

THE BUGLER.

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

The Christmas number of the *Spirit of the Times* comes to me with a couple of jingling verses printed in it, called "The Wheel," which are credited to the *Laramie Boomerang*. Considering the fact that these verses were written especially for the first number of THE BICYCLE and originally published in it, this is a rather cool proceeding. But I am not surprised at it. The *Laramie Boomerang* has long borne an unenviable reputation for stealing good matter and passing it off as original and it would be surprising indeed if it passed THE BICYCLE over. I have no objection in all the world to supply matter for those imbecile sheets whose editors have not brains enough to supply it for themselves, but I certainly like to receive credit for my work.

The gifted but unappreciated Mr. Jenkins, editor of the marvellous *Wheel*, propounds the conundrum in a recent issue of his paper, "Does it pay?" If this has reference to the marvellous *Wheel*, I can answer emphatically that it does not.

There are a great many cads amongst bicyclers. I am referring now to those individuals who have no more sense or good manners than to insult girls that they meet in the country. A great many wheelmen think that they can do this with impunity just because they happen to be mounted on their machines. If on foot it would be the last thing that would enter their minds but when riding they seem to think they must do something to make themselves liked and respected by the country people. Bicyclers complain of the treatment they get from farmers. I wonder if it ever struck them that they are responsible for a good deal of it themselves? Country people have feelings as well as town people, and when bucolic maidens tell their fathers of the insults they are subjected to at the hands of wheelmen, it don't raise riders any appreciable extent in the father's estimation. A man can be a gentleman when mounted on a wheel just as well as he can when on foot, and while it may be well enough to laugh at these things it is a disgrace to the wheel fraternity to put the theoretical humor of them into practice. Possibly those wheelmen who have mothers and sisters may appreciate the true inwardness of their conduct by reflecting that they would not like them insulted and that it's a decidedly poor rule that won't work both ways. The logic of which is, that if wheelmen insult the wives and daughters of countrymen, why should not countrymen insult the wives and daughters of wheelmen?

But two wrongs don't make a right and those cads of the wheel who are in the habit of doing this ought to stop it.

Mr. Brierley's suggestions, for amendments in the by-laws of the C. W. A., to be found in another column, meet with my heartiest approval. I have all along expressed myself as against the club and unattached member rule as it now stands and I think Mr. Brierley's suggestions about fill the bill. That Mr. Brierley, "Hub" and myself are not alone in our ideas of change, a glance at my London letter will show. Wheelmen generally seem to be of the same opinion and I hope to see the change effected in July next. It will boom the C. W. A. if it is done. At the same time I would like Mr. Boussted to write me a letter for publication, setting forth his ideas for having the association on a club basis. If my recollection serves me aright, he was strongly in favor of that when we argued the matter over in THE BICYCLE office.

The marvellous *Wheel* has added another leading light of the literary world to its corps of gifted contributors, in the person of "The Owl" whose peculiar contributions commenced in a recent number. I am glad to see that the gifted but unappreciated Mr. Jenkins, editor of the marvellous *Wheel* is not sparing any expense to fill his paper to the brim with interesting matter. Mr. Jenkins' charming diction the ease and grace with which he mangles quotations from the *Bicycling World* to suit himself, and his ruthless exposure of the names of gentlemen, given to him confidentially, who have contributed to his paper over *nomes de plume*, have long been sources of unalloyed delight to me, and I hardly know how to express my unlimited regard for him as an honorable man, and admiration for his genius as an editor. But he says it costs more to pay postage on the *Wheel* than it does to print the whole edition of THE BICYCLE. Now this is cruel. If he keeps on at me in this way he will bring me down in sorrow to the grave and make me wish I had never learned to reverence and admire his journalistic manliness.

The *Scientific American* is getting funny. It describes and pictures a marine bicycle in a late issue and says "it is probably called a bicycle because there are no wheels about it." The *Scientific* is getting quite frisky in its old age.

Perhaps, when this number is off the press, it will be rather late in the day for me to wish my readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, but I do it all the same, and as Rip Van Winkle would say, "may you all live

long and prosper." My wishes for a Merry Christmas you can keep until next time, and as the new year is just dawning as I write it is not too late for me to wish you a happy new year, and I venture to add the hope that it do you some good.

I have many papers other than bicycle publications on my exchange list. One of the neatest of all I get is the *Portfolio*, a well-printed little sheet of sixteen pages, published by the young ladies of the Wesleyan Female College of Hamilton. The *Portfolio* contains a vast amount of instructive and entertaining reading matter, and its funny column is immense. Some of the bright flashes of scintillant wit that find a resting place in that department are simply the acme of saturnine humor. The *Portfolio's* essays on the seasons are elegantly written and command the earnest attention of the intellectual reader. The poetry, too, is sublime, and the grand depth of thought into which the editor wades at times is so profound as to be positively irresistible. The *Portfolio*, I am reliably informed, exchanges with the marvellous *Wheel*. The facility with which these two perfect productions have found out each other's address so that they may gaze in æsthetic admiration at each other's perfectness, is something to marvel at. But it is a matter of surprise to me that two such wonderfully brilliant literary efforts should exist on the American continent.

Mr S. S. McClure of the Boston Ramblers, and editor of the *Wheelman*, is lying seriously ill with typhoid fever at the Boston City Hospital.

A Cincinnati court has decided that the word "damn" is not a profane one. This takes all the fun out of the business. Now, when a bicycler takes a header, instead of saying "Blank that blank, blank, blankety blank of a stone to blank" he will serenely murmur, "struck a snag, by gosh!" in a tone of voice and with an expression on his face that would lead a casual observer to suppose that the average wheelman is endowed with super-human patience.

Washington advices state that several larcenies of bicycles have occurred in that city in the following manner:—A young man in a neat fitting bicycle costume follows a bicycle rider until the latter dismounts to enter a house or store, leaving his machine outside and unprotected, when the thief walks confidently up and after deliberately adjusting his waistband preparatory to mounting, springs into the saddle and coolly rides away. The stolen bicycles are almost immediately sold by the thief.

E. B. Sturges, Esq., president of the Scranton, (Penn.) Bicycle Club, and F. J. Connell are touring in the South of France and Italy. They started one morning lately—on tricycles—to run from Nice to Monaco for breakfast, but got lost on account of their inability to "parlez vous" properly. They followed the index finger of every Frenchman they met, and got pretty thoroughly mixed. They are insane on the subject of French roads, which they say could not be smoother—especially about Nice—if cemented.