

ARROL-JOHNSTON WINNER 1905

One of Two Cars Entered by J. S. Napier Captures Tourists' Trophy, England's Big Automobile Competition on the Isle of Man—Eighteen Out of Fifty-four Take Prizes

London, Sept. 14—Special Cablegram—England's great automobile competition, the contest for the Tourists' trophy on the Isle of Man, over a course measuring exactly 208 miles 4 furlongs, or four circuits of the island, was contested to-day and was won by one of the two Arrol-Johnston cars entered by J. S. Napier. Only regulation touring cars were permitted in the event, which was held for the purpose of finding out the actual road use the cars could be subjected to and the economy with which they could be operated. There were fifty-eight nominations for the contest, but four were scratched, leaving fifty-four to strive for the trophy. Of this number eighteen won prizes. The Arrol-Johnston was fitted with Continental tires.

The award was made under the rule which says that the car completing the course in the shortest time shall be declared the winner, subject to the compliance with the regulations. The fuel used was provided by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, which had charge of the test. It was of petroleum spirit having a specific gravity of 0.695 to 0.705 at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The allowance was determined by the club on the nature of the course selected and the condition of the road surfaces on the day of the races. The allowance was equivalent to an allowance of 1 gallon for every 25 miles of dry average road, the term "average road" signifying a course similar to the road from London to Oxford, via Uxbridge, High Wycombe and Stokenchurch.

The Arrol-Johnston car, the winner, is considered a freak by many reputable continental car builders. This is attributable to the use of twin horizontal cylinders in front beneath a bonnet. The cylinders have a bore and stroke of $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches respectively and at 800 revolutions per minute give 18 horsepower. The setting of the cylinders side by side with their heads towards the left and the crank case at the right tends to make the latter side of the car slightly heavier, but this is almost overcome by the fly-wheel motion. The final transmission to the rear axle is through propeller shaft, fitted with very large dust proof universal joints. The car body is

rakish in the extreme. The hood is low and long and terminates in a low hollow metal dash. The car is heavy for its size but with its large cylinders made good work on the level and also on the hills, in spite of the extra weight.

CONTEST STIRS ENGLAND

London, Sept. 6—We are now on the eve of the race for the Tourist trophy, which will be held September 14, and the center of British automobile gravity is shifting from the Piccadilly end of London to the Peveril hotel end of Douglas, Isle of Man. Most of the drivers who will be engaged in steering the half hundred cars that comprise the total entry have been over in Manland for some time—the duration varying generally according to the financial limitations of the firm implicated—and now the principals have followed to judge of results achieved. The Tourists' trophy race is undoubtedly the brightest idea that has yet been struck by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland in the racing line. Although at the moment motor racing, per se, is anathema to the British public, and has for some time, and for that reason, been timidly, even apologetically, countenanced by the automobile club, not a word of genuine disapproval of the aim of the contest has appeared in print. But that is all one can say in its favor in this way. Reams of paper and columns of type have been used by experts and interested parties in denouncing the futility and senselessness of the conditions governing the Isle of Man contest.

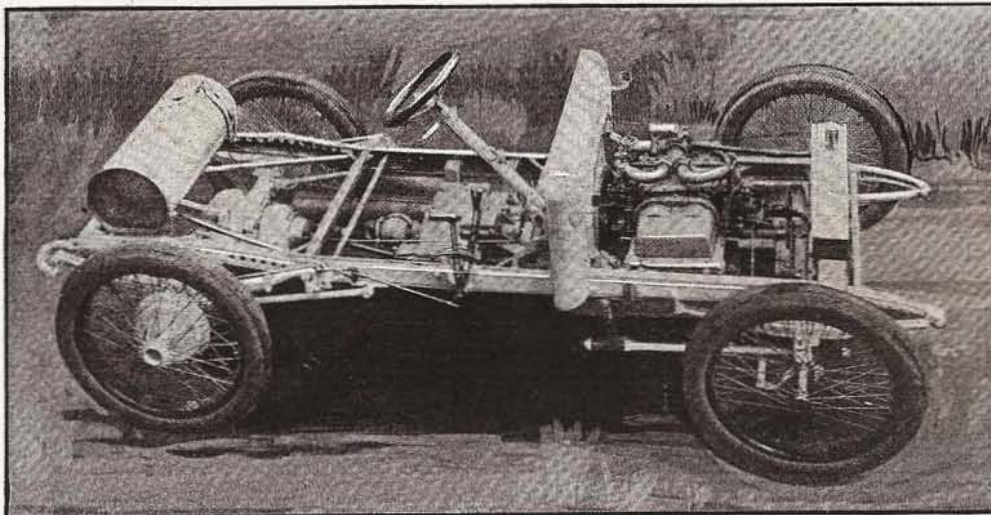
So much has been written that the critics have become fogged, and usually well informed men have written scornfully or otherwise on governing conditions which have only had existence in their confused imaginations. The more acute and serious students of motor design early fell victims to the melancholy conviction that the race would call into being a series of freak designs specially planned to take advantage of theoretical loopholes in the governing conditions. The less thoughtful, but equally keenly interested, would be competitor dashed on with a brief

but forcible verdict, only a portion of which was printable. The motoring public looked at the thing broadly and guessed that the idea was a good one, and, evidently, as well handled as such an idea could be, or there had not been so much squealing from the ranks of those who had to face the music. The outside public, whose idea of the cost of motoring is largely bound up in amount of gasoline consumed, found in it an interesting, quasi-informative spectacle, satisfactory inasmuch as it was to be taken over to the Isle of Man for decision, and commendable in so far as it was the first official attempt towards limiting horsepower and speed in a contest in which speed is the main test.

To begin with there are no freaks among the entered cars. A little consideration indicated to those as were inclined to construct such that victory by such means would bring no commercial reward, and failure would invite ridicule. The day is gone here when business men can afford to play with motor racing as an advertisement. It is the most costly form of advertisement and has proved the least remunerative to most of those who have taken a hand in it. Its cost and its uncertainty, no less than the force of public opinion, have killed it in its higher form, and doubtless when ambitious designers proposed to plan out something that would have all the advantages to be milked from the rules of the trophy race their employers remembered these things and reflected that, after all, the race would probably be won largely on luck—as all motor races have been. In any event the result is that none of the huge single-cylindered ten-speeded monstrosities conjured up by the alarmists has put in an appearance. The majority of the cars entered are ordinary standard patterns, with just such minor deviations as might reasonably be expected under the circumstances, and as would be provided by manufacturers for customers who had such exceptional conditions to face.

The primal idea around which the whole contest has been constructed is the production of an ideal touring car which will yield its maximum results under the conditions as to speed which hedge in automobilism in this country. In a land in which over \$1,000,000 have been collected inside of 18 months in fines for exceeding the legal speed limit of 20 miles per hour, it would be a useless luxury to provide for a speed of 30; and one savoring of contumacy toward public opinion at a critical moment. The idea, therefore, has been to so arrange conditions so that power will be restricted—not exactly within the 20-mile limit—but to such an extent as to make a Tourists' trophy car simply a touring automobile, powerful enough, if possible, to take hills at the maximum speed permitted and to drive 25 miles on average roads on 1 gallon of gasoline—costing, in this country, from 18 cents to 36 cents, according to locality.

The structural restrictions are that the chassis of competing cars must weigh, when complete and ready for the body work, not less than 1,300 pounds nor more than 1,600 pounds. The wheel base must not be less than 7 feet 6 inches and the wheel gauge not less than 4 feet. Each chassis must have a body equipment of not less than 950 pounds, must carry a driver and a passenger, each weighing not less than 154 pounds and 300



CHASSIS OF THE ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR, TOURISTS' TROPHY WINNER

pounds of loose ballast. All this means that the competitors must drive cars such as are at the moment generally fitted with engines of from 14 horsepower to 24 horsepower, according to catalogue description.

To drive from 25½ cwt. to 28 cwt. over 25 miles of undulating road on a gallon of gasoline will necessitate that engine power will be much nearer 16 horsepower than 24, but as this provision is a computed one, depending on the judgment of technical experts on the day of the contest, we may look for some latitude, I think, which will enable some of the entrants to keep inside the limits on the Isle of Man course who could not do so on the London-Oxford road—the test for standard consumption. Cars must carry at least 12 gallons of gasoline in their tanks; no spare gasoline tins or parts of any sort will be permitted, no outside assistance of any sort, and the car which covers the 208½ miles of heavy country embodied in four times around the Isle of Man course in the fastest time will be adjudged the winner—if its fuel consumption is inside the limit laid down.

That is the whole affair in a nutshell. In all fifty-eight cars were originally entered, but eight were withdrawn for various reasons. Those left in are: Rolls-Royce, Napier, Damiler, Orleans, Argyll, Humber, Swift, White Steam Co., Dennis, Darracq, Thornycroft, Minerva, Speedwell, Rover, Arrol-Johnston, two each; Wolseley Siddiley, Simms-Wabeck, Star, James & Brown, Cadillac, Mandslay, Vauxhall, Ryknield, Clement, Standard, Gladiator, Whitlock, Bristol, Scout, Dixi, Peugeot, Mors, Vinot & Deguingand, Royal Enfield, one each.

The most remarkable feature about that list is the comparative absence of continental names. The Darracq, Clement, Minerva, Gladiator, Peugeot, Mors and Vinot & Deguingand make up the total, and the absence of names such as Panhard & Levassor, Mercedes, Richard-Brasier, De Dion, De Dietrich, Hotchkiss, Delacmay-Belleville and a score of others which are being energetically traded in this country, prompt some to ask the reason for the failure to enter.

America's contribution consists of the two White steamers and the Cadillac. The Cadillac has just an ordinary standard, 8½-10 horsepower, single-cylinder chassis, made a foot longer than hitherto, in order to meet the regulation, and with a somewhat higher geared chain sprocket. The cylinder is 5 by 5-inch bore and stroke. This car has also been publicly timed to cover 35 miles in the hour, has gained maximum marks for reliability in the Scottish Automobile Club's trials and in a consumption test actually covered 29 miles on a gallon of gasoline, so that it is expected to make a good show.

The White steamers are also standard cars—the ordinary 15-horsepower tourist model with a modified type of burner. This latter is in order to ensure that the gasoline consumption—a regulation that bears hardly upon steam cars—should not be exercised. Frederick Coleman, the manager for the English branch of the White Sewing Machine Co., is certainly leaving nothing to chance. The English motoring public is not keen on anything but the internal combustion engine and Coleman's task in fighting against apathy and prejudice in regard to steam has been a heavy one in many ways.

PUNCTURED BY A SNAKE

Reptile's Fangs Sunk into Tire on Reo Mountaineer—Megargel's Experiences in Wyoming

Medicine Bow, Wyo., Sept. 18—The Reo mountaineer party, on its way to the coast and back, Sundayed in this little town with the Indian-sounding name. The double transcontinental trip is not proving to be such a hardship after all, and Fassett and I are getting our share of enjoyment out of it.

Quite a different appearance does the Reo possess than it did when it gaily sailed out of New York on August 19. The original set of Diamonds is still doing service, and the extra still hangs on the left step, thus far uncalled for. The four tires in use show cuts and scars too numerous to mention, but they still hold air and hold it well, although one of the rear tires was punctured by a rattlesnake bite on Thursday, and Fassett declares it is somewhat swelled from the effect of the poison. We ran over the snake and he turned savagely on the tire and stuck his 2-inch fangs into the rubber and canvas several times. An hour later we had to insert a new tube in the casing.

This is only part of the snake story, for the Reo Mountaineer ran over at least a dozen of the reptiles that day, the trail, used but little, being a favorite resort for the rattlesnakes residing in and around Lodge Pole, Neb. While tearing off the miles at pretty nearly a 2-minute clip, our car plowed into a drove of snakes, the big wheels throwing them in all directions. One seven-rattle affair landed on top of the canvas covering of the tonneau, and, just as we were about to let him have the automobile, slipped off into the road again. We were thinking some of camping out that night, but changed our minds—it was easier than changing our present dwelling place, both Fassett and myself preferring the earth at present.

While running for Cheyenne we saw a large badger running up the trail. A slight pressure on the throttle sent the Reo flying after him and he was run down in a few seconds, then shot and skinned, but not until he had put up a game fight and showed as fierce a set of teeth as any wild animal I have ever encountered. Prairie dog towns are passed by the dozen each hour, and it is very amusing to see these little rodents scampering for

their holes at the approach of the automobile. When their homes are situated far enough away from the trail for the little brown fellows to think themselves safe, they will sit up on their hind legs on top of the mounds of earth that encircle the entrance to their holes, and yelp very similarly to a dog. As a rule the prairie dogs share their domiciles with rattlesnakes and brown owls. We saw both in abundance in the vicinity of the dog towns.

The trail is quite hard to follow in Wyoming and western Nebraska, owing to the water washing out the sandy wheel marks until the ruts are sometimes several feet deep. If not watching the road most carefully, it is a very simple matter to run the body of your car high and dry aground, while the four wheels will spin around without touching. We run aground about once a day on an average, and sometimes it takes an hour or more to get off the sandbar. It is a case of jack up each wheel and then spade dirt underneath them. Our spade has worked overtime ever since we left Omaha.

Another matter that a tourist has got to use care about is the barb wire gates. The average rancher takes advantage of the barb wire fencing the railroad company has erected entirely along their tracks and runs his side fences almost to the railroad fence. Then he places a barb wire gate across the trail, which has to be opened to get through. Sometimes for miles there will not be a wire gate and at other times you will encounter one every half mile. While running without lights about dusk Wednesday afternoon, we ran full tilt into one of these barb wire fences stretched across the roadway, breaking every wire in the fence and incidentally unhousing our searchlight.

It is impossible to purchase automobile sundries in this part of the country, one automobile being all that Cheyenne boasts of. Both Fassett and myself have broken our goggles and around sunset the flies and bugs are something fierce. It is almost impossible to run until darkness sets in and then it is dangerous, or at least there is great chances of getting stranded.

Cheyenne has the appearance of being a live town and it certainly presents a good field for some enterprising automobile agent to get in some good work. There are about 15,000 people living here and the city streets are excellent for motoring, while the country roads in the immediate vicinity are very good going.—PERCY F. MEGARGEL.



MEGARGEL POTS A JACK RABBIT ON THE WYOMING PLAINS