Nothing Else to Do

1. 'Twas a pleasant summer's morning, Just the day I like ten-joy, When I woke and looked out early, Puzzled how my time 'twas; I kept singing all the way; Quite surprised she was to

2. Off I started through the meadows, Where the dew beads sparkled, And responsive to the songbirds, I kept singing all the way; Quit surprised she was to

3. Then we rambled forth together, Down the lane beneath the trees, While gently stirred the shadows Of their branches in the breeze; And whenever our conversation Languished for a word or two, Why, of course, I kindly kissed her, 'Cause I had nothing else to do.

4. But before the day was over, I'd somehow made up my mind, That I'd pop the question to her If to me her heart inclined; So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling, Will you have me, Yes, or No?"

   "Well," she said, "perhaps I may, my dear, When I've nothing else to do."

Beware of base imitations of "Early Breakfast" Stoves. The genuine bear the name of Redway & Burton, Cincinnati, Ohio, who have spent years in perfecting these remarkable stoves.

Performance is always better than promise. The record of the past clearly proves that "Early Breakfast" Stoves are absolutely free from fire crack, and can always be relied on to do perfect baking in every instance. Their equals for economy, durability, and convenience have never been produced.