

TAFT'S GODSPEED SENDS CARS OFF ON SECOND LAP

(Continued From First Page)

with their hose and sprinkled the streets. The way lay through Georgetown, over the Aqueduct bridge, Roanoke, Fort Myer, Alexandria, Falls Church, Leesburg Pike to Leesburg, over the mountains and through Berryville to Winchester, where the midway control was held.

Climb to Foothills.
The last car was due in Winchester at 4:25 o'clock. All that left Washington on schedule time arrived at midday. Control from three to four hours ahead of time. It was a remarkable run. After leaving Leesburg, the road became a steady climb to the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. There were few roads to make, but for many miles the way was worse than "The Rocky Road to Dublin."

At Falls Church, Leesburg, Blue-mont and Berryville the streets were sprinkled. Everybody was out on the sidewalks, at every corner, at every window, and above the din of the throbbing motors could be heard the welcoming cheers of the populace. "Hurrah for the Times-Dispatch," they yelled. "Hurrah for good roads, we need 'em bad enough."

A more ideal day could not have been desired. It was just cool enough to make the run inviting, and costs were not too heavy.

Miss Dunlop Drive Gaily.
The pilot car, a Buick, thirty-three, driven by W. P. Gordon and containing Allen Potts, managing editor of the Times-Dispatch; Referee Otis Alfriend; Alfred Tomacho, of the technical committee, and R. B. Althoff, chief observer, kept ahead all the way. The tail of the big car was never seen until it reached the control points. Though the Chalmers thirty, driven by E. G. Booth, was close behind it in arriving at Harrisonburg and came second, two minutes behind. J. J. Allen's Rambler was the first car to arrive in Washington on the first day out, and kept up its record by arriving second here.

Miss Dunlop, the only woman driver in the run, made a record of which any of the male drivers might well be proud. She still has a perfect score with her Maxwell. Only a few of the competing cars have been penalized. A few were forced to stop their motors to mend broken parts, though there were no bad breakdowns.

At Castleman's Bridge, over the Shenandoah River, one of the finest bridges in the State. The road was almost perfect. It is built of macadam, with a solid bed, and the machines happily hummed over it to Winchester.

The drivers made hay while the sun shone, or, to be more literal, they made time while they had the road. Here everybody made up such time as they lost, and nearly all were several hours ahead of the schedule when Winchester was reached.

Great Farming Section.
There is hardly a finer farming section in the State than may be seen in this section. Green fields greeted the eye at every turn, and from the tops of the hills one could look over at vast stretches of country that looked more like an English garden than a land of farms. Locusts and acacia trees were in full bloom along the roadside. Here the woodman's hand has been spared, and a smiling land profits by his care. Their blossoms sometimes dropped into the cars as they brushed past.

One would have thought almost that work everywhere had been stopped for the day, for no houses were passed that did not have its occupants—gray haired sires and children—hanging over the fence to see the cars whiz by. "Go it!" "Hit it up!" they shouted. "Ain't we with you?" And again, as their horses out to accustom them to automobiles. Many of them were tied at crossroads; others were ridden up as close to the machines as they could come. There seems to be nothing left of the old hate for automobiles and their owners.

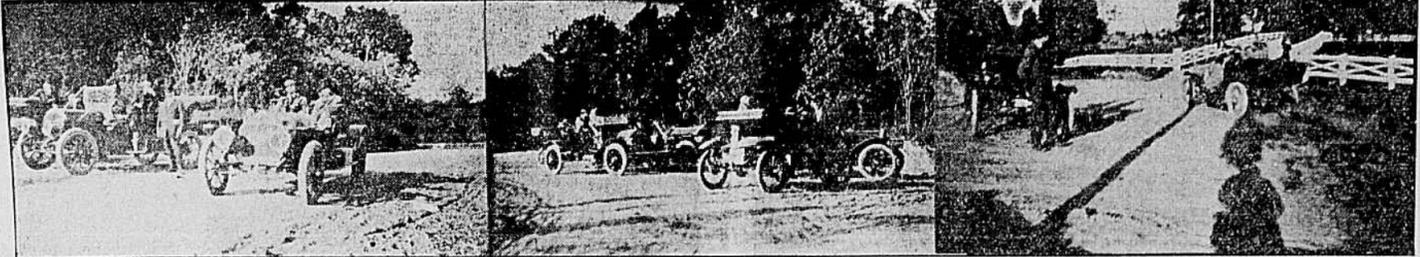
A stop of thirty minutes was had at Winchester. Mr. Byrd, son of Speaker R. E. Byrd, came out several miles to lead the procession in, and he also escorted the cars out and pointed them the right road to the next stopping place. The cars were parked in front of the hotel, and the whole town was there to see them and the goggled motorists, all beaming with dust. There was no more cordial welcome along the line than in Winchester.

Several amateur photographers, anxious to get pictures of the cars, stop-

President Taft Receiving Endurance Run Party in White House Grounds



Photo by Harris & Ewing.



ENDURANCE RUN SCENES ALONG THE WAY.

ped them, and their whim was readily gratified.

After lunch and the replenishment of the automobile supplies, the road was resumed, and, amid clouds of dust and a volley of cheers, the pilot car shot out, and the others moved on at one-minute intervals.

Down Famous Pike.
Now started the run down the famous Valley Pike, through as pretty a country as God ever made. To the west stretched in purple haze the distant Alleghenies; to the east lay the Blue Ridge, bluer than ever; between rolled the uplands of the most fertile district in Virginia. Streams shimmered lazily beneath the sun, and green-clad hills stretched between.

Here would lay outposts in some of the fields. In others the green crops were growing. The eye could see a thousand homes in a glance, and near every home a red-topped barn.

There were many touring cars from Washington, Harrisonburg and other places out to see the run. They were passed continually, and cordial greetings were exchanged. Other people who live on the Valley Pike drove or rode to crossroads to see the cars. More lively interest in the endurance run and in the good roads movement could not have been expected or desired. The people are with the movement. For most of the way to Harrisonburg the cars kept pretty close together, but towards the end the high-powered cars forged ahead, and soon there were many miles between the leaders and the smaller craft. Sixty miles an hour is fast mowing, and as far back as one could see from his vantage point there were clouds of dust, showing that some car was hitting it

up. Sometimes, as two cars got close together, the dust was so blinding that the car ahead could not be seen.

Reach Harrisonburg.
When Harrisonburg was reached every one was coated with dust. It sifted through one's clothes, it got into mouth and nostrils, it got everywhere that it was not wanted, but for all that it was a tremendous run and a good one.

Sometimes only the high places were touched, and it seemed at times as if the cars jumped from ridge to ridge and hill to hill. People appeared to have heard all about the run days ahead, and the road was clear. Few vehicles were encountered, and they were generally drawn up close to the roadside, hugging the fence. So there was little danger of accident. Word

was passed from village to village that the cars were coming, and every street was cleared in readiness. The Valley people are nothing, if not hospitable, and they feel justly proud of their pike. They wanted other Virginians to see it, and so they let the automobilists have it all to themselves. The police force of every village was on the job, keeping the way clear like metropolitan officers. They stood on the corner and waved the cars ahead, and when you have the Valley police force with you there is little to fear.

A few miles out of Harrisonburg the automobilists were met by a committee of the citizens, composed of Mayor O. E. Roller, Councilman John P. Burke, John J. Hawse, W. J. Dingledine, Charles H. Chandler, J. H. Robertson, city editor of the Daily News; W. B. Allen, city editor of the Daily Times, and others. The members of the endurance run were escorted to the Kavanaugh Hotel, where the cars were parked.

To Get Early Start.
Through the kindness of Chief of Police J. L. Armentrout, they were carefully guarded during the night. Most of the work of replenishing supplies was done to-night so that the cars may be ready for an early start to-morrow at 7:30 o'clock. Rio Vista should be reached early in the afternoon if the record-breaking pace is kept up. The Richmond Automobile Club will be communicating with the pilot car, so that those who wish to come out to welcome the autoists back home may know when to expect them.

To-morrow's run over Rockfish Gap will probably be the hardest test of all, and it will be a good car that will come through without having to stop anywhere between here and Richmond for repairs. But it is home to-morrow and a good long rest for the run has been as much of a physical test to those taking part as for their machines. Most of them sought their pillows early to-night for they will need a steady hand and strong backbone to crawl safely over the mountains on the morrow.

Berryville Citizens Interested.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Berryville, Va., May 6.—The first of the cars of the Virginia endurance run, under the auspices of The Times-Dispatch, passed here about 2 P. M. to-

day. At intervals of ten to fifteen minutes others came, and by 3:30 six-tenths had gone by. Two others followed about 5:30 and 6 o'clock.

The weather was ideal, and the party seemed in fine spirits, and their cars in excellent condition. Although there have been endurance runs through this town before, there was more interest manifested in this than in any previous one.

People were lined up on both sides of Main Street, through which the cars passed, and attempts were made to get snapshots of some of the party. None of the cars stopped here, but continued their course toward Winchester, where a stop was to be made before going through the Valley.

Luncheon at Winchester.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Winchester, Va., May 6.—Some of The Times-Dispatch cars reached Winchester nearly an hour ahead of schedule this afternoon. Large crowds of people lined the sidewalks of the streets through which the contestants passed, and the motorists were cheered to the echo. Luncheon was served at Hotel Evans, and after a half-hour's rest the journey to Harrisonburg was resumed.

Good roads were traversed most of the way between Washington and Winchester, but by far the best was the Valley Pike from Winchester to Staunton. H. F. Byrd, president of the turnpike company, had arranged for the contestants to pass all toll gates without stopping, and this was appreciated by the tourists. Four miles west of Berryville one of the cars frightened a spirited horse, driven by Mrs. Paul D. Kelley, of that place, who was coming to Winchester with Miss Agnes Wright, and both were thrown out. They escaped with few slight bruises and returned to Berryville.

Great Crowds at Woodstock.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Woodstock, Va., May 6.—The contestants of The Times-Dispatch endurance run were met here by crowds of people. Almost the whole town turned out, and many from the surrounding country came in to see the run. The pilot car arrived here at 4:15, being followed by several cars in quick order. The last car passed at 6:40. The authorities here sprinkled Main Street, through which the cars passed, and no attention was paid to any speed ordinance.

ERRORS LOSE GAME IN FOURTH ROUND

Bigbie's Wild Throw Does a Bunch of Mischief That Cannot Be Wiped Out by Eight Innings of Good Play—Titman Cut Stealing Second.

VIRGINIA LEAGUE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Richmond, 2; Lynchburg, 4.
Roanoke, 7; Danville, 5.
Norfolk, 7; Portsmouth, 3.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P. C.	Last year.
Portsmouth	7	4	.630	.533
Norfolk	5	4	.554	.458
Richmond	7	6	.538	.400
Lynchburg	5	6	.454	.544
Roanoke	5	6	.455	.483
Danville	3	8	.273	.400

WHERE THEY PLAY TO-DAY.
Lynchburg at Richmond.
Danville at Roanoke.
Norfolk at Portsmouth.

Nay, nay, Geraldine. It was neither the gravitation of Bailey's comet nor the waning influence of the moon that under the auspices of The Times-Dispatch was just a plain skyrotic highball

with a dash of hard luck to improve the taste. It wasn't Peterson either, for that youngster did a weak attempt to swing a quickly let's see the good work clean to the last inning.

The real point of the game was when A. Smith bunted a weak attempt down the first base line. Biggie came in on it like a hawk and got it in plenty of time to put Smith out. He swung a quickly let's see the good work clean to the last inning. Landgraf on first base by about four feet. Before that had been reached covered D. Smith was happy at home and A. Smith was safe on the third bag. Then, just as if that had thrown Biggie's was not enough, Jackson got a hit, which allowed A. Smith to score.

Peterson had the best appearance he has shown since the departure of the big leaguers yesterday afternoon, and the 4 to 2 score is really no reflection on his good taste. The things that happened to work against him happened at the time that would insure

their doing the most harm, and there was no doubt that the harm was done. He allowed only seven hits in all, and only one of them was for an extra bag. Levy, the pitcher, got that one, and he had it coming to him.

Not Mr. E. Z. Mark.
The fans that thought Levy was the original Mr. E. Z. Mark yesterday had the hope of a week thrown into their constitutions. The lens on one was on the job from start to finish, and when a Colt got to first base he had earned his place. Seven hits were picked off his delivery, and the absence of errors held him up to what he was entitled to.

The hard luck crimp came in the third inning, when things looked lovely for a grand slam. Enough men got on base and enough hits were corralled to bring them home, but something happened. Irvine got his name in the book first by pulling down base on balls. Peterson next took the spotlight with a classy sacrifice hit that took mightily with the crowd. The Landgraf got a strange hole on the affections of the bleachers by slamming a beautiful drive to the left field. Irvine scored. Baker drew a base on balls, and the crowd began to take large hunks of notice when Wallace stepped up to the plate. With-out giving due notice or anything else, Wallace picked out a vacant spot between third and second and slid a ball that burned the ground through it.

When Hard Luck Comes.
There is where the hard luck came. Landgraf was playing far off second, and when the bat smacked he was off like a shot. He tried to step over the ball as it spun by, but, like Achilles, his heel was vulnerable, and the ball tapped him on the vulnerable spot. That left two men on base, but with two men out, it did not look so sweet as it might. Irvine managed to put one over that brought Baker home, and that was the last run that scored for Richmond on May 6.

The downfall of the Colts came in the fourth inning, when the error committed as big as they say planets around. Smith made a killing on a straight ball, the first jump into the box, and then came Biggie's error. The quickest to throw did the awful work. Arthur Smith was fast enough to get to third before the ball came back. D. Smith scored. Levy took a base on balls, which put two men on base, and then Peterson began to do yeoman's work.

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came, and it looked as if A. Smith might pass away on third, but it was all a mistake. That pestiferous Jackson came forward with a hit up his sleeve that brought Smith home, and made the grand total of tallies. In the seventh inning Tiltman, in an attempt to steal second, got an out his thigh so that he will hardly be able to play for a week. While he cannot exactly do it, he has managed to do it, the right fielder opened a wound across the big muscle in his high about four inches long and rather deep. Irvine took his place in right field and Messitt became being the bat.

Three double plays marked the game and although Peterson and Levy took a great deal of time with their deliveries, Empire Davis did what he could to make it fast. After the fourth inning the play was so tight that neither side could do a thing, although the Colts had several opportunities to make good. Not a man came forth to save the country, and the enemy took the ball park without a hit to clean the bags or an error to make scoring easy.

HUMMOBILE RETURNS

Car in Accident Returns From Orange Under Its Own Power.
The Hummobile, entered in The Times-Dispatch endurance run by the Richmond Motor Company, returned to the city yesterday morning under its own power, after its accident near Woodberry Forest on Thursday. Driven by F. Norton, the same little car left Orange at 7:10 A. M. and arrived here at 11:45 A. M., which was good running time. A bigger one, though regret was expressed that it could not continue the run to Washington, but officers of the company said yesterday that they would have another machine in the North Carolina contest next month.

HERMITAGE IS READY TO PLAY

Qualifying Rounds for Spring Championship Will Begin This Afternoon.
The qualifying round in the Hermitage Golf Club's spring championship will be played this afternoon over the club course.

Single matches at medal play will be played and play may commence any time after 9 o'clock. A large number of players have signified their intention of playing by signing the entry sheet, and there are quite a number who will participate who have not already signed the sheet.

U. S. G. A. rules will govern this and all other events except where they are in conflict with the local ground rules. Players who may use the links on tournament days are requested to give way to tournament players and wait until they are out of distance before resuming play.

Those turning in cards this afternoon will be divided into classes. Class A will compete for the championship. A cup is offered in each of the other classes. Semifinals at medal play will be played on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of next week and the finals—thirty-six holes—match play in all classes will be played on Thursday and Saturday of the week following.

Quite a number of members have recently taken up the game. Just at this time the club has the services of a professional coach and many of the members are taking advantage of his instruction.

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