

Chance for Death Means Little to Millionaire Auto Race Pilots Entered in Speed Events

What would you do with a million dollars?

It's an unimaginative person who hasn't queried this at some time, either in kid days or later in grown-up times. To solve the question for such speculative fellows three young men of red blood will show how to use the million "bucks" and sitting down at that.

It's nothing more or less than trying to commit a very spectacular suicide.

Memorial day, at the speedway, Starter Fred J. Wagner's gun will send forty odd thundering monsters covered with big white contesting numbers and gallons of grease and oil. Driving three of them will be three young millionaires. They are David Bruce-Brown, Caleb Bragg, and Ralph Beardsley.

"You can have a lot of fun with your money and there's not a chance of your spending it before you die," is the apparent idea of these three men.

The Memorial day race at the Hoosier speedway is the biggest motor event ever planned in the United States or any other country for that matter. The

battle of cylinders is to be for 500 miles, and it will be dark, in all probability, with the red flame exhausts blazing into the darkness before the white and black checkered flag is hung out announcing a victor.

Brown, Bragg and Beardsley don't care a rip about the \$25,000 prize. They haven't anything else to do. Two years ago in August they had a 300-mile race at the Indiana oval for steel horses. There was a big list of starters, but the thousands of horror-stricken spectators in the stand who came with "thumbs down" turned them up before the race was two-thirds over.

"Car off the track!" had sent shudders over them time after time and around the two-and-a-half-mile oval a half-dozen machines lay in the ditches.

In a three-day race meet, a 250-mile event on Thursday and a 300-mile (unfinished) on Saturday there was a death toll of seven dare-devils. Verily Millionaires Brown, Bragg and Beardsley haven't anything to do.

After the murderous race in the fall of

1909 they said there never would be an attempt to hold a race of over 200 miles on a speedway again. Bruce-Brown won the 300-mile event at Savannah last fall, but on a long roadway.

Now comes this 500-mile automobile marathon, 200 miles longer than any previous race. What the result is going to be is a matter of grave speculation throughout the whole automobile fraternity. If rubber tires began to melt at the 200-mile mark, what's going to occur when they are asked to travel 500 miles? There's little danger from broken steel in a long speedway race; the danger comes when the big pneumatics, heated nearly to the melting point, burst.

One bad tire puts a pilot to his greatest exertions to control his car. When two tires go it's the longest shot ever that he doesn't go in the ditch.

With fifty cars tearing at from eighty to ninety miles per hour around that two-mile brick pavement, the deflection of inches of one car is apt to have dire results. There were nineteen starters in the fatal race of two years ago; Tuesday there will be over twice as many. Right now the management and contest board of the A. A. A. are puzzling their heads to arrange the start. Imagine great machines endeavoring to leave a starting line together shrouded in clouds of blue vapor.

Caleb Bragg's mother gave him a ninety horsepower car when he graduated from Yale. He's been racing it ever since with horseshoes hung on the axles. Along with him rides an elongated youth, a son of Joe Jefferson, the actor man. Five hundred miles clinging to the vibrating wheel of the big car ought to paralyze the fifteen-year-old Bragg so that he'll never walk again. That's what the pessimists say, at least.

Bruce Brown is a big blonde giant, who, as far as physical ability goes, ought to get along all right.

Ralph Beardsley comes from New Brunswick, N. J., and is known as an aristocratic sportsman. He, like Brown, is an Adonis, who in a speedway helmet looks like a magazine cover hero.

They have three big motor ambulances ready for the meet and a half dozen pretty nurses.

Horse racing has been called the sport of kings. Maybe automobile racing is the sport of millionaires.

"It's no stunt for a laboring man; that is a cinch," said one of the professional drivers recently.

\$25,000 Prize as Lure for Divers Small Change to Ralph Beardsley



RALPH BEARDSLEY.

Ralph Beardsley, a wealthy young sportsman of New Brunswick, N. J., who has so much money that the \$25,000 prize

is dross to him—mere small change. Ralph likes the sport and the glory and the thrills.

COSTER BEATS CONLEY IN 20-ROUND BOUT

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 29.—Joe Coster of Brooklyn administered a severe beating to Frankie Conley of Kenosha,

and 9 to 5. The visitors were not able to hit Lessard in the first game. They were puzzled by Leibhardt for five innings in the second, but started in the sixth, making eleven hits, two passes and two errors, worth nine runs. Gehring, who went to Check's rescue in the second inning of this

COLLEGE PLAYERS SMALL IN STATURE

"In former years college stars were older, bigger, stronger and had greater playing ability than those of the present day,"