Buy for Service

You buy automobile tires for mileage—and roofing for its lasting qualities.

When you buy a tire you are not governed by the look or "feel" of it, nor by its price. You are interested in the service that it will give you. Your first thought is, "What has it done for others?"

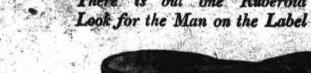
Apply a little "Tire Philosophy" to the roofing that you expect to make a permanent part of your farm buildings.

Ruberoid Roofing was first put on the market by The Standard Paint Company more than a quarter of a century ago. It has lasted on many roofs more than 20 years.

All processes in the manufacture of Ruberoid are carried on with the greatest care, and all compounds used are constantly tested to insure absolute uniformity.

Ruberoid has never been manufactured to meet a price. It has always been the best product The Standard Paint Company could make.

As a result, the man who knows Ruberoid swears by it. There is but one Ruberoid











The Desk Telephone can be moved about the room, placed on table, desk or sewing machine. It is wonderfully convenient. And it has the Stromberg 5-Bar generator which rings the bell every time, also the Improved Transmitter and Receiver which makes talking easy in any weather and at any distance.

"A Telephone on the Farm"

is the title of our bulletin No.70 describing all Stromberg Telephones and explaining how to install them. Sent Free. Ask for Bulletin No.70.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.

Rochester, N. Y.

A Home Sewage Disposal System

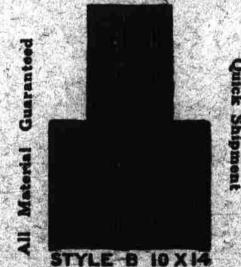
of waste matter from inside toilets in a sanitary, odorless manner, possible for country homes the comforts and conveniences of city that have sewer connections. Easily installed. Costs little. Made rified, Salt Glassed, Clay Sectional tanks. Hundred, of these tanks ving satisfactory service. WRITE FOR DESCRIPTAVE BOOKLET. CHATTANOOGA SEWER PIPE WORKS.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Steel Roofing

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.

95 Madison Avenue. New Yor



Galvanized Shingles Tin Painted Shingles Galvanized Corrugated Galvanized 2V Crime Galvanized SV Crimp Galvanized Patent Lock

We can make quick shipment also roll composition roofing. We pay freight. Write today for prices and catalogue.

IRONTON MFG. CO., Ironton.

Ohio.

he had always loved anything that had to do with the earth. He was thinking of this as he plowed through the dry earth of his own farm. Already in his mind he con-ceived a model property, and it pleased him to think that what had been a splendid old place in colonial. days should be again a splendid modern property, brought back to its old perfection by his hand. It had been said of him in South Africa that he never touched anything that he did not leave the better for his interest; he would prove this to be true here. at any rate.

Planning and musing, he plowed into the rich Virginia soil. Suddenly he heard some one call out to him and stopped to look in the direction of the voice. On the other side of the gray old fence which separated the Tremaine property from the Malvern estate sat a girl on a bay mare, evidently waiting for the bars to be let down. The girl's hat swung from an elastic on her arm. She beckoned to the plowman with her whip in an authoritative manner:

"Let down the bars for me, will you?" And there came a rather tardy "please," as she held back her mare.

Tremaine, with his hands on the plow handle, glanced at her, but did not hasten to do what she asked.

The young girl nodded commandingly and cried out again in a clear

"Will you let down these bars? My horse does not like to stand."

Tremaine wound his reins about the handle of the plow and came forward. He was hot, felt for his handkerchief, discovered that he had left it in his other clothes when he changed, and wiped his face and forehead with his sleeve.

He was sure that this was Isobel Malvern. In her summer habit she was slender as a boy. She was flushed by exercise, and her red curving lips were parted, showing brilliant white teeth. Reddish brown curls clustered about her forehead and her large eyes were deeply blue with purple depths, like certain seas that he had seen in his travels. He recalled the little creature he had known fifteen years before. There were no freckles on that lovely skin, and the wild curls of the child were neatly gathered into braids about her head. But the plowman did not awaken any memory in the mind of the young girl; she looked at him with cool indifference and patted her mare's neck.

"I am used to riding through here. Let down the bars, please," and it was a not-to-be-disregarded command.

Tremaine obeyed, and the mare, with careful little feet, stepped over.

"My mare's feet will not hurt the field," said the girl, and added: "I suppose you are one of Mr. Tremaine's new men?"

John understood that she took him for a day laborer. The humor of it amused him. He unwound the reins from the handle of the plow and answered:

"Yes, I am the new man."

As she touched her mare, she called to him pleasantly:

"Thank you very much."

He glanced after her as she rode away. She sat her horse well, and he said to himself;

"In her eyes, clothes make the man."

The new man! Would he have taken her for a kitchen maid, if he had found her washing dishes? "It is not what one is, but what people think you are," he mused.

(To be continued)

T'S A PIPE

e is a bubble! Towne: Yes, but it doesn't always come from blowing your own horn.