

On the Way to China

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"Put on your warmest clothes and a life belt and come on deck at once! On deck at once!"

Before she could open her lips the head was withdrawn from Jean Peterson's stateroom and the command, sharp, convincing, was being repeated at the next door.

The Aurelia was going down. The screams and confused noises that came to Jean's ears told her that she could never get to China now, nor to the far mission post which she had planned for years to visit.

With steady fingers the girl secured the miniatures of her dead father and mother in her bosom, fastened her dark woollen gown, pulled on her heavy sweater and knitted cap. An old Norwegian spoke to her on deck: "Der rock brought der need for life-boats, and dere looks like dere's not enough. Some of us men vill haf to make our bed in der sea dis night. Oh, vell, der bottom of der sea lies as soft as any udder bed to dead men!"

Not enough boats! Jean's strong hands shook. The moon, that now and then from behind a scudding cloud dimly lit the rolling sea, trembled. She was afraid—afraid! Afraid for one whom she had never seen or heard of before they left San Francisco harbor.

At adjacent seats at No. 3, Jean's table in the dining room, there had sat Mrs. Asa Scales of St. Louis, on her way for a trip to Japan, with her one daughter, Dorothy, a pretty, fair girl of nineteen; Mrs. Thornton of Cleveland, with her young daughter; William Bowman of Memphis, a young widower, going to Peking with two babies of six and three he could not bear



The Little Steamer Was Bearing Down Upon Them!

to leave behind, and Lansing Webster, of St. Louis, the gayest-hearted young man that ever took passage on a trans-Pacific liner, or troubled the heart of a proud Episcopal bishop father.

When he wasn't outrageously flirting with Dorothy Scales—mostly for the fun of annoying the maternal dragon—he was walking the deck with athletic Eve Thornton, holding up Nelly Bowman, wonder-eyed, to see the spouting whales, or playing tag with motherless Billy and the other children aboard, thrills of childish laughter surrounding him.

And after he had discovered Jean was going as a missionary he had pretended to rejoice because she was to make it safe for him over there. And the gay grace of his words and of him set something foolish and sweet and painful struggling in Jean's breast.

One day while Mrs. Scales slept the deep sleep of the overfed and Webster took malicious pleasure in sitting with Dorothy's full approval by the daughter's deck chair, Mrs. Scales' maid sat down by Jean.

"Miss Dorothy's friend would better look sharp," she proffered.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Scales like him?" asked Jean, flushing over what seemed her gossiping question.

"No money there," the maid answered matter-of-factly, "and no capacity for making it. At least he's never stuck to anything. He's crossing now to take a job some friend of Bishop Webster's gotten for him in Hongkong."

When Mrs. Scales swept Dorothy off deck Webster came and stood by the vacant chair by Jean, his eyes dancing with mischief.

"Please don't everybody run away," he pleaded. "Anyway, you belong to the Band of Hope for Black Sheep, don't you?"

He smiled a bit wistfully. "I've got two brothers going high up like fellows ought to go," he told her. "Will's a big lawyer in St. Louis, and Rick's an electrical engineer, and at the top, and I—nobody wants me in the U. S., so I'm going across to take a ship-

ping clerk's place in Hongkong. You are so steady and sure—tell me how to be. I want to make good this time."

"They talked a long time that afternoon of many things. She told him of her life in Vermont, of how long she had wanted to go to China, of how happy she had been to be sent."

"Suppose we get shipwrecked and go down before we reach China; what then?"

She was silent a moment, but presently she smiled.

"It's all light—all light and joy on the other side, and one—one would be there in a moment!"

"For you—yes," he murmured, "but I've been a drifter—I'm afraid for me it would be going out in the dark."

For a long time after he left her Jean sat thinking. He was so gentle, so lovable, so good to look upon, and he only thought of her as somebody to pass friendly words with. That was three days ago, and in those three days Lansing Webster had become the day, the sun, the blue of the sky, to Jean. She had gone to sleep each night with wet cheeks, because they were one day nearer land. Once they reached harbor she knew she should never see him again. And now the Aurelia would never reach harbor!

Presently Jean saw him, his head bare, carrying some bits of children to the boats. Behind him came Bowman with little Billy, and the nurse followed, carrying the baby girl, clad only in her little nightgown. Jean drew off her sweater and hood and wrapped her in it. A man, seeing her, threw her a raincoat he carried, and another handed her a cap.

No men were allowed in the boats with the women, but some members of the crew, who could row them properly. The young farmer handed his boy to the black nurse.

"Eliza," he bade her, hoarsely, "if I don't come take them to their Aunt Eleanor!"

Quite suddenly the lights went out. The water was over the lighting plant, and only the few lanterns the crew had lighted and the pale light of the moon illuminated the deck.

As the last boatload of women filled Jean shrank back in the shadows in her man's garb. She would wait—wait—

There were two boats left. Each would hold thirty, and there were a hundred men! The boats were full when one of the crew touched Bowman's shoulder. "Quick, sir—a man on last boat just missed you—want you to take his place!"

"In with you, Bowman!" It was Webster's voice. "You were getting yourself left, man!"

Before Bowman could utter a protest two sailors took hold of him and swung him in.

"God keep you, Lansing!" he cried brokenly as the boat swung to the water.

Webster turned away from the rail and the light fell on his face. To Jean he was more beautiful than any human creature she had ever before seen! Then he stepped back—his hand fell against hers and her icy fingers slipped in his.

"Good God—you here, Jean!" he cried out. "I thought you went with the women!"

She looked up in his white, distressed face.

"I waited for you," she whispered; "I could not leave you to go in the dark alone!"

For an instant his eyes were incredulous, as though he could not believe he had heard aright, then he drew her into his arms and laid his cheek, wet with spray, on hers.

"The boat will stay up perhaps a half hour longer," he told her; "let us sit down and talk."

He got a bit of rope and tied her loosely to him. "We'll cling together," he smiled into her upturned face that was strangely joyous, "unto the last—but I'm a good swimmer—maybe there'll be something to hold us up—afterward!"

Then they sat still—waiting—holding one another's hands.

"If I could have lived," he whispered over and over, as if life were already over for them both, "I'd have quit drifting—I'd have made you happy!"

Then there rose up a great cry from the crew and the men who had been looking death in the face. The little steamer, that was to save them all was bearing down upon them!

Japanese Arrangement.

"Building Japanese prints in my own home" is the original way that one young woman has of speaking of her flower arrangements. In a narrow panel between two inset windows, she has placed a tall vase and in this she has arranged autumn leaves so that they form an interesting and picturesque outline against the wall, not unlike a widely copied print of cherry blossoms. Varying the idea of the old hanging basket, this same young woman has arranged bittersweet in a grass basket, like the ones used in Gibraltar to carry oranges, and suspended it against the wall. This forms a striking picture and has suggested a number of similar arrangements to her friends.

Psychology Strikes a Snag.

"If it was a dark night and you were going for a drive along an unfamiliar road; you had the horse all hitched up, warm blankets in the carriage and were ready to start out; what else would you take with you?" queried Principal Beardsley of New Hartford, questioning his pupils in certain object lessons and psychological tests.

Expecting some one to answer "a lantern" he was forced to accept as logical the answer, "a man" given by the girl student.

PRINCE ALBERT



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YOU can't help cutting loose joyous remarks every time you flush your smokepot with Prince Albert—it hits you so fair and square. It's a scuttle full of jimmy pipe and cigarette makin's sunshine and as satisfying as it is delightful every hour of the twenty-four!

It's never too late to hop into the Prince Albert pleasure-pasture! For, P. A. is trigger-ready to give you more tobacco fun than you ever had in your smokecareer. That's because it has the quality.

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Tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moisterer top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, in Md., letters of administration upon the estate of HEZEKIAH HAHN, late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers properly authenticated, to the subscriber on or before the 23rd day of November, 1919; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hands this 2nd day of May, 1919.

DAVID H. HAHN, Administrator.

5-2-19

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, in Md., letters of administration upon the estate of JAMES F. KISER, late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers properly authenticated, to the subscriber on or before the 6th day of December, 1919; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hands this 16th day of May, 1919.

ALICE R. KISER, Administrator.

5-16-19

DR. FAHRNEY

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

DIAGNOSTICIAN

Only chronic diseases. Send me your name and address and I will send you a mailing case and question blank. Don't use dope for chronic troubles, get cured. It is a satisfaction to know what the cause is.

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I can now furnish GALVANIZED ROOFING, and will be glad to have your specifications. Also, have a line of ROLL ROOFING, PAINTS, and GLASS, GASOLINE in any quantity. OILS of all kinds. Automobile Tires and Supplies. Bicycle Supplies and Repairs.

Let me know your wants, and I either have it, or will get it for you at reasonable prices.

4-18-2mo

J. W. FREEMAN, Harney, Md.

Oh Boy! Ain't It Great?

WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED AND FIND YOURSELF WITH LITTLE MONEY, NO JOB AND A BAD ARM —

— AND YOU SEE THIS POSTER —

— AND SOMEHOW OR OTHER THE HOME SERVICE WORKER GETS YOU TO TELL HER YOUR TROUBLES —

Returned Soldiers - Sailors Marines
Information and Other Assistance
Government Insurance
Compensation Vocational Training
Bank Pay \$60 Bonus
and Other Problems
See Red Cross Home Service Section

— AND SHE INFORMS YOU ABOUT THE \$60 BONUS AND FILLS OUT YOUR APPLICATION —

— AND SHE HAS YOU MAKE A CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION WHICH YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT —

— AND THEN SHE MAKES YOU A LITTLE LOAN TO TIDE YOU OVER —

— AND CONVINCES YOU THAT IT IS BEST TO KEEP UP "THE STRONGEST, SAFEST AND CHEAPEST INSURANCE IN THE WORLD" —

— AND YOUR CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION GOES THROUGH AND THE GOVERNMENT TRAINS YOU FOR A BETTER JOB THAN YOU HAD BEFORE —

— OH BOY!! AIN'T THIS A GREAT LI'L OL' WORLD!!!

APOLIGES TO BRIGGS

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR MAY 25.

REPENTANCE.

LESSON TEXTS—Jonah 3:1-10; Luke 13: 1-6; Acts 2:37, 38.
GOLDEN TEXT—Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.—Mark 1:15.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Isaiah 1:20-20; Luke 3:1-14; Acts 17:20, 31; 2 Cor. 7:9-11; 2 Peter 3:9.
PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Willingness to Forgive.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The People of Nineveh Repent.
INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Turning From Sin to God.
SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—The Nature and Fruit of Repentance.

I. The Repentance of the People of Nineveh (3:1-10).

The following steps are noted in their conversion:

1. Hearing the Word of the Lord (vv. 1-4).

The Lord commanded Jonah to go to Nineveh, a great and wicked city, and there "preach the preaching" that he bade him. Jonah's runaway experience (see chapters 1, 2) was such that he was willing to obey God. His chastisement was severe, but by God's grace he was now ready to execute the commission. "Jonah arose and went unto Nineveh according to the word of the Lord" (v. 3). So great was the city of Nineveh that it required three days to compass it; that is, to visit its very centers of activity. Jonah, coming from Palestine, doubtless entered the city from the south, and during an entire day going from center to center cried, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown" (v. 4). Since the king's palace seems to have been in the south part of the city, Jonah's message soon found its way to him. If every preacher would preach what God bids him there would be more cities turning to God.

2. Believing God (v. 5).

They not only believed God would visit judgment upon them, but believed in God, and put their trust in him for mercy and salvation.

3. Repented (vv. 5-6).

Their repentance was shown in (1) proclaiming a fast and putting on sackcloth (vv. 5-6). These marks of humiliation were shown by all, from the king on his throne to the most humble man. (2) Cried mightily to God (v. 8). In the midst of their humiliation they cried with intensity to God. (3) Turned from their evil ways (v. 8). The final test of repentance is turning from sin; it is hating sin badly enough to quit it.

4. Accepted by God (v. 10). When the Ninevites turned from their evil ways God refrained from executing doom upon them. It averted judgment. God is unchangeable. His holy nature is unalterably opposed to sin. When men repent from their sins his wrath is turned aside. This is what is meant by God repenting.

II. The Necessity of Repentance (Luke 13:1-6).

Repentance is necessary on the part of all, since all are sinners. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6:23). While God is unalterably opposed to sin he is infinitely gracious. His holy nature compels him to cause judgment to fall upon those who will not turn from their sins to serve him. Repentance is not merely a matter of privilege, but of absolute necessity if one would escape the wrath of God. Repentance is the only door of escape from perdition. It is not a question of how great a sinner one is that determines the need for repentance, since God cannot look upon evil: "For thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look upon iniquity" (Hab. 1:13). No one can ever see him in peace unless he turns from his sins. God commands men to repent (Acts 17:30).

III. The Blessed Results of Repentance (Acts 2:37,38).

1. Remission of sins. Remit means to send away. The one who repents is rid forever of his sins, for he is a new man in Christ.

2. Gift of the Holy Spirit. When one is regenerated he not only is rid of his sins, but God, the Holy Spirit, takes up his abode in him. He is his teacher, guide and defender. These blessed results ought to move one to repent. The goodness of God ought to provoke men to penitence.

You Cannot Lose.

To have is to use, not to hoard. "He that saveth his life shall lose it." That is the reason for spending yourself—the fact that you cannot lose what you really have; the fact that spiritual quantities are real quantities; that the best in us is better and stronger than the worst, if we believe in it; that, to the eye of faith, Satan—like lightning—is forever falling from the heaven of things that endure.—W. H. Blake.

Influence of the Bible.

Hold fast to the Bible. It is the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.—U. S. Grant.

God Is Love.

"Love is not love which alteration finds." The unchangeable is Love, and Love is the unchangeable, for God is Love.

— THE —
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC

— From —
The Christian Workers Magazine,
Chicago, Ill.

MAY 25th.
God's Precious Promises.
2 Peter 1:1-4.

Let the leader of this meeting plan beforehand for "promise verses" to be repeated from memory. Then emphasize and illustrate and enforce in every possible way, the importance of memorizing Scripture. The Holy Spirit works in us through the Word. He cannot bring to memory that which has not first of all been stored there. Many a Christian goes down to defeat in the battle because of the lack of equipment in this direction. Even our Lord used Scripture verses in His conflict with Satan, and said three times, "It is written." Thus the conflict issued in conquest for Him.

Take such verses as Isaiah 41:10; 43:25; 44:22; Psalm 32:8; John 3:14, 15; 5:24; 6:37; 10:28; 11:25, 26. Have these memorized by the members of the society; they are part of the exceeding great and precious promises of God. The promises of God beget life. He hath given unto us "exceeding great and precious promises that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world." Two natures are here mentioned, the divine nature and the nature that is corrupt. From this corrupt nature we are delivered, and made partakers of a new nature through the promises. It is through the promises that the Spirit woos and wins us to the Saviour and the power of the new life. The new life makes us capable to comprehend and love God's ways and will. The old life is not capable of this. We develop the qualities with which we come into the world. They inhere in a nature received at birth. We cannot create new qualities, the germ must be born in us. This is the reason why we must be "born again" and become partakers of a divine nature. The promises are intended to lead us to God from whom this new life is received. All Christlike qualities are enfolded in this new life. Their perfect unfolding is hindered by the old life, and this gives rise to the inner conflict that Christians everywhere experience. In this conflict we again need other promises, such as Romans 6:14; 8:2, 32, 37-39. These are given for our encouragement, instruction and comfort. Let us not neglect them.

HAVE SEEN MUCH BLOODSHED

Plains of Palestine Trampled by Many of the Mightiest Armies Known to History.

Definite historical records regarding events in Palestine may be said to begin with the first detailed account of the battle in the plains of Armageddon, when the army of Pharaoh Thothmes III, advancing up the plain of Sharon, crossed the Carmel range by the same route as that taken by General Allenby's cavalry in September, A. D. 1918, and defeated the Syrian federation under the king of Cadash before the fortress of Megiddo in the year 1479 B. C. This historic plain has seen the march of the armies of the Hittites, the Egyptians, the Jews under Deborah and Barak, the Philistines on their way to the defeat of Saul on Mount Gilboa. Then came like a wolf Sennacherib the Assyrian, and after him Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. The Persian Cambyses swept through Palestine in the sixth century B. C., en route for his work of destruction in Egypt. After the fall of Babylon Palestine saw the armies of Alexander the Great and Pompey. Vespasian, Titus and Hadrian all fought in Palestine. In A. D. 614 the Sassanian Emperor Chosroes, stretching forth from his capital at Ctesiphon, destroyed Jerusalem; once again the city was rebuilt, and within a generation was opened to the Arab and Moslem conqueror, Caliph Omar. In the twelfth century the crusaders took Palestine, which then became the scene of the romantic struggle between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin. Fifty years later the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II, known in the middle ages as "the Wonder of the World," crowned himself king of Jerusalem in the church of the Holy Sepulcher. In 1516 the armies of the Ottoman Turks under Selim the Grim marched down from Aleppo and seized the country on their way to the conquest of Egypt. Nearly three hundred years later Napoleon marched from Egypt through the same pass of Megiddo to the fortress of Acre; and now the forces of General Allenby have added one more link to this great historical chain wherein have been engaged practically all the greatest names in human history.—From "The Holy Land of Many Nations" by Maj. Ormsby Gore in Asia Magazine.

DEMOCRACY.

War Secretary Baker said at a luncheon in Washington: "Ours will be the most democratic army in the world, for ours is the most democratic country. A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy: "No, I don't want any paper! Get out!" "Well, keep yer shirt on, boss," the newsboy answered. "The only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first."—Washington Post.

ON PATROL WORK

Description of Hot Corner in Argonne Forest.

Fierce Fighting for Victory Over a Most Difficult Terrain—How One Bunch of the Enemy Was Wiped Out.

The tricky nature of the fierce fighting in the Argonne forest is vividly described in Collier's Weekly by Arthur Ruhl, who shared the dangers to which the heroic American divisions were exposed in the taking of that difficult terrain. In the article from which the following is an extract Mr. Ruhl's viewpoint was that of a certain regiment which had two badly decimated battalions on patrol work in an exposed position. He writes:

"Tricky valleys were almost always overlooked by some unexpected hill-top, from which any advance could be enfiladed. Pending another general attack, for which everybody was waiting, the duty of the regiment was to 'keep in contact' with the enemy, push forward when not too costly to do so, and to find out all that could be found out about the positions in front of them and what was needed to take them.

"The young majors were up there now with the remnants of two battalions. Raked by machine gun fire whenever a head showed, pounded by artillery if they showed themselves or not, they had been at it now for forty-eight hours almost without rest. Half of their men were gone, the rest were hungry and tired, and some of their wounded had been waiting for the stretcher bearers for two whole days. From the army's point of view, the little fight was a mere drop in the bucket—a 'minor operation between attacks.' The battalions were but part of a regiment, the regiment part of a brigade, but half a division, and there were half a dozen or more divisions on this particular sector.

"But for the patrols themselves—the steel point of the division's spear—the clump of bushes across the way that zip-zipped every time a head showed, that devilish high velocity Austrian .88 which whipped in without a moment's warning, the wounded moaning before their eyes, water they couldn't get, the 'chow' that was late—all these little things were everything. They were all the war there was. And it is the sum of scores of little white hot spots like this which makes up a front, and the gameness of the men in them which makes it possible for some staff man sitting comfortably in his quiet office, miles away, to write: 'Nothing unusual to report.'

"Just after I arrived the major telephoned that they had caught, with their machine guns, a bunch of Germans marching across a clearing in 'columns of squads.' 'Columns of squads,' the colonel shouted, 'and full belts in their machine guns!' The ones not mowed down or able to escape—some thirty or forty—held up their hands in token of surrender. No men could be spared from the harassed patrol to handle any such number and get them back to the rear—the machine guns kept working.

"The woods were full of obstacles, 'pill boxes' or merely positions in rocks or behind embankments, with convenient shafts running thirty or forty feet down into the ground, into which the crew might retire during artillery fire. Sometimes during an advance in fog or thick brush they would let the infantry filter through without firing and then turn on them after they had passed. The few men left behind to hold such a position sold their lives dearly, generally, and when their men had paid the price, in casualties and time, they would not even have the satisfaction of capturing something. The enemy artillery would be far away, of course; the bulk of the infantry withdrawn to new positions similarly strong. There would be nothing to show for the work done but two or three dead Germans and an abandoned machine gun. It was an economical bargain for one side and an extremely expensive one for the other—most of this Argonne-Meuse fighting was that."

Natural Resources of China.

One reads in Chinese history that several centuries before the beginning of the Christian era the banners of China were carried to the Caspian sea, there to meet the banners of Rome, and that the way was thus paved for China's silks and iron in European markets. The Shansi iron industry is claimed by a Chinese writer to be the oldest in the world. Like many others of the great resources of China, the country's deposits of iron ore have been but little developed. Dr. H. Foster Bain, assistant director of the United States Bureau of Mines, who spent some time in China investigating its mineral resources, estimates that China has 400,000,000 tons of iron ore available and suitable for modern furnace reaction and an additional 300,000,000 tons that might be treated by native methods.

Doubly Commemorative.

The most cherished possession of a certain Frenchman is a beautiful model in gold of a field gun such as was used in the Franco-German war. Its history is curious. After that conflict the present owner's father bought for a song immense quantities of discarded war material, including many field guns, and the transactions were so profitable that he was able to retire with a large fortune.

Velvet

THE FRIENDLY TOBACCO

Horse Sense About Tobacco

Good tobacco ought to be like a well-bred hoss—all th' kick taken out but all th' sperit left in.

You see, half the secret of makin' a good hoss is in the breedin' an' half in the breakin'. Selectin' tobacco that's grown right is only half of makin' Velvet. The agein' is the other half.

Thar's only one kind of agein' that gets th' right results—Nature's own. Nature's no clock watcher. She does a job right whether it takes two years or two thousand.

So when she gets through with the fine Kentucky Burley that we put away in wooden hogsheads for two years, it's just right.

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15¢

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