LITTLE JOHNNY HAYES TELLS HOW HE WON RACE

By Ben L. Strome
From the New York World

New York, Aug. 29.—Johnny Hayes, the Marathon winner, is a quiet, smiling little fellow. Today he shows no sign of the arduous training for the big race or of the gruelling run itself. His face is clean-cut, but not drawn. He looks like a happy youngster home from a holiday. And who wouldn't be happy with the whole American nation ready to put him on a pedestal? Yet, in spite of the petting that is already coming his way, John is as modest as a girl. There isn't a word of boasting in the story of the race that he tells.

"It isn't anything wonderful that so many Americans finished up to front," said Hayes when questioned. "It was just a case of going one brains. I don't suppose we are so much faster than the English, but we go at things with our heads instead of our legs. We make a careful study of the art of getting out the best that's in us. That's all."

"And you?" I asked.

"Oh, I've studied Marathon running for four years," Hayes admitted. "I've run three at Boston and one at Yonkers, besides the Canadian 'Round the Bay race, which is only 12 miles. I ought to be a good judge of pace. I always study the other fellows carefully, and I come pretty near telling what they can do and regulating my own pace to fit."

"We studied all the conditions in England. We did our training very carefully and lost no sleep over the stories about the terrible pace the English distance runners would cut out. Mike Murphy was with us, and we knew we had the best advice, anyway. There's a man who is entitled to a lot of credit. Mike ought to have the biggest loving cup that there is in the market, and they ought to put him in the hall of fame. He surely did a lot for us over there.

Runs Trial With Indian.

"Mike let us run a trial race of about 15 miles. The Indian, Tewanima, won that. I was a minute or two behind. I used my natural pace, and I felt sure that the Indian ran too fast to keep it up over the long course. If he could have kept it up I would have been glad at that, because he carried the flag, too.

"One thing that gave us a lot of confidence before the race was a trial the English had. Duncan, the best man of the Englishmen, ran 10 miles with the harriers. They have some good men, but Duncan went out of sight ahead of the bunch between eight and nine miles. As soon as I heard that I felt sure we had them. Duncan's pace was too fast for a man training for a Marathon. I knew he'd try the same pace in the big race, and I knew that no living man could stick it out and finish well going like that. So we kept plugging on with our work.

"The day of the big race was pretty hot. We had formed in four lines in the grounds of Windsor castle. There were about 60 of us starting, men from all over the world. The Princess of Wales fired the starting pistol. No, she didn't hold it. She pressed a button, they told me. I didn't see that part of the fun. I was too busy thinking about the race. I was in the third line from the front. Of course it didn't make any difference about that. We were close enough together for such a long race.

"The road for a mile or so was all cobbles. Rough going, but a fellow doesn't give a whoop about that when he's fit. I didn't care how rough it was, so long as the others had to cover the same ground. It was hot, too, but it was just as hot for the others as it was for me. Everything was a fair field and no favors in that race.

English Start Fast.

"The Englishmen started off at a terrible clip. That was just what I expected and it didn't worry me at all. I set my pace and paid no attention to anybody else. It wouldn't have made me change a step if they had all run away from me at first. I had it all scientifically figured out. You've got to be scientific in a Marathon. You have just so much power and endurance to spend in a little over 26 miles, and you've got to fix your own pace so that you get out the best average speed for the entire distance. You must have just enough left at the finish to make a spurt if it is close. A man in good condition can run indefinitely at a certain clip without feeling any strain at all, but if he exceeds that speed midway he'll break down. You run at that pace until you reach 22 miles. If there aren't any kinks in you then you can gallop the rest of the way.

"The Marathon road went over all sorts of ground. It was a winding road—part of it fine, smooth surface like a carriage drive. Five miles out from the start Cameron, our bicycle man, met me with his wheel. I didn't need an attendant for the first five miles.

"There were about 20 ahead of me, Cameron figured. Perhaps a few more. We didn't count very carefully. After a while I began to overhaul and pass them. They came back one by one. Some were staggering along and some had dropped beside the road. I didn't turn my head to look at them—just kept plugging along and keeping my pace as smooth as a machine.

"At about 22 miles I was still fresh and strong, and I began to make my effort. Cameron had ridden on to get the news and coming back told me there were only two more ahead of me. They had passed six minutes before, he said. I was never in better condition. I wasn't even tired.

"As we neared the Stadium the crowds grew thicker and thicker. The last mile was through a sort of meadow, and here the English jammed in close to the course, leaving just room enough for our elbows to swing without hitting on either side. There were stacks of police detailed to keep the road clear.

"No—not a sign of trouble anywhere along the line. There was just one solid roar of cheering. Of course they were cheering just as hard up ahead where Hefferon, the South African, and Dorando, the Italian, were going. Perhaps they were cheering harder for the first man than they were when I came along, but I don't see how in blazes they could. It sounded like Niagara Falls and a million Dutch bands trying to drown each other out. I could see the solid ranks along at my elbows on both sides, every man with his mouth open like the hole in the end of a trombone, but I couldn't hear any single voice in the racket. They gave me as good as the next man. The crowd in front leaned back hard against the ranks behind to give me room. My being an American didn't cut any ice. It was getting near the finish of the Marathon and everybody was just about crazy with excitement.

"I kept looking ahead and wondering why the other two didn't come back to me. I was running strong and increasing the pace with every mile, and I knew the others must be falling. Yet I ran and ran without getting a sight of anything, but waving arms and flags and surging crowds that closed in ahead of me and then opened as I came to give me a fair lane. Those other two fellows were surely game. I heard afterward that after Dorando made his great effort outside a mile or so and got by Hefferon he began falling down and staggering on again when they helped him up. Talk about gameness. What I did was nothing to that, for I didn't feel distressed at all. It didn't hurt me to run. I had saved myself for this, and I was going at a mile run clip now without wracking.

"At last I got Hefferon. The poor fellow was staggering. His legs were pumping up and down mechanically, but he was hardly getting out of his own tracks. I didn't turn my head as I went by at full speed, but I saw that he was too far in to make any effort to tail on to the procession. Too bad, too, for it was only about 125 yards outside the Stadium gates.

"Dorando was nowhere in sight. I felt for a moment that the race was lost—that he had finished ahead of me after all. But I never let up. I tore on in the Stadium. I'll never forget that sight, for I was still fresh enough to take it all in. About 90,000 people looked like two or three million to me, were jumping up and down in the grandstands and yelling their heads off. They were turned away from me toward the other end at the track. All of a sudden the yelling almost stopped. I ran across the cycle path and turned to the left to make the last 300 yards on the running track. Ahead of me there was a crowd on the track. The crowd was bunched up. First they'd stand still, then all push ahead for a few yards and stop again. Cameron, who came in with me, yelled: 'Run! Run! He hasn't finished. Run like h—l! You can get him! Run! Run!

"With 300 yards to go I spurted for my life. I saw the little crowd on the track push ahead rapidly, stop, gather together and push ahead again just like a football rushline shoving the ball over for a touchdown. When I came in Dorando was down about 125 yards from the finish. He was doctored and revived and pulled up to his feet and shoved along by the officials. They got him to the line just ahead of me and dropped him across it.

"As Dorando finished they had a stretcher ready to carry him off the field. I was so close to him that they were still busy unstrapping and opening the stretcher when I went by. I was going so fast that I went over the line 30 or 40 yards before I could stop. Then I turned and walked back. Matt Halpin and my attendant, Cameron, ran up to me and asked me if I needed help. 'Le me alone,' I said, 'I'm all right.'

"I was almost sorry to see Dorando unable to finish after running the game race he did. They told me afterward that the Italian was all in after the 20th mile from the terrible pace, but he stuck it out until he fell unconscious, and couldn't get up again. He would have stayed down after the first fall inside the stadium but for the stimulants and the assistance given him by the officials there. He could never have finished alone. That's what made his disqualification necessary under the rules of the game. The English rules distinctly state that no assistance of any kind could be given a runner after entering the stadium, and that any runner who collapsed from exhaustion and was unable to continue without assistance must be removed from the course.

"I don't know whether I shall ever run another Marathon in my life or not. They call this the greatest athletic honor in the world. I've done my share. There'll always be plenty of good men in America to win for us.

"What was the happiest moment of all my trip Well, I'll tell you. It was the moment when we came back into New York harbor and I got a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. I've always been a good American, but I don't think any man really knows what patriotism means until he goes through something like this Olympic trip to a foreign land. The Statue of Liberty is the finest thing in the world, and I don't think I'll ever see the stars and stripes waving again without taking off my hat and feeling my heart come up into my throat."

The story was all told. An enthusiastic party of Hayes' friends seized him at this moment and hustled him away in a taxicab to show him New York.

CHEHALIS TEAM WINS 26TH STRAIGHT GAME

Chehalis, Wash., Aug. 29.—Chehalis won the twenty-sixth game today by defeating Vancouver Tri-City league team 6 to 1. The game was one-sided. Osborne and Ruff were battery for Chehalis and Concannon and King for the visitors.

Osborne struck out three, passed four and allowed three hits. Concannon struckout one, passed two and was hit for 12 safe ones. Six hits were secured off Concannon in the first inning. The home team's record of 25 consecutively won games beats the world's record by five games. The teams will play again tomorrow.

Deer Breeding Profitable.

From the Baltimore American.

"The business of raising deer as a matter of profit may sound strange, but there are a number of people in various parts of the country who get lucrative returns from their herds," said W. G. Adams of Washington, D. C.

"A friend of mine began raising deer in the District of Columbia over 30 years ago and has made money in their propagation. For his bucks he gets $50 each and the does bring $75. Deer will eat almost any kind of grain or grass, even preferring the rankest weeds to the choicest hay. They should always have an abundant supply of clear, running water. About the greatest item of expense connected with raising deer is the cost of fencing. The fawns are usually born in the spring or early summer. Does, as a rule, have but one fawn at first, but subsequently twins are born and in rare cases triplets."

LADD ACCEPTS CHAIRMANSHIP

Well-Known Clubman to Head Reception Committee at Horse Show.

The acceptance by J. Wesley Ladd of the championship of the reception and entertainment committee of the Portland Horse show assures the Hunt club, under whose auspices the show is given, that this part of the program will be properly taken care of. Mr. Ladd, who is prominent as a banker, clubman and society leader, is perhaps

J. Wesley Ladd.

better fitted for this responsible position than any member of the club who could have been selected, being democartic, public spirited, a thorough sportsman and accustomed to entertaining on a large scale. With a record of having made a success of every public function with which he has been connected, Mr. Ladd's efforts in this event are assured.

This week will witness the homecoming of practically all of the Hunt club members who have been away on vacations and a meeting will be held this week to complete final arrangements for the show, after which Chairman Ladd will be in a position to outline his plans for entertainment. Many boxes have already been engaged, supper parties planned, the season promising to eclipse last year's in all features of entertainment and hospitality. F. W. Leadbetter and H. L. Pittock are among the latest to engage boxes. Theodore B. Wilcox has taken a double box and will be one of the most elaborate entertainers of the horse show week.

There will be a number of Portland parties in attendance at the Seattle horse show this week, which will include the families of the several exhibitors and a number of the Hunt club enthusiasts. Mrs. A. S. Norton will go over with a party, and the Wilcoxes, Lewises, Flanders and Ainsworths will all be box occupants.

The Chicago Cubs have regained a great deal of lost ground while playing on their own lot.

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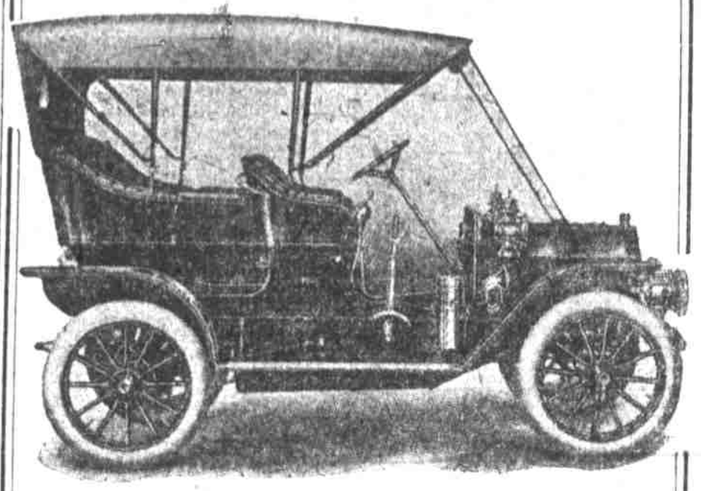

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EXPERTS DRIVE MORE RECKLESSLY THAN THE NOVICES AT AUTO HELMS

(By Walter S. Schultz, Counsel Connecticut Automobile Association.)

In view of the fact that several states are contemplating changes in their automobile laws for the purpose of stopping reckless driving over public highways and, at the same time, giving the reasonable motorist his just dues—an interview with Walter S. Schultz, counsel for the Connecticut Automobile association and the man who drafted the present Connecticut automobile law, which is considered a very sane statute, is timely.

"Limitation of speed," said Mr. Schultz, while at the headquarters of the American Automobile association, 437 Fifth avenue, New York, "was the sole purpose of our earlier statutes, next the identification of the car was considered of importance, then the control and responsibility of the individual operator became the main object of the law. The time is not far distant, in my opinion, when revenues will be the chief, if not the sole reason for automobile legislation. The fact that high-powered cars seriously injure the roads make it necessary to collect an ample revenue from automobilists and apply this to the maintenance of present roads and new ones.

Four Points to Cover.

"There are four points which the model law must cover, viz: proper identification, control of operator, reckless driving provisions, and a clause which will prevent the establishment of traps, where the law-abiding motorists are caught, on technical violations and through which the speed maniacs easily escape in their high-powered machines.

"My personal opinion is that the examination of drivers, either professional or amateur, avails nothing and is only a needless expense to the state. Indeed, I believe statistics will bear me out when I say that the great majority of accidents result from the reckless driving of experts—rather than from the ignorance of novices. I do not think we should make any distinction between private operators and professional chauffeurs. No reasonable person is going to engage a chauffeur until he is satisfied that the applicant can operate a car and if the chauffeur's license is annual—while the amateur's is good until revoked, the owner will pay the fee in both cases. With a proper minimum age limit, it seems to me perfectly safe to license any applicant with the proviso that his license will be revoked if he proves himself in any way unworthy of the privilege granted.

Public Sentiment Opposes.

"Public sentiment is opposed to all forms of highway robbery and in nine cases out of 10, a speed trap is operated for no other purpose than to catch a driver and hold him for a technical violation. Each day is becoming more apparent that the only true test of proper operation is to determine the speed at a particular time, and to take into consideration the width of the highway, the amount of traffic, and the number of pedestrians and the houses along the highway.

"The Connecticut law, which has proven very satisfactory to all classes of citizens and to visiting, as well as resident motorists—provides that no person shall operate a motor vehicle on the public highway recklessly, or at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper—always having a regard for other property and for life and limb.

Convictions Difficult.

Convictions under the new law have been secured under difficulty, in cases where the operation of the car was improper, and the Connecticut authorities are holding the reckless in better restraint than they are held in any other state where the automobile laws are based upon speed limitations.

"An abstract of each conviction is furnished the secretary of state and in flagrant cases the secretary of state has the power to revoke the license of the driver. It is significant that up to this time none of the reports from the courts have recommended such action on the part of state officials.

"A very important feature of the model law is the fair and liberal treatment of nonresidents. In Connecticut, nonresidents are admitted for a period of not more than 10 successive days—provided, of course, they carry a license from the states from whence they come.

"As a revenue, it seems to be reasonable to suppose that the automobilists can afford to bear the burden of the reasonable check provided he is not unjustly hampered in the use of his car, and also feels that the money which he pays is to be used in maintaining the roads. With their constant increase in number, the power of automobilists to properly influence legislation is enormous. If the state automobile associations and the local clubs will work systematically to secure simple and uniform automobile laws, the remaining barriers between states will soon fall away and petty and needless restrictions upon the proper operations of automobiles will disappear."

A Three-Cent "Coin."

From the New York Sun.

A traveling salesman just returned from a western trip pulled a handful of small aluminum circlets from his pocket. They were the size of a nickel and the hole in the center was a quarter of an inch in diameter. On one side was "Municipal Traction company" and on the other "3-cent ticket—1908."

"I just spent a few weeks in Cleveland," he explained, "and these are the tickets for Tom Johnson's 3-cent street railway system. They are not only good on street cars, but have added a new coin to the currency of Cleveland. You can spend 'em in stores there just the same as the obsolete 3-cent piece. Buy a paper of a newsboy, hand him one of these and he'll hand you a paper and 2 cents change without question."

This Bear Was Killed in the Mountains, 20 Miles West of McMinnville. The Hunters Shown in the Picture Are J. H. Hill and L. W. Jones. The Trophy of a Day's Hunt Weighed 500 Pounds.

CAN PAPKE MAKE GOOD?

Is Billy Papke a great middleweight fighter? The old-timers wouldn't answer that question even after seeing him whip Sailor Burke with practically the first punch. They admitted that Papke was strong, as full of fight as a badger, but without the least particle of genuine ring class.

"He's just like Nelson," said one, "a rushing, pounding, fighting fool, who hasn't time or sense enough to block a blow or gauge his man when he has him in trouble. Papke would never have been able to rush Kid McCoy or Fitz off their feet like he did the sailor. It was his undoing in the Ketchel fight and it will be his undoing when they meet again."

The Sailor isn't the fighter that the Thunderbolt is. He showed that after the first onslaught. Papke stops at nothing. He is a human battering ram and only a long-armed deadly puncher, like Ketchel will ever be able to drop him in his tracks.

Burke has no business in the same ring with fighters of Papke's stamp. There isn't enough of the savage in his nature. After the first punch he seemed to wilt, and, save for a short time in the third, he refused to go in and mix with the right hand that he is famous for. He could have turned the tide of battle any time had he the fighting courage to go in. He took a beating because he was too frightened to think of anything else. Once when Charlie White yelled, "Burke, you're holding with both hands," a fan at the ringside jumped up and said, "And so would I, Mr. Referee."

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To All Auto Owners: I wish to state that from now on all repairs on inner tubes will be 75c for the first patch and 50c for each additional on the same tube.

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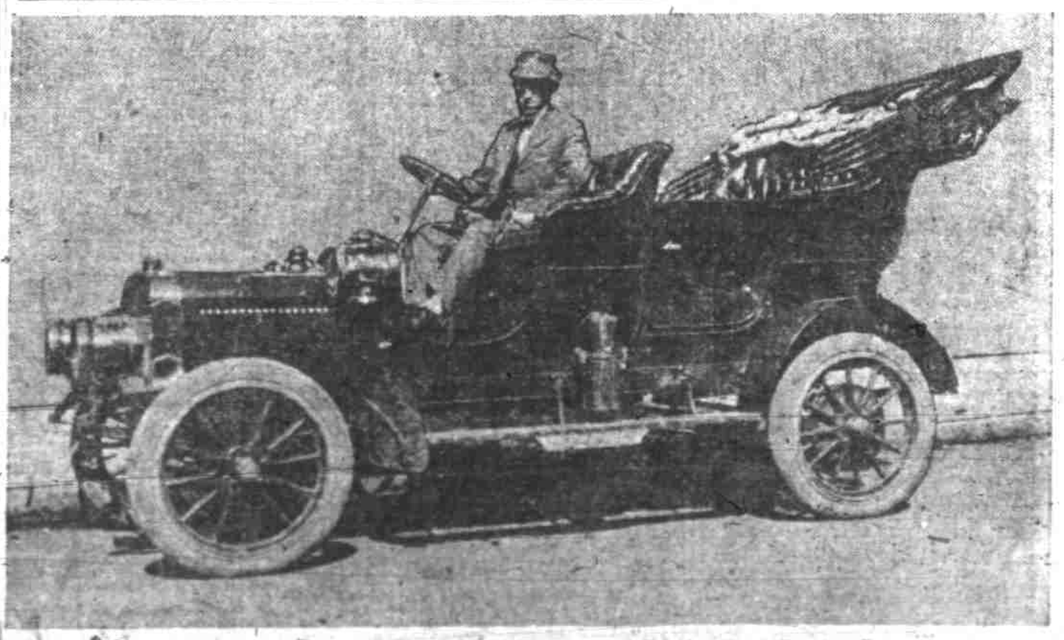

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