

# Upkeep of the Car

By W. E. Hill

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"Watch your car for you, mister?" Ike is a very accommodating boy, and for the modest sum of fifty cents he will watch your car after you've parked it in the public parking place. This item should be put down in the luxury column when adding up the expense account.



The hard-hearted cop, the member of the family who just will park in the wrong place, and the little slip which means a fine in the traffic court tomorrow. Just another little item in the upkeep of the car.



Those little Saturday-to-Monday tours are expensive items in the budget of a car owner. If the route lies along country roads where antique shops ply their wares, a Boston rocker or a slat back is bound to creep into the expense account before Monday morning. Particularly if the little wife is one of those women who is driven almost insane with envy by the sight of a farmer's wife sitting on a porch in a Boston rocker or a slat back chair.



Laundry bills are certainly sent sky high in those families where poppa and Eddie do their own chauffeuring. A nice bath towel is so much better than rags and waste to wipe off the grease. A guest towel is even better!

"Harry, don't you dare try and pass that car! Do you want to get us arrested? O, dear!" The amount of nervous energy expended in combating a back seat driver during one fiscal year would, scientists say, if converted into go-getting, provide for the upkeep of a dozen high priced cars for as many years.

The upkeep on feminine accessories to a well kept car is really much less than it was in the early days of motoring. Observe, if you will, the 1927 girl, all ready for the state road with practically nothing extra tacked on, and then look at the young lady of twenty years ago or thereabouts, about to venture forth in her new Winton. A swell girl in those days had to have a motor coat, goggles, gauntlets, cap, and automobile veil, if she wanted to register class on the highway.



Lester, the chauffeur, and Mike, the garage owner, are having a little friendly get-together over the month's garage bill. Lester gets a slight rake-off, but that, thanks to Mike's clever figuring, will more than take care of Mike in the sum total.



Something to be reckoned with in the expense account of the car owner is the money spent on bicarbonate of soda after an afternoon along a public highway. Indeed, there are those who whisper that the hot dog and ice cream cone stands are run by a syndicate which controls the bicarbonate of soda interests.

The money spent on motor car accessories is considerably increased if you live next door to a neighbor who likes to borrow your tools. Especially if your garage is right near his. Maybe he'll return them.