

new in salesmanship, that reports of the chase were printed by newspapers all over the United States. The presentation to the winners was a civic celebration, with the mayor of Indianapolis and other notables presiding on the bunting-draped platform and a uniformed brass band playing as the hundred shining bicycles were given away.

Carl had discovered the principle that all modern salesman-ship would follow—the fact that all advertising should carry the impact of news.

Once someone asked him how he managed to get so much free publicity. Carl grinned. "Because I can't afford to pay for it." When the automobile came along, he was to follow with it the same sensational trails he had begun with the bicycle.

It was soon after the turn of the century that automobiles began to appear on the dusty Indianapolis streets. Carl Fisher was one of the few who believed the zany newcomer would eventually take the place of the horse. All the top bicycle racers took to the automobile as if they had spent their lives preparing for it. Barney Oldfield returned from a season of automobile racing in the east, and told Carl that automobiles were becoming almost

common there.

"Several automobile racetracks are already under construction," Barney said. "Reginald Vanderbilt is building one on Long Island."

Carl listened earnestly. Finally he said, "I don't see why the automobile can't be made to do everything the bicycle has done." And, almost overnight, the Fisher bicycle salesrooms and repair shop became a garage for the first automobiles in Indianapolis. Carl, who had driven the first privately owned car in the city, hurried to New York with Barney Oldfield to talk automobiles.

One New York automobile manufacturer loaned them two racing cars. With these, the exultant young speed demons chased each other by turns along the rutted highway from New York to Indianapolis, experimenting with the speed and power of the heavily built one-seater cars.