

# RICHES AND GAYETY MARK BIG CROWD

**Fine Cars Betoken Wealth of Many Attracted by Gala Event in History of Auto Sport.**

## FROCKS AND JEWELS STRIKING

**Throng Exemplifying Holiday Life of America Is Drawn From Coast to Coast.**

If the optimistic student of American social conditions—who declared that there are no classes in the genus Yankee—could have stood across the finish wire at the Speedway yesterday when Ray Harroun speeded to victory in the world's longest dash against time and space, he would have renounced his Creed. Sceldom in the history of racing, if ever, has such a concourse of the class that spends been evident. And the lavishness of the reception to the winning "Arab" was a worthy exponent of the makeup of the crowd.

From coast to coast the exponents of the holiday life of America's rich flocked into the big grand stands. The Speedway was the mecca of thousands who spend. Yet the crowd was not that of a horse-show variety. Women in costly apparel dotted the big grand stands thickly, but the majority of the watchers came prepared for the heat and the day of waiting and the dirt and smoke of the track. There were far more soft and inexpensive dresses evident than bejeweled and embroidered ones. The splendid array of motor cars, jammed into practically every available parking space on the big grounds, was by far the most impressive evidence of the wealth which brought the monster crowd to something new.

## JEWELS AND FROCKS STRIKING

In grand stand A, facing the starter's stand and the finish wire, the most extravagant costumes were evident. Miriads of jewels flashed on many fingers and some of the gowns were to be described only by Parisienne experts. Many of the boxes were filled with women, and in these the splendor of the feminine array was evident most extensively. Many of the parties arrived yesterday morning, however, and hurried to the track.

When death hung over the long stretches of the track, and the crowds knew it, there was a hush which shot from end to end of the big galleries of seats. Then a thundering racer would flash across the wire in front of the boxes, and death would be forgotten in the wild excitement of the living.

Mothers and sisters and brothers and wives of the drivers occupied box seats. News of the accidents was slow to reach the grand stands. When it did come there were no demonstrations. The thing seemed to be accepted placidly, and only the ones whose hearts were nearest to those reported injured failed to turn to the next incident of the race with as high a degree of curiosity.

## GASP WITH HORROR.

When the big crash of cars came to-

# RAY HARROUN, MODEST AS EVER, IN HOUR OF GREATEST OF TRIUMPHS

*Long Strain Tells, and He Is Unable to Swallow When Friend Offers Glass of Water—He Is Congratulated on All Sides the Moment He Brings the "Wasp" to a Stop.*

Ray Harroun, to all appearances, did not hear the tumult that announced his success in the 500-mile race. He drove the Marmon Wasp to the repair pits: He lifted a trembling and dirt-begrimed hand to his face, lifting up his goggles, displaying a still blacker begrimed face. Then he relaxed in a state of exhaustion. Friends of the driver rushed to him from all portions of the repair pits. They beat his tired body with their hands to display their enthusiasm. They attempted to lift him from the car, but their efforts were thwarted by other friends who insisted upon grasping his hands. Harroun permitted the display of admiration in the same manner as a doll consents to the caresses of a child, because he was too weak to resist.

Realizing that the "Wasp" might in some manner interfere with the other racing cars, Harroun braced himself in the seat once more to drive the machine

partly by the crowd, and rushed upon the driver from all directions. Harroun, still choking from the few drops of water that were lodged in his throat, smiled for the first time.

He seemed to appreciate the sympathy of the persons around him, but when he was requested repeatedly to pose for "just one more shot," he looked like a man who was being forced to take bitter medicine. Every plate and film of the photographers having been used in snapping the winner of the race, Harroun was surrounded by his intimate friends, who rescued him from the unpleasantness of the public demonstration of enthusiasm.

Asked to make a formal statement, Mr. Harroun said:

"All credit is due my car for the brilliant victory. At no time was the throttle wide open, and I relied solely upon the consistent high speed to win for me over occasional bursts in the back stretch. The weather was noticeably warm, although I did not suffer in any way from the heat. The last hundred miles was by far the easiest of the entire run, and the car



RAY HARROUN AT THE CLOSE OF THE RACE.

from the track. A score of soldiers and several cavalrymen, who charged the At first there was a tendency to slip,



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#### CASP WITH HORROR

When the big crash of cars came toward the 350-mile mark in the race, and directly in front of the passageway between two of the big stands, 25,000 persons gasped as one with a gasp of horror. Before the cars had been fairly pulled off the track and the injured taken to places of safety the big crowd was down in the seats again—for Ray Harroun, speeding by in the "Wasp," had brought them to the realization that the race was still on. News of the death of Dickson and the injury to Driver Greiner did not reach the central grand stand for more than an hour after the accident. Announcements that car No. 44 had turned over on the back stretch and that no one was hurt were the first tidings. A breath of relief swept through the crowd and it turned to watch Harroun.

Then some one brought the news of Dickson's death across the track, and it spread like wildfire through the masses. On every lip hung questions of the accident. The remainder of the race were forgotten for a time until the majority of the crowd found out exactly the results of the accident. Then back the crowd turned to the race again.

When M. A. Marquette twisted his flying McFarlan safely back into the course at the south end of the track, after performing the most triumphant bit of driving of the day, perhaps the greatest applause of the race followed. Thousands stood upon their chairs and shouted in tribute to the driver's magnificent escape from death.

#### ENTHUSIASM MOUNTS HIGH

Then they settled back, and in the heat of the final 100 miles the incident was forgotten. The long grind of the race took up much of the early enthusiasm of the crowd, but it came back in spurts with each fresh test of a driver's skill or daring. And when the final call was made upon the herds of tired watchers, there was a response that probably few drivers have received. The crowd was happy and hilarious. The race and the strain were over.

Thousands in the stand brought glasses to aid them in watching the racers before they came distinctly into the vision of the watchers. Practically all were useless,

from the track. A score of soldiers and several cavalrymen, who charged the crowd with their horses to make way for the racer, assisted the driver in taking the car from the track without running over excited speed fans.

#### EVIDENCE OF GREAT STRAIN

When Harroun finally lifted his face from the car, scores of persons saw his bloodshot eyes, his parched lips, his sun-blasted face, and noticed the trembling of the muscles of his body. A man rushed to the car, and offered the driver a drink from a bottle of water. He attempted to moisten his lips but apparently his tongue was parched. He poured a few drops of the water into his mouth and choked. He could not swallow. The crowd, upon seeing that Harroun was suffering from the physical strain resulting from the race, stepped back from the car that he might have more air. Kodak "heads" by the score took advantage of the space opened up volun-

for the flight of the steel centaurs was too rapid to allow adjustment of the lenses. One man with a telescope seemed to be the most lucky of all the watchers. He followed his particular car throughout the morning, scarcely sitting down in his intense excitement.

The sun was blistering by noon. Big paper hat shades were sold throughout the audience to men and women alike. Parasols and umbrellas began to be evident in the boxes before Carl G. Fisher and his pilot machine drew up at the head of the big field of racers at 10 o'clock. Everywhere the din of hundreds of concession holders was uppermost. Lemonade was far more in demand than on the hottest day at a circus. Ice cream cones, selling at twice their usual price, found ready market in the big stands. Beautifully gowned women clatched cones in one hand, a fan in the other and held a parasol between their bodies and their arms in the attempt to fight off the heat.

Toward noon when the heat became greatest and the racers themselves sometimes seemed to be breaking their

was less difficult to handle on the turns. At first there was a tendency to slip, which increased toward the 200-mile mark, but from that time I had little trouble in holding the car to its course.

"In my estimation the limit is reached at 500 miles, and is entirely too long for the endurance of the driver. I was relieved from the 170th to the 250th mile and the rest of the drive was extremely refreshing."

Mr. Harroun was born at Spartanburg, Pa., and is 29 years old. He holds a long list of records and has won many trophies. Harroun won more firsts than any other driver during 1910. He retired from the racing game at the close of the season, but was induced to re-enter the sport to compete in the 500-mile event. He has won, among other trophies, the 200-mile Indianapolis Trophy, the Atlanta Speedway Trophy, the Los Angeles Motordrome 100-mile Stack Chassis Trophy, the Atlanta Automobile Association Trophy and the two-hour free-for-all trophy of the Los Angeles Motordrome.

terrific driving because of the vicious radiations of heat from the city track, the crowd seemed to take a notion to move, and it moved during the rest of the afternoon. Boxes were left vacant on the west side of the track while occupants, hungry to see the wrecks of the cars across the track and to watch the racers from a different viewpoint, surged across the two overhead bridges to the infield.

#### CROWD MOVES TO AND FRO

Lines of perspiring enthusiasts 100 yards in length waited at the entrance to the north bridge while guards battled to keep too many from crossing at a time. About the fences near the track hundreds of watchers jammed in their efforts to get a view of the racers at close range. Regardless of the possibilities of death and injury, they crowded closer and closer to the concrete retaining walls.

Serving of food to the crowd was a feature of the day. Perhaps one-tenth of the visitors to the course brought lunches already prepared. Others purchased box lunches from concession holders. By 2 o'clock much of this supply was exhausted and then hungry ones turned to the inevitable ham sandwich. The men in the pits and many in the crowds went throughout the day without a morsel of food.

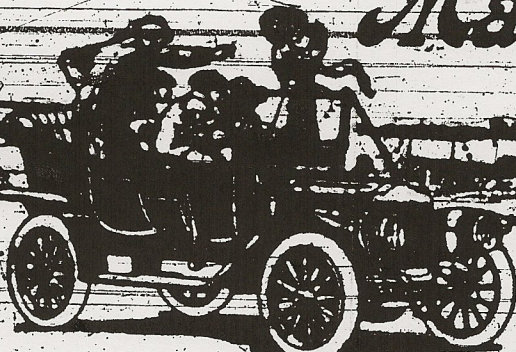
Bands in the stands played intermittently during the day, but there was no response. The thunder of the racing cars drowned what little of the music could be heard above the cries of vendors. Everywhere colors were waving. Pennants, with devices of all classes and manufacturers of cars were worn by the women, and on available posts and fences in the grounds streamers and colors of the racers were nailed. The stars and stripes fluttered from the stand across the finish wire from grand stand A.

It was a holiday and it was a holiday crowd. Everywhere was the atmosphere of wealth. The scene, when Harroun won, harked back to those days when Nero declared a holiday and the royalty of the wondrously rich realm of the Caesars hurst forth in wild applause when a gladiator triumphed. Only, yesterday, Nero was speed, the royalty was the rich of America and Ray Harroun was the victor—and the event was modern—man and steel against man and steel and not man against man. Death lingered always in the arena of the Romans. Death lingered yesterday in the arena of the Speedway. The Romans laughed—so did the Americans. It was a holiday.

#### OFFERS PRIZES FOR EGGS.

Marion County Farmers' Institute Has Special Features for Saturday.

Prizes for the best dozen of eggs, and the best grades of different varieties of strawberries, gooseberries and flowers.



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