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BEING INTENDED AS A HUMAN DOCUMENT, DETAILING IN BRIEF THE ADVENTURES, HUMOROUS AND GRIM; REVERIES, AMBITIONS, HUNGERS, THIRSTS, DISAPPOINTMENTS, TRIUMPHS AND REMINISCENCES OF TWO MEN WHO SIDE BY SIDE CROSSED THE AMERICAN CONTINENT FROM CALIFORNIA TO MAINE IN AN AUTOMOBILE RUNABOUT : : : : : : : : : : :

GOLDEN GATE TO HELL GATE

By L. L. WHITMAN

Doubtless many dear old conservative souls think that, although we came through the desert and the foot-hills without being bitten up by grizzlies, proselyted by Mormons, or scalped by Apaches, Hammond and I are a harum-scarum lot—the sort that makes balloon ascensions at country fairs, or runs away to sea to the deep mortification of our respected families. To these stiff-necked censors we protest we are serious-minded young men. We set out to cross the American Continent in a Runabout for many reasons—love of adventure being not the least potent. Being inherently modest, we assert that the same spirit guided a Columbus to America—a Magellan to the South Seas—a Stanley through the African jungles, and the numberless explorers who are still getting themselves lost in the Polar Seas. We didn't feel that we had "a message for mankind"—although we did have a message for Mayor Low of New York, from Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco.

It is axiomatic that one can best see the country on an overland expedition by that means of locomotion which can be controlled by one's self. Of such means the automobile is far and away the most practical—for a trip across the Rockies, the only possible one. In a railroad train one sees the country

through a slit in a box; in an automobile the world stretches away on all sides unobstructed, and above, the blue vault of heaven—when it is not raining, a condition which we found amazingly infrequent. I confess we were attracted by the novelty of the idea—a trip across the Continent, about 5,000 miles, in an automobile.

To be absolutely honest, I cannot say whether originally it was Hammond's suggestion or mine. At the first involuntary stop we made—at the first whiff of calamity, Hammond asserted with a wholly unnecessary vehemence, and in terms which I still recall vividly, that I had suggested the trip—possibly I contradicted him—I can't remember. When, however, we were standing in Mayor Low's rather badly-ventilated office in New York's Municipal Building, trying to remember the words that we had been rehearsing for 5,000 miles, and the crowd outside was cheering, and newspaper reporters were asking silly questions, and everybody looked overheated, embarrassed, and supercharged with congratulations, Hammond said: "My idea has certainly made good, old man, hasn't it?" Only the distractions of the moment spared his life. Now, however, I don't care.

I doubt not that Hammond has told the same story about me. The important thing is, that we made the trip—we did it together, and our friendship has suffered no serious impairment. Constant and inevitable "palship" for 5 000 miles of canon, desert, and a submarine country pike, makes a severe test of friendship. To bridal couples who may come to contemplate it as a transcontinental honeymoon, I offer a vigorous disparagement. As soon as Hammond and I had decided "to make a stagger at it," we began to find a great deal of trouble in restraining ourselves from stopping everybody on the street and breaking the news.

Pasadena is not a large metropolis. As a means of rapid, if inaccurate communication, the telegraph and telephone are still miles behind the exchange of "strict confidence" in Pasadena. It's a good, typical American town. Within fifteen minutes after Hammond and I "had plighted our troth," I was asked if I "were crazy to try to reach the North Pole with a combination automobile-sled-launch" (a sort of amphibious-runabout, I suppose); if it were true that I was to take that "mere boy" (that's Hammond), on a foolish attempt to tour

up to Dawson City via the Chilkoot Pass." When I found Hammond—which I made shift to do at once—I am afraid I spoke rather sharply to him about these pleasant Munchausenlets that he had been dropping into circulation. Hammond answered my query by asking me in his usual straightforward way, what "particular brand" I had "been smoking"—to tell X——— that we were going to tour straight down to Cape Horn, transport to Cape of Good Hope and emerge for breath at Cairo; or that we were going to lead a string of three racing machines down to President Diaz, of Mexico. I should certainly never have suggested the trip to Hammond (if I did suggest it at all), if he hadn't a really remarkable sense of humor. We shook hands again and said: "Let's start early, if for nothing but to shake the gossips."

Then came the period of preparation. One who has contemplated an expedition of so much as twenty miles from home and taken his friends into his confidence, will have some idea of the kindly suggestions with which we were bombarded. Had it not been for a superhuman exertion of the will, we should certainly have been forced to add a freight train to our commissary to carry the commodities that were purposed to lighten the hardships of the trip. There was everything from woolen mufflers to bedroom slippers. Doubtless in the minds of many solicitous friends, we left an impression of

base ingratitude and ignorance of the real exigencies of transcontinental touring.

We received our machine at Los Angeles on June 27, 1903. It was not built to achieve the record of a 5,000 miles' drive from ocean to ocean—it was just a modest, little "Oldsmobile" Runabout, taken from the regular stock with no dream of the Titanic labors in store for it, or the wreath which fame was to hang upon its dashboard. A carlot of its brothers and sisters had just been unloaded, and Hammond and I, after figuratively examining its teeth and ankles and finding it sound, selected it forthwith. It appeared to be a docile and willing little runabout and a radiator with a cooling surface somewhat larger than the ordinary recommended it particularly for the waterless deserts, which we contemplated not with pleasurable feelings. If it be of any comfort to the manufacturers of this trusty little steed of ours, we shall repeat and emphasize that our "Oldsmobile" Runabout was simply a random selection from a carload of its colleagues. We had a large touring-box made to carry our luggage and supplies —about 250 pounds of it—and this, with the weight of Hammond and myself—about 180 pounds each—made approximately a load of four persons for that plucky little machine to lug 5,000 miles.

At the time of our planning, indeed of our departure, all attempts to cross the Continent in an automobile (of

whatever make or horsepower) had failed signally. We had much to achieve—not only a trip of unequalled scenic grandeur and an opportunity of seeing a great reach of our country at first hand, but the honor of being the first drivers across America's backbone in a runabout.

We had spent many days poring over maps—Hammond and I—following the vaguely defined roads by canon, over mountains and through stretches

of hundreds of miles, which we knew to be vast and dreary solitudes. We looked anxiously at those blotches which we knew to be parched and sand-choked deserts, with the bones of hapless pioneers still bleaching in the sun to mark a course of unwritten tragedies in the westward march of civilization. Of course, Hammond and I weren't as ornate in our language when we were discussing the easiest and quickest itinerary. In fact, our consultations were, as I now remember them, very matter-of-fact, and straight to the point.

We soon decided that our journey should be along the Southern Pacific

Railroad to Ogden, then by the Union Pacific Railroad to Omaha, then Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Albany, New York, Boston, and then to Portland, Maine.

A map of these United States makes a very pretty sort of mural decoration—Hammond and I remarked upon this often. The reds and blues contrast very prettily—the Rocky Mountains make a grateful break in the color scheme that an ambitious flea would scorn to leap. From the Golden Gate to the Hudson River doesn't look to be far enough to get the machine really well started. It seems the veriest sort of a romp—that cross-continent run. That is, according to the map. Once when we were in mid-desert and the water was low, and the metal on the machine blistered one at the touch, and the horizon was a beautiful kinetoscope of tricky mirage, Hammond said he thought it ought to be a statutory offense, idealizing a standard map like that.

To Easterners, Denver is pretty far West, but when you are going East in a runabout, Denver is as remote as the shining walls of Jerusalem. As a matter of fact, Denver is about as far from the Pacific as from the Atlantic, and the western half is one vast, uninhabited wilderness as silent as a tomb.

THE BREAK-AWAY.

Most auspiciously we started with our little "Oldsmobile" on July 1, with the "God speed" of friends, the rather tear-

ful admonitions of relatives, and the sage head-waggings of the hopeless pessimists. We took passage by steamer, the runabout, of course, aboard, for San Francisco. Here for two days we devoted ourselves to the rather discouraging task of confirming the glaring inaccuracies and criminal optimism of our earlier maps. Also we were given—generally gratuitously—the chilling warnings of more skeptics. We hurried through our final preparations, for even enthusiasm is a finite quantity and not warranted proof against such spirited and ceaseless assaults as the San Francisco "knockers" were offering it. To the few cheerful souls who offered us encouragement, we turn back gratefully at this time, for they were sparse enough to be most conspicuous.

On July 6th, we received from Mayor Schmitz the letter of greeting to Mayor Low of New York, posed for our pictures, fought off the last of the scoffers, and started chugging away on our 5,000-mile journey to the Atlantic Ocean. It was a rather trying moment. Candidly, it was difficult to convince ourselves whether we were dauntless heroes or unmitigated fools—each argued the former hypothesis to the other, but our hearts may have been singing a very different tune. Only the little "Oldsmobile" knew, and it is really its story that we are telling. We crossed on the ferry to Oakland and,

with hearts full of hope, and tank full of gasoline, headed due eastward.

"We're off!" said Hammond, with a brave attempt at a nonchalant smile. "We're off!" I said, "but not mentally, I hope." This being one of the few really good things I said during the 5,000 miles, I chronicle it unblushingly.

We spoke not for many miles on that first "reach." The gorgeous scenery filled in the conversational gaps. The first few minutes of a transcontinental tour are excellently adapted to serious reflections. Always the little "Oldsmobile" was very busy. The run to Sacramento gave our thoughts time to adjust themselves to a thoroughly novel situation, however much anticipation had striven to prepare the way. By Sacramento we had regained our composure and at the first greetings of the good townspeople, began to feel quite the celebrities that subsequent hosts sought to depict us. Then on we clung to the old emigrant road, and here imagination hurdled decades back to the days of the sturdy old "forty-niners." Hereon once trudged the mule and oxen teams that hauled the hopeful miner and his family, counting the weary miles to fabulous riches, the new Eldorado. Countless unmarked graves

we buzzed by—countless graves of hopes. Here fathers had perished by the side of their helpless families—here had ended that heart-breaking journey across the deserts—here ambition was buried. Here had the way of westward civilization been paved with the whitening skeletons of those old pioneers. And on we spun in our little "Oldsmobile," covering their journeys of days in as many hours.

Up over the towering, mystery-cloaked Sierra Nevada range we went from Placerville, Cal., which lies in the foothills on the west, to Carson City, Nevada, the foot which the huge giant of stone has planted to the eastward to keep his balance in this endless "stunt" of standing astride the American Continent. For 150 miles we passed through scenery at which we gasped and shuddered and discussed in awed tones and wholly meaningless terms.

Up and over rock-strewn passes, the little machine of ours mounted without complaining, without faltering, without missing an "explosion" until we shut off the power and blocked the wheels to look about upon the world, in the shadow-land of clouds beneath us—here a forest, here a yawning chasm, there beyond, the beginning of the awful desert. We could almost believe that we could discern the sky-scrapers of New York in the vapory blue horizon far to the east. We stood then in our "Oldsmobile" 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

For 100 miles we fairly climbed along the banks of tumbling mountain streams. One evening we caught a string of rainbow trout which were leaping out of their troubled waters, presumably to get a look at our automobile.

Mile after mile we spun along a road that had been blasted out of the solid rock, the sheer wall of the precipice on one side, pointing a sinister and gaunt finger of granite straight into the heavens for hundreds of feet; on the other hand, the side of the mountain dropped away into space with prickly-looking pines miles below. A moment of indecision, a case of rattles with the steering gear—it is not a pleasant suggestion, and I told Hammond so, when he brought up the gruesome possibility at an inopportune moment. And then there came a test for the little machine, quite as severe as the climb had been, descending the mountain side. The brakes were on always and several times we stopped to permit them to cool.

We wound about the shores of Lake Tahoe, that inexpressibly beautiful body of crystal water that glitters, diamond-like, 6,000 feet above the sea, a jewel

with the grandeur of the Sierras for an impressive setting. In six miles we drop 6,000 feet—we could, of course, have dropped more rapidly, but not without sprinkling automobile and chauffeur dust over the unsuspecting countryside. The road zig-zagged back and forth, so that at one station we saw the path cross at five different points of elevation below us. Here indeed Mother Nature cast aside her natural dignity to wantonly loop-the-loop. And here at last we said farewell to the Sierras, with the heavy odors of the ghostly pine forests, its exhilarating mountain air, and its sparkling mountain brooks.

No impressive scenes that may come along in the train of this life's happenings will ever blot out the memory of the almost unearthly beauty of a sunrise in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas. How often has the twang of the clear mountain air, and the refreshing chill of the water in the mountain streams come back to mock and torture us when we were fighting the pitiless sun of the hopeless deserts!

SPEAKING OF DESERTS!

Now began "the winter of our discontent"—that is, one of the many such

winters, which, in spite of accepted meteorological theories, reoccurred frequently in the ensuing weeks. A short run it is from the foothills of the Sierras to Reno, Nevada, and there we prepare for the desert, the *bete noir*, which the pessimists and alarmists dinned most stridently into our unwilling ears. At Reno we set about to fortify ourselves against the demons of sand, sun and thirst. We secured a capacious and practical sort of canteen to carry our drinking water. We procured little desert-helmets, for the salesmen of Reno are rich in expedient, and generous with suggestion. At last—and probably most important of all—we fit the "Oldsmobile" with sand-tires, made of heavy canvas stuffed with waste to lash over our rear wheels. A wise, even a vital expedient, were these to combat the waves of drifting sand that lay before us.

And scarcely were we outside of Wadsworth when we "went to it"—a great, waterless desolation, soft beds of sand that dazzles and stings, and irritates like flea-bites, alkali lake beds, poisonous hot springs and deadly suffocating gases, and over all a blazing sun—Oh! a rollicking, charming bit of pastoral is this corner of our continent—truly the "country God forgot"! And through 600 miles of this entrancing landscape, the conscientious little runabout puffed and buzzed.

About every 100 miles there is a railroad station. These are not beautiful

settlements—one would not select them in *sang froid* for a vacation or a health resort. But to us they were the most delightful incidents in the world. We could have wept for sheer joy at the sighting of each one of them. They were truly the oases in the desert, these crude, noisome, but hospitable railroad roosts. They cling to the rails for dear life and we cannot blame them. for in the rails is the pulse of civilization and life itself—the rails bring them food, water and —whisky; for, as on all frontiers of society, the forgetfulness of one's cares comes — and there are many cares to be forgotten—with the cup that cheers. Cheering is locally an intensely popular diversion.

There is no road between these dubious shelters, nothing but a trail and for a light-hearted disregard of all the responsibilities which a self-respecting trail should hold sacred, this trail is in a class quite by itself. It wanders away over hills and mountains covered for the most part with sage brush, and sage brushes introduce into automobiling a dash of uncertainty that anywhere but in the heart of a howling wilderness would be quite exhilarating. The general aspect of a romping cheerfulness is enhanced by dry river bottoms of hard and seamed clay and an occasional

stream of sluggish and malodorous alkali water. There are countless miles of white alkali to blind the eye and discourage even the irrepressible sage brush. Such a stretch is the Humboldt Sink and over it we traveled for twenty miles, while the scorching sun rays beat down and were radiated with twenty times their initial intensity. We choked and coughed, and plodded with clenched teeth and rattling tongues for twenty miles. Yes, we look back with tearful eyes to the charms of Humboldt Sink.

And when, for the nonce, we left the "burning sands" and took to hills, we were scarcely better off. The deeply-washed ruts of the hills leave a mound in the center of the "road." And here we were time and again literally hung up by the axles. For this we soon provided a shovel and crowbar, and we would scramble out and dig the machine out of the rubbish. This was an inning of the "knockers."

Other diverting incidents came to relieve the monotony of our trip through this fascinating land. The trail often led miles away from the railroad track, the one touch of man in a world of ungodliness. Often we would take a wrong trail, for they crossed and recrossed without a semblance of shame. Once we put confidence in a deceitful trail for 25 miles together, for the day was fine, the road rather less atrocious than usual, and our spirits high. It was the passableness of the road that at

length aroused our suspicions. It was too good to be true. The crushing discovery came too late—we were lost. The road, seeing further deception useless, straightway became worse. The night closed in, and we, babes in the sage brush, slept fitfully, for apprehension of the outcome, and the ceaseless, and by no means cheering, howling of coyotes kept our thoughts abnormally active. Under the pale desert moon, we built a fire of sage brush, choked down a snack of very stale lunch, moistened our lips from the almost dry canteen, and at the first streak of a blood-red dawn, took the back track.

One afternoon we found we were out of water. A brush had caught the petcock on the under side of the cooler. The water had leaked away. That doesn't sound blood-curdling to one in the lap of civilization. Had the heavens suddenly wobbled and tottered above, we, in the heart of the wilderness, could have been no more cast down—it was a calamity, rotund and lusty. Thirty miles behind was the nearest relief—and twenty ahead of us according to one of those pessimistic charts. Our canteens were well-nigh dry. The road did not look as if a team had passed for months, even years. There was nothing to do but abandon the machine and strike out across country for the railroad, which we figured to be about eight miles as the crow flies, that is, if any right-minded crow had ever

flown in that country. And the crow flew right and didn't lie about it, which is a miracle, I think, confined in that country, so far as I know, wholly to crows.

We struck the railroad after floundering through an ocean of sage brush, and, what was better, soon saw the light of a section house. We forgot our aching bodies and our parched throats at this—we even chatted gaily there in the dark and laughed a little. We said: "It was a loud squeak, old man, but we're all right now." And then we reached the alleged section house and our cheery hail met with no hospitable response—our hearts sank—we hurried on, without speaking, to find no section house, but a blind siding—no human being, no water, no shelter, no food, no cheer, only a coldly blinking railroad lantern. Had Hammond burst into tears, I should have joined him with all my heart. May life hold no sorer disappointment for me, than the hopeless despair of that moment.

We pulled our belts a notch tighter and trudged on along the ties. The second light came at last and with it, human beings. Two good fellows welcomed us with whole-souled hospitality and, what was more to the point, with water. We flagged a midnight train, went back up the road 15 miles to a settlement where, in the morning, we secured a horse, a lunch and water and went out into the sage brush to find our poor, deserted little "Oldsmobile."

We found it after feeling apprehensive lest the coyotes, proverbial thieves that they are, had made off with it entirely. We killed rattlesnakes, scores of them, with the horsewhip, on the drive in with the machine, but even that was not compensation for the whole incident. And to think it could all have been avoided with the possession of one dinky, little gallon of water. Heigho! the automobilist is doomed to learn slowly, but he surely learns with exceeding thoroughness.

And then Ogden, Utah—Oh! the joy of reaching Ogden—not so much for the sake of Ogden, but because the realms of alkali, thirst and the nearest approach to a terrestial inferno were passed. Candidly, I don't know how much of a place Ogden is, but the day that we rolled in there, covered with dust, and with a thirst that any clubman would have sold his birthright for, it seemed the fairest garden spot of the world. I could have settled down then and there in Ogden and lived a tranquil and sedate old age.

The fields and the fruits, and the flowers, after sand, coyotes and rattlesnakes! It was as the port to a storm-tossed mariner, and we made the most of it, Hammond and I. Here we leisurely overhauled the machine, scraped the alkali from ourselves, had a few pictures developed, and then, with brighter hopes, started on the 400 miles across the state of Wyoming. Here we reach at last the summit of the grand old

Rockies and now start upon that country where the rivers run eastward. The sage brush has happily given way to the green grass of the undulating prairies.

We pass through huge droves of cattle, and the sound of our horn and the exhaust of the cut-out muffler sends them rushing away in ridiculous panic. Near Medicine Bow, we came upon roads that would bring joy to the heart of a "good roads" advocate. We had literally to build the road of huge boulders before the machine could be moved at all. Everywhere were washouts. Just outside of Rock Springs, a tornado wind struck us. No doubt our progress would have been considerably accelerated had we yielded to the will of the wind, but feeling that the trip should be made without the kindly assistance of the strenuous elements, we took refuge behind some friendly boulders. At that, machine, Hammond and I were nearly blown from our anchorage.

Then there came that period of the trip when the sand of the desert did not appear so undelectable, contrasted with the condition which prevailed and had to be combated. That condition was mud. Without having really given the matter serious reflection, we hadn't

known that there was so much mud in the world. Had we been told that Omaha was really the mud center of the universe, we should have swallowed the assertion without a murmur. We had left Denver one day at noon and made 100 miles before sunset, and—there is no denying it—we were "chesty." We began saying that the trip was so "nearly over"; "wished the easy stretch before us wasn't quite such a cinch"; "hoped we wouldn't get into Detroit too long before the automobile

races" and a whole lot of shallow, optimistic piffle like that.

But little did we know what events the next few hours would bring forth. We went through all the mental processes that moved Noah to his construction of the first cup defender. Rain—rain everywhere and not a launch to float! We put ropes on the rear wheels, took off our shoes and stockings and, half wading half swimming, three-quarters cussing, pulled the machine through slimy, oozy lakes of mud. It rained six times in five days. We waited in Omaha for nine days for a let-up and, despairing of that, we

floundered on through it. Ten inches of rainfall in twenty-four hours and, for once in the life of man, the weather report appeared to be conservative. Bridges, all over the state of Iowa, we found washed away.

The Missouri spread itself with blatant egotism. Council Bluffs needed only a few mandolins and the imposing palace of the Doges to be a Venice. This after the burning sands was indeed a contrast. The little "Oldsmo-

bile" was long-suffering and patient—just what sort of an amphibious thing it was to stand the baths, we were at a loss to guess. We took to a hill whenever we sighted one, shook ourselves like water spaniels, baled out the machine and splashed on. By driving early and late, we made Chicago, 600 miles, in four days, not so bad for chauffeurs who could point no boastful finger to a mermaid somewhere perched in the family tree.

We rolled into Chicago under the

usual auspicious circumstances—raining cats-and-dogs. A few hardy Olds-drivers of Chicago, whose hospitality was not quenchable in water, were waiting for us under the poor shelter of some Garfield Park trees. They gave us a greeting that warmed us through our steamy, water-soaked clothes, and piloted us to the Chicago Automobile Club, where we lunched sumptuously. A day in Chicago gave us time to give the plucky little engine a much-needed overhauling.

We reached Detroit in time for the automobile races—and not as we had "feared," too soon. We were royally entertained and for the two days during which the races were on, we devoted ourselves to inspecting the enormous plant of the "Oldsmobile" and preparing for the last stretch of the journey. We had made 637 miles in less than two days. Then we, for the first time, crossed the international boundary at Windsor and rode into the domain of

King Edward. We were forced here to make a deposit of $130.00 with the customs authorities which, however, was refunded to us when we re-crossed into our own country at Niagara Falls.

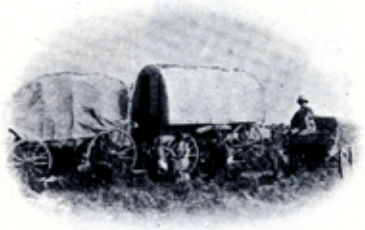
From thence on, being everywhere within sight of that most welcome sight to the wayfarer, the habitations of man, always on roads that were passable and often excellent, we bowled

along famously toward our long-wished-for destination. Through Palmyra, down the picturesque and historic Mohawk Valley, the home of the hostile Six Nations, we hot-footed it through Rochester, Lyons, Syracuse, Utica and Albany, where we cross the stately and changeless old Hudson and run down its eastern banks to New York City—at last.

What we did there, we flatter ourselves, is a chapter now of automobile

history. We talked to reporters; we posed for cameras; we tried to look unconcerned when the crowd gaped at us and full of wonder, fingered and marveled at the sturdy little "Oldsmobile." We shook hands with Mayor Low, and Mayor Low shook hands with us; we gave him the letter from Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco, and, with another exchange of amiable blank-cartridges, we withdrew, perspiring, relieved and triumphant.

Then we started on the very last sprint of all the grand journey. In two



days we were at Boston, one more at Portland, Maine, and with the last gasp of the sparker in that town, there ended the longest trip in an automobile ever made between two points in America and in the world. We took off our hats, Hammond and I, and with deep solemnity and in sincerest gratitude, did homage to that inanimate, but faithful, little "Oldsmobile" Runabout with its honorable scars and its glorious wounds of a big achievement—across the Continent from ocean to ocean—and ready to turn that minute and hit the back trail.

THE THINGS THAT WE LIKE TO THINK ABOUT.

These are—first, that we can greet the "knockers" of the Pacific slope with all the magnanimity of one who laughs last, for we have no excuses to offer, and no hard-luck stories to tell; that, that loyal old cyclometer shows approximately 5,000 hard, honest miles;

that, we had come through desert, canyon, turnpike and forest trail in 73 days, and on only 48 of these was it possible to do any driving, which is an average of a hundred miles a day; that, we used only 239 1-2 gallons of gasoline, or a gallon for every 20 miles for mountains and boulevards alike; and that we had used up only four tires on the whole heartbreaking journey. These things, we admit, we are outrageously proud of.

We had a few delays of that character where you perspire and fume, and say with your self-control working overtime, "I can't make the thing go." We had to put new leathers on the brakes, replace the rivets, and put in new clutch-bands and wiring. We had no trouble whatever with the spark—let that be writ large and impressive. We did not once run out of gasoline and only once out of water, then when a bush turned on the pet-cock on the under side of the cooler with spectacular results which we have recorded.

And this is about the end of it. For what we experienced, what we suffered and enjoyed, the biting disappointments and the inexpressible delights of him who has done that which he had set himself to do, we would not sell for all the wealth of Wall Street. We have capital which we have laid up by the exertion which makes a man bow down only to superior achievement of pluck and perseverance.

This much, at least, have we found in our transcontinental tour in the "Oldsmobile," to which, say we, all honor.

FINIS