

THE DIARY OF DELIA

**Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with
Some Side-Lights on the Parlor**

BY ONOTO WATANNA

EXT day. "A notermobile," ses Mr. Wolley at the brekfust table "is the veeicle of the moduns. Its a boom to soofering yumanity in this yumid and turribly trying and hot summers of this climut. In my opinyon" ses he, "its the gratest of modun invishuns. Dont interrupt James," ses he, turning upon Mr. James, who was snickering noysly. "I confess" ses Mr. Wolley "that I was want sometime ago to curse the horseless veeicle, but times are changed" ses he, "and we who wish to kape step wid the times must grow wid it. A notermobile is a coolitived taste. Its like olives. Whin first tasted we detist its flavor, but having thryed it wanse or twice we becum its ardint slaves. Jimmy," ses he "pass me another musk melon. John er—whats the news this marning?"

"O nothing par," ses Mr. John, grinnin behind his paper. "Our riclkiss presydint is waring pink pyjamas and Roosel Sage is ded."

As I was coming down the stips lading from the oopstares to the bastemint, who shood I see, standing outside me kitchin dure, but Mr. Moolvaney. The gentleman has his face aginst the closed dure, and hes after serrynading the lady inside—namely, Minnie Carnavan, wid the folling milody.

I shstood still on the stares to lissen:

In Dublin's fair city
The girls are so pretty
I wans't laid me eyes
On sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel barrow
The strates broad and narrow
Of cockles and mussels alive, alive, Ho!

When the gentleman finished I shstepped down the stares, and joost thin he toorned about and seen me caming tord him. He guv a shstart, and ses he:

"Why Delia, is it yersilf? Well, well!" ses he, "and shure I was thinking it was yersilf was in the kitchen."

I condinsind not wan ward, but I walked into me kitchin, past the false craychure, and I shoot the dure sated on a chare, shsmiling from eer to eer.

"Its a grand voyse" ses she, "I'm after lisseenin to. Who is the handsum gentleman Delia, deer," ses she.

Joost thin the spaking chube rung out and I wint to it at wanse, and shouted oop at the tap of me voyse:

"I refuse to answer," and wid that I shstopped up the dommed thing wid me dish towel.

A week later. Its been a week of sorrer and distress sinse Minnie Carnavan cam to visit me. Shure there's been no more pace or comfort in me brest. She do be the most obstreprous crachure in the world, shstickin her auld nose into ivrywan's thrubbles and ristless and unhappy widow she's making mischiff. Every nite since Minnie cum ther do be thrubble of sum sort.

Shes after making the lives of the pure yung crachures distressful, by interferring in therre innersins convyashun. Every nite whin I streches out me weary tired body upon me bed I lissen to Minnie.

Mr. Doodley do be a rascal and a scallywag. He do be desing to rooin the life of Miss Claire. Its me that a sinful crachure for not exposising them to her parents and brothers, and its she Minnie Carnavan, who will seek counsil of her holy father confisser, whos no wan but herself. Its ny to busting she is wid kapin the sacret of the pur yung crachures love affare, and its tired I am wid me indiess attimps to contrhol her. And now its in dred and feer I am that something dredful is about to happen.

Tonite whin Minnie was lisseenin at the dure, wid her pricked up against the keyhole of me private dining room, Mr. Dudley suddenly opens the dure. He has a bottle in his hand, and as he opens it Minnie falls at his feet.

"Is there a cat here?" ses he, and shsqirts the silzer wather in her face.

Following day. This marning whin I waked I missed Minnie Carnavan at me side. Sitting up and looking about me, I seen Minnie seated at me table, ritin a litter. She seen me whin I set up, and she faulded oop her litter and licked the invilip.

"Well Minnie Carnavan," ses I, "and what are you up to at this unairthly our?"

"Hoosh, darlin!" ses she, caming to me bed, and setting down beside me. "Delia" ses she "I've dun it."

"Dun what?" ses I, and I begin to have misgivings.

"I've rote" ses Minnie "to the auld gentleman."

"To Mr. Wolley," ses I a bit daft.

"No," ses she shaking her hed. "To the lad's father."

For a minit me tung faled me. I stared at the crachure in silense. She got ap from me bed and searched about for her hat, found it and put it on.

"Delia O'Malley," ses she. "That yung Dudley fellow do be fresh as sour milk," ses she. "Its been on me consunse iven sinse I came, mavourneen, to poonish him for his thricks. Its desaving the pretty Miss Claire hes after oop to. Trust an auld girl like Minnie Carnavan to see thro the thricks of a yung spaldeen like that."

"Minnie," ses I meekly, for therre's a feer in me hart that makes me weak as a kitten, "tell me the thruth, darlin. Be you going to male a litter to the lad's father?"

"Indade and I am," ses Minnie bauldly. "And to mak shure," ses she, "that the old dude gets it safely, I'll be me own postman and deliver it in person! Goodbye, Delia, mavorneen, I'll not be coming back. Give me luv to Mr. Mulvaney."

rayspictiv packages so he may know them nxxt Spring whin he going to have a fine gardin.

Miss Claire cum into me kitchin, wid her bloo eyes swimmin wid teers.

"What will we do, Delia?" ses she, "John is in the dining rume tonite, and I cant get him out."

"Now don't you be after wurrting, darlant," ses I. "Shure Mr. Harry is wilcam to me kitchin."

"But John may walk in upon us," ses she desprity.

"He'd better not," ses I. And wid that I wint to the dure and called out to Mr. John:

"Will ye be good enuff to kape your disthance from me kitchin tonite, as its private company I'm expicting."

"Very well, Delia," ses he perlitey.

I wint outside to the bastemint dure, and wated in person for Mr. Harry. When he arrived, I tauld him the state of things, and he slipped into me kitchin. Miss Claire were sitting on me table, her little feet swinging in the air.

"Good avening," ses she, trying to smile and look charful. "Ye'll obsarve," ses she, "the extremes to which we are driven. John holds the fort tonite."

Mr. Harry is haulding her hands as she spakes, and watching her face like he wad ate her up.

"Had I better go thin?" ses he.

"O, if you want to," ses she, slipping down from the table, and turning away from him a bit.

"Want to?" ses he. "You don't mean that?"

"No," ses she, saftly, "I—I dont."

I thot the yung lad wud grab her, but joost thin he seen me and kept still.

Miss Claire sayses hauld of a frying pan.

"Never mind," ses she. "We'll enjoy ousrives aven in the kitchin. You've never tasted me famiss fudge, have you Mr. Dudley?"

"No," ses he, looking at her pretty arms, as she rolled back the slaves from them.

"Well," ses she; "I larned to make it in me Vassa days. Get me an aprun, Delia," ses she.

I brot her wan of her own—a little red gingum thin wid frills and pockits. She let him button it behid her, and he tuk so long she broke away, larfing and blooshing.

"Now," ses she, "you may help me. I want crame, sugar, butter and chocklett. A bit of vernilla, too," ses she.

They set to work, busy and happy as childrun making mud pies. By and by, the stuff was cooked, and she set him to mixing it. "And mix it stiff," ses she, "while I grees the pans."

This dun, she tuk a spoon and hild it to his lips. He, not looking at the fudge, but wid his eyes fixed on her, opened his mouth and took in the spoon. Then he guv a yell and doon drappwd the spoon.

"Oh!" ses she, turning pail, "wuz it hot? Harry," ses she, "I burned you!"

"You call me Harry!" ses he, and sayses hauld of her by the arms. I was watching wid all me eyes, whin I herd the dure squeake a bit. Before I cud move tords it Miss Clare roon oop aginst it and hild it closed wid her little hands.

"The china closet, Delia!" she wispered, and I shuvved Mr. Harry into the closet and banged the dure tite. Whin we let in Mr. John he looked about him.

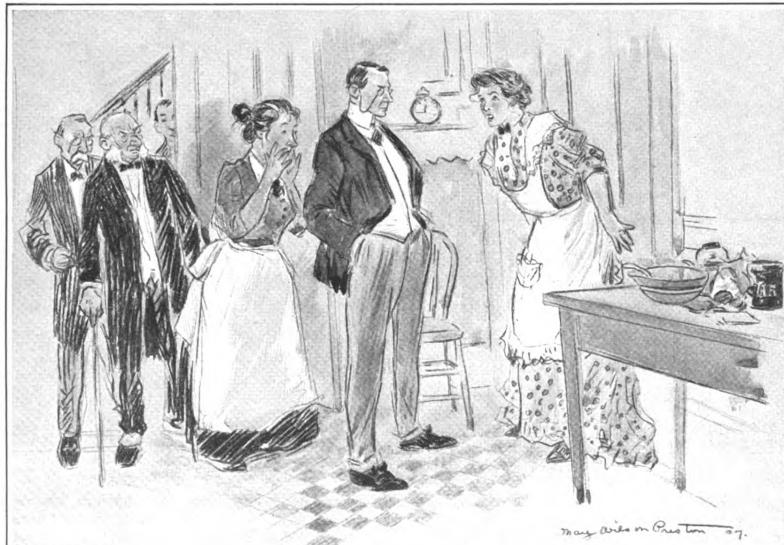
"Whats the matter?" ses he, "why did you hauld me out?"

"O," ses Miss Claire, gayly; "it's a game Delia and I are playing."

He frowned and ses caudly.

"Ye cud find bitter implaynt I fancy than playing in the kitchin wid Delia. Your not a child, Claire," ses he.

Shes about to speake in anser whin the frunt dure bell run, and I saized me aprun and wint to awnr it, laving the yung people alone. As I reched the upper flure, I seen Mr. Wolley turning on the lites in the hall. Then he



"Go Away!" Ses She. "You Shan't Open the Dure!"

Before I cud git me wits thegither agin, Minnie, the ritched, false crachure was gone. I herd the frunt dure close behind her.

Next day. Oh wirrah! wirrah! wirrah! Its a sad and loansome world and its a trecherous snake is Minnie.

Yesterday me hart was full of feers. Its menny an effort I made to relave mesilf to Miss Claire, but for pity for the pur yung crachure me tung refused to spoke.

Last nite was a nite of shocks. Mr. John cum down to the bastemint and takc possishun after dinner of me privat dining rume. The widder do be giving him a barskit full of seeds, frish picked from her gardin, and he's after wanting he ses to sort them out and mark the

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN



I Stopped Me Chopping, and Guv Him Wan Look of Contempt and Scorn

opened the dure. A little auld gentleman wid wiskers on his chakes and spats on his feet stud there.

"Good avening," ses he. "Mr. Wolley, I belave?"

I cud tell by Mr. Wolley's back that his face was purple. He harf closed the dure, and thin agin opened it.

"What is it you want?" ses he roodly.

"Who is it, father?" ses Mr. James, coming into the hall, then he too seen the little gentleman. The latter wuz spakin wid horchure and dignity.

"I cum, sor," ses he, "to—er—ask—you sir, to requist me sun to lave your house."

"I don't understand you," ses Mr. Wolley caudly.

"I resaved," ses the auld gentleman, stepping into the hall, "nonnymuss episiss this marning. Ordinary I ignoar sich things, but me suspishuns had alreddy been aroused. I tuk it upon meself to play the detective tonite. When me sun left the house I followed him here. I saw him inter ye're place be way of the—er—bastemint," ses he hortily. "I wayted around a bit and thin desided to spake to you personally. You—er—probably appreeshiate me position," ses he. "I, of course, shall absolutely refuse to reckynise anny foolish shcrape of the yungster—he's a mere boy," he adds loftily.

"Sir," ses Mr. Wolley; "if yure yung ass of a son—I yuse the word advisedly," ses he, "has been making a fool of himself over a girl in me employ, I am not intrusted in the affare. Will you be good enuff to go to the back dure."

Wid that he's about to open the dure, when he seen me standing there.

"Delia!" ses he, "here's your yung man's father. Just tak him into the kitchen."

Auld Mr. Dudley seemed aboot to boorst, but befor he cud spake, Mr. James tuk him by the arm and lid him gintly but firmly to the kitchen dure. As I was about to follow Mr. Wolley saised haud of me slave.

"Delia," ses he, whispering excitedly, "is Claire doon stores?"

"N-no—yes—indade, I dont know sir," ses I, and I picked up me aprun and begun to cry into it.

We disindis to me kitchin—Mr. Wolley, Mr. James and auld Mr. Dudley, who shtumbled on the dark steps and sneezed whin he got to the bottom. In the kitchin we cum upon a strayne site. Miss Claire was standing wid her back aginst me chiny closet; her eyes were big and wild looking, and she kept talking to Mr. John who stud before her.

"Go away, John! Go away!" ses she. "You shan't open the dure! You shan't! You shan't!" ses she. Then she seen us all, and she guv a little cry.

"Delia! O Delia!" ses she. "Don't let him. He—he soospicts sumthing," ses she, and then she poot her hed down on my shoulder and burst into teers.

I herd Mr. Harry moving in the closet, and I belave the yung chap must have herd Miss Claire waping, for

joost as she boorst into teers, he forced open the dure. For a moment he stud blinking, and thin he seen us all. He guv a look first at his father and, as the auld gentleman wint tord him, he drew himself up stiff and faced him.

"Well sir!" ses the auld fellow, choking wid rage; "so this is whare ye've been spinding your avenings—in the kitchin of these contempnable pinny-a-liners."

"One moment," ses the lad, and suddenly he turned to Miss Claire, and poot an arm about her. But befor he cud draw her to him, Mr. James had dashed forward.

"Confound you!" ses he, "tak your hands off me sister!" Wid that he rinched them apart.

Yung Dudley toorned very pail, but he smiled quarely, as he moved tord the dure.

"Claire!" ses he, spaking clare over the heds of ivery wan, "raymimber, darlant, that we love aich other. All will cum rite yet, deerest," ses he.

Thin ignoaring and pooshing past his little angry father, he made his way to the bastemint dure and out.

Mr. Dudley stud a minit looking about him, his thin lips poorsed ap in a snarling shmilie. He addressed himself to Mr. Wolley, but his eyes was on Miss Claire.

"Me sun," ses he "is yung and rash. This is not the first time I have been obleeged to cum in person to extrycate him from sooch a scrape. Parchunhately," ses he, "we expect him to make an airy marruge. I was talking to his finansay's

After a bit she looked up and ses: "They've been watching me all avening. They'll niver let me be alone wid you agen. You see papa ses your to blame, and James ses that if you hadn't incoraged us to yuse your kitchen and —"

I set up and shuk me fist. "Ef Mr. James," ses I, "has any crittersickem to be after making on a puir, loan, hardworking girl he'd better spake to me."

"Oh Delia!" ses she, "plase don't get excited. Lissen. I'm not to be housekaper anny longer. I dont know how Harry and I will see aich other. And Oh Delia!" ses she, saizing me by the showlider, "did you heer him say that he—he loved me?"

"That I did, darlant" ses I; "so don't you be after wrurying, for all the avil minded brother in the world, all the cross-eyed, hard-harted, black-sowled, crool fathers and mothers cant coom betune a pare of swateharts whin troo love is after stipping in."

"Yes," ses she airnestly. "But do you relly think he ment it?"

"Ment it! Its ashamed I am of you, Miss Claire. Is it misdouting the word of Mr. Dudley, you be, and he as foind a yung chap as iver stepped alive?"

The teers dried up like magick, and she smiled as swately as a aingel. "Yes," ses she, "he *did* mane it, and all will cum rite; for love," ses she, "will shurely foind a way."

"That it will," ses I.

Well, thin she wint to bed, and I belave slipt soundly, for her chakes were pink as roses in the marning, and her eyes brite and luvely.

She ses, "Good marning everybody" in a brave, gay toan whin she cam to the brekfust table, wid the intyre family setting there and waiting in agunny for her to aipeer, all suffering wid the thort of her broken hart.

Mr. John lifts oop his paper, and I sane him frowning like to brake his face behind it—he's that ankshiss to kape back a teer. Auld Mr. Wolley blew his nose like it was a throompet. Mr. James swollers his coffee red hot, and Mrs. Wolley tuk to crying saftly to hersilf. Miss Claire guv a kiss to little Willy and wan to her father. Then she et her brekfust, beaming on everybody.

After brekfust Mrs. Wolley cam into the kitchen and guv me the orders for the day. I herd Mr. Wolley's ortermobile and looking from me winder seen him go by wid Miss Claire setting by his side, and Mr. John and James in the tonno. Mr. Billy wint out to his sand pile and Mrs. Wolley left me in peese.

It was baking day, and I had jest set me bread into the pans for the fynal raysing and had opened the oven dure to say how me sponge cake was doing, whin I herd a bit of muvement at me back. I turned aboot, and let out a turrible yell, for there was me frind from the Dudleys. He do be standing in me

(Continued on Page 24)



Manwhile Linding an Eer to the Illygunt Convysashun of the Widdy

father today, and its aboot desided that the yung fokes will both be sint abrond nixt week. Good avening, sir," ses he. "You will not be thrubbled again," ses he.

Thin, still smiling in that nasty insoolting way of his, he bowed and wint.

Next day. After the sad ivints of the distressful day I wint to slape wid a hevvy hart, but sorrer a bit of peacefull slape did I get. I drimt that Minnie do be cuming to tak my place wid the Wolley family. By desateful words and ackshons she has worked upon the falings of Miss Claire and now its me the family do be blaming for the thrubbles. I do be waping fit to make a hart of stone ake and telling Miss Claire its me that's been a thro and loving girl. But in me drame Miss Claire refoosed to look at me at all at all, and its wirrah! wirrah! I be crying in me slape. Thin I heerd somewan whispering at me eer.

"Delia! Delia!"

I set up wildy in me bed, and there I seen Miss Claire in the moonlite.

"Its I, Claire—don't be fritened, Delia," ses she.

"Oh! Miss," ses I, "ye do be after scaring a body. What's the thrubble, darlant," for shes neeling by me bed, crying fit to brak her hart.



A Little Auld Gentleman wid Wiskers on His Chakes and Spats on His Feet Stud There

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 15)

kitchin bauld and brazen as if he belonged there, and there's a larf in his eye and on his bauld mouth too.

Now, if therew wan thing bad for sponge cake it do be a sudden bang or noyse. Its bownd to mak the finest cake fall down. Silnse is the rool wid all good cooks whin the cakes in the ooven. I throu wan look at me sponge cake and shure enuff the preshus stuff had fallen flat. Thin I rose and faced about on the impudent, yung spalpe standing there.

"Its plane to see," ses I, me hands on me hips "where you hale frum. Its ashamed I am to acnoleg you a countryman of me own, and its lissons in foine manners ye mitte be after taking," ses I, "from the foine cortshees yung gentleman wid hoom. But Larry guy a larf at the smack I'm giving him, and ses he:

"Delia, darlnt, that's nothing but a love smack. Goodbye, mavourneen, it'll be manny a day before ye'll forget the kissing I've given you."

Whin he was gon I looked about me kitchin, hardly knowing what I was seeing, wid the ixipshun of the hash on the flure. Prisintly, I herd the family coming home, and I sneeked upstairs, hoping to get the chance of saying Miss Claire alone. She was not wid the family on the porch. I stayed a minit to lissen to Mr. James reading aloud from a litter in his hand:

"Deer Miss Wolley," he red; "me sun sales for Europe, per S. S. Germany, tomorrow morning at 7 and is accompanied by Miss Una Robbins and her father."

Thin followed a few more wards in which the auld scallywag congradulated the pur yung crachure upon her escape from a young fellow hoos intishuns were not secrius since he was all the time ingaged to another girl, and he begged to remane hers fathefully—S. Judd Dudley.

I left the family looking at aich other in silinse, and wint oop thry stairs at a time to the child's room. I nocked saftly.

"Miss Claire!" I called.

I herd her sobbing inside, and I called agin. "Miss Claire, darlnt!"

At that she called: "Go away Delia! Go away!"

"Miss Claire!" I called, wid me mouch to the keyhole. "For the love of God, open the door."

After a moment I herd the key turn, and thin she opened it joost a crack or two. I throost in me hand and shuvved the letter in at the dure. I herd her guy a little, moofed scrame and thin she was sylint. I stole away down stares, and cryed in peice in me dish towel. Shure, I'd be giving the bauld lad a hoondred kisses more, ef he were to ask me again for them joost now.

Next day. At 4 A. M. Miss Claire cum into me room. She's all dressed and she shuk me a bit and brung me me clothes. "Dress quickly, Delia," ses she, "I'm going to meet him."

"Mr. Harry?" ses I. She nods, her eyes shining both wid teers and smiles.

"Hurry!" ses she. "Its still dark, and I'm afraid to go doon stares alone."

I was into me clothes in a minit, and thegither, we wint down the back stares. We cum to the bastemint, and Miss Claire opened the back dure, and stud there waiting. There was not a bit of sun at the our, and, it gettng tord the Fall, the air do be chilly. Every where we looked there seemed to be oogly gray clouds in the sky, and the grass do be thick wid hevvy jew. But Miss Claire waited on, and watched the sky. "For," ses she, "the set at sunrise."

After a bit I seen a speck of gold cum craping into the gray of the sky, and it grew a we bit later. Thin I seen Mr. Harry cum across the lon. Miss Claire seen him too and she wint out a step or two to meet him. Then he seen her and he cum running tord her, wid his arms wid wide out; and she started running tord him likewise, till they cum to aich other. And, thin, wid never a word, they were in aich other's arms, he toornig oop her face and looking at it. Thin soodently she put it down against his coat (just as I had dun wid that bold Larry), and she began to cry safty, joost as iff her hart was broken.

"Lissen, Claire, me darlnt," ses he. "I love you! We love aich other. The world itself cannot divide us."

"Be dommed then," ses he. "But lissen, swatheart. Mr. Dudley do be sinding Mr. Harry aff to Europe to-morrow marning airily. Its the long distunse cure the auld gentleman do be after expicting for the lad. Now, Mr. Harry has rote a litter of explana-shuns to Miss Claire, appoynting an interview. So, Delia, darlnt, its oop to you. Shall Miss Claire have the litter or shall she not?"

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I, "do you mane to say ye'd be holding back the litter from the puir, yung thing?"

"Oonless," ses he, "you guy me a kiss."

"Tak it then," ses I, "and be doomed to you!"

"Be dommed then," ses he. "But lissen, swatheart. Mr. Dudley do be sinding Mr. Harry aff to Europe to-morrow marning airily. Its the long distunse cure the auld gentleman do be after expicting for the lad. Now, Mr. Harry has rote a litter of explana-shuns to Miss Claire, appoynting an interview. So, Delia, darlnt, its oop to you. Shall Miss Claire have the litter or shall she not?"

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I, "do you mane to say ye'd be holding back the litter from the puir, yung thing?"

"Oonless," ses he, "you guy me a kiss."

"Tak it then," ses I, "and be doomed to you!"

BETTER THAN
REAL LEATHER

Better Than Real Leather

And Sold for

One-Third
The Price



This statement is the absolute truth as thousands of users have testified. You can't tell the difference between **Pantasote** leather and real leather. **Pantasote** leather can be used for every purpose for which real leather is adapted. **Pantasote** is durable, bright, odorless, easily cleaned, does not crack, is fireproof, waterproof, and wears better than most leathers and only costs one-third as much.

Beware of Substitutions for **Pantasote**

The great demand for **Pantasote** has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations. To protect you against fraud, no furniture as covered with **Pantasote** from your dealer should bear the **Pantasote** label. Do not accept his "just as good" theory; insist upon **Pantasote**. On pieces goods, see that the word "Pantasote" is clearly and self-evident. **Pantasote** was awarded the Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at St. Louis

A Full Line of

Pantasote Leather Furniture
is to be seen at
our showrooms
26 West 34th St., New York

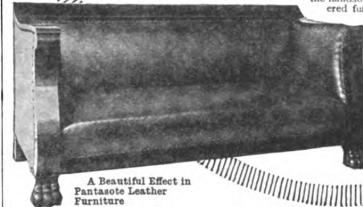
Have You a Chair that Needs
Re-covering? We can make it easy and
cheap to test **Pantasote** by mail.

ing postpaid, on receipt of remittance by Post Office
mail, or by registered letter (we will not re-
sponsible for loss or stamp which must be lost in the
mail), a sample **Morocco**, 25 x 25 inches, 25 cents;
25 x 25 inches, 50 cents; 27 x 27 inches, 70 cents; and 26 x 35
inches, \$1.00. Just the thing for chair seat, cushion or footstool.

Send postal for beautiful book, "The Man in the Stage Coach," which contains all the information and tells all about **Pantasote** leather. It also gives full descriptions and includes
sample of the material, exact tints from which to select. It also includes cuts showing the handsomeness and most extensive line of leather cov-
ered furniture, giving dimensions and details of each piece. Just write us and it will be sent
postpaid. Address all communica-
tions to

The **Pantasote**
Company

Dept. S
11 Broadway
New York



A Beautiful Effect in
Pantasote Leather
Furniture

Paint Economy



This gives you the average cost per year of the paint and painting.

Painters' time is far more expensive than the best paint you can buy—and a paint that will remain bright, clear and beautiful, without repainting, from two to three years longer than ordinary paint, is the paint that means real economy to you.

That is Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint—ready-for-the-brush. It not only lasts longer than ordinary paint but covers from 50 to 100 more square feet to the gallon.

"High Standard" Liquid Paint Gives Best Results because it is a combination of the best materials.

The power, precision and adjustment

of the mechanical devices used in making "High Standard" Paint secure a working quality and productive power that human hands, however trained and tireless, could never attain. "High Standard" Paint contains more particles to the gallon than any other paint.

Do not be misled by the term "strictly pure" white lead, which in this sense, means a pigment uncombed with materials that are necessary to make the best-covering, spreading, working, -wearing, -looking paint.

"High Standard" Paint wears down to the smoothest surface for repainting. There is a Lowe Brothers Paint for every purpose. Besides, "High Standard" Liquid Paint, there is Interior Enamel for woodwork and walls; Vernic White for fine finish and bath rooms; Vernic Stain for floors and woodwork, etc.

"High Standard" Paint and the full Lowe Brothers line, including the famous "Little Blue Flag" Varnish, are sold by the leading paint dealer in almost every town. Let us send you the name of your nearest "High Standard" dealer and a copy of our new book "Paint and Painting"—which is yours for the asking. It gives many valuable suggestions on painting methods and paint economy. Write a postal for a copy today.

Lowe Brothers
High Standard
Liquid Paint

Gives Best Results

The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton, O.
Paintmakers Varnishmakers

New York Chicago Kansas City

But she still sobbed a bit against his coat, and she ses: "And Una Robbins is going, too. Is she—are you engaged to her?" ses she.

"I'm engaged to *you*," ses he, so vlyently that she larfed a bit; and thin he tuk her hand and slipped a ring on wan of her fingers:

"It's a chape, little thing," ses he. "It was me mother's. When father gave it to her they was pur—pur as—er—Delia there—he a plane worker in a masheen shop, and she a country teecher."

Then he kissed the finger wid the ring on, and they put their arms about each other and clung a bit thegither.

"Goodbye, my love!" ses he.

"Goodbye, Harry!" ses she.

They separated for a sicond and wint away, aich from the uther. Thin they flew back to aich other and clung a bit again. And agin they sepprated, and she run tord the bastemt dure wid her hand to her throat like she was choking. She roon down the stairs, and I tuk her into me arms. She was shaking and trimbling like a child. Then we herd Mr. Harry's voyse: "Claire!" he called, and he cum down the stairs.

"I can do it!" ses he. And again they clung. They broke away again, she pushing him along.

"Goodbye," ses she. "Now, go—before they cum," seshe. Then, when he was gone, she run up the stairs and bolted the dure. I herd him at the other side, pooshing at it.

"Claire! Claire! Claire!" he called, and she inside: "Harry! Harry! Oh my love!" ses she. "Goodbye, goodbye!" .

Ten days later. "Good marning, Delia," ses Mrs. Bangs (the widdy acrost the strate). "Is anny wan at home?"

"Oh, yes, mam," ses I, littin her in throo the fly dure. "Mr. John," ses I, "is after shaving his face, mam" ses I. "Will ye wait till he's throo?"

"Why, anny of the family will do" ses she, flushing.

"Ye'll find Mr. Wolley," ses I in the stable. He's undernathe the ortermobile, as yushul. Mrs. Wolley is after taking her noonday syeeter, as Mr. James calls it, and Miss Claire is in her room. Mr. James has gone to town. Mr. Billy is hilping his daddy."

"I'll see Miss Wolley," ses she hotly. I wint oop to tell Miss Claire. She looked a bit poot out.

"Where's John?" she asked at wanse.

"Shaving miss," ses I.

She wint down stairs, and she and the widder kissed. I wint aboot me wark, doosting the dyning rume, and wiping up the parkay flure wid a greesy cloth, mane-while linding an eer to the illygunn consyvashun of the widdy. She do be fond of the sound of her own voyce, and she threatend the pur yung crachure to sooch an indless strame of sinseliss gossip as iver I had the misforthune to lissten to before. Pur Miss Claire sat wid her chin on her hand, pretindin to lissten but heering not a word of the widdy's discourse. After a bit the widdy seemed to tak notiss of her silsene.

"You seem a bit distract this marnin, deer," ses she.

Miss Claire set up.

"Oh, no, no," ses she. "I—I'm all rite, Mrs. Bangs."

The widder leened back and fanned herself keerrishly.

"So Harry Dudley has gone" ses she, wotching Miss Claire. "It was very suddin, I believe."

Miss Claire was all awake now, white and red in turn; but she sed nutting.

"And Una Robbins is gone, too," ses the widder. Suddintly she closed up her fan sharply.

"Do you no," ses she, "I want to say sumthin' to you orful badly?—But I feel I haven't the rite to—not being a member of your family."

Joost then Mr. John cum down, looking very spry and neet wid his new shaven face and hare frish brushed.

"Hello!" ses he, and shuk the widder's hands. "Are you going Claire?" ses he; for she was going tord the stairs.

"If Mrs. Bangs will excuse me," ses she; "I'll finish the letter I was writing. I'll be back shortly."

Whin she was gone, Mr. John pulled up a chare and sat farord looking at the widder who opened her fan again and was looking at the picture on it.

"Mr. Wolley," ses she suddenly, "I'm afraid I've offendid your sister. Oh, deer," ses she; "I dont want to interfere in the affares of this foolish and impractical

family, I'm shure," ses she. "If I only had the opporchnity I cud make both Claire and your brother Jimmy see the error of their ways. Take Jimmy for instunsse. He's like a prickly porkypine lately, riddy to scratch wun if wun dares to even look at him. Look at the state of his lons! Why, the grarss is a mile hy and the weeds have all cum up in the carriage drives. Why, I cud tell him in a minit how to rid the drives of weeds. Salt—salt's the thing! Jest spred it on the drives. It'll kill the weeds at wunse. But, ah deer me!" ses she, sighing heavily; "I've not the rite to advise Jimmy no cunsole Claire."

"And why have you not?" ses Mr. John calmly, tho I seen him move his fingers about in the nerviss way he has.

"Why have I not the rite?" repeats the widder, opening her eyes innersintly. "Be-cos I'm not wan of the family," ses she.

Mr. John got up, tuk a cupple of nerviss walks across the room, and thin soodintly wint back to the widder. He set himself doon on the arm of her chare and leaned over her. She didn't boodge an inch, tho I seen her get red onder the look he guver.

"Jane," ses he, "be wan of the family."

"Good grashis!" ses she, laning back so her neck nachully fitted in the coorse of his arm; "Are you *proposing* to me, Mr. Wolley?" ses she.

"Yes, Jane," ses he. "I'm orffully in love wid you."

Wid that she tilted back her hed, guy him a long look, then delibritly orffered him her lips.

"Hilp yersilf, John" ses she. "I'm yours."

She's larfing while she spakes, but she's cryin a bit jist like every other woman.

Mr. John who is a fare-sized gentleman slipped down from the arm of the chare to the seat beside her. The widder is pretty ploomp hersilf and they squazped up closely thegither, laning aginst aich other and spooning like yung fokes, he being thirty if he's day, and she a widder.

"Now that I've got the rite to interfeer," ses she after a moment, "I'm going to do it wid a vingine. Hold on a bit" ses she, pooshing him off from her. "Now, lissten to sense, John Wolley. Go upstairs and tell Claire I want to speak to her."

"Speak to her tomorrow," ses he.

"No," ses she, shaking her hed dedidately. "John," ses she, "you an I have a whole life yet to spind thegither. I kin spare you for a little wile. I came today upon a partikuler errant. I had sumthing to say to Claire; but first it was necissery for me to have the rite to say it. The proposal and—ah—accuptusne was a mer dyagrishun, and wile I confess to a shameless weekness for your shyle of wooing, darlnt, yit I'm not to be swurmed from the objick of me misshun. There! Go and get Claire; and, whin I'm throo wid her, cum back," ses she.

Finally, wid more airing, she injooched the pur lover to go after his sister, and, whin he's brort Miss Claire back, she waves her hands airily and ses: "Begone! I want to speake to your sister aloan."

Whin they were aloan she farely beamed upon Miss Claire, and then: "And now to resoom, deer," ses she. "I was about to say sumthing to you to whin your brother interrupted."

"Mrs. Bangs," ses Miss Claire, wid agys-tashun, "please dont—dont talk to me about ——"

"Harry?" ses the widder, wid her eyes raysed up. "Why, me deer," ses she, "who has a better rite to talk to you about your luver than yure sister, deer?" ses she swatvely.

"My ——" began Miss Claire, and stared at her wid round eyes. Suddintly, she saised hauld of the widder's hand and ses she, wid exisement: "You dont mane ——"

The widder nodded, the teers cumming into her eyes.

"But—but he's a confirmed old bachel-ller," ses Miss Claire.

"Is he?" ses the widder. "Well, all good things cum to an end. However, John and I are beside the quistion. I merely told you as an excuse for samting to pry into your sacred affares. Give me a kiss now, and paor out your hart and sole into me sympathetic eers."

Then they kissed, and the widder pushed Miss Claire into a chare, and set down herself. Before the girl can spake she ses crossly: "Now, will you tell me why you were such a little goose as to let Harry Dudley slip throo your fingers? My deer,"

Safety Heating

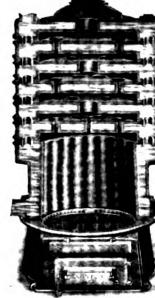
The house and contents may be sadly damaged by fire, yet not destroy the usefulness and value of our Steam and Water warming outfitts.

Not only that, their durable construction and safety features compel a lower insurance rate on houses, stores—**ALL** buildings—fitted with

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS

Several million dollars property loss is annually laid to fires caused by old-fashioned heating methods—forced or strained to the utmost on bitter cold days to make rooms habitable. Buildings outfitted with IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are freed from this risk—fires can only result from outside causes—that is why our outfitts are used even to warm powder, and dynamite factories, Government forts, battle-ships, etc., etc. They outwear the building.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in sizes to fit all classes of buildings (3 rooms to 90 rooms), OLD or new, FARM or city. A child can care for the outfit. Keeps the whole cottage or building warm—and avoids dust and ashes in living rooms. A permanent investment, not an expense; the coal savings soon pay for the outfit.



ADVANTAGE 3: Every inch of fire surface in IDEAL Boilers is backed by water, which greedily absorbs the full heat and hurries it along through the hollow, double walls of the boiler and through the piping to the hollow, beautifully ornamented, graceful AMERICAN Radiators stationed at convenient points in the rooms above. It is this water back-ing of every tiny portion of the heating surface which makes these outfitts so economical in fuel burning, so **sure** in heating efficiency, and prevents their ever wearing out.

Write today for valuable catalogue (free) setting forth the full **ADVANTAGES**. Sales branches and warehouses throughout America and Europe.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 28

CHICAGO

Boller cut in half to show hollow castings filled with water, which extract the full value from every pound of fuel burned.

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

No tool experience necessary.
21,311 inexperienced people built boats by the Brooks System last year.
Why not you?



We supply exact size patterns of every boat and illustrated instructions covering each step of the work.

Our **ILLUSTRATED CATALOG** quotes prices on all kinds of knock-down frames with patterns to finish and complete knock-down boats ready to put together—launches—sampters—rowboats and canoes.

Reduced price for sets of all rowboats and canoes \$1.50 to \$2. Laundes and sail-boats 20 ft. and under \$4 to \$5. From 21 to 30 ft. inclusive, \$5 to \$10.

Our patterns and the materials cost but a trifle compared with a factory built boat.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Write us.

BROOKS SYSTEM

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building.
203 Ship St., Saginaw, Mich., U.S.A.
(Formerly of Bay City, Mich.)

**\$8,000-\$10,000
YEARLY**

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N.Y.

The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas and is much cleaner and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt, No Grease, No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere
THE "BEST" LIGHT COMPANY.
25 E. 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

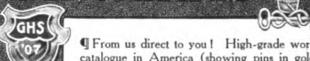


PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Send sketch for free removal to **THE PATENT GUIDE BOOK** and **WHAT TO INVENT** with valuable list of inventions wanted sent free. **ONE MILLION DOLLARS** offered for one invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by an advertised firm in **World's Progress**; sample free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D.C.

CLASS, COLLEGE AND FRATERNITY PINS AND RINGS



From us direct to you! High-grade work only, but at very moderate prices. Finest catalogue in America (showing pins in gold- and color-) free to any intending buyer.

BUNDE & UPMAYER CO., Mfg. Jewelers, Dept. 85, Mack Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

Original from
**UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN**



Kashmir "The Rug of Distinction"

Kashmir Rugs are known everywhere for their Oriental splendor of coloring, refinement of design, and absolutely fast colors.

They cost only one-half to one-third as much as other rugs that can't compare with them for either beauty or wear. Every Kashmir rug wears equally well on both sides—two rugs for the price of one.

Sizes from 27 x 54 inches to 12 x 18 feet.

\$1.50 to \$27

Sold by the best dealers in the United States. Look for "Kashmir" and "Fries-Harley" tag.

Write for our beautifully illustrated free catalogue, showing rugs in actual colors. If your dealer doesn't have it, we will send you "wants are supplied."

Your money back if not satisfied.

Fries-Harley Co.

Makers of Rugs Exclusively

711 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Recognized!



The man who wears a KINGFLEX Hat is recognized by connoisseurs of fashion as a man of careful tail coat fitted in his personal appearance. The snappy yet dignified style of the Self-Conforming

KINGFLEX HATS

is only rivaled by their exquisite hunting finish and extreme comfort. They are self-conforming just where they touch the head. "It's all in the band." That's why they never bind the head and always hold their shape. Made of the finest quality by the most skillful workmen.

KINGFLEX HATS cost \$4.00. WEDNA Hats are self-conforming and are made from the finest selected furs and trimmings that can be put into a derby. They cost \$5.00.

Ask your hat man for KINGFLEX Hats and prove to yourself their high grade quality, style and finish. Send for our new booklet showing the newest spring styles.

THE GUYER HAT CO.

Originators of Self-Conforming Hats

Boston New York 163 Hampden St. Boston, Mass.

KINGFLEX
Hats
for men & women

Life Insurance Men and Others

Why not supplement your income by selling the

"Square Deal" Disability Policy

covering every accident and every illness in full; no casualty insurance education is necessary. Responsible representatives wanted east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers. Liberal terms.

THE PHILADELPHIA CASUALTY CO.
\$300,000 Capital. Philadelphia, Pa.

ses she, interrupting Miss Claire as she started in to speak. "The boy was mad—clane daft about you. Now, answer me this, you natty girl, why didn't you take him?"

"I did—that is—" began Miss Claire, when the widder grabbed her hand and looked at the ring.

"Aha!" ses she, "cort you thin, didn't I? Now," ses she; "whare were your sinses under the sarcumstunses when you let him go away at wanse—and of all things in the wurd wid Una Robbins?"

"Wid her!" ses Miss Claire.

"Yes. It was an artful move of old S. Judd and her father. My dear, Una is the most richkiss flurt this side of heaven. Why, its only thray years ago she was ingaged to Harry. They luvved for a moonth, and broak the ingagemint a day later. Dont look so hurt. They weren't achuly in love—jest playing. Now, Una has had her own way with men ivver sinse she wore long drasses. Thin the Wolley family moved out to the Poynit. There was a sartin rood and surly mimer of this crazy family wid a constitooshin dislike for magnuts and therre dorters. Miss Una chose to be intrusted in him, of all men. To her surprise her advances were reboofed. She achuly disindised to pursooing him, as you no, and, finally, in desprashun—as I learned from her own lips—she sank so low as to insinnyvate to the loonytick that she *lived* him!"

"O-h!" ses Miss Claire. "You meen our Jimmy."

"The terrible Jimmy!" ses the widder, nodding.

"She told him ——"

"As good as told him."

"And he ——?"

"He! Ye gods in hiven!" ses the widdy, throwing up her hands. "He cuverred up his eers wid his fingys, gav a look of cominged horrow and dispire, and ran away from her. The following nite," wint on the widder, "Mr. S. Judd Dudley called to see her papa, and, the marning after that, Miss Una was packed bag and baggage off to Europe. Now, lisser to me words of wisdom and experieen. If those 2 sore, yung indiivoools dont cum to sum sintimintul conderstanding on this voyage out to Europe, thin my name is not Jane Bangs and will never be Jane Wolley."

Miss Claire sed never a word, but she looked at the widder beseechingly.

"To begin wid," said the widder; "its all your brother John's foll. Ef he'd proposed to me a moonth ago I cud have ingineered the hole affare happily for this family. As it is now," ses she, "ye've acted like a little fool, and Harry like a big wan. Sakes alive!" ses she. "Why didn't you make him stay at home?" You had him at the sycological moment," ses she. "Do you suppose I'd have let John Wolley saile away at sooch a time? Not by a long chop. Una is sore—broosed—hart sick—hurt clane throo and throo. She's desprut. A girl in that condishun has but one resorce—matrimunney—wid another fellow. Now, Harry——"

"Oh!" ses Miss Claire. "Please Mrs. Bangs dont say anything to me about him. I know he loves me only."

She cuverred her face wid her hands convulsively, and me shitting in me wark in the dining room lissering by the dure, and reddy to bat the interferring widder on the ned wid me dooster. But fur the sake of pice I had meself in.

"Now, me deer," ses the widder; "you must counteract at wanse the avil of this long oshun voyage. You must follow the pair at wanse to Europe."

"I! Oh Mrs. Bangs, indade, we aren't rich people. We couldn't afford it," ses Miss Claire. "And besides, Jimmie may cross in the Fall. He's been offered the London corryspundint post for The Planut."

"He'd better accept at wanse," ses the widder promptly. "As for you ——"

Just thin in walked Mr. John and brort an ind to the paneul interfloo.

The widder found herself aloan wid the sintimintul gentleman looking at her very tinterly.

Her own face is poockered oop wid exasperashun at the way things wus.

"John Wolley!" ses she; "I feel like shaking you."

"What have I dun, Jane?" ses he reprotoachfully.

"Why didnt you propose to me a munth ago?" ses she crossly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



HALF PRICE

Small Payments Money after Examination

Only a few sets—less than ten of some

For years I have been selling my books at wholesale. I operate my bindery, one of the largest in the country. Beginning NOW, I shall sell directly with the PUBLIC. On account of the failure of three large publishing houses, and my bindery's arrangements with others, I can offer the following bargains at the lowest prices ever offered. I am sending you a copy of my catalog, in which you are getting the greatest book BARGAIN ever offered. It is a condition of all accepted orders, that I deliver prepaid, for further examination, in sets numbers of which may be less than ten. At special clearance price, be it understood, that no payment need be made for thirty days.

FREE! A \$1.00 De Luxe set of Eugene Field's Works sent free of cost with each sale.

De Luxe Edition	Order by Number	Note the Prices	Reg. Spec. Clear. Prices	No. of Books
WORKS OF EUGENE FIELD . . .	4 Vols., Ribbed Cloth . . .	\$3.00	Free	
ORIENTAL TALES AND ARABIAN NIGHTS . . .	15 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$15.00	\$44.25	1
PRIVATELY PRINTED IN LONDON [very rare], only a few sets, complete, . . .	15 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$25.00	75.00	1
LAURENCE STERNE . . .	6 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$2.50	\$9.75	3
FIELDING . . .	6 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$2.50	\$12.50	4
DEFOE . . .	8 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$2.50	\$12.50	7
BALZAC . . .	12 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$36.00	\$105.00	10
COOPER . . .	12 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$48.00	\$120.50	10
KINGSLEY . . .	7 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$37.50	\$15.75	11
THACKERAY . . .	10 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$40.00	\$19.50	12
ELLIOT . . .	8 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$30.00	\$15.75	13
CHILDE'S READE . . .	13 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$25.00	\$12.50	13
EMERSON . . .	6 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$33.00	\$14.50	16
GIBSON'S ROME . . .	5 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$22.50	\$11.50	16
FLUTRACH'S LIVES . . .	20 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$100.00	\$25.00	20
DICKENS . . .	20 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$150.00	\$29.50	20
SHAKESPEARE . . .	20 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$90.00	\$27.50	20
SCOTT . . .	24 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$75.00	\$29.50	24
STEVENSON . . .	24 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$100.00	\$27.50	24
PEPYS DIARY . . .	10 Vols., Buckram . . .	\$30.00	\$15.00	15
SMOLLETT . . .	4 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$27.00	\$11.50	26
TOLSTOI . . .	6 Vols., 3/4 Pers. Mor. . .	\$27.00	\$12.50	27
PREScott . . .	12 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$30.00	\$18.00	30
CARLYLE . . .	10 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$25.00	\$15.00	31
DUMAS . . .	10 Vols., Cloth . . .	\$25.00	\$15.00	32
EUGENE SUE . . .	High class De Luxe, 14 Vols., Buckram . . .	\$42.00	\$19.75	34
	limited to 100 sets, 52 cent page etchings, 14 Vols., 3/4 Mor. . .	\$40.00	\$12.50	34a

On ordering according to less than the \$5.00 minimum price of the Mississippi river, ten percent additional will be added to the extra transporation charges. Books will be sent on credit, if satisfactory, \$1 cash in 30 days, and \$2 monthly thereafter, on each set returned, until the special clearance price is paid in full, when the title shall pass to you. If the books do not prove entirely satisfactory you are to notify me within ten days of receipt of books, in which case they may be returned to my care.

CLINTON T. BRAINARD

City and State, Residence Address, Deliver Books at

Send for my Catalogue of Bargains. In order to get full discounts, mention name of magazine and date.



Try Nulife

WITH MY GUARANTEE

"Nulife" Compels Deep Breathing

Strightens round shoulders and creates good figure. Woman and child. Extends the chest from 2 to 6 inches, and increases your height proportionately.

NULIFE dispels sick, nauseating and tired feelings, arising from congested lungs, due to round shoulders and sunken chest, which causes impeded breathing. This straight posture forms the entire weight of the body on the abdomen, which properly should be supported by the spine and hips.

NULIFE is made of linen, washable, and is self-lacing. You simply fasten the belt around the waist and NULIFE does the rest.

PROF. CHAS. MUNTER, Dept. 23,



Gives man a commanding appearance.

NULIFE for men sold through mail and phys. and medical men and physicians at \$5.00 and \$6.00, sent direct to you at \$4.00 prepaid. (State right chest measure and mention whether male or female when ordering.)

TEN DAYS TRIAL FREE

Send for NULIFE to-day and wear it ten days at my risk. Money cheerfully refunded if, after ten days' trial, you are willing to part with it.

23 West 45th Street, NEW YORK.



10 Days Free Trial

We ship on approval, without deposit or freight, prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest catalogues illustrating every type of tire, wheel, chain, etc., and a wide variety of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to mail us your address and everything we'll send you free, postage-paid, by return mail. You will get valuable information. Do not waste time, write now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up, Wheels and all supplies at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-65, CHICAGO

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades \$1.00

THE ONLY 12-bladed dollar safety razor in the world. A better razor impossible. Cut hair in one stroke. 12-bladed safety frame—12 Ever-Ready blades, safety frame, handle, stand, etc., all attractively carved. Extra blades 12 for 75 cents, which also fit Gem and Star frames. Six new Ever-Ready blades exchanged for six dollars and 25¢.

Ever-Ready dollar sets are sold everywhere. Mail order, prepaid.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 229 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Send for the Monthly Journal.

Devoted to Portland cement construction, reinforced concrete, sidewalks, concrete block houses, plastic art work, bridges, etc.

Concrete Publishing Co., 20 Home Bank, Detroit, Mich.

A New Book of 300 pages, mailed Free to all who want to plant the Best Seeds that Grow. Address Burpee's Seeds, Philadelphia.

BURPEE'S SEEDS

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN