

BELLEVILLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1906.

Daredevils Who Make New Auto Records

WITH the speed of a railway train" used to be a phrase expressing a very high degree of velocity, but the railroad locomotives are left away behind in these days by the big high powered automobiles. A speed of a mile a minute is fast for a railroad train, but it is slow for a racing automobile. The motor racers have got the record down to a mile in less than half a minute.

The record for a mile is now 28 1-5 seconds. This was the achievement of F. H. Marriott, a Newton (Mass.) young man, in the record smashing races at Ormond, Fla. He drove a Stanley steamer of fifty horsepower around the course in that time, beating the record of 38 seconds made by a Ross steamer in races last year. Marriott also did a mile in 31 4-5 seconds in a race for the one mile steam championship. He had but a short time before this participated in the one mile international race for the Sir Thomas R. Dewar trophy and beaten gasoline cars of much higher power, making the mile in this race in 32 1-5 seconds. This, too, was making a new world's record, as the previous record, made by McDonald last year in a Napier, was a mile in 34 2-5 seconds.

Running at the rate at which Marriott drove his racing car a railway train could make the trip between New York and Chicago in about eight hours. Nine hours is now considered good time in which to run from New York to Buffalo. Marriott when he made his record for the mile was traveling at the rate of 127 miles an hour. Not even an automobile racer could at the present stage of the science of automobiling maintain such a speed as this for a distance of 127 miles. But in the races at Ormond five miles was made in the astonishing time of 2 minutes 34 seconds. It was the French racer Hemery who achieved this feat in a 200 horsepower Darracq, but the



HEMERY, FRENCH EXPERT, AND MARRIOTT IN THE STANLEY STEAMER.

time was unofficial, and as a false start was made Hemery was asked to go over the course again. This he refused to do and was ruled out in consequence. But Marriott drove his steam racer over the five mile course in 2 minutes 47 seconds, and this was accepted as the record. The previous record was 3 minutes 17 seconds.

The achievement of Marriott proves that the victory is not always to the strong, for his machine is of small horsepower as compared with Alfred G. Vanderbilt's great 250 horsepower racer. This car was taken to Ormond and entered for the races, but balked whenever attempts were made to start it. It was taken out on the beach, and a dozen French machinists tried to make the motors work, but the vehicle containing the strength of 250 horses confined within its iron frame was as obstinate as a mule, and, though its multimillionaire owner paced the beach and fumed at its reprehensible conduct, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't get the big "choo-choo" to moving again.

The dangers of driving a racer at about two miles a minute are not to be scoffed at. To begin with, the appearance of one of these machines is enough to scare a person who is afraid of being out after dark. It looks like an inverted submarine boat on wheels, and when spinning along at a mile in half a minute the driver, with his automobile goggles over his eyes, could readily be mistaken for the evil one himself. Every race meet has its chapters of accidents. Other things besides records were smashed at the Ormond races, but fortunately there were not the serious accidents that have sometimes marred the success of such enterprises. One racer, Walter Christie, lost a wheel, and his machine, skidded into the ocean. It chanced to be at just the spot where Frank Croker, son

of the former New York politician, Richard Croker, lost his life about a year ago.

The Privacy of Sincerity.

When we have acquired a sufficient sincerity with ourselves it does not follow that we must deliver it to the first comer. The frankest and most loyal man has the right to hide from others the greater part of what he thinks and feels.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

"PITCHFORK BEN."

Senator Tillman of South Carolina and His Sharp Tongue.

Benjamin R. Tillman, the South Carolina senator whose recent attack on President Roosevelt occasioned widespread comment, is one of the most picturesque characters of the upper branch of congress. The sobriquet of "Pitchfork Ben," which he earned even before his entrance to the senate, was applied to him on account of the way in which he referred to Grover Cleveland toward the close of the latter's second term. Tillman was then governor of South Carolina and a candidate for the senate. He promised that



SENATOR BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

if elected he would use a pitchfork on the president and later in a speech after his entrance to the senate called him "the bull necked and idiotic occupant of the White House," at the same time referring to Secretary Carlisle as "the Judas from Kentucky."

In addressing an audience the senator does not believe in flattery. He was once hissed at a meeting in Charleston and broke out with:

"This is the fifth time I've tried to poke some sense in the heads of you people, but I suppose you don't want it, and I think you'd better beat your drums and stampee like a lot of cowards, as you did the second time I came here. You are a set of old fossils, and you can go to the devil in your own way. I don't want your votes."

One of the famous episodes in the senator's career was his encounter on the floor of the senate with his colleague from South Carolina, Mr. McLaurin, the two men coming to blows and being punished by the senate by temporary suspension from membership and expulsion from the chamber. It was during his administration as governor of South Carolina that the dispensary law was passed. The enforcement of the new law occasioned riots, and in their suppression the governor ruled for a time with an iron hand.

Senator Tillman was born in Edgefield county, N. C., in 1847. He left school to join the Confederate army, but an illness which resulted in his losing the sight of one eye prevented his being a soldier. The character of the South Carolina member is a puzzle to observers of national events and those participating in them. His friends say that he invariably presents his worst side to the public; that he is a man of great ability, a genial companion and a fire eater only when making a political speech.

A lover's knot doesn't always result in the marriage tie.

PAINS IN THE BACK.

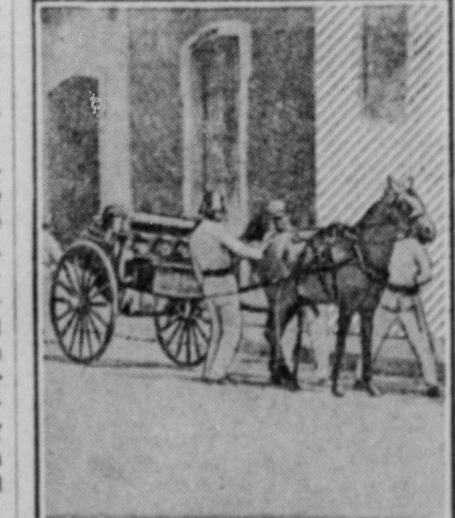
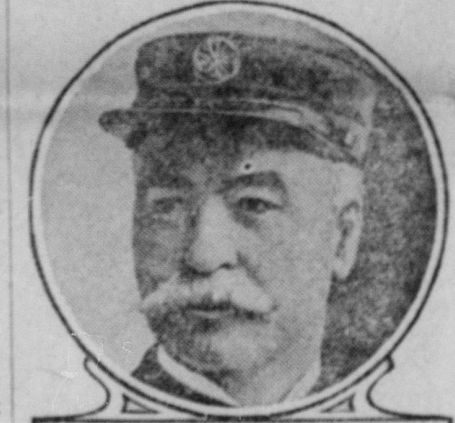
Are the signs of the deranged kidneys. And as the kidneys are the most important organs in the human body except the heart, and have more work to perform than any other of the organs, these first symptoms of approaching disease should be heeded.

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Hugh Bonner, The Veteran Fire Fighter

THERE have been great changes in the city of Manila since the era of Spanish occupation. One of the institutions established by Americans that have earned popularity is the fire department. Much of the efficiency which the Manila fire fighters have attained is due to the work of that veteran fireman, Hugh Bonner, who was recently appointed deputy fire commissioner of New York city for the borough of Manhattan. It has been said that Bonner comes nearer to being the embodiment of the story book fire fighter than any other living man. He is sixty-six years of age, and when he was a youth fire fighting was not an occupation of itself. Even the city of New York, his birthplace, had no paid fire department. Bonner learned the tinsmith's trade as a young man, but as a boy he always ran with the engines when a fire was to be put out, and as soon as he was old enough he joined a volunteer company and rose to be a captain in the volunteer department. While he was fighting a fire with his company one day he and his men were notified that they had been made members of the newly organized paid department. He continued in the service about thirty-five years and for over ten years was chief of the department, raising it to a state of efficiency that made it famous the world over. About a half dozen years ago he resigned and was commissioned shortly afterward to go to Manila and undertake the establishment of American methods of fire fighting in the capital of the Philippines.

During the 300 years or so that the dons ruled in Manila they had not done much toward establishing a fire department. In a city of nearly 200,000 people there were only a few antiquated hand engines manned by volunteers. All this has been changed



HUGH BONNER AND MANILA METHODS BEFORE HE IMPROVED THEM.

by the work Bonner did in his stay of from two to three years in the city. Today the fire department is the pet of property owners, who no longer watch in blank despair the burning of their buildings when a fire breaks out. There are over 150 paid men in the department. About 35 per cent of the force are natives, but the officers are Americans, and many of the officers and men are former United States soldiers, a fact which makes for good discipline. There are fire houses, steam and chemical engines and all other appurtenances of an up to date department. The first time that Bonner and his new service were called on to attend a fire in Manila there was great excitement in the Philippine city. A blaze had started in the store of a merchant on the Escolta, the leading street. Shopkeepers by the hundred ran out into the street, fearing that their stocks of goods would be consumed. Amid a clanging of strange bells and a clatter of hoofs the new firemen made a record in reaching the scene. They obeyed their orders like soldiers, the fire was put out in less than half an hour, and Manila did not get over the sensation in a week.

One time when Bonner was chief of the New York fire department a fire broke out on election night on Broadway. A force of thirty men were on the fourth and fifth floors of the burning building pouring water on the flames when the wall on one side of the structure from the roof to the pavement fell outward. There was a whirlwind of flame and smoke, and the men at work in the building fighting the fire prepared to jump to the ground, thinking that otherwise they would be buried in the ruins. The windows were lined with men ready to leap to a fate that might be death. Bonner is noted for his knowledge of the construction of buildings. He knew that though one wall had fallen out the others would probably stand. So he shouted to the panic stricken men:

"Stay where you are. You're all right." The men had so much confidence in his judgment and were under such good discipline that they obeyed, and thus their lives were saved.

Don't go to bed without a bottle of "Oil of Gladness" in the house. Your darling may have croup. The oil will cure it.

But it took more courage to attend dinner than to face storm.

There are now honors in plenty for the captain of the schooner Alberta, Mark Casto, the modest hero who succeeded in rescuing the imperiled passengers and crew of the steamship

medal and of a medal from the legislature of New Jersey, while that hospitable Philadelphia organization, the Clover club, presented him with a diamond studded medal and entertained him at dinner. Captain Casto when he saw the peril of three score persons on the Cherokee did not fear to steer straight for the open sea in his small but staunch craft. He did not hesitate to attempt a task which baffled the skill and courage even of the brave United States life saving crews of the Atlantic City station. His nerve did not desert him in the midst of tempestuous seas, but when it came to facing a lot of men in spiked tailed coats and sitting down to a course dinner the bluff skipper of a fishing smack almost showed the white feather. But he decided to go for the sake of the six sailors who helped him safely take ashore the sixty people from the Cherokee. He wanted their share in the act to receive due credit. Captain Casto is a short, unpretentious man of thirty-six, and being a hero is somewhat embarrassing to him, though this is not the first time he has rescued imperiled lives. He lives at Pleasantville, N. J., is married, is the son of a sailor and the grandson of a sailor.

It is easy enough to be pleasant when life goes along like a song. But the man worth while is the man with a smile when everything goes "dead wrong."

Tribune-Farmer.

Many of our patrons have been getting the Tribune-Farmer in connection with this paper for 25 cents extra, and found it a most valuable paper. After April 1st that rate will be discontinued, as the two papers then will cost \$1.50.

It takes a lot of cheek to turn the other one.

CAPTAIN CASTO WAS GAME.

But it took more courage to attend dinner than to face storm.

There are now honors in plenty for the captain of the schooner Alberta, Mark Casto, the modest hero who succeeded in rescuing the imperiled passengers and crew of the steamship



CAPTAIN MARK CASTO.

Cherokee. The courage which he displayed in going out to the relief of those on the Cherokee when the ship straddled on the New Jersey coast and was in momentary danger of going to pieces in the wild storm has been deemed worthy of a Carnegie hero fund

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