

Athenæum Bicycle Club.

OFFICERS:

J. P. EDWARDS	President.
W. C. MEREDITH	Vice-President.
J. H. EDDIS	Sec.-Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF THE ROAD:

J. P. LANGLEY	Captain.
A. BYRON	1st Lieutenant.
A. ECKLEY	2nd "
L. ROBERTSON	3rd "

The regular monthly meeting of the club will be held at the club rooms, Public Library Building, on the third Thursday of each month at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

A Water-Melon Run in Maryland.

This will seem a peculiar title for a bicycle run to a Canadian, but such was the inscription on an invitation received by the writer from the Maryland Bicycle Club of Baltimore at the time of the water-melon season during the past summer. One great advantage the members of the Maryland Bicycle Club possess over their less fortunate brethren of other clubs is that in addition to one of the most palatial city club houses it has been our good fortune to visit, they also have a suburban residence called the Country Club, situated about ten miles from Baltimore. It was to this point that the water-melon run was called. On a radiantly bright, but unusually hot, August Saturday afternoon, under the care of two or three choice spirits of the Club, we left the City Club House on our wheels and rodé leisurely through beautiful Druid Hill park. This park is rich in good roads, a very rare circumstance for Baltimore, as the roads within the city are, with one or two exceptions, hardly better than the *pavé* met in all the villages throughout France. The highways outside of the city, however, are good, in fact quite good, probably more appreciated on account of the strong comparison they afford to the surface of the city thoroughfares. After an enjoyable ride up and down hill for a few miles we reached the little village of Arlington, and riding down a long narrow road, skirted on either side by huge elms which reminded us very forcibly of the grand old English lanes, we are at the country quarters of the Maryland Bicycle Club. There is nothing pretentious about the appearance of the house, but an air of solid comfort is distinguishable in every nook and corner of the old wooden building. We sat under the covering of the broad verandah watching an exciting game of tennis being

played in one of the courts which lie directly in front of the house, and enjoyed a walk over the spacious grounds which are controlled by the Club.

Returning then to the house we sat down to a true Maryland dinner—fried chicken, egg plant, fried tomatoes, etc., etc., and how it was appreciated by twenty odd hungry wheelmen gathered around the festive board. Dinner ended the whole party withdrew to the lawn again, where the light from the full moon made the scene seem even more beautiful, if possible, than when seen in the sunshine. An hour or so was whiled away in relating tales of pleasant reminiscence, when we were again bidden by the ubiquitous steward to re-enter the spacious dining room, and it was now that we discovered the reason for calling the outing "A Water-Melon Run!" To say that there was an abundance of water-melon is to put it mildly. There were water-melons everywhere, water-melons suspended from the ceiling so that the luscious fruit could be eaten in the most convenient, if not the most approved, fashion. Specimens of the fruit, cut up in remarkably fantastic shapes, whole melons, little melons, gigantic melons in every conceivable variety of the water-melon. And these, we were told, had all to be eaten. When the fruit was cut up already to be served, it was a sight that would make any Northern "danky" grow pale with envy. We ate water-melons and talked; we despatched a few more portions and still the merry flow of soul continued, but even a water-melon feast must come to an end. After another hour spent in strolling around the grounds and doing battle with the energetic Maryland mosquito, who is said to be closely related to the Jersey bird of that ilk, we mounted our wheels and sped away in the path of the lengthening moon-beams, through the now silent village of Arlington towards the Monumental City, taking with us a fund of pleasant recollections of the hospitable members of Maryland Bicycle Club and their novel, yet most decidedly enjoyable, "Water-Melon Run."

The old proverb: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," is never more forcibly illustrated than when a cyclist overtakes pedestrians or horsemen on the road. "Will you please," is always a much better manner to preface a request, than: "Hi, there!" which is probably the most irritating remark extant, and it is always best to acknowledge favors, no matter how slight, with a "thank you."