

...four or five pairs of legs wildly waving from the sides of the cars, and above the heads of the disappointed ones on the platforms.

Lives were risked scores of time. In the light for place. Women were literally hurled into cars by male companions, many of them being lifted up and thrown into the cars as the train came into the west end of the station. Although an effort was made to let through four gates only approximately the number of persons that could be accommodated on a train, the surplus that accumulated under the sheds was soon two or three hundred, and a hard pressed, perspiring multitude from beyond the gates gazed enviously at those within.

Skirts an Impediment.

When the gates were pushed back and men and women rushed pell-mell across the tracks toward the long-awaited train, the disadvantage of the tight skirt was apparent. Many women traveled across the tracks in hops, pushed and shoved by the men with them, and by the onrushing crowds behind. To overcome the disadvantage, many took a hitch at the tight skirts, and the display of fancy hosiery at the station was easily "one of the sights."

As often as the gates were opened, there came instances in which women either had to be carried or assisted to one side, because of faintness. At one of the gates at the west side of the station at one time, there were five different groups fanning exhausted and fainting women and giving them aid. At the other gates were similar scenes.

As fast as the trains, at the rate of a thousand people every five or ten minutes, took the race enthusiasts from the station, the incoming crowds filled up the tracks. Until late in the morning it could not be seen that the taking of a big train-load even "made a dent" in the crowds at the gates.

Both sides of Illinois street, especially, however, the east side, were densely packed, the congestion being apparent as far north as Washington street. Jackson place was congested. However, a strenuous effort was made to keep the waiting rooms of the union station open only for regular traffic, and the speedway crowds were diverted to the east and west of the station building. The usual passenger rates were used only for passengers for regular trains and not for the traffic for the shuttle trains.

Specials Continually Arriving.

Big through trains, carrying much extra equipment, were continually arriving, and occasionally a big special pulled into the station. The special trains, large in number, had arrived early for the most part, many of them getting in shortly after midnight. From midnight until the speedway crowds were assembling, as early as 5 o'clock, the scene in the station had been one of great activity, owing to the large number of trains arriving. Some unloaded at the station, but others took their Pullmans to the easily accessible yards without unloading. All

...waves lasted from 7:50 to 8:16.

THERE WAS NO EXCUSE FOR PARCHED THROATS

FEW "KNIGHTS OF MAHOGANY" HAD TIME FOR THE RACE.

SPIELERS FOR THE SALOONS

The sun's sweltering laugh faded to a grim, disappointed smile today when he beamed out of a cloudless sky and looked down into South Illinois street—center of a marvelous saloon activity.

Spielers were shouting hoarse cries to show the way to inviting rear doors, and bright, newly painted signs told of the cool, fresh draughts to the swirling crowds of humanity, which pushed along the sidewalks toward the union station, speedway bent. The sun beamed his best, but the sight which he saw made him grow reminiscent of the days of the old "levee."

There was not a speedway visitor, so inclined, who had to go without his matutinal drink today. In fact, the speedway visitor, who ran the gantlet of saloons between Washington street and the station without facing at least one "knight of the mahogany" in an overloaded back room, was certainly a visitor from the driest of "dry" towns. For everybody but the bartender was on the way to the races.

"Last Chance."

As the visitor disentangled himself from the masses which crowded the union station he was greeted by the sound of a voice in front of Mike Duffey's bar in the Swan hotel.

"Rrrright this way; the last chance," the spieler said, and pointed his hand toward the barrooms, which was crowded three deep with customers.

Across the street, if he managed to pass the spieler at the Swan hotel, the steady stream may have led him into the front doors of the Oneida hotel bar, the New St. Charles hotel bar or that of the Majestic hotel. To reach the man who managed the flowing faucet at the Majestic hotel bar, he had to go through the lobby of the hotel and a side room into the bar-room proper.

Farther up the street, a great sign, "Welcome, Speedway Visitors. We Have the Best and Coldest Beer in the City,"

...things than any husband ever wife. She was laden with and blue parasols and all the a-brac of a day at the races.

The crowd went to the every style of conveyance from Adam, the latter device consisting of a good pair of legs. The Bee-Hive cars were jammed to the edge of the sidewalks by the police guards. The highways, including Michigan, Tenth, Michigan, and Thirtieth streets were thick with automobiles of every known make. A little two-lung runabout was as important as the \$2,000 touring car. In fact, the police remarked that they had more trouble keeping the pedestrians from the two-lungers than the big cars.

Motoring Throng in A

At the speedway gates the jammed automobiles became greatest between 9 o'clock. The gate attendants worked so steadily that they were in perspiration before their work was done. Each car was halted, and taken, the parking space being the warning given that speed not be permitted along the length of the speedway. It was interesting to see the motoring throng in action. A car with Boston pennants came from its standards. Then from Charleston, W. Va., a dianapolis truck, the property of a factory bearing a score of the to the race course. Now a covered car with a New York tag and a Philadelphia pennant from its canopy.

Gosport There, To

Behind the big New York car came a little Ford, dust-covered and from it floated a little cloud of dust. A sign painted on the side of the car read "Gosport, N. H." and "N. H. State." Nearly every state that was represented by one or more automobiles. The strings of automobiles told the wonderful story of the interest of the race. Here was a car from Ontario, another from St. Louis from Chicago and then the Michigan, Italy, bearing the name of Isotta's crew. It was estimated that a thousand automobiles passed the gates within the two hours between 9 o'clock.

Woven into this mass of moving metal the speedway entrance was the throng of people. Here came a three-wheeled

At times the tracks at the station were occupied by regular and special trains, which had just arrived, and the shuttle trains were held out of the station. At just the time the crowd waiting to be taken to the speedway was at its crest, the movement of the shuttle trains was blocked. This was due not only to the presence of special trains in addition to the shuttle trains on the tracks to the speedway, but also to the congestion of trains in the sheds and at the entrances to the station.

Impatient at the delay, and fearful that other delays were to occur in the future, the crowds could not be controlled, and from 8:30 until 9:30 there was the mad rush and stampede, which, according to railroad men and police officers, was without parallel in the city.

Aside from this hour of great confusion, turmoil and struggle, things moved satisfactorily, according to William A. Holtz, captain of city detectives, and Mark Robbins, chief of the Big Four's staff of detectives.

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Continued from Page One.

in brightest colors of green and red, greeted his eyes.

Side Entrance.

Another spieler directed his way to a door on which was indicated the side entrance to Geraghty's bar, 142 South Illinois street. On the sidewalk in front a boy was crying "ice cold lemonade" for those of more temperate tastes.

"Headquarters for Cold Beer" read the colored sign in front of Dorfman's bar, 124 South Illinois street, and if the visitor's eyes failed to catch this, another "Cold Beer on Tap" pointed the way to the side door in Chesapeake street.

In front of the bar, 202 South Illinois street, with a Capital City Brewing Company's sign, box lunches were for sale, but the side door yielded to a faint pressure of the visitor's hand, and he found himself in a darkened barroom.

Still Others.

As the visitor neared Washington street and wiped a perspiring brow, he could

not mistake the now familiar color which graced the corner of the Occidental by the sign of "Cold Beer." The letters were big and unmistakable. Then as he passed the Arcade bar and the Saratoga across the street in Illinois street, he came into Washington street, where crowds were breaking into all directions he had become satisfied that the sal business was flourishing.

The big policeman on the corner with his coat of blue buttoned to his chest wiped his brow and looked southward.

Police Busy Elsewhere

The Rev. E. S. Shumaker, superintendent of the Indiana Anti-Saloon League, called Superintendent of Police Hyland on the telephone and told him the saloons were all open and doing a rushing business. The superintendent replied that he had knowledge that such was the case, and said, also, that there was so much going on that the police were all engaged on other duties.

"Don't you think that if you should close the saloons it would make it easier for your police?" asked Mr. Shumaker over the telephone.

"Well, there is no trouble or anything," retorted the police superintendent.

"Well, I can tell you about one place," returned Mr. Shumaker. "That saloon just across the alley from the Eagle hotel is doing a big business. The door is open and there is a big crowd on the sidewalk and the bartenders are very busy. I was standing there in the doorway and not five feet away was a policeman in full uniform, and if he is not blind, he could see what was going on. Another policeman ten feet away could not be seeing what I saw."

To this information Superintendent Hyland made no answer.

TWENTY HURT IN WRECK

Caught in Rear-End Collision On
Terurban Road Near Cleveland.

AKRON, O., May 30.—Twenty persons were injured, some very seriously, in a street car collision on the Akron, Cleveland & Cleveland lines at Silver Lake, seven miles from this city, today. Ten men suffered the loss of both legs. The cars in collision were limited cars, running between this city and Cleveland and were going at a rapid rate when the hindmost car crashed into the rear end of the first. Many women are among the injured. The injured were brought to hospitals in this city.