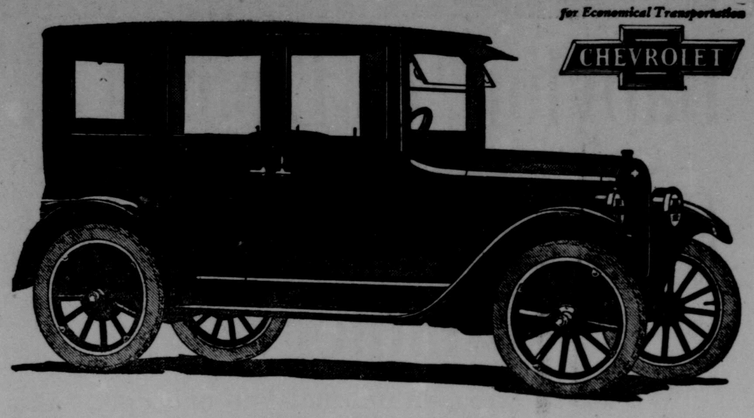


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QUALITY has been still further improved by more artistic design and added equipment.

ECONOMY has been still further increased by engineering refinements and greatly increased facilities.

SERVICE is now offered on a flat rate basis by 10,000 dealers and service stations.

PRICES of the new line remain the same in spite of added equipment and more expensive construction, which have greatly increased value.

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Two Passenger Roadster	$510
Five Passenger Touring	525
Two Passenger Utility Coupé	680
Four Passenger Sedanette	850
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Secures success in any business.

We Are at Your Service
Call on Us or Call Us Up and We Will Call on You

When He Sold Popham's Pills

By MURA CURTIS LANE

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"We've struck the wrong town, my dear," said Edwin Long to his wife, Ray. "Of all the God-forsaken places—"

"I didn't know there were such towns in America," said Ray desolately.

Not a soul had come to her reception. Why? It was a garrison town, and the officers' wives formed a little click among themselves and ruled the roost. Not to hold commissioned rank in the army was to be a social outcast.

But there was worse for the Longs than that. Long was the local representative of a certain proprietary medicine—Popham's pills. It was one of the standard remedies of the country. A very good pill it was, curing headache, neuralgia, weakness, backache, and a half a dozen other ailments to which humanity is subject.

A pill representative! Who was going to call on the wife of a pill representative? Every aristocratic nose was turned up at the Longs.

Especially that of Mrs. O'Dowd, whose husband, the colonel, was expected daily back from the Rhine, bearing his blushing honors thick upon him. The doughty colonel had killed four men in a heroic hand-to-hand encounter. His fame had been sung everywhere.

O'Dowd came home. There was a procession of veterans to meet him, bearing flags. O'Dowd made a speech at the station. He made a speech from the porch of his house. Everybody yelled. Mrs. O'Dowd's social leadership was established forever. The Longs were altogether out of it. People were very polite to Mrs. Long on the street, including Mrs. O'Dowd—only they weren't invited.

"How do you do, Mrs. O'Dowd," said Ray Long as she met the colonel's wife coming out of the department store.

"Not very well, my dear," answered the society leader. "I'm afraid I've been overdoing it a little with those receptions for the colonel."

Mrs. O'Dowd was worse than she had known. Within a week she was in bed, helpless. Within two weeks specialists, gathering from all parts of the land to attend the hero's wife, admitted that her disease appeared beyond their control.

She was paralyzed from the waist down, she was tortured with headaches she had no appetite—in fact, as Mrs. Long said to her husband, she had just those symptoms that Popham's pills were guaranteed to alleviate.

"Nonsense," said Long. "There's nothing to 'em but a little calomel and a good deal of faith curing."

Ray Long believed in Popham's pills. Had they not cured her of that backache which two doctors couldn't alleviate. Ray was good-hearted. She sought an interview with the invalid.

"Dear Mrs. O'Dowd, if you would only try Popham's," she said. "Do let me send you a box. One three times a day, after meals, with a little water to follow."

Mrs. O'Dowd allowed herself to be persuaded. She was in a mood to do anything. The box of Popham's came.

Now, whether it was the virtue in the pills, or faith-cure, within two weeks Mrs. O'Dowd was out walking. Everybody was amazed. Sales of Popham's pills increased a hundredfold in the town.

"A wonderful remedy, sir," said the colonel, shaking Long by the hand. It's cured my wife completely. I'd never have believed it. Amy says that in future she'll never be without a box of Popham's in the house."

Praises showered on Ray as she went down the street. Everybody had suddenly become friendly. The local newspaper, which ran a back page advertisement of Popham's, devoted a column to explaining why Popham's had cured Mrs. O'Dowd. Popham's sent down a representative from headquarters, with orders to secure a signed statement from Mrs. O'Dowd and her photograph.

Ray gave another reception about this time. She had three visitors—Mrs. O'Hara, the wife of the fire insurance man; Mrs. James, whose husband was in an office, and Mrs. Blenkins, the widow of a lumber merchant. But there was no signs of the military. Ray wept.

"It's no good, Edwin," she said to her husband that night when he called home. "Socially we'll always be nobodies. I did so hope that Mrs. O'Dowd would show a little gratitude, at least. Why is it?" She clung to him, weeping.

"I think the explanation isn't difficult," answered Edwin. "You see, you only saved a life, and Colonel O'Dowd—well, he took four lives with his own hand."

What Was Necessary.

Six-year-old Mary Ellen had formed the habit of keeping the family waiting at meal times while she washed her hands at the kitchen sink. Nor did she break it when her grandfather, who was a minister, came to the house to visit.

One day her mother had called to her to hurry, but Mary Ellen still lingered. And mother spoke with more authority, saying: "Mary Ellen, you hurry up."

Back floated Mary Ellen's answer: "You just tell grandfather to go on and say grace. I can hear every word of it in here as well as in there."

THE DAIRY

SUGGESTIONS ON DAIRY CALF

Great Care and Attention Is Necessary to Raise Animal Successfully on Skim Milk.

In dairying the farmer should raise his own calves. Many farmers are not successful in raising them on skim milk. Whole milk may produce the best calf, but not necessarily the best cow. As good an animal can be produced on skim milk as can be produced on whole milk, but greater care and attention is required in producing the former.

The calf should nurse its mother for the first few days, after which it should be removed and fed by hand. Whole milk, warm and fresh from the mother, should be given for ten days or two weeks at least. Ten to twelve pounds per day in two or three feeds should be given at first, and the length of time that it should be continued depends upon the strength of the calf. Ordinarily ten days to two weeks will be required to make the change from whole milk to skim milk.

Gradually substitute skim milk for whole milk, increasing the former until the whole milk is entirely replaced. This may be a week, or it may be a month. Skim milk should



Teaching the Calf to Drink.

be warm and sweet when fed, as cold, sour milk is the greatest cause of scours. It may be fed for six or seven months, depending mainly upon the supply. It should be given until the calf is five months of age at least.—Extension Service, Colorado Agricultural College.

SMUTTY SILAGE FED SAFELY

No Harm Follows Test Made by Expert in Feeding Tainted Material to Holstein Heifer.

Smutty silage can be fed to live stock with no danger of ill consequences, says T. W. Gullickson of the dairy husbandry division at University farm at St. Paul. Not so long ago many inquiries were being received at the dairy division headquarters regarding the advisability of feeding smut-infested corn in the form of ensilage. To answer these questions authoritatively Mr. Gullickson had collected some 800 pounds of pure corn smut which he ran through the ensilage cutter and put in sacks which he placed in the silo and covered with about ten feet of ensilage. A few months later the corn smut in the bags was substituted for the regular silage ration and fed to a Holstein heifer at the rate of 18 to 30 pounds a day. The heifer was not forewarned of the abrupt change in her diet, but took no exceptions to the corn-smut menu, appearing in fact to relish it. Mr. Gullickson says the feeding of the smut was continued for three weeks, during which the heifer remained normal in every respect.

PUMPKIN SEEDS NUTRITIOUS

Mistaken Idea to Think That Material Will Increase Kidney Secretions in Cows.

There is a tradition among some farmers that pumpkin seeds increase kidney secretions, tend to dry up cows, and therefore should not be fed. There is no real foundation for such an opinion. Pumpkin seeds are nutritious and should not be wasted. There is no danger whatsoever in feeding them to dairy cows.

CAREFULLY WATCH ALL COWS

Animal Losing Flesh Rapidly Probably Needs More Feed, or More Balanced Ration.

Watch the cows. The animal that loses flesh rapidly probably needs more feed, or a more perfectly balanced ration. When a cow takes on fat instead of giving a full flow of milk, it is probable she needs more protein and less carbohydrates in her ration.

Lacking in Cow Ration.

It is a well-known fact that lime and phosphorus are the ash conditions that are frequently lacking in the ration of the average dairy cow and especially during the dry period.

Keep Quarters Clean.

Dairy cattle quarters must be kept clean and the manure removed daily from the stalls.

Adds to Productivity.

Lime will add to the productivity of many pastures.

MAISIE

By ETHEL M. HALL

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There was a girl at Norris'. That was why Neal Hinton went there so often. Of course there were other girls—but they did not matter. They were promiscuous—frowsy looking dull and painfully slow in bringing orders. But this one—Maisie!

Neal decided after his first visit to Norris' that she was a "peach." Maisie had waited on him then. He remembered that he had become suddenly excited when she had stood beside his table, asking in her quiet voice, "What will you have, sir?" and that as a result he had hopelessly mixed his order—and she had laughed.

Maisie's laugh was wonderful. It showed the whiteness of her teeth, and the dimple in one cheek. But then Neal thought everything about Maisie was wonderful—the way she did her hair, the light in her eyes and the neat trimness of her black dress. Besides, she was "some" waitress! She could make two orders to every one that the other girls made.

Neal liked the unconventionality of Norris'. He found it pleasant to sit at his accustomed table in the corner by the window, to watch Maisie move deftly in and out among the tables with her trays, and to have her come at last to wait on him. Sometimes it happened that Maisie stayed too long among the other tables and Neal had to give his order to one of those frowsy-looking girls. Then, between jealousy and disappointment, he lost his appetite and went back to his counter in the haberdasher's with the feeling that the bottom had quite fallen out of things.

But this did not happen often. Generally, Maisie made it a point to wait upon Neal. He noticed it—and was satisfied with himself.

Maisie was beginning to like him! He took to brushing and wetting his hair and changing his collar before going to Norris'. He thought he detected a more personal gleam in Maisie's smile after that. Sometimes she lingered a little longer than necessary at Neal's table.

There never was time to say much. Neal even forgot, sometimes, just the exact words that Maisie had said, but the fact that she had spoken to him at all thrilled him with a strange joy. For the rest of the day he lived a sort of ethereal existence—talking and grinning cheerfully to himself behind the counter, making wrong change, scrawling Maisie's name upon the back of his order-slip, and starting off for home at five o'clock without his hat.

Then Neal saw Maisie one night at a theater, sitting two rows in front of him.

There was a man with her. He was lanky, with a long nose that turned up ridiculously at the end. Neal wanted to laugh at him; at the same time he was jealous. He wondered at Maisie.

At Norris' things went as usual, except that Maisie seldom lingered to talk. She was always very busy.

A week later he saw Maisie again at another theater. She had the same companion; Neal could tell when the light fell across that ridiculous nose! Then he began to doubt—his self-surety ebbed little by little. And—he blamed Maisie. Perhaps, after all, she was just like the rest of those girls at Norris'—frivolous, flirty. Why had she encouraged him at all, then, to behave like this?

Neal's final conviction came one night when he met Maisie and her escort again—on the street, gazing into a furniture store window. Their arms were locked. Maisie was laughing. She turned just as Neal went by, saw Neal lift his hat, looked calmly at him, and passed on without a word. A moment later her laugh came drifting down the street to Neal.

For a week after that Neal did not go to Norris'. But the hardest thing to bear was the eclipse of his own self-assurance. When Maisie deliberately "swapped him over" for this lanky fellow with the upturned nose—he began to wonder at his own eligibility. Those seven days were miserable.

The next week he was back at Norris'. At least he would tell Maisie she couldn't treat him like this. He took his seat by the window. It was Maisie who came to wait on him. She blushed slightly when she saw him and waited while Neal gave his order. When she had brought it she lingered a moment. Then she asked:

"Why didn't you come this last week? Have you been ill?" Neal did not answer at once. Then he said abruptly:

"No—I saw you the other night."

Maisie looked bewildered. "Me? You saw me?"

Neal spoke deliberately. "Yes, I saw you; three times with a fellow with a turned-up nose. Once I saw—"

Maisie's sudden laugh interrupted him.

"Is—is that why you've stayed away? That wasn't me. That was Daisie. She's my twin sister, and that was Jimmy she was with. Ain't his nose funny. But he's a nice fellow, an' he an' Daisie's going to be married next month. Ain't it funny you thought it was me!"

The sudden pressure of her hand between Neal's fingers cut short her happy confession. Then, with a laugh of relief, she freed her hand and disappeared among the tables.

ALL PROUD OF HER SUCCESS

Mrs. Joseph Fischer Directed Social Activities of Recent Auxiliary National Meeting.

For excellent services rendered as chairman of the American Legion Auxiliary's recent national convention in New Orleans, Mrs. Joseph L. Fischer was asked to accept a high office in that organization but refused because she felt that the success of the convention was ample reward for her endeavors.



Mrs. Jos. Fischer.

Mrs. Fischer directed the activities of scores of New Orleans society leaders who put their shoulders to the wheel to entertain the thousands of women visitors to the national gathering.

A daughter of the late Judge Frederick Hooker of Minneapolis, Mrs. Fischer spent the early part of her life in that city. She was educated in a private school at Washington and in the University of Minnesota. Following her marriage she went to New Orleans where she became a leader in women's clubs and social activities. She was elected vice president of the Louisiana League of Women Voters. During the war Mrs. Fischer raised a large sum of money in Louisiana for the American Red Cross. Her only son served with the American forces in Italy.

Mrs. Fischer is a lineal descendant of Fighting Joe Hooker, the famous Civil war hero.

MADE BIG MEET A SUCCESS

T. Semmes Walmsley, New Orleans, Served as General Chairman of the Convention Committee.

To T. Semmes Walmsley of New Orleans goes the credit for the success of the American Legion's fourth annual national convention. Mr. Walmsley was general chairman of the convention committee.



T. S. Walmsley.

Mr. Walmsley was educated in the public schools of New Orleans and Spring Hill college at Mobile, Ala., and was graduated from the law school at Tulane university. He played on 14 'varsity teams, was captain of the football and track teams and hung up a record as Southern Athletic association quarter-mile runner.

Commissioned a captain at the Leon Springs officers' training camp at Leon, Tex., Mr. Walmsley remained there as instructor until December 29, 1917, when he was detailed to take charge of the first training battalion at Kelley field, San Antonio, Tex. In April, 1918, he was placed in command of the Forty-sixth aerial squadron and sent to Ellington field at Houston, Tex., for bombing instruction. From Ellington field he took his squadron to Mineola, L. I., and built the first hangars on President Roosevelt field.

He has been state hospitalization officer since his term of office expired as national committeeman. Nominated for the office of national commander, Mr. Walmsley withdrew his name on the convention floor because he felt that New Orleans had already been honored sufficiently in being the host city to the convention.

PLANNED THE OLYMPIC MEET

James Murphy, Iowa, Legion's National Athletic Commission Chairman, Arranged Big Program.

As chairman of the American Legion's national athletic commission, James R. Murphy of Iowa planned the recent Olympic meet at New Orleans, in which ex-service athletes from all parts of the country competed in track and field events, amateur boxing and wrestling, aquatic sports, golf and tennis tournaments and marksmanship contest.



James Murphy.

Hanford MacNider, past national commander of the Legion, appointed Mr. Murphy chairman of the commission last June when the national executive committee authorized the formation of the athletic body.

Mr. Murphy was a distinguished all-round athlete during the years 1911-1913, while attending the University of Iowa. He was captain of Iowa's football team. After leaving college he continued athletic activities until the beginning of the World war, when he was made a captain in the Fourth division and served overseas with that organization.

The Legion's attention was first drawn to athletics when Provost Marshal Crowder's report on the physical condition of the men who were drafted for the service was made public. The report indicated that less than one-third of the men drafted were actually fit for military service.

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