

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



BY GEORGE V. STEEP.

LOSE your eyes, ye Speedway fans as the mighty cars rush by, just for a moment, close your eyes.

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

You are Roman now, and there before you lies the arena!

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

No! Your eyes are open now. The mists of the ages rolls away and the splintered chariot of Messala is an iron-hooved, steel-nerfed, fire-breathing monster that has driven its teeth into the track and cracked the racing whin from its speed-mad brain.

"No lives long," the signal waves. And you turn your eyes to the track again and see the dark shadows that sweep over the brick surface at a hundred miles an hour.

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

Well it will be another bloodless dragon from the somber courses of France, or will it be that somber dragon from the mud tracks of backwoods Oklahoma?

Such names! There's a race like HELL, these cars, it is no pun faint to say, the can-bite HELL, all of them and they are racing now on the world's greatest track, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

It is Decoration Day and Labor's birthday. The stands are overflowing with a bright-eyed, gay

thorough host. The fields, the parks, the streets, and the roads are crowded with rigs of every make that civilization knows, from the tiny minaret 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 search of the Ben Hur—who will be the Messala.

It will be the world's greatest race, the third international sweepstakes, with cars from both hemispheres contending for the immortal title that Ray Harroun first won in a Marmon Wasp and that Jim 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 auto 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.

Fut away in Manila, on the broad balconies where the music plays, and in the metropolitans of London they will know the results of the race a day before it is run, according to the calendar and the afternoon's finish will be dashed 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 holes chiseled in the plates for the insertion of the time. Steady-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 dooms of Indianapolis are the talk of the far East cities, a big day when the hundred's wait past midnight in the capitols of Europe to hear what a little city in mid-America had done before the twilight.

It is the biggest day in all motordom, this Decoration day, the biggest day that speed history has known. And speed history is human history. The progress of humanity has been timed 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 to Athens, the whole 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 in 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 pioneer, perhaps a fanatic, leading the world—in a mad race to Destiny.

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

Bird Men Triumph.

Once upon a time the man-worm looked upon the clouds 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 pheasant? Nothing, so they thought.

Then came a new species of bird, an artificial bird, man-made, bronze-hearted, steel-clawed, ran wild, and man-brought. It outpaced the birds that God made, it outstripped them, even if it was not sure of the end of its flight. No set speed records that nothing 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 mad, monster car, covered 100 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 water, waits panting at the Speedway ready to fly over the bricks at the starter's gun and madly pursue the phantom of its own record.

What will it do? Will it fail at the last lap as the Lotted Mercedes did last year, or will it plunge across the tape a glorious winner amid the deafening voices?

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

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

The runners of Greece were more creatures of necessity than of genius—soldiers, bearing the tidings of war. The immortal Marathon run was made while all Greece was afire with insurrection and Athens was struggling for her supremacy. But war-paten and running became *messengers*. The speed bug had been hatched and it had 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.)



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

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RALPH HULFORD



WILLIAM ESTACOFF



WILLIAM LINDSAY

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THE SPION STAR

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1913.

EIGHT PAGES.

WHO'S HOUR OF THE WAY RACE?



WILLIAM ELLSBERY.



RALPH DE PALMA.



BY GEORGE V. STEEP.



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

Hear ye! The beating of hoofs, the roar of chariot wheels, the snort of dying 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!

No! Your eyes are open now. The mist of the ages rolls away and the splintered chariot of Messala is an iron-bowelled, steel-nerved, fire-breathing monster that has driven its teeth into the track and crushed the rioting whim from its speed-mad brain.

"No lives lost!" the signal waves. And you turn your eyes to the track again and see the dark splotches that skim over the brick surface at a hundred 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?

Quite sure?

They run like HELL, these cars. It is no problem to run like HELL, all of them, and they are racing on the world's greatest track, the track of the Thunder Speedway.

It is December 1st, and the great racing crowd is here to see the first and most famous race. The racers are already here with their engines ready.

throated host. The fields and the roads are crowded that civilization knows, the palatial seven-passen-

Twice in succession I the great world event.

500-mile International Sweepstakes give the other cars a chance of the nation comes

who will be the Ben Hur

It will be the world international sweepstakes ispheres contending for Harroun first won in a N. Dawson pulled down in Indianapolis drivers of In-

Where Will

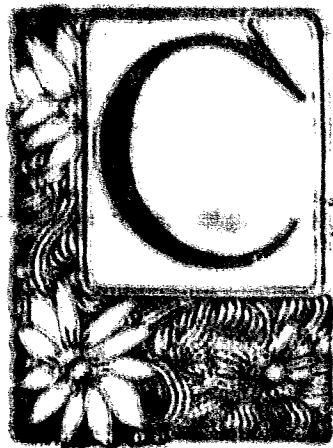
But who knows to what title and the \$30,000 prize race?

The entry lists are closed the final tests of their careers are on Indianapolis and tingling with anticipation.

Far away in Manila, in the music plays, and in Hong Kong they will know day before it is run and the afternoon's bank

transferred to London. Preparing in their old haunts of the United States

BY GEORGE V. STEEP.



LAST night down the Indianapolis Main at the mighty may morn
you just for a moment, close
your eyes.

Again is the roar of
Menzala, the roar of shattered
victories, the snarl of driving
monsters and the anguish cry of
Menzala as his jaws grinde the
steel tracks although a gathering
whirlwind.

You are pulled down, laid there before you lies
the arena!

"CRASH!"

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

No! Your eyes are open now. The mist of the
ages rolls away and the splintered chariot of Menzala
is an iron-bowelled, steel-nerved, fire-breathing
monster that has driven its teeth into the track and
crushed the rioting whrm from its speed-mad brain.

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your eyes to the track again and see the dark
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Will it be yonder bloodless dragon from the
matchless courses of France, or will it be that squat
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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-

unruffled crowd. The
and like gods the drivers
that Indianapolis drivers
the greatest speed during

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GILLIS

presses with alternate the story written in the plates for the in nerved men wait in the rooms ready to burst there is an accident.

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at Indianapolis. The public who comes are simple and the track you arrived with a car or even with the automobile driver. From the cars themselves or the railroads and passengers coming out.

There is no question that Indianapolis will be the great world event. On Saturday the 30th Indianapolis Indianapolis Association will be the 30th "The Great 500" at Indianapolis. And from every side and out of the major cities other major racing centers will be held there. There will be races elsewhere.

It will be the world's greatest race, the Indianapolis 500-mile speed trials, with cars from Brazil, India, Australia competing for the Imperial cup. "The Ray Harroun" first won by a Marion Wasp and then Ross Larson pushed down in a National both of famous Indianapolis drivers of Indianapolis cars.

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presages will alter the story written in the plates for the nervously men wait in rooms ready to burst there is an accident.

It is a big day what; a big day who are the talk of the fair the hundreds wait passing Europe to hear what a done before the twilights.

It is the biggest day— the biggest known. And speed has made progress of humanity.

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GILL ANDERSON

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the story written in advance—and holes chiseled in
the plates for the insertion of the time. Steady-
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 doings of Indianapolis
are the talk of the far East clubs; a big day when
the hundred wait past midnight in the capitals of
Europe to know what a little city in mid-America has
done during the night.

To be the biggest man over all mankind, this Indian-
apolis day, the biggest day that speed history has
known. This against history in Indian history. The
greatest and most famous men known to man with

which the world
will be won
in the future
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most important
thing that can be done
is to get
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and faster.
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radio shows, there is
nothing like it.
Radio
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Giant Race Day

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known. And speed history is human history. The
progress of humanity has been timed 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 to Athens, the whole 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 maniac, so-called, is really only a pioneer, perhaps a fanatic, leading the world on in its mad race to deathly.

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

Bird Men Triumph.

It is difficult to determine just what two qualities
combine to give the qualities.

From the time when the pinheads of ancient
times split their bodies and took flight, continuing
to increase in power, not alone from Washington's
flying whale which over took Dunn's flying
tear-off and breaking his nose, overtopping the
flying elephant according to another chapter in
the history of flight, and when Apis' wings do other
things in the world, the bringing of different species
of flocks together to bring them together, the
marvelous jungle navigation of a species of mammals
of which when formerly mentioned could only be done
well done.

What is the difference of species? Is there any
difference? In the animal kingdom there is no
difference between man and the monkey, or between
the monkey and the orangutan, or orangutan and
the gorilla, or gorilla and the chimpanzee, or
chimpanzee and the orangutan.

From this view of the members of wild Africa, the
agent of speed became the brood, the brood, the ptarmigan
king, the pheasant, the partridge, and the racing the
motor car.

Bird Men Triumph.

Once upon time the man worth looked upon the
clouds 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 ptarmigan? Nothing, so they
thought.

Then came a new species of bird—an artificial
bird—man-made, bronze-hearted, steel-sinewed, can-
vas-winged—but man-brained. It outsoared the
birds that God made, it outsped them, even if it was
less sure 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 Brook-
lands track, a Frenchman named Jules Goux, driving
a Peugeot, a mad, monster car, covered 106 miles and

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prophesied a thousand
years ago that the second
and final battle, between
the forces of the living and

TEDDY TETZEAFF.

307 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 fly over the bricks at
the starter's gun and madly pursue the phantom
of its own record.

What will it do? Will it fail at the last lap as
the touted 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 run-
ners to bring the news of Marathon—as breathlessly
as the Roman throng waited when Ben Hur coaxed
his mighty steed 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—couriers bearing the tidings
of war. The immortal Marathon run was made while
all Greece was afame with insurrection and Athens
was struggling for her supremacy. But war paled
and faltered before a sport. The speed bug had
been hatched and it was never stifled to death. It
spun on with the tide until it became a deluge.

The legend repeats itself to be the carrier of

(CONTINUE ON ANOTHER PAGE)

between two gunners.

Wonders of tact and skill doubt nothing less from Marathon than has been breeding a contempt for humanity after centuries of the middle ages! And when we shall bring together of distant points of people together, it is a refuge of thousands who could only be known

speed. It is not all human progress, and really only a pioneer world on its mad

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Triumph.

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of bird—an artificial bird, steel-sinewed, can. It outsoared them; even if it was not. It set speed records approach, it seemed, waters, at the Brooked Jules Goux, driving covered 196 miles and

"THE IDOLY TRIUMPH."

Two years or six or thirteen, the Greek runner acted known in his own country made by only having started.

And still our poor horses who walked, waded past us all the highway ready, terribly down the battle of their riders' guns and rapidly pursue the phantoms of the now forgotten.

"What will it do?" were it fast at the last lap as the fastest Mecanikas did last year, or will it plunge across the tape a glorious winner amid the glo of Lethal 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 throng waited when Ben Hur coaxed his mighty steed into the maneuver that wrecked his rival.

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The Greek runner ceased to be the carrier of

(CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE.)