

LITERARY FEATURE

Adventures with Glycerine

By OPAL WHEELER-DICK

The professor made no pretense of being an authority on gasoline, lubricating oil, anti-freeze mixtures, or even the workings of an automobile. But he had a friend to whom such things were as familiar as were the pages of history to the professor. Thus it came to pass that upon the advice of this friend, the professor paid out \$2.50 of his hard-earned money for glycerine and an extra seventy-five cents for liquid cement to insure a thorough leak-proof, freeze-proof radiator.

All was well. The professor smiled, the sun shone, the car purred like a contented kitten.

Then came Christmas vacation. Stowed away in the car until there was scarcely room for one more sandwich, were students, family, luggage, pillows, robes, boxes, lunch, and last of all the professor himself at the wheel. The Nash hummed. The professor headed southward, and the car rolled off the campus toward the sunny plains of Kansas.

And here beginneth a book of lamentations.

Several miles slipped by. "This car seems to be heating. What do you suppose is the trouble?" the puzzled professor asked his wife. "Must be the glycerine," she said, but she knew not what a great truth she spoke.

More miles sped by. "Look! It must be on fire! Smoke is coming up through the floor!" cried the professor's wife.

The professor quickly brought the car to a stop, crawled out over his wife, his little son, a lunch box, a suitcase, a pillow, a blanket, and a hand bag, and raised the hood of the car. Smoke poured forth and up into the car—pungent, strangulating, odoriferous smoke, wholly unlike burning wood, or coal, or even rubber.

The professor rendered his report. "It is the glycerine. There is a tiny crack in the engine head. Water never leaked out there, but this glycerine seems to be oozing out very slowly and so far as I can see the only thing we can do is to go on. We can't help it any by sitting out here in the country. There is plenty of glycerine and the radiator isn't leaking a bit."

So he climbed back into the car over his wife, his little son, the lunch box, the suitcase, the pillow, the blanket, and the hand bag, and started the car.

Slowly the Nash crept southward. Waves and billows of annoying smoke poured up into the car. Window after window was rolled down. There were tears, sneezes, and gasps. But still no sign of relief.

At last, "A wayside filling station!" everyone yelled at once. And the professor carefully guided the smoking Nash to the side of the road.

An old man cautiously sidled out toward the car. "Well, you seem to be purty hot. What's your trouble? Ain't you got no water?"

"Trouble? I don't know. Suppose we find out," the professor suggested. "I don't have water in the radiator; I have glycerine."

Investigation during the next hour revealed many things. The intense heat had burned out the upper radiator hose connection, had melted the solder on the radiator, and had reduced the remaining glycerine to a mere half gallon of thick, black syrup of the consistency of molasses.

Some rags were stuffed in the largest hole in the hose connection, more radiator cement was poured down the throat of the radiator, water was substituted for the glycerine, and the professor again took the wheel.

But the tale does not end here.

One mile, two miles, five miles—all was well. Ten miles—"It's getting hot," the professor regretfully announced. But a farmhouse stood near. The professor drove in, crawled out the window (his many exits and entrances to the car having taught him that the window route was far less circuitous and much less beset with dangers than his former route over wife, son, lunch box, suitcase, pillow, blanket, and hand bag), and filled the thirsty radiator with water drawn from a deep well by means of a windlass and old oaken bucket.

The professor labored back through the window and slipped behind the wheel, but nothing happened. The Nash was dead. Yes, dead, and no amount of flattery or cajoling would bring it to life.

Suggestions and advice buzzed around the professor's head like bees around a honeysuckle. But nothing worked—nothing except jaws and the professor. At length all the passengers poured forth and pushed the car down the road a quarter of a mile to a farm house where there was a telephone, but there was no one at home.

One member of the party was dispatched to the next house, half mile away, to call a garage for help. The other weary travelers sat down to meditate. The sun was just sinking to rest behind the western prairies. It was a gorgeous Kansas sunset—flaming gold and orange and cerise, with here and there a splash of the clear deep blue of the sky showing through. Then as the shadows lengthened and darkness gathered, the flaming sky softened, the mauve shadows drew closer, the roseate clouds dipped their borders into violet and finally faded from view. And, believe it or not, the professor and his wife, and their little son, sitting on the running board of a car which would not run, gazed in admiration and awe at the miracle of the setting sun.

Finally help arrived, and the Nash was towed six miles into town. Every one but the professor went in search of food, but he patiently munched a sandwich and stayed by the Nash. The mechanic put on a new radiator hose connection, dried out the wires which were soaked with water leaking from the radiator, adjusted all the adjustable parts, and pronounced his work done. Every one heaved a sigh of relief and settled back to enjoy, at last, a pleasant unbroken trip. But the Nash, ere it had gone half a block, wheezed, choked, sputtered, and all but fainted away in a fit of coughing. It was rushed back to the garage for first aid, and the mechanic soon discovered that one of the wires had been connected in the wrong place.

Again the Nash pulled out. Miles slipped by in the darkness—three, five, seven—

"What's that?" groaned the professor as a very audible knock developed in the engine. "It sounds like a connecting rod to me."

Six miles ahead lay a little village. Slowly the Nash advanced with a pounding heart. Presently the lights of the village came into view, and the Nash was driven into a garage.

A dapper youth—hair brushed back in a fresh marcel, shirt thrown open at the throat, trousers meticulously pressed, and shoes carefully polished—advanced with a light of superior intelligence on his face and, after carefully adjusting the cigarette which hung from one corner of his mouth, announced to the professor and his party, "You have burned out a connecting rod. Listen at it pound." (As if they had been doing anything else for the last six miles!) "Out of oil."

But the workman who examined the car said, "No, it has plenty of oil; it is nearly full. But it is a connecting rod, the third one."

The professor addressed the workman. "Can you fix it up for me right away?"

The superior young man smirked. "You'll not get any one to work on it 'nigh't."

"Sorry," said the workman, "but I'm afraid we can't; besides, we don't have any connecting rods that would fit this car. We'd have to get them in Marysville and everything's closed up now."

"Isn't there another garage in town? Maybe they could take care of it," the professor suggested with much the same attitude a drowning man exhibits when he grasps at a straw.

The S. Y. M. blew a smoke ring and calmly predicted, "You'll have to stay all night."

Inquiries revealed no help forthcoming from the other garage, but further questioning did bring the information that the next little village, five miles distant, had a Nash agency. The professor decided to risk five more miles of throbbing heartache for the Nash and backed the car out of the garage. As it slid into the night, the S. Y. M. chirped, "If you don't drive mighty slow, you'll pound out a crank shaft."

The next little village had the desired Nash agency but no connecting rods. A long distance call brought the painful news that Marysville had none. However, the obliging mechanic offered to take the car down that night and rush to Marysville early next morning to have the offending rod reabbitted.

"Man!" grinned the mechanic as he expertly made his way to the vitals of the engine. "You must have had this thing hot as a torch. You have plenty of oil but it has carbonized until it won't circulate. This third rod wasn't getting a bit of oil. What happened? Did you run out of water?"

But the professor only groaned. "Glycerine," ere he told the experiences of the past few hours.

The next day just at noon students, family, luggage, pillows, robes, boxes, and the remnants of the lunch box were stowed away in the car. The professor climbed through the window and slid down behind the wheel. The party called a cheery greeting to the village folk, and the Nash glided out of town with a softly-purring motor and a radiator full of—water!

Youth to Meet May 29

(Continued from page one)

considered during the conference, and leaders believe that those who attend will feel well repaid for their efforts by the counsel received. Questionnaires have been sent out to all the young people of the Central union so that their specific problems will be the ones discussed.

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Representatives will be in attendance at the conference from the General conference and other Union conferences. State Missionary Volunteer secretaries are planning for interesting state programs to be presented during the conference. Nebraska is offering a Bible as a prize for the best Missionary Volunteer state song sent in to the local conference office by April 24. This song will be used by the Nebraskans at the Youths' conference. Recreational plans are also being arranged as a part of the daily program during the convention.

Predicts More Alumni

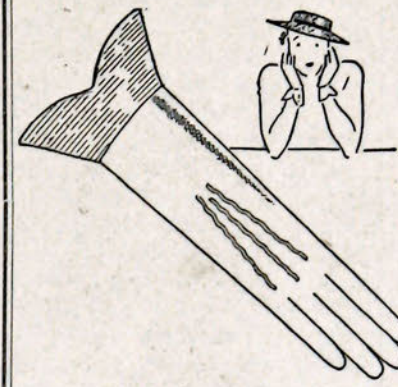
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have her colors flying aloft with the rest.

If rarity may be used as a standard in evaluating metals and precious stones, and if this standard may be applied in judging North Dakota's graduates, then one may form his own conclusions. However, Union is looking forward to seeing more North Dakotans in the ranks of her alumni.

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