

# CYCLING

*A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.*

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1891.

No. 9.

## My First Experience as an Editor.

By GRIP.

A few days ago the editor of this paper decided to take a holiday, so without any warning whatever he came down to the basement, and said to me, "Grip, I'm a little run down, and will take a month's holiday. I have left plenty of copy and you will be able to get out the next issue without my assistance." Naturally I felt that considerable responsibility was being placed on my shoulders, and would have been only too glad to evade it, but when I looked round to reply he had gone, and I was left to make the best of it.

I had never been in a "sanctum," having always held the editor in great veneration—moreover, he carried the key. I managed, however, to suppress my curiosity to see its interior until next morning, when I was sure he had left the city. After lighting a cigar (which I thought would add to my dignity), cocking my hat on one side of my head, and assuming an air of the utmost importance, I slowly climbed the stair to the garret, and, with some trepidation, turned the key, when I beheld for the first time that "holy of holies" in newspaperdom—the sanctum sanctorum. Its appearance was indeed striking, and I am sure a description will be of interest to the many who have never seen one.

The room was about 7 by 9, and the ceiling sloped with the roof. The walls were papered with lithographs in flaming colors, representing various cycling events, from the finish at a race meet to the erratic gyrations of a novice learning to ride.

The "Editor's open window" I soon understood. This one was so begrimed with dust and spiderwebs, so patched with strawboard and newspapers, that it had to be opened to admit any light or allow one to see through it.

I had often pictured in my imagination the "Editor's easy chair." The reality peculiar to this office, I think, was a 57-inch "ordinary," strapped to a desk so high that I could not see what was on it.

The "waste basket," so often mentioned,

was of such generous dimensions as very seldom to need emptying. It consisted of half a 32-inch safety wheel, the spokes on one end of the hub having all been extracted and those on the other bent in such a manner as to lift the rim, which formed the top of the basket, about a foot from the floor.

I gazed in silent wonder round this strange habitation of our chief, and would, no doubt, have remained some time cogitating had not the screech of a cycle horn and the sharp whirr of a bell startled me. On looking for the cause of this strange salutation I discovered what, at first I took for a cyclometer, but which turned out to be a clock in the act of striking (or rather screeching) the hour of ten.

I perceived that I had been wasting valuable time, so looked around for some more comfortable seat than the 57in. on which to rest while collecting my thoughts and raking together some wise observations for the editorial columns. Nothing better offering, I prepared to mount the "ordinary." (Let me premise that I am short—could probably reach a 48in., and had never ridden anything but a safety.) I placed my foot on the step, grasped the handle bars, gave one mighty jump, and landed—head first in the waste basket, with the little wheel dancing a jig on the small of my back. That little wheel had not been fastened down like the large one, but was allowed to play around loosely, in order, I suppose, to give the editor an idea that he was actually riding on the Queen's highway, and the better enable him to write those breezy articles for which he is so justly famed. Fortunately, the waste basket was more than half filled with manuscript on which was marked that depressing word, "Declined." Having ascertained that I had done no further damage than to almost scare the life out of half-a-dozen mice who had there set up housekeeping, smashed my "Christy" into an unrecognizable shape, and nearly set the place on fire with my cigar, I picked myself up, righted the bicycle and fastened down that "pesky" back wheel, after which I was able to mount "the beast," when I found on the top of the desk a file made from a broken spoke, which contained "copy" for the present issue of CYCLING.