

CIRCUS DAY, FOURTH OF JULY AND CHRISTMAS, ROLLED IN ONE

• Fast Times at the 500-Mile Race
It was the circus day, Fourth of July and Christmas day, all in one. It resembled any one of all these festive days long forgotten, and everybody was ready to start for the great race long before it was time. Surely the sun never shines brighter. Never did people look so bright and happy. How gay and festive every one was with his jest and banter! The trip to the great speedway was one of the biggest features of the day. Who would miss the wonderful parade of thousands of cars, filled with gay, fun-loving people, who, with restraint thrown aside, laughed and talked with everybody.

"They Are Off."

There was such fun and such excitement in seeing seats and friends in the stand. Everybody talks at once. There is a nervous excitement in the air. Whistles and everybody waits, and laughs and finally joins eagerly yell that bursts from thousands of throats as the cry goes up, "They are off!"

They run through all as they watch the greatest intent the first lap. The roar, the buzz and the whirl of the racing cars drowns out every other sound, and the watcher is fairly dazed at the quantity of the machines as they fly around and around.

Gradually the mind adjusts itself to the surroundings, the dazed feeling disappears, and the drivers—every one, of course, has his favorite driver—are found and each watches for the next lap to be completed.

Slap Your Neighbor.

"Burman, Burman," yells the crowd. "What's the matter with Burman?" Apparently nothing is the matter with Burman as he is rapidly leaving the others behind, and the people in the crowd go mad with joy. They slap each other on the back. They grab the person sitting

in the next seat, stranger or friend. It makes little difference. On and on the flying machines go. Then interest is centered on the "pit," where the first one has gone for repairs. It is only a tire that needs to be replaced. The car slows up. Brownies, or men dressed as brownies, spring up, grab the damaged tire, put on a new one and the driver is off again in as short a time as it takes to tell it.

Groans For Burman

Then Burman, who seems to be the great favorite with the crowd, is forced to enter the pit for repairs. The crowd fairly groans. Then DePalma, for whom everybody has a tender feeling, turns in at the big gate and slowly drives to the sheds. The favorite Burman is off again. The crowd goes with him, and watches the spectacular drives as he rounds the curve at the end of grand stand B. He seems fairly to eat the other machines. He passes most of them as if they were ants. A recklessness seems to possess him that makes him fairly court danger. He takes the most daring chances, and the watchers close their eyes for a second, almost expecting to see him hurled into the air. But he is safe and again the crowd goes mad.

All the morning as the speed increases the wish is with many that nothing might happen. But it does. Just as the sun is shining brightest, just as the heat has started its liveliest air and just as everybody is beginning to take things as a matter of course—it happened.

No. 6 Overturns

Car No. 6 goes by with a whoa. Everybody jumps. All seem to sense danger. Tower is making a spectacular sport, and as he reaches the little bridge directly in front of the bleachers, his car skids and goes almost across the track. He throws it quickly into the road, and for an instant it seems to right itself. It goes five feet into the air, over the bridge railing and turns a double somersault. For a second not a word is heard. Imagination would

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All the morning as the speed increases the wish is with many that nothing may happen. But it does. Just as the sun is shining brightest, just as the band has started its liveliest air and just as everybody is beginning to take things as a matter of course—it happened.

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is heard as one man is seen to take a few steps, for the crowd knew at least one is saved. Then the man is carried away, and the crowd is under about it.

But the race goes on.

In the Pit Again

The other cars are pounding laps. Burman again is in the pit. People are as anxious as the plucky driver, who this time is in trouble and just as anxious to get out and burn up the track.

He falls behind, and the crowd, seeing that he is losing, finds No. 16 gains in favor as he goes. In spite of the repeated cries of "want a foreigner to win," the crowd does not but admire the manner in which he goes around the great track without exertion. Even his competitors do not seem to do the strategy the others do. Goux, for the time being, is the idol of the people.

Then No. 3, driven by Andy Dianapolis boy, gets the sympathy after cheer is sent up, and the crowd wonders whether he can for the fellowship expressed in their efforts. And then the accident happens. No. 2 is the next to go to the shed, and it is just a see-saw race to the finish. Everybody with a broad-mindedness sees that the driver, Goux, is marvelous, and they pay him homage.

Other Memorial

Now and then when there is a quiet day, for instance, when one thinks of other Memorial Day, for instance, when one goes to an address given in the country house. The children sang some recitations. Somebody presented a body with the Stars and Stripes and graves of loved ones were decorated with flowers and a picnic dinner followed. The day was and happy, and—

But the cars are nearing the point again, and again the realization that the greatest race is on; that all around are "extra; all about the accident happened such a few minutes ago. The race is nearing the finish and the cheers madly as No. 16 star

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not do anything but picture two men sent to eternity. Men and women, with pallid, horror stricken faces, watch with bated breath when the emergency corps hurries to the fallen men. What a gasp of relief is heard as one man is seen walking a few steps, for the crowd knows that at least one is saved. Then the other is carried away, and the crowd is left to wonder about it.

But the race goes on.

In the Pit Again.

The other cars are pounding out their laps. Burman again is in the pit. The people are as anxious as ever to cheer this plucky driver, who time and again is in trouble and just as often recovers and burns up the track.

He falls behind, and the fickle crowd, seeing that he is losing, finds a new love. No. 16 gains in favor as he gains in laps. In spite of the repeated cries of "We don't want a foreigner to win," the crowd can not but admire the manner in which he goes around the great track, apparently without exertion. Even his mechanician does not seem to do the strenuous work the others do. Goux, for the moment, is the idol of the people.

Then No. 3, driven by Anderson, an Indianapolis boy, gets the sympathy. Cheer after cheer is sent up, and the crowd wonders whether he can feel the good fellowship expressed in these cheers, and whether they spur him on to such great efforts. And then the accident sends him to the shed. No. 2 is the next great favorite, and it is just a see-saw from that to the finish. Everybody with true American broad-mindedness sees that the French driver, Goux, is marvelous, and, as such, they pay him homage.

Other Memorial Days.

Now and then when there is a near lull one thinks of other Memorial days, the quiet day, for instance, spent in listening to an address given in the country school-house. The children sang songs and gave recitations. Somebody presented somebody with the Stars and Stripes, the graves of loved ones were visited and decorated with flowers, and then maybe a picnic dinner followed. The day was quiet and happy, and—

But the cars are nearing the starting point again, and again there is the realization that the greatest race on earth is on; that all around are men calling "extra; all about the accident," which happened such a few minutes before. The race is nearing the finish. Everybody cheers madly as No. 16 starts on the last

lap. The race is won. The lo- day is done.

Once when Bob Burman was a young woman stood watching an agonized look. Tears were in her eyes and she fairly wrung her hands.

"Who is she? She must be a friend of his," were some of the remarks heard. One motherly looking soul said to her:

"My dear, is he a friend of yours? What is the matter?"

"No he, aint," almost sobbed she, "but I bet a box of candy on him. I am going to lose."

DAILY VITAL STATISTICS

Marriage Licenses.

Elbert Rackley and Violet Sterrett.
Charles Wyatt and Nellie Streets.
Earl Coombs and Golda Alley.
John Dean and Maude Washam.
Andrew Smith and Sadie Schlosser.
Herman Resener and Henrietta E.
Elmer Flint and Minnie Vose.
Eustachio Farquinto and Lucile M.
Ennis Bragdon and Marie White.

Birth Returns.

William and Elizabeth Adding.
Noble st., girl.
O. W. and Helen Vischer, Me-
pital, boy.
Bruce and Tillie Can, 2151 Founta-
Tos and Meri Uhelski, 29 S. Ca-
girl.
Frank and Daisy Rock, 2643 Mar-
girl.

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Once when Bob Burman was "pitted" a young woman stood watching him with an agonized look. Tears were in her eyes and she fairly wrung her hands.

"Who is she? She must be a relative," were some of the remarks heard. Finally one motherly looking soul said to her:

"My dear, is he a friend of your's, or what is the matter?"

"No he, aint," almost sobbed the girl, "but I bet a box of candy on him and I am going to lose."

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Birth Returns.

William and Elizabeth Addington, 249 S. Noble st., girl.
O. W. and Helen Vischer, Methodist hospital, boy.
Bruce and Tillie Can, 2151 Fountain st., boy.
Tos and Meri Uhelski, 29 S. California st., girl.
Frank and Daisy Bock, 2543 Martindale ave., girl.

Justice and M
5th st., girl.
Roy and Gert
boy.
C. and Mary
girl.
Horace and I
st., girl.
Frank and Le
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Endre and A
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Roy and Laura
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William and M
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James and Sal
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Orlando and E
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Browning and
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Patrick and El
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Jessie and Lor
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Earl and Grace

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