

The Vagabond Days Have Come

SOME happy mystic day in June when the soft green of early summer is lit by the golden sun—forget the town—its turbulence and fame—and bid the world good-bye.

Idle the twilight hours away in a Jordan, light-footed, silent, flying free—companions, chums, camp followers of spring.

This nimble car of fascinating ease scuds through the large and solemn world—making one golden hour outmeasure a long drab year.

A car of striking beauty on the road—it thrills you with its gratifying style—crowds your pulses with its urge of power—and satisfies your need for a reliable companion.

Economy of course—in tires and gas and care—the successor to the bulky car of other days.

A delight to drive on busy errands in the traffic—balanced as every car should be—a friendly pal for business and your freer hour.

