

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY WATER-CARTS

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WE'VE CLIMBED THE GALLANT WATER CART THROUGH YEARS THAT NOW HAVE FLOWN; EACH YEAR AMONG THE FIRST TO START ACROSS THE NEUTRAL ZONE; EACH YEAR WE'VE SPRUNG THE ANCIENT BLUFF OF RIDING IT AFAR, BUT VERY FEW'VE HAD NERVE ENOUGH TO HANG ON WHERE THE TRACK GOT ROUGH BEYOND SOME WAITING BAR.

EACH YEAR WE MOUNTED HIGH AND DRY AGAINST THE DRIVER'S SEAT; AND FOR A SPELL RODE GAILY BY THE OLD REMEMBERED BEAT; BUT REGULAR AS PERFECT CLOCKS WHEN SOME ONE SAID "I'LL BUY"— THEY TUMBLED OFF IN DROVES AND FLOCKS AND LEFT THE DRIVER ON THE BOX TO HEAVE A LONESOME SIGH.



ALAS— TODAY THE THIRSTY JAM IS BULGING TO EACH SIDE; THE DRIVER NOW IS UNCLE SAM AND EVERY ONE MUST RIDE; FOR THERE ARE CAGES BUILT ON TOP WHERE NONE MAY TAKE A DRINK, WHERE NO ONE EVEN GETS A DROP UNLESS HE CARES FOR SODA-POP OR ORANGE JUICE OR INK.



THEY RAMBLE DOWN THE DUSTY ROUT UPON AN EVEN KEEL, WHERE THIRSTY TONGUES ARE HANGING OUT BETWEEN THE BARS OF STEEL; NO CABARETS ARE ON THIS TRIP AND NONE OF THEM MAY JUMP; AND WHEN ONE CLAMORS FOR A NIP OF SOMETHING FROM THE OFF-SIDE HIP, THEY STOP BESIDE A PUMP.

THE ROAD IS DRY — THE ROAD IS LONG WHERE OLD RED-EYE HAS FLED; AND WHEN ONE STARTS A DRINKING SONG THEY HIT HIM ON THE HEAD; OR SOME ONE TAKES AN AWFUL SLAM OR GIVES THE CAGE A RAP, WHICH DOESN'T BOTHER UNCLE SAM WHO SOFTLY CROONS "HOW DRY I AM," OR MERELY SAYS — "GID-DAP."

