

AFTER THE RECORDS.

Springfield, Oct. 13th.—W. A. Rowe against time:

	M.	S.
First mile.....	2	37 1-5
Second mile.....	5	14
Third mile.....	8	02 1-5
Fourth mile.....	10	45
Fifth mile.....	13	27 2-5

Springfield, Oct. 14th.—W. A. Rowe against time:

	M.	S.
First mile.....	2	35 2-5
Two miles.....	5	11
Three miles.....	7	48 4-5

At Coventry (Eng.), on Oct. 8, Tom Battensby, of Newcastle, lowered the professional tricycle record from two to ten miles. Howell and Bert made pace, and Henry Sturmer held the clock. The air was still and warm, but the track was rather heavy. Times:

	M.	S.
One mile.....	2	58 1-5
Two miles.....	5	47 2-5
Three miles.....	8	45
Four miles.....	11	41 1-5
Five miles.....	14	42
Six miles.....	17	40 4-5
Seven miles.....	20	41
Eight miles.....	23	45
Nine miles.....	26	47
Ten miles.....	29	41 3-5

He rode a Rudge Crescent.

Wm. A. Rhodes, of Dorchester, Mass., made a successful dash at the bicycle records on the Hampton Park track, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 9. The day was a perfect one, with no breeze, and the track was excellent. Rhodes' great feat was to ride twenty-one miles within the hour, and he is the first rider in the world to do it. He made new world's records from eleven miles up. Rhodes rode in magnificent form throughout, bending way over the handle-bars, and sitting up but once or twice. He was paced by F. F. Ives, of Meriden, Conn., the greater part of the way, Jack Illston, of Hartford, and Willie Haradon, of Springfield, alternating with him. The new records which he made, with the old ones he has broken, are as follows:

Miles.	Rhodes' Time.	Rowe's former World Record.
11.....	31:11	31:37 1-5
12.....	33:57 1-5	34:32 3-5
13.....	36:52	37:24 3-5
14.....	39:38 3-5	40:25
15.....	42:29 2-5	43:26 1-5
16.....	45:14 1-5	46:19 2-5
17.....	48:03 4-5	49:25
18.....	50:53 2-5	52:25 1-5
19.....	53:38 1-5	55:22 2-5
20.....	56:28 2-5	58:20
21.....	59:12 2-5	

Greatest distance in the hour.

A full force of officials witnessed the ride against time, and the timers were C. E. Whipple, Arthur L. Atkins and H. G. Cornish.

Champion Rowe could not rest under the knowledge that his hour's record had been taken from him, and so he essayed to take back that taken from him by Rhodes. The day did not promise much as a record day, but before he had been running long the wind died out entirely. The records taken as below are all world's records from six miles to finish:

Miles.	M.	S.	Miles.	M.	S.
1.....	2:40	2-5	12.....	33:09	
2.....	5:28	4-5	13.....	35:54	2-5
3.....	8:11		14.....	38:43	4-5
4.....	10:57	2-5	15.....	41:32	1-5
5.....	13:42	1-5	16.....	44:25	
6.....	16:31	1-5	17.....	47:12	1-5
7.....	19:16		18.....	50	
8.....	22:04	1-5	19.....	52:47	7-5
9.....	24:48		20.....	55:30	
10.....	27:37	1-5	21.....	58:19	2-5
11.....	30:22	4-5			

* World's record from this on to finish.

Within the hour, 21 miles 1149 1-3 yards. This beats Rhodes' record by about 615 yards. This brings the record 610 yards short of 22 miles. Will it be done this season? It will be observed that in the above run Rowe failed to get the two to five mile record held by Rhodes, and so Wednesday he started to cover same. Rowe's times: One mile, 2.37 1-5; two miles, 5.14; three miles, 8.2 1-5; four miles, 10.45; five miles, 13.27 2-5, cutting Rhodes' record of 13.30 two and two-fifths seconds.

A. G. Whittaker has had a try at the twenty-four hour record, and claims to have made the following times:

	M.	S.
50 miles.....	2	59 50 2-5
100 ".....	6	1 30
150 ".....	10	28 52
200 ".....	15	30 70
300 ".....	23	46 —

C. H. Frazier claims the mile Star record in 2.38 2-5.

IN THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

DEAR OLD WHEELMAN,—“Garth Grafton” is a bright, clever and entertaining lady journalist now on the staff of the *Globe*. I wrote her the following letter the other day:

MADAM,—I am a young man; ride the bicycle and wear knickerbockers whenever I mount my wheel, but the Small Boy objects to this radical change in my attire, and expresses his dislike in remarks that hurt my feelings almost as much as a “header.” Now, I would ask you, as a regulator of fashion and a dress critic, what is your opinion as to the effect upon the public mind of a pair of nickers and high-ribbed stockings? If we were to boldly march forth, arrayed to a man in these garments, would you object? Would it affect our standing in society, or has the Small Boy really the confidence of the public in his criticism?

As her reply may be of interest to the rest of the Knickerbocker Fraternity, I send it to you for insertion in THE WHEELMAN if you think well:

You ride the bicycle! Then I condole with you as one who has passed through one of earth's severest trials. It was my painful privilege to watch earth trying Theophilus after the bicycle method the other day. My respect for Theophilus has never been the same since. I hope, while riding the bicycle, you are careful to adopt an expression consistent with the festive nature of your acrobatic performance. Some bicyclists don't. I have in my mind's eye a man who trundles along Jarvis street every day with the facial cast he might reasonably be expected to assume at the funeral of his long-lost uncle. Another wears an expression of painful anxiety. Another stares fixedly before him into space as if possessed of a grim determination to solve the mystery of fate before he reaches his boarding-place. Another tilts his hat a little to the left and bows along with a pensive, far-away look—it's easy to guess what he is thinking of! Dinner? No. Her! Now, you may say that all these expressions are adopted with intent to impress the passing acquaintance feminine with the idea that the bicyclist doesn't know she's there, that the wheel becomes so familiar as a means of transit that its rider rides as he would walk, and so forth; but I assure you if you knew how positively ridiculous you do look with any of them on, you would on no account permit yourself to appear in them. As to the knickerbockers, you have my sympathies again. Your deference to the opinions of the Small Boy is an act of tact and precaution. He may see it and be appeased. Having thus propitiated him, however, if I were you I would continue to wear the “knickers.” They are immensely becoming to the Canadian youth, the average American is a caricature in them, for obvious reasons. But the average American, under almost any circumstance, is a caricature beside the average Canadian. This is written, as the lawyers say, “without prejudice.” If you were boldly to march forth, arrayed to a man in these garments—no, I wouldn't object, I should applaud—and criticize. Would it affect your “standing in society”? That's just like a man! How could it, if you all did it? Anyway, I don't see why you shouldn't stand in society, or anywhere else, quite as comfortable in knickerbockers as in what you ought to call trousers, but don't usually, I am sorry to say. No, the Small Boy has not the “confidence of the public in his criticism.” The Small Boy has the confidence of the public in nothing whatever.—GARTH GRAFTON.

Toronto, Oct. 20, 1886.

PETE.

Why is a colored professional cyclist like the rubber you use for erasing ink-marks? Because he is an “inky racer” (ink eraser).

YE LAST-LAP BELL.

When the trumpet sounds on the warrior's ear,
He grasps his brand, for the foe is near;
And the ardor of battle fills his breast,
As he rushes forth to its stern behest:
So flies to the front the peaceful steel,
And swiftly flashes the glittering wheel,
As the rider hears 'mid the voices' swell
The thrilling sound of the last-lap bell!

For he knows the battle is nearly done,
As the fliers close surely, one by one;
And the struggle is fierce, but hopes are high,
While gallantly moving they swiftly fly
With a desperate speed, for the goal is near,
All heedless of danger in front or rear—
No need of the shouts of the crowd to tell
Of that “One more lap,” for they hear the bell!

As the jaded steed at the spur will spring
With vigorous bound—so the warning ring,
That floats on the breeze with its music shrill,
Gives a fire and strength to resolve and will.
It speaks not to all with a voice that cheers—
The faltering waver, the faint heart fears;
Fair dreams are unreal—ah! then 'tis a knell
For a hope that is dead—a passing bell!

To the stout of heart it would seem to say,
“Courage! press on for the laurel to-day
Is yours if you battle in knightly sort,
Though rivals are strong and the distance short!”
And all craven thoughts to the winds are thrown—
Merrily, steadily holding his own,
The victor discovers a potent spell
In the echoing ring of the last-lap bell!

—F. F. S. in *Cyclist*.

“Lars Porsena,” in the *Bulletin*, says: Passing from men to times, Furnivall said that had he been able to afford a longer stay at Long Eaton he would have put the records where they ought to be. This was a strong statement for Furnivall, who, as a rule, cannot be persuaded to take a sanguine view of his own powers, and we asked him what he regarded as the bottom limit for the mile record. He replied that he could not say, but that he thought that if Dick Howell was started behind the trotter Maud S., with a couple of boards up on the car to protect him from the windage, he could get very close to the trotting records and certainly do 2.20. “For,” said the champion, “I reckon this way. So perfect are ball-bearings nowadays that their friction need not be considered—nor do I take any particular account of the friction when the wheel strikes the path. Windage is everything. Thus, as the trotter cuts through the air, the bicyclist following has only to hang on and the record *must* go—see?” We explained that we saw the *rationale*, though the “hanging on” from personal experience did not strike us as so simple. Furnivall is, however, persuaded, in his own mind, that Howell and Wood, and we think we may say Percy Furnivall, could stick to Maud S. very nearly, if not quite, through a mile. The grave young man went on to say: “No real credit is due to the record-breaker himself. It is due to the pacemakers who take him along. Better tracks and artistic, speedful pacemaking are the secrets of the great records lately accomplished.”

“Ho! stand aside!” the wheelman cried,
As down the road he went
At break-neck speed, “for I am bound
To reach the tournament.”

He struck a stone; the header came,
And o'er the wheel he went
In graceful summersets—alas!
‘T was not the turn he meant.

—Al. Spink, in *St. Louis Critic*.