

English Cars Soon Downed.

As the dopesters had predicted the lightning fast English Sunbeam cars, one driven by Louis Chevrolet and the other by Josef Christiaens, could outdistance anything in sight up to a given stretch of miles, but twenty-six miles were enough for Chevrolet's car and Christiaens quit at 100 miles, or his car did, which amounted to the same thing.

The weather man started out for a world's record also and succeeded nobly in outdoing himself in the brand of sunny crispness he turned loose. And despite the great flock of cars on the track the race was run without injury to any one, although at one time grand stand and bleacher folk rose to their feet with one mighty unanimous gasp as Grover Ruckstall's yellow Mercer blew a shoe on the north turn and turned over.

Ruckstall was just in the middle of the turn at 4 o'clock, an hour when the leaders were zipping around their hundred and thirtieth mile, when the spectators far down the field saw him shoot his car from half way up the steep sided bowl toward the concrete guarding wall at the bottom of the track. Four times the Mercer chased its own tail, making four complete spins around in not much more than four times its own length.