County."

"Did you ever see one of 'em run off' asked the House Detective.

"Yes, three sensons back." said the Hotel Cherk. "But it fell short of proving the unqualified success that the others of the same series have always been. There was nobody killed, not even one of the hired hands working by the day. We came away feeling rather disappointed, considering what we'd been led to expect."

ed to expect where Willie K. Vanderbilt said he wur goin' to kick out of the racin' game?"

gein' to kick out of the racin' game?"
said the House Detective.
"Why Willie K.?" asked the Hotel
Clerk. "Why, simply because he has
money, should we treat a simple Vanderbilt with more formality than we
do our candidates for President? Call
him Hill. Since you mention it, I believe
Bill K. Vanderbilt did say something
about quitting the racing after this year,
but only I presume so far as the public highways are concerned. I understand he's going to popularize some less stand he's going to popularize some less exciting form of diversion such as shoot-ing oil wells with nitro glycerine or div-

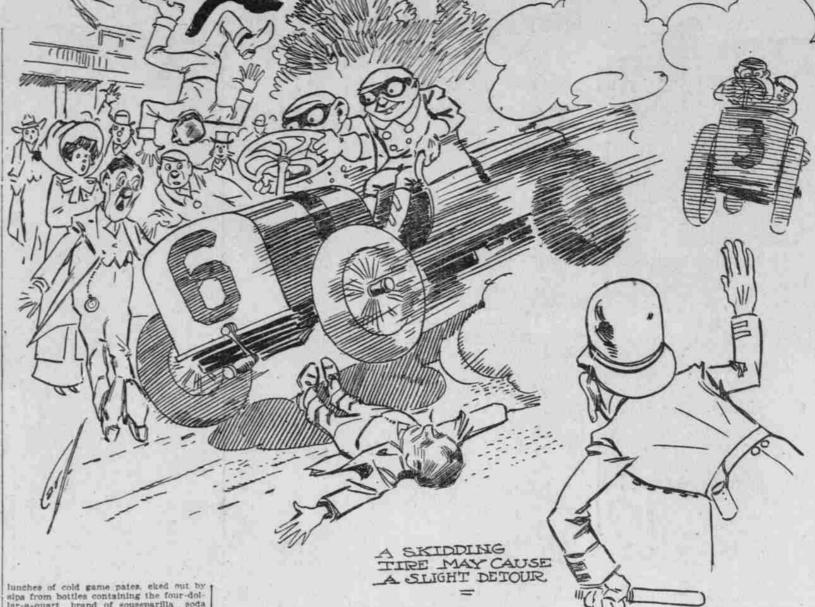
others of our exclusive speed set he has discovered through bitter experience. Younderbilt cup race," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless.

"Will it be much of a show?" saked the Hotel Clerk." It's sure to be," said the Hotel Clerk. "It's sure to be, sure sure one of the bired hadds working by the work of the bired hadds working by the bir

ferring to Trimblin' Whisky and Squose in Corsets. "From every direction along the ribbon

"From every direction along the rioconlike highroads that gridiron the Autumnal
landscape, all speeding toward the common trysting place, come the panting
cars, all full to overflowing with persons,
many of whem are in the same fix. At
the grandstand, with its clustering
throngs, a brilliant scene is presented.
Hundreds of the most prominent people
in society are gathered there, some with
their present wives or husbands, and
others without them. Here we find one
of our most-married matrons, discussing
with a comparative novice who's only
faced the officiating clergyman a paltry
two or three times, whether Reno has two or three times, whether Reno has anything on Sioux City as a place of tem-porary residence for six months every other year.

ing oil wells with nitro glycerine or div-ing for pearls in the Indian Ocean. I don't blame him either. Like so many



sips from bottles containing the four-dol-lar-a-quart brand of souseparfila soda pop. Marry laughter rises in a silvery horus as some society favorite or favor chorus as some society favorite or favoritess chugs up with sprightly accounts to tell of having spread a fat market woman all over the Jericho turnpike. The ascene to delight the heart of every true lover of outdoor sport.

"But this panorama, inspiring though it may be, is as nothing. Larry, to what happens when the signal is given and the throbbing monsters start, one, by one, upon their death-defying, speed-devour-

ing dash around and around and thence, perhaps, in a southerly direction through the massed spectators at Casket Handle Turn, across the plowed fields for 100 yards or so, under the Jersey bull, over the lowing kine and into the side of the distant barn as far as the center haymow.

"For, mind you, Larry, the most exciting details are frequently not visible to in the gandstand boxes, which add spice and variety to the course, which add spice and variety to the course, the populace at large witnesses not one fingle the course, the populace at large witnesses not one fingle the lowing kine and into the side of the distant barn as far as the center haymow.

"For, mind you, Larry, the most exciting details are frequently not visible to in the gandstand boxes. Grouped about the sudden curves, which add spice and variety to the course, the populace at large witnesses not one fingle witnesses of an imnocent theugh undeniably mussy bystander. Thus it happens that the fashionable along the bome stretch may have to content themselves with deciding who they'll marry next time, while with his gaged in sitting upon its own lap.

"The race as I recall. Larry, was won by a French chauffeur sitting in a German car with a Swede assistant being with a swede assistant being with a swede with a swede with a swede wi

metallic casket in the act of spontaneously combusting. When one of the really enjoyable tragedies of the day occurs, the grandstand audience probably receives the edifying details only at second hand. By the time they can reach the spot the souvenir hunters have carried away every-thing that the Coroner isn't sitting on. and it's rare that one is able to pick up even a knee-cap or a pivot tooth for the curio cabinet."

"Wot's the good of it all?" inquired the House Detective.

"I've been trying to tell you what a triumph it is for a splendid sport," said the Hotel Clerk. "And besides, look at the help it is to a growing American

the belp it is to a growing American industry."

"Did an American car win the time rou seen it?" persisted the House Detective. "No," said the Hotel Clerk. "But one started. I distinctly remember the incident. Cheers from thousands of patriotic throats, or any way cheers from seven or eight throats, rent the air as the American entry was carefully lifted out of the temporary receiving hospital where they'd been making it fit to capture the magnificent trophy. Away it went, and it was evident that, with the exception of a slight list to starboard and a touch of asthma in its breathing, all was well with the car carrying the hopes and the ambitions of this Nation. But at 5:30 A. M., 20 minutes after the race started, smoke was seen issuing from a dark mass at the side of the road by Officer O'Shaunessy, as he patrolled his beat in the Second Ward of Mineola, At first glance the officer was lead to believe that he had discovered an outrage committed by the Black Hand. From that distance it looked to him as if some miscreant had set fire to an abandoned tin-peddler's wagon after stealing the horse. Approaching nearer he seemed to detect a slight motion in the smouldering ruin, but whether forward or horse. Approaching nearer he seemed to detect a slight motion in the smouldering rule. but whether forward or backward he was unable to say until he drew still nearer, when he observed that in answer to the blows which were being dealt upon its vitals by two excited individuals, attired respectively in the garb of a driver and a mechanician, the object was making progress at the rate of from three to five inches per minute. It then dawned upon him that the apparition must be the American car upon its first lap. It was in fact the American car engaged in sitting upon its own lap.

"The race as I recall, Larry, was won by a French chauffeur sitting in a German car with a Swede assistant

IN WHICH HE HANDS OUT A LITTLE TALK ON REFORM IN SPORTS.

BY JIM NASIUM.

AKE it from me," said the Old Sport, as he laid down the paper. "this wave of reform that is breakin' out all over the country like prickly heat under a flannel undershirt is goin' to give your Uncle Sam a severe headache if somebody don't soon put a crimp in it." I don't know," replied the sporting editor, "I guess there's a thundering lot of things splattered around Uncle Sam's back yard that need reforming, Dad."

"Yes, that's all right," replied the Old Sport, "but them ain't the things that's bein' reformed. If it was, you'd see a different bunch of guys doin' the reforming. Now, I ain't knockin' against honest reform, but this stunt of a bunch of political scavengers breaking their teeth on soup and then hiting a chunk out of a cobblestone is what gets my goat. And when it comes right down to cases, that's just what a thundering lot of these reforms amount to. These guys on Uncle Sam's Rules Committee are the original kids at straining at a great and swallowing a camel, as long as the rakeoff on camel flesh holds What particular reform has started

"What particular reform has started you going now. Dad?"
"All of them," replied the Old Sport. "It seems that every dub who gots it into his knot to set up in the reformin' husbress tackles the job by sticking a bunch of leeches onto Uncle Sam's sporting blood. And if this thing keeps up you can take it from me that these political leaches will some day drain the last drop of sporting blood out of your Uncle's veins, and then this little old dump of a country will hit a slump that will soon have the Stars and Stripes looking like a dishrag and the rican eagle moulting with the

"Take my tip, sporting blood is a mighty good friend to have running through a man's vetns. And when a through a man's verns. And when a lot of long-faced reformers, who have run out of things to reform, allow themselves to be pulled into a stunt by a bunch of brigands who see a chance for a holdup, and they get to-gether and hit some branch of sports a crack on the knot, take it from me they're helping to put Uncle Sam in the hospital.

hospital



change their batting average on the

Recording Angel's score book either.

battin' average will shrink up worse than The hospitals.

The proposition of the workers, who carred this our forestaters, who carred this our forestaters, who carred this our forestaters, who carred this wilderness and kicked wrotes the Decharation of Independence and made the start of the state of the start of the st the woolen shirts in the soap ads if they

on the stock that looks good to me if I

go into Wall street and bet my head off

on the skate that I like, but that I can sittin' in a poker game is a more even proposition, because the guy who backs a horse or bets on a poker hand knows

four aces in the mug without dancin' a | mere value of money coming to you

four aces in the mug without dancin' a hornpipe has copped one of the essential lessons of success. Yes, sir, the whole blamed world of business is a gamble, a system of taking chances, and the kid who cuts the most ice when he goes out to stab the world in the face is the one with the gambling spirit.

"And yet a bunch of dough heads, who don't seem to be hep to the fact that there is something more than the

Runaways Became Famous

found one who accepted his services, | -so great, at one time, was the old

and was happy. Wounded in battle and stowed away for repairs in a Philadelphia hospital, this runaway soldier lad was taught to read and write by a Sister of Charity. The war over he went West, became a Gov-ernment scout, was Crook's chief of scouts in his campaign of '76 against Sitting Bull, took a prominent part as scout in various campaigns against the Apaches and stayed with the army until 86. His fighting experiences, which came of his running away, gave him the material, and his education, which also resulted from his taking French leave of his home, gave him the implements with which he has gained the sobriquet of "the poet scout" since retiring from the army.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," and, in his day, also a scout, was 13 when he ran away from his home in Northern Oregon to the southern portion of the state, where, he had been told, gold was to be picked up almost any-When he reached the gold country he fell in with a Heidelberg educated scamp known as "Montana Joe," became the latter's companion and servant, and in his company dug gold and fought the Indians.

Very few boys ever ran away in order to better their country. This, however, was the object that led the now lamous Marquis Ito, one of Japan's elder statesmen, and the famous Count Inouye to run away from Japan.

away from Japan.

Ito was a pretty old "boy" when he sneaked out of Japan in company with Inouye. He was 25, but as far as knowing anything about civilization proper he was more of a baby than is the average runaway of the tender age of 8 or 10 years. For, let it be recalled Japan, when Ito and Inouya skinned out, was living unto and Inouye skipped out, was living unto itself in contentment; in fact, it was be-cause they feared being detained at home by the government that I to and Inouye secretly rowed out to a ship bound for England, asked to be taken aboard as passengers, were misunderstood, and had to work their way half across the globe as common sallors. They had other expe-riences in London of the nature that frequently befall the average runaway; but despite hunger and other privations they kept their eyes and ears open and when they returned to Japan were able to point out clearly that their country would not be a great power until it had put away childish things and taken up with West-ern ways. The regeneration of Japan dates in large part form this runaway expedition of the Marquis Ito and the Count Inouye.

rical czar who began his career of enter taining the masses by running away with a travelling circus when he was 8. This was Tony Pastor, and more than one actor of today could tell you that in his earlier days it was the dream of his life to appear before Tony Pastor, and, if posible, to secure an engagement from him

down's power in the theatrical world of the country. (Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.)

Vanity and Pestilence.

Leslie's Weekly.

An argument lately advanced against the wearing by women of the plumage of certain birds makes a strong appeal to philanthropic feeling. The maraboustorks of India are that country's most industrious and useful scavengars. The good work in street cleaning done by these birds is to a large degree preservative of the health of the people in the cities of India. Conditions in those towns are notoriously unsanitary, and under are notoriously unsanitary, and under present circumstances it is necessary that the marabous be allowed to increase, rather than be diminished in number. The popularity of the feathers for the making of bees for women has caused havoe among the marabous. During the past two Winters vast numbers of the birds have been killed for the sake of their plumage, so that the species has been threatened with extermination. Should this actually happen, the death rate from fover in Summer in India would mount with great rapidity. are notoriously unsanitary, and unde

The Footsore Man.

The footsore Man.
Chicago Evening Post
In days that we know as historic,
Men tried to get onward with speed;
Brantlan and Persian and Deric—
They once in a while had a steed
But this is a statement quite truthful.
On life's mighty blackboard its chalk
Since when all creation was rquithful
Some of us have walked

The chariots rolled through the highways
When Caesar was setting the style.
But trudging through alleys and byways
Some of us found each hieck a nile.
We enviod the rich and the mughty.
We gaped and we giared and we gawked;
Though others were foolish and flighty.
Some of us have walked

When railways were built, it was stated
We'd never more wear out our shoes,
But just the same paths were located
For us, the unitedr, to use;
With fair it is uncless to meddis,
For always and ever we're builted.
Upon our extremities pedal
Some of us have walked.

The automobile makes us scurry
To give it the whole boulevard—
And if it is in a big burry
We jump into somebody's yard.
What though they become second-h
And then for a trifle are hawked
By fate or by fortune commanded.
Some of us have walked.

The airships full soon will be flying
With people as hanpy as kings.
But we on the ground will be trying
To dodge monksy-wrenches and things.
The lucky will cleave the empyrean
With whistle and toot and with squawkBut as in the ages Assyrian
Bome of us must walk.

Oh. how of the coming hereafter?
Will some of us slowly trudge by
And frown at the rollicking laughter
Of them that are able to fly?
I shudder and gloomlly matter
The words that my fancy will balk;
Will some of the folk gayly flutter
While some of us walk?