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Go to a furnishing, clothing or department store and see the original guaranteed hose—famous Holeproof Hosiery. Note its texture, light weight and style.

Buy six pairs of Holeproof and begin to know them, as a million wearers do.

Buy them today. They will last six months or longer. If they wear out—if even a thread breaks—you get new pairs free.

We pay an average of 74¢ per pound for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn costs but 32¢. But ours is three-ply and long-fibre

cotton. That means strength with light weight. It means soft pliability. The wear you get in these stockings or socks has nothing to do with the weight of the yarn.

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Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(475)

\$1.50 per box and up, for six pairs of men's; of women's and children's \$2.00; of infants (4 pairs) \$1. Above boxes guaranteed six months.
\$2 per box for three pairs of men's SILK Holeproof socks; of women's SILK Holeproof stockings. \$3. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.



Holeproof
SILK GLOVES
FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.
Write for the illustrated book. Ask us for name of dealer handling them.

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings. We guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically and permanently.

Certain-teed

Rolls Roofing Shingles

You can't tell how long a roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure that the **Certain-teed** Quality Label is on each roll. Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.



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The ONLY Silver Polish that has stood the test of nearly fifty years. Made from the powder. Free from injurious substances.

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Dusting with a cheese cloth moistened with the **LIQUID VENEER** takes off all the dust, dirt, grime, unsightly scratches and blemishes, and at the same time revives and restores the finish—makes it look just like new.

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Be sure you get the yellow carton with the tilted name, **LIQUID VENEER**.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

bouquet of violets and orchids. Benny was puzzled. Sammy should have shanghaied Howe rather than permit him to occupy such a prominent seat, for of course he would try to nullify the effect of the demonstration. Then Benny noticed that Sammy wore a wide and fatuous grin—had the fellow been drinking? He had never grinned like that in all the years of their acquaintance! And the pluggers were worse than Sammy—whispering and chuckling to each other, their eyes glued to the stage.

"There's a woman all ready to enter—I can just see her skirt—oh, heavens!" breathed Sandowlina.

From his position Benny could not see as much as she could, and when he moved a man slipped into the space he had intended to fill. Sammy was standing, his offering poised to throw. With relief Benny speculated, "He must have put wires on all the bouquets! That's it."

As his gaze went past Ned Howe, it rested on Alfie Lawler of Lawler and Gordon, the two song-writers who had crippled Von Linden and Nolan by starting a catalog of their own. Alfie had a bouquet. Beyond him sat Gordon, grinning harder than Sammy and his cohorts, and Benny was amazed to note that Gordon was provided with a larger floral piece than Alfie.

"I think it's a burning shame for one performer to get all them flowers when the poor are starvin'," said Sandowlina hysterically.

The stout young man ended his medley, to moderate applause. He rose and bowed, essayed speech—the house was instantly silent—and smiling said after another bow, "I take much pleasure in presenting my partner."

He returned to the piano, the stage lights went out, and on the black velvet drop behind him in electric letters glittered

DOLLIE VON LINDEN.

The pianist played the vamp of *I Was Not Meant For You*, the orchestra softly following him. Benny felt Sandowlina clinging to his arm, heard the man standing next him asking if that girl was n't a beauty, and he saw Sammy, Ned Howe, Lawler and Gordon, and the pluggers, hurl their flowers. A tremendous clapping began, with Sammy smiting his seasoned palms, Howe—who had been abroad—yelling,

"Brava! Bravo!"

"Oh, you good-lookin' kid!" cried someone who had not enjoyed Howe's advantages.

Benny only stared. There was no wire on Sammy's bouquet, and the fragrant masses of bloom were heaped around the feet of a dark-haired, big-eyed girl in a black velvet gown with a long train. The whole garment was thickly sewn with brilliant rhinestones, which the spotlight set a-sparkle. Her arms were bare, and Benny's solitaire was on her third finger—his wedding ring, too! When he saw that, he was half way down an aisle, fully intending to shout at her, "Take off that wedding ring!"

But men in aisle seats were clutching his coat tails, an usher gripped his sleeve, and Sandowlina, good friend that she was, had hold of him, saying gently, "Now, Benny boy, you must n't! It ain't a manly thing to knock no woman's act, no matter what she's done to you—you come with Sandy, now—that's right."

He went slowly up the aisle with her, the usher trailing, while those who had noticed him whispered. They stopped in a shadowy place where the usher said no one would bother them, and Benny, with Sandowlina's hand in his, heard Dollie sing *I Was Not Meant For You*!

"She need n't have told the whole profession," he murmured.

"She looks awful sweet. She always does, on or off," said Sandowlina wistfully.

"I can't talk, Sandy," he answered

thickly, and she took a tighter grasp on his hand. This was Dollie's "plan"! And that—that—that fat pianist who would n't stick to a decent woman like Sandowlina,—that unworthy Walter—he was the man Dollie preferred to Benny Von Linden, the richest publisher in the business, who had spent his money on her royally, and would have given his blood as generously! The offensive pianist, with his smile, and his complacent bow, was addressing the audience, Dollie having taken nine bows and made her exit.

"I take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Von Linden's next song is her own composition, both words and music, entitled *'My Only Love is Benny'*. I thank you."

"I can't stay here—I'm sick," stammered Benny, but still he did not go. He must hear it.

"Walter said 'Mrs.' an' a professional woman's always 'Miss'; so she's payin' you a graceful tribute," said Sandowlina sadly. "Walter don't look as bad as he is, does he? It's the musical part of him's responsible, I s'pose."

DOLLIE appeared in an ingenue frock of pink—Benny's color that she wore so often at home—her hair in a loose braid. The pianist was playing the introduction with spirit, and she commenced the verse. It was a waltz song, the words original and the meter excellent, but the music was inadequate. At the second chorus the audience was humming with her as she trilled about the girl who met so many, many. But when she had said good night, and put out the light, she only dreamed of Benny! He was fitting a better melody to it as she sang, a real melody, strong enough for a long campaign, instead of an imitative little waltz that was only an echo of the work of others. Take that song, with his melody, and it would make a hummer for a summer number! Why had not Dollie disclosed this precious gift of word-writing to him? It was this part of her that had clamored for utterance, when she insisted on returning to the stage, whereas she might have been his partner—Von Linden and Von Linden!

"Sammy's left his box," sighed Sandowlina; and as she said it there was Sammy in front of them, grinning like an ape. Benny waved him off. He was not physically fit to endure Sammy, nor the turning up of the house lights, nor anything that meant standing erect and talking or listening. But Sammy would not be repulsed.

"Talk about puttin' it over! When I got in back an' seen her, she gimme a kiss, she was that glad to see me!" he exploded, and Benny groaned. Sammy proceeded,

"A' course I had to switch all plans an' work wit' the H. and H. bunch; they was too cheap to buy flowers, an' I put that bokay into Howe's mit myself, an' then I meets Alfie, an' he likes the missus, so at least he come through an' acted like a ge'l'man in the matter. I used my discretion all the way, as the missus had n't signed a contract 'cept for the ballad, an' she's kiddin' Howe along. Tanner, her partner, he wants to go with Howe 'cause they got Jimmy Delmonico there, but at that there's no friction, an' she gives him credit for bein' the Harvard student what done the rescuin', an' it was him got the zebras—that's class, you know! She says for you to come round as soon as she's off, an' meet him—eh?"

"I—I said, do you mean it's—only business between 'em?"

Sandowlina and Benny did not breathe at all until Sammy, in a horrified voice, exclaimed, "Why you great big pitiful mutt, don't you know yet when a girl's the square kind? What? Come on around to the stage door!"