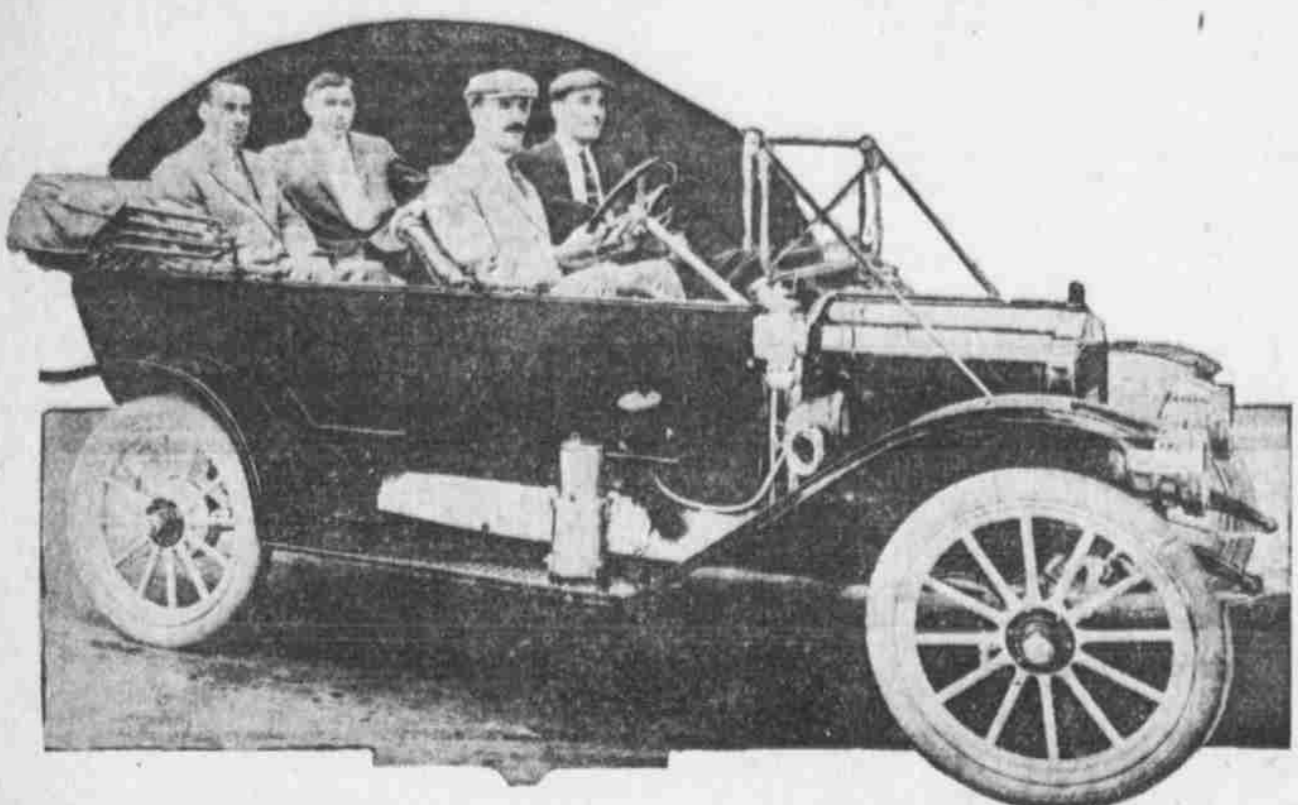


### Showing the Qualities of the E-M-F 1912 Car



L. A. KELLER AT THE WHEEL OF THE 1912 E. M. F. MR. KELLER IS THE NEW MANAGER OF THE E. M. F. AND FLANDERS FACTORIES IN THE WEST.

### TO EXTEND ITS PLANTS

Studebaker Corporation Will Spend \$1,500,000 in New Buildings.

#### E. M. F. CO. ACQUIRES PLANTS

After the Building of the New Ford Plant Studebaker Takes Over Old One Adjoining Their Present Plant.

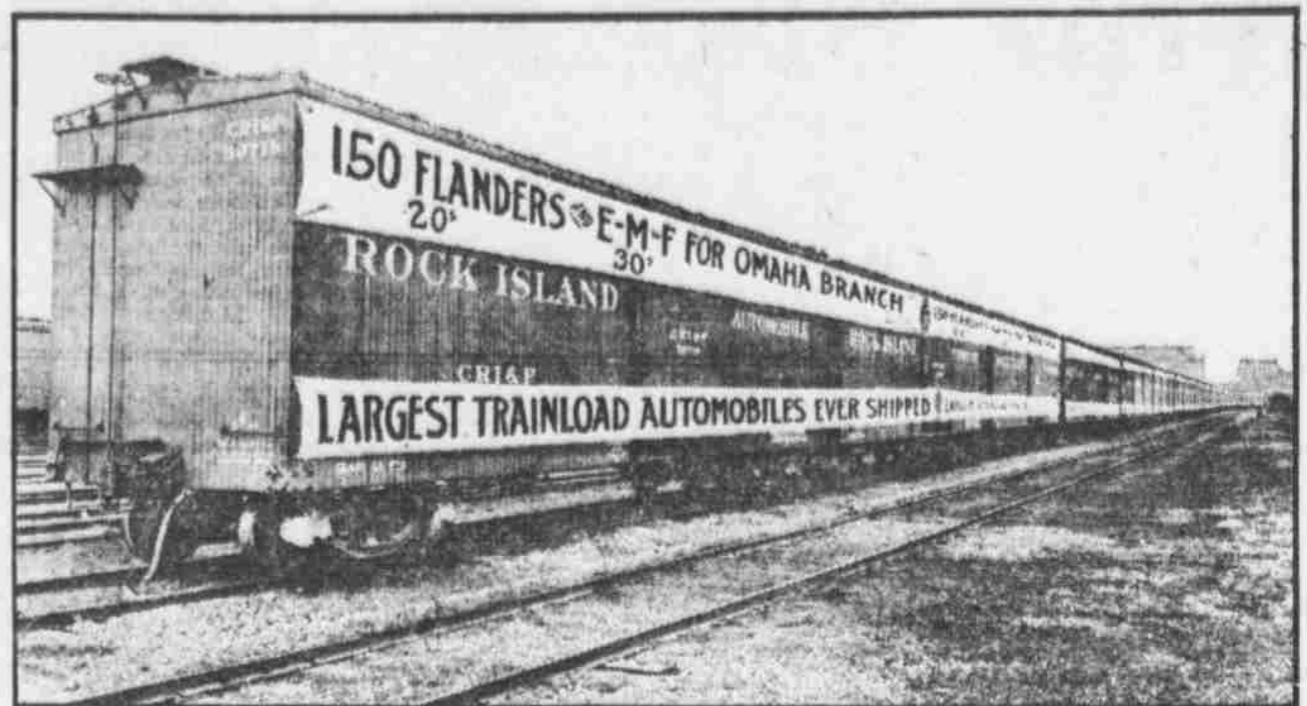
The Studebaker Corporation of Detroit, Mich., has decided upon extensions to the local E-M-F plants which involve expenditures approaching \$1,500,000, and which will give employment to over 1,000 men. The betterments are intended to increase the possible output by 20 per cent.

The Studebaker Corporation has acquired property a short distance from its present huge plant. This property is to be connected with the main plant by means of a tunnel subway, on which construction work will be started early this week. Here is to be a big steel stamping plant, storage warehouses, etc., which will cost approximately \$1,000,000. The tunnel itself will cost above \$300,000. Moreover, additions involving an expenditure of \$150,000 will be made on the Piquette avenue plant, while the re-equipment of the old Ford plant, recently acquired by the E-M-F people, will involve another \$200,000. The intention is to have a capacity of 50,000 cars for the coming year.

The subway is to be of reinforced concrete. It is to be eighteen feet high, twenty-four feet wide and about 120 feet in length.

The old Ford plant, which is being re-modeled, and the building of the new extension to the E-M-F plant will give the Studebaker Corporation an output of 165 E-M-F "30s" and 200 Flanders "20s" per day.

### Greatest Shipment of Automobiles Ever Made



GREAT TRAINLOAD OF AUTOS JUST UNLOADED IN OMAHA.

When L. A. Keller, manager of the E-M-F Omaha branch wants something, he usually goes out and gets it. The demand for E-M-F and Flanders cars is so great in Nebraska, and Western Iowa that the regular allotment of cars received from the Detroit factories would not begin to take care of the business, and Mr. Keller decided to go to the factory and see if he could not get a few extra car loads of automobiles for Ak-Sar-Ben week.

By the time he reached Detroit, he made up his mind that a few carloads would not be enough, and on Monday he went to Mr. Flanders, General Manager of the Studebaker corporation, and

day night the largest trainload of automobiles ever shipped to one consignee was ready to leave Detroit. This manufacturing feat has never been equaled in the history of the automobile industry. In addition to the regular output of ninety-five E-M-Fs and 125 Flanders cars per day, in two days the Studebaker corporation built, equipped and shipped 150 automobiles.

One week to the day after Mr. Keller arrived in Detroit, a trainload of machines was at the unloading docks at Omaha, and Mr. Keller is now wearing his broadest smile. He pulled off one of the biggest scoops in the automobile business of the year.

### SHE STUCK TO HER SHIP

Businesslike Woman Heroine of Thrilling Shipwreck in Gulf of Mexico.

Clinging to a fragment of a spar in a tangle of wreckage, the decks wash all around her, the flimsy structure beneath her leaping and tumbling in the screaming hurricane, a woman sways on the top of what is left of the cabin of the Bessie Whiting, coastwise schooner, at Port Arthur, Tex.

She is soaked through to the skin because she wears only a petticoat and jacket, and her loose hair flies all about her, the sport of the gale. Her arms are swinging wildly and she is shrieking something, of which a word or two may be heard here and there above the cannoning of the storm. But there is nothing of fear in her aspect. Her eyes glare, her lips twitch with rage.

The reason for this was that men were abandoning the stricken vessel. "Cowards," she shrieked; "there is still food and drink." But help was at hand, and the crew would not heed her. Only she, her husband, Captain Lawry, commanding the Whiting, and the cook refused to leave the schooner. All were in a pitiable condition from exposure and lack of rest, but the provisions were not exhausted. There were left a ham, two cans of condensed milk, and two tins of meat, and so she shouted to the men, but they were not to be held.

That was the picture presented to Captain U. A. Cates, master of the Ligonier, a tank steamship, when it went to the rescue of the Whiting in the gulf. The schooner was dismantled and water-logged, and was in danger of sinking at any moment, but the woman was unafraid. The Ligonier was on the down trip on

its way to this port, with the Connaught, a barge, in tow. Distress signals had drawn her five miles out of her course, and a very heavy sea was running.

The schooner had loaded lumber at Jacksonville for New Haven, and it was her cargo that kept her afloat. On deck everything was ruin. The upper works had been ripped away, and every article that could be moved had been washed out of the cabin, even to the ship's stove. The crew of five men had endured enough, and no woman's chidings were to restrain them when the Ligonier came alongside.

The Ligonier carries a wireless equipment, and soon got in touch with the Yamacraw, a revenue cutter, which was about 100 miles distant, and then the crew of five was landed at Jacksonville. They were willing to leave the solitary ham to the woman, and she and her two companions subsisted on it until the Yamacraw picked them up and towed them into Charleston.

Captain Cates was not sparing in his admiration for Mrs. Lawry, but there was a look in his eye when he told the story. "I can't help thinking that she's a pretty good business woman," he said, "and had calculated on being picked up by a revenue cutter and getting a free tow, without any of the usual salvage trimmings other than the fuel bill. Revenue cutters, you know, make no salvage claim except for the use of fuel during the tow, and as the Whiting was only forty miles off Savannah, she wasn't taking a very long chance."

"All the same," added the mariner, "we accord Mrs. Lawry her due meed of praise. It takes heroism to wave away rescue and upbraid departing sailors merely on the strength of a ham and two cans of milk."—Houston Post.

Key to the Situation—See Advertising.

### POINTERS FOR THE MOTORIST

The Evils of Insufficient Inflation and Constant Overloading.

The first thing a driver does when one of his tires blows out is to look for some small sharp object that he is certain caused the trouble. The next move very often is to form an ironical opinion that the tire manufacturer is wholly to blame for the accident. As a matter of fact, it is more than likely that the fault lies with the driver, for there are two results of carelessness that no tire can possibly withstand—insufficient inflation and constant overloading.

Few motorists ever concede the fact that they have been guilty of either fault. Some drivers claim that they have been particularly careful before starting on the particular trip when the blowout occurred to test their tires so as to be sure that the air pressure was absolutely correct, and others claim that their cars were far from overloaded. Many drivers forget that previous careless treatment affected the tire's strength. That, perhaps, with the exception of a few times, ever since the first day of the tire's service, it had been compelled to carry an overweight of from 100 to 200 pounds, and had probably been insufficiently inflated most of the time.

The fact that there was no overload or underinflation at the time the blowout occurred proves nothing. To draw a tragic parallel, a man may die suddenly of some internal disease which, unknown to him, has been developing for a considerable time.

When you have anything for sale or exchange advertise it in The Bee Want Ad columns and get quick results.

### LOW DOWN TRICK WORKED

Sympathetic Vibrations of a Tearful Letter Made a Crook Let Go.

"The most low down trick ever played by one white man on another was played on me," said the man who admits he was not always as honest as he is now. "It was the diabolic invention of a man from whose pocket I one evening extracted a roll of bills. Along with the money which I did want, I secured a letter which I did not want, but which I could not return to the gentlemen's pocket without apprising him of my former meddling with his financial affairs."

"When I got to my own room I read this letter. I wished a hundred times after that I hadn't. It was an appeal for assistance. The writer was a woman. She was living in a small Indiana town. Apparently she had some claim on the man. She told him of the death of two members of her family, of the sickness of another, and of her own overwrought condition. She was destitute, and she begged him to send her at once as much money as he could possibly spare."

"I don't mind saying that that letter made a powerful impression on me. I read it several times before going to bed, and in my sleep I dreamed about it. I saw that poor woman's tears, I heard her sobs and prayers, I pictured the dead and dying children. Along toward morn-

ing I sat up on the edge of the bed and called myself names.

"You beast," said I, "you miserable brute, you."

"But I won't repeat all the hard names I handed out to myself that morning. They don't sound well when you say them out loud."

"By and by I counted the money again that the man and I had swapped the night before. There was just \$50. Since the money was wrapped in the woman's letter I had no doubt that he had scraped it together to send to her. I could not return the money to the man, for I didn't know where to find him, but my sense of humanity forced me to do the next best thing. The woman's name and address were on the letter, and I resolved to forward it to her. I was hard up myself just then, devilishly hard up; but I knew that woman's need was greater than mine, and I added the last \$10 I had in the world to the other man's \$50 and sent it to her."

"That ought to have ended the incident, but it didn't. Two years later I met that man again. It doesn't matter where or how, but I met him, and it was what I learned then that killed my faith in human nature. That letter was a fake. The man always carried it for the benefit of gentlemen of my profession. A friend out west wrote it. She wrote a fresh

letter every week, and the man carried it wrapped around whatever money he happened to have in his pocket. He figured that the most hard-hearted criminal alive would be meted by an appeal of that kind and would give up the boodle. He figured right in my case. It got me, and it got my \$10, which, of course, the man hadn't counted on; but I leave it to any unprejudiced witness if that wasn't playing just about as low a hand as it is possible for any man to play."—New York Times.

### SAVING MONEY ON FUNERAL

Bargain Rate Undertaker Reveals Some of the Profit in the Business.

Burial customs and costs have always and everywhere been considered to be either so sacred to the privacy of grief, or so dominated by the fetish-like customs superimposed by racial or religious precedent, as to preclude the analysis, criticism, and constructive treatment which the modern mind applies to almost everything else.

It is difficult to compare the costs of conventionally necessary items of funerals, expense because they vary so greatly not only in different lands, but

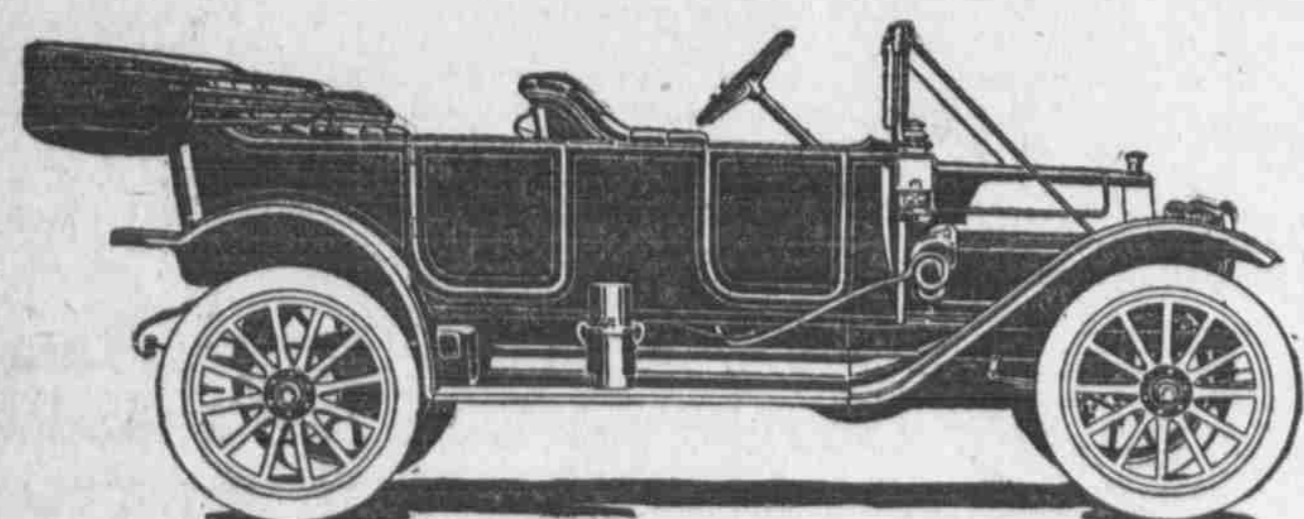
in the same country and contiguous territory. The charges for essentially the same articles and service differ, far less because of any difference in actual cost than because of the absence or operation of regulative custom and law. But wherever the way is left open for extortionate charges to be wrung from people, when least capable of protecting themselves either because of their ignorance of the costs or because of the excessive generosity of grief, there prices rise and exploitation levies the heaviest toll that the distraught heart or strangely common pride will bear. The plainest coffin, for instance, which is furnished at St. Gall in Switzerland for \$5.50 for an adult, costs \$5.50 at Copenhagen and Glasgow, \$20 at Antwerp, and all the way from \$10 to \$15 in American cities.

The extent of the exploitation in coffins or caskets was disclosed in the undertakers' war at Chicago in which the Western Casket company advertised its sale for \$15 of a casket for which from \$35 to \$50 was charged elsewhere; \$20, for what others charged from \$15 to \$20; \$25 for the same article offered at \$75 to \$100; \$300, for what others charged from \$50 to \$700. These figures were followed by the claim, "We will save the people of Chicago \$3,000,000 a year, which will be invested in necessary articles for the living."—Graham Taylor in the Survey.

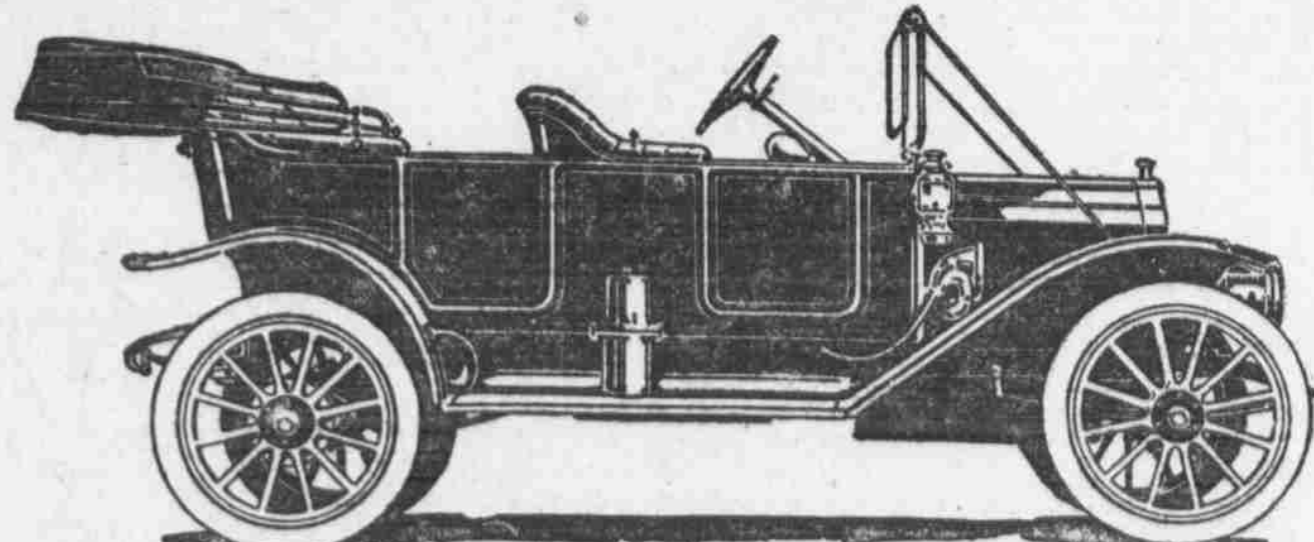
# Just Arrived by Special Train

## 25 Carloads--150 Automobiles

A Solid Trainload of 1912 E-M-F "30s" and FLANDERS "20s"



Studebaker E-M-F "30" \$1,100 F. O. B. Detroit. Standard Equipment.



Studebaker Flanders "20" \$800 F. O. B. Detroit. Standard equipment.

The largest single shipment of automobiles ever made to any one territory. All of these cars will be delivered to E-M-F and Flanders customers during the Ak-Sar-Ben Carnival. Do you realize it is the immense popularity of these machines that makes it possible for us to sell them in such enormous quantities? The most satisfactory thing you could ever do would be to

**BUY YOURS NOW**

**THE E-M-F OMAHA COMPANY**

2026-2028 Farnam Street

Direct Factory Branch of the Studebaker Corporation, Detroit, Mich.