

Stirring Features Numerous When Racing Autos Tear Along a Track

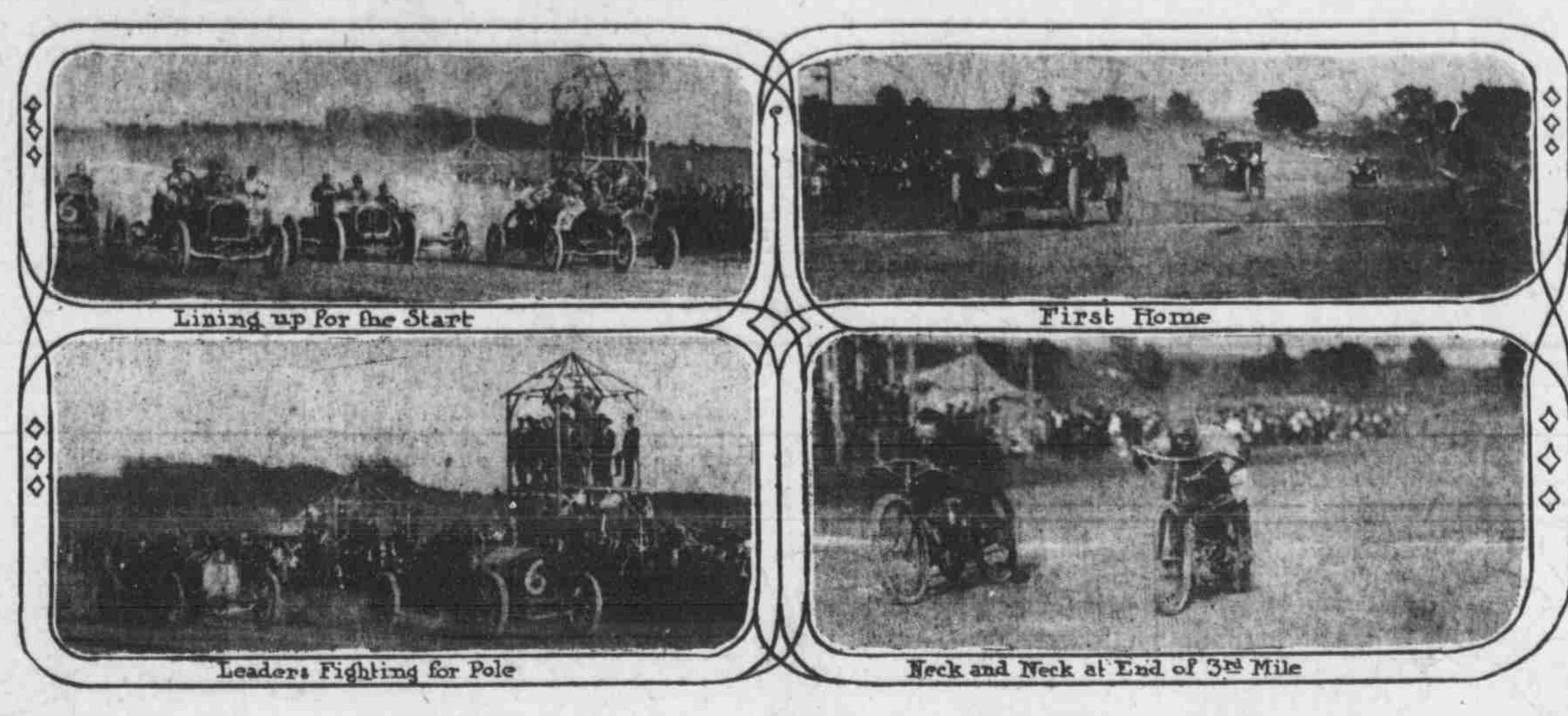
A RETROSPECTIVE view of the automobile race meet which held the attention of Omaha's motor enthusiasts over the last week-end, discloses several points in which the meet failed of perfection, but when one stops to consider the immense obstacles under which the Motor Speedway company which promoted the event did its work, the short time in which so tremendous a task was accomplished and the unexpected unfortunate developments at the last minute, one cannot but feel that the meet was a complete success.

The men who backed this meet were pioneers in their field. Omaha had never known such an event, even on a small scale, and although the same sort of sport had made huge successes in other places, there was the immense question, Would Omaha's citizens take to automobile racing as an amusement?

While the crowds which attended the races were not so large as had been expected—and their scantiness must be attributed almost entirely to the wretched street car service to the park—there were enough people in the track, they made chimes upon the ground to bring smiles to the care-worn faces of the promoters and assure them that automobile racing is going to "take" with Omaha's populace.

Those who were present at the races saw several imperfections in the grounds, they saw rough places in the track, they saw stands unroofed and bearing a general air of incompleteness; they saw delays which dragged the meet out so late as to conflict with dinner hours, and they saw a number of other things which caused them to grumble and grow exceedingly "peevish." But to one who realizes what the Omaha Speedway association has done, the wonder is that the imperfections were not more in evidence than was actually the case.

The idea of forming an association and holding race meets originated in the mind of W. L. Huffman one night about two months ago when that gentleman had retired to his downy couch after a hard day's work. It is not a reason that he made any movement toward organizing the company before morning dawned, but it is indelibly on the record that before evening six men with the necessary funds had consented to back the enterprise, preliminary steps had been taken toward forming an incorporation and a contract had been closed for the renting a six-year term of



Lining up for the Start

Leaders Fighting for Pole

First Home

Neck and Neck at End of 3rd Mile

the ground on which the track is located. Years ago, when the state fair was held at Omaha this ground had been the fair ground, but when that enterprise finally chose Lincoln as its permanent home, the improvements which had been made were demolished, and the track relaxed to its original state, a pasture. To transform such a place into a modern racing track, well banked at the turns, smoothed in such a way as to make automobile racing safe, and equipped with facilities for handling large crowds, would be a stupendous job

if there were unlimited time. To accomplish the task in less than two months was next to the impossible. That is exactly the task which lay before the Speedway company, however, and is exactly what the company was ultimately able to accomplish under the direction of its president, W. R. Gourley, who most lived at the track during the time the work was in progress.

The meet which opened the new track was not an especially pretentious one; it had not been intended to make it such, and the races were largely between local drivers and cars. It did fail, however, to picture the Speedway association track as the scene of some of the classic races which the country will know in the years to come.

The mere fact that it has been found expedient to build such a track has served to emphasize the immense hold which the automobile as a pleasure vehicle has gained upon Omaha and its citizens. Columns have been written and volumes have been spoken upon the place which Omaha holds

in the automobile industry as a selling and buying point and these articles add speeches to emphasize the hold which the automobile has gained upon Omaha in a most enviable position. It is not only as a business proposition that the automobile is of interest to Omaha people, however. The city with its splendid boulevard system and well kept streets as junk deducted from her present value, is the measure of Mr. Pinley Shayne's loss when our big show opens its ticket wagon. "See that?"

A conservative estimate places the number of automobiles in the city at 1,200, or one to every 100 persons in the city—a really surprising number when it is taken into consideration that Omaha is hundreds of miles from the great automobile producing sections and that the automobile is comparatively a new institution. Of course, all of these machines are not exclusively devoted to pleasure, but excluding the fifty or more motor trucks in the city, they are machines which, if they serve to assist their owner in his business in day time, are almost equally devoted to the pleasure of the owner and his family during the leisure hours.

A New Airship Serial by Herbert Quick Author of "DOUBLE TROUBLE" VIRGINIA of the AIR LANES

(Copyright 1916 by Bobbe-Merrill Co.) CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Seated on a log he looked over his drawings of Carson's airship. He could understand the method of making so much wing surface rotary, and the abandonment of the screw principle for that of the old feathering wheel; he understood how the clustered gears along the dragon fly's back could set these beating paddles at any angle or hold them firm for gliding, or make them strike down, forward, or backward. These things meant perfect control—save in one thing: how could so great a craft be kept from overturning? It was too big to be balanced by feeling, like a bicycle or the Wright machines. It would turn turtle; he would be out.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to see it," snarled Wisner. "To see him fall out of the fool thing, breaking his bones. And before he croaked, to stamp in his mouth, and feel his teeth go 'Dum! Dum!'"

But that mysterious glass globe in the center of the craft, with so many little gyroscopes beautifully mounted to run in vacuo? This was the mystery to Wisner. It looked like a round, compact, clear brain. And yet, those eight gyroscopes set in pairs, like the eyes of a hawk, and the brain, were too light to hold the great aeronef stable in the air.

"If they were heavy enough to balance her, she couldn't lift the weight. What are they for? With that devil in that glass globe, I wish it smashed his brains!"

"He struck off north, now, among the little ancient oaks, the rosemary, and the bastard spruce. His trail ran to the left of a black pool, wimpy by tadpoles, as by falling rain; but fate turned him to the right, past a clump of pines, to the tall hickberry bushes, and he landed with a bang, half a mile off the north shore."

the collector, read the letter itself. It was a succinct accusation of smuggling, with the names and addresses of two witnesses—imaginary—who could point out the contraband goods and testify to the facts, with Wisner's identification of the Stickleback's crew as the criminals to which the witnesses named would swear if confronted with J. J. Reagan, captain, and T. W. Faville, chief engineer. The witnesses, the letter concluded, had not been informed of the identity of Faville and Reagan.

Reagan tossed the letter to Faville. "You get in on this," said he. "Put down your gun!"

"Don't be too cocky," said Reagan. "I'll take chances on a shot at you if I hear!"

"Seems to hold high cards," said Faville. "But if you say so, I'll—"

"How do you know?" said Reagan. "That you won't peach after you get through with us?"

"If I make the play I expect to it," replied Wisner. "I'll be in a damned sight dooper'n you are!"

"That means," said Reagan, "worse than smuggling."

"Is it?" asked Virginia the Unconquered. "Zola is so uninteresting—I just happened to pick it up, you know."

"They were uncle and niece," said Mrs. Stott. Virginia flicked the corners with her thumb, making a sound like a fly in a web.

"Shocking!" said she. "I didn't think the law allowed such alliances."

"Love," said Mrs. Stott. "Is very different from marriage—in France. Have you read where Pascal finds Clotilde burning his papers—in the night—so lightly clothed? Or where she proposes?"

"Very!" assented Mrs. Stott. "It is growing warm; you are quite flushed."

"But what is the law?" asked Virginia finally. "I'm sure I don't know," answered Mrs. Stott.

"Being a question," said Virginia. "That can never arise, the law wouldn't cover it."

"Zola," replied Mrs. Stott, "would not have used an impossible case. To be sure, he put Clotilde and Pascal into constant intimate contact, and—"

"Oh, it's quite unthinkable!" said Virginia. "Pascal was old; and—and she'd always known him as her uncle."

"Such circumstances," assented Mrs. Stott, "make all the difference in the world."

"When the absorbed Virginia saw the force of this remark, she almost snarled at her companion."

"Not at all!" said she. "Not the least difference in the world."

Reasorting to Tennessee, she found the lines. "The maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism—"

Forward, forward, ay and backward. "Down the book away, and went down to watch for boats—especially for a remarkably fast motor launch, which had cleared from Week's Bay up river recently, laden with magnolia blossoms, youth, and palpitations of the heart. It was a long time coming so, but Virginia took up Penelope's evening gown and raveled them out next morning."

One day her heart fluttered when Chlo announced a man to see her; for it must mean an emissary from the Shaynes' or Uncle Theodore, she thought. He was in fact, Captain Harrod, unobtrusive, save that he wore boots. The captain thought her charming; and, as she shook his hand, her voice seemed mysteriously vibrant.

"Miss Theodo," said he, "beckoned at you. I'd better stop by and ask how you-all are, an' tell you-all we'll all be at the 'an' gettin' the machine right near ready to 'lanch, ma'am."

"Thank you," replied Miss Suarez. "Is that all?"

Captain Harrod felt himself in an awkward position. It really was all a message, but it seemed too bald and Spartan for real courtesy.

"He says," extemporized the ancient mariner, "they's mighty little to see; but we'd be right pleased, ma'am, if you-all could pass thataway an' stop by."

"I'd be in the way," said Virginia gratefully. "Oh, no," the captain assured her. "Not at all; but it might be convenient for you, ma'am."

"I found life quite—quite giddy there!" said she.

"Here you see," said a voice from the wharf, "two moon-to-be-discarded modes of navigation—the boat displacing water, and the aerostat floating in the air upheld by gas. The hydroplane must replace the boat; the aeronef, the aerostat. I have made a specialty of this. I know. The value of that cigar shaped craft up there is junk deducted from her present value, is the measure of Mr. Pinley Shayne's loss when our big show opens its ticket wagon."

Virginia looked attentively at the speaker started to hear her uncle's name mentioned almost in his presence. She saw a youthful man of medium height, thin habit of body, and long, thick hair, who was gazing, with every appearance of interest, not at the airship, but at a lady of perhaps 27 years, short, plump, admirably gowned in a sort of reduced half mourning with her jolly little face turned toward the Roc, her brown hair touched about her face, her prominent little chin carrying the facial angle forward and downward.

"That talk will do with me," said she. "but you've got to show papa something besides oratory pretty soon, or there'll be trouble. He tells me that you and Mr. Carson are the first ever to sell him a gold brick; and he proposes to make an example of you. You're supposed to be in custody now."

"Never mind, honey."

"Well, I'll think it," said he. "The tongue may be in custody with the body, but the spirit is free—behold! And my youthful Edison can't elude us much longer. Why, he's got to make good! If he doesn't—"

"I will grasp Theodore until I feel his red wet throat distill in blood through these two hands!" That's what I'll do. Why, your father sees in the aeronef the means of escape from the monkey of failure and the Caucasian of success. He's satisfied with the crotch of the Air Products company—and when a pinch comes your respected dad, dead—I mean, of course—why, here he is, now!"

Mr. Waddy came down the wharf, combing his whiskers and mustache out in front of his nose with his fingers. He carried a daisy, which he handed to the lady, who began picking off its petals as if trying her sweetest trick, her giant hand ward the younger man an row of buttons from the neck to the bottom of the shapely waist. As Harrod's boat glided within arm's length of the wharf, the life descended from the airship, filling Virginia with terror.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN IS TAGGED

An Air of Having "Made Good" Distinguishes Her from the Through.

The working woman who has achieved success shows it. You can pick her out from a throng as you can a successful business man in a sidewalk crowd. It is not wholly a matter of garments, although that has something to do with it. She possesses the undefinable air of having "made good"—also a wide-awake, alert manner acquired by hard work and its rewards. She carries herself with a pride and dignity quite unlike the haughty air we associate with social position or wealth. It is simply the well-earned insignia of a self-made woman. As a rule the self-made woman cares little about the suffrage question during her busy career, she has had time to study such things; besides she confesses to a belief that politics would have helped her less than her own efforts. She looks up her work as she would have plunged into study in a colonial school, remembering that sex privileges and sex disabilities count for nothing when a woman shoulders a man's work. Perhaps suffrage for women, if they ever achieve it, may bring more erroneous careers and larger opportunities. Of what avail, however, will that be unless the woman chooses work according to her capacity and does it to the best of her ability—cheerfully, loyally, faithfully and with a heartfelt interest—Isabel Curtis in Success.