

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
**ROBERT
AMES
BENNETT**
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Wintroppe, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brisque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned and ostracized because of his roughness, became a hero as a preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was slain by the hand of Miss Leslie. Wintroppe wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Miss Leslie's white hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then fasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie and Wintroppe were attacked by fever. Blake recovered his surgeon's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Wintroppe, Miss Leslie became frightened. Wintroppe became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night. Miss Leslie was driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. He killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and wild figs. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved his position to kill again. For the second time Wintroppe was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Wintroppe stole into her room, but she managed to keep her door closed in time. Wintroppe was badly hurt. He died the following morning. Miss Leslie helped in covering Wintroppe's grave with stones. Genevieve took a strong liking to Blake. On exploration tour they were attacked by a lion.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

The lion stilled his snarls and crouched as if to spring, roaring and grinning with rage and uncertainty. His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the midday sun, blinked incessantly, though he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of attitude.

In his blind animal rage Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the lion half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls. Blake let the club slip from beneath his arm and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all his nerves that he knew he could drive home both arrows and still have the bow in his hand.

A puff of wind struck against his back and swept on the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and, whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran he drew the burning glass from his fob and flipped it open ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire took its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst through that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultation in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering. If she was dead, his brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the liquid water in her face when she moaned and her eyelids began to flutter. He flung down the flask and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom!" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right," he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke? Is that why it seems so—I can hardly breathe—"

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But when I saw that dreadful thing leap—"

She faltered and lay shuddering. Fearful that she was about to swoon again Blake slapped her hand between his palms with stinging force.

"You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry with that fire to head him off. Jump up now and we'll do a jig on the strength of it."



"The Man I Love!"

weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm—I'm just a little dizzy," she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way—Tom, I—I think you are the bravest man—"

"Yes, yes—but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club he walked back past the girl with his eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

The scarlet in the girl's cheeks swept over her whole face in a burning wave, which ebbed slowly and left her pale. Blake had started off without a backward glance. She gazed about with a bewildered look at the palms and the barren ridge and the fiery tidal wave of flame. Her gaze came back to Blake, and she followed him.

Within a short distance she found herself out of the sheltering lee of the ridge. The first wind gust almost overthrew her. She could never have walked against such a gale; but with the wind at her back she was buoyed up and borne along as though on wings. Her sole effort was to keep her foothold. Had it been their morning trip she could have cried out with joy and skipped along before the gusts like a schoolgirl. Now she walked as soberly as the wind would permit, and took care not to lessen the distance between herself and Blake.

Mile by mile they hastened back along the plain—to their right the blue sea of water, with its white-caps and spray; on their left the yellow sea of fire, with its dun fog of smoke.

Once only had Blake looked back to see if the girl was following. After that he swung along, with down-bent head, his gaze upon the ground. Even when he passed in under the grove and around the pool to the foot of the cleft he began the ascent without waiting to assist her up the break in the path. The girl came after, her lips firm, her eyes bright and expectant. She drew herself up the ledge as though she had been bred to mountain climbing.

Inside the barricade Blake was waiting to close the opening. She crept through and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

"Tom, look at me," she said. "Once I was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest—the noblest man—"

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."

"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are—"

"I'm a blackguard—do you hear?—No blackguard is brave. The way you faced that terrible beast—"

"Yes, blackguard—to've gone and shown to you that I—to've let you say a single word—Can't you see? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman—but to go and let you know, before we'd get back among people!"

"But—but, Tom, why not, if we—"

"No!" he retorted, harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran—"

"No, you shall not!—You shall not go off and leave me, and—risk your life! I can't bear to—"

Stay with me, Tom—dear—If a ship never came—"

He turned resolutely, so not to see her blushing face.

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and shake hands on it like two real comrades—"

She struck frantically at his outstretched hand.

"Keep away—I hate you!" she cried. "Before he could speak she was running up the cliff."

CHAPTER XXV.

In Double Salvation.

WHEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning, the girl slowly drew open her door and came out of the cave Blake was nowhere in sight. She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft she gathered up a hamper of food and fled to the tree-ladder.

As she drew herself up on the cliff she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward beyond it there was a much larger volume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him.

She paused, her cheeks aflame. But the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not he had descended at the north end of the cleft and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a sigh she started on toward the signal staff.

She was close upon the border of the bird colony when Blake sat up and she found herself staring into his blinking eyes.

"Hello!" he mumbled, drowsily. He sprang up wide awake, and flushing with the guilty consciousness of what he had done. "Look at the sun—way up! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes; yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by 'pretty late.' You've been up all night."

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"No, I haven't. Not all night—"

"To be sure! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake! Now sit down and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to get to the river and see to work. I'll get some jerked beef and eat it on the way."

"Tom!" she protested.

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea monster.

"Siren!" shouted Blake, whirling about.

The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as though he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff and begin to wave and shout like a madman. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men ratching about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff; but Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's come now. You needn't—"

"Let me by! I'm going to meet them. I want to—"

But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom!" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one—anything can be a part of our life here—here, where I've learned how brave and true a real man can be!"

"And then have him prove himself a sneak!" he cried. "No! I won't, Jenny! I've got you to think of. Wait till I've seen your father. Ten to one he'll not hear of it—he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girl, and I'm a poor man. I can't give them to you—"

She laid a hand on his mouth and smiled up at him in tender mockery.

"Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife?"

"No, Jenny!" he protested, trying to draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends things may look different. Think of your society friends! Wait till you see me with other men—gentlemen! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary—"

"Hush!" she cried, and she again placed her hand on his mouth. "You shan't say such cruel things about Tom—my Tom—the man I trust—that I—"

Her arms slipped about his neck and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't!" he begged, hoarsely.

"Tain't fair!—I can't stand it!"

"The man I love!" she whispered.

He crushed her to him in his great arms.

"My little girl!—dear little girl!" he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair.

She snuggled her face closer against his shoulder and replied in a very small voice: "I—I suppose you know that ship captains can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet!" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father—"

"Please listen!" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing.

"What is it?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed.

The muffled voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake—really I will!—I—I hope we can manage to struggle along—somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three—three million; but—"

"What!" he demanded, and he held her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I—"

"You'd never have given me a chance to do—to propose to you, you dear old silly!" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See here!"

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled flower. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You—kept it!"

"Because—because, even then, then, down in the bottom of my heart, I had begun to realize—to know what you were like—and of course that meant— Tom, tell me! Do you think I'm utterly shameless? Do you blame me for being the one—to—"

"Blame you?" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkling in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

THE END.

Speaking of Clubs.

Redd—Have you any Esperanto clubs in your town?

Greene—No; I think all those the police carry are of locust.—Yonkers Statesman.

Trying.

If there is anything on earth that will try all the Christian graces of the average man, it is to crawl into a union suit on a chilly morning only to discover that the washerwoman has turned it wrong side out.

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE

THE FARMERS OF CENTRAL CANADA REAP WHEAT AND RICHES.

Up in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the provinces that compose Central Canada have such a quantity of land suitable for the growth of small grains, which grow so abundantly, and yield so handsomely that no fear need be feared of a wheat famine on this Continent. The story reproduced below is only one of the hundreds of proofs that could be produced to show the results that may be obtained from cultivation of the lands in these provinces. Almost any section of the country will do as well.

With the country recently opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest of the great transcontinental lines to enter the field of the development of the Canadian West, there is afforded ample opportunity to do as was done in the case cited below:

To buy a section of land, break it up and crop it, make \$17,550 out of the yield and \$10,880 out of the increase of value all within the short period of two years, was the record established by James Bailey, a well known farmer within a few miles of Regina. Mr. Bailey bought the 640 acres of land near Grand Coulee two years ago. He immediately prepared the whole section for crop and this year has 600 acres of wheat and 40 acres of oats. The wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, and the oats yielded 4,750 bushels. The whole of the grain has been marketed and Mr. Bailey is now worth \$17,550 from the grain alone. He bought the land at \$18 an acre, and the other day refused an offer of \$35 an acre, just a \$17 advance for the time of his purchase. The land cost \$11,320 in the first instance. Here are the figures of the case—Land cost, 640 acres, at \$18, \$11,320. Wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, at 84 cents a bushel, \$16,695. Oats yielded 4,750 bushels at 28 cents a bushel, \$855. Offered for land, 640 acres at \$35 an acre, \$22,400. Increase value of land, \$10,880. Total earnings of crop, \$17,550, together with increase in value of land a total of \$28,540.

It is interesting to note the figures of the yield per acre. The wheat yielded 33½ bushels to the acre, and oats 118.7 bushels to the acre. The figures are a fair indication of the average throughout the district.

Agents of the Canadian Government in the different cities will be pleased to give you information as to rates, etc.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

"Walter, when are you going to bring up that roast chicken?"

"Why, you've already eaten your dinner, sir!"

"Then bring me the check!"

"But you're already paid, sir!"

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907."

Peter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors.

Preocious.

The little girl was acting naughtily before company. Her mother warned her sharply.

"If you do that again, I'll smack you," she said.

"No you won't," replied the pert daughter. "I'll sit down on myself and then you can't."

Our idea of heaven is a place big enough to make it possible for people to be without neighbors.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

BEST FOR BABY AND BEST FOR MOTHER

THE BEST REMEDY FOR COLIC & FLATULENCE

Is fine for children and adults, very pleasant to take and free from opium. It is guaranteed to relieve the most distressing cases of colic and flatulence in a few minutes. All Druggists, 25 cents.

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST REMEDY FOR COLIC & FLATULENCE

Is fine for children and adults, very pleasant to take and free from opium. It is guaranteed to relieve the most distressing cases of colic and flatulence in a few minutes. All Druggists, 25 cents.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color made permanent and fast and does not run. One tin makes color of 25 lbs. This dye is sold under the name of Blue, Green, Yellow, Red, and Black. Available at all Druggists.

Described.

Miss Giddings—Oh, uncle, have you seen the Williamses' baby? Do describe it to me.

Uncle Sam—Description! Um!—ah! very small features, clean shaven, red-faced, and looks a hard drinker.

Financial.

Stella—Isn't Mabel going to marry the duke?

Bella—No, he rejected the budget.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM

is the old reliable cough remedy. It is every drug store and is practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 50c. per bottle and \$1.00 bottles.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

Coming to Terms.

Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms.

Scotch Farmer—Before we go any further, was that a fair sample of yer appetite?

Mrs. Winslow's Washing Powder

For children's clothing, for the laundry, for the washroom, always pale, curvy and white. Washboards.

It's one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Madder sign for its rich, mellow quality.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.

Mrs. Housewife—There's a Happy Medium in Everything

Anything that is overdone or underdone is not good. This is especially true of baking—and it is just as true of baking powder. If you use the cheap and Big Can kinds you are getting quantity at the sacrifice of quality. It cannot be as good—or so economical as Calumet—the medium priced kind. If you use the High Price kind, you are paying tribute to the Trust—its quality is no better.

Here's the "Full Value" in BAKING POWDER

The Cheap and Big Can Kind

In this can you get more substance but not more baking powder. It is great in quantity only—not in economy—not in satisfaction.

ALUMET

Made in the U.S.A. by the ALUMET BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO.

The Trust Kind

Great in quantity but the quality is no better—It is so good.

Calumet, in the Standard 1 lb. can, sells at a moderate cost—but is great in all-round satisfaction. You use less of it—it makes the baking lighter, purer—more delicious. One baking will prove the economy—try it. Ask your grocer and insist on Calumet. Free—large handsome red and white 4 1/2 lb. can in point can.

Have You Tried Paxton's Gas Roasted Coffee

Buy a can of Paxton Coffee today. Try it as you usually make coffee and let your family be the judge. They will say the coffee is delicious and want more.

Only 25 Cents Per Pound at Your Grocers

2 1/2 lb. Red Cans, Air-tight Sealed, 25c Per Pound

W.L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

It could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes.

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

BOY'S SHOES

\$2.00 & \$2.50

Are You Losing the Profits?

Anything that is properly called a separator will pay the cost of skimming. But it may be a mighty good separator to get out of the milk both the cream and the curd, by the extra cream. National gives you says for its extra cost.

National Cream Separator

gets there in the cream business, day after day, the longest, safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturer.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, COSHEK, INDIANA

FOR PINK EYE

DISTEMPER, CATARRHUS PUPILLAE, AND ALL RUBS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS

Cure the sick and act as a preventive for others. Liquid glycerine, the longest, safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturer.

LET US HELP YOUR HORSE

If you have never used our famous screw calls, which give you and your horse safety and comfort through winter ice and slush, at practically no extra expense, then the old-fashioned screw calls are ready to be superseded. These screw calls are made of the best material and are guaranteed to last. They are made of the best material and are guaranteed to last. They are made of the best material and are guaranteed to last.

When Cold Winds Blow

When cold winds blow, biting frost is in the air, and back-draughts down the chimney deaden the fires, then the PERFECTION Oil Heater (Equipped with Smokeless Device) shows its sure heating power by steadily supplying just the heat that is needed for comfort.

The Perfection Oil Heater is unaffected by weather conditions. It never fails. No smoke—no smell—just a genial, satisfying heat. The new Automatic Smokeless Device prevents the wick being turned too high. Removed in an instant.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—dampier—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles. Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not in Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

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