

WOMEN BECOMING 'MOTOR WISE' WHEN SELECTING A CAR

While the beauty appeal in the modern automobile has developed new markets among women buyers, they are looking more closely into the mechanical details of the car than ever before. A recent survey of the Dodge Brothers dealer organization showed, according to J. C. Newland and Son, local dealers, the increasing number of women drivers has resulted in manufacturers generally offering improvements in motor cars with features appealing directly to the feminine viewpoint.

"There was a time when women were satisfied with a smart looking automobile," said a Dodge Brothers engineer who assisted in the survey of the dealer organization. "The machinery under the hood was taken for granted. It was an uninteresting and unexplored region as far as they were concerned—engineering questions were left to the men to think about and decide. It is different now. The average woman no longer

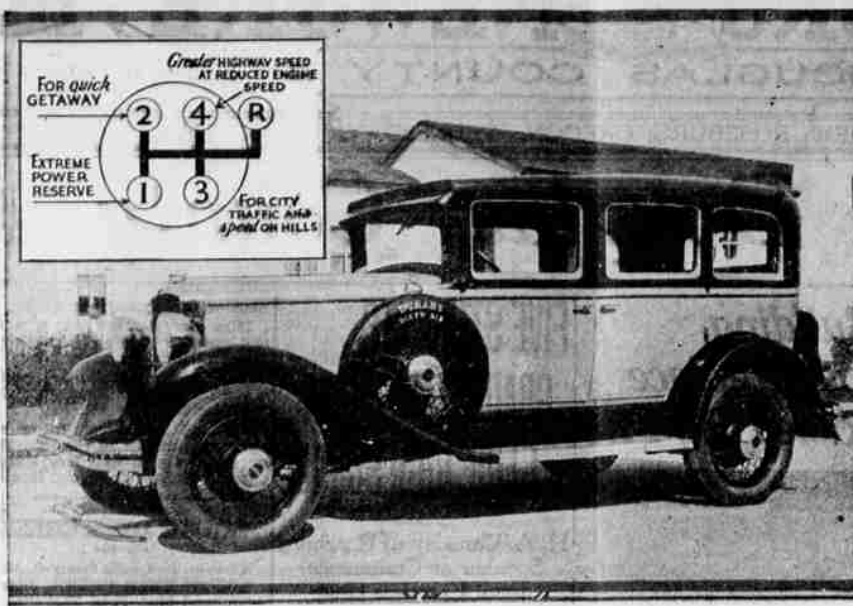
seeks appearance alone. She wants a mechanically perfect automobile in the bargain.

"These important factors and many others including attractive color schemes, luxurious appointments and new comfort and safety features are distinguishing marks of the new Dodge Brothers Six—a car that is beautiful and includes every detail of mechanical perfection.

"Many women drivers today view the automobile through the eyes of the mechanic. To use an expression of the automobile world, they are 'motor-wise.' Their questions are as practical as those asked by men. They are equally exacting about the performance of the particular model they are considering. They want to know if it is dependable, spirited, easy to handle and whether it has smooth riding qualities. And they want to know why. They are as keen to demand quick acceleration as men are, with the assurance that their car will be out in front when the traffic light turns from amber to green. They ask for gears that change easily and positively, and brakes that hold when even the slightest foot pressure is applied.

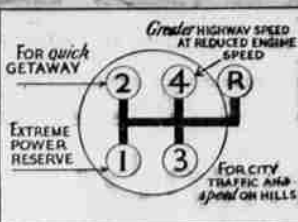
"Manufacturers who do not keep the woman driver in mind when new models are announced are far behind the times. Truly it is just as important to women as appearance, for they demand an automobile that is mobile in traffic, safe at all speeds and handles easily."

NEW DURANT SIX-SIXTY-SIX ANNOUNCED



Surpassing in beauty, appointments, speed, power and performance any previous Durant offerings, "the worlds lowest priced automobile with four-forward-speeds" is today announced by Durant dealers in the West. With the new four-speed transmission, it is said, a 20 per cent reduction in gasoline and oil consumption, and a 40 per cent reduction on

engine wear is effected due to a slower engine speed per mile of travel. Inset shows the gear-shift on the new models. The car virtually has two high speeds, say the dealers, one for power and acceleration and the other for speed. Shifting between third and fourth gears is accomplished without the slightest noise at speeds up to 50 miles an hour, it is claimed.



NEWLAND SHOWING NEW PLYMOUTH CAR

A new Plymouth sedan has been received by J. C. Newland and Son, local dealers, and is being demonstrated by them to prospective purchasers. The firm says that they have had dozens of responses to the small announcement story that appeared Saturday, and that the outlook for sale of Plymouth cars looks very good. They have just received information that factory production is more than 50 per cent ahead of the production of last year.

"From the viewpoint of style and beauty, color and comfort, the Plymouth not only surpasses all other cars in its field, but rivals many in the high priced division of other makes of automobiles," Mr. Newland says. "In performance, in power and acceleration, in easy riding at all speeds, the Plymouth is the outstanding purchase at its price.

"To those who take the opportunity of viewing these cars and of riding in them and of driving themselves the question most certainly will arise, 'How can these cars, with their distinctive style, power and ease of operation be offered at such low prices?'"

"The answer is that under the famous Chrysler principle of standard quality, the Plymouth has embodied in its structural advantages of the most expensive Chrysler products. Among these are Chrysler weatherproof internal expanding hydraulic brakes, the Silver Dome engine, full pressure lubrication, and many other features. As a Chrysler Motors product it enjoys the advantages of group financing, consolidated buying and engineering facilities, with resulting economies that may be passed on to the purchaser."

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of this year compared to the corresponding period of 1928.

Truck shipments during this period represented an increase of 12 per cent over the first four months of 1928, while April shipments were 47 per cent greater than April a year ago.

In the motor coach division, sales have exceeded last year's record by 52 per cent, and school bus sales have increased 42 per cent over last year's mark.

"These gains show the rapid trend toward motorized passenger transportation as developed in the motor coach and school bus field," said C. W. Matheson, general sales manager. "Their dependability, safety, comfort, fine appearance, low cost and economy are qualities that buyers demand in operation, whether it be in congested city streets or in sparsely settled rural school districts."

"The expanding domestic and foreign markets for trucks is reflected by the increasing demand reported generally from our international dealer organization. Unfilled orders in the truck division of the company represent a gain of more than 400 per cent over a year ago."

ACROBATIC COP

CLEVELAND—Agility saved the life of Motorcycle Policeman Melvin Collier here. When attempting to drive his cycle through an opening between a street car and a truck, the cycle skidded. Collier seized a handle on the truck and drew himself up to safety on the truck as the street car wheels crushed his vehicle.

RIVAL WIVES

By Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon
NEA SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

John Curtis Morgan is madly in love with his beautiful wife, Iris. Nan Carroll, Morgan's secretary, loves him. She has a fine sense of humor, however, and determines to leave his employ. She flings when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement.

Curtis Morgan, aged 35, innocent places in Nan's hands a letter taken from his mother's handbag. Crawford leaves town immediately after his acquittal and Iris follows in a few days. She writes her husband she will never return, cleverly omitting reference to Crawford, whom Morgan does not suspect. Morgan is broken-hearted. Nan begs him not to place Curtis in a boarding school, agreeing to go to the house while Morgan is away on business to set the wheels of a new housekeeping arrangement in motion.

For six months Nan acts as long-distance housekeeper, winning the love little Curtis, who adores her. Nan, who has been studying law, goes to the capital to take her bar exams. When she returns Morgan breaks the news to her that he is preparing to divorce Iris.

He attempts to propose to Nan, telling her of his and the child's need of her. She realizes that marriage to him who loves another cannot be completely satisfying, but she would rather have him that way than not at all. They are married with the ghost of Iris hovering near. Before their train is to leave, Morgan hurriedly takes her to the office where she finds her name on the door beside his. He has made her his partner—but she fears it is to be in business only. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXVI

"Stole a march on you!" John Curtis Morgan exclaimed, as he laid a hand upon the knob of the outer door of suite 718. "We're all moved without your knowing a thing about it—unless your woman's intuition, of which you are so full of pride, by the way, gave you an inkling of what we were up to."

"No, I never had the faintest suspicion," Nan confessed. "But before we go in—and face everyone, tell me—And she laid a restraining hand on his.

"With a muttered excuse to which the newly married couple paid not the slightest attention, the sign-painter abruptly left his job. Morgan's eyes were twinkling, but they were anxiously moist as he smiled down upon the girl who had been his secretary for ten years and was now his law partner and his wife.

"Of course, I've had this in mind since long before you were admitted to the bar," he explained. "The sign, however, is a rather recent inspiration," and he pointed to the words, "Morgan & Morgan, Attorneys-at-Law." I gave the order for it three days ago when we took out our marriage license. The lease for the new suite of offices was signed a month ago, on the very day you were admitted to the bar. The old lease expires today, and I wanted the move, and the new sign to be my wedding present to you. There's another sign in aid, on the door of my new law partner's private office."

"Oh!" Nan choked and raised trembling hands to hide her face from him. From behind the screen of her leg fingers she murmured brokenly: "Thank you—John—I shall do my best—in answer."

"You've already deserved a partnership—and more," Morgan interrupted loudly. "Want to run away now—or do you want to face the music and see your new office?"

"Please—"

"So you're actually married!" I'm too thrilled for words. I do love Mrs. Morgan. I decide to let me stay on—But what am I thinking of? she broke off with charming coquetry. "Mr. Blake wanted to go right over to City Hall to make sure of finding you before you left on your honeymoon, but I said that would be simply terrible, and I knew anyway that you would want to show Mrs. Morgan the new offices and the sign and everything."

"Morgan out short her breathless rush of words. "Just what has happened, Miss O'Hara?"

"Oh, I am dumb, but I'm so excited!" Kathleen O'Hara exclaimed herself with a bubble of laughter. "Well, just about 10 minutes after you left this morning, Mr. Morgan, a long distance telephone call came for you. I took it, of course, and it was David Blackhull that the papers—"

"David Blackhull?" Nan and her new husband cried in chorus.

Kathleen O'Hara's face glowed. "I knew you'd be absolutely dumbfounded! Imagine it! The police and the reporters coming the country for him and he telephones you long distance! You know, it gave me the oddest feeling—actually talking to a murderer—"

"We don't know that he is a murderer," Morgan reminded her curtly. "What did he say? Please be as brief as possible. We have a train to catch—"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Miss O'Hara flattered. Nan wondered if she had acted so silly, so hero-worshipping, when she first came to work for John Curtis Morgan. "He said he was just ready to 'take off' in a friend's plane and would be here by 11 o'clock, and it's 10 minutes after 11 now, and—"

"He wants me to defend him?" Morgan interrupted again.

"Oh, of course, and when I told him you and Miss Carroll were being married and were going to leave at 11:30 on your honeymoon, he said, 'Ask him for God's sake to wait till I see him.'"

"Well, I can't see him—that's final," Morgan decided flatly. "Please, Mr. Morgan!" Nan broke in. "Shall we go into your office and talk it over for a minute? There's time enough, I'm sure."

Neither she nor her husband noticed that she had called him by the old familiar title. They were again chief and trusted subordinate—husband and wife relationship temporarily forgotten—as Morgan led the way into the new suite of offices. They did not even pause for Nan to get her first pitiful glimpse of her own private office.

After working hours the night before and while she was being married this morning—Nan had gone direct from her little apartment to City Hall—the move had been almost miraculously accomplished. Everything from the old office was in place, even to telephones.

As a matter of course, Nan dropped into the stenographer's chair drawn up to the side of the big desk, and Morgan took the second chair. It was as if nothing had occurred to change the old relationship of employer and secretary.

"Because everything points to the boy's being guilty!" Nan exclaimed him towards. "I don't believe he is! I don't care if he did seem to be in hiding while the police searched for him! He's coming forward now, voluntarily, to give himself up for questioning. If he does reach this office without being stopped by police, I want you to see him. Please give him five minutes. If he isn't here by then, we can still make our train."

"You're always got business before pleasure, haven't you, Nan?" Morgan asked, with a queer smile turning down a corner of his mouth. For a moment Nan had a fleeting, heart-wrenching fear that he was hurt.

"There was a knock on the door, immediately followed by Kathleen O'Hara's vivid, excited little face. "He's here!" she gasped in a

thrilled whisper. "And he doesn't look like a murderer at all! Isn't it marvelous that the police didn't catch him before he got here? Shall I show him in?"

"Yes," Morgan answered curtly. Then, to Nan, in a low voice: "We can take a later train, I suppose." Kathleen O'Hara was right. No one could have looked less like a pariah than David Blackhull. A slender, well-groomed boy of about 20, with wavy nut-brown hair, frank eyes, a fair, freckled skin, he might have posed for a picture to be entitled, "Composite Portrait of American College Youth."

Nan liked the way he thrust out a steady hand, as if it did not occur to him that anyone might hesitate to clasp it. She offered her own hand unflinchingly when Morgan performed the introduction:

"My law partner and—my wife, Mrs. Morgan."

Ironic, Nan thought, that the first time those words, "my wife," passed his lips in reference to her, they should be addressed to a boy suspected of the murder of his father.

"Well, I made it, sir," David Blackhull said, with just a trace of boyish bravado. "But I can't blame the police for not spotting me right off. I look too much like most other fellows. I wasn't in hiding, sir—I didn't know my father had been—killed until I saw a paper this morning. I've been up north in the woods with a pal of mine. He has a hunting lodge and when he came in at dawn this morning from Mountain View—that is the nearest town to his lodge—with a paper, why, of course, there was nothing to do but to come and give myself up."

but I wanted to see you first."

"And the plane?" Morgan prompted, after he had seated the young man in the armchair across the desk.

"Oh, he has a moth monoplane that he buzzes around in," this son of wealth explained easily. "Stephen Grant's name. Maybe you've heard of the family?" At Morgan's nod, the boy went on eagerly: "He offered to bring me down and we stopped just once on the way, to telephone. I put the call through a pay station in a village, using Grant's name, but when I got your office I told you I was, I thought maybe the police would have the operators listening in, but it looks as if they didn't—"

"Your luck was certainly with you," Morgan interrupted dryly. "Now, about your father—"

Nan sprang to her feet, excused herself with a word and ran out of the office, to return a minute later, breathless. Jerking out the stenographer's leaf of the desk, she thrust open her notebook and began to take rapid shorthand notes of the boy's story.

In spite of her half-fearful, half-joyful absorption in her approaching wedding, Nan had taken an enormous interest in the sensational murder of the millionaire automobile manufacturer, Thornton Blackhull. The papers had shrieked the news of the disappearance of the old man's son within a few minutes of the murder. The millionaire had been found dead, shot through the heart, his son's automatic clumsily hidden behind a row of books in a case near the door.

The butler who found the body and noticed the disarrangement of the books which led to the discovery of the weapon, had told of hearing a violent quarrel between the old millionaire and his son early in the evening. The murder had taken place, according to the medical examiner, at approximately 2 o'clock in the morning. The butler, asleep in his room on the third story of the Blackhull mansion, had not heard the shot, but had been aroused at five minutes to 2 by the sound of a car on the gravel drive below his window and I gone to the window to look out.

He said that the car was David Blackhull's, and the next morning, when he went to notify the boy that his father had been murdered, the boy was missing, had not slept in his room that night. Naturally, the police had been searching the country for the missing son, with warrants out for his arrest.

And now he sat in John Curtis Morgan's office, telling his own story of that last day and night of his father's life.

"He didn't kill his father, but he's holding something back," Nan told herself, as her pencil flew. At last she could keep silent no longer. With an audacity excused by her new status as Morgan's law partner, she interrupted: "Mr. Blackhull, was your father happily married to your young stepmother?"

The painful blush which suffused the boy's face told her that she was on the right track. "I—she—she—" David Blackhull stammered. "She was so much younger than Dad, you know—just 22 to his 64. But if you're—suspecting Nina—I mean, my step-

TRUCK, BUS, MOTOR COACH SALES HIGH

Increased business activity in the commercial car field is evidenced by shipments of trucks, buses and motor coaches of Dodge Brothers for the first four months

mother—she left for Chicago the day before—before it happened."

"But after she left for Chicago, your father made a will in which he gave her nearly everything, leaving you only \$10,000." Nan told him quietly. "Do you know why?"

An hour later a very subdued and bewildered young man left with the senior member of the firm of Morgan & Morgan to give himself up for arrest.

There would be no honeymoon for Nan Carroll Morgan. Alone in Morgan's office, she broke into a hysterical laugh, then bowing her head upon her husband's desk she released the flood of tears that had swollen her sore heart almost to bursting.

(To Be Continued)



How to Quiet a Back Seat Driver

"Slow Down!"—"Be careful of these turns!"—"For Heaven's sake, John, do you want to kill us all?" In a lot of cases, there's probably an excuse for that sort of thing. But if your wheels are equipped with the new and improved "Kelly Registered" tires even the people in the back seat can have complete peace of mind, for Kellys are rugged—built to insure perfect safety under modern driving conditions.

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