

Pleasures of Automobile Driving in Nebraska

TO THE man whose blood runs slow, to the man who has wheeled and golfed and bowled until he is tired of the world and thinks there is nothing new, an automobile trip is commended. The horseless carriage is a cure for the blues and a panacea for the ennui that attacks men of leisure, men who have tasted and tired of many pleasures. It would make Duc P'ty du Clam ashamed of his song, "Nothing New."

If Darius Green had lived in the day of locomobiles he would never have dreamed of navigating the air. What's the use when you can fly along a country road so fast the farmers can't see you?

Imagine yourself sitting on the cow-catcher of an engine with a small dashboard between yourself and the great beyond. Have the engine get up a speed of twenty miles per. Let it jump the track at a grade crossing. Then have it go spinning noiselessly down a country road to the consternation of onlookers. No better description of automobiling over country roads can be given.

Advantages He Enjoys.

A man on an automobile is given a wider berth than a smallpox patient. Before country horses acquired a taste for bicycles wheelmen used to get more than half the road. They were frequently treated to outbursts of non-repeatable expletives, also. Not so with the man in the horseless carriage. He is a creature from a strange world. He operates an infernal machine and horsemen who would be rash enough to



SUNDAY MORNING START IN OMAHA AND EVENING FINISH IN LINCOLN—Photos for The Bee by Bostwick.

a wheelman wish for a world built on the flat plan so dear to the men who antedated Columbus. After the needs of the machine have been provided for the driver's only duty is to direct the noiseless carriage. The steering apparatus is so perfect that the machine responds to the slightest touch.

A locomobile will go over any sort of roads, so it doesn't make much difference which way you start when you decide to

the last syllable. To get the word out properly come at it gingerly and take the first two syllables easily. On the third get up a little more steam and make a strong finish of the ultima. Cholly Knickerbocker has decreed that this rule must be observed and Edward Bok will get you if you don't do it.

With these few precepts in mind and a camera in hand the sportsman is ready for a trip to Lincoln that would revive a

do credit to a troupe of trained elephants. They were up against a new proposition. The carriage only increased its speed and the mules were forced into a run. Occasionally they spurred ahead for a few rods and slackened their speed long enough to get a glimpse at the black monster that was pursuing them.

Crossroads were disregarded by the mules with all the precocity of Thompson's Colt. They shied at the lanes that would have

hands and gaped at the speeding carriage. As it came opposite he exclaimed, "Well, what in the devil is that?"

He faced the old horse about and followed the automobile over the bridge in the hope of satisfying his curiosity.

Monument to Ross Stout.

Surmounting the highest knoll on the south side of the Platte is a large three-story stone house that looks as though it might be a female seminary. It is made



EARNING HIS PASSAGE—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.

swear are so astounded that they do not infringe upon any of the commandments until the automobile and its passengers are several miles away.

The automobile driver cares nothing about the roads. Perched high on a cushioned seat and buoyed up by springs and strong pneumatic tires, he imagines he is on a bed of roses, even while traveling over bumpy roads that would set a wheelman's crazy bones to tingling. Hills are a delight to the man who drives the self-propelling carriage. His machine takes to up grade with a keen delight and laughs at the breathless wheelman and the panting horse as they struggle up ascents which only give the man-made horse a chance to get its joints into good working order.

Wind, water and gasoline are the feed that puts power into the steam locomobile. They send it whirling over hills that make



TWO "HORSELESS" CARRIAGES—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.

make a country run. There is a score of fine trips that may be made from Omaha. Representatives of The Bee who went touring last week headed for Lincoln because they knew that road. They might as well have gone any other direction, for they lost the road several times and rambled all over three counties before they located the city named after the martyred president.

Part of the Program.

You must expect to lose the road when you go automobiling. It's a part of the program. You will go so fast you can't locate landmarks. When the machine whirls around corners the prudent man will freeze to the seat and keep his eyes away from signboards. It is more important to keep going in the direction the machine is headed than it is to know that it's ten miles to Louisville or thirteen miles to Greenwood.

Rounding a corner on an automobile driven by an experienced operator is like riding a chariot in a hippodrome race. When you strike the curve it is good for the health to stick to the ship rather than to devote any attention to the scenery. All weight must go to the inside of the circle. The machine rights itself with all the speed of the end boy in a game of whip-cracker and the fellow who isn't watching his business may find himself floundering around in a hedge fence.

There is one other thing which would-be automobilists must heed. Machines absolutely refuse to carry people who do not say oughtomobeal, with a grand explosion on

mummy. One more injunction—don't wear a hat. You'll need both hands for other purposes. Before you go many miles you'll wonder why your feet haven't some sort of claws that would anchor you to the machine.

Early Morning Experiences.

An early morning spin across the Sixteenth street viaduct and along the smooth asphalt paving to Vinton street gives an automobilist a taste of the pleasure in store for him. It affords a chance to get the gait of the steed. Then comes a tedious trip over defective South Omaha paving that keeps the machine snaking along to avoid the holes.

In a few minutes streets and alleys littered with tin cans and bricks are left behind and the automobile crew is out on the broad country road that leads to Papillion. The horseless carriage is at its best where there are no street crossings with their hurrying crowds. Street cars and fire engines do not give way to the locomobile, but anything that moves along a country lane pays great deference to the machine that runs itself. Creamery wagons and steam road graders are equally courteous to the man who threatens to take another fall out of the horse market.

Man is so unaccustomed to riding on a noiseless vehicle that he is forced to clang the bell of the automobile to convince himself that he is not wandering around in the realm of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp or climbing Jack's wonderful beanstalk.

A few miles this side of Papillion lives a farmer who owns several mules that can scent an automobile as soon as it crosses into Sarpy county. On the particular morning The Bee squad headed for Papillion the farmer was grazing his mules along the roadside. He sat on a grassy bank and stared at the approaching machine. The halter ropes tightened in his hand very suddenly and he found himself tobogganing along a newly-worked road at a rate that would bark a hickory tree. The mules decided to run the machine a race. The farmer concluded that he wouldn't interfere.

At first the long-eared race horses loafed. They cantered along and hoped to scare their competitor out by brays that would

afforded safety, brayed all the louder, worked their long ears and played the role of outriders to the automobile party as it dashed down the main street of Papillion. The clanging bell of the machine summoned a crowd of villagers, who seconded the welcome extended to the travelers by Mayor Charles Rosenkrantz.

Springfield is on a road that the League of American Wheelmen's guide book cuts out because it is so hilly. The locomobile dashed over the hills into Springfield with the abandon of a limited mail train. Mayor S. C. Haney and his twin sons were taken for a ride through the principal streets of the town, and the automobilists pushed on toward Louisville.

Pretty Piece of Road.

The road is one of the prettiest in Nebraska. It is mostly down grade, and occasional glimpses of the Platte river may be had for half an hour before the low wooden bridge across the stream is reached. A large wooded island in the river and broad lowlands covered with wild grass offer an abundance of rich green in contrast to the great stretch of dark water and the yellow stone that juts out along the bluffs south of the stream.

As the automobile approached the bridge an old man driving a skinny horse that was all but dead hove in sight. Beside the driver sat a woman whose appearance was in keeping with the horse. The old nag reared up as the machine approached and tried to climb over a wire fence. The driver sat with the lines lying limp in his



SUPPLYING THE WATER—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.

of the rough stone taken from the quarries near the river bank and is an angular pile, topheavy with bow windows that extend from the second floor to the roof.

The house was built by W. H. B. Stout, who at one time had a contract for the labor of convicts in the Nebraska penitentiary. He owned quarries along the Platte and planned to bring convicts from Lincoln to work the stone. The big house was to be the home of the unfortunates. But the bars fell from the windows of the proposed prison, and it is now the home of a stockman.

After meeting M. N. Drake, chairman of the Louisville village board, the travelers sped on through the German settlement

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CHILDREN DO NOT FEAR THE AUTO—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.



GREETED BY THE MAYOR OF PAPIILLION—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.