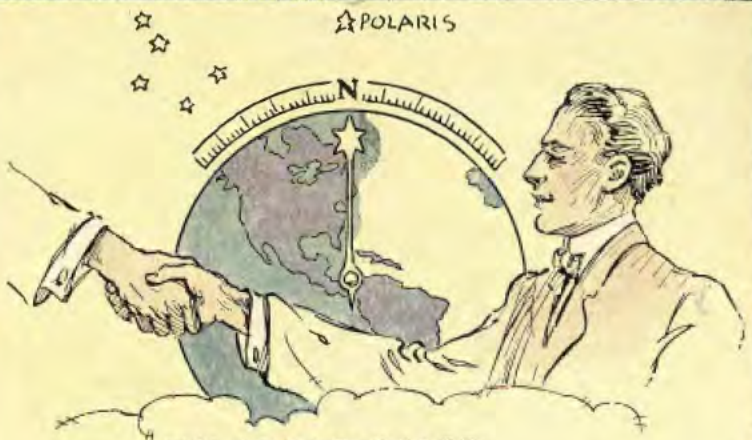
Ford Times

APRIL 1916



FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and its sincerity.

Ford Times

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FORD TIMES is issued monthly in the interest of the great general public, with a special attraction for owners of Ford cars. It will be mailed free to any one who will write and ask for it. Address Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Summertime is just around the corner

Editorial

THE vision of Henry Ford, which seems to have been denied to some of the newspaper men and public men who have spoken on the subject of "Preparedness," covers a mighty important analysis of the wrought-out facts established through the labor of the years, namely, that progress is made only through the disintegration of existing forces to the up-building of new forces. The same law applies inexorably to National life, and we are witnessing an illustration of such disintegration in the present lamentable conflict with which most all Europe is being torn.

Then, if we have learned anything; if the little red school house, and the country newspapers and the metropolitan newspapers and the magazines and the quarterlies and the millions of books published and the hundreds of thousands of Churches with their weekly prayer meetings and their Sunday sermons and numerous helpful organizations; Chautauquas and Lecture forums, Universities and the Congresses of the past hundred years—if all these have not in large measure overcome the blood-thirst heritage of man, which can only be eliminated through education and control, their labors have been in vain.

We cannot admit nor believe in such failure.

As a Nation, we have progressed faster than the other fellows; we have not been shackled by the limits of territorial demand or natural resources—we have had the very sunshine of God's smile, and we should be further advanced; and hence, Universal Peace to the American people should be no mirage, but an actual possibility.

The pages of history should not be taken as precedents for making new history; otherwise the world will always stand still. Business today is conducted very differently than it was forty years ago—and business marks the slowest progress in mental effort, always lags behind because it is the custodian of the Dollar.

So the vision of Universal Peace voiced by Henry Ford is, after all, no idle dream. His eyes may be opened in advance of the eyes of his fellow men; he may be crucified by the men of today, but that does not destroy the truth of his vision and its value to humanity.

Everyman's Efficiency

WHEREIN lies the difference between a Fifty Thousand Dollar per annum man, and a One Thousand Dollar man? Does it consist in the matter of heredity, looks, education, associations, mental environment, the kind of clothing worn, influence, family, politics, religion? None of these!

The difference is wholly a matter of carefully planned purpose, trained concentration of forces, fixed and indomitable will to accomplish that purpose, irrespective of all obstacles and diversions, both within and without, on the one hand; and the utter lack of all, or a part, of these qualifications on the other hand. Did you ever think that practically every leading railroad executive, prominent banker, brilliant lawyer, or successful industrial head, has come up from the ranks, having hewed his way to the high positions occupied by individuals cultivating and expressing the qualities mentioned above? In this connection it is a lesson without words that you can find any number of college graduates drifting along "the Bowery" in New York City, "down and out." Can any one be held responsible for his unhappy waste of life, talent, energy, except himself?

There is no such thing in the world as luck (with very rare exceptions). A man may find a gold mine, a copper mine, receive a large inheritance from unexpected sources,—these might possibly be considered luck, but the real greatness, the real accomplishment and success of life, are carved out, individually, by every person who really succeeds. As a general proposition, every man receives what he persistently wants and works for, with heart, soul, brain, body. If such efforts are big, the rewards of accomplishment are bound to be big.

Efficiency is defined as "producing effect." That does not mean either sitting down expecting the plums to fall into your lap or filling one basket in the time in which you could fill two. It means results and enough of them.

Who wishes to be known as an inefficient man? As one who does not produce the effects he is able to? Is any one of us willing to admit that the fellows who lead the line are better men than we are? Have we the instinct, determination, will, to be efficient men or merely stragglers? The procession is moving! It is a fair field! The best men are bound to win! Neglect to develop the necessary qualifications and the ability to use them rightly is our only handicap! Are we big, fit, eager? Shall we, or shall we not take the prize? We must win or lose! Conquer or yield! It is our personality, our concentration, our strength and will against the field.

Nerve!

NERVE is not a new virtue. It is merely a modern label on old goods. Our forefathers called it pluck. But nerve is pluck raised to the *n*th power. Nor is it a single virtue. It is multiplex. To finance a gigantic deal requiring millions of real Saint Gaudens simoleons, acid tested, and up to the purity standard—or with three men on bases and two men out in the ninth inning, to fan a mighty batter—plain nerve.

It takes a big tape measure to encircle the word nerve. Its meaning is so diverse, and its manifestations are so many. It is the biggest word in the business lexicon, and the countersign that admits to the inner chamber of success.

Nerve is no unit virtue. It is the amalgam of many. In its composition are self-confidence, courage, energy, grit, hope, enthusiasm, ambition, endurance—and then a surplus!

A man with nerve must perforce be accused of conceit, mostly by the envious and single-cylinders, who are unable to distinguish between conceit and confidence. Conceit is "I" in speech; confidence is "I" in deed.

Nerve makes a man sure of himself. It destroys hesitation and takes the wabble out of the mind and out of the legs. A man with nerve believes in himself. He knows that he can! Doubt and timidity are strangers to him. In the language of the phrenologist, he is seven plus on self-esteem, and his confidence inspires the confidence of others.

The man of nerve becomes a leader of men. He is magnetic; he attracts men. He is galvanic; he energizes men. His way gives him sway. Nerve begets courage. It puts fear on the run, and is the stuff of which real men are made.

Nerve supplies energy. The man with nerve does not droop nor sag in the middle. His head is high; his chin is up; his shoulders are square, and his back is straight. His action is as brisk as his brain.

The man with nerve is a smiling, whistling optimist. He leaks hope! He doesn't know failure, and would decline an introduction to it. Whatever his proposition, it is a winner! He thinks so—and that makes it so. Success is a state of mind.

Furthermore, he lasts. He has endurance. Discouragements may beset, obstacles may arise, croakers may quit; but he stays, he fights, he triumphs! Why? Because he has stamina. Nerve wins the long race and the hard struggle. Any trainer of athletes will certify that nerve has won more championships than speed or brawn.

Nerve. The greatest human asset. It puts a whistle on the lips, "pep" in the blood, strength in the vertebra, and spunk throughout the homo.

Got your nerve with you today? Yes? You'll win!!!

The Night Riders of San Antonio

THE witching hour of three o'clock in the morning had just tolled from the city hall tower clock. A waning moon cast grotesque shadows across the thoroughfare over which a Ford car crept almost noiselessly. Aside from the muffled purr of the car's engine, there was no sound to disturb the quiet of the night. San Antonio, Texas, was soundly sleeping.

Suddenly a bright patch of lawn was darkened by a shadow—the figure of a man. It showed for the fraction of a second and then was gone. But it had been seen by three pairs of keen eyes that looked from the dark interior of the automobile making its way cautiously along the smoothly paved street. The application of the emergency brake could hardly have brought the car to a quicker stop. It had been rolling in a deep shade of trees and it did not get beyond it before three occupants had quickly, noiselessly leaped to the sidewalk.

"Hands up!" was the brief command of one of the trio, who had led the way swiftly, cautiously, always keeping under cover of the side of the two-story residence from which the creator of the shadow had doubtless come before attracting those in the automobile. The speaker simultaneously leveled a revolver straight ahead, as he stepped boldly into the moonlight, the weapon glittering in the light. Guns seemed to leap into the right hands of the two companions of the leader, as they, too, quickly moved to either side of the one in front.

Within a dozen paces of the trio of armed men was the slender figure of a man, both hands extended high above his head. One of the three stepped forward, walking directly up to the surprised one, and quickly relieved him of an automatic pistol at the first reach. The men in the rear had advanced, still keeping their weapons extended. Handcuffs snapped on the man's wrists as they were lowered.

"Great Caesar, if it ain't 'Slim Hank!' " broke from the lips of the one who had snapped the "bracelets" on the other, as he lifted the hat that had been drawn far down over his face. "At the old game again. When did you blow in? Hank, the best porchclimber in the country—well, well, if that don't beat anything. Say, Captain, this is a lucky catch this night, even if it did look for hours that our's would be a water haul."

Thus ended a trip of the Night Riders of the San Antonio police department—for, be it understood, the trio who occupied the Ford car was composed of a police captain and two men from the city's detective bureau on "dog-watch" duty. The scene depicted is but one of the many more or less thrilling events that are crowded into the lives of members of the police department.

To understand thoroughly just how "night riding" became a part of police work, one must be familiar with the relief system. The first police relief assumes duty at 7 o'clock each morning. Each relief has its captain. This shift remains on duty until 3 o'clock in the afternoon; then the second relief takes charge. Among the duties of the captain is to make an inspection of the working of his men and for this purpose he uses one of the Ford cars attached to the police department. At 11 o'clock at night the third and last police shift goes on duty, remaining at their posts until 7 o'clock the following morning.

The last mentioned is referred to as the "dog-watch." It was upon the dog-watch relief that the work of inspection by the captain of police slowly developed the "night-riding" as a system of patrol. In keeping tab on his men it quickly became evident that the rapidity with which it was possible to "cover" practically the entire city made such trips, particularly during the "wee sma' hours" of morning, valuable as a means of preventing and detecting crime. The exchange of experiments between captains has made this mode of protection to the public a recognized unit of patrol work.

In the same manner this work became a part of the duty of detectives assigned to after-midnight work at headquarters. Before the advent of the Fords, they were wont to remain throughout the long hours, swap stories, or enjoy a "cat nap." Nothing like that in San Antonio's police system of the present time. With an officer, constantly at the desk at detective headquarters, so that every telephone message may

receive prompt attention, at least two detectives begin their nightly patrol about 1 o'clock each morning. This is the game only when there is no important development during the night that otherwise requires their attention. Communication, too, is had once or twice with the station by detectives while night riding that a call might be responded to on the moment, in addition to sub-station men who answer these calls. Thus it is that the city is given added protection, far greater than is generally realized, sometimes by two cars and always by one.

It was on another quiet night—and Saturday night at that; or rather, Sunday morning, for the midnight hour had been tolled off some three-quarters of an hour before—a little group was seated in the police captain's office at headquarters. The officers on the "dog-watch" had gone on duty nearly two hours before, and the working of the relief was in perfect order. Suddenly the captain arose and slipped on his overcoat, after having called his chauffeur.

"What's doing, captain?" one of the newspaper men asked.

"Scout duty. Want to go along?" the captain replied.

A few moments later, seated with the captain in the rear seat of one of the police cars, the reporter found himself spinning along this street and then back along another.

"I remember," said the captain to the reporter, "when this town was a blaze of glory at this hour. This riding about only emphasizes what a vast change has been wrought. Not many years ago one could see pedestrians upon the streets, hacks rolling back and forth, lively doings in and about the brilliantly lighted places, the clinking sound of money in the gambling halls and the music and singing as it came from vaudeville shows. But now it is all changed. The old times have died, and quiet and darkness reign."

How true was the captain's closing remark was soon exemplified. Only a couple of hours before, the city had been lively enough.

Throngs had surged to and fro through the lighted thoroughfares, but rapidly thinned as the midnight hour approached. The last of the street cars, which started at 12:10 o'clock, after a ten-minute wait along Houston street, had carried the few belated pedestrians to their places of abode. Half an hour later the remaining stragglers had made their way to their respective homes.

And now only an hour later, the city seemed to be deserted. The Ford car sped along and was soon traversing what is known as the Trans-San Pedro district; even the lights seemed dull and weary. Save for the police whom the automobile passed regularly at various points, no one was to be seen.

So far the trip seemed to have but one purpose—to let the captain ascertain first hand whether his men were "hitting the ball." But the reporter soon became aware that the captain was not overlooking anything in the shape of developments. The streets, the houses and places where a burglar might be apt to ply his nefarious vocation, particularly the darkened portions of buildings, were being closely surveyed by the officer.

"Make the restaurant," the captain directed the driver, as the machine approached one near a railway depot. Here the captain telephoned to headquarters and the next minute hurried back to the machine with orders to make fast time in getting to San Pedro avenue. A little later, a group of highly excited persons were found standing near the window of a house. A burglar had been detected in trying to break in, but fled when the occupant had telephoned the police. The would-be intruder had taken a fancy flower pot from the front porch and used it to stand upon while trying to pry open the window. Giving orders to the detectives and the policemen who had also responded, the captain continued on his way.

The process of "moving and watching" had proceeded but a short time when the Ford car came to a sudden stop alongside a lone pedestrian hurrying along the sidewalk.

"What are you doing out this time of night?" questioned the police official.

The pedestrian, a young man, seemed ready to break into a run. He didn't know whether he was to be held up and robbed or not, apparently. He was shaking so, his

teeth chattered, as he asked who stopped him.

"Oh, I am on my way home," he replied when he realized he was standing alongside a police car. "Just been to see my girl and stayed a little too late."

He was not permitted to proceed on his way until the officer had ascertained his identity, his address, where he was employed, who his parents were and a score of other things. No doubt he spoke the truth. The captain dismissed him with a brief "good night," and the machine proceeded on its way. Such incidents were common and some of the excuses for being out late were humorous.

"The change in the city's night life helps the police in this night riding," said the captain. "We are able to question the few we find on the streets after midnight. If there were many this would be difficult. And at the same time it enables us to prevent prowling. Frequently we have three or four calls each night for the patrol wagon to haul in prowlers—who would be stealing if not picked up. Sometimes we take them to the station in our own cars, but when it is necessary for us to continue, we summon the wagon and then keep going."

Hardly had the captain finished when the chauffeur exclaimed:

"I think that house is on fire."

He brought the Ford to an abrupt stop in front of a residence set back from the walk by a stretch of lawn. Flames were already breaking through the roof and from one of the rear windows.

"Hurry to that box and send in an alarm, while I arouse these people," said the captain, leaping from the car, which shot away almost before he struck the ground. Several calls to those within, accompanied by a number of vicious kicks upon the door, proved sufficient. Man, wife and a number of children piled out pell-mell.

"Anyone else inside?" asked the captain. Informed that there was not, he announced that the alarm had already been sounded and that the fire fighters were already on the way. A few seconds later the long-drawn shrills of the sirens pierced the still night air and gave warning of the firemen's approach. At that moment, however, the police official was busy hurling bucket after bucket of water upon the seat of the blaze. Ten minutes later, the fire out and but little damage done, the captain and his companion were again seated in the police "Ford" and slowly riding along.

"Better get into the station. It's nearly 4:30 o'clock," directed the officer to his chauffeur, adding: "And my clothes are pretty damp. I got a soaking holding that blaze until the firemen came."

The "Ford" now fairly split the breeze until it rolled up in front of central headquarters. The "night riding" had come to an end.

Service—service to the customer—that is the strong right arm of salesmanship. Not the cleverest man alive do we call a salesman if he is a grouch, if he does not represent our values exactly for what they are, if he does not give real service to the customer, if his interest in the customer ceases the moment the price has been paid. A man who fails in these things is not a salesman, he's an enemy of the Company.

Keep Your Line Straight

MANY centuries ago, mathematicians advanced the principle that the shortest possible distance between any two given points was a straight line, a principle as indisputable today as it was then.

All life is a journey from a common start to the accomplishment of some purpose. All our days, we travel along the way from hope toward achievement; we are following a line.

How about your line—your line of work? Is it straight?

The man who arrives soonest at the goal of his ambitions is the man who follows the straight line. The shortest, quickest way from the Start to Ultimate Success is the line of applied energy which, if followed without deviation, leads straight to Achievement.

This includes everyone, no matter what capacity you serve in today. Everyone has made a start. Everyone should have some definite aim, some ambition to realize, some desire to achieve, so everyone has a line to follow. And this line should be straight.

The line is straight when your relations with co-workers are such as to make the efforts of all productive of more valuable results; when your own duties are handled promptly and with sound judgment. It is straight when you understand and further the policies and interests of your employer by personal appearance and conduct, in shop or office, in home and among your associates. Your line is straight when your work is your first and greatest interest.

The line is not straight when there is delay; when roundabout methods are used; when the deal that might be closed today is allowed to wait until tomorrow; when co-operation between you and the other fellow is lacking. It is not straight when outside interests divide the attention your work demands. It is not straight when you are not continually learning more about your work—and that of the man ahead of you. It is not straight when the machine does not run at the most effective speed, turning out correct work and helping to keep the whole organization at the highest possible degree of efficiency.

The straight way to Success is necessarily an uphill road; it sometimes leads the seeker over pretty rough going. But it leads to worth-while Achievement. Ambition, Determination, Knowledge, Concentration and Industry are the guide posts along the way—all any man needs to keep him in the path which leads soonest to the right goal.

At the foot of Hickory Nut Gap Mountain, in the Blue Ridge Mts., North Carolina

Macadam road, between Asheville and Waynesville, N. C., a result of Good Roads Movement

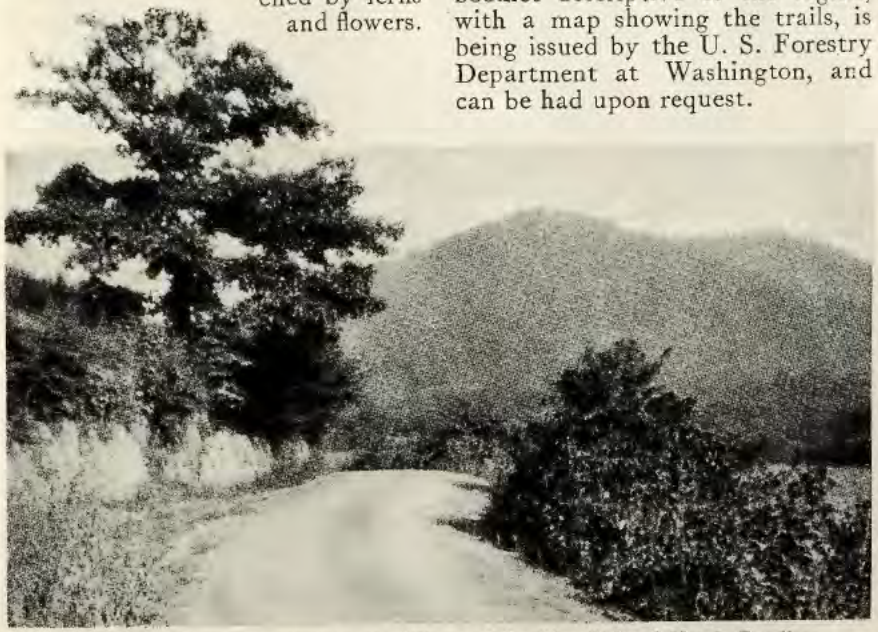
"Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

THE "Heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains," surrounding Asheville, North Carolina, is a region of infinite beauty and charm. In a circle of one hundred miles about Asheville, are 64 mountain peaks, rearing up their bold heads 6,000 feet and more into a sky which is usually a soft blue. From the summits of any of the mountains, one may survey a wonderful mountain panorama.

Unlike the younger Rockies, the Blue Ridge Mountains are not of the rugged, primitive, snow-clad type. Rather, they are of a mellow old age, geologically speaking, and the sharp corners are worn off, smoothed and moulded into grace and refinement by the wear and tear of a thousand generations. They are clothed in the soft greens of balsam and spruce and hardwoods, brightened by ferns and flowers.

This charming region is almost a new country for motorists, for it is only recently that it has been accessible without more or less work and hardship. But the "good roads movement" which has swept the country found practical expression in North Carolina, and many miles of improved highway have resulted, of asphalt, macadam, brick and concrete, as well as many more miles of dirt road which receives continual care to keep it in the best of condition. The Southern Highway, Washington, D. C., to San Diego, crosses the state.

The Mt. Mitchell National Forest will be opened during the coming summer, for the benefit of touring and camping parties, and the improved roads will make it easy for the motorist to reach all parts of the "Heart of the Blue Ridge." A booklet descriptive of the region, with a map showing the trails, is being issued by the U. S. Forestry Department at Washington, and can be had upon request.



Along the Swannanoa river in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge," North Carolina

Cutting through the hills on an ancient Japanese road

Ford agency and service station in Nagoya, Japan, a city of 400,000 population

In the Flowery Land of Yoshihito

IT is only about half a century since Captain Perry sailed into a port of Japan as the official representative of Uncle Sam, and the "open door to Japan" became a reality. But in that brief time, the "land of cherry blossoms" has advanced to a high place among nations of the world and, being quick to grasp the ideas, Japan is fully as modern in most ways, as the countries which boast of much longer commercial pedigrees.

An up-to-date atmosphere seems to pervade everything about the island empire, running the gamut from coal stoves and "store clothes" to baseball and motion pictures, including, of course, modes of travel and transportation. Incidentally, the Ford car is omnipresent in Japan as elsewhere, in the customary ratio of a Ford for each car of every other make. The stranger in Yoshihito's domain begins to feel quite at home when he sees that over half the motor cars in sight are of the kind often referred to as "a low-priced, popular, Detroit product."

Showing the unique type of bridge construction across a mountain gorge in interior Japan

Sale and Frazar, Ltd., are the Ford agents for Japan and have branches of their own in many of the principal cities.

Aside from the performance of the car itself and the excellent service rendered to Ford owners in the island, there are other reasons which in part account for the growing popularity of the Ford car.

For one thing, the past year was the first of recent times when there has been a trade balance in favor

of the Empire. Before that, for many years, imports had always exceeded exports, with a proportionate ebb of prosperity. Last year, fortune smiled on the islands and people of all classes benefited to some extent.

The roads, though being rapidly improved, are still primitive in many places and steep grades are numerous. It is said that there are many sections where the "rikisha" boys will travel much faster than a motor car, and with more safety. By its adaptability to rough work and its durable construction, the Ford has proved its right to a place in the esteem of Japanese motorists.

The first year of the present war, with its unsettled business conditions, had an unfavorable reaction on Ford sales in Japan. Added to this was the increased cost of transporting freight across the Pacific, an element which slightly raised the prices of the cars in the islands. These factors have pretty well adjusted themselves now, and Ford sales have been better than ever before. The business since August 1, 1915, has been three times that for the corresponding period of the year before. It is estimated, by the foreign department of the Ford Motor Company, that the sales of Ford cars in Japan for the year ending July 31, 1916, will be five times the volume of those for the previous year, a condition which implies a healthy demand for the Ford car, coupled with an increasing ability to buy.

The Japanese people are gradually emerging from the burdensome taxes of past years and entering upon an era of economic prosperity, during which real progress will be made.

Japan now has its Automobile Club, in the formation of which the Ford agents played an important part, and traffic regulations, based on American methods, will probably be adopted soon.

The Chosen Chuhoku Bus Co., operating Ford cars in Nagoya, Japan

The Ford cars of the Tokio Taxicab Company, Tokio, Japan, photographed in the Imperial Palace grounds

NOT the least factor in Japan's development is the rapidity with which the Emperor's subjects have adopted the Ford car, and with true Japanese imitative ability, adapted it to the demands of everyday life in a thoroughly western manner. It is not many years since the arriving traveler in Tokio was met by a fleet of 'rickshaw boys, each one eager to secure a fare. And when the tourist had perched himself between the two high wheels, away he went, rattling and swaying through the narrow little streets to the hotel. Then something happened. The Ford car, in its tour of progress round the world, reached the shores of the Eastern Empire, and civilizing influences just naturally flocked behind. Now the new arrival in Tokio is greeted by a familiar call. You strive to recall where you heard it before. It sounds like 'Frisco; no, it's Chicago; and you're not sure whether it's one of a score of towns. And all at once it dawns on you that it's a universal call—the cry of the taxi driver calling attention to his services. In Tokio, there is an organization known as the Tokio Taxicab Co., whose sole aim and purpose of existence is to carry passengers in Ford cars—for a consideration. The picture shows the company's large fleet of Fords—thirty-six in all—as they lined up on the third anniversary of the founding of the company. The drivers are beside their cars, and those in the center are the officers and employes of the concern. It is interesting, in connection with this photograph, to know that the cars were mobilized in the Imperial grounds, right before the Emperor's palace.

Motoring To "Movie Land"

THEY left Detroit on October 27, last, and turned the hood of their Ford car towards the sunset, traveling over highways that are worn by the imprint of countless Ford tires.

It was a typical Ford party, five persons, three adults and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Durst and children and Joseph Jack, all of Detroit.

Their's wasn't a camping party—they stopped at hotels all the way from Detroit to Los Angeles—but there was no lack of those adventures of the road that make for the zest of long touring trips.

The route led off from Detroit over the old Chicago trail to Elkhart, Ind., by the Lincoln Highway to Joliet, Ill., and on to the Windy City. From Chicago they traveled straight across Illinois to the cheerful accompaniment of a sturdy throbbing motor and the song of the spinning tires. From Davenport, the River to River road rolls away to Omaha, Neb., and the party followed this highway through the fertile farm lands of Iowa and all the charm of a countryside in Autumn.

Three days were spent in Omaha, then south to Lincoln, Neb., for a two-day visit. If you follow the Meridian Trail south from Lincoln, it will take you into McPherson, Kansas, and this stretch was a two-day leg of the journey. From McPherson, the trail of the party led to Trinidad, Colo. This city in the heart of the coal mining district has an elevation of about 11,000 feet—and from Trinidad you drop down by steep grades to Raton, N. M.

Raton, Las Vegas, and Sante Fe were left behind enroute to Albuquerque, where one day was spent in an inspection of the tuberculosis hospitals. In New Mexico the tourists passed many ranches given over to the raising of Angora goats.

Across the sandy roads the route led to Holbrook, Ariz., including a crossing of the Rio Puerco River. This stream at the point crossed is 1¼ miles wide—and it took one hour to make the crossing. The ruts in the sandy river bottom engulfed the car above the axles, and water swirled about the wheels to a depth of six to eighteen inches.

From Holbrook, a twenty-five-mile excursion was made to the National Petrified Forest, and a side trip of thirty-six miles

to an extinct volcano crater, 1,300 feet high and 1¼ miles wide.

From Holbrook the route led directly across Arizona to Kingman with a branch off the main trail to Canyon Diabolo. Here one day was spent among the caves of the cliff dwellers which honeycomb the

sides of the canyon walls that drop 1,400 feet to the bottom.

Near Kingman is Oatman, 13,000 feet above sea level, and whose underlying strata is filled with gold ore, and an inspection of the mining properties was made.

In Arizona, the Ford car dodged through the avenues of prairie towns clustered for miles over the plains. Coyotes also were plentiful, traveling in bands of ten or twelve. It was on a night run from Wagon Mound to Las Vegas, N. M., that wild animals were most numerous. The solitary gleam and flash of the headlights drew the four-footed creatures from every quarter, and the Ford ran a gauntlet of coyotes, jack rabbits and timber wolves.

From Kingman to Needles, Calif., with a stop at the latter point, was the itinerary, and throughout this drive, as well as in other sections of Arizona and New Mexico, the party met many homeseekers, with their earthly possessions loaded on a battered prairie schooner or encamped.

Barstow, California, across the Mohave Desert, was the next "oasis" in the trip. Athwart the long stretches of soft sand, planks have been laid by the state employes, forming in places a planked road two or three miles in length.

About twelve miles east of San Bernardino, the next break in the journey is the Summit, an elevation of 12,000 feet. From this height a magnificent and impressive view of the surrounding country is had. To the east is the dead expanse of desert, to the west roll the green cultivated stretches of irrigated land.

There is a beautiful drive lined with orange groves from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, a distance of seventy-five miles.

One month's touring about California brought the total mileage of the journey to 7,365 miles—and then the Ford car was sold in Los Angeles.

The fuel consumption figures show a gasoline record ranging all the way from 11 to 27 miles to the gallon, depending on the altitude, road conditions and grades.

The "Survival of the Fordist"

ON November 16 last the plantation and factories of the United Sugar Companies, Ford agents at Los Moches, in Senaloa province, were raided by a band of 1,500 armed Indians, who killed 37 natives in the town, sacked the stores, and carried off all the animals, carriages and wagons. Of the many Ford machines in the town, all escaped except one. The machine the raiders took into the mountains along with its chauffeur, an American.

The Indians were finally overtaken by a Government force and during a battle in the foothills, the captive American chauffeur ran the car into the brush, escaped and walked back to the plantation, 125 miles.

About six weeks later, when the Indians had been entirely dispersed, the Ford agents sent a man up into the mountains with a pack mule, a case of gasoline and a supply of lubricating oil, to salvage the Ford car, which was found where it had been abandoned. The gasoline tank was filled, the starting crank given a turn, and the car driven home without a bit of trouble.

President Venustiano Carranza of Mexico, and members of his official staff. The President occupies the right hand rear seat of the car

Harmony—and Success

A SMALL bearing out of line in a machine will reduce the efficiency of the machine and may eventually wreck it. The lightest blow on a great flywheel, revolving at a high speed, may cause it to burst into a thousand fragments.

A single discordant note may spoil the most beautiful symphony.

An unconsidered act may ruin the beauty and effect of a whole life, of many lives.

Any business, big or little, is a machine; a symphony, if you will, in system and organization. Its success is dependent upon the smooth working of each department with the others. Success demands that each part do its full share, and that each one, no matter how small, run true and in harmony with the rest.

Suspicion, indifference and lack of understanding, are the discordant notes in business and industrial harmony; they are the blocks to the wheels of progress. They cause defects in the machinery of commerce and may even wreck the machine itself. Under such a condition, even fair results are impossible.

An interior defect is much more serious than one on the outside, for the external fault can be seen and corrected or guarded against.

Harmony in business is up to each man, individually.

If there is a suspicion in the heart—suspicion of the organization, suspicion of the man beside, and of the man ahead—most of all, suspicion of the man just below; if there be such suspicion—the organization is carrying just so much dead weight.

If the attitude displays indifference—absence of interest in the welfare of the company, in the success of the other fellows—there is a pulling back on the traces; the wheels are working against the brakes. The indifferent man injures himself most, for his success lies in the success of the entire organization.

If there be lack of understanding of the policies, the intents and purposes of his organization—due to a lack of information or purposely misunderstanding actual conditions—he causes inactivity for the organization, and his activities against it are a bar to progress.

On the other hand, when there is faith—faith in one's self, in the company and in the product; when there is interest, and a desire to know more so one can help more; when there is knowledge and understanding—when these things exist, then there is harmony, and with harmony, comes success.

Success is the "lost chord" which we all strain our ears to hear.

A representative group of the February 27, 1916, graduating class of the Ford English School. There were 519 graduates, each of whom learned to read, write and speak English in the regular six months' course

A Motto Wrought Into Education

THERE is a remarkable institution conducted by the Ford Motor Company at Detroit, and located in the Ford factory. It is the only institution of its kind in existence—a new departure in the policies of the industrial world—and is accomplishing big results in the practical working out of Mr. Ford's motto "Help the Other Fellow." In fact, that is its slogan.

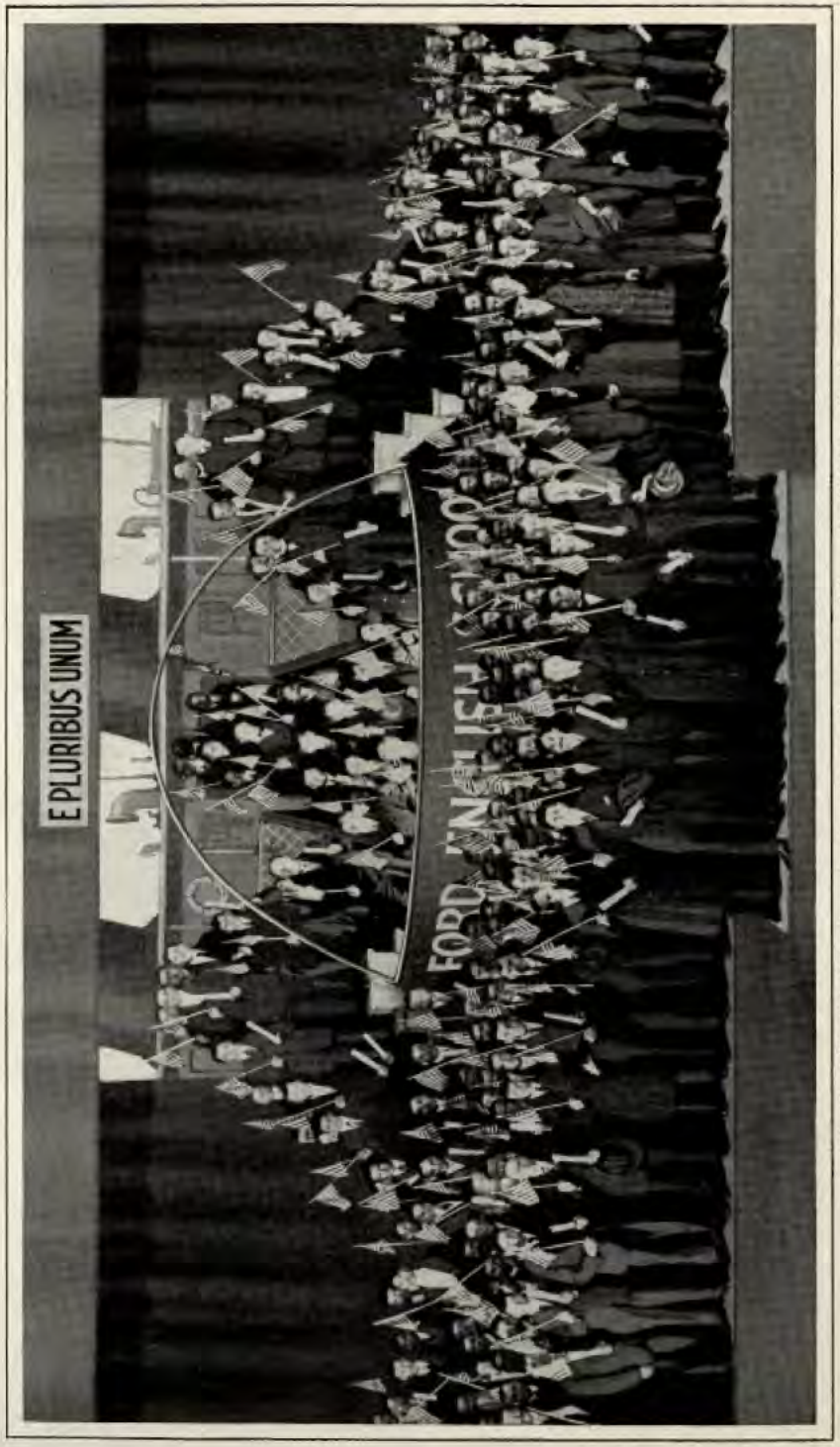
The department is the Ford English School, enrolling more than 2200 foreign born employes of the factory, and which on February 27th graduated 519 pupils, each equipped with the fundamentals of a sound education in reading, writing, and speaking the English language. It was the second graduation of a school which inscribes on its attendance roll representatives of 33 nationalities—a cosmopolitan university containing all the human elements of sturdy American citizenship. And it is towards this goal of citizenship that the pupil's ambition is constantly trained.

The keynote of the purpose of the Ford English School is found in the speech delivered at the graduation exercises by the class president, Gust Papas, who, a few months ago, was working on his father's farm near Athens, Greece. Coming to America, and to Detroit, he found a place in the Ford factory, and his only schooling in English has come in the Ford English School course. In clear, well-modulated tones he delivered a brief speech for the class.

"I speak in behalf of a school representing 33 different nationalities. All of us are willing and anxious to accept your customs through means of your teaching and example. That we may lay aside thoughts of the old world, and strive to become true American citizens in the new, is my heartfelt desire for the class."

Mr. Gust Papas, president of the February 27, 1916, graduating class of the Ford English School

The Ford English School was founded less than two years ago, with a class of about 20 pupils and a single instructor. Today there are more than 2200 students enrolled, with nearly 150 teachers. The teaching staff is made up of foremen, clerks and workmen in the factory, who have volunteered their services for the work. Besides the English class there is a regular course in mathematics. The methods of instruction used in the Ford school are unique and some time ago were adopted by the city of Detroit for its night schools.

During the convention of the National Educational Association at Detroit in February, many delegates were guests of the school,

The Ford English School graduating class as they emerged from the "Melting Pot"

and this convention also adopted the Ford methods for imparting education and qualities of citizenship as a nation-wide standard.

Every employe of the Ford Company is required to have a fair knowledge of the English language. If he did not possess it when he came with the Company, the school is there for his benefit.

From a "Safety First" standpoint it is almost essential that a workman be familiar with English so that he may understand the explanations of safety devices in the factory as well as to thoroughly understand the requirements of his work. With the acquirement of the English tongue, the language of his foreman, his superintendent, the workman's ambition is aroused and he is started on the road toward advancement in his work.

All the different types and varying grades of intelligence are included in the enrollment of the Ford English School. There is the one with a good education in his native language but who lacks a knowledge of English. The second type has a fair knowledge of his mother tongue, and has picked up a few English words, usually slang. These two classes advance rather rapidly and will probably be able to express themselves to a limited extent in English after about three months of the six months course.

Finally there is the group which possesses little if any education. This class is slow to learn, and is placed under teachers of infinite patience.

Every incentive is held before the pupils to assume the responsibilities of American citizenship, and it is a fitting testimonial to the thoroughness of the Ford English School training that its diploma is accepted by the United States District officials at Detroit as entitling the holder to his first papers without further examination.

The feature of the graduation exercises was a unique pageant, for which the big stage of the Light Guard Armory, at Detroit, in which the event was held, had been set. Across the back of the stage was shown the hull and deck of an ocean steamship docked at Ellis Island. In the center of the stage and taking up about half of the entire area was an immense caldron across which was painted the sign "Ford English School Melting Pot." From the deck of the steamship the gangway led down into the "Melting Pot." First came the preliminaries of docking the ship and then suddenly a picturesque figure appeared at the top of the gangway. Dressed in a foreign costume and carrying his cherished possessions wrapped in a bundle suspended from a cane, he gazed about with a look of bewilderment and then slowly descended the ladder into the "Melting Pot," holding aloft a sign indicating the country from which he had come.

Another figure followed, and then another — "Syria," "Greece," "Italy," "Austria," "India," read the cards, as the representatives of each of the different countries included in the class filed down the gangway into the "Melting Pot." From it they emerged dressed in American clothes, faces eager with the stimulus of the new opportunities and responsibilities opening out before them. Every man carried a small American flag in his hand.

The graduation exercises were witnessed by an audience of more than 2,000 spectators including representatives of many prominent business concerns.

The school has an orchestra and glee club and debating team, and an alumni association is to be formed.

C. H. Van Atta and wife, of Leadville, Colo., in their Ford car, crossed this winding stream in New Mexico nine times in a single day

An expanse of typical New Mexican desert over which the tourist may travel for hours

Colorado Fordists On Long Trip

FROSTY mountain top and burning desert, purling brooks and the magnificent depths of the Grand Canyon—these were some of the things that lent the spice of variety to the trip taken last summer by C. H. Van Atta, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Leadville, Colorado, and his wife, in their trusty Ford car. The journey from Leadville to several towns in New Mexico and return was covered without mishap of any sort.

There were a number of incidents and events to spur the enjoyment of the two. Right at the start, they received the pleasing information that a stretch of new road had just been completed and opened, which would shorten the journey somewhat. Of course, they would try the new road.

They did, and life became one adventure after another. The new road was there, but in places appeared so very new as to be almost primitive. It was hard to follow, and the tourists found themselves, one fine day, well down in New Mexico, having traveled some 240 miles to make a distance of only 70 miles toward their destination. This trip, however, took them through some excellent tests for the Ford car.

Just starting the ascent of Disappointment Divide in Colorado

For instance, there was the winding stream which they crossed nine times in a day's travel. At times this stream was a babbling brook, flowing over the stony river bed, hardly deep enough to wet the spokes of the wheels; again, it would become a mountain torrent, possessed of considerable force, and with the water flowing over the running board.

And there was Disappointment Divide, probably so-called because nearly every car that had tried to surmount its steep grades had been disappointed. The Ford made it; only one other car had previously been over the summit.

All in all it was a round trip thoroughly enjoyed and without a regrettable feature, thanks to the qualities of the little Ford.

Through the Hailstones

The Ford car owned by J. D. Craighead, La Junta, Colo., after its recent bout with a hailstorm

IN "Ford Times" for January, there appeared an article dealing with the experience of H. W. Horst and party in a Colorado hailstorm. By way of corroboration—though none is needed—we have another story from men who went through the same storm in a "Ford".

J. D. Craighead, of La Junta, Colo., is manager of an irrigation district, and was overtaken by the same storm a few miles south of the point where Mr. Horst's car braved the fusillade. He was in the center of the storm, and according to the picture, their car got very much the worst of the deal.

The windshield was a complete ruin, both headlights and one sidelight were knocked out, the top was cut to ribbons, the hood was beaten in—it was straightened up before the picture was taken—and nearly all the paint was beaten off the front end of the car, which was exposed to the storm. The white streaks on the front of the radiator are the marks made by the impact of the hailstones. The body of the car looked as if it had been gone over with the round end of a machinist's hammer.

When the storm had passed, hailstones covered the ground to a depth of several inches, according to Mr. Craighead's letter. Water was running in torrents, a thing which was vitally important to the business of the manager and his companion. Without any delay they cranked the motor and made a dash to the waste gates, to let out the surplus water and save the irrigation canal. They are thoroughly convinced, now, that it will take "some storm" to stop a Ford car.

Men have often been compared to motors, and enthusiasm is just as comparable to gasoline. Without gasoline, a motor is a cold and lifeless thing. Without enthusiasm and hope and faith, a man might as well be cold and lifeless.

An Agent's Vision of Ford Spirit

Wm. P. Young, Pottstown, Pa.

LET us have faith, more faith in the Company, the car, ourselves, and each other.

There was an old preacher once who told his boys the bible lesson he was going to read the next morning. During the night the boys got busy. They found the bible and glued the connecting pages of the lesson together. In the morning the old preacher opened the bible at the designated lesson, and started to read the chapter beginning at the bottom of the page. He read: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife," then turning the page, continued, "one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." Naturally he was a little puzzled. He re-read the passage, verified it, and then turning to the boys, said, "My friends, I have read my bible carefully and often, and this is the first time I have met that passage in scripture, but in my faith I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

When at public gatherings chaffing friends are inclined to have a little fun at my expense, I sometimes tell that story, with this application: "My Ford faith is as strong as the old preacher's divine faith, and I accept the weird Ford jokes and stories as evidence that the car is fearfully and wonderfully made."

I have in mind not a blind nor foolish faith, but a faith rooted in a true conception and full understanding of the ideas and ideals implied in the slogans "THE UNIVERSAL CAR" and "HELP THE OTHER FELLOW,"—the one visualizing the boundless market for the product, the other the industrial standards of the Company; not a faith engendered by craven fear or abject servility, but a faith inspired by confidence that acquiescence and efficient co-operation in the general methods and policies of the Company will bring due mutual rewards.

Such faith comes and abides only through knowledge and vision. We may know all about the mechanism and operation of the car, and the elemental principles of our business duties and obligations, yet be lacking in the knowledge and understanding of the methods, policies, aims, and business of the Company. These we must have upon which to found and sustain our faith and the resulting Ford spirit. Without them we cannot raise ourselves above the commonplace and routine of work and business. With them we lift ourselves to a higher plane and broader vision, enabling us to see the distinctive features which differentiate the Ford spirit above the commonplace and routine. Personal habits, conduct, deportment, honesty, industry, all the attributes of a gentleman, may be present, but lacking the faith grounded upon such knowledge and understanding the agent and employe misses the exhilarating zest which makes for joy of life and good for himself and the Company.

It may take a little longer to be polite, but it takes a lot longer to count the money pleased customers leave with you.

THE ARCADE.

(Telephone No. 1433.)

The Place to Spend a Pleasant Evening.

To-night | **FRIDAY, 24th DECEMBER, 1915.** | **AND TILL MONDAY NEXT.**

ALSO MATINEE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

SHOWING

The Greatest Industrial Feature Film

Ever shown in a Theatre.

HOW MOTOR CARS ARE MADE

2 Reels - - - 2,000 Feet

2000 Feet of films showing the entire manufacture of motor cars in 137 accurate scenes.

SOME OF THE ITEMS OF INTEREST.

1. The motor works. The largest building in the world.
2. The officers of the company.
3. The workmen of the factory representing not less than 53 nationalities.
4. Crane lifting and from car for use in core making.
5. Special moulding machines.
6. CRANE LIFTING SCRAP AND PIN IRON WITH HUGE MAGNETS.
7. Crane lifting coke.
8. Five cupolas in the foundry handling no less than 350 tons of iron.
9. The mixing ladle.
10. Breaking the moulds.
11. Tumbling castings into cleaning mill.
12. Loading 2400 pistons.
13. Monorail trolly cars working carrying materials.
14. Unloading a car load of 1000 tyres and conveying to the third story. The whole work being accomplished in 34 minutes.
15. Painting the wheels.
16. Tyres are put on wheels in 90 seconds.
17. Final assembly of the parts showing how the cars are built.
18. Vanadium steel used in the manufacture of the cars.
19. Connecting the universal joint. A good view of the motor and forwarded movement of the conveyor.
20. Used every day in the factory:—
    500 Tons materials,
    3000 pouuds grease,
    1000 pints cylinder oil,
    1000 gallons gasoline
21. 5500 machines running in the workshop using not less than 50 miles of belting.
22. 1000 CARS EVERY DAY MEANS 2 CARS EVERY MINUTE OF THE EIGHT HOURS —WATCH THEM ROLL OUT OF THE FACTORY YARD.
23. Climbing a steep grade with 4 passengers. The climb was particularly difficult on account of the slippery nature of the grass.
24. Crossing a swamp—ploughing through bog and marsh.
25. Travelling on the side of the hill.

And a thousand other interesting items.

Tien-tsin, China, is just as interested as any American city in seeing how "the Universal Car" is made. This poster advertised a film exhibition in the Chinese city

Saving Minutes and Millions

TIME, and its saving by every method which ingenuity can suggest, becomes a more important factor each day in the Ford factory as the output of parts grows steadily to a volume sufficient to produce 2,000, then 2,100, 2,200 and ever climbing to a production ranging around 2,500 cars daily. So, many devices are employed to clip an extra few seconds from the item required for the multitude of operations which enter into the details of manufacturing. But just as important as time saving in manufacture is the handling of the finished parts.

And another interesting example of these minute-saving methods is found in the operation of transporting the bodies from the body chute to waiting freight cars. Down the chute from the body department the bodies come swiftly rushing, and stop, poised for the final swing onto the waiting chassis. There is a quick drop into position and the completed car is driven to the waiting freight cars.

But this installation of the body on the chassis is a temporary one, for the bodies are packed separately from the chassis in the freight cars—the body is simply placed on the chassis as the quickest way of transporting it to the loading dock.

It is just one of the methods which mean economy of overhead expense, which in turn means—"a better car at a lower price."

Where chassis and body meet in the Ford factory yard

Modena, Pa., automobilists on a sociability tour

When the Town Goes Touring

ONE of the most pleasurable diversions of Ford owners is described by Fred Gould, of Modena, Pa., in a letter recently addressed to "Ford Times." It partakes of the form of a community tour, when the whole neighborhood, or at least a large congenial part of it, cranks up the cars and sets forth on a week-end excursion to some point of interest. Sometimes nearby, and just as frequently across one or two neighboring states.

Modena is a small town, not far from Philadelphia, and when the weatherman is propitious, almost every Saturday sees ten to fifteen Ford cars starting away, each with a full load of happy folk on pleasure bent. The car owners always take along the less fortunate friends and neighbors, so the fun is not confined to any select group. Everyone has his chance at the fun. It's a typical Ford idea.

Many a run has been made to Atlantic City and Cape May by this band of neighborhood joy-riders. When such a trip is made, it is necessary to have rooms engaged in advance for forty or fifty people, giving some idea of the size of the parties. To either of the places mentioned, the round trip is about three hundred miles. The picture shows the line-up of cars on White Horse Pike, in New Jersey, where the party has halted for noon-day lunch. While the assemblage is not composed entirely of Ford cars, still the "Universal Car" seem to be in proper majority of "every other car a Ford." And there's never a Ford owner late at the destination.

Maybe you and your neighbor have different ideas of progress, but don't stand in his way if he is trying to get somewhere.

Says Mr. Ford Owner

12,657 Miles for 10 Cents

Less than 1c per thousand miles! It's a Ford owner's repair cost—on a Ford car owned by B. J. Potter, manager of the Okemos Independent Telephone Company, Okemos, Michigan, and driven 12,657 miles at a total repair cost of just 10 cents. In his letter, Mr. Potter says:

"I have driven 12,657 miles since May 3, 1915, and have bought one outside nut for front wheel at an expense of 10c. I had the wheels off in the morning to pack them and when I put them back on I forgot one of the cotter keys. If I had not been in such a rush to get the wheels back on that morning I would have been the whole route with no repairs whatever. Mine is good for 100,000 miles the way I take care of it."

25,000 Miles—Good as Ever

An investment which pays for itself three times over in a few short months is considered an excellent one. That is what 25,000 miles of Ford travel has meant to E. W. Townsend, of Salisbury, Md. And he has found other reasons for satisfaction as expressed in the following letter:

"On September 1st, 1915, I purchased a Ford touring car. Our records show that we have run the car over 25,000 miles, or an average of more than 50 miles each day. In dollars and cents this car has paid for its cost and upkeep at least three times. And it is as good today as it was when we brought same home the day we purchased it. We have taken good care of it, as far as caring for the parts of the car is concerned, by keeping it well oiled, greased and shined up. But the weather has never been too bad for the Ford to turn out when we wanted to use it. We purchased it for use and we have used it. We have another large, higher priced car that is favored and the dust seldom rubbed off. It is the Ford that we know will make the trip and it is the Ford that has to make it, Sunday and Monday. I have had lots of folks tell me that the only objection to the Ford was the looks. My reply is 'The Ford looks mighty good to me'."

"Pretty Good Record"

Covering 18,000 miles in year-round travel, with a total repair expense of less than ten dollars, is the excellent record made by Mr. H. J. Pierce, promotion man for the American News Company of New York. In a recent letter to his company, Mr. Pierce says:

"After going about 18,000 miles in the Ford since last April, and being fortunate enough to escape repair bills, I put the car in the repair shop for an overhauling. In traveling the above distance, I had never had the car in a repair shop for any length of time, and thought it about time the Ford received a little attention.

"I have given the car exceptionally hard usage during the past two months—traveling in Connecticut and Massachusetts, the roads will give any car hard usage—but the only things that this car needed was a new set of brake linings, tightening up the brakes, and a few new ball bearings. Not more than six or seven hours of labor were required for the overhauling, and the total cost is probably about $8.

"I am now using my second set of tires, getting practically double mileage over the guarantee. Garage men say I have an exceptionally good Ford, and I am told this is a pretty good record for a car already gone 18,000 miles."

Fills All Expectations

A. P. Miller, of San Francisco, felt Ford enthusiasm bubbling up inside until he just had to write and tell about it. Part of his letter is given below:

"I want to express my entire satisfaction with the performance of my Ford car. To date I have covered nearly 4,000 miles and have not had a puncture, blow-out or trouble of any sort. I manage to get twenty-one miles to a gallon of gasoline on country roads, and in the city average around seventeen. The Ford car is everything you claim for it and a lot more than the average purchaser of an automobile gets. On the grades, my Ford 'rambles right along' on high, passing bigger cars snorting in second or low."

Smoothly and Satisfactorily

"Runs like a high grade watch" is the report of C. E. Loetzer, of Sayre, Pa., referring to his second-hand Ford car. This is an excerpt from his letter:

"I have made more than 20,000 miles during 1914 and 1915 in my Ford car over these hilly, rough roads and today this same car is running as smoothly and satisfactorily as a high grade watch.

"The 'Little Old Ford' has proved a boon to myself and family and a source of great pleasure.

"I may plan my vacation this summer to take in Detroit and the Ford factory of which I have just read in 'Ford Factory Facts.' If I do it will be in the same 'Little Old Ford' above reported."

Reliable and Indispensable

Joseph L. Moore, of the Moore-Harris Abstract Company, Benton, Mo., uses a Ford car in his work, covering country territory within a wide radius of his headquarters. His opinion of Ford serviceability is contained in the following statement:

"This little car has proved to be wonderfully reliable and indispensable to me in the routine performance of my daily work which takes me on an average of thirty miles per day."

110,000 Miles, No Complaints

Up, up, up to the century mark and now 10,000 miles beyond, is the record of a Ford car owned by Edward Jacobs, University and Bellevue Aves., Cincinnati, O., all the distance with a record of service that leaves not a single cause of complaint. That performance is what has prompted Mr. Jacobs to write the following letter:

"Relative to Ford Runabout, would say that it has given entire satisfaction. I have had no trouble whatever, although I use it every day, in all kinds of weather, and have had it since February, 1912, making in this period of time about 110,000 miles. If I was asked for any complaints, I would not know where to begin as I haven't any."

Always On the Job

"I called at the Ford Sales & Service Company, to look at the new 1916 touring car," says H. D. Shively, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

"My first experience with the Ford car was two years ago when I purchased one. It has since been in constant use, never refusing to do the work we asked of it.

"The service has been so excellent that you are entitled to know it. The only replacement ever made was one fan belt, thirty cents. No breakage save once, when I ran into a big car. It cost the other fellow $15, while my bill was $4.75.

"My car has been out in all weather, rain and snow, mud and dust, and is always on the job. I have never been towed in, and never got into a hole we could not pull out of on our own power.

"You will be pleased to know, these are the reasons why my new car will also be a Ford."

It's this kind of dependable, all-around performance that makes Ford owners and keeps them.

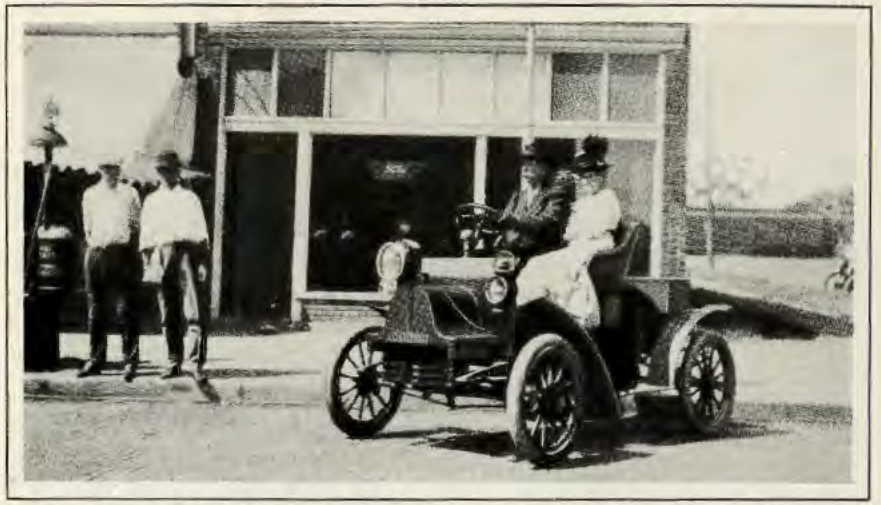
Running Well as Ever

R. S. Maplesden, of Oakland, Calif., a veteran salesman of nursery stock, has a few remarks to make about his Ford car:

"I wish also to express my appreciation of the excellent service your Company gives to the public through the Ford car.

"About eighteen months ago I purchased a 1914 touring car, and since that time, I have run the car over thirty-five thousand miles on some of the worst roads on the Pacific Coast. I have never had any serious trouble and have never been towed in, nor had to walk. My repair bill, aside from tires, for the first twenty thousand miles was only $9.75, though I have had some minor parts renewed since then.

"The car is running as well today as it did when I bought it; I visit an average of three thousand farmers and orchardists every year, traveling summer and winter. I have crossed deserts of sand, forded rivers, been over plowed fields and up the steepest mountain roads, but the little Ford has never failed me. I have followed your book of instructions closely, which probably has a great deal to do with my success with the car. I am not a millionaire, but if I were, I would not have any car but the Ford."



E. J. Palmer, of Chanute, Kansas, gets regular use from his Model A Ford No. 183

A Husky "Old Timer"

THE "dark ages" of motordom were the period along about 1902 or 1904. "Dark" because most of the cars which are known to everyone today were mostly visionary at that time—also because engineers were probing about in uncertainty, solving the mystery of the gasoline engine a step at a time.

Like the dinosaurus, and his contemporaries, who vanished with their particular epoch of evolution, many of the motor cars of the "dark ages" have passed to motor cars' happy hunting grounds.

But the pioneer "Fords" had the same sturdy strength that is built into them today, and so these old veterans are to be found in every locality.

Now comes a Ford veteran in the guise of model "A," number 183, the property of Mr. E. J. Palmer, Chanute, Kansas. This car, to judge by its number, must have been one of the very first Ford cars built, and has been in service for nearly thirteen years; it has been owned by Mr. Palmer for six years of that time, in which period he has driven it upwards of six thousand miles. In all that time, his outlay for repairs, exclusive of tires, has been just $10.00.

Time and service have not lowered the quality of this motor, as the owner still gets twelve miles per gallon of gasoline, fairly creditable when it is known that this is an average figure for all seasons. These qualities of economy in operation are inherent in Ford cars.

Previous to the time when Mr. Palmer bought the model "A" it had seen many thousands of miles of hard service.

Don't judge the amount of work you do by what others do—a shirker is always the first to be fired.

The Evidence of Performance

THE following letter shows how one big business man of Ashland, Kansas, saw the light and became a Ford enthusiast because he proved, to his own satisfaction, the reliable, economical qualities of Ford utility. J. W. Berryman, writer of the letter, has large interests in Kansas, and his opinion is backed up by personal experience, for he has owned twenty Ford cars among his various lines of activity in two years.

"I became interested in the Ford through the problem of communication between my lumber yards, of which I own fifteen in this section," says Mr. Berryman. "These are on parallel lines of railway, 40 miles apart and no cross connection within 150 miles, so my manager consumed a great deal of time getting back and forth in a rig. It was slow, expensive and unsatisfactory, but as he had to make these trips under all conditions of road and weather and my experience with cars of the heavy types had shown them to be impractical on bad roads, I hesitated to adopt an automobile as a utility.

"Finally, I authorized my manager to buy a Ford and try it out. The result was a complete and agreeable surprise, for in a short time it demonstrated that it was reliable and practical in every way, even when subjected to the hardest tests that bad roads and weather conditions can impose. Indeed it actually paid for itself within thirty days after purchase, by enabling him to catch a man who was leaving the country, and collect a bill which would otherwise have been lost.

"Aside from that, the cars used in this connection have paid for themselves over and over again in the saving of time of the manager and the expense of making his periodical trips to the yards. He can now reach any yard we have, transact his business and return the same day, where it formerly took him three days or more.

"My eyes were opened to the fact that one car, at least, was a utility, from the standpoints of cost and practical use. After the effective demonstration by my lumber company, I installed Fords in a broom corn business I have, and now all our buyers work the country in the cars, and cover four or five times the ground they formerly did in a day, at an enormous saving in time and road expense of the men.

"I also installed Ford cars on a 70,000 acre ranch in Oklahoma, and my manager now covers many times the ground formerly possible and doubles his efficiency by saving time. Formerly a necessary trip to the railroad, 30 miles away, meant the loss of a whole day or more; now he makes the run in a few hours, sometimes after supper without any loss of time.

"The farmer now makes most of his trips in the evening, gets his business over and is back home before bedtime, with no time lost to himself or the work teams. And the family participates in and enjoys the Ford."

You'll never know your ability until you give it a thorough try-out. Hard work furnishes a good test.

Barney Taylor, of Cape Cod, Mass., at the wheel of his Ford stage

Ford Replaces Venerable Stage

LAST year Barney Taylor, one of Cape Cod's sons, put away the old stage-coach and bought a Ford.

Barney has handled the reins for over thirty years, having inherited the vocation (together with coach and horses as stock in trade) from his father, who in his turn had driven "coach and four" the greater part of his life. Now Barney can be counted among the live ones.

He has covered the route from Harwich Port, Mass., to Harwich Station, and return, four times a day on week-days and twice on Sundays, since June, 1915, carrying passengers, express and mail.

Something of the amount of work this car does can be gathered from the photo which shows the "trailer." It's the trailer that makes this story possible. During the summer months it is piled high with luggage every trip. That means a half a dozen trunks, at least four mail-sacks, assorted express matter and an assortment of small boys. Besides that there are usually four or five passengers in the car—sometimes more.

To sum it all up; this car has traveled 9,000 miles in the last nine months, pulling it's mixed load, and has never laid down on the job once, except for a flat tire.

Excuses are invariably a mild prevarication—constantly made, destroy a man's personality.

Linking the Lincoln Highway

MANY heroic feats of engineering have been performed in building the Lincoln Highway, and many more may be carried through before this great artery of travel reaches a perfected stage, but it is doubtful if any single piece of work will be greater in general results than the one which changed the course of the North Platte River near North Platte, Nebraska, and materially reduced the mileage of that particular section of the Highway.

The first car to cross the new bridge over the North Platte River, near North Platte, Nebraska

The accompanying picture shows one end of the new steel bridge which now spans the new channel of the North Platte River, and the Ford is first again, being the first vehicle to cross the new structure. The old channel had just been closed by pumping sand into it, and the car drove across the fill. The new road, which will use the $50,000 bridge, will shorten the distance between Gothenberg and North Platte about nineteen miles, making almost an air-line. The old road was fifty miles long, and filled with sharp turns.

The car was driven by Wm. J. Hendy, senior member of the firm of Hendy & Ogier, who have the largest garage between Omaha and Cheyenne on the Lincoln Highway. Mr. Hendy is a brother of Chas. Hendy, Jr., manager of the Ford branch at Denver. Mr. Charles Hendy, Sr., is the gentleman standing beside the car in the picture.

Overhauling the Car for Summer

WHILE many owners make a practice of turning their cars into a garage or repair shop each spring, for a thorough overhauling, the following suggestions will be of particular interest to those who, on account of their location, are obliged to make their own adjustments.

Tires may be bruised or cut, in which case proper care should be given them before it becomes too late for repairs. The smallest cut will allow water to enter and rot the fabric, and if the cut is into the fabric, sand will work under the rubber and loosen the tread. The edges of small cuts should be smoothed with a sharp knife, then roughed with sandpaper, after which the cut should be thoroughly washed out with gasoline and a patching cement applied. After the cement has dried, the hole should be filled with a compound which the tire companies furnish for this purpose. In case of a large cut or blow-out, the casings should be vulcanized.

Rust should not be allowed to accumulate on the rims, and painting with a preserver, such as ordinary stove polish, will prevent that condition.

The front axle and steering assembly should receive a careful inspection. Excessive play in the front axle assembly can be easily detected by grasping one of the wheels and jerking the axle back and forth. If play has developed in any of the sockets or connections, the turning of the steering wheel will not have immediate effect. If there is play in the radius rod, the studs should be tightened and the ball cap filed if necessary. If inspection shows that the bushings, which constitute the bearing surfaces in the steering post bracket, spindle arms, spindle bodies and spring perches, are worn to such an extent that play has developed, it is advisable to replace them. If the steering gear has become loose, it can be tightened by disconnecting the two halves of the ball sockets which surround the ball arm at the lower end of the steering post and filing off their surfaces until they fit snugly around the ball. If the ball is badly worn it is best to replace it with a new one. The sockets on the steering gear connecting rod should also be filed down if it is found that the ball has any play in the sockets. In replacing the nuts be sure to put back the cotter pins, otherwise the nuts may work off the bolts and cause considerable trouble. It is advisable to go over the chassis frequently in order to see that these adjustments are maintained.

The wheels should be removed and the balls and cones inspected. If the bearing surfaces of the cones are rough or considerably worn or if any of the balls are chipped they should be replaced, as the cost will be slight compared to the possibility of trouble developing on the road. The old grease should be removed from the hubs and replaced with new. In replacing the wheel see that it has no side play whatsoever and tighten the adjusting cone as much as possible without causing the wheel to bind. This can be determined by spinning the wheel and if it comes to rest with the tire valve directly underneath the hub it is obvious that the ball bearings are not binding. The rear wheels should be tightened by setting up the lock-nuts on the axle shafts as close as possible without stripping

the threads, so that the wheel hubs will be tightly wedged on the tapered ends of the axle shafts. It is advisable to remove the hub caps occasionally throughout the season to see that these adjustments are maintained. If this is not done, play may develop which will in time cause trouble.

It is well to pry the spring leaves apart near the ends with a screwdriver and force lubricating oil or graphite between them. This has a tendency to make the springs more flexible. The nuts on the spring clips, spring perches, spring tie bolts, spindle arms and spindle bolts should be tightened and cotter pins put in so that the nuts can not work loose. In fact the entire car should be gone over and all bolts and nuts tightened.

The circulating system should be flushed out by disconnecting the inlet and outlet water connections and allowing water under ordinary pressure to enter the filler neck, flowing down through the tubes into the bottom tank, and out of the radiator. The water passages in the cylinder casting may be cleaned out in like manner by a flow of water from the cylinder head to the side inlet connection.

If the carbon was not removed and the valves ground when storing the car away for the winter, it will be advisable to do so now, as after a season's use there is no question but what the efficiency of your engine can be improved by cleaning the carbon and grinding valves.

If the crank case was not cleaned when the car was stored away, the dirty oil should be drained off and the case cleaned by the following operations: Remove plug underneath the fly wheel casing and drain off oil. Replace the plug and pour in a gallon of kerosene oil through the breather pipe. Turn the engine over by hand 15 or 20 times so that the splash from the oil will thoroughly cleanse the engine and transmission parts. Remove the plug, and drain off the oil. In order to get all the kerosene out of the depressions in the crank case the car should be pushed up a little incline about the height of an ordinary street curbing. Then replace the plug and refill with fresh lubricating oil. This operation should be repeated approximately every 1,000 miles.

The spark plugs should be removed and the points cleaned with gasoline. After cleaning, the points should be adjusted so that the gap between them is $\frac{1}{32}$", that is, about the thickness of a smooth dime.

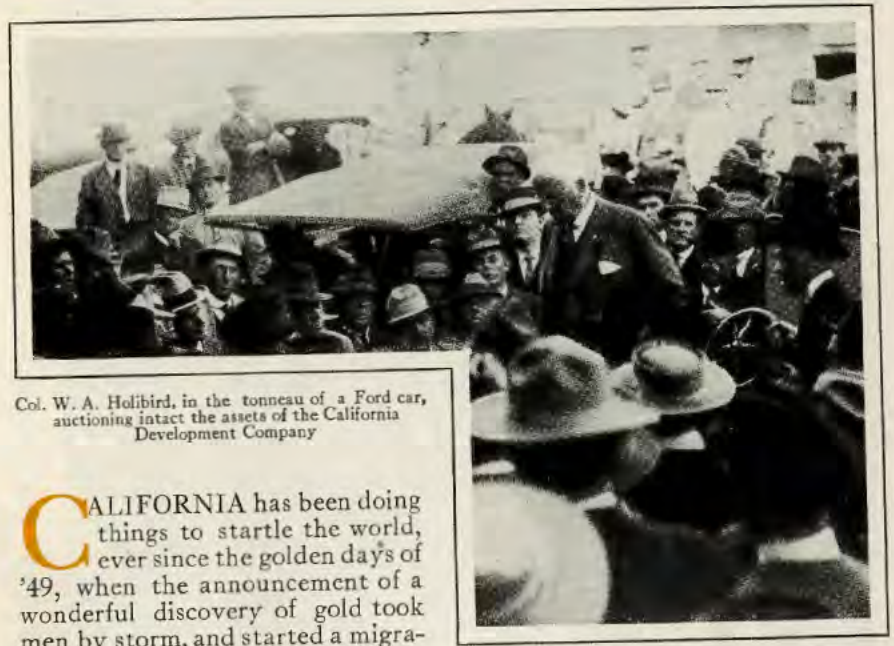
Examine the commutator and replace the case and fibre assembly if the contacts do not appear in good condition. If the roller is badly worn, that part should also be replaced. If the commutator is dirty, or if there is congealed oil on the parts, it may be cleaned with gasoline.

The wiring should be carefully inspected to see that the insulation is not badly worn and that there are good connections at all the terminals. If the wiring does not appear to be in proper condition it is best to replace it.

The sediment bulb underneath the gas tank should be drained to remove any water or foreign matter that may have accumulated.

If the engine is in such condition as to require extensive adjustments it will be advisable that such work be left to an experienced Ford mechanic.

Golden State's "Biggest" Auction



Col. W. A. Holibird, in the tonneau of a Ford car, auctioning intact the assets of the California Development Company

CALIFORNIA has been doing things to startle the world, ever since the golden days of '49, when the announcement of a wonderful discovery of gold took men by storm, and started a migration which has never ceased. So it was right in accord with all established custom, that the largest public auction should be held in Southern California. And it was not at all surprising that a Ford car figured in the deal.

The occasion was the sale of the entire assets of the California Development Company. These consisted of the entire water distributing system, which supplies water to the Imperial Valley, one of the garden spots of California.

Col. W. A. Holibird, receiver for the company, acted as auctioneer and took his stand in the tonneau of a Ford car which stood near. (It seems as though there's always a Ford standing near, nowadays.) The large crowd which gathered from neighboring ranches packed tightly about the machine, the Colonel cleared his throat, and the record breaking performance was on.

The Southern Pacific Company made the highest bid, and secured the property intact for the sum of three million, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—cash. Three million, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is quite a pile of money, but the Ford stood the test without a quiver.

A human element fired with enthusiasm, filled with confidence in his company, in himself, and in the goods he handles, can write his name large on the pages of industrial history.

Big business is buying Ford cars in greater numbers every day. Twenty-one Ford runabouts just delivered to the Minneapolis General Electric Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ambition—Its End

A speech delivered before the Efficiency Club of the Ford Seattle Branch

"NOTHING worth having can be obtained without the cost of effort. If any of you are looking for 'the easy way,' your hopes are as sure of disappointment as those of the searcher for the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. You may think, as did the optimist in his reply to the pessimist who was so positive that there was no bag of gold at the rainbow's end, that no one has proved to your satisfaction that the bag is not there.

"Ambition, without a punch behind, will no more get you 'there' than a locomotive will without steam.

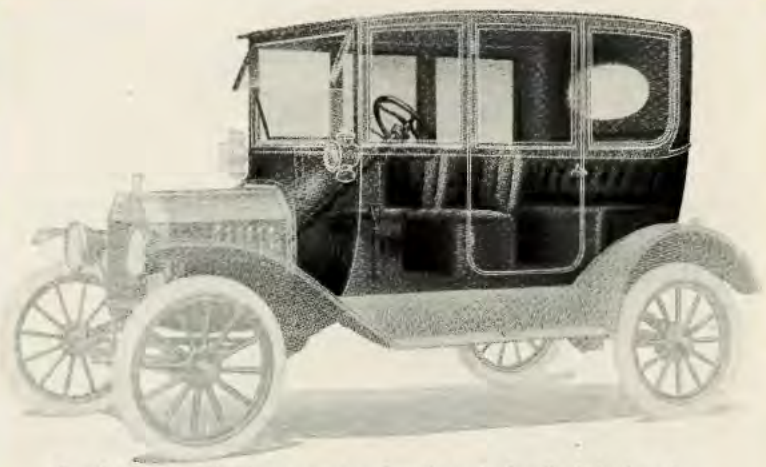
"Ambition, as I see it, is the desire for advancement, success, and the desire for more and better things for those we love, and for ourselves. Frankly, my ambition is to increase my earning power so that I may have for myself and those dependent upon me the things that money can buy.

"The shortest and most direct route to this end seems to me to be in advancement in the service of this Company. In order to fit myself for this advancement, I expect to fight every inch of the way, for I believe what is to be had is worth having, and I know positively that it cannot come to me save as a return for the expenditure of effort.

"The opportunity that is open to me, is open to each and every one of you, but you must first stoke the boiler before you can have steam. Stoking your own particular boiler means study, thought, effort to increase your mental capacity. Your goal can be reached by many roads, but the most direct is study and self-education along lines which will increase your value to the Ford Motor Company. Make your services indispensable. By your energy and desire to render service to this Company, attract attention to yourself as being a desirable man for advancement.

"Men are needed in every department of this branch as sub-foremen, foremen and executives. These must be chosen from within the organization, if possible. The Home Office is continually calling upon us for men to fill executive positions. The assistance, advice and co-operation of the management of this branch are yours for the asking but you must express a desire for advancement.

"He who best serves the Ford Motor Company, best serves himself. Nothing worth having comes except at the cost of effort. There is no easy way, and rewards are in proportion to industry, no more, no less."



Comfort and convenience are apparent in each detail of the interior arrangement of the Ford Sedan

The Ford Sedan

IF you haven't examined the car itself, we want you to look carefully at this photograph because it so accurately shows the beautiful five-passenger Ford Sedan.

First, the upholstery throughout is of the best quality dark gray cloth, durable in wear, inviting in feel and color. It covers a rear seat whose roomy proportions and deep upholstery offer the utmost riding comfort to three passengers.

Then notice the arrangement of the two individual front seats—the high backs of a natural form-fitting contour that gives a most restful driving and riding position.

Observe the width of the doors, and remember that both front seats fold and move forward out of the way, affording a convenient entrance and exit.

You can raise or lower those big plate glass panels in an instant. In the summer, with every window open to the breeze, the occupants are protected from the heat and sun. In the winter, and for inclement weather, there is thorough protection from the elements.

The simplicity of control that is a feature of more than 1,200,000 Ford cars in use, enables your wife or daughter to drive the car with the same confidence that you possess.

Remember each point—the roomy interior with generous leg room for both front and rear seats, the comfortable seats and upholstery, the excellent finish—and look for these features in the car itself at the nearest Ford branch or agency.

Finally, learn that the price of the Sedan is $740 f. o. b. Detroit.

Every feature of the attractive Coupelet body is shown in this photograph—the chassis is regular Ford Vanadium steel construction

The Ford Coupelet

YOU couldn't want a more trim, attractive, and withal more serviceable enclosed car than the two-passenger Ford Coupelet.

It fills a place, a demand all its own—there's no other car like it—any more than you can duplicate its wonderful engine.

It was built for the man—and the woman—who demands the highest quality of interior appointments, deep, comfortable upholstery, a roomy two-passenger body, at a nominal cost.

For the one who wants a snug close-fitting top, raised or lowered in two minutes, and attractive body lines, in a car of unequalled performance.

For he or she who appreciates the convenience of the sliding plate glass panels with waterproof protectors, insuring both ventilation and warmth, generous size doors, the double ventilating windshield—and finds all these features in a car costing about two cents a mile to operate and maintain.

There is a particular reason for the woman who drives her own car. It is Ford simplicity—an utter absence of perplexing parts, and a resulting ease of operation that invites and delights.

To the mechanical advantages, to Ford performance, add Ford Service—the service that cares for every second car on the road, because half the automobiles in use are "Fords." Twenty-eight branch factories, fifty-one sales and service branches, and more than 8,500 agents—everywhere—are behind it.

Better inspect the Coupelet at the nearest Ford branch or agency. It's a Ford car—at a Ford price, $590 f. o. b. Detroit.

The larger picture, taken in 1909, shows Dr. W. B. Scott, of Ray, N. D., and daughter Mary Genevieve, in the Doctor's Ford car. The insert is Miss Mary today

"Mary's Little Ford"

WE have with us today, Miss Mary Genevieve Scott, of Ray, North Dakota, who has grown up with a Ford car, just as that other Mary had a little lamb, or as many girls grow up with a pet dog for a playmate.

Mary's father, Dr. W. B. Scott, long ago realized the importance of reliable, economical transportation for the physician, and bought a Ford car. It is the car shown in the picture below, and was one of the first model "T" Fords produced, bearing the number 1820. This picture is of further interest, since it shows our heroine upon the occasion of her introduction to the Ford.

That was seven years ago. Mary is rapidly becoming a young lady, and Dr. Scott has prospered in his service to mankind, but the Ford car is still very much alive.

After driving it 96,280 miles, the doctor in 1914 sold it to a butcher who reports it is still in fine condition, although given hard service during the past two seasons.

Doctor Scott is a Ford enthusiast, however, and still owns a Ford, a new one. Miss Mary can drive it, of course, and feels thoroughly at home behind the wheel. In the Doctor's opinion, "The Ford is the only car for general use—meaning the most reliable on the getting home part of any drive. For a physician, that is often just as important as getting to the bedside of the sick."

We offer Miss Mary Genevieve the very best wishes, and haven't a doubt that seven years hence, she will find the Ford car the same trustworthy companion as of old. And that durability is one of the best things about the Ford.

The Five Ford Cars

Ford Runabout Each year business concerns are buying Ford cars in greater number for salesmen's use. City or country, good roads or bad, in every weather, the dependable Ford is answering all demands—at the lowest expense of investment and upkeep. For the crowded city traffic, Ford simplicity means ease of operation—in the country territory there is always Ford Service close by. Price $390.

Ford Touring Car The Ford Motor Company is one of the largest consumers of steel in the world—200,000 tons this year. The great volume of production—over 500,000 cars—and the efficient Ford manufacturing organization, brings production and selling costs down to a minimum. That's why Ford buyers get more car for less money. Better order yours today! Price $440.

Ford Coupelet It combines the features of a stylish two-passenger Runabout with all the advantages of the enclosed car. The interior is roomy with generous broad seat and high restful back, and the most comfortable of deep upholstery. Top is tight-fitting, folds snugly when lowered, and it only takes about two minutes to make a change to either the open or closed car. Price $590.

Ford Town Car A roomy, well upholstered car for six passengers. Suited to the service both of families employing chauffeurs and for the owner who drives his own car. By lowering the glass panels which divide the front from the rear seats, the body becomes a single spacious compartment. Ford economy in initial cost, and in after-expense of operation and upkeep. Price $640.

Ford Sedan This beautiful five-passenger enclosed car combines comfort and the highest quality of interior appointments with the abilities of Ford performance. You can drive the Ford Sedan anywhere—it's a car for the city or country. It meets every demand of social life, carries the children to school, and serves the family on those numerous occasions when a roomy enclosed car is demanded. Price $740.

No speedometer included in this year's equipment, otherwise cars fully equipped. Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

SPECIFICATIONS:

Brakes: On transmission and rear wheels.
Carburetor: Special float feed.
Change Gear: Planetary type.
Clutch: Steel disc.
Control Arrangement: Operator sits on left with brake and gear levers on left.
Cooling: Water, with thermo-syphon circulation and vertical tube radiator.
Cylinders: Four, cast en bloc, 3¾ x 4 inches, L-head.
Final Drive: Shaft.
Ignition: Single system, Ford magneto built into motor.
Speeds: Two forward and one reverse with direct drive on high speed.
Tires: Front, 30 x 3 inches; rear, 30 x 3½ inches.
Type of Springs: Semi-elliptical, transverse.
Wheel Base: 100 inches.

No options given on Colors, Tires or Equipment

Ford Factories and Branches

Ford Factory, Detroit—*Parent Plant*
Capacity 500,000 cars annually

Ford Factory, Ford, Ontario, Canada
Capacity 50,000 cars annually

Ford Factory, Manchester, England
Capacity 25,000 cars annually

American Branches and Service Stations

Atlanta—465 Ponce de Leon Ave.
Boston—567 Boylston St.
The Bronx (New York City)—
607 Bergen Ave.
Brooklyn—1527 Bedford Ave.
Buffalo—2495 Main St.
Cambridge—Charles River Rd.
Charlotte, N. C.—212 E. Sixth St.
Chicago—3915 Wabash Ave.
and 2526 Michigan Blvd.
Cincinnati—660 Lincoln Ave.
Cleveland—11610 Euclid Ave.
Columbus—427 Cleveland Ave.
Council Bluffs—612 S. Main St.
Dallas—2800 Williams St.
Davenport—324 W. Fourth St.
Denver—920 S. Broadway
Detroit—1550 Woodward Ave.
Fargo—509 Broadway
Ft. Worth—200 Commerce St.
Houston—4006 Harrisburg Road
Indianapolis—1315 E. Washington St.
Jacksonville—16 E. Ashley St.
Kansas City, Kan.—
744 Minnesota Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.—1710 Grand Ave.
and Winchester Ave. at 11th St.
Long Island City—564 Jackson Ave.
Los Angeles—2060 E. Seventh St.
Louisville—2400 S. Third St.
Memphis—495 Union Ave.
Milwaukee—411 Prospect Ave.
Minneapolis—420 N. Fifth St.
Nashville—1210 Broadway
Newark—17 Halsey St.
New York—1723 Broadway
and 607 Bergen Ave.
Norfolk, Va.—713 Granby St.
Oklahoma City—205 W. First St.
Omaha—1916 Harney St.
Pasadena—89 N. Marengo Ave.
Philadelphia—2700 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh—5000 Baum Boulevard
Portland, Ore.—481 E. Eleventh St.
Reading—36 S. Fourth St.
St. Louis—4100 Forest Park Blvd.
St. Paul—117 University Ave.
San Diego—1040 First St.
San Francisco—2905 21st St.
Scranton—323 N. Seventh Ave.
Seattle—724 Fairview Ave.
Syracuse—428 E. Jefferson St.
Utica—331 Bleecker St.
Washington, D. C.—613 G. St. N. W
Wichita—218 W. Douglas Ave.
Yonkers—219 S. Broadway

Ford Branch Factories are located in the following Cities

Atlanta Buffalo Cambridge Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland Columbus Dallas Denver
Detroit Fargo Houston Indianapolis Kansas City Long Island City Los Angeles
Louisville Memphis Milwaukee Minneapolis Oklahoma City Omaha
Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore. San Francisco Seattle St. Louis

Foreign Branches and Service Stations

Bordeaux, France—63 Rue de la
Fondaudege
Buenos Aires, Argentina—Calle
Lavalle 1702
Calgary, Alta.—127 E. 11th Ave.
Hamilton, Ont.—74 John St.
London, Eng.—55 Shaftesbury Ave.
London, Ont.—680 Waterloo St.
Manchester, Eng.—Trafford Park
Melbourne, Aus.—103 Williams St.
Montreal, Que.—119 Laurier Ave. E.
Paris, France—61 Rue de Cormeilles
Saskatoon, Sask.—1st and 25th Sts.
St. John, N. B.—Rothesay Avenue.
Toronto, Ont.—672 Dupont St.
Vancouver, B.C.—1531 W. 15th Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba—81 Water St.

Foreign Department
1136 Whitehall Bldg., 17 Battery Place, New York

There are Ford Agents in all other Principal Cities

EVERYTHING that looks to the future elevates human nature; for life is never so low or so little as when occupied with the present.

We are always looking to the future; the present does not satisfy us.—Our ideal, whatever it may be, lies further on.

Trust no future, however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead. Act —act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

THERE is practically no phase of human endeavor into which Ford cars do not enter. It is one of the great utilities, for it affects the daily life of everybody; it is indeed "a car for the multitude." The merchant, the manufacturer, the salesman, the physician, the architect, the contractor, the farmer and, greatest of all, the family, find in the Ford car a source of increased profit and pleasure. Serving everybody, saving for everybody, easily understood and operated by everybody and bringing pleasure and health to everybody, the Ford car is well called "The Universal Car." It is your utility.