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## *Coast to Coast and Beyond*

CAL WAS DELIVERED from the delirious crowd at Tournament Park by D. M. Linnard in his chauffeured Simplex. He was taken to the Maryland Hotel, where his wife and mother waited anxiously in the forefront of several hundred more enthusiasts. Mabel dashed forward, hurled herself into his arms, and delivered a resounding buss. Cal beamed at her, returned the kiss, and then turned to embrace his mother, who wedged between them.

"Are you tired, Calbraith?" asked Mrs. Sweitzer.

"Oh, not much," said Cal cheerily, and then more quietly, "I guess I am quite a bit tired after all."

"I knew you would do it, Calbraith," Mabel interposed.

Pushed through the crush into the lobby, Cal signed the register, "Cal P. Rodgers, New York to Pasadena by Air."

"Now, what can we do for you?" offered Linnard.

Cal—the only unruffled person in Pasadena—turned to him calmly and, puffing on his cigar, said, "I would like a glass of cream and a cracker."