

Talladega

This is not a new breakfast food, nor the name of a new auto, nor is it another West Indian island that the irrepressible Teddy desires to annex.

It might be the name of a battleship, a local colored novel, a lately unearthed prehistoric buried town, or a new brand of shaving soap—but it isn't.

To be frank, it is none of the things great and small that can be thought of when one has nothing else to do but think all day long.

It is the name of a town in Alabama that exists to-day.

For us, and, we dare say, for most of the other eighty-odd millions of peo-



ple living without the city limits of this little town, Talladega has been recently put on the map.

The name Talladega smites the ear somewhat in the same manner as Tuskegee does, and the similarity does not end there. Talladega has in its midst one of those schools established by money-burdened New Englanders of misdirected philanthropical energy, for the higher education of Afro-Americans.

Like Tuskegee, but little known would have been Talladega if it had not been for this school.

But Talladega has put the kibosh on Tuskegee in the race for notoriety, in spite of Booker T.'s convivial stunt with Teddy.

Talladega is the scene of strike, so novel in inception, so forceful in the

exhibition of colossal impudence as to cause, that the blow that almost killed father is a mere slap on the wrist in comparison.

The gang of negroes who are muddying the waters of the Fountain of Youth at Talladega have gone on a strike because a Southern white man was employed as manager of the farm connected with the school.

Of all the forms that unparalleled impudence has assumed since the world began, this is the most monumental.

The one redeeming feature of the incident is that the New England backers of the school have so far sustained the management, and the white man is still in and the negroes are still out.

A Golden Opportunity

We have taken much pride in the fact that Florida has, for three years, held supremacy as the scene of the fastest time ever made by a machine invented by man.

Ormond Beach has achieved world-wide fame as a race course for automobiles, and there is small danger that this speed supremacy will be lost to this unrivaled course, if ordinary care is taken of the advantages that nature provides.

It would be but little short of a calamity if Florida should lose the great advantages that such supremacy brings, by failing to provide for a continuance of the automobile races that for three years have directed the world's attention to this State.

Last year the Ormond races were participated in by a number of amateur drivers who owned the machines they drove in the record-smashing events.

This year the races were a series of contests between rival makers of machines, in which last year's records were smashed; but the interest that is excited in a contest by amateurs for the sake of true sport, dwindled when the real object of winning the races was to make good talking points for those who make a business of selling automobiles.

Not a single amateur participated in the races this year.

Unless amateur drivers can be induced to participate the Ormond races are doomed, because the sporting feature, that gives zest to the spectacle, will be lacking, and the spectators will not be there.

Thousands of people thronged the beach this year, and for their pains and trouble they saw single machines go by, and the only way they knew that they had witnessed anything exciting or out of the ordinary, was the announcement that a record had been smashed. Looking at a car go whizzing by is tame sport, no matter how fast it goes. It is the putting of one car against another and the witnessing of a fight for victory between two or more sportsmen, that gives the necessary touch of spice that makes the spectacle interesting and exciting.

The races this year were distinctly a disappointment to all those assembled to witness them, and loud were the complaints of bad management.

If Florida is to have automobile races, in the list of attractions, and the consequent advantages that so valuable an advertisement gives, it is necessary to organize for business without delay.

It is impossible to handle an event of this magnitude without reducing the details to a business basis.

We suggest that a company be formed by those interested in the sport, with sufficient capital to handle the races in a business-like manner.

Such a company could erect the necessary conveniences to care for the cars and accommodate the owners near the course.

A company provided with sufficient capital could construct a shell road from Ormond to Daytona, in sight of the ocean, along which cars could be run when the tide is high.

A properly organized company could make the Ormond-Daytona Beach course so attractive to sport-loving amateur auto owners and drivers that races held there in the future would be real contests that thousands of spectators would delight to witness.

If proper conveniences are provided, and a program made and carried out with promptness and fidelity, amateurs the world over will contend for the privilege of entering their cars.

We hope someone who knows how will organize this company in time to insure the races at Ormond for next year, and to put them in the class where they should be.

Our String of Special Editions

Recent announcements made by publishers have suggested to the publishers of THE SUN the possibility that we may have overlooked calling attention to OUR STRING OF SPECIAL EDITIONS.

This is one of them. Next Saturday we will have another.

Saturday week another will appear.

And the Saturday after that is the day selected for another.

Then, all the Saturdays that follow the Saturdays, that come after the Fridays and precede the Sundays year in and year out, have been set aside for a SPECIAL EDITION OF THE SUN.

In a word—EVERY PUBLICATION DAY IS SPECIAL EDITION DAY WITH US.

It is special—because—

There's none like it.

It is the best we can do.

Each edition as it comes out each Saturday represents all the ideas that have come to us up to that time, of how to make this journal acceptable to your ideas of what a journal should be.

We do not "hold out on you" any of these ideas. As fast as we get them we give them, and in each giving we bear witness to the truth of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Put yourself in line for this string of special editions.

They are yours for \$2 paid in advance each year.

We knew that Booker Washington nigger would get up against a man sooner or later who would call him on his talk. Rev. Thomas Dixon has written him a letter offering to debate the negro question with him in the largest hall in New York, and to give the proceeds to Booker's school. We think one is about as far off as the other on the negro question, but believe that Rev. Tom can out-wind the colorado maduro performer.