FOUR AUTOS DISABLED AT START OF RACE

inches to spare and going a mile a minute, he went through. He was cheered for his driving, but it looked like his finish for the fraction of a second.

Lawwell, in one of the Frayer-Miller cars, was a lucky fellow when he failed to negotiate the turn at Thomaston on the second lap and went off into a ditch. As his machine turned over he and his machinist flew through the air. They were up on their feet in an instant, got the onlookers to help them right the car and were on their way with less than ten minutes delay. The mishap told against the car, however, as it showed dirt in its carburettors later.

Bert Dingley, who was acting as machinist for Lytle in the Pope Toledo car, met with a peculiar accident. At Bull's Head two men stood in the road to hand him a gasoline can. In trying to take the oil on without slackening speed Dingley miscalculated and the can held out to him struck him in the face, rendering him unconscious for over a minute. He continued in the car. Later the car blew out a tire with a report like a cannon at Jericho on the sixth lap.

JUST DODGED AN EXPLOSION.

Keeler's Oldsmobile behaved badly from the start on account of its carburettors. It did not reach the Manhasset turn until 7:45 o'clock, although it was first away at 6 o'clock. Keeler got out to make repairs at Manhasset, and while the crowd were about the machine the gasoline flared up. The crowd scattered, expecting an explosion, but Keeler and his mechanic put out the blaze.

Belden, in a Frayer-Miller, while making the second round came to a stop on the turn at Bull's Head. It was found that three stopcocks had broken. Tracy was thundering along in his locomobile not far behind, and a number of spectators rushed forward and pushed the disabled machine to one side of the road for fear Tracy would crash into it. Only a few seconds after this had been done the locomobile flew by.

Dr. W. E. Butler, of No. 113 Halsey street, Brooklyn, announced at Bull's Head crossing following the race that he would protest the placing of the Pope-Toledo car, claiming that it had been towed by a red touring car fully half a mile during the contest. The Pope-Toledo broke down, he declared, and was hauled to a power-control station, where it was repaired and removed the race. Dr. Butler is said to be interested in the Frayne-Miller Car Company, whose entry finished sixth. This declaration was made by Dr. Butler, however, before he was informed of th action of the committee in declaring off the race.

DOZENS OF NARROW ESCAPES.

The premature announcement that the contest had been ended caused dozens of narrow escapes at the top of the hill on the Lower Manhasset turnpike at noon, nearly wrecked several of the racing machines and drove the deputy sheriffs, endeavoring to protect the lives of spectators, into a frenzy.

"The race is over!" went up in a shout at 11.45 A. M., and passed quickly through the throngs of automobile occupants lining the road. Immediately they began to turn their machines into the course.

Harding, in the green Haynes machine No. 14, whirling over the hill in a cloud of dust, found a big touring car ahead of him. He swerved to one side barely in time to save himself and the reckless spectators. The touring car held two men and two women. Three feet was all that separated them from the death carried by the racer.

Just three minutes later Lytle, in his Pope-Toledo, had the same experience, except that he had two cars instead of one to dodge. Both contained women.

Not less than two dozen machines were flocking into the course by this time. Deputy Sheriff Edward Smith, with his men, by threats of arrest and explanations that other racing machines were coming, succeeded in driving most of them back to the side of the road again.

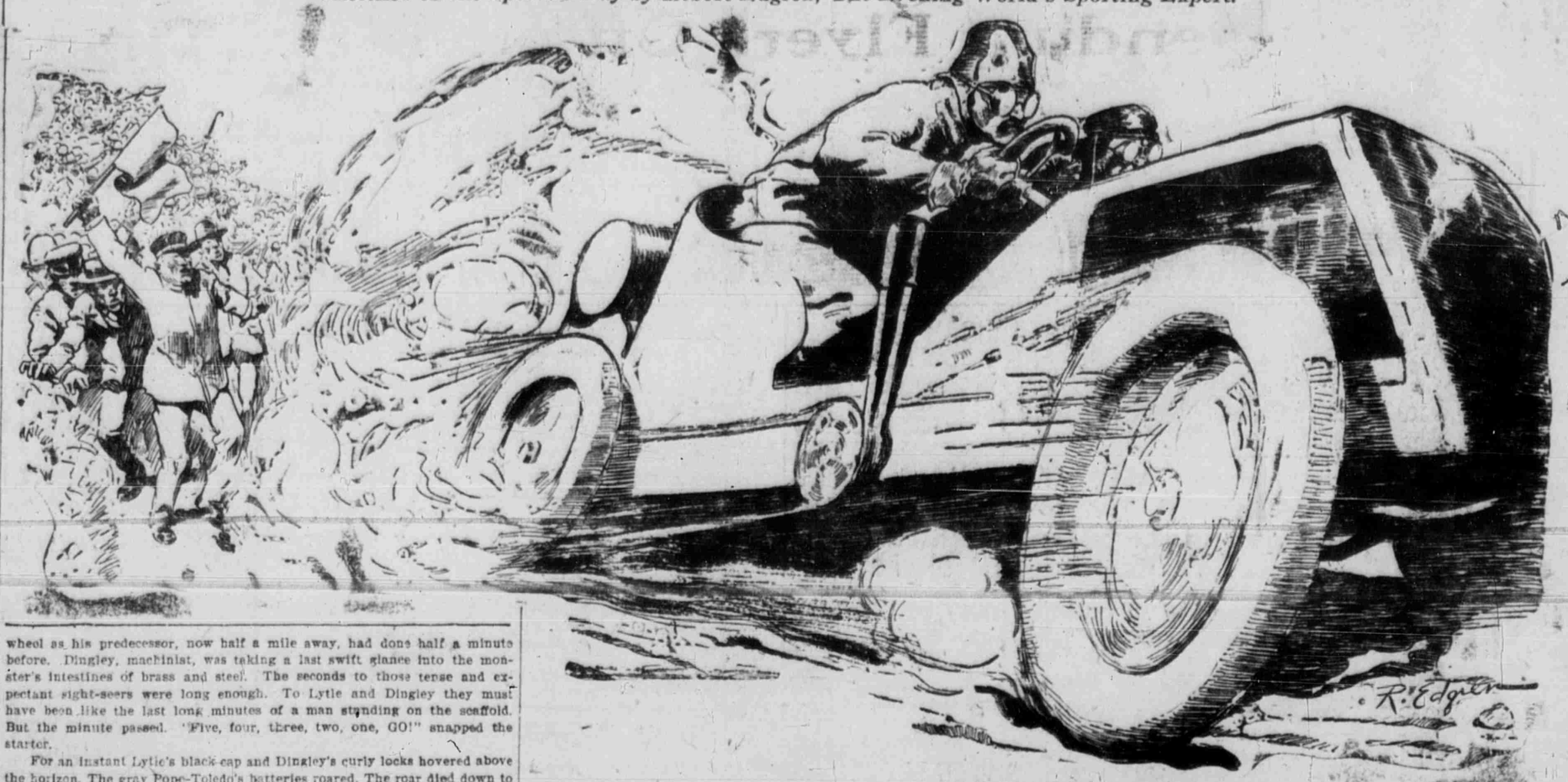
At 12.15 P. M. a big touring car, going fast, passed Deputy Smith. It refused to stop at his signal and he threw the flag at the occupants. One of them caught it and tossed it gayly overboard.

A few seconds later the Christie machine, Walter Christie driving, whirled past.

The number of the car, which he had been unable to stop, Smith says, is 15,270 N. Y.

THE START OF THE HEART-WRECKING AUTO RACE.

Sketched on the Spot To-Day by Robert Edgren, The Evening World's Sporting Expert.



100 MILES AN HOUR SPEED SET BY RACERS

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

At 6 o'clock this morning a long line of racing cars, gray-painted monsters, lay silently along the Jericho turnpike on the Vanderbilt Cup course. They were arranged in two lines, the even numbers on the left side of the road, the odd on the right.

"Are you ready?" queried the starter.

Dusty mechanics stepped back from No. 1. The Oldsmobile driver, Keeler, in cap and goggles, gripped his steering wheel with a grim glance up the road that stretched straight ahead past the fluttering grand stand and long lines of shade trees, and Machinist Miller fumbled with the starting crank and leaped back into his place. No. 1 shuddered, heaved on its rubber tires and rattled out a Gattling-gun salute from its exhausts.

"One minute!" shouted the starter.

The crowded grand stand leaned forward breathlessly. The flagmen waved their red flags and brushed back the eager sightseers who surged forward at the roadside.

"Thirty seconds!—twenty seconds!—ten seconds!—five seconds!—four!—three!—two!—one!

"GO!"

The car leaped ahead like a great gray flea. A flea can jump ninety times its own length. A modern racing car can beat that! Almost before the startled spectators could turn their heads to follow its flight, No. 1 had slipped away into the level distance, leaving only an odor of burned gasoline and a dull brown cloud of oily dust in its wake.

AND THEN THE SECOND!

No. 2, the Pope-Toledo, grim and gray as a low-lying torpedo-boat in war trim, was already on the mark.

"One minute!" shouted the official.

Lytle, commander of this second rakish craft, gripped his steering wheel as his predecessor, now half a mile away, had done half a minute before. Dingley, machinist, was taking a last swift glance into the monster's intestines of brass and steel. The seconds to those tense and expectant sight-seers were long enough. To Lytle and Dingley they must have been like the last long minutes of a man standing on the scaffold. But the minute passed. "Five, four, three, two, one, GO!" snapped the starter.

For an instant Lytle's black cap and Dingley's curly locks hovered above the horizon. The gray Pope-Toledo's batteries roared. The roar died down to a purring sound, and was lost in the distance. No. 2 was gone like a ghost. No. 3 was ready, panting, trembling with eagerness on the starting mark.

And so they sped.

No. 2 was a Matheson, with Mongini.

Then came the first Thomas. A second Thomas, a third, a first Frayer-Miller, the Christie, Frayer-Miller, Locomobile, Haynes (the only green car), driven by Harding, the famous English hill climber, and a last Frayer-Miller.

As car after car shot away down the road enthusiasm grew in the banked up masses of the grand stand.

WOMEN IN THE GRAY DAWN.

Ladies who had never seen a sunrise before, but who had climbed to their seats in the dim and dusky dawn, jumped up and down with excitement. Feminine shrieks of encouragement followed the drivers on their way until the last gray phantom had vanished in the distance.

It was a great scene.

The first Vanderbilt cup race brought out a bare 100,000 spectators.

Even that taxed the capacity of the poor overworked Long Island Railroad to the limit. To-day there were 300,000, to make a rough guess. Some came days ago. Thousands came last night. At Mineola, as at every other crowded country place, the hotels were packed. An auto pump could not have forced in another guest. This particular part of Long Island gets rich once a year, and lives on its capital the rest. This is the time.

In one hostelry that I visited rooms were higher than seats in heaven. One guest who had been enjoying a small hall bedroom at $3 per with board tearfully told me that he had been turned out with the alternative of a garret cot or a soft plank in the back yard. His room had been rented to a visiting New Yorker, price $50 for one night, privilege of looking out of the window in the morning thrown in.

CROWD SLEEPING IN THE FIELDS.

Thousands slept in the fields or stayed up all night. One shrewd Long Island Yankee had chairs to let for $5 for the night, and he made money. Men tilted their heels up on balcony rails and slept fitfully. Automobiles in droves stopped along the roads, and their occupants dozed on the leathern cushions, so it was a sleepy-eyed crowd that stirred itself at 4 o'clock and scattered along the course. It did the scattering under difficulties, for already the racing road was closed and vigilant watchmen warned off all trespassers.

There was no slumber at all in machine shops of the various makers during that last twelve hours. Skilled mechanics tested every screw and bolt and fragile part for the last time. Much depended upon this last inspection.

Accidents cost money, and every car had to start. It cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, this race. Take the Thomas cars, for instance. There was an expense of something like one hundred thousand, they claim, connected with designing, building, rebuilding and perfecting their racing cars. Then there were shipping and travelling. Thirty mechanics, all well paid, were sent to the course with the cars. Their keep cost $3 a day each. A barn was rented for a month for $1,000, and it cost more to turn it into a machine shop fit to repair or even build a racing car.

Other makers spent fully as much. The Pope-Toledo Company had the most elaborately equipped plant on the course. Costing like this, accidents were hard experiences. The Apperson car, twisted into a tangle of scrap iron and wires, was an object lesson.

HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

Yesterday the drivers were all told to be careful, especially on the hard turns in the road. Lytle told me that he would go like merry Valhalla over the smooth stretches, "CLOSE TO A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR," he said, but would not take chances on the rotten bits of road, of which there were many, or on the turns. He wanted to qualify and keep his machine in order for the great event Oct. 6.

Thomas drivers were told that two Thomas cars must be in the first five to finish, that was all. Frayer-Miller sent out Lee Frayer to win and Belden and Lawwell to qualify. The first five counted, and position made no difference. The Haynes car, which was the only one to go through all the trial spins without an accident, was expected to qualify, too, and so with all the others. Most of the drivers calculated upon making about fifty-eight miles an hour.

The curious spectacle was presented of a race which no one apparently wanted to win, but in which every contestant would be contented with a place. None of the drivers wanted a slice of "Maxwell luck." The Maxwell car was running like a streak. Yesterday it started for a turn eight minutes behind the Haynes. Wally Owen, the sensational driver, had the wheel. He wanted to pass the Haynes, which was said to be out for the course record, to beat thirty minutes at least. Beyond East Norwich Owen saw the green flyer ahead on the road. He was nearly up. Then suddenly there were a wrench and a jar. The fearful strain had weakened the framework of his car so that something gave way and the cylinders dropped. That car was a hopeless wreck. The Haynes finished in 34 minutes. Owen's time would have been near 27.

COURSE A POOR SELECTION.

Later a Maxwell touring car was stripped in a vain attempt to make it replace the racer. It ran into one of the innumerable sand banks and broke an axle. The course to-day was full of such obstructions. It was a rotten course to race over, so the old drivers said, although some thought it better than the James Gordon Bennett cup course.

Some oil had been sprinkled over it, enough to make a skimpy trail about as broad as the spread of an auto's front wheel. Eight miles of the road had not been oiled at all. This part was full of dust and chuck holes that made the racers jump as if they had run over a nest of Jap mines. Here and there a bank had been cut away or a dangerous post removed, but the unbanked turns were fierce. The course was slow.

"Not safe for a seventy-mile speed," said the experts. At Krug's Corner a lot of sand had been dumped to bank the turn. It extended for 200 feet and was about twenty feet wide. But it was soft and loose. It was worse than nothing. No attempt at all had been made to build up the angles in remoter parts of the course. Even one place near Manhasset Hill, the worst of all, was overlooked, and right around the turn lay a grand-stand. The Long Island farmers did more to protect their chickens than the promoters did to insure safety to human life. Word was sent around that all chickens must be "stabled" and kept off the road. Yesterday afternoon a fine flock of turkeys gave up their lives under the wheels of two or three touring cars that were in a hurry. And a Mineola turkey is tough enough to have as many lives as a cat.

Turning from turkeys to more serious things, a bit of sentiment was developed by the race. Robertson, driver of the wrecked Apperson car, and Warren, his mechanic, have been in the hospital. Robertson had a broken collar-bone and was generally smashed up. Warren's arms were both broken above the wrists. Yet these two dauntless athletes could not be kept away. If they could not ride in the race, at least they would see their rivals go, so they were taken from the hospital, and, propped up on pillows in front of the deserted Apperson quarters, they looked on. This is the spirit of the auto driver. Accidents and broken bones cannot damp it. Death itself has no terrors.

ORDER AT THE FIRST TURN.

The order in which the cars went past the first turn in the road at Jericho, four miles from the start, was: The Pope-Toledo first, at 6.04 1-2; Matheson second, at 6.05, and the Oldsmobile third, at 6.06. The two Thomas, the first driven by Caillois, at 6.07 1-2, and the second by Le Blon, at 6.09, followed. A Frayer-Miller at 6.11, the Christy at 6.12 1-4 and a Frayer-Miller at 6.14, driven by Lowwell, were next in order, with Tracy in the Locomobile following at 6.15. The Haynes was tenth, driven by Harding, at 6.16, and Belding, in the third Frayer-Miller, was eleventh, at 6.18 1-2.

TIME MADE BY THE LEADERS IN THE ELIMINATION RACE.

	Start.	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	4th Lap.	5th Lap.	6th Lap.	7th Lap.	8th Lap.	9th Lap.	10th Lap.
Tracy	6.11	37.53	1.08.55	1.39.29	2.09.17	2.44.16	3.13.45	3.51.12	4.22.11	4.53.38⅝	5.27.45
Le Blon	6.05	33.34⅝	1.06	1.38.03	2.09.55	2.42	3.14.38	3.49.56	4.21.39	5.08.22	5.51.23
Harding	6.12	36.14	1.12.28⅛	1.50.48	2.28.44	3.04.40	3.45.07	4.21.03	5.00.56	5.46.37	
Lytle	6.01	32.32	1.04.42	1.38.29	2.11.15	2.45.58	4.08.46	5.11.32	5.58.31		
Christie	6.08	33.05	1.18.27	1.53.33	2.47.30	3.36.55	4.15.38	5.43.39			
Lawwell	6.10	50.17	1.27.41	2.17.35	2.51.42	3.28.23	4.18.19				

GRAVESEND ENTRIES.

GRAVESEND, N. Y., Sept. 22.—The entries for Mondays races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Two-year-olds; five and one-half furlongs.

911 Senator Clay 102
— Tinnepee 102
923[1] Lord Boanerges 112
852 Big Store 107
917 Fish Hawk 109
923 Dan Buhre 102
863 Atlula 109
923 Maseca 112
878 Geo. S. Davis 112
921[2] Troblemaker 102
847[2] Vox Populi 102
923 Rosemont 112
923 Arlino 112
923 Valis 99
909[3] James Crawford 102

SECOND RACE—Four-year-olds and up; steeplechase; two and a half miles.

916 Nuit Blanche 148
916[3] Commendant 150
— Caquets 140
— Maywood House 140
899[1] Caliso 135
— Glengale 133
920 Pete Dailey 139
889 Allegiance 143
— Spencer Relff 143

THIRD RACE—All ages; handicap; six furlongs.

923 Rapid Water 120
843 Pater 111
671[2] Garrison 105
86 California King 105
— The Cricket 100
917 Fish Hawk 90
(942) Voorhies 110
— Muskoday 107
947 Rolling Star 102
909 Down Patrick 100
931 Tilene 87
909 Big Ben 115
— Orilene 108
— Sir Brillar 100
889 Toscan 97
935 Belle of Portland 86

FOURTH RACE—The Speculation; for three-year-olds; one mile and a sixteenth.

915[2] *Arkiets 95
— *Merlingo 92
922 Wee 94
(938) *Belle of Pequest 101
911 *Cary 100
919[2] James Reddick 97
913 Tipping 104
944 Red Pilot 108
932 Rapid Water ..... [illegible]
842 *True Wing 98
937 King Cole 100
(940) Flyback 103
(925) Shot Gun 116
909 Dolly Spanker 108
862 Right Royal 103

FIFTH RACE—For mares; all ages; handicap; one mile and a sixteenth.

935[2] Bohemia 126
— Single Shot 122
(928) Belle of Pequest 102
— Lady Savoy 110
842 Moonshine 117
— Nemesis 115
940 Diamond Flash 110

SIXTH RACE—Maiden fillies and geldings; two year old; selling; five and a half furlongs.

— Allofavor 99
941 *Gild 97
929 *Thomas Hay 92
746 Winnowe Ways 97
900 Slippery 99
941 Lachesis 97
933 Windfall 99
— *Taunt 92
885 *Starriage Banns 92
941 Haseline 99
933 Russell T. 100
— Reflecting Girl 97
— Ambush 99
— Communipaw 99
— Murill 98
— Johnstown 104

*Apprentice allowance.

HERMAN RIDDER HOME

Herman Ridder, of the New York Staats-Zeitung; Col. H. A. Dupont, of Delaware, and Emil L. Boas, manager of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line, arrived to-day from Hamburg on the steamer America.

HIGGINS MEN WORRY WHILE HE MAKES UP MIND

Office-Holders Will Be Up a Stump if He Quits Race.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 22.—The Saratoga Convention is to be dominated by George Washington Aldridge, who was Superintendent of Public Works during the $9,000,000 canal improvement scandal, and Francis Hendricks, who was Superintendent of Insurance during the insurance scandal.

Congressman "Mike" Driscoll—a Hendricks man—is to be permanent Chairman of the convention, and Senator Armstrong, who represents Aldridge's district, is to be temporary Chairman in case Lieut.-Gov. Bruce is made the Gubernatorial candidate. If Higgins runs, Bruce will be temporary Chairman. Hendricks went to Saratoga this morning. Aldridge, Woodruff, Barnes, O'Brien, Kilburn and other members of the Governor's "kitchen cabinet" went there this afternoon.

The office holder crowd which is behind the Governor is in a state of great uneasiness. They see before them a long train of difficulties if Higgins sends word that Mrs. Higgins and he believe that the Governor's health is such as to make it impossible for him to stand two more years of executive life.

Brackett's stock would go up one hundred per cent. if Higgins should get out of the race.

REBELS SHOT FOR ATTACKING WOMEN.

HAVANA, Sept. 22.—Three men of the insurgent command of Gen. Guas have been shot near Santiago de las Vegas for attacking women.

The Coward Shoe

Coward Arch Prop Shoe.

This shoe is the only practical remedy for "Flat Foot" or "Weak Instep," a form of foot trouble that is becoming quite common. It is frequently mistaken for rheumatism on account of the shooting pains it causes in the foot and leg. "Flat Foot" results from a gradual breaking down of the arch and instep and is generally caused by prolonged walking or standing.

Men who are on their feet a great deal, will find the Coward Arch Prop Shoe very different from the ordinary footwear.

It rests the foot, restores the natural elasticity to the muscles and makes walking a comfort. We specially recommend this shoe for Men and Women who need an Arch Supporting Shoe.

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE.

JAMES S. COWARD,
268-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(NEAR WARREN STREET.)

Mail Orders Filled. Send for Catalogue.

SUNSTROKE

Followed by Partial Starvation.

The effects of sunstroke upon the digestive system are often very severe, as well as upon the nerves.

An Ind. lady had a striking experience:

"Four years ago I was sunstruck, and my stomach so congested it was terribly painful even to swallow liquids, and as nothing would stay on my stomach I began to fear starvation. I finally became perfectly helpless and was given up by our physician.

"A neighbor told me how much good Grape Nuts had done her husband, who suffered with dyspepsia, and her son with typhoid fever, so I began to use this wonderful food, and slowly began to recover, until now I am strong and well again. I can eat anything I want, and think Grape Nuts one of the greatest blessings that was ever given to suffering humanity.

"When I began to use Grape Nuts I only weighed 118 pounds. Now I weigh 148, and the past four years have been a blessing almost beyond belief, and if I had not personal experience I could hardly believe what I know is true. My nerves are steady, memory clear, and I owe my fine condition to Grape Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

DYSENTERY DIARRHOEA CHOLERA MORBUS

Internally a half to a teaspoonful of Radway's Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief

taken in water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulence and all internal pains.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., N. Y.

DIED.

FLYNN.—THOMAS FLYNN, at his residence, No. 255 West 26th st. Native City Cork, Ireland.

Funeral Monday, 24th, at 2 P. M. Interment Calvary. Members of Nirdaro Tribe, No. 192, Improved Order of Redmen, and members of the Seventh Assembly District Committee, Tammany Hall, respectfully invited to attend.

LAUNDRY WANTS—FEMALE.

COLLAR AND CUFF STARCHER, first-class, wanted. Dakota Steam Laundry, 1st av. and 124th st.

Well! Well! Is That So?

"You said you wanted to make a change, but couldn't find another place?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, listen:

"22,303 advertised opportunities have been offered through The World during the last five week days."

B-r-r-r-r-r-r!

"What?"

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r!

"Oh! bother the others. The Sunday World is the paper."