

# King of the May" by Artist Who Gives Impressions

D. gasoline was big wave in us is now an- day used to onth, but the here is a new- is here. And asolinian holi- Speedway as me turn their o by wireless. old king gas. o cusses with g car passes, ul a burning eel of a one- wants. Every its trail just o make me you, and you,

thousand cars in a row, in the parking space. And just to prove that we bear the odor in our clothes, we want to drive to town ourselves in our little \$250 touring car, up real hills and through real sand, over one road or another—for maybe sixty or seventy miles.

We started out in this story talking about ourselves as pedestrians, and here we are in the fourteenth paragraph with a \$250 touring car.

The charm is that some little darn-ful thing might happen and topple all reasonable speculations. We know enough about a car ourselves to know that the joy of motoring is that you are not dead sure that you will not have to walk back. Indeed, you always do get back, but, there under the hood, when you start out, are a lot of works, made by some man not very different from you, and you can't figure out why they should bring you home when you go out.

Look at Gil Anderson, for instance; loser in a minute of at least \$10,000 because he got a little nick in his magneto. He couldn't whistle another magneto out of a rail fence or something, and he lost. The little tricks of old King Gas are as

we ought to and that the sidewalks for it's tell each and now, that t a pilot feel- g for a wheel ant is the lit- the steering and gasoline You retard ow.) s and 500,000 see twenty or and" a brick th windshield ay, you have ne has a fol- not swear to s and motor made by one ss the corner the night be- rtician might achus when was trying to -but he was

ot help won- why you and rying against foot.

It does not es live in the s with ozone, the cheek is tint stays on ealthy tan on er returns to ts his grump. rekets of an e fears of a

ouse gaso- sider's mixture

500-mile race drivers built l tried to beat less boulevard ay in which

The twenty- and it worst of e throne, the adants. Carl King's Chief l ninety-nine e grounds to

And we want to see the car that has been driven through from Haverhill, Mass., or Crossroads, Oregon. We want to see a much responsible for his immense clientele as anything else.

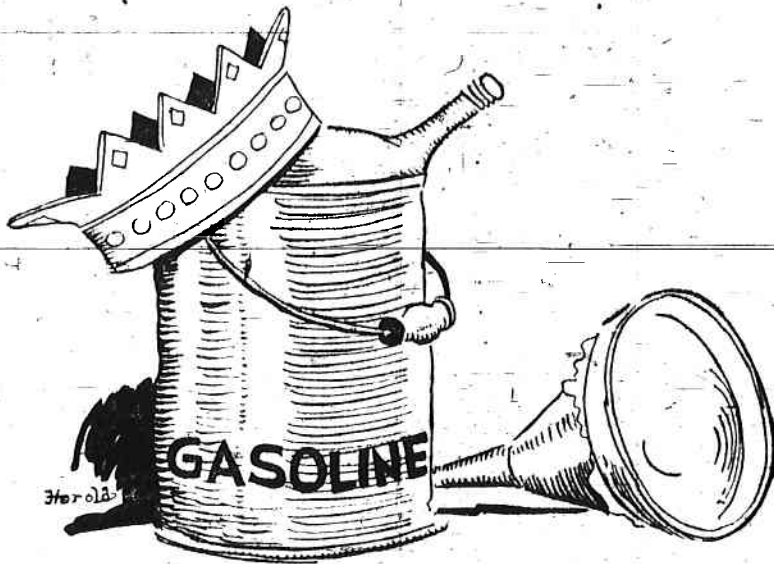
It was the Frenchman's good day. On Saturday his car might have sputtered out on the second lap. On Friday it was beautifully and consistently agreeable, like a woman on the morning on which she has started out to be pleasant.

Bob Burman was the matinee idol of 90,000 persons for more than 100 miles, and then King Gas acted up, and Burman limped through the rest of the afternoon.

Like Nero and his Rome, the King set fire to the car of Charley Merz on the last lap and almost cheated him out of \$5,000. It looked for a while like the Stutz stars were marked—in spite of the fine driving of the team and in spite of the fact that the tire-change crew could not have worked more neatly if they had lassoed the bad wheels with new treads as they passed.

It was not a 500-mile race; it was the human race swayed and bound. It was not twenty-seven cars; it was every vehicle in the world with a tank about it. That's what I read at the race. I saw the

# The May Day King.



# Talking Machine Companies Issue Lists of New Records for June

The June lists of new talking machine records include musical and vaudeville selections which will please the taste of all. All lists include new grand opera records as well as numerous records of the more popular hits.

The June Victor records are just out, and among them are numbers by such artists as Caruso, Tetrzzini, and Schumann-Heink. Caruso sings a new Rigoleto solo which is usually omitted in American performances, and this is to be regretted for "Each Tear That Falls" is a melodious number, and beautifully sung by the great tenor. An "Ave Maria" sung by Caruso, with violin obligato by Mischa Elman, is a novelty. Tetrzzini sings the air, "My Heart Is His Alone," from "Tro-

half a-dozen "End-of-the-Month Hits," a double-disc of turkey-trotting played in dance tempo, a couple of musical hits sung by Dolly Conholly—"I Miss My Mississippi Man" and "My Raggyadore"—liven up the list. The latest ragtime is provided by Collins and Harlan and the Peerless Quartet. The former two-man team sings "Roll on, Missouri," and the latter "Way Back Home."

Billy Golden and Joe Hughes are represented by "Whistling Pete" and the original negro shout, "Turkey in De Straw."

Two new ballads are coupled together. "A Little Bunch of Shamrocks," Harry VonTilzer's new Irish-American success, and the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," the latter a song which has made a sensational success in extraordinary quick time.