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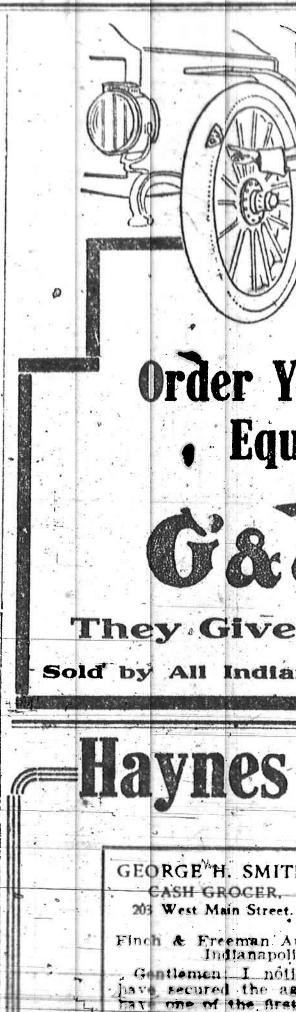
BATTERIES REPOSES ON SCRAP HEAP

FAMOUS WHITE STEAMER RACING CAR ENDS METEORIC CAREER WITH BURST OF SPEED AND FLAME.

"Whistling Billy" is no more. White Steamer racing marvel, which ran away from all its competitors in the race meet at Elm Ridge last November, now lies in a scrap heap. It was at Los Angeles that the career of this prodigy came to an end. Barney Oldfield was there, and where Barney is there is generally motor racing. The White Steamer people, fresh from a tour of the South, which included many victories and no defeats for the "whistler," were eager to take Barney on. Gus Seyfried, who drove another White entry in the races here, was selected to take the wheel of the whistling

"One thousand dollars for you, Gus, if you heat him," cried a White Company official as the cars lined up for the start. Seyfiled nodded and shoved his cap down more firmly on his head. The judges gave the word. As usual, it was a tap or so before the "whistler" got going Ray specialist and good. Then it began to burn up the track. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour the speedometer registered and still Seyfried crowded on the steam: The hand on the speedometer crept up to nimety miles and then soemthing happened. There came the sound of an explosion as the car shot past the stand. The "whistler" turned at right angles and tore through a fence and half way across the inner field, where it turned over on its back and burst into flames. Sevfried. meanwhile, had been thrown a dozen feet. He lay still and the spectators grouned, They believed him dead. But when nid reached him he was able to get up and walk upassisted. The car, after the blaze was extinguished, was found to be hope-

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