c., &c., and all the usual and permanent sights and amusements of the Crystal Palace. As in the case of the late Show, we have refrained from publishing pages of so-called forecasts, in this our first National Show special issue, preferring to wait until we have seen the actual articles with our own eyes, believing that a careful and critical report is of far more value to our readers, than columns of statements from makers which cannot always be quite disinterested.

The Show closes on Saturday of next week, December 14th, and all who can should make a point of visiting the Crystal Palace by that date.

### A startling reform.

THE Belgian Union has just decided that, in future, amateurs and professionals will be allowed to ride together, providing, of course, that the amateurs do not take cash prizes. We wonder what the International Cyclists' Association, to which the Belgian League is affiliated, will have to say.

### The cheap trip to the Paris Show.

DETAILS have now been arranged for this excursion to the Salon du Cycle and other delights of the French Capital. H. Hewitt Griffin has arranged with the Association for the Promotion of Travel, 41, Gracechurch Street, London, to carry out the arrangements. The party will leave on the last night of the National, December 14th, and return either on Wednesday or Saturday nights. The terms—inclusive of hotel and travelling—will be £3 9s. for four, or £4 4s. for seven days. Particulars from H. H. Griffin, Putney.



F. J. J. GLYNN,

ON A HUMBER SPRING FRAME SAFETY.

### A track for Dumfries.

A COMPANY has been registered at Edinburgh, called the Dumfries and Galloway Cycling and Athletic Grounds Co., Ltd., with a capital of 1,000. The object of the Company is to provide a track near Dumfries for cycling and other purposes. A doctor of Dumfries Royal Infirmary, is amongst the first subscribers.

### Agriculturists object to light.

CORNISH cyclists have been labouring hard in their endeavour to get the Cornwall County Council to recognise the great importance of the doctrine of "Universal Lights," but it is somewhat doubtful if their efforts are to be crowned with the success they richly deserve. The agricultural element is largely represented on the Council, and, taken as a whole, that is the portion of the community which is, perhaps, less friendly disposed than any other towards the interest of the cyclist.

### The Dibble Memorial.

PLEASE forward your collecting cards as early as possible to H. North, 14, Albert Square, S.W.

	£.	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	27	12	8
Ealing & Acton C.C. ...			
per A. E. Sayers, Esq. ...			
per C. A. Smith ...	1	1	0
Walter J. Creswick ...	0	2	6
F. G. Dray ...	0	5	0
F. S. Clark ...	0	5	0
J. G. H. Browne ...	0	5	0
W. Le Marie ...	0	2	6
	29	13	8

### A purse of gold.

MR. WALTER CLARK, of the Jubilee Rovers, was the recipient of a testimonial from the Tyneside racing cyclists on Wednesday, which took the substantial form of a photograph and a purse of gold. The burly Jubilee man is always in great request as a pusher-off, particularly in quarter-mile dashes.

### Michael v. Two Riders.

A NOVEL match was ridden on the Paris Winter track on Sunday, between Michael and two French riders, viz.: Bouhours and Fournier. The "Little Wonder," who has shown such superiority over all comers, was to ride 50 kilometres while each of his opponents only rode half the distance. Despite this novel handicapping, Michael won easily. He could not leave Bouhours in the first half, but lapped Fournier twice in the second half.

### The adaptability of the cycle.

GOLD-SEEKING explorers in Africa and Australia ride the bicycle, because it is faster and handier than a horse, requires no food, and little attention. Sportsmen in America make use of it, and in several parts of the States it has become quite a common sight to see riders starting off on a hunting expedition with a gun slung over their shoulders. This is nothing new. Over 20 years ago—Joyce, one of the finest shots who ever drew trigger at Wimbledon, where his record of 72 out of a possible 75 (15 shots at 1,000 yards) stood for many years,—used to ride a very high ordinary from his home or office in Belfast, with his rifle on his back, down to the ranges at Holywood for practice. At that time we knew him well; he died several years ago.



## "NOT A DANCER."

BY SYBIL BERNSTEIN.

THE large dining-room of Miss Hatfield's home presented a scene of brilliant gaiety.

The Hatfields were giving an evening party, and the dining-room had been utilised for dancing, divers small rooms surrounding it being daintily decorated for refreshments and smoking.

Gertie Hatfield was in her element. All her brother's cyclist friends were there, and they seemed to be as expert at footing it as they were at pedalling. A man could not be introduced to Miss Hatfield's notice with a better recommendation than that he was a good dancer. She warmed to him at once, and beamed on him in her sweetest manner.

There were at least half-a-dozen splendid dancers amongst the men that evening: in fact, only one of them could be described as indifferent; that was Clarence Cawood, young Hatfield's particular chum.

Gertie chatted with him for her brother's sake, and because she could hardly help feeling an interest in the earnest, pale-faced young fellow who could talk, though he could not dance, and who treated her with a considerate deference which was a pleasant change after the free and easy chum-ship of most Colonial men.

Her material enjoyment was heightened by a flying waltz in Allan Gibson's arms; it was pleasant, and she loved pleasure. But there was a certain pleasure, too—though of an entirely different sort—in meeting those smiling blue eyes after the dance was over. He did not ask her to dance; which, perhaps, was better than if he had. But they spoke together a good deal, and he imbued her with a



"SHE RESUMED HER FORMER SEAT."



"A FIGURE LAY AMONGST THE SHORT FURZE BUSHES."

"For you?" he said, smiling. "Well, really, I—can't say, you know. I can't presume to pit my opinion against any you may have formed."

"But I want your opinion," she protested, enjoying his delicacy, while she marvelled at it.

"My opinion?" He looked into her eyes, still smiling; then the smile faded, and he grew very earnest; more earnest, she almost thought, than the occasion warranted.

"Remember," he said, turning half-away, "it's only my opinion. Frankly, I don't consider cycling a lady's pastime: not the pastime I should like to see you follow."

"No? and you a rider!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; and a lover of it, too: 'I'm a wheel enthusiast. But don't you see, Miss Hatfield, how it is? We like our flowers—our comforts—to stay at home and wait for us there; not to—to—' he stopped, flushing a little, as if somewhat confused; then he went on, desperately, "It's just this: if they're with us all the time, you see, we may as well not come home, almost: there's no difference. The sweetness of a man's home lies in its contrast to the rest of his life—his life with men."

"I see."

But she only half saw. His argument lay somewhat too deep for her to grasp it at once: she sat silent.

Gibson came, after a short while, to claim her for the next dance; and a minute later, Cawood saw them going through the barn-dance, in the wild, swinging, swaying Colonial style, of which the girl's partner was such an able exponent.

After the dance, she resumed her former seat; the conversation had begun to interest her, and she had no objection to carrying it further. They had hardly spoken a dozen words, when Cawood suddenly said,

"Where's George? I don't see him anywhere." She glanced round carelessly, and was about to reply, when a change came over her companion's face.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I do believe he hasn't come yet!"



"What—what is the matter?" she asked, tremulously, looking into his face with vague fearfulness.

"Nothing—it's alright; but I'll just step round and see where George is, if you don't mind my going."

He went towards the open door; she followed. His machine stood outside, under the verandah. He took it in hand.

"I wish I could go with you," she whispered, as he moved out into the brilliant moonlight, "if I could ride I would."

"Thank Heaven, you can't!" nearly escaped his lips; but he kept the words back, and merely smiled at her as he vaulted into the saddle.

He was off. . . . He had not allowed himself to think while he was in Gertie's presence; but now, whirling along through the keen, cold, silvery air, a dreadful fear took possession of him.

George Hatfield and he were both employed on the Crown Reef. They had intended to come in together that night: but at the last moment George had been delayed, and he had induced Cawood to leave him, with the assurance that he would shortly follow.

It was now past eleven—he had allowed the time to pass by unthinking—and he knew that there was no possibility of George having been kept at the Mine so long.

He did not know what to think. When he recalled Gertie's startled face—a face that had taken a firm hold on his memory, and did not need much recalling—he grew sick at heart with apprehension.

He rode at an enormous speed, the keen night air cutting his temples, and making his cheeks glow.

He knew every inch of the road. He had traversed it so often in the daytime, and now, in the brilliant moonlight, every familiar mark seemed to stand out with unusual distinctness.

At last the familiar battery-heads came in view, and shortly after, the sheen of the mine-dam, whose blackened waters gleamed like a silvery lake in the night air.

Only a little farther, now, and his half-formed fears would be either dispelled or confirmed.

Then he stopped. . . . It was hardly a voluntary movement: his hands dropped nervelessly from the handle-bars; his feet slipped from the pedals. Next moment his machine swayed and fell, and he was standing, mute and amazed, over a figure that lay amongst the short furze-bushes.

A safety cycle lay beside it: he saw the burnished bearings gleaming from amongst the stunted growth: he recollected every inch of them. He stooped, like a man in a dream, and pulled the figure over, so that its face was visible.

A white face, looking wofully drawn in the moonlight, and with some dark, damp patches on it that sent a cold chill to Cawood's heart. He bent lower. The dark patches were continued on the man's white shirt-front, and there was a horrible-looking gash on one temple. No need to look closer into the boyish face; it was as familiar to him as his own.

He unfastened the man's collar, shuddering as his hands came in contact with the dark stains. Faint heart-beats were still perceptible, though no look of life was visible on the white face.

If he could only save him!

What a joy to Gertie—and blessing to him—that would mean!

He worked frantically when he thought of it, tearing open the clothes of the prostrate man, pouring brandy from the flask he luckily carried, down his throat.

In the end his efforts were rewarded by a faint glow, and then a movement. He watched the returning life with breathless interest, still rubbing, and pouring the cordial down young George's throat.

While he did so, he heard a movement behind, amongst the short bushes. He glanced round. Distinct against the clear sky-line, and quite motionless, stood three Kaffirs, their brown forms only half covered by their scanty *kavosses*.

To Cawood's fevered mind, the gaunt figures, stooping forward in a listening attitude, their ugly faces set in diabolical lines, seemed like the evil spirits of the place.

There was no sort of doubt in his mind that these three blacks were the cause of George's plight.

The blood of the man he tended already began to flow warm under his hands; but for all that his anger was no cooler. He watched the dusky figures in silence for a minute, and then slowly put his hand in his pocket, and drew

out the handy little Colt that had often stood him in good stead.

While he held it, looking at the barrels admiringly, George's eyelids quivered, and next moment the blue-grey orbs of his friend were looking at him.

"That's right, George, old boy," Cawood said, softly; "now, let's have a go at those black devils, and then I'll see to you."

He turned, with the revolver in one hand, holding George up with the other, and next moment a sharp report rang round the flat expanse of land. It was followed by more than one savage yell of pain, and then, amidst the remaining five of Cawood's shots, a clumsy stampede.

Cawood bent over George, putting the revolver back in his pocket.



"HE TURNED, WITH THE REVOLVER IN ONE HAND."



"Now, old boy," he said, smiling, "we'll be off, if you don't object. You can't walk, eh? So I'll stow these machines away, and carry you to the Mine, where I dare say we can get a cart to take us into town, bag and baggage."

"You can't," George weakly protested, as he felt himself hoisted up. But Cawood could. In quite a short time—for he was thinking of Gertie's anxiety—he had deposited George on his bed at their quarters at the Mine. After a short period of rest, spent in bathing his wound—which they could plainly see now, had been inflicted with a heavy "kerrie"—George and his deliverer drove into town in a Cape-cart.

"Get him to bed quickly," Cawood whispered, as they alighted, and he gave George into his mother's care; then, in answer to the renewed requests for particulars, he went on,

"It's nothing serious; but it might have been worse. I believe I was just in time. That good old racer did it!"

No sort of fuss was made; but probably the facts came

to Gertie's ears in some other way: anyhow, she knew them, and her opinion of Cawood underwent a decided change.

His opinion of her had no need to change; and their marriage was fixed for an early date.

"But, you know," said Gertie, on the very day—perhaps also, the very hour, that the "fixing" took place, "I always hoped to marry a man who wouldn't object to my riding." She had intended to add, "and who could dance;" but a glance up at the man who was gazing at her with a tender regard in his soft blue eyes, made her almost ashamed of the intention. Cawood followed up the look before-mentioned, in an appropriate manner.

"Well, dear," he returned, "you'll marry a man who doesn't object to riding himself, anyhow. Wasn't it lucky," he went on, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that I'm so hot on fast riding, and that my machine was so fit?"

She confessed that it was.



A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

SHORT-SIGHTED OLD LADY IN CAB (mistaking the Hon. De Vere Ponsonby for a street "runner").—"It's no use o' yer runnin' all these miles; I don't want yer help an' I won't have it!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## GOLDEN YOUTH.



IT has often struck me that there is one fact of deep and far-reaching significance in connection with the marvelous development of cycling—a fact, which I have not seen noticed, much less pushed to its legitimate conclusions. Given all the weight, which it can reasonably claim, it represents a force capable of moving worlds, and altering the whole face of civilisation. Does some one begin to look deep for this wondrous power, probing systems of philosophy to find its meaning? I ask him to desist; for it is writ large on the page of Nature, and its name is youth.

Youth—buoyant, alert, courageous, untiring, irresistible youth, what has it not done? What can it not do? Look back a few short years. With a swiftness, that seems incredible, a huge industry has been built up, carrying, in its train, new and complicated mechanical contrivances, any one of which would have given the inventor a reputation, if it had been isolated, instead of being one of many. And a gigantic sporting system has grown with the Trade. All this is, perhaps, an oft-told tale, and it is not my purpose to moralise on platitudes; but ask yourself, what magic power has called this great industry into being, and rushed it at lightning speed to a prominent place in our many-sided civilisation, and you get an answer, which is worth pondering over.

It is youth which has done it,—youth, with its enthusiasm and its daring, its unquenchable ardour, its disregard of sacrifices. I am shown over one of the leading factories in the Trade,—a place where hundreds of hands are hard at work turning out a cycle which has the highest of reputations the world over. My guide is a young fellow with a keen, hairless face, calm, reflective eye, and quick, collected manner. As we pass along through the files of busy mechanics, his eye is everywhere. A nod here, and the workman shows us an ingenious contrivance for testing the truth of a pair of handles; a glance there, and another sets a machine to work for testing tubing. Only a year or two ago, comparatively speaking, these machines, and a score of others, far more complicated, were unknown. They have been called into being by a want that has itself been but lately born. Every other workman seems to have a distinct piece of machinery to manipulate, which has been designed immediately the need for it came into existence, and three parts have emanated from the brain of the quiet young fellow beside me. They represent the triumph of youth.

Perhaps, indeed, they may be considered the greatest triumph of all. Feats of strength, skill, and endurance we expect from the young; it is in the nature of things that we cannot look for marvellous physical ordeals except where the fire and buoyancy of life's spring-time prevail, but, on

the side of the mind, where ripe thoughts, the lessons of experience, and long mental training may be expected to tell their tales the existence of the same marked pre-eminence is a new and a stranger thing. Think of it! Two-thirds of the huge businesses which turn round the hub of a cycle are controlled, and have been from their inception, by men who are still young enough, did their time permit, to perform great feats of strength and endurance.

Look on another phase. The writer who mingles with members of the general Press finds that the majority of the leading lights have long passed the Rubicon, but in the cycling section of it, there is a counterpart of what we have seen in the factory. Youth stands at the helm and shapes the vessel's course. He has launched on a new sea without having had the opportunity of training, and he has to mark his chart as he goes. Well, may we not say, without undue complacency, that the Cycle Press, all spontaneous though it has been, has worthily filled its niche? Where, in Trade journalism, is there to be found the same enterprise, the same vigour? The average Trade journal is decorous, and timid with all the excessive caution of the over-advertised. It is not absolutely corrupt, perhaps, but its editor is usually a figure-head at the mercy of its business manager, and the general reader has no confidence in him. Cycle papers are bright and spirited, and with, perhaps, an exception or two, have a soul to call their own.

This suggests the perfectly fair reflection that youth has defects as well as qualities, and over-balances itself in its exuberant enthusiasm. Flushed with success, or moved by the ardour of fiery endeavour, it sometimes makes mistakes in its impetuosity. In its heart of hearts, perhaps, it respects independence and integrity, but, in moments of impulse, attempts to over-ride them. Hence we see a paper punished with loss of business because it puts the interests of its readers before the unreasonable demands of its impatient advertisers. But the public may be left to draw its own conclusions, with the full confidence that justice will be done, for truth is mighty and must prevail.

Of the principle that "self-praise is no recommendation." I dwell but lightly on this phase of the triumph of youth. It is a pleasant reflection that we are all very clever fellows, and it has its temptations, but to yield to them would defeat my object. I want to carry the significance of my point home to the outsider—to him of the "submerged tenth" who looks coldly on cycling. I want to convince him that there is much to balance the cyclist's evil account with the outside world. It is easy enough to pass condemnation on the howling scorchers, and I, for one, should never complain about the severity of his treatment, but remember that to do justice the other side of the ledger must be added up. If there is youth the empty, so there is youth the wise; if there is youth the vulgar, so there is youth the refined. The world should think of this, and if it does hold the scales fairly, I doubt not what its verdict will be.

One cannot help going a little farther and pushing the significance of youth's most signal victory to other conclusions. What would be the fate of a State controlled by its youth instead of by its aged—by the smooth of face instead of by the grey-beard? Imagine the destinies of a country, as well as of an industry, ruled by the sons instead of the fathers. Could we push a parallel so far as to claim that, in the revolution of the universal machine, the same success would be won? Things would move faster, certainly. We should have more enterprise, more boldness, more vigour. There would be more hard knocks and less diplomacy, more work and less tergiversation. On the whole, I think we want more of the courage and directness of youth. It would turn the poor old wheel faster, and perhaps there would be a little more friction, for, alas! we have the weaknesses of our strength, but I do not think it would over-balance. Why not try so promising an experiment? Since Mr. Balfour has taken to cycling we may expect more sympathy from the ruling powers, and my suggestion is, that in the next list of nominations emanating from the head-quarters of the new Caucus, the names of some of our brilliant young men of the wheel should be included.

CEDRIC.



"WARRANTED NEW LAID."





A PROUD MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A CYCLIST. A PROUD MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A CYCLIST. A PROUD MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A CYCLIST.



## A MIDNIGHT RIDE TO YORK.

### HOW THE NORTH ROADERS RIDE FROM LONDON TO YORK.

It is pretty generally known that the North Road Club, that body so intimately associated with speed work on the road, curb themselves at least once a year, and stoop to a real genuine club run, where scorching is unknown, and the dread of being "pipped" is not for ever straining the nerves of the whole party. This club run is a king amongst its order, having been hitherto always from London to York, a distance of 197 miles, although we believe there is some idea of changing the destination, but not necessarily shortening the distance, next year. Although the fact that such a run takes place is a matter of common knowledge, we do not think that the enjoyment to be got out of it has ever been made sufficiently public, and with the view of perhaps inducing other well managed clubs to relieve the monotony of their fixture list by introducing similar jaunts, we will endeavour to recall or recount a part of the story of the last ride to York, made on June 15th of this year.

The meeting place, as usual, was the "Manchester," Aldersgate Street, where might have been discovered, about 10 p.m. on June 14th, sundry wearers of the well known oval badge, oiling up and speculating as to whether their tyres would last the journey; and Jimmy James, with

#### HIS EXTRA ELONGATED SMILE

on duty, facetiously prophesying all sorts of lugubrious adventures to a typical American gentleman, the only and specially privileged visitor, who was boldly about to attempt to ride to York on a particularly fragile looking American machine.

The gentleman from across the streak was evidently beginning to half believe that there was a certain substratum of truth in the chaff of the lively Jimmy, and that he was in for an exciting time, when supper was announced, and all anxieties of the future were quickly dispelled in the more immediate business of laying in a store of many meats and pies, and the wine of the country, against the time to come. Besides the actual riders, the supper party was strengthened by the attendance of sundry

North Roaders, who, unable to start themselves, were at least not to be denied the pleasure of seeing the animals fed.

During supper a sum of money was collected from each member of the riding party, sufficient to cover all the feeding expenses of the journey, and a card handed round giving

#### THE HALTING PLACES FOR REFRESHMENTS,

and the times of arriving at, and leaving, each—a glance at this piece of stationery might lead one to suppose that the whole trip was nothing more than a stuffing and guzzling expedition—and so it would be, if it wasn't for the mile-stones in between.



"JIMMY JAMES WITH HIS ELONGATED SMILE ON DUTY."

Supper over, the witching hour of midnight soon approached, and the whole party lit up and adjourned to the General Post Office, the self-same building from which so many a mail coach had started for York before them. Usually, at this time of night, the heart of the big City ceases to beat with the roar of traffic, the tread of many feet; but the fame of the North Road Club, and their run, is sufficient to draw quite a big gate, both of pedestrians and cyclists, and every sorter from the frowning palace of labour, who can possibly escape, has come out to see the start. We feel we are the heroes of the hour, as we stand by our machines, waiting for midnight to strike; and the crowd make comments of a complimentary and admiring nature, and the police keep the ground, and imperially wave away the last bus, and the empty hansoms, who slink humbly off in crestfallen silence, for once awed into dumbness, even towards cyclists. Like answering cocks, the city clocks chime out the hour that opens the gate to another day, and leader

#### BIDLAKE ON HIS TRUSTY THREE-WHEELER

is off at the head of a motley crew, composed of the legitimate members of the party, and a horde of camp followers on cycles, who think it good taste not only to follow the North Road men, but mix up with them. As the party gets clear of the crowd of onlookers, a cheer breaks from them, and at intervals all along the road through London's Northern suburbs, little groups of people are met, patiently waiting to see the cyclists go past, and quite content to have been able to sing out "good night" to them. Through the sleeping streets, steadily and silently pass the party; out into the rural suburbs; up Barnet Hill, where the last of the camp followers is dropped; and ringing a salute to the "Old Sal," ride on to Hadley Common, where all take a deep breath of fresh air, and feel they are at last in the country, and the lights of London well behind them. It is cold enough to make a little mild scorching desirable, and by common consent card-time is improved upon slightly, through Hatfield and picturesque little Welwyn, wrapt in repose, not a soul or a light visible as we cross the bridge over the stream and swing round by the church, to climb and run down the harmless hills between it and Hitchin. Moderate as is the pace, the fine

#### POWDERY DUST RISES IN CLOUDS

in the compact little mob, and makes a fog, on which the rear lamps shine; the wheels purr in unison over the gritty surface, or shoot stones at each other when an extra loose piece of ground is struck; but uphill or down, good road or bad, the leader's tricycle pilots the party at one steady even swing, through the sleeping hamlets, till the last drop into Hitchin, and the arrival at the "Rose & Crown," of ever-honoured memory, gives him the first rest from the responsibilities of leadership. Such a cold, dusty, and already hungry party as it was that swooped down on the Males family at the sleepy hour of 3 a.m., but they, good people, were as cheerful and as awake as if it was three in the afternoon, and had prepared a spread which hardly answered to the description on the way-bill, of "light refreshments."

By imperceptible stages the darkness of the night had given place to the grey light of early day, and when the North Road boys rode through the silent market-place of Hitchin they could see the dust and travel stains on each other, and begin to see, as well as travel over, the old familiar road. By the time Henlow was reached, the all-pervading grey had, in turn, given place to bright, golden sunlight, and the pretty little village looked as spick-and-span, and stood out as sharp, in the clear, bright morning atmosphere, as a model under a glass case.

#### NOT A SOUL WAS VISIBLE.

Henlow had not begun its day. Biggleswade, too, was equally still and restful. Even energetic Dan Albone was not to be seen, although a light burning in his house suggested that he had made some good resolutions to get up and see the club go through; but the bells brought no face to the window. It was so bitterly cold down by the gentle



Ivel, that those who could ride hands off kept them in their pockets, and one careful soul who had brought a macintosh sought comfort in wearing it. Cold as it was, the temperature did not destroy that peculiar pleasure of an early morning ride,—a pleasure only to be thoroughly appreciated by seeing the previous night through on the wheel. Everything is so bright and fresh. Millions of mornings, as there have been, yet every one gives this sense of newness; the air has a freshness and sweetness belonging to no other period of the day; there is an elation in it; and one almost pities the sleeping folk in the wayside cottages and villages, for all they are missing. The briskness of the morning was infectious; the wits of the party said their funniest things, the most reflective chatted, and those who before had feared the journey grew boldly confident. So past the club-house at Eaton Socon, now no more, and Buckden, with its "George," of many memories, and

#### ON TO ALCONBURY HILL,

the climbing of whose historic sides was a not unpleasant change after the miles of level, at the moderate pace taken.

At Alconbury's top, according to the programme, there was to be a halt for drinks at the "Wheatsheaf." The drinks were there in various forms, tea predominating, and in addition a mountain of food, enough for a young regiment, that quite disconcerted the North Roaders, with breakfast only 21½ miles away. That was Stamford, where a wash was indulged in, and they served us so well, and appetites were so keen, that although the place was reached before the scheduled time (8.15), the starting hour was, if anything, passed, before the last mouthful was swallowed, and a wound in the American gentleman's tyre had been wrapt in surgical bandages to his satisfaction, and the

intense wonderment of "boots." The next stage, to Grantham, is 21 miles, and it is an article of faith amongst cyclists, that the stretch contains twenty one hills.

However this may be, there are certainly several rises of noticeable length, particularly on such a generally level highway as the Great North Road, and it is a dreaded bit of country amongst London to York record breakers. It tried some of the club-runners a little, the hot sun and slight head-wind not improving matters, and the halt for drinks at the "Red Lion," was generally appreciated. The next stage, to Newark, was

#### RIDDEN WITH LIGHT HEARTS,

for was not dinner waiting for us at the famous "Ram," where the art of dining in the good, old-English, substantial style is thoroughly understood, and were we not to have a whole hour in which to do justice to it? It may, possibly, have been the thought of this dinner, but more probably his deeply-rooted racing instincts, that induced our patient leader, Bidlake, to make one lapse from his carefully restrained, genuine club-run pace. Gonerby Hill, beyond Grantham, was the scene of this temporary falling-away, the sight of the drop of that decidedly steep declivity being a too great temptation, and down went his head, and away shot the tricycle, at a pace, with the low gear, hardly to be thought possible. The mob followed, according to their powers, and there was immediately a wild hill-full of frantic cyclists, swishing wheels and pedals, in a moving cloud of dust. The attack was of only a temporary nature; the pace was shut off at the bottom, stragglers soon came up, and the sober procession re-formed. They did us right royally at the "Ram," and, whilst the viands were disappearing,



A MIDNIGHT RIDE TO YORK—STARTING FROM THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## TWO WELCOME FACES APPEARED—

B b Ilsley and Waterhouse,—the former having been lost near London, with a troublesome tyre; the latter having failed to chip-in at the place he intended; and both having had a solitary chase of 100 miles or so after the main body, which must have been exciting sport for them. It was at Newark that the American gentleman first showed a disposition to mutiny. It was after dinner, when he said that he was not tired, but he had done very well, and enjoyed himself very much, and he had doubts about his tyre la ting, and, taking one consideration with another, he guessed he would train on to York. But the leader reasoned with him, James gave facetious encouragement, and Ward pointed out we were practically there—only some 73 miles, or so, more—and the American bicycle was one of the machines that threaded its way amongst the market carts and flower stalls of bustling little Newark. Even at the modest 10 or 12 miles an hour pace of the party,

## THE VISITOR COULD NOT STICK IT,

and was at length mercifully, but regretfully, allowed to drop behind, and train on from Retford, where we lightly tead at the "Granby." The road on through Bawtry to Doncaster is grand, level, well-surfaced and immensely broad, and there are evident signs of its having been much broader still in its prime.

We forget the exact number of coaches our leader said could have been driven abreast along it in those days, but we fancy it was something like ten. At Doncaster the pleasure of the ride to York ends, beyond it is nothing but an ugly nightmare of some 34 miles of execrable road, and most uninteresting country, relieved only by the high tea at the "Swan," Askern. There are two roads from Doncaster to York; it cannot be said that one is better than the other, but the Selby route is considered the least bad, and is adopted for the N.R. run. Several York cyclists came out to meet the party; they doubtless meant well, but it cannot be said that the presence of a body of

rather erratic riders, mixing up with the now rather tired party, and

## STIRRING THE BLACK POWDERY DUST

of the ghastly uneven road, into a choking murky cloud, materially added to the pleasures of the way. At last York, and the comfortable "Adelphi," half-an-hour before time, but none too soon for a wash and a feed, and then sweet sleep. The 197 miles had thus been easily and, except the last vile stage, comfortably done in 20½ hours, the majority of the party not being the road cracks of the club, but rank and filers, and including two veterans, one being President King. Everybody was as brisk and sunburnt as possible next morning, and put in a walk round York, a cathedral inspection, a voyage down the Ouse in a specially chartered launch, supported by an Anfield contingent, and a swim, before returning to London by the more rapid and prosaic means of the G.N.R.

## ABOUT PATENTS.

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

## POOR HORSE.

THE latest tale from over the water is rough on the horse. A wealthy man, somewhere in Oregon, was hit with the wheel fever, and, going in keenly for cycling, his poor (?) horses were "eating their heads off in the stable," and growing fearfully fat. The groom told his master that they must have exercise, or they would become unworkable. He, however, was still too keen on his wheel, and, instead of ordering his servants to give the horses plenty of work, he now rides out on his bicycle daily with a halter tied to his handlebar, at the other end of which is one of his unfortunate thoroughbreds. What must the feelings of those poor horses be? If they possessed a little free-will, they could make it warm for their wheeling owner.



E. HUGHES. (POLYTECHNIC C.C.)



J. LAWRENCE. CAPTAIN POLYTECHNIC C.C.





J. AMBROSE WALTON

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