

FOREIGN ORDERS CAUSE SHORTAGE OF CARS IN U. S.

Exportation Playing Havoc
With Supply Available For
Domestic Sale.

BY LOUIS LUDLOW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 22.—It will interest dealers who are having great difficulties in getting their orders for automobiles filled at the factories to learn that foreign orders for cars are playing havoc with the supply available for home purchasers.

Many dealers who are chafing at the delay in securing cars are at a loss to understand why the factories should be so far behind in their orders. The reasons are several and are good ones, not the least among which is the large exportation to foreign countries.

Demand Has Increased.

To begin with, the demand has greatly increased, as many people from patriotic and other motives withheld their buying of new cars while the war was in progress. The factories were down to a very low rate of production toward the end of 1918 and it took a little time to get back into the swing after the restrictions on production were removed. Even the plants that are back to peace basis find difficulty in securing material and parts. Not the least of the factors aggravating the present situation is the urgency for the makers to take advantage of the present psychological moment to extend foreign business, even at the risk of sacrificing some business in the home market.

A New York dealer who recently made a trip to the factory found his explanation of the difficulty in obtaining cars as he passed through the shipping department and saw the number of cars marked for export. Even the prohibitions that have existed against the exportation of automobiles to England and France have not prevented an increase of exportation of automobiles to the far east, and South American markets have been developing in the meantime.

Striking instances are the exports to the Philippine islands, which for four months ended April 30, this year, exceeded the whole exportation of automobiles for the islands in 1918 in value, and the number for that period was two-thirds of the total number exported in 1918. To Japan for the four months mentioned in 1919, the automobiles exported were considerably in excess of the total number for 1918. The number to Java for the first four months of 1919 was about the same as for the whole preceding year.

GAS COST IS NOT LARGE PART OF MOTORING COSTS

Accurate Data Shows Fuel
Charge 17 1/2 Percent of
Total Expense.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 22.—In these days when the high cost of living is a matter of serious concern the motorist has one cause for rejoicing.

The cost of motoring for pleasure is not rising proportionately. The price of gasoline, which is the stuff that joy-riding dreams are made of, has little effect on the price a man has to pay for the pleasure he gets out of running his car. A great many car owners do not compute carefully the yearly cost of running their automobiles. When they do make a try at it they are likely to omit some essential item like depreciation, and that throws the whole estimate out of focus.

Show Operating Costs.

Interesting proof that the price of gasoline is not a very large part of the expense of running a car has been made available for motorists by a government agency which has just compiled accurate data on operating costs of approximately 600 trucks and 15 light passenger cars in constant use for the past year. The wide range in which this equipment has served makes the statistics of their operating costs particularly valuable.

The 600 trucks for which records were kept accurately included machines from one and a half to five ton capacity. The chief elements in their running costs, in order of size, are repairs, chauffeur, depreciation, gasoline, tires, oil and grease. Of these cost elements gasoline represents only 1 per cent. of the total running expense. This gasoline cost is charged at the prevailing commercial truck prices.

In the operation of 150 light passenger cars there was no charge for chauffeur. The cost elements in this case ranged proportionately as follows: Repairs, gasoline, tires, depreciation, oil and grease. The gasoline item here was only 17 1/2 per cent. of the total.

Less complete data on the operation of heavier passenger cars showed that for cars averaging 10 miles per gallon of gasoline and running approximately 7,000 miles, the cost of gasoline was at least 56 per cent. less than the next nearest item of cost.

Let The Wedding Bells Ring Out



Cutting Out the Overhead —And Down the Lobsters—

By James J. Montague

The price of broiled live lobsters on Broadway, New York city, is high—one might say prohibitive. That of course is because of the middlemen and the overhead. The middleman is the person who goes to Cape Cod or Gloucester or some other seaport, buys lobsters for practically nothing and disposes of them to the retailers for their weight in gold. The retailer marks them up to the value of their weight in platinum and sells them to the restaurants. The restaurant man puts a lobster on one balance of the scale, drops radium nuggets on the other till the scales swing level, and then, after adding in the cost of the Jazz band, Mile. Kickemoff, the Russian interpretive dancer and the million dollar colored fountain, parcels them out to the ultimate consumer.

The head of the family is fond of broiled lobster as an article of diet, but she doesn't eat them on Broadway for reasons which ought to be sufficiently obvious.

It was therefore decided that the family should take the machine and go to Cape Cod or Gloucester or some other seaport, like the middlemen, secure lobsters for practically nothing, and eat them while they still dripped with their native brine, and while they were still instinct with the tang of the sea.

The trip would be good for the children, and the money we saved on lobsters by direct and quantity buying would pay for it. In fact there might even be a little profit left when the last lobster had been pried from its scabrous armor.

We arrived at the seaport just about lunch time. We inquired for an Inn widely famed for the succulence of its lobsters, and so conveniently located to the lobster fields that one could hear the click of their claws as they engaged in mortal combat for the love of lady lobsters on the sandy bottom of the deep.

The lady in charge at the Inn stopped us at the door, gently, and inquired our business.

We told her that we had no business, but that our pleasure was to secure lobsters, without the aid or consent of any middleman on earth.

She looked us over coldly. "I serve a three course luncheon," she said, "for four dollars." She paused and noted that this speech had a telling effect. Then she added, nervously, "But there are no lobsters on the menu today, only chowder and chicken."

This alliterative programme afforded us a graceful way out.

Registering absolute indifference to the figures she named we insisted that we could never think of eating a luncheon without lobster, and inquired if there was any place in the vicinity where they were to be had.

"I think," she said, with an expression which told us that we were not getting by with our bluff, "that they serve them at the Ocean House."

We found the Ocean House after a while. We saw it first down an alley, and it looked moderately inviting. When we reached it we discovered that distance had lent it enchantment—lent it with lavish prodigality, in fact.

But nevertheless it was lunch time and visions of lobster were dancing before our eyes. So we went in.

The proprietor came forth to greet us. He was in his shirt sleeves, which were encircled with little curly elastic garters. He had not visited the barber that morning, and apparently had run out of razor blades. Also he was one of those men who believe that manicuring is effeminate.

"What'll it be?" he inquired, as the head of the family looked about apprehensively.

"Any lobsters?" we inquired. The head of the family plucked up by the sleeves. Let's get out while we can," she whispered, hoarsely.

"No, no," he whispered back. "We've often got fine dinners in places like this. Don't be deceived by appearances." And we led the way into the dining room.

What we found there was not entirely reassuring. There were pots of butter on the oil cloth covered table. One knew that without looking. The bread was second hand bread—used bread as the automobile dealer would say. The silver was bristled silver and the plates and saucers evidently had been often employed in the settlement of family altercations between the proprietor and his wife, who could be seen in the kitchen doorway.

We sat down. "Anyway," we said, optimistically, "a lobster comes in a natural hermetically sealed package, like a banana. He's got to be sanitary, and we certainly can't get stuck for more than fifty cents a lobster in a place like this. Think of all the middlemen and the overhead we're cutting out. Now if we'd eaten at that Inn—"

But the waiter, who from his raiment obviously doubled in dishwashing was behind us with the lobsters. There is no doubt that there were lobsters. But they were lobsters which had been snatched from their element before they had time to attain their majorities. Beside each was a little mound of dressing which we did not taste. Tasting was not necessary. We knew all about it. We could almost hear it.

But appetite needs no sauce. We ate the lobsters, grateful that at last we could eat them fresh from the

ocean, and wholly divested of all undue profit. We ate them quickly, for the surroundings did not tempt us to linger.

"Check please," we said to the waiter, as we declined dessert. "Settle that with the boss," he replied, "he always does the collecting here."

The boss was waiting at the door. Behind him was a shorter and uglier gentleman—a gentleman who looked as if he could be rented for hold-up and murder parties at very reasonable rates.

"How much?" we said to the boss. He looked us coldly in the eye.

"Twelve-fifty," he said. "For what?" we ventured to inquire.

"Lobsters," he said. "Do you think they grow on trees around here?" "Ha! Ha!" said the shorter and uglier man, but without mirth. We paid the twelve-fifty. It is better to live in peace and amity with one's neighbors. Quarrelling and bricking gets one in a temper and seldom are uplifting.

But when we see lobsters listed at a dollar seventy-five in the Broadway restaurants we do not murmur. We merely wonder how the restaurant men can do it.

Read First Learned How to Drive At Cadillac Wheel

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 22.—During a recent visit here of Lieut. Commander Albert C. Read of the NC-4, the first airplane to cross the Atlantic, it was learned that it was at the wheel of a 1905 Cadillac that Lieut. Commander Read first learned to drive a power-propelled vehicle.

This old Cadillac is still owned by F. B. Livermore of South Houson, Mass., who is proud of his car and of the boy, now grown famous, who used to drive it.

Years ago, before going to Annapolis, Commander Read lived in that Massachusetts town. He used to drive around in Mr. Livermore's auto then and if he should return to South Houson today he would enjoy the same privilege. The veteran

car is still in perfect running order and as full of pep as ever.

Uses Car All Year. The car has long since been divested of its original appearance. Its equipment is perhaps more practical than beautiful, but its condition is still first-class.

"The old car always goes," said Mr. Livermore to a caller. "The excellence of the various parts after years of use is wonderful. I use the car to drive around in all summer and in the winter time I make my living with it sawing wood."

Mr. Livermore is a heaven-born mechanic. He says his wood-sawing outfit in no way interferes with the car's usefulness in "touring."

Mr. Livermore does not know the exact number of miles this veteran automobile of the 1905 vintage has covered, but judges from the best information available that it has traveled at least 150,000 miles.



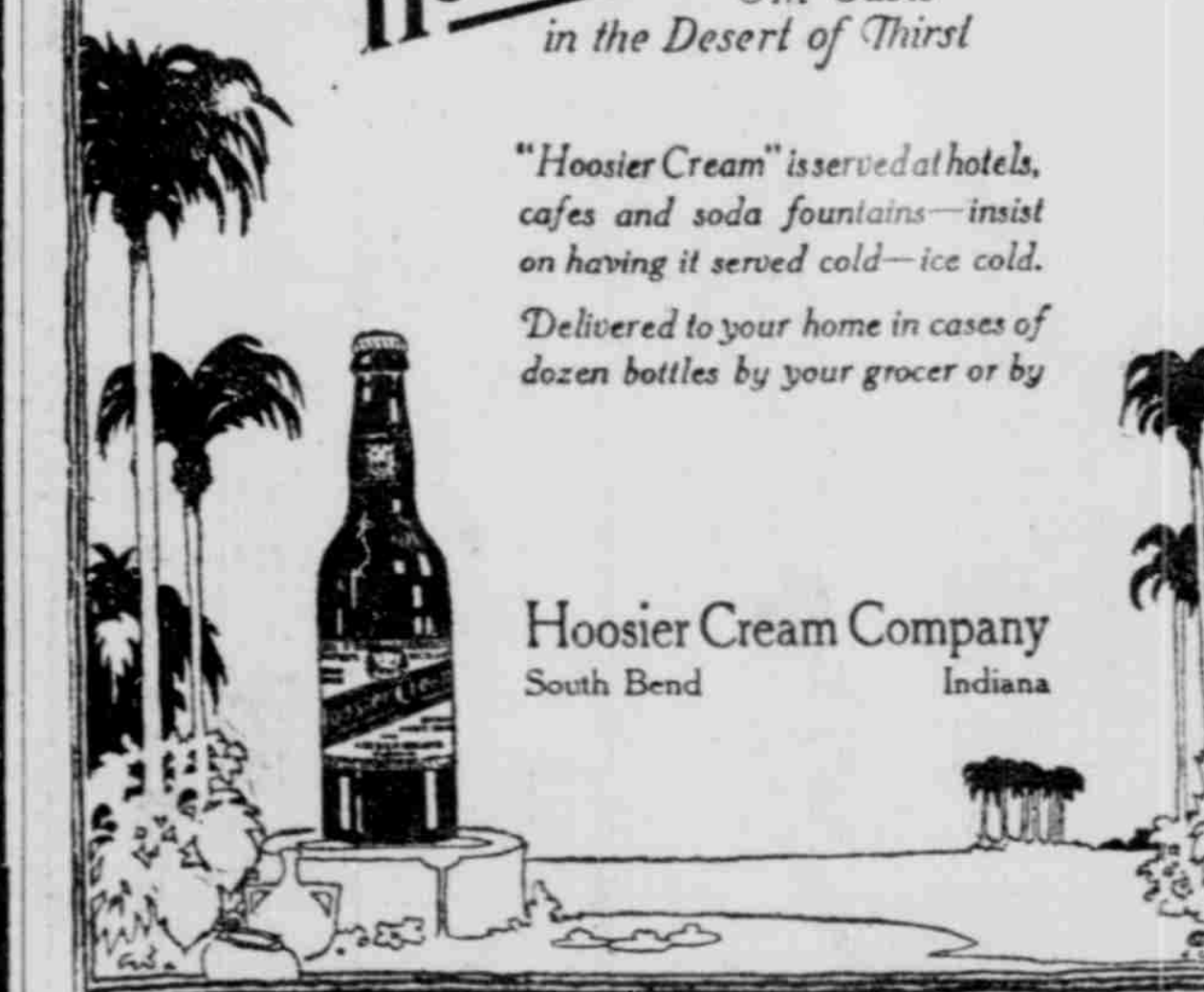
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FERDINAND SHAFT IS DEMOLISHED

SARAJEVO, Bosnia, Aug. 22.—The Slavs have torn down the beautiful monument of granite and bronze which the Austrians erected the memories of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, Sophia, Duchess of Hohenberg, which stood at a corner of the bridge here where their assassination by Prinzip furnished the spark that set off the world war. It bore a bronze plaque showing the figures of both Ferdinand and Sophia.

Now that Bosnia—Herzegovina has passed from the rule of Austria and become part of the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the parts of the monument have been stored in the museum of Sarajevo. When the curator has time they will be assembled for the edification of the students of history and to satisfy the curiosity of sight-seers.

Sarajevo seems almost to have forgotten the bomb-throwing and is well on its way toward making "business as usual." As a demobilized soldier said, "We're all sick of the war business!" But the mixed population and the undertone of sympathy for Austria lead one to wonder what may happen in the generation after that of Prinzip.

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