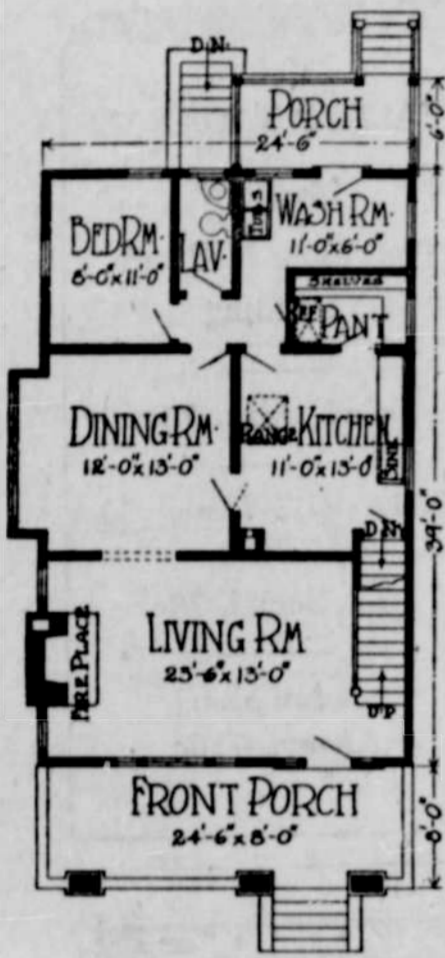


Seven Rooms and Wash Room Are Included in Compact House Plan

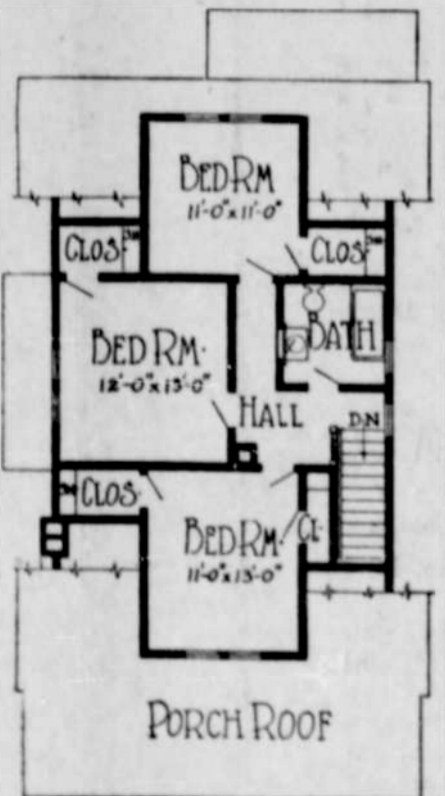


First Floor Plan.

By W. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all problems pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, for reply.

A broad porch for summer and a good-sized living room for winter are two features of a home that are most desirable. They are included in this design for a seven-room house. The porch is 8 feet deep and 24 feet 6 inches long. The porch walls and pillars are constructed so that the porch may be screened. The entrance door leads into the living room, which has an open fireplace at one end and the



Second Floor Plan.

stairs to the second floor at the other. The dining room, too, is rather large, 12 by 13 feet, and is connected with the living room by a cased opening. A small bedroom, the kitchen and a good-sized washroom and lavatory complete the room arrangement on the first floor. Upstairs there are three bedrooms, bathroom and a number of good-sized closets. A basement, of course, extends under the whole house and is of the same dimensions, 39 by 24 feet 6 inches.

This is an attractive home, comfortable and convenient. It is of frame construction and is set on a concrete foundation. The long, sloping

roof line is broken by a gabled dormer window at the front, with the same type of window at the back. The house is suited to the needs of a rather large family, it having four bedrooms as well as the customary living and dining rooms and kitchen. How the rooms are arranged and their sizes are indicated on the floor plans shown here.

Leaky Roof Is Often Sign of Poor Building

"No foot, no horse" is a very old saying. "No roof, no house" applies with equally as much force. A house is only as good as its roof. It must be roofed substantially if home's full protective purpose and assurance of comfort are to be realized.

Your roof, like the prow of a vessel, must stem the tide of the elements. It pushes upward against a continuous stream of destructive agencies. Heat and cold, rain, snow and wind are forever pitting their undermining forces against the endurance of your roof.

It is the great protector of your home and will faithfully perform its protective task only to the limit of its endurance. It can do no more than that. A weakling cannot be expected to do a giant's work. Hence, if you put on a roof that lacks the stamina to grapple with heat, cold, rain, snow and wind—opponents that never weaken in their attack—you need not expect that kind of a roof to outgame them.

If the natural staying qualities are not there, though you paint and patch, your roof will lose the battle. Meanwhile, it has cost you more altogether in money outlay than an enduring roof would have cost at the start.

Plan Fixes Style of Home; Not Exterior

Sometimes the present-day custom of insisting on stylistic labels to describe different types of houses is a source of great embarrassment to the architects who design them.

The public insists on calling one house colonial, another Spanish, another English and so forth, according to more or less superficial qualities of the houses in question. Generally these names mean only that in the matter of exterior silhouette and detail precedents derived from the architecture of these countries have been drawn upon.

It is a fact, however, that the essential character of a house can remain unchanged regardless of the exterior silhouette and detail. And since this essential character is determined almost entirely by the plan, and since the plan of our houses can only be as our mode of life in present-day America dictates, that essential character is fundamentally American.

Itemizes Cost of Each Trade on a Building

Following completion of a three-story brick apartment building, a Chicago contractor compiled a table showing the proportions of individual costs to the total construction.

The total cost of 35 cents a cubic foot is divided, according to percentage, as follows:

Excavating 2, masonry 30, carpentry and mill work 33 1-3, roofing 1, plastering 7, plumbing 9, heating 6, electric work 1, tile work 1, sheet metal 0.5, painting and decorating 4, glazing 1, miscellaneous iron 0.5, finished hardware 1, cleaning and painting up 0.1, electric fixtures 1, shades 0.33, screens 0.5.

Approximately the same ratio applies to other buildings used for dwelling purposes, we are told.

Economy in Brass

Keep in mind that the agassard full flow permits of using brass pipe of smaller diameter than iron or steel pipe and that this economy applies to both hot and cold lines when brass pipe is installed.

SENT BY RURAL DELIVERY

By EMMA W. BROSS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

THE good-looking but modest postman on Rural Route 21, District K, experienced a token of interest and a flutter of expectation as he neared the half-tubular zinc receptacle labeled "Adam Foster."

Beyond, at the end of a leafy-roofed arcade two hundred feet long, was the substantial, inviting-looking old farmhouse. It held three daughters and two sons. In one of them young Worth Merrill was especially interested. A shy, blushing, fluttering young creature, the morning previous she had flitted down the shady lane to the side of the mail cart, light and graceful as some fairy.

He had handed her some letters addressed to her father and a couple of magazines. She had smiled upon him in a way that set his nerves tingling. In her embarrassment she had dropped letters and bundles. Their heads had bumped together as they stooped mutually to recover them. Then both had smiled.

"Could you—would you—that is, I must get a small package to Nellie Blake—you know?—the next farmhouse."

"Surely," assented Merrill eagerly. "I can't go there and I can't wait to have it mailed."

"As a private individual I am at your service," bowed Merrill.

"Oh, thank you!" and Pearl Foster handed him a neat parcel, smiled bewitchingly and flitted away like a frightened fawn.

The Blake home was the last farmhouse on Merrill's route. He delivered the package to Miss Blake and went on his way, dreaming fondly of the lovely girl who had broken the ice of a mutual acquaintance.

Merrill looked eagerly for his charming ideal the next day, but it was raining, so she did not come down to the mail box at the road. The next afternoon was fair, but the farm path leading up to the house was muddy. From the porch, however, Pearl made urgent gestures, apparently directing the attention of Merrill to a package on top of the letter box.

Merrill saw that it exactly resembled the one he had delivered to Miss Blake two days previous. It felt soft and fluffy and he decided it was some article of feminine adornment, a lace collar, an embroidered handkerchief, or the like. Merrill had heard that the elder sister of Miss Blake was about to be married. This new parcel, he theorized, might be a contribution to a prospective linen shower.

At all events he took it up, waved it at Pearl to indicate that he understood, and his pulse heightened as she vigorously bobbed her pretty head and smiled radiantly.

At the last delivery point Merrill had picked a spray of forget-me-nots. He released the tiny thing of beauty from his buttonhole and placed it between two letters directed to Pearl. Then he went on his way.

The next afternoon he sighted Pearl again on the porch. He hoped she would come to the road in person for the mail. Merrill even waved the letters intended for the house invitingly.

But coy Pearl betrayed an inexplicable shyness. She made a gesture and half hid behind a post. On top of the mail box was a fine bouquet of red roses.

"Ah, another errand to Miss Blake?" soliloquized Merrill, taking up the pretty flowers. He raised them to inhale their delicate perfume. Then his heart beat fast. Was it fancy? Could it be reality? Pearl had wafted him a light kiss with a lighter cooling laugh, and had flown into the house as if hiding some conscious guilt in a breach of decorum.

Miss Blake stared strangely at Merrill as he handed her the bouquet. She looked at him as if misunderstanding. Then she smiled quietly, but she took the flowers and thanked him.

By this time Merrill was head over heels in love with Pearl. His heart fluttered as he hoped that she was interested in him. But the next morning she did not even appear on the porch. The second morning she passed across the lawn, her chin high in the air. She actually turned her back upon him.

The third morning there was a sheet of paper across the mail box. It bore one word: "Stupid!"

Merrill went his way, pondering. When his route was finished he dropped the reins of the old horse, sat back in the gig listlessly and saw life and all its hopes and motives drop into a sea of despairing gloom.

"What does it mean?" he murmured dejectedly. "Stupid—surely! It was meant for me, but why? why?"

The horse, left guideless, had strayed from the road into a thicket. In his

present joyless mood Merrill allowed him to graze. His day's labors were over and he was in a frame of mind where solitude was a boon. Suddenly, however, Merrill was startled by the echo of a vivid scream.

"That is a woman's voice!" he decided, and leaped from the gig and dashed through the underbrush in the direction from which the cry had sounded. He came to an abrupt halt where a path intersected the wildwood.

Miss Blake stood rigid with fear, confronted by a brawny tramp, who, cudgel in hand, menaced her.

"Out with your purse and off with your jewelry, my pretty!" ordered the man, and then he went sprawling at a well-directed blow from the strong fist of Merrill and made off baffled, as Merrill caught the half-fainting girl in his arms.

Miss Blake was hysterical with gratitude, but in a few moments had somewhat regained her composure.

"I had just left Pearl—that is, Miss Foster," she explained, "when that horrid man came along."

"Then perhaps that fellow has started after her—began Merrill in an anxious tone.

"Oh, she is surely home by this time," interrupted Miss Blake. Then she paused. There seemed to be something on her mind. She finally placed a pleading hand on his own.

"You have been so good to me," she spoke falteringly, "I think I should tell you something about—about Pearl."

"Anything about Miss Foster will be of infinite importance to me," assured Merrill ardently.

"But—but it is a breach of confidence, perhaps." She hesitated. Then she burst out. "It was about those flowers."

"Oh, the roses Miss Foster sent you?"

"She did not mean them for me."

"Indeed?" questioned Merrill puzzled.

"No. They were intended for—"

"For me? Oh, I understand now!" cried Merrill in a quick, comprehensive gasp. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Your forget-me-nots—"

"I fancied she would scarcely notice them."

"Was it not a floral message?" intimated Miss Blake archly.

"And the roses were—"

"A reply. In the language of flowers—you should feel honored."

"And 'Stupid,' indeed, was I!" exclaimed Merrill, joyously.

"Poor Pearl!" continued Miss Blake. "She had been searching the woods for some gruesome plant that would express her heartbreak."

"She need not, if the assurance that I read her good will aright at last and am eager to tell her how happy she has made me!" orated Merrill in a riotous fervor of delight.

"Suppose—suppose you come over to our house tonight?" gently suggested Miss Blake.

"Suppose I do?" submitted Merrill hopefully.

"Pearl will be there. You can tell her all about your modest mistake."

Which Merrill did, in a quiet corner of the pretty garden, amid sleeping roses, and the chiming crickets, and the sweet white moonlight and—love!

Great Railway Tunnels

Notable railway tunnels of the world are the Simplon in the Alps, connecting Italy and Switzerland, length 12 miles; Mount St. Gothard, connecting Italy and Switzerland 9 1/2 miles; Mount Cenis, also in the Alps, connecting France and Italy, 8 miles; Arlberg, in Austria, 6 miles; the Connaught, on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway, under Mount Macdonald, of the Selkirk range of the Rocky mountains, in British Columbia, 5 miles in length, with two railway tracks; the Hoosac Mountain tunnel, in western Massachusetts, 4 1/2 miles; the St. Clair tunnel, carrying the lines of the Canadian National railways under the St. Clair river, between Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., 2 miles.

In the Modern Way

A pretty girl was courted by a man of great wealth and a fellow of small means.

The former showered her with all varieties of costly gifts and feted her in sumptuous fashion. The impecunious one gave her only his devotion, for it was all he had to give. Still, devotion is a beautiful thing, even in these modern times.

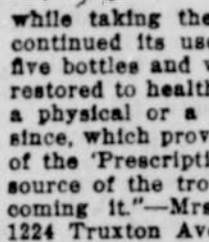
So she fell in love with the poor fellow. But she married the rich one.

Andrew Jackson's Politics

Andrew Jackson is popularly supposed to have started the modern Democratic party. It was to a large extent the successor of the Jeffersonians. But Old Hickory himself did not apply the name "Democratic" to his followers. During his Presidency and after his retirement to the Hermitage, in all his correspondence he called himself a Republican and spoke of his party as the Republican party.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Is It Your Nerves?

Bakersfield, Calif.—"I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. I was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting along as well as I thought I should, so I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is the tonic and nerve that restored me to health. Its soothing effect upon my nerves was wonderful while taking the first bottle, but I continued its use until I had taken five bottles and was then completely restored to health. I have never had a physical or a nervous breakdown since, which proves the thoroughness of the 'Prescription' in reaching the source of the trouble and then overcoming it."—Mrs. Gertrude Higley, 1224 Truxton Ave. All dealers.



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"We don't allow dogs here, my little man." "All right. Chase my bulldog home then."

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We all of us live too much in a circle.—Disraeli.

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Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.—Carlyle.

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Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St. Paul's cathedral bears the simple epitaph: "If you are seeking my monument, look around."

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