

SPEED LUST STRONG DESPITE DISASTERS

Thousands See Crashing Cars
and Turn to Watch Flying
Racers Again.

ONLY SURFEITED AT LAST

Spectators Seem Finally to
Weary of Strenuous Sport
After Third Accident.

Attendance Record At Speedway Races

Thursday	15,900
Friday	22,000
Saturday	37,200

AUTOMOBILES.

Thursday	1,500
Friday	3,000
Saturday	6,500

Notwithstanding that three men had been killed, others injured and the indications were that more would go to their death, if the grilling spectacle continued; notwithstanding that human blood was being spilled before their very eyes; notwithstanding that man and his creation, the machine, were being crowded to the limit of their endurance; and that drivers and assistants were being blinded and exhausted; notwithstanding that loved ones of some of the men in the death-defying chase were collapsing under the

Barney Oldfield's



ple to the Speedway and took them away again. Four thousand and six hundred people drove into the grounds in 2,340 automobiles. About 500 drove out in vehicles. Yesterday's crowd, with those of the two days preceding, makes a total of 75,200 people who witnessed the races during the week. It was estimated last night that the receipts will reach \$60,000.

At 11:15 the big grand stand, seating 9,500 people, was filled. By 1 o'clock it was impossible to squeeze into it and by 1:30 the overflow of 1,300 had poured into the paddock in front. The crowds lined the home stretch of the track for a half

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limit of their endurance, and that drivers and assistants were being blinded and exhausted; notwithstanding that loved ones of some of the men in the death-defying chase were collapsing under the tremendous strain, the thousands yesterday at the Speedway races hungered for more. They were loath to leave when the last race was declared off.

According to the ticket figures compiled at the gates last night there were 37,200 admissions to the Speedway yesterday, a record-breaking crowd for record-breaking races and record-breaking accidents.

It seemed as though the killing of the three men was looked upon as a mere incident. "Smashup," was the word which spread throughout the grand stand as the Merz car went ripping through the fence toward the close of the afternoon. The big crowd arose as one. Eyes were turned toward the cloud of dust near the bridge on the turn. Glasses were turned in that direction.

"It's Merz in No. 10!" they shouted. "Yes, yes, it's Charlie Merz, the Indianapolis boy," echoed and re-echoed through the long amphitheater.

"Three men killed," was the next word and an audible murmur of sympathy and sorrow swept through the crowd. But it was only for an instant.

Just then a roaring, sputtering racing car whizzed by in the home stretch. Then another swept by and the crowd turned its attention back to its score cards and the snorting oncoming machines that were tearing down the stretch.

Forgetting that three human lives had been stamped out without a warning so much as that of the lightning's flash from a clear sky; unmindful of the pall of gloom that hung over the bleachers, the crowd in the grand stand continued to cheer the dare-devil drivers as they shot by.

"Another is down!" was the cry that startled the grand stand a few minutes later, and all eyes sought a cloud of dust on the back stretch just off the near turn where Driver Keen and his mechanic, Schiller, were waging their battle with the Grim Reaper.

The panic in the bleachers within plain view of the scenes of both accidents had not subsided after the wrecking of the Merz car until Keen and Schiller went down and the ambulances were hurrying to their assistance. The people in the bleachers had all they wanted.

Police and soldiery hurried to the scenes of the accidents to reinforce the officers in the localities and drove the crowds back so that the physicians might yet, if possible, cheat death of its own. The crowd had been feasting on accidents all afternoon, from the ditching of Lytle's car to the collapse of Mrs. William Ball,

9,500 people, was filled. By 1 o'clock it was impossible to squeeze into it and by 1:30 the overflow of 1,300 had poured into the paddock in front. The crowds lined the home stretch of the track for a half mile above the grand stand all afternoon. There was a big crowd inside the track opposite the bleachers. The bleachers themselves were jammed to overflowing. In order to prevent the people from breaking the fence in front of the grand stand paddock a running board had been placed at the center of the fence from the south end of the grand stand to the suspension bridge north of the stand.

Cheer Amateur Events.

The amateur events aroused great interest. The crowds consisted principally of Indianapoltians, who cheered the Indianapolis-made racers lustily and urged the Indianapolis drivers to greater efforts. But interest in all previous events was eclipsed when the seventeen starters in the 300-mile race were sent away.

Several times there were conflicts of authority between the police and the militiamen. The militiamen insisted that their authority was superior to that of the police, while the police insisted that the militiamen were not on military duty for the state and had no military authority. The militiamen insisted that the police had no jurisdiction outside the Indianapolis city limits. Militiamen who had orders from their officers not to let any one whatever go through the gates anywhere inside the grounds without a written permit, stopped policemen at times. Sergt. Barmfuhrer, in command of the police inside the grounds, gave orders that no policemen enter the grand stand or the bleachers. The guarding of these places was left to the militiamen, Director Moross having decided to place guardsmen there instead of policemen. The upshot was that the policemen stayed in their own bailiwick with the exception of emergency calls and left the guardsmen to take care of things as best they could. The young soldiers found it difficult to handle big brawny fellows, who were inclined to do as they pleased.

Angry words were sometimes passed in the grand stand because people refused to sit down. Sergt. Thomas A. Strong, a soldier on duty there, was approached by a man who wanted another man arrested because the man had insisted that his wife sit down. Sergt. Strong tried to quiet things as best he could without the necessity of ejecting anybody.

NEW YORK TIMES COUNSEL GETS LIBEL SUIT EVIDENCE

Investigates Former Airship Promoter's Movements at Mt. Carmel, Ill., When Factory Scheme Was Abandoned.

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Meanwhile the roaring, speed-annihilating racers continued to circle the track, cheered by the vast expanse of lookers-on and urged to still greater speed and reckless flirtation with death.

When the race was called off disappointment was evident throughout the grand stand. The speed mania had seized the crowd in as firm a grip as that with which death had reaped its harvest. The crowd lingered in the grand stand for a long time.

The racing demons of speed had hardly left the track when there was a rush across the roadway from the private boxes south of the grand stand toward the hospital. Soldiers charged the crowd with the bayonet and with the aid of fast arriving policemen drove part of the crowd back across the roadway.

But the officers were outnumbered and several hundred managed to get by them after the gates were opened. These people swarmed about the hospital where the surgeons were doing everything in their power to save the lives of Kellum and the others brought there for attention. Lieut. Levey established a line of guards, about twenty in number, around the hospital and kept the people back far enough so that they would not interfere with the work.

The guards had to deal with the morbidly curious. And, strange to say, the women gave the most trouble. One woman was determined to get a peep into the hospital at the mangled forms lying on the tables, and she made all sorts of excuses to get up to the door, finally getting through on the plea that she had a relative inside. She only peeped through the door, however, and went away satisfied.

The police and soldiery went through a trying ordeal in handling the frenzied crowds. It was only with the hardest kind of work that they succeeded in controlling them. It was hardest to preserve order in the bleachers, where only a limited number of soldiers were on guard, and to keep clear the suspension bridge north of the grand stand. At one time the people crowded on to the bridge in spite of the efforts of six policemen and four militiamen.

Observing that the bridge was sagging under its heavy load, directly over the track where the racing record-smashers were tearing along at breakneck speed, Carl Fisher, president of the

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PRINCETON, Ind., Aug. 21.—James Maloney, chief counsel for the New York Times, is in Mt. Carmel, Ill., gathering testimony in the Times's defense of the \$1,000,000 libel suit brought against it by E. J. Pennington, former airship man, who, twenty years ago, on an airship scheme which never succeeded, disposed, it is said, of considerable stock to Mt. Carmel capitalists. The airship factory was to have been located there and a big building supposed to contain a model was erected. Pennington disappeared.

Some time ago when Pennington's big flying machine project, now being worked in the East, was given prominence, a reporter of the New York Times wrote a story of the Mt. Carmel affair and the suit followed.

FIRE ALARM GETS MIXED UP.

Newcastle System's Blunder Leads to Agitation for a Change.

NEWCASTLE, Ind., Aug. 21.—The demand of business men and citizens generally for the installation of a modern fire alarm system in this city was given support at noon today when the faulty registering of the present alarm system of an alarm sent in from the south part of the city registered a number corresponding with which there is no fire alarm box in the city, and the department was delayed fifteen minutes, resulting in damage to the extent of \$1,200 to the two-story residence of Mrs. Matilda Foreman. Insurance of \$1,100 was carried.

ORDERS DEATH DIRGE; DIES.

Young Man Kills Himself When Funeral March Is Played.

BUDAPEST, Aug. 21.—Stephen Toth was drinking heavily in the restaurant of an inn at Hodmesovasarhely. The gypsy band was discoursing lively strains, when Toth suddenly called the leader to his table.

"Enough of these lively tunes," he said. "Let us have a funeral march, such as you play on the way to an interment."

The band thereupon struck up the solemn "Marche Funebre" of Chopin. A moment later Toth shot himself through the heart.

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