

more'n six years back, and six years in the automobile game is a longer time than nine centuries is to a Chinese dynasty. The buying public sat up and took notice and in the trade it created as much sensation as a Fox terrier would at a Chipmunk's annual outing. Some people would have stopped there, but not Henry Ford. He saw that there wasn't quite enough size to this run-about. He hopped right in again and the next year he turned out a four-cylinder Touring Car for \$950 and this time two Fox terriers came to the Chipmunk picnic.

"Now then, says Mister Ford, I have the car. There she stands complete as a new set of mahogany furniture and pretty as a grand piano. It's a question now of keeping this same car and paring down the price. And year after year ever since he's been doing that same—improving the quality and cutting the price. Doing it with a calm, cool regularity that has made the Opposition utter low moans and pick at the coverlid. Naturally he had a few little things behind him to help out—such things, f'rinstance, as the most compact factory