

THE BICYCLE.

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and the only bicycling paper published in Canada

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WHY NOT?

From our English exchange, the *Cyclist*, we learn that English wheelmen give amateur dramatic performances in the winter months to keep club members together and as a pleasant method of killing time when the weather precludes every possibility of cycling. This is a good idea. It may not prove very remunerative, for the public do not, as a rule, care about patronizing amateur theatrical performances, but almost every man has the idea that there is dramatic genius of no mean order lurking within him, and cyclists, possibly, are no exceptions. There is no reason, then, why Canadian wheelmen should not follow the examples of their English brethren and become embryo Booths, Barrets and McCulloughs.

A variety programme sandwiched between the legitimate parts of the performance, would be a pleasing novelty and would enable sundry members of wheeldom to exercise their vocalizing talents and try their hands at "clog" and "eccentric" dancing. It might not be out of place to introduce "Rolling home in the morning" in this part of the performance. No doubt several wheelmen could sing this beautiful and pathetic song with a pathos and air of realism that might lead some people to suppose that the singer was rehearsing his own experience. But there are a great many other songs as well that wheelmen could do justice to. From a "Patsey Hoolihan's 'Father's teeth are stuffed with zink' songster," kindly lent us for the occasion by THE BICYCLE's business manager, we extract some pure and fragrant gems of genius that cyclists can sing before cultured audiences with a certainty of securing most hearty applause. Mr. Hoolihan's sangster contains a fly page on which is printed an "Ode to Patsey Hoolihan." This germ of a blushing intellect commences

"Almighty poet, hail"

Now, to be almighty, one must be able to do everything and Mr. Hoolihan cannot do everything. He cannot even write poetry. Therefore Mr. Hoolihan is not almighty. That is to say he is not if we are to take what appears in his song-book as a fair

evidence of his poetic ability. It may be that Mr. Hoolihan is a great and glorious poet but that his inspiration leaves him when he comes down to the common-place song-writing. Although a delicate aroma of public imagination hangs around the songs, just as the lingering odor of fine perfume is always noticeable in a lady's handkerchief, still Mr. Hoolihan writes with a wild and reckless disregard for grammar, for metre and for rhyme, which to say the least of it, does not come with very good grace from the man who is addressed as almighty. The chorus of the opening song reads as follows:

Pretty lips, sweeter than sugar or plum,
Always look smiling, never look glum,
Seem to say, come away kissie, come, come.
Neumy, neum, neumy, neum, neum, neum, neum.

The tender, soulful beauty of this fragrant stanza is something too pure and precious for gross minds like ours to contemplate. We must leave it to itself in all its peerlessness and investigate number two, the chorus of which reads:

O Mary Ann, O Mary Ann, I'll tell yer mar,
She little thought when you went out you'd go so far,
O Mary Ann she little knows the girl you are,
O Mary Ann, Mary Ann, yah! yah! yah! yah! !!

If there ever was a time in the writer's life when he felt like bending his knee to a vast intellect; when he felt like worshipping a brain power that perhaps has not its equal on earth, that time is now. The man who is capable of concocting such a line as "O Mary Ann, O Mary Ann, I'll tell yer mar," in all its dainty sentiment and subtle thought, is one whom we can look up to as possessing far more than the ordinary power of understanding. Tennyson has no business to be Poet Laureate when this true spirit of poetry is roaming the earth.

Number three is good enough to print in its entirety. It is called

GYPSY BALLAD.

Do you love the Gypsy Maid,
So full of life and free?
Wilt thou, youth, in turn allow
The gypsy to love thee?

Chorus:

Tra-la-la.
The gypsy she loves thee.

Ah, no! the young gypsy maid
Must love none but her kin;
Not one of all these gay youths
Can she dare hope to win.

Chorus:

Tra-la-la.
For it would be a sin.

So, sweet youth, a long farewell;
May you know nought of care;
I only wish your fair love
As good as you are fair.

Chorus:

Tra-la-la,
For there's none to compare.

It is easy to see at a glance that the gypsy maid must have felt very badly indeed. It is not every girl who will cast off a man of whom she can truthfully asservate, "Tra, la la, for there's none to compare." Indeed, we scarcely know which to admire most extensively—the noble self-sacrifice of the gypsy maid or the captivating qualities

of the youth to whom she tra-la-laed. We do not know when we have read a song that moved us so deeply, any more than we know when we shall read another like it. And if a mere reading produces such a profound impression, what must we expect when sung with all the feeling and expression that a good vocal rendition of it would lend. It does not require any great stretch of imagination to fancy the whole audience in tears over the gypsy's self-sacrifice and broken heart and we can even imagine that the singer is almost compelled to stop his song, by the great sobs that rise in his throat, when he thinks of the woes of the fair one, so realistically depicted by the composer.

These are only a few out of twenty or thirty in the book, but from them bicyclers can see what an enjoyable evening they could pass, by playing say "The Merchant of Venice" and by having a variety entertainment in the court scene to amuse the judge, while his brother players stand nervously around wondering vaguely what their cue is and "what in thunder they're to say when they get it."

MIGMA.

J. S. Dean of Boston has been appointed B. F. C. Consul for the State of Massachusetts. He will immediately nominate a Consul for Boston.

Two members of the Melbourne, Australia, Bicycle Club, made a five hundred mile journey in that country last October, being out about eleven days.

A English firm has sold a tricycle to Solykoff, H. H., the Moharana Sahib Bahadur of Oudypore, India, and the *Cyclist* adds "We shall have Cetywayo on the tricycle next!"

Five members of the Tremont, U. S., Bicycle Club, made individual runs of from twelve to twenty-eight miles on the 17th of Dec., and reported the wheeling as good as the sleighing.

Lient. Griffiths, the tall man of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who has been cramping his legs on a 60-inch machine during the past season, will commence the spring campaign on a 62-inch.

The Missouri Bicycle Club held a grand tournament on the 13th Dec., and introduced some novel features, such as a race between a bicycle and a "bone-shaker," a race between Allin's "big" (lying) wheel and the little "Decker," and tricycle riding and races by four young ladies.

A late song is entitled "Where is Heaven?" We don't exactly know, but we rather fancy it's around THE BICYCLE office when the business manager gets a letter from—O well, never mind who. We won't give you away, Eager.

When you hear one of THE BICYCLE's composers making the air of the composing room blue with curses, it doesn't mean that his wages have been reduced; it doesn't mean that a "galley" of type has just been "pied"; it doesn't mean that the "devil" has poured coal-oil over his plug of chewing tobacco, nor does it mean that one of the boys has put a handful of "pica quads" in his working boots. But it does mean that he's got the Boston letter in his "take" and is giving vent to his feelings in language that is forcible and expressive if not polite.