

# Gasoline Held "King of the May" by Cartoonist Who Gives Impressions

BY DON HEROLD.

Friday was May day and gasoline was king of the May.

Bacchus used to be the big wave in the liquid world, but Bacchus is now an antedated potentate. May day used to come on the first of the month, but the date has been changed. There is a new stuff in the world. Gasoline is here. And the big day in May is the gasolinian holiday, with the Indianapolis Speedway as the revel ground.

The people who don't come turn their eyes hitherward and worship by wireless. The whole world falls for old king gas. Even the fretful farmer, who cusses with both hands when a touring car passes, nurses in his undermost soul a burning desire to sit behind the wheel of a one-lunger.

He wants and everybody wants. Every car that passes leaves in its trail just enough of the "driving gas" to make me crave some kind of car, and you, and you, and YOU.

It is wrong to covet, and we ought to be glad that we have shoes and that the city has provided cement sidewalks for our exclusive use, but let's tell each other confidentially, here and now, that there are times when we get a pilot feeling in our forearms and long for a wheel and quadrant. (The quadrant is the little notched business on the steering wheel on which the spark and gasoline throttles work up and down. You retard the spark on a hill. We know.)

When 1,000,000 motorcycles and 500,000 motor cars come to town to see twenty or thirty automobiles run around a brick circle as fast as they can, with windshield down and muffler thrown away, you have to concede that King Gasoline has a following.

Bradstreet or Dun might not swear to the count of the motorcycles and motor

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-full 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 whittle another magneto out of a rail fence or something, and he lost.

The little tricks of old King Gas are as



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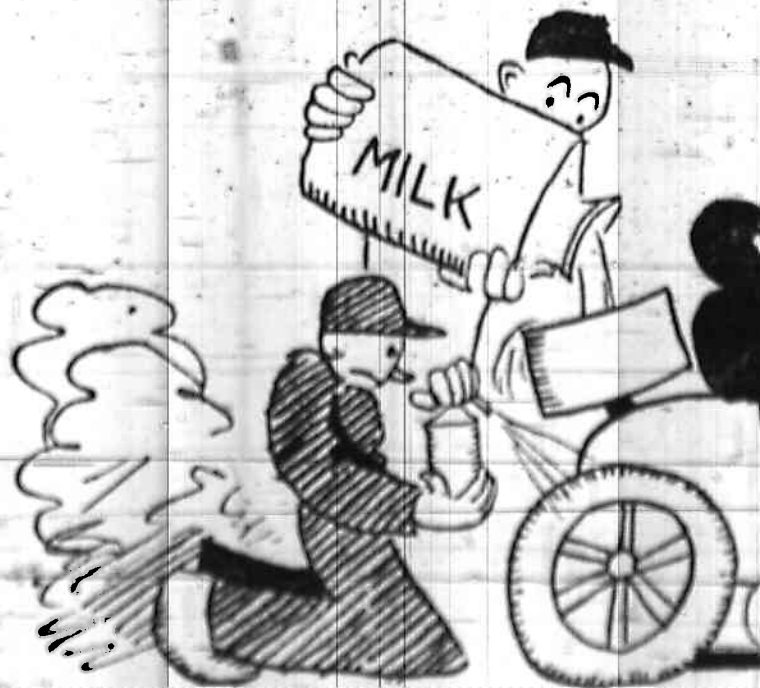
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Bradstreet or Dun might not swear to the count of the motorcycles and motor cars; the estimate is rough, made by one who watched the parade pass the corner of Illinois and Washington the night before the race. The statistician might have been influenced by Bacchus when he figured—because Bacchus was trying to have his own little carnival—but he was not far wrong.

At any rate, you could not help wondering, the last week end, why you and the other pedestrian were trying against all odds to live out a life afoot.

Gasoline is a good juice. It does not hurt the nerves. Its devotees live in the open air and mix their drinks with ozone. The flush that it puts on the cheek is more than skin deep. The tint stays on the maiden's face and the healthy tan on the face of the man. Mother returns to girlhood, and grandpa forgets his grump. There are at least no past regrets of an illspent evening, nor future fears of a headache in the morning.

The joy ride is a gasoline course—gasoline misdirected. The joy rider's mixture is always off.

The big thing about the 500-mile race is not that twenty-seven drivers built cars without mudguards and tried to beat each others around an endless boulevard—the big thing was the way in which gasoline dominated the day. The twenty-seven drivers, of course, had it worst of all; they were nearest the throne, the cup-bearers and body-attendants. Carl Fisher was perhaps the King's Chief Chum, and you and I and ninety-nine thousand others were on the grounds to do reverence. Millions were waiting for the first extra.

The charm is that a gasoline vehicle can do it. Mere water-like stuff, poured out of a milk can or anything.

Eighty miles an hour for five hundred long, hard miles. We want to see it done.



16 SECONDS  
AT THE PIT.

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 thousands of people mad and happy, possessing or longing, squandering, worshipping at the feet of King Gasoline.

Gasoline is King and Indianapolis is the Capitol.

**Weidely Has Idea  
for Timing Race**

**Dawson Narrowly**