

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

o Fast Times at the 500-Mile Race]
 It was like circus day, Fourth of July and Christmas day, all in one. It resembled any one of all these festive days being celebrated up, 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."

The crowd, 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 mightily yell that bursts from thousands of throats as the cry goes up, "They are off!"

It runs 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 are a confused mass of flying things going 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.

"Hurman, Burman," yells the crowd. "What's the matter with Hurman?" 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 Hurman 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 may 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 Overtakes

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

MAS, ROLLED IN ONE

is 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 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.

No. 6 Overturns.

Car No. 6 goes by with a whiz. Everybody jumps. All seem to scent danger. Tower is making a spectacular spurt, and as he reaches the little bridge directly in front of the bleachers, his car skids and goes almost across the track. He turns 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 could

is heard as one man is seen to take a few steps, for the crowd knew at least one is saved. Then the car is rolled 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 ever for this 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 its favor as he is in spite of the repeated cries of "want a foreigner to win." They do not but admire the manner in which he goes around the great track without exertion. Even his competitors does not seem to do the strategy the others do. Goux, for the time being, the idol of the people.

Then No. 3, driven by Andy Dianapolis boy, gets the sympathy after cheer is sent up, and everybody wonders whether he can for the fellowship expressed in their efforts. And then the accident happens to the shed. No. 2 is the next to go, and it is just a see-saw race to the finish. Everybody with the 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, spent to an address given in the country house. The children sang some recitations. Somebody presided with the Stars and Stripes. The 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. Cheers madly as No. 16 star