INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

INDIANAPOLIS, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1910. PRICE 2 CENTS.

"JACK" JOHNSON WINS BIG FIGHT

FOURTH'S PASSING IS SAFE AND SANE

One Serious Accident and Few Minor Injuries Mark Trail of Celebration.

CITY COMPARATIVELY QUIET

Diminution of Noise-Making Contrasts Deeply With That of Previous Years.

Accidents Marking July 4 in This City

Archie Wilde, 13, McClainsville; eye injured; inhaled fumes; may die; firecracker.

Preston Matthews, 15, 326 Lesley avenue; left leg and both hands burned; firecrackers.

John Grimm, 12, 902 East Raymond street; right hand injured; blank cartridge.

Thomas Harrison, 11, 10 South Ritter avenue; left eye injured; firecracker.

——— Zaring, 2130 Ashland avenue; right hand burned; firecracker.

——— Kellner, 431 West Thirty-first street; left hand burned; cannon cracker.

Ralph Wheeler, 2203 North Alabama street; left hand burned; cannon cracker.

——— Potts, Park avenue; thigh burned; firecracker.

Jesse Morrison, 401 West Norwood street; hand burned; cannon cracker.

Harry Ray, 618 South Missouri street; hand burned; firecracker.

Frank Mullen, 419 West Norwood street; right hand burned; cannon cracker.

Edward Newman, 13, 534 Weghorst street; left hand lacerated; firecracker.

Lavina Stapleton, 533 Leon street; cut by glass from window broken by bullet.

Howard Oswald, 12; burned about the face and eyes; cannon cracker.

Mattie Beach, 5, colored, 882 Cotton street; burned about the face; firecracker.

Richard Burrell, 9, 2601 North New Jersey street; hand, face and neck burned; cannon cracker.

Dr. W. J. MacCammon, 2122 Prospect street; hand burned; firecracker.

Gladys Long, 10, 609 Ogden street; hand burned; firecracker.

Yesterday proved to be more a day of rest and recreation for Indianapolis residents than a noisy and accident-making celebration of July 4. It was the most nearly quiet Independence day the city has experienced in years. One serious accident, a score, more or less, of minor injuries and an insignificant fire tells the story of the day, in marked contrast to the trail of serious fire losses and injuries of previous years.

While there was noise, particularly during the evening, the day bore little resemblance to the anniversaries that have preceded it. The comparative quiet of the downtown district, where noise-makers were prohibited, was particularly noticeable. The city was crowded with visitors, although it was said at the stations that yesterday's crowds were much smaller than those of previous years. The inclement weather is held largely responsible for this decrease in travel.

Physicians were kept fairly busy during the afternoon and evening dressing minor injuries and burns, but only one case of a serious nature was reported. The son of J. C. Wilde, McClainsville, suffered serious burns about his face and eyes by the exploding of a "flower pot." The boy may die, as he inhaled fumes from the burning chemicals. He is said to be in a critical condition, and if he recovers may lose his sight.

Much Noise in Evening.

Those bent on celebrating the nation's birthday in a more or less noisy and explosive manner were not numerous in the business district in the afternoon, the orders given to the police to enforce the ordinance against the use of fireworks probably being responsible. However, under the protection of darkness youthful spirits and more mature patriotism overstepped police regulations and the detonation of the common cracker and the sputter of the smaller explosives echoed in all parts of the business district.

Farther out, in the residence districts there were displays of fireworks of a more elaborate character, and the sky was illuminated by rockets and Roman candles. Many of the residence districts had their own celebrations, and in some of the suburbs the day was observed with picnics and parades.

BATTLE A TRAGEDY; JEFF BUT A SHELL

Rex Beach Declares Former Champion Is Only Ashes of the Once Fair Flower.

SLASHING BLOWS OF NEGRO STUN MAN WHO LACKS YOUTH

Brawn and Snappy Action Show "White Man's Hope" for Laurels Was in Vain.

By Rex Beach.

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RENO, Nev., July 4.—Today we saw a tragedy. A tremendous, crushing, anti-climax had happened, and we are dazed.

Some 15,000 of us went out and broiled ourselves in the sun to see a great prize fight, and while it was great from the point of a spectacle and from the courage displayed it was in reality no fight at all. It was a pitiful, pitiful tragedy.

Time had outwitted the keenest of us, and instead of the Jeffries we had known and had come to think was still among us, we saw but the shell of a man, fair to the eye and awe-inspiring in his shape, to be sure, but empty of youth's vigor. The spark had died. The years had done their work. No fierceness of will, no giant determination could fan it to a flame again. And so he lost.

Time had cunningly hidden her work, and no man was gifted with the sight to see the cold ashes that lay where once flame had flickered. It was a cruel lesson, marking as it did the inevitable march of years and age and the waste of a godlike heritage.

African Shows Marvelous Speed.

While in actual point of days there was little difference in the two, the negro had maintained his youth through a life of exercise and physical care, while the white man had grown heavy in idleness.

It is doubtful if even in his best days Jeffries could have won, for the African through all the combat showed a marvelous speed and aggressiveness that only occasional moments in his previous fights had hinted at.

Johnson demonstrated further that his race has acquired full stature as men; whether they will ever breed brains to match his muscles is yet to be proven. But his heart, his yellow streak of which so much has been said, it was not there. He fought carefully, fearlessly, intelligently. He outpointed, outfought, he outlasted his opponent.

There remains no living man to dispute his title as the world's champion. And there seems little likelihood that it will ever be taken from him. If such a thing should come to pass, it will be because time has robbed him of that fierce and blazing energy that lurked deep in his being, as Jeff was robbed—in the night.

All Eyes Centered on Scene.

The hour had struck. We were waiting at the ringside. The long days of preparation had crawled past, and we men, who had been chosen as the eyes through which the world was to see this spectacle had grouped ourselves about a wooden platform, while behind us stretched a sea of naked seats. We were there, each in his own feeble way to record a fragmentary impression of that swiftly moving stereopticon in order that the whole might form a composite picture. We had come early, for the prologue was about to be spoken, and we did not wish to miss a line. To us, who had been for days in Reno's maelstrom, it seemed that all the world must have gathered, while from the sky above the sun was glaring down in fierce inquisitiveness, as if the heavens themselves had centered their gaze upon the scene.

The multitude came close upon our heels, pouring in through the four tunnel-like entrances to the huge, eight sided arena, until the hollow floors began to thunder, a few at first, then more and more, until it reminded one of a pentup mountain stream emptying itself into a pool, there to boil and eddy and surge about until it finally settled.

Clamor Fills the Air.

But the tumult was unceasing, a great clamor filled the air. Men shouted greetings, bets were offered and taken, the rumbling murmur of voices grew into a tremendous, stirring monotone—my ears were drummed upon by the clamor. I became conscious of the sun's torrid rays. A brass band climbed into the ring, and it was rumored that with a true Western delicacy of feeling it was about to play "All Coons Look Alike to Me," but racial feeling was too high, perhaps, and the musicians favored us with a selection of national airs, at which the multitude rose and cheered. Hats waved, flags fluttered, feeling ran high, patriotism was riot.

An hour and a half later these chastened men and women filed out in a funeral gloom. It may be a fitting place here to mention that through all this excitement of this afternoon nowhere in the crowd was there the least disturbance. Unruly spirits were there, to be sure, but an undertone of fairness and good fellowship ran through it all. There was little bad language, no disputes; lemonade was the only beverage.

Back of me sat Mike Murphy, the veteran University of Pennsylvania trainer. He had brought his 13-year-old son to the fight, for, as he said, he wished him to see men, real men, and to learn early the rules of sport.

There followed the usual coarse-voiced introductions and a hippodrome of champions, ex-champions, near-champions and never-to-be champions—John L. Sullivan, huge of girth and green of memory; Fitzsimmons, with the hat of an Alpine rodent; Tom Sharkey, short, burly and thick-necked as a walrus, all of them fighters, managers, promoters, and then the endless efforts of the photographers.

Enter the Gladiators.

Suddenly there burst forth a wild acclaim back of us, and down the aisle from the east came one of the central figures in the real drama—Jack Johnson, as we could see from his round shaven head, and then following swiftly arose a five-fold greater roar as from the opposite quarter came Jeffries.

The great blood fury of the thousands echoed as the men climbed into the ring. It was the race note sounding, and I watched the black champion for a sign when the volume of these voices dinned upon his ear. But he grinned and clapped his hands like a boy.

Jeffries's entrance savored of an emperor's coming, and the likeness was heightened by the presence at his heels of a fan bearer, who held aloft a great circular five-foot paper shade, or was it a crown? I could not tell.

The black man was the first to strip, and when he stepped forth, he was a thing of surpassing beauty from the anatomist's point of view. He had none of that giant play of brawn and muscle that Jeffries displayed a moment later, but instead a rounded symmetry more in line with the ideals of the ancient Greek artists.

His head, though slightly larger than an ostrich egg, was of the same shape, and shaved to an equal smoothness. From fellows I might read a hint as to the one great question we had asked of him. But he showed no sign. His assurance was as rock-bound as before, his smile as cheerful and confident as when first I saw him toying with his trainers.

No Waste of Courtesy.

There was no waste of courtesy. The gong sounded, seconds, handlers and rubbers flung themselves from their corners and the gladiators stepped toward each other across an empty ring and through an empty silence. At last we saw them face to face, and the contrast was amazing. For three minutes they watched each other warily, feeling each other's muscles, testing each other's mettle, and the gong sent them to their seats again with no damage done.

Sixty seconds and they are up again, still moving as if the fate of a nation hung upon their faintest error. For the first three rounds the spectacle was repeated, and then we awoke gradually to the realization that the march of time can not be disputed.

With some men he locks arms and trips swiftly down the path and with others he idles by the wayside like some love-shy maiden, but his feet are ever turned in the same direction; his progress may be slow, but it is sure.

There is little more to tell. It made us sad to see a man cheated. Pockets have been picked in Reno, little fortunes lost upon the tables in her gilded palaces that front the railroad tracks, but of all the thousands who have awakened to a sudden loss, no awakening could have been like that of Jeffries when he called upon his youth and found that it had slipped away.

It lasted fifteen rounds, and then we trudged home through the dust. But it was sport, and the best man won.

Little Blood; No Brutality.

As to the brutality of the scene I saw none of it. Of blood, there was less than a teacupful spent. Just now an automobile passed below my window and Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, was in it. He had no mark upon his person as he bowed his thanks to the bellowed greeting the street offered him. The last picture I have is of a giant black man shaking the hand of a newsboy as he runs beside the champion's motor car with a surging mass of humanity behind.

To cheer Jim Jeffries in his hour of bitterness is a sweet-faced, gracious woman who waited with clinched hands and cheeks whitened by a growing fear as the metal wires brought her the tidings of her husband's defeat. To her victory could mean but little. To him a wife's sympathy will be a sweet balm. To every full-blooded man I believe he sounded a note of gameness that is a fitting epitaph for the battle.

VIEWS OF PRINCIPALS AND OFFICIALS.

BY JACK JOHNSON—I won from Jeffries because I outclassed him in every department of the fighting game. Before I entered the ring I was certain I would be the victor. I never changed my mind at any time.

Jeffries's blows had no steam behind them, so how could he hope to defeat me? With the exception of a slight cut on my lower lip, which was really caused by an old wound being struck, I am unmarked. I heard people at the ringside remark about body blows being inflicted upon me. I do not recall a single punch in the body that caused me any discomfort. I am in shape to battle again tomorrow if it were necessary.

One thing I must give Jeffries credit for is the game battle he made. He came back at me with the heart of a true fighter. No man can say that he did not do his best.

I believe we both fought fairly. There was nothing said between us which was rough. He joked me and I joked him. I told him I knew he was a bear, but I was a gorilla and would defeat him.

For the next few weeks I shall play in vaudeville. Then I shall go to my home in Chicago to rest. I do not think I shall fight for several months, because I do not know a man now who could give me a good battle. No attention will be paid to Sam Langford's challenges to me. I don't consider he could give me a fight that would draw.

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES—I lost my fight this afternoon because I did not have the snap of youth I used to have. I believed in my own heart that all of the old-time dash was there, but when I started to execute the speed and youthful stamina were lacking. The things I used to do were impossible. For instance, I used to shoot in a right-hand body punch, a sort of short-range blow, that never used to fail me. But when I tried it today the snap was not there and it was only a love tap.

I suppose most of my trainers and helpers will say that I did not box often enough. It would not have made any difference if I had sparred a dozen times oftener than I did. I simply was not there, and that's all there is to it.

I guess it's all my own fault. I was getting along nicely and living peacefully on my alfalfa farm, but when they started calling for me and mentioning me as "the white man's hope" I guess my pride got the better of my good judgment. At that, I worked long and hard to condition myself and I was fit, so far as strength goes, but the old necessary snap and dash, the willingness to tear and crush, were not with me.

Six years ago the result would have been different, but now—well, I guess the public will let me alone after this.

BY GEORGE HARTING, official timekeeper—Time was called at 2:45. Johnson entered at 2:28 and Jeffries entered four minutes later. The fight lasted fifteen rounds. The time for the last round was 2:27. The fight was stopped at 3:41. In the fifteenth round there were three knockdowns. The first two of these were each of nine seconds' duration. The last one was eight seconds. Then Jeffries's seconds rushed in and the referee gave the decision to Johnson. There is no doubt that independent of this action Jeffries would have been counted out.

JEFFRIES IS PUT OUT IN FIFTEENTH

Negro Proves Fast and Clever, While Former Champion Was Sluggish in Mixups.

'JEFF' COULDN'T 'COME BACK'; GREAT BATTLE IS ONE-SIDED

White Man Goes Down Twice for Count of Eight Before Being Put Out.

Financial and Other Results of Big Mill

Johnson's share	$70,000
Jeffries's share	30,000
Johnson's share pictures	50,000
Jeffries's share pictures	66,666
Total for Johnson	120,000
Total for Jeffries	117,066
Paid attendance	250,000
Number present	20,000
Length of fight	15 rounds
Terminated by	Knockout
Bets won or lost (estimated)	$300,000

By Associated Press.

RENO, Nev., July 4.—John Arthur Johnson, a Texas negro, the son of an American slave, tonight is the first and undisputed heavyweight champion of the world.

James J. Jeffries of California, winner of twenty-two championship fights, the man who never was brought to his knees before by a blow, tonight passed into history as a broken idol. He met utter defeat at the hands of the black champion.

While Jeffries was not actually counted out, he was saved only from this crowning humiliation by his friends pleading with Johnson not to hit the fallen man again, and the towel was brought into the ring from his corner. At the end of the fifteenth round Referee Tex Rickard raised the black arm, And the great crowd filed out, glum and silent.

Jeff Dazed and Incoherent.

Jeffries was dragged to his corner, bleeding from the nose and mouth and a dozen cuts on the face. He had a black, closed eye and swollen features, and he held his head in his hands dazed and incoherent.

Johnson walked out of the ring without a mark on his body, except a slight cut on his lip, which was the opening of a wound received in training.

Ring experts agree that it was not even a championship fight. Jeffries had no chance in the second round, perhaps, but after the sixth it was plain that he was weakened and outclassed at every point and after the eleventh round it was hopeless.

It was the greatest demonstration the ring has ever seen of the failure of a fighter to "come back" after years of retirement. The youth and science of the black man made Jeffries look like a great man. Jeffries was like a log. Johnson was like a black panther, beautiful in his alertness and strength.

Jeff Only Shell of Old Self.

Jeffries fought by instinct, it seemed, showing his gameness and his fighting heart in every round, but he was only the shell of his old self. The old power to take a terrible pounding and bore in until he landed the knockout blow was gone.

After the third round Johnson treated his opponent almost as a joke. He smiled and blocked playfully, warding off the bear-like rushes of Jeffries with a marvelous science, now tucking a blow under his arm, again plucking it out of the air as a man stops a baseball.

Out of the sea of opinions and arguments that bolstered up this fight and made it the talk of the world these pinnacles of fact have been cast up:

The fight was on the square. Of that there was no doubt after the first round.

There was no evidence or hint of the famous "yellow streak" on the part of Johnson.

Johnson proved himself—so absolutely Jeffries's master that experts such as Corbett, the Australian sporting writer and ring expert, said that Tommy Burns had put up a better fight against Johnson and that the black man was only playing with the white man.

The end was swift and terrible.

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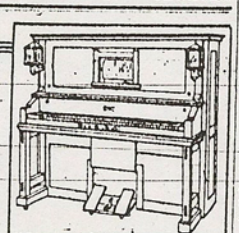
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The Republicans are so split up that some folk seem to think that all we have to do is to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Such overconfidence may cost us dear. The sure way to win is to fight today, tomorrow and every day till the polls close on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

After reviewing the history of the present tariff bill the speaker said:

"As the Democratic floor leader in the House I guaranteed that if the President would send in a message urging that the woolen goods schedule be cut to a reasonable basis, so that the people could have cheaper clothing and cheaper blankets, and Chairman Payne would report such a bill and put it upon its passage, every Democrat would vote for it, and every Democrat in the House applauded my offer, thereby proving that I spoke their sentiments. That was on May 21, but the President never sent in any such message and Chairman Payne never reported any such bill.

Hurts Many Sufferers.

"By reason of Republican refusal to cure that great outrage hundreds of thousands of people must shiver and freeze through the ensuing winter. Doctors and philanthropists are waging war against the great white plague, which the woolen goods schedule of the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill does so much to foster. Shame upon men who will not remedy such a gross outrage.

"If we have the next House, as I believe we will have, we will honestly and courageously report a bill to revise the tariff down to a revenue basis, pass it through the House and send it over to the Senate. Perhaps by that time the Senate, yielding to the public demand, will also pass it. If it does not, we will go to the people on that issue in 1912.

"A Democrat is a man who believes in Democratic principles and who votes the Democratic ticket. In recent years there has been much straggling from the ranks. I cordially invite all backsliders to come back home. I also heartily invite all others who are dissatisfied with Republican misrule and Republican extravagance to join with us in the crusade for the overthrow of the Republican machine.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return"

BALTIC, DAMAGED, ARRIVES WITH ALL PASSENGERS SAFE

Officers of Injured Steamer Say Oil Tank Boat Pursued Course Without Stopping.

NEW YORK, July 4.—With a six-foot hole in her side, the White Star liner Baltic docked today, while her passengers hurried ashore and congratulated themselves on their escape from what might have been a fearful midsea disaster.

The Baltic, in the night last Thursday, jammed into the oil tank steamer Standard, bound from Philadelphia to Copenhagen. The shock of the impact aroused the sleeping passengers, who hurried to the decks in grave apprehension. As the Baltic lay rolling in a swelling sea, and the water swashed into the jagged wound of her bow, Capt. Ranson and his officers went among the passengers and quieted them.

No help was asked for by the oil tank, which drifted off and disappeared in the mist. Some of the passengers of the Baltic thought the oil tank was taking water.

Repairs were made and a patch was placed over the hole in the Baltic's bow. After a delay of more than two hours, the Baltic steamed away on her course for New York. A seaman was reported missing after the accident and it was thought that he was knocked overboard by the impact.

SWEENEY NOW ROAD BUILDER.

Former Game Commissioner Will Try Project in Missouri.

COLUMBUS, Ind., July 4.—It is now apparent that road building was the cause of the Rev. Z. T. Sweeney's anxiety to be relieved of the office of state game and

RACE RIOTS FOLLOW JOHNSON'S VICTORY

Announcement of Result at Reno Signal for Fights in Many Cities.

SEVERAL DEATHS RECORDED

Police Reserves Called to Quell Celebrating Negroes, Who Stir Crowds by Acts.

Rioting broke out all over the country last night between whites, disappointed and angry that Jeffries had lost the big fight at Reno, and negroes, jubilant that Johnson had won.

A white man was shot in Arkansas and a negro was fatally wounded at Roanoke, Va., but the tension that existed everywhere vented itself chiefly in street scuffles. Here and there a knife flashed and a few scattering shots were fired, but there were more broken heads and black eyes than serious wounds.

In all there were disturbances in eleven cities, from New York, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, Northeast, to New Orleans, Atlanta, St. Louis, Little Rock and Houston in the South and Southwest. In many cases the brawls amounted to nothing serious. There was more rioting in the city of New York almost than in the whole country combined.

As the night progressed the rioting grew more serious. In New York disgruntled whites fired a negro tenement; at Mounds, Ill., a negro constable was killed and another man mortally wounded; street rioting broke out in Kansas City and Norfolk, and two negroes were shot at New Orleans.

WHITE MEN GO TO JAIL.

One Fatally Wounded and Six Negroes Hurt at Roanoke, Va.

ROANOKE, Va., July 4.—Six negroes with broken heads, six white men locked up, and one white man, Joe Chockley, with a bullet wound through his skull and probably fatally wounded, is the net result of the clashes here tonight following the announcement that Johnson had defeated Jeffries. The trouble started when a negro, who had just heard the news from Reno, said:

"Now I guess the white folks will let the negroes alone."

"Let the niggers alone?" the white man replied. "No." The two clashed. Police had difficulty in landing the negro in jail, being compelled to draw their revolvers. Later a negro shot Chockley and escaped. The chief of police had the saloons closed at 9:30 o'clock, a half hour ahead of the regular closing hours. City Physician Armstead says that Chockley may die.

NEGRO DEFIES MILITIAMAN.

Police Disperse Mob That Afterward Storms Chattanooga Jail.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 4.—Clashes between blacks and whites were numerous tonight following the announcement of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. A negro thrust a copy of a special edition of an afternoon paper under the nose of a Mississippi militiaman, one of thousands of soldiers attending army maneuvers here. He knocked the negro down. The black ran and a bystander fired at him, the bullet striking an automobile. Two women in the auto had a narrow escape. Arrests followed and the Mississippi men began forming for an attack on the City Jail. This was broken up by the police. Half an hour later on the same street J. T. Bullen, private of the Mississippi Infantry, of Fayette, Miss., was seriously cut by a negro, who was saved from a mob by the police.

NEGRO SHOOTS CONDUCTOR.

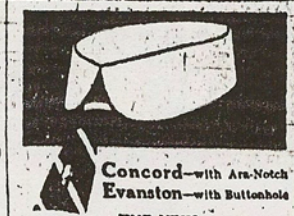
Fight Starts on Train in Arkansas After Decision Becomes Known.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 4.—Lee Roberts, an Iron Mountain passenger conductor and prominent Mason, was shot and probably fatally wounded during a fight aboard his train between three white men and negroes late this afternoon immediately following the result of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno. A negro, Robert Stetson, charged with the crime, jumped from the train and is being searched for by a crowd of armed citizens tonight. The injured conductor was taken to the railroad hospital at McKee, Ark.

NEGRO FLOURISHES KNIFE.

Police Use Clubs on Whites Who Attack Southern Belligerent.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 4.—Trouble between the blacks and whites was narrowly averted tonight when the police arrested half a dozen whites and one negro. The black yelled "Hurrah of Johnson!" on a crowded downtown street. He held a knife in his hand and in an instant several white men had struck him. The police used their clubs freely after the whites had chased the negro into an alley. The streets are thronged with men of both races, who are in an ugly humor, but the police say they can prevent trouble.



Concord—with Ara-Notch
Evanston—with Buttonhole

THE NEW

ARROW COLLARS

FOR SUMMER. High enough for looks—low enough for comfort and plenty of room for the tie to slide in.

15c. each, 3 for 25c.

Cluett, Peabody & Company Arrow Cuffs, 25c.

the announcement that Jack Johnson was the victor in the Reno prize fight.

The Eighth District police responded to a riot call, but were powerless to cope with the negroes, who were blocking traffic and making threats.

A second call to the central district brought out a score of policemen. The negroes were clubbed into submission and dispersed.

WHITES BREAK UP PARADE.

Mob at Columbus (O.) Beats Negro Who Cheers for Johnson.

COLUMBUS, O., July 4.—Rioting, in which noses were made bloody and heads were cracked, marked a parade through the streets organized by hilarious negroes tonight after the result of the Johnson-Jeffries mill had been announced. The trouble was caused chiefly by drunken whites who sought to break up the parade of the blacks. A mob beat a negro in a suburb after he had hurrahed for Johnson. Columbus negroes are making up a purse for the champion.

PROTECTS BROTHER WITH GUN.

Louisianan Kills Two Negroes and Wounds Third in Saloon Row.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, La., July 4.—Two negroes were killed and a third wounded by Hy Evans, a white man, at Enoka, about nineteen miles from here, late today. It is reported that Evans's brother was being beaten by a negro bartender when Evans opened fire, killing the negro. A second negro who interfered met a like fate and a negress was struck by a stray bullet.

SAILORS ATTACK NEGROES.

Marines Aid Police in Quelling Riots in Norfolk, Va.

NORFOLK, Va., July 4.—Race riots broke out all over Norfolk tonight and many negroes were injured. The trouble was caused mostly by enlisted men from the various battle ships now here, who attacked negroes wherever they met them. A detachment of marines from the navy yard are aiding the police to quell the riot.

CROWD MOBS WHITE MAN.

Begins Assault on Person Who Defends Missouri Negro.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 4.—S. I. Sawyer, a white man who took the part of a negro when the latter was struck by another white man, was mobbed by a crowd of whites immediately following the Johnson-Jeffries fight. Sawyer was rescued by a policeman and charged that the latter struck him in the face and broke his nose.

HOLD UP STREET CARS.

Negroes in Pittsburg Insult Passengers on Hearing of Decision.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 4.—Less than half an hour after the decision of the fight was announced here three riot calls were sent into police precincts in the negro hill district. Street cars were held up and insulting epithets were hurled at the passengers. The police beat the crowds back with their clubs to permit the passage of street cars. Patrolmen have been summoned to this district from all sections of the city.

EXTRA POLICE QUELL MOBS.

Citizens Pull Boasting Negroes From Street Cars in Kansas City, Mo.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 5.—Negroes boasting of the result of the Reno fight are being pulled from street cars at midnight and riots are threatened in the downtown streets. A large force of extra police is on duty and doing its best to quell the mob spirit.

NEGROES TAKE TOWN.

Black Woman Stabs Man to Death at Keystone, W. Va.

BLUEFIELDS, W. Va., July 4.—Negroes at Keystone, W., Va., tonight are said to be in possession of the town, the police being powerless. A negro man has been stabbed to death by a negro woman. Telegraph and telephone offices at Keystone are closed for the night.

RIOTER SHOOTS NEGRO CONSTABLE.

Blacks Attempt to Shoot Up Town of Mounds, Ill.

MOUNDS, Ill., July 4.—One dead and one mortally wounded is the result of an attempt by four negroes to shoot up the

"Hurrah for Johnson" was seized by a number of youthful bystanders and severely beaten, but was finally rescued by policemen.

POLICE RESERVES CALLED.

Dayton Officers Rush to Protect Men From Negroes.

DAYTON, O., July 4.—Immediately after the flash which announced Johnson winner of the fight, several negroes in front of a bulletin board in this city assaulted a party of white men, and as a result the police reserves were called out. Many battered heads are the net result of the outbreak.

RIOT CALL SOUNDS IN DELAWARE.

Police Stop Trouble After Twelve Persons Are Hurt.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 4.—A riot occurred here tonight as a result of the victory of Jack Johnson. The police responded to a riot call and finally stopped the outbreak. The injured number about a dozen.

PHILADELPHIA WAKES UP.

Many Encounters Between Races Follow Report of Fight.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 4.—There were clashes between whites and blacks in several sections of the city tonight following the announcement of Johnson's victory over Jeffries.

SOUTH BEND PUTS ON TOGS FOR STATE ELKS REUNION

Arranges to Accommodate 8,000 Visiting Members of Order Expected to Be Present.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., July 4.—South Bend will put on her gala dress in honor of the meeting of the State Reunion Association of the B. P. O. Elks, which will take place in that city July 7, 8 and 9. There never has been such enthusiasm shown and such liberal donations made by the merchants of South Bend for any similar affair. The downtown buildings

MICHE TIRES

"As Usual" V

All Important Contests at the Indiana including the

COBE TROPHY—200 MILES
REMY TROPHY—100
$1000 TROPH

Of the Ten Contests Friday, Michelin
Of the Ten Contests Saturday, Miche
Of the Six Contests on the 4th, Mich

This convincing evidence of the superio Michelins under hardest usage must appeal t ist. Michelin Tires have won 95 per cent of important speed and endurance contests f teen years.

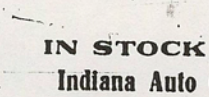
IN STOCK BY

Willis-Holcomb Co. 320 N. Illinois St.

Indiana Auto Co. 220 E. New York St.

Shoemaker-Smith Auto Co. 229 Nor

Plates Made of HERCULES



Hercules D In making composition which often the mouth. and never they're ext unusual sa they're the

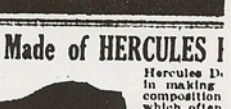
HOLD TIGHT PLATES RIVETED TEETH

Ask for the patent hold tight section

$5 Gold Porc Brid

UNION AND U. S.

THIS $60 TO $75



$30

This beautiful broadcloth casket, trimme or silver handles and name plate of the from one-third to one-half on all caskets by other undertakers. Visitors who come prised at what we offer in rich quality These caskets must be seen to appreciate personal attention to all calls.

HEINER & HOCKENS

PHONES MAIN 1498, NEW 1498

MEN AND WOMEN

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet.

Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

ED IN CRASH

ain, on Detour, & D. Freight town, O.

OWN BANK IANY VICTIMS

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July 4.—(Special)

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

Rex Beach's Impressions.....Page 1
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John L. Sullivan's account by rounds .....Page 13
Scenes at Jeffries camp.....Page 13
Wine flows at Johnson's expense .....Page 13
Sidelights on big battle .....Page 14

THE WEATHER.

CLOUDY

Forecast for Indiana for Tuesday and Wednesday:

Partly cloudy, with showers in south Tuesday; Wednesday generally fair; light to moderate northeast winds, becoming variable.



Forecast for Indianapolis and vicinity for today:

Cloudy; probably showers.

ALMANAC OF THE DAY.

Sun rises at..... 4:22 | Sun sets at..... 7:15

WEATHER CONDITIONS IN INDIANAPOLIS YESTERDAY.

—Precipitation.—

Amount during the twenty-four hours ending at 7 p. m.	T.
Total amount since Jan. 1, 1910	17.50
Accumulated departure from normal since Jan. 1 (deficiency)	3.38

—Temperatures.—

7 a. m.	70	Maximum	74
7 p. m.	71	Minimum	70

—For the Same Date Last Year.—

7 a. m.	63	Maximum	76
7 p. m.	70	Minimum	55

WEATHER CONDITIONS ELSEWHERE YESTERDAY:

	Max.	Min.	Weather.
Portland, Ore.	...	52	.....
San Francisco, Cal.	64	52	Clear
Los Angeles, Cal.	78	54	Clear
San Diego, Cal.	72	56	Clear
Spokane, Wash.	82	56	Clear
Tonopah, Nev.	68	42	Clear
Phoenix, Ariz.	104	76	Clear
Helena, Mont.	68	58	Cloudy
Denver, Col.	94	62	PtCldy
El Paso, Tex.	102	72	Clear
Wichita, Kas.	90	66	Clear
San Antonio, Tex.	96	74	Cloudy
Galveston, Tex.	82	70	PtCldy
St. Louis, Mo.	76	64	PtCldy
Little Rock, Ark.	84	70	Cloudy
Evansville, Ind.	80	72	Rain
Nashville, Tenn.	82	72	Cloudy
Tampa, Fla.	90	76	Cloudy
Louisville, Ky.	84	74	Cloudy
Cincinnati, O.	80	70	Rain
Washington, D. C.	86	68	Cloudy
New York, N. Y.	84	74	PtCldy
Boston, Mass.	78	68	Clear
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	74	48	Clear
St. Paul, Minn.	84	54	Clear

FOURTH'S PASSING IS SAFE AND SANE

One Serious Accident and Few Minor Injuries Mark Trail of Celebration.

CITY COMPARATIVELY QUIET

Diminution of Noise-Making Contrasts Deeply With That of Previous Years.

Accidents Marking July 4 in This City

Archie Wilde, 13, McClainsville; eye injured; inhaled fumes; may die; firecracker.

Preston Matthews, 15, 326 Lesley avenue; left leg and both hands burned; firecrackers.

John Griffin, 12, 902 East Raymond street; right hand injured; blank cartridge.

Thomas Harrison, 11, 10 South Ritter avenue; left eye injured; firecracker.

——— Zaring, 2130 Ashland avenue; right hand burned; firecracker.

——— Kellner, 431 West Thirty-first street; left hand burned; cannon cracker.

Ralph Wheeler, 2203 North Alabama street; left hand burned; cannon cracker.

——— Potts, Park avenue; thigh burned; firecracker.

Jesse Morrison, 401 West Norwood street; hand burned; cannon cracker.

Harry Ray, 618 South Missouri street; hand burned; firecracker.

Frank Mullen, 419 West Norwood street; right hand burned; cannon cracker.

Edward Newman, 13, 534 Weghorst

Speedway Race Meet Closes

BOY WINS BRILLIANT COBE TROPHY RACE

Joe Dawson, Young Indianapolis Pilot, Guides Marmon to Noteworthy Speedway Victory.

"WILD BOB" BURMAN LOSES

Buick Driver Sees Honors Torn From Grasp When Almost Within Reach.

RECORDS MADE ON CLOSING DAY.

—451-600 Cubic-Inch Class.—

Twenty Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 14:10.7. (Lowering mark of 15:57.41 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.)

Sixty Miles—Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 50:16:00. (No previous mark.)

Seventy Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 58:13.21. (No previous mark.)

Eighty Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:06:14.6. (No previous record.)

Ninety Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:14:14.4. (No previous record.)

100 Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:22:10.9. (Lowering mark of 1:22:35.35 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.)

110 Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:30 flat. (No previous record.)

120 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:37:64.1. (No previous record.)

130 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:45:50.3. (No previous record.)

140 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:53:53.3. (No previous record.)

150 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:01:54.2. (Lowering previous time of 2:05:00.63 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.) Average, 73.83 miles per hour.

160 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:09:53.5. (No previous record.)

170 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:18:07.8. (No previous record.)

180 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:26:51.6. (No previous record.)

190 Miles—Marmon (Dawson). Time, 2:35:17.9. (No previous record.)

200 Miles—Marmon (Dawson). Time, 2:43:20.13. (Lowering previous mark of 2:55:48.31 made by Disbrow in Rainier at Atlanta.)

—Free-for-All.—

Twenty Miles—Benz (Eddie Hearne). Time, 14:08.72. (Lowering mark of 15:31.80 made by Robertson—in Flat "ninety" at Atlanta.)

Speedway Summary Events of Last Day

Event No. 1 (ten miles, 161-232 class)—Buick (L. Chevrolet), first; Buick (Burman), second; E-M-F (H. Endicott), third. Time, 9:12.2.

Event No. 2 (five miles, 160 and under class)—Herreshoff (Roberts), first; Herreshoff (Herreshoff), second; Herreshoff (McCormick), third. Time, 5:22.8.

Event No. 3 (five miles, 231-300 class)—Fal (Heineman), first; Fal (Pearce), second; Black Crow (Stinson), third. Time, 4:44.3.

Event No. 4 (200 miles for Cobe Trophy, 600 or under class)—Marmon (Dawson), first; Marquette-Buick (Burman), second; Marmon (Harroun), third; Marquette-Buick (Chevrolet), fourth. Time, 2:43:20.1.

Event No. 5 (five miles for amateur drivers)—Mercedes (Wishart), first; National (Greiner), second; National (Tousey), third. Time, 4:21.34.

Event No. 6 (twenty miles free-for-all)—Benz (Hearne), first; National (Aitken), second; Buick (Burman), third. Time, 14:08.72 (breaks world's record).

By Julian J. Behr.

Joe Dawson, 20-year-old Indianapolis boy, whizzing past the grand stand like a meteor, won the magnificent 200-mile Cobe trophy race in the record-breaking time of 2:43:20.1 before a wildly cheering throng of 20,000 persons at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway yesterday afternoon.

His tires ground down under the stress of the cruel contest, Dawson signaled the Marmon pit when only ten miles separated him from the end of the journey. Notwithstanding his urgent wish to stop on the next lap for repairs, those in charge would not allow him to take time out for fear he would forfeit the lead. So, continuing the race on menacing tires, the Marmon pilot kept to his whirlwind pace around the track and was rewarded by victory.

Thundering along a short distance in front of Dawson, Harroun, driving a Marmon, was forced to relinquish second place to Arthur Chevrolet, driving a Marquette-Buick, on the last lap. Harroun's tires were in no better condition than those of Dawson, but he was able to keep his machine under control and finished only a few seconds behind the winner.

Third place was taken by Louis Chevrolet, driving a Marquette-Buick, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race. Fourth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race. Fifth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race.

Sixth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race. Seventh place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race.

Eighth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race. Ninth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race.

Tenth place was taken by Eddie Hearne, driving a Benz, who was forced to make a number of tire changes during the race.

most of the water and that which resisted the efforts of the sun was dried up under the burning friction of the tires in the great contest. A breeze swept the grounds and afforded much relief.

Ira M. Cobe, president of the Chicago Automobile Club, donor of the magnificant trophy, was among the 500 Chicagoans who heard the crack of Starter Fred Wagner's revolver which sent the following cars on their way: National (Wilcox), Pope-Hartford (Clemens), Fal (Pearce), Marquette-Buick (L. Chevrolet), National (Kincade), Marmon (Harroun), Marquette-Buick (Burman), Alco (Grant), Black Crow (Cook), National (Aitken), Mercedes (Wishart), Marmon (Dawson), Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet), Black Crow (Stinson).

Quickly jumping to the head of the procession, Tommy Kincade, in a National, clipped around the track with the speed of the wind and led at the end of the first lap with the big Mercedes second. A. Chevrolet was third and Johnny Aitken fourth. By the end of the next trip around the track, A. Chevrolet had slipped to the lead with Aitken just behind him.

The latter gave promise of making a keen fight for the fruits of victory, but on the fourth lap he was forced to retire because of spark plug trouble and thereafter he frequently was compelled to quit. He was never a serious factor. Neither of his teammates, Wilcox nor Kincade, both of whom began so auspiciously, threatened the winners. Repairs jeopardized their chances for success.

Arthur Chevrolet headed the procession of spinning cars at the end of ten miles, his time being 8:18:72. At the end of twenty miles he maintained his supremacy by a good margin, breaking the old record for that distance by 47 seconds. His time was 14:10:7. At the beginning of the fourteenth lap Burman forged to the front after Chevrolet had stopped for a short time to change tires. At the beginning of the nineteenth lap Dawson sprang into second place, from which position he was not dislodged for several miles and then only for a short period.

Burman and Arthur Chevrolet seesawed for first place for many miles, Louis Chevrolet, last year's winner, being out of the running, due to frequent tire changes; while Dawson and Harroun were runners-up. The Alco was a prominent figure at the beginning of the race, but tire trouble caused Grant's undoing. Burman led at the fifty and sixty-mile stages, but on the twenty-sixth lap A. Chevrolet bounded ahead.

After 115 miles had been covered Dawson was bothered by tire trouble for the first and only time during the struggle

PILOTS BRAVE PERIL OF SLIPPERY TRACK

Cobe Cup Race Tries Strength of Cars and Skill of Drivers at Speedway.

GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS

Team Managers Inspect Brick Course Before Machines Are Sent on Long Run.

By Paul P. Willis.

Patriotism went rampant at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway yesterday afternoon when the soldiers of commercialism and sport braved the perils of a slippery track and shook dice with death in the motor-car races. American citizens, who hail the Fourth of July because of the memory of brave forefathers, felt proud to witness the bravery of the sons as they risked all in peaceful commercial war. The cheering spectators showed this admiration time and again, as the thousands as one man, craned their necks at the first sound of a thundering car as it hove in sight around the first curve. Victory in several of the races, especially the Cobe, was uncertain until the last minute.

Again, as on previous days of this meet, the cars held up well under the strain and the drivers showed unequaled skill and courage. The exact details of every race follow:

So, continuing the race on menacing tires, the Marmon pilot kept to his whirlwind pace around the track and was rewarded by victory.

Thundering along a short distance behind the victor "Wild Bob" Burman, who had led the strife virtually all the way, rode past the tape at tremendous speed, gaining second honors, Ray Harroun, in a Marmon, was third, and Harry Grant, with his Vanderbilt cup winning Alco, finished fourth.

Dawson, a youth who has been driving since only last spring, will receive $1,200 as first prize. The Speedway management offered $500, while the Bosch Magneto Company hung up a first place reward of $300 provided the victorious car was equipped with that ignition, and the Michelin Tire Company, it was announced just before the mighty struggle began, volunteered to give $400 to him who rode home first if his car was equipped with its product. As Dawson's Marmon answered all the conditions, it netted the total of the three sums, as well as wrenched from Louis Chevrolet the $3,000 silver Cobe cup, which the Buick pilot captured in the race at Crownpoint, Ind., last June.

It was a heart-breaking vanquishment for "Wild Bob" Burman, who shortly before the field of fourteen dare-devil pilots was sent away in the desperate contest, acknowledged before the straining eyes of the vast crowd, the gift of the Remy Grand-Brassard and Trophy, which were presented with much eclat. Burman took the lead at the beginning of the fourteenth lap, after covering thirty-two and a half miles and for twelve revolutions about the two-and-a-half-mile vitrified track, he showed the heels of the Marquette-Buick to all competitors.

A. Chevrolet Leads.

He then resigned the leadership to his teammate, Arthur Chevrolet, regained it on the forty-first lap, held it for seven and a half miles, again ran second to the Franco-Swiss for two laps, then, forging to the front at the beginning of the 112th mile, remained there until almost the end of the long, strenuous race. It seemed that the spoils of victory must go to the matchless Flint master of the steel steed, and the interest of the spectators centered in the fight for second place between Ray Harroun and Joe Dawson, the Marmon drivers.

Suddenly the eyes of all were glued on the boy pilot of the Marmon flyer, who, on several occasions during the long grind, had menaced the advantage of his older and more experienced adversary, Dawson, gradually creeping up on Burman, had darted by him as the Buick pilot dropped out for the first time when only twenty miles lay between him and the rich rewards of the competition.

An exploded tire compelled "Wild Bob" to halt at the pit for forty-five seconds. Cheers burst from the throats of all as the youth sped by him at terrific speed. Burman fell into second place, between the two Marmons, and a desperate fight for first honors ensued.

Setting out to overtake the booming Marmon, Burman gave his car all the power it would stand and in a trice cut down his handicap to forty-two seconds. Harroun, meantime, had leaped forward in his renowned racer, determined to lend all possible aid to his teammate, and, if possible, to take advantage of the brush between the leaders by forging to the front himself. This effort proved futile, as did the attempt of Burman to catch the fleet Marmon. At the beginning of the last lap Bob was one-fourth mile behind the Indianapolis youth, and this distance was cut down about one-half when the tape was reached.

Conditions Near Ideal.

When the race started at 3:10 conditions at the Speedway were almost perfect. The rain had ceased and the sun poked its head out from behind the clouds just enough to help dry the track. A motor-drawn sweeper had aided in removing

CONSTIPATION
MAY BE PERMANENTLY OVERCOME
BY PROPER PERSONAL EFFORTS
WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE ONE

Burman led at the fifty and sixty-mile stages, but on the twenty-sixth lap A. Chevrolet bounded ahead.

After 115 miles had been covered Dawson was bothered by tire trouble for the first and only time during the struggle. When he took up the flight he was still third, in the rear of the two Marquette-Buicks. About this period of the race Grant's Alco threw a tire directly in front of the grand stand and the pieces flew in all directions. The Vanderbilt cup hero stopped in a few seconds and repaired his own tire on the track. The spectators sat spellbound.

Arthur Chevrolet, who, with Burman, Dawson and Harroun, seemed destined to share the honors, was forced to drop out temporarily once by engine trouble and again by a leaking radiator. Burman was held up forty seconds at the 160-mile stage for a shift of tires, but he continued his place in the vanguard. Not until the seventy-fourth lap did he forfeit the leadership to the gritty Dawson, who thereafter was not headed.

When the grimy-faced boy hurled his car across the tape a winner in what was perhaps the most thrilling and spectacular motor event ever seen he was almost mobbed. As he was borne aloft on the shoulders of friends and hero worshipers the stands rang with applause. The beardless youth had proved his superiority over a field of tried and tested veterans, and, having wrested the much-sought and valuable honors of the race from his opponents, he became famous in the twinkling of an eye.

HE DETESTED WORK; FIRED.

Governor of Russian Province Falls Into Silly Trap.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 4.—His Excellency the Governor of one of the provincial districts, has been asked by Premier Stolypin to resign in consequence of a practical joke perpetrated by one of the Governor's subordinates. Beyond signing documents which he never read, this Governor fulfilled none of his duties. He frankly owned that he detested his work, which he left entirely to his subordinates, merely signing the documents and letters mechanically.

One of his young men conceived the idea of drafting a saucy letter to the premier and getting the Governor's signature. The Governor fell into the trap, and M. Stolypin was astonished to read that the Governor declared his official business was "silly work." Reading on, M. Stolypin learned that the Governor was not in the least interested in the development of the province, and never read the official documents. His Excellency further advised the premier to follow his example and to devote himself to playing bridge, "which is much more interesting than stupid politics."

THIRTY NEW MARKS HUNG UP AS RESULT OF RACES AT SPEEDWAY

Fastest Time Is Made in the Cobe Event, Dawson, in Marmon, Covering 200 Miles in 2 Hours, 48 Minutes, 20.13 Seconds.

By H. G. Deupree.

Roaring past the checkered flag in the gathering gloom yesterday Eddie Hearne's great Benz reeled off twenty miles in 14 minutes, 8.72 seconds and so with this bit of spectacular racing ended three days of motor competition on the Indianapolis Speedway—the greatest in the history of the world—and brought the total list of record achievements for the afternoon to seventeen. When Joe Dawson swept to a victory of seconds in the 200-mile race over Burman he finished a race which recorded a new mark at sixteen of the ten mile posts.

Thirty-nine new records crowned the efforts of the pilots who drove with prideful fearlessness for the gold and glory

Again, as on previous days of this meet, the cars held up well under the strain and the drivers showed unequaled skill and courage. The exact details of every race follow:

Event Two, Ten Miles.

Two changes were made in the program before the events were started. At first it was proposed to stage the 200 mile Cobe race first for fear the weather would grow more inclement. Then it was decided to start event two and thus dry the track with the shorter race.

This event was for ten miles, for cars of 161 to 230 cubic inches piston displacement.

Six cars shot forward on the slippery track as though there was no additional peril because of the wet surface. L. Chevrolet, in his Buick 35 was off best at the start. At the end of the first lap, Chevrolet had a big lead with Burman in Buick 36, coming close behind. Sutcliffe in Maytag 2, was third with Miller in Warren-Detroit fourth. At the end of five miles, or the second lap of the track, the order of the cars was the same with the two Buicks farther in the lead, except H. Endicott in E-M-F 26, had crawled to fourth place. The time for five miles was 4:46.43. The two Buicks led in the third lap, but the real race was between the next three cars. Endicott had climbed to third place, Miller held fourth place and Sutcliffe was in fifth place. Chevrolet won the race in time 5:12.23.—Burman came second, Endicott third by a narrow margin ahead of Sutcliffe, Miller in Warren-Detroit dropped out and Schwitzer in Fuller 5, came last.

Event 1—Five Miles.

Three Herreshoff cars entered this five-mile race for cars with 1 to 160 cubic-inch piston displacement. They were at least in harmony with the spirit of the day as they were painted in bright red, white and blue colors. Roberts led by a long piece of track in the first lap, with McCormick second and Herreshoff last. The cars finished in the same order. Time for five miles was 5:22.8.

Event 3—Five Miles.

A larger class of cars lined up for the next race, for five miles for cars with 231 to 300 cubic-inch piston displacement. Heineman in Fal 44 got a good margin the best of the other six entries at the start. Moore in Great Western 14 had engine trouble at the tape and left the track at once. Heineman was leading at the end of the first lap with Pearce in Fal 45 second, and Stinson in Black Crow 17 third. The three leading cars finished the race in the same order, Heineman's time for the five miles being 4:44.31. Fox in Pope Hartford came fourth, Davis in Great Western 15 fifth, and Cook in Black Crow 16 came last.

Event 8—200 Miles.

By this time the officials decided the defatigable Louis. Arthur hummed past the stand at fierce clip and stripped an hour from Robertson, who held the previous record for the distance with 14:10.7, made at Atlanta in the big Fiat "ninety."

At sixty miles Bob Burman took up the record creation business and wrote a brand new one for the distance. At seventy Arthur Chevrolet was in front and established marks for every ten miles up to and including the century and 110 miles.

Dawson Sets New Records.

Burman again relieved his teammate at 120 miles and maintained his record-breaking gait past 140 miles. At 150, without a pause, he grabbed another Robertson laurel, beating the time made by "Smiling George" in the Fiat "ninety" on the Southern two-mile track.

New records sprang up in the trail of Burman at 160, 170 and 180 miles.

man was held up forty seconds at the 160-mile stage for a shift of tires, but he continued his place in the vanguard. Not until the seventy-fourth lap did he forfeit the leadership to the gritty Dawson, who thereafter was not headed.

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Thirty-nine new records crowned the efforts of the pilots who drove with primeval fearlessness for the gold and glory at stake during the three days. Under unfavorable conditions the masters of the mighty motors strained every fiber of the mechanism on the Speedway track and furnished conclusive proof that the Indianapolis course is a class by itself.

The performance of the youthful Hearne and his Benz yesterday was a fitting climax to a carnival of speed which opened on Friday, with "Wild Bob" Burman hurling the Buick special to a free-for-all record in the quarter-mile sprint at a savage pace of 105.87 miles per hour.

Burman Shatters Marks.

And it was Burman, the steel-nerved man from Flint, who with his invincible Marquette-Buick, furnished most of the new records to reflect to the glory of himself, his car and the Indianapolis track. One mark after another, established in proud effort, at Atlanta, Los Angeles and elsewhere, vanished in the gasoline-laden trail of the demon knights of the motor during the last few days.

Yesterday it was the 200-mile race, greatest stock car competition in the annals of the sport, which forced one mark after another on the list. The old records began to fall at twenty miles, and the credit for the honor must go to Ardefatigable Louis. Arthur hummed past the stand at fierce clip and stripped an hour from Robertson, who held the previous record for the distance with 14:10.7, made at Atlanta in the big Fiat "ninety."

At sixty miles Bob Burman took up the record creation business and wrote a brand new one for the distance. At seventy Arthur Chevrolet was in front and established marks for every ten miles up to and including the century and 110 miles.

Dawson Sets New Records.

Burman again relieved his teammate at 120 miles and maintained his record-breaking gait past 140 miles. At 150, without a pause, he grabbed another Robertson laurel, beating the time made by "Smiling George" in the Fiat "ninety" on the Southern two-mile track.

New records sprang up in the trail of Burman at 160, 170 and 180 miles.

A loss of forty seconds' time to change a tire gave Joe Dawson a chance and he slipped to the lead. The sturdy Marmon "thirty-two" seemed to take new life at the prospects of victory and created a new mark at 190 miles. At the conclusion of the double century run Dawson, the hero today of the entire Marmon institution, took a fling at Disbrow's old 200-mile record and wiped it off the slate.

Dawson's time in that memorable 1910 flight for the Cobe Cup was 2 hours, 43 minutes, 20.13 seconds, an average of 73.47 miles per hour. Disbrow's time made in the big Rainier at Atlanta was 2 hours, 53 minutes, 48.31 seconds.

The free-for-all over the twenty-mile journey, final event on the program, brought out a classy field of starters and it remained for Johnny Aitken, driving with a desperate disregard for fear in a vain attempt to overcome the bad luck that pursued him, to shove Hearne's Benz to a magnificent burst of speed. A bad tire delayed the daring Aitken at the three-quarter post and he was forced to be content with second place.

The records, like all other features of the three-day meeting, gives the Indianapolis Speedway an unexcelled pinnacle of fame. The pilots were there, the cars were there, the races were there and the records. It goes down in history as the most eventful and the most spec-

Event 1—Five Miles.

Three Herreshoff cars entered this five-mile race for cars with 1 to 160 cubic-inch piston displacement. They were at least in harmony with the spirit of the day as they were painted in bright red, white and blue colors. Roberts led by a long piece of track in the first lap, with McCormick second and Herreshoff last. The cars finished in the same order. Time for five miles was 5:22.8.

Event 3—Five Miles.

A larger class of cars lined up for the next race, for five miles for cars with 231 to 300 cubic-inch piston displacement. Heineman in Fal 44 got a good margin the best of the other six entries at the start. Moore in Great Western 14 had engine trouble at the tape and left the track at once. Heineman was leading at the end of the first lap with Pearce in Fal 45 second, and Stinson in Black Crow 17 third. The three leading cars finished the race in the same order, Heineman's time for the five miles being 4:44.31. Fox in Pope Hartford came fourth, Davis in Great Western 15 fifth, and Cook in Black Crow 16 came last.

Event 8—200 Miles.

By this time the officials decided the track was dry enough for the big race of the day, the Cobe race of 200 miles for cars with 600 or less cubic inches piston displacement. Inspectors were placed at various intervals around the track to watch, in case a car stopped for repairs or adjustments, that there be no fouling. The Marmon people were particularly anxious to make sure the track was safe, and Howard Marmon rode around the track to try it. He also sent another car on the same mission. They came back satisfied. Starter Fred Wagner then announced that the race would be run the full distance, but that any entrant could withdraw at any time without penalty. Fourteen cars started at five minutes after 3 o'clock. Two Great Western cars and a Fal did not start. At the end of the first lap, perhaps as exciting as any to follow except near the end, Kincade in his National 6 was leading. Wishart in Mercedes-Daimler 48, was second; Aitken in National 7, third; A. Chevrolet in Marquette-Buick, fourth; Cook in Black Crook 17 was in the rear. At the end of five miles A. Chevrolet in Marquette-Buick was leading with time of 4:20:22.

The end of the first ten miles found Chevrolet still in the lead with time of 8:18.72. Burman was second and Kincade third. Aitken, who in the second and third laps was second, had to stop at the repair pits and was last to cross the tape at the end of ten miles. Wishart was fourth; Grant, in Alco 27, fifth; Harroun sixth, L. Chevrolet seventh, Wilcox eighth, Dawson ninth, Clemens tenth, Pearce eleventh, Stinson twelfth, Cook thirteenth and Aitken last. Chevrolet was still leading at fifteen miles with time of 12:18.6.

Chevrolet led at the end of twenty miles, time of 14:10.7. Kincade was second, Burman third, Grant fourth and Harroun fifth. Wishart had dropped from fourth place at ten miles to eighth place at twenty miles. At the end of twenty-five miles Grant, in his Alco, was second. Chevrolet was still leading by half a mile. Chevrolet led at thirty miles, with time of 25:22.9. Burman was second, Harroun third, Grant, the only driver carrying tires, fourth; L. Chevrolet fifth, Dawson sixth, Wilcox seventh, Wishart eighth and Kincade ninth. He had dropped from second place at twenty miles to ninth at thirty miles.

Burman was leading at thirty-five miles, time 29:54.6. A. Chevrolet had to stop at thirty-two and one-half miles for tires. Harroun stopped at thirty-seven and one-half miles for tires. Burman led at the end of forty miles with time of 33:59.41. L. Chevrolet, second (he jumped from fifth place at thirty miles); Dawson, third; Wilcox, fourth (he had jumped from seventh place at thirty miles), and A. Chevrolet, who was leading at thirty miles, had fallen back to fifth place.

When the race was one-fourth over Burman was leading with time of 42:05.36. Dawson was second and A. Chevrolet third. L. Chevrolet had fallen back from second place at forty miles to sixth place at fifty miles. Wishart was fourth and Grant fifth. Harroun was sixth and Pearce seventh. All the cars were still in the race, but Clemens in Pope-Hartford had only made twenty-five miles. He had to stop several minutes because of trouble with car. Dawson was now driving a pretty race, being second after having been ninth at the end of the first ten miles. Burman still led the others his dust at

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At 125 miles L. Chevrolet
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Burman led at 130 miles,
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At 140 miles Burman still
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remained leading at 160
2:09:53.5.

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nearest competitor.

Although carrying more cars than any oth
replacement of Goodrich casings averaged onl
per car for entire 2,850 mile trip, as compa
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Think of it:

Twenty-three more casings and nine mo
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FIGURE IT IN ANY WAY:--
mile, the tire victory of the 191

THE B. F. G
AKRON, OHIO LARGEST IN THE WORLD

nearest competitor.

Although carrying more cars than any other tires, replacement of Goodrich casings averaged only 3 7-17 per car for entire 2,850 mile trip, as compared with 5 11-14 replacements per car of the nearest competitor. Think of it:

Twenty-three more casings and nine more tubes were required by the nearest competitor of Goodrich Tires, on three less cars at the start and seven less cars at the finish. That speaks volumes for the Goodrich Tough White Tread and Integral Construction.

cent more mileage for Goodrich with near
less tire trouble.

Goodrich at the Fini

Goodrich Tires not only equipped th
1, winner of the Glidden Trophy, and M
winner of the Chicago Trophy, but also
Chalmers No. 5, which stood next to the
Glidden score, and equipped 11 of the
checked in at each night control, as com
cars equipped by the nearest competitor.

**FIGURE IT IN ANY WAY:---Per tire, per case, per tube, per c
mile, the tire victory of the 1910 Glidden tour is GOODRICH!**

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY

AKRON, OHIO LARGEST IN THE WORLD **217 N. Illinois St., Ind**

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The end of the first ten miles found Chevrolet still in the lead with time of 8:18.72. Burman was second and Kincade third. Aitken, who in the second and third laps was second, had to stop at the repair pits and was last to cross the tape at the end of ten miles. Wishart was fourth; Grant, in Alco 27, fifth; Harroun sixth, L. Chevrolet seventh, Wilcox eighth, Dawson ninth, Clemens tenth, Pearce eleventh, Stinson twelfth, Cook thirteenth and Aitken last. Chevrolet was still leading at fifteen miles with time of 12:18.6.

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50:16 flat. A. Chevrolet was second and Dawson third. A. Chevrolet forged to the lead at the end of seventy miles with time of 58:13.21. Burman had fallen back to second and Dawson remained third.

At seventy-five miles the order of the three leaders was the same. A. Chevrolet's time was 62:14.21.

A. Chevrolet again took the lead at eighty miles with time of 1:06:14.6. Burman was second and Dawson third. The three leaders stayed in the same order at the end of ninety miles, A. Chevrolet's time being 1:14:14.4. When the race was half over, at 100 miles, A. Chevrolet, who had been leading since seventy miles, was still leading. His time was 1:22:10.9. Burman was second and Dawson third. Harroun was fourth, L. Chevrolet fifth and Grant sixth. Clemens had gone sixty-two and a half miles and Wishart was last, with sixty miles, when race was half done.

At 110 miles the three leaders had not changed positions. The time was 1:30 flat. At 115 miles Burman jumped to the lead. At 117½ miles Grant's car burst a rear tire in front of the main grand stand and pieces of the inner tube flew in every direction. In the next lap Dawson, in his Marmon, slowed at the repair pit and showed his car had also thrown a rear tire. Burman was leading at 120 miles, with time of 1:37:54.1. A. Chevrolet was second and Dawson third. Grant passed by amid cheers, having repaired his tire on the tracks away from the pits.

At 125 miles L. Chevrolet stopped with a broken steering knuckle.

Burman led at 130 miles, his time being 1:45:50.3 Dawson had crawled to second, with Harroun at third and A. Chevrolet fourth. At 135 miles several of the drivers frantically pointed at the far side of the track as they passed the grand stands. Newspaper men and soldiers made a rush for the three Overland press cars and were soon across the inclosure. Some one had simply stopped and was soon away. The team managers all sighed with relief at this word.

At 140 miles Burman still led. His time was 1:53:53.3. Dawson was close on his rubber-shod heels, second, and Harroun third. Burman, Dawson and Harroun remained the three pace setters at 150 miles. Time, 2:01:54.2. The same pilots remained leading at 160 miles. Time, 2:09:53.5.

At 167½ miles Burman made his first stop, letting Dawson crawl up on him. Burman stopped for tires. The time for 170 miles was 2:19:17.8, with Burman, Dawson and Harroun still leading.

At 170 miles there was only about nineteen seconds difference in the time of Burman and Dawson.

Dawson Gains the Lead.

At 175 miles the leaders were the same, with time of 2:23:02.67. Grant in his Alco was doing great driving, having crawled to fourth place. The time for 180 miles was 2:36:51.6. The leaders remained the same. At 185 Burman had to stop for tires, while Dawson rushed past, being cheered to the echo. At 187½ miles Dawson gained the lead.

When the race was ten miles from the finish, 190 miles, Dawson in his Marmon was leading. His time was 2:35:17.9. Burman was second and Harroun third. At 195 miles Dawson still led. His time was 2:39:17.7. Dawson won. The finish was the greatest ever seen here. His time was 2:43:20.13. Burman's time was 2:43:23.67.

crossed the tape and finished his 200 miles other drivers had gone as follows: Grant, 190 miles; L. Chevrolet, 177½ miles; Stinson, in Black Crow, 172½ miles; Cook, in Black Crow, 165 miles; Wishart, in Mercedes, 150 miles; Kincaid, in National, 135 miles; Wilcox, in National, 137½ miles, and Aitken, in National, 135 miles. Dawson's rate of speed for the 200 miles was 73½ miles an hour. The cars that finished and their order were: Dawson, in Marmon; Burman, in Buick; Harroun, in Marmon; Grant, in Alco, and L. Chevrolet, in Buick.

Event 5—Five Miles.

This race was staged at twenty minutes after 6 o'clock. Three cars entered this five-mile race for amateurs. Wishart in Mercedes won. His time was 4:21.34. Greiner in National, second, and Tousey in National, third.

Event 6—Twenty Miles.

This was a free-for-all race for twenty miles. Seven cars started. Wilcox in Simplex ran into Zengle in Chadwick a few feet from the tape. He could not see because of dense smoke. No one was hurt and the cars did not stop. At the end of five miles Hearne in Benz was leading. His time was 3:34.48. Burman in Buick Special was second, and Aitken in National, third. The real race was between these two. Aitken passed Burman soon after leaving tape. At the end of ten miles Hearne led with time of 6:58.55. Aitken was second and Burman third. The time for fifteen miles was 10:25.17. Hearne still led. Merz in Stoddard-Dayton quit the race at the seventh lap. Zengle lost a rear tire. Hearne won in time of 14:06.72 for the twenty miles. Aitken was second, with time of 14:18.37. The sireno signals sounded "taps."

POOR APPLE.

Newark (N. J.) Star.

Tom—Jim told her father that he (Jim) was the apple of his daughter's eye.

Dick—What did her father do?

Tom—Coaxed Jim into a poker game and skinned him.

SHOCK KILLS

Beast Falls, Grabs cuted

VICTORIA, Bri
—An eight-foot
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"COSTLIEST

Official History of Four

LONDON, July
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S.S.S. CURES ECZE TETTER, POIS

Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Poison Oak, Pimples, etc., healthy humor or acid impurity is diseasing and corrup so that instead of supplying nourishment and strength t tinually pouring out its acid and unhealthy accumulati lotions, and other external applications may relieve and other discomforts caused by skin diseases, but such effect on the blood, where the seat of irritation lies, a cure. A thorough cleansing of the blood is the one an diseases; every particle of the cause must be driven S. S. S. is the best and quickest remedy, because it is blood purifiers. It goes into the circulation and rem of humor, whether it be an infection of poisonous pl causes, and makes the blood stream pure, rich and it to soothe, soften and nourish the skin instead of irri it with fiery humors. Book on Skin Diseases and

ttsburg

GERS DIVIDE HONORS

OP AFTERNOON GAME 5-3

ROIT EASILY WINS FIRST CONTEST
NAPS KNOCK SUMMERS OUT OF
BOX IN THE SECOND
SESSION.

EVELAND, O., July 4.—Cleveland
ed the tables on Detroit this after-
and won 5 to 3. Summers was
ked out of the box, but Stroud, who
eded him, was a puzzle. In the
h McIntyre, batting for Summers,
led and drove in two runs. Score:

	AB	H	O	A	E
r,s.	4	1	1	3	0
y,rf	4	0	0	1	0
ll,1.	4	1	10	0	0
e,3	3	0	3	3	0
s,c.	3	2	5	0	0
m,cf	3	2	4	2	0
ey,3	3	1	3	0	0
r,lf	3	1	1	0	0
rg,p	2	0	0	5	0
ala.	29	8	27	14	0

Det.	AB	H	O	A	E
D.Jones,lf.	4	1	2	1	0
Bush,s.	4	1	3	3	0
Cobb,cf.	4	1	4	0	0
Crawfrd,rf	4	1	0	0	0
Delhnty,2.	4	1	2	5	0
Moriarty,3	3	1	4	0	1
T.Jones,1.	3	1	6	0	0
Schmidt,c.	4	1	6	3	0
Summrs,p.	1	0	0	1	0
Stroud,p.	1	0	0	0	0
*McIntyre	1	1	0	0	0
Totals.	33	9	24	13	1

tted for Summers in fourth.

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it..... 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0—3

s—Stovall, Lajoie, Bemis 2. Birming-
T. Jones, Moriarty, Crawford. Two-
hits—Birmingham 2, Bemis, McIntyre.
ice hit—Moriarty. Stolen bases—Bush.
Double plays—Birmingham to Bemis;
ingham to Turner to Bradley. Hits—
ummers, 6 in 3 innings; off Stroud, 2 in
ings. Bases on balls—Off Falkenberg,
r Summers, 1. Hit by pitcher—By
d, Falkenberg. Struck out—By Falken-
3; by Summers, 3; by Stroud, 2. Pass-
rors—Cleveland, 1. Left on bases—
land, 3; Detroit, 5. Time—1:44. Um-
Evans.

MORNING GAME.

novan held Cleveland to two hits to-
n the morning game between Cleve-
and Detroit, although Young pitched
ball. Detroit, however, won 3 to 1.
e fielding was sensational. Score:

	AB	H	O	A	E
e.	4	0	3	1	0
rs.	4	0	3	1	0
y,rf	3	0	1	0	0
ll,1.	4	0	9	1	0
e,2.	4	1	4	1	0
rly,c	4	1	4	2	1
n,cf.	3	0	1	1	0
ey,3.	3	0	2	2	0
r,lf.	2	0	2	0	1
lf...	0	0	0	0	0
g,p..	1	0	0	4	0
ell,p	0	0	0	0	0
ls...	1	0	0	0	0
....	1	0	0	0	0
....	0	0	0	0	0

Det.	AB	H	O	A	E
D.Jones,lf.	4	1	3	0	0
Bush,s.	2	2	1	1	0
Cobb,cf.	4	2	3	0	1
Crawfrd,rf	3	0	0	0	0
Delhnty,2.	3	0	2	2	1
Moriarty,3.	4	1	1	5	0
T.Jones,1.	4	0	8	0	0
Schmidt,c.	3	2	7	1	1
Donovan,p	3	0	2	1	0
ala.	30	2	27	12	2

Totals. 30 8 27 10 4

tted for Young in eighth. †Ran for
rly in ninth. ‡Batted for Bradley in

land..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
it..... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0—3

s—Graney, Bush, Cobb, Schmidt. Two-
hit—Cobb. Three-base hit—Schmidt.
ice flies—Crawford 2. Stolen bases—
e, Delahanty, Moriarty, Cobb, Bush 2.
—Off Young, 8 in 8 innings. Bases on
—Off Young, 2; off Mitchell, 2; off Dono-
5. Struck out—By Young, 1; by Dono-
4. First base on errors—Cleveland, 2.
on bases—Cleveland, 6; Detroit, 4.
—1:44. Umpire—Evans.

ATHLETICS DIVIDE HONORS.

Morning Game to Highlanders 7 to
3, Take Second 8 to 1.

HILADELPHIA, Pa., July 4.—Phil-
hia easily defeated New York in
afternoon's game 8 to 1. Score:

	AB	H	O	A	E
ks,3.	3	0	1	3	0
ell,cf	0	3	3	0	0
r,rf.	4	0	2	0	0
,1...	3	1	7	1	0
rf...	1	1	0	0	0
rte,lf	4	0	1	0	0
ner,2	4	2	2	3	0
ht,s.	4	3	1	0	0
ny,c.	1	0	5	0	1
ell,c	3	0	2	0	0
p...	1	1	0	1	0
ng,p.	1	0	0	2	0
ch.,q	1	1	0	0	0

Phil.	AB	H	O	A	E
Hartzel,lf.	3	0	2	0	0
Oldring,cf	5	2	0	0	0
Collins,2...	4	2	2	7	0
Baker,3...	4	3	3	3	1
Hauser,1..	4	0	13	0	0
Murphy,rf	3	2	0	0	0
Barry,s....	1	0	1	5	0
Lapp,c....	4	1	4	0	0
Coombs,p.	4	1	0	1	0
ala.	34	8	24	10	1

Totals. 32 11 27 16 1

itted for Ford in fifth.

York.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
adelphia .....0 0 4 0 1 0 1 2 *—8

ns—Cree, Hartzell, Oldring 2, Collins,
r 2, Hauser, Coombs. Two-base hits—
r, Cree. Three-base hits—Oldring 2.
—Off Ford, 4 in 4 innings; off Manning,
4 innings. Sacrifice hits—Murphy, Hart-
Sacrifice fly—Collins. Stolen bases—
r, Knight. Double play—Baker to Col-
to Hauser. Left on bases—New York, 7;
adelphia, 5. Bases on balls—Off Ford, 2;
lanning, 2. Base on error—Philadelphia,
Hit by pitcher—By Coombs, Daniels; by
Baker. Struck out—By Ford, 5; by
ning, 1; by Coombs, 2. Time—1:55.
dre—O'Loughlin.

MORNING GAME.

ew York defeated Philadelphia in the
ning game, 7 to 3. The game was a
ers' battle between Fisher and
ert until the eighth inning, when the
ors batted out a victory by scoring
runs, off the deliveries of Dygert
Kraus. In the ninth inning, Third
eman Baker of Philadelphia was
ed on the foot while touching out
se, who tried to steal third base.

REMY MAGNETO

Conclusively Proves Superiority Again in Great Speedway Races

AT INDIANAPOLIS JULY 1, 2 and 4

Wins 100-mile race for Remy Brassard.

Wins 50-mile race for G & J trophy.

Wins second in 200-mile Cobe Cup race.

During three days Remy-equipped cars capture 12 firsts, 9 seconds, 4 thirds and 27 new records.

In Cobe Cup race, Bob Burman, in Marquette-Buick, equipped with Remy magneto, finished second. Daring pilot climaxed three days of unequaled triumphs on Indianapolis Speedway by capturing next to first honors in Cobe Race. Beaten out by seven seconds, after disastrous tire trouble.

Time for 200 miles, 2:43:20.13, an average of 73.47 miles per hour.

Summary Remy Victories on Monday, July 4

Event No. 2—Distance 10 Miles (161-230 cubic inches)

1st—Buick (Remy equipped), L. Chevrolet.
2nd—Buick (Remy equipped), Burman.
—Time, 9:12.2.

Event No. 3—Distance 5 Miles (231-300 cubic inches)

3rd—Black Crow (Remy equipped), Cook.

Cobe Cup race—200 Miles—600 Cubic Inches and Under

2nd—Marquette-Buick (Remy equipped), Burman.

5th—Marquette-Buick (Remy equipped), L. Chevrolet.

(14 new records by Marquette-Buicks.)

Last Event—20 Miles, Free-for-All.

3rd—Buick Special (Remy equipped), Burman.

Wins 100-Mile Race for Remy Brassard and Grand Trophy

AT INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY JULY 2

Burman, in Marquette-Buick equipped with famous Remy High-Tension Magneto, conquered flower of American cars in great stock race.

Heroic Buick pilot hurled Remy-equipped car to victory in magnificent race for Remy-Brassard in record time of 80 minutes 35.6 seconds—an average of 74.44 miles per hour.

New records for 40, 50, 90 and 100 miles marked the flight of Burman's Remy-equipped Marquette-Buick.

Arthur Chevrolet in Remy-equipped car finished fourth in the Brassard event.

Remy-equipped cars on Saturday won 5 firsts, 2 seconds, 1 third, and established 6 new records.

Wins 50-Mile Race for G & J Trophy

AT INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY JULY 1

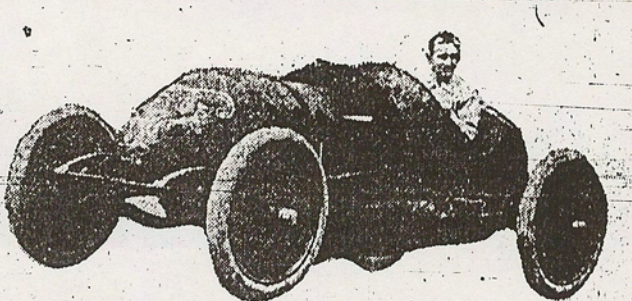
Burman, in Marquette-Buick, won the famous struggle from a strong field in 40 minutes, 3.1 seconds, breaking four records and averaging 74.89 miles per hour. A Remy-equipped car also won the G & J Trophy in 1909.

Louis Chevrolet, also in Remy-equipped car, won second honors in the tire trophy race on Friday, bringing the total of Remy victories to 6 firsts, 5 seconds, 1 third and 7 new records.

In the time trials, Burman, in the Big Buick Special (Remy-equipped), attained the record speed of 105.87 miles per hour.

These victories in the leading speed classics prove again what the world's most famous racing pilots and greatest motor car makers have long known—that the

Remy Magneto Is the "Best In The World."



Bob Burman, who with Chevrolet, has hurled Remy-Equipped Buicks to victory in leading speed events of past two years.

REMY ELECTRIC CO.

Anderson, Indiana

Detroit—471 Woodward Ave.
New York Chicago Boston
San Francisco Kansas City

THE MARMON

The Easiest Riding Car in the World



WON
The Cobe Race
The Great Western Classic

BROKE THE RECORD
10 Minutes, 28 seconds
200 Miles—Time 163 Mins., 20.1 Secs.
Average 73½ Miles Per Hour

Defeated Many Larger Cars

Beat the Vanderbilt Winner

But two Marmons started. Both finished in the pink of condition, Dawson first and Harroun a close third.

Both were stock cars, duplicates of the kind you buy.

This completes the most remarkable string of victories ever won by any car in big competitions, including the

Atlanta Speedway Trophy [200 miles], the Wheeler & Schebler Trophy [200 miles], the Wheatley Hills-Vanderbilt [190 miles], and many other famous races.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Indianapolis (Established, 1851) **Indiana**
Licensed Under Selden Patent.
LOCAL BRANCH, New York and Meridian Streets
Telephones: Bell 1884; New 3402

Knocks Jeffries Out in Fifteenth

"Jack" Hailed Hero in Indiana Avenue

"Jack" Johnson was the hero of In-

CITY NEWS BRIEFS.

Coroner Plans Trip—Coroner Blackwell, accompanied by Mrs. Blackwell, will depart Thursday for an extended trip through the Northwest and West. During his absence Drs. Carl Winters and Thomas Dugan, dep-

CATERPILLARS POISON WOMAN

She Is Made Ill From Handling Pests That Infest Home.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 4.—The annual summer ravages of the brown-tail

ghts on Big Battle at Reno

FIDENT T OPENS

s Nervous at Gets His

L'S DEFEAT

Yet Do Not ig Human hine.

Press.—
mediately after fight was over a wild throng. were hilarious, the spectators onal loss. Hope f breasts until their idol had nan stood peer- lp admire him, nimosity shown t part the peo- isting things in swallowed the tal loss.

shown at the Jack Johnson stringing down d stood up and excitement as thed deep and kfulness to the hills that sur- wl of blue sky, he world.

e Enters.

hour after the ht. Four min- d out of the the arena, and loose again. with trainers. Jeffries laughed the ropes and the platform for self that it was his old soft cap es and chewed bathrobe with

nson and asked

want," John- me to me." west corner and st. This placed es. Behind the es were being master, Corbett

imiration.

handshaking or ed each other at blue tights and belt. voluntary admi- ly stood in the in his purple hairy giant or

mpt on the part ighten the negro. trembling with white monster, es of, "Cold feet, ance in the ring men stood up at on his own re- that the negro

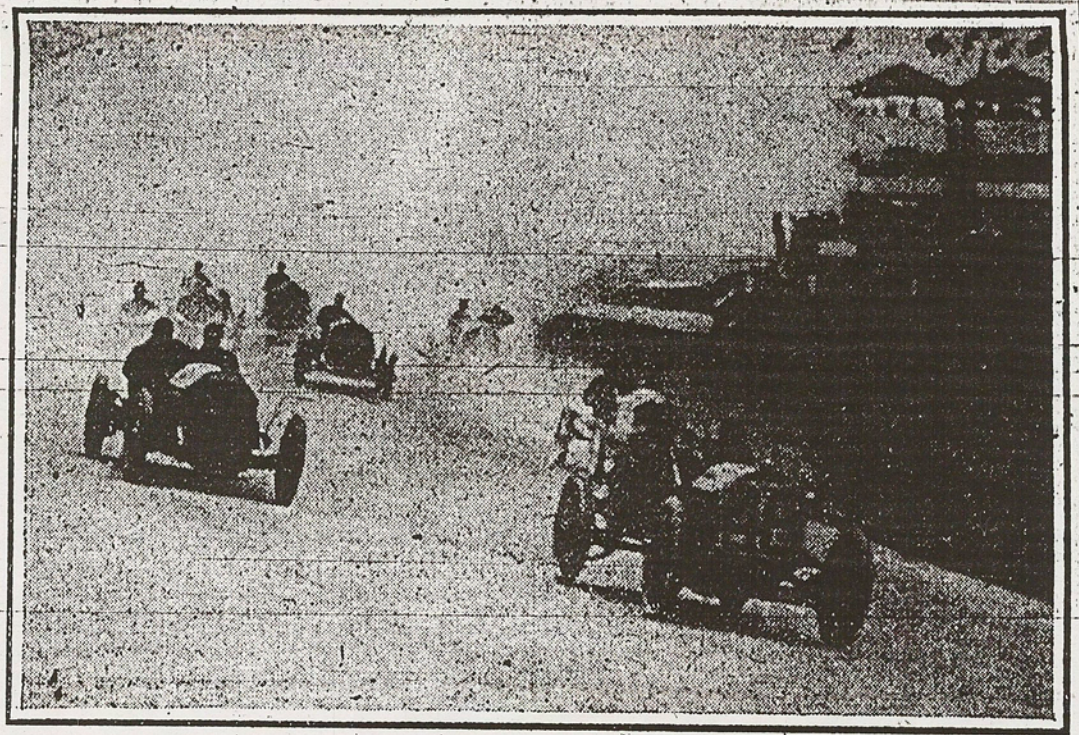
u black coward," ers. give them a majority of the

Begins.

n other. Jeffries away, and they n tried out a d Jeffries's face. orked cautiously e was little snap re still waltzing

pictures," yelled

Start of Cobe Race and Winner of 200-Mile Event.



always knew you were a faker," shouted Corbett as Johnson stung Jeffries in the face. Jeffries brought cheers at this point by a left to the head, but a clinch and the gong saved further damage.

The tide of battle from this time flowed into the Johnson corner, and Delaney was hopping in glee.

"Go in and finish him," was the advice which was whispered to Johnson.

"It's all over, Jim," said Johnson, as he came up. Jeffries laughed and chewed his gum. In this round Jeffries's eye was closed and he started in to take a severe lacing in order to land the stomach blow which he and his backers depended upon. Jeffries missed a right and took a left and a right to the head. His nose was bleeding when the gong struck.

Corbett walked to the end of the ring and looked at Johnson. The negro was smiling and breathing easy.

"It's got a long time to go," he said to the sporting men who had bet money on the seven-round end.

Jeff Fails to Show.

The fighting in the seventh was somewhat faster, but at no time did Jeffries live up to expectations. His eye was swollen and he rubbed it as he leaned on the glistening black shoulder in the clinches. He was beginning to look more like a wounded bull than a clever thinking man. As they pushed each other around Johnson sent in lefts to the face twice at close range. Jeffries drew a lead and put in a left to the face that covered Johnson's ivory teeth with blood, but Jack laughed and in a mixup sent in two lefts to the face and Jeffries's mouth was streaked with blood.

"It looks bad for Jeffries," said the sports as a slight indecision in Jeffries's walk was noticed.

"Remember how much he took from Fitzsimmons and then landed," said the hopeful ones.

Jeffries got a left in the face at the opening of the eighth. "Did you see that one, Jimmy," said Johnson to Corbett as he leaned over Jeffries's shoulder and grinned.

Johnson's blows became quicker and harder during this round, but Jeffries was not badly hurt, only tiring faster than the spectators realized. He leaned forward, his eye fixed on a vital spot on Johnson's body, trying again and again to reach it. Johnson tried to put his uppercut through, but Jeffries still possessed the quickness to snap his head out of danger.

"Stand up and fight, you coward," Corbett yelled as Johnson tucked away a bit in the ninth.

"Just wait," Jack said. He waited for a lead and then put a hard left to the body, but Jeffries stopped it with his glove. As the round ended he hit Johnson in the ribs in a way that was not relished. After this round George Little, Johnson's former manager, placed



JOE DAWSON AT WHEEL OF MARMON CAR.

July In
Tax
$65,000 Jackson County C
27,000 Marion County, La
10,000 Indianapolis City
4,000 Covington, Ind.,
4,000 Rush County, Ric
5,000 Blackford County
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2,500 Hazelton, Ind.,
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10,000 Indianapolis Wa
20,000 Union Traction o
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Both Phones

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Frank D. Stalnaker, Presid
Andrew Smith, Vice-Presid
John F. Kurfiss, Auditor
Safe Deposit Boxes $3 a Year and

"He's Got Money
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It is a good ambition, it is a
President, FRANK M. MILLIKAN
First Vice-President, A. A. BARNES
Second Vice-President, L. P. NEWBY
We ask for you
Columbia National B
SAFE DEPOSI

LOANS ON FA
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ON RAILROAD RO

By George K. Trask.

Announcement is made that a synd contemplates building an electric ra from Chicago to Pittsburg to paralle Pennsylvania.

The arbiter in the Yonkers trolley st Supreme Court Justice Keough, de to give the men 2 cents an hour mor although they ask more.

The New York Central, the West S and the Terminal Railroad comp asked the public service commission poration at a meeting in Buffalo Satu to permit the extension of their terr at Depew. The New York Central been working out the improvements are proposed.

The report of the Lake Shore Ele Railway Company for May and five mo ending May 31, 1910, shows the May earnings to have been $100,424, an crease this year of $10,898. For months the gross earnings were $42 an increase of $44,342. The net ear for five months were $176,741, an incr of $27,481.

George F. Baer, president of the P delphia & Reading Railway, had his flooded with more than 400 letters citizens of Pottstown, Pa., demanding

COBE TROPHY RACE

Joe Dawson, Young Indianapolis Pilot, Guides Marmon to Noteworthy Speedway Victory.

"WILD BOB" BURMAN LOSES

Buick Driver Sees Honors Torn From Grasp When Almost Within Reach.

Speedway Summary Events of Last Day

Event No. 1 (ten miles, 161-232 class)—Buick (L. Chevrolet), first; Buick (Burman), second; E-M-F (H. Endicott), third. Time, 5:12.2.

Event No. 2 (five miles, 160 and under class)—Herreshoff (Roberts), first; Herreshoff (Herreshoff), second; Herreshoff (McCormick), third. Time, 5:22.8.

Event No. 3 (five miles, 231-300 class)—Fal (Helneman), first; Fal (Pearce), second; Black Crow (Stinson), third. Time, 4:44.3.

Event No. 4 (200 miles for Cobe Trophy, 600 or under class)—Marmon (Dawson), first; Marquette-Buick (Burman), second; Marmon (Harroun), third; Marquette-Buick (Chevrolet), fourth. Time, 2:43:20.1.

Event No. 5 (five miles for amateur drivers)—Mercedes (Wishart), first; National (Greiner), second; National (Tomey), third. Time, 4:21.24.

Event No. 6 (twenty miles free-for-all)—Benz (Hearne), first; National (Aitken), second; Buick (Burman), third. Time, 14:08.72 (breaks world's record).

By Julian J. Behr.

Joe Dawson, 20-year-old Indianapolis boy, whizzing past the grand stand like a meteor, won the magnificent 200-mile Cobe trophy race in the record-breaking time of 2:48:20.1 before a wildly cheering throng of 20,000 persons at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway yesterday afternoon.

His tires ground down under the stress of the cruel contest. Dawson signaled the Marmon pit when only ten miles separated him from the end of the journey. Notwithstanding his urgent wish to

RECORDS MADE ON CLOSING DAY.

—431 600 Cubic-Inch Class.—

Twenty Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 14:10.7. (Lowering mark of 15:57.41 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.)

Sixty Miles—Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 50:16:00. (No previous mark.)

Seventy Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 58:14.21. (No previous mark.)

Eighty Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:06:14.6. (No previous record.)

Ninety Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:14:14.4. (No previous record.)

100 Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:22:10.9. (Lowering mark of 1:22:35.35 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.)

110 Miles—Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet). Time, 1:30 flat. (No previous record.)

120 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:37:54.1. (No previous record.)

125 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:45:50.3 (No previous record.)

130 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 1:53:53.3. (No previous record.)

135 Miles—Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:01:54.2. (Lowering previous time of 2:05:00.62 made by Robertson in Flat "sixty" at Atlanta.) Average, 73.83 miles per hour.

140 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:09:53.5. (No previous record.)

170 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:19:07.8. (No previous record.)

180 Miles — Marquette-Buick (Burman). Time, 2:26:51.6. (No previous record.)

190 Miles—Marmon (Dawson). Time, 2:35:17.5. (No previous record.)

200 Miles—Marmon (Dawson). Time, 2:43:20.13.—(Lowering previous mark of 2:52:48.31 made by Disbrow in Rainier at Atlanta.)

—Free-for-All.—

Twenty Miles—Benz (Eddie Hearne). Time, 14:08.72. (Lowering mark of 15:31.40 made by Robertson in Flat "ninety" at Atlanta.)

most of the water and that which resisted the efforts of the sun was dried up under the burning friction of the tires in the great contest. A breeze swept the grounds and afforded much relief.

Ira M. Cobe, president of the Chicago Automobile Club, donor of the magnificent trophy, was among the 500 Chicagoans who heard the crack of Starter Fred Wagner's revolver which sent the following cars on their way: National (Wilcox), Pope-Hartford (Clemens), Fal (Pearce), Marquette-Buick (L. Chevrolet), National (Kincade), Marmon (Harroun), Marquette-Buick (Burman), Aleo (Grant), Black Crow (Cook), National (Aitken), Mercedes (Wishart), Marmon (Dawson), Marquette-Buick (A. Chevrolet), Black Crow (Stinson).

Quickly jumping to the head of the procession Tommy Kincade, in a National, clipped around the track with the speed of the wind and led at the end of the first lap with the big Mercedes second, A. Chevrolet was third and Johnny Aitken fourth. By the end of the next trip around the track, A. Chevrolet had slipped to the lead with Aitken just behind him.

The latter gave promise of making a keen fight for the fruits of victory, but on the fourth lap he was forced to retire because of spark plug trouble and thereafter he frequently was compelled to quit. He was never a serious factor. Neither of his teammates, Wilcox nor Kincade, both of whom began so auspiciously, threatened the winners. Repairs jeopardized their chances for success.

Arthur Chevrolet headed the procession of spinning cars at the end of ten miles, his time being 8:18:72. At the end of twenty miles he maintained his supremacy by a good margin, breaking the old record for that distance by 47 seconds. His time was 14:10:7. At the beginning of the fourteenth lap Burman forged to the front after Chevrolet had stopped for a short time to change tires. At the beginning of the nineteenth lap Dawson sprang into second place, from which position he was not dislodged for several miles and then only for a short period.

Burman and Arthur Chevrolet seesawed for first place for many miles, Louis Chevrolet, last year's winner, being out of the running, due to frequent

PILOTS BRAVE PERIL OF SLIPPERY TRACK

Cobe Cup Race Tries Strength of Cars and Skill of Drivers at Speedway.

GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS

Team Managers Inspect Brick Course Before Machines Are Sent on Long Run.

By Paul P. Willis.

Patriotism went rampant at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway yesterday afternoon when the soldiers of commercialism and sport braved the perils of a slippery track and shook dice with death in the motor-car races. American citizens, who hale the Fourth of July because of the memory of brave forefathers, felt proud to witness the bravery of the sons as they risked all in peaceful commercial war. The cheering spectators showed this admiration time and again, as the thousands as one man, craned their necks at the first sound of a thundering car as it hove in

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out for fear he would forfeit the lead. So, continuing the race on menacing tires, the Marmon pilot kept to his whirlwind pace around the track and was rewarded by victory.

Thundering along a short distance behind the victor "Wild Bob" Burman, who had led the strife virtually all the way, rode past the tape at tremendous speed, gaining second honors. Ray Harroun, in a Marmon, was third, and Harry Grant, with his Vanderbilt cup winning Alco, finished fourth.

Dawson, a youth who has been driving since only last spring, will receive $1,200 as first prize. The Speedway management offered $500, while the Bosch Magneto Company hung up a first place reward of $300 provided the victorious car was equipped with that ignition, and the Michelin Tire Company, it was announced just before the mighty struggle began, volunteered to give $400 to him who rode home first if his car was equipped with its product. As Dawson's Marmon answered all the conditions, it netted the total of the three sums, as well as wrenched from Louis Chevrolet the $2,000 silver Cobe cup, which the Buick pilot captured in the race at Crownpoint, Ind., last June.

It was a heart-breaking vanquishment for "Wild Bob" Burman, who shortly before the field of fourteen dare-devil pilots was sent away in the desperate contest, acknowledged before the straining eyes of the vast crowd, the gift of the Remy Grand-Brassard and Trophy, which were presented with much eclat. Burman took the lead at the beginning of the fourteenth lap, after covering thirty-two and a half miles and for twelve revolutions about the two-and-a-half-mile vitrified track, he showed the heels of the Marquette-Buick to all competitors.

A. Chevrolet Leads.

He then resigned the leadership to his teammate, Arthur Chevrolet, regained it on the forty-first lap, held it for seven and a half miles, again ran second to the Franco-Swiss for two laps, then, forging to the front at the beginning of the 112th mile, remained there until almost the end of the long, strenuous race. It seemed that the spoils of victory must go to the matchless Flint master of the steel steed, and the interest of the spectators centered in the fight for second place between Ray Harroun and Joe Dawson, the Marmon drivers.

Suddenly the eyes of all were glued on the boy pilot of the Marmon flyer, who, on several occasions during the long grind, had menaced the advantage of his older and more experienced adversary, Dawson, gradually creeping up on Burman, [illegible] the Buick pilot [illegible] but the trouble caused [illegible] Burman led at the fifty and sixty-mile stages, but on the twenty-sixth lap A. Chevrolet bounded ahead.

After 115 miles had been covered Dawson was bothered by tire trouble for the first and only time during the struggle. When he took up the flight he was still third, in the rear of the two Marquette-Buicks. About this period of the race Grant's Alco threw a tire directly in front of the grand stand and the pieces flew in all directions. The Vanderbilt cup hero stopped in a few seconds and repaired his own tire on the track. The spectators sat spellbound.

Arthur Chevrolet, who, with Burman, Dawson and Harroun, seemed destined to share the honors, was forced to drop out temporarily once by engine trouble and again by a leaking radiator. Burman was held up forty seconds at the 160-mile stage for a shift of tires, but he continued his place in the vanguard. Not until the seventy-fourth lap did he forfeit the leadership to the gritty Dawson, who thereafter was not headed.

When the grimy-faced boy hurled his car across the tape a winner in what was perhaps the most thrilling and spectacular motor event ever seen he was almost mobbed. As he was borne aloft on the shoulders of friends and hero worshipers the stands rang with applause. The beardless youth had proved his superiority over a field of tried and tested veterans, and, having wrested the much-sought and valuable honors of the race from his opponents, he became famous in the twinkling of an eye.

Again, as on previous days of this meet, the cars held up well under the strain and the drivers showed unequaled skill and courage. The exact details of every race follow:

Event Two, Ten Miles.

Two changes were made in the program before the events were started. At first it was proposed to stage the 200 mile Cobe race first for fear the weather would grow more inclement. Then it was decided to start event two and thus dry the track with the shorter race.

This event was for ten miles, for cars of 161 to 230 cubic inches piston displacement.

Six cars shot forward on the slippery track as though there was no additional peril because of the wet surface. L. Chevrolet, in his Buick 35 was off best at the start. At the end of the first lap, Chevrolet had a big lead with Burman in Buick 36, coming close behind. Sutcliffe in Maytag 2, was third with Miller in Warren-Detroit fourth. At the end of five miles, or the second lap of the track, the order of the cars was the same with the two Buicks farther in the lead, except If. Endicott in E-M-F 26, had crawled to fourth place. The time for five miles was 4:46.43. The two Buicks led in the third lap, but the real race was between the next three cars. Endicott had climbed to third place, Miller held fourth place and Sutcliffe was in fifth place. Chevrolet won the race in time 5:12.23, Burman came second, Endicott third by a narrow margin ahead of Sutcliffe, Miller in Warren-Detroit dropped out and Schwitzer in Fuller 5, came last.

Event 1—Five Miles.

Three Herreshoff cars entered this five-mile race for cars with 1 to 160 cubic-inch piston displacement. They were at least in harmony with the spirit of the day as they were painted in bright red, white and blue colors. Roberts led by a long piece of track in the first lap, with McCormick second and Herreshoff last. The cars finished in the same order. Time for five miles was 5:22.8.

Event 3—Five Miles.

A larger class of cars lined up for the next race, for five miles for cars with 231 to 300 cubic-inch piston displacement. Heineman in Fal 44 got a good margin the best of the other six entries at the start. Moore in Great Western 14 had engine trouble at the tape and left the track at once. Heineman was leading at the end of the first lap with Pearce in Pal 45 second, and Stinson in Black Crow 17 third. The three leading cars finished the race in the same order, Heineman's time for the five miles being 4:44.31. Fox in Pope Hartford came fourth, Davis in

HE DETESTED WORK; FIRED.

Governor of Russian Province Falls Into Silly Trap.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 4.—His Excellency the Governor of one of the provincial districts, has been asked by Premier Stolypin to resign in consequence of a practical joke perpetrated by one of the Governor's subordinates. Beyond signing documents which he never read, this Governor fulfilled none of his duties. He frankly owned that he detested his work, which he left entirely to his subordinates, merely signing the documents and letters mechanically.

One of his young men conceived the idea of drafting a saucy letter to the premier and getting the Governor's signature. The Governor fell into the trap, and M. Stolypin was astonished to read that the Governor declared his official business was "silly work." Reading on, M. Stolypin learned that the Governor was not in the least interested in the de- [illegible] province, and never

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