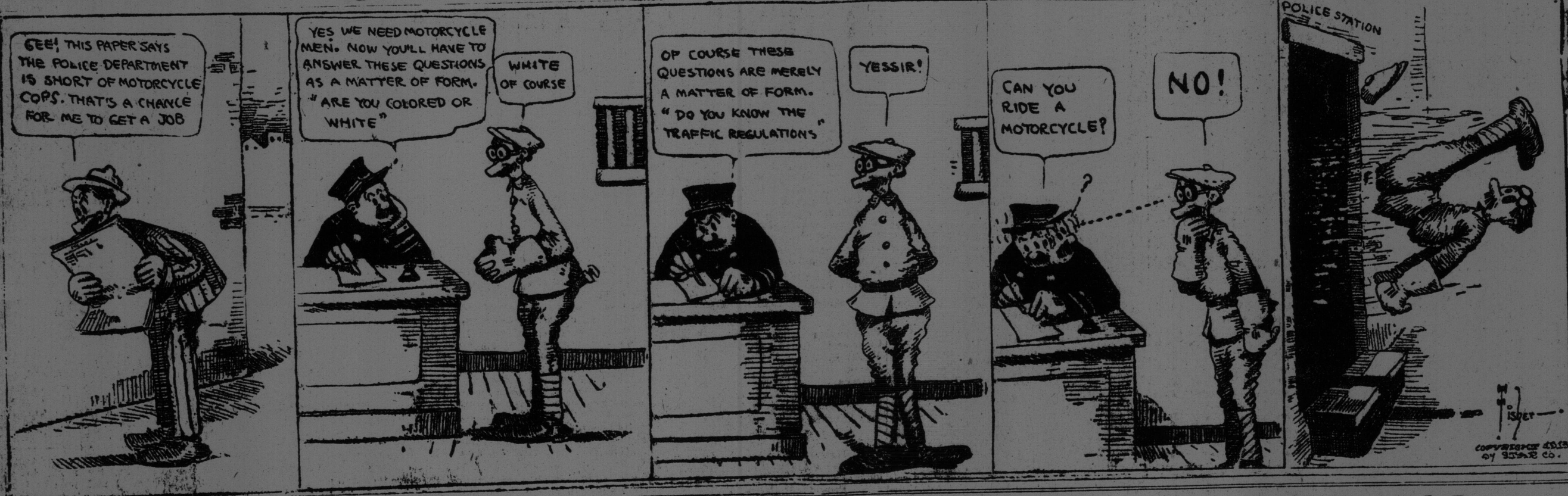
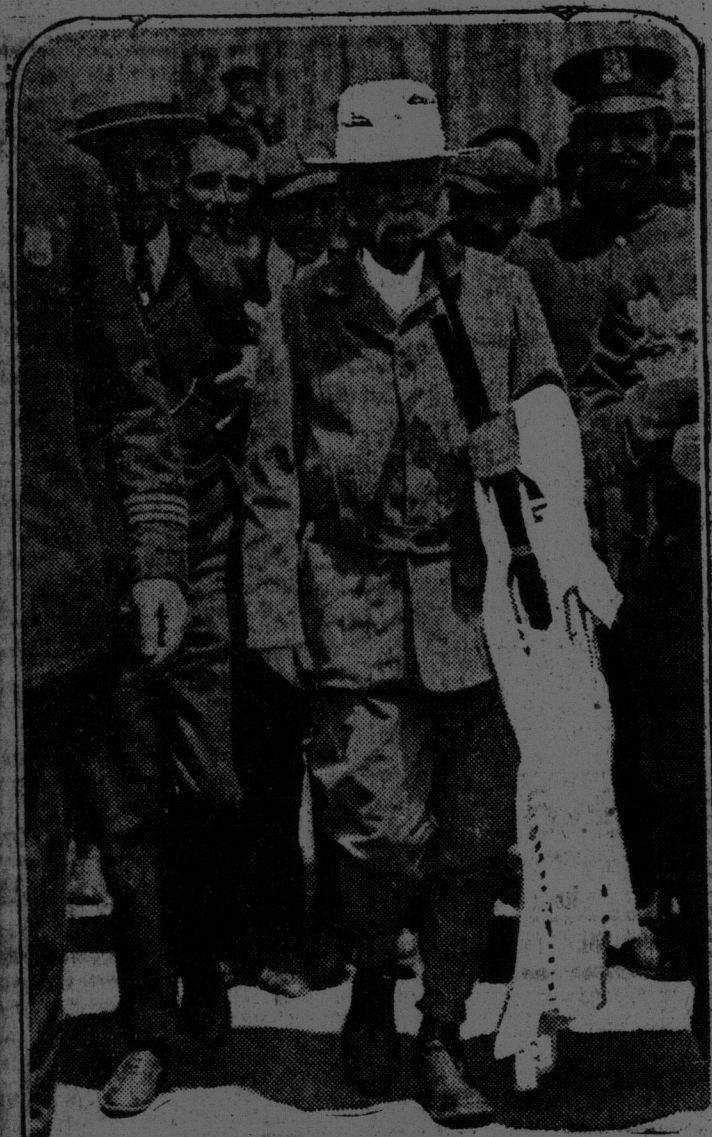


Mutt Had All the Qualifications for a Motorcycle Cop, Except One . . . By "Bud" Fisher



MARY BOYLE O'REILLY HIKES FOR A FULL DAY WITH EDWARD P. WESTON ON HIS 1500-MILE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO MINNEAPOLIS



Weston passing through a town on his 1500-mile hike to Minneapolis.

FACTS ABOUT WESTON'S WALK

He is walking from New York to Minneapolis, a distance of 1446 miles.

He expects to negotiate it in 60 days.

He is 35 years old and has covered 100,000 miles in long-distance walks in his lifetime.

His greatest walk was in 1906 when he hiked clear across the American continent.

Upon completion of his present walk, Weston will lay the cornerstone of the new clubhouse of the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly

"They tell me I am 75 years old, but I don't feel it!"

Edward Payson Weston, the father of long-distance walking, laughed as we were parting on the outskirts of New York, to where I had accompanied him. "I begin this hike," he added, "without training, but pride, principle and luck will carry me through. And so, until Friday at Callicoon—adieu!"

Friday at Callicoon proved hot—HOT!

The dusty, sun-baked road from Bishola was shaded.

"Nary a tree to cover my unprotected head!" groaned Weston. He was resting for a moment on the hotel porch, his redoubt feet carefully extended on a chair.

"Time's up!" called some one from within.

Another moment he and I were off for a full day's tramp together—the center of a friendly, mildly excited crowd! Callicoon had turned out en masse. Every man and woman, not nullified to a bed or a cook-stove, was there.

And as for children! Cheerful little girls romped along at his cane-hand and a neat file of boys sang as they followed the little man in khaki and leather puttees until a wobbly sign post marked a boundary, and the cheering, breathless children were left behind.

Chipper as a boy of twenty, Weston strode forward with the springy step that so easily negotiates from thirty to sixty miles a day, according to the road.

Wiry, muscular—one hand behind his back—he walked with a light, steady pace, covering four and a half miles an hour. Knees bent, body forward, exuding a minimum of energy, the "Old Ped" who has covered 100,000 miles in forty years, does not lift his feet high, it progresses with an odd shuffling step, as if in the French army.

"Where did I get my remarkable endurance?" repeated the grizzled athlete. "Why, where most men get their best qualities—from my mother, who had as great a heart in her bosom as any woman who ever lived. It is for her sake that I never walk on Sunday. I promised her that I would not."

"In New York and other big cities the average man walks a mile a day, and he looks it! If I could induce worried and brain-weary men to walk more I should feel that I had done more for the world than any man in the world. For instance, there would be no suicide if people walked enough—or other misery, for health means happiness."

"I walk to keep well," continued the white-haired septuagenarian, switching his "game leg" with his cane to stimulate circulation.

"When you have led a careful life, age does not count. When I started to walk the hundred miles from Philadelphia to Manhattan the doctors said: 'Don't think of it. Don't try it. You are out of it!'"

"Out of what?" I asked.

"Out of everything," they said. "You are too old. If you try to do that walk, your circulation will stop."

"Oh, will it?" said I. "Well, we'll see." And off I went. It was a mere matter of making up my mind and sticking to it. My circulation did not stop!

"More people die from under-exercise than from over-exercise. We are a non-walking nation, more's the pity. But it costs less fatigue and is less harmful to walk 100 miles in 24 hours than to walk 10 yards in 10 seconds."

"A brief stroll, say two or three miles every day, a little watchfulness in the simple things of life and some natural physical ability—that is all the preparation necessary for long-distance walking. Training is artificial and so harmful."

"The care of the feet is my chief concern. But blisters are discouraged by salt water, stiff muscles are rubbed flexible with oil—and there you are."

"The doctors tell me I have a wonderful heart, a wonderful digestion and wonderful muscles. Well, I keep in good humor, sleep five hours a night and eat like a Christian—one solid meal a day."

"Never taste liquor nor never smoke a cigar. As a tonic walking beats whiskey. And the use of tobacco is a drug habit."

A farmer perched high on his creaking hay-wain, called out jovially to Weston; the engineer of a click-clacking freight saluted the cross-country trotter with alien blasts; three "weary willies" cheered feebly as they watched the vigorous old man; a country woman came diffidently through a lilac-shaded gate to offer a cup of steaming tea into which she had just dropped a raw egg.

"You asked my mother for this when you came by forty years ago," she said, shyly.

The kindness put new life into the aged athlete. A saving breeze made him spry once more. "It beats all how they remember!" said Weston, padding a handful of chopped ice under his sun-burned hat. The tireless legs strode onward to the last cross-roads.

"Wait a minute. How do I look?"

"Want to go into town looking fairly respectable, you know," confessed Weston, unexpectedly producing a slender clothes brush.

At the town-line, with self-importance, the town constable fell into step with the unfatigued Weston stride.

"Two to an hour from their miles—to an hour from their miles to Minneapolis!" cheered a group of school children as they caught up to him.

Through the gathering throng he strode, bowing right and left to the growing cheer of his followers.

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" Weston!

Australian Promoter Thinks Baseball Tour Will Be Success

By TOM ANDREWS

Will the tour of the Chicago White Sox and New York Giants help baseball in Australia? This question was put to J. D. Williams, Australian moving picture king, who was in the United States last week with Hugh D. McIntosh, former promoter of boxing.

"The tour will be a success without a doubt," said Mr. Williams, "as the men back of it are not going after money alone. From a financial standpoint I do not think it will be a success, as the expenses of such a trip are very great and the people of the Australian continent are not familiar enough with the game to patronize it on a scale that might be expected here, although there will be thousands of them going out of curiosity. I know whereof I speak for I have played baseball myself, having been born and reared in the states, and have had experience in it besides."

"The Australians are the greatest sport loving people on the face of the earth and they will spend their money freely to see all the best in that line, but they will not be bunched. You must show them the real goods and they will not hesitate to pay the price. I had in mind a similar scheme three years ago, and even went so far as to arrange for two teams going over, but other things developed which prevented the project from being carried out."

If the chance of purchasing a Derby winner at auction is so forlorn, what must be said of the chance of buying such a matron as Perdita, which gave King Edward, when Prince of Wales, two Derby winners? Almost as fortunate was Mr. Fairie, who owned Gallic, the dean of Lemberg, a winner, and Bayardo, one of the unluckiest losers in the history of the race. Mr. Raphael, who is a prominent player in the Derby of 1918, had a similar experience, for the colt's elder brother, Louvois, was only beaten by the narrowest of margins. It is possible for the owner of such a treasure as Louvois, the dam of these two horses, to win the Derby not once but several times. This fact, as much as the growing popularity of racing abroad, accounts for the surprising sums of money paid for blood stock. How surprising these sums are will be seen when it is considered that 2500,000 changes hands in the country last year for blood stock alone. Nearly the whole of this money was paid for horses that had never raced or were past racing. The whole represents the strenuous competition for the honor of leading the Derby winner back to scale.

Among sensational attempts to take the position by storm, and capture the Derby at all costs that of Sir William Bass will always be memorable. He determined to buy the very best obtainable. Therefore he bought Septor, the most famous mare of her day, and mated her with Oylene, the most successful sire. His purchase of the two animals involved an outlay of over \$200,000. These bold measures resulted in his eventual possession of one or two moderate animals that were a source of disappointment and loss. Mr. J. B. Joel, on the other hand, won the Derby with Sunstar, a horse he bred himself from parents that cost him only a trifling sum on either side. Indeed, he would have sold Dork, the dam of Sunstar, for a hundred or two but for the fact that she bore the name of his daughter, and for reasons of pure sentiment he refused to let her go.

That is one of the fascinations of this pursuit of Derby honors. It is a millionaire's amusement, and recognized as nothing else. But it is no mere matter of matching sovereigns or of employing the best brains that are in the market. When all is said and done, the prize hangs on some little human circumstance such as the refusal to sell an apparently worthless animal for reasons of sentiment. That, of course, is only one of the thousand uncertainties that surround the Derby quest. How many men have been disappointed by the un-

What it Costs to Win the Derby

(London Dispatch)

Among the "moments" of a man's life may surely be counted that one when, amid the cheers of an Epsom crowd, he leads back to scale the winner of the Derby, the classic race of the English turf. The triumph represents the expenditure of money, patience, skill, knowledge, and daring on the part of all concerned.

Money alone will not suffice. Nine out of every ten Derby winners cannot be bought at all. Since the beginning of the present century only one of the winners of the great race had been sold by his breeder, and bought by his lucky owner at public auction. That was Spearmin, purchased as a yearling by Major Loder for 800 guineas. Two more were leased from their breeders—Minora, which won for the late King Edward, and Volodyovski, which was successful in the colors of an American sportsman. All the other winners were bred by their owners, and won in their colors.

Money Not Enough

How, then, is a newcomer to the turf to accomplish the impossible ambition of winning the Derby? Every year there are successful business men who take up racing with no other object in view. Year by year the chess of racing becomes greater, because of the lavish expenditure of money by these newcomers. Many of them would never own a racehorse but for the lure of the Derby. The cost has now become almost prohibitive. Quite recently the Duke of Devonshire announced his intention of retiring from active participation because of the expense of a racing stable. Other wealthy and titled patrons of the turf have cut down their stables for the same reason. Their places have been taken up by millionaires of finance, commerce, and the Stock Exchange.

And so the cost increases every year. An example of the competition for a possible Derby winner was afforded at the last sale of yearling horses at the Sledmere Stud, where the last Derby winner ever sold was bred. Fourteen young horses were put up for sale and brought 222,000 in round figures. The buyers knew that the odds are ten to one against a Derby winner being sold by auction at all. Still, they competed eagerly for the forlorn chance that offered. Of course, these horses were of the best blood the world can boast. Some, at least, of them may repay their purchasers many times over for the outlay. Such a purchase, though the ton, unexpectedly producing a slender clothes brush.

At the town-line, with self-importance, the town constable fell into step with the unfatigued Weston stride.

"Two to an hour from their miles—to an hour from their miles to Minneapolis!" cheered a group of school children as they caught up to him.

Through the gathering throng he strode, bowing right and left to the growing cheer of his followers.

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" Weston!

Greatest Pair in Baseball; Ty and Joe Twin Stars From the "Land of Cotton"



Two stars from Dixie—Ty Cobb, most wonderful ball player the world has ever known, and Joe Jackson, batter and sprinter extraordinary.

Cobb, the sensational, is playing the same marvelous game he has played ever since he broke upon the vision of the fans at star. He heads both major leagues at bat, with an average that hangs around .400 persistently.

In the field, and upon the bases the "Peck" is the same old hair-raising specialist, taking extra bases on seemingly impossible chances, home with the winning run or killing off scoreless hits in a manner that breaks hearts. Cobb is the biggest attraction in base ball and sends more money into the box office than any individual that ever played the game.

Jackson is Cobb's persistent rival. With as much speed as the Georgian, Jackson does not possess the flashlight initiative of the blond whirlwind, but then neither do 80 per cent of the ball players for Cobb's thinking is instantaneous.

Ever since Cobb joined his team after settling the salary question with the Detroit management, Jackson has been kicking his heels and the pair are in a nip-and-tuck race, away out in front of all rivals.

Lacking the electrifying spontaneity that makes Cobb so brilliant a performer, Jackson is equally effective. He is more methodical than his rival and does not stage the sensational performances on the base lines that have made Cobb the most talked of player in the game.

But the fans love Jackson for his good old-fashioned manner of putting his weight behind his hits—those long, clean, extra base drives of the born slugger, which go as Willie Keeler has been quoted as saying, "where the fielders ain't."

accountable "going off" of a horse between his first season and his second! How many are convinced that their favorite might have won if he had been stout enough to stand the stern preparation that is necessary for such a race! There comes the great disappointment of the Derby quest. The racehorse is a delicate creature at best, and often

has legs that are incapable of carrying him through all the swift gallops he must take if he is to be strung up to Derby pitch. It is tantalizing to hear that your favorite could win the Derby if only he would stand the preparation; but many an ambitious owner has had to swallow that bitter pill.

The Luck of the Race

Lastly comes the luck of the race itself! The start, with its thousand dangers of forfeiting all winning chance! The fearsome turn at Tattenham Corner, where a scuffle must be expected in the battle for an advantageous position on the rails. The hair-raising dash down the incline, that needs the possession of superlative nerve by the jockey! And then the final struggle, when the leaders sweep past the post with whips cracking and every muscle and nerve at full stretch! Yes! The man whose horse has survived all the chances of the fight, and whose color that the moment of his life has come. And, looking back on his experience, he would probably hesitate before replying, if asked: "What is the best way to win the Derby?"

AND SHE WAS

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. A persistent ring came at the front door. "Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?" "Say, you're out!" he suggested. "Oh, no, that would be untrue," she protested. "Then say you are engaged," he urged. "Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried, as she fell into his arms. And the man kept on ringing the front door bell.

MITCHELL
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NECKWEAR
QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

PRESIDENT
SUSPENDER
NONE SO EASY