
THE INTEGRAL

ing among the circuitous roads in Jackson Park. We neared the icy lake. Horrors! Was Mulek bent on foul intent? With a terrible bound the auto, like a living thing, made a spurt for the beetling precipice and sullen swash. Alas! Dean Raymond was not there to see. I saw a terrible flunk ahead. The grade looked like 23. I thought of the loved ones at home, of my past life, of the things I wished to do. A moment of terrible suspense held me in its torturing clutch. Then a grip of steel guided the machine into the road, and we were safe. I kept my hand on my watch, and felt vastly relieved.

There is rest in an auto voyage. We came nearly getting arrested. As we got out of Kenwood and whizzed down Michigan avenue, we had an overpowering sense of the fact that—"It is a long road that has no turn."

Five men in an auto!

I figure we sounded like 2,896,784 assorted megaphones. The Bernhardt tent nearly collapsed as we passed. One of the lions in front of the Art Institute purred and the careless person, standing on a private cloud above Montgomery Ward's tower, actually yelled after us:

"Get a horse!"

All the little microbes in the Chicago river chirped merrily as we whirled over the Michigan avenue bridge and made for the Lake Shore Drive and Lincoln Park. As we swept up the north shore, all of the animals in the zoo gave us a noisy jungle salute. It was a veritable "Call of the Wild."

Up on Sheridan Road, we took time to leave our names in a certain letter-box. The hour was late and the inmates of the residence had retired. So we stole away into the silent gloom. We understand they were sorry they missed us. It's poor shooting—missing five men in an auto.

The trip back was a breezy one. We stopped at the water works to water the auto. In this we noticed that an auto resembles a horse—also in many other things. An auto snorts, balks, runs away and costs money. It's a mechanical plagiarism of our well-known domestic quadruped with a cultivated taste for green grass. Too bad Phoebus or Boz, the original horse thief, didn't have this useful animal copyrighted.

Jordan had sworn off smoking for the 111th time, about two days before. So he was eligible to pass around the cigars. And we had to smoke them, just so as not to hurt his feelings. Engineer is doing well and hopes to be up and out again in a few days. He says he nearly feels like himself again. Really, they were good cigars.

We stopped at an Oriental hostelry downtown and partook of a well-