FIRE EATERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$500 down, balance same as rent—on Staten Island. Mrs. Collins, a neighbor, calls before the household goods are set in order. Spring. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Jane Reynolds goes to a city matinee with Mrs. Collins, and by her companion's advice pretends sickness to cover her neglect to provide dinner for Bob. Jane, confessing, is forgiven for shamming. Dick arrives with delicatessen forage. Dick warns Bob against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Jane confesses that the money for the butcher's bill has gone for a new hat. Bob pleasantly reminds her of the "balance same as rent." Dick preaches socialism. Brand, the prosperous, member of "the system," calls.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"The modern business man," said Reynolds, "is something of an enigma to me. I have never been able to figure out just exactly what he is."

"That is obvious, Bob. You wouldn't be living here if you had. Maybe I can show you. I want to put you on the inside where you will be looking out, instead of always on the outside looking in. Now, the United Construction company makes the sacrifice of paying you something every week, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but I hope they don't look at it in that light."

"How much do you get?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"What's your position?"

"I'm a chemist at the head of their testing department. Not very important, is it?"

"To you and me now," Brand answered quickly, "it's very important. Your company has the contract for the Pecos River dam job, hasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It also contemplates other conservation work both in Pennsylvania and the West, with a good chance of getting it."

"I believe that's right."

"This Pecos job is a big contract?"

"One of the biggest we ever had."

"I suppose one of the most important things you do is to test the cement as to its solidifying quality."

"Yes, that's my work. I have an assistant who looks after the steel. The cement is the most important part of the job."

"How close can you approximate the endurance of cement?"

"It's part of my duty to know the difference in grades. For instance, the ordinary Portland that is put up in most work ought to hold tight a hundred years. There is a closer process of refinement that would extend the life another fifty years."

"Exactly. Now, it's that closer process of refinement that I want to talk to you about." Brand crossed the room and stood facing Reynolds. He took out a paper. "Here are the specifications of the Pecos job. I am furnishing the cement."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I'm the Hudson Cement company. We have this contract, Bob, and this closer refinement of the cement you were speaking of is called for in the specifications. Now, on this job alone, it will mean an extra expense to us of something like two hundred thousand dollars. It's very problematical in my mind whether that same extra expense will increase the life of the cement five years, no matter how you chemist boys figure and potter. Anyway, it won't be over twenty-five years. I don't know who got up these specifications, but in my mind he is pretty much of a d——n fool. Now for the kick-off. Here's my chance to give you and your wife that big boost—make you both financially independent, wipe out that college obligation, and, at the same time, help myself."

"That's kind of you. It'll make her very happy."

Brand concealed a smile. "As I told you," he continued, "that closer process of refinement is called for in the specifications, but—Bob — what we want is to have the tests go through on our regular cement—the ordinary grade—the same we sell everybody. If you save that two hundred thousand dollars for me I think a fair division of that saving is to give you forty thousand dollars."

"But there's the government inspector!" said Reynolds. "I'm only under him."

"Don't you worry about anybody but yourself. I want to help you, but I'm a business man and there'll be no loose ends."

"But it's stealing."

"No, it's business."

"If I did that, I'd be a thief."

"Bob, thief is a nasty word, and it's used altogether too carelessly these days. Now, I'm not here to teach any moral lessons or anything like that, but are you doing any harm in accepting this? No, you're doing what any successful business man would do. You're taking a chance of making forty thousand dollars. And why? Because you're cheating the people? No. Because the dam will fall down? Certainly not. The dam will last a hundred years. Now, a lot of public improvements are put up to last one hundred years, and you know their history. They're generally torn down in twenty. And this particular dam is not half big enough for the requirements. The chances are it will be rebuilt in less than twenty-five years. It's a case of penny wise and pound foolish so far as the appropriation goes, and you know it."

"But I tell you it's graft."

"No. It's taking advantage of the foolish and incompetent specifications made for this job. Why, it's not even sharp practise. It's making money on another man's mistake. It's picking up the loose ends of a business deal and putting them in your pocket, and believe me, it's the loose ends that have made the American millionaire."

"Is that the secret?"

"Certainly. Why, it's the same opportunity that would come to you if you were walking across a farm, kicked up some dirt and discovered gold. Would you go to the owner of the farm and say: 'There's gold on your land; I hope it makes you rich?' Certainly not. You'd buy the farm. You might stake him to the potatoes, but you'd take the gold. What the devil is the matter with you fellows who are always working your hearts and souls out for twenty-five dollars a week because of your Sunday school notions? Here's an opportunity right in your hand. Don't let it go by. Take advantage of it."

"Not me, Brand."

"All right. We can get along without our end of that particular profit, even if it is a useless waste. Waste, I tell you, and nothing else. But Bob, you can't get along without the forty thousand, and let me tell you something; labor doesn't make money; toil doesn't make money—for the toiler! The only thing that makes money is money, and if you haven't some of it to turn over and make into some more, you're going to work for somebody else all your life. That's the toiler's job. Now, be sensible. Take this and stop worrying."

"John, I'm afraid you have got into the wrong house. It's true I haven't got anything but twenty-five dollars a week—that I haven't paid for this home, which you say you partly own, and for which you so kindly overcharged me. It's true that I've got a wife to take care of and can't even buy her the pretty things she wants. But supposing I take your money. What is the price I pay for it? My conscience. I'd have money in the bank, but fear and dread of God in my heart."

"Fear, fiddlesticks! It's not fear in your heart, but chill in your feet, that's worrying you. What you need, Bob, is nerve, and—money. Good old American eagles are the greatest nerve builders in the world."

"I know it, but I want to get mine in the daylight like a white man; not in the dark like a footpad."

"Well, you're mighty particular about yourself, but supposing you think of some one else. How about your wife? Don't you think you might do something for her? If you were taking one nickel from the people, or stealing a cent, I wouldn't argue with you, but you're not. You're simply taking advantage of another man's blunder. You can't stop that blunder; you can't go to that man and have these specifications changed. But you can take his money and put your wife in a better position. If you don't do it, it's your own fault. Bob, if you stick to these specifications you're throwing that two hundred thousand dollars and your share of it away, just as if you dropped it in the river. I'm showing you how you can save forty thousand dollars. But, no, you won't do it. Instead of that you talk about grafting and stealing and conscience, and all of the gibberish you find in the yellow papers. Now, I'm telling you straight; you're throwing away an opportunity that may never come to you again. You're stepping right over the gold on the farm and you're handing it to somebody else. Oh, I'm so sorry."

The sudden entrance of his wife prevented a reply by Reynolds. Both men rose to their feet. Bob, in the height of his moral combat with Brand, had almost forgotten her proximity. He had not noticed that the door to their room was slightly ajar. Brand had, and in his peroration, as it were, when he saw that Reynolds showed no sign of accepting his offer, he had purposely raised his voice so that she could hear. Jane extended her hand now as her husband presented the millionaire, and she smiled a welcome.

"I couldn't help but hear," she said, "and I thought I had better let you know, Am I in the way?"

"Not at all," Brand promptly answered. "You see, Mrs. Reynolds, Bob and I are old friends, and I would like to be counted among his wife's friends also."

"Thank you. I can believe that." She turned a more serious face to her husband. "Bob," she asked quietly, "don't you think you had better consider what Mr. Brand said?"

"Now, Jane, please!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to have your advice in all things, but I cannot have you interfere in this. Please don't."

Jane made no response. Her husband's answer permitted none. It cut like a knife and brought the blood rushing to her cheeks; blood that seemed to forsake the heart, leaving it chilled, and heat the brain with rebellious and alien thoughts.

"I-cannot-have-you-interfere." It was the first time he had ever used such terms. They sounded like the clarion notes of a trumpet. The walls received them and hurled them back to her; walls that recalled her long hours of loneliness; hard walls, cold walls, cheap walls; walls that she had fought with; bare walls, that after days of toil she had embellished with inexpensive prints and such knick-knacks as a woman's taste can summon; walls that reflected their poverty and her struggle against it.

"I-cannot-have-you-interfere." The words burned and rankled. They scorched her flushed cheeks and pounded her temples. They pierced her brain; they ran thumping and bumping down her spine and left it stiff and cold.

She drew herself up to her full height and stood regarding the two men in silence. Unconsciously they realized that she was very beautiful, like some aristocratic animal at bay, startled, but not frightened. Her eyes traveled from one to the other; to the immaculate Brand, in his proper evening clothes, stamped with the indefinable mark of success, to the shoddy, but virtuous Reynolds, flaunting the face of failure. Despite the simple severity of her own dress, a blouse affair of blue serge, much worn, but endowed with such charm as an ingenious woman can impart, she looked more the mate of the millionaire than of the humbler man.

Brand, with his quick grasp of human nature and human passions, read the meaning of those glances. He read the mind in which now flashed the vision of her incongruous life; the life of a queenly woman lived in the environment of the bourgeois; he read scorn for the exacting demands of that life; inherent aversion to its petty economies and sacrifices; and he read, too, behind the firm lines of a pretty mouth, the stability and strength of character that had enabled her to combat these conditions. Here was a woman, he realized, who was a fitting companion and an efficient colleague for a man like himself; a woman who would walk hand in hand with Ambition, meet the test and revel in the reward. She loved her husband, and love, the great leveler of all caste, spanning all chasms, filling in the little voids in each status, had held her down to Reynolds' level and made her what she was—a true and loyal and a sympathetic wife. Not that Reynolds was so plebeian; he was of good stock; well educated, industrious, honest and lovable. Mentally, he was of true steel, big and solid; ready to withstand the world's rebuffs. But the keen intellect of his wife was of a finer

"Bob and I Are Old Friends and I Would Like to Be Counted Among His Wife's Friends Also."

mold; steel, too, but tempered, not only to repel, but to strike back and cut through.

There came to Brand, now, as there had come to Jane the full force of Reynolds' gauntlet—"I-cannot-have-you-interfere"—truculent, calamitous phrase that stung and wounded and broke down the sympathetic bonds of forbearance. He saw them strike and saw her harden to repel them. The man of the world smiled; smiled within himself, but not for them; smiled at poor Reynolds, for whose welfare he was so solicitous; smiled at his own success and stepped toward his coat and hat. His work, the system's work, was done.

CHAPTER VII.

A Conspiracy and a Discovery.

In a luxurious suite on the seventeenth floor of one of lower Manhattan's office buildings, the president of the Hudson Cement company sat at his mahogany desk. He glanced hurriedly through a collection of letters that his secretary had selected from a larger mass as worthy of his chief's individual attention. He came at length to one addressed in a feminine hand. It was marked personal and the seal was unbroken. He opened it and read:

My Dear Mr. Brand:

Your kind note received and I assure you that its contents are fully appreciated. I quite agree with you that Mr. Reynolds does not realize the magnanimity of your offer or the opportunity it affords. Bob is an able worker and a good husband, but he is also a dreamer. I believe, and I want you to know I believe, that your attempt to help him is disinterested. I know that forty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand does not mean much to a man of your position and financial standing, and that you are going out of your way to lift a friend out of a narrow, hopeless channel of mere existence. We can, as you say, enter into a little conspiracy to aid him; to bring him to his senses in spite of himself and his deluded ideas. With that end in view I can willingly be a party to it, and I shall be most glad to see you any afternoon and perfect the plot.

Sincerely yours,

JANE REYNOLDS.

This letter was in response to one Brand had written expressing his regret at Reynolds' "foolish attitude," and suggesting that they "conspire" to make him reconsider his decision. The reply had come without delay, and he saw that he was to have a willing ally. He pressed a button at his left and a young man entered from an adjoining room.

"Just a minute, Radcliffe," said the millionaire, as he dashed off a few words on a telegraph blank. "Have this sent at once and if there is any business this afternoon that requires immediate attention refer it to Mr. Burns. I will not return after luncheon. Telephone for the car."

He put on his automobile coat and cap and went out. After he had dined—luncheon meant a substantial repast for Brand—he headed for Staten Island and arrived at the Reynolds' cottage a few minutes after the telegram had been delivered. Mrs. Reynolds answered his knock. She was dressed in the best that her meager wardrobe would afford for the occasion. A mackintosh served as a motor coat and she wore a modest tam-o'-shanter, or skating cap. Mrs. Collins had been impressed into service as a chaperon. When summoned by Jane to enact the role she had become duly excited over the prospect of riding in an automobile with its millionaire owner. Quite knowingly she had winked the other eye when told that the trip was for purely business reasons and that there was no occasion to dress up. She had hurried home and made a more elaborate toilet than her neighbor. She donned her best coat and a large hat, then hastily essayed a rejuvenation through the magic of cosmetics with the result that the attempt was quite obvious even if the accomplishment fell short.

Jane greeted Brand most cordially. "Your telegram came only a half hour ago," she told him. "I had no idea you would be so prompt in getting to work. But I guess we are ready. Mrs. Collins will accompany us."

Brand directed a grudging nod toward Mrs. Collins.

"Delighted, I'm sure," he answered with an attempt at cordiality. "There'll be plenty of room for her in the tonneau."

He was as good as his word. He led Mrs. Collins to the back of the huge eight-passenger car, assisted Jane to the front seat and ordered the chauffeur to await his return.

"I'm going to run it myself," he told Jane. "There aren't many policemen over here and I like a little excitement once in a while. It won't interfere with our talk."

He threw down the clutch and opened the muffler, sending the big machine off with a chug and a jump. They reached the main road and the car settled down into the steady but exhilarating gait of a trained thoroughbred. Brand looked at his guest.

"It was mighty fine of you to send that note," he said. "Some women wouldn't; they would have misunderstood me, but you're too big for that and I admire you for it. You know, I was so eager to help Bob, and now that I've seen you I want to help you, too. I've got a wife and three children, Mrs. Reynolds, and all of the necessities and some of the luxuries have made our home life very beautiful. There's no reason why yours and Bob's shouldn't be the same if we can get some of those distorted notions out of his head. Why, he seems to think I'm one of the forty thieves, but I'd like to see him tell Mrs. Brand that sort of thing."

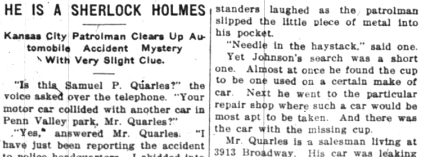
"I suppose your wife has just everything in the world, hasn't she?"

"Everything I can give her. She would attend to that if I didn't. She can make me do anything. Sometimes when I think I'm a big man with big opinions, I find myself jumping through the hoop, lying down and rolling over and playing dead when it comes to the real issue."

"She must be a very fascinating woman. I wish I knew her."

"I intend you shall know her. She is not only fascinating, to my mind, but she's also very sensible, and I think that on both those scores you would be very congenial."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HE IS A SHERLOCK HOLMES

Kansas City Patrolman Clears Up Automobile Accident Mystery With Very Slight Clue.

"Is this Samuel P. Quarles?" the voice asked over the telephone. "Your motor car collided with another car in Penn Valley park, Mr. Quarles."

"Yes," answered Mr. Quarles. "I have just been reporting the accident to police headquarters. I skidded into a car that had been left stalled by the roadside. I wasn't going more than five miles an hour, but skidded badly. You are?"

"This is a motorcycle patrolman. I wanted to fill out a report."

Monday morning Dr. L. S. Milne's car skidded into the curbing at a park turn on Broadway and was disabled. When the repair man arrived it was found that the disabled car had been rammed into a ditch and badly damaged. No trace of the second car was found save a grease cup that had been broken from a front spring.

With this tiny cup as a clue, O. E. Johnson, a motorcycle patrolman, started out to locate the car. The bystanders laughed as the patrolman slipped the little piece of metal into his pocket.

"Needle in the haystack," said one.

Yet Johnson's search was a short one. Almost at once he found the cup to be one used on a certain make of car. Next he went to the particular repair shop where such a car would be most apt to be taken. And there was the car with the missing cup.

Mr. Quarles is a salesman living at 3913 Broadway. His car was leaking so badly after the collision that he drove at once to the repair shop.—Kansas City Times.

Letters From a Contented Man.

The editor of the Louisiana Twice-a-Week Times recently received a letter from a contented man: "I have no domestic troubles and no financial troubles to speak of. I am not in love with anybody else's wife and nobody else's wife is in love with me. . . . No one has swindled me and my neighbors don't keep chickens or goats. I have no fault to find with you. I thought it might be a pleasant surprise to you to get a letter of the other sort as a change from the eternal whine."

TRAMP'S DOG KEEPS GUARD OVER MASTER

Watches Over the Vagrant as He Sleeps and Defies an Irate Farmer.

Columbus, O.—A tramp was sitting on a fallen tree along the bank of Alum creek, and beside him lay a big coach dog. The owner of the land, who happened to come along just as the observer was getting a picture of the pair, ordered the tramp from the place. The tramp, however, looked up indifferently at the landlord and made no effort to obey the command.

The owner then proceeded to pick up a large stick and drive the tramp away. Just at this time the big dog

In the Animal's Eye There Came an Angered Look.

raised his head and began to growl. As the man came forward to use the weapon upon the vagrant the dog arose and stationed himself in front of his master. In the animal's eye there came an angered look and he growled viciously at the landlord, who lost his nerve and retreated, promising, however, that he would have a constable attend to the tramp.

After the owner had departed the tramp lazily lay down on the log, stretched his arms and proceeded to take a nap. The dog lay down beside him, placed his head across the tramp's knees, and watched the landlord until he was out of sight. Every time a passerby would happen to walk near the tramp the dog would raise his head and watch him until he had passed.

HE FOLLOWED THE COFFEE

Unhappy Man, Tired of "Eating Around," Pursues and Marries His Former Landlady.

Chicago.—Charles G. Dorwin liked good coffee. Many years of "eating around" in Chicago had taught him that there are about as many different kinds of coffee as there are restaurants and boarding houses.

Then Mr. Dorwin found the boarding house conducted by Mrs. Belle B. Houghton. It was a small affair in a third-floor apartment. Mrs. Houghton lived there with her sister, who also was a widow, and they had two or three boarders, just to help along with expenses.

But Mrs. Houghton could make good coffee. Dorwin discovered that, and he settled down to the enjoyment of life. He was getting along in years, and after working all day in a Dearborn street office building he found there was nothing quite as satisfying as going home and being served with one of Mrs. Houghton's meals and her unusually good coffee.

The back porch of the Houghton flat looked out over several railroad tracks, and the trains kept Mr. Dorwin awake some nights, but he stayed, nevertheless.

A little more than a year ago Mrs. Houghton and her sister decided that a bungalow in California would be a more enjoyable place to live than a third-story flat, with a view of Jackson park from the front and railroad tracks from the back. So they moved away.

Dorwin moved, too, but nowhere could he find coffee such as Mrs. Houghton used to make. A few weeks ago he, too, went to California. The other day, over the wires from Los Angeles, came the news that a marriage license had been issued to Charles G. Dorwin, fifty-seven, and Belle B. Houghton, fifty-five.

HYPNOTISM CAUSE OF THEFT

New York Woman Tells the Police That Long-Distance Influence Affected Her.

New York.—Hypnotic influence exercised at long range by Harry C. Owen, said to be a rich mine owner from South America, caused Mrs. Anna Eggert of Elmira, N. Y., to steal $8,000 worth of jewels from Mrs. Bessie Young of Keuka, N. Y., according to the explanation the police say was made by Mrs. Eggert on her arrest in this city.

Mrs. Eggert and her husband, who is a contractor, stayed at a hotel in Keuka which is owned by Mrs. Young. After their departure by automobile to New York the jewels were missed.

Mrs. Eggert met Owen several months ago, according to her story, at a New York hotel. She delivered the stolen jewelry to him there, she says. The police learned that a Harry C. Owen had registered there last spring and also recently, but had paid his bill and left for Buffalo.

The Buffalo police were asked to arrest him on a charge of receiving stolen goods. Word has been received that he was taken from a train bound for New York. A detective was sent to bring him back.

Suspicious Action.

"Did you ask your girl's father for her hand in marriage?"

"I did."

"And he refused you. I can tell by the way you look."

"No, he didn't. He gave his consent."

"Then why that peculiar look you are wearing?"

"He was so darned willing."—Houston Post.

Looked Older.

"That boy looks more than five years old," said the railroad conductor to the mother.

"I know it, sir, but he's not. He was brought up in Philadelphia," replied the mother.

Wichita, Kan., entertains Dry Farming congress October 7-17.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00 BOYS' SHOES $2.00, $2.25, $2.50 $3.00 & $3.50

Over 150 Styles

All Sizes and Widths

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Our $4 gents' W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the wear by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This guarantee is your protection against high prices and inferior shoes of other makers. W. L. Douglas shoes for all the family, at all prices, are the best you can buy, as they are made of the same materials, by the same skilled workmen, on the same machines, and the high grade leathers used, give a shoe of undeniable worth. Why pay more? Because W. L. Douglas shoes are worth more than other makers for the prices they bear. If the dealer in your town does not keep a full line of styles, sizes and widths, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. Catalog showing how to order by mail.

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Libby's California Asparagus

If you've never tasted Libby's California Asparagus, there is a treat in store for you. Grown on the islands of the Sacramento River, the finest Asparagus region in the world. Put up fresh from the garden as soon as cut. Tender and flavory. White or green—peeled or unpeeled. Insist on Libby's. If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name.

Try this recipe—

Asparagus with Eggs—Salt and pepper well one can of Libby's Asparagus. Beat four eggs just enough to break up the yolks, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper and salt, and pour upon the Asparagus. Bake eight minutes in a quick oven, and serve immediately.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Scotch National Hero.

One hundred years ago the celebrated colossal statute of Sir William Wallace was formally dedicated by the earl of Buchan, in connection with the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn. Sir William Wallace is known as the national hero of Scotland, and the stories of his courage, patriotism and devotion are familiar to all the children of that land. As the leader of a band of patriotic followers, he fought for years to deliver Scotland from English rule. When victory seemed about to crown his efforts he was defeated and captured through treachery, August 5, 1305, and sent a prisoner to London. There he was tried for high treason. On the same day that he was convicted he was executed and his body quartered.

Some Men Do That.

Big Sister—What did Mr. Smith say while waiting for me in the parlor?

Little Brother—He didn't say anything. He just talked.

Peru's exports in 1913 amounted to $37,722,950 in value.

Worth the Punishment.

I well remember the time, although years have passed since then, when my brother and two chums caught a pocketful of young field mice and turned them loose in the kitchen.

In the meantime I had spread the doorknobs with sticky tar.

We ran out and closed the door from the outside, leaving my mother and auntie in the room. They were busy and had not noticed us.

The boys all got a whipping and I had to stay in my room two days on a bread and water diet. But the fun we had watching them through the window was worth the punishment.—Chicago Tribune.

Deficient in Oxygen.

The diseases to which caisson workers are subject, according to a French authority, are due to the fact that when air is compressed hydraulically it loses nearly one-fifth of its oxygen.

Different.

"I'd ask you to dance only you told me you were tired."

"But I'm not too tired to dance."—Judge.

The Stove You Can Carry Around With You

With a NEW PERFECTION Heater, burning clean, convenient, economical oil, you can have heat in any room in the house without trouble. Comfortable heat for dressing in the morning, and when you have the baby—luxurious, instantaneous heat wherever heat is needed. The NEW PERFECTION is a blessing if anyone is ill, if you have to be up at night, and during the sharp days in the early fall and late spring when chilly mornings and evenings bring discomfort.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

The NEW PERFECTION burns 10 hours on one gallon of oil. Constant, unchanging heat without smoke or smell. No trouble to rewick—come all ready to put in—you won't even soil your hands.

See the newest NEW PERFECTION at your dealer's and note the special feature found in no other heater. You will know it by the TRIANGLE—THE SYMBOL OF WARMTH, COMFORT AND GOOD CHEER. (248)

For Best Results Use Perfection Oil

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (AN INDIANA CORPORATION) Chicago, Illinois

If You Knew What We Do

If you could see the care taken in tanning the leather for Rouge Rex Shoes in our own tannery; and then could follow the leather through the factory and see the solid leather counters, heels and insoles, and the kind of leather we put in the soles, also test the thread with which we stitch these shoes, you would say

"HERE IS AN HONEST SHOE"

You do not have this opportunity; but call on your dealer and examine the finished shoe. Ask to see No. 468. Examine the leather, tough, pliable, serviceable. Note the heavy stitching, the waterproof soles, the double thickness on the toe, and if you want a really good shoe you will not hesitate to buy No. 468. Look for the trade-mark on the sole.

Write Dept. D for free descriptive book.

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