



# Now for 1917

Another new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, 7 passengers, 122-inch wheelbase, supreme beauty, \$1280 Detroit  
And the original 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, doubly refined, amazing performance, 115-inch wheelbase, \$1090 Detroit

Picture a giant of rare strength and ability, and clothe him in fine garments—and you have a mighty good picture of this new Chalmers—

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers with the 122-inch wheelbase, double cowl body and French pleated upholstery.

A good day's work was done when they made it. They took as a base the 1916 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. A car that had 1,000,000 miles of record behind it. And a service mark of 99.21 percent perfect.

They didn't touch the 3400 r. p. m. power plant. They stood pat there.

And on this magnificent chassis they laid a body that surpasses the ordinary man's power of expression.

To describe this gorgeous body is like trying to describe a Rocky Mountain sunset. It's impossible.

You get an optic sensation that fills the mind with a picture you'll never forget.

Lines—ladies, they're so severely modern that at first the Chalmers people thought they'd have to change them—too far ahead of the procession.

But Mr. Chalmers finally said to go ahead. And he was right, because the first one that sailed up the avenue stopped traffic.

Men driving cars actually drove up ahead in front to see what car it was.

And performance—gentlemen! There's never been but one that could touch her—her 3400 r. p. m. sister.

She performs with a laugh. She has never refused me a hill. She has never failed to answer my every whim.

3400 r. p. m. is the reason.

But what I like most about her is the perfectly corking body.

I'm going to tell about one little feature of the body, and then you'll have to come and find the rest out for yourself.

It's about the upholstery. Now, there's been reams written and tons talked about upholstery. Some one once measured it in inches. Another described it in curlicue springs. Some one else reduced it to "real hair."

I don't know the thickness of it—and care less; but when I get in the tonneau and sit down I have a feeling that I never want to get out.

It fits the fat man as well as the thin man.

They're long pleats—French pleats—(which say goodbye once and for all time to the "button and biscuit" kind).

She's a real car, gentlemen, and a wonderful value—\$1280 Detroit. You put away in your wardrobe the equivalent of four good suits of clothes, a couple of pairs of ten-dollar shoes, and a Knox hat when you lay down the money for her. You save about \$275.

Don't let me forget to call attention to her smaller sister—

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers with the 115-inch wheelbase.

Because she's a 3400 r. p. m.'r, great on the hill, smooth in traffic, full of spunk any time any day.

She's just like her 1916 predecessor. Neither you nor I could tell the difference. And you're dead sure when you buy her because her record is as clear-cut as a cameo—1,000,000 miles of use with a service record of 99.21 percent perfect.

Both cars are ready. If you haven't seen them you've missed a day's treat. Better than going to the art gallery.

*A. G. McPherson*

A. G. McPherson  
Highland Park Garage  
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