

worked day and night on it and finally six hours before a big race at Detroit the great old monster concluded it would run. Alexander Winton, who then held the American racing championship, was the star of the meet with his Bullet No. 1, and it was Winton I was to drive against. The purse was \$500 and we needed it, for our bank roll had been through an awful siege trying to complete old '999.' Before the race Ford came around and said to me: 'That car isn't going to be able to keep within hailing distance of Winton, and I don't want you to connect my name with the car in any way.' That made me awfully sore and I went on with preparations, determined to do something that had never been done before—I intended to drive the turns without shutting off the power. It is a matter of automobile history how that race came out. I beat Winton by nearly a mile in five and broke all world's records to boot. The next morning I awoke to find that Barney Oldfield was quite a man in his line.

WORKED IN AUTO SHOP.

"That winter I went to work in an automobile shop, for automobile racing was not a popular sport then and it was the wrong season of the year to make a start on. There are some champions that can live on their friends in the winter time, but his one went to work—hard work, too—for 2.50 a day. I had a wife and old folks to support and I could not afford to loaf. The following spring it was in Indianapolis that I did something that every one said was impossible. I drove the '999 a mile in 39 2-5, beating the minute. Then the following July I went to work for Winton, for he never raced again after I defeated him, and drove a big eight-cylinder machine he built for me—Bullet No. 2. It was with this machine I had my first real accident in Detroit that fall. I was rounding the upper turn in the last mile of a five-mile record trial—and I was beating the former mark, too—when my left hand front tire blew up. The wheels would not answer the steering gear and I knew I had no chance to escape going through the fence—something that I had always figured meant sure death. There was a crowd lined up all along the rail and when you are going ninety odd feet a second there is not much time to think or plan.

I had always figured out that I must not hit the fence slanting, or rather, from the side, so I yanked the wheel all the way round and took the fence at right angles. I broke a fence rail over my breast and upper arms and why I was not brained I don't know. It missed my head clean and I raced myself for the shock that I know was coming when I hit.

"I had a flush of a couple of men in front of me—both running. The machine caught one of them and carried him along in front of it through the air. Three seconds later I got up on my hands and knees. It was exactly 110 feet from where the machine lay, a mass of wreckage. As I lay over I saw the other man beside me. I remember trying to get up and run—for he was a horrible looking object. They afterward told me very bone in his body was broken. I had broken shoulder and four ribs.

Barney Oldfield, Vanderbilt Cup
Broadway Play

ACTOR BARNEY

Oldfield Comes to Town in Full Regalia.

Has a \$1,000 Coat and \$1,000
Dog and Creates a Mild Sensation.

Barney Oldfield, king of "hoofers," is again in our midst. He is the same old Barney—only a little more so. The simple life apparently agrees perfectly with Barney, for since he has been driving the Green Dragon at Broadway theater in New York he has added weight until he resembles a real representative of the breed.

The king of choosers did not return without a few surprises. Everybody knows about his \$10,000 worth of diamonds. But he has a few new possessions of which he is justly proud now.

First there comes his new seal skin overcoat—price \$1,000. Barney got the coat Saturday and when he returns to New York he will shine on the stage.

Then there is the dog. He's not a very handsome dog. Hair's red and scraggy, legs a bit long and he—but these do not matter. Hypo, that's his name, is a genuine red-haired Irish terrier and comes from the same county that Barney's ancestors settled many centuries ago. The price mark sewed up in one of Barney's vest pockets says \$1,000—that's all.

Barney does not profess to be much of an actor. Barney is the highest priced thespian in the world if salaries are paid in proportion to the number of words an actor speaks.

Barney acts every day while in New York and speaks only once a week. He clatters into the Green Dragon, defeats Tom Cooper in an exciting auto race, acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd with a broad smile and then makes his exit.

His speaking part comes in at the end of the week when he receives his check and says "thank you" to the stage manager at Broadway theater.

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