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Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.—Lord Chatham

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Waiting for the Car—Ten Years

My Long Desired Car Brought With It a Full Measure of Contentment—By Sam Ray

THE first time that I decided a car was necessary to my happiness, was on a bright July day 10 years ago. I was hoeing corn in a mechanical way while my imagination was busy sorting out the future. A big problem faced me. What should I do? On the morrow I would be 21. An old man brought back from Spain by a "hank" and around a bend in the road flashed a wonderful contraption of a bright vermilion hue set against the background of yellow road dust which followed close behind. Oh, I knew what it was! I had never really seen one before, but I'd see pictures of them in the "Colonial House" catalogue with "16,000" marked underneath. It was an automobile, the first to come through our part of the country.

With remarkable presence of mind I dropped my hoe and did the 220 yards to the roadside fence in time at closer range. Fortune favored me, for just as I reached the fence the automobile gave a couple of short coughs, and stopped on a little rise in the road, right under my eyes.

This was none of your flivvers. 'Twas a two-seater like our carryall. It had a top, a wind shield, a clock set in the dash board and on the outside close to the driver's right hand were a number of shiny brass levers. Of course, there were no doors, but then the passengers had to get out so often that doors would have been in the way, so that was no drawback. But the auto was not the only subject that aroused my curiosity. The passengers, male and female, were fearfully and wonderfully decked out in long linen dusters, large peak caps and goggles.

After the car had come to rest, the young man at the wheel jumped out, pushed his goggles up on his forehead as per regulation in the Chauffeur's Manual, walked slowly around the car examining it from all angles. It looked as if it should go so he seized the crank and wound the machinery up. No result. Then he lifted the hood of the engine and dived in waist deep. Presumably he was whispering words of encouragement to the fractious motor, but the latter seemed insensible to kindness.

The young man was an expert sent out by the sales company to see that no accident occurred during the first ride that might make the car's new owner rue his bargain. This expert knew rather less about cars than does any 10 year old boy of to-day. He had to earn his money, however, so he selected a number of wrenches, hammers and pick axes and crawled under the car, out of the July sun. Followed a condition of the anvil chorus of some two hours' duration. From time to time the passengers climbed out of the car to stretch their legs. Sometimes they would try working the levers, or apply they would raise the hood and gaze earnestly at the works. And I hung over the fence.

When the end of a perfect day was rapidly approaching, the driver checked himself for his disgust. He had collected considerable grease on his face and dust on his nose. Anyone could tell at a glance that he was an expert mechanic. After he had straightened up he made a little curtain speech on the results of his investigations. He said he had come to the conclusion that there must be something wrong. They

decided to go home by rail, and started out for the nearest station, leaving instructions for the expert to look for the car at its leisure.

The expert then took me into his confidence, and we decided to haul the car into our yard, a la Dobbin, and where we might work unmolested. Next morning, when the driver was coming down to breakfast, he espied our electric fan blowing. Next morning, when the driver was coming down to breakfast, he espied our electric fan blowing. Next morning, when the driver was coming down to breakfast, he espied our electric fan blowing.

In a trice we had the engine coughing as regularly as a consumptive. I elbowed another, who pushed one lever, pulled another, did something with his feet, and we were off. What a ride that was!

No matter that I had to walk two miles home. I was well repaid for the fan of the wind in my face and the throb of the engine under foot as we sped along that country road. At last I was decided in what I would be. I would be an automobile owner.

When Dreams came True
My ambition to own a car was realized a year ago. Of course, I might have bought one before, but I too many luxuries would not do for me, so I waited until I got rid of my mortgage before I indulged in the cars being put out now are worth waiting for. They are more suited to the pocket of the average buyer than were the cars of a decade ago, and you can now buy repairs at almost every crossroads. When I climb into my new model, start off without the chug-chugging of the first one I saw, I don't regret the wait. My car climbs hills on high and I don't need to take an expert mechanic with me when I go for a spin of an evening.

Last July I celebrated the 10th anniversary of my introduction to the automobile by taking an all-day jaunt in my own car. As soon as I had the morning chores done I climbed aboard, picked up the dog, the mater and my sister at the old household, and started for a lake some 30 miles distant, and the beautiful Laurentian country. I had had been out for a lengthy trip before, but had not what a day we chose for our first big ride! Bright sun, blue sky trimmed with fleecy white clouds, a gentle breeze and the whole countryside alive! Oh, but I can tell you it was a day! My dream had at last come true. Who can describe the feeling of power when you know that a slight pres-blowing more merrily along your ears and bring the road toward you like a ribbon being wound upon a reel.

We set to our destination rather early for dinner, but the brisk drive through the fresh breeze had steeled our appetite, and by the time we had fixed up a fire to could do ample justice to the lunch that my mother had packed. In the afternoon we rocky narrows and cast for black bass. Dad was made happy by a four and a half respectable specimen after he had nearly pulled her into the lake several times.

We left early for I had my chores to do when I got home. We took tea under some home a roundabout way to get exploring were yet several miles from our destination. And in the gathering twilight we drove along through an enchanted twilight we drove along picked out from the surrounding narrow path by our lights and the green of the landscape made greener yet thereby. Oh, a glorious day, indeed! It gave us all new courage for the hard summer's work that lay before us.

Is a farm car a good investment? you ask. I say yes, but not mortgage your farm to buy it. It is a good investment financially, for it saves valuable time in a hundred and one different ways on the farm. But its

LETTING IN THE SUN ON THE FORD OWNER—A PROSE POEM

RECENTLY I started walking over to our country town, for my dress had sprained a fetlock and my shay had broken down. I was low; empty my commodious ladder, broken my stock of soap and I needed meal for porridge, milk for raisins or balls, for a guay must keep on living if it is to live. I was over the gold-darned sun shone, smiling on my curly dome, and I carried on my shoulder beans and corn for succotash, eggs and butter for the grocer, who takes trade in lieu of cash. And the yellow road dust, with I grimly plowed along, kicking up for seven paces, but besides the slim chauffeur, only one guy dived for the town would stop and ask me, "Are you going far?"

Presto! Was I drunk or dreaming? As in answer to my wish, told me that my prayer was granted for my eye had caught the sheen of the sun upon the fenders of a first class limousine. On it came, a thing of beauty, with a purr and then a roar and I thanked in my fancy Sam Ray speeding like Ben Hur—how I picked up the cushions and I'd murmur "Thank you, sir." But my fancy soon was shattered for the thing of paint and brass, thundered by and left me choking in its cloud of dust and one. It was built for seven paces, but besides the slim chauffeur, only one guy dived for the town would stop and ask me, "Are you going far?"

Fifteen times this was repeated—every time my heart beat like as I saw a car approaching with the corner of my eye. But like here chips with autos never asked me "Will you have a ride?" Oh, my heart grew ever wider, and my feet were heating too, so I raked from out my memory all the curses words that I knew, and as on my way I plodded and my wrath on mankind poured, suddenly around a hairpin curve a farmer with a Ford, "Friend, and he in accents homely, "would you care to have a horse-ride? And before his words were finished I'd begun to feel alive. "Sure," I answered, smiling sweetly, and with hands raised in and away we sped! I finished shopping in that Lizzie made of tin.

After I had finished shopping, packed the tea and silver thread, came the farmer with his flivver, homeward bound. "Jump in," he said. And he drove me to my hometown, hough 'twas somewhat out of way and he filled the day with gladness—nor would take a sou for my pay.

Friends, whenever I take a ramble 'long the way of life I find that it's not the guy who's able that is striving to be kind. Every car can never see the gink who's got to walk, though they're glad to recognize him should their motors strike a rock.

Sam Ray

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