

The Christmas number of the *Cyclist* is a very fine one, albeit there are some things in it that to a Canadian mind are decidedly perplexing. "Faed," Mr. A. J. Wilson, contributes a sketch which he heads "Where are the Police?" It represents a man and woman, who have been riding on a "Socialle" and have met with an accident, standing on their heads in a mud-puddle in which a board is stuck with the words, "Rubbish mus' not be shot here" painted on it. Now I never saw a girl standing on her head in all my life, but I fancy if one was to attempt anything so ungraceful and unladylike, the bottom of her skirts would yield to the attraction of gravitation, and fly earthwards, thereby exposing a considerable amount of dimity and parti-colored hose to the gaze of a curious world. Yet, strange to say, in Mr. Wilson's sketch, the young woman's dress stands up as stiff and rigid as if it were starched and only a pair of peculiarly-shaped boots, appear waving frantically above the bottom (that's not a bull!) apparently supported on nothing. I cannot account for this except it be, perhaps, the difference in climate.

A story in it called "Hetty A. Fragment,"—queer name for a girl that!—has a paragraph in it that is exciting, I am told, a considerable amount of discussion amongst the medical fraternity. Here it is. The italics are mine:

I need not describe the whole race, suffice it to say that at the twenty-second lap, Droitey, who was half a lap behind the rest, swerved, fell over the head of his machine, and hit his head against the inside rail of the enclosure. A cry came from the lookers on. *His backbone was broken off short by the head. He got up at once and though pale and bleeding from a slight cut on the temple said he was "all right."* At that instant a machine was handed over the enclosure and ridden round to where he was. He mounted it.

This is startling. It reminds one somewhat of Mrs. Randolph's "Mysteries of Udolpho." I cannot understand it. I fancy if my backbone was broken close by my head or any place else it would settle my existence on this mundane sphere. Is the difference in climate accountable for this abnormal physical peculiarity too?

Wm. E. Gilman has resigned his editorial position on the *Bicycling World*, and J. S. Dean, who has been connected with it for many years, has taken his place. Mr. Dean is best known as "London W." and few of us can forget the weekly column of pithy, witty paragraphs that have so long appeared in the *World* over that signature. Mr. Dean brings considerable knowledge and literary ability to the editorial chair with him, and I do not think a better man could be secured for the position. C. W. Fourdrinier has been engaged as editorial contributor.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of "Lyra Bicyclica" a book of wheeling verse by J. G. Dalton. Mr. Dalton's book is conceded by all who have read it to be one of the cleverest efforts of cool, unblushing audacity that has ever been brought to light, and in this age when silly school-girls

edit papers and boys in their teens are cynics and philosophers, and glory in a talent for sarcasm, it needs something entirely out of the common to command attention. I have read Mr. Dalton's book and enjoyed it very much indeed, and all I can say to those wheelmen who wish something particularly good is to send and get a copy.

I have found out at last that bicycles belong to the feminine gender. The other day I was walking down one of the principal streets here and I passed a couple of young men admiring a bicycle exposed to view in a shop window. "Egad, Jim," said one of them as I went by. "She's a daisy, by Jove! she'd break a feller's back!" I could hardly agree with this latter assertion, but I felt quite glad that the matter of sex had been settled. But that back-breaking business puzzles me.

A once valued contributor has handed me the following: "Seasonable Athletics for 1883. A long spring and a summer set backward." After this we can hardly be expected to lament if he should experience an early fall and a summer set forwards (over the handle-bar). This reminds me of the refrain of a song recently contributed to my waste paper basket:

Over the handle-bar. Over the handle-bar.
There never was yet such eyes of jet,
As any wheelman now can get,
By turning a forward summer set,
Over the handle-bar.

It is unnecessary to add that I refrain from publishing this effusion in full.

It is necessary perhaps for me to apologize for the lateness of this issue, but circumstances prevented its being issued on time. I can enter into no explanation of the delay, and can only promise that it will not occur again. Arrangements have been made by which the paper will be issued promptly on the 15th of each month after this.

Chicago Chat.

DEAR BICYCLE,

The leading event since you last heard from our city was the Hermes Bicycle club tournament, and it was a grand affair too. To think of a club of minors organizing a series of races and renting the largest building in the West, and holding successful races—is worthy of note.

One mile, best two in three heats—First heat, S. G. Sturges, H. B. C., 3m. 18½s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., 3m. 19s.; W. F. Franke, Falls City, B. C., Louisville, Ky., 3. Second heat—Sturges, 3m. 19s.; Franke, 3m. 21s.; Valentine, 3.

Quarter mile—W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., 45½s.; G. L. Harvey, H. B. C., 45½s.

Three mile handicap—J. R. W. Sargent, H. B. C., 15 seconds, 10m. 32s.; S. W. Holloway, Kentucky B. C., Louisville, Ky., 20 seconds, 10m. 37s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., scratch, 0; N. H. Nan Sicklew, 15 seconds, 0; E. Mehrling, 25 seconds, 0; S. H. Powell, 30 seconds, 0.

Half mile—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., 1m. 32½s.; M. O. Hull, H. B. C., 1m. 36½s.; P. N. Kellogg, 3.

Five miles—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., 17m. 41½s.; W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., 17m. 41½s.

Quarter mile—W. R. Crawford, 46s.; C. H. Jenkins, 46¼s.

Two miles for those who never won a race, best two in three heats—First heat, L. Johnson, F. C. B. C., 6m. 57½s.; C. E. Murison, H. B. C., 6m. 58s.; E. Mehrling, C. B. C., 3. Second heat, Johnson, 7m. 23s.; Murison, 0; Mehrling, 0.

Two mile handicap—E. Mehrling, C. B. C., 15 seconds, 7m. 48s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., scratch, 7m. 19½s.; W. T. Franke, F. C. B. C., scratch, 0; C. Calkins, scratch, 0.

One mile, professional—W. Eck, 3m. 36s.; T. B. Butevoyle, 3m. 48s.

Ten miles—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., and W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., rode a dead heat.

Mayor Harrison was on hand and gave us a good deal of bicycle taffy as is his wont.

He always says he will learn to ride the bike but he never has. Harrison is a royal good fellow and a friend of the wheelmen. Mrs. Mayor Harrison was on hand also and cheered loudly for our Crawford.

But enough if these races, now for the news.

The Canadian tour is now assuming shape and it appears to be the impression all around this section of country that it will be the event of the wheeling season.

The club (C. B. I. C.) had received numerous promises of reinforcements and it is possible that a hundred wheelmen will "do the tour" hope so.

B. B. Ayres, has executed a fine (was going to say full sized) map of Canada, showing the proposed route.

Ayres is really the founder of this idea, and it is by his descriptions of the "el-e-gant" roads, etc., that the idea was pushed.

By the way Ayres once wrote me up in the *World*, and I think he cannot blame me if I return the compliment.

Mr. Ayres is a quiet steady fellow, but get him talking, and he throws his arms up in wild gesticulations of his latest scheme. "Elegant" is his great word. He was our secretary for three years, and used to take reports in shorthand and produce them neatly written on the type writer. You should visit his sanctum at his home—a rather small room prepared after his own taste, and decorated with bicycle pictures.

A piano on which he extemporizes, and a type writer afford him amusement evenings, he seldom goes out of an evening, and usually sits all alone with the piano and type writer. As a rider he is fine, and as a racer always comes in third so as not to make any hard feelings, he is now chairman of the transportation committee, C. A. W.—was on racing board but resigned.

Hope you will all see him next summer as he rides his 54 D. H. F. Premier through Canada.

Arrangements have just been completed for a six-day bicycle race for the championship of America, the event to occur May 21 to 26, at the armory of Battery D. This race is to be twelve hours per day for six days, from 11 o'clock in the morning to 11 o'clock in the evening, the contestant making the greatest number of miles to be the winner of a handsome trophy of gold and silver work representing the championship of America, and a share of the gate receipts. An entrance fee of \$25 will be charged all contestants. The races will be *bona fide*, and no hippodroming work will be tolerated. Mr. Frank Yates will act as referee. It is expected that all the best long-distance riders will enter. T. W. Eck, will manage the affair. The starters are expected to be W. C. Young, W. M. Woodside, John Wilson, G. Harrison, R. Smith, Fred. Westbrook, and probably several others.

CHIC.