

THE BARON OF LEIPERVILLE

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Ledger

The Baron of Leiperville was at peace with the world.

All afternoon he had worn a bright, sunny smile, which, with his distinctive, Italian hair (correctly parted on the left side) and a brilliant ocher silk shirt that furnished the background for a sincere purple necktie. As he stood in the doorway of his Colonial residence—and hotel—he beamed on the passers-by, had a kind word for both of them, and even invited the police force to have a drink to refresh himself after a hard day's work. Yes, the Baron was in a kindly mood on this particular afternoon, and it was his object to spread joy among the good citizens of the budding metropolis of Leiperville.

"HELLO, TINY! HEY!"

He was on duty in the same doorway when we laboriously waded our way down the street. We had taken the wrong car and after receiving the usual accurate information from the blind-faced natives, walked two miles instead of two squares to grab another trolley. Leiperville was the last stop and we were passing the Colonial residence—and hotel—in silent scorn when the Baron spied us. He rushed down to the sidewalk, grabbed us by the arm and acted the part of a perfectly good reception committee. Then he dragged us to his Colonial residence—and hotel—brought out a chair and cheerfully invited us to take a load off our feet.

"It's a good thing I happened to see you," he began, as he waved his arm, surrounded by an ocher silk sleeve, and then patted his purple necktie. "It's a shame to see a big guy like you ruining the pavements in a small town like this when the taxis are so high. Anyway, I shall see that you leave this town as a gentleman and not a hobo. Stick around and have some dinner. Then I shall drive you to Philadelphia—in my car," he added as an afterthought.

We thanked him for his kindness, drank an excellent dinner and settled down to enjoy a good smoke on the front porch, when the Baron reappeared, with his ocher silk shirt hidden under a coat. His purple necktie still could be glimpsed among the scenery as he stood before us wearing that benevolent smile.

"I am here," he said, "to offer you a chance to make one thousand dollars." "Who gave you the horse, and why pick on me?" we asked him, playing it safe. "Horse?" he muttered, looking surprised. "I know nothing of horses." "Well," we replied sweetly, "having visited several of those places where the horses run around a ring and having bet real money on your selections, I not only believe you, but admire your frankness as well. But I want to know where this tip came from. What did the trainer say?"

"HAVE \$1000 ON ME?"

"You don't get me at all," the Baron answered. "This isn't a gambling proposition—it's business. I am going to see that you make \$1000 and will sell you my automobile to prove it."

"Nix," we shot back. "Nothing doing in the auto line. Don't want to buy one, never thought of buying one and couldn't buy one if we wanted to. What's wrong with it, anyway?"

"Nothing at all," said the Baron. "Just wait here and I'll bring it around. I want to take you to town in it, and then I know you will buy it. You got lots of time, haven't you?"

"Not all the time in the world," we told him. "There's a boxing show at the Olympia which needs our attention and it starts in less than three hours."

"Three hours?" he snorted. "I'll have you there in less time than that. Just wait until I get back!"



He invited us to take a load off our feet.

The Baron soon appeared with one of those trick autos, puffing and sputtering like a regular machine. It had a hood, two seats for extremely thin people and a gasoline tank. You know the kind we mean. You don't sit in 'em—you just stoop, with your knees resting comfortably against your chin.

"Ain't she a beauty?" shouted the Baron, above the din and roar of the hard-working engine. "Just the car for you and I'll prove it. Jump in and we will hit nothing but the tops of the trees on our way to Philadelphia. Nothing will raise us in this boat!"

NO LIFE INSURANCE, EITHER

We squeezed into the seat without the aid of a shoehorn, removed a knee from one eye and gazed reproachfully at the driver.

"What's the idea?" we gasped. "Why don't you get a motorist to ride with you so he can enjoy it?"

"Better get used to the machine, for she's yours at the end of the trip. You can't HELP but buy it. I'm gonna sell it to you for only \$350! It cost \$1250, and there's where you make that thousand!"

The lights of Leiperville were disappearing in the distance and the road was dark and lonely when the machine began to shake as if it had a severe chill. Then it developed a hectic flush, followed by a hollow cough, wheezed a few times and came to an abrupt stop. The Baron was out of the car in a minute. He looked it over, tried to start the engine, jacked it over again, scratched his head and said:

"THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CAR!"

"MAYBE CARBURETOR TROUBLE"

"It must be wonderful to have such a knowledge of mechanics," we replied. "Now that you have found the difficulty, what is it?"

"Don't know, but will soon find out," he answered.

After an examination which lasted fifteen minutes—while we were still firmly wedged in the seat—the Baron emitted a loud laugh.

"I knew it was nothing serious," he shouted. "I only forgot to fill the tank with gasoline. Just wait here and I'll phone for some."

He was back in twenty minutes, still smiling. "This is a great little boat," he beamed. "Can't beat it for the money, any place. Any car will stop if you have no gasoline. And to think, I'm going to sell it to you for \$350!"

After a half hour's tedious wait, a sad-looking individual driving a light rig, which was attached to what at one time was probably a horse, hove into view. He came up to us, took out a can of gasoline and filled the tank.

"Anything else wrong?" he asked, after collecting \$1. "Better look your car over now, 'cause I can't be bothered agin' to-night."

"Nothing is wrong with this car," shouted the Baron indignantly. "Any car will stop if you have no gasoline. What's calling you, anyway?"

We started again and began to make our time. As we sped down a hill, another machine came from the opposite direction

and the Baron sent the car into the ditch, where we bounded along like a rowboat in a heavy storm.

"Hey! What's the matter?" we shouted.

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing at all," replied the driver. "The brake is only busted and I forgot to fix the horn. If the lights don't go out, we will have no further trouble!"

BARON'S AUTO NEAR DEATH

But his prediction was all to the bad. After another mile, the auto groaned and creaked, stopped a couple of times and slowly came to a stop. It acted like something about ready to lie down and die. Again the Baron leaped to the ground.

"I'll bet I know what's wrong this time," he explained. "That guy who sold us the gasoline evidently thought he was selling milk, because he mixed it with water. I'd like to bust him in the jaw. Wait a minute, and I'll get some more gas. I know a guy in Philly who won't cheat."

The Baron climbed a fence and dashed to a farm house in the distance, which made itself known by a twinkling light, barely visible to the naked eye.

Now a lonely country road on a dark night might be a pleasant place to spend a quiet half hour, but you cannot prove it by us. It was getting colder, there were no robes in the car and we suffered in gloomy silence, after painfully extricating ourselves from the two-by-two seat. We were still suffering when the Baron returned with a large can of gas and an open-faced filler of the sort. The aqua pura gasoline was removed, the new stuff poured in and the filler of the sort tumbled a short time with the engine. Then we started again, after the filler had taken most of our money.

"You know, any car will stop if you have no gasoline. This is a swell boat and I am doing you a favor when I sell it to you for \$500."

But our troubles were not over. We tried to climb a hill but it was too much. The car slowly turned around, headed for a fence, leaned against it and stopped—all petersed out.

"There are four things wrong with this car," he said. "I can't think of one of them. But don't worry. I'll fix it up in no time and show you what a good car it is. You are getting it at a bargain when I sell it for \$150."

"But what about the Olympia?" we shouted. "The show has started and we are a thousand miles away. We gotta get in there, because we have to work!"

The Baron looked some more, removed some things he overlooked the first time and emerged with his face covered with grease.

"It's the inner intake nozzle and something is wrong with the vacuum pump," he shouted triumphantly. "Just wait a minute and I'll phone to a guy I know in Lansdowne, and he'll fix it in a half hour or so. Then I'll show you to the Olympia and show you what a swell car it is. I tell you, it's a shame to sell it to you for \$100."

"Nothing doing on that stuff," we replied. "Enough is enough. From now on we walk. That boat can't make any time unless you heat a nail, and we're not strong for anything that even suggests the bounding bilow. Farewell and good night!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" shouted the Baron. "Here come a car and we might get a lift. Help me stop it!"

Two headlights drew nearer and we stood in the middle of the road. The visiting



You don't sit in 'em—you just stoop.

auto stopped and a rotund figure jumped out. "What are you two bums trying to do?" he shouted. "This ain't no place for a stick-up, and me friend'll knock you both off, anyway. Whadyo mean, anyway? Well, if it ain't my old friend Jimmy Dougherty! How are you, Baron? Still tryin' to sell that rabbit chaser?"

The Baron looked at Lew Bailey and wondered if it was the highlight on the machine or the diamonds in his shirt that first attracted our attention.

"Something is wrong with the car, Lew," he said wearily, as he nodded to the man leaning against the fence. "Something is wrong; but I know a guy in Lansdowne who will fix it in a short time. It's a swell car and I hate to part with it. I just want my friend here to travel and now I am going to give it to him."

"WHAT!" we shouted. "GIVE it to you? NEVER! Not even as a GIFT! We are going to the Olympia in this fiver, and we take it from us, we will GET there. You don't know anything about machines, and you can't make a match. Anyway, you're a poor driver or we wouldn't be in this fix!"

"Bum driver!" shouted the Baron hastily, as Bailey started the fiver. "This driver! Haw, haw, haw! How Barney Dougherty will laugh when I tell him that!"

Again Cole Leads

We were the first manufacturers of eight cylinder cars to combine large size and tremendous power with light weight and economy of operation.

The famous chassis on which all Cole models are mounted is the largest, but relatively the lightest Eight built.

Last year we introduced the Springfield Type Body with such sweeping success that it was later adopted by the builder of practically every well-known car.

The Toursedan and Tourcoupe are essentially and unmistakably Cole, even to their names—as well as in details of construction.

These were the first permanent, all-season cars—the first eight cylinder automobiles, both winter and summer, all in one and the same unit, at a single price.

Now we introduce for the first time the *Four-Door Toursedan*—five cars in one—all in one unit—all under one permanent roof—all at one price.

Here you have a conveyance that is an informal touring car—a family Sedan—a Towncar-Limousine—a Berline-Limousine—and a formal touring car, in which the driver sits separately from the passengers.

That's what the Four-Door Toursedan affords in the way of adaptability. From the standpoint of convenience, it is beyond anything thus far offered.

In these, as in many other important and fundamental advanced features, the Cole Eight leads.

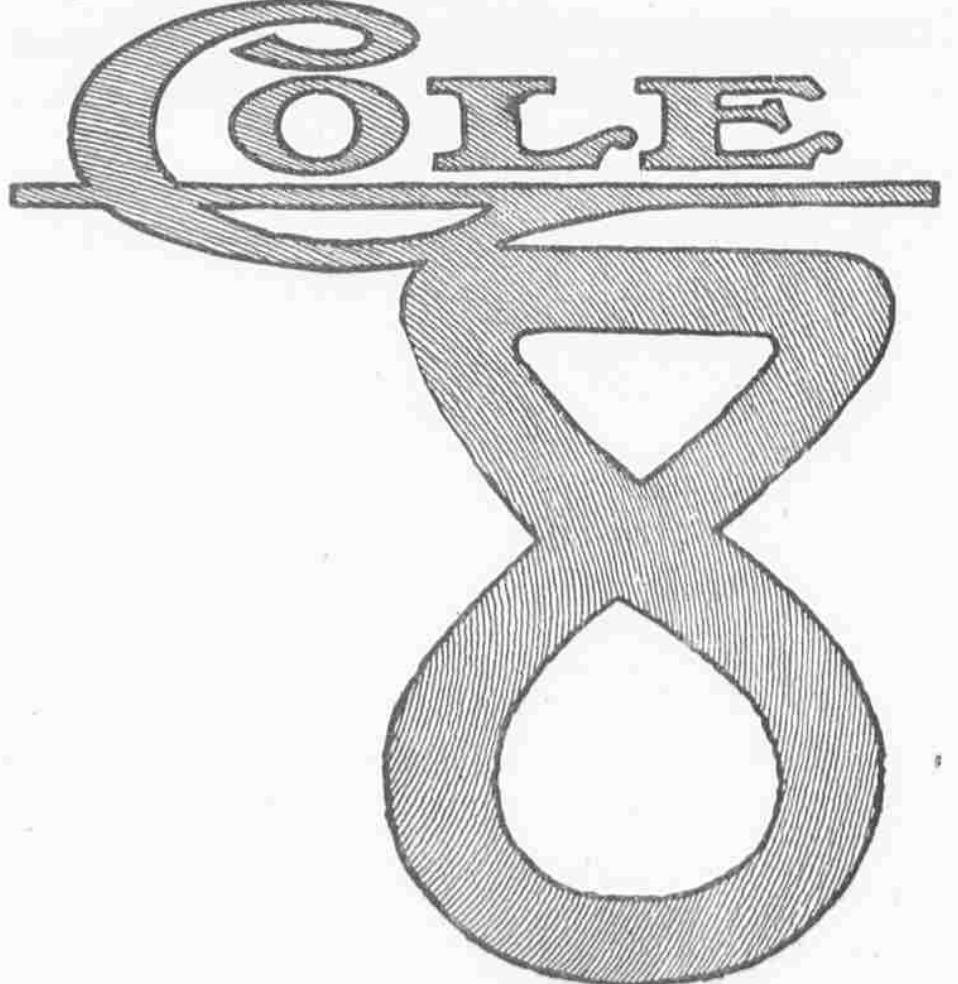
All Cole models will be shown at the automobile show. Be sure to see them.

A demonstration of any of our models will show you what the Cole Eight represents in modern motor car construction and value.

Ask us for one.

L. S. Bowers Company
245 N. Broad Street, Phila.
Bell Phone, Walnut 762

Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis, U. S. A.



United States Prices

Cole-Springfield Four-Door Toursedan.	\$2495
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan.	\$2295
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupe.	\$2295
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car.	\$1695
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster.	\$1695

Prices f.o.b. factory