

in a circle on bicycles, and my pencil will persist in making straight strokes instead of letters.

Dai Lewis, the always happy travelling representative of the *Referee*, is at last indignant, and emphatically denies the report that he had eloped to Buffalo with a young lady and got married. He says there were no grounds whatever for the statement, and he has not the slightest idea of running tandem as yet.

The editors of the two cycling papers here have been at daggers-drawn for some time past, and I trust that they will "let up," as their readers do not care to know anything about their personal affairs and petty spites.

What has become of your correspondents? Come, boys, wake up, and let us all hear from you, and, Mr. Editor, I am probably occupying too much of your space, if so, give me a limit, and I will cut it short next time.

Frank Egan, better known to readers of cycling journals as "Hawkshaw" and "Don Salambo," has set an example to correspondents that might well be copied by them all. He announced last week in all the papers for which he writes that he will hereafter discard his *noms de plume* and only write over his name. That's right. Why should we cover ourselves with a fictitious title? If we cannot write anything to which we could affix our proper name, we had better far not write at all. I for one will follow his example, and although I am still "a tramp abroad" to your readers and others, I am

J. JAY ROSS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25th, 1892.

Notes from the C. L.

The club house is assuming much of its old time appearance, thanks to the action of the board of directors at its last meeting.

The billiard table is in constant demand, in fact, so much so that the house committee have decided to go on and put in the other table, alterations for which are now being made in the rooms, which when complete will make one of the cosiest little billiard rooms in the city.

The progressive euchre party held last Friday night was a grand success. Not quite so many attended as was expected, still the chairman of the house committee was much pleased at the attendance, and went around the room with a smile on his face which seemed to say, "I own this show, and it is the biggest show on earth." But his heart was made particularly glad when our mutual friend, Will Robins, told him that if he

would hold another such a party on Friday night, he would be pleased to donate a pair of his water colors as prizes. Now, anyone who has seen Mr. Robins' work will have some idea of the generosity of this offer, and realize the fact that at the next party there will be something worth trying for, for we feel satisfied that if some of his fine collection were hung among the works of many a professional artist they would not be selected as amateurs' efforts, and the poorest of them indicate that he is an artist of no mean ability. So, boys, be sure and be on hand for a good game on Friday next, and those of you who think you know how to play may perhaps have the pleasure of carrying home these beautiful pictures.

We have been told that the club liar intends to play at this game, and thinks he has got them "dead easy." Perhaps his chances for the Booby are better. Time will tell.

Say, boys, what do you think about getting up a real first-class theatre party? It could be made a very enjoyable affair, and one that we think would be fully appreciated by the members. Talk it up, boys. C.L.

The Wanderers' Ball.

The success of the Wanderers' Ball, last season, was such that the members of the club felt quite confident this season in undertaking a similar entertainment. That they had sufficient cause for this confidence was amply proven by their having carried to a successful conclusion one of the most enjoyable balls of the season of '91 and '92. The attendance was large though not uncomfortable, the Pavilion was decorated very prettily, the music was "just delicious" and the refreshments were in Webb's best style, while the company was selected with evident care, consisting almost entirely of young people. Space does not permit of our giving a list of the guests. The patronesses were Mrs. A. B. Lee, Jr., Mrs. W. Britton, Mrs. Guy Warwick, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Mrs. N. C. Sparks, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Dyas and Mrs. J. B. Hall.

The stewards, to whom the success of the evening was largely due, were Messrs. F. H. McCausland, A. P. Taylor, F. J. Morphy, S. N. Smith, P. L. Bailey, W. A. Hunter, T. C. Thompson, H. R. O'Hara, G. M. Wells, C. Morrison, W. G. Mitchell, V. Lee, F. W. Stranger, K. L. Perry, J. W. Johnston and W. J. Darby.

Members of the club were distinguished from their gentleman guests by the Club "button" worn in the coat lapel.