

GREEN DRAGONS ARE MANY SINCE OLDFIELD WAS HERE

Have you ever been quietly moseying along the street with your head hoisted in the air, and your thoughts near the skies, your mind entirely off earthly things?

Then all at once you heard a swift jolt, almost saw the flashing of the wheels, and the cold sweat poured down your face as you watched a funnel-shaped instrument of torture dash down the street after missing you by a hair's breadth—

Was it a cyclone that had passed, or some flying automobile, going at a 30-second clip in a mad effort to break a record?

And after it was all over questioned some spectator who saw the whole thing and learned that it was but a miniature "Green Dragon" shaped after Barney Oldfield's racing car.

That is just about what is likely to happen almost any day now that you happen to strike a sharp hill, where revolving wheels can assure the proper speed to satisfy the hearts of the youngster, and you have got to move mighty quick to get out of the way.

Barney Oldfield and his "Green Dragon" are but memories of a bright day in the past, but the passage of the wheezing motor through Atlanta has left its impression on the city in the many green, white, and other colored toy wagons, which are the work of the boys of the Gate City.

In every part of the city you see them, big triangular shaped, sharp pointed wagons, with boys crouched behind the improvised windshield, with as desperate and daredevilish a look as the real Barney wore when rounding the curves at Piedmont Park in his race against Albert

The wagons are all home made. As a general thing laths have been employed to produce the cone like form, and then colored to suit the fancy of the kids.

Some times you see them coming quietly and peacefully down the leveled sidewalk or street, and then again when a sharp decline is reached the boy driver resumes his crouching position, longs for the presence of the cigar and the absence of the two teeth from his mouth which marks Oldfield, the daring, and then starts down the hill at a reckless rate of speed defying pursuit, daring stoppage.

After the grown people of a city have forgotten entirely the presence of some important personage in their midst as grown people will, under the pressure of other things, the boys and girls remember, and in various ways make others remember.

One of the favorite ways of perpetuating the name of some favorite, is by naming a baseball team.

Saturday night a tired sporting editor had almost finished his days grind. He had told just how the New York Americans won out from the Crackers by a great batting rally in the ninth inning. He had written a number of telegraph stories which were hardly in shape to use as they came into the office. He had put the necessary lines under the cuts to be used in Sunday's edition.

He was almost at an end to his labors, but not quite, for one department was still to be handled, that is the editing of the many prep games and games of still smaller boys.

Many letters were on his desk, written in boyish scrawling, sometimes almost illegible handwriting, and as a general thing containing misspelled words in numbers.

Finally one struck his eye, which looked suspicious despite the many curious names assumed by teams, whose members range from 10 to 14.

The story read that the Green Draggers defeated the Pullam Street Star Sluggers, wiped them up 21 to 8.

"Green Draggers," he mused, "what kind of a team could that be."

And all at once the answer flashed to his mind. Green was all right but the last name had been misspelled, and the winning team in its entirety read—

"Green Dragons." Barney Oldfield is not forgotten. He still lives with the boys of Atlanta, so long as the Green Dragons are able to hold their own and trounce opposing clubs.