

## SUNSET ROUTE STRIKE ENDS

**Management Will Meet Commit-  
tee of Four Unions Involved**

### ROAD AGREES TO CONFER

Traffic Again Open Between New Or-  
leans and El Paso—Federal Mediation  
Board May Hear 67 Grievances—  
Only Firemen Raise Question.

Houston, Texas.—The strike be-  
tween operating employes of the  
Southern Pacific lines in Texas and  
Louisiana was ended when the rail-  
road yielded to the demands of the  
men to meet a federated committee  
of the four unions in the controversy.  
The men resumed work immediately.  
Reports from strike territory in  
Texas and Louisiana had indicated  
that mail was piling up at many  
towns, and that supplies of merchand-  
ise were running low in towns which  
rely exclusively upon the Southern  
Pacific for service. Several Houston  
contractors suspended business tem-  
porarily because shipments of materi-  
al they expected over the Southern  
Pacific had been delayed. The rail-  
road did not attempt to move any  
freight after its operating employes  
in Louisiana and Texas went on strike.

The strike, which began November  
13 at 7 p. m., continued three days  
and a half, during which not a freight  
wheel was moved on 2,400 miles of  
track, and no act of violence was  
reported. Company officials helped to  
man enough engines to keep about a  
dozen passenger trains in motion.

The trouble was due to sixty-seven  
grievances, some of them dating back  
two years, about which the four op-  
erating unions had been negotiating  
individually. These unions by refer-  
endum vote decided that the railroad  
must meet them jointly or they would  
strike. The railroad replied that it  
had never refused to try to settle the  
grievances, but that it could not meet  
the federated unions' committee, and  
it claimed that the road's compliance  
with safety regulations imposed by the  
Interstate Commerce Commission  
was one of the main causes of the  
grievances. The question of wages  
was not involved except for firemen.

The unions involved were the Order  
of Railroad Trainmen, the Order of  
Railroad Conductors, the Brotherhood  
of Locomotive Engineers and the  
Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.  
The lines affected were all in the  
Sunset-Central or Atlantic Division of  
the Southern Pacific, stretching across  
southern Louisiana and Texas, from  
New Orleans to El Paso.

### President Wilson Gratified.

Washington.—The termination of  
the Southern Pacific strike was  
brought about by the railroad and its  
employes accepting the proposal of  
the Federal Board of Mediation and  
Conciliation that the railroad meet  
the committee of the four unions.

Word of the settlement of the strike  
was received by the President, who  
has been much interested because of  
the position transportation lines along  
the Mexican border occupy in relation  
to any movement of the border pa-  
trol to enforce neutrality.

### SARDINES AT RECORD PRICES.

Scarcity of Fish Sends Maine Stock  
to \$34.75 a Hoghead.

Eastport, Maine.—The sardine can-  
ning season in Maine closes Novem-  
ber 30, and with the present scarcity  
of herring, there is much rivalry  
among canners over buying the fish.  
The highest price paid for more than  
a dozen years was paid when canners  
were taxed \$34.75 a hoghead. Thirty  
hogheads came to Eastport and sixty  
to North-Libec, and were packed at  
a big loss.

Prices during the summer were from  
\$6 to \$8 a hoghead and not until  
last week were exorbitant prices paid,  
when some canners here bid them in  
for \$24.50. The season's pack will fall  
short about sixty per cent. of former  
years when 2,000,000 cases had been  
canned on the Maine coast.

### WILSON NAMED WITTPENN.

Former Mayor of Jersey City for  
Naval Officer.

Washington.—H. Otto Wittpenn, ex-  
Mayor of Jersey City, a candidate in  
the New Jersey gubernatorial pri-  
maries against Governor Fielder, and  
afterward his ardent supporter, was  
nominated for naval officer at the New  
York customs house. President Wilson  
issued a statement, pointing out that  
as several counties of New Jersey  
were part of the New York custom-  
soms district in the recent organiza-  
tion, it was appropriate that New Jer-  
sey should be represented.

## WANT BIG COAST- WISE CANAL DUG

**Deep Waterway Delegates In-  
sist That It Is Necessary**

### FROM MAINE TO KEY WEST

Would Aid in Restoration of Deserted  
Farm Lands and Give United States  
a Fairer Portion of Panama  
Trade, They Declare.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Pleas for suffi-  
cient appropriations by Congress to  
complete the proposed inland water-  
way route along the Atlantic Coast,  
were made at the convention of the  
Atlantic Deeper Waterways Associa-  
tion here. The urgent need for the  
improvement of an inner trade route  
along the coast was emphasized and  
recent destructive coastal storms were  
instanced as arguments.

Many speakers showed the urgent  
need for an immediate appropriation  
to complete the work already under-  
taken both by the Federal Govern-  
ment and the several States. As a  
revenue producing and trade carrying  
project the Atlantic inland waterway  
was contrasted with many of the  
Western river projects to the disad-  
vantage of the latter.

The convention discussed the promo-  
tion of the inland waterway from  
Eastport, Me., to Key West, Fla. It  
also is planned to encourage a move-  
ment which will extend the waterway  
from Florida to Galveston along the  
Gulf of Mexico. Several sections of  
the proposed inland water route al-  
ready been completed, while others  
have only been surveyed, but have  
been favorably reported on.

Representative J. Hampton Moore,  
of Pennsylvania, president of the As-  
sociation, presided, and read his an-  
nual report. He declared the area to  
be aided by the improved water trans-  
portation facilities contained 40 per  
cent. of the entire population of the  
United States and 50 per cent. of all  
the wage earners. He said that the  
four ports to be touched by the pro-  
posed waterway, collected four-fifths  
of the customs revenue, and that  
through them passed most of the im-  
port and export business of the coun-  
try. This small territory, compris-  
ing the original thirteen States, pro-  
duced 53 per cent. of all the manu-  
factures and 60 per cent. of all the  
coal in the country. Those facts, he  
pointed out, should be taken into con-  
sideration by Congress.

As tending to show how the lack of  
adequate transportation increased the  
cost of living in the Eastern States,  
President Moore said:—

The problem confronting the own-  
ers of neglected Eastern lands is  
chiefly the problem of transporta-  
tion. It is the problem of the pro-  
ducer to get to market, a problem  
resulting from the concentration of  
population and business activity along  
the lines of the railroads, while vast  
stretches of country have suffered  
abandonment because the waterways  
that have formerly served them, were  
not kept up to modern standard.

If it takes five days to ship freight  
from Philadelphia to Chester, a dis-  
tance of twelve miles, or six days to  
Trenton, thirty-four miles, or thirteen  
days to New York, ninety miles, as  
was recently demonstrated, it is evi-  
dent that the railroads need relief. It  
takes an hour and a half only to ship  
from Philadelphia to Chester by wa-  
ter, four hours to Trenton and over-  
night to New York.

The early completion of the Panama  
Canal and the consequent shorter dis-  
tance between the Atlantic and Pa-  
cific coasts also was used as an argu-  
ment for the improvement of the At-  
lantic Coast waterway, together with  
the project of a similar nature from  
Florida to Galveston along the Gulf  
of Mexico.

How the proposed inland water trans-  
portation route would aid the agri-  
cultural activities of the Atlantic  
States was the theme of Lieut.-Gov.  
Howe, of Vermont. He told of the  
many abandoned and practically use-  
less farms in all of those States, and  
declared that only cheaper water  
transportation could bring them back  
to a fruitful condition. He said:

"Your problem here in Florida and  
our problem in Vermont are the same.  
It is to make our cultivated land  
yield more and to compel the land, so  
far neglected, to give its increase.  
Here in the East, we are only now  
learning the lesson, but we shall stay  
by until the triumph is complete.  
The same thing applies to all the  
rural sections of the Eastern States.  
There are more deserted farms in  
New York, by their own statistics,  
than in all New England. Much of  
the land in Pennsylvania is in back-  
ward hands. You can ride for miles  
in Virginia, the Carolinas, and in  
Georgia and see land neglected that  
ought to be adding yearly to the  
wealth and prosperity of the nation."

## VINCENT ASTOR AND HIS FIANCEE



Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington, the twenty-year-old girl of Staats-  
burg, N. Y., whose engagement to Vincent Astor has been announced is  
the daughter of Mrs. Robert Huntington and granddaughter of the late  
William B. Dinsmore. Like Mr. Astor, she is fond of outdoor sports.

## INDICTED AS THE 'BAGMAN'

**Grand Jury Accuses Fowler of  
Extortion from Contractor**

### ACT ON HENNESSY CHARGES

Grand Jury Acts, Following Testi-  
mony by Seneca P. Hull That He  
Was Forced to Contribute \$250  
on Pain of Losing Contract.

New York.—Everett Fowler, a  
Kingston lawyer, described by John  
A. Hennessy in campaign speeches  
and from the witness chair as the  
"bagman" was indicted on a charge  
of extortion.

It is charged that he got \$250 from  
Seneca P. Hull of Cortland under  
threat to hold up payments on his  
road contract if the contributions  
were not made.

The indictment against Fowler was  
found after Hull had shown three let-  
ters and a check in support of his  
testimony. The first letter was signed  
by William H. Kelley, Democratic  
State committeeman from Onondaga  
county. It directed Hull to meet Fow-  
ler in Kelley's office. The second let-  
ter was also signed by Kelley. It in-  
dicated that Fowler was disappointed  
because Hull had not appeared in re-  
sponse to the first letter and arranged  
for another meeting. The third let-  
ter was from Arthur A. McLean, treas-  
urer of the Democratic State com-  
mittee, acknowledging a contribution of  
\$250 from Hull.

The check was drawn by Hull to the  
order of Norman E. Mack of Buf-  
falo. It was indorsed by Mack and  
eventually was deposited by McLean  
for the Democratic State committee  
in the Fourth National Bank in this  
city. Hull also put in the hands of  
the District Attorney another check  
for \$100, drawn last year to Mr. Mack.  
Neither of these contributions ap-  
pears in the report of campaign re-  
ceipts for 1911 and 1912 filed by Mc-  
Lean.

Mr. Hull told the Grand Jury that  
he went to Syracuse as directed and  
met Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler, he said,  
took him into a room alone.

## MEXICAN REBELS TAKE JUAREZ

**Capture City by Assault and  
Execute Scores of Federals**

### MAKE MERRY AFTER VICTORY

Federals Remain Unburied in Streets  
While Juarez Celebrates—Bullfight  
Draws Crowd—Defenders of City  
Killed After Digging Graves.

Juarez, Mexico.—Death was given  
a day off and the victorious soldiers  
of Villa's rebel army celebrate their  
capture of the biggest city on the  
northern frontier.

Rifles and pistols barked at short in-  
tervals throughout Saturday as the  
present rebel holders of Juarez set-  
tled accounts with Federals against  
whom they bore a personal grudge or  
who were suspected of having injured  
the Constitutional cause.

Officially it was admitted that seven  
Federal officers had been executed.  
Officially, it was said in the morning  
that the dead would number about 30;  
officially, at night, the death list was  
placed at about 75. Unofficially, it is  
known that 11 bodies were counted in  
the streets of Juarez the day before.

The hand that pulled the trigger  
that sent some unlucky prisoner to  
eternity laid pennies and dimes and  
quarters upon the green at the card  
tables or applauded the thrusts of a  
favorite matador at a frightened bull;  
the voice that shouted, "un viva Villa"  
is hoarse from shouting, "Viva picad-  
ore."

Capt. Ricardo Contereras of the  
Federal army was among the victims  
of the rebel executioners. He had  
been one of the most active Fed-  
erals in the preparations for the de-  
fence of Juarez and had largely su-  
pervised the work of planting mines  
and constructing the barbed wire  
electrified "trochas" about the city.

With Villa no prisoner was tried  
before he was executed. Villa either  
ordered his execution calmly and  
quickly, as if he were ordering his  
horse saddled, or some subordinate  
decided that the execution was proper  
and carried it out.

## BRITISH SHIPS FOR MEXICO

**War Vessels Dispatched to Vera  
Cruz Without Usual Notice**

### MOVE PUZZLES WASHINGTON

Wilson Thinks Huerta Will Retire—  
Hale's Break with Carranza Renews  
Dictator's Hope of Remaining—  
Can't Defer Longer.

Washington.—When it became  
known that the British government  
had ordered three warships to Mexi-  
can waters something akin to a sen-  
sation was caused in Washington, and  
it is certain that this unexpected step  
has great significance. It was only  
on October 28 that the Secretary of  
State announced that Great Britain,  
France and Germany had been asked  
by the United States to take no action  
in Mexico until they heard further  
from the United States, and that each  
of those countries had agreed to do  
this.

It was definitely understood at the  
time that Secretary Bryan approached  
these European countries because of  
activity which he believed to be  
threatened. There was certainly  
much evidence of European dissat-  
isfaction over the course the United  
States was following, and it was ex-  
pected that the representation made  
to Europe by Mr. Bryan would be fol-  
lowed by some definite action.

Such, however, has not been the  
result, and consequently the dispatch-  
ing of British warships to Mexican  
waters, hitherto sedulously avoided  
by British ships, arouses comment  
and speculation. The speculation ex-  
tends even to the conclusion that the  
British government is tired of Ameri-  
can inactivity and has decided to  
look after its own interests in Mexi-  
co without deferring to President  
Wilson's policy, or to the prestige  
America is supposed to have in Latin  
American affairs.

President Wilson has some reason  
to believe that before long Victoriano  
Huerta, dictator of Mexico, will retire  
from the office to which he so tena-  
ciously clings in utter defiance of the  
wishes of this government. Therein  
lies the reason for the optimism  
which has pervaded official circles in  
the face of bad news from unofficial  
sources in Mexico City.

Despatches from Mexico City indi-  
cate that Huerta is more determined  
than ever to ignore the demands  
made by the United States. He will  
not resign the Presidency and both  
his Cabinet and the new Mexican  
Congress are expected to lend their  
approval to his defiance.

Despatches from Nogales report  
that William Bayard Hale's negotia-  
tions with General Carranza have  
been a complete failure.

### REPUBLICAN MAJORITY OF TWO

New York Assembly Returns Show  
One Independent.

Albany, N. Y.—Returns received in-  
dicate that the next Assembly will  
comprise 77 Republicans, 51 Democ-  
rats, 21 Progressives and 1 In-  
dependent, the candidate who defeated  
Assemblyman Louis Cuvillier, of Man-  
hattan.

Notices were sent out to all Assem-  
blymen elect with a view of ascertain-  
ing their party affiliations for caucus  
purposes in connection with the or-  
ganization of the next Assembly. It  
will require 76 Republican votes to  
elect the Assembly Speaker and the  
clerk. Returns have been received  
from all but 17 Assemblymen elect  
and of these 17 is expected six will  
announce that they will attend the Re-  
publican caucus. Of the replies re-  
ceived from 133 Assemblymen elect  
71 asked to be designated as Republi-  
cans, 45 as Democrats, 16 as Progress-  
ives and one as Independent. The  
regular Republicans will have at  
least one more than a majority.

### CANAL MAY DISAPPOINT.

British Shipbroker Does Not Look  
for Great Trade Increase at First.

London.—Mr. Howard Houlder, of  
Messrs. Howard Houlder and Part-  
ners, shipbrokers, in an inaugural ad-  
dress at the Institute of Shipbrokers,  
said the opening of the Panama Canal  
might lead to a result exactly the op-  
posite to what apparently some of the  
large lines expected, in so far as they  
were adding to their tonnage on the  
score of increased traffic when the  
canal opened.

It seemed to him that the question  
was one of population on the other  
side of the canal and that they were  
not going to have any great increase  
in the volume of trade until the Pa-  
cific Coast, both north and south,  
had a very much larger population  
than it had at present.

## IN ALL PARTS OF NEW JERSEY

**Telegraphed Localities Cover-  
ing the Entire State.**

### FACTORIES RUSHING WORK

Cullings From Late Dispatches That  
Epitomize the News of the State  
for a Week—Fishermen Report  
Good Luck at Coast Resorts.

Woodbury's new artesian well is  
down 112 feet, which is below the  
marl stratum, and will go deeper.

The Rev. G. H. Hanners, of Nation-  
al Park, with two others, killed 14  
rabbits, two squirrels and two quail  
in a few hours near Blackwood.

Harry Cole, of Johnstown, Pa., who  
recently purchased the Fogg farm,  
near Woodbury, is setting out 1,800  
peach trees.

Following an illness of one day of  
acute indigestion, Walter Kerr, ex-  
county collector of Warren county, is  
dead at his home.

Four offenders shown to have car-  
ried razors as weapons have been sen-  
tenced to heavy prison terms by  
Judge Foster at Freehold.

Complying with the request of the  
fire company, the City Commission at  
Millville has voted them 500 feet of  
new hose.

Governor Taylor issued extradition  
papers for the return of Harry A.  
Weitzel, under arrest in Mount Holly,  
and wanted in Delaware for bigamy.

An infirmary for friends has been  
erected in Woodstown with money  
supplied by the Anna Jeanes fund left  
to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

The suit of A. D. Rush, of Palmyra,  
whose son was killed in a grade-cross-  
ing accident, has been settled by the  
Pennsylvania Railroad out of Court.

While the family was away, thieves  
robbed the house of Oscar Dalrymple,  
at Phillipsburg, taking money, jewelry  
and silverware.

Surveyors have been laying out a  
part of the new State road from  
Woodstown to Malaga, work on which  
is to begin early in the spring.

Leroy Robinson, 18 years old, son of  
Silas Robinson, of Dragston, was shot  
by accident, and instantly killed by  
Teddy Lewis, 13 years old.

A committee of Riverside citizens,  
headed by the Rev. C. W. Twigg, is  
working with the Pennsylvania Rail-  
road to procure a new station build-  
ing for the town.

Warren Curry and Lewis J. Tucker,  
Jr., Boy Scouts of Woodbury, who  
have been camping near the reservoir,  
killed a ten-pound opossum near their  
tent. Next day the boys had a feast.

Prof. J. H. Voorhees, of the State  
Agricultural College, was greeted by  
large groups of boys on his trip  
through Gloucester county to tell of  
corn growing for prizes.

Charged with having caused the  
death of his girl bride, George W.  
Geiger, 19, was arrested at Atlantic  
City by County Detective Harrington.  
Mrs. Geiger died in the hospital fol-  
lowing an operation.

Interest in the movement to induce  
the Government to locate the pro-  
posed armor plant on the New Jersey  
side of the Delaware has reached  
Gloucester, where residents are able  
to point out many advantageous sites.

The Riverside Democratic Club has  
been organized with these officers:  
President, William F. Wilkinson;  
vice president, George Schele; secre-  
tary, Theodore L. Krein; treasurer,  
Christopher Ruff, Sr.

Ridgway Gaunn, 14 years old, of  
Lumberton, was dangerously wounded  
while gunning when a gun in the  
hands of a boy companion was acci-  
dentally discharged and Gaunn re-  
ceived the full load in one leg be-  
tween the knee and thigh.

Raeffele Luongo, under sentence of  
death for shooting a fellow-country-  
man in Elizabeth was brought to the  
State Prison at Trenton. Luongo is  
afflicted with beri beri, one of the  
rarest diseases in the country, and it  
is doubtful if he will live to satisfy  
the demands of the law. It is not  
known where the man contracted the  
disease, but it is most prevalent in  
Japan.

# INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN  
 AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"  
 "THE FILIGREE BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"  
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SYNOPSIS.

George Anderson and wife see a remarkable looking man come out of the Clermont hotel, look around furtively, wash his hands in the snow and pass on. Commotion attracts them to the Clermont, where it is found that the beautiful Miss Edith Challoner has fallen dead. Anderson describes the man he saw wash his hands in the snow. The hotel manager declares him to be Orlando Brotherson. Physicians find that Miss Challoner was stabbed and not shot, which seems to clear Brotherson of suspicion. Gryce, an aged detective, and Sweetwater, his assistant, take up the case. Mr. Challoner tells of a batch of letters found in his daughter's desk, signed "O. B." All are love letters except one, which shows that the writer was displeased. This letter was signed by Orlando Brotherson. Anderson goes with Sweetwater to identify Brotherson, who is found in a tenement under the name of Dunn. He is an inventor. Brotherson tells the coroner Miss Challoner repulsed him with scorn when he offered her his love. Sweetwater recalls the mystery of the murder of a washerwoman in which some details were similar to the Challoner affair. Challoner admits his daughter was deeply interested, if not in love with Brotherson. Sweetwater gets lodgings in the same building with Brotherson. He watches the inventor at work at night and is detected by the latter. The detective moves to a room adjoining Brotherson's. He borrows a hole in the wall to spy on Brotherson. He visits him and assists the inventor in his work. A girl sent by Sweetwater with Edith Challoner's letters is ordered out by Brotherson. He declares the letters were not written by him. Sweetwater is unmasked by Brotherson, who declares he recognized him at once. The discovery is made that the letters signed "O. B." were written by two different men. Sweetwater goes to Derby in search of the second "O. B.," whom he expects to locate through one Doris Scott mentioned in the letters. She is found acting as nurse for Oswald Brotherson, who is critically sick and calls the name of Edith in his delirium. Sweetwater comes across a peculiar hut in the woods. He sees a load of boxes marked "O. B.," taken into the hut under the supervision of Doris Scott.

murmured in strained monotonous ones:

"I see it again—just as I saw it in the early morning—but even more plainly, if that is possible. A hall—I should call it a hall, though I don't remember seeing any place like it before, with a little staircase at the side, up which there comes a man, who stops just at the top and looks intently my way. There is fierceness in his face—a look which means no good to anybody—and as his hand goes to his overcoat pocket, drawing out something which I cannot describe, but which he handles as if it were a pistol, I feel a horrible fear, and—and—" The child was staggering, and the hand which was free had sought her heart where it lay clenched, the knuckles showing white in the dim light.

Mr. Challoner watched her with dilated eyes, the spell under which she spoke falling in some degree upon him. Had she finished? Was this all? No; she is speaking again, but very low, almost in a whisper.

"There is music—a crash—but I plainly see his other hand approach the object he is holding. He takes something from the end—the object is pointed my way—I am looking into—into—what? I do not know. I cannot even see him now. The space where he stood is empty. Everything fades, and I wake with a loud cry in my ears and a sense of death here." She had lifted her hand and struck at her heart, opening her eyes as she did so. "Yet it was not I who had been shot," she added softly.

Mr. Challoner shuddered. This was like the reopening of his daughter's grave. But he had entered upon the scene with a full appreciation of the ordeal awaiting him and he did not lose his calmness, or the control of his judgment.

"Be seated, Miss Scott," he entreated, taking a chair himself. "You have described the spot and some of the circumstances of my daughter's death as accurately as if you had been there. But you have doubtless read a full account of those details in the papers; possibly seen pictures which would make the place quite real to you. The mind is a strange storehouse. We do not always know what lies hidden within it."

"That's true," she admitted. "But the man! I had never seen the man, or any picture of him, and his face was clearest of all. I should know it if I saw it anywhere. It is imprinted on my memory as plainly as yours. Oh, I hope never to see that man!"

Leaning toward her that he might get her full attention, he waited till her eyes met his, then quietly asked:

"Have you ever named this man to yourself?"

"She started and dropped her eyes.

"I do not dare to," said she.

"Why?"

"Because I've read in the papers

"It is he! It is he!"

that the man who stood there had the same name as—"

"Tell me, Miss Scott."

"As Mr. Brotherson's brother."

"But you do not think it was his brother?"

"I do not know."

"You've never seen his brother?"

"Never."

"Nor his picture?"

"No, Mr. Brotherson has none."

"Aren't they friends? Does he never mention Orlando?"

"Very, very rarely. But I've no reason to think they are not on good terms. I know they correspond."

"Miss Scott?"

"Yes, Mr. Challoner."

"You must not rely too much upon your dream."

Her eyes flashed to his and then fell again.

"Dreams are not revelations; they are the reproduction of what already lies hidden in the mind. I can prove that your dream is such."

"How?" She looked startled.

"You speak of seeing something being leveled at you which made you think of a pistol?"

"Yes, I was looking directly into it—"



"But my daughter was not shot. She died from a stab."

Doris' lovely face, with its tender lines and girlish curves, took on a strange look of conviction which deepened, rather than melted under his indulgent, but penetrating gaze.

"I know that you think so—but my dream says no. I saw this object. It was pointed directly towards me—above all, I saw his face. It was the face of one whose finger is on the trigger and who means death; and I believe my dream."

Well, it was useless to reason further. Gentle in all else, she was immovable so far as this idea was concerned, and seeing this, he let the matter go and prepared to take his leave.

She seemed to be quite ready for this. Anxiety about her patient had regained its place in her mind, and her glance sped constantly toward the door. Tapping her hand in his, he said some kind words, then crossed to the door and opened it. Instantly her finger flew to her lips and, obedient to its silent injunction, he took up his hat in silence, and was proceeding down the hall, when the bell rang, startling them both and causing him to step quickly back.

"Who is it?" she asked. "Father's in and visitors seldom come so late."

"Shall I see?"

She nodded, looking strangely troubled as the door swung open, revealing the tall, strong figure of a man facing them from the porch.

"A stranger," formed itself upon her lips, and she was moving forward, when the man suddenly stepped into the glare of the light, and she stopped, with a murmur of dismay which pierced Mr. Challoner's heart and prepared him for the words which now fell shudderingly from her lips.

"It is he! It is he! I said that I should know him wherever I saw him." Then with a quiet turn towards the intruder, "Oh, why, why, did you come here!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Do You Know My Brother?

Her hands were thrust out to repel, her features were fixed; her beauty something wonderful. Orlando Brotherson, thus met, stared for a moment at the vision before him, then slowly and with effort withdrawing his gaze, he sought the face of Mr. Challoner with the first sign of open disturbance that gentleman had ever seen in him.

"Am I in Oswald Brotherson's house?" he asked. "I was directed here. But possibly there may be some mistake?"

"It is here he lives," said she, moving back automatically till she stood again by the threshold of the small room in which she had received Mr. Challoner. "Do you wish to see him tonight? If so, I fear it is impossible. He has been very ill and is not allowed to receive visits from strangers."

"I am not a stranger," announced the newcomer, with a smile few could see unmoved, it offered such a contrast to his stern and dominating figure. "I thought I heard some words of recognition which would prove your knowledge of that fact."

She did not answer. Her lips had parted, but her thought or at least the expression of her thought hung suspended in the terror of this meeting for which she was not at all prepared. He seemed to note this terror, whether or not he understood its cause, and smiled again, as he added:

"Mr. Brotherson must have spoken of his brother Orlando. I am he, Miss Scott. Will you let me come in now?"

Her eyes sought those of Mr. Challoner, who quietly nodded. Immediately she stepped from before the door which her figure had guarded and, motioning him to enter, she begged Mr. Challoner, with an imploring look, to sustain her in the interview she saw before her. He had no desire for this encounter, especially as Mr. Brotherson's glance in his direction had been anything but conciliatory. He was quite convinced that nothing was to be gained by it, but he could not resist her appeal, and followed them into the little room whose limited dimensions made the tall Orlando look bigger and stronger and more lordly in his self-confidence than ever.

"I am sorry it is so late," she began, contemplating his intrusive figure with forced composure. "We have to be very quiet in the evenings so as not to disturb your brother's first sleep which is of great importance to him."

"Then I'm not to see him tonight?"

"I pray you to wait. He's—he's been a very sick man."

"Dangerously so?"

"Yes."

Orlando continued to regard her with a peculiar awakening gaze, showing, Mr. Challoner thought, more interest in her than in his brother, and when he spoke it was mechanically and as if in sole obedience to the proprieties of the occasion.

"I did not know he was ill till very

late. His last letter was a cheerful one, and I supposed that all was right till chance revealed the truth. I came on at once. I was intending to come anyway. I have business here, as you probably know, Miss Scott."

She shook her head. "I know very little about business," said she.

"My brother has not told you why he expected me?"

"He has not even told me that he expected you."

"No?" The word was highly expressive; there was surprise in it and a touch of wonder, but more than all, satisfaction. "Oswald was always close-mouthed," he declared. "It's a good fault; I'm obliged to the boy."

These last words were uttered with a lightness which imposed upon his two highly agitated hearers, causing Mr. Challoner to frown and Doris to shrink back in indignation at the man who could indulge in a sportive suggestion in presence of such fears, if not of such memories, as the situation evoked.

"The hour is late for further conversation. I have a room at the hotel and will return to it at once. In the morning I hope to see my brother."

He was going, Doris not knowing what to say, Mr. Challoner not desirous of detaining him, when there came the sound of a little tinkle from the other side of the hall, blanching the young girl's cheeks and causing Orlando Brotherson's brows to rise in peculiar satisfaction.

"My brother?" he asked.

"Yes," came in faltering reply. "He has heard our voices; I must go to him."

"Say that Orlando wishes him a good night," smiled her heart's enemy, with a bow of infinite grace.

She shuddered, and was hastening from the room when her glance fell on Mr. Challoner. He was pale and looked greatly disturbed. The prospect of being left alone with a man whom she had herself denounced to him as his daughter's murderer, might prove a tax to his strength to which she had no right to subject him. Pausing with an appealing air, she made him a slight gesture which he at once understood.

"I will accompany you into the hall," said he. "Then if anything is wrong, you have but to speak my name."

But Orlando Brotherson, displeased by this move, took a step which brought him between the two.

"You can hear her from here if she chances to speak. There's a point to be settled between us before either of us leave this house, and this opportunity is as good as another. Go to my brother, Miss Scott; we will await your return."

A flash from the proud banker's eye; but no demur, rather a gesture of consent. Doris, with a look of deep anxiety, sped away, and the two men stood face to face.

"Mr. Challoner, do you know my brother?"

"I have never seen him."

"Do you know him? Does he know you?"

"Not at all. We are strangers."

It was said honestly. They did not know each other. Mr. Challoner was quite correct in his statement.

"Men sometimes correspond who do not know each other. You knew that a Brotherson lived here?"

"Yes."

"And hoped to learn something about me—"

"No; my interest was solely with your brother."

"With my brother? With Oswald? What interest can you have in him apart from me? Oswald is—"

Suddenly a thought came—an unimaginable one; one with power to blanch even his hardy cheek and shake a soul unassailable by all small emotions.

"Oswald Brotherson!" he repeated; adding in unintelligible tones to himself—"O. B. The same initials! They are following up these initials. Poor Oswald!" Then aloud: "It hardly becomes me, perhaps, to question your motives in this attempt at making my brother's acquaintance. I think I can guess them; but your labor will be wasted. Oswald's interests do not extend beyond this town; they hardly extend to me. We are strangers, almost. You will learn nothing from him on the subject which naturally engrosses you."

Mr. Challoner simply bowed. "I do not feel called upon," said he, "to explain my reasons for wishing to know your brother. I will simply satisfy you upon a point which may well rouse your curiosity. You remember that—that my daughter's last act was the writing of a letter to a little protégée of hers. Miss Scott was that protégée. In seeking her, I came upon him. Do you require me to say more on this subject? Wait till I have seen Mr. Oswald Brotherson and then perhaps I can do so."

Receiving no answer to this, Mr. Challoner turned again to the man who was the object of his deepest suspicions, to find him still in the daze of that unimaginable thought, battling with it, scoffing at it, succumbing to

it and all without a word. Mr. Challoner was without clue to this struggle, but the might of it and the mystery of it, drove him in extreme agitation from the room. Though proof was lacking, though proof might never come, nothing could ever alter his belief from this moment on that Doris was right in her estimate of this man's guilt, however unsubstantial her reasoning might appear.

How far he might have been carried by this new conviction; whether he would have left the house without seeing Doris again or exchanging another word with the man whose very presence trifled him, he had no opportunity to show, for before he had taken another step, he encountered the hurrying figure of Doris, who was returning to her guests with an air of marked relief.

"He does not know that you are here," she whispered to Mr. Challoner, as she passed him. Then, as she again confronted Orlando who hastened to dismiss his trouble at her approach, she said quite gaily: "Mr. Brotherson heard your voice, and is glad to know that you're here. He bade me give you this key and say that you would have found things in better shape if he had been in condition to superintend the removal of the boxes to the place he had prepared for you before he became ill. I was the one to do that," she added, controlling her aversion with manifest effort. "When Mr. Brotherson came to himself he asked if I had heard about any large boxes having arrived at the station shipped to his name. I said that several notices of such had come to the house. At which he requested me to see that they were carried at once to the strange looking shed he had put up for him in the woods. I thought that they were for him, and I saw to the thing myself. Two or three others have come since and been taken to the same place. I think you will find nothing broken or disturbed; Mr. Brotherson's wishes are usually respected."

"That is fortunate for me," was the courteous reply.

But Orlando Brotherson was not himself, not at all himself as he bowed a formal adieu and withdrew past the drawn-up sentinel-like figure of Mr. Challoner, without a motion on his part or on the part of that gentleman to lighten an exit which had something in it of doom and dread presage.

CHAPTER XXX.

Chaos.

It is not difficult to understand Mr. Challoner's feelings or even those of Doris at the moment of Mr. Brotherson's departure. But why this change in Brotherson himself? Why this sense of something new and terrible rising between him and the suddenly beclouded future? Let us follow him to his lonely hotel room and see if we can solve the puzzle.

But first, does he understand his



"What Do You Wish to Ask?"

own trouble? He does not seem to. For when, his hat thrown aside, he stops, erect and frowning under the flaring gas jet he had no recollection of lighting, his first act was to lift his hand to his head in a gesture of surprising helplessness for him, while snatches of broken sentences fell from his lips among which could be heard:

"What has come to me? Undone in an hour! Doubly undone! First by a face and then by this thought which surely the devils have whispered to me. Mr. Challoner and Oswald! What is the link between them? Great God! what is the link? Not myself? Who then or what?"

Flinging himself into a chair, he buried his face in his hands. There were two demons to fight—the first in the guise of an angel. Doris! Unknown yesterday, unknown an hour ago; but now! Had there ever been a day—an hour—when she had not been as the very throb of his heart, the light of his eyes, and the crown of all imaginable blisses?

This was no passing admiration of youth for a captivating woman. This

was not even the love he had given to Edith Challoner. He did not know himself. There was nothing in his whole history to give him an understanding of such feelings as these.

He, Orlando Brotherson, had never thought much of love. Science had been his mistress; ambition his lodestar. Miss Challoner had roused—well, his pride. He could see that now. The might of this new emotion made plain many things he had passed by as useless, puerile, unworthy of a man of mental caliber and might. He had never loved Edith Challoner at any moment of their acquaintance, though he had been sincere in thinking that he did. Doris' beauty, the hour he had just passed with her, had undeceived him.

Did he half the experience? It was not likely to bring him joy. This young girl whose image floated in light before his eyes, would never love him. She loved his brother. He had heard their names mentioned together before he had been in town an hour. Oswald, the cleverest man, Doris, the most beautiful girl in western Pennsylvania.

He had accepted the gossip then; he had not seen her and it all seemed very natural—hardly worth a moment's thought. But now—

And here, the other demon sprang erect and grappled with him before the first one had let go his hold. Oswald and Challoner! There is more than Fate's caprice in Challoner's interest in a man he never saw. Had he found the connecting link? Had it been—could it have been Edith? The preposterous is sometimes true; could it be true in this case?

He recalled the letters read to him as hers in that room of his in Brooklyn. He had hardly noted them then, he was so sure of their being forgeries, gotten up by the police to mislead him. Could they have been real, the effusions of her mind, the breathings of her heart, directed to an actual O. B., and that O. B., his brother? Oswald had been cast, Oswald had even been in the Berkshires before himself. Oswald—Why it was Oswald who had suggested that he should go there—go where she still was. Why this second coincidence, if there were no tie—if the Challoners and Oswald were as far apart as they seemed and as conventionalities would naturally place them. Oswald was a sentimentalist, but very reserved about his sentimentalities. If these suppositions were true, he had had a sentimentalist's motive for what he did. As Orlando realized this, he rose from his seat, aghast at the possibilities confronting him from this line of thought. Should he contemplate them? Risk his reason by dwelling on a supposition which might have no foundation in fact? No. His brain was too full—his purposes too important for any unnecessary strain to be put upon his faculties. No thinking! Investigating first. Mr. Challoner should be able to settle this question. He would see him. Even at this late hour he ought to be able to find him in one of the rooms below; and, by the force of an irresistible demand, learn in a moment whether he had to do with a mere chimera of his own overwrought fancy, or with a fact which would call into play all the resources of an hitherto unconquered and undaunted nature.

There was a wood-fire burning in the sitting-room that night, and around it was grouped a number of men with their papers and pipes. Mr. Brotherson, entering, naturally looked that way for the man he was in search of, and was disappointed not to find him there; but on casting his glances elsewhere, he was relieved to see him standing in one of the windows overlooking the street. His back was to the room and he seemed to be lost in a fit of abstraction.

Orlando was, as I have said, an extraordinary specimen of manly vigor in body and in mind; and his presence in any company always attracted attention and roused, if it never satisfied, curiosity. Conversation accordingly ceased as he strode up to Mr. Challoner's side, so that his words were quite audible as he addressed that gentleman with a somewhat curt:

"You see me again, Mr. Challoner. May I beg of you a few minutes' further conversation? I will not detain you long."

The gray head turned, and the many eyes watching showed surprise at the expression of dislike and repulsion with which this New York gentleman met the request thus emphatically urged. But his answer was courteous enough. If Mr. Brotherson knew a place where they would be left undisturbed, he would listen to him if he would be very brief.

For reply, the other pointed to a small room quite unoccupied which opened out of the one in which they then stood. Mr. Challoner bowed and in another moment the door closed upon them, to the infinite disappointment of the men about the hearth.

"What do you wish to ask?" was Mr. Challoner's immediate inquiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# TWO VIEWS of the WORLD

## THE PESSIMIST.

Thanksgiving? Why should I be thankful? I've no millions piled away; People do not gladly cheer me; I have little time to play; Others go to view the wonders to be found across the sea; But I toil through all the seasons—there is little rest for me. All that I can earn is quickly claimed by those who lie in wait, Overcharging me in order that their profits may be great.

Why should I be thankful, brother? What I have I've had to get Through the hardest kind of digging; I have paid with honest sweat; I have pushed ahead unaided, Fate and Fortune I've defied; I've refused to let them crush me, though they've often grimly tried. Why, therefore, should I be thankful? To my strength and to my will I'm indebted for permission to keep striving onward still.

## THE OPTIMIST.

Thanksgiving! I am truly thankful, though I still must work away, Though there are no crowds to cheer me, though I've little time to play; Other men may look for pleasure, from the cares of duty free, Others know the joys of leisure, but there's little rest for me;

Yet how weak is he that sadly sits complaining at his fate; I have thanks to render gladly for a vigor that is great.

Why should I be thankful, brother? I that have to strive and sweat, Earning doubly, yea and trebly, all the blessings that I get? I have marched ahead unaided, though my strength has oft been tried, I have kept my soul unsullied, I'm entitled still to pride; I am thankful for my courage, thankful for an iron will, And the buoyant hope a thousand bitter failures could not kill.



## CUSTOM HAS ALWAYS BEEN

Popular Error Holds That President Lincoln Issued First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

There is some discussion as to the origin of the present national custom of observing Thanksgiving day. It was held by a large number of people, until recently, that the custom was first established by President Lincoln during the Civil war. Examination of the records showed that this was a mistake. A number of the presidents who preceded Mr. Lincoln issued Thanksgiving proclamations, the practice dating back to Washington. They had been desultory, however, and there had been no regular repetition of the proclamation until after it had been issued by Mr. Lincoln.

The custom of observing a day of thanksgiving and prayer is as old as the civilization of the country. It was inaugurated in New England very shortly after the arrival of the first English immigrants, and it gradually became the day of all others in the year, for surpassing Christmas in the enthusiasm and universality of its observance. In the southern states, prior to the Civil war, it was quite general, though there was no common day of celebration. The governors of the states issued their proclamations without reference to the dates set by the governors of other states, and it not infrequently happened that the celebration would occur in Maryland on a day different from that which was observed in the neighboring states. There were commonwealths, prior to the Civil war, where no proclamation was issued, and there was no observance whatever.

The proclamation of Mr. Lincoln seemed to electrify the country and to cement the states in their observance of Thanksgiving, though there were commonwealths which for some years afterward selected a different date. This gradually ceased, until now the celebration has become a thoroughly national and universal event. For a while it eclipsed the Fourth of July, and in New England today it far surpasses Christmas in interest. With the disappearance of sectionalism, however, the Fourth of July has assumed its normal place in American holidays, and is not likely again, through any combination of circumstances, to lose it.

### Thanksgiving Prayer.

For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year, good Lord, we thank thee. For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love; for the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in the ways of life and love; for our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above the real, good Lord, we humbly thank thee! For the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs; for our necessities to work; for all that brings us nearer to each other, nearer to ourselves, near to thee, we thank thee, O our Father!—Selected.

### Some Appropriate Thoughts.

The general idea is that when we have an abundance of material good we should be thankful. Of course, the converse is equally true. And as this is a matter of interpretation for each individual, and as he sees many of his fellows who have prospered better than he, it disinclines him to give thanks. Another theory is that although we have meager possessions others have less, therefore we should be thankful. This is a mighty mean way to do. It's one way of crowing over your unfortunate neighbor, and is the quintessence of littleness. Another way is to thank God that your neighbors are no better off than yourself. This was the case of the old lady when the frost caught her garden truck. Still another is to take advantage of your neighbor and then return thanks that you are self-made and successful. And yet another way is to do your neighbor ere he does you and then give thanks, as David Harum would say. And there are those who profess thankfulness because matters might be worse. And that brings up the query whether matters ever are so bad that they might not be worse. If not, then one might find an endless chain of thanksgiving if one could really be thankful to a being who would so dispose or order events as to produce so much misery. All these notions or conceits are more or less crooked.

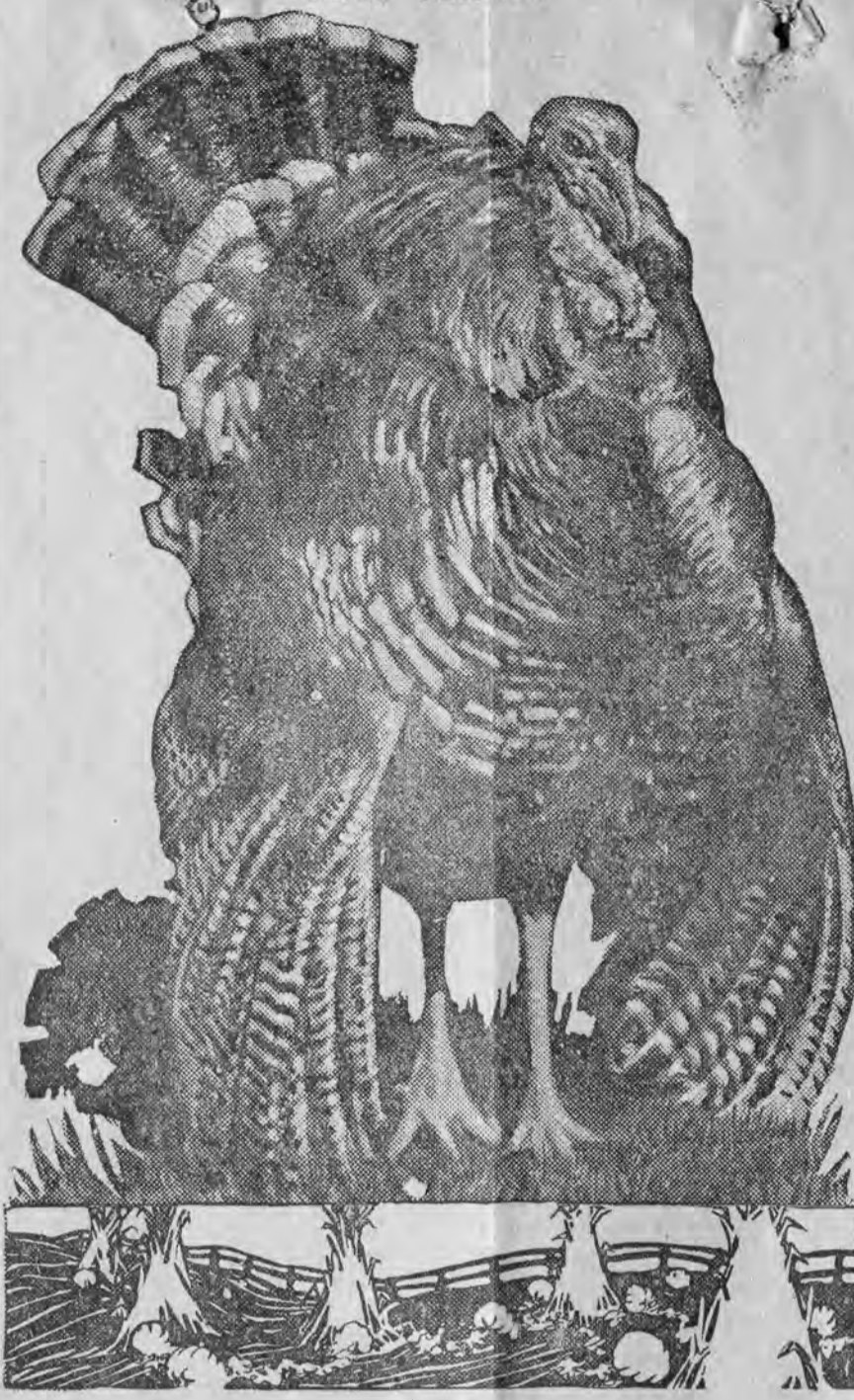
### For Which We Owe Thanks.

That we have much to be thankful for no one doubts or denies. It is not necessary to rehearse details. We know that we are a happy and favored people. We are rich, prosperous and free. Our problems, great as they are, are as nothing compared with those that are distressing the nations of the old world. But the things which we regard as blessings, and for which we are supposed to give thanks, are blessings only as we use them right, and only in so far as we humbly acknowledge that they are the gifts of God. The danger is, not that we shall attribute too much to the divine power, but that we shall take too much credit to ourselves. This has always been true. Far back in Old Testament times the people were warned against thinking that they themselves had got the wealth which they enjoyed, and were told that it was God who had given them the power to get wealth. The old religious idea, therefore, rather than the new one, makes—if it is correctly understood—for national and individual humility.

### Blessings Enumerated.

As a nation we individual citizens of the United States have reason above all other peoples for the giving of thanks. Where others have within the year been menaced by war, by domestic disorder, by revolution within or enemy without, Americans have been at peace at home and enjoying peaceful relations with all the world. Our government has been honored with the leadership in a movement for the limitation and eventual ending of war. The broad principles of democratic government upon which our republic rests have been an inspiration to less favored peoples even in the most backward quarters of the earth.

## KING TURKEY



### ALWAYS OTHERS TO HELP

Thought for Those Who Are in Suffering at This Time of General Rejoicing.

This was the sweet, consoling word that came to a woman struggling with fresh bereavement at the Thanksgiving season. Instantly a well of thankfulness was unsealed in her own heart. All was not over, then! There was still something left to live for. Someone yet leaned on her. Someone turned to her for help and strength and comfort. It set a whole nest of singing birds caroling in the very ruins of her own happiness.

Does this not give us a hint how to comfort the sorrowful? "I don't want to be 'poor-deared!'" cried one whose best-beloved had been taken. "All I want on earth is just once more to hear him say, 'I need you!'" That comfort, alas! was nevermore to be hers, but time showed her a helpless world of people always saying it. It is the true soul- tonic. The solace of helping others is within the reach of every sufferer. Added to that is sometimes vouchsafed the reward hinted at in the beginning of this paragraph. Now and then someone will feel a warm throb of thankfulness toward us, and say so. It pays a thousand times for the little we are able to do out of our weakness. It is a thousand times better than sitting by life's wayside and holding out pitiful hands for beggars' alms of condolence and sympathy. Nobody wants to have anybody thankful to him, but it is a high form of happiness to know that someone is thankful for us.

### For the Blessings Bestowed.

Thankfulness makes the ordinary and simple gifts of God shine with a morning luster, and exudes the rarest perfume. There are two ways to get rich—one is to increase the number of our dollars, the other is to increase the value of the few dollars we already have. Thankfulness raises the blessings we already have to higher degrees of worth, and thereby enriches us. If thankfulness does not create new roses, it paints a finer hue on those we have; if it does not load our table, it puts a delicious sweetness in our simple fare; if it does not clothe our bodies in costly raiment, it lends a sweetness of behavior to our bodies, so that we do not need such raiment to make us attractive. All other beautiful graces of Christian character are lacking in luster without the shining grace of gratitude to God for his abundant mercies and unceasing loving kindness to the children of men.

### To the Discontented.

Let's be thankful, though care May be sent us to bear, For only the foolish may never know That trouble still breeds Wherever hope leads— That the flowers of joy are watered By the cleansing tears of woe.

Let's be thankful, though still There is many an ill That we long to have strength to clear away,

For contentment is shown By the foolish alone, By the weak who are merely waiting To return to their mother clay. —S. E. KISER.

### No One Too Poor to Give.

Something that rich, poor, weak, strong, young, old can give—thanks. Did you ever think of that? Just as long as you have a heart—and may it be always—you can appreciate something and be grateful. Poor indeed is that man or woman who in this life can find nothing for which thanks can be given.

### Reversible Thanksgiving

Let's be thankful for the coal that's in the cellar; If it's paid for, let's be thankful that it is; If it isn't, let's be glad the other fellow Must consider that the risk is wholly his.

Let's be thankful for the jobs at which we labor; If perchance they're not exactly what we'd like We may still be better fixed than some poor neighbor Who has just been bounced or called upon to strike.

Let's be thankful if our relatives are present To share the joy we have; but if they're not The case will then, of course, be still more pleasant, So either way we'll have a happy lot.

Let's be thankful if the grim old money question Doesn't serve to keep our turkey off the plate— In case it does, we won't have indigestion When the rich man's taking pills and blaming Fate.

—S. E. Kiser



### Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day is the day when every one says he is thankful, and wants to eat turkey to prove it. If you haven't anything else to be thankful for, you can be thankful you are not a turkey.

Thanksgiving day was first observed by the Pilgrims, who were thankful that they had five grains of corn apiece. In these extravagant times a man wouldn't be thankful if he had ten grains of corn—which shows conclusively that we are prosperous. The trusts are doing a noble work in remedying this evil condition.

People have various unreasonable reasons for being thankful on Thanksgiving day. Some men are thankful they took a wife, and some are thankful they didn't take two. Bachelor maids are thankful they are not "horrid bachelors," and a married woman is always thankful that her husband has a good wife. It is easy to be thankful if you go about it right.

But the thing people are most thankful for is their money—even though they came by it honestly. The more a man has, the more thankful he is that it isn't less, and the less a man has the less likely he is to be thankful because it isn't more. Be thankful, therefore, that you haven't too much to be thankful for. Turkey tastes all the better for coming but once a year. —Lippincott's.

### Time to Banish Depression.

You, perhaps, have had trials of the severest kind, rebuffs, bitter disappointments, trouble that has clouded life's sky, but there is a compensation in your life. The fine balance that nature shows in her great scheme does not stop with the natural world. It is continued on through evolutionary lines and finds compelling, convincing expression in our lives!

Trouble is sometimes another name for a character builder; disappointment frequently acts as a fine balance wheel. The story can be carried on in all directions of experience.

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## PEARLS FIND READY MARKET

Those from the Mississippi Only Slightly Second in Demand to Deep Water Products.

Arkansas is the greatest pearl producing state in the Union, and hundreds of men engage in the pearl hunt. It is said that the fresh water pearl of Arkansas of the highest class cannot be distinguished from the finest deep sea jewel. Throughout the south generally thousands of people follow the pearl fishing industry and make a comfortable living at it. Up to a few years ago the jewel wealth contained in the river beds of the Mississippi valley was completely hidden. It was not supposed that the fresh water mussel was a pearl bearer, or that it had any value except for fish bait.

The fresh water mussel is sought now not only for the precious stone it may have hidden in its shell, but for the shell itself, which is manufactured into stick pins, cuff links, and buttons of every description. The shell fisheries have for years extended far up the Mississippi river. A recent writer on the subject puts fresh water pearls into four classifications—true pearls, baroques, slugs, and chicken feed.

The first, or true, pearls are of a definite shape, and regular form, round, oval, or pear shaped. These command the highest prices. Baroques are pearls of irregular form. Slugs are low grade baroques. The smallest size, the kind used in inexpensive though genuine and neat jewelry, go by the professional name of chicken feed.

## MERELY A POPULAR BELIEF

Scholars Question Whether the Apple Was the "Forbidden Fruit" in the Garden of Eden.

Why and how it has happened that the apple has been spoken of as the fruit that was forbidden in the Garden of Eden is one of the great puzzles of Biblical scholars. The fact is that in Genesis 3, where the incident of the eating of this fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil" is mentioned, no name whatever is given to the fruit. All that is said is: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat" (verse 6).

In fact, scholars doubt very seriously whether it was the apple at all. They suggest that all evidence points to it having been the quince, fragrance of which was held in the highest esteem by the Orientals. Another point in favor of the quince is that it is the fruit which was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love, and in a great many of the ancient writings the quince is very frequently mentioned in this manner. In Babylonia Ishtar took the place of Venus in the Roman mythology, and it should be remembered that the story of the creation originated with the Babylonians. All evidence seems to point away from the apple having been the "Forbidden Fruit," and towards the quince as having been that fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

## Wordsworth on Real Estate.

There is an interesting story of Wordsworth, who went to call on Miss Harriet Martineau at Ambleside, in the house which she had built and laid out, writes A. C. Benson in the Century Magazine. There was a gathering of neighbors present, and Wordsworth stood for a long time at the window contemplating the beautiful landscape outside. Then he turned to the party and said:

"Miss Martineau, I congratulate you on your beautiful little domain. The views are wonderful, and it will turn out to be the wisest thing you ever did in your life."

He paused for a moment, and the guests expected some comment on the uplifting effects of communion with nature, but Wordsworth, with a fine gesture, continued:

"Your property will certainly be trebled in value within the next ten years!"

## Living in Poise.

To improve yourself, the first essential is to prevent all waste of energy by living in poise. The second essential is to use your imagination in picturing those things that you want to accomplish now. And the most practical use that can be made of the imagination is to picture your talents and faculties larger, greater and more perfect. To imagine in mind a larger and more perfect talent is to give the creative forces in mind a better model; and as these forces always create after the fashion of the latest model, they will consequently create the larger and the more perfect talent.—Larson.

## Different Thing Entirely.

This story is being told on a Kansas lawyer. The lawyer was arguing a case before a judge and, desiring to illustrate by supposing a case, he did so, as follows: "We will suppose, your honor," he said, "that your honor were to steal a horse."—"No! No! No!" interrupted the judge, "not at all, not at all, sir. 'Tain't a supposable case, sir." "Very well, begging your honor's pardon," said the eager lawyer with more zeal than prudence, "very well, then; supposing that I should steal a horse."—"Ah, yes, yes," said the judge, "that is a different thing, very different, Mr. X. Proceed, sir."

## HE FINISHED HIS WORK

By J. A. TIFFANY.

The man was old and broken in spirit. His life had been a failure, as all lives are, measured by the degree in which they fulfill the dreams of youth.

At two-and-twenty he had mistaken the flush of enthusiasm for the fire of genius. After a quarter of a century's devotion to small parts in third-rate theatrical companies, he had been forced to the conclusion that a man gets no more, or less, than his labor is worth; and that his own labor was worth very little.

His wife had been beautiful. Now, she was a poor, faded, common-place creature. Her illusions, too, were all gone, like her beauty; and, worse than that, the man's illusions in regard to her were dead also.

She had no more talent for acting than had he; and they both knew it now.

Of gentle birth, she still retained some traces of refinement, in spite of her long sojourn in Bohemia. But the novelty, the charm, the mystery of the life were gone.

Every illusion had been destroyed, save one; and to that they clung with desperate tenacity. At an early period in their married life the man had conceived a great literary project.

"I've been thinking, Evelyn," he had said one day, "of writing a historical account of the drama from its first inception down to the present day. Imagine the possibilities of such a work!"

"Splendid!" the woman had exclaimed. "Why don't you begin at once?"

And he had begun that very day. He knew then that it was no mean task, this that he had set himself. It meant much reading, research, condensing, writing, re-writing and writing again. Not a book that a man could rattle off in six months or a year.

The one illusion that the hard realities of life had failed to dissipate was this: That though both were failures at acting, yet one day the man was to achieve fame for himself and a competence for them both by the publication of his great history of the drama—the dedication to a grateful world of his life's work.

For twenty years and more he had stuck stoically to his task.

Often the last nickel went for paper, while the children were crying for bread. Present necessities were forgotten, or ignored, in the anticipation of comforts to be bought through the sale of Reginald's life work.

"I have finished it at last, Evelyn," the man announced one day—one day while they were in Baltimore. "I have finished my life's work."

For three months he awaited the publishers' decision, calling upon them at intervals, only to be told that his manuscript would receive the earliest attention possible. Three long, weary anxious months; and then the man took to his bed in a high fever. He was delirious, and raved about his book.

"Finished, finished!" he would shout exultingly. "I have finished my life's work!"—and another time he would repeat the same words, with a wail of anguish and despair.

Then the woman passed her cooling hand across his brow, and sought to comfort him by saying his life's work was now only just begun.

One evening as he lay helpless on his pillow, the crimson rays of the setting sun shone suddenly into the room and lighted up his pallid face, handsome even in emaciation. He started up to his elbow, with wide staring eyes, exclaiming:

"Finished—finished! I have finished my life's work. I am going home."

And the tears that welled to Evelyn's eyes had fallen from them to her cheeks, she looked once more upon his face and saw his words were true.

The man was dead. He had finished his life's work. He had gone home.

And while the woman sat in silent grief, gazing on the dead face of him whom she had loved so well, there came a gentle tap upon the door.

It was Mr. Hayes, an elderly gentleman from the publishers' office, who had called once or twice before to inquire after the health of the author of the bulky manuscript.

"At last, my dear lady," he said, "I am able to report that our house has accepted your husband's life work."

"Your house?" the woman echoed, failing at first to recognize her visitor or comprehend his meaning—the one, cruel sense of widowhood overwhelming all things else.

Then, as the recollection of the fatal book that had sapped her husband's life away came back to her with bitter memories, she said:

"Your house? Too late—too late! He has gone to another house. There his life's work can be judged the best. His life work will be accepted or rejected, in his father's house."

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## Something to Think About.

Laurence D'Orsay is telling of a time when a brother comedian and himself were comparing the size of their respective chests and biceps in D'Orsay's dressing-room one evening. "Feel the muscles of my neck," D'Orsay said. "Put your fingers around my throat." The other gripped D'Orsay's throat while the latter set his teeth and contracted all the muscles. He seemed much impressed by the display, and D'Orsay says he expected some compliment to his muscular development. All the other said, however, was, "D'Orsay, they will have a bother to hang you."

He who hears but one bell hears but one sound.—Proverb.

What seems only ludicrous is something very serious.—Rabelais.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.—De Saint-Real.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.—Desbarrolles.

One of the principal occupations of men is to divine woman.—Lancretelle.

Better a man with paradoxes than a man with prejudices.—J. J. Rousseau.

In this world, one must put cloaks on all truths, even the nicest.—Balzac.

Should we condemn ourselves to ignorance to preserve hope?—E. Souvestre.

Fear of hypocrites and fools is the great plague of thinking and writing.—J. Janin.

All my misfortunes come of having thought too well of my fellows.—J. J. Rousseau.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemontey.

Pleasures are like liqueurs; they must be drunk but in small glasses.—Romainville.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind that nothing can draw out.—Dederot.

All truths are not to be uttered; still it is always good to hear them.—Mme. du Deffand.

## RAM'S HORN BROWN

God and all good men are always on the side of right.

To make seeking God the first business of life, is to begin right.

To know what the devil will do, find out what the booze seller is doing.

The less some people have in their heads the more they find to talk about.

If you read the Bible with the right motive it will soon tell you where you live.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." Don't waste time by taking absent treatment.

Many a man who carefully strains at a gnat will swallow a jackrabbit without choking.

If there is a place in all the world where a woman will have her say, it is at the telephone.

The devil hates a religious meeting as a boy does soap, but he likes the part some folk take in it.

The woman who marries a toper to reform him is going to wear out her complexion before she does it.

The man whose motive power is emotion will come to a good many places where the wires won't work.

You may spot and speckle the reputation of a good man with slander, but you can't hurt his character with dynamite.

## HOMESPUN HOMILIES

Gabe Toots sez:

Misery loves company and is sorter careful about the friends it picks out; but sin ain't so particular.

The best argument in favor of rag-time is ther kind of looking people that keep knockin' it all the time.

In ther places where they keeps callin' 'em brave fire laddies somethin' more or less is allus burnin' up.

Whenever you see a feller sitting around happy and everything all right, you can gamble some woman's furnishin' three-fourths of ther inspiration.

## RAM'S HORN BROWN

The truth never dodges, no matter who shoots.

If you want to make an enemy, try to hire a friend.

The higher a little man is lifted the more he shrinks.

It is better to aim high and miss than not to aim at all.

A lie is the most cowardly thing that ever crawled out of the pit.

Some folks never get anywhere because they stop at the first shade tree.

If the cow really did jump over the moon, she didn't do it at the first jump.

Diplomats from the school of experience are always worth more than they cost.

It is better to be able to see beauty in ashes than to be blind and own a gold mine.

There is still plenty of rooms at the top, but the top is higher up than it used to be.

The man who marries for money probably sells himself for more than he is worth.

Nothing is ever gained by blaming your luck. Better roll up your sleeves and try to mend it.

Don't leave so many things to be settled by the crowd you will meet at the next corner.

You can hardly pick up a newspaper but what you see some new joke hung on prunes, corsets, pumpkin pie, loud socks, some feller rowing a boat, a umpire and what's goin' to happen next to ther tariff.

## WORDS OF WISDOM

To hope is to enjoy.

Poetry is the music of the soul.

DISTRICT MANAGER with ability to secure sub-agents for a wonderful invention embodying six new patented points, placing our Portable Gasoline Lamp on a par with electricity. Agents coining money. ALLEN-SPARKS GAS LIGHT CO., LANSING, MICH.

## Famous Silverware

Care should be exercised when selecting forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces to see that they bear the famous trade mark

1847

## ROGERS BROS.

which stamps them the genuine Rogers silver-plated ware. For over 65 years 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver has been first in the heart of the housekeeper because of its wearing quality, workmanship and design.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "C.L." showing all patterns.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. Successor to Meriden Britannia Co. MERIDEN, CONN.



## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the Feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E's in F.E.T.

NOTICE—I will meet trains at East Rahway and Port Reading or other points, day or night, by request. Also moving, trucking and furniture store rooms. T. KAHN & CO. Chrome, N. J., tel. 439-J Roosevelt. o 24-ly

## G. A. Dalrymple

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I advertise because I can and do give the patients who call at my office the best grade of Dental work and can stand by it. Because a man advertiser it does not mean he does poor work. You can get poor work from a man that does not advertise. Don't forget that. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

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**ICE**  
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**Wall-papers**  
 No room can be really inviting if the wall-paper is faded, soiled, or inharmonious. The new and artistic Alfred Peats "Prize" Wall-papers will add greatly to the attractiveness of your home and cost but little. Nowhere else will you find so large a variety. The styles, designs, and colorings are the latest. Samples shown and estimates given without obligation to buy.  
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**TRUCKING AND MOVING OF ALL KINDS**  
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**DIRTY PLAYING HURTS GAME**

Football Facing Its Doom Because of Unnecessary and Unfair Roughness, Says George Hoff.

"The existence of football will be threatened, sooner or later, unless a growing tendency to forget the lesson of some years back and return to the practices which put the sport on trial for its life is checked."

This is the recent declaration of Athletic Director George Hoff of Illinois university, and one of the best known men in the athletic world. In explanation he says:

"I refer to unnecessary and unfair roughness. I do not criticize hard playing, and football as a matter of fact is rough. But I have noticed a gradual introduction of the same tactics which nearly cost the colleges their favorite game."

"This year I have seen 'neck wringing.' I have seen players drag their feet over the head of an opponent. 'Piling up,' even when easily seen to be unnecessary, goes unrebuked."

"The blame for the existence of this tendency is to be placed on the heads of unscrupulous coaches and complacent gridiron officials. It is a matter of common report in the football camps of the middle west institutions that certain coaches make no bones of encouraging their men to lame and to slug if they can get away with it. Their linesmen threaten and curse their opponents, hoping to lead them into a display of honest and almost justifiable physical retaliation."

"For the most part western officials have ceased to pay any attention to unnecessary roughness. Let 'em fight it out' seems to be the implied attitude of many officials, especially the younger ones. And the team that attempts to be square gets the worst of it. I am a believer in football as a square, manly sport, if properly supervised. I would regret to see it lost, but I firmly believe that after success with the new style of game all will go for naught unless coaches and officials see that the practices I mention are eliminated."

**GILE OF PRINCETON.**



Gile of Princeton practicing toe work on the pigskin. This young player is bending every effort for the job of one of Princeton's gridiron warriors. Princeton coaches have been working every youngster on the team in the hopes of developing a "find" and to get the understudies for the older players in trim, ready for any occasion.

**Michigan Votes Solidly Against Conference Return**

By an overwhelming majority, students, faculty and Ann Arbor alumni of the University of Michigan have voted against a resumption of athletic relations with the western intercollegiate conference.

**FOOTBALL AN ANCIENT GAME**

Played at Derby as Early as Third Century in Commemoration of Victory Over Roman Legion.

Football is probably the oldest of our national games. At Derby a game of football was played as early as the third century, in commemoration of a victory over the Roman Legion at Chester, says the London Chronicle. The first football used in the annual game—still played each Easter—is said to have been the head of a Danish invader. In the Isle of Purbeck, too, the free quarrymen from time immemorial have perpetuated their claim to a grant of land by kicking a football across it. In the fourteenth century the game was so popular as to call forth an edict forbidding it, on the ground that it interfered with the practice of more martial exercises. In later times Shakespeare referred contemptuously to the game, but perhaps few would be able to turn up readily the passage in "King Lear" describing "a base football player."

New Class "AA" League. In an effort to curb outlaw baseball, the organized elements are planning to put Class AA clubs in eight different cities next year. Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and Peoria are the cities now suggested. This move is a bad one for the Class A clubs, as it will cut down the high class talent there to mediocrity.

**DARTMOUTH HAS MOST BRILLIANT ATTACK**



Right-End Loudon, Dartmouth's Human Battering Ram.

For the second successive year, Princeton fell before the onslaught of Dartmouth's fighting football squad and for the second time, Loudon, Dartmouth's human battering ram in his position at right end, helped to put a crimp in Princeton's aspirations of downing Dartmouth.

Dartmouth, aside from its 6 to 0 victory over Princeton, has demonstrated that it has a most powerful and brilliant attack, and every one of the New England college teams which have attempted to check the march of the Harvard players have been forced to defeat by scores running into double figures.

**English Woman Wins \$8,250 on Two Races**

The Cambridgeshire handicap, the last big race of the year, was marked not only by the queen's visit to Newmarket, but by one of those lucky shots which fire the ambitions of the punters.

Mrs. Clayton, wife of Major Clayton, who has the reputation of being one of the handsomest women in English society, invested a sovereign on Fizyama, a rank outsider, which won the Czarewitch at 50 to 1. She placed her winnings on another outsider, Cantilever, for the Cambridgeshire, and Cantilever romped home. His starting price was 33 to 1, so Mrs. Clayton pocketed \$8,250.

The British racing public recently has been hard hit by a weary succession of outsiders' wins.

**AMATEURS NOT TO COMPETE**

Secretary Sullivan Refuses to Consider Proposition Made by President Gustavus T. Kirby.

Secretary James E. Sullivan of the Amateur Athletic union and other officials of that organization, including Supreme Court Justice Bartow S. Weeks and Frederick W. Rubien of the Metropolitan association, refuse to consider seriously the proposition made by their president, Gustavus T. Kirby, that amateurs be allowed to compete against professionals in track and field sports.

Pointing to the fact that the ancient Olympic games were killed by professionalism and that modern professional field and track sports had lost prestige through betting and kindred evils, Sullivan said flatly that he would never give his consent to the plan. He further stated that he would sever connections with the A. A. U if the scheme should be attempted.

**TORBET OF MICHIGAN.**



One of Coach Yost's most reliable and dependable players.

Will Spend \$50,000 for Tracks. The University of California is to have a new cinder track. Work is to commence within the next few months, and by 1915 the new athletic field will be completed. Present plans include the construction of bleachers seating 10,000 people, and a quarter-mile oval with a 220-yard straightaway. The cost of the track complete is estimated at \$50,000.

**MAHAN OF HARVARD**



Few players on the big eastern teams have shown better qualities at punting than this young player.

**Tennis Cracks Leave for Trip to Far East**

William M. Johnston and Ella Fottrell, California tennis cracks, departed for a tour of the far east November 22. Johnston is the Pacific coast champion and also holds the Longwood and New York state titles.

With Fottrell he will play in Manila, Tokio, Hong Kong and Shanghai.

**TRACERY IS TO BE RETIRED**

Announcement Made That August Belmont's Famous Colt Has Run Last Race—Won Many Stakes.

The famous racing colt Tracery, belonging to August Belmont of New York, has run his last race, according to an announcement made recently. The colt, for which \$200,000 was refused by his owner on September 30 last, is to retire immediately to the stud. He was restricted to walking exercise when he was scratched from his next week's engagement.

Tracery is regarded by racing men as one of the best colts ever bred. He is a four-year-old son of Rock Sand, the English stallion, by Topiary, and was first brought out for the English Derby in 1912, when he ran third. In the St. Leger stakes of \$32,500 at Doncaster he was victorious at 8 to 1, and he won the Sussex stakes at Goodwood in the same year.

While Tracery was running for the Ascot gold cup in June this year he was thrown by a suffragette, Madman Hewitt, who sprang on to the course and tried to stop him while he was running at full gallop.

In July this year Tracery won the Eclipse stakes at Sandown and later in the season was placed second in the Jockey club stakes at Newmarket.

Sullivan to Lecture on Baseball. Ted Sullivan, the veteran baseball player and scout, who is making the round-the-world trip with the Giants and White Sox this winter, will deliver an illustrated lecture on the national sport of the United States to the students of Waseda university, at Tokio, when the ninas reach Japan.

**Pain in Back and Rheumatism**

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

  
**Hale's Honey**  
 of Horehound and Tar  
 the best of all specifics for the prompt relief of coughs, colds and sore throat.  
 It soothes and heals.  
 Sold by all druggists.  
 When It Aches Again Use  
 Pike's Toothache Drops

**35 Bushels Per Acre**

Was the yield of wheat on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as fifty bushels per acre.

As high as one hundred bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, fifty bushels for barley, and from ten to twenty bushels for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country five years ago from Denmark, with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about four thousand dollars. His wheat weighed 65 pounds to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre. Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates of Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or  
**J. S. CRAWFORD,**  
 301 East Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

**WANTED**

Your name and address on a postal will bring you the biggest money-making offer you ever received, and free sample with which you can make \$4.00 daily.

**BEST MFG. CO.,** Box 699, Providence, R. I.

**HOXSIE'S CROUP REMEDY**

For Croup and congestive colds. Prevents pneumonia, bronchitis or measles, whooping cough. No nausea.  
**A. P. HOXSIE,** BUFFALO, N. Y.

It is proposed to harness the Ohio river near Louisville to generate electrical power.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Comparisons. "The mothers' club is making a great hit in our times."

"Not so much of one as the mothers' slipper did in mine."

Genuine "Key West." Yes—it's another. Professor Van Dusen was vainly trying to unlatch his front door with a cigar, to the amusement of a friend who had accompanied him home to talk over the fourth dimension.

"Look here, man," said the friend when he could talk without betraying his amusement, "do you know what you're trying to open that door with?"

The professor looked, then gave a start of dismay. "Gracious!" he blurted out, "I must have smoked my latch key!"

Some Good Advice. The restaurant manager stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling for his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies."

"Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly, "we do."

"Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. We should be most happy to have you."

"Well, then, let some one else make 'em."

**FAMILY OF FIVE**  
 All Drank Coffee From Infancy.

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble. (The same drug is found in tea.)

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago.  
 "My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble. (Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)  
 "Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved and was given coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it."  
 Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."  
 Postum comes in two forms:  
 Regular Postum—must be boiled.  
 Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.  
 "There's a reason" for Postum.

SOCIETIES--- LODGES

CAREY COUNCIL, No. 1280, Knights of Columbus—Meets first and third Tuesdays, St. Joseph's Hall. DIVISION NO. 7, Ancient Order of Fibernians—Meets at St. Joseph's Hall. COURT CARTERET No. 43, Foresters of America—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall. QUINNIPIAC TRIBE No. 203, Imp. Order Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall. CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 33, Ancient Order of Druids—Meets at Firemen's Hall each alternate Wednesday. CARTERET CAMP No. 25, Workmen of the World—Meets last Friday of the month at Firemen's Hall. CARTERET CIRCLE No. 365 Companions of the Forest—Meets first and third Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall. GERMANIA CIRCLE, No. 3.—Meets every first and third Mondays of each month Firemen's Hall. BRIGHT EYES COUNCIL No. 39, Degree of Pocahontas—Meets second and fourth Mondays at Firemen's Hall. CARTERET EXEMPT FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Meets every fourth Thursday of each month at Firemen's Hall. CARTERET LODGE No. 420, I. O. B. A.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall. WORKMENS' CIRCLE—Meets first and third Tuesday of month in Glass's Hall. PURITAN COUNCIL No. 305, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. DEBORAH REBEKAH Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall. ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall. AMERICUS LODGE No. 83, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

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. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River. No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Liebig'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.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS SHOULD USE 5 DROPS The Best Remedy For all forms of Rheumatism LUMBAGO SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES DROPS STOP THE PAIN Give Quick Relief No Other Remedy Like It SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 166-172 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

The Liberal Advertiser IS THE Successful Merchant.

RAN FIRST PULLMAN

OLD CONDUCTOR TELLS OF EPOCH-MAKING EVENT.

Cars Were Crude, and There Was No General Enthusiasm Over the New Mode of Travel—None Saw Its Possibilities.

Fifty-six years ago last month J. L. Barnes of Chanute, Kan., a conductor on the first Pullman car ever run in this country. He made the trip between Bloomington, Ill., and Chicago on the night of September 1, 1857, and one of his passengers was George M. Pullman, inventor of the sleeping car. Looking back through 56 years, Mr. Barnes recalled that Mr. Pullman arose on the morning of September 2 with a rather tired feeling and somewhat doubtful as to the ultimate success of his invention. Three other passengers who slept that night in the first crude sleeper restrained any inclination they might have felt to tender Mr. Pullman an ovation. In fact, it was rather a weary company when it reached Chicago, and after a conference it was decided by the passengers that nothing would be gained by presenting Mr. Pullman with a gold-headed cane in recognition of his marvelous ingenuity.

Mr. Barnes is seventy-eight years old and it probably would be unfair to visit him with the punishment to which he is clearly entitled, but he told how he stood idly by and permitted the first Pullman porter in history to maltreat a passenger with a whisk broom and collect the original Pullman tip. He was a busy lad of twenty-two summers at that time and his muscles were in a good state of preservation, but he did not interfere. Ah, wasted youth.

The first Pullman car in America was run over the C. & A. railroad and was built in the shops of the company in Bloomington, Ill., under the direction of Mr. Pullman himself. The car was a remodeled day coach, and there were but four compartments, eight berths, four upper and four lower. Then, as now, the lower berth enjoyed a monopoly of public popularity, and the upper berths were vacant on that first memorable night. All the passengers were from Bloomington and there were no women on the



Interior of First Pullman.

sleeping car. The people of Bloomington, little reckoning that history was being made in their midst, did not come down to the station to see the Pullman car's premier. There was no crowd, and the car, lighted by candles, moved away in solitary grandeur, if such it might be called. Mr. Barnes described the first crude car in his office in Chanute. He retired as division superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway in 1910, after a railroad service covering 56 years, beginning as the first Pullman conductor in 1857. Among his other distinctions he was conductor of the first train that left Kansas City over what now is the Frisco railroad.—Kansas City Star.

Weather Signs.

If on picking up your newspaper in the morning it displays a tendency to tear almost on its own account, a downpour of rain is not far off. Rain is also presaged when the contents of a salt-cellar are in a moist and cloggy condition. At such times your boot-laces have a more than ordinary tendency to snap, and your kid gloves will have a cold, clammy feeling and are difficult to pull on. Even the walking-stick or umbrella will act the part of a barometer. The handles before rain will reveal a slight deposit of moisture and be sticky to the touch. In this way the question whether it is the wiser to take a walking-stick or umbrella on leaving home will be settled for the observant person by an inspection of the articles themselves.—Glasgow News.

Long Record of Good Service.

Forty years' service in one signal-box is the wonderful record of Walter Down, signalman in the Elmesthorpe signal-box on the London and North-Western railway, near Leicester. Thousands of passengers and goods trains have been dealt with by Down during that long period, yet he has never made a mistake. Down's assistant, George Faulkner, who is now sixty-five years old, worked with him in the same signal-box for 34 years, but retired a few years ago.

COST OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

Run of Bad Luck Adds Enormously to the Amount Required to Maintain a Line.

This week's new low record for New Haven shares following the wreck of Tuesday has raised an interesting point as to how railroads are affected financially by such accidents.

New York Central's Park avenue wreck occurred on January 8, 1902. That year the company settled claims for property and personal injuries aggregating \$882,000, compared with \$768,000 the year before. By the end of 1903 those settlements, however, reached \$1,092,000, and the figures gradually increased, until \$2,466,000 was paid out in 1907. After that there was a gradual decline, indicating that most of the claims were settled in one way or another within five years.

Pennsylvania has a good record, despite its occasional wrecks. Last year was an average year, with \$666,000 charged off for damage to freight, \$19,311 for damage to baggage, \$60,664 for loss of other property, and \$173,500 for injuries to persons. For a 4,000-mile system that is an enviable record. For the same period New York Central's expenditures, including low costs, were \$2,068,000.

New Haven, with only half of Pennsylvania's mileage, charged off \$1,129,000 for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1912, including \$346,00 for damage to freight, \$574,000 for injuries to persons. The forthcoming annual report for 1913 doubtless will show a heavy increase in those items, as the company has had 11 wrecks during the last year, in which 45 persons were killed and 187 injured.

Loss of prestige is the most intangible of any suffered by a railroad as a result of accidents.—New York Evening Post.

New Safety Device for Railways.

The fact has transpired that there is a system of signaling now in use on the Midland & Great Eastern railways which, had it been in operation at Mallerstang, would have prevented the deplorable disaster at Aisgill, says the London Mail.

After the Shrewsbury accident Colonel Yorke recommended that detonators should be attached to signals, so that when the latter are at danger the detonator is on the rail and will explode when the signal is overrun. It is claimed for the appliance referred to that it fully meets this recommendation. The detonator placed is attached to the signal. When the signal is against the driver the detonator is placed on the rail automatically, and should the driver for any reason overrun the signal the explosion which follows is bound to call his attention to the fact. When the signal gives "line clear" the detonator is removed from the line.

Had Not Understood.

Many people have smiled over the Byron-worshipping old lady who called her dog "Perchance," after reading the line in "Childe Harold," "Perchance my dog will whine in vain," but not so many are aware of a tourist's recent experience in the southwest of Ireland.

The tourist was a sporting man. When he alighted from his train at a small country station he inquired of the solitary porter as to a suitable hotel. Getting a satisfactory reply, he said:

"And now, Pat, will you take charge of my gown and my dog, etcetera?" Pat hesitated, and scratched his head; then, as the tourist was hurrying off the platform, he rushed forward and touched him on the arm.

"Beg pardon, your honor," he said, "but does Excethra bite, sor?"

Longest Railroad Run.

I see in your columns that a claim is made by a Baltimore and Ohio special train to a world's record for longest non-stop run, the figures being 190 miles in three hours and 55 minutes, or 48.7 miles per hour, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. This is nowhere near the daily performance of the 10:30 a. m. train on the Great Western railway of England—London to Plymouth, 225 miles in four hours and seven minutes, without stop, or 54.6 miles per hour. The last 30 miles are over a very hilly road. Some years ago the mileage from London to Plymouth (Great Western railway) was longer by 21 miles, and these 246 miles were covered without stop every weekday at about the same speed as the present run.

Sleeping Cow Caused Wreck.

A sleeping cow caused the derailment of a passenger train on the line between Newport and Cowes, England, a few days ago. On rounding a curve the driver of the train saw the cow lying between the rails. Before he could pull up the first part of the train had passed over the cow. Then came a large bogey carriage with less space between it and the rails. It rocked from side to side, then ran off the line and ploughed up the permanent way for two or three hundred yards before the train came to a standstill.

Where Delay is Fatal.

It is said that on a western railroad where the roadbed is faulty the dining car waiter always hands you a card when he brings the finger bowls. Here is the message it bears: "This is a finger bowl—not a beverage. Use quick!" If the guest doesn't "use quick" the contents of the bowl goes out of the opposite window when the train strikes the next curve.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERSONALS

Mrs. G. Watson of West Philadelphia, Pa., says that she has given Father John's Medicine to her little boy for bronchial trouble and for colds and it has cured his cough and given him renewed health. Mrs. Watson lives at 5225 Master St.

Thomas L. Fanning, of 354 Ninth Ave., New York City, says that Father John's Medicine cured him of bronchitis and built him up. He gained ten pounds while taking it. Herbert Ingersoll, of South Addison, Maine, tells how his baby was cured of a cough by Father John's Medicine which was given to the child on the advice of its grandfather who had also used it with much success.—Adv.

It is easier for a country minister to earn his salary than it is to get it.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists, Etc. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Domestic economy goes lame when a woman buys eggs at a bargain sale.

RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The people who fish for compliments usually fish in shallow water.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The greater the cost of living, the cheaper it is to remain single.

Acid Stomach, heartburn and nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Some things come to pass that ought to go the other way.

Coughs come from inflamed Bronchial Tubes, Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops heal the irritation—5c at all Drug Stores.

Occasionally we meet people who are almost as smart as we are.

PNEUMATICA STOPS YOUR PAIN or breaks up your cold in one hour. It is marvelous. Used externally. All druggists, 25 cents. Adv.

It isn't every girl with a quiver in her voice who can draw a beau.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

When duty calls it is frequently told that the line is busy.

INVALIDS AND CHILDREN should be given MACE'S EMULSION to strengthen the body. Never fails. All druggists.

A woman of tact smiles when her rival is praised.

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

It might add happiness if doctors had bargain days.

Keep Your Horse Sound and Well Learn to know his ailments and treat them yourself. Our free booklet, "Veterinary Experience," tells clearly how to correctly diagnose and cure your horse's sickness with Tuttle's Elixir It Never Fails Tuttle's Elixir, Tuttle's Hoof Ointment, Tuttle's Condition Powders, and other Tuttle Remedies are used by horse owners everywhere. Don't risk the value and life of your horse—always have Tuttle's Elixir in the stable. Buy a bottle of Tuttle's Elixir today. Your dealer has it—if not, send us his name and 60 cents and we will send you a large size bottle prepaid, also a copy of "Veterinary Experience." TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO., 19 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

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False Teeth \$3 Per Set Your plate reset on new, clean rubber. Tightened and lengthened if necessary. Returned in 24 hours. Guaranteed. Send plate and money. Regular mail. New impression not necessary. DROSACK PASTILLES Contains No Narcotic An Antiseptic Remedy for all Affections of the Throat, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Hoarseness, etc. Lessens Inflammation in the Mouth. If not at your druggist a box will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 25 cents by THE CONVENT CO., 21 South Street, Morristown, N. J. SHARPENE is guaranteed to sharpen your razor and keep it in fine condition. It is easily applied to any strap and can be used by anyone. Sent postpaid for 10c. THE HOLLIS-VAN ORDEN CO., 140 Nassau St., New York. A COMPETENT STENOGRAPHER who wishes to do extra work, or is desirous of bettering a present position, can learn something of advantage from our book for stenographers, very nominal price. Send postal for circular. Werner Supply Co., Rochelle, Ill. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. Booklet free JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., Troy, N.Y.

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Well kidneys keep the blood free of uric acid, a deadly poison that is constantly forming inside the body. Sluggish kidneys allow the uric acid to accumulate, causing rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy, and heart disease. Doan's Kidney Pills restore the normal blood-filtering action of the kidneys. This drives out uric acid and ends uric acid poisoning.

A NORTH CAROLINA CASE "Every Picture Tells a Story" J. F. Williams, Garden St., Marion, N. Carolina. "I was all run down from kidney trouble and doctors held out no hope for me. I had rheumatism, a pain in the back, didn't sleep well and was nervous. The kidney secretions were in bad shape, too. At last, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and they soon cured me. I haven't had the slightest sign of kidney trouble since." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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OVER 100 YEARS OLD Pettit's Eye Salve Automobiles For Sale Stevens-Duryea Used Cars We have a number of six cylinder Touring Cars. Very reasonable. Just the thing for country and resort work. Write us. A. G. SPALDING & BROS. 1875 Broadway New York

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THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. THERAPION Hospitals with great success, cures CHRONIC WEAKNESS, LOST VIGOR & VIM, RHEUM, BLINDNESS, DISEASES, BLOOD POISON, FILLS, STRENGTHENERS, DRUGGISTS OR MAIL \$1. POST & CO. FOUQUERA CO., 30 BEEKMAN ST. NEW YORK, L. Y. MAN BROS TORONTO. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO DR. C. CLARKE MED. CO., HAVERTHOCK RD., HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND. 500 T. NEW DRUGS (TASTELESS) FORM OF EASY TO TAKE. SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON BLUE-GOVT. STAMP APPLIED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS. THERAPION LASTING CURE. W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 47-1914.

# GRAFTERS FACE PRISON CELLS

## Court Upholds Conviction of Atlantic County Officials

### THEY MUST SERVE A YEAR

Indictments of Elisor Grand Jury Upheld and Kuehnie Likely to Follow—Guilty of Extorting Money From Road Contractor.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)  
Trenton.—The conviction of John Unsworth, Estel D. Rightmire and Frank Enderline of extorting money from an Atlantic county contractor, was confirmed by the Court of Errors and Appeals. Unsworth and Enderline were members of the County Board of Freeholders and Rightmire was county engineer. They were convicted of extorting \$350 from a contractor for awarding him the contract to build a piece of road. Each of the three was sentenced to a year in State Prison and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, where the verdict was upheld. The Court of Errors affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court and the officials will now have to go to prison. The case is a famous one because it is a companion case to that of Louis Kuehnie, the deposed "boss" of Atlantic. Kuehnie was convicted of a misdemeanor, the offense consisting of his action as a member of the Board of Water Commissioners in awarding a water main contract to a company of which he was vice-president. Kuehnie was sentenced to a year in prison and his case also has passed through the Supreme Court, where the conviction was sustained. The verdict of the Court of Errors is expected before the close of this term.

#### Convict Farm Takes Shape.

Twenty-eight more convicts now confined in the State Prison will be brought to the State Prison farm at Leesburg, where they will be given permanent quarters for the balance of their respective terms. For a month there have been at the farm 12 convicts and, under the direction of State Prison Inspector B. F. Hires and Superintendent Joseph Sutton, the men have been busily engaged clearing up the property and erecting temporary buildings for the accommodations of more men. There has now been erected a large building for mess house, storeroom and a big living-room. An addition has also been built to the old farmhouse to provide sleeping quarters for those who will be transferred. The new arrivals will make the prison farm population 40 men, and this will give a large force to work upon the thousand acres in the tract. A vast amount of timber will be cut off, and lumber secured for permanent buildings, the plans for which are now being worked out. There is an abundance of clay upon the property, and the convicts will make the brick for the permanent structures and will also make concrete for foundations. The plans for the permanent accommodations embrace a large brick administration building, surrounding which will be a dozen colony houses, which will provide accommodations for 20 men each. Each house will be in the care of a prisoner cook and housekeeper, while all the other men will work upon the plantation.

#### Pulls Gun On Deputy.

When Nelson B. Giles, of Asbury Park, was arraigned before Judge Relstab in the United States Court he was remanded to jail, and the Court directed a more serious charge to be made against him. Giles was charged with using the mails to defraud. He is a produce dealer and, it is charged, it was his practice to order produce in New York City and Philadelphia and send checks, knowing he had no money in the bank. While being taken from Asbury Park to Newark Giles pulled a revolver, but handled it so clumsily that Deputy Marshal Beekman overpowered him before he could shoot.

District Attorney Davis told Judge Relstab that if it had not been for Giles' ignorance of a gun he would have killed Beekman. He will be charged with attempt to murder.

#### Disputes Right to Property.

Louis F. Bird, owner of the property on Greenwood avenue, near the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad bridge, at Hopewell, has been notified by E. L. Katzenbach, borough counsel, that a portion of his dwelling is on public property. The authorities give Mr. Bird 15 days in which to remove the obstruction, consisting of a shed, porch and pavement, all of which, it is claimed, are on the street and prevent the railroad company from erecting a large bridge.

#### The Hopewell Business Men's

Jail Sentence for Ballot Crook.  
Judge Cole, in the Criminal Court at Mays Landing, sentenced Harry Getz, convicted under an Elisor jury indictment of the larceny of a poll and challenge book from Elliott Repp, Democratic judge of election, at Atlantic City, in 1910, to 60 days in the county jail. William Campbell, convicted of assault and battery upon Lawyer S. Cameron Hinkle, a Democratic challenger, was fined \$200 and costs. Alexander G. Hipson, selling on Sunday, was given 60 days in the county jail.

League and the city authorities want the railroad to put up a steel and concrete bridge of sufficient width to allow for foot traffic and vehicles to pass.

Mr. Bird declares his property does not encroach on borough land and proposes to fight the attempt to compel him to change the location of his dwelling. Members of common council say legal action will be taken.

#### Princeton Receives Present.

A large volume on "The Old Colleges of Oxford" has been presented to the Princeton undergraduates by Sir William Mather, the donor of the "Mather Sun Dial," in the quadrangle of McCosh Hall. The book is by Aymer Vallance, master of arts of Oriol College, and illustrates the architectural history of the Oxford colleges.

Sir William has written on the title page the following: "Presented to the undergraduates of Princeton University for their library, to remind them of the old colleges of Oxford, whence sprang some of the founders of the New World, and to commemorate the Centenary to Peace between the English-speaking peoples from 1815 to 1915, with the prayer that Peace with Righteousness may unite them Forevermore."

#### NEW HOPE IN DEFECTIVES.

##### Jersey Move to Make Mentally Weak of Use to World.

This State's epoch-making plan of dealing with the mentally defective and degenerate classes by converting them into a useful force in society, was announced to a representative audience of Burlington county citizens, in session at the high school auditorium, by Joseph P. Byers, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, and Professor E. A. Johnstone, of the Vineland Training School for Feeble-minded Children.

Instead of spending millions of dollars, as in the past, in a wasteful and, what the speakers termed, "barbarously cruel punishment of innocents by sending this class to jails and asylums," the State Department of Charities aims, by taking the defective children, who can never be anything but children in mind, and training them in colonies for higher types of physical labor that require no mental effort to make them actually a productive factor. Clearing of the great Jersey pine barrens and its reduction to profitable agriculture by these colonies, which the department intends to institute in various counties, will be one of the first works planned.

#### All Endorse the Plan.

The meeting, in which there were many prominent physicians, professional and business men, unanimously endorsed the plan of Commissioner Byers to "let Burlington county lead America in showing how best to solve the great problem of criminal degeneracy and pauperism." Committees, formed in every community, reported a powerful sentiment behind the plans previously outlined for the colonizing system and the meeting enthusiastically voted to raise by popular subscription \$10,000 for the buildings to be erected on land already offered by the State Forestry Commission for the first colony. Riverton reported \$800 already pledged and more to come, and Moorestown, Burlington, Beverly, Bordentown, Mount Holly, Florence and several other towns, told of committees ready to get busy at once.

Daniel W. Bishop, of Florence, was chosen chairman of the combined committees, with Miss Margaret Hayes, of Burlington, secretary, and Joseph H. Roberts, of Moorestown, treasurer.

#### Possibilities of System.

Professor Johnstone electrified his audience when he pointed out the possibilities of the colonizing system as indicated by the results at the Vineland Training School. But putting the useless waste of humanity at work in the useless waste of the pine barrens, he said, the State could make two of its gravest problems solve each other. He said:

"In the training school are men, we prefer to call them boys, ranking them by mentality, of 30 and 40 years of age. They love, boylike, to destroy things, and they delight in cutting down the scrub pines and oaks and burning the debris. These children, unless they can be placed under proper jurisdiction, will soon reproduce their type."

The Court of Errors affirmed the death sentence of Antonio Fiore, an accomplice of Mrs. Madeline Circone, of Newark, who poisoned her husband at the behest of Fiore. The woman was convicted of first-degree murder, but the Court of Pardons commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. Fiore will go to the chair.

The Court granted a new trial to Salvatore Luponio, who killed Patrolman McGovern in Newark. His conviction was upon purely circumstantial evidence and largely upon a note written by Luponio to his counsel. The Court held that the note had no place in the testimony. Luponio had been sentenced to the chair.

#### Held in Joy Ride Crusade.

Robert E. Murphy, Jr., of Princeton, was arrested and held under \$500 bail as a material witness against William C. Howell, proprietor of the Edinburg roadhouse, who is under \$1,000 bail for selling liquor to persons under 18 years. Murphy is the automobilist who appeared on the scene of the accident of the joy ride election night, in which Helen Sawan and Susie Schafer were severely injured. Murphy placed the injured girls in his car and brought them to St. Francis Hospital here.

## Pretty Costume for Club Meeting



FOR the club woman, or one who attends any informal afternoon function, here is a simple and smart costume. It is designed on very conservative lines, but provided with the most popular of the present style-touches to make it acceptable to the most up-to-date wearer.

It is a model especially well adapted to a stout figure. The small coat hangs closer than the majority of those equally smart. Its cut sets the material close to the arm and narrows the shoulders. The sleeves are easy, in straight lines and three-quarter length. There is a deep and rather narrow "V" at the throat, and the basque is long, sloping down toward the back. It is unfinished except for the sewing at the bottom. Thus the long line of the figure is not broken by the separate coat. It is noticeable that all the lines of the coat tend to preserve length of line, in the figure.

The skirt is fuller than the average, with the effect of being a double skirt at the front. It is cut wide enough to allow it to be caught up in plaits at the left knee under a soft rosette of chiffon. A piece is let in at the front, but the split or overlapping breadth is absent and there is worn enough for a comfortable step. At the long "v" at the front a little soft white chiffon is let in and a strand of the ever-present white beads finishes the neck dress.

The jacket laps at the front with fastening concealed by an inverted

"V" shaped piece of the material. There is a plaiting of lace about the throat and small ribbon decoration at the right side by way of garniture, a short satin girdle of plaited ribbon fastens with hooks and eyes at the left side under extremely small made ornaments.

The hat is of hatter's plush, with facing of velvet in black. The paradise wreath in shaded flame color gives brilliance and distinction to the entire toilette.

It will be noticed that the long gloves are glace kid in black. They make the arms look very slender and reduce the apparent size of all hands remarkably. Very thin women should not wear them. High surfaced black is not for them. The sleeves are finished with a band of satin.

To study this costume is more convincing than describing it to show that it has been carefully thought out as adapted to the full figure.

The narrow drooping brim of the hat makes the most of the length of the neck, since it does not conceal it. The feather swirl is light, following the brim line almost exactly. The shape is extremely graceful.

It is by such careful thinking out and management of line that grace is arrived at. Developed in black or grey or mauve or taupe, this is a good model, but for the purpose of reducing the apparent size of the figure black is the best choice.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## PARISIAN WOMEN OCCUPIED WITH TWO NEW "FADS"

AT the present moment there are two very prominent fashions governing Paris. One of these is white hair. The other is red fox.

Early last spring there was noticed the growing fashion of wearing powdered hair. All through the summer season one saw the most wonderful, and often very beautiful, heads of silver hair at the opera, and at the Theater des Champs Elysees, on Russian Ballet nights.

The Parisiennes started this fashion. Then, almost immediately, it was taken up by women of other nations, especially by American beauties.

Now it is the fashion to wear powdered hair in the day time as well as by night. This does not mean pure white hair, such hair as one sees at a fancy dress ball. The powdered hair now so fashionable in Paris is, as a rule, quite dark in parts. It is obviously powdered at the sides and in front.

The great drawback to this fashion is this: Powdered hair makes considerable demands upon one's toilet, and upon one's personality, generally. It seems to silently call for a special style of dress. It cannot be worn, successfully, with "just anything."

In the evening these difficulties disappear entirely, for modern evening gowns are so ornate and elaborate that they seem to harmonize, naturally, with powder.

As to the second "fad," what can be said? Red fox skins have become ubiquitous in Paris. All through last summer, and autumn, the most exclusive Parisian beauties were making sensational successes in white linen and satin sea-side costumes, accompanied by a brilliant red fox skin, in the shape of a flat tie.

less, the red-fox-rage is apparently in a healthy condition. It seems likely to last all through the winter. And the pity of it is that already the shop windows are filled with imitation red-fox skins, worthless furs which have no meaning and which would make any costume look ordinary. This was, of course, inevitable, but it is nevertheless deplorable.



Model of White Souple Satin. Three Tier Tunic of White Lace With Black Moline Bow at Waist.

## NO ARBITRARY POINT IS SET FOR WAIST LINE

IT isn't often such a substantial and necessary adjunct of feminine apparel as the waist line is allowed the restless perambulations this season has permitted; and it seems no nearer becoming a settled and stationary affair than it did three months ago. Indeed, its restlessness appears to be daily increasing.

Candidly there is absolutely no stating where the most fashionable waist line is. Sometimes it rises high up under the bust at empire height, while again it is discovered dipping low down, fully three and even four inches below its normal position. In fact, in some instances there is no waist line to be discovered at all, except perhaps a faint suggestion at the sides where the surplice draping of the bodice might be guessed to follow the supposed line of the conventional waist.

This shifting panorama of waist positions is a most comfortable laxness for women in general. For the woman who is long bodied the high waist line is a welcome subterfuge, while, on the other hand, the woman who is long from the waist down can wear the dropped line at the belt most becomingly.

One extreme example of the waist line vagaries was illustrated rather sensationally in a suit shown not long ago, when the belt line both rose and fell in alternating fashion. The suit was of pale blue serge with an extravagantly beuffed tunic of sea blue satin. Beaded pendants falling from the shore jacket were the only trimming. High in the front, the jacket closed and the tunic rose, both dipping together at each side and then rearing high again at the back. The effect was decidedly bizarre and not to be called handsome by any stretch of the imagination.



Model of Black and White Striped Taffeta With Satin Belt and Full Trimming.

## Plain Handsome Matched Set



IT would be hard to improve upon this plain and handsome matched set, including turban and muff of brocade, trimmed with fur, which is pictured here. There are any number of fabrics suitable for such sets—satin with raised velvet figures, crepe woven in the same way, velvet plain and in the various brocades, crepe with satin figures, poplins, tursalls, mattaleese, etc.

These sets (matching or harmonizing in color with the suits having a small coat and waistcoat) serve to make up a quite pretentious costume. Muffs are large, as a rule, although there are exceptions, to this. They are flat and soft. Fabrics elaborate in themselves are best made up in plain designs like that which is set forth in the muff shown in the picture and in the turban as well as the muff.

Many of the muffs made of fabrics trimmed with fur are not made over a regular muff bed. Between the outside fabric and the lining of silk or satin, an interlining of wool batting provides warmth without too much bulk, so that muffs will be soft and slimsy, as is the order of the day in fashions.

This universal slimsiness is rather attractive, after all. Worn by youthful and vigorous persons it fails in 39 cases out of 100 to be convincing. For it is supposed to convey the idea of a fashionable lassitude and disposition to repose—"that tired feeling," in fact, translated into a style. Now, if there is one thing more than another which the American woman does not possess—it is the before mentioned tired feeling. Her restlessness is softened by the easy-going clothes of today. Let us hope that if they do not

reflect her, she will reflect them to a certain degree, in a needed quiet of manner.

The very ample muff we were talking about bespeaks comfort. A wide border of fox fur trims it at the sides, and there is no other ornamentation, for which sensible development the designer deserves a vote of thanks from her feminine friends.

It is tacked together at the side, leaving an opening for the hands. There is a "shirred-on" pocket on the lining, which will accommodate a handkerchief or two, a small purse or a vanity case. One pocket is a convenience, but several are a delusion. Things always get in the wrong pocket, and can never be found quickly.

The turban consists of a band about the head, which supports a small dome-shaped frame of buckram, like a rather high skull cap. The top of this is covered with a small piece of the brocaded velvet. There is a wide, bias puff about the brim and crown, with its fullness disposed in plaits laid wherever necessary to get the proper adjustment. The puff managed in this way falls to the right side. A graduated band of fur, wider at the left than at the right side, begins at the front, where its narrow end is fastened under the plaits in the fabric. It is brought around the turban and terminates under the pair of short, full ostrich half plumes which are used for trimming.

This turban and muff will prove a safe choice for almost any wearer, so far as becomingness is concerned. They are equally well adapted to fabrics for day or evening wear. Better than all, in them is solid comfort as well as style and real beauty.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



## HUERTA FORCES IN FULL FLIGHT

Death List in Juarez Battle  
Totals 1500

## VILLA CLAIMS A VICTORY

"I Have Completely Routed the  
Enemy," Rebel Leader Reports  
After Two Days' Fighting in Des-  
ert Near Juarez.

El Paso.—After at least twelve hours of second day fighting, waged over twenty miles of desert, Gen. Pancho Villa, the Mexican rebel commander, claims a complete victory over the Federals, who had advanced northward in an attempt to recapture Juarez, the most strategic point in Northern Mexico. About 15,000 men took part in the general fighting.

General Villa, in a telegram from Nesa, to Col. Juan Medina, at Juarez, says:

"I have completely routed the enemy, and they are in full and shameless flight. We have captured three troop trains and practically all of their artillery."

General Villa, who personally directed his men, says the Federals abandoned three field pieces which were seized by the Carranzistas. Villas forces reserved their ammunition and silenced the Federal artillery fire by sharpshooting.

Federal prisoners, who said they had been conscripted, were given blankets and food by General Villa; then they were released.

Juarez is practically empty of ammunition and supplies, every cart-ridge having been sent to the front.

Stretched in a semi-circle for fifteen miles the rebel troops presented a formidable battle line, and so far the Constitutionalist leader has been able to make all detached attacks become general engagements in which the whole of his army is employed. It was in this manner that he repelled the first onslaught of the Federals, and forced them to await darkness for resumption of their main attack, which Villa, through a strategic move, turned into rout.

With camp fires burning and all signs of camp life evident at the main wing at Tierra Blanca, General Villa marched his men forth to attack the Federals. Reinforcements were to meet him at a specified point from both left and right wings.

At the same moment the Federals advanced and met the combined attack of the rebel left, right and front, as unexpectedly as they themselves had planned to attack the Constitutionalist. The fight was sharp, hand-to-hand in many instances. Consternation struck the Federals, who began a disorderly retreat.

It is estimated that the loss in dead and wounded on both sides will exceed 2,000.

An example of the pitiless cruelty of the combatants was described by a wounded rebel officer brought to Juarez for treatment. He said thirty to forty Federals captured from the command of General Ynez Salazar south of Zaragoza were ordered executed on the spot when brought before General Villa.

"We cannot afford to feed these prisoners," was his laconic sentence of death.

Before lining them up to be shot the rebels stripped their prisoners to save the clothing. Even their shoes were removed, so they would not be bloodied or damaged. Afterward many rebels were seen wearing the uniforms of the dead Federals.

Four Federals captured west of Juarez were taken into the city and shot to death.

## ACCUSED OF \$500,000 SWINDLE.

Former Bank Clerk Arrested on Charge of Selling Stolen Stocks.

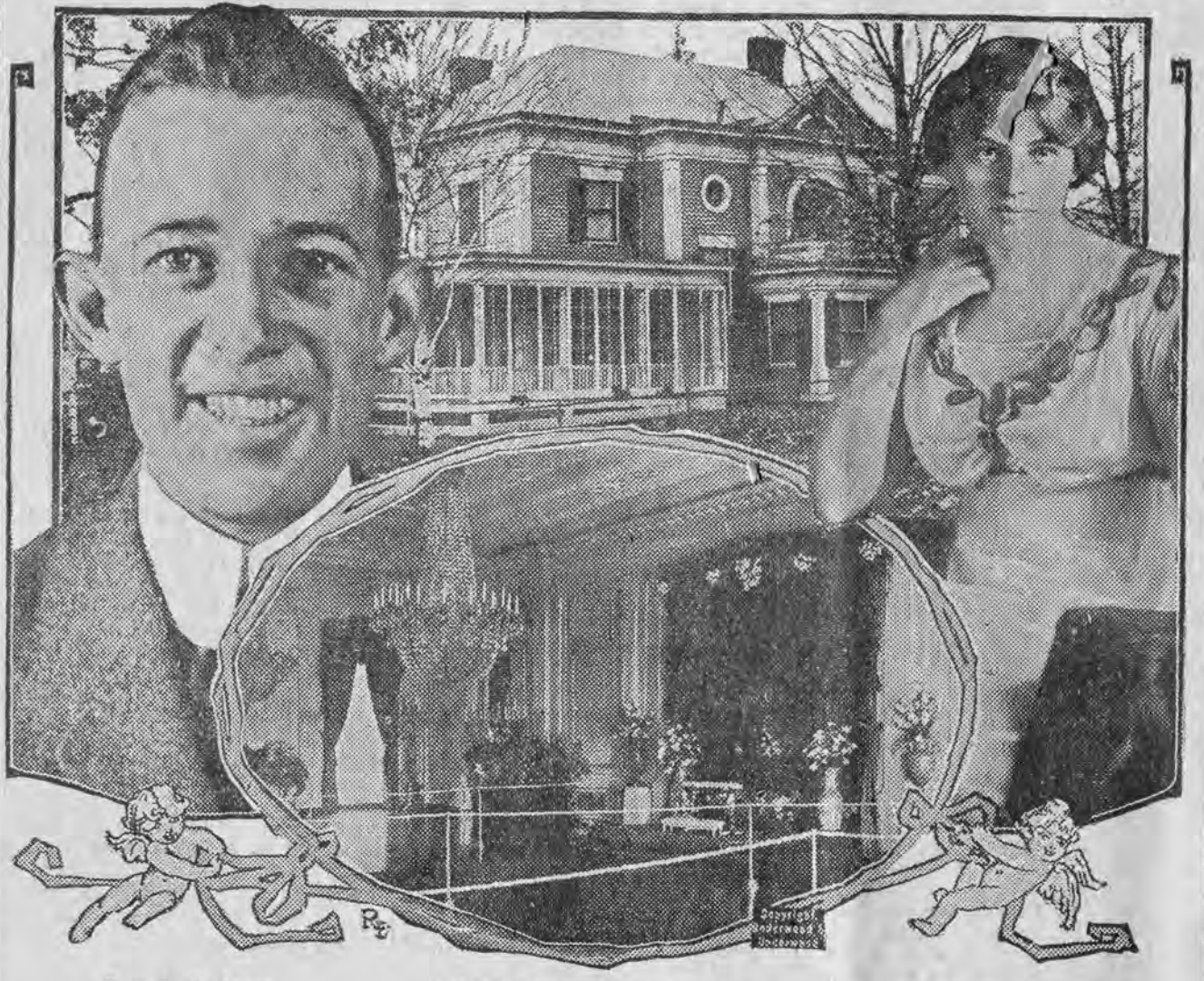
New York.—James Edward Foye, a former employee in the office of Charles G. Gates & Co., who for two years has posed at the Waldorf-Astoria as a man of wealth, and who, in 1905, told a Magistrate in the Jefferson Market Court that he was sorry that he had to acknowledge his own mother, was arrested as he stepped from a Pennsylvania train on the charge of stealing a quarter of a million in securities of the Union Pacific and General Electric companies.

In one of his vest pockets he had a certified check for \$97,000, which he had obtained during the day for stocks and bonds sold. In another pocket he had \$5,226 in bills.

After extended negotiations Foye, while living in luxury, agreed to pay his aged mother \$20 a month for her support.

Foye is a brother of Charles E. Foye, of the former Becker police "strongarm" squad.

## Jessie Woodrow Wilson Becomes Bride of Francis Bowes Sayre



Francis B. Sayre.

Future Home of the Sayres.  
East Room of White House.

Mrs. F. B. Sayre.

Washington, Nov. 25.—In the beautiful east room of the White House at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon Jessie Woodrow Wilson, second daughter of the president, was made the wife of Francis Bowes Sayre. Rev. Sylvester Beach of Princeton, N. J., performed the ceremony.

The entire affair was very simple, as had been requested by the bride, and the number of guests was rather small—distressingly so to many persons in official and social circles of Washington who had expected to receive invitations but were disappointed.

Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, eldest of the three daughters, acted as maid of honor to her sister, and Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, the youngest, was one of the bridesmaids. The three other bridesmaids were Miss Adeline Mitchell Scott of Princeton, daughter of Prof. William B. Scott; Miss Marjorie Brown of Atlanta, Pa., daughter of Mrs. Wilson's cousin, Col. E. T. Brown, and Miss Mary G. White of Baltimore, a college friend of the bride.

**Dr. Grenfell Is Best Man.**  
Mr. Sayre was attended by his best man, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the famous medical missionary to the fishermen of the Labrador coast. The two men have long been fast friends and Mr. Sayre spent two summers helping Dr. Grenfell with his work.

The ushers were Charles E. Hughes, Jr., son of Justice Hughes of the Supreme court and a classmate of Mr. Sayre in the Harvard law school; Dr. Gilbert Horax of Montclair, N. J., who was a classmate at Williams college in 1909 and now at Johns Hopkins university; Benjamin Burton of New York city, and Dr. Scoville Clark of Salem, Mass., who was Mr. Sayre's companion in Labrador and Newfoundland.

**Wedding Gown of Ivory Satin.**  
The bride's gown was of satin, of a soft ivory tint, trimmed with beautiful lace, both old and rare. It was made in New York and the women connoisseurs declared that it was a masterpiece. The lingerie in the trousseau is of the most dainty material and is all hand made. The maid of honor and bridesmaids were beautifully gowned and all looked their best.

Coming right in the midst of the chrysanthemum season, this was made a chrysanthemum wedding and that flower was used most profusely in adorning the White House. As the bride's favorite color is mauve, that was made the prevailing color in the decorations. The east room, and indeed all the rooms in the president's mansion, were beautiful indeed.

**Depart on Their Honeymoon.**  
After the ceremony was completed and the couple had received the congratulations of the guests, refreshments were served, and then Mr. and Mrs. Sayre departed for their honeymoon. Their plans include a visit to the home of Miss Nevin, Mr. Sayre's aunt, at Windsor Forges, near Churchtown, Pa., where they first met. After January 1 they will live in Williams-town, Mass., for Mr. Sayre is to sever his connection with the office of District Attorney Whitman in New York and become assistant to Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams college.

### JESSIE'S WEDDING CAKE.

Jessie Wilson's wedding cake was a triumph of the pastry cook's art. It was two and a half feet tall, counting the white orchids that were placed on top of it, and weighed 135 pounds. The first layer was four inches thick and 22 inches across. The cake contained 19 ingredients and its cost was about \$500. Over the body of the cake was molded a thick white icing scroll work, on its top was a design for the initials of the bride and groom, done in silver, and around the sides were lilies of the valley in white sugar. This delicious confection was distributed in 2,000 dainty white boxes tied with satin ribbon and each of the proper size to go under the pillow of the recipient to bring dreams.

There was one disappointment for those who attended the wedding, for the gifts were not put on display. It is known that these included many beautiful and valuable articles sent by relatives and personal friends of the bride and groom and of their families and by admirers of President Wilson. Handsome presents were sent by both the senate and the house, that of the latter being a diamond lavaliere which Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the speaker, bought for the representatives in New York.

**Guests Limited to 400.**  
Those who were invited to witness the wedding were mostly personal friends and the number was kept down close to four hundred. The list was pared and revised several times, and as has been said, the operation resulted in many heartburnings. From the house of representatives' circle, for instance, the only guests were Speaker Champ Clark, Mrs. Clark and Miss Genevieve Clark, Marjorie Leader Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, and Minority Leader Mann and Mrs. Mann.

As might be expected, the streets outside the White House were as crowded as the police would permit with curious persons eager to watch the arrival and departure of the guests and trying to obtain through the windows a glimpse of the doings within. The police arrangements were admirable and nothing happened, in the White House or outside, to mar the happy occasion.

The wedding of Mr. Sayre and Miss Wilson was the thirteenth to be celebrated in the White House, but the bride has always considered 13 her lucky number instead of a hoodoo. There have been more than twenty weddings in which either the bride or groom resided in the White House, and the last wedding ceremony performed there was the one which united Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth. Today's event was much quieter than that one, and the guests not nearly so numerous.

**Mrs. Sayre a Social Worker.**  
Mrs. Sayre was born in Gainsville, Pa., twenty-five years ago. She attended the Women's college at Baltimore and was an honor member of the class of 1908, being also elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa. For two

years after her graduation she engaged in settlement work in Kensington, Pa., and she is a member of the executive board of the National Young Woman's Christian association. She has delivered several excellent addresses in public.

In appearance she does not resemble her father as much as do her sisters, having rather the features of her mother's family, the Axsons. She is an accomplished swimmer, rider and tennis player and also something of an actress.

**Something About the Groom.**  
Francis Bowes Sayre is twenty-eight years old, and was born at South Bethlehem, Pa., a son of the late Robert Heysham Sayre, who built the Lehigh Valley railroad and at one time was assistant to the president of the Bethlehem iron works, since known as the Bethlehem steel works. He was also once president of the board of trustees of the Lehigh university.

Francis Bowes Sayre graduated from Lawrenceville school, Lawrenceville, N. J., in 1904, and from Williams college in 1909. He entered Harvard law school and graduated "cum laude." He was a member of the Sigma Phi fraternity, Gargyle society and the Phi Beta Kappa at Williams. For the past year he has been working in the office of District Attorney Whitman of New York. During the summer he was admitted to the bar of New York state.

Mr. Sayre's mother is Mrs. Martha Finlay Sayre, daughter of the late William Nevin, who was president of Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster, Pa. She is a descendant of Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and is a sister of the late Robert Nevin, head of the American church at Rome, and a cousin of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.

**Other White House Weddings.**  
The wedding of Jessie Wilson and Francis Sayre was the thirteenth to be solemnized in the White House. The first was that of Anna Todd, a niece of Dolly Madison's first husband, and John G. Jackson. Then Mrs. Madison's sister, Lucy, was married to Judge Todd of Kentucky. The third wedding, that of Maria Monroe, daughter of President Monroe, to Samuel Lawrence Gouverneur in 1820 marked the first social use of the east room. Eight years later John, the second son of President John Quincy Adams, married his cousin, Mary Heilen, in the blue room. While General Jackson was president there were three weddings in the White House, those of Della Lewis to Alphonse Joseph Yver Pageot of the French legation; Mary Eaton to Lucien B. Polk, and Emily Martin to Louis Randolph. Many years passed before there was another marriage ceremony in the president's mansion, the next being of Nellie, the only daughter of General Grant, and Algernon C. F. Sartoris. In 1876 Emily Platt, a niece of Mrs. Hayes, was married in the blue room to Gen. Russell Hastings. The eleventh of this series of weddings was that of President Cleveland to Frances Folsom, and the twelfth that of President Roosevelt's daughter Alice, to Nicholas Longworth.

## ARREST M'GUIRE, IS COURT'S ORDER

Former Mayor of Syracuse In-  
dicted for Election Graft

## ON WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA

Fowler's Collections Are Reviewed—  
Many Contractors Tell of "Solicita-  
tions" Followed by Threats of Pro-  
ceedings for Violating Law.

New York.—James K. McGuire, former Mayor of Syracuse and confidential agent of the Barber Asphalt Co., was indicted here, it being charged that he violated the general corporation law by soliciting a campaign contribution from the Union Oil Company, an offense punishable by a year of imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000. Judge Crain issued a bench warrant for McGuire's arrest. McGuire's brother has testified that he is now on his way to South America on business.

The man who put the finishing touches on the grand jury case against McGuire is Fillmore Condit, New York agent for the Union Oil Company. That interested persons tried at the last moment to induce Condit not to corroborate the testimony of McGuire's brother, George H. McGuire, was the implication in questions put to Arthur B. Chamberlain, who described himself as an agent of various asphalt companies. Chamberlain denied that he told Condit over the telephone to forget about the offer McGuire made him and asserted that he called him merely to impress upon him the fact that McGuire's authority to speak for the Democratic party might be questioned.

Contradictions in the circumstances which Chamberlain averred were the motives for his calling Condit led District Attorney Whitman to ask him if he was familiar with the law of perjury. The witness said he realized fully that he was under oath and declared that if Mr. Condit disputed his account of the telephone conversation then Mr. Condit would be guilty of perjury.

Additional information respecting the activities of Everett Fowler as a collector of campaign contributions was given by a number of highway contractors before Chief Magistrate McAduo. Isador H. Falk, of Buffalo, testified that after he gave a contribution of only \$150 notwithstanding Fowler's warning that any amount less than \$500 would be returned Fowler, then a deputy fire warden, threatened to proceed against him unless extensive safety devices were installed immediately in Falk's building in Buffalo.

Falk said he made most of the repairs to his building and that Fowler, meeting him afterwards, prefaced a request for a contribution with the statement that he should pay no attention to what deputy fire warden told him. Falk declared the contribution asked for was to help pay the expenses of the Democratic delegation to the Baltimore convention. He said he didn't give Fowler the contribution.

Harold V. Owens, the Utica representative of the Dale Engineering Company, a New York corporation, testified that Fowler solicited and accepted from him a campaign contribution of \$400 last year. The contribution was in the form of a check of the corporation.

## U. S. ARMY AVIATORS KILLED.

Two Lieutenants Crushed to Death  
When Airship Falls.

San Diego, Cal.—First Lieut. Hugh M. Kelly and Second Lieut. E. L. Ellington, army aviators at the North Island Aviation School, were killed, when their Wright biplane dropped 80 feet. The engine of the flying machine, experts say, was turned on within eighty feet of the ground after a long glide, and the aviators were seen to make frantic attempts to right the machine after it turned. The aviators were instantly killed. Their bodies were found pinned under the wreckage. Hundreds of San Diegans saw the accident.

## AGAINST 12 RESERVE BANKS.

Owens Offers Bill Providing for Eight  
as Currency Substitute.

Washington.—Senator Owen, in opening the debate on the currency, went on record in opposition to twelve regional reserve banks, declaring that that number was too many and that eight would be sufficient to provide mobilization of reserves.

Chairman Owen appealed to Senators to hasten the consideration of the bill. Bankers, he declared, were guarding their resources and strengthening them because they did not know what to expect from Congress,

## NOT CANDIDATE FOR U. S. SENATE

Governor-Elect Fielder Says  
He Does Not Aspire

## MANY OFFICIALS TO CHOOSE

Higher Judiciary Places to be Filled  
—Must Make Selections to Preserve  
Present Standard of Courts—Par-  
tisanism Has Been Avoided.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton.—Governor-elect Fielder declares that he is not now and does not expect to be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Martine three years hence, but how he can escape that situation is hard to see. If he shall follow the course he has laid out for his three years' administration and follows it with the same conscientious regard for duty that has marked his career so far in public life he cannot possibly avoid the responsibility of continuing in the service of the people. He may wish to retire to private life, as he expresses a wish to do, but there will be no alternative for him. Senator Martine has given out intimations that if nothing shall occur to change his plans he expects to go before the public as a candidate for reelection.

## Long String of Officers.

What will give the new Governor the most concern, of course, will be the long string of official appointments he will have to dispose of immediately upon assuming charge of the office. His list is even greater and of more importance in the government of the State than the one that confronted Governor Wilson upon his induction into office. Many of the higher judiciary places are to be filled and it will be necessary for the Governor to make selections calculated to preserve the envious standard of New Jersey in its judiciary. No breath of political partisanship has ever crept into the higher courts of this State and the Governor will endeavor, no doubt, to see to it that no act of his will cause any deviation from that course. In this respect he will have some difficulty in making the selections, but those who know him have not the slightest fear of his failure. Fortunately he will not be under any political obligation in making these appointments, and he can go about them with a mind clear and untrammelled to find the best possible men and an honest purpose to maintain the standard. There is plenty of good material from which to make a choice, and the selections will be watched with much interest throughout the State.

## Awaiting a Caucus.

The majority leadership of the House still gives some concern to the party managers, and it is not likely to be adjusted until the caucus is held, the date for which has not been fixed. There would be little question of the selection of McDermott, of Hudson, for this honor but for the fact that his course in the last session could not be called precisely in line with the Wilson-Fielder program. He was one of the members of the Assembly conference committee which prevented satisfactory action upon jury reform, which necessitated the recall of the Legislature in special session and the return of the President to the State to arouse the people to action upon that question.

One thing must be said of McDermott, however, and that was that he had the courage to stand out firmly and unhesitatingly for what he considered the right. He was strongly opposed to the State-wide referendum on the bill that finally was passed, and now it looks as though the Court of Errors would promptly affirm the decision of Supreme Court Justice Payne that that referendum is unconstitutional. Of McDermott's ability and force there is no doubt at all, but he got in wrong in the last session. If chosen leader for the coming session he would probably understand what was required of him and steer a course completely satisfactory to the progressive element in his party.

## The Next Leader.

Anyway it will not matter much who may be chosen, the course of the session is certain to be along the lines marked by the Governor. Everybody who knows the man and who has followed his movements as a member of the Legislature is willing to subscribe right willingly to that direct deduction. It is encouraging then for the people of the State to know that they will have the broad sympathy and understanding of a man of that calibre upon whom to depend as leader in the next session.

# INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN  
 AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"  
 "THE FILIGREE BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"  
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
 CHARLES W. ROSSER  
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 DODD, MEAD & CO.



SYNOPSIS.

George Anderson and wife see a remarkable looking man come out of the Clermont hotel, look around furtively, wash his hands in the snow and pass on. Commotion attracts them to the Clermont, where it is found that the beautiful Miss Edith Challoner has fallen dead. Anderson describes the man he saw wash his hands in the snow. The hotel manager declares him to be Orlando Brotherson. Physicians find that Miss Challoner was stabbed and not shot, which seems to clear Brotherson of suspicion. Gryce, an aged detective, and Sweetwater, his assistant, take up the case. Mr. Challoner tells of a batch of letters found in his daughter's desk, signed "O. B." All are love letters except one, which shows that the writer was displeased. This letter was signed by Orlando Brotherson. Anderson goes with Sweetwater to identify Brotherson, who is found in a tenement under the name of Dunn. He is an inventor. Brotherson tells the coroner Miss Challoner repulsed him with scorn when he offered her his love. Sweetwater recalls the mystery of the murder of a washerwoman in which some details were similar to the Challoner affair. Challoner admits his daughter was deeply interested, if not in love with Brotherson. Sweetwater goes to identify the same building with Brotherson. He watches the inventor at work at night and is detected by the latter. The detective moves to a room adjoining Brotherson's. He bores a hole in the wall to spy on Brotherson. He visits him and assists the inventor in his work. A girl sent by Sweetwater with Edith Challoner's letters is ordered out by Brotherson. He declares the letters were not written by him. Sweetwater is unmasked by Brotherson, who declares he recognized him at once. The discovery is made that the letters signed "O. B." were written by two different men. Sweetwater goes to Derby in search of the second "O. B." He expects to locate through one Doris Scott, mentioned in the letters. She is found acting as nurse for Oswald Brotherson, who is critically sick and calls the name of Edith in his delirium. Sweetwater comes across a peculiar hut in the woods. He sees a load of boxes marked "O. Brotherson" taken into the hut under the supervision of Doris Scott. Doris tells Challoner of seeing in a dream the face of the man who killed Edith. The door bell rings and she recognizes in the visitor the man who had killed her daughter. Orlando Brotherson, who requests an interview with his brother. It is denied. Orlando is greatly agitated at the realization that he has fallen in love with Doris.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"This, I make no apologies and expect in answer nothing more than an unequivocal yes or no. You tell me what you have never met my brother. Can that be said of the other members of your family—of your deceased daughter, in fact?"

"No."

"She was acquainted with Oswald Brotherson."

"She was?"

"Without your knowledge?"

"Entirely so."

"Corresponded with him?"

"Not exactly."

"How, not exactly?"

"He wrote to me—occasionally. She wrote to him frequently—but she never sent her letters."

"Ah!"

The exclamation was sharp, short and conveyed little. Yet with its escape, the whole scaffolding of this man's hold upon life and his own fate went down in indistinguishable chaos. Mr. Challoner realized a sense of havoc, though the eyes bent upon his countenance had not wavered, nor the stalwart figure moved.

"I have read some of those letters," the inventor finally acknowledged. "The police took great pains to place them under my eye, supposing them to have been meant for me because of the initials written on the wrapper. But they were meant for Oswald. You believe that now?"

"I know it."

"And that is why I found you in the same house with him?"

"It is. Providence has robbed me of my daughter; if this brother of yours should prove to be the man I am led to expect, I shall ask him to take that place in my heart and life which was once hers."

A quick recoil, a smothered exclamation on the part of the man he addressed. A barb had been hidden in this simple statement which had reached some deeply-hidden but vulnerable spot in Brotherson's breast, which had never been pierced before. It was a sight no man could see unmoved. Mr. Challoner turned sharply away, in dread of the abyss which the next word he uttered might open between them.

But Orlando Brotherson possessed resources of strength of which, possibly, he was not aware himself. When Mr. Challoner, still more affected by the silence that by the dread I have mentioned, turned to confront him again, it was to find his features composed and his glance clear. He had conquered all outward manifestation of the mysterious emotion which for an instant had laid his proud spirit low.

"You are considerate of my brother," were the words with which he reopened this painful conversation. "You will not find your confidence misplaced. Oswald is a straightforward fellow, of few faults."

"I believe it. No man can be so universally beloved without some very substantial claims to regard. I am glad to see that your opinion, though given somewhat coldly, coincides with that of his friends."

"I am not given to exaggeration," was the even reply.

Nothing which had yet passed showed that this man realized the fact that Oswald had been kept in know-

rance of Miss Challoner's death. If these brothers were to meet on the morrow, it must be with the full understanding that this especial topic was to be completely avoided. But in what words could he urge such a request upon this man? None suggested themselves, yet he had promised Miss Scott that he would insure his silence in this regard, and it was with this difficulty and no other he had been struggling when Mr. Brotherson came upon him in the other room.

"You have still something to say," suggested the latter, as an oppressive silence swallowed up that icy sentence I have already recorded.

"I have," returned Mr. Challoner, regaining his courage under the exigencies of the moment. "Miss Scott is very anxious to have your promise that you will avoid all disagreeable topics with your brother till the doctor pronounces him strong enough to meet the trouble which awaits him."

"You mean—"

"He is not as unhappy as we. He knows nothing of the affliction which has befallen him. He was taken ill—"

The rest was almost inaudible.

"Do you think I should be apt to broach this subject with anyone, let alone with him, whose connection with it I shall need days to realize? I'm not so given to gossip. Besides, he and I have other topics of interest. I have an invention ready with which I propose to experiment in a place he has already prepared for me. We can talk about that."

The irony, the hardy self-possession with which this was said struck Mr. Challoner to the heart. Without a word he wheeled about towards the door. Without a word, Brotherson stood, watching him go till he saw his hand fall on the knob when he quietly prevented his exit by saying:

"Unhappy truths cannot be long concealed. How soon does the doctor think my brother can bear these inevitable revelations?"

"He said this morning that if his patient were as well tomorrow as his present condition gives promise of, he might be told in another week."

Orlando bowed his appreciation of this fact, but added quickly:

"Who is to do the telling?"

"Doris," nobody else could be trusted with so delicate a task.

"I wish to be present."

Mr. Challoner looked up, surprised at the feeling with which this request was charged.

"As his brother—his only remaining relative, I have that right. Do you think that Doris—that Miss Scott, can be trusted not to forestall that moment by any previous hint of what awaits him?"

"If she so promises. But will you exact this from her? It surely cannot be necessary for me to state that your presence will add infinitely to the difficulty of her task."

"Yet it is a duty I cannot shirk. I will consult the doctor about it. I will make him see that I both understand and shall insist upon my rights in this matter. But you may tell Miss Doris that I will sit out of sight, and that I shall not obtrude myself unless my name is brought up in an undesirable way."

The hand on the door-knob made a sudden movement.

"Mr. Brotherson, I can bear no more tonight. With your permission, I will leave this question to be settled by others." And with a repetition of his former bow, the bereaved father withdrew.

Orlando watched him till the door closed, then he too dropped his mask. But it was on again, when in a little while he passed through the sitting-room on his way upstairs.

No other day in his whole life had been like this to the hardy inventor; for in it both his heart and his conscience had been awakened, and up to this hour he had not really known that he possessed either.

CHAPTER XXXI.

What Is He Making?

Other boxes addressed to O. Brotherson had been received at the station, and carried to the mysterious shed in the woods; and now, with locked door and lifted top, the elder brother contemplated his stores and prepared himself for work.

He had been allowed a short interview with Oswald, and he had indulged himself in a few words with Doris. But he had left those memories behind with other and more serious matters. Nothing that could unnerve his hand or weaken his insight should enter this spot sacred to his great hope. Here genius reigned. Here he was himself wholly and without flaw—a Titan with his grasp on a mechanical idea by means of which he would soon rule the world.

Not so happy were the other characters in this drama. Oswald's thoughts, disturbed for a short time by his brother, had flown eastward again, in silent love and longing; while Doris, with a double dread now in her heart, went about her daily tasks, praying for strength to endure

the horrors of this week, without betraying the anxieties secretly devouring her.

And Mr. Challoner? The sight of Brotherson, though they never really met, acted like acid upon a wound, and it was not till six days had passed and the dreaded Sunday was at hand, that he slept with any sense of rest or went his way about the town without that halting at the corners which betrayed his perpetual apprehension of a most undesirable encounter.

The reason for this change will be apparent in the short conversation he held with a man he had come upon one evening in the small park just beyond the workmen's dwellings.

"You see I am here," was the stranger's low greeting.

"Thank God," was Mr. Challoner's reply. "I could not have faced tomorrow alone and I doubt if Miss Scott could have found the requisite courage. Does she know that you are here?"

"I stopped at her door."

"Was that safe?"

"I think so. Mr. Brotherson—the Brooklyn one—is up in his shed. He sleeps there now, I am told, and soundly too I've no doubt."

"What is he making?"

"What half the inventors on both sides of the water are engaged upon just now. A monoplane, or a biplane, or some machine for carrying men through the air. I know, for I helped him with it. But you'll find that if he succeeds in this undertaking, and I believe he will, nothing short of fame awaits him. His invention has startling points. But I'm not going to give them away. I'll be true enough to him for that. As an inventor he has my sympathy; but—well, we will see what we shall see, tomorrow. You say that he is bound to be present when Miss Scott relates her tragic story. He won't be the only unseen listener. I've made my own arrangements with Miss Scott. If he feels the need of watching her and his brother Oswald, I feel the need of watching him."

"You take a burden of intolerable weight from my shoulders. Now I shall feel easier about that interview. But I should like to ask you this: Do you feel justified in this continued surveillance of a man who has so frequently, and with such evident sincerity, declared his innocence?"

"I do that. If he's as guiltless as he says he is, my watchfulness won't hurt him. If he's not, then, Mr. Challoner, I've but one duty; to match his strength with my patience. That man is the one great mystery of the day, and mysteries call for solution. At least, there's the way a detective looks at it."

"May heaven help your efforts!"

"I shall need its assistance," was the dry rejoinder. Sweetwater was by no means blind to the difficulties awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tell Me, Tell It All.

The day was a gray one, the first of the kind in weeks. As Doris stepped into the room where Oswald sat, she felt how much a ray of sunshine would have encouraged her and



"Dead!" He Shrieked Out.

yet how truly these leaden skies and this dismal atmosphere expressed the gloom which soon must fall upon this hopeful, smiling man.

Advancing slowly, and not answering because she did not hear some casual remark of his, she took her stand by his side and then slowly and with her eyes on his face, sank down upon her knees, still without speaking, almost without breathing.

"What is the matter, child? So weary, eh? Nothing worse than that, I hope."

"Are you quite strong this morning? Strong enough to listen to my troubles; strong enough to bear your own if God sees fit to send them?" came hesitatingly from her lips as she watched the effect of each word, in breathless anxiety.

"Troubles? There can be but one

trouble for me," was his unexpected reply. "That I do not fear—will not fear in my hour of happy recovery. So long as Edith is well—Doris! Doris! You alarm me. Edith is not ill—not ill?"

The poor child could not answer save with her sympathetic look and halting, tremulous breath; and these signs, he would not, could not read, his own words had made such an echo in his ears.

"Ill! I cannot imagine Edith ill. I always see her in my thoughts, as I saw her on that day of our first meeting; a perfect, animated woman with the joyous look of a glad, harmonious nature. Nothing has ever clouded that vision. If she were ill I would have known it. We are so truly one that—Doris, Doris, you do not speak. You know the depth of my love, the terror of my thoughts. Is Edith ill?"

The eyes gazing wildly into his, slowly left his face and raised themselves aloft, with a sublime look. Would he understand? Yes, he understood, and the cry which rang from his lips stopped for a moment the beating of more than one heart in that little cottage.

"Dead!" he shrieked, and fell back fainting in his chair, his lips still murmuring in semi-unconsciousness, "Dead! dead!"

Doris sprang to her feet, thinking of nothing but his wavering, slipping life till she saw his breath return, his eyes redill with light.

But the rest must be told; his brother exacted it and so did the situation. Further waiting, further hiding of the truth would be insupportable after this. But oh, the bitterness of it! No wonder that she turned away from those frenzied, wildly-demanding eyes.

"Doris?"

She trembled and looked behind her. She had not recognized his voice. Had another entered? Had his brother dared—No, they were alone; seemingly so, that is. She knew—no one better—that they were not really alone, that witnesses were within hearing, if not within sight.

"Doris," he urged again, and this time she turned in his direction and gazed, aghast. If the voice were strange, what of the face which now confronted her. The ravages of sickness had been marked, but they were nothing to those made in an instant by a blasting grief. She was startled, although expecting much, and could only press his hands while she waited for the question he was gathering strength to utter. It was simple when it came; just two words: "How long?"

She answered them as simply: "Just as long as you have been ill," said she; then, with no attempt to break the inevitable shock, she went on: "Miss Challoner was struck dead and you were taken down with typhoid on the self-same day."

"Struck dead? Why do you use that word, struck? Struck dead! she, a young woman. Oh, Doris, an accident! My darling has been killed in an accident!"

"They do not call it accident. They call it what it never was. What it never was," she insisted, pressing him back with frightened hands, as he strove to rise. "Miss Challoner was—"

How nearly the word shot had left her lips. How fiercely above all else, in that harrowing moment had risen the desire to fling the accusation of that word into the ears of him who listened from his secret hiding-place. She refrained out of compassion for the man she loved, and declared instead, "Miss Challoner died from a wound; how given, why given, no one knows. I had rather have died myself than have to tell you this. Oh, Mr. Brotherson, speak, sob, do anything but—"

She started back, dropping his hands as she did so. With quick intuition she saw that he must be left to himself if he were to meet this blow without succumbing. The body must have freedom if the spirit would not go mad. Conscious, or perhaps not conscious, of his release from her restraining hand, albeit profiting by it, he staggered to his feet, murmuring that word of doom: "Wound! wound! my darling died of a wound! What kind of a wound?" he suddenly thundered out. "I cannot understand what you mean by wound. Make it clear to me. Make it clear to me at once. If I must bear this grief, let me know its whole depth. Leave nothing to my imagination or I cannot answer for myself. Tell it all, Doris."

And Doris told him:

"She was on the mezzanine floor of the hotel where she lives. She was seemingly happy and had been writing a letter—a letter to me which they never forwarded. There was no one else by but some strangers—good people whom one must believe. She was crossing the floor when suddenly she threw up her hands and fell. A thin, narrow paper-cutter was in her grasp; and it flew into the lobby. Some say she struck herself with that cutter; for when they picked her up they found a wound in her

breast which that cutter might have made."

"Edith? never!"

The words were chokingly said; he was swaying, almost falling, but he steadied himself.

"Who says that?" he asked.

"It was the coroner's verdict."

"And she died that way—died?"

"Immediately."

"After writing to you?"

"Yes."

"What was in the letter?"

"Nothing of threat, they say. Only just cheer and expressions of hope. Just like the others, Mr. Brotherson."

"And they accuse her of taking her own life? Their verdict is a lie. They did not know her." Then, after some moments of wild and confused feeling, he declared, with a desperate effort at self-control: "You said that some believe this. Then there must be others who do not. What do they say?"

"Nothing. They simply feel as you do. They see no reason for the act and no evidence of her having meditated it. Her father and her friends insist besides, that she was incapable of such a horror. The mystery of it is killing us all; me above others, for I've had to show you a cheerful face, with my brain reeling and my heart like lead in my bosom."

She held out her hands. She tried to draw his attention to herself; not from any sentiment of egotism, but to break, if she could, the strain of these insupportable horrors where so short a time before Hope sang and Life reveled in reawakened joys.

Perhaps some faint realization of this reached him, for presently he caught her by the hands and bowed his head upon her shoulder and finally let her seat him again, before he said: "Do they know of—of my interest in this?"

"Yes; they know about the two O. B.'s."

"The two—"

He was on his feet again, but only for a moment; his weakness was greater than his will power.

"Orlando and Oswald Brotherson," she explained, in answer to his broken appeal. "Your brother wrote letters to her as well as you, and signed them just as you did, with his initials only. These letters were found in her desk, and he was supposed, for a time, to have been the author of all that were so signed. But they found out the difference after awhile. Yours were easily recognized after they learned there was another O. B. who loved her."

The words were plain enough, but the stricken listener did not take them in. They carried no meaning to him. How could they? The very idea she sought to impress upon him by this seemingly careless allusion was an incredible one. She found it her dreadful task to tell him the hard, bare truth.

"Your brother," she said, "was devoted to Miss Challoner, too. He even wanted to marry her. I cannot keep back this fact. It is known everywhere, and by everybody but you."

"Orlando?" His lips took an ironical curve, as he uttered the word. This was a young girl's imaginative fancy to him. "Why Orlando never knew her, never saw her, never—"

"He met her at Lenox."

The name produced its effect. He stared, made an effort to think, repeated Lenox over to himself; then suddenly lost his hold upon the idea which that word suggested, struggled again for it, seized it in an instant of madness and shouted out:

"Yes, yes, I remember. I sent him there—" and paused, his mind blank again.

Poor Doris, frightened to her very soul, looked blindly about for help; but she did not quit his side; she did not dare to, for his lips had reopened; the continuity of his thoughts had returned; he was going to speak.

"I sent him there." The words came in a sort of shout. "I was so hungry to hear of her and I thought he might mention her in his letter. Insane! Insane! He saw her and—"

"What's that you said about his loving her? He couldn't have loved her; he's not of the loving sort. They've deceived you with strange tales. They've deceived the whole world with fancies and mad dreams. He may have admired her, but loved her—no! or if he had, he would have respected my claims."

"He did not know them."

"A laugh; a laugh which paled Doris' cheek; then his tones grew even again, memory came back and he muttered faintly:

"That is true. I said nothing to him. He had the right to court her—and he did, you say; wrote to her; imposed himself upon her, drove her mad with importunities she was forced to rebuke; and—and what else? There is something else. Tell me; I will know all."

He was standing now, his feebleness all gone, passion in every lineament and his eye alive and feverish, with emotion. "Tell me," he repeated, with unrestrained vehemence

"Tell me all. Kill me with sorrow but save me from being unjust."

"He wrote her a letter; it frightened her. He followed it up by a visit—"

Doris paused; the sentence hung suspended. She had heard a step—a hand on the door.

Orlando had entered the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Alone.

Oswald had heard nothing, seen nothing. But he took note of Doris' silence, and turning towards her in frenzy saw what had happened, and so was in a measure prepared for the stern, short sentence which now rang through the room:

"Wait, Miss Scott! you tell my story badly. Let him listen to me. From my mouth only shall he hear the stern and seemingly unnatural part I played in this family tragedy."

The face of Oswald hardened. Those pliant features—beloved for their gracious kindness—set themselves in lines which altered them almost beyond recognition; but his voice was not without some of its natural sweetness, as, after a long and hollow look at the other's composed countenance, he abruptly exclaimed: "Speak! I am bound to listen; you are my brother."

Orlando turned towards Doris. She was slipping away.

"Don't go," said he.

But she was gone.

Slowly he turned back.

Oswald raised his hand and checked the words with which he would have begun his story.

"Never mind the beginnings," said he. "Doris has told all that. You saw Miss Challoner in Lenox—admired her and afterwards wrote her a threatening letter because she rejected you."

"It is true. Other men have followed just such unworthy impulses—and been ashamed and sorry afterwards. I was sorry and I was ashamed, and as soon as my first anger was over went to tell her so. But she mistook my purpose and—"

"And what?"

Orlando hesitated. Even his iron nature trembled before the misery he saw—a misery he was destined to augment rather than soothe. With pains altogether out of keeping with his character, he sought in the recesses of his darkened mind for words less bitter and less abrupt than those which sprang involuntarily to his lips.

But he did not find them. Though he pitied his brother and wished to show that he did, nothing but the stern language suitable to the stern fact he wished to impart, would leave his lips.

"And ended the pitiful struggle of the moment with one quick, unpremeditated blow," was what he said. "There is no other explanation possible for this act, Oswald. Bitter as it is for me to acknowledge it, I am thus far guilty of this beloved woman's death. But, as God hears me, from the moment I first saw her, to the moment I saw her last, I did not know, nor did I for a moment dread that she was anything to you or to any other man of my stamp and station. I thought she despised my country birth, my mechanical attempts, my lack of aristocratic pretensions and traditions."

"Edith?"

"Now that I know she had other reasons for her contempt—that the words she wrote were in rebuke to the brother rather than to the man, I feel my guilt and deplore my anger. I cannot say more. I should but in-sult your grief by any lengthy expressions of regret and sorrow."

A groan of intolerable anguish from the sick man's lips, and then the quick thrust of his reawakened intelligence rising superior to the overthrow of all his hopes.

"For a woman of Edith's principle to seek death in a moment of desperation, the provocation must have been very great. Tell me if I'm to hate you through life—yea through all eternity—or if I must seek in some unimaginable failure of my own character or conduct the cause of her intolerable despair."

"Oswald!" The tone was controlling, and yet that of one strong man to another. "Is it for us to read the heart of any woman, least of all of a woman of her susceptibilities and keen inner life? The wish to end all comes to some natures like a lightning flash from a clear sky. It comes, it goes, often without leaving a sign. But if a weapon chances to be near—(here it was in hand)—then death follows the impulse which, given an instant of thought, would have vanished in a back sweep of other emotions. Chance was the real accessory to this death by suicide. Oswald, let us realize it as such and accept our sorrow as a mutual burden and turn to what remains to us of life and labor. Work is grief's only consolation. Then let us work."

But of all this Oswald had caught but the one word.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## SOCIETIES---LODGES

CAREY COUNCIL, No. 1280, Knights of Columbus—Meets first and third Tuesdays, St. Joseph's Hall.

DIVISION NO. 7, Ancient Order of Hibernians—Meets at St. Joseph's Hall.

COURT CARTERET No. 43, Foresters of America—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

QUINNIPIAC TRIBE No. 203, Imp. Oder Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 33, Ancient Order of Druids—Meets at Firemen's Hall each alternate Wednesday.

CARTERET CAMP No. 25, Workmen of the World—Meets last Friday of the month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET CIRCLE No. 365 Companions of the Forest—Meets first and third Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

GERMANIA CIRCLE, No. 3,—Meets every first and third Mondays of each month Firemen's Hall.

BRIGHT EYES COUNCIL No. 39, Degree of Pocahontas—Meets second and fourth Mondays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET EXEMPT FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Meets every fourth Thursday of each month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 420, I. O. B. A.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall.

WORKMENS' CIRCLE—Meets first and third Tuesday of month in Glass's Hall.

PURITAN COUNCIL No. 305, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall.

DEBORAH REBEKAH Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall.

ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.

AMERICUS LODGE No. 83, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

## 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. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River

No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to taten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Liebig'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 backtap.  
One long blast and two short for fire drill.

## RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

**5 DROPS**  
The Best Remedy For all forms of Rheumatism

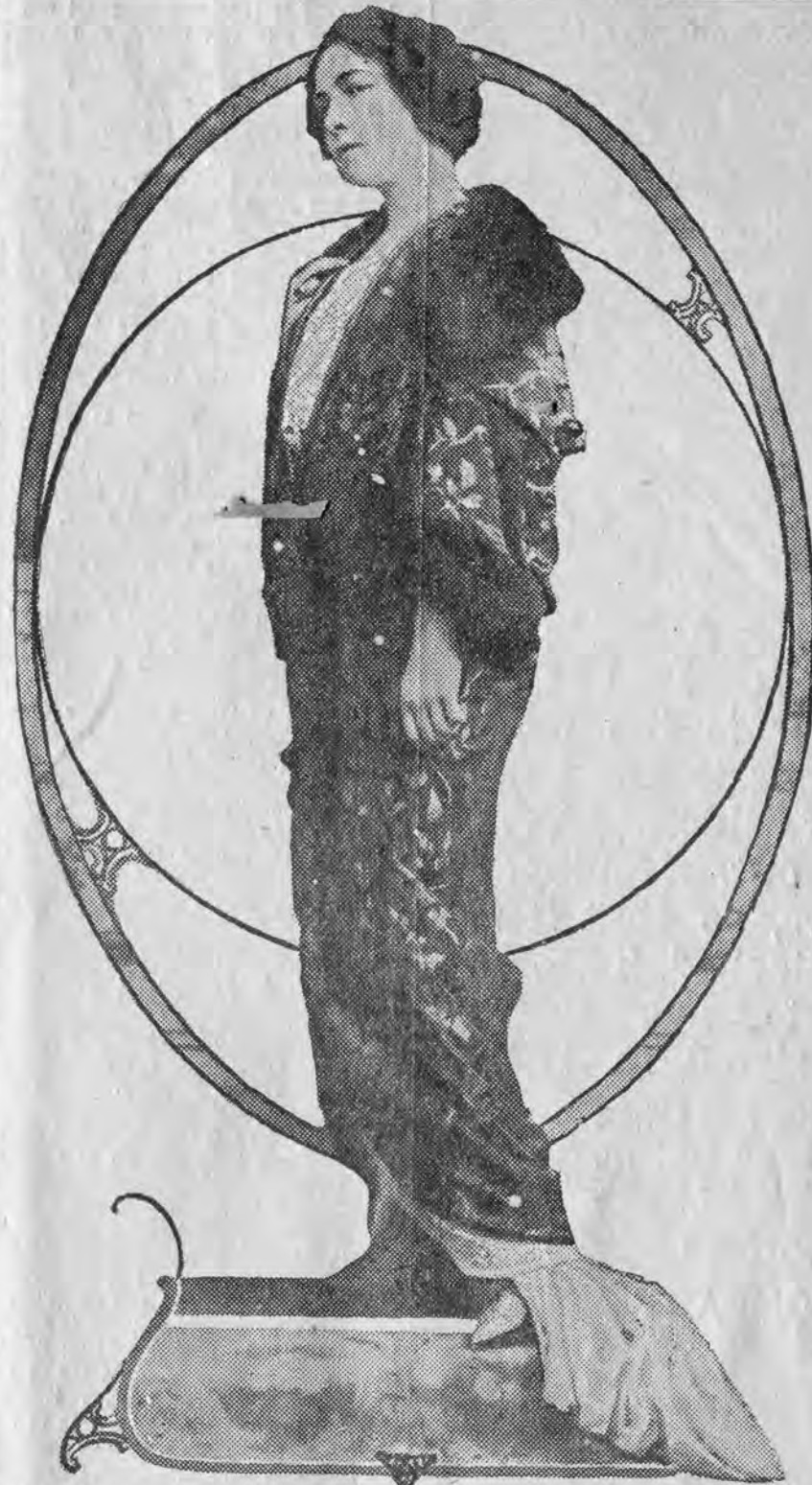
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA, AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

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STOP THE PAIN  
Give Quick Relief  
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SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST  
SWANSON Rheumatic Cure Co.,  
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The Liberal Advertiser  
—IS THE—  
Successful Merchant.

## Brocades and Furs Dominate Fashion



EVERYWHERE in fashionable apparel, brocades and furs are featured. Whether in coats or gowns or hats, one or the other (and oftener both together), tell of the love of luxurious clothing which seems to be inborn in women. Brocades and furs—in the parlance of the street—"talk money." They are rich and beautiful beyond all other materials.

In keeping with the richness of superb fabrics, garments are cut on voluminous lines. Cloaks are big, enveloping, richly trimmed and draped about the figure. Fur collars and cuffs, gold and silver laces by way of adornment, add to their sumptuousness.

Although many coats, especially those of all fur, are shorter than the model shown here, many brocaded coats trimmed with fur are very long. This is fortunate for the average woman. It takes a tall figure to wear the shorter coats with any style.

All coats, whether long or short, hang in to the figure at the bottom. If you would be in the class of the ultra fashionable, remember that in all your gowns and cloaks you are to strive for the effect of wrapping your figure with loosely hanging garments. Except about the feet everything is full and roomy. But withal this wrapped up figure, cloaks hang easily, away from the neck and loosely about the shoulders. In fact, garments are cut to produce the pose of French

women in wearing wraps of fur—they wear such garments as if they were slipping off the shoulder. Fox, skunk and martin are favored for collars, cuffs and borders. White fox and furs dyed in fancy shades are smartest for evening wraps. After all, the dark furs make the best combination with rich brocades.

It will not be hard to picture to the mind the wrap shown here, with dark mole-colored ground having deep Nattier blue in the pattern of foliage and flowers which covers it. The combination is quiet but very rich. There is almost no combination more elegant.

Brocades for such coats are wide and they are expensive. One must expect them to cost from ten to twenty dollars a yard. They are more costly than plain velvet, but such triumphs of the weaver's art must bring a price commensurate with their superb beauty.

Muffs and turbans are made of these rich fabrics, and trimmed with fur. They lend elegance to plain costumes without requiring a great outlay of money. Fabric muffs are draped and are larger than those of fur.

It will be noticed that the material is draped in the seams of the coat pictured here and that the shoulder line (or the lack of shoulder line) preserves the vague outline of the figure which fashion delights in.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## BEST METHODS OF ARRANGING THE COIFFURE

If you have dark and glossy hair, show the same discriminating taste displayed by the beautiful brunette who is pictured here. Instead of striving for any of the fluffy or any of the severely plain styles in coiffures, select those which bespeak a rich abundance of shining hair.

There is almost no wave in the hair dressed in this fashion. But it is carefully coiled, braided and pinned with many small pins into position. There are four coils overlapping across the back of the head, those at each side being first braided loosely.

The ears are covered except at the lobes, and the hair is brought out only a little way on the cheek. A few short locks are just barely curled at the ends at the side and lie flat to the temples.

This coiffure may be managed by any one having fairly thick hair, even

Black Lace Waists.  
As a refreshing change from white waists, the black lace waist, usually in chantilly, is made over flesh color or white lining, which will give equally good service with a newer style. They are just as suited as white waists for wear with a suit of any color. There is a great variety of styles in these waists, some having the foundation of net, chiffon or lace in white, with the black chantilly lace in bolero or jacket arrangement, with the lower section of the sleeves and the front of the waist in white.

Leather Accessories.  
Leather and suede are popular for many of the accessories of woman's dress. One sort of leather peplum fitted to the flare of the hips, and twelve or fourteen inches of the newest things is the wide hip belt—wide. These belts are fastened with ball and socket fastenings under little pearl buttons. They are lined with silk in self color.

"Look out for paint"—before falling in love with a beautiful complexion.

**PNEUMATICA STOPS YOUR PAIN**  
or breaks up your cold in one hour. It's marvelous. Used externally. All druggists, 25 cents. Adv.

He Heard It.  
She—Money talks, you know.  
He—Yes, I know. I married money.  
—Albany Evening Journal.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Then He Escaped.  
"It's curious," said Brown, "how coming events cast their shadows before them. I'll wager a five none of you gentlemen can guess what was the last thing played on the organ at the time of the fire."  
"The Lost Chord," suggested Smith.

Brown shook his head.  
"Dies Irae," said the classical gentleman.  
Brown shook his head again.  
"What was it, then?" asked the practical member.  
Brown got up, reached for his hat, and went to the door. Then he replied:  
"The hose!"

## PAINFUL PIMPLES ON NECK

R. F. D. No. 1, Box 47, Creekside, Pa.—"About a year ago my skin began to break out in rough places and pimples on the back of my neck and forehead. They were very sore and painful and when I got over-heated would smart and burn something terribly. The breaking out on my forehead was in large scaly scabs and was very disfiguring. I hated to have people see it. While on the back of my neck it was in the form of pimples. They came to a head and were dry and very itchy. I had suffered in this way for several weeks when I saw in several papers about people being cured of skin diseases by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I resolved to send for a sample. I bought more from my druggist and by the time I had used all of it my forehead was smooth as it ever was and I have not had the eczema on my neck or face any since." (Signed) Miss Cornelia Weamer, Mar. 20, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Greatly Desired Lady.  
It would appear from bits of the social gossip of her day that Miss Burdett-Coutts' nearest approach to an occupation was refusing offers of marriage. It is stated that the name of the "Prince of Adventures" was connected with hers; that she refused the duke of Wellington and a score of lesser gentlemen.

For years the great heiress was the most glittering matrimonial prize in England, and when at last she consented to change her condition by marrying an American, a London club wit struck a responsive chord by observing, "I don't blame Ashmead Bartlett for proposing to the baroness. I've done it myself. I regard it as a duty every Englishman owes to his family."—"Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III."

Had to Be Careful.  
An old man who had led a sinful life was dying, and his wife sent for a nearby preacher to pray with him.

The preacher spent some time praying and talking, and finally the old man said: "What do you want me to do, parson?"

"Renounce the devil! Renounce the devil!" replied the preacher.

"Well, but, parson," protested the dying man, "I ain't in position to make any enemies."

Have to Make More Waits.  
"I see by the papers," said Peerkins "that a fellow swam to Boston in eight hours."

"Aha," said Gherkins, "I wonder how long it would take him to swim there loaded?"

## FULLY NOURISHED Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

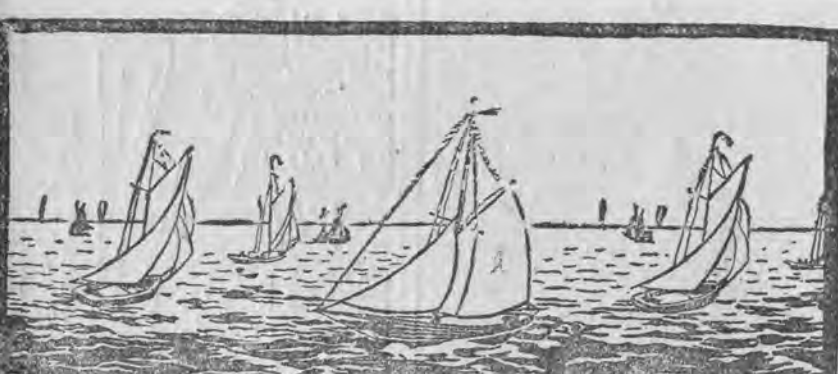
"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



**W. Bialecki & Co.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**ICE**  
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ICE HOUSE AT EAST RAHWAY



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PEARLS FIND READY MARKET

There From the Mississippi Only Slightly Second in Demand to Deep Water Products.

Arkansas is the greatest pearl producing state in the Union, and hundreds of men engage in the pearl hunt. It is said that the fresh water pearl of Arkansas of the highest class cannot be distinguished from the finest deep sea jewel. Throughout the south generally thousands of people follow the pearl fishing industry and make a comfortable living at it. Up to a few years ago the jewel wealth contained in the river beds of the Mississippi valley was completely hidden. It was not supposed that the fresh water mussel was a pearl bearer, or that it had any value except for fish bait.

The fresh water mussel is sought now not only for the precious stone it may have hidden in its shell, but for the shell itself, which is manufactured into stick pins, cuff links, and buttons of every description. The shell fisheries have for years extended far up the Mississippi river. A recent writer on the subject puts fresh water pearls into four classifications—true pearls, baroque, slugs, and chicken feet.

The first, or true, pearls are of a regular shape, and regular form, round, oval, or pear shaped. These command the highest prices. Baroque are pearls of irregular form. Slugs are low grade baroque. The smaller size, the kind used in inexpensive jewelry, are of the name of chicken feet.

MERELY A POPULAR BELIEF

Scholars Question Whether the Apple Was the "Forbidden Fruit" in the Garden of Eden.

Why and how it has happened that the apple has been spoken of as the fruit that was forbidden in the Garden of Eden is one of the great puzzles of biblical scholars. The fact is that in Genesis 3, where the incident of the eating of the fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil" is mentioned, no name whatever is given to the fruit. All that is said is: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." (verse 6).

In fact scholars doubt very seriously whether it was the apple at all. They suggest that all evidence points to it having been the quince, a fruit of which was held in the highest esteem by the Orientals. Another point in favor of the quince is that it is the fruit which was offered to Venus, the goddess of love, and in a great many of the ancient writings the quince is very prominently mentioned in this manner. In Polytonia Ishtar took the place of Venus in the Roman mythology, and it should be remembered that the story of the creation originated with the Babylonians. All evidence seems to point away from the apple having been the "Forbidden Fruit" and toward the quince as having been that fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

Wordsworth on Real Estate.

There is an interesting story of Wordsworth, who went to call on Miss Harriet Martineau at Abbeville, in the home which she had built and laid out, writes A. C. Benson in the Century Magazine. There was a gathering of neighbors present, and Wordsworth stood for a long time at the window contemplating the beautiful landscape outside. Then he turned to the party and said:

"Miss Martineau, I congratulate you on your beautiful little domain. The views are wonderful, and it will turn out to be the wisest thing you ever did in your life."

He paused for a moment, and the guests expected some comment on the uplifting effects of communion with nature, but Wordsworth, with a fine gesture, continued:

"Your property will certainly be trebled in value within the next ten years!"

Living in Poise.

To improve yourself, the first essential is to prevent all waste of energy by living in poise. The second essential is to use your imagination in picturing those things that you want to accomplish now. And the most practical use that can be made of the imagination is to picture your talents and faculties larger, greater and more perfect. To imagine in mind a larger and more perfect talent is to give the creative forces in mind a better model; and as these forces always create after the fashion of the latest model, they will consequently create the larger and the more perfect talent.—Larson.

Different Thing Entirely.

This story is being told on a Kansas lawyer. The lawyer was arguing a case before a judge and, desiring to illustrate by supposing a case, he did so, as follows: "We will suppose, your honor," he said, "that your honor were to stand a horse."—"No! No! No!" interrupted the judge, "not at all, not at all, sir. That's a supposable case, sir." "Very well, begging your honor's pardon," said the eager lawyer with more zeal than prudence, "very well, then; supposing that I should stand a horse."—"Ah, yes, yes," said the judge, "that is a different thing, very different, Mr. X. Proceed, sir."

HE FINISHED HIS WORK

By J. A. TIFFANY.

The man was old and broken in spirit. His life had been a failure, as all lives are, measured by the degree in which they fulfill the dreams of youth.

At two-and-twenty he had mistaken the flush of enthusiasm for the fire of genius. After a quarter of a century's devotion to small parts in third-rate theatrical companies, he had been forced to the conclusion that a man gets no more, or less, than his labor is worth; and that his own labor was worth very little.

His wife had been beautiful. Now, she was a poor, faded, common-place creature. Her illusions, too, were all gone, like her beauty; and, worse than that, the man's illusions in regard to her were dead also.

She had no more talent for acting than had he; and they both knew it now.

Of gentle birth, she still retained some traces of refinement, in spite of her long sojourn in Bohemia. But the novelty, the charm, the mystery of the life were gone.

Every illusion had been destroyed, save one; and to that they clung with desperate tenacity. At an early period in their married life the man had conceived a great literary project.

"I've been thinking, Evelyn," he had said one day, "of writing a historical account of the drama from its first inception down to the present day. Imagine the possibilities of such a work!"

"Splendid!" the woman had exclaimed. "Why don't you begin at once?"

And he had begun that very day. He knew then that it was no mean task, this that he had set himself. It meant much reading, research, condensing, writing, re-writing and writing again. Not a book that a man could rattle off in six months or a year.

The one illusion that the hard realities of life had failed to dissipate was this: That though both were failures at acting, yet one day the man was to achieve fame for himself and a competence for them both by the publication of his great history of the drama—the dedication to a grateful world of his life's work.

For twenty years and more he had stuck stolidly to his task.

Often the last nickel went for paper, while the children were crying for bread. Present necessities were forgotten, or ignored, in the anticipation of comforts to be bought through the sale of Reginald's life work.

"I have finished it at last, Evelyn," the man announced one day—one day while they were in Baltimore. "I have finished my life's work."

For three months he awaited the publishers' decision, calling upon them at intervals, only to be told that his manuscript would receive the earliest attention possible. Three long, weary anxious months; and then the man took to his bed in a high fever. He was delirious, and raved about his book.

"Finished, finished!" he would shout exultingly. "I have finished my life's work!"—and another time he would repeat the same words, with a wail of anguish and despair.

Then the woman passed her cooling hand across his brow, and sought to comfort him by saying his life's work was only just begun.

One evening as he lay helpless on his pillow, the crimson rays of the setting sun shone suddenly into the room and lighted up his pallid face, handsome even in emaciation. He started up to his elbow, with wide staring eyes, exclaiming:

"Finished—finished! I have finished my life's work. I am going home."

And the tears that welled to Evelyn's eyes had fallen from them to her cheeks, she looked once more upon his face and saw his words were true.

The man was dead. He had finished his life's work. He had gone home. And while the woman sat in silent grief, gazing on the dead face of him whom she had loved so well, there came a gentle tap upon the door.

It was Mr. Hayes, an elderly gentleman from the publishers' office, who had called once or twice before to inquire after the health of the author of the bulky manuscript.

"At last, my dear lady," he said, "I am able to report that our house has accepted your husband's life work."

"Your house?" the woman echoed, falling at first to recognize her visitor or comprehend his meaning—the one, earnest sense at widowhood overwhelming all things else.

Then, as the recollection of the fatal book that had sapped her husband's life away came back to her with bitter memories, she said:

"Your house? Too late—too late! He has gone to another house. There his life's work can be judged the best. His life work will be accepted or rejected, in his father's house."

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Something to Think About.

Laurence D'Orsay is telling of a time when a brother comedian and himself were comparing the size of their respective chests and biceps in D'Orsay's dressing-room one evening. "Feel the muscles of my neck," D'Orsay said. "Put your fingers around my throat." The other gripped D'Orsay's throat while the latter set his teeth and contracted all the muscles. He seemed much impressed by the display, and D'Orsay says he expected some compliment to his muscular development. All the other said, however, was, "D'Orsay, they will have a bother to hang you."

He who hears but one bell hears but one sound.—Proverb.

What seems only ludicrous is something very serious.—Rabelais.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.—De Saint-Real.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.—Desbarrolles.

One of the principal occupations of men is to divine woman.—Lancretelle.

Better a man with paradoxes than a man with prejudices.—J. J. Rousseau.

In this world, one must put cloaks on all truths, even the nicest.—Balzac.

Should we condemn ourselves to ignorance to preserve hope?—E. Souvestre.

Fear of hypocrites and fools is the great plague of thinking and writing.—J. Janin.

All my misfortunes come of having thought too well of my fellows.—J. J. Rousseau.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemontey.

Pleasures are like liqueurs; they must be drunk but in small glasses.—Romainville.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind that nothing can draw out.—Dederot.

All truths are not to be uttered; still it is always good to hear them.—Mme. du Deffand.

RAM'S HORN BROWN

God and all good men are always on the side of right.

To make seeking God the first business of life, is to begin right.

To know what the devil will do, find out what the booze seller is doing.

The less some people have in their heads the more they find to talk about.

If you read the Bible with the right motive it will soon tell you where you live.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." Don't waste time by taking absent treatment.

Many a man who carefully strains at a gnaw will swallow a jackrabbit without choking.

If there is a place in all the world where a woman will have her say, it is at the telephone.

The devil hates a religious meeting as a boy does soap, but he likes the part some folk take in it.

The woman who marries a toper to reform him is going to wear out her complexion before she does it.

The man whose motive power is emotion will come to a good many places where the wires won't work.

You may spot and speckle the reputation of a good man with slander, but you can't hurt his character with dynamite.

HOMESPUN HOMILIES

Gabe Toots sez:

Misery loves company and is sorter careful about the friends it picks out; but sin ain't so particular.

The best argument in favor of ragtime is ther kind of looking people that keep knockin' it all the time.

In ther places where they keeps callin' 'em brave fire laddies some-therin' more or less is allus burnin' up.

Whenever you see a feller sitting around happy and everything all right, you can gamble some woman's furnishin' three-fourths of ther inspiration.

RAM'S HORN BROWN

The truth never dodges, no matter who shoots.

If you want to make an enemy, try to hire a friend.

The higher a little man is lifted the more he shrinks.

It is better to aim high and miss than not to aim at all.

A lie is the most cowardly thing that ever crawled out of the pit.

Some folks never get anywhere because they stop at the first shade tree.

If the cow really did jump over the moon, she didn't do it at the first jump.

Diplomats from the school of experience are always worth more than they cost.

It is better to be able to see beauty in ashes than to be blind and own a gold mine.

There is still plenty of room at the top, but the top is higher up than it used to be.

The man who marries for money probably sells himself for more than he is worth.

Nothing is ever gained by blaming your luck. Better roll up your sleeves and try to mend it.

Don't leave so many things to be settled by the crowd you will meet at the next corner.

You can hardly pick up a newspaper but what you see some new joke hung on prunes, corsets, pumpkin pie, loud socks, some feller rowing a boat, a umpire and what's goin' to happen next to ther tariff.

WORDS OF WISDOM

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Poetry is the music of the soul.

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# The Christian's Future Reward

By REV. WILLIAM EVANS

Director of Bible Course, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—For he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.—Heb. 11:26.



The Christian is constantly bidden to look unto the recompense of his reward. The saints of the new dispensation, like those of the old, die "not having received the promises" in all their fullness. Nevertheless faith gives them confidence in their hope that some future day will reveal that they have not believed in vain.

I. The Believer in Christ Never Dies.

Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And again: "If a man keep my word, he shall never see death." He shall never "see" death—what does that mean? It means that he shall never give up on death as the outlook or the objective of his life. There are but two spheres: life, and death. The moment a man believes in Jesus Christ he passes out of the sphere of death into that of life; life, not death, is henceforth his outlook. The believer is nowhere told to look forward to death. Since he believed, death has ceased to be the object of his gaze. The Christian shall "never die." In the words of Jesus to Martha: "Believest thou this?" That those dead shall one day live because of him, is not hard to believe; but that those living "shall never die" because of their faith in him, is more difficult to believe. Nevertheless it is a fact. The death of the body is no more to be considered death to the Christian, than the life of the body is to be counted life as compared with that "life which is life indeed." This does not mean that Christians will not see the grave, but that, in the deep sense they will not die. The life of faith survives the shock of death, which is but a momentary shadow upon the life which is very far better. There are no Christian dead. The God of the Christian is the God of the living, and not of the dead. This is the truth enunciated by God to Moses at the burning bush. Moses was to understand that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were still living.

II. Christians Fall Asleep in Christ.

A distinction is made between "dying" and "falling asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died . . . so then also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Jesus died, that is, he tasted and drained the cup to its bitter dregs, in order that we might not have to do the same. He died; we sleep. He has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light. Three things are suggested by the term "sleep": continued existence, repose, awakening. In what the world calls death the believer simply closes his eyes upon all that is mortal, and immediately opens them upon that which is eternal. What a blessed awakening! "Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

The living presence of Christ is what greets the Christian in the place of death. How beautifully this is brought out in the Shepherd Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Note the change in the personal pronoun. Up to this point, the psalmist has used the third personal pronoun "he"; but now he uses the second person, "thou." Why? Because in the hour when we pass through the valley of the shadow, no third person, no loved one, parent or child, can go with us through that narrow vale. The valley is so narrow that a mother cannot take her own day old babe with her. If we have no Christ, we press our way through that valley alone, and missing him, our stumbling feet must fall.

O, to have no Christ, no Savior; no hand to clasp this one; Through the dark, dark vale of shadow, thou must press thy way alone.

The assurance of the believer is that Christ will be with him in the hour of departure; that he will stand by his bedside as the light of earth fails, ready to lead him through the valley into the home beyond the skies. It was the assurance of this presence that led Mr. Moody to say when dying: "Is this death? Why there is no dark valley; he is with me." The living Christ takes the place in the experience of the believer of what the world calls, and is in reality, the worlding, death.

"And when, at last, I hear the shore; And the fearful breakers roar; Twist me and my heavenly rest; Then, while leaning on thy breast, may I hear thee say to me: 'Fear not, I will pilot thee.'"

A good wife must be grave abroad, wise at home, patient to suffer, constant to love, friendly to all, and provident for her household.—Theophrastus.

# HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

## GOOD ROADS NATIONAL ISSUE

Congressman Barland of Missouri Says It Is One of Biggest Questions Facing People.

Of the addresses given at the recent Federal Aid convention in Washington, called by the National Good Roads board, none contained a more comprehensive summary of the situation than the remarks of Representative William P. Barland of Missouri, who, among other things, said:

"I believe that the good road question is the biggest question, without exception, now facing the American people. In our country, we are trying honestly and sincerely to deal with this problem of the extent and character of federal control and federal aid to good roads. There are difficulties confronting us.

"Some of us believe in a continuous system of roads; roads that go somewhere; roads that give us the benefit of the scientific progress of engineering skill that has been developed in connection with road building. We believe that federal aid, if it comes at all, should be a continuous system of roads of higher class, roads of a more permanent character, roads that go somewhere, roads that mean something in the development of the country.

"I want to say to you frankly, that the easiest proposition to get through any legislative body is not a proposition that really means betterment; but a proposition that distributes its little advantages as widely as possible. If we could take a little federal money, or a good deal of federal money, or as much federal money as we could lay our hands on, whatever the amount might be, and spread it out over every road district in the United States, and put it in the hands of the existing road systems for the existing system of roads, and not ask anything in return, we could not get the greatest applause and the most tremendous amount of opinion back of it that any legislative proposition could possibly get. There is no doubt about that.

"But here is the fact that must occur to every thinking man. We do not have to improve the 2,100,000 miles of highways in the United States. That need not stagger any man's imagination. Experience has shown at the very threshold of this subject, that 50 per cent. of the traffic on roads goes over less than ten per cent. of the roads. If we had a system of good roads leading fairly into every section of the country, within the reasonable reach of the industry of the citizens, and producers and tax payers of the country, that system would be a vast advantage over the present system of isolated local roads.

"If we can bring that about by a spirit of self-sacrifice and co-operation, not necessarily with any subordination or pride of opinion—but if we can get together on the idea that it is better to have some good roads than it is to have no good roads, then we will all get behind some proposition and accomplish something for good roads; and it is going to take that spirit of co-operation and self-sacrifice to bring about legislation."

## PATROL SYSTEM IN VIRGINIA

Experiments Made by Public Roads Office of Department of Agriculture on Earth Roads.

The office of public roads of the department of agriculture has been making experiments on an eight-mile stretch of road in Virginia to demonstrate the results that may be obtained on country earth roads by continuous work under a patrol system. A patrolman was employed to furnish a horse, a cart and maul tools, and he was supplied with a road drag built of plank and required to furnish two horses to drag the road whenever it was in suitable condition for dragging, usually following each rain.

The use of the road drag has greatly improved the daily condition of the road and rendered it smooth and comfortable for travel for a greatly increased number of days in bad weather. The department expects to continue the experiment this year, for it is already apparent that the entire eight miles of road will show remarkable improvement under the systematic work of the patrolman.

## Top-Working Apple Trees.

Apple trees up to a foot in diameter may be top-worked, if unsatisfactory. Care, however, should be used that too much of the top is not removed in any one year. Cut off about one-fourth of the top the first year and repeat sections on stubs not more than two or three inches in diameter. The next year remove more of the top and insert other sections, and the following year complete the work.

## Guard Early Development.

No matter what the subsequent use of the pig on the farm is to be, his early development should be carefully guarded.

# ORCHARD GLEANINGS

## TO BEAUTIFY YARD OR LAWN

Japanese Barberry or California Privet Will Soon Make Compact and Ornamental Hedge.

(By W. H. GRINSTEAD.)

It takes a number of years to get shade trees large enough to add to the beauty of a yard or lawn, but this is not the case with ornamental hedge.

Japanese barberry or California privet will soon make a compact hedge and there is nothing which will add more to the bare landscape. In this latitude the fall of the year has been found a very satisfactory time to set hedges, though equal results may be had from spring planting.

There is one very important thing that should be looked after when the plants are set, and that is the pruning. The ground should be prepared by plowing and manuring heavily with well rotted manure, a strip two feet wide, then set the plants six inches apart in this row, if it is to be a single row hedge.

If it is to be a double row hedge, set the plants eight inches apart in rows the same width so that the plants will miss or zig-zag. This will make a more compact hedge than the single row.

In setting, never leave the whole shrub, but cut back to not more than three inches above the ground. This will cause it to branch at the ground and form a compact growth which can be pruned into shape the following winter and shortened up during the growing season so as to make a pyramidal shape.

When a shoot is noticed running up too high it should be pinched off, which will make it throw out branches at the bottom near the ground.

These hedges, when properly cared for after being put out right, will turn a dog or cat so compact and dense will be the growth. This plan of treatment is more especially for the California privet.

## CARING FOR DWARF APPLES

New York Experiment Station Has Four Orchards in Different Parts of the Empire State.

The New York experiment station has four dwarf apple orchards in different parts of the state, three of which were planted to test the claims made for dwarf apples. These are that dwarf trees come in bearing earlier than standards; that orchard operations are more easily performed, and that the fruit is of higher color and better quality from dwarf trees. The three orchards have been planted five years, giving ample opportunity to find out whether these advantages are real in New York. The dwarfs do come in bearing somewhat earlier than the standards, but the difference is not appreciable from a financial standpoint. Instead of the cost of care being less for the dwarfs, it has been found to be considerably more in all of the orchards, and the most of dwarf trees is greater. There is no difference in color, size or flavor between the trees on dwarf and standard stocks in these orchards. Dis-



Apple Picker Used on Fruit Farm.

advantages of the dwarfs are that it is difficult to get trees on stocks known to be true dwarf or half dwarf, as the case may be; the loss of trees is much greater, and the trees are shorter lived. From the orchards in charge of the station there seems to be no future for dwarf trees in commercial orcharding in this state, or if at all, only as fillers, or barely possibly in the growing of one or two varieties, as McIntosh and Lady, which seem to do rather better than other varieties on dark stocks.

## Plum Raspberry.

Many berry growers report fine profits from growing black raspberries, or black caps, as familiarly known. This variety is from Northern New York and matures its entire crop in a short period. It is an early sort, with berries thick-meated and very firm. The fruit is large and attractive. Readers, understand that black-caps cannot be set in the fall, as are red varieties. Start them in the spring and keep them pinched back freely, so young canes do not gain more than two feet in height. This will keep the bushes snug and compact and obviate staking.

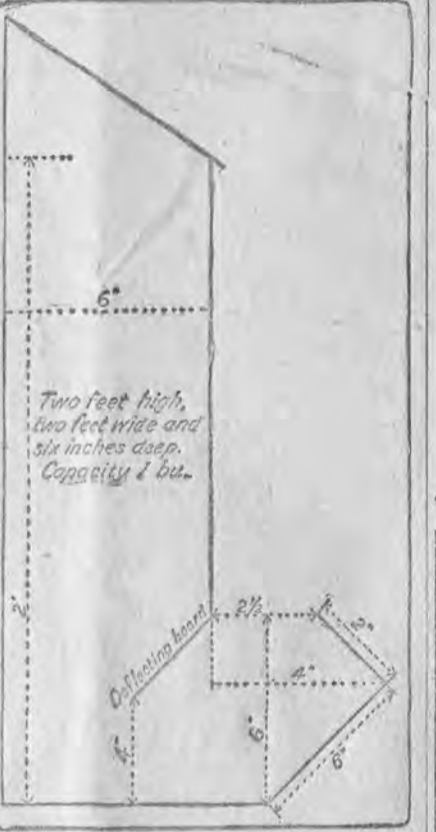
# FARM POULTRY

## EFFICIENT DRY MASH HOPPER

Design and Dimensions Illustrated Are Result of Considerable Experimenting—Easily Made.

In response to a query for a diagram and description of an inside dry-mash hopper a writer in the Rural New Yorker makes the following reply:

The accompanying diagram shows an end view, or cross section, of a dry feed hopper designed to prevent the waste of food. The design and dimensions are the result of considerable experimenting, and the hoppers are very satisfactory, both for young



Dry Mash Hopper.

chickens and older fowls. The one shown will hold a bushel of feed and is used in a colony house for growing chicks; for older fowls it should be several times as large, keeping the dimensions of the feed opening the same, however. One used in my hen-house holds 200 pounds of feed and is filled at irregular intervals as it becomes empty. They may be built of any stuff at hand, though mine are made of one-inch pine boards for ends, and half-inch matched stuff for the rest.

## FEED CHICKENS IN SUMMER

There Are Few Farm Flocks That Will Not Improve in Egg-Laying If Given Some Grain.

The very common opinion that farm flocks need no grain feed in summer is seldom warranted. The farm range is valuable, and there is no place where eggs can be produced as economically, but there are few flocks that will not improve in egg yield if given at least one feed daily.

It ought not to be difficult to determine whether more feed is needed. Something depends on the size of the flock and the range, but the egg yield will tell. There is only one probable explanation for a farm hen's failure to lay eggs in summer, and that is lack of feed. Occasionally it is due to a lack of the right kind of feed, but generally if the hens have one feed daily of any grain they will give good results.

Wheat, barley and oats are the practical summer grains, but if a little corn is used and some meat, corn is very good. Whatever grain is used it is genuine economy to give the hens access to dry bran. An open shallow box will do if you haven't time to make a regular feed hopper. No poultryman or farmer is feeding to the best advantage who does not feed bran.

# DOULTRY NOTES

Eggs not gathered once a day now are of doubtful quality.

Do the birds have shade in an open, airy place? They need it.

Healthy breeding stock is the greatest requirement for strong chicks.

The breed you like the best is the one you will give the most attention.

As a source of income the hen is not considered as seriously as she should be.

There will never be too many good poultrymen, but we can all strive to be among the best.

Alfalfa lime, highly diluted, wherever, is cheap, and will hasten the growth of the crop.

Feeding chickens open to young and too much of a hot, or a fruitless source of food.

As a source of spirits of camphor to the drinking water will often correct about bowel trouble in old and young birds.

Fresh, clean water is necessary this time of the year. If you have no running water, change that in your jars at least twice a day.

Do not neglect to chop some onions or onion tops for the ducks and turkeys every day or two. They are relished by them and will do them much good.



"Yes, Helen, I'll come on Friday evening. Tell mother I'll leave on the 5.33 train."

# The Connecting Link

THE telephone links the city and country together. Although you may be many miles from your home, the telephone places you within communication almost instantly.

Arrange to have a telephone installed so that you can reach the home folks.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.

F. W. WARNKE, District Commercial Manager, 1203 East Grand Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

# THE OLD RELIABLE

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Furniture Stored at Reasonable Rates

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Our Plant, at 195 New Brunswick Avenue, IS ALWAYS OPEN FOR INSPECTION

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# JAMES McCOLLUM

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Bedding, Sewing  
Machines, Etc.**

**CHROME, N. J.  
and  
RAHWAY, N. J.**

## Feathers—Fantastic and Otherwise



THERE is much excitement among those whose business it is to provide feathers for millinery purposes. The wearing of certain plumage is slipping into discredit, and the buying and selling of this particular plumage—in this country—is prohibited. For the purpose of preserving a beautiful species of bird or preventing the practice of cruelty in obtaining the crests of other species—the Audubon society has kept up a long and ultimately successful fight.

But there is a world of feathers to whose use no one will object. The ostrich (for instance), grouse, pheasant, peacock, all the domestic fowls and numerous pestiferous birds supply carloads of feathers that are available to the manufacturer. The present excitement about legislation will finally do the feather business good. Already designers are producing the most novel and lovely effects in fancy feathers. All the talk and agitation on the subject simply advertises feathers. To draw attention to them is to make their success, for feathers are as beautiful and as fascinating as flowers. We pass by the marvels of coloring and shading and marking in the feathers to which we are accustomed, but the designer of fancy feathers notes them and transforms them into new shapes that captivate the eye and hold the attention. There is a limitless world for him to conquer.

An example of a pretty and fantastic feather decoration is shown here. The flues of some feather have been shaved from the strong and slender rib except at the end. Here an odd

fan, like a small palm, spreads a bright colored surface, like a flower, to the air. Ornaments of this character are immensely popular. They are saucy and attractive, and not too expensive for general use.

The small shape has a soft crown of scant fulness. Such crowns are so universally popular that one may neglect calling attention to them—there are almost no rigid crowns. It is made of black velvet. The wonder is where all the black velvet comes from, for the world and her sister are just now hatted in this universally popular material.

The brim is of wired chantilly lace, and here the story ends, except for the curious feather which springs up at the back. The hat is merely a simple, dainty head covering to support a new idea from the brain of the feather-man.

A hat of rich brocade is also pictured here, with two magnificent ostrich plumes mounted at the right side. They are giants in width and fulness of flue. The shape shows the eccentric widening of brim at one side, which is probably a forerunner of larger hats.

The crown is round and of a soft supporting material, which shapes the brocade covering. The facing is of plain velvet. The widening of the brim at the left provides a fine balance for the really huge feathers, mounted back to back at the left.

Ostrich collars are worn with both these hats, and ostrich bands are used like those of marabout—or fur—for trimming purposes.

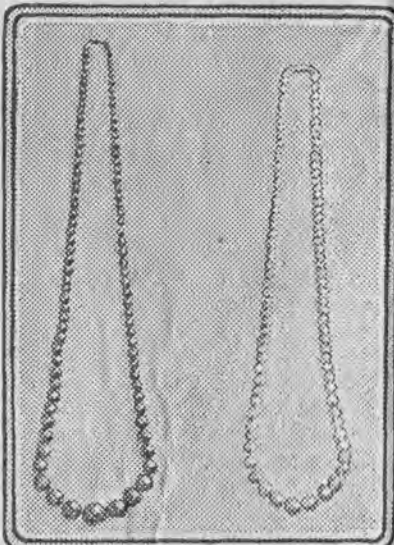
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## BEADS OF ALL VARIETIES AND SORTS IN FAVOR

VERY modest and conservative examples among the enormous variety of beads now fashionable are pictured here. Not that these particular patterns are greater favorites than other, for no beads are unfashionable and all sorts are worn.

These strands are about the average in size and length. The first strand is a yellow agate highly polished and graduated in size. The agate is opaque and cloudy. Many beads of this character show faint markings of rings.

Beads are well finished and even. Nearly all of them are graduated in



size, and the strands are long, extending to the swell of the bust or below the waist line.

One of the pretty new ideas in glass beads is also shown. This bead is not smoothly round, but shows ridges and faces like an amber bead. Also the glass is not clear, but frosted. The beads are translucent. It is a fad to have them match something in the costume. They are to be had in almost every color, green, white, lavender, opalescent and fascinating blue tones and in imitation of amber.

Amber, by the way, is and bids fair to remain, very fashionable. Gold beads, too, one notes oftener than ever before. Strands of these, like pearls, are usually short.

Coral in beautifully finished and polished beads, and in imitations that are wonderfully good, are shown in

strands of the fashionable length and size, with beads graduated until as large as a good-sized marble at the center. Chains set with stones one sees occasionally, but they have not the favor given to beads.

The point to remember in selecting beads is that they are worn more than anything for color value and are selected either to match or to set off the color of the costume. There are strands made up of various odd beads strung together. Small steel or glass beads are used between larger ones effectively. In fact, no style is barred in the fad for beads.

Long strands of small beads are twisted in rope fashion and worn in the length shown in the picture. This management of old-fashioned coral beads bring them up to date. Old-fashioned carved corals in earrings and brooches are new fashions now, and their possessors rejoice in them.

If you have strands of curious or old-fashioned beads, now is the time to resurrect them. Piece the strands out with other beads to suit your fancy, so long as the color combinations are good. A little black or steel, or both, introduced, makes a striking strand. Big beads introduced at intervals in a strand of small ones are noted among the most desired and expensive novelties.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

**Knitted Girdle Sash.**

This sash is similar in weave to knitted neckties, and is made in Roman striped and plain effects. It is about two and one-quarter yards in length, and has either plain finished bits ends or is ornamented with ball trimming. It is intended to be worn draped on the hip, in four-in-hand effect. A large pin four or five inches wide and deep is used to pin the knot or loose ends to the skirt.

**To Remove Mud Stains.**

For removing mud stains from white or cream serge: First allow the mud to dry thoroughly, then cover the spots with common table salt and leave for two or three minutes. When this is finished, take a piece of tissue paper and lightly rub off the salt. Finally, apply a little French chalk, brush off with a clean brush and you will find all the marks have vanished.

**Laces to Trim Handbags.**

Lace is used to trim handbags, just as leather is now used to trim hats. A dainty handbag of tan suede is edged about the top with a narrow frilling of deep cream Valenciennes lace, luffed well around the corners.

## CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at 'he International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, and the year before that, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honours, together with medals and diplomas, feats that were likely to give a swelled head to any other people than those who had so much more to do. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, a farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the \$1,500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships and sweepstake at the live stock show in Chicago, and this year expects to duplicate his successes of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were ever fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge in 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world. The most recent winnings of Canada have been made at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where seven of the eighteen sweepstakes rewards at the International Soil Products Exposition were taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlack of Allan, Saskatchewan. Montana took four of the sweepstakes, Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two.

Russia sent one delegate, Spain had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one, Brazil three.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated as well as the Province of Saskatchewan, and Western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.—Advertisement.

## TRUTH FROM YOUTHFUL LIPS

Not Exactly the Answer Spinster Expected, but It Came From the Heart.

A middle-aged spinster who lived in the suburbs had a fine orchard. She likewise had a heap of trouble with a lot of youngsters, who looked on the orchard as something placed there for their especial benefit.

Finally the spinster decided that she could do more with kindness than with a fence rail, so she prepared a feast of apples and other dainties and invited every small boy in the burg to join the jubilee.

"Now, tell me, boys," said the hostess at the conclusion of the feast, "would the apples you have just eaten tasted so good had you stolen them?"

"No, ma'am," answered little Willie Smith, with surprising frankness.

"I am certainly glad to hear you say that, little man," responded the spinster, with a glow of pleasure. "Why wouldn't they have tasted so good?"

"Because," came the equally frank reply of Willie, "we wouldn't have had no ice cream and cake with them."

## AN ATTRACTIVE OFFERING

Turner, Tucker & Co., Inc., Bankers, 111 Broadway, New York City, are offering a first mortgage 6 per cent gold bond of a prosperous corporation, in such a new and concise manner that the inexperienced buyer can readily see its value. These bonds are issued in amounts of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. An interesting circular descriptive of this excellent offering can be had without charge upon request.—Adv.

**See?**

He stopped before a blind peddler and bought a pencil, putting five pennies into the man's hand.

"How do you know these are cents I've given you?" asked the purchaser.

"Well, sir, I can distinguish the touch of cents by my sense of touch," was the blind man's prompt reply.

**His Specialty.**

"What does your member of congress think of these questions?"

"He don't pay no 'tention to questions," replied Farmer Cornlossel. "He's the man that knows what all the answers are, without botherin' 'bout the questions."

**This Will Interest Mothers.**

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 24 years. All Druggists, etc. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Ad.

**Jealous.**

"Is she very jealous?"

"I should say she is. She even hates the women she sees with her first husband."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Shrewd Dodge.**

"This new murderer is a toxy one."

"How so?"

"Declares he's perfectly sane. Now, of course, everybody will have to go to work to prove he's insane."

Talk isn't as cheap as it used to be before the limited telephone conversation was invented.

**INVALIDS AND CHILDREN** should be given MAGEE'S EMULSION to strengthen the body. Never fails. All druggists.

Why hire a trained nurse to nurse a grievance?

## "BUCKEYE" BOYS' CORN SPECIAL

One Thousand Lads Will Enjoy Great Educational Trip at State Commission's Expense.

Thousands of boys from the state of Ohio will leave Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo and other points, in special trains on the Pennsylvania Lines, for Washington, D. C., Dec. 1st.

This trip of the "Buckeye Boys' Corn Special" is to be made under the auspices of the Agricultural Commission of Ohio, for the winners of prizes in the Buckeye Boys' corn growing contest. The journey will include short sight-seeing visits to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and other points on the Pennsylvania Lines.

A number of leading state officials and members of the Commission will accompany the boys. There will be special entertainment in Pittsburgh, a reception by Pennsylvania's governor at Harrisburg, a daylight ride through the Allegheny Mountains, two days in Washington and a day in Philadelphia.

An elaborate program has been prepared, and both state and railroad officials are determined to give the boys the time of their young lives.

The excursionists will meet President Wilson, Secretary Bryan, and Senators and Representatives without number. Many of the young corn experts will be accompanied by their parents and friends, and the Pennsylvania management is preparing to handle one of the largest and happiest crowds it has ever carried to the National Capital.

Several Pennsylvania trains will be run from the different points, making many stops to take on the prize winners and their friends. The first important stop after the trains leave Ohio will be Pittsburgh, which will be reached Monday night, Dec. 1.

## FASCINATION OF THE POPPY

Has Effect on Bees and Animals the Same as It Has on the Human Race.

The direful effects of opium upon animals and the fearful temptation it is to some of them are set forth in a recent number of the French Gazette des Hopitaux, which quotes some strange evidences gathered by Francis Garnier in China in 1873.

"The culture of the poppy," writes Garnier, "has caused a most important article—wax—to disappear from the market of Yunnan. According to the natives, the bees, formerly very numerous in this part of China, have experienced for the poppy flower the same morbid liking that the Chinese feel for the juice that is drawn from its fruit. In the season when the poppy fields are in bloom these insects come in crowds to ransack them, but they are unable afterward to regain their taste for other food, and they perish after two successive seasons."

"Another example of this singular attraction that the poppy exerts upon animals as well as upon men was called to our attention. In an opium refinery in the city it was noticed that the rats came every evening in great numbers to sniff the fumes that arose from the furnaces. Following the sudden occupation of Yunnan by the Mohammedans the refinery was closed down and was abandoned for a time. When a new owner took possession he found upon the walling that remained in place many dead rats. These had died of hunger while waiting for the pleasure they had been accustomed to enjoy in breathing the opium fumes."

## Count Transfers by Weight.

Several electric railway companies, including those in Detroit and Philadelphia are using a machine for weighing them. This machine is so delicate that it can be used for counting items weighing from 1-25,000 ounce to 15 pounds each in capacities ranging from eight to six tons.—Electric Railway Journal.

## Arranging a Program.

"What did you do in vaudeville on the Crimson Gulch circuit?" asked the blonde lady.

"I sang," replied the lady who was still more blonde.

"You sang in Crimson gulch! Was it safe?"

"Perfectly. My husband does a sharpshooting act. By letting him precede me on the bill I was assured of perfect politeness."

## Rough on Dad.

Baby had been displayed in his best bib and tucker to a number of admiring callers. The last one looked him over and was evidently trying to think of something nice to say. Finally she remarked: "Dear me, how much he looks like his father!"

"It's only the warm weather," replied his mother, somewhat testily. "The child is usually right cheerful and handsome."

## Very Proper.

Hewitt—He always slugs at his work.

Jewett—He is in a grand opera company.

## Fishing.

"Writing to Charlie?"

"Yes."

"I thought he was engaged to Helen."

"He writes to tell me that Helen has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line."

## In Good Old Summertime.

"My wife's out of town."

"So is mine."

"I know two other good fellows."

"Great! Tomorrow night at our house. Ten-cent limit."

L. D. TELEPHONE 349

# M.W. Dalrymple

**General Trucking**

Freight called for and Delivered.

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## EDWIN S. QUIN REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE

Fire, Plate Glass and Accident Insurance  
PLACED WITH THE BEST COMPANIES  
SURETY BONDS  
(Agent for National Surety Co.)  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION  
P. O. Box 193, Chrome, N. J.

DOCTORS SAID THIS  
BABY MUST DIE

When sending this picture of her baby, Mrs. Britt of Athol, Mass., said: "The doctor told me that my baby would not live, but I gave him Father John's Medicine and now he is well and strong. The medicine made him eat well and gave him strength to walk." Mrs. Britt lives at 283 Kennebunk street, Athol, Mass. Mothers should remember that Father John's Medicine is a safe medicine to give their children, because it is free from alcohol or dangerous drugs. It is pure and nourishing and will build up the little ones in the natural way.



Pain in Back and Rheumatism  
are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

The Army of Constipation  
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



DR. CHEER UP! Send Today for Free CZEEMA—Sample "QUICK." It stops Itch EURECASOL. CHEMICAL CO., G'ra. Phila. Pa.

SATISFIED WITH HIS BARGAIN  
Dramatic Press Agent Holds Confidence in Barber for Somewhat Peculiar Reason.

Frank P. Morse, dramatic press agent, met Ralph A. Graves, the dramatic critic, in New York one morning. They went down to a barber shop. Graves heard Morse talking to the barber, whose voice indicated that he was at least eight feet tall and in the best of health. "Now, said the barber, 'your hair's falling out. What you want to do is to have it shingled and singed and then treated with crude oil, ending up with an electric massage and a few other foits.' Morse, who has a suit of hair like a cluster of copper wire, inquired as to the cost. "One dollar and ninety cents," replied the barber. "Proceed," said Morse, settling back. When Graves got out of the chair and took a look at Morse's barber he rushed over to the victim's chair. "Why, Frank," he expostulated, "that man who's treating your hair is as bald as an egg and you're throwing away a dollar and ninety cents." "Is he bald?" asked Morse dreamily. "Not a hair on his head," replied Graves. "Well," explained the victim, genially, "that's why he knows how not to make my hair fall out."—Popular Magazine.

Few men care to say what they think about women.

What are  
Post Toasties?

Thin wafer bits of choice Indian Corn—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

Grocers everywhere sell  
Post Toasties

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

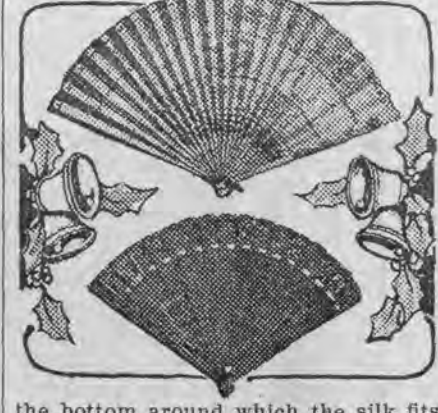
By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
The immense variety in ribbons permits an unending variety in fancy bags, and they will play their usual prominent part at Christmas time. The rich brocades and heavy weaves in plain ribbons are used for opera bags and for the handsome shopping bags which city women find it convenient to carry with them when they have small purchases to make and intend carrying them home. Ribbons in lighter weight, such as the Dresdens, in taffeta, which are found in so many beautiful designs, are chosen for all those bags that form accessories to the furnishings of the home. Among these, those with flowered patterns on a plain silk ground having wide borders of gauze are the newest and most beautiful of the season's offerings. Such a ribbon is shown here—the pretty corset bag pictured.

A new design in a shopping bag which may be made long enough to



answer for a music roll as well, is pictured. It is made of brown ribbon and a figured ribbon stitched together. A narrow silver braid is placed over the stitching. The top of the bag is edged with the same braid and a little finish of silver ball trimming is placed along the bottom. The bag is not gathered at the top, but is provided with four cords by which it is held. It is laid in a few plaits at each side, held in place by an ornament made of the silver cord. A substantial ribbon is required for this novel design.

A collar bag of figured silk suitable as a gift to a man is provided with a pasteboard bottom, with sides two or three inches high. The lid of a round, oblong box is used for this foundation. It is covered with the silk. A strip of silk ten inches wide forms the bag; one edge is sewed to



the bottom around which the silk fits smoothly. The upper edge is gathered on an elastic cord run in a casing in the hem. Silver cord provides hangers and the bag is furnished with an ornament made of it at each side and a bit of silver braid outlining the support at the bottom. This is a convenience that any man will appreciate.

The fine art of Japan puts even the least expensive of Japanese fans in a class by themselves. If one must look for gifts which have an artistic value to make them attractive, and at the same time may be had at a small price, the products of the Jap-



anese are more likely than any others to meet the requirements of fine taste. Here is a little group of fans which illustrate this fact. A fan with white enamel sticks, finished out with gold, has a shaded ground in clear, beautiful blue, merging with white. Carved sandal wood makes a fan for a lifetime, which depends for ornamentation upon the way in which the sticks are cut out in a lace pattern. They are held together by a narrow ribbon. The faint and delicious odor of the wood makes this a fan to treasure.

Nothing but a satin-like paper and brown wood sticks form the ground upon which some artist has distinguished himself in the last fan. Such fans may be found ranging in price from about 50 cents to \$2.

When it comes to selecting things for men two facts should be borne in mind. Men appreciate whatever adds to their personal comfort and they are attracted by things that are conven-



ent and useful rather than by mere prettiness.

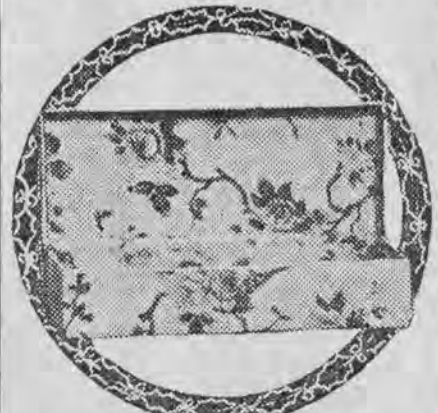
Here are pictured a few of the many attractive things, made of cretonne, which will be appreciated by the men folks.

The closet bag shown in the picture is made of cretonne having a white ground with red roses and green foliage. White tape serves to bind the edges and fasten the compartments to the back. A yard of cretonne is required for it. It is fourteen inches wide and the remainder of the yard will make the compartments with enough left over to cover a pin cush-



ion or make one of the other small pieces.

The waste paper basket is made by pasting cretonne to a heavy pasteboard foundation and the lining may be of cambric or paper. Four sides are cut out and covered with cretonne. The lining is pasted over in one piece, holding the sides together. Or the pieces may be covered separately and



afterward tied together with narrow ribbon.

The small box for handkerchiefs or ties is made by pasting cretonne over a strong pasteboard box. The top is padded with a sheet of cotton wadding. A set of three boxes for ties, gloves, handkerchiefs, with a larger one for shoes, makes an elegant present where one wishes to give so much. But one single box will be appreciated.

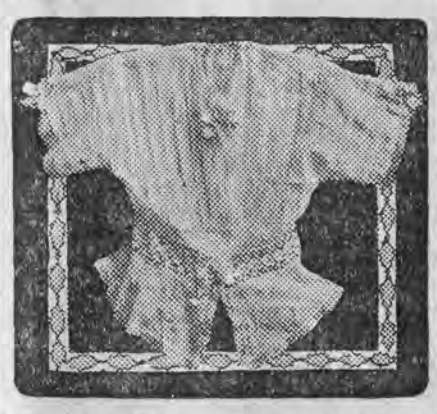
The traveling case is cut from rubber cloth first and compartments are



sewed to it for the wash-rag and soap, tooth and nail brush. White tape is used to bind the several pieces. The case is then covered with cretonne bound to the rubber cloth with tape machine-stitched over the edges. This convenient case fastens with a snaf fastener such as is used on gloves.

DRESSING SACKS AND OTHER DAINTY GIFTS

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
What could please a dainty woman more than the little dressing sacks made of mull or silk or any of the thin filmy fabrics of which there are so many? These fabrics are gay with printed flowers or covered with dots and embroidered figures. When a plain mull or batiste is used it is embellished with tucks, embroidery and lace. Ribbon rosettes and bows are used on all of these pretty morning



jackets and lace makes a dependable and harmonious finish for them.

A dressing sack of India lawn is shown here, cut from a piece covered with half-inch tucks. It has the popular kimono sleeve with plain beading set in, through which an inch-wide ribbon is run. The body is set in to a belt of embroidery. The little basque, set on the belt, is plain and finished with a narrow hand-sewed hem. An edging of Val lace is whipped to the hem and finishes the neck and sleeves. Bows of narrow ribbon decorate the sleeves and are placed over the button fastening at the neck and waist.

The material for such a sack will cost anywhere from one to two dollars in good qualities.

A short kimono jacket of silk or printed cottons costs next to nothing in the matter of material. Two yards of yard-wide goods is an ample allowance for it.

The woman who can sew neatly finds it possible to take the simplest materials—short lengths and remnants of goods that cost next to nothing—and convert them into just such pretty kimonos and dressing sacks as are shown here. It requires very little ex-



penditure of money, but some time and ability to make them up—but they are worth it.

Something pretty and useful as gifts makes the best of all Christmas gifts to women friends. Here is a group of dainty feminine belongings all easy to make and costing anywhere from 50 cents to \$2 or \$3, depending upon the sort of lace used in them.

The bonnet-shaped cap is made of a half-yard of all-over lace and three-quarters of a yard of lace plaiting which is bought ready made. A circle having a diameter of 18 inches makes the crown. This is gathered into the bound edge of the ready-made plaiting. Two yards of ribbon an inch and a half wide forms a band about the face and neck finished with a little bow at each side. The plaiting is turned back about the face and tacked to place.

The crown of the other cap is made of two strips of ribbon and three of



lace, each six inches wide. They are stitched together. A yard of plaited net makes the ruffle. The crown is sewed to the plaiting and an elastic 27 inches long is sewed at the joining. Satin ribbon one inch wide is gathered to form little flowers of four petals each. Four of these are set across the front of the cap with a hanging loop and end making a finish at each side.

The corset cover made of strips of point d'esprit takes some time to make, but very little expense to buy the materials. The point d'esprit strips (or narrow edging of this pattern) are joined by an inexpensive cluny pattern of insertion. A beading of Swiss embroidery about the top and the waist carries a satin ribbon less than an inch wide. A very narrow Val edge finishes the top and the shoulder straps are made of these narrow insertions stitched together.

These airy bits of finery are meant to wear under thin dresses, for special occasions. They are so pretty the recipient is sure to treasure them and enjoy the luxury of wearing them.

Her Aid.  
"If that girl ever gets into danger in a lonely place she can signal for help with her collar."  
"How could she do anything like that?"  
"I noticed it is wireless."

What Did He Mean?  
Hewitt—Is Grout out of danger yet?  
Jewett—No, he still has the doctor.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children  
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Love is responsible for most of the happiness and unhappiness in the world.

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To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.

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The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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is blamed for a bad disposition when it is really the fault of his liver.

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INDIAN VEGETABLE  
(PILLS)  
will expel all  
BILIOUS HUMORS  
Get them today.

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Mr. Geo. J. Thiesens, trapping expert and writer, is our Consignment Manager. His suggestions for preparing furs for shipment will secure you highest prices. Write him. A bottle of Thiesens's Animal Attractant will be sent FREE to all our shippers, upon request.

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Your name and address on a postal will bring you the biggest money-making offer you ever received, and free samples with which you can make \$400 daily. BEST MFG. CO., Box 899, Providence, R. I.

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Paint post cards at home. Holiday money easily made. Send 50c for our beautiful water-color set, samples and instructions, postpaid. P. & L. Specialty Co., Box 216, New Dorp, N. Y.

Sample Bottle sent for 6 cents in stamps to cover postage

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—for more than half a century, in millions of households, the standard remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, backache, toothache, lameness, soreness, twinges, sprains, bruises, and the multitude of other everyday afflictions. "With Tuttle's Family Elixir in the house you can rest easy."  
Pain cannot live in company with Tuttle's Family Elixir. The longest established, the safest and most reliable. Guaranteed under the pure food law. Compounded of gums, oils, and vegetable extracts—thus perfectly adapted for internal as well as external use.  
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO., 17 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

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Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
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A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF or THOROUGHPIN,  
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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Wens, Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Contain No Narcotic

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\$5 to \$10 Daily easily made silvering glass, china or mirrors. Write for plan. GERBER MFG. CO., Desk 13, Gerber, Nebr.

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We have a number of six cylinder Touring Cars. Very reasonable. Just the thing for country and resort work. Write us.  
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1913 Locomobile Limousine  
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1912 Locomobile Touring; 5 pass.  
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A rebuilt Locomobile, purchased from us is Guaranteed. Write for detailed information.  
J. A. MELLICHAM, Mgr. Used Car Dept. LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, Broadway & 76th St., New York City

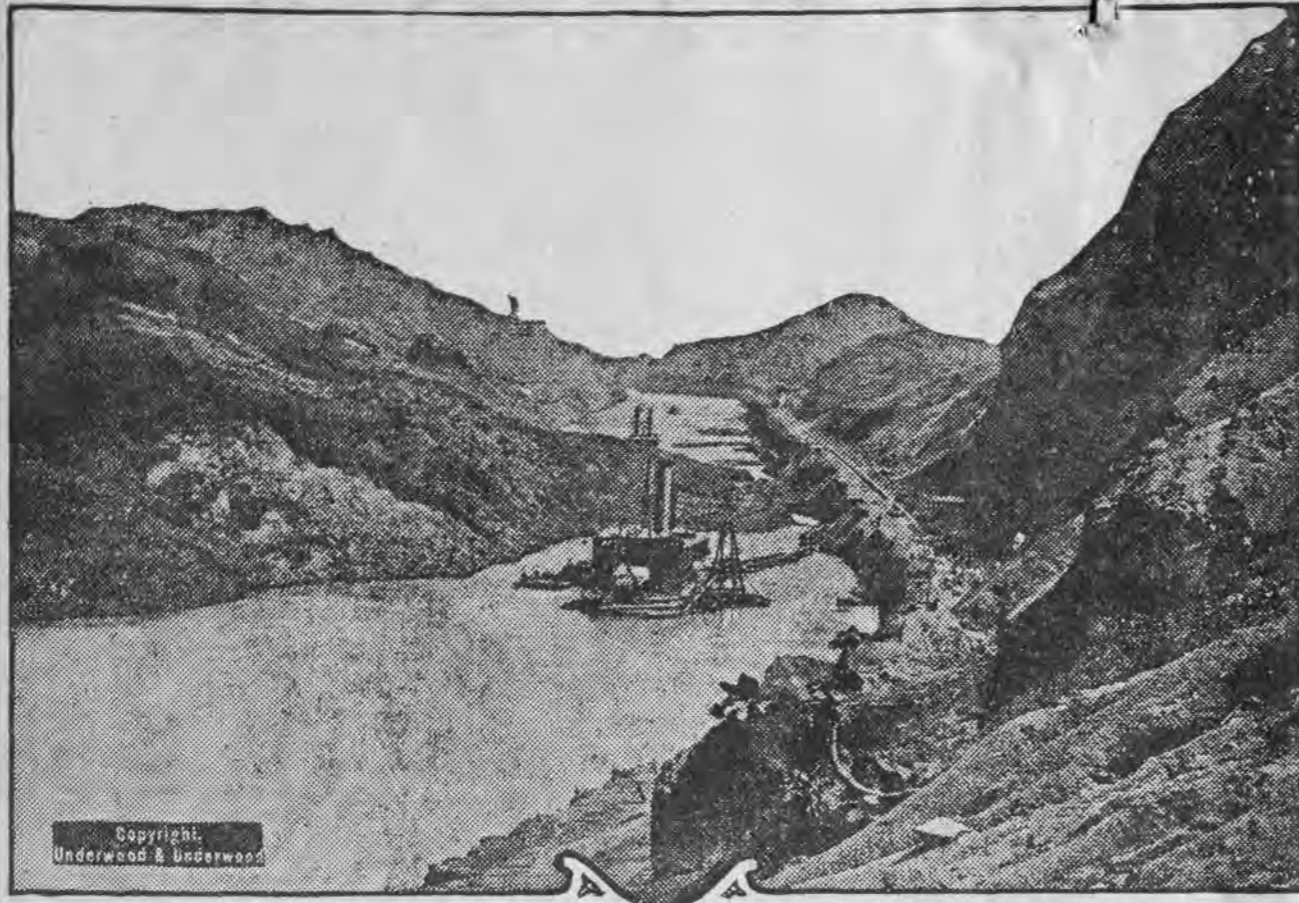
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Pain cannot live in company with Tuttle's Family Elixir. The longest established, the safest and most reliable. Guaranteed under the pure food law. Compounded of gums, oils, and vegetable extracts—thus perfectly adapted for internal as well as external use.  
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AGENTS—Handle our newly patented household specialties. Samples free. Big profits. Exportation unnecessary. Write today for catalogue and proposition. NIAGARA SPECIALTY SALES CO., 235 Marriand St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 48-1913.

CUCARACHA SLIDE DEFIES SUCTION DREDGES



Dispatches from Panama state that the suction dredges employed in removing the Cucaracha slide have been replaced temporarily by the great steam scoop shovels because of the large number of boulders encountered. Our photograph shows one of the monster dredges at work in the slide.

MANY SHIFTS IN CONSULAR RANKS

President Applies Merit System in Naming Diplomatic Agents

PINDELL'S NAME TO SENATE

Two State Department Officials of Knox Regime Go Abroad—Bryan Has Offered Many Subordinates Opportunity in Service.

Washington. — President Wilson sent to the Senate the nomination of Henry M. Pindell, of Illinois, as Ambassador to Russia, together with a large number of diplomatic and consular nominations.

Mr. Pindell is the publisher of the Peoria Journal and had gained considerable notoriety on account of an alleged agreement that he should have the Russian ambassadorship for a year, to enjoy a brief social regime and then surrender it to the State Department.

The President's appointments in both the diplomatic and consular services concern exclusively men who are already in these services. The principles of the merit system have been applied in the shifts announced. The appointment of Ransford S. Miller to be consul general at Seoul, Korea, and that of Frederick Van Dyne, to be consul at Lyons, France, are interesting, as they mark the removal from the State Department of about the only two officials surviving from the Knox regime.

Mr. Bryan has offered to many of the officials he found in the State Department positions in the consular service.

New York men on the list are these: William W. Handley, to be Consul General at Callao; M. J. Hendrick, Consul General at Christiania, Norway; H. D. Clum, Consul at Corinto, Nicaragua. William F. Doty, New Jersey, is to be Consul at Nassau, Bahamas.

Besides those mentioned the nominations were as follows:

Frederick M. Dearing, Missouri, to be secretary of embassy at Madrid. To be secretaries of legation, Hugh S. Gibson, California, at Brussels; G. Schollock, Minnesota, at Havana.

To be Consul General at Large, Stuart J. Fuller of Wisconsin

To be Consuls General: Carl B. Hurst, District of Columbia, at Barcelona; H. H. Morgan, Louisiana, at Hamburg; Thomas Sammons, of Washington, at Shanghai; George H. Sidmore, Wisconsin, at Yokohama; Robert P. Skinner, of Ohio, at Berlin; John Q. Wood, Hawaii, at Adis Ababa, Abyssinia.

CHURCH WAR ON SLIT SKIRT.

Georgia Protestants Say Tango Must Go, Too.

Atlanta, Ga.—All the Protestant denominations in Georgia have united in a campaign against slit skirts, diaphanous gowns, sex dramas, the tango, the bunny hug and other dances of that nature. In this campaign the churches are to be aided by the women's organizations of the State.

INDICTS 8 FOR LAND FRAUDS.

Federal Grand Jury After Florida Fruit Lands Co., Alleging Chicanery. Kansas City, Mo.—One indictment charging eight men with misuse of the mails in a conspiracy to defraud in connection with the operations of the Florida Fruit Lands Company was returned by the Federal Grand Jury. More than 100 persons have been summoned from every corner of the United States to appear as witnesses, 12,000 persons purchased land from the company.

FEDERAL ARMY PUT TO FLIGHT

Villa Says Huerta Troops Fled Before Advancing Rebels

RETURNS FOR NEW SUPPLIES

Has His Army Posted, But No Federals Come to Meet It—Rebel Commander Says He Will Seek the Enemy.

El Paso, Texas.—Pancha Villa announces that his rebel army has overawed and routed the Federal force which was menacing Juarez. Villa, with a body guard of forty men, returned from the front to arrange for sending additional supplies to his men. A skirmish took place at Terra Blanca, 18 miles from Juarez, and Villa says the entire Federal force is now in full retreat.

"When they saw our advance guard approaching the Federals hastily backed their trains southward from the neighborhood of Terra Blanca," said Villa. "We do not know how far they went, but think that they did not stop before reaching Samalayuca." Samalayuca is thirty-two miles south of Juarez, where the first fight occurred.

"They turned their cannon on us when we were several miles away," says General Fierro, who accompanied Villa to Juarez. "We had no artillery, but kept moving toward them. When we got within a mile of the train the Federals reloaded their artillery and backed down the track. No member of my command was killed or wounded by the firing."

Called the "Oil War."

Mexico City.—The manager in Mexico City of the Pearson syndicate received a telegram from General Aguilar the rebel commander at Tuxpam informing him that the rebels were in possession of all the Pearson properties, including El Portero, the biggest oil gusher in the world.

General Aguilar ordered the manager to go at once to Tuxpam and meet the rebels' terms, which evidently mean that he expects the payment of a large sum of money for the surrender of the oil properties.

General Aguilar, in his message, also threatened to cut off the supply of oil for the national railroads. This is the only source of fuel for the roads.

General Aguilar assured Rear Admiral Fletcher he would safeguard foreign life and property. He said:

"I am governing on a constitutional basis, my attitude being to guarantee the interests of all foreign and domestic oil corporations existing in the territory I occupy."

The American battleships New Hampshire, Nebraska and Louisiana and the gunboat Wheeling are lying off Tuxpam. Of the force of 3,200 men, 2,000 are available for landing parties. Three field guns are a part of the equipment.

Six relatives of the slain President Madero were given haven aboard the United States battleship Rhode Island at Vera Cruz.

London and Paris papers condemn the Mexican muddle as "the oil war."

ENGINE PLUNGES INTO LAKE.

Canadian Pacific Limited Leaves Rails and Fireman is Drowned.

Winnipeg, Man.—The first section of the Canadian Pacific Railroad's Imperial Limited, westbound from Montreal to Vancouver, was wrecked near Coldwell, Ont. P. O'Connor, of Schreiber, Ont., fireman of the locomotive, was drowned, and other members of the train crew and the passengers narrowly escaped death. The wreck was caused by the locomotive's jumping the track.

EUROPE COVETS CARIBBEAN OIL

British May Control Petroleum Supply in Canal Region

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT

British Government Extending Moral Support to Cowdray in Effort to Secure Control of Fuel for Its Marine. Germany and France Active.

Washington.—Recent agitation over the oil concessions held by Lord Cowdray in Mexico and the exploitation rights he is seeking in the oil fields of Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador have served to arouse many in Washington official life to realization of the great international significance of what is going on with respect to the oil regions in the vicinity of the Panama Canal.

As viewed by students of foreign relations here the present trend of events is leading directly toward a natural conflict of great interests over the question of the oil production of the Caribbean countries. Many fear that eventually this conflict of interests will create a situation which may embarrass this government to a greater extent than the Mexican tangle.

The people of the United States and Great Britain have sensed in part the significance of the British government's interest in the Cowdray oil properties in Mexico through the relations of that government to the Huerta regime in Mexico.

It is not generally realized, however, that not only is the interest of the British government in the Cowdray concessions in Mexico vital and immutable for an indefinite period, but that it is extending its moral support to his company in efforts, which, if successful, would give to the British concern a virtual control of the major portion of the oil production in the region of the Panama Canal.

What such a control would mean can hardly be appreciated until two great facts, but little known are taken into consideration. One is that the mercantile marine is rapidly converting itself into an oil consuming instead of coal burning agency. The other is that by virtue of the richness of the Mexican and other Caribbean oil fields, together with their location, oil from these regions can be laid down at the Panama Canal for about half the cost of coal delivered at the same spot.

These two facts, it is declared by experts are alone sufficient to insure success of the Panama Canal and make the control of the Caribbean oil fields a tremendous weapon in the hands of its possessor.

SHOE MANUFACTURERS DEFIED.

Unions at Lynn, Mass., Refuse Request for Graded Wage.

Lynn, Mass.—The local unions affiliated with the shoe trade in Lynn have turned down the request of thirty-two manufacturers of this city for a graded wage scale. Just what action the manufacturers will take is a matter of conjecture. The proposition carried with it a promise of increased business amounting to several million dollars annually, and the decision of unions is regretted by manufacturers.

SENDS A TREE BY PARCEL POST.

Pennsylvania Farmer Mails It—Postman Saws It Off.

Franklin, Pa.—A tree was shipped from Franklin by parcel post. It was collected by Albert Bunnell, a rural carrier, from a farmer who desired to send it to a friend in Ohio. The branches had been bound closely to the trunk of the tree with twine, and the girl was therefore only four inches. The tree was eight feet long, and Bunnell would not accept it until he had sawed it off to the limitation

STORY BY ABE ATTELL

Jewelry Salesman Knocked Out by Former Champion.

"Champ Box Fighter" Beats Salesman First Punch and Then Proceeds to Give the Drummer One Good Artistic Lacing.

Abe Attell added another scalp to his diamond belt recently which even the busiest little prizing historians in town not only failed to tell in full to an anxious American people, but didn't even so much as mention. Let Abe tell about it himself as he related the story to Bat Masterson and a New York Sun reporter at Shanley's recently:

"I am sitting in John the Barber's being all primpted up after a once over, a hair cut and a singe when into the drum blows another gentleman of my own race. The gent has a tray of jewelry he is selling and John the Barber steers him to my chair. I fall for a ring on the tray, and the jewelry salesman, thinking I am an actor—which, believe me, I ain't—taking ten per cent. off and letting me have the ring for \$100. And I tell him to wait till I see my wife and I'll be back in half an hour and buy the diamond hoop.

"Outside the shop I meet a friend, who tells me something of a lot of private importance, and I rush down town with this friend and forget all about the salesman and the ring. Three days later I am in John the Barber's again and I am just starting to take off my collar when up springs the gent that I had promised to buy the ring from but forgot. "You low life! this gent I'm speaking here about yells at me. 'I should wait three whole days to be made a sucker by a loafer like you, is it, eh? I should lose three whole days of not selling jewelry. For this I give you a smack in the face.' And this party I'm conversing about takes a careful aim with his right mitt and winds up to lean his right against my map.

"A half hour is supposed to elapse. The party is now sitting sort of



Abe Attell.

crumpled in a corner chair and John the Barber is trying to get back his own language after the short excitement. John is crying for more towels to try to stop the flow, for when this jewelry party began to wind up I am about decided to beat him to the punch in the interest of law and order. And from the time I start until I stop—one was a sufficiency—not a thing interferes except this party's countenance.

"Now let me tell you what this gent's opening remark is as he comes up for air. John the Barber has quieted enough to be able to tell the jewelry gent who I happen to be.

"You great big chump," John the Barber is explaining to this injured party, 'don't you know any better than to try to make a punch on this here little gent? He ain't no actor—he's a box fighter! Wake up! Listen! This little feller you set out to beat up is the champ box fighter Abe Attell!'

"The party who is bleeding sits p as straight and sudden as he can under the circumstances. He is gazing up at the face of John the Barber with a look that has more of sorrow than pity in it and he swallows hard once or twice.

"Abe Attell is it, eh?" he is saying, talking thick like and shaking his head sorrowful. "Vell, this is a — of a time to tell me!"

Steeplechase Record.

A world's record of 3:52 1-5 for a steeplechase of two miles, was made at the Pimlico race track by The Welkin, with 160 pounds on her back. The Welkin is 10 years old and is owned by Col. Ral Parr of Baltimore. The black mare took the lead early in the race. The only serious contention came from George Eno, which was always well up, and came with a rush at the end, but made a baffle at the last jump.

Doolin in Vaudeville.

Unfettered by a contract calling for him to stay off the stage, and sure of a club-house roof over his head next season, Charles Doolin, manager of the Phillies, will appear in vaudeville this winter. The above-mentioned conditions prevented him from earning "side money" last winter, but this year it's different.

Let Walshs Go.

Both of the Philadelphia clubs are going to get rid of their Walshs. Report has it that the Phillies will send Runtto to Montreal as part payment for Catcher Eddie Burns and Connie Mack will send Jimmy to the Yankees on the Derrick deal by which Chance permitted Derrick to go to Baltimore.

AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPION OF JAPAN



Ikujiro Tamura, a Skilled Manipulator of the Cue.

The Japanese are fast coming to the front as experts at billiards. They seem to excel as players at the green cloth games and some of them are rated as among the world's best cue artists. Last year Koji Yamada came to this country from Japan to participate in the international tournament and had little trouble in holding his own with the American cracks. Yamada made a tour of the country and was well received by billiard lovers in all parts of the United States. The

latest of the Jap billiardists to invade this country is Ikujiro Tamura, the billiard champion of Japan. He stands ready to take on our best players. Tamura holds the amateur championship title of his country. He is conceded to be a much better player than Yamada. Tamura in his preliminary work has proved that he is a great balk-line player. He made runs of 137 and 90 in one game of 18.2. Unlike Yamada he depends on his delicate touch and does very little driving.

ATHLETICS MUCH IN FAVOR

Many Excellent Performers Being Developed in Other Countries With Idea of Defeating Yankees.

James E. Sullivan, who was long president of the Amateur Athletic union, is one of those who believes that the American athlete will have to look well to his laurels or he will be defeated in the Olympic games at Berlin in 1916. Mr. Sullivan understands conditions both in this country and abroad better than any other man and is in a position where he can speak from first hand knowledge. He has been in Europe of late and has examined into conditions as regards athletics in several countries. He finds that in all of them athletics has taken on a big boom and the representatives of the leading European countries on track and field are working with might and main to beat out the Yankees when they come together again in the international contests. A number of wonderful young athletes are being developed on the other side and in the opinion of Sullivan they will be able to meet the Americans on at least equal terms when the next Olympiad rolls around.

James E. Sullivan has devoted his whole life to the cause of athletics.



James E. Sullivan.

He is the greatest athletic power in American and the world's greatest athletic authority. In recognition of his directorship of the St. Louis Olympic games in 1904 the international Olympic committee conferred upon him a special medal. Only 14 such medals ever have been awarded, President McKinley being the only other American to be so honored.

Look for Training Place.

The Phillies are still looking for a place to train next year and every mail brings several offers to President Baker, who is too busy at present to consider any of them.

Summer Baseball.

Summer baseball is the bugbear of amateur athletics and winter baseball is the bane of the magnate in the off season.

Wherein Football is a Most Cheerful Pastime

There is one sempiternal beauty about football wherein it surpasses its diamond brother. When the season ends it ends, barring a brief all-American flurry, and we are not confronted with the daily spiel that "Harvard has traded Brickley for Costello" or that "Yale plans to ask waivers upon her entire backfield."

GOSSIP AMONG SPORTS

Those who have been nosing around claim that there is a scarcity of pacing stake material for next season.

The down-east trainer, A. B. Martin, is going to have a half a dozen ready for the campaign on the ice this winter.

Prince Theodore Ypsilanti has named his foreign bred trotter, Al-ein, in the four \$20,000 stakes at San Francisco.

Babeock, the Olympic pole vault champion, has turned to rowing, practically announcing that he will drop his former specialty.

France will not depend on a foreign athlete to coach or train her Olympians. The Gallic standard-bearers will be under the direction of Jean Bouin of Marseilles.

San Antonio's ultimatum that it has decided to abandon all effort to stage the Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prize brings up the query, "Are the two classics finished forever?"

Princeton is said to have disposed of the summer baseball problem by prohibiting summer baseball. This order, however, only opens the controversy—it doesn't settle it.

F. J. Lindberg of the Chicago Athletic association, won the 300 yard western championship run at the National dairy show. Lindberg's time was :35.3-5. J. J. Dwyer was second and Max Boekelman third.

The Greeks will hold a revival of the Olympiad at Athens next spring and while in no sense regarded as international Olympiad games, will ask teams from foreign countries to compete. Sullivan favors sending an A. A. U. delegation.

A new world's record for throwing the 12-pound hammer was created by Pat Ryan at the annual fall games of the Irish-A. A. C., held at Celtic Park, Long Island. He succeeded in hurling the missile the great distance of 213 feet 9 1/2 inches.

The Automobile Club of France is about to play havoc with the racing game by not only limiting the supply of gasoline to be used by entries in the 1914 Grand Prix, but also by restricting such car to one set of tires. The handicap will be too heavy.