

BICYCLE COSTUMES.

IT is not surprising that these should have become an important factor in the art of woman's dress, since the sex have entered so heartily into this new sport and service.

The evolution of the bicycle costume will form an interesting history at some date not far distant; since the question of "to be bloomers," or "not to be bloomers," seems more nearly approaching settlement.

In Toronto, every ladies' costumer, from the simple dress maker, to the fashionable ladies' tailor, is studying the problem of how to please Toronto women, and in what manner to combine conventionalities and comfort in bicycle dresses. For the indications are that all the Toronto world of women, whose purses permit, are going a-bicycling with the first coming of April days.

One has only to go into any large establishment and ask for bicycle gowns, to be shown several varieties, from the plain tailor-made serge to the complex combination that evolves into bloomers, divided skirt, or skirt proper at the will of the wearer.

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We show three cuts illustrative of a new bicycle costume, made very recently at O'Brien's, after a patented design by Mr. Hassard, a Toronto man. It is a combination skirt, to be resolved into divided skirt or bloomers, as the wearer chooses.

The skirt is of dark tweed, about three yards in width, straight back, perfectly plain at the top, but gored in front to give flare and full freedom to knees.

The skirt opens in front on either side of the front breadth to the depth of eight or ten inches; the pocket is inserted here for greater convenience, while large buttons form an effective trimming. The newest bicycle gowns are all made in this fashion to avoid the ugly placket opening in the rear, when on the saddle.

From the lower edge up, the skirt is cut up back and front to within fifteen inches from the top, with flaps four inches deep extending from one side of each cut. These flaps have two rows of buttons, one on either edge.

No. 1 shows the ordinary bicycling skirt, the cuts being buttoned down, and forming a neat trimming.

No. 2 shows the cut unbuttoned from the inner edge, and buttoned to the outer edge of the flap, forming a divided skirt, the

division of which is hardly perceptible when off the wheel, because of the extreme fullness of either part.

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A drawing tape runs through the lower hem of the skirt, while elastic suspenders are fastened inside at the top, just below the waist band. A button hole is at the end of the tape, a button at the end of the suspender. When the tapes of the divided skirt are drawn to correct size they are caught up and fastened to the elastic suspenders. They may be drawn of course as high or low



as the wearer will. The fullness of material in length falls over below the knee.

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The coat accompanying this suit is a cut-away round, and jaunty in effect, without revers, but with trimming of stitching.

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The Norfolk jacket effect is generally popular for bicycle suits, but not a few will prefer the Louis Quinze or Eton styles, which permit of open blouse fronts.

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Toronto and its bicyclists form the subject of the following breezy paragraph in the London *Lady's Pictorial*. It is interesting to read what big London thinks of us and our wheels:

"Toronto—that city of telephones and blonde beauties—is going ahead in the matter of bicycling. News is to hand that the Mayor-elect intends to put down a cycling track in every new street that is constructed, and the making of new streets is chronic in the handsome capital on Lake Ontario. I wonder if, in that stronghold of the 'unco' guid,' the bicyclist, male or female, is permitted on the Sabbath day? Trams and omnibuses are not allowed on Sundays in Toronto—or at least they were not when I was there three years ago—so it would seem that Upper Canada outdoes Scotland itself

in its rigid observance of the seventh day. In other things Toronto is ahead of London. There is a very complete system of telephones, for instance, and it is possible to get up a dinner or a tobogganing party in as many minutes as we should take days—or even weeks—to arrange such a thing in London. Indeed, it is curious how behind the rest of the world we are in all such scientific appliances. St. James' street is still dim o' nights with sparse and blurred gas lamps, while should you journey up to Hammerfest in Norway—the most northerly inhabited spot in the world—you will find the roads bright and gay with the newest type of electric light."

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It is a curious fact, on which most cyclists are agreed, that women cyclists keep their heads better, are more alert, vigilant and resourceful among the dangers of the streets, than men. It is odd, too, that neurotic folk, sufferers from all the Protean forms of neurasthenia, seem to change their skins—or rather their nervous systems, once they are mounted on two

wheels. I know women who cannot drive across London in a hansom cab without suffering nameless terrors, who will yet tackle the traffic of Bond street or Knightsbridge if only they are propelling a velocipede. Does cycling induce a fictitious bracing of the nerves? Will some medical person kindly explain?—*Lady's Pictorial*.

MADAME.

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De Hardupp: I'm awfully glad the cycling and dancing seasons don't fall together!

Robinson: How's that?

De Hardupp: Well, you see, I never have my cycle and dress suit at the same time!

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Gross miscarriage of justice—six months' hard labor for taking too great an interest in a fellow-creature's 'safety.'