

Five Men in an Auto

A Chapter of AUTObiography de Luxe

By

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'Twas 9:05 P. M. of a starry spring night. Who fancied that its sable silence was pent with romantic adventure? Outside, the wind breathed softly among the bushes and trees of Jackson Park, the moon glinted on the lagoon and the Museum showed her classic shadows near the mystic lights that dully shone o'er the Grecian landing.

Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! B-z-z-z-z! Bang!

Faith! it was an automobile right in front of my boudoir. A rap on the door. A silence. Then they came romping in, filling my apartment with witty repartee. There were the James brothers, he of the corporation and mild disposition and he of the strong right arm. They are known as the Hall Room Boys of the Kansas Club, and the latter, erstwhile famed from Topeka to Wichita as "Engineer," is Chauffeur Plenipotentiary to Armour Inn with the startling pet name of "Mulek." It is a terrible handicap, but he vows to live it down. Then there was Harry W. Jordan, C. A. C. C. A. C., his degree, stands for "Caus-tic Automobile Critic." Jordan is the man who has gained world-wide renown for his intuitive ability to tell a Mercedes from a Pope-Toledo ten blocks away with his eyes closed and his fingers crossed. Casual comment might give honorary mention to the fact that he can tell a blonde from a brunette after he has looked at both. Last, but far from least, came our genial friend, H. Roland Baker.

Fancy such a company as this in your boudoir! How'd you like to be the host? Gently they seated themselves, looked at the walls and then gave expression to that quaint expression so often heard in Armour Inn:

"Holy Cow!"

Too bad Shakspeare didn't get that. Still, there is hope—Eddie Foy could bring down a Monday night house with it.

But home, no matter how happy, did not seem like the old place with that machine standing outside. Soon we were tucked away in the auto robes, twist-