



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"How beautiful is the rain!
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain!"
(I. Longfellow.)

Weather and Philosophy.
AYE! Even the wheelman will echo the sentiment. It may be that whilst "Aquarius old" is "walking the fenceless fields of air; scattering everywhere the showery rain, as the farmer scatters his grain," the wheelman has to call a truce to pedalling. But what of that? The thirsty countryside emerges from the shower brighter, better, and greener. The parched roads, so long bestrewn with blinding dust and vicious flints, are soothed into veritable speed tracks.

And the wheeler goes forth once again. Lo! he is in a fairy land where the puncture is unknown, the dust is gone, and all is fresh and clean

May it be soon

It was difficult to be philosophic on the subject of weather at the Excelsior Club's Sports, though. The doubtful conditions deterred many from seeing some interesting and exciting racing.

What cheers there were when C. B. Kingsbury made the silver challenge trophy his own in the five miles event! And when the nerve-wracking motor cycle race ended in Hodgkinson securing President Warne's magnificent silver cup for good!

L.A. Tribe looked an easy winner in the One Mile Club Race. Halfway he was leaving all behind; but Jack Flint laid himself out to the best advantage, catching his men one by one, and getting home first after a game fight; Tribe second and Chipper third.

Yes, it was an interesting meeting.

The Club workers, and Victor Cowan, the capable and industrious Race Secretary, deserve all praise. They did all that could be done, and they did it well. But I fear that Cycle Sports lack the essential element of novelty. We want something fresh.

Condensed Essence of Gaiety.

So we will have a Carnival! Not that a Carnival is altogether a new-laid invention. I believe we are told it has a past of about fifteen centuries. In its early days it was a time of condensed essence of gaiety, the prelude to the forty days' fast which began on Ash Wednesday.

So far as the condensed essence of gaiety is concerned, I understand the Carnival is unaltered, except inasmuch as the trend of ideas may have affected things in the past fifteen hundred years. Anyway, I doubt not we shall laugh as loud and as long as did the average Roman at the first of these wholesale sprees.

Secretary Tree is particularly anxious for a big muster of decorated cycles; he hopes, too, for an army of fancy-dressed wheelers. I wish him all success!

A Useful Guide!

Out near Aldershot, Stanley Brake, of the Excelsiors, inquired his way of a passer-by. "Take this road until you come to the crossways," was the reply; "but I don't know which of the four roads is yours when you get there."

Helpful, wasn't it!

However, our man found himself at Aldershot, whither he had ridden to accompany a chum bound for Marlow. A ramble over Laffan's Plain before roosting for the night, and next day saw him gliding down the Hog's Back into Guildford

and on to Horsham, where he again put up for the night.

An early morning spin from Horsham concluded a very happy week-end.

Many Miles.

Meanwhile some of the boys are putting in big rides. Fred Flint and Ernest Sawkins "toured" over the lumpy fifty miles to Hastings one morning last week, putting in some hot work on the way home. Are they thinking, I wonder, of Edgar Henson's record!

Then again, Frank Medhurst recently rode to Bath in seven hours and fifty minutes. Nearly a hundred and twenty miles with scarce a dismount!

Frank wished to ascertain his fitness. And as a further test he came back in nearly as short a time!

Some men are lovers of work, indeed! I once did the single journey in a day, and found even this to be pretty strenuous cycling. Despite the fact that I was tandeming with the Irrepressible, who had a grand chance of getting some training work on that occasion.

For industry is not a strong point in

Dick Turpin