

no first-class racer bestrides the Star, unless, perhaps, Charley Kluge. But Kluge seems decidedly broke this season compared with last year's form, and it is hardly probable that he will pick up sufficiently this year to get anywhere near the fast-crank pedalers.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for Oct., Professor Goldwin Smith writes an article entitled "England revisited." In it he gives the following flattering impressions of English healthy amusements, including bicycling: "Among luxuries are not to be counted the healthy amusements which are made more than ever necessary by the pressure and tension of commercial life. In travelling I have been struck with the number of cricket matches and local festivities of all kinds that were going on. The bicycle, too, is evidently a most happy invention; it must not only give healthy pleasure to city youth, but take it away from city pleasures which are not so healthy. England has roads suited for the bicycle which America has not."

On Oct. 23, Horace G. Crocker, of Newton, Mass., a professional, tried for the ten mile tri-cycle world's record held by G. A. Gatehouse, of England. He missed it by 28 seconds, but made new professional world's record and American records for all distances over the mile, and now holds all but the three-quarters and the mile, which Howell has held for a year. Crocker was paced by Woodside, Rowe and Hendee on bicycles. His times were: Quarter mile, 45 4-58; half mile, 1m. 28 4-58; three-quarters mile, 2m. 12 2-58; mile, 2m. 578; two miles, 5m. 53 4-58; three miles, 8m. 49 1-58; four miles, 11m. 508; five miles, 14m. 15 1-58; six miles, 17m. 49 4-58; seven miles, 20m. 518; eight miles, 23m. 53 3-58; nine miles, 26m. 568; ten miles, 29m. 54 3-58.

Fred Wood is real mad at his alleged shabby treatment at Springfield. To a reporter he, the other day, unbosomed himself as follows: "I will never visit this country again, and I will do my utmost to prevent all Englishmen from participating in any races with the Springfield Club. The Springfield Club formed new rules, of the existence of which I was entirely ignorant. The club did not take any pains to inform me of it either. After I had won two races I went to Treasurer Marsh to get my prizes, and he informed me that I was fined \$20. I inquired the cause, and was told that I 'lapsed' on the track, and that I did not get to a certain point in a given time. I told him that I was ignorant of any such rules, and he replied: 'You Englishmen come over here and do just as you please, but we have shut down on that business.' I have always labored under the impression that when a man is competing in a race he may exercise his own judgment as to the best methods to pursue in order to win."

AM I AN OLD FOGY?

The amateur question is a chestnut—wormy, too. It has been written nearly out. Still, I should like to be permitted to say my say, which is, that the old, time-honored definition of an amateur as a gentleman who does not contend for a wager or a money prize, nor with those who do so, is good enough for me. I can't see wherein our sport is so different from all other sports as to need a different definition of an amateur. Our

boat clubs train and expend much money and time preparing themselves for racing. Somebody pays the bills. We have sent amateur boat crews to England. But nobody objected to them because their expenses were paid. Our wonderful sprint runner, Meyers, went to England and cut down all the records, coming back loaded with medals and fame. To accomplish this required months, and even several successive years, of training. But nobody ever asked if he paid all the heavy expense of this out of his own pocket. He remained an amateur until he ran for a money stake. Are we proud of him? Well, rather.

I don't race. I ride on my dignity, not on my speed. I would like to trade a mountain of dignity for just a little bit of speed, but can't. But when I go to see races I want to see speed. Especially when I pay for seeing races do I want to see the best speed there is. I would pay a dollar to see Hendee, Rowe, and Weber contend in a record-breaking race sooner than I would pay a dime to see all the duflers between Halifax and the city of Mexico cover their miles in over three minutes. The flying "Get There" captures my money and my enthusiasm; so he does the money and enthusiasm of the American people. The American people want to see the fliers; they don't care a straw for the duflers. If bicycling wants to captivate the American people, it has got to parade the fliers. If the League wants to spread the glory of the wheel, it has got to beat the British records, and breed the fastest fliers in the world. That is one of the surest ways to make bicycling universally popular.

Well, now, fliers don't grow like weeds. They have to be carefully cultivated from the hardest stock. Somebody has got to pay for their cultivation. Hendee and Rowe and Weber and the rest can't beat the English unless they spend months of time and hundreds of dollars of expense in training and procuring the best wheels that can be manufactured. Not one in a thousand of the fliers is a rich man. The flying stock is usually derived from the ranks of labor and active business. Unless somebody foots the bills, you don't have fliers. Whether the club, or a manufacturer, or a wealthy promoter of the sport pays the expenses, makes no difference with the result. It is the trained cracks who draw,—who always will draw,—who do more to promote bicycling as a national sport than any other class. So long as they do not ride for wages, or with betting men, they are amateurs in the old-fashioned sense. Why should they not be? But there are, or may be, amateurs and amaturs. Why not compromise this business, and divide amateurs into two classes? Class A: Those who pay their own expenses, and fall within the present rule. Class B: Those whose expenses are paid in whole or in part by their clubs, or by promoters of the sport, no matter who, provided that such expenses are paid by men who are themselves gentlemen amateurs, and not gamblers; and disqualify any who ride in a class to which they do not belong. It seems to me that here is the sensible compromise. This would give Class A a fair chance, and their best men would graduate into Class B, and so keep this class of renowned fliers full to hold the championship for this country. If the League is to take entire charge of racing, it may also create a third and wholly separate class of distinctively professionals.—PRESIDENT BATES, in *Bicycling World*.

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