

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Woodstock Clarke has too much wind for the Toronto riders, and the Woodstock track has too much wind for Clarke.

The small cities—Belleville, Woodstock, Brantford—will soon have a monopoly of the best racing tracks in the country. See Woodstock smile!

Wake up! some of you riders and writers, and let THE WHEELMAN hear how you, your club and your town are getting along. Blow your own bugle. Nobody else will!

The *World* is content to accept McCurdy's 233 1-16 miles in 23 hours and 51 minutes as the record for America, but warns all would-be record-smashers that in future it will require better authenticated records. Good thing for Mac this rule wasn't adopted before he made his famous ride.

The *Cyclist* doesn't approve of the sensational way in which the Springfield meet was advertised. Hear it: "In short, the announcements scarcely read like those of an amateur race meeting, but suggest piebald nags, curly wigs, slouch hats, and spangles. Verily, this thing reeks of the sawdust circle."

The CANADIAN WHEELMAN states that Fred Westbrook will in future race as a professional. We suppose Freddy, like all other aspirants for honor in this direction, has an idea that he is the man to lower the colors of Howell, Wood, and other celebrities. *Wheeler*.

No, friend *Wheeler*, we think not. Fred isn't aspiring so much for honor as he is for dollars and cents.

Unlike the majority of papers, THE WHEELMAN was really established to fill a long-felt want. So far it has failed in filling it, and the want is larger and more open now than ever. With that indomitable perseverance characteristic of every true wheelman, THE WHEELMAN is going, for a twelvemonth longer, to keep on trying to fill this cavernous want. Will all friends of the C.W.A. do their share in helping it, and thereby help themselves, and become the recipients of THE WHEELMAN'S most distinguished gratitude.

Our Woodstock correspondent, in this issue, makes a very pertinent inquiry when he asks us why the devotees of the sport in other towns and cities throughout the Dominion do not write oftener to THE WHEELMAN, and thus let their fellow-cyclers know how runs the wheeling world away in their districts. We are like unto the Israelites in that we object to be compelled to make bricks without straw; but if our Egyptian taskmasters will only furnish us with a bundle of cycle straws from each cycling centre we will guarantee to give them a "brick of a paper."

Mr. Smith of the Brooklyn Park Commission, in discussing the question of park regulations, said he thought any man who was near to years of discretion and rode a bicycle, was close to being an ass; but there were such, and it was a serious question whether they would have to be examined as to their skill before admission to the park. A correspondent asks us to publish and answer the remark. To our mind no answer is needed, for an appropriate answer will arise in every man's mind as he reads it.—*Bicycling World*.

The *World* is not fair to its readers nor just to Mr. Smith. Some of them might, on the

principle of answering a fool according to his folly, rise up and remark that Mr. Smith himself must be "close to being an ass." Now, that would not be doing Mr. Smith justice. He is not close to being an ass. He is the veritable Simon Pure article himself.

Mr. S. M. Daly, a member of the Belleville Ont., B.C., served as a private in a Canadian regiment during the recent uprising of half breeds in the northern part of the province.—*The Wheeler*. We did not know before that Canada was a province, but we have been credibly informed of the existence of some people south of the line who believe Canada's only province is to keep the north pole from freezing up the States.

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HERB CLARKE WINS AT CHICAGO.

The tournament of the Illinois Bicycle Club was held at Chicago on Friday and Saturday, 16th and 17th October. The well-known riders, Knapp, of Cleveland; Weber, of New Jersey; Van Sicklen, of Chicago; Munger, of Detroit, and others took part in the races. W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., who on Saturday beat the world's amateur one mile record at Springfield, and on Monday the twenty mile record at the same place, trained at Chicago, but left a few days before the tournament for Springfield, to endeavor to break the records. It may be mentioned that the Springfield track is the best in the world, as a proof of which every record up to one hour, with the exception of four, has been made on it. The Chicago track is a good one, the only fault being a somewhat sharp turn on the home stretch. The only Canadian who took part in the tournament was Herb Clarke, of Woodstock, amateur champion of Canada.—R. A. Neilsen, formerly resident in Canada, but now of Boston, secured first place in all the professional races of both days. Neilsen is the fastest professional racer in America. At Springfield last month, he did a mile in 2:36 2-5. W. F. Knapp secured first place in the one and three mile amateur races on Friday, doing the mile in 2:49; Weber was second. Clarke started in both races, using his 58-inch Rudge. It was too large for him, and he did not finish in either, being unable to make a big spurt owing to the size of the machine. Clarke, Knapp, Weber and others started in the five mile race on Saturday. Knapp won, Weber 2nd; Clarke dropped out after doing two or three laps. The last amateur race of the meeting was the one mile open, the starters being Munger, Knapp, Weber and Clarke. A few minutes before the race was called, Clarke obtained the loan of a smaller racer of the Columbia make. This suited him much better than his large one. The first three laps of the mile were done in very slow time, all being a raid of leading out, preferring to ride a waiting race, Munger leading slightly, the others riding abreast. On starting the last lap, Weber, who was on the outside, spurred and gained an advantage of several yards, Clarke followed him closely, Knapp lying at his wheel. Weber endeavored to turn and gain the inside of the course, but doing so too sharply fell. Clarke ran on the grass to escape a collision, and Knapp followed him. This was at the beginning of the last lap.—Clarke and Knapp then made a driving race to

the finish, the Woodstock man getting there by ten yards. The pace was something remarkable, as proved by the fact that the last lap or quarter of a mile was covered in between 36 and 37 seconds, or at the rate of from 2.24 to 2.28. The time of the race was 3.11. The Canadian's win was a surprise to almost everyone present. He had started in three previous races, in none of which he had been placed, owing to being unable to do his best on the large machine. His feat in defeating Knapp was a great one. Weber has beaten Burnham, who rode at Woodstock on the 1st July, in all the principal races in which they have competed. At Chicago, Knapp defeated Weber in every race, winning every thing he started for except the race in which Clarke beat him. Knapp's record for a mile is 2.41 3-5. Weber has a record of 14.39 or five miles. The prize won by Clarke was the most valuable one given at the tournament. The Woodstock Club may well feel proud of Herb, who ranks among the very fastest amateurs in America. None of them can ease themselves and win in a race in which he starts.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

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COLA E. STONE'S DEATH.

The facts regarding the death of Cola Stone are now public property. It had been a matter of wonder that such a large, powerful man as Stone should die so suddenly. Accordingly, an inquest was ordered, which took place just before the funeral. Dr. J. Martine Kershaw testified that Saturday evening he was called to attend Cola Stone. On entering the room, Stone motioned to his grandmother and father to leave the room, then said: "Well, doctor, I have taken arsenic." When asked why, he simply shrugged his shoulders, and said he wanted to "shuffle off." The doctor at once proceeded with the usual antidotes. His pulse was then 168, and he was tossing around in great agony. He was asked by the doctor if he wanted to take any medicine to counteract the poison, and said: "Yes, I am disgusted with the arsenic route." This, the doctor thinks, was not meant as a desire to return to life, but simply as the expression of a wish to be relieved of the terrible pain that was sapping his life. He was at this time in the greatest agony, vomiting every minute. When the doctor called later, at ten o'clock, Stone was in an unconscious condition, and never rallied.

The cause of the suicide is found in his friendship with a young lady named Laura Browning, who gained some little notoriety by sitting to the artist, John H. Fry, for Delilah, in his painting called "Samson." She is a handsome young woman, with a Grecian type of beauty, and had captivated Cola, who continued his addresses with ardent persistency that would brook no coolness, or take notice of any disfavor that was shown regarding his attention. When at last she rejected him, his determined spirit could not endure the pain, and, setting his jaws, he went to his death. He was as firm and decided in his love-making as he was in everything else he undertook, and was constantly in the young lady's company, and was worried beyond all measure when anything was said that led him to believe his suit was not looked upon with favor.