



MAGNETIC POSTS ATTRACT MOTORS

M'Liss, on Tyros' Trail, Sees Shrieking Women Hug Instructors

PETTICOAT "COPS"?

By M'LISS
Out on the Northeast Boulevard there's a stretch of curbstones and a collection of lamp-posts, which in point of construction and general appearance are in no wise different from any other curbstones or any other lamp-posts. The lamp-posts are as upright as any lamp-posts were meant to be; and the curbstones are horizontal. But ask any auto salesman what he knows about those posts and stones and he'll answer quickly: "Magnetic, simply magnetic, you can't keep 'em away from 'em." Which sounds cryptic, but means something when it's explained.

HAVE A CAR, MA'AM?
The auto salesman—he's a type, lithe and blithe and built somewhat after the manner of a Gibson man—will tell you that the most difficult moment in his life is not in getting a man or woman interested in buying a car. The man or woman not interested in buying a car, even if they haven't the cash, doesn't exist. The hardest nut the salesman has to crack is to get the prospective customer to buy HIS car. The competition between auto salesmen is as fierce as that between the best-looking blond and prettiest brunette ballroom belle.

The customer approaches.
"H'm, h'm, I'm thinking of putting a little money in a car," he announces. "I have a friend who got a great deal of satisfaction out of your make."
A friend takes the same pride in his car as he does in the pie his mother used to make or the intelligence of his first-born. And if you get a car different from the kind

The New Order

I.
A drowsy drone;
A garden sweet;
And all alone
In her nest,
So soft and prim,
To guide the reel
With sunshine in her dovelike eyes,
The maid Priscilla dally piles
Her wheel.

II.
A noisy street
Or road or park,
Where fashions meet
By day or dark;
In leather clad
From head to heel,
And resolution in her eyes,
The modern maiden deftly guides
Her wheel. —Anonymous

he has you offer him the biggest insult that mortal man can offer another. This is auto ethics.

The next step is the Northeast Boulevard, the place where the lamp-posts and the curbstones are actually so well behaved.

The salesman suggests a little spin. It is an enjoyable little spin. All successful auto salesmen are good company, that's the reason they're successful auto salesmen.

After the little spin the salesman is approached by the instructor. The customer is on the point of signing checks or something which will make the little darling rich. He now knows that the captor is where you keep the gas and not the sandwiches.

When an instructor looms on the Northeast Boulevard with a prospective customer, when the former says to the latter in ominous tones, "You take the wheel"; when the beginner thrilled at the captaincy he has achieved, proposes to demonstrate that running a car is the easiest thing in the world, then the magnetism of the lamp-

post climb the posts. Sometimes they succeed; that is, if they're strong men given to laughing on. Then you can't get the wheel away from them. If they're women it's easy, if they don't attract you. Oh, yes, when a woman's running amuck in a car she'll hug anything, even an auto instructor.

He said this modestly, but he looked so pink and healthy and silybery and polished that if anything had to be hugged in a crucial panicky moment, I can't imagine anything more satisfying than one of these typical auto salesmen that can be seen by the scores behind the big glass windows on auto row in Broad street.

HUGGING AVOIDED
"Women are funny," he continued. Now, this has been said a hundred thousand times by a hundred thousand men and it always produces an observation on the sex which that hundred thousand imagines to be keen.

"Yes," he developed his thought, "when they get in trouble they always seem for some reason they are in love with or they have been in love with. Even the busiest specimen becomes the clinging vine when she loses control."
"Jimmy, save me!" she cried, and I take the place of Jimmy for the time being.

It's plain to see from the auto man's attitude that he regards women as distinctly the inferior sex. In the first place, she doesn't buy a car right. It's got to appeal to the eye. Given a long, scatte body and attractive color of paint, some fifty upstators, a flower vase and what ever she about in little innards. It may have a disservice system of the other, but the female purchaser, according to the cynical salesman, gets it not.

WOMEN HARD TO TEACH
In the second place, the woman customer has just come because it takes her just twice as long to learn to run a car.
"I have taught a girl in two lessons," the instructor remarked, "but she was an athlete and brave. Usually it takes seven or eight lessons to teach 'em, and then they don't know anything about the machinery. 'Now a man,' he threw out his chest, "a man learns in three or four lessons, and in that time he can change a tire, adjust the vibrator properly, detect a weak unit" (I understood to look intelligent) "replace new belts on the distributor; in short, he can take care of emergencies. There's only one man I couldn't teach to run a car, and he was a

sea captain. He always turned the wheel in the opposite direction, and then he'd reach for a rope to send instructions to the engine room. He was hopeless.

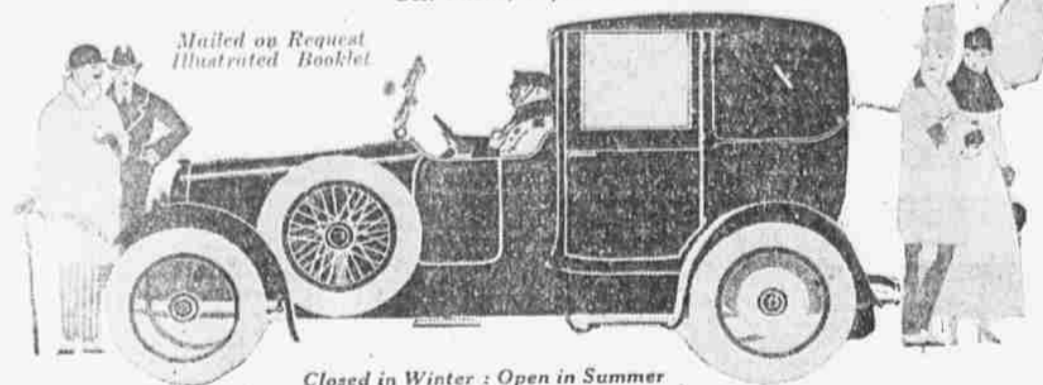
BUT THEY'RE DETERMINED
"But there's one thing about women: they're determined. I taught an old lady seventy-two years of age to run her car. True, it took her forty lessons to learn,

but she was willing. The youngsters are the brave ones and the used-fleets. If the traffic officers weren't so darned partial there'd be twice as many women hauled into court for hitting the pace as men. But the officers just laugh at them and wave at them as they go sailing by. The men get their numbers taken and pay a fine."
This was an argument for extending the

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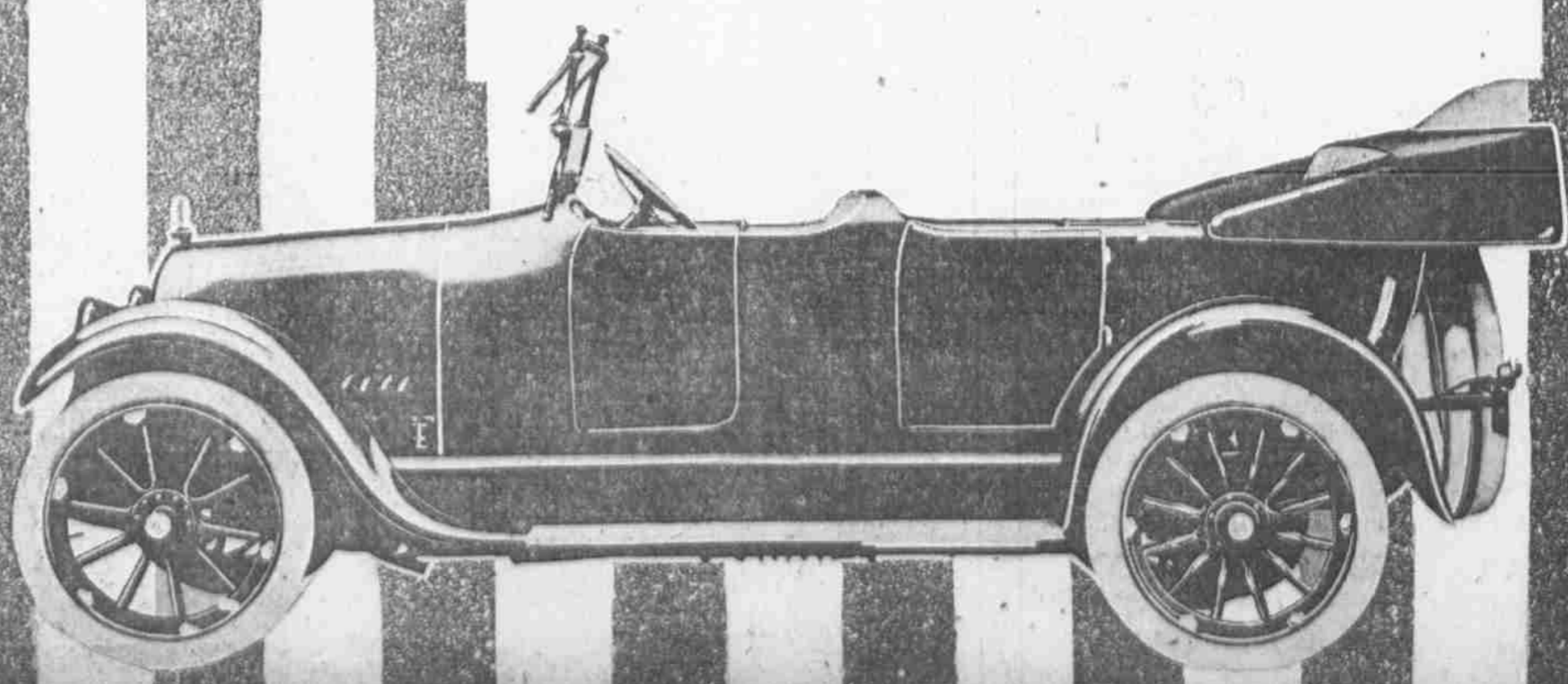
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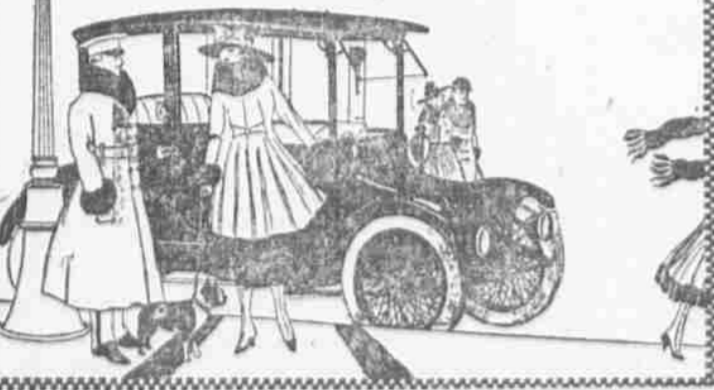


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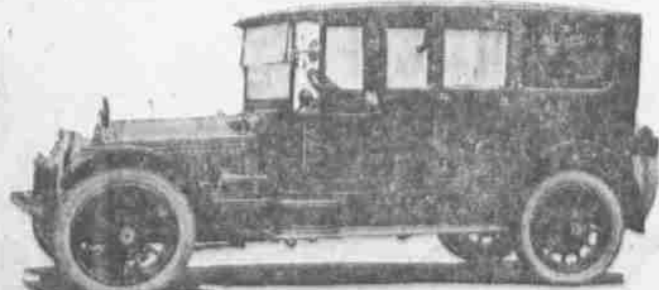
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