

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Dark Days at Hand. THE year is getting old apace; morning and evening have a rare nipping air about them now; and the interval of daylight between the two is rapidly shortening! In the woods, "Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down," as Long-fellow hath it, preparations are going on for the reception of a colder and less cheery guest. A chilly wind is whisking the last of the dead leaves off the branches, and making ready for Winter. And the chilly wind whistles a mournful tune over its task.</p> <p>All of which goes to show the wheelman must make the most of such opportunities for wheeling as offer themselves; the dark days are coming.</p> <p>I was astonished, a day or two ago, at the scarcity of wheelers on the Horsham-road. I doubt if I saw a dozen in a three hours' spin.</p> <p>True, a large consignment of fresh—very fresh!—air was coming down rapidly from somewhere in the region of the North Pole! But the exertion necessary to ride against it kept one from feeling uncomfortably cold, whilst its keen crispness was delightful.</p> <p>The road, too, was in fine order, and the going</p>	<p>The road, too, was in fine order, and the going could not have been better. A comfortable sight was a group of barrels of tar, together with the needful implements for working it into the road along with some new metal about to be laid.</p> <p>The Horsham-Worthing road is gradually developing into a model highway!</p> <p>Sweetening Our Roads! Whilst writing of tarred roads I am reminded of a startling innovation. A little town—in the United States, as a matter of course; in Massachusetts, as a matter of fact—is experimenting. Molasses is being spread on the roads!</p> <p>I am trying to picture it! Will the idea catch on? Or will it be the wheelman, unable to get away from the sticky mess, who will do the catching on! Is it good to eat?</p> <p>But there, 'tis too serious a matter altogether for prose. Hold tight, good reader!</p> <p>When treacled highways are the rule, Who knows what curious things may be! Shall we adhere as doth the fly When on the sticky paper he So gently lights?</p> <p>Or shall we, when King Hunger, keen, Gives out commands imperial, View those sweet roads as kindly friends, Staying, with road material, Our appetites?</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>	
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