

TROUBLE IN THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB.

The Springfield Bicycle Club are in trouble again. This time it is not debt, but the conardrum, "Where are Treas. Fennessey's books?" Mr. Fennessey brought the books of 1883 and 1884 to the regular meeting on the evening of Nov. 20, and all the vouchers, receipts and contracts the club had made for Hampden Park track and other matters. After the meeting, Mr. Fennessey claims, instead of carrying them to the bank where they are usually kept, he locked them in a desk at the club-rooms. He states that the next day he discovered the books were missing. The directors were notified, but thought they had been taken by some member and would be returned soon. The treasurer reported on the 15th from Nov. 20, and his statement was not accepted. Members of the club censure the treasurer for carelessness in leaving so exposed books recording to the amount of over \$40,000. The directors are confident that a new set of books can be made from memoranda which members of the club possess. Mr. Fennessey says the books were taken to injure him. The club's next meeting is Feb. 5. The club have had considerable trouble of late. Not long ago a theft from a cash-box in the rooms occurred. In this box the members who played billiards were accustomed to put a small sum for each game, the fund being intended to pay for tables.

WEBB SUSPENDED.

The Edinburgh Centre of the National Cyclists' Union have suspended Mr. H. J. Webb, the well-known tricyclist, for one year, and recommended the executive to indorse the verdict. The investigation of Mr. Webb's claim for the record to John o'Groats came before the body. In a letter to the Centre, Webb withdrew his claim to the record, assigning as his reason for doing so the fact that Mr. Hall having left London, the proof which that gentleman could alone give was not forthcoming, and he therefore considered his present course the most straightforward one which he could adopt. Mr. Webb also dilated strongly on the great hardships he had of late suffered in common with Mr. Hall, and also stated that the latter gentleman had repeatedly been followed by detectives. (?) He further gave out that next year, at a suitable time, he would again attempt the Land's End to John o'Groats record, provided a proper system of checking could be devised by the National Cyclists' Union. The opinion of the meeting tended strongly to deprecate the making of records for purely trade purposes, and also considered that when a man claims a record, and is perfectly certain—like Mr. Webb—that same is beyond cavil, he should on no account withdraw from his claim, the very fact of doing so being strong *prima facie* evidence of his guilt.

It turns out that the death of Col. Newton, who was said to have met with a tricycle accident in London (Eng.), cannot be verified. The whole thing is veiled in mystery, and English papers assert that a London reporter must have been hard pressed for "copy."

CYCLIST AND CYCLING.

The tricycle has established itself as a necessary of daily life. The number of country houses where it is to be found is very great, and rapidly increasing; and although in houses where there are plenty of horses and carriages, cycles will, of course, not assume the position of paramount importance which they occupy in more limited establishments, the presence of one will soon be the rule rather than the exception. Even where plenty of horses are kept it is popular. Wherever there are active lads and healthy young ladies there are sure to be tricycles; but young ladies and gentlemen have their horses and ponies, and to them cycling is only an additional means of amusement. To others, in such houses, it is of more importance. The butler rides off on his tricycle to visit tradesmen or friends in the neighboring towns, or some active young footman is only too delighted to save the groom the trouble of saddling a horse, and will bring back an answering note in less time than would be occupied by a mounted messenger. When one thinks of the sedentary and confined lives necessarily led by domestic servants, he sees how much improved health and cheerful service are promoted by cycling, and will do his best to promote it. In the establishments of hard-worked professional men it is very welcome. To country doctors especially it has been found a boon. One of them, with a wide district to look after, and gifted with an athletic frame, has ridden over 3000 miles per annum for some years past in the pursuit of his avocation. Clergymen used them for their rounds. I, who live by the seashore in summer, know more than one young curate, who dwells miles away inland, and who gets his morning dip in the breakers and is back in his parish before breakfast. A pianoforte-tuner rides pleasantly from one house to another: a weary tramp used to be his lot; now his longer journeys are nothing more than a healthful spin over the country roads. A music-master with whom I foregathered in a country lane recorded with glee his gain in health, time and shoe-leather since he took to the tricycle. He could give half as many lessons again as before. Another rider travels from farm to farm selling yeast to the farmers' wives. He has a carrier tricycle, and economises the keep of a pony. Still lower in the social scale the labor-saving result is even more observed. It is now by no means uncommon to see, in the neighborhood of towns, mechanics making their way home from their work on a bicycle. Who shall overrate its importance to these men? In the first place, it means, under the most favorable circumstances, the saving of a daily railway fare; in many it is more than that. It means the possibility of living in healthy country air instead of a deadly city slum, lower rent, healthy wife and children. And in every such instance it means sobriety as well, for nobody who had to make his daily way home on a bicycle would handicap his chance of arriving safely by too long a visit to the public-house. In the country district that I know best agricultural laborers live far away from their work, and ride morning and evening to and fro. A mechanic could easily do eight or ten miles as his daily journey when his walking power

would be limited to three or four. In the neighborhood of towns, plasterers, glaziers and carpenters, with their tool-baskets at their backs, may be seen at the close of work hours making their way through the suburbs to their country homes. In Coventry, which may be looked upon as the home of the cycling industry, and in many other towns, tricycles are almost exclusively employed to carry messages, and workmen habitually ride home in the dinner hour.—LORD BURY in *Nineteenth Century*.

A LADY RIDER.

The Boston *Herald's* New York correspondent, Miss Lookabout, has the following: "The newest performer in public is the girl who rides the tricycle. She has waited a long time before getting courage enough to make her rather unseasonable *debut* in Central Park, and only does so at length after much practice in more obscure places. She is an object of staring curiosity, and the horses are scared by her, but to human spectators she is far from hideous. She has a lithe, shapely figure, for otherwise she wouldn't display herself; and there is no Bloomerism in the costume which she has adopted. Knickerbocker trousers and a short skirt were originally prescribed for this service, but she is not such a fool as to think of seeking pleasure while looking like a fright. Her hat is a jauntily-fashionable turlan of fur, and has a feather to float behind, imparting a sense of rapid, airy motion. Her bodice is covered nearly down to the elbows by fur, but the small girth of her waist is left in view. The skirt is woollen and dark, and plenty of wide bands of fur, so that she looks warm, whether she is or not. Her shoes are solid and low, but are becomingly belittled by the fur leggings which come down over them. As her hands are in fur-backed gloves, she suggests the four paws of a kitten by the terminals of her limbs. A concealed elastic cord contracts the hem of her drapery, and therefore the expectant observer might as well wait for the wind to blow up a sunrise at midnight as to count on any wafure of her petticoats. This safeguard to her modesty is requisite, because there is no mass of underskirts which would impede her action in working the treadle. She relies on tight-fitting garments next the skin for warmth. She is usually to be seen in the forenoon, and there are as yet few duplicates of her, but she usually belongs to a family so eminent socially that she can do no wrong, and so her example will soon be numerously followed. She deems it essential to maintain the swiftest possible speed, and this practice makes the sight of her brief and flitting, but I suppose we may expect, after awhile, to see our approved heiresses as frequently on the tricycle as we do now on horseback.—*Bicycling World*.

When a man is riding a bicycle down hill he looks neither to the right nor the left, but appears to be gazing about 500 years into futurity, as if trying to solve the problem of the hereafterness of the unknowableness of the unknowable hereafter. He is not, however. He is simply wondering, in case of a sudden header, whether he would escape with his nose broken.