LONDON LIFE SHOWS ITS HUMOROUS SIDES

Wounded Soldiers About the Most Cheerful City Has Ever Known.

DO NOT WANT SYMPATHY; SAY LITTLE OF THEIR HURT

Most of Those Encountered Along the Boulevard Are From Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.

LONDON, September 10.—Notwithstanding the well nigh total darkness of the nights and the number of wounded seen upon the streets, London life is not without its lighter shades even in these crucial days of the great war. One reason for this is that the wounded soldiers are about the most cheerful lot London has ever known. Most of those encountered along the Strand, in Piccadilly and other promenades of the West End are from Canada, Australia or New Zealand. The wounded English "Tommie" is more often found in the suburbs, in the neighborhood of his old home.

It would seem decidedly out of place to sympathize with these oftentime permanently crippled men in hospital togs, for that is apparently the last thing they desire. As a matter of fact, they deeply resent it as a rule. In crowded tram or tube cars women often arise and offer seats to wounded soldiers only to have them politely but very firmly refused.

Nor will the men ordinarily talk of where they "got it."

"Oh, somewheres out in No-man's land," they'll say. One chatterbox of a Tommie went so far as to add:

"I was 'opping along from one dug-out to another when I ups and stumbles over something 'ard. I guess it must 'a been a bomb. Anyway it blew me bloomin' foot off."

A popular young Canadian officer in mufti and on crutches recently swung his way with no little difficulty into the lounge room of a hotel in the Strand. His left leg was shattered from the knee down and hung stiff and helpless in steel braces.

"Have something, Livvy?" asked one of his fellows in khaki.

"Sorry, but I can't tonight, old man," replied "Livvy." "You see, I have got a crippled friend to look after."

In came the friend, an even younger officer, with right leg gone at the knee.

"We tossed a coin," explained "Livvy," "to see which one of us would look after the other, and I lost."

Returns After Reported Dead.

In this same hotel, which is a sort of headquarters for the officers from across the seas, a report was circulated one night of the death of a young flying corps captain. He had often been in the "club" and only a few days before had "swanked" quite a bit about the easy life he was living. All he had to do was to take new machines across the channel and turn them over to the aviators at the front. In this way he spent about every other day in London, much to the envy of the fellows "over there," who were longing for the sights of town. But now "Gil" was gone and a company of his friends drank a silent toast to his memory.

Three days later "Gil" created consternation at the club by appearing very much alive and as hale and hearty as ever.

"Why, you old cheater," shouted one of his friends, "go back where you belong or pay us for that very expensive 'round' we had the other night. What right have you got to be living, anyway?"

"Gil" admitted the obligation entailed by his return from the grave, paid it handsomely and is still flying new machines 'cross channel for the 'wingers' at the front.

Another young Canadian of the flying corps told of a "joke" he had played on the folks at home. He had not written for nearly a month when along came a cablegram

"No letters for weeks. Is anything wrong with the boy?"

Promptly he had cabled back "oollect":

"Very serious matter. Boy absolutely broke. Send much money."

"That," expalined "boy," "ought to stop them worrying for a while."

Wills Grimly Humorous.

Instances of the lightness of heart with which the soldiers go into the war are many. In embarking for active service the Canadians are given pay books, in which their allowances are entered from time to time. The book also serves for identification purposes and the last page is set aside for the making of a will. Some of those that have turned up lately have proved grimly humorous. One said:

"I give everything I have to the Home for Stray Cats, London, provided they don't take in any more black cats."

Another read:

"In case I should die (cheers) I will everything to my mother (loud and prolonged cheers)."

Both were held to be valid.

At a reinforcement camp "somewhere in France," the Australian contingents have a fine brass band they brought with them from home. The band has become famous in the vicinity, for whenever an Australian group is called up, no matter how small it is, the band always is there to give the men a musical send-off. Usually this occurs at 4 a.m., a fact which adds materially to the renown of the band.

Part of the line of march lies beside a general field hospital, and invariably the nurses or "sisters," as the soldiers call them, turn out to wave a parting salute.

"Save me a nice bed, sister," called out one of the Tommies a day or two ago; "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Oddly enough he was.

The London theaters reflect the spirit of the times. Serious plays are all but forgotten, "revues" and musical comedies holding the boards at all the better houses. Of course, there are no chorus men in the productions—a new evidence that cruel war has its alleviating circumstances.

Some of the London papers have recently complained that the British hen has taken on a holiday mood and is distinctly not "doing her bit." The price of eggs accordingly has risen to an equivalent of 66 cents a dozen. Colonials are again to be called upon to help out, and it is admitted now that much depends upon the Canadian chicken.

Pace Too Slow for Tommy.

There is a rule in London that except in emergency cases military ambulances must not exceed five miles an hour. This slow pace, designed for the comfort of the wounded, sometimes proves irksome to them. One badly shattered Tommy lifted his head from the stretcher a few days ago and hailed the chauffeur.

"I say, would you mind driving a bit faster; this ain't no bally funeral."

There is also the story of Tommy Dodd, the most cheerful and indomitable little fellow in his command. Tommy was badly laid out a day or two ago with four or five nasty shrapnel wounds. He was arranging some barbed wire standards along toward evening, and in the enthusiasm of his work got a bit nearer "Whiz Bang Corner" than he should. A shell burst low overhead and Tommy Dodd went down in a cloud of dust.

"Looks almost like a blighty for me, sir, don't it," he said to an officer who ran to his rescue. Then the stretcher men came along to bear Tommy away to the dressing station. Tommy gave a grim little smile as they straightened up.

"Home, James," he sighed.

Soldier stories of amusing happenings at the front are many. There is considerable rivalry among the Canadians and the Anzacs—the men from Australia and New Zealand. The English think they are both such good soldiers there is little to choose between them. This incident happened at a canteen some time ago, when the Australians first came to the western front: Several Canadians were within when they espied the wide-brimmed campaign hats that distinguish the Anzacs from all the other soldiers. The Canadians gave their fellow colonials a hearty welcome and an equally hearty invitation to "have something." These fraternal details having been attended to, a Canadian turned to one of the Australians.

"When did you fellows come over?" he asked.

"Just got in this morning."

"Well, what you going to do?"

This was too good an opening for the Anzac.

"Oh," he said in a "swanky" tone, "we came over to finish what you fellows started."

"Humph," replied the Canadian, "It's a wonder you didn't first finish what you started yourself down at Gallipoli."

Then the trouble began. It was a Donnybrook affair for a time, but eventually peace was declared, with renewed and mutual respect for colonial fighting ability.

Delight in Nocturnal Raids.

Both Canadians and Anzacs delight in the nocturnal raids made almost every night on the close-lying German trenches. On one of these recently a Canadian lieutenant worked his way unseen to an enemy dugout and suddenly peered over the top. It was a nasty, rainy night, cold and damp, and a group of Germans were seated about a little stove.

"How many of you fellows down there?" called out the Canadian in a raucous voice.

"Nein," came back a startled and ambiguous reply.

"Well, share that among you," shouted the Canadian as he hurled a bomb into their midst and threw himself flat on the ground to avoid the effects of the explosion.

There is one chaplain at the front who insists upon living up near the firing line. He has a nicely fitted-up little dugout that he has labeled "The Vicarage." Recently two men belonging to a draft fresh from home—Cockneys they were—happened along this particular trench.

"Look 'ere, Bill," cried one; "blimey if 'ere ain't a bloomin' vicarage."

Out popped the "padre" at that with half his face lathered and a razor in one hand.

"Yes," he said, "and 'ere's the bloomin' vicar. What can I do for you?"

One of the most delightful stories from the trenches has been illustrated and distributed among the troops for their amusement. One night an old sergeant was "doing a bit of snooping" in No Man's Land, between the trenches, when a recruit sentry spied him and called out:

"Halt; who goes there?"

"Shut your blooming mouth or I'll come over and knock your bally head off," replied the exasperated veteran.

"Pass, friend," said the sentry.

Mauve beaver leather bags are fashionable. They are fitted with toilet articles of cloudy amber, and the lining is of mauve moire silk. The bags are fitted with vacuum mirrors that can be fastened to a window or any woodwork.

SHRAPNEL STORIES OF WAR; INCIDENTS OF LIFE AND DEATH

Happenings at the Front in Trench and Battle, and Conditions Affecting Those Who Remain Behind.

(Copyright, 1916.)

BY HERBERT COREY.

PARIS, September 10.—One might call these shrapnel stories. They are all small, but each has its value. They help one to understand war.

"This establishment has sent almost 4,000 men to the war," said one of the managers of the Bon Marche.

"How did you fill their places?"

"That was easy. We had 1,500 girls in the workroom. We sent them to the counters. The workroom is almost idle."

"Even so——"

"Look about you," said the manager. "There are six girls at that counter. There is not enough work for two."

A visitor walked through the wards of the American ambulance at Neuilly. She stopped by the side of a bed occupied by a great hulk of a man—bearded, hairy, fierce-eyed. He had been wounded at Verdun.

"I know a young man who is at Hill 304, near Verdun," said the visitor. "He has been there since the battle began and has never been wounded."

"I was at Hill 304," said the big man. "He'll get it if he stays. We all do."

Then he turned his back and faced the white wall.

The actual physical labor the men undergo during such fighting as that of the Anglo-French offensive is crushing. There have been numerous cases of organizations going without sleep for five and six days. The men dozed when they sat down. They "dropped off to sleep standing up," as one said.

An English officer is responsible for this story:

"We were caught in a sweep of fire when we went forward at Delville wood," said he. "I yelled at my men to lie down.

"They hooked themselves to the earth, as the French say. We lay there, in shell holes and in such cover as we could dig for ourselves, for half an hour.

"Then one of our batteries got the Boche on the hip and stopped his nonsense. We ran forward.

"I stopped a bullet on the run, but it wasn't much of a hurt. Two hours afterward I recrossed that field, on the hunt for a dressing station. In one of the shell holes where we had 'hooked ourselves' I found a man of my company fast asleep."

This comes from Holland. Recently the Germans have, according to this story, put old territorials on guard at the Dutch frontier, to prevent the escape of Belgians into the neutral ground. This released better troops for the work of fighting.

The guard duty annoyed the old territorials. Sometimes they have been on guard fourteen to sixteen hours a day. They began to desert.

An order was issued:

"Hereafter the frontier shall be guarded by soldiers in pairs. Each soldier of a pair shall be responsible for the conduct of his comrade. If one desert, the remaining soldier shall be punished."

Since then, the Dutch say, the territorials have deserted in pairs.

In one of the villages through which the French have pushed their advance on the Somme is a deep underground bombproof, which was built by the Germans. One of the big French shells smashed a hole in the top of this casemate, so that the sunlight streams in.

"In the dugout on one side of this hole are the Germans," said my informant, "and we are on the other. In the hole itself is the body of a German under officer, seated at the telephone. The corpse is frightfully swollen and distorted. The telephonist's hood is still clasped to his ears.

"Neither side can get at him, except at the risk of death. Neither cares to get at him, perhaps. One dead man, more or less, does not count.

"But the other day a weird thing happened. Perhaps by the shock of an exploding shell the wires of the telephone station were put in contact with live wires somewhere else, and for hours the telephone bell rang angrily in the ear of the corpse.

"'A dead wire,' our telephonist called it, grinning."

A canal runs near Verdun. At one angle there are perhaps ten canal boats. Half of them are held by the Germans and the other half by the French.

"Why are they not destroyed by artillery fire?" I asked.

"What would be the use?" was the reply. "Neither side is a danger to the other. If we were to destroy the German boats the Germans would simply destroy ours. Nothing would be gained."

It is not a truce, however. The other night one naked man floated down the dark canal in a boat, armed with bombs. When he got alongside one of the canal boats he therw the bombs in as fast as he could pull the firing pins.

He is, by the way, a silk weaver from Paterson. His name is Walbond, or something like that. He got away before I could get the correct spelling.

"It was very funny," said he. He giggled like a boy at the recollection. "The Boches thought it was an attack in force and ran to one side of the boat. Then our fellows, who swam down the canal, naked, their knives in their teeth, climbed up the ladders I hooked to the side."

A most profitable action, he said, though so tiny it was hardly worth while speaking of it. The Germans were all killed.

One of my friends has just come in on permission from Soissons, after four months at Verdun. He thinks he is in heaven in his present post. Nothing is happening. Hardly a man a week is killed.

"We have a sort of working arrangement with the Boches," said he. "Both sides fire enough each morning to earn the day's pay, and then quit.

"There is an odd situation in one of the villages. Both ends of the town have been smashed to bits, but in the center there is a block of houses quite untouched. The Boche occupies some of them and we occupy the other. We are almost friendly."

"Not quite?"

"Not quite," he assented. "I have picked my man to kill when the fun starts. He is fat and red-headed."

An English officer wrote to a correspondent in Paris of the start he got during the advance on the Somme.

"Quite chipped me," he announced in the queer English that English people affect. "Really."

He was running along a trench which had but recently been occupied by the Boches, it appears. They had been copiously shelled out of it. The bodies and bits of bodies he encountered "fairly sickened me," but he kept going.

He popped around an angle in the trench——

"And there was a white hand and arm sticking up out of the bottom of the wretched ditch," he tells. "Nothing else. No body at all—just that white hand and arm."

As he ran by he hastily recognized that a shell had brought down a part of the trench wall on one of its defenders. Only the white hand and arm were left. He had an idea that the fingers of the hand clenched as he went by, but he did not stop to see.

"We have a topping pair of parsons," said another Englishman. "Top hole, they are, quite."

They were reading a burial service recently, according to the yarn, when the Germans began to shell the field which had been turned into a cemetery. The audience ran for its several lives or "hooked" itself to the ground. The parsons jumped into two convenient graves.

"So there they were," said the Briton, "intoning the burial service, don't you know, from one grave to another, quite as if they were used to that sort of thing. I could hear them plainly from my shell hole. Made me quite proud of them."

French sailors of hatters' plush are among the smart new autumn hats. They are simply trimmed with wide bands of silk braid which knot close at the crown and then form flat bows that lie upon the down-turned brims on the right sides. With these hats the shaded veils are worn in bright coloring.

EXPLAINS WHY THE WAR EXTENDED INTO AFRICA

Belgian Minister of Colonies Describes the German Aggressions on the Kongo.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.

HAVRE, France, September 10.—With the Belgian forces in East Africa fighting to complete the conquest of the last colony in the world where the German flag still floats, the Belgian minister of colonies, M. Renkin, granted today to a representative of the Associated Press an interview on the whole scope of the war in Africa.

Mr. Renkin is one of the first authorities in Europe on colonial affairs. Speaking first of the way Belgium had been "dragged into a war in Africa by German attacks on the Kongo," he said:

"One cannot insist too much upon the point, because it characterizes the constant policy of our nation, respectful of international treaties and profoundly pacific, but indomitable when its rights are violated. Belgium, which affirms so brilliantly her force in Africa, did all in her power to avoid the war. The documents published in the gray book relate this history:

Heroism in Face of Menace.

"As early as August 7, 1914, in those days of anguish, when the German aggression menaced even our existence, Belgium did not lose sight of the mission of civilization that she had assumed in far-off Africa, and she invited the powers to neutralize all the colonies of the belligerent states included in the conventional basin of the Kongo.

"'In view of the mission of civilization common to the colonizing nations,' wrote the minister of foreign affairs on August 7, 1914, 'the Belgian government desires, through feelings of humanity, not to extend the field of hostilities to Central Africa. It will therefore take no initiative in inflicting such a blot on the civilization of that region, and the military forces that it possesses there will not enter into action except they be forced to repulse a direct attack against its African possessions.'

"This proposition, better than any other symptom, shows with what serenity our little country accepted the supreme sacrifice imposed by the law of honor and regard for the right.

"But the act of Berlin, like the treaty of neutralization of 1839, only constituted, to the eyes of Germany, 'a scrap of paper'; while the Belgian troops in the Kongo abstained from all acts of hostility, the Germans prepared for war, and, on August 22, 1914, they strongly attacked, without previous summons, the Belgian port of Lukuga, on Lake Tanganyika.

"It was thus that, by deliberate act of the Germans and in violation of the reserve that we were observing, the hostilities between Germany and Belgium extended to Africa.

"War being forced upon it, the Belgian government could no longer hesitate in doing its duty.

"In the first phase of the war the Belgian colonial troops participated in conjunction with the French troops in the basin of the Sanga. Each combat was another success for the Belgians, the black troops, led by a few Belgian officers, covering themselves with glory. After sixteen months of marching and incessant struggles in forests and swamps, in a region void of resources and defended at each step by a tenacious adversary, the Belgian troops, on July 28, 1916, effected their triumphal entry, with the British and French troops, into Yaunde, war capital of the German colony of Kamerun, more than 1,000 kilometers from their point of departure at the Belgian Kongo frontier.

"The theater of war was 2,000 kilometers from the ocean, right in the center of Africa. Therefore for the carrying out of this campaign many months were necessary. None other of Germany's African colonies was so well prepared for the undertaking of a long war.

"From September, 1914, by means of taking away men from the strongholds of the interior while still leaving there a sufficient number of men to meet any eventuality, the Belgians concentrated strong forces on the eastern frontier of the Kongo, and until April, 1916, or for twenty months, all the activity of the colony was devoted to the organization of the 'eastern troops.'

"These brief indications will suffice to show the superhuman effort imposed upon the Belgians by the German aggression in Africa."

VEGETABLES PLENTIFUL.

Country Line at B Street Market Well Supplied.

Though frost time is not far off, the country line on the B street side of Center market continues well supplied with summer vegetables. Tomatoes seem to be getting scarce, but beans of all kinds, corn, peppers, eggplant, besides pears, apples, grapes and other articles, were piled high on the benches and sold at practically the prices of a week ago. In spite of the talk of a scarcity of eggs, there seemed to be plenty of them offered for sale, and 40 cents a dozen was the extreme top price asked for them. Cabbage, which has been selling by the head, is scarce, and is now quoted at 5 cents a pound.

According to the market people, prices yesterday ranged about as follows:

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter, 25c to 35c lb. Smearcase, 10c pint.
Eggs, 35c to 40c.

POULTRY.

Chickens, dressed, 28c to 30c lb. Hens, dressed, 22c lb.
Hens, alive, 18c to 20c lb. Chickens, alive, 20c to 25c lb.

FRUIT.

Damsons, 10c ¼ pk. Pears, 10c to 15c ¼ pk.
Grapes, 8c qt. box. Apples, 8c to 18c ¼ pk.
Peaches, 20c ¼ pk.

VEGETABLES.

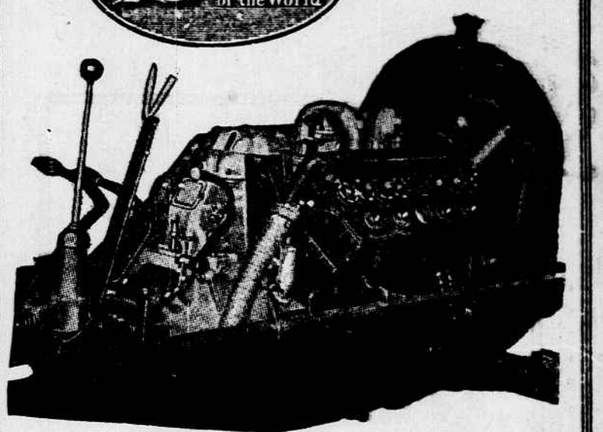
Potatoes, Irish, 35c to 40c pk. Turnips, 4c bunch or 3 bunches for 10c.
Potatoes, sweet, 10c ¼ pk. Lima beans, 20c to 25c qt.
Carrots, 2 bunches for 5c. Leeks, 5c bunch.
Beets, 5c bunch. Sweet peppers, 10c to 15c doz.
Parsley, 1c to 5c bunch. Asparagus, 10c bunch.
Tomatoes, 10c ¼ pk. Okra, 5c pint box.
Cabbage, 5c lb. Egg plant, 5c to 8c ea.
Lettuce, 5c to 10c head. Black-eyed peas, 10c pt.
Corn, 25c to 35c doz. Radishes, 3 bunches for 5c.
Spinach, 15c ¼ pk. Cut-short beans, 13c to 15c pk.
String beans, 13c to 15c ¼ pk.; 25c to 30c ½ pk. Cut-short beans, hulled, 25c qt.
Cymblings, 2 for 5c.
Mushrooms, 25c qt.box.

Personal to River Men.

Capt. Thomas Moore of Baltimore, the veteran vessel owner of this section, with his son, was yesterday a visitor to the office of A. J. Taylor & Bro., tugboat owners, foot 10th street southwest. Capt. Moore has passed the ninety-second milestone of life, but is as active as a man thirty years his junior. He was in the city to arrange for the floating of his schooner Avalon, which is on the piles at the mouth of the old canal at the north edge of Alexandria.

Capt. Frank Taylor is aboard the tug Advance of the Taylor fleet, which has just completed repairs at a Baltimore shipyard, and will take up general towing work on the coast and in Chesapeake bay. The Advance left Baltimore yesterday.

J. Ralph Fick, manager of the Richmond office of L. A. Clarke & Son, was yesterday a visitor to the headquarters of his firm on 10th street wharf. J. R. Fick of Quantico was also a visitor yesterday to the office of Clarke & Son.



The Powerful Cadillac Eight Motor

The size of the new Type 55 motor is 3⅛-inch bore and 5⅛-inch stroke. The engine valves are 1 11-16 inches in diameter, ⅛-inch larger than last year's motor. These larger valves enable the engine to develop a greater horsepower, and to develop its maximum horsepower at higher motor speed. The weight has been reduced approximately fifty pounds. A single piston weighs one pound one ounce—three ounces lighter than last year's piston.

Better Lubrication of Engine Chains

The lubrication of the front end chains has been made more positive.

Engine Valves More Accessible

The engine valves are more accessible in the Type 55, as there is 2¼ inches more room between exhaust manifolds. The wire conduits have also been brought down closer to the cylinder blocks. There are now four breathers instead of two—one on each of the four cover plates. Better valve lubrication is the result of the location of these breathers.

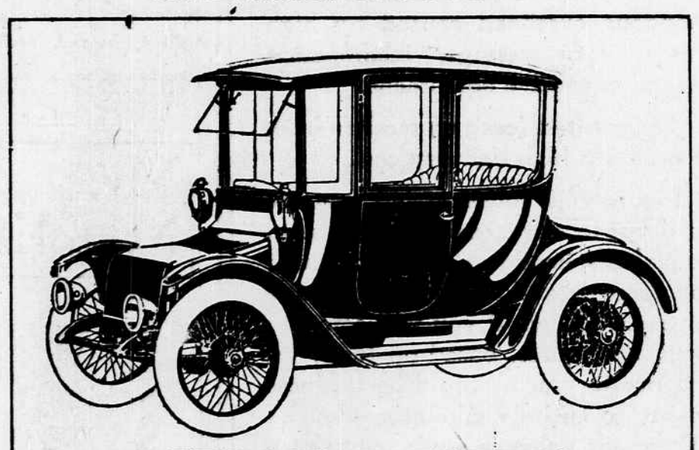
Improved Carburetor and Gasoline System

An additional strainer has been provided directly at the carburetor to strain the gasoline just before it enters the bowl, as a further precaution against particles of dirt lodging on the needle valve and causing flooding. The air line has been provided with an adjustable pressure regulator which automatically blows off at a predetermined pressure.

The Cook & Stoddard Co.

Tel. North 7810. 1138-40 Conn. Ave. N.W.

CALL NORTH FIFTY-FIFTY



DETROIT ELECTRIC

ECONOMY—Operating cost lower than any gasoline car.

UTILITY—Every day in the year for all members of the family.

POWER—Sufficient to negotiate any hill—anywhere—any time.

SPEED—The fastest traffic car in the world.

SIMPLICITY—Absolute.

DURABILITY—Its life is several times that of any gas car.

SERVICE—Sterrett & Fleming Service, the best obtainable, in conjunction with Anderson Electric Co. Service and Philadelphia Storage Battery Co. Service. All three are concerns Successful, Progressive, and Financially Responsible.

For Detroit Electrics and Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries—Call

STERRETT & FLEMING

Exclusive Distributers

Champlain Street at Kalorama Road

North Fifty-Fifty

Baltimore Washington Richmond

A Complete Electrical Plant

A dynamo and distributing station—that's what your car is. None but the best electricians and mechanics should ever be permitted to work on it. We pride ourselves on being the best.

Union Garage

E. A. HARDY, General Manager. Tel. Main 5054. 621 G St. n.w.

Ocean to Ocean Record Broken

By HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Broken by 15 Hours

The Winner of a Hundred Records Wins the Greatest One of All

The most coveted record in America has always been the Transcontinental Record. Five years ago a car became famous by making the trip from San Francisco to New York in 10 days and 15 hours. Last May, in glaring headlines, the newspapers announced a sensational record of 7 days, 11 hours and 53 minutes—made by a famous Eight. That record—then considered unbeatable—was later beaten by another car.

And now the Hudson Super-Six makes the trip in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes. Breaking last spring's best record by more than two days. Breaking the best record made since then by 14 hours and 59 minutes.

The Winner in Every Great Test

The Hudson Super-Six has now won every record it has sought.

It has won every stock car record from one to 100 miles.

It has made faster speed with a stock motor than was ever made before—102.56 miles per hour.

It has broken all records for 24 hours—1819 miles. That is 52 per cent farther than any stock motored car ever went in that time before.

It won the Pike's Peak Hill Climb—the greatest hill-climbing test ever held—against 20 great cars specially built for the climb.

And now, as a crowning achievement, it breaks the record which means more than all—the Transcontinental record.

All Due to Endurance

The Hudson Super-Six now holds all important records. All the records save those made with special racing cars, such as buyers never get. And practically all of those records have been won by the Super-Six endurance. Cars with more power and cars with more speed have sought for nearly all these records. But the Super-Six won because it kept its pace. In test after test the Super-Six has been the only car that did not stop.

In this ocean-to-ocean trip of 3,476 miles, across mountains and deserts—mounting at one time two miles above sea level—the Super-Six averaged for the whole trip 28.14 miles per hour. Yet it went through 350 towns and cities under speed restrictions.

Friction Almost Nil

That is the great fact about the Hudson Super-Six. Its chiefest supremacy lies in endurance. The Super-Six invention added 80 per cent to our motor's efficiency, solely by reducing vibration. It reduced motor friction almost to nil.

By nearly ending friction it has nearly ended wear. And all these world's records are due mainly to that fact. The motor is small and light. It is similar in size to scores of light sixes. But the Super-Six invention has made it 80 per cent efficient. It has made it fully twice as enduring.

You will never want your car to do what the Super-Six has done. But you do want the car which shows this endurance. And every month's use will increase your regret if you fail to get the Super-Six.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SEMMES MOTOR CO., Inc.

Tel. North 4107. 1132-34 Conn. Ave. N.W.