Star, May 31, 1911, p. 1 (4-5)

His Car

HARROUN IN "WASP" WINS: ONE DEATH IS RACE TOLL

SMOKING MONSTERS THRILL FROM START

Unmuffled Exhausts Raise Great Clouds as Noisy Autos Bound Into Contest.

PACEMAKERS EAGERLY FOLLOWED BY THRONGS

Troubles Begin Early in Race and Cars Are Gradually Eliminated by Accidents.

QUEEN OF TRAGEDY HOVERS OVER RACE

Great Crowd at Speedway Thrilled by Exciting Accidents and Incidents.

APPARENT MIRACLES CHEAT GRIM DEATH OF BIG TOLL

Spectacular Crashes Occur in Front of Grand Stand in View of Thousands.

Dead and Injured in Big Auto Race

DEAD.

Samuel P. Dickson, mechanician Amplex (44).

INJURED.

David Lewis, mechanician Lozier (34), fractured left hip and left foot cut.

Arthur Greiner, driver Amplex (44), bruised and left arm cut.

Robert Evans, mechanician Jackson (26), injured in jumping from car.

Harry Knight, driver Westcott (7), bruised and shaken up.

[illegible] Glover, mechanician [illegible], back wrenched and bruised.

C. L. Anderson, mechanician [illegible], run over; bruised knee and shoulder.

Teddy Tetzlaff, Lozier (34), shaken up.

BY H. O. DEUPREE.

Promptly at five minutes before 10 o'clock yesterday morning the first of a series of aerial bombs announced to the gathering throng that the world's greatest motor car speed contest was about to begin. Instantly the array of machines proudly lined across the track at intervals of several hundred feet became animated.

The unmuffled exhausts began to pour forth smoke as the mechanics turned the great motors over. President Carl G. Fisher and his partner, James A. Allison, toed the starting line with their roadster, and at a given signal they rolled forward, the racing cars keeping in straight lines back of them.

They rolled around the track gathering speed slowly until they came into the stretch on what was to be the real start of the grueling 500-mile grind. As the caravan neared the wire, Fisher swerved to one side, and the machines, tugging impatiently at the enforced leash, were unloosened.

How Cars Finished in Great 500-Mile Race

Driver and car.	Position.	Time.
Harroun, Marmon	First	6:11:08
Mulford, Lozier	Second	6:16:44
Bruce-Brown, Fiat	Third	6:31:28
Wishart, Mercedes	Fourth	.....
De Palma, Simplex	Fifth	.....
Nero, National	Sixth	.....
Turner, Amplex	Seventh	.....
Cobe, Jackson	Eighth	.....
Belcher, Knox	Ninth	.....
Hughes, Mercer	Tenth	.....
Frayer, Firestone-Col.	Eleventh	.....
Anderson, Stutz	Twelfth	.....

Ray Harroun won the 500-mile race at the Speedway yesterday with a Marmon special—the "Wasp." He is an Indianapolis pilot, it is an Indianapolis car, and his international victory was won on the home track, to which the world had been invited to contend. One person was killed, S. P. Dickson, mechanician, in an Amplex (44) and eight were injured. Eighty-five thousand people were in attendance.

Harroun was first, his time being 6:11:08. His average was 74.62 miles an hour. The Star's predicted average time last Sunday was seventy-four miles an hour. He changed his rear tires four times, but not his front tires.

Ralph Mulford was second, five minutes behind Harroun. His time was 6:16:44. He made fourteen tire stops. His other two teammates had been put out of the race by accidents and he was a desperate contender. One of his front tires remained unchanged.

Bruce-Brown seemed a sure second until his last lap, when his spark lever broke. He won third place, however, after a desperate fight in the time of 6:31:28.

All three men are famous drivers. Harroun has won many races, Mulford was the Elgin road race last year and [illegible]

Star, May 31, 1911, p. 1 (#2)

plex (44).

INJURED.

David Lewis, mechanician Lozier (34), fractured left hip and left foot cut.

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Robert Evans, mechanician Jackson (26), injured in jumping from car.

Harry Knight, driver Westcott (7), bruised and shaken up.

John Greene, mechanician Westcott (7), back scratched and bruised.

C. L. Anderson, mechanician Cole (8), run over; bruised knee and shoulder.

Teddy Tetzlaff, Lozier (34), shaken up.

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The drivers gave more gas, and out of the haze that still lingered over the track, despite the brisk breeze, shot a big blue National. Dashing "Howdy" Wilcox whipped his big craft to the front and set the pace for the first lap of the 200 that was to end with Ray Harroun and his Marmon "Wasp" a victor after the bitterest, most brilliant, most thrilling motor spectacle on record.

Wilcox swept into the home stretch on his first real lap of the race with the big dark gray Mercedes thundering at terrific speed close behind. The Knox, driven by Belcher, followed, and then came the others in an almost unintelligible mass.

HARROUN KEEPS TO REAR.

Harroun kept his Marmon well toward the rear in the first few rounds over the glistening bricks. Spencer Wishart, the darling amateur from New York, at the wheel of his own car, set the pace and turned the first twenty miles in 15:06.

Both the Mercedes and Knox suffered tire trouble and alternated at the pace making. At thirty miles the Knox was leading, covering the distance in 25:07. Wilcox was still hurling the National onward at a terrific clip and running a close second. The Fiats and Simplex cars

Mulford, Lozier	Second	6:46:46
Bruce-Brown, Fiat	Third	6:51:29
Wishart, Mercedes	Fourth	.....
De Palma, Simplex	Fifth	.....
Merz, National	Sixth	.....
Turner, Amplex	Seventh	.....
Cobe, Jackson	Eighth	.....
Belcher, Knox	Ninth	.....
Hughes, Mercer	Tenth	.....
Frayer, Firestone-Col	Eleventh	.....
Anderson, Stutz	Twelfth	.....

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Ralph Mulford was second, five minutes behind Harroun. His time was 6:46:46. He made fourteen tire stops. His other two teammates had been put out of the race by accidents and he was a desperate contender. One of his front tires remained unchanged.

Bruce-Brown seemed a sure second until his last lap, when his spark lever broke. He won third place, however, after a masterly fight in the time of 6:51:29.

All three men are famous drivers. Harroun has won many races; Mulford won the Elgin roadrace last year and Bruce-Brown won the Savannah last year.

The other cars that finished were: Wishart, Mercedes (11); De Palma, Simplex (2); Merz, National (20); Turner, Amplex (12); Cobe, Jackson (16); Belcher, Knox (15); Hughes, Mercer (35); Frayer, Firestone-Columbus (36), and Anderson, Stutz (10). These finished in order named.

EMOTION RUNS GAMUT.

A thrill-thirsty crowd enjoyed almost all known human emotions during the speed test that Harroun won after six hours and about forty-one minutes of driving.

The nervous spectators shivered at one time when it looked as though the motor merriment would be turned into a morgue mourning and they rejoiced, with loud cheering, as some dirt-streaked and gasoline-scented favorite whirled past at a dizzying pace.

Most of the people went to the track to be thrilled—and they got their money's worth. The wonder is that they were not sickened with worse accidents than those that did occur. Considering the speed of the cars, the daring of the drivers and the congested and slippery condition of the track—there was constant fear that more fatal accidents would occur any second.

The Speedway management worked

Star, May 31, 1911, p. (#3)

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Contest.

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the colonel was so
leave his berth.

Whipped his big swift car into the pace for the first lap of the 100 that was to end with Ray Harroun and his Marmon "Wasp" a victor after the bitterest, most brilliant, most thrilling motor spectacle on record.

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Both the Mercedes and Knox suffered tire trouble and alternated at the pace making. At thirty miles the Knox was leading, covering the distance in 15:07. Wilcox was still hurling the National onward at a terrific clip and running a close second. The Fiats and Simplex cars roared after them, with Harroun, Hurman and Merz bringing up the rear.

In the thirteenth lap came the first accident. The mankiller Amplex, with a gory practice record, turned over and killed Greiner's mechanician, Dickson, and injured the speedmaster Chicago boy, who has earned a reputation for clever and fearless driving.

The horror of the accident stole upon the crowd, and the thousands gazed as if hypnotized upon the endless chain of roaring cars that sped by the grand stand at such terrific speed. Tire troubles began to be more and more in evidence, and the pit scenes divided the attention of the crowd with the flying cars.

David Bruce-Brown, the young millionaire sportsman from New York, at the wheel of the chubby Fiat, took the lead in the nineteenth lap. De Palma was shoving his big Simplex along in second place at high speed, and Johnny Aitken got to going well with the National pulled into third place.

The Chevrolet Buick became noticeable for its appetite for tires early in the conflict. Pilbrow suffered a delay in the sixty-seventh mile due to ignition trouble, but it was not until the seventieth mile that the first formidable contestant bowed to the serious misfortune of a broken crank shaft. The powerful Fiat suffered this stroke of ill luck, and the driver, little Caleb Bragg, was forced to view the content from the side lines with all hope of participation in the rich prize money gone.

Bragg's teammate, Bruce-Brown, continued to set the pace, however, with his Fiat, and he led the caravan of speed creations at a terrific pace for mile after mile. The Simplex, Lozier and Marmon began to crowd up, and it became more evident that some high-powered car would get the lion's share of the honors, rather than a lower-powered car, since it would survive the wrecks of its faster-stepping competitors.

FALLS SHORT OF WORK.

Although Bruce-Brown set a fast pace, his time did not approach the records up to 100 miles made by Tetzlaff in a match race on the Los Angeles Motordrome some weeks ago. At 150 miles, however, Brown's Fiat registered 1:59:12 on the recording tape, which clipped two seconds from the best previous time for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13, COLUMN 6.

Harroun's Victory in Dollars and Cents

Total prizes	$14,950.00
Earnings each hour on track	2,332.29
Earnings each lap of track	75.00
Earnings each minute on track	37.50
Earnings each second on track	.62
Earnings, if continued for year	[illegible]

plex (11); Cobb, Jackson (18); Bonnier, Knox (14); Hughes, Mercer (28); Freyd, Firestone-Columbus (30), and Anderson, Stutz (16). These finished in order named.

EMOTION RUNS GAMUT.

A thrill-thirsty crowd enjoyed almost all known human emotions during the speed test that Harroun won after six hours and about forty-one minutes of driving. The nervous spectators shivered at one which, it looked as though the motor merriment would be turned into a morgue mourning and they rejoiced, with loud cheering, as some dirt-streaked and gasoline-scented favorite whirled past at a dizzying pace.

Most of the people went to the track to be thrilled—and they got their money's worth. The wonder is that they were not sickened with worse accidents than those that did occur. Considering the speed of the cars, the daring of the drivers and the congested and slippery condition of the track—there was constant fear that more fatal accidents would occur any second.

The speedway management worked hard to protect both drivers and spectators. With an army of soldiers, ambulances at four parts of the grounds and hospital tents pitched here and there, every precaution was taken. And the drivers on the course were keen on edge not to be guilty of causing a fatal or injury. It was a clean sportsman's race—no "dirty work." Real men played the game for all they were worth.

DEATH TAKES TOLL EARLY.

Death, which is usually imagined as being a specter hovering over the track, waiting to swoop down and place its fatal finger on a pilot, took its first and only toll after the race had been going thirty minutes, in the thirteenth lap. S. P. Dickson, mechanician in an Amplex (44) was killed. He rode with Arthur Greiner. He lived in Chicago. His left arm was broken and his entire left side crushed in. The accident happened in the back stretch. Greiner was not injured badly. He was knocked unconscious, but suffered only a cut in his left arm and some bruises.

Greiner lives at 1820 Lincoln avenue, Chicago, and was to have been a relief driver for the Falcars. These cars did not enter and Greiner was delighted to accept the invitation to drive the Amplex, although he had but a short time for practice. His mother is seriously ill at Chicago and had begged her son not to enter the race. He is a popular sportsman and clubman of Chicago. He wired his mother at once after being attended by physicians.

The next accident gave the grand stand crowd and those parked in cars along the home stretch something to be appalled and shocked at, and came near being too much of a sensation.

Tetzlaff, in his Lozier (14) blew a tire as he was driving hard toward the tape. Louis Disbrow, in a Pope-Hartford (5) was urging his steel steed with equal force and daring close behind him. Disbrow's car struck Tetzlaff's machine when the Lozier skidded. The white Lozier monster lurched with a drunken stagger toward the fence, along which wild-eyed spectators drank in the red wine of excitement. The spectators were rooted to the spot by the quick happenings and not one had time to move before the Lozier had turned over, throwing both occupants out. Tetzlaff escaped uninjured, while his mechanician, Dave Lewis, sustained a fracture of the left pelvis and a cut between his second and third toe on his right foot. Lewis is 30 years old and his home is in Los Angeles, Cal.

WHIRLS AROUND TWICE.

Disbrow's car whirled around twice on the speedway and the wily little driver kept it right side up with [illegible] dened capers and came with a jolt and a groan to a standstill near the fence. The occupants on the Pope were not hurt, but the car was too damaged to continue the race. Later Disbrow and Tetzlaff talked it over—true sportsmen as they are—both took their share of blame, both

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13, COLUMN 6.

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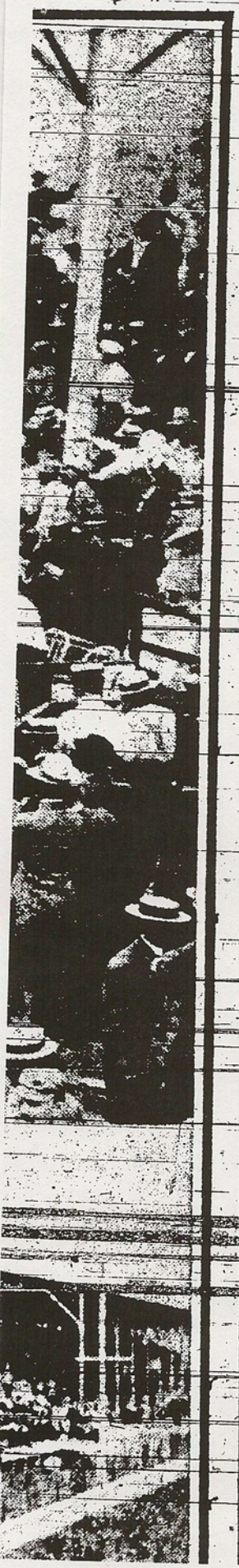
o Race.



Smoking Monsters Thrill From Start

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE ONE.

this distance, made by Joe Dawson in a Marmon at Atlanta.

Griener's accident with the Amplex occurred on the back stretch, and it was not until the 125th mile that the grand stand crowd was given a real thrill. Coming to the bridge over the stretch, Disbrow's Pope Hummer skidded, and Teddy Tetzlaff crashed into the Pope Special.

For a few minutes another tragedy was expected by the breathless crowd. The Lozier mechanician was injured rather badly, but the worst blow to Tetzlaff and Disbrow was the fact that their cars were permanently disabled and they were forced to withdraw.

The 128th mile was the finish for Harry Grant and the black Alco, two-time winner of the Vanderbilt Cup and regarded as one of the best individual bets in the whole field. As Grant approached the bridge near the stand he was seen to swerve off the course and stop. A broken crankshaft was the disaster that brought anguish to the popular Alco pilot.

About the same time the Buick driven by Basle suffered a similar injury, and by the time Brown's Fiat had turned the 150th mile six cars had been eliminated.

Cyrus Patschke, the well-known twenty-four-hour race driver and relief pilot for Harroun, took the wheel of the Wasp in the sixty-third lap. Although he had never driven a Marmon but once or twice in his life, he and the car made friends rapidly. Patschke took the Marmon in second position, as Bruce-Brown was still leading with the Fiat.

"WASP" RESPONDS TO TOUCH.

The "Wasp" responded gallantly to Patschke's call for more speed, and the long yellow car was leading at 190 miles. At the 200-mile mark Patschke was traveling just one second slower than the record for that distance. He maintained the lead, and Brown seesawed with De Palma and the Fiat for second position.

In the eighty-first lap Eddie Hearne's car, with Parker, the relief man driving, broke a steering knuckle, and it was only by some clever work that an accident was avoided in the main stretch. Hearne started to work on the machine and entered the race later, but the delay put him hopelessly out of it.

In the 240th mile Patschke flashed by with Bruce-Brown in close pursuit and the throng was settling down to the humdrum of a speed procession when Joe Jagersberger broke on to the stage in the main stretch with a Case car running wild. A broken steering knuckle caused him to lose control of the car.

He was near the end of the parade and had a clear field. He was not going at top speed and wabbled back and forth without apparent danger. Suddenly the car picked up speed, and the mechanician started to jump out to help guide the unruly craft off the track.

FALLS UNDER CAR.

Into the stretch came the thundering vanguard of cars, and the mechanician, realizing the danger, tried to get on the track too fast and fell under the Case car. The rear wheel passed over him and he lay stunned in the middle of the track right south of the judges' stand.

The crowd gave a piercing scream of [illegible] the wheel of the Westcott, tried to avoid the figure huddled on the bricks and in dodging him skidded in the oil and dashed [illegible] pit. Immediately there was another horrified cry, as every one felt sure a score would be butchered.

The officials hurriedly flagged down the cars coming up the stretch at top speed, but not until some of them had skidded dangerously near the wreck. Fate was kind, however, and no one else was injured.

The Westcott and the Apperson and Case cars were added to the discard. Knight had been driving a remarkably good race up to that time, and had gone for 165 miles without a stop. All of his efforts went for naught, however, due chiefly to the quantity of oil on the track.

Before the crowd had recovered from the shock, Harroun had taken his seat in the Marmon, an' he began to cut [illegible] pace from 73.94 miles an hour to 74.49 miles an hour.

The Lozier and Fiat hung on grimly, though, and Ray's final stop for tires robbed him of practically every bit of margin that he had on his pursuers. He gained it back when they were forced to seek the pits, but the last century proved a battle of intense interest between these three titans.

At 470 miles, Bruce-Brown had forged into second place, with Mulford third and Joe Dawson fourth, closely followed by De Palma and the Simplex.

As the flying cars reeled off mile after mile, the crowd began to get restless. The strain was almost too much for human nerves stretched to the breaking point by the pranks of Fate. The track was getting more dangerous, due to the oil; the drivers were becoming tired, tires were throwing pieces of thread or rolling off bodily in an orbit of their own.

On came Harroun and on came the Fiat with Lozier hitting it up at a dizzy pace in a mad effort to overcome the lead. The Mercedes was roaring past at wonderful speed. Joe Dawson was fighting gamely. Merz was sticking it out grimly and consistently. And the others with less hope for first were none the less determined to share second or third or lesser parts of the rich purse.

At 490 miles, Harroun was beating it on the stretches, but nursing his car on the turn. Bruce-Brown was thundering at his heels with the Lozier, Dawson's Marmon, the Mercedes, De Palma's Simplex and Turner's Amplex following in the order named.

As the finish drew near the crowd waited breathlessly. And when the long yellow "Wasp" slid down the stretch and took the checkered flag Harroun was given a big ovation by the crowd. An unfortunate tire change robbed the Fiat of second, putting the Lozier up a notch. Something struck the radiator of Dawson's car and put him out for good when it seemed he had fourth cash tucked away in his pocket.

Wishart shoved the Mercedes into the opening and De Palma captured fifth position in the final standing with the Simplex.

Merz raced into sixth place, while Turner gamely brought the Amplex home for [illegible] Stutz Mercer taking the next prize. The Firestone-Columbus finished nicely, as did the Stutz, before the cars were called off the track.

Tire trouble played havoc with Burman and the speed king was not able to get speed out of his Benz without sacrificing time for reclothing the rims.

Get a Permit TO SMOKE and win out 5 cents

RHEUMATISM

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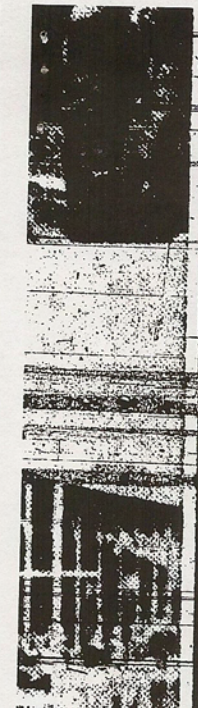

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Before the crowd had recovered from the shock, Harroun had taken his seat in the Marmon, an' he began to cut out a lightning pace. He dashed past the 250-mile post at 73.23 miles per hour, clipping the record made by Joe Horan in the Lozier at Atlanta last fall.

On the next lap M. A. Marquette, in a McFarlan, dashed into the oil on the first turn south of the grand stand and skidded desperately, his car turning around completely twice. The plucky pilot held on to the big car gamely, and, as fate was kind, no other car was close enough to him to cause any damage.

A shout of relief went up when the big white machine was straightened out and headed in the right direction at top speed again.

HARROUN KEEPS LEAD.

Harroun was never headed from the 250th mile to the finish of the race. He kept about a lap ahead of the procession at all times, with a few exceptions when tire changes enabled the Lozier and the Bruce-Brown Fiat to cut down his lead.

Ray was riding easily, however, while the majority of the cars were working hard, although the Lozier and Fiat were both running the terrific grit in magnificent style, despite the increasing layer of oil upon the course.

At 300 miles Harroun had an average speed of 73.94 miles for the long route. The Lozier kept gaining the wind, but the Fiat slipped back to make room for De Palma in third position. Joe Dawson was driving a great race, but the four-cylinder Marmon did not hang on so consistently and, because of tire trouble, see-sawed with the Simplex, Fiat and Mercedes.

Aitken's National went out in the 330th mile with a broken connecting rod. Strang joined him on the side lines shortly when a steering knuckle went wrong and he headed the Case car toward the crowd hanging on the fence. Some clever work righted the car, but it could not proceed in the race.

At 400 miles, Harroun was going better than ever, and had raised the savage

and Fiat's Amplex [illegible] in the order named.

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but Beardsley fell
eneath the wheels.
m and he suffered
serious, and a cut
The mechanician

YS CROWD.

maintained around
repair pits during a
rs in a smashup. It
the field, lined up
seemed most eager

RHEUMATISM

I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say; no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon.

Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

WHY?

As to why you should compare no argument is required. Hospital investment as to why you should neither should there be. ty of Indiana savings in a safe in Indiana Trust institution, where the company which secure until needed. The trust but where they will be are depart- terest accumulatio on the hospital

We accept $1 trust Company's add interest to mitted from the published.

The Centr to Buy
152-154 E can Bonds

"The Novel that has the Vital Qualit

THE

scriptions for the
of the Oregon-
Navagation Com-
ay within an hour
The bonds were
emium.

Star, May 31, 1911, p. 13 #4

n progress was magnificent.
ose who made the trip.
quickly arose to 2,500 feet,
e sun went behind a cloud,
npression of the gas, the
ank to 1,000 feet. At this
ip was the most pleasant,
to talk with the farm peo-
below, and amusing con-
ened the trip.
was made on the farm of
erett. The Duesseldorfer
hed by the people of the
large crowd collected to
peration of "packing up."
it an hour and then the
scout was packed into a
rnished by Everet Marvel
and Traders' Point, where
a truck from the Mais Mo-
pany and brought to the

FOUR INTO CANAL.

Off Bridge and Is Sub-
When Brakes Fail.

four passengers, an auto-
into the waters of the
on Place last night when
his way and control of the
members of the party
scapes from drowning, as
ried into the canal. The
merged when Bicyclemen
Barrows arrived. The car
ven by F. I. Alward and
ear of the car were D. M.
Anderson and P. P. Ver-
, from Chicago and were
l the race. Alward told
n the party had started
ended to cross the Holton
om the west. He said the
l as the car was on the
at he tried to back off
iled to work and the car
embankment to the south
and into the water. A
kle and a team of mules
chine from the water.

REJECTS NEGROES.

Agents Refuse Admission
Party of Forty.

AM, Wash., May 30.—Forty
Kansas City, Mo., en route
British Columbia, were
nadian immigration agents
on the boundary line north
heir special car was re-
o Bellingham.
have retained James Wat-
ttorney of Vancouver, and
being made to Ottawa for
ing the immigrants. No
iven by the immigration
te Rock for excluding them.

L BESIDE WOMEN.

Park Faint as Worker
From Bridge Above.

K, May 30.—Half a dozen
g on the benches of Wash-
watching their children at
orrified when the body of
ed on the pavement before
wo of them fainted.
ler, a foreman painter em-
e city, had fallen 150 feet
hington bridge above them,
Harlem River. He was in-

LLS BENEATH WHEELS.
dwin, 128 West New York
of mail wagon No. 5 of the
Transfer Company, was
his seat last night and pain-
ng the wheels of the wagon
is body. The accident hap-
of Hotel Edward on South
where witnesses said Bald-
wagon against a standing
He was taken to the Meth-
al Hospital.

Queen of Tragedy Hovers Over Race

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE ONE.

realized it was unavoidable and both regretted that the other was deprived of his fighting chance for victory.

Robert Evans, 22 years old, married and living in New York, jumped from his car, Jackson (26), in which he was riding with Jack Tower as mechanician, when he thought Tower was pushing the car into the fence on the back stretch. This happened about 2 o'clock. A car in front of the Jackson blew a tire and swayed in the track before the onrushing Tower. Tower feared trying to pass by climbing the incline of the track and getting in the path of other pilots behind, and so he turned with a sudden jerk out on to the grass and dirt on the inside of the track. Evans jumped, thinking something was wrong—it all happened so quickly.

"I yelled for him to stick," said Tower, "but it was too late. I saw him roll over and over, and thought sure he must be killed. I stopped and ran back. When I found he was alive I rushed back to the car and went on with the race."

There were several spectacular displays of driving. A McFarlan whirled around twice on the track in front of the main grand stand, but the driver, Marquette, kept his balance and placed the hot, angry metal beast back on its right path. Such things were common when the drivers were applying brakes and trying to stop by the repair pits.

FOUR CARS IN MIXUP.

Nerve-racking and breath-catching events occurred in front of the main grand stand, just south of the tape a few feet, a little after 3 o'clock. The grind of the race had worn its rut in the mental and bodily strength of both drivers and spectators, and the mixup of four cars, all in the twinkling of an eye, aroused any torpid persons within vision range.

Jagersberger in Case 8 was "beating it" down the stretch. A steering knuckle went bad. The car "acted up," took the bits of wind in its mouth, being beyond the driver's control, and lurched into the cement wall along the repair pits.

C. L. Anderson, 25 years old, of Cleveland, O., mechanician with Jagersberger, either fell out or jumped from his car. He says he fell, but some spectators believed he was so frightened that he jumped, as his movements indicated.

Any way he was lying half conscious on the oil-smeared paved course when Harry Knight, in Westcott 7, bore down on him at seventy-five miles an hour. Knight later said he grew suddenly sick when the smoke cleared enough to show him the form of an unknown rival stretched in his path. Humanity's better self was quicker than reason and more compelling than greed for gain, and Knight, without a fraction of a second's time to measure his course, turned suddenly to the side and missed the mechanician. His car skidded and crashed into Herbert Lytle's Apperson 35, which was standing by the repair pit. Lytle had just got out and was safely behind the cement wall or he may have been killed, too, without warning or time to escape.

The Westcott, still plowing ahead with Knight bravely applying brakes and trying to stop, struck Eddie Hearne's Fiat (18) and carried both Fiat and Apperson with it into a heap at the south end of the repair pits.

WAGNER RISKS LIFE.

Starter Wagner risked his own life dodging before and between other cars that were bearing down on the tangled mass of junk, which a few seconds before had been graceful and powerful racers worth great sums. Wagner warned other drivers, who played to the top of the embankment, while Will H. Brown rushed one of his trucks to the scene. The wrecked cars were dragged away from the danger zone by the truck and the crowd sighed with relief, sat down,

relaxed again and focused its eyes upon the racers still going.

John Glover, Knight's mechanician, was thrown from the car into the dirt roadway and escaped with a wrenched back, cuts and severe bruises.

The Case mechanician, Anderson, received a bruised right knee, a chin and left shoulder bruise. Knight received a slight wound on the head and was given a severe jolting. Hearne was out of his car and escaped, but B. G. Saltzgaber, a spectator, punctured his left palm by trying to get out of the way of the wreckage. He lives at 2460 Park avenue. A. Franquist of New York, another spectator, cut his left hand trying to get out of the way. Reports were received of persons who fainted in the grand stand near the mixup.

The last accident of the day occurred near the finish of the race. Ralph Beardsley in the Simplex (38) was rounding the north turn when a steering knuckle broke. His mechanician, George Scott, escaped uninjured, but Beardsley fell from his car and beneath the wheels. The car ran over him and he suffered internal injuries, not serious, and a cut on his left arm. The mechanician stopped the car.

ORDER SWAYS CROWD.

Unusual order was maintained around the grand stands and repair pits during a crisis or when cars were in a smashup. It was the people out in the field, lined up along the fences, that seemed most eager to see the serious accidents. They swooped down on the scene of a mishap and devoured the ghastly sights with hungry eyes. They leaped from a family luncheon on the grass and ran like wild to the fences to see a car when it left the track, and the mere pricking of flesh by the barbs on the fence wires was unnoticed.

A book giving details of all the interesting incidents of the six hours' speed battle would have covers wide apart. At 3:15 o'clock, Elmer Ray, driving a Case (1) with the exhausted Lewis Strang riding as mechanician, was coming down the home stretch when a steering knuckle broke. He managed his car in superb manner and brought it to a stop. He ran for a new part—and was about ready to re-enter the race when Mrs. F. Lee Norton, wife of the general manager of the company, who was sitting by her husband in a box opposite where the car was wrecked, begged her husband not to let the men risk their lives longer. Mr. Norton had to act quickly to check the eager racers—and he did. He leaped to his feet, frantically threw his arms up and down and yelled to his repair pit men—who took their orders and kept the car out of the race. He also ordered the Case (2), when it came in with Jagersberger exhausted, to remain out of the race. Elmer Ray was ready to get behind the wheel, but the Case manager was of a different mind.

SCENES IN HOSPITAL.

The field hospital was a picturesque place. Stretched upon cots, under a tent, at one time were eight injured drivers. None was hurt fatally, but all painfully. They were wearing their oil-soaked and dirt-covered racing togs—some with their feet bare, others with shirts removed. Some ate ice cream cones, others smoked. They chatted among themselves, between pains and wincings, and watched the other drivers whirl past.

Nurses in clean, white suits went about the tent administering to the boys, who were, despite the seriousness of the situation, inclined to joke them for their words of caution. The odor of medicine mingled with the smell of burning rubber from tires—and the race went on.

Months ago this race was run over blue prints in many factories under different roofs. The millions invested, the [illegible] lem, the reputation involved, and the glory—well, there had to be a winner no matter what happened.

HANLY SPEAKS AT NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 30.—Memorial day exercises were observed today at the National Cemetery near Nashville. Former Governor J. Frank Hanly of Indiana was the orator. A large crowd was in attendance.

headed in the right direction at top speed again.

HARROUN KEEPS LEAD.

Harroun was never headed from the 350th mile to the finish of the race. He kept about a lap ahead of the procession at all times, with a few exceptions when tire changes enabled the Lozier and the Bruce-Brown Fiat to cut down his lead.

Ray was riding easily, however, while the majority of the cars were working hard, although the Lozier and Fiat were both running the terrific gait in magnificent style, despite the increasing layer of oil upon the course.

At 300 miles Harroun had an average speed of 73.94 miles for the long route. The Lozier kept coming like wind, but the Fiat slipped back to make room for De Palma in third position. Joe Dawson was driving a great race, but the four-cylinder Marmon did not hang on so consistently and, because of tire trouble, see-sawed with the Simplex, Fiat and Mercedes.

Aitken's National went out in the 320th mile with a broken connecting rod. Strang joined him on the side lines shortly when a steering knuckle went wrong and he headed the Case car toward the crowd hanging on the fence. Some clever work righted the car, but it could not proceed in the race.

At 400 miles, Harroun was going better than ever, and had raised the savage

"The Novel that has the

TH
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JUD

"The book that succeeds i
quality. For that reason 'The
cordial reception. In its salien
among works of current ficti
reader is touched by that ra
company whom he has known
part, loved."

By Vaughan Kester. Pictur

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