

CANADA EJECTS THAW BY FORCE

Officers Drag Him, Fighting Madly, from His Bed

RUSH HIM TO THE BORDER

Roused from Sleep by Immigration Men, He Fights Madly Against Being Taken Away, But Is Rushed In Auto Across Boundary.

Colebrook, N. H.—Harry K. Thaw was forcibly deported from Coaticook, Que., to Norton Mill, Vt. He fled by automobile through that State. After three hours' freedom he was captured near this village at noon, and placed under guard here.

Thaw was deported by direction of C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice and Acting Minister of Interior. This official said at Ottawa the Canadian Immigration Board had declared Thaw an undesirable, and the decision took precedence over the existing writ of habeas corpus under which Thaw believed himself temporarily immune.

William Travers Jerome arrived here on a special train. He made a wild flight from Manchester, Vt., where he first received word of Thaw's ejection from Canada.

It was 7:55 in the morning when Robertson, with his special inspectors and two Dominion policemen, entered Thaw's rooms above the railroad station at Coaticook. Thaw was asleep on a cot bed when Robertson entered the rooms.

Thaw rolled over at the sound of the opening door and opened his eyes. "Good morning, gentlemen. This is an unexpected visit," he said.

Then Robertson spoke: "I have been ordered," he said, "by the Minister of the Interior to deport you to Vermont at once; get up and dress." The words struck Thaw like a bolt of electricity. He leaped out of bed with a bound grabbing at the same instant a heavy tumbler, which was on the table near his bed. Thaw hurled the glass and it missed Robertson's head only by an inch and crashed through a window.

The three inspectors then closed in on Thaw. He fought with such vigor that the two policemen had to lend a hand.

Finally Thaw literally was dragged from the room. He had only time to grab a box of cigars from a table. One of the officers put a straw hat on his head. He was not allowed even to get his overcoat before being dragged down stairs. There he called to some newspaper men to notify his lawyers and follow in a machine.

An instant later the machine was hidden in its own cloud of dust and a wild dash for Nortons Mills, a settlement nine miles away, was begun. The automobile stopped in front of Carpenter's Hotel which is half in the United States and half in Canada. Thaw was dragged out and shoved over into Vermont, protesting vehemently.

The immigration men and the police stepped back into their car and departed immediately for Coaticook. Not a word had been spoken by them since the journey began. Thaw stood in the middle of the road and watched the car pull out of sight. He was absolutely alone.

In a few moments an automobile drove. Thaw had no plans and was told he might use the newspaper car. "Take me any place, any place," he said waving his hands. "Take me East." So the car started off.

Then ensued a wild automobile ride in a car shared with newspaper reporters through Vermont, back into Canada and into New Hampshire as far as the school house of Stewartstown Hollow. There the car was halted by Sheriff Holman A. Drew of Coos county, who brought Thaw to Colebrook.

Locked from without, Thaw barricaded the door from within, fearing kidnapping by William Travers Jerome, special prosecutor representing New York, who hurried here.

The fact that Thaw was practically without money—he had less than \$10 when thrown out of the Dominion—spoiled his last chance of escape. Had he been well supplied he might have been able to purchase a tourist's ticket to Detroit or some other point. He tried to borrow money for that purpose, but before he could obtain it and reach a railroad centre he was caught. He was easily traced by his efforts to telephone to his attorneys, and the story of his plans, told to an elderly, gray-haired woman at a pretty little farm house in the Barford Hills, who clasped him in her arms when she learned his identity, served to place the New Hampshire Sheriffs on his trail near Colebrook.

SENATE PASSES TARIFF BILL

Measure Goes Through Upper House By 44 to 37

LA FOLLETTE VOTES AYE

Thornton and Ransdell, Democrats, Oppose Party—Final Action, After Conference—Free Wool, Sugar, Meats—Victory for Wilson.

Washington.—The Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 44 to 37. It went through carrying all the features for which President Wilson has contended—free wool, free sugar, free meats and greatly reduced duties on all of the necessities of life. The result was a great personal victory for Woodrow Wilson, and he was showered with messages of congratulation.

The bill now goes to conference between the two Houses, and ten days, it is expected, will see final action on this important measure which already has dragged itself along for five months.

The vote in the Senate was big with political possibilities. Two Republicans, La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Poindexter, of Washington, voted for the Democratic bill. Only two Democrats, Thornton and Ransdell, of Louisiana, failed to stand by the caucus pledge. They voted with most of the Republicans against the measure.

The Democratic leaders obtained a larger majority for the bill than they had expected. This was due not only to the votes of La Follette and Poindexter, but to the absence of three Republicans, two of whom, Senators Burton, of Ohio, and Gronna, of North Dakota, released their Democratic pairs on the final vote in order that they might have the satisfaction of recording themselves in favor of the party measure.

The interest manifested by hundreds of spectators became intense as the final roll call proceeded. When Senator Hitchcock, the only Democrat who withdrew from the party caucus, voted for the measure, there was a murmur of applause.

The supreme moment of excitement and expectancy came when the clerk called the name of Senator La Follette.

"Aye," responded the Wisconsin Senator.

Instantly the dignified Senate was transformed into a scene nearly approaching disorder. Women and men, in the galleries and on the floor, clapped their hands for two minutes in acknowledgement of the action taken.

Incidentally, this is the first time Senator La Follette has ever entirely abandoned the Republican fold and co-operated with the Democrats. On former bolts from the reservation he has invariably been accompanied by the entire little band of progressives. Exactly four months ago the measure was received by the Senate from the House, where it had been passed on the preceding day. The debate consumed but seven weeks and three days. The delay was due to protracted consideration by the Finance Committee.

The seven Senators named to represent the Senate on the conference committee of the two Houses that will perfect the bill are:—Chairman Simmons and Senators Stone, Williams and Johnson, Democrats, and Senators Penrose, Lodge and La Follette.

ZEPPELIN SINKS, 16 DROWN.

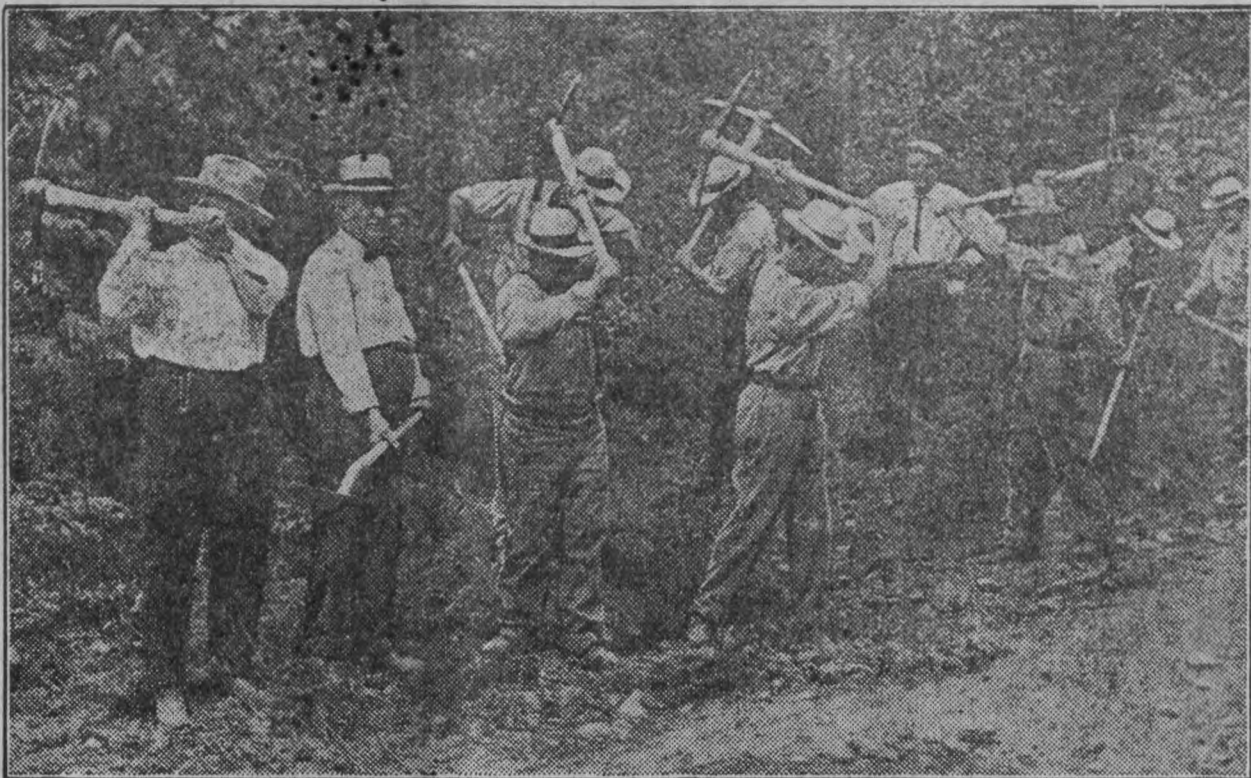
New German Naval Airship Blown Into Sea in Gale Off Helgoland.

Berlin.—The worst of the numerous disasters which have overtaken Germany's airship fleet happened when the new naval Zeppelin ship L-1 was wrecked while on a voyage from the mainland to Helgoland, twenty-eight miles away, and 16 of the crew of 23 were drowned. This is the twelfth accident to befall the Zeppelin airships and the first to be accompanied with loss of life.

Details of the voyage have not yet reached Berlin, but it was apparently without incident until the disaster came. It was about seven o'clock at night when the L-1 was struck by a hurricane 18 miles north of Helgoland. The great airship was hurled to the surface of the sea where she was pounded to pieces by the wind and waves.

The big ship floated for about an hour and then buckled in the middle before she sank. The German sea fleet, assembled at Helgoland for maneuvers, immediately dispatched torpedo boats and destroyers at full speed to the rescue. They arrived in time to save seven of the crew.

CONVICTS AT WORK ON ROADS IN ILLINOIS



Forty-five unguarded Joliet (Ill.) convicts recently established camp Dixon, Ill., and began work on the state roads. They have given their word of honor not to attempt to escape, but if any break faith they will be run down by their fellows. They are permitted to smoke, swim, fish, and play baseball during nonwork hours.

MORGAN & CO. QUIT NEW HAVEN

Railroad's Executive Committee Notified of Withdrawal

ATTACKS HAD BEEN MADE

Wants New Official to "Start with a Clean Deck," Mr. Morgan Says in Interview at His Home—Bond Issue Not Affected.

New York.—J. P. Morgan & Co., gave notice to the New Haven Railroad Company of their intention to terminate the agreement under which they have acted as its fiscal agents. The notice was presented by Mr. Morgan at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the road, of which he is a member. He said that letters to the same effect had been sent to the Boston & Maine and the Maine Central roads, subsidiaries of the New Haven.

Howard Elliott, the new President of the New Haven, who was at the meeting, was asked, after it had adjourned, what reasons had actuated the bankers in taking the step. He said the matter had not been discussed in the meeting.

At his home in Glen Cove Mr. Morgan said that his purpose in terminating the contract was simply to give the new administration a free hand in making such fiscal arrangements as it saw fit.

"We don't want them to feel," said Mr. Morgan, "that they are hampered in any way by arrangements that were made by the old arrangement. Our contract was made with Mr. Mellen. Certain modifications would have to be made, anyhow, and I have contemplated for some time the abrogation of the agreement in order that the new officials might start with clean decks."

"Is there any possibility of a new contract being made?" "If the officers decide," he replied, "that they wish to make a new contract with us, we will be quite willing to do so. In any case, there will be no break in the present friendly relations between the firm and the road."

Mr. Morgan was also asked if the attack made on the contract at the recent stockholders' meeting had been an influence in bringing about his action. In reply he pointed out that the contract did not apply to securities sold to the stockholders, and that the arrangement for the sale of \$67,000,000 of bonds, which caused the discussion at that meeting was outside the agreement.

HOT SPRINGS' BIG FIRE.

\$6,000,000 Blaze in Southern Resort City.

Hot Springs, Ark.—The entire eastern portion of this city was swept by a fire which started in the afternoon and burned fiercely until far into the night. Thirty blocks of the residence district and many business and public buildings were destroyed, and the damage was estimated at \$6,000,000, but it was believed that the fire would burn itself out at the foot of West Mountain, and that the more important business section of the city was safe.

The fire originated in a negro dwelling on Church street, about three blocks east of the government reservation, and near the Army and Navy Hospital. It swept southeast, away from the hospital and reservation.

GOVERNMENT MODIFIES ORDER

Now Asks Americans to Take Time In Leaving Mexico

SUITS SAID TO BE FEARED

Mexicans and Europeans Deride American Policy in Warring Republic as Weak and Vague.

Mexico City.—American Consuls in this country were advised by the Department of State to use their influence to prevent an exodus of Americans from Mexico. The department instructed them not to let Americans think they were ordered out of the country, but to make them understand that the United States merely was solicitous for their welfare, and that they might take plenty of time to settle their business affairs and need not rush away.

It is rumored here that the Department of State took this new action because it saw it would be liable in the courts in case of losses of property caused by President Wilson's exodus order. That question had been submitted to several prominent lawyers, who reported that such an order probably would be taken by the courts as warranting the abandonment of properties. Several merchants are accused of having taken advantage of this condition to bring about the fall of their tottering businesses, hoping to obtain indemnity.

Mexicans and Europeans in Mexico City still further are ridiculing the American policy as weak, uncertain, and haphazard. Diplomats of other nations state that they are unable to understand what the Washington Administration is doing or is intending to do. They also say that if inability on the part of the United States Government to supply funds for the exodus of Americans caused this second order, then citizens of the United States who wish to leave Mexico easily can take advantage of Provisional President Huerta's offer of transportation.

JAPANESE STORM MINISTRY.

March to Foreign Office to Demand Strong Policies Abroad.

Tokio.—The assassination of Monttaro Abe, Director of the Political Bureau of the Foreign Office, has inflamed the masses, and a dramatic chapter in the history of the New Japan was written.

Fifteen thousand persons gathered in mass meeting in Hibiya Park, calling for military action against China. A majority of these marched to the Foreign Office and clamored for admission. They demanded the dispatch of troops to China to take such measures as are necessary to obtain satisfaction for the killing of Japanese at Nanking, or, failing this, the resignation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Nobuaki Makino.

Suddenly the cry to march on the Foreign Office was raised, and there was a general stampede, many persons barely escaping from being crushed. The crowds surged through the streets, headed by the gesticulating leaders, and reached the Foreign Office, to find that the high iron gates were locked.

JEROME SET FREE

Judge Apologizes

Gambling Arrest An Indignity; Canada Regrets

BIG CROWD JEERS IN COURT

Local Prosecutor Strives to Convince Him on Farcical Testimony He Leaves At Once for New York.

Coaticook.—William Travers Jerome was acquitted with all honor of the charge of being a common gambler by Magistrate Henry W. Mulvena, sitting in the Coaticook court.

The charge that Jerome was guilty of an indictable offense because he played a few hands of poker while in an automobile near the Grand Trunk Railroad station, on Thursday, the Magistrate put aside as ridiculous, and strongly intimated that he was satisfied that Mr. Jerome's discomfiture was brought about by bitterness on the part of the people.

The scene was a dramatic one. There was a big crowd about the Court House and the room where the hearing took place was packed to the doors. With few exceptions the men present were Thaw partisans. Many were great stocky fellows, who wore neither coat nor collar, and had poured in from the country districts for the court proceedings. They intently listened to all that was said, but it was apparent that most of them knew little of the law involved and cared not one whit for the fine points raised.

They understood what poker was, and early in the proceedings they heard Mr. Jerome's counsel admit that he had played in the game. That was enough for them, and they started to pound upon the floor with roughshod feet. The Magistrate silenced them by threatening to clear the courtroom. Even his public apology to Mr. Jerome, which came at the end of the hearing, did not silence them completely. Scarcely had the Magistrate concluded his words than a sound best described as a snarl spread about the room, and there were a few hisses. Magistrate Mulvena jumped to his feet and the court crier called for order.

"Remember," said the Magistrate, "this court is still in session, and if there is any demonstration punishment will be meted out."

Here was the apology he offered: "Sir, every right-minded man in Canada deeply regrets and even feels humiliated at the indignity which has been placed upon you in the name of the law. This was inexcusable in law and in fact. The evidence gives no justification whatsoever for the charge against you or the indignities to which you have been subjected."

"I believe, Sir, that under all the circumstances you will not attribute the affront which has been offered you while in a friendly country, while in the legitimate discharge of your duty, to our law or to the normal equitable administration of our law. Sir, you are honorably acquitted."

Thaw Takes an Airing.

Coaticook.—Harry Thaw, under guard, picked wild flowers. Stage chorus girls cheered him from the windows of a train. His mother arrived at Montreal to prepare for the legal fight there.

STATE-WIDE JERSEY ITEMS

Gossipy Brevities Which Chronicle a Week's Minor Events.

BUILDING BOOMS REPORTED

Real Estate Transactions Indicate a Business Awakening in Many Sections—Churches Raising Funds for Worthy Objects.

A dog-poisoner is causing grief for owners of dogs at Pitman.

The Summer Visitors' Masonic Club of Ocean City, has attained a membership of 315.

In attempting to climb a fence on his farm at Woodbury Joseph Moore fell and broke a rib.

Operators of a nail factory are said to be negotiating for a site for a plant at Williamstown.

The West Jersey Baptist Association will meet in Port Norris on October 7 and 8.

South Jersey farmers are picking an exceeding heavy crop of peppers of excellent quality.

Mrs. James Loughlin was seriously injured in a fall down steps at her home, in Phillipsburg.

Riverside business men are planning to organize a protective and improvement association.

An effort is being made to have the lake at Hightstown dredged, making it several feet deeper and beautifying it.

Dr. Clifton R. Wallace has disposed of his practice at Bordentown to take a Government position at Washington.

Work has been started on the Colliers Mill school building, which the citizens of Plumsted township recently voted to build.

Charles F. Crowell, Overseer of the Poor at Hammoncton, has been appointed local agent of the New Jersey S. P. C. A.

Caught in the belting at the Roebeling steel plant at Roebling, Robert Spell suffered agonies as the ligaments of one arm were torn out.

Falling while carrying a can of sulphuric acid in a Phillipsburg silk mill, Thomas Morino was badly burned about the face, arms and legs.

Thieves for the second time in three months got a horse from the farm of William C. Powell, near Merchantville.

Hester A. Volkman, of Riverside has obtained through the Court of Chancery a final decree of divorce from Charles Volkman.

Miss Luell Rice, of Woodbury, has been elected teacher of the commercial department at the Gloucester City High School.

Fire has been placed under one furnace at the Woodbury glass works, and work will begin about the middle of the month.

While on his rounds at Riverside, Policeman Schmidt was attacked by a dog, his right leg was bitten and his trousers ripped to shreds.

Surveyors at the mouth of Raccoon Creek, at Bridgeport, are investigating the advisability of building a dyke and filling in the stream.

Public utility companies have announced that they will at once extend gas and electric service to all of Delanco's rapidly-developing suburbs.

Owing to decreased attendance, the Board of Education has ordered the schools of Farmington and Newcombtown closed. The children will be transported to Millville.

A handsome Colonial mansion on the river bank at Delanco has been purchased by George C. Krusen, commodore of the Flat Rock Motor Boat Club, of Philadelphia, who will occupy it.

With a basket on his arm, Moses West, colored, was gathering bottles of milk from front door steps on Line street, Camden, early yesterday morning, and in the Police Court he was given 20 days in jail. He said he took the milk because he was hungry, but admitted that he had steady employment.

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. 208, 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, Woodmen 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.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



IF YOU were busy being kind Before you knew it you would find You'd soon forget to think 'twas true That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad, And cheering people who are sad, Although your heart might ache a bit, You'd soon forget to notice it.

APPETIZING DISHES.

A most satisfying and good looking dish is this: Brown a few slices of onion in a little butter, then add a half cup of cold cooked rice, and when well browned three slightly beaten eggs and a half cup of milk. Stir until the eggs are cooked, sprinkle with a slice of finely minced boiled ham, and serve at once.

Cream Cake.—Bake cake in two layers, and put together with sweetened whipped cream which has been flavored with a cup of peach pulp put through a fine sieve. Flavor with a few drops of almond.

Coffee Junket.—For a simple and dainty dessert, and one which is easy to make, junket certainly stands high in favor. One tablet dissolved in a tablespoonful of water and added to a quart of milk is sufficient to thicken that amount. Reserve a half cup of milk, and pour boiling hot over two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee; let stand until well infused, then strain. Warm the remainder of the milk to a blood heat, not hot or the rennin will not act on the milk; then add the dissolved tablet and the coffee infusion, stir well and put in sherry glasses to set. Serve with whipped cream on the top of each glass.

Macaroon Fancy.—Select as many large macaroons as are required, with a few sponge cakes. Arrange the sponge cakes or lady fingers upright with a macaroon for the bottom of the little box. Stick them together with boiled frosting and serve them filled with a preserved strawberry and whipped cream filling. A little gelatine may be added to the fruit to make it keep its shape, if so desired.

Hast thou plenty? Then rejoice, Rejoice and freely share. Hast thou scanty store? 'E'en then A little thou canst spare. And hast thou only bit or crumb, A donor yet thou mayst become.

SOME PRETTY SUMMER SALADS.

A pretty and unusual salad is made by using a shapely cucumber for the salad dish. Cut a slice from the side to make a stable dish, then cut an oblong from the cucumber, using the pieces removed and cut in dice with the diced pineapple and bits of broken nuts. Garnish the top with minced parsley, and place the cucumber on a lettuce leaf. The dressing used may be French, boiled or mayonnaise.

Another pretty way of serving cucumber is to peel it and pare in rounds, as one does an apple, keeping the pieces as long as possible. Wind in rose shape, place a center of a spoonful of yellow dressing, and one has a pretty flower on a lettuce leaf.

Cheese and Tomato Salad.—Arrange a cup of head lettuce and put a slice of ripe tomato on it. Then a round of well seasoned cottage cheese another slice of tomato and a small ball of cheese on top of that with a stuffed olive for a garnish.

Green Pepper and Cream Cheese Salad.—Cut green peppers in halves, remove the seeds and white pulp, and fill with seasoned cream cheese which has been softened with cream and seasoned with a bit of chopped chives. The peppers may be served whole if small, or cut in slices after being thoroughly chilled. The slice will be the white cheese with a rim of the pretty green or red of the pepper.

Tomato and Pineapple Salad.—Peel a firm, shapely tomato and cut it in eighths, keeping it together at the blossom end. Open out like a flower, arrange on lettuce and fill the center with chopped pineapple and celery. Add the dressing just before serving. Slices of red radish placed in overlapping slices with a bit of chopped onion on lettuce leaves with French dressing makes a most dainty salad.

Nellie Maxwell.

Woman's Important Position.
Miss Hallie M. Daggett, said to be the first woman in the United States appointed to the position of lookout at a forest reserve station, lives in Siskiyou county, California. She has been placed in charge of Eddy's Gulch lookout, situated on a peak of the Salmon Alps, 6,000 feet high. Her duty is to keep a lookout for fires and report to the nearest forest station.

After a Day of Rest.
One reason why Tuesday papers are so much more cheerful than Monday papers is that the list of killed and injured is so much shorter.

Quicker Action Needed.
"We must have a cashier in the book department."
"Why?"

"To many people read books while waiting for their change. Then, of course, they want to exchange the books they have bought."

Surprised the Bird.
"Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" asked Mrs. Howitzer.
"I did!" simply replied Mr. H., and the parrot fell off his perch in astonishment.

Coiffures Adapted to the Small Hat.



THE small hat is launched upon one more season of popularity and hair dressing must be adapted to it. But the very simple coiffures which have prevailed during the past year have become too tiresomely popular to suit women of fashion, or women who strive for individuality in dress. They want something new. Therefore, those divinities that shape our ends (so far as the arrangement of hair is concerned) have developed some lovely new coiffures.

These truly remarkable and beautiful styles accommodate the new hat shapes, and at the same time answer the demand for more dignified and elaborate hair dressing than the passing mode displayed.

There are three different styles to be featured. One shows the hair dressed high—on top of the head—in another, it is coiled low on the crown,

and in a third the regulation Psyche knot is worn. In several of the new styles a higher and slightly curled fringe appears across the forehead.

In all the new styles the hair is not much waved, and in all of them the ears are covered. In the majority of coiffures three very short, tiny curls nestle somewhere, either at neck or peeping out from the knot, or displaying themselves resting on the hair just above the ear. They are just about the prettiest little finishing touches that can be imagined. Women call them "cunning" and perhaps they are; for these little curls appear to rivet the attention of the masculine mind with extraordinary force.

By the way, few people realize how much men admire pretty styles of hair dressing and good grooming in the women they know.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SHIRTWAISTS FOR THE FALL

Washable Materials Will Be Favored, With Linen, Duck and Gingham Most Popular.

The chic shirtwaist this fall will be washable. "No starch" is the verdict for the fashionable shirtwaist.

Many waists of chiffon will be worn.

Chiffon waists may be washed if stiffened with a somewhat stronger gum water, two teaspoonfuls of the stock solution to a cupful of water.

Plain shirtwaists will be worn this fall—linen, duck and gingham being popular.

Extremely simple cuts are the rules in shirtwaists.

Very close to the man's shirt is the fall waist for women, elongated shoulder line and short yoke being the rule.

Cotton crepe, voile, satin and brocade waists must all have the short yoke.

For a plain tailored waist of linen, madras, pongee or wash silk the yoke may be omitted and the plaits at both front and back run to the shoulder.

Stitching will be made prominent on tailored waists.

"Round stitch" will be used on many of the tailored waists.

NET WAIST ALWAYS BECOMING

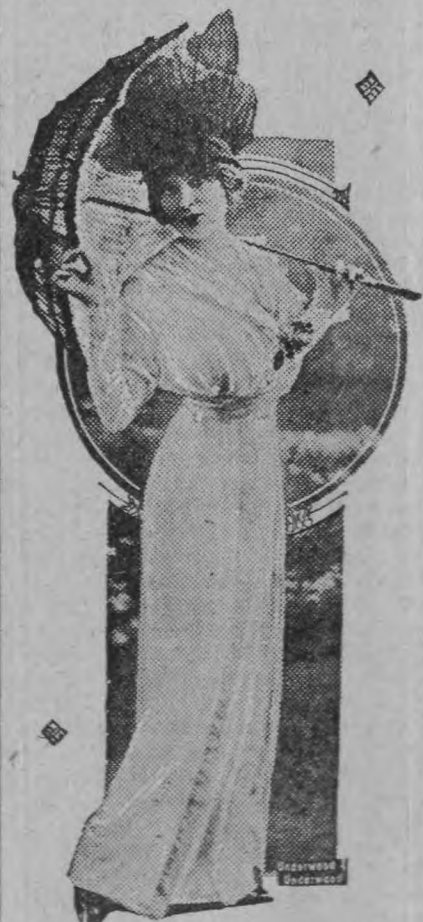
Fashion Had Good Reason for Its Popularity, Which Is Almost Certain to Continue.

There is no doubt that the transparent waist of cotton net was the leader in the race for popularity. The model in it which sold by the hundreds and is still in fashion has a long shoulder seam, slightly gathered, and a loose sleeve that hangs above the waist with two box pleatings of lace. The long V shaped neck is outlined, and there is a lining, also of net, which is trimmed across its top edges with a smaller lace pleating.

On the majority of these waists there is ribbon attached to the lining. It is done more or less well. Sometimes there are three bands around the figure ending in stiff bows in front; again the top of the lining is gathered into a two-inch ribbon band which is finished with a large flat bow in front.

The whole blouse is loose and appears to fall from the figure, and the corset cover that goes with it is of chiffon in flesh color trimmed with tiny button roses. Now if the blouse is still selling wherever you are, buy it. It is unusually becoming. If you don't like the ribbon, take it out, or adjust it to suit your taste.—Washington Star.

FOR THE AFTERNOON.



Model of creme charmeuse and tulle, trimmed with edgings of pink ribbon. Lace fichu.

Dainty Flowered Hatpins.

The methods of making flowered ornamental hatpins is easy. An ordinary hatpin, with a round or pear-shaped top, such as is bought for a penny or two, is utilized. The head of the pin is first swathed in wadding, and then covered with colored silk or satin, on which should be embroidered colored beads to represent the center of the flower. Pieces of ribbon are next taken to form the petals. Such flowers as poppies, daisies and roses are particularly becoming. The result when finished is eminently satisfactory, and often adds a pleasing dash of color to the general effect.

Flower Muff.

Have you seen the huge summer muffs made of artificial flowers? They are exceedingly decorative, and are composed of many different kinds of blossoms, such as roses, Parma violets and orchids. Some of them are finished with long hanging branches of the same flowers. Of course, they have come from Paris, where they were fashioned for evening fetes and gay dinners.

Novel Hosiery.

Wonderful ingenuity is exercised in the matter of smart hosiery, and for women who like novelties in any form there is plenty to choose from. Curious effects are contrived with stripes in lace or silk stockings, varying from about an eighth of an inch to a fine hairline. These are so cunningly wrought that they give elegance to the ungainly ankle.

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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; Ralway 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

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INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
 AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"
 "THE PILGRIM BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"
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CHAPTER I.

Poinsettias.

"A remarkable man!" I pointed to a man hurrying around the corner just ahead of us.

"Yes, he's remarkably well built. I noticed him when he came out of the Clermont." This was a hotel we had just passed.

"But it's not only that. It's his height, his very striking features, his expression—" I stopped suddenly, gripping George's arm convulsively in a surprise he appeared to share. We had turned the corner immediately behind the man of whom we were speaking and so had him still in full view.

"What's he doing?" I asked in a low whisper.

The man ahead of us, presenting in every respect the appearance of a gentleman, had suddenly stooped to the kerb and was washing his hands in the snow, furtively, but with a vigor and purpose which could not fail to arouse the strangest conjectures in any chance onlooker.

"Plat!" escaped my lips, in a sort of nervous chuckle. But George shook his head at me.

"I don't like it," he muttered, with unusual gravity. "Did you see his face?" Then as the man rose and hurried away from us down the street, "I should like to follow him. I do believe—"

But here we became aware of a quick rush and sudden clamor around the corner we had just left, and turning quickly, saw that something had occurred on Broadway which was fast causing a tumult.

"What's the matter?" I cried. "What can have happened? Let's go see, George. Perhaps it has something to do with our man."

My husband, with a final glance down the street at the fast disappearing figure, yielded to my impetuosity, and possibly to some new curiosity of his own. "I'd like to stop that man first," said he. "But what excuse have I? He may be nothing but a crank, with some crack-brained idea in his head. We'll soon know; for there's certainly something wrong there on Broadway."

"He came out of the Clermont," I suggested.

"I know. If the excitement isn't there, what we've just seen is simply a coincidence."

It was the last word he had time to speak before we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of men and women, jostling one another in curiosity or in the consternation following a quick alarm. All were looking one way, and, as this was towards the entrance of the Clermont, it was evident enough to us that the alarm had indeed had its origin in the very place we had anticipated. I felt my husband's arm press me closer to his side as we worked our way towards the entrance, and presently caught a warning sound from his lips as the oaths and confused cries everywhere surrounding us were broken here and there by articulate words and we heard:

"Is it murder?"

"The beautiful Miss Challoner!"

"A millionaire in her own right!"

"Killed, they say."

"No, no! suddenly dead; that's all."

"George, what shall we do?" I managed to cry into my husband's ear.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," whispered George, who was as curious as myself. "We will try the rear door where there are fewer persons. Possibly we can make our way in there, and if we can, Slater will tell us all we want to know."

Slater was the assistant manager of the Clermont, and one of George's oldest friends.

"Then hurry," said I. "I am being crushed here."

George did hurry, and in a few minutes we were before the rear entrance of the great hotel. There was a mob gathered here also, but it was neither so large nor so rough as the one on Broadway. Yet I doubt if we should have been able to work our way through it if Slater had not, at that very instant, shown himself in the doorway, in company with an officer to whom he was giving some final instructions.

"Let us in, Slater," George begged. "My wife feels a little faint; she has been knocked about so by the crowd."

I no sooner saw the way cleared for our entrance than I made good my husband's word by fainting away in earnest.

When I came to, it was suddenly and with perfect recognition of my surroundings. The small reception room to which I had been taken was one I had often visited, and its familiar features did not hold my attention for a moment. What I did see and welcome was my husband's face bending close over me, and to him I spoke first. My words must have sounded oddly to those about.

"Have they told you anything about it?" I asked. "Did he—"

A quick pressure on my arm silenced me, and then I noticed that we

were not alone. Two or three ladies stood near, watching me, and one had evidently been using some restorative, for she held a small vinaigrette in her hand. To this lady, George made haste to introduce me, and from her I presently learned the cause of the disturbance in the hotel.

Edith, the well known daughter of Moses Challoner, had fallen suddenly dead on the floor of the mezzanine. She was not known to have been in poor health, still less in danger of a fatal attack, and the shock was consequently great to her friends, several of whom were in the building.

"Was she alone when she fell?" I asked.

"Virtually alone. Some persons sat on the other side of the room, reading at the big round table. They did not even hear her fall. They say that the band was playing unusually loud in the musicians' gallery."

"Are you feeling quite well, now?"

"Quite myself," I gratefully replied as I rose slowly from the sofa.

In the hall we encountered Mr. Slater, whom I have before mentioned. He was trying to maintain order while himself in a state of great agitation. Seeing us, he could not refrain from whispering a few words into my husband's ear.

"The doctor has just gone up—her doctor, I mean. He's simply dumbfounded. Says that she was the healthiest woman in New York yesterday. I think—don't mention it, that he suspects something quite different from heart failure."

"What do you mean?" asked George, following the assistant manager down the broad flight of steps leading to the office. Then, as I pressed up close to Mr. Slater's other side, "She was by herself, wasn't she, in the half floor above?"

"Yes, and had been writing a letter. She fell with it still in her hand."

"Have they carried her to her room?" I eagerly inquired, glancing fearfully up at the large semi-circular openings overlooking us from the place where she had fallen.

"Not yet. Mr. Hammond insists upon waiting for the coroner." (Mr. Hammond was the proprietor of the hotel.) "She is lying on one of the big couches near which she fell. If you like, I can give you a glimpse of her. She looks beautiful. It's terrible to think that she is dead."

"I don't know why we consented. We were under a spell, I think. At all events, we accepted his offer and followed him up a narrow staircase open to very few that night. At the top, he turned upon us with a warning gesture which I hardly think we needed, and led us down a narrow hall flanked by openings corresponding to those we had noted from below. At the furthest one he paused and, beckoning us to his side, pointed across the lobby into the large writing-room which occupied the better part of the mezzanine floor."

We saw people standing in various attitudes of grief and dismay about a couch, one end of which only was visible to us at the moment. The doctor had just joined them, and every head was turned towards him and every body bent forward in

anxious expectation. I remember the face of one gray haired old man. I shall never forget it. He was probably her father. Later, I knew him to be so. Miss Challoner was stretched out upon the couch. She was dressed as she came from dinner, in a gown of ivory-tinted satin, relieved at the breast by a large bouquet of scarlet poinsettias. The doctor was pointing at these poinsettias in horror and with awful meaning, and though we could not hear his words, we knew almost instinctively, both from his attitude and the cries which burst from the lips of those about him, that something more than broken petals and disordered leaves had met his eyes; that blood was there—slowly oozing drops from the



She Fell With the Letter Still in Her Hand.

heart—which for some reason had escaped all eyes till now.

Miss Challoner was dead, not from unsuspected disease, but from the violent attack of some murderous weapon. As the realization of this brought fresh panic and bowed the old father's head with emotions even more bitter than those of grief, I turned a questioning look up at George's face.

It was fixed with a purpose I had no trouble in understanding.

CHAPTER II.

"I Know the Man."

Yet he made no effort to detain Mr. Slater, when that gentleman, under this renewed excitement, hastily left us.

"I want to feel sure of myself," he explained. "Can you bear the strain of waiting around a little longer, Laura?"

"Yes, I can bear it. Don't you think the man we saw had something to do with this? Don't you believe—"

"Hush! What are they saying over there? Can you hear?"

"No. And I cannot bear to look. Yet I don't want to go away. It's all so dreadful."

"It's devilish. Such a beautiful girl! Laura, I must leave you for a moment. Do you mind?"

"No, no; yet—"

I did mind; but he was gone before I could take back my word. Alone, I felt the tragedy much more than when he was with me. I drew back against the wall and hid my eyes, waiting feverishly for George's return.

He came, when he did come, in some haste and with certain marks of increased agitation.

"Laura," said he, "Slater says that we may possibly be wanted and proposes that we stay here all night. I have telephoned and made it all right at home. Will you come to your room? This is no place for you."

Nothing could have pleased me better. But I could not go without casting another glance at the tragic scene I was leaving. A stir was perceptible there, and I was just in time to see its cause. A tall, angular gentleman was approaching from the direction of the musicians' gallery, and from the manner of all present, as well as from the whispered comment of my husband, I recognized in him the special official for whom all had been waiting.

"Are you going to tell him?" was my question to George as we made our way down to the lobby.

"That depends. First, I am going to see you settled in a room quite remote from this business."

"I shall not like that."

"I know, my dear, but it is best."

I could not gainsay this.

Nevertheless, after the first few minutes of relief, I found it very lonesome upstairs.

I was still struggling with this feeling when the door opened, and George came in. There was news in his face as I rushed to meet him.

"Tell me—tell," I begged.

He tried to smile at my eagerness, but the attempt was ghastly.

"I've been listening and looking," said he, "and this is all I have learned. Miss Challoner died, not from a stroke or from disease of any kind, but from a wound reaching the heart. No one saw the attack, or even the approach or departure of the person inflicting this wound. If she was killed by a pistol-shot, it was at a distance, and almost over the heads of the persons sitting at the table we saw there. But the doctors shake their heads at the word pistol-shot, though they refuse to explain themselves or to express any opinion till the wound has been probed. This they are going to do at once, and when that question is decided, I may feel it my duty to speak and may ask you to support my story."

"We can never make them understand how he looked."

"No. I don't expect to."

"Or his manner as he fled."

"Nor that either."

"We can only describe what we saw him do."

"That's all."

"Oh, what an adventure for quiet people like us! George, I don't believe he shot her."

"He must have."

"But they would have seen—have heard—the people around, I mean."

"So they say; but I have a theory—but no matter about that now. I'm going down again to see how things have progressed. I'll be back for you later. Only be ready."

In a half hour or an hour—I never knew which—George reappeared, only to tell me that no conclusions had as yet been reached; an element of great mystery involved the whole affair, and the most astute detectives on the force had been sent for. Her father, who had been her constant companion all winter, had not the least suggestion to offer in way of its solution. To no living being, man or woman, could he point as possessing

any motive for such a deed. She had been the victim of some mistake, his lovely and ever kindly disposed daughter, and while the loss was irreparable he would never make it unendurable by thinking otherwise.

Such was the father's way of looking at the matter, and I own that it made our duty a trifle hard. But George's mind, when once made up, was persistent to the point of obstinacy, and while he was yet talking he led me out of the room and down the hall to the elevator.

"Mr. Slater knows we have something to say, and will manage the interview before us in the very best manner," he confided to me now with an encouraging air. "We are to go to the blue reception room on the parlor floor."

Mr. Slater was there according to his promise, and after introducing us, briefly stated that we had some evidence to give regarding the terrible occurrence which had just taken place in the house.

George bowed, and the chief spokesman—I am sure he was a police-officer of some kind—asked him to tell what it was.

Then my husband spoke up, and related our little experience. If it did not create a sensation, it was because these men were well accustomed to surprises of all kinds.

"Washed his hands—a gentleman—out there in the snow—just after the alarm was raised here?" repeated one.

"And you saw him come out of this house?" another put in.

"Yes, sir; we noticed him particularly."

"Can you describe him?"

It was Mr. Slater who put this question; he had less control over himself, and considerable eagerness could be heard in his voice.

"He was a very fine-looking man; unusually tall and unusually striking both in his dress and appearance. What I could see of his face was bare of beard, and very expressive. He walked with the swing of an athlete, and only looked mean and small when he was stooping and dabbling in the snow."

"His clothes. Describe his clothes."

There was an odd sound in Mr. Slater's voice.

"He wore a silk hat and there was fur on his overcoat. I think the fur was black."

Mr. Slater stepped back, then moved forward again with a determined air.

"I know the man," said he.

CHAPTER III.

The Man.

"You know the man?"

"I do; or rather, I know a man who answers to this description. He comes here once in a while."

"His name?"

"Brotherson. A very uncommon person in many respects; quite capable of such an eccentricity, but incapable, I should say, of crime. He's a gifted talker and so well read that he can hold one's attention for hours. Of his tastes, I can only say that they appear to be mainly scientific. But he is not averse to society, and is always very well dressed."

Meanwhile, George had advanced to speak to a man who had beckoned to him from the other side of the room, and with whom in another moment I saw him step out. Thus deserted, I sank into a chair near one of the windows.

Where was he? The man who had carried him off was the youngest in the group. What had he wanted of George? Those who remained showed no interest in the matter. They had enough to say among themselves. But I was interested—naturally so, and, in my uneasiness, glanced restlessly from the window, the shade of which was up. The outlook was a very peaceful one. This room faced a side street, and, as my eyes fell upon the whitened pavements, I received an answer to one, and that the most anxious, of my queries. This was the street into which we had turned, in the wake of the handsome stranger they were trying at this very moment to identify with Brotherson. George had evidently been asked to point out the exact spot where the man had stopped, for I could see from my vantage point two figures bending near the curb, and even pawing at the snow which lay there. It gave me a slight turn when one of them—I do not think it was George—began to rub his hands together in much the way the unknown gentleman had done, and, in my excitement, I probably uttered some sort of an ejaculation, for I was suddenly conscious of a silence in the room, and when I turned saw all the men about me looking my way.

"They are imitating the man," I cried; "my husband and—and the person he went out with. It looked dreadful to me; that is all."

Meanwhile, Mr. Slater had exchanged some words with the two officials, and now approached me with an expression of extreme consideration.

They were about to excuse me from further participation in this informal inquiry. This I saw before he spoke. Of course they were right. But I should greatly have preferred to stay where I was till George came back.

I was greatly interested, of course, and had plenty to think of till I saw George again and learned the result of the latest investigations.

Miss Challoner had been shot, not stabbed. No other deduction was possible from such facts as were now known, though the physicians had not yet handed in their report, or even intimated what that report would be. No assailant could have approached or left her, without attracting the notice of some one, if not all of the persons seated at a table in the same room. She could only have been reached by a bullet sent from a point near the head of a small winding staircase connecting the mezzanine floor with a coat-room adjacent to the front door. This has already been insisted on, as you will remember, and if you will glance at the diagram which George hastily scrawled for me, you will see why.

A. B., as well as C. D., are half circular openings into the office lobby. E. F. are windows giving upon Broadway, and G. and party wall, necessarily unbroken by window, door or any other opening. It follows then that the only possible means of approach to this room lies through the archway H., or from the elevator door. But the elevator made no stop at the mezzanine on or near the time of the attack upon Miss Challoner; nor did any one leave the table or pass by it in either direction till after the alarm given by her fall.

But a bullet calls for no approach. A man at X. might raise and fire his pistol without attracting any attention to himself. The music, which all acknowledge was at its full climax at this moment, would drown the noise of the explosion, and the stair case, out of view of all but the victim, afford the same means of immediate escape, which it must have given of secret and unseen approach. The coat-room into which it descended communicated with the lobby very near the main entrance, and if Mr. Brotherson were the man, his sudden appearance there would thus be accounted for.

It began to look bad for this man, if indeed he were the one we had seen under the street-lamp; and, as George and I reviewed the situation, we felt our position to be serious enough for us severally to set down our impressions of this man before we lost our first vivid idea. I do not know what George wrote, for he sealed his words up as soon as he had finished writing, but this is what I put on paper while my memory was still fresh and my excitement unabated:

"He had the look of a man of powerful intellect and determined will, who shudders while he triumphs; who outwardly washes his hands of a deed over which he inwardly gloats. This was when he first rose from the snow. Afterwards he had a moment of fear; plain, human, everyday fear. But this was evanescent. Before he had turned to go, he showed the self-

possession of one who feels himself so secure, or is so well-satisfied with himself, that he is no longer conscious of other emotions."

"Poor fellow," I commented aloud, as I folded up these words; "he reckoned without you, George. By tomorrow he will be in the hands of the police."

And with this sentence ringing in my mind, I lay down and endeavored to sleep. But it was not till very late that rest came.

At last I slept, but it was only to rouse again with the same quick realization of my surroundings, which I had experienced on my recovery from my fainting fit of hours before. Someone had stopped at our door before hurrying by down the hall. Who was that someone? I rose on my elbow, and endeavored to peer through the dark. Of course, I could see nothing. But when I woke a second time, there

was enough light in the room, early as it undoubtedly was, for me to detect a letter lying on the carpet just inside the door.

Instantly I was on my feet. Catching the letter up, I carried it to the window. Our two names were on it—Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson: the writing, Mr. Slater's.

I glanced over at George. He was sleeping peacefully. It was too early to wake him, but I could not lay that letter down unread; was not my name on it? Tearing it open, I devoured its contents—the exclamation I made on reading it, waking George.

The writing was in Mr. Slater's hand, and the words were:

"I must request, at the instance of Coroner Heath and such of the police as listened to your adventure, that you make no further mention of what you saw in the street under our windows last night. The doctors find no bullet in the wound. This clears Mr. Brotherson."

Sweet Little Miss Clarke.

When we took our seats at the breakfast-table, it was with the feeling of being no longer looked upon as connected in any way with this case. Yet our interest in it was, if anything, increased, and when I saw George casting furtive glances at a certain table behind me, I leaned over and asked him the reason, being sure that the people whose faces I saw reflected in the mirror directly before us had something to do with the great matter then engrossing us.

His answer conveyed the somewhat exciting information that the four persons seated in my rear were the same four who had been reading at the round table in the mezzanine at the time of Miss Challoner's death.

Instantly they absorbed all my attention, though I dared not give them a direct look, and continued to observe them only in the glass.

"Is it one family?" I asked.

"Yes, and a very respectable one. Transients, of course, but very well known in Denver. The lady is not the mother of the boys, but their aunt. The boys belong to the gentleman, who is a widower."

"Their word ought to be good," George nodded.

"The boys look wide-awake enough, if the father does not. As for the aunt, she is sweetness itself. Do they still insist that Miss Challoner was the only person in the room with them at this time?"

"They did last night. I don't know how they will meet this statement of the doctor's."

"George?"

He leaned nearer.

"Have you ever thought that she might have been a suicide? That she stabbed herself?"

"No, for in that case a weapon would have been found."

"And are you sure that none was?"

"Positive. Such a fact could not have been kept quiet. If a weapon had been picked up there would be no mystery, and no necessity for further police investigation."

"And the detectives are still here?"

"I just saw one."

"George?"

Again his head came nearer.

"Have they searched the lobby? I believe she had a weapon."

"Laura!"

"I know it sounds foolish, but the alternative is so improbable. A family like that cannot be leagued together in a conspiracy to hide the truth concerning a matter so serious. To be sure, they may all be short-sighted, or so little given to observation that they didn't see what passed before their eyes. The boys look wide-awake enough, but who can tell? I would sooner believe that—"

I stopped short so suddenly that George looked startled. My attention had been caught by something new I saw in the mirror upon which my attention was fixed. A man was looking in from the corridor behind, at the four persons we were just discussing. He was watching them intently, and I thought I knew his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

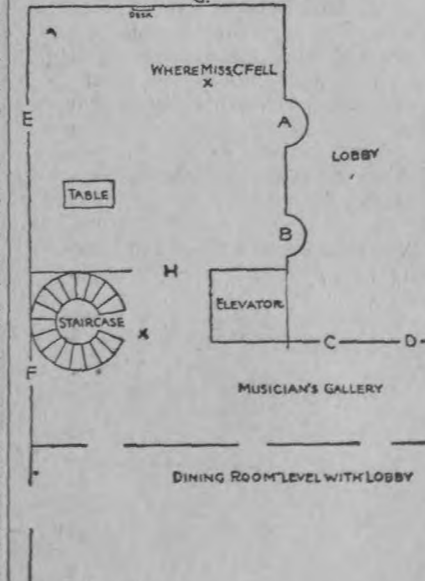
Walked Out With It.

There came into the office of a western lawyer a man who was excited because his wife had left him, and he feared she would run him into debt all over the country.

"In that case," said the lawyer, "you had better post her."

His client, not knowing what posting meant, said he did not know where she had gone, and besides, she was fully as strong as he, and he did not believe he was able to post her. The attorney explained that he meant putting a notice in the newspapers saying: "Whereas, my wife Helen has left my bed and board without any just—"

"But that ain't true," interrupted the client. "She didn't leave my bed. She took it with her."—Sunday Magazine.



possession of one who feels himself so secure, or is so well-satisfied with himself, that he is no longer conscious of other emotions."

"Poor fellow," I commented aloud, as I folded up these words; "he reckoned without you, George. By tomorrow he will be in the hands of the police."

The Roosevelt News

Published Every Friday.

L. D. TELEPHONE: Roosevelt 445-M.

THOMAS YORKE, OWNER and PROPRIETOR

Entered as second-class matter June 24th, 1908, at the post office at Carteret, N. J. under the act of March 3, 1879.

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OFFICE: THIRD STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON AVE., BOROUGH OF ROOSEVELT.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Boards of Registry and Election in and for the Election Districts of the Borough of Roosevelt will meet for the purpose of making a Registration of Voters on September 23, 1913, from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on October 23, 1913, from 1 to 9 P. M.

A Primary Election for making nominations for State, County and Local offices will be held on September 23, 1913, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 9 P. M.

The General Election will be held on November 4th, 1913, between the hours of 6 A. M. and 7 P. M.

The Officers to be elected at said General Election are as follows:

- 1 Governor.
- 3 Members of the General Assembly.
- 1 Coroner.
- 5 Members of the Board of Chosen Freeholders.
- And Borough Officers as follows:
- 2 Members of the Council.

POLLING PLACES.

First District—Fee Building, 89 Rahway avenue.

Second District—Borough Hall.

ELECTION DISTRICTS.

Election Districts are as follows: Beginning at Noe's Creek where it empties in Sound, thence running westerly along centre line of Noe's Creek to centre line of Colwell Street and the intersection of Bryant street, thence along the centre line of Bryant street to Blazing Star Road, thence westerly along the centre line of Blazing Star Road to the turn in said road at Kneisler's corner, thence in the same direction to the Central Railroad of New Jersey, thence southerly along the centre line of the Central Railroad to the intersection of the Terminal Railroad, thence westerly along the centre line of the Terminal Railroad to the intersection of Blair's Road, thence south-westerly along the centre line of Blair's Road to the Borough Line, thence southerly along the Borough Line to the Staten Island Sound, thence along the Staten Island Sound to the point of the beginning. The above describes the Second Election District.

The remaining portion of the Borough, not included in the above description, comprises the First Election District of the Borough of Roosevelt.

WALTER V. QUIN,
Borough Clerk.

9-12-St

JUST THOUGHTS

The rotten leaves of the literature of decadence often fertilize the ground for a good crop.

Teach the young men—or the old, if they be not past teaching—that only goodness is manliness.

The new birth in Christian theology is but the technical term for awakening of spiritual life.

The eternal masculine is as potent a force with women as the eternal feminine, as Goethe noted, is with men.

FACTS CONDENSED

Bombay averages more than 72 inches of rainfall a year and gets most of it in four or five months.

Electrically operated needles and brushes have been invented to make tattooing more simple and rapid.

The world production of tin last year was 114,196 tons, as compared with 106,828 tons the year before.

A paper cap for a milk bottle that can be washed and used repeatedly has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

Including all the various movements of the earth, a person travels 85,255 miles in taking a three-mile stroll.

Shafts sunk into a coal field in Germany which has been burning several years revealed 18 veins of blazing coal.

Five times as many earthquake shocks are recorded on the Pacific coast of the United States as on the Atlantic.

For scouting purposes the German army has adopted a telescoping tower that lifts eight men 150 feet above the ground.

A Maine inventor's apple corer ejects the core from the cutting tube with a spring as it is withdrawn from the fruit.

A machine to record the undulations of the bottom of a channel as a vessel passes over it has been invented in Argentina.

Why I Advertise.

I advertise because I can and do give the patients who call at my office the best grade of Dental Work that can be had. I advertise because I charge a nominal price for my work and can stand by it. Because a man advertises 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."

CONSULTATIONS FREE.

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POULTRY FACTS

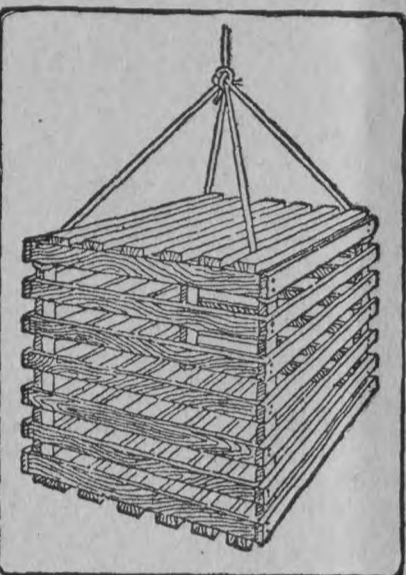
TO DISCOURAGE BROODY HENS

There Are Many Ways of Breaking Up Broodiness—Coop With Slatted Bottom Is Excellent.

The end of the breeding season seems to be the appointed time for hens to get broody. Earlier in the year when their services would have been most welcome great difficulty was experienced in finding sufficient to sit on the desired number of eggs. August is too late for the utilizing of their broodiness, unless a few duck eggs be set under some of them. At this time, too, the scarcity of eggs makes it the desire of all poultry keepers to break up their "broodies" and have them laying again as soon as possible.

There are many ways of breaking hens of broodiness, and the more barbarous ones such as tying the hen up by one leg, throwing cold water over her, or making her stand in water should be forgotten and practiced no longer. The same and better results can be obtained by more human methods.

Placing the hen in an ordinary coop, with a slatted bottom, and suspending the coop from the ceiling of the



Coop for Broody Hens.

scratching pen about a foot above the floor by wires or chains attached to the four corners has been found efficacious. A gentle swing whenever entering the pen will soon make the birds desirous of joining their more busy companions. A little Epsom salts given in a mash and an abundant supply of green food should be given. All foods which have the slightest tendency toward heat production, such as corn, meat scraps, etc., must be withheld for a few days. Take the bird in time. It is practically impossible to break a hen after allowing her to sit on a nest for two or three days. It should always be remembered that in the ordinary course of nature a hen that has laid persistently all winter and spring, demands a short rest, which broodiness gives.

ONE HOT WEATHER TROUBLE

When Diarrhea First Makes Its Appearance It May Be Checked by Use of Charcoal.

(By H. B. SPECK.)

Diarrhea is one of the most common hot weather troubles in poultry of all ages, and when it makes its first appearance, charcoal freely fed may check or control the disorder. Diarrhea may be due to food or drinking water being foul with droppings or other filth; to feeding impure, musty and moldy food; to overheating; to feeding in dusty, musty or moldy litter; to unclean quarters and dampness; to overfeeding on meat food or feeding spoiled meat; to eating poisoned substances or to indigestion from any cause. The first thing to do when diarrhea makes its appearance is to find the cause and remove it. Drinking from filthy pools in unclean runs after a sudden shower, or drinking barnyard seepage is a common cause of diarrhea in hot weather.



Watch the grit box. Keep all your houses wide open day and night.

Don't crowd your birds. Give them all the range you can.

See that your little chicks have plenty of shade and water.

Sell the rooster and buy an alarm clock. It's more useful now.

Wheat and oats are better hot weather feeds than corn and Kafir.

Don't forget to keep down the lice; just a little grease on top of chick's head is good.

Be sure to store away some clover or alfalfa hay this summer for the layers in cold weather.

The cost of pure-bred stock is not so prohibitive but that it may be had by all who raise poultry.

Don't forget to sprinkle lime on drop boards, not too much, for it is hard on the chickens' feet.

The water vessel now needs a shelter from the sun instead of a heater under it. Warm water is no better in summer than in winter as a drink.

Horticultural Advice

CARE NEEDED FOR ORCHARDS

Fire-Blight, Most Destructive of Pear-Tree Diseases, Should Be Checked at Once.

Orchards that are bearing heavily will need attention at this season to prevent serious breakages from the weight of the nearly grown fruit. Of course, growers are enjoined to thin out their apples, pears and peaches to such an extent that the branches will not break beneath their burdens, but as a matter of fact, not one grower for family use merely—out of one hundred—has time or strength for this task, and, indeed, in most seasons much fruit falls from insect work, which relieves the trees though not exactly in the way that the owner would prefer, says a Missouri writer in the Farm Progress. A half day spent in propping overburdened branches is the best alternation for hand-picking and often saves trees from serious injury and mutilation.

Another duty that should be sedulously performed is to have all fallen



Implements to Control Fire-Blight.

fruit gathered up every day or two and deeply buried, if it cannot be fed to pigs.

The most convenient way to do this is to have a ditch a rod or more long and about a foot and a half deep, dug in some convenient spot and, beginning at one end, dump each time as much of the refuse into it as can be covered with six or seven inches of earth. This is deeper than any, but the very largest insects burrow for pupation and consequently any larvae in the fruit will be smothered as well as most rust and blight germs. Look for and cut out any branches on which colonies of the fall web worm have started. Their webs, increasing in size from day to day, often cover quite large branches and give an orchard a more neglected appearance than almost anything else. On young trees they are especially ruinous.

Most pears should be picked while still green and hard, if, upon examination the seeds are found to be of full size and beginning to color. After gathering place them on shelves in a dark but not too close closet. They will soon begin to mellow and color and in a few days will be in prime condition for eating. The honied seckel is an exception to this rule and is best completely ripened on the tree.

Fire-blight, the most destructive of pear-tree diseases, should be checked as soon as observed, by cutting off the infected branch or limb, cutting not less than six inches below the diseased portion and being careful to dip the shears used in the process into a jar of alcohol and carbolic water, to neutralize any germs that may adhere to them between every cut. Also burn all the trimmings.

Manure for Strawberries.

Well-rotted stable manure is one of the best fertilizers for strawberries. If coarse manure is used it should be plowed and allowed to rot before the plants are set. Good barnyard manure may be termed a complete fertilizer, and when applied in sufficient quantities the plants are supplied with all of the necessary elements for growth. Not only does it furnish the plants with food, but it also improves the physical condition of the soil, rendering it mellow and friable.

Renewing Old Strawberry Beds.

Strawberries are rarely profitable for more than one crop. If the patch is to be fruited, mow off the old vines after picking it over and remove them, and then plow out the old plants, leaving the runners to renew the patch. Subsequent treatment consists of clean cultivation as for a new patch.

THINKS INVIGORATION IS IN AIR

Writer's Explanation of Vital Difference Between the Londoner and the New Yorker.

"The difference between New York and London," a man once said to me, "is this: In New York, if you have a new idea, you can get it carried out at once; in London, if you have a new idea, you are up against a brick wall."

I believe this to be true, writes Maurice Baring in the Metropolitan. People in New York, and in America in general, are not afraid of new ideas, nor, indeed, of anything new. They are not afraid of the future. In England, if a man finds, for instance, that his profession is uncongenial to him, however certain he may be of the impossibility of his making a success of it, he will none the less very rarely give it up, and try his hand at something else. The future alarms him. In America a man will think nothing of throwing up his profession twenty times running, until he finds something which does suit him.

I think the cause of this particular difference lies in the climate of America, and especially lies in the climate of New York. Just as the climate of some places fills the whole system with an invincible desire to do nothing, with an insuperable languor and sloth, in the same way the climate of New York fills the body and mind with the desire to be up and about. It is the nimble air which produces the nimble wits; the stimulating atmosphere which creates, in the denizens of New York, the love of bustle, hurry competition and work. I am not saying this is either a good thing or a bad thing—I am merely noting and recording what struck me as being the main differences between New York and London.

WILL GET MONEY NEXT TIME

Little Likelihood That Mrs. Crabbe Will Have Opportunity to Cash Hubby's Check Again.

"Henry," said Mrs. Crabbe, "don't you never give me another check to cash. Always give me the money after this, please."

"Why, what was the matter with the check?"

"Nothing was wrong with the check, but the cashier didn't want to take it, and said I had to be identified. I told him my name was Mrs. Crabbe, and asked him if he didn't see it on the long line, but he just shook his head, and said I had to find some one who knew me."

"And who did you find?"

"No one. I asked him if he didn't know you."

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Crabbe, eagerly, but with modesty.

"He said, 'Of course I know him.'"

"And then he cashed it," said Mr. Crabbe, his chest expanding visibly.

"Not right then. He asked me to describe you."

"Of course that was sufficient?"

"Yes, I told him you were a sawed-off, hammered-down, bald-headed, pigeon-toed man, with a red mustache and a mole on your nose. That you wore a fifteen collar and a ten-year-old blue suit, and that you held on to a dime tighter than a letter holds a glued postage stamp. I was going into further details, but he stopped me and said, 'All right, Mrs. Crabbe, just endorse the check on this line, please.'"

As Koreans Shop.

Shopping in Korea is a very grave and solemn task and occupies the master of the house the greater part of the day. In the market here he purchases his provisions, cooking utensils, linen suits, hats, sandals, tobacco, and the native drink, a liquor obtained from fermented rice.

Only one article of the same kind is purchased from a single store. It would be an offense against Korean etiquette to buy a dozen at a time, as this would deplete the stock too quickly and give the shopkeeper the trouble and work of restocking before he was ready! It will therefore be seen that wholesale orders are not welcomed in this odd country; "little and

often" appears to be the golden rule in buying.—Wide World Magazine.

Four Perfect Women.

The prophet Mahomet is reported to have said that "among men there have been many perfect, but not more than four of the other sex have attained perfection—to wit: Asiah, Mary, Khadijah and Fatima." Asiah was the wife of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. She forsook the faith of her fathers, on account of which her husband subjected her to many cruelties.

The Virgin Mary was the second perfect woman, the prophet stating that "she had been exalted above all the women of the world." Khadijah was the first wife of the prophet, "a princess among women." Fatima, according to Mahomet, was the fourth perfect woman, she being his beloved daughter.

Evidently Ready for Him.

A gentleman who had been in town only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows:

"If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?"

"Well, I should say never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday." —Life.

Primitive Farming in Spain.

In some parts of Spain, as in the Seville district, there are many large farms ranging from 1,000 acres up to 10,000 or even more. In other parts of the country thousands of peasants till little plots of from two acres to five acres apiece. There the use of modern farm machinery makes very slow progress.

Thorny Pathway of Genius.

An advertisement taken from a Chicago morning paper shows what a pass a genius may come in a great city: "Wanted—A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

The soles of the shoes supplied by Satan are always slippery.

Honesty is the best policy if you do not talk too much about it.

Love is blind, but, of course, marriage will remove the cataract.

The nearsighted girl can generally pick out the distant ice cream sign.

Proved Truth of Answer.

On a visit to St. Louis, Archbishop Ryan, a noted Philadelphia prelate, rode in a carriage to the parochial residence with Bishop Glennon, who is rather diminutive in size and of slight build, especially in the stomachic regions, while Archbishop Ryan is tall and very robust. As they alighted from the carriage, Archbishop Ryan said to his companion: "Bishop Glennon, I once was asked to explain the difference between a bishop and an archbishop. I answered" (and the archbishop extended his arms in a semicircle from his own healthy body, at the same time glancing rather sharply at Bishop Glennon), "The difference is all in the arch."

Ad Astra Per Reparates.

"All right," said Chollie, as he gathered himself together after her father had thrown him out of the house. "I'll have you indicted for this."

"Assault and battery, I presume?" grinned the old gentleman.

"Not on your life," said Chollie. "Under the Sherman act your daughter and I were about to swap vows, and that kick of yours was distinctly in restraint of trade!"

And the old man was so pleased that he relented and the next day the engagement was announced.—Harper's Weekly.

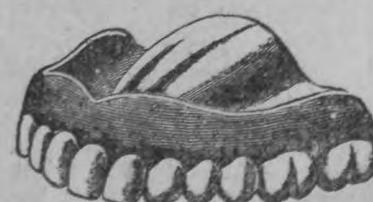
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Bank Statement

No. 8437

Report of the Condition of the First National Bank at Roosevelt in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, August 9, 1913.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	161 004 01
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	55 02
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25 000 00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	84 686 01
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1 000 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	72 57
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	5 450 43
Due from approved Reserve Agents	71 672 78
Checks and other Cash Items	38 59
Notes of other National Banks	2 420 00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	410 50
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	16 051 55
Legal Tender Notes	1 000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of Circulation)	1 250 00
Total	370 111 41

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	25 000 00
Surplus fund	20 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	4 591 60
National Bank Notes outstanding	22 600 00
Due to other National Banks	3 892 30
Dividends unpaid	30 00
Individual Deposits, subject to check	293 382 98
Certified checks	314 58
Liabilities other than those above stated	300 00
Total	370 111 41

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss:
I, EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of August, 1913.
RUSSELL MILES, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
HERMAN SHAPIRO,
NICHOLAS RIZSAK,
JOSEPH A. HERMANN,
Directors.

Bank Statement

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF NICHOLAS RIZSAK OF CARTERT, N. J. At the close of business, Aug. 9, 1913. No. 197

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$3,500.00
Stocks, Securities, Etc.	2,400.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures	14,850.00
Other Real Estate	57,630.00
Due from Other Banks, Etc.	15,820.69
Cash on hand	4,345.45
Other Assets	1,936.00
Total	\$100,482.14

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$53,175.09
Individual deposits, payable on demand	29,538.50
Other Liabilities	17,768.55
Total	\$100,482.14

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss.
NICHOLAS RIZSAK, being severally duly sworn deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.
NICHOLAS RIZSAK.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of Sept, 1913.
EUGENE M. CLARK,
Notary Public of N. J.

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HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

CONSTRUCTING A GOOD ROAD

Some People Think Gravel Is Ever-Lasting, but This is Mistake, Says Missouri Writer.

Gravel roads if well built will last six to nine years. It suffers most when not needed, namely, in very dry weather in summer or when frozen hard in open winter.
In the first place the road bed should be well made, but not too rounded, as this induces waste. Where seepy spots occur a natural drain should be built crosswise of the road, made of coarse rock to let the water out to the side of the road. Gravel should be at least eight inches deep in the center and wide enough for two teams to pass.
We once helped to build a two-mile gravel road in Missouri which was built by the tax rebate system 20 years ago. It worked hardship on our district in this way, writes John Klingele of Hudson county, Missouri, in the Iowa Homestead. Our district had a star road running north through the center. To the north of us two road districts met on our center line running north, and these two districts united with us. We built to the beginning of their near end of road, so it came to pass that they got the full benefit of their work while we only got part of it. Most of our people had no use for it as it was out of the way. To make matters worse, the road boss of the other two districts drew their full quota of road money at the expense of our district. This left our



One of the Double Drags Made by the "365-Day Road Club" of Carthage, Mo.

road boss the next year with 65 cents of road money and the poll tax to keep the district in order, and by the time all this land tax rebate had been used our district was in very bad shape. Our money nearly all went to others districts and it is not just for a few to have a good road at the expense of the others.
When a boy 31 to 37 years ago we did a good deal of gravel hauling, and a few weeks ago I was surprised to go back and find how those roads changed. Where we helped build a good gravel road 32 years ago they have been hauling creek gravel every six to eight years and in this way they have a good road. They have the gravel near at hand, and with plenty of loaders a team averages one load an hour.

I think if the law required four-inch tires, and then the doubletree and neckyoke were lengthened out to give the team more liberty, the roads would be much better. If we can't go with the four-inch we ought to stay off the road or use the spring wagon to get the necessities of life. There is no excuse generally for cutting up the roads except about the first of March. Our country roads will never be gravelled, for long before we get over them we will have to start over again. Some people think gravel is ever-lasting, but that is a sad mistake. Even now we don't think of saving our surface dirt and do not employ the motto, "a stitch in time save nine," our roads must wait till the working time comes and go all to pieces if the weather is bad in that time.

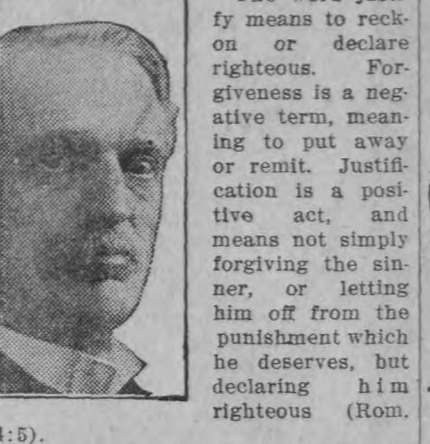
Selecting Ewes.
A Canadian authority said the best time to purchase the ewes for a farm flock is in August just after the lambs have been weaned. We can purchase them as cheaply then as at any time and can make the best selection in choosing ewes that have raised lambs, as their milking qualities and strength can be ascertained. Besides, we will have them in good condition for the next crop of lambs.

Poultry Industry.
The imports of the product of poultry culture into this country from foreign countries show that the field is still open to a large increase of the industry in the United States, and that the opportunity is waiting for those with sagacity and industry enough to take advantage of it.

How Can God Declare One Righteous Who Is Not Righteous?

By REV. H. W. POPE, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Romans 5:1.



The word justify means to reckon or declare righteous. Forgiveness is a negative term, meaning to put away or remit. Justification is a positive act, and means not simply forgiving the sinner, or letting him off from the punishment which he deserves, but declaring him righteous (Rom. 4:5).
How can God reckon one righteous who is not righteous? This is a fair question and we must face it. Suppose a merchant in a small town had fallen into debt. He is not a good buyer, he is not accurate in his accounts, and he is shiftless. Suppose a rich uncle who has made a fortune in the same business, and has retired, should pay him a visit. After a few days he says to his nephew: "John, I hear bad reports about you; people say that you are sadly in debt and that your credit is poor. I have had a good year, and I believe I will help you. If you will foot up all your debts I will give you a check for the whole amount."

John accepts his offer and pays off his creditors. As they go out of his store they say to one another: "We are fortunate in getting our money this time, but we will not trust him again. He is the same shiftless John, and he will soon be as badly in debt as ever." Now what has his uncle accomplished for John? He has paid his debts, but he has not restored his credit.

Suppose, on the other hand, that the uncle had said: "John, I have been out of business a few years and I find that I am getting rusty. I like this town and I have about decided to go into partnership with you." John is delighted, of course. The uncle says: "I will put in all my capital and experience, but I shall insist upon being manager of the business. You can be the silent partner and work under my direction. And John, I think you had better take down that sign over the door, for your name does not command the highest respect in this town. Suppose you put up my name instead, & Co. I think it will look better, and you can be the company."

John gladly complies with the conditions, and the business opens under new auspices. John goes out to buy goods, and what does he find? Instead of refusing to trust him, every merchant in town is glad to give him credit, because his rich uncle has become identified with the business. In the one case the uncle paid his debts, but did not restore his credit. In the other case he restored his credit by going into partnership with him.

God's law says that the soul which sinneth shall die. When Jesus took our place on the cross and died for our sins, that paid our debt, but it did not restore our credit, it did not make us righteous. Had there been no resurrection of Jesus we could not have been justified, though it is conceivable that we might have been forgiven. But when Jesus rose from the dead and identified himself with us by faith, coming into our heart and taking possession of our life, then he not only paid our debts, but he restored our credit. He made it possible for God to declare us righteous, since we have gone into partnership with a righteous Saviour, who has not only kept the law perfectly himself, but who is able to help us to keep it. He is the managing partner, and we simply obey his orders. We have even taken down the old sign, and now we bear his name—Christian.

Martin Luther said: "If any one knocks at the door of my heart and inquires if Martin Luther lives here, I should reply, 'Martin Luther is dead, and Jesus Christ lives here.'" Paul had the same idea, for he said: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."

If Jesus lived a holy life in one body he is surely able to do it in another, if that body is yielded to his control. God then can properly and justly reckon the believer righteous because of his union with the righteous Saviour who has atoned for his past sins by his death on the cross, and who guarantees his present and future conduct because that life has been committed to his keeping.

If, as he says, he is "able to save unto the uttermost," "able to keep us from falling" (Jude 24), and if he guarantees to present us before the presence of God's glory absolutely faultless, surely God can safely reckon us as righteous. The ground of our justification then is not what we are, but whose we are, not our own good works, or our desire to be righteous, but our union with the Lord Jesus, who was "delivered for our offences, and was raised for our justification" (Rom. 4:25).

ROLE OF THE BULL DOG

By CHARLES SLOAN REID.

Miss Catherine Doskey was noted for doing unconventional things. But there were five men at the White Plains hotel who seriously wanted to marry her, though not all of them were seriously in love with her, for two of them were of the insusceptible sort and were thinking only of Miss Doskey's beauty and her financial attractiveness. Three others were in love, unwrapped and entangled beyond the hope of release, and among these were Trent Gilmore.



Trent was just out of college, and though he had loved Miss Doskey for some time, the last few weeks had added desperately to his burden, for burden it was when Miss Catherine persisted in throwing him somersaults, as it were, every time he became so bold as to attempt to offer himself and all the prospects of his ambition at her feet.

But one evening Trent saw her stealing away from the hotel with a book in her hand, and he knew she was off for a quiet afternoon in some shady dell of the forest not far away; and he determined to follow her later on in the evening.
It was near sundown when he set out. After a walk of twenty minutes, he had passed entirely through the large body of woodland lying north of the hotel and had not yet seen anything of Miss Doskey. And beyond the forest was an old apple orchard. Climbing over the fence he dropped heavily to the ground inside the orchard and started across the lot. But he had not gone a dozen yards before a deep, bass growl, coming from an indistinguishable source, suddenly smote the air and sent a chill along Trent Gilmore's spine, which was accompanied by those tremors that only the voice of a bull dog can induce.

There was just light enough left to discover this, and Trent made a wild dash for a tree. He caught the limb and dragged his feet clear of the ground just in time to save his ankle from the vicious snap of the beast.

And the space between Trent and the bull dog still seemed entirely too small. He reached outward in search of an adjacent limb by which he might steady himself preparatory to climbing higher among the branches, and his hand came down upon a very tiny, warm, pulsating little foot. "Catherine, I've found you," exclaimed Trent, as soon as he could find his voice.

"In a most ridiculous situation, Trent," her voice trembled, and a little sob put a period to the sentence.

"Well, I don't know about that—it may seem so to those who discover us in the morning."

"Oh, you do not mean that we shall have to stay here all night?"

"I hardly think the sentinel down there will relax his vigilance."

"I was so foolish to climb up here. But it looked so jolly among the branches, and I just felt like climbing—and I never once thought of a dog."

"Well, it's lucky for me, anyhow. I have you now where there isn't the ghost of a chance for you to run away from me, while I am trying to tell you how much I love you."

Trent climbed over and found a more comfortable place quite near to Miss Doskey.
Muffled growls continued to issue from the dog's throat at intervals. But Trent sat there and talked like a machine. For once Miss Doskey was outdone and could only sit and listen. Once or twice, at Catherine's solicitation, Trent climbed down toward the roots of the tree to ascertain whether the bull dog slept, only to be greeted each time by a bass guttural of warning.

Some time during the night Trent got Miss Doskey's hand in his and kept it. Then, after awhile, the chill of the night atmosphere grew insistent, Catherine shivered and yawned, her head became tired, her eyes heavy, and Gilmore drew her close to him, cloaked her about with his arms, pillowed her head comfortably upon his shoulder—and her deep breathing whispered to him of sweet sleep.

The morning sun climbed from his bed and smiled down upon the two in the tree top, and Catherine's eyes opened wide. For a moment she gazed about her.

"Oh, oh, now comes the ordeal," said Catherine.

"But we shall announce our engagement at once, shall we not, sweetest?"

"Are you quite sure you are not now playing the martyr?"

"Not by several bright heavens of happiness, dearest."

The rescuing party had been out since early in the night searching for Miss Doskey. Among those composing it were four young men who very suddenly thereafter found White Plains hotel a very uninteresting place, and they departed therefrom during the day.
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WHERE OFFICIALS ARE WOMEN

French Petit Bourgeoise in Village of Froissy Fill All the Important Public Posts

Paris.—In contrasting woman as a butterfly and as a busy bee, the London Graphic comments on the small amount of clothing worn by the fashionable woman of today and the masculine attire aped by some freakish women, and calls attention to the fact that women who really compete with men in hard work stick to the conservative clothes of their sex. This is particularly true of the French working woman. The French peasant woman fills a big place in the agricultural life of France, while in the towns we find the petite bourgeoisie taking an active share in commerce—a widow often running a business entirely alone. These facts explain the existence of Froissy, a village in the department of l'Oise, on the borders of l'Isle de France and Picardy, with a population of between 500 and 600 souls. And in this very exceptional village all the public posts are filled by women. The station master (chef de gare) is Mme. Taillefer. Her husband is a guard. It does not trouble him that he has to take occasional official instructions from his wife. He knows that if she were a guard and he the station master the home (le foyer) would suffer. Think also what a community of interests these two billets provide for them! Froissy gets its daily mail delivered by a woman postman (factrice), while it is the business of another employe des postes to see the outward mail aboard the train. In Froissy there is no such person as a male barber. All the men's heads are placed at the mercy of Mlle. Jeanne Marchandin, the gentle barbiere, who with skillful hands shaves or cuts the hair of all her friends. They are her friends, for who would quarrel with the only barber in the place? The most striking and interesting figure in the community, however, is Mme. Druhon Marchandin. Hers is the task of heralding all important public events with drum music—weddings, for instance. She has an erect, martial figure, strongly marked and humorous features, and bears proudly the weight of her eighty years. An odd occupation for a woman is that of road mender (cantonniers). Lastly, there is the young telegraphist, who keeps Froissy in touch with the outside world.

Women's occupations are not always of an alluring nature. The Viennese butcher is a case in point. Was it



French Peasant Women.

choice or necessity or dreams of gold that drove Miss Hermine Reinsner to the brutalizing scenes of the slaughter house at the tender age of twenty?

PIPED A BOY'S HEART SACK

A Foreign Liquid Was Drained Through Tube From the Pericardium of Youth.

St. Louis.—Monroe Rodgers, twelve years old, is recovering at the city hospital after having undergone an operation in which a silver tube was inserted in his breast and placed against the pericardium of his heart to drain a liquid which threatened to stop the beating of his heart. In order to insert the tube over one rib just over the heart was removed.

The operation is the first of its kind ever performed at the city hospital and is considered one of the most dangerous operations known to medical science. It was performed by Dr. Fred Hagler and two assistants. The physicians said the boy will be well in a few days.

Monroe entered the hospital July 5 suffering from a stone bruise on the right foot. The physicians noticed that at times his face became purple and he showed signs of difficult breathing. A consultation was held and it was decided that his blood either had congealed in some section near the heart or a foreign substance had caused an enlargement of the pericardium.

An X-ray was made and it was found that the pericardium was three times its normal size. Only an operation could save the boy's life.

As a Man Eats, So is He.

Paris.—Elie Dautrin, writing in Figaro, warns French young women to watch their young men eat, warning them that this is the best test of the male character.

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Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory. Shoes for every member of the family, at all prices, by Parcel Post, postage free. Write for Illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear.

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ALL TO HELP IN GOOD WORK

Aid of Everyone Interested in Fight Against Ravages of Tuberculosis Is Assured.

Churches, schools, labor unions, fraternity orders and other organizations to the number of 200,000 at least will be asked to join the anti-tuberculosis workers of the country in the observance of the Fourth National Tuberculosis day, which has been designated for December 1, according to an announcement by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The movement will be furthered throughout the country by more than 1,000 anti-tuberculosis societies working through various state organizations and the National association. Personal appeals will be made to clergymen, school principals and leaders of various organizations urging them to set aside a definite time during the week preceding or the week following December 7, for a lecture on tuberculosis.

Never Touched Him.

"Want to go to the theater tonight?" "I have nothing to wear," said his wife peevishly. "That won't matter. I only meant one of those moving picture theaters, where it's dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Love doesn't make the world go round as often as it makes the lover go broke.

Wait From French Jurymen.

In France, as well as in England, jurymen have their grievances. The latest can easily be remedied. The French minister of justice has received an address signed by citizens figuring on the Paris jury lists, protesting against the bare appearance of the courts where they have to sit. They point out that if—tired of looking at the judges, counsel, witnesses and other parties to a suit—they turn their eyes upon the walls, nothing but an inartistic paper meets their gaze. In order to relieve this deadly monotony they beg that a print of Prudhon's famous picture, "Justice in Pursuit of Crime," may be hung in each court.

Looney Season Begins.

"Golf? Why, man, you're crazier than a loon. The idea of a fellow on a hot day like this going out and clubbing around a little white pill in the sun!" "What are you going to do?" "Who, me? I'm going to get a row-boat and pull over the lake and try to get some fish." "Fish? The last fish was caught out of that lake three years ago." "Well, I know that. Suppose I don't get any fish, I've had a tiptop boat ride, haven't I?"

His Instrument.

"I saw an inky razor in old Doem's office the other day." "Maybe it is what he uses to shave his paper with."

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AGENTS WANTED

Handle proposition which sells at sight. Two to six in almost every home. Write The Eureka Merchandising Co., Box 803, Greenport, N.Y.

Haste Unnecessary.

"Hurry up that order!" said a traveler in a railroad eating house down south. "I'm afraid I'll miss my train!" "Yes, sah, boss!" the waiter answered as he hurried off.

After what seemed an almost interminable wait to the traveler, he returned with the food. As he set it down he asked:

"Is you de gentlemen what feared he'd miss de train?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you needn't be feared ob dat, sah, no mo'."

"Good! Is it late?" the traveler inquired.

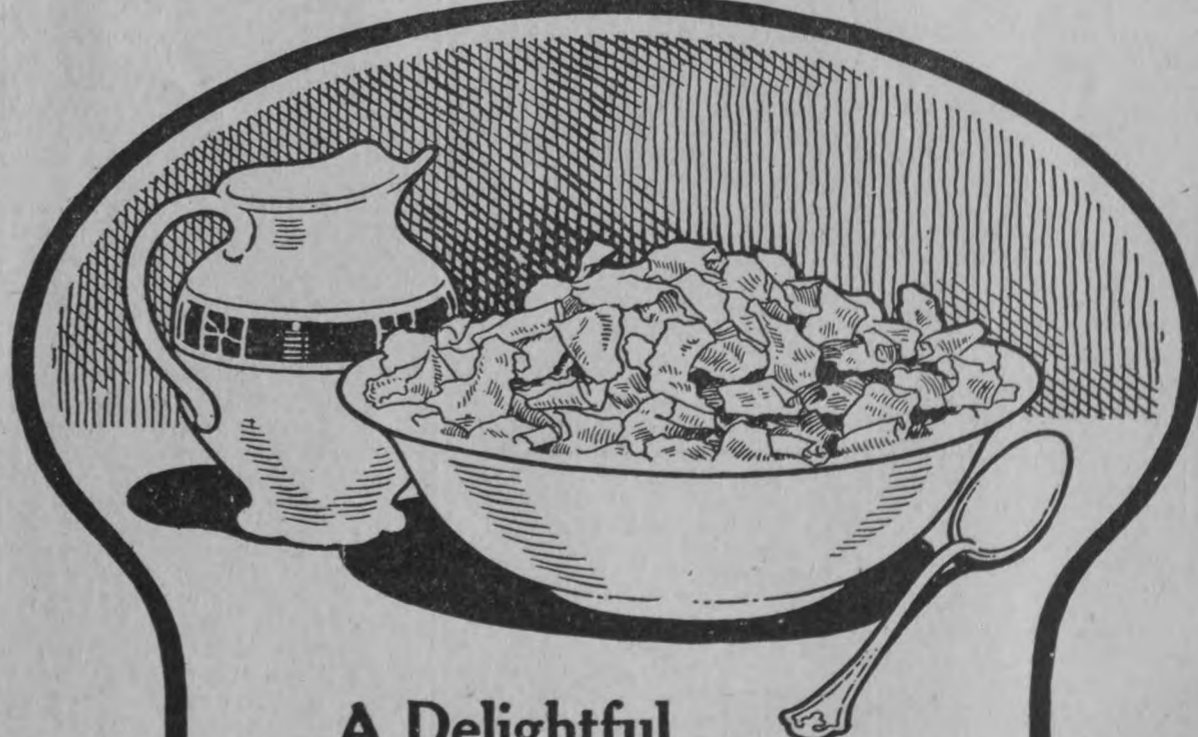
"No, sah, it's done gone!" was the waiter's affable and reassuring response.

Had No Use for it.

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"

Evening Things Up.

"Mamma," said four-year-old Thelma, "Harry wants the biggest piece of pie and I think I ought to have it." "Why, dear?" queried the mother. "Cause," replied Thelma, "he was eating pie two years before I was born."—National Food Magazine.



A Delightful Treat

Post Toasties and cream

Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit.

"Toasties" are ready to eat direct from package—Breakfast, lunch or supper—Enjoyed by old and young, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Post Toasties.

And She Had Been Warned.
"All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish."
"How do you know?"
"A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them."
"But you're going to marry Fred."
"Of course I am. He's different."

Up Against It.
Gabe—Speeder has broken all automobile records around here, but he broke his neck today.
Steve—How did it happen?
Gabe—He tried to break the broad jump record with his car.

His Recipe.
"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"
"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

ITCHED AND BURNED AWFULLY

Middleport, N. Y.—"When my little daughter was one year old her head commenced breaking out in little red spots which soon grew larger and sore and they must have itched very much as she would put up her little hands and dig them in her head. In a short time pimples seemed to appear on and around the red spots which she used to scratch and a watery discharge seemed to come from them. Wherever this water touched more spots and pimples came till her head was nearly covered. She was very cross and fretful, more so at night, as it must have itched and burned something awful, for when sleeping she would roll her head from one side to the other and scratch till the blood came. I was forced to tie up her head; it looked very badly. Her hair came out in patches. They called it a bad case of eczema.
"I got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment. In two days' time I noticed a change; the spots were not so red and she slept a great deal better. In about two weeks' time it all disappeared and in a month's time the hair started to come in and she has never been troubled since." (Signed) Mrs. Emma Norman, 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.

Hard Luck, Indeed!
"How's your son, the lawyer, who went to Texas, getting on?"
"Badly, poor fellow. He's in jail."
"How's that?"
"He was retained by a horse thief to defend him, and he made such a good plea that the judge held him accessory."—Lippincott's.

Forty Years in Style.
City Cousin—But, Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grandfather wore those at least 40 years ago.
Country Cousin—That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party who saw him in them, do you?

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 34 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Proving It.
"Men are worth much more than women."
"No such thing!"
"Yes, they are. Husbands are not easy to get always, but brides are just given away."—Baltimore American.

But Bedmaking Done at Home.
He—Young Mrs. Newlywed just told me that she finds housekeeping a mere picnic.
She—No wonder! She has all her cooking sent in and all her laundry sent out.—Boston Transcript.

Know Him?
"Why does Noknob wear that uniform?"
"He's a scout."
"What kind?"
"A good old."

Make-Up Pieces.
"Did you ever help to put a puzzle together?"
"No; my wife always assembles herself alone."—Judge.

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

A pair of yellow shoes doesn't age more quickly than a pretty girl after a mistaken marriage.

The strut of a turkey gobbler isn't in it with that of the leading citizen in a village.

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

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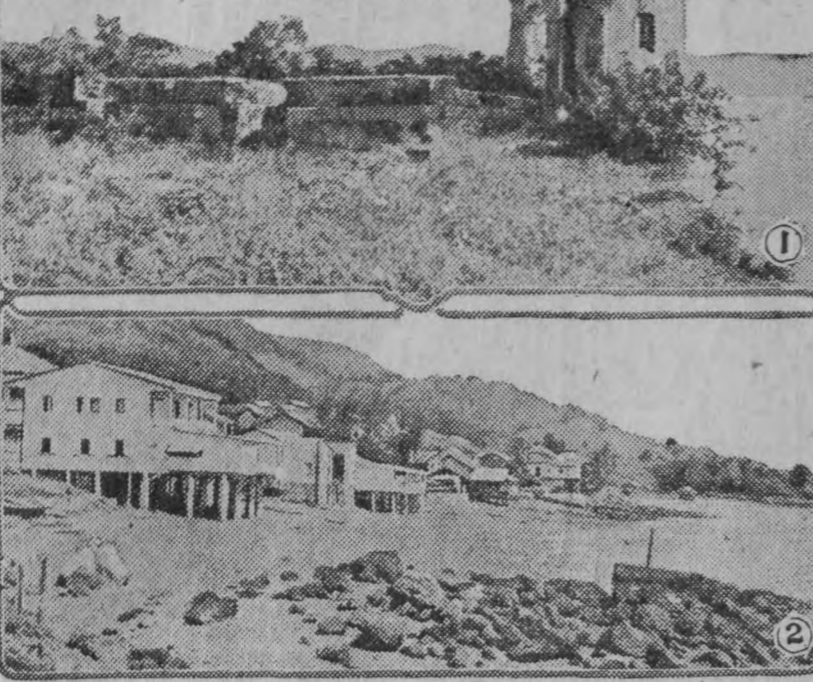
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W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 37-1913.

TABOGA ISLAND AND PORTO BELLO

BY E. W. PICKARD
PHOTOS BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION



1—Remains of One of the Spanish Forts at Porto Bello. 2—Native Village on Taboga Island.

"Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches
Where orange and mango and pineapple grow,
One wanders through Eden to ocean-washed beaches—
An Eden that only the sun-children know."

Thus James S. Gilbert, the late lamented poet of Panama, wrote of Taboga Island. It was so enticing that I determined to be one of the sun-children for a day or two and so steamed away in a little launch twelve miles out into the Pacific to that beauty spot. It is all that Mr. Gilbert called it, and more, and it is no wonder that the sanitarium, established there by the French canal company and reopened by the Americans, is so well patronized. If you are a canal employe—white—and have been ill, the doctor may be kind enough to send you over to Taboga for two weeks to recuperate. If you are a mere visitor you can put up at the unpretentious little hotel conducted by William Jones, the American six-footer who looks like a miner and dances like a cotillon leader. In either case you will be fortunate, for you will find those "verdure-clad slopes" gorgeous with flowers and alive with brilliant birds, and the "ocean-washed beaches," the finest places in the world for a swim. You can sail about the pretty bays with the native fishermen, or you can climb up the hills where the boys are vociferously driving the kine home to be milked, or you can merely lie in the shade and dream dreams of the Spanish galleons and the buccaneers. A more delightful place for rest and the repair of shattered nerves would be hard to find.

Taboga has a history, too, small as it is. De Luque, the second bishop of Panama, looked upon the island, saw that it was good and established there his country residence. In fact he maintained a household there the year round, for, like many another churchman of the old days, he did not adhere closely to the rule of celibacy. His memory is preserved by a bathing place in a stream that runs down the mountain side, called the Bishop's Pool. It was reserved for the use of him and his retinue. Above it is the Family Pool, for women and children, and still higher up is the Pool of the Letters, for the men. The last one derives its name from the inscription "J. F. B., Ohio" carved on a near-by rock. This is a reminder that in 1852 the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., crossed the isthmus en route for garrison duty in California, having sailed from New York on the United States mail steamer Ohio. Cholera was prevalent at the time in Panama and the American soldiers and the sailors from the Ohio were attacked by the disease, about eighty of them dying. Some of the sick were left on Taboga island to recover, and evidently one of them did recover sufficiently to climb up to the bathing pool and leave the record that is a mystery to the native inhabitants of this day. Incidentally U. S. Grant, then a captain, was with the Fourth Infantry on that trip.

If you climb up the hill, following this stream most of the way, you will come to a place at the summit of a pass called Las Cruces. There, set in cement, are three small crosses commemorating the most exciting incident in the island's history. According to a Spanish work written early in the last century, a shipload of Peruvian pirates came sailing up the coast in 1815 and decided Taboga was a good place to loot. They landed and drove the small Spanish garrison out of the village and up the mountain. But in the pass the soldiers rallied, the inhabitants came to their assistance and there, says the chronicler, a most bloody combat raged for hours. Finally the pirates were routed and fled to their ship, leaving three men dead on the field of battle!

The isthmus reeks with history, some of the most interesting passages of which have to do with Porto Bello. But the visitor who goes there with mind full of the mighty fights and great trade of the old Spanish days will be woefully disappointed by the town as it now is. Romance, commerce, everything attractive has fled long ago from that place and Porto Bello is nothing but a dirty, immoral little village, full of low cantinas, slatternly natives and many curs. At each side of the town is the ruin of a Spanish fort, its picturesqueness marred by fishermen's nets and the local washing hung up to dry.

Thus the work of man has decayed, but Nature, is as kind as ever to Porto Bello. Its bottle-shaped harbor is one of the prettiest to be found, with promontories guarding the entrance, beautiful hills on both sides and entrancing little rivers meandering down from the mountains and through the jungle into its upper end. One hill opposite the town boasts the remains of three unusually interesting Spanish forts. One is at the water's edge, another several hundred yards up the slope, and these two were once connected by a covered stone stairway the ruins of which still provide the easiest means of ascending. On the summit of the hill is the third fort, a mighty square tower surrounded by a deep moat. The walls are almost intact but the roof has fallen in and the fortress is full of trees and shrubbery.

With these three forts, two others protecting the harbor entrance, the two at the ends of the town and another just above it, Porto Bello might well seem to have been impregnable, yet it was taken twice by the English. Sir Francis Drake planned to capture it in 1596, but just as his ships were about to begin the attack Drake died and was buried in the mouth of the harbor. Dispirited by the loss of their leader, the English sailed away, but Capt. William Parker took up the project in 1602. With two ships he got past the first forts at night and after a desperate fight captured and sacked the city, carrying off 10,000 ducts' worth of plunder.

The second taking of Porto Bello was the first notable exploit of Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, as an independent commander of a fleet. Sailing into what is now Colon harbor, he took his men up a river in canoes, landed at a place called Estera Longa Lemos and marching through the jungle, attacked the city from the rear. First capturing the castle above the town, he shut the garrison in one room and blew them and the fort to pieces with gunpowder. The governor, the citizens and the rest of the soldiers, surprised and terror-stricken, were soon driven into one of the other forts and for hours they bravely withstood the assaults of the buccaneers until, as Esquemeling tells us, Captain Morgan began to despair of the whole success of the enterprise. Finally he had a number of ladders made and forced the priests and nuns whom he had captured to set them up against the walls. Many of these poor creatures were killed by the defenders, but at last the ladders were placed and the buccaneers swarmed up them carrying fireballs and pots of powder which they kindled and hurled among the Spaniards. The garrison surrendered at discretion, but the gallant governor defended himself so obstinately that the English were forced to kill him. Morgan remained in Porto Bello several weeks, plundering the place and torturing the citizens to induce them to reveal the hiding places of their riches.

Though an important place in the transshipment of gold from the west coast of South America, Porto Bello never was a large town, but for several weeks each year it was very populous. This was at the time of the annual fair, when the galleons from Spain were in the harbor waiting for the mule trains to bring the gold from Panama. Then merchants and adventurers from all that part of the world gathered in the village and trade was brisk in the big building now called the custom house, whose ruined walls still are standing. Merchandising, drinking and fighting divided the time until the galleons set sail for Spain with their golden cargoes.

SUFFERED AWFUL PAINS

For Sixteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Moretown, Vermont.—"I was troubled with pains and irregularities for sixteen years, and was thin, weak and nervous. When I would lie down it would seem as if I was going right down out of sight into some dark hole, and the window curtains had faces that would peek out at me, and when I was out of doors it would seem as if something was going to happen. My blood was poor, my circulation was so bad I would be like a dead person at times. I had female weakness badly, my abdomen was sore and I had awful pains.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash and they certainly did wonders for me. My troubles disappeared and I am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. W. F. SAWYER, River View Farm, Moretown, Vermont.

Another Case.
Gifford, Iowa.—"I was troubled with female weakness, also with displacement. I had very severe and steady headache, also pain in back and was very thin and tired all the time. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am cured of these troubles. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. INA MILL-SLADLE, Gifford, Iowa.

5% Blackland farm-mortgages, \$1,000 and up for sale by THE COLONIAL TRUST CO. of Hillsboro, Texas. Capital and surplus, \$650,000. We guar. payment of interest, and investors against loss. Write us.

ALL WANT TO NAME THE BABY

Advice Heaped in Profusion on Keepers of Big City's Zoological Gardens.

"The arrival of a baby animal or bird of any kind from a hippopotamus to a canary at either of the city zoos gives people all over town a chance to spread themselves in the matter of names," said a New York park keeper. "Everybody wants the honor of naming the baby. Letters come from all parts of the city, and from the surrounding country suggesting names that the writers think appropriate. Patriotism runs high among our correspondents. If they had their way half the animals in the park would be called 'Abe' Lincoln, and a large part of the other half 'Teddy' Roosevelt. Regardless of the sex of the youngster, these two presidential appellations are urged upon us.

"Classical and Scriptural names also have their advocates. Hercules and Plato in particular are proposed.

"Of all the ladies of antiquity Niobe seems to have first call. Once in a while a writer of a sentimental turn of mind suggests a more modern romantic name. Out of consideration for the animal fancy names are taboo to start with. To call a beast of the jungle Violet or Queenie is enough to shame the most docile of infants into a reversion to type."

Quite Simple.
"I know why Jupiter changed himself into a bull for Europe."
"Why?"
"Because he wanted to steer things his way."

It takes a woman to believe things that are unbelievable.

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

Men say they are always losing \$5 umbrellas. But the only kind you ever find are 49-cent ones.

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

The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to earn peace and self-respect.—Huxley.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle. Adv.

Trimmings.
"They say she's a luxurious dame."
"Very. Even her combs have gold-filled teeth."

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.

Mix-Up.
"Those children can't be treated homeopathically."
"They are, indeed, a pair of kids one can't handle with gloves."

Nothing in It.
"Did you see that slit skirt go by?"
"Yes, but I was on the wrong side."
"Why, man, you were on the side where the slit was!"
"I know, but it was a Boston girl."

Worth Keeping, Anyhow.
"You have some remarkable paintings."
"Yes," replied Mrs. Comrox, "the art dealer said they were old masters, but to my eye some of them look as good as new."

Abandoned Project.
"Two hearts that beat as one." The museum manager mused.
"Oh, well," he went on, continuing his soliloquy, "I suppose we could get up a freak like that, but she wouldn't be in it with the two-headed girl, anyway."—Puck.

In Some Demand.
"My brand of cigarettes is selling very well."
"Candor, however, compels me to tell you that you could improve it, old man."
"I don't want to improve it. That brand is so bad that people are using it to break off on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Interesting Beginning.
A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commencement exercises.
"Well," she sighed happily. "I am an A. B. now. Of course you have a degree?"
"Yes," he replied, "but I am only a B."

The fair grad pondered. The degree was puzzling.
"Why, what is that?" she asked.
"Bachelor," he said.—New York Times.

Banana Eaters.
Americans used to be called a nation of pie eaters. Today a more appropriate term would be a nation of banana eaters. The United States takes more than two-thirds of the bananas shipped to the handlers in the world.

Part of this pre-eminence in banana consumption is due to geography; the source of supply on the Caribbean is almost at our doors. Part is due to accident; a Boston skipper introduced the American public to this tropical fruit while it was still unknown in Europe. Whatever reason one may choose to give, the United States is the world's chief banana market, and though the use of this fruit is increasing abroad, the American boy remains the Jamaica grower's best friend.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

A Maine Case

Mrs. J. H. Bennett, 53 Fountain St., Gardner, Me., says: "I was in bed four months with kidney trouble. My back felt as though it was broken. My body bloated and I could hardly see. Five doctors failed to help me. When I had given up hope, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I was cured and now I weigh much more and am strong and healthy."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature

Warranted
CALIFORNIA ALFALFA LAND
For sale 40 or 80 acres irrigated land, Kings County, Cal. Highly developed, perfectly level and with growing alfalfa, producing six cuttings per year; exceptional opportunity. Address Charles A. Stanton & Company, First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Calif.

KEY WAS UNDER DOOR MAT

Important Information for Which Conductor of Indianapolis Car Held the Passengers.

The South East street car was hurrying on its way toward the end of the line. Near the ten hundred block the single line branches out into a switch. The cars slow up and the passengers, generally known personally by the conductor, often have time to exchange pleasantries as the cars pass. A German woman was on the car coming downtown the other day. As the car slid on the switch and started to pass the other she got up excitedly and waved toward the car headed for the end of the line.

"Oh, Charlie! Oh, Charlie!" she shouted at a youth on the other car, evidently her son, on his way home. Charlie did not catch the signal at first, and the cars gathered speed.

"Charlie! Charlie!" came the voice, this time more insistent. Then Charlie looked around and saw the other car going off the switch, with the woman still waving excitedly. The motorman was aroused by this time and, thinking that the summons was urgent, stopped the car and Charlie jumped off and made a bee-line for mother.

She met him at the door. "I just wanted to say that the key is under the mat at the back door!" she yelled. And Charlie jumped off, waved at his conductor and caught his car amid the cheers of the other passengers.—Indianapolis News.

A man never gets over his spanking days. About the time his mother says his wife starts in.

Strength

Does not come from exercise alone, but also from the food one eats.

For real strength there is no better food than

Grape-Nuts

A breakfast dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is the regular morning custom of a mighty host who know the value of right food.

Being partially predigested, Grape-Nuts is quickly converted into strength for body and brain—the power to "do things."

"There's a Reason"



MELISSA WOULD NOT BE A HARVEST HAND.

"Men are not angels, my dear Melissa," observed Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane, threading her embroidery needle with a strand of moss-green silk and simpering a little as she spoke.

"A little lower than the angels' we are told, I believe," agreed Mrs. Merriwid, whose nimble white fingers were occupied with French knots. "I should say that Mr. Uisterbee was quite a few notches below the angelic standard. That's what makes him so extremely entertaining."

"Exactly what I say," remarked Aunt Jane, with an air of triumph.

"But considered as a matrimonial proposition—"

"Yes?" said Aunt Jane.

"Well, you know what people say about him."

"People exaggerate," said Aunt Jane. "At all events, nobody can find any fault with his conduct now."

"I suppose not," mused Mrs. Merriwid, "and I suppose he has been just as much sinned against as sinning."

"No doubt of it," said Aunt Jane.

"And it's natural that a man should sow his wild oats."

"There are very few who do not, I'm afraid," sighed Aunt Jane. "The great

thing is that he is reformed," she added.

"And they say a reformed rake makes the best husband," Mrs. Merriwid supplemented.

Aunt Jane said she had always heard so and was disposed to think it true.

Mrs. Merriwid laughed. "You lovely darling!" she exclaimed.

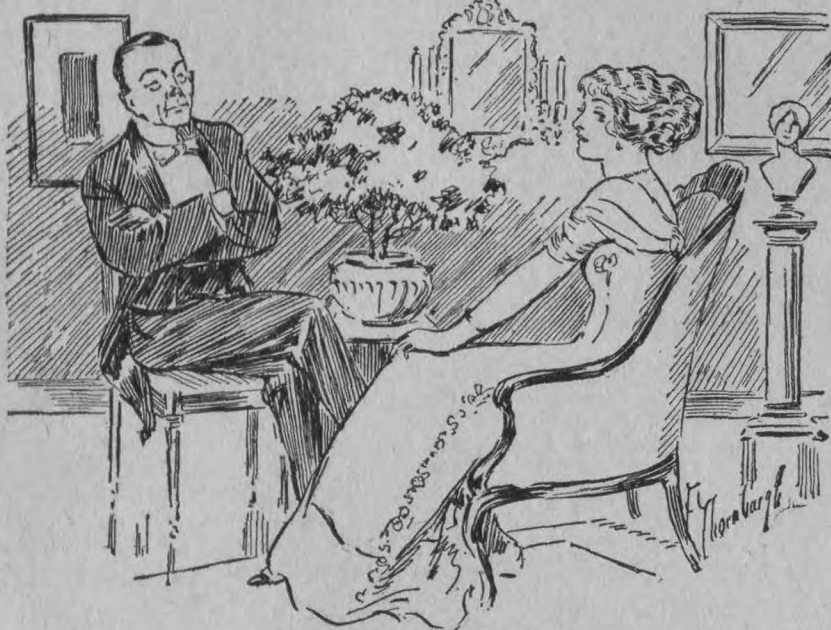
"I didn't think you knew how to wink, and here you are fluttering both eyes at Mr. Uisterbee's frailties. If a bad, naughty man wants a charitable judgment of his iniquities, his one best bet is certainly the nice, innocent lady who doesn't know what iniquity is. I believe you would approve of our engagement. You would, wouldn't you?"

"I don't see any good reason why I should disapprove," replied Aunt Jane.

"I believe that I'll take you down town with me this afternoon and get your eyes examined, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't seen the bilious tinge in Mr. Uisterbee's complexion? Haven't you noticed the lines around his mouth and the dark pouches under his eyes, and the little network of red veins in his handsome nose—or how unsteady his hand is? My dear, a rake never reforms until it has lost all its teeth, believe me. When that happens, you may use what's left of it for some domestic purpose, but you won't find it satisfactory. A rake is a rake just the same as a spade is a spade. As for sowing wild oats, that wouldn't be so bad if a man had to harvest his crop himself. The trouble is that his family and friends always have to turn in and help and there's never any telling when the job is done. Another thing, there's never a year when a clump isn't apt to spring up in some fence corner and seed another patch somewhere else. I don't know much about agriculture, auntie dear, but I understand wild oats are meander and harder to get out of the ground than Canada thistles."

"I don't know what Canada thistles are, but I think if a man is sincerely sorry for the errors of his past and tries to lead a better life, it is our duty to help him." Aunt Jane said this very seriously.

"I think he's sorry for the errors of the past," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "Poor man! It's pretty hard on him to be obliged to lead a strictly temperate and virtuous existence at his time of life. If he had only been vicious in moderation, he wouldn't be obliged to adopt regular habits now. Why, auntie, just think of the pink-



ing and interesting and elegant and beautifully tailored and know no end of racy little anecdotes about people and have an annuity under his father's will and be able to order a dinner and have good taste in neckties and the very nicest kind of manners, but my gracious, auntie! He's too shaky to even hook up a dress for me."

"Hooking dresses isn't all there is to married life, is it, my dear?" asked Aunt Jane, gently.

"Poor dear Henry Merriwid used to intimate that it was," replied her niece. "Well, Henry couldn't order a dinner intelligently, but he could eat one all right, especially if it happened to be corned beef and cabbage. He was exceedingly partial to corned beef and cabbage, poor Henry was. You wouldn't have called him interesting and elegant, either, but he didn't have any past and never raised enough wild oats to make a dish of mush."

"Of course bad health is an objection," admitted Aunt Jane.

"Oh, it isn't Mr. Uisterbee's bad health that I'm worrying about," said Mrs. Merriwid. "It's the awful thought of what would happen if by any chance he got perfectly well."

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Renaissance of Poetry.

That there is today—whatever may have been the case a few years ago—an increasing public which is eagerly on the lookout for new volumes of worthy verse by present day writers is evidently recognized by those whose business it is to know what literary wares are in current demand; and we must no longer be asked to believe that any bard of really appreciable talent need languish in enforced silence through inability to find a publisher. As for the cause of this agreeably unexpected revival, I am myself inclined to look for it—though this may sound paradoxical—in the very conditions which make it so surprising. What I mean is that I believe the working of the law of reaction to have set up a revived hankering after poetry as a kind of respite from the ultra-prosaic materialism and "practicalism," if one may coin such a word, of every day life in this machine ridden twentieth century.—Bookseller.

Talking.

"I hear Mrs. Binks is suffering from kleptomania," said the good old soul. "Are you giving her anything for it?"

"No," replied Dr. Wise, "but I understand she is taking a number of things."

INSANE FROM FEAR OF DEVILS

Negress Accused of Practicing Black Art on White Women

YOUNG BRIDE IN HOSPITAL

Harrowing Story of Nineteen-Year-Old Wife Driven Crazy by Voodooism—Told She Was Under Spell of Man.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton.—With one woman in the State Hospital for the Insane, made crazy, it is said, by the fear that she was to be consumed by a score of devils, and with another accused of practicing witchcraft, or voodooism, the police have a most unusual case to deal with. The woman in the asylum is Mrs. Marie Zielska, 19-year-old bride of Michael Kielska, of 25 Jefferson street, while the woman accused by the police of sending her there is Mrs. Richard Washington, colored, of 124 North Montgomery street. The case is such an unusual one that Assistant City Counsel Hartman, Captain Culliton, Detective Clancy and Judge Near conferred with the physicians of the hospital for some time before deciding on the mode of legal procedure to bring the accused woman to trial. The story unfolded to the police officials and noted by Frederick L. Hulme, clerk of the court, was a harrowing one. The police report that the young white woman was married a short time ago to Zielska and that they were living happily at their home on Jefferson street when she was stricken with some nervous disorder. When she became worse a neighbor advised her that she was under some mysterious spell and urged that she see some voodoo, or witch doctor. The young wife went to see Mrs. Washington, who told her that a man was in love with her, that she was under a spell and that her breast was filled with devils.

Offered to Remove Spell.

The Washington woman told Mrs. Zielska that unless she had the spell transferred back to the man who gave it to her that she would not live. The young woman became hysterical at the thought of her condition. She also declared that the negress put a preparation on her breast that burned her so badly that she suffered great pain. The woman was told that if she gave Mrs. Washington five dollars she would cure her of the trouble and transfer the devils back to the man who gave them to her. The unfortunate woman jumped at the chance of being cured, and gave five dollars to the negress. In return she received nine rusty nails and was told to put nine needles in some water with the nails, being assured that if she did so the devils would leave her at the end of nine days and go back to the man who wished them on her. At the end of the nine days the woman was such a mental wreck, due to the suspense of waiting for the time to arrive, that she lost her reason entirely. She was accordingly removed to the State Hospital a week ago. Since that time she has been under the care of physicians who have hopes of curing her of her delusion and sending her back to her grief-stricken husband a well woman. As a result of the police investigation the Washington woman will be charged with obtaining money under false pretenses and in the meantime the matter will be investigated further by the city and county officials, with a view to learning if the negress has been practicing medicine illegally.

Squeeze Grapes for Bryan.

Political advices from Washington, D. C., to the effect that Secretary of State Bryan is to take part in the fall campaign for Governor in New Jersey has brought the interesting information from stalwart farmers of the southern counties that they are prepared to meet the invasion with a flood of grape juice from their vineyards. How big the flood will be is still a question, as the grape juice is far from being a record-breaker this season, but the vineyards will yield sufficient to make the oratorical director of the old ship of State smile and smack. Grape-growers say that the industry has broadened considerably in recent years, but that the production will hardly equal that of other years because of an unfavorable season. Pickers are gathering the harvest. Several of the vineyards show the effects of late frosts and unfavorable conditions during the summer.

Find Body of Unknown Man.

The body of an unknown man was taken from the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan canal, at Trenton. The clothes were those of a prosperous person, although there was no clew to identity.

Gaining Fine Reputation.

"Considerable credit is being given New Jersey for the work of its State Economy and Efficiency Commission," declared Howard B. Tindell, secretary of the commission. He has been busy during the summer gathering data from the several State institutions which the Commission hopes will form the basis for the inauguration of methods which will mean saving of money and bringing of greater efficiency. Secretary Tindell said that the work has been spread generally over the United States.

PARTIES WILL DIVIDE OFFICES.

Vacancies Left on Tickets of Both Republicans and Democrats. Eliminating Contests.

The town of Hopewell is unique in a political sense, as the Republicans and Democrats have decided not to contest for the five offices within the gift of the people. The Democrats get the mayor, one councilman and borough collector and the Republicans take one councilman and the borough assessor, petitions governing the offices having been filed by members of the respective parties. Former Mayor Dr. T. A. Pierson was urged to again be the candidate of the Republicans and a petition was circulated by his friends and signed by nearly 100 voters in less than a day. Dr. Pierson, however, declined to stand. With Dr. Pierson out of the race, the Democrats prevailed upon Hugh A. Smith, the member of Council, whose term expires this year, to accept the mayoralty nomination. His acceptance prompted the Republicans to give up all thought of naming a candidate. The Republicans named William S. Hixon for assessor, and agreed not to oppose Irwin McDowell for election as collector. The Democrats accordingly refrained from nominating a candidate against Hixon. Two councilmen are to be elected this year, the terms of C. N. Allen, Jr., and Hugh A. Smith, Democrats, expiring in January. The Democrats named but one candidate, George L. Stout, and the Republicans were just as polite and named one candidate, Bank Cashier John N. Race, he being the unanimous choice of the G. O. P. He is also candidate for Republican County Committeeman. John Fletcher is candidate for the Democratic County Committee. Councilman Hugh A. Smith, candidate for mayor, is head of the Smith Novelty Works, a concern giving employment to 45 operatives. He came to Hopewell about twelve years ago, and is one of the most progressive citizens of the borough. He recently improved his handsome residence on Broad street at a cost of several thousand dollars. He was born in Connecticut.

Auto Crash Victim.

David Montagnon, of St. Louis, one of the victims of the recent automobile wreck on the boulevard in West Hoboken, who had been in the North Hudson Hospital for the past three weeks, is now in a private sanitarium near Trenton, a raving maniac. Ever since the day of the wreck, in which Paul Pareidt, of Jersey City, was killed and Alexander McGill, the driver and owner of the car, was severely injured, Montagnon has been in the hospital, suffering from a fractured skull, a broken arm and a number of terrible cuts and contusions on his body, besides having a rib penetrate his lung. Marvelous work on the part of the house physician and the constant supervision of the nurses kept Montagnon alive. For the first few days after the accident it was not believed that there was any chance in a thousand for his recovery. He seemed to be possessed of wonderful vitality, and after the first week his physical improvement was rapid. However, the awful accident seems to have preyed on his mind. The chances are that when he was thrown under the automobile he received a blow that permanently injured his head. Montagnon was one of the most prominent men in the country in musical circles. He was at one time the manager of Paderewski, the famous pianist. He was also a musical director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, and leader of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Engineer Inspects Work.

Col. George A. Zinn, the United States army engineer, who has succeeded Col. Joseph B. Kuhn as engineer in charge of the Delaware River channel construction work, has made a tour of inspection of the channel between Philadelphia and Trenton. The trip was made in one of the large government steamers for the purpose of testing the channel and to familiarize the new engineer with the work. Colonel Zinn was impressed with the progress that has been made, and has informed Mayor Donnelly that the work on the remainder of the channel, from Lalor street to the railroad bridge, will be commenced at once. Colonel Zinn also informed the mayor that the chief of army engineers has approved of the work necessary to complete the channel, and has authorized the securing of a dipper dredge.

Will Tell of Commission.

The Mayor decided to speak in Rahway on commission government and the success of its administration in Trenton. The Mayor has had several large charts prepared showing comparisons of the city's financial condition under the former system and the present form of government. There are five charts, one for each department, giving the reductions that have been made in current expenses.

Lightning Tosses Wittenborn.

David T. Wittenborn, secretary-treasurer of the Water Department, is recovering from the scare he received when lightning struck his home at 705 South Board street. The bolt struck the house about 3.30 a. m. while the occupants were slumbering. It hit the chimney and followed the rain conductor from the roof into the ground. Mr. Wittenborn was hurled from his bed by the force of the bolt, but fortunately escaped injury. The damage to the house was confined to the chimney and the water spout.



THE OLD, OLD GAME.

At nine p. m. they were seated at opposite ends of the couch. At 9:30 they were slightly nearer to each other. At ten o'clock they were only three feet apart. At 10:30 there was scarcely any perceptible space between them.

The young man spoke.

"Has your father gone to bed?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom."

"Has your mother gone to bed?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Do you think your little brother is under the couch?"

"No, Tom."

The young man heaved a sigh of relief.

"It's your move," he said.

HAS ITS OWN REWARD.



De Quiz—What do you think of the modern game of football, doctor?

Doctor—I think, sir, that the punishment fits the crime.

Reparation.

John Butts, Sr.—I want to leave my property to my two sons. One-tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey De Peyster Butts.

Family Lawyer—H'm! Do you think that's quite fair?

John Butts, Sr.—Yes. I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a damfool name.—Puck.

In Colonial Days.

The Settler's Wife—Why should we go any further into the wilderness? Why not build our cabin here where there are eight or ten families already?

The Settler—Gadzooks! What wouldst thou? A couple of hundred years from now there would be folks around here blowing that our family isn't the oldest in the place.—Puck.

Beautiful Names.

"We must have a beautiful name for the baby," said the fond mother.

"Something that sounds like poetry and is not at all commonplace."

"Well," replied the fond father, "I'm doing my best to help you make a selection. Here's a list of the names of all the apartment houses in town."

FASHION'S WHIM.



He—These high collars you women are wearing are like financial stock.

She—How so?

He—Subject to rises and falls.

Good for Anything.

My friends, a great deal might be did to help the teething. If we could but teach a kid Deep breathing.

It's Coming.

"There's a lucky young fellow. He's never known a bit of trouble in all his life."

"Well, he soon will. He's going to marry my daughter."

Threatened Men.

"Do you think a man whose life has been threatened should be permitted to carry a gun?"

"No. It would spoil the appearance of the game to see the umpire standing around with a six-shooter in his pocket."

Out of Sympathy.

"What happened to the clock in the labor hall?"

"Oh, it wouldn't strike any more, so the boys pitched it out and got a new one."

Vocation.

"Hello, old chap; still doing newspaper work?"

"Yep; on the Daily Black-Mall."

"On the regular staff?"

"Nope; on space yet—what you might call a penny-maligner, you know."—Life.

His Idea.

Bacon—I see electricity generated in Sweden is delivered in Copenhagen.

Egbert—This parcel post system is really wonderful.

Adjusting Records.

"Mrs. Wombat called me in to see her new graphophone. She's all puffed up about it."

"How do you know she's puffed up?"

"Well, she was putting on airs."

Putting It Off.

"He's a mean man."

"How so?"

"When his little girl begs for an ice cream sundae, he asks her if she wouldn't rather have a gold watch when she's nineteen."

Classy Sort.

Still waters may run deep. But in high life we find That swagger people keep The carbonated kind.

Efficiency Expert.

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."—Harper's Weekly.

She Caught Him.

The young girl confronted him with flashing eyes.

"What did you mean," she demanded, "by kissing me as I lay asleep in the hammock this morning?"

"But," protested the youth, "I only took one."

"You did not. I counted at least seven before I awoke."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Brute!

"Do you believe that money has germs on it?"

"It may have."

"What in the world shall we do?"

"Don't worry; it would take a mighty active germ to hop from the money to you during the short time that you keep what I give you."

Too True!

"I can't understand why you wish to lavish your affection on a dog. Why don't you adopt a child?"

"Oh, I should be afraid to become fond of a child. If it should die one couldn't have it stuffed and put in a corner of the library, you know."—Fun.

Good Reason.

"I hear that the savings bank closed its doors yesterday."

"Good heavens! What was the trouble?"

"No trouble at all. It happened to be closing time for the day."

Costly Travel.

"There is one success which has been steady about all attempts from the start at aviation."

"What is that?"

"It has always made the money fly."

Cabbage.

Bragg (of Connecticut)—How did you find those cigars, colonel?

Wagg—Delicious, old man. We had them for dinner last evening, boiled with corned beef.—Truth.

A STAR.



The City Man—How did you enjoy the opera last night?

The Countryman—Fine. The fellow that hollered "Opey books! Books of th' opery" had a great voice.

Not Too Simple.

The simple life would suit my bent, I'd seek the forest path If I knew just where I could rent A cavern with a bath.

In South America.

"Come, let us prepare our slats. We must have Senator Paprika for some office on the ticket. He is indispensable."

"Why is he indispensable?" inquired the American consul.

"He owns the only machine gun we have."