

# **A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP**

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A Six-Cylinder Courtship by Edward Salisbury Field

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**EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD**

**A SIX-CYLINDER  
COURTSHIP**





MARIAN STANDISH

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## *A Six-Cylinder Courtship*

### I

**T**HE romance of my life began when a puff of wind landed a speck of dust in Jimmie Redmond's left eye. It was an obstinate speck of dust; Jimmie winked and rubbed and went through all the approved motions, but he couldn't dislodge it. So I tooted down Lexington Avenue (we had just made the run from Ardsley) to the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, where Jimmie hopped out and entered a drug store. I don't know whether druggists take a special course in it, but they always seem to be able to remove a speck of dust from a fellow's eye.

The first thing I did, then, was to put on

my goggles. I'm awfully thankful I did, too; for that instant Fate turned the corner and tried to throw dust in my eyes. Instead, I threw dust into the eyes of Fate.

I don't remember whether Fate was rated a goddess in the classic literature of yesterday or not. If not, times have changed, for my Fate *was* a goddess. Bewitchingly slender and *petite*, with a vivid, alluring face and the nicest eyes in the whole world, she stopped beside the car. And when she asked me a question, I threw in my mental clutch so awkwardly that I seemed, for a moment, to have stripped my transmission-gear of speech. There I sat, like an idiot, my hands on the steering wheel.

Then she repeated her question, and I was conscious of being towed into Heaven by an angel at the rate of six thousand miles per minute. This mad burst of speed, however, did not prevent me from answering her question. "Yes, miss," I said, "this car is for hire."

"It looks like a good car," she observed, "and I'm in a great hurry."

With that I leaped to the sidewalk and opened the tonneau door.



*"Where to?" I asked, touching my cap.*