

REGULAR MEETING OF COUNCIL

Routine Business Transacted. Bills Paid--Extension of Time on Sidewalks.

The regular meeting of the borough council was held Monday evening at borough hall, Mayor Hermann presiding. Absent, Messrs. Nederburgh and Radlev. Bills to the amount of about \$750.00 were read and paid. An extension of time was granted the residents of Woodbridge avenue for laying of sidewalks until May 1st.

The fire and water committee reported the new hydrants in position and water would be turned on in a few days. The question of Third street was discussed, but, owing to a legal technicality, action was again deferred. Other matters of a routine nature were transacted after which the meeting adjourned. Attorney Peter F. Daly was at the meeting.

At the Y. M. C. A. Next Sunday

The association is open from 2 to 6 and all men are invited. At 3.30 a song service will be held around the piano and the secretary will give a short talk, taking for his subject, "A Fight for Life."

ANOTHER THEFT AT U. S. M. R. CO

Man Accused of Taking Articles From Store Room. Out on Bail.

Clement Jardot, an employee in the store room of the United States Metals Refining Co. was arrested last Saturday by Detectives Peltier and Hoffman, of New Brunswick, on a charge of stealing various articles from the place where he was employed. The arrest was made at the works.

Jardot, who was convicted by evidence found at his home, confessed when confronted by the detectives, and it is reported offered to pay for what he had taken. Articles have been missed from the store room for some time past and repeated efforts had been made to trace the culprit.

It was while working on another clue that the evidence against Jardot was obtained and his arrest followed.

The man had been a trusted employee, having access to everything in the department, and had been employed at the plant for a long time. A charge of larceny was entered against him, and he was released under bail of \$1,000.

DEMOCRATS TO ORGANIZE

All Democrats are requested to attend a meeting called for Saturday evening, the 21st inst., at Nash's hall at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of effecting the organization of a Democratic club. It is the intention to establish a permanent organization, having regular monthly meetings, which will be addressed by prominent Democratic speakers, and all matters pertaining to legislation in the borough, county and state will be discussed. After the organization has been effected, a social hour will be spent.

NEAR-BY HAPPENINGS.

The sixty-sixth annual meeting of the grand encampment of the I. O. O. F. is now in session at Trenton.

On Tuesday evening, at New Brunswick, the opening session of the New Jersey State Sunday School was held. This is a public convention, celebrating fifty years of Sunday-school work in New Jersey and was attended by 300 delegates.

Harris Edelstein, a bedding manufacturer of South Amboy, was pounced upon by three youths on Tuesday afternoon. They relieved him of his watch and money, but these were later returned to him. The culprits were captured and fined \$3.00 each.

Mrs. Bertha M. Speak, of Port Reading, and her husband, Mr. George C. Speak, of Perth Amboy, have started litigation for the possession of their 3-year old son. The child is at present in the custody of its mother.

The annual ball of the Port Reading Fire Company was a grand success, in spite of the inclement weather. The attendance was large and the financial returns were entirely satisfactory. A prize waltz was given, the winners being Mr. Charles Weidemeyer and Miss Mae Mulligan.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

Governor Fort Observes the Usual Custom Setting Aside Thursday, Nov. 26th.

The honor of being a citizen of this great republic would of itself be a sufficient cause for annually setting apart, in accordance with custom, a day for thanksgiving and prayer. But the people of New Jersey have much else to be thankful for. Their church relations, their free schools, their good roads, their unique situation, their clean state government, their picturesque hills, their unequalled sea coast, their efficient municipal governments, their vast mining, manufacturing and industrial interests, and their high average intelligence, all give cause for unbounded gratitude to the Giver of all Good. Besides all this our fields have been fertile, our homes happy, our transportation facilities satisfactory, the wages of labor fair, and the price of the product of our farms and of the output of our factories remunerative. When to all this is added a splendid civic spirit which is abroad in our public life we can indeed be grateful for the Providence ruling over it all.

On every account our lot may be said to be cast in pleasant places. Therefore I, John Franklin Fort, governor of the state of New Jersey, do designate Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November, 1908, as a day to be observed for thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that all business cease and that the people gather in their respective churches and other places of public worship, or in private in their homes, to make fitting acknowledgment to Almighty God for His unbounded benefactions to us as a nation, state and individuals.

Given under my hand and seal at the executive chamber, in the city of Trenton, this thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1908, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-third.

[Signed] JOHN FRANKLIN FORT,
By the Governor,
S. D. Dickinson
Secretary of State.

RECOUNT DECEMBER 8TH

On application of Mr. Thomas Mulvihill, who was defeated for council by one vote, a recount has been granted and the date set down for December 8th before the county board of electors.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Having started a hand and steam laundry I solicit your orders. Will guarantee speedy work and perfect satisfaction. Collections will be made Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week. Deliveries Fridays and Saturdays. Orders by mail or 'phone promptly attended to.

J. L. Gilchrist,
104 Blazing Star Road,
Chrome, N. J.
P. O. Box, 187 3-11 x

FOR SALE.

TWO lots on Blazing Star Road, adjoining "Bungalows." Price \$6.50. Were sold by Canda Realty Co. two years ago for \$8.50. These lots are being sacrificed for cash. John R. Connolly, agent.

\$5.00 REWARD!

LOST in Carteret on Monday evening, November 9th, an automobile tire marked "Diamond Rubber Co.," 34x4. Reward of \$5.00 will be paid if returned to J. H. Nevill, Canda Hotel, Chrome, and no questions asked.

Rooms to Let.

Three rooms, \$5 and \$6 per month; six rooms, \$10 per month. Inquire OTTO SPITZ, 54 Blazing Star road.

FOR SALE.

A large fire-proof safe, with inner compartments, inquire Max Glass Rahway Avenue

For Sale.

Building, size 12x20; suitable for small family; substantially built; can be easily moved. Inquire O. V. COMP-TON, Carteret, N. J.

SOME FACTS ABOUT Y. M. C. A.

Interesting Letter from General Secretary Prentice--Corrects Seemingly Mistaken Idea.

The following letter received from Secretary Prentice, of the Y. M. C. A., is intended to correct a seemingly wrong idea some people seem to have as to the mission of the association. We print it in full:

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.
There seems to be a big mistake in the minds of our people as to the mission of the Young Men's Christian Association just opened for your use. The writer regrets very much to find the attitude some people are taking toward the association. We are not here to make money, if so it would be time to quit. The present budget for the year is over three thousand dollars and two hundred members at five dollars each would pay one thousand dollars, or each man would pay less than one-third of his actual expense.

We would like to give all men the benefits free of charge, but such a building cannot be run without money. Some seem to think we are getting rich after we get men in the building. For the bowling we get five cents per game and giving the pin boy two of it, leaving three cents to take care of the alley. For pool we get ten cents per hour. We give you five towels for ten cents, a mere accommodation for the men. A woman couldn't wash them for that. For a locker we get \$2.00 per year. The gymnasium, which will soon be furnished; baths, with hot and cold water; reading room, with good magazines and papers; game tables, with checkers, chess, dominoes, etc., to say nothing of having a good cozy, warm place to spend your evenings.

Men seem to feel that they cannot come near the place without a ticket to help them through the door. One fellow who had paid for his ticket wondered if he could get in to get it. We have no guards at the door nor bulldogs in the basement. We want young men to make this their home and if they frequent the place will expect them to take out a membership. We are not here to drive you away with a club, but to be your friend. The association needs your help and we feel that you need the help of the association with other men.

Some time ago over two hundred men signed an agreement to join an association if the building was erected. The factories have put up the building which all have admired, and now is the time to do your part. The building is offered to you for your use free of charge. Will you use it? All that is asked is, that you pay one-third of the actual expense in running the building. That isn't quite fair to whoever puts up the other two-thirds, but it is certainly fair to you. Come in, look over the place, talk with those in charge and see if it isn't the best place you have found to invest your five dollars. It makes no difference what your religion, creed or political standing is, men are wanted, not "dogmas." Get into the spirit of the thing and let's all push, not pull. The association needs you.

H. H. PRENTICE,
General Secretary.

ARISTON EUCRE CLUB

Mr. R. C. Coventry very pleasantly entertained the Ariston Euchre Club Friday evening. Miss Nellie Sexton won ladies' first prize, Mrs. John J. Reason won second. Gentlemen's first prize was won by Mr. Walter V. Quin; second, Mr. Jesse Foote. Consolation prizes were won by Miss Catherine Glynn and Dr. John J. Reason. At 12 o'clock dainty refreshments were served. Selections were rendered by Mr. Coventry and Dr. Wantoch on the violin and cornet. Piano selections were rendered by Mrs. Carleton and Miss Norma Coventry. Miss Edith Carleton rendered vocal solos in her usual sweet voice. The following were present: Dr. and Mrs. John J. Reason, Misses Catherine Glynn, Gussie Fishbach, Nellie Sexton, Inez Connolly, Mary Brady, Anna O'Brien, Amy Smith, Norma Coventry, Edith Carleton; Messrs. Edgar Davis, Carter, M. M. Brady, Peter Finegan, Albert McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Foote, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Quin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bradford, Dr. Joseph Wantoch, Mrs. Carleton and Mrs. Smith.

STANDARD OIL'S NEW REFINERY

One of Largest Oil Plants in the World--Building at Bayway.

The Standard Oil Company is building one of the largest oil refineries in the world at Bayway. Twenty-seven hundred men are employed in constructing the brick, steel and concrete buildings. The undertaking is under the supervision of Chief Engineer C. H. Haupt and General Superintendent R. T. Black, of the Standard Oil Company, with R. T. Hewitt and W. C. Kochler as associates. There are no outside contractors or sub-contractors. The mechanics, laborers and teams are hired direct.

The plant will be laid out in streets, running from east to west. It will have a boiler shop for making boiler plate to build tanks, blacksmith and machine shops. The pay-roll for labor is \$125,000 monthly, and it is estimated that when the refinery is finished the cost for labor alone will amount to \$1,500,000. No figures are given as to the cost of building materials, machinery etc., but it may be safely estimated at \$2,500,000.

Bulkheads and wharves will be built on Staten Island Sound for the shipment of oil lighters. The shallow water of the sound will not permit the landing of tank steamers at present. The channel of the sound will be dredged and deepened so that the oil tank steamers may load at the Bayway refinery. The product of the Bayway refinery is principally for export trade.

The Standard Oil Company owns 877 acres of land at Bayway. It consists of farm and meadow lands. The wood was all cut off before building operations were begun on January 2, 1908.

When the plant was started, thousands of men were idle and in want. They flocked to Bayway, and during the first few weeks it was necessary to call the police to guard the workmen who were lucky enough to get employment, from the hungry men who were disappointed. The following materials will be required in the construction of the refinery:

12,950,828 brick, 33,795 tons of sand, 28,597 tons of stone, 45,597 barrels of cement, 2,709,500 feet of lumber, 30,000,000 lbs. tank steel, 1,302,285 lbs. structural steel, 6.7 miles cast iron pipe (oil lines), 136.1 miles wrought iron pipe (oil lines), 29,000 linear feet stores (brick and terra cotta).

There are thirty-seven buildings of steel, brick and concrete, 125 tanks ranging in capacity from 3,000 bbls. to 44,000 bbls., and give a total capacity of 1,600,000 bbls.

The refinery will receive its crude oil supply from the west by pipe lines. There are 60 stills of 16,000 barrels capacity each, and the refinery will have a capacity of 16,000 barrels of crude oil per day, and with the addition of a few more stills, pumps etc., can double its capacity.

It is expected to run crude oil about the first part of December, 1908. It is expected that the refinery will be completed in February, 1909.

After its completion 1,000 men will be employed. Land speculators at Linden are already at work, building houses to rent and sell to workmen who are permanently employed at the plant. The Standard Oil people say that they have no connection with the speculators in the building scheme.

TO LET.

TO LET. Part of store. Inquire, ROOSEVELT NEWS, 137 Ranway avenue, Carteret.

\$50,000,000 FOR RIVERS & HARBORS

Of This \$510,000 is for Staten Island Sound and Channel.

The sum of \$50,000,000 is the aggregate appropriation commended by Brigadier General William L. Marshall, chief of the engineers of the United States Army, in his annual report, which was transmitted to the Secretary of War at Washington to-day.

This sum, if appropriated by the incoming Congress, will be used for the improvement of rivers, harbors and fortifications.

About \$20,000,000 of this amount will be needed for existing contracts on river and harbor improvements and \$21,000,000 for general work.

Staten Island Sound needs \$310,000 of this sum, with an additional \$200,000 for the channel, while Raritan Bay's estimate is placed at \$40,000.

There is hardly any question about the urgent necessity of the sums enumerated, but past experience has shown that appropriation bills, by the time they have successfully passed through the House and Senate at Washington, burdened by innumerable amendments, have emerged, sadly the worse for wear, and bear little likeness to the form they presented when first introduced.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mrs. M. Coachinberry was visiting friends in Plainfield, Wednesday.

Mr. Joseph W. Crane is building a model garage on his property on Rahway avenue.

James A. Walsh, former editor of the "Weekly" has accepted a position with the P. & R. Railroad Company.

Mr. Charles Ellis, who was at Cincinnati, Ohio, on business for the Wheeler Condenser Co., returned last Saturday.

Thomas McNally of Lafayette street had his foot crushed at the Copper Works last night. He will be laid up for a few weeks.

Messrs. J. H. Nevill, Uriah Harris, H. V. O. Platt and Clarence L. Brower are enjoying duck hunting at Barnegat.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jefferys enjoyed a trip to a theatre in New York last Saturday night.

Mr. W. F. Theil, representative of the Lembeck & Betz Brewing Co., lost an automobile tire in Carteret a week ago last Monday. He is offering five dollars' reward for its return.

Mr. Frank P. Edgar, the well-known plumber, of Woodbridge, was taken suddenly ill last Tuesday night at his home, where he is at present in a serious condition. Dr. Ill, of Newark, was called in consultation.

PORT READING

Miss Laura Brasch and Miss Mae Mulligan, of New York, were guests of Miss Dollie Irvine on Sunday.

Miss Minnie Rogen is spending a few weeks at Lakewood, N. J.

Health Inspector Hirner, of Woodbridge, fumigated the school house last week, owing to the fact that diphtheria is quite prevalent.

Mrs. H. A. Turner is confined to her home with a sprained ankle.

Mr. Charles Weidemer, of Martinsville, N. J., is visiting Mrs. Matthew Grasseheimer.

Good Times Are Coming!

Buy a couple of lots at Port Reading and watch your money grow.

No Better Investment in the Country To-day.

Come, and Talk It Over.

PORT READING LAND COMPANY

OFFICE OPEN EVERY SATURDAY

WE WON'T DO IT!

The average lumber yard sells its lumber the way it buys it. You get something good part of the time, something bad the rest of the time, and are uncertain all of the time.

We do our own grading all of the time. If we get a good car of lumber or a bad one, you don't have to guess what you will get. Keeping our grades always up to a high standard, even at an extra expense, pays, for our customers are always satisfied.

Are you with us?

The Boynton-
Chalmers Co.
Sewaren N. J.

The News

Domestic

Harvey T. Wells, embezzling cashier of a Kenosha (Wis.) bank, who was captured in Boston several months ago, after having fled to London, where he had married, and who was later returned to this country, was sentenced to five years at national prison.

The \$450,000 turbine steamship Belfast, whose construction has been delayed a year by the financial difficulties of the Consolidated Steamship Lines of Maine, has been successfully launched by the Bath Iron Works.

Arguments in the double appeal of both complainant and defendant from the final decree of Judge Kohlsaat in the case of Capt. Oberlin M. Carter were begun in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

It was announced that a \$1,000,000 order for new Pullman coaches for use between San Francisco and Portland and Los Angeles had been placed by the officials of the Southern Pacific Company.

Dr. Azel Ames, formerly of wide fame as a surgeon and sanitary engineer, died at the hospital for the insane in Danvers, Mass., where he had been a patient for a number of years.

Mrs. Mary Wheeler Somerby, of Newburyport, Mass., an aged widow, was declared to be the sole heir to an estate valued at \$100,000 by an order filed in the Chancery Court at Trenton.

The suit of the government against the Du Pont powder interests, which was called before the special master at Wilmington, was continued until December 2.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is to be asked by Chicago merchants to revise the freight rate schedules between Chicago and Chattanooga and points South.

Dr. B. K. Bechtold, aged 63 years, of Kulpville, Pa., a patient in a private hospital in Philadelphia, was burned to death in his room.

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., arrived at New York from Genoa on the steamer Koenig Albert.

Harvey Watterson, a lawyer, son of Henry Watterson, the editor of Louisville, Ky., fell from a window in his office on the nineteenth floor of a Wall Street building, in New York, landing on the roof of an adjoining building nine stories below and was instantly killed.

Judge Taylor, of Cleveland, O., held the Municipal Traction Company to be insolvent and said a receiver would be named. Judge Taylor decided that the franchise of the railway company was taken away at the recent referendum election.

One man was killed and several persons were injured in a head-on collision between two trolley cars between New Brunswick, N. J., and Bound Brook during a thick fog.

Governor Hughes filed his certificate of election expenses with the Secretary of State, giving his total expenditures as \$369.65.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals refused to order that Charles W. Morse be given liberty on bail pending an appeal from the decision of the circuit court convicting him of making false entries in the books and misapplying the funds of the National Bank of North America.

The government's contention for a rehearing of the case in which the United States Court of Appeals reversed the trial court in fining the Standard Oil Company of Indiana \$29,240,000 for alleged rebating was denied in the Court of Appeals at Chicago.

The battleship North Dakota, the first American war vessel of the Dreadnought class, was launched at the yard of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, at Quincy Point.

Dr. David D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, of Chicago, died in St. Louis as the result of being run down by an automobile.

Foreign

The Swedish Foreign Office has instructed the Swedish consul general in New York to make a full investigation of the reported discovery on the north coast of Labrador of the grave of Professor Andree, the aeronaut.

Kuan Hsu, emperor of China, died in the Winter Palace, in Peking. Prince Chun, his brother, becomes regent, and his son in Wei, heir presumptive. Kuan Hsu reigned 34 years.

M. Milovanovich, Serbian minister for foreign affairs, informed the King of Italy that it was necessary for Serbia to protect herself against the "Austrian invasion."

An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob a railroad train in Russia on which was \$12,500,000 in specie. Five of the robbers were arrested and one was killed.

Russia and England are in agreement on the proposal for Russian supremacy in the Persian Province of Azerbaijan.

M. Khomyakoff, the president of the Douma, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election.

The International Copyright Congress has adopted the new text of the Berne convention.

Wilbur Wright won the French Aero Club's prize for aeroplanes.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, a missionary to the Labrador Coast, does not believe the grave discovered on the Northern Labrador Coast by Captain Chalko is that of Andree, the explorer.

The Foreign Affairs Committee of the Federal Council of the German Empire discussed the Casablanca incident. It was reported that the meeting was called to take steps to prevent the Emperor pursuing an independent course in foreign affairs.

The building of eight new British battleships and 24 destroyers in the immediate future was foreshadowed in Premier Asquith's announcement in the House of Commons.

Conditions in Northern Persia are said to be improving and Russia will not find it necessary for intervention.

FRANCIS J. HENEY SHOT DOWN IN COURT

Ex-Convict's Revenge on Frisco's Graft Prober.

ABRAHAM RUEF'S TRIAL HALTED.

Assistant District Attorney, Who Has Been Exposing Municipal Rottenness in San Francisco, Shot in Head During the Ruef Trial by Morris Haas, a Saloonkeeper.

San Francisco (Special).—Francis J. Heney, a leading figure in the prosecution of municipal corruption in San Francisco, was shot and seriously injured at 4.22 P. M., in Judge Lawler's courtroom by Morris Haas, a saloon keeper, who had been accepted as a juror in a previous trial of Abraham Ruef and afterward removed, it having been shown in court by Heney that Haas was an ex-convict, a fact not brought out in his examination as a venieman.

The shooting of Heney occurred in the presence of many persons in the courtroom during a recess in the trial of Abraham Ruef, on trial for the third time on the charge of bribery.

It was during a 10-minute recess of court and while the jury was out of the courtroom and after attorneys for the prosecution and defense had returned to the room from a short conference with Judge Lawler in his chambers that Heney, having resumed his customary seat and entered into conversation with Chief Clerk McCabe, of the District Attorney's office, Haas came forward from among the spectators. He approached Heney and, placing a revolver against Heney's right cheek, fired.

Instantly the courtroom was the scene of greatest excitement.

Several bystanders seized Haas, while others hastened to the relief of Heney, who was caught by those nearest him as he fell forward, the blood streaming from the wound. Medical aid was summoned and Mr. Heney was taken to the Central Emergency Hospital, where it was ascertained that the wound was not necessarily fatal, the bullet having passed under the brain and found lodgment under the left ear.

As Heney lay on the operating table at the hospital, he said: "I will live to prosecute both Haas and Ruef."

Close examination of the wound showed that the bullet entered through the right cheek, and lodged under the left ear. It barely missed the carotid artery, and all other principal arteries were not ruptured. There is a slight swelling under the left ear, but there is no unnatural hemorrhage, and his pulse is good. It is the opinion of the surgeons now that Heney will recover. Heney was afterwards taken to the Lane Hospital and placed under the X-rays.

When Heney fell, there was an immediate rush for Haas, who was quickly subdued. Dr. H. A. Minck was in the building at the time and he rushed to Heney's assistance.

Although two bodyguards, who have been constantly employed to protect Heney, were within six feet of him, when Haas drew a revolver and fired the shot before anyone in the courtroom realized what was going on.

News of the shooting spread rapidly, and an immense crowd gathered in the corridors of the court building. A large force of police, headed by Chief Biggy, surrounded the building in which court was held and kept the crowd back. A number of arrests were made by the police, who took into custody men who were suspected of being there to create trouble.

CASUALTIES ON RAILROADS.

3,764 Persons Killed And 68,989 Injured In A Year.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—There were 3,764 persons killed and 68,989 injured in railroad casualties in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30 last, according to an announcement of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This is a decrease of 1,236 killed and 3,297 injured, as compared with the previous year.

In the three months ended June 30 there were 591 killed and 13,098 injured, a decrease of 1,752 from the preceding quarter.

The 13 passengers killed in train accidents during the quarter is the smallest ever reported in the quarterly records. The collisions during the quarter numbered 820, and derailments, 1,310.

EXPLOSION HURTS 30.

Mill Wrecked As Train Passes—One Known To Be Dead.

Kansas City, Mo. (Special).—A powder mill at Holmes Park, 12 miles south of this city, exploded at 6 A. M., just as a Kansas City Southern passenger train was passing, and it is reported that a number were killed, but so far only one body has been found.

Thirty passengers on the train were injured by flying debris, and have been brought here and placed in the Kansas City Southern Hospital.

The explosion destroyed three houses.

2,000 WITNESSES IN CASE.

Peonage Trial Threatens To Continue Forever.

New York (Special).—Two thousand witnesses may be called in the trial of the alleged peonage cases before Judge Hough in the United States Circuit Court.

Assistant United States Attorney General Charles H. Russell said that the government may call 500 witnesses, and the lawyers for the four men accused of having lured thousands of laborers into slavery in Florida declare they will produce 1,500 witnesses if necessary.

ELEVEN CORPSES IN WRECK AFIRE

Express Plows Through a Local Train.

New Orleans (Special).—It was a heavy price in human life that paid for the errors of railroad trainmen when a Great Northern express crashed into the rear of a New Orleans and Northeastern local train at Little Woods Station, a fishing and hunting camp on Lake Pontchartrain, 12 miles from New Orleans. Eleven dead and many more injured, some of them fatally, is the record of the wreck, which was attended by unusually gruesome scenes in the foggy swamps of the Lake Shore. To add to the horror of the situation the wreck caught fire and only the heroic work of the surviving passengers prevented the cremation of those pinned in the debris.

Between Slidell and New Orleans, the Great Northern trains run over the tracks of the New Orleans and Northeastern Road. A local train of the Northeastern from Hattiesburg and other Mississippi points is due to arrive in New Orleans 20 minutes before the fast Great Northern train from Covington. The Northeastern train was late and the difference of 20 minutes between the running of the trains was considerably reduced.

When Engineer Blackman, of the Great Northern train, took the northeastern tracks at Slidell he was given the usual right of way signal, he says, and proceeded to move his train toward New Orleans at 45 miles an hour. As Little Woods was approached the Northeastern local suddenly loomed up through the fog. Engineer Blackman applied the brakes and remained at the throttle while the ponderous locomotive plowed its way through the train ahead, leaving behind it a trail of corpses and injured passengers.

No one on the Great Northern express was seriously hurt, but those aboard the Northeastern local were thrown right and left or crushed by the express locomotive as it tore through the two rear coaches of the local. As Little Woods has no telegraph station, serious delay was experienced in getting a message to New Orleans, and it was two hours before a rescue train arrived. In the meantime passengers of the Great Northern train did all they could to rescue the injured.

Among the sights that greeted the rescuers was that of a small boy apparently unable to extricate himself from the wreckage, which was fast settling down upon him. A score or more of men made a heroic effort to get the child, but the wreckage and escaping steam from the damaged locomotive cut off their way and they were forced to stand idly by while the child called futilely for help until he died. This child proved to be Willie Attaway, three years old, son of Mrs. Alphonse Attaway, of Slidell, La. His little body was taken out of the wreck several hours later, horribly mutilated.

EXPLOSION ON STEAMER.

Boiler Bursts, Five Persons Killed And Many Injured.

North Bay, Ont. (Special).—The steamer Temiskaming was approaching the landing at Temiskaming at 6 o'clock P. M., when the boiler exploded, wrecking the steamer and causing the death of at least five persons by explosion or drowning. Several passengers and crew were hurled into the water by the shock and many were injured.

Owing to the remoteness of the scene of the tragedy details are lacking. A man named McBride, a hunter from the United States, is missing, and there is little doubt of his fate. J. Menard and T. Bergouhan, firemen, and two men whose names are unknown, are dead. Six are badly burned and several may die.

MURDERESS SURRENDERS.

Tennessee Woman Claims She Shot Man Defending Herself.

Memphis, Tenn. (Special).—Mrs. A. W. Bonds, wife of a railroad man, walked into a police station and surrendered herself, explaining that she had killed S. P. Craig at sunset a short time before. She handed the police a revolver, which she said she had emptied at Craig, leaving his body lying in an open field.

She said that Craig, who formerly boarded with her and came from Indiana, attacked her and that she shot in self-defense.

IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE

News comes from Rhyolite that the Montgomery-Shoshone will enlarge its stamp mill.

New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad directors declared a semi-annual dividend of \$3.

In the year ended October 31 the Central National Bank earned net 35.8 per cent. on its capital stock. A semi-annual dividend of 8 per cent. has just been declared.

President Knox, of the Montana Tonopah Company, who has been in Philadelphia, would not say definitely when he thought his company could pay a dividend. There is still a debt on the mill, part of which has been leased to another company.

Pig iron output in October was the largest of any month this year. American Tobacco declared a regular quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent. on its common stock and an extra 7½ per cent., making 32½ per cent. paid this year. Last year 25 per cent was paid.

Shipments of zinc and lead ores from the Joplin district for the week ended October 31 were: Zinc, \$202,483; lead, \$50,275. For forty-two weeks: Zinc, \$7,228,632; lead, \$1,823,166. Total for the year to date, \$9,051,798.

THREE HUNDRED MINERS PERISH

Worst Disaster in Germany in Many Years.

TERRIBLE SCENES AT THE PIT.

Fire Prevents Attempts to Rescue Entombed Men, but the Mine Is Flooded—The Explosion Destroys One of the Shafts—Thirty-five Injured Men Removed.

Hamm, Westphalia, Germany (By Cable).—The greatest mine disaster in many years in Germany occurred at the Radbod mine, about three miles from this place. There was a heavy explosion in the mine about 4 A. M., and almost immediately the mine took fire. Of 380 miners working underground at the time only six escaped without injury. Thirty-five were taken out badly injured, and 37 were dead when brought to the mouth of the pit. The remaining 302 have been given up for lost.

The explosion, which was unusually violent, destroyed one of the shafts which had to be partly repaired before the rescue work was begun. In addition, the flames and smoke proved almost insurmountable obstacles in the early efforts of the rescuing parties.

A special corps, composed of the men who rendered such valuable aid in the terrible mine disaster at Courpieres, France, in March, of 1906, arrived upon the scene shortly before noon, but were unable to enter the mine, being forced to await the result of the determined efforts of the firemen to keep the flames in check.

Meantime heartrending scenes were being enacted at the mine, when the dead and wounded were brought to the surface, and there were similar scenes in the town, when the injured were transported through the streets to the hospitals. At 1 o'clock the fire had made great headway, and, later in the afternoon, after a consultation of engineers, it was decided that any further attempts to rescue the entombed men were in vain, owing to the impossibility of entering the galleries. At the same time an order was issued to flood the mine.

First reports indicated that the accident was the result of an explosion of coal dust, but the statements of the injured men render this improbable, and it is not clear just what caused it.

NEW YORK'S POSTMASTER SHOT BY CRAZY MAN

Believed His Mail Had Been Tamped With.

New York (Special).—Postmaster Edward M. Morgan was shot Monday morning as he was starting from his home, in West One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, for downtown by Eric H. B. Mackey, a stenographer in a law office, who, four years ago, escaped from an insane asylum at Worcester, Mass., where he had been confined for a year after he had waylaid and shot two men in Roxbury, Mass., in precisely the same manner as he waylaid Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan probably will owe his life to the fact that just as the crazy man jumped in front of him his little daughter, Dorothy, with whom he was walking, pulled him until he swung partly around and received the bullet from the side instead of directly in front.

The bullet entered the left side of the abdomen and passed out the right side, the course taken being about eight inches long. An operation performed by Dr. Titus Bull, the family physician, assisted by Dr. John Erdman, showed that the bullet had just grazed the smaller intestine in its course, but there was no perforation. It was described by the doctors later as a flesh wound. Mr. Morgan is in splendid physical condition, and the doctors declare that there was no reason to look for any dangerous complications interfering with his recovery.

Immediately after shooting the postmaster Mackey fired three shots at himself. One went wild, the second hit him in the breast and the third went into his brain. He fell in the gutter, was picked up and his face covered by a newspaper, and lay on the sidewalk in view of the folk hurrying for the subway for over an hour, when his body was finally taken to the police station, from whence it was later removed to the morgue.

For four years, ever since he got away from the Worcester Asylum by crawling through a shaft, Mackey had been working as a stenographer in the law offices of Hunt, Hill & Betts at 165 Broadway. Although continually nursing a grievance and having a good many queer ideas, he was quiet and inoffensive and his employers saw nothing to indicate that he was insane, though it appears that they had been notified that he had been in an asylum and had taken French leave of it.

That he picked out Mr. Morgan above all others as the person who had injured him and upon whom he must be revenged was due to the simple operation of one of the rules of the Postoffice Department, with which Mr. Morgan personally had nothing to do. That rule requires that when registered mail is sent to a person doing business under a trade name that person must produce a copy of the certificate filed with the county clerk showing his right to that trade name.

Mackey had registered both as Harold Saxon and as Joshua Danfelson & Co., running a dancing academy for a short time under the first name and intending to do a real estate brokerage business under the latter name. He had hired a box for the mail he received and he couldn't see why, owning such a box, he should have to go through the formalities of showing his right to the trade name.

Secretary Root delivered the address at the formal opening of the Army War College.

WORLD'S GREATEST WARSHIP AFLOAT

Launching of the All-Big-Gun North Dakota.

Quincy, Mass. (Special).—As easily as the canoe in the hands of the Indian guide glides into the lake, the 15,000 tons of iron and steel comprising the hull of America's greatest battleship and her first all-around big-gun naval fighting machine, the North Dakota, Tuesday slipped into the waters of Weymouth Harbor. Without a tremor as the last of the shores was cut away, the great bulk of metal acquired motion. Each instant gave her greater speed, and in less than half a minute her huge keel had parted the river surface, and she was cutting her way through the wide sweep of water toward the farther shore.

A distinguished gathering of officials of North Dakota, together with several representatives of the State of Massachusetts, naval officials and three foreign naval attaches saw the launching.

The party arrived at Quincy on a special train, which was run into the wharf about an hour before the time set for the North Dakota to enter the water. A platform had been erected at the bow of the vessel, and there Governor Burke and Miss Mary Benton, sponsor for the ship, together with Francis Bowles, president of the Fore River Company, took their stand. As the noon whistles blew in the yard the workmen began to knock away the shores. At 12.27 the last piece was cut, giving the vessel motion. At that moment a bottle of beribboned bottle of champagne was swung by Miss Benton against the bow, and she said:

"I christen thee North Dakota."

Before the conclusion of the 3½ months allowed by the government for delivery, however, the hull just launched will present a different aspect. By that time ten 12-inch breech-loading, long-range rifles will have been placed in position, as well as fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire guns; four 3-pound and a like number of 1-pound semi-automatic guns; two 3-inch field pieces, two machine guns of 50 calibre; and two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes. This constitutes the active armament of the battleship. Protective armor to the extent of about eight inches will cover practically every available spot which might be reached by an enemy's guns, and as a result of the recent naval conference many minor details of additional protection will also be added.

When placed in commission, the North Dakota will be 510 feet long on the load water line, with a breadth of 85 feet 2½ inches at the same point. The length over all will be about 518 feet 9 inches. The battleship will have a displacement of 20,000 tons, 2,000 in excess of the original British Dreadnought. It is estimated that a speed of more than 21 knots will be attained on her trial and that the battleship's horsepower will exceed 25,000. Unlike her sister ship, the Delaware, now under construction at Newport News, Va., the North Dakota will be fitted with Curtis turbine engines. Including officers the crew will number more than 900 men. It is estimated that when formally taken over by the government, the North Dakota will have cost at least \$7,000,000 the contract price of her hull and machinery alone being \$4,377,000.

To Captain Charles J. Badger, U. S. N., recently superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, will go the honor of being the first commanding officer of the premier "Dreadnought" of the United States Navy.

DOINGS AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

The Secretary of Agriculture issued a quarantine order forbidding the interstate movement of cattle, sheep, swine and goats from the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland and Union, Pennsylvania.

The Secretary of the Navy awarded the contract for the construction of the 21,821-ton battleship, the Utah, to the New York Shipbuilding Company, of Camden, N. J., at its bid of \$3,946,000.

The postal deficit for the year, according to Postmaster General Meyer's statement, is \$16,910,279, largest in the history of the department. Postmaster General Meyer is now slated to succeed Secretary Root when the latter goes to the United States Senate.

A resolution of condolence and sympathy with the Cubans in the death of former President Tomas Estrada Palma, offered by Secretary Root, was adopted at the meeting of the governing board of the Bureau of American Republics.

A small appropriation by Congress will be recommended by General Allen, chief of the Signal Corps, in order that he may be in readiness to purchase any improved wireless telephone device that may be offered during the next year.

Nearly 3,000,000 was withdrawn from circulation by various national banks in retiring the three per cent. certificates of indebtedness, call for the redemption of which was issued by the Secretary of the Treasury Monday.

The Thatcher Manufacturing Company, of Lane, Pa., and Emira, N. Y., today filed a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission against the New York Central and Hudson River and Pennsylvania Railroads.

Fifty-two complaints against 100 or more of different railroads engaged in the transportation of coke were filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Old Dominion Copper Mining and Smelting Company, of Globe, Ariz.

The Postoffice Department accepted the extensions of pneumatic tube mail service in New York City, connecting the general postoffice with the new mail station in the Hudson terminal building.

MARINES TAKEN FROM WARSHIPS

Important Change in Our Naval Establishment.

AN ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT.

He Directs That Hereafter They Be Employed to Garrison the Navy Yards and Naval Stations and to Be Used for Expeditionary Duties Beyond the Seas.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—The practice of the American Navy since colonial times was overturned by President Roosevelt, who has just signed an order withdrawing marines from duty on board vessels of the Navy. This order is the culmination of a long fight waged by the seagoing officers against the presence of marines on board vessels. For many years the seagoing officers have objected to the presence of marines aboard ship for several reasons. One of these was the fact that the custom of placing marines on naval vessels was a survival of colonial times, when the crews of the fighting ships were impressed, and it was necessary to have a strong force aboard to prevent them from organizing a mutiny. This duty is no longer necessary, and their present work is police and sentry duty.

The seamen object to the presence of marines aboard ship, and it was said by a high naval officer that the order was one of the most beneficial that has been issued in many years. The work now assigned to the marines can, it is declared, be done by seamen.

Aboard ship there has always been more or less friction between the seamen and the marines which has tended to subvert discipline. By removing the marines this difficulty will be overcome.

At present the marine guard of the battleship consists of about 60 officers and men, and the intention is to gradually withdraw these guards from the vessels and substitute for them the same number of blue jackets.

Marines have plenty of shore duty, it is said, which ought to properly occupy their time. It is not the plan of the Navy Department to deprive the marines of all sea duty. It is proposed that instead of each vessel of a fleet having a small marine guard, that a transport with a large force of marines and officers shall accompany each fleet, so that if necessary for any duty they will be at the command of the commander-in-chief of the fleet with which they are serving.

Inauguration Gossip.

Washington (Special).—Hon. Frank Hitchcock, the chairman of the National Republican Committee, is expected to announce in a few days the name of the chairman of the executive committee which will have general charge of the inauguration of Mr. Taft. It is believed that Mr. Hitchcock will appoint Lieutenant General Henry C. Corbin. General Corbin is one of Mr. Taft's warmest friends. He is living in Washington, and his long military service and splendid administrative and executive ability would make him an ideal man for the place.

Declares Dog Committed Suicide.

Evansville, Ind. (Special).—Mrs. Vernon Shrode gave her favorite bull terrier a whipping, and for an hour the animal lay around the house and refused to notice anyone. Then it walked down to the electric railroad track, and as a car approached deliberately stood in front of it and was ground to pieces. Persons who witnessed the death of the dog declared that it was a deliberate case of suicide.

Shot Son Instead Of Deer.

Calais, Me. (Special).—Ward was received here that the 14-year-old son of D. C. Rollins, of St. Stephens, N. B., had been accidentally shot and killed by his father while deer hunting. Mr. Rollins stumbled when about to fire at a deer and his aim was diverted, the bullet passing through the neck of his son, who was in advance of him.

Suicide Burns \$2,000.

Helena, Mont. (Special).—Albert Berger, a former Alaska miner, just before committing suicide at Canyon Ferry, threw \$2,000 in postoffice money orders, payable to himself, in the stove, declaring that the money was in the hands of the government and no one would quarrel over it after he was dead.

Minister Should Get \$1,200.

New York (Special).—That the minimum salary for an unmarried clergyman in the Diocese of New York should be \$1,200 and for a married clergyman \$1,200 and a suitable place to live was the resolution passed amid applause in the annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York.

Chinese Drowned Crossing Border.

Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—An attempt to smuggle Chinamen into this country from Canada ended in disaster, when all but four of the Chinamen were either drowned or dashed to pieces on the rocks of the break-wall near the Buffalo Lifesaving Station.

Stock Exchange Seat \$75,000.

New York (Special).—A seat on the New York Stock Exchange sold for \$75,000. A week ago a seat brought \$70,000.

AWAKENINGS.

What do we know, in truth, about our sleep? Only that dreams sometimes, pursuing, creep Over the unseen bound we call awaking. Know that we gained refreshment or unrest. Whether the dream or waking was more blessed, And that there came a change when day was breaking.

What do we know about our little life— Its toil and pleasure, misery and strife? What shall we know when we have passed its portal? Perhaps we shall remember that we dreamed, That time with sweet or troubled visions teemed, When we are wide awake, alive, immortal.

—Ethel M. Coleman, in The Century.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF DON AND JINGO.

Donald was a dog-lover. Everyone else in his home seemed to have what he or she wanted—all except him! Father had his bicycle—and how he enjoyed it!

Mother had her canary—an ear-splitting, yellow ball of fluff that took infinite delight in drowning all other sounds but his own.

Sister Katherine had her dolls. One doll was silly enough, Donald thought, but Katherine had no end of dolls. The sight of his sister's joy over these foolish dolls made Donald sick with envy. That is the way, but with more reason, that he would feel if he only had a dog!

As the years of his empty life went on—seven dull, aching years had already passed—Donald felt himself like a hypocrite every birthday and Christmas when he asked for "what he wanted most."

"Books," his lips said, while his very soul was crying "dog!"

"A sweater—a V-shaped sweater."

"Dog!" demanded the inner longing.

"Skates."

"Dog!" and so on each year until the eventful year that held the wonderful day.

It was June—full June and vacation just began! The call of freedom only served to make Donald yearn afresh for the companionship of a dog.

He hated to go with boys who owned dogs. He was afraid he would try to win affection from dogs that ought by all divine right to belong to masters only. Once he had made Tom Allen's Trixie follow him a whole mile even when Tom's whistle grew ever fainter and fainter. Tom had told him what he thought of a fellow who would do a thing like that, and Donald, with sullen glance, realized that Tom was right. No, every fellow must have his own dog.

While Donald was indulging in the bitterness of his thoughts, Mr. Steele, his father, came out of the house, and prepared to mount his wheel. He felt the tires, and, when he found them hard and unrelenting, he grew jovial.

"What are you going to do today, Don?" he asked. "Better celebrate the first free day."

"There isn't anything to do!" Donald answered, looking gloomily over the sun-lighted lawn. "What can a fellow do without—a dog?"

"Oh," said father, and he whistled cheerily. "So that's it. Same old dog, eh?"

"Yes. When I'm a man, I'm going to set up a dog first thing."

"Better wait to see what your wife will say."

Burning tears rose to Don's angry eyes. They even jeered at his longing. He could not stand it! He would run away! For a day, anyway, they should seek him and not find him, then maybe they would at least respect his sorrow.

With all his worldly wealth (It was ten cents) Donald slunk from the house. No one noticed him, and beyond the iron gates vacation and a June world lay before him. Seven miles to the west lay Lake Consolation. The name was inviting; besides, it had a good swimming beach. The boys were permitted to go there alone, for it was a safe, shallow lake, and the water was sheltered and warm. Perhaps after walking seven hot, weary miles, his despair would permit of a bath and the pleasure it always brought!

So on Don plodded. Perhaps it was an hour later when, dust covered and weary, he noticed a soft patter behind him. He turned quickly, and there, close at his heels, was a dog. It was a thin, unattractive yellow animal. Its hair bristled up in an unkempt, disorderly fashion, and even Don could see it was just plain—dog! But, oh! its eyes! Brown they were, and faithful and loving. Poor little brute! In all its life, probably, it had never had anyone to be faithful to or to love; but its heart had never lost its willingness to do both, and that accounted for its eyes.

"Whew!" whispered Don; and he sank down on the dusty road and called the dog to him. The yellow stranger took time to consider. A boy walking away from him held possibilities his heart yearned for, but that his experience had often proved unreliable. A boy inviting him to come nearer was another matter. Boys had ways worthy of inspection and caution. The two looked long at each other, and the need in each loving heart sprang into trust. With a wag of a poor scrub of a tail, the dog, like a yellow streak, made for the outstretched arms; and, with the satisfied feeling of a long-cherished desire granted, Don hugged the small beggar to his heart.

"I don't believe you belong to a living soul," whispered Don. Appearances certainly upheld this be-

lief; but the dog, with a confident yelp, acknowledged the fact at once.

"Then—for this day—you are mine!" The thin, squirming body palpitated with agreement.

"Your name is Jingo." Through the empty years that name evolved as one eminently fitting for the dog—that—never—was. The present recipient gave a low whine of delight. Perhaps he, too, had dreamed of Jingo as the name a dog belonging to some one ought to have.

"Come on, Jingo!" Don released the dog, and assumed the kindly, gruff tone of the master of a well-beloved dog, who did not wish listeners to think him weak. "Come on, sir!"

Jingo responded, and at such close quarters that he almost tripped Don up.

The boy began to whistle airily and happily. The dog, feeling his day had come, gave himself up to all the puppy tricks that his starved and unloved youth had denied.

He chased a butterfly, keeping an eye on Don meanwhile. He did not want to trust too far. He ran after a squirrel, and then dashed back at Don's whistle as promptly as if he had been trained in the most select kennel. He pranced and tore around in circles. In ten minutes he learned to "beg," and by an innate instinct common to all animals he began to look hopefully to Don for something in return for the begging.

Then did Don regret having left home unprovided with food. He began, without hope, to feel pangs of hunger, and an awful alternative faced him. To go home and get food meant to part with Jingo! The misery of this sudden realization turned him ill. He bent down and clasped the yellow dog to his breast. Had he courage to die for Jingo!

Well, if death awaited them, at least they would have their fling now. Lake Consolation was but a mile distant. There lay distraction for an hour. They scampered on.

They swam in the warm, shallow water; they lay and dried upon the smooth, sunny beach, and then went in again. Jingo displayed a passion for kissing his newly-acquired master, and also for nipping his bare ankles with the abandon of a dog who had had ankles at his disposal in the past!

Boy and dog were supremely, absolutely happy, but hunger and a vanishing day warned them that earthly joys were fleeting.

At last Don faced the final argument: he was starved to death! "Come on, sir," he said in so tragic a tone that Jingo whined, and gazed tenderly into his master's eyes.

Slowly, ploddingly, the two retraced their steps. There was no butterflies and little sunlight. The wagging tail drooped; the boy, tired and weak from lack of food, bent and gathered the dog to his heart. Both were silent now. Jingo grew heavier and heavier. He slept trustfully in the safe shelter of the dim, June twilight. Don's tears fell upon the rough, yellow hair. They were the tears of renunciation.

Then up the road, in the gloaming, came Temptation. It was in the form of a traveling lunch wagon, and was in command of a smooth-spoken man, keen for trade.

"Fine animal, you're got there!"

"Yes," said Don proudly.

"Good watch dog?"

"You bet!" Had not Jingo watched all day?

"Well, the dog I had last, he used to sit on the seat of my wagon and bark, while I had to leave now and then for business. I want to get another dog, and I don't mind paying for him. How about a nice chicken pie now and a bottle of fresh, creamy milk?"

Did that man recall the days of his own boyhood?—the wet hair, the empty stomach that accompany the runaway bather? All the hunger rose in Don at the call, and Jingo rose, too, sniffing eagerly as he braved his little fore paws against his master's shoulders.

"Make a trade? Chicken pie and a glass of milk agin a yaller dog!"

"You said a bottle of milk!" Don broke in.

"That's fore I got a good look at the animal," the man laughed coarsely.

"How much is your chicken pie?" Don asked with dignity.

"A nickel."

"How much is your milk?"

"A dime, a bottle; a nickel, a glass."

"Give me a pie and a glass of milk."

"And what do I get in return?"

"A dime," Don returned, and he showed his money.

The man picked out the smallest pie poured out a meagre glass of milk, and handed them to Don.

The boy put Jingo and the glass upon the ground in close range; and Jingo, driven by hunger and unhampered by self-sacrificing ancestry, drank that milk as fast as he could lap it.

Don gave the glass back to the man and picked the dog up.

"You won't part with the dog?" asked the fellow.

"No!" Don spoke sturdily, although he had already planned just how he was to part with his treasure in a short time.

A half-mile from home Don halted. The chicken pie was in his coat pocket—Jingo was nosing it rapturously.

"Jingo—we've got—to—say—good-by!"

The yellow dog wiggled from the clinging arms. Boy and dog were on all fours now.

"I never had such a day!" Don gave a dull sob.

Jingo evidently agreed with him, for he whined pathetically.

"I—I—know—you—won't—think me—a mean—sneak—old—old fellow, if I give you—the—the cut—will you?"

Jingo considered. "Now speak, sir!" Don took out the little chicken pie and held it alluringly close to the sniffing nose.

Jingo decided to think well of his master, and voiced his opinions in shrill yelps.

"Good-by." The boyish head was pressed against the shaggy sides. "Speak, sir!"

"Sir!" spoke in no doubtful terms, and sprang toward the pie. Don put it down, waited until the sharp little teeth had crunched into it, then he turned and fled.

Don could not sleep well that night; weariness, sorrow and blighted affection kept him awake. He tossed on his bed in his moonlighted room and thought of—Jingo. Then upon the midnight air there arose a deep, full howl, the cry of a wanderer who sought aid.

Don flew to the window. There on the bright lawn sat Jingo. He had digested his chicken pie and was ready for his master.

Another howl. Don heard his father stir in the room beyond.

"Go away, sir!" It was his father's voice, stern and commanding.

Jingo, like any right-minded dog who had had a master for a whole day, answered by a series of defiant yelps.

"He'll wake Katherine," came in a frightened whisper from mamma. Don heard his father going down stairs. It was time for action.

In white pajamas he ran from the room, and joined his father in the lower hall. "Father!" a sudden and awful fear possessed him. "It's only—Jingo."

"Jingo!"

"Yes, sir. My dog Jingo."

Mamma was listening from above.

"How did he become your dog, Don?"

Then outpoured the pitiful story, accompanied by the yelps and demanding howls of the outcast.

"I didn't disobey, father. I tried to unown him, but—you—see."

"Jingo is evidently not content with his day," father was laughing. "He wants more. Let's take a look at him."

The door was opened and Don called. In rushed Jingo, very yellow, very bristling, very much annoyed at the delay, but frankly delighted with his welcome.

Don never understood, but suddenly mother said, "Let him stay for the present."

It was up to Jingo after that to make permanent the "present."

And he went resolutely to work. Never was more love and devotion wrapped up in a shaggy yellow body. With good food and proper attention the yellow hair became soft as silk and the lean body round and comfortable. He guarded everything that belonged to the family with a fierceness out of all proportion to his size, and for him Katherine deserted her army of dolls. He rolled after Mr. Steele's wheel, and he cocked his head in adoration when the canary sang. He knew no jealousy or guile, and he was as faithful as old dog Tray.

But to Don did he give the worship of his sunny nature. No call could lure him from his master's side when Don said, "Here, sir!" To see Don stalk abroad among the other fellows with their dogs was a goodly sight, and it all came from recognizing the "day" and making the most of it.—Harriet T. Comstock, in Christian Register.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

CORNSTALK PAPER SAID TO BE ASSURED

Government Experts Announce Success of Their Experiments to That End.

Experiments conducted by chemists of the Bureau of Forestry and of Plant Industry in the new laboratories at Washington have demonstrated, it is said, that paper can be made from cornstalks, by much the same process as that used in treating wood pulp, at a cost, when machinery has been perfected, of a little over half the cost of making it from wood pulp. The scientists feel sure that it is absolutely practical, the newly discovered process having been subjected to every test.

Samples of the cornstalk paper made by Dr. H. S. Bristol and his assistants were shown recently. It is made in five grades of different color and texture. The first grade is of dark gray color and heavy texture, resembling parchment. It is almost as tough as sheepskin and commercially might be used for many purposes. Another grade is of a lighter gray of the same character. There are two shades of yellow and one of white.

The white paper is made from the hard outside shell of the cornstalk, and the yellow from the inside, or pith. The yellow paper has a large fibre, and in many respects is like the paper manufactured from rags and linen, soft and pliable, and might be utilized by newspapers.

In making paper from cornstalks the scientists have used the "soda-cooked" process, which is acknowledged by paper manufacturers to be the best means of making paper from wood pulp. The cornstalk pulp is cooked for from two to two and a half hours; it takes from twelve to fourteen hours to cook wood pulp.

Dr. Bristol says he has already made paper from cornstalks almost as cheaply as it can be made from wood pulp. It has taken fifty years to develop the present methods of making paper from wood pulp. Dr. Bristol believes that when proper machinery is built and the farmers realize that a good revenue may be derived from the sale of cornstalks, paper will be manufactured from the new material at half the cost of wood pulp paper.

With wood at \$3 a cord, paper is made from wood pulp at a cost of \$13 a ton. Cornstalks can be bought for \$5 a ton and the paper made with the present primitive machinery for \$14 a ton.



PLANTING COWPEAS.

Thorough preparation of the soil before planting is as profitable for cowpeas as for any other crop, the greater the care in this respect, the greater the satisfaction and profit in the yield.—Indianapolis News.

USE ALL THE LAND.

There should be no idle land in a well-managed garden. As soon as one crop has matured the land should be put in another crop, or if it is in the fall some sort of cover crop should be sown.—Indianapolis News.

PARSNIPS AND SALSIFY.

Parsnips and salsify require the same culture, except that parsnip seed should be covered quite shallow and salsify deeply. Sow during the month of May and thin to 3 inches. Both are entirely hardy, and may remain in the ground during the winter. The winter supply may be dug up in the fall and packed in sand in the cellar or stored in pits.—American Cultivator.

A PLAGUE OF POTATO BEETLES.

In two counties on the eastern shore of Maryland a specialty is made of early potatoes for the Northern market, and the district this year has been invaded by potato bugs in vast armies which in neglected fields stripped all vegetation and ruined the crops. The potato raisers of the two counties bought about 650 tons of paris green this year and spent about \$800,000 for the poison and labor of application.—American Cultivator.

BEST ROOT CROPS.

The best root crops are mangold beets, but an acre of turnips will sometimes yield six hundred bushels. Both roots are laxative foods, and when fed with silage and hay furnish a good substitute for summer feed. We plant so that we can do most of the work with the horse cultivator. Five to six pounds of mangold seed and three to four of turnips are planted to the acre. Plants are thinned to four inches apart in the row.—W. D. Hurd, Experiment Station, Orono, Me.

TOP DRESSING FOR ORCHARDS.

Fall top dressing is undoubtedly the best mode of manuring orchards wherever they are not making sufficiently vigorous growth. It is the only way to manure pear trees without inducing blight, as it usually does if the manure is plowed in. It is never advisable to manure trees heavily at one time. A slight top dressing every fall is more favorable to vigorous growth, productivity and exemption from disease. In manuring orchards are careful not to use straw or other coarse manure, in which mice may harbor, and injure the trees while the ground is covered with snow in winter.—Weekly Witness.

CARE OF BLACKBERRIES.

The essential point in growing blackberries successfully is a moist soil, not one in which water will stand, but one rich enough in humus to hold sufficient moisture to carry the plant through the growing season. It is usually best to plant the blackberry bushes in the fall, setting the smaller growing kinds four by seven feet apart, and the larger varieties six by eight feet. Thorough cultivation throughout the season will help in a material degree to hold the moisture necessary to perfect a good crop. The soil should be cultivated very shallow, so as not to disturb the roots. Breaking the roots starts a large number of suckers, which have to be cut out and dropped.

Blackberries, like dewberries and raspberries, bear but one crop on the cane. That is, canes which spring up one year bear the next year. From three to six canes are sufficient to be kept on each hill. The superfluous ones should be thinned out as soon as they start from the ground. The old canes should be cut off, soon after fruiting, and burned.—Indianapolis News.

A FINE YELLOW CLEMATIS.

The only yellow flowered clematis worthy of the description is C. roematis tangutica, a comparatively new plant from China, says the Gardening World. The color is most striking, and the form of the flowers is no less distinct and remarkable. Each flower is produced singly on stems four to seven inches in length. The shape is that of a tulip, and each bloom depends gracefully from the tip of its slender stem. Clear golden yellow, shaded or blended with greenish yellow, is as near a description of the color as words can give. It is a most unusual shade of yellow, and is very attractive. The habit of the plant is that of a sub-shrubby climber; it grows about six feet high or more, if carefully trained, but it is, perhaps, more correctly described as a plant of rambling habit. At any rate, the most pleasing effects are obtained by allowing the growths to clamber at will over a dead (or living) bush, or a few pea sticks. There seems to be a chance of raising a series of remarkable hybrids by crosses C. coccinea, etc. Plants may be obtained cheaply, and seeds also are available. Propagation may be effected by grafting or layering.—Indianapolis News.



REMEDY FOR COUGHING HOG.

A mixture of equal parts of licorice and ginger in the hog feed two or three times each day is recommended for the pig that coughs. A lump of coal tar placed well down the throat while the pig is held up on its feet is also good.—Weekly Witness.

GROUND MILLET.

Ground millet seed has a nutritive ratio of 1-5, 4-1 of albumoids and 5-4 of carbohydrates. This is a good fattening ratio. Half millet and half corn, ground fine, will make a more suitable proportion than corn alone. This is especially good for hogs, the pork having a better proportion of lean, while the pigs will be healthier while fattening. Ground millet is a very appropriate food for young pigs giving them a larger and more muscular frame.—Epitomist.

SHAPE CAN BE BRED.

Shape can be bred into your strain if due care is taken to select breeders that are true specimens of the breed. Fanciers pay too much attention to fine plumage, as judges are apt to place the blue on fine feathers, rather than on good shape. Breeders who are in the initial stages of building up a strain would do well to get the shape fixed, then cover it with as nice clothes as possible by breeding up. He then has a strain that is all fitted for table poultry and when he sets an individual with fine plumage the two strong points should make it a high scoring specimen.—Farmer's Home Journal.

COW DEMANDS REGULARITY.

The dairy cow is a good timekeeper and knows very well when milking time comes. If she is neglected and allowed to go far beyond the regular time she begins to worry and loss follows. There are some cows that certain milkers can never get clean. They milk out all that flows readily and strip around once or twice, then call it finished. With some cows this answers, but with others the milker must reach well up on the udder and work it with a sort of kneading process. A little manipulation of this sort will cause the whole quantity to flow into the teats, whereas without there will be from a gill to a pint of the richest milk left in the udder every time, which means a premature dry cow.—Weekly Witness.

PIGS IN THE ORCHARD.

A writer in Rural New Yorker says that before the pigs are turned out to a clover sod they should have nose rings, not for the good of the pig, but for protection of the sod. It is but a little trouble to insert the ready made wire rings, which cost fifteen cents per one hundred, assorted sizes. The nippers for placing the rings cost twenty cents each. Place ring in the nippers, and while the pig is eating reach down and place the opening in the ring over the gristle part of the nose, close the nippers quickly and the job is finished. We have placed forty rings in their noses within twenty minutes. When we pasture pigs in the orchard we do not ring them. We think it advantageous to the tree and fruit to have the ground rooted up thoroughly. We are inclined to think this method is more beneficial to plum than to peach trees, especially in producing fruit. Our plum trees develop wood and a quantity of choice fruit, while the peach trees develop wood and less fruit.

INBREEDING ON POULTRY.

Experiments made at the North Dakota Experiment Station to determine the comparative effect of inbreeding in poultry showed that thirteen out of twenty-six eggs laid by three inbred grade pullets were hatched, and ten out of twenty-four eggs laid by four inbred Plymouth Rock pullets. In each case there were three deformed chicks. Twenty-one out of twenty-five eggs and twenty-two out of twenty-seven eggs laid respectively by two and three-year-old hens, and two grade pullets (not inbred in either case) hatched, and none of the chicks were deformed. For four months another record was kept of the egg yield, and it was found that with four inbred hens it was 42.5 eggs per hen as compared with an average egg yield of sixty per hen in the case of three hens two and three years old not inbred. The inbred hens were very erratic in their performances. They would lay heavily at times and then cease altogether.—Farmer's Home Journal.

North and South America have 11,063,000 Germans or German-speaking people.

Steals Seventy-two Glass Eyes.

Six dozen glass eyes and several pairs of opera glasses and field glasses were appropriated by a burglar who broke into the store of an optical company at Denver, Col. The burglar was nifty, for he hammered out a square of the window front large enough to climb through into the interior of the place. There was no clue left by him, except one footprint on the window ledge. Two entire showcases were looted before the man decided to leave by the back entrance.

Wealth is mental; wealth is moral. The value of a dollar is, to buy just things: a dollar goes on increasing in value with all the genius and all the virtue of the world. A dollar in a university is worth more than a dollar in a jail; in a temperate, schooled, law-abiding community, than in some sink of crime, where dice, knives and arsenic are in constant play.

If a trader refuses to sell his vote, or adheres to some odious right, he makes so much more equity in Massachusetts, and every acre in the State is worth more in the hour of his action.—From Emerson's Essay on "Wealth."

THE Roosevelt News

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RAHWAY AVENUE.

We believe the council should at the very earliest possible moment commence operations for the contemplated improvements on Rahway avenue. This being one of our most important streets, it deserves immediate attention.

With uniform width established of sixty feet, all buildings moved back on the line, with sidewalks and curb, it will attract the attention of visitors and will be an inducement for people to live here, as the present condition of our streets is one of our greatest drawbacks.

Property will increase in value, more business will be done, and, with all this in view, it should be one of the first things to claim the attention of our borough council.

THE SIDEWALKS

An extension of time until May 1st has been granted the residents of Woodbridge avenue to lay their sidewalks. Under the present conditions we believe this is a very good move, as it gives everyone a good chance to get the work done at a fair price. When the bids for laying the sidewalks was accepted and the contract given for a certain amount per foot, every one, of course, took it for granted that was the price they had to pay.

But when the thirty days were up, so much of the work had been contracted for by other parties, that the original bidder asked to be released from his bid, a request which was granted by the council.

Consequently those who were depending on the building of their walks by the borough were (using a popular expression) "up a tree"

We think it would be wise in any future contract for sidewalks to give the necessary thirty days' notice, and, at the expiration of that time, to advertise for bids for the uncompleted portion, the exact number of feet being readily obtained.

If "pull" counts for anything Chas. P. Taft ought to land in the senate.

BRYAN says he will be a candidate again in 1912 if his party wants him.

Overburdened With Memory.
"Your son tells me that he is going to take lessons to cultivate his memory."
"I hope not," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "He can remember every fool tune that was ever whistled."—Washington Star.

Quite Light.
Marie—I think Chollie is a delightful dancer. He's so light on his feet! Lillian—When you're better acquainted with Chollie you'll discover that he's light at both ends!—Town and Country.

An acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia.—Macaulay.

The Hat and the Tilt.

There is an amusing English definition of "gentleman." It is "a man who wears a silk hat and if he has no other title insists upon having 'Esq.' added to his name when letters are addressed to him."

The west end Londoner of social pretensions accepts this definition in practice. Summer and winter, in rain or shine, he wears a high silk hat in the streets of London and carries it into the drawing room when he pays an afternoon call. It is only when he takes a train for the provinces or for the continent that he ventures to use more comfortable headgear. He also expects to have the distinction of "esquire" when a letter is addressed to him and is highly offended if he finds on the envelope the prefix "Mr." As a matter of fact, the number of English gentlemen who are legally entitled to the mediaeval honor of "esquire" is insignificant. It is a self-assumed title which signifies nothing that is substantial in rank or privilege. In common use in London "esquire" simply means that the person so addressed does not choose to be associated with tradesmen and ordinary working people and that he is a "gentleman" who invariably wears a silk hat.

The Flag.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental congress resolved that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars on a blue field. On Jan. 13, 1794, by an act of congress, the flag was altered to fifteen red and white stripes and fifteen stars. On April 4, 1818, congress again altered the flag by returning to the original thirteen stripes and fifteen stars, as the adding of a new stripe for each additional state would soon make the flag too large. A new star is added to the flag on July 4 following the admission of each new state.—New York American.

Force of Habit.

"The question of enlarging the church comes up tonight, John, doesn't it?"
"Yes, dear, and we expect to have a lively time. They tell me the opposition to the pastor will be strong. Where's my overcoat? Oh, yes! And now I want the tin horn and the cow-bell and the big rattle."
"Mercy, John, what are you going to do?"
"Do! Why, I'm going to root for the pastor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Estimate.

"Old man Titewad must be worth a billion dollars," observes the man with the ingrowing mustache.
"Nonsense!" says the man with the dejected ears. "He hasn't over a hundred thousand to his name."
"But I was estimating it at what he would be worth if a dollar was as big as he thinks it is."—Chicago Post.

An Order Not Obeyed.

An exasperated Irish sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:
"Halt! Just come over here, all of ye and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin', isn't it?"

LOST!

Gold watch and Fob disappeared from the washroom of U. S. M. R. Co. \$20 Reward will be paid and no questions asked for the return of same, if left at gate house.

H. NEDERBURGH.

Sea Roses.

The sea rose is a leathery looking creature which attaches itself to a stone at the bottom of the sea in its infancy and ultimately attains a size about three inches in length and an inch and a half in breadth. When quiet and feeding under water its top opens and blossoms into the semblance of a large pink rose, with petals fully an inch long, a really handsome object. As soon as it is disturbed, however, it shuts itself resolutely into its leathery pod.



In Your Trunk

snugly packed where it's handy to get at is a good place to put a bottle of

Good Old Sherry

before leaving to take that trip. If you want to add a bottle of health-invigorating Rye or Bourbon we can supply it. Our store is the precise place to get good liquors at. Prices are always reasonable.

...Carteret... Liquor House

MAX GAST, Prop.

100 Rahway Avenue

The First Cookbook.

To the Romans belongs the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan, 114 A. D. Here are two recipes from this ancient collection:
"First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and lazer root. Cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water."

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar; add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped up yoke of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."—Chambers' Journal.

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes. If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side. You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side. You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

J. STRAUSSER Boarding and Livery Stable

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at All Hours.

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STABLES, RAHWAY AVENUE

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POPULAR LINE OF CIGARS

RESTAURANT ATTACHED

Mixed Metaphor.

The late Mr. Ritchie when chancellor of the exchequer once asserted that "the question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention." His immediate successor in office, Austen Chamberlain, remarked at the Liberal Union club's dinner that the harvest which the present government had sown was already coming home to roost.

Sir William Hart-Dyke has two conspicuous "howlers" to his credit—the description of James Lowther as having gone to the very top of the tree and landed a big fish and the comforting assurance that his government had got rid of the barbed wire entanglements and was now in smooth water. Among other political examples of mixed metaphor are the predication ascribed to a labor member that if we give the house of lords rope enough they will soon fill up the cup of their iniquity and an Irish member's complaint that a certain government department is iron bound in red tape.—London Standard.

A Fable.

Once Upon a Time there was a Young Man who met Two Nice Girls, who were Constantly Together. Now, he was an Astute Young Man, and he desired to say Something Pretty and Agreeable to the Ladies, but he knew that if he paid a Compliment to One of them, No Matter which, the Other would be Hurt.

So he Thought Rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know Why you Two Girls are Always Together!"

"Why?" asked the Two Girls.

"Because Everybody says that A Handsome Girl Always Chooses a Homely One as a Companion, So That Her Beauty may be Enhanced by the Contrast."

After Such a Remark, either Both Girls would be Angry with him or De-lighted.

And what Do you think Happened?

The Two Girls Blushed and said he was A Flatterer and went their way Together, each Happy for Herself and Sorry for the Other.—London Answers.

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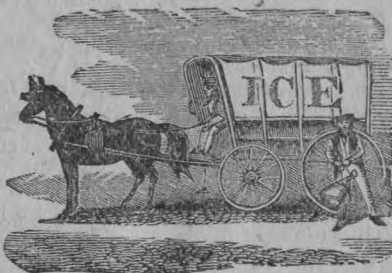
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CASH OR CREDIT

CHROME—and—RAHWAY

Fortunes of the World are Founded on Oil.

Joe Chansior, now several times a millionaire, was, not so long ago, a clerk in Los Angeles. He borrowed some money for the purpose of operating in California oil; the result was that it made him one of the wealthiest men in the State. John A. Bunting, formerly a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, through the investment of \$170.00 in California oil land, became a millionaire.

We could tell you of innumerable others. Why were Bunting, Chansior and many others, who made their money through investments in oil, successful? Because they were sure, level-headed, observing men possessing unbounded confidence in the great future of the California oil fields and the oil industry. The demand for oil is increasing daily. The consumption far exceeds the output. Several oil companies paid substantial dividends when oil was selling at fifteen cents per barrel. Oil is now selling at SIXTY CENTS PER BARREL at the well. The total dividends for the year 1908, from all the oil companies now doing business in California, not including the Standard, will probably reach the \$6,000,000 mark, and reach the \$10,000,000 mark for the year 1909. Therefore, the natural conclusion to arrive at is INVEST IN OIL SECURITIES; INVEST AT ONCE. We are offering for sale a limited number of shares on what we consider to be one of the best Companies operating in Kern County, in fact, in California. We refer to the stock of the KERN ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY. The stock of the KERN ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY is the best oil proposition ever offered the investment public. This company owns free of incumbrance FORTY ACRES IN THE VERY HEART OF THE KERN RIVER OIL DISTRICT, and situated on the Southern Pacific Railroad. It adjoins the San Joaquin Oil and Development Company's property, which was recently merged with the Associated Oil Company, WHOSE STOCK IS NOW SELLING AT \$34.00 PER SHARE. It also adjoins the justly famous Discovery well, where oil was first discovered in the Kern River oil fields. THE KERN ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY has two wells on its property. Well No. 1 IS IN OIL and gives about sixty-five barrels of oil per day. With a greater depth and a more approved pump, the production will be largely increased. The Company desires to sink four more wells and to install modern compressed-air pumps. We believe that well No. 2 will, with greater depth, produce a large and inexhaustible oil supply, as are the other wells on adjoining properties. We are offering a limited number of shares in this Company at 20 cents per share. Do you realize what that means? It means that in purchasing this stock you become interested in a company that can produce the oil. It is not a case of "They may," "They should," but "THEY ARE."

Let us again impress upon you these highly important facts: The property is a producer; is entirely surrounded by reliable producing properties; that there is sufficient acreage (forty acres) to justify the drilling of forty more wells, all of which would be in the very core of one of the richest oil-producing districts in the world. Remember that Kern County produces as much oil as any other three oil-producing counties in California. Shipping facilities could not be better, for the property adjoins the Southern Pacific tracks. The Company has valuable assets in improvements. Two wells, derrick, tanks, tool and bunkhouses, etc. Before accepting the fiscal agency of The Kern Associated Oil Co. we thoroughly investigated every detail pertaining to the Company and its property. We did not take snap judgment; we never do; consequently want to assure you that the stock of this Company at twenty cents per share is the most unparalleled opportunity for the investor that ever came under our observation. We sincerely believe that the Kern Associated Oil Co. is destined to pay dividends as surely and as regularly as is the Associated Oil and other companies operating on adjoining properties, and we see no reason why within twelve months the stock should not be quoted at many times its present selling price. We unhesitatingly advise you to buy every share you can possibly afford. Watch the stock advance from twenty cents to two dollars. Do not delay. Get your order into us quickly.

\$20 will buy 100 shares; par value, \$100.
\$50 will buy 250 shares; par value, \$250.
\$100 will buy 500 shares; par value, \$500.
\$500 will buy 2,500 shares; par value, \$2,500.

From the above cash price you may deduct five per cent. If you are not prepared to pay cash, then buy on our easy-payment plan of one-fifth cash and one-fifth monthly.

100 shares for \$20—pay \$4 down and \$4 monthly.
250 shares for \$50—pay \$10 down and \$10 monthly.
500 shares for \$100—pay \$20 down and \$20 monthly.
1,500 shares for \$300—pay \$60 down and \$60 monthly.

THE STOCK OF THE KERN ASSOCIATED OIL CO. IS THE BEST BUY ON THE MARKET TODAY. ACT QUICKLY, BEFORE THE SHARES ARE ADVANCED IN PRICE.

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Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars
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All the latest Periodicals and
Magazines.

Try a glass of our delicious
Ice Cream Soda.

THE ROOSEVELT NEWS ON SALE

A Human Bungalow.
Pilkson didn't impress you favorably, then?
"No; he's just a bungalow."
"A what?"
"A bungalow. He hasn't any foundation."—Newark News.

A Freak.
Jubb—Why, Jimmy, you look as if you'd grown four feet since I last saw you. Jimmy—Huh! I wish I had. I'd exhibit in a dime museum as the "human quadruped" and get a pile of money, I would.

A Simple Method.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

I am a judge on the bench.

One morning when I was disposing of a number of cases, any one of which would make a refined and tender heart bleed, I saw a young couple, evidently still in their teens, come into the courtroom. Both looked sullen, and the girl wife especially wretched. Both were poorly clad, a consequence, I judged, of difficulties between them. The young husband gave every evidence of being able to make a living for himself and his wife except for some especial obstacle. The wife had a sweet face and was very pretty. While sitting on the seat of judgment, sending hardened criminals to their punishment, I kept my eye on this couple. Experience told me that one had come to make some complaint of the other's treatment; but, familiar as I was with real guilt, I knew that it did not belong to either. When I had disposed of the bulk of my cases I called the couple before me and without inviting either to state the difficulty between them I asked:

"How long have you two been married?"

"Just one year today," replied the girl sadly.

"And this is the anniversary of your wedding day. You come here with what you consider a trouble. Do you know that you have no trouble?"

There was no reply to this. Both stood mutely belying my statement by the misery of their appearance and the expression on their faces.

"How old are you?" I asked the husband.

"Nineteen, your honor."

"And you?" of the girl.

"Seventeen."

What should I do with this boy and girl to turn their antagonism into forgiveness and affection? Suddenly it came to me as an inspiration from heaven.

"Sit down there, side by side, and think pleasant things of each other. Mind, you are not to think anything disagreeable. If such things come into your heads, drive them out at once and begin again on something affectionate."

They did as I bid them, while I proceeded with the remaining cases to come before me. I still had my eye on them and found them an interesting study. The husband sat for awhile with a lowering brow, but he was evidently trying to do my bidding, and after awhile I noticed that it had relaxed. The wife apparently found it easier to think pleasantly of him, and presently I saw her steal a glance at him. It was anxious, pleading, loving. His hand was on the seat and partly covered by her skirts. Hers disappeared from view, and I knew that it rested on his. I waited a moment to see if he would withdraw his, and when he did not I knew that the case was won.

A pleasurable feeling came over my hardened judicial heart, and, looking from this comparatively innocent pair to creatures into whom only divinity could inject a mite of the good, I wished that I might be endowed with such divine power. I sent one who had inherited sin and had lived since birth in its environment to jail, another to the workhouse, a third I dismissed with a warning. Men and women, even children, I disposed of mercilessly. Then when I had attended to all I called the young couple before me.

"This is the anniversary of your wedding," I said. "You remember how happy you were on that day. You remember," to the husband, "how pretty she looked. Well, she is as pretty today, only senseless bickerings have kept you from work, and she is not so well dressed. And you," to the wife, "don't bother him about unimportant things, nor importune him, but dust trouble off him every day as you dust your rooms. It is the wife's part. Now go and celebrate your first wedding anniversary."

They turned away, but I noticed that there was something on the man's mind. The wife came back and whispered to me:

"He has nothing to celebrate with."

I put my hand in my pocket and drew forth some bills. "This is for the supper," I said, "and this for theater tickets. Have a good time and don't ever come here again on such an errand."

As they left me the man had an abashed look, while his young wife's face was wreathed in smiles. As I looked at them I felt the justice in my charge to the girl that it was her part to ward trouble from her husband. Whatever he felt he had no ability to show; what she felt was as plain as the sun in heaven.

The case, though different from the thousands that came before me and refreshing as it was, had passed out of my mind when one day on taking my seat for my day's work I saw on my desk a cheap glass vase containing a bunch of ordinary flowers. Before it rested a card on which was written: "From the garden of our happy home. Second wedding anniversary of John and Mary Hilton."

Having no remembrance of John and Mary Hilton, I gazed at the plebeian gift puzzled. Looking up, I saw at the farther end of the courtroom a girl waving a handkerchief and smiling. Her face was familiar, and I knew she was bent on attracting my attention. Then it came over me that she was one of the couple I had by my simple expedient saved from a marital separation and its consequent miseries.

Once a year I find flowers on my desk, and once a year I am buoyed to endure the melancholy work which Providence has assigned me.

EDMOND COMPTON.

The Russian Joke Teller.

Story telling and jesting have always been counted the favorite amusements of semibarbaric people. To the first we owe the "Arabian Nights" and to the second the clowns, who were formerly the appendage of all great houses. In Russia the paid joker still flourishes, and the people pay so much an hour to listen to his jokes and witticisms. He provides himself with two or three hundred tickets, and, mounting a sort of rostrum, he announces that he is going to regale his audience with choice tidbits of mirth provoking lore. He begins selling tickets at a penny each, and when he has sold enough to warrant his beginning he turns himself loose, and the audience remains spellbound by his humorous stories for an hour or two. A recent traveler who saw a number of these jokers in St. Petersburg says, "I listened to them several times, and, although I could not understand one word the joker said, I was sure from the way the audience greeted his stories with roars of laughter that the jokes were above the average."

Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the one time famous scout of the plains, grew old he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten miles of the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And, what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four miles. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more!"

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there. You like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a brilled beaver tail the whole time I was there!"

My Fight With Paintlegs

By JACKSON MUNDAY.

I spent thirty years in the Southwest as cowboy and ranchman. My family were people of consequence in Kentucky, but they had lost everything in 1837 by the failure of the State banks and the ensuing panic. And that is how I happened, when a lad of nineteen, to go with Waugh to his ranch at Zapato Springs and begin life as a line-rider.

I knew nothing of ranching except from report and was, in the parlance of the time, a "green hand from the States." When I alighted at Waugh's, my only possession likely to be useful in my new calling was a lariat of braided hogshead, which I had purchased at a store on the distant Brazos.

I did not make friends quickly with the men, I did not gather a penny's worth of information in a week of time. I found it galling as well as mystifying to have my questions curtly answered in a borrowed and foreign vernacular: Si, na, poco tiempo or quien sabe.

Waugh's departure quickly followed our arrival—he had two large ranches, on which were both horses and cattle—and no one seemed authorized to furnish me with horse, saddle or information. And so I lounged idly or practiced with my lariat upon an accommodating hound pup which followed me about.

So matters ran for a week or more, much to my disgust, and then came a change, sharp, decisive and welcome. There was a gathering of men and horses and a hurry of preparation one morning. An indifferent cow-pony, an old saddle with worn cinches, and a bridle to match were given to me, and I was ordered to "throw on leather" with the rest.

There was to be a horse rodeo or roundup at the big stone corrals on Clam Creek flats, and we jog-trotted thirty miles between breakfast and high noon. I rode with Curly Jack, an Alabama boy, who was obliging enough to talk, and I learned much about the new business of ranching.

At Clam Creek we met another "outfit" of men, our "cook wagon" came up, and we planned our campaign for the following day.

I found myself with Curly Jack again, and we two swung off to the left of the scattering army to "ride out" the arroyos, or gullies, of a hog-back or ridge which lay between Clam Creek and Zapato Springs. We were to drive all the horses we should find to the stone corrals, some ten miles above our starting-point.

Curly Jack and I had ridden over perhaps half the route assigned to us, and had a small bunch of horses going in our front, when a band of fifty or more, led by a white pony with black stockings, burst from an arroyo and sped away in our front.

"That's Paintlegs and his band," said Jack. "I low he'll jump the mabada in about an hour."

Then my companion explained that Paintlegs was a fleet seven-year-old mustang, which had escaped the branding-iron, and that neither hand nor rope had ever been laid upon him. Paintlegs was fleet as a jack-rabbit, elusive as a heel-fly and as "ugly" as a tigercat.

No rodeo could tangle Paintlegs in its coils, and he had learned to leave his hand to hang about the stone corrals, always keeping at a safe distance, until his herd, or some portion of it, was again turned out to him.

By rightfall most of the horses within a radius of fifteen miles or so had been gathered and penned at the big, round stone corrals, where colts were to be branded and fresh horses subdued by professional mustang-breakers.

With the work of branding and breaking in my time of trial had come. Like most Kentucky boys, I was fond of horses, and was accounted a good horseman, where the term means something. But I must confess that after watching the work of the mustang-breakers, when my turn came to ride a "broken" pony I mounted the blindfolded and trembling brute with a large respect for its fighting ability.

The pony, a rangy buckskin, had been ridden once by a breaker, and was turned over to me for my use. Of course I was "pitched" off time and again, and finally the breaker had to take my pony in hand again. It was my first experience of the tricks of the genuine "bucker." I retired to my blankets the butt of the camp, sore of body and of heart.

On the next morning, after the herders had penned the stock, a "gentle" horse was given me to ride. The animal was pronounced "not a pitcher, but a plum runner from way back."

And he ran with me, an exhilarating dash straight up Clam Creek slope toward the mesa. I let him go—that kind of riding suited my style exactly. When near the mesa level, however, the treacherous rascal vaulted skyward and came down upon his head and forefeet in a lightning stop.

I was thrown so violently that my bridle rein was wrenched, broken from my hold. I got to my feet unhurt, but had the chagrin of seeing my pony scamper away to freedom with saddle and bridle attached. It would take two line-riders a half day, perhaps a whole day, to round the animal up and bring him in.

I was disgraced in the eyes of all those splendid horsemen.

The misery of it blurred my eyes with tears. I stood looking after my pony and dreading to go back to the rodeo. Then I was aroused by a shrill, angry snort upon my left. I turned to find Paintlegs, the wild mustang, threatening me with stamping hoofs and snapping jaws.

This beast had been continuously circling the rodeo, showing himself a dozen times in the day as he trotted upon the mesa slopes calling to his band. He feared the rope of the range rider and kept at a safe distance, but here was a man afoot, a strange, detached creature, and I was quickly made to feel that the mustang's fear of me was not great enough to save me from attack. The vicious brute, beating the ground with his hoofs, squealing with anger and clacking his jaws like a mad boar, was already advancing.

Back he came, swift as a returning boomerang. He wheeled so short, to stop his downhill rush, that he stood, for an instant, like an equestrian statue, erect upon his hind feet. His charge was again quick and furious. I leaped and again narrowly escaped a crushing blow.

Then I made a rapid dash down the mesa slope, wheeling as I again heard the clatter of his hoofs behind. This time he was going like the wind. I struck at his head with my noose and leaped aside at the same moment. His speed was too great to permit him to deliver the side stroke, but I felt the coils of my riata go whirling out of my left hand. I clung to the rope mechanically and turned to see Paintlegs rearing with my noose in his teeth.

Quite by accident he had caught the poorly flung loop in his wide-open jaws, and not feeling its light strain in his mad excitement, he wheeled upon his hind legs as before. Catching the rope with both forefeet, and became entangled as he thrashed about. Enraged and frightened, he pitched and plunged, drawing his nose and forefeet into coils which I could tighten at will. Then in a mad leap, he threw himself with his head twisted under his shoulders, in a way that would have broken the neck of an ordinary horse.

As he lay panting and helpless, the cheers of the cow-men came up to me from the corrals. They had been watching my fight.

I advanced boldly, for indeed I was no longer afraid, and placed myself astride the fallen mustang. I leaned over, uncoiled the rope from one foreleg and loosened the coils upon the other. Paintlegs, with me on his back, struggled in a dazed way to his feet. With legs gripping his thin flanks, while the half-stunned pony stood quivering and snorting, I leaned forward, grasped the riata behind his jaw and drew the remaining coils off his leg.

Still Paintlegs stood, painfully musing, his nerve-centers shaken by the wrench to his neck. And the noise of cow-men came up to me in a series of hilarious whoops which set my nerves tingling with the joy of capture.

As much in response to them as with intent to start Paintlegs, I sank my spurs into the mustang's flanks, lashed him with the end of the riata, and yelled like a Comanche. Then Paintlegs gave a great leap and went faster and faster toward Clam Creek. Our flight was meteoric. I think we must have gone a mile in less than two minutes, and as we passed the rodeo, I saw its stone fences lined with the men who had mounted and were swinging their sombreros in a furor of cowboy excitement.

I had gathered in my rope and now, by a hard, outward pull upon the mustang's jaw and swelling tongue, I not only kept a firm seat, but drew Paintlegs off a straight course and, avoiding the creek, swung him round in a wide ellipse. Again we passed the corrals and the shouting cow-men.

All the mustang's energies were concentrated in that burst of crazy running. In an incredibly brief space of time, we had swung round the corrals in a two-mile circuit accompanied by cries of jubilant encouragement. On we sped, my arms aching with fatigue from the steady pull. Foam flew from the mustang's jaws, and his white flanks dripped rain down my legs. Three times we raced round that wide course, and then, when I was ready to drop from my seat from sheer exhaustion, two pony riders swung into line, one upon either hand, in my front.

Each whirled a riata. I understood their purpose and leaned far back to give them room. I held to Paintleg's mane, and threw my own rope loosely across his neck. The cow-men's swift ponies were now able to keep the pace, and the riders dropped their nooses over Paintlegs' head and hauled steadily at his neck. Soon his leaps grew feebler and slower, slackened to a series of weak lunges, and I leaped from his back clear of danger.

Thus was Paintlegs captured and my standing fixed at Waugh's. Most generously the wild riders applauded the exploit, and Paintlegs was taken in hand by a "professional" to be thoroughly broken to my use.

Oddly enough, the mustang never was a "pitcher," but became a sober and honest cow-pony whose extraordinary fleetness was a matter of pride at Waugh's until, three years after his breaking, he was captured in an Apache night rush upon one of our camps.—Youth's Companion.



NEW EXPERIENCE FOR A LION.

Capt Hennebert, of the Belgian army, who has long been in the African service, amused a lecture audience a few weeks ago with a story about a young black woman he saw last year on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, at one of the missions of the White Fathers.

"I must tell you first," said the Captain to his audience, "that at those Catholic mission stations the black women are invariably clad in a cotton gown extending from their shoulders to their feet. This young woman went out into the forest to pick up dead limbs for firewood.

"She tied up her bundle of fagots, balanced it on her head and was trudging home along the narrow path when just as she turned a sharp corner around an enormous rock she saw a large lion in the path, and they were instantly face to face in uncomfortably close quarters.

"The girl stopped so short that her bundle of wood fell to the ground behind her. The sudden apparition caused the lion to settle back almost on his hind quarters. He was getting into the attitude for a spring, but his surprise was so great that very likely he did not know exactly what he was going to do.

"Quick as a flash it occurred to the woman that if she turned to flee she would probably be killed at once; and simultaneously she did the thing that saved her life.

She gave one pull at a cord and her gown was loose and open from top to bottom. She whipped it off her shoulders, swung it through the air, and the cloth came down like a mop over the face of the lion.

"This was an entirely new experience for the animal. He was blinded, baffled, dumbfounded. He sprang out of the path, and fled like a rabbit.

"No one knows just how it happened, but he carried the gown with him. A bit of it may have twisted around his neck or perhaps some of it got into his mouth; at any rate, the lion and the gown disappeared together into the bush, and the young woman was not anxious to hunt for her garment.

"Some astonishment was created by the reappearance of the girl in the village with her bundle of wood on her head, but in the attire of the mothers of the previous generation, which was nothing at all. Bits of the gown were later picked off the bushes for some distance from the place of this curious meeting, and the larger part of it was finally found in one piece, but so full of holes that it was beyond patching.

"The girl was the village heroine, very proud of her sudden fame and quite certain also that she had no desire whatever to meet another lion."—New York Sun.

A TEACHER BY ACCIDENT.

Stephen A. Douglas, who is now chiefly remembered as the rival of Abraham Lincoln, was, when the rivals met in joint debate fifty years ago, the centre of a national interest. He was born in Vermont, but after removing to New York, and before finishing his academic course, he started for the West. His money was not sufficient for the needs of his journey, and he reached Jacksonville, Ill., with only fifty cents. At Winchester, ten miles away, writes Prof. Allen Johnson in his biography of Douglas, a school-teacher was needed, and hearing of this, the youth set forth on foot for Winchester.

Accident, happily turned to his profit, served to introduce him to the townspeople of Winchester. The morning after his arrival he found a crowd in the public square, and learned that an auction sale of personal effects was about to take place. Every one was eager for the sale to begin. But a clerk to keep record of the sales and to draw the notes was wanting.

The eye of the administrator fell upon Douglas. "He then spelled his name with the double s." Something in the youth's appearance gave assurance that he could "cipher." The impatient bystanders "lowed that he might do," so he was given a trial.

Douglas proved equal to the task, and in two days was in possession of five dollars for his work.

Through the good-will of the village storekeeper, who also hailed from Vermont, Douglas was presented to several citizens who wished to see a school opened in town, and he soon had a subscription list of forty scholars, each of whom paid three dollars for three months' tuition. He found lodgings under the roof of this same friendly compatriot, the village storekeeper, who gave him the use of a small room adjoining the store-room. Here Douglas spent his evenings, devoting some hours to his law-books and perhaps more to comfortable chats with his host and talkative neighbors round the stove.

For diversion he had the weekly meetings of the Lyceum, which had just been formed. He owed much to this institution, for the debates and discussions gave him a chance to convert the traditional leadership, which fell to him as village schoolmaster, into a real leadership of talent and ready wit.

Even while he was teaching school, Douglas found time to practice law in a modest way before the justices of the peace, and when the first of March came he closed the school-house door on his career as a pedagogue. He at once repaired to Jacksonville and presented himself before a justice of the Supreme Court for license to practice law. He was duly admitted, although he then lacked a month of twenty-one years of age.

THRILLING TRIP IN A BALLOON.

Thrilling adventures with the wind and water are added to the stories of the international balloonists in their race flight from Chicago to establish a new long-distance record. The Canadian balloon King Edward, containing John Bennett as pilot, and Gerald Gregory, fifteen years old, dropped into Lake Michigan twice.

Like the Villa de Dieppe, the French balloon, in which Capt. A. E. Mueller and George Schoenech nearly lost their lives when it was ten miles out from the Illinois shore, the King Edward sank into the water and submerged the two occupants to their shoulders. They were nearly in mid-lake when the balloon took its first dip.

"We had just lost sight of the sky-rocket display in Chicago when we suddenly felt ourselves sinking into the lake with a fearful drop," said Gregory, who returned with the balloon, which finally landed near Port Huron, Mich.

"We had our heads down in the bottom of the basket arranging things for the night, and when we looked up again we were not more than 100 feet from the water. We immediately tossed over nearly all our ballast, but we could not stop the car from striking the water. It caused a great splash and we were in the lake up to our waists.

"Two of the sacks of sand were washed off, and we managed to get up again after being in the water about five or ten minutes. We had our life preservers on. Then we ascended to a height of about 1000 feet, and went along at a fast pace. We could not see the water below. Suddenly we felt ourselves dropping again.

"This time the descent was more rapid, and as we had thrown all except two bags of the ballast overboard we were at a loss what to do. We shot down into the lake as if we were diving into it.

"The water came into the basket, and we were forced to climb into the netting above. We tossed out everything we had, including provisions, and rose again.

"Before we went up we were bouncing along over the waves, driven by the wind, and I thought we never were going to get up into the air again. When we finally did go up we went fast. Mr. Bennett said we went up 6000 feet in six minutes.

"We had no sand, and when we came in sight of Lake Huron early in the morning we decided not to risk the chance of crossing it, as the distance was 150 miles. So, although we were up at an altitude of 5000 feet, we came down gently. I landed about ten miles from a farm where I am going to spend my vacation."

BOYS BATTLE WITH SNAKE.

Dan Russell, of Brownsville, and Wren Tyus, residing west of town, went fishing Thursday in Big Hatchie River near Van Buren, nine miles from here. As they stepped into the boat they noticed a big moccasin snake crossing the stream. They agreed to follow and kill it.

They had hardly left the side of the river when the moccasin discovered their design and came back, meeting them in midstream, showing fight by his upright position. Russell struck the snake with an oar and sent him under the water. He came up more vicious than ever. He struck savagely at the boat and its occupants and made a dash for the inside of the boat.

In their efforts to keep the snake out the boys overturned the boat and both were in the water with the mad snake. They dived and came up directly opposite the reptile. A second dive was made and the snake followed Tyus and bit him in the thigh. He came up calling for help.

Russell managed to get him to the bank and examined his wound, which was fast swelling. He carried him to his home near by and there medical assistance was rendered. He is very sick, but the attending physician thinks he will recover.—Brownsville Correspondence Nashville American.

EDITOR A WEATHER PROPHET.

The editor of a country paper received the following query: "Can you tell me what the weather will be next month?" In reply he wrote: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He went in the next day and squared his account.—Printer and Publisher.

FIGHTING BOB AT FORT FISHER.

With four wounds in his body, prone and helpless, young Evans was exposed to a bitter fire for more than five hours. Three men who tried to rescue him were shot dead in his sight. But when night came two sailors found him and carried him back to his ship. That was when and where he began to be called Fighting Bob.—Broadway.

BEECH LUMBER.

Beech lumber has the lowest market value of any American wood. Lumbermen pay \$4 a thousand feet as against \$35 for oak. It is used in the mines for ties, posts, stringers and rails in buildings for studding, rafters and joists, and should be used at home, reserving more valuable trees for important use and for sale.—Arboriculture.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The consumption of sulphate of ammonia is estimated at 40,000 metric tons per annum, of which about 5000 tons are produced in Spain.

A quadrangular screen, which opens or closes as a door to which it is attached at the top is opened or closed, invented by a Kansan, is said to prevent flies and other insects from entering a house.

Although the name of Pasteur generally is associated with the treatment of hydrophobia which he discovered, he also discovered the way to kill the micro-organisms which sour new wine, and an effective remedy against the parasites which kill silkworms before they spin their cocoons.

At a cost of nearly \$5,000,000 the British Admiralty will construct a line of huge concrete blocks at Spithead to force vessels to use a defined channel. Naval manoeuvres have shown that it is possible for small craft to creep up to the shore at night.

Astronomers of note are inclined to the theory that the eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered last winter, is the missing Lexell comet, last seen in 1779, close to the planet.

Paradoxical as it may seem, farmers' wives of Berks County, Pa., keep sweet corn perfectly fresh all winter by salting it down in stone crocks or cedar tubs.

The beneficial effect of storage upon the sanitary quality of water is now well established. A further contribution to the data on the subject has just been made public in the form of a report by Dr. A. C. Houston, director of water examinations, Metropolitan water board, London. Eighteen 4000 c. c. portions of water, divided equally among the Thames, Lea and New Rivers, were infected with from forty to 8,000,000 typhoid bacilli. At weekly intervals bacterial counts were made until no typhoid germs were found.

Samples of pure air from a height of eight and a half miles have been collected by Teisserenc de Bort, the French investigator, in his observations on the rare gasses, especially argon, neon and helium. The collecting apparatus—a vacuum tube drawn out to a fine point at one end—was carried up by a large sounding balloon. At the desired height, an electro-magnetic device operated by a barometer broke off the point, admitting the air, and a few minutes later a second contact sent a battery current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All samples thus obtained show argon and neon, no helium being found in air from above six miles.

SEVEN SISTERS IN WEDDING PARTY.

Mrs. John Sweeney, 1579 Kenmore avenue, and seven of her eight daughters helped to make up a unique wedding party Wednesday night when two of the daughters—Miss Katherine and Miss Alice—were married in St. Mary's of the Lake Church to Thomas J. Hyland and Gerald Dunne respectively. Because of the close family resemblance between the young women much facetious apprehension was expressed by spectators lest the young brides to be experience embarrassment at the altar.

The brides were attended by the twin sister of Miss Katherine, Mrs. Walter Birmingham, while four other sisters fell in line as bridesmaids, one sister being ill. The bridesmaids were all similarly attired.—Chicago News.

AN AQUATIC OUTFIELDER.

One day last week a ship was lying at anchor at Boca Grande when the crew observed a dolphin chasing a flying fish, both coming directly toward the ship.

On nearing the vessel the flyer arose in the air and passed over the bow, just about the foremast. As it did so the dolphin went under the ship and coming up on the other side sprang from the water and caught the flying fish on "the fly," just as it was curving gracefully down in its descent to the water.—Punta Gorda Herald.

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There is a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast in England, to every thirty-four miles in Ireland and to every thirty-nine miles in Scotland.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY, REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

NEWSPAPERS AS INVESTMENTS.

As Secure as Stock in Any Well Conducted Enterprise.

The newspaper of to-day is the product of a combination of professional experience, skill and capacity and of large capital. The former may be of the greater importance in the combination, but conditions are such as to render the latter by no means unimportant. In this connection, a timely subject for discussion at press gatherings would be the suspicion with which bankers and capitalists generally look upon newspaper properties or newspaper securities as an investment.

A financial interest in an old, well-established newspaper is as secure a form of investment as stock in a carefully conducted manufacturing enterprise, as brewery stock, as bank stock itself. And still men with a newspaper training but, as is generally the case, without the capital necessary to the conduct of a newspaper under existing conditions, often have the greatest difficulty in inducing capital to join them in enterprises that may mean to them a great professional opportunity. All sorts of enterprises, even desperate mining enterprises, can command the interested attention of capital when it looks askance at well-established newspaper enterprises.

Perhaps one reason is found in a prejudiced tendency to attribute selfish or personal motives, when occasionally men of means are persuaded with difficulty to aid in such enterprises, whereas the real motive is local pride or a commendable willingness to assist newspaper friends to their opportunity or simply a desire to make a safe and profitable investment.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR PARCHMENT, A FROCK.

Amelia Rives, like Edith Wharton, began to write when she was a small girl, the difference being that while the latter was carefully trained to it as a task, Amelia Rives was more or less repressed by her circle of relatives, who quite despaired of being able to divert her to anything else. Finally, they tried removing from her all traces of paper upon which she might write, and a clever way she found out of it. Carefully smoothing her starched white frock, the young author wrote all that she had to say upon its friendly surface, and the opposition fled.—New York Press.

Professor Wasserman of Berlin has succeeded in finding a serum which cures ptomaine poisoning.

UPWARD START

After Changing From Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils, and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee."

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

For the Younger Children...



A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW. There's a picture in the window of a little shop, I know...

and lift up their wares, saying, "Ten zentz; twenta-vive zentz," etc. As they had very pretty things...

What do you think the girls and boys will eat in those far days?

BABIES TO SELL. "Dear me! What do you call that?" The missionary shaded her eyes from the setting Indian sun...

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL. Among the captives carried away from the land of Israel by the army of the King of Syria...

A WISE PROVISION. If the world were to become birdless, it is estimated that it would take only nine years for the bugs and insects to eat up all the crops...

INDIANS. As I spent two months of the past winter in California, I thought I would tell you of some of my experiences on the way out...

A WHALE. Perhaps you would like to hear about the whale I saw on my way to Maine this summer...

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



AIR AS A STIMULANT.

The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well known, and everyone has felt the invigorating influence of fresh air...

STRETCHING CURTAINS.

Now that fall house cleaning is engrossing so much attention, it is well to know that when stretching curtains, especially those beginning to show a little wear...

BURLAP APRONS.

Sensible garden aprons are made of burlap with huge pockets, so that it will be easy to carry the necessary implements for gardening...

KITCHEN UTENSILS.

It is the custom of many housewives to use sandsoap for scouring and cleaning almost anything in tin or agateware in their kitchen...

It Made a Difference.

A Chinaman of noble birth had been invited to dine at William's home. His mother was very anxious that the guest should not be made uncomfortable...



Butter Scotch.—Two cups sugar, two tablespoons water, a piece of butter size of an egg...

Cocoanut Fudge.—Two cups white sugar, two tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup milk...

Stuffed Raisins.—Cut open choice raisins on one side and remove the seeds; fill with bits of blanched almonds...

Rice Griddle Cakes.—Two cupfuls of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar...

Plain Waffles.—Take a cake of any good yeast and make a sponge in the evening in the usual way...

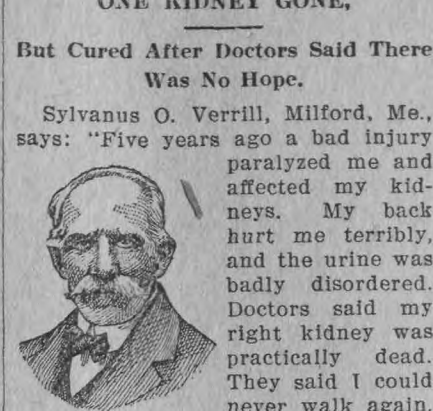
Cherry Jam.—Stone the cherries and allow, after weighing, an equal quantity of sugar. Place in a porcelain-lined preserving kettle...

Truthful Answer.

He was a beggar, with old, worn clothes, unwashed face, unkempt hair and unbrushed shoes...

Young man, you see me as I am, wearing the habiliments of an outcast. Yet I am honest, and I will give you a truthful answer...

ONE KIDNEY GONE, But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.



I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain...

Government Caught an Octopus.

The big Government dredge Cumberland while at work with her giant suction pump in the Savannah River...

Breaks a Cold Promptly.

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds: One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla...

LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, take advantage of the opportunities for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man...

Farquhar

Engines, Corn Shellers, Boilers, Cotton Planters, Saw Mills, Stocks, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS GENERALLY.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more good; brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers...

CHICKENS EARN MONEY!

Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results...

Advertisement for PISO'S Coughing Spells, Cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc.

SEVERE BLEEDING HEMORRHOIDS,

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now eighty years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding..."

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Of the English in India, there are six men to one woman.

Islands For Sale.

It may perhaps be of interest to some of your readers to hear that in the South Seas there is a number of small islands at present on the market.

Among these may be mentioned Sophia Island and Nassau Island, both about seven days by steamer from Samoa...

Last year I visited the New Hebrides group, where there are also several islands for sale, but these are not so healthy as others...

Well Understood.

Barber (looking for business)—"Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease...

He Had Reformed.

"Uncle Mose," said the drummer, addressing an aged colored man who was holding down a dry goods box...

For Sale

6000 Money-making Farms in 14 States. Strout's mammoth illustrated catalog of barns...

Advertisement for Looking Ahead, featuring a man in a suit.

Insist on Having

FOR Dr. MARTEL'S Preparation The Standard Remedy. FRENCH DRUG CO., 30 W. 32d St., N. Y. City.

PATENTS \$25.00

We pay all expenses except Government fees—No extra. Our book shows how to write for a patent. THE INDUSTRIAL LAWYERS, Inc., 170 Broadway, New York.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials & 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, 109 B. Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM

now curable; thousands cured; relief speedy; guarantee given; price low. Write quick. THE WRIGHT MED. CO., Peru, Ind.

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary...

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND For proof of this statement read the following letters.

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles..."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills...

W.L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world...

HELP FOR WOMEN

Insist on Having Dr. MARTEL'S Preparation The Standard Remedy. FRENCH DRUG CO., 30 W. 32d St., N. Y. City.

PATENTS \$25.00

We pay all expenses except Government fees—No extra. Our book shows how to write for a patent. THE INDUSTRIAL LAWYERS, Inc., 170 Broadway, New York.

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RHEUMATISM

now curable; thousands cured; relief speedy; guarantee given; price low. Write quick. THE WRIGHT MED. CO., Peru, Ind.

Advertisement for SKREEMER SHOES FOR MEN, featuring a shoe illustration.

Taft Is Now Elected!

Good Times Are Coming.

And now is the time to get your Building Lots, as you can buy some of the best lots in the Borough as low as \$250 a lot, which will surely double in value in the very near future.

Also a couple of nice Houses for sale at very reasonable prices and easy terms. For particulars see

J. STEINBERG, Chrome, N. J.

HENRY'S RESTAURANT

CANDA HOTEL, CHROME, N. J.

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

We make a Specialty of family board

We cater to the best.

H. RICHELMAN, - - - Proprietor

TRY

REIMANN'S

CELEBRATED HOME MADE

BREAD, CAKE AND PIES

The American Pie Bakery,

138 Rahway Avenue

SPECIAL NOTICE

Big Sale, Meats and Groceries

Rib Roast,	14 cents lb.
Sirloin Steak,	14 cents lb.
Round Steak,	14 cents lb.
Porter House Steak,	16 cents lb.
3 lbs. Chuck Steak,	25 cents.
California Hams,	10 cents lb.
Regular Hams,	13 1-2 cents lb.
Bacon,	15 cents lb.
Fresh Hams,	13 1-2 cents lb.
Fresh Shoulders,	10 cents lb.
Pork Loin,	14 cents lb.
Leg of Lamb	18 cents lb.

Groceries

3 cans Peas, 25 cents
3 cans Tomatoes 25 cents

Every'ing at the Lowest Prices

This is our first Specil Sale, and we invite everyone to give us a call.

B. Jacobowitz,
Lefferts Street, Carteret, N. J.

In a Signal Tower.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Ten years ago I was employed in a signal block tower on a railroad. These towers are used to operate the levers controlling the semaphores which direct the engineers of passing trains. They are raised high above the tracks, and those located out in a sparsely settled country are lonely places. At that time some of the towers were worked by women, and I was one of these women. Indeed, I was a girl of twenty. My duties were not onerous. I had time for sewing or fancy work or music, the latter of which I was very fond. I had the night watch, and I and my colleague of the day watch kept our quarters in spick and span condition, with plants in the windows—indeed, everything to make the place homelike.

Our tower was some distance from any house, but I was never lonely or afraid, for at the approach of danger I could lock myself in, and with arms and ammunition the place had great advantages for defense. But I never thought of defending myself, for I could see no reason why I should be attacked.

One evening shortly before dark I was singing, accompanying myself on my guitar. I did not hear a footstep ascending, and suddenly, looking back of me, I saw a man standing in the room. He was quite respectfully dressed, but there was something in his face I did not like. Bowing to me deferentially, he said:

"Pardon me for this intrusion. I heard the music and was surprised that it should come from a railroad watch tower. I am very fond of music, and your voice is delicious. Would you mind my sitting here," taking a seat, "while you sing?"

I was not deceived by his smooth tongue, but what could I do? I must meet deception by deception. I appeared flattered by his approval and continued my singing, though with a trembling voice. The song was "In the Gloaming." It was very appropriate, but I was not thinking of the gloaming. I was thinking how I might outwit some nefarious scheme I was sure the man had in view. It occurred to me to play Miss Simplicity. As soon as I had finished the song I began to talk about music, how I doted on it and how I felt an immediate liking for any one who loved it. But the man soon turned the subject to my work, asking me all manner of questions with regard to it—the levers, the semaphores and how I threw the trains on to the right track.

I judged from this that he was there rather with some object in view connected with the railroad than myself personally. I made it appear that I was pleased to tell him what he wished to know and talked incessantly in order that I might keep him on that subject, hoping to stave off any intentions he might have with regard to me.

"Now, suppose," he said, "a train should come along. What's the next train?"

"The Bentford express."

"Well, you wish to put it on the right track. What do you do?"

"I pull this lever."

"And if you wished it to take the right hand track of the Y, a short distance up the track, what would you do?"

"I would pull this lever," putting my hand on another.

"H'm. It's very interesting. What a simple system when you once know it."

"Very."

He looked at the clock, rather nervously, I thought, and listened. There was a distant rattle of a train.

"Is that the express?" he asked. "I have no doubt it is."

The expression on his face began to change. The interested look he had thus far worn gave place to one of resolution. He walked back and forth, and I saw him put his hand to his hip. I was satisfied that this was to make sure his weapon was in its proper place, though I did not see why he needed it for a girl like me. Perhaps he was going to shoot the engineer.

When the train came within a short distance of the tower I stepped to the levers and put my hand on one of them. My visitor stooped, evidently so as not to be seen from below.

"Not that," he said from behind: "not that one; the other. Throw the train on the right hand track of the Y."

I heard a click and, looking back, saw the muzzle of a revolver pointing at me. I pulled the lever he ordered me to pull, and the train went thundering by.

Taking a pair of nippers from his pocket, the man cut the wires connecting my telegraph instrument with the main line and, taking a piece of the wire with him, ran out and hurried down the stairs. I locked the door and, staggering to the window, looked out. He was running after the train. He turned and said:

"Goodby, sweetheart. You sing like a nightingale."

As soon as he was out of sight I fell on the floor in a dead faint. Then, coming to myself, I got up and, weak as I was, danced. When he had asked me how to throw the train on to the wrong course I had told him the way to put it on the right one.

I was called on the wire from another station and, not replying, a messenger was soon sent to learn the cause of my silence. Since there was no damage done, the missing wire was the only confirmation of my story. It was enough, and I received a liberal reward. My visitor's intention was never explained. It was doubtless intended to wreck the train and rob it.

HELOISE AMES.

Spider Cures.

In China spiders are highly esteemed in the treatment of croup. You get from an old wail the webs of seven black spiders—two of which must have the owners sitting in the middle—and pound them up in a mortar with a little powdered alum. The resulting mixture must then be set on fire, and the ashes, when squirted into the throat of the patient by means of a bamboo tube, are said to effect a certain and immediate cure.

Black spiders are evidently full of medicinal virtue, for they are largely employed in the treatment of ague as well. In Somersetshire, if one is afflicted with the unpleasant ailment, the way to get well is to shut up a large black spider in a box and leave it there till it dies. At the moment of its disease the ague should disappear. In Sussex the treatment is more heroic; the patient must swallow the spider.

Perhaps, after all, this remedy may not be so disagreeable as it appears, for a German lady who was in the habit of picking out spiders from their webs as she walked through the woods and eating them after first depriving them of their legs declared that they were very nice indeed and tasted like nuts.—London Chronicle.

Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Peking to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at my will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods. "Know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank or what earthly happiness you will, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. We say nothing of the "raptors," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadilloes. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazzajet.—London Saturday Review.

Expected Some Cussing.

A West Philadelphia husband had just comfortably seated himself for his after dinner cigar the other evening when his good wife arose and took the parrot from the room. This done, she picked up a couple of envelopes and approached the old man, all of which occasioned that gent considerable surprise.

"Mary," said he, "what in the world did you take that parrot out of the room for?"

"I was afraid that you might set him a bad example," answered wifey.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wondering husband.

"I mean," answered wifey, handing father the envelope, "that I have just received my dressmaking and millinery bills."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Diving Bell.

The celebrated philosopher Aristotle speaks of a diving bell which was put over the head of the diver, but there is no proof of the use of the bell in ancient times. John Jaesnier, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, makes the earliest mention of the practical use of the diving bell in Europe. In all probability the first real practical use of the diving bell was in the attempt at rescuing the treasures of the Spanish armada off the English coast, 1590 and on.

A Change.

"It used to be the height of my ambition to own a motor car," said the worried looking man.

"And what is the height of your ambition now?" asked his friend.

"To sell it,"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ample Cause.

"What on earth possessed you to become engaged to Herbert?" a young lady asked her friend. "You don't love him an atom?"

"I know," was the candid reply, "but that horrid Jones girl does!"

Poor Angel.

"I wonder," said the sweet young thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?"

"That," said the chronic bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."

Marked Him.

"Are you aware who I am?"

"Sure! Didn't I just call you an old idiot?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MIRROR.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Rena Yeoti was to be married to Johan Tephold. Rena was pretty as a picture and was the envy of all the girls of the village, and all the young men envied Johan his possession of her.

But on the day of the wedding as the young pair were leading a procession to the little church an officer of the law stepped up to Rena and laid a rough hand on her shoulder. She, the groom, the peasant attendants, stood aghast. But the officer, never flinching in his duty, led her away and locked her up in a cell.

Instead of becoming a bride Rena became a convict. Her lover, convinced of her guilt, turned away from her when the judge pronounced the sentence, and she went to her prison home without a word of either sympathy or reproach from him. Only her poor mother befriended her, wept over her, encouraged her.

Rena in prison fell into a stupor. She hardly knew when it was day and when it was night. She hardly thought. After awhile she began to realize her position. She raved and tried to dash out her brains against the wall of her cell. But a sudden thought came over her—a thought with which was allied a heaven born hope. Her beauty—would she destroy it? What use would it ever be to her? Then a possible future reunion with the lover who had come so near being her husband occurred to her. In ten years she would be free.

She knew that she was innocent, and she knew the girl who had committed the crime for which she was accused. But what could she, a prisoner, do to prove the real criminal? For ten years her hands would be tied. Then perhaps she could begin to weave the thread of evidence. And if she succeeded? Suppose Johan were still without a sweetheart? Ah, then she would need her beauty. She would not mar it by striking her head against the wall.

From that moment her looks were all to her. But there was no way of watching it to note if it waned. One article of toilet was denied the women prisoners, a mirror. Often they would plead with their jailers for the coveted glass, but it was never granted them. As the years passed Rena more and more longed to see a reflection of her features. She asked her fellow prisoners if her comeliness were growing less. The most kindly of them told her that she was every day more beautiful. A few inhuman beings told her she was growing homely. Which should she believe? Oh, for a bit of mirror, even the finest, to get one glimpse of her face!

Rena was seventeen when she was sentenced and had served nine years without ever having had that glimpse. Her hair had been cut when she entered the prison and was not long enough for her to see it. One day a hair came out in her hand. It was white. She pulled out another. It, too, was white. They were all white. A prison official came along the corridor. She stretched forth her hands and with streaming eyes implored him to bring her for just one moment a mirror. He shook his head and passed on.

The tenth year had half passed and Rena was looking forward to freedom and a possible vindication when one day an official came to her and told her that the girl who had committed the crime was dead and before her death she had confessed all to a priest. As soon as the formal legal papers could be executed the innocent one would be permitted to leave the prison.

Then came word from Johan that he had loved Rena always, though he had believed her guilty. He had tried to conquer his love, but it had grown stronger each year. He would not be free to come to her till the next day, but he would come then.

Rena dreaded the meeting. When her lover would see that her beauty had gone, that her hair was white, he would surely turn away from her. She did not ask for a mirror now; she dreaded to see what her face was like. She would wait and note by her lover's expression when he saw her whether it was pleasing or disagreeable.

The hours till he came were hours of torture. She had but little hope that any of her beauty remained and believed that her face was as wrinkled as her hair was white. But wait. She would see what it was in Johan's eyes. She sent word to him to bring a mirror when he came.

Johan was there at last. A jailer came to Rena's cell and said she was wanted. He led her to a reception room, where she stood alone. A door opened, and a man with grizzly hair and a habitual melancholy stamped on his face entered. He stopped, looked at Rena eagerly as though confused between two pictures—pictures of the then and the now. Presently a pleasurable expression began to steal over his features as a pleasing dawn rises in the sky, and, starting forward, he took her in his arms.

"My—my"—she gasped—"is it all gone, Johan? For the love of God tell me, and tell me truly!"

"It is different, sweetheart. There is a splendid contrast of young face and snowy hair. Here, look for yourself."

He held up a mirror. Rena turned away her face.

"Don't be afraid. You will be pleased."

Rena turned and looked. For a moment she seemed stunned by her white hair, but gradually her face lighted with an expression of relief and satisfaction.

GRACE ETHEL WEEKS.

DIRECTORY OF CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. H. K. Young Pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening service, 7:45; Sunday school at 2:30 P. M.; class meeting, 11:30 A. M.; Junior League, 3:30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL. Rev. Cortland Mallory, Pastor. Evening service every Sunday at 7:30; Sunday school at 2:30 P. M., commencing November 1st. Holy Communion Sunday morning, Nov. 1, at 8 A. M.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. E. R. Brown, Pastor. Morning service, 10:45; evening service, 7:45; Sunday school, 2:30; Christian endeavor, Wednesday evening at 7:45.

ST. JOSEPH'S R. C. Rev. J. J. O'Farrell, Pastor. Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school, 2 P. M.

ZION CONGREGATION. Rev. Herman Hunzinger, Pastor. Services, 3 P. M.; Sunday school, 2 P. M.

DIRECTORY OF SOCIETIES AND LODGES.

COURT CARTERET. No. 48, F. of A. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, at Firemen's Hall. C. R. Martin Rock, F. S., W. H. Walling.

QUINNIPIAC TRIBE. No. 208, IMP. O. R. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at Firemen's Hall. Sachem, Martin Rock; C. of W., W. B. Keller.

WOODMAN OF THE WORLD. Meets 4th Friday of the month, at Firemen's Hall. C. G. V. Gleckner; Clerk, Thos. Devereux.

MIDDLESEX GROVE. No. 33, U. A. O. D. Meets alternate Wednesdays, at Firemen's Hall. E. E., Adam Beisel; F. S. P. Schroer.

COMPANIONS OF THE FOREST. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at Firemen's Hall. C. C. Mrs. Eliza Staubach; Fin. Sec., Mrs. Mary Coachinberry.

BRIGHT EYES COUNCIL. No. 39, D. of P. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays, at Firemen's Hall. Pocohantas, Mrs. E. Staubach; C. of W., Mrs. Cochenberry.

GERMANIA CIRCLE. No. 3. Meets alternate Wednesdays, at Firemen's Hall. E. E., Mrs. F. Rossman; F. S., Mrs. Annie Schuck.

WORKMANS CIRCLE. Meets 1st and 3rd Sunday at Glass's Hall, Alex. Lebowitz, Pres., B. Blumberg, F. S.

DIVISION NO. 7. A. O. H.—Meets 2p and 4th Tuesdays at Joseph's Hall. President, Thos. Bradley; F. S., D. O'Rourke.

CARTERET LODGE. No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening, at Glass's Hall, N. G., D. C. Winchell; F. S., G. M. Pirrong.

FIRE SIGNALS.

For the benefit of our readers, and those that are interested, we print below, the official fire signals which were adopted by the board of Engineers, on June 1st, 1908.

The boundaries of the Fire Districts of the Borough of Roosevelt are as follows:

- No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River.
- No. 22. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River.
- No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Leibig's Lane.
- No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Rahway avenue to Pierce's Creek.
- No. 31. Leibig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue, to Staten Island Sound.
- No. 32. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue, to Staten Island Sound.
- No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.
- No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.
- No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits.
- No. 45. Boulevard to Rahway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.

One blast for back tap.
One long blast and two short for fire drill.



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For the "NEWS"

\$1.00 PER YEAR