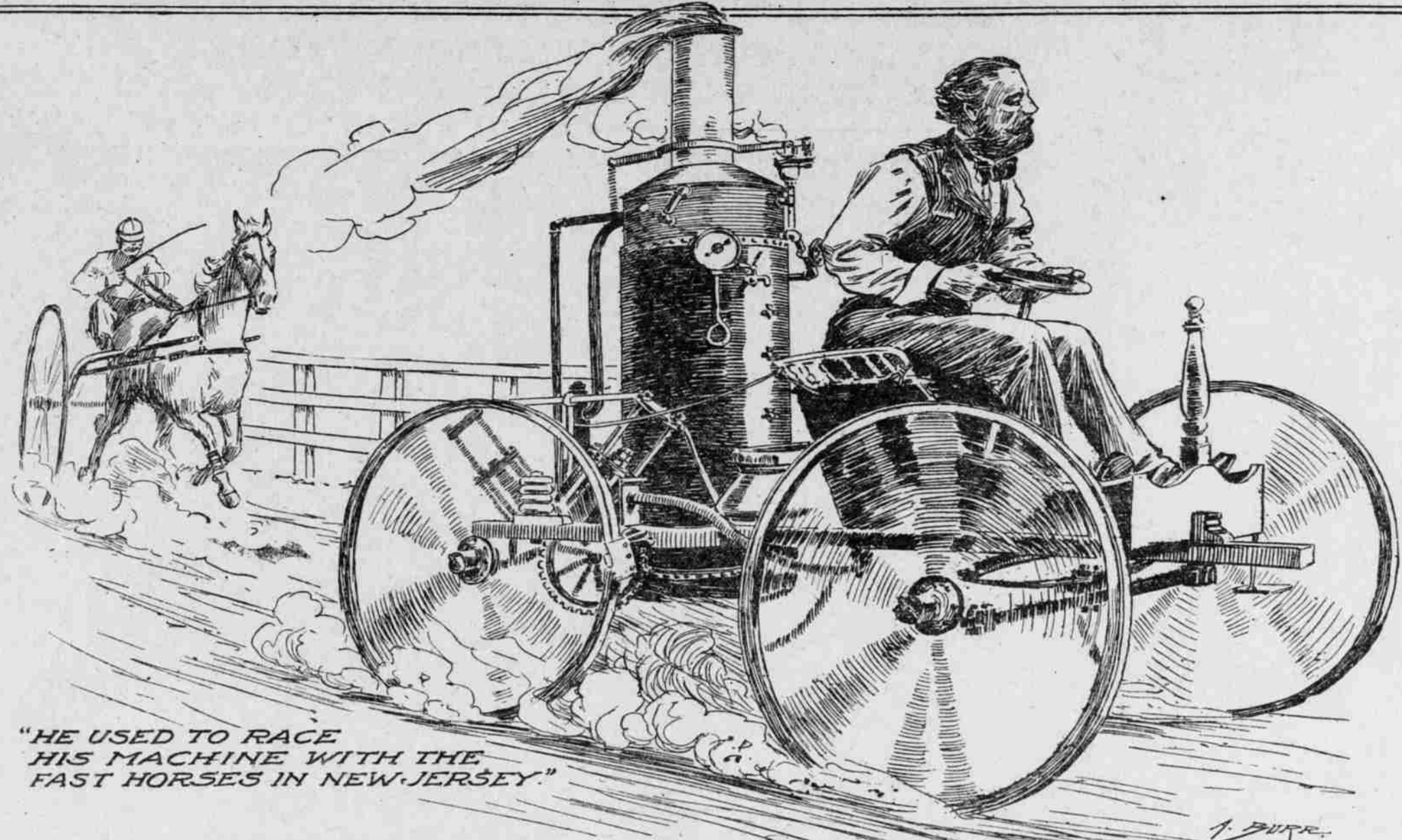


ELIJAH WARE'S ORIGINAL AUTOMOBILE

FIRST RACING MACHINE CONSTRUCTED IN 1861 BY A MECHANICAL GENIUS WHO MADE IT WORK



"HE USED TO RACE HIS MACHINE WITH THE FAST HORSES IN NEW JERSEY"

It is generally understood that the era of the automobile dates from 1870, but it has recently been found that Elijah Ware, one of the most eminent engineers and inventors of his time, built a very successful car in 1861. His success may be judged from the fact that Mr. Ware was in the habit of racing his machine with fast horses on the old plank road in Bayan, N. J., and also able to go along ordinary rough roads.

Mr. Ware spent a great part of his life in the West, and had close connections with Portland in some engineering work. He was born in North Wrentham, Mass., on August 27, 1822. His father, being a farmer, wished to make his son a farmer, too, but Elijah used to sneak down in the fields to make steam whistles and waterwheels when he ought to have been making hay. In fact, he was a born mechanic, and soon found his life work. Mr. Ware was a master mechanic in a railroad machine shop at the age of 27 and one of the pioneers in railroad engineering. But Mr. Ware's speciality was in steam shovel work, in which he became a close friend of Sidney Dillon, formerly president of the Union Pacific, and one of America's great financiers. Jay Gould's day, Mr. Dillon thought, the world of Elijah Ware, and never called him anything but "Lijah." Mr. Ware had admittance to Mr. Dillon's office on Wall street at all times.

At the time that the Michigan Central was being built, Mr. Dillon gave Ware an important position at Girard, Pa., near Mr. Dillon's home. Later he came to Boston, where he was engaged in work connected in the filling in of the Back Bay. While here Mr. Ware built his automobile or steam carriage, as it was called then, in the year 1861. It was not his first invention, as he had been tinkering away at one thing or another since a boy. At this time he wanted to make a horseless carriage, because as far as he knew none had been successfully built.

Lyman C. Ware formerly engaged in steam shovel work at Portland, and the man who turned the plan for the machine on a lathe tells some interesting anecdotes, as he worked on many contracts with Elijah. He speaks of him as a dreamy-eyed, thoughtful man, with more mechanical than business ability; in fact, he could not even order his own groceries without being cheated or imposed on.

The appearance of his steam carriage when completed resembled a modern fire engine more than an automobile.

Wood was used for fuel and a small iron boiler generated steam for the oscillating engine. The steam carriage was very trim, and with the steel and brass machinery and gaily painted woodwork it must have had a dashing look. Quite a stir was created when news was circulated that Mr. Ware had a horseless carriage, and some wanted to have it kept from the streets for fear it would scare horses. But on the day the machine was tried it was easily seen that their fears were ill grounded. These pessimists

did not bother Mr. Ware as much as the optimists who tried to help. When one man asked him if there was anything in the way of assistance he could do, Mr. Ware snapped back: "The trouble is there are too many trying to help."

Mr. Ware drove his machine very slowly through the streets, making less noise than the modern automobile. But in the country it is said that he went "like the wind."

The people in stovepipe hats and bonnets must have been surprised when

this clattering engine came whizzing along the peaceful country roads, kicking up dust and vomiting smoke as it went. Mr. Ware steered with a wheel, allowed down with an ordinary carriage brake and controlled the engine with ropes. When he went downhill he had to shut off his machinery entirely and controlled the speed with a brake. One time while going downhill his valve began to open, thus permitting the

steam to go from the boiler to the engine, but as Mr. Ware did not dare let go either the brake or wheel by the time he reached the bottom he was going like the wind. Shortly after completing his machine he was engaged in work in Bayan, N. J., where he used to race his machine with fast horses on the old plank road. This shows that he must have been able to attain quite a good speed, probably not

less than a mile in two minutes. After a while Elijah Ware got tired of his plaything and sold it to a minister in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, who wrote later that it met his highest expectations. This minister wanted a carriage that would take him to and from the church without a horse. But it must have made a stir among his good parishioners.

About this time Mayor McCoppin, of

San Francisco, was going to take down the old man, his work, but was fond of catching gophers or prairie dogs for natural history study. He did it in an ingenious way. He put a headless barrel full of sand over the gopher hole, and when the gopher came out he could not burrow back, as the sand would slide in as fast as he burrowed.

Mr. Ware's last invention was an injector for engines which engineers at that time were very much interested in. But shortly after completing it he became sick and died on July 3, 1890.

The world was not ready to appreciate the automobile at the time of Mr. Ware's steam carriage. The majority of the people looked at it as a very much the same way that Elijah's brother Cyrus did, when he was shipping the machine from Boston to Nova Scotia. He had quite a time getting it aboard the first car, and it bothered him by sliding back and forth. Cyrus was asked by a friend just before the ship sailed with the machine if he did not want to have one more look at it. "No," said Cy. "Let the damn thing go." Wellesley Hills, Mass., June 18.

Conversations with an Old Sport

IN WHICH HE SHOWS THAT BASEBALL CROWDS ARE BAROMETERS THAT REGISTER THE TEMPERAMENT OF HUMANITY

JIM NABULM.

"HERE'S nothing to it," said the Old Sport to the bunch of traveling men who were discussing the merits of the various communities they had visited. "I've been spluttering my presence over the map for the past 25 years, and you can take it from me that baseball is a barometer that will mighty soon put you next to the standing of any community you happen to butt into. Of course, we're all hep to the fact that no community is so thundering much to the good that it hasn't got its element of unscrupulous citizens, and no section of the map is so crowded with hums and mutts that there isn't room for a few of 'em. But when we speak of communities, we're talking about the predominating element of the population, and we figure up the team batting average of the neighborhood and not the individual standing."

"Now, there's no more representative gathering to be found in this old dump of a world than the festoons of humanity that slop over the stands at the ball grounds on any of these warm Summer afternoons. There isn't a station on life's little jerkwater railroad that you'll not find represented there, and you'll butt into the guy who is traveling along the highway of life in a palace car rubbing clothes with the hobo who is stealing his passage on the bumpers. And what is still more to the point, when the ump opens his gab and yells 'play ball,' the walls which divide the classes crumble into ruins, and for the time being millionaire and laborer blend into a mass that is simply humanity. For once capital and labor forget their differences and plug for the same end, and the boss of the upper pavilion and the office boy out in the bleachers, who is supposed to be attending his grandmother's funeral, both yell in unison for the same purpose. And you can take it from me that you'll not find this condition existing any place in the world but inside the fence at the baseball grounds."

"The throng that is yelling its head off at a baseball game is as good a representative gathering of the citizens of that community as you could rake up in the neighborhood with a fine tooth comb. And when I see a baseball crowd that is loaded to the muzzle with partisan feeling and can't see the visiting team with the lick telescope, then I always take mighty good care to keep my hand on my wallet as long as I'm in that town. And if I happen to be engineering a business deal in which a considerable portion of the property-holders of a village are interested and during a lull in the proceedings should float out to the ball grounds and hear the crowd yelling bloody murder at the ump on all close decisions, I always sneak back to the hotel and look up the papers and put in the rest of the night digging up technical loop holes so I won't get stung."

"In some towns you'll find that the knocking element predominates in the baseball crowds, and the guys who are there with the merry mitt for the stellar stunts are as widely scattered as facts in a political speech. The crowds seem to go to the ball game for the express purpose of keeping their eye peeled for some excuse to get on the job with their hammockers in the arvil chorus. And you can take it from me, gentlemen, that if you send a few weeks loafing around these

towns you'll blamed soon find that life in that section of the world is a case of the survival of the fittest. The entire social, political and business systems in these communities will be found to consist mainly of an endless chain of dog eat dog and the devil take the weakest pup. If you sneak around the back alleys in these villages you'll see the women holding zabafests over the back fences about the latest scandals concerning their next-door neighbors, and before you get well enough acquainted with a guy to call him by his first name he'll walk a square out of his way to come up and stand on your toes and blow his breath in your face while he tells you what a sap-headed idiot somebody else is, and if you attend a social function you'll find that it de-

velops into a hammerfest in which every guest's pedigree is raked around through the mire with a muck-rake.

"And if you'll just keep your eye peeled as you knock around the circuit, you'll blamed soon get next to the fact that this is a double-crossed cinch rule to which there are no exceptions. This is so because a baseball crowd is a representative gathering of the populace with the varnish scraped off to show the real material underneath, and you can take my tip that you'll always find that the guy who is slopping over with an unfair partisan spirit and working the arvil chorus overtime at the ball game will show the same traits of character in his private and business life. And when you find

these sentiments predominating in a baseball crowd, take it from me that you'll find them predominating in the social and business life of that town."

"Well," spoke up one of the "drummers," "all I've got to say is that if you've got the right dope, I've been mighty lucky to get out of some of the towns I've hit alive. Down in Western Texas the umpire who gives a close decision against the home team usually has to back it up with a Gatling gun. And come to think of it, Old Sport, you're dope holds good in respect to that section, because I've been skinned clear down to my socks down in that neck of the woods."

"Take it from me, that dope is reliable any place," replied the Old Sport. "Take Cincinnati, for instance. Without

can take my tip that their conduct at the ball games is simply an external manifestation of what is being pulled off around town every time a guy drops his guard and leaves an opening.

"They're not very long on loyalty down there, and if any of you guys ever put an article on the market that you want to sell in Cincinnati, take my tip and don't manufacture it down there. And if you are selling an article that is made in Cincinnati, don't waste much time covering your home territory, because those rube down there would a-blamed slight rather buy something that is made in the Island of Sulu than a home product. If you ever butt into the business life of that town you'll find that this is a straight tip and on the level.

"Always come to the belief that the men passing up the bum plays and cherishing the good ones, whether it's the home players or the visitors who are putting them off. And any of you guys who have ever mixed in much up there know blamed well that there isn't a fairer and more impartial bunch in the world to do business with. You'll find the Bostonians a bunch of optimists, and if you go to the ball games up there you'll find optimism splattered all around the lot."

"And it's the same all over the circuit, fellows, the spirit you see at the ball grounds you'll find splattered around the town. In New York life is a case of the survival of the fittest. You're all right as long as you're there with the goods, but you've got to beat it when you hit the toboggan. The sympathy racket

chalking up victories in Quaker town in order to get the crowds. Detroiters are just the opposite from Attaburgers, and can't see home products through the lack telescope. This minister wanted a carriage that would take him to and from the church without a horse. But it must have made a stir among his good parishioners.

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around to the ball grounds and look the crowd over, and when you go home in the evening you can easily figure up what chance you have and dope out your campaign according to what you are going to do next time you look at it. "No," said Cy. "Let the damn thing go." Wellesley Hills, Mass., June 18.

Superstitions Relating to Birds

"THERE isn't a man or woman, in any class of life, or in any occupation, who is not superstitious," said a veteran hunter while talking to some old friends in a lobby of a downtown hotel recently. It was his first visit in Washington, and his friends were making him talk about his life in the woods, says the Washington Post.

"Before you joined me I was reading a newspaper account of a dinner recently by 13 men on the 13th of the month, where they broke mirrors and did other foolish things," he went on. "These people were surely tempting Providence. Why, even a hunter knows when it is dangerous to go against nature, and foolishly to bark up against superstition."

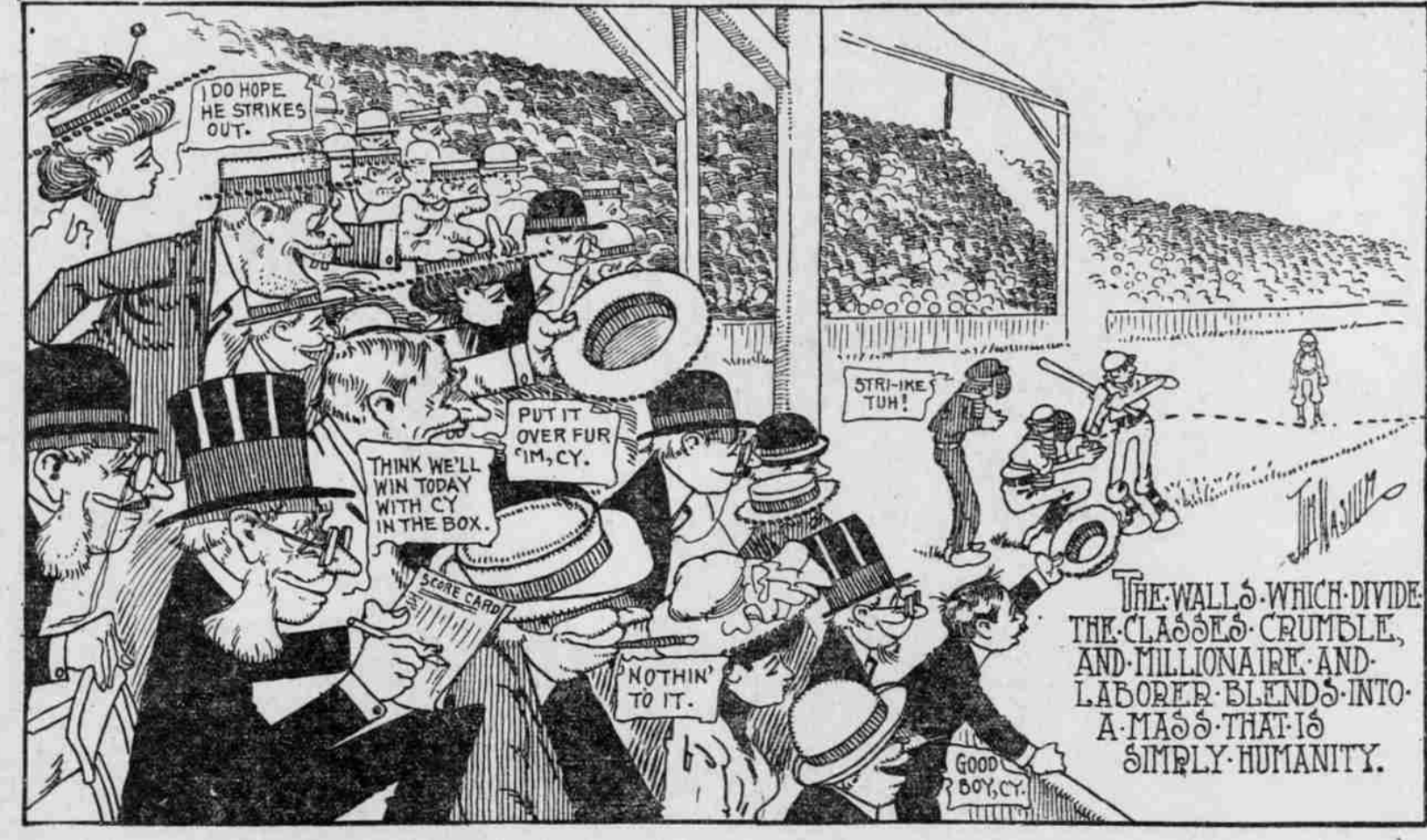
"It has always been said that sailors were the most superstitious of men, but I think hunters are a close second to them. We have a pet superstition about every bird of the air and beast of the field, and a person may live according to his creed, but very necessary hen; you all know the old adage:

"Whistling girl and crowing hen Always come to the belief that the 'Once I heard a hen crow; fact, now, I was out in the Middle West then, and my partner also heard the hen. If you're very unlucky, Sure enough, some days afterward he received a letter saying that his mother had died suddenly. The hen, I thought, if silent he'd be laid; if flying he will be diligent. Whoever has money in his pocket on first bedding a stork will never lack funds during the year, nor will he suffer with toothache. No German dare shoot a stork, for the bird weeps large tears and each tear portends a great misfortune to his slayer."

"Among birds of good omen the swallow occupies an important place. They are often called 'God's birds,' and the house where they build their nest is said to be blessed and protected from evil. Various ceremonies must be performed when you first see a swallow. One custom is to wash your face promptly, and thus preserve it from sunburn; another is to stop and dig with your knife under your left foot, where you will find a hair which will be of the same color as that of your future wife's. One very old superstition about swallows, which is thoroughly believed in that if one should fly under a cow, that animal will give blood instead of milk. The killing of a swallow is unlucky and usually brings dire misfortune to the guilty hunter. Some say he will lose a parent; others that his superstitious wife will burn down, and still others believe that the swallow's untimely end causes four weeks' rain."

"In former years it was held to be a crime to kill a prairie and the superstition now is that he who points at a lark is sure to be punished for his disrespect by having a running sore on the offending finger."

"And these are just a few of the hunters' superstitions," finished the old man as he arose, "take my advice and believe what you wish, but don't let that swallow's untimely end cause four weeks' rain."



THE WALLS WHICH DIVIDE THE CLASSES CRUMBLE AND MILLIONAIRE AND LABORER BLEND INTO A MASS THAT IS SIMPLY HUMANITY.

and it's the same spirit that they splatter around the ball grounds down there. The routers can't see anything but the pink spots in the home team, and you could ramble through the local papers with a forty horsepower magnifying glass and you wouldn't find a word of praise in a million years. When it comes to hammering, this old town on the Ohio has a boiler factory sounding like a symphony with the soft pedal on."

"Now, take Boston. When it comes to fair sportsmanlike baseball crowds they have all got to take off their lids in Cincinnati, but they weren't good enough to please the fans. Now, I've mingled in the social and business life of Cincinnati to some extent, and you

doesn't go there, and might makes right. Nothing succeeds like success in New York, and likewise nothing fails like failure. When you go up you go up mighty high, and when you fall you come down mighty hard. You'll find this condition of affairs from the Battery to Harlem, and you'll get next to it in blameworthy order by putting in a few afternoons at the Polo Grounds or with Clarke Griffith up on the hill."

"You've got to drive it into a Pittsburgher and clinch it before he'll believe that anything can beat a home product. Philadelphians have to be shown before they'll buy, and they'd rather lose an opportunity than take a chance, and you'll find that a ball team has to keep

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