

The Bugler.

Mend him who can! *In bugling*
The ladies call him sweet.
—*Love's Labor Lost, revised.*

I am truly delighted to find that the honor of owning the world's greatest idiot, don't be long to Canada. The United States claims him. Such an utter ass as this man Green, of Shelby, Ohio, whose drivelling idiocy is reproduced in another column, I have never heard of. As the *Bicycling World* says, "if such an absurd act could be passed, it would kill bicycling in Ohio, as the provisions are such that no one could ride with any comfort outside of his garden path." But it will not be passed. If it is I will be very much surprised, and set down the whole Ohio legislature as a pack of sublime fools.

My London correspondent calls attention to a mistake in "Crank's" last month meditations in this paper. The fault does not rest with "Crank" but with the printer. As written the line read "you would be surprised too, wouldn't you, dear Editor," etc. The printer set it up "you would be surprised too, would't you," etc. The proof-reader marked in the missing "n" in "wouldn't," and the printer changed it as it appeared. The error was unnoticed until the whole edition had been run off, and then of course it was too late to correct it.

But the proof-reader was responsible for numerous mistakes last month. On the Editorial page he changed "poetic imagination" into, "public imagination"; he made the printer spell precious, "precsious" and on another page transferred a challenge from M'dlle Louise Armaindo to one from M'dlle. Louise Armadillo. These were not all, but I can recollect no others at this writing. I don't know whether it is that I write such a villainous fist that my writing can't be made out, or what. But certainly the proof-reader mangles my manuscript in a horrible manner.

Some little idiot living in Toronto, writes me an anonymous letter in reference to my remarks last month on "cads of the wheel." His letter runs:

"There is nothing I admire so much as journalistic independence, but it seems to me you go too far. There is an off-hand sarcastic, "if you don't like it lump it" sort of air about your writing, that to me is very distasteful. I know you well enough to know that you would not have said what you did, if you had not believed it, and personally I admire you and your honesty and consistency, but it seems to me your remarks on wheelmen not acting as gentlemen were entirely uncalled for. And it seems to me, too, that you have no business to put such things in the C. W. A.'s Official Organ."

This is all bosh. The point raised was a good one, and was and is only too true. There is not one mounted wheelman out of fifty who will miss a chance of insulting a country girl when he meets one, and it surprises me that other wheel papers have not taken the matter up before now. Farmers are "down" on bicyclers anyhow, and the stories their daughters tell only add fuel to the flame. It never hurts a man to act like a gentleman. If wheelmen would appreciate this fact when riding in the

country, and instead of kindling bucolic anger, try and propitiate it, they would soon succeed in laying a great deal of the antagonistic feeling that now exists towards them in the dust. As to my speaking about it here, a pretty kind of paper this would be if I was afraid to speak my mind honestly, and give wheelmen good advice when they need it. I do all in my power to help the wheel interests along, at the same time I will never fail to speak, severely if need be, of a fault when I find it. Let the little Toronto idiot put this in his pipe and smoke it. He is a cur anyhow, or he would sign his name to his letter like a man. I have a contempt for people who write anonymous letters, and I would take considerable satisfaction in kicking this dirty little whelp out of my office door if he ever dared to show his sneaky face in it.

Wheelmen generally will miss with me this month, the witty, jingling verses that have so many times graced the first page of THE BICYCLE over the *nom de plume* of "Swiz." These verses had grown to be an institution of the paper, and their keen wit and merry catchy metre, made them universally admired. The author, Mr. Fred Swire, for many years has "resided" in Hamilton, but left here recently and went to Toronto as editor of *Grip*. While I know him well enough to know that his old love, THE BICYCLE, will never be forgotten, I know too that his literary work is heavy and for the present at least, he cannot spare time to write for me. As a writer of humorous verses and sketches, Mr. Swire has not an equal in Canada, and few in America. "Swiz" has grown to be almost a household word in this country, for the quaint conceits and rollicking jovial verses that have emanated from his pen are innumerable, and have been copied far and wide. All those who know the man and his genial, kindly nature, will I am sure, wish him, as I wish him, every success in his new field.

The Hamilton Club.

A complaint has been made that this paper devotes none of its space to local news in the shape of notes of the doings of the home club. We have not done so for the simple reason that there was no news to chronicle. There was a time, at no very distant date, when there were plenty of items to be picked up, but of late, the club seems to be petrified, and has managed to get itself into an utterly worthless shape.

Why is this?

In London, a place that is only about half the size of Hamilton, there is a bicycle club that stands head and shoulders over the Hamilton organization. It has regular weekly meetings and nightly practice in large club rooms that have been secured. Our London correspondent finds enough items to furnish us with a lengthy and well written letter every month. And the Hamilton Club stands idly by with its hands in its pockets, and grumbles because as much space is not devoted to it and its affairs.

The cause of the difference between the two clubs,—the prosperity of the one and the disgraceful state of the other,—is apparent at a glance to any one who knows anything of the affairs of either. In London the members work together with a singular unanimity of purpose. The officers are energetic and enthusiastic; they love their club and the wheel,

and do everything in their power to advance their own interests and the interests of wheelmen as a body.

And in Hamilton?

In Hamilton there is no unanimity of purpose; the officers are not energetic, they do not try to advance their own interests or the interests of their brothers of the wheel. The whole club is broken up by petty jealousies and bickerings, by constant recriminations and back bitings; of late the club has not been fit to call a club, and its officers have not been fit to call officers.

The Hamilton Club as it is now is worthless; it is worse than worthless, it is hurtful. Those members who would be enthusiastic and energetic have their enthusiasm and energy checked by the incompetency and tardiness of the others. It would not be a difficult matter to get together a board of officers who would infuse some life, some spirit into the club and save it from utter ruin. Then let those few energetic members that the club can boast of, put their heads together and see what can be done. The first thing is to get capable officers, the second to join the C. W. A. Then let all the clubmen work together for their club's advancement, for in that lies the secret of a club's success.

Chicago Chat.

MY DEAR BICYCLE:—

Canada's wheel paper looks splendid, and Chicago boys all admire the taste and skill with which it is made up.

I notice in it a good many Boston notes from "Hub," and think it quite time that Chicago should be noticed in your columns too.

I have taken two or three trips through Canada, but never saw a wheel there, and had in a measure made up my mind that Canada would never be a great wheeling country; but to read about the mammoth Montreal Bicycle Club and to hear our "Steno's" report of wheeling in London, and more than all, the official organ of the C. W. A., convince me of my error.

Chicago is flat and coasting is entirely foreign to our natures. We start out from the centre of the city, and ride four or five miles to our homes on a dead heat—just *pv* over the sand-papered boulevards without changing our gait. We have in Chicago four clubs, which in age rank as follows: Chicago Bi. Club, Ariel, Hermes and Owl Wheeling Club. The C. Bi. C. have an elegant club and state room, in which they give dances bi monthly. The club numbers thirty-five solid men. I will tell you something about the officers in another letter.

The Ariel Club has about 15 riders. It is rather an exclusive concern, being composed of sons of wealthy men of the South side.

The Hermes Club is a lively club of minors, who are now coming to the front in fine style. They hold the two fastest riders in Chicago, and are now getting up a tournament for the 22d Feb., in the Exposition building. A few Louisville riders are to come up and try our mettle.

The Owl Wheeling Club was organized last fall, and promises to be a fine organization when the season opens.

Speaking of the races, reminds me that a year ago this time, two of Chicago's best riders, Capt. Miller and Lt. Conkling, went to Louisville to race Jenkins and Schrimpler, 50 miles. They were both badly beaten. Now Louisville responds, and we will pit Crawford and Sturgis, of the Hermes Club, and Valentine of the Chicago Club, against the Louisville men, and see if we can keep the honors in our own city.

We have a splendid $5\frac{1}{2}$ lap track, with good curves, and fast time will be made. Will give you particulars of the race next time.

Yours,

CHIC.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6th, 1883.