

## WHEEL ETHICS:

"Tell me, O Wheelman, ere you ride away,"  
I asked, "where have you been this Sabbath  
day?"

Then the cyclist replied from his lofty perch,  
With gracious mien, "I have been to church;  
I have been to church, though, strange to tell,  
I have heard neither parson nor tolling bell.

"Twas a volunteer choir, and the rapturous notes  
That fell on my ear, as the tiny throats  
Seemed bursting with praise of the Maker's name  
Thrilled with such joy I was glad that I came.

"And the air was so pure, so fresh and sweet—  
Though I sat on a softly-cushioned seat—  
That I never once thought of going to sleep;  
Nor was the sermon too dull or deep.

"I remember the text, too, 'God is love,'—  
'Twas everywhere written, around me, above,  
On the stately columns that rose at my side,  
To the vaulted arch so blue and wide.

"Upbreaching to the very Throne of Grace—  
'Twas a grandly solemn, sacred place,  
And I almost forgot how cold and drear  
Is the earth, sometimes, heaven seems so near."

Thus I hold that pure worship has no part  
In the *time* or the *place*, but springs from the  
*heart*.

CHAS. RICHARDS DODGE.

## "TO THE HOME OF THE TOBOGGAN."

## "KEEP THE TRAIN A' MOVERIN."

The Boston Bicycle Club men have been to Montreal. They are sure of that, and as a proof thereof, they exhibit a single eye-glass, which now adorns the left optic of each and every one of the twenty who made up the party. The good car, "David Garrick," carried the men to and from "the home of the toboggan." It was their house while they were away. A good cook, good waiters, plenty of provender and lemonade (?) and jovial company made life on board the "Garrick" an elysium of six days' duration by the clock. The party arrived home last Sunday, at 3 P.M., over a day and a half behind the schedule time. We interviewed the gentlemen as soon as we conveniently could, and so glad were they to see us that they tried their level best to land us in the second story of the club-house, by "bouncing" us through the ceiling. After this gentle reception we endeavored to elicit some information *in re* the trip, but each and every man believing himself the only one who could do justice to the occasion, we found it rather hard to disentangle the details. Whether Mayor Beaupré or the Marquis of Lorne rode down a certain "Park slide" with seven others, a distance of (estimated) from two to ten and a half miles, we could not evolve. Whether Dick Tonbs did pay duty on his snowshoes, or whether the lemonade administered to the custom-house officer was so seductive to the palate of that functionary as to obscure and cloud his official conscience, "deponeth sayeth not." Who won the famous snowshoe race, and whether the winner did beat the train in a spurt of some ten

miles or odd, we failed to find out. Who produced the best "imitation" of every known article from a dyspeptic frog to a Webster dictionary, bound in calf, we failed to decide (they all claimed that honor). One thing we did find out, and that was that more fun and enjoyment to the square second was compressed into the time they left Boston, and their return thereto, than was ever experienced by any one of them before. The Montreal men and clubs treated them royally. They were recipients of marked courtesy at the hands of the city officials. They have nothing but praise and good words to speak of their reception. Such a memorable trip, the inception and management of which is due to President Hodges, deserves a longer notice, but as justice cannot be done by devoting pages of the *World* to the subject, the historian and the artist of the party, Messrs. Donahoe and C. W. Reed, will put their impressions on paper, and that in turn will be put in type, and a special book printed and distributed among the members of the party, as a memento of the Montreal trip of 1887.—*Bicycling World*.

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## THE CLUB LIAR.

"Yes, it is curious," remarked the Captain, as the ginger ale bottle went around the second time, "how much a person will drink when he's on the road with a bicycle."

"Seems to me, I've heard somebody say that it wasn't healthy to drink while riding," chipped in the New Member.

"That's just what I used to think when I began riding," continued the Captain, "but I soon got over that notion. The first season I ever rode, I'd go by pump after pump and never touch a drop of water, although sometimes I'd be actually suffering for it. I don't do that way any more. Now I stop and drink just when I feel like it. Some of the drinks I've had from 'the old oaken bucket' at an old farmer's well have tasted mighty good, I tell you. It beats ginger ale all hollow."

"One of the best drinks I remember ever tasting was a pitcher of sweet milk, cool from an old spring house," remarked the Racing Man.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for interrupting you," interposed the Club Liar, "but your talk reminds me of a little run I took last summer, and a very peculiar party who went with me. Our course lay along through the southern part of the state. My companion was about as odd a case as you would ever see. He was an old bachelor, and no maiden lady of fifty could have been more set in her ways, or more fussy and particular about little things, than he was. His personal habits were a great deal more regular than his cyclometer. He would eat at certain times, and drink at certain times,—always taking an exact quantity, no more, no less.

"He had to have a change of clothing just so often. That made it necessary for him to carry a great bundle behind his saddle and one on the head of his machine. In fact, he loaded his wheel down, till it looked like a delivery waggon. But he was the most particular man with his wheel that ever rode. It was enamelled all over, yet every time he would stop he would take a clean rag and wipe it off as carefully as

though it were a silk hat, and then he would clean out the bearings with benzine and oil it all over, and if there happened to be a scratch on the tire he would cement it up. Oh! he was a little too nice to live. There was only one thing that seemed to worry him—the little country drug stores all kept such villainously strong benzine, and he hated the smell of it. So did I, for that matter. But he washed his bearings out regularly, all the same.

"About noon the second day we wheeled into an elegant little town, where the old chump was overjoyed at finding a drug store that kept the modern deodorized benzine. That made him happy. He said he hoped to be shot if he ever used any more of the glue factory brand, as he called it. I told him I hoped he would be, too, for I had smelt about enough to last me the rest of my life. It seemed that he ought to clean his bearings out enough now to last the rest of the trip, and I told him so. But he said he had a better scheme than that. He proposed to drill a small hole near the top of each fork of his machine, and fill them—they were hollow, you know—with benzine. Then he could plug up the holes, and whenever he wanted to clean his bearings, he could lay the wheel over on one side and pour the benzine out. Well, he fixed it, and we started off. The scheme worked very nicely. During the afternoon we fell in with some tourists coming up from Kentucky, and we travelled the rest of the day with them. We all stopped at the same hotel that evening, and while 'chumpy' was taking a bath, I went in to play pool with the clerk. We had just finished the first game when one of the Kentucky boys came, and, calling me aside, said excitedly, 'We've just got on to the greatest snap! It's kinder mean in us not to call you before, but we saved a little for you. It was too good to save much.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Mean? why that queer old pill has got the hollow forks of his machine filled with the finest whiskey you ever tasted!'

"Now go on with your conversation, gentlemen," said the Club Liar; "sorry I interrupted you." But a gloom had fallen over the other members. They did not seem disposed to talk; finally, one by one they stole away, leaving the Club Liar alone.—*Wheelmen's Record*.

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WILY.—A friend of mine, who nearly always wears knickerbockers, appeared in the street the other day in long trousers. I stopped him and asked the reason of the sudden change. "Keep it dark," he whispered, "for the sake of cycling, but I am looking for a boarding-house." "Well," said I, in amazement, "what's that got to do with your shorts?" "Just this," he answered; "you see the landlady, if she saw my knickerbockers, would say, 'He's a bicyclist, and consequently has an awful appetite'—and away would go my chance of getting that room. No, I'll wait till the agreement is all made before I let her know that I tone up my digestion with a good spin."

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St. Louis is now further along in her arrangements for the L.A.W. meet, in May, than the other cities have heretofore been on the 1st May; Western drive does it every time.