

GALE WREAKS HAVOC ON COAST

Death and Destruction Ride on Record High Tide

SEVEN KILLED DURING STORM

Atlantic City Suffers Heavily—Board- walk and Cottages Destroyed—Bulk- heads in Jersey Towns Crumpled —Flood New York.

New York.—The Atlantic Coast, from Cape Hatteras to Eastport, Me., felt the grip of one of the severest storms of snow and ice which has ever pounded against the shore. In the forty-eight hours, through which seventy-five-mile gales had whipped the sea into waves of mountainous height, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of damage was done.

The New England States, especially Connecticut, reported the worst storm they had suffered since 1907.

The telephone service in the Hudson Valley was crippled and almost put out of business.

At the same time a sleet and wind storm was raging up-State, tearing down electric light, telegraph and telephone wires and plunging whole towns in darkness.

New Jersey summer resorts and towns built close to the sea invaded beaches were hard hit by the storm and Sea Gate and other sections of Coney Island also suffered. Bulkheads were carried away and cottages undermined and destroyed or ruined.

Seven deaths as a result of the storm are reported from Philadelphia. Damage amounting to thousands of dollars has been done from the high tides, which at Atlantic City smashed all records for a quarter of a century.

At that resort the wind and waves have washed away portions of the boardwalk and smashed bulkheads. The \$30,000 music hall on the end of the steel pier seemed to drop into the sea. Families in the suburbs have been forced to flee from the rising waters.

Damage estimated at \$100,000 was wrought by the high tide at Seabright, N. J. For hours Ocean avenue for half a mile was under three feet of water. New bulkheads built after last year's severe storm crumpled like paper. From Highland to Long Branch bulkheads were damaged or destroyed.

In New York city the highest tide since 1903, was registered. Hundreds of cellars in West and South streets and in Hoboken and Jersey City are flooded. The water rose so high in the Erie Railroad's ferryhouse in Jersey City that the ferry had to be shut down.

On the Long Island coast the fury of the waters centred about Sea Gate and Coney Island. To cottages at the former and to bath houses, piers and boardwalks at the latter the damage done reached \$100,000. Shipping in New York harbor and at its entrance was seriously affected.

Great property damage was done along the Delaware coast and throughout the State of Connecticut. Rehoboth, Del., a popular resort, was almost wiped out, the damage reaching \$175,000. Henlopen Lighthouse was in great danger. Telephone and telegraph service all over the Atlantic coast was crippled.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

HONOLULU.—William W. Rockhill, 60 years old, American diplomat, who was on his way to China to become adviser to President Yuan Shih-k'ai, died here.

WASHINGTON.—Investigation of charges against James M. Sullivan of New York, Minister to Santo Domingo, was ordered by the President at the request of Walter W. Vick of New Jersey, former Receiver-General of the Dominican customs.

WASHINGTON.—In his annual report, Secretary of Commerce Redfield asks increased appropriations to aid in building up trade with South America.

WASHINGTON.—Formal announcement was made by Secretary Bryan that Charles M. Schwab has given up his plans to have the Fore River Ship-Building Company construct a fleet of submarines for one of the belligerents.

NEW YORK.—The Rockefeller Foundation made public a complete list of the securities held by the foundation, the book value of which, together with income and cash on hand, made the total funds of the foundation on December 1, 1914, \$103,930, \$17.39.

CONGRESS FACES STORMY SESSION

Many Subjects Pressing as 63d Body Reassembles

WILL RESTRICT LEGISLATION

Administration Likely to Be Attacked in Debate on Mexico and Lack of War Preparedness—West and South for Rural Credits.

Washington.—The last session of the 63d Congress met at noon on scheduled time, with a remarkably large attendance. Nearly all the Senators and Representatives are in the city and Vice-President Marshall returned from the Chautauqua circuit and presided over the Senate. Speaker Clark is also in the city, having just returned from a Chautauqua junket, and was ready to call the House to order. The session will end at noon March 4.

It is the general opinion of leaders that the business of the short session will be confined to passing necessary routine legislation such as the general appropriation bills, and that very little if any other legislation will be seriously considered. There will be insistence from certain quarters that other legislation shall be passed.

Senator Cummins of Iowa is back in town with a demand that the railway securities bill that was side-tracked by the administration in the last session be taken up and passed this winter. The securities bill was No. 3 in the anti-trust programme of the administration. Doubt is expressed that it will be pressed by the administration at this time.

Some of the southern members who have considerable support from the West and Northwest desire rural credits legislation, but they are by no means agreed as to the form of the bill and even the advocates of this proposition admit privately it cannot be passed at this session.

The big fight is expected over the rivers and harbors bill. The House committee on rivers and harbors is planning a measure that will embrace nearly all the projects knocked out of the so-called "pork barrel" in the last session and there is certain to be a fight, especially in the Senate. Friends of the river and harbor bill expect to get the measure out early so there will be plenty of time to put it through.

WILSON ASSURES BUSINESS.

Legislative Program Is Completed and Road Cleared for Prosperity.

Washington.—President Wilson departed from the prepared text of his annual address to Congress to give this notice to the business world that the legislative program of his Administration, as it affects regulation of business, is practically completed.

Our program of legislation with regard to the regulation of business is now virtually complete. It has been put forth, as we intended, as a whole and leaves no conjecture as to what is to follow.

The road at last lies clear and firm before business. It is a road which it can travel without fear or embarrassment. It is the road to ungrudging, unclouded success. In it every honest man, every man who believes that the public interest is part of his own interest, may walk with perfect confidence.

COAL STRIKE CALLED OFF.

United Mine Workers Act After All Day Session.

Denver.—The Colorado coal strike has been called off. This action was taken by the convention of District No. 15, of the United Mine Workers of America, by a unanimous vote after an all day session, and ratifies the report of the international executive board recommending the termination of the strike.

Washington.—Secretary Garrison, upon being informed that the Colorado coal strike had been called off said that in all probability the Federal troops would be withdrawn immediately.

TROOPS RUSHED TO NACO.

Wilson Moves to Stop Mexican Firing Across American Border.

Washington.—The continual firing by Mexican belligerents across the line at Naco, Arizona, must cease. President Wilson directed Secretary Garrison to order sufficient troops to Naco to handle any situation that might arise there. Secretary Garrison announced later that he had sent Brig. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss to Naco with three batteries of field artillery and had directed him to "await further orders there."

FLEEING RUSSIANS CLOSELY PURSUED BY GERMAN FORCES

Czar Loses 5,000 Men in Fierce Fights for Sub- urbs of Cracow

KAISER'S VICTORY AT FRIGHTFUL COST

Berlin.—An army headquarters statement says:

In Northern Poland the German troops are closely pursuing the retreating enemy to the east and to the south of Lodz. Besides the extraordinarily large and sanguinary losses reported, the Russians have lost about 1,500 prisoners and sixteen cannon with ammunition carts.

In Southern Poland nothing special has happened.

Berlin Encouraged.

Much encouragement has been derived here from the recent Russian reports, which are considered much less confident in tone than formerly. If an investment of Warsaw should result from the present operations, military men say it will deprive Russia of a most important centre of railway communications and place the Russians in a serious position.

The Austrians apparently still are meeting with resistance in Serbia, but from the Carpathians nothing new has been reported.

200,000 MEN LOST IN BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF LODZ.

London.—Two hundred thousand men, at the lowest estimate, have fallen in the battles near Lodz.

The Bourse Gazette estimates the German casualties in this region at one hundred thousand, and says the percentage of loss, among the commanders and commissioned officers is particularly high.

A message from Berlin says one hundred thousand Russians were captured when the Kaiser's armies occupied Lodz.

These estimates are based on the fifty-five mile battle front around Lodz. No figures of losses are available for the remainder of the three hundred mile line along which at times, the fighting has been as desperate in character as that at the more central point of contact.

The suffering from the cold has been intense, and the severe weather conditions have increased greatly the death rate among the wounded.

RUSSIANS IN FULL RETREAT IN HUNGARY, BUDAPEST SAYS

Budapest (via London).—An official communication issued here says:

The enemy who entered the counties of Saros and Miempin in Hungary are everywhere in full retreat. Our troops are already in Galician territory at several points. Only two or three communities in Hungarian territory are in the hands of the enemy.

London.—The allied French, Belgian and British forces have begun an offensive movement in the west, while the German forces in the east are struggling with the Russians.

In Belgium the Allies are now virtually in possession of the left bank of the Yser Canal, and a Reuter dispatch from Amsterdam says heavy firing was heard along the coast, indicating that the warships of the Allies were again bombarding the German positions.

The Sluis correspondent of the Amsterdam Handelsblad says that the Germans delivered violent attacks on the trenches recently captured by the Allies, but were repulsed. He adds that the Allies have made marked progress in the neighborhood of Langemarck, Sonnebeke, and Bixchoote. The Germans are at a disadvantage because they have been obliged to substitute light guns for heavy ones, the floods making the use of the latter impracticable.

In Northern France, particularly in the neighborhood of La Basse, where the Germans hold a very strong position, the Allies are beginning with a heavy cannonade to feel their way eastward.

The same process is being followed along the whole front, and the French official bulletin spoke of "the superiority of our offensive" and the "marked advantage" of the French artillery over that of the Germans.

The advance in the northwest, little as it is, has removed for the present at least, according to many, the German menace to the coast ports.

They believe that so long as the Germans are compelled to keep up the strength of their army in the east they will be unable to assume the offensive in the west.

French Dash on Rhine District Alarms Berlin

London.—The French are fighting their way toward Metz in Lorraine and Strassburg in Alsace. Paris expects that the column in Lorraine will cut the German communications between Metz and St. Mihiel and that Muehausen and Altkirch will soon fall to the invaders.

The official reports of the fighting in Flanders and Artois confirm the unofficial reports that the Allies have taken the offensive and are attacking hard. The French and British in Flanders and France drove the Germans from trenches and villages they had held for many weeks. A gale of sleet and snow is sweeping over the northern area.

Berlin admits officially that the Allies continue the offensive both at the east and west, but asserts that the Germans maintained a successful defence in Flanders, in northern France, in the Argonne and south of Metz.

Paris confirms what has been known for weeks in military circles, that the Germans have lost their early superiority in heavy field artillery and that the Allies have now more powerful and more numerous guns than the invaders. The significance of the news from the French point of view is that the Allies have the metal to stop any German advance and to support an offensive of their own.

FRENCH WIN DUELS WITH BIG GUNS.

London.—"On to Warsaw" is again the slogan of the Kaiser's troops in the desperate campaign in Russian Poland.

A big step toward the Polish capital has been taken in the capture of Lodz, as officially announced by Berlin. In addition to the capture of Lodz, unofficial Russian advices indicate that the Germans are making a notable advance along the entire line in Central Poland. These Petrograd dispatches say that fighting has taken place near Ilow and north of Lodz and at Piotrkow to the south. This would indicate that the Germans have gained almost thirty miles on both flanks between the Vistula and the Warthe Rivers.

Germany has repaired her terrible losses between the Warthe and the Vistula, has withdrawn battered armies from the very jaws of the Russian trap, has hurried vast reinforcements from East Prussia, Posen, Silesia, and even from Belgium and France, has solidified a battle line which stretches from Mlava, on the frontier of East Prussia and Poland, to Cracow, and is ready and determined to brave the terrors of winter and the superior numbers of the Russians in a third endeavor to seize Warsaw and the whole Vistula line, southward to Sandomierz.

RUSSIANS DRIVEN FROM POSITIONS NEAR CRACOW

Vienna.—An official communication issued by the Austrian War Office says:

The battles in West Galicia increase in severity. Austrian troops also attacking from the west drove the enemy from his positions at Dobozoyce and Mieliczka. More than 5,000 prisoners among them twenty-seven officers were taken.

EPITOME OF WAR NEWS

Official announcement of Emperor William's illness overshadows news of the actual war operations.

In Flanders the Germans made a terrific drive at St. Eloy, south of Ypres, to break through toward Calais, but were repulsed.

A force of rebel Boers was defeated, with a loss of three killed, five wounded and 81 prisoners, near Rustenberg, in the Transvaal.

A review of the operations in Poland given out by the War Office in Petrograd, says the Germans escaped from the "ring of steel," which almost encompassed them, by an "unbelievable effort."

STATE'S HIGH SCHOOL SYSTEM

Assistant Commissioner of Edu- cation Favors Six-Year Term

URGES "SIX AND SIX" PLAN

High Schools Are Accessible to All— There Are Sixty-two Private Schools That Are Approved by the State.

(Special Trenton Correspondence).
Trenton.—Recommending the reorganization of the high school system of the State into what is commonly known as the "junior and senior high schools," the annual report of Assistant Commissioner of Education A. B. Meredith was submitted to Commissioner Kendall.

"It should be noted," he says, "that there is developing a growing interest throughout the State in the 'six and six' plan of reorganization. Several municipalities, through their boards of education, are committed to the general idea, and are formulating their policies with regard to new high school buildings in the light of the educational and administrative elaboration, viz:

1. Studies in the retardation and elimination of pupils.
2. A growing appreciation of the educational significance of individual differences among pupils, thereby involving the necessity for different curricula and a provision for different rates of progress during school life.
3. The development of prevocational and vocational activities, especially as related to industrial pursuits, and to homekeeping, as a part of the public school program of studies."

Assistant Commissioner Meredith says in his report he would divide the school system under the proposed plan of reorganization into two periods of six years each, the first of these being devoted to the elementary education and the latter six to higher instruction. Of the last mentioned period the first three years would be known as the "Junior High School" and the final three as the "Senior High School." Mr. Meredith in his report goes into the subject to considerable extent and presents a specific plan for carrying the proposition into operation, although he states that it might need modification to some degree.

The report of the assistant commissioner shows that during the school year ending June 30, 1914, there were enrolled 38,099 pupils, and that the amount expended for High School teachers' salaries was \$1,785,225.25, an increase of \$214,488.37. The average salary per year for male teachers was \$1,542.61 and for female teachers \$938.11. The number of approved four-year high schools was increased by six, the total being 127. The assistant commissioner makes a strong argument in favor of having each school seek approval from the state authorities.

"To the credit of New Jersey," he says, "it should be said that no pupil who is qualified to do high school work and who desires to do it is denied the opportunity. High schools are accessible to all. The fact that last year 6,975 pupils, or 18.3 per cent. of the total of the high school enrollment, attended high schools outside their home districts, shows how well the advantages were used."

The assistant commissioner reports that in addition to the public high schools that are approved, there are sixty-two private schools on the list, two having been added.

Among the many other matters the report discusses is the series of principals' round tables inaugurated. Three of these sessions were held, one at Plainfield, another at Newark and the third at Bayonne. The success of the new idea in high school graduation exercises, where the students give demonstrations of the work of the school, is touched upon, and the report of the committee on athletic organizations, headed by Dr. James G. Keshland, of Camden, is given. The committee recommends that professional coaches for high school athletic teams be tabooed. One new organization of high school teachers was formed during the year, that of the Association of Mathematics Teachers of New Jersey.

New Highway Across Jersey.

In giving his approval for the improving of that stretch of road which extends from Millville to the Prison Farm at Leesburg, State Road Commissioner Stevens paved the way for what will soon be a continuous route of improved State highway from this city to Cape May Court House. The stretch of road for which bids will be asked by the Cumberland county authorities is ten miles in length.

TO COMBINE DEPARTMENTS.

Progress Announced by Chairman of Efficiency Committee.

Employment of efficiency engineers to convince legislative holdbacks that New Jersey can save \$150,000 annually in salaries and office expense, by adopting the recommendations of a non-partisan board, which has found that State affairs are anything but economically administered, was announced by Senator Walter E. Edge, chairman of the State Economy and Efficiency Commission.

Decision to put the issue of more efficient administration at greatly reduced expense squarely before the Legislature early in the session, and demand action, was reached at a final conference of the commission at Atlantic City.

"Our report and bills drafted to carry out its recommendations will be filed on the opening day of the session," declared Chairman Edge, who will be president of the Senate. "It will then be up to the Legislature to act. Both parties are committed in their platforms to the policy of efficient and economic administration."

"I see no reason why New Jersey should not be provided in the very near future with a new administration system that will effect a very large saving at a time when the utmost economy in State affairs is imperative. The commission will make no further move until the Legislature has had an opportunity to act."

The program of the Economy and Efficiency Commission contemplates the following reforms:

Combining eight present departments into a State Department of Conservation and Development.

Creating a Department of Commerce and Navigation.

Combining the State Board of Taxation and the State Board of Assessors.

Reorganizing the State Board of Health to provide for a single head with an advisory board.

Combining the numerous oyster and shell commissions and the State Bureau of Shell Fisheries in a single department.

Creating a State engineering department by combining the engineering corps of the State Board of Public Utility Commissioners and the State Board of Assessors.

Bringing all agricultural bureaus into a single department with a responsible head.

Combining the State Department of Labor and the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

In a formal statement the Economy and Efficiency Commission explained that Price, Waterhouse & Co., efficiency engineers, New York, have been directed to submit a comprehensive report to the Legislature comparing the efficiency of the present system of administration with the proposed scheme of compact and concentrated responsibility.

This report will deal particularly with the proposed Department of Conservation and Development, embracing the present State Water Supply Commission, Board of Forest Park Reservation, State Geological Survey, Washington Crossing Commission, State Museum Commission, Fort Mifflin Park Commission and that branch of the office of the commissioner of charities and corrections devoted to the preparation of plans and specifications for State institutions. The Economy Board, in other words, aims to back up its recommendations with expert testimony of the highest character.

Convicts Prepare Road Camp.

There is bustling about Elmer on the part of prison officials and workmen to provide quarters for fourteen convicts taken from the State penitentiary at Trenton to start the convict road camp for a large gang of prisoners who are to be brought down later to build the Elmer-Malaga road.

These first convicts to reach Elmer are mostly carpenters and mechanics. They are in charge of guards, and as soon as the weather is favorable they will start to prepare the road camp on a plot of land purchased by the State near Porchtown. Material for the construction of the buildings at the camp was ready several weeks ago.

When the camp is completed from forty to fifty convicts will be quartered there while the new State road is to be built through this end of Salem County. This will be the first experiment with convicts in road building in South Jersey.

Stone Harbor R. R. Stock.

Approval of the application of the Egg Harbor City Water Company for permission to issue \$5,000 worth of its capital stock has temporarily been withheld by the State Board of Public Utility Commissioners. The board, however, has sanctioned the issuance of \$600 worth of the stock and has stated that it will approve the balance when a statement is furnished to the effect that expenditures covering the amount have actually been made.



Jamesy

A Christmas Story
by James Whitcomb Riley

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ONE week ago this Christmas day, in the little back office that adjoins the counting room of the Daily Journal, I sat in genial conversation with two friends. I do not now recall the theme of our discussion, but the general trend of it—suggested, doubtless, by the busy scene upon the streets—I remember most distinctly savored of the mellowing influences of the coming holidays, with perhaps an acrid tang of irony as we dwelt upon the great needs of the poor at such a time, and the chariness with which the hand of opulence was wont to dole out alms. But for all that we were merry, and as from time to time our glances fell upon the evershifting scene outside, our hearts grew warmer, and within the eyes the old dreams glimmered into fuller dawn. It was during a lull of conversation, and while the philanthropic mind, perchance, was wandering amid the outer throng, and doubtless quoting to itself,

"Where'er I take my walks abroad," that our privacy was abruptly broken into by the grimy apparition of a boy of ten; a ragged little fellow—not the stereotyped edition of the street waif, but a cross between the bootblack and the infantine Italian with the violin. Where he had entered, and how, would have puzzled us to answer; but there he stood before us, as it were, in a majesty of insignificance. I have never had the features of a boy impress me as did his, and as I stole a covert glance at my companions I was pleased to find the evidence of more than ordinary interest in their faces. They gazed in attentive silence on the little fellow, as, with uncovered, frowzy head, he stepped forward boldly, yet with an air of deference as unlooked for as becoming.

"I don't want to bother you gentlemen," he began, in a frank but hesitating tone that rippled hurriedly along as he marked a general nod of indulgence for the interruption. "I don't want to bother nobody, but if I can raise 50 cents—and I've got a nickel—and if I can raise the rest—and it ain't much, you know—on'y 45—and if I can raise the rest—I tell you, gentlemen," he broke off abruptly, and speaking with italicized sincerity, "I want jist 50 cents, 'cause I can git a blackin' box fer that, and brush and ever'thing, and you can bet if had that I wouldn't haf to ast nobody fer nothin'! And I ain't got no father ner mother, ner brother ner—ner—no sisters, neither; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I'll work—at anything—yes, sir—when I can git anything to do—and I sleep jist any place—and I ain't had no breakfast—and, honest, gentlemen, I'm a good boy—I don't swear ner smoke ner chew—but that's all right—on'y if you'll—jist make up 45 between you—and that's on'y 15 cents apiece—I'll thank you, I will, and I'll jist do anything—and it's coming Christmas, and I'll roll in the nickels, don't you fergit—if I on'y got a box—'cause I throw up a 'bad shine!—and I can git the box fer 50 cents if you gentlemen'll on'y make up 45 between you." At the conclusion of this long and rambling appeal, the little fellow stood waiting with an eager face for a response.

A look of stoical deliberation played about the features of the oldest member of the group, as with an air of seriousness, which, I think, even the boy recognized as affected, he asked:

"And you couldn't get a box like that for—say, 40 cents? Fifty cents looks like a lot of money to lay out in the purchase of a blacking box."

The boy smiled wisely as he answered:

"Yes, it might look big to a feller that ain't up on prices, but I think it's cheap, 'cause it's a second-hand box, and a new one would cost 75 cents anyhow—'thout no brushes ner nothin'!"

In the meantime I had dropped into the little fellow's palm the only coin I had in my possession, and we all laughed as he closed his thanks with:

"Oh, come, cap, go the other nickel, er I won't git at o' here with hall enough!" and at that he turned to the former speaker.

"Well, really," said that gentleman, fumbling in his pockets, "I don't believe I've got a dime with me."

eyes of the gentleman still fumbling vainly in his pockets—"Tell you what do: You borrow 20 cents of the man that stays behind the counter there, and then we'll go the other 15, and that'll make it, and I'll skip out o' here a little the fyerst boy you ever see! What do ye say?" And the little fellow struck a Pat Rooney attitude that would have driven the original inventor mad with envy.

"Give him a quarter!" laughed the gentleman appealed to.

"And here's the other dime," and as the little fellow clutched the money eagerly, he turned; and in a tone of curious gravity, he said:

"Now, honest, gentlemen, I ain't a-givin' you no game about the box—'cause a new one costs 75 cents, and the one I've got—I mean the one I'm a-goin' to git—is jist as good as a new one, on'y it's second-hand; and I'm much obliged, gentlemen—honest, I am—and if ever I give you a shine you can jist bet it don't cost you nothin'!"

And with this expression of his gratitude, the little fellow vanished as mysteriously as he had at first appeared.

"That boy hasn't a bad face," said the first speaker—"wide between the eyes—full forehead, good mouth, denoting firmness—altogether, a good, square face."

"And a noble one," said I, perhaps inspired to that rather lofty assertion by the rehearsal of the good points noted by my more observant companion.

"Yes, and an honest, straightforward way of talking, I would say," continued that gentleman. "I only noted one thing to shake my faith in that particular, and that was in his latest reference to the box. You'll remember his saying he was 'giving us no game' about it, whereas he had not been accused of such a thing."

"Oh, he meant about the price, don't you remember?" said I.

"No," said the gentleman at the counter, "you're both wrong. He only threw in that remark because he thought I suspected him, for he recognized me jist the instant before that speech, and it confused him, and with some reason, as you will see: On my way to supper only last night, I over-



HE STEPPED FORWARD BOLDLY

took that same little fellow in charge of an old man who was in a deplorable state of drunkenness; and you know how slippery the streets were. I think if that old man felt a single time he fell a dozen, and once so violently that I ran to his assistance and helped him to his feet. I thought him badly hurt at first, for he gashed his forehead as he fell, and I helped the little fellow to take him into a drug store, where the wound, upon examination, proved to be nothing more serious than to require a strip of plaster. I got a good look at the boy, there, however, and questioned him a little; and he said the man was his father, and he was taking him home; and I gathered further from his talk that the man was a confirmed inebriate. Now you'll remember the boy told us here a while ago he had no father, and when he recognized me a moment since and found himself caught in one 'yarn,' at least, he very naturally supposed I would think his entire story a fabrica-

tion, hence the suspicious nature of his last remarks, and the sudden transition of his manner from that of real delight to gravity which change, in my opinion, rather ingeniously lying to be a new thing to him. I can't be mistaken in the boy, for I noticed, as he turned to go, a bald place on the back of his head, the left side, a 'trade-mark,' first discovered last evening, as he bent over the prostrate form of his father."

"I noticed a thin spot in his hair," said I, "and wondered at the time what caused it."

"And don't you know?"

I shook my head.

"Coal bins and entry floors. That little fellow hasn't slept within a bed for years, perhaps."

"But he told you, as you say, last night, he was taking the old man home?"

"Yes, home! I can imagine that boy's home. There are myriads like it in the city here—a cellar or a shed—a box car or a loft in some old shop, with a father to chase him from it in his sober interludes, and to hold him from it in unconscious shame when helplessly drunk. 'Home, Sweet Home!' That boy has heard it on the hand-organ, perhaps, but never in his heart—you couldn't grind it out of there with a thousand cranks."

The picture he drew was gloomy enough, to be sure, but we recognized it as true to life, for we, too, were not unfamiliar with the sordid, ugly side of existence in a large city. Our merriment seemed to have evaporated, our conversation languished and with thoughts perhaps too sober for the holiday time we soon separated and went our respective ways.

The remainder of that day eluded me somehow; I don't know how or where it passed. I suppose it just dropped into a comatose condition, and so slipped away "unknelled, unconfined, and unknown."

But one clear memory survives—an experience so vividly imprinted on my mind that I now recall its every detail: Entering the Union depot that evening to meet the train that was to carry me away at six o'clock, muffled closely in my overcoat, yet more closely muffled in my gloomy thoughts, I was rather abruptly stopped by a small boy with a cry of: "Here, you man with the cigar; don't you want them boots blacked? Shine 'em fer ten cents! Shine 'em fer a nickel—on'y you mustn't give me away on that," he added, dropping on his knees near the entrance, and motioning me to set my foot upon the box.

It was then too dark for me to see his face clearly, but I had recognized the voice the instant he had spoken, and had paused and looked around.

"Oh, you'll have plenty o' time," he urged, guessing at the cause of my apparent hesitation. "None o' the trains on time tonight—on'y the Panhandle, and she's jist a-backin' in—won't start fer 30 minutes," and he again beckoned, and rattled a seductive tattoo on the side of his box.

"Well," said I, with a compromising air, "come inside, then, out of the cold."

"Ginst the rules—cops won't have it. They jist fired me out o' there ten minutes ago. Oh, come, cap; step out here; it won't take two minutes," and the little fellow spat professionally upon his brush, with a covert glance of pleasure as he noted the apparent success of the maneuver. "You don't live here, I'll bet," said the boy, setting the first boot on the box, and pausing to blow his hands.

"How do you know that? Did you never see me here before?"

"No, I never see you here before, but that ain't no reason. I can tell you don't live here by them shoes—'cause they've been put up in some little pennyroyal shop—that's how. When you want a fly shoe you want to git her put up som'er's where they know somepin' about style. They's good enough mater'l in that shoe, on'y she's about two years off in style."

"You're posted, then, in shoes," said I, with a laugh.

"I ort to be," he went on, pantingly, a brush in either hand gyrating with a velocity that jostled his hat over his eyes, leaving most plainly exposed to my investigating eye the trade-mark before alluded to; "I ort to be posted in shoes, 'cause I ain't done nothin' but black 'em fer five years."

"You're an old hand, then, at the business," said I. "I didn't know but maybe you were jist starting out. What's an outfit like that worth?"

"Thinkin' o' startin' up?" he asked facetiously.

"Oh, no," said I, good humoredly. "I jist asked out of idle curiosity. That's a new box, ain't it?"

"New!" he repeated with a laugh. "Put up that other hoof. New? W'y, if that box had ever had eyes like a human it would 'a' been a wearin' specs by this time; that's a old-bald-headed box, with one foot in the grave."

"And what did the old fellow cost you?" I asked, highly amused at the quaint expressions of the boy.

"Cost? Cost nothin'—on'y about 'a hour's work. I made that box mysef, 'bout four year ago."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes," he went on, "they don't cost nothin'; the boys makes 'em out o' other boxes, you know. Some o' 'em gits 'em made, but they ain't no good—ain't no better'n this kind."

"So that didn't cost you anything?" said I, "though I suspect you wouldn't like to part with it for less than—well, I don't know how much money to say—75 cents maybe—would anything less than 75 cents buy it?" I craftily interrogated.

"Seventy-five cents! W'y, what's the matter with you, man? I could git

a cart load of 'em fer 75 cents. I'll take yer measure fer one like it fer 15, 'er quick!" and the little fellow leaped back from his work and laughed up in my face with absolute derision.

I pulled my hat more loosely down for fear of recognition, but was reassured a moment later as he went on:

"Wish't you lived here; you'd be old fruit fer us fellows. I can see you now a-takin' wind—and we'd give it to you mighty slick now, don't you fergit!" and as the boy renewed his work, I think his little, ragged body shook less with industry than mirth.

"Wish't I'd struck you 'bout ten o'clock this morning!" and, as he spoke, he paused again and looked up in my face with real regret. "Oh, you'd 'a' been the loveliest sucker of 'em all! W'y, you'd 'a' went the whole pot yersef!"

"How do you mean?" said I, dropping the cigar I held.

"How do I mean? Oh, you don't want to smoke this thing again after its a-rollin' round in the dirt!"

"Why, you don't smoke," said I, reaching for the cigar he held behind him.

"Me? Oh, what you givin' me?"

"Come, let me have it," I said, sharply, drawing a case from my pocket and taking out another cigar.

"Oh, you want a light," he said, handing me the stub and watching me



WY, YOU DON'T SMOKE!

wistfully. "Couldn't give us a fresh cigar, could you, cap?"

"I don't know," said I, as though deliberating on the matter. "What was that you were going to tell me jist now? You started to tell me what a 'lovely sucker' I'd have been had you met me this morning. How did you mean?"

"Give me a cigar and I'll tell you. Oh, come, now, cap; give me a smoker and I'll give you the whole game. I will, now, honest!"

I held out the open case.

"Nothin' mean about you, is they?" he said, eagerly taking a fresh cigar in one hand and the stub in the other. "A ten-center, too—oh, I guess not!" But, to my surprise, he took the stub between his lips, and began opening his coat. "Guess I'll jist fat this daisy, and save 'er up for Christmas. No, I won't either," he broke in suddenly, with a bright, keen flash of second thought. "Tell you what I'll do," holding up the cigar and gazing at it admiringly; "she's a ten-center all right, ain't she?"

I nodded.

"And worth every cent of it, too, ain't she?"

"Every cent of it," I repeated.

"Then give me a nickel, and she's yours—'cause if you can afford to give this to me fer nothin', looks like I ort to let you have it fer half price," and as I laughingly dropped the nickel in his hand he concluded, "And they's nothin' mean about me, neither!"

"Now, go on with your story," said I. "How about this 'game' you were 'giving' this morning?"

"Well, I'll tell you, cap. Us fellers has got to lay fer ever' nickel, 'cause none of us is bondholders; and they's days and days together when we don't make enough to even starve on. What I mean is, we on'y make enough to pay fer aggravatin' our appetites with jist about enough chuck to keep us starvin'-hungry. So, you see, when a feller ain't got nothin' else to do, and his appetite won't sleep in the same bunk with him, he's bound to git on to somepin' crooked and git up all sorts o' dodges to git along. Some gives 'em one thing, and some another, but you bet they got to be mighty slick now, 'cause people won't have 'orphans,' and 'fits,' and 'cripples,' and 'drunk fathers,' and 'mothers that eats morphine,' and 'white-swellin,' and 'consumption,' and all that sort o' taffy! Got to git 'er down sner'n that! But I been a-gittin' in my work all the same, don't you fergit! You won't ever blow, now?"

"How could I 'blow,' and what if I did? I don't live here," I replied.

"Well, you better never blow, anyhow; 'cause if ever us duifers would git on to it you'd be a sp'iled oyster!"

"Go on," I said, with an assuring tone.

"The lay I'm on jist now," he continued, dropping his voice and looking cautiously around, "is a-hidin' my box and a-rushin' in, sudden-like, where they's crowd o' nob's a-talkin' politics er somepin', and a-jist startin' in, and 'fore they know what's a-comin' I'm a-flashin' up a nickel er a dime, and a-tellin' 'em if I only had enough more to make 50 cents I could buy a blackin' box, and wouldn't have to ast no boot o' my grandmother! And two minutes chinnin' does it, don't you see, cause they don't know nothin' 'bout blackin' boxes; they're jist as soft as you air. They got an idy, maybe, that blackin' boxes comes all the way from Chiny, with cokeynut whiskers packed 'round 'em; and I make it solid by a-sayin' I'm on'y goin' to git a second-hand box—see? But that ain't the p'int—it's the Mr. Nickel I already got. Oh! it'll paralyze 'em ever' time! Sometimes fellers'll make up 75 cents er a dollar, and tell me to 'git a new box, and go into the business right.' That's a thing that always rattles me. Now, if they'd on'y growl a little and look like they was jist a-puttin' up 'cause the first one did, I can stand it; but when they go to patten' me on the head, and a-tellin' me 'that's right,' and 'not to be afear'd o' work,' and I'll 'come out all right,' and a-tellin' me to 'git a good substantial box while I'm a-gittin', and a-ponyin' up handsome, there's where I weaken—I do, honest!"

And never so plainly as at that moment did I see within his face and in his eyes the light of true nobility.

"You see," he went on, in a tone of voice half courage, half apology, "I got a family on my hands, and I jist got to git along somehow! I could git along on the square deal as long as mother was alive—'cause she'd work—but ever sence she died—and that was winter 'fore last—I've kind o' had to double on the old thing all sorts o' ways. But Sis don't know it. Sis, she thinks I'm the squarest muldoon in the business," and even side by side with the homely utterance a great sigh faltered from his lips.

"And who is Sis?" I inquired with new interest.

"Sis?" he repeated, knocking my foot from the box, and leaning back, still in the old position, his hat now lying on the ground beside him, and his frowzy hair tossed backward from the full, broad brow—"Who's Sis?" he repeated with an upward smile that almost dazzled me—"W'y, Sis is—is—w'y, Sis is the boss girl—and don't you fergit it!"

No need had he to tell me more than this. I knew who "Sis" was by the light of pride in the uplifted eyes; I knew who "Sis" was by the exultation in the broken voice, and the half-defiant tossing of the frowzy head; I knew who "Sis" was by the little, naked hands thrown upward openly; I knew who "Sis" was by the tear that dared to trickle through the dirt upon her ragged brother's face. And don't you forget it!

O that boy down there upon his knees!—there in the cinders and the dirt—so far, far down beneath us that we trample on his breast and grind our heels into his very heart; O that boy there, with his lifted eyes, and God's own glory shining in his face, has taught me, with an eloquence beyond the trick of mellow-sounding words and metaphor, that love may find a purer home beneath the rags of poverty and vice than in all the great warm heart of Charity.

I hardly knew what impulse prompted me, but as the boy rose to his feet and held his hand out for the compensation for his work, I caught the little dinky palm close, close within my own, and wrung it as I would have wrung the hand of some great conqueror.

The little fellow stared at me in wonderment, and although his lips were silent, I cannot but believe that had they parted with the utterance within his heart my feelings had received no higher recognition than the old contemptuous phrase, "Oh, what you givin' me?"

"And so you've got a family on your hands?" I inquired, recovering an air of simple curiosity, and toying in my pocket with some bits of change. "How much of a family?"

"On'y three of us now."

"Only three of you, eh? Yourself, and Sis, and—"

"The old man," said the boy, uneasily; and after a pause, in which he seemed to swallow an utterance more bitter, he added, "And he ain't no good on earth!"

"Can't work?" I queried.

"Won't work," said the boy, bitterly. "He won't work—he won't do nothin'—on'y budge! And I haf to steer him in ever' night, 'cause the cops won't pull him any more—they won't let him in the station house more'n they'd let him in a parlor, 'cause he's a plum' goner now, and liable to croak any minute."

"Liable to what?" said I.

"Liable to jist keel over—wink out, you know—'cause he has fits—kind o' jimjams, I guess. Had a fearful old matinee with him last night! You see he comes all sorts o' games on me, and I haf to put up fer him—'cause he's got to have whisky, and if we can on'y keep him about so full he's a regular lamb; but he don't stand no monkeyin' when he wants whisky, now you bet! Sis can handle him better'n me, but she's been a-losin' her grip on him lately—you see Sis ain't stout any more, and been kind o' sick-like so long she humors him, you know, more'n she'd ort. And he couldn't git on his pins at all yisterday mornin', and Sis sent fer me, and I took him down a pint, and that set him a-runnin' so that when I left he made Sis give up a

quarter he saw me slip her; and it jist happened I run into him that evening and got him in, or he'd a froze to death. I guess he must 'a' kind o' had 'em last night, 'cause he was the wildest man you ever see—saw grasshoppers with paper collars on, and old saws with feather-duster tails—the durndest program you ever heard of! And he got so bad on't he was a-goin' to belt Sis, and did try it; and—'and I had to chug him one or he'd 'a' done it. And then he cried, and Sis cried, and I cri—, I—Dern him! you can bet yer life I didn't cry!"

And as the boy spoke, the lips quivered into stern compression, the little hands gripped closer at his side, but for all that the flashing eyes grew blurred and the lids dropped downward.

"That's a boss shine on them shoes." I was mechanically telling over in my hand the three small coins I had drawn from my pocket.

"That is a nice job!" said I gazing with an unusual show of admiration at the work; "and I thought," continued I, with real regret, "that I had two dimes and a nickel there, and was thinking that, as these were Christmas times, I'd jist give you a quarter for your work."

"Honest, Cap?"

"Honest!" I repeated, "but the fact is the two dimes, as I thought they were, are only two three-cent pieces, so I have only eleven cents in change, after all!"

"Spect they'd change a bill fer you 'cross there at the lunch counter," he suggested, with charming artlessness. "Won't have time—there's my train jist couplin'. But take this—I'll see you again some time, perhaps."

"How big a bill is it if you want changed?" asked the little fellow, with a most acquisitive expression, and a swift glance at our then lonely surroundings.

"I only have one bill with me," said I, nervously, "and that's a five."

"Well, here, then," said the boy, hurriedly, with another and more scrutinizing glance about him—"guess I can 'commode' you." And as I turned in wonder, he drew from some mysterious recess in the lining of his coat a roll of bills, from which he hastily detached four in number, then returned the roll; and before I had recovered from my surprise, he had whisked the note from my fingers and left in my hand instead the proper change.

"This is on the dead, now, Cap. Don't you ever cheep about me havin' wealth, you know; 'cause it ain't mine—that is, it is mine, but I'm a—There goes yer train. Ta-ta!"

"The day before Christmas," said I, snatching his hand, and speaking hurriedly—"the day before Christmas, I'm coming back, and if you'll be here when the five-thirty train rolls in you'll find a man that wants his boots blacked—maybe to get married in, or something—anyway he'll want a shine like this, and he'll come prepared to pay the highest market price—do you understand?"

"You jist tell that feller fer me," said the boy, eclipsing the twinkle of one eye, and dropping his voice to an inflection of strictest confidence—"you jist tell that feller fer me that I'm his oyster!"

"And you'll meet him, sure?" said I.

"I will," said the boy. And he kept his word.

My ride home was an incoherent fluttering of the wings of time, in which travail one fretful hour was born, to gasp its first few minutes helplessly; then moan, roll over and kick out its legs and sprawl about; then crawl a little—stagger to its feet and totter on; then tumble down a time or two and knock its empty head against the floor and howl; then loom up awkwardly on gangling legs, too much in



DERN HIM!

their own way to comprehend that they were in the way of everybody else; then limp a little as it worried on—drop down exhausted—moan again—toss up its hands—shriek out, and die in violent convulsions.

We have all had that experience of the car-wheels—had them enter into conversation with us as we gaily en-

barke upon some pleasant trip, perhaps; had them rattle off in scraps of song, or lightly twit us with some dear one's name, or even go so far as to laugh at us and mock us for some real or fancied dereliction of car etiquette. I shall ever have good reason to remember how once upon a time a boy of fourteen, though greatly under-sized, told the conductor he was only ten, and, although the unsuspecting official accepted the statement as a truth, with the proper reduction in the fare, the car-wheels called that boy a "liar" for 20 miles—and 20 miles as long and tedious as he has ever compassed in his journey through this bitter of tears.



"WOULD YOU TAKE THESE PRESENTS?"

had a harsh, discordant snarl, as it seemed, and were spiteful and insinuating. The topic they had chosen for that night's consideration was evidently of a very complex and mysterious nature, and they gnawed and mumbled at it with such fierceness and, withal, such selfishness, I could only catch a flying fragment of it now and then, and that, I noticed, was of the coarsest fiber of intelligence, and of slangy flavor. Listening with the most painful interest, I at last made out the fact that the inflection seemed to be in the interrogative, and, with anxiety the most intense, I slowly came to comprehend that they were desirous of ascertaining the exact distance between two given points, but the proposition seemed determined not to round into fuller significance than to query mockingly, "How fur is it? How fur is it? How fur, how fur is it?" and so on to a most exasperating limit. As this senseless phrase was repeated and reiterated in its growing harshness and unchanging intonation, the relentless pertinacity of the query grew simply agonizing, and when at times the car door opened to admit a brakeman, or the train-boy, who had everything to sell but what I wanted, the emphasized refrain would lift me from my seat and drag me up and down the aisle. When the phrase did eventually writhe round into form and shape more tangible, my relief was such that I sat down, and in my fancy framed a grim, unlovely tune that suited it, and hummed with it, in an undertone of dismal satisfaction:

How fur—how fur
Is it from here—
From here to Happiness?

When I returned, that same refrain rode back into the city with me. All the gay metropolis was robbing for the banquet and the ball. All the windows of the crowded thoroughfares were kindling into splendor. Along the streets rode lordly carriages, so weighted down with costly silks, and furs, and twinkling gems, and unknown treasures in unnumbered packages, that one lone ounce of needed charity would have snapped their axles, and a feather's weight of pure benevolence would have splintered every spoke.

And the old refrain rode with me through it all—as stoical, relentless and unchangeable as fate—and in the same depraved and slangy tone in which it seemed to find an especial pride, it sang, and sang again:

How fur—how fur
Is it from here—
From here to Happiness?

The train, that for five minutes had been lessening in speed, toiled painfully along, and as I arose impatiently and reached behind me for my overcoat, a cheery voice cried, "Hello, Cap! Want a lift? I'll help you with that benjamin!" and as I looked around I saw the grimy features of my little hero of the brush and box.

"Hello!" said I, as much delighted as surprised. "Where did you drop from?"

steps out there for half an hour. You bet I had my eye on you, all the same, though!"

"You had, eh?" I exclaimed, gladly, although I instinctively surmised his highest interest in me was centered in my pocketbook. "You had, eh?" I repeated with more earnestness. "Well, I'm glad of that, Charlie—or, what is your name?"

"Squatty," said the boy. Then noticing the look of surprise upon my face, he added soberly: "That ain't my sure-enough name, you know; that's what the boys calls me. Sis calls me Jamesy."

"Well, Jamesy," I continued, buttoning my collar and drawing on my gloves, "I'm mighty glad to see you, and if you don't believe it, just go down in that right-hand overcoat-pocket and you'll find out."

The little fellow needed no second invitation, and as he drew forth a closely folded package the look of curiosity upon his face deepened to one of blank bewilderment.

He made no motion to untie the little package, and gradually the expression in his eyes changed to one of suspicion and his lips closed tightly together.

"Open it," said I, smiling at the puzzled little face; "open it—it's for you."

"Oh, here, cap," said the boy, dropping the package on the seat, and holding up a rigid finger, "you're a-givin' me this, ain't you?"

"I'm giving you the package, certainly," said I, somewhat bewildered. "Open it—it's a Christmas present for you—open it!"

"What's your idy o' layin' fer me?" asked the boy, with a troubled and uneasy air. "I've been a-givin' you square business right along, ain't I?"

"Why, Jamesy," said I, as I vaguely comprehended the real drift of his thought, "the package is for you, and if you won't open it, I will," and as I spoke I began unfolding it. "Here," said I, "is a pair of gloves a little girl about your size told me to give to you, because I was telling her about you, over where I live, and it's a clear case," and I laughed lightly to myself as I noticed a slow flush creeping to his face. "And here," said I, "is a bang-up pair of good old-fashioned socks, and, if they'll fit you, there's an old woman that wears specs and a mole on her nose, told me to tell you, for her, that she knit them for your Christmas present, and if you don't wear them she'll never forgive you. And here," I continued, "is a cap, as fuzzy as a woolly-worm, and as warm as a cap, I reckon, as you ever stood on your head in; it's a cheap cap, but I bought it with my own money, and money that I worked mighty hard to get, because I ain't rich; now, if I was rich, I'd buy you a plug; but I've got an idea that this little, old, woolly cap, with earbobs to it, and a snapper to go under your chin, don't you see, won't be a bad cap to knock around in, such weather as this. What do you say, now? Try her on once, and as I spoke I turned to place it on his head.

"Oomb-oo!" he negatively murmured, putting out his hand, his closed lips quivering—the little frowzy head drooping forward, and the ragged shoes shuffling on the floor.

"Come," said I, my own voice growing curiously changed; "won't you take these presents? They are yours; you must accept them, Jamesy, not because they're worth so very much, or because they're very fine," I continued, bending down and folding up the parcel, "but because, you know, I want you to, and—and—you must take them; you must!" and as I concluded, I thrust the tightly folded parcel beneath his arm, and pressed the little tattered elbow firmly over it.

"There you are," said I. "Freeze on to it, and we'll skip off here at the avenue. Come."

I hardly dared to look behind me till I found myself upon the street, but as I threw an eager glance over my shoulder I saw the little fellow following, not bounding joyfully, but with a solemn step, the little parcel hugged closely to his side, and his eyes bent soberly upon the frozen ground.

"And how's Sis by this time?" I asked cheerily, flinging the question backward, and walking on more briskly.

"'Bout the same," said the boy, brightening a little, and skipping into a livelier pace.

"About the same, eh? and how's that?" I asked.

"Oh, she can't git around much like she used to, you know; but she's a-gittin' better all the time. She set up mighty high all day yesterday," and as the boy spoke the eyes lifted with the old flash, and the little frowzy head tossed with the old defiance.

"Why, she not down sick?" said I, a sudden ache of sorrow smiting me.

"Yes," replied the boy, "she's been bad a long time. You see," he broke in by way of explanation, "she didn't have no shoes ner nothin' when winter come, and kind o' took cold, you know, and that give her the whoopin' cough so's she couldn't git around much. You jist ort to see her now! Oh, she's a-gittin' all right now, you can bet! and she said yesterday she'd be plum well Christmas, and that's on'y tomorrow. Guess not!" and as the little fellow concluded this exultant speech, he circled round me, and then shot forward like a rocket.

"Hi! Jamesy!" I called after him, pausing at a stairway and stepping in the door.

The little fellow joined me in an instant. "Want that shine now?" he inquired with panting eagerness.

"Not now, Jamesy," said I, "for I'm going to be quite busy for a while. This is my stopping-place here—the second door on the right, upstairs, remember—and I work there when I'm

in the city, and I sometimes sleep there, when I work late. Now I want to ask a very special favor of you!" I inquired, taking a little sealed packet from my pocket; here's a little box that you're to take to Sis, with my compliments—the compliments of the season, you understand—and tell her I sent it, with particular directions that she shouldn't break it open till Christmas morning—not till Christmas morning, understand! Then you tell her that I would like very much to come and see her, and if she says all right—and you must give me a good 'send-off,' and she'll say all right if 'Jamesy' says all right—then come back here, say two hours from now, or three hours, or tonight, anyway, and we'll go down and see Sis together—what do you say?"

The boy nodded dubiously. "Honest—must I do all that, sure enough?"

"Will you?" said I; "that's what I want to know;" and I pushed back the dusky little face and looked into the bewildered eyes.

"Solid?" he queried, gravely.

"Solid," I repeated, handing him the box. "Will you come?"

"Wy, 'course I will, on'y I was jist a-thinkin'—"

"Just thinking what?" said I, as the little fellow paused abruptly and shook the box suspiciously at his ear. "Just thinking what?" I repeated; "for I must go now; good-by.—Just thinking what?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy, backing off and staring at me in a phase of wonder akin to awe.—"Nothin', on'y I was jist a-thinkin' that you was a little the curiosest rooster I ever see."

Three hours later, as I sat alone, he came in upon me timidly to say he had not been home yet, having "run across the old man jist a-bilin', and had to git him corralled fore he dropped down som'er in the snow; but I'm a-gittin' long bully with him now," he added with a deep sigh of relief, "cause he's so full he'll haf to let go purty soon. Say you'll be here?"

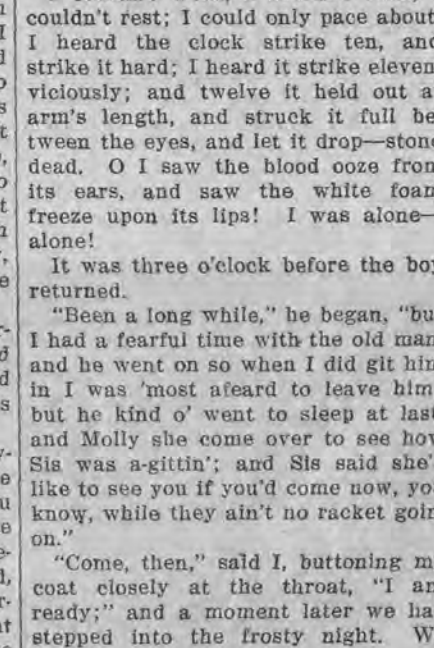
I nodded silently, and he was gone. The merry peals of laughter rang up from the streets like mockery. The jingling of bells, the clatter and confusion of the swarming thoroughfares, flung up to me not one glad murmur of delight; the faint and far-off blaring of a dreamy waltz, blown breeze-like over the drowsy ear of night, had sounded sweeter to me had I stood amidst the band, with every bellowing horn about my ears, and the drums and clashing cymbals howling mad.

I couldn't work, I couldn't read, I couldn't rest; I could only pace about. I heard the clock strike ten, and strike it hard; I heard it strike eleven, viciously; and twelve it held out at arm's length, and struck it full between the eyes, and let it drop—stone dead. O I saw the blood ooze from its ears, and saw the white foam freeze upon its lips! I was alone—alone!

It was three o'clock before the boy returned.

"Been a long while," he began, "but I had a fearful time with the old man, and he went on so when I did git him in I was 'most afeard to leave him; but he kind o' went to sleep at last, and Molly she come over to see how Sis was a-gittin'; and Sis said she'd like to see you if you'd come now, you know, while they ain't no racket goin' on."

"Come, then," said I, buttoning my coat closely at the throat, "I am ready;" and a moment later we had stepped into the frosty night. We



THE BOY MORMONED ME TO PAUSE AND LISTEN

moved along in silence, the little fellow half running, half sliding along the frozen pavement in the lead; and I noted, with a pleasurable thrill, that he had donned the little fuzzy cap and mittens, and from time to time was flinging, as he ran, admiring glances at his shadow on the snow.

Our way veered but a little from the very center of the city, but led mainly along through narrow streets and alleyways, where the rear ends of massive business blocks had dwined

died down to insignificant proportions to leer grimly at us as we used little grated windows and low, scowling doors. Occasionally we passed a clump of empty barrels, and such debris and merchandise as had been crowded pell-mell from some inner storage by their newer and more dignified companions; and now and then we passed an empty bus, bulging in the darkness like a behemoth of the older times; or, jutting from still narrower passages, the sloping ends of drays and carts innumerable. And along even as forbidding a defile as this we groped until we came upon a low, square brick building that might have served at one time as a wash-house, or, less probably, perhaps, a dairy. There was but one window in the front, and that but little larger than an ordinary pane of glass. In the sides, however, and higher up, was a row of gratings, evidently designed more to serve as ventilation than as openings for light. There was but one opening, an upright doorway, half above ground, half below, with little narrow sidesteps leading down to it. A light shone dimly from the little window, and as the boy motioned me to pause and listen, a sound of female voices talking in undertones was audible, mingled with a sound like that of someone snoring heavily.

"Hear the old man a-gittin' in his work?" whispered the boy.

I nodded. "He's asleep?"

"You bet he's asleep!" said the boy, still in a whisper; "and he'll jist about stay with it thataway fer five hours, anyhow. What time you got now, cap?"

"A quarter now till four," I replied, peering at my watch.

"Wy, it's Christmas, then!" he cried in muffled rapture of delight; but abruptly checking his emotion, he beckoned me a little farther from the door, and spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Cap, look here, now; fore we go in I want you to promise me one thing—cause you can fix it and she'll never drop! Now, here, I want to put up a job on Sis, you understand!"

"What!" I exclaimed, starting back and staring at the boy in amazement. "Put up a job on Sis?"

"Oh, look here, now, cap; you ain't a-goin' back on a feller like that!" broke in the little fellow, in a mingled tone of pleading and reproof; "and if you don't help a feller I'll haf to wait till broad daylight, 'cause we ain't got no clock."

"No clock!" I repeated with increased bewilderment.

"Oh, come, cap, what do you say? It ain't no lie, you know; all you got to do'll be to jist tell Sis it's Christmas—as though you didn't want me to hear, you know; and then she'll git my 'Christmas gift!' first, you know,—and, oh, lordy! won't she think she's played it fine!" And as I slowly comprehended the meaning of the little fellow's plot I nodded my willingness to assist in "putting up the job."

"Now, hold on a second!" continued the little fellow, in the wildest glee, darting through an opening in a high board fence a dozen steps away, and in an instant reappearing with a bulky parcel, which, as he neared me, I discovered was a paper flour sack half filled, the other half lapped down and fastened with a large twine string.

"Now this stuff," he went on excitedly, "you must juggle in without Sis seein' it—here, shove it under your 'ben,' here—there—that's business! Now when you go in, you're to set down with the other side to'rds the bed, you see, and when Sis hollers 'Christmas gift,' you know, you jist kind o' let it slide down to the floor like, and I'll nail it slick enough—though I'll p'tend, you know, it ain't Christmas yet, and look sold out, and say it wasn't fair fer you to tell her, and all that; and then I'll open up sudden-like, and if you don't see old Sis bug out them eyes of hern I don't want a cent!" And as the gleeful boy concluded this speech, he put his hands over his mouth and dragged me down the little, narrow steps.

"Here's that feller come to see you, Sis," he announced abruptly, opening the door and peering in. "Come on," he said, turning to me. I followed, closing the door, and looking curiously around. A squabby, red-faced woman, sitting on the edge of a low bed, leered upon me, but with no salutation. An old cook-stove, propped up with bricks, stood back against the wall directly opposite, and through the warped and broken doors in front sent out a dismal suggestion of the fire that burned within. At the side of this, prone upon the floor, lay the wretched figure of a man, evidently in the deepest stage of drunkenness, and thrown loosely over him was an old tattered piece of carpet and a little checkered shawl.

There was no furniture to speak of; one chair—and that was serving as a stand—stood near the bed, a high hump-shouldered bottle sitting on it, a fruit-can full of water, and a little dim and smoky lamp that glared sulkily.

"Jamesy, can't you git the man a cheer er somepin'?" queried a thin voice from the bed; at which the red-faced woman rose reluctantly with the rather sullen words: "He can sit here, I reckon," while the boy looked at me significantly and took up a position near the "stand."

"So this is Sis?" I said, with reverence.

The little haggard face I bent above was beautiful. The eyes were dark and tender—very tender, and though deeply sunken were most childish in expression and star-pure and luminous. She reached a wasted little hand out to me, saying simply: "It was

mighty good in you to give them things to Jamesy, and send me that box—that little box, you know—on'y I guess I—I won't need it." As she spoke a smile of perfect sweetness blossomed on the face, and the hand that my own nestled in dove-like space.

The boy bent over the white face from behind and whispered something in her ear, trailing the little laughing lips across her brow as he looked up.

"Not now, Jamesy; wait a while."

"Ah!" said I, shaking my head with feigned merriment, "don't you two go to plotting about me!"

"Oh, hello, no, cap?" exclaimed the boy, assuringly. "I was on'y jist a-tellin' sis to ast you if she mightn't open that box now—honest! And you jist ask her if you don't believe me—I won't listen." And the little fellow gave me a look of the most penetrative suggestiveness; and when a mo-



LEAN DOWN HERE, SAID THE GIRL

ment later the glad words, "Christmas gift! Jamesy," rang out quaveringly in the thin voice, the little fellow snatched the sack up, in a paroxysm of delight, and before the girl had time to lift the long dark lashes once upon his merry face, he had emptied its contents out tumultuously upon the bed.

"You got it on to me, sis!" cried the little fellow, dancing wildly round the room; "got it on to me this time! but I'm game, don't you fergit, and don't put up nothin' snide! How'll them shoes there ketch you? and how's this fer a cloak?—is them enough beads to suit you? And how's this fer a hat—feather and all? And how's this fer a dress—made and ever'thing? and I'd 'a' got a corsik with it if he'd on'y had any little enough. You won't look fly ner nothin' when you throw all that style on you in the morning!—Guess not!" And the delighted boy went off upon another wild excursion round the room.

Even slatternly Molly looked up with a faint show of interest that might have grown into enthusiasm, and the sodden lump of flesh on the floor stirred and moaned uneasily, his drunken slumber disturbed by the noisy joy of Jamesy. "Sis" gasped a bit and lovingly her thin hand hovered over the things that should have been precious to girl or woman. She lifted the shoes, stroked the cloak and dress, and there was just the suspicion of a sob in her throat as she fondled the hat, "feather and all." Then she turned toward me.

"Lean down here," said the girl, a great light in her eyes and the other slender hand sliding from beneath the covering. "Here is the box you sent me, and I've opened it—it wasn't right you know, but somepin' kind o' said to open it fore morning—and—and I opened it." And the eyes seemed asking my forgiveness, yet were filled with great bewilderment.

"You see," she went on, the thin voice falling in a fainter tone, "I knowed that I knowed the bills 'cause one of 'em had a inkspot on it, and the other ones had been pinned with it—they wasn't pinned together when you sent 'em, but the holes was in where they had been pinned, and they was all pinned together when Jamesy had 'em—'cause Jamesy used to have them very bills—he didn't think I knowed—but on't when he was asleep, and father was a-goin' through his clothes, I happened to find 'em in his coat fore he did; and I counted 'em, and hid 'em back ag'in, and father didn't find 'em, and Jamesy never knowed it. I never said nothin', 'cause somepin' kind o' said to me it was all right, and somepin' kind o' said I'd git all these things here, too—on'y I won't need 'em, ner the money, nor nothin'. How did you get the money? That's all!"

The boy had by this time approached the bed, and was gazing curiously upon the solemn little face.

"What's the matter with you, Sis?" he asked in wonderment; "ain't you glad?"

"I'm mighty glad, Jamesy," she said, the little, thin hands reaching

for his own. "Guess I'm too glad, 'cause I can't do nothin' on'y jist feel glad; and somepin' kind o' says that that's the gladdest glad in all the world. Jamesy!"

"Oh, pshaw, Sis! Why don't you tell a feller what's the matter?" said the boy, uneasily.

The white hands linked more closely with the brown, and the pure face lifted to the grimy one till they were blent together in a kiss.

"Be good to father, fer you know he used to be so good to us."

"O Sis! Sis!"

"Molly!"

The squabby, ed-faced woman threw herself upon her knees and kissed the thin hands wildly and with sobs.

"Molly, somepin' kind o' says that you must dress me in the morning—but I won't need the hat, and you must take it home for Nannie—Don't cry so loud; you'll wake father."

I bent my head down above the frowzy one and moaned—moaned.

"And you, sir," went on the falling voice, reaching for my hand, "you—you must take this money back—you must take it back, fer I don't need it. You must take it back and—and—give it—give it to the poor." And even with the utterance upon the gracious lips the glad soul leaped and fluttered through the open gates.

LEGEND OF THE YULE LOG

Old Negro Tradition of Its Origin as Told in Virginia Every Christmas Eve.

While the family sit around the yule log and sip their Christmas eggnog, there is told in many Virginia homes every Christmas eve the old negro tradition of the origin of the yule log.

In the early days one of the old darkeys would recite the story after the fire was kindled and the lurid glare of the yule log lit up the darkest corners of the room.

Then the old legend was told as follows:

One very cold Christmas eve, when the frosty wind howled across a world of snow, an old black man was sitting in his little cabin on a mountain side, wishing and wishing that he had a fire to warm him.

Suddenly he heard the cry of a little child away out in the cold. The old black man hobbled to the door and gazed out across the icy world of snow. The wind and the snow came rushing in and the old man shivered till his "onliest two teef" chattered with cold.

The plaintive cry of a little child came again across the snow. It went straight to the old man's heart and he wished with all his power of longing that he might have strength to go out and find the unfortunate little one.

A third time the wailing cry came, and then a wonderful thing happened. A miraculous power filled the old man's veins. His muscles became strong and tense, his crutch fell back into the cabin and he stepped from the threshold out into the snow.

He hurried over the snow with an activity he had not possessed since boyhood, and by and by he came to a little child in a snow bank.

As the child's little form touched him a great, new strength came to him which seemed to give him wings to speed back to his little cabin.

He placed the child upon the bed and tenderly drew the ragged quilt about it and then he looked to see if there might be a piece of furniture of which to make a fire to warm the little one.

At that very instant a great log rolled across the threshold and into the fireplace. The little child looked at the log with eyes like stars, which sent gleams of light that kindled the log with the most brilliant fire the old man had ever seen.

The dingy little room was filled with radiance and warmth, and as the light wrapped the child he laughed and laughed like a song of the heart. The old man turned his eyes to where the fire burned and watched the flames

up in beautiful rainbow tints over the log, forming the shape of a cross in fire.

The flames of the cross leaped higher and higher, blue, red, yellow and white, till all mingled into the colors of the rainbow, and as the old man watched all this display, suddenly and magically a table appeared in the center of the room, covered with a Christmas feast such as never before had been spread before his eyes, and never again was he hungry or cold and never after that was there a Christmas in old Virginia without the yule log and the Christmas Child to give light and warmth.

This is the story of the yule log as it is told in Virginia every Christmas eve.

Good Slogan.

"I wish we could hold the elections along about Christmas time," said the astute politician.

"Oh, that's a poor time for a campaign," objected the unthinking person.

"Poor time?" responded the astute politician. "Why, just think of the vote that would be raked in for the party that set up a cry for the 'Yule Christmas stocking!'"

For the Reindeer.

In Belgium the boys and girls all their shoes with beans and carrots, and put them in the chimney corner for the reindeer of St. Nicholas. The steeds eat the beans and carrots and the saint puts sweetmeats in the shoes he has emptied.

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TOBACCOS AND CIGARS

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CARTERET, N. J.

The KITCHEN CABINET

No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another, if thou wishest to live for thyself.

YULETIDE CANDIES.

Instead of buying the Christmas candies this year, why not make it a part of the holiday joy to prepare them at home?

With the foundation for French creams made, one is able to assemble a large variety of different kinds of candy.

An old-fashioned candy pull is plenty of fun and incidentally several varieties of taffy may be added to the collection.

Brittles are the easiest of all candies to make or spoil in the making. A well-scoured frying pan is the best to cook brittle in. Put the sugar, one, two, or more pounds, into the clean pan and set over the heat, stirring constantly so that no part is overcooked. When the sugar is melted and a beautiful golden brown, pour it over nuts in a buttered pan. If peanuts are used, a cupful to two cupfuls of sugar is none too much, but if the rich Brazil or walnut is used, less of the nuts need be added.

Delicious Fudge.—Take two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a third of a cupful of corn sirup, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half cupful of milk and cook together with a square of grated chocolate until it makes a soft ball when dropped in water. Cool and stir, pat out in a buttered pan and mark off in squares when cool enough.

Cream Candy.—Take a pound of sugar and a half cupful of hot water, a tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until it brittles when a drop is put into water, pour on buttered pans and cool, then pull.

Walnut Creams.—Cook together three cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of corn sirup and a cupful of cream. Drop in a bit of water and if it makes a soft ball, remove from the heat and add a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir when cool and add a cupful of chopped nuts, spread on buttered pans and mark off in squares.

Peanut Candy.—Take two pounds of brown sugar, add six ounces of butter and cook together seven minutes, stirring constantly, add half a pound of peanuts which have been rolled until like coarse crumbs. Put in a buttered pan and mark off in squares.

SAVORY DISHES FROM ITALY.

The great national dish is polenta, which is nothing more than common mush, made from white corn meal. It is cooked in boiling salted water, then put into a dish to cool. It is sliced and fried in olive oil or drippings and often served with tomato sauce.

Chestnut and Orange Salad.—Boil a half pound of chestnuts, shell and blanch them, cut them in small pieces and mix with the grated yellow rind of an orange. Pile the nuts with sections of the orange freed from connecting skin, and a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing, all served on cress or lettuce.

Meat Polenta.—This is mush stirred thick with any chopped cold meat. The mush is then set away to get cold and is fried.

Fish Soup.—Reserve the water in which fish has been cooked, or make fresh stock from the bones and trimmings of fish. If from the latter strain carefully before using. Chop fine two leeks, a tablespoonful of parsley, two carrots, three potatoes and a bay leaf, add to a quart of fish stock with seasoning of salt and pepper. Ten minutes before serving add a half dozen oysters with their liquor. Sprinkle parsley over the soup just before serving.

Chicken Livers With Mushrooms.—Cleanse six chicken livers and peel six large mushrooms, chop them and simmer in a cupful of stock a half hour. Prepare a batter of two tablespoonfuls of flour, a very little milk, one egg, salt and pepper, add the chopped livers and mushrooms, mix well and drop by spoonfuls in a little hot fat in a frying pan. Cook until a golden brown on both sides. Drain on brown paper before serving.

Italian Tomato Sauce.—Slice one onion and cook it in a half cupful of oil until a golden brown. Add two cupfuls of stewed and strained tomatoes, a bay leaf, two cloves and simmer half an hour. Mix one and a

half tablespoonfuls of browned flour with two tablespoonfuls of water, add to the sauce and cook three minutes, season with salt and pepper and serve.

GOOD THINGS WORTH TRYING.

Baked tomatoes are not well enough known as a most desirable dish. Peel and cut in thick slices eight firm tomatoes. Put a layer of them in a deep baking dish, dot with butter or sprinkle with olive oil; add a little grated cheese and a bit of chopped onion. Repeat the layers until the tomatoes are all used. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Cabbage Rolls.—Take two cupfuls of seasoned cooked meat, seasoning with onion, Worcestershire sauce, or any desired flavor, depending on the kind of meat. Moisten the meat with gravy and spread a small portion on large cabbage leaves, roll up and tie, place in a pan close together, cover with stock and cook until the cabbage is tender. Raw meat may be used, but longer cooking will be needed. Thicken the stock for gravy and pour around the rolls. Garnish with pickled chopped beets.

Minestrone.—Take three pints of well seasoned stock, add a cupful of cabbage finely shredded, one small onion, a half cupful each of peas, rice and string beans. Simmer gently until the rice is soft. Serve this soup without straining. Sprinkle with cheese before serving.

Chestnut Creams.—Boil and shell and blanch a pound of large chestnuts. Put them through a sieve, add the juice of two oranges slowly, sweeten to taste and stir into a half pint of heavy whipped cream. Serve in sherbet glasses, garnished with whole chestnuts or a touch of bright jelly.

Fruit Cream.—Cook the juice of three lemons and three oranges with two cupfuls of sugar, set aside to cool. Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin with milk, then heat over hot water until dissolved. Whip two cupfuls of cream, add the fruit juice and gelatin, stir until well blended, then pile high in a deep dish or mold if preferred.

SAVORY GERMAN DISHES.

If there is any dish which the German cook excels in, it is savory and sweet soups, as well as the preparation of vegetables.

Potato and Onion Soup.—Cook four large potatoes and four onions together in boiling water to cover. When quite tender put through a sieve. Reserve the water in which they were cooked and add it to the vegetables while pressing through the sieve, as it hastens the process. Blend together two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, add a pint of milk, stir until boiling then add the potato and onion pulp. Season well with salt and pepper and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. This is a most acceptable soup for a cold winter night.

Liver Dumplings.—Chop together a half pound of liver and a quarter of a pound of bacon, both raw. Beat two eggs lightly and add a fourth of a cupful of butter. Then add the meat, seasoning of herbs, parsley and salt and pepper and a cupful and a half of bread crumbs. The mixture should be just stiff enough to make a mixture which can be formed into balls. Divide into portions, roll smoothly in the hands and cook in boiling water 15 minutes.

Savory Cabbage.—Remove the outer leaves of cabbage and put to cook in boiling water for ten minutes. Drain and spread the leaves apart and place between them the following forcemeat: One pint of bread crumbs, moistened with soup stock, a half pound of sausage and one finely chopped onion, salt, pepper and nutmeg, to taste for the seasoning. Tie the cabbage firmly with tape and put into a deep baking dish. Pour over it a pint of stock and cover closely and cook until tender. Taste from time to time during the cooking. Serve very hot.

Fried Potato Balls.—Mash two cupfuls of potato very smoothly, add to them a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one egg, and salt and pepper. Beat until light. Form into balls the size of a walnut, roll in bread crumbs and fry a golden brown in deep fat.

Nellie Maxwell.

Supremacy of Business.

There never was a time in all history when our national life has been so interwoven in the transactions of business representing as it does the basic principle of progress and permanent success, and the sneer at commercialism passes when we discover militarism only a cloak for it. The United States is proving to the world now inconsequential are those things which have been felt to be paramount in the building up of a nation, such as military power and frowning fortifications along the border, for business is something that concerns individuals and the home welfare, and requires no apology in this day of glorified peaceful industry, which is another name for "Americanization."—"How's Business," Prominent Business Men, in National Magazine.

Character Building. We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.—George Eliot.

The Raiment of the Bride



AN altogether charming bridal gown, following no special dictates of the present mode and independent of some traditions, is shown here. It is fashioned to suit the bride along conservative lines which cannot be said to belong to this or that date, but is in good style.

This handsome costume is rather simple in design, with trained skirt of heavy white satin cut plain and following vaguely the contour of the figure. It hangs from the normal waist line and glories in an ample train of the rich and shimmering fabric. A full underbodice of chiffon makes the loveliest of foundations for the simple bodice of lace draped over it. The lace is shirred into slight fullness at the shoulder seams and the bodice closes surplice-fashion at the front. This arrangement makes a "V"-shaped opening at the back as well as at the throat, which is outlined with soft folds of tulle.

The sleeves are set in and reach

halfway to the elbow on the upper arm, falling somewhat lower at the underarm. The lace of the bodice is repeated in an overdrapery. Parting at the waist line in front it slopes to ward the back where it falls about half the length of the figure.

There is a long tulle veil, falling from under a very up-to-date cap of point lace. This is a novel method for placing the bridal veil, and gives the bride an opportunity to indulge in that ancient superstition which attributes good luck to her who wears something that has been worn before. The little cap may be made of old lace. It is shaped on a foundation of fine silk-covered wire.

The arms are almost covered by long kid gloves. A regulation bouquet of brides' roses and lilies of the valley and a strand of pearls about the neck are concessions to customs that cannot be improved upon in the raiment of the bride.

New Ostrich Millinery Trimmings



AN authoritative display of fine hats is strongly evident that the insistent demand for fancy ostrich, instead of ostrich plumes, dominates the minds of designers. Ostrich in new forms, in fanciful montures, and in what is generally classed as "fancy ostrich," is used on nine out of ten ostrich-feather-trimmed hats. And on the tenth hat, if plumes are used, they are mounted in odd ways.

Three fashionable turbans are shown here in which fancy ostrich appears as the trimming. They are of velvet and are excellent types of hats that are suited to general wear, for the velvet turban and the fancy feather figure in all sorts of hats.

An odd shape appears at the right, covered with black velvet. The crown overlaps the brim, forming a ridge about the hat. A fringe of white ostrich, in which the fringes are only a little curled, falls from underneath the overlapping crown and covers the brim to the edge. The brim curves outward, forming a bonnet-like setting for the face, and is faced with silk.

A very tall single plume like a long, broad quill, is mounted at the side. Its extreme height is characteristic of the standing trimmings on smart millinery for this season. Another odd new feature in this turban is furnished by the band of narrow grosgrain ribbon which is drawn about the hat over the top of the ostrich fringe. The stem of the standing plume is hidden

under a series of little bows made of the same ribbons.

A plain velvet turban with indented crown, at the center of the group, is trimmed with a pompon of small ostrich feathers, having a cluster of standing feathers springing from it. The fringes are not fluffy, as in the natural state, but are treated to make them stringy and hairlike. Narrow ribbon is tied about this model, completing a useful piece of millinery in a shape that is especially well liked by young girls.

At the left a hat of sapphire blue velvet is entirely covered with small ostrich feathers. They are laid side by side flat on the crown lengthwise and overlap about the side crown and narrow-drooping brim until the hat is a mass of light fringes that are sparse enough to glimpse the velvet under them.

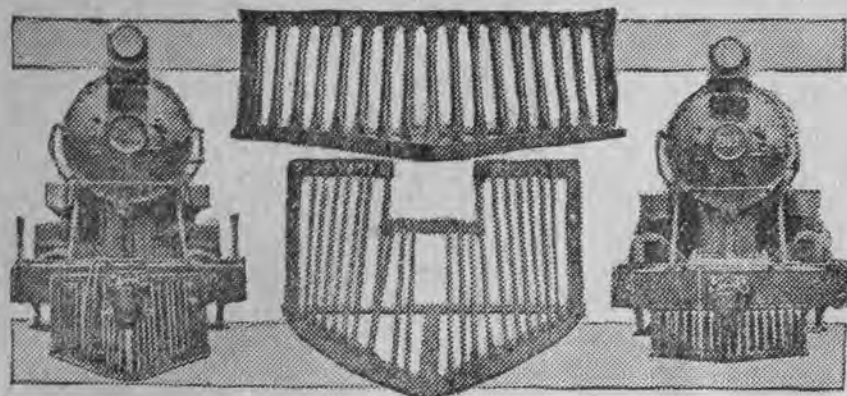
A narrow ostrich quill springs from the front. This is a captivating model suited to both mature and youthful wearers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Velveteen Rest Gowns.

Liberty velveteen is an ideal material for rest gowns of a comparatively inexpensive order. In japonica pink and in all the fashionable shades of yellow this stuff is lovely. It looks well when combined with plaited chiffon and bordered with narrow bands of skunk.

NEW PILOT FOR LOCOMOTIVES



Old and New Style Pilots: The Short Pilot, Adopted by an Eastern Railroad, is Made of Old Flues.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has adopted a short, light, all-metal pilot for its locomotives, which represents both efficiency and economy in construction. The typical long pilot which is commonly seen has been abandoned to a great extent in favor of the recently developed one, which is largely made from scrapped boiler flues, two inches in diameter. Instead of costing

\$27.58 to build and weighing 586 pounds, as was true of the former style, the new pilot costs \$5.47 and weighs 262 pounds. The guard drops from the pilot beam at a sharper angle than the ordinary long type, and in appearance resembles quite closely those of the gasoline railway motors, now coming into general use.—Popular Mechanics.

GOT READY TO JUMP

ENGINEER AND FIREMAN HAD A BAD SCARE.

"Headlight" That Seemed to Belong to Locomotive Rushing Toward Them Caused Quick Slowing Up of Train.

An elderly engineer contributes this: "Way back in 1889," he confided, "I was fireman on the Erie. One hundred and six was the engine I was on then, and old Jack Maulley was the engineer.

"Our run wasn't a hard one, from Hoboken out into New Jersey, but we always had a lot of freight and never started out until after the road had been cleared of passenger traffic. That night I speak of we pulled out from Hoboken especially heavily loaded. It kept me busy as a Trojan shoveling in the coal to keep her going her scheduled speed.

"We were leaving a hard climb and ready to descend on an easy grade. I had left off my heavy heaving and shoveling and was working at an easier gait, when all at once I was startled in the darkness by the call of old Jack Maulley.

"Do you see that headlight in front of us? For God's sake, jump when I say so."

"Quick as a snap I rushed to the window of the cab and saw an immense ball of light down the track, with the rays that it cast lighting up the rails in front of it.

"Maulley had always been quick-witted in emergencies and he was already tugging at the levers with all his might, ready to leap after the first response of the train to his action.

"Slowly the heavy train slowed up, but before I could jump I heard Maulley break into loud shrill laughter and return back to the cab.

"Blamed if that isn't the moon," he shouted.

"And sure enough, what we had mistaken for a headlight had been the moon. The full moon had risen over some hills through which the rails made a cut. Its reflection cast ahead of it seemed like the huge headlight of a swiftly moving locomotive.

"Of course the conductor of the train rushed up after the sudden stop and demanded to know the reason why and wherefore, but how would it have looked if we had told him about mistaking moons for headlights, so we merely blamed it on old 106, the engine.

"Never again, in my experience, have I seen the moon in exactly such a position, but it just shows sometimes things are not what they seem."

Electric Vehicles Grow.

The development which the year 1913-14 has witnessed in the electric vehicle is phenomenal. Starting off last year in October the Electric Vehicle association had but 437 members, with but two cities in which local organizations had been organized. Since that time the membership has been increased to approximately 850—about 100 per cent—and the sectional representation has expanded until it now includes New England, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, New York, Detroit, Cleveland and Toronto, with expectations of having local sections in the immediate future in Buffalo, St. Louis and three or four other cities. In each of these local sections organized efforts are being put forth to promote the sale and use of electric vehicles, both passenger and commercial, and it is safe to predict that these mediums will greatly facilitate electric vehicle development work in the year 1914-15.

Heaviest Freight Train.

The world's record for a trainload was broken a few days ago by the new Erie centipede locomotive, which weighs 410 tons and has 24 driving wheels. It hauled a train of coal cars fully loaded. The officials in charge kept adding car after car until 250 were coupled to the train. This total weight of 21,000 tons was drawn by the giant engine a distance of 40 miles, at a rate of 15 miles an hour. It was easily 10,000 tons heavier than any train that has ever heretofore been pulled anywhere in the world by a locomotive.

CLAIM AGENT MUST BE KEEN

Needs All His Wits to Protect Treasury of Railroad Against Demands That Are Extortionate.

A claim agent must not only be a good judge of human nature; he must be able to distinguish quickly between claims that are honest and those that are simply attempts to obtain a big recompense for a trifling injury. When an agent has a suspicious case to deal with, he usually has to use the most modern detective methods in order to protect the treasury of the railroad.

Once in a while, it is true, a claimant may fall to obtain what he considers his full recompense, but such cases are few. On the other hand, consider these cases where a verdict has been found against the railroad: Not very long ago a jury found against a railroad company because its train kicked up dust in passing, and thus caused the plaintiff, who lived near the track, to suffer from hay fever.

A jury also found against a railroad company in favor of a woman who, in order to join her lover, jumped off a train when it was in motion. In falling she disfigured her face, and the man refused to marry her. She and the jury held that the railroad was to blame. Another jury found against a railroad company because a drunken section hand, off duty, set fire to a barn.—Youth's Companion.

ENGINE WITHOUT FIRE BOX

Installed by British Admiralty for Use in One of Country's Explosive Depots.

The British admiralty has purchased a fireless locomotive for service at one of the explosive depots, where absolute safety from fire is of the first importance. The locomotive, which resembles in appearance a miniature railway engine minus the smoke stack, is without fire or heating apparatus of any kind. Its reservoir, which is partly filled with water, is charged with high-pressure steam from a boiler placed outside the danger zone. The locomotive can work on one charge of the reservoir for several hours on continuous hauling or for a much longer time on ordinary shunting work. It will stand for 12 hours in ordinary open-air temperature, with small loss of steam, and can run back to the charging station under as low a steam pressure as 15 pounds per square inch.

In the trials made under admiralty supervision all the test conditions were surpassed, both as regards insulation, loads handled, and periods worked upon one charge of the reservoir. The locomotive is easily handled, and acts in exactly the same way as an ordinary steam engine. The rubbing surfaces, such as the brake blocks and buffers, are rendered sparkless by the use of special facings.

Automatic Switching.

Of all things needed, both for convenience and safety, one might put the automatic railroad switch first. And it has come at last, the invention of a southerner, which a Pennsylvania contractor has placed in service with good results so far. When the train is ready to leave a siding the engine automatically opens the switch to the main line, and when the last truck is cleared the switch automatically closes and locks. The device can be applied to street cars, says an exchange. It is, of course, of great use as a means of preventing collisions at switches, and in insuring the closing of switches to keep the main line intact.

Powerful New Locomotive.

A remarkable capacity was demonstrated recently at the first performance of a new locomotive bought by a western road. It hauled at a rate of 14 miles an hour fully loaded 50-ton gondola cars to a length of one and six-tenths miles. The train had to be started with the help of other locomotives to avoid pulling out the drawheads.

Cooks Dinner En Route.

The owner of a motor car, who resides in Toledo, O., has a summer home at Lakeside, 50 miles distant. At the time of leaving home a fireless cooker is pressed into service, and upon arriving at the end of the route the chicken or roast is ready for serving.

HOME BUILDERS LEARN WISDOM

Structures Now Designed for the Individual Needs of the Family.

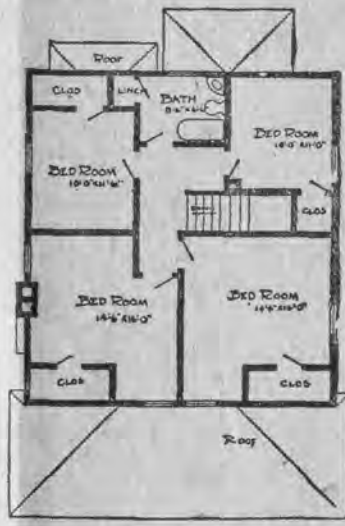
CONVENIENCE A VITAL POINT

Housekeeper Should Be the First to Be Consulted When Building Is Projected — Placing of Windows Always a Matter of Greatest Importance.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD. Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Some general observations on home building will not be out of place, for the benefit of the intending builder, before describing the plan shown in this connection. The long-felt want for an artistically expressed and conveniently arranged small house is being filled. The man with \$2,500 to \$5,000 which he wants to put into a house can now have a cottage which

Windows should always be placed in two sides of a room to furnish ventilation if possible. The kitchen and pantry windows should be high from the floor than the other windows. In placing windows and doors in a room see that sufficient wall space is left for the furniture. Many a room has been built in which space could not be found for a bed. Have all the floors and stair treads of hardwood if possible. They cost less than soft wood and carpets, and from every standpoint of health, beauty, service and economy in time of labor and house-



Second Floor Plan.

keeping are far superior. Oak and maple make the best floors, but hard comb-grain pine floors are quite presentable if the better ones are not obtainable. Now, as to the design of the house

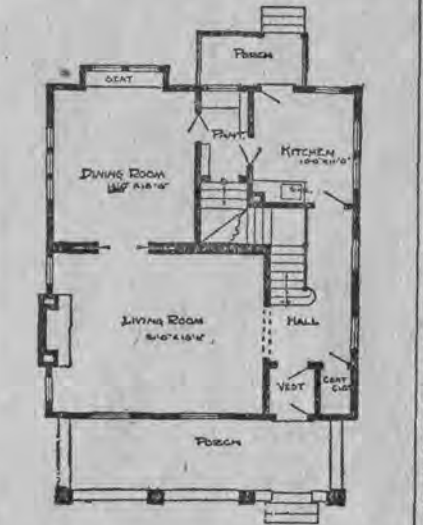


will, in design and plan, express his individuality. And it is true that the house should reflect the taste of its owner or occupant.

Home builders have come to realize that a house should possess individuality without being freakish. The hammer-and-saw square box of a house, or the frightful creation with eaves extending out barely six inches never sells, let alone being a place for habitation. Architects as a rule are putting forth their best efforts in the line of designing houses that will be artistic and beautiful to look upon. The architect realizes that first of all the plan must be arranged to meet the needs of the family.

The court of last resort in the planning of a house should not be the architect, should not be the man of the house, and is given in most cases, by the wife and mother. And provided what she wants is within the bounds of architectural limits, let her have it for she is there the whole live-long day

shown here. In size it is thirty feet six inches wide and thirty-four feet six inches long, exclusive of porches. This house is planned for finish in cement stucco. A wide porch with massive pillars extends across the front. This itself is a feature, and affords a relief from the familiar porch columns one sees on every hand. Massiveness is the impression the porch gives. And the outside chimney gives a hint of the great fireplace within and tells its own story of the cheery rooms of the house. Entrance is had into a good-sized hall from which a stairway leads to a second floor. The living room is twenty-one feet long and fifteen feet six inches wide. The dining room back of the living room is fourteen feet wide and fifteen feet long. This room has a window seat. The kitchen is accessible to the dining room through a pantry of ample size. On the second floor are four bedrooms, each provided with a clothes closet and a bathroom. The estimated cost of this fine house is \$3,500.



First Floor Plan.

and ought to have the last say, as she will have, any way. Another thing, the design will be influenced by the site the building is to occupy.

These points decided, the restrictions lie only in the materials to be used and the amount of money to be spent. It is safe to use the materials found in the immediate vicinity. They will harmonize with the landscape better. A brick house is as much out of place in the woods as a log bungalow would be on a city boulevard. Most houses are the result of years of thought and study, and one of the chief factors to be considered is the site itself.

There should be a generous living room placed so that it will have the benefit of the afternoon sun if possible. A dining room is well placed if it has a good eastern exposure. The placing of windows in groups of two or three or more gives a pleasing appearance to the side walls which form centers of interest that attract the eye. Casement windows are very attractive with their small square or diamond panes, which suggest protection to the inmates from the inclement weather without. Casement windows should be made to open out-

DANCE WHILE BULLETS FLY

British Officers Defending the Legation in Peking Joyous in the Face of Death.

Probably the most extraordinary dance ever known was one given at the British legation during the siege of Peking. Death was treading on the very heels of the dancers, but they gave a regular and very successful ball—not a scratch "hop," but with a band, supper, programs, an "M. C.," and all the other apparatus. The dancing began at 10 p. m., and lasted most of the night, while all the time thousands of Chinese hounds were swarming round the place, yelling for blood.

When the relieved officers came off duty they repaired to the ballroom, while the former batch of male partners took up their rifles and went out to the defense. Not a single casualty had occurred then, nor did one happen during the ball, by some extraordinary chance; yet some determined assaults were made by the besiegers, and three times a waltz was stopped short in the middle for all the men to turn out and help in the defense.

Confusing.

"Which do you find more serviceable, blonde or brunette stenographers?"

"I'm unable to say. My brunette stenographer was a blonde when I hired her."

Saw More There.

"This burlesque show doesn't interest me much."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I spent six weeks at the seashore this summer."

An Inquiry.

"I don't know much about golf, but I would like to ask one thing."

"What is that?"

"At a golf function do they have tee caddies?"



"Dear me! There's the telephone ringing downstairs." "Disturb me? No, indeed; I have an extension telephone upstairs."

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COLLECTOR'S GENERAL NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the Borough of Roosevelt in the County of Middlesex, N. J., that the taxes of the said Borough are now due and payable, and that I, the undersigned, Collector of Taxes of the said Borough, will attend at the Borough Hall on the following days for the purpose of receiving payment of taxes:

December 8, 10 and 11, 1914, from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.

December 16, 18, 19 and 21, 1914, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Taxpayers who do not pay their taxes on or before the twentieth day of December will be proceeded against as delinquent.

All appeals must be filed with the Middlesex Board of Taxation on or before December 20th, 1914.

Special forms will be furnished on application to E. J. Harned, Secretary, New Brunswick, N. J., October 1, 1914.

11-12-81 CHARLES A. BRADY, Collector

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Again We Say Subscribe for THIS PAPER.



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allah, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Upon her arrival in Allah, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple but her haven is also the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders, who bring her to Allah to the public mart. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the encounter results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa, Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allah, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they steal away from Allah, but return when they learn that Winnie, Kathlyn's young sister, has come to Allah. Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of Allah. Kathlyn, in disguise, gains admission to Winnie's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Jugernaut. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister, Kathlyn, Winnie, their father and Bruce, and a hiding place in the home of Ramabal. The latter, a wife, Pundita, is the lawful queen of Allah and public sentiment in her favor is growing. The people at last, weary of Umballa's "rule, rise against him.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Lal Singh staggered into the house of Ramabal, holding his side in mortal agony, dying, Kathlyn felt the recurrence of that strange duality which she had first known in the Temple of the Lion.

"We have failed," whispered Lal Singh. "The palace soldiers betrayed us! All are prisoners, shortly to be shot. . . Food and water there! Fly!" And thus Lal Singh gave up his cobbler's booth.

As in a dream Kathlyn ran from the house into the street. Winnie would have followed, but Pundita clung to her, refusing to let her go. The stony look in Kathlyn's eyes had warned Pundita of the futility of trying to coerce her.

With the sun breathing in lances of light against the ancient chair armor, her golden hair flying behind her like a cloud, on, on Kathlyn ran, never stumbling, never faltering, till she came out into the square before the palace. Like an Amazon of old she called to the scattering revolutionists, called, harangued, smothered them under her scorn and contempt, and finally rescued them to frenzy. She became again in their eyes the white goddess whom no beast nor trap could harm; and they would have gone to the gates of hell at a word from her. And many did.

In her madness Kathlyn turned the side and when her father's arm closed round her she sank insensible upon his breast.

CHAPTER XX.

A Goddess in Armor.

They tell of it to this day in Allah. To be sure, they will elaborate and prevaricate, twist and distort, as only the Asiatic knows how, having an innate horror of brevity and directness; but the basic truth of Kathlyn's exploit is held intact. The hoary old beggar who sits with his beggar's bowl near the steps of the mosque, loquacious, verbose, and flowery, for an 8-anna piece will tell you the tale, which happened all of 30 years ago.

"Thanks, huzoor!" he will begin, carefully scrutinizing the coin and testing its solidity between two fine rows of teeth for a man of seventy.

"Ah, that was a day! It was like a day I knew in Delhi, when I was a child; for I saw the great Mutiny. I saw the powder magazine. . . Ah, yes, huzoor; it is about the white goddess that you wish to know. But help me over to Ali's coffee house, for it is hot here, and it is a long story."

So you take the old rascal over and seat him under the umbrellas of Ali, and you will buy him a sugar drink and a smoke from a water bottle, he having brought forth suggestively a cracked amber mouthpiece.

"Huzoor, she came out of nowhere, in a chain armor that shone like rippling water in the sunshine. She was tall and lithe and vigorous, and as beautiful as a dream of paradise.

"When we saw the sabibs and Ramabal trapped by the cowardly soldiers of the palace we found ourselves without a head. The men who led us had vanished. We huddled like sheep, scattered, formed, fired aimlessly, began to run away. And brave Lal Singh, with a bullet through his stomach, staggered off. We were without hope. We were brave enough, but bravery has to be directed. We knew only part of Ramabal's plans."

"And what about this man Ahmed?"

"As the day flies, he ran back to the

house of Ramabal when everything had apparently come to an end. For Ahmed loved the white goddess even as you and I love life. He was brave, but as the serpent is—wisely. Did not the white queen of all the English give him a bit of copper to wear on his breast because he was wise as well as brave?"

The old beggar tilted his cup without touching it with his lips and let the sweetened water trickle down his throat.

"When one is old, one is always thirsty," he observed. "To go on. So there we were, like sheep. The majority of us did not have sense enough to run away. Huzoor, Umballa had lined up the white men and Ramabal against the wall in the throne room and was about to send them to their gods, when suddenly I noticed a commotion in the rear of us. We were thrown about like sticks in a whirlpool."

"And then I saw her! Ah, protector of the poor, you white people rule the world because you always know what you want and when you want it. But it is not natural for us brown people to think and act quickly at the same time. I saw her; and I thought at first that the gates of paradise had opened and Allah himself had set her down among us!"

The water bubbles in the bowl of the pipe and a thin stream of smoke trickles from his bearded lips. You must have patience, for he will tell this tale only in his own fashion.

"Straight to the palace steps she ran, waving her arms. Behold! She spoke to us in her own tongue, but Allah is witness that we understood what she was saying! First we grew ashamed, then we stopped running, then we became men, huzoor. The lead tubes began to speak again; and we, too, found our voices. With yells we followed. And there was battle, battle, battle to the very foot of the throne."

"She threw herself between the leveled guns and her people. The soldiers could not fire. And Umballa, seeing that in truth he had lost this time—Umballa fled toward the corridors, and none was quick enough to prevent him."

"But we went shouting after him, through this corridor and that. We could not find him. It seems he escaped through one of the chambers in the zenana."

A shrilling of flutes and a rattling of drums distract you and break in upon the story. A company of trim, wiry Gurkhas tramp past, and you know



A Woman Who Loved Him Hid Him in a Palanquin.

by the flag they carry under whose rule Allah works out its destiny today.

"What became of the captain of the guards?"

"He was ordered to the arena lions. But we saved him, loosing the arena lions to do so. Huzoor, I am thirsty again."

And you buy him another cup of sweetened water.

"But we cheered the white goddess that day! There are men who will swear that her feet never touched the earth as she walked. But I knew that she was the daughter of Colonel Sahib, and that she had red blood in her veins, like the rest of us. Women are mysteries. Here was one who fought like an ancient warrior; and yet she swooned in her father's arms! That is all today, huzoor. I am an old man, and my throat dries quickly. Come tomorrow and I will tell you more."

But tomorrow comes to find you interested in something else; and the old beggar juggles his bowl before the steps of the mosque, patiently waiting for another listener.

"Kit, kit!" cried Kathlyn's father

when she came to her senses. "My girl, my girl!"

"Dad!"

"How could you do that?"

"Do what?" vaguely.

"Lead a forlorn chase to victory; you, a girl!"

She brushed back the hair which tumbled about her eyes, glanced at the powder-stained faces grouped about her, glanced at the toppled throne, at Bruce, at Ramabal. She made an effort to explain, but the words would not come.

"I would not question her," said Bruce to the colonel. "For my part, I never so thoroughly believed in God as I do now. She does not realize what she has done."

The colonel bent his head reverently.

"We owe our lives to her," said Ramabal. "Somewhere in the dim ages there was a great mother, and today her soul entered the memsahib."

"Mine!" murmured Bruce. "This beautiful, strange woman is mine! God send the day quickly when I can take her in my arms and guard her! Ramabal," he said aloud, "go to the balcony and proclaim Pundita queen. Let us have done with this before there is any chance of Umballa recovering. What shall we do with the Council?"

"Wait!" responded Ramabal. "It is for another to say." And he pointed to the marble flags at his feet.

And all understood what honor meant to this man of dark skin.

"Now," he continued, "I wish to go home at once. We will leave a sufficient guard here to watch over the palace. My wife waits; and the death of Lal Singh may have—"

The same thought flashed through Kathlyn's mind; the dagger. Dying Lal Singh had declared that Ramabal was a prisoner; and well would Pundita comprehend what that meant.

"Yes, yes! let us go quickly!" Kathlyn cried. Pundita might be dead and Winnie crazed with grief.

They left the palace immediately.

The overthrow of Umballa seemed to be complete. Everywhere the soldiers surrendered, for it was better to have food in the stomach than lead. Tomorrow there would be many a pyre at the morning ghats, but today was a day of victory.

Every one began to hunt for Umballa. There was as yet no price on his head; it was the zest of hunting only that set the people to it. They ran in and out of Umballa's house, and were not above looting, though word had gone forth that Ramabal would have every looter shot if found in the act. But search as they would, they could find no trace of Umballa.

A woman who loved him—the only one loyal to him in all Allah that day—had hidden him in a palanquin in the garden of brides. Crouched down in the narrow space shuddering at the sound of shot, whether near or far, dying a thousand deaths, wishing he had never been taken from the gutter, willing to give up his jewels, his plate, simply to live.

The woman of the zenana, when the tumult died away completely, found some slaves. She made them divest themselves of the royal turbans and assume ordinary white ones. Then she told them to carry the palanquin to a certain house in the fruit bazaar, to go by side streets, alleys, passages, to avoid all gatherings. Once in the house of her sister, the dancer, Umballa would be safe till he could secretly return to his own house and enter the secret chamber.

When Kathlyn left the palace a thunder of cheers greeted her. Kathlyn was forced to mount the durbar throne, much as she longed to be off. But Bruce anticipated her thought and dispatched one of the revolutionists to the house of Ramabal. Kathlyn held out her hands towards the excited populace, then turned to Ramabal expressively. Ramabal, calm and unruffled as ever, stepped forward and was about to address the people, when the disheveled captain of the guard, whom Umballa had sent to the arena lions, pushed his way to the foot of the platform.

"The arena lions have escaped!"

And there were a dozen lions in all, strong, cruel, and no doubt hungry! Panic. Men who had been at each other's throat, bravely and hardily, turned and fled. It was a foolish panic, senseless, but like all panics, uncontrollable. Those on the platform ran down the steps and at once were swallowed up by the pressing, trampling crowd.

Bruce and the colonel, believing that Kathlyn was behind them, fought their way to a clearing, determined to secure nets and take the lions alive. When they turned Kathlyn was gone. For a moment the two men stood as if paralyzed. Then Bruce relieved the tension by smiling. He laid his hand on the colonel's shoulder.

"She has lost us; but that will not matter. Ordinarily I should be wild with anxiety; but today Kathlyn may go where she will, and nothing but awe and reverence will follow her. Besides, she has her revolver."

"I believe you're right. She will miss us and start right off for Ramabal's. Boy, she is a goddess. She is supernatural."

"She was this morning. As God is judge, I do not believe she understands or ever will understand what she did. You noticed her eyes? They were like those of a person in a trance. Think of it. To turn the tide at the supreme moment! That coat of mail; her hair falling about her head. . . Ah, colonel, what's the use of beating about the bush? You know I love her. Will you give her to me?"

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel said: "Yes, John. You have proved yourself a man. God bless you

both! But we're not out of the woods yet. We've got to find Umballa and lock him up. When that's done I'll be able to breathe."

"I believe it is as Ahmed says: we'll all pull out of this safely in the end. Now, let's go and get the nets. There will not be a dozen men in the whole town who will have sense enough to shoot the lions as they appear. They'll howl and run for shelter. Ramabal's welcome to Allaha. Hi, there's one now; see, coming round the corner! I'll pot him."

But ere Bruce could level his weapon the lion turned back, perhaps frightened at the clamor.

Kathlyn was not alarmed upon finding herself separated from the two men she loved so well. Her only concern was to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon. She knew



"The Arena Lions Have Escaped!"

animals. If left quietly to themselves the lions would make for the jungle, but if harried or frightened they would maul any one within reach.

Kathlyn was packed in rather closely, and she was carried past the street which led to the house of Ramabal, though she struggled desperately to push through. She was presently carried to the bazaars. The people in their senseless flight tried to do what they could for her, but self-preservation was their first thought. And it wasn't the cleanest smelling crowd in the world, either.

At the same time Kathlyn was fighting vigorously to get free of the mob, Winnie was struggling with Pundita, striving to wrench the dagger from the grief-stricken wife's hand.

"No, no, Pundita!"

"Let me go! My lord is dead, and I wish to follow!"

"You are a Christian!"

"Ai ai!"

"But he may not be dead. Help, help!"

"Is not Lal Singh there dead? Is that not proof?"

Hither and thither across the floor they fought. But, Winnie soon realized that Pundita, being in a frenzy, was strongest. The struggle ended quickly, however, but not through Winnie's efforts. Pundita did something unoriental; she fainted, dragging Winnie to the floor with her. The young girl's head came into contact with the wall, and she was stunned for a moment. Upon sitting up she did not know exactly where she was. But the calm, high-bred face of the dead Lal Singh recalled the situation clearly, and she went about the resuscitation of Pundita.

As the latter's eyes opened wildly Winnie heard a pounding at the door. She was pulled two ways. If she answered the summons Pundita might take advantage of her absence and kill herself. Again, it might be the help for which she had called.

Instinctively she snatched up the fallen dagger, ran to the door, peered out cautiously, and recognized one of the revolutionists who had left the house but an hour or two since. She flung open the door.

"Pundita?" cried the man.

Winnie caught him by the sleeve and dragged him into the chamber. . . just in time. The distracted Pundita had plucked another dagger from the wall, and the man stayed her arm even as she struck.

"Highness," he cried, "he lives!" And he recounted the startling events of the morning, the treachery of the palace troops, the coming of Kathlyn in chain armor, the turn of the tide.

"They live!" cried Pundita, and covered her face.

Winnie had not understood a word said, but the expression on Pundita's face was illuminative. She threw her arms around the native woman, and the two of them wept in common. All human beings have two faculties alike, that of weeping and laughing.

To return to Kathlyn: by and by she was able to slip into a doorway, and the bawling rabble passed on down the narrow street. The house was deserted, and the hallway and what had been a booth was filled with rubbish. Kathlyn, as she leaned breathlessly against the door, felt it give. And very glad she was of this knowledge a moment later, when two lions galloped into the street, their manes stiff, their tails arched. Doubtless, they were badly frightened.

Kathlyn reached for the revolver she carried and fired at the animals, not expecting to hit one of them, but hoping that the noise of the firearms would swerve them into the passage across the way. Instead, they came straight to where she stood.

She stepped inside and slammed the door, holding it and feeling about in vain for lock or bolt.

Evidently the lions had halted outside, undecided, for she could hear them sniffing at the doorsill. If they leaped she was lost, for she could not hope to hold the door against the onrush of beasts as heavy as these lions were.

Elsewhere in the bazaars the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were setting nets for the recapture of the lions, quite confident that Kathlyn was by this time safe in the haven of Ramabal's house.

The girl glanced hurriedly over her shoulder toward the dim rickety staircase. The moment the sniffing ceased she withdrew from the door and ran up the stairs to the first landing, to find all these doors lockless! A crash below announced that the lions had heard her and had entered. There was a second flight, and up this flew the girl. She might fire at the beasts, and even if she succeeded in hitting them it would serve only to madden them. One cannot kill lions with a toy.

Still lockless doors! No safety. She then espied a ladder which gave to the roof top, and up this she climbed. They could not possibly follow her up the ladder, and as she reached the top she knew that for the present she had nothing to fear from the lions.

The interior of the house was of the flimsiest wood, slovenly put together. Along the roof was a parapet. She left the trap one so that she could see all that went on below. Almost as she looked the tawny bodies swept up to the foot of the ladder, and there remained, snarling and spitting and reaching up as far as they could. Somewhere on the way Kathlyn knew that these lions had tasted blood.

It was in this street dwelt the sister of the woman in the zenana, the woman who loved Umballa.

Kathlyn leaned over the parapet, the street was totally deserted. All the doors of the shops were closed and the windows shut. She must fight it out alone. She drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders, a trick she had long ago learned from her father. She had fought battles alone ere this, so she was not without confidence. Perhaps the lions, finding their efforts futile, would depart. She must wait.

It grew to noon. The sun beat down upon her savagely. Here and there she could see fires in the city. Pillage. The muezzin's tower of the mosque was like a finger pointing to heaven. She could even glimpse a patch of white stucco which belonged to the palace.

And she had fought her way that morning to the steps of the palace, as the daughter of the Goth had scaled the steps of the Quirinal in Rome! It was unbelievable! She could not remember anything but the dead Lal Singh and the strong arms of her father as she came out of her swoon. And she had turned defeat into victory! She drew her hand across her eyes.

One of the lions sent up a nerve-shaking roar; but Kathlyn did not stir. Silence.

Then, round the passage she saw a palanquin, carried by slaves. She leaned far over.

"Help!" she cried. "Help!"

The bearers paused abruptly, and the curtain of the palanquin was swept back. The dark sinister visage of Umballa was revealed.

"Thou!" he said. Then his laughter rose up to the girl, motionless through her terror. "Come down, O houri of Sa'adi! Come to the arms of Durga Ram, who loves you! Will not? Woe to thee!" dropping his mockery.

"Yes, Durga Ram, it is I!" replied Kathlyn, finding her voice, insensate rage usurping the throne of terror. "Here I am; come and take me!"

Let him face the lions!

Umballa left the palanquin, opened the door of the house, espied the rubbish in the hall; was in the act of mounting the first steps when one of the lions roared again. Drunk as he was, filled with a drunkard's courage, Umballa started back. The lions! Out into the street he went. He turned to the bearers and ordered them to fire the inflammables in the hall. But they refused, for they recognized the chain armor. Mad with rage, Umballa struck at them, entered the hall again, and threw a lighted match into the rubbish.

He left the horrified bearers and staggered to the house where he was to find shelter. He was admitted, the door closed and barred. From a window he watched the progress of the fire. At last! He would pass from Allaha, but not without his revenge. It was sweet! She could not escape; the lions would bar the way till it was too late. Let her God save her if he could!

The smoke rose quickly. It volleyed and poured out of the windows, thick and black. Flame tongues darted hither and yon. Higher and higher, till at length the form on the parapet was no longer visible.

Umballa took from his cumberbund his last bottle of wine, broke the neck against the window sill, and drank, cutting his lips as he did so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Cool.

"And what have you done to keep the chicken cool, Katie?" asked the lady of the house.

"Taken all the feathers off it, ma'am," was the surprising reply.

Those Who Succeed.

The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions. —James A. Garfield.

CHOICEST TOBACCOS

Just natural choice leaf skillfully blended — that is what makes so many friends for FATIMA Cigarettes.

If you cannot secure Fatima Cigarettes from your dealer, we will be pleased to send you three packages postpaid on receipt of 50c. Address Fatima Dept., 212 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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FOR SALE—302 A. IN SENECA CO., N. Y.: 275 a. cult., 3 orchards, modern 11 r. house, mach., etc. Owner, Box 1031, Waterloo, N. Y.

Learn to silver glass: no expensive outfit needed; very simple; big profits. Guaranteed instructions \$1. Alfred Deby, Trenton, Pa.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

BOTH BATTLED FOR POSITION

Efficiency Experts in Humorous Contest for Best Place at an Important Conference.

"They carry drill and discipline too far. They're like the two efficiency experts."

The speaker was Representative William Gordon. He was criticizing one of the contending armies.

"Yes," Mr. Gordon went on, "in their worship of drill they remind me of Black and White."

"Black old fellow, that was a queer conference you had with White the other day," a friend said. "When I looked in on you, you were both sprinting round and round the office like two racers or two prize fighters."

Black frowned.

"Well, you see," he said, "I'm very well read up on efficiency, and I know of course, that in an important conference you must always have your back to the light, so that your thoughts can't be read. But White, too, has been taking an efficiency course, I guess. He is certainly on to that dodge. Why, when we finally got down to business we were both sitting on the window sill!"

Slakes His Next Morning.

Willis Howell's pet bull ate so many apples in the orchard that, according to Willis, he became intoxicated and had to be treated in the barn. The beast "recovered" with a terrible thirst.

Willis missed the bull next afternoon and found he had jumped into a well. A block and fall and a team of horses had to be used to get the animal out.—Newton (N. J.) Dispatch to the New York Tribune.

No man can be popular unless he has learned to keep his troubles to himself.

To Build Strong Children

Supply their growing bodies with right food, so that Brain, and Muscle, and Bone development may evenly balance.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

was originated to supply, in proper proportion, the very elements required by the human body for growth and repair.

To supply children a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast regularly, is to start them on the road to sturdy health.

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers.

PRETTIEST PLAY ON AN EASTERN GRIDIRON



Johnny Maulbetsch, Sensational Michigan Halfback.

One of the prettiest plays seen on an eastern gridiron this year was attempted by Michigan against Harvard. It failed, but the fact that it failed was a bit of luck for Harvard.

Michigan had the ball. Splawn dropped back about 12 or 15 feet and signaled for the ball. He got it. At the moment the ball was passed the Michigan right end ran into Harvard territory and wheeled around in position to catch a forward pass. Splawn shoved back his arm, with the ball in his hand, as though he were about to throw it.

In the meantime, Maulbetsch who had been playing to right of Splawn, suddenly jumped forward and took the ball from Splawn's outstretched hand, just as it seemed that Splawn was about to throw it to the Michigan right end.

Maulbetsch raced toward Harvard's right end and had taken about four steps when the Michigan left end, running toward him, took the ball from him. For a fraction of a second, it looked as if Michigan with its trick play would make a big gain, but luck

avored Harvard. Hardly had the Michigan end received the ball when he tripped over some Harvard men who were directly in front of him—the same Harvard men who originally had rushed forward to tackle Splawn and who didn't know where the ball was until the Michigan end fell over them.

The action was so fast that it bewildered not only the spectators but the Crimson warriors as well. It failed to succeed only because of ill luck. It was the only real trick attempted during the game—but it was a pretty one.

Johnny Maulbetsch is the greatest halfback developed in the West since the day of Willie Heston. He is the find and the sensation of the 1914 season. Mauly is a little fellow, being built close to the ground. They say that when he plunges at the line his head is almost on a level with his shoe tops—that he hits so low that it's well nigh impossible to stop him. Last year he was captain of the Michigan freshman team. He was the best schoolboy player of the state at Ann Arbor high.

BILLIARD GAME IS IN FAVOR

Home and Church Have Come to Look Upon Pastime as Moral Uplift for Youth—Temperance Essential.

Clean living is the big essential to good billiards. There is no other game that demands as steady a nerve, as clear an eye, or as unerring judgment as that of the cue and ivory balls. At the same time there is no other branch of sport that is less crowded and offers so liberal a remuneration to its professional followers. Just at present billiards is more in favor than ever before. This appears to be due chiefly to the advent of the younger element in the game. The world's titles are held by a mere boy and youngsters who yet lack years of reaching their majority are already in the field after the honors now held by Willie Hoppe.

It has not been so very long ago that billiards was frowned upon by well-meaning parents and denounced by clergymen. That time is in wide contrast to the present time when the younger element is not only urged to play the game but many thousands of homes in this country are provided with smaller-than-regulation tables where the children of the households are taught the first principles of this



Willie Hoppe.

fascinating pastime. Billiard tables and bowling alleys are now an important part of the equipment of hundreds of church clubs.

And the reason for the change is that the home and the church have come to look upon this game as a kind of moral uplift for the youth. The first essential of the game is temperance. To play good billiards one must be in splendid condition, physically and mentally. A shaky hand cannot hold a cue, a blurred eye cannot find the ball, a clouded brain cannot find the proper angle for the difficult shot. Every one who plays billiards is ambitious to improve his game. He can do this only by living the clean life.

Connie Mack's Pitching Staff.

With Plank, Bender and Coombs missing, Connie Mack's pitching staff next season will be about the youngest in the business. Bob Shawkey, the "old man" of the lot with the veterans gone, is not yet twenty-four, while neither Bush, Bressler nor Pennock has attained his majority.

AMERICA MAY SECURE 1916 OLYMPIC GAMES

The Olympic games in 1916 may be held in the United States. Baron Pierre de Coubertin, president of the international committee, says if any circumstances, material or sentimental, prevent their being held in Europe in 1916, they can be postponed until 1920, as suggested, but that they might be held in America.

The war, Baron de Coubertin thinks, will not have anything more than a brief, temporary effect upon sport in France. Individual records will suffer, because such stars as Jean Bouin, the great runner, have fallen at the front, and others, no doubt, will follow. The younger element will not reach their highest form for three years or more, but eventually, the baron thinks, the war will prove to have been an incentive to physical training.

BOXING A FAVORED PASTIME

Large Number of Soldiers Drilling and Training at Aldershot Make Appeal for Boxing Gloves.

Boxing, a London magazine, has made a request for 1,000 sets of boxing gloves to be donated to the English soldiers.

Boxing contests form one of the principal pastimes with the English soldier.

At the present time there are 130,000 soldiers at Aldershot drilling and training for the war.

As there are few exercises that will fit a man physically quicker than boxing, there has been a big demand for more gloves. They do not ask for new gloves—just boxing gloves of any make or color.

Several firms have agreed to make new gloves for cost, provided they are donated to the army.

The practice of boxing has no doubt had a lot to do with the courage of the English soldiers. People in this country who try to cry down the practice of boxing and boxing contests, should remember that it has been said many times that the time to prepare for war was in times of peace.

There are more than two hundred thousand men training at various camps throughout the kingdom, and there are going to be 500,000 more within the next three months. Well these men can do with boxing gloves. They will be better, happier men if they have them, and it is absolutely certain that they will fitter men in every way," said the editor of Boxing.

Monument to Jack Sheridan.

The American league will erect a monument to Jack Sheridan, the dean of Ban Johnson's empire staff, who recently died in California. Umpires, like poets, are evidently appreciated only after death.

BASEBALL

Charles Deal, the Braves' baseman, likes the Hub so well he has decided to establish a permanent residence there.

William Robertson, the big right-handed pitcher of the Giants, is to be turned back to the Memphis club by Manager McGraw.

Manager Miller Huggins of the Cardinals has purchased outright for cash outfielder Ham Hyatt of Pittsburgh, who has been used chiefly as pinch-hitter.

That Gaffney will sell the world's champion Braves for \$400,000, buy the Dodgers and take Stallings along with him, is a Boston rumor that will not down.

The White Sox have arranged for their annual pilgrimage to southern California and are also booked for exhibition games in San Francisco.

As a peace commissioner, Garry Herrmann has scarcely earned his varsity letter.

One jarring note of the recent world's series is that it will cause a big crop of second Goways at the training camps next spring.

FOOTBALL

Vanity of vanities; why boast of our prowess when there are a million ostriches that can outkick Brickley?

Johnny Maulbetsch of Michigan weighs only 155 pounds, but the Penn line thought he weighed 155 tons.

Bird and Crane are members of the Carlisle Indian team. The feathers certainly must fly when they get into a mixup.

Yost may be more forceful in expressing his opinion of his team—but Staggs seems to get the results.

After all, what are the sufferings of the Belgians compared with the dignity of the conference football rules?

It is better to elect to play the open game than to have the other team open you up.

PUGILISM

Ritchie Mitchell decisively defeated Peanuts Schelberl in Milwaukee, winning nine rounds out of ten.

Jack White and Ernest Lucien mixed things for 20 furious rounds in New Orleans, and at the end it was called a draw by the referee.

Boxing managers also are enlisted in the lower-salaries-for-athletes movement. To complete the movement they ought to agree to pay the boxers what they promise to pay them.

It now develops that Ad Wolgast broke his ulna bone, although it was believed that Jimmy Britt had exclusive rights on this kind of an alibi.

HORSE RACING

Todd now has 14 in the 2:10 trotting list, Lou Jennings, 2:08 1/2, being the latest.

Cox did not have such a bad year, as horses in his stable have won 45 races.

When the shouting is all over there will be about seventy-five additions to the 2:10 list this season.

Tom Grady, one of the veteran drivers of the country, is dead at Philadelphia after a long sickness.

Grand circuit stewards are going to have a conference before long to see what the outlook is for a chain of tracks for 1915.

TENNIS

The executive committee of the National Lawn Tennis association will pass the Davis cup back along to the delegates at the annual meeting in February. Considering the complex situation caused by the European war, the committee is unwilling to assume the risk of definitely challenging unless backed by the association.

The American Lawn Tennis association may abandon the annual rating list which has been continued for 35 years. The best players are rapidly ceasing to send in their records and in a short while the list might become farcical.

BILLIARDS

Sutton and Morningstar continue to head the Champion Billiard League, with the bearded Demarest as their closest rival.

The players in the Champion Billiard league who originally began their interstate competition at 14.1, have by mutual consent shifted to 15.2. The latter style is more popular with the public and the players find less difficulty with it on strange tables.

OF POETRY AND POKER

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS DWELT UPON IN THIS NARRATIVE.

Razor Finally Supplanted the Muse When Full House That Looked So Good Took Back Seat for Four Queens.

When the fourth queen came into E. Hillary's hand on the draw, and the sun was just about to appear after an all-night session, and one other man in the party, whom he called "Pardner," showed a disposition to be aggressive in the betting, Mr. Hillary thought the time had come to break up the game, so he bet every dollar that he could muster for the attack.

"Pardner" had entered this exciting period of the game with three jacks in his hand, and he drew two cards. To him were delivered a pair of tens.

"Heigh-ho," said "Pardner" with pardonable exhilaration. "Heigh-ho, the sun is up, and you morn stand-eth tiptoe on yon misty mountain top."

He was feeling poetical, and whatever Hillary bet, "Pardner" would cite a bit of appropriate verse, and increase the sum.

Every one else in the game dropped out for the time. The pot was piled in the center of the ring. In paper, silver, and gold it represented \$33, rather a large sum for that neighborhood, for it was in a bridge builders' camp on the San Gabriel river.

"I'll shoot my last five," said Hillary.

"The roses are red, the violets are blue, here's my five and I'll see you," was the refrain with which the "Pardner" deposited his last "jitney" in the pile, and the time for a showdown came.

"Pardner" did it with much ceremony. He quoted a bit, chortled a bit, and sang a merry lilt as he revealed his hand, the hand he thought was magic with its three jacks and two tens.

Crisply and with businesslike precision, Mr. Hillary laid down his cards.

"Pardner" looked. Only three queens he saw, and then a five-spot and then, by the black skill of the man who invented cards, he saw another queen.

Mr. Hillary dragged in the pot. "Pardner" dragged out his razor. Then started proceedings that were not marked with poetry from "Pardner" or triumph from Hillary. Hillary was in the lead, freighted with wealth which he was jamming into his pockets as he fled. "Pardner" was close behind.

But a dollar bill spilled from the pocket, Hillary stopped just a second too long to recover it, and "Pardner" was upon him.

At the receiving hospital, several hours later, Mr. Hillary had more than twenty inches of cuts treated by the surgeons, and he made a complaint to the police regarding his assailant, whom he knew only as "Pardner," the man who quoted poetry.—Los Angeles Times.

Famous Salt Mines.

The great rock salt mines of Hungary are among the wonders of the world, for the illimitable deposit of practically pure salt enables the workmen to cut it out in heavy blocks, much as marble is quarried, after which it is loaded on trucks and sent to the mills for grinding. Rock salt, it may be said, constitutes the world's principal supply of refined salt, and the Hungarian mines furnish a large portion of this commercial necessity.

Underground passages of considerable width, resembling streets, have been cut at regular intervals, and the whole is well lighted. In one of the mines near the Roumanian boundary a large chamber, with benches and seats, has been cut, where occasional gatherings are held, and perhaps in honor of this fact it is known as the "ballroom." Here the colorings are beautiful, the walls of the cavern or hall partaking of the many shades of rare marble and color-grained onyx.

The Privileged Lady.

The kaiser, as all the world knows, is a musician, a poet, a sculptor and a painter—although, of course, his specialty is war.

There is a story about the kaiser and Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkron, the brilliant American wife of a Danish diplomat.

The kaiser once, at Kiel, strummed for Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkron "Aegir's March," his well-known musical composition. He then showed her a photograph of his painting, "The Last Charge," and a sketch of his statuette, "The Uhlans."

At the end, smiling excitedly, the kaiser looked at the lady.

"Well?" he said.

"So much taste," murmured Mme. de Hegerman-Lindenkron, whose wit gives her many privileges. "So much taste—and all of it bad."

Musicians Want Good Streets.

The Musicians' union is appealing to the Philadelphia council for the repair of the highways, on the ground that holes in the pavement were extremely dangerous to the members engaged to march through the streets at the head of parades. The appeal describes divers injuries to the band members, "because of falling into the slightest holes, or by having a musical instrument jammed into them, or being compelled to watch such places, and be unable to render the same volume of music."—Ohio State Journal.

ALL FOR TUBERCULOSIS WORK

None of the Proceeds of Sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals is for War Relief.

None of the proceeds from the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals which are being sold widely throughout the United States for the benefit of the antituberculosis movement will be used for war relief purposes, according to a statement issued by Earnest P. Bicknell, national director of the American Red Cross.

Mr. Bicknell says: "While the Red Cross is trying very hard to raise a large war relief fund and is anxious to secure contributions that will increase this fund, we do not feel justified in adopting any policy which will tend to cripple the tuberculosis work in this country, which is dependent for its support to so large an extent on the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals."

"At the present time there are over one thousand antituberculosis societies distributed over nearly every state in the Union, and even in Vera Cruz, the canal zone and far off Hawaii, which are dependent almost entirely upon the receipts from the Red Cross seal sale for their work during the year 1915. The people of the United States must support this local war against tuberculosis, which annually kills 200,000 people, and at the present time is leaving a trail of a million wounded."

Converted.

The wife of a university professor was recently converted from utter indifference to suffrage to ardent support of the cause. As the cultured woman was recently coming down town she heard the conversation of two laborers engaged in digging up the street. "What do you think about the question of women votin'?" asked one. "Oh, everybody knows that wimmin ain't got sense enough to vote," answered the other. It was enough for the lady. She is now a suffragist.

To Get Rid of Pimples.

Smear the affected surface with Cuticura Ointment. Let it remain five minutes, then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing a few minutes. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients quickly clear the skin of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chaps and irritations. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Matched.

"I am sure that theirs is a love match."

Important to Mothers

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

Limitations.

"Is Jinks eccentric?" "He ain't rich enough; he's just a blamed crank."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A man may feel sorry after stealing a kiss from a pretty girl—sorry that he didn't begin sooner.



SAVING LIVES

Father John's Medicine is Fine For Those Who are Weak and Run Down

Never wait for a cold to wear off—it wears away the lungs instead. Father John's Medicine gives prompt relief from colds and throat and lung troubles.

Free from alcohol and nerve-destrorying drugs upon which many medicines depend for their temporary effect, and which are dangerous, because they weaken the body and allow the disease to get a deeper hold.

Not Taking Her From Him. She—I'm afraid poor pa will miss me when we are married.

He—Why, is your father going away?

Exceptions. "The 'I' is silent in golf, my dear."

"Not the way that angry Englishman is playing it with his 'H's'."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids: No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

"Peace at any price" is a man's motto. A woman wants it at bargain rates.

BOXER'S CHOP REMEDY, THE LIFE-SAVER OF CHILDREN. No opium. 50 cents.—Adv.

Antidote for a girl's pride—a younger brother.

NAVARRE HOTEL

7th Av. at 38th St. NEW YORK CENTRE OF EVERYTHING

ROOM WITH BATH, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 ROOMS, 2 PERSONS, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 A Penn Safety Razor for Each Guest

EDGAR T. SMITH, Managing Director

Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and

other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government this year is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

J. S. CRAWFORD, 301 East Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Canadian Government Agent

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—but they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for

Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

50c LILLEY PILE REMEDY 50c

W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 50-1914.

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF OR THOROUGHPIN, but

ABSORBINE

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$1.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book FREE. ABSORBINE, JR., the aseptic liniment for mankind, treats Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Warts, Cysts. Always pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P. O. #10 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

NETKOW'S DANDRUFF KILLER

Also makes hair glossy and naturally wavy. 6 treatments 25c. Witte Co., 105 Lodge Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Automobiles For Sale

REBUILT CARS \$150-\$2,000 Winter and Summer Bodies, \$25-\$500. 19 Cadillac Sedan Bodies, new, \$5,000. Top Covers, 41. Delivery, Wholesale, \$100. 20th Century Co., 1894 Broadway, N. Y. City

WE MUST OPEN UP GATES OF TRADE

All Important Problem Which Now Confronts Congress, Says President.

SHIPS OUR GREATEST NEED

America Fears No Nation and Is Ample Able to Defend Itself—Great Task Ahead in Helping to Restore Peace—Economy Is Strongly Urged.

Washington, Dec. 8.—President Wilson today delivered his annual address to congress. Problems brought out by the great conflict in Europe engaged the greater part of his attention. The message follows:

Gentlemen of the Congress: The session upon which you are now entering will be the closing session of the Sixty-third congress, a congress, I venture to say, which will long be remembered for the great body of thoughtful and constructive work which it has done, in loyal response to the thought and needs of the country. I should like in this address to review the notable record and try to make adequate assessment of it; but no doubt we stand too near the work that has been done and are ourselves too much part of it to play the part of historians toward it. Moreover, our thoughts are now more of the future than of the past.

While we have worked at our tasks of peace the circumstances of the whole age have been altered by war. What we have done for our own land and our own people we did with the best that was in us, whether of character or of intelligence, with sober enthusiasm and a confidence in the principles upon which we were acting which sustained us at every step of the difficult undertaking; but it is done. It has passed from our hands. It is now an established part of the legislation of the country. Its usefulness, its effects, will disclose themselves in experience. What chiefly strikes us now, as we look about us during these closing days of a year which will be forever memorable in the history of the world, is that we face new tasks, have been facing them these six months, must face them in the months to come—face them without partisan feeling, like men who have forgotten everything but a common duty and the fact that we are representatives of a great people whose thought is not of us but of what America owes to herself and to all mankind in such circumstances as these upon which we look amazed and anxious.

Europe Will Need Our Help. War has interrupted the means of trade not only but also the processes of production. In Europe it is destroying men and resources wholesale and upon a scale unprecedented and appalling. There is reason to fear that the time is near, if it be not already at hand, when several of the countries of Europe will find it difficult to do for their people what they have hitherto been always easily able to do, many essential and fundamental things. At any rate they will need our help and our manifold services as they have never needed them before; and we should be ready, more fit and ready than we have ever been.

It is of equal consequence that the nations whom Europe has usually supplied with innumerable articles of manufacture and commerce of which they are in constant need and without which their economic development halts and stands still can now get only a small part of what they formerly imported and eagerly look to us to supply their all but empty markets. This is particularly true of our own neighbors, the states, great and small, of Central and South America. Their lines of trade have hitherto run chiefly athwart the seas, not to our ports, but to the ports of Great Britain and of the older continent of Europe. I do not stop to inquire why, or to make any comment on probable causes. What interests us just now is not the explanation, but the fact, and our duty and opportunity in the presence of it. Here are markets which we must supply, and we must find the means of action. The United States, this great people for whom we speak and act, should be ready, as never before, to serve itself and to serve mankind; ready with its resources, its energies, its forces of production, and its means of distribution.

We Need Ships. It is a very practical matter, a matter of ways and means. We have the resources, but are we fully ready to use them? And if we can make ready what we have, have we the means at hand to distribute it? We are not fully ready; neither have we the means of distribution. We are willing, but we are not fully able. We have the wish to serve and to serve greatly, generously; but we are not prepared as we should be. We are not ready to mobilize our resources at once. We are not prepared to use them immediately and at their best, without delay and without waste.

To speak plainly we have grossly erred in the way in which we have stunted and hindered the development of our merchant marine. And now, when we need ships, we have not got them. We have year after year debated, without end or conclusion, the best policy to pursue with regard to

the use of the ores and forests and water powers of our national domain in the rich states of the West, when we should have acted; and they are still locked up. The key is still turned upon them, the door shut fast at which thousands of vigorous men full of initiative, knock clamorously for admittance. The water power in our navigable streams outside the national domain, also, even in the eastern states, where we have worked and planned for generations, is still not used as it might be, because we will and we won't; because the laws we have made do not intelligently balance encouragement against restraint. We withhold by regulation.

I have come to ask you to remedy and correct these mistakes and omissions, even at this short session of a congress which would certainly seem to have done all the work that could reasonably be expected of it. The time and the circumstances are extraordinary, and so must our efforts be also.

Use and Conservation. Fortunately, two great measures, finely conceived, the one to unlock, with proper safeguards, the resources of the national domain, the other to encourage the use of the navigable waters outside that domain for the generation of power, have already passed the house of representatives and are ready for immediate consideration and action by the senate. With the deepest earnestness I urge their prompt passage. In them both we turn our backs upon hesitation and makeshift and formulate a genuine policy of use and conservation, in the best sense of those words. We owe the one measure not only to the people of that great western country for whose free and systematic development, as it seems to me, our legislation has done so little, but also to the people of the nation as a whole; and we as clearly owe the other in fulfillment of our repeated promises that the water power of the country should in fact as well as in name be put at the disposal of great industries which can make economical and profitable use of it, the rights of the public being adequately guarded the while, and monopoly in the use prevented. To have begun such measures and not completed them would indeed mar the record of this great congress very seriously. I hope and confidently believe that they will be completed.

And there is another great piece of legislation which awaits and should receive the sanction of the senate: I mean the bill which gives a larger measure of self-government to the people of the Philippines. How better, in this time of anxious questioning and perplexing policy, could we show our confidence in the principles of liberty, as the source as well as the expression of life, how better could we demonstrate our own self-possession and steadfastness in the courses of justice and disinterestedness than by thus going calmly forward to fulfill our promises to a dependent people, who will now look more anxiously than ever to see whether we have indeed the liberality, the unselfishness, the courage, the faith we have boasted and professed. I cannot believe that the senate will let this great measure of constructive justice await the action of another congress. Its passage would nobly crown the record of these two years of memorable labor.

An Important Duty. But I think that you will agree with me that this does not complete the toll of our duty. How are we to carry our goods to the empty markets of which I have spoken if we have not the certain and constant means of transportation upon which all profitable and useful commerce depends? And how are we to get the ships if we wait for the trade to develop without them? To correct the many mistakes by which we have discouraged and all but destroyed the merchant marine of the country, to retrace the steps by which we have, it seems almost deliberately, withdrawn our flag from the seas, except where here and there, a ship of war is bidden carry it, or some wandering yacht displays it, would take a long time and involves many detailed items of legislation, and the trade which we ought immediately to handle would disappear or find other channels while we debated the items.

The case is not unlike that which confronted us when our own continent was to be opened up to settlement and industry, and we needed long lines of railway, extended means of transportation prepared beforehand, if development was not to lag intolerably and wait interminably. We lavishly subsidized the building of transcontinental railroads. We look back upon that with regret now, because the subsidies led to many scandals of which we are ashamed; but we know that the railroads had to be built, and if we had it to do over again we should of course build them, but in another way. Therefore I propose another way of providing the means of transportation which must precede, not tardily follow, the development of our trade with our neighbor states of America. It may seem a reversal of the natural order of things, but it is true, that the routes of trade must be actually opened—by many ships and regular sailings and moderate charges—before streams of merchandise will flow freely and profitably through them.

Must Open Gates of Trade. Hence the pending shipping bill, discussed at the last session, but as yet passed by neither house. In my judgment such legislation is imperatively needed and can not wisely be postponed. The government must open these gates of trade, and open them wide; open them before it is

altogether profitable to open them, or altogether reasonable to ask private capital to open them at a venture. It is not a question of the government monopolizing the sea. It should take pains to make it certain that transportation at reasonable rates will be promptly provided, even where the carriage is not at first profitable; and then, when the carriage has become sufficiently profitable to attract and engage private capital, and engage it in abundance, the government ought to withdraw. I very earnestly hope that the congress will be of this opinion, and that both houses will adopt this exceedingly important bill.

The great subject of rural credits still remains to be dealt with, and it is a matter of deep regret that the difficulties of the subject have seemed to render it impossible to complete a bill for passage at this session. But it can not be perfected yet, and therefore there are no other constructive measures the necessity for which I will at this time call your attention to; but I would be negligent of a very manifest duty were I not to call the attention of the senate to the fact that the proposed convention for safety at sea awaits its confirmation and that the limit fixed in the convention itself for its acceptance is the last day of the present month. The conference in which this convention originated was called by the United States; the representatives of the United States played a very influential part indeed in framing the provisions of the proposed convention; and those provisions are in themselves for the most part admirable. It would hardly be consistent with the part we have played in the whole matter to let it drop and go by the board as if forgotten and neglected. It was ratified in May last by the German government and in August by the parliament of Great Britain. It marks a most hopeful and decided advance in international civilization. We should show our earnest good faith in a great matter by adding our own acceptance of it.

Charting of Our Coasts. There is another matter of which I must make special mention, if I am to discharge my conscience, lest it should escape your attention. It may seem a very small thing. It affects only a single item of appropriation. But many human lives and many great enterprises hang upon it.

It is the matter of making adequate provision for the survey and charting of our coasts. It is immediately pressing and urgent in connection with the immense coast line of Alaska. A coast line greater than that of the United States themselves, though it is also very important indeed with regard to the older coasts of the continent. We cannot use our great Alaskan domain, ships will not ply thither, if those coasts and their many hidden dangers are not thoroughly surveyed and charted.

The work is incomplete at almost every point. Ships and lives have been lost in threading what were supposed to be well-known main channels. We have not provided adequate vessels or adequate machinery for the survey and charting. We have used old vessels that were not big enough or strong enough and which were so nearly unseaworthy that our inspectors would not have allowed private owners to send them to sea. This is a matter which, as I have said, seems small, but is in reality very great. Its importance has only to be looked into to be appreciated.

Economy Is Urged. Before I close, may I say a few words upon two topics, much discussed of doors, upon which it is highly important that our judgments should be clear, definite and steadfast. One of these is economy in government expenditures. The duty of economy is not debatable. It is manifest and imperative. In the appropriations we pass we are spending the money of the great people whose servants we are—not our own. We are trustees and responsible stewards in the spending. The only thing debatable and upon which we should be careful to make our thought and purpose clear is the kind of economy demanded of us. I assert with the greatest confidence that the people of the United States are not jealous of the amount their government costs if they are sure that they get what they need and desire for the outlay, that the money is being spent for objects of which they approve, and that it is being applied with good business sense and management.

Governments grow, piecemeal, both in their tasks and in the means by which those tasks are to be performed, and very few governments are organized, I venture to say, as wise and experienced business men would organize them if they had a clean sheet of paper to write upon. Certainly the government of the United States is not. I think that it is generally agreed that there should be a systematic reorganization and reassembling of its parts so as to secure greater efficiency and effect considerable savings in expense. But the amount of money saved in that way would, I believe, though no doubt considerable in itself, running, it may be, into the millions, be relatively small—small, I mean, in proportion to the total necessary outlays of the government. It would be thoroughly worth effecting, as every saving would, great or small.

Our duty is not altered by the scale of the savings. But my point is that the people of the United States do not wish to curtail the activities of this government; they wish, rather, to enlarge them; and with every enlargement, with the mere growth, indeed, of the country itself, there must

come, of course, the inevitable increase of expense.

The sort of economy we ought to practice may be effected, and ought to be effected, by a careful study and assessment of the tasks to be performed; and the money spent ought to be made to yield the best possible returns in efficiency and achievement. And, like good stewards, we should so account for every dollar of our appropriations as to make it perfectly evident what it was spent for and in what way it was spent.

It is not expenditure but extravagance that we should fear being criticized for; not paying for the legitimate enterprises and undertakings of a great government whose people command what it should do, but adding what will benefit only a few or pouring money out for what need not have been undertaken at all or might have been postponed or better and more economically conceived and carried out. The nation is not niggardly; it is very generous. It will chide us only if we forget for whom we pay money out and whose money it is we pay.

These are large and general standards, but they are not very difficult of application to particular cases.

The National Defense.

The other topic I shall take leave to mention goes deeper into the principles of our national life and policy.

It is the subject of national defense. It cannot be discussed without first answering some very searching questions.

It is said in some quarters that we are not prepared for war. What is meant by being prepared? Is it meant that we are not ready upon brief notice to put a nation in the field, a nation of men trained to arms? Of course we are not ready to do that; and we shall never be in time of peace so long as we retain our present political principles, and institutions. And what is it that it is suggested we should be prepared to do? To defend ourselves against attack? We have always found means to do that, and shall find them whenever it is necessary without calling our people away from their necessary tasks to render compulsory military service in times of peace.

Allow me to speak with great plainness and directness upon this great matter and to avow my convictions with deep earnestness. I have tried to know what America is, what her people think, what they are, what they most cherish, and hold dear, I hope that some of their finer passions are in my own heart, some of the great conceptions and desires which gave birth to this government and which have made the voice of this people a voice of peace and hope and liberty among the peoples of the world, and that, speaking my own thoughts, I shall, at least in part, speak theirs also, however faintly and inadequately, upon this vital matter.

Fear No Nation.

We are at peace with all the world. No one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and candid interpretation of realities can say that there is reason for fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. Dread of the power of any other nation we are incapable of. We are not jealous of rivalry in the fields of commerce or of any other peaceful achievement. We mean to live our lives as we will; but we mean also to let live. We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world, because we threaten none, covet the possessions of none, desire the overthrow of none. Our friendship can be accepted and is accepted without reservation, because it is offered in a spirit and for a purpose which no one need ever question or suspect. Therein lies our greatness. We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn. Just now we should be particularly jealous of it, because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and a healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations. This is the time above all others when we should wish and resolve to keep our strength by self-possession, our influence by preserving our ancient principles of action.

Ready for Defense.

From the first we have had a clear and settled policy with regard to military establishments. We never have had, and while we retain our present principles and ideals we never shall have, a large standing army. If asked, are you ready to defend yourselves? We reply, most assuredly, to the utmost; and yet we shall not turn America into a military camp. We will not ask our young men to spend the best years of their lives making soldiers of themselves. There is another sort of energy in us. It will know how to declare itself and make itself effective should occasion arise. And especially when half the world is on fire we shall be careful to make our moral insurance against the spread of the conflagration very definite and certain and adequate indeed.

Let us remind ourselves, therefore, of the only thing we can do or will do. We must depend in every time of national peril, in the future as in the past, not upon a standing army, nor yet upon a reserve army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms. It will be right enough, right American policy, based upon our accustomed principles and practices, to provide a system by which every citizen who will volunteer for

the training may be made familiar with the use of modern arms, the rudiments of drill and maneuver, and the maintenance and sanitation of camps. We should encourage such training and make it a means of discipline which our young men will learn to value. It is right that we should provide it not only, but that we should make it as attractive as possible, and so induce our young men to undergo it at such times as they can command a little freedom and can seek the physical development they need, for mere health's sake, if for nothing more. Every means by which such things can be stimulated is legitimate, and such a method smacks of true American ideas. It is a right, too, that the National Guard of the states should be developed and strengthened by every means which is not inconsistent with our obligations to our own people or with the established policy of our government. And this, also, not because the time or occasion specially calls for such measures, but because it should be our constant policy to make these provisions for our national peace and safety.

More than this carries with it a reversal of the whole history and character of our polity. More than this, proposed at this time, permit me to say, would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession, that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble. This is assuredly the opportunity for which a people and a government like ours were raised up, the opportunity not only to speak but actually to embody and exemplify the counsels of peace and amity and the lasting concord which is based on justice and fair and generous dealing.

Ships Our Natural Bulwarks.

A powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense; and it has always been of defense that we have thought, never of aggression or of conquest. But who shall tell us now what sort of navy to build? We shall take leave to be strong upon the seas, in the future as in the past; and there will be no thought of offense or of provocation in that. Our ships are our natural bulwarks. When will the experts tell us just what kind we should construct—and when will they be right for ten years together, if the relative efficiency of craft of different kinds and uses continues to change as we have seen it change under over very eyes in these last few months?

But I turn away from the subject. It is not new. There is no new need to discuss it. We shall not alter our attitude toward it because some amongst us are nervous and excited. We shall easily and sensibly agree upon a policy of defense. The question has not changed its aspects because the times are not normal. Our policy will not be for an occasion. It will be conceived as a permanent and settled thing, which we will pursue at all seasons, without haste and after a fashion perfectly consistent with the peace of the world, the abiding friendship of states, and the unhampered freedom of all with whom we deal. Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defense. We are not unmindful of the great responsibility resting upon us. We shall learn and profit by the lesson of every experience and every new circumstance; and what is needed will be adequately done.

Great Duties of Peace.

I close, as I began, by reminding you of the great tasks and duties of peace which challenge our best powers and invite us to build what will last, the tasks to which we can address ourselves now and at all times the free-hearted zest and with all the finest gifts of constructive wisdom we possess. To develop our life and our resources; to supply our own people, and the people of the world as their need arises, from the abundant plenty of our fields and our maris of trade; to enrich the commerce of our own states and of the world with the products of our mines, our farms, and our factories, with the creations of our thought and the fruits of our character—this is what will hold our attention and our enthusiasm steadily, now and in the years to come, as we strive to show in our life as a nation what liberty and the inspirations of an emancipated spirit may do for men and for societies, for individuals, for states, and for mankind.

Skunks Yield \$3,000,000 a Year.

The skunk brings annually to the trappers of the United States about three million dollars. It stands second in importance only to the muskrat among our fur-bearing animals. The value of a skunk in the raw for market averaged from about twenty-five cents to \$3.50 in December, 1913, and usually runs higher. In 1911 2,000,000 skins were exported to London alone. Although this fur is not very popular in America, Europeans favor it, because it wears well and has a luster which makes it rival the Russian sable in appearance.

The Mexican States.

Mexico consists of 32 states and territories and is politically a federated republic, its constitution being patterned after that of the United States of America. The population of the country in 1900 was 13,697,000. On account of the strenuous life of Mexico for several years past it is likely that its present population is not much in excess of that of 14 years ago.

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. Order Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall.
- CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.
- MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 53, 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 Pochontas—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. E. A.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall.
- WORKMENS' CIRCLE—Meets first and third Tuesday of month in Glass's Hall.
- PURITAN COUNCIL No. 305, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall.
- DEBORAH REBEKAH Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall.
- ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.
- AMERICUS LODGE No. 83, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

FIRE SIGNALS.

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

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

- No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Railway avenue to Railway River
 - No. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Railway avenue, to Railway River
 - No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Railway avenue to Leibig's Lane
 - No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Railway avenue to Pierce's Creek
 - No. 31. Leibig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound
 - No. 32. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound
 - No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.
 - No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.
 - No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits
 - No. 45. Boulevard to Railway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.
- One blast for back up.
One long blast and two short for fire drill.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

5 DROPS

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

LUMBARG, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA, AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

DROPS

STOP THE PAIN

Give Ourselves Relief

SOLELY BY DRUGS

SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST

Swenson Rheumatic Cure Co., 166-174 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

The Liberal Advertiser
—IS THE—
Successful Merchant.

POSTAL SERVICE SELF-SUSTAINING

Burleson Again Urges Govern- ment Owned Wires

PARCEL POST A SUCCESS

Turned Over to Treasury Department
Surplus of \$3,600,000, Second of
Present Administration—Postal
Revenues Total \$287,934,565.

Washington.—Postmaster General
Burleson in his annual report, said
concerning the operation of the parcel
post system:

"There is every reason to believe
that the postal service is now handling
more than 800,000,000 parcels annual-
ly. Statistics covering the first 15
days of October, 1914, show a material
increase over the number of parcels
handled in April of this year notwith-
standing the depressing effect of the
European war.

"It was believed by the original ad-
vocates of a parcel post, as well as
by the department, that possibly 300-
000,000 parcels would be handled dur-
ing the first year."

The department in the fiscal year
1914 turned into the Treasury a sur-
plus of \$3,600,000, the second surplus
of the department during the present
administration. The postal revenues
for the year amounted to \$287,934,565.

Mr. Burleson renews his recommen-
dation that early action be taken look-
ing to government ownership of all
telegraph and telephone facilities and
also those in Alaska, Porto Rico and
the Hawaiian Islands.

"The data which the postmaster
general was engaged in reviewing
when his last report was prepared
have since been submitted to Congress
in compliance with a Senate
resolution," says the postmaster gen-
eral.

The postmaster general recommends
that the postage rates on second class
matter be readjusted so that the rates
on publications other than newspa-
pers issued as frequently as once a
week be increased from one cent a
pound to two cents a pound.

"During the fiscal year 1914 the
mailing of newspapers and periodicals
as second class matter at the cent a
pound rate and free in county of pub-
lication aggregated 1,088,686,120
pounds, an increase of 31,076,608
pounds or 2.94 per cent. over the
previous year," says the report. "The
drain on the postal revenues result-
ing from handling and transporting sec-
ond class matter at noncompensatory
rates is constantly becoming heavier."

The postmaster general recommends
that additional compensation be granted
to railroads for transportation of
parcel post mail from August 13, 1913,
when the weight limit was increased,
and from January 1, 1914, when it
was further increased without the
rates to the carriers at the same time
being increased.

Postmaster General Burleson asks
for \$50,000 to provide for an experi-
mental aerial mail service. He says
that it is believed there are sections
of the country where because of top-
ographical conditions this class of
service might be advantageously em-
ployed.

On June 30 the number of depositors
of the postal saving system was 388-
511 and the amount on deposit \$43-
444,271, a gain for the year of 57,505
depositors and \$9,625,041 in deposits.

RICHARD A. CANFIELD DEAD.
Famous Gambler Slipped on Subway
Stairs in New York City.

New York.—Richard A. Canfield,
former gambler, whose houses of
chance at Saratoga and in New York
were famous places in their day, died
at his home, No. 506 Madison avenue,
of a fracture at the base of his skull,
received in a fall on the stairs of the
fourteenth street subway station.

Mr. Canfield alighted from a north-
bound subway train and slipped as he
was walking up the stairs. He struck
the right side of his chin against a
step. He also received what seemed
to be a superficial abrasion on the
back of his head. He was stunned
and carried in a semi-conscious con-
dition into the starter's booth, and
later was removed to his home.

GUTIERREZ TO STOP FIRING.

Mexican Shot and Shell Fall on Naco,
Arizona.

El Paso, Tex.—Shot and shell from
the Mexican forces battling for the
possession of Naco, Sonora, continued
to fall on the Arizona side of the
line, notwithstanding the presence of
the American side of three batteries
of artillery and a major general of the
United States army.

General Tasker H. Bliss, who reach-
ed there, was joined by three batteries
of 15 guns on the 6th Field Artillery

MORE TROOPS SENT TO NACO

Enforce Demand That Mexicans Quit Firing into U. S.

REINFORCE GENERAL BLISS

Failure of Contending Factions to Obey
Commands to Cease Firing Over
Line Stirrs Washington to
Drastic Action.

Washington.—A step which leads to
decisive action for the protection for
the people of Naco from Mexican bul-
lets was taken with orders for the
dispatch of three regiments of infantry
and three batteries of artillery to the
scene.

This action was decided upon at a
cabinet meeting and orders were is-
sued at the War Department for the
execution of the details. The troops
will move toward Naco as soon as
transportation can be arranged. The
troops are being sent at the request
of General Bliss who is in charge of
the American forces at Naco. No in-
structions have as yet been sent to
General Bliss, but he has been told
to await orders from Washington.

The following statement was made
by Secretary Garrison in announcing
this action:

"In view of conditions on the border,
as he sees them, General Bliss has re-
quested that additional infantry and
artillery be sent him. In compliance
with this request the following troops
are being dispatched to and placed
under his command. These reinforce-
ments are being requested and sent
as a measure of precaution.

"The troops to be sent are three
regiments of infantry from Galveston
or Texas City and one battery of 4.7
guns and two batteries of 4.7 howitzers
from Fort Sill, Okla."

The organizations designated are
the 11th, 18th and 22nd regiments of
infantry at Texas City, to be com-
manded by Brigadier General R. F.
Davis, and batteries A, B, and C of
the fifth field artillery at Fort Sill.

These additions to the United
States forces at Naco will make the
total number of soldiers there about
4,000. There are now at Naco three
regiments of cavalry and three bat-
teries of field artillery.

General Hill is reported to have
from 1,500 to 1,800 men defending Naco
while Maytorena is supposed to
have about 3,800 soldiers. Both sides
are well equipped with rifles, ammu-
nition and field guns.

U. S. SENATE REJECTS LYNN.

Appointment of Federal District At-
torney for Rochester Disapproved.

Washington.—The Senate unani-
mously rejected the nomination of
John D. Lynn of Rochester to be United
States District Attorney for the
western district of New York. Through
this action the Democrats of the Sen-
ate aimed to serve notice they will
not stand for the ignoring of a senator's
prerogatives in the matter of patronage.

The President nominated Mr. Lynn
upon the recommendation of Secretary
McAdoo and Franklin D. Roosevelt, As-
sistant Secretary of the Navy and ig-
nored the recommendation of Senator
O'Gorman whose choice was Thomas
E. Boyd of Buffalo. Mr. Boyd had been
endorsed also by Representatives
Smith and Driscoll of western New
York. Mr. Lynn is now in the office
by virtue of a "recess appointment"
conferred upon him by the President
a few days before Congress met.

NEW ZEALAND "WETS" WIN.

Count of Votes Shows Big Majority
Against Prohibition.

Wellington, New Zealand.—An indi-
cation of the defeat of national prob-
hibition is given in a preliminary count
of the poll made public here as fol-
lows:

The vote in fifty-six license districts
gives for national prohibition, 199,860;
for national continuance, 290,697.

In twelve no-license districts the
vote for national prohibition is 40,689,
and for national continuance 63,771.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WASHINGTON.—The funeral of
Representative Sereno E. Payne of
New York was held in the hall of the
House. Members of the Cabinet and
United States Supreme Court, Sen-
ators and Representatives and members
of the diplomatic corps were in at-
tendance.

LONDON.—The Government has
stopped the circulation of the Irish
World of New York in Ireland because
of its attitude toward recruiting in
Ireland.

ALLIES BEGIN A GREAT ADVANCE TO DRIVE THE GERMANS FROM BELGIUM

Campaign Plan Changed, Generals Joffre and French Hurl Mighty Forces at Kaiser's Western Army

TO PUSH OFFENSIVE UNTIL THE SPRING

London.—The Allies have begun
their great advance, intending to drive
the Germans out of Belgium. Changing
their campaign plans, General Joffre
and Field Marshal French are now
pressing the attack which they had in-
tended to delay until spring. The reason
for the change is believed to be the
Allies' numerical superiority, to-
gether with the fact that Earl Kitchen-
er's troops are much better seasoned
now than had been anticipated.

In three weeks' time, according to
the Allies' reckoning, the Germans may
be driven back to their second line.
By spring they may be forced across
their own border, unless they should
withdraw considerable forces from
their eastern front.

The present onslaught upon the Ger-
man intrenchments is heavier than any
offensive assumed by the French, Brit-
ish and Belgian forces since Gen. von
Kluck was driven back on the Aisne.

It is the result of a complete change
of plans by Gens. Joffre and French,
and means that the campaign which
was to have been begun in the Spring,
is now under way.

From the sea to the Swiss frontier
the allied troops have been sounding
out the German's strength by small at-
tacks at various points. Evidently
the result of this process has been
highly satisfactory.

HEAVY FIGHTING AT YPRES.

London.—In a series of dashing at-
tacks and often resorting to the use
of the bayonet, the French made at-
tempts to cut off the German force
which projects into their line in the
Woevre region to St. Mihiel on the
Meuse like an arrow head.

The German official report shows
General Joffre's men reached a point
midway between St. Mihiel and Pon-
ta-Mousson, and must have got across
the German line of communications.

This substantial gain was won at a
heavy cost. The French lost 600 men
taken prisoners and a large number
of killed and wounded.

The Russian General Staff announc-
ed an important victory and asserted,
"In the Mlawa region we have brought
our offensive to a successful conclu-
sion on the whole of the front."

ALLIES PRESSING OFFENSIVE.

It is evident the Allies offensive
movement along the entire battle line
from Flanders to the Swiss frontier
is beginning to gather impetus.

Correspondents report that Grand
Duke Nicholas of Russia and General
Joffre are acting together in a policy
of wearing out the German armies.

The Germans in all the western the-
atre of operations are making a stub-
born resistance, but their numbers
are said to have been reduced by the
sending of vast numbers of reinforce-
ment to the hard-beset armies in the
east.

Heavy fighting was renewed around
Ypres, the bone of contention in Flan-
ders.

The German infantry was hurled
against the Allies in three violent at-
tacks, but was repulsed each time
with heavy losses.

Important gains have been made by
the allied army in the woods of La
Pratre.

Fighting has continued in the Vos-
ges but without decisive result.

POLAND BATTLES CONTINUED.

The battles in Poland continue al-
most without intermission, and both
Russians and Germans announce suc-
cesses and the capture of prisoners
and guns.

The Germans are still delivering
heavy blows at the Russian centre,
where they assert they took 11,000
prisoners and forty machine guns.

To the south of Cracow, where the
Russians are on the offensive, Grand
Duke Nicholas reports the capture of
4,000 prisoners, four guns and seven
machine guns.

Another Russian force is holding
the passes of the Carpathians, and is
thus preventing the Austrians from
sending relief to their army in Galicia.
The marvelous recovery of the Ser-
vians and their defeat of four Aus-
trian army corps which had penetra-
ted half way across Serbia remains
the wonder of military men.

The shattered Austrian right wing
crossed the Drina into Bosnia, where
it was attacked by the Montenegrins
near Visegrad, and had to leave an-
other toll of prisoners, killed and
wounded and war material.

The pursuing Servians also picked
up another 5,000 prisoners and some
guns and munitions.

KAISER NOT SHAKEN BY LOSSES.

Hopes Defeat Off Falklands Will Be Turned Into a Blessing.

Berlin.—An official statement given
out at headquarters contains copies
of telegrams exchanged between Em-
peror William and Johannes Kaempf,
President of the Reichstag, regarding
the naval battle off the Falkland Is-
lands.

In answer to the telegram of Pres-
ident Kaempf regarding the German
loss in this battle, in which Herr
Kaempf said that the nation was one
with the Emperor in grief at the loss
and with pride at the heroic deaths
resulting from the fight, the Emperor
replied:

"May the heavy sacrifices we have
been forced to make in this battle for
our existence be borne by all and
used with a single aim that, supported
by an unshaken hope in God, our Lord,
from Whose gracious hand we humbly
receive fortune, misfortune, joy and
sorrow, will turn this most difficult
hour into a blessing for the Father-
land."

BELGRADE RETAKEN BY SERBS; VIENNA ADMITS DEFEATS

London.—The Servians, after a
fierce battle, have recaptured Bel-
grade, according to a Nish dispatch to
Reuters' Telegram Company.

The most striking feature of the
latest official news was the admission
by the Austrian Government of the
defeat of the Austrian army in Serbia
and apparently of the abandonment of
its third attempt at invasion of the
territory of its small Slav neighbor.
The announcement was made in Vi-
enna.

The French Government, issuing official
Serbian reports, says that the
Austrians are retiring on all fronts
after losing 28,000 prisoners, 74 can-
non and 44 machine guns and that the
Serbian advance is under full head-
way. It is unofficially stated that the
Austrians have been forced to with-
draw troops from Serbia in order to
protect Hungary from the Russian in-
vasion.

SUBMARINE DIVES UNDER MINES.

London.—Braving the multiple dan-
gers of strong and treacherous cur-
rents, of closely planted mines, the
fire of large guns in fortresses and the
pursuit of torpedo boats, the British
submarine B-11, in charge of Lieuten-
ant Commander Norman B. Holbrook,
dashed into the western entrance to
the Dardanelles, dived under five rows
of mines and torpedoed the Turkish
battleship Messudieh.

As swiftly as she had come the sub-
marine sped back to the allied fleet
outside the entrance to the historic
channel, unscathed, although followed
by a storm of gunfire from the shore
fortresses and chased by torpedo
boats.

The B-11 was under water for nine
hours at one time.

This exploit, surpassing in brilliancy
and daring all other naval feats of the
war, thrilled and inspired London
when it was announced.

The last glimpse caught by Lieuten-
ant Holbrook of the Messudieh showed
his torpedo had done its work. The
battleship was sinking.

No mention is made in the official
statement of loss of life on the Messu-
dieh but it is believed to have been
heavy. The Messudieh under normal
conditions carried a crew of 600 men.

PITH OF THE WAR NEWS

The Germans declared that French at-
tacks between the River Meuse and
the Vosges Mountains had been re-
pulsed.

Since the beginning of the war the
Austrians have lost 36 commanding
Generals, 190 Colonels and other offi-
cers in proportion.

The Argentine Government has receiv-
ed word that the German cruiser
Dresden has arrived at Punta Ar-
enas, on the Strait of Magellan.

The Allies are preparing a fresh army
of 4,000,000 to strike the Germans a
supreme blow in the spring.

JERSEY'S SHARE OF FEDERAL TAX

A Total of \$13,829,051.13 for Individuals and Corporations

\$500,000 INCOMES FOR TWO

Thirty-Five Individuals Who Have From \$700,000 to 150,000 a Year to Live On—383 Financial Cor- porations Paid Taxes.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton.—The annual report of the
Commissioner of Internal Revenue
shows that the total amount collected
in New Jersey was \$13,829,251.13 out
of the aggregate of \$380,000,983.96 for
the whole country.

In the two districts of New Jersey
Commissioner Osborn credits the col-
lectors as follows: First, Isaac Mof-
fett, \$1,020,569.04; fifth, H. C. H. Her-
old, \$1,066,057.28, and Charles V. Dur-
ry, \$2,742,424.81.

Seven hundred and fifty-one per-
sons in the first district have incomes
ranging from \$2,500 to \$3,333.33 and
2,370 in the fifth. These are the low-
est in amounts. Incomes of \$100,000
and more are \$100,000 to \$150,000, first
district, ten, fifth, twenty-five; \$150-
000 to \$200,000, first, one; fifth, ten;
\$200,000 to \$250,000, first, two; fifth,
six; \$250,000 to \$300,000, first, none;
fifth, one; \$300 to \$400,000, first, none;
fifth, one; \$400,000 to \$500,000, first,
one; fifth, one; \$500,000 or over, first
two; fifth, none.

Of those who pay 10,221 are mar-
ried, 1,913 are single men and 1,211
are unmarried women; 278 married
women made separate returns.

The report shows 383 financial cor-
porations liable to this levy, with ag-
gregate capital stock exceeding \$61-
000,000, bonded indebtedness of \$172-
000,000 and net income of \$15,932-
337.65. Thirty-eight public service cor-
porations are taxed, their capital
stock aggregating over \$358,000,000,
bonded debt about \$363,000,000, and
net income of \$22,815,098.65.

One thousand six hundred and six-
ty-four industrial and manufacturing
corporations were subject to the tax,
their aggregate capital being \$827,000-
000, bonded debt, \$268,000,000, and
mercantile concerns, 934 were subject
to the tax, their combined capital be-
ing given at \$177,000,000 bonded debt,
\$77,000,000, and net income \$13,465-
279.07.

Architects, contractors, hotels, the-
atres, 2,183, with a capital of \$330,000-
000, bonded debt of \$215,000,000 and
net income of \$19,715,600.72, were
taxed.

How the Court Divided.

The tart statement issued by State
Assessor George L. Record criticising
the decision of the Court of Errors and
Appeals in declaring that not only
the physical valuation, but also the
franchise value must be considered
in fixing the rates of the public cor-
porations, has increased the interest
in the action of the Errors Court. Mr.
Record represented the city of Pas-
saic.

The rate was set aside by the votes
of only six members of a court com-
posed of sixteen judges. Eight mem-
bers of the court were known to be in
favor of affirming the Supreme Court
decision. The fact that upon this
posture of affairs, six judges could
set the rate aside, is due to the curi-
ous methods of the New Jersey courts.

Those who voted with Supreme
Court Justice Parker, who handed
down this decision for the court, were
Chief Justice Gummere and Justice
James J. Bergen, of Somerset County,
and Lay Judges John W. Bogart, of
Bergen County; Ernest J. Heppen-
heimer, of Jersey City, and William
Vrendenburg of Monmouth.

Justices Swayze, Garrison and Min-
turn were barred from voting upon
the decision in the Errors Court be-
cause they had heard the argument
below, but it is said that they were
in favor of upholding the rate.

Justice Black was not a member of
the court when the case came to it,
and Judge White did not vote because
he was not at the conference which
considered the case. Judge Robert
Williams, of Paterson, also came to
the court since the case came to it,
but was a member of the State Utility
Commission when the fight for ninety-
cent gas began, and as such commis-
sioner he was in favor of this rate.

In addition to the three justices who
heard the argument in the Supreme
Court and Judge Williams there are
Chancellor Walker, Justice Trenchard
and Kalish and Lay Judge Terhune,
who voted in the Court of Errors to
uphold the ninety-cent rate.

CAN'T RAISE JERSEY FARES.

Utility Board Refuses Application, and Suspension Stands—Comm- uters' First Blood.

After a stormy all day hearing
continued until nearly 11 o'clock at
night the board of public utility com-
missioners denied a petition of the
Pennsylvania and other railroads for
the revocation of its order suspending
the proposed increase in passenger
rates which had been planned to take
effect at once. The order of suspen-
sion is operative until March 15.

Dire need of revenue prompted the
roads to revise their passenger fares
upward, according to a statement
made before the Board of Public
Utility Commissioners by R. J.
Delong, assistant general passenger
agent of the Pennsylvania. F. J. Fells,
statistician for the road, testified re-
cent railway legislation had added \$3-
500,000 to the roads' cost. Wages, he
testified, had increased \$32,000,000 in
the last 10 years.

It is impossible according to Mr. De-
long, for the railroads to reduce their
operating expenses. The public, he de-
clared, is continually wanting better
service. Delong said the few attempts
made to cheapen the service have
been followed by a storm of protest.

This testimony of Mr. Delong was
given during a hearing upon the appli-
cation for the revocation of the order
of the board suspending for three
months the proposed new passenger
schedule which was to have taken
effect immediately. The railroads
asked that the order be revoked in ac-
cordance with the decision handed
down by the Pennsylvania Board of
Public Utility Commissioners last
Saturday, which was regarded as a
partial victory for the commuters.

This decision was in effect that the
roads should continue to issue 100 trip
tickets, at a maximum price of 1½
cents a mile, as against the present
average of about 1 cent, the use of the
tickets being limited to six months
instead of a year. The Pennsylvania
board also permitted a proposed 25-
cent increase on monthly or 60 trip
tickets and a 20 cent increase on 46
trip school tickets.

Another provision was that 10 trip
tickets shall be retained at a rate
not exceeding 2 cents a mile, instead
of 2½ cents as asked by the railroads.
Except as regards the sale of tickets
to the seashore, the decision permits
the roads to abandon excursion tickets
at reduced rates substituting two one
way fares for a round trip ticket.
These round trip tickets are to be un-
limited as to time or stop-over privi-
leges.

Mr. Fell presented figures showing
that the returns to the railroad during
the year ending June 30 last were
lower than in any of the preceding
14 years. The net operating income
in 1914 was \$5,800,000, and was the small-
est in 15 years, being equal to only
seven-tenths of 1 per cent. on the total
capital obligations.

All of this, said Mr. Fell, means an
increase in the cost of doing business
without the natural result in the in-
crease in the charge for transporta-
tion. Transportation expenses which
include the actual cost of moving the
traffic without regard to the mainte-
nance of track or equipment, increased
\$1,500,000. This was due to increased
rates of wages, extra crew laws and
other legislation.

It was also shown that the operating
ratio, excluding the taxes steadily in-
creased. In 1903 it was 68.5 per cent.
and in 1904 it was 76.67 per cent. In
other words, as expressed by Mr. Fell,
it now takes more than 76 cents out
of every dollar to pay operating ex-
penses notwithstanding that large amounts
have been expended to reduce this.

Cut Post Office Salaries.

News comes from Washington that
the salaries of many postmasters in
New Jersey will be cut.

Some postmasters now receiving \$6-
000 annually will be cut to \$4,000 and
others to \$4,500, \$5,000 and \$5,500. A
small percentage stay at \$6,000 and a
few are advanced in \$500 amounts to
\$6,000. Sweeping reductions are to be
made in the salaries in second class
post offices, some postmasters in those
offices receiving salaries ranging in
\$100 amounts from \$2,000 to \$2,900
based on office receipts.

Those affected in New Jersey are:

	From	To
Boonton	\$2,200	\$2,000
Bound Brook	2,400	2,000
Bridgeton	3,800	2,500
Burlington	2,600	2,500
Cape May	2,040	2,000
Dover	2,700	2,500
Gloucester	2,200	2,000
Lakewood	2,700	2,500
Mount Holly	2,300	2,000
Newton	2,400	2,000
Ocean City	2,500	2,000
Phillipsburg	2,500	2,000
Princeton	2,800	2,500
Vineland	2,700	2,500
Washington	2,800	2,500
Wildwood	2,300	2,000
Woodbury	2,040	2,000



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By
HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture
Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her to leave her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Upon her arrival in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo a trial, deals with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trial runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple but her haven is also the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a refuge in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders, who bring her to Allahabad to the public mart. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitting, throws her into the dungeon with her father. Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the encounter results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa. Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allahabad, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they steal away from Allahabad, but return when they learn that Winnie, Kathlyn's young sister, has come to India. Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of Allahabad. Kathlyn, in disguise, gains admission to Winnie's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Jugernaut. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister. Kathlyn, Winnie, their father and Bruce find a hiding place in the home of Ramabai. The latter's wife, Pundita, is the lawful queen of Allahabad and public sentiment is in her favor. She is growing. The people at last weary of Umballa's misrule, rise against him. The rebels at first are defeated, but Kathlyn's timely appearance inspires them and the tide turns in their favor. The rebels escape and Kathlyn seeks safety in a deserted house. She is discovered by Umballa, who is fleeing with the rebels. Mad for revenge he sets fire to the house.

CHAPTER XXI.

Saved From the Flames.

When the lions sniffed the acrid smoke the two of them fell to roaring thunderously. They reared and attempted to climb the ladder, only to fall back jarringly. The ran up and down the hall, struck with that inborn terror of fire. They dared not ascend in face of that lurid smoke which rose from that sparkling magic which they had feared since the beginning of time.

Alas, Kathlyn could have descended now without fear of the beasts molesting her; but it was too late. Finally she threw down the trap and the smoke cleared a little, but the inferno below went on crackling merrily.

The houses on each side were single storied. She would break every bone in her body if she jumped. There were four cartridges in the revolver. She held it in her hand and studied it in a curiously detached manner. She could face wild beasts, men, steel, and lead; but fire, the most horrible of all tortures. Why hadn't she killed him as he leered up at her from the street?

Four cartridges, three for help and one for herself if help came not. She raised her arm and fired three shots with intervals between that might suggest a call for aid. Then she moved to the farthest end of the parapet, farthest from the smoke and the fire. Suddenly the roof shook and quivered as if an earthquake had disturbed the foundations. She understood. The lower staircase had toppled.

From the lions the denizens of this part of the bazaars had fled inside their houses; but the sight of the fire and its nearness drove them terrified into the street. They began taking out their valuables. The household goats bleated, and children screamed and women shrieked.

But none of them could help the white goddess upon yonder doomed roof. And why should they make the attempt? Did she not bear a charmed life? Was she not the reincarnation of some ancient goddess? She had done something in heaven to offend the gods, and these things were her punishments. The gods would liberate her when the proper moment arrived.

But fire! The gods themselves could not control that; that was the right hand of Siva. Ai, ai, ai! The wailing rose to the girl on the roof. Ai, ai! The bazaars were doomed. There was neither water nor men who knew how to use it. Besides, who among them would offend the terrible Siva by meddling with his plaything?

The painted dancing girl in the house where Umballa had taken temporary refuge began to gather her trinkets, her amber and turquoise necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. These she placed in a brass enameled box and tucked it under her arm. Next she snook the sodden Umballa by the sleeve.

"Come!" she cried.

"I would sleep," he muttered.

"Durga Ram, I risk my life in offering you shelter; but I refuse to risk it in fire. Come! There is a way through the rear, to the house of a friend of mine. The fire will not reach there. And tonight you can seek shelter in the jungle, or where you will."

"Let her! I would sleep."

"Fool! These who remain here will



Kathlyn Rescued From the Fire.

What! Am I one of your slaves that you lift your hand against me?" She seized a bowl containing some flowers and cast the contents into his face. "Fire, fire, and death!" she shrieked at him.

The douche brought the man out of his stupor.

"Fire?" he repeated.

"Come!"

This time he followed her docilely, wiping his face on his sleeve.

They heard the great shouting in the street, but did not tarry to learn what had caused it.

One of Umballa's bearers, upon realizing what his master had done, had run down the street for aid. He had had two objects in view—to save the white goddess and to buy his freedom.

A few hundred yards away, in another street, the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were dragging a net for the purpose of laying it for a lion at bay in a blind alley. Into their presence rushed the wild-eyed bearer.

Save the white goddess!" he cried. Bruce seized him by the shoulder.

"What is that?"

"The white goddess, sahib! She is on the roof of a burning house. Durga Ram, my master, set fire to it. He is drunk and hiding in a house near by."

"The man is mad," declared the colonel. "Kit would not have lost her way this far. He is lying. He wants money."

Ahmed spoke. The bearer fell upon his knees.

Three shots, at intervals!

The colonel and Bruce stared into each other's eyes.

"God in heaven!" gasped the colonel; "those are revolver shots!"

"Bring the net!" shouted Ahmed. To the trembling bearer he said: "Lead us; we follow. And if you have spoken the truth you shall not only have your freedom but rupees for your old age."

A lion's net is a heavy affair, but with the aid of the keepers the men ran as quickly and lightly as if burdenless. Smoke. There was a fire. The hearts of the white men beat painfully. And the same thought occurred to both of them; they should have gone to Ramabai's home first, then turned their attention to the lions. And Umballa was hiding in a house near by!

Well for them that they entered the doomed quarters as they did. Kathlyn saw them, and the muzzle of the revolver which she was pressing to her heart was lowered, the weapon itself slipping from her hand to the roof like this.

"Spread out the net!" commanded Bruce. "Kathlyn, can you hear me?" he shouted, cupping his hands before his mouth. Faintly he heard her reply. "When I give the word, jump. Do not be afraid."

Kathlyn stepped upon the parapet. A great volume of smoke obscured her for a moment. Out of the windows the vivid tongues of flames darted, flashing upward. She summoned all her courage and waited for the call of the man she loved. Inside a floor gave way with a crash and the collateral walls of the building swayed ominously. A despairing roar accompanied the thunder of falling beams.

The lions had gone to their death.

"Jump!"

Without hesitation Kathlyn flung herself into space. A murmur ran through the crowd, which had for the moment forgotten its own danger in the wonder of this spectacle. The men holding the net threw themselves backward as Kathlyn struck the mesh. Even then her body touched the street cobbles and she was bruised and shaken severely, but, O, alive, alive! There rose the great shouting which Umballa and the dancing girl had heard.

Shortly after the house collapsed. The fire spread to the houses on each side.

Bruce seized the bearer by the arm. "Now, the house which Umballa entered!"

Eagerly enough the slave directed him. For all the abuse and beatings the slave was to have his hour. But they found the house empty except for a chattering monkey and a screaming parakeet, both attached to pedestal perches. Bruce liberated them and returned to the colonel.

"Gone! Well, let him hide in the jungle, a prey to fear and hunger. At least we are rid of him. But I shall die unhappy if in this life we two fail to meet again. Kit!"

"John!" She withdrew from her father's arms and sought those of the man who loved her and whom she loved, as youth will and must. "Let him go. Why should we care? Take me to my sister."

Ahmed smiled as he and his men rolled the net. This was as it should be. For what man was a better mate for his golden-haired memsahib? And then he thought of Lal Singh, and he choked a little. For Lal Singh and he had spent many pleasant hours together. They had worked together in play and in war, shared danger and bread and glory, all of which was written in the books of the British raj in Calcutta.

It was the will of Allah; there was but one God, and Mahomet was his prophet. Then Ahmed dismissed Lal Singh and the past from his thoughts, after the philosophical manner of the Asiatic, and turned to the more vital affairs under hand.

At Ramabai's house there was a happy reunion; and on her knees Pundita confessed to her lord how near she had been to Christian damnation. She had fallen from grace; she had reverted to the old customs of her race, to whom suicide was not sin. Ramabai took her in his arms and touched her forehead with his lips.

"And now," said the colonel, "the king!"

Ramabai's head sank.

"What is the matter? Is he dead?"

"If I knew that," answered Ramabai, "I would rest content."

"But you searched the royal prison?"

"And found nothing, nothing!"

"What do you believe?"

"I believe that either the Council or Umballa has forestalled us. We shall visit the Council at once. They are prisoners. If they have had no hand in the disappearance of the king, then we are facing a stone wall over which we cannot leap. For Umballa has fled, with no one knows, and with him has gone the secret. Come, we shall go at once to the palace prison."

The Council which had ruled so long in Allah was very humble indeed. They had imprisoned the king because he had given many evidences of mental unbalance. Perhaps unwisely they had proclaimed his death. Durga Ram had discovered what they had done and had held it over their heads like a sword blade. That the king was not in his dungeon, why and wherefor, was beyond their knowledge. They were in the power of Ramabai; let him work his will upon them. They had told the truth. And Ramabai, much as he detested them, believed them. But for the present it was required that they remain incarcerated till the king was found, dead or alive.

In the palace soldiers and servants alike had already forgotten Umballa. To them it was as if he had not existed. All in a few hours. There was, however, one man who did not forget. Upon a certain day Umballa had carelessly saved his life, and to his benefactor he was now determined to devote that life. This man was the majordomo, the chief servant in the king's household. It was not that he loved Umballa; rather than he owed Umballa a debt and resolved to pay it.

Two days later, when the fires were extinguished and the populace had settled back into its former habits, this majordomo betook himself to Umballa's house. It was well guarded, and by men who had never been close to Umballa, but had always belonged to the dissatisfied section, the frankly and openly mutinous section. No bribery was possible here; at least, nothing short of a fabulous sum of money would dislodge their loyalty to Ramabai, now the constitutional regent. No one could leave the house or enter it without scrutiny and question.

The servants and the women of the zenanas remained undisturbed. Ramabai would have it so. Things had been put in order. There had not been much damage done by the looters on the day of the revolt. They had looked for treasure merely, and only an occasional bit of vandalism had marked their pathway.

On the pain of death no soldier might enter the house.

The majordomo was permitted to enter without question. He passed the guards humbly. But once inside, beyond observation, he became a different man. For in Umballa's house, as in Ramabai's, there were secret chambers, and today the majordomo

entered one of them—through a panel concealed behind a hanging Isphahan rug.

On the night of the revolt, Umballa, sober and desperate, had slunk back disguised as a candy seller. The house was not guarded then, so he had no difficulty in gaining admittance. But he had to gain entrance through a window in the zenana. He would not trust either his servants, his slaves, or his chief eunuch. To the women of his own zenana he had always been carelessly kind, and women are least bribable of the two sexes.

Umballa entered at once his secret chamber, and food and water were brought, one of the women acting as bearer, on the morning after the guards arrived, and Umballa knew not how long he might have to wait. Through one of the women he sent a verbal message to the majordomo, with the result that each day he learned what was taking place in the palace. So they hunted for the king? He was very well satisfied. He had had his revenge; and more than this, he was confident when the time came he would also gain his liberty. He had a ransom to pay: the king himself!

Now, then, Ramabai felt it incumbent on him to hold a banquet in the palace, there to state to his friends, native and white, just what he intended to do. And on the night of this sober occasion he sat in the throne room before a desk littered with documents. As he finished writing a note he summoned the majordomo.

"Have this delivered at once to Hare Sahib, whom you will find at his bungalow outside the city. Tell him also that he must be present tonight, he, his friend, and his daughters. It is of vital importance."

Pundita, who was staring out of the window, turned and asked her lord what he was sending the Colonel Sahib but he could not give him at the banquet.

"A surprise, an agreeable surprise." The majordomo cocked his ears; but Ramabai said nothing more.

At the colonel's bungalow there was rejoicing. Ramabai had written that since the king could not be found he would head the provisional government as regent, search for and arrest Umballa, and at any time the Colonel Sahib signified would furnish him with a trusty escort to the railway, three days' journey away. He added, however, that he hoped the Colonel Sahib would be good enough to remain till order was established.

The majordomo contrived to tarry long enough to overhear as much of the conversation as needed—for he understood English—and then returned to the city to carry the news to Umballa. To him Umballa gave a white powder.

"Tonight, you say, Ramabai gives a banquet?"

"Yes, huzoor."

"Well, put this in his cup and your obligation to me is paid."

The majordomo stared a long time at that little packet of powder. A cold sweat formed upon his brow under his turban.

"Well?" said Umballa, ironically.

"Huzoor, it is murder!"

Umballa shrugged and held out his hand for the packet.

The majordomo swallowed a few times and bowed his head. "It shall be done, huzoor. My life is yours to do with as you please. I have said it."

"Begone, then, and bring me the news on the morrow that Ramabai is dead. You alone know where the king



"I Will Tell All. I Am Dying!"

is. Should they near the hut in which I have hidden him, see that he is killed. He is also useless."

The major domo departed with heavy heart. Ramabai was an honest man; but Durga Ram had spoken.

At the banquet, with its quail and pheasant, its fruits and flowers, its rare plates and its rarer goblets for the light wines high castes permitted themselves occasionally to drink. Ramabai toyed idly with his goblet and thoughtlessly pushed it toward Kathlyn, who sat at his right.

Imbued with a sense of gratitude for Ramabai's patience and kindness and assistance through all her dreadful ordeals, Kathlyn sprang up suddenly and without looking reached for what she supposed to be her own goblet, but inadvertently her hand came in contact with Ramabai's. What she had in mind to say was never spoken.

The majordomo stood appalled. This wonderful white woman over whom the gods watched as they watched the winds and the rains, of whom he had not dared speak to Umballa. She? No! He saw that he himself must

die. He seized the goblet ere it reached her lips, drank, and flung it aside empty. He was as good as dead for there were no antidotes for poisons Umballa gave. Those seated about the table were too astonished to stir. The majordomo put his hand to his eyes, reeled, steadied himself; and then Ramabai understood.

"Poison!" he gasped, springing up and catching the majordomo by the shoulders. "Poison, and it was meant for me. Speak!"

"Lord, I will tell all. I am dying!"

It was a strange tale of misplaced loyalty and gratitude, but it was peculiarly oriental. And when they learned that Umballa was hidden in his own house and the king in a hut outside the city they knew that God was just, whatever his prophet's name might be. Before he died the majordomo explained the method of entering the secret chamber.

The quail and pheasant, the fruits and wine remained untouched. The hall became deserted almost immediately. To the king first; to the king! The Umballa should pay his debt.

They found the poor king in the hut, in a pitiable condition. He laughed and babbled and smiled and wept as they led him away. But in the secret chamber which was to have held Umballa there was no living being.

For Umballa had, at the departure of the majordomo, conceived a plan for rehabilitation so wide in its ramifications, so powerful and whelming that nothing could stay it once it was set in motion. The priests, the real rulers of Asia; the wise and patient gurus, who held the most compelling of all scepters, superstition! Double fool that he had been not to have thought of this before! He knew that they hated Ramabai, who in religion was an outcast and a pariah, who worshipped but a single God whom none had ever seen, of whom no idol had been carved and set up in a temple.

Superstition! Umballa threw off his robes and donned his candy seller's tatters, left the house without being questioned by the careless guard, and sought the chief temple.

Superstition! To cow the populace, to bring the troops to the mark, with threats of curses, famine, plague, eternal damnation! Superstition! And this is why Ramabai and his followers found the empty chamber.

CHAPTER XXII.

Allaha's Real King Killed.

In the rear of the temple Umballa sought was a small chamber which was used by the priests when they desired to rest or converse privately, which was often. The burning temple lamps of brass emphasized the darkness of the room rather than dispelled it. A shadow occasionally flickered through the amber haze—an exploring bat. A dozen or more priests stood in one of the dim corners, from which their own especial idol winked at them with eyes like coals blown upon. The Krishna of the Ruby eyes, an idol known far and wide but seen by few.

In the temple itself there was a handful of tardy worshipers. The heat of the candles, the smell of the eternal lotus flower and smoking incense sticks made even the huge vault stifling. Many of the idols were jeweled or patched with beaten gold leaf, and many had been coveted by wandering white men, who, when their endeavor became known, disappeared mysteriously and were never more known in the haunts of men.

A man in tatters appeared suddenly in the great arched doorway. His turban came down almost to his eyes and a neckcloth covered his mouth. All that could be seen of him in the matter of countenance was a pair of brilliant eyes and predatory nose. He threw a quick, piercing glance about, assured himself that such devotees as he saw were harmless, then strode boldly if hurriedly toward the rear chamber, which he entered without ado. Instantly the indignant priests rushed toward him to expel him and give him a tongue-lashing for his impudence, when a hand was thrust out, and they beheld upon a finger a great green stone. They stopped as suddenly as though they had met an invisible electric current.

The curtain fell behind the man in tatters, and he remained motionless for a space. A low murmuring among the priests ensued, and presently one of their number—the youngest—passed out and stationed himself before the curtain. Not even a privileged dancing girl might enter now.

The man in tatters stepped forward. He became the center of the group; his gestures were quick, tense, authoritative. At length priest turned to priest, and the wrinkled faces became more wrinkled still; smiles.

"Highness," said the eldest, "we had thought of this, but you did not make us your confidant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Joys of a Farmer's Life. A gardener just outside Boston has a magnificent field of green peas.

"Do they taste as good as they look?" I asked him jokingly.

"Bless you," he replied, "it would be like eating money for me to use them on my own table. I haven't tasted a pea, except out of a can, for five years."

Oh, the joy of a farmer's life!—Boston Post.

A Great Disseminator. "I admit that my wife and I quarrel occasionally, but it is soon over."

"Yes, soon all over the neighborhood. Mrs. Nextdoor attends to that."

MANITOBA'S AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT IN THAT PROVINCE DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS.

The past year has shown that the Province of Manitoba, the Premier Province of Western Canada, stands out prominently in point of wealth in her agricultural productions. Manitoba had an excellent yield of wheat in 1914, the oat crop was not so good, and with the high price received, every farmer was placed in a good financial position.

For some years, as is probably the case in all new countries, Manitoba went largely into the growing of grain, and while this paid well for a time, it was found that having to purchase his meat, his milk and a number of other daily requisites, the farmer did not pay as it should. Now, there is another side to it. Fodder crops are grown, cattle are being raised, cheese factories and creameries are established, and the result is that the financial position of the farmers of Manitoba is as strong as that of those in any other portion of the continent. Scarcely a farmer today but has realized that the growing of grains alone has a precarious side, and that positive security can only be assured by diversified farming, and securing the latest modern and most economic methods. Therefore timothy, clover, alfalfa, rye grass and fodder corn are universally grown. Most wonderful success meets the efforts of the farmers in the cultivation of these grasses, and the yields compare favorably with those of many older countries, while in many cases they exceed them.

It is worth while recording the acreage of these crops this season as compared with last, because the figures reflect the remarkable progress that is being made in dairying and in the beef and pork industry. In 1913 brome grass was sown on 24,912 acres, rye grass on 21,917 acres, timothy on 118,712 acres, clover on 5,328 acres, alfalfa on 4,709 acres and fodder corn on 20,223 acres. In 1914 the respective acreage under those crops were 25,444 acres, 27,100 acres, 165,990 acres, 7,212 acres and 10,250 acres and 30,430 acres. Alfalfa particularly is coming into its own, the acreage having been more than doubled last year.

It is simply the natural process of evolution from the purely grain farming which Manitoba knew as the only method twenty years ago to the more diversified forms of agriculture that is responsible for the development along these other lines in this Province. Alberta is coming to it at an earlier stage than did Manitoba. Saskatchewan, too, is following rapidly in the same direction.

Then, as her fodder crop and root crop acreage indicate, there have been increases in the holdings of all kinds of live stock during the past twelve months, according to the correspondent for the Toronto Globe. Beef cattle number 42,000 head this year, as against 37,000 last year; milch cows are 160,474 head, as against 157,962 head; pigs number 325,000, as against 248,000; sheep number 75,000, as against 52,000; and there are 325,000 horses as compared with 300,000 at this time last year. These are the latest Provincial figures, and they show that despite the great efflux of live stock to the United States since the opening of that market to Canada, the capital amount of live animals has increased instead of having decreased through the extra demand.

Dairying the Principal Industry.

Dairying is the industry, however, which is making dollars for the Manitoba farmer. It is developing at a rapid rate in this Province for that particular reason. The output of creamery butter last year was 4,000,000 pounds, at an average price of 27.5 cents per pound, which was an increase over the previous year of a million pounds. The output of dairy butter was recorded last year at 4,288,276 pounds. The Government department says that again this year a substantial increase in the dairy output will be shown from this Province. From this same source of information one finds that through the splendid growth in winter dairying, Winnipeg now, for the first time in years, is able to obtain a sufficient supply of milk and sweet cream from its city dairies to satisfy its demand throughout the year without having to import large quantities of these products from the United States as was done not longer than two years ago.—Advertisement.

A Pleasant Way to Help.

"Mamma," hisped the cherub, while a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated his baby face, "do you know that sometimes I help Catherine's mamma?"

"That's nice," prompted the proud parent. "And what do you do to help her, dear?"

"Oh," replied the cherub, "when Catherine's naughty, I punish her."—Youth's Companion.

Beyond Its Power.

"That rich Mrs. Stiggins doesn't speak to me now. Yet she used to be my next-door neighbor—and they were awfully common."

"Well, there are some things money can't do."

"What?"

"Make oldtime neighbors forget the early days."

It is mighty hard to tell whether the world is laughing with you or at you. So don't get far-headed.

AFTER THE WRECK

By ARTHUR CLEVES.

Jim Driscoll found himself upon his feet, staring at the wreck of the train in which he had been traveling. All about him lay the dead and injured, and the carriages, which were beginning to catch fire, illumined the night with a lurid glare.

It was in the middle of the mountain district of Pennsylvania. Driscoll had left his little town in Illinois to go to New York. It was his first journey in ten years. A discovery of oil upon his property had given him the promise of wealth, and he had set out to negotiate with a company.

Jim Driscoll, at fifty, was reputed the crabbest old man in Boxville. If Mary and he had had children he might have discovered that life is not wholly a vale of tears. As it was, he was a town character. He knew it, too; knew that Mary shrank from him and feared him, though loyalty kept her to him; knew that his presence anywhere chilled the mirth, that the children hated him, that his neighbors avoided him.

He gloried in it. He had the reputation of a vindictive man, and he gloried in that. He was close-fisted, hard as nails, and he hugged his sinister reputation to his heart.

The wreck had come suddenly. It had unsettled him. Of course, he was not going to interest himself in any of the injured. That was not Driscoll's way. But the physical shakeup had unsettled the habits of years, and for the first time in years Driscoll began to take stock of himself.

His thoughts were changed by hearing a child's cry at his side. Stooping down, he saw a pretty little girl of eight or nine years, lying beside the track. Near her lay the body of a man. He had been killed in the disaster, and the girl, who seemed only slightly injured, was stretching out her arms to him and sobbing.

Beneath his hard exterior Driscoll had a heart tender in one respect. He loved children. That was why he scowled at them, to hide his feelings.



Opened His Eyes and Stared Into His Wife's Face.

If Mary and he could have had a child like that!

He spoke gruffly to the little girl, but she did not seem to notice his presence. And at last, with a shrug of the shoulders, Driscoll turned his back on her.

He started away—not in the direction of New York, however, but back toward his home. A new idea had come to him. He would pretend that he had been killed in the wreck, and return home secretly, to discover what people were saying about him. He anticipated the jeers, the scoffing and congratulations, and his own triumph when he suddenly appeared in the midst of them.

The news of the disaster had spread rapidly, and, five miles down the line, Driscoll passed a wrecking train, with a medical car attached. Behind it, along the wayside track, there came a man in a buggy, who pulled up his sweating steed.

"Have you seen the wreck?" he shouted.

"Yes," answered Driscoll. "I was aboard. My friend, Jim Driscoll, was killed, and that's enough for me. Are you a reporter?"

"Yes, I'm a newspaper man," answered the other. "Give me a short account while I rest my horse. Quick!"

"I will if you'll put Jim Driscoll down as dead," answered Driscoll. "Say Jim Driscoll of Boxville, Ill., was killed by breaking his neck, because I'm not a-going to break the news to his family."

The bargain was struck and Driscoll gave the other a five minutes' account of the wreck. Then he hurried along the line.

He caught a branch train at the junction, and finally, about eight o'clock the next evening, attired in a shabby suit which he had purchased at a pawnbroker's, he made his way in the dark through the streets of Boxville. Nobody who passed in the gathering darkness recognized Driscoll in the shabby, slouching stranger.

He pushed open the garden gate and crept to the outside of the parlor window. Inside he saw a small

crowd of neighbors, but his wife was not there.

"It'll be a hard blow for Mary," one of the crowd was saying. "Poor Jim!"

Driscoll recognized him as the local druggist, with whom he had been on bad terms for years. He clenched his fists. He hated the man's hypocrisy even more than himself.

"Now there's many talks against Jim, but he wasn't such a bad fellow," broke in the shoemaker. He was a man named Austin, with whom Driscoll had had a feud of several months' standing, on account of a business misunderstanding. "When a man's cranky folks makes allowances for him. I tell you, a man who can keep the love of a woman like Mary Driscoll must have some good in him—it stands to reason."

"It's a pity there wasn't no children," sighed Miss Hemans, the sister of the butcher. "That's what ate into their hearts like acid. But I guess that if he lives Mary Driscoll will be so overjoyed that life'll take on a happier look for her."

"No chance of his recovering, is there?" asked Austin.

"A small one," said the butcher. "The doc says that if he recovers consciousness he'll most likely get well. It seems there's a splinter of bone pressing on his brain, and they can't tell how much it's injured him. If he recovers consciousness, the brain's all right; if he don't—well, he won't, that's all."

"Did Mary Driscoll write that?" asked another.

"Sure. She wrote to Miss Hemans here."

Jim Driscoll was conscious of mingled emotions. The first was of shame and humiliation. Of all the neighbors gathered there, not one had a bad word for him. But the second was of disgust. Could it be possible that his wife had gone to the hospital and actually mistaken another man for himself?

Or was somebody lying? That was a more probable explanation. Of course! It was a lie. His impulse was to run into the room, but he restrained himself, and he heard another speaker say:

"I tell you, Miss Hemans, when I saw Mary Driscoll start off this morning, she looked actually pretty in that black dress of hers, in spite of her sorrow. She was crying, and she couldn't hide it, but she looked like a girl again. Sorrow seems to bring back the youth in some people."

"She's had sorrow enough," broke in the first sneering voice that Driscoll had heard. "Living with a man like Jim is enough to make any woman wish she was dead."

Driscoll knew the speaker. He was the cashier of the local bank, and about the only friend he had in Boxville. And the sudden realization of the fellow's treachery almost unnerved the watcher at the window.

He, Driscoll, had been so wrapped up in his hatred and moodiness that he had never been able to tell his true friends from the false ones. He had acted like a fool. An overwhelming sense of remorse came over him. If he could see Mary now, and tell her what a fool he had been!

And, unable longer to restrain himself, he sprang for the door, opened it, and rushed into the parlor.

"I'm here, and I've heard every word!" he shouted to the assembly. "You, Mr. Nevins—" he turned to the cashier—"were my best friend, and you can walk right out of my house and never come—"

"Well, Jim Driscoll was a good man in his way," said Miss Hemans, wiping her eyes.

They had not heard him! Nobody had heard or noticed him! And, even as he stood there, bewildered, Nevins walked straight into him—and through him!

In an instant Driscoll understood. He was dead! He had died in the collision, and he was in his own home in the spirit, while the mangled flesh lay—in the hospital, no doubt, where his patient wife was watching!

"I agree with you, Miss Hemans," the butcher answered.

Jim Driscoll turned slowly away, and, with the realization that his last chance to redeem his life was gone, an agonizing sense of hopelessness crushed him.

"Jim!"

Jim Driscoll opened his eyes and stared into his wife's face.

"O, thank God, Jim! You are conscious. You are going to get well, Jim, God has answered my prayers. I have prayed for you night and day these ten days past, and the doctor said if you knew me again you would recover. Jim, my dear—Jim, O, my dear!"

And, kneeling at the bedside—she flung her arms round the sick man's neck.

"Jim, everyone is talking about it," she said later.

"About what?" whispered Driscoll feebly.

"The little girl in the next bed—look at her, Jim! Don't you remember? You pulled her from beneath the car which had fallen on her father and killed him. Nobody knows how you freed her, but it fell back on your head and injured you terribly. And, Jim—"

Driscoll could read the hope in his wife's eyes.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, patting her hand. "If you like, Mary."

"You'll adopt her, Jim? She has nobody in the world."

And that time Mary Driscoll read the answer in his.

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We admire a man who always laughs at our jokes, and never tells any of his own.

For the LITTLE ONES

EXCESSIVE ATHLETICS HURT

Coach Courtney of Cornell Recommends That Universities Take Entire Control of Sports.

Mr. Courtney, the Cornell rowing coach, who for many years has been actively identified with university athletics, has spoken out strongly against the system under which university athletics are conducted. "If athletics are not a good thing, they ought to be abolished. If they are a good thing for the boys, it would seem to me wise for the university to take over and control absolutely every branch of sport; do away with this boy management; stop this foolish squandering of money; and see that the athletics of the university are run in a rational way."

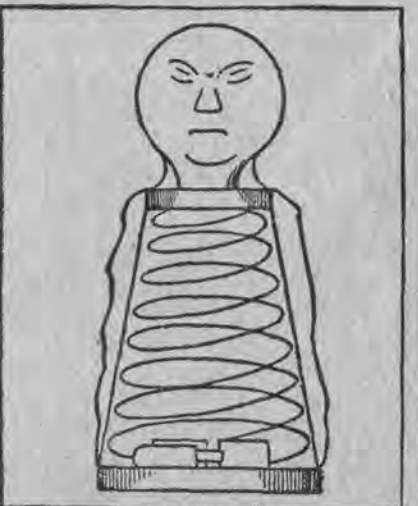
Besides making these criticisms and recommendations, Mr. Courtney has commented on the declining standards of university athletes, as measured by their class work. According to him, an increasing number of men who engage in university athletics show a mediocre rank in scholarship. Formerly the university athlete of distinction was desired and sought for upon graduation by business men; he was presumed to have qualities that would make him exceptionally useful or successful. Now the athlete is no longer in such high demand; instead, it is the man who has shown special capacity in the more technical or scientific branches of his college training. The celebrated athlete, it begins to appear, is so specialized in athletics as not to seem promising for any other pursuit. He is no longer the "all-around man" that his predecessor of a past generation was thought to be.

Very likely these generalizations are not wholly fair to the present-day athlete or to present-day athletics. They are significant, however, as indicating a gradual change that is taking place in public opinion.

CRIES LIKE A HUMAN BABY

But Unlike the Real Infant, Its Noises Are Under Control—Doll Is Built on a Spring.

Something new in doll babies is making its way into the nurseries, the recent invention of a German. The baby is built on a spring, which maintains the body part in a distended condition. When this is collapsed as by a squeeze of the hand the air is permitted to escape readily, but in



Baby With a Real Cry.

assuming its normal shape under the action of the spring the outside air is drawn into the interior and in its passage a noise like that made by an infant in crying is made.

PARTICULAR USES FOR FLAGS

Black Banner From Time Immemorial Has Been Unfurled as Flag of Piracy—Red Denotes Danger.

"Strike the flag" is to lower the colors in token of submission.

"Dipping the flag" is lowering it and hoisting it again in salute to a vessel or fort.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag taken before an enemy to indicate a desire for consultation.

The black flag from time immemorial has been unfurled as the flag of piracy.

A yellow flag flown from a vessel is a sign of disease and denotes quarantine.

A flag at half-mast denotes mourning. When a man is lost at sea the vessel returns with its flag at half-mast to announce the tidings of death.

When the president of the United States embarks in his barge the American flag is hoisted in the bow and at the main of the vessel.

Flags are everywhere used, as the symbol of rank, and the officers whose rank is indicated by them are called "flag officers."

The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often employed by disturbers of the peace. It is also used to denote danger.

Slow Sleeper.

Bridget, a servant girl, was taken to task for oversleeping herself. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest."

ANTS TALK WITH "FEELERS"

One of the Most Interesting Discoveries of Insect Life, That of the Antennae Language.

Of the many discoveries that have been made about our insect friends, perhaps the most interesting is that of the antennae language. Many boys and not a few girls have watched the movements of a large body of ants, and have been struck by the fact that they seem able to communicate with one another by means of the long, stem-like objects protruding from their heads. These are called in science "antennae," but a good name for them is "feelers," and a very fitting one it is, for when ants are awake and in action, these organs are kept continually moving in front and on either side, touching the various objects in their path, as though they would "feel" their way.

These "feelers," at least in the case of ants, are even more important than eyes. They determine the form of objects; they locate the individual trail or path of their kind; they distinguish friends from foes. They test



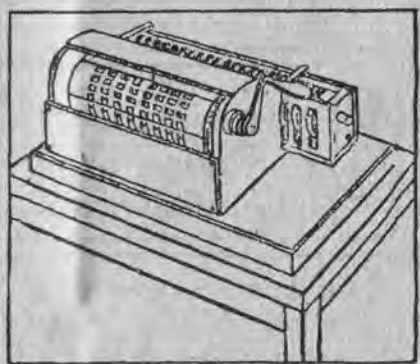
Ants "Talking" by Crossing Their "Feelers."

the quality of food and of all other objects, and, in an elementary way make records in their memories for use on succeeding occasions.

AUTOMATIC ADDING MACHINE

Illustration of Progressiveness of China and Japan Shown in Invention of New Device.

Most of us are familiar with the original abacus, invented by the Chinese, with its colored balls strung on wires. Now a Japanese has shown the wide difference between the progressiveness of those two nations by



Automatic Abacus.

inventing the calculating machine seen here. This machine has a plurality of registering wheels and a rotary drum, with banks of indicating keys mounted upon it, one set to each registering wheel. To compute a certain sum, for instance, you strike the right indicating keys on the drum and then turn the handle, causing the drum to revolve. These indicator keys having been thrown into position, strike other mechanism on the registering wheels and form a combination, which is the result of your addition or multiplication or whatever it may be.

OVERCOMING SPIRIT OF WAR

First Thing for Boys to Do is to Recognize Men as Men, Despite Their Race or Country.

When this hideous war is over all the nations will be filled with the spirit of hate, for without hate there could be no war, writes David Starr Jordan in Boys' Life. It is for you boys to try and overcome this spirit, to help each man and each other to realize that men are men, wherever they may live or whatever language they may speak.

A boy in one of the continental countries now at war told me once that he saw soldiers of a neighboring country going away on the train. One soldier leaned out of the window, put his arm on his mother's shoulder and reached down to kiss her. The boy was greatly surprised. He had been taught to hate the people of that neighbor country, and he thought they were not human. He did not know they loved their mothers just as he did. When he knew that, he did not want to fight them, but wanted to make them friends.

If a nation is victorious, it has at the end the same troubles it would have had if it had been vanquished. War is a two-edged sword without any hilt, and it cuts every one that wields it. And as bad as the sting of defeat is the curse of victory. The defeated nation wants to fight again, to revenge itself; and the victorious nation wants to fight again because it feels sure that it is strong enough to whip anybody. And each of them hates the other, without sense, without reason.

Agreed With Mother.

Mother—Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?

Small Boy—I guess so. Shall I go see if I can find a boy who wants to?—Magazine of Fun.

Reason for a Hat.

Why does a miller wear a white hat?—Ans.—To cover his head.

HISTORY OF HIS LIFE

GARRULOUS OLD FARMER LIBERAL WITH INFORMATION.

Comes Pretty Near Holding the Record as an Artist in Unsustained Conversation—Something of Vocabulary Wonder.

"The backwoods class of natives of the northern New England states which lie along the Canadian border are often depicted in stories as being of the silent type," said a Washington man who is recently back from a motor tour in the sparsely settled districts of New Hampshire, according to the Washington Star.

"Well, lots of them are, but when they are the opposite class they come pretty near holding the palm for pure, unadulterated garrulity. One example of what might be called 'sustained conversation' was, to us, such a gem of its kind that I can remember a good part of it. We had just had a blowout on a roadside and in a few minutes an old farmer approached us from his doorway. Shifting his pipe to the side of his mouth he addressed us thus, while we listened spellbound: "Was that your tiah jest blowed out? Sounded jest like a pistil! Then, scrutinizing our D. C. license:

"Be you from the city?"

"Yes, we answered, from Washington. Ever been there?"

"Wal, I was in Washington once, 50 years ago, during the war."

"Oh, and were you at the big reunion at Gettysburg last year?"

"No, I didn't go down. If I'd ben in the battil I'd hu' gone. Two or three fellers from Groveton went, and some from Milan and some from other taowns. I had the fortune to serve under General Banks in the Mississippi valley. Then we come up the Shendoah and whipped up the hull valley araound Ha'pers Ferry. Say, that's funny taown, hain't it? Haouses all runnin' up the side of the hill and graveya'd on the top. We camped all winter the other side the river at Poolesville. It was cold as the dev-vil that winter. We took the gravestuns and made chimneys auten 'em. The officers were mad as the dev-vil and made us put 'em back at the end of the winter.

"Gentlemen and ladies, speakin' of taowns, when I come over here from Beth-el, Maine, they wa'n't but ten haouses in the hull taownship, and naow they's 10,000. We used to live to Milan Corners, ten miles away, but our haouse burnt up. It so happened that my wife and son had jest come from a visit to Beth-el, Maine. We was all to meetin', it bein' Sunday evening, and meetin' wa'n't over till nine. We see a blaze up aour way and the folks all struck up the wrong side of the river, so only two or three ever got there. My wife was lame at the time and my boy was sick, so they couldn't do nothin'. We done what we could. We saved the sewin' machine and the pa'lor organ, and some o' them things the women care for, but the chamber sets, they cost \$25 apiece, and they was all burnt. The good folks o' the taown took up a collection and got us \$200, and we sold the fa'm for \$700 more; that made \$900. Then we come over here and spent the winter at Center Station, where my wife's cousin keeps a jewelry store. Then it so happened that the people ownin' this fa'm died, and that we wanted to buy. Likeliest spot in the hull valley, hain't it? Great Godfrey, he's got that tiah done already! That feller suttinly knows his business!"

Princes in Russian Ranks. The native princes of the tribes of the Caucasus, many of whom are Muslims, came forward at the beginning of the war offering horses, men and money. A magnificent body of native horse has now taken the field. Many Russian regiments are composed entirely of men of princely birth. Wealthy landowners, each of whom subscribed tens of thousands to the war fund, are contented to serve the emperor as plain troopers.

The response of the Russian Polish aristocracy has assumed remarkable forms. One of the crack guard regiments has formed two whole companies entirely composed of men of noble birth, among them being 30 Polish noblemen, headed by Prince Zamoyiski, who, discarding his high court rank, has donned the blouse of a private in his majesty's footguards.

Quail Feather and X-Ray.

An ordinary mountain quail feather held before the eyes serves the same purpose as a powerful X-ray machine, according to Dr. Barton J. Powell of Stockton, Cal., who has sent a bunch of the feathers to the California State university for experimental purposes.

Doctor Powell says that while hunting in the Sierra Nevada an old Indian called the fact to his attention. Taking a feather from a quail the Indian held it before the physician's eyes and put his hand up to the light. The bones of the hand were plainly visible through the flesh.

The Indian said feathers had been used from time immemorial by his tribesmen as an aid in setting broken bones.

Gran'pa's Observation.

"Ter gran'pa sez that he alluz 'hought them fluffly girls didn't hev much brains an' now he knows it. Sez he, 'look how far they kin stick them rig tango hair pins inter their heads an' it don't seem tew hurt them a mite.'"

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT

Vain Longing and Aspirations, as This Little Fable Shows, Are Things of Moment.

A fashionable woman, coming from the opera, in the rosy nest of a limousine, passed a group of laborers at midnight. Machines, like terrible animals, were burrowing into the earth. Steam was hissing, as if from the mouths of a million serpents. Rocks flew in every direction. Torchlights danced. There was the thunder of labor. The night shift was in full swing.

And the woman, glancing from the window, at a certain workman, for an instant thought:

"How I wish I had that brawny laborer's strength and joy of life! How I envy him his power, his physical perfection, the wonder of his manhood, his freedom from the shackles that bind me. He is his own master, while I am a slave—the slave of a man I despise!"

At that moment the laborer paused long enough by the deep chasm where his engine rocked, to glance into the motor as it sped by him. And he thought:

"Oh, to be like her! To know leisure and wealth and rest! To be free from drudgery and toil, to come and go as I pleased! To throw off the chains of debt and worry, and have the days and nights stretch ahead of me like a field of flowers!"

But in another instant the motor was gone. The torchlights flared brighter than ever. And each had forgotten the other.—Judge.

Geometrical Staircase.

What is believed to be the first geometrical staircase ever built of concrete forms a part of the "Caracol" tower in a museum building that has just been completed in Los Angeles. The building with its tower is in the quaint ancient Spanish style of architecture and is constructed entirely of poured concrete. The tower is 125 feet high. In the center is the geometrical stairway, consisting of 160 steps, circling around an open space only 24 inches in diameter and mounting to a height of 120 feet. Unlike most geometrical staircases, including the one in St. Paul's cathedral in London, this staircase occupies only a small part of the tower, space being left for rooms of fairly large size on each of the seven floors.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Biggest Talker in the British House.

Mr. Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer, is the greatest talker in the British parliament. The chancellor spoke 170 columns of "Hansard," while the prime minister comes sixth down the list with 108 columns. The member who asked the most questions was Mr. Fred Hall of Dulwich, who put 359.

In one sort of contest Mr. Will Hall is easily beaten by Mr. Will Thorne, the socialist. The ordinary rate of speaking is 100 to 150 words a minute. Mr. Will Thorne puts his questions to the government at the rate of about six hundred words a minute. Mr. Hall cannot do better than a mere 450 words a minute.

A Misanthropic Reader.

"I don't believe more than half of what I see in print," said the incredulous man.

"Trying to be on the safe side."

"Yes. And even at that, I generally pick the wrong half."

Don't worry—unless you can draw a salary for so doing.

It's sometimes easier to bear it than it is to grin.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

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

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The Roosevelt News

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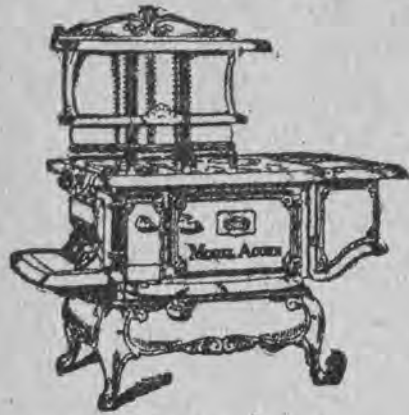
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TOBACCOS AND CIGARS

C. R. R. DEPOT

CARTERET, N. J.

Experiments on Dumb Animals Are Cruel

By E. M. ARGYLE, Cincinnati, Ohio

heartless and cruel to other poor, helpless, harmless dumb creatures which are cast among us, which came to life through no choice of their own, and have only their warm, sensitive bodies.

Doctors take advantage of these defenseless, harmless beings, cut them up alive, inflict diseases on them, experiment on them with medicines and otherwise torture them, thereby trying to find a cure for diseases and so gain the knowledge, if possible, of helping our own kind.

Can anything be more unjust? Are parents who are so selfish and unreasonable as to uphold such barbarism really worthy of possessing children?

All creatures are liable to diseases. Nature warns and punishes those who violate her laws. Who is to blame for most of our afflictions? Why not trace them back to their cause? Who adulterate and embalm foods? Who artificially color candies, fruits and many of our necessities? No doubt cancer of the stomach and intestines, heart and kidney troubles and many other of our ailments are the result of partaking of unnatural and poisonous foods which are put up by avaricious individuals.

Swell Headedness Is Not Self-Confidence

By J. G. WOODS, St. Paul, Minn.

wizard was not at fault. In this particular case he devoted himself carefully to seeing that the young man did not develop this fault, and his assiduity was rewarded, so the story goes, when the man became one of his most valued aids.

Therein lies a large lesson to young men starting life. All of the overofficialness of jacks-in-office—invariably indicating littleness—proceeds from exaggerated egoism, or, in the vernacular, "swell headedness." These little men might become big men in time if the abnormal growth of their bumps of self-esteem did not stunt their other growth.

We come across this in public office, in private employ, in social life, everywhere. There are many symptoms of the disease. One of the most prevalent is the arrogating to one's self of high-sounding titles—usually not warranted by the position of the would-be owner thereof—and there are many other manifestations.

Self-confidence is excellent, but swell headedness is not self-confidence. Rather it is bumptiousness, and the world is quick and keen to precipitate the undoing of these men who are unconsciously riding for a fall.

Man Is Innocent Until Proven Guilty

By D. A. HEDEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

The theory that a man should be regarded as innocent until proved guilty is no doubt right. But the ease with which he is proved a wrongdoer varies directly with the strength of his defense.

The poor man with scanty means can afford at best one cheap and usually inefficient lawyer.

The state has the best the locality can afford to present the prosecution. The rich man, with his half-dozen able lawyers, can always circumvent or at least temper justice until it is unrecognizable.

How much more just it would be if the defender were the equal of the prosecutor—equal, no more nor less—in education, power and duty. His call to free the innocent client would be just as much in the service of the people as that of the prosecutor to convict the guilty person.

Too often the state represents only frowning authority when she should be a blind dispenser of justice.

We are making such glorious strides toward the climax of civilization and justice that the public defender—elected, paid and trusted by the people—should soon be a reality everywhere.

Immigrants Are Slow in Learning English

By ROBERT T. CHAPMAN, New York

without much enthusiasm for learning, go there for about two hours a night, four nights a week. The rest of the time they are at work or are associating with their own race in any event, free from any obligation to try to speak English.

It is not surprising if many of them drift back to their accustomed tongue the moment they are released from school or that their progress is slow.

Almost anyone would do the same in their case.

It is doubtful if Americans could show as great progress in four months toward becoming literate in a foreign tongue—spending eight hours a week at it and spending the rest of the time with English persons.

Experience with foreigners in any large city abroad indicates a much greater aptness at picking up a strange language than Americans possess, and that the greater number of them over here do pick it up.

Providing Pensions for the Old People

By ALEC KNOWLTON, Sydney, Aus.

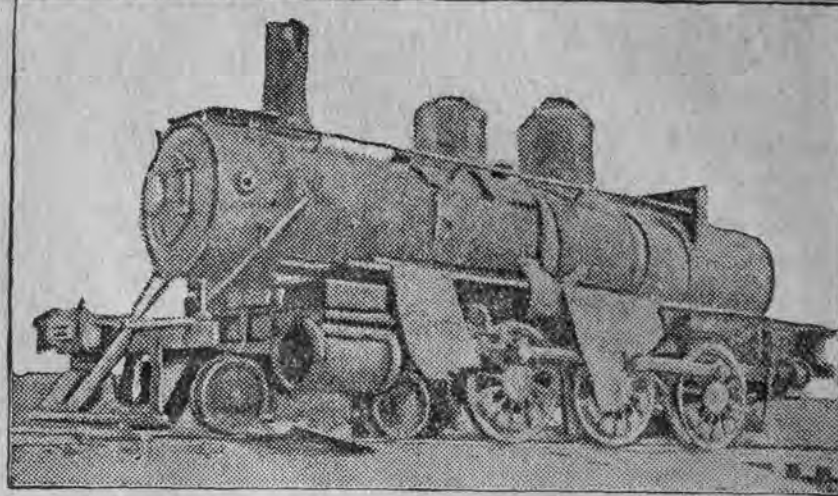
The government of my state, New South Wales, grants pensions to needy old people who have resided in the country continuously for 25 years. The amount is small, \$2.50 a week, but it will support existence in a land where living is not costly. To get this relief one must be sixty-five years of age and have no property or income whatever. Besides this help is given by the state to anyone over sixteen years who is unable to labor by reason of chronic sickness or accident or injury, if the unfortunate be in indigent circumstances.

There are no poor rates or workhouses in the state and no large class of hoboos, as you call them.

Our nearest approach to the hobo is a wandering ne'er-do-well, who is styled a "sundowner" for the reason that he usually puts in an appearance at some station (ranch) just about sundown with a plausible tale of a long day's tramp, a story that hardly ever fails to get him food and lodging for the night.

I am bitterly opposed to vivisection. No good or able-minded person could be so deceived as to believe that for the love and sympathy of ourselves or our offspring we are justified in being so

PREPARING FOR THE SCRAP HEAP



After the Sheeting is Removed, the Locomotives Are Cut into Pieces With Oxy-acetylene Torches.

When railroad locomotives have served their time of usefulness, or are badly damaged through accidents, they are ordinarily scrapped and disposed of as salvage. This at least is the practice followed by many of the companies which turn over their obsolete equipment of this kind to firms which junk it. The accompanying photo-

graph shows an engine which has completed its service, waiting to be wrecked by the junk man. After the sheeting is removed from the sides of a locomotive, the cutting is done with oxy-acetylene torches. Castings, malleable iron and the different grades of metal are separated as the work proceeds.—Popular Mechanics.

FOR LIGHTER BRIDGES

TESTS PROVE PRESENT STRUCTURES NEEDLESSLY HEAVY.

Too Much Allowance for the Effects of Rapidly Moving Trains Has Been Made in the Past, Is Expert Opinion.

"Not so much allowance will be made in railroad bridges of the future for the effects of rapidly moving trains as has been made in the past," according to Dean F. E. Turneure of the University of Wisconsin college of engineering.

A series of tests for the purpose of showing the effects of rapidly moving trains on bridges has been carried on for several years under the direction of Dean Turneure and C. L. Crandall, professor of railroad engineering at Cornell university. These men form a sub-committee on impact tests of a committee on iron and steel structures, created by the American Railroad Engineering association.

The tests have shown that in railroad bridges which have been built in the past too much allowance for the effects of rapidly moving trains has been made, that the different members of the bridges have been made heavier than need be. When the findings of this committee are properly formulated, and accepted by the American Railway Engineering association, the bridges of the future will probably be built of less material. This means a direct saving in the cost of construction. Each member will be built lighter, and the entire structure will be more uniform and not so massive.

The tests were made in the central states, going as far south as Purcell, Oklahoma; as far west as Omaha, Nebraska; and as far east as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. They were made on many different kinds of structures of varying length and spans. Most of the railroads contributed to this work by furnishing the field party, usually composed of Professors Turneure and Crandall with six aids, a special train of certain make-up and known weight.

Instruments were placed upon each member of a bridge to be tested and the train run across the structure at certain speeds. These speeds varied, with a difference between each of five miles an hour, from five miles an hour up to the limit of the engine. By this method the stress in the bridge members and the deflection of the bridge was determined. From the information thus obtained curves were plotted, by means of which the true effect of the speed of trains can be determined.

Work was done on the C. B. & Q. railroad bridge over the Mississippi river; on the Rock Island and Illinois Central bridges in Iowa; on C. M. & St. P. bridges in Illinois and southern Wisconsin; on Norfolk Western bridges in Ohio; on bridges of the Pennsylvania railroad in Ohio and in Indiana; and with electric locomotives near Schenectady, New York. About twenty-five thousand tests were completed in all and a bulletin has been issued containing the report of these tests.

Block Signals on Southern.

The Southern railroad has nearly completed the installation of an automatic block signal system between Amherst and Whittles, Va.—57 miles—and between Atlanta and New Holland, Ga.—53 miles—thus providing for two important double track stretches of the Washington-Atlanta line, the same protective facility which is in use between Washington and Orange, Va., between Danville, Va., and Pelham, N. C., and between Denim and Charlotte, N. C.

Boston Cyclecar Show in October.

Arrangements are being made by the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Cyclecar association for the conduct of the first cyclecar show in Boston, October 10 to 17. The show, which will be run under the sanction of the Cyclecar Association of America, will be held in Horticultural hall and will be devoted to light cars, cyclecars, small delivery vehicles and accessories.

GUARD HEALTH OF TRAVELERS

Railroads Take Especial Care in Selection of Employees Who Work in Their Dining Cars.

How many private homes ever subject the persons who cook the food, or the persons who bring it to the table, to a medical examination? Such precaution is very rare indeed. It is almost as rare in the hotels and public eating places; and it is rare even in the best clubs.

But some of our railroads, and I am pleased to report that the number is rapidly increasing since my report one year ago, compel every person employed in their dining-car service to undergo an examination every 30 days. No person with any trace of any communicable disease can hold a position in their dining cars. Here is a very important thing for the preservation of human health, which the "soulless" corporation managed by all sorts of interlocking directors does infinitely better for us than we do for ourselves.

If you want a really safe place to eat, ride in a dining car—safe as to sanitation and safe from accident. I notice, for example, that in carrying 110 million passengers last year, the Pennsylvania railroad did not kill one. A grown-up is far freer from danger in such a train than is a baby in its carriage. The class of people who handle and prepare the foodstuffs in ordinary places are frequently infected with transmissible disease.—Exchange.

ECUADOR BUILDS NEW LINES

Rolling Stock From the United States Has Been Imported for Their Operation.

There is but one completed railroad in Ecuador, that between Guayaquil and Quito. Until this road was extended in 1905 Quito was, by modern standards, considered to be shut out from the world. Another road, the Ambato-Curarray railroad, 190 miles long, is under construction, which will connect the Guayaquil and Quito railroad at Ambato with the easterly provinces of the republic. The last consignment of rails for this new road is expected about November. Two Baldwin locomotives have been received and other rolling stock has been ordered from the United States. The preliminary survey is nearly completed for still another railroad between Puerto Bolivar and Borja known as the transamazon railroad. This road will connect the Pacific coast with the head of navigation on the Marañon river, the name by which the upper Amazon is known as it passes through the Peruvian Andes within a hundred miles of the Pacific ocean.—Scientific American.

Best Colors for Danger Signal.

In theory, at least, the best colors for a universal danger signal are yellow and blue. One reason for this is that they are the only colors which give rise to a normal color sensation as soon as they become visible as colored. They can be seen at a greater distance than any other colors.

Then, too, all other colors appear either yellow or blue until they pass inside of the yellow blue area of the eyes. Yellow and blue are also the most luminous colors of the spectrum.

Those rare cases where the ability to see yellow and blue is impaired will call them red or green and so receive a protection which red would not give them. Still another reason for preferring yellow and blue is that they are the most permanent colors and quite fast to sunlight.

Roads Save \$1,000,000 a Year.

To effect a saving estimated at \$1,000,000 yearly, the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Oregon-Washington railroads will eliminate ten passenger trains running between Washington and Oregon points.

Tourist Tea Outfit.

Kettle, alcohol lamp, tea caddy, cream flask, butter jars and a small sandwich box can now be had, compactly fitted in small leather tea boxes. This season they may be had in different styles, to fit four and six persons.

POOR YEAR FOR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS



McLoughlin and Williams, Tennis Champions.

Never was a season so fraught with startling reversals as the present year. Never were champions so harshly humbled or so timely tumbled. Of all the champions who risked their titles this year in America there was but one to defend successfully. Jay Gould, the court tennis champion of the world, was the exception.

Since Gould's victory over the Englishman early this year the champions have steadily lost. The defeat of McLoughlin was, without doubt, the biggest surprise of the year. After one of the most fruitful campaigns that ever was the experience of a tennis player, the Californian was netted in his last game of the year.

R. Norris Williams of Philadelphia, who defeated him, was absolutely unknown two years ago. He suddenly burst upon our courts in a startling blaze of brilliance from Switzerland. He learned his game in the little country of the Alps and learned it most thoroughly. When he arrived here he was substantially founded in the science of the game and only needed a dash of American energy to make him a leading player.

The tennis situation is considerably jammed by the victory. Who's champion now? That's the question. Conditions are quite plain, and there

is honor enough for all interested. McLoughlin is the champion of the world, and Williams is the champion of America.

In the boxing game we find two battlers who have suffered the removal of the "R" from their title of "Rex." Ritchie's crown was tapped off by Welsh, and Johnny Coulon lost his bantam title after ten seconds on the canvas in California.

Walter Johnson, recognized champion of the pitchers of baseball, is no longer feared. He lost more games this year than in any two previous years.

Then there is Outmet, well met and well meant, who was stymied by a youth with the name of Hagen. He also visited England, but all he got out of it was the ride.

Our polo champions are no longer such since the invasion of the English at Meadowbrook. Neither are our national relay champions, the Penn runners. Remember the Oxford four of England beat them early this year—even if it was by only four inches.

Yep! it was a bad year for champs, all right. And as we think it over, we might add that the Giants lost the National league pennant, and the Athletics the world's series contest.

BRICKLEY MAKES 287 POINTS

Despite Fact That He Had Been Operated on but Short Time Previously He Got Into Yale Game.

Charles Brickley, Harvard's football captain, is happy. He got into the Yale game despite the fact that only a month previously he had been operated on for appendicitis. Brickley got one of Harvard's 36 points, kicking goal after Hardwick had scored



Capt. Charles Brickley.

the fifth touchdown. The point boosted Brickley's total at Harvard to 287 points. Brickley scored 30 touchdowns for 174 points, eight goals from touchdowns for eight points and 35 goals from the field for 105 points. Brickley kicked five field goals against Yale in 1913.

Stallings' New Recruits.

George Stallings to date has picked up but four recruits and, strange to relate, all of them are battery men. Three of the youngsters will endeavor to play second string to Hank Gowdy, while the fourth will try to break in on that trio of hurlers, Rudolph, Tyler and James. The catchers are Bruggey of Lowell, Traggessor of Birmingham and Tyler of Jersey City. The pitcher is a Cuban by the name of Luque, who played last year with the Long Branch team of the Atlantic league.

Dodgers Draft Pitchers.

Scouts agree that the Dodgers have picked up promising pitchers in Cadore, of Wilkes-Barre; Toney of Louisville; Appleton of Fort Worth; Howell of Chattanooga; Chabek of Harrisburg; Dell of Seattle and Donald of Waco. In the draft they cost \$10,000, and all of them are six-footers. Toney was a member of the Cubs last year.

PLANS ONE GREEN TO SERVE EIGHTEEN TEES

An 18-hole golf course in a 40-acre tract is the idea of a Scotch golfer. His plan is to lay out a perfect putting green in the center of the tract and place the 18 tees at varying distances and at different angles about the green like the spokes of a wheel. The brilliant thought occurred to him while watching a clock golf putting competition.

Needless to say, the plan would be useless for clubs, as the spectacle of 18 foursomes approaching the same green from 18 different directions would be appalling. For a private course to be used only by the owner and his friends the scheme might be worth consideration.

PAPERS RAP FOOTBALL GAME

British Press Express Indignation Because Players Refuse to Enlist—Urge Its Eradication.

Indignation against the hitherto popular game of football is expressed by nearly the entire British press because almost no men enlisted as a result of the recruiting rallies at recent matches.

"It is time to eradicate the football cancer," says the Pall Mall Gazette, in an article which goes on to say that not a single man was recruited at London's principal football match, which was attended by 15,000 spectators.

A colonel who lost a son at the front and was himself returning to the firing line appeared at this game, says the paper, and pleaded with the men to enlist.

"As a soldier I ask you," said the colonel. "I say come, your country needs you."

Then his words were drowned by shouts when the teams came on the field, continues the paper, which adds that in other parts of the country the same stolid refusal greeted the bands of speakers and recruiting officers. No recruits were obtained at Nottingham, where 7,000 spectators attended a match, and no one was recruited at Brighton.

The Evening Standard says that the total result of the countryside movement was one recruit.

"Is football such a passion that nothing on earth can stop it?" says the Standard. "Vigorous youth should be powerfully persuaded that this is not the time for the development of any passion save love of country."

The Westminster Gazette says there is only one way in which the football association can put itself right in the eyes of the public, and that is by discontinuing its program.

Huggins to Stick.

Miller Huggins will manage the St. Louis Cardinals again next season. Huggins' work as leader of the team this year was satisfactory and President Britton believes he will be able to keep the Cardinals in the thick of the fight all through the season of 1915. The Cards will train at Hot Wells, Texas, a suburb of San Antonio.

FOOTBALL

The gate receipts of the Harvard-Yale game were \$137,000.

It is reported that the evil of amateurism has reached football. Don't fear; it is only a report.

Eddie Hart is now regarded as the almost unanimous choice of both students and alumni as head coach for Princeton.

Dorias, former Notre Dame quarterback, is being mentioned as the probable successor to Bill Juneau as coach at Madison.

A snapping bull pup recently put a Maine football game to the bad. In the melee there was a touchdown which the officials could not allow.

Illinois' victory over Chicago was the first actual defeat the Maroon had suffered since 1911. Chicago had played 21 consecutive games without losing, though one tie was embraced in the lot.

BASEBALL

Dunn, the veteran Atlanta catcher, may manage Dallas next season.

McGraw is happy over his capture of Bob Marshall, the star catcher of the Three-I.

Boston pastor says that baseball would civilize the heathen if introduced among the cannibals.

New York couldn't handle Tilly Shafer. But that doesn't keep the Feds from trying to land him.

Matty McIntyre, former Detroit and White Sox slugger, goes to Lincoln in the Western league as manager for next season.

PUGILISM

Packey McFarland and Freddie Welsh are matched for a January bout. New York gets the battle.

Californians will test the legality of the anti-boxing amendment, on the ground that it is "class" legislation.

Willie Beecher has made good as a light-weight fighter thus far. He seems to have discovered a loquacious manager.

Jeff Smith, New York middle-weight, was beaten on points by Mack King in 20 rounds for the championship of the Antipodes at Sydney, N. S. W.

HORSE RACING

Etawah, the 2:03 1/4 champion, four-year-old, has recovered his sight, according to Jones, his owner.

Dago, 2:09, having been bought by a man from Denver, it is possible the gelding will race in the Cox stable next year.

Montreal Jockey club mutual betting machines will be built upon the American mutual plan and they will replace the French pari-mutuels.

The drivers to win ten or more races on the Grand Circuit tracks this season were Murphy, George, Cox, Snow, McDonald, Garrison and McMahon.

WRESTLING

Frank Gotch is raising beef on his broad acres in the Hawkeye state. The great athlete used to be interested most in the fall of beef.

Zbyszko is being detained for a short visit with friends in Petrograd. In the meantime said friends are said to be shelling his home in Cracow.

BILLIARDS

English billiards is taking hold of American players, particularly in Chicago and New York.

Our old friend Johnny Kling is batting for .750 at billiards. He leads the interstate three-cushion tournament.

GOLF

The United States Golf association dinner has been advanced a week. It will be held in New York on January 8.

MISCELLANEOUS

Philadelphia won the inter-city racquet match from Boston at the Racquet club at Philadelphia by two games to one.

Andre, the great French all-around athlete, was reported as having been killed in action, but this report seems to have been without foundation.

Hannes Kolehmainen, the Flying Finn, romped home fully an eighth of a mile ahead of T. Barden, the second man in the annual senior cross-country championship run over the Prospect park course in Brooklyn.

SEASON HAS PROVEN PROFESSIONAL BEST



"Hurry-Up" Yost of Michigan.

One thing the season has proved, and that is that the professional coaching system is better than that of graduate coaching.

Harvard pays Percy Haughton something like \$7,000 for his three months' work, and ever since Haughton has been coaching Harvard the Crimson eleven has been considerably among those present. Yale hired a coach this year and Yale this year has shown a better form than any of the Yale teams for the past four or five years when the amateur coaching system was in force.

Princeton has graduate coaches and Princeton's showing this year shrieks against the graduate coaching system. Michigan has a professional coach. It has had a professional coach for many years in the person of "Hustle 'Em Up" Yost, and in all those years Michigan has figured largely in football affairs.

Washington and Jefferson hired Bob Folwell to do the coaching two years ago and ever since Washington and Jefferson has been one of the big noises in the football world. The University of Pittsburgh has a professional coach, and Pittsburgh this year had one of the very best teams in the East.

Carlisle has had a professional coach for many years and for many years Carlisle has been one of the most feared teams in the country.

COULON TO TRY "COME-BACK"

Former Bantamweight Champion Starts Training for Two Fights Offered by New Orleans Club.

Fred Coulon, uncle of Johnny Coulon, the ex-bantamweight champion, said that Johnny had decided to



Johnny Coulon, Former Bantamweight Champion.

try his hand at the game again and will begin training this week to get into shape for two fights which he has been offered at New Orleans.

Morris Hankering for Australia. Carl Morris, the giant Oklahoma boxer, is dickering with "Snowy" Baker for a trip to Australia. He may be matched against several native heavyweights in antipodean arenas, and if he makes good Baker may try to secure a bout with Jack Johnson for the Sapulpa engineer.

Many amusing stories are told concerning "Hurry-Up" Yost, the great Michigan coach, to show that he is a hurry-up person in everything he does and that he has absolutely no patience with delays or with one who is inclined to be dilatory.

Once upon a time Yost invited a friend to visit him at a place where he was camping. The friend arrived in due time and Yost met him with a buggy and proceeded to drive the friend to the camp. Yost drove his horses like he drives his footballers—fast and still faster.

In due course of time the buggy reached a small creek and Yost, instead of driving a half mile for a bridge, drove across the little stream. It was a time-saving process. The horses were going at a great clip. The buggy wheels struck a rock and the buggy nearly upset. Yost's friend was thrown out of the buggy and into the creek.

Yost, who had been busily engaged in talking and driving at the same time, never noticed the absence of his friend until he reached the other side of the creek. Then he pulled his horses down to a jog, looked back and saw his friend wallowing in a deep pool in the creek.

"Hey, what you delaying things for, anyway?" yelled Yost. "Hustle up and get out of that creek. Can't wait all day."

COACH COPELAND BACK; AUSTRIANS ALL AT WAR

Alexander F. Copeland, the American athletic trainer who went to Europe last spring to coach the Austrian candidates for the next Olympic meet, has returned home because the European war left him without any duties. Conscription for service practically depleted the ranks of athletes in both Austria and Germany. Copeland said upon his arrival in New York from abroad. Copeland, questioned whether the 1916 Olympic games would be held in Berlin, as planned, said he did not expect to return soon to the post where he found nothing to do after war began.

M'DERMOTT TO VISIT WEST

Golf Champion to Play on Pacific Coast This Winter in Company With Gil Nicholls.

John J. McDermott, who on two occasions held the national open golf championship and only last year captured the western open title and is planning a trip to the Pacific coast this winter in company with Gil Nicholls, was terribly hurt last spring in an automobile accident at Atlantic City, and for several months he was laid up in a hospital. There was some doubt about his ever being able to play golf again, but he has sufficiently recovered to be able to get about comfortably.

Just where this pair will go has not been decided as yet, but an itinerary will be arranged by Nicholls for a series of exhibitions in the far West. McDermott usually has a month or two to himself each spring and in the time he plans to take a trip, starting from Atlantic City in February. There is a great demand in the far West for exhibitions and the climate permits of year round golf. McDermott never has been there and there often has been expressed a keen desire to see the doughty little homebred in action.

FOOTBALL

Harry D. Devitt of Chicago was elected captain of the St. Mary's (Kan.) football team.

Guy Williamson, backfield star of the Pitt team, has been elected captain for the 1914 season.

It's a poor football player who hasn't one friend among the experts who will put him on an All-American team.

More colleges adopted and played the open game in 1914 than in any other season in the history of the gridiron sport.

Carleton college of Minnesota played six games this season and in 350 minutes of playing time ran up 375 points. This is a little better than a point a minute average, and on it Carleton claims the Minnesota championship.

BASEBALL

Muggsy McGraw is already at work for next season, and is on the job day and night.

The Cincinnati Reds are banking on Olson, formerly with Cleveland, to strengthen the infield.

President Lannin of the Boston Red Sox isn't worrying these days. He has signed his men for next season.

Rock Island instead of Springfield, and Davenport instead of Ottumwa, are the changes in the Three-I league.

George E. Lennon, owner of the St. Paul American association club, will retire from baseball, whether or not his club is sold.

PUGILISM

Boxing is stopped in England and no championship will be held in 1915 unless the war halts.

Leach Cross feels keenly his second defeat at the hands of Gilbert Gallant. He hopes for a third match.

Tom McCarty, related to the late Luther, is making the boxing fans sit up and take notice in New York. He has a wallop.

D. J. Tortorick, a boxing promoter of New Orleans, has awarded contracts for the construction of an octagonal shaped building to seat 10,000 spectators, where he intends to stage 20-round bouts.

HORSE RACING

The famous Sheephead Bay race course has been sold and will be henceforth a motordrome. A victory for King Gasoline.

Flower Direct, that beat Directum I, at the blue ribbon meeting, is said to be in fine shape and will be there when the bell rings in 1915.

Eleven San Francisco yearlings averaged \$416.50 at the New York sale. The horse is a popular sire in these days, but nothing to what he might have been had he been given a good chance when he was racing.

BILLIARDS

George F. Slosson, the veteran billiardist, has challenged Willie Hoppe for the 18.2 balk line championship.

The challenge of Slosson for the 18.2 championship brings to mind the presence of Cassignol in New York. The Frenchman is regarded as probably the finest billiard player in the world after Hoppe, and while here he should challenge Hoppe at both 18.1 and 18.2 for the good of the sport.

AQUATIC

The Yacht Defiance, the America's cup defender, had been purchased by a Boston syndicate, which intends to prepare for a race next season.

Reduction of the Foughkeepsie course from four to three miles is proposed by Cornell, and the Pennsy and Columbia crews may agree.

TENNIS

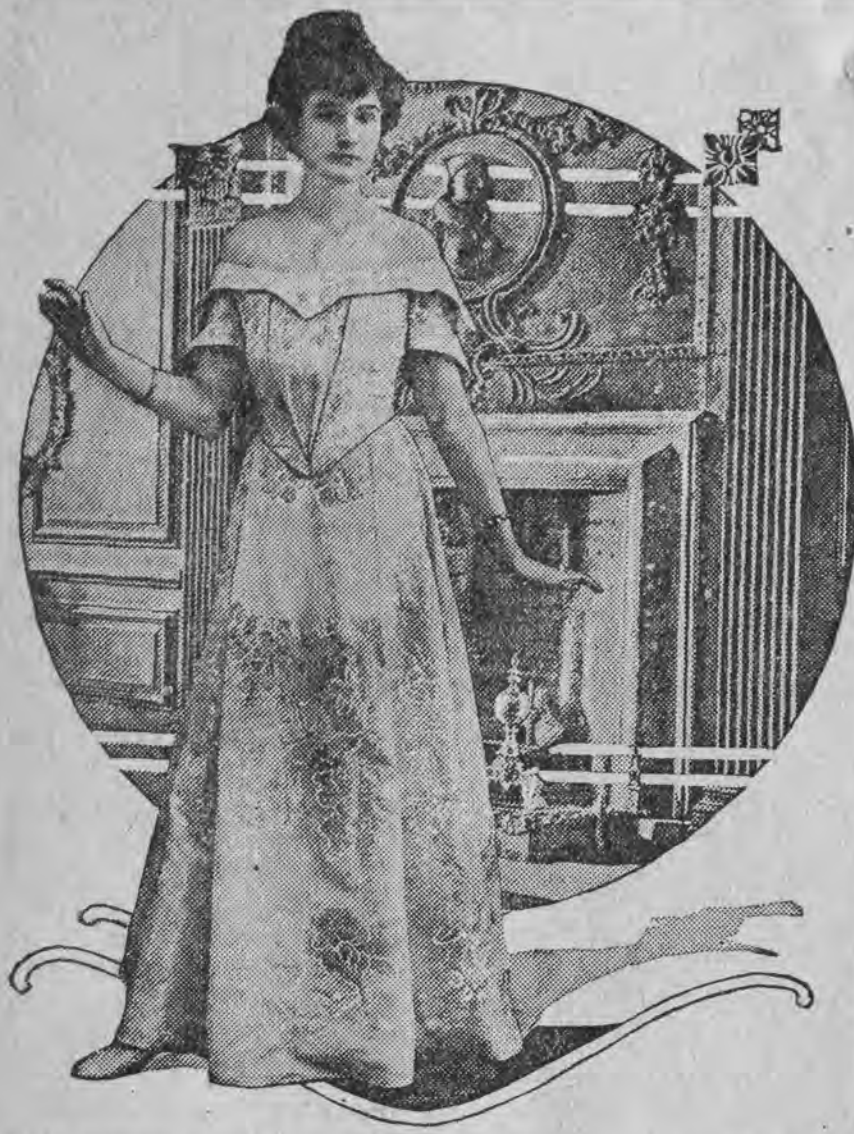
The United States Lawn Tennis association has decided to recognize prowess upon the courts by issuing gold medals to every player who held a national championship.

MISCELLANEOUS

The annual American interscholastic cross-country run was won by Mercersburg academy, which scored 46 points. Central high school of Philadelphia was second with 47 points, and the high school of Newark, N. J., third with 62.

Homer Baker, the half-mile champion, has been laying up trouble for an athletic association which advertised that the crack distance man would compete at their games. Baker denies the entry and the association will have to argue with the A. A. U.

Costume of Original American Design



OUR fashions spring from revivals and adaptations of styles that have been worn before our day and feel the influence of all the corners of the earth. For some time the agitation on the subject of American designs for American women has been going on. The war in Europe brought this matter to a climax and a fashion show, under the patronage of wealthy society women of New York city, was staged recently at the Ritz hotel, in which the apparel displayed—on extremely clever models—was designed by members of American establishments and made in their workrooms. The display altogether was creditable, although any startlingly new and wholly original ideas were lacking. In fact, few people are looking for anything of the kind. What we really want and take to are styles that have associations and suggestions that make them interesting. We like a hint of the oriental, a whisper of the savage, a glimpse of the ancient, and not a bold copy in any case. In fact, when nothing is left to the imagination, something is lost of charm. A lovely gown, among other lovely things, appeared in the Ritz parade

from Kurzman—who is famous for trousseaus. It is pictured here and is a somewhat radical departure from present-day fashions. It is of white satin, brocaded with silver, and is made without trimming or elaboration. The skirt is flaring and full, hanging in set folds. The absence of shoulder straps, the pointed bodice and short, puffed sleeves revive memories of the days of the Renaissance. After much elaboration it seems severely simple. But there is a reaction toward simplicity which, it must be conceded, has improved the styles of today. The skirt flaring at the bottom is dividing honors with the straight underskirt and long, full tunic, and bids fair to stand in the first place by spring. Both are beautiful in outline. Whether we shall look to American designers to create our styles or find that we have been looking to them (while we thought all inspiration came from Paris) for many years, we are sure of one thing: America is not without the talent for creating beautiful clothes and this talent will be recognized through just such events as the exhibition at the Ritz.

Fur-Trimmed and All-Fur Hats and Turbans



TO MEET the flying snows that can do them little harm, fur-trimmed and all-fur turbans and larger hats in which fur is conspicuously figured, have been warmly welcomed by the world of fashion. There are few all-fur hats as compared to the great number in which fur forms a part of the hat or is employed simply as a trimming. In turbans the coronets are usually of fur and the crowns of a fabric. Rich brocaded silks, plain velvet and cloth of gold or silver are featured in the crowns. There are some novel brimmed hats having crowns of fur and brims of gold or silver lace. But it is in bands used as a trimming that fur is liked best. There is not much effort to use it in unusual ways. Large flowers of silver or gold lace, having each petal bound with fur, are novel and these, with ribbon or velvet trimmings bound with fur, are about the only new fur decorations. A wide band about the crown, a border of fur about a brim edge or band forming a coronet are the prevalent modes for using this most staple of things used in millinery.

Trimnings on fur hats are very simple. A single flower or a single feather is the rule for the small turban. The head and neck of birds of gay plumage (imagined by the manufacturer and not grown by nature) are occasionally seen, and fluffy pompons seem appropriately posed against a background of fur. The hats shown in the picture are fine examples of the way in which fur are used in millinery. The majority of millinery furs are imitations of the skins for which they are named. But they are equal to such demands as are made of them so far as wearing qualities are concerned. Hats made of fine, genuine skins are costly, but, considering their durability and the fact that these furs are never out of style and may be used again and again, they are, after all, among the most economical of hats. JULIA BOTTOMLEY. After exhaustive researches in Paris a famous French scientist has recommended a diet equally divided between meats and vegetables as the best for working people.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

I wish there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again, Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all of our poor foolish grief Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door, And never put on again. We should find all the things we intended to do But forgot and remembered too late, Little praises unspoken, little promises broken, And all of the thousand and one Little duties neglected that might have perfected The day for one less fortunate.

THERE'S A REASON FOR THE RAISIN.

Raisins are one of our most valuable fruits; they are not expensive and are equal in nutritive value to many of our highly spoken of foods.

One pound of California raisins is equal in food value to 1 1/3 pounds of beef, one pound of bread, four pounds of milk, 4 1/2 pounds of fish, two pounds of eggs, six pounds of apples or five pounds of bananas.

Served as a dessert with nuts there is no more palatable nor more easily prepared dessert.

Raisins added to any fruit salad enhance its attractiveness, as well as its flavor and food value.

Raisin bread is a most ideal food for young and old. If children were given raisins to eat in place of cake or candy their tastes for sweets would be satisfied at no expense to the digestion.

Raisin Souffle.—Steam a cupful of raisins until soft and plump, then chop fine, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a half-teaspoonful of vanilla, and mix very carefully with the beaten whites of four eggs, in which has been added a bit of salt and a quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Turn into a buttered dish, cover thickly with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes.

By using equal parts of raisins, dates and half as many figs with a few nuts, all put through the meat chopper, well mixed together and packed in a mold, a fine sweetmeat or a sandwich filling is made.

For sandwiches steam a cupful of raisins, add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of lemon juice and the beaten whites of two eggs. Spread on well-buttered bread just before time to serve. These make most dainty sandwiches for children's lunches for parties. Raisin pie is one well-liked. Cook the raisins with sugar, water and flour, add lemon juice and a bit of rind.

A diamond in the rough, Is a diamond sure enough, For before it ever sparkles It is made of diamond stuff.

Of course some one must find it, Or it never will be found, And then some one must grind it, Or it never will be ground.

But when it's found, and when it's ground, And when it's burnished bright, That diamond's everlastingly Just flashing out its light. —Rev. C. D. Meigs.

WAYS OF USING BUTTERMILK.

Buttermilk is not half appreciated as a food in itself. Nice, sweet, fresh buttermilk taken by the glass is a meal in itself. A diet of buttermilk has saved many sufferers from dyspepsia and kindred ills. It is possible to live upon buttermilk exclusively for weeks at a time and gain in weight and health.

Buttermilk may take the place of butter and sour milk in many dishes. This means good country buttermilk, not that which has been separated from every globule of fat.

Graham Muffins.—Mix and beat well two cupfuls of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, three cupfuls of graham flour or a cup and a half each of wheat and graham. Bake in a moderate oven.

Caraway Cookies.—Mix one cupful of sour cream, half a cupful of buttermilk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll and caraway seeds to taste. Currants or nuts may be substituted in place of the seeds if so desired.

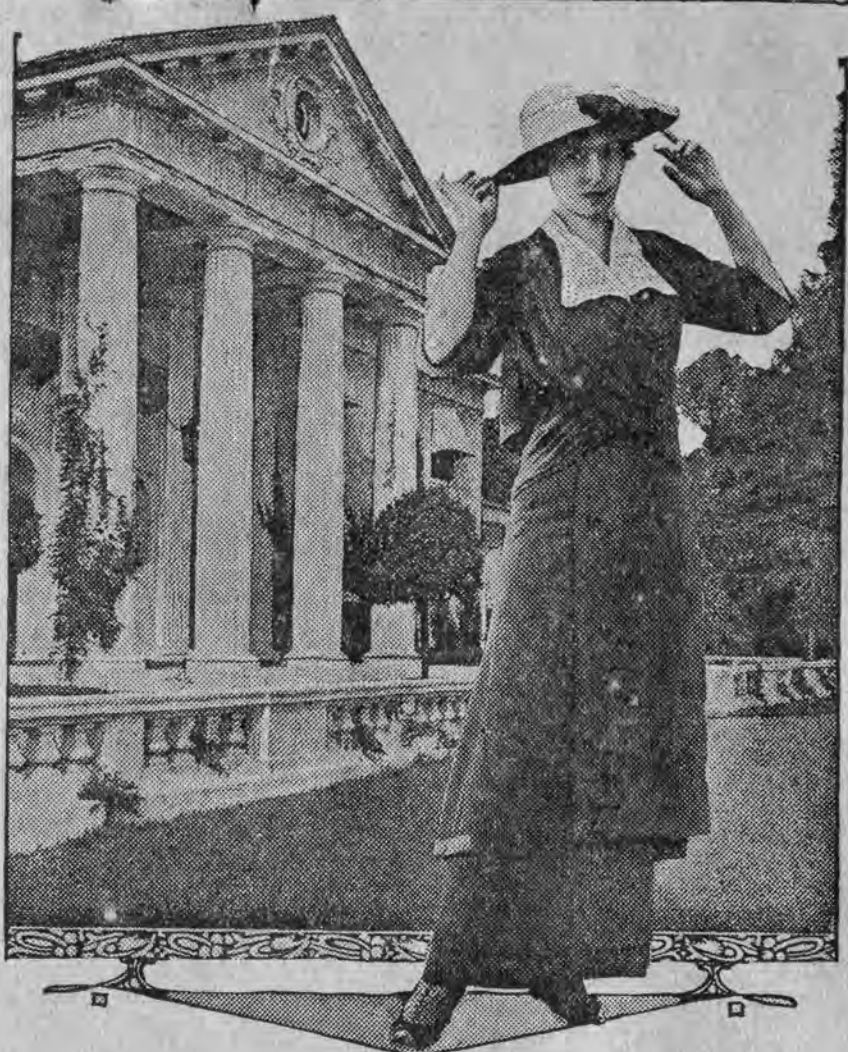
Griddle Cakes.—Beat together two cupfuls of buttermilk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a thin batter. Bake on a hot griddle. Serve with maple sirup. A mixture of buckwheat and flour makes a good cake for a variety.

Nellie Maxwell.

Think Satan Good Workman. Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall, known as the Devil's Wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that, on account of the firmness of the mortar and the imperishability of the stones, Satan had a hand in its construction.

Wasted Lives. He that spends his time in sports is like him whose garment is all made of fringes and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, changeable and useless.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Remodeled Dress



THERE is a lot of comfort to be had out of a remodeled dress. It seems, and is, wasteful to discard a perfectly good garment, that has nothing the matter with it, except that some new idea in outline has come in and displaced that on which it was built. The sense of being economical is so strong, and when a remodeled gown has all the earmarks of a spick-and-span, up-to-the-hour new model, the joy of the average woman is complete. She has achieved economy and style at the same time.

This season the incoming of the tunic, the vogue for thin sleeves, the wide girle and the girle made of the fabric of the dress have all played into the hands of her who is determined to remodel her gowns instead of discarding them. Skirts set on the yokes have helped out, too, for the skirt too narrow at the bottom has been cut off where it began to narrow, and the missing length provided for by a smoothly fitting yoke. Thanks to the fickle, but not always unkind goddess of fashion, short skirts are the proper thing for the street, and some of the bottom edge may be trimmed away from those that show signs of wear.

Then there is the skirt with the battlement edge at the bottom, that is, skirts slashed into shallow, straight-edged scallops about the bottom edge, sometimes bound with braid. This one alteration gives an up-to-date touch to last year's gown.

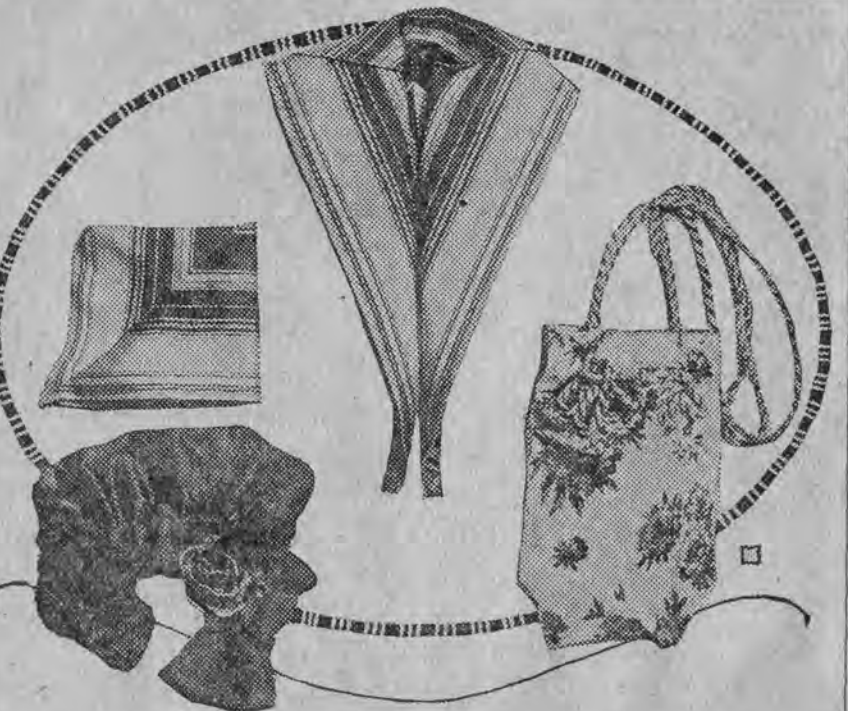
A straight, plain underskirt of satin, worn under a cloth tunic, has solved the problem of changing many cloth and velvet dresses of last winter into styles introduced for the present season. The tunic of plaited caiffon worn over the skirt of last year's silk gown and the introduction of a wide girle about the waist have helped out immensely in altering afternoon dresses.

Nothing has been more helpful to the economically inclined than the very fashionable band trimmings of fur and fur cloths. By means of these tunics have been lengthened, the fashionable collars and cuffs introduced on jackets, pretty turbans to match suits made possible. All the pattern books abound in suggestions for clever remodeling.

An attractive dress shown in the picture may be copied, using a last year's dress as a foundation if the owner had the forethought to buy a little extra length of goods with a view to remodeling her gown. Where a provision of this kind has not been made, it is best to make an underskirt of satin and convert the cloth skirt into a tunic. Or if the cloth skirt is very narrow the underskirt may be finished with a panel of satin up the front and the cloth tunic set in at each side of this.

Very wide silk braids are fashionable for trimming, and, like the bands of fur and fur cloth, have been most useful in the remodeling of gowns.

At the Ribbon Counter



It is hard to pass the gay ribbon counters and the show cases full of this year's offerings for the holidays. The very first thing to catch the eye is the heaps of half-opened roses, made of satin ribbon set in small millinery foliage. They are mostly in American Beauty colors, but there are some pink and a few rich yellow ones. The stems are wound with narrow green ribbon and a stream of silver half-dollars flows inward as a stream of roses flows outward as they change hands. The single rose pinned close up to the neck or on the shoulder is being worn by smart women and many of them bought as gifts for friends.

Next one notices the neckbands of velvet ribbon which have a ruff of lace or maline at the back and fasten under a rose or two small buds, at one side. Sometimes the ruff is in black and sometimes in white.

Below in the show cases are the new bags made of the richest brocaded ribbons. Among them that one shown in the picture is of white satin figured with splendid American Beauties in the natural colorings. It is moderate in size and plain and the roses could hardly be more lifelike on a painted canvas. This is one of many beautiful bags brought out for holiday gifts.

Roman striped ribbons have been used to make the handsome collar and cuff sets with which women brighten up their dark cloth tailored suits. The collar and one cuff of a set is shown in the picture. Pretty standing collars of these striped ribbons are made by folding the ribbons lengthwise so that one edge is about an inch higher than the other and laying the folded edge into box plaits. The plaits are stitched down near the bottom and in another line of stitching an inch or more higher. The plaits do not extend across the front but form a ruff at the sides and back. The ribbon is laid in folds across the front and fastens at the left side under a row of little, flat silk-covered buttons. The buttons are repeated on the right side.

Many pretty ornaments for the dressing table in the form of pin cushions grace the holiday ribbon counter, and there are the usual beautiful girdles and sashes in greater numbers than ever.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Lace is a very important factor in the costume of the day. Not only does it form flounces and frills entirely covering the bodice and skirt, but it makes modern or ancient lappets and tunics.

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.
- QUINNIAC TRIBE No. 203, Imp. Order Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall.
- CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.
- MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 33, Ancient Order of Druids—Meets at Firemen's Hall each alternate Wednesday.
- CARTERET CAMP No. 25, 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.

FIRE SIGNALS.

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

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

- No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Rahway River
- No. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River
- No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Liebig's Lane
- No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Rahway avenue to Pierce's Creek
- No. 31. Leibig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound
- No. 32. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound.
- No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.
- No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.
- No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits
- No. 45. Boulevard to Rahway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.
- One blast for backtap.
- One long blast and two short for fire drill.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

5 DROPS
The Best Remedy For all forms of Rheumatism
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.
DROPS
STOP THE PAIN
Gives Quick Relief
No Other Remedy Like It
SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS
SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST
Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 125-126 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

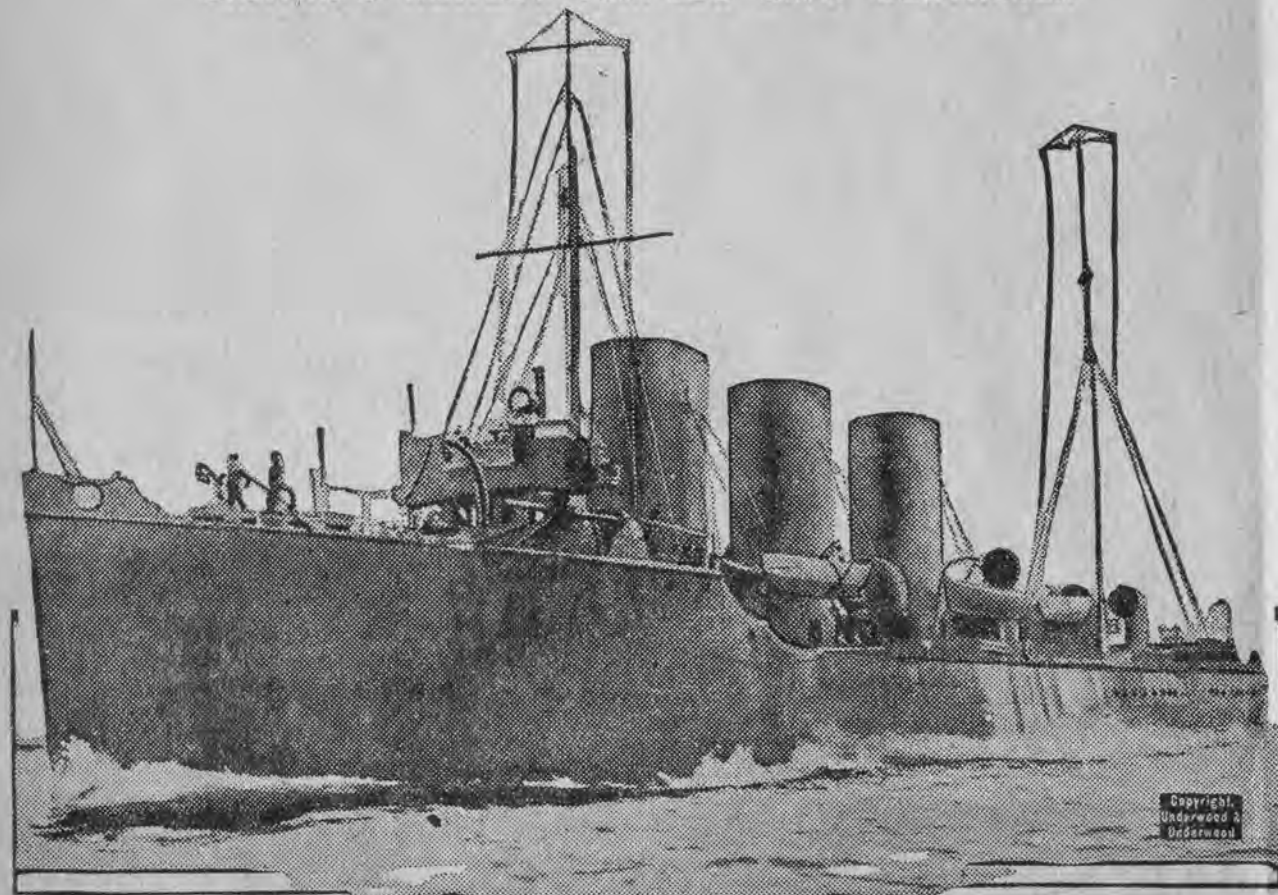
The Liberal Advertiser
—IS THE—
Successful Merchant.

MARKET DAY AMID RUINS OF ORTELBURG



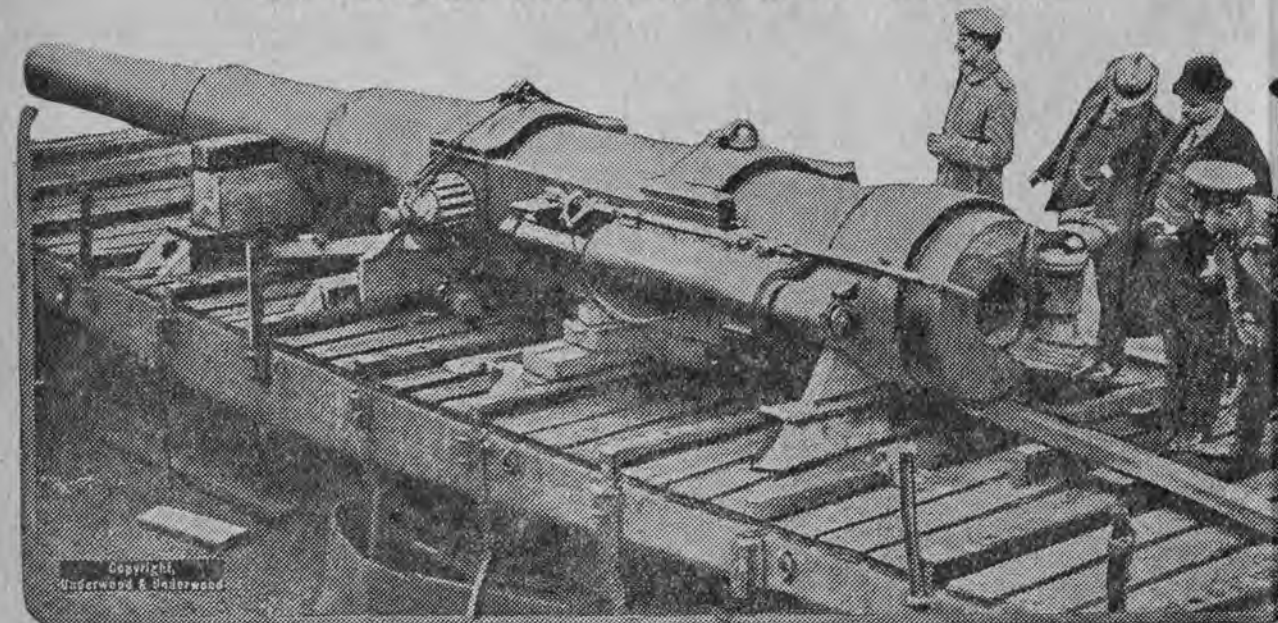
Ortelburg, a town of East Prussia on the Russian frontier, was smashed by the guns of the invading troops of the czar before they were driven back by General von Hindenburg. On the regular market day the merchants and tucksters took their accustomed places in the market platz and displayed their supplies of foodstuffs amid the ruins.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER



The new British torpedo boat destroyer Swift is the largest of its type, having a displacement of 1,825 tons, and its speed, 36 miles an hour, makes it one of the fastest of war craft. It is equipped with four rapid-fire guns.

BIG ENGLISH GUN CAPTURED BY GERMANS



This big coast defense gun was shipped from England to be mounted for the defense of Antwerp, but reached that city just in time to be captured by the Germans, who are now making use of it.

GALIENI IN NEW UNIFORM



General Gallieni, military governor of Paris, wearing the new uniform just adopted by the French army. It is modeled on English lines and is of a blue-gray tint.

BELGIAN REFUGEE CAMP IN HOLLAND



Three hundred thousand Belgians have found a haven of safety in Holland and are concentrated in a number of camps. The photograph shows one of these camps at Bergen-op-Zoom, with its women and children refugees.

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. H. Taliaferro, a groceryman, 50 years old, died at Vineland of blood poisoning, the result of running a nail in his hand.

The Rev. Allen Branch was put under \$500 bail at Bridgeton to keep the peace. The charge was made by the Rev. Thomas O. John, who alleged that Branch chased him with a knife.

State Senator Walter E. Edge, choice of the Republican majority caucus for president of the upper branch at Trenton this winter, is down in Texas, not far from the Mexican boundary, gunning for big game. He is expected home a few days before Christmas.

Paulsboro firemen have had a bowling alley installed in their fire house.

The Senate at Washington has sent the name of George Hampton as Collector of Internal Revenue for the South Jersey districts back to the committee. Senator Martine opposes the confirmation of Hampton because he was appointed without his knowledge.

County superintendents and supervising principals of the schools at Atlantic, Burlington, Camden, Cape May, Cumberland, Gloucester and Salem counties held a conference at Atlantic City.

Dr. H. H. Davis, of Camden, was notified of his election as vice president of the State Association of National Inspection and Hygiene, at a session held at Newark.

The State tuberculosis exhibit opened in Millville for a five days' display.

A new theatre has been opened at Elmer, which will now have moving pictures three times a week.

Aroused by a noise in the barn, W. F. Galner, a rural mail carrier at Paulsboro, got out in time to prevent the theft of his horse.

Excellent records for porkers slaughtered have been made in Warren County. Michael B. Bowers, a farmer of Franklin Township, claims the prize porker of the season, when he killed one that dressed 450 pounds. No one, as yet, has reported a heavier porker. Samuel Bowman dressed three which totaled over 800 pounds.

Mrs. Anna L. Pollard, who was fined \$200 a few days ago for sending poison pen letters to prominent residents of Elizabeth and vicinity, has written to each of those who seemed to be the personal objects of her anonymous attacks, and against whom she made charges of gross immorality, saying the accusations were false and that she regrets having written the letters containing them.

With a list of 8 actions at law, 60 equity suits and more than 30 admiralty causes on the November calendar of the United States Court in Trenton, as against 32 actions at law, 5 admiralty suits and 15 equity causes on the calendar on November 15, when Judge Joseph Cross was named to assist in getting rid of the cases, the need of a third Federal Judge is strongly apparent.

The executive committee of the Town Improvement Association has decided to continue the work of cleaning up the vacant lots, particularly in the centre of Summit.

Letter carriers from Atlantic City, Ocean City, Wildwood, Salem, Bridgeton and Vineland, were the guests of Millville carriers. Officers of the State association were also present.

After arguing the question of public playgrounds, boys of the Pitman Y. M. C. A. are gathering material for a debate on the increasing of railroad fares.

Twenty-five chickens in process of fattening for the holiday market fell prey to thieves on the farm of Theodore Pease, near Gloucester.

Ernest Napier, of East Orange, has again been selected president of the State Fish and Game Commission, with William A. Logue, of Bridgeton, as treasurer.

Because of a number of cases of measles and mumps in Collingswood, the school physicians are making semi-weekly examinations of all public school pupils to prevent a spread of the diseases.

The Woodland Turf Club of Newfield, Elmer D. Smith, president, gave a raccoon dinner in honor of Miss Beatrice Beckett's birthday anniversary.

A Boys' Brigade company 's being organized at Franklinville.



"Dear me! There's the telephone ringing downstairs."

"Disturb me? No, indeed; I have an extension telephone upstairs."

An Extension Telephone Saves the Trip

An extension telephone in your home, apart from your main telephone, places the service within convenient reach, no matter where you may be about the house.

Extension telephones double the convenience of your telephone service and cost but a cent and a fraction a day.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
 Why not ask our Commercial Office for further information about Extension Telephones?
 F. W. WARNKE, District Commercial Manager,
 120th East Grand Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

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COLLECTOR'S GENERAL NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.
 Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the Borough of Roosevelt in the County of Middlesex, N. J., that the taxes of the said Borough are now due and payable, and that I, the undersigned, Collector of Taxes of the said Borough, will attend at the Borough Hall on the following days for the purpose of receiving payment of taxes:
 December 8, 10 and 11, 1914, from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.
 December 15, 18, 19 and 21, 1914, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
 Taxpayers who do not pay their taxes on or before the twentieth day of December will be proceeded against as delinquent.
 All payments must be filled with the Middlesex Board of Taxation on or before December 20th, 1914.
 Special forms will be furnished on application to E. J. Harned, Secretary, New Brunswick, N. J., October 1, 1914.
 11-13-14. CHARLES A. BRADY, Collector

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Again We Say Subscribe for THIS PAPER.

The annual stockholders' meeting for the election of directors for the First National Bank of Roosevelt, N. J., for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come regularly before the meeting, will be held at the banking house, 143, Woodbridge avenue, on Tuesday, January 12th, 1915. Polls open from one to two p. m.
By order of the Board of Directors,
EUGENE M. CLARK,
Cashier.

BEST WEEKLY
ADVERTISING MEDI-
UM IN THE STATE

The Roosevelt News

BY THE PEOPLE
WITH THE PEOPLE
FOR THE PEOPLE

WHOLE NO. 315.

CARTERET, N. J., DECEMBER 25, 1914.

VOL. VIII, NEW NO. 11.

ALLIES GAIN FROM SEA TO MEUSE; GERMANS HAMMER AT RUSSIAN LINE; AUSTRIANS ADVANCE IN WEST GALICIA

Muscovite Force Descending Vistula to Invade West Prussia and Defenders of Warsaw Hold Von Hindenburg in Check

MORE THAN 2,500,000 MEN BATTLING ON 50-MILE FRONT

London.—Progress by the Allies at a score of points along the fighting line from the North Sea to the Meuse is affirmed by the official reports from Paris and denied by the German official statements. In the absence of any way of finding out just what is happening on the western front, the official communications may be placed against the other and a balance struck which seems to confirm the idea that the invading hosts of the Kaiser are slowly losing ground, although this is by no means a sure thing.

The German army of invasion in Poland is beating against the Russian defenses 30 miles west of Warsaw. The Russians are holding the right bank of the Bzura River and have destroyed every German force which attempted to gain a foothold on the right bank. After evacuating Lodz the Russians withdrew to a line of trenches which, together with artillery positions and natural obstacles, form a strong defense line 75 miles long from west of Novo Georgievsk 25 miles northwest of Warsaw, to Opoczno, 25 miles east of Piotrkow. For two weeks the Germans have battered at the Russian line, but have been unable to break a way through to the Polish capital. Down the Vistula from Plock, a big Russian force is reported as advancing on Thorn in West Prussia. In East Prussia the Russians claim gains, but in West Galicia, the Austrians are driving out the Czar's hordes and trying to raise the siege of Przemysl.

The last German casualty list published, not including the casualties of December and not all of those in November, brings the total to over 800,000, says an Amsterdam report.

BATTLE LINE OF FIFTY MILES.

One of the Russian moves in the gigantic line of contact, fifty miles long, running north and south of Bzura and Mawka rivers, has its base at Cracow, where a Russian army of 300,000 men, under the command of the Bulgarian General Radko Dimitrieff, has repulsed the attacks directed against it in the German attempt to relieve Cracow and is swinging northward and eastward, with the evident intention of catching Von Hindenburg's forces in the rear.

It is estimated that more than two and one-half million men are involved in the actual operations of the contending lines, and the suffering involved is intense, as bitterly cold weather has set in—the sort of weather that made Napoleon's retreat from Moscow one of the tragedies of the world.

ALLIES ADVANCE ON

100-MILE FRONT.

Paris.—The French Government reports that the Allies have continued their advance from the North Sea to the region of Peronne despite the determined resistance of the Germans. Ground was gained and trenches captured in the advance toward Ostend, east and south of Ypres, toward La Bassée and near Albert and Peronne.

Along the hills of the Champagne and the Chalons plain new French guns have crippled the German artillery, destroyed batteries and shot down signal stations, besides compelling the withdrawal of advanced detachments of infantry.

The German War Office admits the loss of a trench southeast of Bethune, but asserts that the attack by the allied forces in Flanders was unsuccessful and that 300 "colored" and English prisoners were taken. Progress is reported in the Argonne.

The situation in the eastern theatre of war is confused on account of vast strategic movements under way, but reports from Berlin and Petrograd agree that the Russians are making a strong defence in front of Warsaw and that no decisive victory has been gained by Marshal von Hindenburg.

Petrograd says that Warsaw is not greatly imperilled and that the German invaders may shortly find themselves attacked in the rear by Russian forces which are operating northwest of Plock. The Russians report that the invasion of East Prussia is progressing and that the Austrians have been held in check in western Galicia.

Berlin says the Germans are attacking the Russians everywhere in Poland, but the Russians are preparing strong positions near Rawa and Nidz. No news is furnished as regards the fighting in East Prussia.

The Neuesten Nachrichten prints a Brussels despatch estimating the losses of the Allies in the Yser campaign at 215,000 up to Dec. 1.

SUCCESSES FOR THE ALLIES.

London.—The Daily Chronicle prints the following dispatch, which is dated "Northern France":

"A week of successes for the Allies has followed the resumption of hostilities in France and Flanders. Roulers has been captured after our fierce assaults on the German trenches outside the town. The inundations between Dixmude and Nieuport have been surrounded by the allied troops, who have pushed northward from Dixmude and southward from Nieuport, and have joined forces on the north-eastern side of the floods. Repeated bayonet attacks have been pushed home at Lombaertzyde, with the result that our patrols have advanced to Middlekerke, a few kilometres from Ostend.

The fighting on the borders of the flooded area was particularly furious. The Belgians advanced toward the entrenched positions of the Germans at Oostkerke, but were driven back by the well posted mitrailleuses of the enemy. Three times they rallied to charge, and three times they were repulsed. The fourth assault, however, crowned the gallantry of the Belgians with successes, and the trenches were carried at the point of the bayonet.

So interwoven were the allied and German trenches in this region that the defeat of the enemy at Oostkerke was responsible for the capture of nearly 1,000 German prisoners. They were caught in parties varying from thirty to three hundred in number.

For a time the reckless dash of two armored auto cars into the Belgian lines nearly saved the situation for the Allies. The cars fired with deadly effect until they were compelled to withdraw.

The wounded are beginning to arrive at the base hospitals. The German casualties are reported to be very heavy.

Our sweeping offensive has been no less successful to the south. The French and British troops have arrived at the gates of Lille. Fierce bayonet fighting in the streets of this great industrial city is reported, and a general withdrawal of the main German forces to Tourcoing and Roubaix has taken place.

The Germans bombarded Arras. Their shells fell in the town at the rate of two a minute for several hours. Our artillery replied with great effect.

VON HINDENBURG ADVANCING.

Rotterdam.—Amid the maze of conflicting reports on the situation in western Poland, the fact stands out that Field Marshal von Hindenburg is gradually approaching the western gates of Warsaw, through scenes of blood and wholesale slaughter, perhaps the most appalling of the entire war to date.

Apparently the Germans have concentrated 750,000 men in the area northwest of Warsaw and moved so rapidly that they forced the withdrawal of a Russian force of probably 300,000. The Russians are playing for time.

A dispatch from Berlin, which comes by the way of Amsterdam, says that the German, Russian and Austrian armies in Poland have lost 400,000 men in recent battles. Breslau reports that the Russians alone lost 125,000 men in killed and wounded in the battles west of Warsaw.

PITH OF THE WAR NEWS

The news comes from Washington that Chile has protested vigorously to Germany regarding repeated violations of Chilean neutrality by German warships.

The interest of the world is centered upon the long battle front near Warsaw, where experts of both sides admit that one of the decisive engagements of the war and probably of history is being fought.

The Austrian Ambassador at Rome has gone to Vienna. It is believed he has been recalled to consult with his Foreign Office concerning the military activity in Italy.

CLEARY FOUND NOT GUILTY

Haverstraw Politician Acquitted of Murder of His Son-in-Law

JURY WAS OUT SIX HOURS

Saved by Girl's Story—Couldn't Resist Her, Says Juror of Widow Whose Betrayal Was Avenged—Crowd Acclaims the Verdict.

New City, N. Y.—The jury in the case of William V. Cleary, former Town Clerk of Haverstraw, tried for the killing of Eugene M. Newman, his 18-year-old son-in-law on July 23, last, returned a verdict of not guilty, after being out exactly six hours. The verdict upset all predictions here and came as a great surprise to the people. There were not many persons in the courtroom when the verdict was announced, but those who were there applauded, shouted, and threw their hats in the air.

"Hurrah for Bill Cleary," came shouts from all over the room. So fearful was Cleary himself of the verdict that he sent his wife out of the room when the jury filed in. Mrs. Cleary sobbed as she went out and leaned heavily on the arm of her brother-in-law, Ambrose Cleary.

The Haverstraw politician was so stunned by the verdict that he sat helpless until his lawyers, Frank Comsky, George Wyre, and Robert M. Moore, shook him by the hand and pulled him out of his chair.

"Thank you and God bless you," finally shouted Cleary, jumping toward the jurymen and shaking hands with all of them. "Thank you for your merciful and righteous verdict."

Cleary was half carried out of the court room by his friends and joined Mrs. Cleary outside.

The Jurymen pledged themselves not to say a word about the discussion during their six hours of deliberation, but as they passed out of the court house one of them remarked: "The girl did it; we could not resist her."

The reference, of course, was to the testimony of the slain man's widow, whose betrayal caused the tragedy and whose testimony unquestionably had a powerful effect on the jury.

District Attorney Gagan was upset by the acquittal of Cleary. He had expected a verdict of murder in the second degree or manslaughter at the least.

"The verdict is not a just verdict," was all that he would say.

Justice Morschauer discharged Cleary, and he was taken to the home of his aged mother, Mrs. John Cleary, in Haverstraw. His mother did not even know that her son was indicted for murder.

RAILROADS WIN RATE FIGHT.

Five Per Cent. Increase to Add \$50,000,000 to Revenues.

Washington.—By a vote of five to two the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the application of the railroads in Official Classification Territory for an increase in rates. The decision awards the carriers 5 per cent. on everything but coal and iron ore, and is expected to add nearly \$50,000,000 a year to revenues of the lines east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers.

The decision is a victory for the railroads—the result of three hard fights for advances in rates commensurate with augmented operating expenses.

In its decision the Interstate Commerce Commission cites the strained financial situation resultant from the European war and the poor fiscal showing of the railroads for the year which ended June 30, 1914, as the reasons for granting the increases.

Widespread prosperity of the railroads and those lines of business directly affected by this industry is expected to follow the establishment of the new rates. The railroads will file the new tariffs immediately. They will go into effect ten days later.

President Wilson and all other officials of the administration evidenced satisfaction at the action of the commission. They realized the plight of the carriers, and now, with added revenues in sight for them, are confident of a business boom generally.

Those railroads which benefit most are in the Trunk-Line Freight Association territory, lying east of Buffalo and Pittsburgh and north of Norfolk to the Atlantic, except New England. Other lines also will receive assistance through permission to increase interstate rates on freight shipments to and from New England. Increases also are allowed for shipments between the official classification territory, that traversed by the Eastern railroads and the Southeastern territory, the Southwest and points on or east of the Missouri River.

ORDERS THAW TO NEW YORK

Supreme Court Holds He Must Answer Conspiracy Charge

LOSES ON EVERY POINT

Thinks Asylum Thaw's Sure Destiny—Fugitive May Be Brought to New York in Thirty Days and Tried for Escape from Matteawan.

Washington.—Harry K. Thaw lost his fight in the Supreme Court of the United States against being extradited from the State of New Hampshire to the State of New York.

In a brief decision by Justice Holmes, which was the unanimous decision of the court, it was held that Thaw should be turned over at once to the New York authorities to answer an indictment charging conspiracy to escape from Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane.

Whether his escape from the asylum while, as his counsel contended, he was insane, constituted a crime, and other questions, the court dismissed with the comment that they could not enter into a habeas corpus proceeding, and that they were proper questions for the State of New York to decide. Merely the question of returning Thaw on the conspiracy indictment was up for decision.

What other moves, if any, were open to Thaw's counsel to prevent his return to the State, where he was twice tried and had made many futile efforts to be released, those familiar with the legal procedure were at a loss to forecast.

Thaw may, however, remain in New Hampshire for thirty days unless his attorneys consent to his removal sooner.

On August 17, 1913, Thaw escaped from the Matteawan Insane Hospital in New York, where he had been confined after two trials for the murder of Stanford White. Charged with a conspiracy to escape, he was arrested in New Hampshire. He was indicted in New York on that charge, and application for his extradition was made to New Hampshire. Extradition was ordered by the Governor of New Hampshire, but on habeas corpus proceedings in the Federal District Court Judge Aldrich held that Thaw should be released.

It is the opinion of persons who have followed the case that Thaw will be formally arraigned on the conspiracy charge when he gets back into the jurisdiction of New York and that then a lunacy commission will again pass upon him. This may result in his recommittal to Matteawan even before a trial on the conspiracy charge. That he is headed for Matteawan is generally conceded.

ROBBER HOLDS UP 2 OHIO BANKS.

Of Loot \$10,000 Is Found in Quarters—Stolen Automobile Aids Him in Operations.

Cincinnati.—An armed bandit who shot his way in and out of one West End bank here, escaped with \$3,000, and a little later repeated the performance in another part of town, this time wounding the cashier and taking several thousands of dollars in currency. When he was later found in his lodgings there began a skirmish between himself and the police that ended with the fatal wounding of one policeman, the wreck of the bandit's stolen automobile and his own death from a bullet wound.

The second robbery occurred while the police were scouring the city in motors for the man who accomplished the first, but it was not until evening papers gave a description of him that a householder tipped the police to the fact that one of his roomers was perhaps the man they sought. It was in this room in West Ninth street that he was finally rounded up and the stolen money, totalling \$10,000 found.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LOS ANGELES.—Lieut. Frederick J. Gerstner of the United States Army Aviation Corps was drowned, Capt. Hollis G. Mueller was injured and several other aviators barely escaped death when they attempted a flight from San Diego to Los Angeles in the face of a heavy gale along this coast.

NORFOLK, Va.—Orders from Washington directing the battleship Delaware to be ready to sail for Mexico at once, caused surprise in naval circles. The Delaware was preparing to join the Atlantic fleet for manoeuvres in Guantanamo next month.

PROTECTION OF JERSEY COAST

Committee. Named at Conference to Submit Data

MAY NOT GET FEDERAL AID

Governor Fielder Declares He Will Assist Move to Save Ocean Front Commerce Chamber to Draft Bills for the Legislature.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton.—Two hundred representatives of seacoast towns and cities attended the conference held at the Statehouse here to discuss protection of the coast from storms. The conference was called by Governor Fielder at the instance of the New Jersey Chamber of Commerce and that organization will draft legislation to be presented at the 1915 session.

The district engineers of the United States Army in charge of New Jersey harbor and coast work and the State Harbor Commission attended the session.

The meeting was presided over by General William C. Heppenheimer, president of the State Chamber of Commerce body, while Governor Fielder sent his secretary, L. Edward Hermann, to express his attitude to the effect that he believed efforts should be made to prevent further destruction along the coast.

Addresses were made by General Heppenheimer, Congressman Thomas J. Scully, Perth Amboy; State Senator John W. Slocum, of Monmouth County; Colonel Frederick B. Allen, of the United States Engineering Corps, and numerous representatives of the coast towns.

They were unanimous in the opinion that the problem is a serious one, and that immediate steps should be taken for the preservation of property. The plan favored is to have the Federal and State Governments and the counties and municipalities concerned co-operate in bringing about legislation that will prevent such damage in the future.

General Heppenheimer said: "This is not only an engineering, but financial problem. It is hoped that out of this meeting may evolve a comprehensive plan, which may be submitted to the New Jersey Legislature and Congress, and which equitably apportion the responsibility and cost between the State, counties, municipalities and owners of private property."

Assemblyman Godfrey, of Atlantic City, in speaking of the project of protecting New Jersey's coast, said the most expedient way is to get aid of the Democratic Congressmen and to have them secure an appropriation from Congress to begin the work. Mr. Godfrey declared, he believed that an appropriation could be easily obtained. He pointed out that New Jersey's interests in general were highly regarded by the Washington authorities, because of President Wilson's connections with this State as Governor. Another reason he gave was that New Jersey is the home of Secretary of War Garrison.

Millions in Jersey Trees.

New Jersey has shade trees to the value of about \$17,000,000, according to a census, the first ever taken in the State, just completed by State Forester Alfred Gaskill. The limit of value at which Mr. Gaskill assessed the larger trees was \$100, and while he admits that the scale of values was arbitrary, he thinks it was conservative.

The census is based upon the reports of the shade tree commissions in the state, numbering more than fifty. Only those trees appearing to have ten years or more life were tallied and those badly injured or entirely out of place were ignored.

"Though the figure is almost too great for belief," said Mr. Gaskill in discussing the total value, "there is no doubt that it represents less rather than more than the actual value of the shade trees as they now stand. They could not be reproduced for twice that sum."

Penny Building Now Taxed.

For the first time in years the large, three-story office building of the Pennsylvania Railroad, adjoining the Clinton street station, has been placed on the taxing list. This building has not heretofore been assessed either by the State Board of Assessors or the local board.

This fact had not been generally known until about two weeks ago, and since then the attention of the State Board has been called to it. It was investigated and as a result a valuation of \$15,000 was placed on the building and \$8,500 on the land, a total of \$23,500. An attempt will also be made to collect back taxes.

MINORITY IS FOR ECONOMY.

Legislators Discuss Combination of Several Board at Democratic Conference.

That the Democrats intend to have a complete legislative program ready before the convening of the Legislature in January was made plain at a meeting of the Democratic department heads and the leaders of the party in the House and the Senate in the office of State Treasurer Edward E. Grosscup. The gathering was a continuation of the recent conference which was called by the State treasurer as the chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

The Democrats are going about their work seriously and every subject contained in the Democratic platform will be covered by a bill to be drafted and approved by them. Ordinarily, the efforts of the minority would not necessarily be taken seriously, but in this instance the fact that the governor of the State is a Democrat means that the minority cannot be ignored or the governor himself would be antagonized. This is a situation that the Republicans do not care to bring about.

With two exceptions, Senator Walter E. Edge, of Atlantic, and Assemblyman Arthur M. Agnew, of Bergen, all the members of the Efficiency and Economy Commission attended the conference. They presented drafts of eight proposed bills embodying the recommendations which will be made to the incoming Legislature for the reorganization and combination of various boards, departments and commissions.

The general scheme to be proposed by the Efficiency and Economy Commission will include, so far as practicable, the appointment of single-headed commissions with associate or advisory boards to take charge of the work now performed by co-related but separated boards or commissions.

One of the most important cases proposed in the consolidation into one department of the State Board of Assessors and the State Board of Equalization of Taxes. Although approving of this proposition in its general aspects, the conferees felt that in view of the avowed determination of the Republican majority to abolish county tax boards, the details of the proposed change would necessarily have to be left until some conclusion had been reached.

Abolition of Tax Boards.

It is the opinion of most of the conferees that the abolition of the county boards would necessitate the substitution or creation of some form of appellate tribunal besides the State body.

Another important plan of reorganization agreed to by the conference includes the consolidation of the present State Board of Health, the State Water Supply Commission, the Commission on Tuberculosis Among Animals and any other body dealing with subjects directly or indirectly affecting the health of the community. This suggestion is similar to one made by the Economy and Efficiency Commission last winter, but rejected by the Legislature.

The establishment of a department or bureau of commerce and navigation was also agreed upon unanimously. The Economy and Efficiency Commission recommended that this should be organized along the same lines as the proposed State Board of Health.

The conference reached no definite conclusion as to the course to recommend looking with reference to the consolidation of the Department of Labor and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. At the last session it was proposed to merge the Bureau of Statistics, of which former Senator George C. Low's chief, into the Labor Department. The question of revising the State salary list downward was not considered.

Governor Fielder was present at the conference. He is one of the moving spirits in the formation of a constructive program upon which the minority in the Senate and House can unite and which he can approve.

Those at Conference.

Aside from the governor, those present included State Treasurer Grosscup, Senator Charles O'Connor Hennessy, of Bergen, leader of the Senate minority; Assemblyman T. F. Martin, of Hudson, leader of the House minority; Secretary of State David S. Crater and Supreme Court Clerk William C. Gebhardt.

Assemblyman Martin was the spokesman of the conference. The Democrats will support the economy and efficiency program, Mr. Martin said. This program was started by the Democrats and they will stand by it in the Legislature. There will be a series of seven or eight bills in the economy and efficiency report, which has not yet been announced.

The bills will provide for the consolidation of the State Board of Assessors and the State Board of Equalization of Taxes and for a re-organization of the State Board of Health on the plan of a single commissioner. The Democrats will be committed to this plan. The Democrats will, however, reserve the right to criticize the efficiency program as to the details of the bills.



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"This hour gone it had not occurred to me. Shall Ramabal, then, become your master, to set forth the propaganda of the infidel?"

"No!" The word was not spoken loudly, but sibilantly, with something resembling a hiss. "No!"

"And shall a king who has no mind, no will, no strength, resume his authority? Perhaps to bring more white people into Allah, perhaps to give Allah eventually to the British raj?"

"Again the negative. 'But the method?'"

"Umballa smiled. 'What brings the worshiper here with candles and flowers and incense? Is it love or reverence or superstition?'"

The bald yellow heads nodded like porcelain mandarins. "Superstition," went on Umballa, "the sword which bends the knees of the laymen, has and always will through the ages!"

"In the vault outside a bell tinkled, a gong boomed melodiously. 'When I give the sign,' continued the schemer, 'declare the curse upon all those who do not bend. A word from your lips, and Ramabal's troops vanish, reform, and become yours and mine!'"

"While the king lives?" asked the chief priest curiously. "Ahi!" And Umballa smiled again. "But you, Durga Ram?"

"There is Ramabal, a senile king, and I. Which for your purposes will you choose?"

"There was a conference. The priests drifted away from Umballa. He did not stir. His mien was proud and haughty, but for all that his knees shook and his heart thundered. He understood that it was to be all or nothing, no middle course, no half methods. He waited, wetting his cracked lips and swollen lips. When the priests returned to him, their heads bent before him a little. It represented a salaam, as much as they had ever given to the king himself. A glow ran over Umballa.

"Highness, we agree. There will be terms. 'I will agree to them without question.' Life and power again; real power! These doddering fools should serve him, thinking the while that they served themselves.

"Half the treasury must be paid to the temple. 'Agreed!' Half for the temple and half for himself; and the abolishment of the seven leopards. 'With this stipulation: Ramabal is yours, but the white people are to be mine.'"

The priests signified assent. And Umballa smiled in secret. Ramabal would be dead on the morrow. "There remains the king," said the chief priest.

Umballa shrugged. The chief priest stared soberly at the lamp above his head. The king would be, then, Umballa's affair. "He is ill?"

"He is moribund . . . Silence!" warned Umballa. The curtains became violently agitated. They heard the voice of the young prince outside raised in protest, to be answered by the shrill tones of a woman.

"You are mad!" "And thou art a stupid fool!" Umballa's hand fell away from his dagger. "It is a woman," he said. "Admit her."

The curtains were thrust aside, and the painted dancing girl who had saved Umballa from death or capture in the fire of his own contriving rushed in. Her black hair was studded with turquoise, a necklace of amber gleamed like gold around her neck, and on her arms and ankles a plenteous of silver bracelets and anklets. With her back to the curtains, the young priest staring curiously over her shoulders, she presented a picturesque tableau.

"Well?" said Umballa, who understood that she was here from no idle whim. "Highness, you must hide with me this night." "Indeed?" "Or die," cooled. Umballa sprang forward and seized her roughly. "What has happened?" "I was in the zenana, highness, visiting my sister, whom you had transferred from the palace. All at once we heard shouting and trampling of feet, and a moment later your house was overrun with men. They had found the king in the hut and had taken him to the palace. That they did not find you is because you came here."

he had evoked for her were as naught! Umballa was not above superstition himself for all his European training. Surely this girl of the white people was imbued with something more than mortal. She lived!

"Go on!" he said, his voice subdued as was his soul. "The white goddess by mistake took Ramabal's goblet and was about to drink when the majordomo seized the goblet and drained the poison himself. He confessed everything, where the king was, where you were. They are again hunting through the city for you. For the present you must hide with me."

"The white woman must die," said Umballa, in a voice like one being strangled.

To this the priests agreed without hesitation. This white woman whom the people were calling a goddess was a deadly menace to that scepter of theirs, superstition.

"What has gone is a pact?" "A pact, Durga Ram," said the chief priest, with Ramabal spreading Christianity, the abhorred creed which gave people liberty of person and thought, the future of his own religion stood in imminent danger. "A pact," he reflected. "To you, Durga Ram, the throne; to us half the treasury and all the ancient rites of our creed restored."

"I have said it." Umballa followed the dancing girl into the square before the temple. He turned and smiled ironically. The bald fools!

"Lead on, thou flower of the jasmine!" lightly. And the two of them disappeared into the night.

But the priests smiled, too, for Durga Ram should always be more in their power than they in his.

There was tremendous excitement in the city the next morning. It seemed that the city would never be permitted to resume its old careless indolence. Swift as the wind the news flew that the old king was alive, that he had been held prisoner all these months by Durga Ram and the now deposed Council of Three. No more the old rut of dullness. Never had they known such fetes. Since the arrival of the white goddess not a day had passed without some thrilling excitement, which had cost them nothing but shouts.

So they deserted the bazaars and markets that morning to witness the most surprising spectacle of all; the king who was dead was not dead, but alive!

So, in the throne room, later, he gave the power to Ramabal to act in his stead till he had fully recovered from his terrible hardships. More than this, he declared that Pundita, the wife of Ramabal, should ultimately rule; for of a truth the principality was lawfully hers. He would make his will at once, but in order that this



Where Was the Document He Had Given His Friend Hare?

should be legal he would have to destroy the previous will he had given to Colonel Hare, his friend.

"Forgive me, my friend," he said. "I acted unwisely in your case. But I was angry with my people for their cowardice."

"Your majesty," replied the colonel, "the fault lay primarily with me. I should not have accepted it or returned. I will tell you the truth. It was the filigree basket of gold and precious stones that brought me back."

"So? And all for nothing, since the hiding place I gave you is not the true one. But of that, more anon. I want this wretch Durga Ram spread out on an ant hill . . ."

And then, without apparent reason, he began to call for Lakshmi, the beautiful Lakshmi, the wife of his youth. He ordered preparations for an elephant fight; rambled, talked as though he were but twenty; his eyes dim, his lips loose and pendulous. And in this condition he might live ten or

twenty years. Ramabal was sore a heart.

He had to wait two days till his mind cleared again. His first question upon his return to his mental balance was directed to Kathlyn. Where was the document he had given to his friend Hare? Kathlyn explained that Umballa had taken it from her.

"But, your majesty," exclaimed the colonel rather impatiently, "what difference does it make? Your return has nullified that document."

"Not in case of my death. And in Allah's legal document is always the legal document, unless it is legally destroyed. It is not well to antagonize the priests, who hold us firmly to this law. I might make a will in favor of Pundita, but it would not legally hold in justice if all previous wills were not legally destroyed. You must find this document."

"Did you ever hear of a law to equal that?" asked Bruce of the colonel. "No, my boy, I never did. It would mean a good deal of red tape for a man who changed his mind frequently. He could not fool his relations; they would know. The laws of the dark peoples have always amazed me, because if you dig deep enough into them you are likely to find common sense at the bottom. We must search Umballa's house thoroughly. I wish to see Ramabal and Pundita in the shadow of their rights. Can't destroy a document off-hand and make a new one without legally destroying the first. Well, let us be getting back to the bungalow. We'll talk it over there."

At the bungalow everything was systematically being prepared for the homeward journey. The laughter and chatter of the two girls was music to their father's ears. And sometimes he intercepted secret glances between Bruce and Kathlyn. Youth, youth; youth and love! Well, so it was. He himself had been a youth, had loved and been loved. But he grew very lonely at the thought of Kathlyn eventually going into another home; and some young chap would soon come and claim Winnie, and he would have no one but Ahmed. If only he had had a boy, to bring his bride to his father's roof!

Pictures were taken down from the walls, the various wild animal heads, and were packed away in strong boxes. And Ahmed went thither and yon, a hundred cares upon his shoulders. He was busy because then he had no time to mourn Lal Singh.

Bruce's camp was, of course, in utter ruin. Not even the cooking utensils remained; and of his men there was left but Ali, whose leg still caused him to limp a little. So Bruce was commanded by no less person than Kathlyn to be her father's guest till they departed for America. Daily Winnie rode Rajah. He was such a funny old pachyderm, a kind of clown among his brethren, but as gentle as a kitten. Running away had not paid. He was like the country boy who had gone to the big city; he never more could be satisfied with the farm.

The baboon hung about the colonel's heels as a dog might have done; while Kathlyn had found a tiger cub for a plaything. So for awhile peace reigned at the camp.

They found the much-sought document in the secret chamber in Umballa's house (just as he intended they should); and the king had it legally destroyed and wrote a new will, wherein Pundita should have back that which the king's ancestors had taken from hers—a throne.

After that there was nothing for Colonel Hare to do but proceed to ship his animals to the railroad, thence to the ports where he could dispose of them. Never should he enter this part of India again. Life was too short. High and low they hunted Umballa, but without success. He was hidden well. They were, however, assured that he lingered in the city and was sinisterly alive.

Day after day the king grew stronger mentally and physically. Many of the reforms suggested by Ramabal were put into force. Quiet at length really settled down upon the city. They began to believe that Umballa had fled the city, and vigilance correspondingly relaxed.

The king had a private chamber, the window of which overlooked the garden of brides. There, with his sherbets and water pipe he resumed his old habit of inditing verse in pure Persian, for he was a scholar. He never entered the zenana or harem; but occasionally he sent for some of the women to play and dance before him. And the woman who loved Umballa was among these. One day she asked to take a journey into the bazaars to visit her sister. Ordinarily such a request would have been denied. But the king no longer cared what the women did, and the chief eunuch slept afternoons and nights, being only partly alive in the mornings.

An hour later a palanquin was lowered directly beneath the king's window. To his eye it looked exactly like the one which had departed. He went on writing, absorbed. Had he looked closely, had he been the least suspicious . . .

This palanquin was the gift of Durga Ram, so-called Umballa. It had been built especially for this long-awaited occasion. It was nothing more nor less than a sunning cage in which a tiger was huddled, in a vile temper. The palanquin bearers, friends of the dancing girl, had overpowered the royal bearers and donned their costumes. At this moment one of the bearers (Umballa himself, trusting no one!) crawled stealthily under the palanquin and touched the spring which liberated the tiger and opened the blind. The furious beast sprang

to the . . . move, to approach . . . danger . . . on you harmless palanquin this striped fury!

The tiger in his leap struck the lacquered desk, broke it and scattered the papers about the floor. Ramabal and his officers were just entering the corridor which led to the chamber when the tragedy occurred. They heard the noise, the king's cries. When they reached the door silence greeted them.

The room was wrecked. There was evidence of a short but terrific struggle. The king lay dead upon the floor, the side of his head crushed in. His turban and garments were in tatters. But he had died like a king; for in the



Death of the Real King of Allaha.

corner by the window lay the striped one, a jeweled dagger in his throat. Ramabal was first to discover the deserted palanquin, and proceeded to investigate. It did not take him more than a minute to understand what had happened. It was not an accident; it was cold-blooded murder, and back of it stood the infernal ingenuity of one man.

Thus fate took Allaha by the hair again and shook her out of the pastoral quiet. What would happen now? This!

On the morning after the tragic death of the old king, those who went early to worship, to propitiate the gods to deal kindly with them during the day, were astounded to find the doors and gates of all the temples closed! Nor was any priest visible in his usual haunts. The people were stunned. For there could be but one interpretation to this act on the part of the gurus; the gods had denied the people. Why? Wherefore? Twenty-four hours passed without their learning the cause; the priests desired to fill them with terror before they struck.

Then came the distribution of pamphlets wherein it was decreed that the populace, the soldiery, all Allaha, in fact, must bow to the will of the gods or go heretofore accursed. The gods demanded the reinstatement as regent Durga Ram; the deposing of Ramabal, the infidel; the fealty of the troops to Durga Ram; 24 hours were given the people to make their choice.

Before the doors of all the temples the people gathered, wailing and pouring dust upon their heads, from Brahmia to pariah, from high caste matrons to light dancing girls. And when the troops, company by company, began to kneel at the outer rim of these gatherings, Ramabal dispatched a note to Colonel Hare, warning him to fly at once. But the messenger tore up the note and flew to his favorite temple. Superstition thus won what honor, truth and generosity could not hold.

Allaha surrendered; and Umballa came forth. All this happened so quickly that not even a rumor of it reached the colonel's bungalow till it was too late. They were to have left on the morrow. The king dead, only a few minor technicalities stood in the way of Ramabal and Pundita.

Bruce and Kathlyn were fencing one with the other, after the manner of lovers, when Winnie, her eyes wide with fright, burst in upon them with the news that Umballa, at the head of many soldiers, was approaching. The lovers rushed to the front of the bungalow in time to witness the colonel trying to prevent the intrusion of a priest.

"Patience, sahib!" warned the priest. The colonel, upon seeing Umballa, made an attempt to draw his revolver, but the soldiers prevented him from carrying into execution his wild impulse.

The priest explained what had happened. The colonel Sahib, his friend Bruce Sahib and his youngest daughter would be permitted to depart in peace; but Kathlyn Memsahib must wed Durga Ram.

When the dazed colonel produced the document which had been legally canceled, Umballa laughed and declared that he himself had forged that particular document, that the true, which he held, was not legally destroyed.

Burning with the thought of revenge, of reprisal, how could Durga Ram know that he thus dug his own pit? Had he let them go he would have eventually been crowned, as surely as now his path led straight to the treadmill.

Ahmed alone escaped, because Umballa had in his triumph forgotten him!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Woman Scorned.

There is an old saying in Rajput that woman and the four winds were

at the same time, of the same other: blew hot, blew cold, balmily or tempestuously, from all points at once. Perhaps.

In the zenana of the royal palace there was a woman, tall, lithe, with a skin of ivory and roses and eyes as brown as the husk of a water chestnut. On her bare ankles were gem-encrusted anklets, on her arms bracelets of hammered gold, round her neck a rope of pearls and emeralds and rubies and sapphires. And still she was not happy.

From time to time her fingers strained at the roots of her glossy black hair and the whites of her great eyes glistened. She bit her lips to keep back the sobs crowding in her throat. She pressed her hands together so tightly that the little knuckles cracked.

"Al, al!" she wailed softly. She paced the confines of her chamber with slow step, with fast step; or leaned against the wall, her face hidden in her arms; or pressed her hot cheeks against the cool marble of the lattice.

Human nature is made up of contraries. Why, when we have had the courage coolly to plan murder, or to aid or suggest it, why must we be troubled with remorse? More than this, why must we battle against silly impulse to tell the first we meet what we have done? Remorse: what is it?

Now, this woman of the zenana believed not in the God of your fathers and mine. She was a pagan; her heaven and hell were ruled by a thousand gods, and her temples were filled with their images. Yet this thing remorse, was stabbing her with its hot needles, till no torture devised by man could equal it.

She was the poor, foolish woman who loved Durga Ram; loved him as these wild Asiatic women love, for murder to the poisoned cup. Loved him, and knew that he loved her not, but used her for his own selfish ends. There you have it. Had he loved her, remorse never would have lifted its head or raised its voice. And again, had not Umballa sought the white woman, this butterfly of the harem might have died of old age without burdening her soul. Remorse is the result of a crime committed uselessly. Humanity is unchangeable, for all its variety of skins.

And here was this woman, wanting to tell some one! Umballa had done a peculiar thing; he had not laid hand upon either Ramabal or Pundita. When asked the reason for this generosity toward a man who but recently put a price on his head, Umballa smiled and explained that Ramabal was not only broken politically, but was a religious outcast. It was happiness for such a person to die, so he preferred that Ramabal should live.

Secretly, however, Ramabal's revolutionary friends were still back of him, though they pretended to bow to the yoke of the priests.

So upon this day matters stood thus: the colonel, Kathlyn, Bruce and Winnie were prisoners again; Ahmed was in hiding; and Ramabal and his wife mocked by those who once had cheered them. The ingratitude of kings is as nothing when compared to the ingratitude of a people.

A most ridiculous country: to crown Kathlyn again (for the third time!) and then to lock her up! Next to superstition as a barrier to progress there stands custom. Everything one did must be done as some one else had done it; the initiative was still chained up in the temples, it belonged to the bald priests only.

But Umballa had made two mistakes: he should have permitted the white people to leave the country and given a silken cord to the chief eunuch to apply as directed. There are no written laws among the dark peoples that forbid the disposal of that chattel known as a woman of the harem, or zenana. There are certain customs that even the all powerful British raj must ignore.

The catastrophe of the dead king rested upon the royal platform. Two troopers stood below; otherwise the platform was deserted. When Ramabal and Pundita arrived and mounted the platform to pay their last respects to a kindly man, the soldiers saluted gravely, even sorrowfully. Ramabal, for his courage, his honesty and justice, was their man; but they no longer dared serve him, since it would be at the expense of their own lives.

"My lord!" whispered Pundita, pressing Ramabal's hand. "Courage!" For Pundita understood the man at her side. Had he been honorless, she would this day be wearing a crown. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Far From Barracks. A minister one day got into conversation with an Irish soldier who happened to be stationed in Liverpool, and of whom he asked several questions as to what regiment he was in, and so forth. Ultimately Pat thought it was his time to ask a few questions. "Now," said he, "I'd like to know what you are?" "I'm a soldier, too," said the minister. "And what regiment are you in, and where is it stationed?" The minister, pointing toward the sky, said: "My regiment is in Heaven." "Oh, man," replied Pat, "shure ye're a long way from the barracks."

Bad Teeth as Marriage Barrier. "Many of the illnesses from which children suffer can be traced to the bad teeth of the mother," said Dr. L. A. Hawkes, late assistant school medical officer to the London county council at a meeting of the council of the Charity Organization Society. "If I had my way," he added, "I would not allow a man or woman with a decayed tooth in his or her head to get married."

MAN IS BURIED ALIVE IN WELL

Pennsylvania Farmer Imprisoned Under Arch of Tons of Earth and Stone.

DIRECTS OWN RESCUE

Strain of Spending 18 Hours Under 35 Feet of Fallen Wall Prove Too Great for Chapman and His Heart Fails.

Wheatshaf, Pa.—Imprisonment for 18 hours under tons of earth in an old 35-foot well so seriously affected William Chapman of Wheatshaf that he died a few minutes before he was dug out, after directing the efforts of rescuers for several hours. Physicians worked for an hour with a pulmotor and oxygen, but failed to revive Mr. Chapman. It is believed his heart failed when he felt the hand of the first rescuer to reach him and that death followed instantly.

Mr. Chapman was a farmer and was also employed as engineer in the workings of the Penn Sand & Gravel company of Tullytown. He was a sturdy man of middle age, in excellent health.

Well Caves In. Because of recent rains, Mr. Chapman was unable to work in the Penn quarries and determined to make some repairs in the well on the farm he had rented. He was descending the slippery wall when two large stones slipped from their places in the wall of the well and precipitated him to the bottom, following which the sides caved in on him. Mrs. Chapman, who was in the house, heard the crash and rushed to the well.

It is believed that when the wall of the well collapsed the stones formed an arch, thus saving Mr. Chapman from instant death. In his narrow prison he obtained air through crevices in the rocks and was able to make such sounds that his relatives and friends knew he was alive.

Men Worked Frantically for Hours. For 18 hours men worked in relays of four hours each removing earth and stones from the well. Several times



Precipitated Him to the Bottom.

they were driven from their task by cave-ins caused by heavy rains. Finally they were within a few feet of Mr. Chapman. He directed their efforts, took nourishment through a tube, spoke words of comfort to his wife and appeared to be both rational and sound.

Soon the workmen reached the last layer of stone. Some worked at the stone while others slipped their hands through crevices and supported Chapman. Even then he appeared to be able to help himself, but when the last rocks were removed and Chapman was taken from the well he was dead, having succumbed just as assurances of safety reached him.

HAIR CUT OFF AS SHE SLEPT

Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses, the Family's Pride, Gone—Act of Revenge.

Orange, N. J.—When Mary Carnova, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Antonio Carnova of 12 Forest street, Orange, awoke one morning recently she found that her long black hair, which was of exceptional beauty and the pride of the family, had been cut off. She did not know how or when she had been despoiled.

The police arrested Polo Crispy, aged fifty-one, a boarder at the Carnova home, but Carnova would not believe Crispy was guilty, and the charge against him was dismissed. Chief of Police Drabell believes that the hair was cut off for revenge by some enemy of the girl's father.

Wife Killed Babies and Herself.

Thayer, Kan.—Mrs. Lee Moore, who had been deserted by her husband, killed her two small children and then committed suicide. The bodies of all three were found in a well.

Children and Old-Fashioned Toys



"CHILDREN are conservative beings, even old-fashioned, when it comes to choosing toys. They aren't up to date and as full of the modern spirit of progress and invention as the toymakers believe them to be."

Thus spoke one who is a sort of professional Santa Claus—that is, he has played the part at so many Sunday school Christmas parties that he sometimes imagines he is growing cotton whiskers.

"They display the same quaint, simple, old-fashioned taste as their grandfathers and grandmothers when they were children," he continued. "Most of them, do, anyhow. Every year the toy manufacturers break loose with a new crop of automatic racing cars, aeroplanes, submarines, fire engines and kicking donkeys. If the children were constructed on the same nervous clock-work plan, they would give old Santa Claus no rest unless he kept up with all the modern inventions. Instead of toy soldiers they would demand mortar batteries, and they would not be satisfied with mooley cows, but would demand that they have pedigrees and give only certified milk and cream."

"They would not accept a Noah's ark unless it was a combination of the steamship Lusitania and a modern cement bungalow, with sleeping porches, twin-screw propellers, electric searchlights, wireless apparatus, second chattel mortgage—in fact, all the comforts of ship and home complete. They would require Mr. Noah to carry a pilot's license as well as a college degree in natural history. All the animals would have to be trained to do tricks, and poor Noah's family would have a fine time herding them while wearing wooden raincoats and stove-pipe hats."

"Fortunately children, real children, are not constructed that way. They want their arks on the old-fashioned plan, whereby you lift off the roof and find Noah minus his head, and most of the animals trying to hobble on three legs."

"Automobiles in miniature, with real

upholstered seats and rubber tires may fascinate a small boy for a few hours, but you'd better place your faith in a good, old-pattern rocking horse, with saddle and stirrups, and a mane and tail of real hair. The rocking horse is not going out of fashion by a long way, and I predict that in the horseless age, if that time ever comes, our children's children will be jerking the mane of a wooden 'horse' and whipping him on his painted flanks, and trying to feed him crackers. Also, they'll be falling off his back and bumping their little foreheads in the old-fashioned way, and 'horsey' will have to be thrashed and locked up in the clothes closet for his bad behavior.

"And as for dolls, you've got to give them real 'baby dolls' and not grand ladies in the latest tango gowns and hats. For the last 50 years or so dotting parents who are well to do have been trying the experiment of presenting their little girls with waxen fashion models—only to find the precious one crying for the rag baby of the laundress' daughter. Children show the real mother instinct when they spurn the 'play-child' which is too dressy and up to date."

"I have one friend, the father of a large and lively family. I make him happy every Christmas time by presenting his kids with a bunch of cheap, mechanical toys. After about half an hour of winding them up, the little ones tire of the clicking wonders and return to their woolly dogs, rubber dolls and other simple favorites. That is when father's fun begins. He insists on winding up the toys and running them all Christmas day, ostensibly for the pleasure of his youngsters. He does not cease winding until the toys begin to get out of order, and then he has the additional pleasure of trying to repair them."

Sometimes I think that a manufacturer could make a fortune selling toys just for grown-ups. Seeing a bunch of adults busy working mechanical toys reminds me of the time when the whole family insists on taking little Johnny to the circus.

A Christmas Carol

by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! They play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

IN December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

SHEPHERDS at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sing with many a change
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

THESE good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

NUNS in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

WHO by the fireside stands,
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

HANGING MISTLETOE

Origin of Custom Associated With Christmas Festivities.

Plant Is Surrounded With Many Superstitions in European Countries—Sign of Ill Omen in Some Parts of Ireland.

THE good old custom of hanging mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since the plant did not have its roots in the ground no part of it should ever be permitted to touch the earth.

Among the Saxons the fact that mistletoe was suspended from the roof of a dwelling intimated to the wayfarer that the hospitality of the house was at his disposal, and beneath its branches friend and stranger, vassal and lord, gathered in comradeship and good cheer.

The religious aspect of the mistletoe tradition, which had its origin in the Druidical rites and the gathering of it by the archdruid with his golden sickle, merged later into a purely social symbol, and the idea of simple hospitality developed into one of merrymaking and a somewhat riotous entertainment.

The kiss of the Scandinavian goddess expanded into the custom of a kiss given for every berry that grew on the bough. Small wonder that, in spite of the mistletoe having originally existed in the odor of the sanctuary, the church came to regard it as an entirely pagan symbol and refused to allow it to participate with the lily and the evergreen in the Yuletide decorations.

There is an ancient belief that the mistletoe was the tree from which the holy cross was hewn and that after this was made the plant withered and ever afterward became a mere parasitic growth, clinging for support to other and sturdier trees.

Other stories, however, credit it with divine gifts in the healing of diseases and the expulsion of evil spirits. Ram, the high priest of the Celts, received in a dream the intimation that by means of the plant he would be enabled to save his people from the plague which was decimating them. To celebrate their delivery he instituted the feast of Noel (new health), a midwinter holiday, which has come to be considered coincident with the new year.

In many parts of the United Kingdom the silver berries and the gray-green leaves of the mistletoe are looked upon as anything but an emblem of good cheer; on the contrary, the plant is regarded with dread as being the bringer of ill luck and the sign of ill omen. This superstition exists both in Devonshire and in Ireland, and, strange to say, in neither of these places does the plant flourish, owing, report has it, to the fact that both incurred the displeasure of the Druids and were in consequence cursed in such a way that their soil became incapable of nourishing the sacred growth.

In the sixth book of Aeneid a lengthy description of the mistletoe is given by Virgil, who makes the Sybil describe to his hero the exact spot in hades where he will find it growing. There is little doubt that the strange ethereal appearance of the little opaque berry is largely responsible for the mystic character it has enjoyed among the people of divers nations from the earliest historical times.

ON GERMAN LINE THROUGH BELGIUM TO THE SEACOAST

Newspaper Man Is the Unbidden Guest of the Army Commanders.

NEW WAR SONG IS WRITTEN

Popular Tune Is Dedicated to Prowess of Big Guns—Many Little Boys Ran Away With the Troops—Help Sent to Feed Starving People of Flanders.

Berlin.—Bucking the line of Prussian militarism or prowling around the back door of the front is a game of chance and skill which any American of average nerve can play to good advantage and at little expense, traveling mostly as an unbidden guest on the super warlords' military trains and transports. I have just returned from a week of wandering through Belgium to the coast of the North sea and am able to give prospective tourists some suggestions as to how to enjoy it.

Your initial equipment should consist of an emergency passport, which it takes a long time to get at Cologne.

Considerable Latitude Given. This document gives you considerable latitude. "Good for 30 days," it generously allows you to go to Brussels and back, using either "your own or a hired automobile," and further says that "the use of military trains, whenever possible, is also allowed" on presentation of a railroad ticket—which last opens up the possibility of a "free ride" as nobody thinks of asking you for a ticket to Brussels and you could not buy one if you tried to—at present.

From now on you increasingly realize that a state of war exists somewhere in the neighborhood, for you leave Aachen in a third-class car, whose hard wooden benches are mostly occupied by loud-lunged singing, cheering soldiers bound for the front—two score of them, belonging to a reserve company of a heavy foot artillery regiment of the famous Guards corps—"the iron corps of Brandenburg."

The heavy artillerymen are singing a song that sounds like American ragtime, but yet isn't. The words run (Americanized) as follows:

Sing the artillery now a song!
Victorious, proud she marches along,
Every true German her praises now sings
Joyful in East and West it rings.

(Refrain)
Hurrah! hurrah! the heavy artillery!
Hurrah! hurrah she sure can shoot, by gee
Hurrah! raise your glasses! this toast give:
"Pross! The artillery shall live!"

With cannon fire we'd first begun;
Then came the heavy field howitzers on.
But they weren't enough by a very long sight,
Now with two-and-forty centimeter guns we fight.

At High Pressure.

The heavy artillerymen and I were turned out into the night air on the Belgian border as the passenger train went no farther, but here a bewildering choice of transportation facilities offered. I found another train.

The block signals and switch lights had all been wrecked by the retreating Belgians, and the Germans have not had time to replace them yet, but in spite of the fact that he was running without signals, the engineer opened up the throttle wide. In matters military the Germans have acquired almost the American habit of high pressure and speed.

Liege was reached in an hour. Here you pass your first trainload of prisoners bound for Germany. It is a string of third-class carriages lighted by oil lanterns, and, if one may judge from their khaki uniforms, the passengers are English prisoners of war, mostly sleeping. Then you have a procession of hospital trains—all full; then more prisoners—the bulk of the heavy west-bound traffic through Belgium consists of prisoners and wounded.

You can smell Louvain a mile away. You would know where you were, even if you did not see the moonlit ruins about the railroad station, where your military transport makes a long stop.

Here on the platform among the soldiers on guard you see a youngster of about twelve armed—field gray, with a miniature spiked helmet, cartridge belt and bayonet. He is evidently the mascot of the Landsturm battalion garrisoned at Louvain. You ask a soldier about it, and he tells you an interesting story.

Boys Ran Away to War. "You would be surprised," he says, "to know how many boys ran away from home to go with the soldiers. Many eluded the watchful eyes of the authorities and slipped aboard troop trains, the soldiers often helping them to stay hidden, and so actually reached the front, where some of the boys have rendered good service. I know of one who received the iron cross for bravery under fire in carrying ammunition to the men in the trenches at a critical moment when they had run out."

Your military transport, after several false starts, finally makes up its mind to go on—at a crawl now—but unfortunately, at Saarbeck, which is

suburban Brussels, your free ride to the point is cut short by a conscientious Landsturm sergeant who searches the train and politely points out that the document you produce is good only for transportation to Brussels. And you become for the first time a victim of war, for there are no longer waiting taxicabs or horse cabs, and there is nothing to do but walk to Brussels.

At 5 a. m. that place is deader than New York below the dead line. You walk through miles of streets without sighting a military patrol or even a policeman, till you come to the heart of the city. Your daytime impression of Brussels under the German occupation will be of swarms of racing military with motorcars full of husky officers for whom war seems to mean one long joy ride.

Country Under Water.

It takes you six hours to get from Brussels to Antwerp by military trains. As you near your destination you see whole stretches of countryside still under water, where the desperate defenders tried to check the German advance by flooding operations. It looks like pictures of the Dayton flood. In front of the Hotel Terminus, by the main railroad station, you come upon an old friend fallen on evil days—a London motor bus, shorn of its old advertising glory and painted gray by the Germans.

Many little straws you see on all sides point to the fact that the Germans intend to sit tight in Antwerp. Their occupation has a look of prospective permanency. Curiously enough, you see mostly American flags here. The Belgian red-yellow-black is banned, the German flag is flown sparingly; the Stars and Stripes are everywhere in evidence.

More than half of the inhabitants have already returned. More of the stores have reopened. Business in many lines is beginning to go on again as usual. Hackmen again try to cheat you. The German civil and military governments seem to be running smoothly and efficiently. On the whole, Antwerp is now disappointing to the sensation seeker.

Zeppelin Attack on London.

The German military government is entrenched in the Municipal building, next to the Hotel Antoine, which is also pre-empted by the new government. Here, doing desk duty, you will meet an officer with a hard-luck story with a moral. "No, thanks, I don't dare smoke," he says. "I contracted a weakness of the heart Zeppelining. I was commander of a Zeppelin for a year and a half, during which we negotiated 142 flights, aggregating 14,000 kilometers. Just my hard luck that I can't command one of the Zeppelins that will visit London." As to the date of the "visit" he will hazard no opinion, but "there will be more popular rejoicing over a successful air attack on London than over the fall of Paris," he adds. It is a significant phenomenon that you can't talk with any officer or common soldier five minutes without having him switch to the all-absorbing theme of the Zeppelin attack on England. It seems to be almost a national obsession, and the people are waiting patiently for the "blood red letter day," confident that it is coming.

Germans Justify Their Presence.

Whenever you meet a high German officer on Belgian soil a good way to lead off is to ask him how he justifies his presence there, and so when you are ushered into the presence of his excellency Von Frankenburg and Ludwigsdorf, adjutant and right hand man to the military governor, General

von Huhne, you ask him about it, too. His answer is so typical of the German point of view as to be worth repeating.

"Oh, we justify our presence in two ways," he says. "Firstly, we knew that Belgium's neutrality would be violated by our enemies if we did not 'beat them to it,' and if any further proof were needed it was furnished by papers found in the archives at Brussels. Secondly, self-defense. Germany is not engaged in a war of revenge, but it's as if you went along a lonely road and were fallen upon by a band of highwaymen. They say we began this war. It would have been the stupidest moment for Germany to start such a war, because the allies were so united, when no political or other question was between them."

For the next 26 hours the "fog of war" settles around your movements.

When it lifts again it finds you sauntering along the towpath of a canal to the north of Bruges, nose pointed in the direction of the distant thunder of the big guns toward the coast. Unfortunately at a turn of the road you run into a patrol of Death's Head Hussars—five strong. You know they are Death's Head Hussars by the small silver skull and bones on the front of the shakos.

You Are an Englishman!

The leader eyes suspiciously your Piccadilly derby and sterling silver mounted cane and then announces unequivocally: "You are an Englishman." You lead off with your emergency passport, then you play your whole suit of red-sealed American diplomats and consuls, then your purple Prussian eagles (but you have none permitting you to walk along this canal!) You offer your photograph in evidence and ransack your pockets for more documents, producing successively a letter from a prominent member of the reichstag, a letter of introduction to General von Bulow, an unpaid tailor's bill, etc., but Death's Head Hussars have no sense of humor on patrol. They even refuse cigars. Help comes unexpectedly in the form of a rival patrol of marines—four strong. The under officer commanding proves to have two brothers in America. Hussars and marines debate your nationality.

Germans Have a Canal Fleet.

In the morning you see an interesting example of typical German thoroughness—a large cabin motor launch flying the German flag and belonging to the new canal fleet. Under friendly escort you reach the Holland border at the quaint town of Sluis.

This hospitable little province of Teelandish Flanders is still paying patiently for the support of a large number of Belgian refugees. Rev. J. H. Pattist, secretary of the relief committee for West Teelandish Flanders, showed me through his church (dating from the tenth to the sixteenth century), where 400 refugees—men, women and children—were sleeping bedded on straw.

RAT DINES WITH KITTENS

Animal Is Captured While Drinking Milk With Hereditary Enemies.

Jellico, Tenn.—T. T. Hackney of the wholesale grocery house of H. T. Hackney company of this place surprised a large gray rat dining with several kittens in the warehouse, and succeeded in capturing the friendly rodent with little difficulty. The rat was drinking milk with the kittens, apparently contented and friendly.

Mr. Hackney called to several of his associates in the store and warehouse to witness the strange spectacle and the rat never made a sign of enmity toward the kittens.

The big rat is a prisoner in a glass jar and will be held by Mr. Hackney, who will make an effort to train the rat and kittens as companions.

TO KNOW FUTURE HUSBAND

Many Old English Customs and Superstitions Center Around Christmas.

All down the ages girls have been eager to find out their future destiny—whether they will be "old maids," or, as they are now called, "bachelor girls," or wives and mothers. Christmas, as well as all the other festivals, has been allotted its customs and superstitions through which the secret of the future may be learned.

To find the answer to the important question, wife or old maid, a girl had to go alone on Christmas eve and knock on the henhouse door. If a cock answered her knock by crowing, she would be married, but if no cock crowed in answer, then she would be an old maid. This undertaking would require a good deal of courage in the old days of superstition, as on Christmas eve evil spirits were supposed to have increased power and ghosts were supposed to prowl around.

If a girl wished to know the name of her future husband she took four onions and named each one after a boy friend. She then placed one in each corner of a room and the one that sprouted before January 6 bore the name of the man she would marry.

In some districts this was carried out rather differently. Several onions were selected and named and placed close together, and the one that sprouted first gave the name that was to be hers. We can imagine how carefully the warmest place would be chosen for some special onion.

HE WAS THANKFUL.



"John," said the Loving Wife, "I intended to get you a nice new necktie for Christmas, but I am ashamed to acknowledge that in the rush of the shopping I completely forgot it."
"Thank you, nevertheless," said the Happy Husband.

ANNUAL "HOLLER" DAY.

When children have their Christmas toys The house will ring with laughter gay; And thus, in truth, by girls and boys, In Christmas made a "holler" day.

The Roosevelt News

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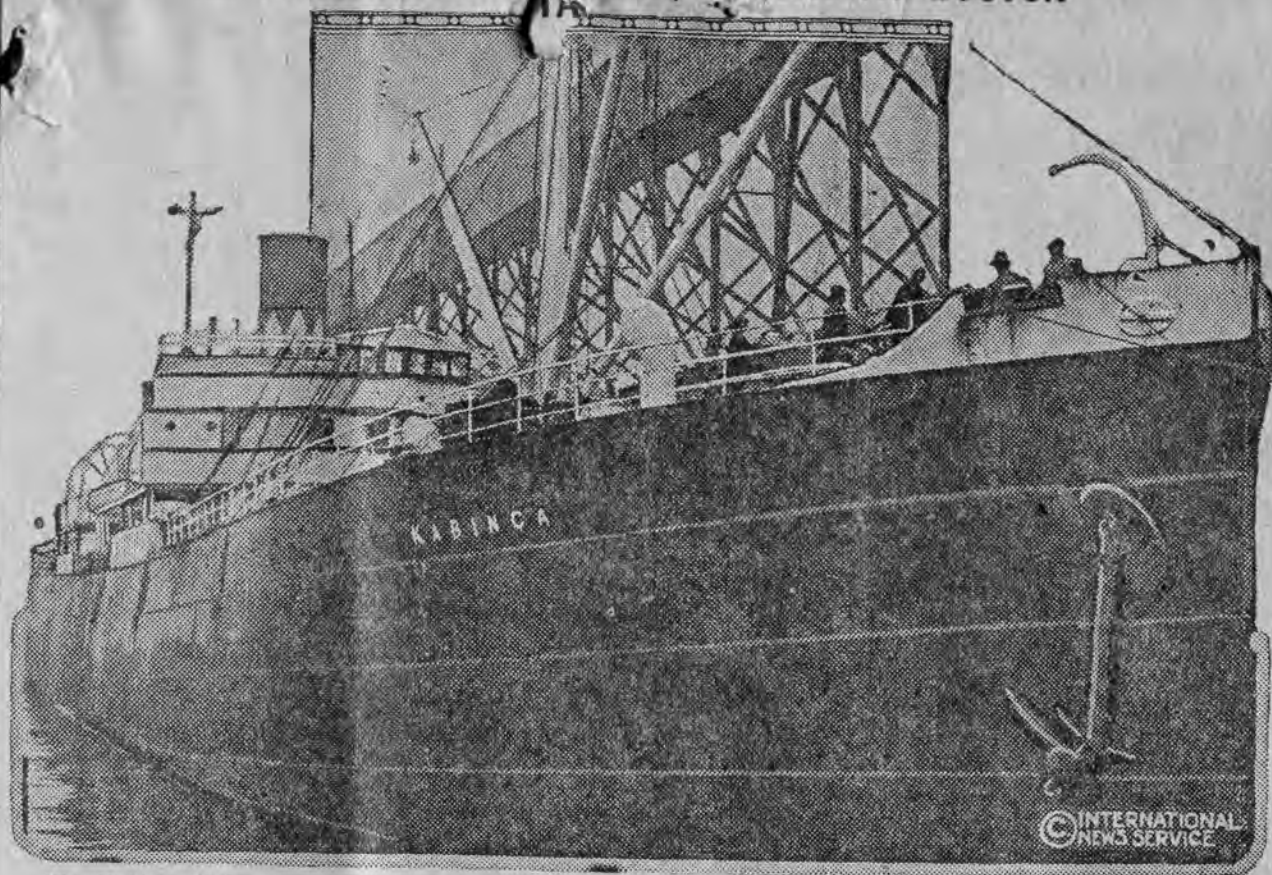
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THEORETICALLY SUNK, AFLOAT AT BOSTON



The Kabinga, "phantom ship" of the British merchant marine, which in theory was sunk in the Bay of Bengal by the German cruiser Emden, but which put in at Boston harbor recently. After capturing the ship, Captain von Mueller of the Emden gallantly presented it to Mrs. Robinson, wife of the skipper, who was aboard at the time with her little son.

IN RIDE OF DEATH

Many Uhlans Are Killed in Victorious Charge.

Officer Writes of Heroic Assault Against Automatic Guns—Of 142 in Squadron, 58 Replied at Roll Call After Battle.

Berlin.—Letters "from the front" are being published in many newspapers in Germany. Extracts from one written by an officer to his wife, from the infirmary, Dienzel Lothr, which appeared in the Frankfurter Zeitung, is given here:

"I was thrown under my horse as he fell, and thus bruised my left side, and contracted a hemorrhage in my thigh. After the exertions of the last few days, I feel very comfortable here, and am well taken care of by the sisters.

"August 11 was a great day for our regiment, and in due time will be recorded in history, as were Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour. It was a death-ride in the fullest meaning of that word: against automatic guns and infantry, in which the first, third, and fourth squadrons of my regiment, and the second squadron of another regiment took part. One thousand prisoners, including twelve or eighteen commanders, cannons and automatic guns, were captured.

"Our brave brigade suffered bitterly; of the 142 men in my squadron, only fifty-eight replied when the roll was called. And I was the only officer! All the rest dead or wounded!

"My squadron suffered most, for they took part in the worst attack. Our regiment ought to be spared a little now; at all events, we have the hardest day of the whole campaign behind us. The success, particularly from the moral point of view, is splendid. Everybody behaved splendidly and August 11 will, for all time, be a day of honor for our regiment, and this attack of Lagarde will stand forth as one of the bravest achievements of the whole campaign.

"Never before was I as conscious of the proximity of my guardian angel as on that day. I cannot quite explain it, but all the while I was not a bit excited, and had a feeling of absolute safety.

"The great moral success of this attack I have mentioned already. It seems quite strange to be counted as

HELMETS MARK GRAVES



Fourteen German soldiers who fell at Charleroi lie in this grave. The helmet of each man resting on the mound shows where its wearer is lying. A cross bearing the inscription "For Kaiser and Vaterland" surmounts a tablet on which are engraved the names of the men who lie buried in the grave.

one of the Uhlans of Lagarde. Nothing else is talked of here. Officers constantly congratulate one and I cannot suppress a feeling of satisfaction at having taken an active part in an important historical event of the campaign.

"How did it all come about? All the while we had been partly in France, partly in Lorraine, wandering about very strenuously, without seeing or accomplishing anything in particular. On the 11th, bright and early, as always in good humor, we started out, realizing less than ever before all that the day might bring. At 9:30, the fighting between artillery and infantry broke out, in which we took a hand at twelve o'clock.

"As we advanced, I felt thoroughly indifferent; the only thought that possessed me was to whack away. With remarkable rapidity, one accustomed one's self to the sight of the dead and wounded. One becomes so hardened that the most awful sights seem absolutely natural. Wherever we rode there were the French in their red trousers. Many batteries were destroyed, and the shells burst and the shots sang constantly about one.

"A French infantry officer who called 'pardon' I hit on the head. What became of him I do not know. As we were about to enter Lagarde, my horse was shot in the chest and fell under me.

"With two of the brave riders of my division, I took shelter in a ditch

over which countless shots were whizzing, till at last it quieted down. In the distance I discerned my regiment gathering together; then, to my delight, close by I found my own infantry. With my riders, who now numbered eight, I put myself under the command of that captain, and with this company, with revolver and carbine, I went through the rest of the battle.

"With several captured horses, among which was a French artillery horse, I searched for and eventually found my regiment, and there I first learned positive facts concerning our great losses and our glorious victory."

14 WOUNDS; OTHERWISE O. K.

Sturdy German Defender of the Fatherland Thought He Was Not Badly Hurt.

Berlin.—The report of the following incident was sent to the Berliner Tageblatt by a physician:

"In the royal surgical clinic in Ziegelstrasse there arrived a new transport filled mainly with severely wounded men, most of whom had to be carefully carried to their beds. One sturdy defender of his country clambered without assistance out of the wagon and approached the physician who was receiving them.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "you were not badly hurt?"

"No," the man in the field gray answered, "only three blows on the head with the butt end of a rifle, ten bayonet thrusts and a shot through my chest. Nothing else."

FOES FORGET HATE

French and Germans Enjoy Unofficial Armistice Daily.

Permits Freedom From Trenches and Songs Enliven the Day—Germans Have No Such Understanding With the English.

London.—A German officer attached to the great general staff in a dispatch, a copy of which has reached London, mentions a curious system of arranging unofficial armistices which has lately grown up between the allies and the Germans facing each other day and night at close quarters in the trenches in Northern France. He almost makes one believe that the French and Germans, after weeks of entrenchment within a few yards of each other, have lost their animosities and regard the great siege battle north of the Aisne as a sort of friendly match away from home. He has a bitter pen, however, when he writes about the English.

"From noon to two o'clock in the afternoon," he says, "both sides in the trenches call an armistice. It is a strict agreement, quite unofficial, between groups of men in the front firing lines, and it has been honorably kept so far by both sides.

"When a soldier has to leave the trench for some reason or other he raises the butt end of his rifle in the air as a signal to the enemy. The enemy answers the signal in same manner, and there is a mutual agreement to leave the trenches at the same time. The understanding is that the German or the Frenchman shall be allowed to leave the trench without being fired on. If the enemy should break the armistice and fire on our man we would reply instantly and kill the corresponding Frenchman as he was leaving the trenches. This agreement with the Frenchman works amicably, but with the English we have not attempted to come to such an understanding. Our bitterness toward them prevents it.

"The trenches are so close together that the Frenchmen can hear us singing our songs. They listen, and when we have finished they burst into song and we listen to them. We take it in turns to give these little concerts,

which are generally held during the armistice. The Frenchmen seem fascinated by one favorite song. It is a famous old students' air from Heidelberg. The words were composed by an officer in the trenches."

The song, freely translated, describes life in the trenches in the rainy season, the horrid oozy sound when the boot is taken off and the jet of mud that strikes the ear when a comrade jumps into a trench, the last line of one verse being: "The only things which are dry are our throats and our humor."

OFF TO FIGHT RUSSIA



Young Polish sharpshooters about to leave Czenstochowa bidding their friends and relatives good-by.

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.

Mary Donegan has filed a petition in the Surrogate's Court, Newark, to have her brother, James Donegan, believed to have been drowned seven-teen years ago, declared dead.

The report of the Banking and Insurance Commissioners shows that there are 707 banks and insurance companies in the State, with a total membership of more than 750,000 and assets of \$132,456,556.

The State Road Department has turned over to the Mercer County Board of Freeholders \$18,216.60 to pay for several State roads which were built in Mercer County.

The sum of \$185.57 was realized for the free milk fund for Trenton babies by the committee in charge of the gift shop which was conducted last week.

The report of Principal James M. Gregory, of the State School for Industrial Youth at Bordentown, shows that the enrollment of the last year was 94, of which 47 were girls. The report further says that the administration cost was \$15,538.46, while other expenses brought the total up to \$26,199.78. The State gave the institution \$21,000. The remainder of the expenses was made up by the students.

Nearly five hundred students of Princeton have signed a petition asking the faculty to recommend a military course of instruction.

Oscar Flicker, aged 13, a salesman in a store in Newark, was fined \$50, and paroled for two years for stealing \$1 from the till.

There is considerable ice in the creeks of South Jersey and navigation is almost stopped.

Although the debris has been deluged with water, flames still rage in the ice-covered ruins of the Ashby mills, destroyed at Burlington.

Members of a joint committee of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce and the Hotel Men's Association decided to postpone a banquet scheduled for January, and hold the function either in late May or early June, probably in conjunction with a two days' carnival to celebrate the long-awaited establishment of the port.

Acting for anxious relatives, police officials of Atlantic City have sent circulars all over the country in an effort to find Samuel Miller. Miller disappeared on August 1, leaving a meat market where he was doing a profitable business. No reason has been assigned for his disappearance. His wife died during his absence.

At Plainfield, Gideon Fountain found 18 pearls, 14 white and 4 black ones, in a single oyster which he bit into while eating a "cocktail" in a local restaurant. Six of them are said to range in value from \$50 to \$300, according to a jeweler's appraisement.

George Banghart, who, despite his ninety-one years, lived alone at Washington, was discovered dead in a chair.

William Miller caught fifty-two dozen turtles in ditches about Paulsboro during the week.

At the annual hog killing at the Salem County Almshouse twelve hogs were slaughtered, the combined weight being 5,470 pounds.

A Bridgeport man has been bold enough to serve notice in the newspapers that he knows who borrowed his umbrellas, and that unless they are returned he will call around and get them himself.

Miss Esther Marsh has been elected editor, and Miss Helen McNeal business manager of a paper to be issued by the pupils of the Maple Grove School.

A brass band has been formed by young men of Nenonah.

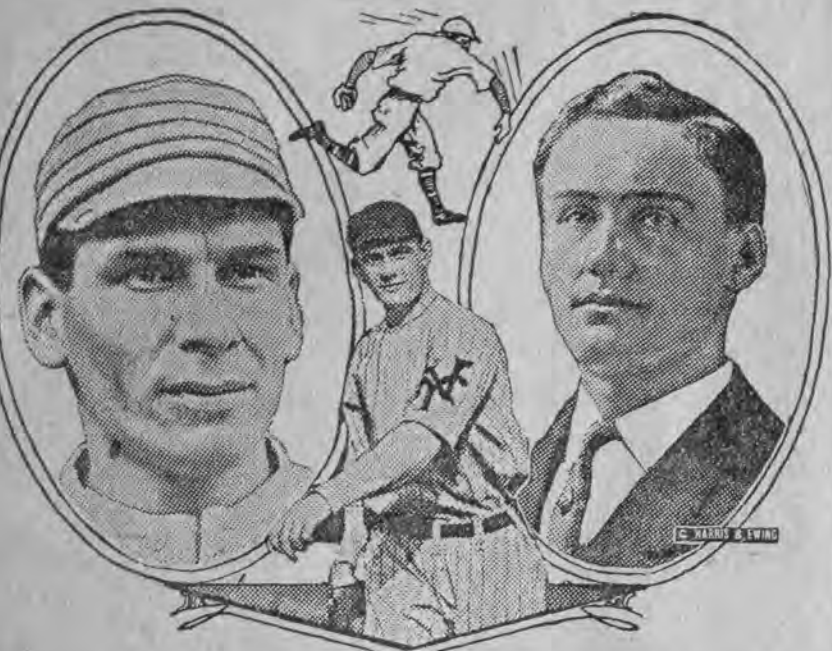
Newark has started a movement in conjunction with the 25th anniversary of its founding, to bring to that city the 1916 Olympic Games, scheduled for Berlin.

One of the largest agricultural meetings ever held in Ocean county took place at New Egypt.

Two thousand Jersey coast yachtsmen have joined the crusade on pound nets within the three-mile limit.

Former Judge Starr, special master in Chancery, has given a decision that John R. Kendrick, of Philadelphia, is not entitled to \$10,000 worth of bonds he claimed under a contract with Chris S. Hand for financing the Hand Pier project at Ocean City a few years ago.

FEDERALS SECURE THREE STAR TWIRLERS



Veteran Pitchers Who Have Signed With Federals.

Baseball fans who follow the fortunes of the Federal league say that the Feds cracked the backbone of American league baseball opposition recently when they signed Walter Johnson, world's greatest pitcher, to a two-year contract with the Chifeds, and Chief Bender was taken on by the Baltimore team. Besides this, Rube Marquard, one of the New York National league's trio of leading pitchers signed to play with the Brooklyn Federal league team.

Marquard afterward admitted that he had misrepresented matters to the Federal league people and he was immediately turned back to the New York Giants.

Bancroft B. Johnson, president of the American league, and Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington club, talking of the jump, do not agree as

to the value of the speed marvel known as the Idaho wonder. Johnson says Walter was slipping and the Washington team was going to get rid of him this season. Griffith says the great twirler will never pitch for the Chifeds as long as there is a court of justice. Griffith says he will resort to injunction proceedings in an effort to hold his star attraction. The Federals argue that Griffith seems to forget that Johnson's contract with the Washington club expired with the 1914 season and the courts have decided in several cases that the reserve clause is not legal, hence Griffith's protests may be only spasmodic.

The stand taken by President Johnson in declaring that the Washington pitcher was going back indicates that the president has little hopes of getting Walter back into the fold.

JOE RIVERS IS GOING BACK

Mexican Fighter Has Shown Startling Reversal of Form and Apparently Has Shot His Bolt.

Joe Rivers, the Mexican fighter, appears to have shot his bolt. Joe was once looked upon as among the best men in the lightweight division and



Joe Rivers, Mexican Fighter.

displayed caliber of the championship brand. The past year, though, he has been slipping back and has been beaten in most of the battles in which he has engaged lately. Joe is but twenty-two years of age and should be at his best. It is doubtful if he will succeed.

BILLIARDS FOR BALL PLAYER

Scientific Pastime Requires Good Eye and Steady Nerve—Ideal Recreation, Says John Kling.

Johnny Kling, when he was a major league baseball catcher, believed that idleness did not pay. Consequently, the ex-Cub today is earning more money than he did when he was a member of the world's championship Chicago club. He is a billiard expert, and in addition, owns a handsome billiard room in Kansas City. And all this came about because he refused to be idle.

"A ball player has considerable spare time when he is on the road," said Kling in telling about his good fortune. "It is a fact that some of them spend the mornings in bed and the evenings in the hotel lobbies, cafes or theaters. I don't want to say that it does them any particular harm to loaf and have a good time, but it produces laziness."

"I found that I liked billiards when I was a young man and devoted my spare time to that game. I did not do it merely as recreation, but with the idea that I would learn the game and the business and devote my time to it in the off-season and when I quit baseball. I always was able to pick up the right sort of friends, congenial fellows who liked the game of billiards, and we spent pleasant and helpful evenings at the green table. Billiards is a scientific pastime, requiring a good eye and steady nerve. That is ideal recreation for a ball player."

POE, PRINCETON STAR, ORDERLY FOR COLONEL

"Johnny" Poe, former Princeton football player and soldier of fortune, who recently enlisted in the British army, has been promoted and is now an orderly for a colonel. His mother, Mrs. John P. Poe of Baltimore, has just received a letter from "Johnny." He writes that he is in the One Hundred and Twelfth battery of the heavy brigade, Royal Garrison artillery, and says:

"Our battery has been in action for the last five or six days.

"I am one of the colonel's orderlies, so ride around from one battery to another. We billet in houses and barns, and thus far we have had plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. The heavy brigade fights away from the infantry. I have had a few shells burst near me, and in most cases was well under cover. Shrapnel shells have an unpleasant sound as they go by.

"We were given a splendid reception by the natives when we first arrived. There was plenty of fruit, cigars, cigarettes, crackers, beer and chocolates given us. In one town the monks gave us beer.

"Seldom do we see a newspaper. When I was working I never forgot the day of the week or month, but here I am often far off in both."

SOME ANCIENT BALL GAMES

People of Mexico and Brazil Knew Sport Centuries Ago—Pastime Calls for Much Skill.

"Plaa-ay baw-aw-aw!" is not as new an expression as some people may think. Neither is playing ball for a living a strictly modern invention. In fact, hundreds of years ago, way down in Yucatan, impatient crowds eat around in ball parks and yelled themselves hoarse in the enthusiasm of the moment just as is done throughout the country today, the New York Times states.

Of course, the game was not exactly baseball. But the point is that it was a ball game; that there were regular ball parks or courts, and that there were professionals who played the game for what there was "in it" to them.

Another form of game is played by the Indian tribes of the Cuduary river region in the wilds of Brazil. A carefully leveled field lies in front of the large communal houses, and daily at five o'clock the men returning from the day's fishing or hunting indulge in the sport, not a complicated game like that of the early Mexicans, but one calling for a high degree of skill, as two balls are used by the players, who drive them with the hands toward their opponents. Yellow tail feathers of the Yapoo birds are affixed to the rubber balls for accuracy.

The Araucanian Indians of southern Chile play an ancient game with wooden balls driven by wooden clubs. In a clearing 300 by 75 yards, inclosed by cut branches of trees, these Indians play chueca, which greatly resembles la crosse or field hockey.

Frisco Athletic Events.

Forty athletic events are already scheduled for the Frisco fair between February 22 and October 23. Every branch of sport is represented.

SPORTING WORLD

BASEBALL

While picking managers for the Yanks why not Ping Bodie?

Among others who favor a bigger world's series are the scalpers.

Some baseball players are learning to play golf and others are getting appendicitis—more signs of prosperity.

Bobby Wallace's average for 20 years is .282. Last year was his poorest at .211.

This is the season of the year when major league ball club magnates sit back and talk about spring training trips.

It is whispered in the Northwest that the Northern league club owners would like to affiliate themselves with the Federal league.

Manager McGraw must expect to win the National league pennant next season, for he is already on the job, working day and night.

Perhaps Walter Johnson thought it all over and decided he didn't want to pitch any more duels with Rankin Johnson, so joined the same club.

Dick Kauffman of the Elmira club is the star sticker of the New York State league for last year with .329. St. Louis Browns have drafted him.

The Cardinals are going to train at Hot Wells, Tex., next spring. The popularity of the Lone Star state as a training ground is increasing each year.

George Wilse is being touted for a managerial job with a possible new International league team in Syracuse, which will replace Jersey City unless Ebbetts transfers the franchise to Brooklyn.

Both New York and Cincinnati are angling for the services of Charlie Doolin. Should the Joints grab the former Phil leader, Doolin the Red will have to reconcile himself to real, honest work.

FOOTBALL

Blake Miller of Tonowanda, N. Y., has been elected captain of the Michigan Agricultural college eleven for 1915.

Roughing in football is a dangerous practice. We understand that three fellows who kicked Tacks Hardwick are still using crutches.

Harvard had far less difficulty in picking a leader this season than last, when Brickley and Trumbull were tied for the honor for some time.

Yale has declared confidence in Frank Hinky. Very well. As we look over Yale's freshman material we begin to believe in Hinky more and more.

PUGILISM

Mardi Gras will bring Freddie Welsh and Joe Mandot to New Orleans for a match. Mandot will give the champ a tussle.

Johnny Kilbane says it is not inability to make the featherweight limit that induces him to go out of his class after lightweights.

TENNIS

It is probable that America will issue a challenge in March next to the Australasian holders of the Davis cup, the international lawn tennis trophy. Should the challenge be accepted the matches would be played about December 1, 1915, in Australasia.

AQUATIC

The length of the intercollegiate race at the Poughkeepsie regatta next spring will be three miles instead of four. That is practically certain now after nearly five years of wrangling over the effect of the long-distance on the oarsmen.

WRESTLING

Zbyszko seems more eager to defend his European title in America than his property interests in the old world.

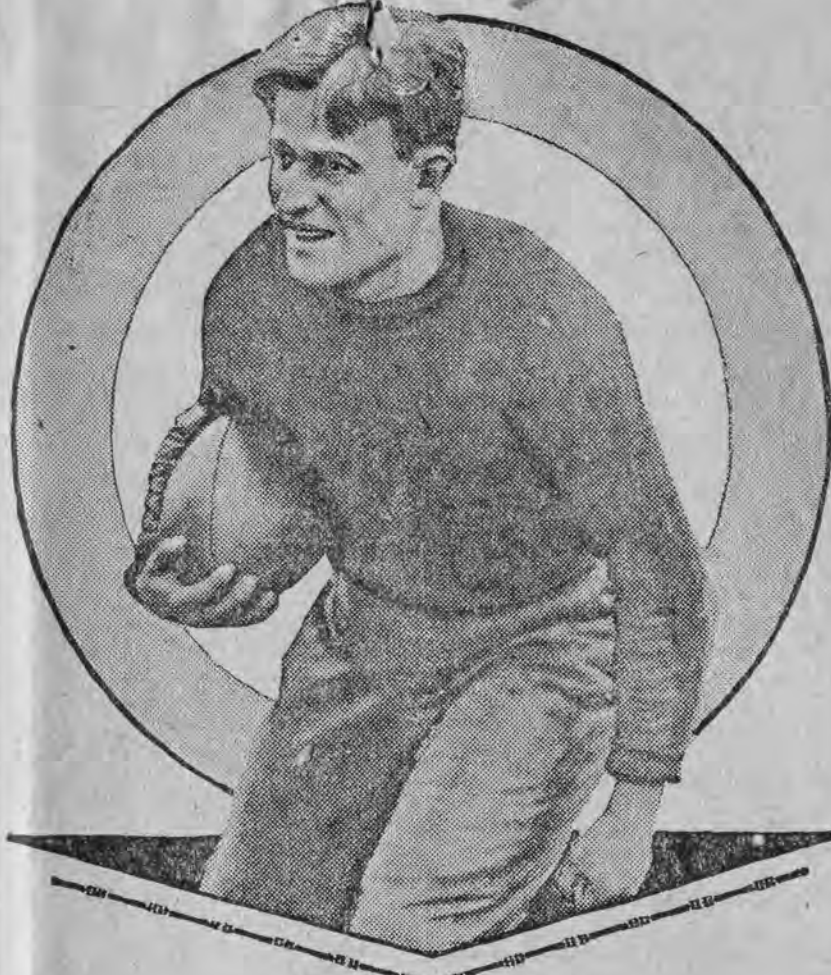
BILLIARDS

Willie Hoppe and Melbourne Inman continue to play billiards throughout the country.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hugh Nicol, who has been director of athletics at Purdue for eight years, has sent his resignation to the athletic board of control.

ALL-STAR TEAMS ALL BUNK, SAYS STAGG



Pete Russell, Maroon Quarterback.

Coach A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago gives an enumeration of some of the greatest Maroon football players and at the same time hotly rebukes the custom of newspapers selecting all-star elevens in a lengthy contribution to the Daily Maroon, the university student daily paper. The coach catalogues Des Jardien, Shull and Russell as three of the best Chicago players of the year, and lists Des Jardien and Russell with the football immortals of the Midway school.

In discussing the custom of selecting all-star elevens at the close of the annual football season Director Stagg states that "there is no person living who is qualified to make a selection of even an all-conference team, let alone an all-western or all-American eleven. This, according to the coach, is because the newspaper writers are likely to overlook the work of players on defense for the men who are constantly carrying the ball. An error often made by sport writers.

"Bunk," is the term used by the coach to describe most of the football writing, as well as "four-fifths of the baseball stuff."

"All coaches who have had much experience know that it is only by close watching of their own candidates through days of practice that they can

fully determine who are best qualified to fill the different positions, and to concede that it is possible for any newspaper man who is busy creating his story to be able to do justice in the selection of an all-conference or all-western team, after seeing some of the teams, or even all the teams in action, throughout the season, is most preposterous.

"A statement gives the impression that Captain Des Jardien had not played up to the standard of last year. This in my opinion was not true. Because of his being invaluable, I took the precaution of changing his defensive play in three of the big games by using the guards to occupy the central defensive position on shifted formations, while he took the place of guard. Under this plan he was safeguarded from carrying the burden of the work. I feel that Des Jardien so far surpasses the other centers that the University of Chicago has had that no former player will feel hurt when I say he stands first and foremost in the position.

"There have been three great quarterbacks on the University of Chicago teams, and Pete Russell is one of them. Furthermore, in my opinion, he easily classes up with Eckersall and Steffen."

BILL KLEM AS GOLF PLAYER

National League Umpire Spends Much Time on Links Near Lakewood, N. J.—Niblick Fascinates Him.

Many may wonder what became of Bill Klem after the National league season ended. It is therefore timely to lift the veil and reveal the fact that he took to playing golf at Lakewood, N. J.

Being an umpire, no one will give Klem the benefit of the doubt, but the fact remains that his golf was not



Umpire Bill Klem.

willful, deliberate and premeditated. He went one day to the office of the National league, and Mephistopheles, in the guise of John Heydler, thrust into his hands a bag of clubs.

Klem would have pushed them away, but he was fascinated by the gleam of a newly sandpapered niblick.

"What if I should come up behind Heinie Zimmerman in a bunker," thought Klem, and the conception so fascinated him that he grasped the niblick still more tightly and went away carrying the bag of clubs.

Eckersall's Picking.

Eckersall put Russell of Chicago on his second all-conference eleven after ranking him after Dorais of Notre Dame last year and above Clarke of Illinois, who gets the conference job this season, but will have to tussle with Tommy Hughitt of Michigan on the western. Pogue, by the way, at half is a familiar name at Illinois—there have been Pogues before.

KNOWLEDGE OF GOLF SAVED A MAN'S LIFE

Knowledge of golfing etiquette saved a man's life, according to the Golfer's Magazine.

Two men who played golf in their odd moments were at work on a building—one on the roof, the other on the ground. The fellow on the roof had a huge wrench in his hands. It slipped and shot straight down for the cove of the party on the ground.

"Twas a tense moment. Every fraction of a second was important if the gent below was to be saved from the eager hands of the undertaker.

Did the party on the roof yell, "Hey, look out!" or something equally bromidic? Not he!—He just yelled, "Fore!" and the gent below ducked instantly—and in time.

FOOTBALL IS POPULAR GAME

Largest Crowd of Persons Ever Congregated in This Country Witness Recent Harvard-Yale Contest.

If there are any left who harbor the idea that football is not a popular game, or that it has no drawing powers commensurate with baseball, they can disabuse their minds very readily by referring to an account of the Yale-Harvard game which was witnessed by about seventy thousand persons.

It is said that this is the largest crowd of persons that ever congregated in this country to witness a single contest of any kind, and I can readily believe it, says a writer in the Milwaukee Sentinel. The fact that this number of people are able and willing to pay a large sum for the privilege of seeing a football game is good evidence that the game has something back of it.

It is noteworthy and quite commendable that this game is still amateur—that the professionals have not gotten hold of it and control it. I think the fact that it is an amateur game and that those who play it represent a high class of young citizenship are large elements in its popularity. Certain it is that professional football would not awaken anywhere near the interest that the game does as at present constituted.

V. Zbyszko Wants Match.

Vladek Zbyszko, younger brother of Stanislaus, the famous heavyweight wrestler, wants to meet champion Frank Gotch, who retired last year.

Notes of Sportdom

BASEBALL

Ray Collins, Red Sox star southpaw twirler, denies that he has jumped to the Federals.

Connie Mack, an Irishman, is in Dutch with the Quakers because he bounced an Indian.

Leslie Mann, the star outfielder of the Braves, has refused to communicate with the Feds.

Home-Run Baker averaged .318 with the stick in seven years; also .378 in the four world's series of the Athletics.

The minor leagues plan to use only one umpire next year, instead of the double system. It means a big saving in expense.

Arthur Irving, scout for the New York Yankees, is trying to purchase the Newark franchise in the International league.

The Boston National league club abandoned its efforts to win back Pitcher Quinn of the Baltimore Feds when their \$25,000 suit against him was dismissed.

Federal league officials deny that they have signed up Hans Lobert, the Phillies' third baseman. It was reported that he was anxious to follow Knabe and Doolan.

Tommy Leach seems picked as the victim of Dame Fate for sure. After mentioning him as a probable leader of the Yanks they are now trying to trade him to the Reds.

FOOTBALL

Yale News makes an appeal for cleaner football. What Yale wants is winning football.

Edward W. Brawley of Medford has been elected captain of Holy Cross college football team.

Twenty Badgers have been granted their "Vs." Manager Middleton of the football squad was included in the honor.

Whelan, lamenting the passing of the great quarter, cites Logan of Harvard as probably the best field general of the year. Pritchard of the Army is also mentioned.

Carlisle will probably have a real graduate coach to succeed Glenn Warner. Albert Extending, who was in charge of Georgetown this season, is said to be due for the head coach job with the Indians.

PUGILISM

Jess Willard's career shows he has 18 knockouts to his credit and has lost one match.

An effort is being made in Milwaukee to do away with the no-decision battles and reinstate the referee's decision contests, according to reports.

New York promoters think that a Willard-Levinsky bout would be an attractive one. Yes, but not for the title contender. Levinsky might win.

HORSE RACING

Etawah, the great four-year-old which has a mark of 2:03 1/4, is said to have recovered his sight.

General Sherwood and W. C. Mooney, members of congress from Ohio, are both turfmen of prominence.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hockey is booming in the great Northwest.

University of Minnesota students have taken up swimming.

University of Michigan athletes have agreed to discourage profanity on the field, betting on contests, drinking and the use of tobacco. Track team men already have signed the agreement.

Paul Des Jardien, star Maroon athlete, probably will get in some of the important basket-ball games this winter to win his eleventh "C." He will get his twelfth—all the law allows—when baseball opens up.

A Harvard victory that failed to creep into headlines was that of the marksmen at New Haven. Harvard won the intercollegiate shooting match, her gunners besting those of Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth.

THE NORTON LEGACY

By PETER ROTHENBERG.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)
Lily Norton, seated in the big arm-chair, faced Charles Tremont calmly. "You mean to say, then, that I own nothing of my grandfather's estate?" she inquired quietly.

"The use of this house and garden, and the income from his lands for a year and a day," replied the young lawyer. Then, hesitating, he added: "No doubt your grandfather left everything to your cousin, Mervyn Ferrand, in the belief that you would marry him."

The young lawyer felt uncomfortable as he said this, for it is hard to speak of her forthcoming marriage to a pretty girl, whom you yourself secretly adore. And Tremont and Lily had become very good friends of late.

Everybody had expected that Lily and Mervyn would marry soon. Their engagement was believed to exist. And Tremont had other qualms on this subject, knowing, as he did, that Ferrand had been mixed up in some shady deals at college, and had not led an exemplary life even after his engagement.

"He inherits it unconditionally, I believe?" asked the girl.

"No," replied Tremont. "It is subject to a condition, but not even I know what that is. The sealed paper is not to be opened for a year after your grandfather's death."

"Thank you," replied the girl, and the lawyer, having no excuse for remaining longer, took his departure.

When he was gone Lily Norton sank back in her chair and gave way to passionate grief. Everyone who knew the quiet, self-restrained girl would have been amazed at the violence of her grief.

She knew that Mervyn Ferrand meant to play false with her, now that he had obtained the legacy. He had deceived her into thinking he cared, with his soft-spoken ways and elegant manners. She had found out



"No Doubt Your Grandfather Left Everything to Your Cousin."

that it was her prospective money he wanted; but before she could enlighten her grandfather old Mr. Norton had died suddenly, and the will was found to be based upon the belief that Lily and Mervyn were to be married.

The chivalrous old man was supposed to have feared that Mervyn would hesitate to ask a rich girl to marry him, when he himself was penniless.

As a matter of fact, old Mr. Norton had been slowly reading into Mervyn Ferrand's character. But the old man had hesitated to credit the stories that had come to his ears—and then he had died.

Lily, disillusioned, had ceased to care for her cousin, but she shrank from the gossip of the small town that she knew would follow the breach of their engagement. She knew that Ferrand was infatuated with a vaudeville actress of the neighboring city; letters had been placed before her, and, rather than tax Mervyn with their authorship, she had waited quietly.

She could not tax a man whose devotion to her had never actually taken the form of a marriage proposal.

As the weeks went by Mervyn's visits became fewer in number and frequency. Lily ignored Mervyn more openly. She all but cut him on the street. He ceased to come to the house at last. And then it was that Charles Tremont began to be a frequent guest.

"Miss Norton," he said one day, "excuse me if I seem impertinent, but it is being said that an estrangement has arisen between you and Mr. Ferrand."

Lily bowed her head quietly. "Then do you intend to marry him?" asked the young lawyer.

"Never," said the girl impulsively. "In that case, Miss Norton," pursued Tremont, "I am privileged to speak to you in my professional capacity. As you know, your grandfather was the soul of honor. He was certain that you and Mr. Ferrand meant to marry; otherwise he would undoubtedly have willed everything to you. Now—what will you do when your year is ended? For then Mr. Ferrand will acquire the ownership of this house, you know, and all the income."

"Subject to a condition," suggested Lily.

"Yes. But that is probably merely a formality. I fancy your grandfather had heard some things about him, and that the condition hinges upon the use he makes of his share of the property during these 12 months."

"I have thought over the matter," answered the girl, "and I intend to go into the hospital and study to be a nurse."

The thought of the girl losing everything emboldened the young man to make an appeal to Ferrand, hopeless as he knew the result likely to be. He sent him a letter asking him to call at his office.

"Yes, it was lucky the old man left everything to me," said Ferrand, after Tremont had brought up the matter of the will. "Lily won't have a penny, except what she has managed to save this year. It's hard, but that's the way the world goes."

"Mr. Ferrand," said Tremont, "has it ever occurred to you that you will inherit this property owing to a misconception on the part of old Mr. Norton, and that it might be only fair to make a settlement on your cousin?"

Ferrand laughed uneasily. "I'm no philanthropist," he answered. "No, sir. What I get I hold. Why, there isn't a man in town would do such a crazy thing."

"Perhaps—perhaps not," answered Tremont. "However, since you take that point of view, there is no more to be said. I wish you good day, sir."

The months sped by, and, before the year was ended, the day came when Tremont asked Lily Norton to be his wife.

"I can't take care of you in the style to which you have been accustomed," he said, "but I love you with all my heart, and if you will be my wife I will love you all my life. And later we will be rich—"

They were such dreams as lovers have, those visions that he recounted. And Lily, who had become as deeply attached to the young lawyer as he was to her, agreed to marry him on the day when the year came to a close.

There was another formality to be gone through, and that was the opening of the sealed paper. Ferrand, Lily, and the other legatees to small sums assembled at the young lawyer's office and watched him break the seal.

"The condition upon which the aforesaid Mervyn Ferrand becomes my heir," he read, "is that he marries my granddaughter, Lily Norton, within one year from the date of my death. Failing which the property shall become the possession of my said granddaughter, Lily Norton."

For a moment Mervyn Ferrand stared at Tremont incredulously. Then he snatched at the paper and read it. Suddenly an inspiration came to him.

"When does the year end?" he demanded.

"At seven o'clock this evening," answered Tremont.

"Then there's still time," babbled Ferrand, and turning to Lily. "Will you—won't you—" he began.

"Too late," said Tremont quietly. "Miss Norton became my wife at ten o'clock this morning."

FURTHER TALK NOT NEEDED

Poet, Defendant in Lawsuit, Produced Seemingly Unanswerable Argument.

Among the many anecdotes told of Joseph Viktor von Scheffel, the German poet and novelist, the following from Hagliche Rundschau is one of the most amusing:

In a place where Scheffel once lived there was a lack of good drinking water. One day a well driver in the neighborhood proposed that the poet allow him to drive a deep well for him. Scheffel accepted his offer, but only on the condition that after the water had been drawn it be found drinkable. The well driver completed his work, but all that the pump would deliver was a thick yellow liquid; so the poet refused to pay for the work.

Finally the matter was brought before the court, and the poet and well driver stood side by side before the judge to present their respective cases. Both argued their sides so well that the magistrate was plainly puzzled to know which was actually right in the matter.

At length, weary of the affair, Scheffel said: "Well, I'll give in, and pay for the well and the court expenses, too—but on one condition. My opponent shall, before our eyes, take a drink of the water from the well in question." The poet then drew from his hip pocket a flask of dirty yellow water, and after extracting the cork, passed it over to the well driver. One glance was enough. He thrust the bottle aside with a disgusted look, and strode out of the court room with an angry growl.

Billiard Tables Rest on Rock.

Billiard tables, supported on solid rock are among the novel features of a 26-room concrete residence located on one of the islands of the San Juan archipelago in Puget sound. Each table rests on a massive concrete base which extends through an opening in the floor and has its footing on bed-rock, and is therefore as solid and as free from vibration as if it were a part of the island itself.—Popular Mechanics.

Quits.

"Your boys were in my apple tree again," observed the first suburbanite. "If you say anything more about it," declared the second ditto. "I'll send you the doctor's bill."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TOO MUCH FOR RUFUS

FIREMAN COULD NOT UNDERSTAND OBEDIENCE OF GAUGE.

Veteran Engineer Tells Amusing Story of Experience With Negro Fireman—Really Was Nothing Like a Miracle.

Just as the actor has his understudy, so the engineer has his fireman, who is some day going to take his place, and begins his training by cultivating habits of silence and checker playing.

"Well," said W. C. Robinson, who had been running a locomotive since 1879, when he had the run from Bayard to Philadelphia on No. 54, "I once had a run on the West Shore with a freight down from Albany to New York. There was another freighter behind us, 35 cars loaded with bellowing cattle. She kept her distance all the way down from the capital, always a block behind us, slowing up when she came to the downhill stretches, keeping her regular distance on the level. And she kept clear for 144 miles, and when we got to the Jersey terminal she hit our caboose square in the middle. The most careful man hits something sometimes."

"A man can be careful," suggested someone with a large peaked cap who had just come in, "but those that are under him's got to be careful, too."

"I was on a southern run once, through the palmetto country, and the road was short of firemen, so we got a big, husky dorky, who had been a coal heaver, to fire on the run from Greenville to the sea.

"I had given the man the preliminary instructions on how to handle the coal to the best advantage, but there was one thing in particular that I impressed upon the swarthy son of Ethiopia.

"Keep the pointer of the steam gauge always toward me," I said as we started out for the long run.

"Yes, sah," said Rufus, and he was right willing and nearly worked off his round, perspiring head, but to no avail. The pointer leaned to the right, and despite the shovels full of coal that he heaved into the fire it would scarcely budge.

"The obstacle was too hard for Rufus to overcome. He should have been a fireman on an all downhill road on the run to the bottom.

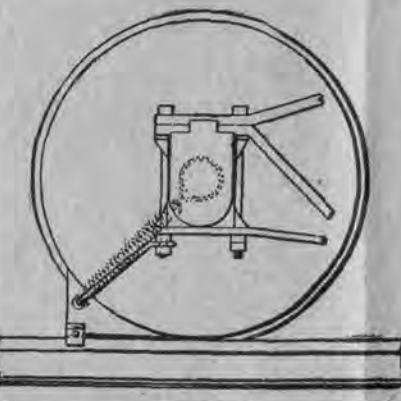
"He ran over to me and yelled into my ear, 'I spec, sah, if you want the pointer as you said, ye bettah sit ovah on de oder side, sah.'

"I took a look at the steam gauge pointer, with Rufus standing by, when it suddenly swerved in the direction toward me. Rufus marveled at its obedience. But it was very simple. We had struck a down grade."

AUTOMATIC CLAMP IS NEW

Designed to Prevent Movement of Either Wheel or Truck in Its Direction.

This invention relates to track clamps or grips used in connection with railway tracks and truck wheels. The device is for use in connection with a truck wheel whereby the clamp will automatically act between the wheel and the rail to prevent movement of the wheel or truck in the direction of the clamp. An advantage



Track Clamp.

of this device is with respect to its reliability of operation and facility with which the biting element thereof may be renewed or replaced or with which the entire clamp may be detached or swung out of the way when not to be used for a clamping purpose.—Scientific American.

Fuel Oil Experiments.

The Chilean government which has had under consideration for some time the installation of oil-burning equipment on all the government-owned railroads of the country, has decided to turn over one entire division of the Longitudinal railroad, about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, for exhaustive experiments. The proposition was worked up and will be carried out by engineers from the United States. The consumption of fuel oil in Chili has increased since 1904 from 5,600 tons to over 230,000 tons last year.—Scientific American.

Getting Rid of Squeaks.

When a car has been in service for some time it generally develops annoying little squeaks here and there about the springs and body. The owner or driver will find it well worth while to get rid of these, as the labor involved is slight and a quiet, smooth-running car is always desirable. Squeaks can generally be remedied by tightening the car parts affected or by the application of a little adhesive tape.

RAILROAD MIRACLE IN BRITAIN

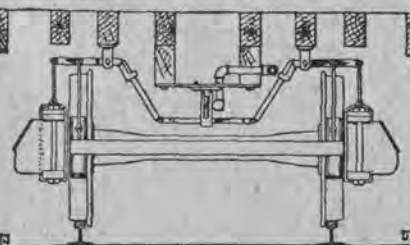
Movement of Million Soldiers Without Delay or Friction Is Remarkable.

War has worked a railroading miracle, according to Herbert Corey, the well-known correspondent. Nine-tenths of the British railroads are and have been in the hands of the government and 1,000,000 men have been transported on time to a second. The public has not been seriously inconvenienced. The government is satisfied—and so are the railroads. Nothing like it ever happened before, writes Mr. Corey, and there are no standards of comparison.

The government doesn't pay a penny—directly—for the movement of troops. Now and then it wishes to shoot the North Gooseshire Rifles from one end of England to another. It notifies the general managers' committee. It attends to the transportation, obeying the wishes of the government as to time and place as nearly as conditions permit. That particular transaction thereupon ends. No one has kept account of the number of men-miles used. At the end of the fiscal year the managers will present a bill, including the five-year average cost of upkeep and last year's net earnings. The government will pay it. The roads will not have lost any money through the war and the government will have been given a service that could not have been so excellent if bargained for on the piece plan.

On every road the soldiers and their goods have right of way. Whenever possible existing trains are not disturbed. When those trains interfere with the troop movement they are canceled as ruthlessly as though they were motor buses. What this means in England can hardly be appreciated by those who live in America. Some of these trains have become institutions. Traditions have clustered about them, as though they were ruined abbeys. They almost have ivy.

NEW SAFETY APPLIANCE



This invention is embodied in mechanism applied to a car truck, whereby the air brakes are applied in case a car wheel leaves the rail or a brake beam drops, or axle bearings become displaced. The invention is embodied in a mechanism which operatively connects certain parts of the truck with the valve lever, so that the latter is raised and the valve opened when some of such parts become displaced.—Scientific American.

Loud-Speaking Telephones.

Several railroads in this country now use the telephone in dispatching trains, instead of the telegraph. Most of the operators wear a head telephone—an apparatus that holds the receiver constantly at the ear. The arrangement has one serious drawback: When there are thunderstorms in the vicinity, the operator hears all sorts of annoying sounds, and even runs some risk of being injured by a sudden shock. To avoid the difficulty, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad has installed loud-speaking telephones on the train-dispatching lines. The receiver of the loud-speaking instrument is more sensitive than that of the ordinary telephone, and it has a large horn, somewhat like a phonograph horn. The instrument stands on or near the desk of the dispatcher. The telephone transmitter also has a very large mouthpiece, into which the operator can speak when some distance away. A message sent by telephone from a main office is repeated by all the loud-speaking telephone transmitters on the line, and can be heard distinctly by persons 15 feet from the instrument.—Youth's Companion.

Inspectors Use Magnifying Glasses.

An American railroad has adopted the suggestion brought forward by one of its engineers, that engine inspectors be given magnifying glasses, in order that they may the more readily detect such damage and imperfections on axles and wheels as flaws and cracks. In this is seen the practical value of the safety-first campaign, in that the suggestion came from an employee, and it is to be noted that the company suitably rewarded him by presenting him with an "honor button," and granting him a month's leave of absence with pay.

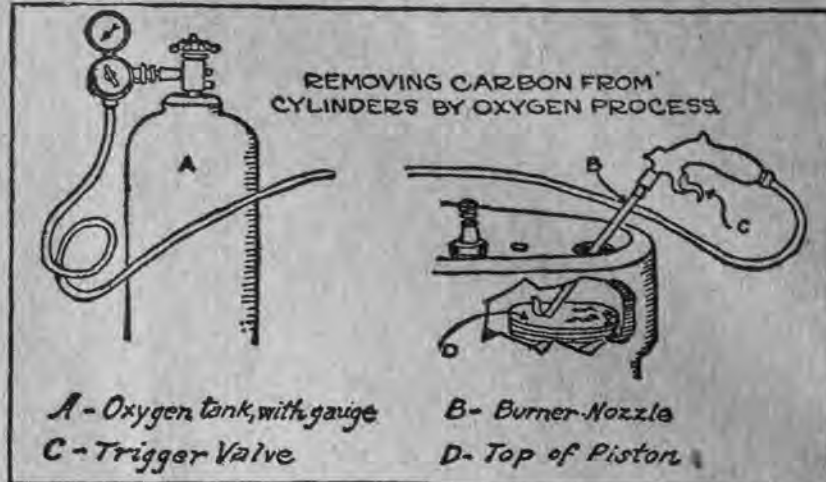
Metal Railroad Ties.

Metal ties were first used in Switzerland in 1881, since which time they have replaced to a large extent the wooden tie. About seventy per cent of the ties used by the Federal Swiss railroad system are of metal. These ties are 9 feet by 9 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches, weighing 160 pounds, and selling for \$2.30 against \$1.25 to \$1.50 for oak ties. German iron foundries have formerly supplied the metal ties.

Comparison Not Flattering.

Railroads in Great Britain kill in accident for which the passenger is in no way responsible one passenger for every 72,000,000 carried, while those of the United States kill one for every 4,900,000 passengers carried.

PROCESS OF CARBON REMOVAL



A—Oxygen tank, with gauge
C—Trigger Valve

B—Burner-Nozzle
D—Top of Piston

REMOVE THE CARBON IN TURNING CORNERS

Oxygen Process Is by All Means the Best That Can Be Employed.

DOES NOT LAY UP A CAR

Modern Repair Shops Are Equipped With All Necessary Machinery for Doing This Kind of Work—Process Really Is Simple.

Most well-regulated repair shops are now equipped with apparatus for removing carbon from motor car cylinders by the oxygen process, and the cost is trifling as compared with the labor-multiplying method of removing the cylinders. Naturally enough there are times when it is desirable and necessary that the cylinders be removed to inspect the motor, tighten the bearings, and do other little things that seem essential after a motor has been running for a whole season, but if it is only a question of removing the carbon the oxygen process is not only far better but simpler and cheaper, and the best part is that it does not lay up the car except for an hour.

An oxygen tank with regulator and gauge is provided with a hose and a nozzle, the latter being equipped with a shutoff valve to be operated by the finger, much as the trigger on a revolver is worked. It has been found expedient to put half a cupful of kerosene in each cylinder the night before the carbon removing operation is to be started. This has the effect of softening the carbon and at the same time adds fuel for the oxygen to work with. A spark plug is removed and a lighted match is dropped into the cylinder for the purpose of furnishing a light. Then the oxygen nozzle is put into the cylinder and the trigger valve opened a little to permit the oxygen to ignite. Then the nozzle is twisted and turned until every part of the cylinder is reached, with a large flame working, of course. Combustion of carbon takes place and all is fairly burned up.

Naturally the operation is with one cylinder at a time, and it is essential that the motor be placed on dead center for that cylinder so the valves are closed. It is not intended that this process remove carbon from the valves; they will have to be ground in the same old way if compression is weak, and the cylinders should have an injection of lubricating oil afterward, for it must be remembered the oxygen takes out everything in the way of lubricant and will leave the cylinders and pistons dry.

Even without the aid of the oxygen process much of the carbon may be removed by a simple process involving no work and costing nothing more than a little time. Just who discovered this scheme is disputed; a half dozen have laid claim to the first attempt. At least one Chicago man discovered it for himself, even if others had that honor for themselves. A small sand hole in a cylinder casting permitted a little water to find its way from the water jacket to the cylinder to the extent that the gas would blow water out of the filler cap.

When the cylinder was removed preparatory to being replaced with a new one it was discovered that while the other cylinders were badly caked with carbon, the one into which water had leaked was perfectly clean, neither cylinder wall nor piston having a trace of carbon. Later, Henry Nyberg, well known a few years ago to Chicago motorists, tried the water cure for carbon, with success.

The motor is started and permitted to run fairly fast and water is injected into the air intake of the carburetor from a squirt can. Only the other day this was tried by the writer. The motor was badly carbonized, so much so that a decided knocking occurred. While the motor was running the squirt can of water was used, carefully at first lest the water might stop the motor. Then when no effect was noticeable, the water was injected with rapidity and yet it caused no trouble.

The motor was run long enough to permit four canfuls to be injected, and then a little while longer to be sure the inside of the cylinder would be free from moisture and covered with a film of oil. While the motor was not dismantled to observe how clean the cylinders were, it was certain that much of the knocking was eliminated and the motor gave every evidence of running better. At the worst the water cure had done no harm.

WHERE MOTORIST SHOULD EXERCISE MUCH CARE.

Statistics Show That Majority of Accidents Occur at Turns and Bends of the Road.

The motorist who has safely rounded the bend in the road with which he is very familiar a hundred times is apt to think the next experience will be as free from danger as the others have been and that there will be no obstruction. But, sooner or later, the unexpected happens when nothing save great skill and alertness will avert a bad accident. And while it is true that in every instance and at all times a motorist upon the road is dependent not only on his own actions but on the actions of others, this is especially true of corners.

The conservative driver never takes a right-handed corner at anything approaching a fast speed, and he always treats a curve of any kind as if there might be an obstruction of some kind at an awkward point just out of sight. He approaches the corner at a speed which will enable him to pull up before the center is reached.

The best method of taking a corner is more easily demonstrated on the road than in writing, but the rule of reducing the sharpness of the turns as much as possible by going wide on the outside of the approaching and the leaving should never be forgotten.

Another point which should be remembered about corners is that the most dangerous are not necessarily those which are most acute, and so those that are often called "very bad" corners—that is, bad from the acuteness of the corner—are not really the most dangerous because an abrupt right-hand turn compels traffic to slow down for reasons other than those connected with the chances of meeting oncoming vehicles.

Most accidents occur at corners which are neither very acute nor otherwise extreme, for a gradual turn allows unimpeded vision some distance ahead, whereas a very acute corner compels moderation in speed.

Warning Device for Auto.

A mechanism for indicating to the driver of a following automobile which way the car ahead is to turn has been placed on the English market recently.

The device, is of course, attached to the rear of the car, and provides four illuminating spaces besides the regulation lamp. Located on the steering wheel are two switches, each of which operates an electric lamp on the appropriate side of the device, and the pressure of a thumb on one switch turns on the current in the corresponding space at the rear of the car. These spaces are of ground glass and have a white arrow on a red background, the illumination thus showing which way the driver intends to turn.

The "slow" signal appears whenever the clutch is thrown out or the foot brake is set; the "stop" signal shows when the emergency brake is applied.—Philadelphia Record.

Saving All the Oil.

It has remained for the motor car industry to take a lesson from the cow and her rural owner.

As nearly every person knows, the farmer has a separator to take the cream from the milk.

Here is the way the automobile industry has taken a lesson from the farmer and his cream separator:

In every big factory hundreds of gallons of oil are used while various parts of the motor car are being drilled.

The oil streams over the tool as it bores through the metal, aiding in the work and keeping the metal cool.

Consequently much oil sticks to the metal shavings as dust.

At many motor car plants the shavings are scooped into the "cream separator." The oil is separated from the metal and used again, effecting a big saving during a year.

Tire No Lightning Protector.

There is no reason to believe that any protection is afforded against lightning by the rubber tires on the ground. If a bolt of lightning is headed for the car the rubber tires will never stop it. As far as rubber tires being an electric conductor is concerned, if you will stand on the ground and touch the ungrounded magneto electrode the shock you will receive will readily convince you that the current from the magneto has no difficulty in passing from the frame of the car to the ground through tires and then through your body and back to the framework again.

Whence Came the Polynesians

FROM what source did the Polynesian race originally spring? This is a question which has vexed the minds of learned students of the origin of races and one which has never been satisfactorily answered, says Stuart B. Dunbar in the San Francisco Chronicle. The Polynesian race in the accepted sense of the word is that race of people which inhabits the Tonga, Samoa, Ellice, Cook, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian Islands. In former times, however, all brown skinned peoples of the islands of the Pacific were erroneously included in the classification, despite the fact that their physical and mental characteristics differ radically from the inhabitants of the islands mentioned.

The Hawaiians, that branch of the Polynesian race with which we of the United States are most vitally concerned, and which can be taken as typical representatives of the race, show upon first inspection characteristics not to be found in any of the primitive peoples of the world. Appearance, customs, intelligence, the ready adaptability to civilized conditions all

which appeared and one that seemingly entirely precluded European influence was that the New Testament history of the Bible was conspicuous only by its absence from the native lore. This was and is now taken as certain evidence that no Europeans had visited the islands, for had they done so it is readily apparent that the New Testament history must have been paramount in their teachings.

One of the Lost Tribes? Possibly the most plausible theory as to the descent of the Hawaiians and the other branches of the Polynesian race is that they originally sprang from some of the lost tribes of Israel, who in some unaccountable manner reached the shores of the great western ocean in their migrations and populated certain of its islands.

In support of this theory, which gradually is coming to be accepted among scholars, are numerous ancient legends which have been handed down by word of mouth for centuries. Of these not the least interesting is the legend having to do with the creation.

In the beginning Kame, Ku and Lono, Sunlight, Substance and Sound, consti-



TYPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOME

go to proclaim them as originally having descended from a highly cultured and civilized stock, but, strange to relate, just what that original stock was or from what portion of the world it migrated many centuries ago has never been accurately decided by students, and through some freak of chance not one of the hundreds of ancient Hawaiian legends which have been handed down through the generations alludes to the part of the world from which these people came.

May Be of Caucasian Descent.

Physically, the Hawaiian typifies his race in being of a prepossessing appearance, tall, symmetrically built and handsome in both form and feature. His color varies from dark brown to almost white, while his features in many cases show a European cast, a fact which has given rise to the theory that he is undoubtedly of Caucasian descent. This theory, although for many years scouted by students, gradually has come to be generally accepted, and although there are many who maintain that it is without foundation, the majority of scholars are its proponents.

Outside of the racial characteristics displayed, strength is lent to the theory through the study of the mythology, folklore and primitive poetry of the Hawaiians and other Polynesian branches. All these are found to be rich in cosmogonic tales and ancestor myths, primitive epics and hero stories being particularly abundant.

When first the early missionaries visited the Hawaiian Islands they were most particularly impressed with the similarity of the native legends to the Old Testament history of the Bible. They were for a time inclined to account this peculiar fact to the visits to the islands at some previous time of representatives of some of the European races, but upon closer association with the natives and a more thorough understanding of their customs and language it became apparent that they were absolutely free from European influence. Another strange fact

tuted a triad named Ku-Kau-Kahi, recognized as the Supreme Unity.

These gods existed, as expressed by the Hawaiians, from the time of night, darkness and chaos, which latter they dissipated by an act of their will. The heavens, numbering three in all, were next created, and after them the earth, which was used by them as a footstool. Next in the order of events they created the sun and, following this, the moon and stars and a number of spirits and angels to act as their servants. Then man was made by the gods from red and white earth and clay and their spittle. The clay was brought from the ends of the earth by Lono. When the earthen form of man was completed, the triad breathed into his nose and he became a living being. Last of all, woman was created from one of the ribs of the man while he slept, and upon awaking he took her as his wife, the two becoming the parents of the present race. Although the names of the first man and woman vary in the different legends, they are most generally referred to, the man as Kumu-honua and the woman as Kealakahou-nua.

Like the Bible Eden.

The original home of the founders of mankind is spoken of in the Hawaiian legends as a wonderfully beautiful place, and in it were various fruits, nuts, roots and animals for the maintenance of the lives of its human inhabitants. Several of the fruits, however, were tabooed, and it was through eating one of these, a species of breadfruit, that the founders of mankind were expelled from their home and met with other misfortune.

Other legends tell of one of the spirits who were created as servants to the triad having revolted and attempted to create a man similar to Kumu-honua. The man was constructed of clay and earth, but when the spirit breathed into his nose and commanded him to come to life, he failed to do so. For this offense the spirit was thrust down into uttermost darkness—lao-loa-i-ka-po—where he lived and was lord.

CAP and BELLS



MAN MUST KEEP ON PUSHING

So Would the Lecturer, From Whose Motorcar Youngsters Were Stealing Gasoline to Start a Bonfire.

The gentleman with the well-fed appearance, who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in the village schoolhouse, concluded with a fine burst.

"Effort is the keystone of success," he said. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently. His motto is, 'Push, and keep pushing,' for by that, and that alone, he reaches his goal."

Before the bulk of the audience made much headway with their clapping a small man at the back got in a laugh that might have come from a megaphone.

The lecturer held up his hand for silence.

"You, too, my friend, will have to push," he commenced.

"So'll you, I reckon," interrupted the small man; "there's half a dozen youngsters been pinchin' the gasoline out of yer motorcar to light a bonfire."

Very Ambitious.

"So you think of studying law, Ange-line?"

"Yes."

"The world doesn't produce a Portia every day."

"Maybe not. But that doesn't concern me. I don't expect to handle any loan shark cases. I'm going to specialize in corporation law."

His Rule.

"Why didn't you offer that woman your seat in the street car?"

"I make it a rule never to offer any but old people my seat."

"Still she wasn't very young."

"And I am always careful never to insinuate by offering my seat that I consider a woman old."

Metamorphosed.

Guest (departing)—You had better get a horse to take away the bed in my room.

Clerk—Why, what can have happened to it?

Guest—Well, during the night it became a little buggy.—Judge.

As She Described It.

Alice, an enthusiastic motorist, was speaking to her friend Maude in relation to the slowness of a certain young man at proposing.

"Charley seems to start easy," she remarked, "and he speeds up well, but just at the critical moment he always skids."—Judge.

REPARTEE.



She—Go on, nigger, I doan want none ob yo' lip.

He—It's plainly obvious, mam, dat you doan need none ob it.

Very Foolish.

"You are charged with going through the pockets of a man who hired your taxicab."

"Guilty, your honor."

"A very foolish robbery. Why weren't you content to get his money in the usual manner?"

Sympathy.

"I believe Mrs. Wasserby would go to any length to appear recherche."

"Poor thing! I used to have a friend who couldn't do anything with her complexion, either."

Delights to Hear Himself Talk.

"So you think Bulger likes to hear himself talk?"

"Crazy to. Why, it makes him mad to think he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep."

THRILLING CLIMAX TO STORY

Startling Results Are Seen in Novelist's Dictation to His New and Inexperienced Stenographer.

The short-story writer dictates the seventeenth chapter of his novel, "Loony With Love," to a new stenographer and this is the result:

Sylvia rushed into the arms of Armand. A-r-m-a-n-d, comma, the wild cry of a primitive woman issuing from her warm, comma, red lips, period.

New paragraph. Clinging to his stout, comma, manly shoulder dash—in an ecstasy of relief dash—she sobbed out her pitiful story period. New Sentence, quotes, "Armand!" exclamation point!" she cried in a convulsive sob, comma, quotes again. "I ruined three men and a rove with an acute accent over the e. In giving one of them his conge, always underline foreign words, Miss Smithers, so the typesetter will put them in Italics I spoke to him to you and all that you had meant to me period. He said you were a capital B, and C. Human Gorrilla and I had best be on my guard semi-colon; but now I know the true man behind your mask, comma, Armand, and don't forget to capitalize it."—New Haven Register.

The Humble Toiler.

"You must put your shoulder to the wheel in this campaign," said the alert manager.

"I understand that," said the obscure but willing worker. "But you want to let me know when you're going to change your mind about going ahead. The last time I put my shoulder to the wheel, the band wagon suddenly backed up and ran over me."

Those Fish Fancies.

"Do you mean to support your friend in his story about catching fish with his bare hands?"

"No," replied Mr. Whopkins. "He exaggerates. It's true he took a fish out of the water with his bare hands. But I had to jump overboard and swim like the deuce in order to catch the fish and hold it for him."

RETRENCHMENT NECESSARY.



The Dentist—What you really need, madam, is some bridge work.

Mrs. Swifly—Can't afford it, doctor—too much bridge play.

Union Card Required.

Mistress—Mary, I'll make the pudding myself today.

Cook—If ye do, mum, I'll have to quit.

Mistress—Why so, Mary?

Cook—The rules of our union don't allow us to work in a place where nonunion labor is employed on any part of the work, mum.

Upset His Theory.

"The heavy explosions of a battle always cause rain. It rained after Waterloo, it rained after Marathon."

"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear."

"There you go. Always throwing cold water on anything I have to say."

Sure Thing.

"I see where some dentist claims he can tell the age of people, like horses, by looking in their mouths."

"Then he would be a good one to deal with the militant suffragettes."

"Why with them?"

"Because they wouldn't show their teeth."

Diminishing Supply.

Gaspard (the landlord)—I've got to raise your rent, Mr. Sullivan.

Tenant (sarcastically)—I suppose the war is to blame.

Gaspard—Certainly. Haven't you read of the wholesale destruction of houses in Belgium and the suburbs of Paris—Puck.

Ready for Him Both Ways.

Tailor—This bill has been running for a long time. I'll have to begin charging you interest.

Owens—It's against my principle to pay interest on my bills.

Tailor—Well, pay the principal then.

Owens—No; it's against my interest to pay the principal.

He Also Works.

Father—My son, I worked my way through college.

"17—Maybe you don't call it work to have to wash my runabout before I can take it out every Saturday afternoon.—California Pelican.

A Hopeless Case.

"You should assert yourself more," said Mr. Woppt to Mr. Meekson.

"What's the use," wailed Mr. Meekson, "if my wife positively refuses to take me seriously?"

PROBABLY COULD DO WORK

Soldier's Occupation in Civil Life Certainly Should Have Fitted Him for the Job.

Real war conditions sometimes give rude shocks to the professional soldier trained to arms in the well-ordered days of peace. Here is a case in point. A Prussian landwehr company was being mustered into service and there were many things to be done. Uniforms, equipment, rifles, were to be distributed, rolls prepared, reports made out, and quartermaster's lists checked up. The captain had his hands full. He ordered his first sergeant to find a noncom, who could write neatly and figure a little. The first sergeant was equal to the emergency. Corporal Kammermeyer was promptly summoned and crisply detailed for duty as company clerk. The corporal reported to the captain, who looked him over with a mixture of wonder and distrust.

"So you can figure, corporal," he said.

"A little, sir, at your service."

"What is your trade in civil life, anyway?" he said.

"I am professor of mathematics, captain," was the reply.

At the First Signs

Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Distorted Vegetarianism.

"So long as you find the cost of living high," said the friendly adviser, "why don't you and your husband become vegetarians?"

"What do you mean?" asked the worried looking woman.

"Why, eat only vegetable products."

"Couldn't think of it. What I'm trying to do now is to persuade John to take to beefsteak and quit tryin' to live on liquor and tobacco."

Important to Mothers

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

Quite Safe.

"What did that man want with you, Henry?"

"He was after my scalp."

"Goodness gracious!"

"Don't be frightened. He's only a hair specialist."

Had Debts of His Own.

Nodd—Here's a list of European war debts. Don't they stagger you?

Todd—Well, they might, old man; but I've just been looking over my monthly accounts.—Life.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Bit Personal.

He—I think Wigglebee is the worst dancer in the room.

She—Hush, you forget yourself.

BOXIE'S CROUP REMEDY CURES COLDS

coughs and croup. Prevents pneumonia. See Adv.

NETKOW'S DANDRUFF KILLER

Also makes hair glossy and naturally curly. 6 treatments. See. Write Co., 100 Hodge Ave., N. Y. City.

PATENTS

Reasonable. Highest references.

Automobiles For Sale

REBUILT CARS \$150-\$3,000
Winter and Summer Bodies, \$25-\$500
Cadillac Sedan Bodies, new, 4 cost.
Tops, \$10. Top Covers, \$1. Delivery Wagons, \$150 up.
20th Century Co., 1604 Broadway, N. Y. City

WAITING FOR YOU

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son — any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre — get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

J. S. CRAWFORD

301 East Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Canadian Government Agent.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 52-1914.

Fatima Cigarettes

—mild, delightful Turkish-Blend. The choicest of leaf—always a pure and wholesome smoke—always satisfactory.

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Suited Either Way.

Miss Lucy Price, Cleveland's leading antisuffrage speaker, tells of a funny incident which happened in New England while she was campaigning there. She was walking down the street after having made what she thought was a particularly effective talk against suffrage when a woman stopped her.

"Miss Price," she said, "I want to tell you how much I liked your speech. It was one of the best I ever heard."

"I am so glad you are with us," responded Miss Price, "and I hope you will come to our other antisuffrage meetings."

"Oh," exclaimed the astonished woman, "I thought that was a suffrage meeting you spoke at."

Upsetting His Theory.

"The heavy explosions of a battle always cause rain. It rained after Waterloo; it rained after Fontenoy; it rained after Marathon."

"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear."

"There you go. Always throwing cold water on anything I have to say."

NAVARRE HOTEL

7th Av. at 38th St. NEW YORK

CENTRE OF EVERYTHING

ROOM WITH BATH, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

ROOMS, 2 PERSONS, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

A Penn Safety Razor for Each Guest

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Also makes hair glossy and naturally curly. 6 treatments. See. Write Co., 100 Hodge Ave., N. Y. City.

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ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE (NON-POISONOUS)

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use.

\$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for manifold relief. Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Sprains, Milk Let-down. Concentrated—only a few drops required. See application. Price \$1 per bottle at dealers or delivered.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F

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. 205**, 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. U. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall.
- ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35**, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.
- AMERICUS LODGE No. 83**, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

FIRE SIGNALS.

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

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

- No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Rahway River
 - No. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River
 - No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Railway avenue to Liebig's Lane
 - No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Rahway avenue to Pierce's Creek
 - No. 31. Liebig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound
 - No. 32. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound.
 - No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.
 - No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.
 - No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits
 - No. 45. Boulevard to Rahway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.
- One blast for backtap.
One long blast and two short for fire drill.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

5 DROPS

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

LUMAGO
SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

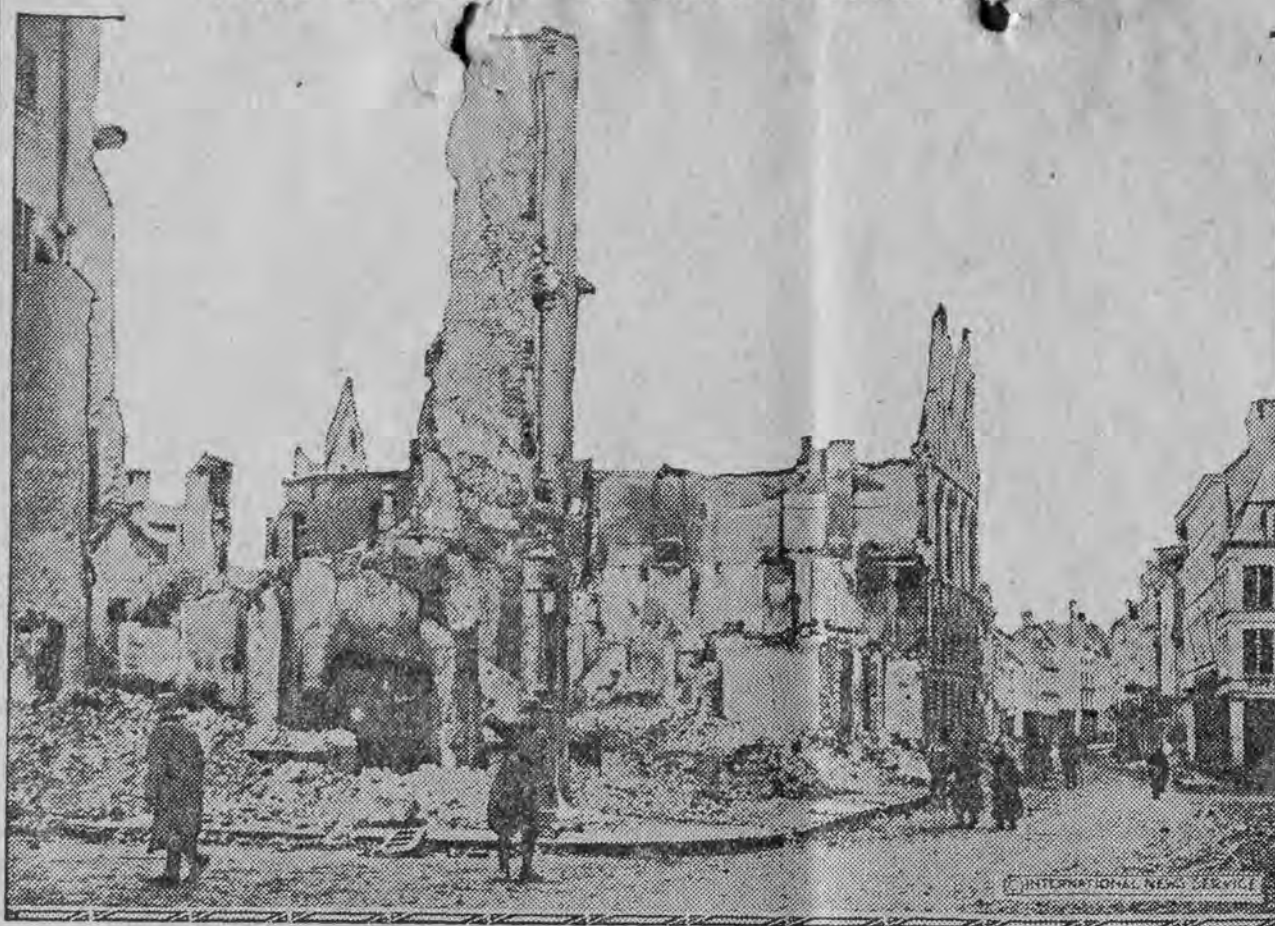
DROPS

STOP THE PAIN
Gives Quick Relief
No Other Remedy Like It

SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS

SAMPLE "B-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST
Swanson Rheumatic Care Co.,
242-248 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

YPRES RUINED BY CONTINUOUS BOMBARDMENT



Ypres has been subjected to almost continuous bombardment for weeks, and the entire city is in the ruined condition shown in this photograph.

ENGLISH CITY BOMBARDED BY THE GERMANS



View of Scarborough, on the east coast of England, which, together with Whitby and Hartlepool, was bombarded by the German raiding squadron of cruisers.

WHERE MEXICAN BULLETS CROSS THE BORDER



Street scene in Naco, the Arizona town on the Mexican border to which American troops have been sent because shells from the warring Mexicans have come across the line and killed and wounded a number of citizens and soldiers.

INTERROGATING A GERMAN PRISONER



Just behind the firing line at Argonne this interesting little episode was photographed. Officers of the French general staff are interrogating a German prisoner concerning the strength and position of the kaiser's forces.

MAKING A DEEP TRENCH



One of the deep trenches on the firing line in northern France. The allies have constructed hundreds of miles of ditches like this.

Be sure you're right, but don't stop to get much advice before going ahead, or you will never start.—Albany Journal.



An Extension Telephone Saves the Trip

An extension telephone in your home, apart from your main telephone, places the service within convenient reach, no matter where you may be about the house.

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A post card will bring our wagon to your door daily with Milk, Butter, Cream, Buttermilk or Cottage Cheese.

Perth Amboy Milk & Cream Co.
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TELEPHONE CONNECTION

ORDERS OR INQUIRIES MAY BE LEFT AT "NEWS" OFFICE

COLLECTOR'S GENERAL NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the Borough of Roosevelt in the County of Middlesex, N. J., that the taxes of the said Borough are now due and payable, and that I, the undersigned, Collector of Taxes of the said Borough, will attend at the Borough Hall on the following days for the purpose of receiving payment of taxes:

December 8, 10 and 11, 1914, from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.

December 16, 18, 19 and 21, 1914, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Taxpayers who do not pay their taxes on or before the twentieth day of December will be proceeded against as delinquent.

All appeals must be filed with the Middlesex and of Taxation on or before December 20th, 1914.

Appeal forms will be furnished on application to E. J. Harrod, Secretary, New Brunswick, N. J.

October 1, 1914.
11-13-6t CHARLES A. BRADY, Collector

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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