

Measurement of Tracks.

At the present time there are, we believe, only six tracks, the standard of whose measurement is up to the requirements of the Association, viz: those at Sarnia, Woodstock, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston and Montreal, whereas during the past season open events were held at St. Thomas, Seaford, Stratford, St. Catharines, Newmarket, Barrie and Morrisburg, and on the Exhibition and Woodbine tracks in Toronto. These tracks should in all fairness be measured according to the C. W. A. standard, and certificates be filed with the proper officers, and events run on them should in all cases be for the full distance, so that the records of riders who win races on them may be properly classified. A rider might attend and win at all these tracks, and still have the privilege of entering the three minute class at the end of the season, whereas, had he ventured on one of the tracks in the first list he might be required to ride in the 2.30 class. In handicap races, however, the boot would be on the other foot, for a man with a 2.28 record on Newmarket could hardly expect to get as good a mark as a man with a 2.40 record on a properly measured track. We therefore think that it would be only fair to all concerned to have all tracks, on which cycle races are run, measured in accordance with the rules of the Association.

Switzerland has a military cycling school—the first to be founded.

The *Southern Wheelman* published three editions on Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1, on the occasion of the Louisville "Electric" Meet.

Commenting on the question of cash prizes the *American Cyclist* says. We can see no reason why such an association should not try the experiment of cash prize if it wants to, but do not believe it would be policy for the League of American Wheelmen to have anything whatever to do with the scheme. At the present time cycle racing is a clean sport and all of the surroundings of the track are unobjectionable. It certainly will not tend to increase the interest of a large class of people in cycle racing if they find the sport allied with such surroundings as the *News* predicts.

Who shall say that there is any limit to the uses of adversity? The man who has gone through the various trials incident to

puncturing, bursting, and mending, comes forth with a varied stock of useful knowledge to apply to the needs of everyday life. He can put on sticking-plaster like a surgeon; he can bandage like an hospital nurse; he can sew more or less; he can keep his temper and his patience in a way unknown before; and he knows exactly where his mother, sister, or wife keeps her needles and thread, and corn-flour, and tape and scissors, and how best to get hold of them quietly when he so desires.—*Irish Cyclist*.

The very latest invention (hailing from the Continent) is a delightfully handy sort of bicycle that can be taken to pieces and put into a gentleman's walking-stick and bag! Imagine the pleasure of taking your machine with you in your dressing-bag when you go-a-visiting, or storing it away in the top shelf of your cupboard when you want to keep it clean and dry! The wheels are the puzzling part of this ingenious idea. How does the inventor manage the spokes and rims? Does he buckle the wheels for purposes of storage, and spring them back again when they are wanted? What part of the machine goes into the walking-stick? Are the spokes unscrewed and dropped in, together with the balls and oil out of the bearings, and all the nuts from different parts of the frame? It is to be hoped the ingenious inventor will have his machine on view at the Stanley Show, bag, walking-stick, and all, for the information of a thirsting public.—*Irish Cyclist*.

We have preached times out of number against the (almost criminal) folly of carrying children on tricycles and bicycles. Quite apart from the danger of a fall, the excessive excitement to the child's brain is most injurious to it, and we can at this moment trace insomnia in a child of 12 to early rides and consequent undue cerebral excitement at the age of five or six. Last Sunday we saw a fond young father—very young and very "fond," in the Lancashire expression of the term we should say—pass the Angel going at perhaps 10 miles an hour with a boy of five just abaft the handle-bars of his safety. "It is a fool's game," we had just said to C. E. Liles and P. C. Wilson, with whom we were conversing, when a greyhound went for the safety, and in a moment it was over. The child, with a bleeding forehead and crying bitterly, was carried into the Angel by P. C. Wilson, and, as it fortunately turned out, was more frightened than hurt; but it so grasped the situation that it said to its parent: "You ride home, I'll walk."—*Wheeling*.