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JUDGE HENLEY.

The lawyers and other friends of Joseph E. Henley of Bloomington, special judge in the arson conspiracy case, are having considerable sport with him because of his three weeks' work at "harvest wages." The Indiana statute providing for special judges fixes the pay of a special judge at $5 a day for the time engaged, and does not provide for the payment of his expenses. Therefore Mr. Henley will have to pay his railroad fare, hotel bills and incidental expenses out of his allowance of $5 a day. No wonder he tried to push the trial along! Judge Ogden, however, drew a check on his private funds for a liberal sum and pressed it on Judge Henley, but Henley emphatically refused to accept the check. "I came down here as a personal favor to you, Judge Ogden," declared the Bloomington lawyer, "and I certainly am not going to permit you to pay me anything for it." Although it has been at a personal sacrifice to him financially, Judge Henley has greatly enjoyed his stay here. He has renewed many pleasant acquaintances and formed a host of new ones. He has been the lion of the Elks' home in his leisure hours. Judge Henley is an affable companion, and has appreciated the camaraderie of the little corner of the world's Bohemia at Main and east Fifth streets.

"Less government; fewer laws." This should be the rally cry for the citizens of Indiana who are contemplating with alarm the steadily increasing cost of administration of the public's business.

President Wilson changed his mind after all, and spoke to the veterans at the Arlington Memorial day services. Things got tolerably hot for him.

THE PROGREGSVIE WAY.

[Mitchell Commercial.]

Some days ago the Mitchell Tribune published—as it did last week—that about everything was going progressive, and it stated that the Fort Wayne News was a progressive and would support Albert J. Beveridge for United States senator in this campaign.

This statement reached Mr. J. A. Greene of the News, and last week the Tribune received a letter from Mr. Greene asking a retraction, but not a word was said in the last issue. If the Tribune had any sense of fairness it would have at once acknowledged it had been misinformed, and so far as possible made amends. There is nothing to be gained in refusing to give the truth.

We herewith give a copy of Mr. Greene's letter to the Tribune, which was ignored entirely, although received in plenty of time for last week's issue had there been any disposition to retract:

"I am in receipt of a copy of your paper, the Mitchell Tribune, of recent date, in which appears the false defamatory, and libelous statement that the Fort Wayne News will support Albert J. Beveridge for the United States senate. I would be pleased to have you retract this slander in your next issue and give me the source of your information.

"Yours,
J. A. GREENE."

It seems the progressive press is doing most of its business on statements like the foregoing not warranted by facts.

JOE DAWSON REMAINS IN SERIOUS CONDITION

Physicians, However, Say He Will Recover Soon.

Joe Dawson, the popular race driver and winner of the 1912 500-mile race at the Speedway, who was injured in Saturday's race when his car turned over on the forty-first lap, was reported to be still in a serious condition at the Methodist hospital Monday. His condition is practically unchanged and physicians say that it may be some time before he can be pronounced out of danger. Unless unexpected complications set in, however, he will recover.

Other drivers and mechanicians who were injured during the race are reported improved and most of them will be out of the hospital in a few days.

Others Hurt in Race.

The number hurt in the Speedway accidents includes Vere Barnes, Dawson's mechanician, cuts about the head; Ray Gilhooley, driver of the Isotta, face and neck badly cut, arms and shoulders bruised; Jean Chassagne, face cut; Nino Zonani, contusion on forehead, lip torn, shoulder bruised.

FOR THE HOSPITAL.

The young women of the Woman's club will give a social at the home of Mrs. C. G. Sefrit Tuesday evening. It is for the benefit of the hospital fund. An attractive program has been arranged. Roy Scoble on the violin and John Boyd on the cello will offer several selections. There will be other music, including some new records on a Victrola. Ice cream, cake and strawberries will be served. The young women are preparing to have a pleasant evening for their guests, and everybody is cordially invited to be present.

EVERY DISTRICT TO HAVE ORATOR

HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER FROM EACH CONGRESSIONAL DIVISION WILL COMPETE.

Great interest is being manifested among the high schools of Indiana in the first annual state high school oratorical contest to be held in the auditorium of the men's gymnasium of Indiana university next Wednesday night. Each of the congressional districts will be represented by an orator chosen in a contest held by the counties of each district in the last four weeks. The winners in the district contests were as follows: First district, Irvin Weil, Evansville; Second, Andrew Hepburn, Bloomington; Third, Sultan Cohen, Jeffersonville; Fourth, Charles Trumbo, Seymour; Fifth, Kenneth Hogate, Danville; Sixth, Robert Lyons, Richmond; Seventh, James Ingles, Indianapolis (Shortridge); Eighth, Harvey Everett, Decatur; Ninth, George Reynolds, Kokomo; Tenth, Dwight C. Curnick, Rensselaer; Eleventh, D. B. Snyder, Wabash; Twelfth, David Erwin, Fort Wayne; Thirteenth, Gertrude Cuddahay, Michawaka.

President William Lowe Bryan of Indiana university will preside at the debate and the question for discussion will be, "A New Constitution for Indiana." Each of the contestants will be allowed eight minutes for a principal speech and three minutes for rebuttal.

Draw Lots for Places.

The order of the speaking will be determined by lot immediately before the contest begins. The contest will be distinctly a discussion in which each participant will be free to choose his own point of view touching the general subject. The winner will receive a gold medal bearing the seal of the university.

This will be the first contest of the kind ever held in Indiana and will be the beginning of a permanent organization of the high schools of the state under the auspices of the public discussion bureau of the Indiana university extension division.

Prof. Ross Lockridge, head of the public speaking department of the university, who has been managing the details of the contest, says he is well pleased with the beginning of the movement and hopes to make it much more successful next year.

Not a single complaint has been made over the outcome of any of the county or district contests and Professor Lockridge says much credit is due to the district committeemen were as follows: First, E. J. Lewellyn, Mt. Vernon; Second, Hamlet Allen, Washington; Third, C. B. McLinn, New Albany; Fourth, Hugh Cathcart, Brownstown; Fifth, Lee Brinton, Terre Haute; Sixth, J. S. Johnson, Shelbyville; Seventh, W. N. Otto, Indianapolis (Shortridge); Eighth, I. C. Black, Anderson; Ninth, O. P. Farr, Frankfort; Tenth, Ben Shinkle, Valparaiso; Eleventh, E. O. Smithes, Columbia City; Thirteenth, O. E. McDowell, Plymouth.

AT THE SPEEDWAY

(By John T. Harris.)

The five hundred mile gasoline and castor oil classic, which was witnessed by many Washington people, at the Speedway, Indianapolis, is now a thing of the past, and the 1914 effort will likely remain a piece of history for many years. All of the Speedway records, from the five to the five hundred mile, were broken.

Rene Thomas, driving a Delage car, was the first to finish. Arthur Duray in a Peugeot, finished second seven minutes after Thomas; Albert Guyot was third, in a Delage; Jules Goux, winner of the 1913 race, was fourth; and Barney Oldfield, the first American to finish, came under the wire fifth, driving a Stutz.

Josef Christiaens, in a Belgian car, finished sixth; Harry Grant, in an English car, was seventh; Keene and Rodgers, in an American car, placed eighth and William Carlson was ninth. E. V. Rickenbacher, in an American car, finished tenth, the last of the prize winners, and Haupt, Mulford and Burman finished in order named, they being what was left of the thirty starters.

Thomas' time was six hours, three minutes and forty-five and a fraction of a second. The former record was made by Joe Dawson in 1912, when he carried away the prize money in six hours, twenty minutes and the fraction of a second. The new record was undoubtedly due to the favorable weather conditions. The average speed of the winner was 82.47 miles an hour, but at times it is said that one hundred miles and better were attained.

Six men were injured, but none of these seriously: The first accident was early in the race when Jean Chassagne's English car, with Albert Mitchell assisting, threw a tire on the north curve, causing the car to turtle. Both of these men were able to limp away after they found the car was out of commission. Then came the real thriller of the days' sport, and the fellow who furnished the same never broke into the headlines, possibly because that his identification was lost from the fact that two other white cars were near the mix up. The big white racer went out of control just as it struck the dangerous south curve. It whirled around several times, and with each whirl it raced up toward the east end of the grand stand, and when this point was reached, the driver with a mighty effort, righted the car and went off around the course as though nothing had happened. Ray Gilhooley, driving the Isotta, with his mechanician, Nino Zonis, were not so lucky. The Isotta tried to do the double action while at the same point but a few minutes later, only to upset and spill the occupants upon the brick track in an unconscious condition. Speedway assistants cleared the track of the unconscious men and wrecked car in but a few moments, but it was while this was being done that Joe Dawson, driving a Marmon, and his merchanician, Vere Barnes, met with an accident that came within an ace of costing the former Daviess boy his life. A flagman ordered Dawson to clear the wreck to the north, and from Dawson's action it looked as though he wanted to travel the south course, or next to the grand stand. But the flagman was insistant in his orders, and a quick turn of the steering wheel threw Dawson and his Marmon sprolling into the grass, while travelling at a pace of about ninety miles an hour.

The scenes about the Speedway and Indianapolis for that matter, were beyond the description of the average pencil pusher—these being there in numbers from all parts of the civilized world. Days before the great event speed crazed people began arriving in motor cars and on the steam roads. Never before was there such a crowd at the speedway to watch put into the back numbers the records of former days, and gaze with cold blooded eyes upon the feats of daring of the men who faced death at each turn of the flying cars—to watch for the weakling whose endurance could not withstand the attacks met at each section of the great course.

The principal streets of Indianapolis on Friday night were but a mass of motor cars and in these were content the owners in many instances, to rest their heads for the nights. Men and women, there was no distinction, for in that great speed crazed crowd the whole world was akin. Long before the sun had made its appearance Saturday morning the people had started for the speedway. Those who talk of the high cost of living and the starving millions should have been at the speedway entrance at any hour during the morning. It seemed as though every man in the states owned a private motor car or had the necessary cash to rent one, for down the roads as far as the eye could see clouds of dust told that the snorting engines were making for the speedway parking places. Street cars, traction cars and railway trains unloaded their human freight at the gates until the attendance marks of former years were smashed into smithereens.

The plans of the race, made far in advance by the far-seeing managers, were carried out to the letter. Explosive bombs shot high into the air served as notice to the drivers and mechanicians to get ready and after a series of brake tests they lined up in front of the judges' stand four abreast. Just before the hour of 10, Carl G. Fisher, president of the speedway company, and his big white racer, made way to the track, and as the final bomb was exploded, Fisher leading the thirty cars moved off around the track at a seventy-mile gait. Returning to the starting point Fisher left the race course. And the 1914 event was on in earnest.

The crowd was not an "American" one. That is it did not give vent to its feelings as one of such magnitude at a base ball game or at a race track. With the possible exception of the mild bursts of enthusiasm that was evidenced when Joe Dawson broke away from the rear and began to forge to the lead, everything was as quiet as at a Sunday school convention. The big crowd was sullen — for two causes, maybe. The French flags were run up at all the official places early in the game and as they remained there all day gave the patriotic Americans little chance to give way to cheers. And then death did not stalk around on the race course as had been predicted he would because of the rivalry that existed before the start between the drivers of the different nations. At any rate there was not as much enthusiasm among the more than one hundred thousand people that was manifested in Woodlawn Sunday when Garrett put his long drive over the fence.

To sit there in the stand and listen to the noise of the racers, to watch the speed crazed drivers working their demons of the track into the last notch, one could not help but recall the stories of olden days when Romans gathered by the hundreds of thousands to look upon the contests between the men and beasts. The only difference at the speedway was that instead of the noise coming from living throats, it came from throats of steel. The roaring was never ceasing, the hot air trembled with it all through the hours that were filled with tense excitement and anxiety at first, but which toward the last, in spite of the perils of the race, grew monotonous. It merely demonstrated how inured the human mind can become to danger, and how it is invited at every hand. There was not a second during the ordeal that the breaking of some small part of a machine might not mean death to one or more. But that, indeed, was what the crowd was seeking. When the Isotta turtled and two men were lying in them, what was thought death, there were no calls for physicians to attend fainting women. No indeed! And a moment later when Joe Dawson's car went tumbling over and over there were no cries of horror, but rather than that the fairer ones grabbed field glasses, mounted seats to gaze upon the work of removing the dead—no just injured. No smelling salts and the like was necessary. They were as cold-hearted as any butcher who ever severed the juglar of a hog. They were there for but one purpose. To watch death carry away the speedway drivers and they were disappointed at the end because he found greener fields up along the St. Lawrence.

Cold blooded are good words to use.

But it was an American holiday. As the dare devils were risking their lives in the terrible risks that they took on the brick track the thousands sat and looked on, took their luncheon and sipped from a cold bottle as though they were enjoying an outing at Swan Pond or the old bed.

"The Perils of Pauline"

BY CHARLES GODDARD

Presented by The Herald in Collaboration With the Famous Pathe Players at the Grand Opera House.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Sanford Marvin, a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, has worn himself out by overwork. His son Harry and his adopted daughter, Pauline, love each other, but she wants two years of thrilling experiences seeing life before marrying. Her reason is that she is ambitious to be a writer. Old Mr. Marvin asks to see what she has written. While Pauline and Harry are in search of a magazine containing her story Mr. Marvin opens the case of a mummy which has just arrived from Egypt. Raymond Owen, his rascally private secretary, helps lift off the lid of the case, but leaves the old man to believe the mummy's bandages alone. Mr. Marvin, during a fainting spell, sees the half exposed mummy come to life, step out of her case, take a bracelet from her wrist and try to force it into his nerveless grasp, while her lips whisper a strange message from the remote past.

Restored to consciousness by Harry and Pauline, the old man believes it to be a dream until later he finds the identical bracelet on the mummy's skeleton wrist. He promises Pauline one year to see life and places her in the guardianship of Owen. A final heart attack gives him just time to write on the doctor's prescription pad a brief will. Then he dies. A lawyer tells Owen that he would have permanent charge of Pauline's estate if something should happen to her before marriage. Hicks, a racetrack man, whispers a suggestion to Owen, but the secretary refuses to have anything to do with him, for the time at least. Owen arranges for Pauline to go as a passenger on an aeroplane in a race, as the first of her year's adventures. Hicks and Owen introduce a "reformed pirate."

Read this and then see it next Tuesday night in motion pictures at the Grand opera house.

(Concluded from yesterday.)

As I was sayin', about the gorilla," began Boyd, who had the freedom of the wine cups with his dinner and become inspired with the ardor of narration, "he was two ton weight if he was a pound—and I overcome him."

No one made a sound and Boyd grasped his opportunity.

"You remember me tellin' ye, miss, how the Baraboo was wrecked off west Afriky 'an all on board—barrin' meself—went down.

"Well, I ain't sayin' where that coast o' Afriky is, becuz I don't know; but I know I run straight into the anumal kingdom—I mean queendom. For she was a queen."

"Who was a queen?" asked Polly.

Delores, the queen o' the monkeys," replied Blinky. "The most amazing beautiful woman, miss—carrin' yerself—that ever walked this here world."

"And how did you meet her?"

"I met her through her guardjian—I was proper interjuiced," said Boyd.

"I was surprised an' sad, miss, to have saw nothin' but monkeys in three days walkin' through the jungle. So when I hears a yell, like a livin' voice—but not much like it—I gets inquisitive.

"'Sun-dub, sun-dub, sun-dub,' yells the voice.

"So I answers it the same way. 'Sun-dub, sun-dub,' I says. 'I'm hungry; is there anythin' in the icebox, or has father ben home?'

"Suddenly I feels meself grabbed by me ankles an' nex' minute I'm whizzin' round the head o' the biggest than it woulb de to destroy gorilla ye ever seen.

"I am preparin' calm to be thrown over to the coast or at alive when I hears another voice—a lady's voice, from away back in the jungle.

"'Sun-dub,' it calls. 'Sun-dub!' The beast drops me an' goes scrambling into the bush, comin' back quick with a lady leadin' him, quiet as a lamb.

"She comes over to me an', by the way she talked to Sun-dub, I knew she was rebukin' him fer his manners.

"She was tall—almost as tall as Sun-dub, an' her skin was brown an' her dress was a bunch o' leaves. She tells me to come over to the house an' have a bite to eat."

"Oh, then you could speak her language?" asked Pauline.

"Not quite, miss; but we tried everythin' either of us knowed, an' we found five or ten words o' Portuguese that did the trick.

"Her house was in the top of a tree some half-mile high, I should say. Sun-dub carries me up, bein' polite all of a sudden. A thousand monkeys, all sizes and shapes, is jabberin' and chatterin' on the ground.

"Well, miss, I lived there fourteen months, an' by then I knowed enough and she knowed enough, so we talked together. She was the Queen of that there monkey country so long as she stayed. She'd been left there—she didn't know when—an' the beasts they captured her. They thought their country 'ud go to wreck if she left 'em. So they had Sun-dub watch her.

"'He'd kill me in a minute,' she says, 'if I started to go.'

(To be continued.)

SEASON TICKETS.

Season tickets for the Redpath chautauqua during the week beginning June 25 will be placed on sale at the Peoples National bank tomorrow. Promoters of the chautauqua hope to sell 1,000 tickets in order to net $800 for the hospital fund.

TEACHER'S TEST HELD.

The final teacher's examinations were held Saturday by County Superintendent Fulkerson. This examination made the list complete, there being five examinations this spring.

COLLIER IS HELD ON WRIT ISSUE

STORSTAD, WHICH RAMMED EMPRESS OF IRELAND, REACHES MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

The collier Storstad which rammed the liner Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence near Father Point early on Friday morning, reached Montreal Sunday afternoon under her own steam. Contrary to the stories which have been received of her condition, she was little injured. Her stem was bent back for over a dozen feet high above the water line and she stood up straight. She has about 11,000 tons of coal on board. Only a few officers were allowed to board her.

Writ Hols Vessel.

Immediately the vessel tied up, a writ issued by the Canadian Pacific railway, claiming $2,000,000 in the Quebec admiralty court, was served on Captain Anderson and the Storstad was placed under detention.

Captain Anderson said he could make no statement as the officer of the Dominion Coal company, the characters of the boat, had arranged to do that. It was declared by seamen who were persuaded to tell something of the collision, though they had been warned by their officers not to talk to newspaper men, that Captain Anderson was off duty at the time of the accident, that the ship had been ordered astern before it struck the Empress a glancing blow, and that 350 people were saved by the crew of the Storstad.

Steamer Bears 188 Bodies.

The Canadian government steamer Lady Gray brought from Rimouski to Quebec Sunday 188 bodies, recovered from the wreck of the Empress of Ireland. The historic heights overlooking the St. Lawrence were black with spectators as the funeral ship moved slowly up the river and was moored at the new embankment wall in the breakwater. The coffins were carried ashore and the mournful work of identification began without delay.

The Lady Gray was escorted by his majesty's ship Essex and fifty sailors from the warship with bared heads carried the coffins down the gang plank and laid them in rows on three long tables stretched under the freight shed on the pier. The building was draped with black.

Bodies Await Identification.

A crowd that include many of the survivors and relatives and friends of the dead gathered at the doors and waited in silence for permission to enter and to pass down the aisles between the rows of bodies. The three tables, each 100 feet long, soon held coffins of every description. Assembled in one was twenty-five little caskets that held the bodies of children.

THREE BOARDS MEET AT COURT HOUSE

Equalization Body Begins Session to Last Thirty Days.

The Daviess county board of review held the first session of its thirty days' meeting at the court house this morning. The organization was perfected and the board immediately began reviewing exemption blanks. Real estate will not be considered this year by the board.

Commissioners Meet.

The special and regular boards of county commissioners met at the court house this morning. This is the June meeting for the regular board and the special commissioners are in session to make an appointment of an engineer on the Prairie creek drainage proposition. Several applications have been filed.

OLD SOLDIER INJURED.

Joseph Miller, a civil war veteran, is in a serious condition as a result of an accident that occurred several nights ago. Miller was on his way home about 11 o'clock at night when he either fell off the bridge crossing Hawkins creek on southeast Sixth street or rolled down the bank of the branch. Two men found him in the water and removed him to his home. His hip was found to have been broken. Mr. Miller lives on Grove street.

GROVER SANDBORN BRIDGE.

George Moody, negro, was fined $1 and costs for assault and battery on Sophia Jones and went to jail.

BASKET OF ROSES.

A fortunate basket of due roses and the use of his large touring car was M. D. Kelly's generous donation to G. B. Orr's boat, G. A. R., Saturday morning.