

THE WHEELING WORLD

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can be washed and cleaned just like real gems. They are exquisitely mounted in various new and handsome designs.

A polite and clever attendant is always in charge, prepared to demonstrate with methylated spirits—or with nitric acid, if necessary—that these manufactured diamonds will stand nearly all the tests of genuine diamonds. Truly a very interesting display, and one well worth visiting.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

HAS the summer gone? I have a special interest in the question, as, at the time of writing these Random Records, I am more or less snugly ensconced in a kind of sand cave in the vicinity of West Chiltington, waiting for the rain to cease. For some time I have been anxiously looking for the next instalment of summer. The charm of even a temporary residence in a cave fails to captivate either my bicycle or myself, and we are anxious to take our departure from surroundings which take us back to the Stone Age, so I glance out at a tearful sky, look away to the rain-enveloped hills, and repeat: Has the summer gone?

The hour for lighting lamps gets earlier day by day; some of the trees have begun to shed their leaves; harvesting seems to be practically over; and at times the wind has a rare nip in it. Yes, brother wheelers, the season is a-going, and we must miss no opportunity of putting in some of those long rides planned by us when the year was young and all was hope!

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Fred Young, the lengthy Excelsiorite, had quite a tour when returning with a cycling chum to business at Southport after his visit to Worthing.

His wanderings first led him along the familiar road through Arundel and Chichester to Fareham, catching glimpses of the English and French Fleets from where their road overlooked Portsmouth.

Then right across Hampshire, getting caught in a soaking rain at Romsey, which gave them plenty of collar work as they ploughed through freshly made mud to the peaceful old city of Salisbury. The railway would have been re-

quisitioned to complete the journey through Amesbury and on to Pewsey but for the fact that this meant a three hours' wait for a train.

So the couple pushed on through mud and darkness, and finished their first day's ride just before ten o'clock p.m.

He Fancied a Change!

Two or three days spent about Wiltshire, and the ride was resumed. Weather conditions were a pleasant change after the initial mud-plugging experience. It was a beautiful day, and, with a strong wind behind them, the pair made good going through Marlborough, Swindon, and Farringdon to Oxford.

Here Fred's chum trained on to Banbury: I imagine he fancied a change after riding with our long friend, who, as most Excelsiorites know, is one of those wheelmen who like long doses of hard pedal-pushing. He caught the infection from Medhurst.

Less than an hour and a quarter sufficed for Young to reel off the twenty-two miles to Banbury, where his speedy arrival astonished his friend, whose train had not long preceded the cyclist, the pair meeting at Banbury Cross—of nursery rhyme notoriety—and continuing on to Leamington for the night.

A day at Leamington, where Fred's brother, W. J. Young, is now a staid citizen, though he often lives over again his life in the Excelsior Club, of which he once was Captain. By-the-bye, "Billy" Young wishes to know if I can remember his riding up Bury Hill after having broken off one pedal!

Are you sure it wasn't both pedals, Billy?

My Pet Project.

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After Leamington our travellers were in a country full of charm for the cycling tourist. They went first to Kenilworth Castle, time forbidding a visit to Warwick; then to Coventry, Tamworth, Burton, and Derby.

This was the best day of the trip: it has for some time past been a pet project of my own to do almost the same ride, including the Shakespeare country, the Castles of Warwick and Kenilworth, pretty old Coventry, and the Derbyshire scenery.

The last day's ride was flat and uninteresting to Fred and his chum after this panorama of

scenes which had figured in history and romance, and of scenery which is rarely excelled in England; but they enjoyed the exercise at any rate, and nightfall found Fred at Southport and his chum at Winsford, both having benefited from their journey, whilst Fred's riding powers had resulted in the conversion of his friend to a physical culturist. For our Excelsiorite is a disciple of the dumb-bell, and his faith, like his muscle, is strong.

Another hobby of his is billiards; he has won a three-guinea first prize on the green cloth at Southport by his dexterity with the cue.

A Thrilling Experience.

Baruch Blaker's numerous and sympathetic friends will be glad to know the speedy motor cyclist is well on the road to recovery from the accident which befel him at the Excelsior Club's Annual Sports last week.

To be hurled from a machine travelling at nearly forty miles an hour is, to say the least, thrilling, and it is fortunate that the most serious damage Baruch sustained was a broken wrist.

Complete recovery will be a matter of several weeks, and the enforced abstinence from riding has compelled Blaker to cancel several engagements. In fact, it is probable the Excelsiorite will retire from the dangerous sport, content with the laurels he has earned.

Meantime he is doing marvels with his left arm in the way of taking machines to pieces, fitting tyres, and so on. When his right is again at liberty his present practice may qualify him to deal with fractious cycles two at a time!

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