

HALLOWEEN ALPHABET.

A's for the apples we bob for, and B For the bonbons and buns that bewitch you and me; For the Brownies that creep out to see all the fun; For the broomsticks the witches ride—ever see one? C stands for the cats that go prowling about; For the Halloween elder we can't do without; For the candles that puff and the caldrons that sputter, As the old witch leans over to stir and to mutter! D stands for the dance, where, decked out in weird dresses, Each one o'er his partner's name puzzles and guesses; It stands for deep darkness; and then, sir, comes E, Standing up straight for every one—you, likewise ME! F stands for the fortunes we're told on that night; For the fairies who watch; for the flickering firelight; And G stands for folks I don't fancy much— Yes, G stands for goblins and ghosts and such! And H, as is perfectly plain to be seen, For our frolicsome festival night—HALLOWEEN. When we most always have something sweet—M'mm! Oh, my! A very sweet something beginning with I! Ice cream! Why, of course. Then up boys merry J, Full of jests, joy and jollity, jiggling away For the nonsense and antics that make the night gay, Followed close by that dignified capital K, Who stands for the knights who have come to the feast— At most every party there's ONE night, at least. L stands for the lanterns that shine here and there; The hollowed-out pumpkins one sees everywhere! M's very important and so very serious— He stands for the Halloween moon, so mysterious; For the mirrors that tell us our fortunes, and for Many masks and the music and, more than all, MORE For the MAGIC, and that is enough, I think, quite! N stands for the nuts that we have on that night; And O for October, and other things, too; For the orful old OGRES and odd fellows who Prowl about in the cornfields, P, proud as a post, For the pumpkins, the party; and Q is almost As important; he stands for just EVERYTHING QUEER, For everything quaint; while old R stands, my dear, For REFRESHMENTS. Hurrah for old R! say we all. S stands for the spoons that we meet at the ball; For the scarerows that cause us a terrible shock. And next comes old T, tolling out "TWELVE O'CLOCK!" When the revels are maddest and all are unmasked, And U is a letter who'll tell you, if asked, That he stands for a fellow exceedingly grand, Known up and down, everywhere, over the Land— UNCLE SAM! Next comes V—all the mysteries vanishing, All the goblins and spirits for another year banishing. And W stands for the witches that roam; Y, for YOU all; and X, for the time you get home!

THE NIGHT CALL.

The first caprice of November snow had sketched the world in white for an hour in the morning. After midday the sun came out, the wind turned warm, and the whiteness vanished from the landscape. By evening the low ridges and long plain of Jersey were rich and sad again, in russet and dull crimson and old gold; for the foliage still clung to the oaks and elms and birches, and the dying monarchy of autumn retreated slowly before winter's cold republic. In the old town of Calvinton, stretched along the highroad, the lamps were aglow early as the saffron sunset faded into humid night. A mist rose from the long, wet street and the sodden lawns, muffling the houses and the trees and the college towers with a double veil, under which a pallid aureole encircled every light, while the moon above, languid and tearful, waded slowly through the mounting fog. It was a night of delay and expectation, a night of remembrance and mystery, lonely and dim and full of strange, loud sounds. In one of the smaller houses on the main street the light in the window burned late. Leroy Carmichael was alone in his office reading Balzac's story of "The Country Doctor." He was not a gloomy or despondent person, but the spirit of the night had entered into him. He had yielded himself, as young men of ardent temperament often do, to the subduing magic of the fall. In his mind, as in the air, there was a soft, clinging mist, and blurred lights of thought, and a still foreboding of change. A sense of the vast tranquil movement of Nature, of her sympathy and of her indifference, sank deeply into his heart. For a time he realized that all things, and he too, some day, must grow old; and he felt the universal paths of it more sensitively, perhaps, than he would ever feel it again. If you had told Carmichael that this was what he was thinking about as he sat in his bachelor quarters on that November night, he would have stared at you and then laughed a little. "Nonsense," he would have answered, cheerfully. "I'm no sentimentalist; only a bit tired by a hard afternoon's work at Cedar Grove and a rough ride home. Ten Balzac always depresses me a little. The next time

I'll take some Dumas; he is a tonic." But in fact, no one came in to interrupt his misgivings and rouse him to that air of cheerfulness with which he always faced the world, and to which, indeed (though he did not know it), he owed some measure of his delay in winning the confidence of Calvinton. He had come there some five years ago with a particularly good outfit to practice medicine in that unique and alluring old burgh, full of antique hand-made furniture and traditions. He had not only been well trained for his profession in the best medical school and hospital of New York, but he was also a graduate of Calvinton College (in which his father had been a professor for a time), and his grand-uncle was a Grubb, a name high in the Golden Book of Calvintonian aristocracy and inscribed upon tombstones in every village within a radius of fifteen miles. Consequently the young doctor arrived well accredited, and was received in his first year with many tokens of hospitality in the shape of tea-parties and suppers. But the final and esoteric approval of Calvinton was a thing apart from these mere fashionable courtesies and worldly amenities—a thing not to be bestowed without due consideration and satisfactory reasons. Leroy Carmichael failed, somehow or other, to come up to the requirements for a leading physician in such a conservative community. He was brilliant, perhaps, a clever young man; but he lacked poise and gravity. He walked too lightly along the streets, swinging his stick, and greeting his acquaintances lightly, as if he were rather glad to be alive. Now this is a sentiment which Calvinton regards as near akin to vanity, and therefore to be discountenanced in your neighbor and concealed in yourself. How can a man be glad that he is alive, and frankly show it, without a touch of conceit and a reprehensible forgetfulness of the presence of original sin even in the best families? The manners of a professional man, above all, should at once express and impose humility. Young Dr. Carmichael had been spoiled by his life in New York. It had made him too gay, light-hearted, almost frivolous. It was possible that he might know a good deal about medicine, though doubtless that had been exaggerated; but it was certain that his temperament needed chastening before he could win the kind of confidence that Calvinton had given to the venerable Dr. Coffin, whose face was like a tombstone, and whose practice rested upon the two pillars of podophyllin and predestination. So Carmichael still felt, after his five years' work, that he was an outsider; felt it rather more indeed than when he had first come. He had no health practice to keep him in good health and spirits. But his patients were along the side streets and in the smaller houses and out in the country. He was not called, except in a chance emergency, to the big houses with the white pillars. The inner circle had not yet taken him in. He wondered how long he would have to work and wait for that. He knew that things in Calvinton moved slowly; but he knew also that its silence and subconscient judgments sometimes crystallized with incredible rapidity and hardness. Was it possible that he was already classified in the group that came near but did not enter, an inhabitant but not a real burgher, a half-way citizen and a life-long new-comer? That would be rough; he would not like growing old in that way. But perhaps there was some invisible barrier hemming in his path. Perhaps it was only the naturally slow movement of things that hindered him. Some day the gate would open. He would be called in behind those white pillars into the world of which his father had often told him stories and traditions. There he would prove his skill and his worth. He would make himself useful and trusted by his work. Then he could marry the girl that he loved, and win a firm place and a real home in the old town whose strange charm held him so strongly even in the vague sadness of this autumnal night. He turned again from these musings to his Balzac, and read the wonderful pages in which Benassis tells the story of his consecration to his profession and Captain Genestas confides the little Adrien to his care, and then the beautiful letter in which the doctor describes the country doctor's death and burial. The simple pathos of it went home to Carmichael's heart. "It is a fine life, after all," said he to himself, as he shut the book at midnight and laid down his pipe. "No man has a better chance than a doctor to come close to the real thing. Human nature is his patient, and each case is a symptom. It's worth while to work for the sake of getting nearer to the reality and doing some definite good by the way. I'm glad that this isn't one of those mystical towns where Buddhism and all sorts of vagaries flourish. Calvinton may be difficult, but it's not obscure. And some day I'll feel its pulse and get at the heart of it. The silence of the little office was snapped by the nervous clamor of the electric bell, shrilling with a night call. Dr. Carmichael turned on the light in the hall and opened the front door. A tall, dark man of military aspect loomed out of the mist, and behind him, at the curbstone, the outline of a big motor-car was dimly visible. He held out a visiting card inscribed "Baron de Mortemer," and spoke slowly and courteously, but with a strong nasal aspect and a tone of insistent domination. "You are the Dr. Carmichael, yes? You speak French—no? It is pity. There is a want of you at once—a patient—it is very pressing. You will come with me, yes?" "But I do not know you, sir," said the doctor; "you are—" "The Baron de Mortemer," broke in the stranger, pointing to the card as if it answered all questions. "It is the Baroness who is very suffering—I pray you to come without delay." "But what is it?" asked the doctor. "What shall I bring with me? My instrument case?" The Baron smiled with his lips and frowned with his eyes. "Not at all," he said, "Madame expects not an arrival—it is not so bad as that—but she has had a sudden access of anguish—she has demanded you. I

pray you to come at the instant. Bring what pleases you, what you think best, but come!" The man's manner was not agitated, but he was strangely urgent, overpowering, constraining; his voice was like a pushing hand. Carmichael threw on his coat and hat, hastily picked up his medicine-satchel and a portable electric battery, and followed the Baron to the motor. The great car started almost without noise and rolled softly purring, with unlit lamps, down the deserted streets. The houses were all asleep, and the college buildings dark as empty fortresses. The moon-threaded mist clung closely to the town like a shroud of gauze, and concealing the form beneath, but making its immobility more mysterious. The trees drooped and dripped with moisture, and the leaves seemed ready, almost longing, to fall at a touch. It was one of those nights when the solid things of the world, the houses and the hills and the woods and the very earth itself, grow unreal to the point of vanishing; while the impalpable things, the presences of life and death which travel on the unseen air, the influences of the far-off starry lights, the silent messages and presentiments of darkness, the ebb and flow of vast currents of secret existence all around us, seem so close and vivid that they absorb and overwhelm us with their intense reality. Through this realm of indistinguishable verity and illusion, strangely imposed upon the familiar, homely street of Calvinton, the machine ran smoothly, faintly humming, as the Frenchman drove it with master-skill—its elf a dream of incarnate power and speed. Gliding by the last cottages of Town's End where the street became the highroad, the car ran swiftly through the open country for a mile until it came to a broad entrance. The gate was broken from the leaning posts and thrown to one side. Here the machine turned in and labored up a rough, grass-grown carriage drive. Carmichael knew that they were at Castle Gordon, one of the "old places" of Calvinton, which he often passed on his country drives. The house stood well back from the road, on a slight elevation, looking down over the oval field that was once a lawn, and the scattered elms and pines and Norway firs that did their best to preserve the memory of a noble plantation. The building was colonial; heavy stone walls covered with yellow stucco; tall wooden pillars ranged along a narrow portico; a style which seemed to assert that a Greek temple was good enough for the residence of an American gentleman. But the clean buff and white of the house had long since faded. The stucco had cracked, and here and there, had fallen from the stones. The paint was dingy, peeling in round blisters and narrow strips from the gray wood underneath. The trees were ragged and untended, the grass uncut, the driveway overgrown with weeds and gullied by rains—the whole place looked forsaken. Carmichael had always supposed that it was vacant. But he had not passed that way for nearly a month, and meantime, it might have been tenanted. The Baron drove the car around to the back of the house and stopped there. "Pardon," said he, "that I bring you not to the door of entrance; but this is the more convenient." He knocked hurriedly and spoke a few words in French. The key grated in the lock and the door creaked open. A withered, wiry little man, dressed in dark gray, stood holding a lighted candle, which flickered in the draught. His head was nearly bald; his sawdust hairless face might have been of any age from twenty to a hundred years; his eyes between their narrow red lids were glittering and inscrutable as those of a snake. As he bowed and grinned, showing his yellow, broken teeth, Carmichael thought that he had never seen a more evil face or one more clearly marked with the sign of the drug-fixer. "My chauffeur, Gaspard," said the Baron, "also, my valet, my cook, my chambermaid, my man to do all, what you call factotum, is it not? But he speaks not English, so pardon me once more." He spoke a few words to the man, who shrugged his shoulders and smiling with the same deferential grimace which his unchanging eyes gleamed through their slits. Carmichael caught only the word "Madame" while he was slipping off his overcoat, and understood that they were talking of his patient. "Come," said the Baron, "he says that it goes better, at least not worse—that is always something. Let us mount at the instant." The hall was bare, except for a table on which a kitchen lamp was burning, and two chairs with heavy automobile coats and rugs and veils thrown upon them. The stairway was uncarpeted, and the dust lay thick along the banisters. At the door of the back room on the second floor the Baron paused and knocked softly. A low voice answered, and he went in beckoning the doctor to follow. If Carmichael lived to be a hundred he could never forget that first impression. The room was but partly furnished, yet it gave at once the idea that it was inhabited; it was even, in some strange way, rich and splendid. Candelabra on the mantelpiece and a silver traveling lamp on the dressing-table threw a soft light on little articles of luxury, and a couple of well-bound books, and a gilt clock marking the half-hour after midnight. A wood fire burned in the wide chimney-place, and before it a rug was spread. At one side there was a huge mahogany four-post bedstead, and there, propped up by the pillows, lay the noble-looking woman that Carmichael had ever seen. She was dressed, in some clinging stuff of soft black, with a diamond at her breast, and a deep-red cloak thrown over her feet. She must have been past middle age, for her thick, brown hair was already touched with silver, and one lock of snow-white lay above her forehead. But her face was one of those which time enriches; fearless and tender and high-spirited, a speaking face in which the dark-lashed gray eyes were like words of wonder and the sensitive mouth like

a clear song. She looked at the young doctor and held out her hand to him. "I am glad to see you," she said, in her low, pure voice, "very glad! You are Roger Carmichael's son. Oh, I am glad to see you indeed." "You are very kind," he answered, "and I am glad also to be of any service to you, though I do not know who you are." The Baron was bending over the fire rearranging the logs on the andirons. He looked up sharply and spoke in his strong nasal tone. Pardon! Madame la Baronne de Mortemer, j'ai l'honneur de vous presenter Monsieur le Docteur Carmichael." The accent on the "doctor" was marked. A slight shadow came upon the lady's face. She answered quietly: "Yes, I know. The doctor has come to see me because I was ill. We will talk of that in a moment. But first I want to tell him who I am—and by another name. Dr. Carmichael, did your father ever speak to you of Jean Gordon?" "Why, yes," he said, after an instant of thought, "it comes back to me now quite clearly. She was the young girl to whom he taught Latin when he first came here as a college instructor. He was very fond of her. There was one of her books in his library—I have it now—a little volume of Horace, with a few translations in verse written on the fly leaves, and her name on the title-page—Jean Gordon. My father wrote under that, 'My best pupil who left her lessons unfinished.' He was very fond of the book, and so I kept it when he died." "The lady's eyes grew moist, but the tears did not fall. They trembled in her voice. "It was that Jean Gordon—a girl of fifteen—your father was the best man I ever knew. You look like him, but he was handsomer than you. Ah, no, I was not his best pupil, but his most willful and ungrateful one. Did he never tell you of my running away—the of the unjust suspicions that fell on him—of his voyage to Europe?" "Never," answered Carmichael. "He only spoke, as I remember, of you and your brightness, and the good times that you all had when this old house was in its prime." "Yes, yes," she said, quickly and with strong feeling, "they were good times, and he was a man of honor. He never took an unfair advantage, never boasted of a woman's favor, never tried to spare himself. He was an American man. I hope you are like him." The Baron, who had been leaning on the mantel, crossed the room impatiently and stood beside the bed. He spoke in French again, dragging the words in his insistent, masterful voice, as if they were something heavy which he laid upon his wife. Her gray eyes grew darker, almost black, with enlarging pupils. She raised herself on the pillows as if about to get up. Then she sank back again and said, with an evident effort: "Rene, I must beg you not to speak in French again. The doctor does not understand it. We must be more courteous. And now I will tell him about my sudden illness tonight. It was the first time—like a flash of lightning—an icy cold flame of pain— Even as she spoke a swift and dreadful change passed over her face. Her color vanished in a morbid pallor; a cold sweat lay like death-dew on her forehead; her eyes were fixed on some impending horror; her lips, blue and rigid, were strained with an unspeakable, intolerable anguish. Her left arm stiffened as if it were gripped in a vise of pain. Her right hand fluttered over her heart, plucking at an unseen weight. It seemed as if an invisible, silent death-wind were quenching the flame of her life. It flickered in an agony of strangulation. (Concluded next week.)

Small Profit in Raising Hogs. That there is not a big profit in hog raising, despite the swag prices, is indicated in a report which has just been made to Farm Agent Berger, in connection with the experiments made on the farm of Ira Light, near Iona, Lebanon county. 2,613 pounds of young pig were turned loose on the farm last spring, under the supervision of the Farm Bureau, and this netted a product of 6,140 pounds, according to the report. As some of the hogs were sold before the final report, averages were used to make up the report. The hogs were therefore reckoned as having been on an average of 113 days in pasture. They were fed mostly on temporary crops of oats, soy beans, rape and peas, which were cultivated for their special value to the report. An allowance in the feed which he put into the hogs and for every other detail which contributed to the expense of their raising, but was not allowed anything for the labor required in feeding them. Reckoned thus he made a profit of \$4.95 on each pig, but took the chances on hog cholera and other diseases; and as a matter of fact he did lose two out of the fifty, and the profit is thus reckoned on a product of 48. It was stated that the high cost of feed kept down the net profit. The hogs were turned out to pasture on June 3, and were weighed out last week. How to Tell a Laying Chicken. There are different ways of telling a laying hen. Sometimes one glance alone will tell it but other times different tests are required. If the pelvic bones are well apart it denotes laying qualities. These bones should be a good distance from the end of the breast bone. The pelvic bones should be pliable. Layers can be picked out by the capacity between these three bones. A hen that lays shows a fullness and softness there. The non-layer is hollow there. The comb of a layer is red and smooth. The non-layer has a small, dry yellow vent. If laying the hen has a large, moist and flesh colored vent. A hen that has yellow legs is resting. When a hen lays the yellow leaves her. The white first starts at the vent, then the eyelid, the earlobe, the beak and last the leg. It takes about six months of laying until the legs become white. By the eyelid is meant the second eyelid.

SUFFRAGISTS MAY VOTE FOR NEXT PRESIDENT.

Those not directly in touch with the National American Woman Suffrage Association are apparently not informed as to the present status of the federal amendment for woman suffrage. I beg leave, therefore, to submit the ratification schedule compiled from the latest issue of the Woman Citizen (official organ of the N. A. W. S. A.): HAVE RATIFIED, 1919, AT REGULAR SESSION. Illinois, June 10; Wisconsin, June 10; Michigan, June 10; Ohio, June 16; Pennsylvania, June 24; Massachusetts, June 25; Texas, June 24. FAILED TO RATIFY. Alabama, July 8; Georgia, June 24. RATIFIED AT SPECIAL SESSION, 1919. New York, June 16; Kansas, June 16; Missouri, July 3; Iowa, July 2; Nebraska (Senate) July 31, (House) August 1; Arkansas, July 28; Montana, July 30; Minnesota, September 8; New Hampshire, September 3. Total have ratified, 16. SPECIAL SESSIONS CALLED, 1919 (NO DATE). Wyoming, suffrage; Colorado, suffrage; Indiana, non-suffrage; South Dakota, suffrage; Utah, suffrage; Arizona, suffrage; California, suffrage; Washington, suffrage. SESSIONS CALLED FOR OTHER PURPOSES. Maine, October; North Carolina, no date. LEGISLATURES TO MEET 1920. Kentucky, January; Louisiana, May; Maryland, January; Mississippi, January; Virginia, January. TO MEET 1920 AND 1921. Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, South Carolina. TO MEET 1921 (REGULAR SESSION). Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Maine, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, suffrage; Oregon, suffrage; Tennessee, partial suffrage; Vermont, West Virginia. All to meet before May, 1921.

From this summary it can be seen that sixteen States have already ratified the federal amendment. Seven State Legislatures passed it in their regular sessions in 1919, viz: Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, Texas, Pennsylvania. Seventeen States have called special sessions in 1919 in order to ratify, and of these nine have already acted favorably—New York, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Arkansas, Minnesota, New Hampshire. Twenty more States must ratify before woman suffrage can become a law, but of the required number some are assured as being already suffrage or partial suffrage States. There seems to be little doubt that the ballot will be finally won by the women—at least in 1921. If more special sessions of State Legislatures are called complete ratification may be attained by 1920—that is in time for the next Presidential election. As so many women are already qualified by State legislation to vote for the President of the United States, it seems eminently desirable that the ratification of the federal amendment should be expedited by special sessions of the State Legislatures in order that all American women-citizens may participate in the same political privileges. In Pennsylvania the federal amendment has already been ratified (June 24, 1919), yet women of this State cannot vote at the next Presidential election unless the required number of other States shall have ratified in time. This, of course, is because there has not been any grant of equal suffrage in Pennsylvania by State legislation. A bill for woman suffrage was introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature at its last session and

passed its first reading. It would be a good thing in my opinion, to have this measure put through anyhow so that, no matter what other States may do—no matter how long politicians may dilly-dally—in Pennsylvania women will be insured the right to vote at the next Presidential election just as legally as the women of Oklahoma and Wyoming will vote. Let us have the ballot by both state and federal legislation and then everybody will be happy.—By Eleanor M. Heistand-Moore, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.—One 435 cu. ft. steam boiler, four radiators, \$125.00. Two solid walnut plate glass wall cases, 9 ft. each, and four plate glass floor cases. F. P. BLAIR & SON, Bellefonte, Pa. 64-37-1f

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.—I will insure dwellings at \$1.00 a hundred, and barns at \$1.00 a hundred, on the cash plan for three years, and dwellings 50 cents a hundred, and barns at 80 cents a hundred on the assessment plan for 5 years as against a premium of 64-28-1y J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Kate E. Murray, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa., deceased. Letters of administration having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre county, all persons having claims against said estate are requested to make them known and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment thereof without delay, to MARY DOWLING, Administratrix, Centre County, Atlantic City, N. J. 64-37-6t

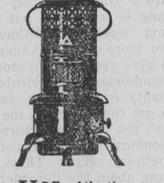
EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Edward Allison, late of the township of Potter, in the County of Centre of the State of Pennsylvania deceased. Letters testamentary in the above estate having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Wills in and for the said County of Centre, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make known the same and all persons indebted to the said decedent are requested to make payment thereof without delay, to ANNA MABEL ALLISON, HARRY M. ALLISON, Administrators, Spr'ng Mills, Pa. Bellefonte, Pa. 64-38-0t

LEGAL NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Centre county. In the matter of the Estate of Robert F. Sechler, deceased. To the heirs at law, creditors, and other persons interested in said estate: Notice is hereby given that Carrie S. Sechler and Myra E. Sechler, Administrators, have filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, their petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, fronting 25 feet on North Spring street, in Bellefonte borough, Centre county, Pennsylvania, and extending back 200 feet to Locust Alley and fully described in said petition, at private sale, for the payment of debts, to Winifred M. Gates, for the sum of \$3500.00. If no exceptions be filed thereto, or objections made to granting the same, the Court will take final action upon said petition, Monday, November 3rd, 1919. W. HARRISON WALKER, HARRY KELLER, Attorneys for Petitioners. 64-40-4t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 52 December Term, 1918. In re Assigned Estate of W. W. Herman, of College township, Centre county, Pa. The undersigned has been appointed an Auditor by said Court to make distribution of the balance of cash in the hands of J. F. Dreese, Assignee of the above named W. W. Herman, as shown by his first and final account duly confirmed by said Court on the 24th day of September, A. D. 1919, to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, and to make report to December term of Court, 1919. He will meet all parties interested, at his offices in the Masonic Temple Building, Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, the 10th day of November, A. D. 1919, at ten o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested shall present their claims and be heard, otherwise he will be forever debarred from making any claim against said assigned estate. W. HARRISON WALKER, Auditor. 64-40-3t

Save a full month's supply of coal. Saving coal was a patriotic duty during the war. It's almost a necessity now at its present price. A Perfection Oil Heater will enable you to postpone for a month at least the lighting of your furnace, without sacrificing a bit of comfort. In fact, you'll have more comfort with a Perfection Oil Heater. PERFECTION OIL HEATERS. It gives abundant warmth for any room and radiates full heat the moment it is lighted. No fussing with coal or ashes, easily carried from room to room, smokeless, odorless and absolutely safe. You can't turn the wick too high. Be sure you insist on a Perfection Oil Heater. Nothing else will take its place for efficiency, convenience and economy. THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY Philadelphia Pittsburgh

Advertisement for Perfection Oil Heaters. Includes text: 'Save a full month's supply of coal. Saving coal was a patriotic duty during the war. It's almost a necessity now at its present price. A Perfection Oil Heater will enable you to postpone for a month at least the lighting of your furnace, without sacrificing a bit of comfort. In fact, you'll have more comfort with a Perfection Oil Heater. PERFECTION OIL HEATERS. It gives abundant warmth for any room and radiates full heat the moment it is lighted. No fussing with coal or ashes, easily carried from room to room, smokeless, odorless and absolutely safe. You can't turn the wick too high. Be sure you insist on a Perfection Oil Heater. Nothing else will take its place for efficiency, convenience and economy. THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY Philadelphia Pittsburgh' and an image of a Rayo Lamp.



USE Atlantic Rayolight Oil in your new Perfection Oil Heater. One gallon will burn for ten hours. Best for Rayo Lamps too. Costs no more than ordinary kerosene.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY Philadelphia Pittsburgh