

FRANK W. SHORLAND.

He is a son of one of the oldest inhabitants of New Southgate, and that may account for his old-fashioned ways. He must be a bit of a puzzle to even the oldest inhabitant, for in the words of the famous heroic, one never knows what he'll be up to next. He would make a fine hotel-keeper, to judge by the ease with which he takes people in. He will tell you the funniest story without a smile, and make you laugh at a yarn that does not contain even a grin. He has long been erroneously counted in the ranks of speed men, for he has only just attained his majority. Frank was one of the original members of the Southgate C.C., and his acquaintance with Boothroyd dates from the hundred miles' ride of the club for medals, when the lengthy youth of about sixteen started on a shaky old ordinary, and completed the distance in about nine hours, a capital performance. The acquaintance formed on that occasion has resulted in a friendship that looks like lasting a long time, and soon afterwards Shorland joined the firm of Ellis and Co., the makers of the Facile cycles. The long youth was not so long as his rides, but was shorter than his aspirations. His first noteworthy performance was the covering of 160½ miles in 12 hours, on a Geared Facile, at that time this ride was record: and, like the man-eating tiger, Shorland has sought for records that—like the roaring lion—he may devour. During the next month he rode from London to Edinburgh in 44hrs. 49min., record, of course, and a ride that created much sensation at the time. He also obtained second place to Holbein in the N.R.C.C. 24 hours' ride, completing 292 miles. But the tables have been turned since then, and without any spiritualistic agency either. About midsummer in 1890, Shorland was the first rider to beat the Brighton



From a Photo by W. Berry, Liverpool.

and back coach record single-handed—or rather double-footed. His time was 7hrs. 19min., and of course his G.F. had solid tyres. These may be considered his early efforts, and though they gave evidence of great promise, yet it is quite possible that—like other artists—he is not particularly proud of them. In August, '91, he won the

N.R.C.C. 24 hours' ride, with a score of 326 miles, in villainously bad weather, making 192 miles in the first twelve hours, which was record. In this race he rode a Farringdon rear-driver. During the past season his chief performances have been the winning of the Cuca Coca Cup, with a score of close upon 414 miles; the N.R.C.C. all-day ride, with 367 miles—making him the long-distance holder of records on both path and road—and his fine ride in the N.C.U. 50 miles' champion-ship when he finished second, only a few yards behind Zimmerman. On his Crypto-gear front-driver all these performances were satisfactorily undertaken, as well as his London to York ride in 12h. 10m., when he rode the record distance of 194½ miles in twelve hours, and then later in company with M. A. Holbein he covered the same distance on a tandem tricycle in 13h. 19m. The length of these wonderful rides is only equalled by the length of his neck, which will never be stretched because it is already long enough. He won the Cuca Cup by a neck—six miles in length. He is a genial, hearty and jolly fellow, with a pair of merry eyes that seem to dance polkas with fun. Those who say that all his performances have been accomplished on Boothroyd tyres only tell half the truth, for those tyres had to have cycles fitted to them, and the Crypto-Boothroyd combination has done wonders in his hands, that is to say under his feet. He is nephew to Jerome K. Jerome, but doesn't appear to mind it. His name is Frank, but he isn't; for he is a champion "Kidder." The WHEELER is his favourite paper, which shows that his sense is equal to his speed.