

DUNLOP TYRES

BEST AND CHEAPEST TYRES FOR 'CYCLES, AND ARE GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS

NEW ZEALAND DEPOT:

128 Lichfield St., Christchurch.

CYCLING.

An interviewer who has just been inquiring after the ultimate fate of old bicycles had a conversation on the matter with a well-known maker of high-class bicycles. 'You may take it,' observed the maker of cycles, 'that a good many years elapse before a machine arrives at that stage when the only thing to be done with it is to sell it at breaking-up price. If you ask me what becomes of second-hand machines when they reach a rusty old age, I can only answer that their fate is one of two things—they are either turned into "new" machines or they are packed on board a ship and dispatched to distant climes, where they delight the hearts of unsuspecting natives. However, not much is done in the way of turning old machines into "new" ones. The process is too costly. The dealer in ninety-fifth rate bicycles finds it cheaper to build a new machine than to rig up an old one. Where most of the second-hand machines go is to the country districts in Great Britain, and to India and Japan. Formerly huge consignments were sent to Australia, but tastes have changed over there recently, and only new goods are in demand. Immense numbers of machines are sent to Africa, where the natives are very keen on riding any sort of iron steed.'

Says an American exchange:—'A great international bicycle race, lasting six whole days, terminated at New York on December 12th. As an exhibition of endurance it was not without interest, but there were features about it which should condemn it in the eyes of any sensible person. The race, which took place on the track of the Madison Square Garden, a great amphitheatre, commenced at midnight on Sunday and finished at ten o'clock on the Saturday, lasting 142 hours. During the whole of this time the competitors who finished were on the track, except for occasional brief intervals. Twenty-seven started, but only fifteen fought out the race to the end, and of these ten beat the record, 1600 miles. Hale, the winner, accomplished no less than 1911 miles, which gives him an average of very nearly fifteen miles an hour. He led from the twentieth hour onwards, and finished strongly amid tremendous applause from the thousands of Irishmen who thronged the building to cheer on their countryman. Many of the other competitors were, however, in a grievous condition. Few, it is said, were able to stand without support when they retired, and many during the latter part of the week had gone out of their minds through fatigue and want of sleep. The rider who finished second was under the delusion during the last two days that he was the only man taking the turns properly, and that all the others were going wrong. He also thought the spectators and his fellow-riders were throwing stones and brickbats at him, and expostulated with them for their imaginary action. Another unfortunate man took it into his head that he was going the wrong way round, and turning his machine started off in the opposite direction to that in which the others were going. After some difficulty he was set going again the right way. Hale himself showed momentary signs of hallucination in the last afternoon, when he asserted that there was a conspiracy to run him down, but otherwise he was perfectly well throughout the race. His victory would bring him in about £1,000, of which all but some £260—the amount of the prize offered—came from the manufacturers of the various cycle fittings he used. It was a good sum for a week's work, but dearly earned, we should think, at the expense of the ten years of life which an eminent doctor has declared will be the penalty paid by him and all the competitors for their unnatural exertions. Such brutal exhibitions do no real good and supply humiliating evidence of the survival to this day of that taste which in bygone times crowded the Coliseum in Rome, and of which the bull fight is the worst existing instance.' Now, I fail to catch on to the logic of the concluding lines. Rather, I should say, is it an evidence of the universal desire to obtain notoriety and £. s. d.—the latter a secondary matter, of course. Where the brutality of the exhibition comes in is not apparent. The men were paid for their efforts, and it was entirely optional whether they con-

tinued in the race after they felt that they had got almost to the end of their tether. As to the good the exhibition will do, that phase of the question was probably never considered by the promoters—there was money in it, and what more powerful incentive was necessary. As well might we question the moral aspect involved in the consideration of the utility of the numerous insignificant race meetings held every month.

Martin's Adelaide feat of putting up a world's record for a mile (napped) of zmin zsec is all the more meritorious when it is considered that the thermometer showed 102 in the shade.

The inner history of the re-statement during late years of one or two disqualified athletes would be interesting. Such things have been worked in this way: A man disqualified for alleged crookedness applies for re-admission and threatens slander actions against all who asperse him. The final deliberations are private, but the applicant takes his job to a lawyer, who happens to be a member of the disqualifying committee or council. Having no legal privilege, everybody on the committee is meek as milk, and the disqualified person crawls back to the racing-path 'without a stain.'

The sporting writer on the Sydney *Bulletin* seems to have conceived a peculiar attachment to Martin, the American bicyclist, who is causing so much trouble in cycling circles in Australia. Probably it is quite in keeping with the customs of the paper to help the weak against the strong—especially when the latter is made stronger by heaps of the earth's red gold (this crime being unpardonable in others by the B.), but to bolster up a case for Martin, who has done so much to bring discredit on cycling, will not tend to popularise the paper. This, of course, is a matter of no interest to outsiders, nor is it anyone's business, but it is humiliating to think there is a paper in the colonies that allows its pages to be stultified by a defence of practices that are so palpably 'erratic' as not to need even an investigation to secure their suppression.

Great interest is being taken in the projected tour to Tarawera, which the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, of Napier, contemplates holding in the Easter holidays. A great number of members intend to go, and with good roads and favourable weather, a pleasant trip may be anticipated.

Mr John Petrie, the well-known special correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*, has been on a visit to the Taranaki district. Mr Petrie is an enthusiastic cyclist, and during the last two years has wheeled over 25,000 miles throughout New Zealand.

One of the reforms which is credited to the bicycle (says *Harper's Weekly*) is that it has put reasonable and sensible shoes on women's feet. No woman can bike comfortably in French heels, or in a shoe that does injustice to her toes. The foot that treads the pedal must have a fair chance for liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It cannot be cramped or pinched, or perched on any insecure foundation. It must have fair play, and neither fashion nor personal vanity thwarts its demand.

Scissored from the *Bulletin*:—'Only one or two of the Melbourne cycle agencies have risen to the occasion at the cycle show in the Exhibition Building, and the majority of the stands consist merely of several rows of bicycles on a raised dais, with no points to distinguish the exhibit from the ordinary every-day shop-window. The advertising of the races in connection with the show was a triumph of imbecility. As a result, the attendance was poor in the afternoon, and only mediocre at night, whereas, if properly announced, Bilmartin and Porta's names would have been good enough for a 10,000 crowd. Martin followed up his Adelaide successes by collaring the £25 for the First-Class Mile after a desperate battle with Don Walker all the way up the straight. Walker has done practically nothing since he beat Zimmermann, but as he run Bill to a few inches on Saturday night his form must be recovering. Megson is another man who showed one of his old-time sprints in the heat of the Five Mile Scratch, when he beat Porta badly in the run home. Martin won his heat of the classic event as he liked, and as Ken Lewis has also qualified for the final next Saturday the meeting of these two will be looked forward to with interest. The *Bulletin* wonders whether—but on second thoughts the *Bulletin* won't wonder. The second and third-class handicap final was a succession of crosses, bores, and jostles from start to finish, and the surprise is that only one man, Peryman, was brought down. A number of protests have been directed against Symonds, and that gentleman will probably be warned from his wobblesome habits. A few words to Berry (the son of the Speaker, as the *Argus* always has it) on the subject of passing on the inside would also not be out of place. The races were very nearly not coming off at all, for with the resignation of the officials who acted at the Martin-Lewis match, the L.V.W. has nobody left willing and competent to conduct the sport.'

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

(BY ARGUS.)

TO SECRETARIES OF SAILING, ROWING, SWIMMING, CYCLING, CRICKET, BOWLING, TENNIS AND GOLF-CLUBS.

It having been suggested to the editor of the *NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC* that members of athletic clubs are desirous of better representation in the press, as to their doings, we have decided to set apart a special column for the purpose of chronicling the events in the several branches of sport mentioned, and will be obliged if secretaries will forward each week any interesting items of news. Our columns will also be open at all times to correspondence relative to matters affecting sport, and we will be glad to answer queries of a similar character.]

NEW ZEALAND POLO ASSOCIATION.

THAT potential dictator, 'the general public,' is most conservative in its opinions on sport. At the same time it persistently clings to the idea that sport must be adapted to the requirements of the masses, as distinct from the classes—that is, of course, if the sports are to be a financial success. Where these requirements are not catered for, the patronage of the 'general public' is withheld. First of these desiderata is that the sports must be easily and cheaply accessible; secondly, there must be a distinct spice of danger in the proceedings—for do we not all in our heart of hearts echo Lindsay Gordon's lines:—

'There never yet was a game worth a rap
For rational men to play,
Into which no accident or mishap
Could possibly find its way.'

Thirdly, and lastly, to secure the attendance and support of the masses, the sport must be such that anyone desirous of doing so may take part in it by expending a few shillings in the necessary outfit.

Hence it is that the grand sport of polo does not number the general public among its devotees. It is distinctly a sport that can never be disassociated from an abundance of the root of all evil, and therefore will never be popular with people who are not overburdened with wealth, though, as a sport, it has no superior in interest and scientific display.

That this is so was amply proved during the progress of the Polo Tournament last week at Potter's Paddock, Auckland. Play opened on Wednesday with a match (in the first round of the Savile Cup) between Auckland and Orua. The latter team was composed of Messrs O. Robinson (1), J. Strang (2), A. Strang (3), R. McLennan, Captain (4). Auckland:—R. H. Wynyard (1), E. D. O'Rorke, Captain (2), H. C. Tonks (3), W. Gordon (4). McLennan won the toss, and started the game with a breeze in their favour. Some excellent give and take play was indulged in, neither team gaining more than a point's advantage. J. Strang and Robinson played splendidly for their side, both in defence and in attack, whilst O'Rorke and Tonks were almost invincible. Stubbornly and cleverly was each foot of ground contested, and after an exciting and desperate game the scores were 8 goals each. According to the rules, the game was played off, and after a few minutes skirmishing, A. Strang effected a pretty drive through the posts, Orua thus winning by 8 goals to 7. The ponies were an exceedingly clever lot, and in first-class condition.

Only two teams competed for the Junior Cup, viz., Whareraangi—composed of Messrs P. Dolbell (1), S. Bennett (2), C. Bennett (3), and S. J. Bennett, Captain (4); and Auckland II, comprising Messrs A. Hanna (1), C. Purchas (2), E. G. Elliott (3), and J. Wynyard, Captain (4). The latter team was out-classed from the start, and never had a chance. Whareraangi played a pretty and concerted game, and won by 9 goals to 2.

The second match of the Savile Cup tournament took place on Thursday between Christchurch and Orua. The Orua team was the same as before, Christchurch being represented by Messrs G. Gould (1), S. Bennett (2), B. Lane (3), Hon. E. W. Parker (4). Mr R. H. Rhodes was unable to play, and Mr S. Bennett, of the Whareraangi team, was substituted. This was even a more stubborn game than that between Auckland and Orua. Some brilliant play was put in by Mr S. Bennett and Hon. Parker for Christchurch, and the Strang brothers displayed great cleverness for their side. The game resulted in a win for Christchurch by 3 goals to 2.

Manawatu and Rangitikei then took the field to decide their bout. Manawatu team:—F. McRae (1), S. Baker, Captain (two), F. Snow (three), W. Lloyd (4). Rangitikei:—H. Wilson (1), E. Keiller (2), K. Dalrymple (3), A. Keiller, Captain (4). Rangitikei was overpowered at every point of the game, and though occasionally showing fairly good form, was eventually defeated by 8 goals to 1. The Manawatu men played splendidly together, evidencing careful practice.

Owing to the heavy rain that set in on Friday, the final was put off till Monday.

There was a large attendance of fashionable people at the Polo Sports and Races at Ellerslie on Saturday, and the keenest interest in the proceedings was manifested. Mr W. R. Bloomfield, the Secretary, had made all necess-