

BEST WEEKLY
ADVERTISING MEDI-
UM IN THE STATE

THE ROOSEVELT NEWS

BY THE PEOPLE
WITH THE PEOPLE
FOR THE PEOPLE

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BOROUGH OF ROOSEVELT AND VICINITY

VOL. IV.

ROOSEVELT, N. J., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911

No. 39.

IDENTIFY BODY AS TUG'S COOK

Man Found Near Port Reading Docks Is Probably Frederick De Berger

MISSING SOME TIME

Jersey City Provision Man Gives Information—Disappeared from Scully Boat

Coroner Fred Garretson has apparently established the identity of the man found drowned on the meadows about a mile below the Port Reading coal docks last Friday afternoon, as Frederick De Berger, a cook of the Scully Towing Company tug Hockendagua, who, it is understood, has been missing. This information was conveyed to the coroner by Peter Degenhart, a provision man, of 33 Hudson street, Jersey City.

New Electric Theatre.

At the new Electric Theatre the pictures are projected in a clear, steady and strong light showing every action and movement to the best advantage. Next Saturday, matinee and evening, 2 vaudeville acts are added features to the splendid picture plays.

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WE like to dwell upon our neighbors' shortcomings. Probably that is the only way we have of showing that we have a regard for virtue and goodness.

Make His Living.
"Don't be foolish."
"Oh, I have to be."
"Don't deceive yourself about it."
"I don't; but, you see, I make my living that way."

Had Sampled It.
"Your wife has a fine mind."
"I should say so. She can tear off a piece of it and give it to me without appearing ever to miss it."

Natural Question.
"You look dazed."
"Do I? I merely have an impression."
"That so? Who hit you?"

Why doesn't some one invent a sidewalk that never gets slippery?

The man who contributes 50 cents to a charity fund gets \$50 worth of pleasure patting himself on the back. Then isn't he indebted \$49.50 to the suffering poor?

Cautious.
"Are you in favor of woman suffrage?"
"Don't you know I am a married man?"
"Well, what of it?"
"Sh! There may be spies in hearing."

His Own Great Foolishness.
Nurdy—Your wife seems to think you'll get bunked if she lets you out of her sight. You must have once done something very foolish to have a woman looking after you like that.
Butts—I did. I married her.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Sure About It.
"You'll be the happiest man on earth, I suppose, when your time's up," suggested the kindly old gentleman.
"Oh, I don't know," answered the convict. "I'm in here for life."—Buffalo Express.

Letting the Cat Out.
Johnny (to his sister's young man)—What cricket club do you play with?
Young Man—I never played a game of cricket in my life. Why do you ask?
Johnny—Cause I heard ma tell Ethel that you were a splendid "catch."—London Mail.

Yawning.
Bill—My doctor says yawning is caused by a deficiency in the air supply to the lungs.
Jill—That's funny, for a fellow usually does his best yawning when somebody is pumping "hot air" into him.—Youkers Statesman.

Locality Lines.

Miss Emma Marks, of Atlantic street, has just returned from her Easter vacation from Mrs. F. Congdon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deborah Rebekah Lodge, No. 59, will hold a ball in Kish's hall, on Friday evening, April 28. A good time is guaranteed.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Niblock, are spending two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Slugg.

Mr. Aleck Bonk and family spent the Easter holidays with friends in Brooklyn.

Carteret Lodge No. 267, I. O. O. F. will attend the Presbyterian church in a body, on Sunday evening, May 7th. Third degree regalia will be worn. All Odd Fellows are requested to make a personal effort to attend.

There will be a free Social and Business meeting held at the Presbyterian church, on Friday, April 21st, at 8 o'clock p. m. All friends of the church are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Harry Morecraft and Miss Josephine Rock were united in marriage, Sunday, April 16, at Asbury Park. After an extended trip through the New England states. Mr. and Mrs. Morecraft will make their home on Carteret avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Quin are the happy parents of a baby girl born Saturday morning.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—One family house, improvements. Will sell at a sacrifice. M. M. ENOT, Harold street. A 20-4t

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Five cents each, White Wyandottes, White Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns, R. I. Reds. Address P. D. McCarty, Millington, N. J., Route 2, or leave orders at NEWS office. A13-4t

FOR SALE.—Two-family House; all improvements; on lot 25 x 135. Low price to quick buyer. Enquire at Roosevelt News office. A6-tf.

THE ROOSEVELT NEWS makes a specialty on Hungarian printing.

'Twas a 10-pound Boy.

The broad smile and general "chesty" appearance of our genial friend "Dick" was caused by the arrival of a bouncing ten pound boy, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman on Washington ave. last Friday Morning.

In the dreary hour of Midnight When you hear the "kiddy" squak, Don't you dare to wake the Missus Dick Just get up and take a walk.

Foresters 20th Annual Ball a Grand Success

The first dance after lent was the Foresters ball, which was held last Monday evening, April 17th, at Kish's hall. Few missed it, as the Foresters always have one of the best dances of the season. The dancing commenced at 8 o'clock, and the comm. had the dancing floor in the very best condition, with the best music that can be obtained, Prof. Lempsey's orchestra of five pieces.

A Woman Wants The Home Paper



MAKE HER
HAPPY BY TAKING
IT THE YEAR ROUND

A Penny Saved Is A Penny Earned

A DOLLAR SPENT AT HOME
Is a Dollar That May Come Back
to Your Purse

HONK! HONK!



Honk! Honk! He's Out Again,
In the Big Fire Automobile.
Around and 'round the Town She Goes
Big Wilhelm at the Wheel.
The Deuce with the Price of Gasolene---
That Goes Up in Smoke;
Big Emil, He Must Learn the Ropes
And the People Pay for the "Joke."

EDITORIAL

From the appearance of the streets in Chrome, no one would think the Borough expended nearly a thousand dollars yearly, for the collection of garbage. If the street committee would drive through some of these streets, they would find work enough to keep the street commissioner busy for weeks.

It is understood that an ordinance has been passed regarding the throwing of garbage into the streets, but, like the Board of Health, is a huge joke.

We would like to have some of our readers take a stroll through these streets, and you will find that we are not exaggerating matters. One man, on C street, makes a business of raising pigs, having several lots enclosed for that purpose. We would be willing to wager that you can see from eight to fifteen pigs roaming the streets any hour of the day—then they say we have a live Board of Health.

The aforementioned streets are torn up for water or sewer connections, by anyone who takes the notion—plumber or no plumber, and the dirt is never properly replaced, if at all. How long is this to continue?

Awful Pun by Pop.



"I don't wish you to have that clerk calling here."
"Why not, papa?"
"Because a dry goods clerk frequently sales under false colors."

The Assembly of Notables.

The assembly of the notables at Versailles, Nov. 5, 1788, will ever stand as one of the great landmarks in human progress, not on account of itself, but in consequence of what it led to. Louis XVI, being in great financial straits, had already called together the big men of his realm, but it is with this second meeting of the great ones that history will ever be the most profoundly concerned. The "notables," made up of the nobility and aristocracy of the realm, listened to their own voices and displayed their gold lace and vanity for something over a month and adjourned without doing anything either for the king or the people. Disgusted with the stupidity and indifference of the notables, Louis convoked the states general, which was composed of representatives of the nobility, clergy and third estate, or plain people. Maddened by the contemptuous treatment they received at the hands of nobles, the delegates of the third estate organized themselves into the national assembly, which in turn organized the revolution.—New York American.

Not every man can be a hero, but every woman can achieve martyrdom.

TELEPHONE NO. 138-L
FOR COAL AND WOOD

If you want prompt deliveries on coal and wood, Telephone 138-L, J. J. Mullan, Woodbridge avenue, Chrome, New Jersey

At Kish's Hall Saturday Night

A Gala Vaudeville Show intermingled with 8,000 feet of feature moving pictures will be demonstrated this Saturday night at Kish's hall. The show will positively start at 8 p. m. and will be over at 11 p. m. There will be eleven numbers; every number a feature. Pictures showing the New York Fire Department in action, the greatest and best fire company in the world. There will be Annette Kellerman, the diving Venus, a Spanish Bull Dog Fight, Dolph Collins, the Whistling Comedian, the Power of Labor, a true story taken from the play of the same name. Many other attractive subjects. No children will be admitted under 16 years of age unless accompanied by parent or guardian.

Last Saturday those that attended received a coupon with the letter J. This Saturday the rest of the initials of the word JACKEL will be given out, and those that secure a full name will receive a beautiful souvenir. No better show has ever appeared than the one that will be shown this Saturday at the small price of 10 cents for children and 15 cents for the grown folks. Come early and secure a good seat.

HORSES FOR SALE

If you need a horse read this: The coal business being about over, I have decided to sell my surplus stock; they consist of eleven head of horses and mares and one pair of good, young mules; are from six to eight years old weight from 1,000 to 1,400 pounds. Any one who needs one or more can purchase them very cheap, as I have no further work for them, and they must be sold. Call as soon as possible, as I do not wish to feed them because I have nothing for them to do. Will give a written guarantee with them for ten days and if they are not as I represent them to be I will not ask you to keep them. SPECIAL—I have three excellent mares that are heavy foal. CENTRAL COAL STABLES, 69 Central avenue, near Washington street, Newark, N. J.

SIGNS FOR SALE—House to Let, Boarding, House For Sale, Store to Let, Rooms to Let, etc., at this office.

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THE NEWS

THOMAS YORKE, Lessee and Mgr.

ROOSEVELT - - - - - N. J.

POLITENESS.

The decay of French politeness has become a subject for passing concern on the part of the French themselves. It has been frequently remarked by visitors to France, who have alleged a change in French manners within the period of their recollection, says the Charleston News and Courier. The same phenomenon is something alleged of the weather in New England. Scientific meteorologists poo-poo this. They declare it to be all out of the question for climate to be materially affected except by imperceptible processes requiring ages to show results. So as to politeness in France; some contend that the change is more apparent than real. Most of those taking part in the controversy insist or admit it to be a fact. These urge that the causes be identified and correctives applied. There is a disposition, of course, to attribute it to women, "especially elegant women whose ill-manners have no limit," as one expert submits. Is the matter worth serious consideration? Or, rather, should not the symptom be welcomed? Is not politeness itself a symptom of decay, like the beauty of old cathedrals, the mellowness of long-stored vintages, or the art of telling the truth? Man in a natural state is not remarkable for good manners and will lie cheerfully. That school which holds that the decadence of a people may be traced by observing its cultivation of the habit of telling the truth would probably reason that the diffusion of politeness is in the same way significant, if a less important barometer of falling physical and intellectual virility. A robust entity does not bother about etiquette.

Modern life is complicated. It is swift. We live at high tension. The sins of society people have become inured to them. Neurasthenia, one knows, is often the inevitable, though much-to-be-deprecated, result of going the pace, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But what is one to think of neurasthenia in the poultry yard? Comes a publication which devotes itself to poultry and other topics of the farm. In it a correspondent writes of the symptoms of one of his hens—listless, nervous, indifference to food and society. And the editor replies that the symptoms are those of a nervous disease, and he declares that the only cure for the hen is the rest cure in some quiet retreat, away from the feverish atmosphere of the poultry yard. This is a withering indictment of present-day civilization. A neurotic hen—think of that! A debutante of last season, no doubt, who should now be in the full feather of glorious youth a victim of nerves!

The form of Curtiss biplane which travels on the water and land as well as in the air is winning admiration at San Diego. The machine is a standard biplane equipped with bicycle wheels and a pontoon about three feet wide by twelve feet in length placed immediately beneath the aviator with its long axis at right angles to the planes. At the extremities of the lower plane are two small triangular copper tanks, whose function is to prevent the planes from cutting too deeply into the water. Mr. Curtiss seems to have thought of everything but a name for his novel craft. The suggestion that it be known as the hydroterroplane shows closer acquaintance with the classics than with the habit of the American people to insist upon cutting long words short.

The February fire loss this year in the United States and Canada amounted to \$16,415,000. While a million more than the February loss last year and \$300,000 in excess of the February loss in 1909 this was five millions below the aggregate for last month, and somewhat below the average monthly loss during the twelve months last past. There is nothing alarming nor is there anything encouraging in the fire loss figures of the first two months of the present year. On account of a heavy loss in January, they are eight millions in excess of the total for the first two months of 1910, but half a million below that for the corresponding period of 1909.

Because a Chicago man insisted upon being a candidate for trustee of one of the large New York life insurance companies, the company has been obliged to spend about \$50,000 in having ballots and proxies printed in eleven different languages and mailing them in sealed envelopes to all parts of the world. He is the only candidate on the so-called policyholders' ticket, although 38 trustees are to be elected. It was a wise law which made provision for policyholders' tickets, but in this instance it has not been advantageous from a financial viewpoint, at least.

IS HERE TO STAY

Control and Publicity for Public Service Corporations.

VERDICT OF PROMINENT MAN

Theodore N. Vail, President of Western Union and Telephone Companies, Recognizes Rights of the American Public.

Public regulation of public service corporations has come to stay. It ought to have come and it ought to stay. That is the flat and unequivocal assertion of Theodore N. Vail, president of both the American Telephone and Telegraph company and the Western Union Telegraph company. It came in the form of his annual report to the seventy thousand stockholders of the two great corporations. Although Mr. Vail's advocacy of full publicity in connection with the affairs of such concerns was well understood, nobody in financial circles had anticipated so frank an avowal of full public rights in the shaping of their general conduct. It came consequently as a surprise, not only because of its novelty and squareness, but also on account of the unqualified acquiescence of a board of directors comprising such eminent and conservative financiers as Robert Winson, of Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Henry L. Higginson of Boston, Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Senator W. Murray Crane, George F. Baer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Norman W. Harris, John I. Waterbury and others.

President Vail's declaration is heralded as the first recognition by those in high corporate authority of the justice of the demand that the public be regarded as virtual partners in all matters that pertain to the common welfare. He goes directly to the point.

"Public control or regulation of public service corporations by permanent commissions," he says, "has come and come to stay. Control or regulation, to be effective, means publicity; it means semi-public discussion and consideration before action; it means everything which is the opposite of and inconsistent with effective competition. Competition—aggressive, effective competition—means strife, industrial warfare; it means contention; it oftentimes means taking advantage of or resorting to any means that the conscience of the contestants or the degree of the enforcement of the laws will permit.

"Aggressive competition means duplication of plant and investment. The ultimate object of such competition is the possession of the field wholly or partially; therefore it means either ultimate combination on such basis and with such prices as will cover past losses, or it means loss of return on investment, and eventual loss of capital. However it results, all costs of aggressive, uncontrolled competition are eventually borne, directly or indirectly, by the public. Competition which is not aggressive, presupposes co-operative action, understandings, agreements, which result in general uniformity or harmony of action, which, in fact, is not competition but is combination, unstable, but for the time effective. When thoroughly understood it will be found that 'control' will give more of the benefits and public advantages, which are expected to be obtained through such ownership, and will obtain them without the public burden of either the public office-holder or public debt or operating deficit.

"When through a wise and judicious state control and regulation all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of state ownership are secured, state ownership is doomed."

"If Mr. Vail is right," says Harper's Weekly, in a concise summing-up, "then it seems pretty plain that we are entered upon a new era in both economics and politics. And it is high time we did if evolution is to supplant revolution as an efficient force in the development of civilization."

Fighting Man.

It is man's nature to fight. It is his merit to fight for what he believes to be right. Courage and bravery are not achieved by hiring a lawyer. A man who is not willing to fight to the death for the right or for his own is not as good or complete a man as one who is willing. But opinions about this are not so important as the fact that it is man's nature to fight, and that neither resolutions nor legislation nor provision to get over all kinds of trouble in any other way than fighting will avail.—Ellwood Hendricks, in Atlantic.

More to the Purpose.

"Are you in favor of a ten-hour day?"

"I don't care anything about the days," replied young Rounderley, "but it would be a jolly good thing if we could have 24-hour nights."

Misguided Energy.

"I am bound to make a noise in the world," said the determined youth.

"But be careful how you go about it," replied Mr. Osage Spouter. "An amateur with a bass drum can spoil the finest symphony ever written."

Joyous Economist.

"You don't mind high prices?"

"No," replied the resolute philosopher. "When prices are high, think how much more you save every time you decide to get along without something."

The Right Woman

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

As the three girls dropped into low wicker chairs on the hotel porch the tall dark one in the middy blouse said:

"Why, even her slippers spell f-i-l-l-t."

The eyes of the others went to the balcony above, where, beneath the rail showed a row of shoes.

"Such knowing slippers, too," commented Elizabeth Morse, who was big, "with their low, flat heels and dull finish. No one with a large foot would dare wear them, Bee."

"It's her childish manner that takes with men," Beatrice continued, scornfully; "just look at them. Judge Claybourne's patent leathers are hobnobbing with Major Moore's riding boots, and Teddy Dudley's tan ties are next to—" She floundered and stopped.

"To Bobbie Howell's white canvas sneakers." The third girl made the remark lightly. But the color left her cheeks. "You needn't try to save my feelings, Bee. Bobbie is a backslider. I can't count on his devotion any more."

"Well, it's all her fault," the big girl consoled; "all the men are crazy over her."

"I'm not sure that it's her fault," Mary's fair little face was wistful. "I think the woman tempted me' excuse is rather weak, don't you? Adam needn't have eaten the apple. And, by the same token, Bobbie needn't adore if he doesn't want to. We shouldn't blame her, really."

"Oh, you," Beatrice threw up her hands in despair, "you always find excuses for everybody. You are an archaic idealist."

"Am I?" Mary's slim fingers caught at the arm of the chair, tensely. "I'm not sure, Bee—"

There was a moment's silence, then the fat girl suggested, "Let's play some more tennis."

Mary shook her head. "It's hot, and I'm tired."

The other two went away together. And when they were out of hearing distance, Elizabeth said, huffily, "Hot



The Other Two Went Away Together.

—why it's the first morning she has missed since she came. But then Bobbie used to make the heat bearable. He was always hanging around her at the courts."

"And now he sits up aloft with the little widow. I call it pretty shabby of Bobbie—to shift his devotion so soon—and Mary's a dear—"

Back on the porch, Mary, like a Peri outside the gates of Paradise, watch the telltale feet on the floor above, and caught the echo of gay laughter. And the sound beat upon her heart until she could have cried out with pain.

Outwardly, however, she made a very composed little picture, in pale green linen, with her fair hair blown by the salt breeze, her small white face like a pearl.

Hence, when Bobbie Howell leaned over the balcony and saw her, he cried: "Oh, Mary, come up."

Radiant, she rose to her feet. Then she dropped back into her chair for another head appeared—an enchanting bronze-brown coiffured head banded with a black ribbon.

"Yes, please come up," supplemented the little widow.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Too hot. I'm going upstairs and cool off."

Still smiling, she found her way to her little room and threw herself face downward on the bed and wept. And the reason for her weeping was this: When the little widow had leaned forward over the balcony she wore in the front of her black gown a white flower that Mary had stuck that morning in Bobbie Howell's buttonhole.

When the slippers and the tennis sneakers came down the stairs the white flower was in the lady's hand.

"Please take it," she said, and held it out to him.

"Why?"

"Because you had no right to give it to me. And I had no right to take it. But this must be my excuse, that I did not know then that it would hurt someone else. But I know now."

"How do you know?"

"Ah," her calm eyes met his steadily. "I am a wise woman—I have lived such a long time—centuries—"

"Not in years," doggedly.

"Perhaps not—but in experience. And let me tell you this—that I am not the right woman for you, Bobbie."

"You are. I have told you so a dozen times. Since the night you came I have wanted no other."

"But that isn't love. You are young, and you are proud to show the Major and the Judge and Teddy Dudley that you can win me. You like the chase. You like to be one of the crowd which surrounds me—and so you think you like me—"

"I love you—"

"Tomorrow you will say that to some one else. You are a sentimental backslider, Bobbie. But let me tell you this: The girl who gave you the white flower is the right woman. You will simply thwart destiny if you give her up."

"How do you know?"

"I know it," her strong little hands rested on the back of a big chair. She turned her wedding ring absently.

He noted the action, and he noted, also, that while three years had gone by since the death of her husband, that she still wore deep black.

Yet he ventured, "Suppose I decide to make you the right woman," said, masterfully.

"But you cannot. Fate decided that for you. I saw the love in that little girl's eyes when she looked up at you. All women will not love you like that."

"Why not?" he flared.

"Perhaps you are not worth it." There was a hint of scorn in her voice. "But she will always think you are worth it."

"Oh," impatiently, "don't let's talk of her! I want to tell you things. I want a little moment down on the beach, all our own—come."

She hesitated; then pinned on her broad hat, and together they went down the steps.

The beach was dotted with bathers, so that they skirted the edges of the crowd until they came to a little pavilion that overlooked the sea. A few gulls, poised on pointed wings showed dark against a sapphire sky. Far away on the horizon was a trail of smoke.

Her eyes followed it. "Next week I shall go that way," she said.

"Go! Where?"

"To Rome—to Paris—anywhere to get away."

"From me?" triumphantly. "Oh, I knew it," he caught at her fingers and held them close, while from the third one he slipped its encircling golden band.

"Oh," she tore herself from his grasps, "how dare you? How dare you?"

"Let me put another there."

Her eyes were deep wells of tears. She covered her face with her hands, and when at last she looked up at him, he saw the sorrow of the wife who is a widow indeed.

"I loved my husband."

He laid the ring upon her lap, and stood irresolute, abashed by the dignity of her grief.

"I thought—"

"You thought because I was gay and young, and did not wear my heart upon my sleeve that I had forgotten. But," and her eyes looked out across the sea, "I shall never forget."

Then she smiled up at him sadly. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she told him, "go back to the right woman, and let her make a man of you. She is sweet and good, and she believes in you. And after a while you will want to live up to her belief, and then you'll reach your full stature. But I—I wouldn't believe in you, because I don't love you. I—I loved my husband—I adored him."

Out of a breathless silence, he faltered, "Forgive me."

She held out her hands to him. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she said, again, "go back to her—and thank God—"

He gripped her hands in his. "You—you good woman—" he stammered.

Watching the scene from the tennis courts, the two girls drew their own conclusions.

"I told you her slippers spelled flirt," was Beatrice's ignorant summing-up.

Distress a Passport to His Purse.

The estate left by the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is in these days an almost negligible quantity, only about \$4,000, yet the press of that city says that since his consecration he had received from friends and admirers more than 1½ million dollars to be used in any way he pleased. It was a tribute to his personality and he might have died a rich man without the world's criticism. But he was much happier to die a poor one. Nor were all the beneficiaries those of his own faith. Distress was the passport to his heart and his purse.

The Case.

"Women are certainly great sticklers for their special privileges."

"Yes; the failure of the batpin crusade is a case in point."

THEO. A. LEBER

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Good Jokes

NOT TO BE MADE LIGHT OF.

Marie Dressler is as famous for her epigrams as she is for her generosity. An actor at the opera house was recalling one of her justly famous hits of repartee.

Miss Dressler was inviting her friends to a birthday party.

"There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose?" someone remarked.

"Yes, there'll be a cake, never fear." was the reply.

"And candles, of course?" went on the alleged wit.

"My friend," said Miss Dressler, "this is to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession."—Rochester Herald.

An Accurate Statement.

"Is your gosh' duck huntin'?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"No," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I isn't gwine special after ducks. An' I is sufficiently acquainted wif de premises I's movin' on so dat I won't have to hunt."

WHEN HE CAN'T BE STOPPED.



Even a man who gives up after his first serious defeat is willing to try, try again when he is endeavoring to smoke a broken cigar.

Fashionable Trousers.

Right here and now
We speak our mind;
We will not wear
The skin-tight kind!

Demoralizing Example.

Man with the Bulging Brow—Why do you want to take a taxicab when you can get an ordinary cab for about half the money?

Man with the Bulbous Nose—What do I care how much it costs? I don't expect to pay for it in either case. I'm going to pass the debt on to posterity, just the same as a big city does.

Exploring the Catacombs.

Thus the inquisitive boarder:
"What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to call a wedding reception an infare?"

Response by the white haired boarder:
"I think she married the old-fashioned man who used to crack his knuckles regularly twice a day."

Heading Him Off.

"Our rooms are \$3 a day including meals. I should like to call your attention to the fact that the laws of this state provide a severe penalty for attempted suicide."

"But, good heavens! man, I have no desire to commit suicide."

"But you may when you have been here for a while."

Dear Lost Days.

"You used to say," she complained, "that you counted that day lost when you did not hear the sound of my voice."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and I shall never cease to long for those dear lost days."

SWEET OF HIM.



"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"I haven't ever tried to guess," he gallantly replied, "but you don't look it by at least five years."

A Word of Caution.

Though spurred by an ambition
That naught may stop or tire,
My son, it's not your mission
To set the world on fire.

Natural Enemies.

"That woman is a nature faker in her dress."

"How so?"

"She calls it harmonious attire to wear a mouse-colored gown with Angora furs."

The Test.

"Is this proposition of yours for a chicken farm for fair?"

"No, I should say it is for fowl."

INDEPENDENCE.

If you would independent be,
These things you must not do:
Ask any one to favor thee
Or for assistance sue.

You must not stoop to do a wrong,
Or ever be unjust,
For evil is a ruler strong,
That cries aloud, "You must!"

Nor must you compromise with sin
Or parley in the fight,
And though you lose or though you win,
Care not, if you are right.

If you would independent be
And servitude disown,
The path of right you first must see,
Then travel it alone.

Shaw's Modesty.

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?"

This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried:

"Rotten!"

Shaw made a curtsy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles. "My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

Manager's Revenge.

Author—I see you gave Blinks an important part in this play. I thought you were not good friends.

Manager—That's all right. He gets mobbed in the last act by a bunch of suppers.

"But that's all stage play."

"Not this time. I have selected these suppers from among his creditors."—Life.

Unappreciated.

"Me latest trouble," said Plodding Pete, "arose from mistaken kindness."

"You didn't give me none of the money you got for your hard-luck monologue last week," protested Meandering Mike.

"No. But I saw a lonely policeman at three o'clock in the morning an' tried to cheer him up by singin' 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'"

A Quick Decision.

"I have a new play, entitled 'Congress,'" said the enthusiastic dramatist.

"It won't do," replied the veteran manager. "You couldn't make it properly realistic without having too much dialogue and not enough action."

ALWAYS BUSY.



Jinks—How did they happen to fire that new stenographer? I thought she was a hard worker?

Blinks—So did the boss, until he discovered she was practicing her piano exercise on the typewriter.

They Shouldn't Do It.

Too many men
Get on a jag
The moment when
Love strikes a snag.

Sizing Him Up.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Norval," answered the prisoner. "On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks."

"This gent is evidently in the sheep business," commented the desk sergeant. "Make inquiries around the stock yards, boys."

An Incusendo.

Stage Manager—Sir, if you will just stand where I indicate, you will be in a most appropriate position as far as I am concerned.

Author—Why so?

Stage Manager—Because that is where they locate the "tormenters."

Too Much.

"Your wife has received some sudden shock. What has happened?"

"I don't know, doctor. I came home early last night."

"Ah, that probably accounts for it."

Lesson in Economy.

Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever try to save any money?

Mr. Muggins—Sure. I saved \$4 today. Borrowwell struck me for \$5 and I only let him have \$1.

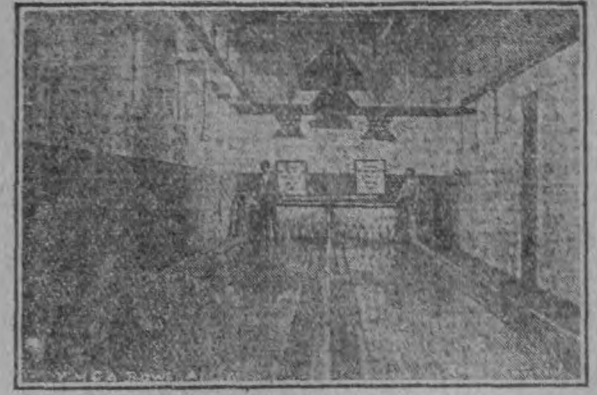
Not to Be Blamed.

"That man seems to be a regular iconoclast. Nothing is sacred to him."

"Well, you can hardly blame him. When he was a boy, he was badly gored by a sacred cow in a circus."

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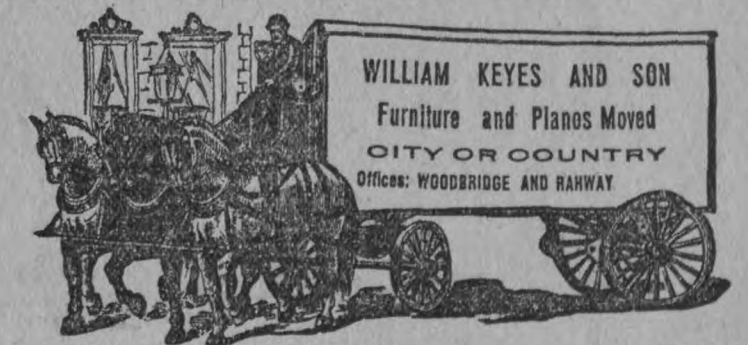
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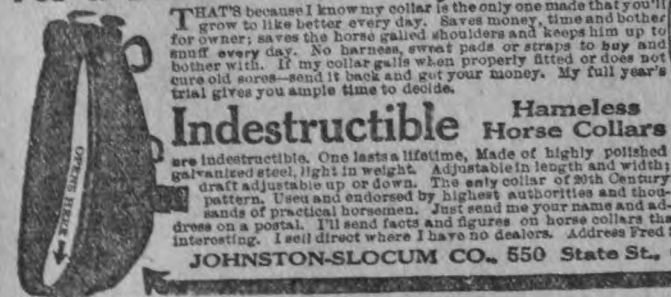
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Then there are others—those who are so blind that they won't see.

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Now, why not blow yourself off to an annual subscription to this paper?



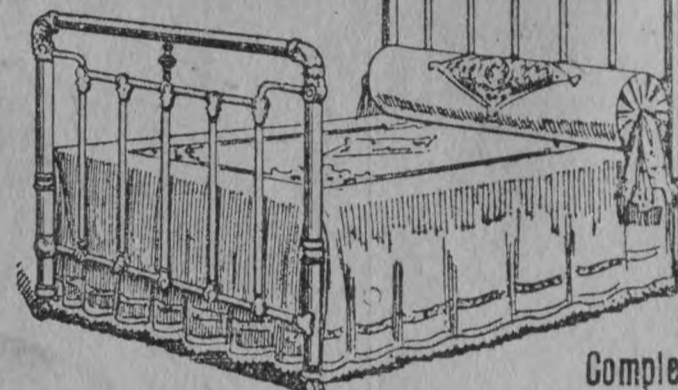
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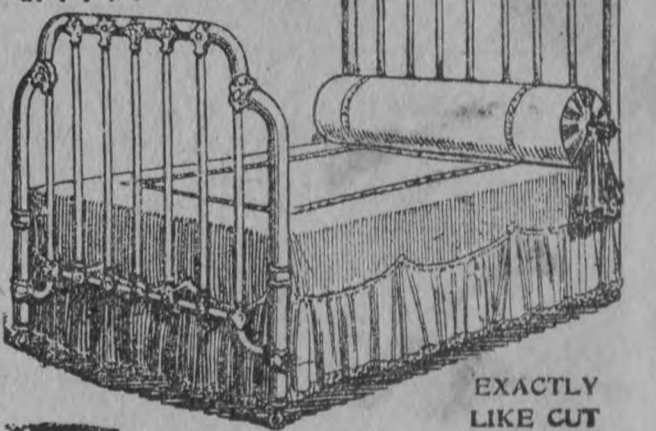
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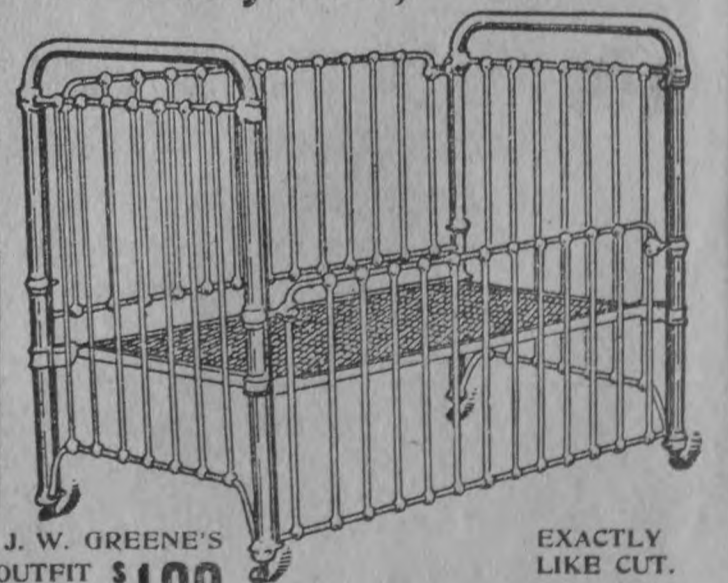
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- 7 "The Power of Labor" a True Story
- 8 "Florrie's Birthday" a scream
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A Blackberry Craze

By M. QUAD

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erary Press.

Hawkinsville is a village in the shadow of a certain New England mountain. It is called the laziest place in its state, and rightly so. Ten years ago a stranger came along and gave it its deathblow, and in a rather queer way.

There was a tavern at Hawkinsville. There was little need of one, as very few strangers ever found the place, but there was one, and it was kept by a lazy man. There was a blacksmith shop, and its owner was lazy. It was the same with the butcher, the cooper and others. Laziness and content prevailed.

Just why this laziness should have irritated a traveler who rested at the tavern for a few days was a puzzle. He was not in the best of health, and he wanted peace and rest, but the laziness and serenity of others appeared to gail him. The weather was hot, and on an afternoon about 200 men would occupy the long veranda of the hotel.

It was about time for the blackberry season to open. The mountain sides and the fringes of the highways were thick with blackberry bushes, and the crop of berries promised to be unusually large that season. It was from seeing a freckled faced boy with a basket of berries on his arm that the stranger must have got his idea. The landlord was lazy. His son, who waited on the table, was lazy. The stranger called them into consultation. He first swore them to secrecy. Then he admitted to being a resident of Philadelphia and a wine dealer. He had invented a new champagne, and the basis of it was blackberry wine. He was up in that blackberry country to secure it.

The lazy landlord lazily figured, but his figures proved to him that he could make more profit in one day picking berries than running his tavern for sixty. Four dollars per day were his figures, and there were four of them to pick and press. The four started out next morning. Yes, they let some of their friends in on the ground floor. That was the reason why Hawkinsville got the blackberry craze. In two days it had everybody wild.

There is no man so lazy that he won't pick blackberries. The bushes are high, and you don't have to bend over. In some cases you can sit down and pick. All you have to do is to reach out a hand. You can fall asleep, take a refreshing nap and then wake up and go to picking again. The champion lazy men of Hawkinsville got a move on them. Four dollars a day and they could keep together and talk as they picked. The women went out. The children went out. Old grandfathers and grandmothers went out. A certain citizen who had been told that he would die within three days braced up and lived two weeks in order to give his family a chance to go berrying.

When about forty people are engaged in hunting the blackberry there must be results. They came in at night with full baskets and pails, and before they slept the berries were turned into wine and bottled and jugged and kegged. The champagne man was on hand to speak encouraging words. He even went out and did a little picking himself and turned over the berries to the widows and the fatherless.

One day a lightning rod man drove into the town. He had been there before. He knew how lazy everybody was, and he longed to throw strenuousity aside for awhile and mingle with them. No one on the tavern veranda—only a lame man in sight on the streets. The town was dead.

"Yaller fever?" he asked of the lame man.
"Nope."
"Cholera?"
"Nope."
"Smallpox around?"
"Nope."
"Then what does this mean?"
"Blackberries and \$4 a day."

When the lightning man had heard the full particulars he shut one eye and held it closed for a long minute before saying:

"Jest so; jest so. Blackberry boom, Blackberry champagne. Blackberry stranger. Well, it ain't any of my funeral. If a town is bound and determined to kill herself it won't do no good for one man to talk."

"What's the matter?" asked the lame man.
"Oh, I ain't wanting to interrupt the fun, but lemme ask you if you ever heard that champagne was made of blackberries?"

"I never knowed how it was made."
"Well, mebbe you'll find out. When the inhabitants come back tonight jest tell 'em I was here and when I heard about the champagne business I winked my eye—the left eye. Tell 'em I never wink that eye unless there's something doing."

It was the last of the blackberry season. The bushes had been stripped for four miles around. On the last day of picking all the green ones had been taken as well. The pickers came back to find the champagne man gone. They came back to learn what the lightning man had said. They clung to their faith for a week, and then they decided that they had been cadoodled. Then they called a public meeting and "resolved that every durned critter in the town of Hawkinsville be lazier than ever to make up for this boom."

And that's why there have been no funerals in the town since. The people are too lazy to die.

On the Wagon.



"They tell me Bilkins is on the water wagon now."
"Yes; fire water wagon."

How to Get a Crowd.



First Actor—I am going to have my benefit next Saturday night, and I am puzzled to know how I am going to fill the house.
Second Actor—That's easy. Invite your creditors.

Teacher Did Her Part.



Father—Why don't you whip my boy if he doesn't behave?
Teacher—I do, but he won't stay whipped.

Thinking It Over.



"My friend," said the minister, "what has given you food for such earnest reflection?"
"Don't know whether it was the Welsh rabbit or the cold fried oysters?"

Commercial Injunction.



Travelling Salesman—Well, I am off. Anything to say?
The Boss—Yes. Remember that order is heaven's first law. Get all the orders you can.

IT CAN'T
BE DONE



Yet you might as well try to lift yourself by your boot straps as try to keep up with the times without reading your home newspaper. By the way, come to think of it, wouldn't today be a good time to subscribe?

John Bright and the Carpet.
A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her "I Myself." He was at dinner tonight with an M. P. whose wife means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum, which he put down upon the floor, and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up; "it is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation, and the dinner went on.

Lucky.

"I'm certainly a lucky man."
"How so?"
"I had on my good clothes yesterday morning when my wife made her collection for the rummage sale. She couldn't give any but old stuff away."
—Detroit Free Press.

Neither Got Her.

"He and I used to court the same girl."
"It doesn't seem to have interfered with your friendship."
"No. One of us would have married her if the other hadn't always been in the way."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Last Word.

Bobby—is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

Brought From Another City.

The lad's body, covered with a thin layer of snow, was found by Harry Spunkind while he was hunting. The youngster had chubby cheeks and light curly hair. His coat, shoes and cap were missing, but he was dressed in a white "fauntleroy" suit and black ribbed stockings and wore a long blue tie. It is the theory of the police that the boy had been taken from some other city and brought here by kidnapers. The label on the bottle was that of an Albany druggist, but the clerks in the store did not remember the purchaser.

No Identification Marks.

The body is without a scar, blemish or birthmark, and there were no marks on the clothes by which identification might be made. When the bottle was found under the body it was corked. This circumstance and the position of the body preclude the idea that the child drank the poison of his own accord.

The swamp where the body was found is about a thousand feet from the roadway.

The Albany police have no report of any boys missing in this city. There was no mud found on the lad's stockings, which indicates that he had not walked to the place.

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Dame Fashions Diary

HITS IN NEW MODES

HIGH-WAISTED SKIRT AND SHORT SLEEVE FEATURES.

Easy Way to Make Over Last Year's Skirt So It Will Be Becoming As Well As Fashionable.

There are two features in the new spring fashions that should be gratefully received. One is the high-waisted skirts; the other is the short sleeve. We wonder what we can do to last year's skirt so that it will be becoming as well as fashionable. This much we can do: we can match the material and extend the waist by means of a shaped belt stitched to the skirt, that will give at least a semblance of a high-waisted skirt and keep us from the necessity of adding a separate belt with buckle.

When making the new skirt for spring and summer, it is well to know they will be cut from one to two inches above the normal waistline and that they will be fastened at the side of the front. A four-gored pattern will be used, which brings a wide panel down the middle of the front and back, which can be converted into a box plait, if one desires.

The fastening is at the left of this wide front panel or gore, which shows that the habit back will be continued in favor. On white linen skirts as well as those of khaki and duck, the fastening is with buttons and button-holes, and on the cloth skirts it is with glove clamps or hooks-and-eyes. The skirts are mounted on an wide inside girde made of wide belting, with slight darts at the side to fit the curve of the figure. This girde holds the entire garment in place; it keeps the seams in a straight line and prevents the skirt from sagging away from the blouse. The short sleeve is to be very much the fashion, if the advance styles continue in favor. It will not be worn to the exclusion of the long sleeve, for the latter is shown on many of the best gowns, cut to a sharp point as far as the knuckle, and closely fitting the arm from shoulder to waist. All the peasant waists, and the eon and bolero jackets and many of the expensive wash blouses have small straight seams that end at the elbow. The little coats that are coming in are exceedingly jaunty and very becoming. Straight, unfitted models are plentiful and all sorts of little garments that fasten with one big button somewhere between the throat and the waistline. One coat

seen was of short-hip length and was loose and draped slightly at the front, where it closed with a big buckle. There was a large collar rounded at the back. The leading milliners say that the favorite colors for spring and summer hats are black and white, pearl gray, moleskin and vivid shades of red. These are all worked out in straw, tulle, velvet and satin. The new straws are so pliable that they can be folded up without crushing. They are not only used for hats, but for trimming. Scarfs, rosettes and



the huge, irregular bow that has become so much the fashion are all twisted out of this pliable straw, which is beautifully colored in the new dyes. The striped straw is the novelty. This is in line with the fashion for stripes that we are promised on every side. The stripes are not wide and they are put on a black, a white and a straw-colored foundation.

Traveling Frocks.

A number of smart little frocks may be found in dark blue or black for trotting or traveling. Some of these have collars and guimpes, but the bare throat idea promises to have even a greater popularity this summer than it had last year, and it behooves the woman who hasn't already bleached and massaged her throat to go to work on it now.

NEAT DESIGN FOR CAMISOLE

Will Be Found Exceedingly Useful for Wearing Under Blouses—Is Easily Made.

This simple camisole would be found exceedingly useful for wearing under blouses, as it is taken high up to the neck and has a square yoke of



broderie Anglaise, edged with beading; the sleeves are also of the broderie; the nainsook is set plainly to yoke, and is tucked at waist, where it is joined to basque. Materials required: 1 1/4 yard broderie Anglaise 18 inches wide, 1/2 yard nainsook 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard beading.

Smaller Bags Coming. Wrist bags, after growing steadily bigger until men jeered at the amount of baggage women carried about them, now come quite small again.

Velvet and satin, which had been completely superseded by leather, have returned to favor for these little bags, or large purses, as you may choose to regard them.

They are also covered with material to match the gown with which they are carried. Cord handles, cord trimmings, finished with knots or tassels, give the bags their more modish name of cordelleres.

A PRAYER FOR YOU

By REV. STEPHEN PAULSON

TEXT—For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father . . . that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—Eph. III: 14:17.

This is part of a prayer of St. Paul for his people. Paul was in a Roman prison. The liberty of his movements was restrained; he was in a stone cell, and he was chained to a Roman soldier—but his prayers were not chained.

St. Paul says: "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and there are surely more things wrought by prayer than we ever imagine. I tell you it is worth while having one who carries you on his heart to such an extent that he prays for your safety and welfare. When Lot's family was in danger Abraham prayed until God promised them safety. When the Ephesian church was going through the fires of persecution, Paul sent up prayers in their behalf from his prison cell. When Peter was in danger of backsliding, Jesus prayed for him: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have thee, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fall not."

Do not many faithful pastors send up prayers, as Paul did, for the churches committed to their care? Do they not pray for the homes of the congregation and for individuals who are going through some trial and for the young people who are starting out into life? And now as of old, the prayer of a true, sincere man availeth much. It is a part of a faithful minister's service which is very often overlooked and yet is of the first importance. What a fine thing it was for the Ephesians to have St. Paul praying for them upon every remembrance. Although he was far away, he was still their pastor, the shepherd of their souls.

But for what did he pray? Did he pray that they might live in comfort and ease and have plenty? Did he pray that they might be free from persecution and that the church might grow without hindrance? That, probably would have been our prayer under like circumstances. But his prayer was "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

How wonderfully comprehensive that prayer is when we begin to analyze it. Oh, it takes the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to make a prayer like that. It takes insight into the deep things of God, and into the needs of the human hearts.

Do you think that there is anything you need more than that? Do you not honestly think that that would make most things right which are wrong, would bind up broken hearts, would heal things that hurt, and drive out evil things which are spoiling your life? Yes, you know it, and I know it, so let our prayers be that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith.

This is the substance of your faith. A better and more comprehensible definition of our religion could not be given. It contains the whole of Christianity as the acorn contains the oak.

The whole Jewish law had its divine inspiration, its secret spirit, but it was hidden in a vast system of forms. Christ said, "I come not to destroy but to fulfill," and the true spirit of the law was seen in him. In winter an old apple tree is homely, gnarled and twisted. But in spring when it is covered with blossoms there is nothing more beautiful. So the old Jewish law blossoms into beauty and comes to fruit in Jesus Christ.

Christianity is not a system of laws, but a state of the heart. Christ in a man—that is the Christian religion. It is Christ dwelling in the heart by faith, and then a man begins to know the length and the breadth and height and depth of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Outside of personal experience, Christianity is pale as a lunar rainbow.

There are three avenues of experience by which Christ may come to man—sight, intellect, the heart. To have seen Christ was deemed of great importance in the early days. Those who had seen Jesus possessed a certain distinction, Paul, defending his apostleship, says, "Have I not seen him?" But how meager was the Christian life of those days compared with that of later ages, and did not Jesus pronounce a blessing on those who had not seen and yet believed?

Christ may be presented to a man's intellect. There are certain facts to be known and understood concerning him, but there are also many that are beyond our understanding. Creeds sum up a few great facts of our religion. Not that the repetition of a creed will make anyone a Christian, but a creed is like the astronomer's telescope. He sweeps the heavens to find a particular star. By and by the telescope brings it to his eye. It is not the instrument that sees the star, but the man's eye. A blind man could not see the heavenly bodies with a telescope, no matter how powerful it might be. So a creed may bring facts to your intellect, but it takes the heart to apprehend and interpret them.

Therefore Paul prayed for the Ephesians not greater knowledge, but that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith. For the heart may embrace Christ with an enthusiasm of love, even though the intellectual perception be imperfect and vague.

WAS THE FIRST SUFFRAGETTE

Mary Wollstonecraft Struggled for Independence for Women in the Year 1759.

London.—Mary Wollstonecraft is admittedly the great pioneer of the woman movement. By her vigor and her vehemence, by her heart-whole earnestness and her passionate sympathies, she may lay claim to the title of the first suffragette. Before her time there had been a few tentative tracts on female education, "Serious Proposals" that amounted to very little. The "Vindication of the Rights of Women" sprang, like Minerva, glittering and full-armed, with tremendous dazzle and shock upon the smug respectability of that most conventional of all centuries—the eighteenth.



Mary Wollstonecraft.

The book still stands, brilliant and unassailable, and few on the same subject can take their place beside it for sheer logic and insight. The "Vindication" was born out of suffering and bitter experience. Mrs. Browning says in "Aurora Leigh" that life blood is necessary to the making of a great book, and, though the "Vindication" holds its importance as a piece of reasoning, yet it is Mary's very life blood that gives its arguments vitality. Born in 1759, her pity—her "darling passion," as she calls it, was first claimed by her own mother and the very dogs of the household, subjected to the caprice of a brutal father. Then her difficult struggles against poverty, her pitiful attempts to earn a living by keeping school, taught her something of the harshness of the outside world. "Independence," she writes in her dedication to the "Vindication," "independence I have long considered as the grand blessing of life, the basis of every virtue, and independence I will ever secure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath." How modern it all sounds!

BUDDHA HEWN IN A CLIFF

Crude Testimony to Religious Fervor of Disciples Seen at Kiatang, China.

Kiatang, China.—Gautama, the alleged founder of Buddhism, was born 624 B. C., the son of Suddhodana, king of Kapilavastu, in the north of India. The story of his life is a tissue of monstrous fables, but it is generally believed that there is a historical basis to the story. In early life he was of ascetic habits, but, tempted by his father, he abandoned himself to every pleasure for a time. His singular wisdom (which like his other marvellous gifts was the fruit of merits gained in previous states of existence) led him to renounce the world and after years of profound study, severe bodily maceration and long contemplation, he discovered the supreme truth that to return to the ignorance and state of non-sentient repose from whence man



Giant Buddha at Kiatang.

sprang is the highest possible good and the final reward of the just and pure. After this discovery he was made a Buddha and after a time passed into Nirvana, or unconsciousness, having died at Kusinagara in 543 B. C.

A crude testimony to the religious fervor of his disciples is a strange cliff-Buddha located at Kiatang, China. The full figure is about 150 feet in height and the feet are washed by a foaming mountain torrent. It was to guard against the danger of the rapids that the figure was cut in the cliff-side by the lifelong labor of a single priest. The rock is somewhat soft and there is much earth in the crevices. This has been ingeniously utilized for a monstrous growth of hair, eyebrows and mustache, which adds considerably to the appearance.

Spring Debility

Felt by so many upon the return of warm weather is due to the impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood which causes that tired feeling and loss of appetite as well as the pimples, boils and other eruptions so common at this season. It is cured by the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.



NATURALLY. Jonathan—Silas is dead. Went to ther city ter git a tooth pulled and ther dentist told him he'd better take gas first.

Postmaster—Gave him an overdose, eh? Jonathan—No. After ther dentist told him that he went back ter his boarding house an' took ther gas himself.

ITCHED SO COULD NOT SLEEP

"I suffered from the early part of December until nearly the beginning of March with severe skin eruptions on my face and scalp. At first I treated it as a trivial matter. But after having used castile soap, medicated washrags, cold cream, vanishing cream, etc., I found no relief whatever. After that I diagnosed my case as eczema, because of its dry, scaly appearance. The itching and burning of my scalp became so intense that I thought I should go mad, having not slept regularly for months past, only at intervals, waking up now and then because of the burning and itching of my skin. Having read different testimonials of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, I decided to purchase a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. After using them for a few days I recognized a marked change in my condition. I bought about two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and five cakes of Cuticura Soap in all, and after a few days I was entirely free from the itching and burning. My eczema was entirely cured, all due to using Cuticura Soap and Ointment daily. Hereafter I will never be without a cake of Cuticura Soap on my washstand. I highly recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone suffering from similar skin eruptions and hope you will publish my letter so that others may learn of Cuticura Remedies and be cured." (Signed) David M. Shaw, care Paymaster, Pier 55, N. R., New York City, June 2, 1910. Cuticura Remedies sold everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp troubles.

How Sea Birds Drink.

Under the headline, Where Do They Get Water? a writer in the Young Folks' Catholic Weekly says: "When I was a cabin boy I often used to wonder, seeing birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they did for fresh water when they were thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud, and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles maybe to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them going."—New York Tribune.

You Never Can Tell.

A certain cellist was once snow-bound for three hours at a small railroad station. He unpacked his cello and played his dozen fellow-sufferers a request program with the result that one of them took him to Europe for a year. You never can tell as you bear your precious fiddle-case through the streets what magic casement may not open on the foam (of steins), and what fairy hand may not beckon you within to do the one thing needful to opus fifty-nine, or draw a valiant bow in the battle of Schumann quintet.—Robert H. Schaffler, in the Atlantic.

He Might Have Earned a Vote.

Little Johnnie stood gazing solemnly on the decrepit form of an old countryman. Noticing the boy's attention the old man asked: "Well, what is it, son?" "Say," the inquisitive youngster asked, "did the politicians kiss you when you was a baby?"—Success Magazine.

Envy is punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbor.

Garfield Tea will win your approval. It is pleasant to take, mild in action and very health-giving. It overcomes constipation.

Plants have movement without will, animals have the will to live, human beings have the will to live divinely.

You are not treating yourself or your family fairly if you don't keep Hamlin's Wizard Oil in the house. It's the best substitute for family doctor and a mighty good friend in case of emergency.

Will Be World Representation.

When the International Congress on Tuberculosis meets at Rome next September, representatives of over thirty national and provincial associations organized to fight tuberculosis will be present. Among the associations which will be represented are the United States, Canada, Cuba, Trinidad, England, Wales, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, New Zealand, Japan, Cape Colony, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Newfoundland, Roumania, Uruguay and Venezuela.

Preventing a Disturbance. Colonel Scotchman was weary. He had had a very arduous day retreating from the enemy, and he wished to recoup his strength in order that he might retreat still further on the morrow.

"MacPherson," he said to his new servant, "I'm going to snatch forty winks' sleep. Stay in my tent and see that I'm not disturbed."

Mac saluted. Five minutes later the snores of Colonel Scotchman were cut short by the loud report of a gun.

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel, "Are the enemy upon us?" "Na, dinna fret," replied Mac, inserting his head reassuringly through the tent flap, "It was only a wee mouse. But as I thought he might wake you up I shot him."—Answers.

Forestalled.

District Attorney J. F. Clarke of New York was talking about the recent kidnaping cases.

"Kidnapers," he said, "are apt to disappear now. They have become unpopular. Why, a kidnaper is as unpopular as a widower."

"Widows, now, are very attractive, but about a widower there is always something uncanny, something almost clammy—I mean, of course, from the matrimonial point of view."

"I know a widower who is thinking of marrying again. He thought he'd broach the matter delicately the other morning to his little daughter, so he said:

"Ah, my dear, how I did love your mother!" "But the little girl gave him a suspicious look and snapped:

"Say 'do,' not 'did,' papa."

REASONED IT OUT

And Found a Change in Food Put Him Right.

A man does not count as wasted the time he spends in thinking over his business, but he seems loth to give the same sort of careful attention to himself and to his health. And yet his business would be worth little without good health to care for it. A business man tells how he did himself good by carefully thinking over his physical condition, investigating to find out what was needed, and then changing to the right food.

"For some years I had been bothered a great deal after meals. My food seemed to lay like lead in my stomach, producing heaviness and dullness and sometimes positive pain. Of course this rendered me more or less unfit for business, and I made up my mind that something would have to be done. Reflection led me to the conclusion that over-eating, filling the stomach with indigestible food, was responsible for many of the ills that human flesh endures, and that I was punishing myself in that way—that was what was making me so dull, heavy and uncomfortable, and unfit for business after meals. I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food to see what it could do for me.

"I have been using it for some months now, and am glad to say that I do not suffer any longer after meals; my food seems to assimilate easily and perfectly, and to do the work for which it was intended.

"I have regained my normal weight, and find that business is a pleasure once more—can take more interest in it, and my mind is clearer and more alert."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Private Brainard's Ruse

By DOROTHY R. MURRAY

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Tom Brainard was always full of Old Nick. He was at the bottom of all the mischief done at school, and when he was at college got into so many scrapes that at the end of his sophomore year the president informed him he needn't come back the next term.

Tom's father put him into a business concern, but the boy soon proved that he was as unfit for business as for study. Sitting on a high stool all day adding columns of figures was not to Tom's taste. He soon got discharged for inattention to his work, and then his father was at his wits' end to know what to do with him. Tom said he'd like to be a soldier, so his father went to Washington to try to get him a commission, but was told there that if his son wanted a commission he had better enlist and work his way up from the ranks.

Tom enlisted and, though he took to soldiering better than anything else, was constantly transgressing the army regulations and consequently getting himself into trouble. He enlisted in the cavalry and was sent out with his regiment to a two company post in the west. The only people to fight were Indians, and at the time of Tom's arrival they were peaceful.

Fort B., where Tom's company was stationed, was near a hamlet that has since become a large town. The fort was intended as a point of observation for a tribe of Indians whose reservation was but a few miles away. Tom served a year at the fort, one-third of which was spent in the guard-house. He was known by the officers to be a gentleman and his offenses were not serious; indeed, he was rather an annoyance than otherwise. So finally his captain told him that if he would leave the army he would guarantee his discharge. But Tom declined. He said he had come into the service for a commission and intended to stay there till he got one.

Soon after this the Indians broke loose from their reservation and went about murdering settlers wherever they could find them. The savages numbered several thousand warriors, and the troops in the fort numbered sixty-two. The "great father" had put a force down near the Indians just big enough for them to eat up when they got ready.

One day there was consternation in the fort. The Indians were coming to attack it, and if they did they would doubtless take it and kill everybody in it, including women and children. Besides, many of the people from the little town or settlement near by had come in, the merchants bringing their stocks of goods and all bringing their household belongings.

As the Indians approached the soldiers went out to meet them, the major in command hoping to pacify rather than to fight them. Six hundred Indians attacked him, and after a scrimmage several redskins, including their chief, were killed. When the chief fell the Indians drew off, though it was known that they would renew the fight with redoubled fierceness. After dark the troops withdrew to the fort and shut themselves in.

That night was a fearful one in the inclosure, death staring every one in the face. It was known that reinforcements had been sent from Leavenworth, but it would require several days for them to make the march. Tom Brainard told his captain that he had a plan. He was conducted to the major commanding and proposed it. The major had no confidence in it, but permitted Tom to try it.

A stock of cigars and tobacco had been brought into the fort, including a wooden Indian that an enterprising tobacconist had brought from St. Louis. The Indian was sitting with a calumet in his mouth. Tom bored a hole through the back of the neck and put a real pipe in the Indian's mouth. Then he introduced a tube into the hole he had bored, so that by sucking on the tube the Indian would appear to smoke.

Tom told his commander what his plan was and asked him as soon as it was light the next morning to convene all the officers at the fort on the parapet, put the wooden Indian in the circle and have some one concealed pull on the tube at the back of his head, the pipe having been lighted. He wished them all to appear to be in council.

This being understood, Tom rode out with an escort and a white flag. The Indians met him, and he told them that the spirit of their chief had come into the fort and made peace. The Indians were incredulous. They had the chief's body. Tom offered to show him to them at the fort smoking with the officers. They rode with him to the fort, arriving early in the morning. Tom would not permit them to come within a quarter of a mile of the post, but this was near enough for them to see the wooden Indian sitting on the rampart in a circle of officers blowing clouds of smoke. The Indians, astonished, rode away and spread the news to all the tribe.

That was the end of the uprising. Soon after Tom's ruse the new chief came to the fort and ratified the peace made by his predecessor.

Tom, in recognition of his services in saving the lives of the garrison, was promoted to be a commissioned officer, and a very good one he made too.

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