

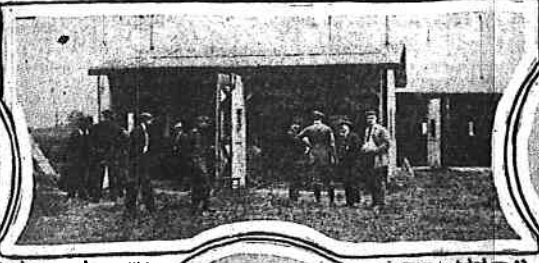
RACERS FROM OVER THE SEA COME TO COMBAT THEIR YANKEE RIVALRY IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST GASOLINE DERBY AT THE MOTOR SPEEDWAY



JULES GOUX, PEUGEOT



PAUL ZUCARELLI, PEUGEOT



"FOREIGN QUARTER" AT SPEEDWAY



TREFO. PILETTE, MERCEDES-KNIGHT



"THE PAGODA NEW OFFICIAL AND PRESS STAND.



ALBERT GUYOT, SUNBEAM



ROBERT CROSSMAN, R.N. SUNBEAM.

Pimenta, the interpreter, is an an interesting figure and factor in this year's tradition. In toward French success in the race, and he can not repress his enthusiasm over the speed of the French cars, the Peugeots. Pimenta delights in watching Goux and Zucarelli, drivers of the Peugeot cars, at work on the track, and when one of them gets into a bit of a fair fight with an American car and distances it with fine stoutheadedness, he avoids showing his preference as much as it is possible for a patriotic Frenchman to hold country love in abeyance. "Now and then, however, when some equally enthusiastic American remarks Pimenta's presence that Bob Burman, Bill Kodocot, Charley Marx, or some other Yankee will give the French a run for the money, the interpreter smiles in derision, and says: "Oh, no, no, no. You don't know. Just wait. The Frenchmen haven't shown all their speed yet. Just wait. You shall see."

The Embodiment of Courtesy. Pimenta, like the other foreigners in the speedway camp, is the soul of courtesy. He responds quickly and kindly to all questions and when asked to exchange an interview with an American and one of the Frenchmen he accepts it as an opportunity to do something pleasant. Another thing that impresses the Americans, unused to applying little courtesies, is the manner in which the foreigners don't their caps before clasping the hand of a new acquaintance.

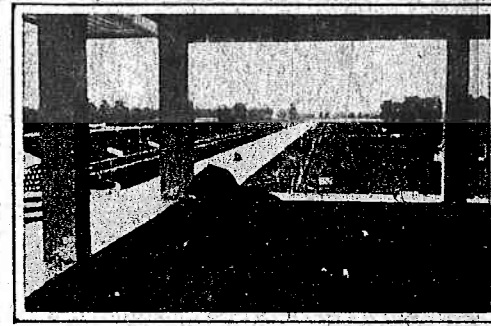
"These foreigners are certainly there with that etiquette stuff," a young mechanic attached to the Case camp remarked when he saw a group of Americans below presented to Goux, the Frenchman. Little Goux's cap was off in the least, while the American, regarding the spirit of the thing, shyly removed his hat and then looked around to see if anybody saw them.

Goux an Interesting Character. Goux is one of the most interesting characters in the speedway camp. He is less than thirty, of slight build and with a complexion that any schoolgirl would envy. He is quiet and boyish. One after-

noon of this week, while Zucarelli was working on the track with the big blue Peugeot car, Goux amused himself by walking the railing of the pits. He is an alert youth and scampered along the narrow walls of the pits in dizzy fashion, venturing now and then to look up and see how Zucarelli was traveling.

Zucarelli is older than Goux and much more robust. In fact, the Italian, whose first name is Paul, is the heavyweight of the speedway camp. He is round-faced, round-bodied and the soul of good nature. He is about forty years of age and weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. Zucarelli handles the big Peugeot with much ease, the seat being large enough to give him comfort. It was not so when he attempted to drive the National car that won last year's race. Johnny Altken appeared at the speedway last Tuesday to show the Frenchmen how American shock absorbers work on racing cars, his visit being on their request. While there Goux took the National around the course for several laps, and Zucarelli, his teammate, had equal anxiety to try the American—could not wedge his body into the narrow seat, and he had to forego the pleasure of a buzz around the track.

Enthusiastic Sportsman. Another interesting Frenchman is Albert Guyot, who is one of the drivers of the English entry, the Sunbeam. Guyot stands next to Zucarelli in weight, and is, therefore, no small child. He is short of stature and is close to the forty-mark



VIEW NORTH FROM TOP FLOOR OF PAGODA

in years. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and anxiously awaits the crack of the pistol in the big race. His teammates to young Robert Crossman, an Englishman, with an accent that would make any Britisher jolly glad to hear. Crossman is tall and slender and not more than twenty-eight. He is finely developed physically and as erect as a monument. Crossman served six years in the English navy prior to entering the motor racing game. He has a keen eye and a friendly smile.

"It's going to take brains as well as car endurance to win this race," Cross-

man declares, now that he has sized up the contest. He is a "shrew" one might say, not realizing the character of the performance. The first act demonstrated to me that the performance was too vulgar to be entertaining to a person who does not enjoy vulgarity. There were a lot of very respectable people present, intelligent people, exclusively English people, some of them in company with their young sons and daughters. They thought the thing was infamous, yet I was the only person in the whole house who did the very simple and sincere thing of judging home after the first act. I was greatly blamed for this. My family apologized for me on grounds of having had nerves. My friends said that I just did it for a "stunt." To me it was the only natural thing to do, and I contend that as a people we are decidedly "sickled over" by the pale cast of thought or we should be much freer to express our disapproval of what is plainly wrong. We have a lot of quibbling over right and wrong just now.

ADJUSTING TIMING DEVICE.

This car holds speed honors for the Grand Prix of Brussels, and Pilette expects to make somebody's bustle to keep him from being in front when the big grind is over next Friday.

Much mystery hovers around the possibilities of the Isotta, the Italian car, in the coming race. It has a great reputation as a speed wonder and the three entries will be under the direction of Vincenzo Trucco, of Milan, who, besides being one of the drivers, is the chief engineer of the Isotta car. Harry Grant and Teddy Tetslaff have been engaged to drive Isottas in the race and their handling of the Italian cars will be made easier by reason of their previous experience in races at the speedway.

An air of secretiveness hovers around the foreign camps and serves to whet the curiosity of the Americans in neighboring shops. The foreign speedmen are quiet, even to the point of whispers. Not so with the Yankee boys—they exchange good natured badinage and now and then break into some American rattle songs, much to the amusement of the visitors from over the sea.

Catchy Airs Win Foreigners. "Everybody's Doin' It" may be Greek to the Frenchmen, but they have enough music in their souls to catch tune with the tunes when they hear it whistled. They beat time with their hammers, and then laugh heartily when the whistler finishes his melody. They know nothing about "Be My Baby Bumblebee," or

Changes at the Speedway. There have been several changes in the speedway since the race a year ago. A new four-story stand for the press and the officials has been built at a point about two hundred feet north of the former stand. This, of course, meant the moving of the starter's wire to the same point. The new stand is built after the fashion of a Hindu or Chinese pagoda and will afford better facilities both for the newspaper men and the race officials. The newspaper man will occupy the first floor of the pagoda.

It will be reached by a stairway leading from an inclosed room on the ground floor. The press stand will be available only for newspaper men actively engaged in handling the race. The entrance to the official floors of the pagoda will be by another stairway. Arrangements have been completed to connect the floors of the press and official sections of the pagoda by wire and copy chutes. In this way the newspapers will have close touch with all news of the race and, at the same time, make it possible for the writ-

PRIME OF THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER—BY THE COUNTRY CONTRI

and so forth, I can testify to the readiness of certain phenomena of table-tipping. There was a big family of brothers and sisters at my grandfather's home and a considerable crowd of young folk among the neighbors. Many was the séance they had looking with the "spirits" on frosty winter evenings. And it is a fact that after the table was "charged" it did many queer things, such as walking off and leaving one leg in the hands of a strong young fellow who thought he could hold it by means of a "medium." Whether these observations were the mere effect of nervous excitement communicated to each other by means of believing the same thing and feeling it all to know, but I rather prefer to believe that thought can move ponderable bodies, and that Jesus meant it literally when he said: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove. Nothing shall be impossible unto you."

growth of immorality among us started! It was when science and scientists became popular. When men began disproving the Bible by stones and "formations" of the earth and by proving that miracles do not happen. As if any of this material difference in the spiritual life, as if love and kindness and the uplifting belief in a "higher power" were not all we have to live by, no matter what scientists discover! But the innocent bystander was the friend of the materialistic idea, as he is of all the wrongs that grow like weeds in a fence corner. The innocent bystander believes in allowing everybody to do as he likes in his own way, and that is the reason why we have hell on earth instead of a little kingdom of heaven, wherein all is peace and happiness. It is not the intentionally vicious person who is responsible for this. It is the innocent bystander. He submits to minority rule. He keeps quiet when he should speak, he agrees reluctantly with both sides of the question. He is afraid of making enemies. He wishes to be popular. You will

by in facing other people's opinions. He does not fully realize that he is accessory to the crime. I went to a "show" one night, not realizing the character of the performance. The first act demonstrated to me that the performance was too vulgar to be entertaining to a person who does not enjoy vulgarity. There were a lot of very respectable people present, intelligent people, exclusively English people, some of them in company with their young sons and daughters. They thought the thing was infamous, yet I was the only person in the whole house who did the very simple and sincere thing of judging home after the first act. I was greatly blamed for this. My family apologized for me on grounds of having had nerves. My friends said that I just did it for a "stunt." To me it was the only natural thing to do, and I contend that as a people we are decidedly "sickled over" by the pale cast of thought or we should be much freer to express our disapproval of what is plainly wrong. We have a lot of quibbling over right and wrong just now.

rule of the impersonal "they." When I was a young woman two women ruled the club life of our town. It was their will and desire that I should be ignored in the formation of the literary club that for twenty years comprised the leading social life of the place. I do not blame these two women, half so much as I blame the innocent bystanders for my ostracism from a social regime for the club life was a distinct social regime. Any one of my friends (and I had very dear friends in the various organizations) who had cared to do so could have removed this social ban from me. But they were confirmed in the habits of the innocent bystander. The ruling element, a very small minority, had declared it was an undesirable club member. And though the great majority thought differently they felt it wasn't their fight, and so put themselves on record as accessory to the crime of making a target of a young and bright woman who had every claim to recognition among the intelligent and "leading" people of our town.

I remember I began that thirty years ago I remember the first time I ever wrote on the subject. My sister had a paper to read before the County Teachers' Association. Somehow it was generally accepted that our family could write good papers, and many is the time my mother and I composed for innocent bystanders who belonged to the new clubs from which we were excluded. My sister could write a dandy paper, but she was decidedly lousy. Besides she knew that she was waiting all the time for the moment when she would be able to do so and write the thing just to save the family credit. It was after my best had gone home on the very evening before the day she was to read her paper that I went upstairs and found her roosting on the edge of the bed with a stubby lead pencil and a scratchbook, weeping over the fact that she hadn't "had time" to write her paper and that now the thoughts wouldn't come. It was late and cold, and the lampwick was too short to reach the oil, and things didn't look promising. But these things didn't help which brings me to the

SPEED KINGS F IN TH

English, German, French and Italian Racing Masterpieces to Compete With American-made Cars in an Effort to Pocket \$50,000 Offered in Prize Money in the Great International Sweepstakes on Memorial Day—Other Trophies Add to the Interest in the Event—Europeans Amazed at Size of Local Speed Farm.

THIRD GASOLINE DERBY.

Event—International motor sweepstakes race.

Time—Friday, May 2, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Place—Indianapolis motor speed

SPEED KINGS F IN TH

English, German, French and Italian Racing Masterpieces to Compete With American-made Cars in an Effort to Pocket \$50,000 Offered in Prize Money in the Great International Sweepstakes on Memorial Day—Other Trophies Add to the Interest in the Event—Europeans Amazed at Size of Local Speed Farm.

THIRD GASOLINE DERBY.

Event—International motor sweepstakes race.

Time—Friday, May 31, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Place—Indianapolis Motor Speed