

COL. GOETHALS TO RULE CANAL ZONE

President Signs Order for
Permanent Government

IT GOES IN EFFECT APRIL 1

Executive Order Issued by President
and Colonel's Name Is sent to Sen-
ate—Congress to Give Present
Commission Charge.

Washington.—An executive order outlining the permanent organization of the civil government of the Canal Zone was signed by the President and coincident with its promulgation the official announcement was made that Colonel George W. Goethals had been appointed the first civil Governor of the Canal Zone. Assurances have come from him that he will accept the post.

The Secretary of War is authority for the statement that Colonel Goethals will accept the Governorship. He said that the colonel told him in December that it was his ambition to



COL. GEORGE W. GOETHALS,

be the first Governor. The prediction was made by Mr. Garrison that Colonel Goethals "will accept the post and will make his administration a success."

President Wilson's order creating the civil government becomes effective on April 1 next, from which date the Isthmian Commission, together with the present organization of the Panama Canal and the Canal Zone, will cease to exist. The President, however, will ask Congress to pass a resolution creating the retiring members of the commission a committee in charge of the arrangements for the celebration of the opening of the canal.

Under the terms of the executive order the Canal Zone government will consist of a department of operation and maintenance, a purchasing department, a supply department, an accounting department, and a health department. Provision is also made for an executive secretary. All the departments will be under the direction of the Governor subject to the supervision of the Secretary of War. The members of the existing commission in addition to Colonel Goethals are:

JAPANESE ARMS FOR HUERTA.

U. S. Government Learns of Big Ship-
ments to Mexico.

Washington.—Some definite light was shed upon a new phase of the Mexican situation that is causing great concern to officials in Washington. It relates to Japanese activity in Mexico.

It was acknowledged guardedly here that the rapprochement between Japan and Mexico was the feature of the situation that is now giving this Government the greatest anxiety. Things are happening which on the surface this Government does not like but which it is unable to prevent.

The information which has come to this Government is to the effect that Huerta has been obtaining his supply of arms recently from Japanese sources. The rifles which he had been getting are, it is said, those which were used in the Japanese war with Russia.

MILLS FLOODED WITH ORDERS

Biggest Buying Movement Be-
ginning, Says Col. Bope

STEEL MAGNATES OPTIMISTIC

Vice-President of Carnegie Company
Says Mills Will Soon Be Running
at 90 Per Cent. Capacity—Im-
provement Extends.

Pittsburgh.—Steel orders aggregating upward of 100,000 tons have been received by the mills of the Pittsburgh district within the last few days. Col. H. P. Bope, vice president and general sales manager of the Carnegie Steel Company, declared that within ninety days the mills should be operating to full capacity. Sustained prosperity, it is asserted among captains of industry generally, will be a fact by that time.

The principal concerns affected by the upward jump in industrial conditions are the Carnegie, Jones & Laughlin, McClintic & Marshall, Ritter-Conley, Clark Car, Epping-Carpenter Pump, Harbison-Walker Refractories, Spang-Chalfant, West Penn Steel, and National Roll and Foundry Companies. It is estimated that about 15,000 workmen will be immediately affected by the latest favorable turn in steel mill developments.

"We are entering upon one of the biggest buying movements in the history of steel-making in the United States, and a long spell of normal, sound prosperity for the whole country," said Col. Bope. "Within sixty or ninety days the steel mills of all the Pittsburgh district will be running almost and possibly quite to their full capacity. The psychological moment for the complete resumption of full activity in all lines seems to have arrived. Big orders are already given, or in contemplation, in almost every branch of the steel business."

Col. Bope added to his specific prediction bearing on Pittsburgh's dominant industry an optimistic forecast on industries in general. Genuine good times are coming, he believes.

The steel business is dependant on hundred of allied interests, and the fact that a great volume of trade in steel is scheduled carries as a corollary thriving conditions in many other lines. The farmers of the country have increased their acreage for 1914 and as a direct consequence it is expected the wire mills will have all the orders they can handle. There will be a large demand for tin cans to put away the products, and the tin and sheet plate mills will have to keep full quotas of men at work. There is much building on the year's programme, and reinforced steel is wanted in quantities. The oil business promises almost a record season, and immense orders for pipe already have been received. With all these contributing factors the railroads will find it necessary to meet the demand on their carrying capacity, and big orders for steel cars and steel car equipment are expected.

SUICIDE FOR LACK OF A KISS.

Sweetheart Says "Not Here," and
Young Man Shoots Himself.

Savannah, Ga.—Because his sweetheart refused him a kiss Neal Palmer, a prominent young man, shot himself to death at Thunderbolt, an amusement resort near Savannah.

In company with his fiancée, Miss Essie Andrews, and two other young men and girls, Palmer had motored out of Thunderbolt. The members of the party were in joyous mood and Palmer asked Miss Andrews to kiss him.

"You must be crazy," she laughingly replied.

"Lou won't kill me?" asked Palmer. "I can't here," said the girl. Without another word Palmer drew a pistol and shot himself through the heart, falling dead at the girl's feet.

Miss Andrews is prostrated as the result of the shock and grief.

FIVE DEAD, SCORE HURT.

Every Passenger in Railroad Coach
Killed or Injured.

Jackson, Mich.—Five persons were killed and twenty others were injured when a Michigan Central passenger train crashed into a freight train about three miles outside the city.

The baggage car and one coach of the passenger were telescoped, and every passenger in the coach was either killed or injured.

Several of the wounded were brought to hospitals here.

Owing to the darkness, the work of rescue was slow and difficult. Two hours after the collision a number of the passenger were still in the wreckage, and it was believed that some of these also were dead.

FIGURES IN A EUROPEAN TRAGEDY



London and Paris were greatly wrought up recently when, in the latter city, Henry Fragson, a vaudeville actor, popular in England and France, was murdered by his father. The perpetrator of the crime was believed to have fallen in love with the son's fiancée, Mlle. Paulet Frank, here seen photographed with the father.

WILSON TRUST BILLS READY

Sherman Law Defined and
Trade Commission Provided

CALLED THE 'FIVE BROTHERS'

Indorsed by President, Fundamentals
Will Stand, Though Details May
Be Changed—To Show What
Sherman Law Forbids.

Washington.—The full text of four of the "Five Brothers"—The bills embracing President Wilson's recommendations for anti-trust legislation—was made public by Chairman Clayton of the House Judiciary Committee. The four bills made public are:

An Interstate Trade Commission bill.
An Interlocking Directorates bill.
A Sherman Law Definitions bill.
A Trade Relations bill.

The fifth of the Five Brothers has not been drafted, but the working basis for it will be the Adamson bill for empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to superintend and regulate stock and bond issues of all interstate railroads.

The measures carry jail penalties for offenders, as President Wilson proposed in his message.

One, to create an interstate trade commission, was introduced in the House.

Three bills introduced embrace the following subjects:

Prohibition of interlocking directorates of industrial corporations, railroads, banking or trust companies, to be effective two years after approval.

Definition of the terms of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, to specifically describe offenses and fix guilt on individuals.

The Sherman Act Definitions bill would include within the meaning of the terms "every contract," "combination in restraint of trade or commerce," "combination in the form of trust or otherwise," and the word "monopolize" as used in the act, any trade combination or agreement which purposes:

"To prevent competition in manufacturing, making, transporting, selling or purchasing of merchandise, produce or any commodity.

"To make or enter into any arrangement or arrive at any understanding by which they, directly or indirectly, undertake to prevent free and unrestricted competition among themselves or among purchasers or consumers in the sale, production or transportation of any commodity."

STEEL TRUST TO RUN FARM FOR MEN

Vegetables and Other Food Will
Be Supplied to Employees

12,000 ACRE TRACT USED

Tract Was Bought in 1900 for Steel
Plant—Abandonment of That
Project Made Way Clear for
Present Undertaking.

Conneaut, O.—The United States Steel Corporation, according to its officials, will shortly have in operation the first co-operative farm in this country for supplying foodstuffs as far as possible to all of its employees. The land adjoins the 8,000-acre farm of the Steel corporation, east of this city, which was bought in 1900 with a view to erecting a gigantic steel plant. This undertaking was later abandoned and the big acreage was turned into a stock grazing and vegetable farm.

Arrangements are now being completed to supply all the lake freighters with foodstuffs produced on the farm. As rapidly as possible the numerous subsidiaries of the corporation in the Central States will be included in the list, until the big farm is supplying a large portion of the corporation's employees with fresh meat.

A three-story brick supply house has just been completed by the steel corporation at Conneaut Harbor. This as a central point of distribution will, it is claimed, eliminate the middlemen supplying the products of the farm to the employees.

The co-operative farm, which now contains 12,000 acres, is owned by the Carnegie Land Company, which in turn is controlled by the steel corporation. The manager of the farm, John Cupples, said:

"It's a big undertaking, but so far the results have been successful." Two years ago the farm was stocked with several hundred head of cattle and hogs. Several thousand acres of grain and potatoes were planted.

FEAR LOSS OF HAWAII IN WAR.

War Department Sending Heavy Or-
nance to Islands for Emergency.

Washington.—Testimony given before the fortifications sub-committee of the House appropriations committee discloses a seeming lack of confidence on the part of high officials in the inability of the United States to hold the Hawaiian Islands.

It is also disclosed that for a considerable period the War Department has been straining every effort to render the Hawaiian archipelago as nearly impregnable as possible.

'RED LIGHTS' DIM AT WASHINGTON

House Unanimously Passes Bill
Abolishing Segregation

WILSON IS READY TO SIGN IT

It Is Estimated That There Are About
One Hundred Houses in the District
Police Fear Inmates Will Rent
Apartments Elsewhere.

Washington.—The House passed by a unanimous vote the Kenyon bill, which will wipe out the segregated districts of Washington. The Senate passed it last October.

The President will sign the measure as soon as it reaches the White House. It is expected that in two weeks not an immoral house will be open in the present red light sections of the city.

Under the Kenyon bill any private citizen, without bond, may obtain an injunction against the owner or occupant of any house, hotel or building used for immoral purposes, and the only evidence which the proposed law insists on is the general reputation of the place.

In Iowa cities a similar law has had the effect of destroying the segregated sections.

There are at the lowest estimate 500 unfortunate women in Washington who will be driven to the streets by the bill, and their condition was the subject of animated debate in the House.

Representative Moore of Pennsylvania said the effect of the bill will be to unload these women on nearby cities, like Baltimore and Philadelphia, and asserted they are not wanted there.

It is estimated there are about 100 houses in the red light district of Washington.

The police fear the inmates of these houses will seek to rent apartments in other sections of the city, and the Real Estate Association is taking steps to block this movement.

FIVE DIE IN CALIFORNIA FLOOD.

Violent Rains Cause Deluge in South-
ern Part of State.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Five lives here have been lost, thousands of head of live stock have been drowned, all steam and electric railroad traffic has been completely tied up by floods and property has been damaged to the extent of millions, as a result of the heaviest rainstorm in southern California in eighteen years.

From Tehachapi south to San Diego all cities and towns have suffered from floods.

Hugh Haven, a retired capitalist, formerly of Chicago, was drowned at Moorovia in an eighteen inch street gutter. He slipped on a wet pavement and fell into the gutter, a rushing stream of flood water carrying him beneath a culvert, where his hands were caught between two boards. He was dead when released.

William C. Clark, 12 years old, was drowned in the Los Angeles River. An unidentified boy was drowned near Whittier in the San Gabriel River.

At Santa Barbara a cloudburst in the mountains sent a raging torrent down through that city and Montecito. Louis Jones, vice-president of the First National Bank, and his wife were drowned in the flood which swept through Santa Barbara.

Fresno, Cal.—Two were drowned and \$100,000 damage has been done by floods throughout the San Joaquin Valley district.

INDICTS L. N. LITTAUER.

Federal Grand Jury Charges Ex-
Congressman With Jewelry.

New York.—Lucius N. Littauer, ex-Representative in Congress and former political adviser of Gov. Odell and Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was Governor, was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for smuggling jewelry into the country. His brother and partner in business, William Littauer, for whose wife the jewelry is said to have been brought over from France, was charged with conspiracy in the indictment.

Lucius and William Littauer, under the firm name of Littauer Bros., of Gloversville, N. Y., control a large part of the output of the glove making industry of this country.

SAY HE STOLE \$7,000,000.

Editor of Paris Financial Paper Is
Charged With Grand Larceny.

Paris.—Albert Germain, alias Sadilas Piotruszynski, proprietor and editor of "La Cote," a financial daily with a huge circulation, was arrested on various charges, one of them being grand larceny.

He is charged with having stolen between \$4,500,000 and \$7,000,000.

STATE-WIDE JERSEY ITEMS

Gossipy Brevities Which Chron-
icle 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 hotel of 33 rooms is being erected for Harry Brick, of Wyne Junction, at Pine avenue, Woodbridge.

M. T. Groff of Eldred, recently killed 2093 pounds of chickens and received 25½ cents a pound for them.

Miss Ruth Cameron of North East, Md., has been elected a teacher in School No. 4, Cedarville.

The Boy Scouts of Hampton have organized with the Rev. W. C. Peabody as president.

The Rev. Charles G. Mallery has been installed pastor of the Bedminster Reformed Church.

Mayor Gilbert Smith, of Avalon, has appointed Howard High and Walter Smith policemen.

The Rev. George Reynolds has been requested to return to the Richwood M. E. Church for another year.

William Gano, of Annandale, has been appointed chairman of the Lebanon township Board of Education.

The Palmyra High School will issue the first number of its magazine, The Palmyrian, next month.

Friends of Armin Tomoschoff, the missing Perth Amboy banker, who disappeared two weeks ago, believe that the steamship agent is in Europe.

The Vineland Peach Growers' Association called a meeting for February 6, to discuss the peculiar weather conditions of the year.

The German residents of Mays Landing and suburbs met at the home of John Schuster and reorganized the Liederkrantz Singing Society.

The Rev. C. S. Lewis, pastor of the Congregational Church, Vineland, for several years, has resigned and will take a charge in New York State.

The artesian well of the ice plant at Stone Harbor struck a stratum of first quality water at 345 feet, and the flow is about 300 gallons a minute.

Clay in large quantities is being shipped from Yorketown, Salem county, to Keasbey, for use by a clay works.

James Mulford, Daniel Steelman and O. Watkins have been appointed a committee by the Kemble M. E. Church, Woodbury, to see that the Rev. Dr. Lucas is returned as pastor.

The Cape May County Relief Association has elected these officers: President, F. T. Norton; vice-president Charles P. Vanaman; secretary and treasurer, T. H. Douglass.

As a token of their appreciation of their services as clerks in the Elmer post office, Miss Carrie Kankle and Miss Della Johnson have been given gold watches by the patrons.

Because of a temporary derangement of mind, Andrew Hemphill, a prominent farmer near Williamstown, was taken away for treatment. This preyed on his wife to the extent that she became violently ill.

These officers were elected at the annual conference of the local Boards of Health of New Jersey at the State House; Dr. F. W. Snell, Rahway, president; A. C. Benedict, South Orange, vice-president; C. H. Wells, Montclair, secretary and treasurer.

State aid will be given the County Board of Freeholders in rebuilding the bridges over the Great Egg Harbor River and Babcock's Creek, near Mays Landing, following an inspection of the spans by State Road Commissioner Stephens, with committees of the Board. Both spans were condemned last year by Colonel Stephens.

Isabelle Scott, sixty-five years old, of 19A Milton avenue, Jersey City, ill and under the care of a nurse, during the temporary absence of the latter, escaped from her home. She was found at Tonnele avenue and the County road and taken back to her home by friends. She was met nearly frozen and almost unconscious.

The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigns with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

A person of more importance than Battista had fallen under the spell of Francois' personality. The governor himself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds with the world because he had not risen further in it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine voice and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to talk to. Francois, with his ready friendliness, with his gift of finding good in every one, with his winning manner and simplicity which had the ease of sophistication, was a treasure-trove of amusement to the bored Austrian.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his fall. The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion; he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what the change might mean to him.

"Some day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his window—he called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne of France—that is my work—my life."

He talked aloud at times, as prisoners come to do. He went on then, in a low voice.

"If there were good fairies, if I had three wishes: Alixe—the prince made emperor—Francois Beaupre, a marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work. Even that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe I shall do that—I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain.

But, if he were to escape ever, the chance was increased infinitely by the going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, fell with a sudden accent on the steady push of his longing for freedom, the conviction that he must get free before the count left, else opportunity and force for the effort would both be gone forever. And on that day Battista brought in his midday meal with a look and a manner which Francois remarked.

"What is it, Battista?" he asked softly.

The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly and looked out. "I thought I had left the water-pitcher. Ah, here it is—I am stupid," he spoke aloud. And then, finger on lip dramatically, he bent over the young man. "My son—the little Battista—has had a letter. The young master wishes him to come to him in France, to serve him. He is going in two days."

It was whispered quickly, and Battista stood erect.

"The signor's food will get cold if the signor does not eat it," he spoke gruffly. "I do not like to carry good food for prisoners who do not appreciate it. I shall bring less tomorrow."

But Francois, hardly hearing the surly tones, had his hand on Battista's arm, was whispering back eagerly.

"Where does he go, in France?"

"To Viennes," the low answer came. Francois sank back, tortured.

Going to Viennes, the little Battista! From Castelforte! And he, Francois, must stay here in prison! His soul was wrung with a sudden wild homesickness. He wanted to see Alixe, to see his mother, to see the general; to

see the peaceful little village and the stream that ran through it, and the steep-arched bridge, and the poppy fields, and the corn! The gray castle with its red roofs, and the beech wood, and the dim, high-walled library, how he wanted to see it all! How his heart ached, madly, fiercely! This was the worst moment of all his captivity. And with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something was slipped under the bedclothes.

"Paper—pens. The signor will write a letter this afternoon. And tomorrow little Battista will take it."

And the heart of Francois gave a sudden throb of joy as wild as its anguish. He could speak to them before he died; it might be they could save him. His hands stole to the package under the coarse blanket. It seemed as if in touching it he touched his mother and his sweetheart and his home.

CHAPTER XV.

Good News.

In the garden of the chateau of Viennes, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down to the sundial and the round lawn—on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alixe and Pietro sat, where Alixe and Francois had sat five years before.

As they sat in the garden, they had been going over the pros and cons of his life or death for the thousandth time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were sad as he looked away from Alixe and across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then she tossed up her head sharply—"Who?"—and then she laughed. "I shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was he—back in the beech wood."

"I see no one," Pietro stated.

"But you have no eyes, Pietro—I can always see a thing two minutes before you," Alixe threw at him. "There—the man."

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are more than natural, Alixe. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I see him now. Mon dieu! he is a big fellow."

"A peasant—from some other village," Alixe spoke carelessly. "I do not know him," and they went on talking, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Philippe Moison, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tall gray vases, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letter was on it.

"For mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back of her.

"Pietro!"

"What is it, Alixe?" His voice was quiet as ever, but his hand was around



It Was Whispered Quickly.

her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Alixe?"

She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook, rustled with her trembling. "It is—from Francois!"

Jean Philippe Moison having stayed to listen, as he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, volubly, unrebutted. By now the unsteady fingers of Alixe had opened the paper, and her head and Pietro's were bent over it, devouring the well-known writing. Alixe, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running comment.

"From prison—our Francois—dear Francois!" And then: "Five years, Pietro! Think—while we have been free!" And then, with a swift clutch

again at the big coat sleeve crowding against her: "Pietro! See, see! The date—it is only two months ago. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I knew it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man."

With that she threw up her head and fixed Jean Philippe, drinking in all this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a flash into pure human trust and affection toward the anxious old servant: "My dear, old, good Moison—he is alive—Monsieur Francois is alive—in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Moison!" And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Moison?"

Jean Philippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young person speaks little language. But he told me to say to monsieur the marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imagine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I have him brought here? He must have something to tell us."

Alixe, her letter in her hands, struggled in her mind. Then: "The letter will keep—yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for what he may tell us."

So Moison, having orders to produce at once the said little Battista, retired, much excited, and returned shortly—but not so shortly as to have omitted a fling of the great news into the midst of the servants' hall. He conducted, marching behind him, the little Battista, an enormous young man of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a worshipping joy, and kissed his hand. Having done which, he arose silently and stood waiting, with those beaming eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but otherwise decorous.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in seeing his old servant and the friend of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?"

"My father," answered Battista laconically.

"How did your father get it?"

"From the signor prisoner, my signor."

Alixe and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what means this was possible. Pietro, remembering the little Battista of old, vaguely remembered that he was incapable of initiative in speech. One must pump him painfully.

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alixe asked.

The little Battista turned his eyes on her a second, approvingly, but briefly. They went back without delay to their affair of devouring the face of his master. But he answered promptly. "Yes, signorina; he is there always."

"Always?" Pietro demanded in alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?"

"But no, my signor."

"What then? Battista, try to tell us."

So adjured, little Battista made a violent effort. "He is one of the jailers, my signor."

"Jailers? For the Austrians?" The face of the marquis took all the joyful light out of the face of little Battista.

"My signor," he stammered, "it could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at first, and—and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle?" Pietro repeated.

"What castle?"

Battista's eyes turned to his Master's like those of a faithful dog, trusting but not understanding. "What castle, my signor? Castelforte—the signor's own castle—what other?"

A sharp exclamation from Alixe summed up everything. "Your castle is confiscated; they use it as a prison. Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! All these years—in your own home!"

"I never dreamed of that," Pietro spoke, thinking aloud. "Every other prison in Austria and Italy I have tried to find him in. I never dreamed of Castelforte."

At the end of the interview the little Battista put his hand into his breast pocket and brought out another letter, thickly folded. Would mademoiselle have him instructed where to find the mother of the signor prisoner? He had promised to put this into her own hands. He must do it before he touched food.

And Jean Philippe Moison, who had lurked discreetly back of the nearest stone vase, not missing a syllable, was given orders, and the huge little Battista was sent off up the stone steps between the scarlet flowers, up the velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the purple one.

Half an hour later the general walked up from the village, walked slowly, thoughtfully through the beech

wood, his face hardly older than when he had come to Viennes, but sterner and sadder; his still soldiery gait less buoyant than it had been five years ago.

He saw Alixe and Pietro coming joyfully toward him, running light-heartedly, calling to him with excited gay voices. It stabbed the general's heart; a quick thought came of that other who had been always with them, now dead or worse, of that other whom these two had forgotten. And with that they were upon him, and Alixe was kissing him, hugging him, pushing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face—anywhere.

"Father—good news—the best news—almost the best! Father, be ready for the good news!"

"I am ready," the general growled impatiently. "What is this foolery? Sabre de bois! What is your news, then, you silly child?"

And Alixe, shaking very much, laid her hand on his cheek and looked



"You Must Save Him!"

earnestly into his eyes. "Father, Francois is alive!"

For all his gruff self-control the general made the letter an excuse shortly to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees should suddenly bend and give way because of a thrill of rapture in a man's psychological make-up! But the general had to sit down. And then there all that had been extracted from little Battista was rehearsed, and the letter read over from start to finish.

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead."

"Alive—yes! But in prison—in that devil's hole of an old castle!" And Alixe looked at Pietro and laughed, but the general paid no attention. "He must be got out. There is no time to waste. Diable! He is perishing in that vile stable! What was that the lad said about the doctor's speech, that only a long sea voyage could save him? One must get him out, mon dieu, quick!"

Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her head down on it suddenly and stood so for a moment, her face hidden. Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looked at the general with wide gray eyes, considering. With that Alixe flashed up, turned on the young Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; her eyes shone blue fire.

"That is for you, Pietro. If we should lose him now, just as we have found him! Now is the time for you to show if you can be what is brave and strong, as Francois has shown. It is your castle; you must save him."

Pietro looked at the girl, and the color crept through his cheeks, but he said nothing.

"Alixe, my Alixe," her father put an arm around her. "One may not demand heroism as if it were bread and butter. Pietro will not fail us."

"Alixe always wished me to be brilliant like Francois," Pietro spoke gently. "But I never could."

"Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time," Alixe threw at him eagerly. "Francois must be rescued or he will die."

"Yes," Pietro answered quietly. "Francois must be rescued."

He was silent a moment, as if thinking. His calm poised mind was working swiftly; one saw the inner action in the clear gray eyes. The general and Alixe, watching him, saw it.

"I think I know how," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase.

Battista's prisoner stood at the barred window high up the steep side of the castle and stared out wistfully at the receding infinity of blueness—his meadow. In the three months since his letter had gone to France, he had grown old. The juices of his youth seemed dried up; his eyes were bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was no flesh on him. The waiting and hoping had worn on him more than the dead level of the hopeless years before. There was a new tenseness in the lightly-built figure, even in the long, delicate, strong fingers. The prisoner had caught a whiff of the air of home and was choking for a full breath.

"You are not well, my friend," said the governor. "The doctor must see you."

But Francois refused lightly and laughed and fell to singing an old peasant song of France which he had remembered lately; he got up on the table and droned it to an imaginary fiddle which he pretended to play after the manner of old Jacques Arne, who played for dances in Viennes. And the governor was taken with a violent fancy for it. He roared at it, and sang it over in fragments till he had learned it, and then he sang it and roared again and slapped his knee; there was a droll comedy in Francois' rendering also, not to be explained—and the count said that Francois must come to his rooms the next night for dinner and sing him the song again and also listen to a new one of his own.

So Francois was taken down the stone staircase and conducted to the two rooms which were the governor's suite. He knew them well, for he had dined many times with the count. But tonight he was left alone a few moments in the outer room, the living-room, while the governor was in the bedroom, and he looked about keenly with a strained attention which grew out of the suppressed hope of escape. Who knew what bit of knowledge of the castle might be vital, and who knew how soon? He noted the swords and pistols hanging on the wall, and marked a light saber whose scabbard was brightly polished as if the blade also were kept in good order. On the table he saw the flint and steel with which Count von Gersdorf lighted his pipe; he stepped to the window and bent out, scanning the wall. A stone coping, wide enough for a man's foot, but little more, ran, four feet below; ten feet beyond the window it ended in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof where a man could drop down, yes, or even climb up with ease. A man, that is, who had climbed when a boy as Francois had climbed—like a cat for certainty and lightness. But what then, when one was in the courtyard? It was walled about with a stone wall sixteen feet high; these old ancestors of Pietro, who had built this place, had planned well to keep Pietro's friend in prison.

So Francois, not hopeful of a sortie by that point, drew in his head from the open window and took to examining the walls of the governor's room. There were three doors—one from the hall by which he had come, one behind which he now heard the count moving in his bedroom, and a third. The count had gone through this last door one night a month before, into a dark, winding, stone staircase, and disappeared for three minutes, and brought up a bottle of wonderful wine. "A fine stock they put down there—the Italians who ruled here for eight hundred-odd years," he had said. "I've lowered it a bit. A good spacious wine-cellar and grand old wine. You will be the better for a little." And Francois had watched him as he put the brass key back on the chain which hung from his belt.

At this point of memory the bedroom door opened, and the governor came out, in great good humor and ready to eat and drink as became an Austrian soldier. The dinner was brought in, but Francois, for all his efforts to do his part, could not swallow food, or very little. The fever, the unrest burning in him, made it impossible. Count Gersdorf looked at him seriously when dinner was over; as yet Francois, talking, laughing, singing, had eaten not over half a dozen mouthfuls.

"Certainly you are not well," he said. "I think the doctor should see you." And then he nodded his head and his small eyes gleamed with a brilliant thought. "I know a medicine better than a doctor's." He stood up and his fingers were working at the chain of keys at his belt. Francois watched them and saw the thin, old, brass key which he slipped off. "A bottle of wine of our Italian ancestors—yours and mine, Beaupre—the count chuckled—"that will cure you of your ills for this evening at least." He slid the key into the lock and said, half to himself, "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then, "Hold the candle, Beaupre—well, come along down—it can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."

So Francois followed down the twisted, headlong, stone staircase and found himself, after rather a long descent, holding the lamp high, gazing curiously about the walls of a large stone room lined with shelves, filled with bottles.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the light on this side," and he went on talking. "The wine is so old that I think it must have been stocked before the time of the last lord of the castle."

And Francois, holding the light, remembering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square stone in the wall which projected slightly, very slightly.

"That is the door to a secret stock of some sort, I have always thought," he said. "Probably some wonderful old stuff saved for the coming of age of the heir, or a great event of that sort. I wish I could get at it," and he stared wistfully at the massive block. "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let anyone but myself down here—not I." The count turned away and they mounted the two stories of narrow steps, for the governor's rooms were on the second floor, and the staircase ran from it between walls, down underground. "The old chaps must have thought a lot of their wine to have the cellar connect directly with their own rooms—for Battista tells me these were always the rooms of the Za—of the lords of the castle," the governor explained.

And to Francois, considering it, the fact seemed an odd one. And then the governor set to work drinking Pietro's wine, and little thought, as he urged it on his prisoner, how much more right to it the prisoner had than he. It was a wonderful old liquid, full of a strange dim sparkle, and of most exquisite bouquet. As he drank it Francois silently toasted its owner on his return to his own again. He took so little as to disgust the governor, but it put fresh life into him, and when at last he could leave the count, who was by that time more than fairly drunk, he went up to his cold prison under the roof quieter and more at peace than he had been for months.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Loaf of Bread.

The next morning Battista came with a manner which to the observing eye of his prisoner foretold distinctly some event. He talked more than usual, and more gruffly and loudly, but at last, after wandering about the room some minutes, all the time talking, scolding, he swooped on Francois and thrust a thick paper into his coat and at the same instant his heavy left hand was over Francois' mouth.

"Not a word," he whispered, and then—"The loaf of bread."

Francois, struck dumb and blind, turned hot and cold, and his shaking hand in his coat pocket clutched the letter.

But Battista prodded him with his hard forefinger. "Be careful," he muttered, and then again, "The bread"—with a sharp prod—"The loaf of bread"—and the door had clanged. Battista was gone.

A strong man, who had not been shut away from life, would likely have read the letter instantly, would instantly have examined the long round loaf lying before him. Francois was ill and weak and it was the first word for five years from his own people, which lay in his hand; he sat as if turned to stone, touching the paper as if that were enough; he sat perhaps fifteen minutes.

Then suddenly a breathlessness came over him that something might happen before he could read it—this writing which, whatever it should say, meant life and death to him. Taking care not to rustle the paper, deadening the sound under his bedclothes, he read it, kneeling by the bed. It was four letters—from his mother and Alixe and the general and Pietro; but the first three were short. He felt, indeed, reading them, that no words had been written, that only the arms of the people he loved had strained about him and their faces laid against his, and that so, wordlessly, they had told him but one thing—their undying love. Weak, lonely, his intense temperament stretched to the breaking point by the last three months of fearful hope, it was more than he could bear. He put the papers against his cheek and his head dropped on the bed, and a storm of tears tore his soul and body. But it was dangerous; he must not be off his guard; he remembered that swiftly, and with shaking fingers he opened Pietro's letter—Pietro's letter which, yellowed and faded but distinct yet, in the small clear writing, is guarded today with those other letters in the mahogany desk in Virginia.

"My dear brother Francois," the letter began, and quick tears came again at that word "brother," which said so much. "My dear brother Francois—this is not to tell you how I have searched for you and never forgotten you. I will tell you that when I see you. This is to tell you how to get out of that house of mine which has held you as a prisoner when you ought to have been its welcome guest. When Italy is free we will do that over; but

"I think the doctor should see you." And then he nodded his head and his small eyes gleamed with a brilliant thought. "I know a medicine better than a doctor's." He stood up and his fingers were working at the chain of keys at his belt. Francois watched them and saw the thin, old, brass key which he slipped off. "A bottle of wine of our Italian ancestors—yours and mine, Beaupre—the count chuckled—"that will cure you of your ills for this evening at least." He slid the key into the lock and said, half to himself, "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then, "Hold the candle, Beaupre—well, come along down—it can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."



The Count Pointed to a Square Stone in the Wall.

we must get you free first. Francois, I am now within five miles of you—"

The man on his knees by the prison bed gasped; the letters staggered before his eyes.

"I am living on a ship, and I will explain how I got it when I see you, in a few days now, Francois. Every night for a week, beginning with tonight, there will be a person watching for you in Riders' Hollow, from midnight till daylight. After that we shall go away for two weeks so as to avoid giving suspicion, and then repeat the arrangement again every night for a week. You do not know Riders' Hollow, and it is unnecessary to tell you more about it than that it is a lonely place hidden in trees, and supposed to be haunted by ghosts of men on horseback; the people about will not go there for love or money except by broad daylight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.—arena

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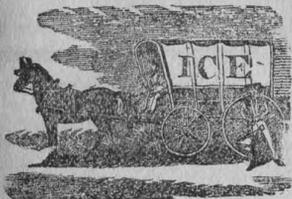
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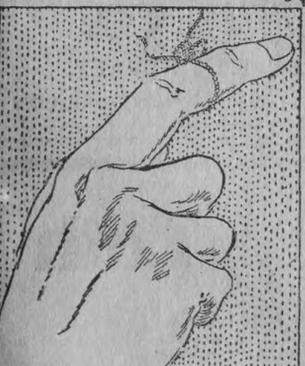
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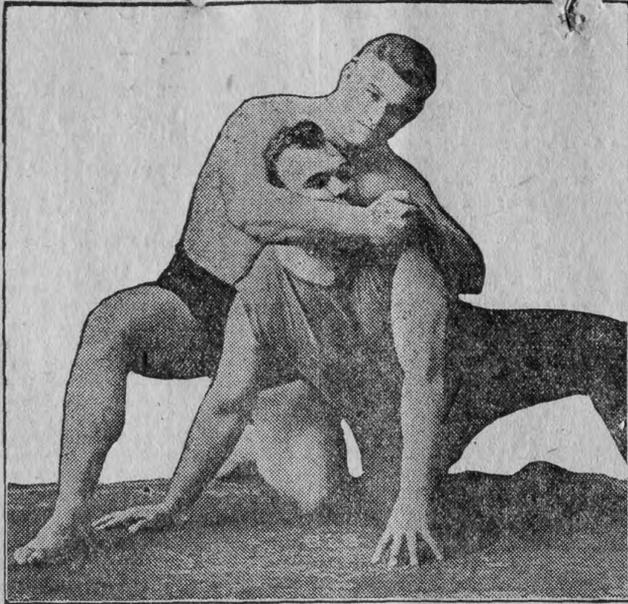
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FRANK GOTCH TELLS OF HEADLOCK HOLD



Gotch Applying the Headlock.

"Followers of wrestling believe that the toe hold is the most terrible grip in the game," says Gotch, "but that is an erroneous idea. One cannot deprive an opponent of life with the toe hold. One can kill his opponent with a flying mare, a strangle hold or a headlock. The strangle hold is barred in professional wrestling, but the flying mare and headlock are permissible.

"It is possible for a strong wrestler to break his opponent's neck by a quick wrench of the head with a punishing headlock. Probably more wrestlers have been killed by the flying mare than any other hold, and this leads to the assertion that few men of the mat are killed in professional matches. A wrestler of small stature may become a giant in relative wrestling ability after perfecting a headlock or some form of this grip. That is what has added to the fame of Fred Beell, the best little man perhaps the game has known.

"I have used the headlock in few of my matches, although it is a splendid means of winning when pitted against a dangerous opponent. I defeated Jenkins February 1, 1905, at Cleveland, with a form of the headlock. Jenkins was the strongest catch-as-catch-can wrestler of his time, and I used this hold because I had to take advantage of any opportunity to pin him.

"The headlock is secured in two ways. It may be placed on a wrestler when he is on his hands and knees on the mat, and in this position an arm is usually locked with the head. If the attacker is on the right side, he may push down the head of his opponent, resting his left arm heavily on the head. He reaches under his opponent's right arm and grabs his own left hand just below the wrist. In

this way the head may be drawn toward the arm with which it is securely locked against the attacker. The right arm of the defensive wrestler is helpless and he may be drawn to the side and easily forced to the mat.

"Beell's headlock, however, does not include an arm. This is a form of the headlock I have used at times, but have relinquished it when it might injure an opponent. It is secured when the opponent is in a standing position.

"The attacker may pull down his opponent's head, reaching over his head with his left hand. With his right hand he reaches under the head of his opponent and grasps his own left hand just below the wrist. The attacker's left hand fits into the jaw of the defensive wrestler on the right side. The head is drawn in and locked. Then the twist may be applied and the defensive wrestler drawn to the mat. Beell's short arm and great strength in his arms and shoulders make him peculiarly constructed by nature to apply this grip.

"Tom Jenkins defeated me with Beell's form of the headlock in one of the toughest matches of my life at Cleveland, February 22, 1903. Some could not understand why I lost to Jenkins. The headlock defeated me. It will defeat any man when secured by a wrestler as strong as Jenkins. He secured this jaw lock on me while we were standing. I tried in vain to extricate myself. Jenkins applied the twist, and I began to think of all the mean things I had ever done. I wanted my head for future use, so I dropped to the mat. Jenkins retained the hold, and when he pinned me with it, I swore he would never get that grip on me again."

(Copyright, 1913, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

KOLEHMAINEN WANTS TO RUN

Noted Finn Amateur Challenges Any Four Men to Race for One Hour—Chance to Break Record.

Hannes Kolehmainen, the amateur runner, has come forward with an offer to run any four men in the country in relays for one hour.

Athletic sharps think that he would be beaten by any four good distance men in training.

They all agree, however, that such a race would give the wonderful Finn a



Hannes Kolehmainen.

splendid chance to beat Alfred Shrubbs' record for the hour, which is 11 miles 137 yards, a world's mark for the distance.

McAllister Knocked Out.

Mike Gibbons, the St. Paul middleweight, knocked out Bob McAllister of San Francisco in the seventh round of their ten-round match at New York.

AMERICANS WIN TENNIS CUP

Davis Trophy, Emblematic of International Championship, Won by McLoughlin—Its History.

World supremacy in lawn tennis rests with the United States. The struggle for the Dwight F. Davis trophy, emblematic of the international tennis championship, ended in a victory for the United States, when Maurice E. McLoughlin, the American singles champion, defeated Charles P. Dixon, the veteran English player, in straight sets, 8-6, 6-3, 6-2.

The Davis cup now goes back to the land of its donor after the most interesting fight for its possession since it first left home in 1903. The victory of the Americans will be all the more memorable because it was the first time in the history of the cup that seven countries—the United States, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, Germany, France and Belgium—competed in elimination matches for the honor of challenging the British holders.

British followers of tennis are depressed over the possibility of recovering the cup, and freely predict that it will remain in the United States for at least five years, as there are no young players in sight to take the places of the veteran experts, of whom Parke, the youngest, is over thirty years old.

The Davis cup, emblematic of the world's team championship in lawn tennis, which returns to this country



Maurice E. McLoughlin, Tennis Champion.

after an absence of ten years, was first put in play in 1900. The trophy—a massive silver bowl—was the gift of Dwight F. Davis.

During 1900 and 1902 the United States team successfully defended the cup against the attack of the British Isles players. In 1903 the Doherty brothers carried it away to England. During the next four years the United States and Australasian players made sorties for the cup, and finally, in 1907, the famous Antipodean players, Brookes and Wilding, took the cup to Australia.

There it stayed until a year ago, when the English team, consisting of Parke, Dixon and Beamish, won it for the British Isles.

Overlooked Honus Wagner.

"No man," said George Stallings recently, "can say when he is getting the best or the worst of a baseball deal. You never hear me criticizing a manager for passing up a star. About twenty years ago I had the pick of the Paterson (N. J.) club. At the end of the season I went down and took Heidrick. He was a good ball player, but I left another pretty good ball player I might have picked—and I didn't. His name is Honus Wagner. I had an open shot at Wagner and took another man. Yet there was Heidrick, a fast, hard-hitting, graceful player, against an awkward looking Dutchman. But ever since I never take the pick of a ball club without wondering whether I haven't passed up another Honus or left behind another Cobb or Matty."

Will Start Football School.

Andy Smith, the former Penn football coach, now located at Purdue university, has announced that he intends starting a school for coaches at the latter institution and he will also have charge of a course in football which Purdue purposes to introduce.

This football course will be begun in May or June and will continue throughout the summer months. Coaches of high school teams in the middle west will be instructed by Smith in football tactics and how to build up an eleven. He plans to turn out men who will be capable of instructing schoolboys in every department of the game.

Thriving Amateur Athletic Body.

During the 50 years of the English Civil Service Amateur Athletic association they have run off contests in which over 15,000 athletes have taken part, and have presented them with over 2,000 prizes of a value of over \$25,000.

Rowing Popular in New Zealand.

The New Zealand Rowing association has 53 affiliated clubs, with at active, paying membership of about 3,400.

Finger Prints Identify.
Taking of the finger print system for the identification of criminals, a Scotland Yard detective remarked the other day that, although no system is infallible, the police, given a finger print of a man who has been through their hands, will tell you who he is in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. Furthermore, it is a matter of indifference to the English police by which finger or thumb the print is made; it can be easily traced. It was pointed out that in France the police depend to a great extent on physical measurement for identification, but while measurements are always taken by Scotland Yard, they are only regarded as of secondary importance.

The New Treatment of Epilepsy
owes its discovery to the fact that a Texas epileptic was accidentally bitten by a rattle snake and instead of the bite proving fatal, it cured him of epilepsy. Medical scientists experimented on a number of cases with highly satisfactory results and the Crotalin treatment is now being successfully used by specialists in thousands of epileptic cases. Crotalin is injected hypodermically. It is prepared in the laboratories of Boericke & Runyon, 8 West 38th street, New York, who issue a very interesting booklet on the Crotalin treatment which they will send free to anyone interested in the cure of epilepsy.—Adv.

Thrilling Tribute.

A lady called up over the phone to inquire if we sing in the Methodist choir. The inquiry itself is a tribute to the piety and spirituality which have thrilled us inwardly, however poor an exterior manifestation we have been able to make of them.—Houston Post.

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Almost an Egotist.

"Jimmy seems to like himself pretty well, doesn't he?"
"Yes, I fancy that he thinks his father and mother ought to get down on their knees every night and thank heaven for having permitted them to become his parents."

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Right.

"The cost of living is like a lady dressing for the theater."
"It is?"
"Yes. It seems as though neither of them will ever come down."

Unfortunate Man.

"I once had a comfortable home, ma'am."
"Poor man; how did you lose it?"
"My wife lost her job, ma'am."

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BROKEN TO HARNESS

By ELIZABETH SHEAR.

In a moment of absentmindedness Burkle got married.

It must have been absentmindedness or sheer mental aberration, for if Burkle had stopped to think he would have realized that he of all men was cut out for a bachelor. He had been a bachelor for over forty years and the habit was ingrained in him. When you have had nobody to consider all your life but yourself it strikes you as an imposition and a hardship to have another human being thrust upon you, especially if the human being in question has appealing eyes and coaxing ways and a general effect of demoralization upon you.

Burkle was much in love, but the joys of this state were counterbalanced by the annoyance of being dragged out of accustomed ways. The two months' wedding trip was a succession of tears and forgivings, because Burkle was constantly forgetting that he had a bride and the bride naturally objected to that. Burkle often pondered on the inscrutable ways of women, who, it seemed, always wanted to be in the center of the limelight.

He really could not blame Marie, however, because she certainly was worthy of being shone upon. Often when he found himself still bewildered over the fact that he was married one glance at Marie would be a sufficient explanation.

Yet in spite of this dim comprehension Burkle was far from being completely broken to harness. That was why the first day the Burkles got back from their trip Burkle accepted joyously the invitation of "the bunch," as represented by Jones and Larkins.

The two fell upon him at luncheon time, and, after much handshaking and congratulating, proposed a dinner downtown at the same old place where six or eight congenial souls had been accustomed to gather in the years that were gone by.

Burkle was hungry for a sight of the boys and so he pronounced the idea bully. That afternoon he was extremely busy, and it was after six o'clock when he closed his roll top desk.

"Geel!" murmured Burkle, as he hastily smoothed his hair and otherwise made an office toilet, "it certainly will seem good to see the old crowd again and taste one of Franconi's dinners!"

In a pleasant dream Burkle locked his office and departed without noting the telephone staring him in the face or recalling his brand new flat and his bride waiting with a brand new dinner for his homecoming. That dinner had cost her a world of pains.

Franconi's dinner was a very good one. Then the crowd proposed the theater and after that somebody proposed supper and there were stories to be told and cigars to be smoked, and when Jones said as he had always said before on these occasions: "It's late, Burkle—you'd better stop at my diggings just around the corner instead of going out to your station," Burkle, being sleepily, assented. Yes, he stepped at Jones' "diggings."

In the morning when he awakened the sun was high and with a glance at the clock Burkle bounded up and into his clothes. He recalled an important appointment at the office for nine o'clock, and he made a rush to get there on time.

Now, when Burkle is engrossed in business he gives a remarkably good imitation of a man deaf dumb and blind to every other consideration. No thought but that of business on hand entered his mind. That was why when a couple of persons wearing square toed shoes and mysterious expressions entered his office and after staring at him suspiciously demanded his name Burkle was not agitated. He told them absentmindedly that his name was Burkle and continued laboring with his papers.

One of the square toed men tapped him on the shoulder. "Maybe you're Burkle," said the square toed man, "but you've got to prove it. Burkle's got a wife back home in hysterics with two doctors and a trained nurse working over her, because she says her husband is murdered and thrown into the lake—and you see you are not in the lake. Come on, now, and tell us about it."

Some time later when the doctors and the nurse had departed Burkle surveyed his wife thoughtfully. There was a new expression on his face, the chief ingredient of which was still bewilderment.

"Marie," he said, limply, "I don't see how I did it, really, I don't—you just go ahead and say everything to me that's in your mind and you'll feel better. But, darling—I'll never do it again!"

And, all unknown to himself, the utterance of this promise marked the complete subjugation of Burkle. The harness was fitted to him at last.

Trouble at the Gate.

"You can't come in here," said Saint Peter, as the sinner tried to bluff his way through. "Just listen to your record as taken down by the recording angel."

"I object to my exclusion on incompetent testimony," retorted the sinner. "I have not been represented by counsel, and I insist upon my constitutional rights. The recording angel must be sworn, and submit to my cross-examination at the hands of my attorneys, before a jury of my peers."

"Sorry," said Saint Peter, "but the trouble with that is that all your peers are down below in the other place, beyond the jurisdiction of this court."

The Prosperous Life

By REV. PARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D. D.

Secretary of Extension Department
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Blessed is the man . . . Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper . . . Not so the ungodly . . . But the way of the wicked shall perish.—Psalm 1, 3, 4, 6.



The book of the Psalms has been called the innermost sanctuary of the Christian life. The study of these poems is a source of never-ending delight and profit. Here we have the whole music of the heart of man, swept by the hand of his maker. "Here we hear the burst of his tenderness,

the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrow, the triumph of his victory, the despair of his defeat, the firmness of his confidence, and the rapture of his assured hope." In these psalms many travelers of every age and clime have found rivers of refreshment and wells of consolation. Here God opens the door, shows us his secret dwelling place, and tells us how we may get close to him in fellowship. Here he speaks to us; but more, here we speak, telling our own experiences and anon crying to God; we have written many of the psalms out of the experiences of our own lives.

This first psalm is regarded as a sort of preface to the entire collection, specially it is a picture of the prosperous life, and by sharp contrast a picture of the life without God in it. There is really only one life worth considering or cultivating; that is the life hid with Christ in God, and it should be our utmost concern to make that life blessed. Consider the elements of such a life as set forth in the entire psalm.

Refusal.

The prosperous life is sheltered behind a wall. Verses 1-3 set forth the great character, and it is marked by a great refusal. 1. Evil practice—walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; 2. Evil habit—nor standeth in the way of sinners; 3. Evil character—nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. The prosperous life must not think wrongly, nor speak wrongly. If God is not in all your thoughts, loose thinking soon will lead to loose living, and things that would eat away the fiber of will and conscience and feeling. Oh! the blessedness—the happiness—of the man who can say, "I will not defile myself; who will not take these three downward steps in the evolution of sin; and God pity the man who has taken the third degree in sin.

But refusal of evil thought, practice, and habit is not enough. One does not acquire physical health, vigor and power simply by refusal to eat poisonous foods or drink damaging liquors. The physical life requires food. The soul grows beautiful and strong, and the life prosperous and useful not only by its great refusal, but by the reception of all things that are full of nourishment—the pure, the honest, the lovely, the things of good report. God not only brings us away from Egypt; he leads us into Canaan—a land flowing with milk and honey.

The life that refuses the evil and received the good will be crowned with glorious blessings. They are stated so plainly in this psalm. (I am indebted to a friend for those brief suggestions.) Noble growth—"like a tree," (and that figure meant much in Palestine); propitious placing—"planted;" sustenance—"by the rivers of water;" fruitfulness—"that bringeth forth its fruit in its season;" beauty of character—"his leaf also shall not wither;" real prosperity—"whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." This result is measured by God's standard—"all things work together for good to them that love God." Yes, above all conditions apparently unfavorable and all results temporarily distressing, this is God's way of rewarding the man who trusts him, who waits upon God for sustenance, who delights himself in God, and who makes God's will not only the law of his life, or the joy of his life, but really his life.

Contrast.

Look at this picture—Blessed is the man, whatsoever he doeth shall prosper; then on this—"Not so the ungodly, not so." And by this sharp contrast and sudden change the psalmist increases the emphasis on the elements that constitute a prosperous life, and the blessings that attend it. Notice the character—the ungodly, simply the man who does not live in the way God demands; notice his character—like the chaff; notice his doom—which the wind driveth away. I call you by the persuasion of this psalm to choose the prosperous life. Nothing else is worth while, nothing else abides. "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." What God knows, lasts; what he does not know, perishes. Choose now your place, and decide your character, your usefulness, and your destiny. Which shall it be—tree, or chaff?

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BOTTLED BEER OF ALL KINDS

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Bank Statement

No. 8437

Report of the Condition of the First National Bank at Roosevelt in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, January 13, 1914.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$163,290.11
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	309.89
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	84,925.11
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	627.75
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	3,695.02
Due from approved Reserve Agents	62,853.78
Checks and other Cash Items	50.02
Notes of other National Banks	8,185.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	404.60
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	33,415.40
Legal Tender Notes	3,720.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of Circulation)	1,250.00
Total	389,726.18
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,284.46
National Bank Notes outstanding	24,500.00
Due to other National Banks	10,682.40
Dividends unpaid	15.00
Individual Deposits, subject to check	301,088.88
Certified checks	2,155.94
Total	389,726.18

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss:
 I, EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1914.
 JOHN M. O'TOOLE, Notary Public.
 Correct—Attest:
 HERMAN SHAPIRO,
 HARRY CONARD,
 ROBERT CARSON,
 Directors.



MORTALITY IN BABY CHICKS

Often Attributed to Parent Stock When Fault is Really Not Inherent—Test for Cause.

The large mortality in baby chicks is very often attributed to the parent stock when the fault is really not inherent. In an effort to ascertain the real cause for this condition make a test.

Remove carefully all traces of food from the brooders, leaving none whatever near them. Take some of the chicks that have the care of the mother hen and place them in the brooder over night. Continue this for several nights in succession, being sure to return them to the care of their mother each morning. Each morning note the condition of these little fellows, and if they are not injured or are none the worse for their experience in the brooder you will know that the temperature in the brooder is about right and the fault does not lie in that direction.

With the brooder eliminated as a possible cause for the mortality, you must begin to look elsewhere. This narrows itself down to one of two causes—improper feeding or lack of exercise. Now test for the food cause. Change your conditions of feeding radically and note the result. If the cause is not from the feeding, it must be from lack of exercise. Correct this by supplying them with a proper amount of this requisite.

Simply finding your chicks dead in the brooder in the morning when they are all crowded in a corner is not sufficient proof that they died from too low a temperature. Sick, weakly and indisposed chicks will always huddle together whether they are cold or not.

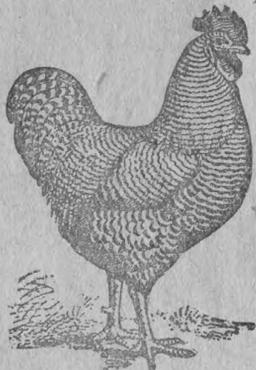
They will not huddle together, however, should the temperature be excessively high, in which event they will spread apart, and when found dead will usually be lying on their breasts. This condition, however, is seldom noted, as it takes a very high temperature to cause them to spread apart and to cause their death.

BREED POULTRY FOR RESULTS

Difficulty in Mating Unrelated Birds is to Find Strains With Like Characteristics.

"Few people realize the advantages of breeding together unrelated birds. Every time they are mated a decided improvement is had in their young, in exhibition and utility qualities, size and extreme hardiness." The above statement was made by E. R. Philo of New York, a man who has done much experimenting along the line of breeding.

Line breeding is dangerous unless thoroughly understood, and the work of years can be demolished in a very short time. As above stated,



Prize Winning Plymouth Rock.

the progeny of unrelated fowls is thrifty and high in utility, points which every breeder strives for.

The greatest handicap in mating unrelated birds is to find strains with like characteristics. When rearing a strain of Rocks for egg production it is sometimes hard to find a suitable male, bred for the same results as the hens he is to be mated with. Many breeders have distinct lines of birds, bred for the same results, but wholly disconnected along blood lines. In this way they can furnish their patrons new blood whenever desired.

Many a good strain is run down or ruined because of lack of experience of the breeder. One must know how and why the breed to obtain best success. A good pen of layers should not be mated with a male or unknown heredity. If a flock of birds is purchased for an egg-laying strain, the owner must know how they were bred, and adopt the same plan with them as the originator.

Sun and Shade.

Plenty of sun and shade are necessary in the life of the rapidly growing young chicks. Cobiness and shade from the hot sun are important. Trees and bushes make the best shade, but if they are not available artificial means can be provided that are almost as efficient.



QUESTION OF BETTER ROADS

Not Alone Affects Farmer and Automobileist, but is of Vital Importance to Everybody.

The good roads question is one which today is occupying the attention of every thinking man in the United States. This question does not affect alone the farmer or automobileist but is one which is of vital importance to all of us, owing to the fact that every extension of the good roads movement and the completion of every new artery has resulted not only in a greater production of food-stuffs in that particular section, but has cheapened them on account of the small cost of getting them into the market.

Although at the present time there are between 15,000 and 20,000 miles of improved roads in the United States, either under construction or proposed, no section of road is receiving the careful investigation or is being watched as closely by the road makers of the country and by good roads advocates, as is the 106-mile road which Gen. T. Coleman du Pont is constructing at his own expense through the state of Delaware.

General du Pont felt that any amount of money he might give for a road would be of far greater benefit and would have a far greater influence on the happiness and material prosperity of the people of his state than any other project he might select. To quote his own words: "My object in building the road is not only to provide a good highway where it is badly needed, but also to work out in a practical way a problem that will, if successful, revolutionize the building of roads in the United States. The problem is, How can a free country road be built to make it pay its original cost, cost of maintenance and a fair return on the money invested."

The solution of this problem as worked out by General du Pont, as a result of his experience on the Delaware road, is a system of graduated assessments, so arranged that all who receive direct benefits from the road are to bear their share of its expense, at the outset, and will later be recompensed by rentals of the unused portions of the road itself.

Suppose, for instance, that this Delaware road was being constructed by this method, instead of being given by General du Pont. On the du Pont road some twenty-six acres of land have been condemned for every mile of road. Revenue from the road will be partially derived from trolley franchises, from water, telephone, telegraph and sewer right of way rentals and partially from the rental of that part of the twenty-six acres per mile which is not used for actual road construction.

As laid out, the du Pont road consists of some seven parts, although not all of them will be developed immediately, the idea being to increase the size of the road as the traffic becomes heavier. When completed the road will consist of a forty-foot strip in the middle, which will be given over to automobiles, and on either side of this forty-foot strip a fifteen-foot strip, which has been reserved for trolley lines. Beyond the trolley lines there will be thirty-foot roads for horse-drawn vehicles and heavy traffic. Adjoining each of these last-named roads will be dirt roads, fifteen feet wide, under which will be laid water pipes, sewers, telephone and telegraph conduits, etc., thus eliminating any necessity for tearing up the paved portion of the road.

ESTIMATES FOR THIS YEAR

Annual Appropriations by Government Indicate Strides Being Made in Road Improvement.

No better idea of the forward strides being made by the office of public roads can be had than from figures connected with the annual appropriations. The appropriation for the present fiscal year is \$41,400 more than for the preceding year, while the estimate for the fiscal year of 1913-1914 is \$184,120 more than the present allotment. One of the items mentioned in connection with the appropriation for the coming fiscal year is roadmaking investigation, for which work an increase of \$89,000 is asked. The present amount available for such work is \$75,000. The next highest increase is asked for road management, \$21,000, as but \$25,000 is available this year. The amount now ready for use in field experiments, \$30,000, the office would like doubled. Included in this list of necessary increases is one for salaries, thus placing the office of public roads on a par with practically all other branches of the government service that are striving to raise the pay of the government clerk. The appropriation asked for this is a raise from \$37,020 for the present year to \$54,400.

Combat Dusty Roadways.

An English city is experimenting with granular calcium chloride to combat dusty roadways, applying about half a pound to the square yard.



FAILURE OF TREES TO SET

Trouble is Due to One or More of Several Causes—Many Varieties are Self-Sterile.

(By W. W. ROBBINS, Department of Botany and Forestry, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The failure of orchard trees to set fruit, in spite of the fact that an abundance of blossoms was produced, is due to one or more of several causes. These are as follows:

Self-Sterility—Many varieties of apples and pears are self-sterile. That is, they are not capable of setting fruit properly unless pollen from another variety is used. For example, Bartlett and Keiffer pears, in many localities, when planted in solid blocks, give less satisfactory results than when they are planted with such varieties as Lawrence, Duchess and Anjou. With apples and pears it is good practice to mix varieties. However, if varieties with proper affinities are selected, one variety to furnish the pollen is as good as a number.

Frozen Pistils—The pistil, which is the part of the flower to develop fruit, is more easily frozen than other parts of the flower. Hence the pistil may often be frozen while other flower parts are not affected; consequently, blossoms are formed, but fail to set fruit.

Weak Trees—Trees in a weak condition, although blooming abundantly, often fail to set fruit. Rain and Snow—The pistils may be mechanically injured and the pollen washed away by rain or snow at the time the blossoms are open.

Excessive Growth of Wood—Blossoms often drop in great numbers when the tree is forming excessive amounts of wood.

Overabundance of nitrogen fertilizers.

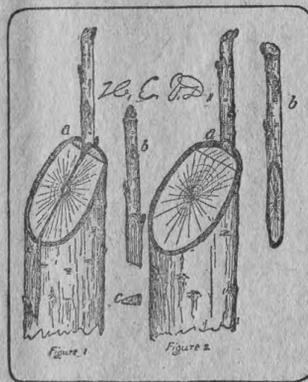
Diseased buds. Spraying—Heavy spraying of trees, especially before pollination, has in some few instances resulted in a loss of blossoms. This is not serious, however.

FOR GRAFTING FRUIT TREES

Successful Grafter Usually Cuts His Scions Few Weeks Before Operation is Performed.

In reply to a query as to the best method of grafting apple, peach, pear, plum and cherry trees, Green's Fruit Grower makes the following reply:

"The season at which the scions are inserted in the tree is important. There can be no uniting of the graft to the tree until the sap begins to circulate in the tree, therefore if the tree is grafted several weeks before the buds open and the leaves appear, there will be several weeks of exposure without much adherence of the two parts. The best time for grafting is at just that period when the buds are opening and when the sap is circulating freely in the tree, but at this date the scions cut



Grafting Trees.

on that day are apt to be too far advanced, that is the buds of the scions are apt to be partially opened, which is almost fatal. Therefore the successful grafter usually cuts his scions a few weeks earlier than the grafting is done, and stores the scions under the cool sawdust of the ice house or in damp sawdust or moss in a cool cellar until just the moment arrives for inserting them in the tree.

"If you are skillful enough to insert the wedge-like scion into the slit or split of the branch of the tree so that the bark of one edge of the scion exactly meets the bark of the tree as regards its inner surface, you are likely to succeed with your grafting. Do not try to graft the peach. The apple and pear are much easier to graft than the cherry or plum. The grape vine and nut trees are the hardest of all to succeed with."

Not Orchard Crops.

Wheat and oats are not good crops to grow in an orchard, as they remove the very elements from the soil that are most required by the growing tree, to grow good crops of fruit.

Selecting Peach Trees.

In buying peach trees, get one-year-old stock.



Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
 If you don't it won't be blown.
 The people won't flock
 To buy your stock
 If you never make it known.

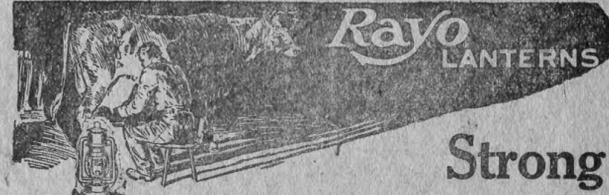
So, Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
 It's the proper business caper,
 And the very best way
 To make it pay
 Is to blow it through this paper.

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It gives a clear, strong light. Is easy to light and rewick. It won't blow out, won't leak, and won't smoke. It is an expert-made lantern. Made in various styles and sizes. There is a RAYO for every requirement.

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Silver Of Proven Quality

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Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL," showing all patterns.

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

Bank Statement

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF NICHOLAS RIZSAK OF CARTERT, N. J.

At the close of business, Jan. 13, 1914. No. 197

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$2,800.00
Stocks, Securities, Etc.	2,500.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures	14,850.00
Other Real Estate	57,630.00
Due from Other Banks, Etc.	19,058.10
Cash on hand	6,059.02
Other Assets	1,936.00
Total	\$104,833.12
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$55,045.90
Individual deposits, payable on demand	30,675.50
Other Liabilities	19,211.72
Total	\$104,833.12

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss.

NICHOLAS RIZSAK, being severally duly sworn deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

NICHOLAS RIZSAK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1914. EUGENE M. CLARK, Notary Public.

Effort Wasted.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair that shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull, to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair and left the white one still shining!"

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William Dalton

Furniture Moving
AND
General Trucking

Freight Called For Auto to Hire
and Delivered For All Occasions

THIRD STREET

Charming Afternoon Gown by Paquin



PAQUIN, who delights in surprising us with novel and intricate gowns, sometimes charms us with the simplest of creations which still embody the stamp of Paquin distinction. One of the latter is pictured in the illustration here. The skirt is of black charmeuse with a little coatee of black velvet and a bodice of plaited chiffon.

The skirt is a marvel of clever adjustment to the lines of the figure by means of shaping and the least possible draping. It is made in one with the corsage which includes the little coat and bodice effect. A more practical development of the toilette would manage to make the coat separate, because it could be removed indoors or worn as a separate coat with other gowns.

The coat is trimmed with fashionable skunk fur in a fine silky grade. This fur varies so much in quality that some skins are worth twice as much—and more—than others. It is used on practically every outside garment which women wear.

This gown should be chosen by those of plump figure who wish to wear velvet. Like other pile fabrics velvet must be carefully managed and

is best made up along plain and severe lines, like those shown in the model pictured.

There is not much warmth in an outside garment which leaves the chest uncovered, and therefore similar little coats are shown with wide revers to turn forward when one is outdoors and away from the chest indoors. But the lovely Paquin model, which we are studying, was not designed so much with reference to its practical side as to its picturesque and novel appearance. The clever handling of the fastening in front, where ribbon is wrapped about the fur and we are left to wonder how the wearer gets into or out of the gown, is most attractive.

The standing and full ruff of tulle is a wonderful touch in the finishing of the costume.

In keeping with it, and not taking the attention at all, the fur trimmed turban of black velvet with its little nosegay of gay flowers is just the hat for this gown. The ensemble leaves nothing to be desired—it is simple enough to please the most quiet taste and distinctive enough to suit the most discriminating dresser.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

COMBINATION OF WHITE WITH BLACK CREPE

APPARENTLY the combination of white with black crepe has come to stay. In those shops that specialize in this branch of apparel one sees a great deal of white crepe used in millinery. In the winter time it appears in facings or borders, or in made ornaments. It is in facing hats of black crepe that it is best liked.

For summer mourning, white crepe is used more extensively. All-white hats, and combinations of black and white crepe, in which the latter predominates, gives us a new kind of mourning millinery in which it is possible to be comfortable and to look cool as well.

The method of draping veils varies with the season and with ideas that

as a veil but as a part of the composition of hats for first mourning. Small face veils of net, with narrow border of crepe are supplied on the models that carry the long crepe veils. All models in mourning millinery are made up in the fashionable shops in either white or black, except in cases where the character of the design calls for a combination of the two or for one color alone.

The manufacture of crepe has been so perfected that it has become practical for people of moderate means. The waterproofing processes have made it among the most durable of fabrics instead of fragile, as it used to be. We are indebted to the English manufacturers for this fine achievement. Crepe used to be a luxury which only rich people could really afford.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Comforter Slip.

Make your comforter in the usual way, using white cheesecloth next to the cotton. Take your silkoline or other goods; steam it up in the usual way, sewing the edges together to form a slip; now slip it on the white comforter and tie enough to hold it in place. When comforter becomes soiled take the slip off and launder; hang the cotton on the line. Beat lightly with the carpet beater; you will have a clean comforter without the usual hard labor of lifting a heavy wet comforter, and your cotton will stay soft and fluffy much longer.—Los Angeles Express.

New Chiffon Bags.

The newest thing in bags to carry in the afternoon and evening is made of figured chiffon with a brown background, figured with yellow roses in an indistinct design.

This is mounted over cloth of gold and silver stripes and has a silver clasp and chain.

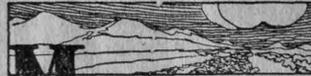
Another bag is made of mauve and green chiffon mounted over silver cloth. Silver cords are used for drawstrings at the top and a silver tassel is fastened to the pointed end of the bag.



enter the realm of fashion and succeed in remaining there. The veil of crepe is only moderately long now and usually draped in a box plait at the back. It may be widened to hang from the sides of the shape as shown in the illustration, or narrowed to hang straight down.

The crepe veil is, in fact, not worn

THE KITCHEN CABINET



MY OWN experience and development deepens every day by conviction that our moral progress can be measured by the degree in which we sympathize with individual suffering and individual joy. —George Eliot.

SOME GOOD THINGS.

For those who are fortunate enough to have quinces in plenty, a most delicious preserve which may be kept for winter, is the following: Rub the quinces without peeling, wash and wipe off all the fuzz, and pack them without peeling in a baking dish, half fill with sweet cider and bake for three or four hours, covered closely. An hour before taking up, add one cupful of sugar to every four quinces, and baste frequently; there should be about a cupful of sirup; more cider may be added if needed. Cut the quinces in quarters, removing the cores. Pour the sirup over them and serve cold with cream.

Date Pie.—Make a single crust of rich pastry in a pie pan. Fill with finely cut dates mixed with flavored sweet cream. Cover the top with a meringue and brown slightly in a hot oven. Dot with bits of bright jelly or cherries.

Simmered Carrots.—Clean, scrap and slice a pint of carrots, cook in boiling salted water until half cooked, and add two tablespoonfuls of batter, a small onion chopped fine, a teaspoon of sugar; stir and cook until the onions are cooked. Season with salt, pepper, add one and a half cupfuls of stock and simmer for half an hour. Serve garnished with chopped parsley.

Baked Squash.—This is a good way to use up cold squash: Add some melted butter, a little rich cream, seasonings and one or two beaten eggs. The amount of squash will determine the number of eggs. Turn into a well greased baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown.

Beef Tongue With Raisins.—Wash a beef tongue and put to cook gently until tender. Take out and remove the skin and trim it carefully. Put it into a casserole with one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two cupfuls of water and a suggestion of flavoring herbs. Summer savory, sweet marjoram and parsley are a good combination. Cover and cook slowly three hours. An hour before serving add a cupful of chopped raisins with a few left whole, a cup of orange juice or jelly, and simmer. Just before serving, thicken with flour and water stirred together.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart. —Confucius.

To parley with temptation is to play with fire.

FOOD THE DAY AFTER.

If less was said about reheating different foods and serving left-overs it would be better for all concerned. If care is taken of food, especially in the cold weather, it will be good even a week or more after. Meats should be, if cooked, carefully wrapped or covered with waxed paper, to keep them from drying out, even if kept in freezing temperature.

A bit of cold roast turkey or fowl of any kind is often more appreciated at its second appearing than it was when first cooked.

A bit of finely chopped chicken, goose or turkey will season a large dish of macaroni when put in layers. And chicken croquettes, if carefully made and nicely served, will make a most appetizing dish.

A soufflé with chopped fowl for its seasoning is another dainty dish fit to set before the finest guest.

A salad of bits of meat, crisp cabbage and celery with a good dressing is always popular.

Bits of turkey or chicken cut up with a knife and added to a good cream sauce, then poured over well buttered toast, makes a good breakfast dish.

Chicken Timbale.—To two cups of bits of fowl, add one cup of soft bread crumbs and a half cup of hot milk. Mix the crumbs and hot milk together, then add the meat and the yolks of two eggs. Season with a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and fold in the whites beaten just enough to be foamy; turn the mixture into a buttered pan or mold, cover with a greased paper and steam for an hour. Carefully unmold on a platter and serve with a rich white sauce in which a few mushrooms have been stirred.

There is no more delicious sandwich than that made of chopped chicken breast well seasoned with salad dressing and a bit of celery salt.

Nellie Maxwell.

As a German Explained His Dogs.

One of the Atchison Globe's stories: A German cobbler and his wife had two dogs, a St. Bernard six months old and a fox terrier three years old. A friend, calling one day, said to the cobbler: "Those are two fine dogs you have." "Yes," replied the cobbler, "und de funny part of it iss dat de biggest dog is de littlest one." His wife then spoke up and explained: "You must mine husband egcuse; he speaks not very good English. He means de oldest dog is de youngest one."

HIS FIRST YEAR AT FARMING IN SASKATCHEWAN

Win Premiums and Prizes in Competition With the World.

There are thousands of young men filling positions in stores and offices, and in professional occupations throughout the United States, who in their earlier life, worked on the farm. The allurements of city life were attractive, until they faced the stern reality. These people would have done better had they remained on the farm. Many of them, convinced of this, are now getting "back to the land," and in the experience, no better place offers nor better opportunity afforded, than that existing in Western Canada. Many of them have taken advantage of it, and there are to be found today, hundreds of such, farming in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The conditions that surround farming operations today are so much superior to those in existence during their early farming days, that there is an attraction about it. Improved machinery, level and open plains, no rocks to shun, no trees to cut down, but wide stretches with mile-long furrows, elevators to handle the grain, railways to carry it to market, and bring almost to their doors the things necessary to operate. Splendid grazing areas, excellent opportunities for raising cattle. These things are all so different from what they once were that there is reason to speak of the attractions. R. H. Crossman of Kindersley, Saskatchewan, the man who won such splendid prizes at the International Dry Farming Congress held at Tulsa, Oklahoma, last fall, grew the prize grains during his first year farming. Up to 1913 he was an engineer and the only knowledge he had of farming was that obtained when he was a boy. That was very useful; in fact it was valuable to him. He had not forgotten it. Thousands with as little experience as he had can do well by taking up one of the 16-acre grants offered by the Canadian government. —Advertisement.

'Tis But Human.

Even at an international suffrage convention hats claim a share of the general interest. Miss Anna Maxwell Jones gives an account of her experiences at the Budapest conference. "Every woman," she says, "had to take off her hat and leave it with the soldier at the door. I suppose the explanation may have been the queerness of some of them. I saw one woman wearing a thing like a cornucopia upside down, with tassels on each side. Of course I thought it was an interesting national costume, with which I was unfamiliar, and made bold to ask her about it. 'Oh, no, indeed. This is a Paris hat,' she replied."

Also in the Trade.

"Well, John," said the doctor, who had been rather rudely roused from his afternoon nap, "what's wrong with you?"

"I've sprained my wrist rather badly, sir," explained the blacksmith of the village.

The doctor examined the wrist, and looked grave.

"Thomas," he called to his surgery boy, "go upstairs and bring me down that phial on the table."

With indignation in his face, the blacksmith started to his feet.

"File!" he yelled. "No, you don't! If this hand's got to come off you'll use a knife or an ax!"

One Exception.

"After all, talk is cheap." "Not when we have to pay congress for doing it for us."

Heard at a Concert.

"The screeching of that soprano makes me weary." "I thought you liked high bawls."

FRIENDLY TIP.

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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



EDWIN S. QUIN

REAL ESTATE
and INSURANCE

Fire, Plate Glass and Accident Insurance

PLACED WITH THE BEST COMPANIES

SURETY BONDS

(Agent for National Surety Co.)

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

P. O. Box 193, Chrome, N. J.

An Imitation Takes For Its Pattern the Real Article

There was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the genuine article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?

Refuse Imitations.

Get What You Ask For!

Puzzle

Find the Man

Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article—necessity or luxury—every day of his or her life. Single handed it would take you months to seek out those interested in your line of business.

An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

When you send in your "help wanted" ad, read the "situations wanted" at the same time.

Thus you double your prospects and hasten results.

Take the "two-to-one shot."

SOCIETIES---LODGES

CAREY COUNCIL, No. 1290, Knights of Columbus—Meets first and third Tuesdays, St. Joseph's Hall.

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

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

QUINNIPIAC TRIBE No. 203, Imp. Odd 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. 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 trill.

PUBLIC DANGER

You Cannot Afford to Miss Reading This

We believe it is our duty to inform the public that the majority of fatal cases of pneumonia are caused by the patient taking for a cold some so-called cough cure which depends upon poisonous drugs for its effect.

These drugs deaden the nerves and stop secretion along the breathing tract—that causes pneumonia.

Father John's Medicine cures colds and throat and lung troubles without poisonous drugs. It is not a patent medicine, nor cough syrup, but a body builder—an eminent specialist prescribed it for the Rev. Father John O'Brien of Lowell, Mass., fifty years ago.

TRIBUTE TO THE HUMBLE HEN

According to Wise Observation Biddy Has a Shade the Best of Any Other Creature.

"Alexander is a character in his way and is always surprising my household with his original opinions and homely philosophy," says Senator James E. Martine. "Not long ago he was hoeing and hilling some potatoes down on our Jersey farm, and I stood by while he was trying to drive the chickens away from the freshly turned earth. They kept him very busy and finally, instead of losing patience, he turned to me and said:

"Boss, do yo' know dat a chicken are most accomodatinist thing what lives?"

"How is that, Alexander?" I asked him.

"Why, it's like dis, boss. Yo' eats 'em befo' dey's bawn and yo' eats 'em aftah dey's daid."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Economist.

"It isn't by petty and ridiculous economies that men succeed," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a dinner in his wonderful skyscraper residence in New York.

"Some people seem to think that to get rich one must economize like Blanco.

"Blanco's faithful old dog had turned sickly and savage, and so Blanco said to his wife on arriving home from business Saturday evening:

"I'll shoot Towser tomorrow morning before church."

"Blanco paused, then added, sternly:

"So remember, please, that he won't need any breakfast."

BABY ONE MASS OF PIMPLES

Treichlers, Pa.—"When my baby boy was a week old small red pimples appeared on his forehead. A couple of days later his face, chest and back were just one mass of pimples. The pimples looked something like prickly heat. They became yellow and started to get crusty-like. He was very cross and fretful and he lost his rest at night. I also lost my rest and sat up whole nights. He acted as if they were itchy. I didn't know what to do and he was getting worse. It caused disfigurement and some people said it would leave scars.

"I started to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions. He was affected about two weeks before I used them. From that time on he rested just as good as any child can rest. When I had used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment a few days the dead skin came off. In a week's time his skin was as clear as anybody's and there is not a scar on his whole body." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. B. Coffin, Apr. 3, 1913.

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

She Was Nearer the Truth.

"I love you for all I'm worth," protested the count.

"I rather think it's for all I'm worth," replied the heiress.

Accounted For.

"There is a lot of spirit in that song."

"That is why it keeps haunting you."

Astonishing Tobacco Remedy—Guaranteed to instantly remove taste for cigarettes or tobacco in any form, or money cheerfully refunded. Send 50c and receive wonderful remedy by return mail. Address Box 2, Tobacco Disease Co., Wichita, Kansas.—Adv.

The political candidate who "also ran" believes the country is short of asylums for hopeless idiots.

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

A man is known by his lawyer and a woman is known by her doctor.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

Some surgeons manage to carve out big fortunes.

Ask For DROSACK PASTILLES

for Coughs and all Affections of the throat. Guaranteed pure and to give immediate relief. Pleasant to take. If not at your druggist a box will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 25c by THE CONVENT CO. Morristown, N. J.

LADIES PLAN

Wonderful opportunity; any town 1,000 or more, have pleasant home employment making easy money, spare time. Article easily mailed. Send 8 cents stamps to cover cost mailing. Morris & Grossman, 151 W. 14th St., New York

HOXSIE'S GROUP REMEDY

A possible swift and sure cure for coughs, colds and croup. No opium. 50c. Druggists or mailed, postpaid. A. P. HOXSIE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Making Tomorrow's World

By **WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.**
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)



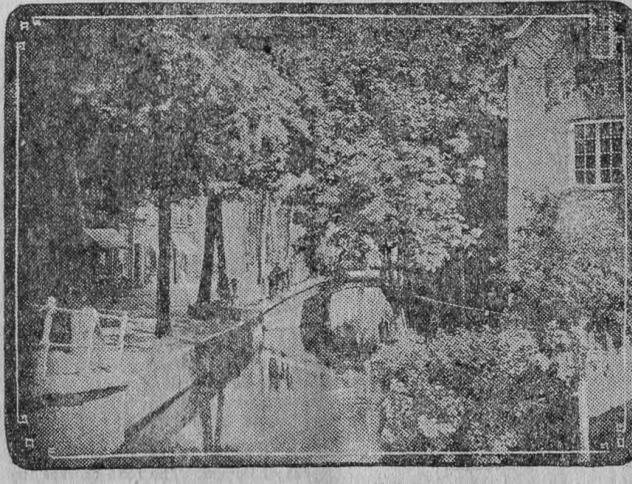
THE ORIGIN OF ADULTS

Amsterdam. — Holland, full of fascination always to students of history and life, has last year had more than its usual fascination because of its international congresses and its local celebrations of the centenary of the freedom of the Netherlands. Perhaps no celebration was more attractive than that at Amsterdam where, among other exhibitions, was held, under the direction of a group of enterprising Dutch women, a special display, on the banks of the Amstel, to show the evolution of the social and intellectual position of woman since 1813. Features of the exhibition were contrasting middle class houses of 1813 and of 1913, each with its kitchen, dining room, bed rooms and furnishing complete. Other departments showed the change in the kind of product of woman's work in the one hundred years, as nurse, housekeeper, teacher, in business and professional life.

Europe Awake on Baby Question.

Inspecting the exhibition, under the guidance of the honorary secretary, Mrs. J. E. Van Buuren-Huys, no more significant section was seen than that devoted to child-life. In this was set forth, by charts, maps, official reports, and wax figures, the changed thought of the world, particularly of continental Europe, regarding babies. Appropriately was the exhibition held in Holland, where the beloved Queen Wilhelmina and her baby rule.

The baby has just now been officially discovered in Europe. As the veal maker of tomorrow's world the infant is being studied by the state. The fact is that you can not have a farmer or a merchant or even a journalist without first saving a baby. Except Adam and Eve, and Minerva, the goddess-professor, it seems clear enough now that the origin of adults must be traced back to babies. If



Street and Canal in Holland.

tomorrow's world is to be what we all hope it to be, the babies must be continuously cared for. And one of the newer and more far-reaching questions in the old world is the baby question. The child-section in the woman's exhibition in this quaint Holland capital shows progress in its study and solution.

Congested City Life Slays Infants.

The reports of European congresses and of the more recent English-speaking Conference were displayed in popular form. The effect of the crowded conditions of city life upon infants was suggested by chart and picture. Figures furnished by John Burns, British Minister of Health, were shown. Mr. Burns' figures contrasted the percentages of infant mortality in congested and open districts, in districts where mothers worked and neglected their children, with others more favored. In Hampstead, London, the rate of infant mortality was 71 per thousand; in Shoreditch, at the other and more crowded end of London, the infant mortality was 145 per thousand. In Lancashire, where women worked in factories and where many children were therefore uncared for, the infant mortality was exceedingly high, three or four times the rate in districts where women of the same class did not work. With such facts European governments are studying plans whereby mothers should be mothers and not machines.

Doctors are more successful at saving their own babies to become adults. Mr. Burns found that doctors' babies died at the rate of only 40 per thousand, while in the case of the upper and middle classes of Great Britain the rate was 77, in the case of artisans 100 to 130, in the case of miners 160, in the case of unskilled laborers 150 to 250, and in the case of farm workmen, despite their brutally low wages, only 97 per thousand. The

fanats are to be saved alive to furnish a proper supply of adults, the mothers must be protected. Thus the logic of the more or less paternalistic governments of Europe and the Amsterdam charts show the mother as the civilized state's care.

The French, in whose country the baby is held in higher regard, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world, seem to be pioneers. First, they supplied babies with milk. Then they fed the mothers who nursed them, for it is a curious paradox in France that, in a country where babies are supreme, so many babies are nursed by foster-mothers. Next the French began to feed the expectant mother and found the result highly successful. At the Conference in London on infant mortality a most valuable and significant discussion dealt with ante-natal hygiene. The chief cause of infant mortality, it was conclusively shown, is a defective condition of development at birth—and this depends upon the facts of ante-natal life. Mothers are Nature's original device for the prevention of infant mortality. Hence the care of them by the state.

Besides the charts on infant mortality, indeed supplementary to them, other charts showed the effect of alcoholism and disease in the parent upon the life of the infant.

While the state's growing concern in the care of children, from their birth and before, is mainly brought about by the state's desire for physically strong soldiers in its army, it has had a good effect in many ways. Schools for mothers have been established, better housing conditions provided, parks opened, and many measures—some fantastical, but all well-meant—have been encouraged. "And a little child shall lead them."

Regulations to Safeguard Children.

Scotland, under a new Act of Parliament, provides for the actual (not

merely on paper) medical inspection of children and for the care (including the supply of food and clothing) of neglected children and children in isolated districts. Another recent Parliamentary Act, applicable to all the United Kingdom, provides inspection of all charitable institutions and "homes." One thousand little children are burned to death in Great Britain annually. The new act compels parents or house-owners to have guards on their grates and take other precautions against fires. Juvenile courts, with plenary powers, are established. Parents are required to attend this court and, if they have not properly looked after their children, must take the punishment or pay the fine which would otherwise be assessed against the child. Jail imprisonment for children and the death sentence for them are abolished. Children under fourteen years of age are not allowed in any part of a public house used as a drinking bar. Alcohol may not be given to children anywhere under the age of five years, except in the case of illness. Cigarettes or cigarette papers may not be sold to children under sixteen years old nor other tobacco believed to be for the children's own use. Policemen and parkmen may take away the tobacco from boys whom they find smoking. Local authorities are empowered to establish Choice of Employment offices to assist the young in determining upon employment.

Bonuses to Large Families.

Great Britain has changed the maternity benefit of its national insurance law granted by the state to become the absolute property of the mother. France is trying an experiment toward checking the decline of the birth rate and promoting child welfare by grants of bonuses to large families. Under a law passed by the French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies just adjourned, needy French parents with more than three children below the age of thirteen years will receive an annual grant of \$12 to \$16 for each child beyond that number. It is estimated that about \$10,000,000 will be expended annually. The cost will be shared by the nation, the departments and the municipalities.

Neglect of Babies Breeds Crime.

If the child is saved to become an adult, does the lack of care in infancy affect his moral character? A corollary to the Amsterdam charts is a report of a statistical study of the English convict by Dr. Goring, of Parkhurst Prison. The conclusions of Dr. Goring are that convicts, as a class, are markedly inferior to the general population in physique and general capacity, though there is no "criminal type." The forehead, ears, jaw, of which we have heard so much, are the merest moonshine. The condition most closely related to petty crime, the most fruitful source of nearly all that is meant by crime, is mental defectiveness. This defectiveness is a result, in an overwhelming number of cases, of the lack of care of the child at some period of its infant life.

"Every step in the direction of making and keeping the children healthy," runs the prominently displayed quotation from the Chief Medical Officer of the London Board of Education, "is a step towards diminishing the prevalence and lightening the burden of disease for the adult and a relatively small rise in the standard of child health may represent a proportionately large gain in the physical health, capacity and energy of the people as a whole. As a general proposition it may be said that a state can not effectively insure itself against disease unless it begins with its children."

State Now Hears Infant's Cry.

The baby in Europe has been found out. Always heard at home, he is now taken into account in the making of laws, the cleansing of slums, the planning of towns. This new knowledge may mean more rapid change for the infant's cry is ever more potent against cruel social conditions than even "the curses of the strong man in his wealth." The baby, the chief asset of the civilized state, is having more intelligently and continuously that state's chief care. And babies are the stuff out of which adults are made.

Yet, upon returning from the beautiful and inspiring exhibition of the Dutch women, we found two nine-year-old boys, tipped towards pauperism by American visitors, running night and day the elevator in the Amsterdam hotel, while outside the hotel door, in the gathering darkness, in the crowded, narrow, thread-like Kalver Straat two wan-faced and ragged girls, scarce older, begged alms.

(Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

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

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.



An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Stop That Cough

with the old reliable, most agreeable and effective remedy

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Soothes and heals sore throat, hoarseness, dryness and all irritation. Sold by druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Sup't. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

J. S. CRAWFORD
301 E. Genesee St.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Canadian Government Agent

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brentwood

DO YOU WANT MONEY?
2 SALESMEN OR SALESWOMEN wanted at once to handle new article in your own locality. No bond or experience needed. We train you from start and tell you just how to do it. To right parties splendid opportunity to make big money quick. 75% commissions, prizes, etc. For complete particulars write at once to Tolax Chemical Co., 25 Devereux St., Utica, N. Y.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists. Write for 25c. Sample and full particulars. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

\$100 SCHOLARSHIP FREE in bookkeeping and stenography to person forming greatest number of words from letters in "Stenography." Contest closes Jan. 21, 1914. Address Contest Mgr., Lebanon Bus. College, Lebanon, Pa.

MAPLE COVE FARM PRODUCTS direct to consumer by parcel post. Route 24, Athens, Penn.

W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 5-1914.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

5 DROPS

The Best Remedy For all forms of Rheumatism

LUMBAR SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

DROPS

STOP THE PAIN Given Quick Relief No Other Remedy Like It

SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST SWENSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 106-110 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

The Liberal Advertiser

—IS THE—

Successful Merchant.

LOOKING DOWNWARD



THE GENESIS OF THE HOBBLE.

Captain MacManus, master airigator, leaned idly on the pneumatic starboard rail of the great New York receiving float of the Five Continents & Australia Aerial line and gazed down at Manhattan Island, 5,000 feet below, as it was in the year 1962.

Down on the caissons of the F. C. & A. ground terminal a tiny electrical depot-tender, all glass and wire, was taking aboard her quota of passengers, bound for the float to catch the 10:11 Express for Paris. The Express, a monster 900-footer, that flashed her red hull across the Atlantic on the 10,000-foot level at the rate of 150 miles an hour, lay in her clips on the float, impatient to be released and tear herself away from contact with things near-mundane. Tiny 300-foot express packets from Washington, Chicago, Pittsburg and other near-by points were swarming to the float, discharging their passengers and mails for the big Express, taking their release signals and scurrying back whence they came.

It was a scene that the captain had seen year after year, yet he never tired of witnessing the silent swiftness with which the thing was managed.

A tiny bell buzzed near him and No. 10 Starboard Clip swiftly opened its great steel arms and awaited the coming of the boat that had signaled it. Down below the tender rose up from the terminal caissons, spiraled upward in long curves, and one minute later No. 10 Clip received it in its arms.

Out of the tender came rushing four boys in the white and green uniforms of the apprentices of the line. "Kids bound for the training grounds in the Himalaya's," grunted Captain MacManus.

The boys instantly made a respectful rush toward him.

"What luck!" cried one. "We've got just fifteen minutes to catch the

"So we guessed," said one of the boys. "We read about them in history books. But what is it of?"

The captain studied longer.

The figure on the photograph was different from anything ever seen or dreamed of in the year 1962. Apparently it represented some creature bearing a faint resemblance to the women of the day. The physiognomy was dainty and appealing to the eye, but it was almost surrounded by a great mass of material resembling hair. To the waist the figure bore some resemblance to the women of 1962. But here the resemblance ceased. From the waist down the figure was shaped like an elongated V, with the small end at the bottom, where the feet should have been. It looked something like a woman who had been caught and tied so she couldn't move.

"That," said Captain MacManus, "is an old-time photograph of a woman in a hobble gown."

"What! Ha, ha, ha! Good joke, captain," laughed the apprentices. "Fancy—a woman! But tell us what it really is, captain, please."

"I have told you," said the captain. "It's a woman in a hobble skirt of the age of 1912 or thereabouts."

"A woman!" the boys drew forward and gazed at the picture in amazement. "A woman—in a what did you say, captain?"

"A hobble skirt," said the old man. "You don't know what that is, do you, kids? Never heard of such a thing? Can't imagine such a thing, eh? But that's what this relic of the past represents, and you can look in any ancient history and see that I'm right."

"What do you think the woman had done, captain?" asked the apprentice.

"What had she done?"

"Yes. To make them bind her up in that fashion. What was she being punished for?"

"Or maybe she was doing penance of some kind," suggested another.

thin. Sometimes it said: 'No hips,' and the women promptly didn't have any hips; then it would say: 'Let there be hips and hips there were, lads, till you couldn't rest. Now, you young fellows, who live in this age when women, having finally won their hard-fought battle to get a flinger in the world's work, have got plenty of other things to worry about besides looking pretty and therefore don't care so much for style, you fellows can tell just about what women will look like one year after another. It was different in the old days; you had to be ready for anything then.

"I remember one sad, sad case that came about through this, and it happened in this same age, about 1912, that this ancient lady in a hobble skirt belonged to: There was a brave young explorer who'd gone down to take the temperature of the south pole. He had a beautiful young wife that he had to leave behind in a little old-fashioned hotel named the Knickerbocker that used to stand at the corner of Forty-second and Broadway, because this was before they had electric heat and all modern inconveniences, including Turkish baths, at the pole. 'I'll be waiting for you,' says she. 'Hurry back.' 'So long,' says he; and away he went and was gone for five long years.

"You see, when he went away women were plump, and had hips and shoulders, and wore long skirts, with room enough in them to walk. When he came back it was the year of these hobble skirts and the women were altogether different. The young explorer goes into his apartments in the little hotel and something that looks like this picture leaped up to welcome him, and he steps back and hollers: 'Gimme my gun. There's a strange animal like a seal in the room.' And it was only his wife. The sad part of it was that he had to pay the dressmaker next day."

"But why did the women let Style boss them so?" asked an apprentice. "Would it punish them if they wouldn't get thin or plump as it ordered them?"

"Would it! Indeed it would, my lad; it would let them see other women who were in style!"

"But how did they ever happen to hit onto anything like this hobble skirt, captain?"

"Well, you see, 'twas in the days when the ladies were fighting for equal rights with man. The men wouldn't let them wear the trousers as yet, so the dear women did the next best thing. They couldn't get the whole trousers, but they could get one leg. They took and made it into a skirt as you see in the picture."

The young airmen gazed at the strange picture in amazement. "Why in the world did they think such things made them pretty, captain?" asked one. "Fancy one of our women today wearing anything that would interfere with their stride!"

"The women of today are free," said Captain MacManus. "They have thrown off the thrall of instinct. And yet," he mused smilingly, "and yet, those old days were good days, after all. Douse my signal rays! I don't know but what they were as good as the present era, so far as the women are concerned. Yes, lads, in those days I was once tempted to enter that old-fashioned and discarded state of matrimony."

"What was the matter, captain?" asked one of the boys. "Wouldn't the girl have you?"

"Run along," growled the old man. "Get aboard the Express. You're like all the boys nowadays; you're too keen on ancient history."

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DENIES THEORY OF LOMBROSO

Equally High Authority Asserts That There is No Distinct Type of Criminal.

Dr. Charles Goring is the latest criminologist to combat the theories of Lombroso and to assert that there is no such thing as a criminal type. Dr. Goring admits that there are some persons who are naturally criminals, but he denies that their criminality shows itself by physical stigmata. Seeing that criminality is a purely artificial distinction, it is hard to understand why nature should aid in the classification. Our social system has seen fit to select a small number of the almost innumerable ways of being wicked and to label them as criminal. The other ways are not labeled as criminal, although they may actually involve a much greater moral turpitude. It is not the function of society to prevent people from being wicked, but only to prevent them from being wicked in such ways as are particularly prejudicial to the rest of the community. There was a time when it was criminal to read the Bible. It is still criminal to do some things of which the moral sense may highly approve. We can hardly expect nature to give her sanction to our artificial distinctions.

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns belongs in the very front rank of the world's great men. As a song writer he stands along with Goethe, Heine and Beranger, and as a satirist he ranks well up with Juvenal and Pascal. His "Coter's Saturday Night," his "Tam O' Shanter" and his "Holy Fair" are simply inimitable, as great, in their line, as the most consummate masterpieces of the world's greatest writers. Burns was original in the best sense of that word, and his songs, satires, epistles and many of his more serious productions stand forth unique, and fresh, and powerful as the tints of Titian or the chiseling of Phidias.

DOING A GREAT WORK

RAILROAD SUPPLY MANUFACTURERS DESERVE PRAISE.

Their Duty It is to See That Small Details of Safety Devices, That Mean so Much, Shall Always Be Up to the Mark.

That the automatic railway signal of today is where it is, is due to the needs of modern transportation being supplied by the railroad supply manufacturer. He is the one who has dug deep into this problem; to him we look for its final solution. One has only to go back to a few years ago to remember the famous Burlington tests, remember who gave to the railroads the air brake, without which today even fast freight trains, to say nothing of the passenger trains, would be impossible. Like a victorious army, the manufacturers of railway supplies of this country march on to conquer and subdue all before it. Here and there are leaders who stand out more prominently than the rank and file, but nevertheless the rank and file is doing the work and doing important work. The greatest general in the world can accomplish nothing with an undisciplined army of ignoramuses and cowards. Credit is due, then, not only to the manufacturers of railway supplies whose names are known world wide, but also to the individuals who are unknown outside of their own little spheres.

The automatic railway signal is valueless to a large extent if the signal lamp, which is to do duty at night, fails. The signal lamp is a small thing, prosaic, only a link in the chain, but nevertheless it must do its work, and do it properly. That it does do the work for which it is intended is to the credit of the railway supply manufacturer. The co-operating with the railway officers has in this, as in a thousand other things, developed modern railway transportation in all its branches, until today it stands as the eighth wonder of the world. We who are a part of all this are too close to it to get the right perspective, to gain an adequate idea of the wonderful opportunities and the important part that we are playing in the advancement of civilization. Water and coaling stations, draft gear and brake beams, tie plates and car curtains, signal lamps and rail anchors, play their part in advancing civilization, and the school and the church and the college are not the only factors that make for progress in the life of any nation.

We had schools and churches and colleges thousands of years before we ever had railroads, and we never had the modern twentieth century until the railroads made it possible for groups of people in various parts of the world to get acquainted with various other groups. It is the railroads that have given the human race the opportunity for co-operation.—Bruce V. Crandall, Secretary National Railway Appliances Association.

IS EASILY CROOKED LINE

Railroad That Climbs Hills of the Himalayas Amply Demonstrates Its Claim to Title.

The title of "the crookedest railway in the world" has a number of claimants, but among lines which depend on adhesion and not on cogs for traction the Darjeeling-Himalayan railway is probably without a rival. This remarkable little line, which is of two-foot gauge, climbs 6,000 feet in 50 miles in ascending from Silguri, at the foot of the Himalayas, to the Darjeeling, the hill station and summer capital of Bengal. The road crosses itself many times in its dizzy climb, spirals, "horseshoes," "switchbacks" and "corkscrews" succeeding each other all the way. The diminutive train carries first, second and third class passengers, the fares being approximately the equivalent of twelve, six and two cents a mile, respectively. The express trains are electrically lighted and provided with fans.

A picturesque feature of this line is the presence on the cow catcher of



The Crookedest Railway in the World.

a man with a basket of stones to throw at elephants, bullocks, goats, etc., which are constantly straying upon the unfenced right of way.—Popular Electricity.

Compartment Coaches in London.

It is worthy of notice that the new cars which the London & Southwestern railway is having built for its suburban electric service will be on the separate compartment principle. When the London underground railways were converted from steam traction the American open car was introduced, and this is now in use on electric railways in most countries. But the Englishman takes more kindly to the greater privacy of the compartment coach, and the Southwestern company has been well advised to bear this preference in mind.—London Globe.

HIGHEST OF RAILROAD LINES

Great Altitude Attained by Some of the South American Lines—Feats of Engineering.

In the spring of 1912 in South America a railway was opened between the harbor town of Arica in Chile and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. The gauge is 3.28 feet and the Andes mountains are passed through a tunnel located at 12,980 feet over the ocean. After passing the tunnel the railroad follows the Maure river, crosses the Desaguadero river and terminates at La Paz, which is located at an elevation of 12,113 feet. The total length of the road is 300 miles.

This railroad, however, is not the highest in the world. In the fall of 1912 the Antafogasta railroad was opened, connecting the Mulati river with Potosi. This railroad has its highest point at an elevation of 16,006 feet.

Of standard-gauge railways the Peruvian Central railroad is the highest. It connects the harbor city Callao with the capital Lima and the City of Oroya. Its tunnel through the Andes mountains is located at a height of 15,750 feet.

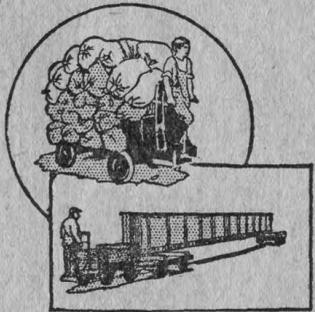
In Europe the highest railroad is located on the Jungfrau mountain in Switzerland. This mountain is 13,665 feet high and the highest point reached by the road is 11,140 feet.

In the United States the nine-mile railroad up Pike's Peak in Colorado reaches the top of the mountain, which is 14,216 feet high.

HAND METHOD TOO COSTLY

Electric Trucks Now in Use at Most Freight Stations and Large Steamboat Docks.

The old method of trucking goods by hand at freight stations and steamboat docks is doomed as being too



costly. The hand truck, while good for shifting goods but a few feet, is inefficient in long hauls into freight stations from cars or on to steamers, and the small electric truck is fast taking its place. These trucks are loaded as any other truck, but when full the man in charge steps on to a front platform, grabs hold of two handles and away the load goes under its own storage battery power, steering and controlling by the handles, and moving the heavy load quickly and around sharp corners. The lower sketch shows a somewhat similar application on rails, this being used for hauling structural steel and the like about a factory.

RAILROAD TRAVEL IN 1846

"Speed" at Which the Modern Engineer Would Laugh Was Then Considered Wonderful.

Prof. Edward L. Morse of Salem sends the following extract from a letter written by Louis Agassiz to his mother. The letter is dated Boston, December, 1846:

"Leaving Boston the 16th of October, I went by railroad to New Haven, passing through Springfield. The rapidity of the locomotion is frightful to those who are unused to it, but you adapt yourself to the speed, and soon become like all the rest of the world, impatient of the slightest delay. I well understand that an antipathy for this mode of travel is possible. There is something infernal in the irresistible power of steam, carrying such heavy masses along with the swiftness of lightning. The habits growing out of continued contact with railroads and the influence they exert on a portion of the community, are far from agreeable until one is familiar with them. You would cry out in dismay did you see your baggage flung about pell-mell like logs of wood—trunks, chests, traveling bags, hat boxes, all in the same mill, and if here and there something goes to pieces, no one is astonished; never mind; we go fast—we gain time—that is the essential thing."

And this was on the Boston & Albany! And there was baggage smashing in 1846!

Discipline Foundation of Safety.

It is not the steel car that will produce safety, as many people seem to believe; neither will a complete system of block signals, but the public have a right to demand that on lines of heavy traffic, where fast trains are operated, there should be ample signal protection; that there should be the best equipment that can be provided and that all reasonable safeguards should be thrown around the operation of the trains. But no matter how perfect the signaling, how complete the train, without discipline and the obedience of rules safety cannot be secured. Only the most competent men should be selected to operate the fast passenger trains. The best men in the service should be selected for the train crews, and the most perfect discipline should be maintained. This is the foundation of safety.

THE LIGHT CHINESE PLOW

Made Entirely of Wood Except for Peculiar Shaped "Share" Which is Iron.

London.—Here is a snapshot of a village scene in South China. The village is near the coast, and consequently most of the men find employment in fishing, while the women cultivate the land, the crops grown consisting chiefly of rice and sweet potatoes. The woman in the foreground of the photograph is carrying on her shoulder a plough of the kind universally used in the district. It is made entirely of wood except for the peculiar-shaped "share," which is of iron.



Chinese Women With a Light Plow.

and it is usually transported from place to place in the manner shown. In use it is drawn by one of the native cattle or by a water-buffalo. The other woman holds in her hand a hook of the kind used for cutting the long, coarse grass on the uncultivated hill-sides (there is much of this done), and across her shoulder she has a carrying pole. The head-dresses of both women are quaint and characteristic. What appears to be a rough crushing-mill is partly shown in a corner of the photograph. It consists merely of a circular slab of granite resting on another larger slab, which has a channel cut round its outer edge with a lipped outlet. A hole in the side of the upper slab is apparently intended for the insertion of a bar or hand-spike, by which it could be turned, while another hole, through its center, provides a means of ingress for the article to be crushed.

\$80,000 FOR STAMP ALBUMS

Late Earl of Crawford's British Collection Sold in London Includes Rarest of Specimens.

London.—The late earl of Crawford's collection of British stamps was sold for \$80,000. The purchasers are Edward Healey & Co. of London. The sale of the British stamps from this philatelic collection leaves in the possession of the Crawford family only the American stamps collected by the late earl. All his other stamps were sold in 1912. They included some of the rarest specimens extant and filled 60 volumes. The price paid for them was not made public.

The late earl of Crawford, who died in February last, was elected president of the Philatelic Society of England on the accession to the throne of King George, who is an enthusiastic philatelist and was president of the society for many years. It was announced at the time that the earl of Crawford's collection was second only to that of the king, who has been collecting since his boyhood.

Among the rare stamps of this country in the collection which apparently has not yet been disposed of are the provisional issues by postmasters between the years 1845 and 1847, prior to the earliest general issues by the American government. One of the stamps is the very rare 20-cent St. Louis specimen, with a picture of two bears. This stamp is valued at \$1,500. Another rarity is the Annapolis five-cent envelope stamp of 1846, the value of which is estimated also at \$1,500.

SPEED DUE TO KISSING GIRL

"Ah, Those Beautiful Lips!" He Claims Before Judge, and Companion Calls Policeman "Horrid."

New York.—Armond Schmolli, a handsome youth, was assessed \$25 by Magistrate Corrigan for the city's benefit for kissing a young person he described as his "best girl" while driving a motor car at 40 miles an hour.

Policeman Haggerty ran Schmolli down on Broadway.

"Ah," said the young man, who said he was a citizen of France, "if I was going too fast I am all regret. I did not know."

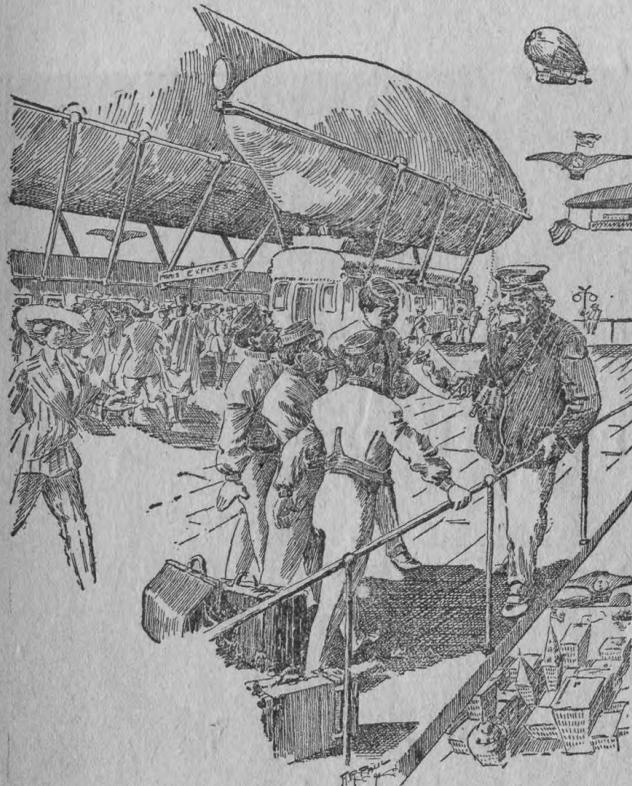
"But why did you go so fast?" asked the policeman.

"There was an opportunity to kiss my best girl, who was beside me," said Schmolli. "My attention was on those most beautiful lips and I could not set my soul upon them with my eye on the indicator of speed."

The young woman said she thought less of Policeman Haggerty than of any other person or object in the world. She went so far as to call him a "horrid thing."

Was Too Late to Vote.

Watertown, N. Y.—One month after election day, a farmer appeared at the polling place in Gouverneur and inquired where he should vote. He was bewildered when informed he was thirty days late.



"And yet," he mused smilingly, "and yet, those old days were good days, after all."

Paris Express, and we want to get the Great Mystery unraveled before we sail."

"Yes, Captain MacManus," said another. "Please, sir, tell us what this is," and he thrust into the old man's hands one of those antiquated cardboard affairs which, in the long past days of their usage, were designated as "cabinet photographs."

"I found it in an old trunk I was going through," gasped the apprentice in awe. "I was afraid to touch it at first. I didn't know what it might be. Then I put on my germ proof current proof glove and picked. It didn't hurt me. So I brought it here. I know you could tell us what it is if anybody could."

Old MacManus twirled his binoculars.

"Right you are, kids, in coming to me," said he. "If anybody can tell you anything about ancient relics I'm the man. Why, I can remember back to the days when women couldn't vote."

While the apprentices were recovering from this awe-inspiring assertion of antiquity, the captain was holding the object of the commotion off at arm's length and studying it carefully.

"My lads," said he at last, "it's a photograph."

"My boys," said Captain MacManus, "she was not doing penance, and she was not being punished."

"You don't mean to say that she was wearing that thing of her own free will?"

"No; she was doing it because she had to; it was the style."

"Go on, captain," said the boys, "we like to hear about those queer old-fashioned days."

"Well, Style was the absolute Boss of all women in those days, my lads. It was before they'd acquired the equal right with men to help worry about how the world should be run, and there they went along in the old, instinctive ways of their mothers—that have all been done away with now—and their instincts ruled them, and the Boss of the biggest instinct of all was Style."

"What was the biggest instinct?" asked the group.

"The desire to look pretty and make other women look plain."

"And what was this Style thing that you mention, captain?"

"Style was a mysterious power that changed every year or so, and when it changed women had to change with it. One year Style would be for plump women, and all the women would be plump. Next year it would be for thinness, and all the women would be