



1905

Auto Fun: Pictures and Comments from "Life"

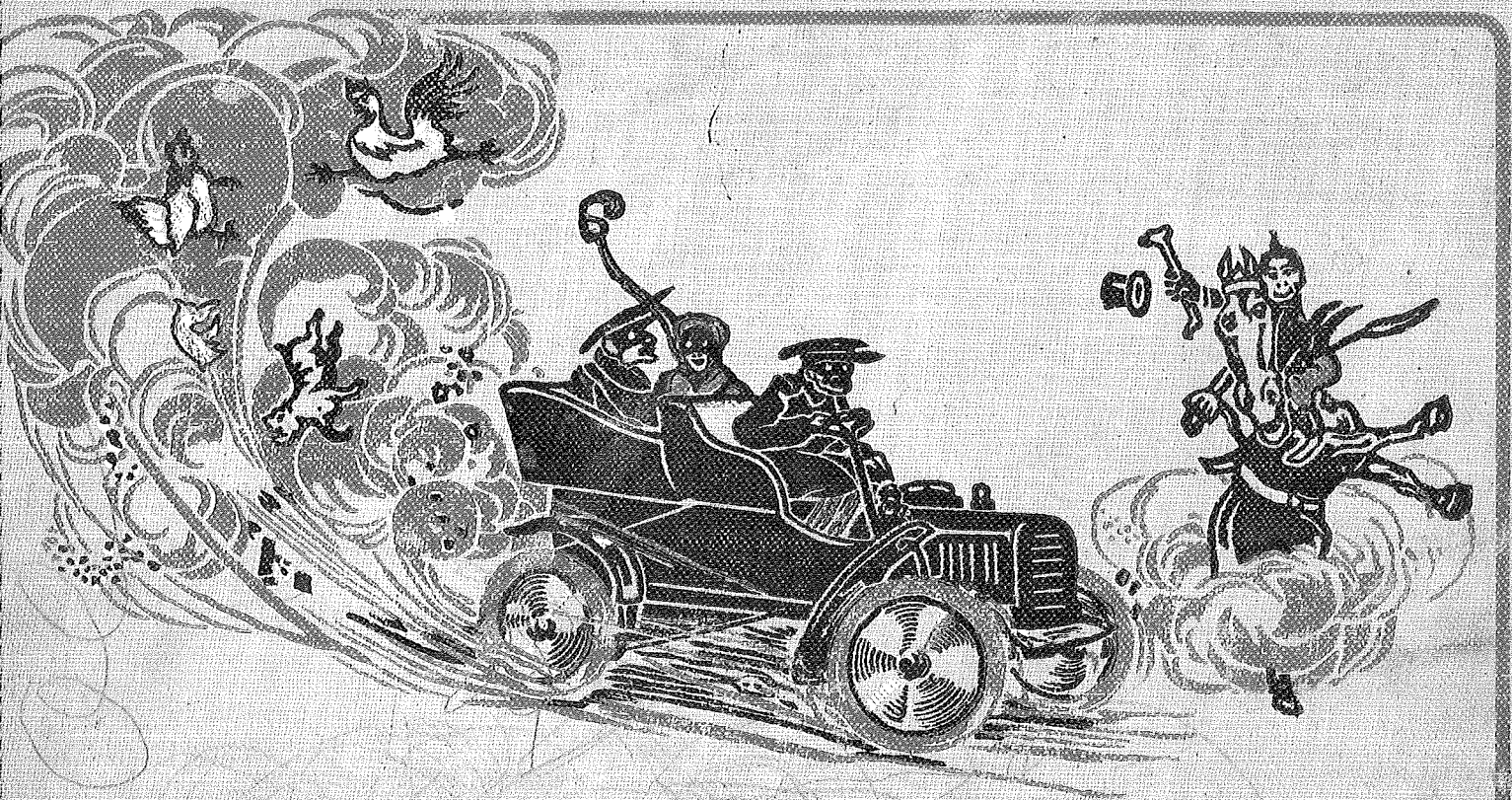
Life Magazine

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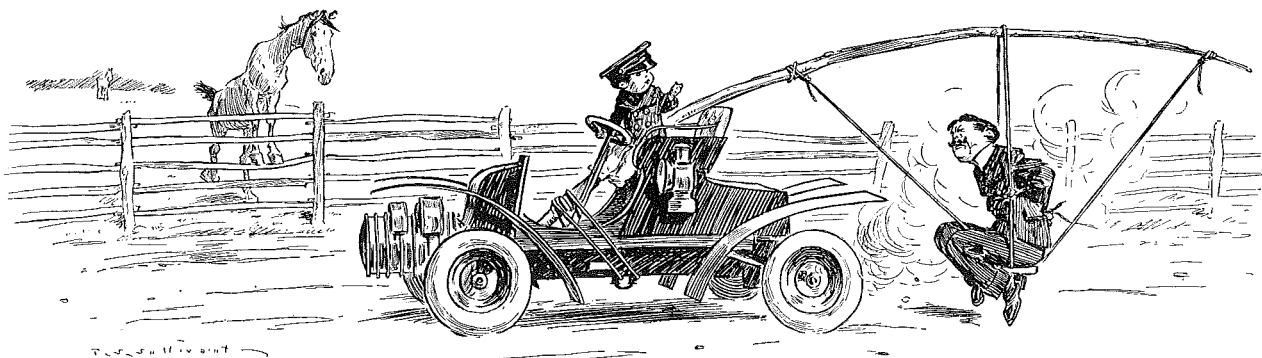
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AUTO FUN

Auto Fun

PICTURES AND COMMENTS FROM "LIFE"



"Now, old chap, you'll have a chance to enjoy the sweet odors emitted by your own machine."

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
PUBLISHERS

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Directions for Running an Automobile

ONE of the first things required of the genuine automobilist is that he mustn't know anything about it. And the second is like unto the first, which is that a man should disregard his neighbor as much as he loves himself. These things being understood in the beginning, your standing among the fraternity is assured.

Here are, in addition, a few minor matters that need attention:

When you start out be sure that your mixture is correct: Put about five gallons of 76 gasoline into your tank, and add to this a couple of highballs for yourself. You will be surprised how much better the machine will run.

Upon the extreme care and minuteness with which you examine your auto before starting out will depend the almost absolute certainty of breaking down. Don't miss anything, therefore, from the steering apparatus to the spark plug.

One of the greatest things about automobiling is the way it trains the senses. By practice you will get so that you can pass through the most beautiful scenery without being aware of it, thus acquiring that superb concentration

necessary. And you will soon be able to detect any unusual smell and locate it at once.

Be sure and buy the most complete set of tools known, and then, before starting out, take from them the one tool you will most certainly need, and leave it carefully behind you. After a while this will become second nature, so that you won't even have to think about it.

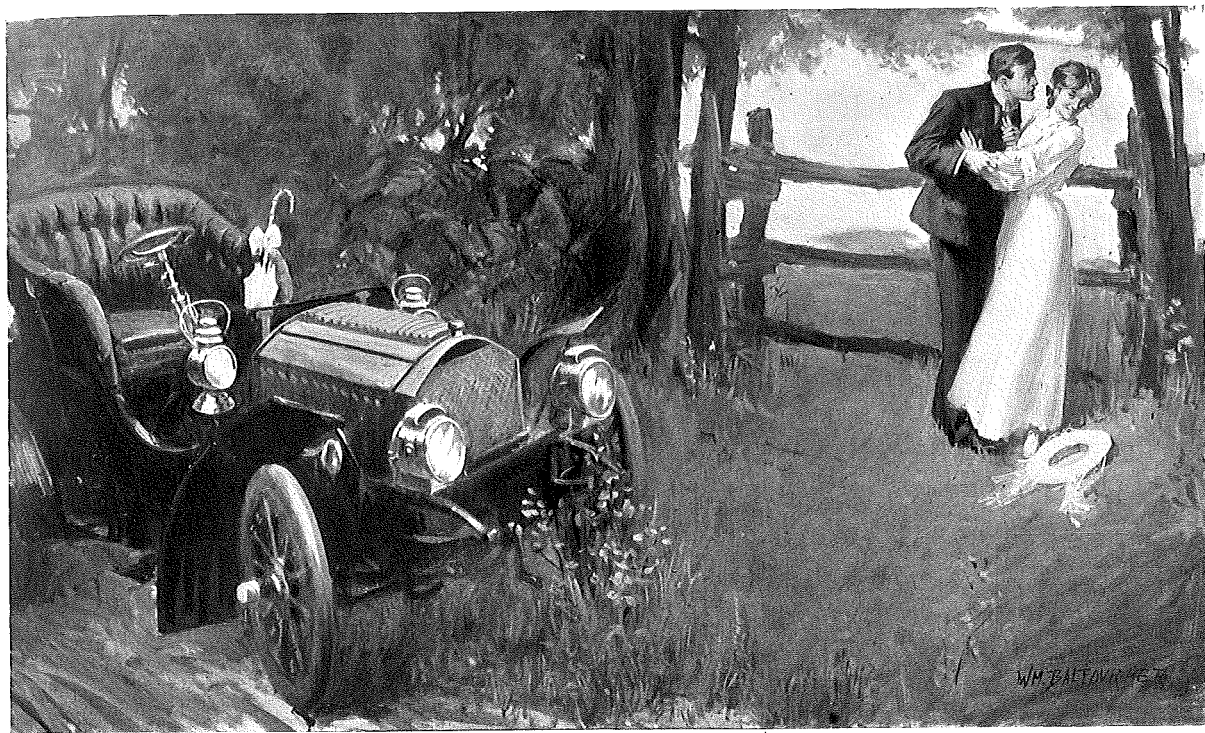
Remember that to keep your auto in the best condition you must lubricate it constantly. To do this successfully use, say, one-half as much cylinder oil on the machinery as you use on yourself. By and by you can tell by the way you feel whether everything is in good running shape or not.

Do not be discouraged if your carburetter gives out, your batteries lay down on you, your connecting-rod refuses to connect, or you are confronted by a missing link in your chain. You are, of course, able to support yourself in luxury and discomfort, or you wouldn't have a motor car anyway; so remember, that many a man, who has more money than you, has had the same things happen to him.

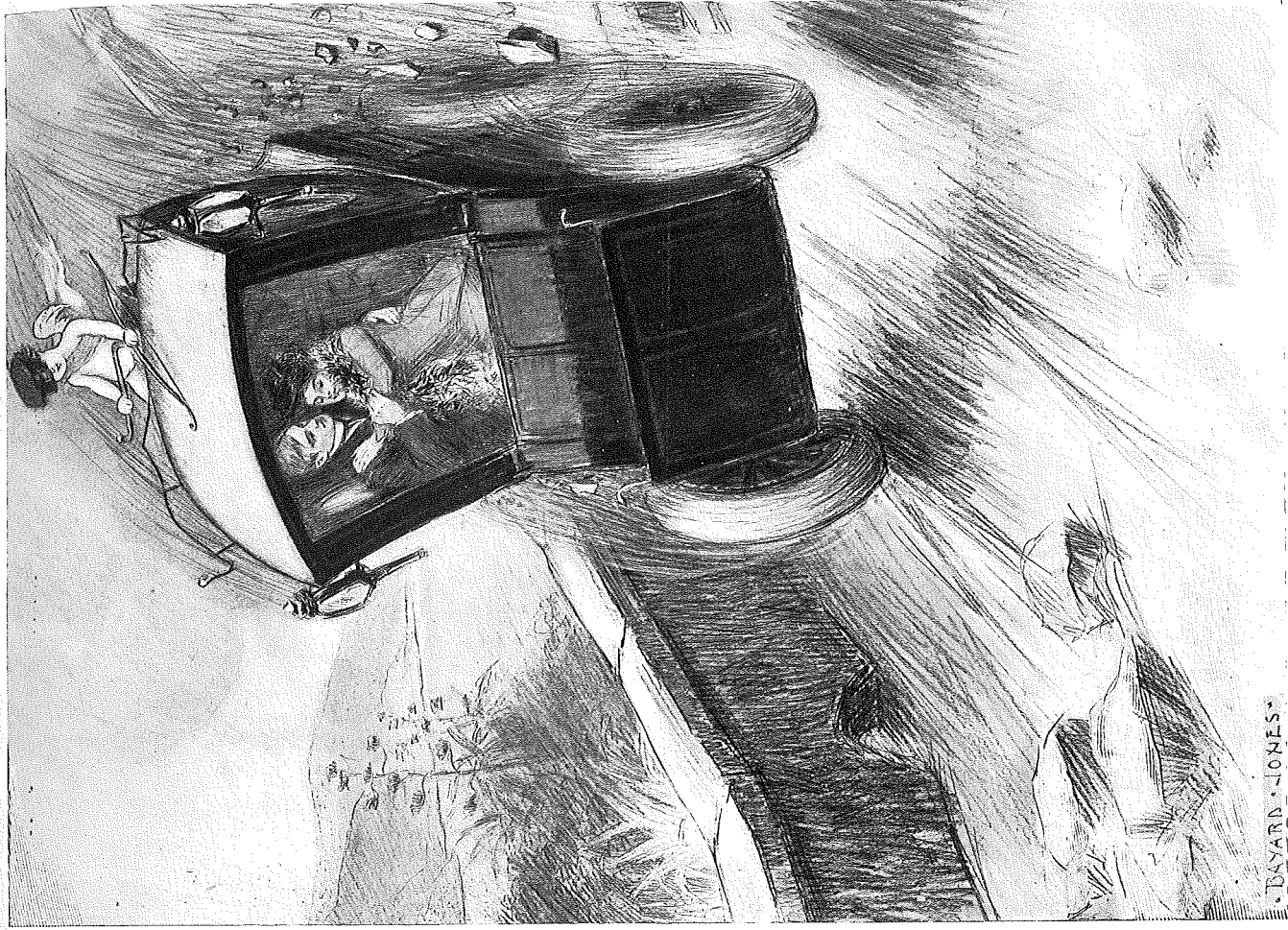
Always carry with you the St. James version of the Bible. For your purpose it is far better than the revised version. The expressions are more terse.

And finally, when you have anything happen to you, keep it secret from the presence of your enemies. But when you lie, lie openly—just as if you believed it yourself.



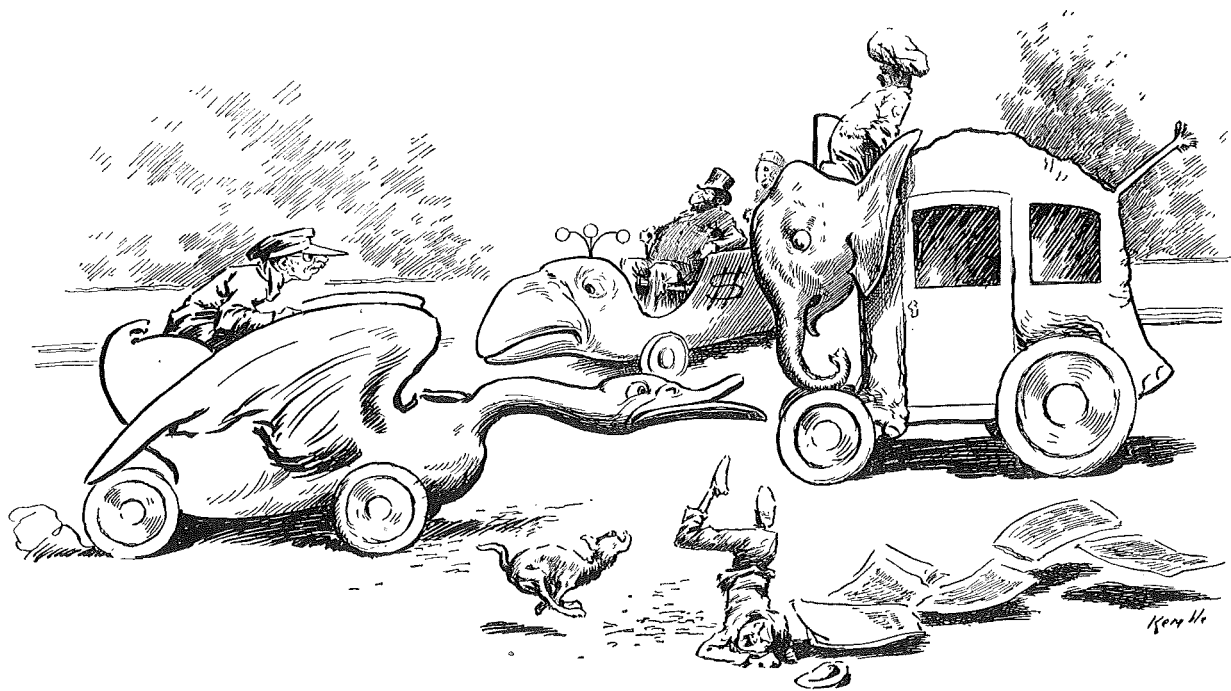


Trouble with the Sparker.

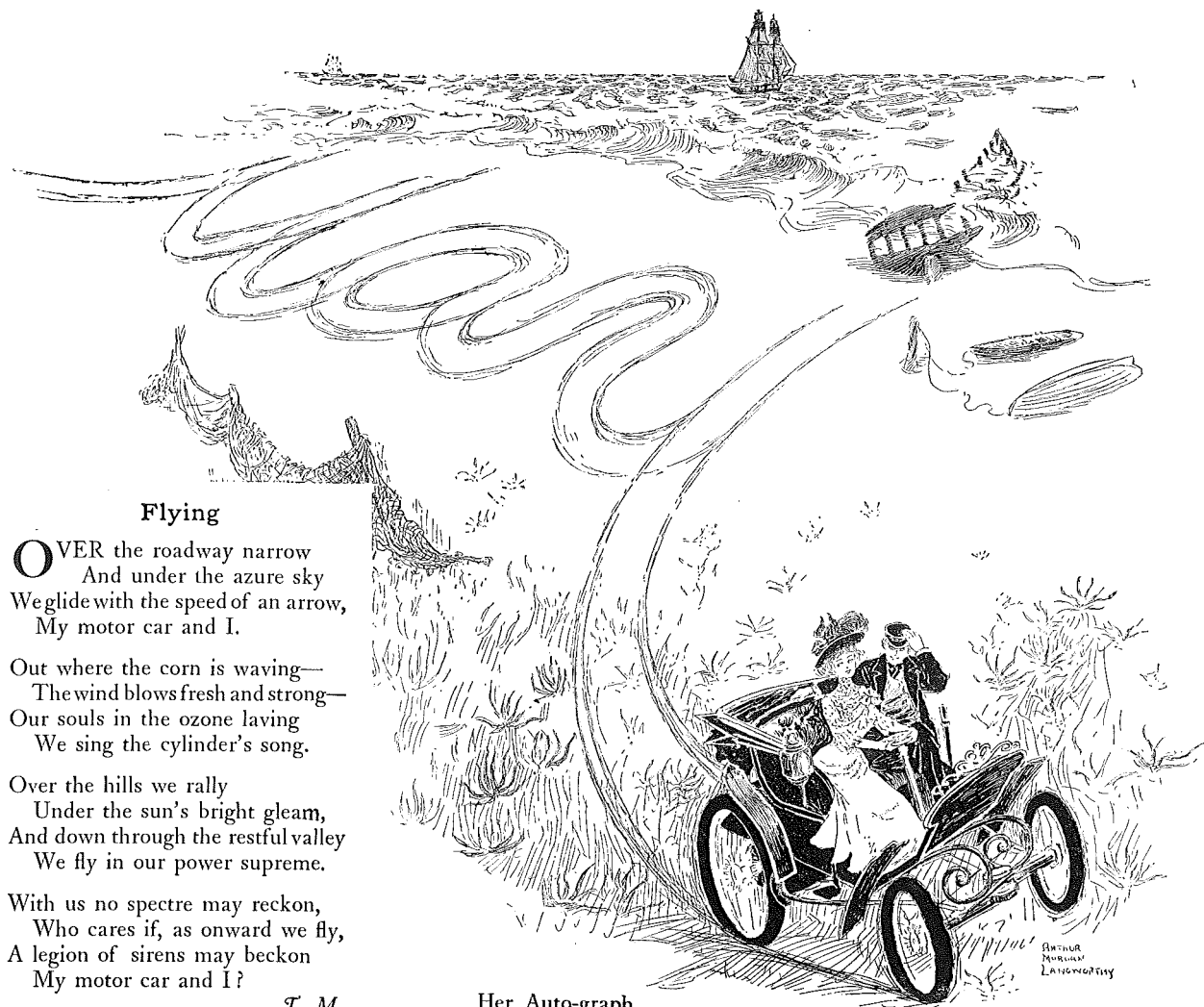


BYARD JONES

The Reckless Chauffeur.



Some New and Interesting Models for Light Summer Automobiles.



Flying

OVER the roadway narrow
And under the azure sky
We glide with the speed of an arrow,
My motor car and I.

Out where the corn is waving—
The wind blows fresh and strong—
Our souls in the ozone laving
We sing the cylinder's song.

Over the hills we rally
Under the sun's bright gleam,
And down through the restful valley
We fly in our power supreme.

With us no spectre may reckon,
Who cares if, as onward we fly,
A legion of sirens may beckon
My motor car and I?

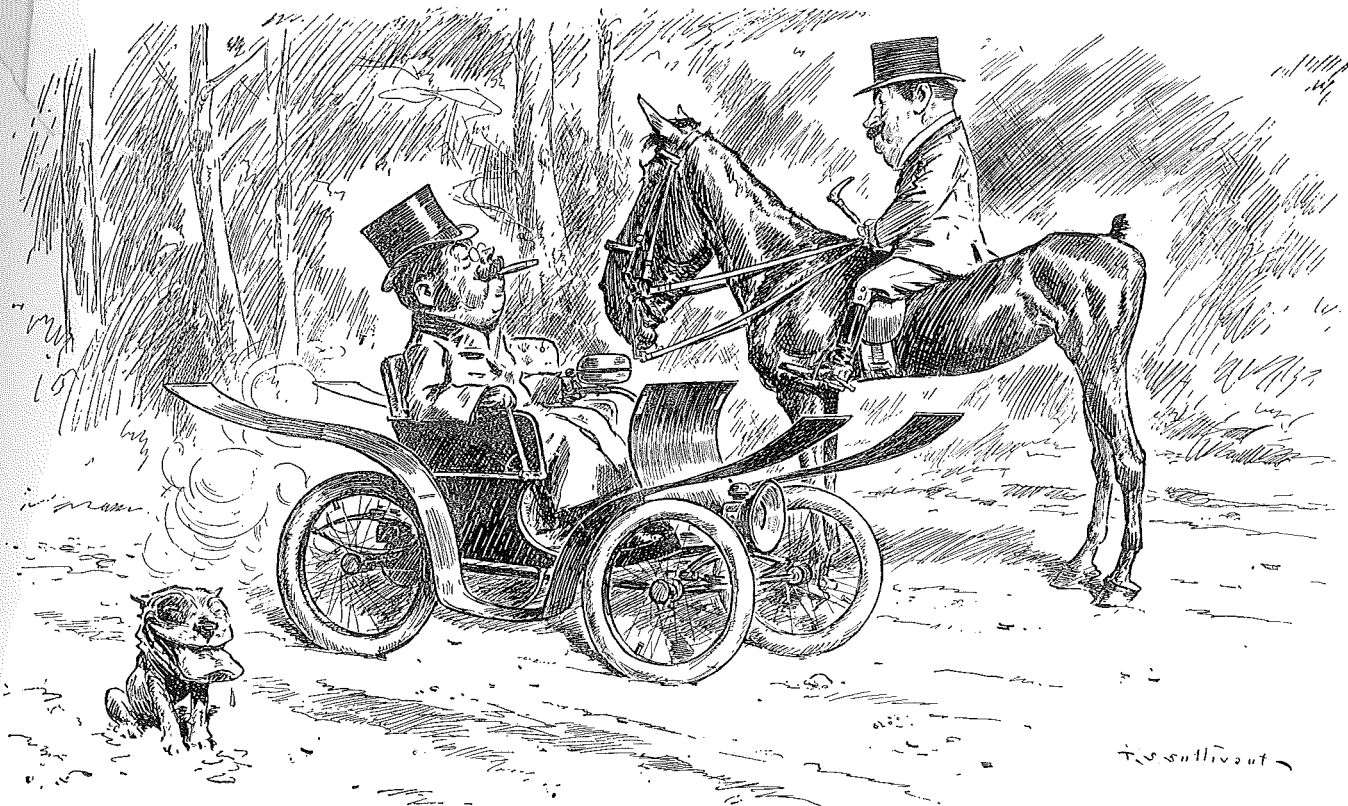
T. M.

Her Auto-graph

ARTHUR
MURPHY
LANGWORTHY

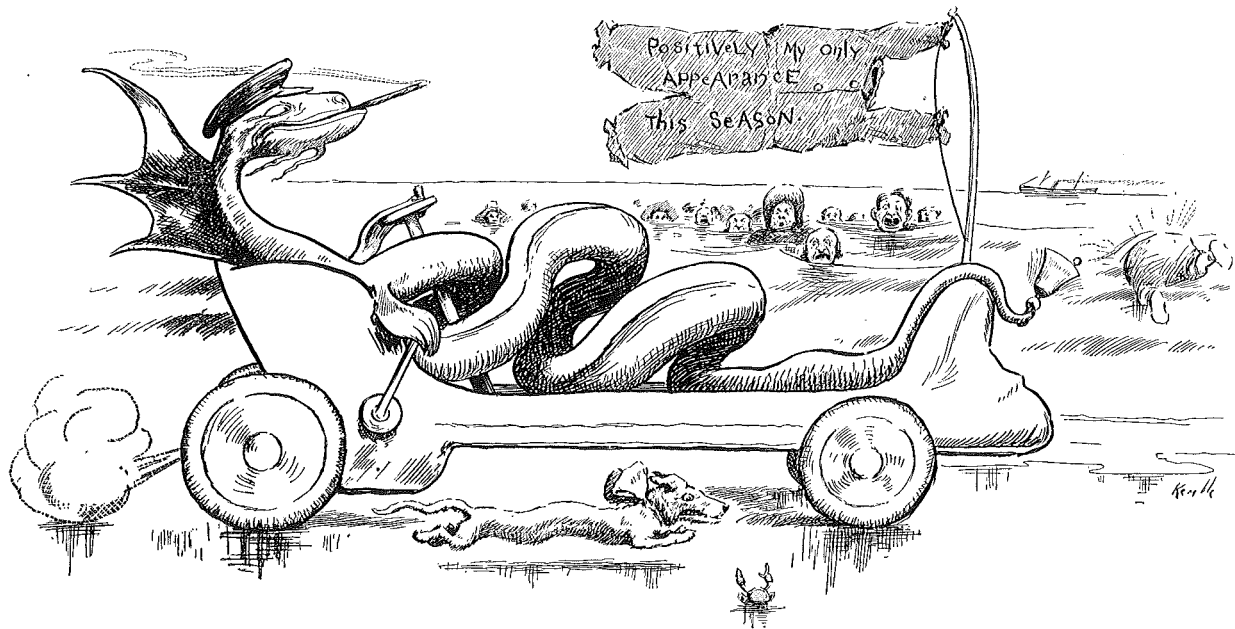


The National Automobile Race.

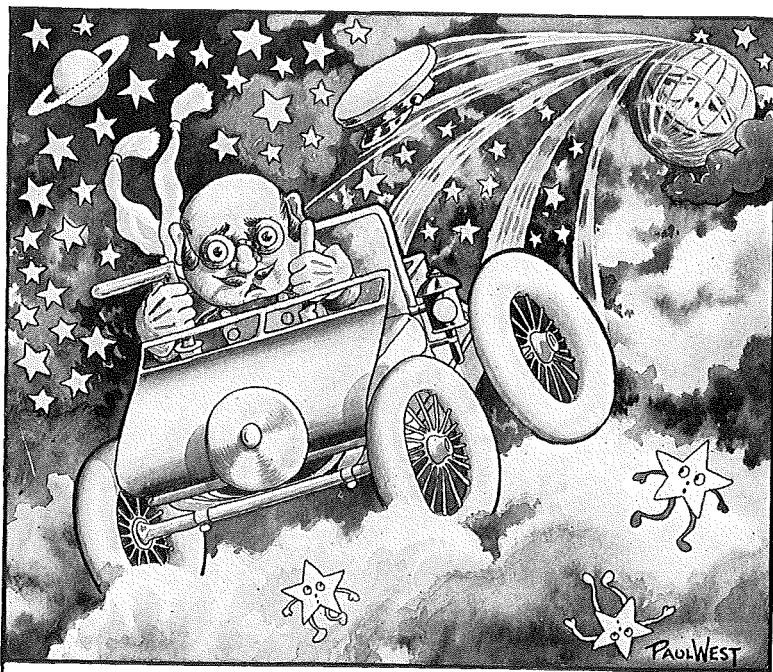


"Bubbles are well enough, but I like better to have an intelligent beast under me than to tool about on a portable stove."

"'Druther have intelligent stove under me than four legs subject to brain with tendency to emotional insanity. Tried it once. In hospital six weeks. Gimme wheels. I've no use for legs."



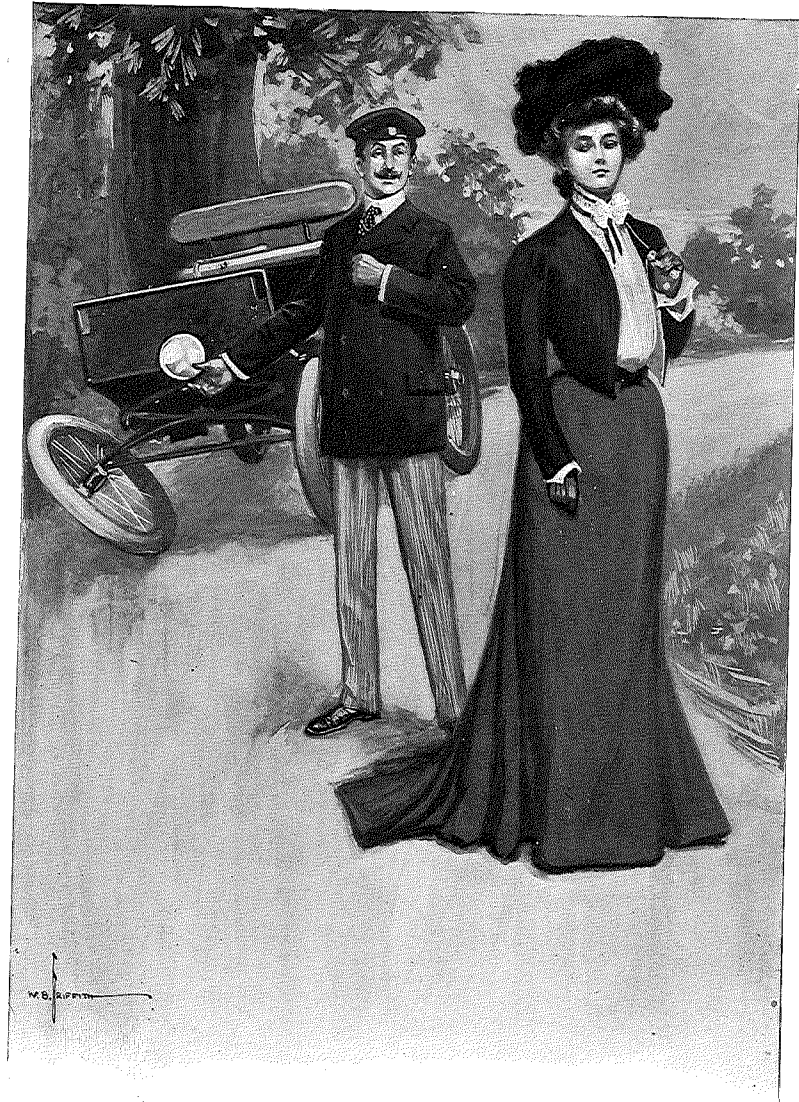
The Sea Serpent : If a fellow wants to make a hit now-a-days he's got to do something out of the ordinary.



OF THE RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR.
THERE ONCE WAS A RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR,
WHO SCORCHED WITH A WHIZZ AND A WHIR,
TILL ONE DAY IN HIS "MOBE"
HE SCORCHED CLEAN OFF THE GLOBE,
SO THE REST WE'RE OBLIGED TO DEFER.

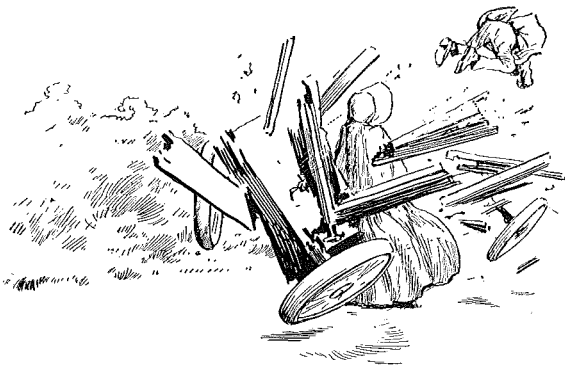
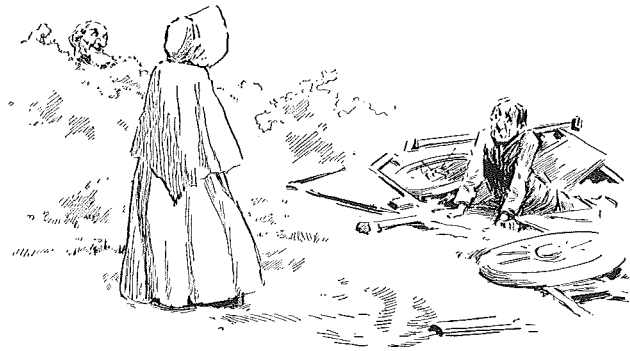
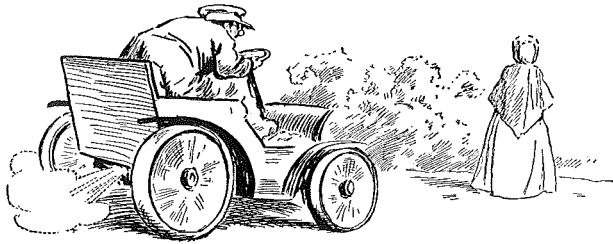


Why Some Children Didn't Get Their Christmas Presents.



He: But, my dear girl, why complain? Don't you know this sort of thing is all the rage? Do you never read the papers?

ONE WOMAN WHO DID NOT JUMP



The Farmer: You may remember that you frightened my team last week, and smashed me up, and so I thought I'd rig a little surprise fer ye.



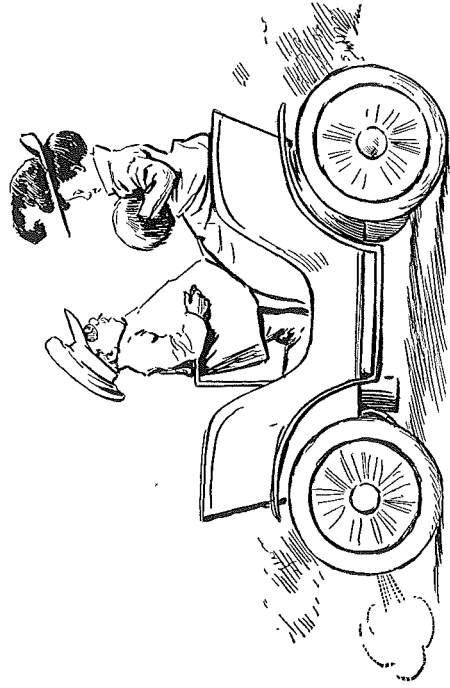
The Chauffeur

THE day was gloriously bright—
 A royal, perfect day,
 When peace and joy, in golden light,
 On crest and valley lay.
 Lo, sudden through its midst there veered
 A whirring, huge machine
 Wherein was crouched a goblin weird,
 Swathed, visored, goggled green.

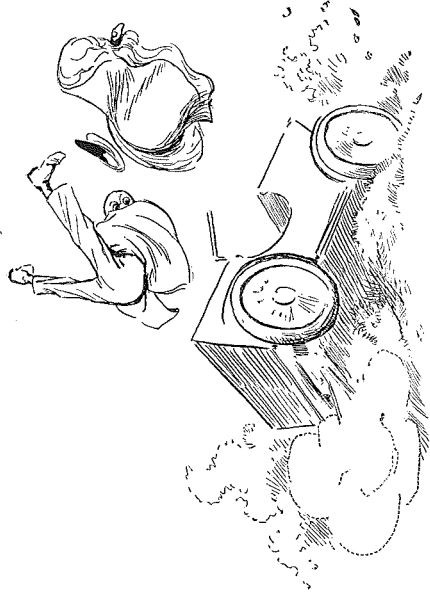
Athwart a flow'ry vale he tore—
 He scurried up a hill—
 And down again like mad he bore,
 All reckless of a spill.
 The fields, high-arched by tender skies,
 Stretched fair on either hand;
 Alas, in vain they wooed his eyes—
 'Twas but his watch he scanned.

A trail of dust behind him spread,
 And oaths and shouts and groans;
 He stayed for living nor for dead,
 For ruts nor sticks nor stones.
 He grasped his lever with a smile,
 Betokening his glee—
 "By Jove, I almost did that mile
 In sixty-nine!" said he.

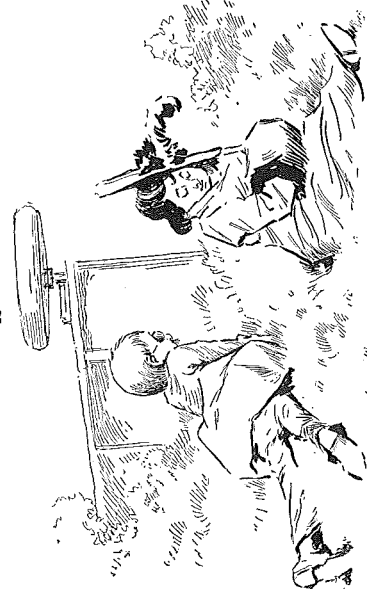
—Edwin L. Sabin.



"Oh, Mr. Swift, this

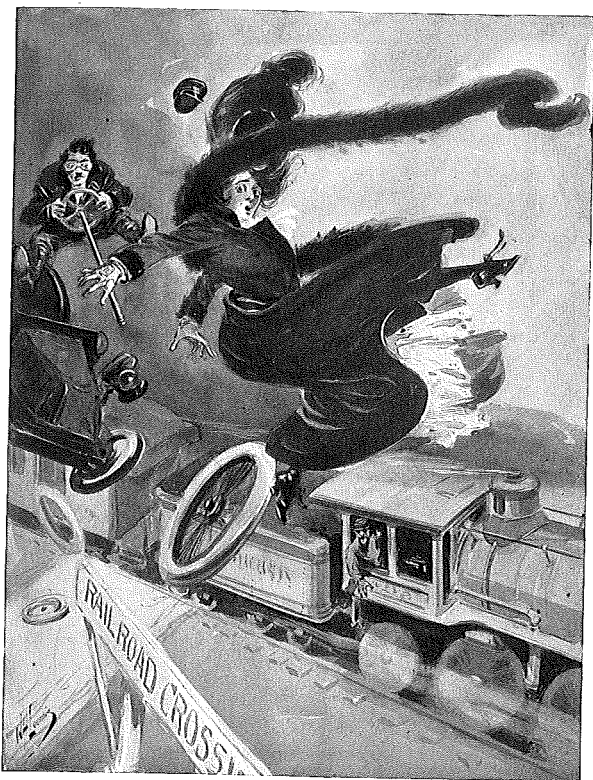


is—

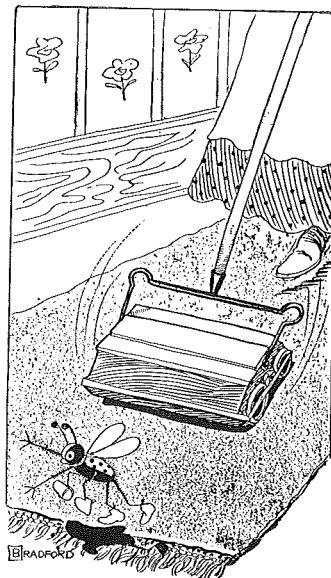


so sudden!"

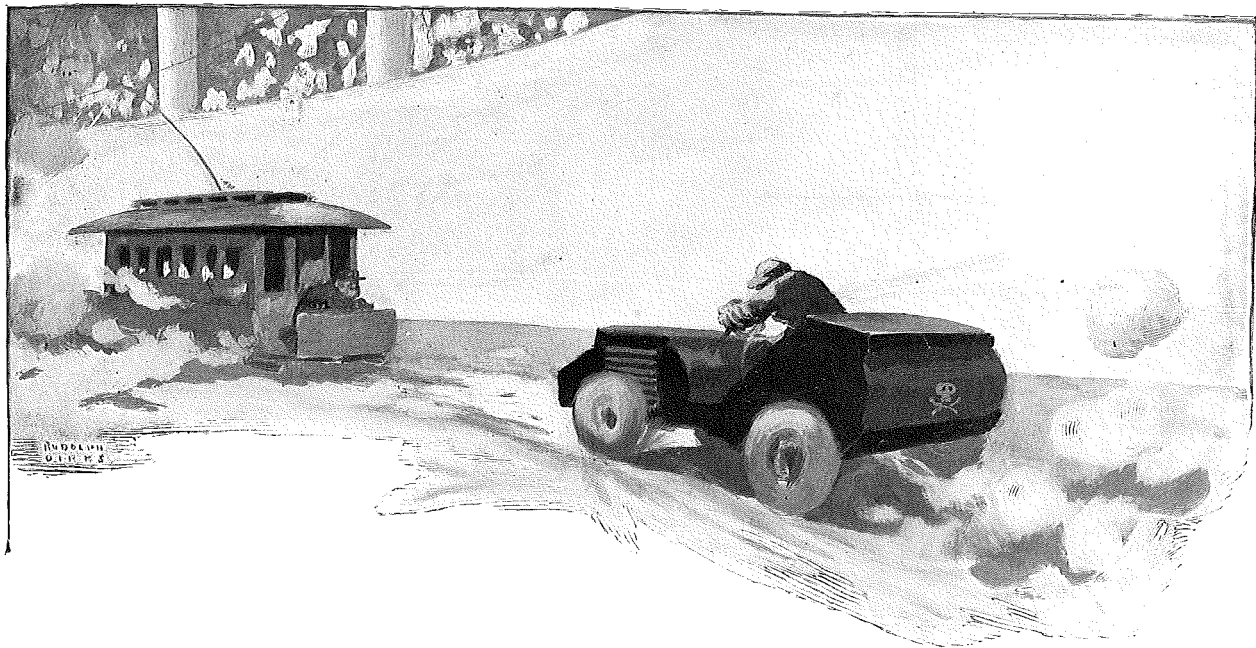
Kerrick



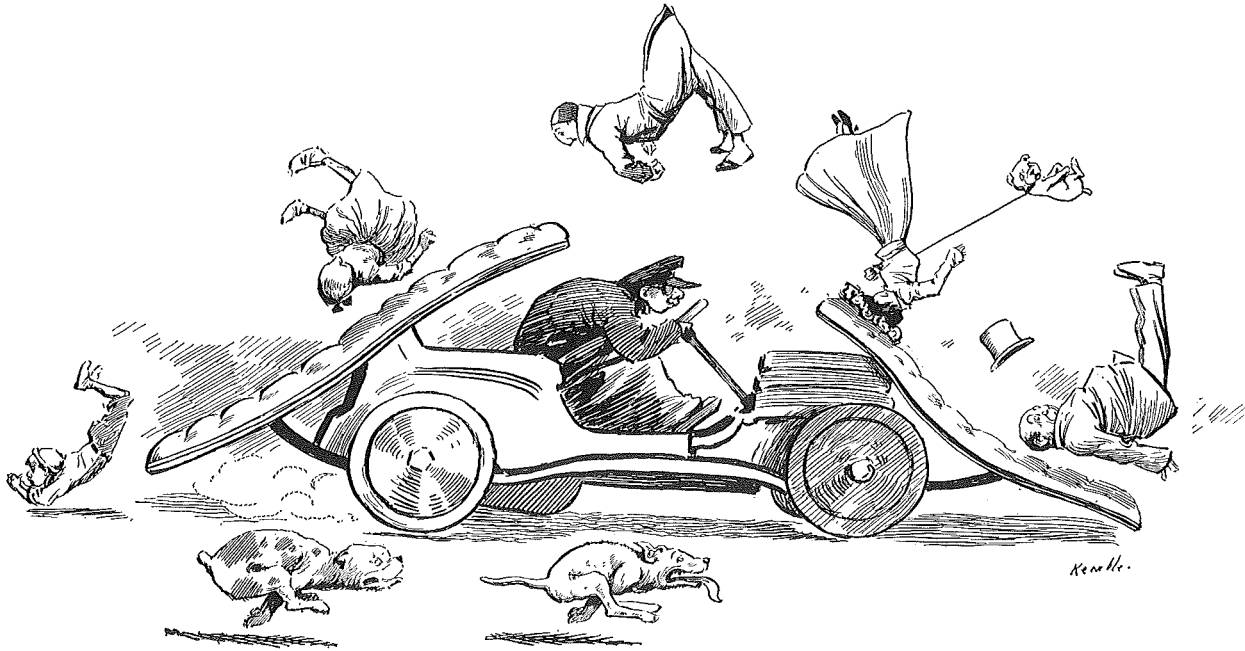
“Oh, Jack! The engineer didn’t hear you toot.”



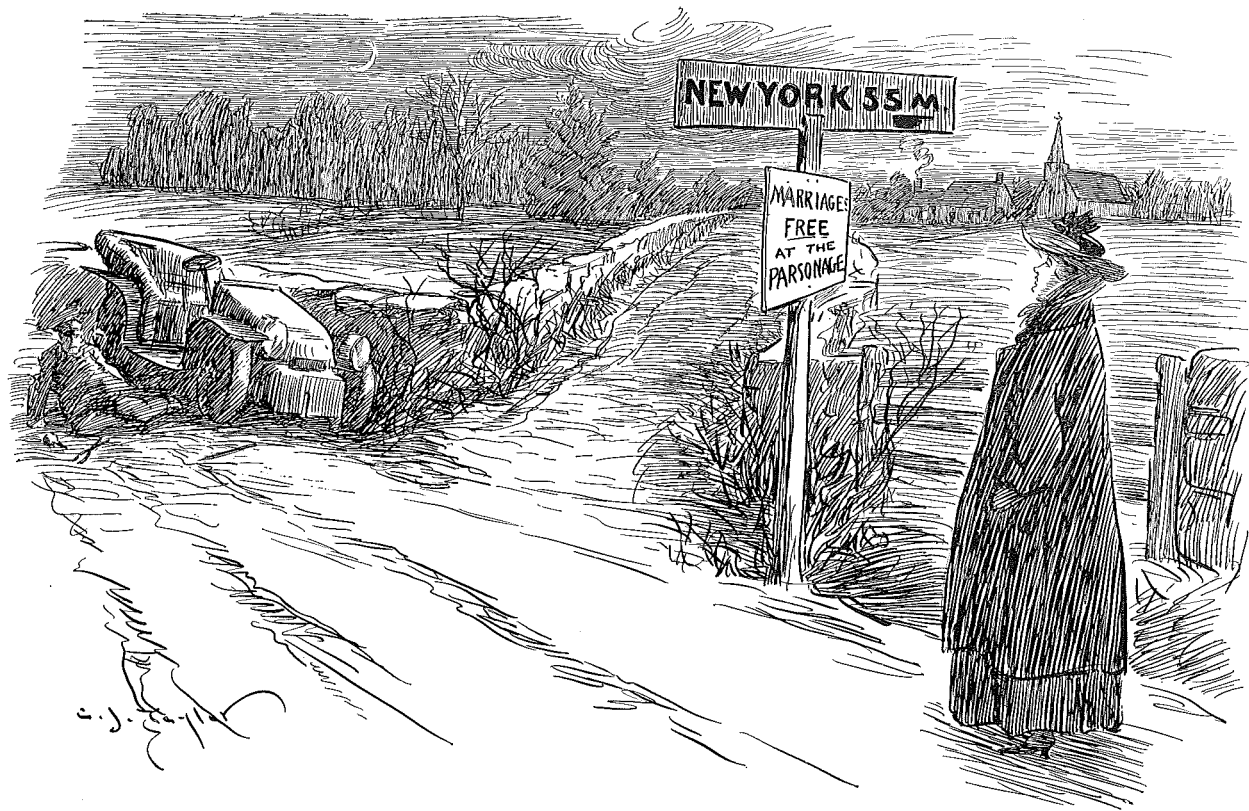
“Hi! Here comes an automobile!”



When Greek Meets Greek.



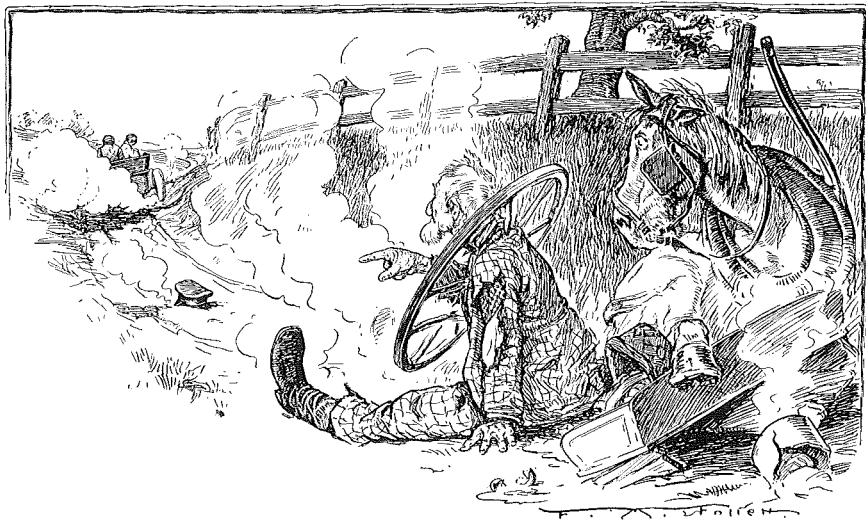
This scheme of Cholly Billions admits of a high rate of speed, while reducing to a minimum all risks of damage suits



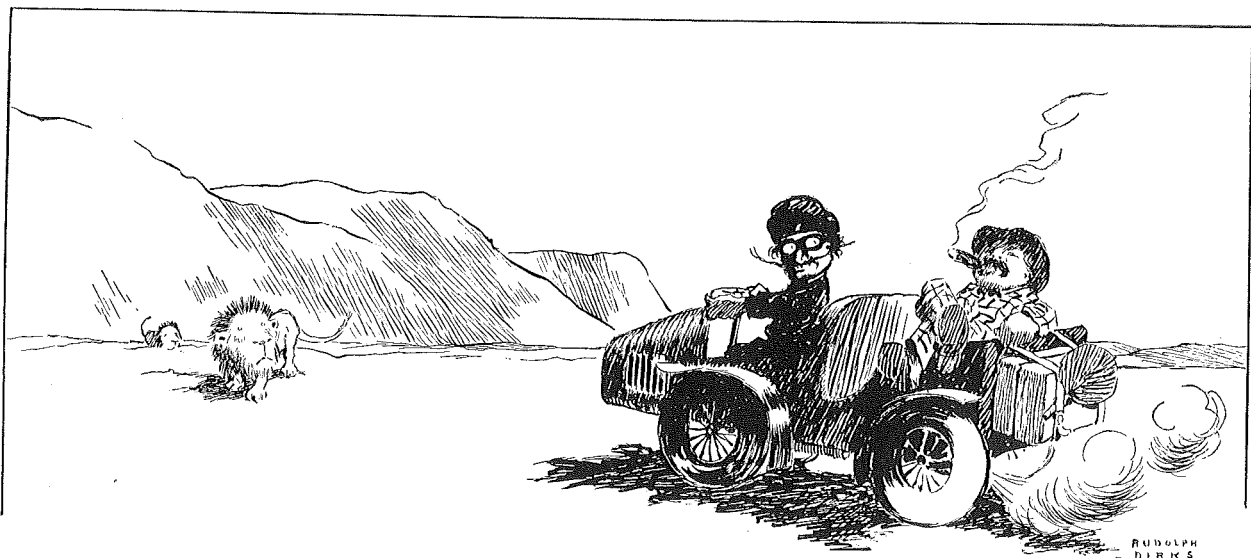
A BAD AUTO BREAK

(Night coming on, too.)

Jack Golightly : Are we far from home ?
Gladys Rockabilt : It all depends.



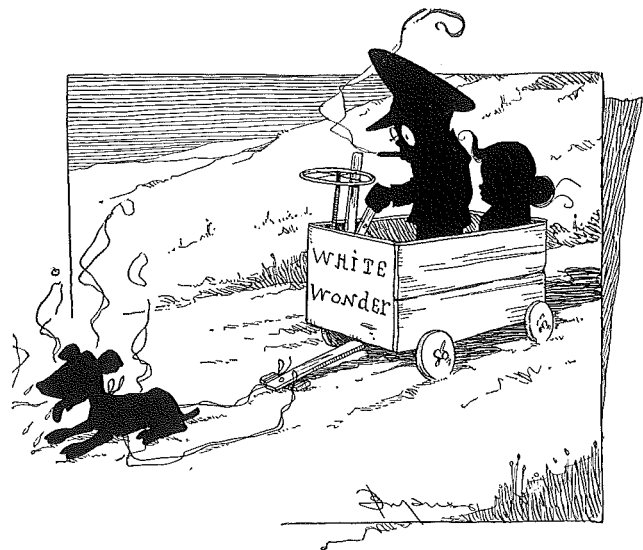
“Hey, Mister! You dropped your hat.”



"Got a good aim?"

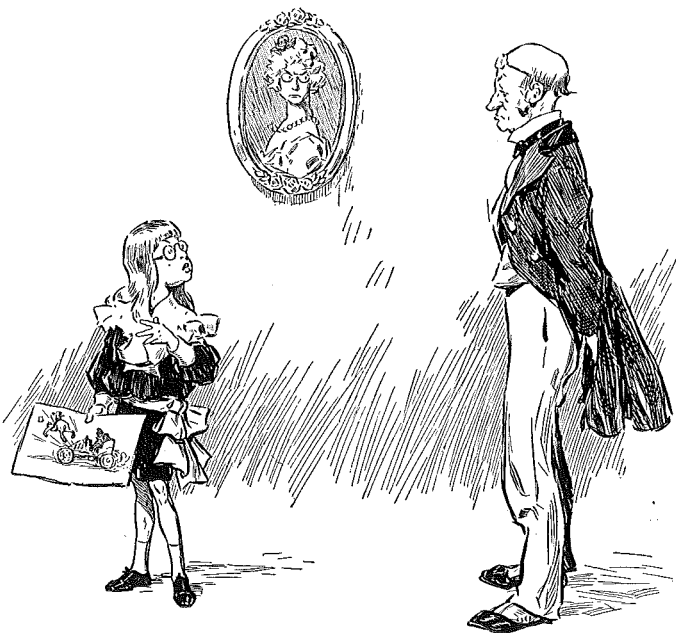
"Yes, sir."

"Then go ahead, but be careful not to spoil his skin too much."



"What are we stopping for, Jimmie?"

"Why, you see, the motor is so hot dat I can't start again till it cools off a little."

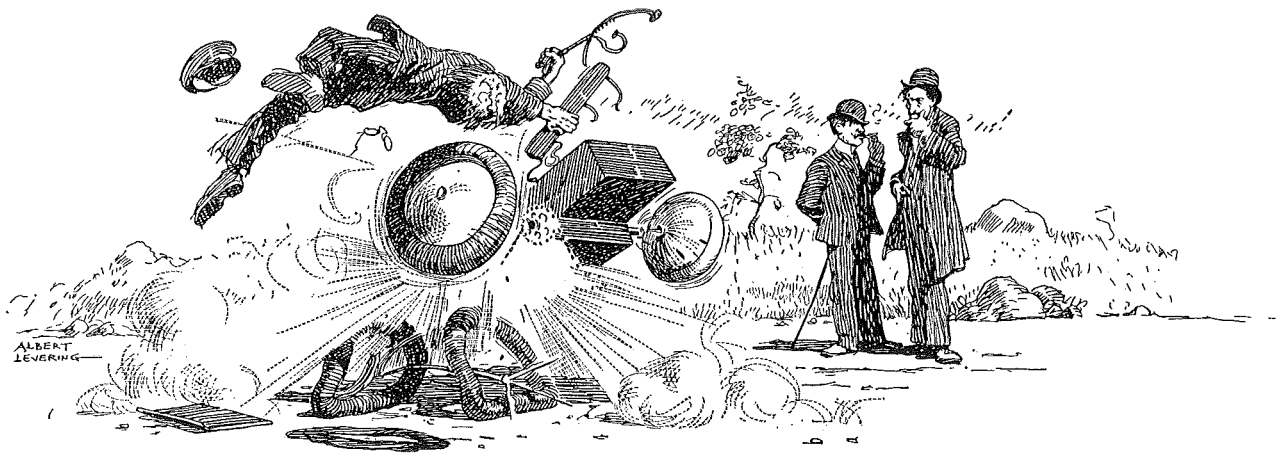


"Papa, why do you call Mamma the automobile?"

"Because she's always running somebody down."



Who Owns It, Anyway?



First Pedestrian : Well, I am afraid that automobile is gone for good.
Second Ped.: Yes. But I am very much afraid he will still be able to use another.



THE CHARGE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED
(See next page.)

The Charge of the Four Hundred

HALF a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
All in their 'motobiles
Rode the Four Hundred.
"Forward!" the owners shout,
"Racing-car!" "Runabout!"
Into Fifth Avenue
Rode the Four Hundred.

"Forward!" the owners said.
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the chauffeurs knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to kill or die.
Into Fifth Avenue
Rode the Four Hundred.

Tunnels to right of them,
Tunnels to left of them,
Subways beneath them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shout and yell,

Boldly they rode and well.
Into Fifth Avenue,
While rang the chauffeur's bell,
Rode the Four Hundred.

Flashed all their goggles bare,
Flashed as they cleft the air,
Smashing the people there,
Charging the people, while
All the town wondered.
Plunged in the gasoline smoke,
Right down the street they broke;
Copper and pedestrian
Reel'd from their lightning-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back again,
Rode the Four Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the town wondered.
Proud of the charge they made,
Proud of themselves, they said,
Were the Four Hundred.

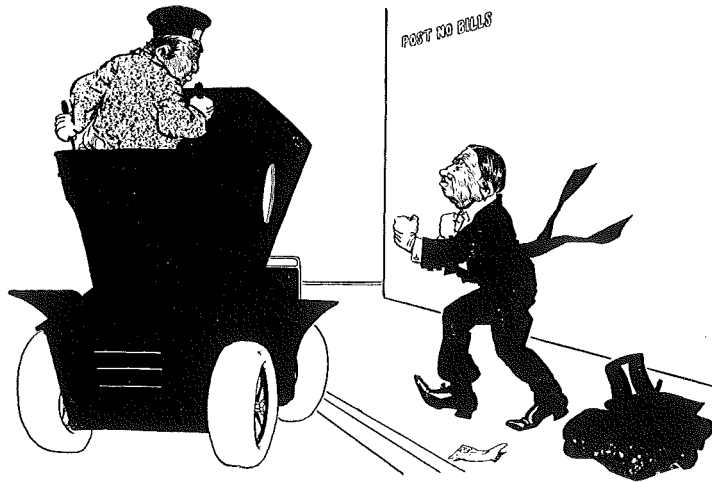
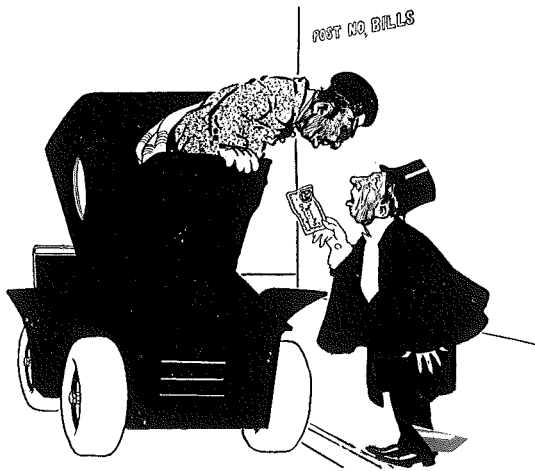
—J. C. D.



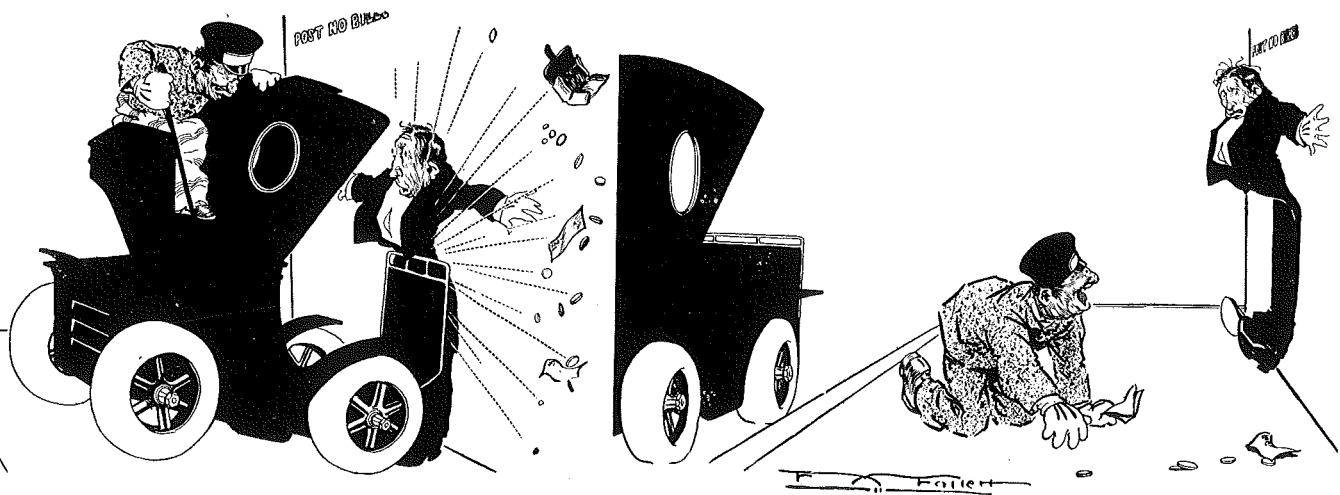
A NEW UNION

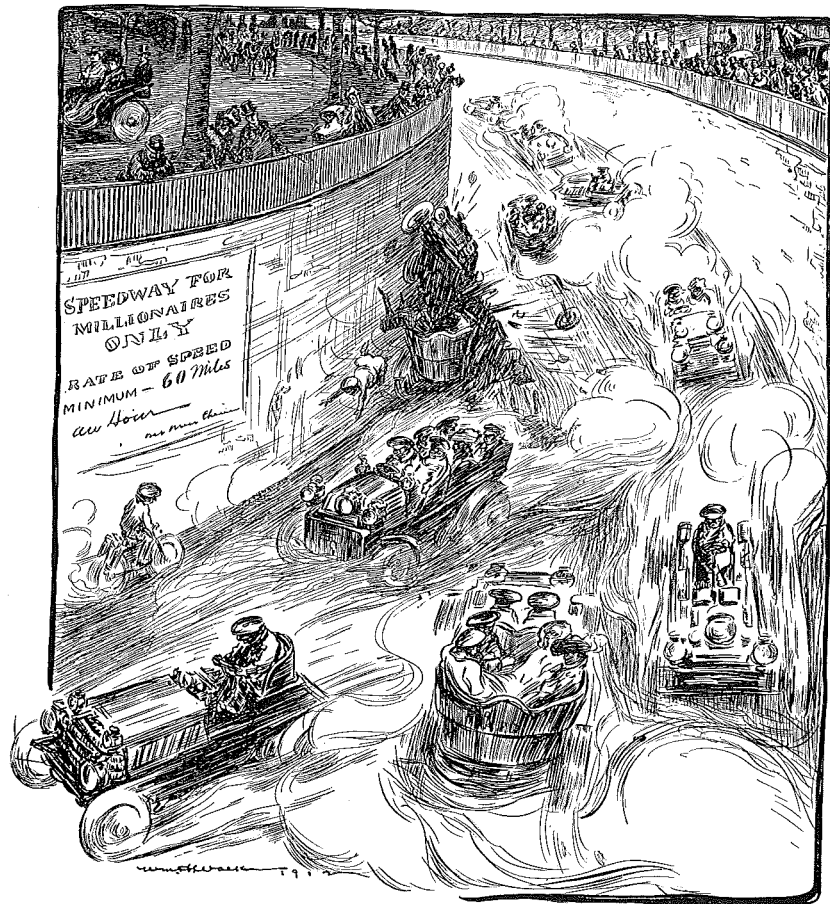
N. B.—It is in bad odor, especially in the rural districts.

DON'T QUARREL WITH THE CABMAN "

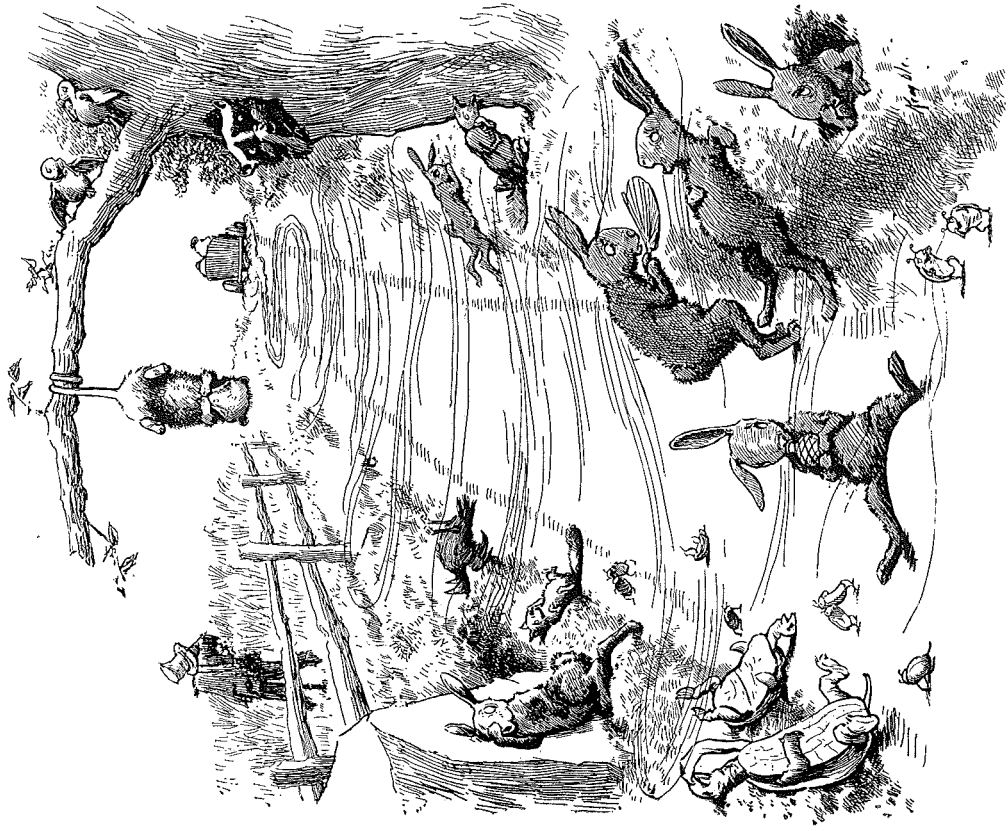


"DON'T QUARREL WITH THE CABMAN"
(Continued)





Where They Belong.



When the Gasoline Auto Passes By.



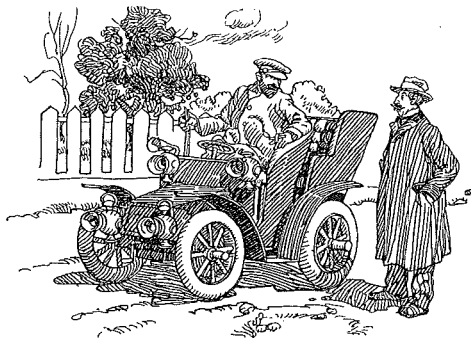
HE READ THE NEWSPAPERS

Western Badman (genially): Shake, pardner! We ain't entirely outgrown guns in this section, an' we don't wear our masks every day, but we can appreciate progressive methods. How many notches ye got in yer machine?

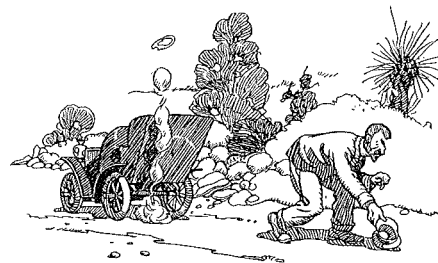


Elopement à la Gasoline.

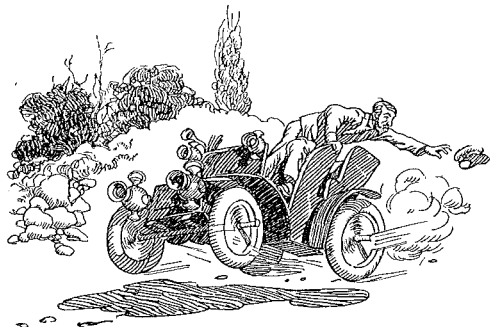
AN AUTOMOBILE TRAGEDY



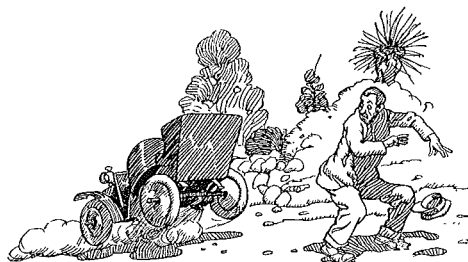
“Dangerous! I wouldn’t have anything around that wasn’t.”



“I’ll have to get something that will stay on my head.”



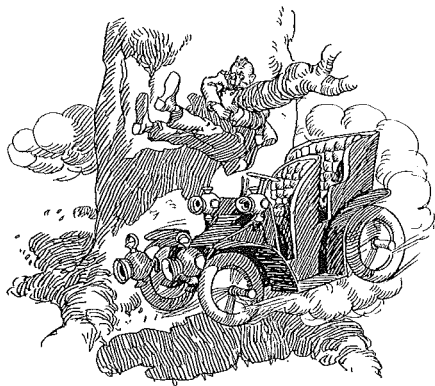
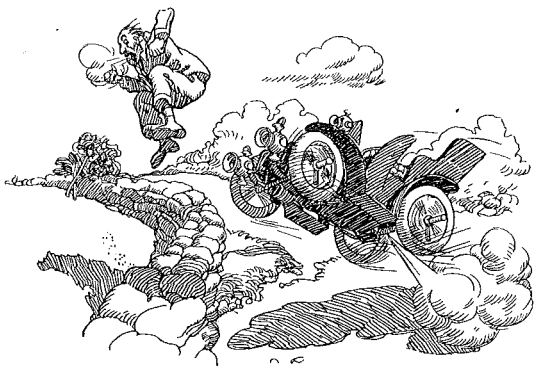
“There goes that confounded cap again.”

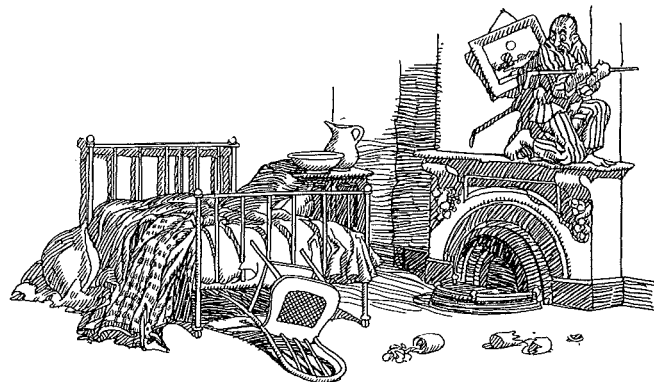
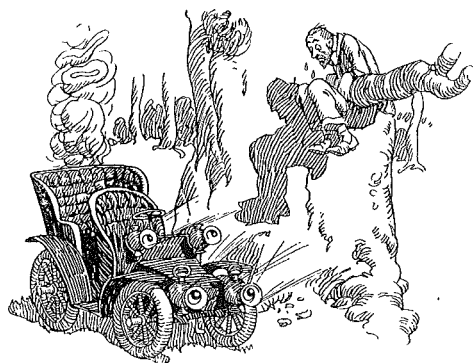


“Good Heavens! It’s started up.”

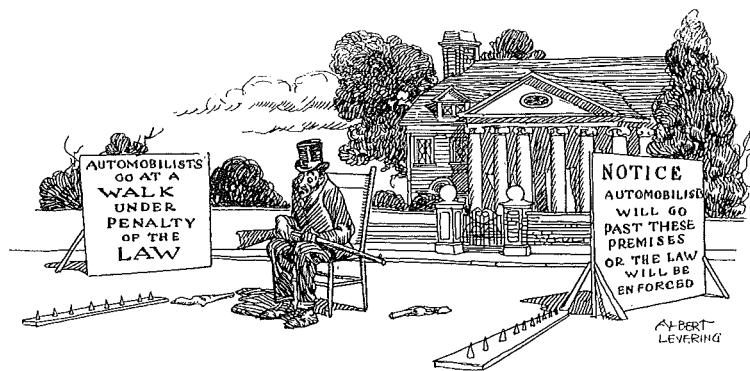


“Help!”

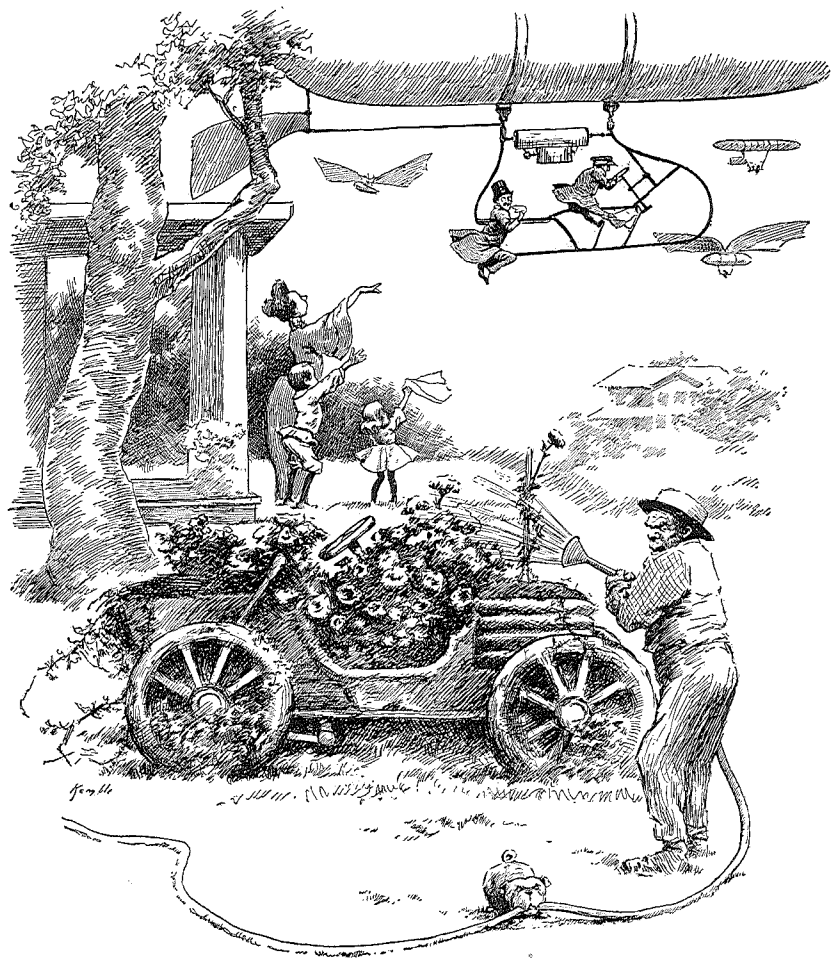




2:30 A. M.—Then he woke up.

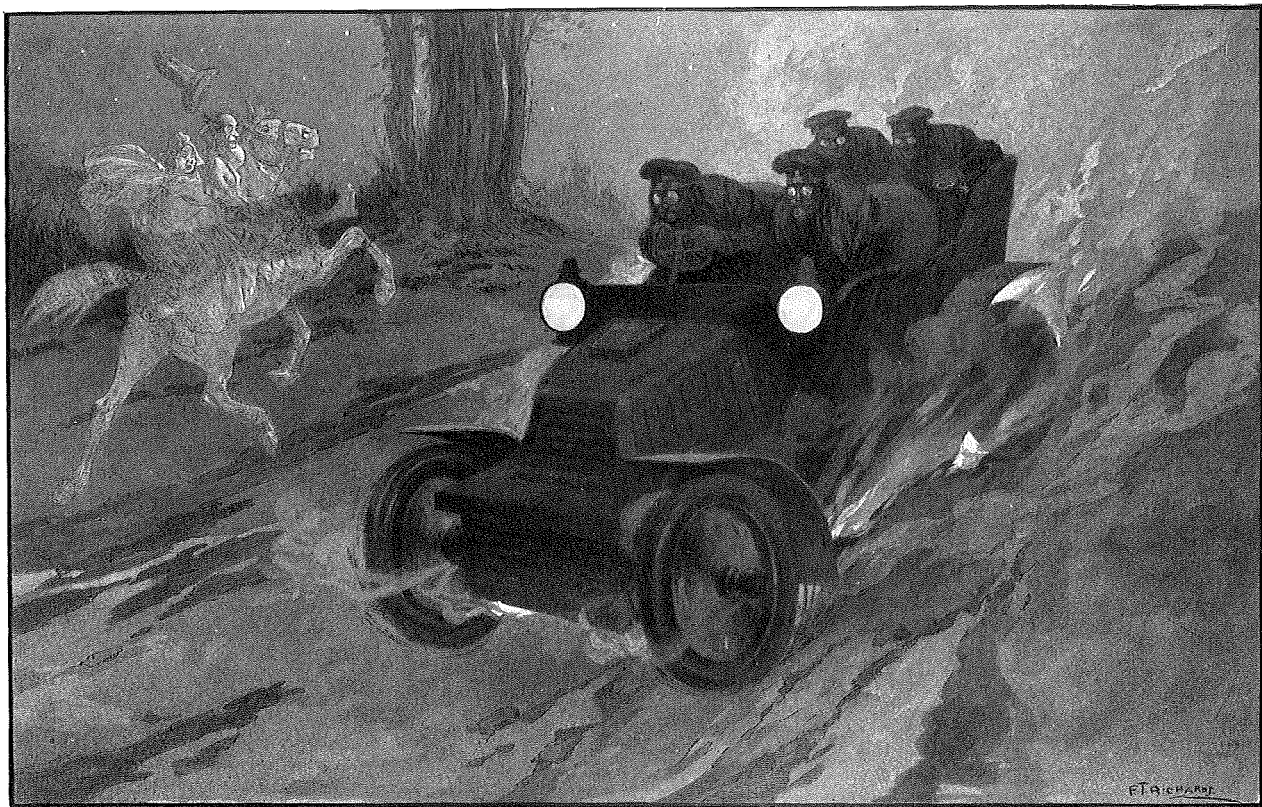


And now he is back in the ranks.

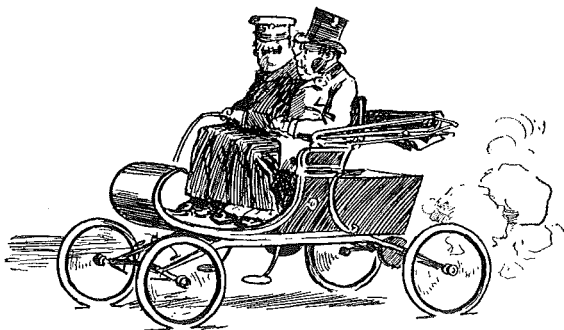


A PREDICTION FOR 1910

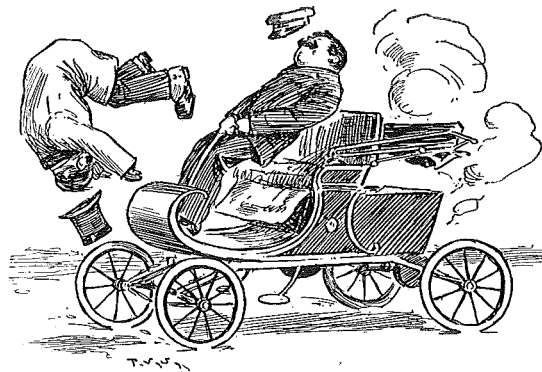
Of course there will always be found *some* use for
the automobile.



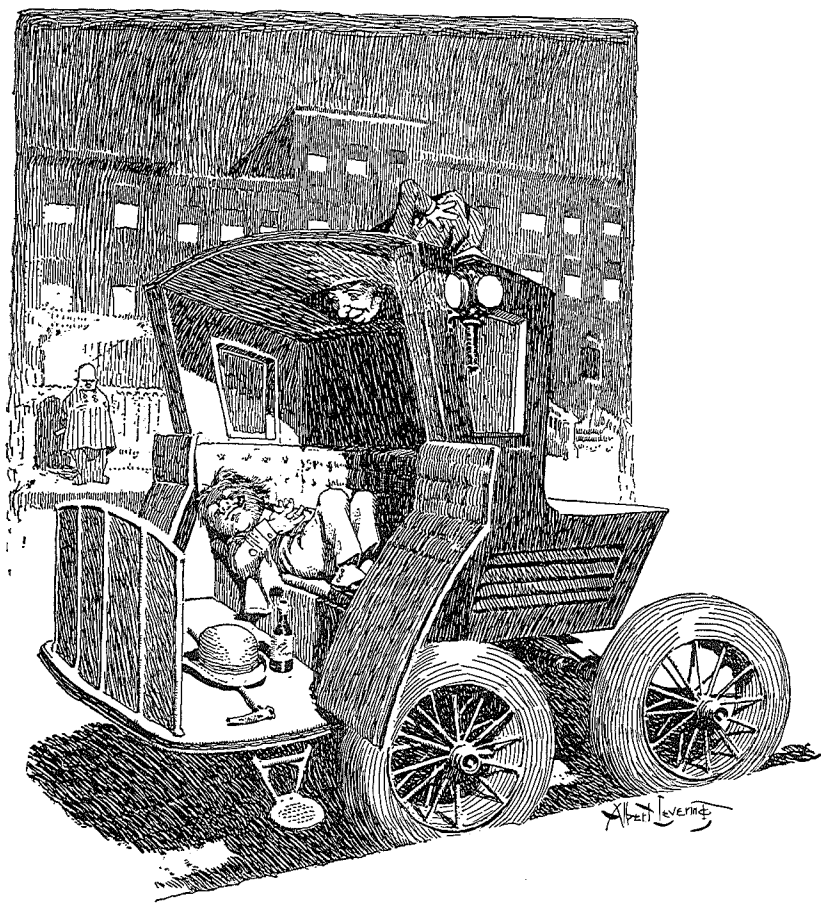
Ghost of John Alden : Truly, Priscilla, we had much to be thankful for in our day !



“How quickly could you stop if necessary?”

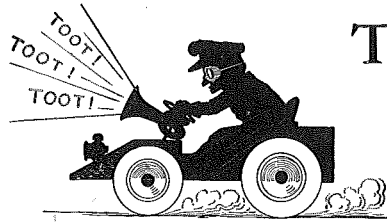


“About like that.”



“This is your street number, sir.”
“All right. Drive aroun’ block——”
“Been doing that for an hour, sir, already!”
“Great Scott! That’s what makes m’ dizzy. Drive aroun’
the other way!”

From One Point of View



THE old automobilist smiled wisely as he was asked his opinion on the subject of matrimony.

“The kind of a wife that a man selects,” he

observed, “depends altogether upon himself. In the beginning he is young and inexperienced and is satisfied with a modest, low-running article of moderate power, one that will carry him along on short trips and isn’t of much help in climbing hills. Then he gets more ambitious. He wants one that goes a faster pace. One that he can manage himself and yet not be ashamed

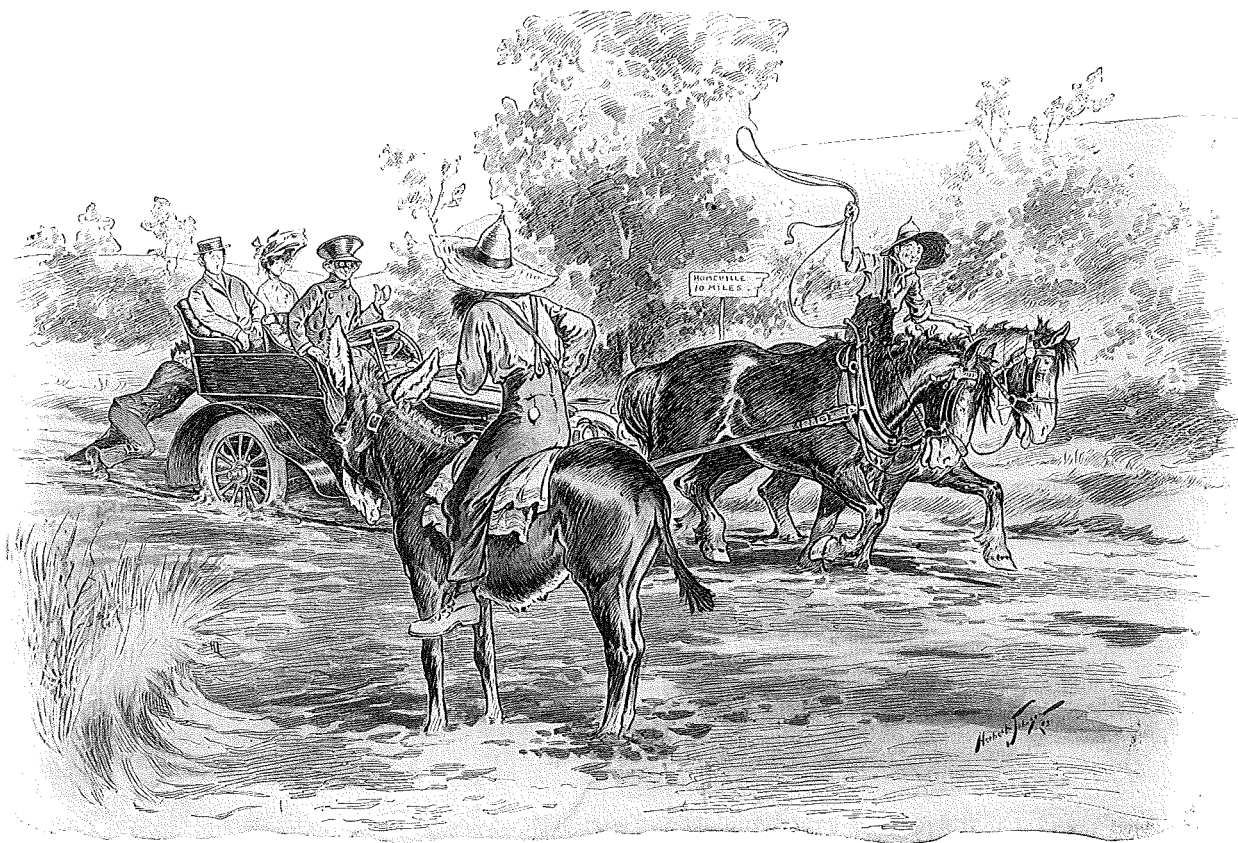
of anywhere. One with an automatic brake and noiseless, that his friends will admire and envy and wish they had, and that will not go back on him at every turn in the road. One, in fact, that speaks only when it is spoken to. This kind satisfies him for awhile, but by and by he gets restless.

“‘Give me a road partner,’ he says, ‘that can show a clean pair of heels to all the others—one that will make me, break me, and take me anywhere, with no chance of explosions and a million revolutions to the minute.’

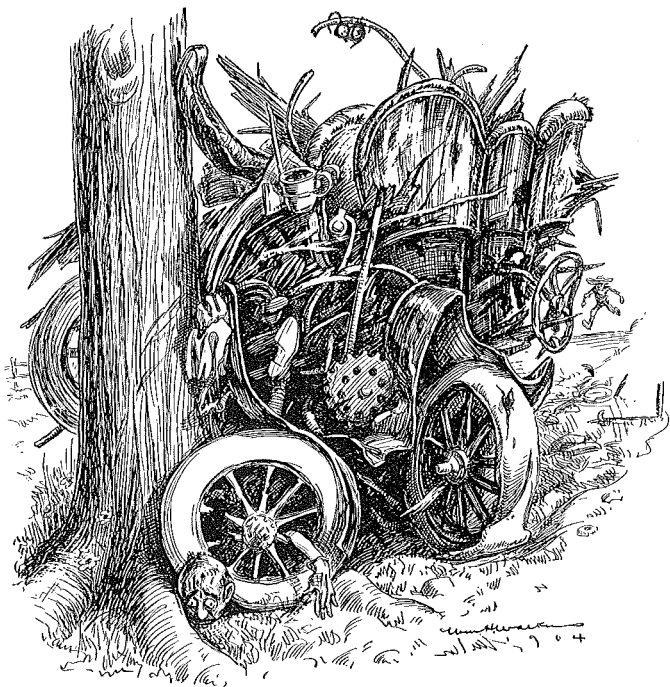
“‘Then I shall be satisfied—until something better comes along.’”

SAVED!





Farmer Brown : Wal, now, what's the horse power of your machine, if ye don't mind tellin' ?
Buzzer (blithely) : Well, the dealer says it's sixteen, but that's greatly exaggerated, because it almost never takes more than two to get it home—not counting the chauffeur behind, yer know.



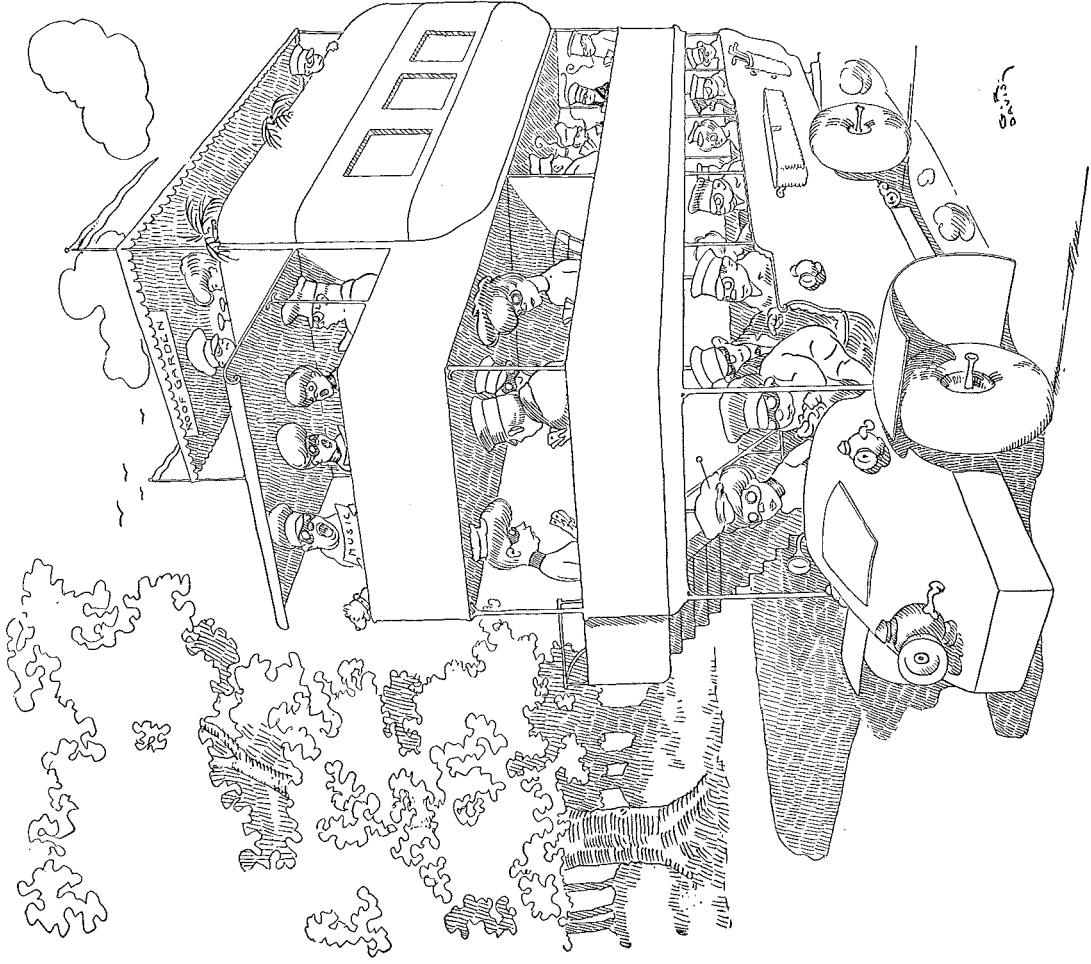
TESTIMONIAL OF AN ENTHUSIAST

“I feel that the automobile has come to stay.”

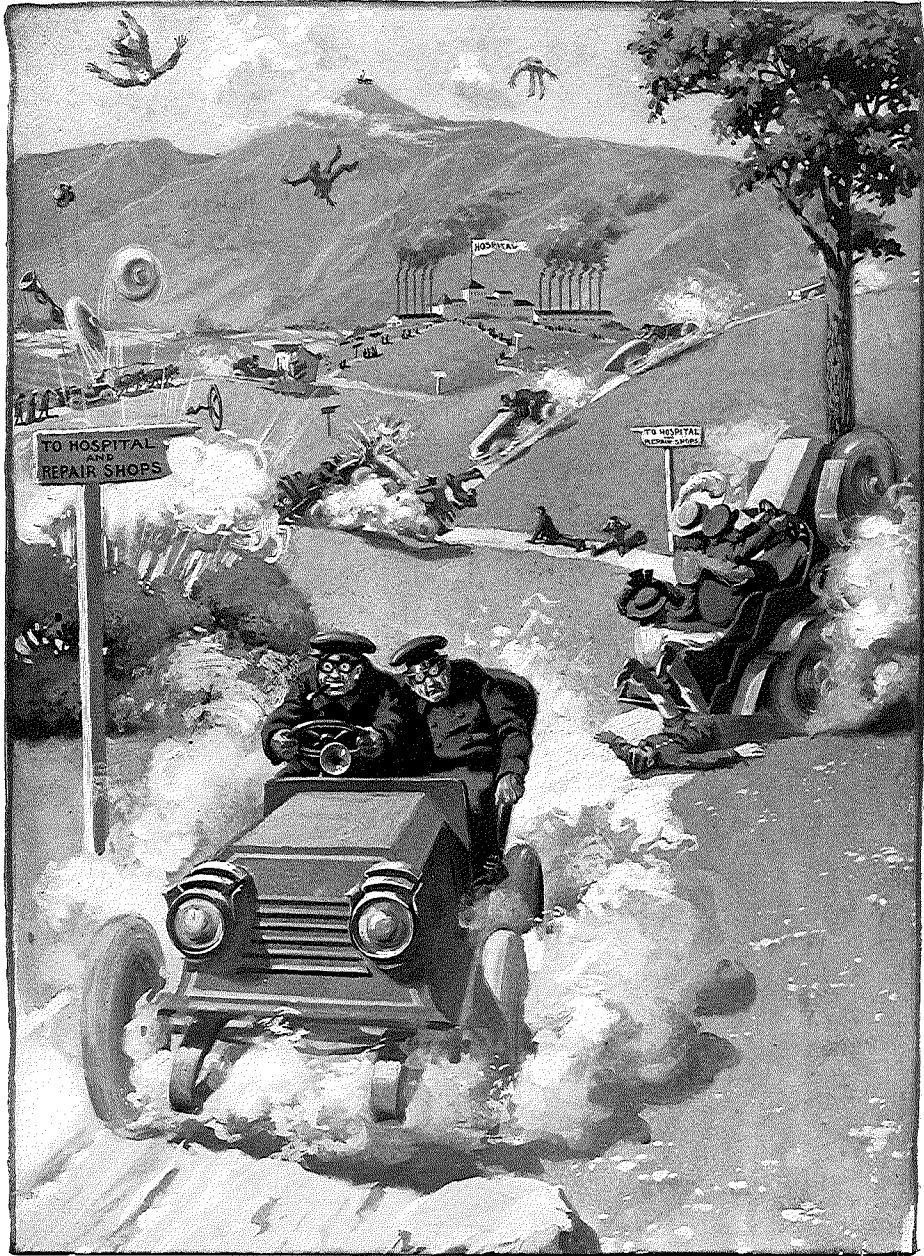


INGENIOUS YOUNG STUBBLE

A lonely young fellow name Stubble
Made an “Auto” without any trouble.
He went 'round selling soap,
And he murmured, “I hoap
I can patent my little soap ‘bubble.’”



The Automobile of the Future.



THE VALLEY OF UNREST

“Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley’s restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless——”

—Edgar Allan Poe.



WHERE THE FUN COMES IN

"Yes, I enjoy my automobile immensely."

"But I never see you out."

"Oh, I haven't got that far yet. I am just learning to make my own repairs."



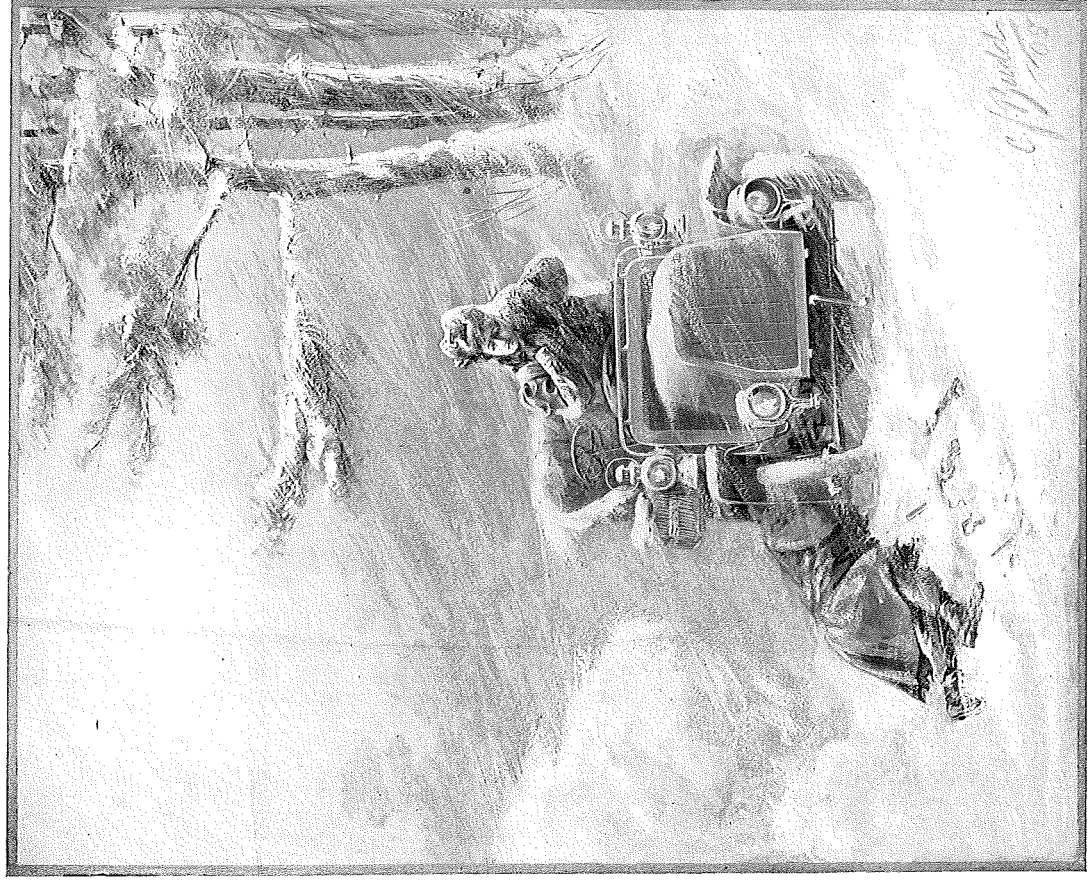
“If wishes were horses beggars would ride.”



The Lives of the Hunted.



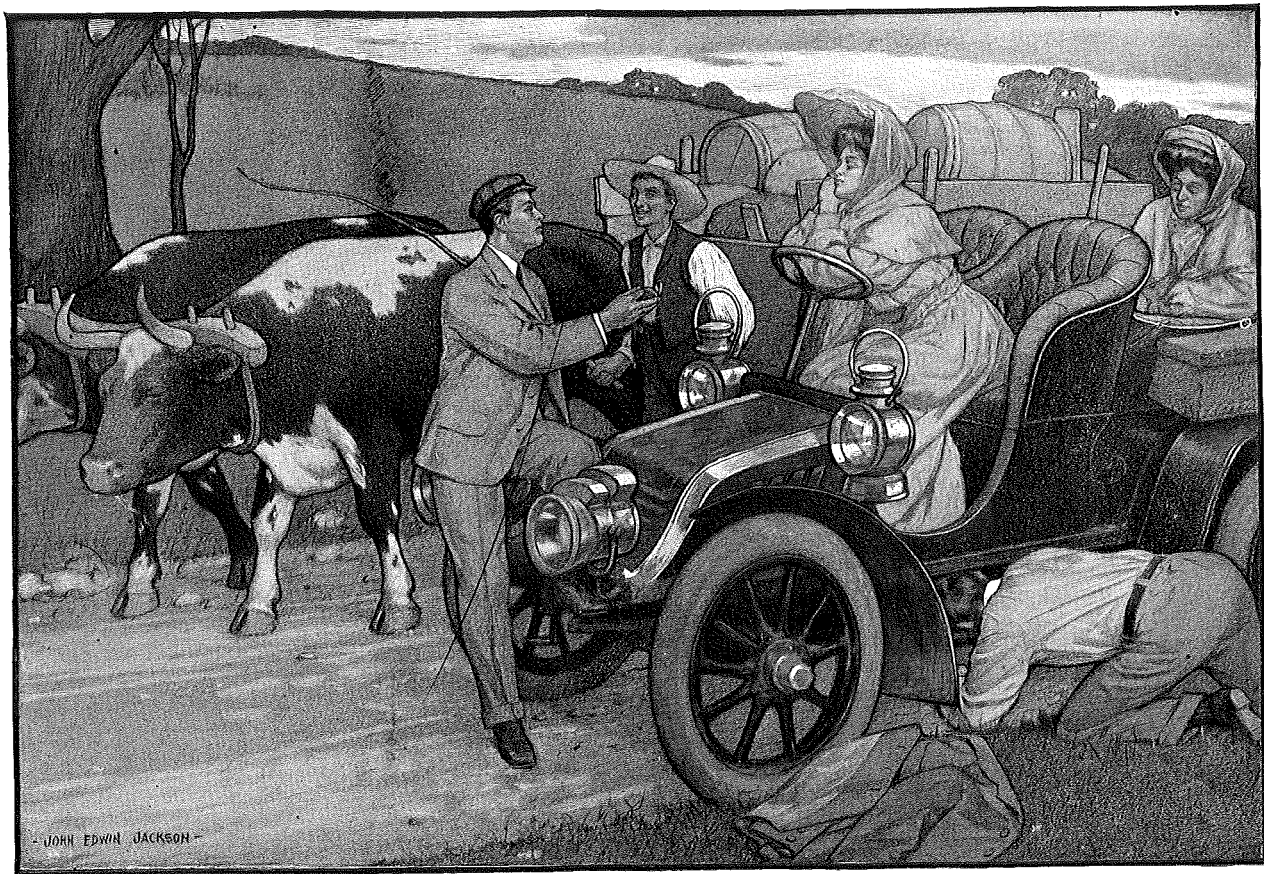
The midnight result of Peterkin's first automobile ride,
followed by a late supper.



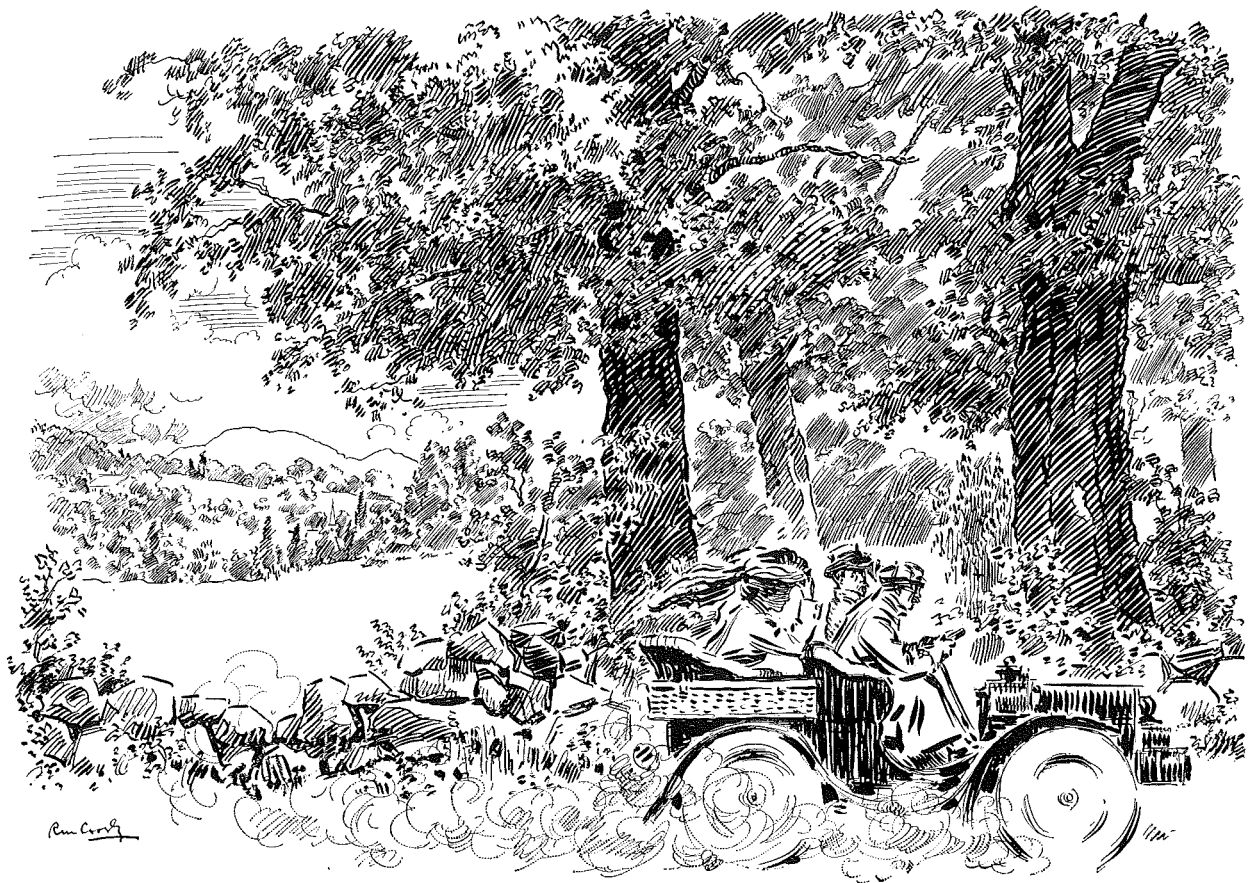
When His Love Grows Cold.



The Only Way.



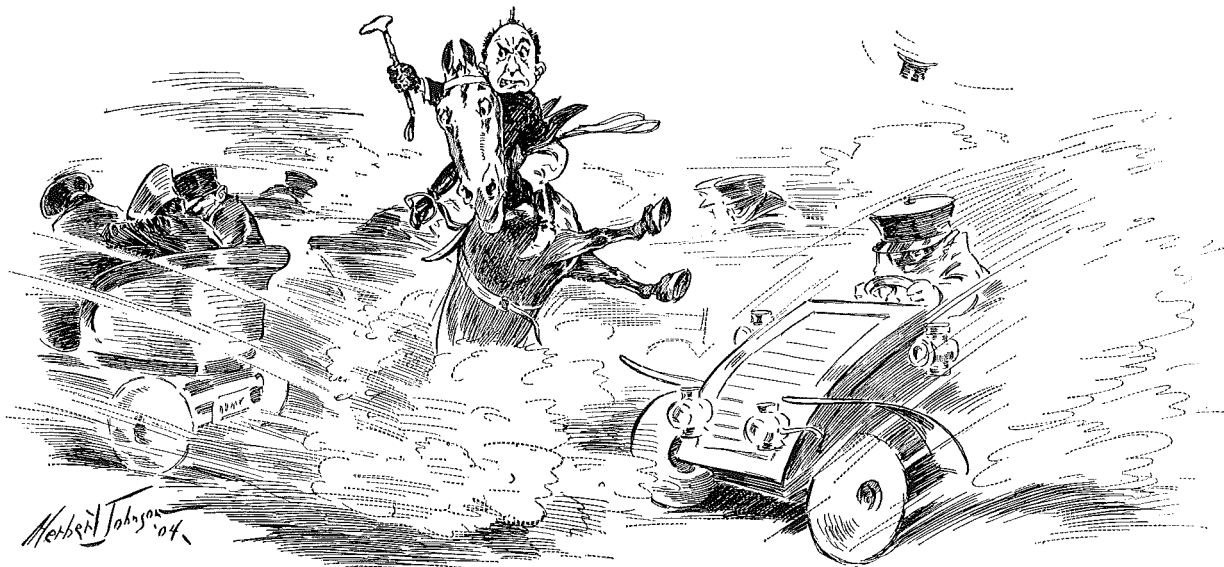
The Tortoise and the Hare.



AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR

"Fine view, isn't it?"

"Yes. It was."



The Real Automobile Face.



WRONG DIRECTION

Automobilist: Nine miles to New York! Why, it must be twenty minutes ago that a man up the road said it was only eight.
"Wal, I reckon you kin walk a mile in twenty minutes, can't ye?"

EASY

MRS. S., having been greatly annoyed by the necessity of frequent stops while driving in her new automobile, demands of her chauffeur the cause of the trouble. On his stating that "the front cylinder has been missing ever since leaving home," she angrily inquires: "Why didn't you go back and get it?"

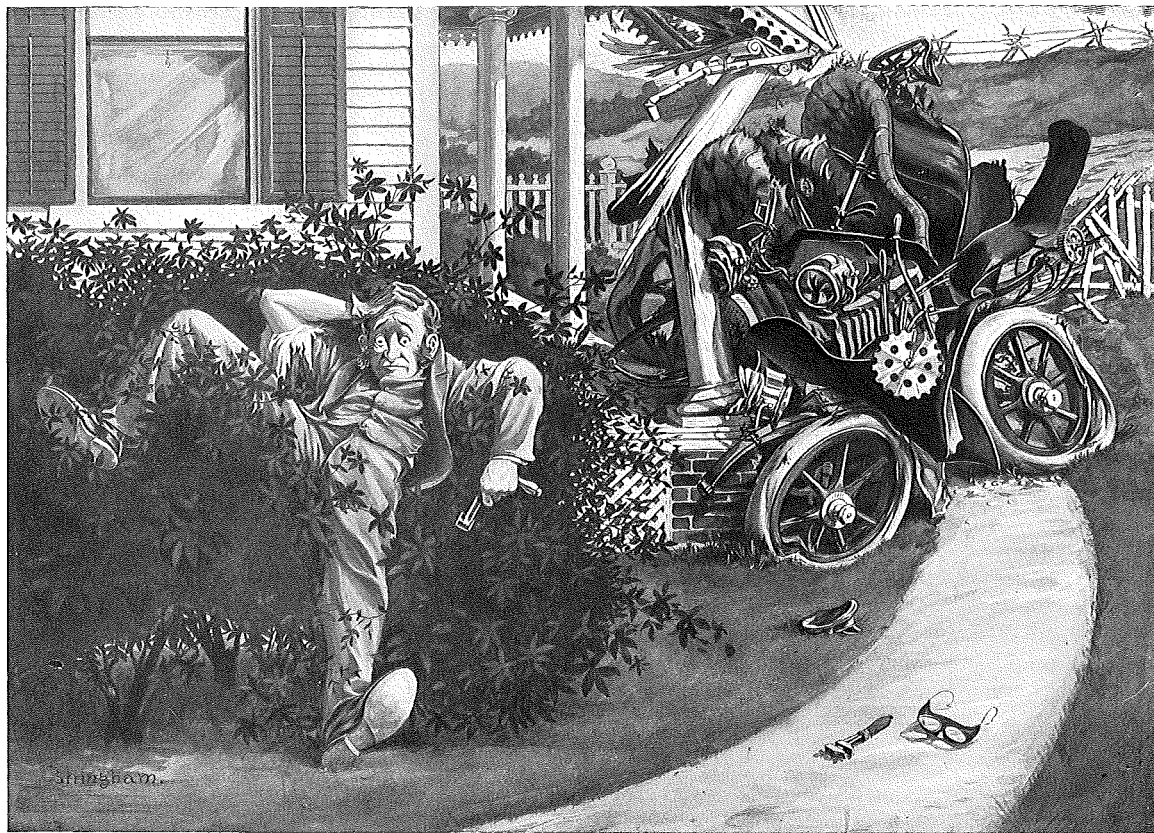
FORCED ECONOMY

PARKE: How much did your auto cost you?

Lane: A thousand.

"Why, I thought you were going to get a ten-thousand-dollar one."

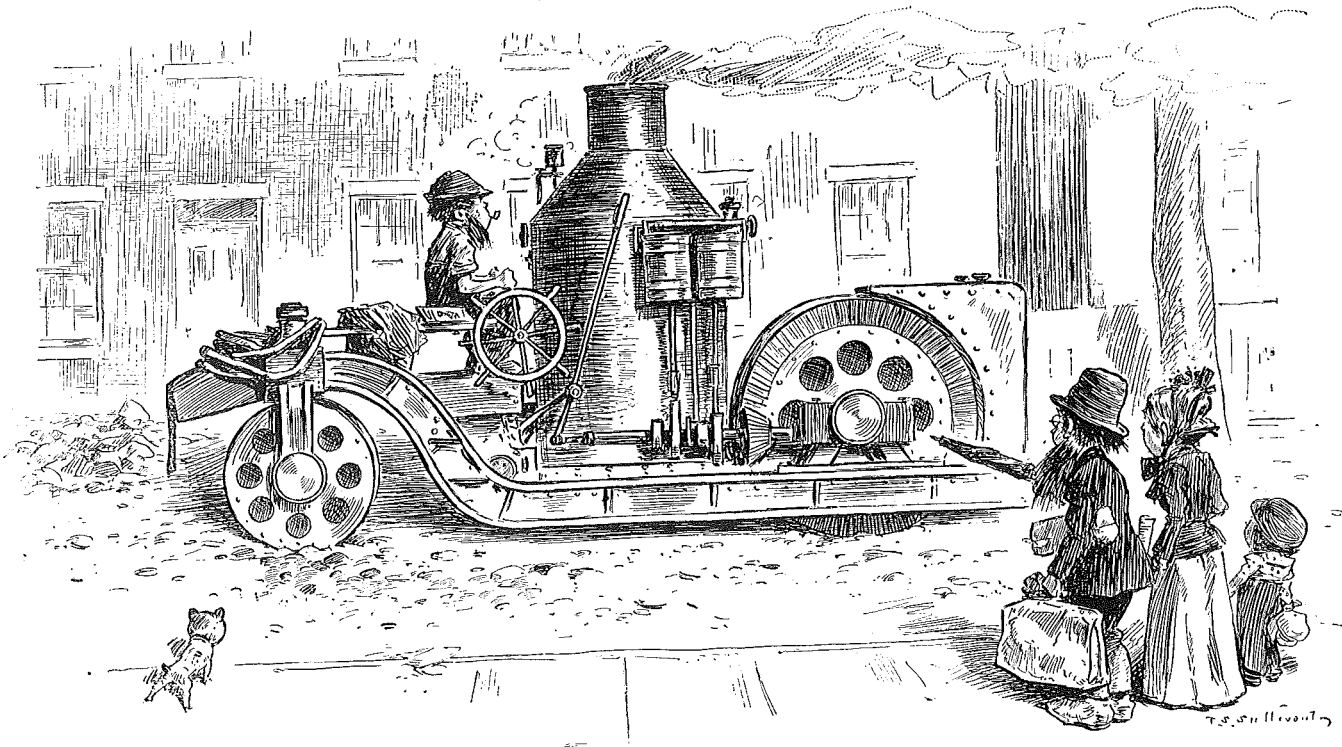
"I was. But that was before my wife handed in a list of the clothes she wanted to wear in it."



“Mr. S. Park Plug, the well-known autoist, is now resting on his laurels.”



A New Light on an Old Subject.

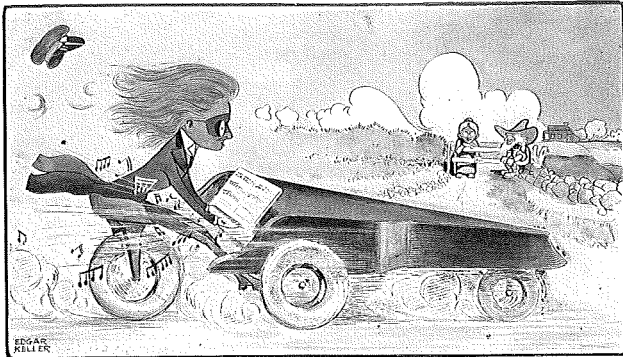


SEEING THE SIGHTS

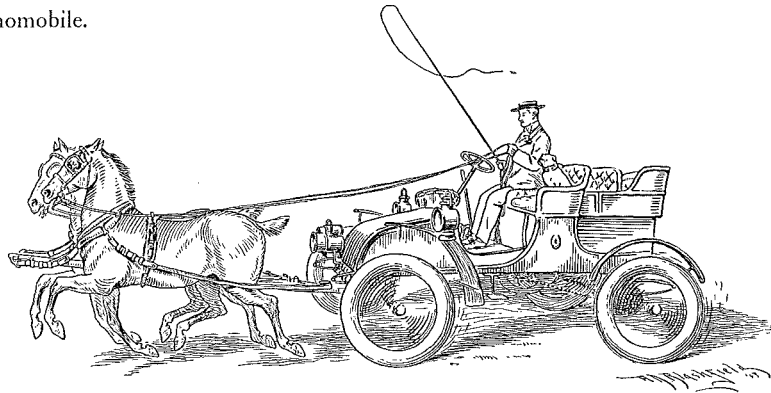
“Look, Maria! There goes one of them automobiles! Shall we hail the thing and take a ride?”



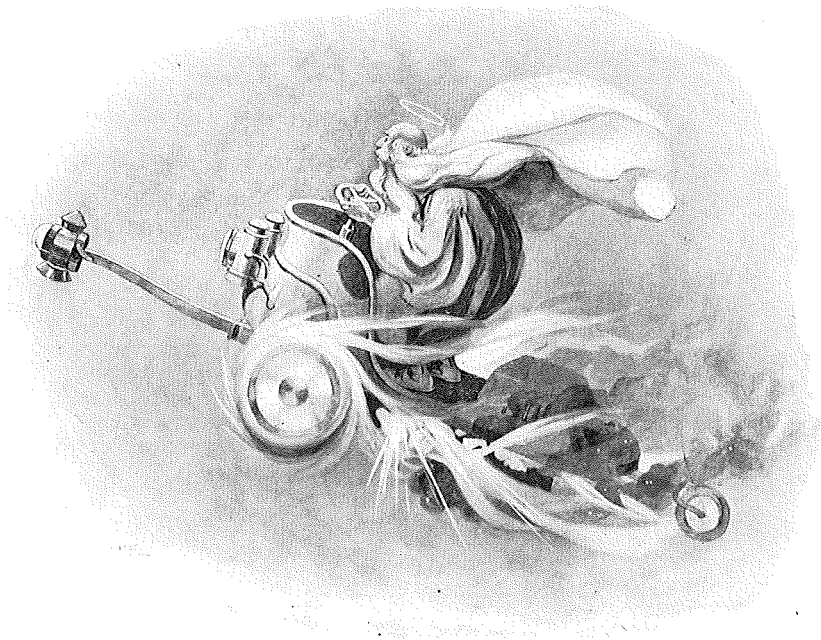
The Passing of the Horse.



Paderewsky Making a Tour in His Pianomobile.



Bjones, who is fond of his horses, and has had much trouble with his automobiles, decides to compromise the matter.



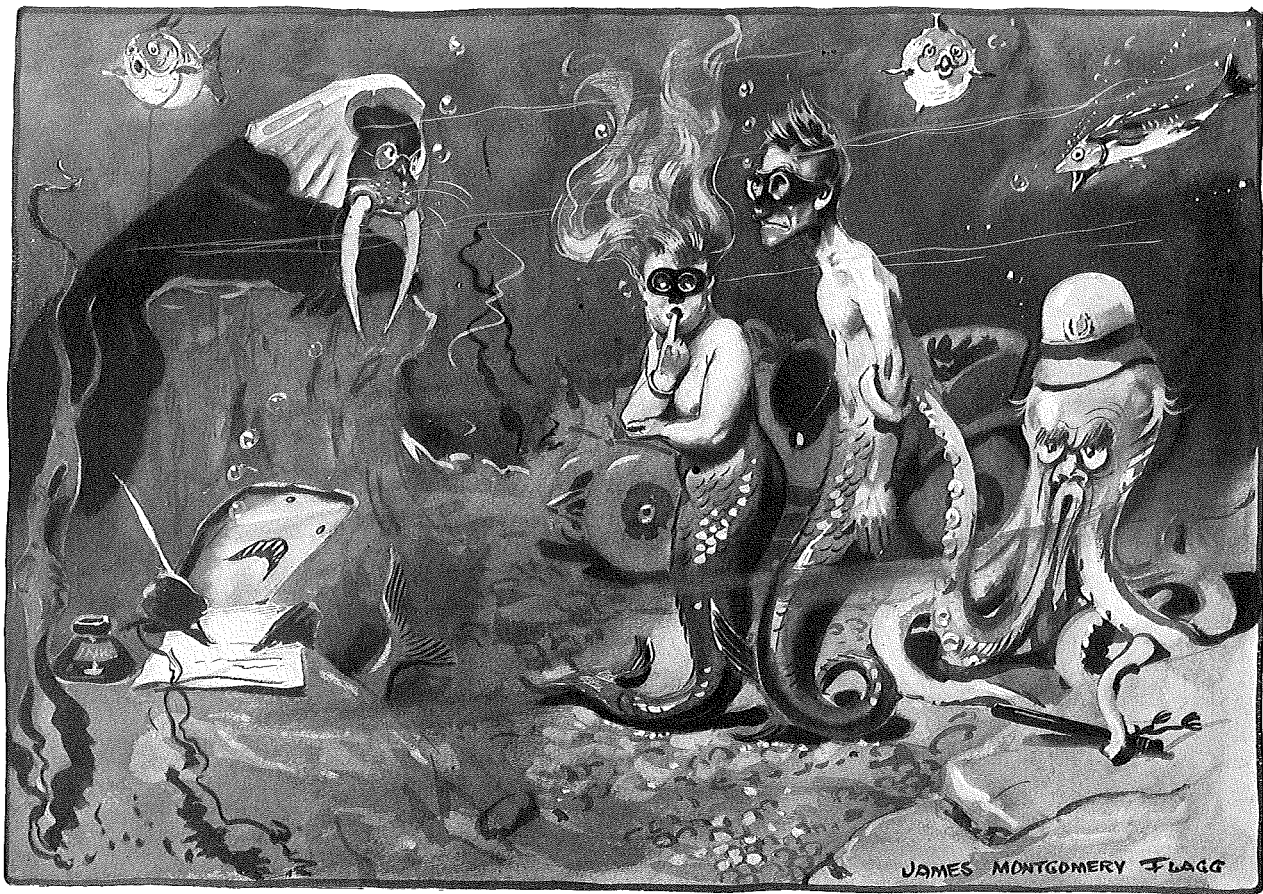
Modern Version of the Fiery Chariot.



An Intruder on the Speedway in 1908.



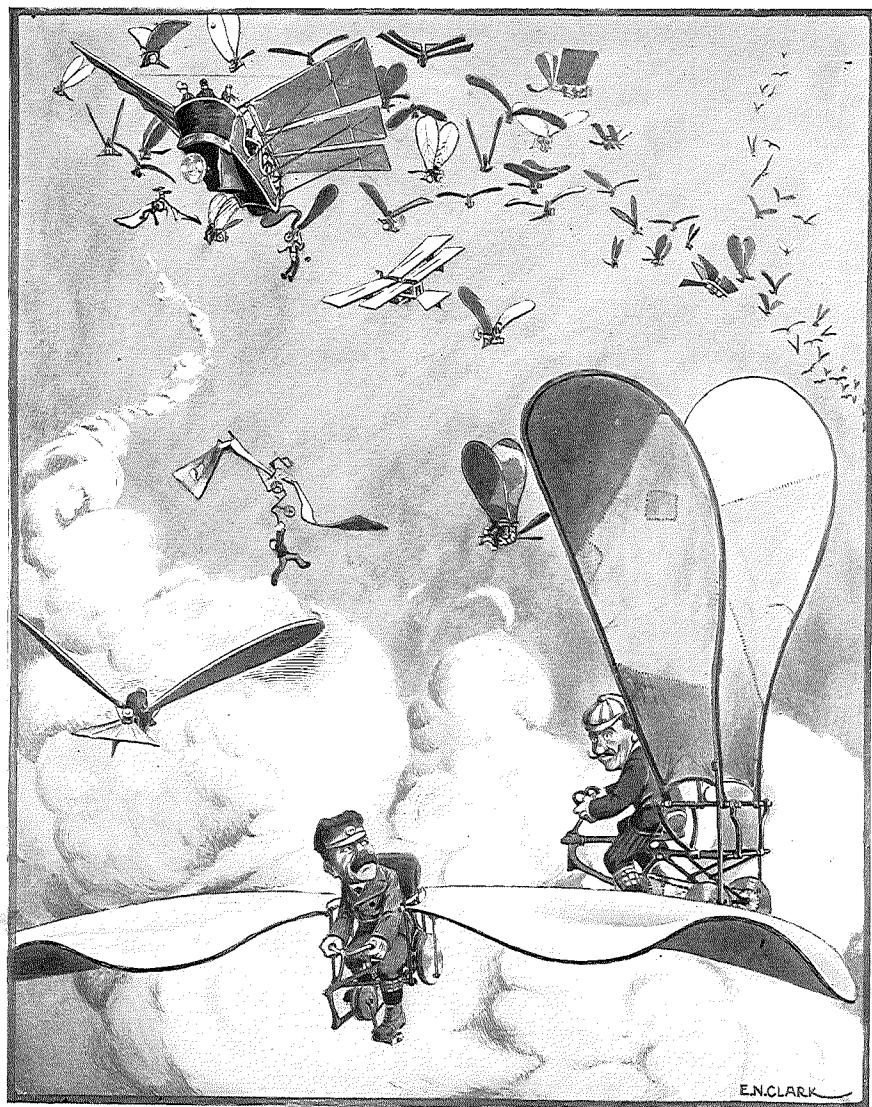
Shade of Elizabeth: Splendeur Dex! Had we but known
of this wanton conceit during our reign on earth our sister of
Scotland had not stood so long in our way!



SUBMARINE JUSTICE

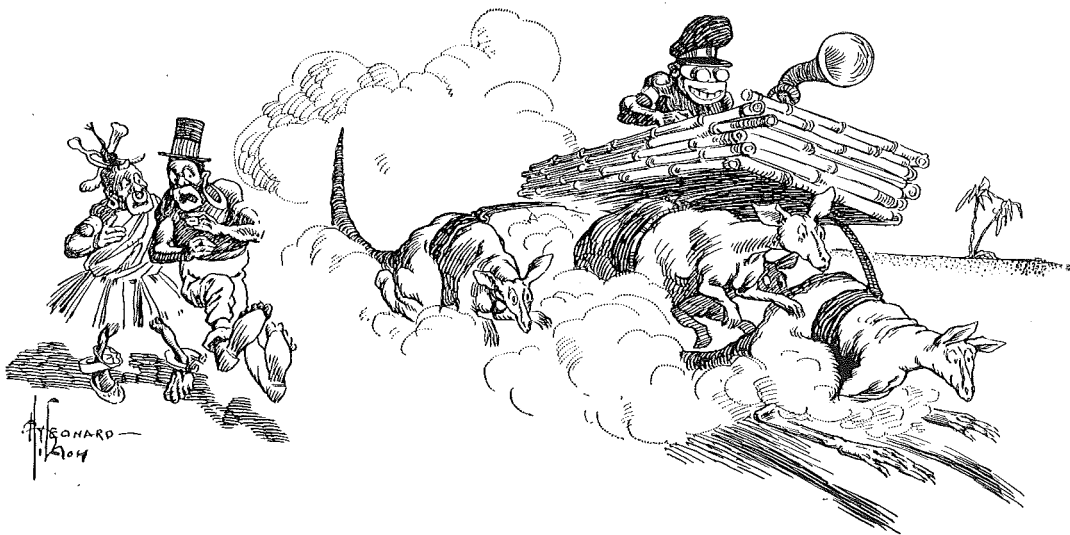
Octopoliceman : May it plaze yer honor, 'tis th' same ould offinse—scorchin' in their watermobile at th' rate of forty knots a minyit.

Judge Walrus : Six months on land.

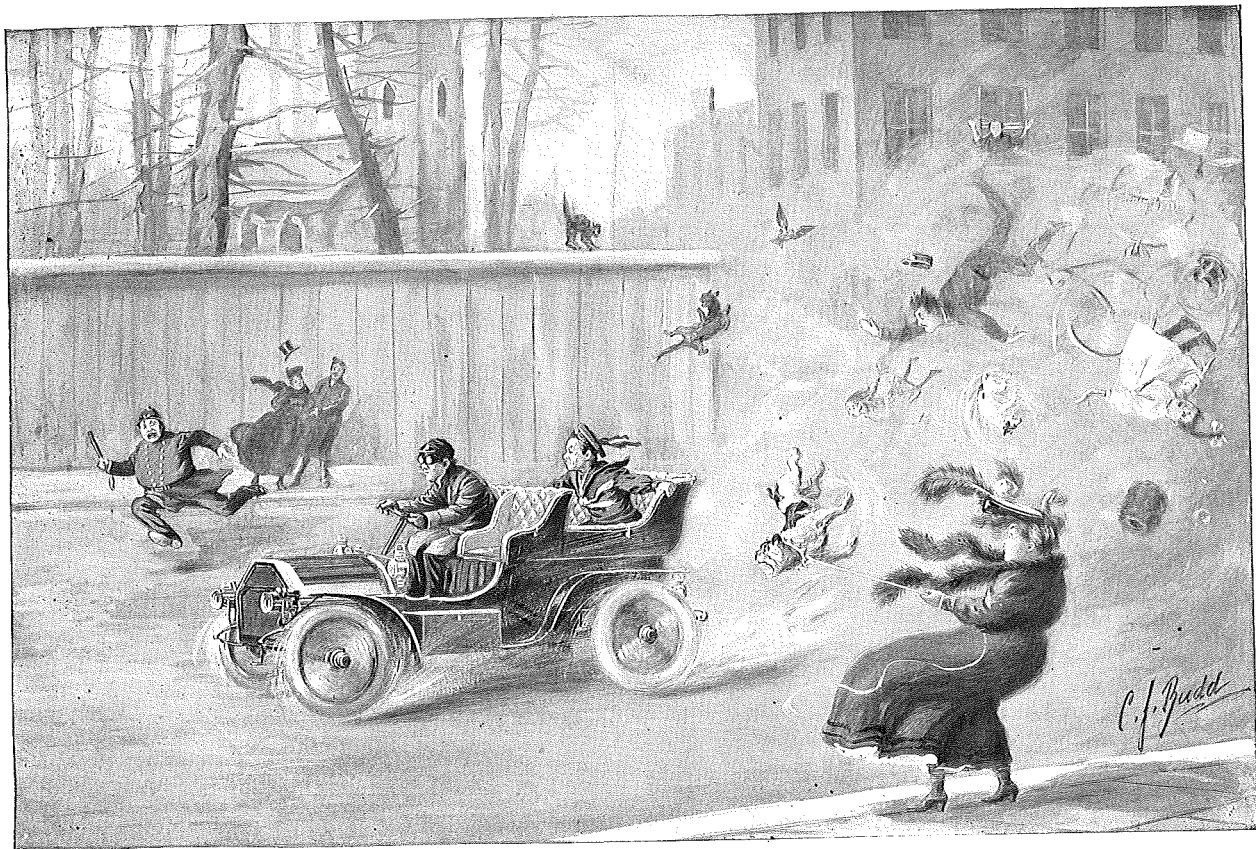


CRITICAL

John : Say, that guy with the megaphone on the "Seeing the Universe" car makes me weary.



Citizen Oolaola: It's an outrage. There ought to be restrictions placed on these four-kangaroo power autos.



HIS VOYAGE
(See next page)

His Voyage

“WELL, Jack, how did you enjoy your ride in that automobile?”

The old sailor gave a look aloft and a preliminary hitch to his trousers. “Do you want me to tell you about that voyage?” he asked.

“Well, a friend of mine hove in sight the other morning with one of those strange craft. The wind was fair, and as he rounded up under the lee of my boarding-house he sung out for me to join him. So I clumb on, and in a minute or two we were off down the Avenue, with everything set, the wind on the quarter and making about ten knots. By and by my friend, who was captain, pilot, officer of the watch, lookout, and man at the wheel all in one, shifted his cigarette to port and says, ‘Now we’ll let her out a bit.’ He took out a belaying pin, shifted some of the ballast, pulled a plug out of the lee scuppers, and in a minute or more we began to buzz like a northeast gale off the coast of Killarney. My friend was all right, for he had a pair of spy-glasses rigged on to his front figure-head; but I was sailing right up in the eye of the wind under bare poles, expecting any minute to run head on to something or other. I wouldn’t dare say just how fast we were going, but I looked over the side once or twice, and judging by the cobblestones and children that seemed to foam all around us, I should say we were making at least eight hundred knots an hour.

“I tried my best to keep a sharp lookout ahead, but before I could get my eyes fastened on to any object whatsoever it was about four miles astern. There was some sort of a land fog-horn rigged up in front, and I tried to grab it and

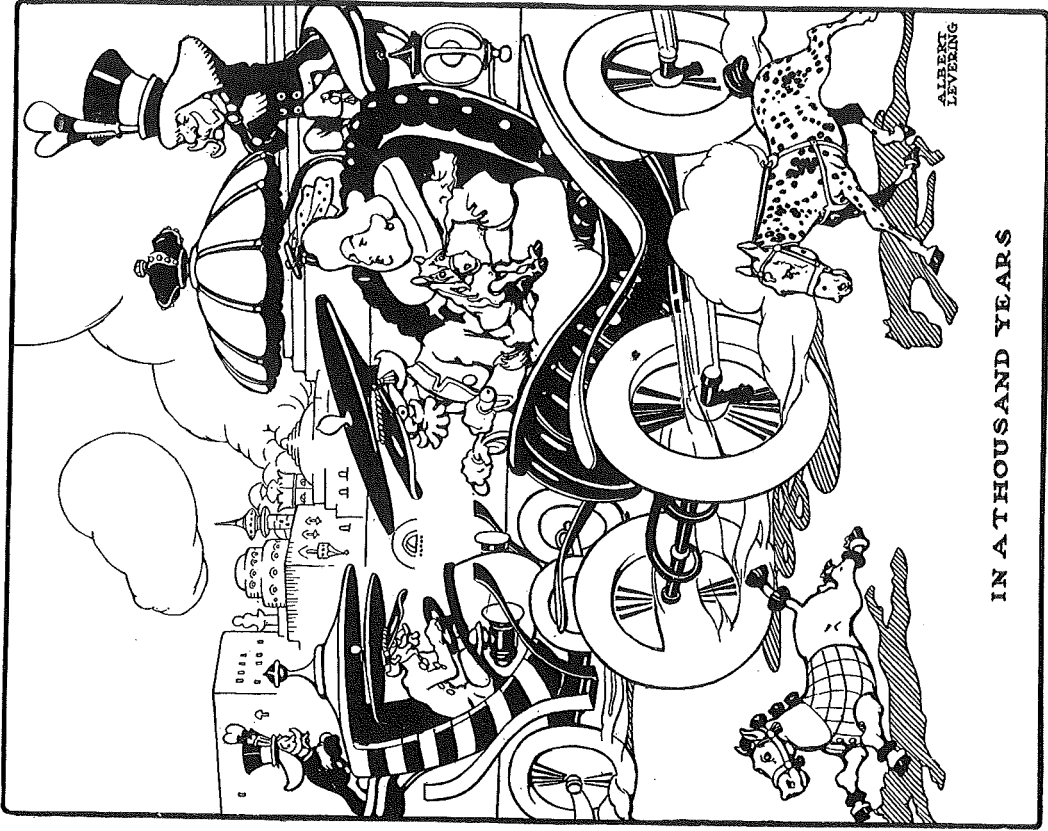
tell my friend to shorten sail. It seemed to me that he ought to clew up the royals, t’ gallant sails, and flying jib, and put a double reef in the top-sails, for I saw by the barometer that was fastened to the bulwarks that almost every kind of weather there was was threatening. But my friend just fooled with that wheel and hung on to that cigarette, and the gnats and things peppered his spy-glasses like birds on a light-house lamp, and I saw he was bound to outsail everything else in sight. Then I shut my eyes and hung on, and it seemed as if the seas were breaking over us, and we were pitching and tossing and rolling on to our beam ends, and then righting ourselves and diving ahead right through forty feet of solid green. And while I was cogitating in my mind, and wondering if we hadn’t better call all hands and cut away the rigging, and let the mainmast go by the board, there was a rip and a snort and a sudden silence, and I opens my eyes, and there we were sitting calm and serene in front of my boarding-house, with my friend puffing away like mad at his cigarette, which was more’n half out.

“‘Back again,’ says my friend. ‘And now where else shall we go?’

“But I got out. It seemed mighty good, I can tell you, to set foot on dry land once more.

“‘Not for me,’ says I. ‘My next voyage will be on the firm old ocean, with the blue water underneath me, and the wind can blow all the buttons off the captain’s coat for all I care. But when I take ship in one of those hell barkentines, liable to run ashore any minute and spring a leak and blow up, or something equally exciting, why, you’ll have to excuse me!’”

Tom Masson.



ALBERT
LEVERING

IN A THOUSAND YEARS