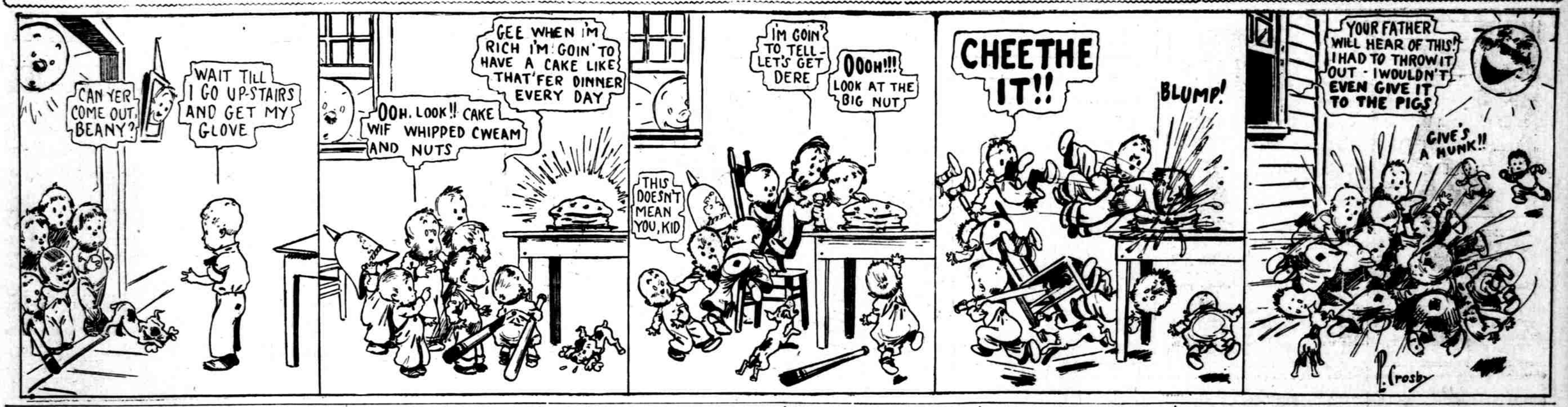
BEANY AND THE GANG

By P. L. CROSBY



THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE GHOST GIRL

By Henry Kitchell Webster
Author of The Whispering Man.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

First read this synopsis and pick up the thread of one of the most remarkable mystery stories ever written.

Arthur Jeffrey is a fashionable portrait painter residing in Paris. His is a very sensitive nature—he possesses a highly developed intuition, a sort of sixth sense, allied to the sense of smell, and yet not quite that. Throughout a period of two years Jeffrey has been the victim of a peculiar haunt. Several times when he entered his apartments he had the disquieting feeling that some one had just left the room, had left behind the faint odor of burnt wax. And then one day—the first tangible evidence of his mysterious visitor—he found a delicately perfumed bit of lace and linen, a woman's handkerchief. A week later, when he returned, he found a partly finished portrait on the easel in his studio—a portrait of an alluringly beautiful girl, evidently painted by herself from her reflection in his old gilt-frame mirror. He watches. He keeps it up for 36 hours, and then falls into a doze. When he awakes the portrait has disappeared. Has it been merely a dream? No; for the colors on his palette are not the ones he had placed there himself.

Again, one spring night, just before he is returning to New York, Jeffrey saw his ghost girl leaning over the parapet of a bridge gazing at the black waters of the Seine. He had but a fleeting glimpse, yet he never forgot it.

Now enter Dr. Crow, a distant relative of Jeffrey's, but, more important still, friend and physician to the very wealthy and very eccentric Miss Meredith. Dr. Crow brings Jeffrey a commission. It is the photograph of Claire Meredith, niece of the wealthy woman—a girl who had died supposedly two years before during a smallpox epidemic in the French capital. It is the face of the ghost-girl!

Now there is found frozen in the ice the body of a beautiful girl in her early twenties, magnificently dressed and bearing no trace of the causes that might have brought her to her tragic end. That is one fact. Here is another: Jeffrey returns to his studio to find his new portrait of Miss Meredith has been stolen. He calls in the police, notably Lieutenant Richards. The lieutenant finally rescues the portrait, somewhat disfigured, from the hands of some notorious spiritualists. He watches the artist restore the work to its former state, and then exclaims: "Why, that's the picture of the girl they found in the ice!"

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"THE COURSE I decided upon was, I frankly admit, in accordance with my own selfish interests. But I believed, honestly and sincerely, that it accorded with her best interests, too."

"I have no difficulty in believing that," said I, "and I do really appreciate the difficulties of your situation."

He laughed grimly. "Not yet you don't," he said. "I thought they were difficult enough at the beginning, but that was nothing to what happened within the first week of my attendance upon her."

He paused there and drew a long, rather unsteady, breath. "I'll try not to harrow you with details," he said. "But what happened was that Miss Meredith had a violent maniacal outbreak, during which she said positively that she had killed her niece."

I didn't dare look at effrey. I felt, rather than saw, the sudden relaxation of his body in the chair that told me, who knew him so well, the intensity with which his mind had been waiting for Crow's next words.

"I tried as best I could to get details. But all I could get, beyond the bare assertion 'I killed her! I know she is dead! I killed her myself!' was the apparently senseless statement. 'I killed her with a pin.'

"I confess I didn't know what to do. I had never gone back on her own unsupported statement that Claire had died of smallpox, and I was still inclined to think it likely that that was true. But, of course, I couldn't let it go at that. I communicated with friends in Paris, and asked them to get the official version of Claire Meredith's death.

"When Miss Meredith herself had recovered from the attack and was superficially sane again, I made an effort to bring up the subject and get some details from her. But it was evident that that wouldn't do. For some reason or other, Claire's death was so intimately associated with the source of her delusions that any approach to the subject seemed to bring them back.

"But, after what seemed an interminable while, I got word from Paris. The girl had died during a serious epidemic of the disease, having been taken, as soon as it was diagnosed in her case, out of Miss Meredith's care altogether and conveyed to the pest-house. There wasn't the faintest irregularity about it, nor, so far as I could see, any opportunity for any irregularity. My friends had a copy of the death certificate made and sent to me.

"That was a great relief, of course; but it left me still in the dark as to what I was most anxious to get at—namely, the source of Miss Meredith's delusion. She rarely mentioned Claire. Though, from occasional remarks she dropped, I gathered that they had not got on well together, and that the antipathy between them had grown with the years.

"Miss Meredith's attitude toward her loss has always struck me as being one of remorse rather than of regret—as if, in her sanest moments, she still felt herself responsible for Claire's death. For some reason or other, that was the thing that was preying on her mind, and I felt that I must discover the source of the delusion in order to remove it.

"It was by the merest chance in the world that I did discover it. I was turning over the contents of her strong-box one day, in a search for some papers she had directed me to find, when I came upon a photograph of Claire—a print from the same plate, evidently"—he turned to Jeffrey—"as the one you used for the portrait. That picture gave me the clue. It was marked, spotted all over, with pin-pricks."

I heard a little catch in Jeffrey's slow, even breathing, and he sat up with a sudden look of illumination.

"That's very interesting," he said. It was his first remark since Crow had begun his story. "It must have seemed strange to come upan an evidence of Salem witchcraft here in the beginning of the twentieth century."

"You're rather wonderful," said Crow, "to get it all in a minute like that. It took me three solid days to figure it out, and I have heard of one or two other modern cases that might have given me a precedent."

"You will have to explain it to me," said I.

"Why, she must have gone on hating her niece for years in her cold, repressed Meredith way. I know that during the time they lived in Paris she was amusing herself with new religions—some of the pseudo mysticism that is cropping up everywhere in Europe and America, and is making life such a cinch for a lot of these fake East Indian Brahmins. The eccentric streak that is so characteristic in her family happened to take that form.

"She had a photograph taken of her niece, and began making pin-pricks in it, with the idea of exercising a malign influence on the girl—possibly even with the idea that the effect of it would be fatal. The idea was horrifying to me, until I came to the conclusion that the act itself had been a part of her delusion. Or perhaps she did it in a wholly experimental and incredulous way, without any serious belief that it could do her niece any harm. But you will understand in a moment how the coincidence of the malady that did overtake Claire must have affected her. The marks of smallpox must have seemed perfectly definite correspondents to the pin-pricks in the photograph. The fact that the doctors called it smallpox—even the fact that there was an epidemic of it in the city at the time—didn't at all relieve her own interior conviction that she and no one else was responsible for Claire's death.

"The moment I discovered where the seat of the delusion was, I set to work to removing it. I brought Miss Meredith into town, took her about with me wherever I thought it was safe; in a word, did everything I could to divert her mind.

"Meanwhile I had sent to the photographer in Paris who had made the photograph and asked him for another print. When it came back I took it to Beech Hill and substituted it for the pin-pricked one in Miss Meredith's box. I began talking about Claire, and finally succeeded in getting Miss Meredith to talk about her in a more or less normal way.

"Finally I said I thought it would be an excellent plan to have Claire's portrait painted. I remarked that I had come upon an excellent photograph of her in Miss Meredith's box, and that I thought a skillful partrait painter like yourself"—he nodded toward Jeffrey—"would be able to produce a satisfactory as well as a beautiful portrait from it.

"Of course, the idea that I had found out what she regarded as her fatal secret excited my patient exceedingly. I had taken her to Beech Hill for the purpose of making the suggestion, and against her vigorous protest, I went to the box, got out the photograph and showed it to her. Of course, she was greatly excited to find it was not defaced.

"But the result of the experiment was as I had anticipated. She knew she had been ill, had been suffering from delusions, and she simply placed this among them and dismissed it as nothing worse than a long nightmare. She seemed to me to be on the road to a complete recovery.

"And then something happened I couldn't possibly have foreseen—something that has gone far to undo all that I tried to accomplish in the way of effecting a cure.

"By some means or other which I never have fathomed, a pair of Spiritualists learned or guessed that Miss Meredith might be made their prey. They got into communication with her—a thing that Miss Meredith's greatly improved health made it much easier for them to do than it would have been three months before—and persuaded her to come to a seance.

"They got hold of some woman, I don't know where, who bore a rather surprising likeness to Miss Meredith's dead niece. They even succeeded in tricking her out in a gown similar to the one Claire had worn when she had her photograph taken, and they showed Miss Meredith a materialization vivid and lifelike enough to upset the mind that had so recently regained its balance.

"There were circumstances which made it impossible for me to appeal to the police, so I did the only thing that seemed left for me to do. I found out the woman who had impersonated Claire at the seance and bribed her with a good round sum to disappear. And since then I have made some progress toward effecting a second cure."

"You were lucky to get rid of the imposter as easily as that," said Jeffrey. "Those people generally stick like leeches. They go away with one bribe only to come back for another."

"I've an idea that fate took a hand in that game," said Dr. Crow soberly. "I believe that young woman met with foul play. Certainly the pictures the papers published of the girl who was found in the ice a few months ago bore a striking resemblance to her. I'd have been glad to give the police a hint that would lead toward her identification, if the circumstances had not made it impossible. But I think you will see that my hands were tied in that matter pretty completely."

"Yes," said Jeffrey. "I can see that."

Crow rose from his chair. "I hope you can see, too," he said, "the reason why my dealings with you have not been as frank and direct as I could wish them to be. I honestly meant, when I made that appointment with you for this afternoon, to tell you something of these circumstances, though not so much as I have told you this evening. On the whole, I am not sorry that you forced my hand.

"I have had to make a great many difficult decisions within the last three years without consulting anybody, and I have had to carry around more secrets inside of my head than any man could find pleasant. It has been a great relief to take you into my confidence."

Jeffrey rose, too. "Well," he said, "if anything more turns up come to us again. If there is anything we can do, call us. My friend Drew here has more common sense than any man I know. And I myself come across with a lucky guess occasionally. It has been a very interesting story, and we are both greatly indebted to you for telling it to us. We have a problem of our own on hand which it may help us to solve."

Crow nodded and said good night to Jeffrey. I was already in the doorway, in the act of showing him out.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, and Crow stopped short. Perhaps he had said it a little too casually, for I myself had the feeling something was coming. "There's that photograph you gave me to paint from. I must return that. I'd forgotten it. Shall I send it to Beech Hill or to Miss Meredith's town address?"

"Why, you may as well send it direct to Beech Hill," said Crow.

"I'll attend to it at once," said Jeffrey, "and then I shan't have anything more on my mind. There's nothing else, is there?"

"I think not," said Crow, "and you can congratulate yourself on a very successful outcome. The portrait was really wonderful. Good night again."

He looked, as he stood there facing Jeffrey, holding out his hand to him, like a man who had just got rid of some lone, crushing oppression, who had just dropped a load off his shoulders and was standing up straight and drawing deep, comfortable breaths for the first time in a long while.

I didn't wonder at that. I could see that his secret knowledge of Miss Meredith's condition, his uncertainty, the puzzling coincidence of his own selfish interests with those of his patient, must have driven him nearly distracted.

So it was with real cordiality, when he had followed me to the outer door, which I held open for him, that I extended my hand to him. He didn't seem to see my hand—didn't move his own to meet it, and at that I looked into his face. It had changed somehow in the last five seconds.

There was a look almost of panic in his eyes. He made an imperceptible move as if to brush by me and go back into the inner office. But he checked it.

Then, with what seemed a supreme effort, he recovered his former manner, shook hands hastily, and walked swiftly away down the corridor to the elevator.

I found Jeffrey pacing up and down, his eyes shining with excitement.

"We've got the right trail at last, Drew," he said excitedly. "We've got it at last."

He took another turn across the room, tugging with both hands at his hair, as he was wont to do in moments of excitement. Then he stopped and stood facing me.

"Are you game, Drew?" Will you see it through with me?"

"See what through?" said I. "It's all explained now, isn't it? What is there for us to do?"

"We've got to outguess him," said Jeffrey, thoughtfully. "Will he bring her back to town, or will he leave her at Beech Hill? Me meant to bring her back to town, but will he do it now? Perhaps he's brought her already—sent for her as soon as they wired him I had been there."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I demanded.

He paid no attention to my question, but started walking up and down again.

"He'll see it," said Jeffrey. "He's sure to see it. He may catch on any minute."

I remembered the sudden change that had come over Crow's face just before he left me.

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said I, "but Jeffrey, I believe he has seen it."

He wheeled and faced me, his eyes eager with the question he did not need to ask.

"Just before he left me, there in the outer office, his face changed and a queer look came over it. I thought for a moment he was coming back into this room. It was as if he'd forgotten something—something important. And then he changed his mind and went away."

"He sees, then," said Jeffrey. "Well, I'm not sorry. On the whole, I'd rather play the game that way."

"But what do you mean?" I cried.

"He had forgotten something," said Jeffrey, soberly. "Oh! there's no time to talk now. We've got to move quickly. We've got to go to Beech Hill tonight. We're going to commit a burglary, Drew. Are you game?"

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Gamble on Yacht.

OSTEND, April 16.—To take advantage of the three-mile gambling limit, M. Marquet, proprietor of the Casino, bought a magnificent steam yacht and fitted it with gambling rooms.

BELIEVE RAILROAD PLANS RIVER TUBES

Persons Close to Pennsylvania Officials Foresee Improvements at Quarantine.

That the work of probing the bottom of the Patapsco river in the vicinity of Quarantine Station foreshadows extensive developments by the Pennsylvania railroad, is the statement of an interest close to the company.

The opinion seems to prevail in circles where the actions of the Pennsylvania are watched closely, that concrete tubes will be laid under both the Patapsco and Potomac rivers. The work of probing the Patapsco will doubtless be followed by probing the Potomac with a view to putting tubes under one or both of the rivers.

"I am convinced," said a man who evidently has considerable knowledge of the company's expansion policies, "that the Pennsylvania contemplates a new line which will leave the present Fredericksburg, Richmond and Potomac road at Aqua Creek, Va. This road is the connecting line between North and South, and is used jointly by the Pennsylvania and other roads.

"From Aqua Creek I believe they intend crossing the Potomac through a tube in Charles County, lower Maryland. They will then probably tunnel under the Patapsco near Baltimore.

"The advantages of such a line are easy to see," continued the railroad man, "for it would greatly relieve the crowded facilities at the terminals here in Washington. With the new cut-off constructed, traffic from the South, bound for New York or Philadelphia, would not pass through Washington at all.

"Yet the proposed new connection will not, in any way, interfere with the existing relations between the Pennsylvania and its Southern connections. It will take all through business from the Southern, Seaboard, and Coast lines at its Aquia creek junction, avoiding hauling it through Washington. The route north, through Baltimore, will then be almost direct."

It has been generally admitted by railroad men that the loss sustained by the railroads by delays on perishable freight from the South is enormous. It is also known that the movement of Southern-grown fruit and other produce is constantly growing. The further fact that the delays at the local terminal are becoming more and more frequent because of overcrowding, would indicate that the Pennsylvania has good reason for wanting a more direct route from Virginia into New York and Philadelphia.

Lecture on "Damaged Goods."

The lecture by Mrs. Mary Emerson Jackson, on "Damaged Goods," under the auspices of the Anthony League, will be at 3:30 this afternoon, instead of 8 o'clock tonight, as previously announced. The afternoon class in public speaking under the auspices of the league will be held today at 2 o'clock and Monday evening, April 21, at 8 o'clock.

Cottolene

makes delicious biscuit

Cottolene "creams up" so beautifully that it makes delicious biscuits—light, flaky, free from grease and sogginess. They almost melt in your mouth.

Cottolene is the perfect shortening—a vegetable product without the possible taint of animal fat. It is far better and more wholesome than lard. It will give equally as good shortening results as butter, and **Cottolene** is usually one-third butter's price.

Here's another economy point:

Cottolene being richer, use one-third less than either butter or lard.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Must Dodge New Jersey.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., April 16.—Mrs. Mary J. Cook, who died recently, willed her daughter $30 a month as long as she lived on condition that she never entered the State of New Jersey.

One Cent Course Meal.

NEW YORK, April 16.—Jacob Borrossky, push-cart caterer, destroyed all competition when he invented the three course one cent meal. It consists of a frankfurter, a roll and sauerkraut.

Recital for Blind.

A piano recital will be given tonight at 8 o'clock by Stanley Olmstead at the National Library for the Blind. On Saturday afternoon at 2:30 Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts will give a travel talk.

Divorcee Sues Widow.

NEW YORK, April 16.—Mrs. Deborah Van Ness, aged ninety, first wife of the late Cornelius Van Ness, has sued the latter's widow for $26,400, she claims is due under her decree of divorce.

Pure Aluminum Coffee Percolator

Full 2-Quart Size for $1.69 Actual Value $4.00

You Pay $1.69
We Stand the Rest

The Coupon Below Worth $2.31 at Your Dealer's

Just to Get Our $4.00 Aluminum Coffee Percolator in Your Home

Together with our full Catalog of Aluminum Ware

NEVER a more daring plan on the part of a manufacturer to establish this line with the public in a flash—to crowd the work of years into a few short days. What if 30,000 people take us up, as we fully expect they may? The cost to us will be tremendous. How many other manufacturers would be willing to hazard so much to gain the good will of the housewife? But we believe we will win, and we tell you why right here.

DESCRIPTION OF THIS 2-QUART PERCOLATOR.

This Coffee Percolator has a capacity of full two quarts and is made of **pure aluminum.** It is fully guaranteed for five years, and will last much longer. It has a glass top, ebony wood handle, full weight. Scientifically constructed to make that old-fashioned flavory, savory breakfast coffee in five minutes.

Aluminum Ware Priced Within Reach of All—Our Discovery

As large manufacturers of this ware we have found that aluminum **has arrived**—that a widespread demand already exists. That the housewife knows, for instance, that an aluminum kettle filled with water will boil dry 20 minutes sooner than an enamel kettle—that aluminum will fairly stagger gas bills and coal bills—that aluminum is always bright, light, sanitary and easy to clean. That it is much preferred to greasy iron pots and pans, to chipped enamel and to rusty tin—that only one thing has kept it out of thousands of homes, and that one thing **has been price.** Now that we have discovered methods of making aluminum at **far less cost than it has ever before been produced**—now that we have removed this **price barrier**—now that we have placed it within the reach of every home, we are going to put it there—on your table—and your neighbor's table—at prices that will amaze you—prices that will perplex the manufacturers of iron, enamel and tinware.

This Offer—A Means of Your Learning.

We want thousands of homes to know what we are doing—we want thousands of housewives to see the low prices at which they can buy our aluminum ware of all kinds for the kitchen and the home. We want these housewives to learn its many advantages and we want them to learn also the superiority of **our aluminum ware.**

Our Catalog Tells This Story.

And in order to get our story into your hands immediately we have made this astounding offer to sell you this $4 Aluminum Coffee Percolator, standing $2.31 apiece ourselves and requiring you to pay only $1.69. But you must present the coupon in order to secure the Percolator at this price, $1.69, and do it at once. There's no time for delay.

Here are a few of the many progressive dealers who will show you our Aluminum Ware and redeem this Coupon:

Palais Royal, 11th & G St.
Hecht & Co., 511-17 Seventh St. N. W.
Ney & Co., 8th & Pa. Ave. S. E.
E. P. Dickinson,
Connecticut Ave. & R St.
1776 U Street N. W.
Lakewood Mkt. Co., 1108-10 Conn. Av. N.W.
John Weaver, 1618 U Street, N. W.
Elphonso Youngs Co., 2315 18th St. N. W.
H. J. Laheger, 1714 Columbia Road.
Geo. F. Zeh, 3165 Mount Pleasant St.
Louis Altemus, Mt. Pleasant & Lamont St.
L. A. Roth Co., 3420 14th St. N. W.
Watson & Hallister, Center & Arcade Mkt.
W. L. Warner, 2263 Twelfth St. N. W.
R. Boesser, S. W. Cor. N. Cap. & I Sts.
W. L. Terrett, N. Cap. & New York Ave.
Hillside Market, 2212 14th St. N. W.
Manhattan Mkt., 14th St. & Fla. Ave. N. W.
W. W. Benton, 2120 14th St. N. W.
Hall's Market, 14th St. & T St. N. W.
P. F. Neligan, 1908-10 14th St. N. W.
John H. Wilkins, 1921 14th St. N. W.
French-Italian Importing Co., 1834 14th St. N. W.
Dorsey Bros., 1628 14th St. N. W.
William G. Carr, 15th & Church St. N. W.
Louis Gandling, 1523 15th St. N. W.
Portland Market, 1106 14th St. N. W.
P. K. Chaconas & Co., 9th & La. Ave. N.W.
Botch's Market, 501 4th St. S. E.
Hinlick & Goldman, 7th & G St. S. E.
R. A. Walker & Co., 1000 7th St. N. W.
F. A. Dodge, 1850 7th St. N. W.
Bee Hive Market, 1111 9th St. N. W.
G. A. Pendleton, 9th & O St. N. W.
M. A. Hammersley, 1502 Ninth St. N. W.
J. William Weber, 402-4 H St. N. E.
H. Clyde Grimes, 1301 Wisconsin Ave. N.W.
L. F. Hall, 1201 8th St. N. E.
Red Front Mkt., 3077 M St. N. W.
J. M. Annadale, 1209 H St. N. E.
The Emrich Beef Co., 1306-12 Wis. Ave.
William Braddock, 1000 4½ St. S. W.
H. T. Cover, Cor. 7th & C St. S. W.
J. W. Ward, 2219 14th St. N. W.
Birch & Co., 1414 14th St. N. W.
N. W. Burchell, 1325 F St. N. W.
G. G. Cornwell & Sons, 1415 8th St. N. W.
C. D. Kenny's Stores,
S. E. Cor. 7th & I St. N. W.
429 7th St. S. W.
S. W. Cor. Pa. Ave & 3rd St. S. E.
N. W. Cor. 14th & Q St. N. W.
S. E. Cor. 7th & O St. N. W.
640 8th St. N. E.
1341 Wisconsin Ave.
N. W. Cor. Pa. Ave. & 21st. St. N. W.
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.'s Stores.
607 Seventh St. N. W.
1536 7th st. N. W.
1620 14th St. N. W.
1325 Wisconsin Ave.
815 8th St. N. E.
8th & E Sts. N. E.
3128 14th St.
3416 Georgia Ave.
Center Market.
21st. & K St. Market.
5th & K St. Market.
Eastern Market, S. E.
Alexandria Branch, 525 King St.
J. T. D. Pyles' Stores,
412 Fourth St. S. E.
214 8th St. N. W.
1438 P St. N. W.
New Jersey Ave. & R St. N. W.
1714 14th St. N. W.
6th & H St. N. W.
1420 7th St. N. W.
914 11th St. S. E.
4th & H St. N. E.
11 Seventh St. N. E.
15th & G St. N. E.
3rd St. & Maryland Ave. N. E.
12 Goodhope road, Anacostia.
3338 M Street N. W.
916 F St. N. E.
1405 Park road N. W.
652 Park road N. W.
4½ & G St. S. W.
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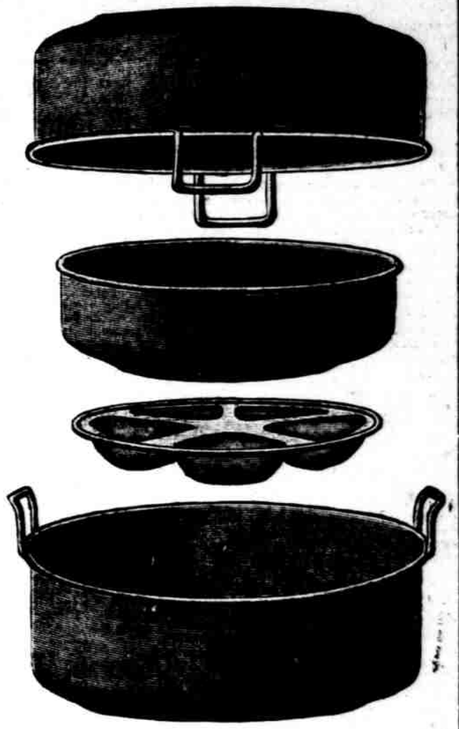
Beware of Imitations—Our Coffee Percolator is made of 18-gauge metal with genuine German silver hinge. Similar percolator on the market, made of lighter gauge metal, with no hinge on lid.

Also beware of imitation of our 4-piece Cooker Set; similar set on the market with muffin pans made with rivets—ours are made of one solid piece of aluminum and are far superior.

Ask your grocer for our special offers in aluminum ware. Tell your friends and neighbors all about how we are enabling the housewives to supply their kitchens with pure aluminum ware at prices within their means. Over ten thousand housewives have been made happy by taking advantage of our generous offer. This is your opportunity. Take advantage of it **NOW.**

NOTE—We supply those living in rural districts with one of our Pure Aluminum Coffee Percolators upon receipt of $1.69 in cash, or Cooking Set for $1.49. Add 16c each for Parcel Post delivery. Be sure to mail your order at once, without delay.

ALUMINUM WARE CO., L. W. WATSON, President. **Maywood, Illinois**



Genuine Aluminum 4-Piece Cooking Set $1.49

To prove to you that Aluminum Ware is superior for cooking we will offer for the next few days this genuine Aluminum Cooking Set, made of pure seamless aluminum, for $1.49, together with the coupon.

Description of combination: Cooking set and its uses; two ten-inch pans, when placed together will make self-basting roaster, large enough for a chicken or an 8-pound roast; one two-quart pudding pan; one five-heart muffin pan. When assembled can be used as Egg Poacher and Double Boiler or Cereal Cooker.

Sign This Coupon and Present to Dealer.

To Dealers: You are authorized to redeem this Coupon and deliver to bearer, when properly signed, our Pure Aluminum Coffee Percolator, 2-quart size, guaranteed for 5 years, upon payment of $1.69 in cash, or Pure Aluminum Cooker Set for $1.49, or both for $3.18.

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