

Kem-Tone

MIRACLE WALL FINISH

MADE WITH OIL...
mixes with water!



*for lovelier, more beautiful
walls in living rooms,
dining rooms and bedrooms!*

Imagine a real oil paint that mixes with water... the safest, most economical thinner you can find! Noninflammable! No obnoxious fumes! No wonder KEM-TONE is the world's most popular wall finish!

And those breath-takingly beautiful colors... lovely pastels and the new, high-fashion Vogue Deep Colors. They make drab old rooms NEW... not overnight... but in just 60 minutes drying time.

ONLY
\$3.69
GALLON

Makes a
gallon and a half of
KEM-TONE
ready-to-use



BEAUTY AT DOWN TO EARTH ECONOMY



So easy—just roll it on



Right over wallpaper



Right over paint, plaster



Done in one hour

INSIST ON GENUINE KEM-TONE AND GENUINE KEM-GLO!

Flower Girl's Fa

THE curtains were drawn, leaving the tiny bedroom in half-light. On the bed, almost lost beneath the quilted cover, lay a frail, white-haired woman with closed eyes. Primroses were in a vase on the table beside her, and tulips and daffodils and hyacinths—great bunches of flowers of all kinds—crowded every corner of the room.

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"V'lets... Lovely V'lets!" the Little
Five-Year-Old Would Cry, and Few
Gay Blades Could Resist Her Smile.

The door opened and a young girl tiptoed into the room. "They're here, auntie," she said. The woman opened her eyes. "Ask them in, please, dear."

At the girl's gesture, an old man and two old women hobbled in. There were several others behind them. They were younger, but had gray in their hair.

The aged woman's face, finely wrinkled in contrast to the smooth-petaled flowers around her, brightened as she greeted them.

"It was so good of all of you to come," she said softly. "I didn't want to leave without—without telling you goodbye."

And then she smiled—the same sweet, gentle smile that had charmed the world almost 80 years ago, her guests told one another later. She bade each one farewell, surrounded by the bright bouquets of flowers that had streamed in from friends and admirers all over London.

It was an appropriate setting for "the little flower girl's" last words to her old friends. It was peculiarly fitting for one who had loved and nurtured flowers from the day she was old enough to pick one up and sniff its fragrance.

That night, 83-year-old Ellen Keeley died quietly in the flower-filled room.

Ellen was only five when she started selling flowers on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. "V'lets, lovely v'lets," she would call out in a high clear voice to the city gentlemen riding by in their fine carriages.

Rarely could they resist that smile or the big blue eyes under the short soft curls. Many a young blade ordered his coachman to drive

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