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The Little Green Auto

It Brought Great Joy Into the Lives of Two People

By ALICE E. ALLEN

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Why I first watched for that particular automobile I don't know—perhaps because it was dark green instead of red; perhaps because there was room in it for only two people.

Perhaps, though, the real reason why I watched the little green automobile was because of the man who drove it.

The hour after the green automobile passed our porch was the best one I had all day, because, you see, I was well and strong, like other people, and I rode away in the green automobile. Always I wore a pretty long coat—warm days it was soft and silky, and cold days it was soft and furry—and the prettiest hat and a pale blue veil with long ends, just like the other ladies in their autos. Really, though, after I once flew away round the corner and along the smooth, broad road beyond I never once thought again of what I wore, for there was the country. Sometimes the road wound between beautiful wind blown meadows of daisies and tall grasses; sometimes it lost itself in tangles of sweet, moist woods; sometimes it ran down hills and across bridges only to climb other hills with other sunny spaces, other patches of woodland and other hills beyond.

Of course I was too old to play such things. But if one hasn't walked a step in five years and never can walk again one has to imagine things sometimes.

Then came the day when Billy, the little boy next door, fell asleep in the middle of the road. I called and called, but I couldn't wake him, nor make his mother in the next house hear, nor any mother, nor any one. And then, just as I knew it would, the green automobile came flashing round the corner from the city.

I leaned out as far as I could. I waved my blue shawl. The man in the automobile must have been looking my way that time, for almost at once he stopped. I pointed to Billy. He jumped out of the car, picked Billy up just as carefully and laid him on the grass under the maple tree. Then he lifted his cap to me, and away he went in the little green auto.

Well, the very next day the green automobile ran so slowly past our house I almost thought it was going to stop. Billy was playing under the tree. The man in the auto called to him and handed him a large square package. Then he lifted his cap to me again, and away he went round the corner out into the country.

Billy came running to me.

"Mister said," said Billy, handing me the package, "ter give this ter you."

"To me?"

"Yep, for the little girl on the porch, mister said. An' he gav' me a dime."

I opened the package. There were two beautiful books bound in blue and full of colored pictures.

Three days later Billy brought me another package. In it was the loveliest doll, all in soft blue, with forget-me-not blue eyes and golden brown curls.

"You must give it back," said mother. Her voice was so stern I scarcely knew it was mother's. Then I cried. It was bad enough to have no way of thanking the man in the automobile. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings by giving back the doll. And by and by mother said, "Well, well, Kathie, never mind this time!"

Then one day, long before the usual time, when I was sitting in the sun, I heard an auto coming. Somehow I knew it was the auto. I tried to move, but I couldn't. And Billy had gone home. The next thing I knew the man in the auto had stopped in front of our house.

"Hello, little bluebird!" he cried. "Fly down here and have a ride with me."

I shook my head.

"You're not a bluebird? Well, never mind. Run down, then, and take a nice ride with me. I like little girls."

"But I'm not a little girl at all," I cried. "I'm eighteen years old, and I'm taller than mother."

The man in the automobile laughed.

"Jump up and show me," he said.

"It's true," I said, "but I can't show you where I'm [illegible]."

What do you suppose happened? The man jumped straight out of his auto. He came up our narrow little walk. The next minute he was on our porch. He was ever so much bigger and stronger and taller than I'd thought. He almost filled the space back of the vines. He looked down at me, very little and lame and ashamed there in my wheel chair.

Off came his cap.

"I'm so sorry," he said. For a minute he didn't say anything else, just stood looking down at me. Then he went on: "You just must forgive me somehow. I was rude, impertinent, stupid, everything I ought not to have been."

"You thought I was a little girl?" I said.

"I wasn't so far wrong then, was I? You're a growing little girl, aren't [illegible]

[illegible] me Miss Lester. How could I remember?

But before I could say another word mother came. She saw the man, the auto, my red face. Her eyes fairly blazed. What could I do?

The man smiled down at me. Then I knew that I hadn't anything to do about it. How he managed it I don't know, but in five minutes he had explained everything, and he sat on the steps, with mother near by in the little rocker. And they were talking together like old friends.

Next day it was past 4 o'clock and the little auto hadn't come. I was beginning to feel so disappointed. Then I saw a big red car with a top and room in it for four or five people come proudly around the corner from the city. On the back seat was a lady with a lovely gray veil. She looked my way and smiled.

The auto stopped in front of our house. Up the walk came the lady.

"You are Miss Kathleen Lester?" she said. She took both my hands. "I am Wright Engleby's sister."

Then I remembered that Wright Engleby was the man in the little green auto. And there he was in the big red auto lifting his cap and smiling in just the friendliest way.

"Put on some wraps, please, Kathleen," said Wright Engleby's sister. "You and mother, too, are going to ride with us."

When I was ready Mr. Wright Engleby picked me up in his arms and carried me down the walk and set me in the big red auto. And the next minute he and his sister and mother and I were all flying away around the curve.

After that there were many rides—the four of us, and sometimes Billy scrubbed till he shone. But one day, instead of the big red car, up to our house came the little green one. Somehow it looked like an old friend.

Mother kissed me. Then Mr. Wright Engleby carried me out and put me in the car.

On and on we went till we came to streets that were crowded full of big motorcars and little ones, trolley cars and trucks and cabs and all sorts of vehicles. In one place there was such a jam we had to stop and wait.

In the midst of all the noise and hurry the man in the automobile put one big hand over both mine.

"You will walk again and be well, little Kathie," he said, "but just as you are now, little girl, I want to tell you something. I love you. Will you remember?"

All through those long weeks in the hospital, when I was too sick and tired and discouraged and homesick to remember anything else, I thought of those words. When at last I was a little better Mr. Wright Engleby came to see me often, with flowers and fruits.

"No more dolls," he laughed. "You are quite grown up now, Kathleen Mavourneen."

Sometimes his sister came and sometimes mother. And I had a lovely white capped nurse who took splendid care of me. And every other day almost the great surgeon spent an hour or so with me. By and by he told me I could go home.

He told me something else too. But I begged him so hard not to tell any one else that he promised not to. And the nurse promised too.

The man in the auto and his sister took me home. He carried me up the walk and set me down in my old chair back of the vines.

Mother cried over me a little. Then she and Wright Engleby's sister went into the house.

Mr. Wright Engleby came close to me. He towered up over me, strong and big and handsome.

"Remember, little girl?" he said.

I nodded. I could scarcely bear the sorry look in his eyes.

"Just as you are, I told you then, dear, and just as you are I want you. Tomorrow you and mother and Annie and I will take a ride in the red auto. Do you remember a little church which stands all by itself in some evergreen trees across a bridge beyond a little village?"

Again I nodded.

"The clergyman is a friend of mine. I've told him about you, and he will be ready. Will you?"

"Not tomorrow," I said—"the day after if you wish."

He yielded. Then he and his sister went away.

Next day I sat behind the vines and waited. I wore my blue linen gown, the pretty silky coat Wright Engleby's sister had given me on my birthday and a big, floppy hat, with a blue veil.

By and by I saw the little green auto coming. Then I did just what the great surgeon and the nurse had [illegible] me do over and over again. I stood up on my two feet. I waved mother away. I crept across the porch back of the vines. When the auto stopped in front of the house I stood quite alone on the steps of the porch.

I threw a kiss to the man in the auto. Then I did what the surgeon had told me I could—I walked straight down the walk toward the little green auto. Halfway the man met me.

"No!" I cried. "Don't touch me, please."

I walked, almost running, to Billy's house and back. I would have been walking yet with the joy of it had not the man caught me up and set me down in the auto.

"Why didn't you tell me, little girl?" he cried.

"Oh, Wright," I cried, "I was so afraid! It seemed too good to be true. I couldn't believe it would last. And if it hadn't I couldn't have borne it—for your sake, dear, for your sake!"

I'm quite certain the little green auto had a mind of its own. [illegible]

GOT THE EGGS FRESH

They Were Turtle Eggs and Agassiz Wanted Them.

A WILD RACE AGAINST TIME.

The Professor Had to Have the Eggs Before They Were Three Hours Old, and This Is the Story of How the Hunter Made Good His Promise.

When Professor Louis Agassiz was writing a book on the turtles of the United States it became necessary for him to have some fresh turtle eggs. He engaged Mr. Jenks of Middleboro, about forty miles from Cambridge, to get them for him. Mr. Jenks promised that the eggs should be in Agassiz's hands before they were three hours old. Mr. Jenks, who told the tale to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, had to wait by a certain pond for the turtles to come out and lay their eggs in the sand. Finally, after weeks of waiting, one morning about 4 o'clock a turtle crawled up the beach, partly buried herself in the soft sand and laid her eggs. Mr. Jenks went on to say:

As she did so the distant clock struck 4. There was no train till after 9, and the eggs must be in Cambridge in three hours.

I laid the eggs on a bed of sand in the bottom of my pail, filled in between them with more sand, so with another layer to the rim, and, covering all over smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse. He knew as well as I that the turtle had laid and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz.

I let him out. I shouted to him, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, although the bang on them as we pounded down the wood road was terrific. We had nearly covered the distance to the pike when ahead of me I heard the sharp whistle of a locomotive.

With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet I swung him into a fork and sent him straight as an arrow for the track.

[illegible] I got on the track and backed off before the train hit my carriage. But the maneuver was successful, for the engineer stopped, and I swung aboard the cab—hatless, dew soaked, smeared with yellow mud and holding as if it were a baby or a bomb a little tin pail of sand.

"Throw her wide open," I commanded—"wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast."

The engineer and the fireman no doubt thought that I was crazy, but they let me alone, and the fast freight [illegible] to Boston.

But misfortune was ahead. We [illegible] to a stop. We were [illegible] to wait no one knew how long.

I suddenly jumped from the engine, slid over a high fence and bolted for the street. In the empty square stood a cab.

The cabman saw me coming. I waved a dollar at him and then another, dodged into the cab, slammed the door and called out: "Cambridge! Harvard college! Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz!" and I pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"Let him go!" I [illegible]. "[illegible] other dollar for you if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes!"

We flew to Cambridge. There was a sudden lurch, and I [illegible] rammed my head into the front of the cab and came up with a [illegible] that landed me across the [illegible] back on the seat and [illegible] half of my pail of eggs [illegible] over the floor. But we were at Agassiz's house. I tumbled out [illegible].

"Agassiz!" I [illegible]. "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!"

[illegible] and threatened the police. [illegible] Then a door overhead was flung open, a great, white robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick, loud voice called excitedly:

"Let him in! Let him in! I know him! He has my turtle eggs!"

And the apparition, slipperless and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing downstairs. The great man, his arms extended, [illegible] as if nothing [illegible] were happening in the history of the world.

A Powerful Poison.

When the [illegible] in [illegible] belongs to the [illegible], as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison [illegible] is obtained which is very [illegible]. A fragment of [illegible] invisible to the [illegible] kill almost instantaneously [illegible] man. One [illegible] of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.—Pearson's.

Fully Informed.

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," [illegible]. "We [illegible] all [illegible]"

Woman's World

A Baby Countess, Grandchild of the Late Thomas Walsh.

THE [illegible] BABY AND HER MOTHER.

Once upon a time there was a little boy in Tipperary county, Ireland, a "broth of a boy," as the Irish say, who went barefooted about the green lanes, ate "praties" and drank buttermilk, learned to read and write and figure and by and by, when he was older, learned to handle carpenter's tools. Perhaps he dreamed dreams, too, dreams about making money and being a very rich man some day. Anyhow, [illegible] he came to America, which most people in foreign countries think a good place to make money in, and [illegible] a great deal of money. And [illegible] baby in the picture is one of the [illegible] in the United States. The Irishman was Thomas F. Walsh, who died a short time ago, and [illegible] McLean, the [illegible] in the picture, is his only grandchild and will inherit all his money.

Wonderful things [illegible]

[illegible]