

# SPEEDWAY DEATHS ADVERTISED CITY

**Merle N. A. Walker Tells of Texan  
Who Says Races Put In-  
dianapolis on Map.**

## SOUTHWEST BOOMS ITSELF

**Everybody Has a Good Word to  
Say of Everything, Despite  
Torrid Atmosphere.**

The Northern man traveling in the Southwest who likes to compare his own city and its people with the cities and persons he sees there is impressed most, according to the experience of Merle N. A. Walker, with the determination of the people of the Southwest to "boom."

Everybody has a good word to say for everything that belongs to the Southwest. A temperature of 108 degrees even was a matter for praise and an idea of the Southwestern notion as to the value of advertising, the value of "booming," came to the former judge of the Probate Court while he was in Galveston, Tex.

"Say, that Speedway is a great thing for Indianapolis," said the Texan.

"Yes," assented the former judge, "you ought to see that Speedway."

"And seven killed!" exclaimed the Texan.

"It was terrible, yes," said the judge, "but—"

"Terrible!"—exclaimed the Texan. "Great heavens, those accidents have done more to advertise Indianapolis and that Speedway than anything else could

# LABOR CONDITIO

BUDAPEST, Hungary, Aug. 15. — My fourth day in this picturesque combined ancient and modern city finds me supplied with material which, treated from different points of view, might take up quite a series of letters. From the government and the labor organizations have come statistical and other facts sufficient at once to gratify the sociologist who gains revelations from tabulated figures and to frighten away the reader whom arithmetic tires. But from tours of personal observation in the big place, now with a population of nearly a million, there have come to me much interesting information not easily adapted to the formation of economic reports.

For example, there is the Budapest hod carrier. The picture she presents, going about her draft-horse work barefooted, climbing ladders or mounting inclined planes to the upper stories of a big new building, can hardly be represented truthfully in a photograph, to say nothing of her enumeration in a column of figures that classifies industrial workers. The soles of those broad feet of hers are as callous as the hogskin used for trunk covers, her toe nails are blackened and torn from stubbing them against bricks and beams. She plants her legs, bared half way to the knee, somewhat in the manner of a mule, with cautious but certain tread, as she moves along on a single plank aloft. She is bunchy about the waist; her head cover is a 'kerchief, not overclean, but usually of a gay color. Her features betoken nothing in particular, except an undeveloped brain; her movements are not energetic, as one might deem natural if he is reasonable on remembering her sex—actually, she is a woman—and her probable standard of nourishment. She is paid about as much for a week's work as a New York hod carrier earns in a day. She is here in Budapest to the number of 2,000, this total easily possible of an increase on demand. She has no trade union. According to her strength, steadiness and experience she gets, 30, 35 and 40 cents a day. She is by no means in every case a shriveled old woman; not infrequently youthful, stalwart, she looks as if she might appear comely if engaged in a feminine occupation. She handles the

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Texan.  
"It was terrible, yes," said the judge, "but—"

"Terrible!" exclaimed the Texan. "Great heavens, those accidents have done more to advertise Indianapolis and that Speedway than anything else could have done. Why, without those deaths the races up there would have got two lines in the newspapers of other cities. As it was, the papers all over the country carried lots about the races. People saw Indianapolis mentioned and immediately went to the map to see where Indianapolis was."

The judge was at Galveston the day after the great tidal wave was resisted by the new sea wall, and instead of finding the people all ready to move away from Galveston he found them gleeful. Business men generally were of the opinion that the supreme test of the sea wall had been made and, despite the damage done to some property, especially outside the wall, they were convinced that the ability of the wall to resist the wave meant great things for Galveston.

#### See Only Bright Side.

"The newspapers, the business people, the property owners and everybody saw only one side of the situation, and that was the bright side," said Judge Walker. "That tidal wave increased the value of Galveston property 20 per cent. It was worth 20 per cent more the next day because the owners of property held that the fact the wall resisted the wave meant that Galveston would in the future be free from harm from the sea. That is just an example of the way they look at things down there."

"I thought we knew something about boosting up here, and we do know something. The Commercial Club here," continued the former judge, "has done some very creditable work along this line, but we could get some valuable lessons from the people down there. They are past-masters in the art of booming. They have a good word to say of everything that belongs to Texas and the Southwest, and they even told me that there wasn't anything especially disagreeable about a temperature of 108 degrees when the wind was so hot that we had to close the car windows to keep cool. They convinced me, too. If you smile and take it it is easier than if you grumble as you take it, you know."

#### Texas Cities on Right Track.

The former judge has long been interested in questions of municipal government, and he is of the opinion that some of the Texas cities are on the right track toward an almost perfect city government. The "government by commission" idea is being developed there and is well liked, the judge learned.

"They make one mistake. They elect a mayor then tie his hands by electing a commission to see that he governs well.

ing to her strength, steadiness and experience she gets, 30, 35 and 40 cents a day. She is by no means in every case a shriveled old woman; not infrequently youthful, stalwart, she looks as if she might appear comely if engaged in a feminine occupation. She handles the mortar hoe and the sand shovel unsteadily. Her "hod" is a handbarrow, which is carried by two of her species. The pair of them bear it like a bier at a funeral, filled with dripping mortar or heavy brick, up to the man who does the work, the bricklayer. Then they may return with a load of debris to dump it in the street. I took a full score of snapshots of this flower of Budapest's civilization—a feature somehow missed by the postcard men.

There is another woman in Budapest, not unknown in any large city, given to what, in the irony of thoughtlessly employed words, is called a sport. Here she is even more in evidence than her virtuous sister, the hod carrier. She walks the streets, day and night, in some quarters fairly in herds. At the cafes, which in Budapest are numerous, gilded, brilliant with light, and rendered attractive by Hungarian gypsy bands, this woman seems to be regarded as much of a requisite among the appointments as the white cover for the table and the dress suit of the waiter. The observer of the manners and customs of the Budapest people might estimate that many thousands of her women, one day or other in their lives, had deliberately taken a choice between carrying the hod in honest rags and carrying the stigma of an outcast in flimsy finery.

This dreadful fate of its poor women is an index to Hungary's grade among nationalities. The standing of the nation, if the misery shown the traveler as typical is really so, is enough to make its patriots mourn and move its friends to pity. It is a certainty that tourist observations, the testimony of prominent men interviewed, and the statistical tables all agree in showing the Hungarian people to be hardly in the earlier stages of the great new awakening of social reform.

When the narrator of his impressions in Europe touches upon the topic of the low wages of the masses in any country he has visited, the person to whom he is speaking, especially if an Englishman or American, interrupts to remind him that money wages are no index to real earnings; the cost of living can not be left out of the calculation. So, let us glance at prices in Budapest.

There's the matter of rent, usually rated by economists as much higher in America than in Europe. For hours I was conducted through several working class quarters of the city. Such squalor, such composites of all things to be classed as dirt, such indiscrim-

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"They make one mistake. They elect a mayor then tie his hands by electing a commission to see that he governs well. Their mistake is not in the election of the commission, but in the election of the mayor. They should leave this to the commission. Then if the mayor that the commission elects does not do well they can oust him and elect a new man.

"It has occurred to me that the average business corporation is well governed, and that precisely the same method might be applied to the management of municipal affairs. Government by commission would be better after such a plan. For example, the stockholders of a bank elect directors. The directors elect a president of the bank. Why could not a city do the same thing? The advantages are manifest. The members of such a commission would be business and professional men of the highest standing for the reason that they could manage the affairs of the city by spending a comparatively short time each day with the work. They should be well paid for their time, however, and I believe that a system of the kind would be an improvement over our system."

The judge was in the Southwest on business for a client.

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There's the matter of rent, usually rated by economists as much higher in America than in Europe. For hours I was conducted through several working class quarters of the city. Such squalor, such composites of all things to be classed as dirt, such indiscriminate heaping together of human beings, I have never seen elsewhere. And their dwelling places cost the miserably poor occupants more per square foot of space than is paid by the prosperous artisan in any American city for his home, with all its accommodations. The common type of dwelling houses in Budapest, as in several Austrian and German cities I have visited, is the French flat, the apartments being ranged about an interior courtyard. In the poor working people's quarters these houses are of but one or two stories, with several courtyards one after another extending back from the street. There is one tap for water to each courtyard, which in the center has an opening in the pavement for drainage to the sewer, or, in some districts, simply to a cesspool. In every courtyard I saw were puddles of foul water besides the ruck about the drain. At one of these rookeries an energetic man, of the somewhat rare dark type of Hungarian, came forward from a poor man's cafe—a hole-in-the-wall, finished in zinc instead of the mirrors and ma-

# State Fair Bargains