

"Now look at that gang of free lunchers," said an Exposition Driving park policeman yesterday, as he pointed with his club to several hundred men and boys who, ranged along Kansas avenue were seeing the races, "without money and without price." "We have that gang of dead-heads every day and will have 'em as long as the races last. No, we can't do anything with 'em; that's a public thoroughfare. It seems to me that there must be a strange fascination about a horse-race when a man will stand for hours in the boiling sun on a wagon just to watch it. And notice those boys up on that electric light pole! They have been hanging by their eye-brows to the top of that pole since 1 o'clock, and it's now 4."

By actual count there were forty-six wagons drawn up along the Kansas avenue fence of the Driving park. There were all sorts of vehicles in the collection, and each of them held from one to a dozen spectators. One young man was perched on top of a grocer's covered delivery wagon, and the policeman said he had been sitting there for hours. A dirt wagon held eleven men, who stood up when a race was being run and sat down to rest when it was over. In the forks of a big cottonwood tree near the fence were perched two men, who had driven in from the country to see the races. Their farm wagon was filled with freshly cut grass, and they had evidently come to stay, for their team had been unhitched and the mules were feeding from the wagon box.

"A man that'd do that would steal sheep," said the policeman. "To save 50 cents, those men run the risk of a sunstroke, and will go home with their flesh calloused from the limbs of that tree. I'd like to run 'em in, but I can't do it."