CHRONICLES OF THE TIRED TODDLERS ON THEIR RAMPAKE FROM COLOMA, ILL., TO MADISON, WIS.
The "two toddlers" started from Coloma bridge up to the town about one mile distant, BUT before we got there we were so blamed tired that we nearly croaked. It seemed about sixteen miles instead of one mile, and as you know 16 to 1 is a poor ratio, so the walking from the bridge to Coloma with a canvas canoe folded up and two large bundles was far from being a Sunday School
Uncle. After what seemed hours we arrived at the station with our nearly pulled luggage. We ate bread and cheesy chilk waiting for our train. We bought tickets for East Coloma. We got a good seat and in a few minutes we were there. We found at the depot that we could catch a freight to Savannah which we did after nearly killing ourselves hurrying to get our anna bags aboard.
We stepped, sat in the top of the caboose, and wrote our chronicles alternately. The blamed train didn’t stop at the depot, so we had to lug our stuff way back again to it. We couldn’t find anyone to tell us when our train went. We put our clothes except the candy in the baggage room. The floor in that room was something to dream about. We
stood it out doors as long as we could the west in the ladies waiting room, when we tried to rest to keep warm. A lady came and asked us a lot of questions but let us stay there.

“Don't you see those signs on the doors?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Well what are you doing in here there? We got sick in the other room. “Well stay in here if you
can behave yourself."

"When you going?
Madison, Wis.

"There'll be a train in a little while, you get on that."
"Yes, sir."

An hour later he sticks his head in the door and yells
"Here's your train."

We hustle out to get our baggage checked, but find that we cannot do it so the train goes off without us. After doling around the baggage man (As a
quat loan? chicks on clothes. We then return to the waiting room in a few minutes around.
comes the cot again mad as a wet hen.

"Why didn't you boys get on that train?" he snapped out.

"We couldn't get our baggage checked," we replied.

"Well, you've had all night to get it checked, why didn't you?"

"The baggage man wouldn't check it, he said wait till morning."

"Let's see your tickets!"
We produced them. He rubbed at them...
hands them back.

"Have you got your luggage checked now?"

Yes sir.

"Well I'll see that luggage man I find out about this."

"You take that five o'clock train for Davis Junction without fail."

(Chorus) We Will.

We then adjourned to the railway eating house and dined..
My menu was a cup of coffee and a big slice of custard pie.

After partaking of such a sumptuous repast as this we felt equal for anything.

We returned to the depot & jolted in the box and the baggage man was seen to be jolting better themselves.

Our train arrived & we hustled aboard.
"Chuck" a Wild West book. First he wanted a dollar seventy five for it but as a special favor he let Chuck have it for thirty five cents. It certainly was a pleasurable. What the fellow that wrote it hadn't done wasn't worth doing. I'm going to write a thrilling story of adventure entitled the "Hairbreadth Escapes of the "River Rovers or Canoeing on Historic Waterways". I think
I would make my fortune on that book, for by gosh, I would write nothing but the truth (?).

We changed cars at Davis Jct. and headed for Rockford when we arrived about seven o'clock. We had to wait her till nine fifteen so we viewed the town.

One dam was all we could see across the river. One had been told there were about fifty, but...
There were about three miles of river covered with budding.

Our eyes must have been on a strike for we failed to see them.

We visited the Carnegie Library which is not yet completed. It will be a swell building when it is.

The North Western has a fine depot with a small fire tower, it while the St Paul has an antiquated old shack still when...
Puzzle—Why did all the cops get after us.

Washington was a boy. While waiting for the train another cop accosted us. They seemed to have a liking for us or a dislike. We certainly looked like a couple of sports with coats that met the elbows, pants grimy with dirt, hands and face black with the same article and a bum look all around.

He talked with him about half an hour and found him a pretty nice old...
fellow. He is going to spend his vacation at Madison fishing. I give a picture of him on the next page.
At 9:15 we left for Beloit 4 the north. We could not see very much of Beloit.
At Janesville we had to change cars again. There was quite a crowd at the Depot. An excursion or something I guess. We spent our time laughing at a crazy clown that was rubbing around there.
We did not have to change at Milton Junction for a wonder but headed straight through to Madison. We went through Stoughton and all the other cities on the line, reaching Madison about half past eleven.

The folks were surprised to see me.