

WHO IS THE BEN-HUR OF THE SPEEDWAY RACE?

You Are Romans Now!
 Before You Lies the
 Arena--Hear Ye the
 Beating of the Horses'
 Hoofs and the Roar
 of the Chariot Wheels?
 Then the Mist of Ages
 Rolls Away and the
 Fire-Breathing
 Monsters Dash by in
 the Race for Gold
 and Fame



RALPH MULFORD.



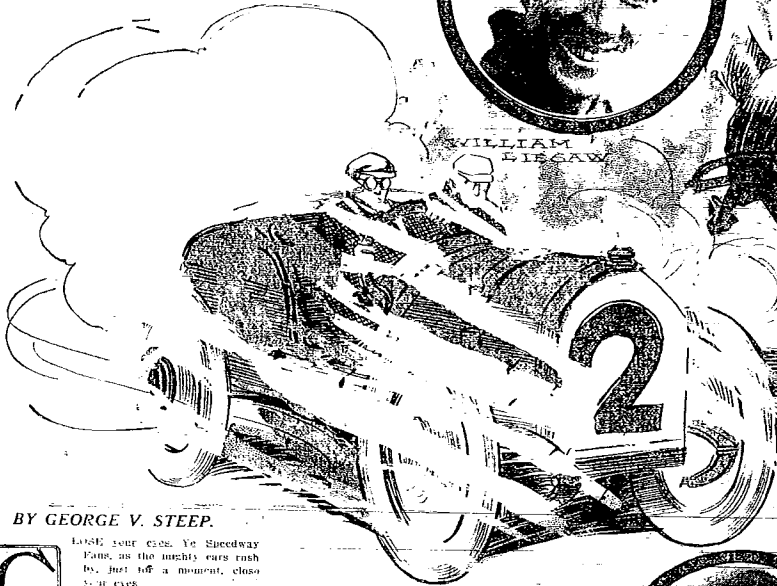
WILLIAM LIBBOTT.



RALPH DE PALMA.



WILLIAM LIBBEY.



BY GEORGE V. STEEP.



LOSE your eyes, Ye Speedway Fans, as the mighty cars crash by, just for a moment, close your eyes.

Hear ye! The beating of hoofs, the roar of chariot wheels, the shout of driving horses and the anguish cry of Messala as his axle grinds to the track through a splintering wheel!

You are Romans now, and there before you lies the arena!
 "CRASH!"

Ben Hur has smashed the chariot of his rival and speed on to victory!

Now your eyes are open now. The mist of the ages rolls away and the splintered chariot of Messala is an iron-hooped, steel-nerved, fire-breathing monster that has driven its teeth into the track and crushed the rotting whin from its speed-mad brain.

"No lives here!" the signal waves. And you turn your eyes to the track again and see the dark splashes that come over the light surface of a hundred miles an hour.

"Well, who's our number? Who will be the Ben Hur of this race?" and who the Messala?"

Will it be slender, bloodless dragon from the matches arenas of France, or will it be that stout demon from the mud tracks of backwoods Oklahoma?

Queen Saco?

They are like HELL, these cars, it is as no family to see it, they run the HELL, all of them, and they are faster than the world's greatest track, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

It is December day and London's various round the city, to city here and then the race course The stand, are overflowing with a bright-eyed, gay

throated host. The fields, the parks, the streets and the roads are crowded with eyes of every make that civilization knows, from the tiny totino to the palatial seven-passenger touring car.

Twice in succession Indianapolis cars have won the great World event! On Decoration day the third 500 mile International Sweepstakes will be run to give the other cars a chance. And from every corner of the nation comes this mighty throng in one who will be the Ben Hur—who will be the Messala.

It will be the world's greatest race, this third international sweepstakes, with cars from both hemispheres contending for the immortal title that Ray Harroun first won in a Marmon Wasp and that Joe Dawson pulled down in a National both of them Indianapolis drivers of Indianapolis cars.

Where Will \$30,000 Go?

But who knows to what corner of the world the title and the \$30,000 prize may go in this third great race?

The entry lists are closed, the drivers are making the final tests of their cars; the eyes of the world are on Indianapolis and the nerves of thousands are tingling with anticipation.

Far away in Munich, on the broad balconies where the music plays, and in the nocturnal cafes of Hong Kong they will know the results of the race a day before it is run, according to the "Chicago" and the afternoon's finish will be flashed to waiting hundreds in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg in the odd hours of the morning. In every state of the union the newspapers will hold their

presses with alternate plates, this man won or that—the story written in advance and letters clamped in the plates for the insertion of the time. Steadily-nerved men wait in the composing and stereotyping rooms ready to hurl down an emergency plate if there is an accident.

It is a big day when the newspapers hold like that; a big day when the domes of Indianapolis are the talk of the far East cities, a big day when the humdrum wait just underneath the "captain of Europe to hear what a little city in mid-America has done before the world."

It is the biggest day for all mankind, this Decoration day, the biggest day that speed history has known. And speed history is human history. The progress of humanity has been tuned by man's abil-

ity to shorten the distance between two points—without moving the points.

From the time when the runners of ancient Greece broke their hearts and fell dead reducing the distance, in hours, not miles, from Marathon in Athens, the white human race has been breaking its heart and breaking bodies—trying to bring the ends of the world together, to bring the middle nearer to the ends—in hours, not miles. And this is the progress of the world, the bringing of distant points nearer together, the bringing of people together, the making people neighbors at a range of thousands of miles when formerly neighbors could only be those next door.

This is the philosophy of speed. It is not all mania. It is human philosophy, human progress, and the speed-mania, so-called, is really only a sponge, perhaps a fanatic, leading the world on its mad race to Destiny.

From the feet of the runners of old Greece, the agent of speed brought the horse, the boat, the steam engine, the motor, the aeroplane, and then again the motor car.

Bird Men Triumph.

Once upon time the man worn looked upon the birds and wondered at the swift flight of the birds. That was the idea of travel, of speed. What human thing, what human-made thing, could ever rival the bullet speed of the partridge? Nothing, so they thought.

Then came a new species of bird an artificial bird man-made, bronze-hearted, steel-shinned, ran as whirled but man-headed. It suggested the birds that God made; it outsped them, even if it was two years of the end of its flight. It set speed records that no things could hope to approach, it seemed.

And yet, over across the waters, at the Brooklands track, a Frenchman named Jules Goux, driving a Peugeot, a mid-mount car, covered 106 miles and

207 yards in sixty minutes, the fastest time ever known to have been made by any living thing.

And this car, from across the waters, waits panting at the Speedway ready to try over the bricks at the starter's gun and jingly pursue the phantom of its own record.

What will it do? Will it fall at the last lap as the fabled Mercedes did last year, or will it plunge across the tape a glorious winner amid the din of 150,000 voices?

We can only wait and see. Wait as breathlessly as the ancient Greeks, in Athens waited for the runners to bring the news of Marathon—as breathlessly as the Roman through waited when Ben Hur ceased his mighty speed into the maneuver that wrecked his rival.

It is the same old spirit that actuated the men of old that actuates the race-following public today. We have grown a little fairer in our methods, vastly faster in our getting there, that is all.

The runners of Greece were more creatures of necessity than of sport—soldiers, hearing the tidings of war. The fastest Marathon run was made while all Greece was abloom with insurrection and Athens was struggling for her supremacy. But war-pale and running became essential. The speed bug had been hatched and it has never failed to buzz. It never will while the human race goes on.

The Greek runner ceased to be the carrier of

(CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



GILL ANDERSON.



TEDDY TETZLAFF.



PAUL RUCANELLI.



BOB BUSMAN.



JOHNNY JERKING.



GEORGE H. CLARK.



JULES GOUX.



HOWELLS WILCOX.



DON HERR.



WILLIAM KNIPFER.



LOUIS DREDOW.

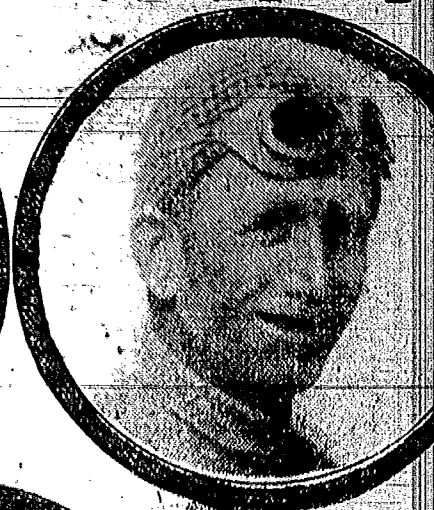
THESE MEN WILL FLIRT WITH DEATH IN MEMORIAL DAY DASH FOR FAME

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RALPH
MULFORD



WILLIAM
B. MCCOY



WILLIAM
F. SHAW

