

Chicago Letter.

Battery D Armory was the scene of many an exciting spurt during the week just past. It was there that the professional six-day race took place, and at no time during the week was the interest allowed to decrease. What struck one very forcibly on entering the armory was the large attendance of the fair sex, and they were not behind the men in cheering on the riders. The gentlemen who officiated were:—Starter, Hon. Carter Harrison; referee, John O. Blake; judges, Geo. K. Barrett and F. Ed. Spooner; scorers, L. C. Breyfogle, J. Jay Ross; and — Wagner; business manager, W. J. Morgan; manager, T. W. Eck. On Monday, Jan. 18th, at 2.48 p.m., the following men were given the word to “go”: Chas. Ashinger, Omaha; Wm. Wood, Alfred Robb, Birmingham, Eng.; J. W. Lamb, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.; Wallace Stage, Aberdeen, Scotland; M. J. O’Flanagan, Ireland; and Alfred Schock, Chicago. Robb fell out after riding about five miles. He had just come off the steamer on Saturday, and the swaying of the track made him seasick. O’Flanagan also stopped on the first day. They, however, came on during the week to make pace for the “stayers.” Schock was taken ill Tuesday afternoon, and had to leave the track for good. Wood was seized with cramps on Wednesday and lost considerable ground. He returned, however, and pluckily stuck out until the evening, when his nose began to bleed, which compelled him to retire until Thursday. But the cramps came on again, and after running his score up to 400 miles he left the track until Saturday evening. This was a great disappointment to many, as Wood was looked upon as a sure winner. Ashinger, Stage and Lamb were then the real participants in the race. On Monday Stage lost four laps in making a change of wheels. Lamb lost two in the same way and one by not riding fast enough to keep up. He also lost nine more on the same day through an unfortunate accident. One of the riders in throwing down his drinking bottle let it slip, and it fell immediately under Lamb’s wheel, giving him a terrible fall. He recovered in a few moments and, mounting a new machine, pluckily tried to make up the twelve laps he had now lost, but without success. On Tuesday Lamb and Stage gained four laps each, making the latter even with Ashinger, and the former eight laps in the rear. He repeatedly tried to gain on the leaders, but they would not permit it. But on Friday night he caught

them napping, and gained a lap. Try as he would, though, he could get no nearer, and they crossed the line on Saturday night in this order: Ashinger, Stage and Lamb, amidst tremendous cheering from the large crowd present. Stage was beaten by barely two feet, and tried desperately to beat Ashinger for the last three miles, but the American was too much for the Scot. During the last evening the people present were greatly excited, and threw out green backs and coin to the riders, which was scooped up by their trainers. A very clever exhibition of trick riding was given every afternoon and evening by Prof. Charles Lay of this city. His most difficult trick was taking off the forks and handle bar while riding around on the big wheel and doing the revolving act on it without anything but the pedals and cranks. On Tuesday night Richard Howell, the well-known racer, rode a three mile race against Robb, and beat him by about six feet. Wednesday night Howell and O’Flanagan rode three miles and the little Irishman suffered defeat. But on Thursday night he got even in defeating Howell and Robb in a two mile race, and the boy in green owned the town from that time on. On Friday night Wood was Howell’s conqueror in a three mile race. On Saturday night O’Flanagan turned the tables on Wood by crossing the tape first in a five mile race. Two extra attractions were given on the last night. One being a try at the amateur indoor record for one mile by Geo. K. Barrett, who succeeded in cutting off ten seconds, doing the mile in 2.43. Roy Keator rode a record mile on his unicycle in four minutes. The final score was:

	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Laps.</i>
Ashinger	727	I
Stage	727	I
Lamb	726	II
Wood	474	2
O’Flanagan.....	268	II
Schock	151	
Robb	138	II

The track was seventeen laps to the mile and shaped exactly like a saucer, being five feet above the floor on the outer edge and fourteen feet wide. On account of the small track the scorers had to keep their eyes on the riders continually to avoid missing a lap, and as a result they were dreaming of races all the time. In fact the thing got to be such a nuisance that I gave it up on Friday afternoon and went into the box office for the rest of the week. While in the barber’s chair on Friday morning I dozed away for a few moments and then startled the barber by calling out “Lamb, another mile,” and even now I can see nothing but men flying around