

WOMEN'S SPORTS

[This department is devoted to record of women's sports and athletics throughout Canada. Monthly reports of clubs and games, names of officers, competitions, prize winners and meetings, also items of personal skill, will be published in full. Secretaries are requested to send in such reports before the 15th of each month.]

It was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning when we reached the broad entrance of the club house, and, passing by handsomely appointed smoking-rooms, inviting-looking billiard-rooms, and various closed doors, came—at the end of a wide corridor—to the ladies' sitting-room.

Presently the young matron who was our conductress reappeared from the ladies' retiring-room, in the most becoming of athletic costume, having apparently left five years in her locker—safely stowed away with her ordinary attire. The dress is all black with the short skirt and neat blouse just brightened with a few touches of cherry. Long black stockings meet the bloomers and the feet are encased in laced moccasins or gymnasium shoes.

"Do you mind going up the back stairs?" she asked. "We generally go up that way to the gymnasium when we have this dress on," and with a laughing demur to our admiring remarks and an apologetic glance at her short skirt, she led the way from the pretty, cosy sitting-room to the conveniently adjacent stair case. Up two flights we go, with glimpses of the commissariat department, and suggestions of culinary arrangements by the way—through a long passage, then a door swings to our touch and we are in the airy, spacious gymnasium of the Toronto Athletic Club—a room given over to the use of lady associate members of the club for three mornings in the week.

The morning sun is streaming in through the south-eastern window, in whose alcove Mr. Taylor, the instructor, is affording himself a little diversion by going through a lightning-fast encounter with a punching bag, while he waits for the class to assemble.

The walls are lined with machines for chest exercise, with dozens of dumb bells of varying weight, with appliances for encouraging straighter backs in round-shouldered people, more slender waists in those inclined to stoutness, broader shoulders where the figure is too slight—in fact, with everything art can devise for rounding out, strengthening, or making more symmetrical those odd corners of the human frame which nature may have neglected. The lofty roof is hung with dependent rings, and bars, and trapezes; and all about there are ladders and cross bars, and a mysterious festooning of ropes and pulleys whose uses only the initiated understand.

Entirely at home amid their surroundings seem the merry, graceful young women and girls, who, in the perfect freedom allowed by their dress, are lightly springing over the horse, floating through the air on traveling rings and doing wonderful things on the ladders and trapeze.

Presently the instructor puts them through an exercise with the chest machines; after that a drill, using bar-bells. This, he tells us, is one of the most beneficial of exercises, bringing into play as it does every limb and muscle in the body. The different poising

and postures of the supple, swaying forms; the interest and animation of the bright young faces,—the rhythm of sound and movement; held a fascination for the onlookers difficult to convey.

"What is this for?" said I to a pretty, slight girl standing near, as I pointed to a leather plate suspended by light, adjustable chains at a height a little above my head.

"Oh that's for kicking at," and, standing on her left foot, to my surprise, she quite easily touched it with her right toe while she spoke.

"How high was that?" she gaily cried to the instructor. "Only six feet two? Dear me, I'm getting out of practice."

"I wish our two champions were here this morning," remarked our friend, "then we could show you something worth while."

"Yes" interposed the instructor, "Miss—jumps beautifully, and Miss—can kick seven feet—as high as I can myself."

A game of basket ball was then indulged in, and as the opposing sides ran to and fro tossing the ball to one another in their efforts to safely lodge it in the basket suspended at either end of the room, excitement ran high and there were some beautiful "scrimmages."



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

But thrown into the basket it was—and more than once.

"Let no one say after this that a woman can never hit what she aims at," laughed one of the class as they went down stairs preparatory to resuming street dress.

The careless words somehow lodged in my mind. Women are to-day supposed to be aiming at many hitherto unattempted things. When what they are reaching out after will lead to increased health, strength and beauty, may they attain the goal of their wishes in every case.

On the 11th of February the gymnasium is to be given over to the ball committee for the annual dance. As we looked at the perfect floor and noted the excellent arrangements for ventilation, we readily understood some of the reasons that make this event one to be looked forward to by Toronto society, and of the handsome girls for whom our city is noted, I know that those who have spent the most hours in the gymnasium during the past season will not be the least beautiful and graceful amongst the dancers.

Last month the initial practice of the University Ladies' Fencing Club was held in the east hall of the University building. From the skill, agility and enthusiasm displayed by many of the members, next year will see among them some very expert swordswomen.

The Quebec Tandem Club have been having some delightful drives lately. I notice that on a recent Saturday afternoon there were some twelve tandems, besides singles, in the line, Miss Gladys White leading with a tandem and Mr. Edson Fitch driving a unicorn. A favorite drive is to Lorette, or to the falls of Montmorenci, where the jolly party indulge in tobogganing down the cone, and drive home again by moonlight.

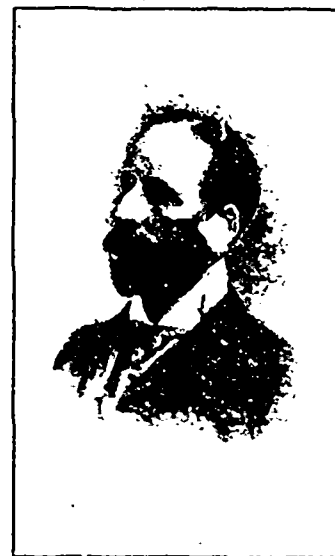
The numberless pages of advice which have been called forth regarding what is best for a pedestrian to do when he sees a bicycle bearing down upon him are amusing. However, the consensus of opinion seems to be that if he will stand quite still and let the rider do the dodging, he is most likely to escape uninjured. Cyclists are accustomed to glide rapidly by inanimate objects, and can guide their wheel within a very few inches of an object with absolute certainty. Gate posts, trees, stones, etc., never dodge—and only a beginner ever thinks of running into them. But when a rider meets an object whose movements he can only guess at, as in the case of a person moving to and fro in a bewildered manner, he is very apt to be confused or lose his head, being just as likely to turn the same way as the unlucky pedestrian, with the usual disastrous results. Therefore, if you stand perfectly still wherever you happen to be when a cyclist approaches, and jump neither to the right nor yet to the left, you have a very good chance of escaping whole. But woe to you if you once begin to dodge and try to get out of the way; the chances are that there will be a collision. All the same, there should be some settled rule of the road with regard to bicycles, I think, for the convenience and safety of all parties.

CYCLIST.

CHARLES PERCY MILLER.

This gentleman, having been formerly with one of the largest tire concerns in the world, has now assumed the position of manager of the American Tire Company, manufacturers of the Resilient-Flexifort. This firm, having recognized the demand for double-tube cemented tires, are producing one of the finest tires ever placed on the market, and one that is commanding universal admiration.

By means of using their style of tire the wheel is considerably lightened, there being a great difference in the weight of the rim used by them and that of the ordinary detachable tire; while the chances of puncture are no greater and the facilities of



repairing easy. The writer has been through the American Tire Company's factory at 42 Adelaide west, and can honestly say it is one of the cleanest, neatest, and most thoroughly equipped factories he has ever seen. Under Mr. Miller's able management the tire is proving a decided success.

He has our best wishes, as also have Messrs. F. J. Whatmough, Sid Davies and Hawdon Brumell, who are connected with the American Tire Company.