

CLOUD MAKING AS PASTIME

Tourist Cars Put Forgotten Towns Back on the Map.

HOT BUNS WITH "THE LID OFF"

Observations of Pilgrim on Foot Who Diligently Avoided the Middle of the Road—An Awakening.

A summer tourist who was accompanying a seven-day excursion ticket on its devious course from the Mississippi valley to Boston got off a train in New Hampshire one day last August and climbed laboriously to the top of a great hill, where he sat soaking his soul in the beauties beneath him. A shining blue ribbon of river wound between green velvet fields, and a white road played hide-and-seek with it, striking from side to side of the valley in a most irresponsible manner. Here and there white spires poked themselves out of woolly green woods, and now and then a round, white cloud rolled swiftly along the road and disappeared in the distance, leaving a thin, white trail behind it, comet-fashion.

The white clouds puzzled the tourist. They appeared at irregular intervals and sped along at railroad speed, boiling and steaming like the advance breakers of a high tide. Sometimes half a dozen clouds would chase each other; sometimes a cloud would collide with another cloud coming down the valley. This would produce a maelstrom of terrifying proportions, out of which the two clouds would emerge unharmed and dash madly on their respective ways. It puzzled the traveler so much that he finally climbed down the hill to investigate. As he approached the road he discovered that each one of these round, white clouds was being towed through the country by a touring automobile full of happy men and women. When he got still nearer he could tell the women from the men by the fact that the latter were smoking white cigars.

A Look at the White Clouds.

Later on I went down to the village inn—I was the solitary dabbler—and at supper time one of these big white clouds rolled up to the porch and stopped. It disgorged a tremendous automobile, with tires as big as an elephant's hind leg, and equipped with tire boxes, road-making tools, storm curtains, lunch hamper, a kitchenette, a bag of golf clubs, a fishing outfit, a few good books, a steamer trunk, two suit cases and a great variety of tanks containing gasoline, oil, water, compressed gas, compressed air, and, for all I know, compressed cash. I have often wondered just what sort of a pyrotechnic display an up-to-date automobile would make if it should choose to explode in all of its various tanks at once. The travelers were from Missouri, so I had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with them. There were five of them—a chauffeur, a father and mother, a daughter and a grandmother. The latter was nearly 70. She smiled placidly as they disinterred her from the tonneau, and later on, when she had removed from her face the five layers of soil collected in as many states, she spoke enthusiastically of the trip.

"We've been on the road a week," she said, "and we've had the most delightful time, though the roads have been a little dusty. Our mileage is 1,475 tonight—pretty good for a week, isn't it? I think we've got the touring record from St. Louis to New York. If we haven't we'll come back and get it with our new car this fall. Do you know, we only stayed in New York overnight. Usually I like to spend a couple of weeks there, but it's so much more fun to keep going. It was splendid coming up from Boston this afternoon. I guess we had as many as twenty races, but our good old Buco never failed us. My son calls his car Buco because, he says, he says 'em alive. He says he never saw a car with such an aversion to getting dust on his front number plate. Buco's a splendid car, and I hate to see him go, but we've had him ever since spring, you know, and my son is so crazy over the 1912 model that he is bound to trade him in."

I asked the old lady if she didn't get tired during a long day's riding. "Oh, yes," she said cheerfully: "I get so tired I am almost dead by night. But I'm always ready for another day."

Beats 'Em All.

Automobile touring is superseding mountain climbing, deep-sea travel, scenic railways, loop-the-loops and shooting the rapids at Niagara. It is even holding its own against aeroplaning with those restless mortals who feed on thrills. For automobile touring combines to a considerable degree the excitement of all these pursuits. As a result, it is making adventurers of staid business men, timid women and benevolent grandmothers. Never in history has it been so easy, so cheap or so safe to be daredevilish.

It is ridiculously practicable. You buy adventure by the gallon, just as you do cider. One gallon of that concentrated essence of noise, speed, excitement and trouble, known as gasoline, costing 10 cents if there happens to be competition in your neighborhood, will do the following for you: It will take you over five miles of smooth, white road so fast that you have to fight for breath; it will shoot you into the air as the car passes over a culvert, the tonneau catching you deftly as you descend, as the cup in the hands of the player catches the ball; it will carry you sideways around a swooping curve, the tree-clawing castles for a hold and shooting streams of dust and gravel fifty feet away; it gives you half a dozen crises in the shape of teams which compel you to balance precariously on the edge of the road as you whoop past; a kaleidoscopic village view which rushes at you out of the horizon and hurries back to the rear, children and chickens scuttling for safety; a mad race with a railroad train and one more mammoth gulp in the throat as you bounce off the last rail of the slanting crossing a few yards to the good.

All of this you can get for ten cents—a gallon of gas—white juice. And nowadays tanks are made to hold forty gallons and automobiles are made to empty these tanks once a day.

Lure of Speed.

Of course every automobile owner doesn't try to make his patient machine jump through a hoop and beat out a lightning flash. But with all the best intentions in the world, much of the automobile touring is being done mostly on two wheels. There are so many reasons to hurry. The road is so dull that you want to get over it. It is so fascinating that you can't wait to see what is around the next corner. If you can make twenty-five miles in the next hour, you can get to a good hotel in time for dinner.

Your machine travels more smoothly at thirty miles an hour. Some savvy chap with a Kangaroo sign is trying to pass you, and it is your duty to show him that Thunderbolt is the pace the world.

The result is natural. You have set out for a pleasant little six-hundred-mile ramble. You come back bragging

over the fact that you did it in twenty-eight miles an hour and that nothing passed you but the sun. As for the scenery—no matter. At any rate, you didn't see any tall lamps.

But, after all, this is only one side of the medal. There are plenty of automobile tourists who are not breaking records. Some of them don't because they can't, for there are plenty of ancient arks built in 1906 on the Interstate roads nowadays. Others don't because they find too much interest in the roadside; for when a man loads up a car with comforts, buys a road lamp, and sets off to follow a red, jerky line across ten states, being careful not to let his speedometer needle linger above the figure twenty, he can travel in a manner which kings would have envied ten years ago.

Such a traveler makes his own schedule and picks his own road. Seldom is he more than ten miles from a hotel or a bed—and what is ten miles to an automobile which is in a hurry? He does not lie long on side tracks gazing into scenery composed almost exclusively of box cars; he starts in the morning

when he feels like it, not when the passenger schedule made out ten years ago by a man five hundred miles away feels like it.

He lingers at enchanting spots without asking permission of the conductor and presenting to him his seven-year ticket that he may further emboss and grill it. He dawdles long at lunch time instead of choosing between his desert and his train. And finally, at the end of a long day's run, he lands tired and soiled, not in a mob of hackmen but at the door of his hotel. He is as dirty as if he had spent the day next to a car window, but it is good, nourishing, fertile soil that he wears, not cinders—and he doesn't have to pay a quarter at the end of his trip to have it stirred up with a whisk-broom by a porter.

Fascination of the Wheel.

Add to all this the fascination of following a winding, willful road into unknown horizons; over soaring hills and through dark woods; past yellow seas tossing in the farwest wind, and between popular boulevards of hesitating and

debating between the lures of rival highways; of climbing high and casting about for some distant spire toward which to steer; of rolling into some quaint, forgotten village, leaving over the seat and asking: "What town is this?" and then of setting blithely and ignorantly forth, after refreshments, to follow uncharted roads north or east or west or south and discover another village by its beckoning church spire or water tower—the besonns of automobilism—is it any wonder that the passion for exploration keeps the automobilist on the road from May until December?

Thanks to the automobile, a great many thousand Americans are not only seeing, but are also tasting and breathing America first. Bad roads are being beaten or legislated into good roads, and good roads are enriching those who live beside them. Forgotten turnpikes are being rebuilt, and forgotten towns put back on the map. Wayside inns are reopening after years of decay.

Country air is being driven by forty-horse power pressure into hundreds of

thousands of lungs. The map of the United States is being changed from a network of black railroad lines, with blank spaces between, to a criss-cross of black railroads and red highways, and half a million amateur explorers are rediscovering the America, which the stage drivers and the horseback travelers knew a half century ago—George Fitch in Collier's.

RUBBER COMPANY GIVES PRIZES TO ITS WORKERS

On July 18 last the Republic Rubber company of Youngstown, O., posted in its works notice of an idea contest for employees, this contest to close December 31. Four cash prizes aggregating \$300 were offered. First and second prizes in class one were awarded on the best suggestions for improvements in existing machines, processes or methods of manufacture in use by the company. In class two, first and second prizes were offered for best original plans for new machines,

processes or methods of manufacture. These contests were open to any employee of the company except general officers.

TRUCK HELPS TO SAVE IN THE COST OF LIVING

"The high cost of living has been unjustly laid at the door of the automobile," said W. L. Huffman of the Huffman Automobile company.

"The fact is that every pleasure car, truck or tractor sold to take the place of horses does its share toward reducing the price of foodstuffs. The real essential after all."

"It takes seven times as many pounds of food for a horse as it does for a man, therefore an automobile truck that dis-

places six horses gives to the country food for forty-two men. There are 24,000,000 horses in the United States; with these horses displaced by motor vehicles there would be available enough land to produce food for 184,000,000 people.

HUPMOBILE BEING USED AS MAIL DELIVERY WAGONS

Having solved the merchant's delivery problem, the motor car is now tackling the mail collection job and Uncle Sam declares the innovation is a huge success.

Over in Toledo four Hupmobile motor wagons are used to collect mail all through the city. The carriers no longer have this to do and the quartette of Hupmobiles is sufficient to do all that the entire staff of carriers formerly accomplished in collections.

The significance of this move along the line of speed and economy is apparent.

That Rambler Cross Country Is a Great Car

Read This and You Will Think So Too

\$1650

It's a 38 h. p. five passenger touring car with 120 inch wheel base, 36x4 inch tires and demountable wheels—a rare combination of power, comfort and appearance.

It's long—it's low—it's roomy. Low with drop frame and new spring suspension. Long with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy with tonneau seat four feet wide—31 inches of leg room—enough for the tallest man—27 inches from front seat to dash and wide elbow room at the wheel. The most comfortable car in America selling below \$2500.

Ride 200 Miles Without Fatigue

Step into this car and you are dominated by a feeling of spacious ease and gratifying comfort. In a ten minute ride you grin in spite of yourself through rare delight. You may tour all day with pleasure and return without fatigue.

The upholstery is of such pleasing softness that even the invalid may ride without discomfort—cushions 8 inches deep made from finest selected long hair. Rear cushion has 45 double acting steel spring coils.

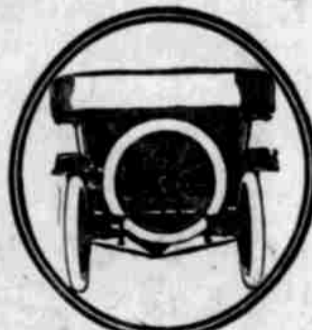
Front springs 39 inches long—rear 52 inches long—axle of I-beam type set forward under radiator—road clearance 10 inches—front edge of tonneau seat 9 inches ahead of rear axle—front seat 45 inches wide—120 inch wheel base and 36 inch wheels.



A cushion soft and pleasing even to an invalid. Eight inch upholstery of finest leather and selected long hair—45 double acting steel spring coils. Rich in comfort, finished like club furniture.



Big wheels and tires help to carry you lightly over depressions in the road. It's the bumps that cause fatigue. You don't have to brace yourself and hang on in the Rambler.



Spare Tire on demountable wheel carried in rear, eliminates worry about tire trouble. This demountable wheel can be changed in five minutes.

Now, do you wonder that it's the easiest riding—easiest to drive and easiest to turn around—no other make at \$2,500 can touch it.

Delight to Drivers

You must experience the feel of that Cross Country wheel. It's a delight. Think of the unconscious ease with which you guide a bicycle. It's just that. Your arms don't tire. Your legs don't cramp. Both levers are inside and the sound of the motor—just the sweetest hum that turns instantly in a snappy roar when the cut-out is open.

Silent, long and lean, with swift moving lines, the Cross Country has grace, suggestion of speed and beauty of contour.

Snap! Ginger! Power!

To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. In the traffic of Fifth Avenue it will creep along at 4 miles per hour—on the open road it tops it off at fifty. It took Abbey Hill, New York, on high gear with five people, starting at 22 miles per hour and going 30 miles at top. It took Viaduct Hill on high, starting at 25, dropping to 12 at the crest and going at 18 at the top, passing two high priced cars going up in the gears.

It took City Line Hill, Philadelphia, on high, Rondout Hill at Kingston, N.Y., with 6 passengers and climbed State Street Hill, Albany, from river to Capitol on high with six passengers.

It starts quickly and stops quickly—a

motor car virtue that has saved many an accident. The braking surface is 400 square inches.

Looks Like \$2500

A big car of exceeding beauty; few people have guessed its price on sight at below \$2500. Finished in English Purple Lake—a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel, with 9 1/4 inch lamps in black enamel and nickel. You'll find the same equipment on cars selling at \$2500.

Fenders of sweeping grace, radiator of new and distinctive design—doors 20 inches wide and open fully with no outside latches.

Rakish, low and balanced perfectly, you can put it around a corner in a jiffy and the rear end will hug the road.

Why the \$1650 Price?

"Why such a car at this price?" Here's the reason: For years we have built high priced cars, educated our mechanics to greater skill, developed our factory until we now are able to produce the Cross Country.

The Rambler was first to offer a real bicycle for less than \$100. The Rambler is now first to offer a real car below \$2,000. The public is ready. The Cross Country is here—it's the flag bearer for 1912—sure to be a Rambler year. To see this car is to want it—write for the name of the nearest dealer—ask for the Rambler Catalogue.

\$1650



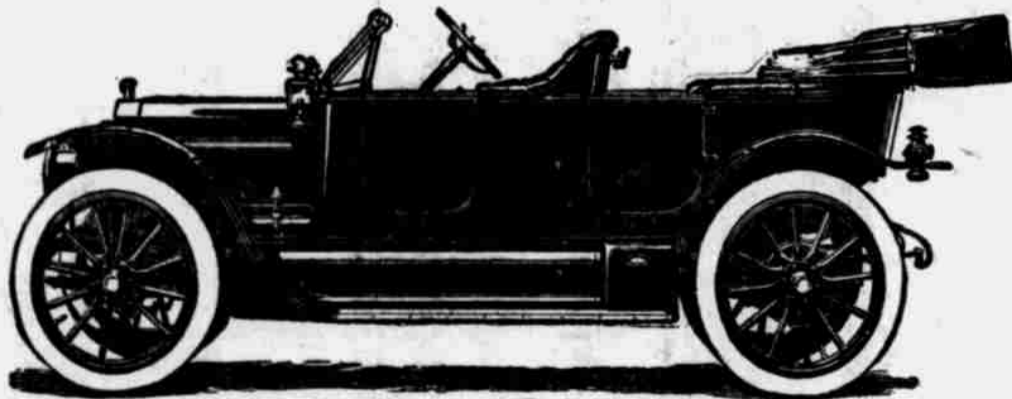
Lots of room in front and rear. 27 inches from seat to dash—31 inches from seat to seat in tonneau—rear seat 4 feet wide—plenty of elbow room at wheel. Three large persons may ride in comfort in tonneau.



Slight or heavy, tall or short, the steering pillar can be adjusted to exactly suit. Sit at the wheel for a moment and you'll want to drive—drive and you'll want to buy.



New radiator of popular and distinctive type—12,000 square inches of cooling surface—9 1/4 inch headlights, in black and nickel—radiator cap of exclusive design.



THE RAMBLER CROSS COUNTRY

Equipment—Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, \$80—wind shield, \$35. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$18. Gas Operated Self Starter, \$50.

Other 1912 Models

Model	Price
Roadster, 2 passenger	\$1,600
Suburban, 4 passenger, Toy Tonneau	1,850
Sedan, Enclosed Drive, 5 passenger Coupe	2,500
Gotham Limousine, 7 passenger	2,750
50 H.P.	
Country Club, 5 passenger	2,250
Valkyrie, 4 passenger Toy Tonneau	2,250
Moraine, 7 passenger	2,500
Greyhound, 6 passenger, Toy Tonneau	2,850
Metropolitan, 7 passenger	2,850
Kickerbocker Limousine (Berline type)	4,200

Rambler Motor Company

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