

by the hoof-beats of horses and comfortably crowded with public hacks and smart victorias, what I anticipated happened. We ran afoul of the law, personified by a majestic Celt resplendent in the blue overcoat and brass buttons of the Chicago constabulary. When he held up his hand, he then and there gave birth, as far as I know, to one of our modern traffic signals.

"Halt!" he commanded, in a brogue so rich that it defies imitation. "And what the hell is this?"

That was my cue to remonstrate with him, but before I could find words appropriate to the delicate situation, he had laid down his ultimatum.

"Turn around," he boomed. "You can't go down the boulevard in that thing! And be quick about it, or it's to the station I'll have to be taking you!"

And then I found my voice and addressed him by name. He recognized me, but the look he gave me was the look of mingled reproach and pity such as a highly moral man might give to a wanton creature whose soul is beyond redemption.

I started to reason with him, and marshalling all my eloquence, told him that he was blocking progress, and that his attempt to enforce an antiquated law, forbidding the use of highways to self-propelled vehicles, would in after years stand to his lasting shame. Still he was adamant.

"'Tis a thing I'd like to do for the likes of you, Mr. Wagner," he said, as I reached the climax of my pleading, "but it's me job I'll lose if I do. And it's the woman and the kids that I have to be thinking of, what with Winter coming on. You'll have to turn around!"

Then I tried blarney, but to no avail until, recalling that every man has his price, I slipped a five dollar bill into his palm.

### III

It was about the time that I entered the name "H. Ford" on the subscription lists of *Cycle Age* with the notation, "Says he will pay by the first of next month," that good old Elwood Haynes was responsible for another of the grief-freighted hours of my life.

Haynes wired me from Kokomo, Indiana, that he was coming to Chicago the following day, and asked that I meet him at the Illinois Central Station.

It was such a simple request from an advertiser and a friend that I could not but accede to it. Perhaps I should have scented trouble, but I was a gullible fellow in that period.

To my utter dismay, I discovered that Elwood traveled not alone, but was accompanied by one of those noisy contraptions then known as horseless carriages. It now has a place of honor in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., but then it rode in the baggage car, a mysterious piece of freight, an entry in the first American road races, sponsored by the Chicago Times, and held on a red-letter November day.

"Wag," Haynes confided, "I want you to help me get this car through town. I'm a stranger here, but you know all the cops."

So there was nothing else for me to do but climb in beside him with a great fear in my jumping heart and a fervent prayer upon my trembling lips, as he laid a daring hand on the steering bar and started to chug, slowly and noisily, down Twelfth Street.

As we turned into Michigan Avenue, then thudded