

MAKING THIRTY-FIVE SECONDS IS BARNEY OLDFIELD'S AMBITION

Most Daring Chauffeur Believes This Time Possible by Automobile on Straightaway Course.

ISSUES CHALLENGE TO ALL THE WORLD

Offers Henri Fournier \$3,000 for Expenses to Come to America to Race.

HAS FORTUNE FOR BACKING

If Unable to Coax European Cracks Over He Will Cross the Ocean Himself.

BARNEY OLDFIELD'S ambition is to drive an automobile one mile in thirty-five seconds! If nerve will do it, Oldfield's ambition will be realized, for already he has proved himself the most daring chauffeur in America. It is doubtful if there are any more daring in Europe.

It was easy to reconcile the maker of world's track records with the square shouldered young Hercules of the laughing brown eyes who talked with me of miles travelled faster than the wind and of the almost limitless possibilities of the automobile of the future.

He spoke as composedly as if the subject were one for drawing room diversion, but his strong jaw and fearless men gave indication of that intrepidity that had guided a space annihilating machine at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour around the curves of the Empire City track at Tonkers only a few days before.

Fast for a Trotting Track.
He laughed at that speed—this gentlemanly young fellow of the smiling face who has gone faster around a circle than any living man. A mile in 55 4/5 seconds, he admitted, is fast for the Empire track, when it is taken into consideration that the oval had been designed for trotters with two minutes as a probable limit.

What is the automobile limit?
With the track and the day he predicted he would reduce the record for a mile on an elliptic course to 50 seconds, or better! **Why?** That is at the rate of seventy-two miles or more an hour—including curves, too, remember.

And the mile straightaway?
With the day and the course it will be done in 35 seconds—more than a hundred miles an hour! Double the speed of the Empire State Express!

That, Barney Oldfield, demon among chauffeurs, promises to do with his present ninety-eight horse-power motor race—when he finds the course that will permit of it.

Automobiles may be built, he says, with speed of practically no limit. They can be made of such power, he believes, that no man's hands will ever extend them to their ground-eating capacity. From this list he does not even exclude himself.

He Challenges the World.
But with present day machines Barney Oldfield stands eager to meet any racing automobilist in the world. He has authorized me to make his challenge broad and sweeping. He bars none.

He prefers to meet Henri Fournier because of the latter's great reputation in this country, though there are three other European racing experts who he thinks will be harder to beat than Fournier. These three are Jenatton, the Belgian, who finished first for Germany in the International Cup race; Gabriel, the hero of the curtailed Paris-Madrid race, and Charles Jarrott, the Englishman, who was injured in the Irish contest.

Any of these Oldfield will meet on a track or an enclosed course, either in Europe or America. If sufficient inducements be offered for a match across the water he will sail on a week's notice, or if any of the foreign cracks will come to America for a series of match races, he will personally guarantee expenses and find backing for himself to the extent of \$30,000. He specifies only that the contests must not exceed five miles. His reason therefor are given further on.

So eager is the American champion to meet Fournier that he offers the Parisian crack \$3,000 outright to come to Detroit for a single match race at five miles, best two in three heats, besides a percentage of receipts, a side bet and as many matches to follow as Fournier wants.

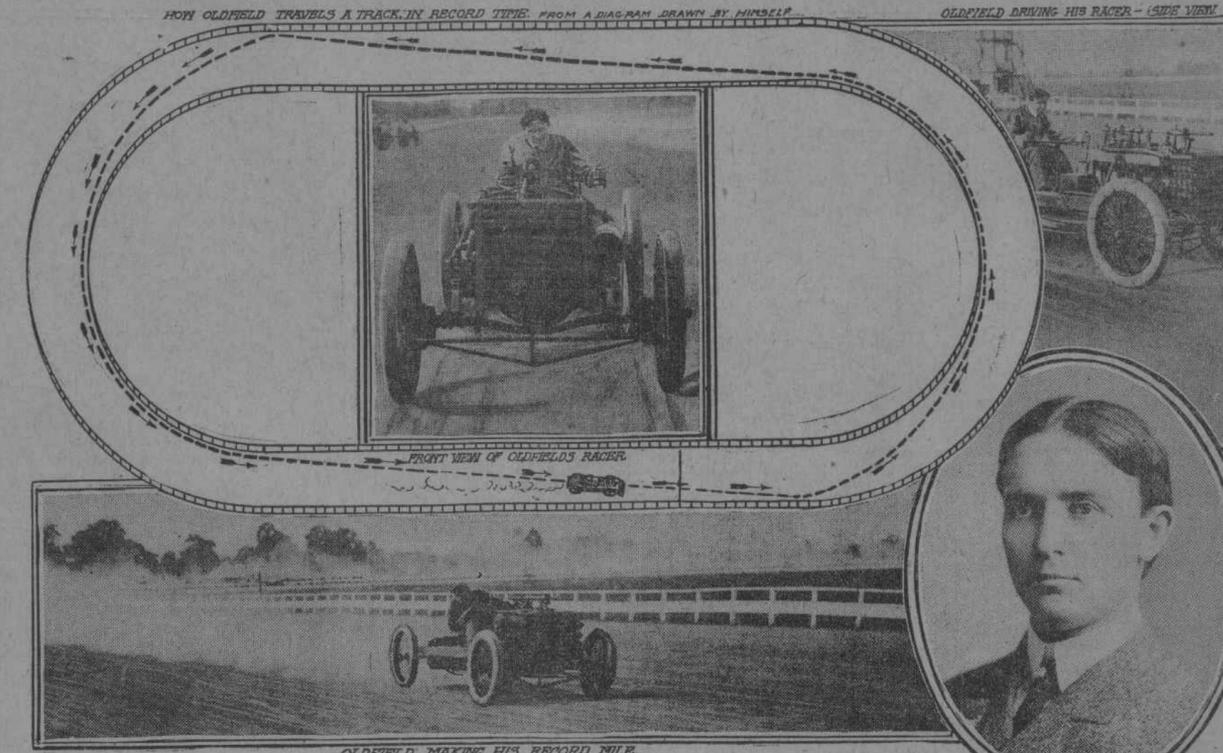
Will Race Abroad Next Year.
If Oldfield fails to make a match with any of the European experts this year he plans to cross the Atlantic in the spring of 1904 and water every race abroad in which he will be eligible to compete. With this purpose in view he already is having built by Henry Ford, at Detroit, a racing machine that will be more powerful and yet lighter than his present record smasher. To use his own words it will be "the fastest automobile ever conceived."

His present time demoliisher, by the way, is as wonderful as its driver. Oldfield is confident it can beat anything on wheels. He thinks its work of 55 4/5 on a dirt trotting track with sharp corners, built for a two minute clip, immeasurably superior to A. Angiers' mile record of 56 1/2 with a three horse team on the straightway Dourdan road in France. He figures that there is at least fifteen seconds difference between the two courses. He expresses absolute confidence of going under forty seconds on the Dourdan route.

Oldfield is proud of his machine because he helped to build it. Some automobiles who looked the affair over while it was at Empire Park last week were not slow to declare it a freak. They averred it to be absolutely useless except for short trials of speed over a perfectly level surface.

What the Racer Consists Of.
Briefly the machine consists of a square frame with an engine mounted in front and geared to one wheel, a cooler, four wheels and a seat. There you are; everything except the records, and they come when the engine runs.

The entire mechanism is exposed, there is no casing system, no exhaust system or muffler, no crank case, only one speed ahead and that is on the high gear; no differential, no reverse, no rear springs, no governor, and direct drive with only the rear outside wheel.



OLDFIELD MAKING HIS RECORD MILE.

Cooper, the former bicycle champion, and myself saw some automobile races at Detroit. We were so impressed with the sport and with the interest shown by the spectators that on the spot we decided to construct automobile racers for ourselves. We joined forces with Henry Ford, a mechanical engineer, of Detroit, and equipped a small shop of our own. Ford designed the machine, and he, Cooper and I worked on it, completing it last October. We then built a duplicate machine for Cooper's use.

"The engine is four cylinder, cast, cast in one piece with one water jacket," he continued in description. "The steering device is direct, as in small runabouts, and not heavy enough for road use. The speed is transmitted direct by large bevel gears. There is a friction clutch and two shoes, which expand on the inside rim of the fly-wheel. When applying power I let these shoes slide on the rim and pick up gradually."

"Seven hundred revolutions of the fly-wheel carries the machine along at a mile a minute. I estimate that 1,400 revolutions per minute is possible.

"Figuring the power after the manner that American manufacturers do, my engine develops exactly ninety-eight horse power. One of its new features is that the inlet valves open mechanically. The weight of the machine is 2,400 pounds. The wheel base is 9 feet 9 inches, the tread 4 feet 4 inches and length over all about 13 feet."

The rear wheels are thirty-six inches and the forward wheels thirty-four inches in diameter. American pneumatic tires are used. The machine, wholly American in design and workmanship, though Oldfield admits that some of the best features of foreign built gasoline engines were copied.

But if the machine and driver are remarkable, quite as remarkable is the manner in which the latter prepares and executes his record work.

Takes His Life in His Hands.
"I realize that every time I go on a track I take my life in my hands," said Oldfield to me. "and consequently I see to it that I am right physically, that my car is right mechanically, and that the track is right. In other words, I must have perfect confidence in myself, in my machine and in the course at the outset. I minimize the chances as much as possible of being hurled to instant death by the slightest flaw in any one of the three."

"I prepare myself for the racing season as faithfully as if training for a boxing match or a herd bicycle race, and I keep myself in condition throughout the season. I take plenty of outdoor exercise, plenty of sleep, plenty of good food and I avoid excitement, stimulants and late hours."

"Now for the machine. I know it as I do myself. I think with it, adjust the parts and tune it up almost daily. Not a bolt can be loosened without my knowledge. If I think a substitution of any part or accessory is advisable, I attend to it myself."

"I buy my own gasoline and place it in the tank personally." And here Oldfield smiled at a reference to gasoline troubles of the American team in the Irish contest. "I know every inch of my engine, and when I time up for the start of a race both I and I are prepared for record breaking if the track and the weather are favorable."

"I have raced every track since the opening of the season, and both myself and machine have been in top notch form in every contest. This is proved by the fact that I have averaged at least one record a week, and have never had to slow up before the finish of a contest, nor have I had to have a single restart."

"Perfect familiarity with the track is almost as essential as familiarity with the machine. Before I begin a race or record trial I know the route I am to travel, as a mariner knows the channels into a harbor. I first get the lay of the surface, the slight inclines and declines, if any, the bumps and the humps, the soft spots and the hard spots, the banking and the turns."

"I take the turns at all speeds, and at all angles until they become so familiar to me that I should not give away a centimeter if I wanted to. Then, knowing where to avoid bumps and soft soil, and where to find even surfaces and hard soil, I look around for my hand marks, as it were, to guide me during the race."

"That is one of the tricks of the business that I should not give away. I have hesitated about describing the manner in which he travels when making records. He yielded when he became convinced that the secret was already known to those who had watched him closely at Empire Park.

"I do not attempt to hug the pole," he continued, "as to most of the chauffeurs I have competed with. Before the start of a race

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'PARENTS TO BLAME FOR CHILDREN'

Jurist of the Orphans' Court in Reading, Pa., Delivers Caustic Rebuke.

READING, Pa., Saturday. HE parents of to-day are entirely too easy going," said Judge H. Willis Bland yesterday, as he discussed the sad case of Mary Loran, of Blandon, "they allow their children to grow up pretty much as they please. They exert no positive influence upon them for good. They do not safeguard them with proper parental restrictions."

"Instead of subjecting their children to a regular, rational, wholesome system of discipline at home, some of these parents allow their children to tramp the street in daily and nightly contact with every degrading influence. The inevitable happens, and they find their children ruined. Thereupon they acquit themselves of all blame and place the entire responsibility on the children. Is this right?"

Judge Bland answered his own question in court by appointing a guardian for Mary Loran, who had been committed to the care of the State. He said that for the last twenty-two years custodian of the City Hall, Mr. Keese was in the Sheriff's office near by during the Tweed days, but he was a frequent visitor to the City Court House and the Fourth Avenue tunnel. Others have been of the generation in which the Tweed family flourished, and some few were actual sufferers from his rule.

But of all who have come to tell tales of the secret stairway to willing listeners no one can approach in knowledge and interesting information either of the room and for the last twenty-two years custodian of the City Hall, Mr. Keese was in the Sheriff's office near by during the Tweed days, but he was a frequent visitor to the City Court House and the Fourth Avenue tunnel. Others have been of the generation in which the Tweed family flourished, and some few were actual sufferers from his rule.

Secret Stairway Was Once a Popular Route

Recollections of Tweed Cling to Passageway Uncovered in the City Hall Behind the Old Council Chamber.

AROUND the secret stairway recently discovered in the City Hall, clinging memories of William Marcy Tweed and his associates of the Tweed family flourished, and some few were actual sufferers from his rule.

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GERMAN COLONISTS IN BRAZIL STATES

About 350,000 Settled in Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul.

GERMAN colonies in Brazil would pass almost unnoticed in the Brazilian capital did not a German paper, the Gazeta da Colonia, and an American enterprise frequently call attention to them.

The Germans are settled in the States of Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul. Exactly how many there are is not known, because in Brazil no regular statistics are kept. Official estimates, however, place in these two cities about three hundred and forty thousand Germans—ninety thousand in Santa Catharina and two hundred and fifty thousand in Rio Grande do Sul.

Germans, especially in Santa Catharina, form separate groups, which mix very little with the Brazilians. They have their own institutions, where only colony members are to be met. There are also several schools, in which German is taught. Many sons of Germans, born in Santa Catharina, do not speak a word of Portuguese. The same is true of Italians and Poles. In Santa Catharina there are some localities where Germans constitute almost the total population, as in Blumenau and Joinville.

Nearly all the Germans apply themselves to farming and small industries and do not mix in politics, although in the German towns the municipal officers are almost exclusively Germans. Brazilians generally look at them with interest, and a serious conflict has never taken place between Germans and Brazilians.

Barney Oldfield expects to travel the same distance on a circular course in less than fifty seconds. Racer is a freak, for track only built for short speed trials. Handicaps machines made for the road. How records are broken. American champion describes his method of covering an oval at greatest rate. I have certain marks along the outer or inner edge of the oval fixed in my mind, for which I aim from various points of the course. Before taking the first curve I run to the outer edge of the track, to a point where the curve begins. Then, turning sharply, I aim for a mark in the inner edge of the oval, about midway around the curve. Then, hugging the inner side of the circle closely, I shoot into the backstretch. Here, however, I do not turn sharply and hold the pole. If I did that it would swing me wide on either side of the mark I have selected. The instant I strike the stretch I change the course just sufficiently to aim for the outer edge of the oval at the far end of the stretch on the outside edge, just about where the next curve begins. That mark will be a quarter of a mile or more away from me as I swing across the track, but I steer straight for it. My machine will not deviate more than a foot on either side of the mark I have selected. As I rush on to the mark so closely that collision with it seems a certainty, the critical moment seems to flash upon me by instinct, and with a sudden jerk I change the steering bar, my course is changed like a fork of lightning, and I am again aiming for the inner edge of the track in the middle of a curve. Diagonally Across Track. Again, striking the home stretch, I aim diagonally for the far side of the track at the beginning of the lower turn, again I turn about as I seem about to dash through the fence, and so on for another half mile at the center of a curve. So it is repeated up and down the stretches diagonally with the circular ends of the course hugged only for half of their distances, leading into the straights. Of course, this plan of riding a track carries no consideration of the distance on each complete circuit. On the Empire course, for example, where the stretches are one hundred feet in length, one run from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, more than the mile each time around. This means a loss of from two to four seconds to the mile. On the other hand, I gain something for I am enabled to take the curves at full speed, something which no other driver does. Particularly that other machines lost time on the curves, which they failed to regain by keeping close to the pole in the runs down the stretch. Do you find a great physical strain attendant upon a record ride? I asked Oldfield. "The strain is terrific," he answered. "At one time I completed on the cycle track, and I tell you honestly there is less taken out of me in a hard twenty mile cycle race than in a five mile record trip with a motor machine. Mind Concentrated Upon Speed. "Throughout the ride my mental and physical being is as a part of the great machine beneath me. The throbs of the engine seem to be attuned to my own heart throbs. My mind is concentrated upon one object—speed. I see nothing but my 'hand marks' and yellow soil that rapidly disappears like an endless ribbon beneath the machine. I shoot up one side and shoot down the other side of the yellow oval. I dash for one fence, and then dash for another. Sometimes I follow a dust cloud that I instinctively realize to be my own trail. "But always a dash from fence to fence, always the yellow soil to be held beneath me; always I think of speed. Then I hear the alarm that tells me it is over. I shut off my power, and the car runs till it stops. I am perspiring and worried with the strain when I dismount. "That is why," he concluded, "I do not favor races of confeder distance that have miles. That is far enough to show the superiority of one automobile over another—of one driver over another. Go further and you have a probability, but a strain is still there and increasing. Tribute to a Great Driver. Barney Oldfield gave this description graphically, and G. D. Stewart, his manager, supplemented it with a tribute to the skill of the driver. "If Oldfield had not the constitution, the eye, the brain and the nerve," he said, "to match the speed of his machine, the records he has already established would have been among the possibilities. In work of this kind more credit is due the man than the machine. Oldfield could not have taken any other machine that competed at the Empire meet and have gotten at least three seconds off the mile out of it than was shown there. He then told how immediately after an exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, in which Oldfield had reduced the ten mile track record to less than ten minutes, he had been examined by two physicians, who found his pulse rate to be thirty accelerated and other functions normal. That ten mile record ride, by the way, is the only time Oldfield has ever gone more than five miles at a speed which has been made only on the road. If no better course presents itself he plans to go for straightway records on the Daytona beach, Florida, in the fall. Oldfield now holds all track marks up to ten miles inclusive, the most notable times being—One mile, 55 4/5 seconds; two miles, 1:10 1/2; five miles, 5:15 1/2. In unofficial trials he has covered one-quarter mile stretches in twenty seconds and a single better, while in his best time he has run under twenty-six seconds. No Comparison Between Records. As has been stated, Oldfield believes that no comparison can be drawn between French road records and American track records. Given the French road, he believes he could establish an entirely new record state for short distances. The best comparison, he thinks, of the relative speed of his machine and foreign built racers was afforded by the work of the Panhard and Darracq automobiles, starters in the Paris-Madrid race, that competed at the Empire meet. Built to travel sixty and seventy miles an hour on the road they were unable to approach his racer in speed on the track. But they were built for general road use, while Oldfield's record breaker, as has been shown, was designed simply for track racing at high speeds. Oldfield is enthusiastic over the outlook for automobile racing in this country. He has calculated that more than one hundred thousand persons will see his record breaker in action this year, the greatest number of spectators at any one meet being 12,000 at Columbus, Ohio. Wherever he has competed great enthusiasm has been shown. Born in Wauson, Ohio, the champion automobile driver is just twenty-five years of age. By occupation he is a commercial traveler, though for several years he was prominent on the cycle track during the summer seasons. He has been an amateur boxer, wrestler and bowler, being a natural all round athlete. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, though he looks taller, and has a rugged appearance and carries no superfluous flesh.