

Our New Car—



DO YOU REMEMBER—

The sudden death of a car or of a man—

Don't get the car—she's dead again.

AND the sun and substance of the new car owner's feelings may be expressed in those few lines. You remember, Mr. Oldtime Motorist, that new car you bought during show week and what a time you used to have killing your engine? You shoved the brake on quickly, right in the center of Broadway and Washington, say, and the motor stopped with a snap. Then you tried to start it again without taking it out of gear. When you did get started you drove with your brake on and wondered why the car didn't develop the speed claimed for it and the awful awful feeling that perhaps you had been bunked away by you!

And that time when you were out on a country road, happily howling along marveling at the way in which the car of cars was rolling off the miles—with no thought of stopping until the next town caused you to pull up and—suddenly the purring motor, stopped purring, spit once or twice and quit and you got out and began thinking about getting under and you got out every tool in the kit.

Then you lifted the cover and the beautiful engine looked at you puzzled eyes like a disordered tangle of tubes and rods and all manner of gimcracks and you sincerely wished here and there, wiggled some of the wires.

Then you began to figure how far it was to the next town and wonder

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HOWARD FISHER