



# The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### "HER HUSBAND IS STILL LIVING."

Synopsis.—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie Dods, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train holdup, in which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car stolen as John Chadwick's, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. He and Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckenridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Portal City, accepts. Dods overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnapping.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Mr. Norcross held up a finger for me, and when I jumped up he gave me a sheet of paper; a Pioneer Short Line president's letter-head with a few lines written on it with a pen and a sort of crazy-looking signature under them.

"Take that to the Mountaineer job office and have five hundred of them printed," was the boss' order. "Then make a copy and take it to Mr. Cantrell, the editor, and ask him to run it in tomorrow's paper as an item of news, if he feels like it. When you are through, come down to Mr. Chadwick's car."

Since the thing was going to be published, and I was going to make a copy of it, I didn't scruple to read it as I hurried out to begin a hunt for the Mountaineer office. It was the printer's copy for an official circular, dated at Portal City and addressed to all officers and employees of the Pioneer Short Line. It read:

"Effective at once, Mr. Graham Norcross is appointed general manager of the Pioneer Short Line system, with headquarters at Portal City, and his orders will be respected accordingly. "Breckenridge Dunton, "President."

We had got our jolt, all right; and leaving the ladder and the Friday start out of the question, I grinned and told myself that the one other thing that counted for most was the fact that Mrs. Sheila Macrae was a widow.

I chased like the devils on the printing job, because, apart from wanting to absorb all the dope I could as I went along on the new job, I knew I would be needed every minute right at Mr. Norcross' elbow, now that the actual work was beginning.

Luncheon was served in the Alexa, and they kept the business talk going like a house afire while they were eating, the busy being that Mr. Chadwick wanted to start back for Chicago the minute he could find out if our connecting line east would run him special.

"Now for a few unofficial things, Graham, and we'll call it a go," he said. "You are to have an absolutely free hand in the management and the operating. What you say goes as it lies, and Dunton has promised me that there shall be no appeal, not even to him."

"I imagine he didn't say that willingly," the boss put in, which was the first intimation I had had that he wasn't present at the directors' meeting in the hotel.

"No, indeed; nothing was done willingly. I had to swing the big stick and swing it hard. But I had them where they couldn't wiggle. You are to set your own pace, and you are to have some money for betterments. I offered to float a new loan on short-time notes with the Chicago banks, and the board authorized it."

The boss pushed that part of it aside abruptly, as he always does when he has got hold of the gist of a thing.

"Now, about my staff," he said. "It's open gossip all over the West that the P. S. L. is officered by a lot of dummys and place-hunters and relatives. I'll have to clean house."

"Go to it; that is a part of your 'free hand.' Have you the material to draw from?"

"I know a few good men, if I can get them," said the boss thoughtfully. "The one man I can't place at sight is a good corporation counsel. I'm obliged to have a good lawyer, Uncle John."

"I have the man for you, if you'll take him on my say so; a young fellow named Ripley who has done some corking good work for me in Chicago. I'll wire him, if you like. Now a word or two about this local graft we touched upon last night. I don't know the ins and outs of it, but people here will tell you that a sort of holding corporation, called Red Tower Consolidated, has a strangle grip on this entire region. Its subsidiary companies control the grain elevators, the fruit packeries, the coal mines and distributing yards, the timber supply and the lumber yards, and even have a finger on the so-called independent smelters."

The boss nodded. "I've heard of Red Tower. Also, I have heard that the railroad stands in with it to pluck the producers and consumers."

A road engine was backing down the spur to take the Alexa in tow for the eastward run, and what was said had to be said in a hurry.

"Dig it out," barked the wheat king. "If you find that we are in on it, it's your privilege to cut loose. The two men who will give you the most trouble are right here in Portal City: Hatch, the president of Red Tower; and Henckel, its vice-president. They say either of them would commit murder for a ten-dollar bill, and they stand in with Pete Clanahan, the city boss, and his gang of political thugs. That's all, Graham; all but one thing. Write me after you've climbed into the saddle and have found out just what you're in for. If you say you can make it go, I'll back you. If it takes half of next year's wheat crop."

When the special had become a black smudge of coal smoke in the distance,

Mr. Norcross turned on me with the grin little smile that goes with his fighting mood.

"You are private secretary to the new general manager of the Pioneer Short Line, Jimmie, and your salary begins to-day," he said, briskly. "Now lets go up to the hotel and get our fighting clothes on."

### CHAPTER IV

#### "Heads Off, Gentlemen!"

Gosh! all Friday—say! but the next few days did see a tear-up to beat the band on the old Short Line! With the printing of his appointment circular, Mr. Norcross took the offices in the headquarters building lately vacated by Mr. Shaffer, and it was something awful to see the way the heads went into the basket. One by one he called the Duntonites in; the traffic manager, the general superintendent, the roadmaster, the master-mechanic—clear on down to the round-house foreman and the division heads.

Some few of them were allowed to take the oath of allegiance and stay, but the place-fillers and pay-roll parasites, the cousins and the nephews and the brothers-in-law, every last man of them had to walk under the ax.

Three days later, when the whole town was talking about the new "Jack the Ripper," as they called him, Kirgan, who had been our head machinery man on the Midland construction, tumbled in in answer to a wire. Mr. Norcross slammed him into place ten minutes after he hit the town.

"Your office is across the tracks, Kirgan," he told him. "I've begun the house-cleaning over there by firing



"You Men Are Going to Get the Squarest Deal You Ever Had."

your predecessor and three or four of his pet foremen. Get in the hole and dig to the bottom. I'll give you six months in which to make good as a model superintendent of motive power. Get busy."

"That's me," said Kirgan, who knew the boss up one side and down the other. "You give me the engines, and I'll keep 'em out of the shop." And with that he went across the yard and took hold, before he had even hunted up a place to sleep in.

Mr. Van Britt, our general superintendent, was the next man to show up. He was fine; a square-built, stocky little gentleman who looked as if he'd always had the world by the ear and never meant to let go.

"Well, I'm here," he said, dropping into a chair and sitting with his legs wide apart. And then, ignoring me as if I hadn't been there, "Graham, what the devil have you got against me, that you should drag me out here on the edge of nowhere and make me go to work for a living?"

The boss just grinned at him and said: "It's for the good of your soul, Upton. You're too much money. Your office is up at the end of the corridor and your chair is empty and waiting for you. Your appointment circular has already been mailed out."

Mr. Hornack was the last of the new office staff to fall in, though he didn't have nearly as far to come as some of the others. He was red-headed and wore glasses. They used to say of him on the Overland Central that he could make business grow where none ever grew before, and that's what a traffic man lives for.

Naturally, the big turn-over brought all sorts of disturbances at the send-off. Some of the relieved cousins and nephews stayed in town and jumped in to stir up trouble for the new management. The Herald, which was the other morning paper, took up the down-and-outs, and there wasn't anything too mean for it to say about the boss and his new appointees. They say the employees got busy and the grievance committees began to pour in. Mr. Norcross never denied himself to anybody. The office-door stood wide open and the kickers were welcomed, as you might say, with open arms.

"You men are going to get the squarest deal you have ever had, and

a still squarer one a little farther along. If you will only stay on the job and keep your clothes on," was the way the boss went at the trainmen's committee. "We are out to make the P. S. L. the best line for service, and the best company to work for, this side of the Missouri river. I want your loyalty; the loyalty of every man in the service. I'll go further and say that the new management will stand if you and the other pay-roll men stand by it in good faith, or it will fall if you don't."

"You'll meet the grievance committee and talk things over with them when there's a kick coming!" said old Tom McClure, the passenger conductor who was acting as spokesman.

"Sure I will—every time. More than that, I'll take a leaf out of Colonel Goethal's book and keep open house here in this office every Sunday morning. Any man in the service who thinks he has a grievance may come here and state it, and if he has a case, he'll get justice."

Naturally, a few little talks like this, face to face with the men themselves, soon began to put new life into the rank and file. Mr. Norcross' old pet name of "Hell-and-repeat" had followed him down from Oregon, as it was bound to, but now it began to be used in the sense that most railroad men use the phrase, "The Old Man," in speaking of a big boss that they like.

There was so much crowded into these first few weeks that I've forgotten half of it. The work we did, pulling and hauling things into shape, was a fright, and my end of the job got so big that the boss had to give me help. Following out his own policy, he let me pick my man, and after I'd had a little talk with Mr. Van Britt, I picked Fred May, a young fellow who had been under Van Burgh. He was all right; a little too tonguey, perhaps, but a worker from away back, and that was what we were looking for.

Out of this frantic hustle to get things started and moving right, anybody could have pulled a couple of conclusions that stuck up higher than any of the rest. The boss and Mr. Van Britt were steadily winning the rank and file over to something like loyalty on the one hand, and on the other, wherever we went, we found the people who were paying the freight a solid unit against us, hating us like blazes and entirely unwilling to believe that any good thing could come out of the Nazareth of the Pioneer Short Line.

As soon as we returned from our first inspection trip, the boss pulled off his coat—figuratively speaking—and rolled up his sleeves. It wasn't his way to talk much about what he was going to do: he'd jump in and do it first, and then talk about it afterward—if anybody insisted on knowing the reason why.

There were long private conferences with Mr. Ripley, the bright young lawyer Mr. Chadwick had sent us from Chicago, and with a young fellow named Juneman, an ex-newspaper man who was on the pay-rolls as "Advertising Manager," but whose real business seemed to be to keep the Short Line public fully and accurately informed of everything that most railroad companies try to keep to themselves.

The next innovation that came along was another young Chicago man named Billoughby, and his title on the payroll was "Special Agent." I, who was as close to the boss as anybody in our outfit, never once suspected the true nature of Billoughby's job until the day he came in to make his final report—and Mr. Norcross let him make it without sending me out on an errand.

"Well, I think I'm ready to talk Johnson, now," was the way Billoughby began. "Red Tower is the one outfit we'll have to kill off and put out of business. Under one name or another, it is engineering every graft in this country; it is even backing the fake mining boom at Saw Horse—to which, by the way, this railroad company is now building a branch line."

Mr. Norcross turned to me: "Jimmie, make a note to tell Mr. Van Britt to have the work stopped at once on the Saw Horse branch. And then to Billoughby: 'Grown in.'"

"The main graft, of course, is in the grain elevators, the fruit packeries, the coal and lumber yards and the stock yards and handling corrals. In these public, or quasi-public, utilities the railroad has given them—in fee simple, it seems—all the yard room, switches, track facilities, and the like. Wherever local competition has tried to break in, the railroad company has given it the cold shoulder and it has been either forced out or frozen out."

"Exactly," said the boss. "Now tell me how far you have gone in the other field."

"We are pretty well shaped up and are about ready to begin business. Juneman has done splendid work, and so has Ripley. We have succeeded, in a measure, though the opposition has been keeping up a steady bombardment. Hatch and his people haven't been idle. They own or control a dozen or more prominent newspapers in the state, and, as you know, they are making an open fight on you and your management through these papers. The net result so far has been merely to keep the people stirred up and doubtful. They say that the railroad has never played fair—and I guess it hasn't, in the past."

"Not within a thousand miles," was the boss' curt comment. "But go on with your story."

"We pulled the new deal off yesterday, simultaneously in eleven of the principal towns along the line. Meetings of the bankers and local capital-

ists were held, and we had a man at each one of them to explain our plan and to pledge the backing of the railroad. Notwithstanding all the doubt and dust that's been kicked up by the Hatch people, it went like wild-fire."

"With money?" queried the boss.

"Yes; with real money. Citizens' Storage & Warehouse was launched, as you might say, on the spot, and enough capital was subscribed to make it a going concern. Of course, there were some doubters, and some few greedy ones. The greedy ones protested against the fixed dividend scheme; they didn't see why the new company shouldn't be allowed to cut a melon now and then if it should be fortunate enough to grow one."

Mr. Norcross smiled. "That is precisely what the Hatch people have been doing, all along, and it is the chief grievance of these same people who now want a chance to outbid their neighbors. The lease condition was fully explained to them, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; Ripley saw to that, and copies of the lease were in the exhibits. The new company is to have railroad ground to build on, and ample track facilities in perpetuity, conditioned strictly upon the limited dividend. If the dividend is increased, the leases terminate automatically."

"The boss drew a long breath. "You've done well, and better than well, Billoughby," he said. "Now we are ready to fire the blast. How was the proposal to take over the Red Tower properties at a fair valuation received?"

"There was some opposition. Lesterburg, and three of the other larger towns, want to build their own plants. But they agreed to abide by a majority vote of the stock on that point, and my wire reports this morning say that a lump-sum offer will be made for the Red Tower plants today."

Mr. Norcross sat back in his chair and blew a cloud of cigar smoke toward the ceiling.

"Hatch won't sell," he predicted. "He'll be up here before night with blood in his eye. I'm rather glad it has come down to the actual give and take. I don't play the waiting game very successfully, Billoughby. Keep in touch, and keep me in touch. And tell Ripley to keep on pushing on the reins. The sooner we get at it, the sooner it will be over."

After Billoughby had gone, Mr. Norcross came at me on a little matter that had been allowed to sleep ever since the day, now some time back, when I had given him Mrs. Sheila's hint about the identity of the two men who had sat and smoked in the auto that Sunday night at Sand Creek siding, and about the talk between the same two that I had overheard the following morning.

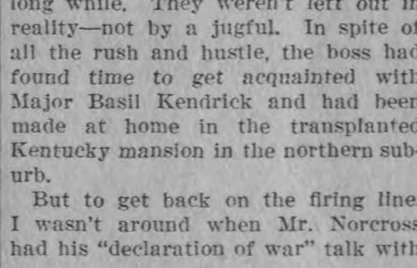
"We are going to have sharp trouble with a gentleman by the name of Hatch before very long, Jimmie," was the way he began. "You remember what you told me about that Monday morning talk between Hatch and Henckel in the Bullard lobby. Would you be willing to go into court as a witness and swear to what you heard?"

"Sure I would," I said.

"All right. I may have to pull that little incident on Mr. Hatch before I get through with him. The train hold-up was a criminal act, and you are the witness who can convict the pair of them. Of course, we'll leave Mrs. Macrae and the little girl entirely out of it. Nobody knows that they were there with us, and nobody need know."

I agreed to that, and this mention of Mrs. Sheila and Maisie Ann makes me remember that I've been leaving them out pretty severely for a good long while. They weren't left out in reality—not by a jugful. In spite of all the rush and hustle, the boss had found time to get acquainted with Major Basil Kendrick and had been made at home in the transplanted Kentucky mansion in the northern suburb.

But to get back on the firing line. I wasn't around when Mr. Norcross had his "declaration of war" talk with



"She is Married Now, and Her Husband is Still Living."

Hatch. Mr. Norcross, being pretty sure he wasn't going to have that evening off, had sent me out to "Kenwood" with a note and a box of roses, and when I got back to the office about eight o'clock, Hatch was just going away. I met him on the stairs.

The boss was sitting back in his big swivel chair, smoking, when I broke in. He looked as if he'd been

making it up good and plenty with Mrs. Rufus Hatch—and enjoying it. "We've got 'em," said Jimmie, he chuckled, and he said it without asking me how I felt. "Mrs. Sheila, or how she was doing, or anything. I told him I had met Mr. Hatch on the stairs going down. "He didn't say anything to you, did he?" he asked.

"Not a word." "I had to pull that Sand Creek business on him, and I'm rather sorry," he went on. "He and his people are going to fight the new company to a finish, and he merely came up here to tell me so—and to add that I might as well resign first as last, because, in the end, he'd get my goat. When I laughed at him he got abusive. He's an ugly beggar, Jimmie."

"That's what everybody says of him." "It's true. He and his crowd have plenty of money—stolen money, a good deal of it—and they stand in with every political boss and gangster in the state. There is only one way to handle such a man, and that is without gloves. I told him we had the goods on him in the matter of Mr. Chadwick's kidnapping adventure. At first he said I couldn't prove it. Then he broke out cursing and let your name slip. I hadn't mentioned you at all, and so he gave himself away. He knows who you are, and he remembered that you had overheard his talk with Henckel in the hotel lobby."

I heard what he was saying, but I didn't really sense it because my head was ram jam full of a thing that was so pitiful that it had kept me swallowing hard all the way back from Major Kendrick's. It was this way. When I had jiggled the bell out at the house it was Maisie Ann who let me in and took the box of flowers and the boss' note. We sat in the dimly lighted hall and talked for a few minutes.

One thing she told me was that Mrs. Sheila had company and the name of it was Mr. Van Britt. That wasn't strictly news because I had known that Mr. Van Britt was dividing time pretty evenly with the boss in the Major Kendrick house visits. That wasn't anything to be scared up about. But my chunky little girl didn't stop at that.

"I think we can let Mr. Van Britt take care of himself," she said. "He has known Cousin Sheila for a long time, and I guess they are only just good friends. But there is something you ought to know, Jimmie—for Mr. Norcross' sake. He has been sending lots of flowers and things, and Cousin Sheila has been taking them because—well, I guess it's just because she doesn't know how not to take them."

"Go on," I said, but my mouth had suddenly grown dry.

"Such things—flowers, you know—don't mean anything in New York, where we've been living. Men send them to their women friends just as they pass their cigar-cases around among their men friends. But I'm afraid it's different with Mr. Norcross."

"It is different," I said.

Then she told me the thing that made me swell up and want to burst.

"It mustn't be different, Jimmie. Cousin Sheila's married, you know. I know she has been married," I corrected; and then she gave me the sure-enough knock-out.

"She is married now, and her husband is still living."

For a little while I couldn't do anything but gape like a chicken with the p. It was simply fierce! I knew, as well as I knew anything, that the boss was gone on Mrs. Sheila; that he had fallen in love, first with the back of her neck and then with her pretty face and then with all of her; and that the one big reason why he had let Mr. Chadwick persuade him to stay in Portal City was the fact that he had wanted to be near her and to show her how he could make a perfectly good spoon out of the spoiled horn of the Pioneer Short Line.

When I began to get my grip back a little I was right warm under the collar.

"She oughtn't to be going around telling people she is a widow!" I blurted out.

"She doesn't," was the calm reply. "They've separated, you know—years ago—and Cousin Sheila has taken her mother's maiden name, Macrae. If we were going to live here always it would be different. But we are only visiting Cousin Basil, or I suppose we are, though we've been here now for nearly a year."

There wasn't much more to be said, and pretty soon I had staggered off with my load and gone back to the office. And this was why I couldn't get very deep into the Hatch business with Mr. Norcross when he told me what he had been obliged to do about the Sand Creek hold-up.

If he had been like other men it wouldn't have been so hard. But I had a feeling that he had gone into this love business just as he did into everything—beck or nothing—burning his bridges behind him, and having no notion of ever turning back. The boss had never been beaten. What was it going to do to him when he learned the truth about Mrs. Sheila?

On top of this came the still harder knock when I saw that it was up to me to tell him. I remembered all the stories I'd ever heard about how the most cold-blooded surgeon that ever lived wouldn't trust himself to stick a knife into a member of his own family, and I knew now just how the surgeon felt about it.

While I was still sweating under the big load Maisie Ann had dumped upon me, the night dispatcher's boy came in with a message. It was from Mr. Chadwick, and I read it with my eyes bulging out. This is what it said: "To G. Norcross, G. M., "Portal City.

"P. S. L. Common dropped to thirty-four today, and banks lending on short time notes for betterment fund are getting nervous. Wire from New York says bondholders are stirring and talking receivership. General opinion in financial circles leans to idea that new policy is foregone failure. Are you still sure you can make it win?"

"Chadwick."

Right on the heels of this, and before I could get my breath, in came the boy again with another telegram. It was a hot wire from President Dun-

ton, asking if I still had the Red Tower files. I said I had, and he said to bring them over to him. He said he would take them over to him. He said he would take them over to him. He said he would take them over to him.

POULTRY FLOCKS  
BEST BREED FOR CAPONIZING  
Rocks, Brahmas, Cochins, Langshans and Wyandottes Are Favored by Different Producers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
In selecting the breed best suited for caponizing, several factors must be taken into consideration, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Large capons bring the best prices. Consequently the breed should be large. It does not pay to caponize small fowls. Yellow legs and skin, as in other classes of poultry, are most popular. Plymouth Rocks, Light Brahmas, Cochins, Cornish, Langshans and Wyandottes are all recommended by different producers, as are also various

They say that misfortunes never come singly. Here were two new griefs hurling themselves in over the wires all in the same quarter-hour, besides the one I had up my sleeve. But there was no use dallying. It was up to me to find the boss as quickly as I could and have the three-cornered surgical operation over with. I knew the telegrams wouldn't kill him—or I thought they wouldn't. I thought they'd probably make him take a fresh strangle hold on things and be fired—if he had to be fired—fighting it out grimly on his own line. But I wasn't so sure about the Mrs. Sheila business. That was a horse of another color.

I had just reached for my hat and was getting ready to snap the electricies off when I heard footsteps in the outer



Performing the Operation.

office. When I looked up, a stocky, hard-faced man in a derby hat and a short overcoat was standing in the doorway and scowling across at me.

It was Mr. Rufus Hatch, and I had a notion that the hot end of his black cigar glared at me like a baleful red eye when he came in and sat down.

"They Say That the Railroad Has Never Played Fair."

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"The Boss disappears."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

WHERE BUNGLER DOES HARM

Always Makes a Mess of His Own Life and Too Frequently the Lives of Others.

Bunglers are frequently talkers above their ability to perform. To be sure they want to be rated well among their friends and frequently go to the limit in telling others what they are going to do. That's how George got into the hospital. It seems George and another colored chap did the gardening on a certain man's estate in the Middle West. One morning George didn't turn up. The master went to Sam and said: "Sam, where's George?" "In de hospital, sah." "In the hospital; how did that happen?" "Well, you see," replied Sam, "George is married and he's be'n telling me for a long time as how he's goin' to lick his wife, 'cause her naggin', and yistiddy she done hear him at it. Dat's all." And how many there are like him. They are going to turn the world upside down until they meet face to face with the facts.

After the bunglers get in their work it's impossible for anyone else to make a good job of it. They take perfectly good reputations and leave them pretty poor examples of what is good. No wood butcher ever had a bigger mess of good lumber than has many a bungler made of other people's lives. And these artists even bungle up their own lives. They get their heads full of notions that lead to folly. Like guns, they go off half-cocked and the damage can never be repaired. Careless of the facts, they frequently make assertions that are far from true and act according to what you expect of such creatures. Every effort added seems to add to the confusion.—Grit.

Shock for the Explorer.  
The sable coat of 150 skins for which £10,000 was paid recently is not, as might be supposed, the most expensive fur coat in the world. Some years ago the czarina was presented with an ermine mantle valued at £12,000; and an explorer in eastern Greenland recently discovered a native girl wearing a dress of silver fox skins worth, at present prices, nearly £50,000.—London Tit-Bits.

Arctic Sheep Raising.  
That the arctic lands of northern Canada, where the thermometer goes down to 91 degrees below zero, offer unusual opportunities for growing sheep, cattle, Siberian alfalfa and even fruit, is the announced belief of an American agricultural expert, in Popular Mechanics Magazine. He recommends the cross-breeding of Canadian and Siberian sheep to gain the hardy qualities required.

Did His Best.  
"Pa, what is a ship's hold?" "Why—er—It's the anchor, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Not in the Cook Book.  
"Why didn't whale meat catch on?" "Nobody knew where to find any recipes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

crosses of these. Orpingtons also make fine capons, but the white legs and skin are somewhat of a disadvantage in this country.

Brahmas and Cochins possess good size. Some breeders claim that Brahmas are difficult to operate upon; others deny this. Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are somewhat smaller, but sell readily and possess the advantage of yellow skin and legs. The Langshan is large and is easily operated upon. The Cornish is probably most useful as a cross with some of the other breeds, thereby improving the breast meat without materially reducing the size of the fowl.

In Massachusetts the Brahma was formerly the most popular breed because of the demand for large birds for roosters. Later, crosses between the Light Brahma and the Barred or White Plymouth Rock became quite popular, while at present pure Barred and White Plymouth Rocks are perhaps most widely used.

WINTER CROWDING IS ERROR  
Big Mistake to Put Too Many Hens and Pullets Together in One House in Cold Weather.

A good many farm poultry raisers make the mistake of housing too many hens and pullets together during cold weather. Hens will lay as well if yarded and well cared for as if on free range; but they must not be crowded when they are confined.

If the hens are being fed and forced for eggs alone, get them into winter quarters in their pens early in the fall and do not change them about after they have been located. Introducing new hens into the laying pens always causes more or less confusion, and this decreases the number of eggs laid.

DISTRIBUTE BUILDING COSTS  
Proper Share of Expense for Replacing Old Buildings Should Be Charged to Income.

A proper share of the cost for replacing old farm buildings should be charged against the farm income each year. Buildings may be constructed to last for 100 years, or they may stand only a third of that time. If the cost of replacement is not charged into the yearly accounts the whole bill will appear against the income for a single year. Depreciation charges for buildings, machinery, or other farm equipment are merely a method for distributing these costs over the period of years in which the equipment is in actual use.

DETAILS OF NONLAYING HEN  
Knowledge of Little Points Not Absolutely Necessary for Profitable Job of Culling.

While there are many little details connected with the build and form of the nonlaying hen that are well worth knowing, many of which require some study and practice, a knowledge of these details is not absolutely necessary for a fairly good and paying job of culling the farm flock.

ROUP IS MOST DESTRUCTIVE  
Disease Is Usually Caused by Drafts in Poultry House and by Lack of Fresh Air.

Roup, one of the most disastrous diseases the poultryman has to combat, is usually caused by drafts in the henhouse and lack of pure air. Every crack should be closed, if it allows the air to blow over the roosts. Also an opening near the top should be provided, so that the impure air may escape.

Indication of Vigor.  
The appearance of a fowl is not always a sure indication of its vigor, but appearance and action taken together are a fairly reliable guide for picking out vigorous birds.

Caring for Turkeys.  
Be sure that the turkeys have a well-ventilated, dry place in which to sleep, and a variety of grain with as much out-door exercise as they can safely take.

# Demand Is for Stylish Frocks

There may be a buying strike, but there is no dressing strike, observes a New York fashion correspondent. The more one goes about in social circles the more is one impressed by the great number of beautiful frocks that are being worn. Everywhere is seen evidence of the fact that just now women's clothes are being selected with more discrimination, with a keener eye for the elements of style, than has been applied to their choice for some decades past. Women are at last putting their minds on their clothes and are refusing to buy "just anything."

Can that be called a buying strike? Not at all! It portends only good for everybody concerned, and the only trying period is this one of transition from the days when women bought as



Rich Black Satin Evening Gown.

though they were heavily blindfolded, following wild fashion dictates, to the day when they will buy their clothes as intelligently as they now buy their household furnishings.

One of the biggest designers and merchants in New York was interviewed the other day as he was "leaving for Paris." He was asked the age-old question: "What will the women wear next season?" Then came his rather insouciant answer, for this is hard for a dressmaker to admit—"The women of America are choosing their own gowns according to their own individualities. They will no longer consent to be governed by arbitrary style mandates," etc.

Styles may come and styles may go; the *directoire* may be suggested and the one-piece dress may be threatened with oblivion, but it does look as though the women of today have become wholly positive on the subject of dress and as though they are going to wear what they like. This being the case, then the dressing that one sees in smart places becomes more inspiring, as a general thing, than it was during former seasons. It is refreshing to see a woman quite correctly and at the same time really suitably gowned. An accomplishment of that sort is something artistic and worthy

## Sport Suits on Same Principle

Some of the little sport suits that are being taken to the South are built on this very principle. It is the bright idea of the moment to make the short, little boxcoat of some bright color and then to have a skirt or white. One of the smart dressmakers has a suit of this character with its little, jaunty jacket made from a piece of velours that is raspberry in tone, striped with tiny blue stripes of white. There is a rolled collar of white broadcloth, and the skirt—the tight, narrow and short—is made of white broadcloth too. A white felt hat, turning up all the way round, is designed for wear with this combination suit, and the idea is to wear white sport shoes with white woolen stockings, finely woven.

Another of these newer sport suits has a little boxcoat of blue duvetyne foundation. This is embroidered all over its surface with black embroidery, forming an irregular pattern. Then it is bound all the way round—at the single-breasted front along the lower edge—with a black patent leather binding. There is a black patent leather hat for the outfit and a

of notice in itself. And the whole idea makes fashion a more enticingly interesting game than ever it was before, for it opens the avenues of individual expression and the woman who is once hit by the idea becomes an enthusiast from then on. On this basis clothes cannot be a bore in any sense of the word and a thorough knowledge of their makeup and construction can only help to speed any woman on her way of artistic understanding and appreciation.

**Among Latest Creations.**

Two French gowns displayed recently are among the latest creations by two of the most popular and accomplished of the French designers. Their big idea seems to be to keep the waistline long, at least so the cable reports are saying. In this draped model the waistline is elongated considerably, and the whole effect of the gown is as elongated as it can be made. "Sketched by an artist in Paris, and one accustomed to sketching for French magazines, the drawings show plainly how the French are stretching out the lines of their skirts, while as yet we are keeping ours much shorter."

On either side of this Madeleine gown there is a point of heavily wrought beadwork done in silver and gold and black. It is an entirely new and extremely effective way of using trimming on the ever-popular gown of all black.

The Premet model is one of those inimitable combinations of satin and lace for which the French *couturier* is famous. It has become quite a fashion to dye the lace to match the satin exactly in tone and this combination of materials promises to be one of the best for the coming season. In this instance the color is *tete de negre*, a tone very much appreciated by the French woman, who always approves of keeping her dressing low in tone. The lace carries out the one-tone effect, being made of a piece of the same lace that adorns the gown itself. The brown feather droops on one side over the turned-back bottom, giving an interesting new turn, falling to the shoulder in spite of the fact that the line of the hat starts out in an entirely different direction.

The most of the new clothes being worn right here in America are those which are budding forth under the warm skies of the sunny South, though the pre-*leiten* activities right here in New York brought to light some very interesting types of gowns which indicates for the season to come which way the styles are tending. These are some of them:

### Coolie Jacket and Short Boxcoat.

The coolie jacket and the short boxcoat are the newest in the little Frenchy looking suits that are worn so much just now under the longer fur or topcoats. This is a very smart way of dressing for the street and particularly good-looking. Of course, the custom is designed for weather that is more wintry than that to which we have been treated thus far, but it is done none the less and for those who motor the extra warmth and covering are very much needed. There is one little coolie jacket dress made of a rose-taupe duvetyne and trimmed with interesting insets of cotton applique in many varying colors all massed together. There are loose cuffs of this under still looser sleeves, there is an upstanding collar, there is a sort of waistcoat effect, and there is an irregular band around the bottom of the skirt, not to mention little pocket trimmings and a sash tied directly in the back and swinging loose in the breeze from under the looseness of the coat.

white velours skirt. And the whole is just as effective as it can be, forming a distinct relief from the all too severe sport attire to which we have been addicted for so long a time.

### Blue Serge Always Welcome.

Blue serge is always approved and always welcome by the smartly dressed woman. A charming blue serge one-piece frock is trimmed with black crepe satin ribbon playing a criss-cross all over the skirt and sleeves, while the bodice itself remains perfectly plain. A narrow green suede belt and pipings of this same green suede give the needed touch of color that many women like and, in fact, need.

### Evening Frock of Taffeta.

An evening frock of taffeta consists, so far as the skirt goes, of rows of upstanding ruffles—ruffles gathered and fastened to the foundation of the skirt along their lower edge. The stiffness of the silk keeps them standing upside down.

## Frocks of Crepe-de-Chine



**JUST** why it is that women from Maine to California are all seized at one and the same time with a desire for one particular kind of hat or frock, has never been explained. But so it happens, and some fine morning milliners from everywhere begin winging into their wholesalers for a certain straw or silk hat and merchants find one fabric has cast all others in the shadow of neglect. Just at present there is a furore for crepe-de-chine. Everybody demands it—in gowns, in blouses, in hats, alone or in company with other materials. Crepe-de-chine we have always with us, having borrowed it from China many generations ago, but we are newly awakened to its beauty.

Two very simple and very pretty afternoon frocks, shown in the illustration, are of the straight-line variety which can only be developed successfully in crepes or other very soft and clinging fabrics. These are in crepe-de-chine, a blue at the left, with deep hem and four tucks about the skirt run with heavy silk floss. The

square-necked bodice and short sleeves are finished off with pointed frills of cream-colored georgette. Where the frills join the sleeves there appears again the running stitch in silk floss—the utmost in simplicity of finish. The designer must have had in mind the fashioning of a refined and quaint little frock without any frivolity about it, and the little cluster of three crocheted blossoms, posed on the neck frill, bears out this idea.

The frock at the right is more pretentious and boasts several new style features. It calls georgette to its aid and presents the long tunic, the full sash and girdle, and bodice with spreading opening at the front, that have all marked this season for their own. It is all in gray with outline embroidery on the tunic and about the arm's-eye. The georgette undersleeves are unusual and becoming, and georgette makes the bodice vestee. The tie of narrow ribbon, at the front might be in any of the new shades, as flamingo, pink, tangerine, taurato, red.

## Furbelows for Eastertide



"THE fairest thing in mortal eyes" greets Eastertide with various captivating furbelows in her possession. Many of them are made of ribbons—Easter gifts of friends who love that beauty should go beautifully, for ribbons are the long-time friend of fair women. Every year they grow in importance, appearing in all her apparel from head to feet and from inside out. There is, therefore, a long list of ribbon fineries to choose from. If one is looking for gifts that women love, leading off with shopping bags and many other kinds of bags. Next in importance are girdles and sashes, corsage and dress ornaments, and then follow lingerie and lingerie decorations, with ribbons and laces combined in an endless variety of ways.

In the picture two bags, two girdles and two corsage or dress ornaments are shown, portraying new developments of old favorites in ribbon accessories. A wide ribbon collar on a narrow straw hat provides all that it needs in the way of trimming, with ends joined under a long slide which might be replaced by a knot of the ribbon with equally good effect. One of the new offerings in umbrellas adds to the

satisfaction of the wearer of this smart hat.

The two bags show novel decoration made of ribbons and applied with stitches to a background of heavy ribbon in an indefinite brocaded pattern. Fruits and flowers, leaves with veining indicated by perforations, make a rich ornamentation across the lower part of the bag. The remaining bag shows a quaint figure in a swing, all cut out of ribbons and applied to a curiously woven background. The swing is simulated by a silk cord and the skirt of the swinging lady by frills made of narrow ribbon with fancy edge. The bodice is cut from a bit of velvet ribbon and the face and arms from pale pink satin. No detail is neglected—even a small bonnet frames the face, in which features and hair are outlined with silk floss. Millinery centers and foliage are supplied to the ribbon flowers in the two corsage ornaments.

*Julia Bottomley*  
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### Brief Style Notes.

Women who thought the extreme in dress had been reached decided that skirts might be made an inch shorter without undue exposure. The knitted stocking will be a net stocking with lots of air holes. The radicals gained a victory in hat decoration with the addition of numerous silk ribbon accessories. Comfortable round-toed shoes were left behind for the more dressy light, pointed ones, and garments of wool mixture for spring wear seemed bold favor.

### Bright Colors for Coats.

A great many red, russet and henna coats and dresses are seen these days, and many are trimmed with gray fur.

### Evening Frock.

The sleeves of an evening frock may be little shaped caps over the shoulders.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

The habit of viewing things cheerfully and thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—Smiles.

### WHAT TO EAT.

Those who are fond of peanut butter will like to try:

**Rice and Peanut Casserole.**—Add one-half cupful of uncooked rice to three cupfuls of cold water and bring to a boil quickly. After boiling for a minute, turn into a colander to drain. Dash over cold water, add one teaspoonful of salt and cover with two cupfuls of boiling water. Cook until tender. To one cupful of peanut butter add one egg beaten light, one-half cupful of milk. Put all together in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with one-half cupful of cracker crumbs which have been well mixed with two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat.

**Apple Pudding.**—Pare three large apples and cut in small pieces. Lay on a greased pieplate. Sprinkle with a little from one cupful of sugar. Cream one tablespoonful of butter and add the rest of the sugar, one well-beaten egg, one-half cupful of milk and one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat thoroughly. Pour over the apples and bake as for any cake. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Chocolate Doughnuts.**—Beat one egg, add one cupful of sugar. When well mixed add one-third of a cupful of cocoa or two squares of grated, melted chocolate with one teaspoonful of butter and a dash of salt. To five and one-fourth cupfuls of flour add three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add alternately to the egg mixture with one cupful of milk. Bake a mixture stiff enough to roll, using a half cupful of the measured flour for the board. Chill well before rolling and the cakes will be handled more easily with less flour.

**Potato Salad.**—Cook two cupfuls of diced potatoes in salted boiling water. Drain and when cold add one-third of a cupful of celery, the same of fresh tomato, one tablespoonful of grated onion. Take one-half teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third of a cupful of sour cream, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a cupful of mild vinegar, all well blended and poured over the potato, celery and tomato.

**Grapefruit Salad.**—Remove the grapefruit in sections from the skin. Add equal parts of celery and serve with a highly seasoned mayonnaise. The salad may be served in the shells of the fruit cut in quarters or thirds.

Do not be disturbed because of your imperfections and always rise up bravely from a fall. I am glad that you make a daily new beginning; there is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.—Frances de Sales.

### WAYS WITH BREAD CRUMBS.

Any kind of batter to be made for griddle cakes may be made from part bread crumbs, using the proportion of two cupfuls of crumbs to one of flour, and the usual baking powder.

**Berry Cake.**—Butter the inside of a baking dish and fill for one-half inch with toasted buttered crumbs. Fill the dish with canned or fresh fruit; add sugar if needed. Blueberries are especially good. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve ice-cold with whipped cream or with lemon gelatin whipped until foamy, sweetened and chilled.

**Krummel Torte.**—Beat two eggs until light; add one cupful of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one cupful each of chopped nuts and dates. Mix well and bake in a shallow pan in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour. Serve cold with whipped cream or with an egg sauce.

**Luncheon Circles.**—Cut left-over bread in circles, dip in an egg batter and fry until brown on both sides. Spread half of the circles with butter and jelly and put two together sandwich fashion. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot.

**Lemon Dumplings.**—Take two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, eight tablespoonfuls (one-half cupful) of flour, a tablespoonful of shortening, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs and the juice and rind of a lemon. Mix and drop in six tablespoonfuls on a dripping pan. Bake and serve at once with a lemon sauce.

**Columbia Fritters.**—Take two cupfuls of crumbs, one-half cupful of currants, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, the grated peel of a lemon, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four tablespoonfuls each of sugar and flour, three eggs and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix and beat well and drop large spoonfuls into hot fat; fry a golden brown. Serve with whipped cream or a lemon sauce.

*Nellie Maxwell*

Kenesaw Mountain is in Georgia. Kenesaw mountain is in Cobb county, Ga., 25 miles northwest of Atlanta. It was the scene of fighting between the federals under Sherman and the Confederates under Johnston in June, 1864.

**Nothing Doing in That Line.**

I asked Bobbie to take care of his little sister while I went on an errand. He obeyed grudgingly, saying just loud enough to be heard: "Huh, who ever heard of the nurse?"—Exchange.

... A ...

## Happy Home

It is impossible to be happy in an overheated kitchen. You cannot be happy if in constant dread of an explosion. If you use gas for cooking, you can keep the kitchen cool. You can keep yourself cool, in mind and body. Nothing is going to happen. Nothing but quietness and comfort and ease and good cooking, that is—the best things that ever happened.

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Everlasting Memorial Wreaths  
Funeral Designs and Door  
Sprays of Natural Flowers  
Fresh Cut Flowers Daily  
Out of Town Orders Given  
Prompt Attention at Short  
Notice.  
Wedding Bouquets, Potted  
Plants and Decorations a  
Specialty.

## "Say it with Flowers"

"Beautifuling the Home"

IMAGINE how much cheerfulness and warmth flowers bring into a home. Flowers delight the eye—their beauty and fragrance brighten the atmosphere. Take flowers home, you men who wish to add to the family joy, "Say it with Flowers," often. Think what a cluster of Roses, Carnations, Violets, Freesias, Jonquils, Sweet Peas, Tulips or a pretty blooming plant would mean on your table to-night. "Say it with Flowers" if you have a sick friend to whom you wish to express your sympathy.

J. KLOSS  
FLORIST  
1st & 2nd Sts., Chrome, N. J.

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# IT is no use advertising unless you have the goods and no use having the goods unless you advertise

## Notes About Spring Hats

**Prominent Place Given to Ribbon is Outstanding Note; Soft Head-gear Most Popular.**

An outstanding feature of the new spring styles in millinery is the prominent place given to ribbon as a trimming. All widths of ribbon, from the very narrow to the very wide, are being used.

Charming new sport hats feature an attractive narrow two-tone ribbon, worked in sections between rows of milan hemp.

Among the tailor hats, hemp, lisse and milan straw are almost equally popular. A slight preference, however, is given to the hemp.

A novel but very attractive model is made of faulle and trimmed with large circles of hemp in rainbow colors.

Among the large shapes for spring is a hat made of black straw with an underbrim of black velvet. The edge of the brim is cut to represent leaves.

Black velvet ribbon is used about the crown.

A chic little French model takes the shape of a toque. It is made simply of loops of blood crepe de chine with a fall of self-material on one side.

Glycerine ostrich and vulture feathers are very popular. These hanging feather trims in a great many cases hang to the waistline and even below. The ends of the vulture are frequently tipped with gold or silver.

Soft hats promise to be by far the most popular of all the shapes.

On many of the French models recently imported, there is much cherry and grape trimming in hanging effects.

### The Cape is a Spring Wrap.

Long capes in wool troot, also in heavy hures and in chevrots, complete practically all costumes. White capes with fur collars are particularly conspicuous, although many capes of heavy gray wool mixture are seen, with wide collars of racoon.

The Roosevelt News

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FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1921.

ENCOURAGING.

It is encouraging to note that the legislature did not shirk its duty in connection with the State police bill.

Some thought that because the Governor vetoed the measure the legislators would despair of again working it through both houses with a two-thirds approving vote.

Such did not prove to be the case. But a handful of members voted to sustained the Governor's veto.

His statement accompanying the veto was so pitifully weak and so contrary to fact that it is a wonder he was able to rally the coporal's guard that voted with him.

Thanks to the legislature the people may now look forward to a lessening of rural crimes and to the expectancy that no longer will New Jersey be the haven of criminal refugees from bordering states.

If we mistake not, it is the job of the Public Service Electric Company to replace all lights in this Borough which become ineffective for any reason.

It is time then the company got busy as no few of the streets are lacking in their quotas of lights.

EGGS.

Eggs have been selling during the week for in the neighborhood of twenty-one cents.

Fresh eggs have been on sale in many New York and Elizabeth stores for thirty cents and under. What the wholesale market is is no secret. A fair profit and then some would not bring eggs up to more than thirty cents.

A SIGN OF SPRING.

There have been many signs of Spring. One noticeable one is that a good portion of the county tax eating family feel it is time to take a trip to Washington.

Last year a representation from the Board of Freeholders went to Washington on the same mission, to have explosives removed from the Raritan Arsenal.

Now they feel it is time to go again. And no less than five find it necessary to go down and tell the War Department that nothing has been done, three freeholders, the county treasurer and the county solicitor.

That is efficiency and economy exemplified. We respectfully suggest that a clean cut statement of the case, together with a resolution by the Board of Freeholders, intelligently fashioned, placed in the hands of Senators Frelighuysen and Edge, and that of the local congressman, would do more and cost less.

Incidentally that is just what the two senators and the congressman are for, to see that the appeals of the people they represent get a hearing.

WE TRUST NOT.

Secretary of State Hughes' refusal to trade with the Bolshevik, has won widespread approval in America among those who think in terms of our

country's good. An acquiescence to trade would have been tantamount to recognition.

We trust that our ideals will never fall so low that we will be willing to barter away our honor for the sake of a few opportune, dirty dollars, wrung from murdered peasants and workmen.

And the fact that Great Britain has rushed to resume trade with Lenin's government is no criterion.

FINE.

The Board of Freeholders of Union County, many of whom have the courage to claim Elizabeth as their place of residence, have been enthusiastic for a county financed tunnel between Elizabeth and Staten Island.

They claimed that such a project was a county matter and not a city matter.

A little intelligent investigation revealed to them that such a tunnel, would cost from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

NOW, when they learn what it costs, they are of the opinion that it is really a state matter after all.

That means that the state would pay for it.

That means that we here in the Borough of Roosevelt would be taxed for a local improvement for the City of Elizabeth.

If we are not much mistaken about all the frothing about economy in the state comes from the shadow dancers representing the city of Elizabeth in the legislature.

And we know we are not mistaken when we say that it was but a short time ago when the Union County Board was complaining about fearing an unjust portion of the "heavy" state tax.

Ofcourse there is no inconsistency here.

Foistering an eight million dollar local improvement upon the other taxpayers of the state is their idea of equity.

CHURCH NOTES

Credit Belongs to Franklin.

Everybody knows that the versatile Franklin was the originator of many things. But few realize that he was the first American cartoonist.

The First Presbyterian Church of Carteret. Rev. John J. Barsam, pastor. Residence, the Presbyterian manse, telephone Roosevelt 309-M.

Sunday Services.

Sunday school 9.45 A. M. Morning Worship and sermon at 10.45 A. M. Confirmation, Baptism and Reception of members will be observed at the morning service.

The theme for the Communion Meditation will be "Christ's Great Legacy."

Evening worship and sermon 7.45 P. M. The subject of the evening service will be "Seeing the Invisible."

The financial year of the church ends on March 31. The financial secretary will keep the books open until Sunday for the benefit of those who are in arrears in their pledges.

You will help the canvassers greatly if you are prompt and decisive in signing the new pledge cards. They deserve your co-operation and why not help them.

The annual congregational meeting of the church will be held on Tuesday evening, April 12, 1921.

Weight of Air.

Until very recently nobody knew how much air weighed. We cannot see the air, and, except when the wind blows, we do not feel it.

Yet it is a rather substantial fluid. When it moves at a rate of one hundred miles an hour it uproots great forest trees and throws the waters of the ocean into turmoil.

Arctic Sheep Raising.

That the arctic lands of northern Canada, where the thermometer goes down to 91 degrees below zero, offer unusual opportunities for growing sheep, cattle, Siberian alfalfa and even fruit, is the announced belief of an American agricultural expert.

Chorus Girls' Wages.

The wages of chorus girls in New York range as high as \$100 a week, according to their good looks. The average pay, however, is nearer \$25 a week.

Very Human.

Jud Tunkins says his automobile unexpectedly quits work and demands more money, the same as if it had human intelligence.—Washington Star.

The Financier.

A man gets on his knees to an heiress that she may put him on his feet.—Dearborn Independent.

Stock Market Full of Such.

Many a man who is afraid to take a chance loses his money on a "sure thing."

Situation Wanted. "Mamma, what did you say papa did all day?" "Why, he samples coffee, dear—that is, tastes it." A pause. "Mamma, do they ever hire ice cream samplers?"—Chicago Tribune.

FREEHOLDERS GO TO WASHINGTON IN A BODY

To Visit Major Stewart in Regard to the Explosive Storage at the Raritan Arsenal.

A committee of the Board of Freeholders, consisting of Freeholders Clarence M. Haight, Louis J. Belloff and George S. Applegate, County Treasurer F. William Hilker and County Solicitor Frederick F. Richardson, left last Thursday night for Washington where they will wait upon Major Stewart, chief of the ordinance bureau of the War Department, in regard to the explosive storage at the Raritan Arsenal.

HAVE BEER ALWAYS ON "TAP"

Beverage Free to All Members of African Tribe, but Little Drunkenness is Reported.

Among the Madi or Moru tribes of the White Nile in Africa, there exists a form of municipal brewery that would make a great hit among the thirsty in America.

To make sure their women will stay on as brew-masters and not go running off with other men from nearby tribes, the girls are taken when ten or twelve years old and laid on the ground while a sharp stone is used to pry and knock out the four upper and lower incisors.

The Human Species.

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend.

Where Small Savings Count.

Small savings are like stones in a bridge; they form a firm support to carry one over the flood of an emergency.

EDUCATION BD. MEETS WITH ARCHITECT

Submits Plans of Proposed Schools—To Organize New Board at the Next Meeting Monday Night.

The last meeting of the present Board of Education was held Tuesday night in school No. 2. The newly elected board will meet on Monday night to organize.

George W. Brooks, of Perth Amboy, the architect who is commissioned to draw plans for the proposed new schools to be erected in the borough, was present at the meeting with the plans prepared to date.

LYDIANS HAD FIRST COINAGE

Treasure Deposited in the Temples Was Impressed With Badge or Symbol of Divinity.

So far as is known, the Lydians, says Herodotus, first introduced gold and silver coin. The invention was not far to seek. Treasure came to be deposited for safety in the temples, where it was consecrated to the care of the divinity by being impressed with a badge or symbol.

Airing the Babies.

At an infants' home in Bedford, Eng., the babies are loaded into cart-like perambulators for their afternoon airing, each little vehicle holding six and being in charge of one nurse.

SON'S ACTING IN "THE KID" SO EFFECTS MRS. COOGAN THAT SHE WON'T SEE END

As general rule mothers are pretty good judges as to whether their children are in real trouble, or are shamming tears for the purpose of gaining some object.

The picture contains one of the most pathetic scenes ever filmed, when the authorities insist on separating Charlie and the Kid, on the grounds that Charlie is not a fit guardian for him.

Mrs. Coogan, mother of the boy, was invited to a special showing of the picture, and left the projection room in the midst of this scene.

"You may tell me it is only acting," she said outside with tears streaming down her face, but I know better than that. Jackie would never cry like that unless his heart was broken.

She stuck to it too, and has never seen the last half of the production, which carries her son through to the happy ending on a flood of comedy of the brand which only Charlie Chaplin can produce.

SEE THESE NEWARK SHOWS

STRAND THEATRE NEWARK

Opposite Bamberger's COMMENCING THIS SATURDAY AND ALL NEXT WEEK "BURIED TREASURE" with beautiful MARION DAVIES

NEWARK THEATRE

Market east of Broad St., Newark WEEK STARTING THIS SUNDAY BIG DOUBLE FEATURE

MAY ALLISON in "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE" CONWAY TEARLE in "THE ROAD OF AMBITION"

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American Granulated Sugar; lb. 8 1/2c Strictly New Laid Eggs; doz. - 32c Jersey Potatoes; peck - 25c Our very best Butter; lb. - 55c

En-Zo Evaporated Milk; can 10c Pet Evaporated Milk; can...12c Libby's Condensed Milk can 15c Libby's 16-oz. pure Catsup; bottle... 25c Libby's No. 3 California Bartlett Pears; can... 35c Stemcrest No. 3 California Apricots in heavy syrup...16c Maine style Sweet Corn; can 8c Early June Peas; can...10c Swift's Premium Butterine; lb... 28c Campbell's Soups; can... 10c Campbell's Beans; can...10c Kellogg's Corn Flakes; pkg...10c Loose Oatmeal; lb... 4c

Fancy Blue Rose Rice; lb... 4c Fresh Corn Meal; lb... 4c 24 1/2 lb. Gold Medal Flour \$1.35 Karo Syrup; can... 12c 1/2 lb. can Columbia river Salmon; can... 10c 1 lb can Pink Salmon... 10c Swift's Borax Soap; cake... 6c Delmonte California Peaches can... 20c Libby's Corned Beef; can... 18c 2 lb. jar Pure Jam... 35c Shaker's Salt; carton... 10c Unicorn No. 3 Extra Hawaiian Pineapple; can... 35c Fresh vegetables at lowest prices

Free Delivery--Telephone Your Order.

WHY

It Is Better to Wear a Smile Than a Frown.

A big stockman has said that you cannot do as much work with a mean horse as you can with one that is easily managed, and that it takes more time to milk an excitable kicking cow than it does to milk one that is quiet and gentle.

And the habits of farm animals have generally the result of improper handling. And the habits of farm animals have generally the result of improper handling. And the habits of farm animals have generally the result of improper handling.

EYES GROW KEENER IN DARK

Why the Sight Then Is More Sensitive Than in the Light, Explained by Scientists.

On entering a dark room after a stay in the outside daylight the eye at once begins to increase in sensitivity. At first this increase appears to be slow, but after five minutes the increase is quite rapid.

After 30 minutes' sojourn in the dark the sensitivity still increases, but more slowly than before, and after 45 minutes or an hour the maximum sensitivity is reached.

These facts are obtained from a study of the sensitiveness of the eye in the dark made by Selig Hecht of Creighton university, Omaha. Mr. Hecht's study goes to show that the increased sensitiveness is due to a reversible photo-chemical reaction within the retina, involving photosensitive substance and its two products of decomposition.

Why Loafers Should Be Banned.

Loafers used to hang out in livery stables in the days when the horse was king; now the tribe of sun-dodgers is inclined to transfer its love and affection to the garage.

Why Chinese Hold Autumn Festival.

The Chinese owe their mid-autumn festival to the Emperor Tung Ming-huang and his magician in chief. It is reported that one evening this eminent couple adjourned to the palace yard to view the full moon and the magician, casting his rod, converted it into a bridge and bade the emperor cross, and so transported him to the moon.

How to Use Old Auto Cushions.

Cushions that helped make your car an easy-riding one in its day should not be junked when the car is given up as lost by automobile doctors. Keep them; if necessary, re-cover them, then place them in front of an open fireplace.

Why Widows Wear Caps.

Because when the Romans were in England they used to shave their heads as a sign of mourning, and as women could not let herself be seen with a bald head she made herself a pretty cap. Though the necessity for it has long since passed away, the cap still remains.

HAMMERMILL BOND and Our Good PRINTING Will Save You Money

LEGEND IN NEW CLOTHING

Story of Samson and Delilah as It Might Have Been, but Undoubtedly Was Not.

"Now, Sammy," began Delilah, coaxingly, as she advanced toward him with her hands behind her holding a pair of scissors. "Just look up that tree—see the little birdie?"

And she coquetishly displayed the gold fillings in her five front teeth. Samson could never refuse Delilah anything when she flashed all that gold on him.

"Was a man on horseback," "Away! Away!" cried this ancient Paul Revere. "The flood is coming down Mount Dingus. Flee thee hence!"

"Oh, Sammy!" wailed Delilah, dropping the scissors. "And I just paid off the mortgage on the house this very week. Now all that money is wasted, Oh, Sammy!"

Samson thought hard for a moment. Then Delilah flashed her teeth once more.

"Up! Go up in the attic!" commanded Samson. Then he planted a kiss on Delilah's eyebrow and she flew.

Samson dashed out the door and lifted up the horse in both hands and fled the doghouse around his neck.

And thus stood he, with Delilah high and dry, while the flood rushed down Mount Dingus and by.

"Gosh!" said Delilah to herself, after it was all over. "I'm glad I didn't cut his hair off before the flood."—Detroit Free Press.

FREEDOM MUST BE BOUGHT

And the Price to Be Paid Is Complete Mastery of All Passions and Appetites.

Freedom is not a gift, but an attainment. It does not characterize the state of nature, but flowers from the growth of personality and civilization.

Action issues from character and there is inner discord and the feeling of restraint until the individual is happy and satisfied in his act and attitude.

Original Galoshes.

The fashionable galoshes that are now flapping about the ankles of pretty girls were first introduced in America about 1830 in Boston. The galoshes or boots were as ugly and clumsy as they are today, but were even more popular. They required peculiar care, as the manufacturers had little knowledge of the use of rubber gum.

Plan War on Hair Seals.

Hunting hair seals by airplane and destroying them by machine-gun fire has been seriously proposed to the Canadian fisheries department by fishermen, says a report from Vancouver, B. C. The scheme proposed and tried last spring of trapping the salmon-destroying hair seals at the mouth of the Fraser river by means of set lines and short laterals armed with strong hooks brought a measure of success, but was not entirely a victory over the wise mammals of the ocean.

Welding Optical Glass.

The improved method of welding optical glass worked out at the United States bureau of standards, gives perfect union with practically no distortion, and is adapted for many purposes, such as making glass cells and hollow prisms, joining lenses and closing glass tubes with accurately fitting flat ends.

Unable to Choose National Tree.

American forests are so rich with infinite variety that President Wilson is unable to name a choice for a national tree, he wrote to the American Forestry association, which is compiling a national referendum as to what tree best represents America.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

INDIANS ALL OF SAME RACE

Differences in Type No Greater Than Among the Whites, According to Scientist.

The American aborigines from the Hudson bay and Alaska to the southern tip of the continent are all members of the same race, according to Dr. Frederick Mouson of New York and Pasadena, said to be more familiar with the American Indian than any other white man.

Colossal Farms in Argentina.

Our American farms seem diminutive compared with those of Argentina. There the farm of two hundred thousand acres is common. Many are twice that size, and there is a record of at least one three times as large.

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Economy Carried to Excess.

A short time ago, on seeing a man who was sitting beside me in a cafeteria "get away" with a large hamburger sandwich in three bites, all "mind your own business" policies were cast aside and I remarked, "You must intend to catch an out-of-town train; you are in such a hurry."

Past the Academic Stage.

"Should women smoke?" asked the man who likes to theorize. "That isn't the question any longer," said Mr. Gadspar. "No?" "What we've got to decide now is whether or not the additional fire risk caused by women smokers will justify the insurance companies in raising their rates."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PUT ONE OVER ON BUTCHER

Incident Proves That Art of Shopping Has Not Been Altogether Thrown in Discard.

A dignified-looking woman stepped up to a show-case in the meat market, and after she had bought several pieces of meat, she asked: "Have you any shinsbone that I could use for soup stock?"

Incident Proves That Art of Shopping Has Not Been Altogether Thrown in Discard.

"What is it worth?" asked the woman. "Just a half-dollar," said he. "It is such a large piece, would you mind cutting it at the joint?"

RULER HAD PRACTICAL MIND

Like Our Own Politicians, Sultan Preferred Any Eventuality to Being Forgotten.

Eggs From the Orient.

A train of 25 cars, loaded entirely with Japanese and Chinese eggs, left Vancouver, B. C., the other day, bound for New York. The train was made up of nine carslots sent over from Seattle to be attached to sixteen carslots of eggs from the steamer Empress of Russia.

VIEWPOINT NEVER THE SAME

In Classifying Themselves the Sexes Have Always Differed and Probably Always Will.

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Reading Man's Mind.

By watching a man's actions one can tell as plainly what is going on in his mind as a person can read a page of print, according to Dr. Henry Gages Hawaii, who is conducting a course of lectures at the chamber of commerce on the Kansas side. "Tell me the boyhood ambition of a man and I can tell you much of his character and desires," he said. "He may never have realized that ambition, may have spent his life in a far different business and met with success there, but his boyhood ambition tells the way his tastes run and he still likes the same things he admired then. Go into a courtroom and watch the two lawyers opposing each other and you can soon tell by the way they are questioning which fears for the safety of the case and which thinks himself on solid ground."—Kansas City Star.

Roger Ascham.

Roger Ascham was a famous English scholar and author, born at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in 1515. He graduated at Cambridge, and struggled with poverty until patrons came to his relief. He was famous for his general knowledge and acquirments in Greek and Latin, and is classed among older literary men, with Edmund Spenser, Sir Thomas More and Sir Philip Sydney. His death, in London, on December 30, 1568, is said to have been occasioned by his too close application to the composition of a poem, which he intended to present to the queen on the anniversary of her accession.

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"Look here," demanded the new patron of the Dixey Honor luncheon. "When do I get that order?" "Control yourself," snapped Romeo.

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Traveling Man's Interpellation Not Really Made With Any Genuine Desire to Help.

A Hoosier traveling man had a hotel room next to one occupied by the two teachers during the recent teachers' convention. He was very tired and turned in early. But hardly had he closed his eyes when the two teachers came in from the evening session. They discussed it, one of them particularly being endowed with a voice commonly termed strident.

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Wireless Waves Fire Oil Wells.

In recent years there have been a number of oil well fires the origin of which has never been explained. The fires started at such times when the sites were deserted and could not have been done through any human agency, and in this connection R. M. McClain, of Desdemona, Tex., has come to the fore with a remarkable theory that the firing is done by wireless waves gathered by the metal entering into the construction of the derricks. This gentleman has observed a number of oil well fires which could be explained in no other way.

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Probably Not Overdressed.

"But that woman in the box seems to have no clothes on at all!"

"Ah, yes; she's the best-dressed woman in Paris—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Cadets' Great Ride.

Two hundred and fifty senior cadets of Victoria, B. C., have recently completed a 1,400-mile ride on bicycles, bearing dispatches from the state commandant to the minister for defense. The small riders averaged more than 14 miles an hour, and they completed their task 6 hours and 23 minutes ahead of schedule.

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How Children Help.

American school children, through the agency of the Junior Red Cross, are making possible the teaching of trades to the children of Albania. The first vocational training school in that country is located at Tirana. It was established by representatives of the Junior Red Cross of America and is being maintained by that organization. In addition to providing machinery and equipment for this school, the Junior Red Cross is supplying books, maps, globes, pencils and all sorts of school supplies to the public schools, which were stripped of all equipment during the war. Particularly interesting and instructive to the Albanian children are the colored pictures sent overseas by the American children.

The Boy of It.

The three children were on the street car on their way to school—a boy and two younger sisters. The sisters disputed who was to push the button to notify the street car conductor to stop the car. The older sister won and held her finger on the button for more than a block. Then her brother rose, pulled her hand away arbitrarily and pushed the button. The older sister stepped into the vestibule, followed by her sister, to be the first to step off the car. As it stopped, the brother brushed them aside and led the way. The sisters having alighted, waited for the car to go on, but the boy rushed across the tracks, ignoring the warning clanging of the bell by the motorman.

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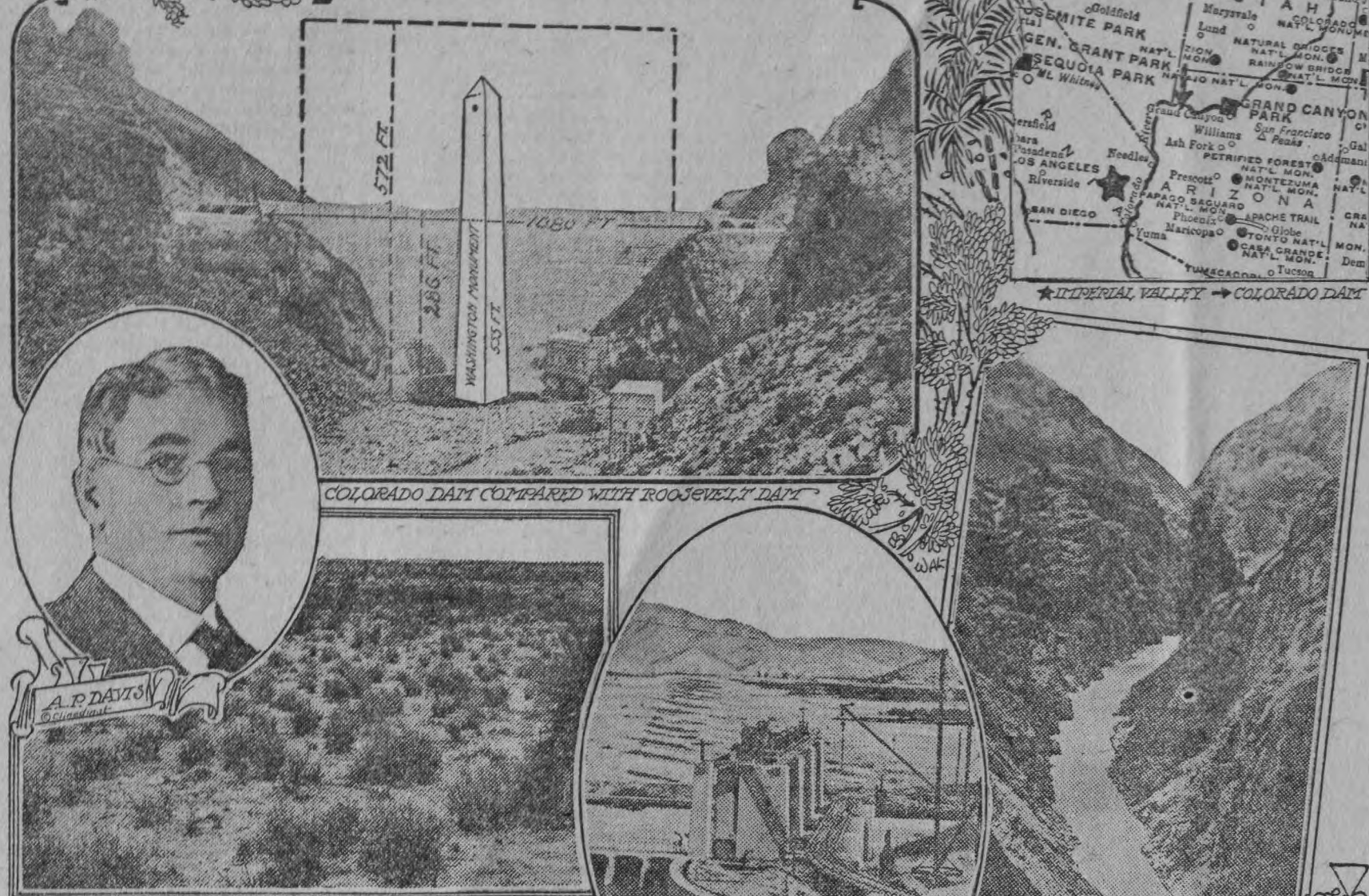
By Charles Sughroe  
© Women Newspaper Union

You Can't Disguise a Fliwyer



# Biggest Dam in the World

By John Dickinson Sherman



THE biggest dam in the world will be built near the Grand Canon of the Colorado in Arizona...

"Biggest dam in the world" is saying a good deal. There is, for example, the Assuan dam in Upper Egypt...

Then there is the Gatun dam, an essential part of the Panama canal. It is an earth dam, 9,040 feet long...

The Shoshone dam in Wyoming, just east of the Yellowstone, rises 829 feet and is the highest masonry dam in the world.

The Roosevelt dam on the Salt river in Arizona, is 286 feet high; its base is 235 feet and its top 130 feet long.

The Grand valley reclamation project in Colorado has a roller-crest dam across the Grand River which is the largest in the world.

Now, of course, the proposed Colorado river dam will not be bigger in every way than these mighty dams. Nevertheless, it will be the biggest of all in the sense that it will be the most spectacular of all dams, from an engineering viewpoint.

For the proposed dam will have to be from 500 to 600 feet high—nearly twice as high as any such structure in existence. To attain this immense height it will have to be many times as great in bulk.

It will create a tremendous reservoir, nobody knows just how big; it will back up the waters of the Colorado for a hundred miles and find its level in the innumerable canons leading off on both sides.

The site of this proposed monster dam is Boulder canon. The Colorado, after leaving the Grand canon, runs straight west for a hundred miles.

This, you see, is a dam site worthy of the great Colorado, which has its headwaters in Wyoming and drains parts of seven big states.

Many rivers unite to form the majestic Colorado. The principal branches of the Green are the Uinta, Price, Yampa and White; of the Grand, the Eagle, Roubidoux, Gunnison and Dolores; of the Colorado, the Fremont, Escalante, Paria, Kanab and Virgin on the right and the San Juan, Little Colorado, Bill Williams and Gila on the left.

The Grand canon is on the main river in Arizona and extends from the mouth of the Little Colorado to the Grand Wash.

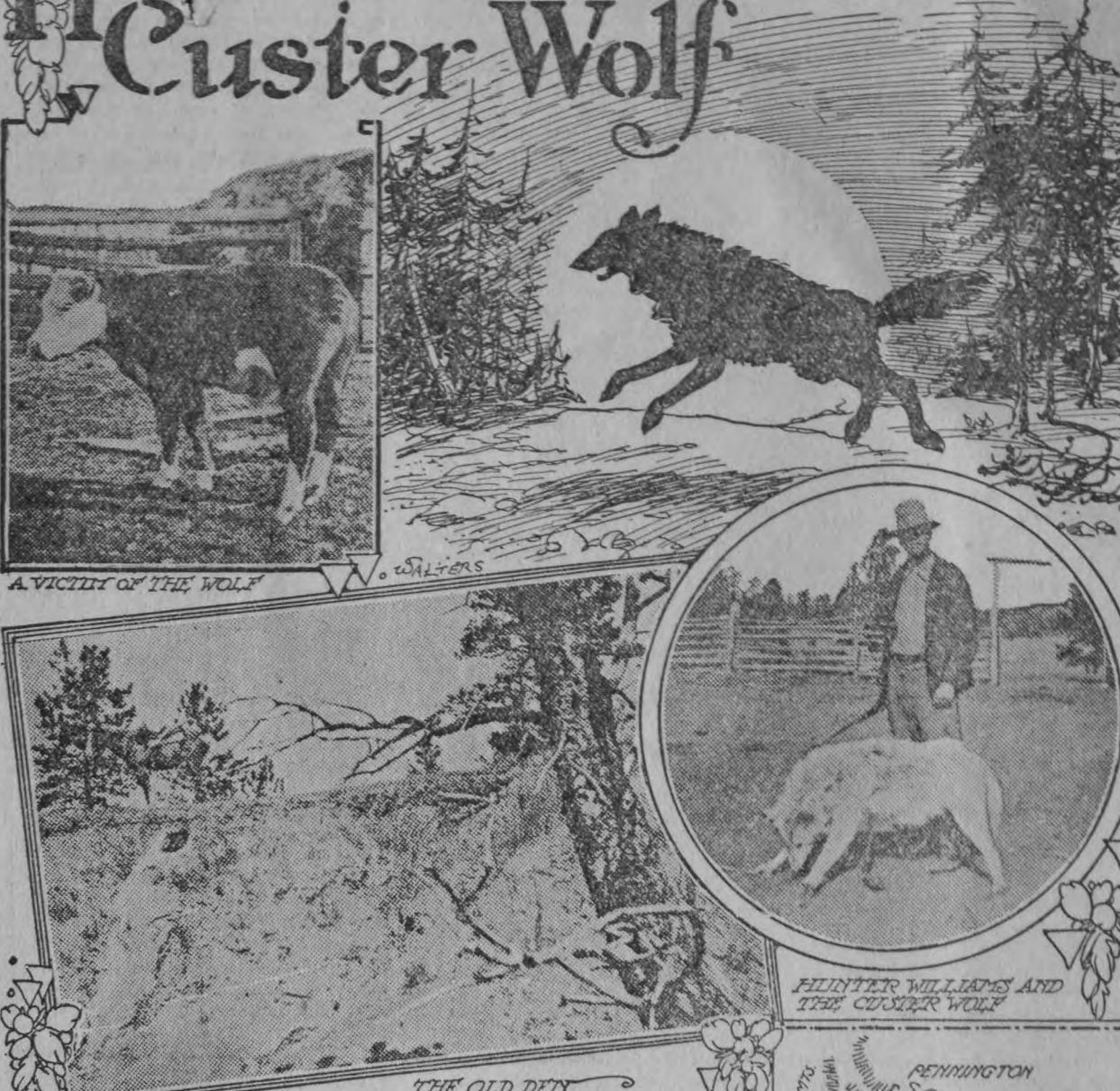
The lower Colorado runs through a low desert country. At Yuma on the Mexican line is an immense irrigation project which consists of a diversion dam nearly a mile long, 400 miles of canals and 70 miles of dikes and cost about \$5,000,000.

## No Sport in Hunting Seal

Gathering in of the Helpless Creatures Simply Evolves Itself into a Merciless Slaughter. Hunting the seal from the icy, storm-swept coast of Newfoundland is not sport; it is toll, whereby in part the Newfoundlanders win his scanty measure of food, says Spare Moments. The hunt is a dull and hideous slaughter, scurrying pack and the swinging and thrust of an iron-shod gaff, a merciless raining of blows, with a silent waste of ice all splashed with red at the end of it.

It veers and freshens and drives the whole mass, grinding and heaving, far out to sea, where it disperses it into its separate fragments. The lives of the hunters depend upon the watchfulness of the attenuated line of lookouts, from the women on the headland to the first sentinel within signaling distance. A Friendly Remark. Actor—"I saved the show, but I admit I did hog it a bit." Friend—"Yes, you did look like a pig in a poke."

# How Williams Got the Custer Wolf



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

THE Custer wolf is dead. So announces the bureau of biological survey, Department of Agriculture. Nor is Uncle Sam content with a mere "death notice." He considers the Custer wolf worth an "obituary writeup" of several columns in the Weekly News Letter, published by the Agricultural department.

During these nine years the stockman, paid tribute of about \$25,000 in live stock. When he killed for food he killed wantonly, for the sake of killing. Often he mutilated for sport, breaking legs, biting off tails and inflicting unspeakable injuries on animals. Says the Letter:

"He looped through every kind of danger and spurned them all. He snifled at the subtlest poison and passed it by. The most adroitly concealed trap was as clear to him as a mirror in the sunshine. Old hunters, unerring shots, drew the bead on him and saw him glide away unharmed. The price on his head was \$500. Bounty hunters sought him for profit. Sportsmen put forth every device to slay him for reputation's sake. And still the old wolf went unscathed about his work of destruction."

In the days of the red man the wolf had only to keep outside of the range of the arrow. Then came the pale face with firearms. The wolf had to learn in succession the death-dealing possibilities of the explorer's smooth-bore, the pioneer's muzzle-loading rifle, the breech-loading buffalo gun, and the modern high-power magazine gun.

In the days of the red man the wolf had to cope with the hand-made snare. With the white man came the steel trap, the cunning poison capsule and the bounty on wolf scalps. And wherever civilization has got a foothold every hand has been against the wolf summer and winter, rain and shine, night and day.

Yet the wolf persists. Every year the federal government appropriates thousands of dollars for the specific purpose of his taking off. Every year, professional hunters and national park and national forest rangers wage relentless war. Yet the wolf persists. Every year, cattlemen and sheepmen combine to fight the despoiler of herds and flocks. Yet the wolf persists.

Now, if you still have faith in John Burroughs' "instinct" theory after these facts, listen to the story of the Custer wolf.

The Custer wolf's early history is a blank. His public career begins with his appearance nine years ago in Custer county, South Dakota. This county is in the southwestern corner of the state, adjoining the Wyoming line, and one county removed from the Nebraska line. It is Black Hills country, but by no means a wilderness. It has towns, railroads and automobile highways. Why, last summer, Wind Cave national park had 26,312 visitors and 8,240 private automobiles—and all went through the Custer wolf's hunting ground.

The territory terrorized by the Custer wolf is about 60 miles long by 40 wide. Trace an irregular north and south oval in about the center of Custer county, with Custer in the upper, and Pringle in the lower part of it, and the Pelgar mountains extending along its western line. Anywhere in this territory—here tonight, and the next night at the other end of it—the Custer wolf was at home.

Well, after the failure of the last roundup, the biological survey sent out Williams. His instructions were: "Get the Custer wolf and stay till you do." That was in March, 1920.

Williams first went into the hills west of Pringle and found that the wolf was staying around some old dens in the Pelgar mountains. So Williams started operations by laying a string of traps.

Williams started out by playing a mean trick on the Custer wolf. Instead of relying on the usual tricks to hide his tracks and obliterate his man smell, he scented up the soles of his shoes. The wolf followed his trail that night, clear around the line of traps. And then the savage old killer was so fussed up over that scent that he went straight to the Pelgars, cleaned out two old dens and dug a new one that ran back into a hill about 50 feet. One guess as to the scent Williams used.

The old wolf, however, soon got over being rattled and proceeded to play hide-and-seek with Williams. The hunter tried to get a shot at him, but was balked by the coyotes. Then he shot the coyotes. Thereafter the wolf took few chances. He back-trailed Williams, or took to fallen timber to hide his trail. But twice during May the wolf stepped on the jaws of traps, and in July he actually rolled into one or lay down on it. It sprang and pulled out a lot of hair. This scared him so that he disappeared for a whole month—apparently he left the territory. He came back in August and announced his return by killing and mutilating right and left. In September and again in October he stepped on the pan of a trap. In each case he was caught by the side of a paw and was able to pull loose.

The wolf that steps too often in the trap gets caught at last. And the Custer wolf stepped once too often. Here's what happened as Williams himself very modestly tells it:

"He stepped into a trap in the morning and it got a good grip on him. He ran with it about 150 yards when the hook caught on a tree, but that did not seem to stop him at all. He broke the swivel of the trap and ran on with it on his front foot. I trailed him three miles and got a shot at him and got him. He had been so lucky that I expected the gun would fall to shoot, but it worked O. K."

"He is smaller than the average male wolf, weighed 98 pounds and measured just 6 feet from tip to tip; 11 inches from toe to hock, and had a tail 14 inches long. His teeth would be good for 15 years longer. He broke some of them off on the trap, but aside from that they were in good condition. He is an old wolf, with a fur that is almost white."

Finally rose above the waters. This stone forest lay hidden from view for countless ages. By slow disintegration the imbedded rock was all washed away and the petrified trees, being much harder and more durable, were left scattered in dense profusion on the surface of the earth, where they had so long lain buried.

The Belle of the Bout. Elinor Glyn, the novelist, was taking tea on the Mauretania with a diplomat when a marvelously pretty girl passed amid a group of adoring young men.

The diplomat nodded towards the pretty girl and said dryly: "I'm afraid she's got a swelled head. She doesn't believe in hiding her light under a bushel."

At this point the young girl threw herself into her deck chair, crossing her knees in such a manner as to display a very considerable expanse of silk stocking.

"Nor her ankles under her skirt," said Mrs. Glyn.

## Petrified Forest in Arizona

The petrified forest is in the midst of the great desert of Apache. The trees are of a coniferous, extinct species, with the exception of a single cottonwood trunk. They lie prone upon the ground as they drifted in a prehistoric sea. Water-logged and heavy, they sank to the bottom, and were there covered with sand and changed into chalcidony. The sand hardened and cemented into stone and

## "SENTENCE HYMNS."

The term "sentence hymn" came from the practice of earlier days, when hymn books were scarce. In order that all the congregation might be able to join in the singing the pastor would read aloud the first two lines, which were then sung and the reading and singing would continue alternately to the end of the hymn. This practice is still continued in some of the rural churches of the South.

## So Thoughtful of Him.

"Oh, ma!" ventured Hercules, the youngster. "Don't you want the backyard swept out?" "No, that can wait until this evening."

## Small Things Cause Discord.

It isn't the long journey on foot that makes you footsore but it is the grain of wheat in your shoe or the wrinkle in your sock. It isn't the thousand miles your auto runs that wears it out but the grain of sand in the bearings. Little things make discord. Little things disturb our happiness.

VETERANS SLIP BACK TO BUSHES



Each season some veteran star of the diamond, his luster faded, slips back to the minors, whence he came. This year is no exception, three of the once luminaries of the National league passing out.

BOBBY ROTH EXPECTS TO COMPLETE CIRCUIT



Bobby Roth, the new Yankee outfielder, now can lay claim to being the most traded athlete in active harness.

NEW JOB FOR TINKER



Joe Tinker, former shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, former manager of the Cincinnati Reds, and president of the Columbus (O.) baseball club, has signed a contract to manage the Orlando club of the Florida State league for the 1921 season.

RACE WILL PROVE SURPRISE

Clark Griffith of Washington Does Not Believe Cleveland Will Win Again This Season.

Clark Griffith says the American league race will prove a surprise to some of the more optimistic managers this season.

\$10,000 for Racing Colt

Max Hirsch, trainer of On Watch and Donacanna, during a recent visit to Lexington bought a Dick Welles colt from Cal Milan for \$10,000.

Bet on Homerun Babe

Even Wall street sharpshooters are pessimistic about playing Babe Ruth to break his last year's homerun mark.

Catcher Sam Wilson of Lehigh University, which institution sent George Lees to the Sox and Babe Twombly to the Cubs, has been signed by the Pittsburgh Pirates.

GRIDIRON PLAY AIDS PLAYERS IN BUSINESS

Former Football Stars Smashing Line of Industry.

Game Teaches Tenacity of Purpose and Perseverance and Is Best Business Preparation Any Young Man Could Have.

Many former stars of the college gridiron are smashing the line of industry, finance and politics with the same power they hit the football line.

William H. Edwards—better known as "Big Bill"—is the biggest of the lot, physically and otherwise.

He captained Princeton's 1890 eleven and played right guard. Nobody could stop his charging. Now he's internal revenue collector for the Second district with headquarters at New York.

Clifford H. Black is another gridiron giant who is a power in New York finances. Black captained Yale's 1918 eleven. They called him "Cupid." Like Brickley, he's a broker.

Harral S. Tenney, Princeton's center in 1896, is now vice president of the Liberty National bank, New York.

Walter C. Booth, who played center rush at Princeton in 1900, is a big insurance broker who's cleaning up.

Schools of baseball to solve the problem of obtaining new players in the major and minor leagues are suggested by Manager Fred Mitchell of the Boston Nationals, who predicts that such training schools will be established at all baseball parks within a few years.

It will take time, patience and plenty of careful teaching to develop the players, but it will pay in the long run, Mitchell said.

SCHOOLS TO DEVELOP STARS

Manager Mitchell of Boston Braves Says It Is Only Way to Obtain Baseball Players.

Manager Rowland of the Columbus club is hunting players. He is angling for Giant and Yankee castoffs.

Brocker, one of the substitute guards last season at Harvard, is trying for a snaf position on the baseball team.

The people on the bleachers are beginning to talk to Judge Landis just the way they do to a regular umpire.

Frank O'Rourke, who last season covered short for the Toronto club, is now a member of the Washington Senators.

William Kelly, the first base recruit Connie Mack dug up in Syracuse, may be sent to the Syracuse Internationals for seasoning.

A bill making betting on baseball games or the bribery of athletes a felony has been presented to the Michigan legislature.

George Gibson, the Pirates' best manager since Fred Clarke retired, made a brilliant record as a catcher for many years.

The Baltimore club of the International league drew 257,000 people at its home games last season to see a team of champions play.

The two St. Louis managers, Branch Rickey and Lee Fohl, of the Cardinals and Browns, respectively, were catchers in the old days. Rickey was with the Yankees a long time ago.

Clarence Schalk, brother of Ray Schalk, the Chicago American catcher, will have a professional baseball tryout this season, having signed with the St. Joseph club of the Western league.

The Hamilton club of the Mint league last week closed with Patty (Joseph L.) O'Rourke as manager to succeed Frank Shaughnessy.

Harvard fears a weakness in its baseball pitching staff. As a result freshmen are being coached by Dr. William Young, former varsity catcher.

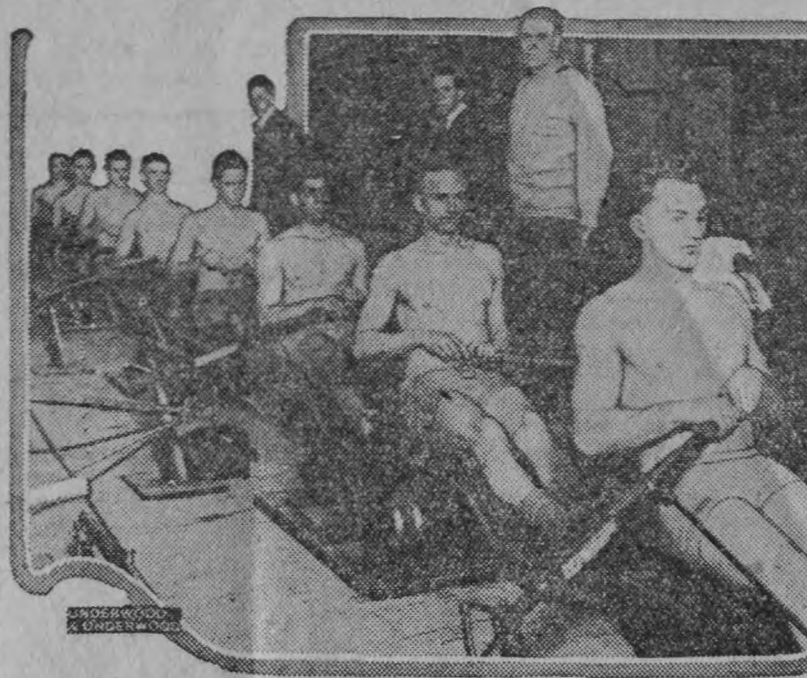
Mickey Lalonde, catcher, who belongs to Kansas City, but last year played with independent teams at Otis City and Newcastle, wants reinstatement.

The Birmingham club announces the transfer of Dave Black, a young second baseman, to Martinsburg of the Blue Ridge league.

Lee Fohl of the St. Louis Browns doesn't believe in too much work in training camp, nor does he favor a lot of barnstorming.

Catcher Sam Wilson of Lehigh university, which institution sent George Lees to the Sox and Babe Twombly to the Cubs, has been signed by the Pittsburgh Pirates.

COLUMBIA OARSMEN ARE TRAINING



Candidates for the Columbia varsity crew have resumed work on the rowing machines, following a long layoff since the Christmas vacation.

The photo shows a tentative crew at work. The oarsmen are: Brodie, stroke; Van Houten, 7; Gallico, 6; Swinburne, 5; Cooper, 4; Thess, 3; Thompson, 2; and Ruflalo, bow.

JOHN MAULBETSCH TO COACH

Former Michigan Football Star Has Been Appointed to Teach Oklahoma College Team.

John F. Maulbetsch, captain of the Michigan varsity football team in 1916 and mentioned as all-American half back, has been appointed head coach of the Oklahoma A. and M. college eleven.



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WASHINGTON TO TRY BROWER

International League Home Run Hunter to Get Chance on Senators' Curving Staff.

Frank Brower, who burned up the International league as a home run biffer last season before going to Washington as a candidate for Joe Judge's berth at first base, will be given a trial on the Senators' curving corps this spring.

He started as a pitcher at Washington and Lee university. In 1915 he won 13 games and lost five for Utica.

WASHBURN TO TRY BROWER

International League Home Run Hunter to Get Chance on Senators' Curving Staff.

Jack Warhop, veteran pitcher, has been signed to manage the Norfolk team of the Virginia league.

WILLIS BUTLER IS MADE MANAGER

Willis Butler has signed a contract with the Portland Beavers and is going to try for an infield position.

If Hollingsworth pans out for the Pirates they won't need Maranville. He's pitched two no-run-no-hit games.

John Collins will be manager of the White Sox team when Gleason splits his squad for spring exhibition games.

Delghan, Louisville American association club catcher, who failed to report last season, has been transferred to the Mobile team.

Sixteen thousand more fans will be accommodated when the new stands of the Pittsburgh National league club are completed.

The San Antonio club has transferred its claims to Sidney Ross, south-paw pitcher, to the Sacramento club of the Coast league.

Everett Yarvan, a catcher, who led the Western league last season in home runs, with 42, has signed a contract with the Chicago American league club.

Robert Coulson, once an outfielder for the Brooklyn Nationals, is seeking the appointment as sheriff of Washington, Pennsylvania.

Charles A. Stoneham, president of the New York National league club, predicts a close race, but is confident his club will cop the pennant.

Getting a mascot for the Giants is a big job, according to Joe O'Brien, secretary of the club. He gets a half-dozen applications in every mail.

In the days of long ago Hughey Duffy, now leader of the Boston Red Sox, was rated as one of the best fly chasers and batters in the game.

Bubbles Hargrave signed his contract with the Reds—quick! "I've heard Garry Herrmann often raises salaries without players having to suggest it," says Bubbles.

Clark Griffith says he would turn down an offer of \$50,000 for Nick Altrock, the comedian of baseball.

"Pop" Geers is 70. "Pop" Geers, the veteran night hand driver, was seventy years old January 25.

40 Years as Secretary. Eugene Flinders has been secretary of the Ariel Rowing and Swimming club of San Francisco for 40 years.

BOXER WHO CLINCHES IS CALLED COWARDLY

Referees Who Give Draw Decisions in Same Class.

There is Winner to Every Contest and He Ought to Be Declared—Draw Is Not Fair to Fighters Nor to Spectators.

"The boxer who goes tearing into a clinch is a coward, and a set of officials who are unable to find a winner after a lengthy contest show a weakness which should exclude them from the pastime," said Jack McAuliffe, retired lightweight champion, while fanning with a group of enthusiasts the other day.

"Just a lack of initiative. The proper sand is not there and they are just as cowardly as the fellow who does the clinching and grabbing in a contest."

"There is a winner in every contest. It does not make any difference how close it is, the winner is there, and he ought to be declared. It is not fair to the boxers, nor is it fair to the spectators when a draw decision is arrived at. It is all wrong."

"Take the race tracks, for instance, where, during a season there are 1,000 or more races. How often do you hear of a dead heat? Quite often two horses may appear to be on even terms, but the winner is there and the judges rarely have any difficulty in making the proper selection."

"Boxing referees should sit tight in their judgment. Even if they err in their selection I think it is much better to have tried to do right. I realize that the officials here have a tough task on their hands in the clubs where local prejudice is so pronounced. It may be that some of our officials are swayed by those yelling, howling, tin-horn sports who shout their heads off for a boxer on whom they have risked a few measly dollars."

"It is not with any prejudice that I say this about these officials, but I am afraid that some of them lack the real gumption to step right up and make their decision fearlessly."

TRY TO REBUILD ATHLETICS

Connie Mack, in Effort to Reconstruct Pennant-Winning Team, Tries Out Many Players.

It is said Connie Mack, since he broke up his famous pennant-winning nine in 1915, has tried out 7 first basemen, 11 second basemen, 13 third basemen, 9 shortstops, 8 catchers and 40 pitchers trying to rebuild, not to count outfielders he has used in an endeavor to reconstruct a team.

BASEBALL NOTES

Manager Robinson of the Dodgers is still on the hunt for promising backstops.

Tommy Murray, signed as trainer for the Boston Red Sox, is a former prizefighter.

The Oakland club has signed the veteran Ted Cather and expects to use him in its infield.

George Gibson, Pirate skipper, has added John B. Hollingsworth of Alcoa, Tenn., to his pitching staff.

Sherwood Magee, whose last engagement was with Columbus, may be taken on by the Seattle club.

Jack Warhop, veteran pitcher, has been signed to manage the Norfolk team of the Virginia league.

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FINDS HUSBAND STREET BEGGAR

Virginia Girl's Dream of Romance Is Rudely Shattered in San Francisco.

DOG REVEALS SECRET

"Rags" Recognized Mistress and Reveals Husband as Street Corner Medicant—Tales of Fifth Avenue Home a Myth.

San Francisco.—When Lillian Geraldine Leitch of Richmond, Va., visiting San Francisco for the first time, met James Robert Van D'Loye, she promptly fell in love with the aristocratic name and the distinguished bearing of the young man who modestly admitted he was the son of a New York millionaire. The affection was returned when Van D'Loye learned that her parents were also wealthy, although of course, not in the Van D'Loye class.

Van D'Loye after telling the girl that he was banished by his father because of his wanderlust, and reduced to a mere pittance of \$100 a week spending money, proposed and was accepted. They were married soon after and went to housekeeping in a cozily furnished apartment. For a time everything went smoothly and the young husband showered his bride with flowers and bonbons.

Secured a Position. Then the husband announced that he had secured a position, although he always seemed to have plenty of money. He would not divulge the nature of his work but left the house in their limousine every morning, accompanied by his faithful dog "Rags." Van D'Loye continued to maintain his wife in every luxury and she had no desire to return to her Virginia home.

One day, a month after her wedding, she decided to visit the curb market of San Francisco. While picking her way through a busy street, a dog jumped against her and she recognized "Rags." She looked for her husband but did not see him. Then her eyes followed the chain attached to the animal's collar until they came to the hand that held it.



Gave One Pull on His Whiskers.

The hand belonged to a ragged individual on whose breast was a sign reading "I am deaf, dumb and blind."

Beard Gives Way. She also noticed that the beggar's cup contained quite a sum of money.

His placard was partly covered by a long, flowing, white beard. "Rags" continued to prance about her and she was wondering how he came in the possession of the beggar when an idea struck her and she gave one pull on the white whiskers. They gave way and there stood her husband.

"Horror! My husband!" she exclaimed, while the little dog, who used to lead his "blind" master from the office where he changed his gentleman's apparel to the mendicant's garb, to the street corner where he begged the rich offerings of the sympathetic San Franciscans, barked in great glee. While she upbraided her husband, a crowd gathered and glibbed the fake panhandler. Then she hastened home, packed her belongings, and her divorce suit, now in the San Francisco courts, followed.

SPORTING SQUIBS OF ALL KINDS

Willard maintains he'll be no jockey for any trial horse.

England thinks Frank Moran is the greatest heavyweight since Joe Beckert.

The Charter Oak stake of \$10,000 will be renewed for the 1921 Grand Circuit.

Cyril E. "Truck" Myers, left end, has been elected captain of the Ohio State football team.

It is safe to predict that there will be a new welter champ in 1921. Britton can't last another 16 years.

Willard plans to enjoy himself before "taking." He's selected a swell spot on Bradley Bench, N. J., to train in.

Ludy Langer, American swimmer, set new world's record for 300 yards and 300-meter swims at Hobart, Tasmania.

Carl Lundgren, former Cub slugger and baseball coach at the University of Illinois, has been named as assistant to Athletic Director Huff.

John Grabowski of Schenectady, N. Y., a catcher, has been signed by the Minneapolis American Association baseball club.

June 23 is the date for the Yale-Harvard rowing regatta this year, when the varsity, junior and freshman boats meet.

Stands to seat 10,000 persons will be erected for the national lawn tennis single championships by the Germantown, Pa., Cricket club.

Davey Jones of Chicago is swimming for Brown varsity and recently in New York swam 100 yards in :56 flat. The national collegiate record is :56 2-5.

Russell A. Selton of Manchester, England, has been elected captain of Montclair (N. J.) swimming team. He is a freshman, fourteen years old, and a sprinter.

Dreaming to Some Purpose. "Huntington, W. Va.—Mrs. Mattie Estep was told in a dream to write songs. She did so and two of them were accepted and published in New York.

ROBS OTHER BIRDS OF PREY

"Frigate Pelican" Secures Its Food Chiefly by Forcing Its Weaker Brethren to Disgorge.

The frigate bird, also called the man-of-war hawk and the "frigate pelican," is a sea bird, so called from its attacks on other birds.

The frigate bird is a tropical sea bird of two species. The larger ranges all round the world within the tropics; the smaller is found only near the eastern seas from Madagascar to Moluccas and southward to Australia.

The frigate bird's aerial evolutions are extremely graceful and it soars to great heights. It is said never to dive for its prey, but to seize fishes only when they appear at the surface or above it.

HOUSED IN OLD BUILDINGS

Financial Institutions of Yorktown, Virginia, Do Business Among Historic Surroundings.

Within 20 miles of where the first English settlement in America was made at Jamestown is the scene where Capt. John Smith records the story of his rescue by Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan.

Although Yorktown has a population of less than two hundred, it has two banks, both of which are working in what are probably the two oldest buildings used for banks in America.

Panama Canal Locks.

There are few things more interesting to the average traveler than to pass through the great locks of the Panama canal. The vessel enters very slowly and as she does lines are taken aboard leading to electric motors or "mules," which keep her in the center of the lock.

Carnival Festivities.

Carnival festivities originated in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe, where they were celebrated, especially in Rome and Naples, with great mirth and freedom during the week before the beginning of Lent.

Oldest Crown Jewel a Sapphire.

Only a few of the early British royal jewels survive in the present regalia. The oldest of these is the sapphire of Edward the Confessor, which was originally set in his coronation ring.

Russian's Peculiar Hobby.

A Russian court official nursed a strange notion in regard to overcoats. He spent the best part of his life inventing a reversible garment of that character.

WHY

It Means Good Fortune to Dream of Peas.

Every known vegetable has a meaning to the mystic interpreters when it appears in a dream and with regard to most of them the oracles are definite enough.

Many of the oracles speak of a dream of eating peas as that most favorable for business success and make no mention of a dream of merely seeing peas without eating them.

No Buildings on the Sun Why Some Observers Imagined They Saw Structures on Face of "Old Sol."

Well into the last century it was believed that the sun was inhabited, not with puny beings like ourselves, but with people weighing several tons and of proportionate strength.

The sun, being a body of most tremendous size, must necessarily have inhabitants worthy of its grandeur.

Hence some observers, with an ingenuity which did credit to their imaginative faculties, were certain that they had discovered buildings on the dark, solid body of the sun.

That was how those observers allowed their imagination to run riot. As a fact, what they actually saw was not a dark body on the sun at all, for it possesses none, but dark openings (caused by eruptions of gas) in the sun's flaming envelope.

How to Clean a Carpet.

Take two cupsful of ox-gall and add to it three pints of boiling water. Rub this on the carpet with a piece of flannel, and then rub with another flannel dipped in hot water, or take one cake of soap, shred it finely, add two table-spoonfuls of washing soda and pour upon it one gallon of boiling water.

Why Chinese Fruits Are Fine.

Some of the Chinese fruits, cunningly coaxed and lovingly cherished through many centuries, are said by experts to be delicious. There is an orange grown in China that is reported to surpass in sweetness and delicacy any of the oranges to which the people of Europe or of America are accustomed.

There is also a peach unlike anything to which the West is accustomed, and a winter muskmelon that will appeal irresistibly to the European palate.

How Tubercle Bacilli Enter.

Drs. E. Christin and F. Naville state in the Annales de Medicine (Paris) that tubercle bacilli enter the body just as often through the stomach as through the breathing apparatus.

How She Managed It.

"How on earth did Mrs. Newrocks buy her way into society? With her money?"

Odd Japanese Custom.

From time away back it was the custom in Japan to remove one's shoes before entering a building of any sort, but the old-style shoes of Japan have been discarded for those of the occidental.

Silent Criticism Powerful.

Criticism that says not a word counts for most. Those who effectively rebuke us and help us to better living are not they who talk freely to us about our shortcomings, but they who are quietly doing the things we are failing to do.—Exchange.

Crowded House.

Little Mary awakened in fright one night recently. When her mother went to her to ascertain the cause of her screams she said: "Oh, I dreamed that Satan and all of his family were coming into the house."

Friends and Books.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.—Oliver Goldsmith.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received and considered at a regular meeting of the Borough Council of the Borough of Roosevelt to be held on April 4th, 1921 at Fire House No. 2, at 8.15 o'clock P. M.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of 10 per cent. of the bidder's bid, made payable to Charles A. Brady, Borough Collector.

WALTER V. QUINN, Borough Clerk. 3/25-2t

STEAM VULCANIZING

"LET GEORGE DO IT" Oldest, Largest and Most Complete Tire and Tube repair Shop in New Jersey.



180 New Brunswick Avenue PERTH AMBOY N. J. PHONE 1473

Sonora THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY CLEAR AS A BELL Pride of Possession To own another instrument is merely to own a phonograph; to own a Sonora is to own The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World; an instrument of which you may well be proud! Sol's Music Shop 61 Washington Ave. Chrome, N. J.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ROOSEVELT, N. J. Capital, \$25,000.00 Surplus and Profits, \$50,000.00 Member Federal Reserve Bank. 4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS Always at your service.

MELBOURN & RITTER Auto Supplies THE LINE COMPLETE 77 Smith Street Perth Amboy, N. J.

J. OSTROVE Daily and Weekly Newspapers MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS Tobaccos and Cigars CARTERET, N. J. TO BE SECURE IS TO INSURE WITH BOYNTON BROS. & CO. INSURANCE 87 SMITH STREET PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE KID" At Crescent Theatre CHROME, N. J. TOMORROW (SATURDAY) MATINEE AND NIGHT The super-comedy that took a year to make—and it packs enough laughs to last another year! Charlie does all the things you've never seen him do before—and the greatest kid in the world lends a hand. 6 REELS OF JOY The Only Chance to See "THE KID" in the Borough COMING: "PASSION" with POLA NEGRI---9 BIG REELS

SPECIALS For Saturday, April 2nd Best Meats at Lowest Prices. Jersey Pork Loins, lb. - 28c Sugar Cured Hams; lb. 31c Cali Hams; lb. - - - - 17c Fresh Shoulder Pork; lb. 19c 5 lbs. Chuck Roast, - 90c 4 lbs. Lamb Stew - - - 50c Veal Chops; lb. - - - 36c Fresh Killed Roasting Chickens, lb. - - - - 44c Fricassee Chickens, lb. - 34c Rump Corned Beef, lb. - 28c Plate or Brisket Corned Beef; lb - - - - - 11c Leaf Lard; lb. - - - - 18c Home made Sausage, lb. 30c Strictly Fresh Brookfield Eggs; doz. - - - - 36c Brookfield Butter, lb. - 55c

New York Meat Market LEBOWITZ BROS., Proprietors WOODBRIDGE AVE., CHROME, N. J.

BLUE FRONT GROCERY S. GILINSKY & SONS Phone Roosevelt 442-J 65 WOODBRIDGE AVENUE WEEK END SPECIALS SUGAR American granulated 8c BUTTER very best - 55c EGGS, strictly fresh - - 32c Coffee, very best; per lb. 23c Peaches; large can - - 25c Condensed Milk - - - 16c Tea, Celon or Mixed; lb. 35c Campbel's Tomato Soup 12c Campbell's Pork and Beans; per can - - - 10c Peas, No. 2 can; 2 for - 25c Florida Oranges; large size; doz. - - - - 45c Hecker's Flour 24-lb bag 1.45 Gold Metal Flour; 98 lbs 5.35 Pineapple; large can - - 35c Also a Full Variety of Vegetables and Fruits at Reasonable Prices PHONE YOUR ORDERS ORDERS DELIVERED