



LIONEL SCOTT SMITH, THE SPEEDWAY  
WINS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
RACE, AND FOR A MOMENT, YOU  
WANT TO KNOW—  
What is the destiny of  
him? He is not an ordinary  
athlete, he is not an ordinary  
man, and he is not an ordinary  
man, as his name goes to  
the track, through a gallant  
warrior?

You are waiting now, and when before you  
the arena?

CRASH!

Ben Hur has mastered the energy of his rival and  
speed on to victory.

Not your eyes are open now. The mist of the  
ages rolls away and the splintered chariot of Mes-  
sala is an iron-bowelled, steel-nerved, fire-breathing  
monster that has driven its teeth into the track and  
crushed the rioting whin from its speed-mad brain.

"No lives lost!" the signal waves. And you turn  
your eyes to the track again and see the dark  
splashes that skim over the brick surface at a hun-  
dred miles an hour.

"Well, well!" you wonder, "Who will be the Ben  
Hur of this race? and who the Messala?"

Will it be yonder bloodless dragon from the  
matchless courses of France, or will it be that squat  
demon from the mud-tracks of backwoods Oklahoma?  
Quien Sabe?

They run like HELL, these cars—it is no pro-  
fanity to say it—they run like HELL—all of them,  
and they are racing over the world's greatest track,  
the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

It is Decoration day and 150,000 visitors throng  
the city, the city first, and then the race course.  
The stands are overflowing with a bright-eyed, gay-

thousand feet. The  
and the world are  
that situation has  
the national govern-

Twice in history  
the great world ever  
500 miles International  
give the other cars  
not of the nation  
who will be the best

It will be the  
international sweep  
ispheres contending  
Harroon first won  
Dawson pulled down  
Indianapolis drivers

### Where

But who knows  
title and the \$30,000  
race?

The entry lists are  
the final tests of the  
are on Indianapolis  
tingling with anticipa-

Far away in Man-  
the music plays, and  
Hong Kong they will  
day before it is run  
and the afternoon's  
hundreds in London  
Petersburg in the old  
state of the union





**PAUL  
ZUCCARELLI.**



**BOB  
BURMAN.**



**JOHN  
JENKS.**

**THESE MEN WILL**

