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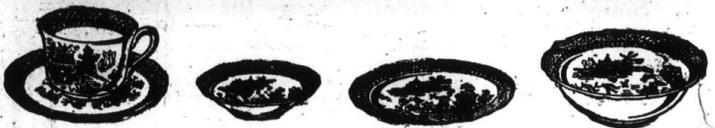
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Orange Maize

had, it would inevitably be embarrassing and upsetting. But he had the good taste to stay away on my days, and I never saw as much as a pin-feather of him. But he was awfully artful, even if he didn't let himself be seen, and the things he did to the car went straighter to my heart than words he could have spoken. He put in a radiator, a new battery with a switch, three twisted cowhide baskets, two fifty-dollar acetylene lamps, an odometer, a spark-gap, a little clock on the dashboard, and changed the tooter for a splendid French horn. My repair bills, too, stopped as though by magic, and the bubble ran so well I guess people must have sat up nights with it! The engine would start at the half-turn of the crank, the clutches were adjusted to a hair, she speeded up to thirty now on the open throttle, which she had never done before except in the advertisement. She was the showiest, smartest, fastest little car in town, and when she miraculously went into red leather, edged with gold stampings, people used to fall over one another on the street. I believe those two months were the happiest months of my life. It was automobile heaven, and if it hadn't been for Pa's blanks and Morty's half-interest, I should have been deliriously happy every day instead of every fourth.

I can't think how it happened, but finally I got confused and lost count. I had been away at my grandmother's for a week, and somehow that threw me out. But it was a Thursday afternoon, I remember, and a beautiful autumn day, and I walked along to the garage with that delicious feeling of anticipation—that tingle of happiness to come—that made my heart bound with love of the little red wagon. (The horse, for all his prancing and social position, never roused a sensation like that, and never will.) I dodged a big touring car coming out, and then went in on the floor to order my car. I was just telling Bert to get it out when I turned around, and there was Morty sitting in it not four feet away from me. He had his cap on and his leather coat, and I saw at once I had made a terrible mistake. Before I could even think what to do, he saw my predicament and leaped out, insisting that I should take his place. I murmured something about being sorry and tried to move away, but he caught my arm and wouldn't let me go. He was so eager and excited, and made such a scene that I allowed myself to be bundled into the car rather than attract everybody's attention—for there were a lot of people looking on. Bert started up the engine, and I was just engaging the low-gear clutch when Morty gave me such a look that I stopped dead. It seemed too horribly mean to rob him of his afternoon . . . besides, when you've been awfully in love with a man . . . and his face . . .

"Mr. Truslow," I said, speaking loud, so as not to be drowned by the engine, "if you'll promise on your honor not to speak a single word to me, you can come, too!" I had to say it twice before he understood, and then, didn't he bound in! I suppose it was an awfully reckless thing to do, for whatever they say about absence making the heart grow fonder, sitting close is lots more dangerous, and I began to feel all my pride and determination oozing out of my shoes. It came over me in waves that I loved him better than ever, and I stole little sideways peeps at him—and every peep seemed to make it worse. He belonged to a splendid type—I had to admit that, even if I didn't forgive him—big, clear-eyed, ruddy and broad-shouldered—and there was something tremendously compelling and manly about him that seemed to sweep you off your feet. This only made me hate him the more, for I didn't see now I could ever love anybody else, and it's dreary for a girl to have only a single man in her life, and not even be on speaking terms with that one! It leaves her with no outlook or anything, and one might as well be dead right off. But you can't be long miserable in a bubble, even if you try—that is, if it is running nicely, developing full power, and you have a fat, rich spark; and though I looked as cold and distant as I could, secretly I think I never was so happy in my life.

Morty behaved properly for quite a while—much longer, in fact, than I could

have believed possible. Then he brought out a pencil and began to write things on the back of an envelope. I never moved an eyelash, and didn't seem to understand at all till he handed me what he had written. I promptly tore it up and threw it away. But he found another envelope and did it again, this time holding it to tight and moving it before my eyes. It nearly ditched the car, for I was running with an open throttle and the grade was in our favor. Then he bent over and kissed my cloth sleeve. I pulled up short and gave him the choice of either getting out or comporting himself like a civilized being. He indicated that he would try to do the latter, though he looked awfully savage and folded his arms, and moved as far away from me as the seat would allow. I didn't care—besides, he was safer that way than when he was nice, and so I just looked cross, too, and speeded up.

I laid out about a twenty-five mile spin, cutting Deering Avenue midway, and branching off where the Italians are working at the new trolley, toward Menlo, Hatcherly and the road through the woods. We turned at the Trocadero, climbed the long hill, and took the river drive home. You know how steep it is, the river miles below and nothing but the sheerest wall on the other side. But there's no finer road in Europe, and it's straight enough to see everything ahead, so you are free to coast as fast as you please. I let her out at the top, for I knew my brakes, had cotter-pins in every bolt of the steering gear, and, as I said before, there was always plenty of room to pull up in if you happened to meet a team. Well, off we went with a rush that made your ears sing and the little car humming like a top. When we were more than two-thirds down and going like the wind, I saw a nurse girl near the bottom pushing a baby in a baby carriage and coming uphill with two little tots in red dresses walking on either side of her. They saw us the same moment we saw them, and lined up against the side—very sensibly, as I thought—and it was all so plain and right that I held on without a thought of danger. When I was about forty feet from them, and allowing them an ample four yards to the good—I mean from the steep side, where they stuck in a row, like barnacles—what did the little idiots do but rush across the road like a covey of partridges, while the nurse-girl stayed where she was with the baby! If ever a person's blood ran cold it was mine! There was no time, no room, no anything—and the bubble doing forty miles an hour! It seemed like a choice between their lives or my own. But, thank God, I was game, and I just screamed out the one word "Jump!" to Morty, and turned the machine over the edge. I must have jumped, too, though I have no recollection of it, for when I came to myself my head was lying on Morty's knee, and, on looking about, I saw we were still on the road. The machine? Oh, it was two hundred feet below, smashed to smithereens, and if we both hadn't lit out like lightning . . .

I wasn't a bit hurt, only bruised and giddy, and Morty was throwing the baby's milk in my face to revive me, while the baby looked on and roared with displeasure at its being wasted. Morty wasn't hurt, either, and if there were ever two people well out of a bad scrape it was he and I. He had been so frightened about me that he was crying; and I guess his tears were like the recording angel's, because they seemed to blot out all the old quarrel between us. At least, when we got up and began to limp home, it seemed to me I didn't mind anything so long as he was close to me. He was shameless enough to kiss me right before the nurse girl, who was demanding our names and addresses and our blood—and all I did was to kiss back. I didn't have any fight left, and for once he had everything his own way. Of course, it didn't last long—it wouldn't have been good for him if it had—but even in six minutes I managed to lose the results of six months' coldness. Yet I was glad it was gone—glad just to be alive, and we'd look at each other and laugh like children. You don't realize what a good old place the world is till you've