

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b>          -----  <b>A WEEKLY SURVEY.</b>          -----          Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"They say that they have measured many a mile."  <i>Love's Labour's Lost.</i></p> <p><b>In the Dark Hours.</b>  <b>I</b> REFER not to Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and his Lords. Let me see! Did not their disguise cause the Princess of France to bid them "Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites!" My thoughts are of the Excelsior speedmen, for they have a better right to boast of miles. Yes, and even should they encounter a Princess with no eye for manly beauty, our sunburnt scorchers could not be curly dismissed as frozen Muscovites!</p> <p>But "Love's Labour's Lost" is ofttimes true when the miles have been measured.</p> <p>For instance: Cowan recently did some top-speed riding in the dark on the Horsham road, at the heels of a London speed man.</p> <p>At Offington Sawkins took up the chase. The London man was riding for the twenty-four hours record, and in the dark hours Sawkins was his follower.</p> <p>Solemn Arundel, silent Chichester, sleeping Havant: all came in their turn. Then through Gosham they went, on to Farnham, and back to take the open road over Portsmouth and breezy Rotser Hill.</p> <p><b>Worth an Effort.</b></p>	<p><b>Worth an Effort.</b>          'Twas still night as they sped through Petersfield, but day was breaking as the twain rode over Hindhead. To see the mighty mists slowly rising out of the vast Punch Bowl was, says Sawkins, worth the ride.</p> <p>When Guildford was reached the eastern glimmer had broadened, and King Sol bestowed a morning kiss on the speedmen. They had earned it! To say nothing of breakfast.</p> <p>But the night had gone hardly with the would-be record breaker. The wind had been heavy and was still doing battle for Father Time, so at Thomas Ditton the speedman gave up the contest, and Erceol's many measured miles in the wake of his comrade proved to be Love's Labour Lost.</p> <p>Later on in the morning he took the pretty road from Guildford to Dorking; thence homewards through Horsham, meeting Henson and Jack Standing on the way, and arriving home none the worse for his experience.</p> <p>Verily, a strenuous life is that of the road racer!</p> <p><b>Still Another Test.</b>          The next item for four Excelsior men is a hundred miles race promoted by a big London Club. The start is to be made in the wee sma' hours from a wee sma' village in East Sussex.</p> <p>Beds will be unheard-of luxuries; the crowd of speedmen must perforce billet where they can. The Excelsior quartette have been lucky; on the eve of the battle of speed they will resign themselves to the care of Morpheus with a truly blissful confidence.</p> <p>For they have hired a barn wherein to sleep!</p> <p><b>Another Aspect.</b></p>	<p><b>Another Aspect.</b>          Meanwhile the more civilized members of the Club—myself among the number—pursue the contemplation of the way that leads to Club runs. At Brambor, after tea and strawberries upon the greensward, Captain Duffield and his merry men-at-arms invaded the Castle.</p> <p>Later a bonload of them explored the Adur; they claim to have voyaged to Henfield. Claim rejected, as the good ship showed no signs of having been rowed across dry land, or the Adur of having changed its course recently!</p> <p>However, the dozen wheelers made a very enjoyable run. Brambor is both pretty and interesting, and we were somewhat loth to dawdle home.</p> <p>The Excelsior Captain knows the likely spots for outdoor teas. A week ago he trotted sixteen of the Club to West Grinstead, continuing to Henfield and home through Shoreham in the evening.</p> <p>And on Wednesday next the annual onslaught upon the strawberries takes place at the Frankland Arms, Washington.</p> <p>And yet the hot and dusty speedmen measure their many miles! And sleep in barns!! And like it!!!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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*Love's Labour's Lost.*

**In a the Dark Hours.**

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For they have hired a barn wherein to sleep!

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**Another Aspect.**

Meanwhile the more civilised members of the Club - myself among the number - pursue the even tenour<sup>ii</sup> of the way that leads to Club runs. At Bramber, after tea and strawberries upon the greensward, Captain Duffield and his merry men-at-arms invaded the Castle.

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*Dick Turpin*

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<sup>i</sup> Dick routinely uses the feminine form rather than "quartet".

<sup>ii</sup> Sic.