

The Delirium of Speed.

*Described by the First Woman Who Rode Around the Track
in Fifty-three Seconds.*

BY MRS. FRANK A. BURRELLE.

As well try to describe the dancing bubbles of sunshine as they sparkle in the champagne glass as to try and put into calm words the surging, delicious exhilaration that fills your heart and soul as the big machine flies over the ground. We may have better sport when we fly in the air, but I doubt it.

My friends said to me as I started, "You're mad! Don't go. It is insanity."

That's it, madness—speed madness, and if all insane persons are filled with such a supreme happiness, then they must be, as our physicians say, the happiest ones of the earth.

Surely Heaven means a place where all speed laws are not enforced.

What pleasure greater can one desire than a Fiat 90 horse-power, an owner whose heart overflows with good-fellowship, as does Maj. Miller's, a driver as cool and nery as Chevrolet and throttle wide open, a dash round the track at Morris Park with a speed better than our fastest expresses.

It is a wise thing to be a fatalist. Had I not been one I might have missed the most delightful sensation of my life.

They ask me to write of the sensations as they came to me. Why, it is impossible.

As we left the judges' stand a series of snorts and reports as if thunder issued from this monster of iron.

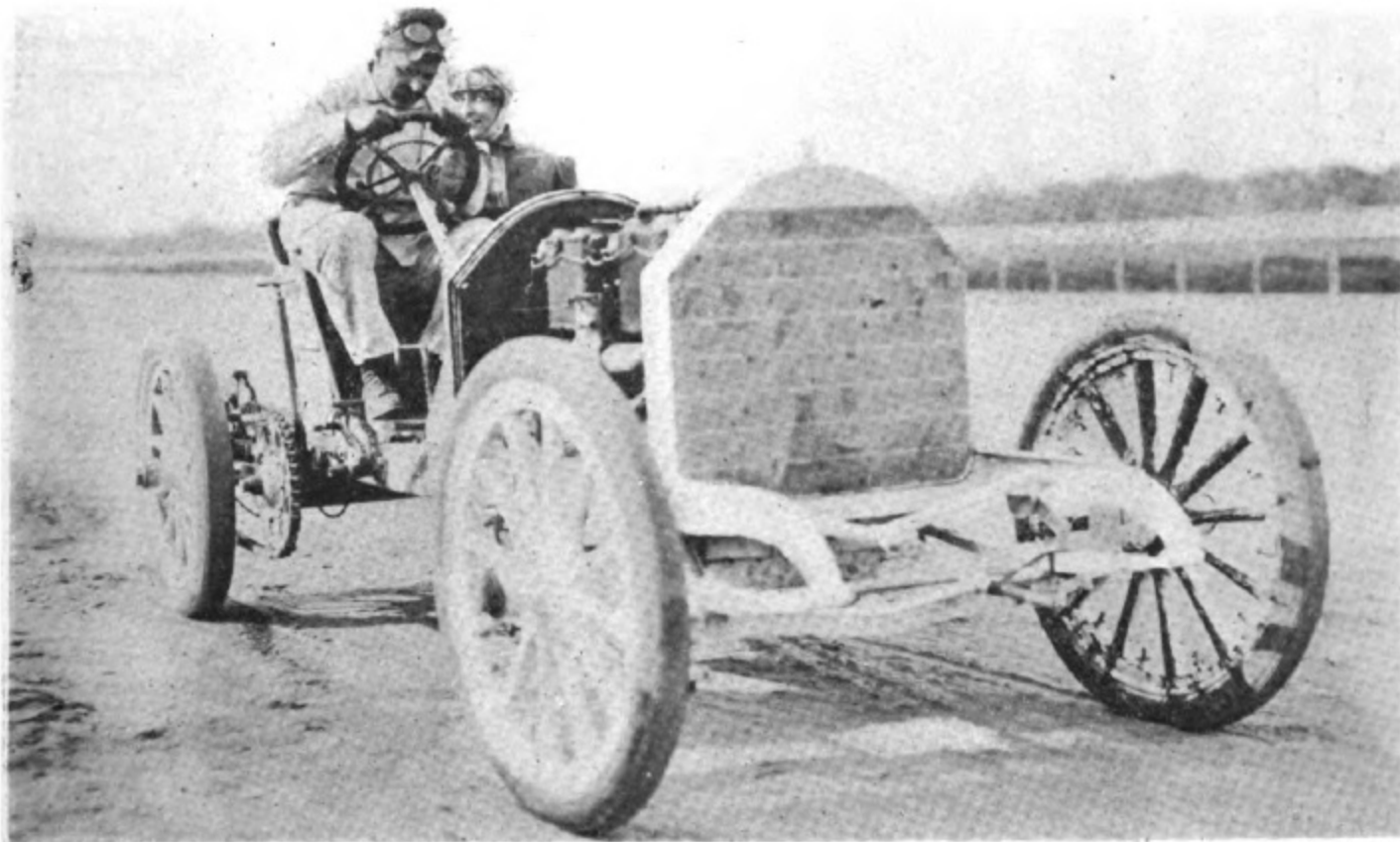
Chevrolet looked at me sideways as though he rather expected a wild stare of fright. But it only meant that Fiat was talking to me in his own language and assuring me he would do his best.

Passing the grand stand we stop for more oil. On discovering they only have a small quantity left, a very tiny French oath escapes the lips of the big handsome man beside me, but to my question he replies, "It will answer."

More comments from Fiat—he can make it do.

A slow turn at the near end of the track, and as we reach the back stretch Fiat seems to stretch himself out as a thoroughbred when he knows he is expected to do his best.

A shout from Chevrolet—"Hold tight—frightened?" A yell from myself—"Never—faster." A smile from him as he now begins to feel he can forget he is a man bound to look out for and take care of the woman at his side.



(Photo by Spooner.)

L. CHEVROLET AND MRS. BURRELLE IN THE FIAT BEFORE MAKING MILE IN 53 SECONDS.

Oh—open wide everything—give us space—the whole earth is only existing that we may cover its surface in this wild dash.

But Chevrolet roars at me, "Only a warm up—wait for the next round of the track." We must slow up for the far turn, but as we come into the home stretch he opens up again and we dash past judges' stand, club house and crowd which all seem to mingle into a black blotch.

Once more a slow down for the turn and now—the sense of sensation ceases. You feel as though transported and earth had ceased to exist.

With the coolest, and it seemed to me the happiest smile possible, Chevrolet turns to me, and it must be a yell, it sounds like a whisper—"Happy?" "Happy!"

Why I've always been happy, what a little word it is. I thought it meant something, it doesn't mean what this is. Motoring has invented many new words, but the one for this feeling is yet to come. I can't give it, my heart is so big with happiness.

I can only grip his back harder and work hard to keep the tears back. It's a way some women have when they are so happy they can't speak, and it came to me then. It was about as inexplicable as this thing we call love. It fills us and overflows, and we don't know that we understand it or like it or hate it, but we want more, more, more. More speed, now, now. More, more.

I make Chevrolet understand. It isn't hard to do so. We are so close together in our joy of this thing.

He leans over. "It is better than 54." It is better than heaven.

Ah, that turn again, meaning a shutting off of power. I almost hate him for not taking all chances rather than do it, but we are now in the home stretch and in a breath he has brought Fiat back on his haunches and we are at a standstill in front of the judges' stand.

A dozen hands are outstretched to meet mine, but I only seek those of the three men who have given me—this the best treat of my whole life—Miller, Holland and Chevrolet.

Chevrolet grips my hand firmly, saying, "I like pluck." I return the firm hand hold. "I do, too."

Maj. Miller stands awaiting us, and I do think he is almost as happy as I am, having given me pleasure.

Mr. Holland takes me from Fiat, and escorting me back to the club house, knows he has made a firm place for himself in my heart.

My friends say I acted and talked as though I had just taken about two quarts of champagne, but the man who invents a champagne which can fill ones soul with the sensations I experienced will be a prophet who can command honor even in his own country.

In my lifetime I have made many cocktails, but during this ride I found the ingredients for The Ecstasy Cocktail.

In a Fiat 90 horse-power mixing glass, take a measure of Miller good fellowship, a measure of Chevrolet nerve, add a dash of Reeves opposition to add zest to the mixture, and stir well. Drop in a Holland olive and drink at Morris Park while going a mile in 53 seconds. Will I take another? Ask me.