

being made rich, and when men make money in quantities they immediately become customers of the automobile dealers.

In England the "neuve rich" are growing in numbers, and demands for cars have cleaned Great Portland street, the automobile row of London, of everything salable, while all through the English possessions, according to James Holland of London, formerly editor of Automobile Topics of New York, the demand for cars is as great today as before the war started. American makers are looked to in their trouble by the London dealers, and American bankers, hard pressed at home to supply the demand, are unable to take care of the foreign business at the doors.

American manufacturers with more business at home than could be attended to with top-notch production, and with more business in foreign countries than could be attended to, even though American markets became slack, are likely to face conditions that will bring about a car famine in a short space of time. The shortage of material is vital at this time, and will keep down production figures.

Scientific American, some time ago, sought information and learned that material for slightly over 1,000,000 cars had been ordered from American manufacturers. All of this will not be secured and the makers will do well to hold the record figures of 600,000 cars, the mark reached in 1915.

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With the price of standard cars coming down yearly and an increased number of pay passenger cars on the market, experts and prophets of the trade are predicting that an "automobilization" of the country is under way—a spread of the auto comparable only to the feverish spread of the steam railroads that started 40 years ago.

With cheap cars and rapid bus lines for the masses, the cities are bound to grow outward instead of inward, auto men assert. Slums will

deserted for suburban garden spots; the entire country will get fresher air and cleaner living; markets will be brought closer to the consumer; the cost of living will hit the toboggan, and the partly depopulated rural districts will come into their own again.

Not only that, but the great transcontinental roads—Lincoln highway, Midland trail, Santa Fe trail and others—and the web of connecting hard roads will make possible heavy interurban trucks and vans that can carry freight from town to town and cut the exorbitant freight rates now charged by most American railroads. Automobile men don't say that auto trucks will ever supplant railroads for freight hauling, but they do say that rates will be lowered by the steam lines to a point where autos can't compete. And that will serve the public just as well.

There's an educative value in the automobile, too, its sponsors say. It will bring neighboring towns into closer touch, banish local jealousies and prejudices, and acquaint country that makes their towns possible.

Also, it will aid as the railroads aided in developing new parts of the country—regions that would not be able to support a railroad for many years.

There are examples of this throughout the western states—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and the coast states. Settlers start into virgin territory, the automobile follows them to carry freight and mail; more settlers rush in, many of them people who would not think of the country if the automobile did not furnish quick transportation to and from the older centers. The automobile in this manner paves the way for the railroads and at the same time makes it impossible for the railroad when it does come, to charge the robber rates that were levied on the struggling western valleys in the olden days.

Summing this all up, men in the motor car in-

dustry assert that the automobile will make the United States a truer democracy than it ever was before.

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Long before the first robin dares to set foot on northern soil, John Floris, a South American gypsy, and a band of co-workers, living in a small cottage in West Twenty-fifth street, Indianapolis, will have started for the Pacific slope over the old National road in a motor propelled palace, that will, in comparison, make the main ticket wagon of a three-ring circus look like a country hotel 'bus.

This resplendent domicile is built on a Buick D-4 one-ton truck chassis, which is equipped with a Buick valve-in-head 37 horsepower motor, and mounted on pneumatic tires. The body was built expressly for Mr. Floris. It is the first of the kind ever turned out in this country, for indeed the genial and progressive Mr. Floris is the first of his kind to discard the horse for the motor car. While this nomadic vehicle is not equipped with all of the conveniences of the modern apartment, it has all the latest motor appliances, and will be far ahead of anything in gypsy rolling stock ever seen.

The old, time-honored Romany love for gaudy paint and colored glass finds its fondest hopes more than realized in this newest thing in motor cars, and it will be a dull citizen indeed who will not stand awed and bewildered when this gasoline gypsy wagon of many colors thunders through the towns and villages along the old National trail.

When asked in regard to his plans for the future, the Latin-featured and picturesque Mr. Floris replied in well-broken English: "Humph, we all early start Californy, San Francissyco." Whereupon his jewelry bedecked wife added, as she laid aside a big briar pipe, "Etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp okog."



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