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G. O. Erni, was instantly killed this afternoon when run down by an auto truck. She was riding beside the truck on a bicycle when her wheel went from under her and she fell under the machine.

as a trophy. From that time on victories came easy, for the daring driver gained confidence in his ability early, and being fearless, drove for all he was worth in

Pitman's Lucky Discovery of Wine Saved Day for Driver of Peugeot

Just as American history is emblazoned with the words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death," so now is Indianapolis Motor Speedway history emblazoned with words quite as enthusiastic—"Donnes moi une bouteille de vin, ou je suis fini."

Translated into idiomatic English these words mean, "Rustle me a pint of wine or I'll blow," and they were uttered most earnestly and emphatically by Jules Goux, the French speed demon, winner of yesterday's 500-mile race, when he came into the pits for the first time for a change of tires.

Jules is a native of sunny France, and since childhood has been accustomed to gargle his tongue in the sweet ambrosia of the Midi. As soon as his car stopped in front of the Peugeot pits Goux leaped to the ground and in moments, the sincerity of which words could scarcely be doubted, demanded a bottle of wine. None was in hand, so Goux went to the grand stand in search of the beverage.

Scarcely had the pitman returned on a bottle of wine than Jules Goux had slipped a bottle of wine on him. This wine was the famous red wine of the Midi, and Goux drank it with a gusto which was a surprise to all.

After he had done this Goux returned to his car and drove off with a smile on his face. The pitman who had given him the wine was the one who had been looking for a bottle of wine for Goux.

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Jules is a native of sunny France, and since childhood has been accustomed to gargle his tonsils in the sweet ambrosia of the Midi. As soon as his car stopped in front of the Peugeot pits, Goux leaped to the ground and in accents, the sincerity of which none could mistake, demanded a bottle of wine. None was on hand, so pitmen were sent to the grand stand in search of the necessary bottle of liquid encouragement.

Luckily, one of the pitmen happened on a party of men from Pittsburgh who had placed a number of bets on Goux. They came to the rescue and instead of one bottle, furnished the excited pitman with half a dozen containing the most select vintage of la belle France.

Back to the pits the pitman hurried. Jules saw him coming and, snatching a bottle from him as he reached the track, cracked the neck of the bottle against the retaining wall and permitted its contents to trickle down his throat, whetting his tonsils as it were.

Then back into the seat he leaped and from that time on the outcome of the great motor struggle was made in Goux's favor.

Pitman's Lucky Discovery of Wine Saved Day for Cousin of Perigord

The pitman, Jules, was a man of a certain amount of intelligence and a great deal of courage. He was a native of the district of Perigord, and he had spent some years of his life in the city of Paris, where he had acquired a taste for the pleasures of the table. He was now in the pits, and he was in a state of great excitement and anxiety.

He had just seen the signal for the start, and he was in a hurry to get to the track. He had seen the signal for the start, and he was in a hurry to get to the track. He had seen the signal for the start, and he was in a hurry to get to the track.

As he ran, he saw a bottle of wine lying on the ground. He picked it up, and he saw that it was a bottle of wine. He had seen the signal for the start, and he was in a hurry to get to the track. He had seen the signal for the start, and he was in a hurry to get to the track.

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Back to the pits the pitman hurried. Jules saw him coming and, snatching a bottle from him as he reached the track, cracked the neck of the bottle on the retaining wall, and permitted its contents to trickle down his throat, wetting his tonsils as it went.

Then back into his seat he leaped and from that time on the outcome of the great motor struggle was little in doubt.