

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the clustered trees, And, from a beaker full of richest dyes, Pouring new glory on the autumn woods, And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds." —Longfellow.</p> <p><b>The Charm of Autumn.</b> EVERY wheeler will admit the accuracy of the poet's statement, I think. Most will also maintain that autumn holds more of charm for the cyclist than does either of the seasons, save, perhaps, spring. For roads have once again settled down and are free of dust; the sun no longer blazes down with relentless determination to scorch even the toughest of us until we are driven to surrender and hide from his fierce beams; and the country certainly is more inviting in autumn than at any other time.</p> <p>Indeed, I find it difficult to tear myself away from the blackberries—and the bushes!—when 'tis time to return.</p> <p>The heavy-laden fruit trees, too, strike a cheerful note. I wonder how many hundreds of wheelmen have cast admiring glances at the apple trees on either side of the Horsham road just beyond Ashington, for instance?</p> <p>I wonder, too, how many have cast stones in the same direction!</p> <p><b>The Spirit of Thanksgiving.</b></p>	<p><b>The Spirit of Thanksgiving.</b> A friend and I peeped into the little village Church at Binsted last Saturday, and discovered the Rector busily contemplating the decorations for the harvest festival.</p> <p>The fruit, flowers, and corn spoke of abundance, and looked very well; the Rector was as interested in them as we were in a couple of very narrow Norman windows. One of these still has two examples of wall-painting which are in a fair state of preservation.</p> <p>A pretty ride through Tortington Woods brought us on to the road just west of Arundel.</p> <p><b>Putting on the Pace.</b> The advantages or otherwise of change speed gears continue to be the subject of much discussion among wheelmen. Frank Medhurst's experience is that a new three-speeder which he has been trying has added two miles per hour to his pace!</p> <p>And the hard-riding Excelsiorite has given the device a good trial. He rode to Croydon in two hours and forty minutes, and completed fifty miles in three hours.</p> <p>Medhurst says he wished I had been with him. I don't!</p> <p>Another ride was through Horsham to Guildford, over Hog's Back to Farnham, south through Petersfield to Emsworth, and home by Chichester.</p> <p>And over this one hundred and fifteen miles of give-and-take road Medhurst found his variable gear a great saving.</p> <p>"But," says Frank, "it may easily be made a man-killer if the rider chooses to work hard up hill and down."</p> <p><b>A Sussex Beauty Spot.</b></p>	<p><b>A Sussex Beauty Spot.</b> The run season of the Excelsiors came to a conclusion with a happy little trip to Barpham this week. Barpham is, perhaps, the most popular of the beauty spots patronised by the Club, and a fair number of Excelsiorites mustered to partake of an <i>al fresco</i> tea and bid "Au revoir" to the little village.</p> <p><b>Tobacco and Training.</b> Sam Clark has scored again! Some of the "boys" were along the Horsham road, and a hill-climbing match 'twixt Medhurst and the veteran was arranged on the spur of the moment.</p> <p>The stake was half-a-dozen packets of a certain popular cigarette which I decline to advertise, as 'tis not my favourite brand!</p> <p>A pretty struggle left Sam as the winner, but he suspects Medhurst of not having ridden his best. Well, Medhurst is a non-smoker; Sam's suspicion may be well-founded!</p> <p>Why not put Henson in the field? He simply trains on the particular form of narcotic weed which was ridden for, and would be induced to make more desperate efforts. Edgar might lay in a stock for the coming winter by figuring in a few hill-climbs.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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### A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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*Dick Turpin*