

our early days of cycling, when several of us were riding in a certain shaded road, between high banks, and the foremost came face to face with half a dozen cows. She stood not on the order of her going, but with a wild shriek of "Cows, girls, cows!" leapt from her wheel and climbed the high bank, followed by every woman of the party; the cows finding the road blocked with overturned bicycles, and perhaps recalling wire fence wounds also stopped, and calmly waited for a clearance. We should have been there yet, had not a couple of men riders happened by, and it shows to what a pitch chivalry was developed by the bicycle, that they concealed their mirth, conducted our wheels past the cows, and then quietly rode away, while we sneaked down the bank, and followed them, with blessings by the score, and an occasional fearsome glance behind us. I have been surprised that the bicycle craze in extending to the upper stratum of society has not inspired some out of occupation parties to the construction of country inns. When one recalls the inns of England, the big square coffee-rooms and the bicycle racks under cover, the motherly matter-of-course way the lady cyclist is received, dried, fed, or housed as the hour or the elements exact, and contrasts it with the indifference and unconcern of the Canadian innkeeper and his better half, the rather supercilious manner with which these good people survey the dismounting party, and the general air of "You're a bother to us" which accompanies their service, one yearns for some kindly light to illumine the dark places of the mind of Boniface, and some gentle voice to whisper to him of the sure gold mine he will strike if he is good to the cycling public, on its female side! As the bicycle gradually assumed its power, rules and regulations were made for and against it. Tourist clubs now issue certificates of membership which aid the cyclist all

over the world. The railways alternately cajole and snub the wheel, in summer they become good-natured, in winter they decide against free transportation. Let us suggest that every general manager be compelled to take to cycling, and when he gets the fever, approach him with a cyclist's petition for the free carriage of the wheel. The restrictions are as various as one could wish. In Chicago, I've been hauled up for riding without a lamp, when, being belated unawares, my tricky lamp made me enact the role of the foolish virgin—(only instead of getting locked out, one gets locked in). In Montreal one is tagged and licensed; in some towns one may ride on the sidewalk, in others (for instance German Berlin) one may not ride at all in certain quarters. In Central Park one must not coast, in some other where one must carry a horn or a bell; the bell is really quite a necessity when in crowded localities; one really cannot whoop and yell in Canada with the instantaneous result one gets in Ireland. I can see those frightened peasant girls with their backs pressed into the nettley hedge, and their skirts pulled back, as we shouted and dashed almost over their toes, on some narrow footpath in the dear southern counties!

As to speed, it must be a matter of common sense, of which the cyclist often shows a sad lacking, but the scorcher is a man, never a woman, mind you; we are too cowardly to risk it! One last word. The triumph of the woman cyclist over prejudice, timorousness, bruises and discomfort of various sorts in pursuit of her dear pastime, has brought her more than the applause of an amused world—it has brought her steady nerves, brisk circulation, lost youth, brilliant eyes and strong muscles; her lungs, her heart and her head have gained, and to those who believe health helps every way, her eternal welfare is also the surer for it.

*Grace E. Denison.*

