

RETRIBUTION

A TWO ACT TALE OF AN AUTO THAT OUGHT TO BUT DIDN'T

BY

JOHN G. COLLINS

CAST

BOB GREEN A careless youth
 MAY WHITE Romantic and determined
 GOGGLES A garrulous garager
 BEN A sanguine salesman

ACT I

SCENE—A tired-looking automobile stuck in the mud in a country road. It is raining. Nearby is a dilapidated fence. The wind is blowing fiercely. May and Bob discovered on front seat of auto. Bob is struggling with steering wheel.

MAY—If you had done what I said, we wouldn't have been here.
 BOB (trying to turn the wheel)—No, we would have been at the bottom of that ravine we just passed.
 MAY—Humor doesn't go in a place like this.
 BOB—It's not the only thing that won't go—just now.
 MAY—You shouldn't have taken me out on such a day.
 BOB (sincerely)—Yes, I admit that I overpowered you, forced your automobile hat and veil on, dragged you from the house and made you get in the car. I'm glad the police didn't hear you cry for help.
 MAY—Well—you—oh—you—called at the house with the car.
 BOB (wheels of auto start to turn suddenly. It coughs and rattles, but doesn't move.)
 BOB—Now, what?
 MAY—What kind of an old tin pan of a car is it, anyway?
 BOB (jumps to the ground and watches wheels)—Why, it's what they call a locomotor ataxi.
 MAY—Aren't you going to do anything about it? Are you going to let me perish here in the rain? Haven't you any ideas?
 BOB—I can't fix it with ideas. I need a wrench.
 MAY—And you're letting the car get all soaking wet?
 BOB—That won't hurt the car; it has rubber shoes.
 MAY (rolling herself in the only robe)—How can you trifle this way? You know that standing here in the cold won't do the car any good.
 BOB (peering out his rain-soaked hat)—Well, the car always wears its muffler.
 MAY—I have a mind to get out and leave you and the old thing here.
 BOB—I wouldn't do that. It's wetter in the rain than it is in the car.
 MAY—I know it's wet in the rain. You wouldn't talk that way to a man. You're a coward. You—you—*(throws robe into water)*.
 BOB—Yes, I'll admit I'm a brute for getting out here in the rain so that you can have the whole car. But still I ought to be grateful. Things could be worse.
Bob crawls under the car.
 MAY—Are you going away and leave me here?
 BOB—I'm under the car.
 MAY—It seems terribly dreary sitting here alone with no one in sight. Can't you fix the thing somehow so that I can watch you working?
 BOB—Watch me working, eh? That seems to be woman's chief exercise.
 MAY—Oh, you're so brutal! It would serve you right if I cried for help.
 BOB—Why don't you? Maybe it would bring some one who would help me fix the dangly thing.
Wheels go faster and splash and in all directions. Bob jumps up, takes umbrella from under seat in car. Puts it up to protect himself from hail of flying mud.
 MAY—The car evidently wants to go—oh, if you only had brains!
 BOB—Why talk about the impossible? If I had brains I wouldn't have left home on such a day.
 MAY—You should have known more about the car before you took it out.
 BOB—No, no—I should have known more about you.
 MAY (angrily)—Oh, if I were only a man!
 BOB—I didn't get a chance to know the car. I started to fix it when you were with me—and you made me buy it without an introduction.
 MAY—That isn't so. You were completely carried away with it.
 BOB (takes umbrella and walks under car again)—And now we're both carried away with it.
 MAY—Don't you think it would be well to try to find out where we are?
 BOB—What's the use? The name of the place won't do any good.
 MAY—Well, it wouldn't hurt to ask somebody.
 BOB (gets from under car and looks down completely deserted road)—All right; call some one from that big crowd over there.
 MAY—Can't you forget your sarcasm?
 BOB—Or ask that cow over there in the field which hasn't enough sense to get in out of the rain.
 MAY—We don't know whether we're bound for north, east, south or west.
 BOB—I think we're just about due for nowhere.
Car starts to splutter.
 MAY—Merely, what's wrong now?
 BOB—The blamed thing's getting the ashman.
 MAY—Wouldn't it be awful if it would explode?
 BOB—No, it might blow us into some farmhouse in front of a hot dish of ham and cabbage.
 MAY—We're using up gasoline and the wheels are moving without going anywhere.
 BOB—Yes; just like a woman's tongue.
 MAY (laughing)—From now on we are strangers.
 BOB—But we've got to stick together just the same.
Bob in desperation stoops and cracks the car. It starts and, duly, throws him aside and runs off with May.
 MAY—Oh, Bob, dear! Save me! Save me!
 BOB (running after car)—Steer! Steer! Look out for that cow!

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE—Exterior of Goggles's Garage. May is discovered condition discovered in car, which is standing in front of garage. Enter Goggles from garage.
 GOGGLES—Been havin' a little trouble, eh?
 MAY—It's nothing but trouble. I don't know where to begin. The spark plug hasn't any spark, the engine has fallen into the tank, the shoes need half-soiling—and as for the clutch—well, it simply won't.
 GOGGLES—Yew wouldn't 'ar been able ter git here if all that had a happened ter yew.
 MAY—But, you see, the car ran away.
 GOGGLES (looking over the car)—Cars can't run away 'less they have somepin ter run with.
 MAY (lighting from car)—Stupid, don't they have wheels.
 GOGGLES (aside)—It looks as if their dangler ain't ther only thing that's got wheels. (To May)—What kind of an old sardine is it, anyway?
 MAY—It's a Mione.
 GOGGLES—Hidin' think 'twas anybody else's.
 MAY—It isn't anybody else's.
 GOGGLES—That's what I expected.
 MAY—What do you mean?
 GOGGLES—I wuz only askin' yer wot kind of a keer yer keer wuz.
 MAY (with emphasis)—And I'm telling you it's a Mione.
 GOGGLES—I knew 'twas your'n.
 MAY—I don't mean that.
 GOGGLES—So it's not your'n, eh?
 MAY—Of course, it's mine.
 GOGGLES—Why do yew lie about it?
 MAY (angrily)—I'm not lying.
 GOGGLES—Dang it—first yew said 'twas your'n; then yew said it 'twas n't.
 MAY—I never said that.
 GOGGLES—Never said what?
 MAY—That I said it wasn't mine.
 GOGGLES—Didn't yew say yew wuzn' sure thit it 'twas your'n. What's ther matter? Did they git on yer trail after yew pinched it?
 MAY—Don't you dare call me a thief!
 GOGGLES—Gosh hang it—yew ain't had the old keer long enough ter know its right name.
 MAY—It's my own Mione car and it ran off while we were fixing it.
 GOGGLES (aside)—Just plain bugs. (To May)—Where's yewer keeper at?
 MAY (crying)—I was a man who wouldn't—
Enter Bob at right, splashed with mud.
 BOB—So here you are, eh?
 GOGGLES—Yes, I caught her fer-yew. When did she break out?
 MAY (walking close to Bob)—Oh, Bob, will you permit—
 BOB—What's it all about?
 MAY—This brute of a man says I escaped from a lunatic asylum and stole the car.
 BOB (to Goggles)—You blooming idiot, do you think they keep cars like this in lunatic asylums?
 GOGGLES—Cum ter think of it, I don't think they'd have 'em.
Bob moves as though to strike Goggles. May runs between them.
 MAY—Please don't kill him now, Bob. Think! Think of me and what we have been through today.
 GOGGLES (aside)—I'll jist bet they're both dotty now.
 BOB—Is your insurance paid up? If not, you'd better see about it.
 GOGGLES—That's wot I wuz a gain ter tell yew.
 MAY—Oh, Bob! (pulls him away from Goggles)—Please don't. Listen. When the car ran away I kept steering the best I could and I stopped when I came to this garage. I tried to stop before, but couldn't. Will you forgive me?

GOGGLES—An' yew better stop stoppin' after this.
 BOB (glaring at Goggles)—Of course, I'll forgive you, May. I know you wouldn't do it if I didn't.
 GOGGLES—Say, where in the deuce I cum in on this here matter?
 BOB—Oh, shut up! Your tires are flat.
 GOGGLES (angrily)—Is that so? Now jist look here, young feller, I think yew are carryin' too much gas an' yer liable ter git punctured.
 BOB—If it wasn't for the fact that you're an 1805 model I'd step on your spark plug.
 GOGGLES (pulling off his coat)—Well, yew jist switch yer gear or somethin's a goin' ter collide with yer tank and put yer engine out of business!
 BOB—And you better put your brake on or you'll need your shock absorber right away.
 MAY—I think you've both lost your bearings.
Enter Ben at left when Bob and Goggles are about to fight.
 BEN—Hello, Gogg. How's biz?
 BOB (to Ben)—So it's you, eh? Just the man we want.
 MAY—Why, it's the man who sold us the car!
 BOB (to May)—Don't insult the automobile industry by calling the thing we got a car.
 BEN—You're like all newcomers. (Looks over the mud-covered car.)—What have you been doing to it?
 BOB—Ask it what it's done to us. It's the worst tin can I ever saw.
 BEN—How long have you had this car?
 BOB—You sold me the dangled old salt cellar a week ago.
 BEN—Have you ever filled the grease cups?
 BOB—No.
 BEN—Or put oil in the engine?
 BOB—No. I'm not an engineer.
 GOGGLES—What dew yew know about that?
 BEN—Did you ever put water in the radiator or oil the bearings?
 BOB—No.
 GOGGLES—By the great horn swaggle!
 MAY (to Goggles)—Oh, you shut up!
 BEN (to Bob)—Have you ever pumped your tires?
 BOB—Certainly not.
 BEN—Have you given the car any rest?
 BOB—I didn't buy it to rest. I bought it to use.
 BEN—How long would you go without food and rest?
 BOB—I'm not an auto. The blamed old tank pulls new things on me every day. It stops and snarls at me, coughs in my face and whistles.
 BEN—It complains because you've never treated it right. You let it go hungry and gave it no food. When it was tired you gave it no rest. When it was ill you refused it a remedy—and you have fought it at every turn and made its young life miserable.
 Goggles wipes away tears.
 MAY (pleads her hand to Bob's shoulder)—Oh, Bob, I guess he's right.
 BEN—Of course, I am. (To Bob)—Now, get this into your head and let it stay there: BE TRUE TO YOUR CAR AND YOUR CAR WILL BE TRUE TO YOU.
Goggles nods his head in approval. Bob embraces May. Both look at the car apologetically as Goggles starts to clean it.

SLOW CURTAIN



MOTHERS INFLUENCE AUTO MANUFACTURER

Elimination of Chain Drive First Feminine Victory Over Mechanics

By CHARLES W. MEARS

WOMAN is perfecting the work that man started when he invented the motorcar. You will not find her in factories instructing engineers and designers, but her influence is there just the same, and engineers and designers are working for her, whether they know it or not.

When motorcars were noisy, smelly, greasy, jerky and uncertain as to their starting and their stopping, the automobile was very literally a man's machine. And in a most superior manner, which the purchase of a car comes up for family consideration, man was accustomed to make a speech something like this:

"Now, mother, you know the motorcar is a piece of machinery, and it's knowledge of machinery is necessary in order to purchase intelligently. So, just leave the matter to me and I'll see that we get a safe and satisfactory car."

So mother stepped aside and let father have his way.

But the time came when father could no longer stand in that glory. For, in addition to being a piece of machinery, the motorcar was also a family possession. Mother and the children and their friends could get a convenient vehicle for their transportation and their interest in the thing steadily increased. They could see defects in it. Also they could see defects.

The simple job of being propelled hither and yon by a wagon that had no horses out ahead soon lost its novelty. However, a father might be of whitening through the streets on gasoline, mother had no difficulty in discovering that father's machinery blug was as noisy as a drop-forging shop at work on war munitions. And to make the objection, she continued to talk until father carried the news to the man who made motorcars, and at length that man turned his attention to the elimination of noise.

It was in 1907 that the chain drive finally went into the discard. That was mother's notable victory number one. The elimination of the chain drive and the consequent use of the belt gear softened down the force of the blow.

Meanwhile mother had also discovered that instead of rolling smoothly along, the motorcar progressed along the highway and byways by a series of jerks. The loud clanking of early models was accompanied by a series of jerks that annoyed everybody whose nerves were not dead.

Father thought this objection was fairly removed when motorcars reached the four-cylinder stage, but mother held observation. And again she had her way. So, in 1907, the same year that saw the last of the chain drive, along came the six-cylinder motor with its stream of continuous power and its freedom from the objectionable jerks of previous types.

Man thought something had been accomplished in body building when the rear-entrance tonneau was discarded for the side-door car. The newer design had at least the advantage the door would not suddenly and unexpectedly open and deposit one or more of the passengers into the roadway; but those who recollect the first side-door bodies will have no difficulty in recalling that passengers generally bulged over the sides and back and came home from their tours in need of liniments and soothing ointments for weary muscles and bruises.

A few experiences of this kind should have taught designers the need of car bodies contributing to human comfort. Bodies to be sat in and not on, but the historical fact is that development toward comfort was slow, and it is safe to say that solid comfort was not to be found in motorcars until about 1915. And it was woman's constant demand for the improvement that finally brought this change.

The present-day demand for closed cars is also due to woman. Father and brother might be happy dressed up like locomotive engineers—especially in leather top and later in full-length dusters—but the feminine part of the family never enjoyed dust, nor cutting wind, nor disagreeable collars. And so the closed car has come. Woman demanded it, and of course woman invariably persists until her wishes come true.

EFFICIENT MARKETING REALIZED BY MAKERS

No "Saturation" Yet, but Sales Organization Vital, Says Chalmers

By HUGH CHALMERS

President Chalmers Motor Company

The greatest achievement of the automobile industry in 1916, if it may be called by that name, is the growing appreciation of motorcar manufacturers that the industry has settled down to what will eventually prove to be, we think, its stable and permanent form.

This includes a strong appreciation of the fact that in the effort to organize the selling end of the business depends in no small degree the ultimate success of any manufacturer or of any car. What is still called the "point of saturation" is to be met in the future. There have never yet been had even a glimpse of it. We have, however, arrived at a point where organization and marketing must be part of the manufacturer and of the distributor, is virtually necessary.

Virtually all cars today are good cars to the extent that they give to the purchaser exactly what he pays for. The "outstanding" trips days ago are gone. Today the inexorable law of motorcar supply and demand regulates the price. No one manufacturer has any advantage over another in the matter of having a more "solid" material, or frame, or other piece of power. It takes just as much steel, aluminum and rubber to make a motorcar. These must be put together by a certain degree of intelligence. The market is open to all and the price level that is reached in the finished product is, therefore, proportionately the same.

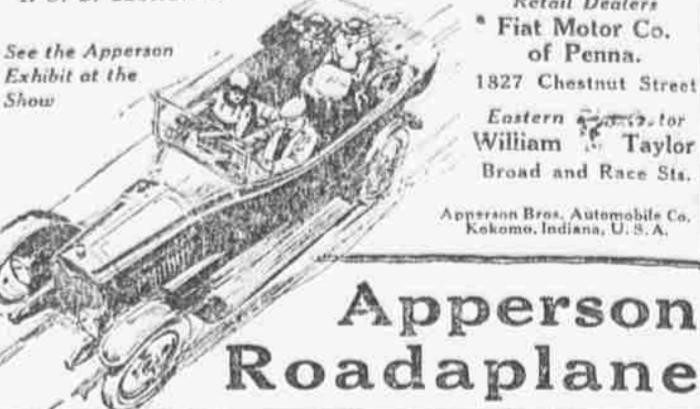
Herein, however, enters the one factor of variation that affects the price. That is, volume production. If I build 20,000 cars while my neighbor builds only 10,000, it is manifest that I will be able to produce a better car at a lower price than he will. This is the basic reason for large expansion of production which has characterized the last twelve months. The effort constantly is to give to the public higher value at a lower price, and because of the premises I have already set forth all manufacturers recognize that the only variant in this question of production of course, we all have gone very deeply into the question of market and demand before deciding on an expansion of production, and it is a very restricting condition that every manufacturer has arrived at substantially the same conclusion, that the demand is still ahead of the supply, even in the face of the increased production scheduled for next season.

As to the probable trend of the automobile industry in 1917, I can see little material change in design or mechanical construction of the popular motorcar. Attempts are made from time to time to bring out something basically new; but, after all, the gasoline engine as we are using it today is substantially the same as it was some years ago. The advance has been in the way of refinement rather than of invention. I believe that the market of the farm and rural community is going to be the

dominant factor for 1917, and I believe the car that most fully meets the requirements of the rural buyer is going to be the car that will prove most profitable to its builder and to its dealers. Speed contests, hill climbs, endurance runs and stunts of this nature are of value, not for their intrinsic merit entirely, but because they demonstrate the correctness of design, the strength of materials and careful construction of the car which makes the record. They are a means rather than an end.

RIVALRY!

The Apperson Roadplane introduces a new thrill into the joys of motoring. "A rival of the aeroplane," as we describe it, is not a mere figure of speech or a clever slogan. We say to those who ask us why the name "Roadplane," to find the true answer in a ride in one. Sixes and Eights—Seven, five, and "Chummy Roadster" (four passenger) bodies—\$1,690 to \$2,000 f. o. b. Kokomo.



Apperson Roadplane

McNaull Tires
 8000 Miles
 McNaull Tire Corp.
 809 North Broad Street
 BOTH PHONES

Good Value—Always Growing Greater

As the improvements are made in Dodge Brothers car nothing is said to Dodge Brothers dealers, or to the public, about them.

This is in pursuance of a policy inaugurated by Dodge Brothers at the very outset. They look upon the progressive improvement of the car as a matter of course. It is a plain duty they owe to themselves and to the public.

There is no necessity of heralding these improvements in advance.

The public finds out about them in due time, and expresses appreciation and approval.

And so, while the process of betterment goes on every day, nothing is said of it until after it is accomplished.

The car is basically the same car as it was two years ago.

Yet there isn't a bit of doubt but that it is a better car.

The car of today is worth more money than the car of two years ago.

The price is the same, but the car is a better car.

Not because the costs of materials have increased—although they have.

But especially because the standards of construction have been steadily raised—the shop practice made steadily finer.

And still, the buyers of the first cars, and every subsequent car, received full value.

That is proven by the fact that all of the cars, no matter how long ago they were built, are giving good service today.

It is still further proven by the high price they command when sold at second hand.

Any car built by Dodge Brothers commands a high price—whether it was built twenty-two months, or twelve months, or two months ago.

This high valuation on any car bearing Dodge Brothers name, has been fixed, not by them, but by the public.

Dodge Brothers have had few market problems to bother them, and practically nothing to do but make the car better.

They are their own severest critics, and they will never wait for the public to ask for a better car from them.

They try to anticipate—to travel ahead—to give even more than is expected.

No material, no part, and no accessory is barred from Dodge Brothers car because it is too high priced.

The only question asked, the only proof demanded, is of its goodness.

When the car was designed, its parts were charted and chosen according to quality, and with a total disregard of price.

That policy still prevails, only it has been intensified.

No source of supply can have too high a standard for Dodge Brothers—nothing too good can be offered for Dodge Brothers car.

That policy, plus a process of research, test, refinement and proof, make for continuous progress.

That is why it is still the same car, and yet a much finer car.

That is why it is worth more money than ever, though still sold at the same price.

That is why its value is always growing greater.

It will be well worth your while to examine this car at the show

Thornton-Fuller Automobile Co.
 2041-43 MARKET STREET
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 BOOTHS 39 & 51 AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Touring Car or Roadster, \$785; Sedan, \$1185
 Winter Touring Car or Roadster, 1916
 All prices f. o. b. Detroit

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
 The tire mileage is unusually high