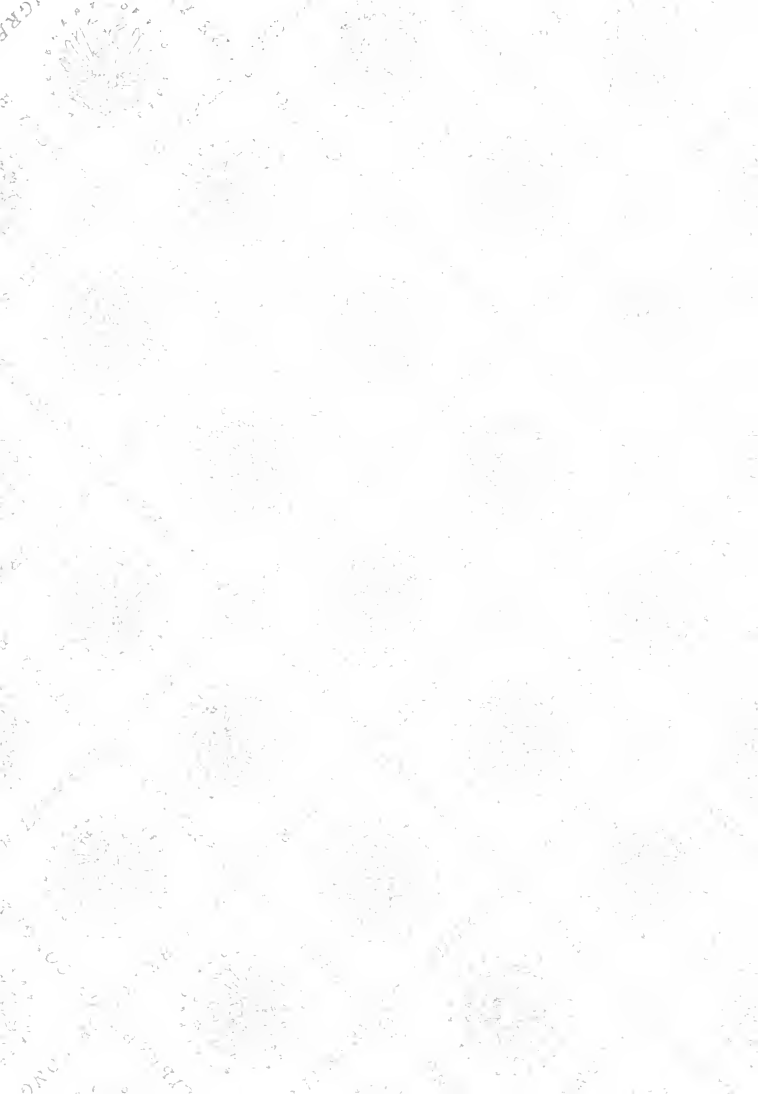


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THE LOG OR DIARY
OF OUR
Automobile Voyage
THROUGH MAINE
AND THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS



WRITTEN BY
ONE OF THE SURVIVORS



HELEN M. ANGLE

Cunningham, Helen 726

THE LOG OR DIARY
OF OUR
Automobile Voyage
THROUGH MAINE
AND THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS



WRITTEN BY
ONE OF THE SURVIVORS



R. H. CUNNINGHAM
Stamford, Conn.

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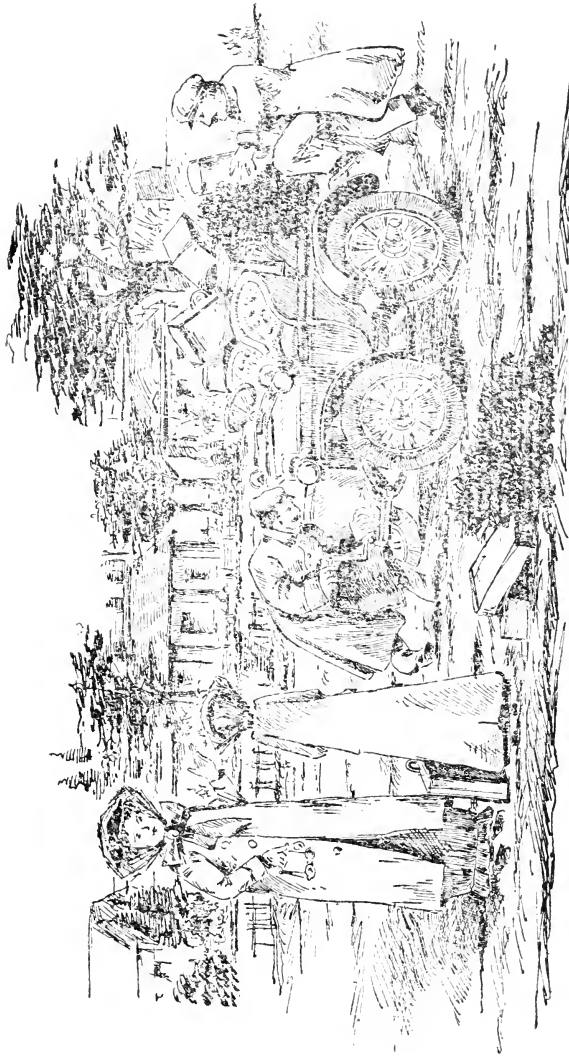
To Daddy, who more by good luck than good care
spared my life to write this Diary, the
same is thankfully dedicated.—*Neloh.*

Introductory Explanation, and Introduction to the Crew, Why They Went on so Perilous a Trip, etc.

Well, to begin with, we know a whole lot more about a boat than we do, or rather did, about an automobile. However, all our friends got machines and Daddy, who never likes to be out of things, decided to be in the swim. Well, the natural thing to do next seemed to be to take a voyage in the thing. (I believe it is more fashionable to call them "tours" in automobile language, but as I said before we are much better sailors than land lubbers, so please overlook our failings in making ourselves understood.)

There was of course Daddy at the wheel, our old time pilot sat forward with him, and mother and I occupied what place there was left in the rear, after the cargo had been stored away. We took rugs and coats and suit cases and heaven only knows what, we looked as though we were rivals of Peary, about to hunt up another North Pole. When the plan was first suggested, Dad got a chart, or rather a Blue Book, to guide us and help lay out the course we were to follow. We did not always make out to follow it, but we felt more independent, for it is inconvenient to pick up a pilot in each

new port one enters and takes so much time. We decided to start quite early in the morning, and each agreed to be up and ready; that is, Dad, Mother, the Pilot and myself, but we all forgot to consult "Billie." Oh, I believe I forgot to introduce this, the most important factor of the whole cruise. When we got the automobile, that seemed such a mouthful to say, that we called him just "Billie," but upon becoming better acquainted with his disposition, we called him "Bucking Billie"; later the reason may become more apparent. In fact, he showed some of his natural crankiness before we got away at all. Mother took some paper with her which she called "cuss paper"; this was to be used to chalk down the bad things which Dad was almost sure to say; when things do not go right at home, he has a way of punctuating his language which is more forceful than elegant. However, he promised not to offend while we were away, and if he did do so, each offence would mean a fine, and mother felt sure she would have quite a bit of collecting to do. I think this will serve to let you get an idea of your traveling companions on this trip, so we will proceed to get under way.



THE GET AWAY.

OUR AUTOMOBILE VOYAGE



Tuesday Morning, September 8,
4.10 A. M.

I am not going to tell you where we started from for there are a couple of fellows up the state wearing the badge of authority whose idea of speed did not coincide with ours, and although we did not wait to argue the question, I think it well to keep our whereabouts when at home a profound secret. It is sufficient to say that we live some east of old New York in a town among the Connecticut Hills.

Well, Mother and I arrived upon the scene of action shrouded in veils and goggles and found Dad and the pilot-chauffeur taking turns at cranking "Billie" up. He seemed absolutely without feeling, and I was for going back to finish my morning nap, when with a deafening whirr he started into action. Dad explained that the morning was so cold that it interfered with the carburetor or whatever it is called, but now everything was all right. We fastened a couple of life-preservers on the side, piled away the luggage and got aboard ourselves, but just as we were about to start, Mother hol-

lered that we had forgotten the fire-extinguisher, and when Dad started to say words she said we must have it sure, for things were getting hot already. I climbed out and got the fire bug, and by the time we really got away it was 5 a. m. Dad was wild at the delay, but what he said was under his breath, so there was no chance for Mother to use the "cuss paper," for she did not understand what he said.

Our first stop was to be New Haven. Alas for the plans of mice and men, our troubles were many before we reached that port. In the first place, Dad was so sure of his way that he absolutely refused to listen to any directions, although Mother held tightly to the chart and made ineffectual attempts to keep him on the course. We went through Bridgeport at 5.50 and daylight was beginning to streak the sky. After that we went on and on, but nothing familiar greeted our eye. At last Mother said it seemed we were a long time getting to New Haven, and Dad turned to say things at her, when bing! went our star-board spring. Mother got her "cuss paper" ready, but he saw what she was up to and she had nothing to write upon that occasion. Well there we were, out of sight of all human habitation and "Billie" showing no disposition to help us out. Just here I found out what a

chauffeur's duties really are. He pulled off his coat, pulled on a pair of overalls and got down upon his knees to "Billie." He worked on his feelings some, blocked up the disabled spring, and we made a fresh attempt to see whether New Haven had been removed from the map. We passed a fellow limping along with no hat or coat and his handkerchief tied over one eye, who seemed to be looking for a hospital. He told us that while returning home the night before he was waylaid by some fellows who left him just clothes enough to get home in without looking for a barrel. They took his watch and money and departed without saying good-bye. He looked rather longingly at us with the eye he had left, as though he would have preferred riding to walking, but Dad said he was not much worse off than we were anyway, and refused to take him in.

Well, it was 8.45 when we landed in New Haven, and of course our first stop was to inquire where we could get a new spring for "Billie." We were directed to the National Spring Factory, where, as we were informed, the best work in the city would be done for us. When we got there a long, lanky fellow with a pipe in his mouth almost as long as he was came shuffling out and squinted at us for about ten minutes, then he relieved his mouth of a pint of tobacco juice, and pro-

ceeded to tell us what ought to be done and the way to do it, but said nothing could be done then as the day before had been Labor Day, and the men had forgotten to come back. Perhaps some of them thought it was still Monday; anyway, after a great deal of persuasion, he decided to try and help us out. Dad run the machine around into their yard and told us to disembark and not show up for two hours; that was the time the man said it would take to fix things up. We had a lot of trouble getting our feet untangled but at last we landed on dry ground and started for the city to look around the place. We got a lot of post cards and got interested sending them away and forgot all about the time, and it was most twelve o'clock when we started back. We went some I tell you when we found how late it was, for we had visions of what would happen to us for keeping Dad waiting. When we got in sight of the place we couldn't see them at all, the only visible thing was "Billie," he seemed like a stranded derelict among oceans of old iron and junk. Mother looked kind of scared at me and said she bet they had gone to hunt us up. Just then I saw something move under the machine, and looking closer I saw it was a foot, and that the foot belonged to Dad. Gaining courage, I went nearer. Just then he got up, straightened his

back, and catching sight of me, he said, "What, you people back as soon as this? Why the blooming spring is not half done yet." I looked at mother and she was having a fit laughing. When I thought of the useless amount of energy I had expended hurrying to get back, I didn't feel a bit funny. Dad went into the factory and I climbed into the car. Mother hollered but it was too late. Down went the jack and down went the car, and confusion reigned supreme. The men came out of the factory, and although they did not say it, I know they thought that it was just like something a fool woman would do anyway. I don't believe they had it jacked up very well or it would not have happened; but I was very meek and just sat down on a heap of old scrap iron and never moved again until the old thing was all finished.

We left the city at 1 p. m. and Mother counted up the miles we had gone since morning and said she could have walked as far as we had come. It did seem that she was not satisfied to let Dad alone, even when he wanted not to swear. Well, he just turned on the juice and we went some. I think we must have resembled an airship going along. Once in a while I suppose we did touch the road, but we went through Guilford and a lot of little towns on a jump. When we reached Saybrook, Dad asked if we were

hungry. I had been starved for hours but had not dared even mention so trifling a detail. We inquired and were directed to the "Fenwick," out on Saybrook Point, where it seemed they put up a fine shore dinner.

Well, we were flying along toward that dinner when biff! bang! went a tire. I did not know the warning signals as well then as I do now, and I thought some one was shot. Daddy said something that made Mother grab for her "cuss paper," but we went right on, never stopping to fix the shoe or anything, poor "Billie" just had to make a bare foot run way out to the point.

When we reached there, we went into the dining room to have our aching voids attended to and the machine was run into the garage where its troubles were looked into. Well, there was nothing to complain of in the style of this place, grand dining room and lots of pretty girls to wait upon us, but the food—well it left much to be desired.

At 3.05 we were on the pike once more. New London was our next objective point, and it looked as though we were going to have a fine run. Looks are deceptive, however. We had gone but about five miles when all of a sudden down went the same blooming tire we had just fixed back at the Point. What Dad said upon this occasion there was

no difficulty in understanding, and mother was quite busy writing down his remarks.

At 3.30 we were on the way once more. 3.35, same tire down again. It seems that Dad forgot to put on the little cap or whatever it is that holds the wind, and he did not have another, so there we seemed likely to remain. I asked him to ask some of the fellows in the machines that passed us by with pitying glances, but he was stubborn and would not. 3.50, still there. At 4 p. m. a fellow came whizzing along who looked rather sympathetic and I called to him to stop. He had a fuzzy looking head, just exactly like our buggy rug at home, but he had the missing link we needed, and in a minute we were under way. Dad said if the thing went down again he would never touch it, but we had much confidence in our chauffeur, so that did not worry us any, although we thought best to maintain a discreet silence.

At 5 p. m. we came to the Connecticut River. We went down to the ferry and it did seem as though we were going to plunge headlong into the drink, but Dad snubbed the machine just in time, and a cute little boat came over from the other shore and we slipped across in no time. The boat was the "Colonial." We asked the captain how often he crossed and he said "Whenever there was any one on

either shore wishing to cross to the other side."

We were now headed straight for New London with raised spirits again. Dad and the chauffeur had some spirits that they did not pass around, but I caught them "piping their grog" once in a while. At 6.30 we crossed the Thames on the "Governor Winthrop" and went to a friend who lives in Groton to spend the night. We had a fine supper and I was thankful for that, for our dinner had been such a dismal failure. Well, the house in which our friend lived was rather small so she put Dad and the chauffeur in one room and Mother and I in another one adjoining. Mother had no chance you see to give Daddy a curtain lecture that night. At home she pitches into him and brings forth all his misdeeds of the day in the dark hours of midnight. When she found he had escaped her, she just looked things and banged the door. I heard Dad and the chauffeur laughing softly on the other side of the door, and I knew that some one at least was pleased with the sleeping arrangements as they stood. Well, I had quite a time to collect my thoughts and put myself to sleep, but at last I lost track of things and knew nothing more until the early morning sun awakened me.

Wednesday, September 9, 6 A. M.

Awake, but dreadfully sleepy. Dad whistled until no one could possibly snooze any more, and although the friend with whom we were stopping was an awfully nice woman, I bet she was mighty glad to see the last of us. We had a splendid breakfast, and with best wishes from them all we started on the second stretch of our journey. We in the rear seat had gotten so by now that we could get stowed away without so much delay as we had caused at the beginning, so there was no time lost in the get away upon that occasion.

Mother had somehow gotten the notion in her head, I think, that Dad must be troubled with bad eyesight, for every few moments her melodious voice cleaved the air in notes of warning—"look out for the side road, blow your horn at the corner, look out for the trolley, go slow, here is a crossing," until positively I marveled at the vast amount of patience Dad displayed. All he did was to settle himself determinedly at the wheel and send "Billie" through at a mile a minute clip. He did a little mumbling also, but under his breath, and no one asked him to repeat his remarks.

Well, the air was fine and bracing and

the machine was running most smoothly. It did seem as though the "Dove of Peace" had joined our company for that day at any rate. However, it was too good to last. All of a sudden in going down a steep incline, I felt the most dreadful jar, and on my side, too; it did seem as if everything that happened at all was meant for me. Well, being unable to stop then, we made that descent with a dreadful list apart, and when we reached the bottom of the hill and got out to investigate matters, we discovered that we had coasted down most beautifully on three wheels, with the end of the axle digging its way into the roadbed, regardless. It took us some time to discover the missing wheel. It was miles away in a lot back at the side of the hill, but strange to say, it was intact, nothing wrong except that when the wheels were off to be oiled, or whatever it is that gets done to them, the one who put them back again had neglected to tighten up the nut, and there you are. We knew who had done the job from the nice, quiet way that Dad helped to replace the thing.

10.05, off again, and I sincerely hoped there would be no more stoppings until lunch time, for I really did not believe Dad's patience could stand much more strain. 10.25, more tire trouble; doubled up this time, a puncture and a blowout. Well, we disembarked once again, and as



PLEASURES OF AUTOMOBILING

Mother had complained of not seeing much of the country on account of us going too swiftly when we went at all, I thought she might as well get a look about her now. It seemed as though we were likely to remain for quite a while where we were, so I got an old soap box, which I found alongside the road, and placing it just out of reach of the other machines, I ensconsed her there, while I stood around to boss the job the men bodies were trying to do. Somehow this particular tire needed a lot of coaxing, and at last Dad lost his temper and jabbed too hard with those corking irons they use in putting in tubes, and out came the chauffeur holding the poor, inoffensive tube in his hand, cut in dozens of places. Of course it was Dad's fault; if it had been any one else who had done such a fool trick he would have likely taken a fall out of them; however, as he had no one upon which to lay the blame, he got out another tube and started in all over again. I trembled for the fate of that one, but all went well, except that Mother had a few things to write on that "cuss paper" of hers before the job was completed.

At last both wheels were in good condition again, and mother decided that she had had her money's worth at that matinee performance, so she hit the poor, unoffending box a vicious kick with her

foot and sent it flying, and I felt it was not any time to say anything so I meekly climbed aboard again and at 11.55 we got away.

Mother started in once more to give directions how to run the machine, but Dad told her to keep an eye on that tire, and when she got time between her warning cries, she did try to watch it. Once she forgot it for quite a while and then she looked rather quickly just as we went over a thank you mam in the road, and the side of her face and the side brace of the car became mixed up somehow, and I guess it hurt her some, for she was strangely quiet for a long time, and the tire was left to stay up or go down whichever it pleased. It pleased to stay up, I am pleased to say, for I was getting dreadfully hungry and hotels did not seem to grow on the road we were on, so I was most anxious to keep moving.

At last we came to a place where there were five roads all going different ways, and we got the charts mixed and were going too swift to read the sign-boards, so we took the wrong road. We did not find this out for quite a spell. We came to some dreadfully hilly roads, and after we had gone miles and miles, we met a man and asked him the way to Boston. The fellow said we would have to go back to the cross-roads and take the Boston road. Dad, seeming to forget that

this man probably had had nothing to do with the roads or the signs, just hollered frightfully at him about the whole business. The man looked at us as though he thought he would like to direct us to another place than Boston, but held his tongue, for which I at least was most thankful.

Well, back we went, and poor "Billie," who had not balked at all about going over the road the first time, kicked something dreadfully about retracing his steps, and we did have a most awful time.

1 p. m., the chauffeur got out and oiled up. 1.10, fixed a spring that had become unjointed somehow. 1.30, oiled some more, and finally at 1.45, deaf to all coaxing, "Billie" came to a dead stop. 2 p. m., had not discovered what was wrong. 2.30, still hunting for the trouble. 2.45, the chauffeur looked at the gasoline tank and found it—empty. I thought of asking Dad if the thing would run with "hot air," there seemed to be quantities of that around us just then, but I was afraid of an explosion, so I kept "mum." As far as we could make out, it was just as far from anywhere going ahead or back, and as we could not go either way just then, things looked pretty blue for a hungry girl like me. At last Mother, who had been still quite a while, tried to help matters by making a very ill-timed remark, something about giving a "king-

dom for a horse." Dad got mad and said that the fellow who made that speech never owned an automobile or he would have wanted to corner the horse market. It seemed to me that this particular corner would be a pretty good place to have a horse, but wisdom suggested silence, and I obeyed wisdom for once in my life.

Well, at last Dad and the chauffeur decided to draw lots to see which of them would strike out for the nearest place where gasolene might be obtained, and the chauffeur got "stung." Just as he was about to start, I thought of a small can of the much needed fuel which had been placed in the car for just such an emergency as this, and so the chauffeur lost that opportunity to escape us. I know if he had have gotten away from us at all, he would have beat it for home. I think he was sick of us anyway.

Well, they dumped the gasolene into the tank and at 3.05 we started in on our hill-climbing contest once more. We won because we were the only one in the business, all the other machines had gone on the regular Boston turnpike. At last we came to a decent piece of road and then we made time I tell you, but it was 4 o'clock before we arrived at a place called the Old Field Point Inn near Providence.

Well, I fixed my mouth for the shore dinner I did not get yesterday. My what

a funny place it was. It was all fenced off and a lot of queer little piles of rocks were placed about the enclosure and a most delicious smell of clams and fish was arising from them. Dad said they were ovens, and that was the way a real old fashioned Rhode Island bake was prepared.

The dining room was a great long affair with miles of tables stretching down the entire floor; there were queer little racks hanging a foot or two above the tables where the salt and pepper and other trimmings were kept. When we were seated the waiters came and dumped some steamed clams on one side of our plates and lobster and corn and clam fritters and things all around us until my place looked like an island, surrounded with the inhabitants of the deep. Mother said she did not like her foods so mixed up, but Dad asked her if she would not mix them herself when she ate them; she seemed, however, to prefer to do her own mixing. I was so hungry that trifles like that did not interest me. I did not seem to mind how the stuff was thrown at me, just so they threw enough of it my way.

My, there were automobiles there from everywhere; it seemed like everybody was hungry, and I bet they had not had the bouncing we had either to make them so. We left there at 5 p. m., and if it had not been for mother we would have

been stranded again without any gasoline, for Dad completely forgot "Billie's" ailment, now that his own tank was filled. They did not sell any gasoline there, but one of the chauffeurs let us have a little until we could reach Providence.

Well, we filled up there and oiled the machinery, and Dad settled himself at the wheel and said, "Well, folks, the next stop will be Boston." It wasn't. We made a lot of stops before we reached the "Hub." Once we were obliged to stop for chains to keep the car from skidding, the streets in the cities were so wet that it was most impossible to keep "Billie" on an even keel. When we did get to Boston, Dad said we better keep right on our course until we reached Lynn, Mother felt as though a good bed was most to be desired just then and wanted to remain in Boston; she was afraid there might not be any good hotels in Lynn. Dad said she could stay in Boston if she wanted to, but the way he said it made her decide immediately that she did not want to, and to Lynn we went. We had been making splendid time and arrived there at 7.45 p. m. We stopped at the Seymore and I washed off a coat of sand and dust, brushed up what hair I had left and presented myself at the table for supper. I was not very hungry of course, but meals seemed to be so very irregular on our job that I tried

to fortify myself for anything I might miss the next day. At 9 o'clock, although pretty late, Dad decided he wanted to visit a cousin he had living in the city. You know he always claims to be a terribly friendless sort of chap, but he always seems able to dig up an uncle or an aunt or some cousins most anywhere he goes.

Well, when we got to Cousin Dan's house we found it was not his any more; he had sold it and moved somewhere about a mile farther on. Mother was right tired and kicked against going any farther, but at the place we inquired, a mighty pretty girl came out to direct us and offered to accompany us to the house. She stepped right up to Dad and they started off. When Mother saw him in company with a good looking female she found she was not so tired as she had supposed and followed in their wake.

Well, Dan was at home and glad to see us, but his wife was visiting a neighbor some ways up the street and he wanted us to see her, and away we went again. Mother made no comment upon this added walk. I suppose she was afraid some more good looking females would appear as escorts; at any rate, I was good and tired myself by this time, and I just dragged on after the bunch, with nothing to say to anyone. I was so glad when the door was opened and I anchored to the

first piece of furniture that I saw, and that I thought would hold me. We spent quite a pleasant time, and Cousin Dan accompanied us back to the hotel. I think Dad and he talked things over until morning, at any rate as soon as we were inside and Mother had made up her mind Dad was safe from further contact with the feminine population of Lynn, we hustled to bed.

Mother had Dad to herself that night, or at least the part of it there was left after Cousin Dan left. I was glad she had him, for I had decided he needed a little lecturing. Well, the moment my head and the pillow got acquainted, I just simply died; I did not even dream.

Thursday, September 10, 5 A. M.

Awakened by a knock upon my door. 5.30, awakened by a louder knock. This one sounded as though it meant business, so I jumped up and dressed and landed at the breakfast table not so very much behind the others. Dad was unusually quiet but the chauffeur whispered to me on the Q. T. that he had overheard portions of conversation between my beloved parents that morning, in which pet names, such as dear, etc., were strangely missing, so I made no comments.

Well, at 7 a. m. we weighed anchor, and just as we swung out into the roadway a beautiful black cat crossed our bow, and as I am rather superstitious, I called attention to it. I said that I believed we would have good luck all day through it. Well it was decided that we were to get our dinner in Newburyport, so I got out the chart or blue book and prepared to cross off the places as we came to them, just as I used to mark off the days on the calendar before vacation time in the old days at school. Towns went by on the run, and so did everything else; all I could see was the rear of things getting safely out of our pathway. They acted as though they thought "Billie" was an avenging Angel bent upon their destruc-

tion. We lost all reckoning of our longitude, etc. We inquired of one fellow, but we were going some, and I think he thought we had designs upon him, so he dodged into a store and we were past him before he got his mouth open even to holler. We tried to ask another chap in a carriage, but the horse took fright and the fellow was most home before he could have answered anyway. Finally the chauffeur went into a house to ask and he was gone so long that I went to find him and we both found there was no one at home; when we got back to the machine I judged from Dad's looks and a suspicious rustle of paper that Mother had been busy with her "cuss paper." We went on and soon overtook a farmer who told us to go about a mile and turn to the left, or we could go straight on from where we were only the roads were not so good. We decided that a few miles extra on a good road would amount to very little and took the longest way. Of course we only had the man's word that it was the better road; sometimes it looked as though he did not know what a good road was, or that the other must be simply impassable.

At 10.05, stopped to oil up and put some water in the cooler. We passed many fields and beautiful bits of woodland, but houses—never one. At last from the queer bumpy feeling and a zig-

zaggy motion of "Billie's," I made up my mind that we had met another nail or something equally vicious, and sure enough, flat as a pancake was the blooming tire; it did seem as though all the nails and tacks in the whole world had combined to worst us; at any rate they made this trip memorable to all of us.

While the tire was being replaced or pumped up, or whatever finishing touches they get, Mother remarked that the black cat was seemingly more of a hoodoo than anything else, and Dad, who had not spoken for some time, relieved his feelings some by saying—well some things that the cat would not like to have heard I know. 11.30, another start. We seemed to be specially successful in starting, but what troubled us was to keep going. Well, we met some road along here. It was so rough that most of my hairpins departed, and my head and feet nearly changed places two or three times. I am sorry I complained at some of the roads I had been over, for they were velvet pathways compared to this.

Daddy had promised us dinner in the next town, which was Newburyport, but it was so late when we got there that he kept right on, and all we got was the promise and some more of that dreadful shaking up. Mother made a couple of attempts to utter some of her warnings, but almost bit her tongue off, so she shut

up and just held on for dear life. "Billie" acted like a hero and went bouncing along, sometimes on the ground and it seemed more times not. Well, without one thing more happening, we arrived in Portland at 5 p. m., and in spite of what they say, I believe the cat was all right after all.

This was the first straightaway run we had made since the start without some old thing happening to delay us. We stopped at the Tremont House and had our supper or dinner, and if ever a shipwrecked mariner wept tears of thanksgiving at sight of land, I felt sure like it when we reached that dining room. Well the table did not look so well after a short time, but we felt a lot better and re-embarked for the last few miles, which stretched between us and Brunswick. Of course, as we are natives of the old "Pine Tree State," Dad was acquainted with the lay of the land, and needed no compass in his home waters. The roads were some better and at just 8 p. m. we drew up at our old home door and it was some good I tell you to see the folks once more.

Truly sometimes on the trip down, I had not expected to, and I was so nearly seasick back on that awful road that I almost hoped I would not live to. Well, Dad's sister was interested to know all about our trip, what we had seen and all that, but I told her that we had seen

nothing all the way; we were so busy stopping and starting and trying to get to the next place ahead. She looked as though she thought a box car would have done as well to take the trip in if that was all. You see Dad had seemed throughout the trip to lose sight of the fact that there were things in the world beside crank up, oil up, get there and get away, and we women folks had scarcely thought it wise to remind him. 10.30 I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

Friday, September 11, 6 A. M.

Awakened early from habit, now that there was no need of it, for we were not going to start anywhere very early. I snuggled down for a nice nap the moment I remembered this and never knew more until Aunt called me at 7.30.

After breakfast we decided to take a trip up to Monmouth (that is Dad's birthplace) and the men went out to talk things over with "Billie" to see how he felt about it. You see we had all learned that his consent was a most necessary point to gain in making our plans. At first glance he appeared all right, but upon further examination it turned out that he was a bit wheezy or something and his valves needed attention. So Mother and I went in and helped Aunt with the dishes. My! but I hate that job. My cousin stayed home from school to go with us, as she had never had an auto ride, and she danced around Dad until I know he wished she had gone to school or would go in the house. Some half dozen of her little friends came over and added their comments and questions. One little fellow said he just adored automobiles and wished he did not have to go to school. A little girl with her face all tied up in rags said she did not have to

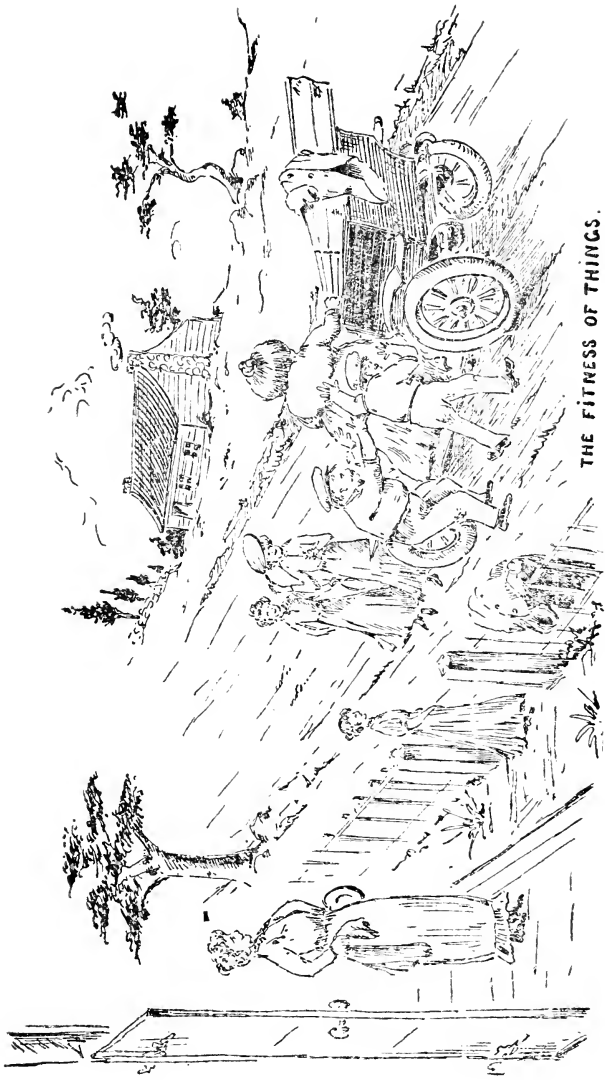
go to school because she had a toothache, but said she liked to ride in automobiles too. Cousin tossed her head and told them she was not going to school and had no toothache but that she was going automobiling. I know just how she felt when she said that, and I know just what those kids felt like saying to her; human nature has not changed much after all since I was a youngster. One of the boys with a practical turn of mind said he bet a fellow had to be awful rich to own an automobile. Dad told him that he guessed he was right, but that no one could remain very rich and run one of them.

When we had finished our work in the house, Dad asked us if we would rather go before dinner or after. I wanted to go before, but Mother said she knew why I was anxious to do that. I knew, too, that I would likely escape another lot of dirty dishes if we went first.

At 11 a. m. we started for Litchfield on our way to Monmouth. Dad has another sister living up there. She is a high-minded sort of person and lives among the mountains. Says her doctor advises it, but she did not say what she paid him for the advice, however. We stopped in a garage for some gasolene, for up in the wilds of Maine it would not be easy to get any auto fixings, and we know from experience how pleasant it is to be miles from nowhere and a tank that should be

full, totally empty. We also got a pad for the youngster; she seemed to think it necessary to take notes of the trip, to regale her school friends with later I suppose. She was kept pretty busy at first. I know she saw a yellow cat with black eyes, and some cows upon the mountain side, which seemed of enough importance to be taken note of. Sometimes she could not write at all, the machine rocked so; she wanted Dad to stop while she got down her impressions, but he said the deuce with cows and cats and on we went.

At 12:50 we got to Aunt's abode. She boards with a Mrs. Winter, and they got us the nicest lunch, all homey stuff, and Mrs. Winter's two daughters waited upon us. After lunch Aunt wanted Dad to take Mother Winter and her daughters out for a little ride, as she had never been on the inside of an auto. Of course he was most willing; he had been putting an awtul eye upon those girls all through our meal. They were nice and slim and pretty. Mother decided that Aunt and she would go also, but that there would be no room for me; of course she would go butting in if some woman was going to get near Dad. Well it was fixed for me to stop there and wash up the dishes for Mother Winter just like a nice, little girl and Dad got the machine ready. Goodness when Mother Winter appeared



THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

she was not a bit like either daughter, more like them both bunched together. Of course there was not room for them all and dear Mother was left at home, where she was so willing to leave me; darned if I was sorry.

Well, I went to work at those dishes and I saw right then there is no use in running away from disagreeable things; you will find them ready to meet you when you get where you are going anyway. Well, when the crowd got back, we said good bye to all hands and with one last look at the Winter twins Dad gave the wheel a turn to starboard and we were off for Monmouth.

Mother was ominously quiet, and only hollered once or twice about cross-roads, etc. Cousin wrote in her log when she could sit still enough, and I bit my lips to keep from laughing over what was likely to happen when Mother got Dad all to herself. "Billie" was behaving mighty well, except that he was listing badly on the side which Mother Winter had held down. The spring seemed rather weak. The chauffeur examined it and thought it would do for a while, but he had Mother and I change sides, as she weighs so much less than I do.

As we were getting aboard again, I noticed that one of "Billie's" shoes that was much the worse for wear had a hole almost all through on one side. Dad

thought it could be patched. We were told to watch for a cobbler shop, where a piece of leather might be obtained to do the trick. We arrived in Monmouth at 4 p. m. It was no great trouble to hunt for a cobbler shop there, for there were only three stores in the place. However, there were no leather men there and it began to look bad for that shoe. I have never before been in Monmouth; Dad has, but it was fifty years ago. We got some post cards of the place and some candy to eat, just because it was from Monmouth. We could not bite it. I told Dad I bet it was made the year he was born. Well, we stopped at a little wayside place and got a patch from an ancient mariner to fix "Billie's" shoe. Then we proceeded to return to Brunswick. Mother, who had been quite quiet, now began again to tell Dad where to blow the horn, how fast to go, etc., until I meekly suggested that she change places and run the machine herself. Somehow my idea did not hit her favorably and it was quite chilly for a long time in my immediate vicinity. At last Dad noticed something wrong and asked what ailed us. I told him. Mother did not think I would, and afterwards I wished I hadn't.

We arrived at 8.30 and I went straight to bed; every one knew I must be sulky or most dead, for I am always on hand when meals are ready. Cousin came with

me, she had even lost interest in her log. After she had gotten to sleep, however, she awakened with the idea that the black cat or the yellow one she had seen was scratching the eyes out of the mountain cows or something equally ridiculous, but I told her the cows would likely take care of themselves and she went off again to the land of "Nod." I did not know until morning how dad made out when he had to face the explosion that had been bottled up for him all day.

Saturday, September 12.

When I opened my eyes I found the sun was on his job and I quickly dressed and descended to my breakfast. The rest of the bunch were already there and guyed me a lot for being late. I glanced over the table and found that they had not demolished quite everything, so I went quietly to work and let them talk. This was absolutely the first meal I had really had time to eat respectably since leaving home, and I made the most of my opportunity.

"Billie" was taken over to the town after breakfast to have his springs overhauled and some bumpers, I think they are called, put underneath to stand the strain in case we overloaded the machine as we did yesterday. Mother, aunt and myself went for a walk upon the hills.

The morning was perfect, and the odor of fir and balsam filled the air with a most delicious fragrance. We returned at 11 o'clock to find that Dad and the chauffeur had arrived with "Billie," all primed up and washed and looking altogether quite respectable once more. Well, we dressed and at 12 noon we started for a place called Forest Home, situated most delightfully with a pine forest for a background and the old ocean rolling up in the

foreground. Here we were to have dinner. We did not, however, get our dinner quite as soon as we really expected we might, nor did we reach our Forest Home until we had passed through some trials and much tribulation. We had not gone far when the neat little patch which Dad had had adjusted that morning over the weak spot on "Billie's" shoe suddenly turned "turtle," leaving the sore spot exposed; some bits of gravel worked through and bang! went the whole business. Mother and I had gotten so used to these little happenings that we simply piled out and said nothing. Aunt, however, was new at the business and tried to ask questions in regard to it. Dad does not take kindly to questioning at such times and she soon joined us where we were seated upon the stone wall by the roadside like a couple of crows looking on. The chauffeur blocked the car up while Dad looked over the extra tires in a vain attempt to discover one that would do. Alas, not one. You see we had been piling them up on the trip down and had forgotten to have anything done to repair them or get any new ones. We were in a spot when the thing occurred which I firmly believe had been overlooked both by man and beast since Creation day. There was nothing to be seen on either side, straight ahead or back of us, but miles of clay road and thick forests. There

seemed nothing to be done but to patch up an old tire, and Dad told me to hunt up the glue, or whatever it is called, that is used for such purposes, and he got into his overalls and got ready for business. I pulled out the robes and coats and some of the suit cases, and dug under the seat and in the tool box, but not a bit of stickum came to light. Dad, becoming impatient, finally pushed me one side and—well he did not find it either. Then he lighted on the poor chauffeur. Each blamed the other for having forgotten it, but at last it seemed to dawn upon them both that whoever had been to blame they were not helping matters just at that time by holding a court-martial over it, and so Dad started bravely for somewhere to get a piece of leather or in fact anything that would do.

I would have run the machine without a shoe had I been captain of the expedition, but Dad was loth to ruin the rim (I think he called it) and off he went. After he had gone a fellow came by on a motor cycle, and seeing us hung up, stopped to inquire into our difficulties. As it turned out, he had some self-healing patches, I guess he called them, and in a short time we were all fixed up, pumped up and ready to start. When Dad finally arrived, he looked so warm and tired that I was glad everything was all done for him, but he was so blooming ugly when he saw it

done that no one said anything to him at all. You see he had walked miles, poor fellow, in the heat and dirt, whereas if he had remained with us things would have turned out all right just the same. I thought of Isaac Newton and the falling apples, but it did not seem exactly a good time to say anything, so I wisely kept quiet.

3 p. m., under way once more. I was most glad to get away from that particular spot of the universe, but believe me, if the road we had been on was straight, the next turn we came to made up all that could be desired in crookedness. We crossed the same railroad track twenty times in as many minutes. Even a self-respecting snake would have been unable to follow that road without breaking its back. First we would be heading due west, and in a moment it would seem we would be back again facing the land of the rising sun.

At 4.30 p. m. we arrived at our destination and I was famished. Probably the others were also, but I was the only one who acknowledged it. My! what a delicious dinner we did have; everything was served in such a dainty manner, too.

6 p. m., on our homeward way. "Billie" kept his natural disposition well under control and we had a delightful trip. Aunt, who is limited in the knowledge of automobiles and their shortcomings, said

it seemed to her that the machine was all right if given the proper attention. She said it was not to be expected that anything could go on forever without some repairing and looking into. Dad said, that so far he had given "Billie" much more attention and consideration than he had shown any willingness to return, and no one being in a position to dispute him, silence reigned.

Well, as usual, when we went at all, we went like the wind and at 7.30 exactly we arrived at Aunt's home. Just as we were alighting Mother caught her skirt upon the handle of the door and tore a beautiful three-cornered piece right out of the front of it. She was some mad, but I told her not to mind, she could get a new one when Dad settled up with the "cuss paper." She was not much cheered, however, for I do not think she believed he would ever reach the settling stage. I am positive she would never dare suggest it to him.

After "Billie" had been put to rest, Dad and the chauffeur went to the town and came back laden with cards and souvenirs. Dad brought Mother and I each a card album. I am going to keep mine to put post cards in of the places we have been through. It will be a nice way to see some of the country we have passed, blessed if I have seen much of it as we came along. Well at 11 p. m. I went to

my bed, but not to sleep. No indeed. It seemed to me that lobsters, crabs and other creatures of the deep were holding a consultation, and from the feeling I had, I judged the result was not at all satisfactory to any of them. I know it was not to me. I heard the clock strike every hour until 4 a. m.

Sunday Morning, September 13.

Awakened at 8.30, not feeling quite as well as might be desired. For breakfast there were the old-fashioned Boston baked beans and brown bread. They looked mighty good to me, but there was still a rebellious feeling going on within me, and I was obliged to be quite self-sacrificing, though it did hurt some. After breakfast I was not asked to help with the dishes, and that fact alone made it worth while being sick. Instead I got ready and we went for a spin and had a lovely day. The only disagreeable feature of the entire trip was the way the drivers of horses acted about letting us get by. Those who appeared to know enough to side track were too contrary to do so, and those who were willing did not seem to know enough. When Dad would blow the horn some of them would look back and hold their course, plumb in the middle of the channel. Others would not look around, and still others after looking back, it would seem for hours, would suddenly cross our bow at perilously close quarters, and the result was a series of hair-raising escapes. Once if the chauffeur had not grabbed the wheel and jibed her over in a hurry we would have been head on into an idiotic

looking crank who seemed to have an insane desire to drive between our two front wheels. We lost a lamp in that mix-up, and Mother did some writing, but otherwise we enjoyed the day more than any since our departure from our home port.

6.05, returned hungry and tired. After supper the men went for a walk. I do not know when they got in. I bet that Dad catches it though. I am glad I sleep on the other side of the house. You see Mother cannot bear to have him leave her to go anywhere for a minute. I should think she would be glad to get rid of him once in a while. She, however, calls it Love; still I should think that even poor little Cupid would want a rest.

Monday, September 14, 5 a. m.

Opened my eyes quite anxiously to see what kind of a morning it was. I was afraid it was going to be stormy, for last night was so cloudy. We were to make a nice early start on our return voyage to-day and wet weather is not exactly conducive to pleasant automobiling. Of course I knew that if the "Powers that be" (meaning in this case my august Daddy) decided to make the start, there would be no appeal from that decision, so I prayed for sunshine, you may be sure.

Aunt put up a nice luncheon; the chauffeur went round looking things over to see if all was taut and ready to stand the weather; mother arranged the suit cases, etc., a little more to her liking; while I looked "Billie" over anxiously, trying to read his mind, to see how he felt about going home. We stopped in Topsham for gasolene and new tires, and when the chauffeur cranked up again, we noticed steam rising from the radiator or water tank, or whatever it is called, and he said he bet there was a leak in it. Dad jumped out, unscrewed the top and before he could sidestep, he was covered with dirty, iron rusty water; it scalded his hands and made a wreck of his clean

shirtfront. It seemed that the water was most out of the thing, and what was in came out when he opened the top and there you are.

Mother told him that if he had put on his sweater, as she had asked him to do, that he would not have spoiled his bosom shirt; she did not seem to mind about his poor hands. Well, anyway, he asked the chauffeur how in the Devil it was that he forgot to fill that tank when he had been working round the thing since three that morning. I told him not to scold, for we should be glad it was not out of business, and we could get some water, so it might be much worse.

Well, we filled up at a wayside watering trough with a little half-pint dipper, which does not insure lightning results; and then the men folks thought it would be nice to have a drink themselves, but in Maine to drink anything stronger than water is considered against the law and gospel, so they were obliged to curb their thirst and off we went.

A white frost had fallen during the night and the grass was strewn with glittering diamonds wherever the sun shone upon it. The air was quite nippy, and we were glad to avail ourselves of some of those extra wrappings that Mother had insisted upon bringing along.

7.53 arrived at Millport. 9 a. m. in Portland. We should have gotten there

much sooner than this, only we lost our way twice and had to go so far round the third time that we might better have gone back. We would not have gotten lost so often only we went whizzing by the sign boards so fast that they looked like blotches of paint instead of letters, and at last Daddy decided that it might help some if he went a bit slower and gave us a chance to read, it would save going back so often, if no more.

We oiled up in Portland and started for Gorham. The engines had gotten to raring and went plinkety plunk until I was nearly crazy. Dad got out to see what was wrong and he found one engine not working, but he did not find out why. Naturally we were not able to make much headway. There was a fair at Standish and we must have passed all the horses in Maine on the way to it, while the noise we were making scared the poor animals almost to death. One fellow drove up the side of a bank to escape us and waited for us to pass him. Daddy appreciated his good intentions, but the way we were going it began to look as if the fellow would miss the Fair if he waited for us. We just crept along, hardly able to keep steerage way on the blooming craft, and at last I inquired why they did not try to find out the nature of "Billie's" ailment. Dad said he could find nothing wrong, but that when he got to a garage

he would have the people there look for the difficulty. We went miles and miles on a walk, but could read all the sign boards now without any difficulty. We passed one that said it was $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Steep Falls; on the opposite corner, in plain sight of this, was one giving the distance to the same place as five miles. Dad said it made little difference whether he went slow enough to read the boards or not, the blooming things were not to be depended upon anyway. He seemed to forget that he was not going slowly for the purpose of reading anything, but just because he could not help himself.

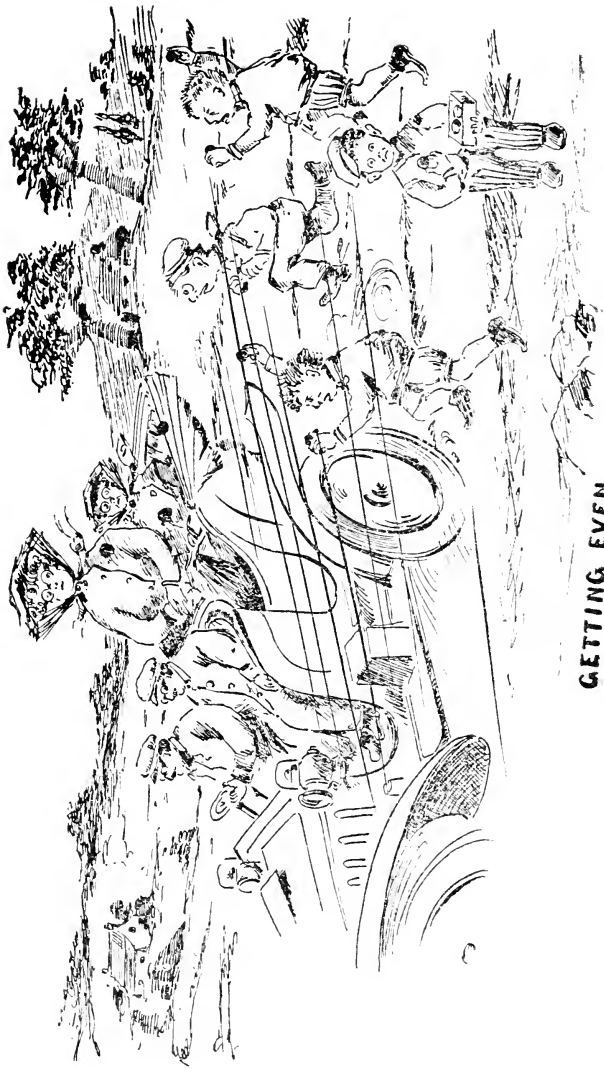
Arrived in Steep Falls at last, but there were no stores that looked promising there. A freight shed and a feed store and a toy grocery comprised the entire outfit. We were badly in need of an automobile hospital you see, to find out what ailed the engines; also, we were pretty low on gasolene. Well, we passed an old shed about a mile from town and a sign thereon stated that gasolene was sold there at 35 cents per gallon. Dad said that was 'daylight robbery; he did not think the whole village worth much more. It did not make a great deal of difference, however, what he thought; we simply had to have the expensive luxury, so we drew up at the door, "Billie" announcing our arrival with the same groaning and creaking which had been assailing our ears for miles and miles.

The door was made fast with a padlock and there were absolutely no signs of life in or about the place. As it was well past noon, we decided to have our luncheon then and there, so we attempted to rescue the box of lunch Aunt had placed in the car in the morning. I pulled out fur coats and linen dusters and rugs, etc., only to find that one corner of our heaviest suitcase had been resting comfortably on that poor unoffending lunch for hours, and Aunt's ginger bread looked more like molasses pudding than anything else, but all hands were hungry, so everything disappeared completely. Just as we were finishing, a little urchin trotted up and asked us if we were waiting for the gasolene man. When we assented, he told us that it was his "Fadder," and he was home to dinner, but would be back in half an hour. Mother said if he would go hurry him up she would give him a dime, but I thought this would be a fine opportunity to dispose of that Monmouth candy and I showed him the box; I did not dare give him any until his return, however.

Well, he went upon the wings of the wind to get his "Fadder" and obtain that candy. When he returned there were a baker's dozen of other little fellows with him, and true to my promise, I handed out the box. One little chap bit into a caramel and went whooping off down the road like an Indian, holding onto his jaw.

Well, while the man was getting his money for the "juice," Dad told him of some of his troubles on the way up from Standish. The fellow was anxious to see the inside workings of the machine, and although Dad objected to the delay, he took the hood off and the fellow squinted at the engines and chewed tobacco, and at last decided there were too many wires and things for him to know much about it anyway. So Dad started to slam the hood into place again, but suddenly stopped, peeled his eye pretty close to the port engine and said something that would not look well in print. He took the pliers and juggled some of the wires for a minute and presto! our sick "Billie" was well once more. There had been nothing wrong all along except a contrary little wire which had become detached from somewhere, causing all the trouble. The man said it had not taken long to fix it, but Mother butted in and told him it had taken long enough to find out what to fix. Well we left that place some quicker than we were able to get there. As we passed the corner we were pursued by a crowd of disgusted boys, pegging candy at us as long as we were in sight.

Our stopping place for that night was expected to be Bethel, but alas with an auto, a fellow never knows where he is going to lay his head. We were getting into the mountains by now, and the hills

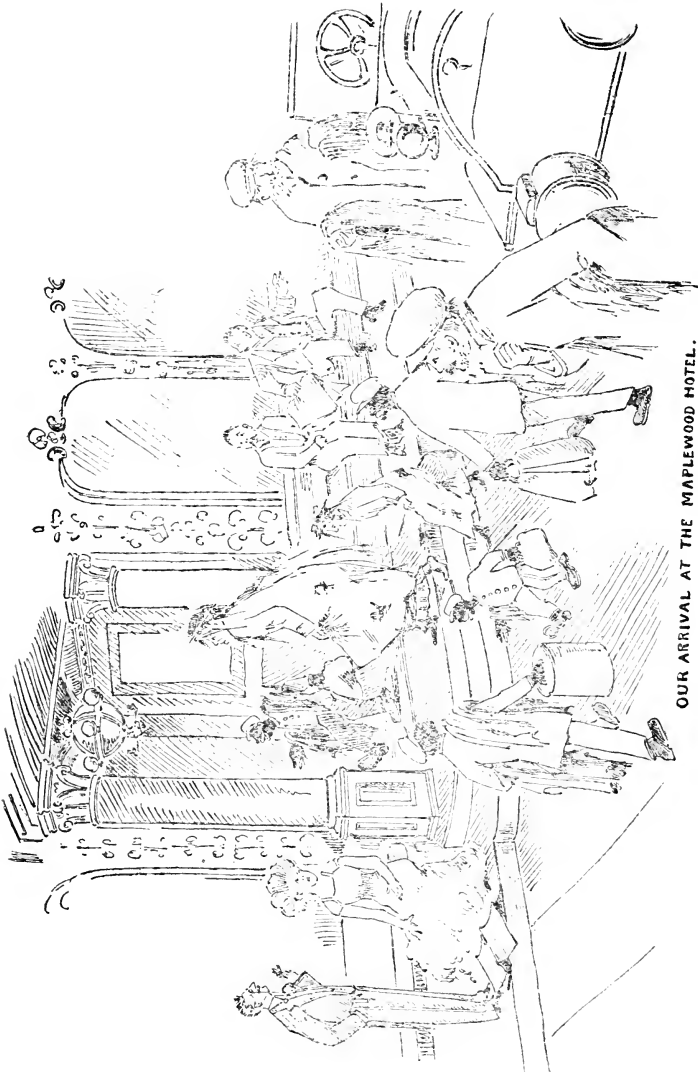


GETTING EVEN

were becoming steeper every mile. We climbed some by getting out and pushing "Billie" up, and some by blocking him up with portions of the stone walls upon the roadside, and waiting until he got his breath to start on again. Twice we got almost to the top of one dreadful hill by dint of much coaxing and then down he went clear to the bottom again. A chap upon a horse came along and tried to cheer us by telling us what trouble all the other tourists had. He said the cause of it was that the air became rarified in the mountains so that the gasolene mixture became affected or something of that sort. Anyway the air near us was blue enough. My the things that the men said; why Mother simply tore up that "cuss paper" then and there. She said it kept her working overtime and never would do her any good.

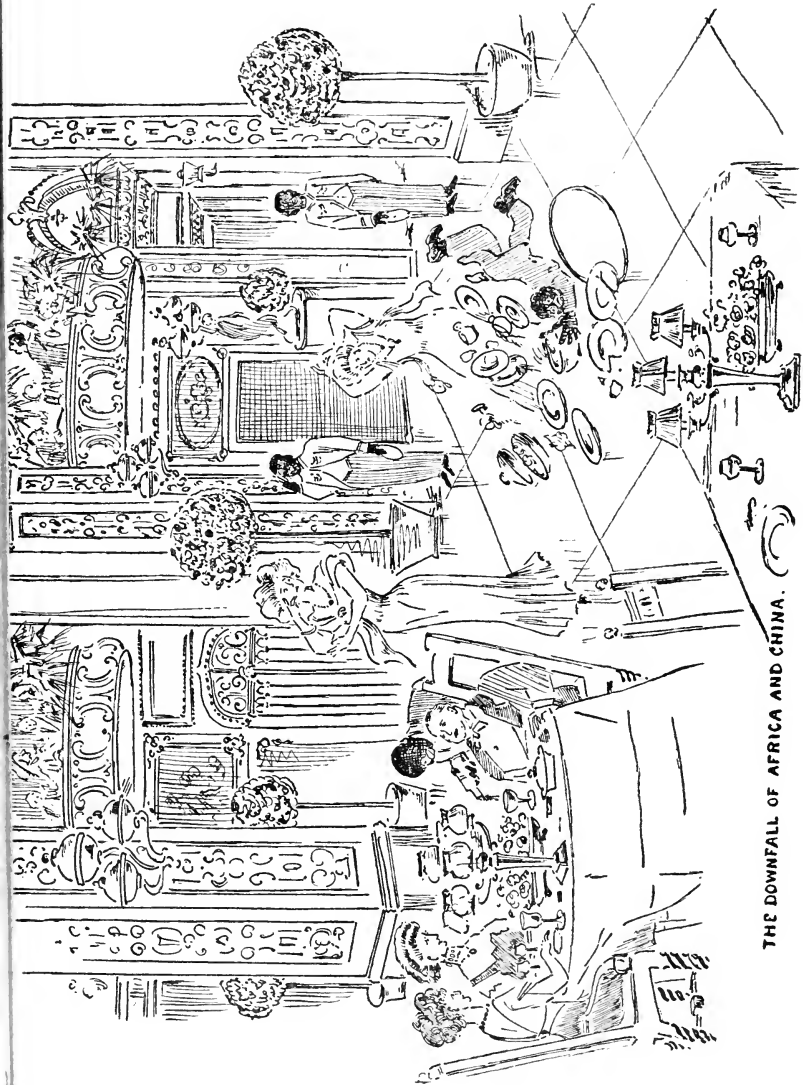
Well, after a while we got through playing see-saw on that hill and got to the top and stayed there. I had jammed my finger, or rather Mother had jammed it for me; she got mixed some in putting a stone under the wheel and mistook my poor finger for the roadway, and it began to hurt me badly. I showed it to Dad, but he said no one sympathized with him when he scalded his hands in the morning, so I kept my own counsel after that.

At 8.05 p. m. we arrived at Maplewood and stopped at the Maplewood Hotel. It was



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE MAPLEWOOD HOTEL.

a grand, big place, room enough in it to accommodate a city full. When we drew up, three or four darkies surrounded us and grabbed our coats and suit cases and freed of our hamper, we disembarked. When we got under the lights on the porch and those colored gentlemen got a good look at us, I know they thought we had come to the wrong entrance, although any self-respecting serving maid would have considered herself eternally disgraced to have looked as we did that night. Our tussle with those hills and the dust of the roadway had not combined to make us look any too well groomed. We reached our rooms and I made a brave attempt to remove some of the marks of the day's toil. Then I dug some dress clothes out of my suit case and descended to the dining hall. I met my family there and we all went in together. Mother holds her head pretty high at all times, just sails along, looking neither to the right or to the left. Upon this occasion she never saw a poor little waiter with a big tray of dishes coming her way, and when we rescued her from the mixup she had to go back and change her rig. After supper we went out to look over the place. The grounds about the hotel were something suburb. I said I would not mind remaining there for a week, and looking at the clouded sky. Dad said most likely I would have to. When I retired that night my



THE DOWNFALL OF AFRICA AND CHINA.

finger ached badly, and for a long time I could not sleep. I named the four posts of my bed for four friends of mine, as I used to do in school, but when I did get to sleep all I dreamed about was the poor little waiter mother upset.

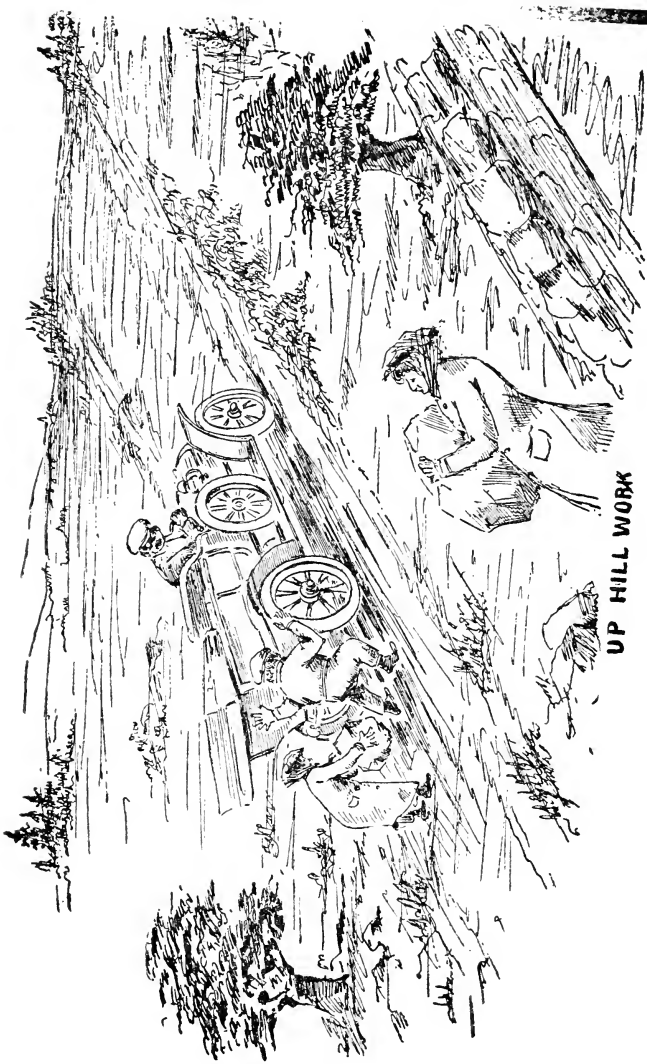
Tuesday, September 15, 5 A. M.

When I opened my eyes I found the sun was still shining brightly. No rain and nothing that looked like it was to be seen. We started at 5.50, and as this was earlier than they served breakfast, we decided to get ours in Littleton, N. H., which was not far ahead. I was sorry for I know that Dad's disposition does not work as well before breakfast as it does afterwards, and I was worried when I thought of the hills between us and Littleton. Well, we shaped our course for that place and finally got there, over some of the most dreadful hills. Those of yesterday were but babies compared to these. Needless to say we repeated the blocking and pushing process with the machine numbers of times. When we got there we met some one who told us that we had come the wrong way and might have avoided the worst of the hills had we come the other road. Well, we got directions from this man and started on, and no one thought it wise to mention breakfast. Before long we forgot that we had not had any. We had seen in the guide book something about a three-mile hill, but the man we inquired from told us we need not go up that if we followed his directions. I don't believe we did go up it either. I think

that at the least calculation the shortest hill we climbed was about six miles in length. I searched the chart to find some way of getting back on the traveled road, but I could not locate our position or get our bearings, and we were obliged to keep our course.

11.05, stopped to oil up. 11.10 on our way once more. 12 noon, still climbing hills. We had met no one of whom to ask anything since leaving Littleton. Dad said he would like to find some blooming idiot and ask him if there was not another mountain somewhere we had neglected to climb. We passed a few houses but they were all boarded up, as no one seemed to live in the vicinity. The chauffeur, who had been quite silent, said he did not wonder at folks digging out of such a forsaken place as that seemed to be.

1 p. m., came to a road that looked promising and we began to descend. We passed a fellow driving a team of oxen and he directed us how to get to Moulton. We wrote down what he said and began coasting again. I believe that for ten miles we used absolutely no power, just let the car have headway. 2.50, we came to a fine macadam road. Dad let "Billie" out and we had one glorious spin. Just about this time I began to feel rather faint and then it dawned upon the bunch that we had had neither breakfast or din-



UP HILL WORK

ner. 3.10, arrived in Moulton and stopped at the very first place that looked anything like a hotel or an inn; we were not over particular by this time. 4 p. m., on our homeward way again. The only thing that happened all the rest of that day was when we discovered a leak in the pipe which feeds the carbureter. We patched that with soap, so it would hold until we could get it attended to. I asked the chauffeur if he supposed it happened from "Billie" straining so to get his breath back in the mountains, and Dad laughed. I took notice of that laugh for the sound of merriment had been strangely missing the entire trip.

At 7.15 we arrived at Suncock, N. H., and stopped at a place called the Oswald Inn. The machine was put into a garage to have the leaky tube soldered, and after we had made ourselves presentable we went into the dining room. A wishy-washy looking fellow, who seemed to be the waiter, was reading a paper something about "advice to the love lorn," and he seemed loth to leave the advice long enough to wait on us. He moved about in a sort of dream, and I expected every moment to see Dad or the chauffeur wake him up a bit. However, he got along fairly well, and after we had finished we went out to see if we could get the machine fixed that night, as we wished to start quite early in the morning. The

man at the garage did not want to do anything about it, for he was afraid to monkey about gasolene at night; however, he was persuaded to do so by an application of the "long green" and soon the job was done. The chauffeur had been looking about and had discovered that a pin was missing which holds the wheel or something, and so we all went to hunt up a blacksmith to get a new steel arrangement fitted in. It was quite late before that job was completed. I know I got restless and sleepy and left the bunch. I do not know when they came in.

Wednesday Morning, September 16.

When I awakened at 5, a dense fog was hanging like a pall over the town. I dressed hurriedly and descended to the dining room, only to find that the rest of the party were nearly finished with their breakfast. I was told to hurry up, but I made up my mind to get all I wanted before I left that place, for I had not forgotten our experience of yesterday, and I meant to have one good meal for the day, whatever the result might be. 6.20, when I finally got ready I went to the garage to see why they did not come for me. Mother stood there alone, leaning upon the car, but the men folks were nowhere in sight. When I inquired about them she told me that they had gone off disgusted, having had to wait so long for me, and that they were most likely holding up the bar at the Inn. Well, I drifted back and sure enough they were just coming out, but thank fortune they were both smiling, so I ventured to join them.

Well, "Billie" responded very readily and we seemed likely to get somewhere that day. As we were starting, I noticed a large wet spot on the floor, but not supposing it was in any way connected with our affairs, I neglected to speak of it. Later I did wish I had mentioned it. We

had only gone a short distance when "Billie" balked. No amount of coaxing seemed to have any effect, and remembering the time we had been stranded for a drop of gasolene, Mother suggested that the tank be looked into. Dad declared we had plenty, but finally did look, and we had none whatever. The chauffeur said there was plenty in it when they left it half an hour before. Well, it turned out that the shut-off, or whatever it is that turns off the juice underneath, had gotten turned in some way and all our supply had run out. I remembered the suspicious spot on the garage floor then and told Dad about it. He agreed that it was probably our gasolene, but said it was no use talking about it now if I did not know enough to say something at the time. The chauffeur said likely a lot of kids had been getting too fresh and turned the thing; but whatever the cause, some more stuff had to be gotten somehow, and it was up to some of us to get it, so the chauffeur took the can and started back to the village. I thought from the frosty feeling about the place, that walking would be good for me too, so I went along. Well, on our way I heard more things about automobiles and cranks that run them than I ever knew before. You see our chauffeur is a strangely silent man, but I suppose he thinks as fast as other people. At any

rate, he chose me then and there to air his grievances upon. I felt sure then that the next trip we took would be without his pleasant company. Well, we got our gasolene and went back to find Dad pacing up and down the road, just as he paces the quarterdeck of our old Hooker when things have not gone exactly to his liking. Mother was reading a newspaper, or she seemed to be; when I got near enough, however, to see, I found she had the paper held upside down, but as she seemed oblivious of the fact, I thought it best to make no remarks.

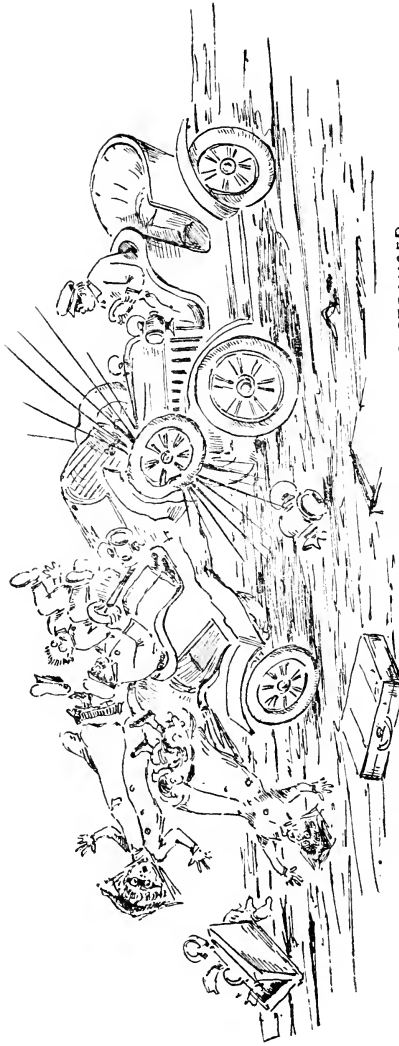
Well, we dumped the gasolene into "Billie's" tank and at 8.20 exactly we made a new start. I was worried for fear our supply would not hold out until we reached Manchester, and listened anxiously for any cessation in "Billie's" heartbeats. Well we arrived in Manchester and filled up the tank, and then Dad told Mother to meet him again at the Commons in about two hours. It seems he used to work there when I was a youngster and wanted to stop and see some of his old cronies. I had nothing special I wanted to do, in fact I felt as though I had walked enough already that morning. Mother, I suppose, remembered how we had been hustled out of every place we really wanted to stop at and said most consolingly, "Never mind, dear, it makes a great difference which part of the

family wants to stay," and after we had held down the Commons for almost three hours, I certainly felt like agreeing with her.

2 p. m., the men arrived and they seemed in the best of humor; it was quite evident that time had not hung heavily for them, and feeling that it was best for this state of bliss to continue, I yanked Mother by the sleeve when she started to say things, and I believe I avoided a mixup, at least for the time being.

At 2.15 we left the city and I just prayed that nothing would go wrong, for I felt sure that if Dad's unusual show of good nature received a setback the result would most likely be calamitous. We flew along and could just get glimpses of things we passed. Finally we came to a farm house and a wee bit of an urchin was holding for dear life onto a great truck horse with a piece of rope about a foot long. He looked at us and so did the horse. Evidently the horse did not like "Billie," for he suddenly broke away from the little fellow and off he went. The boy naturally objected to his going and stood and yelled whoa at him as long as we could see or hear him. I asked Dad to stop but he would not listen to me; we kept going and so did the horse. At last, pretty well winded, he turned in at a pasture by the roadside, at least two miles from his starting point. Mother said that

Dad would have called another man bad names, but it does make a difference who owns the horse and who runs the automobile. Well, we certainly did find some dandy stretches of road, and "Billie" acted like a hero. Dad seemed to feel dreadfully good natured and at last started to sing. The chauffeur was real glad to hear him, but I knew it was the worst thing Dad could do. He once told me that he had never sung but twice in his life; the first time he was taken with a bad sickness right after his singing bee and he was married shortly after his second attempt, so I feared for results upon this occasion. My fears, it turned out, were not overdrawn. I cannot tell just what happened or how, but I think that Dad had gotten so interested in his song that he became a bit careless, at any rate he got "Billie" too close to the side of the road, and to avoid going down an embankment he wheeled suddenly across the road plumb into a machine headed the other way, and both cars made a head-on acquaintance which jarred all hands dreadfully. I was thrown out and Mother came tumbling after. I don't know how the rest got out, whether they fell or got out themselves. The machines were badly used up too. When I could move at all, I felt sure at least one arm was broken, and I felt like a piece of tough beefsteak that some one has pounded the dickens out of



BILLIE GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE STRANGER

to soften it up a bit. I helped Mother to her feet, with Dad's assistance, and found that outside of a bad shaking-up she seemed unhurt. There was no one in the other car but the driver, and he and Dad got into a conversation which was quite heated in the beginning. Somehow they found out that they were both Masons, and that seemed to please them a whole lot, though I could not see how that helped so much, for the cars looked like they needed the services of a machinist more than a Mason. The chauffeur had lighted himself a cigar when he found all his bones were still intact and was seated over on the fence making absolutely no attempt to help adjust matters. He had always seemed to know just what to do heretofore and the best way to do it, but I could plainly see that no help was coming from him in this dilemma. He did not say anything, but I knew that he had about decided that Dad as a chauffeur was not an absolute success. He had made several attempts to get Dad to let him run the car when we first started from home, but he never would allow it, and well here we were, and from the looks of the wreckage no one would run the thing for some time to come. Mother acted like an angel; usually she has so much to say about "I told you so," that her silence upon this occasion was most unexpected. At last it was decided that we would have

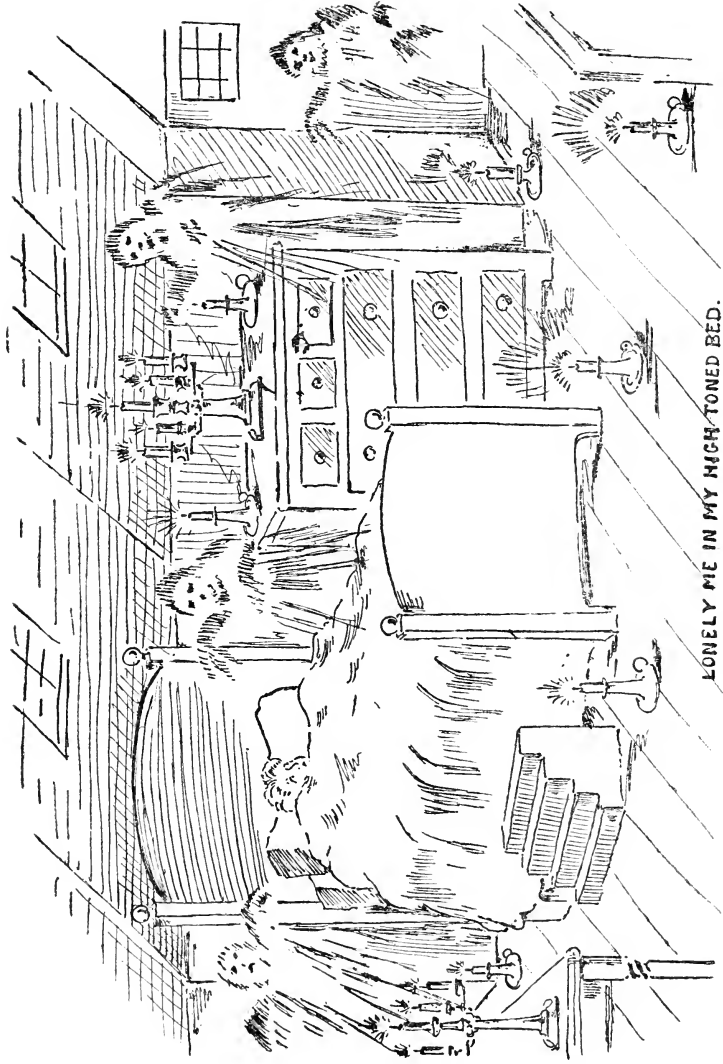
to find an abiding place for the night, as it was now after 5. Just as this decision was reached a fellow came along with an old farm wagon and we hailed him. He hauled to and seemed much more interested in what had happened to the machines than he was in us or our welfare. At last, however, he told us that he lived down the road a spell, and if the women wanted to pile in, he would take us to his home and could come back and tow the cars in later. I did not want to go, so I stayed with Dad, while mother and the chauffeur departed.

Well, we looked "Billie" over. He was done up this time sure; his side was smashed in, and his outriggers were broken off, and he looked like he would have to be hauled out on a drydock for repairs. We were in bad shape. We certainly seemed to be a complete wreck. At last the farmer came back with a pair of horses and attached a hawser to both cars, and with the stranger and Dad and I bringing up the rear, we left the scene of our disaster. The house was about a half-mile down the road and situated in the cosiest little spot. It looked like a bit of Arcadia to me, and I was glad indeed to have found such pleasant quarters to spend the time which was likely to elapse before we would be able to continue on our homeward way.

When we entered the domicile I found

it to be equally pleasant. It seemed that the farmer who had brought us lived here alone with an old maid sister; she was a sweet little person and flew about getting us as comfortable as possible. The man we had run into was to remain for the night but would be obliged to return to the city in the morning. He left the repairing of the car to Dad, who, of course, assumed all the expense. We had a fine little supper, and afterward we had a jolly time, that is, under the circumstances. The lady of the house tried to entertain us as best she could. She gave us a great deal of her history, but dwelt sadly upon the fact that she seemed doomed to remain unmarried. Mother told her that she ought to be real happy and thankful that she was not tied to any man. She told her that most people agreed that marriage was a failure anyway. The spinster agreed too. She said it had certainly been a failure with her; in fact she had failed three different times in entering what to her seemed the only happy state of existence. She said she had been sure the last man meant business, but he disappeared and the next she heard of him he was married to a widow with six youngsters. I bet he wished many times he had not done it; six kids, and Dad says one is a great plenty. Well, she sang for us a lot of old mushy love songs, and after hearing her voice I wondered if maybe the

six youngsters were not preferable after all. After a while she asked Dad to sing something. She said he ought to have a fine bass voice, he was such a big strong fellow. Needless to say, he refused very decidedly to oblige her. I suppose he remembered what his last singing brought him to. 10 p. m. good nights were said and all hands were piloted to their rooms. Mine was up among the eaves, and the floor was covered with rags (I mean a rag carpet), and the bed was one of those old Revolutionary things that it takes a ladder to climb up into it. I felt awfully dreamy and spooky, however, up there all alone; rather I guess I was afraid I was not alone. There were so many little nooks and dark corners that I could not get the candles to light them all up, and I guess I expected ghosts and goblins to stalk out any moment. I burned my fingers trying to get the pesky candles to burn more brightly. There was a feather bed under me and one to put over me, and I climbed up into that bed and hid my head under the covers, so I could not see the dancing shadows in the corner. I just dreamed a lot of night-marey things about old-fashioned men with big shoe buckles and swords. Once I awoke screeching. I do not remember at what, but Dad came rushing in, and instead of having sympathy for me, he told me to have a little for the rest of the folks in the house. I tried



LONELY ME IN MY HIGH-TONED BED.

to be quiet. At last I heard a big grandfather's clock somewhere in the house strike 5 and I knew that all self-respecting spooks always departed at daylight, so I turned my face to the wall and my! but I slept, and soundly too.

Thursday, September 17, 9 A. M.

Awakened with a start, for a time I could not place myself, and nearly tumbled out of bed before I remembered what a high and mighty affair I had been sleeping in. I climbed down and proceeded to don my clothes. While I was thus engaged I took a peep at the weather. It was one of those hopelessly dreary, weepy fall days, the first bad weather we had had since leaving home. I suppose that upon the whole things turned out for the best, for we could not have gotten anywhere in such weather even had "Billie" been in a condition to travel. I did wish, however, that our present abiding place were a bit nearer some city. I, dressed at last. I got badly lost looking for the dining room, and wandered through all sorts of queer rooms and finally got to one long gallery like affair, hung with innumerable pictures. I think all the folks the old maid had ever had were there, and she certainly must have had a good many. There were men in uniform and ladies in fancy dress costumes, some men in knee pants and enormous buckles and more ladies with hoop skirts and waterfalls on their heads. All of them seemed to have their eyes set upon poor me with a most inquiring stare, and I just gathered my

skirts in my hand and made a grand dash out of there. The breath was all out of me when by accident I came upon a door which I found opened upon the family sitting room. Mother and the old maid were the only occupants when I made my debut, and Mother seemed surprised to see me. I reckon she had expected I would sleep right through until dinner time. Dad and the chauffeur were not in evidence, neither was the man of the family. I suppose they were out trying to diagnose "Billie's" ailments. I found that the farmer had driven our unfortunate acquaintance of the evening before to the nearest railroad station and had not yet returned. After a cup of coffee, I joined the men folks out in the stable and left Mother to entertain the old maid; I am never much interested in women's chatter and was glad to escape from them as usual. Stayed out until the fellow returned from the station and then we all went in to dinner. The storm which had begun quite respectably in the night had increased in violence, and the little old farm house shook and trembled in its grasp, and dinner was eaten to the accompaniment of beating rain drops and furious gusts of wind.

1.30, piled up in a big chair in the old-fashioned library, in front of a delightfully cosy fireplace, with my nose deep in a most interesting book, and truly I never

enjoyed myself quite so much as I did that stormy afternoon in the country, miles from anywhere whichever way one went. 6 p. m., supper time, and it was so dark we had to eat by candle light. 8 p. m., in the family sitting room and Mother dear requested me to play something to entertain the bunch. I detest playing and she knows it. I suppose that is why she asked me; anyway, I banged out a lot of rag-time until everybody felt like throwing things at me I know, and at last I played "Home Sweet Home." That finished Dad. He said there was no use rubbing it in. 9.30, candles were handed round and we each sought our beds once more. I asked the old maid to show me to mine, for I did not feel very sure that I could find it, after my experience of the morning. 10.30, in my high-toned bed, cuddled up in the covers, with every candle I could lay my hands upon burning brightly to dispel the shadows. The wind howled around the house like a "Banshee," and I put extra fervor in my prayers before daring to close my eyes that night.

Friday, September 18, 7 A. M.

Awakened to find the storm had abated and although the sun had not as yet returned to work, the day promised to be clear. 8 a. m., breakfast finished. Dad would not let me come with him; said he had all he could attend to without having me nosing around. The chauffeur said nothing. He has a fashion of thinking twice and then talking to himself. I think that is how he gets along as well as he does with Dad.

11 a. m., the gentleman who owned the other car came back; seemed quite provoked to find things were not yet completed on his car. He went out to Dad, and from his demeanor when he left the house, I think that even the fact that they were brother Masons had ceased to have much weight with him. He was really most unreasonable, for we were so far from anywhere that it was a dreadful handicap. 12.30, all hands came in to dinner. The chauffeur told me that Dad had fixed it up with the fellow. He was to have the damaged car taken to the city and have whatever was necessary to be done to it attended to there, and in the meantime he was to use a hired car at Dad's expense. I was glad to get rid of him and his old car. 2 p. m., I went wandering about the

old place and finally found myself in the attic, and my it was a perfect treasure house of bygone times. There were trunks and cedar chests full of old-time finery. I just forgot everything else and dressed myself up in some of the quaintest things; when I was fixed up I must have looked like my own grandmother. Of course no one knew where I was or what I was up to, and I did not mean them too, naturally. Well, I danced about and tried to imagine myself taking part in a real old-fashioned minuet, after which I sat down and flirted most outrageously with an imaginary cavalier, and finally the quietness overcame me and I closed my eyes and slept; I do not know how long, but when I opened them again total darkness prevailed. I jumped up and fled from there, never stopping to breathe until I landed in the midst of the others. I wanted to get where it was light. I got what I was looking for and something I was not. In my excitement I had completely forgotten my appearance, and there I stood rigged out in that old ball dress which had belonged to some past generation of the old maid's family, a self-confessed "snooper." There was nothing for it but to face the music. Explanations would only have added to the offence, so I let the others do the talking. The old maid's brother must have enjoyed the spectacle I presented for he laughed like

an old fool at me. The old maid herself tried to be real sweet about it, but Mother—oh! she arose in righteous wrath and escorted me from that room, and even the spooky appearance of my own little place under the eaves lost much of its terror after she had finished her say. I crept into bed very meekly and Mother returned that confounded old dress to its hiding place. I felt so hungry and lonely that I believe I would have welcomed the society of even a respectable ghost.

Saturday, September 19.

Awakened early but did not know whether it was best to descend or not. Finally hunger settled the question for me, and I took all my courage in both my hands and down I went. I was of course in total ignorance of how far the repairs upon "Billie" had progressed. No one informed me the night before and I had been too wise to tarry asking questions even had I thought of it, which I confess I did not. My breakfast was eaten in deep silence; no one said anything to me and I thought it best not to open the conversation.

I went out to visit "Billie," but did not seem very welcome there, so I just went for a walk and stayed until noon. At dinner the mental atmosphere had cleared considerably. You see there is not much use in staying cross with anyone who does not resent it, and I had been so meek that at last I was taken back into the good graces of my family. Also, it turned out that everything had gone so much more quickly than had been expected in regard to getting the car into shape, that it looked like we might sail for home on the morrow.

2 p. m., playing solitaire in the library. This game I find is pretty sure to keep you

out of trouble with anyone but yourself, and after my recent experience I felt it wise to stick close to it. 6 p. m., supper time. It does seem that it is always meal time in the country. After I had helped the old maid with the dishes we retired to the sitting room. I believe I have forgotten to mention that the dish-washing affair had been a part of my daily diet during my sojourn there, but Mother never forgot to have me do it just the same. 9 p. m., I sneaked for bed, not that I was sleepy, but I did not feel exactly comfortable; I felt as though the eyes which were turned now and then in my direction were not exactly friendly in their expression so I removed myself.

Sunday, September 20, 5 A. M.

Up and dressed in a great hurry, for to-day we were to start for home. We had a dandy breakfast. Dad and Mother were in a most happy state of mind, even my piccadilloes of a few days before were completely forgotten it would seem. It occurred to me that Dad would not be so smiling when he received the bill for repairs on the other fellow's car, but there was no use hastening the evil day, so I packed up my duds and prepared to leave the farm house which had been our abiding place for the last few days.

The morning was quite cold and Mother put on her big fur coat and hat, and truly she looked more like an esquimo than anything else. I have no fur coat and I am glad I haven't, for there would have been no room for me in the car had I been bundled up as she was. The chauffeur brought "Billie" around to the door, the first time I think he had touched the wheel during our entire trip. Poor "Billie," he did not look so very fine, in fact he looked awfully patched up, and the paint upon his patched places did not match very well with his other coloring, but he seemed all right as far as going went.

We bid good-bye to the old maid and

the farmer, Dad took the wheel, and off we went. Hartford was to be our next city of any importance, and there we were to have our dinner. 11 a. m., we had been going along beautifully, no stops for oiling up, no tire trouble, in fact everything had been going most smoothly. Suddenly Dad brought the car to an abrupt stop, and Mother and I from force of habit started to get out. Dad hollered at us, wanted to know what ailed us; we didn't know, but supposed something was wrong with "Billie." He said no there was not, but that he had been going so good naturedly for so long, that he had just stopped him to see if he really meant it and would start again all right. I thought that was fool business; it is best to leave well enough alone I believe. 11.05, turned the button and sure enough the car sprung ahead and we were off like a streak. There has just been a stretch of macadam road completed some miles above Hartford and when we got to that Dad just turned everything on full and—well, I suppose we did have one wheel on the ground some of the time, but at the time it did not seem so to me.

12.30, reached Hartford, the city of our desires, but not exactly in the way we desired. No indeed. Just at the outskirts of the city, about the time we were giving an express train points, a fellow on a motor cycle called halt! He had a speedom-

eter upon his handlebars, and when he came up to us he said we had been making, I don't exactly remember, but some ridiculous number of miles, and told us we were under arrest. Mother began to cry, Dad swore some, and not knowing just what to do, I kept still, and under escort of the law we made our debut in Hartford. Well, that introduction to the lawmakers of Hartford cost Dad just a quarter of a hundred dollars, and none of us were anxious to continue the acquaintance.

3 p. m., at liberty once more and now for some dinner. I was almost starved to death; so was the chauffeur, poor fellow, but Dad and Mother did not seem much in the mood to wait for anything to eat there. I suppose it seemed to them that enough of Dad's good money had been left there as it was. However, we stopped at a quaint little roadhouse, just after leaving the city, and had a delightful lunch.

4.30, away once again; we had a clear course and I do not think we kept always within the speed limit either. Several fellows who looked like country constables looked after us rather suspiciously, and I think one or two caught our number, but no one molested us. 6 p. m., a crowd in the road ahead were gathered about an automobile which was hung up and seemed the center of attraction.

When we got nearer Dad stopped to see if he could be of any assistance. A couple of young fellows had the machine and I think they had it out for a joy ride. They seemed pretty worried, but truly I could not feel properly sympathetic; it seemed so good to see another bunch in trouble that I could have danced. Well, our chauffeur tried to help the boys out. He dug around underneath the car, looking for the difficulty, but could not locate it. Dad began pawing over the engines and finally found that one of the "sparking bugs," I think he called it, had got too old to spark, or at any rate absolutely refused to do so. We all tried to coax a little life into the thing but it was hopeless. 7 p. m., nothing accomplished and at last we left the poor fellows and continued on our way.

My, but it was a new experience leaving the other car behind; usually we had been the ones to watch the rest depart. 7.30, stopped to light up, the first time since our departure from home. The gas lamps would not work; no amount of coaxing would bring even a glimmer from them. Things do certainly work backwards in this world. Most of the time we had been away there had been a glorious moon each night. Now when we wanted to travel a little after dark to get home the blooming thing decided to take a vacation. We got along quite well, how-

ever, for a while. 8.15, two lights ahead and as they did not show any inclination to turn out for us, Dad supposed it was because the other fellow could not see our miserable lights, so he turned far to the right and presto! down went our starboard side amidst a most terrific sound of crashing timber and a sickening feeling of yielding ground. 8.20, all hands gathered round "Billie" and with the aid of our poor little oil lamps we found that the lights we had seen were not lamps on an automobile, neither had they been placed upon the roadside as ornaments. They were warning signals about an open ditch, and when Dad turned out he closed up some of that ditch with our poor "Billie." 8.25, home looked very far away to me about this time. It was so dark that we could not determine whether much had been broken. I spied a dim light a short distance ahead, and Dad, Mother and I started to walk toward it. We left the chauffeur to watch the car and flag any other unfortunate wayfarer who might come along with designs upon the same ditch.

At 8.35 we arrived at the light and found it was in a house, and so we began pounding upon the doors to awaken the inmates. My but country people do go to bed early. 8.45, a window was raised cautiously in the upstairs part of the house and a squeaky female voice asked

“Who is there?” Dad told of some of our difficulties and asked for the man of the house. Alas, there was none; we had hit upon another old maid it seemed. Finally we succeeded in quieting the lady’s fears and got the information from her that her brother lived about a half-mile below and would most likely do what he could for us. Dad asked her if he had a telephone so that he might get in communication with a garage somewhere. Wondrous luck! the lady herself had one, and after keeping us waiting almost half an hour while she dressed, she at last opened the door and showed us where the telephone was. Dad worked that instrument of usefulness to good advantage, while Mother and I were assailed with hundreds of questions as to how it happened, and why, etc. The lady talked so fast herself that she scarcely waited to be answered, which was a great blessing, for neither of us knew much more about it than she did. 10 p. m., the pleasant sound of honk! honk! greeted our ears. It was a machine which had been sent out to us from New Haven, and we all proceeded down the road to “Billie.” The chauffeur was sound asleep, curled up in the tonneau, taking more comfort apparently than he had gotten all the while we had been away from home.

11 p. m., “Billie” standing upon an even keel once more, and wonders of wonders,

nothing worse had happened to him than a bent axle. The sound of crashing wood which had seemed so ominous to us was only a couple of thin planks which had lain alongside the ditch. Also, as we sunk down it seemed just enough earth had tumbled into the opening to make a very comfortable berth for "Billie," so with the aid of the new arrivals we had succeeded in righting things, but "Billie" was astride the blooming ditch. At last we gathered together some pieces of old joists from the scene of operations to build a sort of corduroy bridge over enough of the opening to transfer the car across, and I for one thanked my lucky stars that things had turned out as well as they had. We got some stuff from the New Haven car to fill our gas tank, and at midnight, with our "lamps all trimmed and burning," we bade adieu to the scene of our latest and, I fervently hoped, our last disaster.

2.05 a. m., climbing the last hill before reaching our house. 2.20 a. m., in the yard. 2.30 a. m., in the house, with bags and coats and things deposited upon the floor. Bade good night, or rather good morning, to Dad and Mother, and taking a suit case in each hand started for my room. 3 a. m., when I was ready to brush out my hair, I could not find the bag with my comb and brush and night dress. Hurried down stairs and pawed over the bunch of things, but no! that bag was

missing. I went in to tell Mother about it. We both then remembered that it had been strapped on the trunk rack with the trunk that morning and must have jarred loose when we dropped down so hard that time. Oh, dear! I suppose that bag is resting comfortably at the bottom of that pernicky old ditch. 4 a. m., in my own bed, thank Heaven, trying to forget I had ever been away.

Conclusions Arrived at Next Day Looking Backward.

1st. In capital letters—GLAD TO BE
AT HOME AGAIN.

2nd. An automobile is nothing to take
with you to see the country.

3rd. An old plug of a horse is good
enough for me my next trip.

4th. Automobiles spoil tempers and
break up happy homes.

5th. It is best to make trips with
strangers, the mental atmosphere is apt to
remain much clearer.

6th. A fellow to run an automobile
should carry at least one National Bank
in his pocket at all times.



FINIS

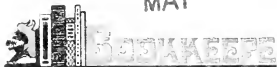
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