
* THE DOPED AUTO *

* By Frances Elizabeth Lanyon *

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"Don't be foolish, Edgar, an automobile is too expensive a luxury for us," declared Mrs. Ross.

"I'm the paymaster," retorted her husband, smartly. "I fancy I earn as much money as that self-conceited Arthur Riggs. Humph! I'll wager a month's salary he's buying that cheap machine of his on instalments."

"Suppose he is or isn't?" propounded practical Mrs. Ross. "I've got too much sense to let envy or spite or emulation force me into a foolish action."

"But he whizzed that tin Lizzie of his past us with a haughty stare, as if he was some emperor or we were scrubs. No, sir. He don't lord it over yours truly! I'm going to take the starch out of him. I'm going to make him wilt like a dshrag. I'm going to make that snub-nosed wife if his understand that you don't have to walk. I'm going to get a machine that will put his in the dust currents whenever I overtake him."

"Really, Edgar," remonstrated Mrs. Ross, "you are getting absolutely vindictive."

"Nuff said, Nettie!" returned her husband, definitely. "I'm negotiating for a high-powered five-passenger car that cost \$3,500."

"Oh, Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Ross.

"Originally, I've got a friend who has put me up against a friend of his, a broker in automobiles. The trader is going to give me a bargain, and what do you think? Don't let it out, but, by paying cash as on the nail head, I get the machine for \$400."

"But, Edgar, it's an old car."

"People will never know it unless you tell them," declared Ross.

"Of course I won't do that."

"It's been repainted in blue, lined with white, new lamps and fender,

and fast—ha! ha! It'll make that cad Riggs turn black in the face when I set him a pace. That's the one thing I insisted on with the broker—speed."

Ross had found out that his neighbor's car could run up to 40 miles an hour.

"If the car I'm buying can't beat



Fussed With Them and Gave It Up.

that I don't want it," he told the broker definitely.

"How's 60?" pertly inquired the broker.

"That hits the mark," acquiesced Ross. "Can you do it?"

"Sure!"

"You want to look out sharp in dealing with these motor specialists," a friend warned Ross, while the latter was expatiating on "the rare bargain" he had secured. "You know second-hand autos and old horses are susceptible of some decidedly skilful manipulation."