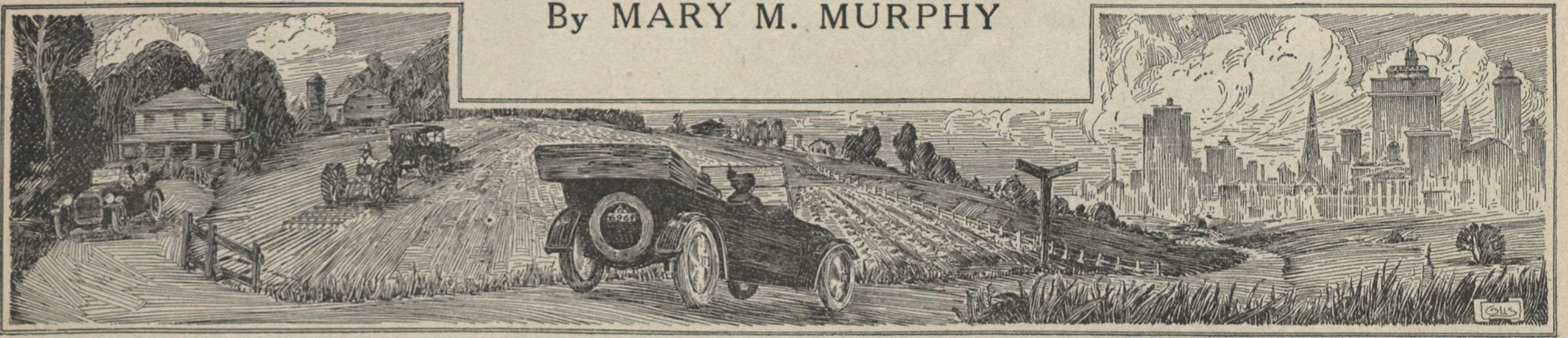


THE VOGUE OF THE MOTOR CAR

Everybody's Getting this War-Time Great Economy

By MARY M. MURPHY



YOU want an automobile! Of course you do.

Every woman, in every city, in every town, in every village, in every hamlet, on every farm particularly wants an automobile, or she soon will want one.

She may not know she does—because she has never had one. The city woman didn't know she wanted a vacuum cleaner until she saw how Mrs. Smith's made work lighter and brought better results. When the old dash churns were the order of the day, the woman on the farm didn't know she wanted any other.

Similarly, just so long as the old reliable buggy holds together, so long as street railways will continue to accept revenue, no woman stops to think that she needs an automobile.

Here's the keynote of the whole situation—she needs it. The automobile has ceased to be a luxury, at least for the farmer. It is a necessity. It is the alpha and the omega of farm progress, of farm efficiency. It is no longer a matter of economy not to buy a car. If regarded so, the idea is false.

The lot of the farmer's wife is most alluring. She has God's own country all around her. She has everything for which most people are clamoring—pure food, pure air, room for expansion. But she welcomes at all times everything that will improve her status.

One potent fact thrusts itself upon us—the automobile HAS improved the status of the farm woman as no educative movement, no woman's co-operative clubs have ever done. These organizations tell HOW it can be done. The motor car DOES it.

Let us ask the farmers who own the cars. Better—ask their wives, who drive them—for they do.

"Since we bought a car," said one woman the other day, "I am a different being. After the day's work is over I can start off for an hour's run and come back refreshed. Before we got the car, I seldom had a drive more than twice a week—the horses were always tired out in the evening and had to be rested for the next day."

"Do I run it myself? Why, certainly I do. There is nothing difficult about driving a car if one uses one's head, and let me tell you this—there are fewer accidents since women take the wheel."

Car Brings Contentment

NOTHING has ever brought such contentment—contentment that is flavored with the spices of life—the little pleasures that lighten the burden of daily routine, pleasures heretofore unobtainable, but oh, so deeply desired!

A prominent Western man, a leader among the grain-growers suddenly became confronted by the fact that his wife was most discontented.

"You know," said Jones—that's not his name, but the case is actual—"the continual solitude of the farm got on her nerves. She just had to get nearer companionship. So she told me one day that we would have to move into the village, she could stand the monotony no longer."

"I bought a lot in the village and started to build. I planted hedges and wind breaks—and planned every possible comfort."

"Attending to this necessitated frequent trips to and from the farm, trips for which I could not spare horses, so one day, I bought a car, a good substantial car that would ensure comfort as well as accommodation."

"My wife learned to drive it. She accompanied me on my trips and frequently took the wheel. Then, one day, it struck me, of a sudden, that she was losing interest in the new house in the village. She entered into my discussions in only a half-hearted spirit. Not being able to fathom her change of disposition towards it, I put it up to her."

"Well, the fact of the matter is, Jack, since we got the car, I'm not very keen on moving in. Could you—do you think, Jack, that you could rent the new house?"

Jones pointed out his house in the village one day as we passed.

"That's mine," he said, "but what to do with it, I don't know. Certainly my wife will not move from the farm since I got that car. You see," he continued, "she runs in here in the afternoon and does her shopping. She comes back in the evening and spends a couple of hours visiting. She has week-end house parties because we can arrange more easily now to bring our friends back and forth from the train. She is altogether very happy. I can hardly realize that an automobile could work such a change in anyone."

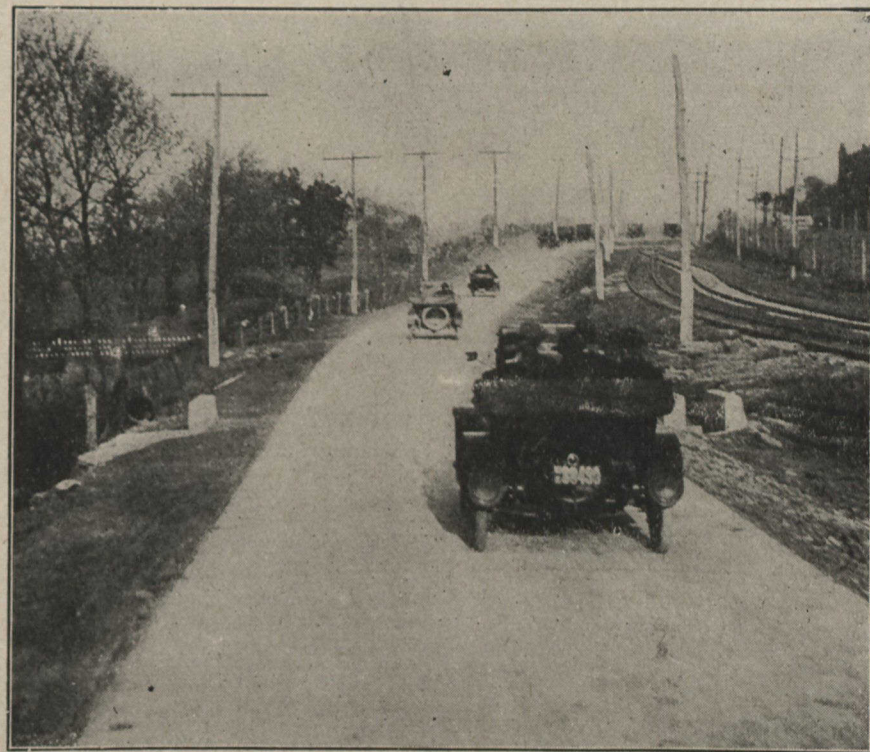
The case of the city woman is probably more varied. A representative instance was brought to my notice last spring. It demonstrates in a nutshell one of the greatest boons the car has proven.

"George," said Mrs. J—, to her hus-

band, "has moved the farm in close to the town. The farm which, in olden days was fifteen miles out—and what a long fifteen miles that seemed!—is now but two miles away. Sixty miles is only a matter of 2½ to 3 hours."

It has come to the point, in the West now, where farmers will not be without cars. Why, at the recent summer Fair at Brandon, Manitoba, there were 6,000 cars parked, and this record was beaten at Medicine Hat at the annual stampede, about two weeks before, when at least half as many again were counted.

It has taken time for the realization that a car is a necessity to filter through. In Ontario, the farmer especially, is gripping the idea slowly but surely. If you were to go back through the country that is farthest from the larger cities, you would be astonished at the number of



And still they come! It is a common thing these days to see an apparently endless procession of cars, on business or pleasure bound, from country to city and vice versa. The above is an illustration of actual traffic on a tempting stretch of concrete road.

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band in my hearing, "I've been doing some figuring lately. I won't bore you with the details, but the summary is this. If we rent this house and get out into the suburbs, and buy an automobile, we are going to save money."

George raised his eyebrows in mild interest; so does any husband when a suggestion is made involving expenditure. "I mean it," his wife continued. "The thought of living here all summer in this congested neighborhood, with the thermometer soaring past 90, suffocates me already. You remember Betty and Tom couldn't stand it last year. They ran up a substantial doctor's bill for us."

"If we get a car, the question of car-fare is done away with—for remember I intend learning to drive it. I'll drive you to and from work. We'll give the children fresh air. We'll be in a locality where rent is low and all the elements of God's good earth are high—to the nth degree."

To make a long story short, George bought a car, and, true to his wife's forecast—HE IS SAVING.

Diminishes Distance

TO appreciate what the car is doing for the country, the very best illustration can be drawn from the West—our prairie provinces, where great distances and sparse settlements is the rule. The auto

cars owned by the farmers—demanded by their wives. But they must go a long way yet to touch the record for auto-ownership established by the West, for there are 16,000 autos in Manitoba alone, this representing an outlay of \$20,000,000.00.

The Maritime Provinces are advancing rapidly in this direction. They labored under a handicap for some time, in relation to the operation of motor cars. A ban was placed upon them in Prince Edward Island for a considerable length of time. Reckless driving in the country, on the part of motor club enthusiasts, undoubtedly had a lot to do with the placing of the restriction, by the Provincial Legislature there. The damage done to cattle, poultry, and indeed to human life, when horses were scared, causing serious accidents, was appalling.

In Nova Scotia, also, certain limitations were enforced. In Yarmouth County, motor cars could be used two days a week only, at which times horse-driven vehicles used the roads at their own risk.

That Abominable Tax

BUT all this had to do with the car when it was considered a luxury. That it is a necessity, to the farmers at least, has been affirmed by them times without number.

What a pity then, that they are not more available! What a crying shame that the cars the farmers want to buy are loaded down with an almost impossible tariff! The difference in the price of one make of car—one of the cheaper cars—on the American side, and at one point in Ontario where there is an agency for that car, is \$135. That is just \$5.00 less than would be the duty, were one to buy it in the States and drive it across. The difference in the American and Canadian price on 60,000 cars produced annually of various makes figures something over \$8,000,000.00.

These figures make you sit up and take notice—don't they?

It is lamentable that there is a duty on automobiles, but the man or woman who sits around waiting for that tax to be removed is losing time and money. Do you realize it—MONEY!

If you are aiming at Thrift—that is no way to practise it. That is false economy, and false economy leads to disaster. The farmer and the farmer's wife as well as city folks are fostering economy these days by practising efficiency.

Car Cuts Wood

LET'S get down to brass tacks!

Have you ever stopped to consider the many uses to which one can put a car besides driving in it? Here's what another of our Western friends who appreciates its value, says of it:

"No sir-ee! My car is no idler. Why I make it cut wood."

"Cut wood!" we repeat in surprise.

"Exactly, listen to me—"

"I jack up the hind wheels, put a belt over one of them, attach it to the saw, turn the car to face the wind, to keep the radiator cool, start the engine—and away she goes! Some improvement on the buck saw! What do you think?"

"And it pumps water for me, too. Pumps water, and runs as a tractor and—"

All of which led me to remember another incident at the Brandon fair. A ploughing contest was on, in which were entered about a dozen tractors of varying sizes.

The feature of the two days' activity was a girl from Regina. She entered the contest with an automobile rigged up with tractor wheels. She took off the hind wheels of her car, replaced them by tractor wheels and attached a gang plough behind. She competed for the two days—and won the contest. It then took her just ten minutes to detach the plough and tractor wheels, re-attach the auto wheels and drive off to town.

A car so arranged is said to be able to pull three ploughs.

It does not take a shrewd business man to figure the actual money saved by similar uses of a motor car. Every farmer who has a car realizes the truth of this. He has proven it to cut down the cost of labor, to increase the value of his land, by making the distance between his farm and the town seem less formidable.

Woman's Influence

WHILE ascribing to the head of the house these very mercenary—and necessary—considerations, is it not only reasonable to suppose also that in bringing happiness to his family he reasons the car amply pays for itself. For talk as we will, whether he thinks the car a financial asset or not, the opinion of his wife goes a long way towards sealing the bargain to buy it.

The woman, though cognizant of its commercial value, will naturally concern herself with the various sentimental phases of the automobile. Without the woman's opinion, there is rarely an important decision reached, or a business deal consummated.

When the car means so much to the woman—according to her own testimony—is it not possible that she may do her share in removing that tariff which so stands in the way of universal car ownership? How much longer (Continued on page 31)