



ALL THE COMFORTS OF WINTER MOTORING IN THE PIONEERING PERIOD—A SCENE IN ROCK CREEK PARK, NEAR WASHINGTON

(Ten years ago one automobile in seventy was of the enclosed type; now more than half the cars made are "closed")

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE MOTOR-CAR

BY H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

"IS THE automobile ready for a long trip, James? Father wants me to drive to Albany, and I am going to try to make the one hundred and fifty miles in two days, even if I have to drive all night to do it."

"I think it's all right, Mr. John. I just cleaned the spark-plug, ground the valve, and put a new link in the drive chain. Your father just bought four new tires which we can carry as spares. If that shouldn't be enough to come back on, I suppose we can get some more at a bicycle store in Albany. But we will need some extra cans for carrying gasoline from New York, for in a good many of these small towns they don't know what gasoline is and will try to give us kerosene. They keep it in small quantities, to be sure, in drug-stores for cleaning gloves, but that is about all."

"Well, get whatever you need and be sure to put in plenty of good strong rope, for we never have taken a long trip yet when that hasn't come in handy for towing us out of mud-holes or up steep hills. And speaking of hills, I wish that Father would buy one of those new two-cylinder automobiles that have just come out, and I believe that we

could make every hill without having to back up a single one of them.

"Those country horses are going to give us some trouble, for they are enforcing that law pretty strictly that makes an automobile driver pull off to the side of the road, stop the engine, and get out and lead every horse that he meets, safely past his machine. I wonder if horses will ever get used to the noise and speed of these things that go by them with a man holding a handle instead of a pair of reins, and nothing in front or behind to pull or push them. And oh! James, by the way, be sure to take out that bungle-some umbrella-like sunshade. If it's going to rain I'd rather get wet or wear my rain-coat than to be bothered with that thing which will slow us down to ten or twelve miles an hour. Some day I hope they'll invent an automobile with a folding top of some kind, such as we used to have on buggies and phaetons when we took our best girls out driving."

"James, can you get the car ready for a little jaunt up to Montreal and be back by to-morrow night?"

"Yes, Mr. John, I've just washed the

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