

motor nomads; southern California reported \$3.50; northern California placed the figure at \$7.50; and the American Automobile Association, through the Washington, D. C., and New York offices, found that the average motor

camper spent \$3 a day. The average of the above figures, multiplied by the number of days one may plan to motor camp, will serve as a rather reliable index of the cost of invading the outdoors with your autotent or camping trailer.

Basing the estimate on what appear to be very conservative figures—that is, 5,000,000 motor campers on the trail but fifteen days each—the asset of straight motor camping towers up to the \$400,000,000 mark annually.

The State Fair

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

This is another of Mr. Hagedorn's "American Vistas"

CARS—as far as the eye can see—cars; rows on rows; cars coming and going; cars nosing into narrow crannies in the parking space; cars timorously backing out with grinding brakes.

"There's prosperity for you!" exclaims my friend and guide, exultantly. "There's millions represented in those cars."

I fail to feel thrilled.

We slip into a sliver of space as its occupant slips out, and proceed to the Midway on foot. The space between the competing side-shows and "hot-dog" stands is crowded with a moving mass of unlovely humanity; two currents—one flowing west, one flowing east, sluggishly, amid the strident calling of barkers and the raw impertinences of the orangeade venders. Girls, over-painted, giggling; pasty-faced clerks uproariously "kidding" their partners and each other; heavy-faced women dragging children; best citizens overdressed; incarnate cheapness, silliness, flashiness; the procession moves on past the Fat Man and the Bearded Lady, past all the ancient wheezes and monstrosities devised a thousand years ago to amaze big-eyed peasants at country fairs. These creatures are not peasants. They own automobiles; they have heard of airships; they cook, they sew, they light their rooms by electricity. They are not amazed by the worn-out trash; they are not amused; neither are they revolted or consciously bored. They pass down the Midway with the stream, "take in" a side-show or two, consume a "hot dog," drink a lemonade, eat some atrocious ice-cream, pass through the agricultural exhibit, the art exhibit, the mineral exhibit, not because they are interested, not because they are amused, but because there is a stream, and they are on it, and all life is floating on a stream, and it is inconceivable that it should be anything else. They will go home at forty miles an hour, and after supper listen to music played a thousand miles away and read the papers bringing the news from the

remotest islands of the sea; yet these things will not seem to them wonderful, but of the Midway they will say that it gave them a swell time.

The stream flows on, growing more full and turgid as it approaches the entrances to the grand stand. People are coming and going, passing against each other in the narrow passageways, talking of their bets, sending strident greetings across twenty feet of jostling men and women, good-natured, well-fed, unthinking.

"Hello, Tim!" cries my guide, as a portly individual obstructs farther progress. "Shake hands with the sheriff," he says, turning to me.

I do as I am told. The sheriff has a genial face, not without power of a sort; he would be relentless with all lawbreakers if he had it in him to inconvenience a friend.

The betting floor, under the grand stand, is crowded; it abuts on the paddock, and there is a pungent suggestion of horse stables in the air which is not unpleasant. Behind a counter a dozen men busily record the bets on the machines. Vixen appears to be the favorite, hard pressed by Red Seal and High-foot IV. Now Red Seal passes Vixen; now Emergency runs up unexpectedly and takes the lead. I find myself wondering why any one should bother about the actual race.

There are no ladies in this crowd; the sexes, it appears, may vote together, but they gamble separately. The women's "betting parlor" is smaller than the men's, but quite as crowded. It is farther from the wide opening that leads to the paddock, and is dimly lighted; it does not somehow lend weight to the doctrine of Goethe concerning the uplifting influence of the eternal feminine.

A bell rings; the race is about to begin. My guardian and friend leads me to his box. There are ten horses at the wire; another bell, they are off. It is the first horse-race I have ever seen. So this is thrilling? How interesting that this should be thrilling. I languidly watch

Number Five, who carries two of my dollars on his saddle. He falls back at the first bend and does not recover. Number Nine forges ahead; there is a neck-and-neck spurt to the tape, and Number Two wins.

I am not thrilled; I face the fact squarely, I am not thrilled at all. I feel mildly guilty; a normal creature should have normal reactions; not to have those reactions implies a perverse, unsocial individualism. Out of the past I see my indignant maiden aunt emerging, chiding me hotly for admitting that at a certain ball I had not "had a good time." "How dare you say that you did not have a good time? Young men should always have a good time at a ball!"

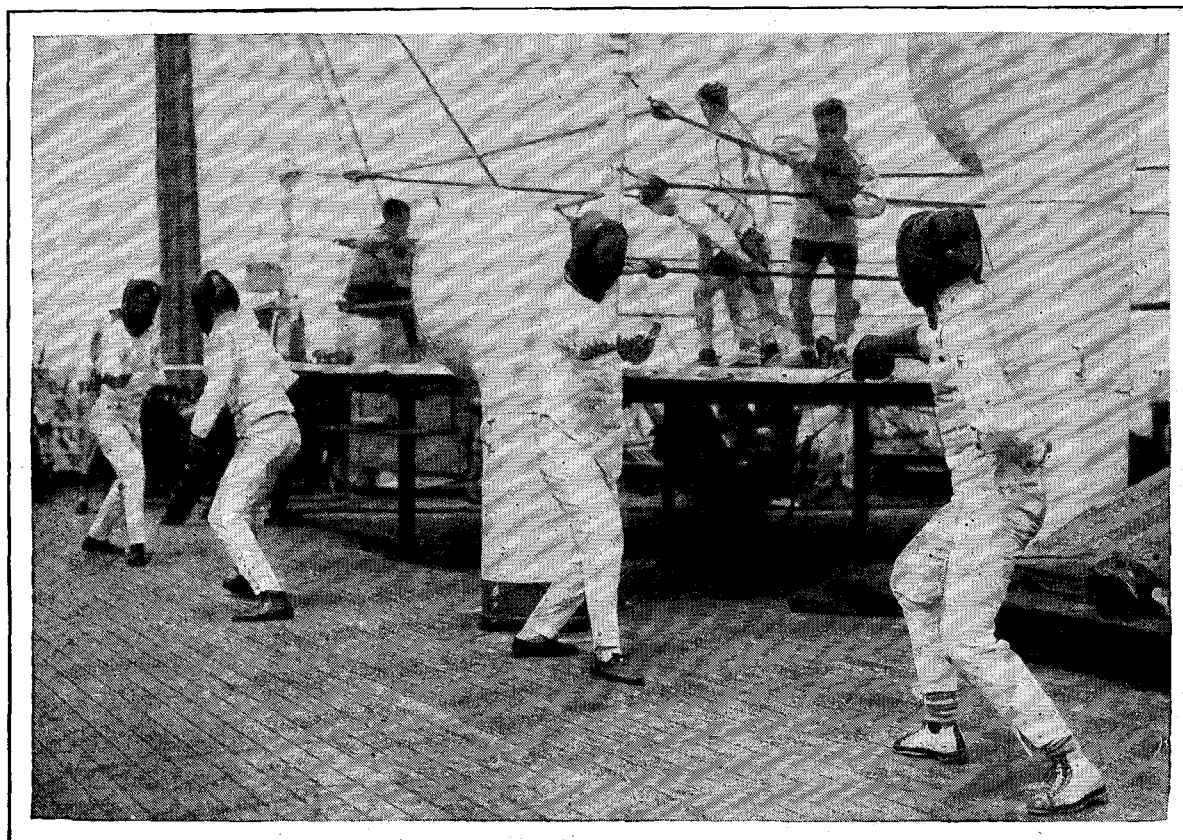
No, I am not thrilled by the horse-race. I am a highbrow, or I am hopelessly *blasé*; but I find myself thinking of the gamble and adventure of daily living; of each morning's enthralling record of yesterday's horror and grief and magnificent struggles against odds, the outreaching of the mind, the upreaching of the spirit, the delving, the fighting against darkness, the intellectual fencing matches with masks removed and rapiers pointed to draw blood; the searching under the sea and over the clouds; the unostentatious uncovering of secrets jealously held since time began by stars ten million miles away.

Perhaps horse-races were exciting in the stage-coach, candle, whale-oil age. No doubt, no doubt.

There is a low whirring in the distance, and in half a minute a loud whirring close overhead. An airplane circles about the field, flies south, wheels, returns, makes a nose dive, recovers, flies south again, and again returns.

All heads turn upward a minute, two minutes; but the gong recalls the watchers to the real excitement, and the aviator goes through his "circus" unregarded. In the Midway the stream flows on, and the children of the Prodigious Century float with it, caught by the strange hypnotism of banalities hallowed by time.

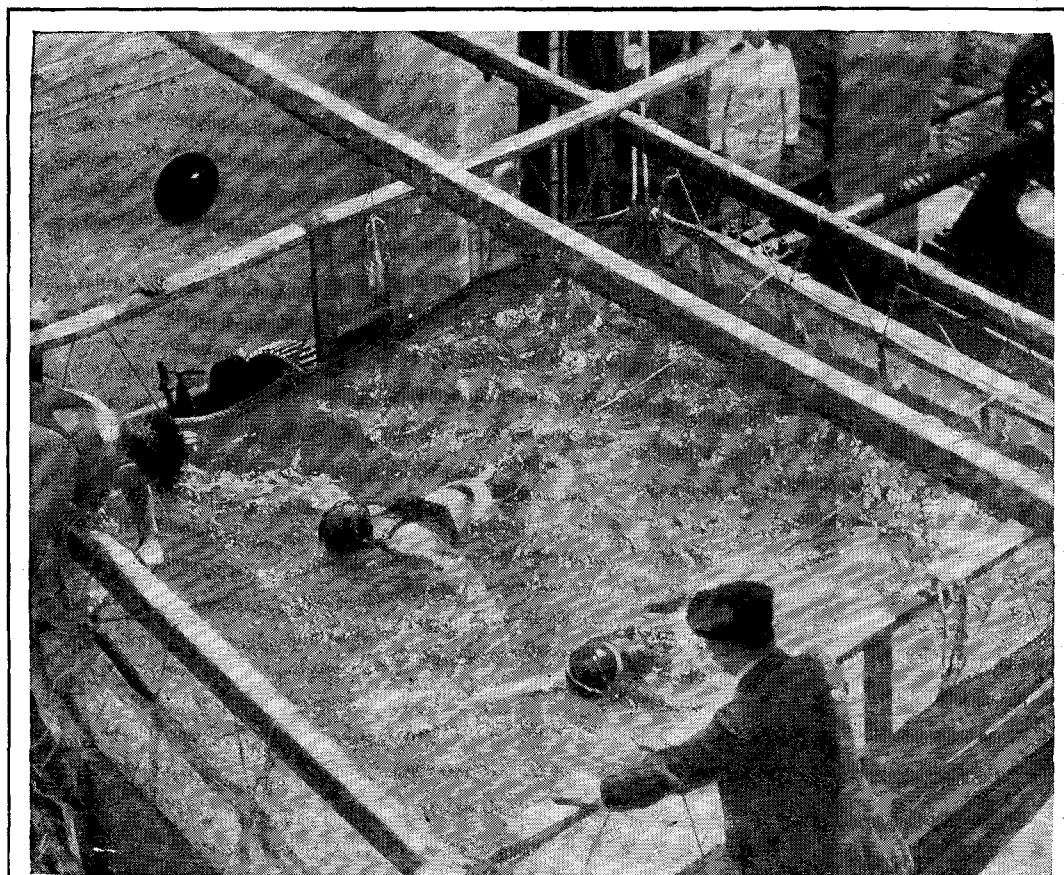
Pelagic Athletes



International

Some of the American entrants in the fencing events of the Olympic Games keeping in practice on the steamship America in fine weather when the ship was "as steady as a church"

American girl swimmers who will compete in the Olympic Games practicing their strokes in the tank on the America's deck in mid-ocean



International